

MITCH. Nope.

MORRIE. Last chance. Going, going —

MITCH. ... When were you in Detroit?

MORRIE. ... Ten years ago.

MITCH. *I* was in Detroit ten years ago.

MORRIE. I know. I picked up the newspaper and there you were, your column, picture and everything. Such success. I was so proud of you.

MITCH. Why didn't you tell me?

MORRIE. I did tell you. I went back to Brandeis and wrote you a letter ... You never wrote back.

MITCH. Morrie, I never got your letter.

MORRIE. Mitch —

MITCH. I swear!

MORRIE. Mitch —

MITCH. I stopped opening mail from college long ago.

MORRIE. It's OK.

MITCH. Anything from Brandeis I threw right into the trash.

MORRIE. Mitch — !

MITCH. Really, Coach. I didn't know!

MORRIE. Stop. I forgive you. I forgave you long ago. That's what you do with those you love. Mitch, if there is anyone you care about that you are fighting with, feuding with, let it go. *Let ... it ... go...*! If you are one-hundred percent right, and they're one-hundred percent wrong, YOU say you're wrong if that will end it. Because when you get to where I am ... and you will ... you won't care who was right or wrong. Forgive everyone everything. I forgave you. Now you forgive yourself.

MITCH. Why should I forgive myself? Jesus, Morrie, you know what I've been doing here all this time? I've been coming here one day a week to try and make up for the jerk I am the other six! You know why I didn't want Janine to come?

MORRIE. You were keeping her to yourself.

MITCH. I was keeping *you* to myself. Morrie, in my world there's no difference between weekdays and weekends. Work is all week. There's no end, no beginning. They're all game days. But ever since I started coming to you, on Tuesdays ... there's a form. I'm excited before I get on the plane, and sometimes when I get home from you, I'm sad or quiet. But I'm better. When I'm here, with you it's like the sixteen years haven't passed, there's still time and hope! *I like myself better when I'm with you.* And when you ... die. I know

I'm going to lose you and I'm afraid I'm gonna lose myself, too. See? It's still all about me! I was a screw up with Mike and I'm a screw-up with you!

MORRIE. So I guess all that forgive yourself stuff really sunk in, huh?

MITCH. Why'd you let me come back? All the people who want to see you. I'm not special! I forgot you, Morrie! Why'd you let me in?

MORRIE. Same reason I took to you twenty years ago. *Farhalt nisht deine licht unter a shorten.*

MITCH. Morrie, I STILL don't speak Yiddish.

MORRIE. You never looked it up. "Don't hide your light under a bushel."

MITCH. What are you talking about, "hide my light"? I'm in "the spotlight."

MORRIE. Not *that* light. (*Touches his heart.*) *This* light. You have it.

MITCH. How do you know?

MORRIE. Because I heard that said about someone else when I was younger.

MITCH. Who?

MORRIE. Me. (*Long silence.*) Mitch, I have one last favor to ask. I've picked a place to be buried. It's on a hill, beneath a tree, overlooking a pond. After I'm gone, I want you to come and visit.

MITCH. Sure.

MORRIE. Not the way most people visit, drop a few flowers, get back in the car. I want you to come when you have some time. Bring a blanket. Pack a lunch.

MITCH. A lunch?!

MORRIE. You always bring food.

MITCH. You never eat it!

MORRIE. (*Wry.*) Well, I won't eat it then either. Bring your lunch, sit ... and talk to me. Tell me your problems. Tell me about what's going on in the world. Make it a Tuesday. You always come on Tuesdays.

MITCH. Wait, you want me to come to the cemetery, have a picnic at your tombstone, and talk to the air?

MORRIE. Just like we're talking now.

MITCH. Well, it's not gonna be like we're talking now because ... you won't be able to talk back.

MORRIE. I'll make you a deal. After I'm dead, you talk ... I'll *listen*.

MITCH. Coach ... I don't know how to say goodbye.

MORRIE. This ... is how we say ... goodbye ... Love you.