

**Move It and It's Yours**

# **Move It and It's Yours**

**a new musical**

**by**

**Bill Weeden, David Finkle & Sally Fay**

**Move It and It's Yours**

**CAST BREAKDOWN**

- CHARLIE:** The leading role. In his forties, affable but missing something.
- SUSAN/DIANE/  
FERN/"2-B":** The women in Charlie's life. **Susan** is 25-35, somewhat brittle but very sexy. **Diane** is Charlie's age, likeable, controlling, interestingly quirky. **Fern** is perhaps older than Charlie, a caretaker type, an earth mother. **"2-B,"** an attractively wide-eyed young woman, appears at the very end of the play.
- RON/BUSTER:** **Ron** is 30-45, a high-energy entrepreneur, plastic but undeniably attractive. **Buster** is much older, a performance artist with an arty exterior but an enthusiastically childlike soul.
- BRYNA/JEANIE:** **Bryna** is in her 60s or 70s, a former Broadway chorus girl still brimming with life but more than a little overbearing. A life force with a great sense of humor. **Jeanie** is of indeterminate age, a lifelong nerd with a will of steel.
- JARED/SHELDON:** **Jared** could be any age. He is a deceptively recessive control freak--geeky on the outside, unstoppable otherwise. **Sheldon** is also ageless. A rock star wannabe, a talented musician with a calculated attitude of in-your-face.
- ELOISE/CARESSE:** **Eloise** is 20-30, strikingly beautiful, shallow but shrewd. **Caresse** is slightly older (up to 40), a street person with pathological

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traces, a sweet and kindly flake.

**LOU:** Middle-aged owner of a hardware store, unprepossessing and lonely.

**SCOTT:** Young boy (around 12), latchkey child, independent and resourceful to a fault,

**SONGS**

**PIANOS ARE OUR FORTE:** ENSEMBLE

**OUTTAHERE:** Charlie

**THUMB AND PINKY:** Ron & Charlie

**THE FAT LADY:** Bryna, Charlie & Ensemble

**INTO A SONG:** Diane & Charlie

**SOMEONE ELSE'S DREAM:** Charlie

**CHEESE HORIZONS:** Charlie

**SHE'LL BE BACK:** Sheldon

**IN THIS HOUSE:** Jeanie, Jared, Caresse, Lou & Charlie

**HOURS AND HOURS FOR YEARS AND YEARS:** Charlie on piano

**EIGHTY-EIGHT WAYS:** Charlie

**A LOT MORE FERN:** Fern, Charlie, Men

**S-P-E-L-L:** Scott

**Reprise: THE FAT LADY/INTO A SONG:** Charlie

**MOVE IT AND IT'S YOURS:** Bryna, Charlie & Ensemble

**FINALE (Reprise: IN THIS HOUSE):** All

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**MOVE IT AND IT'S YOURS**

*Six members of the cast (everyone except CHARLIE and SUSAN/DIANE/FERN) appear in one.*

**ENSEMBLE**

HEY! HEY! HEY!  
YOU GOTTA MOVE A PIANO, YOU SAY?  
YOU GOTTA GET A PIANO OUT TO FOREST HILLS  
FROM A LOFT ON AVENUE A?  
HEY! HEY! THIS IS YOUR DAY!  
PIANOS ARE OUR FORTE!

HEY! HEY! HEY!  
YOU CALL US AND WE CART 'EM AWAY!  
WE ROLL 'EM ON A DOLLY THROUGH YOUR DINING ROOM  
AND WE NEVER SCRATCH THE PARQUET!  
GANGWAY IN THE FOYER!  
PIANOS ARE OUR FORTE!

HEY! HEY! HEY!  
WE GO TO WORK WHEREVER YOU PLAY!  
SUPPOSING YOU DECIDE YOU NEED A CONCERT GRAND  
IN YOUR SNOWBOUND MOUNTAIN CHALET.  
OKAY! WE'LL GET A SLEIGH!  
PIANOS ARE OUR FORTE!

WE'VE GOT EXPERTISE  
IN OUR BACKS AND KNEES.  
WE'RE POETRY IN MOTION ON DELIVERIES.  
WE WORK IN THREES,  
WE DON'T CHIP THE KEYS,  
AND WE'RE CAREFUL NOT TO TREAD UPON THE SIAMESE!

IF A SPACE IS TIGHT  
WITH NO CEILING HEIGHT,  
IF WE'VE GOT OURSELVES A STEINWAY THAT'S AN OLD UPRIGHT,  
IF IT'S FAR FROM LIGHT  
AND IT'S PAINTED WHITE  
AND WE'RE FACED WITH WHAT WE CALL A DOUBLE-BROKEN FLIGHT,

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THEN

HEY! HEY! HEY!

YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT A CORPS DE BALLET!

THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF MOVE WE DID FOR LIBERACE  
AND TWICE FOR MICHAEL BUBLE!  
HEY! HEY! LONG AS YOU PAY,  
PIANOS ARE OUR FORTE!

WE WERE LOVED BY BOBBY SHORT,  
WHO SAID "PIANOS ARE THEIR FORTE" (pronounced "fort")!  
WE'VE NEVER HAD A BAD REPORT  
'CAUSE

HEY! HEY! HEY!

WE PUT ON SUCH A MOVING DISPLAY!

WE'RE SO NICE AND QUIET WITH OUR SNEAKERS ON  
YOU CAN EVEN BAKE A SOUFFLE!

HEY! HEY! WE WANNA CONVEY

PIANOS ARE OUR FORTE!

*Lights up to reveal an apartment empty except for a baby grand piano and piano bench. CHARLIE has just ended a phone conversation and is sitting on the bench, looking at his cell phone, incredulous then annoyed.*

**CHARLIE**

(typing on his phone)

Piano movers New York City ... call ...

Hello! I've got a piano I need to move immediately. I'm flying to Las Vegas at six. It's a walk-up--four flights ... No, if you count the outside flight it's five ... How many turns? I'd say six. When the piano was brought in it practically slid up here by itself.

(beat)

Fifteen hundred dollars? Do you take credit cards? I can't get that much cash from an ATM... Yeah, I'm sorry, too.

*HE hangs up as SUSAN enters with crisp purpose. She is wearing what no-nonsense women wear on Saturdays.*

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**SUSAN**

Sorry I'm late. My mother called. She said, "If you really want to have it all, you'd have a big family wedding and not run off to some 24-hour Las Vegas chapel." I said, "Mother, I'm a working woman. Getting married on a business trip is the essence of having it all." Except now they call it work/life balance.

(notices piano)

It's still here?

**ENSEMBLE**

HEY! HEY! HEY!  
THE LADY WANTS A BRIDAL BOUQUET.  
THE GUY IS MORE THAN WILLING.  
YEAH HE'S HOT TO TROT.  
BUT A BABY GRAND'S IN THE WAY.  
HEY! HEY! WHAT CAN WE SAY?  
PIANOS ARE OUR FORTE!

**SUSAN**

What happened to the Heffernans? I thought they were supposed to pick it up at nine o'clock.

**CHARLIE**

They decided the piano didn't go with their decor.

**SUSAN**

People with matching La-Z-Boys don't have decor. Why don't you just leave it here?

**CHARLIE**

Yes, and have Benny the Bloodsucker charge me another month's rent.

**SUSAN**

Move it down to the street.

**CHARLIE**

It costs fifteen hundred dollars to move it down to the street.

**SUSAN**

Charlie, there are no accidents. This piano doesn't seem

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to be going anywhere.

**CHARLIE**

Stop. There's no hidden meaning here. I don't play anymore. (goes to the window) Anybody want a piano?

**SUSAN**

Charlie!

**CHARLIE**

A couple of people looked up.

**SUSAN**

Sure. They thought it was free.

**CHARLIE**

You know what? It just became free. Move it and it's yours.

**ENSEMBLE**

TITLE OF THE SHOW,  
AND AWAY WE GO!  
IF YOU SCHLEP IT YOU CAN SHTICK IT IN YOUR  
STUDIO  
IT'S A QUID PRO QUO  
WHAT A GREAT M.O.!  
COULD THE EIGHTY-EIGHTS BE HEADING FOR THE OLD  
HEAVE-HO?

*SUSAN has taken a legal pad out of  
her purse. CHARLIE reaches for it  
and begins to write something.*

**SUSAN**

Wait a minute. That's my to-do list!  
(he changes sheets, begins to write again)  
What are you writing?

**CHARLIE**

I'm making a flyer. Then you're going to get it copied  
and put it up on every bus shelter within five blocks.  
You can buy tape at the corner.

**SUSAN**

I have tape. What about Craig's List?

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**CHARLIE**

Excellent. I can take a picture (snaps a picture with his phone). (working on his phone) Craig's List, U.S., New York City, musical instruments. "Free baby grand. One owner. Must unload A-sap. Moving costs only." Done. (to Susan) It's Saturday. There must be a hundred people out there looking for a piano. I'll unload it in an hour. Tops.

**ENSEMBLE**

THE CROWDS WILL GROW.  
THEY'LL BE SRO.  
AND HE'LL SOON BE GOING "EENY MEENY MINEY MO."

**SUSAN**

Why don't I just call you in a while and see how it's going? (starts to exit, working on her cell phone) I'm going to tweet something, too.

**CHARLIE**

(as SUSAN is exiting) Anything you say, my dear, because is 12 short hours you'll be married to me and you'll finally have it all. Or whatever they're calling it now.

**ENSEMBLE**

BUT HEY! HEY! HEY!  
NOW DON'T GO THINKING THINGS ARE OKAY.  
'CAUSE RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER THERE'S A BIG SNAFU.  
AFTER ALL, FOLKS, THIS IS A PLAY.  
HEY! HEY! TIME TO AM-SCRAY.  
GOTTA HURRY WE CAN'T STAY.  
A LOT OF PIANOS GONNA MOVE TODAY  
AND PIANOS ARE OUR FORTE!

**CHARLIE**

(goes to the piano)

OUTTAHERE.  
OUT. OF. HERE.  
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD A FINER PHRASE?  
OUTTAHERE.  
I MEAN OUT OF HERE



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IS THE PLACE I WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF MY DAYS.  
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOREVER  
FOR THIS MOMENT TO APPEAR.  
NOW THE WAITING IS OVER.  
I'M OUTTAHERE!

NO MORE FEELING OUT OF PEP,  
OUT OF STYLE,  
OUT OF STEP.  
I'M HEADING FOR A WHOLE NEW FRONTIER.  
I'VE BEEN A LITTLE ON THE BLINK,  
OUT OF SORTS,  
OUT OF SYNC,  
BUT I'LL BE IN THE PINK ONCE I AM OUTTAHERE!

I AM OUTTAHERE!  
I AM OUTTAHERE!  
BEIN' OUTTAHERE  
IS MY NEW CAREER!  
BEIN' OUTTAHERE IS MY NEW CAREER,  
I WILL BUY THE BEER!

WHERE I'VE BEEN  
HAS BEEN MOSTLY IN  
FOR AS LONG AS I CAN RECOLLECT.  
WITH THE BLINKERS ON  
AND THE SHADES ALL DRAWN,  
I'VE BEEN DUE TO GET MY VISION CHECKED.  
I'VE BEEN OUT OF COMMISSION,  
ON THE FRITZ AND OFF THE WALL,  
OUT OF ORDER AND OUT TO LUNCH.  
MAN, THAT WORLD WAS SMALL!

OUT OF STOCK AND OUT OF STATE,  
THAT WAS ME,  
OUT OF DATE.  
BUT FROM NOW ON THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR.  
I'VE BEEN OUT OF THE LOOP A BIT,  
OUT OF WHACK,  
OUT OF IT,  
BUT THIS IS HERE AND NOW AND NOW I'M OUTTAHERE!

I AM OUTTAHERE!  
I AM OUTTAHERE!

**Move It and It's Yours**

BEING OUT OF HERE  
IS MY NEW CAREER!  
EVERYBODY CHEER!  
I WILL BUY THE BEER!  
I ... AM ... OUT ... OF ...

'TIL TODAY  
I'VE BEEN TUCKED AWAY  
ALL PROTECTED IN MY WARM COCOON.  
I'VE DONE WELL.  
IT'S BEEN FAR FROM HELL.  
BUT IT'S ONLY BEEN A TRIAL BALLOON.  
I'VE BEEN PERFECTLY CARED FOR.  
EVERYTHING HAS BEEN ALL RIGHT.  
BEEN WRAPPED UP TIGHTLY,  
YEAH, BUT NOT WRAPPED TOO TIGHT.  
WELL, NO MORE BEING OFF THE BEAM,  
OUT OF SHAPE,  
OUT OF STEAM,  
'CAUSE FROM NOW ON IT'S STRICTLY HIGH GEAR.  
I'M GONNA GET RIGHT BACK ON TRACK,  
AND LIKE JACK  
KEROUAC  
I'LL SOON BE ON THE ROAD THAT TAKES ME ...

I AM OUTTAHERE!  
*The buzzer sounds as the music plays.*

I AM OUTTAHERE!  
*The buzzer sounds again. He presses the buzzer.*

COME ON, COME IN, COME ONE, COME ALL,  
BRING IT ON! I COULD CARE! I'M OUTTAHERE!  
IT'S THE WORLD PREMIERE OF OUTTAHERE,  
AND IT'S CRYSTAL CLEAR  
THAT I'M ABOUT TO STRUT  
OUT OF MY RUT  
AND HAUL MY BUTT  
STRAIGHT UP TO THE STRATOSPHERE!  
I'M OUTTAHERE!

**RON**

(enters, dressed in running gear and running in place)

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Hey. Not bad for five flights. Hi. Ron Fox. And you're...?

**CHARLIE**

Charles Ross.

**RON**

Great name.

(shakes hand and points at piano)

That the piano? I'll take it.

**CHARLIE**

You'll take it?

**RON**

(circling the piano)

Something wrong with it?

**CHARLIE**

No, no. I knew I'd be able to give it away fast. I didn't expect it to be this fast. You're the first one here.

**RON**

I knew I would be. Life is a race with only two finish positions--first and last. You're not first, you're last.

**CHARLIE**

(indicating piano)

You want to try it out?

**RON**

No need to. It's the look I'm after, and it looks fine. I love it when these things come to me. I'm doing the shopping. I'm going here for rainforest coffee, I'm going there for local goat yogurt. My wife wants olive oil but only small-batch. I see your flyer and, ding, it's sublime light bulb time.

(sings Beethoven's "Ode to Joy")

FREUDE, SCHÖNER GÖTTERFUNKEN!

(speaks)

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Are you with me on this?

**CHARLIE**

I've only been up a couple of hours.

**RON**

An artisanal atrium. Everything under one roof. Bread makers, dairy people, hemp jeans, eggs from hens with names. The possibilities are endless. Excuse me.

(pulls out his cell phone and speaks into it)

9:57 a.m. Addendum to hipster atrium: organic cell phone cases.

(resumes speaking to CHARLIE)

I see this piano as the focal point. It's the ultimate product of human hands. Maybe it's played. Maybe it's worked on by little artisans... This is just flowing. Can you feel it? Hey, you're not one of those glass-is-half-empty kind of guys, are you? Just kidding. Let me give you my card.

*HE takes out a business and hands it to CHARLIE.*

**CHARLIE**

(reading)

"Ron and His Big Ideas."

**RON**

Actually, big is finito. I'm thinking of changing it to "Roncepts." You know the cyber-laundromat around the corner from here? The one with the hydrosurge bathing center for pets? That's a Roncept. What do you do?

**CHARLIE**

I edit a trade magazine.

**RON**

And?

**CHARLIE**

And nothing. Should I do something else?

**RON**

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I saw the piano. I thought you might be a musician or something.

(goes to the piano and starts to hunt-and-peck a simple exercise)

I do so many things. Never understood just doing one thing.

(pause)

But maybe it's a good thing.

**CHARLIE**

(checking watch)

This is great. It's only ten o'clock.

(what Ron is playing catches his ear)

That's got to be Mrs. Frankel.

**RON**

Yeah. My daughter takes from her.

**CHARLIE**

My daughter used to take from her, too. I think she still does. That's "Thumb and Pinky," Mrs. Frankel's favorite duet. Your pinky goes there.

**RON**

I knew it had to go somewhere. Do you know the other part?

**CHARLIE**

Of course I do. Oh, no. You did the father-daughter recital, too.

**RON**

The only time in my life it was a bad idea to finish first.

*CHARLIE sits next to RON at the piano, and they start playing. It's a simple octave exercise with an "adult" part, which CHARLIE plays. RON ultimately gets off the piano bench and lets CHARLIE take it by himself, but the piece finishes with RON back at the piano.*

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**CHARLIE and RON**

(singing)

THUMB AND PINKY, PINKY AND THUMB,  
CAN YOU REACH THIS FAR?  
CAN YOU MAKE TWO FINGERS BECOME  
MORE OF A TEAM THAN THEY ARE?  
THUMB AND PINKY, PINKY AND THUMB--  
SUCH A FUNNY PAIR!  
AND YOU'LL SOON BE STRETCHING THEM FROM  
HERE ALL THE WAY UP TO THERE!

EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE VERY FAR APART,  
THEY CAN WORK TOGETHER JUST LIKE PARTNERS.  
THUMB TO PINKY, PINKY TO THUMB--  
SEEMS SO AWF'LY LONG,  
BUT JUST LOOK WHO'S MAKING THEM HUM,  
SINGING A BEAUTIFUL SONG.

THUMB AND PINKY! OH, WHAT A BAND!  
RIGHT SMACK-DAB ON THE ENDS OF YOUR HAND!  
ONE LOOKS DUMB. THE OTHER LOOKS DINKY,  
BUT WHEN YOU LINK YOUR THUMB AND YOUR PINKY,  
(RON gets up from the bench)  
EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE VERY FAR APART,  
THEY CAN WORK TOGETHER JUST LIKE PARTNERS.

*CHARLIE plays a slightly extended and  
impressive arpeggio.*

**RON**

(speaks)

Sweet!

**BOTH**

(sing)

THUMB AND PINKY, PINKY AND THUMB  
LOOKS QUITE HARD, IT'S TRUE.  
BUT THE JOB IS EASY FOR SOME.  
ONE OF THEM IS YOU.  
I BELIEVE THAT ONE OF THEM IS YOU.

**RON**

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That was stellar.

**CHARLIE**

Well, I took a few lessons, too.

**RON**

You know how many millions of kids stop taking piano because the Mrs. Frankels of this world bore them stiff? Picture this. "Chuck Ross's Totally Awesome Piano Arrangements for Really Kewl Kids." It's totally online. It's an app! You create it, I market it.

**CHARLIE**

I'm trying to get rid of this piano, not turn it into a business. I thought you had plans for it.

**RON**

(his cell phone rings; he answers it)  
This is Ron.

*HE turns upstage, talking  
indistinctly. CHARLIE makes a call  
on his cell phone.*

**CHARLIE**

Well, hello, ye of little faith. It's going great. My first customer is taking it.

**RON**

(backing toward the door)  
Hey, gotta go. I'll call you in fifteen minutes.

*RON exits, running.*

**CHARLIE**

Okay.

(to SUSAN)

I was talking to the guy.

(sits)

He's going to put the piano in some sort of gluten-free atrium. Artisans play it... He sounded very definite...

*There is a knock at the door.*

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Someone's at the door. He's probably come back for something. Call me from Nice Nail. 'Bye.

*BRYNA, a determined woman, barges in dressed in highly theatrical style. SHE's carrying a large tote bag.*

**BRYNA**

Do you always let strangers in? I could have been a crazy person.

**CHARLIE**

I thought you were someone else. How did you get in downstairs?

**BRYNA**

Some guy in spandex was racing out the door.  
(spots piano)

Ah! This piano is perfect. Can I use your phone? I gotta round up some movers.

**CHARLIE**

Wait a minute. I'm sorry you walked up all those flights, but the piano's already taken.

**BRYNA**

Oh? Who took it?

**CHARLIE**

The spandex guy.

**BRYNA**

What does he need it for?

**CHARLIE**

An artisanal pop-up mall.

**BRYNA**

This is tragic. May I sit down? Please?

(sits on the piano bench and places her folder on the piano)

Nice bench. I want to tell you a story. Once upon a



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time there was a group of people who wanted to make life beautiful. For themselves and for those around them. They had everything they needed to make life beautiful except for one thing. Now there was a man in their town who had the one thing they needed to make life beautiful. But he wouldn't give it to them. No. He wanted to give it to an artisanal pop-up mall. What do you think of that man?

**CHARLIE**

I think Spandex Man was here first.

**BRYNA**

In other words, you have no compassion for senior citizens putting on a musical.

**CHARLIE**

What?

**BRYNA**

The group of people. Trying to make life beautiful. At the Ruth and Samuel Cushman Senior Citizens Center half a block away from here.

**CHARLIE**

You look too young to be a senior citizen.

**BRYNA**

I should hope so. I'm directing.

**CHARLIE**

Oh.

**BRYNA**

And writing and producing.

**CHARLIE**

Look, I'm sorry, but--

**BRYNA**

And I have a small part.

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**CHARLIE**

I'd like to give you the piano, but this was first-come, first-served. I promised it to the other guy, and I've got to be fair.

**BRYNA**

I'm so glad you said that. It shows you're an honorable man. And I'm an honorable woman. Now, what's the honorable way we can get rid of this other guy?

**CHARLIE**

All right. I'll take your name and phone number. He said he'd call back in twenty minutes.

**BRYNA**

It's already been ten minutes. He's not going to call. I don't mind staying.

**CHARLIE**

No. I really have things to do. What's your name?

*HE prepares to write on scrap of paper he pulls out of his pocket.*

**BRYNA**

Bryna Bronstein. What's yours?

**(NOTE: "BRYNA" RHYMES WITH "DINAH")**

**CHARLIE**

(writing)  
Charles Ross.

**BRYNA**

I'll give you the number of the center, Charles.  
(continues talking as she pulls an out-of-date headshot/resume from her bag, writes a number on it, and gives it to CHARLIE)  
Of course, they know me as Bryna Barnes. That's my stage name.

**CHARLIE**

You're on the stage?

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**BRYNA**

I was in the original "Sound of Music." I was the fifth nun.

**CHARLIE**

That was a little before my time. I saw the revival, though.

**BRYNA**

No, I passed on that. What about the original "Cabaret"? I was the fifth Nazi.

**CHARLIE**

Oh...yeah.

**BRYNA**

You see a lot of musicals. You must love music. Why are you getting rid of your piano?

**CHARLIE**

I'm getting married.

**BRYNA**

You're marrying someone who doesn't like music?

**CHARLIE**

She likes music. It just won't fit in her apartment.

**BRYNA**

Why don't you stay here?

**CHARLIE**

She doesn't like this apartment.

**BRYNA**

She doesn't like your piano. She doesn't like your apartment. What does she like about you, Charles?

**CHARLIE**

A lot of things.

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**BRYNA**

That's nice. You can't think of any now?

**CHARLIE**

I don't know. My looks, my personality. What does anybody like about anybody?

**BRYNA**

You're absolutely right, Charles. It's all so arbitrary, isn't it?

**CHARLIE**

No, it's not arbitrary.

**BRYNA**

Whatever you say, Charles.

**CHARLIE**

Well, it isn't. It isn't arbitrary.

**BRYNA**

Look, Mr. Spandex hasn't called yet. Why don't you just give me the piano?

**CHARLIE**

Why don't I just call you?

**BRYNA**

Right. You've got the name?

**CHARLIE**

I've got the name.

**BRYNA**

You've got the number.

**CHARLIE**

I've got the number.

**BRYNA**

(moving toward the door)

Well, it looks like you've got everything.

**CHARLIE**

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Yes, I guess I do.

**BRYNA**

Then goodbye, Charles. But before I go, the senior citizens and I would like to thank you in advance for everything you're about to do for us.

**CHARLIE**

Goodbye, Mrs. Bronstein.

**BRYNA**

Call me Bryna.

**CHARLIE**

Goodbye, Bryna.

*SHE is about to exit, but turns around and comes back in.*

**BRYNA**

Silly me. Forgot my music.

(extracts a large accordion-like lead sheet from her bag on the piano)

Would you do me a big favor? I was just thinking. This could be my only chance to hear this music played on a piano.

**CHARLIE**

(gesturing with resignation at the piano)  
Please. Be my guest.

*BRYNA opens the music and sets about getting it ready to play. CHARLIE watches her and is surprised to find that instead of playing it herself, she indicates she's waiting for him to start accompanying her.*

**BRYNA**

Would you? Please?

*CHARLIE sits reluctantly at the piano and begins to play BRYNA's intro.*

Oh, already it sounds so much better than it does on Mr.

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Gaffney's autoharp. Before I start singing, let me tell you something about the show. You've got to remember this is a group of senior citizens putting on a show at a senior citizens center. I wanted to make it simple so they wouldn't have to stretch too much. So the show is about a group of senior citizens putting on a show at a senior citizens center. Now there's this big Broadway star who's lost her purpose in life. That's my part. She comes to the senior citizens center. She's seen a poster outside that says "Director Wanted." She walks into the ping-pong room. The old people have just had a dress rehearsal, and it's been awful, just awful. They're really feeling down. Well, I burst into the room and ... that's the song cue.

(sings)

I SEE A LOT OF CHINS ON THE GROUND,  
AND THAT'S NOT SOMETHING I LIKE.  
IF YOU MUST SIT WITH YOUR CHINS ON THE GROUND,  
I'D RATHER YOU ALL TOOK A HIKE.  
IT'S THE EFFECT OF A CYNICAL AGE.  
YOU'VE HEARD THE LINE, AND YOU'VE BOUGHT IT.  
NOW YOU'RE APPROACHING THE CLINICAL STAGE.  
ISN'T IT TIME THAT YOU FOUGHT IT?  
SITTING AROUND WITH YOUR CHINS ON THE GROUND  
IS USELESS AND MELODRAMATICAL.  
HERE'S A SOLUTION THAT'S RADICAL:  
LET'S SEND THE BLUES ON SABBATICAL!

YOU CAN FORGET WHAT YOU'VE HEARD.  
FORGET WHAT YOU'RE READ.  
FORGET WHAT SOME NERD  
IN THE NEWSPAPER SAID.  
FORGET EVERY WORD THE EXPERTS DECLARE IS TRUE.  
IT MAY BE CHIC  
AND TERRIBLY HIP  
TO SAY THINGS ARE BLEAK  
AND TO GIVE UP THE SHIP.  
THAT'S NOT MY TECHNIQUE,  
AND I'M HERE TO SWEAR TO YOU

IT ISN'T OVER 'TIL THE FAT LADY SINGS,  
NO MATTER HOW DEPRESSING IT SEEMS.

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IT ISN'T OVER 'TIL THE FAT LADY FLINGS  
HER ARMS TO THE WINGS  
AND SCREAMS HER LUNGS OUT.

LIFE CAN BE TOUGH,  
I FREELY ADMIT,  
BUT WHAT IS THIS STUFF  
ABOUT HAVING TO QUIT?  
ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!  
'CAUSE, BABY, THEY'RE ALL DEAD WRONG!  
IT ISN'T OVER 'TIL THE FAT LADY SINGS HER SONG!  
(speaks)

Now the oldsters all perk up. They've been changed.  
She's done the trick. Can you see it?

*No response.*

**BRYNA**

Can you see it?

**CHARLIE**

I can see it.

*ENSEMBLE enters as a Broadway chorus  
of senior citizens.*

**ENSEMBLE**

IT AIN'T OVER! IT AIN'T OVER!  
IT AIN'T OVER!  
NO, NO, NO!  
YOU CAN FORGET WHAT YOU'VE HEARD.  
FORGET WHAT YOU'VE READ.  
FORGET WHAT SOME NERD  
IN THE NEWSPAPER SAID.  
FORGET EVERY WORD THE EXPERTS DECLARE IS TRUE!

**BRYNA**

YOU ALL WERE BUMPS ON A LOG,  
IF YOU CATCH MY DRIFT,  
BUT NOW THAT THE FOG  
IS BEGINNING TO LIFT,  
GO DO ANY DOGGONE THING THAT YOU DARE TO DO!

**Move It and It's Yours**

**ENSEMBLE**

IT ISN'T OVER 'TIL THE FAT LADY SINGS,  
UNTIL SHE STRIKES THAT FABULOUS POSE,

**BRYNA**

UNTIL SHE WAILS AND BELTS AND WARBLER AND SWINGS  
WITH TRUMPETS AND STRINGS,  
THE SHOW'S NOT OVER!

*BRYNA directs the seniors in a dance routine,  
and finally in singing.*

**ENSEMBLE**

THE SHOW'S NOT OVER!

**BRYNA**

TIME AFTER TIME  
I'VE HEARD THEM PROCLAIM  
THAT I'M PAST MY PRIME,  
AND IT'S REALLY A SHAME.  
THEY'VE TOLD ME THAT I'M AS WASHED-UP AS I CAN GET.  
SURE, I'VE GROWN A BIT PLUMPER.  
YES, I'VE GAINED A FEW POUNDS,  
BUT I'M NOT IN THE DUMPER.  
I'M STILL MAKING THE ROUNDS.  
THOUGH I'VE BEEN THROUGH THE MILL,  
I'M NOT OVER THE HILL.  
I'VE STILL GOT MY "A." I'VE STILL GOT MY "B."  
AND AS YOU CAN SEE,  
I'VE STILL GOT MY "D."  
THE FAT LADY'S SINGING, AND, GEE,  
IT ISN'T OVER YET!

**ENSEMBLE**

(ending with her)  
IT ISN'T OVER! IT ISN'T OVER! IT ISN'T OVER!  
IT ISN'T EVER OVER YET!

*DIANE has entered. She is played by  
the same actress who plays SUSAN.*

**DIANE**

Is it over?



**Move It and It's Yours**

**BRYNA**

Oh, no. After the ovation, I do my encore.

*BRYNA makes as if to start again.*

**CHARLIE**

(leaping off the piano bench)  
But not before you make your exit.

*HE guides her to the door.*

**BRYNA**

What about the piano?  
(indicating DIANE)  
Is this more competition?

**CHARLIE**

This isn't competition. This is my ex-wife.

**BRYNA**

(as CHARLIE pushes her through the door)  
Oh, didn't you like music either?

**CHARLIE**

She loved music.

**BRYNA**

Whatever you say, Charles.

*BRYNA exits.*

**DIANE**

Who was that?

**CHARLIE**

Don't ask. Some crazy person.

**DIANE**

Some crazy person you're just about to give our piano to.

**CHARLIE**

Our piano? It's my piano.

**DIANE**

**Move It and It's Yours**

Only because you said you needed it more than I did, and the judge believed you.

**CHARLIE**

I had a good argument. You don't play the piano.

**DIANE**

A technicality. If I'd known you only wanted the piano so you could give it away, I'd have made a bigger stink.

**CHARLIE**

Ten years ago I didn't want to give the piano away. I was the next Billy Joel. The only reason I'm giving it away now is because I can't sell it. I thought I was going to sell it until a couple of hours ago, and now I've got to get rid of it fast. What would you have done if you had to vacate this apartment completely by four o'clock this afternoon?

**DIANE**

I would have called me up and said come over immediately.

**CHARLIE**

Apparently I didn't need to. How'd you find out about this anyway?

**DIANE**

Terry Minter. She just happened to be on the street. She saw your flyer.

**CHARLIE**

Terry Minter. Good old Telephone Terry.

**DIANE**

Don't start in on Terry.

**CHARLIE**

Okay, let's talk about you. What are you doing here?

**DIANE**

I want you to know I tried to call but I got your voicemail. So I left the store in the hands of a zombie stock boy and raced over here to tell you that if you couldn't think of me when you decided to give the piano

**Move It and It's Yours**

away, you might at least have considered Rebecca.

**CHARLIE**

Rebecca? I bought her a new piano five years ago.

**DIANE**

Seven.

**CHARLIE**

Whatever. Why would I think she'd want another piano?

**DIANE**

She doesn't want another one. She just won't like the idea of you giving this one away.

**CHARLIE**

Diane, I know Rebecca likes this piano. But, come on, she hardly plays anymore. She's into flat-ironing her hair. The last time I tried to talk with her about music, she said, "Dad, you're such a geek."

**DIANE**

She's twelve years old. Being obnoxious is her job. Really, Charlie, how do you think she's going to feel about you getting rid of something that's such an important part of your relationship with her?

**CHARLIE**

I think she can handle it.

**DIANE**

You do, huh? Well, I can tell you she's not going to feel the same way about whatever piano you're going to have in whatever new place you're going to have it in.

**CHARLIE**

I'm not going to have a piano in my new place.

**DIANE**

No piano? You're not going to have a piano?

**CHARLIE**

Is there an echo in here? No. No piano. What can I tell you? I don't play anymore.

**Move It and It's Yours**

**DIANE**

Who's this woman you're marrying, Charlie?

**CHARLIE**

This has nothing to do with Susan. I just don't play anymore. It was a phase. I'm over it now.

**DIANE**

A forty-year phase, and now you're over it. Makes sense. Whew! Thank God that's done. I thought it would never end.

**CHARLIE**

You know, Diane, every once in a while I get to wondering why we split up. Thanks for dropping by to remind me.

**DIANE**

I just can't believe you don't play anymore. Does that mean you don't write songs anymore either? You're getting married to this woman, and--

**CHARLIE**

Susan. Her name is Susan.

**DIANE**

Susan. You're getting married to this woman, and you've never written a song for her?

**CHARLIE**

That's right. I haven't.

**DIANE**

What's the matter? Doesn't she like music?

**CHARLIE**

Everybody keeps asking me that! Look, why are you trying to make me feel guilty about getting rid of my piano?

**DIANE**

I'm not trying to make you feel guilty. May I remind you that you have made mistakes before--like for instance, Fern?

**Move It and It's Yours**

**CHARLIE**

Now you're gonna bring up Fern. I met Fern at a low point. Do I look like I'm at a low point?

**DIANE**

I just want you to be sure about it.

**CHARLIE**

Sure about what? Sure that I'm not going to be discovered by that top agent walking under my window while I'm practicing? Remember that scenario?

**DIANE**

Sure that you're finished with it.

**CHARLIE**

Oh, I'm finished with it, all right. You may not be finished with it, but I am.

**DIANE**

What's that supposed to mean?

**CHARLIE**

I know you have these illusions about my potential. But let's face it. When I took the job at the magazine, you and I sold my potential out for the good life. You know, paying the rent, eating?

**DIANE**

Are you by any chance blaming me for the fact that you gave up? I was the one who threw out most of my furniture when our first apartment wouldn't accommodate this piano. I was the one who listened to you play for hours until you got it right. I was the one who spent most of my wedding anniversaries in showcase clubs afraid to put my feet on the floor! I was your No. 1 goddamn fan!

**CHARLIE**

No, I'm not blaming you. I liked the paycheck as much as you did. Hey, I'm a crackerjack editor now.

Move It and It's Yours

**DIANE**

Play it, Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

Play what?

**DIANE**

You know what I'm talking about. Play it.

**CHARLIE**

What is this, "Casablanca"?

**DIANE**

Play it, Charlie.

(no response, so DIANE indicates door where  
BRYNA exited)

You played for Ethel Merman. Play for me.

*CHARLIE still does nothing.*

**DIANE**

All right, don't play.

*SHE hits a note on the piano.*

(sings without accompaniment)

IF I CAN GET MY LIFE INTO A SONG,  
A SONG TO MAKE YOU LAUGH AND CRY,  
THEN I WILL HAVE EARNED MY KEEP.  
I'LL HAVE EARNED MY SLEEP.  
SOMEWHERE INSIDE MUST BE CHORDS FOR WHO I AM.  
SOMEWHERE ARE WORDS FOR WHAT I FEEL.  
IF I CAN COAX THEM ALONG,  
I'LL HAVE MY SONG.

THE SONG I WANT TO WRITE I HAVEN'T WRITTEN YET.  
THE SONG I LONG TO WRITE I HAVEN'T WRITTEN YET.

*CHARLIE moves to the piano and begins to  
play.*

**CHARLIE**

IF I CAN GET MY LIFE INTO A SONG,  
A SONG TO MAKE YOU LAUGH AND CRY,

**Move It and It's Yours**

THEN I WILL HAVE EARNED MY KEEP.  
I'LL HAVE EARNED MY SLEEP.

**DIANE AND CHARLIE**

SOMEWHERE INSIDE MUST BE CHORDS FOR WHO I AM.  
SOMEWHERE ARE WORDS FOR WHAT I FEEL.  
IF I CAN COAX THEM ALONG,  
I'LL HAVE MY SONG.

**DIANE**

THE SONG I WANT TO WRITE I HAVEN'T WRITTEN YET.

**CHARLIE**

THE SONG I LONG TO WRITE I HAVEN'T WRITTEN YET.

**DIANE AND CHARLIE**

BUT WHEN I GET MY LIFE INTO A SONG,  
I'LL BE THE WAND'ERER WHO COMES HOME

**DIANE**

AND THEN ALL I'LL WANT TO DO  
IS SING IT TO YOU...

**CHARLIE**

IS SING IT TO YOU...

**DIANE**

IS SING IT TO YOU...

**CHARLIE**

IS SING IT TO YOU...

**DIANE**

IS SING IT TO YOU...

**CHARLIE**

IS SING IT TO YOU...

**DIANE**

IS SING IT TO...

**BOTH**

YOU.

**Move It and It's Yours**

**CHARLIE**

Diane, I have a lot of things to do. I'm supposed to be hearing from this guy I said I'd give the piano to. Then he's supposed to be bringing some movers over. If you really think Rebecca cares about the piano, I promise I'll find some way to explain it to her.

**DIANE**

(heading for the door, then turning)  
I know we're divorced and maybe I've lost the right to say certain things. But I know you, Charlie. Damn it, I do. And I don't get it. You loved this piano. If you've stopped loving it.. well, I guess that gives me and Rebecca one less thing to love about you. You don't play anymore. That's a shame. (she exits)

**CHARLIE**

SOMEONE ELSE'S DREAM--  
SOMEONE I DON'T KNOW.  
SOMEONE WHO IT SEEMS TO ME  
I USED TO BE--  
BUT LONG AGO.  
ONCE UPON A TIME  
THE DREAM WAS MINE.  
NOW IT'S SOMEONE ELSE'S DREAM.

SOMEONE ELSE'S RACE,  
READY TO BE RUN  
SOMEONE WITH A MASTER PLAN,  
A DIFFERENT MAN--  
A YOUNGER ONE.  
I GOT PRETTY FAR--  
BUT NO CIGAR.  
NOW IT'S SOMEONE ELSE'S DREAM.

WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES, I CAN MAKE IT OUT,  
BUT I CAN'T MAKE SENSE OF IT.  
WHAT WAS IT REALLY ALL ABOUT?  
ALL THE HOPE AND THE FRENZY,  
THE EXCITEMENT AND THE FEAR--  
IT ALL SEEMED VERY IMPORTANT.

WHEN THE FIRE WAS NEW,



**Move It and It's Yours**

OH, HOW BRIGHT IT GLOWED!  
OFTEN IT WOULD BURN SO HOT  
I SOMETIMES THOUGHT  
I MIGHT EXPLODE.  
NOW THE FIRE IS GONE.  
AND I'VE MOVED ON--  
OUT OF SOMEONE ELSE'S DREAM.

WHEN A DREAM IS DONE, SOMETHING TELLS YOU SO.  
THERE'S A TIME TO GO FOR BROKE  
AND A TIME WHEN YOU SHOULD JUST LET GO.  
SO MANY PEOPLE OUT THERE  
GRABBING FOR THE BIG BRASS RING--  
I SEND THEM ALL MY BEST WISHES.

I WON'T SHED A TEAR--  
WELL, JUST ONE OR TWO.  
I HAVE NOTHING TO REGRET,  
AND I'VE GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO.  
SOMETIMES WHEN A SCHEME FALTERS,  
A DREAM ALTERS.

THERE STILL ARE MOMENTS WHEN I WAKE UP IN THE NIGHT,  
WOND'RING ONCE AGAIN IF WHAT I DID WAS RIGHT.  
YEAH, BUT THAT WAS THEN,  
AND NOW IT'S SOMEONE ELSE'S DREAM.

*The phone rings.*

**CHARLIE**

Hello ... Oh, Ron, I've been waiting to hear from you ...  
Oh, you're not ... portable meditation booths...Yeah, I  
get it. Well, good luck.

(hangs up, gets BRYNA's number, and dials)

Hello, I'm trying to find Bryna Bronstein ... I'm sorry,  
Bryna Barnes ... Bryna! Charles Ross. The piano is  
yours ... But it's got to be out of here by four o'clock  
... Oh, no. You have to use professional movers ... I  
don't care how big the chorus is, I'm not going to sit  
around and watch serial heart attacks ... Probably around  
fifteen hundred dollars. It costs by the flight.

(the buzzer sounds)

Take up a collection. Dip into the costume budget.

(moving toward the door to push the buzzer)

But I have to tell you, Bryna, I'm going to be seeing

**Move It and It's Yours**

other people ... No, I'm not breaking up with you.

(the doorbell rings)

Somebody's here ... My conscience is always my guide.

Goodbye.

*HE hangs up phone and opens door.*

*JARED is standing there, a  
deceptively obsequious type.*

**JARED**

Hello, my name is Jared Finch. I saw your ad on Craig's List about the piano. I hope I'm not too late.

**CHARLIE**

No, not at all. I'm Charles Ross. Come right in.

(they shake hands)

It's still here, as you can see. Take a good look.

**JARED**

Thank you. My shoes are a little dirty. Would you like me to take them off?

**CHARLIE**

No, please, I'm moving. The dirt is someone else's problem now.

**JARED**

Oh, you're moving.

**CHARLIE**

(indicates entire apartment)

Yeah. That, or just giving up all my worldly possessions ... So. Would you like to play it?

**JARED**

Oh, no, I couldn't.

**CHARLIE**

Hey, you don't have to be embarrassed. I can go in the kitchen or something.

**JARED**

No, really, I couldn't. But if you want to go in the kitchen, I'll be fine here. Is it an eat-in kitchen?

**Move It and It's Yours**

**CHARLIE**

(slightly impatient)  
I meant if you didn't want to play in front of someone--

**JARED**

Oh, I see. You're so nice to think of that. I get it.  
No, the thing is I don't play.

**CHARLIE**

Then why are you here?

**JARED**

Oh, I'm thinking of taking lessons.

**CHARLIE**

(back on track)  
Well, this is a very good piano to take lessons on. My daughter learned on this piano. So did I. It's got a great bench for two here.

(finds a piece of sheet music in the bench)  
Why don't I play it a little, and you can hear how it sounds.

**JARED**

Okay. Should I go into the kitchen?

**CHARLIE**

No, that's quite all right. You can stay here.  
Standing-room only.

(sits at piano and begins to noodle)  
Let me give you some background. I'm the managing editor of this trade magazine.

**JARED**

Oh. Uh-huh.

*JARED takes the opportunity to take a longer look around the apartment.*

**CHARLIE**

You know, trade magazines, industry magazines. The one I work for is in the dairy industry.

**Move It and It's Yours**

**JARED**

Oh, yes.

**CHARLIE**

I started as a part-timer just to make some money while I was playing in a piano bar at night.

**JARED**

(slightly annoyed at having to listen)  
I see.

**CHARLIE**

Here it is sixteen years later, and I'm still there.

**JARED**

Right.

**CHARLIE**

Right. Anyway, before I got promoted I used to write songs for the office Christmas party. I forgot about this one.

(plays and sings)

EVERY NIGHT BEFORE I GO TO BED, I THANK THE LORD  
THAT I FOUND SUCH A FULFILLING PLACE TO WORK.  
THOUGH I KNOW THEY SAY THE PEN IS STRONGER THAN THE  
SWORD,  
WHEN A WRITER WASTES HIS TALENTS, HE STARTS FEELING  
LIKE A JERK.  
WHEN I THINK OF ALL THE RAGS FOR WHICH I MIGHT HAVE  
WROTE--  
ALL THE PUBLICATIONS WHICH I SOMEHOW MISSED--  
THEY'RE SO MANY THEY'RE TOO NUMEROUS TO LIST,  
BUT SINCE YOU INSIST:

THERE'S THE JOURNAL OF INVASIVE CARDIOLOGY,  
THE OFFICIAL CONTAINER DIRECTORY,  
DATABASE ADVISOR AND TRANSMISSION DIGEST,  
GERIATRIC NURSING AND MORTICIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST.  
YOU'VE GOT YOUR BINGO OPERATOR NEWSMAGAZINE,  
YOUR DENTAL ECONOMICS AND YOUR DENTAL HYGIENE,  
YOUR HOSPITAL TOPICS AND YOUR MODERN BAKING TO  
BOOT--

**Move It and It's Yours**

PLUS THE JOURNAL OF THE PRESTRESSED CONCRETE  
INSTITUTE!

I'M SO GLAD I'M AT CHEESE HORIZONS,  
AND I'M HAPPY TO STAY RIGHT HERE.  
WITH MY FAMILY AT CHEESE HORIZONS  
I GET HAPPIER EVERY YEAR!  
I COULD BE SPENDING LOTS OF ENERGY AND COMING UP  
SHORT,  
WORKING FOR THE BATTLE CREEK BUSINESS REPORT,  
THE UROLOGY TIMES OR THE AMERICAN CARWASH REVIEW--  
BUT HERE AT CHEESE HORIZONS I'M DOIN' SWELL,  
WHIPPIN' UP COPY ON NEUFCHATEL,  
RICOTTA, ROQUEFORT AND PORT DU SALUT,  
AND I'M ALWAYS EXTRA SHARP--  
EVEN WHEN I'M BLUE!

I COULD HAVE ENDED UP AT  
BUSINESS AGE  
OR BUSINESS VIEW  
OR BUSINESS MONTH  
OR BUSINESS FIRST  
OR BUSINESS WEST  
OR BUSINESS RESOURCE,  
AND LEAVE US NOT FORGET  
ADHESIVES AGE  
AND MOTOR AGE  
AND BEAUTY AGE  
AND PAPER AGE  
AND NEBRASKA TRUCKER, OF COURSE!  
THERE'S PENSION WORLD,  
COMMUTER WORLD,  
TURKEY WORLD,  
COMPUTERWORLD  
AND PIZZA TODAY.  
PRINTING NEWS  
AND LAUNDRY NEWS  
AND DELI NEWS  
AND CRUISE VIEWS.  
WHAT MORE CAN I SAY?

I'M SO GLAD I'M AT CHEESE HORIZONS,  
'CAUSE I'M WHERE ALL THE ACTION IS!  
EVERYBODY AT CHEESE HORIZONS

**Move It and It's Yours**

KNOWS THAT CHARLIE'S A REAL CHEESE WHIZ!

SO YOU CAN KEEP THE JOURNAL OF INFECTION CONTROL,  
MODERN GROCER EN ESPANOL,  
THE PEANUT JOURNAL AND GREENHOUSE MANAGER, TOO,  
'CAUSE WHEN YOU'RE DEALING WITH CAMEMBERT,  
LONGHORN, LIMBURGER AND GRUYERE,  
YOU'RE ALWAYS EXTRA SHARP, EVEN WHEN YOU'RE BLUE!  
LIFE'S ALWAYS STEADY, AND IT NEVER GOES CRAZY  
WHEN YOU'RE WRITING 'BOUT BEL PAESE.  
YOU NEVER FEEL THE SLIGHTEST BIT PHONY  
COMIN' UP WITH FEATURES ON PROVOLONE,

CHEDDAR, CHEDDAR, CHEDDAR, CHEDDAR, FETA, FETA,  
FETA!  
THINGS COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE GOIN' ANY BETTER,  
'CAUSE I'M ALWAYS EXTRA SHARP--  
EVEN WHEN I'M BLUE!

**JARED**

(applauding)

Super stuff there, Mr. Ross. But you know what? Now  
that I've heard you, it would be an insult for me to take  
this piano.

(pretends to have a sudden thought)

Say, Mr. Ross, has anyone rented this apartment?

**CHARLIE**

(does a take)

Has anyone what?

*The buzzer sounds.*

**JARED**

Rented this apartment.

**CHARLIE**

I really don't know. You can stop by and see the  
landlord on your way out. His name is Benny the  
Barracuda. You'll find him waiting for prey in apartment  
1-B.

*HE ushers JARED out and presses the buzzer.*

**Move It and It's Yours**

*The phone rings and he answers it.*

Hello! ... Oh, hi, honey ... Desperation in my voice?  
No. There's been a steady stream of people up here. Any  
one of them could have movers over any minute ... He's  
out building meditation pods ... Don't ask. What's fifth  
on your list? ... Let's play it safe and say sixth ...  
Don't worry. When that plane lifts off, we'll be  
laughing at this.

(there's a knock at the door)

There's somebody at the door. I'll see you at  
Bloomingdale's. Just tell me what's eighth in case the  
movers get held up ... Okay ... Right. I love you.

(indicating she has hung up)

I know you know.

*HE opens the door. SHELDON and  
ELOISE are standing there in a  
passionate embrace.*

**CHARLIE**

Are you here for the piano, or is this just a convenient  
landing?

**ELOISE**

(she sees the piano)

Sheldon, it's that nowhere brown.

**SHELDON**

Babe, you know looks are only important to me in some  
things. I had a brown baby grand in my L.A. place.

(goes to the piano, sits and begins to pick out  
chords)

This is making me muy nostalgico.

**ELOISE**

You said that place was a dump.

**SHELDON**

A dump with a feel, babe, a dump with a feel.

**ELOISE**

My place has a feel, Sheldon.

**Move It and It's Yours**

(puts his hand on her backside)  
Want to feel it?

**SHELDON**

Your piano's not funky, babe.

**CHARLIE**

This piano has a high funk factor.

**ELOISE**

(to CHARLIE)  
I can provide funky.

**SHELDON**

Babe, your place is too fine.  
(to CHARLIE)  
Her dad's McKay Mustard.

**CHARLIE**

(to ELOISE)  
You're Eloise McKay?

**ELOISE**

(to SHELDON)  
Why do you always say that?

**SHELDON**

(to CHARLIE)  
I'm like her nasty thing, man.

**CHARLIE**

Oh, I can see that. Listen-

**ELOISE**

Sheldon, look at me. Let's do naked souls.

*A pause as SHELDON and ELOISE look  
into each other's eyes.*

**SHELDON**

Okay, babe, I'm naked.

**CHARLIE**



**Move It and It's Yours**

(to himself)  
This is a first.

**ELOISE**

I see a motor running in those eyes, Sheldon.

**SHELDON**

I'm drivin' on your highway, babe.

**ELOISE**

I see a driver who knows the road, Sheldon.

**SHELDON**

I'm huggin' the curves, babe.

**ELOISE**

I see an open throttle in the home stretch, Sheldon.

**SHELDON**

I've got the pedal to the metal, babe.

**ELOISE**

I see permanent parking in my garage, Sheldon.

**SHELDON**

Red light, babe. I need my own place for when I write.

**CHARLIE**

You're a musician. I'm kind of a musician myself--or was. That's why I'm getting rid--

**SHELDON**

(to CHARLIE)  
There's no "or was." You're either a musician or you ain't. Why'd you cave?

**CHARLIE**

I became an editor.

**ELOISE**

Sheldon, I feel a piano coming between our naked souls.

**CHARLIE**

But you're a musician. And a musician ought to have a

piano.

**ELOISE**

(to CHARLIE)

Why? So he can keep doing gigs at four in the morning for the brain-dead? Come on, would you still do that if you could have everything you wanted without it?

**SHELDON**

(to CHARLIE)

Don't bother answering, man.

(to ELOISE, pointing to CHARLIE)

I don't want to turn into this, babe. This is an editor. This is what dead is, lights fucking out.

**CHARLIE**

Wait a minute.

**SHELDON**

The man is basically dried up. In a juiceless state.

**CHARLIE**

I am not juiceless.

**SHELDON**

Don't whimper, man. Babe, this is my worst nightmare.

**CHARLIE**

Just because I don't play the piano anymore--

**SHELDON**

Bingo!

**ELOISE**

Sheldon, I'm getting angry now.

**SHELDON**

Am I being a naughty baby?

**ELOISE**

Do you want to be a naughty baby?

**SHELDON**

(getting down on all fours)

**Move It and It's Yours**

I'm a naughty baby.

**ELOISE**

(spanking him)  
Naughty baby, naughty boy, doing things I don't enjoy.

**CHARLIE**

(to SHELDON, still on all fours)  
If you need movers, I happen to have a phone number right here.

**SHELDON**

Cool. Just hang for a minute.

**ELOISE**

(still spanking)  
Naughty baby, being bad, doing things that make me mad.

**CHARLIE**

(to SHELDON)  
You're busy. Maybe you want me to call.

**ELOISE**

Sheldon, if he calls, I leave.

**SHELDON**

(getting up)  
Now you're getting me mad, babe. You know I don't like ultimatums.  
(to CHARLIE)  
Dial.

**ELOISE**

Don't dial.

**CHARLIE**

Am I dialing or not?

**SHELDON**

You're dialing.

**CHARLIE**

(to ELOISE)  
I'm dialing.

Move It and It's Yours

**ELOISE**

You're not dialing.

**CHARLIE**

(to SHELDON)  
I'm not dialing.

**SHELDON**

You're dialing.

**ELOISE**

If he dials, I'm leaving.

**SHELDON**

You're dialing.

**CHARLIE**

I'm dialing.

**ELOISE**

I'm leaving. But before I do, here's something to think about the next time you're alone with your instrument.

*She goes to SHELDON, gives him a long goodbye kiss and leaves, slamming the door behind her.*

**CHARLIE**

Triple-A Aardvark Movers. It's ringing.

*CHARLIE hands the phone to SHELDON, who disconnects the call and hands the phone back. SHELDON heads for the piano and begins to play and sing.*

**SHELDON**

ONE FINE DAY SHE'S GONNA UNDERSTAND  
THERE ARE NOT TOO MANY LIKE ME OUT THERE.  
WHEN SHE'S HAD A CHANCE TO PLAY THE FIELD,  
WHEN SHE KNOWS WHAT'S WHAT,  
BUDDY, SHE'LL BE BACK.

**Move It and It's Yours**

ONE FINE DAY SHE'S GONNA REALIZE  
THAT SHE'S BLOWING OFF A REALLY GOOD MAN.  
ONCE SHE CHECKS THE COMPETITION OUT,  
I CAN GUARANTEE,  
BUDDY, SHE'LL BE BACK.

AND SHE'LL BE MOANIN'  
AND SHE'LL BE PHONIN'  
AND SHE'LL BE GROANIN' MY NAME,  
BEGGIN', "BABY PLEASE!"--  
ON HER HANDS AND KNEES.

SHE'LL ADMIT THAT SHE WAS OUT OF LINE.  
SHE'LL OWN UP THAT SHE WAS IN THE OZONE.  
WHAT GOES DOWN WILL ALWAYS COME AROUND,  
YEAH, AND SO WILL SHE.  
BUDDY, SHE'LL BE BACK.

WHEN SHE STARTS MISSIN'  
THE MONSTER KISSIN'  
AND ALL THE THIS 'N' THE THAT,  
SHE WILL CHANGE HER TUNE,  
AND I'M TALKIN' SOON.

WHEN SHE SMELLS THE COFFEE GOOD AND STRONG,  
SHE WILL WANT THE MAN WHO LOVED HER BIGTIME.  
IN THE MIDDLE OF A LONELY NIGHT,  
WHEN THE WORLD IS BLACK,  
IN HER DARKEST HOUR  
SHE WILL SEE THE LIGHT.  
BUDDY, SHE'LL BE BACK!  
SHE'LL BE BACK!

(speaking as he gets up from piano)  
Well, thanks for the use of the keyboard. I gotta go.

*HE heads for the door.*

**CHARLIE**

What about the piano?

**SHELDON**

It's a cool piano, man, but you saw her.

**Move It and It's Yours**

*HE exits as CARESSE rushes in past him, panting. She has on a big coat she is awkwardly holding shut.*

**CARESSE**

Hi.

**CHARLIE**

Hi. Everyone's running these days. No need to. The piano's still here, as you can see.

**CARESSE**

Yeah, I saw your flyer.

**CHARLIE**

Well, there it is.

*CARESSE is still catching her breath.*

You're welcome to try it out. Are you all right?

**CARESSE**

Yes. Yes. I'm just excited. It's such a nice piano. The only thing is, I hope it'll go with the rest of my apartment.

**CHARLIE**

Right. Decor is a definite consideration, although these baby grands are designed to fit in just about anywhere. What style is your apartment?

**CARESSE**

It's kind of eclectic. I like to borrow from various styles.

*Several things fall to the floor from under her coat.*

I actually brought along a few things just to see how they look with the piano.

(places a metal bucket, a mop-head and a plunger on the piano)

What do you think?

**Move It and It's Yours**

**CHARLIE**

Well, as I said, these pianos are designed to go with just about anything.

(there is a loud knock on the door, and then several more. CHARLIE walks to the door but doesn't open it)

Who is it?

**LOU**

(from outside the door)

Hello. Hello. I know this is your apartment.

**CHARLIE**

Who said it wasn't?

*Hearing this, CARESSE heads toward the bedroom and disappears into it.*

**LOU**

I don't mean you, whoever you are. I mean the girl in the big coat, your wife, your girlfriend. I know she's in there.

*CHARLIE looks around to see if CARESSE can help him out, but realizes SHE has disappeared.*

**LOU**

I am not a nut case. My name is Louis T. Fletcher. I own the hardware store down the block, and I'm following that girl in the big coat.

(gasps loudly)

Oooppophhh!

*Then total silence.*

**CHARLIE**

Hello? Hello? Are you there?

*CHARLIE slowly opens the door. LOU thunders in.*

**LOU**

**Move It and It's Yours**

That's my plunger! Where is she?

**CHARLIE**

Could you please calm down?

**LOU**

Calm down? That girl is a thief. If she's not your girlfriend, what is she? Your interior decorator? I see she's slowly furnishing your apartment. Here's a nice piano complete with knickknacks from my hardware store!

**CHARLIE**

Wait a minute. Just sit down here.

(motioning to piano bench)

Please. Just wait a minute.

(goes to bedroom door, beckons CARESSE out and takes her by the hand)

Okay. I've never seen her before, and she's never seen me before. What's going on?

**LOU**

This young lady is hanging around my store all morning. I'm nice to her. I ask her if she wants help. She smiles. She says no, thank you, I'm just browsing. I think what a nice girl, I'm waiting on other people. She's still there. I think what a nice girl. Then I see her grab a plunger and head for the door. Not a cheap one either. I light out of there like a racehorse. I'm right behind her, too, until we get to those stairs. She's taking 'em two at a time, and I'm thinking what a girl, she can run fast in that big coat, carrying my best plumber's helper. I didn't even know she had the rest of this stuff.

(runs out of steam)

My God. I have to rest. Is there somewhere I can lie down?

**CHARLIE**

There's a lot of floor space, and that's it. I'm moving, and the only furniture left is the piano, which, by the way, I'm trying to get rid of. This young lady saw my flyer and came in here claiming to be interested in it. This is the extent of our relationship.

(to CARESSE)



**Move It and It's Yours**

Would you confirm that, please?

**CARESSE**

(to LOU)

He is not my boyfriend.

**LOU**

Well, that's part of it.

**CARESSE**

Please. I want you to know I was not stealing from you personally. Your store just happened to present itself at the same time as my great need.

**LOU**

Great need? For a plunger and mop-head?

**CARESSE**

I need to be clean.

*The doorbell rings. CHARLIE opens the door to reveal JARED and JEANIE.*

**JARED**

Hello again, Mr. Ross. This is my wife, Jeanie.

**JEANIE**

How do you do, Mr. Ross? What a lovely piano.

**CHARLIE**

(shaking hands with Jeanie)

Look, I don't know if the apartment is rented or not. I told you that.

**JARED**

No, no, Mr. Ross. We're only interested in the piano.

**JARED AND JEANIE**

Really.

**JARED**

My wife plays in our church, and she needs a piano to practice on. That is, if it's still available.

**Move It and It's Yours**

*Spots LOU and CARESSE and waves to them, as does JEANIE.*

**CHARLIE**

Come on in.

**JARED**

Hello.

**JEANIE**

Hello.

*JARED points at the metal bucket, mop head and plunger on the piano.*

**JARED**

Is something wrong with the plumbing?

**CHARLIE**

No, the plumbing's just fine. These are some neighbors.

*(to LOU and CARESSE, as JEANIE starts moving to piano)*

This woman would like to play the piano. Could you sort out your little problem somewhere else?

**JARED**

*(to LOU and CARESSE)*

Do you two live in the building?

**LOU AND CARESSE**

*(rising and speaking simultaneously)*

No, just up the block.

**LOU**

*(to CARESSE)*

You live up the block? What number?

**CARESSE**

105.

**LOU**

I'm 107.

**Move It and It's Yours**

**JEANIE**

(goes to the piano and starts playing very badly; sings, staring meaningfully at JARED)

THIS HOUSE IS MY HOUSE, AND THIS HOUSE IS YOURS.  
OH, WHAT A FEELING TO WALK THROUGH THESE DOORS!  
NO NEED TO WANDER. NO NEED TO ROAM.  
WHEN YOU'RE IN THIS HOUSE, YOU'RE HOME.

**JARED**

WHEN YOU'RE DOWNHEARTED, AND WHEN THINGS GO WRONG,  
THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE YOU'LL ALWAYS BELONG,  
A PIECE OF HEAVEN TO CALL YOUR OWN.  
WHEN YOU'RE IN THIS HOUSE, YOU'RE HOME.

**LOU**

I know that song.

*LOU takes over at the piano.*

**JEANIE AND JARED**

IN THIS HOUSE  
THERE IS ROOM FOR YOU AND ROOM FOR ME.  
IN THIS HOUSE  
ANYONE CAN HAVE THEMSELVES A FAMILY.

**JEANIE**

LAY DOWN YOUR TROUBLE AND CAST OFF YOUR CARE.

**JARED**

PUT DOWN YOUR BURDEN AND PULL UP A CHAIR.

**JEANIE AND JARED**

THIS HOUSE IS YOUR HOUSE,  
AND THIS HOUSE IS MY HOUSE,  
AND WHEN YOU'RE IN THIS HOUSE, YOU'RE HOME.

*The song seems to be over,  
but CARESSE unexpectedly starts  
singing.*

**CARESSE**

THERE'S A PLACE I KNOW  
WHERE YOU MEET WITH ALL OF GOD'S CHILDREN,

**Move It and It's Yours**

WHERE THERE'S EV'RYTHING TO EMBRACE AND NOTHING TO  
FEAR,

WHERE YOUR DAILY STRUGGLE IS AT AN END,  
WHERE A STRANGER BECOMES A FRIEND.

(looking sweetly at LOU)

ALL YOUR SEARCHING IS OVER NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE.

**LOU**

WHEN YOU LOOK OUTSIDE, YOU CAN SEE A BEAUTIFUL  
RIVER.

**JEANIE AND JARED**

THE HUDSON!  
THE HUDSON!

**LOU**

THROUGH THE BIG, WIDE WINDOWS THE SUN SEEMS ALWAYS  
TO SHINE!

**JEANIE AND JARED**

S'GOT SOUTHERN EXPOSURE, TOO!

**CARESSE**

AN ETERNAL SHELTER IS HERE FOR US!

**JEANIE AND JARED**

NEAR THE SUBWAY AND NEAR THE BUS!

**CARESSE, JEANIE AND JARED**

JUST ONE LOOK AND YOU KNOW THIS HOUSE IS DIVINE!

**LOU**

COMPLETELY DIVINE!

**CARESSE**

ARE YOU WITH ME?

**JEANIE, JARED, LOU**

YES, I AM.

**CARESSE** (simultaneous with

CHARLIE)

ARE YOU READY?

Move It and It's Yours

**JEANIE, JARED, LOU**

YES, MA'AM.

**CARESSE**

ARE YOU WILLING?

**JEANIE, JARED, LOU**

WHATEVER YOU SAY!

**LOU**

I'M READY! I'M READY!

**CARESSE**

DO YOU WANT IT?

**JEANIE, JARED, LOU**

RIGHT NOW!

**CARESSE**

DO YOU FEEL IT?

**JEANIE, JARED, LOU**

AND HOW!

**CARESSE**

ARE YOU COMIN'?

**JEANIE, JARED**

WE'RE PLANNING TO STAY!

**LOU**

ME, TOO! ME, TOO! ME, TOO!

**CARESSE**

THERE'S A PLACE I KNOW WHERE YOU MEET WITH ALL OF  
GOD'S CHILDREN!

**JEANIE, JARED AND LOU**

WE'RE COMIN'! WE'RE COMIN'!

**CARESSE**

WHERE THERE'S EV'RYTHING TO EMBRACE AND NOTHING TO  
FEAR!

Move It and It's Yours

JEANIE, JARED AND LOU

GIRL, YOU CAN COUNT US IN!

CARESSE

WHERE YOUR DAILY STRUGGLE  
IS AT AN END!  
WHERE A STRANGER BECOMES  
A FRIEND!

JEANIE, JARED, LOU

WE'RE READY!  
  
WE'RE READY!

ALL

ALL YOUR SEARCHING IS OVER NOW THAT YOU'RE--  
ALL YOUR SEARCHING IS OVER NOW THAT YOU'RE--  
ALL YOUR SEARCHING IS OVER NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE.  
IN THIS HOUSE  
THERE IS ROOM FOR YOU AND ROOM FOR ME.  
IN THIS HOUSE  
EV'RYONE'S A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY.  
SO LAY DOWN YOUR TROUBLE AND CAST OFF YOUR CARE.  
PUT DOWN YOUR BURDEN AND PULL UP A CHAIR.  
THIS HOUSE IS YOUR HOUSE...

CHARLIE

(spoken)

No, this house is my house!

ALL

AND WHEN YOU'RE IN THIS HOUSE, YOU'RE HOME.  
WHEN YOU'RE IN THIS HOUSE ...

CARESSE

NO NEED TO WANDER. NO NEED TO ROAM. YOU ARE  
NEVER ALONE.

ALL

IN THIS HOUSE YOU'RE HOME.

*CHARLIE's phone rings, and he answers  
it.*

CHARLIE

Hello ...

(it's SUSAN)

No, I'm not at Bloomies. There are a lot of people here.  
It's a regular revival meeting.

**Move It and It's Yours**

*The buzzer sounds.*

**JARED**

I'll get it.

*HE hits buzzer.*

**CHARLIE**

It's hardly a party. It's really too complicated to go into. I'm sure one of them is going to take it ... At the moment, four, and I've just buzzed someone else up. I'd say the odds are better than good, wouldn't you? ... all right, maybe you should look into the possibility of a later flight.

*The doorbell rings, and CHARLIE moves toward it, holding phone, but JARED beats him to the door and opens it. BUSTER enters holding his cell phone.*

**BUSTER**

I got a tweet about a piano. And there it is!

(goes to the window, yelling out to the street below)

Tiffany, back the truck up! The stairs are n.g.! We can swing it out the window!

**CHARLIE**

(into phone)

Wait a minute, wait a minute. Someone just showed up. He has movers with him. We're back on the 6:15. Call me in ten.

*HE hangs up and puts the phone on the piano.*

**BUSTER**

(looking around)

Who owns this baby?

*CHARLIE raises his hand.*

**BUSTER**

**Move It and It's Yours**

We gotta talk.

(to the group)  
C'mere, all of you. Listen up.  
(pointing at LOU)  
You go to the Metropolitan Museum?

**LOU**

No.

**BUSTER**

(pointing at CARESSE)  
The Guggenheim?

**CARESSE**

No.

**BUSTER**

(pointing at CHARLIE)  
The Frick?

**JARED AND JEANIE**

(he nudges her to answer)  
Once.

**BUSTER**

Fan-frickin'-tastic. A bunch of art virgins. I'm Buster Jenks. I do art, but I'm not an artist, if you get me. Artists are bogus. Pretenders. You agree?

(JARED, JEANIE, LOU and CARESSE all start to answer. BUSTER interrupts them.)

Once you stop worrying about who's an artist, you see art everywhere. I look at this piano and I see potential. Could we all shut up and experience the potential?

(to CHARLIE, pointing at a place on the piano)  
What's this?

**CHARLIE**

Oh, that. Nothing. A cigarette burn. You could get it out easily. I always meant to.

**BUSTER**

And this?



**Move It and It's Yours**

**CHARLIE**

It's a watermark. Somebody left a glass there during a party.

**BUSTER**

What party? Work with me.

**CHARLIE**

I think it was my twenty-first birthday party.

**BUSTER**

You think?

**CHARLIE**

All right. It was my twenty-first birthday party. It was a surprise party. My girlfriend threw it for me. My college roommate brought a woman named Diane Fazio. She and I got married a couple of years later.

**BUSTER**

You go, guy.

**CHARLIE**

I remember she came over to the piano while I was playing "For I'm a Jolly Good Fellow." We started talking and she forgot about her drink. It was a vodka and tonic. No. No, it was grapefruit juice.

**BUSTER**

Is he on a roll or what?

**CHARLIE**

See these scratches? Do you want to know where they came from? "Remember the Alamo." The piano was the Alamo. The living room was Texas. Dougie Schwartz's belt buckle.

**BUSTER**

(examining the keyboard)

And these?

**CHARLIE**

Yeah, some of the keys are chipped. I used to play a lot.

**Move It and It's Yours**

**BUSTER**

What's a lot?

**CHARLIE**

Every day for hours and hours for years and years.  
(plays "HOURS AND HOURS FOR YEARS AND YEARS."  
Everyone applauds.)  
Why do you want to know all this?

**BUSTER**

I take objects. Big, important objects. I destroy them.  
I finish the job society started. It's "demolition art"  
if you're into labels. Hashtag boom-boom. Hey! You all  
want to come tonight to the Fishkill Landfill?

**CHARLIE**

For what?

**BUSTER**

For the explosion of the piano! I can arrange  
comps.

**LOU**

(to CARESSE)  
Would you like to go?

**JARED**

Maybe we can.

**JEANIE**

If we know we have this apartment.

**CHARLIE**

Hold on! Let me get this straight. You want to explode  
the piano?

**BUSTER**

You've been trashing it for a long time.

*BUSTER begins to move the piano.*

**CHARLIE**

(to BUSTER)

**Move It and It's Yours**

Hey! Don't! Stop that!

*BUSTER stops. CHARLIE faces the crowd.*

**CHARLIE**

All right. No one's blowing up this piano. All those present who are interested in owning it intact, stand over here. Everyone else, please clear out.

*JARED and JEANIE reluctantly head toward the door, throwing longing looks around the room. JEANIE removes a Polaroid camera from her purse and takes a couple of shots. BUSTER exits. CARESSE gathers up the plunger and other items and offers them to LOU as they head for the door.*

**CARESSE**

(to LOU)

I feel I must return these items to you.

**LOU**

Oh, no, please. Cleanliness. So important. What's your name?

**CARESSE**

Caresse.

**LOU**

Would you like to have a cup of coffee, Caresse?

*THEY exit.*

**CHARLIE**

(at the piano)

EIGHTY-EIGHT WAYS TO GO BANANAS.  
EIGHTY-EIGHT WAYS TO MAKE YOUR LIFE A MESS.  
EIGHTY-EIGHT WAYS TO NOT BE HAPPY.  
EIGHTY-EIGHT WAYS OF ENDING UP WITH LESS.

"YOU'RE A GENIUS, KID!  
YOU CAN REALLY PLAY!"

**Move It and It's Yours**

THAT'S WHAT UNCLE SID  
ALWAYS USED TO SAY.  
ALL THE SCALES I DID,  
TILL MY FINGERS BLED.  
THOUGHT I'D GET SOMEWHERE.  
ALL I GOT INSTEAD WAS

EIGHTY-EIGHT NOTES TO FOOL AROUND WITH  
AND PUT ON INCREDIBLE DISPLAYS.  
I COULD PLAY ANY TUNE,  
ANY OLD ROTTEN PIECE.  
I COULD PLAY "HARVEST MOON."  
I COULD PLAY "FUR ELISE"  
IN TWENTY-TWO, FORTY-FOUR, SIXTY-SIX,  
EIGHTY-EIGHT WAYS!

IT WAS APPARENT BY THE TIME YOU WERE THREE  
YOU WERE A FULL-BLOWN VIRTUOSO TO BE.  
YOU TRANSPOSED ANYTHING INTO ANY KEY  
AND PLAYED IT PERFECTLY.

EIGHTY-EIGHT WAYS TO PLEASE YOUR MOTHER  
SO SHE KNOWS THE LESSONS WEREN'T FOR NAUGHT.  
EIGHTY-EIGHT WAYS TO BUG THE NEIGHBORS  
AND TO GET THE LANDLORD OVERWROUGHT.

YOU BANG OUT ROCK 'N' ROLL AND PROGRESSIVE JAZZ,  
AND PEOPLE SAY, "OH WHAT A TALENT HE HAS!"  
THERE ISN'T ANYONE YOU'RE NOT AS GOOD AS.  
YOU CHANGE YOUR NAME TO "CHAZ."

EIGHTY-EIGHT WAYS TO GET YOU NOWHERE.  
EIGHTY-EIGHT WAYS TO KID YOURSELF ALONG.  
EIGHTY-EIGHT WAYS TO BE A BABY  
AND PRETEND THAT LIFE IS JUST A SONG.

WHEN A PARTY'S ON  
YOU'RE THE ONE THEY CALL,  
'CAUSE YOU'LL PLAY TILL DAWN  
AND YOU'LL PLAY 'EM ALL.

BUT THE GIRLS ARE GONE  
BY THE TIME YOU'RE DONE.  
YOU GO HOME IN A CROWD OF ONE.

**Move It and It's Yours**

(CHARLIE plays a virtuosic musical break.)

YOU GO HOMW IN A CROWD OF ONE TO  
EIGHTY-EIGHT KEYS AND NO ONE LISTENING.  
THAT'S THE WAY YOU'LL FINISH OUT YOUR DAYS.  
DOWN IN SOME SLEAZY BAR,  
DOWN ON THE WATERFRONT,  
WHERE YOU CAN BE STAR  
IF THAT IS WHAT YOU WANT.

IF THAT'S THE BEST THING YOU'VE GOT GOING,  
IF YOUR DESPERATION'S SHOWING,  
GRAB A STOOL AND PLAY, YOU FOOL, AND  
RADIATE  
EIGHTY-EIGHT  
WAYS!

*FERN opens the door. She is  
CHARLIE's second wife. She is played  
by the same actress who plays SUSAN  
and DIANE.*

**FERN**

There are screams of pain in this room, Charlie.  
Deafening screams that only Fern can hear.

**CHARLIE**

Yes, Fern, I was playing really loud.

**FERN**

And now you're psycho-sliding again. (looking around) Oh,  
no. Diane said self-destructive, but already I can see  
it's much more than that.

**CHARLIE**

Diane called you?

**FERN**

Of course Diane called me. We are your ex-wives. We  
share you now. But although Diane had you first,

**Move It and It's Yours**

although Diane had you longer, Fern has seen your depths.  
Unload, Charlie. Fern is ready to receive.

**CHARLIE**

There's nothing to receive. I've already processed everything.

**FERN**

Charlie, you know nothing's been processed until it's been...

**CHARLIE AND FERN**

(together)  
...co-processed.

**CHARLIE**

Okay. It all began this morning when I decided the only way to get this piano out of here was to give it away. I thought it would be the easiest thing in the world. But I was wrong. And now ... now...People start coming to the apartment. Some of them want the piano. Some of them don't want the piano. Some of them can play the piano. Some of them can't play the piano.

**FERN**

I can see what it's done to you.

**CHARLIE**

They start asking questions. Like, "Why are you getting rid of the piano?" And "Doesn't Susan like the piano?" And "Can you please play the piano?" These strangers. I feel like they're tearing at my flesh.

**FERN**

Same Charlie. Turning to his Fern. You knew the answer then, and you know it now. (sings, coaxing Charlie to join her)

**FERN**

MEN CRY,

**CHARLIE**

(exhausted) FERN CRADLES.

**Move It and It's Yours**

**FERN**

MEN CRAVE THE SOUP...

**CHARLIE**

...FERN LADLES.

**BOTH**

MEN NEED THE STUFF THAT ONLY FERN CAN SUPPLY.

**FERN**

(sings)

RIGHT FROM THE GET-GO  
MEN HAVE BEEN SCARED TO LET GO.  
SOMEONE MUST HELP, AND FERN IS WILLING TO TRY.  
TO SERVE THE STARVING HORDES OF UPTIGHT MEN IS  
FERN'S AMBITION.  
FERN'S KIND OF SOUP CAN FEED YOUR SOUL.  
THERE IS NO USE TO FIGHT WHEN FERN IS ON A RESCUE  
MISSION.  
WHAT WILL IT BE?  
A CUP OR A BOWL?

MEN CRY, FERN CRADLES  
MEN NEED THE LOVE FERN LADLES  
MEN NEED THE CEASELESS CARE AND CONSTANT CONCERN.  
WHAT I GUESS I'M TRYIN' TO SAY  
IS ALL MANKIND REQUIRES TODAY  
IS A LOT MORE FERN.

MEN ALL HAVE FEELINGS  
BUT MEN HAVE BUILT-IN CEILINGS.  
THEY ONLY GO SO FAR  
AND THEN THEY WITHDRAW.  
BUT WHEN FERN SWOOPS ON,  
STROKES 'EM AND TELLS 'EM "SOUP'S ON,"  
QUICK AS A WINK  
THE COLDEST FISH STARTS TO THAW.

IF ANYONE CAN CRACK THOSE TOUGH HARD SHELLS, THEN  
FERN CAN DO IT.  
FERN KNOWS THE INNER NEEDS OF MEN.  
FERN'S ALWAYS HAD THE KNACK OF HELPING THEM GET  
RIGHT DOWN TO IT.

**Move It and It's Yours**

FERN'S DONE HER THING AGAIN AND AGAIN...

**CHARLIE**

...AND AGAIN.

**FERN**

(overlapping)

MEN STROLL IN MACHO.

FERN BRINGS ON HER GAZPACHO.

JUST SETTLE BACK AND WATCH HOW SWIFTLY THEY TURN!

WAR COULD SOON BE OVERTHROWN

WITH A LITTLE BIT LESS TESTOSTERONE

AND A LOT MORE...

(MEN enter)

**CHARLIE AND MEN**

(overlapping)

SORRY, SIR, THAT SEAT'S BEEN TAKEN.

WAIT YOUR TURN FOR BEAN WITH BACON.

HANG IN THERE. DON'T TAKE A POWDER.

YOU'LL BE NEXT IN LINE FOR CHOWDER.

NEVER THOUGHT I'D EVER SEE SO

MANY MEN SO MAD FOR MISO.

LISTEN, FOLKS, THIS GAL'S GOT GUTS

TO KEEP ON SERVING SOUP TO NUTS!

**FERN**

HER BRAND OF SELFLESSNESS IS QUINTESSENTIAL

AND TRANSCENDENT.

SHE SEEMS TO LIVE RIGHT IN YOUR SKULL.

BUT LISTEN, MISTER, DON'T YOU EVER CALL HER CO-

DEPENDENT,

**CHARLIE AND MEN**

OR SHE WILL LEAVE YOU DYSFUNCTIONAL!

**ALL**

WHEN LIFE GETS GNARLY...

THE WAY IT DID FOR CHARLIE...

FERN'S ON THE SCENE WITH MUSHROOM BARLEY TO BURN!

**FERN**

ARE YOU READY? HERE'S THE SCOOP:

ALL THE WORLD NEEDS NOW IS A LITTLE MORE SOUP

AND A...





**Move It and It's Yours**

**CHARLIE**

Now, Fern.

**FERN**

All right. I'm going. But, Charlie, remember. I'm here. I'm always here.

*SHE exits.*

**CHARLIE**

(to himself, closing the door)

Not anymore.

*CHARLIE takes out his cell phone, punches in a number.*

**CHARLIE** (cont'd)

Hi, honey ... No, not yet ... You know, I've been thinking about the piano. What would you say if...

*SCOTT enters. He's listening to music with headphones.*

**CHARLIE**

(into phone)

I'll have to call you back.

(hangs up)

**SCOTT**

(speaking over the sound in his headphones)

Do pianos cost more than an iPhone 6?

**CHARLIE**

(shouting to be heard)

Yes, but this one's free. You just have to move it.

**SCOTT**

Does that cost a lot?

**CHARLIE**

Yes.

**SCOTT**

Good.

**Move It and It's Yours**

**CHARLIE**

What's your name?

**SCOTT**

Scott.

**CHARLIE**

(motioning for Scott to turn the music off)

Okay, Scott, where are your parents?

**SCOTT**

Mom usually takes me to my dad's, but she was late for work. So she let me walk by myself. I saw your flyer.

**CHARLIE**

Your parents are divorced?

**SCOTT**

Do you have a mountain bike? It's this bike that can go anywhere. And it's got these knobby tires with big treads, and you can really kill those dweeby little ten-speeds like Gavin Marx has. If Dad gets me this piano, even though it is used, I think Mom would buy me the bike.

**CHARLIE**

What is this, a present contest?

**SCOTT**

Yeah. All the kids do it. The parents split up, then they feel guilty. So they buy you stuff. You gotta be careful, though. I mean, they'll, like, buy you anything you talk about. I pointed at this submarine kit in the window and, like, my dad had it for me the next weekend. I didn't even want it.

**CHARLIE**

Why don't you just point at the bike?

**SCOTT**

(slightly impatient with Charlie's denseness)

Because Mom just got me the iPhone 6, and now Dad will get me something that costs more than what she spent, which I think might be this piano, and then I could point

at the bike.

**CHARLIE**

(to himself)  
I wonder if Rebecca knows about this.

**SCOTT**

Who's Rebecca?

**CHARLIE**

My daughter.

**SCOTT**

Are you divorced?

**CHARLIE**

Yes.

**SCOTT**

She knows about it.  
(thinking)  
Hey, is this your daughter's piano?

**CHARLIE**

No. Would it matter?

**SCOTT**

Sure. You know. The divorced kids code. Divorced parents can get pretty weird. So divorced kids have to stick together. You could be giving this piano away for some strange reason. And that could really hurt your daughter. Then she'd have to get mad about it and tell you how mad she was but at the same time accept that's how you are. Dr. Kinsolving explained the concept to me, and I could see he was right. I wouldn't want to be a part of that.

**CHARLIE**

Who's Dr. Kinsolving?

**SCOTT**

My therapist. What's your daughter's therapist say?

**CHARLIE**

**Move It and It's Yours**

My daughter doesn't have a therapist.

**SCOTT**

That's funny. Just about all the divorced kids I know have therapists. Can't you afford it?

**CHARLIE**

Yes, I can afford it.

**SCOTT**

I could write good songs on this piano. Not like that little Casio thing Mom got me last Christmas when I was really pointing at a set of drums.

**CHARLIE**

You write songs?

**SCOTT**

Yeah. I've got some on my phone.

**CHARLIE**

I'm impressed.

**SCOTT**

Want to hear one?

*SCOTT takes off his headphones and puts them on CHARLIE.*

**CHARLIE**

(as SCOTT is helping him)

I am feeling so hip.

(grooving to imagined or heard music)

**SCOTT**

(horrified at CHARLIE's moves)

Can you not do that?

(finds the song on his phone and gives it to CHARLIE to hold)

Here it comes. It's just the music.

**CHARLIE**

(listening, eventually keeping time but not too overtly)

Nice... Do you have words?

**Move It and It's Yours**

**SCOTT**

Yeah.

**CHARLIE**

(taking off the headphones, putting the phone down  
and getting situated at the piano)

Let me try something.

(noodles)

(to SCOTT)

Ready? OK, go.

**SCOTT**

TODAY THEY BOTH WENT DOWN TO C-O-U-R-T  
TO SETTLE UP THE D-I-V-O-R-C-E.  
FOR MONTHS AND MONTHS NOW EVERY NIGHT  
THEY'VE HAD A KNOCK-DOWN DRAG-OUT FIGHT  
WHEN THEY THINK I'M S-L-E-E-P-I-N-G.  
BUT JUST TO PROVE TO ME THAT EVERYTHING'S OKAY,  
WE GO OUT TWICE A WEEK FOR P-I-Z-Z-A.  
AND THEY PRETEND TO GET ALONG,  
SO I WON'T THINK THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG.  
THEY'VE GOT TO KEEP IT FROM THE C-H-I-L-D.  
AND SO THEY S-P-E-L-L IN FRONT OF ME.

THEY'VE HAMMERED OUT A D-E-C-R-DOUBLE-E.  
HE GETS THE C-A-R. SHE KEEPS THE C-A-T.  
I'M GOING TO BE WITH HIM, I GUESS,  
ON WEEKENDS AND X-M-A-S,  
AND THEY WILL SPLIT THE COST OF SUMMER C-A-M-P.  
WHEN THEY DISCUSS THE C-U-S-T-O-D-Y,  
HE STARTS TO SCREAM AND YELL, AND SHE BEGINS TO CRY.  
AND I JUST WISH SOMEONE WOULD TELL ME  
WHY THE H-E-DOUBLE-L  
THEY HAVE TO S-P-E-L-L  
THEY KNOW THAT I CAN SPELL REAL WELL.  
WHY DO THEY S-P-E-L-L IN FRONT OF ME?

*SCOTT and CHARLIE high-five.*

(SCOTT picks up his iPhone)

Hi, dad. Yeah, mom dropped me off. I just stopped at  
this store to look at something really excellent.

(looks at CHARLIE)

**Move It and It's Yours**

Yeah, well, the guy in the store kept talking to me ...  
Okay. Bye.

(hangs up)

I'm probably gonna bring him up here. So pretend you  
don't know me, okay? Don't give the piano away till I  
get back. `Bye.

*HE exits.*

**CHARLIE**

`Bye.

(picks up phone, and dials)

Hello, Rebecca? No, honey, I haven't left yet. I'm  
still cleaning up and doing a few things. Listen, when I  
get back, would you like to go to the zoo or something?  
... Yes, we could go shopping, too ... Mom just got you  
an iPhone 6? Okay, I'll call you as soon as I get back  
... Goodbye, sweetie. (goes to piano and sings)

EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE VERY FAR APART  
THEY CAN WORK TOGETHER JUST LIKE PARTNERS  
THUMB AND PINKY, PINKY AND THUMB,  
LOOKS QUITE HARD, IT'S TRUE,  
BUT THE JOB IS EASY FOR SOME.  
ONE OF THEM IS YOU.

*The buzzer and phone sound at same time.  
CHARLIE picks up phone.*

Hi, honey. . . Yeah, I know it's almost two o'clock...  
Someone was here...someone else is on the way up...I  
really need to talk to you... Oh, God, the phone just  
made that funny noise... No, my charger's in... Just bring  
the bags straight here. . . Honey?

*HE looks at the phone. It's gone dead.*

Oh, great.

*HE puts the phone down in disgust,  
goes to door and opens it. JARED and  
JEANIE are standing there.*

**JARED**

**Move It and It's Yours**

Hello, Mr. Ross.

**CHARLIE**

Now what?

**JEANIE**

We're back.

**CHARLIE**

Yes?

**JARED**

Mr. Ross, we have a little proposition to make. We will definitely take the piano if the apartment can be thrown in.

**JEANIE**

You know, with it.

*The doorbell rings.*

**JARED**

Would you like me to get that, Mr. Ross?

**CHARLIE**

(going to door)

Thanks, but I still live here.

*CHARLIE opens the door to ELOISE.*

**ELOISE**

(entering in a hurry)

Oh, God, it's still here!

**CHARLIE**

Well, hello there, naked soul.

**ELOISE**

Sheldon said he really bonded with this piano. So he's gone to wake up this guy named Gordo, who has no phone, but he used to be a roadie for Metallica and says he can move anything.

(notices JARED and JEANIE)

I hope they aren't taking it.



**Move It and It's Yours**

**RON**

(barrelling through the door)

Chuckster! Whoa, I'm glad it's still here. My movers are on their way. I did a one-eighty after I called you. I'm walking along, and all I'm seeing is families, families, families. The message is loud and clear, Chuck. Picture this. Ron Fox's Little Family Piano Parlor. Little fingers on the keys. Get to know people. Stay a while. "Y'all come back now." Excuse me.

(pulls out his cell phone and speaks into it)

2:10 p.m.—Check locations in Park Slope.

*HE goes to look out door, checking for his movers.*

**JARED**

(to Charlie)

Mr. Ross, first-come, first-served.

**RON**

(turning in from door)

That was me. I was first.

**JEANIE**

Things change. Shit happens.

**ELOISE**

(to RON)

How do I know you were first?

**CHARLIE**

Listen, everybody--

*JARED whispers something to JEANIE and THEY exit to the bedroom in conspiratorial mode.*

**SCOTT**

(running through door)

Hi. My dad's gonna be a little late.

(scans room)

Hey, you promised you'd wait until I got back. Thanks a lot.

**CHARLIE**

**Move It and It's Yours**

Scott, I didn't promise-

**RON**

(looking out door again)  
I hear people coming up the stairs. It's gotta be my movers.

*HE goes out to meet them. BUSTER is heard from the hallway.*

**BUSTER**

(flamboyantly)  
I must explode this piano in the name of art!  
(down a peg)  
Is it still here?

**RON**

(SAME ACTOR "talking to himself," from hallway)  
It's still here, but I'm taking it.

**JEANIE**

(poking her head out from the bedroom)  
Mr. Ross, it's that man who wanted to blow it up.  
Remember how you felt.

**SCOTT**

Wow. Psycho.

**ELOISE**

Is he going to blow it up here?

*SHELDON rushes in.*

**SHELDON**

Babe, Gordo's kinda fuzzy on where he parked the van.

(to Charlie)

Hang a minute, Chaz.

(to ELOISE)

He's going block by block checking out the street numbers. He thinks it ends in "4."

**ELOISE**

(putting SHELDON's hand on her backside)

**Move It and It's Yours**

And this ends in five if we don't get out of here now. I draw the line at explosives.

**SHELDON**

Am I being a silly willy?

**ELOISE**

Do you want to be a silly willy?

**SHELDON**

(to CHARLIE, sotto voce)

We'll be in the bedroom.

*THEY exit. BUSTER is still yelling from the hallway. As he does, RON backs through the door.*

**BUSTER**

Scratch the boom-boom! I'll make it a planter, let nature do the rest!

**RON**

(to Buster)

Would you back off?

**SCOTT**

This is better than *Mortal Kombat*.

*LOU and CARESSE enter.*

**LOU**

Get this. I'm living here twenty years, and today I see this girl and my heart goes ba-boom like crazy.

**CARESSE**

And I live on the block.

**LOU**

So I want to take the piano off your hands so my angel from heaven can sing me those beautiful hymns.

(notices the others)

Are we too late? Don't say it. We're too late.

**Move It and It's Yours**

**JEANIE and JARED**

(coming out of the bedroom)

Well, yes, you kind of are.

(JEANIE scurries out the front door)

**CHARLIE**

Attention, Steinway shoppers! Before this goes any further, I should really—

**LOU**

(to CHARLIE)

I told my plumbing supplier to drop by with his truck.

(looking out the window)

He's here!

**RON**

(re-entering)

Hang on, I'm making a deal with these guys.

(goes to window)

Tiffany, don't move that truck!

*SUSAN quietly enters and observes, unbeknownst to CHARLIE.*

**JARED**

Mr. Ross, we want the piano. We want the apartment. Jeanie has gone to the bank. We are prepared to offer you money.

**SCOTT**

Hey, I come from a broken home.

**CHARLIE**

Wait! Everybody! I've got something to say!

(a pause. Then HE turns to JARED)

No.

(to CARESSE)

No.

(to LOU)

No.

(to RON)

No.

(to SCOTT)

**Move It and It's Yours**

No.  
(out to the hallway)

No.  
(realizing a second too late that SUSAN is  
standing there)

**SUSAN**

I knew it.

**CHARLIE**

(startled to see her)  
Hi, honey! Yes, I know you did. But now I know it, too.  
(to EVERYONE)  
Everyone, this is my fiancée Susan.  
(to SUSAN)  
Susan, I'm not giving the piano away because—

**BRYNA**

(entering grandly)  
Because he promised it to me! Ladies and gentlemen, if  
my movers can just get past the crowd down there--  
(indicates window)  
--you will see Charles Ross for the honorable man he is.

**CHARLIE**

Thank you, Bryna, but I'm not honorable. The truth is  
you're all here under false pretenses. I told you I'd be  
giving the piano to someone, and--hey, maybe I'm not  
lying after all.

(plays and sings)  
IT ISN'T OVER 'TIL THE FAT LADY SINGS,  
NO MATTER HOW DEPRESSING IT SEEMS.  
THE SONG I WANT TO WRITE I HAVEN'T WRITTEN YET.  
THE SONG I LONG TO WRITE ...

**SUSAN**

(cutting him off)  
Charlie, the piano doesn't fit in my apartment.

**CHARLIE**

Then let's live in my apartment.

**SUSAN**

**Move It and It's Yours**

I don't like your apartment.

**CHARLIE**

You don't like my apartment. You don't like my piano.  
What do you like about me, Susan?

**SUSAN**

(a pause, then picking up her bags)  
I've got a plane to catch.

*SHE exits. There's a pause.*

**BRYNA**

This would make a great musical. It practically writes itself. There's this middle-aged guy who's lost his purpose in life. He always wanted to be a musician, but somewhere along the line he got sidetracked. He's stuck in this dead-end job. He's divorced. You get the picture. He's a total wreck. One Saturday he decides to give away his piano, the last tangible remnant of his lost dream. Suddenly, magically, a parade of strange and wonderful people come into his life, led by a veteran Broadway dynamo. They make him realize what he's known all along. Anything you love doing is worth doing. He keeps the piano. He gets rid of his fiancée, and the following Monday morning he calls up his office and quits his job.

**CHARLIE**

Not so fast, Bryna.

**BRYNA**

We can work out the details later. The point is, there's a closing number where the hero and the whole cast sing about what he's learned.

(sings)

LIFE IS A LONG AND DIFFICULT THING,  
AND THE OPERATIVE WORD IS "DIFFICULT."  
WHEN GRINNING IDIOTS GRAB ME AND SING  
ABOUT HOW IT'S ALL ONE BIG PERPETUAL SPRING,  
I SNIFF A CULT.  
POLLYANNAS LIKELY WILL ATTACK ME  
FOR SAYING MY SAY.  
I'M CONVINCED THAT LIFE CAN REACH ITS ACME

**Move It and It's Yours**

IN ONLY ONE WAY.  
LIFE IS WHAT IT IS.  
LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT.  
LIFE IS NOTHING MORE AND NOTHING LESS  
THAN WHERE YOU TAKE IT.

**BRYNA AND CHARLIE**

MOVE IT AND IT'S YOURS.

**LOU**

GRAB IT BY THE HORNS! GET OUT THERE AND CHASE IT!

**CARESSE**

ANYTIME THE MUSIC STARTS TO PLAY, STEP UP  
AND FACE IT!

**LOU AND CARESSE**

MOVE IT AND IT'S YOURS!

**JARED**

IF YOU MERELY COME TO TERMS, YOU'LL DO NO MORE  
THAN COPE.

**SCOTT**

LIFE CAN BE A CAN OF WORMS,

**RON**

BUT ONE YOU'VE GOT TO OPEN.

**LOU**

COME AND MAKE THE LEAP!  
COME AND TAKE A FLYER!

**CARESSE**

EVEN THOUGH THE PRICE IS SOMETIMES STEEP,  
COME BE A BUYER!

**JARED**

MOVE IT OUT OF LOW!  
MOVE THE TARGET HIGHER!

**BRYNA**

HONEY, IF YOU DO I KNOW THAT YOU'LL REGAIN THE FIRE!

**Move It and It's Yours**

**ENSEMBLE**

LONG AS LIFE ENDURES,  
MOVE IT AND IT'S YOURS.

*CHARLIE plays a musical break. As he does, "2-B" [played by the actress who plays SUSAN/DIANE/FERN] runs into the apartment holding a flyer.*

**"2-B"**

Is this where I get the free piano? I just moved into 2-B downstairs. I've always wanted to learn!

**BRYNA**

(going over to her)  
Honey, this piano is taken. But you're in luck. There's a piano teacher right in your building.  
(indicates CHARLIE)

**CHARLIE**

SOMETIMES IT'S ABSURD.  
SOMETIMES IT'S A BUMMER.  
SOMETIMES YOU MAY WISH YOU'D NEVER HEARD  
THAT DIFFERENT DRUMMER.

**ALL**

LIFE IS WHAT IT IS.  
LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT.  
LIFE IS NOTHING MORE AND NOTHING LESS  
THAN WHERE YOU TAKE IT.  
LONG AS LIFE ENDURES,  
MOVE IT AND IT'S YOURS.  
MOVE IT AND IT'S YOURS.  
MOVE IT AND IT'S YOURS!

**CHARLIE**

Everybody, I want to thank you all. You've done me an enormous favor, and all I've done is waste your Saturday.

**LOU**

What're you talking? This is the best Saturday of my life.



**Move It and It's Yours**

**CARESSE**

I found what I was looking for.

*THEY exit.*

**JARED**

(handing over the piece of paper on which he's  
been taking down measurements)  
Here, Mr. Ross, you might be able to use these. You  
probably should redecorate.

*HE exits.*

**RON**

Well, Chuckie boy, gotta run. Excuse me.  
(pulls out his mini-digital device)  
2:15 p.m.--Little Family Piano Parlor dead. Look into 1-  
800-MOVEYOUR88s.

*HE exits.*

**SCOTT**

I better go find my dad. I guess I could take him to  
look at the new Xbox.

*SCOTT and CHARLIE do a high-five. SCOTT exits.*

**BRYNA**

(to "2-B," as they walk to the door)  
Now don't you worry about not having a piano. I'm sure  
your new teacher will let you come up here and practice  
all you want.

(*"2-B"* exits. BRYNA starts to follow her)

**CHARLIE**

Okay, Bryna, when's the next rehearsal?

*BRYNA runs over and hugs CHARLIE.*

Do you think your chorus can make it up the stairs?

**BRYNA**

Easier than moving a piano.

**Move It and It's Yours**

*BRYNA exits. CHARLIE goes to his suitcase, takes out the phone charger, plugs it in, puts his phone in it, and punches in a number. On his hands and knees (in order to reach the phone) he talks into it.*

**CHARLIE**

Hey, Benny. You there? It's Charlie Ross in 4C. Pick up...You're not there...Okay, you probably thought I was out of here and on my way to Las Vegas. But I'm not. I've decided to stay in the apartment. And, yes, I know that means the rent will be going up. We can talk about that. Anyway, I'll be moving the furniture back in a couple of days. Until then, it's just me and my piano if that's okay. It is okay. Call me back.

*CHARLIE ends the call, looks at the piano, gets up off the floor, goes and sits on the bench, and starts to play.*

E N D O F P L A Y

**BOWS**

*The cast "furnishes" Charlie's apartment, singing.*

**ALL**

LAY DOWN YOUR TROUBLE AND CAST OFF YOUR CARE.  
PUT DOWN YOUR BURDEN AND PULL UP A CHAIR.  
THIS HOUSE IS YOUR HOUSE AND THIS HOUSE IS MY HOUSE  
AND WHEN YOU'RE IN THIS HOUSE YOU'RE HOME.  
WHEN YOU'RE IN THIS HOUSE, YOU'RE HOME!