



**JENNA**

That everything?

**JOE**

No, I also want orange juice. But don't bring that first. Bring the water first. Bring the O.J. with the meal. Listen to my horoscope before you skadoodle away. (*He opens his newspaper and reads*) "Aquarius. Smooth sailing today as Mars enters your inner circle." Whatever the hell that means. "The ones you love will listen carefully to you today, just make sure you're careful with what you say." I don't have ones I love. You want to hear yours?

**JENNA**

I'm Aquarius too, hon. And I don't have ones I love either. Just ones I live with.

*Jenna is fighting off a potent wave of nausea. He looks at her intently.*

**JOE**

You got something in the oven other than a pie?

**JENNA**

What?

**JOE**

You got a bun in the oven?

**JENNA**

Shhhhhhhhh. Quiet.

**JOE**

I've seen that look on a woman before. (*Wistfully*) Her name was Annette. I made sweet love to her all through the summer of 1948. She got that same sick look on her face, like you had, all through the fall. Almost married her right up. She lost the baby, though. Close call. (*Very loud*) When you due?

**JENNA**

Hey! Joe I don't want Cal to hear you!

*Joe points to the paper.*

**JOE**

Look here, the National Pie Bake Off is in Springfield this year. Last year's winner, Eunice Kevesdky, spent her prize money on an RV with a convection oven. You should enter.

**JENNA**

Oh come on Joe. My pies are good but I'm no Sara Lee.

*She turns.*

**JOE**

Prize money's \$20,000.

**END**

**2/2**

## JOE Side 2 of 3

ACT 2, SCENE 3: DINER

*Jenna heads towards Joe's table with a spring in her step.*

**START:**

**JENNA**

Hey Joe. How are ya?

**JOE**

Same bastard as yesterday, Jenna. The question is how are you?

**JENNA**

Same train wreck.

**JOE**

And how's the charming husband?

**JENNA**

Charming as ever.

**JOE**

Right. And the lipstick smudger?

**JENNA**

What?

**JOE**

You know...the dog on the side? The "affair."

**JENNA**

I'm not having an "affair" affair. It's just a –

*He hands her a napkin.*

**JOE**

An affair. Your lipstick is all smudged like someone gave you a good one.

*(Jenna tries to wipe off the lipstick.)*

When you're done wiping away your indiscretions, wanna hear your horoscope?

**JENNA**

No.

**JOE**

*(keeps reading)*

Aquarius. "Even if you have a miserable snake husband, you probably shouldn't be having no affair, 'cause it's beneath you and could make you seem like a common hussy. Not to mention the pain you could cause to other people."

*Jenna gets quiet.*

**JOE (CONT'D)**

This afternoon I want the Singing Tune Fish Casserole, no pickle on the plate. Well-done frenchie fries. On their own plate. And Jenna's Devil's Food Oasis Pie. That's the one that you should bake in that contest so you can win that money and leave your husband fair and square and smudge your lipstick with whomever the hell you want.

**JENNA**

You really think that pie is good enough to win?

**JOE**

That pie is a thing'a beauty... how each flavor opens itself, one by one, like a chapter in a book. First you get flooded with chocolate, dark and bittersweet like an old flame... and then strawberry, the way strawberry was always supposed to taste but never knew how... In fact, you know what? Forget all the other stuff I ordered. Just bring me the damn pie. Whattya waiting for?

*She serves him his pie.*

**JENNA**

I don't believe for one second that you're as mean as you play. You tip me better than anyone.

*Jenna heads to the counter. Dawn pulls Jenna and Becky aside.*

**END**

**DAWN**

If you're noticing I'm having a hard time walking today. Keep it between us.

**JENNA**

This is really heating up.

**DAWN**

He is so passionate. You wouldn't know it to look at him but he is a sexual dynamo.

**BECKY**

No, you wouldn't know it...

**DAWN**

He is amorous yet clean and well organized! And when he recites his spontaneous poetry, well... I'm multi-orgasmic! I had no idea.

**CAL**

You know, I didn't either and believe me it's something I did not need to know. Order up!

**BECKY**

Perhaps you could take some pointers, Cal.

**CAL**

Perhaps you could take this steamin' slice of Twisted Kentucky Pecan Pie to table five.

**BECKY**

Uh-uh!

*Jenna and Becky dance, as Becky takes out some money from her cleavage.*

**BECKY**

I had some big spenders yesterday. Stash this in the pot – towards your entry fee –

**JENNA**

Becky I can't take your money with what you're dealin' with at home-

**BECKY**

Just this once. Let me feel a little philanthropical. I don't want you worryin' about nothin' but bakin' yourself a better life. When you win that contest, you think you'll get one of those big giant checks that are the size of a door? I've always wondered how you cash those...

**JENNA**

Maybe we should have an affair.

**BECKY**

No ma'am. This ain't no affair. I'm in it for life.

*Joe approaches and waves Becky away.*

**START:**

**JOE**

Shoo shoo!... This reminds me of my third wedding to Sara-Marie Caputo. Now she was a screamer.

**JENNA**

Joe!

**JOE**

I was just trying to point out her good qualities. Oh man, she was nasty.

**JENNA**

I'm gonna invent a special pie for you, called "Old Joe's Horny Past Pie."

**JOE**

You should enter that one in the contest! Wake those old biddies up!

**JENNA**

Maybe I'll just bake it for you.

**JOE**

It'll have to wait. My doctor says I shouldn't be eatin' that sweet stuff. Liver actin' up. Gotta have a piece of it removed.

**JENNA**

Oh Joe...

**JOE**

Last time I was in the hospital the nurse strapped me to a bed, pulled my pants down and shot me in the ass... Not too shabby...

**JENNA**

Not too shabby.

*He moves to dance with her. The ensemble dances behind them.*

**INTRO: TAKE IT FROM AN OLD MAN**

**JOE**

You better promise me you'll bake to win... Pie-lady, you're shakin.

**JENNA**

I don't know what I'm more scared of – losin' or winnin'. Maybe I should just make peace with happy enough like my mama did. I don't know Joe maybe it's too late for me.

*(Continue to song on next page...)*

# TAKE IT FROM AN OLD MAN

[Rev. 11/8/16]

14

Music & Lyrics by  
SARA BAREILLES

1  $\text{♩} = 87$  *Gtr.*

E G#/D# C#m F#m B/D#

7 **JOE:**

Take it from an old man, \_\_\_\_\_ Time's just sand slip-ping past,

E +Dr. G#/D# C#m F#m B/D#

We want to hold it in our hands \_\_\_\_\_ But no one ev-er sees what falls through the cracks.

E G#/D# C#m F#m B/D#

15

Take it from an old \_\_\_\_\_ man, \_\_\_\_\_ My mis - takes\_ have made\_ me

E G#/D# C#m F#m B/D#

+Bs. +Cello

19 20 21 22

And I am what I am And though I don't believe in silver linings

E G#7/D# C#m F#m G# G#/B#

**23** 24 25 26

I believe there's something in you Something good is trying to breakthrough

C#m +Key II A E B/D#

27 28 29 30

You might have to fight the good fight And when you think you can't You can, Take it from an old man.

C#m A F#7 F#m B

31 32 33 34

Take it from an old man. The days don't stretch any longer

E G#7/D# C#m F#m B/D#

WAITRESS

Piano/Conductor

#14. TAKE IT FROM AN OLD MAN [Rev. 11/8/16]

35 36 37 38

They've left tracks up - on my skin but I reck-on \_\_\_ made me strong - er, \_\_\_

E G#7/D# C#m F#m G#7/B#

**39** 40 41 42

I be-lieve there's some-thing in \_\_\_ you \_\_\_ Some-thing you should be see - ing too \_\_\_ Bet it

gentler C#m A2 E B/D#

43 44 45 46

all on your-self at leastone time \_\_\_ cause hon-ey, Win or lose, \_\_\_ It's one hell of a ride...

C#m A F#7 F#m7 B/D#

47 48 49 50

And

C#m A E G#7/D#

**51** Dictated

52 53 54 55

if you lack the strength of \_\_\_ your own \_\_\_ Hon-ey hold out \_\_\_ your hands... \_\_\_ And take it from an oldman \_\_\_

C#m A F# F#m B E

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It contains five measures of music, with measure numbers 52 through 55 indicated above the staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. It features diamond-shaped chord symbols (C#m, A, F#, F#m, B, E) placed below the notes. The piano part ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.