

Start

## LEADING PLAYER

→ All right... you'll see what it's like without us... Take down the tent... You heard me. Everything out... move it. Pull down the canvas. Strike the rig.

*(The set begins to move out)*

Colored lights out. Take 'em out. Pinks and reds out... Well, that's not too flattering is it, Pippin?

*(The lighting becomes harsh. PIPPIN does not answer)*

Costumes... get their costumes...

*(The PLAYERS strip CATHERINE, PIPPIN, and THEO, leaving them in underclothes)*

Make up... let's go... get it off... and the wigs...

*(PLAYERS remove make up and wigs from PIPPIN, CATHERINE and THEO)*

Look around, Pippin. How do things look to you now?

## PIPPIN

THEY SHOWED ME CRIMSON, GOLD AND LAVENDER  
A SHINING PARADE...

## LEADING PLAYER

A mole, Pippin. Look at the mole on her face. You're going to spend the rest of your life with a woman with a mole?

## PIPPIN

BUT THERE'S NO COLOR I CAN HAVE ON EARTH  
THAT WON'T FINALLY FADE...

## LEADING PLAYER

And the kid... Do you know how much he's gonna cost you?

## PIPPIN

WHEN I WANTED WORLDS TO PAINT

## LEADING PLAYER

This is the way you want to live?

## PIPPIN

AND COSTUMES TO WEAR...

## LEADING PLAYER

No costumes... no makeup...

## PIPPIN

I THINK IT WAS HERE...

## LEADING PLAYER

No colored lights...

## PIPPIN

CAUSE IT NEVER WAS THERE...

## LEADING PLAYER

And no magic!

*(Suddenly remembering the audience, turns with a big smile)*

Ladies and Gentlemen, we apologize for our inability to bring you the Finale that we promised. It seems our extraordinary young man has elected to compromise his aspirations. But I know there are many of you out there... extraordinary people... exceptional people... who would gladly trade your ordinary lives for the opportunity to do one perfect act: our Grand Finale. And we'll always be there for you... anytime you want us. Why, we're right inside your heads! And we promise you... Sets! Costumes! Lights! Magic!

## ALL

Magic!

*(THEY ALL look out to the audience, singling out people, beckoning and asking them to come with them. After a bit, it becomes clear to the LEADING PLAYER there are going to be no takers)*

## LEADING PLAYER

All right. It's over. The show's over. Everybody out. Let's go! Out. Come on, out! Out! Get outta here!

*(The PLAYERS go)*

Take out the rest of the lights.

*(Lights go out.)*

Orchestra, pack up your instruments, let's go.

*(ALL stop playing, except the pianist)*

Take your damn hands off the keyboard!

*(Piano stops. It is silent. Then to PIPPIN)*

*end* → You try singing without music, sweetheart!