

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!