

THEO

(*Trying to wake PIPPIN up*)

Pippin... Pippin... say hello to my duck...

(*HE pushes the duck into PIPPIN's face*)

PIPPIN

How do you do...

THEO

Guess his name.

PIPPIN

Augustus.

THEO

Wrong. His name's Otto. You're not very smart...

PIPPIN

I'm smart enough to know that a duck belongs in a pond and not in my bed!

THEO

(*After a beat*)

Bite me!

(*HE stalks off as PIPPIN goes back to sleep*)

CATHERINE

Start (Goes to him, exasperated.)

→ Pippin, you have been lying in this bed for seven days now. What is the matter with you?

PIPPIN

It's nothing you could possibly understand.

CATHERINE

Well, try me. Give me a chance.

PIPPIN

All right. I have been searching and searching for something important and fulfilling to do with my life, and I have tried everything I can think of, and I haven't even come close. So I am in utter, abject, complete despair.

CATHERINE

(*After a beat*)

And that's it?

PIPPIN

Yes, that's it.

CATHERINE

Pippin, let me tell you something about despair.

#13b - *Hearth Incidental*

(SHE points to the conductor and a piano begins to play as if this were the beginning of a soap opera. CATHERINE sits on the end of the bed and begins speaking)

(CATHERINE)

I loved my husband very much. The years we spent together were the happiest years of my life. And then one day he was struck by fever...

(Slowly PIPPIN comes down to the end of the bed and watches her)

... and when his hand went cold in mine, I felt my life, too, was over. I was overcome by the deepest despair. I took to my bed for five days. But on the sixth day I got up. There were things to be done. An estate to be run. A boy to raise.

(PIPPIN reaches out and touches CATHERINE's hand.

SHE looks at the hand for a long moment. Then softly to PIPPIN)

Pippin, this is such a large estate. I'm all alone here and I can't do all this work by myself. Couldn't you please help me...

LEADING PLAYER

Hold it! Hold it! You're supposed to read the line "naggingly".

CATHERINE

But he put his hand on my face. They don't usually do that.

LEADING PLAYER

I don't care where he puts his hand. Read it naggingly! Listen. You're almost too old for this role. So, you better watch it. I've got my eye on you.

CATHERINE

(To PIPPIN, naggingly)

Pippin, this is such a large estate. I'm all alone here and I can't do all this work by myself. Couldn't you please help me!?

PIPPIN

All right! All right!

(HE starts to go)

Anything to shut you up...

CATHERINE

(To audience)

end

Well, Pippin was finally out of bed and working... and slowly he became part of everything... part of our everyday lives...

#13c - Ordinary Life

(Music. PIPPIN is suddenly surrounded by rustic life - animals, farmers... PIPPIN takes part in the action, with perhaps a hoe or seedbag...)

PIPPIN

How often do we do this?

LEADING PLAYER

Every day.

PIPPIN

Every day!?

ALL

Uh hunh.

PIPPIN

Every day. That's exciting

CATHERINE

For a while, Pippin didn't show much enthusiasm for the work... But as time went on... he showed no enthusiasm at all.

(PIPPIN drops whatever tool he's using)

PIPPIN

Keep up the good work, men.

(To CATHERINE)

What? What are you looking at?

CATHERINE

Nothing... Oh Pippin, there is something. The roof on the chicken house has sprung a leak... If you could get to that tomorrow... And the field needs plowing, and the chimney needs bricks, and the pig sty is... well, a sty.

(Pigs burp and squeal. As SHE goes, gives him a loving smile)

Thank you!

