BERTHE Pippin? Pippin? I can't believe it! How good it is to see you and to hold you.

PIPPIN Grandma, you look great

BERTHE No I don’t, I look terrible.

PIPPIN No! You look great.

BERTHE No, I look terrible.

PIPPIN Alright, fine, you look terrible.

BERTHE Is that any way to talk to your grandmother? Actually, you look terrible. You need some good food, and some fresh air, and some hanky-panky.

PIPPIN Grandma, I don’t know what I need.

BERTHE Well, I know what I need: I need some good, juicy gossip. You’ve got to tell me what’s been going on at court. Is that good looking priest still holding “confessions”?

PIPPIN (laughing) You haven't changed a bit.

BERTHE But you have Pippin. What have you been doing with yourself?

PIPPIN Well, I went to war.

BERTHE Well, that explains it.

PIPPIN I tried to own my own manhood, you know? Give my blood back. Yeah, I wanted to do something important, something meaningful, and that wasn’t it. I just- I feel… empty and vacant.

BERTHE You think too much, Pippin. That’s your problem. You have to stop thinking. You have to learn to live in the moment. Look at this day. Look at it! The sun is shining, the air is warm, maybe tonight at the tavern there’ll be that lovely young girl you can hook up with and do those things you kids do, and come back and tell me everything in graphic detail…