BERTHE

Pippin? Pippin? I can't believe it! How good it is to see you... (She holds out her arms. PIPPIN embraces her) ...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. So, I think I need a plan. Yeah, that’s it, a goal and a plan. Well—no, no, I have a goal, I want to be fulfilled—but, a good plan, that’s what I’ve been thinking about. I mean, you can’t just go rushing into whatever comes along and hope for the best. And, on the other hand, you can’t wait around wasting time and expect something to fall into your lap. So...
BERTHE

You lost me in the middle there. 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...

PIPPIN

(Grabbing BERTHE’s hands to stop her inappropriate gesturing)

Grandma, would you stop, stop, stop. I don’t have any time for that.

BERTHE

Time? You listen to me Pippin. I’m an expert on time.