LEADING PLAYER

All right... you'll see what it's like without us! Take down the tent. I mean it! Take down the tent, now! Let's go! Strike the rig! Take out the rain curtains! Pull down the canvas! I want of it out of here!

Let's go! Colored lights, out! Pinks and reds, out!

Well, that's not too flattering, now is it, Pippin? (PIPPIN does not answer)

Hey, costumes, get their costumes!

And the make-up! Get it off... get it off! And the wig.

Well, Pippin. How do things look to you now?

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?

This is the way you want to live? This is what you want?

No costumes! No make-up!

No colored lights!

And no magic! (To audience, trying to save face)

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 will always be there for you,
anytime you want us. Why we are right inside your heads, and we promise you sets, costumes, lights, and magic!

(To HERSELF) It’s over...

Show’s over, everybody out. Let’s go... everybody out.

The show’s over! Everybody out!

Get out of here! Take out the rest of the lights. Orchestra, pack up your instruments, let's go.

(LEADING PLAYER begins to exit, but the pianist still plays. Angrily she turns and approaches the pit)

Take your damn hands off that keyboard! (Piano stops. It is silent. Then, to PIPPIN)

You try singing without music, sweetheart.