

Berthe / Pippin - Sides

Content Warning: Sexuality/ Innuendo

BERTHE

... Due to a personality conflict with her daughter-in-law, Fastrada ...

*(PIPPIN enters and calls to her)*

PIPPIN

Grandma...

BERTHE

I hate needlepoint!

*(BERTHE throws the needlepoint at the Attendant.)*

PIPPIN

Ah, but you're so good at it.

START

BERTHE

Pippin...? Pippin...! Oh, Pippin, I can't believe it.

*(SHE holds out her arms. PIPPIN embraces her)*

Oh, how good it is to see you and to hold you, the way I used to.

PIPPIN

Grandma, you look great.

BERTHE

No, I don't. I look terrible.

PIPPIN

No, you look great!

BERTHE

No, I don't. I look terrible.

PIPPIN

Alright, fine, you look terrible.

BERTHE

Is that any way to talk to your grandma? But, Pippin, actually you look terrible.

You need some fresh air, some good food, some hanky panky.

PIPPIN

I don't know what I need.

BERTHE

Oh, I know what I need... Some good juicy gossip. You gotta tell me what's going on at court. Is Fastrada still leading your father around by the... nose?

PIPPIN

Grandma, 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**

That explains it.

**PIPPIN**

*(Speaking earnestly and increasingly fast)*

I tried to own my own manhood, you know, give my blood back. I wanted to do something important, something meaningful. But that wasn't it. Now, I just feel empty and vacant. So, I think I need a plan—Yes, that's it, a goal and a plan. Well, I have a goal—I want to be fulfilled. But a good plan? That's what I've been thinking about. You can't just go rushing into whatever comes along and hope for the best, but 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, Pippin. Stop thinking! You think too much. That's your problem. You have to learn to live in the moment. Look at this day. Look at it! The sun is shining. The air is warm. And maybe tonight, down at the tavern, there's that lovely young girl you could hook up with and do those things you kids do and then come back and tell me everything in graphic detail—

**PIPPIN**

Grandma, I don't have time for that.

**BERTHE**

Time? Now, Pippin, you listen to me. I'm an expert on time.

END

#7 – No Time At All

WHEN YOU ARE AS OLD AS I, MY DEAR  
AND I HOPE THAT YOU NEVER ARE  
YOU WILL WOEFULLY WONDER WHY MY DEAR  
THROUGH YOUR CATARACTS AND CATARRH  
YOU COULD SQUANDER AWAY OR SEQUESTER  
A DROP OF A PRECIOUS YEAR  
FOR WHEN YOUR BEST DAYS ARE YESTER  
THE REST 'RE TWICE AS DEAR...

WHAT GOOD IS A FIELD ON A FINE SUMMER NIGHT  
IF YOU SIT ALL ALONE WITH THE WEEDS?