

# PLAYS FOR YOUNG AUDIENCES

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## *The Cricket in Times Square*

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Adapted for the Stage by  
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Music by  
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*The Cricket in Times Square* was first presented by Seattle Children's Theatre for the 1998-99 season.

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Cast of Characters:

- Tucker
- Mario Bellini
- Mama Bellini
- Papa Bellini
- Paul
- Cricket

Ensemble includes: Subway Riders, Times Square shoppers, Chinese Opera

## Scene One

As the house lights dim, we hear electronic whistles and squeals from an old fashioned radio, and then the Nessun dorma aria from Puccini's Turandot. It grows as the house fades to black. A spotlight illuminates a middle-aged Mouse named TUCKER. TUCKER listens, rapt.

TUCKER                    (TUCKER sees us.) That? That's Puccini. Me, I'm a mouse. (More electronic squeals: the radio is drowned out by the sound of an approaching train.) You wanna duck here, she's comin' in.

There's a deafening roar of a subway train rushing into a station. TUCKER scurries mouse like here and there; the spotlight follows him as he ducks into his drain pipe. The train gives a shrill blast of its whistle, and then a long satisfying hiss of escaping steam. Passengers run to and from the train. The stage is still mostly dark, just lit by the spot on TUCKER, so the passengers are a blur of legs past Tucker's home. TUCKER comes out again when the coast is clear.

TUCKER                    The shuttle, comin' in from Grand Central. In a minute it'll go right back, back and forth, twenty four hours a day, what a city. Sunflower seed...

This is where it all happened. A little newsstand in the busiest corner of the best little location in the nation: Times Square. (To the CONDUCTOR in the pit.) Can I get a little somethin' maybe? Are we on our toes here? Times Square, I said Times Square!

From the pit, a blast of glorious old show biz pazazz, TUCKER dances, taps, spins and finishes – all in a matter of seconds.

TUCKER                    I was here from day one, I saw it all. Shoot, I loved that cricket like he was my own insect. What an adventure, he came outta nowhere, he gave us all a glimpse of glory, a taste of fame – and then he was gone. So it was pretty much your typical Times Square story. To begin. There was little Mario. (Light on MARIO.) There was is Mama and Papa. (Light on MAMA & PAPA BELLINI) Tryin to make a coupla bucks from a newsstand that was way outta date.

Lighting change and we see a 1940's newsstand on the subway platform. It's Saturday night, but MARIO and MAMA & PAPA BELLINI are still at work at their stand. A period radio is prominent in the newsstand.

TUCKER            I mean, these days people got the radio to listen to, you think they wanna read?

MAMA            Nobody stops, nobody buys, these days people got the radio to listen to, you think they wanna read?

PAPA            They're stopping, they buying.

MAMA            So how many papers you sell tonight?

MARIO           I'm workin' late Mama. Think of all those Sunday papers I'll sell!

MAMA            Think nothin', it's simple. We're gonna starve.

PAPA            It'll be better tomorrow, Mama.

MAMA            So we'll starve the day after.

MARIO           No, Mama! Something good is coming, I know it!

PAPA            The very next train, customers, lots of em!

MAMA            Yeah, yeah.

**SONG: SOMETHING HERE IS GONNA CHANGE**

MARIO            SOMETHING'S COMING ON THE SHUTTLE  
SOMETHING MAGICAL AND STRANGE  
CAN'T YOU HEAR IT COMING  
FEEL THOSE TRACKS A'HUMMING  
I KNOW THAT SOMETHING HERE IS GONNA CHANGE

MAMA            NOTHING'S COMING ON THE SHUTTLE  
EVERY DAY IS JUST THE SAME  
WHERE'S THE LINE IT'S RIDING?  
SOMETHING TOOK A DIFF'RENT TRAIN!

PAPA            MAYBE THE NEXT TRAIN  
MAYBE THE THIRD  
MAYBE TOMORROW  
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?

MAMA  
MAYBE IT'S NEVER  
DON'T BE ABSURD  
MAYBE TOMORROW?  
NEVER'S THE WORD!

MARIO  
LISTEN, MISTER, BUY A PAPER!  
MISTER, WHAT CHA GOT TO LOSE?  
SOMETHING NEW IS HEARING  
IT'S JUST OUT OF HEARING  
HEY WAIT UP, LADY, WON'T YOU BUY THE NEWS!

MAMA  
HEY YOU – COME ON BUY A PAPER!  
DON'T GOT TIME TO SPEND A CENT!  
WHAT'S THE POINT OF TRYIN?  
ALL OUR HOPES ARE DYIN  
LOOK! IN THEY CAME AND OUT THEY WENT!

PAPA  
LADY, LISTEN, BUY A PAPER!  
WHY NOT TWO, OR THREE OR FOUR!

MARIO  
SOMETHING'S IN THE MAKING  
SOMETHING BIG IS BREAKING  
SOMETHING'S KNOCKING DOWN THE DOOR!

MARIO, PAPA  
& SUBWAY RIDERS

MAYBE THE NEXT TRAIN  
MAYBE THE LAST  
MAYBE THE SLOW TRAIN  
MAYBE THE FAST

SOMETHING IS COMIN  
SOMETHING SO NEW  
KNOW WHEN YOU SEE IT!  
KNOW IT'S FOR YOU!

SOMETHING'S COMIN ON THE SHUTTLE  
SOMETHING MAGICAL AND STRANGE  
CAN'T YOU HEAR IT COMING

FEEL THOSE TRACKS A'HUMMING  
HEAR THE DRUMS A'DRUMMING  
UP THE TRACKS ITS RUNNING  
I CAN HEAR IT COMING...

The last passenger grabs a Sunday paper and flips a quarter to MARIO.

MARIO                    Thanks, Mister!

MARIO, PAPA  
& SUBWAY RIDERS            SOMETHING HERE IS GONNA CHANGE!

And all the passengers are gone.

MAMA                    Yeah, yeah. That's the kinda change I'm lookin' for: dimes,  
quarters, fifty-centses. You bring me change like that, I'll believe.

MARIO                    Yes, Mama.

MAMA                    We'll pick you up by midnight, soon as the opera's over.

MARIO                    You got tickets?

PAPA                    No, no. We'll just go for the end of the last act, stand at the back.  
Puccini tonight, Mario!

MARIO                    Puccini, bello.

MAMA                    Any trouble, you go up onna street to Officer Flynn. *(a quick hug)*  
You're a good boy, Mario Bellini.

PAPA                    You're a good boy, Mario Bellini.

MARIO                    Night Mama, Papa.

MAMA & PAPA BELLINI head out.

MAMA                    Good boy like that shouldn't have to starve.

MAMA & PAPA are gone, MARIO goes about sweeping the platform in front of the stand.

Train whistle, the shuttle roars in and screeches to a halt with steam. A couple of passengers rush past the newsstand.

MARIO                   Papers! Get your Sunday papers! Buy 'em tonight!

*PAUL, the Conductor, approaches MARIO.*

PAUL                    Mario, how's business?

MARIO                 It'll pick up.

PAUL                   It's awful late, Mario. Kid your age shouldn't be workin all the time; you should have friends.

MARIO                 Paul – you ever get the feeling your luck is gonna change? That something great is gonna happen?

PAUL                   Sure, kid, happens all the time.

Tinny garbled voice from the PA system: "Next train for Grand Central Station, track number two."

PAUL                   (Continued) Gotta go. (He heads off, stops and flips a half dollar to MARIO.) I'll take the Times. You're a good boy, Mario Bellini.

PAUL grabs the paper and runs for the train.

MARIO                 Hey wait! You got change coming!

Whistle blows, and we hear the sound of a shuttle train slowly moving off, picking up speed. MARIO waves at PAUL.

## **Scene Two**

Silence in the wake of the train. MARIO resumes sweeping. He tips the sweepings into a little dustbin, and suddenly we hear a tremulous cricket-like note or chord. MARIO looks up, head cocked. TUCKER appears to us.

TUCKER                    Some say I heard it first, some say Mario did. I'm a generous mouse, we'll say the boy was the first to hear it.

MARIO goes back to sweeping. We hear the tremulous chord again. MARIO goes in search of it. The chord sounds again and MARIO's eyes go to the dustbin. He crouches beside it and looks in.

MARIO                    Strange. (He reaches into the dustbin and lifts an angular black shape out of it.) How'd you get in there?

TUCKER                    I knew what it was, I been to the Museum of Natural History. We just don't get a lotta crickets down here in the subway.

MARIO                    Where'd you come from? You don't belong here, that's for sure. I'm Mario. Mar-i-o.

MARIO pulls his handkerchief from a pocket and dusts off the bug. The PUPPET CRICKET cautiously looks around, then up at MARIO.

MARIO                    Wow. It's like you're listening to me. Are you? Make that sound again, okay? (CRICKET lowers his head.) You're scared – don't be scared. I know I must look awful big to you. (He fishes in his pocket and comes up with half a candy bar.) You like Baby Ruth? (He bites off a little piece of candy, puts it in his hand with the CRICKET, waits.) Listen, tomorrow I'll take you up to Central Park and set you free, okay? (But now the CRICKET begins to eat and MARIO shivers with pleasure.) Hey, little cricket. You wouldn't want to live here with me, would you?

CRICKET looks up to MARIO.

MARIO                    I'M A KID  
                              YOU'RE A CRICKET  
                              OKAY.  
                              YOU'RE A BUG,  
                              I'M A BOY,  
                              IT'S OKAY.  
                              HERE'S THE DEAL I SELL PAPERS  
                              MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS  
                              I'M A BOY,



YOU'RE A BUG  
WHAT THE HEY!

Roar of the subway train.

MARIO                    Hey, don't be scared little guy.

IT'S A SUB –  
WAY DOWN UNDER  
THE GROUND.  
WE'RE A HUN-  
DRED FEET UN-  
DER THE GROUND.  
SO THE TRAINS COME AND GO HERE  
IT NEVER GOES SLOW HERE –  
I'M A BOY,  
YOU'RE A BUG,  
I'LL BE BOUND!

Puppet Cricket looks Mario up and down.

MARIO                    What are you lookin' at? What, this?

IT'S A BROOM  
FOR THE SWEEPING  
OF STUFF.  
SO I SWEEP  
ALL THIS LITTER,  
THIS STUFF.  
IT WAS LUCK I WAS SWEEPING  
WHEN YOU STARTED CHEEPING –  
YOU'RE A BUG,  
I'M A BOY,  
IT'S ENOUGH.  
I'M A BOY,  
YOU'RE A BUG,  
LET'S AGREE.  
JUST A BUG,  
JUST A BOY,  
LOOK AT ME!

WE DON'T HAVE TO BE LONELY,  
REMEMBER WE'RE ONLY  
JUST A BUG,  
JUST A BOY,  
HE'S THE BUG,  
I'M THE BOY,  
YOU AND ME!

Mario does a soft-shoe routine.

MARIO            Hey, where are you gonna sleep? If I rolled over in bed I'd squash ya, little fella. How 'bout a matchbox? It's perfect, just your size!

MARIO            YOU'RE A BUG, I'M A BOY  
THAT'S ENOUGH!

I'M A BOY,  
YOU'RE A BUG,  
LET'S AGREE.  
JUST A BUG,  
JUST A BOY,  
LOOK AT ME!  
WE DON'T HAVE TO BE LONELY,  
REMEMBER WE'RE ONLY  
JUST A BUG,  
JUST A BOY,  
HE'S THE BUG,  
I'M THE BOY,  
YOU AND ME!

Mario is so engrossed by his new friend that he hasn't noticed Mama & Papa returning.

MAMA            So? What now?

Mario hides the Cricket box behind his back.

MARIO            How was the opera, Mama?

MAMA            I'll give you opera, what's that you got?

MARIO I found a cricket!

*Mario gently lifts the little cricket out of its bed for Mama's inspection.*

MAMA It's a bug, throw it away.

MARIO No, Mama! It's a special kind of bug. Crickets are good luck!

MAMA Uh-huh, good luck. So I suppose ants are better luck, and cockaroaches are the best luck of all. Throw it away.

MARIO Please, Mama, I want to keep him for a pet.

MAMA A pet! A cat is a pet, a dog is a pet, a bug is not a pet.

MARIO You wouldn't let me get a cat, and you said I could have a dog but I never got him.

MAMA Don't try to confuse me. No bugs are coming to my house.

*And Mario's happiness falls into ruins.*

PAPA How was selling tonight, Mario?

MARIO Paul bought a Sunday Times

MAMA So you spend less time playing with cricketers, you sell more papers.

PAPA Now, Mama, Mario can't help it if nobody buys.

MARIO Mama, you can tell the temperature with crickets. You count the number of chirps in a minute, divide by four and add forty.

MAMA Yeah, you can tell temperature by me, too. It's summer, it's New York, it's hot. How do you know so much about cricketers?

MARIO Jimmy Lebovski told me last summer.

MAMA                    So give it to Jimmy Lebovski. Bugs carry germs, it doesn't come inna house.

PAPA                    He could keep it here in the newsstand.

MARIO                   Yes! And then I could feed him here and leave him here and you'd never have to see him and whenever you're working I'll just take him with me, please, Mama, please.

MAMA                    What do we want with a cricketer?

PAPA                    What do we want with a newsstand? We got it – we'll keep it.

MAMA                    Oh, well....

MARIO                    Thank you, Mama! Papa! Thank you!

MAMA                    On trial only. If we come down with any strange bug diseases – out he goes!

PAPA                    Come on, Mario, help me close up.

Mario puts the Little Cricket back in its box and the box on the counter of the stand.

MARIO                    Goodnight. I'll be back in the morning.

MAMA                    Talking to it yet!

MARIO                    I told you something good was coming.

MAMA                    And this is it? How could one woman get so lucky!

PAPA                    Come on, Mario.

Papa and Mario pull down the gate over the newsstand window. Papa locks it and they go.

MARIO                    Goodnight!

### Scene Three

The lights begin to change, the subway platform feels late-night deserted. Tucker appears and approaches us.

TUCKER            It's my neighborhood, see, my territory. Anybody new moves in, I pay 'em a little visit. Call it a good neighbor policy. There's a hole at the back of the newsstand, this does not pose a problem.

And as Tucker darts around the back, the newsstand revolves, revealing a giant scare interior, with oversize stool, oversize cash register and radio and newspapers and magazines.

Tucker ducks into the interior of the newsstand. It's dark and shadowy in here.

TUCKER            Psst! Hey you up there – you awake? (Silence) Psst! Hey! (The Puppet Cricket raises his head out of his matchbox, looks down at Tucker.) Yeah, you, I'm talkin' to you!

And suddenly a lean shiny blue-lack angular figure leaps athletically from the shadows, holding the Puppet Cricket.

TUCKER            For cryin' out loud, don't do that! Don't do that whoever you are, don't do that! I'm breathin' hard here, I'm havin' a heart attack. My life passed before my eyes, so much cheese, so little time. Who the heck are you?

CHESTER           I'm a cricket. Named Chester.

TUCKER            Yeah, right, and I'm the Good Fairy. Named See Ya Around, Pal.

CHESTER           But I am, that's who I am, I'm a cricket.

TUCKER            Listen. Crickets are little bitty things, pal, ya barely notice 'em.

CHESTER           But it's true.

TUCKER            Okey-dokey, I'll just be goin' now, don't make any sudden moves, I got very powerful friends.

CHESTER           Please! This is important!

TUCKER I don't know what your story is, pal, but I know what a cricket is.

CHESTER I don't think you do.

### THE SOUL OF A CRICKET

CHESTER THE SOUL OF A CRICKET'S A VERY BIG SOUL  
OUR BODIES ARE LITTLE  
TOO SMALL TO CONTAIN US  
TOO SMALL TO CONFINE US, DEFINE OR EXPLAIN US  
THE SUM OF A CRICKET IS MORE THAN THE WHOLE  
THE SOUL OF A CRICKET'S A VERY BIG SOUL

A VERY BIG SOUL  
INSIDE OF A BUG?  
TRY WRAPPING A MOUNTAIN  
INSIDE OF A RUG!  
TRY MAPPING A MEADOW  
ON TOP OF A PEA!  
BUT THAT'S WHAT IT'S LIKE  
TO BE ME, TO BE ME!

TUCKER A CRICKET IS SMALL, IT'S A MINISCULE THING  
A LITTLE IOTA!  
NOT MUCH TO DENOTE YA  
OR SET YA APART OR ABOVE OR CONNOTE YA

CHESTER EXECPT WHEN WE PLAY ON A SINGULAR STRING –  
A CRICKET GETS BIG WHEN IT CHOOSES TO SING!

IL NOME MIO HESSUN SAPRA!  
NO, NO, SULLA TUA BOCCA LO DIEO  
QUANDO LA LUCE SPLENDERA

SO HOW DO YOU ACT WHEN YOU'RE CAST IN THIS ROLE?  
A LITTLE BLACK BUG BUT  
INSIDE YOU'RE A GIANT  
AND THINGS DEEP WITHIN YOU ARE HUGE AND DEFIANT?  
THE SUM OF YOUR PARTS IS

MUCH MORE THAN THE WHOLE  
THE SOUL OF A CRICKET'S A VERY BIG SOUL!

TUCKER            A VERY BIG SOUL  
                      INSIDE OF A BUG?

CHESTER           TRY WRAPPING A MOUNTAIN  
                      INSIDE OF A RUG!

TUCKER            THE SOUL OF A GIANT?

BOTH                NOT EASY TO SEE

CHESTER           BUT THAT'S WHAT IT'S LIKE  
                      TO BE ME, TO BE ME!

TUCKET            Okay, okay, okay. Mice got souls, too, you know.

CHESTER            Oh, I'm sure.

TUCKER            Your average New York mouse, he just doesn't gas about it quite so  
                      much.

CHESTER            New York?

TUCKER            I knew this guy was an outta townner. And you would be from...?

CHESTER            Connecticut, a meadow way out in the country.

TUCKER            Ho boy.

CHESTER            Some Big People were having a picnic. The food smelled so good, I  
                      guess I fell into the picnic basket.

TUCKER            It'll happen.

CHESTER            Suddenly I was on a train, bouncing along, I didn't know where to.

TUCKER                    Know the feelin'. The Big People, their train came into Grand Central Station, probably, they took the shuttle to here – they jumped off, you jumped out, am I right?

CHESTER                 So where am I?

TUCKER                 Little fella – WELCOME TO TIMES SQUARE!

From the pit, the same signature blast of glorious old show biz pazazz, Tucker executes the same exact dance-tap-spin-and-finish routine we saw before, all in a matter of seconds. Chester recoils in fear.

TUCKER                 (To the Conductor in the pit.) Now that's called on your toes! (To Chester) So, Chester is it? Pleased to meet cha.

CHESTER                 What's your name?

TUCKER                 Tucker. Tucker Mouse. You hungry?

CHESTER                 The Boy gave me a little chocolate, but... You tend to get hungry when you've got a big soul.

TUCKER                 I got one word for you, kid. Liverwurst. (Tucker searches his pockets, pulls out half a sandwich.) I was savin' it for breakfast, but ah... I got this good neighbor policy.

CHESTER                 That's very kind of you.

TUCKER                 Hey, I'm that kinda mouse.

As Tucker tears the half-sandwich in two, a large cat comes silently into the newsstand, just behind Tucker. Chester reacts, tries to signal Tucker.

CHESTER                 Look, it's a... Look, it's a...

TUCKER                 One half for me...

CHESTER                 Look it's a.... It's a...

TUCKER                 Just wait your turn, willya!



CHESTER            It's a cat!

Tucker glances up at Harry Cat.

TUCKER            (*Putting his paws to his cheeks and screaming in terror*) AHHHHH! (*To Chester*) Hey. Just kiddin'. That's Harry. My best friend. Chester meet Harry Cat. Harry, Chester.

HARRY             Perfectly delighted.

TUCKER            He's a cricket, and the big fella there, that's his soul – don't ask me, I just work here.

CHESTER           Excuse me, but... Well, I thought cats and mice were enemies.

TUCKER            Out in the sticks, maybe.

HARRY             In New York we gave up those old habits so long ago, it's a blur.

TUCKER            Harry's my best friend, he lives with me over in the drain pipe. So Harry, how was hunting?

HARRY             Midtown traffic was murder.

TUCKER            Hey Chester – make that sound again for Harry. (*Cricket trill*).

HARRY             Positively makes me want to purr. Tucker, this cricket's got talent.

TUCKER            You're tellin' me? I'm tellin' you!

HARRY             Did you come to New York to pursue your career?

CHESTER           I don't have a career, I'm a cricket.

HARRY             Chester, don't ever sell yourself short.

CHESTER           But I don't.

HARRY             Give the city a chance, meet new people, expand those horizons.

TUCKER                    Mario's crazy about you.

CHESTER                 Yes, but his mother's not.

TUCKER                    Listen. You should one time hear Mario's mother on the subject of mice. It would terrify you.

HARRY                     He's a good boy, that Mario Bellini, but I fear for the future of this newsstand.

TUCKER                    Oh, yeah, they're goin' broke fast. Look at all this arty stuff – Opera News, Art News, Musical America. Who would read this but a few long-hairs?

CHESTER                 What's a long-hair?

HARRY                     Hmm. A long-hair is a refined type of individual.

TUCKER                    You take a Afghan Hound – that's a long-hair.

CHESTER                 Do Afghan Hounds read Opera News?

TUCKER                    You're missin' our point here.

CHESTER                 I don't think I'm going to do very well in New York.

TUCKER                    Sure you will! Harry, whatta ya say we take Chester up to the street and show him Times Square!

*From the pit, the same blast of glorius old show biz pazazz. Chester jumps in fright and cowers. Tucker waves his arms at the conductor and the orchestra stops.*

TUCKER                    Hey! Hey! Hey!

CHESTER                 What was that?

TUCKER                    (To the Conductor) What I say 'Go' and not before, you got that, Mister Wise Guy? Okay, then. So go.

## **Scene Four**

*The orchestra starts up again with the Times Square theme. The newstand revolves out of the sight and one by one the bright neon lights of Times Square flicker on.*

*Above the sound of the orchestra, we hear car horns honking, brakes screeching, taxis being hailed and policemen's whistles blowing. New Yorkers come and go in a choreographed rush. Perhaps the actors carry oversized board figures of themselves.*

*Tucker and Harry crawl up out of an oversized sewer grate, followed by Chester with the Puppet Cricket riding on his shoulder. Chester takes in the spectacle and the noise.*

CHESTER            I want to go home.

*Chester heads for the sewer grate, Tucker and Harry pull him back.*

## **LIFE IN TIMES SQUARE**

TUCKER &  
HARRY

WHENEVER YOU'RE FEELING DOWNHEARTED  
IF EVER YOU'RE CLOSE TO DESPAIR  
WHEN ALL ELSE DERAILED YA  
A CURE FOR WHAT AILS YA  
IS WAITING FOR YOU IN TIMES SQUARE!

(With New Yorkers)  
IT POUNDS LIKE A HEARTBEAT  
IT BEATS LIKE A DRUM  
IT DOES SOMETHING TO YOU  
YOUR SENSES GO NUMB  
YOUR EYES START TO SPIN FROM  
THE GLITZ AND THE GLARE –  
AND THAT'S JUST A TASTE OF  
THE LIFE IN TIMES SQUARE!

TUCKER            A WONDERFUL TOWN FOR A RODENT

CHESTER           It is?

HARRY            FOR CATS THERE'S NO BURG TO COMPARE

CHESTER                    Oh really?

TUCKER &  
HARRY                    IT MIGHT BE THE TICKET  
FOR THIS COUNTRY CRICKET –

TUCKER &  
HARRY &  
CHESTER                THE THREE OF US HERE IN TIMES SQUARE!  
HERE IN TIMES SQUARE!

ALL                        THE SHOWGIRLS ARE PRETTY  
THE ACTORS ARE GRAND  
THE PICKPOCKET'S PICKING  
A GOLD WEDDING BAND  
A STREET MADE OF LIGHT AND  
A SLICK THOROUGHFARE –  
I'M TELLING YOU KIDDO  
THAT'S LIFE IN TIMES SQUAR!

TUCKER &  
HARRY &  
NEW YORKERS        ON NEW YEAR'S IT'S MAGIG  
IT'S PACKED AND IT'S LOUD  
A GLITTERING BALL HANGS  
ABOVE A HUGE CROWD  
THE PEOPLE GET ROWDY  
A MINUTE TO SPARE

*Dance sequence.*

AND THEN IT'S CONFETTI

*Confetti rains down on Times Square.*

THEY'RE THROWING CONFETTI  
YOUR PALMS GETTING SWEATY  
IT FALLS LIKE SPAGHETTI

ON TOM DICK AND BETTY  
WE DROWN IN CONFETTI  
THAT'S LIFE IN TIMES SQUARE!

IT POUNDS LIKE A HEARTBEAT  
IT BEATS LIKE A DRUM  
IT SCREECHES AND HOLLERS  
YOUR SENSES GO NUMB  
YOU FEEL THE SENSATION  
YOU COME UP FOR AIR  
THAT MAGIC GYRATION  
ELECTRIC VIBRATION  
NEW YORK IS A NATION  
IT'S LIFE IN TIMES SQUARE!

Chester looks in wonder as the storm of confetti begins to dwindle and the New Yorkers disperse.

CHESTER           Wow.

TUCKER            Come on, kid, it's shut-eye time for you.

Tucker and Harry head for the sewer grate, Chester remains transfixed.

CHESTER           Look at that star up there! It's the same one I used to look at back home, in the meadow.

TUCKER            Country-bumpkin, hick, hayseed, Rube, red-neck, greenhorn...

Tucker and Harry grab Chester and drop him down the sewer, then disappear after him. A couple of street sweepers sweep, the neon lights flicker out one by one, and the city sleeps.

## **Scene Five**

In the darkness we hear a Verdi aria coming from the newsstand radio. The lights rise on the newsstand, Mario and Papa raising the gate to open it for the day. Mario grabs the big matchbox and opens it: the Puppet Cricket raises its head out of the box and looks at Mario, a dusting of confetti on its head and body.

MARIO                    Look, Papa, he didn't run away, he likes it here!

PAPA                     Hey, Mario, I think it's you he likes. *(He switches off the radio.)*

MARIO                    *(To Puppet Cricket) What's this stuff? Confetti? (He blows and brushes te confetti away.)*

PAPA                     Mario, did we leave the radio on last night?

MARIO                    *(To Cricket) I bet you're hungry. I brought you a piece of toast, a lump of sugar and a brussell sprout.*

*Chester, the Cricket's soul, rises up from behind the newsstand counter, brushing confetti from his shoulders. Most humans don't see him, including Mario, but the boy seems to gain a sense of him as we go along.*

CHESTER                Thank you, Mario. I am hungry.

MARIO                    *(Whispers) If you don't like brussell sprouts that's okay, neither do I.*

CHESTER                Mario, if it's green, I like it.

MARIO                    Look, Papa, he's eating the brussell sprout!

*Chester hops up and sits on the counter, watching the Puppet Cricket eat.*

CHESTER                That thing you fed me yesterday, what as it called? It wasn't green, but it was good.

MARIO                    And for dessert, a little piece of my Baby Ruth.

CHESTER                That's it! *(Chester impulsively reaches for the candy bar, but then remembers himself.)* Sorry, Mario. It's hard to remember how small I'm supposed to be. I think you and I are alike that way.

MARIO                    You're my new best friend.

CHESTER                And you're mine, Mario.

A train pulls into the station and Mr. Smedley approaches the newsstand, finishing a donut and fastidiously brushing off his clothes. He carries a prayer book and a tightly rolled umbrella.

PAPA                      Mr. Smedley, every week, right on time! I got your Musical America and your Opera News right here, how was church?

MR. SMEDLEY        The choir was quite good, although the altos are inattentive and the basses tend to show off. How did you and Mrs. Bellini like the opera last night?

MARIO                    Mr. Smedley...

PAPA                      Very much. We were only there for the last few minutes, of course, and Mrs. Bellini, she's a little hard on tenors.

MARIO                    Mr. Smedley, look what I've got! A cricket!

Mr. Smedley takes an involuntary little hop backwards.

MR. SMEDLEY        (*Not delighted or enchanted*) How delightful. Enchanting.

MARIO                    (*Thrusting Puppet Cricket at Mr. Smedley*) Would you like to hold him?

MR. SMEDLEY        Oh! Dear me, no. Thank you. Perhaps some other time. Cricket, that's a bug, isn't it?

MARIO                    You can hold him, he won't mind.

MR. SMEDLEY        (*Hopping back again*) Oh dear.

CHESTER                He doesn't like me, Mario

MARIO                    Don't you like him?

MR. SMEDLEY        Oh! Adorable, truly. You see, I was stung by a bee when I was eight. It was a life-changing event.

MARIO                    But crickets don't sting.

MR. SMEDLEY Well that's good news for all of us, isn't it, thank you all the same.

PAPA Mario, get the cricket outta Mr. Smedley's face.

MARIO Sorry. Would you like to hear him chirp, anyway?

MR. SMEDLEY Oh, more than almost anything.

MARIO I don't know if he'll do it. Chirp, please. (a whisper to Mr. Smedley)  
He doesn't speak English.

CHESTER (singing) HELLO, MR. SMEDLEY!

MR. SMEDLEY Marvelous! What pitch!

CHESTER CRICKETS DON'T STING, SCRATCH OR BITE!

MR. SMEDLEY The tone, it's astonishing!

CHESTER THERE ARE SOME CRUMBS ON YOUR LAPELS,  
I'D LIKE TO EAT THEM IF I MAY.

*The Puppet Cricket stretches his head out toward Mr. Smedley's lapels, Mr. Smedley unconsciously brushes off his lapels, the Puppet Cricket cranes his neck after the falling crumbs, then shakes his head in disappointment.*

MR. SMEDLEY What a little musician!

CHESTER Thank you.

MARIO Would you like to give him music lessons, Mr. Smedley?

MR. SMEDLEY What could I teach him? Somewhere outside the city, Mario, there's a meadow where this little fellow learned to rub his wings together and make music. He's a regular Orpheus.

MARIO Orpheus?

MR. SMEDLEY Orpheus was the greatest musician who ever lived. Long, long ago he played on a harp – so beautifully that everyone listened – even



trees and waterfalls and the wind stopped their work to listen. The whole world was silent.

MARIO He musta been good.

MR. SMEDLEY Perhaps someday your cricket will play like that.

PAPA You hear, Mario? He could be famous maybe...

CHESTER Oh, I don't really think so. Although...

MR. SMEDLEY Only just don't make me touch him.

MARIO Okay.

CHESTER Okay. Famous?

MARIO Papa, can I go down to Chinatown?

PAPA Chinatown?

CHESTER Me, famous?

MARIO Jimmy Lebovski says the Chinese people just love crickets, and they build special cages for them, please, Papa, can I?

CHESTER *(To Smedley)* I just sing for my own pleasure, really, it's more of a pastime than anything...

PAPA But it's Sunday, Mario, everything will be closed!

MARIO Bye, Papa! Bye, Mr. Smedley!

*Mario runs off with the Puppet Cricket.*

PAPA Mario!

CHESTER Mario! Mario, I want to talk to this nice man about my career! Ach!  
*(To Papa and Mr. Smedley)* Kids! *(And he runs off after Mario.)*

PAPA (to Mr. Smedley) Kids.

MR. SMEDLEY Crickets.

### Scene Six

A match bursts into flame and Sai Fong, an elderly woman, puts it to a stick of incense in a cluttered room in Chinatown.

SAI FONG Crickets. Why today am I thinking about crickets?

There's a knock on Sai Fong's door.

SAI FONG One minute, I'm old and slow, one minute. (More knocking) I'm old and slow, I'm not old and deaf. Come in, please.

Mario comes into the shop, the Puppet Cricket hidden in its box.

SAI FONG What do you want, young Mr. Loud Knocker?

MARIO How do you do, ma'am.

Sai Fong bows, Mario looks around to see if the bow is meant for him, then awkwardly bows himself.

SAI FONG Very good, very good boy.

MARIO Excuse me, ma'am, but are you Sai Fong?

SAI FONG My name is Sai Fong, like it says on the window, Sai Fong. What is your name, please?

MARIO Mario Bellini. The sign outside says 'Chinese Novelties.'

SAI FONG Also, this boy reads, very good. A Loud Knocking Reading Boy.

MARIO I'm looking for a cage, a Chinese cage.

SAI FONG            Also this boy is very strange. What do you want with a Chinese cage, you got Chinese tiger?

MARIO                No, ma'am, it's a cricket and he's my best friend.

Mario opens the box, and the Puppet Cricket lifts its head out and looks at Sai Fong. At that moment, Chester comes into the shop, a little winded from his journey. Sai Fong is one of the few who can see Chester.

SAI FONG            Now I understand.

Sai Fong bows low to Chester, Mario looks to see what the old woman is bowing to, sees nothing.

SAI FONG            I am honored.

CHESTER            The honor is mine, Venerable One. (He bows low to Sai Fong.)

MARIO                He's just a little cricket, but I'd like him to have a house.

SAI FONG            Just a little cricket? Mario, he has the soul of a giant. You have chosen your friend well.

MARIO                Yes, ma'am. A giant?

SAI FONG            Or he chose you. The Old One must see this. Mario Bellini, may I call the Old One to see your cricket?

MARIO                Sure, I guess. Do you have any cages?

SAI FONG            Old One! (To Mario) When he was a young man, he was a famous performer in opera.

MARIO                An opera singer?

SAI FONG            Chinese Opera, Mario. (Calling) Old and Cherished One!

Clang! The symbol crash and distinctive music of Chinese Opera accompanies a tiny utterly ancient Chinese man as he emerges slowly from a back room in Sai Fong's shop.

SAI FONG            Old One, meet the Young One and his Cricket.

OLD ONE            *(Bowling to Mario) Ahhh. (Seeing Chester and bowling.) Ahhh!*

*Suddenly there is much bowing all around: Chester, the Old One, bowling again, Sai Fong bowing to them and Mario bowing in confusion.*

SAI FONG            Mario. Do you know the story of the First Cricket?

MARIO              No, ma'am

SAI FONG            Good, we will tell it to you.

*Crash, clang, explosion of light and smoke! What follows is a Chinese Opera-style tale, enacted by the Old One and Sai Fong and Chester and three others: Woman, Man and Monkey.*

SAI FONG            Long ago in the beginning of time there were no crickets, but there was a very wise man named His Shuai.

*The Old One suddenly, straightens up and is a young man again, strong, tall and wise. He dances.*

SAI FONG            His Shuai spoke only truth, no lies. All secrets were open to him. He knew the thoughts of animals and men and women.

*Out of the smoke come a Monkey, a Man and a Woman. They dance before His Shuai.*

SAI FONG            He knew the secrets of every heart, and he spoke only the truth. All creatures came to His Shuai and he looks into his heart. The woman came. (First Woman approaches His Shuai and whispers in his ear.) "You good Woman," he says. "Live long, live happy!"

*The Woman dances away and the Monkey approaches and whispers in His Shuai's ear.*

SAI FONG            The Monkey came. "You very good Monkey," he says. "Run, play, eat food, have fun!"

*The Monkey runs, plays, leaps and has fun. Now the Man approaches and whispers in His Shuai's ear.*

SAI FONG                    The Man came. His Shuai says, "You lie! You very wicked man – stomach ache for you. Good bye." (The Man retreats in an evil rage.) Of course, Wicked Man most unhappy. He says "Now everyone knows how wicked I am! Must kill His Shuai!"

The Wicked Man cries aloud in his rage ululating in the distinctive Chinese Opera style.

SAI FONG                    His Shuai knows the Wicked Man will kill him – he knows everything, but he not care. Hsi Shuai have peace in his heart. (Explosion, flash of light and smoke.) In a palace at the top of heaven lives the High Gods.

The Woman and the Monkey have become High Gods, making a shimmering ringing sound with their finger symbols.

SAI FONG                    The High Gods won't let His Shuai be killed – he is honest, they love him. (The Wicked Man draws a great sword and dances.) So when Wicked Man raise sword above His Shuai, what to the High Gods do? (The Wicked Man raises his sword above His Shuai and brings it down on his neck. Explosion, light and smoke.) The change him – into a Cricket.

Chester steps out of the smoke, regal and eternal.

SAI FONG                    And now, the Man who spoke only truth sings songs that no man understands, and all men love. But High Gods understand – to them the beautiful song of the Cricket is the song of one who still speaks truth and knows all things. (Chester sings in the manner of the Chinese Opera, finishes.) And the High Gods smile.

A golden light bathes the scene, the actors bow. Explosion, smoke – and when the air clears the Old One is an ancient man again, Chester is looking on with interest and applauding, and Mario is thrilled. We're back in Chinatown on a Sunday.

The Old One shuffles off into the shadows of his room.

MARIO                      Thank you. I knew there was something special about a cricket.

SAI FONG                    Sometimes there is something special even about a child.

MARIO                    *(Referring to the Old One)* He's very old, isn't he?

SAI FONG                Very, very, very old. Would you like to meet his father? *(Mario is stunned)* It's a joke, Mario, just a joke.

*The Old One totters back in, holding a little ornate gilt cage.*

SAI FONG                He likes you, the cage is very ancient. Once a cricket who belonged to the Emperor of All China lived in this cage.

MARIO                    I only got 20 cents.

OLD ONE                Sold!

MARIO                    Thank you!

SAI FONG                Come again, you and your cricket!

MARIO                    Okay, bye.

OLD ONE                You. Are. A good. Boy Mario. Bellini.

*Mario bows low, holding the Puppet Cricket in its box and its new cage. Chester also bows, and Sai Fong and the Old One return the bow. Mario runs off – Chester runs after him.*

## **Scene Seven**

*Tucker Mouse approaches us.*

TUCKER                 That's what life was like the whole time Chester lived here with us – never a dull petunia. I'll be honest with ya, from the bottom of my heart I miss that bug. Take the cage Mario brought home for him. It was a beaut.

Tucker turns the newstand around, revealing oversized interior, Harry Cat, and Chester all regarding an oversized Chinese Cricket cage. The Puppet Cricket rides on Chester's shoulder.

HARRY                   It's beautiful! It's a little Chinese pagoda!

TUCKER                 You'd fee like the emperor a China sleepin' in there!

CHESTER               I don't like cages.

TUCKER               (Mimicking Chester) "I don't like cages."

*We see Mama and Papa Bellini at home. Perhaps the only suggestion of their apartment is a large console radio. Mama is going through a sheaf of bills. Mario runs on.*

MARIO                 Mama, it's a beaut!

MAMA                 (To Papa) How we gonna pay these bills? You tell me!

MARIO                 It's a little Chinese pagoda! I'm not gonna make the cricket sleep in it, though. I get the feelin' he don't like cages.

HARRY                 Tucker, surely you know that there's nothing like freedom.

TUCKER               Write it up in an essay, maybe they'll give you a gold star.

MAMA                 Mario! Enough with your little cricketer already! We're big people, we got big problems!

PAPA                 Mario, go read a book or somethin'

HARRY                 I'm turning in. Don't bother with him, Chester, he's in a mood.  
Night all!

PAPA                 (Privately to Mario) Hey, Mario, it's okay, your Mama she's in a mood.

CHESTER              Would you like to sleep in my cage, Tucker?

TUCKER               Don't toy with me here, kid – are you serious?

CHESTER              I didn't want to spoil Mario's fun but I really prefer my matchbox.

TUCKER               Deal! Harry, would you?

HARRY                    Oh of all the ridiculous... Very well...

*Harry opens the cage and Tucker peers into it.*

TUCKER                 Hmmm. Problem.

HARRY                 Problem?

MAMA                 Big problems!

TUCKER                Need some bedding in here.

HARRY                 Oh, oh, bedding! This from a mouse who sleeps in complete clutter!

TUCKER                Come on, Harry, it's my chance to feel special, like royal or somethin'.

HARRY                 Yes? And?

MAMA                 We need money, Papa – cash! Am I wrong?

TUCKER                I, uh, kinda like the idea of sleepin' on money, actually.

*Papa and Mario look at each other.*

TUCKER                Dollar bills from the cash register – cash! Is that so very wrong?!  
(*Harry and Chester look at each other.*) Well, is it?!

CASH/WE'LL GET BY

TUCKER                I'M JUST A SIMPLE JOE  
                             WHO LIKES A LITTLE DOUGH  
                             I LOVE THAT CASH  
                             A LITTLE CRINKLE HERE  
                             A LITTLE CRINKLE THERE  
                             I LOVE THAT CASH

OH YOU CAN SAY I'M CHEAP



HARRY                    You're cheap.

TUCKER                    AND YOU CAN CALL ME LOW

HARRY                    You're low.

TUCKER                    BUT I'M A GUY WHO LOVES  
TO WATCH HIS MONEY GROW  
I KNOW I'VE NEVER SEEN  
A FINER SHADE OF GREEN  
THAN CASH.

HARRY                    He loves that cash.

MAMA                    THE RENT IS OVER DUE  
THE LANDLORD WANTS HIS DOUGH

PAPA                    SO? WE'LL GET BY

MAMA                    I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO  
I DON'T KNOW WERE TO GO

PAPA                    OH, WE'LL GET BY

MAMA                    BUT THIS IS OH SO CLEAR  
THE END IS GETTING' NEAR  
BECAUSE THE TROUBLE IS –  
OUR CASH AIN'T GOT NO FLOW

PAPA                    AH, WE'LL GET BY

TUCKER                    I'M JUST A SIMPLE JOE  
WHO LIKES A LITTLE DOUGH  
I LOVE THAT CASH  
A LITTLE CRINKLE HERE  
A LITTLE CRINKLE THERE  
I LOVE THAT CASH  
OH YOU CAN SAY I'M CHEAP  
AND YOU CAN CALL ME LOW  
BUT I'M A GUY WHO LOVES

MAMA

THE RENT IS OVERDUE  
THE LANDLORD WANTS HIS  
DOUGH  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO  
I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO GO  
BUT THIS IS OH SO CLEAR  
THE END IS GETTING' NEAR

TO WATCH HIS MONEY GROW  
I KNOW I'VE NEVER SEEN  
A FINER SHADE OF GREEN  
THAN CASH

MAMA

BECAUSE THE TROUBLE IS –  
OUR CASH AIN'T GOT NO  
FLOW.

TUCKER &  
MAMA

WHAT MAKES THE SPIRIT RISE?  
IT COMES AS NO SURPRISE  
IT MUST BE CASH.

JUST TRY TO LIVE WITHOUT  
GOOD LUCK! THERE AIN'T A DOUBT  
YOU NEED THAT CASH.

TUCKER

I'M TELLIN' YOU THE TRUTH  
I'M TELLIN' YOU NO LIES  
BUT JUST TO SET YOU STRAIGHT  
AND JUST TO GET YOU WISE,

MAMA

I'M TELLIN' YOU NO LIES  
AND JUST TO GET YOU WISE

TUCKER &  
MAMA

THERE'S NOT A THING THAT BUYS  
THE THINGS THAT MONEY BUYS  
LIKE CASH  
OH JUST TO SET YOU STRAIGHT  
JUST TO GET YOU WISE  
THERE'S NOT A THING THAT BUYS  
THE THINGS THAT MONEY BUYS  
THERE AIN'T A THING THAT FLIES  
SO HIGH INTO THE SKIES  
AS CASH!  
PLAIN OLD CASH!  
AND THAT AIN'T TRASH!

*Tucker punches a button on the cash register and the drawer flies open.*

TUCKER            Gimme somma that green!

Chester and Harry begin pulling oversize bills from the cash register drawer.

TUCKER            you guys are the greatest, I mean it!

CHESTER            Okay, Tucker, but you have to promise to put them back.

HARRY             I'm appalled, Tucker, really appalled.

CHESTER           Here's a one, here's a one...

TUCKER            To sleep on money inside of a palace... (casts his eyes heavenward)  
Thank you!

CHESTER           Here's a five!

Chester excitedly pulls out the five and we hear a terrible loud ripping sound. Chester has torn it in half. Chester, Tucker and Harry look at each other in horror.

TUCKER            Uh-oh.

Chester slumps against the radio, accidentally switching it on. We hear the tragic strains of I Pagliacci.

From outside the newstands we hear Mama Bellini's voice.

MAMA             What's that? You hear that? Come on, Papa, hurry up!

Chester switches off the radio.

CHESTER           What am I gonna do?

TUCKER            Run away!

HARRY             Come live with us in the drainpipe!

CHESTER           I couldn't do that to Mario, he's been so good to me.

TUCKER            (To Harry) Quick, run, they're coming! I'm sorry, Chester.

HARRY             Truly sorry, Chester. Tucker, this instant!

TUCKER            Good luck!

Tucker and Harry duck out of the newsstand just as the lights begin to change and the newsstand revolves.

### **Scene Eight**

Lighting change on the subway platform and the newsstand. We see Mama & Papa Bellini approaching the stand, followed by Mario.

MAMA                      Look! A mouse!

Mama runs along the platform, whacking at an unseen mouse with her purse.

Meanwhile, Papa and Mario unlock and raise the gate on the newsstand, revealing the Puppet Cricket, sitting outside the normal-sized Chinese Cage, holding a torn-in-half five dollar bill in its mouth. Mario and Papa freeze in horror. Mama returns from her mouse hunt.

MAMA                      Didn't I tell you, that bug, he's gonna bring all kinda nasty things 'round here, first mice, then who knows what next. (She takes in the scene.) O dio mio! Oh no, I don't believe it! (The Puppet Cricket hand its guilty head.) Money-eater! Destroyer of our lives! Out! Throw it out! Throw it away!

MARIO                      But Mama...

MAMA                      No 'But, Mama!' Five dollars!

PAPA                      You're a good boy, Mario Bellini, but this is bad.

MARIO                      I know, Papa, but...

MAMA                      No 'but Papa' either! Throw it away!

MARIO                      I'll earn the money. I'll get another job at Mister Ottomanelli's butcher shop.

PAPA                      Mario, it's just a cricket.

MAMA With mouse friends! Who eats money!

MARIO Three jobs! I'll run errands for Missus Santori on the weekends!

PAPA Three jobs is too much, Mario.

Chester rises up behind the counter, behind the Puppet Cricket.

CHESTER Three jobs is too much, Mario.

MARIO I'll pay it all back, you just watch!

MAMA Mario, someday you'll understand.

MARIO But I don't live someday, I live right now!

PAPA Okay. It can stay.

MAMA Okay?!

PAPA I said. Is okay.

MAMA I don't believe!

PAPA But until you pay back the five dollars, he stays locked up in his cage.

MARIO Papa, that could be weeks!

PAPA In his cage.

MAMA I gotta headache, I'm goin' home. (To the Puppet Cricket) You! I'm keepin' my eye on you!

The Puppet Cricket shrinks lower, and Chester cowers. Mama goes.

PAPA You take care of the stand today, I go with your Mama. Hey Mario, she loves you.

Papa gently takes the Puppet Cricket, puts it in the cage. Perhaps when he shuts the door we hear the sound of a jail cell door slamming.

PAPA                      You gonna say goodbye to your Papa?

Mario is like a rock. Papa goes. Mario angrily brushes the tears from his eyes.

CHESTER                Mario, look at me, I want to help. No – me, look at me! Why can't you see me?

MARIO                    Why can't they see?

CHESTER                Listen, Mario, I'm going to have to go anyway, sooner or later. So maybe sooner's better. I live in a meadow, Mario, that's where I belong. Someday maybe you could visit me.

**YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, MARIO BELLINI**

MARIO                    YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, MARIO BELLINI!

CHESTER                Mario. You're not listening.

PASSERBY              YOU'RE A GOOD BOY MARIO BELLINI!

MARIO                    THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS  
YOU'RE THOUGHTFUL AND KIND  
YOU WORK DAY AND NIGHT AND  
YOU DON'T SEEM TO MIND.

Train Conductor Paul passes by.

PAUL                      YOU'RE A GOOD BOY MARIO BELLINI!

PASSERBY              YOU'RE A GOOD BOY MARIO BELLINI!

MARIO                    IT'S LIKE NO ONE EVER REALLY SEES ME!

A Woman passes by.

WOMAN                 SUCH A GOOD BOY MARIO BELLINI

MARIO                   WHAT IF THAT'S NOT WHO I AM?  
I'M NOT ALWAYS GOOD  
JUST MOST OF THE TIME BUT  
I'D YELL IF I COULD  
WHY CAN'T ANYBODY REALLY SEE ME?  
REALLY SEE ME! SEE ME! MARIO BELLINI!

CHESTER               YOU FEEL LIKE NO ONE REALLY SEES YOU  
NOW YOU KNOW HOW CRICKETS FEEL  
TO THEM I'M JUST AN INSECT  
BUT I'M HERE, I'M ME, I'M REAL

AND YOU'RE JUST AS REAL AS I AM  
AND I'M REALY INSIDE LIKE YOU  
PEOPLE REALLY NEED TO SEE US  
HOW I WISH YOU'D SEE ME TOO  
SOME DAY YOU'LL SEE ME TOO

MARIO                   THERE'S A SECRET MARIO INSIDE ME  
ONE THAT NO ONE EVER SEES  
WITH THOUGHTS OF MY OWN,  
A HOPE AND A PLAN, I  
CAN'T WAIT TILL I'M GROWN!  
THEN THEY'LL SEE THE MARIO INSIDE ME!  
THE REAL LIVE MARIO INSIDE ME!  
SEE THE REAL LIVE MARIO BELLINI!  
BELLINI! BELIEVE ME!  
MY NAME IS MARIO BELLINI!  
MARIO BELLINI, MARIO BELLINI, MARIO BELLINI,  
MARIO BELLINI!

*Chester puts his arm around Mario. Lights out.*

*Intermission.*