

# Plays for Young Audiences

A PARTNERSHIP OF SEATTLE CHILDREN'S THEATRE AND CHILDREN'S THEATRE COMPANY - MINNEAPOLIS

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## *Pinocchio*

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Music by  
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*Pinocchio* was originally produced by Seattle Children's Theatre in 1998.

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

- Geppetto – a poor woodcarver and toy maker
- Antonio/Ensemble—Geppetto’s neighbor and friend
- Pinocchio—a rowdy marionette who wants to be a real boy
- The Blue Fairy
- The Fox
- The Cat
- Waiter
- Stromboli—Puppet Master
- Madame Rosa

### Marionettes

- Punch
- Judy
- Harlequin

### Townsppeople

### Doctors:

- Crow
- Owl
- Cricket

## **ACT I Scene 1**

As lights rise, the BLUE FAIRY enters and floats DS. Behind her, the Ensemble enters, singing. BLUE FAIRY la-la's wordlessly to the tune of the theme song, "Pinocchio". She waves her wand, she twirls, she stops. There is a musical flourish, then she speaks.

BLUE FAIRY.           Once upon a time . . . a very long time ago—in a little village in Italy, there lived a—

Lights bump up on several cast members ranged around the BLUE FAIRY. One shouts out.

MAN.                   A king!

BLUE FAIRY.           No! There was a—

WOMAN.               A queen who had no child!

BLUE FAIRY.           Please—once there was a--

MAN.                   A handsome prince! (*Indicating himself.*)

WOMAN.               A wealthy merchant with three sons!

WOMAN 2.             A beautiful girl with a wicked stepmother!

BLUE FAIRY.           No! Once upon a time—

MAN.                   There was—a fisherman and his wife!

BLUE FAIRY.           That's NOT what I was--

WOMAN.               A old duke with twelve daughters who—

BLUE FAIRY.           No!

ENSEMBLE.             A miller—a tailor—a starving widow--

The BLUE FAIRY, ever so slightly irritated, waves her wand with a whooshing sound. The company's mouths are sealed with wry expressions.

BLUE FAIRY.            There, that's better! Now! Once upon a time, a very long time ago, there lived a poor old woodcarver, named Geppetto. He lived alone in a small dark room, underneath the stairs. He couldn't afford to buy new wood-carving wood, so every day Geppetto went abroad to gather fallen branches, and to dream of being rich!

*Enter GEPETTO, a tired old man with a ratty yellow wig and a patched coat. He wears a knapsack and totes an axe or saw. He may have a walking stick. He enters his room, puts away his belongings as he sings, and looks for food and drink—there is none.*

GEPETTO.            (Sings, with ENSEMBLE)

WOOD  
WOOD  
THERE ISN'T ANY WOOD  
I'VE HUNTED ALL AROUND  
THE ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD  
BUT IT'S NO GOOD  
THERE ISN'T ANY WOOD  
TO BE HAD  
IT'S SAD  
IT'S VERY VERY SAD  
  
FOR A WOOD CARVER MUST HAVE WOOD  
TO CARVE  
OR A WOOD CARVER VERY WELL  
COULD STARVE  
(TOTALLY STARVE  
HORRIBLY STARVE  
AND THAT WOULDN'T BE GOOD  
NO IT WOULDN'T BE GOOD  
NO GOOD!)

ENSEMBLE "BOYS". Hey, Mr. Mush! Where'd ya get the rug?

BLUE FAIRY.            Now, Geppetto wore a silly wig—he thought it made him look younger. The village boys called him "Mr. Mush" because his wig was the yellow of cornmeal. Geppetto would get so angry that nothing could calm him down! Oh!

ENSEMBLE. Mr. Mush! Mr. Cornmeal mush!

GEPPETTO. Oh, you—you heartless boys—making fun of a poor old man without a penny to his name—

BOYS. Nyaaaahhhh!

GEPPETTO. WOOD  
WOOD  
I'LL NEVER FIND SOME WOOD  
NO MATTER WHERE I LOOK  
THERE IS LITTLE LIKELIHOOD  
THAT I'LL FIND MYSELF ANY WOOD TODAY  
YES I'VE LOOKED AND LOOKED AND LOOKED  
HIGH AND LOW  
BUT I JUST CANNOT FIND ME NO—  
WOOD!  
*(bird song)*

Enter SIGNORE ANTONIO, carrying a section of log. ANTONIO wears a red wig. He seems a little shaken.

ANTONIO. Signore Geppetto!

GEPPETTO. What do *you* want, Antonio?

ANTONIO. I--I have something for you!

GEPPETTO. So? What is it? I'm tired.

ANTONIO. It's a nice piece of pine tree. See?

The wood seems to move slightly in his hands. ANTONIO shudders slightly. He tries to thrust it into GEPPETTO'S hands. GEPPETTO doesn't take it.

GEPPETTO. What's wrong with it?

ANTONIO. What do you mean?

GEPPETTO. If there's nothing wrong with it, why give it away?

ANTONIO. Well, this wood is unusual! It's—hard to explain . . .

GEPETTO. Ha!

ANTONIO. *(Struggling with the wood, trying to hide it.)* You could make an axe handle, or a checker board--

GEPETTO. Pffft! *(GEPETTO weighs the wood, likes it.)* Hmmm. Haaah. I have a better idea!

ANTONIO. Let's hear it!

GEPETTO. I have always wanted to create a puppet! A wonderful puppet, one that sings, and dances, and turns somersaults, and sword fights! And this piece is just right! Oops! *(The wood has wiggled, but GEPETTO doesn't put two and two together.)*

*THE BLUE FAIRY, who has been lurking in the back, waves her wand. We hear a "swoosh", she laughs with a tinkly sound, and disappears. A falsetto voices sings out.*

A VOICE. Bravo, Mr. Mush!

GEPETTO *(To ANTONIO.)* So, now you insult me, do you?

ANTONIO. Who is insulting you?

GEPETTO. You! You called me *(slow burn)* Mr. . . . Mr. Mush!!! Aaarrgh!

ANTONIO. I did not! I just wanted to give you this--

*As ANTONIO is about to give the wood to GEPETTO, it slips out of his hands with a jerk, and hits GEPETTO'S leg. It may continue to hop around a little.*

GEPETTOO. Owwww! You call this a gift? You almost broke my leg!

ANTONIO. I swear to you I didn't do it!

GEPETTO. Then who did?

ANTONIO.           The piece of wood did it.

GEPPETO.           You're right—you threw it at me.

ANTONIO.           I did not throw it!

GEPPETO.           Liar!

ANTONIO.           Call me a liar??

GEPPETO.           Lame brain!

ANTONIO.           Mr. Mush!

GEPPETO.           Donkey!

ANTONIO.           Mr. Mush!

GEPPETO.           Ape face!

ANTONIO.           Mr. Mush!!!!

*A brief slapstick fight, as they continue to call each other names. They manage to snatch each other's wig off. If technically possible, the log may hop around too, unnoticed by them. They finally stop, out of breath, each holding the other's wig, and trying to play keep away.*

GEPPETTO.           Give me back my wig!

ANTONIO.           Give me mine, and we'll be friends again.

GEPPETTO.           You first.

ANTONIO.           You first.

GEPPETTO.           Both at once.

ANTONIO.           No cheating. One—two—three!

*They exchange wigs, straighten their clothes, shake hands.*

ANTONIO. Thank you. Good day.

GEPPETTO *(a little stiffly.)* Good day.

ANTONIO. Sorry I called you *(Mr. Mush.)*

GEPPETTO. I'm sorry too.

ANTONIO *(to himself as he exits.)* I swear, that wood is bewitched. Good luck, Geppetto!

GEPPETTO. *(Brushing off, adjusting wig.)* Now let me take a better look . . .

WOOD WOOD  
I REALLY THINK I COULD  
FASHION SOMETHING GOOD  
FROM THIS GOODLY PIECE OF WOOD  
TODAY! . . .

*ANTONIO is gone. GEPPETTO sets the wood on his table/workbench. He whistles the tune from "Beautiful Day". He pulls out tools—a hammer, saw, adze, hatchet, drill, etc.*

GEPPETTO. Hello, wood! What do you think I'm gonna make outta you? Table leg? No! Step ladder? No, no, no! Me, I'm an artist! You're going to be a puppet—the best one ever! You'll make the children to laugh and the grownups to throw money. We'll live like kings, you and me! *(GEPPETTO takes his hammer and chisel and makes a big "whack" sound on the wood.)*

VOICE. Ow! That hurt!

GEPPETTO. *(We hear the BLUE FAIRY's shimmery laugh. GEPPETTO looks around, stops, thinks.)* Who's there? Who said that? Hmm. Must be hearing things. *(He takes his saw and starts sawing.)* Me--all alone, lonely—you'll be the son I never had! *(Whack with a hammer and chisel!.)*

VOICE. Hey, not so hard!



GEPETTO.           Who's that? Where are you? *(As he looks in the few corners of his room.)* I'm warning you, whoever you are! Huh. *(Whack!)* Pfft!

*GEPETTO works fast and hard, finishing a pair of legs that he tosses into a large basket on the floor. Next, he takes a pair of arms and throws them in, next a torso, the whole thing accompanied by sound effects of sawing, sanding, drilling, hammering, etc. Unseen by GEPETTO, the BLUE FAIRY emerges from the wall and stands behind, watching.*

GEPETTO.           What shall I call you? I think—Pinocchio! That name will make your fortune. I knew a whole family of Pinocchi once--Pinocchio the father, Pinocchia the mother, and Pinocchi the children--and they were all fabulously rich!

*Suddenly, we see the puppet head's eyes move and then stared fixedly at GEPETTO.*

GEPETTO.           Hey, little wooden eyes, what are you staring at? Woohoo (shudders.) That's a little strange . . .

*There's no answer. After the eyes, GEPETTO makes the nose, which begins to stretch. It grows so long, it seems endless. Next he makes the mouth. PINOCCHIO starts to laugh, rudely.*

GEPETTO.           What? What? Stop laughing! Stop laughing, I say!

PINOCCHIO         *(sticking out his tongue.)* Bleeaaaahhhh!

*PINOCCHIO reaches out and snatches GEPETTO's wig off, and puts in on his own head, where it is miles too big.*

GEPETTO.           Give me my wig, you little dickens!

PINOCCHIO.        Try to get it back, old man!

GEPETTO.           Pinocchio, you wicked boy! You're not even finished, and already you are rude to your poor old man. Very bad, my son, very bad!

PINOCCHIO.        I'm very baaaaaad!

GEPETTO.           Yes, bad. *(GEPETTO puts his wig back on, straightens it. Turns back to PINOCCHIO.)* Hold still! I have to finish the legs and feet.

A few quick moves, GEPETTO finishes, and PINOCCHIO emerges, tottering on his legs.

PINOCCHIO.           What are feet?

GEPETTO.           They're for walking around. (*GEPETTO bends over to pick up a tool, and PINOCCHIO gives him a swift kick, but falls down from the impact, laughing.*) Ow! Why you—never mind. (*Sweetly*) Never mind! I'll teach you manners later—first, you must learn to walk. Oh, we are going to make a fortune! Oh, yes indeed! (*GEPETTO takes PINOCCHIO by the hand.*) Like this. One foot in front of the other, like this, step by step... (*They begin to dance, awkwardly, then more joyously.*) Ah one, two, three, one, two three. Step step step...

PINOCCHIO.           Step by step—step by step—look at me, I'm walking! Papa! Papa!

PINOCCHIO breaks away from GEPETTO and totters around the room, first like a toddler, then finding his sea legs. He next starts skipping around the room, delighted with himself, banging into the furniture and GEPETTO.

**Song. LOOK AT ME**

PINOCCHIO           (*Spoken in rhythm*)  
LOOK AT ME, I CAN BEND,  
I CAN STRETCH, WHAT A HOOT!  
I CAN SCRATCH—WHAT A STITCH!  
I CAN WALK!

LOOK AT THIS, I CAN STOMP  
LOOK AT THAT, I CAN SPIN  
I CAN GRIN, I CAN GROAN  
I CAN TALK!

WHAT A HOOT, WHAT A KICK  
WHAT A THRILL, WHAT A BANG  
WHAT A GAS, WHAT A RUSH  
WHAT A JOY!

I'M NO LONGER A STUMP  
I CAN RUN, I CAN JUMP

I CAN WALK, I CAN TALK  
LIKE A BOY!

*(Sung)*

LOOK AT ME, I CAN STAND ON MY OWN TWO FEET  
I DON'T NEED A HELPING HAND WALKING DOWN THE  
STREET

IT'S A MIRACLE, IT'S PHENOMENAL —  
COMMON I'LL NEVER BE!  
HEIGHDY HO—WHADDYA KNOW?  
LOOK, OH LOOK AT ME!

I CAN YELL, I CAN SING, I CAN RACE AND RUN  
I CAN DO ANYTHING UNDERNEATH THE SUN  
IT'S A MIRACLE, IT'S PHENOMENAL  
COMMON I'LL NEVER BE —  
HEIGHDY HO—LOOK AT ME GO!  
LOOK OH LOOK AT ME!

I WAS STUCK FOR AN AGE  
LIKE A BIRD IN A CAGE  
NOW AT LAST I'M IN MOTION!  
CLEAR THE STREET, CLEAR THE WAY  
TURN ME LOOSE, NOW'S MY DAY  
I'M GONNA MAKE A BIG COMMOTION

WHAT A BRAIN, WHAT A WHIZ  
I'M A PRODIGY  
YOU'LL SEE WHAT GENIUS IS  
WHEN YOU LOOK AT ME  
IT'S A MIRACLE, IT'S PHENOMENAL  
COMMON I'LL NEVER BE  
HEIGHDY HO, OH, WHAT A SHOW  
LOOK AT ME, LOOK AT ME, LOOK AT ME—  
EVERYBODY LOOK AT ME!

By this point, PINOCCHIO has run into the street, with GEPETTO behind, trying to stop him, but he's already winded. The TOWNSPEOPLE sing as PINOCCHIO and GEPETTO weave in and out—of people, buildings, doors, etc. The TOWNSPEOPLE are too frightened to try to help out. PINOCCHIO is blessed out, in seventh heaven.

TOWNSPEOPLE *(first as single lines, then in a round.)*

CAN IT BE? CAN IT BE? AM I GOING MAD?  
A WOODEN PUPPET ACTING LIKE A REAL LIVING LAD!

OH MY LORD, LOOK AT THAT,  
STOMPING DOWN THE STREET  
A WOODEN PUPPET RUNNING ON HIS OWN TWO FEET!

HELP, HELP, CALL THE POLICE, SWEAR OUT A COMPLAINT  
HELP, HELP, SOMEBODY HELP—  
I THINK I'M GOING TO FAINT!

HERE IT COMES, HERE IT COMES, RUNNING ALL AMOK!  
HERE IT COMES, HERE IT COMES, LOOK, LOOK, LOOK, LOOK!

PINOCCHIO *(with TOWNSPEOPLE and GEPETTO singing back-up)*

LOOK AT ME, AIN'T I GRAND? AIN'T I SWELL AND SWEET?  
I'M A ONE-PUPPET BAND STRUTTING DOWN THE STREET!  
IT'S A MIRACLE, IT'S PHENOMENAL  
COMMON I'LL NEVER BE—  
HEIGHDY HO, ON WITH THE SHOW  
LOOK, OH LOOK AT ME—  
HEIGHDY HO, WHADDYA KNOW  
LOOK AT ME, LOOK AT ME, LOOK AT ME—  
EVERYBODY LOOK AT ME!

*GEPETTO finally catches up with and seizes PINOCCHIO by the neck and shakes him.  
TOWNSFOLK peas and carrots.*

PINOCCHIO. Urk!

GEPETTO. Look at you? Look at me! We're going home now and settle this!

PINOCCHIO *(Throws himself on the ground and wails.)* No, no! I don't want to go home! Please, please, everybody, don't let him take me! He'll beat me!! He'll hurt me!

The crowd gasps. If technically feasible, PINOCCHIO's nose might grow a little here.

GEPETTO.           What a thing to say! I wouldn't harm a single hair on his head!

MAN.                Poor little puppet! I am not surprised he doesn't want to go home. Geppetto is so mean and cruel!

WOMAN.            Geppetto is a good man, but with boys he's a real hot head.

WOMAN 2.         You're right! If we leave that poor puppet in his hands he may tear him to pieces!

GEPETTO.         Never! I would never--

CONSTABLE.       You better come with me, Geppetto—it's prison for you!

GEPETTO.         Prison? I've done nothing! Please, tell me what have I done?

CONSTABLE.       You've threatened this innocent boy here!

CROWD ad libs "Yes, the old bully! Take him away!"

GEPETTO.         *(to PINOCCHIO.)* He knows I'd never harm him. Ungrateful boy! To do this to your papa!

CONSTABLE.       Come along! You can sit in jail and cool down for a while 'til the judge decides what to do with you!

CONSTABLE exits with a downcast GEPETTO. PINOCCHIO gets up, bows to the crowd.

PINOCCHIO.       Thank you! Thank you all for saving me from that mean old man!

WOMAN.            Go on home now, little puppet. Nobody will hurt you now.

PINOCCHIO.       *(To their departing backs.)* Thank you. Thank you all. Now I'm hungry. Who would like to give me supper?

MAN.               Give you supper? Go get your own supper!

WOMAN.            Little beggar.

WOMAN. The nerve of some people.

PINOCCHIO. Please? I'm starving to death! I could eat a Christmas dinner!

MAN. Scat! Sponging off honest, hard-working people! Lazy brat!

WOMAN. *(in upper window.)* Here, boy. Hold out your hat! *(PINOCCHIO does. WOMAN pours water on his head. Mocking laughter.)*

PINOCCHIO. Ooooh! That's cold!! All I wanted was a little crust of bread and cheese!

*The TOWNSFOLK are gone. PINOCCHIO comes back to GEPETTO's room. He listlessly kicks around, looking for something to eat, looking under the table, behind the chair, underneath lids and tools. We hear cricket chirps.*

PINOCCHIO. I'm so hungry I could die. Where does papa keep the groceries around here? Stupid old man.

*Cricket chirps louder, a little eerie, a little echo-ey, coming from one direction, then another and another. As PINOCCHIO speaks, we see a large cricket appear — on the wall, a table, the mantel — whatever works.*

CRICKET. Chirp, chirp, chirp!

PINOCCHIO. Who said that?

CRICKET. Who said what?! Chirp, chirp, chirrrrrp!

PINOCCHIO. What are you doing here? Who are you?

CRICKET. I'm a cricket. I live here.

PINOCCHIO. No you don't. This is MY house.

CRICKET. It's MY house. I've lived here for a hundred years. And I've got news for you.

PINOCCHIO. Do tell.

CRICKET. Boys who disobey their parents and run away from home will never be happy in this world!

PINOCCHIO. Oh, blah blah blah, you old beetle bug. I'm leaving here tomorrow morning for good, and I'll be happy, and nobody can stop me.

CRICKET. Run away from home, you'll turn into a regular donkey.

PINOCCHIO. If I stay here, they'll just send me to school. School!!! Ugh! I HATE to study! I want to climb trees and fly kites and run through the fields!

CRICKET. Well, if you don't want to go to school, why not learn a trade, so you can make an honest living?

PINOCCHIO. There's only one trade I like—singing, dancing, eating, sleeping in, and playing from morning 'til night!

CRICKET. Folks who follow *that* trade wind up in prison—or the hospital—*(darkly.)* Or worse!

PINOCCHIO. Quiet, you pest! *(HE throws a chunk of wood at the CRICKET, who scuttles out of the room, chirping loudly.)*

CRICKET. You little wooden monster! You'll be sorry some day! *(He's gone.)*

PINOCCHIO. Nasty old thing. Make an honest living? Pffft! I'm hungry! I'm HUNGRY!! *(PINOCCHIO has a mini-tantrum, then realizes it's not getting him anywhere.)* If my papa were here, HE'D feed me. Nice old man. Yawn. Yaawwwn. Sleepy. Oh, this is nice and warm.

*PINOCCHIO pulls up a chair to the fireplace and puts his feet up on the hearth. He falls asleep, and snores. His feet start to smolder, and send up smoke. A few beats, then there is a loud knocking at the door. PINOCCHIO wakes up, groggy.*

PINOCCHIO. Who's there?

GEPPETTO. It's me. Your papa! I'm out of jail. Open the door.

PINOCCHIO *(starts to rise, then realizes.)* EEEEEK!! I can't!

GEPPETTO. Yes, you can! Just walk over and open the door!

PINOCCHIO. I can't! Really, I can't.

GEPPETTO. What's wrong?

PINOCCHIO. I have no feet!

GEPPETTO forces the door and runs in.

GEPPETTO. No feet? Pinocchio! What happened? (*GEPPETTO throws a towel over PINOCCHIO's legs.*) Look at you! You put your feet in the fire! Don't you know, fire burns, you little... oh—my poor, dear little Pinocchio... don't you know anything?

PINOCCHIO. (*Dreamy.*) Papa? I'm hungry. I'm very hungry.

GEPPETTO. Well, the constable gave me an apple. You can have that.

PINOCCHIO. Mmmm. Can you peel it for me? (*GEPPETTO takes it and starts to peel with a pocket knife as they talk.*) You were gone. I couldn't find any food. I nearly starved.

GEPPETTO. (*Crossing to his workbench, peeling.*) Yes, well, as you know, they threw me in jail, little one. Thanks to you. (*Hands PINOCCHIO the apple.*)

PINOCCHIO. Oh, I forgot. (*Eating apple.*) Can you make me a new pair of feet now, Papa?

GEPPETTO. (*Working on making new feet—sawing, sanding, painting, gluing.*) Why should I make you new feet? You will just run away again!

PINOCCHIO. No, I won't, I promise! Please? Papa? Please? From now on, I'll be good! I promise!

GEPPETTO. Boys always promise that when they want something.

PINOCCHIO. I promise! I'll be good! I'll go to school, and learn my ABC's!



SONG. BELLA LUNA

GEPPETTO.                   WHEN I WAS A BOY, SMALL AS I COULD BE  
MAMA SANG A LULLABYE EV'RY NIGHT TO ME  
BELLA LUNA, BEAUTIFUL MOON—OH,  
SHINE ON MY BOY TONIGHT  
KINDLE A VESPER STAR FOR A CANDLE  
SEND HIM SWEET DREAMS WITH YOR LIGHT  
BELLA LUNA, BEAUTIFUL MOON, A-  
FLOAT IN THE HEAV'NS ABOVE  
SEND A SILVER HALO OF LIGHT  
TO SHINE ON THE BOY I LOVE  
SEND A SILVER HALO OF LIGHT  
TO SHINE ON THE BOY I LOVE

GEPPETTO.                   Yes, that's what boys always say when they want to get their own way.

PINOCCHIO.                But I'm not like other boys! I'll work hard, and never tell a lie, and go to school, and learn a trade, and take care of you when you're old and feeble!

GEPPETTO                   *(softening.)* Very well. Very well. I believe you, don't ask me why. Here are your new feet. *(He attaches them.)*

PINOCCHIO.                Thank you, Papa! *(He gets up and tests out the feet.)* Hurray! Can I go to school now?

GEPPETTO.                   Yes, go to school, like a good boy!

PINOCCHIO.                I need my ABC book, though.

GEPPETTO.                   Books. Oh! Stupid me. I'm sorry. We have no money to buy books.

PINOCCHIO.                Can't you get some?

GEPPETTO.                   We are poor people, my son. We have nothing.

PINOCCHIO.                Oh. That makes me so sad. No school. No book. Now I'll have to be bad for always. Never learn a trade . . .

GEPPETTO. Well, I could—no . . . Oh, what does it matter. Here, Pinocchio. I'm going out for a few minutes. Here—a nice paper suit I made once, for another little boy! Try it on, and I'll be right back.

*GEPPETTO exits, wearing his patched and darned old coat. PINOCCHIO slips on a new jacket, short pants, and cap, and dances around, admiring himself. To buy some time, I suggest a comic sequence with PINOCCHIO struggling to dress himself—two legs in one pants leg, jacket arms inside out, etc. Once he's finally dressed, he does a brief, happy dance.*

PINOCCHIO. New coat! New cap! New pants! New feet! New me! Wheee!!

*GEPPETTO reenters, without his ragged coat, and shivering. But, he holds the ABC book.*

GEPPETTO. Oh! You look like a little rich boy!

PINOCCHIO. I am the best-dressed boy I know!

GEPPETTO. And now—here is your ABC book!

PINOCCHIO. Oh! Thank you, Papa! But—where is your coat?

GEPPETTO. I sold it.

PINOCCHIO. But why???

GEPPETTO. *(Crossing to the fireplace, shivering.)* Oh, it was--too warm outside.

PINOCCHIO. *(Suddenly getting it.)* You did it for me. You are so kind. Thank you, Papa. *(PINOCCHIO gives GEPPETTO a heartfelt embrace, and kisses his cheeks many times. GEPPETTO wipes his eyes with an old handkerchief.)*

GEPPETTO. That's a good boy. Run along to school now.

PINOCCHIO. In school today, I'll learn to read, tomorrow to write, and the day after I'll do arithmetic. Then I can earn lots of money, and I'll buy you a brand new coat--with gold and silver trim, and diamond buttons. It's the least I can do! Poor papa, in your shirt sleeves on

this cold day, too! Farewell! Farewell, I'm off to school to learn everything there is to know!

GEPPETTO. Good bye son! Be a good boy!

*PINOCCHIO runs out. GEPPETTO interior changes to street exterior. We begin to hear the sounds of bright, cheerful music—maybe pipes and drums, or a small brass band. PINOCCHIO looks this way and that, tracking the source of the music. Another BOY comes running down the street. Three or four other townsfolk enter in a state of excitement. The music swells.*

PINOCCHIO. (To BOY.) What's that wonderful music?

BOY. Follow me, and you'll find out!

PINOCCHIO. I can't, I have to go to school.

BOY. Too bad for you. You'll miss all the fun!

PINOCCHIO. What a pain! Should I go to school, or should I follow the music? Today I'll follow the music, and I'll go to school--tomorrow!!! Wheee!

## **ACT I scene 2**

*A big bright sign appears, reading. STROMBOLI'S GREAT MARIONETTE THEATRE! The music now seems to come from behind the sign.*

PINOCCHIO. (To BOY.) What IS this place?

BOY. Can't you read?

PINOCCHIO. No, I can't read!

BOY. Can't read? Blockhead! It says "STROMBOLI'S GREAT MARIONETTE THEATRE".

PINOCCHIO. A theatre! When does the show start?

BOY. It's starting right now!

PINOCCHIO. Oh, boy! (*PINOCCHIO heads for the entrance. The ticket taker stops him.*)

MAN. That'll be four pennies, please!

PINOCCHIO. (*To BOY.*) Can you loan me four pennies until tomorrow?

BOY. Ha! Loan money to a stranger? Forget it!

PINOCCHIO. (*Frantic to get into the show.*) I'll sell you my jacket for four pennies!

BOY. It's paper. The rain would ruin it.

PINOCCHIO. My cap? My trousers?

BOY. No and no.

PINOCCHIO. What about . . . my ABC book?

BOY. Already got one.

RAGPICKER. I'll give you four pennies fr' that book, sonny!

PINOCCHIO. Yayy! Thanks, Mister!

*PINOCCHIO gives the man his book, takes the pennies, and runs through the entrance. The music grows in volume, and perhaps curtains are drawn to reveal a puppet stage. There are four marionettes. PUNCH, JUDY, HARLEQUIN, and MADAME ROSA. They bow and wave extravagantly. They commence the Punch and Judy play.*

### **SONG: THE PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW**

ALL. Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello!

PUNCH. MY NAME IS PUNCHINELLO  
I AM A JOLLY FELLOW  
I'M LIGHT ON MY TOES--  
I'VE A BEAUTIFUL NOSE--

WHAT I'LL DO NEXT YOU NEVER CAN TELL-O!

JUDY. *(Entering.)* PUNCH! SWEET PUNCH! PUNCHINELLO!

PUNCH. JUDY, JUDY, JUDY!  
HAVE YOU MET MY JUDY?  
I AM HANDSOME  
BUT JUDY IS A BEAUTY.

JUDY. Well, what do you want, old Lobster Nose?

PUNCH. A kiss, a smack, my pretty one!

JUDY. Well, here's a smack! *(She bops him with her club.)* Want another one?

PUNCH. Oh, no, my little pigeon, that was a beauty!  
*(PUNCH fakes baby sounds.)*  
WAH, WAH, WAH, WAH!  
WAH, WAH, WAH, WAH!  
IS THAT THE LITTLE BABY CRYING, JUDY?

JUDY. I'LL GO AND SEE! *(She swings at PUNCH and misses. Then, from off-stage.)* Here's the baby! *(BABY is thrown onstage.)*

PUNCH. THERE'S THE LITTLE BABY, IN HIS BABY CLOTHES!  
HE'S GOT HIS MOTHER'S EYES, AND HE'S GOT HIS  
MOTHER'S HAIR  
AND HE'S GOT HIS FATHER'S NOSE! OW! *(BABY bites his nose.)*

Ow! You naughty little baby!

*PUNCH throws BABY out the window. BABY bounces three times, then is yanked off-stage.*

JUDY. *(entering)* WHERE'S THE PRETTY BABY?  
I THOUGHT I HEARD HIM CRY

PUNCH. I THREW HIM OUT THE WINDOW

JUDY. WINDOW?

PUNCH.

IN CASE YOU WANDERED BY.

JUDY.

WHY, I'LL FIX YOU  
HERE'S A SMACK

PUNCH.

HERE'S A WHACK

JUDY.

AND HERE'S A CRACK

PUNCH.

AND HERE'S A ZACK!

A brief fight ensues, with JUDY hitting PUNCH on the head with a club, him returning the blow with HIS club. Pratfalls, fake fight. Then, a whistle blast sounds. HARLEQUIN as DOCTOR and MADAME ROSA as NURSE run on.

PUNCH.

Ow! By doze, by doze!

DOCTOR.

Where does it hurt? Your toes?

PUNCH.

By toes are fide. (Kicks DOCTOR.)

DOCTOR.

THAT HURT A BUNCH, THAT HURT A BUNCH!  
YOU HAVE A BAD CASE, MR. PUNCH  
BUT I'VE JUST THE MEDICINE FOR YOU (Whack!)  
COME TAKE YOUR MEDICINE PLEASE DO!

Whack, whack, whack. JUDY laughs madly.

PUNCH.

NO MORE MEDICINE TODAY  
YOUR DOCTOR BILL I NOW SHALL PAY! (Whack)  
PAY! (Whack!) PAY (Whack whack.)

Suddenly, HARLEQUIN notices PINOCCHIO in the crowd. A musical tremolo of excitement.

HARLEQUIN.

Wait! Just a minute! Am I dreaming? Could it be? Look friends!  
It's our brother, Pinocchio!

OTHERS.

It is Pinocchio! It's our brother Pinocchio! Hurrah for Pinocchio!

HARLEQUIN.

Pinocchio, come here! Come to the arms of your wooden brothers!

PINOCCHIO runs up to the stage. The puppet company utter shrieks of joy, and embraces him. PINOCCHIO is pleasantly surprised, but also nonplussed—he's never met these people before!

MADAME ROSA. Pinocchio!

PUNCH. Pinocchio!

JUDY. Pinocchio!

HARLEQUIN. Pinocchio!

ALL FOUR. Pinocchio!

**SONG: "PINOCCHIO"**

HARLEQUIN. BROTHER, BROTHER, TELL US DO  
HOW'S THE WORLD BEEN TREATING YOU  
SINCE WE PARTED OH SO MANY  
DAYS AGO—

MME. ROSA. MONTHS AGO—

PUNCH/JUDY. YEARS AGO!

HARLEQUIN. FOR I CONFESS IT MUST BE SAID  
WE LIVED IN DREAD THAT YOU WERE DEAD—

OTHERS. DEAD, DEAD  
WE'D GIVEN YOU UP FOR DEAD  
BOO HOO HOO HOO BOO HOO HOO HOO  
PINOCCHIO

MME. ROSA PINOCCHIO!

PUNCH/JUDY. PINOCCHIO

MME. ROSA DAHLING ONCE AGAIN YOU'RE HERE

ROSA/JUDY. AND DAHLING ONCE AGAIN IT'S CLEAR

ALL. WE ARE TRULY TROO-HOO-LEE SIMPATICO!

HARLEQUIN. SIMPATICO!

PUNCH/JUDY. SIMPATICO! (Hey, yoo!)

HARLEQUIN. TELL US YOUR ADVENTURES—

MME. ROSA. YES! UPON THE SEAS!

PUNCH/JUDY. AND YOUR SUCCESS  
IN RESCUING DAMSELS IN DISTRESS  
PINOCCHIO!

HARLEQUIN. PINOCCHIO!

MME. ROSA. PINOCCHIO!

ALL. TELL US EVERYTHING!

*Music comes to a halt.*

PINOCCHIO. Well, there isn't much to tell, really. I was only born yesterday!

HARLEQUIN. Born yesterday! What a comedian!

OTHERS. BRAVO! BRAVO!  
PINOCCHIO

CLEARLY YOU'RE FATED FOR THEATRE  
YOU'RE SIMPLY OOZING SAVOIR FAIRE!  
SOON YOU WILL LEARN THERE'S NOTHING GREATER  
THAN THAT THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE (BRAVO!)  
IN THE AIR!

YOU'RE A NACH'RAL, YES YOU ARE  
JOIN US, YOU'LL BE A STAR  
PRONTO  
SUBITO  
PRESTISSIMO



(PRETISSIMO, PRETISSIMO)  
YOU'LL LOVE THE SPOTLIGHT  
THE LIME LIGHT, THE HOT LIGHT  
OH, WE KNOW! (WE KNOW, WE KNOW)

THAT FACE THAT FORM'S  
GONNA TAKE THE WORLD BY STORM  
FROM HERE TO TOKYO!  
(TOKYO, TOKYO)  
PINOCCHIO  
PINOCCHIO  
PINOCCHIO  
PINOCCHIO!

AUDIENCE.           *(Sound cue?)* The play, the play! We want the play. Give us our money back!

*With a terrifying roar, STROMBOLI, the Puppet Master, storms on stage with blood in his eye. He is a very scary looking character, with a big black beard, fangs, and a horse whip. If he can eat or belch fire, so much the better.*

STROMBOLI.           AAAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGHHHH!!! What's going on out here? What is the meaning of this! Why have you stopped the show??  
*(STROMBOLI suddenly sees PINOCCHIO standing alone center stage, while the other marionettes huddle trembling to one side.)* You! Yes, you! What is your name?

PINOCCHIO.           P-p-p-p-Pinocchio, Your Honor!

STROMBOLI.           *(Stalking him)* Pinocchio, eh? Tell me at once, why have you brought such a commotion into my theatre?

PINOCCHIO.           Your Honor—it—it wasn't my fault!

STROMBOLI.           Shut up, troublemaker! You all! Drag this miserable puppet into the kitchen. I'm out of firewood for my dinner! He'll burn veeeerrry nicely.

The MARIONETTES grab PINOCCHIO, although reluctantly and weeping, and drag him towards STROMBOLI. PINOCCHIO struggles and squirms.

PINOCCHIO. Papa! Papa! Save me! Saaaaaaave meeeee!!! I don't want to die! I don't want to die. (PINOCCHIO starts to cry very pitifully.)

STROMBOLI. Well . . . well . . . stop crying, stop crying. Can't stand tears. There, there, never mind. Ahhhhh-CHOOOO!!! Ahhhh-CHOOO!

HARLEQUIN. (*whispering to PINOCCHIO.*) You're going to be all right! When he sneezes, he's feeling sorry for you!

STROMBOLI. Roooaaarrr!

PINOCCHIO. Waaaahhhh!

STROMBOLI. Stop crying! It gives me a funny feeling in my stomach and — ah-choo! — a-choo!

PINOCCHIO. Gesundheit.

STROMBOLI. Thank you. Thank you. Well, Pinocchio. Well, now, let's see. Are your mother and father living?

PINOCCHIO. My father is living. I have no mother.

STROMBOLI. Well, I'm sure your papa would suffer if you were used for firewood. Ah-choo! Choo! But, I'm feeling pretty sorry for myself, too, right now. I have no more wood for the fire, and my dinner is only half cooked. I'll have to burn up some other puppet.

PINOCCHIO. No!

STROMBOLI. You all! Tie up Harlequin and throw him on the kitchen fire. I want my dinner well done!

PINOCCHIO. Have pity, I beg of you, Signore!

STROMBOLI. There are no signori here!

PINOCCHIO. Have pity, kind sir!

STROMBOLI. No sirs here either!

PINOCCHIO. Have pity, your--your Excellency!

STROMBOLI. *(strokes his beard, suddenly kindly.)* Hmm! Excellency! Excellency. I like that! Well, what do you want from me now, Pinocchio?

PINOCCHIO. I beg for mercy for my poor friend, Harlequin—he's never done the least harm in his life.

STROMBOLI. There is no mercy here, Pinocchio. I am hungry and my dinner must be cooked.

PINOCCHIO. Then tie me up and throw me on the flames. It isn't fair for poor Harlequin to die in my place!

*These brave words make all the MARIONETTES cry. STROMBOLI at first remains unmoved but then, little by little, he softens and begins to sneeze. He opens his arms and says.*

STROMBOLI. You are a brave boy! A brave boy. Come to my arms and kiss me! *(PINOCCHIO runs to him, jumps up, and kisses his nose.)* Tonight I'll just have to eat my dinner cold. Pinocchio! Little Pinocchio! Won't you stay with us and join our company?

PINOCCHIO. Thank you, your Excellency. But I must go back and find my papa!

STROMBOLI. Does your papa earn lots of money?

PINOCCHIO. He earns so much that he never has a penny to his name!

STROMBOLI. Then here, take these five gold coins and give them to your papa from us.

PINOCCHIO. Oh, thank you sir! Thank you a thousand times! And good-bye, everyone!

ALL. Good-bye, Pinocchio! Good-bye!

STROMBOLI. I'm a so sad you must leave us, my little friend.

STROMBOLI.        WHY YOU WANNA TO SAY GOOD-BYE?  
WHY YOU WANNA TO MAKE US CRY?  
YOU MAKE ALL OUR DREAMS GO UP IN SMOKIO  
(SMOKIO, SMOKIO)  
STILL WE WILL NEVER  
FORGET YOU WHEREVER YOU MAY GO  
(MAY GO, MAY GO)

ALL.                WHERE E'ER YOU ROAM  
YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE A HOME WITH US  
FOR DON'T YOU KNOW  
(DON'T YOU KNOW, DON'T YOU KNOW)  
WE LOVE YOU SO  
LOVE YOU SO  
LOVE YOU SO  
PINOCCHIO--  
PINOCCHIO--  
PINOCCHIO--  
PINOCCHIO!

### **ACT I scene 3**

*The theatre is replaced with a country road, and a restaurant sign — The Red Lobster Inn. Enter FOX and CAT, pushed rudely out into the street from the restaurant. They are dressed in faded, tattered thrift store grandeur.*

WAITER.            And STAY out! (*Slam!*)

FOX.                (*Calling back*) I'll have you know I've been kicked out of better places than this!

CAT.                I told you that old "Duke and Duchess" scam wouldn't work again. I'm starving.

FOX.                (*Calling back.*) You tore my coat! You'll be hearing from my lawyer!

CAT.                Lawyer? I need a short order cook. I'm starving!

FOX. Heard you the first time, my dear. If you wait a little while, the hunger pangs go away. Look at this coat.

CAT. Couldn't we wash dishes in exchange for supper? I'm down to my last three lives!

FOX. Wash dishes? Menial labor? Us? We are aristocracy! Nobility! People like us don't dirty their hands with work—they live off of others!

CAT. WHAT others? Everybody around here is on to us!

FOX. Oh, not everybody! Trust me! There's a sucker born every minute!

### SONG: THE MUSCLE BETWEEN YOUR EARS

FOX. WHEN YOUR POCKETS ARE EMPTY  
WHEN THE CUPBOARD IS BARE  
WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS GROWLIN'  
CUZ THERE'S NOTHIN' IN IT BUT AIR--  
WHEN YA CAN'T PAY YOUR MORTGAGE  
WHEN THE RENT'S IN ARREARS  
DRY THEM TEARS—  
GET OUT AND HUSTLE  
USE THE MUSCLE BETWEEN YOUR EARS!

CAT. WHEN YOUR CLOTHES ARE IN TATTERS  
WHEN YOUR HOUSE IS A HUT  
WHEN YOU FALL IN THE GUTTER  
REACHIN' FOR A CIGARETTE BUTT--  
BEAR IN MIND THERE'S A RAINBOW  
WHEN THE RAIN DISAPPEARS  
SO DRY THEM TEARS—

FOX & CAT. GET OUT AND HUSTLE  
USE THE MUSCLE BETWEEN YOUR EARS!

OH GLORY BE  
OH GLORY BE  
YOU CAN LIVE ON THE STREET THAT'S EASY

JUST BY BEIN' A WEE BIT SLEAZY--

FOX. IF YOU WORK FOR A LIVIN'  
THEN YOU'LL LIVE LIKE A DOG

CAT. USE THE BRAINS YOU WERE GIVEN  
YOU'LL BE LIVIN' HIGH ON THE HOG

BOTH. IF YOU WANT A VACATION  
FOR THE REST OF YOUR YEARS  
NO BUM STEERS—  
GET OUT AND HUSTLE  
USE THE MUSCLE  
BETWEEN YOUR FURRY EARS  
GET OUT AND HUSTLE  
USE THE MUSCLES  
BETWEEN  
YOUR  
EARS!

FOX & CAT turn to look at the restaurant sign. We hear a loud stomach growl, coming from one of them.

CAT. Oh, how rude of me. Can you forgive me?

FOX. Think nothing of it.

PINOCCHIO enters, jingling and tossing his coins.

PINOCCHIO. Now that I am rich, I'll go back home and buy Geppetto a brand new coat! But first—this looks like a nice place. Let's have lunch!

BOTH *(Looking at PINOCCHIO.)* Ahhh!

FOX. Shall we dine?

CAT. Shall we dine? Does a one-legged duck swim in a circle? Let me at it!

Bowing and sweeping, FOX & CAT seat themselves at a table. Enter a WAITER who looks like a crow.

WAITER. (To PINOCCHIO.) Can I help you sir?

PINOCCHIO. Yes! You can! (He jingles his coins.) I just got rich! I have money. Bring me something to eat!

WAITER seats PINOCCHIO at a table. FOX and CAT quickly throw on their disguises—CAT with dark glasses and a white cane, and FOX with a crutch and a bandaged paw.

WAITER. Would you like to see a menu? (Proffers one.)

PINOCCHIO. Yes, I see it. That's nice. Now will you bring me something to eat?

WAITER. Wouldn't you like to read the menu first, sir?

PINOCCHIO. Oh, well, let me take a look. (He turns it this way and that, upside down and sideways, peering and craning.) I can't make it out. Lost my glasses. (FOX & CAT laugh snarkily to each other.) What's so funny? I suppose YOU two can read. Everybody's a comedian. Here! (He throws it at the WAITER.) Just bring me the soup!

WAITER. As you wish, sir. It'll be right out. And sir (*sotto voce*) a word of advice—put your money away. (Suddenly seeing the FOX & CAT.) I thought I told you two deadbeats to get out of here!

FOX. The world is a wicked place.

CAT. We shall die of starvation.

WAITER. Cut it out, you crooks! On your way! (FOX & CAT make a feeble attempt to leave.)

PINOCCHIO. Wait a minute! Look at them! They need help!

WAITER. You'll need help when they're done with you. Well, it's your funeral.

PINOCCHIO. (PINOCCHIO flips one of his coins.) Bring these two whatever they want!

FOX & CAT stumble and collapse into the chairs at PINOCCHIO's table.

CAT. I'm so weak I could barely touch a thing. But let me see—I'll have three dozen—*(continues talking.)*

FOX. I'll try my best to eat a little. Hmmmm. I'll have the—*(they start talking very fast, improvising, overlapping, speaking simultaneously, ordering a dozen of everything on the menu. Waiter writes furiously.)*

CAT. And for dessert, the mouse mousse. Ohhhhh. *(She nearly faints. WAITER rolls his eyes and exits.)*

PINOCCHIO. What's wrong?

CAT. We are royalty, on the grand tour of Europe.

FOX. Also traveling psychic mediums.

CAT. But we have fallen on hard times. Until you happened along, we thought we might die of hunger. Thank you, kind sir.

FOX. But enough about us. Aren't you the famous—*(CAT puts her hands to her temples and concentrates—)*

CAT. The famous—oh, oh, it's coming through from the Other Side—the famous--

PINOCCHIO. Pinocchio?

CAT & FOX *(very fast on top of his reveal.)* Pinocchio!

PINOCCHIO. That's right. How do you know my name?

FOX. We know your father—mother—

PINOCCHIO. Father—

BOTH. Father very well—your father—uh, uh—

PINOCCHIO. Geppetto!

BOTH. Geppetto! Very well.



CAT. Very well.

PINOCCHIO. Why, you're just amazing!

FOX. I saw him just yesterday outside his door—uh, uh—

CAT. *(concentrating.)* In this cold weather, uh—freezing--

PINOCCHIO. Yes, yes, shivering in the cold!

BOTH. Yes, yes—shivering in the cold. So sad.

PINOCCHIO. He won't have to be cold anymore, not after today!

CAT. Oh, really?

FOX. Why not?

PINOCCHIO. I'm rich! *(FOX & CAT laugh merrily, and not very nicely.)* What are you laughing at? It's true, see? *(He dumps his coins on the table.)*

FOX. Well, well—and what are you going to do with all that money?

CAT. ALL that money . . .

PINOCCHIO. First, I'm going to buy papa a new coat with silver and gold trim and diamond buttons. Then I'm going to buy myself an ABC book.

FOX. Well, of course you could do that. And very wise too.

CAT. VERY wise.

FOX. But you know, you could double your money—

CAT. If you wanted to--

PINOCCHIO. What do you mean—double? I haven't learned arithmetic yet.

CAT. Do you want one hundred, a thousand, two thousand gold pieces in exchange for your measly five?

PINOCCHIO. Yes, sure, but how?

FOX. It's SO easy. Instead of going home, just come along with us.

PINOCCHIO. Where would you take me?

CAT. To the Big City.

FOX. The glorious BIG CITY! To a secret place we know, where the money literally grows on trees! A place called (whispering) the Field of Miracles!

*WAITER appears with piles of food and sets it before the guests. FOX & CAT dive in and eat like wild beasts. During the soliloquy, they devour everything on their plates, with very bad manners. PINOCCHIO sips at his soup while he thinks things over.*

PINOCCHIO. The Field of Miracles? Money on trees? Sounds wonderful. But, no, I ought not to go to the big city. Home is near, and Father is waiting for me. How unhappy he must be that I have not yet returned! I have been a bad son, and the cricket was right when he said that a disobedient boy cannot be happy in this world. I have learned this at my own expense. Especially last night in the theater, when I nearly landed in the fire. Ppffew!!!! I get sweaty just thinking about it.

FOX. Well, if you really want to go home, fine with me, but you'll be sorry.

CAT. You'll be sorry! Think, Pinocchio, you're turning your back on Lady Luck!

FOX. Laaaaady luck! Too bad, too bad. Tomorrow your five gold pieces could be two thousand!

CAT. Two thousand!

FOX. Two thousand? Nay!!! Twenty-five HUNDRED!

PINOCCHIO. Oh! My! I could take twenty hundred home to Papa, and give you both the other five!

FOX. Oh, no. Oh, no.

CAT. Oh, no.

FOX. We don't work for profit.

CAT. We only work to help others, dear.

PINOCCHIO. *(Aside)* What good people. *(To them.)* All right then, you've convinced me! I'm with you! Let's go!

FOX. Smart boy!

CAT. Bright lad!

BOTH. We'll, uh, *you'll* be rich!

FOX & CAT WE'LL SHOW YOU THE WORLD  
WE'LL SHOW YOU IT ALL  
WE'LL SHOW YOU THE SIGHTS  
WE'LL SHOW YOU THE CITY  
THE GLAMOROUS DAYS  
THE GLORIOUS NIGHTS  
YOU'LL HAVE THE RUN OF IT  
JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT —  
BABY DOLL!  
WE'LL SHOW YOU THE WORLD  
WE'LL SHOW YOU IT NOW  
WE'LL SHOW YOU IT ALL!

PINOCCHIO. I'M BETTING THAT MY LIFE  
WILL SOON BE A HIGH LIFE  
HOORAY, WHAT A LARK!  
WE'LL PLAY UNTIL SUNDOWN  
AND NEVER GET RUN DOWN  
AND WHEN IT GETS DARK —  
GIVE ME THE RUN OF IT  
JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT  
HEAR ME CALL —  
SHOW ME THE WORLD  
SHOW ME IT NOW  
SHOW ME IT ALL!

PINOCCHIO            *(FOX & CAT sing counterpoint behind him)*  
WAIT A MINUTE—  
WHAT ABOUT MY PAPA?  
I CAN'T LEAVE HIM SITTING HOME ALONE  
THOUGH IT MAY BE EVER SO HUMBLE  
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME!

FOX & CAT            ABSENCE ONLY MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER  
THOUGH YOU TRAVEL FAR FROM YOUR PAPA'S SIDE  
DISTANCE ONLY LENDS ENCHANTMENT  
THOUGH THE OCEAN WAVES DIVIDE YOU  
FROM HIM  
WE AIN'T GOT NO PERMANENT ADDRESS  
AS THROUGH THIS WORLD WE ROAM  
ANY OLD PLACE WE HANG OUR HATS  
IS HOME SWEET HOME!

                             WE'LL SHOW YOU THE WORLD  
                             WE'LL SHOW YOU IT ALL  
                             WE'LL SHOW YOU THE SIGHTS

PINOCCHIO.            (AH, AH, AH—THE SIGHTS, THE SIGHTS, THE SIGHTS!)

FOX & CAT            WE'LL SHOW YOU THE CITY  
                             THE GLAMOROUS DAYS  
                             THE GLITTERING NIGHTS

PINOCCHIO.            THE NIGHTS, THE NIGHTS, THE NIGHTS!

FOX & CAT.            YOU'LL HAVE THE RUN OF IT  
                             JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT  
                             BABY DOLL!  
                             WE'LL SHOW YOU THE WORLD

PINOCCHIO.            SHOW ME THE WORLD!

FOX & CAT            WE'LL SHOW YOU AND HOW!

PINOCCHIO            SHOW ME IT NOW! SHOW ME IT--

FOX & CAT            WE'LL SHOW YOU IT—

ALL.                    ALL!

WAITER                *(entering with bill.)* Will there be there anything else?

PINOCCHIO.           No thanks. Here! How much do I owe? *(He puts his five coins on the table.)*

WAITER.                Just one of these. Take the rest and put them in your pocket. Or the bank, for Pete's sake!

PINOCCHIO.           Thanks! But—where are my friends?

WAITER.                Your "friends" took off down the road.

PINOCCHIO.           They're on their way to the Field of Miracles! I've got to catch up with them! Good-bye!

WAITER.                Good-bye, boy. *(To himself.)* There's a sucker born every minute. *(He exits.)*

#### **ACT I scene 4**

Night is falling. We're on a dark road. PINOCCHIO walks along in the failing twilight. A large, gnarled leafless tree stand UL. We hear scary night noises—owls, bats twittering, a wolf howling in the distance.

PINOCCHIO.            It's so dark, I can barely see a thing! Where did those two get to? Hello? *(The hills echo back—"hello, hello, hello." Then we hear a sound—a broken twig, a night bird.)* Who's there? *(Who's there, who's there, who's there?)*

*A soft light glows on the tree trunk, and we can make out the cricket from the beginning.  
PINOCCHIO sees the light, and goes up to get a closer look.*

- CRICKET. Chirp, chirp, chiirrrrp! (*His voice is a little echo-ey, far away, like a ghost.*)
- PINOCCHIO. Who are you?
- CRICKET. I'm your friend the cricket—the one you chased out of the house!
- PINOCCHIO. You? What do *you* want?
- CRICKET. I want to give you a little advice. Go home and give your money to your poor old father. He's weeping because he hasn't seen you since yesterday.
- PINOCCHIO. Tomorrow my father will be a rich man! These four gold pieces are about to turn into two thousand.
- CRICKET. Don't listen to those who promise you wealth overnight, my boy. Usually they're either fools or crooks! Listen to me and go home.
- PINOCCHIO. I want to keep going!
- CRICKET. It's late!
- PINOCCHIO. I've got to find my friends!
- CRICKET. The night is dark!
- PINOCCHIO. I'm resolved to find the Field of Miracles!
- CRICKET. The road is dangerous.
- PINOCCHIO. Leave me alone! I'm going to keep on until I find my friends!
- CRICKET. Remember that boys who insist on having their own way, sooner or later come to grief.
- PINOCCHIO. Quit lecturing me, Beetle Bumpkin! I know what I'm doing! Good-BYE, Cricket!

CRICKET. Good night, Pinocchio, and may the angels preserve you from ghouls and ghosties and long legged beasties and things that go bump in the night!

There is silence for a minute and the cricket's light fades out. Once again the road is plunged in darkness. Then--a slight rustle among the leaves behind PINOCCHIO. There in the darkness stands two big shadows, covered from head to foot in black. The two figures rush toward him.)

PINOCCHIO. Here they come! Where can I hide my money? I know! *(He puts the coins in his mouth.)*

ROBBERS. Your money or your life!

PINOCCHIO can't speak but mimes as best he can, with mumbling, that he has no money.

ROBBERS. Come on, come on, quit fooling around, and hand over your money!

PINOCCHIO. Mmffl haffn't ngot engy!

FOX. Out with that money or you're a dead man.

CAT. Dead man!

FOX. And after we kill you, we'll kill your father too.

CAT. Your father too!

PINOCCHIO. Mo, mo, mo, mot my mfather!

As PINOCCHIO yells, the gold pieces tinkle in his mouth.

FOX. Oh, you scoundrel! So that's your game! The money's in his mouth. Out with it!

PINOCCHIO. Mmmmfff gml frogmaw.

FOX. Hold his mouth open! I'll reach in and grab the gold!

CAT follows instructions, but--

CAT. Owwww! He bit me! I think I'm bleeding! Meowwwwwrrrrr!!!

FOX. Did you get the gold?

CAT. No! I told you, he bit me! What if he has rabies?

FOX. You give us that gold! Why you little—take that! And that! Ow!

PINOCCHIO and FOX & CAT, who never lose their disguises, start a mad, rough and tumble fight, biffing and bopping and rolling and jumping. One grabs PINOCCHIO by the nose and the other by the chin, and they shake him from side to side—but his mouth stays shut.

They may find clubs or branches or something. Every time PINOCCHIO gets hit, we hear a “tock” sound. Then, a window in the tree opens up, and we see the BLUE FAIRY looking out. PINOCCHIO runs to her.

PINOCCHIO. Help me, please! Help me! They’re trying to rob me!

BLUE FAIRY. Pinocchio . . .

CAT slams the door in the tree, while FOX ties PINOCCHIO’s hands behind his back.

CAT. Mind your own business, you nosy troll!

FOX. I’m only going to say this once more—open up and hand over that gold!

PINOCCHIO. *(Shakes his head, mumbles “Hmmm-mmm. FOX tries once more to reach in his mouth, gets bit again.)*

FOX. Ow!!! That’s it! I’ve had it! String him up!

CAT throws rope over tree branch, they haul PINOCCHIO up so he’s dangling in the air, feet kicking.

CAT. You can just hang there and think things over!

FOX. We’ll be back in the morning. We’ll get that money, whether you’re dead or alive!

CAT. Oh, ow. My paw is all bleeding. Can you kiss it and make it better?

FOX. *(As they exit.)* Kiss it yourself, you big ninny!



PINOCCHIO.           *(Speaking around the coins.)* Let me down! Let me down! Brrrrr. It's cold.

*PINOCCHIO dangles from the tree, swaying back and forth. The night is very dark and lonely, with more wind blowing, wolves howling, creepy noises.*

PINOCCHIO.           *(Dejected, scared, ironic.)* LOOK AT ME, LOOK AT ME,  
LOOK AT ME-  
EVERYBODY LOOK AT . . .

PINOCCHIO.           Papa! Papa! Where are you? I'm so cold! Papa? I'm sorry . . .  
Mmmmmfff. *(He faints dead away.)*

*A light shift. GEPETTO appears, with a lantern. He crosses the stage, calling out. He may stop and lean against the tree, but never see PINOCCHIO.*

GEPETTO.           Pinocchio! Pinocchioooooohhhh! Where are you? Come home, my boy! Come back! Oh, my little wooden child — please come home!

*Lights fade to black as we hear CHORUS singing. GEPETTO'S cross can cover PINOCCHIO actor releasing from tree and into BLUE FAIRY interio.*

CHORUS.           PINOCCHIO  
                      PINOCCHIO.  
                      PINOCCHIO.  
                      PINOCCHIO . . .

## **ACT I scene 5**

*Interior BLUE FAIRY's tree house. PINOCCHIO is lying on a pallet. BLUE FAIRY is studying the boy, who appears to be fast asleep or dead. Three DOCTORS attend them—a CROW, an OWL, and the CRICKET, grown people sized.*

OWL.                 Hmmm.

CROW.                Huuuuuhhhh.

CRICKET. Chirrrp.

ALL THREE. WOE, WOE, WOE, WOE  
WOE, WOE, WOE, WOE  
DOCTOR, DOCTOR, DOCTORS THREE  
MEDICAL EMERGENCY—THEY  
FOUND THIS PUPPET UP A TREE  
AND SENT FOR A PHYSICIAN

SOME LOUSY ROTTEN NO-GOOD WRETCH  
GAVE THIS RASCAL'S NECK A STRETCH  
AND NOW HE'S IN—YESSIR, YOU BETCHA  
CRITICAL CONDITION!

FAIRY. Well, learned doctors—what's your opinion? Is the puppet dead or alive?

OWL. *(Checking P's pulse, nose, and toe.)* In my opinion, Lady, this puppet is dead. If, however, he has the bad luck not to be dead, then he's surely alive.

CROW. I'm sorry to contradict the famous Dr. Crow. To my mind this puppet is alive; but if by chance he were not, that would be a sure sign that he is totally dead.

FAIRY. And do you have an opinion, Dr. Cricket?

CRICKET. A doctor that doesn't know what he's talking about should keep his mouth shut! But! This puppet's no stranger. I've known him for a long time! *(PINOCCHIO shudders, shows signs of life.)* He's the worst kind of rascal! *(P. opens and shuts his eyes.)* He's a rude lazy runaway! *(P. covers his face with the sheet.)* And he's a bad son who is breaking his poor father's heart!

*Under the above speech, OWL and CROW being to chant, over the vamp. On the verse, CRICKET joins them.*

DOCTORS. WOE!  
HE'S A NASTY LITTLE URCHIN  
HE'S A RUNAWAY, A SCAMP  
A BRASSY BRATTY BRAZEN BRAINLESS CHILD

(WOE WOE WOE)

ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE  
MAYBE TOO FAR GONE TO SAVE  
THAT'S JUST WHAT HE DESERVES FOR RUNNIN' WILD!

EENIE MEENIE MINEY MOE  
FEEL HIS NOSE, FEEL HIS TOE  
IF HE HOLLERS, LET HIM GO  
BUT IF HE DOESN'T—VODEE OH DOH:

DON'T NEED THE DOCTOR, DON'T NEED THE NURSE  
SEND FOR THE UNDERTAKER DRIVIN' THE HEARSE  
THAT'S JUST WHAT HE DESERVES FOR RUNNIN' WILD!

OH WOE, OH WOE—IT'S NOT A PRETTY SIGHT!  
TO THE CHURCHYARD HE WILL GO  
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT  
THEY'LL DRESS HIM IN AN OLD NIGHTGOWN  
THROW HIM IN A HOLE SIX FEET DOWN  
AND IN ABOUT A WEEK OR SO:  
HERE COME THE WORMS, VOH DEE OH DOH!

THE WORMS CRAWL IN, THE WORMS CRAWL OUT  
THE WORMS PLAY PATTYCAKE ON YOUR SNOUT  
THE WORMS CRAWL IN, THE WORMS CRAWL OUT  
AND THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

PATTY CAKE, PATTY CAKE, PATTY CAKE  
WOE, WOE, WOE, OH!

HE'S A NASTY LITTLE URCHIN  
HE'S A RUNAWAY, A SCAMP  
A BRASSY BRATTY BRAZEN BRAINLESS CHILD—  
WOE, WOE, WOE!  
ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE—MAYBE TOO FAR GONE TO SAVE  
THAT'S JUST WHAT HE DIESERVES FOR RUNNING  
WILD! WILD! WILD!  
HE'S A NASTY LITTLE URCHIN!

PINOCCHIO. *(Bawling at the horrible things they say about him.)* Waahhhh!

CROW. When the dead weep, it's a sign they are beginning to recover. Gentlemen, we are no longer needed here. Farewell, Lady!

FAIRY. Farewell, good doctors! *(As they exit, she turns to PINOCCHIO, feels his forehead.)* Oh, goodness, you're burning up. Here. *(She stirs something green and foamy in a glass and helps him sit up and drink.)* Drink this up and in a few days, you'll be all better.

PINOCCHIO. *(Spitting out medicine.)* Ohhh! That tastes AWFUL! Ptooi!

FAIRY. Drink the rest of it, and I'll give you a sugar cube to take the taste away.

PINOCCHIO. Give me the sugar first, then I'll drink it.

FAIRY. You promise?

PINOCCHIO. *(Crossing his fingers behind his back.)* I promise!

FAIRY. Here you go! *(PINOCCHIO eats the sugar.)*

PINOCCHIO. Boy, if sugar was medicine I'd take it every day!

FAIRY. Uh huh. Now, keep your promise and drink the rest. It's good for you.

*PINOCCHIO raises the glass, takes a teeny sip, gags, makes an awful face, spits it out.*

PINOCCHIO. Agggh!! It's AWFUL. It's too bitter, I can't drink it!

FAIRY. You haven't even really tasted it! You need to drink this!

PINOCCHIO. Give me another lump of sugar, then I'll drink it, I promise!

FAIRY. Here's more sugar. Now drink up!

PINOCCHIO. No, I won't drink it! It's awful! It's like poison!

FAIRY. You are very sick, little man.

PINOCCHIO. I don't care. I'd rather die than drink that stuff!

Door opens, and the DOCTORS enter. CROW has a tape measure. They approach PINOCCHIO and begin to measure him.

PINOCCHIO. What are you doing? What do you want?

CROW. We have come for you.

PINOCCHIO. But I'm not d-d-d-d-d-dead!

OWL. Oh, you will be—any minute now! Heh, heh, heh.

CROW. Since you refused the medicine that would make you well! Heh, heh, heh.

OWL. *(Sepulchurally.)* Come with us, boy.

PINOCCHIO. GIVE ME THAT MEDICINE!!!

FAIRY. Here you are, darling. *(PINOCCHIO gulps it all down, with some unnecessary dramatics, makes a horrible face— yeeeeaaaahhhhhhhccchh!!!)*

CROW. Made that trip for nothing. Let's go! *(They exit.)*

PINOCCHIO. Wow! Yay! *(He races around the room, jumping, clicking his heels, acting rowdy.)*

FAIRY. See? The medicine made you all better, didn't it?

PINOCCHIO. Boy, I'll say! I feel like a brand new puppet!

FAIRY. Then why did I have to beg you to drink it?

PINOCCHIO. *(Out, to audience.)* I'm a boy, you see, and all boys hate medicine more than they do sickness.

FAIRY.                   *(Out, to audience.)* What a shame! Boys ought to know, after all, that medicine, taken as directed, can save them from a lot of pain and even—*(darkly)*—worse!

PINOCCHIO.           Thank you, Blue Fairy! I shall always remember this valuable lesson.

FAIRY.                   Uh huh. Now, suppose you tell me why those bad people beat you and hung you from my tree?

PINOCCHIO.           They were trying to steal away my gold pieces! *(He jingles them in his pocket.)*

FAIRY.                   Where are the gold pieces now?

PINOCCHIO.           *(Fearing she might take them from him.)* I, uh—I LOST them! *(His nose begins to grow a good couple of inches.)*

FAIRY.                   And where did you lose them?

PINOCCHIO.           Out there in the woods! *(His nose grows a few more inches.)*

FAIRY.                   If you lost them in the wood we'll look for them and find them, for everything that is lost there is always found."

PINOCCHIO.           Wait, now I remember--I didn't lose the gold pieces—I--I swallowed them when I drank my medicine! Yeah, that's it—I swallowed them!

*At this third lie, his nose grows even longer, so long he can't even turn around. If he turned to the right, he knocks it against the bed or into the window; if he turns left, he bumps the wall or door; if he raises it he nearly puts the FAIRY'S eye out. FAIRY starts laughing merrily.*

PINOCCHIO.           What are you laughing at? What?

FAIRY.                   I'm laughing at your silly lies.

PINOCCHIO.           I'm NOT lying! I'm not! Uh . . . how do you know?

**Song: LITTLE WHITE LIES**

FAIRY.

WHEN YOU TELL A LITTLE WHITE LIE  
LITTLE WHITE LIE— YOU’LL BE SORRY  
LITTLE WHITE LIES DON’T STAY LITTLE FOR LONG—

ALL TOO SOON THAT LITTLE WHITE LIE  
LITTLE WHITE LIE’S A BIG FAT STORY  
LITTLE WHITE LIES MAKE EVERY THING GO WRONG!

FOR LITTLE WHITE LIES  
SOON START TO GROW  
JUST LIKE A SNOWBALL ROLLING OUTTA CONTROL—

YOU’VE GOTTA TELL YOUR BROTHER ONE  
YOUR FATHER AND YOUR MOTHER ONE  
AND THEN YOU TELL ANOTHER ONE  
TO COVER UP THE OTHER ONE

BETTER NOT TELL THOSE LITTLE WHITE LIES  
LITTLE WHITE LIES WILL MAKE YOU LONELY  
ALL TOO SOON  
YOU’RE GONNA REALIZE—

IF YOU WANT YOUR FRIENDS TO LOVE YOU  
THE WORLD TO THINK WELL OF YOU  
YOU BETTER NOT TELL  
THOSE LITTLE WHITE LIES!

DOCTORS.

IT’S PLAIN TO SEE  
HONESTY’S  
THE VERY BESTEST  
POLICY!

ALL.

WHEN YOU TELL A LITTLE WHITE LIE  
A LITTLE WHITE LIE  
YOU’LL BE SORRY  
LITTLE WHITE LIES  
DON’T STAY LITTLE FOR LONG

ALL TOO SOON THAT LITTLE WHITE LIE  
LITTLE WHITE LIE'S  
A BIG FAT STORY  
LITTLE WHITE LIES  
MAKE EVERYTHING GO WRONG

FOR LITTLE WHITE LIES  
SOON START TO GROW  
JUST LIKE A SNOW-  
BALL ROLLIN' OUTTA CONTROL  
YOU'VE GOTTA TELL YOUR BROTHER ONE  
YOUR FATHER AND YOUR MOTHER ONE  
AND THEN YA TELL ANOTHER ONE  
TO COVER UP THE OTHER ONE

BETTER NOT TELL THOSE  
LITTLE WHITE LIES  
LITTLE WHITE LIES  
WILL MAKE YOU LONELY

PINOCCHIO.        THANKS TO YOU, I FINALLY REALIZE—  
IF I WANT THE WORLD TO LOVE ME  
MY FRIENDS TO THINK WELL OF ME  
I BETTER NOT TELL—

ALL.                BETTER NOT BETTER NOT BETTER NOT TELL—  
THOSE LITTLE WHITE LIES!

*DOCTORS exit on playoff/applause.*

**End of Act I**