

# 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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Adaptation by  
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Music by  
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*Pinocchio* was first presented by The Children's Theatre Company for the 1974-1975 season.

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Cast of Characters: 8 female, 28 male

Geppetto

Pinocchio

Fox (Jean-Claude)

Cat (Pucci)

Lampwick

Coachman

Pigacci (the Puppet Master)

Signora Bonaventura

Blue Fairy

Guido

Filipo

Polo

Lorenzo

Alfredo

Alonzo

Signor Bertolucci

Irma, flower vendor

Innkeeper

Lucia

BOYS

Allesandro

Leonardo

Tomasso

Massemo

Luigi

Alfredo

Marcello

Giovanni

Angelo

Miguel

Vittorio

Sergio

Giorgio

GIRLS

Anna

Francesca

Rosa

Maria

## ACT 1, Scene I

**GEPPETTO:** *(a sigh).* Ahhh, Geppetto. Why don't you go to bed, huh? Everybody else is sleeping - sleeping in their little warm beds. Mamas . . . papas. . . little boys. . . little girls; sleeping and dreaming. Or just - sleeping and snoring, I don't know. *(He yawns. )* Ahhh - it's so blue. Everything's so blue. It's the moon, Geppetto. It's the moon. *(He takes a small piece of wood from his pocket and a whittling knife.)* So. Whadda you gonna make next, old woodcarver? Huh? You got your wood, you got your knife - whadda you gonna make? A whistle? Geppetto, you got sixteen wooden whistles already; you don't need no more. *(He gives the whistle he took out from his pocket a little tweet. He is about to put it away, then stops himself.)* Wait a minute. *(He blows on the whistle, louder.)* Hey! Hey! Is anybody awake? *(Another blow.)* Anybody wanna talk to Geppetto? *(More blows and "Hey!"s. The shuttered windows of a second floor apartment upstage right fly open to reveal SIGNORA BONAVENTURA in nightcap and gown.)*

**SIGNORA BONAVENTURA:** Hey! Hey! Who's that?!

**GEPPETTO:** Buona notte, Signora Bonaventura; how are you?

**BONAVENTURA:** Geppetto! Is that you?

**GEPPETTO:** *(a bit sheepish.)* Si; it's me.

**BONAVENTURA:** *(speaking to someone in her house.)* It's that Geppetto. *(to GEPPETTO)* Geppetto! Why don't you shut up that noise and go home to bed!  
*(she bangs the shutters closed.)*

**GEPPETTO:** *(turning away and walking downstage.)* Good, Geppetto. That's real good. *(a sigh.)* Oh, if only I could make something. . . if only I could make something so people would look at me and say, "There's Geppetto!" He's the man who made something! And even after I went away, they'd look at what I made and say, "Now, there's Geppetto! That's who he was." If only I could . . .

**BLUE FAIRY:** *(appearing beside him, or voice only.)* Why don't you make a puppet, Geppetto?

**GEPPETTO:** *(a little laugh.)* The moon . . . it's so blue. . . *(slight pause. an idea)*  
Sure! Sure - a puppet! *(BLUE FAIRY laughs warmly.)* Why not? A little  
face . . . ears. . .

**BLUE FAIRY:** A puppet as big as a boy!

**GEPPETTO:** *(becoming excited)* No! No - a puppet as big as a boy! *(slight pause.)*  
Signora *(GEPPETTO blows on his whistle and runs toward SIGNORA*  
*BONAVENTURA'S window.)* Signora Bonaventura!

**BONAVENTURA:** *(opening her window; disgusted.)* What is it?!

**GEPPETTO:** Listen to this: I'm gonna make a puppet!

**BONAVENTURA:** Well, listen to this: "I'm gonna make you wet!" *(She takes a bucket of*  
*water and pours it over GEPPETTO'S head, then slams the shutters again.)*

**GEPPETTO:** *(walking downstage again.)* Sure . . . why not? A puppet as big as a  
real boy!

**BLUE FAIRY:** A real boy!

**GEPPETTO:** A real boy!

**BLUE FAIRY:** A real boy!

**GEPPETTO:** A real boy! *(BLUE FAIRY disappears. GEPPETTO starts offstage but is met*  
*by an old WOMAN, wearing a shawl and slowly pushing a wheelbarrow*  
*which holds a very large piece of wood.)* Oh! Pardone, signora; you  
frightened me. I didn't know anyone else was awake tonight but  
me. *(WOMAN continues slowly walking across the stage, silent.)* I  
couldn't sleep, see? So I took a walk. Maybe you're out for a walk  
too, eh? The moon – it's real blue tonight, ain't it? *(WOMAN stops,*  
*takes the wood from the wheelbarrow and gives it to GEPPETTO. She turns*  
*away and continues on.)* Firewood? Is this for me? Uh, signora - do I  
owe you any money? Cause if I do, I ain't got none. But tomorrow I  
can. . . *(The WOMAN is gone. To himself, gazing excitedly at the wood in*  
*his arms. ) . . . tomorrow I can . . . I can make something! Tomorrow*  
I can make something wonderful!

Exit GEPPETTO. Distant cries of people awakening, roosters crowing, light of dawn rises on the street.

## ACT 1, Scene 2

**TOMASSO:** Hey! It's Geppetto!

**MIGUEL:** Buon giorno, Geppetto!

**SERGIO:** Hey, Geppetto - what's that you got there?

**GEPPETTO:** *(as BOYS swarm around him.)* Buon giorno! Hello, boys! Did you all work real hard in school yesterday? *(BOYS groan. )* Oh, I know you did, Vittorio; you study so hard you fall asleep, eh? *(BOYS laugh at VITTORIO.)* And that teacher of yours - Signor Bellini, eh? *(BOYS sneer and echo the name.)* He makes you study your knuckles with his ruler, eh? *(BOYS rap their own knuckles with their hands and hop in mock pain.)* So - where you boys going, eh?

**ALESSANDRO:** To the rides!

**GIOVANNI:** To the donkey rides!

BOYS pretend they are donkeys, laughing and braying. One bumps GEPPETTO and nearly knocks the wood out of his arms.

**LUIGI:** Say, Geppetto, what are you going to do with that wood? Make some whistles out of it? *(BOYS laugh.)*

**LEONARDO:** No, it's a log for his fire; ain't that right, Geppetto?

**ALESSANDRO:** Si! Geppetto's gonna cook a snail for his supper!

**LEONARDO:** *(snatching the log from GEPPETTO.)* Let's see it! *(LEONARDO stands up on a stool and holds it away from GEPPETTO, then tosses it over GEPPETTO head to ALLESANDRO, starting a game of "keep-away.")*

**GEPPETTO:** Allesandro! Give me that!

**ALLESANDRO:** What Is it for?

**GEPPETTO:** It's . . . it's for . . . a puppet.

**BOYS:** *(variously. ) A puppet?! (BOYS laugh and continue game of "keep-away". GEPPETTO calls after them and runs accidentally into SIGNORA BONAVENTURA.)*

**BONAVENTURA:** Buon giorno, Geppetto. Cold, ain't it?

**GEPPETTO:** *(distracted)* What? Oh, buon giorno. My log, Signora Bonaventura.

**BONAVENTURA:** You know my daughter Lucia, don't you?

**GEPPETTO:** *(paying little attention.)* Oh, yeah, sure, I know Lucia. Hi, Lucia.

**BONAVENTURA:** *(poking LUCIA.)* Lucia! *(LUCIA curtseys to GEPPETTO)*

**GEPPETTO:** *(to SIGNORA and LUCIA)* Goodbye. *(Running after the BOYS again. SIGNORA offended, exits with LUCIA. )* Sergio! You're a nice boy; now give it here!

*BOYS run about and toss the log from one to the other with great glee and chatter. GEPPETTO finally gets the log and holds it above his head as the BOYS surround him, reaching for it. LAMPWICK, who has been smoking a cigar, gets log from ALLESANDRO, who snatched it away from GEPPETTO again. A kick sends the BOYS toppling backwards into a heap on the ground.*

**LAMPWICK:** *(to GEPPETTO; a snarl.)* What's it for?

**GEPPETTO:** *(politely)* It's for a puppet.

**LAMPWICK:** A puppet, eh? *(Holding out his hand to GEPPETTO for a tip for rescuing the log.)* Two million lire!

**GEPPETTO:** *(slight pause, then shakes LAMPWICK'S hand.)* Grazie!

*GEPPETTO snatches the log from LAMPWICK.*

**LAMPWICK:** *(angrily throwing his hat to the ground.)* Hey !

Again GEPPETTO is surrounded and the BOYS and GEPPETTO play "keep-away" with great laughter and good humor. ALLESANDRO takes the log and holds it high, preparing to throw it to the others. He does so, GEPPETTO catches it, and they all fall down again in a merry heap.

**GEPPETTO:** *(laughing, catching his breath.)* Oh, you boys! You boys is rascals , but . . . Arrivederci! Goodbye! Arrivederci!

### **ACT 1, Scene 3**

Lights and scenery shift to evening in GEPPETTO'S workshop. A large workbench dominates the room; along the back wall is a fireplace and a mantel which holds an old clock. The blue rays of the moon shine through a window. GEPPETTO is working by the light of an oil lamp, finishing his creation: a fully dressed puppet about the size of a ten-year-old boy. He knocks with his chisel here and there and dabs with a paintbrush.

**GEPPETTO:** *(lifting puppet up from bench.)* Oh, you are gonna be the one, ain't you?! You gonna be the best puppet ever! Oops - not if you ain't got no ears, you ain't! *(reaching for the paint. )* Geppetto, I'm saying to you, you gotta be more careful. *(Painting ears on the puppet's head, then speaking to it.)* Hello in there. Can you hear me talking to you? *(responding in falsetto and manipulating head like a ventriloquist and dummy.)* "Si, Papa." This is you Papa talking to you. "I know, Papa. " You gonna be a real good boy to you old Papa, ain't you? "No, Papa." *(he raps puppet on the head.)* Yes, you are. You are gonna walk. . . *(he moves puppet's legs and they walk together.)* ... and run, too, eh? *(they run a few steps. )* And laugh and tell real good jokes and sing and dance and get rich and famous... *(he has the puppet take a deep bow.)* ... and be a real good son to you old Papa! *(as he pulls puppet upright again its head falls off onto the floor. )* oh, no you ain't. Listen to me: talking to a piece of wood like it was somebody. *(he replaces the head and carries puppet back to workbench)* You ain't gonna do none of them things. You just a puppet, ain't you? Just a puppet. *(clock chimes three tones.)* Time for bed. Time for bed, my wood-head boy. *(GEPPETTO goes to his little cot in the upstage corner to put on his nightshirt.)* Hey, what's you name, anyway? Giovanni? Ahhh, no, no - everybody's "Giovanni." *(an idea)* Wait a minute. Hold still! I knew a man once; his name was - Pinocchio! That's right. His papa's name was Pinocchio. His mama's name was Pinocchio.

**GEPETTO:** His two brothers: Pinocchio, Pinocchio. His pretty little sister: Pinocchio. They all got put in prison, but they was real nice folks. *(he has finished dressing and moves back to work-bench.)* Si! That's gonna be you: Pinocchio! I just wish you were a real . . . *(he stops himself; turns away.)* What am I saying? Goodnight, Geppetto; go to bed. *(he sneaks another look at the puppet.)* Oh, Pinocchio - what you look like that for, huh? You look like you sad. You look like you wish you were a real, live little boy. *(he hugs the puppet)* Well, you ain't. Buona notte, Pinocchio. *(GEPETTO goes to his cot and kneels.)* God bless my tools, God bless my bench, god bless my wig. *(he gets into bed. )* Buona notte, Pinocchio! *(he blows out lamp.)* Goodnight. *(he yawns)* Goodnight, Kitty. Go to sleep. *(more yawns. GEPETTO snores. A shaft of blue light hits the work-bench.)*

**BLUE FAIRY:** Pinocchio - you look so sad. You look like you wish you were a real, live little boy. Wish you were a live little boy. Wish you were alive. . . Pinocchio! Wake up! *(PINOCCHIO'S head rises up, followed by his torso. He sits on the bench and looks, woodenly, left and right.)*  
Pinocchio - who are you?

**PINOCCHIO:** Who. . . who. . .

**BLUE FAIRY:** Who are you?

**PINOCCHIO:** Pin. . .occhio. Pinocchio. I am . . . Pinocchio!

**BLUE FAIRY:** *(a warm laugh)* Very good, Pinocchio. Now - who am I?

**PINOCCHIO:** Who. . . Blue. . . Blue. . .

**BLUE FAIRY:** You know me Pinocchio. I am the Blue Fairy. And I will be your friend, always. Always.

**PINOCCHIO:** Buon. . . gi. . . orno.

**BLUE FAIRY:** *(another laugh)* You see? You already know so much. And I will always be your teacher, and your friend, if you will listen to me, and tell the truth - to me, and to yourself, and to your Papa. . .

**PINOCCHIO:** Papa ! *(GEPETTO stirs in his sleep.)*

**BLUE FAIRY:** Yes, Pinocchio. Your Papa, who made you and who loves you and who wished to have a real, live little boy for his son.

**PINOCCHIO:** A real. . . live . . . boy?

**BLUE FAIRY:** Yes.

**PINOCCHIO:** Am I a . . . real boy?

**BLUE FAIRY:** No, Pinocchio. You are not a real little boy. You are made of wood. Geppetto made you out of wood. You are a puppet.

**PINOCCHIO:** *(with sorrow and disappointment.)* Not a . . . boy. . .

**BLUE FAIRY:** *(after a moment)* Someday, Pinocchio - if you are honest, and if you work hard and love your Papa - I will make you this promise: Pinocchio, the puppet will die; and Pinocchio, the real boy, will be born.

**PINOCCHIO:** Be . . . born? The . . . truth?

**BLUE FAIRY:** *(fading away)* Goodbye, Pinocchio. I am with you when you need me. Love your Papa. Goodbye, Pinocchio. Goodbye. . .

*PINOCCHIO has risen to his feet to wave goodbye.*

**PINOCCHIO:** Goodbye! Good. . .

*PINOCCHIO looks down with wonder at his body: his hands, arms, legs. He turns his head and looks at the sleeping figure of GEPPETTO.*

**GEPPETTO:** *(stammering)* Blue . . . Fairy?

**PINOCCHIO:** Is it true?

**GEPPETTO:** *(to himself)* oh, yes. . . yes, it's true. . . all these dreams. . . they all coming true. . . *(to PINOCCHIO)* -- You. . . you talk! . .

**PINOCCHIO:** What is . . . "talk?"

**GEPPETTO:**           *(pointing to his own quivering mouth)* Talk. . . talk. . . I . . . I am. . . I am talking. Do you . . . walk, too?

**PINOCCHIO:**        What is “walk?”

**GEPPETTO:**        I . . . I show you.*(GEPPETTO begins an extremely exaggerated walk around the workbench)* Like this.

**PINOCCHIO:**        *(jumping down to the floor)* Like that?

**GEPPETTO:**        Like this. *(PINOCCHIO imitates him and follows)*

**PINOCCHIO:**        Like this?

**GEPPETTO:**        Yes! Like that! That's right!

*PINOCCHIO enjoys walking and laughs. He picks up speed and is eventually chasing GEPPETTO around and around the bench. PINOCCHIO stops suddenly and points stage right.*

**PINOCCHIO:**        Papa. *(GEPPETTO grunts in his sleep. PINOCCHIO kicks one foot, likes it, and kicks the other.)* Papa! Look! *(PINOCCHIO kicks both feet and falls off the bench to the floor with a crash.)* Papa !

*GEPPETTO quickly awakens as PINOCCHIO lies motionless on the floor downstage of the workbench. GEPPETTO quickly lights the lamp and cautiously gets out of bed.*

**GEPPETTO:**        Who is that? Huh? Who is that? Kitty? What was that? *(he reaches the bench and notices that the puppet is not there. )* Pinocchio. . . Pinocchio! Where did you go? *(he searches about the bench and as he moves downstage he sees PINOCCHIO on the floor. He sets the lamp down on bench and picks the puppet up to set it back in its place.)* Pinocchio! What are you doing down there, huh? You stay up on the bench where you Papa puts you, hear?

**PINOCCHIO:**        Si, Papa.

**GEPPETTO:**        *(turning to go back to bed)* That's better. *(freezing in his tracks; looks back at motionless puppet, then shakes his head.)* Oh, Geppetto -,you must still be dreaming. Go back to bed. . .

**PINOCCHIO:**           *(suddenly standing)* Well, Papa - how was work today? *(GEPETTO looks at puppet then recoils in terror, squeaking and mumbling in fear)* The Blue Fairy said, "Pinocchio, wake up!" And she said, someday, I'll be a real boy. Is it true, Papa? Papa! Look!

**GEPETTO:**           *(rushing from stage left)* What is it? *(As he passes in front of PINOCCHIO, PINOCCHIO stretches out his leg to trip GEPETTO. GEPETTO sprawls on the floor as PINOCCHIO laughs and applauds himself)* Ouch! Pinocchio! Pinocchio, that not a good trick. That Is a bad trick! *(PINOCCHIO'S laughter turns into a yawn. GEPETTO stares at PINOCCHIO. )* Geppetto, I'm asking you, what have you made? What have you made?

**PINOCCHIO:**           Papa? What will I do?

**GEPETTO:**           *(going to PINOCCHIO)* The first thing you gonna do, Pinocchio, is lie down and go to bed. *(he helps PINOCCHIO back up onto the bench)* My little wood-head. . . *(he embraces PINOCCHIO for a moment. He takes a paint cloth for a blanket and tucks it around PINOCCHIO as he wipes away a tear. )* And . . . and tomorrow you can go to school, just like the other boys, and learn your "ABC's" real good, and be a real good son to your old Papa. *(taking the lamp from the bench)* Goodnight. Pinocchio.

**PINOCCHIO:**           Goodnight, Papa.

**GEPETTO:**           *(turning toward his cot)* Papa ! *(He blows out the lamp. blackout.)*

#### **ACT 1, Scene 4**

Lights rise on Geppetto's workshop. A rainy morning. PINOCCHIO is alone, dressed in a little apron, sweeping the floor as he recites his "ABCs." PINOCCHIO stops his sweeping, looks about to see that he is alone, then up-ends the broom and tries to balance it on the end of his finger. After several balances, wobbles, and falls, the broom falls against the mantel, knocking the clock to the floor with a crash and release of springs.

**GEPETTO**           *(off stage)* Pinocchio! I'm home!

PINOCCHIO looks at the broken clock in dismay then fervently resumes sweeping the floor. GEPPETTO enters, clutching a small package; he is wet and shivering without his overcoat.

PINOCCHIO       *(rushing over to GEPPETTO)* Papa! Papa! What comes after "H", Papa?

GEPPETTO         "I" comes after "H", you know that! But look, Pinocchio - you gonna learn your ABC's real good from now on. Look - a brand new spelling book!

PINOCCHIO       *(hugging him)* Oh, Papa! Now I can go to school just like all the other boys!

GEPPETTO         Sure you can, Pinocchio! to school! *(they dance happily for a moment)*  
But, hey - Pinocchio - you ain't gonna go to school with an apron on, are you?

PINOCCHIO removes his apron and sets it on the bench.

PINOCCHIO       Papa, where is your coat? It's cold and rainy outside.

GEPPETTO         Oh, I don't know. . . it was, uh. . . too hot. But don't worry about that, Pinocchio. It must be time for you to go to school, huh? Hey - what time is it, Pinocchio?

PINOCCHIO       *(suddenly hanging his head in shame)* I don't know.

GEPPETTO         *(thinking he's embarrassed due to ignorance)* Oh, that's all right, Pinocchio. I teach you to tell time. . .

GEPPETTO turns toward the mantel and sees no clock. He looks at the floor, crouches, and picks up shattered pieces of the clock.

GEPPETTO         Oh-oh. My old clock don't look too happy.*(slight pause as GEPPETTO looks at PINOCCHIO, waiting for an explanation. PINOCCHIO offers none)* Do you think Kitty might have broke the clock, Pinocchio?

PINOCCHIO *(a thought)* Kitty? Kitty might have. Maybe Kitty was playing and the clock fell down and broke, or . . . *(PINOCCHIO suddenly stops and taps his nose twice)*

GEPPETTO What's the matter, Pinocchio? You nose itch?

PINOCCHIO *(a slight pause)* You know what, Papa?

GEPPETTO No. What?

PINOCCHIO It wasn't Kitty who done it.

GEPPETTO Really?

PINOCCHIO It was me. I seen the other boys; sometimes they balance a stick, and I tried it, and I'm sorry, Papa. I wish I didn't.

GEPPETTO *(hugging PINOCCHIO)* Pinocchio - if this was my favorite clock, I don't care if it's broke. What is important is you didn't lie to me. You tell me the truth. You know, Pinocchio - lies, they just keep on growing. They ain't no good.*(the sound of schoolboys yelling in the street outside)* But listen, the others boys is already on their way to school. You go too, eh? Arrivederci.

PINOCCHIO *(starting off)* Goodbye, Papa !

GEPPETTO Oh, Pinocchio - when you come home tonight, I'll have a nice surprise for you.

PINOCCHIO *(waving)* Arrivederci!

GEPPETTO Ciao! *(suddenly seeing spelling book on work-bench)* Pinocchio! You forgot your spelling book!

*PINOCCHIO runs back, takes the book, and hugs GEPPETTO.*

PINOCCHIO I love you, Papa!

GEPPETTO Ciao! *(PINOCCHIO runs out. GEPPETTO sighs and turns proudly to audience)* That's Pinocchio. I made him. He's my son!

Music in. Workshop shifts out and GEPETTO exits.

**ACT 1, Scene 5**

COACHMAN        So, Lampwick, I'll be back here one week from today. And I'll meet you at the Inn of the Red Lobster.

LAMPWICK        Sure, The Inn of the Red Lobster.

COACHMAN        And Lampwick - for every boy you bring me, I'll give you a single gold piece, eh? Lampwick - I got a whole bag of gold pieces, eh?

LAMPWICK        Sure.

COACHMAN        Arrivederci.

LAMPWICK        (exiting stage right) Ciao. . . Papa.

COACHMAN        (with a chuckle, exiting stage left) Ciao!

POLO and LORENZO exit upstage and PINOCCHIO appears at top of stairs stage right, alone, apprehensive, and excited. He stands for a moment, looking about. MIGUEL and SERGIO run past him toward center.

PINOCCHIO        (to boys) Buon giorno! (they pay no attention) Boys! Hello! (they pause for a moment and look at him) I'm going to school. (BOYS turn away and rush up to read the poster) Are you?

SIGNORA BONAVENTURA and LUCIA bustle past PINOCCHIO.

PINOCCHIO        Buon giorno.

BONAVENTURA    (without really looking) Buon giorno.

PINOCCHIO        Please, Signora, could you tell me the way to the school?

BONAVENTURA *(halting and cheerfully explaining)* Sure. You go down this street here, and you turn left at. . . *(she does a double take at PINOCCHIO)* All right, that's it! Lucia - we going to you grandmama's for a good long rest! *(dragging LUCIA quickly stage left and off)* A puppet is talking to me in a street! That's enough, that's all, I mean it, Lucia, we going to you grandmama's. . .

PINOCCHIO But Signora. . .

*PINOCCHIO stands alone for a moment. The rest of the BOYS rush on and past him, setting him spinning. They all converge on the poster with much talk and excited jabber. PINOCCHIO decides to try to see what they're all looking at but is buffeted about the edges of the crowd.*

GIOVANNI What does the sign say?

ALESSANDRO It says: "Pigacci's Puppet Teatro. A Big Show. Puppets, Marionettes From Every Land."

TOMASSO *(continuing)* "Stunts."

SERGIO "Tricks."

VITTORIO "And the Eating of Fire!"

*All BOYS gasp.*

LEONARDO "Come one. . . "

All BOYS "Come Everyone!"

ALESSANDRO Hey - whadda you say we skip school and see this, eh?

*BOYS all whoop in agreement and run past PINOCCHIO toward stage right and off. ALESSANDRO and little MASSEMO are the last ones to leave.*

MASSEMO *(tugging at ALESSANDRO)* But what about school?

ALESSANDRO I can go to school some other day. But you can go, Massemo, if you want to.

MASSEMO *(shaking his head emphatically)* Un-unh! Un-unh!

The BOYS exit.

PINOCCHIO, alone, moves up close to the poster and uses his spelling book in an attempt to read it. Enter FOX and CAT from downstage right.

CAT                    (noticing PINOCCHIO) Jean-Claude! There's a puppet reading a sign.

FOX                    (a glance as they move upstage and almost off) I know, Pigacci. I can see. I'm not blind. Now, don't interrupt. As I was. . . (FOX screeches to a halt, looks at PINOCCHIO, grabs CAT.) Pucci!

CAT                    What?

FOX                    There's a puppet reading a sign!

CAT                    I know, Jean-Claude; that's what I told you: I said, "There's a puppet. . ."

FOX                    (clapping his hand over CAT'S mouth) Pucci! Now, you listen to me. This is it. We gonna make lots of money with this one. So you shut up you face! (FOX, releasing CAT and strolling toward PINOCCHIO; sweetly) Buon giorno!

PINOCCHIO            (looking up from his book) Buon giorno.

CAT                    My mother in heaven! It talks!

FOX                    (after a quick angry glare at CAT) Please allow me to introduce my dear friend and companion along life's weary road: Puccinella.

CAT                    (a bow) Buon giorno.

FOX                    And my humble self, your humble servant, Jean-Claude Batiste.

PINOCCHIO            Please, Signor, can you tell me what this sign says because I don't know how to read but I'm going to school to learn how?

CAT                    *(moving closer to FOX and PINOCCHIO)* Ohh, Jean-Claude; ain't that sweet?

FOX                    *(a sneer at CAT)* Sign? What it says? Well, now. . . it's a very big sign, as you can see. And on it, I see the name of my dear friend: Signor Pigacci. *(to CAT)* You remember old Pigacci, now don't you, Pucci.

CAT                    No.

FOX                    No doubt you do, uh-huh, good! *(he pushes CAT down to the ground. Sweetly, to PINOCCHIO)* And on this sign it says: "Wanted: A Puppet That Can Walk and Talk But Doesn't Have No Strings. For Signor Pigacci's Big Puppet Teatro. Fame and Fortune Guaranteed!" So you see, little one, whadda you need to learn how to read for when you're gonna be rich; you're gonna be famous!

PINOCCHIO            What's "rich?"

FOX                    *(a second's silence, then forced laugh)* Ah-ha-ha-ha! *(to CAT)* He makes a little joke! *(to PINOCCHIO)* That was very clever! I beg your pardon,. I don't yet have the pleasure of' your name.

PINOCCHIO            Pinocchio.

FOX                    *(putting his arm around PINOCCHIO)* Well, then . . . Pinocchio. . . shall we go?

PINOCCHIO            Go? Where?

CAT                    Yeah, Jean-Claude, where we going? I'm hungry and I . . .

FOX                    *(releasing PINOCCHIO and grabbing CAT's nose)* Listen, whisker-lips. . . *(CAT reacts in pain as FOX turns back to PINOCCHIO)* Why, we're going to Pigacci's Big Puppet Teatro! Oh, Signor Pigacci, he just gonna love you! And by tonight, he'll put you in his show and then you'll be famous; everyone will know your name: "Pinocchio - The Famous Puppet!"

PINOCCHIO Oh, no! I can't. Papa sold his coat and bought this spelling book and I've gotta go to school!

FOX Just think of how proud your papa will be, Pinocchio!

PINOCCHIO *(starting to walk away from FOX)* Oh, I don't know. . .

FOX *(quickly blocking PINOCCHIO's path)* Pinocchio - with the money you make, you could buy your papa two new coats.

PINOCCHIO New coats?

CAT With the money you make, you could buy your papa ten new coats! *(a glare from FOX; CAT quickly corrects herself)* Four new coats!

FOX So, then - we are agreed, yes? *(gesturing for CAT to take PINOCCHIO's right arm)* Pucci?

CAT Mmmmyeeesss! Agreed!

FOX *(offering his arm to PINOCCHIO)* Pinocchio?

PINOCCHIO Well, maybe. . .

FOX *(quickly)* Good. Let's go!

*Arm in arm the three promenade about the street and head offstage right. CAT lags behind, spying a rope along the proscenium wall.*

CAT Mmmm - curious!

*CAT picks rope up and tugs. Show curtain falls rapidly as CAT rushes offstage.*

## ACT 1, Scene 6

The moment the show curtain touches the floor, three BOYS scurry out from beneath it, followed by a giant of a man with a long, black beard: PIGACCI. PIGACCI chases the frightened BOYS with a slap-stick.

PIGACCI            Hey, you! Get outta here! Two hunnert lire or you don't see nothin', you got that in you dumb heads?! Go on!

He slaps one last little BOY with slap-stick and BOY rushes off. Pigacci turns away and suddenly notices the audience waiting for the puppet show to begin. He stands very awkwardly, hiding the slap-stick behind his back.

PIGACCI            Ha, ha. Boys. Ha, ha. *(an urgent growl upstage.)* Hey, Lampwick! Shut up back there, eh? *(with a false smile, to audience)* So, anyways. . . ladies and gentlemen, gentlemen and ladies, and all you little bambini with you little feets and you little shoes on. . . Hello! This is Pigacci, and this is a big show! We got for you puppets. . . *(he imitates a hand puppet talking with one hand, first in falsetto)* Hello. *(then a deep bass)* Goodbye. *(resuming his normal voice)* We got for you marionettes. . . *(he hangs his arms and legs in the angular stance of a marionette. Falsetto again)* Harlequino! *(normal again)* We got. . . we got for you all kinds of things! And me, Pigacci, I run the whole show! How do you like that for special, eh? So, anyways, get ready in you seats. Maestro, get ready. . . *(orchestra begins to tune up. PIGACCI calls upstage through curtain)* Lampwick! Get ready back there! *(with a grand gesture to audience)* We gonna begin.... now!

Music. Show curtain rises to reveal the puppet theatre from backstage. LAMPWICK is on a high wooden platform above the puppet stage, operating a marionette; PIGACCI quickly climbs the ladder to join him. We can see the puppet theatre audience upstage, watching. The marionette show is a simple, classic commedia tale: Harlequino, Columbina, Pantelone. Above the music and laughter and applause from the audience we hear bits of dialogue delivered by LAMPWICK and PIGACCI.

LAMPWICK        *(as Harlequino)* Columbina! Come here quick!

PIGACCI            *(as Columbina)* Don't touch me! Don't touch me!

LAMPWICK        Kiss me on the cheek!

PIGACCI Don't tell my Papa.

LAMPWICK Marry me!

PIGACCI *(as Pantelone)* What? Is that you with my daughter? *(as Columbina)* Quick! Hit him with you stick! *(as Pantelone)* Ouch! Don't! *(as Columbina)* Hit him with your stick! *(as Pantelone)* Ouch! Don't!

LAMPWICK *(as Harlequino)* Kiss, kiss, kiss!

PIGACCI *(as Pantelone)* Help, help, help!

LAMPWICK *(as Harlequino)* Love, love, love!

*Music swells and marionettes bow to applause and a few coins tossed. up on the stage. Puppet stage curtain drops and marionettes collapse in a heap on the stage as LAMPWICK and PIGACCI drop the strings.*

PIGACCI *(descending the ladder)* All right, Lampwick - you go out there and pick up the money. I'm going over here to sit down and rest.

*LAMPWICK exits upstage and PIGACCI sits at table stage right.*

*FOX and CAT appear from the shadows stage left, followed by PINOCCHIO who has a black cloth draped over him. PIGACCI slumps, exhausted and drinks from a bottle, but when he sees FOX and CAT he quickly stands.*

PIGACCI Oh, no! Not you two again! No, no - no more money; that's it!

FOX It was a marvelous show, Pigacci, oh, simply marvelous!

PIGACCI *(after a moment of puzzled silence)* You liked it?

CAT We loved it, Pigacci - simply loved it!

PIGACCI *(a smile of pride)* So you liked it, huh?

CAT Loved it. Of course, there were some things. . .

FOX *(Obviously rehearsed)* Pucci! Don't you dare!

PIGACCI                   What? Now, now - what was you gonna say?

CAT                        Nothing. It was a marvelous show. Simply marvelous.

FOX                       *(nodding his head)* Marvelous *(after a slight pause)* What Pucci is trying to say is. . .

CAT                        Don't, Jean-Claude; it's not important.

PIGACCI                   *(losing his patience)* What! What!

FOX                        Oh, nothing.

CAT                        What you need is something new, Pigacci. Something fresh . . .

FOX                        Puppets on strings, Pigacci; now that's sweet, but. . .

CAT                        *(shaking his head)* Same old thing.

FOX                        *(in agreement)* Same . .old. . . thing.

PIGACCI                   *(menacingly)* Whadda you mean, "same old thing?!"

LAMPWICK re-enters from puppet stage.

FOX                        It's got no. . . class, Pigacci.

CAT                        *(shaking his head)* No class!

PIGACCI                   “Class?” Say, listen. . . *(he walks in a friendly way to FOX and CAT and puts his arms around them)* I'll give you some “class”... *(roughly picking them up by their lapels)* . . . right on you nose! Hey, Lampwick! Come here! We gonna take care of two real “classy” people!

FOX                        *(squeaking rapidly)* No! Wait, wait, wait! What if you had a puppet that could walk and talk but didn't have no strings?

PIGACCI "No strings?!" Well, what if I had a fox and a cat without no tails, huh?

LAMPWICK steps forward with a small knife and waves it threateningly. PINOCCHIO, still draped by cloth, walks downstage center toward them.

Pinocchio Please, Signor Pigacci! These are my friends; they gonna make me rich!

Pigacci *(dropping FOX and CAT)* What's this?

PIGACCI steps up to PINOCCHIO, removes the cloth.

PINOCCHIO *(offering his hand)* Pleased to meet you.

PIGACCI *(grabbing LAMPWICK for protection, stepping away)* My mother in heaven - it talks!

FOX & CAT *(in unison; haughty)* And it walks, too!

FOX Well, Pigacci, we can see that you ain't interested.

CAT Got no class.

FOX No class! *(Taking PINOCCHIO gently by the arm and heading stage left)* Come along, Pinocchio. We'll find someone who can appreciate your talents.

CAT throws cloth over PINOCCHIO's head and the three begin to exit.

PIGACCI Wait a minute, wait a minute! Come on back here. How much do want for this here thing?

FOX *(a gasp)* "Want?"

CAT *(a gasp)* "Want!"

FOX Pinocchio! Pucci! I think we're being insulted! Let's go.

PIGACCI *(just as they reach exit)* Listen! I'll give you six gold pieces; that's it!

CAT Ten !

PIGACCI Eight!

FOX Twelve!

PIGACCI Sold!

LAMPWICK tosses coin bag to PIGACCI, who tosses it to FOX.

FOX *(quickly)* Arriverderci, Pinocchio. *(pushing CAT quickly out; to PIGACCI)* Pucci loved the show. . .

PIGACCI Out, out, out, out!

FOX and CAT are gone. PIGACCI goes to PINOCCHIO, picks him up, carries him stage right and sets him up on the table.

PIGACCI Well, Lampwick, let's see what we bought here. *(he pulls the cloth off PINOCCHIO)* All right, Pinocchio - watch this. *(PIGACCI swings his arms like a marionette; PINOCCHIO imitates)* Hey, that's pretty good, little one! *(PIGACCI gives PINOCCHIO a little pat on the cheek; PINOCCHIO imitates with a rough slap to PIGACCI's cheek.)* Hey! *(PIGACCI curbs his anger. A chuckle.)* I'm gonna teach you lots of things, just listen to me. You gonna be in-the show - tonight! You gonna be a big star! Now listen to me: my name is Pigacci. Now say that: "Pigacci."

PINOCCHIO *(intentionally mispronouncing)* Pig-a-ggi.

PIGACCI NO, no, no, no! That Is "Pigacci, " eh? "acci, acci, acci!"

PINOCCHIO God bless you.

LAMPWICK and PINOCCHIO laugh.

PIGACCI *(a growl)* You some sort of smart one, or something? Now say it: Pigacci! Pigacci!

PINOCCHIO and LAMPWICK join PIGACCI in the chant. Music in.

ALL                      Pigacci! Pigacci! Pigacci! Pigacci!

Music grows louder as chant continues and light fade. Show curtain quickly falls.

### ACT 1, Scene 7

The music continues but the chanted "Pigacci" becomes a crowd chant of "Pinocchio! Pinocchio!" Show curtain rises up and down repeatedly as we see PINOCCHIO, in a grand brocaded costume and plumed hat, bowing to puppet theatre audience chanting, applauding, and showering the stage with gold coins.

The action freezes and music strikes a single chord as we hear GEPETTO in the distance, with a plaintive call: "Pinocchio! Pinocchio!" Music and action resumes and the show curtain remains up as puppet stage curtain drops. PINOCCHIO turns and swaggers down from the stage as LAMPWICK gets up from the table to gather the coins.

PINOCCHIO            (arrogantly) Well, Lampwick, old boy - how did I do today?  
(PINOCCHIO pokes LAMPWICK in the stomach)

LAMPWICK            Listen, Sticks - you don't talk to me like that, you understand?  
(LAMPWICK shoves PINOCCHIO back)

PINOCCHIO            Well, why shouldn't I? You ain't nobody! Nobody comes here to see you. They come here to see me. I'm the one!

LAMPWICK            Oh, yeah? Well, one of these days, Pinocchio, you gonna be real sorry!

LAMPWICK exits upstage. PINOCCHIO watches him exit, pretending not to care about the warning. An intense blue light suddenly fills the backstage area of the puppet theatre.

BLUE FAIRY            Well, Pinocchio – "old boy" - what did you learn in school today?

PINOCCHIO            (startled; looking about) School? But I don't go to school. . .

BLUE FAIRY Do you still remember your Papa, Pinocchio? Do you still remember Geppetto?

PINOCCHIO Of course I do!

BLUE FAIRY Now do you know who I am?

PINOCCHIO *(with guilt)* The Blue Fairy.

BLUE FAIRY Why didn't you obey your Papa, Pinocchio? Why didn't you go to school?

PINOCCHIO *(thinking fast)* Papa said. . . he said. . . "Pinocchio, you can go to school, but first get rich and famous!" Cause. . . cause he wanted a new coat. . . that's what he told me.

To PINOCCHIO's great astonishment, his nose grows several inches in length.

BLUE FAIRY Your Papa wanted you to come here?

PINOCCHIO *(panicked; feeling his nose)* Yes! Yes, he did! He said, "If you don't get rich, you're gonna be sorry." He really did! *(PINOCCHIO's nose grows longer still)*

BLUE FAIRY Pinocchio! If you are honest. . .

PINOCCHIO I am honest!

BLUE FAIRY . . . and if you work hard, and love your Papa...

PINOCCHIO Papa!

BLUE FAIRY ...Pinocchio, the puppet, will die. And Pinocchio, the real boy, will be born.

PINOCCHIO But I do love my Papa!

BLUE FAIRY Do you Pinocchio? Geppetto is looking for you right now. . . looking everywhere. When you didn't come home, you broke his heart. You broke his heart, Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO I didn't mean it! I didn't mean it! And you know what? Geppetto never told me to come here; I just came. And now I'm sorry and I'll go home to my Papa right now. I promise. But my nose. . . my nose...

PINOCCHIO's nose suddenly shrinks back to its normal length.

BLUE FAIRY Remember, Pinocchio. You have one more chance to prove yourself. Goodbye, Pinocchio. Goodbye.

PINOCCHIO *(calling)* I promise! I promise! *(the sound of a drunken PIGACCI, laughing offstage)* I gotta go home to my Papa!

PINOCCHIO exits stage left.

PIGACCI appears from stage right and stumbles to the table. He has a bottle and pours liquor into two glasses.

PIGACCI *(calling to wherever PINOCCHIO might be)* Ah, Pinocchio, old boy - you're getting better every day! The people, they love you! We gonna make lots of money together; you and me. *(a toast)* Here's to you and me, Pinocchio! *(PIGACCI empties one glass in a single swallow. He takes the other glass. )* Here's to our success - yours and mine! *(PIGACCI empties that as well)*

PINOCCHIO *(in regular dress, a knapsack on a stick over his shoulder)* I'm leaving, Signor Pigacci. Ciao.

PIGACCI *(rising suddenly)* "Leaving?! Ciao?!" What are you talking?

PINOCCHIO *(heading stage left)* I'm going home to my Papa. I promised.

PIGACCI *(rushing over and grabbing PINOCCHIO)* Papa, Shmapa! You gonna stay right here! Nobody leaves Pigacci! *(calling over his shoulder)* Hey, Lampwick - get in here! *(dragging PINOCCHIO over to table and picking up a piece of wood from a basket.)* Hey little one - see this here little piece of wood? It used to be a little puppet.

PIGACCI breaks the piece of wood over his knee with a monstrous roar, followed by a maniacal laugh. LAMPWICK enters.

PIGACCI           What took you so long, dumb one? (PIGACCI slaps LAMPWICK)  
The puppet here wants to go home to his Papa. (PIGACCI laughs  
and hands LAMPWICK a coil of rope) Well, you tie him up good and  
tight! Nobody leaves Pigacci!

LAMPWICK drags PINOCCHIO to ladder stage left and ties him up as PIGACCI sits down  
again and resumes drinking from the bottle.

PINOCCHIO       Please, Lampwick, don't! I want to go home to my Papa! I want to  
start all over!

LAMPWICK       (striking PINOCCHIO across the face) Aw, shut up, Pinocchio!

PIGACCI         (reaching affectionately for LAMPWICK) See? Little Lampwick knows  
what's good for him, eh?

LAMPWICK       (walking over to PIGACCI) Sure, sure. . .

PIGACCI         (violently hurling LAMPWICK over the table) He knows he wouldn't  
get no place without Pigacci! Ain't that right?!

PIGACCI releases LAMPWICK who holds his arm in pain and withdraws upstage center.  
PIGACCI takes another long swig from the bottle and begins to swoon.

PIGACCI         Ain't gonna get no place. . . without. . . Pigacci. . . (PIGACCI's head  
falls to the table in a drunken stupor)

LAMPWICK       (muttering) Why, you miserable. . .

PINOCCHIO       (pitifully) Please, Lampwick. I want to go home.

LAMPWICK urgently signals for silence by pressing his finger to his lips, then quickly unties  
PINOCCHIO.

LAMPWICK       Shut up, Pinocchio; I wouldn't care if you was fire-wood. (over his  
shoulder, to PIGACCI) "Nobody leaves Pigacci," huh? We'll see  
about that.

PINOCCHIO (not understanding) Lampwick! What. . .

LAMPWICK (a fierce whisper) Shut up, Sticks!

PINOCCHIO is free. LAMPWICK silently motions for him to get up on the puppet stage. As PINOCCHIO does so, LAMPWICK sneaks over to the sleeping PIGACCI and carefully ties one end of the rope to PIGACCI's leg and the other end to the leg of the table. When the task is completed, LAMPWICK stands and gives PIGACCI a kick.

LAMPWICK Hey! Pigacci! Wake up!

PIGACCI (semi-conscious) Wha. . .? Oh, shut up and let me sleep!

LAMPWICK (a loud command) Hey! I said get up off you face, meat-head!

Another kick, and PIGACCI quickly awakens with anger.

PIGACCI Whadda you say to me?!

LAMPWICK I said, you face needs a rest, O Great Thick One!

Another kick.

PIGACCI (rising; roaring) I'll get you...

Lampwick (running quickly upstage, grabbing PINOCCHIO) Quick, Pinocchio!

PIGACCI reaches the end of the rope and falls to the floor with a scream of rage as LAMPWICK and PINOCCHIO escape beneath the curtain of the puppet stage. Lights quickly fade and show curtain falls.

## **ACT 1, Scene 8**

Dim light rises in front of show curtain. Music. Thunder and wind. LAMPWICK and PINOCCHIO scramble out from beneath the curtain.

LAMPWICK Quick, Pinocchio - this way!

PINOCCHIO No, Lampwick! I can't! I gotta go home to my Papa! I promised!

LAMPWICK You come with me and I 'm telling you, you'll have a real good time!

PINOCCHIO Come where?

LAMPWICK To the Inn of the Red Lobster. It's all set up already, Pinocchio. There's a man there; he's waiting for me and he'll take us for a ride, Pinocchio - to a magic island!

PINOCCHIO But, Lampwick. . . I promised!

*A stooped old WOMAN in a blue shawl, pushing a wheelbarrow, appears and slowly moves across the stage.*

LAMPWICK Oh. So maybe you don't think I ever did you no favors, is that it?

PINOCCHIO Oh, no, Lampwick! You're my best friend!

LAMPWICK Aw, you don't have to say nothing like that. So long, Sticks!

*LAMPWICK exits stage right. PINOCCHIO is left alone, torn with decision. He see WOMAN approaching from stage left toward him and is frightened.*

PINOCCHIO *(running after LAMPWICK)* Wait, Lampwick! Wait for me!

*PINOCCHIO exits. After a moment, GEPPETTO appears from stage left, carrying a lantern.*

GEPPETTO *(calling over the thunder and wind)* Pinocchio! Pinocchio! *(rushing to WOMAN)* Paroni, Signora. Have you seen my little boy? His name is Pinocchio. He must be lost, because he never came back. *(the WOMAN silently continues on her way)* Signora? *(GEPPETTO turns and exits the way he entered)* Pinocchio! Pinocchio!

*Lights fade to blackout.*

## ACT 1, Scene 9

Show curtain rises and lights reveal the Inn of the Red Lobster. A single booth sits center. INNKEEPER wiping off the table. From upstage appear FOX, CAT, and the COACHMAN.

COACHMAN        (to INNKEEPER) A table for me and my new . . . associates.  
Quickly!

INNKEEPER        Immediately, Signor. Will this do?

INNKEEPER gestures to booth before them. COACHMAN waves INNKEEPER away. COACHMAN, FOX, and CAT all look under table for spies and then stand upright again.

COACHMAN        Sit down.

They sit. FOX and CAT are extremely nervous. FOX swaggeringly tosses a little bag of gold onto the table. COACHMAN sets a bag twelve times larger on the table.

COACHMAN        Good, now we can talk business, eh? Signore – my business is... joy!  
Joy and happiness for little ones! Ain't that sweet?

CAT                That is so sweet! Ain't that sweet, Jean-Claude?

FOX                Sweet. . .

COACHMAN        Shut up and listen! (FOX and CAT freeze, nervously) There is an  
island, not far offshore. . . my island. . . Paradise Island! A little bit  
of heaven-on-earth for little boys! (lowering his voice) We ride to the  
harbor tonight. For every boy you bring me, I'll give you twenty  
pieces of gold, and when they get there. . . .

COACHMAN draws FOX and CAT very near to him and mutters. FOX and CAT put their hands over their ears and scream.

CAT                Meeeeeeooooowwww!

FOX                (hoarse whisper) No. . . . No... !

COACHMAN        (a sinister laugh) The skin of a donkey brings a good price, don't you  
think? (another sinister laugh)

PINOCCHIO           *(suddenly appearing behind COACHMAN with LAMPWICK)* Hello.

COACHMAN, FOX, CAT are silent; stunned. PINOCCHIO sits beside FOX.

PINOCCHIO           I didn't think I'd ever see you again. Or anybody. You know what?

FOX                   No. What?

PINOCCHIO           That Signor Pigacci - he's a bad man!

FOX & CAT           *(feigned astonishment)* Noooo !

PINOCCHIO           But my friend Lampwick, he helped me to get away. And now I'm going home to my Papa.

COACHMAN has been examining PINOCCHIO incredulously, then turns to LAMPWICK.

COACHMAN           Well, Lampwick - we meet again, eh? You're just in time! And you brought a little friend. . . just like you said you would.  
*(COACHMAN covertly passes a small bag of gold to LAMPWICK.) (To PINOCCHIO)* Well my little friend, what is your name?

PINOCCHIO           Pinocchio. What's yours?

COACHMAN           *(clears his throat)* Ah. . . umm. . . well, to tell the truth. . . my little friends usually just call me "Papa." *(a loud command toward offstage)* Innkeep! Bring these boys something good and sweet and lots of it!

FOX                   *(ingratiatingly)* We discovered Pinocchio - Pucci and I.

CAT                   It was us who found him.

COACHMAN           Pucci, Jean-Claude - perhaps you would be good enough to give your seats to my young friends! They must be weary.

FOX and CAT scramble to their feet and move behind the benches.

FOX                   *(fussing over PINOCCHIO)* Oh, of course! Silly not to think of it. Sorry. There you go. Comfortable?

COACHMAN *(undertone to FOX, as LAMPWICK and PINOCCHIO situate themselves)* Shut up! *(to PINOCCHIO)* So, Pinocchio - you look like a bright one. A shame, though, that you. . . well, you are only a . . . forgive me. . . a puppet, eh?

PINOCCHIO But I am gonna be a real boy. Soon! The Blue Fairy said. . .

COACHMAN *(interrupting)* The Blue. . . what?

PINOCCHIO The Blue Fairy.

COACHMAN *(humoring him)* Well, Pinocchio... all right... what did she say?

PINOCCHIO She said if I work hard and go to school and. . .

COACHMAN "School" huh? Well, you do what you like, but. . . but I wonder how much this, uh, little "Fairy" of yours knows about real boys. *(with a friendly glance at LAMPWICK)* Eh? Your good friend here, Candlestick - he's a real boy; I'll bet he knows all about school, don't you, my boy?

LAMPWICK Sure. Sure, It's no good.

FOX & CAT *(adding their two-cents' worth)* No good. Un-unh. It's no good.

COACHMAN But, whatever little Pinocchio wants. . . of course, he's only a puppet... *(FOX, CAT, and LAMPWICK laugh in agreement. COACHMAN puts an arm around PINOCCHIO)* Oh, Pinocchio. Ohhh. Well, I do hope you'll call me "Papa". . .

PINOCCHIO But you ain't my papa!

COACHMAN *(not hearing PINOCCHIO's protest)* I just happen to be taking a whole lot of little boys tonight to a place where boys. . . *(a thought)* . . . a place where puppets who wasn't real boys turn into real boys, just like that! No work, no school. . .

LAMPWICK *(excited)* No school?! Where is it?

COACHMAN           Where is it? Oh, Dampwick, Dampwick, Dampwick - it's an island!  
A lovely little island! And it's called. . . it's called. . . "The Island of...  
Real Boy!" You'd like to be a real boy, wouldn't you, Pinocchio?

PINOCCHIO           Oh, yes! Yes, I would!

COACHMAN           But you have to make up your mind right now if you want to come  
with me. Because my coach is just full of boys, just waiting to leave  
for the harbor. And we leave now! Tonight!

LAMPWICK           *(standing)* I'll go!

COACHMAN           And you, Pinocchio?

PINOCCHIO           *(after a brief pause)* Papa said, "Work - it's a good thing."

LAMPWICK           *(scoffing)* Huh - you think so?

COACHMAN           And right you are, Pinocchio, right you are! Goodbye! Work hard!  
Come on, Lampwick.

COACHMAN pushes LAMPWICK downstage and out of booth; he places a fatherly arm  
around LAMPWICK'S shoulder and gestures hypnotically as he speaks, exhorting LAMPWICK  
to imagine the Utopia ahead.

COACHMAN           We've got a ride ahead of us. . . twenty little donkeys will take us to  
the sea... a ferry-ride in the darkness... and then... joy, Lampwick!  
My business is joy! *(shoving a cigar into LAMPWICK's mouth)* Have a  
cigar. *(FOX and CAT have cautiously crept downstage behind  
COACHMAN, hoping to get in on some of the action,)* Pucci. Jean-  
Claude. We won't be needing your services after all. Goodbye. *(to  
LAMPWICK again)* Happiness. . .good times, Lampwick! *(suddenly  
turning back and seeing PINOCCHIO sitting, watching)* Oh, I forgot. . .  
*(with great mock sorrow)* . . our little friend Pinocchio won't be  
coming with us. Too bad. *(starting offstage left with LAMPWICK)*  
Goodbye, then; goodbye! Come along, Lampwick!

PINOCCHIO           Wait!

COACHMAN and LAMPWICK freeze and slowly turn to PINOCCHIO.

PINOCCHIO I want to go with you. . . to the coach. I'll say goodbye there.

COACHMAN Is that all right with you, Lampwick?

LAMPWICK Well. . .

PINOCCHIO I really do want to go! And then I'll go straight home.

COACHMAN stands silent for a moment, then spreads his caped arms wide to PINOCCHIO with a sinister grin.

COACHMAN Ohhhh, Pinocchio...! (*PINOCCHIO rushes to COACHMAN, who lifts him up onto his shoulder.*) And you will call me "Papa," won't you?

Music. COACHMAN, PINOCCHIO, and LAMPWICK quickly sweep offstage left. CAT and FOX remain, sitting down dejectedly at the table. Blackout.

### **ACT 1, Scene 10**

Dim light rises on a fog-shrouded coach; BOYS hanging, scrambling and running on and around it. LAMPWICK, COACHMAN, and PINOCCHIO run onstage from left. COACHMAN sets PINOCCHIO down and moves upstage to check on the donkey team which, through the darkness and fog, we hear braying. BOYS greet LAMPWICK and look with derision at PINOCCHIO.

LUIGI Hey, everybody! Look at this one - it's made of wood!

LAMPWICK (*snickering*) Yeah, it's a puppet and it thinks it's a boy! (*chorus of laughter from BOYS*)

PINOCCHIO (*nervously, to one of the BOYS*) Hello. What's your name?

BOYS (*in unison, mocking falsetto*) "What's your name?"

COACHMAN (*herding BOYS up onto coach*) Silenzio, boys! Silence! The donkeys are harnessed; the coach is ready. Paradise Island awaits! Come on, boys; let's go!

PINOCCHIO            Lampwick! Wait!

LAMPWICK            Whadda you want now, Pinocchio?

PINOCCHIO            *(slight pause)* Nothing. Goodbye, Lampwick.

LAMPWICK            *(turning to mount coach)* Yeah - goodbye, Sticks.

COACHMAN approaches PINOCCHIO.

COACHMAN            Pinocchio - the time has come for us to say "goodbye".  
*(COACHMAN reaches out his hand in farewell, but when PINOCCHIO reaches to shake it, COACHMAN withdraws it with a nasty laugh)*  
Goodbye! Hahahahahaha! *(with a flourish of his cape, COACHMAN turns away to mount the coach)*

PINOCCHIO            Wait!

COACHMAN            *(freezes)* "Wait" what?

PINOCCHIO            *(a slight pause)* Wait . . . Papa!

Music. With a sinister laugh COACHMAN leaps back down and runs to PINOCCHIO. He envelops PINOCCHIO in his cape and leads him through the fog in a stylized dance, drawing from within his cape various candies to tempt him. As PINOCCHIO reaches for each object of his desire, COACHMAN tosses them up to the BOYS on the coach. Finally, COACHMAN leaves PINOCCHIO and jumps onto the coach and to the front of it, which heads upstage right, grabs the reins, and the ride begins. Music crescendos and the coach bumps and sways through the fog, BOYS shouting, PINOCCHIO running behind. Running with all his might, PINOCCHIO finally catches up to the coach and LAMPWICK reaches down from the back of the coach, grabs PINOCCHIO's arms, and pulls him on board.

Thunder, lightning, donkeys screaming, BOYS shouting, COACHMAN laughing, and fog swirling and music rises to a frenzied rhythm and show curtain quickly descends.

Intermission.