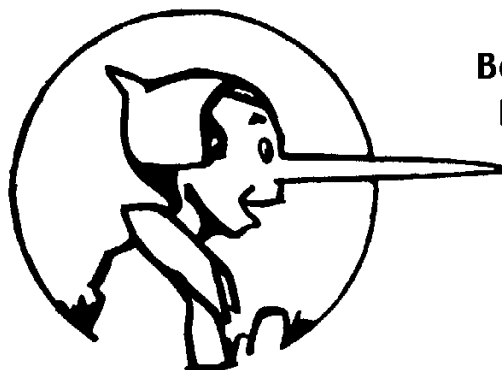


PERUSAL SCRIPT

PINOCHIO!



Book and Lyrics by
Max C. Golightly

Music by
Neil K. Newell



Newport, Maine

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PINOCCHIO!

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In Order Of Appearance)
15M 8W + chorus and dancers

GEPETTO—a kind old woodcarver and craftsman
PINOCCHIO—a marionette created by Gepetto; wants to be a real boy
ELIXR—Gepetto's cat; loves people
CRICKET'S VOICE*
CARPENTER*—singing role only
BAKER'S WIFE*—singing role only
LABOURER*—singing role only
BRICKLAYER*—singing role only
1ST CARABINARE*—a funny policeman who likes to do his duty
2ND CARABINARE*—an unfunny policeman who resists being funny
LAMPWICK—Pinocchio's "friend" who turns into a donkey
ANOTHER BOY*—Lampwick's friend
HARLEQUIN*—another marionette; Pinocchio's friend
PULCINELLA*—a female marionette; Harlequin's friend
FIREATER*—the director of the Marionette Theatre
THE FOX—Sir Lottawaggle-Duke of Foxiepoint; low-brow rascal
THE CAT—Madam Crankitup-Duchess al La Creme-of-Cheese of France; Fox's low-brow accomplice
ZEDDING*—owner of the Red Lobster Inn
ROSALIE—Gepetto's estranged **wife** who still loves him
MEDORA*—Azure's handmaid
LIVERYMAN*—Azure's shy houseman
AZURE—a beautiful Fairy who befriends Pinocchio
DR. OWL*—a doctor who thinks he's a dictionary
DR. CHING*—a doctor who can't make up his mind
DR. CROW*—a doctor who doesn't know anything practical
ROSALIE'S FATHER*—played by Dr. Crow
MRS. SNAIL*—Azure's funny friend who likes big words
VILLAGER*
VILLAGER'S WIFE*
MR. BOTICELLI*—a schoolmaster who likes to give awards
WAGONMASTER*—master of the Land Of Toys
MRS. DORMOUSE*—housekeeper in the Land Of Toys
Villagers, Marionettes, Children and others as desired.

*These parts are played by members of the ensemble and *may be double* cast as desired.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES AND MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

#1	Overture	Orchestra
<u>Scene One--Gepetto's Cottage</u>		
#2	I CAN TALK NOW	Pinocchio
#2a	Scene Change	Orchestra
<u>Scene Two--The Busy Bee Village</u>		
#3	THE BUSY BEE VILLAGE	Villagers and Pinocchio
<u>Scene Three--Gepetto's Cottage</u>		
#4	Underscore	Orchestra
#5	M-E-O-&-W	Pinocchio & Elixer
#6	I CAN TALK NOW (Reprise)	Pinocchio
#7	Scene Change	Orchestra
<u>Scene Four--Marionette Theatre</u>		
#8	ON WITH THE SHOW	Harlequin & Marionettes
#9	Sneeze Underscore	Orchestra
#9a	Scene Change and Underscore	Orchestra
<u>Scene Five--A Path In The Forest</u>		
#10	YOU CAN'T GET BY WITHOUT MONEY	Fox & Cat
#11a	Scene Change	Orchestra
<u>Scene Six--Red Lobster Inn</u>		
#11b	Underscore	Orchestra
#11c	Underscore	Orchestra
#11d	Underscore	Orchestra
#12	Assassins Underscore	Orchestra
<u>Scene Seven--Gepetto's Cottage</u>		
#13	WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MAY?	Gepetto & Rosalie
#13a	Azure's Entrance	Orchestra
<u>Scene Eight--Fairy Azure's Cottage</u>		
#14	MADAM!	Drs. Ching, Owl & Crow
#14a	Doctor's exit	Orchestra
#14b	Underscore	Orchestra
#14c	Underscore	Orchestra
<u>Scene Nine--Rosalie's Porch</u>		
#15	WHERE'S MY LITTLE BOY?	Rosalie

ACT TWO

#16	Opening Act II	Orchestra
<u>Scene One--Fairy Azure's Cottage</u>		
#17	JUST OPEN YOUR EYES	Azure, Rosalie & Pinocchio
#17a	Scene Change	Orchestra
<u>Scene Two--Limbo--A Sea Coast Scene Three--Azure's Cottage</u>		
#18	IT'S A PLAUSIBLE DAY!	Boticelli, Azure & Rosalie
#19	THE MAGICAL LAND OF TOYS	Lampwick & Pinocchio
#20	THE MAGICAL LAND OF TOYS (reprise)	Lampwick, Pinocchio & Children

Scene Five–Toyland

#20a LAND OF TOYS (US. and Reprise) Pinocchio and Children

Scene Six–Pinocchio's Bedroom

#21 WAITING Rosalie

Scene Seven–Interior Azure's Cottage

#22a Scene Change Orchestra

Scene Eight–The Whale

#22b WHERE'S MY LITTLE BOY? (reprise) Rosalie

#22c Underscore Orchestra

Scene Eight "B"–Path Leading to Home

#23 Scene Change Orchestra

Scene Nine–Azures Cottage (Christmas Ending) Scene Ten–Gepetto's Cottage

#24 I CAN TALK NOW (Reprise) Pinocchio

#25 IT'S CHRISTMASTIME Company

#26 CURTAIN CALL Company

Alternate Scene Nine–Azure's Cottage (Valentine Ending) Alternate Scene Ten–Gepetto's Cottage

#24a I CAN TALK NOW (reprise) Pinocchio

#25a MAKE VALENTINES Company

#26a CURTAIN CALL Company

The orchestrations available for rental include the following: electric bass, accordion, guitar, clarinet, piano, drums and celesta. Vocal Books and a Piano-Vocal Score are also available.

Arrangements and Orchestrations by Karen Null Coates

PINOCCHIO! A Musical Book and Lyrics by Max C. Golightly Music by Neil K. Newell 15M 8W + chorus and dancers. Unit set with wing and drop. 2 hrs. Italianate Costumes. **(Suitable for performance by large cast Community, University/College, High School and Youth Theatre)** Inside each of us is a child--a little frightened, a bit unsure, wanting very much to find somewhere, someone to love. This is the story of a bond between a lonely woodcarver and a little wooden marionette who wanted so much to be a real boy. Through this story we learn that dreams are necessary--that love and belief are keys that open the doors to happiness. A new and delightful adaptation of Collodi's classic. "A Broadway Quality Musical!" ORCHESTRATIONS AVAILABLE FOR RENTAL INCLUDE: Bass, Accordion, Guitar, Woodwinds(Clarinet, Alto Sax, Bass Clarinet), Piano/celeste, Drums.

ACT ONE

(SPATIAL SETTING WILL DO, WITH COSTUMES MASKS, PROPERTIES AS PART OF THE DECOR. LIGHTING EQUIPMENT IS VISIBLE, SCENERY IS PAINTED AND SHOULD NOT LOOK REALISTIC. RAMPS AND PLATFORMS OFFER VARIETY.)

MUSICAL # 1 – OVERTURE

SCENE ONE: GEPETTO'S COTTAGE EXTERIOR/INTERIOR – GEPETTO IS SEEN HURRYING TO HIS COTTAGE, BUT STOPS TO INFORM THE VILLAGERS WHO ARE ALSO HURRYING TO THEIR HOMES.

GEPETTO: I will soon be finished with my little marionett-a. He weel be a fine little boy, for he comes from an unusual fine log! When he ees-a finished, I will have you all come to my cottage and see him perform.

(ALL REACT, WISHING HIM WELL; GEPETTO ARRIVES HOME AS THE LIGHTS DIM. IN THE DARKNESS WE HEAR GEPETIO'S HAMMER AND AS THE LIGHTS COME UP AND WE SEE THE COTTAGE INTERIOR, ROUGH-HEWN FURNITURE; A FIREPLACE WITH BURNING LOGS AND A POT BOILING, ARE PAINTED ON THE BACK WALL. LIFESIZE TOYS ARE ALL ABOUT THE ROOM.)

(BUSILY AT WORK)

You almost-a marionett-a, my little hickory boy! Since-a my wife, Rosalie, left me, I have nobody to talk-a to, but now you can-a leesen to me. Ah! Aren't you something! Only a few more touches of the brush

(A FEW MORE STROKES.)

Ah, see there! I am almost-a finish!

(HE LIFTS PINOCCHIO UP TO TABLE IN A SITTING POSITION.)

There you are—at last!

(PINOCCHIO KICKS GEPETTO.)

Oooooowch! What did-a you do that for?

(PINOCCHIO KICKS HIM AGAIN.)

Aaaaaowwww! Again, you keek-a me? You mustn't do that, my little boy!

(TURNS HIM AROUND SO AUDIENCE CAN SEE HIM)

You must use-a your feet for walking, not for mischief or kicking your poor old-a father. You understand?

(PINOCCHIO LIFTS HIS ARMS AND OPENS HIS EYES WIDE, NODS HEAD VIGOROUSLY)

PINOCCHIO: I understand perfectly. Legs for... walking! Arms for moving. Tongue for talking!

GEPETTO: You talk! You speak beautiful Italiano.

PINOCCHIO: Of course I speak Italiano. I'm not an ordinary marionette!

(PINOCCHIO SLIDES DOWN OFF TABLE, STANDING PRECARIOUSLY)

GEPETTO: I can-a see that! You walk! You talk! Splendido!

PINOCCHIO; Splendido is right! You don't know how I've been looking forward to this—I can't wait to talk to everybody!

(PINOCCHIO BEGINS TO WALK, AT FIRST CAREFULLY, THEN MORE CONFIDENTLY)

MUSICAL #2 – I CAN TALK NOW!

PINOCCHIO:

I CAN TALK NOW! I CAN TALK NOW!

THERE ISN'T A WORD I CAN'T SAY.

I CAN EVEN WALK NOW,

I CAN WALK NOW!

THIS CERTAINLY HAS TO BE MY LUCKY DAY!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENING UP HERE IN MY HEAD,

COLORED PICTURES FROM DEEP DOWN INSIDE,

SOMETHING IS LOOSE IN MY MOUTH

THAT'S WHY IT'S OPEN SO WIDE

(HE CAN'T CLOSE IT)

Help! I can't close it!

I CAN LOOK NOW, TOUCH A BOOK NOW!

IT'S SO GREAT TO BE OUT AND ABOUT!

I CAN EVEN TURN NOW,

TURN AROUND NOW,

IT'S ALL I CAN DO NOT TO SHOUT!

GEPETTO: You can shout! Go ahead!

(PINOCCHIO DOES)

PINOCCHIO:

KICK! KICK! TAKE A STEP!

MEASURE OFF AND LOVE IT!

IT'S SUCH A WONDERFUL WORLD

RUNS TO WINDOW, LOOKS AT SUN

WITH A WONDERFUL BRIGHT THING ABOVE IT!

GEPETTO: That's the sun.

PINOCCHIO: I know! I know!

BEND DOWN! STRAIGHTEN UP!

TURN AROUND AND JUMP HIGH!

ITS' FUN JUST BEING ALIVE,

WITH SUCH WONDERFUL PEOPLE WHO GO BY!

(NOTICES ELIXIR)

GEPETTO: That's our cat, Elixir. That's the dog. A bird. Animals, Pinocchio. Those are our friends.

PINOCCHIO:

I CAN TALK NOW! I CAN TALK NOW!
ALL THAT I THINK, I CAN SAY.
AND YOU MADE IT HAPPEN,
YES, IT HAPPENED—
THIS CERTAINLY HAS TO BE MY LUCKY DAY.

(DANCE WITH ELIXIR AND GEPETTO)

IF A DAY'S SO INCREDIBLY RIGHT,

GEPETTO:

I CAN'T WAIT TILL IT GETS TO BE NIGHT,
JUST TO SEE THE STARS SHINING BRIGHT
AND READ BY A FLICKERING LIGHT!
TAP! TAP! DANCE AROUND,
EVERYTHING IS CHARMING!
NOW-A THEN, YOU'D BETTER CALM DOWN,
SUCH A PACE COULD BE VERY ALARMING.

PINOCCHIO:

I CAN WALK NOW!
I CAN TALK NOW!
ALL THAT I THINK,
I CAN SAY!
AND YOU MADE IT HAPPEN,
YES, IT HAPPENED!
THIS CERTAINLY HAS TO BE
MY LUCKY DAY!

GEPETTO:

HE CAN WALK NOW!
HE CAN TALK NOW!
ALL
HE CAN SAY!
AND IT HAPPENED,
YES, IT HAPPENED!
AHH!
LUCKY DAY

PINOCCHIO:

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED INSIDE OF MY HEAD,
COLORED PICTURES THAT GLOW DEEP INSIDE,
BUTTERFLIES FLOATING ABOUT
IN A FREEDOM PERCEPTIBLY WIDE!
I CAN WALK NOW! I CAN TALK NOW!
ALL THAT I THINK, I CAN SAY,
AND YOU MADE IT HAPPEN,
YES, IT HAPPENED.
TODAY—IS MY—LUCKY DAY!

(PINOCCHIO FALLS EXHAUSTED AND HAPPILY INTO GEPETTO'S ARMS.)

GEPETTO: That's-a good-a boy. I'm-a very happy! And-a tomorrow, to the school you can go, to learn how to do many other things.

PINOCCHIO: To school?

GEPETTO: You don't want-a to be a smart little Marionette?

PINOCCHIO: How smart?

GEPETTO: That's up-a to you.

PINOCCHIO: I'd rather be a smart little boy.

GEPETTO: Then tomorrow you go to the school-a, yes? That's a good! Now, I gotta find something to eat-a for you.

(GETS COAT, GOES TO DOOR)

I'm-a so happy, Pinocchio. Now I gotta boy of-a my own!

(GEPETTO LEAVES. PINOCCHIO WALKS AROUND ROOM, INSPECTING THINGS)

PINOCCHIO: *(TO ELIXR)* So your name's Elixir? You're not a very smart looking cat, are you? But I guess you'll do. Did you ever go to school? Of course not. And I'm not going, either.

CRICKET'S VOICE: Oh, oh, you promised. You promised.

PINOCCHIO: I didn't think cats could talk.

(INNOCENT LOOK FROM ELIXR)

CRICKET'S VOICE: That cat can't. She's a cat-cat. Cat-cats can't talk, sing, dance or sew buttons on shirts. They never went to school to learn how.

PINOCCHIO: *(SQUINTING UP AT A LIGHTED SPOT ON CHIMNEY)* Is that a Cricket up there, talking?

CRICKET: It's not my grandmother. You can't not go to school, you know. It isn't cricket.

(LAUGHS)

Only Simpletons don't go to school.

PINOCCHIO: You're just a cricket on a wall. I don't have to listen to you.

CRICKET: You'd be better off if you did. You're lucky I'm here to advise you.

PINOCCHIO: I don't want your advice. I'm going to pack my things and run *away*.

CRICKET: Pack your things?

(LAUGHING UPROARIOUSLY)

You don't have any things,

PINOCCHIO: Who asked you to tell me what I don't have?

CRICKET: There are so many things you haven't learned, Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO: I've had about enough of your advice.

(THROWS SOMETHING AT CRICKET)

CRICKET: Now, now, now! One of the things we have to learn is to control our tempers! And if you're thinking about running away, you'd better not go running away in your "altogether."

PINOCCHIO: *(PICKING UP A STICK OF WOOD)* That's the limit! How can such a small cricket have such a loud, screechy voice?

(THROWS WOOD, WATCHES CRICKET FALL TO THE FLOOR)

Ohhh, what have I done?

(ELIXR RUNS AND HIDES)

What will I tell my father? Now I really have to run away!

MUSICAL #2A – SCENE CHANGE

(PINOCCHIO RUNS OUT INTO STREET AS BUSY BEE VILLAGE SET APPEARS.)

SCENE TWO: THE BUSY BEE VILLAGE

PINOCCHIO: Oh, dear, I've only been walking and talking for a few hours and already life's becoming difficult. Just because I threw a log at a cricket I'm running on a street I don't know, trying to find a place I won't recognize.

(RUNS UP TO A VILLAGER)

Please sir, would you be so kind as to tell me where I am?

MUSICAL #3 – THE BUSY BEE VILLAGE

CARPENTER: You don't know where you are?

THIS IS THE BUSY BEE VILLAGE
AS BUSY AS IT CAN BE,
JUST LOOK AROUND
YOU'LL SEE THAT YOU'VE FOUND
TWENTY-FIVE PEOPLE AS BUSY AS ME.

(CARPENTER HURRIES OFF. VILLAGERS ARE HURRYING ABOUT. BEING BUSY.)

PINOCCHIO: More like forty people. Madam, could you tell me where I might get something to eat?

BAKER'S WIFE: Food, you say? Would a juicy roll do—a glass of milk?

PINOCCHIO: *(SWOONING)* Oooooohhhh! Scrumptious!

BAKER'S WIFE

THIS IS THE BUSY BEE VILLAGE
WHERE EVERYONE EARNS HIS KEEP,
COME WORK FOR ME
IN MY BAKERY,
YOU'LL HAVE A FINE MEAL
AND A PLACE TO SLEEP.

PINOCCHIO: But I don't want to work—in a bakery.

BAKER'S WIFE: Strange! You don't want to work?

(BAKER'S WIFE HURRIES OFF)

PINOCCHIO: Sir! Will you be so good as to give me a few pennies? I'm faint with hunger.

LABORER:

HERE IN THE BUSY BEE VILLAGE
THERE'S NO NEED TO BEG FOR FOOD.
HELP PULL THESE CARTS,
I'LL FEED YOU ON TARTS
AND GIVE YOU SOME COINS
TO KEEP YOU GOOD.

PINOCCHIO: What? Pull those carts. I've never been a donkey nor pulled a cart in my life.

LABORER: So much the better for you, but if you're really hungry, go eat some of your pride. And I hope it doesn't give you indigestion!

(DANCE)

(PINOCCHIO IS CARRIED AWAY IN A DANCE WITH THE BUSY VILLAGERS UNTIL HE IS LIFTED UP ON A BRICK WALL A BRICKLAYER IS MAKING.)

PINOCCHIO: Good Bricklayer, would you lend me a penny or two? I'm yawning with hunger.

BRICKLAYER:

GLADLY!
OUR BUSY BEE VILLAGE
IS KNOWN FOR IT'S CHARITY,
HELP ME LAY BRICKS
AND CLEAR AWAY STICKS;
I'LL LEND YOU SIX PENNIES
AND PAY YOU THREE.

PINOCCHIO: I don't pick up sticks! And bricks are no fun!

BRICKLAYER: Well, if it's fun you want, buy it with your laziness. Enjoy your yawning!

(VILLAGERS GATHER PINOCCHIO UP AGAIN AS THEY DANCE AND SING.)

TOWNSPEOPLE:

HERE IN THE BUSY BEE VILLAGE,
IT'S KNOWN THAT WE WORK WITH A STYLE.
WE'VE FOUND THAT IT PAYS
TO PREPARE FOR BAD DAYS
WITH AN AMBITIOUS, UN-HUNGRY SMILE,
THEY ALL SMILE BROADLY
HERE IN THE BUSY BEE VILLAGE
WE CANNOT IMAGINE THE TIME
WHEN WE'D SHIRK OUR WORK,
SHIRKING WORK'S NOT OUR QUIRK,
AFTER WORK, WE FIND PLAYING SUBLIME!

(DANCE-VILLAGERS)

HERE IN THE BUSY BEE VILLAGE
THERE'S NEVER A MOMENT DREAR,
IF YOU CAN BE AS BUSY AS WE,

THE SUNSHINE WILL BLOSSOM,
THE SKIES WILL CLEAR.
HERE IN THE BUSY BEE VILLAGE,
IF YOU WANT TO GET OUT OF THE MIRE,
A PLACE IN THE CHOIR,
A SPOT BY THE FIRE,
YOU'RE BOUND TO ASPIRE–
RIGHT HERE!

(TWO CARABINARES RUSH ON, START TO DRAG PINOCCHIO OFF)

2ND CARABINARE: We're arresting you for indecent exposure.

PINOCCHIO: I don't even know what that is–take them! I'm just minding *my* own business..

(THEY STRUGGLE. GEPETTO COMES RUNNING.)

GEPETTO: Just-a look-a you, Pinocchio! You gotta lotta trouble.

(TAKING HIM BY THE EAR)

You gonna have to come-a home now.

(STARTS OFF WITH PINOCCHIO)

PINOCCHIO: I wasn't running away, father, I was just looking for you! Ouch! Help! Ouch!

VILLAGEWOMAN: You bully!

(HITTING GEPETTO ON THE HEAD WITH BROOM)

What are you doing to that little boy?

GEPETTO: He's *my* little boy! Ouch-a! Ouch-a! Come back, Pinocchio! Come back!

PINOCCHIO: *(RUNNING)* Help me! Help me!

1ST CARABINARE: *(CATCHING HOLD OF GEPETTO)* Abusing your little boy, are you? Come along with us, you!

(CARABINARES DRAG GEPETTO OFF, PROTESTING)

GEPETTO: What's to become of mine little-a boy?

(VILLAGERS HURRY OFF, SHOUTING ENCOURAGEMENT TO PINOCCHIO, SCOLDING GEPETTO.)

SCENE THREE: GEPETTO'S COTTAGE – LIGHTS FADE AS SCENE CHANGES BACK TO THE COTTAGE–NOW DARK OUTSIDE AND STARS.

PINOCCHIO: *(APPEARING AT THE DOOR, SHIVERING)* What a wicked world! I'll never leave you, little cottage!

(ENTERS, LOCKS DOOR, LIGHTS CANDLE, SITS ON STOOL BEFORE FIREPLACE AS HE SPEAKS.)

Brrr! I don't know if I'm hungrier than I'm c-c-c-cold. Or c-c-c-colder than I'm hungry.

(ELIXR SITS BY HIM, PURRING, AS PINOCCHIO PUTS HIS FEET VERY NEAR THE

FIRE, LEANS BACK DROWSILY.)

PINOCCHIO: That's better—much better!

MUSICAL #4 – UNDERSCORE

(LIGHTS FADE, THE CLOCK STRIKES ELEVEN. A KNOCKING AT THE DOOR AND GEPETTO'S VOICE AS LIGHTS COME UP ON PINOCCHIO.)

GEPETTO: *(KNOCKING)* Open the door, Pinocchio! It's your father!

PINOCCHIO: I will, I will!

(TRIES, BUT SEES FEET ARE GONE)

I mean I would, but I can't. Someone has stolen my feet!

GEPETTO: Stolen your feet, you say? Who would have done such a thing?

PINOCCHIO: *(SPYING THE CAT)* The cat!

(LOOK OF AMAZEMENT FROM THE ELIXR)

GEPETTO: The cat?

PINOCCHIO: The cat.

GEPETTO: My cat?

ELIXIR: *(PROTESTING)* Me—owww?

PINOCCHIO: Somebody's cat!

GEPETTO: Impossible!

(KNOCKING AGAIN)

Open up; I'm freezing!

PINOCCHIO: Believe me, I can't stand up. I haven't any feet! I'll have to walk on my knees all my life.

Can you imagine what that will do to my disposition?

GEPETTO: About as much as the whipping you're going to get if you don't open the door.

(GEPETTO CLIMBS IN WINDOW)

Now, you rascal! What is this wicked story about Elixir?

(SEEING PINOCCHIO'S STUMPS)

Your feet! What happened?

PINOCCHIO: The cricket! He was rude to me and I threw a log at him. Then I put my cold feet near the fire because a cruel man threw a bucket of water on me. Now they're gone and I'm starving!

GEPETTO: Stop your moaning, Pinocchio. Things will be better when your stomach is full. Here, eat these two pears.

PINOCCHIO: *(EATING)* But what about my feet? Oh, how will I *ever* become a real boy without feet?

GEPETTO: One problem at a time, dear boy. Go to sleep—a now, and dream pleasant things.

(MAKING PINOCCHIO'S BED)

PINOCCHIO: Without my feet? How can I dream pleasant things without feet?

GEPETTO: Perhaps the good-a night fairy will help you find a way. Come-a now—a nice-a bed for you.

(PINOCCHIO GETS INTO BED. GEPETTO TUCKS HIM IN, SNUFFS THE CANDLE, GETS INTO HIS OWN BED. SILENCE.)

PINOCCHIO: Brrrr! My feet are cold, and they aren't even there!

GEPETTO: How can-a we warm what is not even there?

PINOCCHIO: Is your bed warm?

GEPETTO: Warm enough?

PINOCCHIO: Enough for two people?

GEPETTO: A good idea! Come and get into bed with me.

(GEPETTO LIFTS PINOCCHIO INTO BED WITH HIM. PINOCCHIO PULLS UP THE COVERS.)

PINOCCHIO: That's much better.

GEPETTO: For you it is much better.

(GEPETTO ADJUSTS THE COVERS AND SETTLES DOWN AGAIN)

Now we can-a try it again, yes?

PINOCCHIO: Yes.

(BEAT)

If you could make the first pair of feet, couldn't you make a second, father?

GEPETTO: So that you could-a run away from home again, eh?

PINOCCHIO: I wouldn't! I'd be as good as—what is there to be as good as?

GEPETTO: As good as yourself.

PINOCCHIO: Then I'll be as good as myself!

GEPETTO: Little-boys always promise that when they want something.

PINOCCHIO: All I want is to be a real little boy.

GEPETTO: But-a you are a real little boy.

PINOCCHIO: A real boy, not a marionette. Then I could go to school, study hard and be kind to people.

GEPETTO: Boys always make promises when they want their own way.

PINOCCHIO: For someone who's *never* had any little boys before, you certainly seem to know a lot about them.

GEPETTO: Enough, enough! I will make-a some more feet for you tomorrow. Tonight, we must both get some sleep.

(PINOCCHIO HUGS GEPETTO, PROMPTLY FALLS ASLEEP AS LIGHTS FADE INTO DARKNESS AND COME UP AGAIN AS THE COCK CROWS. WE SEE GEPETTO ATTACHING PINOCCHIO'S NEW FEET.)

GEPETTO: There! Finished! You must-a sit very still while the glue dries.

PINOCCHIO: They're beautiful! I'll sit so still, Elixir will think I'm dead.

(ELIXIR MEOWS)

And to show how grateful I am, I'll go to school today.

GEPETTO: But not without some clothes. A surprise I have for-a you!

(FETCHES CLOTHES)

Not-a very fancy... some flowered paper, shoes from the bark of a tree... and a tiny cap of dough.

(HELPS PINOCCHIO DRESS)

PINOCCHIO: *(ADMIRING HIMSELF)* I look like a real boy now!

GEPETTO: You look-a fine, Pinocchio. But remember–fine clothes are not everything.

PINOCCHIO: I need something else–an ABC book.

GEPETTO: So you do. Just-a wait here, I won't be long.

(GETS COAT, HURRIES OUT)

PINOCCHIO: I'm sorry I said you stole my feet, Elixir. You look like a nice cat. Too bad you can't talk.

(CAT TRIES TO TALK. BUT CAN DO NOTHING BUT RUB AGAINST HIM AND PURR)

Maybe I can teach you how.

MUSICAL #5 – M.E.O. & W

PINOCCHIO:

I WISH I WERE A CAT LIKE YOU,
A CAT THAT PEOPLE PAT, LIKE YOU.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO TO SCHOOL
OR LEARN ABOUT THE GOLDEN RULE,
YOU OON'T HAVE TO LEARN TO WRITE
OR READOR EVEN SLEEP AT NIGHT.
WHEN YOU'RE HUNGRY, YOU'RE SO SLY,
YOU WATCH THE MICE–YOUR LUNCH, GO BY.
I WISH I WERE AS SMART AS YOU,
YOU ALWAYS KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO
WITH THOSE EYES, YOU CAN SEE, I'M SURE,
AROUND EACH CORNER, THROUGH EACH DOOR,
SEE THINGS I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO PROMISE THINGS
OR BE CONTROLLED BY PEOPLE-STRINGS,
AND THOUGH YOU LIVE QUITE REGALLY,
HOW SAD YOU CANNOT SING LIKE ME!
ELIXIR TRIES TO SING, BUT CAN'T.

PINOCCHIO: Come on, try harder, Elixir.

TRY TO SING A NOTE OR TWO
M. E. O. AND DOUBLE-U.

ELIXIR:

M. E. O. and Uh–wuh–whoooo!

TOGETHER:

M. E. O. and Double you... (M. E. O. UH–WUH–WUH–WHO!)

PINOCCHIO: Now harmonize!

CATS CAN THINK, I'M SURE THEY DOOOO.

ELIXIR:

M. E. O. AND UH WUH–WUH–WHOO.

PINOCCHIO:

CATS CAN SING AS WELL AS MEEE.

ELIXIR:

WUH–WUH–WHOOO AND M. O. E.

PINOCCHIO:

AND WITHOUT A SINGLE TRACE
OF MODESTY, THEY STILL HAVE GRACE.

(A PLEASED ELIXIR SMILES BROADLY.)

AND IN SINGING, I’LL AVOW

TOGETHER:

I/YOU AM/ARE JUST THE CAT’S MEOW!

M–O–0OWUH–WUH–WHOO MEOW!

PINOCCHIO: That’s good, Elixir.

(ELIXR "MEOWS" AS PINOCCHIO "SCATSINGS".)

ELIXR:

MEOW! MEOW! MEOW! MEOW!

BOTH:

M–E–O–AND DOUBLE YOU!

(PINOCCHIO CLAPS HANDS IN DELIGHT. THE ELIXR MEOWS HAPPILY.)

PINOCCHIO: You’ll be talking in no time, Elixir, just like all the cats.

ELIXIR: M - E - O -WUH-WUH-WHOO!

GEPETTO: *(ENTERING HURRIEDLY)* Here I am–back!

(CHECKING PINOCCHIO’S FEET)

Ah! They are dry. You can get down.

(PINOCCHIO GETS DOWN, DANCES AROUND, SINGING.)

MUSICAL #6 – I CAN TALK NOW (reprise)

PINOCCHIO:

KICK, KICK, TAKE A STEP!

MEASURE OFF AND LOVE IT!

IT’S SUCH A WONDERFUL WORLD

WITH A WONDERFUL BRIGHT THING ABOVE IT!

Thank you lather. I’m so happy. But why are you shivering so? Where’s your warm coat?

GEPETTO: That old-a thing? I have-a sold it. But look-a what I have for-a you!

PINOCCHIO: An ABC book!

(DANCING AROUND)

I will be the smartest boy in school. You’ll see–everyone will say “That is Pinocchio, Gepetto’s smart little boy!”

GEPETTO: *(BEAMING)* Come-a on then, to school you go. Here is a muffin for your breakfast.

PERUSAL SCRIPT – PINOCCHIO by Max C. Golightly & Neil K. Newell

PINOCCHIO: I'm going. Today I'll learn to read, tomorrow—to write. After tomorrow—arithmetic. Clever as I am, I can learn to earn money to buy you a handsome new coat.

GEPETTO: Good! I'm glad *my* little boy is ambitious. Come—a right home after school.

(WAVING)

PINOCCHIO: I will! I will!

(DANCES OUT AND DOWN THE STREET)

Your coat shall have gold threads with diamond buttons.

MUSICAL #7 – SCENE CHANGE

SCENE FOUR: MARIONETTE THEATRE— *PINOCCHIO* APPROACHES MARIONETTE TICKET BOOTH, AROUND WHICH SOME **BOYS STAND.**

PINOCCHIO: *(TO LAMPWICK)* Who are you?

LAMPWICK: Who are you?

PINOCCHIO: What's that music and what place is this?

LAMPWICK: You don't know the Marionette Theatre?

PINOCCHIO: Can I go in?

LAMPWICK: For four pennies, but you'd only see the end of the show.

PINOCCHIO: Sometimes the end can be better than the beginning. Will you lend me four pennies?

LAMPWICK: My pockets are totally empty at the moment.

PINOCCHIO: *(TO ANOTHER BOY)* I'll sell you my coat...

BOY: What? A paper coat?

(LAUGHING)

When it rains—spssttt!

(LAUGHTER FROM OTHER BOYS)

PINOCCHIO: My shoes?

ANOTHER BOY: They wouldn't even make a good fire.

ANOTHER BOY: But you would!

(MORE LAUGHTER)

PINOCCHIO: My cap...?

A BOY: It would only attract the mice.

PINOCCHIO: My ABC book, then.

BOY: That I'll give four pennies for!

*(THE EXCHANGE IS MADE. THE THEATRE FRONT OPENS, **PINOCCHIO** ENTERS, SEES THE MARIONETTES IN THE MIDDLE OF THEIR SHOW.)*

MUSICAL #8 – ON WITH THE SHOW

HARLEQUIN:

QUICK AS A FLASH—SO FLIES THE CROW,
WHERE HE IS GOING, WE NEED NOT KNOW.
OUR TIME IS PRECIOUS, SO ON WITH THE SHOW!
QUICK AS A FLASH, CROWS SOON MUST FIND
WHERE THEY ARE GOING, THEY MUSTN'T MIND
THEIR FEATHERS FLOWING—SO ON WITH THE SHOW!

MARIONETTES:

ON WITH THE SHOW, YES, ON WITH THE SHOW!
NOBODY CARES, OR SEEMS TO KNOW,
MARIONETTES HAVE VERTIGO.
SO DON'T SWING THEM HIGH
AND DON'T SWING THEM LOW.

WE KNOW! WE KNOW!
GET ON WITH THE SHOW!
WE KNOW! WE KNOW!
GET ON WITH THE SHOW!

(MUSIC CONTINUES BACKGROUND)

PULCINELLA: Out there—do you see what I see?

HARLEQUIN: Am I asleep or awake? Another marionette?

PULCINELLA: And he walks—without strings!

OTHER MARIONETTES: It's Pinocchio! We've heard of him! A marionette without strings!

(PINOCCHIO EMBRACES THEM AMIDST SHRIEKS OF JOY, WARM HUGS, FRIENDLY GREETINGS.)

SOMEONE IN AUDIENCE: The play, the play! What's happened to the play?

(THE MARIONETTES AREN'T LISTENING; THEY'RE CARRYING PINOCCHIO AROUND ON THEIR SHOULDERS, SINGING.)

MARIONETTES: Pinocchio! Pinocchio!

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
WHERE DID YOU GO?
HOW DID YOU GET IN?
OH, OH, P'NO KIO!

(THEY ARE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME, THEY DON'T SEE THE DIRECTOR (FIREATER) ENTER THE STAGE.)

FIREATER: Welllllll! I said, Wellllll! I said! And to what marvelous thing do we attribute this excitement in our little theatre? To what, I said? I said: What?

HARLEQUIN: Oh dear, oh dear, look who is here.

PULCINELLA: This is the end of our dancing career.

PINOCCHIO: Oh, sir, believe *me*, sir, the fault was mine. I was...

(POINTS)

FIREATER: SHHHHilence! I said, SHHHilence! Enough! Quiet, I said.

(TO HIS AUDIENCE.)

That is the end of this performance, I'm afraid. End, I said. If you come back tomorrow, we'll give you seven minutes more to make up for it. Go home and eat your pasta. Now—bring this piece of dried driftwood to me. To me, I said.

(TWO CARABINARES ESCORT PINOCCHIO.)

PINOCCHIO: All this was my fault, sir.

FIREATER: Your fault, you say?

(SNEEZING MIGHTILY)

PINOCCHIO: Oh, pleeeeeeze! I don't wan't to die.

FIREATER: Silence, quiet, don't speak. When I get excited, I sneeze. Sneeze, I said. I said sneeze!

(FIREATER SNEEZES AGAIN, TERRIFYING PINOCCHIO.)

HARLEQUIN: That's a good sign. He only sneezes when he feels sorry for someone.

PULCINELLA: He's sneezed twice—that's good news.

MARIONETTE: If he sneezes three times in a row, you're saved.

FIREATER: Now tell me—where are your tether and mother? Are they living?

PINOCCHIO: My father is. I've never met my mother.

FIREATER: Never met your mother? That's strange—and very saaaaaaad.

(SNEEZES HARD, THEN ALMOST SNEEZES AGAIN.)

Your poor lather would suffer greatly if I were to use you to make firewood for my supper. I feel sorry for him.

(SNEEZES AGAIN.)

HARLEQUIN: He's never sneezed that many times.

PULCINELLA: Nor that hard.

PINOCCHIO: Bless you, sir.

FIREATER: You bless me—that's nice. Because of that, I'll burn some other marionette in your place. Carabinare!

(CARABINARES APPEAR)

Take Harlequin and throw him on the fire!

(TERRIFIED SHRIEKS FROM HARLEQUIN, WHO COLLAPSES. PINOCCHIO THROWS HIMSELF AT FIREATER'S FEET.)

PINOCCHIO: Pity, kind sir! Harlequin is my friend!

FIREATER: He's losing his voice lately. And there are no kind sirs here, little kindling.

PINOCCHIO: But Harlequin has never harmed anyone in his life, Excellency.

FIREATER: I know that, but I don't know how you know that. Nothing personal, understand, but my dinner must be cooked.

PINOCCHIO: Then—tie me up and throw me on the fire!

MUSICAL #9 – SNEEZE UNDERSCORE

(MARIONETTES BEGIN TO WEEP. THE FIREATER IS TRYING NOT TO SNEEZE AGAIN.)

PINOCCHIO: My paint's fresh and will burn brighter.

(FIREATER IS REALLY STRUGGLING WITH ONCOMING SNEEZES NOW)

And my dear mother, whom I don't even know, will not be heartsick and lonely, as Harlequin's will be.

(MARIONETTES, CARABINARES, WEEPING NOW)

And besides, who's going to miss a marionette who comes around as rarely as I do?

(WEEPING)

I will be your fire!

(FIREATER BREAKS DOWN AND SNEEZES FIVE TIMES.)

PULCINELLA: Thank goodness!

OFFICERS: Thank heavens!

MARIONETTES: Thank his mother...

HARLEQUIN: Thank someone!

FIREATER: Thank Pinocchio, he's the brave hero of the day. True, Pinocchio, you are a brave boy. You may kiss my foot.

(PINOCCHIO DOES)

And you, Harlequin, are pardoned. Pardoned, I said, because of this noble boy with the spindly legs.

(MARIONETTES LIFT PINOCCHIO AGAIN ON THEIR SHOULDERS, CARRYING HIM AROUND, SINGING.)

FIREATER: Take these gold pieces to your father, my good boy. Tell him he is fortunate to have a son like you.

PINOCCHIO: I will, I will. Thank you, Excellency. Thank you, thank you.

(BOWS LOW. A HUSH. THEN FIREATER LAUGHS, SO DO MARIONETTES. AMIDST GOODBYES, PINOCCHIO LEAVES. TREES GO BY, AS IT BECOMES DARKER.)

MUSICAL #9A – SCENE CHANGE AND UNDERSCORE

SCENE FIVE: A PATH IN THE FOREST

PINOCCHIO: I'm soooooo tired! Staying up all night dancing and saving people doesn't help you much the next day. I'll just... lie down here for awhile... get some rest.

(PINOCCHIO YAWNS. SINKS DOWN BEHIND A HUGE ROCK WITH ONLY HIS FEET SHOWING. THE FOX AND THE CAT AMBLE ON.)

CAT: Can't we stop and rest? I'm so hungry I could smother a wolf and eat it—uncooked!

FOX: Beg your pardon, I don't look kindly upon hungry cats who eat *my* cousins.

CAT: Oops—sorry. Perhaps a smaller morsel then—a hare, perhaps. To get my hands on a thick, juicy... I can almost taste it.

FOX: Before you concentrate on mastication, you might take the time to cogitate on requisition.

CAT: I'm ready, I'm ready...

FOX: For what?

CAT: For whatever you said...

FOX: When?

CAT: Now! Let's catch a rekwisishun and eat it for supper.

FOX: You don't catch a requisition. A requisition is the methodology utilized to appropriate the precise, critical moment for soliciting a victim.

(PAUSE)

Then—we eat it for supper!

CAT: I'm ready, I'm ready.

FOX: For what?

CAT: For what you said.

FOX: Oh, never mind. We'll have to converge our thinking—our minds.

(SHARP LOOK AT CAT)

No, that's out. The trouble with most felines is—they don't have the intellect to solve their problems by using—the brain.

CAT: The what?

FOX: The... oh, what's the use! A way is what we need to find our dinner.

CAT: *(PICKING UP A CLUB)* Here's the way. Now, to find the chicken...

FOX: How often do I tell you that force is clumsy, awkward, messy, not *very* imaginative and unnecessary?

CAT: It worked all right before I met you. And it was fun.

FOX: But it was harder, wasn't it...?

CAT: Not necessarily. I'd just sneak up on my dinner, raise my club, and—WHAM!

(CLUBS THE FOX'S TAIL A GOOD ONE)

FOX: Yeeeeee—ooowwww!

(DANCES AROUND IN AGONY, HOLDING TAIL)

You... you! You see what you've done! Oooooohhhh! You idiot! Next time, Cliquot (*Kleeko*) Cat, look where you're clubbing! Or vice-versa. I think it's permanently damaged—crushed, I can't feel a thing!

CAT: Still, you have to admit that when I use the club, it gets something.

FOX: My beautiful tail. We'll have to put it in a cast.

CAT: That's a good idea—!

(TAKING HOLD OF THE FOX'S TAIL)

FOX: Yeeeeeeooooowwww! You... fugitive! Oooooohhhh! You... mental derangement from a poorhouse zoo, don't come near me again! Just...leave me be. Here! Give me that!

(SNATCHES THE CAT'S SCARF)

This will do for a sling.

(MAKES SLING)

There!

CAT: I wouldn't model it in a fashion show, but it'll pass muster, I suppose.

FOX: Pass what?

CAT: You never heard of muster?

FOX: What, pray tell, is it?

CAT: Muster is... something that... musters.

FOX: (*SITTING*) Why, I ask myself, do I allow you to be my companion? You are such a nincompoop!

CAT: A what?

FOX: A nincom—never mind, never mind!

(*CAT SITS ON FOX'S TAIL*)

Yeeeeeeeeooooooooooooowwww! You did it again. You did it again!

CAT: It's such a long tail...!

(*DANCING AROUND IN PAIN, THE FOX ALMOST TRIPS OVER PINOCCHIO'S FEET, STOPS.*)

FOX: Well, wellwellwellwell... what have we here?

(*TAPS PINOCCHIO'S FEET WITH HIS CANE AND PINOCCHIO PEEKS OUT.*)

Whyyyyyy, my eyes do deceive me—a handsome young man... of rather lean proportions, true, but...

Good morning, Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO: You know me?

FOX: Indeed. I saw your father just yesterday.

PINOCCHIO: You did? What was he doing?

FOX: Trying to sell some bric-a-brac. He was trembling with cold.

PINOCCHIO: Poor father. Well, after today, he'll suffer no more.

FOX: And why not?

PINOCCHIO: I have become rich.

FOX: Rich?

CAT: Rich!

FOX: Rich—spelled R-I-C-H—rich like having plenty of what it takes to be rich?

PINOCCHIO: (*COMING OUT FROM BEHIND THE ROCK*) Sorry to make your mouth water, but as you can see, these *are* five gold pieces.

CAT: (*IN HER SURPRISE, TAKING HOLD OF THE FOX'S TAIL*) Gold? Gold, you say. Gold-gold?

FOX: Yeeeeee—owwww! Yow-yow!

(*BREAKING OFF HIS PAIN SUDDENLY AND BREAKING INTO A BROAD SMILE AT PINOCCHIO*)

Uh... you can see how astonished I am. I always do that when I'm astonished.

(*DIRTY LOOK AT CAT*)

CAT: He always does.

FOX: May I ask what you intend to do with all that money?

PINOCCHIO: I'm going to buy a line coat for my father, a houseful of good things for my mother and a new ABC book for myself.

FOX: Noble intentions, each one! Allow me to introduce myself.

(BOWING)

I am Sir Lonawaggle–Duke of Foxiepoint.

(KICKS CAT, WHO IS SNEAKING UP ON PINOCCHIO WITH CLUB RAISED.)

This IS Her Ladyship–Madam Crankitup–Duchess of La-Cream-of-Cheese of France.

(ASTONISHED LOOK FROM THE CAT, WHO CURTSIES.)

CAT: Ahhhhhhh–but Maize Weeze.

PINOCCHIO: I’ve never met a Duke or Duchess before.

CAT: Zat is alright, neither have we.

FOX: You have now, my friend. Ve are in dis country to disgover peeble ve can help. Ve are philanthropists, as you can perceive. Iss dot not so, Duchess?

CAT: Egzaktly! Dat iss vat ve arrrr–vot de Duke sad!

PINOCCHIO: I’m so lucky. How fortunate!

CAT: You don’t know ze half of it.

FOX: Ve hev tekken a liking to you, Pinocchio. Vat ken ve do to help mek yourrr situation more produktiv? You need to protekdt your money.

CAT: Zere arrr such wicked people aroundt!

PINOCCHIO: Willikens! What can I do?

MUSICAL #10 – YOU CAN’T GET BY WITHOUT MONEY

FOX:

MOVE SHARP, WE’RE TOTALLY FRANK,
NOBODY’S BANKROLL IS EVER TOO SAFE.
YOU’VE GOTTA PRINT YOUR OWN--
CREATE YOUR OWN HANKY-PANK,
YOU GOTTA PLAN TO BUY YOUR OWN BANK!

CAT:

MOVE QUICK–AS FAST AS A FLY,
YOU’LL NEVER FIND ATLANTIS IF YOU’RE NAIVE AND SHY.
YOU GOTTA TAKE OUR ADVICE
‘CAUSE IT’S SO HARD TO DENY,
YOU’LL NEVER GET RICH UNLESS YOU WALK SLYYYYY!

BOTH:

YOU CAN’T GET BY WITHOUT MONEY
CAUSE MONEY CAN MAKE YOU SMILE.
YOU CAN’T REACH HIGH WITHOUT MONEY,
WITHOUT IT YOU’RE YEARS OUT OF STYLE.
(WOO-OOO-OOO)
BE SMOOTH, NONCHALANT, AND URBANE,

BE ANYTHING YOU PLEASE, BUT WITHOUT CASH, IT'S INSANE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GO THAT OFFERS
FREEDOM FROM PAIN,
AND THAT'S TO REAP IN YOUR CAPITAL GAIN!
ONE WORD OF PARENTAL ADVICE:
DON'T EVER FEED A PAUPER JUST BECAUSE HE IS NICE,
YOU'VE GOTTA FEED YOUR OWN
AND LEAVE THE CRUMBS FOR THE MICE,
YOU'VE GOTTA BE TOUGH AND BREAK YOUR OWN ICE!
YOU CAN'T GET BY WITHOUT MONEY
'CAUSE MONEY CAN MAKE YOU SMILE.
YOU CAN'T REACH HIGH WITHOUT MONEY.
WITHOUT IT YOU'RE YEARS OUT OF STYLE.
(WOO-OOO-OOO)

FOX: Vot you need, my friend, is someone like us to advise you.

CAT: We arrrr professional advisors!

PINOCCHIO: I'm too hungry to think about it now.

CAT: I understand perfectly, monsewer!

FOX: Ve know a remarkable cafe very close by, where you ken get a meal fit for a king. Be our guest. Isn't dot right, Duchess?

(WIDE EYES FROM THE CAT)

CAT: I vas aboutd to suggest ze same thing.

PINOCCHIO: I was really trying to find my way to school...

FOX: Shkool? I vent to shkool und lok vat it got me—a broken tail yet!

(CAT LIFTS FOXE'S TAIL TO SHOW PINOCCHIO)

eeeeeeowwww!

(IMMEDIATELY CHANGES TO BROAD SMILE AGAIN FOR PINOCCHIO, AND A SCATHING LOOK AT THE CAT)

It still hurts a leetle.

PINOCCHIO: But how did school...?

FOX: *(KICKING CAT FROM BEHIND)* Undt der Duchess—so lame from valking beck and forth from the shkool.

(KICKS HER AGAIN)

She ken hardly walk.

(CAT DEMONSTRATES)

Shkool is such a hazardous okupashun—especially ven one iss hungry. Der cafe iss just down the road.

(FOX POINTS THE WAY AND THEY HEAD IN THAT DIRECTION.)

FOX: I know vere you could invest your gold pieces, undt receive countless treasure. Overnight!

PINOCCHIO: Rea-ll-y.

CAT: Really?

FOX: Beshstimpt really!

PINOCCHIO: I'll gladly pay a commission.

FOX: Absolutely not—I would forfeit mine own blessing by agsepting...too big a commission. A leedle one, perhaps—an egseption in dis case.

CAT: Maybe even a middle-size one...?

FOX: Your father would say: "Mein Pinocchio, you cannot afford to up-pass the obportunity." He vill be so proud off you.

CAT: Your seestair—she weel adore you.

PINOCCHIO: I don't have a sister...

CAT: Your brothers...

PINOCCHIO: No brothers, either...

CAT: Your mothair—she weel kees you many times. No mothair, either?

(PINOCCHIO SHAKES HEAD)

No mattair—she weel kees someone else.

FOX: *(DISGUSTED LOOK AT CAT)* Everybody vill luff you, Pinocchio. Come—notd a moment to loose; ve reach der Cafe by nightfall.

MUSICAL #11A – SCENE CHANGE

(THE TREES GO BY BEHIND THE THREE FRIENDS AS SCENERY CHANGES WHILE THEY HURRY ON. DARKNESS COMES ON AND THE MOON COMES OUT.)

SCENE SIX: RED LOBSTER INN

FOX: Here ve are—the Inn Off Der Red Lobster!

PINOCCHIO: I'm so hungry!

(THEY ENTER THE INN. ZEDDING, CHEF AND OWNER, APPEAR.)

FOX: *(FORGETTING ACCENT)* Ah, my good man, a table for three. And menus, please.

(THEY SIT)

ZEDDING: Tank you, sir. Your menu, madam. Your menu, mein Herr. Your menu—you!

CAT AND FOX TOGETHER; To begin with—I'll have...

FOX: *(TO IMPRESS PINOCCHIO)* Ahhh, ladies first—of course.

(GESTURES TO CAT)

Madam...

CAT: Soooooo kind of you, mine hair.

(PSEUDO-DAINTILY)

I'm not vereee hungree today—just a bite to settle my delicat stomach from ze journee. Hmmmmmm.

Ah, yes. Ahhhhhhhmmmmmm.

FOX: (*LOSING PATIENCE*) Do you need help—madam!

CAT: (*SUDDENLY AWARE OF HIS IRE*) I'll have... two orders of those *tiny* mullets with tomato sauce. Some of this tripe with cheese—several orders, *zey* are so shmall... I must taste your excellent shrimp, some of the delicate curds-a-la-whey for an horse derve—a helping of your exquisite lobster, several flagons of milk, plenty of butter wis ze rolls, and...

FOX: Madam! You can decide on desssert later. Lindt now, you, my friend.

PINOCCHIO: To start with, a bowl of bread and milk, and...

FOX: Dot's all? Veil, you can bring me one of dose small stuffed hares, some mushrooms und a pitcher ot milk. I haft to vatch my diet, you know.

(ZEDDING TURNS TO GO)

However—a dozen of those partridges vouldn't hurt, a few pheasants under glass, a couple of stuffed pork chops, two dozen froglegs, some stuffed turkey and some liver pate.

(FOX PAUSES, ZEDDING STARTS OFF AGAIN)

And on second thought, dose lambchops have set *my* mouth to vatering—perhaps a half-dozen? Two loaves of cheese bread and some beef soup as an entree vHi just about do idt.

(ZEDDING FINALLY ESCAPES AS THEY APPROACH THE TABLE)

Uh—ve are dreadfully tired, so ve vill need two rooms—one for der Duchess und mineself and one for my rich friend, here.

ZEDDING: Done, mein Herr.

(ZEDDING GOES)

FOX: Nudding like a good meal to make friendships stronger, eh?

PINOCCHIO: I'm so grateful.

FOX: I'm so happy.

CAT: I'm so hungry...!

MUSICAL #11B – UNDERSCORE

(LIGHTS FADE, SOUND OF DISHES AND THE THREE CONVERSING/EATING. LIGHTS UP.)

FOX: Now I am for my bed ready.

PINOCCHIO: So am I.

FOX: Sir, my friend iss ready to retire.

(ZEDDING COMES FORWARD, BECKONS TO PINOCCHIO TO FOLLOW HIM. PINOCCHIO RISES, ALMOST ASLEEP.)

Ve vill see you in der morning, mine goodt friend.

CAT: Yesss—in ze morning.

(PINOCCHIO AND ZEDDING LEAVE)

How nice a bed will be.

FOX: Bed, my tail. Off with you, unless you have some money hidden away to pay the bill. Come, no time

to lose!

MUSICAL #11C – UNDERSCORE

(THEY STUFF THE REMAINING FOOD IN THEIR CLOTHES AND HURRY OFF. LIGHTS DOWN ON INN, UP IN PINOCCHIO'S ROOM. A ROOSTER CROWS.)

ZEDDING: Wake up, sir, wake up! Your friends have fled. Your bill.

(HANDS PINOCCHIO BILL)

PINOCCHIO: My bill?

(RUNS TO WINDOW)

Which way did they go?

ZEDDING: That way, I imagine.

(POINTING)

No, that way.

(CHANGES DIRECTION OF POINT)

Uh... your bill!

PINOCCHIO: *(LOOKING AT BILL)* That much? Oh, dear! Oh, dear-oh-dear!

(PAYING HIM)

That takes care of one of my gold pieces!

MUSICAL #11D – UNDERSCORE

(PINOCCHIO RUNS OUT AND HEADS TOWARD THE DIRECTION POINTED. TREES GO BY AS HE HURRIES ON.)

PINOCCHIO: Willikens! A fine mess I've got into by disobeying father.

CRICKET'S VOICE: You-know-it. You-know-it.

PINOCCHIO: Who's that? Not the Cricket again.

CRICKET'S VOICE: You can't do away with me so easily! Little boys who must have their own way, sooner or later come to grief! Beware of the Assassins!

PINOCCHIO: Assassins? I won't listen to that nonsense.

(AS HE HURRIES ON)

Boys are so unlucky, everybody scolds us, gives us advice, warns us. Assassins, indeed!

MUSICAL #12 – ASSASSINS UNDERSCORE

(SUDDENLY, TWO BLACK-HOODED ASSASSINS ONE WITH A BUSHY TAIL, STAND IN HIS WAY.)

PINOCCHIO: Ohhhhhhhh, nooooo! Don't tell me– Assassins, right?

(TO HIMSELF)

My gold pieces–what to do?

(STUFFS THEM INTO HIS MOUTH. THE ASSASSINS LEAP FORWARD, GRAB PINOCCHIO BY BOTH SHOULDERS.)

FIRST ASSASSIN (FOX): Now www, Splinterstick! Your money or your life!

PINOCCHIO: Mmmmmffftt...mmmmfttpppssmmmlt...pit.

SECOND ASSASSIN (CAT): And what is that supposed to mean?

PINOCCHIO: Mmmmsptlk...mutmyyy... faflttr... mot... many mingsdadall!

FIRST ASSASSIN: Less nonsense and more cents! Out with your money or you're a dead log!

SECOND ASSASSIN: And after that—your father!

PINOCCHIO: *(TAKING GOLD OUT OF HIS MOUTH)* No—not my father!

FIRST ASSASSIN: Sooooo—your money's where your mouth is, eh? Out with it all!

(ASSASSINS TRY TO OPEN HIS MOUTH, BUT PINOCCHIO SINKS HIS TEETH INTO THE CAT'S PAW AND BITES IT BADLY. CAT HOWLS.)

PINOCCHIO: *(TAKING FUR OUT OF HIS MOUTH)* Why, this is part of a cat's paw!

(ASSASSINS CHASE PINOCCHIO AROUND THROUGH THE TREES, FINALLY CATCHING HIM WITH MUCH NOISE, DRAGGING HIM FRONT.)

FIRST ASSASSIN: *(THEY BRANDISH SWORDS AT HIM)* Now, will you open your mouth or not?

PINOCCHIO: Those won't do any good, I'm made of very hard wood.

FIRST ASSASSIN: We'll see about that...

(ASSASSINS SLAP HIM ON HIS BACK WITH SWORDS, UPON WHICH BOTH BLADES FALL OUT.)

PINOCCHIO: I told you so.

(THEY PURSUE HIM AS PINOCCHIO RUNS OFF)

ASSASSINS: We'll get you, Broomstick! You can't outrun us!

(LIGHTS OUT AS ASSASSINS RUN OFF.)

SCENE SEVEN: GEPETTO'S COTTAGE – LIGHTS COME UP ON GEPETTO'S COTTAGE.

ROSALIE APPEARS, HESITATES, THEN KNOCKS. LIGHTS UP ON INTERIOR AS GEPETTO APPEARS, OPENS DOOR.

GEPETTO: Rosalie!

(LOOKING WITH AWE AT HER FINE CLOTHES)

ROSALIE: Is that all you can say after all this time?

GEPETTO: Come in, come in.

ROSALIE: *(ENTERING, LOOKING AROUND. KINDLY)* It still looks the same, Antonio.

GEPETTO: But you've-a changed—your fine dress, your hair. Datsa not the way I remember you.

ROSALIE: You like the way I look?

GEPETTO: You were always beautiful, Rosalie. You look-a well.

ROSALIE: *(LOOKING INTO POT OF SOUP)* I get enough to eat nowadays—more than thin soup. It's been

how long, Tony? Three years.

GEPETTO: Seems like thirty... you pardon-a me eefa I stare at you. Such a fine lady.

ROSALIE: I've worried about you, Tony—alone in this cold, drafty cottage.

(PAUSE)

Do you... ever think of me?

GEPETTO: Of course I thenk of you... I don't forget we were married six years!

(ANOTHER PAUSE)

Whatta you do now. to look so well off?

ROSALIE: I have a hat shop in Spamani. I...didn't marry again. I've had chances, but...

(ELIXIR IDLES UP AGAINST HER LEG)

Why, Elixir! You still remember me. Ohhh, I've missed *you*.

(HUGS ELIXR)

GEPETTO: Why you don't marry again, Rosalie??

ROSALIE: Why do that? I'm happy... free. Don't have to worry about bills to pay and putting bread in the oven...

GEPETTO: I thought-a you liked putting bread in the oven.

ROSALIE: Perhaps I did, only I don't have to, now.

(PAUSE)

I see that you're still the best toymaker in the village. They tell me you've made a little wooden marionette—that talks.

GEPETTO: I made-a heem for you. Those years of putting bread in the oven—and no children's voices in the cottage because-a you thought-a we were too poor to make them happy... I guess-a I wanted to have another voice to take-a the place of yours. If we had a leetle boy off our own I thought you'd see how happy we were and...

ROSALIE: *(TOUCHED)* And what, Tony?

GEPETTO: But I see now, that you don't want to come back. It's-a all right, mine leetle boy didn't want to stay, either.

ROSALIE: He's gone...?

GEPETTO: *(SIGHING)* Yah—gone. Like you.

ROSALIE: No, Tony!

(ROSALIE MOVES TO THE WINDOW, LOOKING OUT, TRYING TO FIND WORDS)

But where would he go?

GEPETTO: Who can know? I've looked-a for heem everywhere. I sell everything so I can look for heem, hees-a gone—Pouf!

ROSALIE: Tony...I've some money. I could...will you let me share it with you?

GEPETTO: It isn't money we need. We need a miracle, that's-a what we need. If he had a mother, everything might have been different. It's-a too late, Rosalie—for anything.

ROSALIE: *(AFTER A PAUSE)* Well! It's a long way to Spamani...

(AT THE DOOR, SHE TURNS.)

Do you ever... remember how happy we were when we first met?

GEPETTO: How could anyone ever forget?

MUSICAL #13 – WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MAY?

GEPETTO:

IT WAS APRIL, SPRING WAS TEMPTING,
THAT'S WHEN I MET YOU.
YOU WERE YOUNG, WITH EYES THAT GLISTENED
DEEP, AND ROUND, AND BLUE.
HOW IS IT SO,
THE MORE WE KNEW EACH OTHER,
WE WERE LESS ALIVE?
WHO STOLE OUR SUN?
WHERE HAS OUR LOVE GONE?
HOW CAN THIS BE?
I REMEMBER—SOFT AND TENDER
EYES WITH WINSOME GUILF,
SHADOWED NOW WITH PAIN AND DOUBTING
EYES THAT ONCE COULD SMILE.
WHERE IS THAT SPRING?
IS IT STILL WAITING FOR US IN SOME SUNNY PLACE?
WHERE IS OUR LOVE?
IN SOME TOMORROWS LONGING,
OR HAS IT FLOWN?
IT WAS APRIL, BUT DECEMBER
CAME BETWEEN US TWO...

(MUSIC CONTINUES BACKGROUND)

GEPETTO: I don't forget. And I can see that you don't, either. That will help-a me. But I can also see the same old trouble between us—you want a fine life in the city, while I want only someone I can love, somebody to love-a me.

(GEPETTO OPENS THE DOOR FOR ROSALIE. SHE STANDS IN DOORWAY, WANTING TO EMBRACE HIM, NOT KNOWING HOW TO BREAK THE DISTANCE, BUT GOING INTO THE YARD, INSTEAD.)

Go back to your hat shop and leave this old man alone, Rosalie. If you should hear about a little wooden boy, looking for his father, help him, because he needs me.

(GEPETTO CLOSES THE DOOR GENTLY, STANDING WITH HIS BACK AGAINST IT. SHE, ON THE OTHER SIDE GAZES UP AT THE BARELY DISCERNIBLE MOON IN THE DUSK ABOVE HER.)

ROSALIE:

THUS COMES WINTER, SHORT IS SUMMER,

DUSK IS FALLING DOWN.
WHEN EYES SAY THE SEASON'S OVER,
LEAVES ARE TURNING BROWN.

GEPETTO & ROSALIE:

HOW IS IT SO, THE MORE WE KNEW EACH OTHER,
WE WERE LESS ALIVE?
HERE IN THE DARK, HOW HAVE WE LOST EACH OTHER,
HOW CAN THIS BE?

ROSALIE:

SUMMER EVENINGS, BELLS WERE RINGING
ON OUR CAROUSEL
THEY'RE STILL RINGING, BUT THEIR SINGING
HAS A LONELY KNELL

GEPETTO:

DOESN'T SHE KNOW
I NEED HER IN THESE
ARMS NOW?
SHE'S SO ALONE...
WHY MUST SHE GO
WHEN I WOULD RATHER
SHE'D STAY WITH ME?

ROSALIE:

DOESN'T HE KNOW
LOVE SHOULD BRING
US TOGETHER?
HE'S SO ALONE...
WHY SHOULD I GO
WHEN I WOULD RATHER
STAY HERE WITH HIM?

GEPETTO:

SNOW IS FALLING ON OUR DREAMS NOW,
DARKNESS IN OUR WAY.
NIGHTS ARE FROZEN-BITTER COLD, NOW
WHATEVER HAPPENED

(HESITATION)

TO MAY...?

(LIGHTS OFF ON GEPETTO. ROSALIE LIT BY THE MOONLIGHT.)

ROSALIE:

IT WAS APRIL, BUT DECEMBER
CAME BETWEEN US TWO.

TOGETHER:

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MAY...?

**SEGUE TO
MUSICAL #13A – AZURE'S ENTRANCE**

(AS ROSALIE GOES, LIGHTS FADE TO BLACKOUT, AND COME UP ON FAIRY'S COTTAGE.)

SCENE EIGHT: FAIRY AZURE’S COTTAGE – OUTSIDE, MEDORA, AZURE’S HANDMAIDEN, APPEARS, FOLLOWED BY LIVERYMAN, CARRYING PINOCCHIO.

AZURE: What’s this? Where did you find... that?

LIVERYMAN: Hanging in a tree like a Christmas tree ornament, Good Fairy, Azure.

AZURE: A little wooden boy! Poor thing, put him in that bed and go fetch the doctors.

(MEDORA AND LIVERYMAN GO TO YARD OUTSIDE COTTAGE, CLAP THEIR HANDS THREE TIMES, TURNING AROUND EACH TIME.)

MEDORA AND LIVERYMAN: Hear us, hear us, wherever you are! Good doctors three, come quick upon a star!

(THEY REPEAT THE CLAPS AND TURNAROUNDS AND THE THREE DOCTORS MIRACULOUSLY APPEAR INSIDE THE COTTAGE.)

THREE DOCTORS UNISON: You summoned us, Good Fairy, Azure?

AZURE: I did, indeed. Whatever can be the matter with this child?

MUSICAL #14 – MADAM

(THE DOCTORS WALK AROUND THE BED, FEELING, PROBING, PURSING LIPS, SIGHING.)

DR. CHING:

MADAM, HE HAS A SWOLLEN TONGUE
TWICE THE SIZE OF ONE SO YOUNG.

DR. OWL:

MADAM, THIS BOY IS BRUISED AND RED,
I ADVISE HE STAY IN BED.

DR. CROW:

MADAM, THIS BOY IS NOT TO BE
MOVED, OR GIVEN LEMON TEA.

ALL THREE:

MADAM, WE ARE PREPARED TO SAY,
MUCH TO OUR CONCERNED DISMAY,
SOMETHING THERE IS ABOUT THIS LAD,
SIGNS THAT SEEM TO US QUITE BAD.
THEREFORE, IN SHORT, WE DO INFER
HE’S READY TO INTER!

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

AZURE: But is he alive? Will he survive?

CHING: When a wise doctor does not know what he is talking about, he should know enough to keep his mouth shut, Madam. However, since I know this marionette, we'd better prognosticate further.

OWL:

MADAM, HE HAS A FEVER, TOO!

CHING:

WITH A BREATH THAT SMELLS LIKE SLEW!

CROW:

THERE IS A DULLNESS IN HIS EYES.

OWL:

CHEST CONSTRICTED—1 SURMISE.

CROW:

MADAM, HIS NOSE IS TURNING GREEN.

CHING:

STARVATION'S LEFT HIM LEAN!

CROW:

ADDED—HIS COLOR'S DISMAL!

CHING:

SKIN IS COLD!

OWL:

GIVE HIM WATER—ALL HE'LL HOLD

CHING:

WITH A SPOON OF SARDINE OIL

CROW:

AND SOME BILE THAT'S BROUGHT TO BOIL.

(NOISES ARE HEARD BENEATH THE BEDCOVERS. CHING PULLS THE COVERS BACK, REVEALING A SHIVERING, FRIGHTENED PINOCCHIO.)

CHING: This marionette, Madam, is a rude, lazy runaway—a disobedient son who has broken his father's heart!

CROW: When the ill make noises like that, they are beginning to die.

OWL: When the dead make noises like that, they are beginning to recover.

CHING: Same thing. Same thing.

AZURE: What then, is to be done with him?

CHING: *(TAKING OUT A NOTEBOOK)* Just be certain you follow these directions— Agreed, gentlemen?

ALL THREE: Agreed!

MADAM, THIS MARIONETTE MAY JUST SURVIVE,

POSSIBLY COULD KEEP HIS FEET,

AS FOR HIS NOSE, THOUGH GREEN IT GROWS,

IT COULD SOON BE OBSOLETE.

JUST DON'T FORGET TO MAKE HIM SWEAT-- HOT TEA,

COLD PACKS AND YELLOW PILLS.

SHOULD HE RESIST, MAKE HIM SUBSIST
ON MUSTARD SOUP AND SWILLS.

(THEY BOW)

ON MUSTARD SOUP AND SWILLS.
ON MUSTARD SOUP AND SWILLS.

(THEY BOW)

ON MUSTARD SOUP AND SWILLS.

AZURE: How can I ever thank you, kind doctors? A granted wish, a trick or two?

CHING: It's us, Madam--

CROW: Who should thank you.

OWL: For giving us someone to administer to!

MUSICAL # 14A – DOCTOR'S EXIT

(DOCTORS BOW AGAIN AND DISAPPEAR. AZURE TURNS TO THE PATIENT.)

AZURE: Now then, my little friend.

*(HANDING PINOCCHIO A GLASSFUL OF A VILE SOMETHING WHICH THE
SERVANTS HAVE BROUGHT.)*

Your treatment starts with drinking this.

PINOCCHIO: Yeeeack! Does it taste as awful as it looks?

AZURE: Quite likely, but the alternative is much worse. Aren't you afraid of dying?

PINOCCHIO: Give me the glass.

(DRINKS MEDICINE, SHUDDERING)

AZURE: Now, what has made you so ill?

PINOCCHIO: Terrible things--my money stolen--out near the Big Tree.

(HIS NOSE BEGINS TO GROW.)

AZURE: Near the Big Tree, you say?

PINOCCHIO: Maybe in the coach.

(NOSE GROWS LONGER)

Ah, now I remember! I swallowed it when I drank the medicine.

(HIS NOSE IS TERRIBLY LONG NOW)

Why are you all laughing?

AZURE: Because of your lies--Pinocchio, and what they're doing to you.

PINOCCHIO: *(FEELING HIS NOSE)* Good heavens! My nose!

AZURE: It grows when you lie to someone.

PINOCCHIO: What can I do?

AZURE: Stop lying... some lies have short legs and some have long noses.

PINOCCHIO: I'll stop lying, I will, I will! Help me to get my old nose back.

AZURE: Very well. Just put your nose out that window and count to seven.

PINOCCHIO: (*GOING TO WINDOW*) One–two- -three–four–five–six...it’s rather nippy out here.
(*SWARMS OF BIRDS CAN BE HEARD CHIRPING, PECKING, WINGS FLUTTERING.*)

PINOCCHIO: Oooh! My goodness! They’re pecking my nose away!
(*THE BIRD NOISES CEASE*)

AZURE: It’s done. You can pull your head back in again.

PINOCCHIO: That’s much better. Thank you, kind fairy. I have a new sensation–right here.

AZURE: That’s your heart swelling.

PINOCCHIO: With what?

AZURE: Gratitude...thanksgiving... love. Even a marionette has to feel things. When you feel love so strongly you forget yourself–then you’ll be a real boy.

PINOCCHIO: That’s what I want–more than anything.

AZURE: You’ll have to work hard for love; it doesn’t come easily for some.

PINOCCHIO: I will. I promise

AZURE: Then you’re ready to go on your journey again, aren’t you?

PINOCCHIO: More than ready. Thank you, again. I’ll make you proud of me–you’ll see.

MUSICAL # 14B – UNDERSCORE

(*PINOCCHIO HUGS THE FAIRY. SETS OFF DOWN THE ROAD, MEETS THE CAT AND FOX.*)

FOX: (*FEIGNING SURPRISE*) Can I believe mine eyes! Vot a relief! Here iss der mystery boy at last. Vere half you been, dear friend?

(*HUGS PINOCCHIO.*)

CAT: Yesss, we have been looking highly and lowly for you.

PINOCCHIO: You’ll never believe... assassins on the road!

FOX: (*RECOILING*) Assassins?

CAT: assassins? What ees thees world coming to?

FOX: You weel next be telling us they’ve made off with your gold pieces...

PINOCCHIO: No, no. They’re here–in my pocket.

FOX: How fortunate, considering these gold pieces might tomorrow become two thousand! In the Field of Fortune–only a mile away.

PINOCCHIO: I’m not very good at arithmetic...

FOX: Dot’s good–I mean, bad.

(*GUIDING PINOCCHIO ALONG PATH*)

Outside of Simplesimon City, iss dot blessed field. You dig a hole up und in der hole a gold piece you bury. To bed you go, und in der morning iss der maglck–der gold piece has sprouted mit blossoms, inside of which are new gold pieces!

CAT: New, shiny, glittering gold pieces–like what he hass said!

PINOCCHIO: (*NOTICING THE CAT’S BANDAGED PAW*) What happened to your paw, Duchess?

CAT: My paw? What paw? This paw?

FOX: You would not believe—an old vulf on der road—begging for food. Vet do you think my generous friend did? Having no food to gill him, she bit off her own paw for dot vulf!

(WIPING CROCODILE TEARS)

PINOCCHIO: *(WIPING OWN TEARS)* If all cats were like you, Duchess, the mice would be lucky.

CAT: They would, they would!

(THE FOX AND THE CAT GET ON EACH SIDE OF PINOCCHIO, ARMS AROUND HIM, GUIDING HIM AHEAD TO THE FIELD OF FORTUNE.)

FOX: Come along then, ve vill see vot ve vill see—jah?

MUSICAL #14C – UNDERSCORE

(LIGHTS FADE.)

SCENE NINE: ROSALIE’S PORCH – LIGHTS COME UP ON ROSALIE AS SHE SITS SEWING, HER FATHER, (DR. CROW) BESIDE HER.

ROSALIE: Where could he be, father? He’s my little boy, too.

FATHER: Wherever he is, I hope he is taking his medicine. And not drinking lemon tea.

ROSALIE: How can you think of lemon tea, when he may be starving?

FATHER: Starving? How can a wooden boy starve? Termites, maybe, but—

ROSALIE: Don’t say that, father!

FATHER: Maybe someone will notice his green nose and send him home to you.

ROSALIE: I should have gone to see Tony before Pinocchio disappeared.

FATHER: No use in worrying about that. I can’t help believing your love will find him.

ROSALIE: Oh, I hope so! I can’t help feeling he’s out there somewhere—listening for the voices of those who love him.

MUSICAL #15 – WHERE’S MY LITTLE BOY?

ROSALIE:

HELLO.

CAN YOU HEAR ME?

CAN YOU HEAR ME

OR IS SILENCE ALL AROUND ME?

HOW I’D LOVE TO FEEL

THE WARMTH OF SUMMER LIGHT AGAIN

AND FEEL THE TOUCH OF AUTUMN NIGHT

(ECHO:)

(HELLO...)

(CAN YOU HEAR ME?)

BREATHE THROUGH MY HAIR AGAIN.
WHERE’S MY LITTLE BOY–
MY LITTLE WOODEN BOY,
WHO COULD HAVE BEEN AND SHOULD HAVE BEEN
OUR PRIDE AND JOY?
SO FAR AWAY, MY LITTLE WOODEN BOY?
WHERE’S MY LITTLE BOY,
UPON SOME WOODDED HILL.
OR ON ACOLD AND ROCKY BED,
ALONE AND STILL?
COME HOME TO US,
MY LITTLE WOODEN BOY.
HELLO. (HELLO...)
NOT A VOICE THERE. (NOT A VOICE THERE...)
NOT A VOICE NEAR,
JUST THE SILENCE ALL AROUND ME.
WHY MUST MOTHERS CALL
AT NIGHT FOR CHILDREN LOST TO THEM?
THESE TEARS MUST FALL,
THIS COLD HEART, ACHING, BREAKS AND WILL NOT MEND.

(MUSIC CONTINUES BACKGROUND)

ROSALIE: Tony was right, papa. I had my heart on the wrong things; I didn’t have a dream, as he did. I thought about the wrong things all along. Tomorrow I go to Flindor to begin searching for our little boy. Perhaps he’s changed, too, and is searching for us.

I WILL SEARCH FOR HIM
AND TRUST THAT FATE WILL LEAD HIM HOME,
THOUGH ALL THE STARS ABOVE GROW DIM,
MY HEART, IT WILL NOT REST.
WHERE’S MY LITTLE BOY?

(LIGHTS FADE SLOWLY. HOUSE LIGHTS UP.)

END ACT I

25 pages to the end of Act Two