

Pinocchio Del Arte



A Musical

Bob Hubley
Ross Modlin

Based on Carlo Collodi's *The Adventures of Pinocchio* (1883)
Illustration by Enrico Mazzanti (1883)

BIG DOG PUBLISHING

Copyright © 2008, Bob Hubley, Ross Modlin

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Pinocchio Del Arte is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and all of the countries covered by the Universal Copyright Convention and countries with which the United States has bilateral copyright relations including Canada, Mexico, Australia, and all nations of the United Kingdom.

Copying or reproducing all or any part of this book in any manner is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this book may be stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form by any means including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, or videotaping without written permission from the publisher.

A royalty is due for every performance of this play whether admission is charged or not. A "performance" is any presentation in which an audience of any size is admitted.

The name of the author must appear on all programs, printing, and advertising for the play. The program must also contain the following notice: "Produced by special arrangement with Big Dog Publishing Company, Sarasota, FL."

All rights including professional, amateur, radio broadcasting, television, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved by Big Dog Publishing Company, www.BigDogPlays.com, to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

BIG DOG PUBLISHING

P.O. Box 1400

TALLEVAST, FL 34270

Pinocchio Del Arte

MUSICAL. On a dark and stormy night, a troupe of Commedia dell'Arte actors arrive at a house looking to escape the storm and to get a bit of food and rest. A maid informs the troupe that they have arrived at the home of the ruler of Venice on the eve of his daughter's wedding. The daughter is melancholy at the thought of marrying a man she does not love, so the troupe attempts to raise her spirits by performing the story of Pinocchio. Carved by a poor woodcarver, Pinocchio, a wooden puppet, yearns to be a real boy, but he makes several mistakes as he journeys into boyhood. Along the way, he meets up with a cricket, the Blue Fairy, a puppeteer, a sly fox and cat, a boy who plays hooky from school, and the five green fishermen. Though liberties have been taken to accommodate the Commedia portion of this musical, much of the Pinocchio storyline follows that of the 1883 original story by Carlo Collodi.

Performance Time: Approximately 90-120 minutes.



About the Author

Carlo Collodi (1826-1890) was born Carlo Lorenzini in Florence, Italy, and was the eldest of 10 children. His father was a cook and his mother was a servant. Collodi worked as a journalist, magazine editor, and translator of children's stories before he became an author of children's stories. *The Adventures of Pinocchio* was first serialized in an Italian children's magazine (1881-1883). The novel became a best-seller and is considered one of the most famous children's stories ever written. The first illustration of Pinocchio was drawn by Enrico Mazzanti in 1883.

Characters

(6 M, 2 F, 20 flexible, extras)
(Flexible cast 40+. Doubling possible.)

COOK/GEPPETTO: Cook for a Commedia dell'Arte troupe of actors; plays the role of Geppetto; wears a yellow wig.

SON/PINOCCHIO: Cook's son and aspiring chef; plays the role of Pinocchio; as Pinocchio, he is dressed in a cloth bag painted with a wood grain with straps around his shoulders to hold it on and a kind of cloth bag over his head.

POTS/MASTER CHERRY: As Master Cherry, he wears a half-mask with a large red bulbous nose and a wig.

CARTWRIGHT: Commedia dell'Arte actor.

BOXER: Commedia dell'Arte actor.

SQUIRES: Commedia dell'Arte actor.

BARREL: Commedia dell'Arte actor.

BAGS: Commedia dell'Arte actor; male.

WIGS: Commedia dell'Arte actor who announces story scenes.

DAUGHTER/BLUE FAIRY: Daughter of the Doge and aspiring actress; plays the Blue Fairy and wears a blue wig.

MAID: Maid to the Doge's daughter.

DOGE: Ruler of Venice; wears nightclothes; male.

CRICKET: Lives in Geppetto's workshop and tries to guide Pinocchio and keep him out of trouble; flexible.

BOY/GIRL: Buys Pinocchio's ABC book for four cents; wears a coat.

FIRE-EATER: Sneezing puppeteer; has a large fuzzy black wig and bushy beard; wields a whip.

HARLEQUIN: Marionette.

PULCINELLA: Marionette.

FOX: Wily, dishonest fox who pretends he is injured; carries a crutch that he switches from side to side and often forgets to use.

CAT: Fox's dimwitted sidekick who repeats what he says; wears a sign around her neck that reads "blind," dark sunglasses, and does things that make it obvious she isn't really blind.

LAMPWICK: Boy who wants to play all day instead of going to school.

DRIVER: Transports kids to the Land of Toys; has an evil grin.

GREEN FISHERMAN 1, 2, 3, 4, 5: Fishermen; they have green hair and green beards.

OLD MAN/OLD WOMAN: Flexible.

POLICE OFFICER: Flexible.

COOK'S HELPER 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

TOWNSPERSON 1, 2, 3

KID 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

EXTRAS: As Actors, Townspeople, Kids, Thugs, and Police Officers.

NOTE: Commedia dell'Arte actors wear half-masks to indicate their characters. The costumes/masks can be consistent with the Commedia dell'Arte tradition and/or can be made to look like the characters as they are depicted in the original sketches.

Songs

"On a Dark and Stormy Night" (Chorus)
"A Piece of Wood" (Cook, Troupe)
"Pinocchio Chase" (Geppetto, Crowd)
"Do the Right Thing" (Cricket, Pinocchio)
"Most Delightful Snack" (Cook, Cook's Helpers)
"What is School?" (Geppetto, Kids)
"Do the Right Thing" Short I (Cricket)
"The Marvelous Puppet Show" (Fire-Eater, Chorus)
"The Field of Miracles" (Fox, Cat)
"Do the Right Thing" Short II (Cricket)
"On a Dark and Stormy Night" Short (Cricket, Pinocchio)
"Do the Right Thing" Reprise (Blue Fairy)
"The Field of Miracles" Short (Fox, Cat)
"The Most Important Thing" (Cook's Son, Daughter)
"Wonderful Land of Toys" (Lampwick, Driver, Kids)
"Wonderful Land of Toys" Playoff (Driver)
"Do the Right Thing" Short III (Cricket)
"Fishermen's Song I" (Fishermen)
"Fishermen's Song II" (Fishermen)
"Fishermen's Song III" (Fishermen)
Finale (Company)

Setting

1631, Venice. Palace courtyard.

Set

The palace courtyard has a platform that has been painted to appear as if it is steps on a garden wall. When the troupe of Commedia actors appears, they transform the platform into a stage by adding a curtain. The curtain has slits in it so that actors can stick out their heads on occasion. There is a working balcony and flowers are hung in several places.

Props

Trunk full of misc. props, costumes, which can be used to represent many different pieces of furniture throughout the play	Rope
Curtain	Large baskets of food
Mask with red nose	Serving tray
Hatchet	Bread
Piece of wood	Soup bowl
Large knife	5 Gold coins
Yellow wig, for Cook	Crutch
Bits of burlap material to represent wood shavings	Sunglasses
4 Noses for Pinocchio that get incrementally longer	Sign that reads, "Blind"
Small broom	Cottage cutout with window
Box for hearth	Lumps of sugar
Wooden mallet	Black shrouds, for Townspeople
Ribbons in different shades of blue to represent water	Goblet
Bed	Old woman's clothing and shawl, for Blue Fairy
Chair	Jug
Orange, yellow, red, and black ribbons to represent fire	Straw
Bucket	Reins
Black rags	Black hoods, for Thugs
Pears	Giant green net
ABC book	Fish
Sign that reads, "The Marvelous Puppet Show"	Bottles
4 Pennies	Rocks
	Rudder
	Boot
	Feathers
	Coin purse
	Baskets
	Confetti
	Sparkling, glittery flags
	Wand

Special Effects

Loud, echoed laugh

Fanfare

2-3 foot nose for Pinocchio that can be supported from above
with a monofilament line

"The most important thing in life
Is always to be true
To the dreams that you believe in
Which lie deep inside of you."

Pinocchio Del Arte

(Overture. AT RISE: The courtyard of the palace of the Doge of Venice, 1631. As the opening song is sung, the Commedia Actors come out and are introduced in full 17th-century costume. They are carrying trunks full of costumes, props and set pieces for their theatrics. They hang a curtain above the wall and further dress the stage. Song: On a Dark and Stormy Night.)

ALL: *(Sing.)* On a dark and stormy night
So many years ago
A troupe of players made their way
From here to there, from town to town.
On a dark and stormy night
So many years ago
The actors fought against the wind,
Against the sharply driving rain.

The hour is late (we must go on)
The wind is cold (we must go on)
The road is fraught with dangerous things
On a dark and stormy night
On a dark and stormy night

On a dark and stormy night
The actors forged ahead.
They spied a home upon a hill
Appearing through the gloom and mist.
On a dark and stormy night
They approached the citadel
A haven from the turbulence
They knocked upon the oaken door.

The hour is late (please let us in)
The wind is cold (please let us in)

The road is fraught with dangerous things
On this dark and stormy night
On this dark and stormy night.

COOK: (*Spoken.*) Whoa, I see that there are lights. We've arrived somewhere! (*Calls.*) Hello! Is there anyone at home?

(*Maid enters.*)

MAID: What disgusting rabble has appeared below me that I should want to dispose of them like trimmings from the gardener's labor.

COOK: We are but a humble troupe of actors, madame, who have stumbled upon your most impressive home on this dark and stormy night!

MAID: Home? This is the palace of the Doge of all Venice, fool! Had you breeding, you would ascertain from my costume and my speech that I am but a servant here. And yet I hold the power to call the guard –

CARTWRIGHT: Oh, madam, please, we beseech thee. We have traveled far this night, and we seek only the walls of this grand court to protect us from the storm for a few hours that we may sup, and rest, and be on our way before the cock crows, and ages before your ladyship should raise her brow in repetition of the rite she performs each break of morn that doth entreat the eyes, the rising sun with her beauty, and, thus, never to gaze upon our unworthy countenance evermore.

MAID: What?

BAGS: He means to ask if we could stay the night and leave in the morning before you get up. We'll be no trouble.

MAID: Have you not heard? My mistress, the Doge's daughter, will be married tomorrow evening. About her impending wedding she is most ill-humored, melancholy, and just plain sad. She acts withdrawn for fear and unhappiness at a marriage she did not choose. Yet even so,

she will marry a stranger out of duty to her father. In truth, the stranger is a dolt, a boot heel, a dunce, if ever there were. For I have met the gentleman's valet, and that were always enough to know.

COOK: Your tale is most distressing, and would that we could act upon this unfortunate circumstance. Yet one last time, we humbly ask, we plead, we beg...let us stay. We expect nothing in return. Even, perhaps, we could cheer her highness up from her present mood of discontent.

MAID: The judgment is not in my power.

DAUGHTER: *(Calls from offstage.)* Oh, good maid, what are you about? What occupies you while I weep and wail at my horrible fate to be married against my will?

MAID: *(To Cook and Cartwright.)* Hush! Here comes my mistress! *(Calls to Daughter.)* Oh, nothing, my sweet plum, but an unhappy discourse with a sorry gaggle of wayward field hands set to begging at our doorstep for food. I have dismissed them.

COOK: Whoa! You insult us, good señora. *(Calls to Daughter.)* We come not to beg for food, as I am the cook for our talented troupe of actors, madam—performers of the Commedia dell'Arte, a tradition of acting that has been in our families for two centuries now.

MAID: *(To Daughter.)* They're just hungry louts begging for a handout.

(Doge's Daughter appears at the balcony. She has been crying.)

DAUGHTER: Actors? Did I hear you say that you were actors? Oh, happy me! Someone come to set me free from these doldrums as the evening summer breeze wafts away the heat of a dying day. My melancholia has overtaken my heart, and it appears it shall never depart. For tomorrow, I shall be unhappily wed. Oh, most welcome sir, what play will you perform for me tonight?

BOXER: Well, my pretty mistress, we weren't exactly hoping to perform this evening, but, rather, we were hoping to sleep.

DAUGHTER: Not within my walls. I hold no refuge for you unless I receive recompense. You must perform a play.

(The Troupe gives a collective groan and turns to exit.)

CARTWRIGHT: *(To actors.)* Let's go. I am too weary to perform.

(As they turn to go, the Cook's Son remains and notices the mournful expression on the Daughter's face. Daughter buries her head in her hands and cries.)

SON: *(To actors.)* No, wait. Can you not see the despair in her eyes? We must stay as gentlemen and kind spirits.

POTS: He's right.

(The Troupe adlibs murmurs of acceptance.)

MAID: Well spoke, or I'd have the guards on you for disappointing her.

DAUGHTER: What play will you perform?

COOK: My friends, it appears we are engaged, and perhaps we should perform something tried and true. The tale of David and Goliath should suffice.

SQUIRES: David and Goliath? That dull story? I'd sooner see the guards.

DAUGHTER: Not David and Goliath. It is far too frightening. I will have something with comedy and yet a moral. Play something that children may dote on...a fairy story!

COOK: Oh, we only have one of those, but, unfortunately, the fellow who has played the young hero of the story has recently departed.

MAID: Struck down with plague, no doubt.

COOK: No, madam, worse...burdened with children. His wife has born another child—the most recent of 13—and he must return home, for his wife remains ill. Oh, mercy for him and for his intelligent wife. His brood of children is rascally, and defiant, and rude, and ill-tempered, and worse even than is the hero of our story.

MAID: Who is such a hero who sounds like a villain, for rascally is not a pretty term?

COOK: The hero is named Pinocchio, my fair dame. And I play his poor unfortunate father, a person called Geppetto.

DAUGHTER: Oh, yes, Pinocchio. I believe I have heard of him, or will in the future. He is a scoundrel, is he not? He is a rascal who gets his comeuppance.

SON: Yes, madam, but we have no one to play him.

DAUGHTER: And what of yourself?

SON: Oh, madam, I am but an apprentice. I didn't—

MAID: Guards!

COOK: No, please, I beg. We will perform Pinocchio, and my son, the apprentice actor, will play the role.

SON: But, Father...

COOK: No arguments. We are bound to entertain for our lodging, and we must as kind spirits cheer our mistress' heart...and without further adieu. Set the stage!

(The Actors rush about almost as in the opening, setting more props and throwing costumes about. Each may wear a half-mask as in Commedia dell'Arte to indicate his/her character. The costumes could be hybrids of sorts from the Commedia tradition and the original Collodi sketches.)

WIGS: *(Announcing.)* The Story of Pinocchio!

SON: Once upon a time, there was a boy...I mean...uh...there was a woodcarver...I mean... *(Breaks character. To Cook.)*
Oh, Father, I can't...

(Cook enters.)

COOK: Now, just gather yourself together...

(Maid and Daughter are seated in the balcony.)

MAID: It appears our hero is off to a poor start.

COOK: He'll warm into it, madam. Here, Son, let me start you off. You must begin in a grand voice as such... *(Grand.)*

Once upon a time there was...

CARTWRIGHT: A king?

BOXER: A queen?

POTS: A prince?

SQUIRES: A witch?

COOK: No! A piece of wood!

ACTORS: A piece of wood?

(Song: "A Piece of Wood.")

COOK: *(Sings.)*

A piece of wood

Just a simple piece of wood

Just a stick, just a log that you might put in a stove

A piece of wood

Just a simple piece of wood

Nothing fine, nothing fancy, nothing that you would look
twice at

It seemed so plain, there was nothing odd about it

There's nothing very different than from any other twig

A piece of wood,

Not bad or good

It was just a piece of wood

ALL: *(Sing.)*

A piece of wood

Just a simple piece of wood

Just a stick, just a log that you might put in a stove

A piece of wood

Just a simple piece of wood

Nothing fine, nothing fancy, nothing that you would look
twice at
It seemed so plain, there was nothing odd about it
There's nothing very diff'rent than from any other twig
A piece of wood,
Not bad or good
It was just a piece of wood.

(During the course of the song, the Actors are pushing and twirling the Cook's Son, who is dressed in a cloth bag with straps around his shoulders to hold it up with a cloth bag over his head. The cloth should be painted with a wood grain.)

POTS: Who plays Master Cherry? Who is to play Cherry?!

(Boxer peeks through a hole in the curtain.)

BOXER: Master Pots, it's you.

POTS: *(Mimics him.)* "Master Pots it's you!" I know it's me,
and I know you are you, but who plays Master Cherry?

(Boxer holds out a red nose.)

BOXER: It's you! You do!

(Pots takes the nose and applies it. As Master Cherry, his half mask has a large red bulbous nose.)

POTS: Gracious me, you're right! This is my big part.

WIGS: *(Announces.)* The scene in which Master Cherry makes
a gift of wood to his friend Geppetto.

(Pots pulls a hatchet from the property box, which resides on stage and can be used to represent many different pieces of furniture throughout the play. He sings or hums the last bit of the song "A

Piece of Wood," which has been playing under the dialogue. He places the piece of wood over his knee and raises the hatchet to strike.)

PINOCCHIO: *(Interrupts the song.)* Please be careful. Don't hit me.

(Master Cherry looks around to see where the voice came from. He looks under the curtain. He looks in the audience. All the while he is searching, he is rolling his eyes looking curious and perhaps a bit frightened. Finally he shrugs, laughs, and returns to the wood.)

MASTER CHERRY: I get it. It is obvious that I imagined that little voice. Let's get back to work now. This piece of wood will make a fine leg for my table.

(Master Cherry raises the hatchet again and strikes Pinocchio.)

PINOCCHIO: Ouch! You've hurt me!

(Master Cherry looks petrified, with his tongue hanging down like a gargoyle. He shakes this off and regains his tongue.)

MASTER CHERRY: *(Trembling with fear.)* But where could this little voice that said "Ouch!" have come from? There's not a living soul here. Could it be that this piece of wood is able to cry and complain like a child? Could there be someone hidden inside? If so, that's too bad for him! I'll fix him! *(He stops and laughs to himself, but is still looking frightened.)* I get it. I must have imagined that the wood spoke. *(He takes a large prop knife and begins to whittle the wood.)*

PINOCCHIO: Stop! You're tickling my tummy!

(With a scream of horror, Master Cherry falls over. Geppetto, played by the Cook, enters on the side of the stage and knocks at the door by stamping his foot and miming a knock. He wears a yellow wig.)

MASTER CHERRY: *(Still on the floor.)* Come in.

GEPPETTO: Good day, Master Cherry. What are you doing there on the ground?

MASTER CHERRY: Good day, Master Geppetto. I am teaching the ants to count.

GEPPETTO: Oh, my tired bones. I have a favor to ask of you. This morning an idea popped into my head.

MASTER CHERRY: Let's hear it.

GEPPETTO: I thought of making a fine wooden puppet...a puppet that could sing and dance and fence and do daredevil tricks. I would travel the world and earn my crust of bread with this puppet. What do you think about it?

PINOCCHIO: Brilliant idea, cornbread head.

(Master Cherry sits up.)

GEPPETTO: *(To Master Cherry.)* Why are you insulting me?

MASTER CHERRY: Who's insulting you?

GEPPETTO: You called me "cornbread head"!

MASTER CHERRY: It wasn't me.

GEPPETTO: Then I suppose it was me!

MASTER CHERRY: No!

GEPPETTO: Yes!

MASTER CHERRY: No!

GEPPETTO: Yes!

(Master Cherry and Geppetto fight, rolling about until Geppetto's yellow wig ends up in Master Cherry's hands and Master Cherry's wig is in Geppetto's mouth.)

MASTER CHERRY: Give me back my wig!

GEPPETTO: Give me mine, and we'll make peace.

(Master Cherry and Geppetto exchange wigs and put them back on.)

MASTER CHERRY: Now then, my friend Geppetto, what is the favor you want of me?

GEPPETTO: I want some wood to make my puppet. Will you give it to me? *(Master Cherry to Pinocchio. He picks him up and brings him to Geppetto, who is bent over adjusting his clothing. Just as Master Cherry hands Pinocchio over, Pinocchio jolts and kicks Geppetto in the butt.)* Is this the way you do me a favor...by kicking an old man?

MASTER CHERRY: I swear it wasn't me!

GEPPETTO: I suppose I did it to myself!

MASTER CHERRY: It's this piece of wood!

GEPPETTO: I know it was the wood, but who hit me with it?

MASTER CHERRY: I didn't!

GEPPETTO: Liar!

MASTER CHERRY: Cornbread head!

GEPPETTO: Brute!

MASTER CHERRY: Cornbread head!

GEPPETTO: Baboon!

MASTER CHERRY: Cornbread head!

(Geppetto and Master Cherry fight again and roll about. They once again trade wigs. They laugh and shake hands. Geppetto gingerly takes the piece of wood. He walks through the audience continuing to sing a reprise of "A Piece of Wood" to signify travel time. Townspeople may join him to show distance and indicate that he is walking through the town.)

DAUGHTER: *(From balcony.)* My, but these two are ridiculous!

MAID: I rather fancy the oaf with the red nose! Reminds me of my dear-departed dad who too much enjoyed his beer.

WIGS: *(Announces.)* The scene in which Geppetto carves the wood into a puppet who runs away!

(Geppetto walks with Pinocchio to Geppetto's workshop. Geppetto sits Pinocchio on his knee.)

GEPPETTO: *(To himself.)* What name should I give to this little puppet I am about to carve? *(Thinks.)* I know. I'll call him Pinocchio. The name will bring him luck. I once knew a whole family of Pinocchios. The father was called Pinocchio. The mother was called Pinocchia, and the children were all little Pinocchios. They did well for themselves. The richest one of them had only to beg in the streets for daily bread.

DAUGHTER: *(Laughing.)* What strange dialect is he speaking?

(Cook takes off his Geppetto wig.)

COOK: *(Breaks character.)* It is Florentine, madam. Pinocchio is the Florentine word for "pine nut." It is really quite amusing that he talks of a whole family of pine nuts. Although, as a cook, I must say that pine nuts can provide a miraculous accent to many a dull dish.

DAUGHTER: *(Yawns loudly.)* Aye, me, what a discourse!

MAID: We beseech you sirs to cease this lecture and confusion and continue the story. My mistress grows weary.

COOK/GEPPETTO: Yes, mistress. *(Cook places the wig back on and continues to carve Pinocchio. As Geppetto whittles the wood, he pulls off the cloth bag in pieces, and bits of burlap material that represent the wood shavings fall out. Pinocchio's head is revealed first. He has a rather longish strapped on costume piece for a nose.)* My, but this nose is difficult. It seems no matter how much I carve, it stays long. *(He pretends to carve a mouth, and Pinocchio begins to laugh.)* Stop laughing, you little monkey! *(Pinocchio takes Geppetto's wig.)* Give me back my wig! *(Pinocchio puts the wig on his own head and laughs and mocks Geppetto.)* Pinocchio! I am not even finished carving you, and already you are acting like a wicked little boy! *(Geppetto grabs the wig back and finishes taking off all the burlap. He picks up the burlap.)* I shall dispose of these wood shavings in the

fire. (*Geppetto uses a small broom to sweep up the “shavings” and dumps them into a slit in the curtain that represents the fire. There is a box under the slit that represents a hearth. Pinocchio is testing out his new legs. Geppetto helps him and shows him how to walk by putting one foot in front of the other. In a few steps, Pinocchio begins to run and runs away from Geppetto. Pinocchio runs in and out of the aisles of the theater. Townspeople try to stop him. Geppetto shouts.*) Catch him! Catch him!

(*Song: “Pinocchio Chase.”*)

GEPETTO: (*Sings.*)

Pinocchio, Pinocchio
Come back at once, you naughty brat
Pinocchio, Pinocchio
He’s running away, I want him back
Grab the puppet! He’s slipping away!
He’s running to and fro
I need to catch Pinocchio

ALL: (*Sing.*) Pinocchio, Pinocchio

(*Music.*)

Pinocchio, Pinocchio

(*Music.*)

Grab the puppet! We’ll catch him yet
Wherever he may go
We need to catch Pinocchio

(*16 bars of chase music.*)

Pinocchio, Pinocchio

Come back at once, you naughty brat
Pinocchio, Pinocchio
He’s running away, we want him back
Grab the puppet! We’ll catch him yet
Wherever he may go
We need to catch
We need to catch
We need to catch

Pino, Pino, Pino, Pinocchio.

(Geppetto finally catches Pinocchio, grabs him by the collar, and shakes him.)

GEPPETTO: *(To Pinocchio.)* We'll see about this when we get home!

TOWNSPERSON 1: *(Stage whisper. Aside.)* Poor puppet. Geppetto seems so very angry. It's no wonder he won't go home.

TOWNSPERSON 2: Perhaps Geppetto will beat him.

TOWNSPERSON 3: Geppetto looks like a nice fellow, but he may be a tyrant with children.

(Police Officer arrives on the scene.)

POLICE OFFICER: Here now! Hands off the poor little puppet and away with you!

(Police Officer drags Geppetto away.)

DAUGHTER: This is unbelievable!

MAID: Is there no true justice? What a monster is this Pinocchio!

DAUGHTER: I shall call my father, the Doge of all of Venice!

MAID: Shhh, mistress, the play continues.

(Wigs crosses out the last scene.)

WIGS: *(Announces.)* The talking cricket warns Pinocchio, who learns the meaning of hunger!

(Blackout to signal the passage of time. As lights come back up, we hear Cricket in Geppetto's workshop.)

CRICKET: Crick, crick, crick, crick, crick, crick.

PINOCCHIO: Who's there? Who is talking?

CRICKET: It is I, the Cricket on the hearth. This has been my domestic domicile for more than an hundred years if I can recall a day.

PINOCCHIO: Then you must be old indeed.

CRICKET: You state the oblivious, my friend.

PINOCCHIO: Well, this is my domestic...domestic...whatever-you-call-it now, and I don't think I want to share it with you.

(Song: "Just Do the Right Thing.")

CRICKET: *(Sings.)*

I've been around a long, long time
Seen people come and go
Some were good and some were bad
But this much you should know:
I don't like your behavior,
I don't think it's very nice
Just stop and clean your ears out
And listen to my advice.

Just do the right thing,
Just do the right thing,
Just do unto others what you'd like them to do
And you'll find that good feelings will come to you, too
Just do the right thing,
Just do the right thing,
It's a simple as that, that's all you need do
If you simply do the right thing.

PINOCCHIO: *(Sings.)*

I just want to have some fun
Play games and frolic, too
Don't want to listen to advice
Especially from you!
You're just a puny cricket
Go crawl beneath a rug!

Just go away, leave me alone
You lowly, worthless bug.

CRICKET: *(Sings.)*

Just do the right thing,
Just do the right thing,
Treat others with caring and thoughtfulness, too
And the kindness of others will come back to you.
Just do the right thing,
Just do the right thing,
It's as simple as that, that's all you need do
If you simply do the right thing.

You must obey the Golden Rule
And every day must go to school.
Obey your father, you will see
A better person you will be

PINOCCHIO: *(Sings.)*

I don't want to go to school
And I don't need no Golden Rule
I just want to run and play
That's all I want to do all day.

CRICKET: *(Sings.)* Now listen here; I know what's best

PINOCCHIO: *(Sings.)* You're just a small annoying pest

CRICKET: *(Sings.)* You'll always be a woodenhead!

PINOCCHIO: *(Sings.)* Now that's enough! I'll see you—!

(Spoken.) Oops... *(Pinocchio bops Cricket on the head with a wooden mallet [handed through the curtain]. Cricket falls back [into arms extended through the curtain] and disappears. [Note: It should be comical, not violent, when Cricket is hit and falls to the floor.] Pinocchio stares after him for a moment.)* Silly idiot insect. I guess I shouldn't have bopped him so hard. But then he was just an old bug, and people step on bugs all the time.

(Pinocchio sees an imaginary bug on the floor and stomps it. A Commedia Actor comes out and replaces Pinocchio's nose with a longer nose.)

MAID: *(To Daughter.)* It appears that his nose has grown for some odd reason.

DAUGHTER: A malady he certainly deserves for his terrible behavior. Still, I don't quite understand.

(Pots has climbed up behind Doge's Daughter and the Maid. Pots sidles up to the Maid.)

POTS: *(Into the Maid's ear.)* It is simple, my beautiful lady. It is a metaphor to prove that wicked deeds and lies are as plain to see as the nose on your face.

(Maid giggles.)

DAUGHTER: Sir! You have no permission to be here!

MAID: *(To Pots.)* Be off!

(Maid hits Pots and pushes him away all the while smiling and winking at him flirtatiously.)

PINOCCHIO: *(Searching for food.)* Oh, dear, my stomach is grumbling with hunger. Where is the food? *(Townsperson 1, 2, 3 pass him by and dismiss him.)* Oh, please, can you help?

TOWNSPERSON 1: Go along, little beggar!

TOWNSPERSON 2: What do you need food for?

PINOCCHIO: I'm starving!

TOWNSPERSON 3: You're made of wood! You don't need food!

PINOCCHIO: I do! Oh, please, help! *(He is now on the platform, where an Old Man (or woman) sticks his head out of one of the ports built into the curtain. Pinocchio sits and begins to cry.)* Oh, the talking cricket was right. I should have

listened to my father. It is terrible to be hungry. Oh, what was I thinking to run away and be so heartless?

OLD MAN: Who is making all that noise?

PINOCCHIO: Forgive me sir. I am so hungry. Will you give me something?

OLD MAN: Certainly, my little waif. *(He disappears for a moment and then reappears.)* Hold out your hands. *(Pinocchio holds out his hands.)* Here is some cold water to keep your tongue still in the middle of the night when old folks are trying to sleep!

(The Old Man dumps "water" in his hands. Note: The water is in the form of ribbons of different shades of blue.)

PINOCCHIO: *(Weeping.)* Oh, this is my entire fault. I should have listened. Oh, Father, I am sorry. *(He goes back to Geppetto's workshop and sits in the chair.)* I shall rest my weary feet here on the hearth where the cricket used to live. I am cold and wet and hungry... *(Yawns.)* ...and tired.

(As Pinocchio falls asleep, his feet begin to "burn." [Note: This is done with an effect of orange, yellow, red, and black ribbons on sticks being dangled above his feet from over the curtain or through slits.] Geppetto enters.)

GEPPETTO: Fire! Fire! Pinocchio! Pinocchio! Wake up! Your feet are on fire! *(He seizes a bucket of blue-colored ribbons [as in the previous water effect] and throws them on his feet at which the "fire" disappears. Commedia Actors tie black rags around Pinocchio's feet to signify that his feet are burned.)* Pinocchio are you all right?

PINOCCHIO: Oh, Father! I am so sorry. Look at the trouble I've caused. My feet are burned off, and my nose is growing longer, and the cricket is...is...gone for good...but my hunger remains. Oh, Father! *(He cries vehemently.)*

GEPPETTO: There, there, my little wooden son. I have a soft heart for you, and I know you feel badly. I will mend your feet tonight. Here are some pears for you to eat. (*Hands him some pears.*)

PINOCCHIO: Oh, thank you, Father. And I promise that I will be good from now on, and I will go to school, and not run away, and live the Golden Rule. But, Father...?

GEPPETTO: Yes, my son?

PINOCCHIO: Do you have anything else to eat? I don't like pears. (*He throws the pears away.*) I want candy!

(*Geppetto's mouth drops open at this request. Lights down on the platform. Lights up on the balcony.*)

MAID: Something tells me this puppet has not truly learned his lesson.

CARTWRIGHT: That is foreshadowing, madam. It is something that foretells, forewarns, and otherwise gives hints at events that will occur in our story. It is as if the future has cast a shadow on the present.

MAID: (*To Doge's Daughter.*) This troupe of actors is full of wise and learned folk.

DAUGHTER: I am growing fond of the youth that plays the puppet.

(*Doge enters wearing his nightclothes.*)

DOGE: My sweet daughter, why is it you are up so late with a wedding to be at tomorrow – your own, in fact?

DAUGHTER: Oh, Father, you startled me! I am being entertained by a marvelous troupe of actors. Father, why are you awake? You know how much you need your sleep.

DOGE: I was hungry, my dear, and I was looking for a royal midnight snack. However, the larder has been emptied for tomorrow's feast and the cook will not wake up.

COOK: That's a crime!

DOGE: Who speaks?

COOK: Forgive me for intruding, but I couldn't help but overhear that you were hungry, my lord. I am always ready to oblige when food is concerned. I would be happy to prepare you something.

SON: *(Accidentally says this in his Pinocchio voice.)* Oh, Father, can I help? *(Realizes. Clears his throat and says this in his normal voice.)* Oh, Father, can I help?

COOK: No, Son, you must play your part, and I am not sure you are ready to begin to learn to cook. It is a fine art, you know.

SON: *(Dejected.)* Yes, Father, and I want to learn.

COOK: *(To Doge.)* Now, sir, I have but one short scene to play as Geppetto, and then I will concoct for you a most delightful snack!

(Song: "A Most Delightful Snack.")

COOK: *(Sings.)*

We'll start with some cheese, a little bit of cheese
Some gorgonzola and some provolone
Romano and havarti, just to start the party
And perhaps a bit of sausage or bologna
So have a taste of gouda
Eat well with no remorse
It's all to whet your appetite
For the most important course.

The pasta! The pasta! The pasta!

Bucatini, ditalini and some cannelloni
Ravioli, rigatoni, try some macaroni
Taste some spaghettini
With a platter of linguine
Don't forget the fettuccine
It's a most delightful snack.

HELPER 1: *(Sings.)* Have a sip of vino as you eat some
cavatelli

HELPER 2: *(Sings.)* Nibble on fusilli, it will filla up your belly

HELPER 3: *(Sings.)* Try orecchiette

HELPER 4: *(Sings.)* Or a mouthful of tubetti

HELPER 5: *(Sings.)* Don't forget just plain spaghetti

ALL: *(Sing.)* It's a most delightful snack

SON: *(Sings.)*

So many types of food

So many types of food

How can I learn to cook them all!

I really want to please my father!

COOK: *(Sings.)* I'd sing this song much quicker, but I can't go
any fahsta

So many different types of food, so many kinds of pasta

(The chorus repeats, with Cook's Son struggling to keep up.)

ALL: *(Sing.)*

Bucatini, ditalini and some cannelloni

Ravioli, rigatoni, try some macaroni

Taste some spaghettini

With a platter of linguine

COOK: *(Sings.)* Don't forget the fettuccine

SON: *(Sings.)* Don't forget the fettuccine

COOK: *(Sings.)* With a platter of linguine

SON: *(Sings.)* With a platter of linguine

ALL: *(Sing.)* Don't forget the fettuccine

With a platter of linguine

And a little spaghettini

It's a most delightful snack!

DOGE: *(Spoken.)* Bravissimo! My mouth is watering in
anticipation! And I should like to stay and watch the play.

DAUGHTER: You will enjoy it, Father, except the
disobedience of the little puppet named Pinocchio may
disturb you. The small child should never disobey the

parent, as our friend the Cricket has already said. Be prepared that Pinocchio may cause more mischief.

DOGE: I shall be ready for it! Play on!

WIGS: (*Announces.*) Pinocchio sells his ABC book to see the puppet show!

GEPPETTO: Pinocchio, wake up! It's time to go to school! And look at the coat and the cap I've made for you to wear.

PINOCCHIO: Oh, Father, I have the appearance of a true gentleman!

GEPPETTO: And I have one more surprise. See! (*Shows him the book.*) I have an ABC book for you!

PINOCCHIO: Oh, Father, now I am completely ready to go to school with my book, and my coat, and my cap...but, Father, how could you afford this?

GEPPETTO: I told you I made the coat and cap, Son.

PINOCCHIO: Yes, but my ABC book...Father, where is your coat?

GEPPETTO: I sold it.

PINOCCHIO: Why?

GEPPETTO: It was too warm.

(*Pinocchio runs and puts his arms around Geppetto.*)

PINOCCHIO: Oh, Father, you are so good to me. I am going to be the best boy in school. But, Father, what is school?

GEPPETTO: What is school? What is school?

(*Geppetto proceeds to sing as he dresses and readies Pinocchio for school. Song: "What is School?"*)

GEPPETTO: (*Sings.*)

School is a place where children go
To learn the things they ought to know
To learn to read their A-B-Cs
And learn to count, like 1-2-3
There are so many wonderful things to discover

Oh, the things you learn at school

KID 1: *(Sings.)*

You'll learn how to read, which will open your mind

To the incredible things in books you will find

KID 2: *(Sings.)* You can read about battles, you can read about
a war

KID 3: *(Sings.)* You can learn to count to three

KID 4: *(Sings.)* You can even count to four!

ALL: *(Sing.)*

There are so many wonderful things to discover

Oh, the things you learn at school

KID 1: *(Sings.)*

You'll learn about geography

And even oceanography

KID 2: *(Sings.)*

A bit of ancient history

It's really quite a mystery

KID 3: *(Sings.)*

You'll learn of rivers, streams, and brooks

And how to catch a fish with hooks

KID 4: *(Sings.)* You'll see how an amoeba looks

ALL: *(Sing.)* All this you'll find inside of...

(Pause.)

PINOCCHIO: *(Sings.)* Books?

ALL: *(Sing.)* Yes!

School is a place where children go

To learn the things they ought to know

To learn to read their A-B-Cs

And learn to count, like 1-2-3

There are so many wonderful things to discover

Oh, the things you learn at school.

(At the end of the song, Geppetto waves goodbye to Pinocchio as he happily trots off to school.)

PINOCCHIO: Oh, I am so happy. Today I will learn to read first thing. Then tomorrow, I'll become a writer, and the next day, I will learn everything there is to know about this add, subtract, multiply, divide character. *(The music from the puppet show is heard in the background. People rush past Pinocchio on their way to see the show.)* What is that music? It's too bad I have to go to school today, or...maybe I won't. Maybe I will go hear the music today, and tomorrow I will learn to read and write and speak with Mr. Add-Subtract! *(The puppet show music gets louder. Boy enters. To Boy.)* Excuse me! What is that music about?

BOY: Why, can't you read the sign there? *(Points to a sign that reads, "The Marvelous Puppet Show.")*

PINOCCHIO: Oh, I can but not just right now.

BOY: Then you should know that it says, "The Marvelous Puppet Show."

PINOCCHIO: Oh! How much does it cost to get in?

BOY: Four pennies, but it is just about to start. You better hurry!

PINOCCHIO: Can I have four pennies?

BOY: I don't think so.

PINOCCHIO: Could I borrow four pennies from you until tomorrow?

BOY: Sure! Except I can't because I don't know you well enough.

PINOCCHIO: Can I sell you something for four pennies?

(Boy eyes Pinocchio's ABC book.)

BOY: Yes, but it really depends on what you will sell me. There is something you have that I really want. Can you guess what it is?

PINOCCHIO: My cap?

BOY: Do I look like I need a cap?

PINOCCHIO: My coat?

BOY: (*Holding the lapels of his own coat.*) What do you think this is?

PINOCCHIO: Well, the only thing I have left is my ABC book. But you can't want that because it is clear to me that you can read already.

BOY: But I do want it! I want to learn to read more! You must sell me the book.

(*The ghost of the Cricket appears. Song: "Just Do the Right Thing" short.*)

CRICKET: (*Sings.*)

Just do the right thing,

Just do the right thing,

It's a simple as that, that's all you need do

If you simply do the right thing

(*Spoken.*) Pinocchio, remember what your father wanted.

PINOCCHIO: You again? I thought I was rid of you.

CRICKET: I am but a ghost of myself it seems. Remember what your father wanted.

PINOCCHIO: What?

CRICKET: Remember...uh, remember...hmmm, funny but ever since you hit me in the head I...I...seem to forget...now let me see, what was it he wanted you to...oh! Now I know. He wants you to go to school!

PINOCCHIO: Be off before I throw the book at you!

(*Cricket starts to exit.*)

CRICKET: (*Sings very fast.*)

It's a simple as that, that's all you need do

If you simply do the right thing. (*Exits.*)

BOY: That was very strange. I'm not sure I should buy anything from you.

PINOCCHIO: Please wait. I want to see the great puppet show!

BOY: Well, hurry up then. Will you sell me the book?

PINOCCHIO: Yes! Here!

(Pinocchio hands the Boy his ABC book. The Boy gives Pinocchio four pennies.)

BOY: Hurrah! Now I can go to school like all the other children! So long, sucker!

PINOCCHIO: Why did he call me that? I'm made of wood, not candy. Oh, boy! Four pennies! What a deal! I'm off to see the Great Puppet Show!

(Wigs crosses off the scene.)

WIGS: *(Announces.)* Pinocchio meets Fire-Eater at the Marvelous Puppet Show.

(Marionettes enter. Hands appear above the curtain holding the marionettes' strings. Townspeople watch the performance. Note: During the following song, dance, and "fight," Harlequin and Pulcinella see Pinocchio and invite him onstage.)

(Song: "The Marvelous Puppet Show.")

FIRE-EATER: *(Sings.)*

Step right up, just step right up
Come on and see the show!
The finest piece of entertainment you will ever know
Just buy yourself a ticket, grab a seat in the front row
It's the glorious, fabulous, excellent, wonderful,
Marvelous puppet show.

(Short bit with Harlequin and Pulcinella. Large crowd reaction.)

ALL: *(Sing.)*

It's a marvelous puppet show

It's a marvelous puppet show
It's a glorious, fabulous, excellent, wonderful,
Marvelous puppet show.
It's a marvelous puppet show
It's a marvelous puppet show
It's a glorious, fabulous, excellent, wonderful,
Marvelous puppet show.

TOWNSPERSON 1: *(Sings.)*

I like the way that Harlequin
Just whacks the other fella

TOWNSPERSON 2: *(Sings.)*

I also like that other one
His name is Pulcinella

TOWNSPERSON 3: *(Sings.)*

This show is great, it makes me roar
I laugh till my face turns red
I really like the way they whack
Each other on the head

ALL: *(Sing.)*

It's a marvelous puppet show
It's a marvelous puppet show
It's a glorious, fabulous, excellent, wonderful,
Marvelous puppet show.
It's a marvelous puppet show
It's a marvelous puppet show
It's a glorious, fabulous, excellent, wonderful,
Marvelous puppet show.

KIDS CHORUS: *(Sings.)*

Pretty costumes, pretty music
Pretty marionettes for everyone to see
Buy a ticket for the puppet show
You won't be disappointed
Oh, you'll have a wonderful time

(Dance break.)

TOWNSPERSON 4: *(Sings.)*

This puppet show is so much fun
I should have brought my wife.

TOWNSPERSON 5: *(Sings.)*

This simply is the happiest thing
I've seen in all my life!

FIRE-EATER: *(Sings.)*

The finest piece of entertainment
You will ever know
Just buy yourself a ticket
To the marvelous puppet show.

ALL: *(Sing.)*

It's a marvelous puppet show
It's a marvelous puppet show
It's a glorious, fabulous, excellent, wonderful,
Marvelous puppet show.

It's a marvelous puppet show.

It's a marvelous puppet show.

It's glorious!

It's fabulous!

It's excellent!

It's wonderful!

It's the glorious, fabulous, excellent, wonderful,
Marvelous puppet show.

HARLEQUIN: Look! *(Indicating Pinocchio.)* The puppet,
there, was moving about with no strings!

PULCINELLA: I see it's true! Why, it's a miracle! Come look,
everyone!

*(The Townspeople gather around Pinocchio and adlib "Wonderful,
"How does he do it?" etc.)*

HARLEQUIN: Welcome, our bother! Hip, hip, hooray!

*(Marionettes join in. Townspeople begin to shout and adlib "Boo!"
"Hey, what about the show?" "Start the show," "We paid our*

money!" etc. Fire-Eater , the puppeteer, appears from behind the curtain, angry at the disturbance. He has a large fuzzy black wig and a bushy beard. He wields a whip.)

FIRE-EATER: What is going on here? Who has stopped the show? Who has caused the great puppet show to—? *(He sees Pinocchio.)* Well, who have we here? Do you know my name, little stringless one? I am Fire-Eater! I am to be feared.

(Harlequin and Pulcinella and the other puppets are cowering in a group.)

PINOCCHIO: Oh, please don't eat me, please! Oh, I don't want to die!

FIRE-EATER: Eat you? Now there, there, my little puppet... *(He sneezes.)*

PINOCCHIO: I am too young to die, and I only wanted to see the wonderful puppet show, and I don't taste very good.

FIRE-EATER: Now, my cute little woodenhead, what is your name? Where is your mother?

PINOCCHIO: Pinocchio is my name, and I have no mother, only a poor father who loves me and wants me to go to school.

FIRE-EATER: Pinocchio! Ha! Achoo! *(His sneeze is very humorous. He laughs and sneezes again and the Townspeople laugh with him.)* Huh? Go home all of you... *(Sneezes again.)* The show is over for today. *(To Pinocchio.)* I have a new performer for tomorrow's show perhaps? No, mother?

(Fire-Eater sneezes again and blows Pinocchio over. At this, the Townspeople laugh and disburse.)

PINOCCHIO: No, and it seems that I have disobeyed my father again.

(Fire-Eater sneezes several times. Harlequin sneaks over to Pinocchio.)

HARLEQUIN: He is feeling sorry for you. I can tell because he is sneezing. He always sneezes when he is sad or touched in his heart.

FIRE-EATER: Yes, I am feeling sorry for him, but not for you! You are all in terrible trouble! Harlequin and Pulcinella, you have ruined the show! I am hungry now, and I will burn you both so that I may have a nice hot fire to cook meat for my supper! Gendarmes, come and bind them.

(Officers 1, 2, who remained behind when the Townspeople exited, cross and tie Pulcinella and Harlequin's hands.)

PINOCCHIO: Oh, no, please, Sir Fire-Eater, I beg you show mercy. This is my fault for being so disobedient! Show mercy, Sir Greatness!

FIRE-EATER: There is no Sir Greatness here!

PINOCCHIO: Show mercy, Sir Lord!

FIRE-EATER: There is no Sir Lord here!

PINOCCHIO: Show mercy, Sir President?

FIRE-EATER: There is no Sir President here! Gendarmes, get a torch and burn them, so I may have hot roasted meat tonight.

PINOCCHIO: Show mercy, Sir Royal Excellency!

FIRE-EATER: Hmm...Sir Excellency, I like that. What do you want?

PINOCCHIO: Show them mercy and do not burn them. It is all my fault.

FIRE-EATER: *(Sneezes.)* But I have to punish someone because I spared you so that you can go home and be good to your poor father who has no wife.

PINOCCHIO: Then, Gendarmes, take me and set fire to me! It is not right that my puppet friends should die for me.

(Fire-Eater has a great fit of sneezing and everyone joins in with him.)

FIRE-EATER: You are truly a good boy. If I had a son, I would want him to be as just and kind. Come and kiss me on the cheek.

HARLEQUIN/PULCINELLA: Mercy is granted then?

FIRE-EATER: Mercy is granted. Tonight I shall dine on vegetables.

PINOCCHIO: Oh, my father could make a dish of vegetables fit for a king or even for an excellency such as yourself.

FIRE-EATER: Your father...is he rich?

PINOCCHIO: No very, very poor.

FIRE-EATER: Then here are five gold coins you may take to him only if you promise to be good and go to school, and, and...ah...ah... achoo! Go before I begin to sneeze again!

(Pinocchio, Harlequin and Pulcinella dance to a short reprise of the "Marvelous Puppet Show" song. Song: "Marvelous Puppet Show" play off. Wigs strikes the last scene off the scenario.)

WIGS: Intermission!

(Carrying a few large baskets of food, Cook enters with Cartwright and Squires and proceeds to just below the balcony.)

COOK: And now, according to the scenario, there is a small respite during which I thought I would pass to you this humble repast, which I so humbly do put before your highness.

CARTWRIGHT: Can I have some?

SQUIRES: *(Grabbing.)* Yeah. Cookies. This looks really yummy!

BARREL: Give me some!

COOK: No, you mustn't. This is for our Doge. *(Cartwright, Barrel, and Squires adlib, "Oh, come on," "Give me some," etc.*

They grab and pull at him and it upsets the baskets.) Now see what you've done!

SON: Never fear, Father, see what I have prepared! *(He rushes behind the curtain and brings out a tray of bread with a bowl on it.)* It's a dish I learned to make from the traveler from the Far East we met a fortnight ago. It is a savory concoction of unique spices and vegetables served on bread baked with aromatic herbs. I had prepared it as an experiment and was planning on feeding it to our company at the end of the play.

COOK: But, Son, you can't. You're not an experienced cook.

DOGE: Savory...aromatic? Oh, I must try some immediately.

(Doge tries some and the others wait with bated breath.)

MAID: *(To Son.)* Pray he enjoys it, good sir, for his tastes are most discreet, and he may fly into a rage to send you all packing if he is not satisfied.

DOGE: *(Shouts.)* Cook!

COOK: Yes, your grandness?

DOGE: Your son has talent. He would make a welcome addition to my kitchen staff. This is the most aromatic, delicately sweet, subtle, and, somehow, robust fare I have tasted in all my life!

ALL: Hurray!

DAUGHTER: *(To Cook's Son.)* Congratulations. Perhaps you will prepare something especially for me.

SON: I would be happy to, mistress.

DAUGHTER: Would that I could join your happy group of players? I have always admired the talent of the Commedia actors. Is there a part in your play for me?

BARREL: You may have my role, mistress.

DAUGHTER: And what role might that be, sir?

BARREL: The role of the beautiful little girl with the azure blue hair—mostly referred to as the Blue Fairy—and I am

not suited to be a fairy. I'd much prefer the dog. I'm suited to be a dog.

POTS: There's a lot of truth in that.

DAUGHTER: How shall I know my part?

BARREL: Read the scenario here, and come with and I'll verse you in the playing.

DAUGHTER: My father will say it lacks propriety. Will I be disguised and costumed such that he will not recognize me?

BARREL: That may be accomplished easily.

DAUGHTER: Then I shall make an excuse and join you. *(To Maid. Feigns a yawn.)* Dear Maid, I must retire, for I grow weary and need my rest before my impending nuptials. Please bid my father goodnight.

MAID: I shall, madam.

SON: *(Speaks stiffly and flatly stating the point without feeling.)* I shall look forward to playing scenes with you. I am sorry for your fate, my lady. Love should lead daughters' hearts into marriage. Duty should be reserved for sons to ply their father's trade. My father has set my fate upon the stage, and yet I would give anything to learn to cook.

DAUGHTER: It seems we have both been wronged by duty's call.

SON: *(Smiles. Sincerely.)* Yes. Thank you, mistress, you are most kind and fair.

(Daughter exits behind the curtain with Barrel.)

DOGE: Maid, where has my daughter gone?

MAID: She said she was tired, sir, and needed to bed for the night. She is most unhappy –

DOGE: I am not weary. I desire the play to begin again! Players, play on!

WIGS: *(Announces the next scene.)* The Fox and the Cat fool, trick, con, take in, deceive, cheat, hoodwink, swindle, defraud, and even dupe Pinocchio!

(Pinocchio is holding the five gold coins in his hands.)

PINOCCHIO: Five gold coins!

(The Fox walks with a crutch that he switches from side to side and forgets to use quite often. The Cat has a sign around him that reads "blind." The Cat wears sunglasses, but does things that make it obvious he is not really blind.)

FOX: Greetings and salutations, Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO: How did you know my name is Pinocchio?

FOX: Aren't you the wooden puppet who walks and talks?

PINOCCHIO: Yes.

FOX: We know your father. He is the man who wanders the streets of town shaking with cold calling "Pinocchio! My poor little woodenhead, where can you be? Come back to me, my little puppet!"

PINOCCHIO: Oh, my poor, dear father! But no matter, I am going to make him very, very happy.

FOX: How do you mean?

CAT: How do you mean? Yes, tell us how you mean.

PINOCCHIO: Well, you see, I have five gold pieces that Fire-Eater gave to me because he sneezed a lot, and now I am going to—

FOX: Oh, that's too bad, it is.

CAT: Too bad... *(Thinks.)* It is?

(Fox kicks the Cat.)

FOX: *(To Pinocchio.)* Yes, it is, because you only have five gold coins and you could have many more.

CAT: More?

(The Fox kicks the Cat again.)

FOX: *(To Pinocchio.)* If only you had gone to the Field of Miracles. But then, I'm sure you are in much too much of a hurry.

CAT: Too much of a hurry...the Field of Miracles?

FOX: The Field of Miracles.

CAT: The Field of Miracles...but I never heard —

(Fox quickly pulls Cat aside and comically slaps him about.)

FOX: Yes, you idiot...the Field of Miracles! You remember...

CAT: You remember... *(Catches on.)* Oh, yes! I remember, the Field of Miracles!

PINOCCHIO: The Field of Miracles?

(Song: "The Field of Miracles.")

FOX: *(Sings.)*

You'll be quite amazed at what you will see
The feeling will send you in sphericals.

CAT: *(Sings.)* Sphericals.

FOX: *(Sings.)*

Imagine this place where such magic occurs
The incredible field of miracles.

CAT: *(Sings.)* Miracles.

FOX: *(Sings.)*

You plant those five coins very carefully
And say a few words so empirical.

CAT: *(Sings.)* Empirical.

FOX: *(Sings.)*

In just a few moments a most unlikely sight
Will appear at the Field of Miracles.

CAT: *(Sings.)* Miracles.

FOX: *(Sings.)* The sky will quite swiftly go dark.

CAT: *(Sings.)* Dark.

FOX: *(Sings.)* The greyhounds will then start to bark.

CAT: *(Sings.)* Bark.

FOX: (*Sings.*) The air will get ever so quiet.
CAT: (*Sings.*) Quiet.
FOX: (*Aside.*) I think he is starting to buy it.
CAT: (*Sings.*) Buy it.
FOX: (*Sings.*) If you follow this just as you're told,
CAT: (*Sings.*) Told.
FOX: (*Sings.*) The ground will be covered in gold!
CAT: (*Sings.*) Gold!
FOX/CAT: (*Sing.*)
 Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
 Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
FOX: (*As Cat repeats "gold." Sings.*)
 You'll be quite amazed at what you will see
 The feeling will send you in sphericals
 Imagine this place where such magic occurs
 The incredible Field of Miracles
 You plant those five coins very carefully
 And say a few words so empirical
 In just a few moments a most unlikely sight
 Will appear at the Field of Miracles

 If you follow this just as you're told
 The ground will be covered in gold!
PINOCCHIO: (*Spoken.*) Oh, yes, let's go to the Field of
 Miracles! And as soon as I have all my gold, I shall buy a
 present for you.
FOX: For us? Oh, why, we wouldn't hear of it. We are only
 happy to help you and your poor father. Now, hurry,
 Pinocchio, let's be off.
CAT: Be off! Come on, Pinocchio. Your fortune awaits!

(*Fox and the Cat run off.*)

[END OF FREEVIEW]