

# PINOCCHIO!

by Michele L. Vacca

*(Based on the C. Collodi novel)*

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by Michele L. Vacca

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CHARACTERS:

**PINOCCHIO** – Geppetto’s wonderful wooden puppet. Once Pinocchio is brought to life, he finds it difficult to learn how to be a good son. As the play progresses, however, he becomes less puppet-like, and turns into a real boy at last.

**GEPETTO** – a kindly but lonely old woodcarver, who wants to create the most wonderful puppet in the world.

**MASTER CHERRY** – Geppetto’s practical carpenter friend.

**BLUE FAIRY** – “The godmother of all little puppets.” She is beautiful, gracious, and kind.

**HARLEQUIN & COLUMBINE** – the two wooden puppets Pinocchio meets during his adventures.

**FIRE EATER** – the showman who threatens to destroy Pinocchio, but gives him gold instead.

**THE FOX, SANDOR S. SWINDLE** – a glib, though rather unsuccessful, crook.

**THE CAT, SYDNEY** – the Fox’s devoted, though not very intelligent, sidekick. (Can be played by male or female)

**CANDLEWICK** – a bad boy.

**BARKER AT THE PUPPET SHOW** – a greedy and stupid man.

**COACHMAN** – the lying hypocrite who lures boys off to The Land of the Dingalings.

**THE TALKING CRICKET** – Pinocchio’s loyal friend.

NOTE: (SOME DOUBLING POSSIBILITIES)

The same actor can play Master Cherry, the Barker, and the Coachman. The same actor can play the Cat and Harlequin. The same actor can play the Fox and the Fire Eater. The Voice of the Cricket may be done by the same actress who plays Columbine.

## SETTINGS:

Realistic scenery of any great proportion may be difficult for groups without the technical capability to achieve it. Representative or suggestive scenery (for instance for arena style theatrical set formats) can also work very well for a smooth production of this play. Elaborate set changes will destroy the flow of one scene into another. A director and/or designer should concentrate on delineating areas through the use of suggested scenery and selected set pieces.

As many areas as possible should be pre-set. In the first Act the required areas are: Geppetto's workshop (a table, a coat rack), a road, and the outside of a puppet theater. Act II: the puppet theater (a platform), the road. The second part of Act II is more complex: The Land of the Dingalings, the road, the "ocean", the inside of the whale, and the shore. The ocean effects and the scene inside the whale are best conveyed by music, light, and other sound effects. Some productions have used projected scenery or dance interludes to create the illusions.

If desired, a third act can be created by taking an intermission on page 35 immediately after Geppetto's crossover.

## THE ANIMAL COSTUMES:

The Cat and the Fox should both have animal heads of some type, tails, "paws", and whiskers, as well as "regular" clothes: pants, coats, and hats.

## THE CRICKET VOICE:

Should be performed live, and not taped, since audience responses will vary greatly from performance to performance. The actress who plays Columbine can perform the role.

## PINOCCHIO'S NOSE:

A prosthetic piece is required. Contact a theatrical costume house for further information on prosthetics and their application. We can also provide a diagram of the nose prosthetic we used in our own production.

## SPECIAL:

The use of music, live or taped, greatly enhances the production of this play.

# PINOCCHIO!

Adapted by Michele L. Vacca

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## ACT I

(OVERTURE MUSIC. SETTING: GEPPETTO'S WORKSHOP; A SMALL POOR ROOM. SEVERAL SAMPLES OF GEPPETTO'S WOODCARVING AROUND THE SHOP, A WORK TABLE, A CHAIR, A COAT RACK, A BOWL OF FRUIT, PAINT JARS AND BRUSHES. GEPPETTO IS ALONE, WORKING ON A LIFE-SIZE PUPPET, PINOCCHIO. A PAPER JACKET AND HAT ARE ON THE TABLE.)

GEPPETTO: (AS HE WORKS.) A little paint here. And a little there. Ah! Ah, yes. Almost finished, little puppet. Oh, the children will love you. You look almost real, almost alive. And so handsome. (STOPS WORKING.) If only – if only – you were real, little puppet. A real boy. Ah, how wonderful that would be. If I had a real boy, a son, a son of my own. What a foolish dream. I'm a foolish old man. I must finish the puppet . . .

(AS GEPPETTO WORKS, HIS FRIEND, MASTER CHERRY, THE JOVIAL CARPENTER, ENTERS.)

M. CHERRY: Geppetto! Geppetto! Old friend!

GEPPETTO: Master Cherry! Come in, my friend. How's the carpentry business?

M. CHERRY: Good. Good. People always need chairs and tables. How's business for you?

GEPPETTO: Slow, my friend, slow. People don't need puppets as much as they need chairs and tables.

M. CHERRY: I keep telling you, Geppetto, you should go into business with me. If we were partners, there would be work for both of us. Then you wouldn't have to wear such a shabby coat.

GEPPETTO: I am not ungrateful, my friend, but I enjoy woodcarving.

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M. CHERRY: Bah!

GEPPETTO: And this puppet – this puppet – is the best work I’ve ever done.

M. CHERRY: (LOOKS AT THE PUPPET – SHRUGS.) It’s a nice puppet.

GEPPETTO: Nice? Nice??? He’s beautiful! Magnificent! Stupendous!

M. CHERRY: It’s just a puppet.

GEPPETTO: Just a puppet?

M. CHERRY: I suppose you still plan to make this puppet dance and sing and leap like an acrobat.

GEPPETTO: (GROWING ANGRY.) That’s right. This will be the most amazing puppet anyone has ever been. When it is finished, we will travel all over the world, and make a nice little fortune.

M. CHERRY: Geppetto, my friend, stop your dreaming. That is a ridiculous idea.

GEPPETTO: It is not!

M. CHERRY: Of course it is.

GEPPETTO: It’s a wonderful idea.

M. CHERRY: But it will never work out. Geppetto, my friend, you spend too much time alone. You do not know what is real and what is not.

GEPPETTO: I do so!

M. CHERRY: You do not!

GEPPETTO: I do so!

M. CHERRY: You do not!

GEPPETTO: I DO SO!

M. CHERRY: YOU DO NOT!

(AS THEIR CHILDISH ARGUMENT CONTINUES THEY SQUARE OFF, RAISE THEIR FISTS, AND PREPARE TO FIGHT. SUDDENLY THEY STOP WHEN MASTER CHERRY LAUGHS.)

M. CHERRY: Ha! Ha! Ha!

GEPPETTO: (STILL ANGRY.) And what is so funny?

M. CHERRY: (LAUGHS.) Come, come, Geppetto, let’s not argue. Two old friends like us. It’s silly.

GEPPETTO: (SMILES.) True enough, my friend. (LAUGHS.) We’re a pair of old fools.

M. CHERRY: Not that old.

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GEPPETTO: Old enough to know better.  
M. CHERRY: Perhaps. I still wish you'd forget this foolish idea about your "wonderful" puppet.  
GEPPETTO: It's not foolish!  
M. CHERRY: A man of your age wandering from place to place with a puppet. You should go into a more stable business.  
GEPPETTO: Like yours?  
M. CHERRY: Like mine. And what's wrong with that?  
GEPPETTO: I don't want to.  
M. CHERRY: (ANGRY AGAIN.) Then you're an old fool!  
GEPPETTO: (ANGRY ALSO.) It takes one to know one!  
M. CHERRY: Oh, it does, does it?  
GEPPETTO: And I'm going to finish this puppet, and it will be the most fantastic puppet the world has ever seen.  
M. CHERRY: I'll believe it when I see it!  
GEPPETTO: You'll see it!  
M. CHERRY: (STARTS TO GO.) Ha! Let me know when you've made your fortune! (LAUGHS.) A dancing puppet! That will be the day!  
GEPPETTO: (SHAKING HIS FIST.) You'll see! Just wait! You'll see! Then you'll laugh out of the other side of your face! You old fool!

(MASTER CHERRY GOES, LAUGHING. AFTER A MOMENT GEPPETTO'S ANGER LEAVES HIM.)

GEPPETTO: Ah, I shouldn't have called him an old fool. Maybe I'm the fool. He's my oldest friend. Who knows? Maybe he's right. Maybe I can't make such a wonderful puppet. Maybe no one could. It's late, and I'm tired. (TO THE PUPPET.) I'll finish you tomorrow, little one. (LOOKS UP.) Ah, what a wonderful star. (TO PUPPET.) Why do I talk to you? You're only wood. A wooden puppet. And I'm just a lonely, foolish old man. Good night, little one.

(HE EXITS INTO THE BACK OF THE SHOP TO GO TO BED. THE LIGHTS DIM. SOFT MUSIC PLAYS. THE BLUE FAIRY ENTERS. SHE IS A KINDLY WOMAN OF AN INDEFINITE AGE AND SHE IS, OF COURSE, VERY BEAUTIFUL.)

BLUE FAIRY: (SPEAKS TO THE AUDIENCE.) Poor Geppetto. He is  
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so lonely and so sad. He makes the children laugh with his puppets and toys, but he does not laugh himself. He wants to make a wonderful puppet that can dance and sing, so that he will not be lonely any more. Shall I give Geppetto his wish? (VARIOUS AUDIENCE RESPONSES.) Very well. Now what shall I name this little puppet? Will you help me? (REACTIONS FROM THE AUDIENCE.) Pinocchio? Very well, Pinocchio shall be his name. (TO THE PUPPET.) Pinocchio? Little puppet, open your eyes. Move your head. Now your arms. Now your legs. Speak. Pinocchio?

(PINOCCHIO HAS MOVED STIFFLY AT HER COMMAND. NOW HE LOOKS AT HER.)

PINOCCHIO: Pinocchio?  
FAIRY: You are Pinocchio. That is your name.  
PINOCCHIO: Name?  
FAIRY: Yes, Pinocchio.  
PINOCCHIO: (TRYING IT OUT.) Pinocchio.  
FAIRY: Yes.  
PINOCCHIO: (LIKING THE NAME VERY MUCH.) Pinocchio!  
Pinocchio! Pinocchio!  
FAIRY: (LAUGHS.) I am glad you like your name.  
PINOCCHIO: But who are you?  
FAIRY: I am the godmother of all little puppets. I am your friend, Pinocchio.  
PINOCCHIO: Friend?  
FAIRY: You will understand in time, Pinocchio.  
PINOCCHIO: (STILL PLAYING WITH HIS NAME.) I am Pinocchio!  
Pinocchio! Pinocchio! (HE LAUGHS.)  
FAIRY: Now, little puppet, you must listen to me for a moment.  
PINOCCHIO: Listen?  
FAIRY: Yes, Be a good puppet for Geppetto, and perhaps someday he will have a son after all.  
PINOCCHIO: I don't understand.  
FAIRY: Sometimes a puppet who obeys his father and learns to tell the truth wakes up one morning and finds he has become a real boy.  
PINOCCHIO: Oh. What is "obey?" What is "tell – tell – the – tell – the – ?"  
FAIRY: The truth, Pinocchio. Before I go, I will give you two  
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things, which will help you understand. First, I give you a magical nose –

PINOCCHIO: Nose?

FAIRY: (POINTS TO HIS NOSE.) Nose.

PINOCCHIO: (DELIGHTED.) Nose! My nose! Magical nose?

FAIRY: Yes, Pinocchio. It will grow to the size of the falsehoods you tell.

PINOCCHIO: Oh.

FAIRY: Secondly, I leave you someone who will help you learn to be a good puppet.

PINOCCHIO: (LOOKING AROUND.) Who? Who? Who?

FAIRY: You'll see. He will speak to you in time. Goodbye, Pinocchio. (SHE GIVES HIM A "BABY BYE-BYE" TYPE OF WAVE.)

PINOCCHIO: (SORRY TO SEE HER GO.) Good – bye?

FAIRY: I won't be far away. I'll be watching you, little puppet. Goodbye. (USING SAME WAVE AS BEFORE.)

PINOCCHIO: (HE WAVES BACK TO HER – EXCEPT THAT HIS WAVE IS REVERSED; IT LOOKS AS THOUGH HE IS WAVING TO HIMSELF, SINCE THAT IS HOW HER WAVE APPEARS TO HIM.) Good - bye . . . (SHE IS GONE, AND PINOCCHIO IS GROWING SLEEPY. AS HE FALLS ASLEEP, HE SPEAKS ALOUD.) Pinocchio . . . I am Pinocchio . . . Pinocchio . . . (HE IS ASLEEP.)

(THE LIGHTS COME UP GRADUALLY: SUNRISE. GEPPETTO ENTERS, YAWNING. IT IS THE NEXT DAY. PINOCCHIO IS VERY STILL AND QUIET ON THE TABLE, JUST AS HE WAS WHEN GEPPETTO WENT TO BED.)

GEPPETTO: What a wonderful morning. Look at the sun. Good morning, little one. You're almost finished. I'll put your hat on. (HE DOES SO.) There. Very handsome. Let's see now. You need a little more paint. I'd better turn your head this way. (HE TILTS PINOCCHIO'S HEAD.) That's the right color. (AS GEPPETTO TURNS AWAY, REACHING FOR HIS PAINT, PINOCCHIO TURNS HIS HEAD THE OPPOSITE WAY.)

GEPPETTO: Now, I – (SEES PINOCCHIO'S HEAD TURNED.) I'm certain I turned your head the other way. Oh, well. (HE

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TILTS PINOCCHIO'S HEAD BACK IN THE ORIGINAL DIRECTION.) Where's my brush?

(AS GEPPETTO LOOKS FOR HIS BRUSH, PINOCCHIO TURNS HIS HEAD AGAIN, AND CROSSES ONE LEG OVER HIS OTHER KNEE.)

GEPPETTO: Here it is! Now, I can – (STARES AT PINOCCHIO.) I don't understand. I know I turned your head the other way. And your leg wasn't crossed like that. (WALKS AWAY, SHAKING HIS HEAD.) I must be losing my mind.

PINOCCHIO: Papa?

GEPPETTO: (LOOKS AROUND.) What was that? Now, I'm hearing things. Master Cherry is right. I've been working too hard. I'll finish you, little one, and then I'll rest. (STARTS TO WORK, THEN PAUSES.) You know – I haven't named you yet, have I? (HE TURNS AWAY.)

(PINOCCHIO NODS AND AGREES, ALTHOUGH GEPPETTO DOESN'T SEE THIS.)

GEPPETTO: I wonder what name I should give you. Let me think. (STARTS TO PACE.) Maybe I will call you –

PINOCCHIO: Pinocchio!

GEPPETTO: Yes, Pinocchio is a nice name.

PINOCCHIO: Pinocchio!

GEPPETTO: You like that name, do you? Pinocchio is a good name.

PINOCCHIO: Pinocchio!

GEPPETTO: Very well, Pinocchio it is. Now, I – (HE DOES A LARGE DOUBLE TAKE AND BEGINS TO STUTTER AND STAMMER.) I – I – I – I – you – you – you c – c – can talk!

PINOCCHIO: (AGREES.) Talk.

GEPPETTO: (OVERWHELMED.) This is wonderful! A miracle! Oh, I'm so happy! You can talk!

PINOCCHIO: Talk. Talk. Talk.

GEPPETTO: (LAUGHS HAPPILY.) Yes . . . (COLLECTING HIMSELF SOMEWHAT.) Well, Pinocchio, let us see if you can walk.

PINOCCHIO: Walk?

GEPPETTO: I'll teach you. Here, let me help you off the table. There.

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Now. Stand on your own two feet. (HE HOLDS PINOCCHIO UPRIGHT.)

PINOCCHIO: (LOOKS AT FEET.) Two feet.

GEPPETTO: Yes. Two feet.

PINOCCHIO: My own two feet.

GEPPETTO: Now lift one foot in the air. (SHOWS HIM.)

PINOCCHIO: Up there?

GEPPETTO: (HELPS HIM.) Then take a step – forward.

PINOCCHIO: (AS HE STEPS.) Forward.

GEPPETTO: Good, Pinocchio. Now, lift the other foot and take another step.

PINOCCHIO: (AS HE DOES SO.) Forward!

GEPPETTO: (GUIDING HIM.) If you learn to take one step at a time, you will always get where you want to go.

PINOCCHIO: (TAKING TENTATIVE STEPS.) If – I – learn – to – take – one – step – at – a – time, I will always get where I want to go! (HE HAS STARTING GOING FASTER, AND STUMBLES.)

GEPPETTO: (CATCHES HIM.) Be careful, Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO: (AS HE WALKS AROUND THE ROOM.) Look, Papa! I'm walking!

GEPPETTO: I see!

PINOCCHIO: I'm walking! Look! (HE STARTS GOING IN INCREASINGLY FASTER AND FASTER CIRCLES.) I can walk and walk and walk and walk and walk. And I can talk and talk and talk. I can walk and talk and talk and walk and talk and –

GEPPETTO: Wait! Stop, Pinocchio! You can't walk and talk all the time. You must be careful not to hurt yourself. You're made of wood, you know.

PINOCCHIO: Oh. Are you made of wood?

GEPPETTO: No.

PINOCCHIO: Why am I?

GEPPETTO: Because you are a puppet, little one. You're not a real boy.

PINOCCHIO: Why?

GEPPETTO: Real boys grow up to be men.

PINOCCHIO: Will I grow up?

GEPPETTO: No, Pinocchio, you will always be a puppet.

PINOCCHIO: Oh.

GEPPETTO: But you will be the finest puppet in the whole world. And the smartest. I'll send you to school.

PINOCCHIO: School?

GEPPETTO: (THINKING OUT LOUD.) You'll need some books. Where will I find the money? PICKS UP HIS NEARBY COAT) I'll have to sell my coat.

PINOCCHIO: "Coat"? What is "coat"?

GEPPETTO: A coat is – well, it's to keep you warm.

PINOCCHIO: Warm?

GEPPETTO: You see, Pinocchio, when the north wind blows, and the snow falls, and there's ice all over the ground, you need a coat to keep you warm.

PINOCCHIO: Oh. Do I have to keep warm?

GEPPETTO: No, little one. You are made of wood, so you don't need a coat to keep you warm. Now, Pinocchio, I'm going to buy your schoolbooks. You wait here, and I'll be back very soon. (TO PINOCCHIO WHO HAS STARTED TO FOLLOW HIM.) No, wait there, Pinocchio. (HE TAKES HIS COAT AND WAVES SENTIMENTALLY TO PINOCCHIO AS HE LEAVES.) Goodbye, Pinocchio...

PINOCCHIO: (WAVES BACK; THIS IS SOMETHING HE KNOWS HOW TO DO!) Goodbye, Papa. (ALONE.) Coat. Warm. School? I don't want to go to school. I'll run away. (HE STARTS TO GO IN CIRCLES AGAIN.) I can walk and talk and walk and talk and walk and talk and walk and talk –

VOICE OF THE TALKING CRICKET: Pinocchio?

PINOCCHIO: (STOPS.) What was that?

CRICKET: Pinocchio!

PINOCCHIO: Where are you?

CRICKET: Over here. On the ground.

PINOCCHIO: Over here? (FOLLOWS SOUND OF VOICE ) Oh! (when he "SEES" THE CRICKET.) Who are you?

CRICKET: I am the talking Cricket.

PINOCCHIO: Cricket? Cricket! (DELIGHTED, HE REACHES TO GRAB THE CRICKET IN HIS HAND.) Cricket!

CRICKET: Careful!

PINOCCHIO: Oh. (STOPS.) What do you want?

CRICKET: I just want to tell you something. (IN A STERN, ALMOST MELODRAMATIC WAY.) Woe, I say, woe to puppets who disobey their fathers and run away from home!!

PINOCCHIO: But I don't want to go to school. I want to run away.

CRICKET: (IN THE SAME VOICE.) Then you will grow up to be a

little donkey, and everyone will laugh at you. It's better to go to school and learn a trade. Then you could earn an honest living, and repay Geppetto for his kindness to you.

PINOCCHIO: Learn a trade? But I want to play.

CRICKET: Poor Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO: Why do you say that?

CRICKET: You'll see. You'll see. (THE VOICE FADES AWAY.)

PINOCCHIO: Where are you? Where did you go? Cricket? Cricket? Cricket? (CONTINUES TO SEARCH.)

GEPPETTO: (RETURNING, FRANTIC AT FIRST WHEN HE DOESN'T SEE PINOCCHIO) Pinocchio! Pinocchio? (BUMPS INTO PINOCCHIO WHO IS STILL LOOKING FOR THE CRICKET.) Oh! There you are. Look, Pinocchio, I have a surprise for you.

PINOCCHIO: A surprise?

GEPPETTO: (SHOWS HIM.) A brand new spelling book.

PINOCCHIO: Spelling book. (GRABS IT.)

GEPPETTO: (TAKES IT GENTLY BACK, AND SHOWS PINOCCHIO THE PROPER WAY TO HANDLE A BOOK.) It's a book of words. Words that you will learn to read.

PINOCCHIO: Words?

GEPPETTO: Many words.

PINOCCHIO: To read.

GEPPETTO: Yes, to read.

PINOCCHIO: (OPENS BOOK, POINTS TO PAGE.) Word?

GEPPETTO: Yes. That's "dog."

PINOCCHIO: Dog. (POINTS AGAIN.) Is that a word?

GEPPETTO: That's "cat."

PINOCCHIO: Cat. (GASPS AND POINTS AGAIN.) Is that a word?

GEPPETTO: That's a difficult word. Hippopotamus.

PINOCCHIO: (TRIES IT.) Hippa – hippa – hippa – hippa – hippa – hippa – hippa – hippa – (GIVES UP. POINTS TO ANOTHER WORD.) Is that a word?

GEPPETTO: That's "coat."

PINOCCHIO: Coat. Coat! Like your coat, Papa. Papa? Where did your coat go? (LOOKING FOR IT.) It's gone. Where is it?

GEPPETTO: I sold it, Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO: Sold it?

GEPPETTO: It was too hot, anyway. Besides –

PINOCCHIO: Besides?

GEPPETTO: I needed the money.

PINOCCHIO: Why?

GEPPETTO: To buy your – spelling book.

PINOCCHIO: Oh, Papa! (HUGS HIM.)

GEPPETTO: I want you to have the books all the other boys will have. You can't go to school without books.

PINOCCHIO: Papa, I love you!

GEPPETTO: I love you too, Pinocchio. (THEY HUG EACH OTHER. THEN GEPPETTO PULLS OUT AN ENORMOUS HANDKERCHIEF AND BLOWS HIS NOSE VERY LOUDLY. THEN HE PULLS HIMSELF TOGETHER.) Now, Pinocchio, it's time for you to go to school. Here's a new jacket I made for you. It's made of fine paper. (AFTER SOME DIFFICULTY, NOT SURPRISING WITH A NEW FATHER, GEPPETTO MANAGES TO PUT THE JACKET ON HIM.) Let me look at you. Very nice. Let me straighten your hat. There. Now, here is your spelling book. Put it under your arm. Now, off to school. And Pinocchio, remember, to pay close attention to the teacher.

PINOCCHIO: Pay attention.

GEPPETTO: The teacher will teach you many things; to read and write, and do arithmetic. Then you can learn a trade. Now be careful, Pinocchio. Come straight home after school.

PINOCCHIO: Straight home.

GEPPETTO: Off you go. Oh, wait. Here, Pinocchio. An apple for your teacher.

PINOCCHIO: Apple!

GEPPETTO: Yes. Apple.

PINOCCHIO: For the teacher.

GEPPETTO: Yes, Pinocchio. Remember to come straight home after school.

PINOCCHIO: Yes, Papa.

GEPPETTO: Goodbye, Pinocchio. (WAVING GOODBYE.) Goodbye.

PINOCCHIO: (WAVES BACK.) Goodbye, Papa.

GEPPETTO: (WAVES.) Goodbye. (WITH A SENTIMENTAL SIGH HE GOES OFF INTO THE BACK OF THE SHOP.)

PINOCCHIO: (NOW ALONE, SPEAKS TO THE AUDIENCE.) Apple. For the teacher. I'm going to school. I can walk and talk and walk and talk. It's a beautiful day to go to school and walk and talk and walk and-school? I don't want to go to school. (HE STOPS.)

CRICKET: Pinocchio!  
PINOCCHIO: It's the Cricket! Where are you?  
CRICKET: Over here. On the ground. I'm going to school with you.  
PINOCCHIO: (LOOKING DOWN AT CRICKET.) Do crickets go to school?  
CRICKET: Some of us do.  
PINOCCHIO: Well, I've decided not to go.  
CRICKET: What?!! After your poor papa sold his only coat! Just to buy you a spelling book?  
PINOCCHIO: (STOPS TO THINK, SIGHS.) That's true. Poor Papa.  
CRICKET: Why not try school?  
PINOCCHIO: Well, all right. I'll try. Today I'll learn how to read words, and tomorrow I'll learn all about writing and the next day I'll learn all about – about – what was that other thing?  
CRICKET: Arithmetic.  
PINOCCHIO: Arithmetic. Then I'll learn a trade and buy my papa a new coat!  
CRICKET: Let's go. We'll be late.  
PINOCCHIO: (STARTS TO GO.) I'm off to school! Off to school! Off to school! Come on, Cricket! (HE GOES.)  
CRICKET: Wait for me! Pinocchio! Pinocchio!

(TRANSITIONAL MUSIC PLAYS. THEN THE CAT AND THE FOX ENTER. THEY ARE BOTH SOMEWHAT TATTERED AND HUNGRY LOOKING.)

CAT: (FOLLOWING THE FOX, WHO IGNORES HIM.) I'm hungry. I said, I'm hungry. Hey, I'm hungry.  
FOX: I heard you. I'm hungry, too. How much money do we have?  
CAT: Well, I don't have any.  
FOX: What? I gave you a whole penny yesterday. What did you do with it? You alley cat!  
CAT: I dunno. I lost it, I guess.  
FOX: You lost our last penny? You sniveling, spendthrift, simpering – you scoundrel! You sardine head!  
CAT: I didn't mean to lose it. Honest.  
FOX: Honest? Honest? Ugh! Disgusting word. (MOCKING HIM.) You didn't mean to lose it. Ha! Well, the fact remains that we must have some money. Soon. The sooner the better.

CAT: Because I'm hungry.  
FOX: You're always hungry. (SIGHS DRAMATICALLY.)  
You know, I cannot understand-why someone so handsome and talented and delightful as myself cannot make a suitable living. It's tragic. How, I ask you, how can I live in a style that befits a gentleman of my position and expensive taste. Ah, 'tis sad.

CAT: (TUGS ON FOX'S SLEEVE.) Maybe you ought to get a job.  
FOX: A what?  
CAT: Well, it was only an idea.  
FOX: A job? You mean – work? Every day? With regular hours?  
CAT: No, huh?  
FOX: A job indeed! What an insult. No one in my family has ever had a job. And I certainly don't intend to spoil a perfect record. A job, indeed! (SMILES.) However, if there's a way to get something for nothing –  
CAT: You'll get it!  
FOX: Right!  
CAT: I'm still hungry.  
FOX: (AS PINOCCHIO APPEARS.) Aha! What do my eyes perceive?  
CAT: (LOOKING AROUND.) What? Where? Is it something to eat?  
FOX: No, tuna breath. (POINTS.) It's a puppet! A live puppet! A living breathing wooden-head. A walking, talking toothpick!

PINOCCHIO: (WHO DOES NOT SEE THEM.) I'm off to school! I can walk and talk and walk and talk and –  
CAT: Here he comes!  
FOX: Shhh! (AS PINOCCHIO PASSES, THE FOX TRIPS HIM.) My dear young man! A thousand pardons, Mr. – ah –  
PINOCCHIO: Pinocchio.  
FOX: Ah – Mr. Pinocchio. Charming name, isn't it, Sidney?  
CAT: Yeah. Sure.  
PINOCCHIO: Thank you.  
FOX: (TO PINOCCHIO.) Allow me to introduce myself to you. My name is Sandor S. Swindle. The "S" stands for Sincere. That's me.  
CAT: (WITH A WAVE.) I'm Sidney.

PINOCCHIO: How do you do, Sidney. And Mr. Sw – Sw – Sw – ah – Sw –

FOX: Swindle, lad. Sandor Swindle. Tell me, my lad, what can we take you for?

PINOCCHIO: Huh?

FOX: I mean – ah – that is – my dear young lad, where were you going in such a hurry? You were going so fast, so remarkably quickly, that I would hazard a guess, merely hazard, you understand – that you were going in the wrong direction.

PINOCCHIO: I'm on my way to school.

FOX: What? School?! Nonsense, isn't it, Sidney?

CAT: Yeah.

FOX: Complete and utter nonsense.

CAT: Yeah.

FOX: Why should a bright young lad like yourself go to – ugh – school?

PINOCCHIO: My papa told me to go to school and learn a trade.

FOX: Oh, come now. You're much too talented to waste your time in school.

PINOCCHIO: I am?

FOX: Of course, my lad. Why, with a face like that –

CAT: Look at that face!

FOX: With a face like that, you could be an actor. Right, Sidney?

CAT: Yeah, sure.

PINOCCHIO: An actor? You really think so?

FOX: No doubt about it.

PINOCCHIO: An actor! Oh, Papa will be so proud of me! Is that a trade?

CAT: It's a rough trade.

FOX: (TO CAT.) Hush!

CAT: (TO PINOCCHIO.) Gee, that's a nice apple.

PINOCCHIO: It's for my teacher.

CAT: Do you think I could have a bite?

PINOCCHIO: Well, I –

FOX: Let me see that apple. (TAKES APPLE.) Hum. Very nice. Um. (TAKES A BITE.) Yum. Delicious, no Mackintosh. Um, yes, this is a good one.

CAT: Can I have a bite?

FOX: (STILL CRUNCHING.) Um. Yes. Good.

PINOCCHIO: (REACHING FOR THE APPLE.) But that's for my



teacher.

FOX: Not any more. (TOSSES IT OFF STAGE.) Besides, you don't need it now. You're going to be a great actor.

CAT: (WATCHING THE APPLE SAIL OFF INTO THE HORIZON.) Can I have a bite?

FOX: (TOTALLY IGNORING SIDNEY AS HE SPEAKS TO PINOCCHIO.) There's a puppet show nearby that would jump at the chance to have an actor such as yourself. You'll be a great success, take my word for it. We will make a fortune!

CAT: Now I get it.

PINOCCHIO: We?

FOX: Naturally I'll have to charge a small fee for my trouble. But you'll have so much money, you'll hardly miss it.

PINOCCHIO: Oh, I could surprise my papa! With all that money I could buy him a lot of new coats!

FOX: Right you are, my boy. Ah, to be an actor, what a life. To tread the boards, to entertain thousands of screaming, adoring fans. (TO THE AUDIENCE.) I love you all. (TO PINOCCHIO.) I've done a bit of acting myself, you know.

CAT: (To FOX.) You have?

FOX: (ASIDE TO CAT.) Quiet, you fool. We're going to make a fortune from this little wooden headed pipsqueak.

PINOCCHIO: Were you really an actor?

FOX: Was I an actor?

CAT: Well, were you?

FOX: Just watch!

(LAUGHS AND ATTEMPTS LAUNCHING INTO A SONG ROUTINE THAT CARRIES HIM OFFSTAGE. SIDNEY JOINS IN THE DANCE ROUTINE, WHILE PINOCCHIO WATCHES. AFTER THE "BIG FINISH" PINOCCHIO SIMPLY FOLLOWS THEM OFFSTAGE.)

(NOW THE BARKER FOR THE PUPPET SHOW ENTERS, CALLING THE "CROWD" TO "COME AND SEE THE SHOW.")

BARKER: Right this way, ladies and gentlemen. Right this way. See the world's greatest puppet show. See the puppets dance and sing. Laugh with them. Cry with them. Right this

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way. See the great fire-eater.

(THE CAT AND THE FOX ENTER, FOLLOWED BY PINOCCHIO. THE BARKER ADDRESSES THEM.)

BARKER: Right this way, folks. See the great puppet show.

PINOCCHIO: Oh, I want to see.

CAT: Yeah, me too.

FOX: So would I. However, there is a small problem. I am temporarily without funds.

CAT: Huh?

FOX: No money, tuna breath.

CAT: Oh, yeah.

FOX: (TO PINOCCHIO.) Excuse me, my lad, do you happen to have any money for a small loan – perhaps – until my ship comes in.

PINOCCHIO: I don't have any loans. All I have is my spelling book.

FOX: (GRABS BOOK.) Aha! Let me see!

PINOCCHIO: Wait! Please don't take my spelling book.

(THE CAT AND FOX TOSS THE BOOK BACK AND FORTH OVER PINOCCHIO'S HEAD. THEIR VOICES RISE IN VOLUME.)

BARKER: (TO CAT AND FOX AND PINOCCHIO.) Hey! You're making too much noise over there.

FOX: (TO BARKER.) Ah, my good man, you must be the world famous showman who is known and adored by all theater lovers.

BARKER: Huh?

FOX: Sir, my friends and I would like to see your magnificent puppet show, but we are temporarily without the price of admission.

BARKER: No dough, no show.

FOX: (TO THE CAT.) We have a problem here.

CAT: Yeah.

(THEY RETIRE TO THINK THINGS OVER. CANDLEWICK ENTERS WITH A HANDFUL OF BALLOONS TO SELL. PINOCCHIO IS FASCINATED BY THE BRIGHT COLORS OF THE BALLOONS.)

CANDLEWICK: Balloons! Balloons! (TO PINOCCHIO.) Hey! Want a balloon? Two for a penny or five for a dime.

PINOCCHIO: I don't have any pennies.

CANDLEWICK: Too bad. (WALKS AWAY.) Balloons!

FOX: (TO THE BARKER.) Ah – Sir, don't you need some assistance taking tickets?

BARKER: No.

FOX: Perhaps you are in need of an extra pair of paws backstage?

BARKER: No! If you want to see the show, you got to pay.

FOX: (TO THE CAT.) He's a scoundrel!

CAT: Yeah.

FOX: (TO BARKER.) Then, my good man, how would you like to make a little deal?

BARKER: What kind of deal?

FOX: (POINTS TO PINOCCHIO.) See that little puppet over there?

BARKER: (SHRUGS.) So? What about him?

FOX: No strings. Right?

BARKER: (DOING A DOUBLE TAKE.) Say, that's right.

FOX: For a small fee you could have him in your show. I have a great deal of influence with him.

BARKER: How small a fee?

FOX: We can discuss details later.

BARKER: Yes, yes. Won't you folks be my guests? Go on and see the show.

FOX: Thank you, sir. You are a gentleman and a scholar.

CAT: Yeah.

BARKER: Step this way.

CAT: Have you got anything to eat in there?

BARKER: There's some popcorn on the floor.

(THE FOX AND THE CAT GO INTO THE PUPPET THEATER TO SEE THE SHOW. PINOCCHIO DOES NOT NOTICE THEY ARE GONE UNTIL A MOMENT HAS GONE BY. THE BARKER AND CANDLEWICK REMAIN ON STAGE.)

PINOCCHIO: Sidney? Mr.Swindle? Where are you? (TO BARKER.) Did you see my friends? Where did they go?

BARKER: They'll be back in a minute. (MOTIONS CANDLEWICK ASIDE.) Keep an eye on this puppet for me, will you?

CANDLEWICK: Sure.

(THE BARKER GOES INSIDE PRESUMABLY TO  
TALK TO THE FOX. PINOCCHIO AND  
CANDLEWICK ARE ALONE.)

- END OF E-MAIL SEGMENT -

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