

# ONCE UPON A PINE: THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO

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A full-length dramedy  
by Tommy Jamerson

Inspired by and adapted from the stories of Carlo Collodi

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE NARRATORS, a Greek Chorus comprised of Italian Narrators. They not only guide the audience through the world of the play, but heighten the action as well.

GEPPETTO, the childless toymaker who dreams of having a son. Well-intentioned and kind, but a bit of a bumbler.

PINOCCHIO, a simple marionette brought to life through the power of magic. He ventures out on a quest to find the mysterious Blue Haired Fairy and convince her to make him human.

THE BLUE HAIREF FAIRY, an eternal, blue haired child, youthful and generous. A granter of wishes that lives in a far off, secluded cabin.

CANDLEWICK, the naughtiest boy that ever lived. Constantly makes a donkey out of himself. A swindler, liar, cheat, and bad egg all around.

MAESTRO MASTROLLY, the puppet master, owner and announcer of Maestro Mastrolly's Puppet Spectacular. In appearance: gruff and formidable. In actuality: just a big ol' softy.

THE PERFORMERS, the Maestro's workers. Wind-up dolls with giant keys protruding out of their backs, forced to obey his every whim. Mindless drones made of felt.

CARABINIERI, a crooked officer of the King who misuses his authority to take advantage of others.

DAVEY CRICKET, the Fairy's delivery bug. Crustier than toast, with a wicked sense of humor.

HOP AND SCOTCH, the Fairy's furry physicians. Two punny bunnies.

SOLDIER, the Carabinieri's partner in crime.

THE COACHMAN, the all smiles driver of the caravan that takes Pinocchio to Terra Magica!

THE BIRDS, may be played by the Narrators.

VOICE OF BUBBLES, the Dogfish.

FOOTMEN

## SETTING

A tiny village just outside of Tuscany, during a time when animals still talked to adults, adults still believed in magic, and magic kept everything in balance.

## NOTES

Narrators preferably double with the characters in the show (Candlewick, Maestro Mastroly, Davey Cricket, etc.), but if a larger cast size is needed, they can simply be shapeless beings that slink on and offstage only when needed. In the original production, the Narrators were also utilized to conjure up bits of scenery and props (Pinocchio's cage, Geppetto's mirror, the forest, etc.). Their possibilities are endless, use them as you see fit.

In the original production, Pinocchio was played by a female actor. I personally prefer this interpretation, but feel free to cast any gender you like.

As is the case with most of my plays, ad-libbing is not only suggested, but encouraged.

Regarding Bubbles, the massive dog fish who appears in Act Two: many directors have asked me how best to stage him. In the original production, Bubbles was a large, three-person puppet that could literally swallow Pinocchio whole and still have room for leftovers. Another, smaller production nixed

the puppet idea completely and instead opted for two large red eyes suspended from the rafters, and a sizable semicircle covered in white, felt teeth. Lastly, a third production chose neither option and decided to let the Narrators' descriptions and the audience's imaginations do all the heavy lifting. However you choose to stage this Mediterranean monstrosity is up to you—I simply request that it fit with the rest of your production's aesthetic.

## DEDICATION

For Alpha Psi Omega and their unwavering generosity; I am forever in your debt.

## ACT I

### SCENE 1: A Bare Stage/Geppetto's Toyshop

*(Lights rise on a bare stage bathed in mist. A musical chord is struck and a bell rings. Then two chords are struck, followed by two bells. Then three chords and three bells, and so on and so forth, until the air is filled with a cacophony of noise – similar to that of an orchestral tune-up. Finally, as the miscellaneous notes reach their individual crescendos, the NARRATORS appear, bells in hand.)*

*(\*Special note about the Narrators: Even though their dialogue is broken up into stanzas, it can be delivered however the actor/actors and director deem necessary, be that one individual line per speaker, clusters of lines per speaker, or all lines spoken or sung in harmony with one another.)*

**NARRATORS:** *Once upon a pine, and long ago,  
When animals still talked,  
And magic kept everything in balance,  
There was, of all things,  
...A simple piece of wood.*

*(A blue hue shines down, illuminating the piece of wood.)*

How all that happened, actually happened, we cannot say.

But the fact is that one fine day,

In a tiny village just outside of Tuscany

This piece of wood appeared

In the shop of a jolly, old toymaker

Whose name was...

*Geppetto.*

*(Lights rise on GEPETTO, who is happily snoozing and snoring in his bed. Beat. Perhaps one of the Narrators crows like a rooster in an attempt to wake him up. When this doesn't work...)*

...Geppetto.

GEPETTO!

**GEPETTO:** Huh? Geppetto!? That's me! Did you—did someone call my name?! *(To Narrators:)* Did—does *anyone* ever call my name?

**NARRATORS:** Now, Geppetto was lonely,

*(Geppetto slumps over, distraught.)*

For he'd spent so much of his life building dolls for other families,

That he never got around to building a family of his own.

And, because of this, he wanted, more than anything,

**GEPETTO:** ...A son.

**NARRATOR:** But since that was not possible,

He decided instead to fashion together a puppet.

**GEPETTO:** A puppet! Yes! A marionette, I think. One that could dance, and fence! Leap and twirl! And one that could—

*(Climbing out of bed, grabbing his yellow jacket.)*

One that could help me pass the time, which I have far too much of. A fanabla! In order to do that, I'd have to find the perfect—

*(Taking a step forward, he clumsily stubs his toe on the log. Hopping on one foot in pain.)*

Ow! Log!? How did this...? *(Looking about. To the log:)* How did you get here? You're not one of mine! What's your story, little nuisance? It's almost as if you appeared by...*magic. (Spoken in a half whisper:)* It couldn't have been *her*, could it?

*(At the utterance of "her," the sound of wind chimes intermingling with a child's laughter is heard. It lingers for a moment under the following dialogue.)*

But what other explanation is there for this log? And what a log indeed! Come with me, little nuisance, we've got work to do!

*(Geppetto hauls the block of wood over to his carving station and begins working on it immediately. As he does this, the Narrators encircle him, concealing the toymaker along with the fruits of his labor, behind a large sheet. The silhouette of Geppetto building his puppet can be seen, and carving and hammering sounds can be heard. Maybe we even see bits of the PUPPET's body as it is described.)*

**NARRATORS:** Geppetto took his tools and began to work with great determination,

Crafting the doll in the image of the child he never had.  
He carved its hair, forehead, and eyes in less than a day,

Its shoulders, stomach, and hands the next afternoon,  
And by nightfall, he'd given it two long, gangly  
legs with multiple points of articulation.

All this pleased Geppetto greatly, and before long he  
had—



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*(As Geppetto utters his next line, the Narrators stand back, dropping the curtain to reveal the Puppet.)*

**GEPPETTO:** Finished! Voila!

*(He pulls out a tiny paint brush and begins applying the finishing touches.)*

Just look at you: strong chin, thick wavy hair, piercing blue eyes, and no mouth to talk back to me with— you really are the perfect child, aren't you? If only you were alive, though. Eh, but I'm more likely to get swallowed by a dogfish than to have that happen. Still, as my Nona used to say: if you want something badly enough, and dream of it day and night, eventually that "want" will have no other choice but to become a wish, and in turn that wish will come true.

*(A moment passes as Geppetto rests his hand on the Puppet's shoulders.)*

I suppose I'd better clean up.

*(Forlornly, Geppetto begins to clean up his workstation, turning his back on the Puppet.)*

**NARRATORS:** As Geppetto turned away from his puppet,  
Something began to stir from within it.

It was just a tiny movement at first,

*(The faint toll of a chime is heard as the Puppet's right arm moves by itself.)*

A ripple really,

*(Geppetto, hearing the chime, walks over to his Puppet, examines it, and places the arm down, restoring it to its original position. As he turns to walk away...)*

But then...

*(Another chime dings, this time moving the Puppet's left arm. Then another, causing the Puppet's right leg to kick out. Another chime, and the Puppet's left leg flails.)*

Until finally...

*(All of the bells begin ringing at once when suddenly Geppetto drops the bowl in his hand, and gasps as the Puppet springs to life!)*

**GEPPETTO:** Jumpin' Jehoshaphat! You're alive! You're moving! You're—

*(The bells stop as the Puppet murmurs something inaudible.)*

In need of a mouth! Un attimo—

*(The Puppet murmurs again. Geppetto quickly grabs a paint brush and some paint and, with a single brushstroke, bestows his puppet with the ability to speak.)*

Alright, there we go. Better? Yes. Try and speak. Go on...

**PUPPET:** I...

**GEPPETTO:** Yes?

**PUPPET:** I'm...*alive!*

*(Maybe the Narrators make a "TA-DA" sound, encouraging the audience to applaud. The Puppet jumps about for joy. Geppetto claps his hands in amazement.)*

**GEPPETTO:** Yes! And what an amazing puppet you are!

**PUPPET:** ...*Puppet?*

**GEPPETTO:** A... *(Imitating a puppet—however that is done:)* puppet. A marionette.

**PUPPET:** And, are you a... *(Imitating Geppetto's impersonation of a puppet:)* puppet too?

**GEPPETTO:** No, I'm a person. I carved you. You're made of wood. (*Shows the Puppet its splintery arm.*) But I'm flesh. (*Shows his own.*) See, this is flesh. Well not *this*, *this* is a liver spot, but this *here*, it's called skin.

**PUPPET:** *Skin.*

**GEPPETTO:** (*Still showing his arm:*) Yes, and that's hair, and a vein, and ouch—! (*The Puppet accidentally pinches him.*) That's a pinch!

(*Beat.*)

**PUPPET:** And what am I called?

**GEPPETTO:** That's a good question, and you're in need of a good name. Uh, I have it. Because you're made of pine, you shall be called *Pinocchio*, which means—

(*The Narrators, in assembly-line fashion, pass a tiny item wrapped in tissue from one to another until eventually it reaches Geppetto. Geppetto unwraps it to reveal:*)

**GEPPETTO & NARRATORS:** *Pine seed.*

**PUPPET:** (*Trying out the words for himself:*) Pine seed?

**GEPPETTO:** *Correggere!* That way, no matter *where* you go, or *what* you do, you'll always remember *what* you came from. (*Hands the seed to the Puppet.*) *A Pinocchio.*

**PINOCCHIO:** A Pinocchio! I like it!

(*Geppetto threads the seed around a chain and ties it around PINOCCHIO's neck.*)

But what shall I call you?

**GEPPETTO:** Uh, well...

(*The Narrators shrug their shoulders, not sure of what Geppetto should say or how he should answer.*)

I did create you, and clothe you, and if you eat, I'll put food in your belly...and if you stick around, I promise to treat you better than any puppet has ever been treated before. I suppose it'd be only customary for you to call me *Papa*. That is, if you want to.

**PINOCCHIO:** *Papa? Papa.* I like the sound of that.

**GEPPETTO:** So do I...*Son.*

*(The Narrators step back into the scene. Geppetto and Pinocchio act out their descriptions.)*

**NARRATORS:** Having thought up a name for the puppet, the toymaker began showing him around his shop,  
 Unfortunately for him, Pinocchio's curiosity,  
 much like a growing child's appetite,  
 Was *unquenchable*.

**GEPPETTO:** And this is a doll, and that's a ball, and this is called a boat.

**PINOCCHIO:** A boat. *Why?*

**GEPPETTO:** Because it floats.

**PINOCCHIO:** *Why?*

**GEPPETTO:** Because it's made of wood.

**PINOCCHIO:** *Why?*

**GEPPETTO:** Because...it's hollow.

**PINOCCHIO:** *Why?*

**GEPPETTO:** Because...let's look at something else.

**NARRATORS:** That evening, Pinocchio, still full of curiosities, asked Geppetto

The one question that all parents fear  
 And inevitably all children *ask*.

**PINOCCHIO:** Papa, may I ask one last question before we go to bed?

**GEPPETTO:** (*Wishing he wouldn't, but trying not to discourage him:*) 'Course you can. You can ask me anything. Anything at all. Anything you like.

**PINOCCHIO:** Where do babies come from?

**GEPPETTO:** ...Anything but that. Look, it's late, and you're tired, and I'm—

**PINOCCHIO:** Not human babies, but puppet babies. And not really puppet babies but...*me*. Where did I come from? Is it the same place as everyone else? And why am I not like other puppets? Why am I alive and they're not?

**GEPPETTO:** Well, Pinocchio, that's a very tricky, and complicated question, and it requires and even trickier and more complicated answer. But I think the best way to put it is you're alive because I *wished* for you to be.

**PINOCCHIO:** Oh. So when someone wishes for something, does that automatically mean it'll come true?

**GEPPETTO:** Sometimes yes, but mostly wishes have to be earned. You have to prove yourself worthy of them. And if you do, then your wish will be granted by the Blue Haired Fairy.

*(As Geppetto tells this story, the Narrators hum in unison, ring bells, or illuminate the stage with twinkling lights – anything to give the audience the illusion of magic. Suddenly, the FAIRY floats on stage. Again, we hear the sounds of wind chimes and a child's laughter underscoring her arrival. The Fairy is made to look like a child, adorned in a white robe, with long locks of blue hair and a crown tangled together out of stars and flowers. Under the following dialogue, the Narrators lift the Fairy up and*

*stylistically move her about the air, giving her the effect of flying.)*

Not much is known about her but legend says she lives in a cottage deep in the heart of a dark and gnarled wood, and even though she's three thousand years old, she doesn't look a day over twelve and a half. It's also said that her hair gets its blueish hue from all the stardust tangled inside it. And it is that very same stardust that she uses to brew all of her potions and make our dreams come true.

*(Before the Fairy dances offstage, she takes a mound of stardust in her hand and blows it in Pinocchio's direction.)*

**PINOCCHIO:** You know, if I were to make a wish, it'd be to become a human! I'd have real hair like you, and eyes, and even real liver spots!

**GEPPETTO:** What a dreamer you are. And speaking of dreams, *(He yawns loudly.)* it's time for you to make some. Tomorrow you go to school.

**PINOCCHIO:** I do? But I—

**GEPPETTO:** Even puppets need their rest, and you have a big day ahead of you. Now no more questions, just close your eyes and sleep... *(Drifting off to sleep.)* Yes, sleep...sleep... sleep...

**PINOCCHIO:** Psst—I would go to sleep, but I don't know what that is.

**GEPPETTO:** *Mamma Mia.*

*(The Narrator's blow out the candle on Geppetto's nightstand, causing a blackout.)*

## **SCENE 2: Geppetto's Toyshop, The Next Morning**

*(Lights rise. One of the Narrators begins the scene by crowing like a rooster. Pinocchio merrily leaps out of bed.)*

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**NARRATORS:** Pinocchio quickly awoke the following morning,

Ready to begin his first day of school.

*(Geppetto enters from the outside, shivering and rubbing his hands together.)*

To commemorate the occasion, Geppetto gifted him with a shiny new hat,

One that he had fastened together out of glue and bread crumbs.

**PINOCCHIO:** *(Trying it on:)* How does it look?

**GEPPETTO:** *(Holding up a mirror:)* Only one way to find out.

**PINOCCHIO:** Wow! Look at that! I look exactly like a gentleman!

**GEPPETTO:** *(Laughing:)* Indeed, you do!

**NARRATORS:** *(Making a gonging sound:)* Ding Dong! Ding Dong!

**PINOCCHIO:** That's the bell! I'd better get going!

**GEPPETTO:** *(Grabbing his arm:)* Not yet you're not.

**PINOCCHIO:** But I'll be late.

**GEPPETTO:** Better you be late, then not show up with this.

*(Pulls a primer out from behind his back.)*

**PINOCCHIO:** A book?

**GEPPETTO:** Not just any book, a primer—one with gilded pages, leather binding, and more facts 'n figures than you could learn in five lifetimes! And look here, it's even engraved with your name. See.

**PINOCCHIO:** Wow. But, *why?*

**GEPPETTO:** You're wanting to be an honorable student, aren't you? And like a master of any trade, a craftsman is only as good as his tools. And this is the finest tool money can buy.

**PINOCCHIO:** Thank you! Thank you so much.

**NARRATORS:** *Ding Dong! Ding Dong!*

**GEPPETTO:** You'd better hurry! Off with you now.

**PINOCCHIO:** Yes, Papa.

*(Begins to exit. Stops.)*

*Papa...I thought you said we were poor.*

**GEPPETTO:** We are, Pinocchio.

**PINOCCHIO:** And that we don't have any money.

**GEPPETTO:** We don't.

**PINOCCHIO:** Then where did this come from? How did you afford it?

*(Geppetto drops his head in shame.)*

It's not that I don't love it, I do. I'm just curious. It's such a fine book, and its pages are almost as yellow as the coat you're always...*wearing*. Say, where is your coat? The one with the purple buttons on it. You had it when you left a few moments ago, but now it's...*gone*.

**NARRATORS:** And even though his head was filled with sawdust,

Pinocchio understood the answer instantly.

**PINOCCHIO:** Don't worry, I'll make you proud. I promise.

**GEPPETTO:** I know you will, son!

**NARRATORS:** *DING!!! DONG!!!*

**GEPPETTO:** Off with you, now! Off!!



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*(The scene shifts as Pinocchio makes his way out of the little shop and into the heart of the town square. Music underscores the transition.)*

### **SCENE 3: The Town Square, A Few Moments Later**

**NARRATORS:** Using the chimes as his guide, Pinocchio made his way to class,

All the while using his imagination to build a thousand castles in the air,

Each one more beautiful than the last.

**PINOCCHIO:** Boy-oh-boy! I can't wait! In school today, I shall learn to read, and tomorrow I'll learn to write, and the day after that, I'll learn all my figures. And to think, it'll only have taken me *(Attempting to do math with his fingers, holding up two:)* ...Five days! Five days to become a genius.

**NARRATORS:** As he said this, he realized that the chimes of the bells

Began to intertwine with the sound of something he'd never heard before.

*(Music underscores. Perhaps a flute player appears, and like a Pied Piper, lures Pinocchio toward him. Lights rise on a little puppet theatre with a sign outside of it reading: BRAND NEW SHOW! ONE DAY ONLY! MAGIC! MUSIC! MARIONETTES!)*

**PINOCCHIO:** What kind of magic is this? It's so wonderful, *(He inadvertently does a little dance step.)* and it makes me wanna – makes me wanna –

*(Under the music's spell, Pinocchio breaks out into a full, and highly exaggerated dance. He goes about kicking his legs here, spinning there, and not at all watching where he's going. Suddenly, SMACK! He runs into CANDLEWICK, the naughtiest boy in town.)*

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**CANDLEWICK:** Hey! Watch it, blockhead. Jeez, you'd think you was made of wood or somethin'!

**PINOCCHIO:** That's because I am.

**CANDLEWICK:** (*Mimicking him:*) "That's because I am." Why, you—you really *are* made of wood! Look at that, a real-live wooden boy!

**PINOCCHIO:** Sorry for bumping into you, it's just I was so distracted by (*Swaying back and forth:*) whatever *this* is, that I lost control of myself completely.

**CANDLEWICK:** This? Ya mean, *music*?

**PINOCCHIO:** So, *this* is music?! It's even better than my Papa said it would be! But where is it coming from?

**CANDLEWICK:** You got splinters fer brains? Read the sign, dummy! ...You do know how to read, don't ya?

**PINOCCHIO:** ...I can give it a try.

*(He attempts by sounding out letters, but his interpretation of them falls quite short. After a few attempts.)*

...I've got nothing.

**CANDLEWICK:** Unbelievable. It says "BRAND NEW SHOW! ONE DAY ONLY! MUSIC! MAGIC! MARIONETTES!"

**PINOCCHIO:** Music! *And* Marionettes?! Why, just like me! I've gotta see this, and my father— *Oh*, my father! He says I'm supposed to go to school today. He even gave me this fancy new primer and everything. What do I do now?

**CANDLEWICK:** (*Beginning to exit:*) I would help ya, but...I don't wanna. 'Sides if you're really as stupid as ya seem, then you and that expensive lookin' book of yours should prolly get to class before someone tries to...swindle you!

*(An idea hits him.)*

*Hello! Say, uh buddy, hold up there. You know, I've been thinkin', and uh, school, you're right, you don't wanna go there.*

**PINOCCHIO:** I don't?

**CANDLEWICK:** Nah. The only thing school's good for is teaching ya reading, writing, and manners – three things ain't nobody needs.

*(He belches or spits – take your pick.)*

**PINOCCHIO:** But Papa says it's important for me to get an education.

**CANDLEWICK:** *(He opens his mouth and laughs a laugh that ever-so-slightly resembles a donkey's neigh:)* Please! Only person I listen to is me, and frankly so should you.

*(Extending his hand:)*

Candlewick J. Waxbottom's the name, and I'm the laziest, naughtiest boy this side of the Mediterranean.

**PINOCCHIO:** *(Not sure how to hand shake:)* I'm Pinocchio, it means pine seed.

**CANDLEWICK:** Okay...? Listen, you wanna see your show, right? Then that's exactly what you should do. What's one day absent from school gonna hurt anyways?

**PINOCCHIO:** That's true.

**CANDLEWICK:** Plus, we're only young once. Might as well play like donkeys until we're forced to grow up and work like 'em.

*(Candlewick nudges Pinocchio and the two share a laugh for a moment.)*

**PINOCCHIO:** You're right! I'll do it!

**CANDLEWICK:** Swell! There's just one problem, though; how are you gonna pay for it? Can't get somethin' for nothin', you know. And shows like these, well, they ain't cheap.

*(He pushes aside a sign that says "FREE SHOW!")*

You wouldn't happen to have any money on ya, would you?

**PINOCCHIO:** Uh...

**CANDLEWICK:** Thought not. I'd really love to help ya, Pinoc. If only you had somethin' to trade.

**PINOCCHIO:** Trade?

**CANDLEWICK:** Works every time. See, I'll give you what you want, and in exchange you give me something that I want. Problem is, nothin' of yours really interests me. 'Least nothing I can put my finger on... *(Begins tapping the primer.)* What about *you*?

**PINOCCHIO:** *(Realizing:)* Oh. No! I'm sorry, Candlewick, but I couldn't possibly part with it...no matter how wonderful that show may be.

**CANDLEWICK:** Ya sure about that?

*(Candlewick peels the flap of the tent back, allowing all the merriment and music going on inside to seep out and tantalize Pinocchio's ears.)*

**PINOCCHIO:** *(Fighting against it with all his might:)* Absolutely. I mean, I just... I—I can't because...my father, he...he...

*(More music. Pinocchio tries to resist, but the temptation is just too great.)*

Fine. Here. My new primer for admission to the show.

**CANDLEWICK:** That a boy, Pinoc! Yer makin' the right choice, believe me! I'll just take this—yoink! And you can have these.

*(Places something in Pinocchio's palm.)*

**PINOCCHIO:** Thanks. But these coins are shaped like...acorns?

**CANDLEWICK:** 'Course! The most valuable coins always are.

**NARRATORS:** Just then, a voice called out from behind the tent—

*(A Narrator walks by, assuming the role of the VOICE.)*

**VOICE:** Five minutes! Five minutes till curtain! Five minutes until the show begins! Five minutes! That's one-two-three-four-FIVE! *(Exiting:)* Five minutes...

**CANDLEWICK:** That's your cue. You'd better get in there before the show starts! Don't want to miss any of that.

**PINOCCHIO:** ...Right. Candlewick, you'll take good care of my book, right? And as soon as I get enough acorn coins, I'll pay you right back for it.

**CANDLEWICK:** Pinoc, on my honor!

*(Pinocchio disappears into the tent.)*

Which I gave up a long time ago. What a loser! Time to sell this baby to someone twice as dumb, and three times as rich!

*(He kisses the book and exits.)*

#### **SCENE 4: Maestro Masterolly's Puppet Spectacular**

*(Inside the tent, a little theatre is set up. Canned applause is heard as MAESTRO MASTEROLLY, the master of puppets and ceremonies, enters. He is tall, with a black-ink colored beard*

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*that is so long, it practically touches the ground. He bows and waves to the crowd.)*

**MAESTRO:** *Grazie! Grazie!* Ladies 'n' Gentlemen! Bambinos 'n' Bambinas! Welcome to the most spectacular show in history! I am Maestro Masterolly, and these are my fantabulous dolls!

*(A few puppets, known as the PERFORMERS, enter. In truth, they're nothing more than walking wind-up dolls; life-size automatons with large keys protruding out of their backs.)*

Amazing, no? And they've been specifically engineered to do whatever I say! Now, are you ready to be entertained? Alright then! Performers, *essendo!*

*(He raises his whip high in the air, a whip constructed out of tangled snake and fox tails, and brings it crashing down, smacking it against the stage and causing the performance to commence. As the Performers promenade, the Maestro exits. Music underscores. After a few stiff and extremely robotic dance steps, the number comes to a close and the Performers bow. More canned applause.)*

**PINOCCHIO:** *(Entering through the crowd, talking to the audience, ad libbing here and there:)* 'Scuse me. Pardon me. Puppet coming through. Just listen to that music! And look there! There are puppets on that stage and— *(Spotting something:)* They're alive too, just like me! And they're moving on their own! I've got to talk to them!

*(Pinocchio, as gracelessly as possible, makes his way up to the stage.)*

*(To the Performers:)* Hello, fellow puppets! Who are you?

*(The Performers do not respond.)*

Shy, are we? No need to be. I'll just go ahead and shake your— key? Why, you're not a living puppet, but a—

*(Playing with the key a bit too roughly, he causes the Performer to topple over.)*

Regular one. Then that means that the show is –

**MAESTRO:** *(Off–bellowing:)* THAT MEANS THAT THE SHOW IS OVER! FINITO!

*(A few gasps erupt. Maestro enters, swinging his whip back and forth.)*

**NARRATORS:** *(Whispering:)* When the showman appeared, everyone was speechless.

No one breathed.

You couldn't even hear a fly in the air.

*(One of the Narrators picks up the puppet of a fly, fastened to a stick, and begins waving it around, making buzzing sounds as he does so. Suddenly, Maestro shoots him a dirty look and the buzzing ceases. The showman takes a step forward.)*

**MAESTRO:** Who's disturbing my show? WELL?!?! *(Pointing to various audience members:)* Was it you? ...Or you? Or how 'bout– *(To Pinocchio:)* YOU?! Who are you and what are you doing up here?

**PINOCCHIO:** I'm P-P-Pinocchio, and I'm a puppet, like them.

**MAESTRO:** A puppet?! What do you think, my skull is hollow?

**PINOCCHIO:** No. But mine is.

*(Pinocchio knocks on his own skull. A reverberating echo is heard.)*

**MAESTRO:** Say, you ARE a puppet, but with– *(Examining him:)* No strings, no rope, *(Looks at his behind:)* and no hand. How is this possible?

**NARRATORS:** Just then, the audience started to become anxious,

Irritated that the show had stopped.

*(Impersonating audience members:)*

Boo!

Boo!

We want the play!

Yeah! Get on with the play!

Boo!

*Boooo!*

**MAESTRO:** SILENZIO! All of you! Haven't you heard the phrase, *you get what you pay for?! This show is free, thus you pay for nothing and that's exactly what you get! Niente!*

**NARRATORS:** Boo!

Boo!

**MAESTRO:** Let them boo! You, little puppet, are coming with me.

**PINOCCHIO:** But I can't. I have to get back! Besides, you can't take me, I have... *(Fumbling in his pockets:)* this!

**MAESTRO:** An acorn? *(A loud, booming laugh escapes him.)* You're very funny. You're funny, and you're *mine!* *(Winding up his dolls as he makes his way downstage:)* Performers!

*(He cracks his whip yet again, causing the dolls to hoist Pinocchio up into the air against his will and haul him offstage.)*

**PINOCCHIO:** Not me! Please! I can't! I've gotta get back! I've got—

*(The Performers and Pinocchio exit.)*

**MAESTRO:** *(Addressing the audience:)* And as for the rest of you, go home! *Finé!* The show is over!



*(Music underscores as the scene shifts to the backstage area of the puppet theatre. The Maestro begins rummaging around, but for what we're not sure.)*

Where is it? *(Picking up random objects and tossing them aside:)*  
No...no... *(Picks up a rubber ducky, squeezes it:)* No! AH! *(Spies what he's searching for:)* Perfezionare!

*(He pulls a blanket off of a large object, revealing it to be a cage! He puts his sausage-like fingers in his mouth and whistles. Two Performers enter, carrying the shrieking Pinocchio.)*

Here you go, boys! In here!

**PINOCCHIO:** A cage! I can't go in there!

*(And in one swift motion, he's tossed in and the door locked.)*

**MAESTRO:** But you will! *(Rattling it a bit.)* And it's here that you'll stay unless you do exactly as I tell you! You're going to make me a lot of money, Puppet. And together we're going to perform for kings, and queens, and in palaces all over the word!

**PINOCCHIO:** I won't! I'll refuse!

**MAESTRO:** You'll refuse? Then I'll have no other choice but to use you...AS FIRE WOOD!

*(He stokes a nearby fire, causing the flames to rise as Pinocchio's tears begin to fall. Perhaps the fire is made of paper, and the firewood is nothing more than a few of the Performers, lying there. Maybe on cue they scream in unison as the flames eat away at them.)*

**PINOCCHIO:** *(Through snobs and sniffles:)* It's all my fault! Why-oh-why did I ever listen to that Candlewick? And why did I disobey my papa?

**NARRATORS:** And for the first time in his short wooden life,  
The puppet squinted his eyes and shed a tear...

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**MAESTRO:** Hey, what is this here? You're...*crying*? But you're not a person—you can't have feelings!

**PINOCCHIO:** But animals aren't human, and they have feelings. So why can't I?

**MAESTRO:** That's right, why can't— No! It's a trick! You're tryin' to make me feel sorry for you! I refuse! (*Cracks his whip again in anger.*) You hear me?

**PINOCCHIO:** I hear you, but I'm not crying for me. I'm crying for my papa.

**MAESTRO:** Your papa?

**PINOCCHIO:** I never should've disobeyed him, and now, because I was bad, I'll be here and he'll be alone...for the rest of his days.

**MAESTRO:** (*Attempting to hold back a few tears of his own:*) That's sorta sad, isn't it? Your poor daddy all alone and by his self...and...

**NARRATORS:** And though the Maestro's beard was black as the night, his heart was not,

And his heart was so touched by the spectacle

That he could react no other way than with a—

**MAESTRO:** A-a-achoo!

**NARRATORS:** (*To Maestro:*) *Gesundheit.* (*To Audience:*) *A sneeze!*

For when someone truly pities another

More than words or tears can say,

The only way you can truly express that emotion isn't through your eyes, but through your—

**MAESTRO:** (*Winding up for another one:*) Ah-ah-ah—

**NARRATORS:** Nostrils.

**MAESTRO:** (*More of a bark than a sneeze:*) ATCHOOOOOOOOO!  
...ATCHO! ...ATCHO!!

**PINOCCHIO:** Bless you.

**MAESTRO:** Yes, well this stupid ol' nose of mine it – what did you say?

**PINOCCHIO:** I said bless you.

**MAESTRO:** What is this? Another trick? You expect me to believe that after I puppet-napped you, and kept you from your father, and threatened to turn you into firewood, that you're still going to...bless me?

**PINOCCHIO:** Everyone deserves a blessing, right? No matter who they are or what they've done. That's what I believe.

**MAESTRO:** Is it now? Well you know what I believe?! I believe...that you are a good boy, Pinocchio. And the kindest puppet I've ever seen. And as such, your life (*Opening the cage:*) ...it's spared!

**PINOCCHIO:** You mean it?

**MAESTRO:** I—I—choo!

**PINOCCHIO & NARRATORS:** Bless you!

**MAESTRO:** Grazie, and I do!

**PINOCCHIO:** Time for me to go and— (*Looking out the Maestro's window:*) Oh, it's so late now, and dark outside. I'll never be able to find my way home. What'll I do?

**MAESTRO:** Why don't you stay here tonight, and tomorrow you can go and see your papa? Now dine with me! I've got mutton, roasted with potatoes, carrots, and cashews!

**PINOCCHIO:** Bless you.

**MAESTRO:** I said cashews. That's not a sneeze – it's a nut.

*(The two exit as the lights fade and scene transitions to...)*

**SCENE 5: The Town Square, Later That Same Night**

**NARRATORS:** Whilst Pinocchio and the Maestro feasted on a delicious meal,

Less-than-appetizing events were happening elsewhere.

*(Candlewick enters, stands under a lit lamppost.)*

**CANDLEWICK:** Book for sale! Anyone want one? ANYONE?

*(Throws the primer down in rage.)*

Unbelievable! I work my paninis off, come up with such a good con, and what do I got to show fer it? A lousy book that no one wants. What am I s'posed to do with this thing anyway? Read?! Wait'll I get my hands on that puppet, wait'll I see that –

**CANDLEWICK & GEPETTO:** *(Off:)* Pinocchio!

**CANDLEWICK:** Is there an echo?

**GEPETTO:** Pinocchio?!

**CANDLEWICK:** What's that?

*(Geppetto enters, lantern in hand. Candlewick darts behind the lamp post to keep from being seen.)*

**GEPETTO:** Pinocchio, where did you run off to? Where did my son go?

**CANDLEWICK:** His son?

**GEPETTO:** *(Perhaps searching the audience:)* Pinocchio! Come here! Pin –

**CANDLEWICK:** Say, uh, you lookin' fer somebody?

**GEPPETTO:** Yes. My son. He's a little wooden boy. He left for school this morning and I haven't heard from him since. Have you seen him?

**CANDLEWICK:** Have I seen him? Lemme think...uh, small kid? 'Bout yay high? Body made of pine? Hat made of bread?

**GEPPETTO:** That's him! Have you seen him?

**CANDLEWICK:** Not that I can recall.

**GEPPETTO:** Oh... *(Something doesn't sit right.)* Then how did you—

**CANDLEWICK:** Let me rephrase, not that I can recall *at this exact moment*. See my memory's a little rusty, but maybe a few lira'll help grease the wheels, if you catch my drift.

**GEPPETTO:** Grease the— why you! You're a swindler! Picking an old man's pockets! How dare you!

*(He digs through his trousers and mutters in Italian as he does so. Pulls out a coin. Candlewick nods along, ad-libbing an "uh huh" or two, maybe even a "cough it up," clearly not fazed by Geppetto's outrage.)*

There! Now have you seen my son or not?

**CANDLEWICK:** Yeah, I seen him. *(Bites the coin, making sure it's real. It is.)* Not too long ago either.

**GEPPETTO:** And? Where did he go?

**CANDLEWICK:** He went, uh...north!

**GEPPETTO:** North?

**CANDLEWICK:** Or was it south?

**GEPPETTO:** South?

**CANDLEWICK:** Or was it northeast? Or southwest? Or maybe it was the northeastern part of the western-southern

end of the left-hand side? Eh, I never can keep them directions straight anyways! Well, best of luck to ya!

*(Begins to exit, whistling a jovial tune as he does so.)*

**GEPPETTO:** But wait – which way did he – ?!

**CANDLEWICK:** Can't really say I remember, pops – and even if I could, fer that information you're going to need to cough up a little more. You know?

**GEPPETTO:** *(Snatching Candlewick by the collar:)* I don't know! But you know where my son is and you're not saying!!

**CANDLEWICK:** Hey! Watch it, ol' timer! You break it, you buy it!

**GEPPETTO:** Listen here, Pinocchio needs me! He's probably alone and scared out there, and the only thing he has to keep him company is his – *(Eyes the primer on the ground.)* Primer?

*(He attempts to scoop it up, grabbing one end, but to his dismay Candlewick hastily grabs the other. The two engage in a tug-of-war of sorts.)*

Give that here! That's my son's!

**CANDLEWICK:** I don't know what yer talkin' about! This book is mine. 'Sides, it's not like it says property of Pinocchio on it.

**GEPPETTO:** Oh no? *(Reads the inscription on the cover:)* Property of Pinocchio. Pinocchio's property. Property of the puppet named Pin –

**CANDLEWICK:** *(Tugging with all his might:)* Okay, whatever! Finders keepers!

*(The two continue tugging on either end of the book, ad-libbing a bit.)*

**NARRATORS:** Just then, as Geppetto finally had the upper hand,

Who should decide to show up but a Carabiniere,  
doing his nightly rounds.

*(CARABINIERI runs onstage.)*

**CARABINIERI:** Hey! Hey! What seems to be the trouble here, gents?

**CANDLEWICK:** Signore Carabiniere! Help me! This man, he's attacking me! And I can't, can't breathe—

*(Geppetto releases his grip and Candlewick falls to the group, dramatically gasping for air. After a moment or two of this:)*

...See?

**GEPPETTO:** *(Not impressed:)* Mamma Mia!

**CARABINIERI:** Lad, you must be confused. This is Geppetto, he wouldn't hurt a fly. Would you, Geppetto?

**GEPPETTO:** Never! I was just trying to take back the book he stole from my son.

**CARABINIERI:** There, you see. He was just—your son? I didn't know you had a kid!

**GEPPETTO:** It's a new development, but yes, a little wooden doll named Pinocchio. He talks and walks all on his own and uh, he's my son.

*(After a beat, the Carabiniere laughs at this. Perhaps Geppetto laughs too, and maybe for good measure, Candlewick also joins in.)*

**CARABINIERI:** You're joking, right? Right?!

*(Geppetto stops laughing, shakes his head "no." Another beat.)*

*(To Candlewick:)* ...Right? Oh boy. Look, uh, Geppetto I've known you a long time—you're the most honest man in town—

**GEPETTO:** Grazie.

**CARABINIERI:** And if you say that you have a living son made of wood, well, then I believe...that's what you believe, and I have no other choice but to arrest you and declare you insane!

*(Slaps cuffs on him.)*

**GEPETTO & CANDLEWICK:** What?!

**CARABINIERI:** 'Twas bound to happen. Anyone resigned to the lonely life of puppet and doll-making is sure to go crazy at one point or another.

**GEPETTO:** But I'm not crazy!

**CARABINIERI:** *(Condescendingly:)* 'Course you're not.

**GEPETTO:** I'm not! And this boy can vouch for me! Tell him you've seen Pinocchio!

**CANDLEWICK:** Sure, Officer, I've seen him.

*(Winks, and begins shaking his head no, as he makes the hand gesture of having a screw loose.)*

A walkin' talkin' puppet—what's crazy 'bout that? Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

**GEPETTO:** He's lying!

**CARABINIERI:** That's right, Geppetto. We believe you. Not. Go on, lad. Here's your book back.

**GEPETTO:** But that's my book!

**CARABINIERI:** *(He picks through Geppetto's pockets:)* A few coins for your troubles.



**GEPPETTO:** And those are my coins!

**CARABINIERI:** Easy, Geppetto. You're not going to need money where you're going. Come on!

*(Geppetto continues to protest as the Carabinieri drags him offstage.)*

**CANDLEWICK:** This day just got even better!

*(He chuckles to himself and exits.)*

### **SCENE 6: Geppetto's Toy Shop, The Following Morning**

**NARRATORS:** *(As the Narrators speak, Pinocchio acts out the following:)* Poor

Poor, poor Geppetto.

While the toymaker was

...away

Pinocchio, having left the tent of the puppet master,

Ran home as quickly as possible.

But when he arrived,

He soon discovered –

**PINOCCHIO:** There isn't anybody here. Hello? Where'd my papa go?

**DAVEY:** *(Voiceover:)* Yes, where did he go?

**PINOCCHIO:** That's what I'm asking.

**DAVEY:** *(Voiceover:)* And that's why I'm surprised – it's not like you to care for anyone but yourself!

**PINOCCHIO:** It's not true! I do care!

**DAVEY:** *(Voiceover:)* Really? Could've fooled me. Tell me this: if you care for your father so much, then why didn't you go to school yesterday? And why did you stay out all night? And why did you –

**PINOCCHIO:** It was an accident! I didn't mean to! And who's saying this?

**DAVEY:** (*Voiceover:*) I am. And I am over...*here.*

*(Pinocchio looks right. A cricket chirping can be heard – perhaps made by one of the Narrators.)*

No...*here.*

*(Pinocchio looks left. More cricket chirping – perhaps made by another Narrator.)*

No...*here.*

*(The Narrators shine a light on DAVEY, a tiny cricket, all the while startling Pinocchio in the process.)*

**NARRATORS:** Just then, Pinocchio turned and saw...

A gigantic cricket scurrying across the floor!

**PINOCCHIO:** Jiminy Crickets!

**NARRATORS & DAVEY:** No, no, no, no!

*(Perhaps one Narrator utters the word "copyright.")*

**DAVEY:** It's Davey. Davey Cricket. And watch where you're steppin'!

**PINOCCHIO:** I didn't know crickets could talk.

**DAVEY:** Puppet, what you don't know could fill a library! And speaking of books, I see that yours has gone missing.

**PINOCCHIO:** Well, it was – wait how did you know that?

**DAVEY:** Please. We crickets know everything; and what we don't know, we're told – by the Blue Haired Fairy no less!

**PINOCCHIO:** You mean the one that grants wishes?

**DAVEY:** As if there's any other kind. She's the reason I'm here. Sent me to check on you, she did. Unfortunately, I don't think she's going to be too happy when I report back to her with

what I found. *No father. No book. No hope for you whatsoever.* Antennas crossed she doesn't punish you too severely. Only one way to find out.

*(Davey begins to hop away.)*

**PINOCCHIO:** Wait! Please don't go—and please don't tell her what you found, or didn't find, like my papa. I'm sorry! I didn't mean to be bad!

**DAVEY:** And you think that because you're regrettin' your actions and wantin' to make amends that *poof* you'll be forgiven like that? *(Makes a buzzer sound.)* Sorry! Life doesn't work like that. It takes more than a pair of puppy dog eyes and a half-hearted apology to set things right, especially after things have gone wrong—and my, have they gone terribly, terribly wrong.

**PINOCCHIO:** I'm so confused. Look, if you know everything, can you please tell me when my papa will return so I can fix this?

**DAVEY:** It's not so much a question of when he'll return, but if.

*(Pinocchio is clearly perplexed. Davey continues.)*

Fine. I don't know how to break it to you, but the reason you're alone, the reason your father isn't here, is because he's been arrested.

**PINOCCHIO:** Like put in a cage?! I've got to find him, and rescue him, and—

**DAVEY:** And what? Buy his freedom with an acorn? The goons that have him are tough, and the last thing they're going to do is help the likes of you. And really at the end of the day, what can a puppet accomplish?

**PINOCCHIO:** You know something...you're right. Everywhere I go people laugh at me. Nobody takes me seriously, not even you.

**DAVEY:** Nope.

**PINOCCHIO:** If only there was someone out there that could help me. Someone who believed in me and would make me more than I am.

*(Pinocchio reaches around his neck... The wind chimes and laughter return.)*

**NARRATORS:** As luck would have it, Pinocchio touched his splintery neck,

And feeling something soft just beneath the pattern of his shirt,

He reached down to discover the seed that his father had presented him with only yesterday.

**PINOCCHIO:** *(Holding up the seed:)* Oh!

**NARRATORS:** A seed that would grow into an idea!

**PINOCCHIO:** The Blue Haired Fairy! She'll help me! I can go to her and – and ask her to turn me into a real boy.

**DAVEY:** Say what now?

**PINOCCHIO:** She sent you to check on me, so obviously she must care about me a little bit. And once I explain everything to her, and she makes me human, I can go to the jail and...trade places with my papa. Candlewick says it works every time. And I did cause all these problems – the least I can do is take the punishment I deserve.

**DAVEY:** You mean that, Pinocchio?

**PINOCCHIO:** I do.

**DAVEY:** Don't that beat all. And here I thought I had you figured out, puppet. Well, if you can be selfless enough to trade places with your father, then I can be generous enough to offer you –

*(He claps his hands, and the Narrators unfurl a large map. It glows with promise.)*

A map! One that I've been saving for seventy-three years! Follow it to the letter and you'll find what you seek.

**PINOCCHIO:** Thank you!

**DAVEY:** Don't thank me yet! The cottage is almost a day's walk from here, in the darkest part of the deepest forest, and it's guarded by the scariest of creatures!! Only the bravest souls go there!

**PINOCCHIO:** That sounds awfully scary...not to mention awfully awful. Maybe I should stay here where it's safe.

**DAVEY:** You're right. You should stay here. And ya know something else? I may be an insect, but you, Pinocchio, ARE TURNING INTO A PEST! Now do you want to save your father or not?

**PINOCCHIO:** 'Course I do!

**DAVEY:** Then it's time for you to do what my relatives have been doing for centuries, and hop to it!

**PINOCCHIO:** Right! I'm goin to stop stallin' and start haulin'! ...You comin' with me?

**DAVEY:** And what? Act as your conscience and cute little sidekick? Sorry Woody, wrong toy story. You're on your own with this one.

**NARRATORS:** His confidence renewed,

Pinocchio scooped up the map and ran out the door to begin his quest.

*(Pinocchio exits.)*

**DAVEY:** Good bye! Nice kid. 'Bout as sharp as wet ravioli, but nice nonetheless. He's doomed.

*(Davey exits, making the cricket sound as he does so.)*

### **SCENE 7: A Ferocious Forest, Sometime Later**

*(The sound of drums tapping out a soft, uniform, military-like rhythm, plays under the following dialogue. Pinocchio enters, walking in place.)*

**NARRATORS:** Pinocchio began his quest.

He trudged and trampled,  
Allowing the map and the sunlight to guide  
him.

But as misfortune would have it, just as he entered the ferocious forest,

The sun went down,  
And it became so dark that he had to grope his way about.

**PINOCCHIO:** Great! What do I do? I can't even find my nose, let alone the fairy's cottage. How am I supposed to —

*(Suddenly, a rustling sound is heard, cutting Pinocchio's words short.)*

...What was that?

*(A Narrator, holding a tree branch, rustles it behind Pinocchio a second time.)*

**NARRATORS:** Bracing himself for the worst,

He turned his body  
To discover —

*(A Narrator rustles the tree branch again.)*

**PINOCCHIO:** Phew. Nothing. Just the wind. There's a relief for ya. Why, I—

*(The rustling is heard again, coming from the opposite direction.)*

...Not again.

**NARRATORS:** He readied himself,

He turned a second time,

And...

*(Just as before, the narrator stands there, casually rustling the tree branch.)*

**PINOCCHIO:** Just the wood playing tricks on me. I don't know about anyone else, but this is quickly getting—

*(The rustling is heard a third time, even louder than the previous ones.)*

Old.

**NARRATORS:** Opening his eyes wide as saucers

Pinocchio turned a final time

To see—

*(A beat, then...BAM! An explosion of sound, noise, and color as a flock of BIRDS fly out of the bushes!)*

**BIRDS:** Ca-caw! Ca-caw!!

**PINOCCHIO:** Holy mostaccioli!

**NARRATORS:** A flock of ravenous birds flew out of the bushes,

And with beaks sharpened and talons drawn, they headed in Pinocchio's direction!

*(Pinocchio makes a mad dash in the opposite direction, but more birds fly out, encircling him. A chase ensues.)*

The greedy scavengers had sniffed out the puppet's bread hat

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And had set their sights upon obtaining it!

**BIRDS:** Caw!

**NARRATORS:** They lunged at him this way –

**PINOCCHIO:** (*Dodging their attacks:*) Oh!

**NARRATORS:** And that!

**PINOCCHIO:** No!

**NARRATORS:** Brushing across his nose,  
And frightening him so!

**PINOCCHIO:** Go away, birds! Go away!

*(Pinocchio and the Birds run amok on the stage; lunging here, leaping there – all the while music underscores. The Birds caw and screech continually as the scene progresses.)*

**NARRATORS:** The puppet ran with all his might,  
But the further he fled into the forest,  
The darker his surroundings became.

**PINOCCHIO:** Where am I going? What's in front of me?!

**NARRATORS:** All he could do was feel the snap of branches  
as they smacked his face,  
The hot sting of the beaks as they pecked against his  
skull,  
And the parchment map in his –

**BIRDS:** Ca-caw!!

*(One of the birds latches onto the map with its beak and begins tugging.)*

**PINOCCHIO:** Not my map! I need that! Let go!

*(But it's too late. The bird scoops up the map and soars off with it ensnared between its talons.)*

**BIRDS:** Ca-caw! Ca-caw!



**NARRATORS:** Map-less and helpless, the puppet sprang forward,

As deeper and deeper into the thicket he ran.

Finally, just as a few streaks of moonlight had made their way through the foliage,

Helping to guide him to safety –

SMACK!

BAM!

CRASH!

**PINOCCHIO:** What the – ?

**NARRATORS:** He ran smackdab into a pricker bush!

Entangling his arms and legs in its thorny branches,

He was rendered incapable of moving!

*(The music and screeches build upon one another.)*

Forming a black cloud of feathers and screeches,

The winged beasts continued to dive down on the puppet!

*(Again, they continue to caw and screech as Pinocchio calls out for help!)*

**PINOCCHIO:** Go away! GO AWAY! If only there were someone who could help me! But this must be the end of me! It can't possibly get any worse! It can't possibly –

*(Suddenly, lighting crackles across the sky, and out of a cloud of smoke, A CLOAKED FIGURE appears. The birds stop their pecking, Pinocchio stops his screaming, the music ceases. All is silent. The figure takes another step forward.)*

**NARRATORS:** And then it happened.

A cloaked figure, the likes of which Pinocchio had never seen before  
*Appeared!*

*(The Figure takes a step forward, and clapping its hands, shoos the birds away.)*

**PINOCCHIO:** Oh!

*(It claps its hands a second time as the pricker bush falls away, freeing Pinocchio.)*

Thank you. I was—

*(The Figure holds its hand out, silencing Pinocchio. Then, extending its index finger, the Figure signals for Pinocchio to approach it.)*

You want me to approach you? That's not creepy. I can do that...

*(Knees buckled, body shaking, he begins his approach.)*

I can do that... I can... I can...

*(Thud. Pinocchio collapses. The Figure looks at the audience for a moment, then turning its gaze back to the puppet, hoists Pinocchio up in its arms, and exits, leaving a trail of smoke in its wake. Darkness.)*

### **SCENE 8: The Fairy's Cottage, The Next Morning**

*(We shift. Sunlight shines through a large window, bathing the room in warmth and springtime. Suddenly two large rabbits, HOP and SCOTCH, clad in lab coats, pop in the room and loom over the puppet. Curiously enough, Hop puts his stethoscope to Pinocchio's foot, whilst Scotch puts his to the puppet's hat. What they're listening for no one can say, but whatever it is, they're certainly not finding it.)*

**HOP & SCOTCH:** Tsk. Tsk. Tsk.

**HOP:** Terrible.

**SCOTCH:** Awful!

**HOP:** Tragic.

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**SCOTCH:** Devastating!

**HOP:** He was so young.

**SCOTCH:** Barely a pine cone really.

**SCOTCH:** Say, Hop?

**HOP:** Yes, Scotch?

**SCOTCH:** Would you like to hear my *hypo-thesis*?

**HOP:** Why, of course! I'm *all ears*.

*(They burst into fits of laughter over the obvious bunny pun.)*

Really though, I'd love to hear it. Love to!

**SCOTCH:** Excellent! I regret to say that I am of the opinion that this puppet... *(Knocks on Pinocchio's empty noggin. Spoken in a humorously morbid tone:)* is *dead*.

*(Hop gasps!)*

But if, unfortunately, he is not *dead*, then that would be a sure sign that he is still...*alive*.

**HOP:** Yes. I see. But, Scotch—

**SCOTCH:** Yes, Hop?

**HOP:** I regret to *contra-dictate* you, but uh, *some bunny* has too, right?

*(Another obvious bunny pun, another burst of laughter.)*

My opinion of the puppet is that he is in fact... *(Again, knocks on Pinocchio's noggin. Spoken in an equally morbid tone:)* ...*alive!*

*(Scotch gasps!)*

But if, unfortunately, he is not *still alive*, then that would be a sure sign that he's really...*dead*.

**SCOTCH:** Very true! Very true!

**HOP:** Indeed! Indeed!

**SCOTCH:** So, we are in a disagreement then?

**HOP:** We are! And yet, my friend, I personally couldn't *carrot* all.

*(More laughter. Suddenly, a charming little fellow, a rabbit known as the FOOTMAN, enters the room and blows a trumpet.)*

**FOOTMAN:** *(Clearing his carrot coated throat a bit:)* Announcing her illustriousness, her eminence —

*(The cloaked figure from the previous scene appears again.)*

The Blue Haired Fairy!

*(Hop, Scotch, and Footman all applaud as the cloaked figure pulls back its hood, revealing itself to be none other than the Fairy. She glides into the room, carried on cloud of laughter and wind chimes...)*

**FAIRY:** Thank you, Footman, for that introduction.

*(The Footman thumps his foot in response.)*

Tell me, doctors; what's your verdict?

**HOP & SCOTCH:** Uh...?

**HOP:** Great fairy, if you don't mind us saying so —

**SCOTCH:** This is a rather, well...

**HOP & SCOTCH:** *Hairy* situation.

*(Holding back giggles.)*

**SCOTCH:** What my colleague and I mean is that we feel that when a prudent physician —

**HOP:** Like ourselves —

**SCOTCH:** Does not know what to say —

**HOP:** Then then the wisest thing to say is...

**HOP & SCOTCH:** Nothing at all.

**HOP:** Yes.

**SCOTCH:** Yes.

*(They mime zipping their mouths shut and smile a toothy grin.  
Beat.)*

**HOP & SCOTCH:** Yes.

*(They exit.)*

**SCOTCH:** Say, Hop, fancy a slice of cake?

**HOP:** *(Rolling his r's a bit:)* I shouldn't, but it sounds too irresistible to pass up!

*(Fits of laughter are heard echoing from the distance.)*

**FAIRY:** Good doctors really *are* hard to find. Poor little puppet, whatever am I going to do with you? I know you're alive—I can hear your heartbeat. But— *(She feels his forehead.)* Your head! It's on fire!

**NARRATORS:** Knowing that Pinocchio didn't have much time,

The fairy grabbed a large mound of her hair, and  
wringing it tightly,  
squeezed out a sizeable clump of stardust,  
And carefully sprinkled out a few of its  
shimmering droplets...

*(Bells jingle in the distance.)*

**FAIRY:** Now awaken!

*(She kisses his forehead and steps back. Pinocchio begins to stir.)*

**PINOCCHIO:** (*Coming to:*) My head. Where am I?! What is this place? The last thing I remember was the forest and the— Ahh! (*Spies the cloak around the Fairy:*) A phantom!

(*He begins screaming with fright, pulling the bedsheets over his eyes.*)

**FAIRY:** Pinocchio, calm down! This is just an old cloak— there is no phantom!

**PINOCCHIO:** There isn't?

**FAIRY:** No, silly one.

**PINOCCHIO:** Oh. Then who are you?

**FAIRY:** (*Shaking her curls of hair:*) Who do you think?

**PINOCCHIO:** I dunno. It's hard to see your face with all those blue sparkles, and curls, and— it's you! You're the fairy! You're real!

**FAIRY:** I am!

**PINOCCHIO:** And I thought I'd never find you! I thought my life would end before I got the chance!

**FAIRY:** (*Giggles:*) You certainly were screaming like your life was over. (*Imitating him – in a motherly tone:*) "Help me! Help me!" And all over a little cloak and some birds too. Oh, Pinocchio.

**NARRATORS:** Pinocchio didn't know why,

But for the first time in his short life, he felt embarrassed,

And it was this embarrassment that led him  
to lie...

**PINOCCHIO:** It wasn't just the birds that frightened me. There was also...a monster.

**FAIRY:** ...A monster?

**PINOCCHIO:** A big monster! Twice as large as this room, and covered in scales and...and a thousand tentacles!

**FAIRY:** How...*interesting.*

*(The Fairy snaps her fingers, causing something to stir from within the puppet's nose. With each fib he tells, and with the aid of the Narrators – who are perhaps using an overly long broom stick – Pinocchio's nose grows longer and longer.)*

And what happened to the monster?

**PINOCCHIO:** *(Reacting to his nose, then moving on:)* It was eaten...

*(As Pinocchio continues to lie, a high-pitched sound, reminiscent of a slide whistle is heard.)*

By another monster... *(It grows again – and the whistle again blows.)* A bigger one... *(And again.)* One that looked like a giant lizard, with green eyes (...*And again!*) and green skin, (...*And again!*) and a great big green beard made out of... (...*And again!*) spider webs!

*(And AGAIN! His nose has grown so long that it's practically out the door and down the hall. He looks down at it.)*

Ahhh! My nose! Why is it growing? And why are you laughing at it?

**FAIRY:** *(Through more giggles:)* I'm not laughing at your nose, but at your lies. Lies can easily be recognized, and a guilty conscience is always visible. There are two kinds of lies; those with short legs, and those with long noses that continue to grow and grow. Which kind have you told?

**PINOCCHIO:** ...short legs?

*(It grows again, this time, potentially hitting the wall.)*

Ouch! Long noses! Long noses! I'm sorry! You're right! I lied! I guess I was just embarrassed.

**FAIRY:** Being afraid is nothing to be embarrassed of—it's in fear that we learn the most about ourselves. But lying, that only conceals us from our own truth.

**PINOCCHIO:** You're right, and that's exactly what I did. But how am I going to fix this?

**FAIRY:** Only one way that I know of: are you truly remorseful for not telling the truth?

**PINOCCHIO:** I am!

**FAIRY:** And do you promise to never tell another lie, as long as you live?

**PINOCCHIO:** I do! Truly, I do!

**FAIRY:** And I believe you! And more importantly, so does your nose.

**NARRATORS:** And with a snap of her fingers,  
Pinocchio's *naso* shrank back to its normal size.

**PINOCCHIO:** Amazing! If you're able to fix my nose with a simple snap—just imagine what you'll be able to do with my wish!

**FAIRY:** I beg your pardon?

**PINOCCHIO:** It's why I'm here! I have a wish for you—I want you to turn me into a real boy.

**FAIRY:** Uh huh...

*(As Pinocchio prattles on, the Fairy pulls out a velvet bag and begins filling it with all sorts of contraptions.)*

**PINOCCHIO:** My papa says that if you want something badly enough, then that want will become a wish, and that wish will come true.



**FAIRY:** ...And is that all he says?

**PINOCCHIO:** No. He also says that wishes must be earned.

**FAIRY:** He's right. And do you feel, Pinocchio, that you have earned your wish?

**PINOCCHIO:** I came all this way.

**FAIRY:** You did, but others have traveled much farther than you and still haven't proven themselves worthy.

**PINOCCHIO:** Oh. But uh, mine's really important. Probably more important than everyone else's. See, with my wish, I'll be able to free my papa and help him out!

**FAIRY:** That's a bold statement, and a commendable one too. But unfortunately, lots of people make bold statements when they want something, and while words are wonderful, it's actions that speak volumes.

**PINOCCHIO:** I'm confused.

**FAIRY:** I'll put it another way: if you can show yourself to be noble, kind, and selfless, then I shall grant your wish and give you all that your heart desires.

**PINOCCHIO:** But I'm just a puppet. I need to be a real boy to prove myself, yet you want me to first prove myself before you'll turn me into a real boy! How does that work?

**FAIRY:** That part you'll have to figure out on your own. And now, my dear Pinocchio, I must be off. (*She waves her newly filled bag in front of him.*) I have lots of wishes to grant and not a lot of time to grant them. Maybe if you're lucky, one of them will be yours.

**PINOCCHIO:** Wait! You can't go yet! I need you!

**FAIRY:** Arrivederci! And good luck!

(*She exits.*)

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**PINOCCHIO:** (*Chasing after her:*) Fairy, no! Not yet!

*(In his hurry to catch up with her, Pinocchio accidentally slams right into Hop, Scotch, and the Footman who are all sipping tea.)*

Sorry 'bout that! Fairy, wait!!!

*(He exits.)*

**HOP:** I never!

**SCOTCH:** The nerve!

*(They look over at the Footman who has a tea cup dangling from his ear.)*

**HOP:** Uh, Footman, I don't mean to complain but there's a *hare* in your tea!

*(Uncontrollable giggles are heard as the Footman refuses to partake, opting to thump his foot instead.)*

**HOP & SCOTCH:** Well, excuse us!

**SCOTCH:** I guess some people are laugh-tose intolerant!

*(They explode into laughter.)*

**NARRATORS:** Poor Pinocchio.

...Where had the fairy gone?

...And what was to become of him...

And his father?

The answers might surprise you.

But they won't come until *after* the break.

*(They clap their hands as music plays and the curtain lowers. Silence. Darkness. Intermission.)*

ACT II

**SCENE 9: Fisherman's Wharf/Outside the Fairy's Cottage, A Few Moments Later...**

*(The Carabinieri and a SOLDIER enter Fisherman's Wharf, with a chained up Geppetto in tow. A soft drum march is heard rat-a-tap-tapping in the distance. The Narrator's emerge.)*

**NARRATORS:** *Once upon a pine, and long ago,  
When animals still talked,  
And magic kept everything in balance,  
There was, of all things,  
...a toymaker.*

*(A blue hue shines down on Geppetto, shackled to a ball-and-chain.)*

A toymaker who'd been taken to a creaky old wharf  
And was unjustly shackled

*(A Narrator shakes one of Geppetto's rattling chains.)*

To an accusation he was innocent of...

**CARABINIERI:** *(Pulling out a letter with a large seal across it:)*  
Signore Geppetto, it has been decreed by his royal majesty –

**CARABINIERI & SOLDIER:** *(Bow in reverence:)* The King –

**CARABINIERI:** That as punishment for being a non-compos  
mentis lunaticus –

**SOLDIER:** Also known as a crazy person –

**CARABINIERI:** We, the kingdom, have no other choice but  
to –

*(He snaps his fingers, the Soldier falls in line and unchains Geppetto's feet. His hands, though, remain manacled.)*

Release you from your shackles!

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**GEPPETTO:** Really?

**SOLDIER:** Si...and replace them with this ball and chain!

**GEPPETTO:** What?!

**CARABINIERI:** All so we can toss you off this wharf and feed you to...the terrible, sharp-toothed dogfish!! A creature so big, so frightening – that his name should never be uttered!

*(A loud gurgling roar is heard in the distance.)*

**SOLDIER:** Spooky!

**GEPPETTO:** How many times must I tell you? I'm not crazy!

**CARABINIERI & SOLDIER:** We know, we know...

**SOLDIER:** Because that's NOT what a crazy person would say at all!

**GEPPETTO:** But I'm not! Oh, this is terrible!

**CARABINIERI:** Not as terrible as what his majesty –

**CARABINIERI & SOLDIER:** *(Bowing again:)* The King –

**CARABINIERI:** Will do to us if we don't sacrifice you to the monster. We're hoping that by feeding the beast one of our looniest citizens, it'll dislike the taste of our people so much, that it'll go elsewhere. Am I right?

**SOLDIER:** Correggere!

**CARABINIERI:** So, prisoner! Any last words?

**GEPPETTO:** Hundreds! But would any of them matter?

*(Carabinieri turns to the Soldier and the two of them shrug their shoulders in unison.)*

**CARABINIERI & SOLDIER:** Probably not.

**CARABINIERI:** Now close your eyes, plug your ears, and look out below!

---

*(And with a swift kick, the Carabinieri chucks poor Geppetto off the pier and into the murky waters below.)*

*(Ringing a bell:) Here, fishy, fishy, fishy! Come and get it!*

*(Another roar is heard, this one much louder than the previous two. Geppetto is heard crying out in the distance/offstage.)*

**NARRATORS:** Geppetto splashed with all his might, when suddenly,

An angry tidal wave appeared and with it...

*(Another roar...)*

A hideous monster that swallowed the toymaker in one gulp.

**GEPETTO:** *(Off:)* No, noooooooooo—

*(Gulp. Perhaps the monster burps.)*

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