

Pinocchio

based on the original Italian “Pinocchio” stories
by C. Collodi

music by Nick DeGregorio
lyrics by Scott Guy
book by Scott Guy and Stephanie Angelini

CAST

Pinocchio
Madrina
Gepetto
Cripplefox
Blindcat
Lampwick

ZANNI (puppets)

Arlecchino
Columbina
Il Dottore

Chorus & Cameos

Musical Numbers

ACT ONE

<i>Nobody Breaks Any Law</i>	Ensemble
<i>A Lovely Little Lie</i>	Pinocchio
<i>Promises Kept/Promises Broken</i>	Madrina (bass)
<i>Spare a Lira</i>	Blindcat, Cripplefox
<i>A Thousand Scoundrels</i>	Blindcat, Cripplefox, Ensemble
<i>Zanni Reminder</i>	Zanni
<i>Potatoes</i>	Gepetto
<i>Che Bella Vita</i>	Gepetto, Pinocchio
<i>Promises Kept/Promises Broken Reprise</i>	Owl/Raven/Cricket
<i>The Red Crayfish Inn</i>	Crayfish, Ensemble
<i>Crayfish Aria Reprise</i>	Crayfish, Ensemble
<i>Zanni Reminder</i>	Zanni
<i>Night Creature Ballet</i>	Instrumental
<i>Finale Act One</i>	Blindcat, Cripplefox, Pinocchio

ACT TWO

<i>The Story So Far</i>	Zanni
<i>Let the Punishment Fit the Crime</i>	Ensemble
<i>The Pine Log Rappresentazione</i>	Gepetto, Zanni
<i>Gepetto's Mistake</i>	Madrina
<i>Let the Punishment Fit the Crime Reprise</i>	Ensemble
<i>Vergogna, Pinocchio</i>	Pinocchio
<i>A Thousand Scoundrels Reprise</i>	Cripplefox, Blindcat
<i>Who Can Blame the Children?</i>	Gepetto
<i>Believe in Me</i>	Pinocchio
<i>Donkey Island</i>	Lampwick, Pinocchio, Boys
<i>Madrina's Mistake</i>	Madrina
<i>Donkey Island Reprise</i>	Instrumental, Coachman
<i>Gepetto's Mistake Reprise</i>	Madrina
<i>Pescecane</i>	Instrumental
<i>Finale/Che Bella Vita</i>	Ensemble

ACT I

SCENE 1

A marketplace in Tuscany. Merchants, customers, barterers, beggars, animals, a puppet wagon -- but this isn't a festive place! Dirt; squalor; rank merchandise; weapons; disease and injuries. Here, everyone is a cheat or a thief, and everywhere you look is corruption, bribery, debauchery and conflict. **Nobody Breaks Any Law.**)

CROWD

ITALY! ITALY!
THE WOMEN ARE ALL DRESSED SO . . . PRETTILY!

(One braying WOMAN gets sopped with a slop bucket.)

ITALY! ITALY!
THE MEN SPEAK TOGETHER SO . . . WITTILY!

(Two quarreling MEN fart at each other over the sopping woman. One of them collars the other, drags him into an archway and beats him.)

ITALIANS ARE PERFECT, WITHOUT ANY FLAW,
FOR IN ITALY NOBODY BREAKS ANY LAW.

(A GOAT-FACED PICKPOCKET lifts the wallet of a SHOPPER.)

NO NEED FOR POLICEMEN, NO REASON FOR JUSTICE.
WHY GUARD YOUR POSSESSIONS? TO KNOW IS TO TRUST US.

(A CARABINIERE (POLICEMAN) blows his whistle at the PICKPOCKET, who slyly greases the CARABINIERE's palm. The CARABINIERE continues to blow his whistle, but looks the other way. A DONKEY brays at the whistle. The ZANNI PUPPETS in the puppet wagon also sing.)

POLICEMEN BLOW WHISTLES AND DONKEYS HEE-HAW,
BUT IN ITALY NOBODY BREAKS ANY LAW.

CROWD/ZANNI
ITALY! ITALY!
THE KINDEST OF PEOPLE, MOST
GENEROUS FOLKS.
AND EAGER TO LAUGH AT YOU -- UH, OR
YOUR JOKES.

DONKEY OWNER
DONKEY FOR SALE!
WHO WANTS A BEAST OF BURDEN?
HEARTY AND HALE;
AND FRIENDLY TO CHILDREN,
I'M CERTAIN!

WINE VENDOR
WINE. FINE WINE.
IT'S MINE
TILL YOU BUY, 'N'
THEN IT'S THINE!

(The DONKEY kicks a child. The CHILD bites the DONKEY. The OWNER twists the CHILD's ear severely. The CHILD's MOTHER beats the OWNER. The DONKEY kicks the MOTHER.)

CROWD/PUPPETS
WE'LL WATCH YOUR BELONGINGS, AN EYE ON YOUR
POCKET.
THERE'S NOTHING GETS STOLEN (UNLESS WE CAN
HOCK IT).

RIVAL WINE VENDOR
MY WINE IS BETTER!
HER WINE IS BRINE!
DON'T LISTEN; FORGET HER.
IT'S STOMPED BY A SWINE.

PASTRY VENDOR
COOKIES AND PASTRIES
AND DOUGHNUTS AND CAKES!
HAPPY THE CHILDREN
WITH SWEET STOMACH ACHES.

(Momentarily prominent is an elderly man, GEPETTO, who hawks some wooden figures out of an old ratty trunk. No one pays him the least little bit of notice.)

CROWD/PUPPETS
THE SAME THING IS TRUE
FOR THE CASH IN YOUR WALLET;
WE SURE'D HATE TO SEE
ANYTHING AWFUL BEFALL IT!

GEPETTO
WOOD CARVING! ART FOR SALE. WOOD CARVING!
KEEP AN OLD MAN FROM STARVING!

GEPETTO
DISGRACEFUL AT MY AGE, TO BEG.
MAY I HAVE SOME FRUIT? A CHICKEN? AN EGG?

CROWD
MOTHERS ARE HAPPY AND CHILDREN GUFFAW.
YOU THINK YOU'VE BEEN CHEATED?
FOR SHAME AND P-SHAW!
SHOP FOR YOUR FAM'LY,
YOUR BROTHERS IN LAW
YOU'RE SAFE AS THE RAIN HERE,
NO NEED TO WITHDRAW.
FOR IN ITALY NOBODY BREAKS ANY LAW.

APPLE VENDOR
APPLES! FRESH APPLES!
RED AND CRISP AND NICE.
AND NOT-SO-NICE APPLES:
HALF PRICE.

DRUNKEN BEGGAR
(with a parrot)
CLARET!
I MUST HAVE SOME CLARET!
PLEASE, CAN YOU SPARE IT?
NOT FOR ME, I SWEAR IT!
IT'S FOR MY PARROT.

(The SHOPPER approaches GEPETTO, a coin in HER hand. But leaping between GEPETTO and that coin suddenly is a faded gypsy, BLINDCAT, and her shoddy gentleman companion, CRIPPLEFOX.)

BLINDCAT
SPARE A LIRA?
SPARE A LIRA?
ISN'T IT QUITE CLEAR A
BLINDED CAT NEEDS SHINY LIRA?
PLEASE, I NEED TO HEAR A
CLINK OF PRETTY LIRA.

SHOPPER
(pity)
You poor blinded thing!

BLINDCAT
(pouring on the bathos)
BECAUSE I'M NOT A SEER, A
LITTLE COIN IS DEAR, A
LITTLE SOUVENIR, A
CLINK OF PRETTY LIRA!

(While BLINDCAT begs, CRIPPLEFOX attempts to pick the Shopper's pockets, but finds them already empty. The SHOPPER is about to give BLINDCAT the coin, when GEPETTO makes one last plea)

GEPETTO
Please, ma'am, I haven't had anything to eat since --

(But CRIPPLEFOX limps over, his leg painning him very severely. CRIPPLEFOX's cane strikes GEPETTO out of the way.)

BLINDCAT & CRIPPLEFOX

SO MAKE A COIN APPEAR, A
CLINK OF PRETTY LIRA.
PLEASE! I NEED TO HEAR A
CLINK OF PRETTY LIRA.

(The SHOPPER pities CRIPPLEFOX and BLINDCAT and drops her coin into their hat. CRIPPLEFOX and BLINDCAT smile snidely at GEPETTO until the CARABINIERE comes by, his palm open. NOTE: This Carabinieri isn't entirely comprehensible, as his dog-jowls obscure most everything he says.)

CARABINIERE

(on the verge of gibberish)
Share with the law or I b-b-rosecute the grime.

(CRIPPLEFOX and BLINDCAT run away; the CARABINIERE follows in hot pursuit, howling.)

CROWD
MERCHANTS AS HONEST AS YOU EVER SAW,
TOURISTS ALL FLOCK HERE, OUR MARKET'S THE
DRAW.
MOTHERS ARE HAPPY AND CHILDREN GUFFAW,
FOR IN ITALY NOBODY BREAKS ANY LAW!

WINE VENDOR
WINE, FINE WINE,
IT'S MINE!

DONKEY VENDOR
DONKEY FOR SALE!

DRUNKEN BEGGAR
CLARET!
I MUST HAVE SOME CLARET!

PASTRY VENDOR
COOKIES AND DOUGHNUTS
AND CHOC'LATY CAKES!

GEPETTO

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ATTENZIONE!
ATTENZIONE, PLEASE!
Shames me to have my own son go begging, but

(GEPETTO opens the trunk and paws through it, unfolding a miraculously-lifelike marionette named PINOCCHIO.)

GEPETTO

Allow me to introduce my son, Pinocchio!

(The CROWD is charmed; fascinated. But the ZANNI in the puppet stage grow upset.)

COLUMBINA

Hey, hey, hey, you can't do a puppet show here!

DOTTORE

Violation of the marionette's guild!

ARLECCHINO

I'm going to go stop him!

(ARLECCHINO tries to leave the puppet stage, but, of course, his strings hold him back.)

ARLECCHINO

Just as soon as I find a pair of scissors.

(GEPETTO works the strings of Pinocchio, causing him to dance.)

GEPETTO
 (whistling lightly)
 WE'RE GLAD WE HAVE THE CHANCE
 TO SING AND LAUGH AND DANCE
 OUR LOVE IT IS SO SWEET, AN
 AFFABLE LIFE, A LAUGHABLE LIFE,
 CHE BELLA, BELLA VITA!

COLUMBINA
 (whistles through her teeth)

ARLECCHINO
 Give us money, give us money! See how funny we
 are!?

COLUMBINA
 Sure! We'll tell you a fart joke for a soldi!

(DOTTORE farts, drawing the attention of the crowd.)

DOTTORE

Oops.

ARLECCHINO

That one's on the house.

COLUMBINA

Actually, all through the house now.

(GEPETTO makes his puppet holds out his hat, but he gets no
 coins.)

GEPETTO

Nothing. Even as a beggar I am a failure.

(In a darker corner of the marketplace, two TOOTHLESS
 POULTRY MERCHANTS each hold up a fighting cock. The crowd
 gathers around the chickens in a ring, tossing money.)

GEPETTO despairs, and collapses on a stoop, dropping his
 puppet in a heap next to him.)

ARLECCHINO

Hey! Hey, people with money! Come bet on us! Who'll win our fight?!

(COLUMBINA slapsticks ARLECCHINO. DOTTORE laughs, so
 ARLECCHINO slapsticks *him*, which makes COLUMBINA laugh,
 which causes DOTTORE to slap *her*, which causes ARLECCHINO to
 laugh, which makes COLUMBINA slap *him* -- and so on. Each
 time DOTTORE is hit, he farts.)

Meanwhile, the puppet next to GEPETTO rises up on its own
 accord, taking hold of GEPETTO's hand.)

PINOCCHIO

Don't cry, Father. It's not your fault they didn't throw any coins; it's
 mine. I'll dance better tomorrow. I'll practice tonight.

GEPETTO

Dear Pinocchio. Sometimes I wonder would it have been better if I hadn't made
 you at all?

PINOCCHIO

(strutting)

I like the way I turned out!

GEPETTO

But what kind of life have I given you? What are we having for dinner again tonight? Potato soup. Nothing but potato soup.

PINOCCHIO

(feels nauseous; gravely disappointed)

I see what you mean.

(There's a roar from the crowd; one of the patrons pulls away, holding an eye which has been pecked out apparently; the crowd laughs, then returns to the fight.)

GEPETTO

Come. Back in your little box and let's go home.

PINOCCHIO

I don't want to go home yet, Father. I want to stay here and get us a few *soldi* so we'll have something besides potatoes for dinner.

GEPETTO

That's not your job, Pinocchio; it's mine.

PINOCCHIO

I want to do it. I want to do it for you, Father. Let me try.

GEPETTO

I'd be afraid for you.

PINOCCHIO

Please, Father? Last week you let me come home from school all by myself and nothing happened.

GEPETTO

I suppose you must grow up sometime, Pinocchio. But don't do anything bad, you promise me? Don't steal me a dinner.

PINOCCHIO

No, Father.

GEPETTO

Stay away from those people.

PINOCCHIO

Yes, Father.

GEPETTO

Béné, Pinocchio. Let me release your strings here.

PINOCCHIO

Thank you, Father.

(GEPETTO unties PINOCCHIO's strings. Remarkably, PINOCCHIO stays upright, perfectly capable of standing on his own.)

ZANNI

Release us, too! Untie *our* strings!

COLUMBINA

(her sexiest voice)

Oh, Gepetto, wanna c'mon over and unslip my knots?

GEPETTO

There you are, Pinocchio. Be home by dark.

PINOCCHIO

Be home by dark, yes, I promise, Father.

(Reluctantly GEPETTO leaves PINOCCHIO alone in the marketplace.)

BLINDCAT comes back, disguised: a turban and crystal ball. SHE approaches the PASTRY MERCHANT and grabs his palm. CRIPPLEFOX, also newly disguised, keeps watch.)

CROWD

(during the following; chanting for their wagers)
(LYRICS TO FOLLOW)

BLINDCAT

(to the merchant)

Tell your fortune, sir? You'll be . . . poor and miserable: that'll be twenty soldi.

(The PASTRY MERCHANT dismisses her; SHE lashes at him with a villainous snarl.)

CRIPPLEFOX

Withdraw the claws, Madame Blindcat; pockets at eleven o'clock.

(SHE spits at CRIPPLEFOX, but follows him as they work the crowd at the cockfight. Two dirty-faced boys psst at PINOCCHIO: LAMPWICK and NICCOLO. LAMPWICK is the ringleader.)

LAMPWICK

Hey, psst, Pinoke!

PINOCCHIO

Who's that? Lampwick!?

LAMPWICK

Shhh! We been waitin' for your father to spring you loose; now, listen, here's the plan to get you some dinner, would you like some dinner tonight, Pinoke?

PINOCCHIO

Boy, would I!

LAMPWICK

'Kay, listen. You and Niccolo are gonna swipe a coupla apples and some chocolate --

PINOCCHIO

Chocolate!

LAMPWICK

Uh-huh, while I make a ruckus to distract the *carabiniere*.

PINOCCHIO

Gee, I don't know, Lampwick --

LAMPWICK

Pinoke, it's not for you! It's for your father. Don't you want to make him proud of you?

PINOCCHIO

More than anything.

LAMPWICK

Go on then.

(PINOCCHIO and NICCOLO try to slip over to the apple cart nonchalantly as LAMPWICK strikes up a big distraction by unleashing one of the cart-DONKEYS and chasing it around the marketplace. The two CARABINIERE come racing after the donkey as well -- the DONKEY kicks over some chicken cages, and in the ensuing chaos, many of the CUSTOMERS and VENDORS seize the opportunity to steal and pilfer.)

At this moment, an imposing, regal presence enters the marketplace. MADRINA has long flowing blue hair and wears diaphanous robes. The entire crowd notices her and is suddenly on its best behavior: models of politeness and honesty! They hide the remnants of the cockfight, slick their hair, hold each others' hands, etc.)

ARLECCHINO

What's going on, what's happening?

COLUMBINA

It's Madrina.

ARLECCHINO

Madrina the sorceress!?

DOTTORE

Just behave, will you, Arlecchino?

ZANNI

MADRINA!

CROWD

CHE BELLEZZA! MADRINA!

CROWD

OH, IT'S GOOD TO BE GOOD,
A DELIGHT TO DO RIGHT!
WHEN YOU DO AS YOU SHOULD,
WHEN YOU'RE SWEET AND POLITE,
WHEN YOU'RE HONEST AND DECENT,
AND RECENTLY GOOD, LIFE REWARDS YOU
BEST OF ALL, THE REST OF ALL OF THE BLESSINGS
THAT GOODNESS ACCORDS YOU.
MADRINA . . . MADRINA!

(It's clear they love MADRINA deeply, although their happy etiquette is awkward and studied around her. MADRINA inspects the stalls, rooting out corruption.)

ARLECCHINO

Oh, Madrina the sorceress! Ehi, Madrina, over here! Over here!

(DOTTORE clobbers ARLECCHINO.)

ARLECCHINO

Never mind.

(passes out momentarily)

LAMPWICK

(hushed, to PINOCCHIO)

Perfect timing, Pinocchio. Everyone's staring at Madrina.

CROWD

MADRINA! OOO/MMM

CARABINIERE

Everyone's r-r-r-rehaving, Badreeda. R-r-rook! [*Everyone's behaving, Madrina. Look!*]

(MADRINA inspects near the chicken cages.)

CARABINIERE

No gambling geer, Badreeda! [*No gambling here, Madrina!*]

LAMPWICK

Pinocchio!

PINOCCHIO

I KNOW I SHOULDN'T DO IT
BECAUSE IT'S WRONG TO STEAL.

LAMPWICK

BUT LOOK HOW OTHERS VIEW IT!

PINOCCHIO

(reaching for the apple)
HOW LONG SINCE MY LAST MEAL . . . ?

(Appearing by the apple cart improbably, is MADRINA, though she was halfway across the marketplace just an instant before.)

MADRINA

You shouldn't steal that apple.

LAMPWICK

Madrina!

LAMPWICK/PINOCCHIO

CHE BELLEZZA!

PINOCCHIO

You're so beautiful.

LAMPWICK

I -- I wasn't stealing, Madrina.

MADRINA

(chastising)

I've warned you twice before, Lampwick

LAMPWICK

I wasn't.

(Suddenly MADRINA transforms: same blue dress, same blue hair, but with a grotesque, puffy OLD WOMAN's face. NOTE: Although there are several "transformations" like this throughout this musical, none is accomplished with modern theatre magic; all the effects must be rooted in Italian puppetry. Here, for instance, a substitute actress will do nicely.)

LAMPWICK cries out; MADRINA changes back to her former beauty.)

MADRINA

There, there, I only frightened you to stop you from stealing. I won't give you a third chance. And don't think I can't see what you're doing behind my back.

LAMPWICK

(truly innocent)

What? What am I doing now?

MADRINA

No, I mean . . . *you!*

(Behind MADRINA's back, PINOCCHIO has seen a golden opportunity to swipe an apple for himself. MADRINA, once again transformed into an ugly creature, catches PINOCCHIO by the wrist.)

PINOCCHIO

(crying out)

Ahi!

(then; sliding his other hand into a pocket)

Ahi-i-I want to say how nice it is to meet you in person, Madrina.

MADRINA

Put the apple back.

PINOCCHIO

Your other face is really much prettier -- will you put it on again?

MADRINA

I'm warning you to put the apple back.

PINOCCHIO

(showing her his one empty hand)

What apple? I didn't steal any apples.

MADRINA

(singing a loud and harsh curse suddenly)
 PER MENZOGNA, TUO NASO!¹

(MADRINA hurls a spell towards PINOCCHIO and an amazing thing happens: his nose grows. The crowd murmurs; PINOCCHIO reels.)

CROWD

IL NASO! IL NASO!

PINOCCHIO

What've you done to me!

(NOTE: As with the transformations, the nose-growing employs *commedia* conventions. A series of masks is easiest, of course. The nose could shrink back to original size in between lies.)

MADRINA

Punished you for lying. And now your punishment for stealing --

(MADRINA causes the Apple Merchant to look at PINOCCHIO. PINOCCHIO puts his hands to his face -- which means the stolen apple is now in plain view. The crowd reacts.)

APPLE MERCHANT

(sung)

THIEF!

PINOCCHIO

Ahi! Help me, Madrina!

MADRINA

No, I'm sorry, I'm afraid you need some stronger lessons, Pinocchio.

(MADRINA disappears.)

PINOCCHIO

Madrina, don't leave me like this! It's not true! It's Lampwick! Lampwick did it! *Sono innocente!* Madrina, help me!

ZANNI

PINOCCHIO! SHAME!
 THIEVING, LYING, PINOCCHIO!

APPLE MERCHANT

CARABINIERI!
 CARABINIERI!

(MADRINA appears by the flower cart, now as a small child, dressed in blue.)

MADRINA

Learn, my puppet! Suffer but learn.

(MADRINA sweeps offstage and suddenly there's chaos again in the marketplace; the APPLE MERCHANT screaming out for vengeance; the BLIND CAT and CRIPPLED FOX taking advantage of the situation by picking pockets; the DONKEY getting hysterical and kicking his owner, etc. LAMPWICK steals an

¹ "For lying, your nose!"

apple; both he and NICCOLO are arrested by one of the Carabinieri. MADRINA appears as a BLUE OWL, on top of a cart.)

CROWD
ITALY! ITALY!
VICTIMS ARE TREATED SO PITY-LY IN ITALY!
ROBBERS ARE NEVER JUDGED TOO ACQUITTAL-LY. IN
ITALY.

APPLE MERCHANT
ROBBER! FILCHER! LADRO! LADRO!

ZANNI
IN HERE, PINOCCHIO DEAR,
HIDE, HIDE, HIDE IN HERE!

CARABINIERI
TO JAIL, TO JAIL! YES, CRY AND WAIL,
BUT STILL YOU'RE GOING OFF TO JAIL!

CROWD
ITALIANS ARE PERFECT, WITH ONLY ONE FLAW;
WE'VE TOO MUCH REGARD AND RESPECT FOR THE LAW.
FRUIT FOR THE TAKING! HERE'S PLENTY TO GNAW!
FOR IN ITALY NOBODY QUESTIONS THE LAW.

DONKEY
HEE-HAW, HEE-HAW!

CAT/FOX
POCKETS, POCKETS, POCKETS, POCKETS!

LAMPWICK/NICCOLO
AHI! AHI!

PINOCCHIO
Lampwick! Madrina!

(PINOCCHIO dives into the puppet stage; the ZANNI hide his escape from the CARABINIERI by drawing the curtains of the puppet stage. MADRINA the Owl leaves.)

CROWD
OH, IT'S GOOD TO BE GOOD,
A DELIGHT TO DO RIGHT.
WHEN YOU DO AS YOU SHOULD,
WHEN YOU'RE SWEET AND POLITE.

WHEN YOU'RE HONEST AND DECENT,
REWARDS COME TO YOU AND LIFE IS GLORIOUS!
FOR YOUR HEART IS AT PEACE
AND YOUR PROFITS INCREASE; YOU'RE VICTORIOUS!

IT'S GOOD TO BE GOOD!
OH, IT'S GOOD TO BE GOOD,
TO BE GOOD!

(LAMPWICK and NICCOLO dash out of hiding, their hands full of pastries. The MERCHANTS run after the CARABINIERI screaming for justice; CRIPPLEFOX and BLINDCAT run after the MERCHANTS, etc. and the DONKEY gets away from his owner.)

BLINDCAT
(ad-lib)
Wait, come back; we haven't picked all your pockets yet! &c.

(MADRINA appears again, spinning the puppet wagon around, so we can see its back side. But as it turns, its very walls break apart and unfold, becoming the scenery for the following scene:)

ACT I

SCENE 2

We're *inside* the puppet wagon suddenly. Here, the marionettes are played by humans, dressed as before, but without trace of their strings.

The stone cottage scenery, we see, is the puppets' living space, complete with pot-bellied stove and cots. But it's also a puppet workshop with lathes, costumes, and bizarre half-built *commedia* puppets.

MADRINA is nowhere in sight.

COLUMBINA

(pulling PINOCCHIO in from the puppet stage)
Pinocchio, quick, hide in here!

(SHE stuffs him into the nearest hiding place SHE can find, which is a rain barrel.)

PINOCCHIO

But where am I?

ARLECCHINO

(slamming down the lid on the barrel)
Inside the puppet stage, dear brother. You're home!

PINOCCHIO

(popping up, struggling with ARLECCHINO)
No, no, home is with my father, Gepetto -- !

(DOTTORE and ARLECCHINO beat PINOCCHIO into the barrel.)

COLUMBINA

(peeking under the puppet stage curtain; panicked)
Shh! The carabinieri are still looking for you!

(DOTTORE peers at PINOCCHIO through a hole in the barrel; PINOCCHIO's nose sticks through.)

DOTTORE

Is your name really Pinocchio, from the Italian *pino* meaning pine tree, and *occhio* meaning eye, that is to say, little eye of the pine?

PINOCCHIO

I guess so.

ARLECCHINO

(a cue)
Eye of the pine, I pine, you pine, porcupine, supine! Supine!

(ARLECCHINO falls down.)

DOTTORE

Thank you for that, Arlecchino.

COLUMBINA

(jumping down from the window)

Ha! The idiot carabinieri are gone!

(PINOCCHIO pops out of the barrel.)

COLUMBINA

But you're not out of the woods yet, Pinocchio. Keep the nose down.

(embarrassed)

Uh, noise. I wasn't staring at it.

PINOCCHIO

(ashamed)

Please don't look at me! Madrina did it to me to punish me for lying.

COLUMBINA

Tell us another lie. I want to see it grow again.

ARLECCHINO

Does it hurt?

PINOCCHIO

(pointing to his breast)

Only here.

DOTTORE

There's a saying in Tuscany: "Lies are as plain as the nose on your face."

PINOCCHIO

Would you whittle it off for me?

(PINOCCHIO pulls a knife from his pocket. All three ZANNI gasp and recoil.)

PINOCCHIO

What? It wouldn't hurt.

(smugly)

I can't feel a thing!

ARLECCHINO

We don't like knives. I once had a brother Pascale with one leg longer than the other before I whittled it too much and then had to shorten the other one, until suddenly he was sloping the first way again and one nick lead to another and . . . well, these wood shavings are all that's left of Pascale.

(ARLECCHINO shows PINOCCHIO a pile of wood shavings.)

PINOCCHIO

Ewww.

DOTTORE

(as though it were wise)

There's a saying in Tuscany: "Whittle till you have nothing left; and you'll have nothing left."

ARLECCHINO

(fishing in the shavings)

Oh, wait, look! There's his dimple.

(holds it up, flirting with COLUMBINA)

What do you think, Columbina, am I as handsome as Pascale was?

COLUMBINA

(impassive)
In your dreams.

ARLECCHINO

Then I'll start dreaming right away!

(ARLECCHINO konks himself on the head, and falls down,
snoring profusely.)

DOTTORE

(to PINOCCHIO, gazing at ARLECCHINO with pity)
Arlecchino was carved by an apprentice puppetmaker. He has a few screws
loose. Literally.

PINOCCHIO

But what about my nose? I can't let anyone see me like this.

COLUMBINA

I think it's funny.

PINOCCHIO

You do?

COLUMBINA

But if you really want to be rid of it, I suppose we could burn it off.

PINOCCHIO

Oh, no! I'm afraid of fire. One time I fell asleep with my feet next to the
fire, and next morning they were just charcoal stumps.

(ARLECCHINO awakens at this.)

ZANNI

(ad-lib; horror)
You didn't! How horrible. It's a lie!

PINOCCHIO

It's not a lie; or my nose would still be growing. Eh?

COLUMBINA/DOTTORE

(ad-lib)
Good point. Got us there.

ARLECCHINO

Wait, say that again?

COLUMBINA

So you don't want me to burn off your nose?

PINOCCHIO

That's the only thing I'm afraid of, is being burned to a cinder. It wouldn't
hurt, but there wouldn't be anything left of me.

COLUMBINA

(flirty)
I want to see your nose grow again! *Per favore*, Pinocchio, tell us another
lie.

PINOCCHIO

(responding to the flirtation)

Really?

COLUMBINA

For me . . . ? It would make me laugh.

PINOCCHIO

All right; let's see. My mother is the most beautiful woman in Italy.

(His nose grows again. And the ZANNI laugh.)

DOTTORE

Is she that ugly, Pinocchio?

PINOCCHIO

No; I don't have a mother!

(ZANNI laugh; this is most amusing to them.)

PINOCCHIO

She was eaten by law clerks!

(His nose grows again.)

ARLECCHINO

Wait, why is his nose growing again? How're you doing that?

COLUMBINA

You're funny, Pinocchio!

(SHE kisses him. HE blushes; THEY laugh some more.
PINOCCHIO smiles, liking the attention.)

PINOCCHIO

You *do* realize, Columbina, I didn't enjoy that kiss at all, and would simply *hate* it if you kissed me again.

(PINOCCHIO's nose grows, to the eternal delight of
COLUMBINA, who kisses PINOCCHIO again, though ARLECCHINO
suddenly isn't very amused.)

PINOCCHIO

And I'm sure I wouldn't want a third kiss!

(His nose grows again. COLUMBINA laughs and kisses him.
ARLECCHINO fumes, which amuses DOTTORE. ARLECCHINO pulls at
his own nose, trying to make it grow.)

PINOCCHIO

Don't worry, Arlecchino, I'm sure she likes you more than she likes me!

(PINOCCHIO's nose grows again. Laughter.)

ARLECCHINO

Kiss me, kiss me, make my nose grow!

(COLUMBINA slapsticks ARLECCHINO. DOTTORE laughs, so
ARLECCHINO slapsticks *him*, which makes COLUMBINA laugh,

which causes DOTTORE to slap *her*, which causes ARLECCHINO to laugh, which makes COLUMBINA slap *him* -- and so on.)

PINOCCHIO

(during the above, wanting more attention)

Ha! Ha-ha! You know, I think puppets hitting each other isn't funny in the least little bit.

(nose grows; more slapstick)

Not funny! Not funny! Not funny!

(Everyone's laughing now. **A Lovely Little Lie.**)

ZANNI

LIES!

PINOCCHIO

LIES!

ZANNI

LIES! LIES!

PINOCCHIO

I . . . LOVE A LITTLE LIE.

A LOVELY LITTLE LIE.

YOU CAN CATCH A PERSON IF HE TELLS A LITTLE LIE!

(spoken)

Okay, true or false? You can tell by watching my nose

A LAZY BOY IS JUST A FOOL,
AND ENDS UP IN STOCKADES,
AND SO I ALWAYS GO TO SCHOOL,
AND MAKE ALL PERFECT GRADES!

NOT TRUE! NOT TRUE!
NOW WATCH WHAT I CAN DO!
MY NOSE WILL GROW AND YOU WILL KNOW
THAT I HAVE LIED TO YOU.

(His nose grows again.)

ALL THREE ZANNI

O! O! PINOCCHIO!
ALL THE LIARS LOVE HIM SO!
O! O! PINOCCHIO!
WE SING *BRAVISSIMO!*

PINOCCHIO

I LOVE A LITTLE LIE.

A LOVELY LITTLE LIE.

YOU CAN CATCH A PERSON IF HE TELLS A LITTLE LIE.

(spoken)

Again, true or false?

(pulls out his apple)

MY FATHER'S POOR AND HAS NO FOOD;
HE'S DAILY GETTING THINNER.
BUT HE'LL BE PROUD AND SAY I'M GOOD,
'CAUSE I HAVE STOLEN DINNER!

NOT TRUE! NOT TRUE!
 NOW WATCH WHAT I CAN DO!
 MY NOSE WILL GROW AND YOU WILL KNOW
 THAT I HAVE LIED TO YOU.

(His nose grows.)

ZANNI

O! O! PINOCCHIO!
 ALL THE LIARS LOVE HIM SO!
 O! O! PINOCCHIO!
 WE SING *BRAVISSIMO!*

PINOCCHIO

I LOVE A LITTLE LIE.
 A LOVELY LITTLE LIE.
 YOU CAN CATCH A PERSON IF HE TELLS A LITTLE LIE!

Okay, third verse. True or false?

MY MOTHER GOT SWALLOWED BY A SHARK
 AND SPENT A MONTH INSIDE.
 HOW TERRIBLE IT WAS, AND DARK!
 AND THAT IS HOW SHE DIED.

ARLECCHINO

Yes, I heard something about Pescecane the terrible shark

COLUMBINA

Wait a minute; you said you never had a mother!

PINOCCHIO

True, Columbina, so it's nothing but a big lie!

ZANNI/PINOCCHIO

NOT TRUE! NOT TRUE!
 ONE PARENT MUST MAKE DO.
 MY/HIS NOSE WILL GROW AND YOU WILL KNOW
 THAT I/HE HAVE/HAS LIED TO YOU.

O! O! PINOCCHIO!
 ALL THE LIARS LOVE HIM/ME SO!
 O! O! PINOCCHIO!
 WE SING *BRAVISSIMO!*
 PINNO-PINNO-PINNOHHHHH . . . CCHIO!

(THEY all laugh uproariously, pounding each other with
 slapsticks. But suddenly MADRINA enters, scowling, slamming
 the wagon door.)

MADRINA

(raging)

Telling lies is no laughing matter!

ZANNI

(dropping to their knees in awe)

Madrina!

PINOCCHIO

Madrina, oh good. I have a question for you: will I *always* be able to make my nose grow like this -- ?

(MADRINA viciously snaps off PINOCCHIO's nose.)

PINOCCHIO

Ahi!

(MADRINA snaps the nose in half; then in quarters; then in eighths. PINOCCHIO yowls each time.)

MADRINA

I should have let them arrest you, Pinocchio! <snap!> Prison would serve you right, you little thief! <snap!>

PINOCCHIO

Yow! Yow! (&c.)

ARLECCHINO

(sotto voce, to PINOCCHIO)

I thought you said it doesn't hurt.

PINOCCHIO

(winking confidentially to the Zanni)

But she doesn't know that.

(Snapping-of-the-nose *lazzi*, with PINOCCHIO making a great fuss. MADRINA finally opens the pot-bellied stove and tosses the nose inside.)

PINOCCHIO

Oh, my beautiful nose!

(PINOCCHIO's bravura infuriates MADRINA, who is losing control of her emotions.)

MADRINA

And now, shall I throw you into the stove?

PINOCCHIO

No, Madrina, thank you!

MADRINA

I think I shall. Burn the insolence out of you.

PINOCCHIO

(growing serious *finally*)

Madrina. Stop, you're scaring me.

MADRINA

I'm scaring you? Good, then what do you think of . . . this!

(MADRINA transforms before our eyes into an eleven-foot-tall giant; a *basso profundo* with an enormous blue beard.)

MADRINA

Now. Into the fire with you, you worthless puppet!

PINOCCHIO

(forgetting about his playacting)

Not the fire -- No! Stealing the apple was Lampwick's idea. Why don't you pick on him?

MADRINA

There's still some hope left in you.

PINOCCHIO

No there isn't. I promise, Madrina, there's no hope at all left in me!

(MADRINA pulls herself to her full height and lunges for PINOCCHIO, who squirts out of the way. What follows is a harrowing, slightly violent chase sequence, as MADRINA comes after PINOCCHIO, wielding the stove's poker and tongs.
Promises Kept, Promises Broken.)

MADRINA

BAD DEEDS NEED TO BE PUNISHED,
SIN MUST NEVER GATHER PRAISE.
IN NEED OF STRICTER DISCIPLINE
IS THE BOY WHO DISOBEYS!

TEACH HIM!
BESEECH HIM!
HOWEVER YOU MUST SCOLD
ALERT HIM!
CONVERT HIM!
TO DO AS HE IS TOLD.

PINOCCHIO

I'll be good, Madrina sir. I promise.

(The ZANNI try to come to PINOCCHIO's rescue, but MADRINA gathers them and easily flings them into a corner.)

MADRINA

(truly rearing now)
Leave him to me, you puppets!

PROMISES KEPT,
OR PROMISES BROKEN.
YOU MUST ACCEPT
THE WORDS YOU'VE SPOKEN.

PROMISES KEPT,
OR PROMISES BROKEN.
MY HEART HAS WEPT
WHEN OATHS ARE SPOKEN.
IS IT PROMISES KEPT
OR PROMISES BROKEN?

(PINOCCHIO executes a series of hair-raising escapes from a torrent of hurled pots, pans, and shovels.)

PINOCCHIO

I'm beginning not to like this guy

COLUMBINA

It's for your own good, Pinocchio.

ARLECCHINO

Keep in mind it's only Madrina in disguise.

PINOCCHIO

He's much prettier in a dress.

MADRINA

I'M CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR VIRTUE,
THAT'S THE REASON WHY I'D HURT YOU.
TILL YOU LEARN THAT CRIME WON'T PAY,
I DO NOT SEE ANOTHER WAY.

BAD DEEDS NEED TO BE PUNISHED,
SIN MUST NEVER GATHER PRAISE.
IN NEED OF STRICTER DISCIPLINE
IS THE BOY WHO DISOBEYS!

(MADRINA finds a menacing pitchfork and comes after
PINOCCHIO, eventually pinning his leg against a wall.
PINOCCHIO removes his leg, darts away, then comes back for
his leg and screws it back on.)

MADRINA

TELL HIM!
COMPEL HIM!
TO NEVER EVER SIN.
PROTECT HIM!
PERFECT HIM!
THERE'S GOOD IN DISCIPLINE.

(MADRINA finally corners PINOCCHIO near the stove, pinning
his arms behind his back and threatening to pitch him feet
first into the stove.)

PINOCCHIO

(to ARLECCHINO)

Not the fire! Help me!

COLUMBINA

Can't, Pinocchio.

DOTTORE

Daren't.

ARLECCHINO

Our hands are tied.

(The zanni groan at their pun apologetically to the
audience, miming their marionette strings: *Our hands are
tied? Groan*)

PINOCCHIO

Couldn't you just give me a good scolding, Madrina?

MADRINA

(sarcastic)

What a good idea, Pinocchio, why don't I simply shake my finger while you
contemplate what you've done, instead of my punishing you and actually

(bursting)
teaching you something!

(MADRINA pushes PINOCCHIO into the stove! Truly frightened, PINOCCHIO struggles for his life. This is too much for the ZANNI to bear, but MADRINA casts open her arms, and the ZANNI are frozen in place, compelled to sing.)

MADRINA & ZANNI

(vicious)
 PROMISES KEPT,
 OR PROMISES BROKEN.
 YOU MUST ACCEPT
 THE WORDS YOU'VE SPOKEN.
 PROMISES KEPT,
 OR PROMISES BROKEN.
 MY HEART HAS WEPT
 WHEN OATHS ARE SPOKEN.

PINOCCHIO

(ad-lib throughout, as necessary)
 Help me! I'm burning! I'm burning!

MADRINA & ZANNI

IS IT PROMISES KEPT
 OR PROMISES BROKEN?

MADRINA

PROMISES KEPT
 PROMISES KEPT

PINOCCHIO

Papa! Papa, I'm sorry! Forgive me, Papa!

MADRINA

OR BROKEN.

(MADRINA rears back suddenly as though she's been slapped.
 The ZANNI collapse to the ground.)

MADRINA

What did you say?

PINOCCHIO

Nothing. I didn't mean it, Madrina.

MADRINA

(shaking him)
 Answer me. Answer me!

PINOCCHIO

(weeping)
 My father will be so ashamed of me!

MADRINA

Don't say that if you don't mean it, Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO

All I wanted was to make him proud of me. Now look how I end up.

MADRINA

You're not trying to fool me?

(SHE pulls him out of the stove, throws him to the floor,
and then stamps her foot in frustration.)

MADRINA

Oh, *why* is there always that last little bit of hope!? I should throw you
back into that fire. I shouldn't hear another word out of you.

PINOCCHIO

(sobs briefly)
Papa, forgive me!

(MADRINA cannot control herself any longer; she transforms
back into a beautiful woman.)

PINOCCHIO

After I'm burned, Madrina, will you tell my father how sorry I was?

MADRINA

Oh, if only everyone in Italy could hear you now. It seems after all you have
a very good heart.

PINOCCHIO

I do? No, I don't. It's made of wood.

MADRINA

But your father has made it well. You're really a fine, brave boy!

(SHE gathers PINOCCHIO in her arms.)

ZANNI

Awww

ARLECCHINO

That's so beautiful.

DOTTORE

What a noble breed are we puppets.

PINOCCHIO

I don't understand, Madrina. You're not going to throw me into the fire?

MADRINA

I was all set to. I get a little upset sometimes.

ARLECCHINO

A little!

MADRINA

But you've passed my first test. And here's your reward.

(SHE hands him some chocolate.)

PINOCCHIO

Chocolate!

ARLECCHINO

Oh, throw *me* into the fire, throw me!

(off her glance)

Or not.

MADRINA

Listen to me very carefully, Pinocchio. About that heart of yours. Would you like it if it weren't so wooden?

PINOCCHIO

What do you mean?

MADRINA

Would you like your papa truly to be proud of you?

PINOCCHIO

More than anything! Even more than this chocolate.

(MADRINA takes out a small pouch.)

MADRINA

I have some money for you.

PINOCCHIO

Can I --

MADRINA

Wait. With reward comes terrible risk. Here are five gold pieces.

(ARLECCHINO comes forward, his palm open, but DOTTORE and COLUMBINA throttle him and sit on him.)

MADRINA

I believe you are ready to undertake my four tests.

PINOCCHIO

Four tests, no, thank you, Madrina, I'm not ready at all.

MADRINA

You have already passed the first test.

PINOCCHIO

Oh. Well, in that case --

MADRINA

You showed yourself capable of remorse. Which is why you were given chocolate.

PINOCCHIO

Oh, yes, *forgive me, Papa, I'm very very very sorry.* Can I have some more chocolate?

MADRINA

But next you must resist temptation, demonstrate loyalty and finally selflessness.

PINOCCHIO

What is it again? Resist temptation. Something about loyalty --

MADRINA

And selflessness. Above all else, selflessness. Are you willing to try, Pinocchio?

PINOCCHIO

Oh, yes, Madrina, yes, yes, yes!

MADRINA

Wait. Know you this. If you should fail . . . the stove!

(SHE gestures. The stove blazes.)

PINOCCHIO

How about I just pass one out of four?

(MADRINA hands PINOCCHIO the gold.)

MADRINA

You are to take these five gold pieces straight home to your father Gepetto, and admit to him you have stolen an apple, do you hear me, Pinocchio? It's grown late, your father must be very worried about you.

PINOCCHIO

Oh no, he *likes* it when I'm out late, because --

(PINOCCHIO suddenly makes an awful face and spits out the chocolate.)

PINOCCHIO

Ahghhh-hh, terrible taste! What happened to my chocolate?

MADRINA

The bitter taste of sin, part of your second test, resistance to temptation. Lie again, Pinocchio, and those gold pieces will turn to locusts and it's the stove for you. Go now.

PINOCCHIO

Yes, Madrina, I'll not lie. I'll pass your tests, I'll make father proud of me. I'll go straight home, I --

MADRINA

(her eleven-foot-tall persona showing through)

Go!

PINOCCHIO

Yes, thank you, Madrina, thank you! Goodbye, brother and sister puppets! Goodbye, Arlecchino, Dottore, Colum --

(HE climbs up and out through the puppet stage curtains.
MADRINA whirls on the puppets.)

MADRINA

Your turn.

ZANNI

(kow-towing; ad-lib)

"Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt not kill." "Always do unto others as you would have them -- "

Bootlickers.
MADRINA

(unis.)
ZANNI
Yes, Madrina, thank you, Madrina.

MADRINA
I have a task for you three tonight.

ZANNI
(unis.)
Oh, yes, Madrina, whatever you ask, Madrina.

(MADRINA grabs the ZANNI by their collars and steps to the front of the puppet wagon.)

MADRINA
I have decided to make an example of Pinocchio for all to see, and you, my little marionettes, are to help narrate his tale.

(Some music; mystical; otherworldly. MADRINA chants.)

MADRINA
DO YOU SEE THIS WALL HERE, THIS FOURTH WALL?

ZANNI
Yes, Madrina, we see this wall.

MADRINA
THIS FOURTH WALL . . . NOW -- ISN'T HERE AT ALL!

(SHE gestures; the ZANNI fall forward out of the wagon, to their delight and surprise.)

MADRINA
You zanni are to narrate Pinocchio's story, as a lesson to all of those who have gathered here tonight.

(ZANNI turn and discover the audience. THEY are frightened, then fascinated.)

ARLECCHINO
N -- n -- n --

DOTTORE
Narrate?

MADRINA
Do not worry, they cannot harm you. I have merely removed the fourth wall, I have not given them permission to come up and storm the stage. Now. You are not to interfere in Pinocchio's life in any way, you are simply to tell his story so that others might learn from it. Do you understand? *Do you understand?*

ZANNI
Yes, Madrina, completely, Madrina.

ARLECCHINO

(under his breath)
Not one word, Madrina.

(MADRINA hands them a small prompt book.)

MADRINA

Very well, then. Transition.

COLUMBINA

(not comprehending)
Transition.

MADRINA

Narrate. Take us to the next scene.

COLUMBINA

Oh! Oh! The next scene. Right!

(consulting the prompt book)

"And so it was that Pinocchio went straight home to give his father Gepetto the five wonderful gold pieces."

DOTTORE

Is that it?

ARLECCHINO

This is going to be easy.

(But ARLECCHINO's first steps take him smack-dab into a lamppost.)

ARLECCHINO

Once we get the hang of walking without strings. Or actually, NOT the hang of it. Get it, Madrina? 'Cause we're not hanging anymore? C'mon, Dottore, that's funny.

DOTTORE

This is going to be a long night.

(MADRINA gestures; PINOCCHIO enters, whistling. MADRINA gestures to COLUMBINA.)

COLUMBINA

(over PINOCCHIO's whistling)

Oh, wait! There's more here. "And so it was that Pinocchio went straight home to give his father Gepetto the five wonderful gold pieces. But on his way he met two terrible villains."

ARLECCHINO & DOTTORE

Sssss

(Lights transition to:)

ACT ISCENE 3

(The marketplace; night. PINOCCHIO skips down the street, merry and at peace. Appearing suddenly in front of PINOCCHIO are CRIPPLEFOX and BLINDCAT. MADRINA escorts the ZANNI offstage. Other ROGUES and HOMELESS occasionally wander through the marketplace.)

CRIPPLEFOX

Eh, psst, *amico!*
 SPARE A LIRA?
 PLEASE, I NEED TO HEAR A
 CLINK OF PRETTY LIRA!

PINOCCHIO

Sorry. I have to go straight home.

BLINDCAT

I say we just skin him.

CRIPPLEFOX

A more elegant swindle *could* be thought of, Madame.

BLINDCAT

(raspberry)
Pthbth! to your elegance, sir.
 (threatening)
 Your lira or your life.

PINOCCHIO

(showing them; cocky)
 I don't have any lira. Just these five big shiny gold pieces.

BLINDCAT & CRIPPLEFOX

Yahhhh! G-g-g-gold! <*triple-takes*>

CRIPPLEFOX

(conspiratorially, to Blindcat)
 Wrong dance number, Madame!

BLINDCAT

"Thousand Scoundrels," Monsieur?

CRIPPLEFOX

Absolutely.
 (sliding an arm around Pinocchio)
 You shouldn't be walking around with five gold pieces all by yourself, little boy.

PINOCCHIO

My name's Pinocchio.

BLINDCAT

Pin-occ-hio. You need us to protect you and keep your gold safe.

PINOCCHIO

(swaggering; showing his knife against the ROGUES)
I'm not worried. I can protect myself against thieves.

BLINDCAT

Of course you can, sweet-boy-clever-boy, but it isn't the thieves you need to worry about.

PINOCCHIO

It -- isn't?

BLINDCAT

(hawking; spitting)
Fffft! No!

CRIPPLEFOX

She means *per l'amor del cielo*, no!

BLINDCAT

(a temper)
Fffft, you tell him then, Monsieur Cripplefox.

CRIPPLEFOX

Delighted, Madame Blindcat. You see, Pinocchio, there's honor among thieves. It's the *other* men you need to be on the lookout for.

BLINDCAT

(interrupts)
That's right!

(THEY sing; **A Thousand Scoundrels.**)

BLINDCAT

FOR EVERY GOOD CITIZEN HONEST AND TRUE,
THERE ARE A THOUSAND SCOUNDRELS
SCHEMING AND PLOTTING TO STEAL FROM YOU.

BLINDCAT & CRIPPLEFOX

A THOUSAND SCOUNDRELS!

CRIPPLEFOX

PICK WISELY YOUR FRIENDS;
KNOW WHOM TO DENOUNCE.
ON THIS MUCH DEPENDS,
FOR JUST WAITING TO POUNCE ARE

BLINDCAT & CRIPPLEFOX

A THOUSAND SCOUNDRELS!

CRIPPLEFOX

(spoken)
Allow us to demonstrate. Put a gold piece in your pocket, and we'll show you what *might* happen to it if you're not careful. Go on!

(BLINDCAT dons the persona of a wily pickpocket, and during the following succeeds in plucking the coin from PINOCCHIO's pocket.)

CRIPPLEFOX

YOU WON'T EVER KNOW YOU'VE ENCOUNTERED A THIEF;
 IN FACT, IT'S A TALENT OF THEIRS,
 PINCHING YOUR WALLET
 BEFORE YOU RECALL IT
 AND BOUNDING AWAY, WITH YOU QUITE UNAWARES.

BLINDCAT

(spoken)

An insider's tip: they travel in pairs.

(aside)

Though they don't always like it.

CRIPPLEFOX

A GENTLEMAN, MAYBE, OR LADY, COULD BE,

BLINDCAT

THOUGH BEGGARS ARE HARDLY UNCOMMON.

CRIPPLEFOX

WITH A SMILE ON HIS LIP
 TO YOUR POCKETS HE'LL SLIP NOT ONLY HIS FINGERS,

BLINDCAT & CRIPPLEFOX

BUT MOST OF HIS PALM IN.

BLINDCAT

SHOCKING, I KNOW!

CRIPPLEFOX

BUT DREADFULLY COMMON.

BLINDCAT

SLIPPING THE PALM IN.

PINOCCHIO

Thank you for teaching me all this. I had no idea.

CRIPPLEFOX

Oh, yes.

BLINDCAT & CRIPPLEFOX

A THOUSAND SCOUNDRELS. A THOUSAND VILLAINS!
 EACH OF THEM SPENT YEARS PERFECTING THEFT.
 THEY'LL FOIST A TALE UPON YOU
 FOR THEY'VE LEARNED JUST HOW TO CON YOU
 TILL THEY'RE SURE YOU'VE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING LEFT.

A THOUSAND SCOUNDRELS. A THOUSAND SWINDLERS!
 EACH OF THEM A MASTER AT AN ART. (SO SMART!)
 THIS LIGHT-FINGERED GENTRY
 TO YOUR PURSE WILL GAIN AN ENTRY
 TILL THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO THEM YOU CAN IMPART.

BLINDCAT

But Pinocchio, know you this! One of the worst scoundrels of them all

PINOCCHIO

Yes?

BLINDCAT

The scam artist.

(CRIPPLEFOX reacts.)

BLINDCAT

Well you should gasp, Monsieur Cripplefox, well you should gasp. Hold up your coins, Pinocchio, we'll show you how this terrible deed is perpetrated.

PINOCCHIO

Oh, yes, do!

(During the following, CRIPPLEFOX slight-of-hands one coin into *two* and then two into *four*, to PINOCCHIO's utter amazement.)

BLINDCAT

ELABORATE SCAMS ARE ANOTHER DEVICE
WHICH SCHEMERS WILL USE TO ENTICE.
LIKE "SOMETHING FOR NOTHING"
OR "NOTHING FOR SOMETHING" --
A SCAM IS A SCAM NO MATTER THE PRICE.

CRIPPLEFOX

(spoken; flimflam character)

Watch closely now, Pinocchio. Let me borrow this a second. Trust me.

(cueing Blindcat)

Madame . . . ?

BLINDCAT

WHENEVER THEY TELL YOU TO TRUST THEM, BEWARE!
IT'S JUST AN EXCUSE TO EMBEZZLE.

CRIPPLEFOX

(flimflam)

YOUR LIRA, YOUR RUBLE
WILL DOUBLE! QUADRUPLE!

BLINDCAT

BUT IF ONLY WHAT HAPPENS IS WHAT HE SAYS'LL
HAPPEN!

CRIPPLEFOX

(turning to BLINDCAT)

"Is what he says'll?"

BLINDCAT

(shrugging)

RHYMES WITH "EMBEZZLE."

CRIPPLEFOX

IT RHYMES WITH "EMBEZZLE."

(At this moment, a BLUE MARMOT crosses the stage, in quite a hurry. SHE whispers to PINOCCHIO as he passes. A clock strikes eight.)

MARMOT

Get you home, Pinocchio! Go straight home to Gepetto.

PINOCCHIO

(suddenly panicked)

Oh, no, it's so late already! Listen, I want to stay and hear about the nine hundred and ninety-eight other scams, but I have to go home now.

(HE snatches his money back from BLINDCAT and starts to run away; but BLINDCAT snatches the money back; PINOCCHIO snatches it again; BLINDCAT snatches it back. *Lazzi*; which agitation spreads throughout the marketplace. The ROGUES get involved, and congregate on CRIPPLEFOX and BLINDCAT, eventually succeeding in getting the coins themselves! A terrible squabble breaks out.)

ROGUES

A THOUSAND SCOUNDRELS. A THOUSAND VILLAINS!
A THOUSAND SCOUNDRELS. A THOUSAND BANDITS.
EACH A PARAGON OF KNAVISH SKILLS.
THIS DOUBLE-TALKING SHAMMER,
FULL OF GRANDEUR, FULL OF GLAMOUR,
RAZZLE-DAZZLES YOU WHILE TAKING WHAT HE WILLS.

A THOUSAND SCOUNDRELS. A THOUSAND ARTISTS.
EACH AN "ACQUISITION CONNOISSEUR."
AL-THOUGH
THESE CRAFTSMEN DON'T DISCRIMINATE:
YOUR SAVINGS THEY'LL ELIMINATE,
AS QUICK TO CON A PAUPER AS CON A SIR.

(One of the ROGUES winds up with all the coins. The crowd turns on him, mauling and pawing at him. But the frenzy ends when BLINDCAT takes up her cane and plunges it through the Rogue's heart, killing him. The crowd reels, withdraws, frightened.)

CRIPPLEFOX

Not very elegant, Madame.

BLINDCAT

Means to a happy end.

(BLINDCAT moves in for the coins. PINOCCHIO, however, though disturbed, races up to the ROGUE and grabs the coins from his hand, then scurries away. CRIPPLEFOX end-runs PINOCCHIO, and blocks his way. BLINDCAT advances with her cane. CRIPPLEFOX and BLINDCAT grow villainous.)

CRIPPLEFOX

One last plot you need to know about, Pinocchio.

BLINDCAT

Ahhh!

MY WAY, MY WAY! TELL HIM, WILL YOU?

CRIPPLEFOX

YES. THE SIMPLEST OF PLOTS.

THAT IS, WE SIMPLY COULD KILL YOU.

I mean, *they* could, these thousand scoundrels.

PINOCCHIO

Kill me?

CRIPPLEFOX

If elegance and charm fail to achieve their goals, yes.

BLINDCAT

People will do anything for five gold pieces.
FOR EVERY GOOD CITIZEN HONEST AND TRUE,
THERE ARE A THOUSAND SCOUNDRELS
SCHEMING AND PLOTTING TO STEAL FROM YOU.

BLINDCAT & CRIPPLEFOX

A THOUSAND SCOUNDRELS! A THOUSAND THIEVES.
A THOUSAND TRICKS TUCKED UP A THOUSAND SLEEVES.
THEY WILL FOOL YOU, THEY WILL FLEECE YOU,
AND THEY SIMPLY WON'T RELEASE YOU
UNTIL YOU AND ALL YOUR CASH HAVE TAKEN LEAVES.

CRIPPLEFOX

BE YOU SKEPTICS, BE YOU SCOFFERS,
WE MAKE OFFERS, WE GIVE COUNSEL,

BLINDCAT

'CAUSE WE KNOW WHAT LARGE AMOUNTS'LL
ALWAYS END UP IN THE COFFERS

CRIPPLEFOX

OF THE THOUSAND . . .

BLINDCAT

OF THE THOUSAND

CRIPPLEFOX & BLINDCAT

THE THOUSAND SCOUNDRELS!

(BLINDCAT attempts to plunge her cane into PINOCCHIO, but of course the cane snaps like a twig when it hits PINOCCHIO's chest. PINOCCHIO gets away. BLINDCAT runs after him.)

BLINDCAT

Wait, come back here with that gold! We stole it fair and square!

CRIPPLEFOX

Police! Carabinieri!

(One of the dog-faced CARABINIERI appears.)

CARABINIERE

What seems to be the trouble, signore, eh? [*Blup seems to be the trouble, signore, blay?*]

CRIPPLEFOX

Ah, Carabiniere; if you follow me, might I have the pleasure of taking you to the house of the little thief who --

BLINDCAT

(impatiently)

Oh, *sapristi!*

(to the CARABINIERE)

Wanna arrest someone, you wanna, you wanna?

CARABINIERE

Arrrrest! Arrroooo!

BLINDCAT

Y'see that pair of sticks running away over there?

CARABINIERE

Arooo?

BLINDCAT

Fetch the sticks! Fetch the sticks!

(The CARABINIERE howls in ravenous delight and follows after PINOCCHIO, panting voraciously.)

CRIPPLEFOX

(to BLINDCAT, as they follow)

Vulgar and churlish, Madame.

BLINDCAT

He's a dog, what d'you want!?

(Lights change to:)

ACT ISCENE 4

(ARLECCHINO and DOTTORE shift the scenery: Gepetto's ground-floor room. Two broken chairs, a miserable little bed, a rickety old table; a small workbench with ancient woodcarving tools and mallets. COLUMBINA comes forward with the prompt book.)

COLUMBINA

Now we take you to Gepetto's small room on the ground floor underneath a staircase in an alleyway in Tuscany, a dingy hovel which Gepetto tried very very hard to turn into a home for Pinocchio. Gepetto could afford but a single rickety chair --

(ARLECCHINO and DOTTORE are confused at the two chairs on the set; they pitch one of them into the wings. COLUMBINA turns a page.)

COLUMBINA

-- for each of them, one for himself and one for Pinocchio.

(ARLECCHINO fetches the chair back onstage.)

COLUMBINA

His table had long ago broken into a dozen pieces --

(ARLECCHINO and DOTTORE bash the table to pieces.)

COLUMBINA

So Gepetto, handy with woodcarving tools, always kept it in good repair.

(THEY repair the table.)

COLUMBINA

(while they repair the table)

There were no windows except for some old panes at the top of the solitary door, so it was dark and dirty and dank, and the only source of heat was a small brazier in the middle of the room.

ARLECCHINO

(quizzically, to Dottore)

Brazier?

DOTTORE

A little cooking pot filled with hot coals.

ARLECCHINO

Cooking pot.

(ARLECCHINO dashes out and returns with a steaming pot.)

ARLECCHINO

(juggling the pot)

Where's it go? Ow, ow, ow!

(COLUMBINA flips through the prompt book, uncertain, while ARLECCHINO runs around with *burning hand lazzi*.)

ARLECCHINO

(coming downstage)

This doesn't really hurt my hands, but it's kinda funny, isn't it?

(MADRINA appears far downstage, much to DOTTORE's relief.)

ARLECCHINO

(putting down the brazier)

Ah, Madrina! Is this where this goes?

MADRINA

Yes, that's right.

(DOTTORE comes forward to MADRINA, pulling out a copy of *Collodi's Pinocchio*.)

DOTTORE

Madrina, Madrina Signora, I've been reading Collodi's book, and you know how you asked us to make sure Pinocchio's story is relevant to this, this, what do you call them -- ?

MADRINA

Audience.

DOTTORE

Yes, audience. To that end, we've written a little verse, if you wouldn't mind.

MADRINA

No, no, please.

(THEY come forward, clear their throats, and then, as one, they look directly above their heads.)

MADRINA

Something the matter?

DOTTORE

We're -- we're used to someone up there starting us off.

MADRINA

No need for that tonight.

COLUMBINA

(gesturing to the orchestra)

So, uh, how do we get music out of these audience down here?

MADRINA

Just ask them.

COLUMBINA

Oh. All right.

(flirty)

Can we have some music, please?

(Music cue. To the delight of the ZANNI!)

ARLECCHINO

I could get used to this!

ACT ISCENE 5

(GEPETTO paces the floor, angry and agitated. The moon is beginning to rise.)

GEPETTO

Be home by dark, the father says. Yes, I promise, says the son. The father comes home, scrapes together a dinner from a rotted potato, and where is the son? God knows where. I've been out four times looking for him. Wretched poverty, accursed Tuscany! You can't blame a boy for not rushing home for a dinner of potato soup. Probably run away.

(GEPETTO grabs a filled soup pan and a spoon, and bangs on it in the open doorway as though it were a dinner bell.)

GEPETTO

Pinocchio!

(No answer. A terrible silence. GEPETTO grows angry and desperate.)

GEPETTO

Pinocchio! Count of three or there'll be no dinner for you! I swear it, I'll throw it out, I will! Pinocchio!

(one last effort)

Uno! Due! Tre!

(GEPETTO flings his pan across the room. HE weeps, then kicks over the brazier in anger.)

GEPETTO

POTATOES.

EVERY DAY FOR . . . EVERY DAY FOR

A YEAR IT'S BEEN POTATOES.

THAT'S ALL I CAN PAY FOR.

THAT'S ALL THAT I'VE GOTTEN!

I TIRE OF POTATOES. MY POOR POT IN

THE FIRE -- THAT'S ALL I PUT IN HER.

POTATOES FOR BREAKFAST, POTATOES FOR LUNCHES,

AND THEREFORE MY HUNCH IS

THE SAME THING'S FOR DINNER.

AND IF I AM LUCKY, MAYBE SOME WON'T BE ROTTEN.

(spoken)

The fresh ones cost extra.

GEPETTO (cont'd)

(sung)

ALONG WITH HIS SUPPER A PAUPER
 MUST SWALLOW HIS PRIDE.
 HE CAN'T EVER STOP OR
 COMPLAIN, OR CARE WHAT'S INSIDE.
 THAT'S HOW I'M REWARDED
 FOR ALL OF MY LABOR.
 THE SAME WITH MY NEIGHBOR.
 I THINK
 IT'S PRACTICALLY SORDID.
 GOOD LORD, IT'D
 DRIVE A POOR PEASANT TO DRINK.
 IF HE COULD AFFORD IT.
 AND SO IT GOES.
 THIS COUNTRY'S AS ROTTEN
 AS ALL OF THE FOOD THAT IT GROWS.

(PINOCCHIO suddenly rushes down the street, his nose still jaggedy and broken-off from the previous scene. GEPETTO's face lights up. PINOCCHIO races into his arms; GEPETTO smothers him with kisses.)

GEPETTO

Pinocchio!

PINOCCHIO

Papa! Papa! I'm sorry I'm late for supper, Papa, but I --

GEPETTO

Non importa, you're here now! Bless you, wonderful child, wonderful Tuscany -- but Pinocchio, your nose, your nose!

PINOCCHIO

Yes, Papa, I'm so ashamed. Madrina did this to me when I lied.

(brightens)

But then she gave me these five gold pieces --

GEPETTO

Pinocchio! I told you not to steal for me!

PINOCCHIO

No, no, I didn't steal these.

GEPETTO

Of course you did; how else would you get five gold pieces!?

PINOCCHIO

No, it was an apple I stole, and I would have put it back except --

GEPETTO

(his anger burbling again)

Oh, you idiot child, will you learn nothing! You shall always be a pauper if you behave like one! We return this money tomorrow, and there'll be a penalty to pay someone.

PINOCCHIO

But, Father --

GEPETTO

No, that's enough from you! I should punish you! I should beat you within an inch of your life. I should toss you back onto the pile of firewood from whence you came!

(PINOCCHIO whimpers. GEPETTO stares at PINOCCHIO, appalled at his own temper. Emotional silence.)

GEPETTO

Oh. Pinocchio. No, I didn't mean that. I --

PINOCCHIO

You're ashamed of me.

GEPETTO

No.

PINOCCHIO

Yes, you are. Pick out another log and carve another son. We'd both be better off.

GEPETTO

(his heart breaking)

Pinocchio! No, no -- I -- come here. Let me look at that nose of yours!

(GEPETTO races over to the workbench, and picks up a small wooden object and holds it aloft.)

GEPETTO

We'll make you a new one! Come here, my little splinter-face.

(PINOCCHIO comes to GEPETTO. GEPETTO picks up a rusty wood rasp and proceeds to file down PINOCCHIO's nose.)

GEPETTO

Your Papa will always take care of you. I shall rasp this naughty nose till there's nothing left of it, my poor piccolo-nose!

(PINOCCHIO giggles. *Nose-lazzi*. The wood shavings fly!)

PINOCCHIO

Stop, stop, it tickles!

GEPETTO

(withdrawing the rasp)

Very well, let's try *il pialla*. *Il pialla*, my sweet lumber-head!

(GEPETTO now takes a plane to PINOCCHIO's face, grinding away most furiously. More wood shavings!)

PINOCCHIO

Thank you, Papa. You're so good to me!

GEPETTO

Ah, ah, ah, I'm not finished yet.

(GEPETTO now pulls out a large drill and twists it vigorously into PINOCCHIO's face. GEPETTO affixes the new nose by whacking PINOCCHIO's face repeatedly with a large wooden mallet.)