



PINOCCHIO II

A Family Musical

Music, Book & Lyrics
by MICHAEL LANCY

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PINOCCHIO II
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Characters

Although not necessary, in past productions the parts of the Toymaker, Mr. Grimshaw, the Father and the Factory Foreman were played by the same actor. Many of the parts can be double-cast and females can play parts designated as male with no problems in dialogue. The characters are...

PINOCCHIO: At first very childish and impulsive, slowly growing more mature. Can be played by a female.

TOYMAKER: A jovial and innocent man of middle age.

TALKING THOMAS: A talking doll with a mind of his own.

MRS. BILGEWATER: A wealthy matron in her late thirties to late forties and very pushy.

VERONICA: Bilgewater's niece, a very spoiled little brat.

BLUE FAIRY: Cigar puffing, New York cab driver type.

GRIMSHAW: Headmaster of the Orphanage, a kindly fellow who isn't really in charge but would like to think he is.

JOHN: Not necessarily the oldest orphan but obviously the one most looked up to as an "older brother."

BILL: An orphan, always eating.

LEFTY: A big and dumb orphan.

KAREN: The sad orphan, more thoughtful than the others. Early teens.

THE DIRECTOR: A pompous, pseudo-Hollywood type with a bad temper.

FATHER: A soft-spoken, kindly man in his late thirties.

MOTHER: Everyone's idea of the perfect "Mom."

SUSAN: The oldest daughter in Pinocchio's new family, somewhat serious but sincere and caring, too. In her early teens.

AMY: Susan's little sister, about ten years old. Very excitable and fun-loving.

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT: Male or female, a frustrated actor.

FRED: Obnoxious television "personality" with too much gush to be taken seriously.

SECRETARY: Cold and efficient.

FOREMAN: An experienced, concerned and over-worked old timer.

WORKER: A sad and exhausted young man or woman.

TOYS: A Jack-In-The-Box, Two Toy Soldiers, Music Box Ballerinas, Cowboy and Cowgirl, Dolls and others

TV CREW: The Healthy Flakettes (3 or more chorus-girl types), Soundman, Cameraman, Slateman, Make-up People and various other underworked overpaid union members.

ORPHANS: Tammy, Cindy, Michelle, Paul and others.

THE MACHINE: Any or all cast members acting out a large machine with the Blue Fairy play the most "worn" cog.

Scenes & Musical Numbers

PRELUDE LIMBO

“One Little Puppet”... .. Susan & Cast

SCENE I THE TOYSHOP

“Finest Toy In The Toyshop”... .. Toymaker, Veronica
Bilgewater & Toys

“What It Takes To Be A Boy”... .. Pinocchio & Blue Fairy

SCENE II THE ORPHANAGE

“Family”... .. Orphans

“Day is Done”... .. Orphans

“Wanting to be Someone’s” Karen & Orphans

SCENE III PINOCCHIO’S NEW HOME

“The Commercial”... .. Healthy Flakettes, Fred,
Father, Pinocchio

“What It Takes To Be A Boy” (*Reprise*)... ..
Pinocchio

“When We Imagine”... .. Susan, Amy & Pinocchio

SCENE IV THE FACTORY

The Machine Pinocchio, Secretary,
Foreman, Worker, “Cogs”
and The Blue Fairy

PRODUCTION NOTE:

PINOCCHIO II (which can also be titled ONE LITTLE PUPPET) was originally produced on a single set of platforms, set at varying heights. These were never moved and the emphasis of the production was on lighting. It is entirely up to your own budget (or budget limitations) as to whether sets will be utilized and more than suggestive costumes used.

PINOCCHIO II

PRELUDE

AT RISE, THE MUSIC PLAYS UP AND SOFT, COLORFUL SIDE LIGHTING ILLUMINATES THE SET, WHICH IS A MULTI-LEVEL LIMBO OF PLATFORMS. PINOCCHIO IS STANDING ALONE ON HIS PLATFORM, CENTER. HIS FACE SHOWS A FARAWAY LOOK AS THE MUSIC CONTINUES. THE OTHER TOYS APPEAR, DANCING WITH THE MUSIC AND APPROACHING THEIR PLACES ON THE SET. WHEN THEY FINALLY COME TO A HALT, THE VISUAL IMPACT SHOULD BE THAT OF A DISPLAY WINDOW IN A TOY SHOP.

AMONG THE TOYS ARE MUSIC BOX BALLERINAS, TWO TIN SOLDIERS, A JACK-IN-THE-BOX, THE COWBOY/GIRL DOLLS AND VARIOUS OTHER TOYS AND DOLLS. AS THEY ALL DANCE TO THE MUSIC PINOCCHIO SEEMS TO WANT TO JOIN IN, BUT HIS STIFF WOODEN MOVEMENTS AND “STRINGS” HOLD HIM BACK. FINALLY, HE LEANS TO ONE SIDE, VERY DEJECTED, AS SUSAN APPEARS ABOVE HIM DRESSED IN BLACK AND LOOKING OLDER THAN SHE WILL IN THE STORY TO FOLLOW. THE KEY CHANGE OCCURS IN THE MUSIC AND, AS IT DOES, SUSAN HOLDS OUT HER HAND OVER PINOCCHIO’S HEAD AND HE REACTS AS IF HIS STRINGS HAD BEEN PULLED TIGHT. THE REST OF THE TOYS FREEZE AS PINOCCHIO ACTS OUT THE SONG.

SONG: “ONE LITTLE PUPPET”

SUSAN: One little puppet sat while the rest
 Danced and ran and played.
 This little puppet was not the best,
 That’s why he had to stay.

 Often the puppet would wish and dream
 He could become a boy;
 Then how the others would only seem
 Like some old, forgotten toy ...

SUSAN & TOYS: How he would dance all the latest steps,
 Leaving the others behind

Running and leaping just like a real boy,
Too bad it was just in his mind.

SUSAN: Too bad little puppet, you're just a game,
No one believes you're real;
Thinking you are isn't quiet the same,
No matter how you feel.

SUSAN & TOYS: But when you imagine you're not a toy,
Leaving the others behind;
Running and leaping just like a real boy,
Remember, it's just in your mind.

One little puppet sat while the rest
Danced and ran and played;
This little puppet was not the best
That's why he had to stay.

BLACKOUT

SCENE I

THE TOYSHOP

AS THE LIGHTS COME UP, THE TOYS ARE ARRANGED IN "THEIR PLACES" AND REMAIN MOTIONLESS. PINOCCHIO IS STANDING ON HIS PLATFORM AND LEANING TO ONE SIDE, LIKE A PUPPET HANGING FROM A DISPLAY RACK. THE TOYMAKER IS DOWN CENTER, HUMMING AWAY WHILE BUSILY MAKING SOME FINAL ADJUSTMENTSON TALKING THOMAS.

TOYMAKER: (STEPPING BACK) There we go! (TO THOMAS) You should work now. (ADMIRE HIS WORK). Ah, my first talking doll. I'll call you... Talking Thomas! Now then, let's see what you can say.

HE PULLS AN IMAGINARY STRING IN THOMAS' NECK.

THOMAS: (AS IF TALKING BACKWARDS) Abreescha noc Latkin Lotool grundba pool.

TOYMAKER: (REALIZING WHAT'S WRONG) Oops! I thought that battery went the other way. (HE GOES AROUND BEHIND THOMAS AND APPEARS TO PULL OUT A BATTERY, THEN REINSERT THE OTHER WAY) There. Now, let's try again. (PULLS THE CORD).

THOMAS: My name is Talking Thomas and I think you're nice.

TOYMAKER: (PLEASED) Ahh, that's better! (PULLS CORD).

THOMAS: My name is Talking Thomas and I think you're nice.

TOYMAKER: (DELIGHTED) Fantastic!! (PULLS CORD AGAIN).

THOMAS: My name is Talking Thomas and I think you're nice.

TOYMAKER: Well, Tom, you don't say much, but at least you're friendly. (PUTS THOMAS BACK ON THE "SHELF"). There you are. Come to think of it ... (TO ALL THE TOYS) ... all of you are friendly. In fact, I've never met a toy I didn't like. (SMILES). Some of my best friends are toys ... (HAMMING IT UP) Hey! Did you hear the one about the new politician doll? You wind it up and it doesn't do anything! (HE LAUGHS TO THE TOYS) Didn't you think that was funny? I thought it was hilarious! Can't you even chuckle? No ... I guess you can't. (CROSSING TO PINOCCHIO) And you, Pinocchio, you don't even smile. (PAUSE) What's the matter, my sad little friend?

THE TOYSHOP'S BELL RINGS AND IN BARGES MRS. BILGEWATER, FOLLOWED CLOSELY BY HER STUCKUP LITTLE NIECE, VERONICA. MRS. BILGEWATER IS WEALTHY, OVERFED AND POMPOUS; VERONICA IS WORKING VERY HARD AT FOLLOWING IN HER FOOTSTEPS. THE TOYMAKER IS SO ENGROSSED IN PINOCCHIO THAT HE NOTICES NEITHER OF THEM.

MRS. BILGE:(CEREMONIOUSLY CLEARING HER THROAT) Ahem!

TOYMAKER: (TURNS, LOOKS) Oh! (CROSSES TO HER). Good afternoon, Mrs. Bilgewater. And how are you today?

MRS. BILGE: (FLAT OUT) Irritable, depressed, and I have a severe hangov... uh .. headache!

TOYMAKER: (TRYING UNSUCCESSFULLY TO HIDE A SMILE) Oh, I'm glad ..I mean, uh, that's too bad....

MRS. BILGE: Spare me the sympathy.

TOYMAKER: (SHRUGS) Right. Well, what can I do for you?

MRS. BILGE: I'm looking for a present for my niece, Veronica. Say "hello," Veronica. (BILGEWATER CROSSES, LOOKING AT THE TOYS, AS VERONICA STICKS HER TONGUE OUT AT THE TOYMAKER). She's quite precocious.

TOYMAKER: That isn't the word I would have used.

MRS. BILGE: (STILL SNOOPING) I'm looking for something impressive ... and expensive-looking. (VERONICA MAKES UGLY FACES AT THE TOYMAKER) There's nothing too good for my little darling.

VERONICA: (DECIDING TO BUMP UP AND DOWN AND THROW A FIT) I wanna toy! I wanna toy! I wanna toyeee.

ALL THE TOYS EXCHANGE LOOKS OF DISBELIEF. AND APPREHENSION.

TOYMAKER: (PICKING UP A BASEBALL BAT, HEFTING IT WHILE OBVIOUSLY THINK OF IT IN TERMS OF A BLUNT WEAPON FOR THE KID) Well, how 'bout this nice baseball bat?

MRS. BILGE: Don't be ridiculous. (VERONICA GLOATS AT HIM) I want the finest toy you have ... and money is no object!

MUSIC CUE.

TOYMAKER: (SUDDENLY BRIGHTER) Well, then, how 'bout ...

SONG: "FINEST TOY IN THE TOYSHOP"

TOYMAKER: One tin soldier or a pair
 They are quite extraordinaire

Their uniforms are guaranteed authentic.
Sold complete with bayonets
Purchased separate or in sets,
To each other they are almost quite identic!

They can do a drill routine,
The finest ever seen;
They can make any little girl or boy hop.
You just wind them with a key,
And soon you're bound to see
They are the finest toys in the toyshop!

THE SOLDIERS DO A DRILL ROUTINE IN TIME TO MUSIC.

MRS. B: Oh No!
VERONICA: No!
MRS. B: No!
VERONICA: No!
BOTH: No!
These clods will never pass the test!
MRS. B: They're bo ..
VERONICA: Bo ..
MRS. B: Bo ..
VERONICA: Bo ..
BOTH: Boring!!
Are you sure that they're your very best?

TOYMAKER: Well ...
I really hate to sella
This country gal and fella.
In the pocket of the boy is a harmonica;
As he plays, she sings a song,
'Bout a man who done her wrong,
What a perfect choice to entertain Veronica!

COWGIRL: He done me wrong!
TOYS: (SWAYING) He done her wrong!
COWGIRL: He done me wrong!

TOYS: He done her wrong!
COWGIRL: I really hate this song!
TOYS: We really hate this song!
ALL: He done (me/her) wrong!

MRS. B: Oh No!
VERONICA: No!
MRS. B: No!
VERONICA: No!
BOTH: No!!

Their harmonies are quite unpleasant;
MRS. B: So show ..
VERONICA: Show ..
MRS. B: Show ..
VERONICA: Show ..
BOTH: Show!!
Us something that would make a better present.

TOYMAKER: Welllllll... I have this dancing trio
On a music box, you see, oh,
What a tantalizing treat of true terpsicorie
They can dance a pretty ballet
Imported here from Calais.
Carved from a single block of hickory!

DANCERS DO A SERIES OF PRETTY BALLET MOVES ...

MRS. B: Oh No!
VERONICA: No!
MRS. B: No!
VERONICA: No!
BOTH: No!
These dancers dance like pixilated boozers,

MRS. B: So Throw ..
VERONICA: Throw ..
MRS. B: Throw ..
VERONICA: Throw ..

BOTH: Throw!
Them out, they're nothing but a bunch of losers!

TOYMAKER: Wellllllll... .. I have this perfect puppet,
who works better than a Muppit;
There's not a better one from here to Tokyo;
Though his looks're kinda sad
He's really not so bad,
His name should sound familiar, it's Pinocchio!

HE OPERATES PINOCCHIO IN TIME TO THE MUSIC.

MRS. B: Oh No!
VERONICA: No!
MRS. B: No!
VERONICA: No!
BOTH: No!
This puppet really is a drag;

MRS. B: So show ..
VERONICA: Show ..
MRS. B: Show ..
VERONICA: Show ..
BOTH: Show!
Us something better or we're gonna gag!

ALL THE TOYS: (QUITE SUDDENLY ON THEIR OWN)
We are very well constructed
By our maker, who instructed
All the prominent toymakers in the land;
We have perfect dispositions
And can stand in six positions;
Did you note the perfect detail in our hands?

Our faces all are smiling,
We are ever so beguiling,
There is nothing that could ever make our joy stop;
You will like us if you try us,

Why not go ahead and buy us,
For we are the finest toys in the toyshop.
We are the finest toys in the toyshop!

AT THE END OF THE SONG, BILGEWATER AND VERONICA ARE STILL NOT SATISFIED WITH ANY OF THE TOYS, WHILE THE TOYMAKER AND THE TOYS SEEM EXHAUSTED OVER THE WHOLE THING.

MRS. B: (PERSISTENTLY INSULTING) You mean to tell me these are the best you have to offer?

VERONICA CATCHES SIGHT OF TALKING THOMAS, CROSSES OVER TO HIM, AND BEGINS TO TUG ON HIS OUTFIT. THOMAS STARTS TO INCH AWAY FROM HER.

TOYMAKER: Well, I'm sorry. I guess I don't have what you're looking for ...

VERONICA: (YANKING THOMAS' ARM) Oooo, what's this one?!?

TALKING THOMAS BEGINS TO LOOK WORRIED: THIS KID IS NOT HIS CHOICE FOR A NEW OWNER.

TOYMAKER: (CROSSING TO THEM) Oh, I'm sorry, but this toy isn't for sale.

MRS. B: And why not?

TOYMAKER: Uh ... I Just put the finishing touches on it. It's a talking doll I haven't had a chance ...

VERONICA: (TOSSING A TANTRUM) Ooo! I wannit! I wannit! I wannit! I waaaannntiiittt!

MRS. B: (CROSSING TO TALKING THOMAS) How does it work?

TOYMAKER: Well, you just pull that cord there, but ...

MRS. BILGEWATER PULLS THE CORD ON THOMAS' NECK.

THOMAS: (STARTS AS USUAL) My name is Talking Thomas ... (GETS BIG GRIN) And I think you're an old bag!!

THE HUMANS ARE SHOCKED. THE TOYS STIFLE LAUGHS.

MRS. B: (OUTRAGED) What??!!??!! (SHE BACKS AWAY FROM THOMAS, TOWARD THE TOY SOLDIERS, WHO LOWER THEIR RIFLES, AIM THEIR BAYONETS AT HER POSTERIOR... AND SHE BACKS INTO THEM, JUMPING). Aiee!!! (TURNS AND LOOKS) Well! I never .. !

VERONICA: (LICKING HER LOLLYPOP AND ENJOYING THE SHOW) That's not what Mommy says.

MRS. B: (WITH A LOOK AT VERONICA THAT COULD KILL) Come Veronica! (YANKS THE KID BY THE ARM .. PAUSES AT DOOR). We shall see about this! (SHE WHIPS VERONICA AROUND AND CHARGES OUT THE DOOR. THE TOYS EXCHANGE GLANCES OF VICTORY, BUT SNAP BACK TO FROZEN EXPRESSIONS WHEN THE TOYMAKER TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THEM)

TOYMAKER: (PONDERING THE SCENE) Hmm... sometimes I wonder about you. Sometimes I could swear you were all alive. (CHUCKLES) Ah, yes, now, that would be a real laugh, wouldn't it? (JOKING AGAIN) Oh I could just see it! (MAKING FUN WITH THEM, FIRST THE SOLDIERS). You .. marching in a parade down Main Street! (TO THE DANCERS) And you dancing in the National Ballet. And you two (THE COWGIRL AND COWBOY) in a cow-milking contest! (CROSSES TO PINOCCHIO) And, oh, yes, good ole Pinocchio, here come to life as a real boy. Running and dancing full of mischief, just like the Pinocchio in the old fairy tale, eh. (LAUGHS A LITTLE) With the Blue Fairy by his side and his nose two feet long! (LAUGHS BIGGER) Now that would be a real laugh! (PREPARES TO EXIT ROOM). And on that happy note, I think I'll close up shop and head for home. (HE REMOVES HIS APRON, STOPS AT THE DOORWAY AND LAUGHS AGAIN) Now, you jokers behave yourselves, you hear?

HE LAUGHS AS HE EXITS. THE LIGHTS CHANGE AND ALL THE TOYS SEEM TO COME ALIVE AT ONCE, RELAXING AND SIGHING WITH RELIEF AFTER A HARD DAY OF PRETENDING TO BE JUST TOYS.

PINOCCHIO: (IMITATING TOYMAKER) “Now, you Jokers behave yourselves, you hear?” Ha, hah, very funny.

SOLDIER: Alright, Pinocchio, let’s not go through this again.

PINOCCHIO: Well, what’s so funny about it, huh?

DANCER 1: (EXERCISING) No one said it was funny.

COWGIRL: It’s just silly to get all upset everytime ...

PINOCCHIO: (UPSET) They think that just because we’re toys, we don’t have any emotions, or feelings, or anything. They think they’re the only real things on earth.

DANCER 2: (CROSSING) Settle down.

PINOCCHIO: Well, it makes me mad.

THOMAS: I, for one, am not going to let it get to me. I’m probably going to be talking all day tomorrow so I’m getting some shut-eye.: (GETS READY TO SLEEP)

SOLDIER 2: (YAWNS) I think it’s time we all went to bed. (OTHERS AGREE)
C’mon, Pinocchio, Just relax.

COWBOY: Yeah, tomorrow’s gonna be another long one.

DANCER 1: C’mon, Pinoc ... it’s not going to do any good worrying about it tonight.

THE TOYS EXCHANGE “GOODNIGHTS” AND SETTLE DOWN. ALL OF THEM DRIFT OFF TO SLEEP, EXCEPT FOR PINOCCHIO. HE RESTLESSLY TURNS AND TWISTS ON HIS PLATFORM, UNABLE TO GET COMFORTABLE. THEN, SUDDENLY, HE SITS UP.

PINOCCHIO: I can’t sleep! (COMES DOWN CENTER). There’s nothing funny about it at all. “And Pinocchio here comes to life as a real boy.” What a laugh,

real funny ... (PAUSES). I wish I could be a real boy. Then I'd show 'em. All of them. The other toys, too ... everybody.

THERE IS A SUDDEN FLASH OF LIGHT STAGE RIGHT, A PUFF OF SMOKE, AND THE BLUE FAIRY APPEARS. HE LOOKS LIKE A TRUCK DRIVER IN AN EMBARRASSING COSTUME. HE HAS A GRUFF VOICE AND PUFFS ON A CIGAR. AS THE SMOKE CLEARS ...

BLUE FAIRY: (COUGHING, WAVING THE SMOKE AWAY) Ah, Jeez

PINOCCHIO DOES A DOUBLE-TAKE AND THEN JUST STARES AT HIM FOR A MOMENT IN DISBELIEF, BEFORE CROSSING TOWARDS HIM.

PINOCCHIO: What in the world are you?

BLUE FAIRY: Tsk, tsk, tsk ... that is not a what question, it's a who question.

PINOCCHIO: (PUZZLED) What?

BLUE FAIRY: (CORRECTING HIM) Who.

PINOCCHIO: (DIRECT) Who are you?

BLUE FAIRY: (EVASIVE) Well, I thought for sure you'd recognize me .. (EMBARRASSED TO SAY IT: MUFFLES

IT WITH HIS HAND). I'm the .. Blue Falry.

PINOCCHIO: Huh?

BLUE FAIRY: I said (LOOKS AROUND CAUTIOUSLY) I'm the Blue (MUFFLES MOUTH AGAIN) Fairy.

PINOCCHIO: The blue what?

BLUE FAIRY: (OUT OF PATIENCE: LOUD) The Blue Fairy!!! The Baloooooo Faaarrreeeee!!!!

PINOCCHIO: (JUST STARES, LONG PAUSE, THEN) No ..!?!

BLUE FAIRY Yes! And watch your mouth. It just so happens I'm very sensitive about my appearance.

PINOCCHIO: (TAKES A GOOD HARD LOOK) Well, you should be.

BLUE FAIRY: (DOES TAKE) Oh, you're such a cutie. I always get the real crackups. (GETS DOWN TO BUSINESS). Alright, kiddo, what can I do for you?

PINOCCHIO: What?

BLUE FAIRY: What's the matter with you, you gotta hearing problem or something? (CUPS HIS HANDS AND YELLS:) What can I do for you?!?!??

PINOCCHIO: (FLINCHES) I heard you. What I mean was that I didn't understand.

BLUE FAIRY: Oh. Well, I have been sent here by the Good Fairies' Local Number 162 (WHIPS OUT I.D., TUCKS IT BACK JUST AS QUICKLY) 'Cause you're supposed to have a wish and I'm supposed to make it come true, as it were.

PINOCCHIO: No kidding.

BLUE FAIRY: I wish I were.

PINOCCHIO: You mean I get anything I want?

BLUE FAIRY Anything at all.

PINOCCHIO: Really?

BLUE FAIRY: Yes, really. (LONG PAUSE) Well? What's your wish? *Tempus fugit!*

PINOCCHIO: Well... (HESITATES) ... I ... I wish I was a real boy.

BLUE FAIRY: (LONG PAUSE) Is that it?

PINOCCHIO: (SATISFIED) That's it.

BLUE FAIRY: (TURNS, MOANS) Oh, brother ..!

PINOCCHIO: What do you mean, "Oh, brother" .. ?

BLUE FAIRY: I mean, "Oh, brother, are you stupid!".

PINOCCHIO: Why?

BLUE FAIRY: Listen, wood-head .. do you have any idea what it takes to be a real, live, living, boy?

MUSIC CUE

PINOCCHIO: Me? Why, sure I do!

SONG: "WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A BOY"

PINOCCHIO: Wakin' up to go fishing,
 Workin' up to get strong;
 Pickin' up things I'm missing,
 Wouldn't take me long.

 Playin' a game of baseball,
 With the other guys on the street;
 Runnin' hard, givin' it my all,
 These are feelings I'd like to meet!

 What it takes to be a boy,
 Would come easily to me.
 If I tried, I know I could learn how.
 Given a chance, this toy
 Would be the best kid you've ever seen;
 I'm ready, there's no better time than now,
 Please, won't you ...

Give me a chance to show you,
Let me share the joy
Of bein' alive, bein Just like you,
A chance to start my life brand new
With what it takes to be a boy ..

BLUE FAIRY: What it takes to be a boy

PINOCCHIO: Would come easily to me!
If I tried, I know I could learn how.
Given a chance, this toy
Would be the best kid you've ever seen
I'm ready, there's no better time than now.

MODULATE

Give me a chance to show you
Let me share the joy;
Of bein' alive, bein' just like you
A chance to start my life brand new
With what it takes to be ... a boy.

PINOCCHIO: See? I know enough to get by.

BLUE FAIRY: I'm warnin' ya, it's no dream life.

PINOCCHIO: (FIRM) I can handle it.

BLUE FAIRY: We'll see.

PINOCCHIO: (PAUSE) Well?

BLUE FAIRY: Well, what?

PINOCCHIO CROSSES TO NEAR THE BLUE FAIRY; PINOCCHIO LOOKS VERY DETERMINED.

PINOCCHIO: Are you going to grant my wish or not?

BLUE FAIRY: Oh, yeah, I almost forgot. (CLOSES HIS EYES AND BLOWS SMOKE OUT OF HIS CIGAR. REOPENS HIS EYES) Okay.

PINOCCHIO: (BEWILDERED) “Okay?”

BLUE FAIRY: (SIMPLY) Yeah. You’re a boy, now.

PINOCCHIO: (VAGUELY DISAPPOINTED) That’s it?

BLUE FAIRY: Oh, I see ... you want the flashy, show-biz stuff, huh? Okay. (HE JUMPS ON A PLATFORM STANDING ABOVE PINOCCHIO, PASSES HIS HANDS AND) *Zzzzzzzzap!*

LIGHTING FLASHES AND PULSES AND PINOCCHIO’S STIFF WOODEN LIMBS BECDME SUPPLE AND ALIVE. HE DANCES FOR JOY ...

PINOCCHIO: Wow! That was easy!

BLUE FAIRY: Oh, yeah, becoming one is easy. It’s being one that gets a little tough.

PINOCCHIO: (EXCITED) Well, now what? Who do I do next?

BLUE FAIRY: I suppose that all depends on what you want to do.

PINOCCHIO: (CAUGHT A BIT UNPREPARED) Well ... uh .. I’d like to go somewhere ... where there are ... other kids to play with.

BLUE FAIRY: (FAKING A GENIE’S VOICE) Your wish is my command. Follow me!

HE STARTS TO ALMOST DANCE OFF STAGE BUT PINOCCHIO, RATHER THAN FALLING IN BEHIND HIM, DARTS AROUND IN FRONT OF THE BLUE FAIRY AND STOPS HIM IN HIS TRACKS.

PINOCCHIO: Hey, where are we going?

BLUE FAIRY To a place where there are other children just like you.
(SMILES) An orphanage.

PINOCCHIO: An orphanage?!? Why an orphanage?

BLUE FAIRY: Well .. do you have any parents — or a home, even?

PINOCCHIO: (LOOKING AROUND) No, I guess not.

BLUE FAIRY Well, then ... come along, or we'll be late.

PINOCCHIO: For what?

BLUE FAIRY: It's almost time for lights out and you want to get there before everyone goes to sleep, don't you?

PINOCCHIO: (SUDDENLY EXCITED) Sure! Let's hurry!!!

HE RUNS OFF STAGE, SO FAST HE LEAVES THE BLUE FAIRY WHIRLING.

BLUE FAIRY: (WITH A CHUCKLE AND A SIGH AS HE FOLLOWS PINOCCHIO OUT) Kids!

THE LIGHTS FADE. BLACKOUT.

<End of excerpt>