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Dramatic Publishing

THE TRUE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO

by

CARLO COLLODI

Adapted from the Italian

by

LOUIS LIPPA



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

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This play was first produced as *The Adventures of Pinocchio* at The People's Light & Theatre Company, Malvern, Pennsylvania, November 1999. The production was directed by Ken Marini and included the following artists:

CAST

Little Chick / Fox	DAVID BOLLAR
Silvio / Soldier	MARK DEL GUZZO
Dr. Cricket / Parrot / Alidoro	ALICE M. GATLING
Elena / Soldier.	LIZ HOFMAN
Fire-Eater / Dr. Owl / Snail / Raccoon	BENJAMIN LLOYD
Talking-Cricket / Dr. Raven / Dolphin	JOHN LUMIA
Pinocchio.	CHRISTOPHER PATRICK MULLEN
Blue-haired Girl / Fairy / Tuna / Widow.	MARY ELIZABETH SCALLEN
Cat / Circus Manager	CATHY SIMPSON
Old Man / Geppetto	GRAHAM SMITH

The Ensemble also plays Onlookers, Undertakers and Refugees.

PRODUCTION STAFF

Scenic Designer	JAMES F. PYNE JR.
Lighting Designer	ANDREW BILLIAU
Costume Designer.	MARLA J. JURGLANIS
Sound Designer.	CHARLES T. BRASTOW
Production Stage Manager	CHARLES T. BRASTOW
Director of Production	PETER WRENN-MELECK
Dramaturg	LEE DEVIN

Original music composed and directed by John Lionarons.

The True Adventures of Pinocchio

A Full-length Play

For 8 adult actors (5m, 3f) and 2 child actors (1m, 1f)

CHARACTERS

Old Man / Geppetto

Refugees:

Armando

Paolo

Mario

Anna

Nina

Tessa

Silvio (young boy)

Elena (young girl)

Pinocchio

Policeman

Onlookers

Talking-Cricket

Rag Man

Puppets:

Arlecchino

Punchinello

Columbina

Pantalone

Signor Fire-Eater

Three Doctors:

Dr. Raven

Dr. Owl

Dr. Chatter-Chatter-Cricket

Four Undertaker-Rabbits

A Colorful Parrot

Dolphin

First Schoolmate

Second Schoolmate

Police Dog, Alidoro

Second Policeman

Snail

Lampwick

Wagon Driver

Raccoon

Ringmaster

Tuna

Guards

Fox

Cat

Motel Manager

Blue-haired Girl / Fairy

Little Chick / Big Chick

(Note: Except for the roles of Old Man/Geppetto, Pinocchio, Silvio and Elena, all other roles are played by the six actors who play the refugees.)

The “frame” of this adaptation is purely my own invention and not part of the original story of Pinocchio written by Carlo Collodi. I have also taken the liberty to call this play the “true” adventures of Pinocchio to distinguish it from the Disney film which children today believe to be the original version. I don’t mean to imply by its title that my version is completely faithful to Collodi’s original story; but I like to think it’s more so than Disney’s. Perhaps I should have called this play *The Truer Adventures of Pinocchio*.

— Louis Lippa

ACT ONE

SCENE: *The darkened workshop of an abandoned puppet theatre. Sounds of a mountain snowstorm. A cello plays, barely heard.*

A group of REFUGEES appears at another part of the stage holding hands, bracing themselves against the howling wind.

ARMANDO. Everybody stay together!

PAOLO. Where's Silvio?

ANNA. He's gone to find his papa!

PAOLO. His papa is with us!

MARIO (*calling*). Silvio! I'm here!

ELENA. Silvio! Come back! Papa's here!

SILVIO (*entering*). Papa! I thought you were lost! (*He embraces his father.*)

ARMANDO. There are lights further up the mountain. I think it's the place we're looking for. Come on!

(Lights fade. Sound of storm subsides. Lights rise in the workshop. The cello continues playing. Several puppets hang from a wire; others are on a wall. One of these has a long nose.

As the REFUGEES enter the shop, the sound of a howling wind comes up. The puppets on the wire dance in the draft. The cello stops playing.

An OLD MAN rushes on. He shouts at the huddled REFUGEES.)

OLD MAN. CLOSE THE DOOR!

(ARMANDO runs off. A door slams shut. ARMANDO re-enters. The OLD MAN looks up at the puppets. He does a jig.)

OLD MAN. Dance! Dance! Arlecchino! Columbina! Everybody dance! *(He goes off laughing and dancing.)*

MARIO. My cousin told me we'd meet an old man who's a bit crazy.

PAOLO. This must be the place.

(The OLD MAN reenters holding a puppet with a broken arm. He crosses to his workbench talking to the puppet.)

OLD MAN. Fell off the wire again, did you? Serves you right. How many times—don't interrupt—how many times have I said, no fighting on the wire?

MARIO. Excuse me—

OLD MAN. I said don't interrupt! Who are you?

MARIO. My name—

OLD MAN. I don't know you.

MARIO. No, but my cousin—

OLD MAN. What are you people doing here? Who are you?

NINA. Actors.

OLD MAN. You don't look like actors.

ANNA. We're temporarily unemployed.

OLD MAN. You're actors. *(He works at the bench.)*

TESSA. Our theatre was bombed. There's nothing left of it.

OLD MAN. That stupid war still going on?

ARMANDO. Yes, sir. Worse than ever.

ANNA. We're trying to get out of the country.

MARIO. My cousin told us to look for an abandoned theatre here in the mountains.

ANNA. We need a place to sleep.

OLD MAN. You can sleep on the balcony. Blankets in the other room.

(MARIO and ARMANDO leave.)

PAOLO. Thank you, sir.

NINA. I don't think he heard you.

PAOLO. I SAID—

OLD MAN. I heard you! I may be old, but I'm not deaf.

ELENA. How old *are* you?

TESSA. Elena! Be quiet!

OLD MAN. One hundred and ten.

ELENA & SILVIO. Whoaa!

SILVIO. A hundred and ten years old, and you live here alone?

OLD MAN. Of course not. My father lives in the attic.

(MARIO and ARMANDO enter.)

MARIO. These blankets will keep us warm.

OLD MAN. There's a pot of lentil soup on the stove. Cups on the prop shelf. Help yourselves. Young man, get the bread.

SILVIO. Where is it?

OLD MAN. Near the Fire-Eater's mask.

SILVIO. Which one is the Fire-Eater?

OLD MAN. The scary-looking fellow with the long beard.

(SILVIO sees the mask of the FIRE-EATER hanging above a loaf of bread which is on a shelf. As he reaches for the bread the mask sneezes. SILVIO jumps.)

TESSA. Silvio, put a blanket around you before you catch cold.

SILVIO. I didn't sneeze, Mama. The Fire-Eater—

MARIO. Silvio! Do as you're told!

(SILVIO snatches the bread and quickly takes it to the OLD MAN.)

OLD MAN. Always obey your parents. They're bigger than you. *(The OLD MAN distributes bread.)*

PAOLO. Excuse me, sir. What is this place?

OLD MAN. What does it look like?

PAOLO. A puppet theatre.

OLD MAN. That's what it is.

ELENA. Do you put on plays?

OLD MAN. I used to years ago. I was once a great actor. I don't act anymore. I have trouble remembering lines. *(He suddenly shouts.)* TO BE— *(He stops.)* What's the next line? Don't tell me! I got it! —OR NOT TO BE! THAT IS THE QUESTION!

EVERYONE. Bravo! Well done! Good voice! Fine technique!

OLD MAN. Thank you, thank you. Now—if I can only remember that old story. “Once upon a time—once upon a time—” (*He goes off repeating the first line of an old story.*) “—once upon a time—once upon a time—”

PAOLO (*after a moment*). Which old story is he talking about?

ARMANDO. Who knows? Probably made one up.

MARIO. Let’s get to sleep. We have a long way to travel in the morning.

(They go up to the balcony and prepare to sleep. A cello plays.)

ARMANDO. He’s playing a cello.

TESSA. Maybe it helps him to remember that old story he was talking about.

MARIO. Everybody. Go to sleep.

(Lights dim. The ADULTS sleep. SILVIO and ELENA whisper to each other.)

ELENA. Silvio?

SILVIO. What?

ELENA. A lot of stories begin with “once upon a time.”

SILVIO. Hundreds of them.

ELENA. I wonder which one he’s trying to remember?

(The cello plays, then abruptly stops. The OLD MAN rushes in. He calls up to the balcony.)

OLD MAN. Psst! Hey! You kids! Quick! Come down!

ELENA. Come down?

OLD MAN. I just remembered the story that I forgot.

Come down so I can tell it to you.

SILVIO (*coming down with ELENA*). Is it a true story?

OLD MAN. It's more than true. It's real.

ELENA. You mean it really happened?

OLD MAN. I mean when I tell it—it *happens*. But if I

don't tell it, it won't happen. Then I'll forget it. And

maybe I won't remember it again for a hundred years.

Ohh, I'm forgetting it! Quick! Help me! Once upon a time—once upon a time—there was—there WAS—

SILVIO & ELENA. A KING!

OLD MAN. NO!

SILVIO & ELENA. A PRINCE!

OLD MAN. NO!

SILVIO & ELENA. SEVEN DWARFS!

OLD MAN. I'VE GOT IT! ONCE UPON A TIME—THERE WAS—

SILVIO & ELENA. WHAT? WHAT?

OLD MAN (*turns to the audience and grins*). A piece of wood!

(The OLD MAN tells "The True Adventures of Pinocchio." He pantomimes.)

OLD MAN (*putting on a yellow wig*). There was once a poor old man whose name was Geppetto. Geppetto lived in a small room with hardly any light. One day he was out looking for mushrooms to eat when he found a piece of wood in the road. It was such an interesting piece of wood that he decided to make a marvelous puppet out of

it. A puppet who could dance and leap over tables and chairs. A puppet so amazing that people would pay money to see it. Then Geppetto could retire and live comfortably in his old age. So he sat down at his workbench, picked up a hatchet, and was just about to chop off the bark when he heard a voice—

VOICE. Don't hit me!

(SILVIO and ELENA are startled. The VOICE comes from different speakers in the theatre.)

OLD MAN/GEPPETTO. Where did that voice come from? *(He searches for the VOICE.)* Not in here. Not under here. Behind here? Nobody. I must've imagined it. Back to work. I'll chop off the bark. Whack!

VOICE. Ouch! That hurt!

GEPPETTO. There it is again. I must be getting old. Never mind. The faster I make the puppet, the sooner the voice will go away. First, I'll make his body.

VOICE. Stop! You're tickling me!

GEPPETTO. Now I'll make his head.

VOICE. Ow! Not so hard!

GEPPETTO. You can't fool me, voice! I know you're not real!

VOICE. I will be! *Soon!*

GEPPETTO. What name shall I give him?

VOICE. Never mind my name!

GEPPETTO. I know. I'll call him Pinocchio. I once knew a whole family of Pinocchios. The father was a Pinocchio—

VOICE. Stop it!

GEPPETTO. —the mother was a Pinocchia—

VOICE. Ouch!

GEPPELTO. —and the children were all little Pinocchini.

VOICE. Hurry! Make my arms!

GEPPELTO. His arms—

VOICE. That's good.

GEPPELTO. His legs—

VOICE. Now my eyes!

GEPPELTO. I'm beginning to think he's real!

VOICE. I am!

GEPPELTO. His hair—

VOICE. Make my eyes so I can see you!

GEPPELTO. His nose!

VOICE. I promise to be a good boy!

(Sound of a penny whistle.)

GEPPELTO. What was that?

SILVIO. Look! The puppet on the wall! Look at its nose!

ELENA. It's growing!

SILVIO. When the voice promised to be a good boy—the
puppet's nose grew longer!

VOICE. Quick! Make my eyes!

GEPPELTO. His eyes—one—

VOICE. Make the other one!

GEPPELTO. Two—

*(PINOCCHIO, full grown, leaps from somewhere onto
the stage, shouting.)*

PINOCCHIO. I CAN SEE!

GEPPELTO. Good heavens! What a nose!

PINOCCHIO *(sticking out his tongue)*. Nyahhhh!

GEPETTO. Stop that!

PINOCCHIO (*snatches GEPETTO's wig, puts it on*). Ny-ahhh!

GEPETTO. Pinocchio! Give me back my wig!

PINOCCHIO (*shaking his butt*). Nyahh, nyahhh, nyahhhhh!

GEPETTO. Give it to me! Pinocchio! Come back!

(*GEPETTO chases PINOCCHIO through the audience. A CROWD OF ONLOOKERS enters. A POLICEMAN blows his whistle. GEPETTO has retrieved his wig.*)

ONLOOKERS. Look at that. The policeman caught the puppet. Oh, the poor thing. He was only playing with Geppetto.

(*A POLICEMAN comes through the audience pulling PINOCCHIO along by his nose.*)

POLICEMAN. Who does this puppet belong to?

GEPETTO (*out of breath*). He's—he's mine!

POLICEMAN. Why is he running through the streets without supervision?

GEPETTO. I—I—tried to—

POLICEMAN. What's the matter with you? Are you drunk?

(*PINOCCHIO fakes whimpering.*)

FIRST ONLOOKER. Ohh, the poor thing! He's frightened!

SECOND ONLOOKER. That Geppetto must be a real tyrant.

POLICEMAN. What do you think I should do?

SECOND ONLOOKER. Arrest Geppetto! Put him in jail for puppet neglect!

POLICEMAN. Come with me, old man! You're going to jail! (*Handcuffs GEPPETTO. CROWD cheers.*)

GEPPETTO. Wicked Pinocchio! I worked so hard to make you into a nice puppet and this is how you repay me?

POLICEMAN. Come on! Off you go!

(The POLICEMAN takes GEPPETTO off. The CROWD follows shouting its approval.)

SILVIO. Pinocchio, you made Geppetto go to jail!

PINOCCHIO. I was only having fun. Can't a boy have some fun?

ELENA. You're not a boy! You're a puppet! A *bad* puppet!

(SILVIO and ELENA leave and sit to one side. PINOCCHIO speaks to the audience.)

PINOCCHIO. I don't care what they think. I don't need friends. I don't need anybody. I don't even need a father. Gosh, I'm hungry. I think I'll go home. Find something to eat.

(PINOCCHIO walks back to GEPPETTO's house. TALKING-CRICKET enters.)

TALKING-CRICKET. Crick-crick-crick—Pinocchio—crick-crick—Pinocchio—

PINOCCHIO. What? Who's calling me?

TALKING-CRICKET. It is I.

PINOCCHIO. Who are you?

TALKING-CRICKET. I am Talking-Cricket.

PINOCCHIO. I never heard of a “talking” cricket.

TALKING-CRICKET. I am called Talking-Cricket because I talk. A lot. That’s because I’m educated.

PINOCCHIO. Well I don’t wish to have a conversation with an educated cricket. I’m hungry and looking for something to eat.

TALKING-CRICKET. There isn’t anything to eat. Gepetto is an indigent.

PINOCCHIO. What does that mean?

TALKING-CRICKET. It means he’s a very poor man. And this is a very poor house. So you may as well get used to it, my wooden friend.

PINOCCHIO. In the second place, I didn’t ask for your opinion. And in the first place, I am not your wooden friend. What are you doing here, anyway—you ugly bug?

TALKING-CRICKET. I reside here. I have resided in this house—which is my abode—over a hundred years.

PINOCCHIO. Well you’re about to be evicted from your “abode”!

TALKING-CRICKET. I am?

PINOCCHIO. That’s right.

TALKING-CRICKET. By who? Or whom? I never get that one right.

PINOCCHIO. By me. This house is mine. You’ll have to leave.

TALKING-CRICKET. I will not depart without first revealing a GREAT TRUTH!

PINOCCHIO. All right. Reveal your “GREAT TRUTH”—then get out!