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6/1/2025, 6/3/2025, 6/12/2025 (lyric)
6/14/2025 (act 2 opening), 6/15/2025 (scene headings)
2/18/2026 (finishing Act 2 Lyrics)

PINOCCHIA

The Story of a Little Wooden Girl

a musical

BOOK by

CONI KOEPFINGER and JUNE RACHELSON-OSPA

LYRICS by

JUNE RACHELSON-OSPA

MUSIC and LYRICS by

C. MICHAEL PERRY

FOR LICENSING ARRANGEMENTS:

OSPARATIONS

<https://www.facebook.com/Osparations>

MICHAEL PERRY PRODUCTIONS

<https://cmichaelperry.com/pinocchia-a-musical-about-a-little-wooden-girl/>

CHARACTERS 7f, 4m, 1 m or f, (+ ensemble of 6-8 m & f)

Vittorio Genarro — Puppet Master and producer extraordinaire (m)

***Pinocchia** — a little wooden girl (f)

Pinocchia Genarro (GHOSTDAUGHTER) — daughter, ghost from the past (f)

Cosima Genarro (GHOSTWIFE)— wife, ghost from the past (f)

Reynaldo — a Parrot “brother” to Pinocchia (m or f)

Fantina — the Good Fairy (f)

Madame Pan — Evil Carnival Mistress (f)

Iris — Dance Student (f)

Charlotte — Dance Student (f)

Pinocchio Genarro— The original puppet-turned-boy (m)

Geppeto Genarro — Pinocchio’s Puppet-Master and Father (m)

Mangiafuoco — Mangiafuoco means “Fire Eater”, the over-arching evil manipulator who fights against humans and fairies (m)

ENSEMBLE: 6-8 in number

Creepers — performers at Madam Pan’s Side Show — (m & f)

Sammy-The-Spider,

The Snake-Twins,

Sol-The Unsingeable,

Benny-The-Bender, 2-4 othersπ42

Students — of Dance — (m & f)

* **PINOCCHIA seems to have a talent for learning things quickly and completely. It is already in the script, so maybe Fantina should bless her with that talent EARLY ON, just to make sure that the audience understands.**

TIME: 1936 (Flashback to 1911)

PLACE: New York City

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES AND SONGS

ACT ONE

Prologue — A Theatre in the Bowery, NYC, March, 1936

Scene 1 — A Theatre in the Bowery

MUSICAL #1 — IT’S MURDER — *Vittorio and Company*

Scene 2 — Vittorio’s Greenwich Village apartment on West 4th Street, NYC

MUSICAL #2 — PULL MY STRINGS — *Pinocchia*

Scene 3 — Vittorio’s village apartment, with a Flashback to 1911 after the Shirtwaist Factory Fire

MUSICAL #3 — PINOCCHIA, MY PRINCESS — *Vittorio, GhostWife, GhostDaughter*

MUSICAL #4 — A BIRD OF A THOUSAND VOICES — *Reynaldo, Pinocchia*

Scene 4 — Vittorio’s village apartment (w/Flashback to Shirtwaist Factory Fire)

MUSICAL #5 — TRIPLE THREAT — *Fantina, Pinocchia*

Scene 5 — Vittorio's village apartment

Scene 6 — Coney Island Carnival "Madame Pan's Unique Side Show"

MUSICAL #6 — **KNOCK ON WOOD** — *The Creepers and Madame Pan*

MUSICAL #7 — **NOT WHAT I WANTED** — *Pinocchio*

Scene 7 — Vittorio's village apartment, transitioning to Coney Island

MUSICAL #8 — **JUST AROUND THE CORNER** — *Reynaldo & Pinocchio*

MUSICAL #8a — **Underscore/Scene Change** — *Instrumental*

Scene 8 — Vittorio's village apartment, transitioning to a dance studio

Scene 9 — The Dance Studio — a montage

MUSICAL #9 — **MONTAGE UNDERSCORE** — *Instrumental*

MUSICAL #10 — **SOMETHING SPECIAL** — *Fantina*

ACT TWO

Scene 1 — The State Theatre, Broadway and 45th, NYC

MUSICAL #11 — **TRIPLE THREAT (reprise)** — *Pinocchio*

MUSICAL #12 — **TWO PINOCCHS** — *Pinocchio and Pinocchio*

Scene 2 — Vittorio's village apartment

MUSICAL #13 — **SOMETHING SLY** — *Reynaldo*

Scene 3 — Vittorio's village apartment

Scene 4 — Vittorio's village apartment

MUSICAL #14 — **"THEN"** — **(Luck? — no luck?) OR** pros and cons of what the future may hold for them all — *Pinocchio and Pinocchio*

Scene 5 — A street between the village apartment and dance

MUSICAL #15 — **"GLAD AGAIN"** — *Pinocchio and Pinocchio*

MUSICAL #16 — **"EATING FIRE"** — *Mangiafuoco*

Scene 6 — Vittorio's village apartment

MUSICAL #17 — **"HOPE"** — *Vittorio and Geppeto*

MUSICAL #18 — **"BY THE GREATEST FORCE THERE IS!"** — *Geppeto, Pinocchio, Vittorio, Pinocchio, Fantina and Reynaldo*

VOCAL DEMOS for some songs: <https://cmichaelperry.com/pinocchio-a-musical-about-a-little-wooden-girl/>
(and scroll down the page)

PINOCCHIA

ACT 1

PROLOG — *March, 1936. LIGHTS up on ALL on the stage of a theatre in NYC's Bowery [the actors from the show "PINOCCHIA'S RETURN".] It's the finale and ALL are bowing to wild applause. LIGHTS fade to black.*

SCENE 1 — *LIGHTS up on VITTORIO GENNARO, age 58, slumped on a chair backstage. The theatre is totally empty except for costumes strewn all over the floor. The place is a wreck. VITTORIO holds a crumpled up page from a newspaper. PINOCCHIA, the wooden girl, is seated on the table in front of VITTORIO.)*

VITTORIO: *(reads aloud)* “Vittorio Gennaro’s new musical play is a total flop. The premise is merely an excuse to show off prop puppets and sets. The good news is a brand new version of the much loved Pinocchio will be opening at the Ritz Theatre this coming April. And this one is sure to be a hit for all ages” How could they? We got a standin’ ovation. First night!!! Acchhh.

(He tosses paper on the floor.)

MUSICAL #1 — IT’S MURDER

VITTORIO:

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?

WHAT DO THEY KNOW!

REVIEWS BAD ENUFF

TO SNUFF MY BRILLIANT SHOW.

THIS WAS A WORK OF ART

BUILT WITH MY OWN HANDS.

IT’S LIKE NOBODY CARES;

NOBODY UNDERSTANDS!

IT’S MURDER, BLOODY MURDER!

KILLERS WITH A PEN.
WITH ONE TUG, THEY PULLED THE PLUG
AND DEATH HAS COME AGAIN
IT'S MURDER, BLOODY MURDER!
KILLERS WITH ONE BLOW.
SHOT US DOWN, IN OUR HOMETOWN,
AND THEY CLOSED OUR SHOW!

(MUSIC continues under)

(Suddenly PINOCCHIA wakes and sits up.)

VITTORIO: What, whoooo?

PINOCCHIA: What happened? Where am I? I must have fainted.

VITTORIO: You're alive.

PINOCCHIA: Of course I'm alive. I was singing and dancing. Everyone clapped wildly. It was incredible.
Then blackness.

VITTORIO: They shut us down. Tonight.

PINOCCHIA: Ohhh nooo. I wanted. ..oh...I...I

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?
WHAT HAVE THEY DONE?
THOUGHT I'D HAVE A CHANCE
TO RISE TO NUMBER ONE.
DREAMED I'D BE A STAR
WITH ALL THAT STARDOM BRINGS:
DOING PIROUETTES,
RELEASED FROM ALL MY STRINGS!

BOTH:

IT'S MURDER, BLOODY MURDER!

CRITICS ON PATROL.

SOMEONE BEAMS, THEY KILL OFF DREAMS,
AND DESTROY THE SOUL.

IT'S MURDER. BLOODY MURDER

CRITICS TOLD A LIE

HAVE YOU HEARD THEY SPREAD THE WORD,
NOW OUR SHOW WILL DIE.

HERE WE LIE FOREVER

IN AN ENDLESS SLEEP

A CATASTROPHIC DEATH FOR ALL;

BURIED SO VERY DEEP

(The COMPANY enters from all sides carrying newspapers.)

COMPANY:

HOW COULD ALL THIS HAPPEN?

SHOULDA BEEN A HIT!

WE SANG AND DANCED WITH ALL OUR HEARTS;

NOT LIKIN' THIS ONE BIT!

IT'S MURDER, BLOODY MURDER!

CLOSING NIGHT FOR ALL

THERE'S NO MORE, SO LOCK THE DOOR.

IT'S SAD, MY FRIEND, THIS IS THE END,

AND SO FOR YOU WHAT'S LEFT TO DO

IS WATCH THE CURTAINS FALL

(BLACK OUT)

SCENE 2 — *Vittorio's Greenwich Village apartment on West 4th Street near the Provincetown Playhouse on MacDougal Street. VITTORIO enters with PINOCCHIA and his tool box.*

VITTORIO: Well, this is home. For now.

PINOCCHIA: I, uh. I ummm.

VITTORIO: It's alright. I'm your Papa. And this is where you belong between shows. Ok.

PINOCCHIA: Thank you...Papa. Thank you so much. I won't be in your way, Papa? I mean I will always be hanging from one of my strings somewhere, and what if I get all tangled up?

VITTORIO: I'm here to untangle you. That's what good Papas do.

PINOCCHIA: But...But...

VITTORIO: No buts. You are my daughter. The daughter I've always wanted.

PINOCCHIA: Aw papa! So nice of you to say that! I won't disappoint you!

VITTORIO: And how could you? You were made with these two hands — my hands! The hands of a master craftsman!

PINOCCHIA: Oh Papa! I will make you proud!

VITTORIO: You already do my dear — for you have a much bigger heart than most real girls!

PINOCCHIA: Oh Papa! I love you.
(They hug.)

(From a cage in the corner of the room)

REYNALDO: Skreech... Squawk!

PINOCCHIA: Well hello there little one!

VITTORIO: That's my parrot Reynaldo!

PINOCCHIA: Hi, Reynaldo. It's good to meet you, Maybe we can be friends!!

REYNALDO: Skreech....Squawk!!! Me friends with you? Ha! Me? Never.

VITTORIO: Now, Reynaldo, You behave yourself. Don't mind him, he just gets upset when I leave him home alone. I can't trust him at the theatre, he taunts and teases the children. And on occasion, he's been known to nip them.

PINOCCHIA: Well Reynaldo ... I like everyone and since are both related to Papa we should best get along. It's always easier that way... staying cheerful is best, that way your wood won't rot!

REYNALDO: Skreech....Squawk!!! Me rot? Ha! Me ? Never. I'm a real bird! Nothing rotten about me!

PINOCCHIA: There now thats the spirit!

(PINOCCHIA tries to pet REYNALDO and he nips her, lightly.)

PINOCCHIA: Ouch! Hey what was that for!!

REYNALDO: Skreech... Just testing your friendship... us little guys need to be secure about our friendships. Not everyone can be trusted! At least not at first... I mean well... Try it again.

(PINOCCHIA tries again to pet REYNALDO and he caves.)

REYNALDO: Skreech... that feels nice.

VITTORIO: Reynaldo! You behave yourself. You must learn to get along with your little wooden sister!

PINOCCHIA: He is! He's lovely. We will get along just fine.

(Whispers to Reynaldo.)

Say does he not hear you?

REYNALDO: No! Like most humans — talking is a one way street — they only hear what they want to hear. And when they don't want to hear us — they cover us up. Welcome, Pinocchio. I think we'll be great friends.... I have lots of great secrets to share with you and ...

VITTORIO: Reynaldo! He's a bad parrot — we'll just very talkative!!! You behave yourself or no dinner tonight!

(covers him)

Now settle, young fellow. Take a nap.

PINOCCHIA: Oh no! It's okay we were talking!

(REYNALDO Squawks again. VITTORIO takes REYNALDO's cage cover and puts it over his cage.)

VITTORIO: Now let me fix us some supper. We only have pasta and a little sauce. But it will do fine. Okay, Pinocchio. Oh! There is some delicious bread.

(VITTORIO fixes the meal as PINOCCHIA sings.)

MUSICAL #2 — PULL MY STRINGS

PINOCCHIA: Thank you, Papa. It will be enough.

I MAY BE A PUPPET,
BUT YOU'RE THE PUPPETEER.
AND I FEEL SO SAFE WITH YOU
IN OUR HOME RIGHT HERE.
I KNOW YOU'LL BE MY TEACHER.
I'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN.
AND I WILL DO MY VERY BEST;
TRY NOT TO MAKE YOU STERN.

OH PULL MY STRINGS
PULL THEM HIGH, PULL THEM LOW
PULL MY STRINGS
MAKE ME STAY, MAKE ME GO!
PULL MY STRINGS
AND SHOW ME ALL THE THINGS
I NEED TO KNOW.
PULL MY STRINGS!

(MUSIC continues under)

VITTORIO: I will show you everything you need to know. You just keep your heart open and strong. Now it's time to get some sleep my sweet little Pinocchio.

(VITTORIO shows PINOCCHIA her bed in the kitchen. He pulls out a big cabinet drawer and places a pillow and a blanket inside, and tucks PINOCCHIA in. He exits and calls out.)

Good night, sweet Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIA: Night, Papa.

I MAY BE A PUPPET
I'M JUST A WOODEN GIRL
AND I'LL MAKE YOU PROUD OF ME;
GIVE THIS LIFE A WHIRL.
I'LL MAKE IT TO THE STAGE—
BE A CELEBRITY.
SOMEDAY I'LL BE REAL,
SOMEDAY I'LL BE FREE!

I KNOW THAT I'M A HIGH-STRUNG GIRL
WHO'S REACHIN' FOR THE HIGHEST HEIGHT.
I KNOW THAT I'M A HIGH-STRUNG GIRL
AND MY STRINGS ARE WOUND UP REALLY TIGHT

OH PULL MY STRINGS!
PULL THEM HIGH, PULL THEM LOW.
PULL MY STRINGS!
MAKE ME STAY, MAKE ME GO.
PULL MY STRINGS!
AND SHOW ME ALL THE THINGS
I NEED TO KNOW.
PULL MY STRINGS!

VITTORIO: Let us eat. It's almost time for sleep.

(VITTORIO and PINOCCHIA take a moment in silence before eating. They quickly eat the

pasta. A Squawk is heard)

I'm coming Reynaldo. Shhhush,

BLACKOUT

SCENE 3 — *Lights up on VITTORIO laying on his bed. The LIGHTS flicker and the room changes to a flashback.*

(FLASHBACK to MARCH 26, 1911, the day after the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory Fire.)

(The sound of a fire engine is heard and smoke fills the stage.)

VITTORIO: Where, What? What's happening?

(Then LIGHTS blink and VITTORIO jumps out of bed and enters the living room. VITTORIO sits alone, imagining that his GHOST WIFE [Cosima] and GHOSTDAUGHTER [Pinocchia] are with him. They appear to him as ghosts.)

VITTORIO: Why, why do you always return to haunt me? I know I should have saved you from the fire.
(regretfully)

Why couldn't it have been me instead? You both deserved to live.

GHOSTDAUGHTER: Oh, Papa. It's ok.

GHOSTWIFE: Yes, Vittorio, the Shirtwaist Factory Fire was terrible, but we can't feel that anymore. Not like you do. The pain is long gone. Promise me, Vittorio. Promise me you'll do great things for us. Our memory lives on for you. We will be so proud.

GHOSTDAUGHTER: And remember Papa, you always promised to make me a special puppet. A pretty ballerina. And call her Pinocchia. Just like you called me.

MUSICAL #3 — PINOCCHIA, MY PRINCESS

VITTORIO: Yes, yes my sweet one. Pinocchia. I promise.

I WILL BUILD A BALLERINA

SO PRETTY, SO FINE.

I'LL DRESS YOU IN A TUTU

OF BEAUTIFUL DESIGN.
WITH PETALS LIGHT AS AIR,
PINK AS BUDDING ROSE;
PRANCING EVERYWHERE...
DANCING ON YOUR TOES.

PINOCCHIA, MY PRINCESS,
YOU'LL BECOME A STAR.
A PRIMA BALLERINA
AND YOU'LL TRAVEL FAR!
NEW YORK TO PARIS,
THE WORLD AT YOUR FEET.
ON EVERY FAMOUS STAGE
YOU'LL JOIN THE ELITE.

GHOSTDAUGHTER:

YOU'RE SUCH A VISIONARY
WHOSE DREAMS LIGHT MY WAY.
I'LL BE WITH YOU FOREVER,
I WISH THAT I COULD STAY.

GHOSTWIFE:

VITTORIO, DEAR MAN
WE'LL WATCH YOU FROM ABOVE.
I WILL HOLD YOU CLOSE;
SENDING ALL MY LOVE.

VITTORIO & GHOSTWIFE:

PINOCCHIA MY PRINCESS

YOU'LL BECOME A STAR.
A PRIMA BALLERINA
AND YOU'LL TRAVEL FAR!
NEW YORK TO PARIS,
THE WORLD AT YOUR FEET.
ON EVERY FAMOUS STAGE
YOU'LL JOIN THE ELITE.

GHOSTWIFE:

WE HAD OUR TIME TOGETHER
MY DEAR HUSBAND,

VITTORIO:

MY DEAR WIFE.

GHOSTWIFE:

IT'S TIME TO LET US GO...

VITTORIO:

I KNOW...

IT'S TIME TO LIVE MY LIFE.

(LIGHTS fade as VITTORIO drifts off to sleep in his chair, with GHOSTWIFE and GHOSTDAUGHTER on each side.. REYNALDO tries to wake PINOCCHIA.)

(Time passes. It is now morning as the sun rises slowly.)

REYNALDO: Squawk... squawk...

PINOCCHIA: *(waking)* Who's there?

REYNALDO: Reynaldo. It is I The Parrot Reynaldo.

PINOCCHIA: I'm too tired.

REYNALDO: Open your eyes.

(PINOCCHIA gets up too fast and her strings catch on to a chair and she falls down.)

PINOCCHIA: Owwww.

REYNALDO: Easy there, dear.

PINOCCHIA: These strings hold me back.

REYNALDO: I know just how you feel.

(PINOCCHIA looks at the cage.)

Come close. I won't bite ya. Promise. Can't anyway. Caged in like a prisoner.

PINOCCHIA: Prisoner? You're a parrot.

REYNALDO: And you're a puppet. We're both caged.

(PINOCCHIA attempts to get up and her strings get more tangled. She trips again.)

PINOCCHIA: I know what you mean.

REYNALDO: Listen. I heard you and I wanna be a star too. I'm a parrot with extraordinary comedic talents. I do impressions of the highest degree. I do 'em all. Bing Crosby. Cab Calloway. Felix The Cat.

PINOCCHIA: Al Jolson?

REYNALDO: Mammy!

PINOCCHIA: Eddie Cantor?

REYNALDO: Whoopee!!!!

PINOCCHIA: Donald Duck?

REYNALDO: *(Mimics Donald)* You bet I do.

PINOCCHIA: Wow!!! You're really talented.

MUSICAL #4 — A BIRD OF A THOUSAND VOICES

(Imitates Popeye.)

REYNALDO: Anyone I tells ya.

(In the song he often mimics the voices of the stars.)

I'M AN AMAZIN' PARROT,

WITH SUCH A COMIC FLAIR,

IMITATING ANYONE
FROM BETTY BOOP TO FRED ASTAIRE.
CHEVALIER, SINATRA
TONY BENNETT, DANNY KAYE
GARBO, DAVIS, GARLAND
CRAWFORD... ANYONE ON ANY DAY!

I'M THE BIRD OF A THOUSAND VOICES
LISTEN AND YOU'LL HEAR
THE BIRD OF A THOUSAND VOICES
EVERY VOICE IS CRYSTAL CLEAR.
I'M THE BIRD OF A THOUSAND VOICES
SO MANY CHOICES FOR YOUR EAR
FROM THE BIRD OF A THOUSAND VOICES.
WHO WANTS TO BE A SHINING STAR THIS YEAR?

EDWARD J ROBINSON, JIMMY CAGNEY AND BUGS BUNNY
ELMER FUDD AND DAFFY, I CAN BE SO FUNNY!
ETHEL MERMAN, FANNY BRICE, OH FANNY BRICE.
GEORGE BURNS WITH HIS CIGARS,
LANCASTER, AND DURANTE. I'M A CAVALCADE OF STARS!

I AM THE GREAT REYNALDO,
'CEPT NO ONE KNOWS I'M GREAT.
LIKE A SILENT MOVIE AS
I'M SITTING HERE IN ONE BIG WAIT!

SUCH A MIMIC VIRTUOSO
OH SO HAPPY ON A STAGE
YET, I SIT UPON THIS PERCH
JUST TRAPPED INSIDE MY STUPID CAGE!

REYNALDO:

I'M THE
BIRD OF A THOUSAND VOICES
YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL
I'M THE
BIRD OF A THOUSAND VOICES
WAITING FOR MY MEAL
I'M THE
BIRD OF A THOUSAND VOICES
AND MY ONLY CHOICE IS

PINOCCHIA:

YOU'RE THE
BIRD OF A THOUSAND VOICES
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL
YOU'RE THE
BIRD OF A THOUSAND VOICES
WAITING FOR A DEAL
YOU'RE THE
BIRD OF A THOUSAND VOICES
AND YOUR ONLY CHOICE IS

BOTH:

TO BREAK IT OUT AND MAKE IT REAL
FOR THE BIRD OF A THOUSAND VOICES

(BLACKOUT.)

SCENE 4 — *PINOCCHIA is sleeping. A few hours have passed and suddenly the window flings open and a creature, FANTINA, flies through.*

FANTINA: Pinocchio, wake up. Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIA: Go away. I'm sleeping and sooo tired.

FANTINA: Pin, it is I. Fantina — the Blue Fairy. We need to talk.

PINOCCHIA: Fantina who?

(PINOCCHIA opens her eyes and looks at Fantina.)

Are you for real?

FANTINA: As real as you.

PINOCCHIA: That's not saying much! But you, who are you?

FANTINA: I'm the Blue Fairy. But I long to be pink. And you have options.

PINOCCHIA: Oh really?

FANTINA: I've actually come here to help YOU get what you want.

PINOCCHIA: Really????

FANTINA: YES!!!

PINOCCHIA: You mean like becoming a REAL girl who makes it really big on Broadway with her singing and dancing!!!

FANTINA: YES!

PINOCCHIA: REALLY???

FANTINA: YES, really!

PINOCCHIA: REAL...

(FANTINA covers Pinocchio's mouth.)

Now listen up.

PINOCCHIA: You're not stringin' me along, are you?

FANTINA: No. I promise you. This is the real deal.

PINOCCHIA: Ok. So what do I have to do to be a star?

FANTINA: Ya gotta learn the ropes kid. There's much more to this than tappin' your heels and singin' your heart out. Especially if you wanna be a star. One that's on top. Right?

PINOCCHIA: Oh yes. I do wanna be on top. Tippy top.

FANTINA: Well, it's not that easy.

PINOCCHIA: What do you mean? I thought you were here to grant me my wish?

FANTINA: I am. I will make you real and very talented. But the rest is up to you.

PINOCCHIA: Up to me ME!? How?

MUSICAL #5 — TRIPLE THREAT

FANTINA:

TO BE UPON THE STAGE
YOU GOTTA WORK SO HARD.
SINGIN', DANCIN', ACTIN' CLASS,
YOU EVEN GET TO KNOW THE BARD.
EVERYONE DREAMS OF STARDOM
UNDER THE BRIGHT SPOTLIGHT.
YOU STUDY HARD
UNTIL YOU GET IT RIGHT!

YOU GOTTA BECOME A
TRIPLE, TRIPLE, TRIPLE THREAT
SWEATIN' NIGHT AND DAY
IT'S THE PRICE YA GOTTA PAY
YOU GOT NO CHOICE:
SO, TRAIN YOUR VOICE,
YOUR BRAIN, YOUR HEART AND FEET.
BEIN' A TRIPLE THREAT IS SWEET!

YOU GOTTA GET AN AGENT
YES, YOU GOTTA BEAT THE STREET

THOSE CASTING CALLS IN STUFFY HALLS;
THE DEADBEATS YOU DON'T WANNA MEET.
YOU'LL LEARN TO GET REJECTED.
THERE'S NO TIME TO SHED A TEAR.
SO, GET USED TO THIS ROUTINE
IT'S YOUR CAREER

YOU GOTTA BECOME A
TRIPLE, TRIPLE, TRIPLE THREAT
BETTIN' ON YOURSELF
IF YA WANNA BE TOP SHELF
YOU GOT NO CHOICE:
GET A GREAT BIG VOICE,
GOTTA TRAIN THOSE DANCIN' FEET.
BEIN' A TRIPLE THREAT IS SWEET!

RIGHT NOW YOUR SKIN IS WOODEN
SO HARD KNOCKS WON'T BRING YA DOWN.
BUT YA GOTTA TAKE IT ON THE CHIN
TO BECOME THE TOAST OF THIS BIG TOWN!

YOU GOTTA BECOME A
TRIPLE, TRIPLE, TRIPLE THREAT!
SETTIN' THE BAR UP HIGH,
IF YA REALLY WANNA TRY,
HONEY, YOU COULD FLY!

REYNALDO: Hey, hey, hey. Where do I fit in? Does it have to take 20 years to be an overnight success?
Double, triple, what are the odds!!!!

PINOCCHIA: Don't worry Rey, wherever I go, you'll go.

FANTINA: Well, we're off to a great start!

(DANCE BREAK: FONTINA and PINOCCHIA. REYNALDO joins in.)

BOTH: *(after dance)*

YOU GOTTA BECOME A
TRIPLE, TRIPLE, TRIPLE THREAT.
YOU CAN START TODAY
ON THE GREAT WHITE WAY!
WOULDN'T IT BE DIVINE
TO GO BEYOND THE CHORUS LINE?
DINE ON CAVIAR AND WINE,

FANTINA:

IT COULD BE SO FINE
GIRL, IF YA WANNA SHINE.
YA GOTTA BECOME A TRIPLE,

PINOCCHIA:

GOTTA BECOME A TRIPLE,

ALL:

TRIPLE, TRIPLE THREAT!

(LIGHTS FADE)

SCENE 5 — *Village apartment — It is early morning and PINOCCHIA climbs out of her drawer. She walks into the kitchen where VITTORIO is drinking his morning coffee.*

PINOCCHIA: Good morning, Papa. Last night I met Fantina, the Blue Fairy and she told me if I want to be a performer, I must study — take lessons. Oh Papa, I know I can do this, I just know it; It's my dream.

VITTORIO: Ahhh your dream, my sweet Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIA: Can you imagine?? Me whirling and twirling on a big, beautiful stage. It would almost be like flying.

(REYNALDO squawks.)

VITTORIO: *(reaches out to touch her hand)* Yes, yes I can picture my lovely little Pinocchio soaring across the stage.

PINOCCHIA: I do have a problem. I can't afford to pay for classes.

VITTORIO: But we can. That's what Papas are for; sending our wonderful daughters to class. And I just happen to know a fantastic school in our neighborhood — only 3 blocks away.

PINOCCHIA: You do...? You doooo!!!!

(She jumps up and down and almost gets tangled up with the chair. VITTORIO gently untangles PINOCCHIA and she hugs him.)

PINOCCHIA: Oh Papa, I'm so lucky to have you in my life.

VITTORIO: Listen, I'm going to get in touch with the dancing school. I have some appointments today, but I will give you directions and money for lunch.

PINOCCHIA: Papa, I, I I love you.

VITTORIO: *(almost crying)* And I love you my little princess.

PINOCCHIA: I will make you so proud.

VITTORIO: You get ready, I will call now.

(VITTORIO reaches for the phone.)

Hello? — Yes, my name is Vittorio, the Puppet Master — Oh. Of course. — You know — HIM! Anyhow, I would like to enroll my daughter for classes in your ballet school. Okay. — Yes. — All tuition in advance? — That much, eh? — Do you take credit? — Or maybe I can do a Puppet show fundraiser for you. — Yes. Yes — I will call back when I have the money.

(VITTORIO hands up the phone as LIGHTS fade.)

SCENE 6 — *Early Evening — LIGHTS come up on a Coney Island Carnival "Madame Pan's Unique Side Show" — PINOCCHIA is lost, she can't find her way.*

PINOCCHIA: *(somewhat afraid)* Fantina? Are you sure this is the right place? Fantina? Fantina, where did

you go? Thank you for making me a real girl for tonight, but I'm not sure that this is the right place to learn how to perform. It's really creepy here.

(We hear sinister laughing from the shadows as MADAM PAN comes forward.)

MADAM PAN: Ooooh, who could this little one be?

PINOCCHIA: P...Pi...Pinocchio.

MADAME PAN: *(smiling strangely)* What brings you to my Coney Island?

PINOCCHIA: I ... want...to be a star.

MADAM PAN: *(sly smile broadens, eyes widen)* Oh, my dear child, my Pinocchio. Come, I can't wait to introduce you to your new family. They are all stars, too. Come my children, come out and meet your beautiful new sister. She sings and she dances just like you. But, she doesn't have her special talent — yet.

(One by one her Side Show CREEPER's emerge from the shadows.)

CREEPER 1. Hi there...Pinocchio. So happy to meet ya... I'm Sol-the-Unsingable. I can walk through fire without burning. What do you do?

PINOCCHIA: I'm here to learn to perform.

(CREEPER's laugh.)

CREEPER 2. Hi, I'm Benny-the-Bender — there's no place I can't reach. I have a rubber soul and I can go anywhere and bounce back.

(Laughs strangely as ALL surround PINOCCHIA.)

PINOCCHIA: Something tells me I'm in the wrong place.

(CREEPERS laugh louder as they close in.)

CREEPER 3. *(banging his tambourine in PINOCCHIA's face, laughing wickedly.)* Wanna do a two-step with me? Or a three or a four-step? You'll soon learn that I'm the best dancer ever and I can teach you anything. I am Sammy-the-Spider.

(PINOCCHIA sees this human spider and squeals. All of the CREEPERS circle around PINOCCHIA)

CREEPER 4: Bet you didn't know spiders could dance, did you?

(PINOCCHIA shakes her head.)

CREEPER TWIN 5: And snakes, too! We love to slither.

CREEPER TWIN 6: We love to slide. We sneak about anywhere and we can hide.

(PINOCCHIA screams and covers her eyes at the two-headed snake.)

MADAM PAN: Enough! my darling Creepers. Back off and give Pinocchio a chance to breathe. Oh, my dear Pinocchio, you make a darling real girl, but we know that you are still a little wooden puppet. But stay with us and — You. Will. Be. A. Star.

MUSICAL #6 KNOCK ON WOOD

MADAM PAN: Pinocchia...

YOU COULD BE THE GREATEST OF US ALL!
RIGHT HERE ON CONEY ISLAND.
EVERYONE WILL KNOW YOU BY YOUR NAME!
RIGHT HERE ON CONEY ISLAND.

+ **CREEPERS:**

YOU WILL HAVE YOUR FAME!
FAME! FAME! FAME!

(The FREAKS encircle PINOCCHIA with tambourines and whistles, etc.)

CREEPERS:

KNOCK ON WOOD!
HELLO WORLD! WELL, HERE WE ARE!
SO, KNOCK ON WOOD!
YOU COULD BE OUR GREATEST STAR!
KNOCK ON WOOD!
WE WILL HELP YOU TAKE US FAR!
KNOCK ON WOOD!

(Yelling)

Pinocchia!

(FREAKS DANCE in a surreal fashion, almost percussively, as MADAME PAM sings.)

MADAM PAN:

BUY YOUR TICKETS NOW!
WE PERFORM DAY AND NIGHT.
IN OUR OWN SPOTLIGHT!
WE DO SO MANY THINGS
YOU'LL CAN'T BE BORED
THERE'LL BE FLASHING LIGHTS AND GOLDEN RINGS.
SEVEN DAYS A WEEK YOU'RE GONNA BE FLOORED!

ALL:

KNOCK ON WOOD!
HELLO WORLD! WELL, HERE WE ARE!
SO, KNOCK ON WOOD!
YOU COULD BE OUR GREATEST STAR!
KNOCK ON WOOD!
WE WILL HELP YOU TAKE US FAR!
KNOCK ON WOOD!

(As the song ends the CREEPERS retreat, laughing, as MADAM PAN takes PINOCCHIA to her

own special cage.)

MADAM PAN: Come, my dear Pinocchia. It's time to show you your room. You need to rest. You've got 2 shows tomorrow, I will be back in a few minutes to give you your song and dance numbers.

(MADAM PAN locks the cage. LIGHTS FADE as a SPOTLIGHT comes up on PINOCCHIA, nervous and frightened.)

PINOCCHIA: Madame Pan? Madame Pan?! Don't lock me in!

MUSICAL #7 — NOT WHAT I WANTED

PINOCCHIA:

THIS IS NOT WHAT I WANTED.
NOT WHY I LEFT HOME.
I THOUGHT LIFE WAS A GAME:
THE ONLY GOAL WAS FAME.
I SING AND I DANCE
ALL DAY SEVEN DAYS A WEEK.
NO CHANCE I CAN ROAM;
IN A CAGE LIFE IS BLEAK.

AND MY HOME WAS MUCH WARMER.
MY CAGE? NOT THE SAME.
'CAUSE EVERYWHERE I'VE BEEN
THEY WELCOMED ME RIGHT IN.
THEY LIED, I BELIEVED.
WHEN I COULD BE HOMEWARD BOUND.
I MUST TAKE THE BLAME
FOR THIS LIFE I HAVE FOUND.

PAPA, I MISS YOU
I THOUGHT I COULD DO
THINGS THAT I COULDN'T,

I SHOULDN'T, IT'S TRUE.
AND NOW YOU'RE THERE,
I'M HERE — SOMEWHERE.
ALONE
ON CONE-Y ISLAND.

(LIGHTS FADE)

SCENE 7 — *Village apartment* — **LIGHTS** come up on VITTORIO pacing the floor and talking to himself loudly.

VITTORIO: Where is she? I need to find my little Pinocchio. It can be a cruel world out there. She's not ready to be living with strangers who don't care about her. I must find her!

(Suddenly REYNALDO make a lot of noise from his cage.)

REYNALDO: Now hear this, Vittorio. I know you can hear me. Listen to me carefully! Remember Fantina who came to help Pinocchio? Well, Fantina filled her head with such dreams of stardom, I have a feeling that Pinocchio wandered off in the wrong direction and I need think I know where she is.

VITTORIO: I shall go with you then.

REYNALDO: No, no. I'm much quicker on my own, My wings give me an advantage!!!

VITTORIO: But she needs her papa.

REYNALDO: And she will have her papa as soon as I find and rescue your little ballerina, I promise.

VITTORIO: Well, I hope you're right...

(Suddenly FANTINA appears.)

REYNALDO: Oh Fantina! Thank goodness you're here.

FANTINA: And. I know where the little ballerina is. She took a wrong turn and ended up in Coney Island.

VITTORIO: Coney Island?!

REYNALDO: Oh, no!

FANTINA: She is in the clutches of a Madam Pan and her Unique Creep Circus.

MUSICAL #8 — JUST AROUND THE CORNER

REYNALDO:

I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU:

NEED TO **FIND/GET** HER RIGHT AWAY!
SHE DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A WORD.
I JUST HOPE THAT SHE'S OKAY.

FANTINA:

I KNOW WHERE SHE IS NOW,
PLEASE COME ON, FOLLOW ME!
IT ISN'T VERY FAR FROM HERE.
WE MUST GO AND SET HER FREE.

REYNALDO: Coney Island, here we come!

FANTINA:

JUST AROUND THE CORNER
WE NEED TO GO LEFT THEN RIGHT,
THEN LEFT, THEN RIGHT!
IT'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER
BY THE FIRST TRAFFIC LIGHT

REYNALDO: Really? So close? Let's take off,

(VITTORIO appears. He's been listening in.)

VITTORIO:

JUST AROUND THE CORNER
OH, PLEASE LET ME COME ALONG

FANTINA:

IT'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER.
PLEASE STAY HERE WHERE YOU BELONG.

VITTORIO: But why, Fantina? I'm her Papa. She needs me, I can make everything better.

FANTINA: No. Vittorio. Let Reynaldo and I fetch her. We can move swiftly so Madam Pan can't see us during Pinocchia's escape.

VITTORIO: Escape!!! She was captured, Oh no!

FANTINA: Please, Reynaldo and we must go now. It's gonna be tricky. Come, Reynaldo. Vittorio, stay here for her.

(Background images of the Unique Show shift and LIGHTS change.)

FANTINA:

SHE'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER NOW,

A BLOCK OR TWO AWAY FROM US.
IT'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER.
WE WON'T EVEN HAVE TO GRAB A BUS.

(Background projections shift again and LIGHTS change.)

REYNALDO:

JUST AROUND THE CORNER,
SHOW MY WINGS THE WAY TO FLY.
JUST AROUND THE CORNER.
LET ME JUMP INTO THE SKY.

(Background projections shift again and LIGHTS change.)

FANTINA:

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

(Background projections shift again and LIGHTS change.)

REYNALDO:

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

(Background projections shift once more and LIGHTS flicker.)

FANTINA and REYNALDO:

JUST AROUND THE CORNER, NOW!

(When the MUSIC ends, LIGHTS come up dimly. FANTINA and REYNALDO look about, but cannot see PINOCCHIA's cage. PINOCCHIA is napping, or else she would notice her rescuers.)

REYNALDO: Where is she?

FANTINA: She's supposed to be here — right here.

(Again they look left, they look right, they look up, they look down.)

REYNALDO: She's not here! I wonder where she could be?

(The audience tries to tell them where PINOCCHIA is.)

FANTINA: Who's that speaking?

REYNALDO: I don't know, but I think they're trying to help us. They are saying she's right behind us.

(REYNALDO and FANTINA slowly turn and look behind them and 'eureka,' they do a little comic jump and dance.)

There she is! Thank you, whoever you are!

FANTINA: Pinocchia, wake up sweetheart, It's me Fantina,

REYNALDO: And Reynaldo. We're here to take you home.

(PINOCCHIA slowly opens her eyes, sees them and wakes right away.)

PINOCCHIA: *(shouting)* You're here!

FANTINA: Shssh! We have to be silent.

PINOCCHIA: *(softly)* Really here.

FANTINA: We don't want anyone to know we're here, I'm going to unlock your cage, quietly, and you're going step out carefully, Ok? Make no noise. Reynaldo, when I give you the OK sign I want you to take Pinocchio's hands, gently, and guide her down to the floor.

REYNALDO: *(quietly)* Reynaldo to the rescue. You are never going to see Madam Pan again.

MUSICAL #8a — Underscore/Scene Change

*(PINOCCHIA nods. The great escape continues as they falteringly move offstage. There could be hiding, with near misses at being discovered by MADAM PAN or a CREEPER. As they leave the stage, the **LIGHTS** slowly fade to black.)*

SCENE 8 — *Village apartment — It's the next morning and PINOCCHIA is getting ready for her first "real" dance class. Fantina has given VITTORIO money for her lessons.*

REYNALDO: Pinocchio, hurry up, We're going to be late!

FANTINA: Yes, and tie up that hair. You never get a second chance to make a first impression! There will be lots of pretty girls there, but a real girl with a real and true heart must be genuine.

PINOCCHIA: Okay. Hair done. Okay I'm coming, I gotta grab my dance shoes. Fantina, thank for paying for my lessons.

FANTINA: Yes, yes.... you are welcome. And one day... you will return the favor.

REYNALDO: Get those shoes on young lady! Your dance shoes are magical and they are what keep you temporarily real. But if you do anything nasty to anyone, they will start to tighten up. That's how it works in real life.

PINOCCHIA: This is so exciting! And I promise to not be nasty!

REYNALDO: Be gracious ... And not late! That's definitely not gracious! Come. Come. Follow me. I will get you to class on time.

*(PINOCCHIA follows REYNALDO where they both rush out, **LIGHTS SHIFT** and come up in a room where there are some ballet STUDENTS doing exercises on the barre, PINOCCHIA rushes*

in and runs over to them, smiles then begins to mimic the dance exercises with the other STUDENTS.)

PINOCCHIA: Oh, uh, hi, my name is Pinocchio, what's your name?

IRIS: My, my, my name is umm Iris.

PINOCCHIA: Shall we be friends?

(She reaches out her hand. IRIS doesn't take it.)

I won't bite, I promise.

(IRIS giggles and slowly takes PINOCCHIA's hand.)

IRIS: Hi Pino—Pino—

PINOCCHIA: Pin-o-cchia

IRIS and PINOCCHIA: *(slowly together)* Pinocchio!

(They giggle.)

PINOCCHIA: How long you been dancing?

IRIS: Since I was 5 years old, I always wanted to be a ballerina. My mom is a dancer, So here I am. But I'm really not very good.

PINOCCHIA: No worries, we can do this together.

(Aside.)

This poor kid is a really bad dancer... even I am better than that!

(Suddenly feeling her nose grow slightly, she sneezes.)

Excuse me.

IRIS: Bless you! Do you need a tissue? They are right over there.

PINOCCHIA: Thank you, Iris! Actually it looks to me that you aren't such a bad dancer! You are actually quite, quite...

(Sneezes again.)

...good!

(PINOCCHIA goes for a tissue and wanders off from IRIS. She then meets CHARLOTTE, who is beautiful and popular.)

CHARLOTTE: I'm Charlotte and I'm the prettiest dancer here. And I am the best! You're Pinocchio, aren't you? I've heard you're a good dancer — but not as good as I am.

PINOCCHIA: I can see that, Charlotte. We can be great friends.

(Sneezes again.)

Whoop! Pardon me.

CHARLOTTE: So are you friends with icky little Iris there? That's what everyone calls her. They say if you hang around losers like her you will soon become one.

PINOCCHIA: Who says that?

CHARLOTTE: Everybody. Only stupid people don't know that!

PINOCCHIA: Well, I certainly do! And no! I just met Iris — she was trying to cling to me, but I put a stop to that! I told her to just go away...

(Sneezes and her nose grows.)

Oh no!

CHARLOTTE: Oh, yuck! What's up with your nose?!

PINOCCHIA: Nothing, nothing. It just seems like that... Can you excuse me minute?

(PINOCCHIA slips off to a corner.)

PINOCCHIA: Fantina! What's happening to me?

FANTINA: Don't say I didn't warn you!

PINOCCHIA: What did I do?

FANTINA: Were you being nasty?

PINOCCHIA: Yes, yes, yes. Well no... I was just trying to fit in.

FANTINA: Iris is a real girl with real feelings. Did you know that you were hurting her feelings?

PINOCCHIA: Yes. And I am sorry. But why is my nose growing?

FANTINA: Well, the simple truth is you were nasty. And that will show as plain as the nose on your face. When you are kind, everyone can see it... but when you're not... And being a magical puppet, this sort of thing runs in your family.

PINOCCHIA: Fantina, I am soooooo sorry. Can I have another chance please?

FANTINA: Well...?

PINOCCHIA: Please! Please! Please! Second chance please?

FANTINA: Granted!

(BLACKOUT.)

SCENE 9 — *The Dance Studio* — *Through a montage of staccato images we see time pass as PINOCCHIA is getting to be a good dancer. As her steps improve, we may see her nose getting smaller.*

MUSICAL #9 — **MONTAGE UNDERSCORE**

(This montage includes PINOCCHIA, IRIS, CHARLOTTE and the other DANCERS in various separate frozen images, ending with PINOCCHIA taking a grand bow, then actually dropping to her knees ending the montage. LIGHTS up on PINOCCHIO and FANTINA.)

PINOCCHIA: I am better than any of the other dancers! Admit it, I'm a natural.

FANTINA: Sure you are... but only without your strings.

PINOCCHIA: That's what I mean. I need to be real, all the time.

FANTINA: Okay, okay.... Remember when I said I might need a favor from you one day?

PINOCCHIA: Yes! I'll do anything.

FANTINA: Okay. If you can stay sincere and kind to others... I will make you a real girl forever... But you must never be nasty. And when I ask you for my favor you dare not deny me.

PINOCCHIA: But what exactly can I do for someone like you?

FANTINA: Do you think I like being blue?

PINOCCHIA: I don't know. I never thought about it.

FANTINA: See, that is exactly it. So now starts your trial period...

PINOCCHIA: Then I can real forever!

FANTINA: If you wish!

MUSICAL #10 — SOMETHING SPECIAL

FANTINA:

IT'S A LITTLE THING,

BUT NOT TOO SMALL.

IT'S WITH EACH LITTLE THING

THAT YOU GROW TALL.

SO, GROWING TALL MEANS MORE THAN HEIGHT;

IT'S HEART AND MIND GROWN NEW.

AND IT'S ALL UP TO YOU,

WITH NEW EYES TO LOOK THROUGH.

IT'S SOMETHING SPECIAL

TO LIFT A CHIN, OR SHAPE A HOPE.

SOMETHING SPECIAL

TO BRING A SMILE, HELP SOMEONE COPE.
WHEN YOU CAN SEE BEYOND YOURSELF,
YOU'VE FOUND YOURSELF.
WHEN YOU CAN THINK OF SOMEONE ELSE;
THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE IN YOU!
THAT'S SOMETHING, SOMETHING SPECIAL IN YOU!

(END OF ACT ONE)

15 more pages of script to the end