

PN  
6120  
A5L65

# Adventures of Pinocchio



A DRAMATIC READER  
ARRANGED *by* EMILY GRAY



Class PN6120

Book A5L65

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> \_\_\_\_\_

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.









# THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO

## A MARIONETTE

ARRANGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF C. COLLODI

AS A DRAMATIC READER

*Lorenzini, Carlo*  
" "

BY

EMILY GRAY

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

---



CHICAGO  
A. FLANAGAN COMPANY

PN 6120  
A5L65

COPYRIGHT, 1911,  
BY  
A. FLANAGAN COMPANY.



\$ 0.30

© Cl. A 305136

Nov. 2.



# ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO

## SCENE I

*This scene requires only a carpenter's attire; a table upon which to plane; a large roll of cardboard—four or five feet long; an axe and a plane.*

*[Enter carpenter; hangs up hat; rolls up sleeves and prepares to work upon the cardboard roll.]*

*Carpenter.* Well, I must make that table leg to-day. This wood *[Takes roll from corner of shop]* is just the thing. It is about right for length, and it will take the plane *[Examines log carefully]* nicely, I judge. *[Lays log on table.]* Ugh! It is heavier than I thought. *[Takes plane.]* I wonder if I need to sharpen this plane? No; I think it will do for this soft wood. *[Moves plane over the log.]*

*Pinocchio.* *[The spirit inside the log yells. Personated by some one behind a screen.]* Ow! ow!

*Carpenter.* *[Stops planing; stares at the log;*

looks around the room.] What an old donkey I am, to be sure! I thought I heard a voice in the wood. [*Continues planing.*]

*Pinocchio.* Ow! Wow! Wow! You tickle my back!

*Carpenter.* [*Jumps back; drops plane; expresses greater terror than before.*] Good gracious! [*In a loud whisper.*] There is a voice in the room. [*Looks under table; inside his own hat, etc., etc. Comes back to the table.*] What nonsense! I only thought I heard a voice. Ha, ha! Haw, haw! Tickles your back, does it? *I'll tickle your back again.* [*Seizes plane and planes vigorously.*]

*Pinocchio.* Stop, stop, I say. Didn't I tell you to stop? You tickle my back, I say.

[*With a cry the carpenter drops plane and falls on the floor, stricken with terror. The log which is fastened to a string—which passes over a rod overhead and is manipulated from behind the stage—stands erect on the table and laughs heartily; drops upon the table again; rises again and roars with laughter. The carpenter meantime pulls himself into a sitting position, gasping and staring around.*]

[*Enter Geppetto (softly) wearing a bushy, yellow wig.*]

*Geppetto.* Good morning, Master Cherry! But what, pray, are you doing on the floor?



WITH A CRY. THE CARPENTER FELL ON THE FLOOR

*Carpenter.* [Surly.] Why am I on the floor? I am teaching the ants to say their a, b, c's. [Rises stiffly and rubs his head.]

*Geppetto.* Ho, ho, ho! And do you find them apt to learn?

*Carpenter.* What is that to you, yellow wig? But, tell me; what brings you here to my shop?

*Geppetto.* My two legs bring me, of course; and right good servants are they. But they brought me here to ask a favor of you, Master Cherry.

*Carpenter.* [*During this conversation the carpenter often looks stealthily at the log and around the room.*] And what is the favor, Master Geppetto?

*Geppetto.* Let me explain. Last night I had a dream. In my dream I carved a marionette from a piece of log. When the marionette was finished he could walk and dance; so I fastened him with a string and I traveled up and down the country road exhibiting him. With such a marionette as that, I could earn my living and lay aside money for old age.

*Carpenter.* What a fine plan that would be.

*Geppetto.* Just what I think. And that is why I have come to ask you to give me a piece of log-wood; not too hard, but just right for carving.

*Carpenter.* Certainly, good friend. Here is just the thing. I was just beginning to plane it, but decided that I would make the table leg of some other kind of wood. [*Carpenter lifts log from the table with no little difficulty because of its antics produced by pulling at the string from behind the stage.*] Here it is. Take it. You are welcome to it. It is the most remarkable piece of wood I ever heard.

*Geppetto.* Ever heard? [*In surprise.*]



GEPPETTO HELPED HIM TO CARRY THE LOG

*Carpenter.* Ever saw, yellow wig. [*Passes wood to Geppetto.*]

*Geppetto.* Ow, ow! Stop hitting my shins with it, old cherry stone!

*Carpenter.* I didn't hit you.

*Geppetto.* You did; there! You hit me again. Ow!

*Pinocchio.* Wow-wow!

Hoo-hoo!

Hoo-hoo!

*Geppetto.* What is that I hear?

*Carpenter.* Go home, old yellow wig. Take the wood and along with you, for I must get to work.

*Geppetto.* Thank you, thank you, Master Cherry. I, too, must get to work. [*Carries log away, dropping it two or three times before reaching the door.*] My! but this log is heavy. It is slippery, too. See how it wriggles out of my arms.

*Carpenter.* Nonsense, *Geppetto*. As if a piece of wood could wriggle. Here; give me one end of it. I will help you carry the log home. [*Exit Geppetto and the carpenter, carrying the log.*]

*Curtain falls.*

## SCENE II.

[*Geppetto's bare little room. He sits in a chair; the roll, which he is now carving, stands before him. The child, who is to personify Pinocchio, stands inside the roll. Geppetto cuts away the cardboard little by little—thus pretending to carve—first revealing top of head, face, shoulders and arms. The child inside is already dressed for his part: A clown mask with a long nose; a cap with tassel; stiff, sprawling wooden hands, held by the child's real hands and projecting from coat sleeves; long, wooden pointed shoes. (See illustration.) Throughout the play, Pinocchio must carry himself stiffly, remembering that he is "wooden."*]



DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A TONGUE !

*Geppetto.* There! The wood is beginning to look quite like a marionette. The top of the head is just the right shape. [*Keeps taking off bits of cardboard; turning his head critically at each move as he views his work; talks meantime, thus:*] Yes, this will be a fine—yes—a fine marionette. Many a long tramp we will take.

*Pinocchio.* I won't; I won't!

*Geppetto.* [*Jumping up.*] What is that? [*Looks around.*] How silly I am! I *thought* I heard a voice. [*Goes to work again.*] Some fine day—



PINOCCHIO PULLED THE WIG FROM HIS HEAD

[*Pushes back chair and screams.*] Stop! stop! the eyes of my marionette are winking at me! [*Screams.*] Stop! stop! There, there; what an old fool I am. As if wooden eyes could wink. [*Goes to work again breaking away the paper.*] Now I will make the nose. There; that is a beautiful nose. [*Head of child is now quite visible. Pinocchio begins to turn head to the right and left, showing long nose and broad mouth.*] O, my soul, my soul, what a nose! It grows longer and longer. I will cut it off. [*Cuts.*] Mercy! mercy! It grows



longer still. [*Marionette sticks out his tongue.*] Horrors; horrors! Did I ever see such a tongue! Stop wagging your tongue at me! Stop, I say! [*Marionette becomes quiet.*] Now I will go to work again. [*Continues work, talking to himself, until Pinocchio's shoulders are free. Suddenly Pinocchio stretches forth the stiff, wooden hands, seizes the bushy, yellow wig from Geppetto's head; jumps out of the roll and runs stiffly around the stage, clattering his feet and gibbering and making faces. Geppetto beats his breast; rocks back and forth in his chair and wails. To the child audience this is a most delightful crisis, and the actors must be on the alert to keep up their "antics" if the curtain rises for an encore.*]

*Curtain falls.*

### SCENE III

[*Same room. Pinocchio rushes in; sits down and laughs loudly, bending forward and backward in great glee.*]

*Cricket on the Wall.* Stop your laughing, you foolish Pinocchio! You wooden-headed know-nothing!

*Pinocchio.* [*Jumping up and looking around.*]

Who spoke? Who is in the room? Who are you?  
Get out of my room.

*Cricket.* Your room, indeed, wooden-head. I would have you know I am a Cricket; and I have lived in these walls for a hundred years. Your room, indeed! You, who have been here only a day!

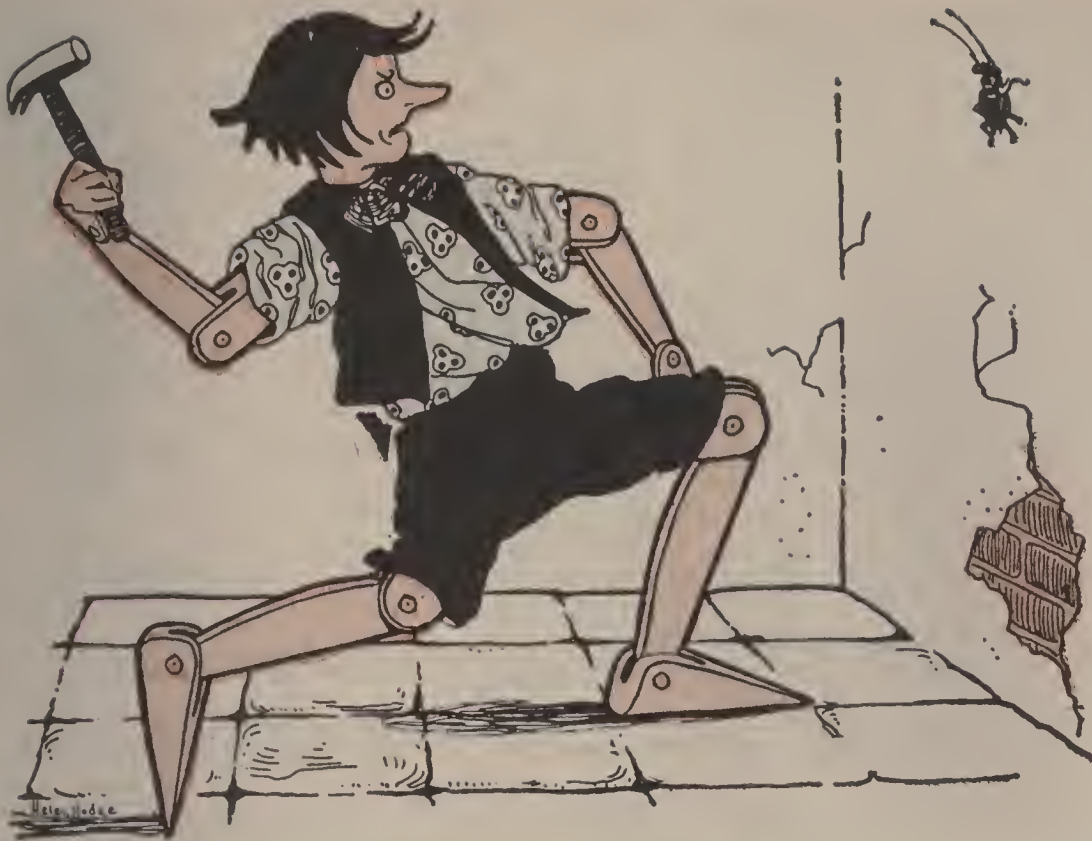
*Pinocchio.* [*Looking up at the wall.*] O, I see you! So you live in my wall, do you? And you know me, do you? Well, tell me, did you see Geppetto chasing me down the street? Ho, ho, ho!

*Cricket.* I saw *you* — you mean, ungrateful little puppet. I saw *you* running away from poor old Geppetto. I saw the police after you. I saw them catch poor, lame Geppetto and carry him off to prison. And you—you mean cowardly marionette—let them take him to prison; you never explained one word to them; and so poor Geppetto is in prison, while you are safe and sound here in Geppetto's home.

*Pinocchio.* Hold your tongue, you disagreeable Cricket. I shall do as I please.

*Cricket.* Let me give you some advice before I leave you.

*Pinocchio.* What *is* advice? Give it, whatever it is, and go away.



PINOCCHIO THREW HIS HAMMER AT THE CRICKET

*Cricket.* This is a very new world to you, Pinocchio. There are many many things that you do not know. Therefore, obey your father; for he knows what is best for you. Boys who disobey and run away from home always come to harm.

*Pinocchio.* O, you stupid old croaker! I shall run away whenever I please. I shall run away tomorrow; for if I remain here, I shall be sent to school; I shall be made to study and learn; and I don't wish to study and learn.

*Cricket.* Very well, silly. Do as you please,

but I forewarn you that if you grow up learning nothing, you will end in being a donkey.

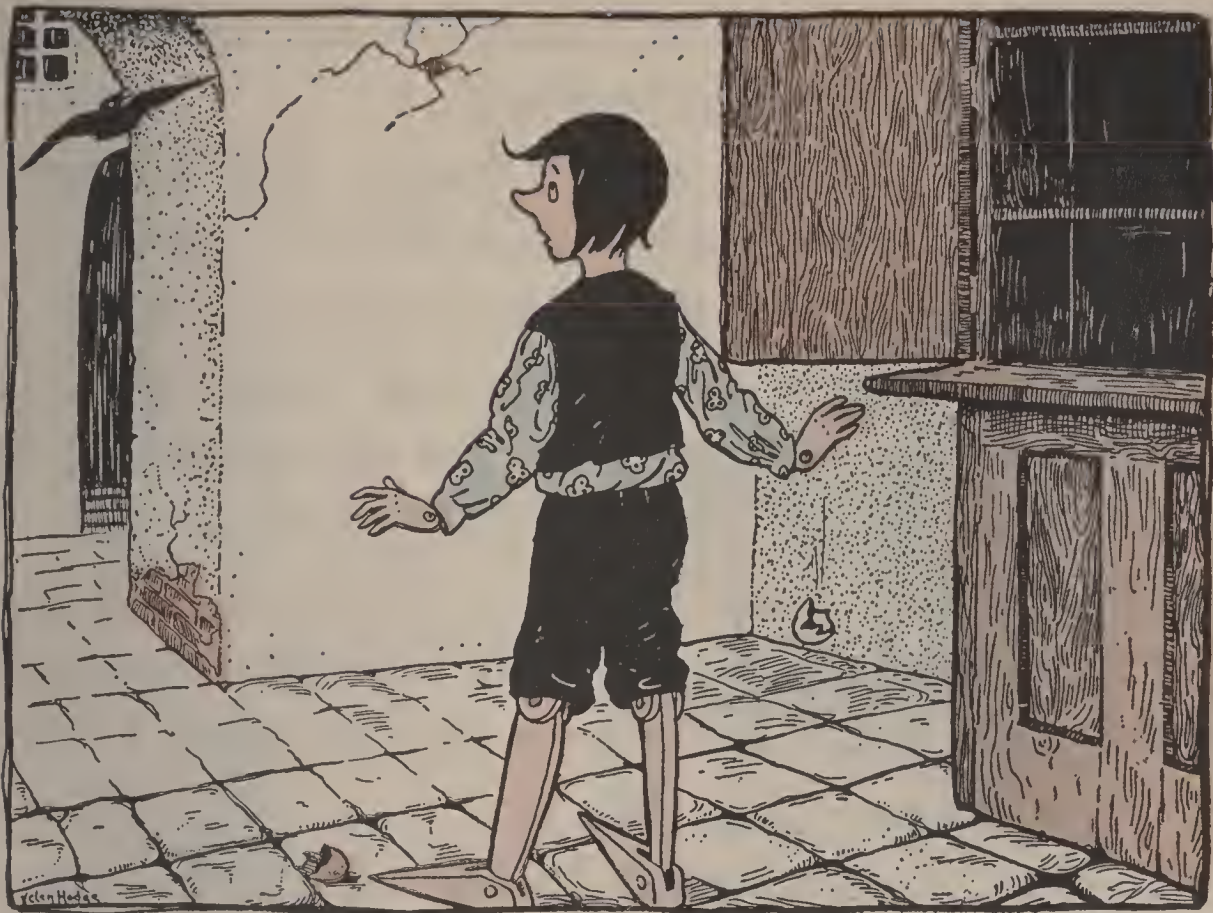
*Pinocchio.* [*Seizing a hammer.*] Keep still, I say, or I will hit you!

*Cricket.* [*Unmoved by threat.*] If you don't wish to go to school, you might at least learn a trade. You could earn your living, if you had a trade and—

*Pinocchio.* [*Raising hammer.*] Didn't I tell you to keep still? I like the trade I have—the trade *vagabond*—and if you say another word I will hit you.

*Cricket.* Very well, you wooden-headed, ignorant, conceited Know-It-All. I foresee what your end will be.

*Pinocchio.* [*Dancing with rage.*] O, you hateful old croaker! You talkative old Kill-joy. I'll kill you! [*Throws hammer at the wall.*] I'll kill you! There! You'll give me no more advice; I'll take advice from no one. [*Sits down in chair; knees stiff. Hangs wooden hands down at sides.*] Dear me, I have a strange feeling inside me; I wonder what it is? O, how uncomfortable it is. It grows worse and worse. It seems to me some bread would take away the feeling. Or if I had a bone to gnaw; or some milk to drink. I saw some



PINOCCHIO BROKE THE SHELL AND ATE THE EGG

boys eating bread and meat and drinking milk when I was running away from Geppetto. I am sure bread and milk and meat are what I need. I will find some. [*Goes to closet and peers into every corner.*] No; there isn't anything in the closet. O, dear !What shall I do? This pain is very, very hard to bear. But here is an egg. I will break the shell and eat it. [*Breaks shell; out flies a bird fastened to a string which passes over a rod above.*]

*Bird.* Thank you, wooden-head. You have saved me the trouble of breaking my shell. Good-

bye! Some day you will learn something. Some day you will have a little sense!

*Pinocchio.* Well, well! Wasn't that strange! I shall always know after this that if I break an egg shell a bird will fly up into the air. But; O, dear! this strange hungry feeling inside me. If Geppetto were here he would get me something to eat. Boo-hoo-hoo! I wish I hadn't run away! I wish Geppetto were here. O, O! I believe the old Cricket was right. I wish I hadn't killed the Cricket. I would ask him to give me some advice about this pain.

O dear, dear! Born only one day; and I have learned that it is not wise for little boys to disobey their parents; also that boys should value the advice of older people. [*Sits down dejectedly, sobbing and moaning.*]

*Curtain falls.*

#### SCENE IV

[*Pinocchio asleep in the chair. Geppetto enters.*]

*Pinocchio.* [*Jumping up from his chair but falling upon the floor.*] O, good Geppetto, good Geppetto. How glad I am to see you again! I am so hungry, Geppetto; and—



HIS FEET BURNED OFF WHILE HE SLEPT

*Geppetto.* Get up from the floor, you miserable little wooden puppet. I wish I had never carved your wicked little head. You have cost me a night in prison and everybody is laughing at me for my sad fate. Get up, stupid, get up!

*Pinocchio.* I can't get up, dear Geppetto. Something has happened to my feet.

*Geppetto.* Something happened to your feet? Let me see them. [*Looks at them.*] Why you wooden know-nothing, you have burned them off.

You have had them in the fire. Now when, you miserable toy, did you do that?

*Pinocchio.* How did I know fire would burn? My feet felt cold and I put them on the coals last night when I went to sleep.

*Geppetto.* Stupid! A pity your whole wooden body, wooden head and all hadn't burned. Now I shall have to make you a new pair of feet.

*Pinocchio.* O, Geppetto; if you knew what an awful pain I have. I feel as hollow as a basket.

*Geppetto.* Well, here are three pears. I bought them for my breakfast, but you may have them. [*Gives them to Pinocchio.*]

*Pinocchio.* [*Devouring them rapidly but throwing the cores on the floor.*] O, but these taste good. Already the pain is going away.

*Geppetto.* Here, here! Don't throw away the cores. You may need them yet. You are throwing away half your fruit.

*Pinocchio.* I won't eat cores. Take them yourself. I won't eat them. There, I have eaten all three of the pears. Still, I am hungry. The pain is there still. Give me some more pears, dear Geppetto.

*Geppetto.* Don't "dear Geppetto" me, you idle





PINOCCHIO ATE THE PEARS AND THREW THE CORES ON  
THE FLOOR

good-for-nothing. Go eat your cores; they are as good as another pear.

*Pinocchio.* [*Picks up cores and eats them.*] To think that I should have to eat cores. But they taste pretty good, after all. Indeed they do. There now, the pain is all gone. I feel fine again; as fine as I did yesterday.

*Geppetto.* Come now and have your new feet fastened on. [*Fastens the feet on, scolding Pin-*

*occhio while he fastens them.]* There! Now stand up. Let me see if they are all right.

*Pinocchio.* [*Walking off.*] Yes, they are all right. Now I am as good as new. And I have learned two more things: I have learned that fire will burn wooden boys and that cores should not be wasted.

*Curtain falls.*

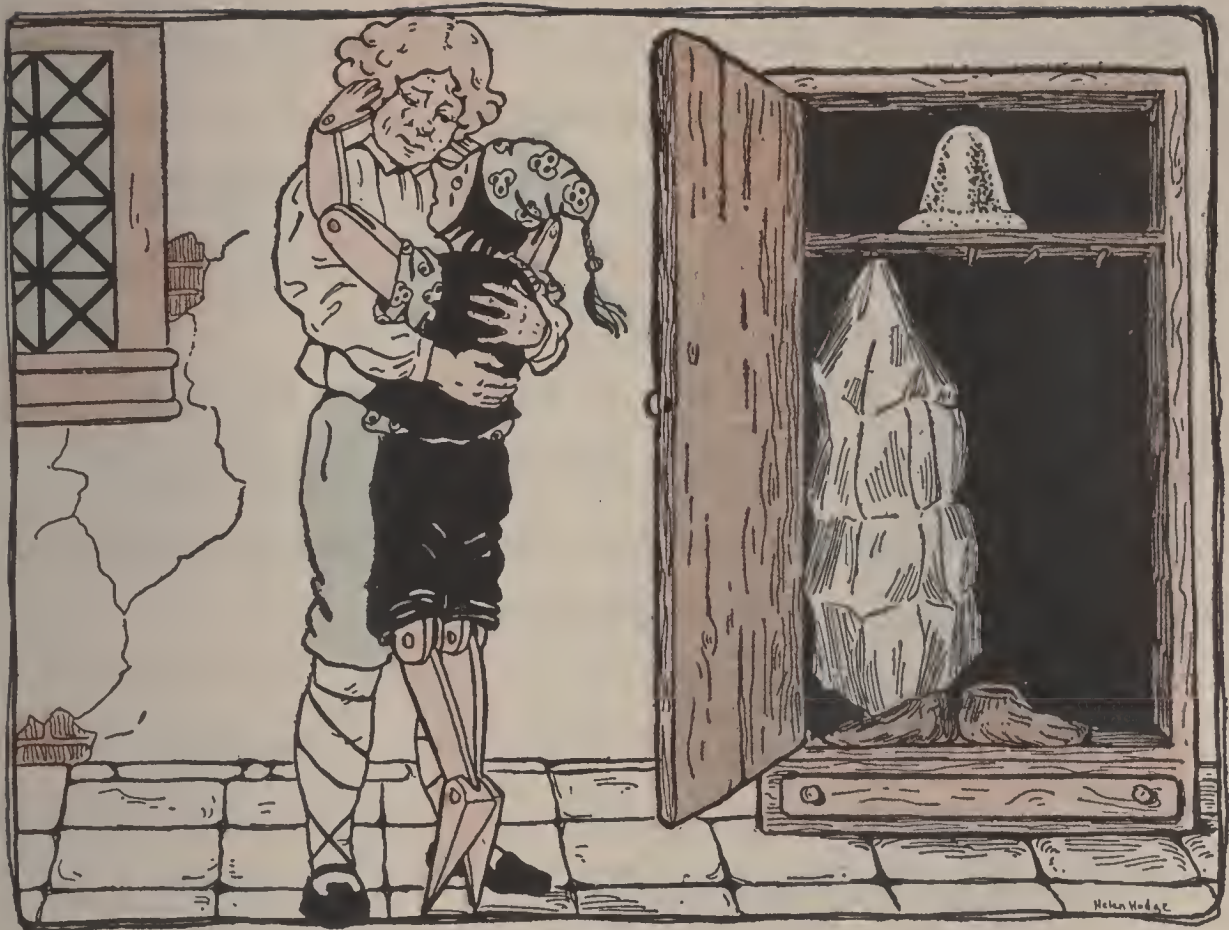
#### SCENE V

*Pinocchio.* Now, dear Geppetto, since I have grown so wise I am willing to believe that, if you say so, I ought to go to school. And I will go, dear Geppetto, this very morning.

*Geppetto.* Dear, dear Pinocchio. You are, indeed, growing wise. You will be a comfort to me in my old age. [*Geppetto and Pinocchio embrace and weep for joy in each other's arms.*]

*Pinocchio.* I suppose I shall need to have some clothes if I go to school; clothes such as other boys wear.

*Geppetto.* Yes, dear little Pinocchio. I have already made you some. Here is a cap made of bread crumbs. [*Removes tasseled cap and puts on new one.*] Here is a coat made of paper [*Puts on*



THEY EMBRACED AND WEPT FOR JOY

coat] and here are shoes made from the bark of the log that I carved you from.

*Pinocchio.* [Twisting and turning and admiring himself.] Now I look like a real boy. Indeed, I look like a real gentleman.

*Geppetto.* Keep your clothes nice and clean; for remember a gentleman not only *has* clothes, but he keeps them clean.

*Pinocchio.* One thing more I need.

*Geppetto.* And what is that, pray?

*Pinocchio.* I noticed yesterday that each boy carried a spelling book to school.

*Geppetto.* Yes, yes, to be sure, I will go out and buy one for you. Sit there while I am gone and don't get into any mischief. [*Exit.*]

*Pinocchio.* [*Speaking to himself.*] O, yes; dear Geppetto. I shall never get into mischief again.

I have grown wise now. Let me see. [*Counts on his fingers.*] I have learned:

One, to obey my father.

Two, not to run away.

Three, to listen to advice.

Four, that fire will burn.

Five, that one should not be wasteful.

[*Re-enter Geppetto, but without coat.*]

*Geppetto.* I hurried lest you should be late for school. Here is your spelling book.

*Pinocchio.* O, thank you, thank you, Geppetto. But what have you done with your coat?

*Geppetto.* O, it was too hot. I left it outside.

*Pinocchio.* O, Geppetto! Too hot! Why it is snowing this minute! I know what you have done with your coat. You have sold it to buy this book for me. O, Geppetto, Geppetto! How kind you are to me! I will never, never disobey you again.

And when you are old I will work for you. You shall have a new coat every day.

[*Geppetto and Pinocchio weep in each other's arms.*]

*Curtain falls.*

## SCENE VI

[*Enter Pinocchio, spelling book in hand, on his way to school.*]

*Pinocchio.* [*Stops and listens.*] What do I hear? [*Music.*] It is a pleasant sound. I will go and find it. [*Starts.*] But, no; I am a good boy now, I obey; and I am on my way to school. [*Stops and listens again.*]

[*Enter a boy.*]

*Pinocchio.* What is this that I hear?

*Boy.* It is music, you stupid. There is a circus over there. [*Points.*] Going?

*Pinocchio.* O, I never went to a circus in all my life! I would love to go. Tell me, what are those words over the door? What do they say?

*Boy.* Look at them and find out for yourself. Can't you read, wooden pate?

*Pinocchio.* Of course I can; but it so happens that I can't read to-day.

*Boy.* Blockhead! Listen, and I will read for



“THERE IS A CIRCUS OVER THERE”

you. Greatest Circus on Earth. Great Exhibition of Talking Puppets and Marionettes.

*Pinocchio.* O, how fine! And how I long to go! I had intended to go to school to-day; but I am sure I can learn to read and write and spell to-morrow just as well. I think I *will* go to the circus.

*Boy.* It will cost you ten pennies.

*Pinocchio.* O dear, dear. And I haven't a penny to my name. Will you buy my hat and give me ten pennies for it?

*Boy.* Your old bread crumb hat! Why, the birds would eat it up?

*Pinocchio.* Perhaps you will buy my shoes?

*Boy.* They are good for nothing except to light the fire.

*Pinocchio.* My jacket, then?

*Boy.* Your paper jacket? Bah! It would fall off my back with the first rain that fell upon it.

*Pinocchio.* [*Looking regretfully at spelling book.*]

I have nothing else to offer except—except—this. [*Offers book.*] Will you—take—

*Boy.* No, I don't want your spelling book. I have one of my own, thank you.

[*Enter Vender.*]

*Vender.* I will buy your book, my lad. What do you ask for it?

*Pinocchio.* The price of admission to the circus—ten pennies.

*Vender.* Very well, lad. Here are your ten pennies.

[*They exchange pennies and book. Pinocchio looks at the book regretfully, yet moves slowly towards the circus, still looking back at the book.*]

*Pinocchio.* I ought not to have sold the book.

To think that I should sell it when poor Geppetto sold his coat to buy it for me. [*Music starts up.*] O, there's the music! Away, away to the circus! I never saw a circus! I wonder what it will be like. [*Pinocchio, boy and vender leave the stage.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

## SCENE VII

[*Pinocchio comes gaily in from one side of the stage; is met by a Fox who pretends to be lame and a Cat who pretends to be blind; these walk in arm in arm.*]

*Fox.* Good morning, Pinocchio.

*Pinocchio.* Good morning, Fox; but how did you know my name?

*Fox.* O, I know your father well. Only yesterday I saw him.

*Pinocchio.* Saw my poor, dear father! Tell me, where was he and what was he doing?

*Fox.* He stood in his doorway, in his shirt sleeves, shivering with the cold.

*Pinocchio.* O, my poor, poor father! Shivering in the cold! And it is all my fault.

*Fox.* All your fault? What do you mean?

*Pinocchio.* It was like this: My dear father wished me to go school. So he went out and sold his coat to get money for a spelling book.





“GOOD MORNING, FOX”

*Fox.* And did you go to school?

*Pinocchio.* [*Hanging his head.*] No—o—o; I sold the book for a circus ticket and went to the circus instead of the school. O, I was a bad boy! To think of my poor father shivering with the cold. However, he shall not sorrow long. He shall never be poor again.

*Fox.* Indeed, how are *you* going to help him? A wooden head like you!

*Pinocchio.* Indeed, I *am* going to help him.

Listen, and you will understand. When I entered the circus, what do you think happened? The circus owner took me prisoner. He was going to make me stay with him and perform on the stage.

*Fox.* A good place for you; served you right.

*Pinocchio.* Wait until I have finished. I told the circus owner all about poor Geppetto and begged him to let me go back and work for him until I could buy back the coat. Then the circus owner took pity on Geppetto and gave me five gold pieces to take to him. The gold pieces will take care of Geppetto as long as he lives.

*Fox.* A likely story! *You* carrying gold pieces to Geppetto! I don't believe you.

*Pinocchio.* Don't believe me! See, here they are, right here in my pocket. [*Shows money.*]

*Fox.* Yes, that does look like gold; but tell me what you intend to do with it?

*Pinocchio.* I *told* you. I am taking it to Geppetto. It will keep him from want as long as he lives.

*Fox.* What; those few pieces? Why, they will not keep him a year.

*Pinocchio.* The circus man told me they would.

*Fox.* He was fooling you. He knew you were a wooden-headed little know-nothing; and it amused him to fool you. Now don't be such a silly. Listen to us.

*Cat.* Yes, yes; listen to us.

*Fox.* We know of a place near by, where, if you should plant your gold, it will grow up double.

*Cat.* Yes, yes; it will grow up double.

*Pinocchio.* O, tell me! Where is it? Will you take me there?

*Fox.* Yes, we will take you there.

*Cat.* Yes, we will take you there.

*Pinocchio.* Let us go at once. I can hardly wait; but how long must the gold remain under the ground?

*Fox.* Only over night. It will double after midnight; then you pick it like berries in the morning.

*Pinocchio.* Let us go at once.

*Fox.* Very well, run ahead. We will show you the way. [*Pinocchio dances away.*] Did you ever see such a silly fool, Cat?

*Cat.* Never, dear Fox; but let us hurry or he may escape us yet. [*Cat and Fox shuffle off stage.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

## SCENE VIII

[*Enter Pinocchio, Cat and Fox.*]

*Fox.* Here we are at the inn. And only a little way from the magic gold garden. Let us go to the inn and rest.

*Pinocchio.* Yes; but let us plant my gold first. Shall I plant it all at once and in one place?

*Fox.* Yes; plant it all in one place. But not yet. Did I not tell you that you must wait until after midnight? Let us first have our suppers and go to bed.

*Pinocchio.* Let me sit here by the fire. I am not a bit sleepy.

*Fox.* You must go to sleep. Going to sleep, wooden head, is what makes night. How would you know there had been a night if you did not wake in the morning? And how could you wake if you had not been asleep? So go into the inn and go to sleep. We will start early in the morning and reach the magic garden in a few hours.

*Pinocchio.* How wise you are, dear Fox.

*Fox.* Yes, Pinocchio, I am very wise.

*Cat.* Yes, the Fox is very wise.

*Fox.* Now run along into the inn and go to bed. Get to sleep at once. We are very early risers and

will call you at daybreak. Then we will travel to the gold garden and then to poor old Geppetto.

*Pinocchio.* How glad he will be to see us! He will invite you both to dinner and you shall rest in our house.

*Fox.* You are a very kind little boy. I will never call you wooden head again. Now off to bed! I am so lame I shall have to rest here a little while, and then walk slowly to bed.

*Pinocchio.* I will do as you say, kind friends. Good night. [*Exit Pinocchio.*]

*Fox.* [*Watching Pinocchio enter the inn.*] There, he has gone. The innkeeper will see that he does not get out until we are away. I promised him a gold piece if he would keep him until we are well on our journey. Now, my plan is this: When Pinocchio awakes and finds us gone, he will start at once for home. On his way he will have to pass through a deep forest a few miles beyond here. There, in the forest, we will wait for him. When he comes along, we will pitch upon him and rob him of his gold.

*Cat.* Yes, we will pitch upon him and rob him of his gold.

*Fox.* We could have robbed him here; but I feared that someone might see us and take his part.



“THERE! HE HAS GONE TO BED”

*Cat.* Yes, someone might have seen us and have taken his part.

[*Curtain falls.*]

### SCENE IX

[*Behind the scenes.*]

*Innkeeper.* Knock! knock! knock! Awake, Pinocchio! It is time to wake!

[*Enter Pinocchio.*]

*Pinocchio.* Here I am, awake and ready for breakfast! But where are my friends?

[*Enter Innkeeper.*]

*Innkeeper.* O, they went at midnight.

*Pinocchio.* What! Went without *me*?

*Innkeeper.* They told me to tell you that, on account of the Fox's lameness, they thought it wise to start ahead, and that you with your long legs could easily overtake them by nightfall. You have but to keep to the straight road. You cannot get lost.

[*With long leaps Pinocchio leaves the stage.*]

*Innkeeper.* The wooden-headed fool! The Fox and the Cat will make short work of him. But let him learn by bitter experience; it is the only way that fools *will* learn. [*Exit Innkeeper.*]

[*Stage darkens. Pinocchio appears, traveling rapidly.*]

*Cricket.* [*Voice from overhead.*] Who goes there? Who goes there?

*Pinocchio.* [*Looking up.*] Who are you?

*Cricket.* I am the ghost of the Talking Cricket—the cricket that you killed.

*Pinocchio.* Well; what have you to say *now*?

*Cricket.* I wish to give you some good advice. Take your gold and go at once to your poor father. He needs the gold and he weeps for you every day.



“WHO GOES THERE? WHO ARE YOU?”

*Pinocchio.* I have heard your advice before; it shows how little you know; for I am going to plant this gold, and in a night it will increase ten—a hundred—a thousand fold.

*Cricket.* Silly, silly boy! Don't ever believe in get-rich-quick plans. You may be sure that the people who make great promises are either themselves deceived, or they are cheats. Take my advice; go home.

*Pinocchio.* You stupid Cricket, I will not go home.



*Cricket.* It is getting very late at night.

*Pinocchio.* *I am going on.*

*Cricket.* The night is very dark.

*Pinocchio.* *I am going on, I say.*

*Cricket.* There are thieves in the woods.

*Pinocchio.* *I am going on, I say.*

*Cricket.* Very well, stupid boy. Go on and have your own way; but believe me, sooner or later you will repent.

*Pinocchio.* The same old croaking! You never want me to do anything I want to.

*Cricket.* Good-bye, then, Pinocchio. May Heaven preserve you from thieves.

[*Stage suddenly becomes very dark.*]

*Pinocchio.* That Cricket makes me tired. It is an awful thing to be a boy. Everybody scolds us; everybody gives us advice. Why, if a boy were to take all the advice he has offered him, he would never have a good time. I for one am going to take no advice. I am going to do as I wish. But, Hark! What do I hear! [*In a loud stage whisper; stage grows a little lighter.*]

[*Two black figures creep towards Pinocchio.*]

*Pinocchio.* [*Running.*] Can *these* be thieves?

*Thieves.* [*Cat and Fox.*] Ah, now we have you. Yes, we have you.

*One Thief.* [*Fox.*] Your money or your life.

*Other Thief.* [*Cat.*] Yes; your money or your life.

[*They hold the struggling Pinocchio by both arms.*]

*Fox.* Come, come, give us your money.

*Cat.* Yes, yes, give us your money.

*Pinocchio.* [*Who has put his money in his mouth.*] I ha' no mo'. [*I have no money.*]

*Fox.* O, yes, you have; you have gold pieces.

*Cat.* Yes, yes, you have; you have gold pieces.

*Fox.* Give us your gold, or we will kill you.

*Cat.* Yes, yes, we will kill you.

*Fox.* Empty your pockets!

*Pinocchio.* [*Empties them.*]

*Fox.* What have you done with your money? Tell me or you die.

*Pinocchio.* [*Only shakes his head.*]

*Cat.* He has it in his mouth!

*Fox.* O, that is your trick, is it? [*Shakes Pinocchio.*]

[*Pinocchio struggles and escapes. The three chase each other back and forth, and finally Pinocchio is overtaken.*]

*Fox.* Now we have you, you villain.



THEY HUNG PINOCCHIO

*Cat.* And we will hang you.

*Fox.* Give me the rope. There! Now we will hang you to the tree. [*Fastens rope under arms.*]

*Cat.* I will climb the tree and pull him up. [*Cat climbs, and up goes Pinocchio, dangling and kicking. Fox and Cat leave stage.*]

*Pinocchio.* O, O, O! If I had obeyed the Cricket. O what a fool I was. Never again will I disobey; and I will always take advice. [*Screams and kicks.*]

[*Enter Blue Fairy.*]

*Fairy.* Poor little Pinocchio! O, foolish boy, to be sure! Still, I will save him. [*Raises wand; claps hands.*] Come, Fairies; come and help Pinocchio down from the tree. [*Enter three Fairies who are lifted by ropes to the level of Pinocchio. They surround him; sway a little; then all descend. The fairies run away leaving Pinocchio with the Blue Fairy. Blue Fairy lays him out; puts support under his head; removes rope, etc., at the same time saying words of sympathy — such as, Poor Pinocchio! Poor little foolish lad! Now I must call the doctor. Claps hands and three grotesque looking creatures (doctors) in masks appear.*]

*One Doctor.* Well, dear Fairy, what do you wish?

*Fairy.* I wish you to make this poor little lad well again.

*The Doctor.* We shall do our best.

*First Doctor.* [*Pulls Pinocchio's nose; wriggles his toe.*] It is my belief that this boy—this puppet is quite dead; but if he isn't dead, that would be a sign that he is alive.

*Second Doctor.* I do not agree with my friend. I believe that this puppet is still alive; but if he isn't alive that would be a sign that he is indeed dead.

*Fairy.* And what does our *third* doctor think?

*Third Doctor.* [*The Cricket.*] I have been looking at this sick boy, and I find that I have seen him before. Indeed, I have known him for some time. He is a silly, stupid, good-for-nothing puppet. He disobeys everybody; he will take no advice. Indeed, he is a bad boy.

[*Pinocchio begins to bellow.*]

*First Doctor.* When a dead puppet begins to cry it is a sign he is alive.

*Fairy.* Is it worth while to save him?

*First Doctor.* Perhaps he will be wiser after this.

*Second Doctor.* Perhaps he will have learned to obey.

*Third Doctor.* [*To Fairy.*] Very well; here is some medicine for him. I don't think he is worth saving; but you may try if you wish.

[*Exit Doctors.*]

*Fairy.* Now be a good boy and take your medicine. [*Offers him medicine.*]

*Pinocchio.* [*Whining.*] I don't wish to take the old medicine.

*Fairy.* Don't you wish to get well?

*Pinocchio.* [*Still whining.*] Is it sweet or is it bitter?

*Fairy.* It is bitter; but it will make you well.

*Pinocchio.* [*Still whining.*] If it is bitter, I won't take it. Boo-hoo! I won't, I won't! I'd rather die than take the medicine.

*Fairy.* But you must. See, here is a lump of sugar. You shall have it after you take the medicine.

*Pinocchio.* Let me see the sugar.

*Fairy.* Here it is.

*Pinocchio.* Let me eat the sugar first; then I will take the medicine.

*Fairy.* You promise.

*Pinocchio.* Yes, I promise. [*Fairy gives Pinocchio the sugar; he eats it greedily. Fairy then offers him the medicine.*]

*Pinocchio.* No, no; I won't take it! Boo-hoo!

*Fairy.* But you promised. Do you not keep a promise?

[*Enter four, black-robed persons; heads covered. They approach Pinocchio and throw a black cover over him.*]

*Pinocchio.* Ow! Ow! Ow! Who are you?

*Black Robes.* We heard you were going to die rather than take your good medicine; so we have come to take you.

*Pinocchio.* [*Shrieking and clinging to the Fairy.*] Save me, save me! I will take my medicine.



“OW! OW! WHO ARE YOU?”

*Fairy.* O, what a silly, silly boy! [*Offers medicine; Pinocchio drinks it down.*] There, now you are all well.

*Pinocchio.* Yes, yes. I am all well. I feel as good as new.

*Fairy.* O, Pinocchio; how could you be so stubborn and so silly? See how much good the medicine has done you, and still I had to coax you to take it.

*Pinocchio.* We boys are all like that.

*Fairy.* But, tell me; how did it happen that you were hanging from that tree?

*Pinocchio.* Well, it was like this: I was coming through the woods—

*Fairy.* O, begin at the beginning—

*Pinocchio.* Well, I was stopping at an inn.

*Fairy.* O, but there must be something back of that, else how did you happen to be at the inn?

*Pinocchio.* Well, I had just visited the circus.

*Fairy.* But how did you get money to visit the circus?

*Pinocchio.* [*Hanging his head.*] I—I sold my spelling book for the ten pennies which was the entrance fee.

*Fairy.* Now, Pinocchio, begin at the very beginning; there must have been something back of the spelling book, else how did you happen to have one?

*Pinocchio.* My father bought it for me.

*Fairy.* Where did he get the money?

*Pinocchio.* [*Hanging his head and hesitating.*] He—he—

*Fairy.* Well, well; hurry. Tell me where he got the money.

*Pinocchio.* [*Still stumbling.*] He sold his coat to get money to buy my spelling book.



*Fairy.* There! Now you are beginning to tell the whole story. Go on.

*Pinocchio.* I took the spelling book and started for school. On the way to school I saw a circus. So I—I—I—

*Fairy.* So you what?

*Pinocchio.* So I sold my spelling book in order to get money to enter the circus.

*Fairy.* What! The book that your poor father sold his coat off his back to buy for you? You little wretch! Have you no sense of gratitude?

*Pinocchio.* Pray don't interrupt me.

*Fairy.* Very well; go on.

*Pinocchio.* When I entered the circus, the ring master seized me and said he would train me for the stage.

*Fairy.* A very good place for such a boy as you, I should say. But go on.

*Pinocchio.* But when I told him how poor my father is, and how he needs me at home—

*Fairy.* Needs *you* at home! Pinocchio, you make me smile.

*Pinocchio.* [*Looking very shame-faced.*] When I told him, he gave me five gold dollars and sent me home.

*Fairy.* Did you go home?

*Pinocchio.* I was going home—

*Fairy.* [*Severely.*] But did you go home?

*Pinocchio.* Well, you see, I met a Cat and a Fox; and they told me that if I would plant my gold it would increase a hundred fold.

*Fairy.* And you believed such nonsense as that! But go on.

*Pinocchio.* I was hurrying through the woods to the place they told me when I was attacked by two thieves.

*Fairy.* How dreadful! But did no one warn you?

*Pinocchio.* No.

*Fairy.* What?

*Pinocchio.* [*Hurriedly.*] Yes, yes.

*Fairy.* Who warned you?

*Pinocchio.* The Talking Cricket.

*Fairy.* And who is the Talking Cricket? How did you know him?

*Pinocchio.* He used to live in my house.

*Fairy.* Used to? Does he not now?

*Pinocchio.* N—n—no.

*Fairy.* Why not? I never knew a cricket to change his residence.

*Pinocchio.* I—I—I killed him.

*Fairy.* And why, pray, did you kill an innocent Cricket?

*Pinocchio.* I didn't like what he said.

*Fairy.* What did he say?

*Pinocchio.* He—he—gave me advice.

*Fairy.* Well, did his advice prove true?

*Pinocchio.* Yes, it did.

*Fairy.* And yet you would not listen to his advice a second time. Pinocchio, you are certainly the most wooden-headed boy I ever knew. But go on with your story.

*Pinocchio.* The thieves began to fight me, but I escaped and ran. They followed and at last overtook me and hung me to the tree.

*Fairy.* But why did they hang you?

*Pinocchio.* Because I wouldn't give up the gold. I was determined to save it for my father.

*Fairy.* Now, at last, you begin to show a little sense. But where is the gold now?

*Pinocchio.* I lost it.

*Fairy.* [*Slips a white paper cone upon Pinocchio's already long nose, thus lengthening it.*] You lost it?

*Pinocchio.* Yes, I lost it.

*Fairy.* [*Slips another white cone.*] Pinocchio, you are lying to me. Isn't it enough to be wooden-headed without being a liar?

*Pinocchio.* How do you know that I lie?



“LOOK IN THE GLASS AND SEE YOUR NOSE ”

*Fairy.* [Slipping on another cone. Ice cream cones come in nicely here; and by putting a little mucilage on the inner surface they stick firmly.] How do I know? Look in the glass and see your nose. [*Pinocchio looks.*] There are two kinds of lies; one kind has long legs; your kind has a long nose.

*Pinocchio.* O, O, O! Ow! ow! ow! wow! [Dances about frantically. Fairy laughs loudly and points at Pinocchio's nose.]

*Fairy.* [Laughing.] O, Pinocchio! You were

no beauty before ; but look at yourself now! Ho, ho, ho!

*Pinocchio.* O, good Fairy; help me, help me!  
[*Pinocchio dances up and down yelling for help.*]

*Fairy.* [*Laughing yet.*] O, it is too, too funny! But, Pinocchio; I can stop your nose from growing when you are ready to tell the truth. [*Laughs still.*]

*Pinocchio.* I will tell the truth now—at once. I have the gold in my pocket. Honest and true!

*Fairy.* Black and blue?

*Pinocchio.* Yes, honest and true, black and blue.

*Fairy.* Very well, I will give you back your own nose. Watch, then, my magic wand. [*Strikes off the cones.*]

*Pinocchio.* O, thank you, thank you, good fairy.

*Fairy.* Now, put on your cap. You silly, silly boy, and set out at once for your father's home. Listen to no more bad advice and stop and talk with no one on the road.

*Pinocchio.* Indeed, indeed, my dear, dear Fairy, I will obey. I will run every step of the way to my father. Good-bye fairy, good-bye. [*Exit Pinocchio.*]

*Fairy.* Poor, little, ignorant wooden-head! I wonder what next he will get into.

*Curtain falls.*

## SCENE X

[*Pinocchio hurrying across the stage meets the Fox and the Cat dressed as they were on the first occasion.*]

*Fox.* Well, good friend, we thought we had lost you. We are glad to see you again; for we are but a short distance from the field where you are to plant your gold.

*Pinocchio.* But I have decided not to plant it. I shall carry it home just as it is.

*Fox.* Do you mean to say that you are going to be such a fool and lose such an opportunity?

*Pinocchio.* Some other day I will plant it; but to-day I wish to hurry to my father and show the gold to him.

*Fox.* But there will be no other day. To-morrow a rich man buys the field and will keep it henceforth for his own planting only.

*Pinocchio.* But where is the field?

*Fox.* Right here—only a few steps. Plant your gold beneath the tree beside you.

*Pinocchio.* It can do no harm even though it do no good.

*Fox.* Of course not.

*Cat.* But what an ungrateful little wretch you are! Here are we trying to help you, and you—you act as if you hardly trust us.

*Pinocchio.* O, no, no, dear Cat and dear Fox. Of course I believe you *mean* well; but it may be, you know, that you are mistaken.

*Fox.* Very well; it is nothing to us. Do as you wish; but we are too busy to stand here arguing with you. Are you going to plant your gold or shall we go?

*Pinocchio.* Yes, I will plant it.

*Fox.* Very well; dig a little hole and bury it right here. [*Pinocchio digs.*] There, that will do. Now run away for fifteen minutes; we will watch the gold and have a great surprise all ready for you.

*Pinocchio.* [*Running off the stage.*] Very well, I will go. Call me as soon as the sprouts begin to appear.

*Cat.* Don't be silly; the whole tree will have grown in fifteen or twenty minutes.

*Fox.* Go, Cat, and see if the wooden-headed silly is out of sight. [*Cat peers out from the stage.*]

*Cat.* Yes, there he goes. There! Now he is out of sight.

*Fox.* Come, then; let us hurry. [*Cat and Fox dig up the gold and put it in their pockets.*] Have we got every piece?

*Cat.* Yes, every piece. Come; let us run.

*Fox.* Yes, this way. Come, come!

[*Exit Fox and Cat. Enter Pinocchio.*]

*Pinocchio.* Surely the twenty minutes are more than past. Why did you not call me? Did you not promise? [*Discovers that Cat and Fox are gone.*] Halloo! Where are you, Cat? Where are you, Fox? [*No answer.*] Where can they be? Perhaps they are hidden. [*Looks around the stage.*] Halloo! Are you here? No? Are you here? No? Where are they? Well, never mind where they are. What about my gold. I will go and see. [*Goes where the gold was buried. Stands there staring, mouth open; stiff, wooden hands extended.*]

*Parrot.* [*From overhead.*] Ho, ho! Haw, haw!

*Pinocchio.* [*Angrily.*] Who are you? And why do you laugh?

*Parrot.* I am laughing because I tickled myself with my wing. Ha, ha! Haw, haw!

*Pinocchio.* [*Digging for his gold.*] Certainly this is where I put it. [*Parrot laughs again.*] Right here! And I did not bury it deeply.





“WHAT ABOUT MY GOLD?”

[*Parrot laughs again.*] Once for all, you stupid Parrot, why do you keep up that foolish laughter? What are you laughing at, anyway?

*Parrot.* I am laughing at a certain simpleton who believes anything that is told him.

*Pinocchio.* Do you mean me?

*Parrot.* Yes, I mean you.

*Pinocchio.* I don't understand you.

*Parrot.* Let me explain, you poor little wooden-pate. The Cat and Fox are thieves; they have stolen your gold and have run away.

*Pinocchio.* Have stolen my gold? Stolen my gold? The wicked thieves! I will go to the judge. They shall be tried and put into prison. [*Pinocchio runs off the stage. Curtain in the rear opens, revealing judge on a high chair, wearing glasses and a monkey mask. On either side stands a policeman wearing a dog mask. Pinocchio enters, running, breathless.*]

*Pinocchio.* O, Judge; listen to my tale of woe. I had five gold pieces. I met a Fox and Cat who told me to plant them so that they might yield a hundred-fold. I planted them and went away, as they bade me, until the gold should sprout. Hardly was my back turned when they dug up my gold and ran away with it.

*Monkey.* You don't say so! How many gold pieces did you say there were?

*Pinocchio.* Five gold pieces.

*Monkey.* And you made friends with these thieves?

*Pinocchio.* Yes; they completely deceived me.

*Monkey.* But you were friendly with them. One month in prison for being associated with thieves. And you believed what a fox said?

*Pinocchio.* O, yes, Judge, I believed him. He promised—

*Monkey.* Very well, another month for you in



“THEY TOOK HIM TO PRISON ”

prison for being such a fool. Here, policeman, take this wooden fool to prison. [*Dogs march up, seize him by the shoulders and march him off the stage screaming and yelling.*]

### SCENE XI

[*The Fairy is sitting at the back of the stage. Pinocchio comes running in. Sees Fairy; rushes to her and kneels.*]

*Fairy.* Why, Pinocchio, where did you come from? I thought you were dead. Where have you been?



“O, GOOD FAIRY, LISTEN TO ME”

*Pinocchio.* O, Fairy, dear good Fairy, listen to me. Again I met those wicked thieves and they made me bury my gold. Then they stole it and ran away.

*Fairy.* Do you mean that you were foolish enough to fall a second time into their hands?

*Pinocchio.* Ye—e—s; but, O, Fairy, you don't know how honest they seemed.

*Fairy.* Was there ever such a stupid boy! But what happened next?

*Pinocchio.* Well, I ran to the chief Justice and

what do you think! Instead of imprisoning the thieves for stealing my money he imprisoned me for being so stupid as to allow them.

*Fairy.* I'm not so sure that he wasn't a wise Judge. At any rate, I trust it has taught you a lesson. But tell me what happened next?

*Pinocchio.* Well, finally, I was released, and was on my way to you, good Fairy, when I met a great snake. He was stretched across the street and I waited all day for him to allow me to pass. At last I thought I would leap across him, but what do you think he did? Just as I leaped, he humped his back and threw me up into the air. I came down into the mud head first. Only my legs could be seen kicking in the air. And what do you think that serpent did then? He roared and roared with laughter until he burst his skin.

*Fairy.* I should like to have seen him. It must have been funny.

*Pinocchio.* Funny! [*Ruefully.*] I don't see anything very funny about it.

*Fairy.* Probably you didn't at the time; but go on. What next?

*Pinocchio.* Well, when I got myself out of the mud I ran and ran. But I was so hungry that I stopped to gather some grapes.



“I CAME DOWN INTO THE MUD ”

*Fairy.* Did you ask permission?

*Pinocchio.* O, Fairy, I was so hungry.

*Fairy.* Was that any reason you should steal?  
I hope you were well punished for that.

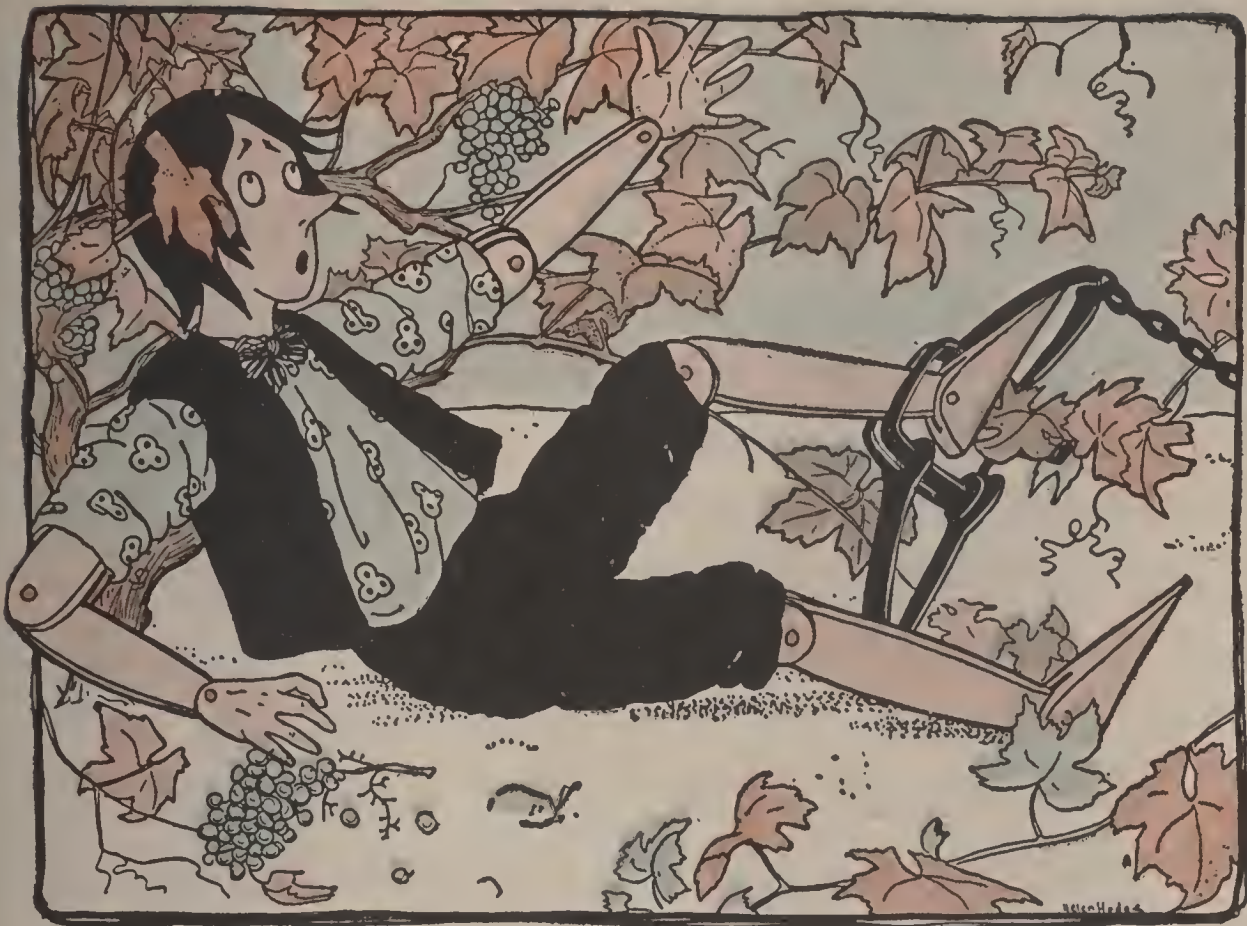
*Pinocchio.* [*Meekly.*] Yes'm, I was; I stepped  
into a trap which had been set to catch polecats.

*Fairy.* Then what happened?

*Pinocchio.* Well, the farmer came and found  
me.

*Fairy.* It is a wonder he didn't shoot you.

*Pinocchio.* He nearly shook the life out of me,



“I STEPPED INTO A TRAP ”

and then threw me into the dog kennel with a dog collar around my neck.

*Fairy.* O, O, O! How funny! Did he teach you to bark? O, O, O! [*Laughing.*]

*Pinocchio.* [*Ruefully.*] I don't see any joke about that. Indeed, I did something very nice for the man; so nice that he thanked me and let me go.

*Fairy.* You don't really mean it!

*Pinocchio.* Indeed, I do. I caught the chicken thieves for him and he was very grateful.

*Fairy.* [*Laughing.*] So he caught you stealing and you caught the polecats stealing. Pray did the polecats catch anybody?

*Pinocchio.* [*Pouting.*] You are making fun of me.

*Fairy.* You are enough to make a polecat laugh. O, you silly Pinocchio! But, tell me, are you ready now to be good and go to school? Certainly you must see by this time that you need to learn in order to get some sense into your silly young head.

*Pinocchio.* Yes, dear Fairy. I have made up my mind to be good and go to school.

*Fairy.* You will have to change very much before you can be considered a good boy. For example, *good* boys are obedient.

*Pinocchio.* And *I* am never obedient.

*Fairy.* Good boys like to learn and to work.

*Pinocchio.* And I like to be an idle vagabond.

*Fairy.* Good boys tell the truth.

*Pinocchio.* And I—I—always tell lies.

*Fairy.* Yes, lies with long noses. Then, again, good boys like to go to school.

*Pinocchio.* O, dear! [*Groans.*] And school gives *me* a pain all over. But, dear Fairy, I will be good! I *will* go to school at once.



*Fairy.* Do you *promise* me? Can I trust you?

*Pinocchio.* O, yes, good Fairy, yes.

*Fairy.* Very well, then go at once; and after that you must choose some trade. Everybody should know how to earn his own living.

*Pinocchio.* [*Sighing.*] O, dear!

*Fairy.* [*Angrily.*] Why do you sigh like that, you lazy boy?

*Pinocchio.* O, I hate school, and I hate work. Let me do nothing, dear Fairy, but play. Eat, and drink and sleep and play.

*Fairy.* Lazy, lazy boy! Do you **not** know that laziness always brings suffering in the end? You will certainly end in prison; or perhaps you will change into a donkey. Indeed, you have no more sense than a donkey now.

*Pinocchio.* Ah, well, if I must go to school, I will. Yes, I will go; I will go at once.

*Fairy.* I do not like the tone in which you promise to go. You should be earnest and cheerful about it; you should really wish to go.

*Pinocchio.* Perhaps I shall like it better by and by. I promise you I will try. O, Fairy, I am going to be the best boy that ever lived. Honest, I am.

*Fairy.* I am glad to hear you promise. Come;



“WHAT! ARE YOU GOING TO SCHOOL?”

I will go with you and show you which way to go.

[*Exit Fairy and Pinocchio.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

## SCENE XII

[*Curtain rises upon several boys and Pinocchio, all with schoolbooks, on the way to school.*]

*First Boy.* What! Are you going to school?

*Pinocchio.* Yes; I am going to learn and become wise and good.

*All Boys.* Haw! haw! Wise and good! Haw, haw!

*First Boy.* Hear him! Cuck—oo—oo—oo!  
Cuck—oo—oo—oo!

*Second Boy.* Going to school!

*Third Boy.* Going to be wise and good!

[*All except Pinocchio leave the stage, sneering back at Pinocchio.*]

*Pinocchio.* What good times those boys have; they don't go to school. [*Scratches head ruefully and whines.*]

[*Enter new boy.* O, halloo, Candlewick. Are you going to school?

*Candlewick.* Indeed, I am not. I am waiting for the carriage to take me to Boobyland.

*Pinocchio.* Where is that? Tell me.

*Candlewick.* Boobyland is a land where boys do nothing all day long but just play, play, play. No school, no work; just play, play, play.

*Pinocchio.* O, how nice! I think that is as it should be. But, O dear, dear, I have promised to go to school and then to learn a trade, else I would go with you. O dear, how I wish I could go—O dear, dear!

*Candlewick.* Well, why don't you come?

*Pinocchio.* Because I have promised.

*Candlewick.* Nonsense, come along. So did I promise to go to school, but what do I care for



“NO SCHOOL FOR ME”

that? What right have people to make us promise such stupid things?

*Pinocchio.* O dear, and think what a lovely time you are going to have. O poor me, poor me! [*Turns away.*] Well, good-bye, Candlewick. I wish I were you.

*Candlewick.* Well, I don't wish I were you—going to school and to work. Not I! Boobyland, for me! Boobyland where every day is a holiday. But, hark! Here comes the coach. Hark! [*Both*

*boys listen.*] Yes, yes; it is the coach! Come on, Pinocchio, don't be a fool! Come along to Boobyland.

*Pinocchio.* [*Dancing around the stage.*] Yes, yes, I will go. No school for me! Boobyland! boobyland! [*Both rush off the stage.*]

*Curtain falls.*

### SCENE XIII

[*Curtain rises revealing Pinocchio feeling his ears.*]

*Pinocchio.* Seems to me my ears have grown since I have been here in Boobyland. They used to be very small; I will look in the glass and see. [*Looks; bursts into crying.*] O, my ears; my ears! [*Comes to the front of the stage and shows tall, donkeylike ears which have been made from paper and wired to make them stand erect. As the audience is sure to laugh just here, Pinocchio must keep up his crying until the audience begins to grow quiet. Enter child in nurse's costume.*] O, nurse, tell me; can you take my pulse? Can you look at my tongue? Can you tell if I am sick?

*Nurse.* O, yes; let me look at your tongue first. [*Pinocchio runs out his tongue.*] A pretty sick-looking tongue, Pinocchio. Now let me feel your

pulse. *Pinocchio extends his wrist. Nurse counts.*] One, two, three, four, five, six. Yes, Pinocchio, you are a sick boy. You have the fever that all boys get sooner or later in Boobyland.

*Pinocchio.* O dear, dear! I never was sick but once. I never took medicine but once. And I *hate* medicine.

*Nurse.* Don't worry, Pinocchio. We give no medicine here in Boobyland. And besides your fever is now past curing.

*Pinocchio.* And shall I always have it? Shall I always be sick? What kind of a fever have I, anyway?

*Nurse.* I am sorry to say, Pinocchio, that you have the *donkey fever*. Haven't you noticed how many donkeys there are in Boobyland? All the donkeys were once boys like you.

*Pinocchio.* [*Dancing and yelling with fright.*] O nurse, nurse! Do you mean that I am turning into a donkey? O, save me, save me! Nurse save me!

*Nurse.* I am sorry, Pinocchio; but I can't save you.

[*Exit Nurse. A rapping at the door.*]

*Pinocchio.* Goodness! Who is that! Let me put something over my head to cover my ears.

[Covers his head and opens door. Enter Candlewick with his head also covered.] O, good morning, Candlewick. Come in. How do you do this morning?

*Candlewick.* I am very well, I thank you.

*Pinocchio.* But why do you keep your head tied up in a towel?

*Candlewick.* Because I hurt my knee yesterday playing golf. But why do you keep *yours* covered?

*Pinocchio.* Because I hurt my toe playing croquet.

[Both boys sit down and stare at each other in silence.]

*Pinocchio.* Tell me, Candlewick, did you ever have any trouble with your ears?

*Candlewick.* Well, no-o; but, this morning, I confess one of my ears aches a little.

*Pinocchio.* One of my ears pains me a little, too.

*Candlewick.* Which ear is it?

*Pinocchio.* Well, to tell the truth, both pain me.

*Candlewick.* Both *my* ears are aching also.

*Pinocchio.* We have caught some ear disease, I fear.

*Candlewick.* Do you think we have the same fever?

*Pinocchio.* [Sadly.] I fear, I fear that we have.



BOTH BOYS HAVE DONKEY EARS.

Candlewick, listen to me. Let me see your ears.

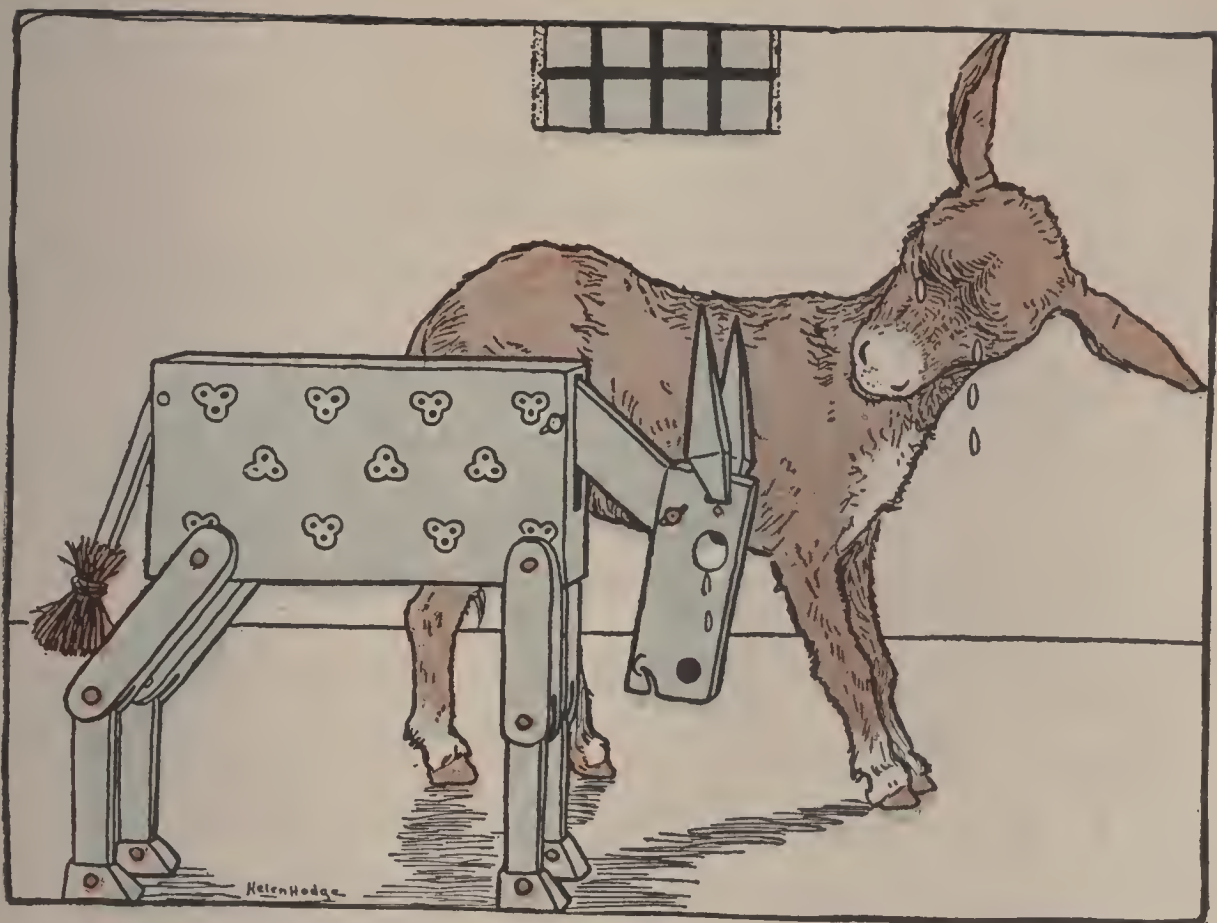
*Candlewick.* No, no, no! [*Holds towel tightly.*] Let me see *your* ears.

*Pinocchio.* [*Holding towel tightly.*] O, no, no! No, no!

*Candlewick.* Yours first, then mine.

*Pinocchio.* No; let us lift the towels at the same time. Ready now. When I say three. One, two—*th-r-r-ee!* [*Towels both lifted showing that both boys have donkey ears. Both boys stare in horror*





THEY BEGIN TO BOO—HOO—HOO!

*at each other for a few seconds. Then they begin to laugh, holding their sides. Pinocchio and Candlewick begin to fall down.]*

*Candlewick.* Help me, Pinocchio. I can't keep up on my feet.

*Pinocchio.* Neither can I, Candlewick. What is the matter with us! [*They begin to race around the stage on all fours. They crawl under a covered table or behind some piece of furniture and emerge with donkey masks on their faces. They stare at each other.*]

*Pinocchio.* O, Candlewick!

*Candlewick.* O, Pinocchio!

[*Both begin to boo—hoo—hoo!*]

*Pinocchio.* [Coming on all fours to the front of the stage.] Bray! bray! bray!

*Candlewick.* [By Pinocchio's side.] Bray! bray! bray!

*Both.* Bray! bray! bray!

[*Enter circus manager, whip in hand.*]

*Circus Manager.* Ho, ho, ho! Two fine donkeys! Ho, ho, ho! I'll train them for the circus. Now then! [*Snaps whip.*] Now then; up and on your hind legs! [*Snaps whip.*] Now then; down on four feet! Ho, ho, ho! You make fine donkeys. Foolish boys always make fine donkeys! Let me hear you say your a, b, c's. [*Snaps whip.*]

*Both.* Bray! bray! bray!

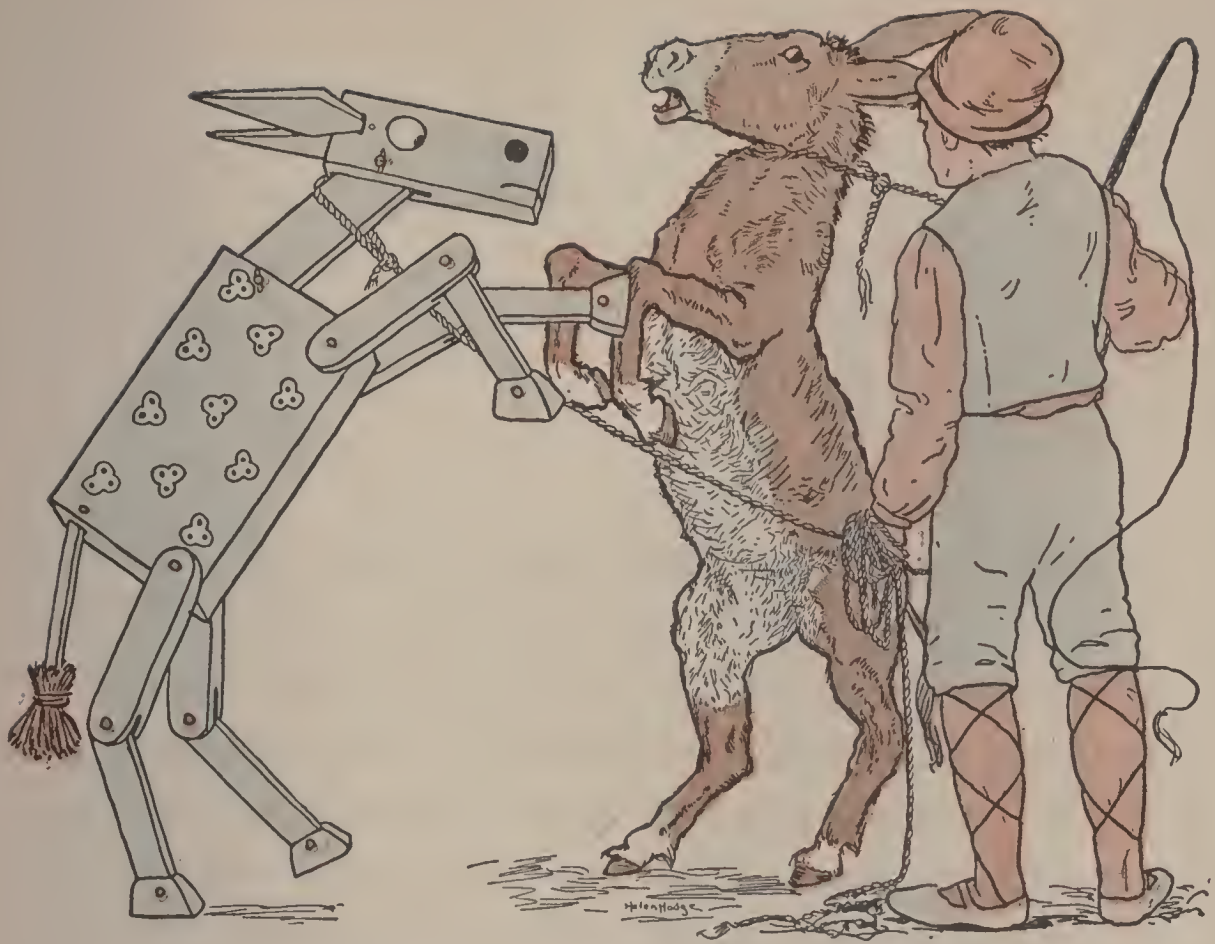
*Circus Manager.* Ho, ho, ho! Now let me hear you say your three table. [*Snaps whip.*]

*Both.* Bray! bray! bray!

*Circus Manager.* Good! Now your four table. [*Snaps whip.*]

*Both.* Bray! bray! bray! bray!

*Circus Manager.* Good! Now away with you to the circus tent. [*Snaps whip.*] Away with you!



I'LL TRAIN THEM FOR THE CIRCUS

Away with you, I say. [*Follows the braying donkeys off the stage.*]

*Curtain falls.*

THE END.

[*If recalled, the two donkeys come in, hand in hand. Masks still on and bow and bray three times.*]

*Curtain falls.*

*NOTE: In the original story, Pinocchio developed through the Fairy's aid into a good boy; we have chosen, however, to close the playlet with the Donkey scene, since that is the most dramatic and since this comic ending amuses the child. To those who fear that the moral lesson is lost by thus curtailing the original story we would say children learn quite as much of the ethical world through contrast as through fact. As adults, we are apt in story or play writing to leave too little to the child's imagination. We fail, too, to appreciate the child's capacity for drawing conclusions.]*

## WORDS.

### *Scene I*

re quires  
car pen ter  
at tire  
plane  
pre pares  
ex am ines  
care ful ly  
judge  
sharp en  
spir it  
per son at ed  
screen  
don key  
con tin ues  
tick le  
ter ror  
gra cious!  
non sense  
vig or ous ly  
seizes  
strick en  
man ip u lat ed  
e rect

heart i ly  
po si tion  
Gep pet to  
bush y  
Mas ter  
Cher ry  
ser vants  
con ver sa tion  
stealth i ly  
fa vor  
mar i o nette  
ex hib it ing  
carv ing  
de cid ed  
dif fi cult y  
pro duced  
wel come  
re mark a ble  
sur prise  
slip per y  
heav y  
wrig gles

## *Scene II*

per son i fy  
Pin oc chio  
pre tend ing  
should ers  
clown  
mask  
re veal ing  
sprawl ing  
pro ject ing

stiff ly  
crit i cal ly  
vis i ble  
tongue  
hor ror  
con tin ues  
gib ber ing  
au di ence  
an tics

## *Scene III*

a lert  
cri sis  
wood en  
crick et  
pup pet  
un grate ful  
pris on  
cow ard ly  
ex plained  
dis a gree a ble  
ad vice  
dis o bey  
fore warn  
ham mer

least  
vag a bond  
ig no rant  
con ceit ed  
talk a tive  
hate ful  
un com fort a ble  
gnaw ing  
clos et  
cor ner  
par ents  
de ject ed ly  
moan ing

*Scene IV*

mis er a ble  
wick ed  
stu pid  
aw ful  
de vours

rap id ly  
cores  
pears  
pret ty

*Scene V*

be lieve  
com fort  
em brace  
sup pose  
crumbs  
tas seled  
ad mir ing

re mem ber  
gen tle man  
clothes  
mis chief  
waste ful  
hur ried  
dis o bey

*Scene VI*

mus ic  
pleas ant  
cir cus  
ex hi bi tion  
ex cept

jack et  
vend er  
ad mis sion  
pen nies

*Scene VII*

pre tends  
shiv er ing  
fault

tick et  
un der stand  
pris on er

per form  
pock et  
a mused  
dou ble

re main  
ber ries  
shuf fle  
es cape

*Scene VIII*

mag ic  
gar den  
inn

ex it  
journ ey  
for est

*Scene IX*

ac count  
eas i ly  
o ver take  
straight  
ghost  
in crease  
ten fold  
twen ty fold  
de ceived  
cheats  
stu pid  
re pent  
pre serve  
heav en  
of fered  
whis per

fig ures  
mon ey  
strug gling  
emp ty  
fi nal ly  
vil lain  
lev el  
sur round  
de scend  
sup port  
re moves  
sym pa thy  
doc tor  
gro tesque  
be lief  
a gree



sign  
bel low  
a live  
med i cine  
whin ing  
bit ter  
su gar  
black robed  
per sons  
shriek ing  
stub born  
coax  
vis it ed  
cir cus  
en trance  
fee  
hes i tat ing ly  
be gin ning  
en ter  
wretch  
grat i tude  
in ter rupt  
seized

se vere ly  
in crease  
hun dred fold  
hur ry ing  
at tacked  
dread ful  
warned  
res i dence  
in no cent  
de ter mined  
sense  
length en ing  
li ar  
mu ci lage  
sur face  
firm ly  
fran tic al ly  
hon est  
watch  
wand  
mag ic  
ig no rant

*Scene X*

oc cas ion  
op por tu ni ty

mis tak en  
ar gu ing

bur y  
sprouts  
dis cov ers  
bur ied  
ex tend ed  
an gri ly  
par rot  
sim ple ton

po lice man  
breath less  
yield  
com plete ly  
de ceived  
as so ci a ted  
pris on  
shoul ders

*Scene XI*

hon est  
jus tice  
chief  
im pris oned  
fi nal ly  
re leased  
stretched  
ser pent  
rue ful ly  
per mis sion  
ken nel  
col lar

pout ing  
con sid ered  
o be di ent  
vag a bond  
groans  
earn  
ang ri ly  
laz i ness  
suf fer ing  
don key  
prom ise

*Scene XII*

sev er al  
cuck-oo!  
sneer ing  
Can dle wick

Boob y  
peo ple  
coach

*Scene XIII*

wired  
e rect  
au di ence  
cos tume  
tongue  
pulse  
fev er  
wor ry  
no ticed  
tow el  
golf  
si lence  
trou ble

con fess  
aches  
dis ease  
tight ly  
hor ror  
sec onds  
crawl  
cov ered  
furn i ture  
bray!  
man a ger  
cro quet





DEC 26 1911

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

DEC 26 1977

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 033 261 035 1

