

LUX Radio Theater

“Pinocchio”

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Transcribed by Ben Dooley for “Those Thrilling Days of Yesteryear” old time radio recreations. www.ttdyradio.com

CAST:

Announcer (Melville Ruick) - Evan
 Cecil B. deMille - Don
 Jiminy Cricket- Ben
 Geppetto- Lars
 Figaro- Aimee
 Cuckoo Clock
 Blue Fairy-Julie
 Pinocchio- Pam
 “Honest” John- John Corona
 Gideon- Aaron
 Girl- Aimee
 Boy- John
 Peg- Julie
 John (Husband)- Aaron
 Sally- Joy
 Stromboli- John Gould
 Coachman-Don
 Lampwick- Evan
 Alexander- Joy
 Donkey -
 Barker #1- Aaron
 Barker #2- John Gould
 Libby Collins- Joy
 Monstro-

SFX:

Footsteps
 Picking up wooden puppet
 Wood Crash
 Door open/close/ knock
 Window Open
 Splash water on face
 Pinocchio walking/ running/ dancing/ falling
 (wood)
 Unwrapping presents
 Train sounds
 Doll Saying “Ma-ma”
 Coins dropping
 Pinocchio thrown into wooden cage. Door shut.
 Rattling cage and lock
 Whip
 Horse & cart move
 Raining
 Wagon stops
 BOING (nose growing)
 Lock opens & door swings open
 Shooting pool
 Opening letter
 Ocean waves
 Water pouring in. Waves.
 Water splashing around.
 Fire crackling
 Wind blowing
 Raft crashing against the rocks

ANNOUNCER: Lux... presents, Hollywood.

MUSIC: “Lux Theme”

ANNOUNCER: (*OVER MUSIC*) The Lux Radio Theater brings you the new Walt Disney feature, “Pinocchio”. Ladies and gentlemen, your producer, Mr. Cecil B. deMille

MUSIC: Ends

APPLAUSE

DEMILLE: Greetings, from Hollywood, ladies and gentlemen. This is a night that weaves a spell over the world—a time of reverence and rejoicing. Of family reunions and storytelling by the fire. On this enchanted night, we can all believe implicitly in stories like Pinocchio. Walt Disney transformed this old children’s classic into a modern classic of the screen, giving new life to the little people. You met him at our microphone last year when we presented “Snow White and the Seven Dwarves”. This year, his chair is empty. But, he has sent us “Pinocchio”. Walt is busy getting “Pinocchio” ready for its national screen release through RKO in February. And besides, Mr. Disney’s moving into a fine new studio in Burbank—the house that Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, and Snow White built. Tonight we introduce his latest characters, for the first time, in the house that Lux built. In the two years of work on Pinocchio, 500 artists made about two million drawings of such likable people as Pinocchio himself, Jiminy Cricket, the Blue Fairy, and old Geppetto, the woodcarver. The Blue Fairy accomplishes some very wonderful things in Pinocchio. And she ought to feel right at home here. Because Lux flakes, too, has quite a reputation as the doer of good deeds. They’re the kind of good deeds that make life easier in your household, when Lux flakes plays the good fairy to our feminine listeners. I feel we can make you see the beautiful color of the Disney picture, as we bring you the story and spirit of Pinocchio. It’s the spirit of all small boys, who’d rather look for adventure than go to school. Now just put yourself in the place of Geppetto, the woodcarver. Suppose you had made a puppet, a little wooden boy. And then all of the sudden, the puppet began to talk and move about like a real boy. (*LAUGHS*) I believe you’d be ready for almost anything to happen. And that’s the best frame of mind I can suggest for you now, as the Lux Radio Theater curtain goes up on Act I of Walt Disney’s, “Pinocchio”.

MUSIC:

DEMILLE: (*OVER MUSIC*) Christmas night. Dinner is over. And you’re settled comfortably in your favorite chair beside the fireplace, gazing dreamily into the flames. You’re relaxing for the first time today. And you’ve made a solemn resolution that nothing shall move you from this place for at least three hours. You won’t be surprised, if, at a time like this, that burnt ember on the hearth, should move a little and sit up. For you’ve just noticed that it isn’t an ember at all. It’s a cricket. And not an ordinary cricket, either. He wears a beaver hat, and a long, green, cutaway coat. And in his hand, he carries a furled

umbrella. He sits looking at you out of his large, rather mournful eyes. And then, just as if it were the most natural thing in the world, he begins to sing.

JIMINY: (*SINGING*) If your heart is in your dreams

No request is too extreme

When you wish upon a star

Your dreams come true

(MUSIC ENDS)

(*CONTINUES SPEAKING*) I'll bet a lot of you folks don't believe that... about a wish coming true... do you. Well, I didn't, either. But of course, I'm just a cricket singing my way from hearth to hearth. But let me tell you what made me change my mind. (MUSIC CONTINUES) One night a long time ago, my travels took me to a quaint little village. It was a beautiful night. The stars were shining like diamonds high above the roofs of that sleepy old town. Pretty as a picture. As I wandered along the crooked streets, there wasn't a soul to be seen. The only sign of life was a lighted window in the shop of a woodcarver named Geppetto. So, I hopped over, and looked in.

MUSIC: THREE HOPPING SOUNDS

JIMINY: Inside, there was a nice cheerful fire burning. Kind of a shame to see it going to waste. So what do I do? I go in.

MUSIC: HOPPING SOUND

JIMINY: Well sir, you never saw such a place. The most fantastic clocks you ever laid your eyes on, and all carved out of wood.

MUSIC: MUSIC BOX

JIMINY: And cute, little music boxes, each one a work of art. And shelf after shelf of toys and then something else caught my eye. Sitting up there on the worktable was a puppet. You know... one of those marionette things—all strings and joints. Cute little feller, he was, too. All dressed up just like a real boy. But just then, I heard a noise.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

JIMINY: It was the old woodcarver, Geppetto, and his cat, Figaro. I jumped behind a clock, just as Mr. Geppetto came over and picked up the puppet.

SOUND: PICKING UP WOODEN PUPPET

GEPETTO: Well, now. It won't take much longer. Just a little more paint, and he's all finished. I think he'll be alright, don't you, Figaro?

FIGARO: Meow.

GEPETTO: Sure, I paint a smile on his face. See? There, that makes big difference. (*LAUGHS*) Now, I have just the name for him... Pinocchio! Do you like it, Figaro?

FIGARO: MEOW.

GEPETTO: No? Well, we'll leave it to little wooden head. Do *you* like it, wooden head? That settles it! Pinocchio it is! Come on, now! We'll try you out. Music, Professor!

MUSIC: (MUSIC BOX)

JIMINY: Well sir, was I surprised. Every music box in the place began to play. And Geppetto made the puppet dance. Quite a sight, yes sir.

MUSIC: "Little Wooden Head."

GEPETTO: (*SINGING*) Little wooden head, go play your part.

Bring a little joy to every heart.
Little do you know, and yet it's true,
That I'm mighty proud of you.
Little wooden feet and best of all,
Little wooden seat in case you fall,

SOUND: WOOD CRASH

(*LAUGHS*)

My little wooden head

(*SPEAKS*) Ah, you are a cute little fella. And that smile. Well, it must be getting late. I wonder what time it is.

SOUND: SMALL DOOR OPENS

CUCKOO: *Coo-Coo* Ten O'clock sharp. *Coo-Coo*

SOUND: SMALL DOOR CLOSES

GEPETTO: Ten O'clock. Uh-oh. Come on. We'll go to bed. Good night, Pinocchio, little funny face. (*FILLED WITH DELIGHT*) Look at him, Figaro. He almost looks alive. Wouldn't it be nice if he was a real boy? (*STARTING TO YAWN*)

FIGARO: Meow.

GEPPETTO: Oh, well. Come on now. We go to sleep. Oh, Figaro, I forgot to open the window. Would you do it?

FIGARO: Meow. Meow-meow.

GEPPETTO: Thank you Figaro.

SOUND: WINDOW SLIDING OPEN

GEPPETTO: Oh. Figaro! Look up there in the sky! See? The wishing star! Starlight, star bright, first star I see tonight. I wish I may, I wish I might, have the wish I make tonight. Figaro, you know what I wish?

FIGARO: Meow?

GEPPETTO: (*YAWNING*) I wish that my little Pinocchio might be a real boy. (*CHUCKLING*) Wouldn't that be nice? Just think! (*YAWNING*) A real boy!

JIMINY: A very lovely thought... but not at all practical. And with that, the old woodcarver turned and went to sleep. Well, it was a nice night for it so I decided to do the same.

MUSIC: MYSTICAL BLUE FAIRY MUSIC

JIMINY: But just as I got settled in a comfortable position, the room was suddenly filled with starlight. Yes sir. Starlight. And it came right down in a long beam straight from that wishing star. And coming down along that beam, as I live and breathe, was a fairy! Yes sir! A beautiful Blue fairy.

MUSIC: "Wish Upon A Star"

BLUE FAIRY: (*SINGING*) When you wish upon star,

Shining brightly from afar,

Anything your heart desires

Will come to you.

(*SPEAKING*) Good Geppetto, you have given so much happiness to others, you deserve to have your wish come true. Little puppet made of pine... awake. The gift of life is thine.

SOUND: WOOD

JIMINY: What they can't do these days.

PINOCCHIO: Why, I can move! I can talk! And... and I can walk!

BLUE FAIRY: Yes, Pinocchio. I've given you life.

PINOCCHIO: Why?

BLUE FAIRY: Because tonight Geppetto wished for a real boy.

PINOCCHIO: Am I a real boy?

BLUE FAIRY: No, Pinocchio. To make Geppetto's wish come true will be entirely up to you.

PINOCCHIO: Up to me?

BLUE FAIRY: Prove yourself brave, truthful, and unselfish, and someday you will be a real boy.

PINOCCHIO: A real boy!

JIMINY: That won't be easy.

BLUE FAIRY: But you must learn to choose between right and wrong.

PINOCCHIO: Right and wrong? But...But how will I know?

JIMINY: How will he know?

BLUE FAIRY: Your conscience will tell you.

PINOCCHIO: What are conscience?

JIMINY: Huh! Con... Consci... What are conscience? I'll tell ya! A conscience is that still, small voice that people won't listen to. That's just the trouble with the world today. You see, I--

PINOCCHIO: Are you my conscience?

JIMINY: Who, me?

BLUE FAIRY: Would you like to be Pinocchio's conscience?

JIMINY: Well, b... I... I... (*CHUCKLES AWKWARDLY*) Uh-huh.

BLUE FAIRY: Very well. What is your name?

JIMINY: Oh, uh... Cricket's the name. Jiminy Cricket.

BLUE FAIRY: Kneel, Mr. Cricket.

JIMINY: Oh, uh... be a little careful with that wand, now. Easy does it, Milady.

MUSIC:

BLUE FAIRY: I dub you Pinocchio's conscience, Lord High Keeper of the knowledge of right and wrong, counselor in moments of temptation, and guide along the straight and narrow path. Arise, Sir Jiminy Cricket.

JIMINY: Uh? (*CHUCKLING*) Oh? Oh! Look at my clothes. All brand new. Say, that's pretty swell! But... uh, don't I get a badge or somethin'?

BLUE FAIRY: We'll see.

JIMINY: You mean... maybe I will?

BLUE FAIRY: I shouldn't wonder.

JIMINY: Make it a gold one?

BLUE FAIRY: Perhaps. But I must go now. Remember, Pinocchio, be a good boy. And always let your conscience be your guide. Goodbye.

MUSIC: BLUE FAIRY LEAVES

JIMINY: Goodbye, milady.

PINOCCHIO: Goodbye!

JIMINY: Well, Pinoke...(*CLEARs THROAT*) Uh, maybe you and I had better have a little heart-to-heart talk.

PINOCCHIO: Why?

JIMINY: Well, you want to be a real boy, don't you?

PINOCCHIO: Uh-huh.

JIMINY: Alright. Sit down, son. Now, you see, the world is full of temptations.

PINOCCHIO: Temptations?

JIMINY: Yes... temptations. You see, they're the wrong things that seem right at the time. But, uh... even though the right things may seem wrong sometimes, uh... sometimes the wrong things... uh, may be right... at the wrong time or... or vice versa. Understand?

PINOCCHIO: Uh-huh. But I'm gonna do right!

JIMINY: Attaboy, Pinoke. And I'm gonna help you. And anytime you need me, you know, just whistle, like this. (*WHISTLES*)

PINOCCHIO: Like this? (*BREATHY WHISTLE*)

JIMINY: No, no. Try it again, Pinoke.

PINOCCHIO: Like this? (*BREATHY WHISTLE*)

JIMINY: No, son. Now, listen. (*WHISTLES THREE TIMES*)

PINOCCHIO: (*WHISTLES BREATHY TWICE. CLEAR THE THIRD TIME*)

JIMINY: That's it!

MUSIC: "GIVE A LITTLE WHISTLE"

JIMINY: (*SINGING*) When you get in trouble and you don't know right from wrong,

Give a little whistle. (*WHISTLE*)

Give a little whistle. (*WHISTLE*)

When you meet temptation and the urge is very strong,
Give a little whistle. (WHISTLE)
Give a little whistle. (WHISTLE)
Not just a little squeak,
Pucker up and blow.
And if your whistle's weak, yell

PINOCCHIO: Jiminy Cricket?

JIMINY: Right!

Take the straight and narrow path and if you start to slide,
Give a little whistle. (*WHISTLE*)
Give a little whistle. (*WHISTLE*)
And always let your conscience be your guide.
Ho, ho!

JIMINY CRICKET and PINOCCHIO: And always let your conscience be your
guide

SOUND: PINOCCHIO DANCING

JIMINY: Look out, Pinoke! Don't dance on the table, you'll fall off. You'll...

SOUND: WOODEN FALLING

JIMINY: Oh, I knew it. I knew it.

GEPPETTO: (*CALLING*) Who's there?!

PINOCCHIO: It's me!

GEPPETTO: Figaro. There's somebody in here. (*CALLING*) Whoever you are,
where are you?

PINOCCHIO: Here I am!

GEPPETTO: (*APPROACHING*) Oh. Pinocchio. How did you get down on the
floor?

PINOCCHIO: I fell down.

GEPPETTO: Oh, you did, yo...? Oh! You are talking!

PINOCCHIO: Uh-huh.

GEPPETTO: No, no, no, no!

PINOCCHIO: Yes! And I can move, too!

GEPPETTO: No, no, no, no, nooo, no! You... You can't! I'm dreaming in my sleep! Where's water. A pail of water. That will wake me up!

SOUND: SPLASH

MUSIC: "Little Wooden Head"

GEPPETTO: (*SHIVVERING*) Now we see who is dreaming. Go on... say something.

PINOCCHIO: (*LAUGHING*) Gee, you're funny. Do it again!

GEPPETTO: You do talk!

PINOCCHIO: Yes! The blue fairy came...

GEPPETTO: The blue fairy?

PINOCCHIO: Uh, huh. And I got a conscience!

GEPPETTO: A conscience?

PINOCCHIO: And someday, I'm gonna be a real boy!

GEPPETTO: A real boy! It's my wish! It's come true! Figaro, look! He's alive! He can talk! Say hello to Figaro.

PINOCCHIO: Hello to Figaro.

FIGARO: Meow.

GEPPETTO: See? Didn't I tell you? Isn't he smart? Oh, my little wooden head. My little Pinocchio. We'll make you very, very happy here, for you are what I always wanted in life. Come on now. it's late. You must close your eye and go to sleep.

PINOCCHIO: Why?

GEPPETTO: Oh, everybody has to sleep. Figaro goes to sleep, and...

FIGARO: (*YAWNING*)

GEPPETTO: ...and I go to sleep. And besides, tomorrow you've got to go to school.

PINOCCHIO: Why?

GEPPETTO: Oh, to learn things and get smart.

PINOCCHIO: Why?

GEPPETTO: Oh, because.

PINOCCHIO: Oh.

GEPPETTO: Goodnight, Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO: Goodnight.

GEPPETTO: And maybe... maybe someday, you'll call me, "father," huh?

PINOCCHIO: Sure. Goodnight... father.

GEPPETTO: Oh, that's fine. (*YAWNING*) That's fine. Goodnight, son.

MUSIC: Ends.

(NEW SCENE)

SOUND: CHILDREN COMMOTION

PINOCCHIO: Oh, look, Father! Look!

GEPPETTO: Now, wait. Stand still, now, while I put on your coat.

PINOCCHIO: What are those down the street?

GEPPETTO: Oh, those. They are your schoolmates... girls and boys.

PINOCCHIO: Real boys?

GEPPETTO: Of course. They're going to school. Now, here's an apple for your teacher. And you are ready to go. Now, run along.

PINOCCHIO: Goodbye, Father!

GEPPETTO: Goodbye, son!

SOUND: CHILDREN FADE

MUSIC: (PLAYS UNDER)

JIMINY: Well sir, there he went, off to school. And where was I while this was going on? Folks, I'm ashamed to tell you. I was asleep. A fine conscience I turned out to be. I should have been right with him. You see, I'd heard about a couple of bad characters around that town—one fellow by the name of "Honest" John, and say, was he a bad one. He was as sharp as a fox. Yes sir. Looked like a fox, too. Kind of a long face like a fox and... say, come to think of it, I guess he was a fox. And, well you see this "Honest" John had a stooge by the name of Gideon, a dumb alley cat. And between the two of them, they were a pretty tricky pair. Well, when I thought about them that morning, I tell you I just shivered all over. Imagine, innocent little Pinocchio on his way to school, with "Honest" John and Gideon roaming the streets. (FADE OUT)

SOUND: CHILDREN PLAYING

HONEST JOHN: Ah, Gideon, my boy, listen. The merry laughter of children wending their way to school.

GIDEON: (*GOOFY LAUGH*)

HONEST JOHN: Thirsty little minds rushing to the fountain of knowledge.
(*LAUGHS*) Ah, school... a noble institution. What would this stupid world be without school?

GIDEON: (*GOOFY LAUGH*)

HONEST JOHN: Well, well, well! Gideon, look at that billboard. “Stromboli and His Marionettes.” So that old rascal's back in town, eh?
(*LAUGHS*) Remember, Giddy, the time I tied strings on you and passed you off as a puppet?

GIDEON: (*GOOFY LAUGH*)

HONEST JOHN: We nearly put one over on that old gypsy that time, eh.

SOUND: WOODEN CLANKING

PINOCCHIO: Morning.

HONEST JOHN: Ah, good morning. Good morning. Well, look at that, Gideon. A little wooden boy. (*LAUGHS*) Now, whoever heard of a wooden boy? A live puppet without strings. (*LAUGHS. THEN STOPS SUDDENLY*) Gideon. Look. It's amazing. A live puppet without strings. Why, a thing like that ought to be worth a fortune to someone. But who? Now, let me see... I know... Stromboli! Why, that fat, old faker would give his eyeteeth... Listen, Giddy! If we play our cards right, we'll be on Easy Street, or my name isn't “Honest” John. Quick! After that boy.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING

GIDEON: (*GOOFY LAUGH*)

HONEST JOHN: *Whew* Hear, hear stupid, put that mallet away. Don't be crude. Let me handle this. (*TO PINOCCHIO*) Ah, my little toddler. Well, permit me to introduce myself. J. Worthington Fowlfellow. A fine day, isn't it?

PINOCCHIO: Yes sir.

HONEST JOHN: Well, well, well. Quite the scholar, I see. Look at his books, Giddy. A man of letters.

PINOCCHIO: I'm going to school.

HONEST JOHN: School? Oh yes. Then you, uh... you haven't heard of the easy road to success.

PINOCCHIO: Uh-uh.

HONEST JOHN: No? I'm speaking, my boy, of the theatre! Bright lights! Music! Applause! Fame!

PINOCCHIO: Fame?

HONEST JOHN: Yes! And with that personality, that profile, that physique, why, he's a natural-born actor, eh, Giddy?

GIDEON: (*GOOFY LAUGH*)

PINOCCHIO: But I'm going...

HONEST JOHN: Straight to the top. Why, I can see your name in lights... lights six feet high... What is your name?

PINOCCHIO: Pinocchio.

HONEST JOHN: Pinocchio! P-i-n-u... p-i-n-o...u-o... heh, heh. But, we're wasting precious time. Come. On to the theatre!

MUSIC: "An Actor's Life For Me."

HONEST JOHN: (*SINGING*) Hi-diddley-dee! An actor's life for me

A high silk hat and a silver cane

A watch of gold with a diamond chain

Hi-diddly-day! An actor's life is gay

It's great to be a celebrity

(FADE OUT)

Hi-diddley-dee! An actor's life for me

MUSIC: CONTINUES

JIMINY: That's when I finally caught up to him. The three of them, arm in arm, walking down the street. Just as they were passing by, I grabbed Pinoke and pilled him behind a tree. (*TO PINOCCHIO*) *Pssst* Pinoke. It's me. Jiminy Cricket.

PINOCCHIO: Oh, hello Jiminy!

MUSIC STOPS

HONEST JOHN: (*FROM OFF*) Where'd he go?

JIMINY: (*HUSHING*) Quiet, Pinoke. Now, quiet.

HONEST JOHN: Pinocchio? Hoo-hoo! (*HE CONTINUES TO CALL OUT*)

JIMINY: Don't answer him. Now, listen.

HONEST JOHN: Pinocchio! Here, boy!

PINOCCHIO: But Jiminy, I'm going to be an actor.

JIMINY: All right, son. Take it easy, now. Remember what I said about temptation?

HONEST JOHN: Yoo-hoo!

PINOCCHIO: Uh, huh.

JIMINY: Well, that's him. That feller there.

PINOCCHIO: Oh, no, Jiminy! That's Mr. "Honest" John.

JIMINY: "Honest" John? Alright, then. Here's what we'll tell 'em... you can't go to the theatre. Say thank you just the same. You're sorry, but you've got to go to school.

PINOCCHIO: Uh-huh. All right.

HONEST JOHN: Yoo-hoo!

JIMINY: Atta boy. Here they come, Pinoke. Now, you tell 'em.

HONEST JOHN: (*APPROACHING*) Oh, little boy... Hoo-hoo! Pinocchio!
Hoo... Oh! Well, well, there you are! Well, now let me see. Where were we? Ah yes. On to the theatre!

PINOCCHIO: Ok. Goodbye, Jiminy! Goodbye!

JIMINY: Goodbye? Huh?! Goodbye? Hey, wait a minute! (*CHASING AFTER*)
Pinoke! Hey, come back! Wait a minute! Pinoke!

MUSIC: "Hi-Diddly-Dee"

PINOCCHIO and HONEST JOHN: Hi-diddly-dee! An actor's life for me

HONEST JOHN: A wax mustache and beaver coat

PINOCCHIO and "Honest" JOHN: Hi-diddly-dum! An actor's life is fun

HONEST JOHN: You wear your hair in a pompadour

You ride around in a coach of four,

You stop and buy out a candy store, (*PAUSE FOR BREATH*)

An actor's life for me! (*LAUGHS*)

MUSIC: ENDS

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: In just a moment, Mr. deMille brings you Act II of Pinocchio. In a charming home out in Westwood Park this morning, a very pretty scene took place. The sun was pouring through the long broad windows of a pleasant living room. Lighting up the Christmas tree and it's wealth of packages, a family was gathered around—John and Peg, and their two small children—eagerly opening presents. (*FADE OUT*)

(*FADE IN*)

SOUND: FAMILY COMMOTION and UNWRAPPING PRESENTS

GIRL: Oh, Mommy, look.

BOY: (*EXCITED*) I got a choo-choo! I got a choo-choo!

SOUND: TRAIN ENGINE

GIRL: Look Mommy, my doll's can say "ma-ma"

SOUND: DOLL SAYING "Ma-ma"

PEG: Children, children. Not quite so much noise.

GIRL: Any more presents? Any more presents?

JOHN: There's just one more, and it's for mother. Here you are, Peg.

PEG: Thank you, John.

GIRL: Oh, mommy, open it please.

BOY: What is it? What is it?

GIRL: Look at the box. I bet it's a ring.

PEG: It is. Oh, John, you angel.

GIRL: (*CLAPPING*) A beautiful pearl ring. Read the card, mommy.

PEG: "For the lovely hand of the loveliest woman I know." John darling, I think
I'm going to kiss you.

PEG AND CHILDREN LAUGH

PEG: But you really shouldn't have done it, dear.

JOHN: Well, then you really shouldn't have such beautiful hands, sweetheart.
They ask for jewels.

PEG: And me, a staid old married woman.

JOHN: Ho, ho. Just a darling little homebody.

PEG: Who washes dishes every day.

ANNOUNCER: Now that, Sally, was a homey loving scene that might happen
anywhere.

SALLY: You know, Mr. Ruick, I don't believe there's anything that touches a
woman quite so much as knowing her husband adores her. His love is
so precious.

ANNOUNCER: And made up of so many little things, Sally.

SALLY: Yes. Her hands, for instance. In a way, the appearance of a woman's
hands doesn't seem important. But oh, how very important it really
is. One of the big little things that makes for happiness.

ANNOUNCER: And that's why Lux flakes are so important an item in the household. For Lux helps a woman do dishwashing and other soap and water tasks, and yet helps keep her hands looking dainty and feminine.

SALLY: You know, so few of us can afford maids. But that's no reason we should look like drudges¹. And Lux flakes enables us to do our own work—wash our own dishes—and yet help our hands stay attractive. And now, Mr. Ruick, I'd like to say to our audience, that I hope they've all had, and are having, a very happy Christmas.

ANNOUNCER: A wish, Sally, in which I join you. Now, our producer, Mr. deMille.

DEMILLE: Act Two of Pinocchio.

MUSIC: CONTINUES UNDER

DEMILLE: As we dream beside the fire, where the flames cast dancing patterns on the hearth, we wait politely for our friend the cricket to continue his story. He's paused to allow a large round tear to roll down his cricket face. But now he rouses himself, and pulling a red silk bandanna from his coattail pocket, he blows his cricket nose.

MUSIC: CONTINUES UNDER

JIMINY: (*BLOWING NOSE*) Well, it was my fault. I should have known better. Maybe if I'd been with Pinocchio, when he first met those two sharpies, I could have stopped it. But there he was, an actor in Stromboli's marionette show. I went to the show that night to see him.

MUSIC: (CONTINUES. SHIFTS INTO FESTIVAL MUSIC)

SOUND: A CROWD OF PEOPLE. CONTINUES

JIMINY: I hid in a tree near the wagon they used as a stage, and near the end of the performance, Stromboli came out.

MUSIC: CONCLUDES

CROWD CHEERS

STROMBOLI: Ladies and-a gentlemen, to conclude the performance of this great show, Stromboli the Master Showman... that's a-me. (*SPUTTERS ITALIAN*) ... and by special permission of de management... that's a-me, too (*MORE ITALIAN*) ... is presenting to you something you will absolutely refuse to believe. Introducing... the only marionette who

¹ drudge - A person who does tedious, menial, or unpleasant work.

can sing and dance absolutely without the aids of strings! I hope so.
(*MORE ITALIAN*) The only-and-one Pinocchio!

CROWD APPLAUDS

MUSIC: FANFARE

JIMINY: Hmph. What a buildup. Go ahead, Pinoke. Make a fool of yourself.
Then maybe you'll listen to your conscience.

MUSIC: "I GOT NO STRINGS"

PINOCCHIO: (*SINGS*) I've got no strings to hold me down

To make me fret or make me frown.

I had strings, but now I'm free.

There are no strings on me.

Heigh-ho the merry-o,

That's the only way to be.

I want the world to know nothing ever bothers me.

I've got no strings, so I have fun,

I'm not tied up to anyone.

They've got strings, but you can see

There are no strings on me

CROWS APPLAUDS

MUSIC: CONTINUES

SOUND: PINOCCHIO DANCING (WOOD BLOCKS)

JIMINY: Huh. Well. They like him. He's a success. Maybe I was wrong.
Well... I guess he won't need me anymore. What does an actor want
with a conscience anyway? Goodbye, Pinoke. Goodbye. (*FADES
OUT*) Goodbye.

(*FADE IN*)

STROMBOLI: (*SINGING*) I got-a no strings, but I got-a the brain

I buy a new-a suit and I swing-a the cane

I eat-a the best and I drink-a champagne

I got-a no strings on me

SOUND: COINS DROPPING

STROMBOLI: One hundred eighty-five. One hundred and ninety-five. Bravo, Pinocchio!

PINOCCHIO: They liked me, huh?

STROMBOLI: Oh, two hundred. You are sensational!

PINOCCHIO: You mean I'm good?

STROMBOLI: Three hundred! You are colossal!

PINOCCHIO: Does that mean I'm an actor?

STROMBOLI: Sure! I will push you in the public's eye! Your face... she will be on everybody's a-tongue!

PINOCCHIO: Will she?

STROMBOLI: What's this?! Counterfeit?! (*SPUTTERS ITALIAN. CATCHES HIS TIRADE.*) Oh, for you, my little Pinocchio. Here, I give it to you.

SOUND: DROPPING COIN

PINOCCHIO: Oh, for me? Gee, thanks! I'll run right home and tell my father.

STROMBOLI: Oh. Oh, yes. Sure. Going home to your father! (*LAUGHS*) That is a-very comical!

PINOCCHIO: I'll be back in the morning.

STROMBOLI: Come here. Be back in the morning?! Going home! (*LAUGHS*) There!

SOUND: PINOCCHIO IS THROWN INTO A WOODEN CAGE

STROMBOLI: *This* will be your home! This a-nice little cage, where I can find-a you always.

SOUND: WOODEN CAGE DOOR SHUTS

PINOCCHIO: No! No! No!

STROMBOLI: Yes! Yes! Yes! To me... you are belonging. We will tour the world. A-Paris... a-London... Monte Carlo... Constantinople!

PINOCCHIO: No! No!

STROMBOLI: Yes! We start tonight! You will make lots of money... for me! And when you are growing too old, you will make good firewood!

SOUND: CAGE RATTLING

PINOCCHIO: Let me out of here! I gotta get out! You can't keep me in here...

STROMBOLI: Quiet! Shut em up... before I knock a-you silly! Good night...
...my little wooden gold mine.

PINOCCHIO: No! No! Wait! Let me out! I'll tell my father!

STROMBOLI: (FROM OUTSIDE) Giddyap!

SOUND: WHIP

STROMBOLI: Get along, then!

SOUND: HORSE AND CART START MOVING

PINOCCHIO: Oh, Jiminy! Oh, Jiminy, where are you?! (*HE TRIES TO WHISTLE, BUT IT'S NOT ENOUGH*) Oh, Jiminy! Oh, Jiminy Cricket! (He starts sobbing)

SOUND: HORSE AND CART FADES OUT.

MUSIC:

JIMINY: Well, there I was, sitting by the roadside in the rain, when Stromboli's wagon passed by. And I felt pretty blue. I thought, Well, there he goes... sitting in the lap of luxury, the world at his feet. Oh, well, I can always say I knew him when. I'll just go out of his life quietly. I would like to wish him luck, though. Sure. Why not? (FADE OUT) I'll catch the wagon and clip under the door.

SOUND: HORSE AND WAGON WALKING ALONG. IT'S RAINING.

PINOCCHIO: (*CRYING*)

JIMINY: Pinocchio. Pinocchio. It's me... Ha. Your old friend Jiminy, remember?

PINOCCHIO: Jiminy! (*LAUGHS*) Oh, gee, Am I glad to see ya!

JIMINY: Hey. What are you doing in that cage? What did he do to you?

PINOCCHIO: Oh, he was mad! He said he was gonna push my face in everybody's eye!

JIMINY: Yeah?

PINOCCHIO: And... and just because I'm a goldbrick, he's gonna cut me into firewood!

SOUND: WAGON STOPS

JIMINY: Oh, is that so? Listen. He stopped the wagon. Now, don't you worry, son. I'll have you out of here in no time at all.

PINOCCHIO: But how can you? There's a great big lock on the cage.

JIMINY: Ha! What's a lock to a guy like me? Didn't you ever hear of pickin' 'em open? Jiminy Valentine, my friends call me. Course, I... I've never tried to make a living off of it.

SOUND: LOCK RATTLES

JIMINY: It's kinda rusty.

PINOCCHIO: You mean you can't open it?

JIMINY: I'm... I'm afraid not. Looks pretty hopeless. It'll take a miracle to get you out of that cage.

MUSIC: FAIRY MUSIC "WISH UPON A STAR"

JIMINY: Hey. Look up there, Pinoke. That star. See? It's the wishing star. And here comes the lady! The Blue Fairy!

PINOCCHIO: Oh, what will she say? What'll I tell her?

JIMINY: Well, you might tell her the truth. Quiet.

BLUE FAIRY: Why, Pinocchio...

PINOCCHIO: (*GIGGLING NERVOUSLY*) Hello.

BLUE FAIRY: And Sir Jiminy...

JIMINY: Well, this is a pleasant surprise. (*HE TRIES TO LAUGH IT OFF*)

BLUE FAIRY: Pinocchio, why didn't you go to school?

PINOCCHIO: School? Well, I...

JIMINY: Go ahead. Go ahead and tell her.

PINOCCHIO: Well... I *was* going to school... till I met somebody.

BLUE FAIRY: Met somebody?

PINOCCHIO: Yeah. (*MAKING IT UP*) Uh... two big monsters... with big, green eyes.

SOUND: BOING

JIMINY: Hey. Pinoke. What's happening to your nose?

BLUE FAIRY: Monsters? Weren't you afraid, Pinocchio?

PINOCCHIO: (*GETTING INTO HIS STORY NOW*) No, ma'am, but they tied me in a big sack.

SOUND: BOING

JIMINY: Pinoke! Your nose is growing!

BLUE FAIRY: So they tied you in a big sack. And where was Sir Jiminy?

PINOCCHIO: Jiminy? Uh... They put him in a little sack.

SOUND: BOING

JIMINY: But... but, Pinoke! I tell you, your nose is branching out like a tree.

BLUE FAIRY: And how did you escape?

PINOCCHIO: (*COMPLETELY ENTHRALLED WITH HIS OWN STORY*) I didn't.
They chopped me up into firewood!

SOUND: BOING

PINOCCHIO: Oh! Oh, look! My nose! What's happened?

JIMINY: Looks like a plum tree to me.

BLUE FAIRY: Perhaps you haven't been telling the truth, Pinocchio.

JIMINY: Perhaps?

PINOCCHIO: Oh, but I have. Every single word!

SOUND: BOING

PINOCCHIO: Oh! Oh! Please, please help me. I'm awfully sorry.

BLUE FAIRY: You see, Pinocchio, a lie keeps growing and growing until it's as plain as the nose on your face.

JIMINY: She's right, Pinoke. You better come clean.

PINOCCHIO: I'll never lie again... honest, I won't.

JIMINY: Please, Your Honour... I mean, Miss Fairy. Give him another chance... for my sake, will ya? Huh?

MUSIC: "Wish Upon A Star" plays in background

BLUE FAIRY: I'll forgive you this once, but remember, Pinocchio, a boy who won't be good might just as well be made of wood.

PINOCCHIO: I'll be good. I promise.

BLUE FAIRY: Very well. But this is the last time I can help you.

MUSIC: PINOCCHIO'S NOSE RETURNS TO NORMAL

SOUND: THE LOCK OPENS AND DOOR SWINGS OPEN

PINOCCHIO: Oh! I'm free! Oh, thank you.

MUSIC: BLUE FAIRY MUSIC ("WISH UPON A STAR")

BLUE FAIRY: Goodbye, Pinocchio. Goodbye, Sir Jiminy.

JIMINY: Goodbye!

PINOCCHIO: Goodbye! Oh, thank you!

JIMINY: Goodbye, Miss Fairy.

PINOCCHIO: Oh, jiminy! My nose!

JIMINY: Yeah, it's back to normal again. And you're free! Come on.

PINOCCHIO: I'm free! I'm free! Hooray!!

(FADE OUT)

(FADE IN)

MUSIC:

JIMINY: Yes sir. There we were, free as the air, and on our way back to Mr. Geppetto's.

MUSIC: CHANGES

JIMINY: But little did we know... little did we know that even then, new devilry was hatching. Down in a waterfront dive known as "The Red Lobster Inn", "Honest" John, and his crony, Gideon, sat drinking beer. With him was a companion, an evil faced, leering coachman.

HONEST JOHN: (*SINGING*) Hi-diddly-dee! An actor's life for me.

It's great to be a celebrity

An actor's life for me. (*LAUGHS*)

(*SPEAKING*) And the dummy fell for it, eh, Gideon?

GIDEON: (*LAUGHS*)

HONEST JOHN: And he still thinks we're his friends. (*LAUGHS*) And did Stromboli pay? Plenty. That shows you how low "Honest" John will stoop. Now, Coachman... what's your proposition?

COACHMAN: Well... How would you blokes like to make some real money? Like this, maybe!

SOUND: COINS DROP

HONEST JOHN: (*WHISTLES*) And who's throat do we have to... (*MAKE A COMICAL CUTTING THROAT SOUND*)

COACHMAN: No, no, no. Nothing like that. You see... I'm collecting stupid little boys.

HONEST JOHN: Stupid little boys?

COACHMAN: You know, the disobedient ones, what play hooky from school.

HONEST JOHN: Oh.

COACHMAN: And you see... listen. (*WHISPERS INTO "HONEST" JOHN'S EAR*)

HONEST JOHN: Oh.

COACHMAN: And I takes 'em to Pleasure Island.

HONEST JOHN: (*GETTING IT*) Oh! To Pleasure Island. Pleasure Island?! But the law! Suppose they--

COACHMAN: No, no, no. There's no risk. They never come back... as boys!
(laughs) Now here's where you come in.

HONEST JOHN: Well, yes, sir.

COACHMAN: I've got a coach load leaving at midnight.

HONEST JOHN: (*WHISPERING*) Yes.

COACHMAN: We'll meet at the crossroads...

HONEST JOHN: Yes, yes.

COACHMAN: ...and no double-crossing!

HONEST JOHN: Ooh. No, no, no.

COACHMAN: Scout around. And any good prospects you find, bring 'em to me.

HONEST JOHN: (*WHISPERING*) Yes.

COACHMAN: I knows what to do with 'em! (*LAUGHS*)

HONEST JOHN: JOINS IN THE LAUGHTER

MUSIC:

SOUND: PINOCCHIO WALKING.

JIMINY: Hurry up, Pinoke! We want to get home, don't we?

PINOCCHIO: Sure. And you know what, Jiminy? I'm turning over a new leaf.
I'll make good this time.

JIMINY: Well, you'd better!

PINOCCHIO: I will. I'm going to school!

JIMINY: That's the stuff, Pinoke! Come on, I'll race you home!

SOUND: PINOCCHIO STOPS WALKING

PINOCCHIO: All right.

JIMINY: Ready. On your mark. Set. Go!

SOUND: PINOCCHIO RUNS

JIMINY: (*CALLING FROM AFAR*) Come on, Pinoke! I'm way ahead of you.

PINOCCHIO: (*LAUGHING*) I'm coming. I'm comi... Oof.

SOUND: HE FALLS.

PINOCCHIO: Oh. I fell.

HONEST JOHN: Oh. Heh, heh, heh. Hello, little boy. I'm afraid that you've tripped over my cane.

PINOCCHIO: Oh please, Mr. "Honest" John, let me go. I got to beat Jiminy home...

HONEST JOHN: Just a minute, my little man. And how is the great actor today, eh?

PINOCCHIO: (*STANDING HIS GROUND*) I don't want to be an actor. Stromboli was terrible.

HONEST JOHN: (*MOCKINGLY SHOCKED*) He was?

PINOCCHIO: Yeah. He locked me in a cage.

HONEST JOHN: He did?

PINOCCHIO: Uh-huh. But I learnt my lesson. I'm going--

HONEST JOHN: Oh, you poor, poor boy. You must be a nervous wreck. Oh, well. We must diagnose this case. Come Doctor Gideon. Quick, your notebook.

GIDEON: (*STUPID LAUGH*)

HONEST JOHN: Now let me feel your pulse, little man. Oh! Bless my soul. Mm, mm, mm, mm, mm. Just as I thought. Bucolic semilunar contraptions of the flying trapezes. Mm, mm-mmm. Now. hold your tongue. Hold your tongue and say, "Hippopotamus."

PINOCCHIO: (*HOLDING HIS TONGUE*) Hi-ho-hot-a-hus.

HONEST JOHN: Uh-huh. Compound transmission of the pandemonium. Even worse. Close your eyes. Now, what do you see?

PINOCCHIO: Nothing.

HONEST JOHN: Ah-hah! I was afraid of that. Now, that heart. Oh! Ooh, my goodness! A palpating syncopation of the killer diller. Quick, Doctor, quick, that report!

GIDEON: (*STUPID LAUGH*)

HONEST JOHN: Mm-hm. Now that makes it perfectly clear! Oh, my boy. My poor little boy. You... you are allergic.

PINOCCHIO: (*WORRIED*) Allergic?

HONEST JOHN: Yes, and there is only one cure. A vacation on Pleasure Island!

MUSIC:

PINOCCHIO: (*CONCERNED*) Pleasure Island?

HONEST JOHN: Pleasure Island! That happy land of carefree boys, where every day's a holiday!

PINOCCHIO: But I can't go. I--

HONEST JOHN: Why, of course you can go! Look, I'm giving you my ticket. Here you are. The Ace of Spades.

PINOCCHIO: (*DELIGHTED*) Gosh, thanks! But I'm...

HONEST JOHN: Oh, toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, I insist! Your health comes first. Come! The coach departs at midnight! Come along now.

MUSIC: "Hi-Diddle-Dee-Dee."

HONEST JOHN: (*SINGING*) Hi-Diddle-Dee-Dee. It's Pleasure Isle for me.
Where every day is a holiday
And kids have nothing to do but play.

PINOCCHIO: Hi-Diddle-Dee-Dee.

HONEST JOHN: Ah-Ha!

PINOCCHIO: It's Pleasure Isle for me

(FADE OUT)

HONEST JOHN: (*OVERLAPPING*) Ah! Splendid, splendid! (*HE LAUGHS*)
(FADE IN)

SOUND: BELL TOLL IN DISTANCE

PINOCCHIO: (*CALLING. OUT OF BREATH.*) Pinocchio! Pinocchio! Now, where do you suppose he is? Pinocchio! Oh. There he is. He's with that fox again. And they're getting into a coach.

SOUND: CHILDREN CLAMORING IN THE DISTANCE

JIMINY: It's a coach all filled with boys! Oh! Well, here we go again. (*HE RUNS OFF*)

SOUND: CHILDREN FADE IN LOUDER

SOUND: TRUMPETS

COACHMAN: Giddyap! Giddyap!

SOUND: WHIP CRACK. HORSES START MOVING

LAMPWICK: Hello, kid. My name's Lampwick. What's yours?

PINOCCHIO: Pinocchio.

LAMPWICK: You ever been to Pleasure Island?

PINOCCHIO: Unh-unh, but Mr. “Honest” John gave me--

LAMPWICK: Me neither, but they say it's a swell joint...no school, no cops. You can tear the joint apart and nobody says a word.

PINOCCHIO: “Honest” John gave me--

LAMPWICK: Loaf around, plenty to eat, plenty to drink. Yeah, and it's all free.

PINOCCHIO: “Honest” John--

LAMPWICK: Boy, that's the place. I can hardly wait.

COACHMAN: Ho, ho, ho! There it is boys! Just ahead over the bridge. Pleasure Island!

MUSIC:

SOUND: AMUSEMENT PARK AND CHILDREN COMMOTION

JIMINY: What a place. Ferris wheels, merry go rounds, hot dogs stands, chute the chutes, everything. And all lit up like a million stars. And all for nothing, huh? Sounds fishy to me.

SOUND: FADE IN CHILDREN

BARKER 1: Hurry, hurry, hurry! Right here, boys! Right here! Get your cake, pie, dill pickles, and ice cream! Eat all you can! Be a glutton! Stuff yourselves! It's all free, boys! It's all free! Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry!

SCENE CHANGE

BARKER 2: The rough house! The rough house! It's the roughest, toughest joint you ever seen! Come in and pick a fight, boys! Join the big free-for-all.

LAMPWICK: Oh, boy, a scrap! Come on, let's poke somebody in the nose.

PINOCCHIO: Why?

LAMPWICK: Aw, just for the fun of it.

PINOCCHIO: Okay, Lampy, come on!

SCENE CHANGE

BARKER 3: Tobacco row! Tobacco row! Get your cigars, cigarettes, and chewing tobacco! Come in and smoke your heads off! There's nobody here to stop you! Help yourself, boys! Help yourself.

SOUND: AMUSEMENT PARK FADE OUT

(FADE IN)

JIMINY: (*CALLING*) Pinocchio! Pinocchio! Say. What's happened around here? All the lights are turned off. And where is everybody? I don't like the looks of this. Looks like a graveyard. Pinocchio! (*EXITS, CALLING*) Hey! Where are you? Pinocchio!

(FADE OUT)

LAMPWICK: Okay, Pinoke. Are we shootin' pool or ain't we? It's your shot.

PINOCCHIO: Oh sure.

SOUND: (HE SHOOTS. BALLS BREAK)

LAMPWICK: Nice try, kid. Have another see-gar. It's on the house.

PINOCCHIO: Another one? Okay.

LAMPWICK: Atta boy. Now watch this shot. The Eight-ball in the side pocket.

(HE SHOOTS. BALLS KNOCK INTO EACH OTHER)

PINOCCHIO: (*TALKING EAST END KIDS TOUGH LIKE*) Hey, Lampy?
Where do you suppose all the kids went to?

LAMPWICK: Ah, they're around here somewheres. What do you care? You're having a good time, ain't ya?

PINOCCHIO: Uh-huh. I sure am.

LAMPWICK: Oh, boy. This is the life, huh, Pinokey?

PINOCCHIO: Yeah. It sure is.

LAMPWICK: Ah, you smoke like me grandmother. Come on, take a big drag!
Like this.

PINOCCHIO: Okay, Lampy. (*HE STARTS COUGHING*)

LAMPWICK: (*LAUGHS*) What's the matter, kid. Loosing your grip?

JIMINY: (*ENTERING, STILL CALLING*) Pinocchio!

PINOCCHIO: (*WOOZY FROM THE SMOKE*) Oh, hello, Jiminy.

JIMINY: Oh! So this is where I find you! How do you ever expect to be a real boy?! Oh, look at yourself... smoking! Playing pool! You're coming right home with me this minute!

LAMPWICK: Hey... who's the beetle?

JIMINY: Oh.

LAMPWICK: Come here, you.

JIMINY: Lemmie go. Put me down!

PINOCCHIO: Don't hurt him. He's my conscience. He tells me what's right and wrong.

LAMPWICK: What?! You mean to tell me you take orders from a grasshopper?!

JIMINY: Grasshopper?! Look here, you impudent pup! It wouldn't hurt you to take orders from your grasshop... er, er, your conscience... if you have one.

LAMPWICK: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Sure. The screwball in the corner pocket. That's you, beetle.

SOUND: (HE SHOOTS. BALLS KNOCK AROUND.)

JIMINY: (*MUFFLED INSIDE THE POOL TABLE POCKET.*) Oh. Hey! Hey, lemmie out of here!

LAMPWICK: (*LAUGHS*)

JIMINY: Why... why, you young hoodlum, I'll... I'll knock your block off! Why, I'll tear you apart and put you back together again! I tell you...

PINOCCHIO: Oh, don't hurt him, Jiminy. He's my best friend.

JIMINY: Huh? Your best friend?! And what am I? Just your conscience. Okay, that settles it. Goodbye!

PINOCCHIO: But, but Jiminy...

JIMINY: You buttered your bread. Now sleep in it!

PINOCCHIO: But, Jiminy, Lampwick says a guy only lives once.

JIMINY: Lampwick? Huh. I've heard enough about him. Goodbye!

LAMPWICK: Come on! Come on! Let him go! Your shot, Pinokey

PINOCCHIO: (*SAD AND CONFUSED AT WHAT'S HAPPENED*) Goodbye, Jiminy!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND SLAM

JIMINY: Lampwick. Humph. Lampwick. Well that burns me up. After all I tried to do for him. I've had enough of this. I'm taking the next boat outta here.

SOUND: DONKEY BREYS

JIMINY: Hey. Hey? What goes on here? Where did all those donkeys come from?

COACHMAN: Come on, you blokes! Keep her moving! Lift those jackasses on the ship! We haven't got all night!

JIMINY: (*CALLING*) Hey! Coachman! Where'd all the donkeys come from?

COACHMAN: Come on! Come on! Let's have another jackass here!

BARKER 1: (*CALLING FROM AWAY*) Coming up!

COACHMAN: 'Ello, Jackass. And what's your name?

SOUND: DONKEY BRAYS

COACHMAN: Okay, you'll do. In you go! You lads will bring a nice price!
Alright, next!

BARKER 2: (*CALLING FROM OFF*) One comin' up!

COACHMAN: And what might your name be?

ALEXANDER: (*SCARED*) Alexander.

COACHMAN: Hm. So you can talk, eh?

ALEXANDER: Yes... Yes, sir. I want to go home to my mama!

COACHMAN: (*CALLING BACK*) Take him back! He can still talk!

ALEXANDER: Please, please, I don't want to be a donkey! Let me outta here!

SOUND: OTHER DONKEYS BRAY

COACHMAN: Quiet! You boys have made jackasses out of yourselves, now pay for it!

JIMINY: Boys? So that's what they brought them here for. They're changing them into donkeys. Oh! Pinocchio! Pinocchio!

(FADE OUT)

SOUND: PLAYING POOL

LAMPWICK: Huh. To hear that beetle talk you'd think somethin' was gonna happen to us. Conscience. Ah, phooey! Where does he get that stuff? "How do ya ever expect to be a real boy?" What's he think I look like, a jackass?

PINOCCHIO: (*HOLDING IN HIS LAUGHTER*) You sure do! Look, Lampwick. You're growing long ears, and... and a tail! (*HE BURSTS OUT LAUGHING. IT SUDDENLY TURNS INTO A DONKEY BRAY. PINOCCHIO STOPS SUDDENLY.*)

LAMPWICK: Hey! Hey, you laugh like a donkey! (*HE STARTS LAUGHING, AND SUDDENLY STARTS BRAYING LIKE A DONKEY.*)
(*GETTING SCARED*) Hey. Did that come outta me?

PINOCCHIO: I think so.

LAMPWICK: Hey, what the... Hey, what's goin' on here?! I got hooves! And a long snoot! Oh! I've been double-crossed! I'm turning into a

donkey!! Help! Help! (*HIS CALLS SOUND MORE DONKEY THAN BOY*) Ohhhh! Mama! Mama! (*HE TURNS INTO WILD DONKEY BRAYING.*)

MUSIC:

(FADE IN)

PINOCCHIO: Lampwick. Lampwick? Come back! Oh, my gosh

JIMINY: Pinocchio!

PINOCCHIO: Here, Jiminy!

JIMINY: Oh, Pinocchio! The kids! The boys! They're all turning into donkeys! They... Pinocchio! Where did you get those ears?

PINOCCHIO: What ears?

JIMINY: Those ears! Oh! And you got a tail!

PINOCCHIO: Me? Me?! (*HE STARTS BRAYING LIKE A DONKEY*)

JIMINY: Oh, quick! We got to get out of here before you get any worse! Come on!

PINOCCHIO: Oh gosh! Oh, Jiminy!! (*HE BRAYS AGAIN*)

MUSIC: climaxes.

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: During our short intermission before Mr. deMille brings you Act three of Pinocchio, we turn the microphone over to Miss Libby Collins, our exclusive Hollywood reporter. What have you found out for us this week, Libby?

LIBBY COLLINS: Well, as a matter of fact, I found there's quite a lot of truth in the saying, "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin."²

ANNOUNCER: Hm. That's needs explaining, Libby.

LIBBY COLLINS: Well, you know, women are knitting from Maine to California these days. And believe it or not, the Hollywood actresses are just as enthusiastic about it as women anywhere else. I've seen Joan Crawford knitting between scenes on the set of "Strange Cargo."³ It's one of Myrna Loy's favorite occupations. And

² This is a quote from the Rudyard Kipling poem, "The Ladies." The full verse reads, "What did the Colonel's Lady think? / Nobody never knew. / Somebody asked the Sergeant's wife, / An' she told 'em true! / When you get to a man in the case, / They're like as a row of pins / For the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady / Are sisters under their skins!"

It is speculated that perhaps Judy O'Grady was a prostitute who hung around British Army barracks in India.

³ 1940 release with Clark Gable.

whenever Rosalyn Russell has a free moment on her hand, out comes the knitting bag. Movie stars and extras, script girls and secretaries, they're all doing it.

ANNOUNCER: I think Sally, here, has caught the fever, too. I saw her knitting away at something just the other day. What's it going to be, Sally?

SALLY: Why, it's a sweater, Mr. Ruick. A white one.

ANNOUNCER: It looked pretty nice to me. But... it's going to take a lot of washing to keep it white, isn't it?

SALLY: (*LAUGHING*) Oh, that doesn't worry me a bit, Mr. Ruick. It'll be easy to do, with Lux flakes.

LIBBY COLLINS: The same kind of care leading motion picture studios give their washables.

SALLY: Talk about sisters under the skin. Motion picture studios use Lux flakes, so do women everywhere.

LIBBY COLLINS: Whether they knit sweaters or buy them

ANNOUNCER: Or get them for Christmas presents. Those sweaters deserve nice care. Don't use hot water on them. Don't rub them with cake soap. And don't use soaps with harmful alkaline. Just squeeze your sweaters gently though lukewarm Lux suds.

LIBBY COLLINS: That's good sound advice. And it goes with the other nice woolens people get for Christmas—like socks, and mittens and scarves.

ANNOUNCER: If they're safe in water alone. There's no harmful alkaline in gentle Lux flakes to hurt any color or fabric that's safe in plain water. When you use Lux, you'll find it's so pure, a little goes a long way. Lux, is thrifty. We pause now for station identification. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

MUSIC:

DEMILLE: We continue with "Pinocchio."

MUSIC:

DEMILLE: The flames mount higher in the fireplace, and Jiminy Cricket's excitement rises with the blaze. He climbs to the top of the brass andiron⁴ and there, waving him umbrella above his head, he continues this strange tale.

MUSIC: CHANGES

⁴ One of the pair of metal supports used for holding up logs in a fireplace.

JIMINY: What a situation. Trapped on Pleasure Island, and Pinocchio's ears growing longer by the second. I grabbed him by the hand, through the streets we ran, down toward the boat. Then they saw us. They came after us, shouting and shooting and shooting and shouting. We ran up an alley, we jumped over a fence, I could hear them pounding along behind us. They were coming nearer and nearer. And then, at last, we reached the shore. "Jump," I yelled! And we jumped, into the water, swimming like mad, and we escaped!

MUSIC: CLIMAXES and CHANGES

SCENE CHANGE

JIMINY: *WHISTLES* I'm all in. *Whew.* Really, all in⁵. Well, but we got home. And I hid Pinocchio's long ears underneath his hat. And we walked up the path toward the house.

SOUND: PINOCCHIO WALKING

JIMINY: Gosh. Certainly feels good to be back on dry land.

PINOCCHIO: Yes, it certainly does.

JIMINY: Well, here's the house. Huh.

SOUND: DOOR RATTING

JIMINY: (SURPRISED) Door's locked.

SOUND: KNOCK

PINOCCHIO: Father! Father, I'm home!

JIMINY: We're home, Mr. Geppetto!

PINOCCHIO: Father! It's me... Pinocchio! I'm home to stay!

SOUND: HE CONTINUES TO KNOCK

JIMINY: Wait a second. I'll jump up and look in the window. Hm.

PINOCCHIO: What do you see, Jiminy?

JIMINY: Well, he ain't there.

PINOCCHIO: He's gone.

JIMINY: Yeah, and Figaro, too.

PINOCCHIO: (*GETTING WORRIED*) Oh, gosh. Maybe somethin' awful's happened to him.

MUSIC: BLUE FAIRY MUSIC BEGINS

⁵ In the recording, Jiminy actually says, "I'm all ill. *Whew.* Really, all in." Since this doesn't really make any sense, it suggests that he made a mistake reading the script and tried to cover himself.

JIMINY: Don't worry, son. He probably hasn't gone far. Say. Look. Look at that star. It's the same one!

PINOCCHIO: Oh yeah!

JIMINY: Yeah. And that bird flying around up there. Why, he's got a piece of paper in his hand.

PINOCCHIO: He... he's droppin it. Get it, Jiminy!

JIMINY: I got it!

SOUND: OPENING PAPER

PINOCCHIO: What is it, jiminy?

JIMINY: Why, it's a message.

PINOCCHIO: What's it say?

JIMINY: It's about your father.

PINOCCHIO: Oh, where is he!?

JIMINY: Why, uh... it says here that he went looking for you, and he was swallowed by a whale.

PINOCCHIO: Swallowed by a whale?!

JIMINY: Yeah. Uh, huh. A whale. He... a whale?! Oh, my goodness! A whale named Monstro!⁶

PINOCCHIO: (*ASSUMING THE WORST*) Oh, he's... he's...

JIMINY: No, Pinoke! He's alive! He is!

PINOCCHIO: Alive? Where? Oh!

JIMINY: He's inside of a whale, at the bottom of the sea.

PINOCCHIO: Bottom of the sea?!

JIMINY: Uh huh.

SOUND: PINOCCHIO WALKING

JIMINY: Hey, Where you goin'?!

PINOCCHIO: I'm going to find him!

JIMINY: Oh, but, Pinoke, are you crazy?! Don't you realize he's in a whale?

PINOCCHIO: I gotta go to him.

⁶ In the recording, Cliff Edwards mistakenly says, "A whale named Geppetto!" and no one seems to notice. So the show goes on.

JIMINY: Oh, now, wait. Listen. This Monstro, I've heard of him. Why... why, he's a *whale* of a whale. He swallow's whole ships, alive!

PINOCCHIO: I don't care.

SOUND: OCEAN WAVES

JIMINY: Hey. What's that rock for?

PINOCCHIO: I'm gonna jump off this cliff with it. Then I'll sink faster.

JIMINY: Oh, my goodness.

PINOCCHIO: Goodbye, Jiminy.

JIMINY: Bye? Oh, no. I may be live bait down there, but I'm with ya. Come on. Let's go. Look out below!

(FADE OUT)

MUSIC:

SCENE CHANGE

PINOCCHIO: (*UNDERWATER*) Father!

JIMINY: (*UNDERWATER*) Oh, Mr. Geppetto!

PINOCCHIO: (*UNDERWATER*) Father!

JIMINY: (*UNDERWATER*) Mr. Geppetto! Where are ya? Yoo-Hoo! I don't see him, Pinoke.

PINOCCHIO: Course not. We got to find the whale first.

JIMINY: Yeah, that's right.

PINOCCHIO: Come on, Jiminy. (*CALLING*) Father!

MUSIC:

JIMINY: Mr. Geppetto! (FADE OUT) Mr. Geppetto!

SCENE CHANGE

GEPPETTO: (*ECHO INSIDE THE WHALE*) Well Figaro, I'm afraid we're done for. I never knew it was so cold inside a whale's stomach... ah.. ah... choo!

FIGARO: *SNEEZES*

GEPPETTO: Here we are, fishing for days in here, and not a bite. The whale must be asleep, I guess. I never thought it would end this way, Figaro, starving to death in the belly of a whale. That poor little Pinocchio. He was such a good boy. It's hopeless, Figaro. There isn't a fish left. If the monster doesn't wake up soon, I... I'm afraid we are done for.

FIGARO: *MEOW*

MONSTRO: (GROWLS)

GEPPETTO: Huh? What was that? The monster's waking up. Maybe he's getting hungry. If he is, then we'll have fish!

FIGARO: *Mm, hm*

MONSTRO: (GROWLS)

GEPPETTO: Yes! His mouth is open! He's feeding! Here they come, Figaro! Tuna fish!

FIGARO: *Yeah, Yeah*

SOUND: WATER COMES POURING IN

GEPPETTO: Food! We eat at last! Help me catch them, Figaro! There's one! Ha, ha! There's another one! Food, FOOD! HOORAY!

FIGARO: (*MEOWING EXCITEMENT WITH GEPPETTO*)

SOUND: WAVE SETTLES INTO JUST WATER SPLASHING)

GEPPETTO: (*LAUGHING*) This wave is a miracle. We've got enough food for weeks!

FIGARO: *Meow, meow*

GEPPETTO: Here's another one! I got him! Whoops! (*LAUGHING*)

PINOCCHIO: Hey, father, you got me! Oh, father!

GEPPETTO: Don't bother me now, Pinocchio. I'm busy. I... Pinocchio!

PINOCCHIO: Father!

GEPPETTO: PINOCCHIO! (*LAUGHING EVEN MORE*) My son! My son! (*LAUGHS*) I'm so happy to see you.

PINOCCHIO: Oh, me too, father.

GEPPETTO: How did you get here? Where's your friend Jiminy?

PINOCCHIO: He's outside, I guess. I got caught in that school of fish and... well, here I am.

GEPPETTO: Oh, my boy! My boy! You came to save me.

PINOCCHIO: (*LOUD SNEEZE*)

GEPPETTO: Oh! Oh, you are soaking wet

PINOCCHIO: Yes, father.

GEPETTO: You, you mustn't catch cold. You know you... you shouldn't have come down here. Here, here. Here, take this blanket. Let me get your hat. Oh! Pinocchio!

PINOCCHIO: What... what's the matter?

GEPETTO: THOSE EARS!

FIGARO: (*YEAH*)

PINOCCHIO: Huh? Ears? Oh, these. (*FINDING IT DELIGHTFUL AND FUNNY*) That's nothing. Look. I got a tail, too! (*LAUGHS INTO A DONKEY BRAY*)

GEPETTO: Pinocchio! What's happened to you?

PINOCCHIO: (*SUDDENLY ASHAMED AND TRYING TO EXPLAIN*) Well, I--

GEPETTO: Never mind, now. Old Geppetto has his little wooden head. Nothing else matters.

PINOCCHIO: But we got to get out of here.

GEPETTO: Get out? Oh, no, no, no, no, son. I tried every way. Why, I, I, I, I even built a raft...

PINOCCHIO: A RAFT? That's it!

GEPETTO: Huh?

PINOCCHIO: We'll talk the raft, and when the whale opens his mouth--

GEPETTO: No, no, no, no, no. Now listen, son. The whale only opens his mouth when he's eating. Then everything comes in. Nothing goes out.

PINOCCHIO: Oh.

GEPETTO: It's hopeless, Pinocchio. Come. We make a nice fire and we cook some of the fish.

PINOCCHIO: A FIRE! THAT'S IT!

GEPETTO: Yes. And then we'll all eat again--

PINOCCHIO: A great big fire! Lots of smoke!

GEPETTO: Smoke? Oh yes. Sure. Smoked fish would taste good.

PINOCCHIO: Break some wood!

SOUND: WOOD BREAKING

GEPETTO: Pinocchio. Not the chair.

PINOCCHIO: Hurry father, more wood!

GEPPETTO: But... what will we sit on if there is no...?

PINOCCHIO: We won't need it! We're getting out!

GEPPETTO: Getting out? But how?

PINOCCHIO: We'll make lots of smoke. We'll make him SNEEEEEEEZE!

GEPPETTO: Make him Sneeze? Ohhhhh! That will make him mad.

PINOCCHIO: Come on. I'll light the fire.

SOUND: FIRE CRACKLING

PINOCCHIO: Now get on the raft, father.

GEPPETTO: (*COUGHING*) It won't work.

PINOCCHIO: Hurry, Father! Climb aboard!

GEPPETTO: We'll never get by those teeth!

PINOCCHIO: Oh, yes, we will!

MONSTRO: SNEEZE STARTS TO BUILD

PINOCCHIO: Listen. He's gonna sneeze! HE'S GONNA SNEEZE!

GEPPETTO: Oh, my goodness!

PINOCCHIO: Hang on! Here we go!

MONSTRO: GIANT SNEEZE

SOUND: WIND BLOWS

MUSIC:

JIMINY: I saw the whole thing. I was right outside when that whale sneezed.
And that raft shot out like a cannonball. But that didn't end it, no sir.
If you sneeze once, you gotta sneeze again. And that's what he did.
He started to inhale.

MONSTRO: STARTING TO SNEEZE

JIMINY: What a current! The raft went flying back into his mouth! But it didn't stay there, cause the next thing you know, that second sneeze came! I could feel it coming! The whale was all red in the face! He puffed a way up, and then he let go!

MONSTRO: SNEEZES. WIND BLOWS.

JIMINY: Gesundheit. Out came the raft again! And this time the monster was sore! He started chasing 'em, fire in eyes, he teeth gnashing and his tail swinging! Pinoke and Mr. Geppetto paddled like fury! Oh, the shore was only a few yards away, but the whale was gaining.

MONSTRO: SNORTS FUROUSLY.

JIMINY: Inch by inch, foot by foot, closer and closer! His breath was hot on their... eh, um... hot on their... uh... Oh! He was very close! And just ahead was a big cliff! The raft swung in between two rocks, the whale right behind 'em! He went straight for the cliff, head on, and he hit the cliff!

SOUND: CRASH

MUSIC: SUBSIDES.

JIMINY: But... where was Pinoke? And Mr. Geppetto? And... and Figaro? They were washed up on the beach. And when I got there, old Mr. Geppetto was kneeling beside the little wooden boy. (*STARTING TO SOB*) Pinocchio was... he was dead.

GEPPETTO: (*SOBBING*) My boy... My brave little boy...

MUSIC: BLUE FAIRY MUSIC BEGINS

JIMINY: (*IN TEARS*) Gosh. Don't cry Mr. Geppetto. He... he was brave, and we gotta be brave, too.

GEPPETTO: My little wooden boy. He gave his life... that I might live. (*GEPPETTO CONTINUES TO SOB*)

BLUE FAIRY: (*ETHERIAL*) Prove yourself brave, truthful, and unselfish, and someday you will be a real boy. Awake, Pinocchio. Awake.

MUSIC: BEGINS

PINOCCHIO: Father, whatcha cryin' for?

GEPPETTO: Because... you're dead, Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO: No! No, I'm not!

GEPPETTO: Yes, yes, you are. Now lie down...

PINOCCHIO: But, Father, I'm alive. See? And... And I'm... I'm real! Oh! I'm a real boy!

GEPPETTO: You're alive? And you are a real boy?

PINOCCHIO: Whee! Whoopie!

GEPPETTO: (*LAUGHING THROUGH HIS TEARS*) A real boy! Oh, Pinocchio! My dream's really true at last.

JIMINY: Oh, gosh. Thank you, Miss Blue Fairy. He deserved to be a real boy. And... well...

BLUE FAIRY: And here's your reward, too. A badge... for Sir Jiminy.

JIMINY: Oh. And you didn't forget. Well, would you look at that. A badge.
"Official Conscience." Well, I'll be... (*LAUGHS.*) Oh, and it's solid
gold, too. Gosh. Thank you, my lady.

MUSIC: "When you Wish Upon a Star"

JIMINY: (*SINGS*) Like a boat out of the blue,
Suddenly it comes in view.
When you wish upon a star
Your dreams come true

MUSIC: ENDS

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: In just a moment, Mr. deMille will tell you about the play which
is going to start the new year. But first... Sally? I'd like to know
whether Santa Clause treated you well, today.

SALLY: Nobly, Mr. Ruick, nobly. I got some lovely presents.

ANNOUNCER: I'm willing to wager almost anything that some of your presents
were lingerie and stockings.

SALLY: As a matter of fact, they were, Mr. Ruick. But how did you know?

ANNOUNCER: Well, it's really not fair, Sally. I read somewhere the other day,
that lingerie and stockings are the most popular Christmas gifts for
women.

SALLY: Well, they're popular with me, all right. Know what, Mr. Ruick?

ANNOUNCER: No. What?

SALLY: Every single one of those precious bits of lace and silk I got, and all my
nice stockings, too, are going to be brought up on Lux flakes. Not one
single one of them is going to be washed with harsh soap, or rubbed
with cake soap. Not ever.

ANNOUNCER: So there. (*LAUGHS*)

SALLY: Well, you needn't laugh. I love my pretty new presents, and I want them
to stay nice looking a long, long time.

ANNOUNCER: Well Sally, you've picked the right kind of care for them. Lux
helps fabrics and colors stay new looking longer. There's no harmful
alkaline, and no rubbing, to hurt anything safe in water alone.

SALLY: Don't I know it. That's why I'm set on never using anything but Lux
flakes.

ANNOUNCER: That's good advice, Sally. Mighty good advice. And I hope every woman in our audience will follow it. Now, Mr. deMille.

DEMILLE: Here, in the Lux Radio Theater, we have regarded it as quite an honor to present Walt Disney's "Pinocchio" for the first time. And we wish Mr. Disney a highly merited success with his new picture—when his new picture is brought to the screen in a few weeks. Next Monday night, we bring a fine actor back to this microphone. Mr. Herbert Marshall. Our play is "Sorrow and Sons," adapted from the popular novel by Warrick Deeping. It's a profoundly moving drama of the sacrifice a father made for his son. Karen Morley will also appear with Herbert Marshall in "Sorrell and Son."

MUSIC: "Oh Come, All Ye Faithful."

DEMILLE: In your living rooms tonight, are some who are there only on Christmas. And I know their presence has made it a happier day for you. Still others may have joined your family circle through the medium of the Lux Radio Theater, because they knew that you at home were listening. So to those of our radio family, who are at home, and to those who are far from home, we send our greetings. And our hope that you've enjoyed all the blessings of this Christmas Day. And our hope, too, that your prayers will join ours, for the restoration of that blessing of nineteen hundred years ago, "Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth, peace. Goodwill toward men."

MUSIC: ENDS

MUSIC: "Lux Theme"

DEMILLE: Our sponsors, the makers of Lux flakes, join me in inviting you to be with us once again next Monday night, when the Lux Radio Theater presents Herbert Marshall in, "Sorrell and Son," with Karen Morley. This is Cecil B. deMille saying "Good Night to you, from Hollywood!"

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: Musical numbers for the picture "Pinocchio" were written by Leigh Harline, with lyrics by Ned Washington. Our music was directed by Louis Silvers, and your announcer had been Melville Ruick.

MUSIC: ENDS

ANNOUNCER: This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

8351. The Lux Radio Theatre. December 25, 1939. CBS net. "Pinocchio".

Sponsored by: Lux. The famous Italian story, as interpreted by the Disney movie. The adventures of the little puppet who wanted to be a real boy. The Disney film had not yet been released at the time of this broadcast. No cast credits were announced during the broadcast, no studio audience was present (the applause was recorded). Walter Catlett (Honest John), Stuart Buchanan (Gideon, Barker #2), Dickie Jones (Pinocchio), Charles Judels (Stromboli, coachman), Frankie Darro (Lampwick), Cecil B. DeMille, Cliff Edwards (Jiminy Crickett), Louis Silvers (music director), Melville Ruick (announcer), Christian Rub (Geppetto), Evelyn Venable (Blue Fairy), Grace Nielson (Blue Fairy singing voice), Earl Hodgins (Barker #1), Florence Gill (Cuckoo, Figaro), Joe Pennario (Alexander), Clarence Straight (Donkey, Barker #3), Ernest Carlson, Jean Carlson, Jean Forsyth, Eric Burtis Jr. (performer, commercial spokesman), Jackie Morrison (performer, commercial spokesman), Bobby Larson (commercial spokesman), Barbara Jean Wong (commercial spokesman), Frederick Shields (commercial spokesman), Nancy Leach (commercial spokesman), Julie Bannon (commercial spokesman), Margaret Brayton (commercial spokesman: as "Libby Collins"), Sanford Barnett (director), George Wells (adaptor), Charlie Forsyth (sound effects), Ted Sears (screenwriter), Webb Smith (screenwriter), Joseph Sabo (screenwriter), Otto Englander (screenwriter), William Cottrell (screenwriter), Erdman Penner (screenwriter), Aurelius Battaglia (screenwriter), Carlo Collodi (author). 59: 48. Audio condition: Excellent. Complete.