

## TOYS!

CHILD 1: I WANT THE MODEL TRAIN THAT BLOWS REAL SMOKE!

CHILD 2: I WANT THE ROCKING HORSE WITH BIG BROWN EYES!

CHILD 3: YOU KNOW GEPPETTO'S LATEST  
ARE SURE TO BE THE GREATEST

CHILD 4: LIKE THAT FLYING FISH THAT REALLY FLIES!

CHILDREN: THERE'S TOYS OF EV'RY SHAPE AND SIZE!  
I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL EVER MAKE MY CHOICE  
FROM ALL YOUR NEW CREATIONS, DEAR GEPPETTO  
ALL SPRING I KEPT AN EYE OUT  
NOW I CAN'T WAIT TO TRY OUT  
EACH NEW TOP AND BOAT AND BLOCK  
AND MARIONETTE, OH...  
TOYS – I SEE A ROOM THAT IS FULL OF  
TOYS – I SEE A SHOP THAT IS BURSTING WITH  
TOYS – THINGS YOU CAN PUMMEL AND PULL  
I SEE TOYS YOU JIGGLE, TOYS YOU JUGGLE  
TOYS YOU HOLD AT NIGHT AND SNUGGLE  
BOYS OR GIRLS, WHICHEVER THE CASE NEED  
TOYS TO PUT A SMILE ON THEIR FACE  
BEFORE THEY LOSE THEIR PIECES  
OR THEIR WHEELS, OR THEIR SHINE  
GIVE ME TOYS!  
I LOVE TOYS!  
ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE MINE!

GEPPETTO: Welcome, everyone!! Everything you see is satisfaction guaranteed!

CHILD 5: I WANT THAT CASTLE WITH THE WORKING MOAT!

CHILD 6: I WANT THOSE MARCHING SOLDIERS  
AND TO HAUL THEM, THIS LITTLE WOODEN WAGON!

CHILD 7: BUY ME THAT SCARY DRAGON!

CHILD 8: CLIMBING MONKEYS!

CHILD 9: DANCING DONKEYS!

CHILDREN: LOOK AT ALL THEM  
TOYS – I'M IN A ROOM THAT IS FULL OF  
TOYS – I'M IN A SHOP THAT IS BURSTING WITH  
TOYS – THINGS YOU CAN PUMMEL AND PULL  
I SEE TOYS THAT WIGGLE, TOYS YOU WIND UP  
HOW'LL I EVER MAKE MY MIND UP?

*(The parents try to gain a measure of control over their now frenzied children. Geppetto watches them and shakes his head. This is not how he would handle the situation.)*

MOTHER 1: NO, DEAR, THAT'S MUCH TOO FRAGILE

FATHER 1: NO, DEAR, THAT'S TOO EXPENSIVE

MOTHER 2: NO, DEAR, THAT MAKES TOO MUCH NOISE!

Remember Mommy's headaches!

FATHER 2: NO, DEAR, YOU'LL ONLY BREAK THAT

MOTHER 1: NO, DEAR, YOUR DAD COULD MAKE THAT

PARENTS: YOU ALREADY HAVE SO MANY TOYS!

Don't be greedy.

MOTHER 2: PLEASE, DEAR, DON'T START THAT SNIVELLING

FATHER 1: PLEASE, DEAR, DON'T THROW A TANTRUM

MOTHER 1: YOU KNOW MOMMY HATES IT WHEN YOU WHINE –

It's so ugly!

PARENTS: JUST SAY "GOODBYE" AND "THANK YOU"

DON'T MAKE ME HAVE TO SPANK YOU!

DON'T MAKE ME SORRY THAT YOU'RE MINE ...

*(Off to the side of the main floor is a roped-off area where Geppetto's workbench and tools lie. Sitting in the center of the wooden work table is a shiny silver cloth covering some unknown toy. A child steps behind the ropes, staring at the cloth. Her mother approaches as the nearby Geppetto listens.)*

CHILD: I want that!

MOTHER: But darling, it's all covered up...

CHILD: That's why I want it! *(Geppetto approaches.)*

GEPPETTO: Can I help you?

MOTHER: My child would like whatever that toy is on the table.

GEPPETTO: I'm sorry, it's not for sale.

CHILD: But I want it!

MOTHER: Don't start with me – the man said it's not for sale.

CHILD: You promised. You said I could have any toy in the store! You promised! You promised! *(The child starts bawling.)*

MOTHER: Stop crying! I told you if you started crying that we would go home – is that what you want? *(The child cries harder. Geppetto leans down to the child and holds his closed hands in front of her.)*

GEPPETTO: Pick a hand. *(The child continues to cry.)* Go on – pick a hand. *(The child tentatively picks a hand, crying a little less. Without opening the hand) I would pick the other one. (The child does. Geppetto opens his hand to reveal a sparkling, glittering piece of candy. The child stops crying immediately and stares at the candy, mesmerized.)*

CHILD: It's chocolate!

GEPPETTO: Go ahead. Take it. *(The child takes the candy.)* Hold on to it until your mother says you can eat it... *(The child pops the candy into her mouth.)* ...or eat it now, either way... *(The child smiles broadly and runs off to play. Geppetto stands and faces the mother – see how easy that was?)* It's all in the wrist. *(The mother runs after her daughter. Geppetto shakes his head. He sings to the covered toy.)*

GEPPETTO: WHY IS IT THE PEOPLE  
WHO SHOULDN'T HAVE CHILDREN  
WHO HAVE CHILDREN?  
WHY IS IT THE PEOPLE  
WHO DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY THEY ARE  
WHO ARE BLESSED?  
WHY IS IT THE ONES WHO SEE CHILDREN AS BOTHERS  
ARE THE ONES WHO GET TO BE FATHERS?  
WHEN SOMEONE LIKE ME CLEARLY WOULD BE THE BEST  
THERE MUST BE A SLIP-UP IN HEAVEN'S WORKSHOP  
OR A WRINKLE IN NATURE'S DESIGN  
THAT I SPEND MY DAYS WITH THE CHILDREN  
OF THE PEOPLE WHO SHOULDN'T HAVE CHILDREN  
AND NONE OF THEM ARE MINE

NONE OF THEM WILL EVER BE MINE...

*(A rise in the commotion level in the shop pulls Geppetto out of his reverie. Children are pulling parents and pointing at various toys.)*

CHILDREN: LOOK! LOOK!

CHILD: THAT WHIRLIGIG WITH THE THINGAMAJIG!  
IS A TOY I NEVER HAD!

PARENT: WHAT IS IT?

CHILD: I DON'T KNOW, BUT I WANT IT REALLY BAD!

Please?

CHILDREN: PLEEEEEEEEEZE...

GEPPETTO:

WHY IS IT THE  
PEOPLE WHO  
SHOULDN'T HAVE  
CHILDREN WHO  
HAVE CHILDREN?  
WHY IS IT THE  
PEOPLE WHO  
DON'T KNOW HOW  
LUCKY THEY ARE  
WHO ARE  
BLESSED?

CHILDREN:  
TOYS – I'M IN A  
ROOM THAT IS  
FULL OF TOYS -  
I'M IN A SHOP  
THAT IS BURSTING  
WITH TOYS - WITH  
WITH THINGS TO  
PUMMEL AND PULL  
I SEE  
TOYS YOU JIGGLE  
TOYS YOU JUGGLE  
TOYS YOU HOLD AT  
NIGHT AND SNUGGLE

PARENTS:  
NO, DEAR, THAT'S MUCH  
TOO FRAGILE! NO, DEAR,  
THAT'S TOO EXPENSIVE  
NO, DEAR, THAT MAKES  
TOO MUCH NOISE.  
REMEMBER MOMMY'S  
HEADACHES!  
NO, DEAR, YOU'LL ONLY  
BREAK THAT! NO, DEAR,  
YOUR DAD COULD MAKE  
THAT! YOU ALREADY  
HAVE SO MANY TOYS!  
DON'T BE GREEDY!

THERE MUST BE A  
SLIP-UP IN HEAVEN'S  
WORKSHOP OR A  
WRINKLE IN  
NATURE'S DESIGN  
THAT I SPEND  
MY DAYS WITH  
THE CHILDREN  
OF THE PEOPLE  
WHO SHOULDN'T  
HAVE CHILDREN

BOYS AND GIRLS  
WHICHEVER THE  
CASE, NEED TOYS  
TO PUT A SMILE  
ON OUR FACE  
BEFORE THEY LOSE  
THEIR PIECES  
OR THEIR WHEELS  
OR THEIR SHINE  
GIVE ME TOYS  
I LOVE TOYS

PLEASE, DEAR, DON'T  
START THAT SNIVELLING  
PLEASE, DEAR, DON'T  
THROW A TANTRUM -  
YOU KNOW MOMMY HATES  
IT WHEN YOU WHINE!  
JUST SAY "GOODBYE"  
AND "THANK YOU"  
DON'T MAKE ME HAVE TO  
SPANK YOU, DON'T MAKE  
ME SORRY

CHILDREN: ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE

PARENTS: SORRY THAT YOU'RE

GEPPETTO: NONE OF THEM ARE

ALL: MINE!

CHILDREN: TOYS! *(The song ends in a flourish and a freeze.)*