



Proudly Presents

THE PATRON SAINT OF PINOCCHIO

WRITTEN BY GREGORY T. BURNS

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Cast of Characters:

David, 30 years old

Persie, David's 18-year-old mentally challenged sister

Time: The Present

Location: David and Persie's house that once belonged to their parents

David: *(To audience)* I was seventeen when my parents passed away. I was a senior in high school and out of town at a swim meet. As is the case sometimes with tragic deaths, my sister, Persie, who was only six at the time, was traumatized by the events and has since suppressed all memories of what happened that night. I should add here that my younger sister is...slow. My grandparents, unable to give Persie the help she needed, paid for her to go to a special school for girls. The school is famous for it's ability to care for children with special needs. Of course, it was difficult for all of us in the beginning, but eventually, Persie began to thrive. And it was *in* this special school's Creative Arts Program... that Persie found her passion.

Persie: *(Playing with her puppets. As the Ugly Duckling)* Doesn't anyone want to play with a little duck? *(As another puppet)* No! You're so ugly, little duck, that we'll give you 364 more days to dress up for Halloween!

David: *(To audience)* She loves puppets.

Persie: *(As the Ugly Duckling)* Hey, you hurt my feelings! *(As another puppet)* Little duckling, you're so ugly...that if you tried to enter an *ugly* pageant, they'd say, "Sorry. No professionals!"

David: *(To audience)* It can be annoying at times.

Persie: David, would you play a game with me?

David: Sure. What do you want to play?

Persie: The letter game.

David: Okay. How do you play the letter game?

Persie: I'll pick a letter, and every word you say has to start with that letter. Okay?

David: Okay. What's the first letter?

Persie: P.

David: Okay. P.

Persie: Who's your favorite person in the whole wide world?

David: *(Saying "That's easy" with P's.)* Pat's peasy. Pit's Persie!

Persie: (*Giggling*) What's for dinner tonight?

David: Prilled... peese... pandwiches...

Persie: And?

David: (*He realizes what he is about to say.*) Pomato poup.

Persie: Yum. I love pomato poup. Poup. Poup. Poup.

David: (*Unhappy with how this game is going*) Persie...

Persie: Okay, new game. (*She grabs a box of homemade puppets and sets it down in front of them.*) Hmmm, what is something *else* we could play that starts with the letter *P*.

David: (*Reluctantly*) Puppets?

Persie: (*Excited*) You want to play puppets with me?

David: Do you *like* to play with puppets?

Persie: I *love* to play with puppets!

David: Really?

Persie: I play with them all the time!

David: (*Sarcastically*) No!

Persie: Yes! I've made dozens! You've *seen* me put on puppet shows! (*Realizes David is teasing her.*) Ah, you're just teasing me.

David: Hey, it comes with the job of being the older brother.

Persie: Okay. You pick out two puppets, and I'll pick out two. Then we'll put on a show!

David: Okay. I choose the Wolf and The Grinch.

Persie: And I'll pick the Pig and Little Red Riding Hood.

David: Okay. You start.

Persie: (*As Little Red Riding Hood*) La la la la la. Mr. Pig, this is a very nice brick house you have here. (*As Pig*) It's Acme brick. I ask for it by name. And it was very nice of you to bring me a basket of goodies. (*As Little Red Riding Hood*) By all means, help yourself to a snack, but don't make a *pig* of yourself! (*Persie laughs at the joke she made.*)

David: (*As Wolf*) Knock-a. Knock-a. Knock-a.

Persie: (*As Little Red Riding Hood*) Are you expecting company? (*As Pig*) Not unless it's Ed McMahon and the people from the Publisher's Clearinghouse Sweepstakes. Who is it?

David: (*As Wolf*) It's Tony, the Italian Wolf. Do you have any cheeeese?

Persie: (*As Little Red Riding Hood, gasps*) That's the wolf that was asking me about my Granny!

David: (*As Wolf*) If you don't open this door, I'll huff and puff and blow your house in!