



## Sample Pages from The Wonderful Wizard of Oz

Welcome! This is copyrighted material for promotional purposes. It's intended to give you a taste of the script to see whether or not you want to use it in your classroom or perform it. You can't print this document or use this document for production purposes.

Royalty fees apply to all performances **whether or not admission is charged**. Any performance in front of an audience (e.g. an invited dress rehearsal) is considered a performance for royalty purposes.

Visit <https://folk.me/p381> to order a printable copy or for rights/royalty information and pricing.

**DO NOT POST THIS SAMPLE ONLINE.  
IT MAY BE DOWNLOADED ANY TIME FROM THE LINK ABOVE.**

# THE WONDERFUL WIZARD OF OZ

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS ADAPTED BY  
*Laramie Dean*  
FROM THE NOVEL BY  
*L. Frank Baum*



The Wonderful Wizard of Oz  
Copyright © 2020 Laramie Dean

CAUTION: This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of Canada and all other countries of the Universal Copyright Convention and is subject to royalty. Changes to the script are expressly forbidden without written consent of the author. Rights to produce, film, or record, in whole or in part, in any medium or in any language, by any group amateur or professional, are fully reserved.

Interested persons are requested to apply for amateur rights to:

**Theatrefolk**  
theatrefolk.com  
help@theatrefolk.com

Those interested in professional rights may contact the author c/o the above.

No part of this script covered by the copyrights hereon may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means - graphic, electronic or mechanical - without the prior written permission of the author. Any request for photocopying, recording, or taping shall be directed in writing to the author at the address above.

Printed in the USA

## Cast

5M+8W+5 Any Gender, Easily Expandable

**DOROTHY GALE:** Female. A young girl from Kansas.

**TOTO:** Any Gender. Dorothy's dog.

**SCARECROW:** Male. A man stuffed with straw. No brains (he says).

**TIN WOODMAN:** Male. A man made of tin. No heart (he claims).

**COWARDLY LION:** Male. A talking lion. No courage (or so he believes).

**WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST:** Female. A powerful, terrifying sorceress with one eye.

**WIZARD OF OZ:** Any Gender. A humbug unable to actually perform wizardry.

**GLINDA:** Female. A powerful sorceress, beloved and respected.

**NARRATORS:** Ten actors who tell the story of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* and perform as several characters, locations, props, and special effects.

In our original production, we cast ten actors to play the Narrators. These were the configurations we settled on but please feel free to cast as many actors as work for you. Casting is also gender-flexible.

1: Female. Aunt Em, Crow A, Munchkin Dancer, Poppy 1, Oz as Giant Head 1, Oz as Fire 1, Wolf 1, Winged Monkey 1, Winkie 1, Fighting Tree, Part of Spider, Balloon

2: Male. Uncle Henry, Crow A, Munchkin Dancer, Kalidah A, Poppy 2, Oz as Giant Head 2, Oz as Fire 2, Wolf 2, Winged Monkey 2, Winkie, Tiger, Balloon

3: Female. Witch of the North, Crow, Munchkin Dancer, Kalidah B, Poppy 3, Oz as Giant Head 3, Oz as Fire 3, Winged Monkey 3, Beast 1, Balloon

4: Any Gender. Munchkin 1, Boq, Kalidah B, Poppy 4, Oz as Ferocious Beast 1, Wolf, Crow, King of the Winged Monkeys, Winkie, Fighting Tree 2, Part of Spider, Balloon

5: Female. Munchkin 2, Munchkin Dancer, Old Crow, Nimee Aimee, Kalidah, Poppy 5, Oz as Beautiful Woman, Crow, Wolf, Winged Monkey 5, Winkie, Fighting Tree 3, Part of Spider, Balloon

6: Male. Munchkin 3, Munchkin Dancer, Munchkin Baby, Nick Chopper, Mouse 1, Oz as Ferocious Beast 2, Crow, Wolf, Winged Monkey 6, Winkie 2, Tiger, Citizen

7: Female. Munchkin Dancer, Queen of the Field Mice, Oz as Ferocious Beast 3, Crow A, Wolf, Winged Monkey 7, Winkie, China Doll 2, Beast 2, Citizen

8: Any Gender. Munchkin Dancer, Tinsmith, Mouse 2, Soldier at the Gate, Oz as Ferocious Beast, Crow B, Wolf, Winged Monkey 8, Winkie, Part of Spider, Hammerhead 1, Citizen

9: Female. Crow B, Munchkin Dancer, Wicked Witch of the East, Mouse 3, Oz as Ferocious Beast 5, Queen of the Crows, Wolf, Winged Monkey 9, Winkie, Part of Spider, Hammerhead 2, Citizen

10: Any Gender. Munchkin Dancer, Wildcat, Mouse 4, Guardian of the Gate, Oz as Ferocious Beast 6, Leader of the Wolves, Crow B, Winged Monkey 10, Winkie, Head of Spider, Hammerhead 3, Citizen

The Narrators worked together at times to create one large character using several actors. The Kalidahs were composed of Narrators, as was the Giant Spider that the Lion fights in Act Two.

We were fortunate to work with choreographer and dancer Joy French, the artistic director for Bare Bait, Missoula's professional dance company. Joy taught my students how to use their bodies to create physical theatre pieces, and as the Narrators, they used many of those techniques to create the Tornado, the Giant Spider, and the Kalidahs. If you would like a reference point for your students, check out Off Balance's performance of *Robin Hood* at Stockholm Mime Festival in 2009, or DV8 Physical Theatre and the work of Lloyd Newson. Examples of both are currently available on YouTube.

## **A Note On the Text**

L. Frank Baum's novel *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, the first in a series of fourteen, has been adapted numerous times, both for the screen and the stage, most famously as the classic MGM film of 1939 starring Judy Garland as Dorothy.

This adaptation seeks to follow the novel and not the film, which explains why Dorothy wears silver shoes as she does in Baum's book and not slippers made of rubies. Also, this adaptation is not a musical.

### **Backslashes (/)**

A backslash ( / ) indicates a point where one character's line of dialogue interrupts another. For example:

DOROTHY: Give me back my / friends!

WICKED WITCH: Friends? You know, I don't think I will.

The actor playing the Wicked Witch would begin her line, "Friends?" after the actor playing Dorothy says the word "my."

### **Possible Cut**

If you are concerned with time, you may cut the section with the Hammerheads and the China Doll in Act 2.

## **Technical and Design Suggestions**

During the year I produced this play there were an unusual amount of events taking place in the auditorium that is both my classroom and stage, which meant that any set we created would need to be minimal at best.

As I adapted Baum's classic fairytale, my favorite from childhood, I kept simplicity in mind, focusing on the story, the words, and the characters, and therefore chose a reader's theatre approach while writing the script, particularly where the Narrators were concerned. This allowed my design team to come up with a few easy and inexpensive solutions that were still interesting to see and hear, while staying true to Baum's novel.

I will describe the techniques we used without necessarily prescribing them for you: please feel free to go as elaborate (or not) as you would like.

## **The Set**

I reached out to Chip Rhinehart, our Industrial Education teacher, and his students to see if they would build us ten (one for each Narrator) three foot wooden cubes with cutout handles. According to L. Frank Baum, color is important to create the world of Oz; therefore, we painted each side of the box a different Ozian color: blue (for Munchkinland), yellow (for the Yellow Brick Road and the Castle of the Wicked Witch of the West), green (for the Emerald City), and red (for Glinda's palace in the South of Oz).

The boxes were light enough that they could be quickly and easily carried by a single actor and rearranged across the stage to create various locales, and sturdy enough that they could be stood upon safely. Because locations change so swiftly, the boxes allowed us to create Dorothy's house (with the Witch of the East's feet sticking out from beneath), the Emerald City, and the Yellow Brick Road with ease.

You don't need to necessarily adhere to the stage directions as far as the blocks are concerned, or even use blocks at all. Let your imagination (and your budget) be your guide.

## **Costumes and Makeup**

My costume designer costumed all our principles (Dorothy, Toto, Scarecrow, Tin Woodman, Lion, Witch of the West, Wizard of Oz, and Glinda) in full costume and makeup, staying as far away from the concepts employed in the 1939 MGM film as possible.

Our Narrators wore T-shirts that reflected the bright colors of Oz (and matched the cubes used for set pieces): two in yellow, two in green, two in blue, two in red, and two in purple. When the Narrators became specific characters, they donned simple costume pieces – Narrator 9 as the Witch of the North, for instance, wore a floppy white hat and carried a wand with a silver N at its tip.

## **Costume Plot for Each Character**

This is the costume plot we used for our original production. Feel free to make yours as complicated or as simple as you see fit.

**DOROTHY:** Blue and white checked button up shirt, light blue jeans, blue socks, brown shoes (in Kansas), silver shoes (in Oz).

**TOTO:** Dog ears, brown sweat-suit, rubber dog nose, furry paws, detachable tail, furry slippers.

SCARECROW: Straw hat, western-style button up shirt with attached raffia as “straw”, jeans with attached raffia, cowboy boots.

TIN WOODMAN: Funnel painted silver to act as a hat, pointed rubber silver nose, silver vest, silver pants, metallic silver arm gauntlets, gray rubber boots.

COWARDLY LION: Furry lion mane, lion onesie (with attached paws, feet, and tail).

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Black peasant top, black cape with white fur trim, black spandex pants, knee-high black high-heeled boots, black eye-patch.

GLINDA: Silver tiara, white dress with attached oversized roses, red fascinator, red high-heeled shoes.

NARRATOR 1: Red T-shirt, black jeans, blue Converse sneakers. Poppy: red fabric poppy fascinator attached to a headband, red scarf. Oz as Giant Head: green eye and eyelashes painted on white foam core. Oz as Fire: red and orange streamers (held in one hand). Wolf: wolf ears. Winged monkey: black bat wings. Winkie: yellow rain hat.

NARRATOR 2: Yellow T-shirt, black jeans, black Converse sneakers. Uncle Henry: straw hat. Crow: pair of black gloves (hands used together with gloves to form the bird). Kalidah: an ugly mask to suggest a cross between a tiger and a bear. Poppy: red fabric poppy fascinator attached to a headband, red scarf. Oz as Giant Head: green upper lip and teeth painted on white foam core, green lower lip and teeth painted on white foam core. Oz as Fire: red and orange streamers (held in one hand). Wolf: wolf ears. Winged Monkey: black bat wings. Tiger: tiger ears and striped bow-tie.

NARRATOR 3: Purple T-shirt, black jeans, blue Converse sneakers. Witch of the North: floppy white hat, staff-length magic wand with a silver “N” at the tip. Poppy: red fabric poppy fascinator attached to a headband, red scarf. Oz as Giant Head: green eye and eyelashes painted on white foam core. Oz as Fire: red and orange streamers (held in one hand). Winged Monkey: black bat wings. Beast: horns attached to a thin string.

NARRATOR 4: Blue T-shirt, black jeans, gray Converse sneakers. Munchkin/Boq: blue baseball cap. Kalidah: an ugly mask to suggest a cross between a tiger and a bear. Poppy: red fabric poppy fascinator attached to a headband, red scarf. Oz as Ferocious Beast: horns attached to a thin string. Winged Monkey King: black bat wings, red pill-box hat.

NARRATOR 5: Blue T-shirt, black jeans, blue Converse sneakers. Old Crow: black gloves, cane. Poppy: red fabric poppy fascinator attached to a headband, red scarf. Oz as a Beautiful Woman: silver veil. Crow: pair of black gloves (hands used together with gloves to form the bird). Wolf: wolf ears. Winged Monkey: black bat wings.

NARRATOR 6: Purple T-shirt, black jeans, green Converse sneakers. Oz as Ferocious Beast: horns attached to a thin string. Crow: pair of black gloves (hands used together with gloves to form the bird). Wolf: wolf ears. Winged Monkey: black bat wings.

NARRATOR 7: Yellow T-shirt, black jeans, red Converse sneakers. Queen of the Field Mice: scepter. Oz as Ferocious Beast: horns attached to a thin string. Crow: pair of black gloves (hands used together with gloves to form the bird). Wolf: wolf ears. Winged Monkey: black bat wings. China Doll: blank white mask with painted eyelashes and mouth.

NARRATOR 8: Green T-shirt, black jeans, gray Converse sneakers. Soldier at the Gate: green mustache and beard painted on white foam core with a hole for the actor's mouth and glued to a paint stick (then held in front of the actor's mouth), green sequined bow tie. Oz as Ferocious Beast: horns attached to a thin string. Crow: pair of black gloves (hands used together with gloves to form the bird). Wolf: wolf ears. Winged Monkey: black bat wings. Hammerhead: black bucket with holes cut for eyes.

NARRATOR 9: Green T-shirt, black jeans, white Converse sneakers. Crow: pair of black gloves (hands used together with gloves to form the bird). Wicked Witch of the East: blue turban. Oz as Ferocious Beast: horns attached to a thin string. Queen Crow: pair of black gloves (hands used together with gloves to form the bird), yellow crown. Wolf: wolf ears. Winged Monkey: black bat wings. Beast: cat ears. Hammerhead: black bucket with holes cut for eyes.

NARRATOR 10: Red T-shirt, black jeans, red Converse sneakers. Wildcat: oversized cat mask. Guardian of the Gate: green sequined neck tie. Oz as Ferocious Beast: horns attached to a thin string. Leader of the Wolves: wolf ears. Crow: pair of black gloves (hands used together with gloves to form the bird). Winged Monkey: black bat wings. Hammerhead: black bucket with holes cut for eyes.

## **Lighting**

We used colored lights on our cyclorama to great effect to suggest the different areas of Oz and to play more with color. To create the glowing effect when the silver shoes begin to show their power, we aimed a spotlight with a red gel at the feet of the actress playing Dorothy.

## **Backstage Crew**

In order to facilitate quick transformations, costume changes, and prop handling, we employed a backstage crew who occasionally appeared onstage. They were also costumed in bright colors, but in a slightly different style than our main Narrators.



## Original Cast and Crew

The Wonderful Wizard of Oz debuted at Hellgate High School in Missoula, Montana, on March 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2017. The original cast and crew are as follows:

**DOROTHY:** Ayla Baca

**TOTO:** Dillon Deschamps

**SCARECROW:** Monroe Ayers

**TIN WOODMAN:** Diego Kjelland

**COWARDLY LION:** Hunter White

**WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST:** Riley Mentel

**WONDERFUL WIZARD OF OZ:** Leah Samuels

**GLINDA THE GOOD:** Iris Jandreau

**NARRATOR 1 / AUNT EM:** Katherine Kirgis

**NARRATOR 2 / UNCLE HENRY:** Luke Mohorcich

**NARRATOR 3 / GOOD WITCH OF THE NORTH:** Gabriela Flores

**NARRATOR 4 / WINGED MONKEY KING:** Stephen Blotzke

**NARRATOR 5 / NIMEE AIMEE:** Alora Fradkin

**NARRATOR 6 / NICK CHOPPER:** Nicolas Crepeau

**NARRATOR 7 / QUEEN OF THE FIELD MICE:** Maris Ward

**NARRATOR 8 / SOLDIER AT THE GATE:** Tristan Redearth

**NARRATOR 9 / WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST:** Sophia Thompson

**NARRATOR 10 / GUARDIAN OF THE GATE:** Mason Martin

**Director:** Laramie Dean

**Technical Director:** Ryan Young

**Stage Managers:** Shelby Kitch, Brigid Leonard, and Emma Swartz

**Backstage Crew:** Camryn Cooper, Chloe Kearns, Daria Porter, Evan Smith

**Light Design:** Ryan Young

**Sound Design:** Stephen Blotzke and Alora Fradkin

**Costume Design:** Monroe Ayers, Ayla Baca, Emma Swartz, Sophia Thompson

**Makeup / Hair Design:** Iris Jandreau

**Makeup Artists:** Laurel Aytes, Iris Jandreau, Brigid Leonard, Marly Scolatti

**Prop Designer:** Riley Mentel

**Puppet Construction:** Laurel Aytes

**Box Construction:** Chip Rhinehart's Woods Class

**Set Design:** Laramie Dean and Ryan Young

**Poster:** Laurel Aytes

**Photography:** Elan West-Badminton

## **ACT ONE**

### **Scene One**

*GLINDA appears onstage. She holds a wand decorated with a large red jewel. She smiles and makes a magical gesture to summon the NARRATORS, who all come running, excited to tell the story. NOTE: The first line in each scene, written in all caps, is the title of each chapter from the novel.*

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: THE CYCLONE.

GLINDA, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5: Dorothy

GLINDA, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: Gale

*NARRATORS split to reveal DOROTHY, who gazes out at the prairie before her with wide, wonder-filled eyes.*

GLINDA: lived in the midst of the / great

2, 3, 4: great

GLINDA: Kansas prairies

*2 becomes UNCLE HENRY. 1 becomes AUNT EM.*

UNCLE HENRY: (*steps forward*) with / Uncle Henry

5, 6, 7: Uncle Henry

UNCLE HENRY: (*grabs AUNT EM*) who was a farmer, and / Aunt Em

AUNT EM: (*HENRY puts his arm around her*) Aunt Em, who was the farmer's wife. Their house was small

*NARRATORS arrange three of the blocks in a triangle shape to form the farmhouse.*

UNCLE HENRY: for the lumber to build it had to be carried by wagon many miles.

3: When Dorothy stood in the doorway and looked around, she could see

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: nothing

3: but the great gray prairie on every side.

4: Not a tree

5: nor a house

4: broke the broad sweep of flat country that reached to the sky in all directions.

AUNT EM: (*cleaning dishes*) When Aunt Em came to live

UNCLE HENRY: she was a young, pretty wife. The sun and wind had changed her too.

*HENRY reaches for her, but she steps away from him, continuing to sadly clean the dishes.*

AUNT EM: Taken the sparkle from her eyes and left them a sober gray.

*HENRY takes her hand gently. She allows this.*

UNCLE HENRY: Taken the red from her cheeks and lips

AUNT EM: and they were gray also.

*She lays her head on his shoulder and sighs.*

AUNT EM & UNCLE HENRY: (*brightening*) But

AUNT EM: but then there was

UNCLE HENRY: then there was

AUNT EM & UNCLE HENRY: Dorothy.

*DOROTHY runs to them. They gaze at her fondly.*

AUNT EM: And they loved Dorothy

*EM embraces DOROTHY.*

UNCLE HENRY: as if she were

AUNT EM & UNCLE HENRY: their own.

AUNT EM: And Dorothy loved them too.

5: But it was Toto that made Dorothy laugh

*DOROTHY claps for TOTO, who comes bounding onto stage, leaping and frolicking. DOROTHY giggles.*

6: and saved her from growing as gray as her surroundings.

7: Toto played all day long

8: and Dorothy played with him

*DOROTHY chases after TOTO; at last she catches him and hugs him tightly.*

9 & 10: and loved him dearly.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: *(their mood darkening)* Today

5: however

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: they were not playing.

UNCLE HENRY: Uncle Henry sat upon the doorstep and looked anxiously at the sky

AUNT EM: which was even grayer than usual

UNCLE HENRY: if possible.

3: From the far north they heard a low wail of the wind

*NARRATORS create wind noises. HENRY, EM, DOROTHY, and TOTO all react uneasily.*

UNCLE HENRY & 3: and Uncle Henry and Dorothy could see

UNCLE HENRY: where the long grass bowed in waves

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: before the coming storm.

*NARRATORS begin to move in concentric circles, individually at first, as if they were tiny cyclones. Throughout the following lines they form rings within rings, and eventually begin to come together to form one whirling, ferocious tornado. They continue to use their voices to create the scream of the wind.*

UNCLE HENRY: There's a cyclone coming, Em! I'll go look after the stock!

AUNT EM: Quick, Dorothy! Run for the cellar!

UNCLE HENRY: But Toto jumped out of Dorothy's arms and hid under the bed!

*As they jump and whirl, NARRATORS, including HENRY and EM, remove blocks, leaving only two, slightly spaced apart. TOTO runs to these and hides between them; DOROTHY follows.*

AUNT EM: Aunt Em, badly frightened, threw open the trap door in the floor and climbed down the ladder into the small, dark hole!

DOROTHY: Toto!

AUNT EM: Dorothy caught Toto at last and started to follow her aunt.

*EM and HENRY become NARRATORS again.*

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: A strange thing happened then.

*NARRATORS focus their cyclone swirling on DOROTHY and TOTO, atop the two remaining boxes. NARRATORS will continue to create interesting shapes and movements, playing with pace, levels, and working together.*

3 & 4: The house whirled around

3: two or three times

4: and rose slowly through the air.

DOROTHY: It's just like going up in a balloon!

5: The north and south wind met where the house stood and made it the exact center of the cyclone!

6: The great pressure of the wind on every side of the house raised it up

5: higher and higher

6 & 7: until it was at the very top!

*All freeze for a beat. GLINDA approaches the audience, still smiling kindly.*

GLINDA: And there it remained and was carried miles and miles away as easily as you could carry a feather.

*Action resumes. The sound of the wind grows intense so that DOROTHY must shout over it.*

DOROTHY: It's so dark! And the wind is howling so terribly! But it isn't really so bad, Toto. (*TOTO barks*) It's just like being rocked, really, like a baby in a cradle. I wonder what will happen next?

*TOTO leans over the edge of his box...*

8: Once Toto got too near the open trap door and fell in!

*...and falls down between them!*

DOROTHY: Toto, no!

*DOROTHY catches TOTO by the ear.*

9: But the strong pressure of the air was keeping him up so he could not fall, and so eventually she dragged him back into the room.

DOROTHY: I'm closing this door right now so no more accidents will happen!

*She pushes the boxes together.*

GLINDA: Hour after hour passed, and slowly Dorothy got over her fright.

9: But she felt quite lonely

10: and the wind shrieked so loudly all about her that she nearly became deaf.

GLINDA: But as the hours passed and nothing terrible happened, she stopped worrying and resolved to wait calmly and see what the future would bring.

9: In spite of the swaying of the house

10: and the wailing of the wind

9 & 10: Dorothy soon closed her eyes

GLINDA: and fell fast asleep.

*She blows DOROTHY a kiss, then exits.*

## **Scene Two**

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: THE COUNCIL WITH THE MUNCHKINS.

5: She was awakened by a shock

*NARRATORS lift a box and slam it down loudly; DOROTHY and TOTO awaken. Over the following lines, all remaining boxes are turned out so that each blue side faces the audience.*

6: so sudden and so severe

7: that if Dorothy had not been lying on the soft bed

6 & 7: she might have been hurt.

*TOTO whines.*

DOROTHY: (*hops off the box*) We're not moving anymore, Toto, and it isn't dark at all! (*opens the door and gives a cry of amazement*) Toto, look!

*NARRATORS add the feet of the Wicked Witch of the East, shod in silver shoes, to emerge from between the two boxes that were used for DOROTHY's house. In our production we used pieces of wood clad with striped socks.*

8: The cyclone had set the house down very gently

9: for a cyclone

8: in the midst of a country of marvelous beauty. Stately trees bore luscious fruit.

9: Banks of gorgeous flowers were on every hand

10: and birds with rare and brilliant plumage sang and fluttered in the trees and bushes.

*3 becomes the WITCH OF THE NORTH. 4 becomes MUNCHKIN 1, 5 MUNCHKIN 2, and 6 MUNCHKIN 3. MUNCHKINS should wear some article of blue clothing, possibly hats, while the WITCH wears white. She carries a staff adorned with a large "N."*

WITCH OF THE NORTH: You are welcome, noble Sorceress, to the land of the Munchkins. We are so grateful to you for having killed the Wicked Witch of the East, and for setting our people free from her tyranny.

DOROTHY: But I've never killed anything before, especially not a person!

WITCH OF THE NORTH: (*laughing*) Your house did, anyway, and that's the same thing. See! There are her two awful old feet, still sticking out from under a block of wood. Look how the sunlight flashes off her silver shoes!

MUNCHKINS: (*sighing reverently*) The silver shoes...

DOROTHY: Oh no! The house must have fallen on her. What are we going to do?

WITCH OF THE NORTH: There is nothing to be done.

DOROTHY: But who was she?

WITCH OF THE NORTH: She was the Wicked Witch of the East.

You really must pay better attention, dear. She forced all of the Munchkins to become her slaves, and they worked for her endless nights and days.

MUNCHKIN 1: (*grumbling*) Her tax hikes were nothing to sneeze at either...

MUNCHKIN 2: (*to MUNCHKIN 3*) Didn't she turn you into a chicken that one time?

WITCH OF THE NORTH: You have set them all free, and they are grateful to you for the favor.

DOROTHY: But who are the Munchkins?

*MUNCHKINS harrumph.*

WITCH OF THE NORTH: They are the people who live in this, the land of the East, where the Wicked Witch ruled.

DOROTHY: And... are you a Munchkin?

WITCH OF THE NORTH: No, but I am their friend, even though I live in the North. When they saw that the Wicked Witch was dead, they sent a swift messenger to me, and I used my magic to come as quickly as I could.

DOROTHY: Magic? Then you must be...

WITCH OF THE NORTH: I am the Good Witch of the North.

*NARRATORS hum a harmonized note of awe.*

DOROTHY: But I thought all witches were wicked!

WITCH OF THE NORTH: (*taking her hand kindly*) That is a great mistake. I am good, and the Munchkins love me. I would have set them all free myself, but I am not as powerful as the Wicked Witch of the East is.

MUNCHKIN 1: (*with a jump*) Was!

MUNCHKIN 2 & MUNCHKIN 3: (*jump! jump!*) Was! Was!

WITCH OF THE NORTH: (*chuckling*) Indeed. Once there were four witches in all the Land of Oz, and those who live in the North and the South are good witches. Since I'm the Witch of the North, I know this is true and not a mistake. But now that you have come and squashed the Witch of the East, there is but one



Wicked Witch left in all the Land of Oz – the one who lives in the West. She –

MUNCHKIN 2: It's so cold all of a sudden!

*NARRATORS create a fluttering sound. 1, 2, and 7 become CROWS A. 8, 9, and 10 become CROWS B. They make dreadful cawing sounds; the WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST begins to laugh, though she remains unseen. The MUNCHKINS cower from the sound, which is loud and terrible.*

CROWS A: You killed my sister, little girl.

CROWS B: You killed the Witch of the East.

DOROTHY: I didn't mean to!

*NARRATORS join together to become one giant bird. The voice of the WITCH OF THE WEST joins the CROWS onstage, though we still don't see her in the flesh.*

CROWS & WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: You cannot hide from my power.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: (voiceover) You cannot hide from me.

WITCH OF THE NORTH: (brandishing her wand) You have no power in this land!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST & CROWS: I shall. Soon I shall have all of Oz!

*The CROWS lunge forward; the WITCH OF THE NORTH holds them back with the power of her magic wand.*

WITCH OF THE NORTH: This girl is an experienced killer of Wicked Witches. Be warned!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST & CROWS: The silver shoes.

CROWS A: I want them.

CROWS B: And I shall have them.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST & CROWS: The silver shoes will yet be mine!

*Squawking and screaming, The CROWS break apart into separate individuals and fly away. The MUNCHKINS huddle together and cry.*

DOROTHY: Was that... her?

WITCH OF THE NORTH: (*consoling the MUNCHKINS*) Indeed. Well, the voice part of her, anyway: the Wicked Witch of the West. Awful old thing. I'm afraid she will try to destroy you if you cross her path.

DOROTHY: I don't imagine I'd like that at all.

WITCH OF THE NORTH: You really don't have experience with witches, do you.

DOROTHY: Aunt Em told me that all the witches were dead years and years ago.

WITCH OF THE NORTH: Well, Aun-Tem was wrong, whoever or whatever that is.

DOROTHY: She's my aunt, who lives in Kansas.

WITCH OF THE NORTH: Never heard of it. Is it a civilized country?

DOROTHY: Occasionally.

WITCH OF THE NORTH: That accounts for it. The Land of Oz has never been civilized, for we are cut off from the rest of the world. Therefore we still have witches and wizards amongst us.

DOROTHY: Who are the wizards?

WITCH OF THE NORTH: (*in a whisper of awe*) Oz himself is the Great Wizard. He is more powerful than the rest of us put together. It was he who chased the Wicked Witches away and keeps the Emerald City safe.

MUNCHKIN 1: Um. I think you ladies should see this.

*A NARRATOR removes the feet of the WICKED WITCH, leaving only the silver shoes.*

MUNCHKIN 2: Well that was gross.

*WITCH OF THE NORTH picks up the silver shoes and shakes out the dust.*

WITCH OF THE NORTH: She was so old and wicked that she dried up quickly in the sun. But, ooh! That means the silver shoes are yours now!

DOROTHY: But the Wicked Witch of the West –

WITCH OF THE NORTH: – wants them for herself, of course.

MUNCHKIN 3: The Witch of the East was awfully proud of those silver shoes.

MUNCHKIN 1: Awfully proud.

MUNCHKIN 2: And there's some kind of charm connected to them, but what it was, we never knew.

WITCH OF THE NORTH: The Wicked Witch of the West mustn't ever get ahold of these shoes, not ever! For she's right, you know: she would use their power to conquer all of Oz. And that would prove disastrous for everyone who lives here.

*DOROTHY thinks for a moment, then dons the silver shoes.*

DOROTHY: I must find my way home, as beautiful as your country is. Aunt Em and Uncle Henry must be terribly worried about me by now.

MUNCHKIN 1: That could be a problem. At the East, not far from here, there is a great desert that turns whoever touches it to sand.

DOROTHY: That's awful!

MUNCHKIN 2: And there it is again at the edge of the West, where the other Wicked Witch lives.

MUNCHKIN 3: And the South, where Glinda lives!

MUNCHKINS: (*with extreme reverence*) Glinda...

DOROTHY: But who is –

WITCH OF THE NORTH: And since I call the North my home, and know it intimately, I fear to tell you that the Deadly Desert exists there as well. You'll just have to live with us, my dear. (*DOROTHY begins to cry. The MUNCHKINS join her.*) This won't do! Listen here, this won't do at all! Oh my. Well, if you want something done, do it yourself. (*incanting*) HILLO, HOLLO, HELLO!

*8, 9, and 10 appear with a giant sign that proclaims:*

8, 9, 10: LET DOROTHY GO TO THE CITY OF EMERALDS!

WITCH OF THE NORTH: As I thought. Are you Dorothy, my dear?

DOROTHY: (*drying her tears*) I am. But where is the City of Emeralds?

MUNCHKIN 1: In the direct center of Oz.

MUNCHKIN 2: Where it is ruled by the Great Wizard himself.

DOROTHY: Is he a good man?

WITCH OF THE NORTH: He is a good wizard. Whether he is a man or not, I cannot tell, for I have never seen him.

DOROTHY: How will I get there?

WITCH OF THE NORTH: You must walk. It is a long journey, through a country that is sometimes pleasant and sometimes dark and terrible. But you mustn't fear. I will use all the magical arts I know to keep you safe.

DOROTHY: Won't you come with me?

WITCH OF THE NORTH: Alas, I cannot. But I shall give you my kiss upon your forehead, and no one will dare injure one who bears the kiss of the Witch of the North.

*The WITCH OF THE NORTH kisses DOROTHY upon the forehead. 1, 2, 7, 8, 9, and 10 sing a harmonious note.*

DOROTHY: Thank you!

WITCH OF THE NORTH: Don't mention it. Now, the road to the Emerald City is paved with yellow brick so there is no possible way you can miss it. When you reach the city and see the Wizard, do not be afraid. Tell him in simple terms what you want and ask him for his help. Goodbye, my dear, and good luck!

*She spins around on her heel three times as NARRATORS appear to help her vanish offstage by spinning around her as she exits and making magical sounds as they go.*

TOTO: Bark, bark, bark!

DOROTHY: Oh, Toto. She was a witch, after all. How else would you expect her to go?

*TOTO shrugs and makes a questioning growl.*

### Scene Three

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: HOW DOROTHY SAVED THE SCARECROW.

SCARECROW: Hey, that's me!

*SCARECROW climbs up on a pole or stands atop one of the boxes as if he were attached to a pole. 1-10 turn the boxes yellow-side-out so they become the Yellow Brick Road, which winds around the stage. DOROTHY and TOTO follow it during the following narration.*

1: There were several roads nearby

2: but it did not take Dorothy long to find the road of Yellow Brick.

3: Within a short time she was walking briskly toward the Emerald City

4: her silver shoes tinkling merrily on the hard yellow roadbed

5: and with Toto beside her. The sun shone bright

6: and the birds sang sweetly

*1-5 begin to sing like birds.*

7: and Dorothy did not feel nearly so bad as you might think a little girl

8: who had been

7 & 8: suddenly

8: whisked away from her own country

9: and set down

10: in the midst of

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: a strange land

10: might feel.

1: She was surprised, as she walked along to see how pretty the country was around her.

2: Once in awhile she would pass a house and the people came out and bowed low as she went by

*NARRATORS bow as she passes them.*

- 3: (*waving to DOROTHY, who waves back, encouraging TOTO to wave as well*) for everyone knew she had destroyed the Wicked Witch of the East and set them free.
- 1: (*turns one of the boxes back to blue*) All the houses were painted blue, for in the country of the East, blue was the favorite color.
- 2: (*turning two more boxes blue and stacking them to become BOQ's house*)  
Toward evening, when Dorothy was tired with her long walk, she passed a big blue house that was larger than the rest
- 3: where a celebration with much singing and laughing was taking place.

*1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 become MUNCHKIN DANCERS, celebrating.*

- 4: The house belonged to a rich Munchkin farmer named Boq, who, seeing Dorothy, called, (*donning a blue costume piece to become BOQ*) Please join us! It's because of you we're able to celebrate at all, you know.

DOROTHY: Thank you!

BOQ: You must be an exceptional sorceress.

DOROTHY: Why?

BOQ: Because you wear the silver shoes and have killed the Wicked Witch. Besides, your frock contains white, and only witches and great sorceresses wear white.

DOROTHY: But it's blue and white checked.

BOQ: It is kind of you to wear that. Blue is the color of the Munchkins, and white is the witch color, so we know you are a friendly witch.

DOROTHY: (*to TOTO*) I suppose eventually I'll just get used to everyone thinking I'm a witch.

TOTO: (*nodding*) Grrrr.

5: Dorothy slept that night quite soundly until morning.

6: As she ate her breakfast, she watched a wee Munchkin baby (*as MUNCHKIN BABY, pulling TOTO's tail*) pull Toto's tail and crow and laugh in a way that was greatly amusing to everyone.

TOTO: (*taking back his tail as MUNCHKIN BABY laughs and claps*) Grumph.

6: Except for Toto.

DOROTHY: (to BOQ) How far is it to the Emerald City?

BOQ: I do not know, for none of us have ever been there. We find it best to stay away from the Wizard of Oz, unless you have business with him. The Yellow Brick Road is beautiful, and so is the countryside – some of it – but you will pass through many dangerous places. There is still (*in a whisper*) one Wicked Witch left in Oz, after all.

DOROTHY: I've met her. Well, the crow part of her.

BOQ: And there are Kalidahs and evil trees and Hammerheads and... oh dear. So many dreadful things. Are you sure you wouldn't rather stay here with us? You can be mayor.

DOROTHY: It's really nice of you to offer, but I need to get back to Aunt Em and Uncle Henry as quickly as I can. Thank you for everything! Come on, Toto!

*TOTO extricates himself from the MUNCHKIN BABY, who giggles with delight. Together, they walk on. As they exit, 1, 2, and 7 become CROWS A. 8, 9, and 10 become CROWS B. CROWS surround BOQ.*

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (voiceover) & CROWS A: That was unwise, Munchkin.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (voiceover) & CROWS B: You should have held the girl until I could arrive in person.

BOQ: I couldn't! I couldn't!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (voiceover) & CROWS A: Whatever my sister could do to you

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (voiceover) & CROWS B: I can do far worse.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (voiceover) & CROWS: I WANT THOSE SHOES.

*BOQ cowers. The CROWS advance... then withdraw, laughing.*

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: (voiceover) Be told.

*CROWS exit, cawing with laughter. NARRATORS turn blue boxes back to yellow and space them in a different configuration across the stage.*

5: After Dorothy had gone several miles, she stopped to rest before a great cornfield

6: where, not far away, she saw a Scarecrow, placed high atop a pole to keep the birds from the ripe corn.

SCARECROW *winks.*

DOROTHY: Toto, did that Scarecrow just wink at me?

TOTO: Grrrrr!

SCARECROW: How do you do?

I: He said

2: in a rather husky voice. Because... corn husks? Husky? (*I stares blankly*) No? Okay...

DOROTHY: I'm pretty well, thank you. How do you do?

SCARECROW: I'm not feeling pretty well. It is exceedingly tedious being perched up here night and day.

DOROTHY: Can't you get down?

SCARECROW: I don't think so. I'm exceedingly, exceptionally sure that no, no I can't. This pole is stuck very far up my back. If you will please take away the pole, I will be greatly obliged to you.

*DOROTHY helps him off the pole or down from the box.*

DOROTHY: Like this?

SCARECROW: Oh, but you are clever! Thank you! I feel like a new man.

DOROTHY: I'm sorry if it seems like I'm staring. I've just never seen a straw man talk before.

SCARECROW: Don't they have talking straw men where you come from?

DOROTHY: Yes... but none like you.

SCARECROW: (*moving about, trying out his limbs*) You must not hail from the Land of Oz. (*TOTO sniffs about him suspiciously*)

DOROTHY: I come from Kansas. I'm going to the Emerald City to ask the Wizard of Oz to send me back there.



SCARECROW: Where is the Emerald City?

DOROTHY: Don't you know?

SCARECROW: I don't know much of anything. I'm stuffed, as you now know, and I have no brains at all in my head. Or anywhere else.

*He falls down. DOROTHY helps him up.*

DOROTHY: Goodness! I'm very sorry.

SCARECROW: Do you think that, if I came with you, the Wizard would give me some brains?

DOROTHY: I don't think it could hurt all that much to ask. If he doesn't, then you're no worse off than you were before.

SCARECROW: That sounds logical.

DOROTHY: Why do you want brains so badly? I find that most people get along quite well without them.

SCARECROW: *(returns to his pole in flashback)* After the farmers who built me left me alone on that pole, an old crow perched on my pole, and he said

*5 becomes OLD CROW, and examines the SCARECROW with some suspicion, then amusement.*

OLD CROW: I wonder if the farmer thought to fool me in this clumsy manner. Any crow with sense could see that you are only stuffed with straw.

SCARECROW: Then he hopped down and ate all the corn he wanted. I felt sad at seeing this, for it showed I was not such a good scarecrow after all, but the old crow comforted me, saying,

OLD CROW: If you only had brains in your head, you would be as good a man as any of them, and a better man than some of them. Brains are the only things worth having in this world, no matter whether one is a crow or a man.

SCARECROW: *(leaving the pole and returning to DOROTHY)* Even though I can't be hurt physically since I'm made of straw and all, I found that it did hurt quite a lot to be called a fool, and if my head stays stuffed with straw instead of brains, how will I ever know anything?

DOROTHY: I think I understand how you feel. Let's go! *(TOTO sniffs around him, growling.)* You mustn't mind Toto. He doesn't bite.

SCARECROW: I'm not afraid of him. He couldn't hurt the straw, see. But I'll tell you a secret. There is one thing in the world I am afraid of.

DOROTHY: What is that? The Munchkin farmer who made you?

SCARECROW: Nope. It's a lighted match.

*NARRATORS react vocally and physically in fear.*

## Scene Four

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: THE RESCUE OF THE TIN WOODMAN.

*The TIN WOODMAN positions himself, frozen, holding up his ax. NARRATORS rearrange the boxes throughout the following narration, still keeping them yellow. They are spaced further apart than before, as if to indicate the isolation of this part of the Yellow Brick Road.*

7: As Dorothy and the Scarecrow made their way down the Yellow Brick Road, they found that there were fewer fruit trees.

8: Fewer farms.

9: And the farther they went, the more dismal and lonesome the country became.

DOROTHY: I'm afraid I don't like this part of the road as much.

SCARECROW: I just can't understand why you want to leave this beautiful country and go back to the dry, gray Kansas you told me about.

DOROTHY: No matter how dreary and gray our homes are, we people of flesh and blood would rather live there than in any other place, no matter how beautiful it is. Remember: there is no place like home.

SCARECROW: I suppose. If your heads were all stuffed with straw, like mine is, you would probably all live in beautiful places, and then Kansas would have no people at all. It is fortunate for Kansas that you have brains.

*The WOODMAN groans.*

DOROTHY: What was that?

SCARECROW: It came from over there!

*They approach the WOODMAN.*

DOROTHY: He's... he's all made of... *(she knocks on his arm)*...tin!

SCARECROW: Did you groan?

WOODMAN: I certainly did. I've been groaning for more than a year, but no one has heard me or come to help me.

DOROTHY: How can we help you?

WOODMAN: Get an oil can and oil my joints. They are rusted so badly that I cannot move them at all.

SCARECROW: *(finding an oil can)* Here it is!

*He hands it to DOROTHY, who begins to oil the WOODMAN's joints.*

WOODMAN: Oh, thank you! That feels so much better. I've been rusted solid for at least a year, though it may have been longer than that, and I might have stood there for always if you hadn't come along and saved my life. What brings you here?

DOROTHY: We're on our way to see the wonderful Wizard of Oz.

WOODMAN: He's terrifying, or that's what people say. Why do you want to see him?

DOROTHY: I want him to send me back to my home in Kansas, and the Scarecrow wants brains.

WOODMAN: Hmmmm. Do you think Oz could give me a heart?

DOROTHY: I suppose so. I guess it would be as easy as putting brains in the Scarecrow's head.

SCARECROW: Or even easier!

WOODMAN: If you'll have me, I'd like to join your party so I may ask the Wizard for a heart.

DOROTHY: Of course you can join us.

*NARRATORS change block positions, maintaining their yellow sides, but even further apart than before. Some are stacked on top of others.*

1: It was a bit of good luck that the Tin Woodman joined Dorothy and the Scarecrow

2: for soon after they began their journey again.

3: They came to a place where the trees and branches grew so thickly over the road

*1, 2, and 3 each jump on a box then reach out their arms and hands, grinning fiendishly, and becoming less pleasant TREES.*

1 & 2 & 3: that the travelers could not pass.

*4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 also become TREES, grinning and ad libbing jeers and taunts.*

DOROTHY: Oh no!

SCARECROW: (to the WOODMAN) That's an ax, right?

WOODMAN: Why, so it is!

SCARECROW: You should use that! Chop 'em good!

WOODMAN: My pleasure.

*He swings his ax as if hacking away at the TREES, who fall away from him easily, jumping off the boxes and becoming NARRATORS again.*

DOROTHY: Good thinking, Scarecrow!

WOODMAN: I agree. But I thought you didn't have any brains.

SCARECROW: I don't. My head is stuffed with straw.

DOROTHY: One needs brains to have ideas. Don't you think that, well, just maybe –

WOODMAN: Hmm. My head is quite empty too, but so is my chest. Once I had brains, and a heart as well, and having had them both, I must say I'd prefer a heart.

DOROTHY: How did you lose them?

WOODMAN: It's a sad story. Or, I assume it is; without a heart, I can't really tell for sure. But I was born the son of a woodman, who taught me all he knew about chopping wood for a living. After he died, I took care of my mother for as long as she lived. When she passed away I decided to marry so I wouldn't be alone.

*5 becomes NIMEE AIMEE and 6 becomes NICK CHOPPER, the WOODMAN of the past. The WOODMAN hands NICK CHOPPER his ax.*

I fell in love with one of the Munchkin girls, a beauty named Nimee Aimee.

NIMEE AIMEE: I will marry you someday, Nick Chopper, I swear it.

NICK: But when?

NIMEE AIMEE: As soon as I am free.

WOODMAN: For Nimee was a slave to the Wicked Witch of the East, who was evil and merciless, as I'm sure you've heard.

*9 becomes the WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST, reclining and lazily eating from a box of candies. NIMEE is on her hands and knees, scrubbing the floor and wringing out a sponge in a bucket.*

Nimee did all the cooking and housework for the Witch, who was lazy as well as wicked.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST: Tote that water, girl! And don't spill a drop.

WOODMAN: So of course

NIMEE AIMEE: (*exhausted*) I know, I know.

WOODMAN: the Witch was unwilling to lose so valuable a slave.

NIMEE AIMEE: You never allow water anywhere near you.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST: Which is a secret that will die with you! For you'll never leave me, you know this.

NIMEE AIMEE: (*big eye roll*) Yes... yes, I know.

*The WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST makes a magical gesture, and NIMEE is thrown to the ground.*

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST: You dare to use that tone with me!

NIMEE AIMEE: (*terrified, in pain*) I'm sorry, I'm sorry!

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST: If I didn't know any better... why, I'd think you were hiding something from me, dear Nimee.

WOODMAN: But the Wicked Witch had spies everywhere

*1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10 become various evil creatures, lurking on top of or behind the boxes, eavesdropping while NIMEE meets NICK. They embrace.*

NIMEE AIMEE: Oh, Nick! I cherish these moments alone with you.

WOODMAN: and she soon learned

NIMEE AIMEE: Tomorrow night...

WOODMAN: of our plans.

NIMEE AIMEE: ...tomorrow night, I will steal away from her forever, I promise!

NICK: I fear for you, my darling.

NIMEE AIMEE: I'll be very brave. If I can figure out the charm behind her silver shoes, I'll use them to fly us far from here. And if that doesn't work, there's always water.

NICK: Water?!

SCARECROW: Water?!

WOODMAN: That's what I said.

NIMEE AIMEE: Wicked Witches are afraid of water, you see. It's because their evil has dried up all the goodness and feelings and empathy inside them, and so they dried up with it. The Wicked Witch of the East never allows water to touch her in any fashion.

NICK: I can only imagine what will happen if it does.

NIMEE AIMEE: I think that soon we shall find out.

*She gives him a quick kiss. Both NICK and WOODMAN react with goofy, wonder-struck surprise.*

WOODMAN: But before we could escape or push her into a bathtub, the Wicked Witch enchanted my ax.

*The WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST casts a spell, weaving her arms through the air and perhaps performing some kind of ritualistic dance. NICK's ax goes wild, swinging itself through the air. He cries out as he mimes chopping off pieces of his body.*

So that, one-by-one, it cut off various pieces of my body.  
Fortunately,

*8 becomes the TINSMITH.*

TINSMITH: What have we here?

*TINSMITH affixes a bit of tinfoil to NICK.*

WOODMAN: a tinsmith happened upon me, and made me a body piece out of tin for each one that I had lost.

TINSMITH: Good as new!

WOODMAN: But the Witch was furious at being balked

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST: No one balks me! I'm so furious!

WOODMAN: that she cast one final spell

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST: (*incanting*) Eppe, peppe, kakke!

WOODMAN: so that my ax chopped off my head and then went right through my chest as if it were mere butter.

*NICK's ax goes wild again; he swings it mightily through the air in one last, exaggerated chop.*

TINSMITH: Just like butter. That's gotta sting.

*Sighing, the TINSMITH attaches more tinfoil pieces to NICK, who is soon covered and unrecognizable.*

WOODMAN: The tinsmith fixed me up with a head and chest made of tin. But without a heart, I lost all my love for Nimee Aimee, and I didn't care whether I married her or not.

*NICK watches NIMEE from afar as she searches for him. Head down, shoulders slumped, he exits as she calls for him.*

NIMEE AIMEE: Nick? Nick, where are you?

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST: You'll never see your Tin Woodman again, my dear!

*She cackles fiendishly while NIMEE sobs.*

DOROTHY: What do you suppose happened to her?

WOODMAN: I'd guess that she's still living around here somewhere, now that the Witch is dead, waiting for me to come after her.

SCARECROW: But you won't.

WOODMAN: As I am now? Not a chance.

DOROTHY: That was a terribly sad story.

WOODMAN: While I was in love I was the happiest man on earth, but you can't love if you don't have a heart, and so I am resolved to

ask Oz to give me one. If he does, I will find my Nimee again and marry her.

SCARECROW: As lovely as that story was, I think I'll ask for brains instead of a heart, for a fool would not know what to do with a heart if he had one.

WOODMAN: I shall take the heart, for brains do not make one happy, and happiness, I think, is the best thing in the world.

*He pats TOTO carefully on the head, who responds with a "garrumph" sound.*

## Scene Five

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: THE COWARDLY LION.

*NARRATORS arrange blocks over following narration, still facing their yellow sides, but making sure they are farther apart than before. They should be in diagonals from one another, or, again, a few stacked on top of one another, but in different configurations than the last scene.*

8: All this time, Dorothy and her companions had been walking through the thick woods.

9: The road was still paved with yellow bricks

10: but these were much covered by dried branches and dead leaves from the trees, and walking

*SCARECROW stumbles and falls. WOODMAN and DOROTHY help him up.*

8 & 9 & 10: was not at all easy.

*1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 become TREES, each standing atop a block. 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 begin to make strange, ominous animal sounds.*

DOROTHY: Boq was right – this part of the journey has grown rather frightening. How long before we're out of the forest?

WOODMAN: I have never been this far before.

SCARECROW: You shouldn't worry, Dorothy. I'm made of straw and the Woodman of tin, so nothing can harm us. And though you are only made of flesh and blood, and thus very fragile and edible, you do bear the mark of the Good Witch of the North on



your forehead, so I guess... uh... yay? (*off the WOODMAN's look, rallying*) I mean, yay!

DOROTHY: But Toto! Who will protect him?

TOTO: Bark!

WOODMAN: We'll have to protect him ourselves, if it should come to that.

*Suddenly, with a mighty roar, the COWARDLY LION enters. He knocks over the SCARECROW then the WOODMAN. TOTO attacks the LION, barking. The LION lifts his paw to strike TOTO...*

DOROTHY: Oh no you don't!

*She slaps the LION, who backs off, gaping and aghast.*

LION: (*rubbing his nose*) Ouch ouch ouch!

DOROTHY: How dare you attack Toto? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great big beast like you, trying to bite a poor little dog!

LION: I didn't bite him!

DOROTHY: No, but you tried to. You are nothing but a great big coward.

*LION considers this for a moment, then bursts into tears.*

LION: I know. I've always known it. But how can I help it?

DOROTHY: You can try harder to... to not be a coward.

LION: I would if I could. (*suddenly squinting at TOTO, who growls at him*) What is he?

DOROTHY: He's a dog, of course!

LION: (*knocking on the WOODMAN's head*) Is he stuffed like that one, or made of tin like the other one?

DOROTHY: Why, no! No, he's... he's a meat dog!

LION: He's so little. Hardly worth the effort, really.

*TOTO growls. The LION begins to sob again.*

No one would think of biting such a small furry creature except for a coward like me.

SCARECROW: What makes you a coward anyway?

LION: (*halting his crying suddenly*) It's a mystery. I suppose I was born that way.

*LION begins to cry again.*

WOODMAN: Perhaps you have heart disease.

LION: I don't think it very likely.

WOODMAN: If you do, you should count yourself lucky that you have a heart at all.

LION: (*dryly*) I'll try to remember that.

SCARECROW: Perhaps if you had better brains you'd be less of a coward.

LION: I don't think that's very nice.

SCARECROW: I'm going to ask the Wizard of Oz for better brains. Or any at all.

LION: The what of what now?

WOODMAN: The Wizard of Oz. The Wonderful Wizard of Oz. I'm going to ask him for a heart.

DOROTHY: And I'm going to ask him to send me and Toto back to Kansas.

LION: Do you think he could give me courage?

DOROTHY: I don't see why not.

LION: Then I'll go with you, if you don't mind. My life is simply unbearable without courage.

DOROTHY: You're very welcome to come with us.

SCARECROW: He can keep away the other wild beasts!

DOROTHY: Good thinking!

WOODMAN: And we'll protect you if you get really scared.

LION: That's very kind of you.

WOODMAN: Not really. You people with hearts have something to guide you, and need never do wrong; but I have no heart, so I must be very careful. See? Look! I just stepped on that beetle. The poor thing; I crushed it!

*He begins to sniffle, then openly weeps. Suddenly his jaw rusts. He makes several frightened motions.*

DOROTHY: His jaw is rusted!

LION: (*super dryly*) Must be those tears that come from not feeling anything.

*DOROTHY uses the oil can.*

WOODMAN: This just proves my point! When Oz gives me a heart, of course I needn't mind so much.

## Scene Six

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: THE JOURNEY TO THE GREAT OZ.

*NARRATORS adjust the blocks, but only slightly, moving them a bit upstage or down, or turning them just a little off-center.*

1: (*as a large, menacing TREE atop a block*) They were obliged to camp out that night under a large tree in the forest

*DOROTHY, TOTO, SCARECROW, WOODMAN, and LION settle beneath this TREE.*

2: for there were no houses near.

*The WOODMAN mimes chopping.*

3: And the Tin Woodman chopped a great pile of wood with his ax and built Dorothy a splendid fire that warmed her and made her feel less lonely.

*DOROTHY, TOTO, SCARECROW, WOODMAN, and LION all gather around the fire. This could be mimed, or NARRATORS could create it with streamers. Once the SCARECROW realizes what it is, he backs away a bit, watching it warily.*

LION: If you wish, I will go into the woods and kill a deer for you. You can roast it in the fire.

WOODMAN: Oh, I wish you wouldn't! I should certainly weep if you killed a poor deer, and then my jaws would rust again.

*Shrugging, the LION sneaks away offstage or behind a block.*

1: But the Lion went away on his own into the deep, dark forest and found his own supper

2: and no one ever knew what it was

3: and he never mentioned it.

*The LION returns.*

SCARECROW: I believe we're nearing the end of these terrible woods. Look! You can see daylight!

DOROTHY: We must be close to the Emerald City!

LION: We should be extra special careful here. This is the home of (*in an exaggerated whisper*) the Kalidahs.

DOROTHY: What's a Kalidah?

LION: They are monstrous beasts with bodies like bears and heads like tigers and with claws so long and sharp that they could tear me in two as easily as I could kill Toto. Sorry, Toto.

TOTO: Grumph.

LION: I'm more afraid of the Kalidahs than almost anything.

WOODMAN: And that's saying a lot!

LION: (*offended*) Hey!

DOROTHY: I'm not surprised that you are. They sound perfectly dreadful!

*1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 begin making strange, foreboding sounds. DOROTHY, LION, SCARECROW, and the WOODMAN look around uneasily. TOTO begins to bark and move away. They follow him. NARRATORS place four blocks to act as the great gulf our friends will face. In our production, they placed them, spaced apart, two feet or so away from the edge of the apron.*

WOODMAN: There's something out there... I can feel it!

SCARECROW: And I can almost sense what it is...

DOROTHY: Something is coming! We should hurry!

*Each, except for TOTO, who shares his box with DOROTHY, climbs atop one of the boxes placed at the apron's edge. They all look down in dismay.*

Oh no!

SCARECROW: I've never seen a gulf as great as this one.

LION: We'll never cross it. Can you see the bottom?

DOROTHY: No!

*The foreboding sounds increase. Something is coming... something BIG. 2, 3, 4, and 5, now offstage, begin to make exaggerated stomping sounds, snarls, and growls.*

*1, 6, 7, and 8 place a box slightly upstage. 1 stands on top of it, arranging their arms to look like branches, while 6, 7, and 8 form a picture suggesting that they are other branches.*

SCARECROW: Look! Here is a big tree close to the ditch. If the Tin Woodman were to chop it down, it will fall onto the other side and we can walk across it easily.

LION: That is a first-rate idea! One would almost suspect you had brains in your head after all.

*The WOODMAN mimes chopping at the TREE. 1, 6, 7, and 8 split, each standing in the gap between the boxes that DOROTHY, SCARECROW, and LION stand upon. NARRATORS help our friends jump from box to box. Suddenly they look in horror as two enormous KALIDAHS enter, created by NARRATORS 2, 3 (KALIDAH A) and 4, 5 (KALIDAH B). 2 sits on 3's shoulders and 4 sits on 5's shoulders. 2 and 4 wear exaggerated, terrifying monster masks that suggest a cross between a tiger and a bear. They snarl and roar and claw at the air. 3 and 5 stomp heavily as they advance.*

KALIDAHS!

SCARECROW: Quickly!

KALIDAH A & WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (voiceover): Stop, fools!

KALIDAH B & WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (voiceover): Give me the silver shoes and you all may live!

DOROTHY: Why do they want the silver shoes?

LION: That's a superb question. Have you seen the size of their feet?

KALIDAHS & WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (voiceover): The shoes, foolish girl! Now!

DOROTHY: Oh! It's the Wicked Witch of the West!

LION: No matter who they are, they will surely tear us to pieces with their sharp claws. (*standing between his friends and the KALIDAHS, holding up his fists as if to box*) But stand close behind me, and I will fight them as long as I am alive!

SCARECROW: (*to the WOODMAN*) Chop away the end of the tree!

KALIDAHS & WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (voiceover): You will never escape! Never!

*The KALIDAHS approach the boxes. The WOODMAN begins to mime chopping. 1, 6, 7, and 8 each take a box and move upstage.*

1: The Tin Woodman began to use his ax at once

2: and just as the two Kalidahs were across

1 & 2: the tree fell with a crash

1: carrying the ugly, snarling brutes with it.

*2 and 4 jump off the shoulders of 3 and 5. All scream and flail about in slow motion as if falling down a great distance. Action freezes. 9 runs downstage and uses the fingers of their right and left hands to represent KALIDAHS, acting out their demise, and making silly, cartoonish sounds to represent them as they fall to their deaths.*

9: (*very pleased*) And both were dashed to pieces on the sharp rocks at the bottom.

*9 bows. Other NARRATORS applaud.*

LION: I see we are going to live a little while longer. How nice. I was just telling myself that it must be fairly uncomfortable to not be alive.

## Scene Seven

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: THE DEADLY POPPY FIELD.

3: They awoke the next morning full of hope

4: and Dorothy breakfasted like a princess off peaches and plums from the trees beside the river.

5: Behind them was the dark forest they had passed safely through

6: and before them was a lovely, sunny country that seemed to beckon them on to

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, & 10: (*big sigh*) the Emerald City.

*NARRATORS turn five of the boxes red side out. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 don their fascinators and scarves and become giant red POPPIES, standing atop the boxes.*

1: They walked along, listening to the singing of the brightly colored birds

2: and looking at the lovely flowers

3: which were now so thick the ground was carpeted with them.

4: There were big yellow

5: and white

1: and blue

2: and purple blossoms

3: beside great clusters of

1, 2, 3, 4, & 5: scarlet poppies

4: which were so brilliant in color

5: they almost dazzled Dorothy's eyes.

*POPPIES jump off their boxes and begin a seductive dance. DOROTHY approaches them.*

DOROTHY: Aren't they beautiful?

SCARECROW: (*unimpressed*) When I have brains I shall probably like them better.

WOODMAN: If only I had a heart, I think I would love them.

LION: I always did like flowers. They seem so helpless and frail. But there are none in the forest as bright as these little guys!

*He tickles the chin of one of the POPPIES, which giggles. Delighted, the LION giggles back, then yawns.*

*The POPPIES begin to circle DOROTHY, LION, and TOTO.*

1: Now it is well known that when there are a great many poppies together

2: their odor is so powerful

3: that anyone who breathes it

1 & 2 & 3: falls asleep

4: and if the sleeper is not carried away from the scent of the flowers

5: he sleeps on and on

1, 2, 3, 4, & 5: forever.

*DOROTHY and TOTO fall asleep.*

SCARECROW: What just happened?

WOODMAN: I have no idea! But it doesn't look good. What do we do?

LION: (*while yawning*) If we leave Dorothy here she will die. The smell of the flowers will kill her! Just speaking for myself, I can barely keep my eyes open, and Toto is asleep already. You know, I think I'll just... just go and get help... after I have a little... cat... nap...

*The LION falls asleep.*

SCARECROW: Quick! Dorothy first. Let's make a chair with our hands and carry her.

*The WOODMAN and the SCARECROW carry DOROTHY and TOTO away from the flowers.*

WOODMAN: The Lion is too heavy to lift. It will kill me to leave him here, metaphorically speaking.

SCARECROW: And it will certainly kill him if we do. Literally speaking.

*10 uses a giant cat mask, holding it out as they run, to become a WILDCAT. 7 becomes QUEEN OF THE FIELD MICE. The WILDCAT tears after the QUEEN, who squeaks in terror.*

WOODMAN: I suppose it's wrong to allow that Wildcat to kill such a pretty, harmless creature.

*He raises his ax.*



SCARECROW: But don't you suppose it's also maybe wrong to – (*The WOODMAN mimes chopping the WILDCAT's head off; 10 discards the cat mask in shock, then shrugs, shakes head, rejoins other NARRATORS.*) Never mind. You're good.

QUEEN OF THE FIELD MICE: Oh, thank you ever so much for saving my life!

WOODMAN: Don't mention it. I have no heart, you know, so I am always careful to help all those who may need a friend, even if happens to be only a mouse.

QUEEN OF THE FIELD MICE: Only a mouse! Why, I am a Queen – the Queen of all the field mice!

WOODMAN: (*bowing*) Your Majesty.

*6 becomes MOUSE 1, 8 becomes MOUSE 2, 9 becomes MOUSE 3, and 10 becomes MOUSE 4. The MICE come running to join their QUEEN.*

MOUSE 1: Oh your majesty, we thought you would be killed!

MOUSE 2: How did you manage to escape the great Wildcat?

QUEEN OF THE FIELD MICE: That funny tin man killed the Wildcat and saved my life. So hereafter you must serve him and obey his slightest wish.

MICE: (*jumping up and down in excitement*) We will!

*TOTO awakens, barks a giant bark, and chases the MICE, who all run away. The WOODMAN catches TOTO.*

WOODMAN: Come back! Toto won't hurt you!

QUEEN OF THE FIELD MICE: Are you sure he won't bite us?

WOODMAN: (*as TOTO struggles to break free*) I won't let him.

MOUSE 3: How can we repay you for saving the life of our Queen?

WOODMAN: Hmm. There's nothing I can think of...

SCARECROW: Not true! (*smacking the WOODMAN, who reacts reproachfully*) You can save our friend, the Cowardly Lion, who's sleeping right now in the poppy bed!

QUEEN OF THE FIELD MICE: A lion! Why, he would gobble us up!

SCARECROW: Oh, I don't think so. The Lion is quite a coward, you see. And he would never hurt anyone who is our friend.

QUEEN OF THE FIELD MICE: Very well, we will trust you. What do you want of us?

SCARECROW: Are there many mice who call you Queen?

QUEEN OF THE FIELD MICE: Oh yes! Thousands!

SCARECROW: Summon them. Summon them all! It'll take all of them for what I've got planned. And tell them to each bring a piece of string!

WOODMAN: What can field mice do? They're so small!

SCARECROW: I could be wrong, of course. Probably am. But I was just thinking that one field mouse by herself is pretty tiny. But many field mice, even though they are tiny, can be mighty together. I think. I mean, it stands to reason.

WOODMAN: You'd better be right. The Lion doesn't have much more time.

7: The Queen ordered the mice to fetch all the rest, and soon they came to her from all directions.

8: Thousands of them!

9: Big mice and little mice and middle-sized mice!

10: And each brought a piece of string in their tiny paws.

*DOROTHY wakes up.*

DOROTHY: Holy moly!

SCARECROW: Permit me to introduce her Majesty, the Queen.

DOROTHY: Pleased to meet you, your Majesty!

*The QUEEN curtsies. DOROTHY curtsies back.*

6: The Scarecrow and the Woodman now began to fasten the mice to the Lion using the strings they had brought.

7: After a great deal of hard work, for the Lion was quite heavy, they managed to begin pulling!

*1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 become MICE and begin helping to pull the LION.*

8: At first the little creatures, many though they were, could hardly stir him.

9: But with the help of Dorothy and the Scarecrow and the Woodman, it grew easier

10: and soon they were out of the poppy bed and into green fields

7: where he could breathe the sweet, fresh air again.

*The LION begins to wake up.*

LION: C'mon, Mom, just five more minutes! (sees *all the MICE*) Holy moly.

QUEEN OF THE FIELD MICE: If you ever need us again, come out into the field and call and we shall come immediately to your assistance. Goodbye, my friends!

*The MICE scamper away.*

LION: You know, I always thought of myself as very big and terrible, and yet those little flowers came close to killing me, and then animals who were even littler than the flowers saved me. Life sure is weird. Sooooo... what do we do now?

DOROTHY: We find the Yellow Brick Road again!

SCARECROW: And we keep following it!

WOODMAN: Until it leads us to...

DOROTHY, SCARECROW, WOODMAN: The Emerald City!

LION: (*simultaneously*) An affordable bed and breakfast! (*They stare at him. Reproached.*) Um... the Emerald City!

## **Scene Eight**

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: THE WONDERFUL EMERALD CITY OF OZ.

*NARRATORS arrange boxes center stage, stacking them green-side-out so that they resemble a building that suggests the Emerald City.*

1: The road was smooth and well paved now and the country about them was beautiful.

2: There were fences again lining the road

3: but these were painted

1 & 2 & 3: green

1: and the farmhouses were likewise green.

DOROTHY: We must be near the Emerald City by now.

SCARECROW: Everything is green here, just like it's all blue in Munchkinland.

4: As they walked on that day and the next

5: they saw

4 & 5: a beautiful green glow

5: in the sky just before them.

DOROTHY: The Emerald City!

6: Suddenly

7: before them

8: appeared a big gate

9: all studded with emeralds

10: that glittered so in the sun that even the painted eyes of the Scarecrow were dazzled. (*becomes the GUARDIAN OF THE GATE and stands atop a single green box*) What do you wish in the Emerald City?

DOROTHY: We're here to see the Wonderful Wizard of Oz!

GUARDIAN OF THE GATE: (*obviously in great shock*) It has been many years since anyone asked to see Oz. He is powerful and terrible, and if your errand is idle or foolish so that it bothers the wise reflections of the Great Wizard, why, he may become so angry that he destroys you all in an instant! (*snaps his fingers*) Whoosh! Like that.

LION: That doesn't sound very nice at all.

SCARECROW: But it isn't a foolish errand, or an idle one! It's important. And we have been told that Oz is a good Wizard. Wonderful, even!

GUARDIAN OF THE GATE: Oh, he is, he very is, and he rules the Emerald City wisely and well. But to those who are not honest,

or who approach him from curiosity, he is most terrible, and no one has ever asked to see his true face.

DOROTHY: He has more than one?

GUARDIAN OF THE GATE: Why, don't you?

DOROTHY: (*feeling her face*) Nope. Just this one.

GUARDIAN OF THE GATE: I think you are mistaken. Most people possess two at the very least.

SCARECROW: Metaphorically-speaking! (*off their reactions*) Hey guys... what's a metaphor?

GUARDIAN OF THE GATE: I am the Guardian of the Gate, and since you demand to see the Great Oz, I must take you to his palace.

1: They were dazzled as they walked by the brilliancy of the wonderful city.

2: The streets were lined with beautiful houses

3: all built of green marble

4: and studded everywhere with sparkling emeralds

1 & 2 & 3 & 4: all glittering in the brightness of the sun.

5: There were many people

6: men, women, and children

7: walking about in green clothes

8: with greenish skins.

5 & 6: They looked at Dorothy

7 & 8: and her strangely assorted company

5, 6, 7 & 8: with wondering eyes.

9: Everyone seemed happy

10: and contented

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 & 10: and prosperous.

*8 becomes the SOLDIER.*

GUARDIAN OF THE GATE: Here are strangers who demand to see the Great Oz.

LION: Um, I think we actually politely requested. (*off their looks*) Never mind.

SOLDIER: Please make yourselves comfortable while I go to the door of the Throne Room and tell Oz you are here.

DOROTHY: It feels like we've been traveling forever, but here we are at last! I'm so nervous! Look, my hands are shaking!

LION: My paws are always shaking.

SCARECROW: At last I shall have my brains!

WOODMAN: And I'll have my heart back!

LION: And I'll have courage! Finally!

DOROTHY: And I'll – (*the SOLDIER returns, looking grim*) Have you seen the Wizard?

SOLDIER: Oh no! No no no! No one has ever seen him! But I spoke to him as he sat behind his screen, and I gave you his message. He said he will grant you each an audience, but each one of you must enter his presence alone, starting with the little girl who wears the silver shoes.

DOROTHY: How does he know about those?

SOLDIER: The Great and Powerful Oz knows everything. Plus, I might have mentioned that you were wearing them. He wasn't going to see you at first, you know, but when I mentioned the shoes, then he decided to see you.

*1, 2, and 3 become OZ AS A GIANT HEAD. 1 holds an eye, 2 the other eye, and 3 holds the mouth.*

HEAD: LET THE LITTLE GIRL COME FORTH.

DOROTHY: Jeepers!

SOLDIER: You must go into the throne room alone.

*They surround her.*

SCARECROW: We'll be waiting for you right here, Dorothy!

WOODMAN: We promise.

LION: We won't let anyone hurt you.

DOROTHY: You're the best friends I've ever had.

*They nod at her encouragingly. DOROTHY, with great trepidation, approaches the HEAD.*

HEAD 1: I / am

HEAD 2: am / Oz

HEAD 1 & HEAD 2: The Great and Terrible.

HEAD 2: Who / are

HEAD 3: are you / and

HEAD 1: and why do you

HEAD: seek me?

DOROTHY: I am Dorothy, the Small and Meek. I have come to you for help.

HEAD 1: How did you come to possess the / silver shoes?

HEAD 2 & HEAD 3: silver shoes?

DOROTHY: The Good Witch of the North gave them to me. They came from the Wicked Witch of the East, after my house fell on her.

HEAD 2: And the mark on / your forehead?

HEAD 1 & HEAD 3: your forehead?

DOROTHY: That's where the Good Witch of the North kissed me for protection just before she sent me to you.

HEAD: The Good Witch, eh.

HEAD 1: What do / you

HEAD 2: you wish / me

HEAD 3: me to / do?

HEAD 1 & HEAD 2: do?

DOROTHY: Send me back home to Kansas please! I am sure Aunt Em is terribly worried since I've been gone so long.

HEAD: Why should I do this for you?

DOROTHY: Because you are strong and I am weak; because you are a Great Wizard and I am only a helpless little girl.

HEAD 1: But you were strong enough to kill the Wicked Witch of the East.

HEAD 2: I'd say that makes you far from helpless.

HEAD 3: Still, I will make a bargain with you. Help me

HEAD: and I'll help you.

DOROTHY: What do you want me to do?

HEAD: Kill the Wicked Witch of the West.

DOROTHY: I can't do a thing like that!

HEAD 1: Then you don't want to go home very badly

HEAD 2 & HEAD 3: do you.

DOROTHY: But I never killed anything willingly!

HEAD 1: That

HEAD 2: is

HEAD 3: your

HEAD: problem.

DOROTHY: If you are so Great and Terrible, why don't you kill her yourself?

*Beat. When the HEAD speaks again, its tone is icy cold.*

HEAD 1: Until the Wicked Witch dies

HEAD 2: you will never see your aunt and uncle

HEAD 3: again.

DOROTHY: Oh no!

HEAD 1: Oh, child. Be of good cheer!

HEAD 2: The Witch is Wicked

HEAD 3: tremendously Wicked

HEAD: and she ought to be killed.

DOROTHY: I don't think anyone ought to be killed.

HEAD 1: You're boring me. Go



HEAD 2: and do not let me see you again

HEAD 3: until you've completed your task.

*DOROTHY returns to her friends.*

DOROTHY: Oh, it's hopeless, hopeless!

WOODMAN: Don't cry, Dorothy, please! It kills me to see you cry!

DOROTHY: Oz refuses to send me home unless I kill the Wicked Witch of the West, and I could never do anything so horrible.

SCARECROW: My turn next. Let me see if I can change his mind.

*The SCARECROW approaches. 5 becomes OZ AS A beautiful LADY.*

LADY: I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Who are you, and why do you seek me?

1: And so they each approached the Great and Terrible Oz

2: but for each of them Oz appeared

3: in quite a different form.

*The WOODMAN approaches his version of OZ: 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 have become OZ AS A FEROCIOUS BEAST. 8 speaks for OZ BEAST.*

OZ BEAST: I am Oz.

*The LION approaches his version of OZ: 1, 2, and 3 have become OZ AS FIRE.*

FIRE: The Great and Terrible.

OZ BEAST: Who are you

FIRE: and why do you seek me?

SCARECROW: I am only a Scarecrow, stuffed with / straw

WOODMAN: I am a Woodman, made of / tin

LION: I am a Cowardly Lion, afraid of everything.

SCARECROW, WOODMAN & LION: And I'm begging you for

SCARECROW: some brains.

WOODMAN: a heart.

LION: courage.

LADY, OZ BEAST & FIRE: Why should I do this for you?

SCARECROW: Because you are wise and powerful.

WOODMAN: Because you alone have the power to grant my request.

LION: Because of all the wizards in all the worlds

SCARECROW, WOODMAN & LION: you are the most wonderful.

LADY: I never grant favors without some return. So:

OZ BEAST: Help Dorothy kill the Wicked Witch of the West.

FIRE: Bring me proof that the Wicked Witch is dead

LADY: and at that moment I will give you / brains.

OZ BEAST: a / heart.

FIRE: courage.

LADY: The Witch must die.

LADY, OZ BEAST & FIRE: Now go.

*All NARRATORS exit.*

DOROTHY: What shall we do now?

LION: There is only one thing we can do. We must go to the land of the Winkies who live in the West, find the Wicked Witch, and destroy her.

DOROTHY: I don't like the idea of killing anyone.

WOODMAN: Neither do I.

LION: Then I shall never have courage.

SCARECROW: And I shall never have brains.

WOODMAN: And I shall never have a heart.

DOROTHY: And I shall never see Aunt Em or Uncle Henry again. Kansas is so grey and lonely, and they need me... and I need them too! It's home... my home, and I miss it! (*taking a deep breath*) I suppose we must try it. Perhaps we can, I don't know, reason with the Witch.

LION: I will follow you anywhere, Dorothy, even though I'm far too much of a coward to kill anyone.

SCARECROW: I will go too, though I am far too foolish to come up with any kind of plan.

WOODMAN: I haven't the heart to harm even a Witch, no matter how wicked she is, but if you go, I will go with you.

DOROTHY: I don't know how I'd ever do this alone.

SCARECROW: You aren't alone.

WOODMAN: We'll always be here for you, Dorothy. You saved us. It's the least we can do.

LION: So what are we waiting for? Let's go bag us a Wicked Witch!

*They start off, exiting. Suddenly, we hear the evil cackling of the WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST. She finally appears. She has one eye. Her face is chalk white and covered in writhing black veins. She is terrifying.*

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Dorothy Gale, Dorothy Gale. Don't you worry, darling girl. You certainly aren't alone. You have me too... and I'm watching... I'm always watching. Watching you... and your idiot friends... and those shoes. Yes, the silver shoes. And once they belong to me, I will be the greatest power in Oz. Then I'll put you where you belong. Don't you worry about that. (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 & 10 become WOLVES, CROWS, and MONKEYS. They flank the WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST, eager to do her bidding.) Because after all... what was it you said? "There's no place like home"... is there?

*Lights fade as her evil cackling swells; 1-10 cackle and howl and scream joyfully with her.*

**ACT TWO****Scene One**

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: (*terrified whispers*) THE SEARCH FOR THE

1, 2 & 3: Wicked / Witch

4, 5 & 6: Witch / Wicked

7 & 8 & 9 & 10: Wicked / Witch

1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5: Witch / Wicked

6 & 7 & 8 & 9 & 10: Wicked Witch

*I gives a little scream.*

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: THE SEARCH FOR THE WICKED WITCH.

8: The Soldier with the green whiskers led our friends through the streets of the Emerald City until they reached the gates again.

DOROTHY: Which road leads to the Wicked Witch of the West?

SCARECROW: Heh. Witch road.

WOODMAN: (*sternly*) No puns. (*relenting*) Maybe just that one.

SOLDIER: There is no road. No one ever wishes to go that way.

DOROTHY: How will we find her?

GUARDIAN OF THE GATE: Don't worry about that, my friends. She'll find you.

LION: I don't like the sound of that.

SOLDIER: Oh, you probably shouldn't.

GUARDIAN OF THE GATE: When the Wicked Witch knows you're in her country, she'll send her wolves...

SOLDIER: Or her crows.

GUARDIAN OF THE GATE: I hear she has monkeys.

LION: Monkeys? That doesn't sound too bad.

SOLDIER: Winged monkeys.

LION: That's less fun.

GUARDIAN OF THE GATE: Something about wings on a monkey freaks me out. Anyway, she'll send something after you and then she'll make you her slaves.

SCARECROW: We have this plan to destroy her, see.

GUARDIAN OF THE GATE: Oh, that's totally different! No one's ever destroyed her before, so naturally I just assumed she'd make slaves of you.

SCARECROW: You're being sarcastic, aren't you.

GUARDIAN OF THE GATE: Little bit.

SOLDIER: You should be careful. She's terribly wicked and fierce. She tried to take over the Emerald City once, but the Wizard drove her off.

DOROTHY: However did he do that?

SOLDIER: With his Wonderfulness.

GUARDIAN OF THE GATE: He's quite Wonderful, you know.

SCARECROW: We've met... um... them.

SOLDIER: Keep to the West where the sun sets, and you cannot fail to find the Wicked Witch.

GUARDIAN OF THE GATE: Or she'll find you. Then it's enslavement for everyone! Have a good trip!

1: They bade the Emerald City goodbye

2: and turned toward the West

*NARRATORS transform the Emerald City into the Castle of the Wicked Witch, turning the blocks yellow-side-out, leaving a space within the formation to act as the cage for the LION.*

3: walking over fields of soft grass dotted here and there with

1 & 2 & 3: daisies and buttercups

1: that gradually became

1 & 2 & 3: a scorched and blasted wasteland.

*The WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST appears, watching from afar. Our friends don't see her, but they sense her.*

SCARECROW: This isn't pleasant terrain at all.

DOROTHY: And it's so hot!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: And it will grow hotter and hotter still, pretty girl. Hotter and hotter and hotter and –

4: The Wicked Witch of the West had but one eye

5: yet this eye was as powerful as a telescope

4 & 5: and could see

4: everywhere.

*The WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST throws her head back and shrieks. NARRATORS 3-9 shriek with her. 10 becomes the LEADER OF THE WOLVES, while 1 and 2 become WOLVES as well.*

LEADER OF THE WOLVES: What is your command?

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Go to those people and tear them to pieces. Do it slowly. Leave the silver shoes unscathed and then bring them to me.

WOLF 1: Why don't you make them your slaves like you did with the –

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: (*softly*) Are you questioning me?

LEADER OF THE WOLVES: No, no, absolutely not.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Then bring me what I need.

WOLF 1: How are we to bring you the silver shoes?

WOLF 2: Yeah, what do you expect us to do, wear them all the way back here on our paws?

*WOLF 2 dances about mockingly as if wearing dainty shoes. The WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST holds up a single finger; WOLF 2 topples backward, yelping in pain. The WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST holds up another finger, and WOLF 2 begins to convulse. The WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST holds up a third finger, and WOLF 2 relaxes, gasping.*

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: See? I can be merciful. But I show no mercy to those who dare to work against me. And after all, there's but one side, isn't there? My side.

LEADER OF THE WOLVES: (*humble*) We will tear them to pieces. We will be gentle with the shoes. We will bring them to you.

*4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 join 1, 2, and 3 as WOLVES, ready to attack.*

TOTO: Bark bark bark!

DOROTHY: Toto, no!

WOODMAN: This is my fight! Get behind me!

1: As the Leader of the Wolves came on

2: the Tin Woodman swung his arm.

*The WOLVES pause, looking to their LEADER.*

WOODMAN: My ax is sharp, do you see? It could chop your head from your body... (*he swings*) ...just like that!

LEADER OF THE WOLVES: We are not afraid! (*turns to the other WOLVES, who grumble and look anywhere else*) I said... we are not afraid!

WOLF 1: (*in a small voice*) Wearenotafraid.

WOLF 2: (*to LEADER OF THE WOLVES*) Hey, look, it's not like we don't mind being wolves and chowing down on her enemies. But I heard about this wildcat, see, and this tin guy, like, totally chopped off its head. Whoosh! In one swoop. Cut it clean off.

WOODMAN: (*sternly*) Does this Witch treat you so well that you are willing to die for her?

LEADER OF THE WOLVES: She... she...

WOODMAN: (*lowering his ax*) Run away. I'll give you that chance. And once the Witch has been disposed of, you may return to this land again and be slaves to no one.

LEADER OF THE WOLVES: It... it would be good to not be slaves... (*gestures to the other WOLVES*) Wolf huddle! (*They huddle together. Whispering. Approaches.*) How do we know you will keep your promise?

WOODMAN: Because I'm not killing you now. And I won't. Because you'll do the right thing. I know that you'll do the right thing.

*LEADER OF THE WOLVES looks at him for a beat.*

LEADER OF THE WOLVES: Come on, wolves! After me! We're to be slaves no more!

ALL WOLVES: Slaves no more!

*Howling joyfully, they all exit.*

DOROTHY: You were wonderful!

SCARECROW: A good fight, my friend!

WOODMAN: The best kind. Where no one gets hurt.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: *(in shock)* Gone. All gone. *(quaking with fury)* They were weak and useless. *(an incantation)* Hollo hillo hullo! *(9 becomes QUEEN OF THE CROWS. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 10 join her as fellow CROWS.)* As Queen of the Crows, you are more powerful than the other birds who rule the skies.

QUEEN OF THE CROWS: This is true.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Then show me your power. Prove it to me! Fly to the strangers who have dared come into my land and peck out their eyes! Tear them to pieces! And bring me the silver shoes!

CROWS: *(in awe)* The silver shoes...

QUEEN OF THE CROWS: We will not fail you, Highness.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: I know you won't. You love me. The darkness inside you rivals my own. *(She raises her hand into a fist, clenches it, and 2/CROW falls dead. The other CROWS gasp.)* But I will destroy you without hesitation should you return without finishing the job. Do you understand?

QUEEN OF THE CROWS: We understand, Highness.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Then go. *(3/CROW and 4/CROW drag away dead 2/CROW. The other CROWS, led by QUEEN OF THE CROWS, fly away.)* And kill them all.

DOROTHY: Crows! Thousands of them!

LION: There are too many to fight!

DOROTHY: I'm afraid!

SCARECROW: Don't be. This is my battle.

*The others lie down behind him. The SCARECROW draws himself up to his full height and attempts to*



*look menacing. The CROWS back away, crying out in fear. QUEEN OF THE CROWS approaches.*

QUEEN OF THE CROWS: It's only a straw man. He is nothing! I will peck out his eyes.

*QUEEN OF THE CROWS attacks the SCARECROW.*

SCARECROW: (*ferociously, with big arm waving*) Boogedy boogedy boogedy!!!

*The CROWS look at one another, then, squawking in terror, and led by their QUEEN, they all fly away.*

SCARECROW: Heh. I guess that old crow was wrong after all. Even though I'm only a straw man, I see that I can still scare a crow or two.

WOODMAN: (*helpfully*) Or two thousand!

DOROTHY: I don't like this. The Witch sent those wolves and those crows. She won't stop until she destroys us all!

*The WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST is in a rage. She pulls at her hair, drags her long fingernails down her cheeks, then throws back her head and shrieks. Miles away, DOROTHY and her friends are struck as though by an earthquake and topple to the ground.*

1: The Witch could not understand how all her plans to destroy the strangers had / failed

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: failed

2: but she was a / powerful witch

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: powerful witch

1, 2 & WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: as well as a wicked one

2: and she made up her mind soon enough how to act.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: The Golden Cap. It's all I have left.

*The WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST reveals the Golden Cap.*

3: There was

4: in her cupboard

3 & 4: a Golden Cap

3: with a circle of diamonds and rubies running round it.

4: Whoever owned the Cap could call

3: three times

4: upon

3 & 4: the Winged Monkeys

4: who would obey any order they were given.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: I've used this Cap to enslave the Winkies, and once again when I fought the Wizard of Oz himself and drove him forever from this land. And now I will use it one last time, and one time pays for all. *(She dons the cap. Then, an incantation.)* ZIZZY... ZUZZY... ZIK!

*The NARRATORS come WINGED MONKEYS. 4 is KING OF THE WINGED MONKEYS.*

WINGED MONKEY 5: Now the charm began to work.

WINGED MONKEY 6: The sky was darkened

WINGED MONKEY 7: and a low rumbling sound was heard in the air.

WINGED MONKEY 8: There was a rushing of many wings

WINGED MONKEY 9: a chattering and laughing

WINGED MONKEY 10: and the sun came out of the dark sky to show the Wicked Witch

WINGED MONKEY 1: surrounded by a crowd of

WINGED MONKEYS: monkeys

WINGED MONKEY 2: each with a pair of

WINGED MONKEY 3: immense and powerful

WINGED MONKEY 5: wings on his shoulders.

KING OF THE WINGED MONKEYS: You have called us for the third and final time. What do you command?

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: The silver shoes.

KING OF THE WINGED MONKEYS: Ah, yes. They contain a power greater than even the Golden Cap... provided you know how to use them.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: And I do.

KING OF THE WINGED MONKEYS: Then everyone in Oz must begin to quake in fear.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: A wise thing to do, I expect.

*She smiles. The lights flicker and the MONKEYS move about as if suffering a mild earthquake.*

KING OF THE WINGED MONKEYS: And where are the silver shoes now?

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Go to the strangers in my land. Tear the silver shoes from the little girl. Kill her. Destroy the others. Except for the Lion. Bring the beast to me, for I have a mind to harness him like a horse and make him work.

KING OF THE WINGED MONKEYS: Your command shall be obeyed.

*The WINGED MONKEYS attack DOROTHY and her friends.*

DOROTHY: Monkeys! With wings! Just like the Guardian of the Gate said!

SCARECROW: He was right! Wings on a monkey are super freaky!

*WINGED MONKEYS 1, 2, and 3 seize the WOODMAN.*

WINGED MONKEY 1: Some of the Monkeys seized the Tin Woodman

WINGED MONKEY 2: and carried him through the air until they were over a country thickly covered with sharp rocks.

*They drag him offstage.*

WINGED MONKEY 3: Here they dropped the poor Woodman

WINGED MONKEY 1: where he lay so battered and dented that he could neither move nor groan.

*MONKEYS 5, 6, and 7 approach the SCARECROW.*

WINGED MONKEY 5: Others of the Monkeys caught the Scarecrow

WINGED MONKEY 6: and with their long fingers pulled all of the straw out of his clothes and head.

*They drag him offstage.*

WINGED MONKEY 7: They made his hands and boots and clothes into a small bundle and threw it into the branches of a tall tree.

*MONKEYS 8, 9, and 10 approach the LION.*

WINGED MONKEY 8: The remaining Monkeys threw pieces of stout rope around the Lion

WINGED MONKEY 9: and wound many coils about his body and head and legs

WINGED MONKEY 10: until he was unable to bite or scratch or struggle in any way.

LION: Really, guys?

*They pull him offstage.*

*KING OF THE WINGED MONKEYS approaches DOROTHY, grinning horribly. Then he freezes in fear.*

KING OF THE WINGED MONKEYS: The mark! The mark on her forehead! It is powerful magic and will destroy us if we harm her!

DOROTHY: (*bluffing*) That's... that's right! You dare not harm me! Now bring me back my friends and I'll... I'll let you go!

KING OF THE WINGED MONKEYS: We may not be able to harm you... but the Wicked Witch has powers beyond ours. Hey, kid, look. It's nothing personal. We're enslaved by a magic charm. It's a whole thing. (*he scoops her up*) And off we... go!

*All MONKEYS chatter and laugh wickedly as they bring DOROTHY to the WICKED WITCH.*

WINGED MONKEY 1: The Wicked Witch was both surprised and / worried

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: worried

WINGED MONKEY 1: when she saw the mark on Dorothy's forehead

WINGED MONKEY 2: for she knew well that neither

WINGED MONKEYS: the Winged Monkeys

WINGED MONKEY 2 & WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: nor she herself

WINGED MONKEY 1 & WINGED MONKEY 2: dared to hurt the girl in any way.

WINGED MONKEY 3: But then she looked down and saw

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: The silver shoes.

DOROTHY: They're mine! The Good Witch gave them to me!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: But do you know how to use them, sweet thing?

DOROTHY: ...yes.

*The WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST throws her head back and screams with laughter. All WINGED MONKEYS drop to the ground, writhing in pain.*

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: We'll see, we'll see. *(to the WINGED MONKEYS)* Oh, get up. Worthless, flea-ridden creatures.

KING OF THE WINGED MONKEYS: *(coldly)* We are free of you now. The power of the Golden Cap has ended for you.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: *(grinning)* For the time being. Enjoy your freedom... while it lasts. *(the WINGED MONKEYS fly away, chattering and squealing)* Now, Dorothy Gale... as for you.

DOROTHY: *(beginning to cry)* My friends... why did you hurt my friends?

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: *(alarmed at the sight of her tears)* Are those real tears? Dry up. Dry up, I say, right this moment!

DOROTHY: I can't just turn off my tears!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: You'd better learn to try. Come, come, Dorothy dear. It isn't so hard once you start. Feelings are worthless. Your friend the Tin Woodman is far better off without them.

DOROTHY: Feelings give me strength. They brought me to my friends.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Your friends are all gone.

DOROTHY: I'll have them back!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: You've got a spark inside you! I like that. Perhaps I could make use of you. Why, one day, under my tutelage, you could be a great sorceress, just like me.

DOROTHY: I don't ever want to be like you!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: *(honestly surprised)* Why not?

DOROTHY: Because you're hateful! And cruel! And you hurt people!  
Why are you so wicked?

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Because I can be. It's easy. Turn it all off, Dorothy darling, every little tiny feeling, all that needless compassion and empathy that, let's face it, just gets in the way of what you want. Because that's what matters the most, isn't it. What you want. Your wish. Your heart's desire. Everyone else is just baggage. Think about it. You'd be home right now if you hadn't stopped to help your broken and exceedingly damaged friends. They're only holding you back.

DOROTHY: You're wrong. You're so wrong.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: I'm not going to argue with you, dearest. Come with me and do everything I tell you to, and perhaps I'll let you live awhile longer.

DOROTHY: But the Good Witch told me –

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Good? Wicked? Silly Dorothy, don't you know that those are only words? They don't matter, not a bit. All that matters is power. Who has it. Who knows how to use it.

DOROTHY: Then try to destroy me.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: (*grinning*) Oh, I can't. You know I can't. The Witch of the North's magic is stronger than I anticipated. But just because I can't lay a finger on you doesn't mean I can't hurt something you love. (*The WITCH makes a magical gesture and DOROTHY is forced to follow her to the place where the LION is kept in a cage made of yellow-facing blocks.*) Or someone.

LION: Dorothy! Are you all right? She hasn't hurt you, has she?

DOROTHY: Oh, Lion! I'm so, so sorry about all this! If you hadn't come with me, you'd be safe back in the forest!

LION: But then I'd never have the chance to find my courage, would I?

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: As fascinating as I find this little exchange, and that is to say, not at all, I find this – (*makes a magical gesture, and the LION begins to writhe in pain*) – far more interesting.

DOROTHY: Stop it, you're hurting him!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Oh, more than that! I'm killing him, dearest.

DOROTHY: You awful, hateful, wicked old thing –

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Yes, yes, a million times yes.

DOROTHY: He's dying!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Give me the shoes and I'll make it stop!

LION: Don't listen to her, Dorothy!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: That's enough out of you.

*She clenches her fist and he begins to strangle.*

DOROTHY: Lion, no! Stop it! Stop it! STOP IT!

*The silver shoes GLOW ferociously. In our production, we trained a red spotlight on them. 1-10 begin to drum on whatever surface is available, building in intensity, to suggest an enormous ripple of some great and powerful FORCE, and the WITCH's spell is broken. the LION sits up, unharmed.*

How did I do that?

LION: Yes, that's much better.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: (*alternately fascinated and terrified*)  
The silver shoes...

DOROTHY: But I didn't mean to! Toto, did you see what happened?

TOTO: Bawr?

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Yes, Toto – (*She makes a magical gesture. TOTO is dragged toward her by an invisible force and captured.*) — what happened indeed! I guess I'll just keep ahold of him until we sort it all out.

DOROTHY: Give me back my dog!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: I could do that... but I won't. (*She snaps her fingers. I appears as WINKIE.*) You, Winkie. Set Dorothy up with some cleaning apparatus. I don't care how you do it. This castle is filthy. She will clean it all. Without the use of water, of course.

DOROTHY: (*remembering the WOODMAN's story*) Water...

WINKIE I: Yes, your highness.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: And later, after you've had time to think about it, we can work out some kind of deal and then perhaps I won't drown Toto in my fishwell. Ta!

*She vanishes with an explosion of fire and noise, created by 2-10. In our production, we used red, orange, and yellow streamers. The WINKIE brings DOROTHY a sponge.*

WINKIE I: I'm very sorry about this. All of this.

DOROTHY: It's not your fault.

WINKIE I: Well, it is, a little. We weren't always ruled by the Wicked Witch, you know. But when she challenged our leader, the King of the Winkies, for dominion of this land, we didn't fight back. We weren't organized enough to fight back. We didn't even try.

DOROTHY: And the King?

WINKIE I: Dead. She fed him to her wolves and enslaved us all.

DOROTHY: There must be a way to fight her!

WINKIE I: I'd say you should bet on those pretty sparkling shoes you've got there.

DOROTHY: I wish I knew how they worked!

WINKIE I: That's a charm that only the witches of Oz seem to understand. You aren't a witch, I suppose?

DOROTHY: I'm not. And I never want to be!

WINKIE I: There are good witches.

DOROTHY: I don't care. I just want to go home, back to Kansas, where there aren't any witches. Or Kalidahs. Or winged monkeys. Or –

LION: Or cowardly lions? Or talking scarecrows?

DOROTHY: Oh, Lion! If you'd never come along with me, you'd be safe right now! All of you would!

LION: You're right. And where would I be, Dorothy? Where would I be right now? I'll tell you. Whimpering behind a tree. Listening to the other animals frolicking and enjoying themselves, and I'd be there, too scared to come out and ask to join. I'd rather be here, in this cage, with you, than be the way I used to be.



DOROTHY: That's brave of you, Lion.

LION: Nah. It isn't. Unless you think it's brave to just... love someone.

DOROTHY: Sometimes that's the bravest thing you can do.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: (*offstage*) I don't hear scrubbing!

LION: I don't suppose love is the Wicked Witch's weakness.

WINKIE I: I wouldn't count on it.

DOROTHY: No... but it might be our strength. (*looks down at the silver shoes*) I wish I knew what your secrets were. (*The shoes begin to glow. Again, we used a red spotlight in our original production.*) Yes...

LION: Those look hot. Like, burn your feet hot.

WINKIE I: (*nervous*) She's going to be furious if she comes back and you aren't scrubbing your fingers to the bone. No, seriously. She'll want to see actual bone.

DOROTHY: I feel... kinda funny.

WINKIE I: (*increasing nervousness*) I suppose it won't hurt to give you a little help. She can't seriously expect you to do all that cleaning without at least a teensy bit of water.

LION: You look kinda funny. But not in a bad way!

WINKIE I: (*super duper nervous*) There's a little bucket of water we used to catch some runoff from that big storm we had last week so the dungeon didn't flood again. I'll just go grab it. (*exits.*)

DOROTHY: It's the shoes. They're... they're telling me something. Whispering...

LION: Talking shoes. What will they think of next?

DOROTHY: (*closing her eyes*) Toto... Toto... come to me, Toto... (*A sudden flurry of barking. TOTO appears. DOROTHY grabs him, hugs him, covers him with kisses.*) Oh Toto! You're safe! She didn't hurt you, she didn't!

*2-10 create the sound of an explosion accompanied by more orange and red streamers. The WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST appears. She is not happy. Behind her, unseen, the WINKIE returns with the bucket of water.*

WINKIE I: Bad timing. I see that now.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: How did you do that? How did you get him back?

DOROTHY: I am a powerful sorceress... more powerful than even you!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Nonsense. It's the power of the shoes, not you. And I think I can remedy that situation after all... *(She makes a magical gesture. DOROTHY is blown backward. As she falls, one of the silver shoes comes off.)* Yessssss!

*The WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST seizes the shoe and immediately puts it on her own foot.*

DOROTHY: Give me back my shoe!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: I will not. It's mine now, and half the power is mine as well. *(She stamps her foot against the ground, whispers an incantation. The shoe glows again via spotlight magic.)* Ah ha! *(She pulls off her eyepatch, revealing her other eye, whole and unharmed.)* Years ago my sister, the wretch, took my eye for a spell to make herself the most powerful potentate in the East, for all the good it did her. But at last, I am whole again! And that's only the beginning! For I shall keep this shoe just so, and someday I shall get the other one from you too!

DOROTHY: It isn't too late. You don't have to be this way!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Actually, I think this is exactly how I have to be. I like being powerful; don't you get that by now?

DOROTHY: You can change! The silver shoe fixed your eye; maybe it can –

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: What? Fix me? Get rid of all my wonderful wickedness? I told you, stupid girl, those are just words, dull and impossible. I am more than just wicked; I am powerful. And when I have the other shoe, I will be even more powerful. Unstoppable, even. And after I've destroyed you and everyone you've ever met, Oz will be mine! Mine!

DOROTHY: I won't let you hurt anyone else!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Try and stop me!

*The WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST conjures a fireball created by 8 (we used orange and yellow streamers) and aims it at the LION.*

LION: Fire! Fire! Fire!

*DOROTHY notices the bucket of water the WINKIE is holding. She grabs it and throws it at the WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST, who immediately shrieks as if DOROTHY had thrown battery acid.*

*2-7 & 9 & 10 become the water. In our production, they moved toward the WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST in slow motion, carrying a large piece of translucent blue fabric, which they wrapped around her.*

2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10: Splash!

10: Gasp!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: You fool! What have you done? In a moment I shall melt away!

DOROTHY: (*frightened*) It was only water!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: It burns... it burns...

DOROTHY: I can get help...

*2-7 & 9 & 10 begin to slowly drag the WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST down as she melts.*

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: I've been wicked in my day, but I never thought a little girl like you would melt me and put an end to my wicked deeds!

DOROTHY: I'm sorry! I was just so angry! Please, let me help you!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Look out! Here I gooooooo...

*Her last word fades to nothing as NARRATORS drag her off. She is gone. Absolutely and forever. Only the silver shoe remains. DOROTHY picks it up and puts it back on.*

WINKIE 1: I don't believe it.

DOROTHY: I'm really, really sorry.

WINKIE 1: Why on earth would you be sorry? (*calling*) Hey! Everyone! Come out! Come out! Dorothy killed her! The Wicked Witch is dead!

*2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, & 10 appear as WINKIES.*

WINKIE 2: No foolin'?

WINKIE 1: No foolin!

LION: She had a bit of a meltdown. (*He holds up his paw for a high-five. The WINKIES stare at him.*) Come on, guys, that one was good! (*Shrugging, 2 and 3 give him a high-five, then help the LION out of his cage.*) You know, if only the Scarecrow and Woodman were here, I think I'd be even happier than I am right now, if that's even possible.

DOROTHY: Do you think we can rescue them?

LION: Dorothy, my dear: you've knocked off not one, but two uber-powerful Wicked Witches. I think that, for you, not even the sky is the limit.

## Scene Two

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: THE RESCUE.

1: So they called the Winkies and asked them if they would help to rescue their friends, and the Winkies said (*as WINKIE, to DOROTHY*) We are delighted to do everything in our power to help you, O Slayer of Wicked Witches.

2: The Winkies traveled that day and part of the next

3: until they came upon the rocky plain where the Tin Woodman lay

4: all battered and bent.

*1, 2, 3, and 4 escort the WOODMAN back onto the stage. He moves as if broken and battered.*

1: The Winkies lifted him tenderly

2: and carried him back to the Yellow Castle again.

*DOROTHY begins to cry.*

DOROTHY: He's in such sorry shape! Aren't any of your people tinsmiths?

*2 and 3 step forward.*

WINKIE 2 & WINKIE 3: We are, O Slayer of Wicked Witches!

DOROTHY: Can you straighten out those dents in the Tin Woodman, and bend him back into shape again, and solder him together where he is broken?

WINKIE 2 & WINKIE 3: He'll be as good as new, we promise!

2: They set to work

3: for three days and three nights

*WINKIES mime hammering at the WOODMAN.*

2: soldering and polishing and pounding

3: until the Tin Woodman was straightened out into his old form

2 & 3: and he was good as new.

WOODMAN: Dorothy!

DOROTHY: Oh, don't cry! You'll rust yourself again!

WOODMAN: It's so nice to be whole again! Now, if we only had the Scarecrow with us I should be quite happy.

4: So Dorothy called the Winkies to her again

5: and they walked all that day

6: and part of the next

4: until they came to a tall tree where the Winged Monkeys had dropped the Scarecrow.

*4, 5, and 6 bring the SCARECROW back onstage.*

5: But once he was stuffed with fresh new straw

6: there stood the Scarecrow

4 & 5 & 6: good as new.

SCARECROW: As nice as it is to be reunited with one's friends, I think it's even more important that we return to Oz and claim his promise.

DOROTHY: The Scarecrow is right. We will start for the Emerald City tomorrow!

### **Scene Three**

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: AWAY TO OZ.

*NARRATORS rearrange the blocks across the stage, revealing all the assorted colors.*

1: You will remember that there was no road

2: not even a pathway!

1: between the castle of the Wicked Witch and the Emerald City.

3: And so our friends began to walk through the strange, uneven terrain.

4: They encountered much in the way of strangeness.

3: All the weirdness the Land of Oz had to offer.

7: And as they made their way through the woods, the Lion said...

LION: I'm a little in love with this forest. I think I could live here. Once the Wizard gives me courage, I mean.

*3 becomes BEAST 1. 7 becomes BEAST 2.*

BEAST 1: Welcome, O King of Beasts!

LION: Who me?

DOROTHY, WOODMAN & SCARECROW: Who, him?

TOTO: Bawroo?

BEAST 1: You are just in time to fight our enemy and bring peace to the animals of the forest once more! (*calling*) Hey Tiger, get your stripy tail over here!

TIGER: Is it safe?

BEAST 2: Of course it's safe! Look who I found!

TIGER: Ooooooh! The King of Beasts!

LION: (*to his friends*) I think they're talking about me.

TIGER: (*bowing*) Your highness...

LION: Sure.

TIGER: ...we all live in terror of a ferocious enemy that has come to the forest as of late.

BEAST 2: A spider!

LION: That doesn't sound so bad.

BEAST 2: An enormous spider.

BEAST 1: A tremendous spider! Monstrous!

TIGER: It has the body as big as an elephant and legs like tree trunks.



[help@theatrefolk.com](mailto:help@theatrefolk.com) [www.theatrefolk.com](http://www.theatrefolk.com)

## Want to Read More?

**Order a full script** through the link above. You can get a **PDF file** (it's printable, licensed for one printout, and delivered instantly) or a **traditionally bound and printed book** (sent by mail).