

1: Farmhands (Zeke, Hickory, Hunk), Dorothy

HICKORY. Who was the genius suggested we move the wagon before the wheel was on?

HUNK. It ain't so heavy with one less. That makes sense, don't it?

HICKORY. Sense or no sense, when I lift up the axle you two shove her on.

(DOROTHY crosses to the farmhands as HICKORY takes hold of the edge of the wagon and lifts. ZEKE ignores HICKORY's action and studies the wheel with a frown.)

DOROTHY. Zeke, Hickory...know what Miss Gulch did to Toto?

ZEKE. I swear they made this new wheel smaller than the other three.

DOROTHY. She tried to kill him.

HICKORY. Bigger or smaller, get it on here 'fore my arms are pulled clean out their sockets. I ain't a statue, you know. I ain't made of iron.

ZEKE. Okay, okay.

(HUNK takes the axle as ZEKE lifts the wheel into place.)

DOROTHY. Why won't anyone listen – don't you care about Toto?

(Suddenly HUNK spins away flapping his hand vigorously.)

HUNK. Ow! You got my finger!

(ZEKE and HICKORY chuckle while HUNK moves away sucking his finger. DOROTHY, clutching Toto, crosses to HUNK. HICKORY and ZEKE get the wheel in place and hammer on the fixing ring.)

DOROTHY. What am I going to do about Miss Gulch, Hunk? Just because Toto chases her old cat.

HUNK. Now look it, Dorothy, you ain't using your head about Miss Gulch. Ain't you got no brains?

DOROTHY. Sure I have brains!

HUNK. Well, why don't you use them? When you come home, don't go by Miss Gulch's place – then Toto won't get in her garden and you won't get in no trouble. See?

(UNCLE HENRY reenters with the empty box which he leans against the side of the incubator.)

UNCLE HENRY. Quit just standing there and clear that junk outta the wagon. We got a parcel of lumber to haul from town before the weather turns.

HUNK. Will do, Mr. Gale.

(HUNK turns back to the wagon where he joins HICKORY already starting the empty it. ZEKE crosses to DOROTHY wiping the axle grease from his hands.)

DOROTHY. Zeke, what am I going to do?

ZEKE. Well for a start, kid, don't let that old Gulch heifer try and buffalo you. She ain't nothing to be afraid of. You got to stand up to her, that's all, with a little courage, a little grit.

(Behind DOROTHY, HICKORY has unearthed a large metal funnel and HUNK holds the ruined scarecrow. The scarecrow head is a small stuffed canvas bag painted with a face wearing a garish smile. A small cross-piece supports the rags of an ancient garment.)

DOROTHY. I'm not afraid of her.

ZEKE. That's what I wanted to hear. Walk with your head up, your chest out and the next time she squawks, you just stroll right up to her and spit in her eye. That's what I'd do.

DOROTHY. Would you really?

(Unseen behind DOROTHY and ZEKE, HUNK, and HICKORY approach on tip-toe.)

ZEKE. Sure I would. Through this life you gotta walk tall, shoot straight and then you got no reason to be scared of nothing and nobody.

MISS GULCH. Henry, Gale. Is that you skulking by the barn?

(UNCLE HENRY enters.)

UNCLE HENRY. I never skulked in my life Miss Gulch. And I ain't about to start now.

(MISS GULCH dismounts and leans her bicycle against the picket fence.)

(UNCLE HENRY holds open the gate for her. She passes through.)

MISS GULCH. I want to see you and your wife right away about Dorothy.

UNCLE HENRY. Dorothy? Why, what has Dorothy done?

MISS GULCH. What's she done? I'm all but lame from the bite on my leg!

UNCLE HENRY. You mean she bit you?

MISS GULCH. No, her dog!

UNCLE HENRY. Oh, she bit her dog, eh?

AUNT EM. *(Entering.)* Afternoon Miss Gulch. I just made a fresh batch of cookies if you've a mind to sit awhile.

MISS GULCH. I'm afraid I have no appetite Mrs. Gale. Indeed I'm so shaken by the ferocious attack of your niece's vicious dog, I may never eat again.

UNCLE HENRY. If you don't eat, you'll waste away. And I'd hate to see you dwindle.

(MISS GULCH gives UNCLE HENRY a beady look while AUNT EM calls off.)

AUNT EM. Dorothy could you bring Toto out here a minute?
(*Turns back to MISS GULCH.*) I'm sure if Dorothy's upset you in any way she'll be only too glad to apologize as best she can.

MISS GULCH. It's gone beyond apologies, Mrs. Gale. I have laid an official complaint with the County Sheriff.

UNCLE HENRY. Was he sober?

(*MISS GULCH gives UNCLE HENRY another look as DOROTHY enters carrying Toto.*)

AUNT EM. Dorothy, Miss Gulch here seems very upset.

MISS GULCH. That dog's a menace to the community.

DOROTHY. That's not true.

MISS GULCH. As an act of public service, young woman, I'm taking that dog to the Sheriff and make sure he's destroyed.

DOROTHY. Destroyed? Toto? Oh, you can't! You mustn't! Uncle Henry! Auntie Em! You won't let her, will you?

UNCLE HENRY. Of course, we won't. Will we Em?

(*AUNT EM says nothing.*)

DOROTHY. Oh, please, Aunt Em! Toto didn't mean to. He didn't know he was doing anything wrong. I'm the one that ought to be punished. You can send me to bed without supper –

AUNT EM. You hear how sorry the child is. Surely if she promises to give your place a wide berth...

MISS GULCH. If you don't hand the dog over now, I'll bring a damage suit that'll take your whole farm! There's a law protecting folks against dogs that bite!

AUNT EM. How would it be if she keeps him tied up? He's really gentle – with gentle folk that is.

MISS GULCH. Well, that's for the Sheriff to decide. (*Produces a document which she hands to UNCLE HENRY.*) Here's his order allowing me to take him. Unless you want to go against the law.

(*UNCLE HENRY studies the document.*)

(The PROFESSOR is sitting on the steps of the wagon toasting a sausage on a stick over a little fire. He hums softly to himself and raises the sausage with a hammy gesture and examines it.)

PROFESSOR. *(Declaiming.)* If were done, it were best it be done... *(Pause.)* equally on both sides.

(The PROFESSOR turns the sausage round and puts it back over the fire.)

(Toto and DOROTHY enter with a basket covered with a small checkered cloth.)

Well, well, well! House guests, huh? Ha ha ha ha!

(DOROTHY approaches shyly.)

And who might you be? No, no, now don't tell me. *(Covers his eyes with his hands.)* You're...traveling in disguise. No, that's not right. I... You're...you're going on a visit. No, I'm wrong. You're...you're running away.

DOROTHY. How did you guess?

PROFESSOR. Ha ha! Professor Marvel never guesses. He knows! Ha ha! Now, why are you running away?

DOROTHY. Why...

PROFESSOR. No, no, now don't tell me. They – they don't understand you at home. They don't appreciate you. You want to see other lands, big cities, big mountains, and big oceans. Ha ha!

DOROTHY. Why, it's just like you can read what was inside of me.

PROFESSOR. It is my trade, my calling. See what it says on the side of my conveyance.

(The PROFESSOR gestures with one hand allowing the stick with the sausage to droop dangerously near Toto who suddenly snatches it.)

DOROTHY. Oh, Toto, that's not polite! We haven't been asked yet.

PROFESSOR. Ha, ha, ha. He's perfectly welcome! Ha ha! As one dog to another, huh? Ha ha ha! Here now, let's see. Where were we?

DOROTHY. Oh please, Professor, why can't we go with you and see all the Crowned Heads of Europe?

PROFESSOR. Do you know any? Oh, you mean the thing... yes. Well, I... I never do anything without consulting my crystal first. Here, sit right down here.

(The PROFESSOR rises and upturns a bucket setting it down next to the caravan steps.

DOROTHY sits and the PROFESSOR takes the basket from her.)

That's it.

(The PROFESSOR places the basket on the ground to the far side of the steps, then reaches into the caravan and brings out a small turban and puts it on.)

Ha ha! Just make yourself comfortable while I conjure out of the air, out of thin air...

(The PROFESSOR reaches behind DOROTHY's head and produces a small crystal ball.

DOROTHY gasps.)

...this very genuine, magic, authentic crystal used by the priests of the Isis and Osiris in the days of the Pharaohs of Egypt, in which Cleopatra first saw the approach of

DOROTHY. Toto – I have a feeling we’re not in Kansas anymore. (*Moves center stage.*) We must be over the rainbow!

(A great shining globe descends from the flies.)

Now I – I know we’re not in Kansas.

CHORUS.

AH AH AH AH

GIRLS CHORUS.

AH AH AH

AH AH

*(The globe reaches stage level and revolves. Inside is **GLINDA**, The Witch Of The North (**AUNT EM**) complete with crown and magic wand.)*

GLINDA. Are you a good witch, or a bad witch?

DOROTHY. Who, me? I – I’m not a witch at all. I’m Dorothy Gale, from Kansas.

GLINDA. Oh! Well, is that the witch? (*Points to Toto.*)

DOROTHY. Who, Toto? Toto’s my dog.

GLINDA. Well, I’m a little muddled. The Munchkins called me because a new witch has just dropped a house on the Wicked Witch of the East and there’s the house, and here you are, and those legs...

(Over music.) ...are all that’s left of the Wicked Witch of the East.

*(A spotlight picks out a pair of legs wearing ruby slippers and striped socks. **DOROTHY** gasps in horror.)*

And so, what the Munchkins want to know is, are you a good witch, or a bad witch?

DOROTHY. But I’ve already told you, I’m not a witch at all. Witches are old and ugly.

5: Munchkins

MAYOR. (*Spoken in rhythm.*) AS MAYOR OF THE MUNCHKIN CITY,
IN THE COUNTY OF THE LAND OF OZ,
I WELCOME YOU MOST REGALLY.

BARRISTER.

BUT WE'VE GOT TO VERIFY IT LEGALLY,
TO SEE

MAYOR.

TO SEE?

BARRISTER.

IF SHE...

MAYOR.

IF SHE?

BARRISTER.

IF SHE IS MORALLY, ETHIC'LY,

CITY FATHER #1.

SPIRITUALLY, PHYSICALLY,

CITY FATHER #2.

POSITIVELY, ABSOLUTELY,

ALL CITY FATHERS.

UNDENIABLY, AND RELIABLY DEAD.

*(The DELEGATION all turn towards the
CORONER who straightens up, unravels a
scroll and delivers his verdict.)*

CORONER.

AS CORONER I MUST AVER,
I THOROUGHLY EXAMINED HER,
AND SHE'S NOT ONLY MERELY DEAD,
SHE'S REALLY MOST SINCERELY DEAD.

MAYOR. Friends, this is a day of independence for all the Munchkins and their descendants.

BARRISTER. If any!

MAYOR. Yes, let the joyous news be spread. The wicked old witch at last is dead!

Scene Seven
Wicked Witch

[MUSIC NO. 12 "INCIDENTAL - WITCH APPEARS"]

*(The explosion turns out to be the arrival in Munchkinland of the **WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST** clutching her broomstick. The **MUNCHKINS** draw back in alarm. The **WITCH** circles them grinning wickedly and widening the space she has about her. Music out for dialogue.)*

DOROTHY. I thought you said she was dead.

GLINDA. That was her sister – the Wicked Witch of the East. This is the Wicked Witch of the West. And she's worse than the other one was.

*(The **WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST** suddenly points her broomstick at **GLINDA**.)*

WEST WITCH. Where's my sister?

GLINDA. Yonder she lies.

*(**GLINDA** points with her wand.)*

WEST WITCH. Where?

GLINDA. There.

*(The **WEST WITCH** looks at the house.)*

WEST WITCH. Alright, who's the smart aleck that turned her into a house? Was it you, Glinda?

GLINDA. Not the house. Under the house.

WEST WITCH. Under the house?

DOROTHY. It's my fault. I'm so sorry. My house dropped on her.

WEST WITCH. You dropped your house on my sister? How could anyone be so unbelievably clumsy?

GLINDA. *(Pointing to the legs.)* Look closer?

[MUSIC NO. 12A "INCIDENTAL"]

*(The **WITCH OF THE WEST** approaches the house and suddenly sees the legs and the ruby slippers. She screams in anguish. Music out.)*

WEST WITCH. Aaargh!

*(**DOROTHY** steps back in alarm. Some of the **MUNCHKINS**, equally afraid, crowd round her. It is at this moment that **DOROTHY**'s shoes are substituted by the ruby slippers.)*

GLINDA. You recognized her then.

WEST WITCH. Of course I recognized her. Who else would wear ruby slippers with those socks? *(Brightens as a thought occurs.)* The ruby slippers! *(Turns on **DOROTHY**.)* Little girl, you have done me a service. I shall don the ruby slippers which will make my powers greater than ever.

[MUSIC NO. 12B "INCIDENTAL - SLIPPERS"]

*(The **WEST WITCH** turns towards the ruby slippers in time to see them and the legs wearing them vanish.)*

The ruby slippers! They're gone! The slippers! *(To **GLINDA**.)* What have you done with them?

GLINDA. See for yourself. Step forward, Dorothy.

*(The crowd parts and **DOROTHY** steps forward wearing the ruby slippers as much to her surprise as everyone else's. Music out.)*

WEST WITCH. Give them back to me or I'll –

GLINDA. It's too late! There they are, and there they'll stay!

*(The **WEST WITCH** advances hypnotically across the stage towards **DOROTHY**.)*

WEST WITCH. Give me back those slippers! I'm the only one that knows how to use them. They're of no use to you. Give them back to me. Give them back!

Scene Eight
Scarecrow - The Cornfield

*(The lights come up on stage revealing a crossroads on the “Yellow Brick Road.” A picket fence on one side of the road surrounds a cornfield. High on a pole in the middle of the field is a **SCARECROW**. **DOROTHY** walks down the road past the **SCARECROW** and stops at the crossroads. Music out.)*

DOROTHY. Follow the Yellow Brick Road? Follow the Yellow Brick? *(Looks about her.)* Well now, which way do we go?

*(Behind **DOROTHY**, the **SCARECROW** points to the left.)*

SCARECROW. Pardon me. That way is a very nice way.

*(Freezes as **DOROTHY** turns.)*

DOROTHY. Who said that? *(Looks about her. Toto barks.)*
Don't be silly, Toto. Scarecrows don't talk.

*(**DOROTHY** turns away again. The **SCARECROW** points in the other direction.)*

SCARECROW. It's pleasant down that way, too.

*(**DOROTHY** turns back to the **SCARECROW**.)*

DOROTHY. That's funny. Wasn't he pointing the other way?

SCARECROW. Of course, people do go both ways!

*(The **SCARECROW** crosses his arms and points in both directions.)*

DOROTHY. Why, you did say something, didn't you?

*(**SCARECROW** crosses and recrosses his arms.)*

Are you doing that on purpose, or can't you make up your mind?

SCARECROW. I haven't got a brain, only straw. So I ain't got a mind to make up.

DOROTHY. Well, how can you talk if you haven't got a brain?

SCARECROW. I don't know. But some people without brains do an awful lot of talking, don't they?

DOROTHY. Yes, I guess you're right. *(Climbs the fence and approaches.)* Can't you get down?

SCARECROW. Down? No, you see, I've got a pole stuck up my back.

(The SCARECROW gestures behind him.)

(DOROTHY moves round the back of the pole.)

DOROTHY. Is there any way I can help you? *(Studies the problem.)*

SCARECROW. Well, of course, I'm not very bright about doing things, but if you'll just bend the nail down in back maybe I'll just slip off.

DOROTHY. I'll certainly try. *(Reaches up behind the pole.)* It's an awful stiff nail.

[MUSIC NO. 15 "SCARECROW FALL"]

(Suddenly DOROTHY moves back holding a bent nail.)

(The SCARECROW slips to the ground. Music out as his feet hit the floor. The SCARECROW staggers forward, trips over the fence and lands on the ground spilling a vast amount of straw out of his open front.)

SCARECROW. Ohhh! Whoops! There goes some more of me again! *(Reaches for it.)*

DOROTHY. Oh. Does it hurt you?

SCARECROW. Oh, no. I just keep picking it up and putting it back in again.

(The SCARECROW shoves the straw back into his insides and tries to get up again.)

DOROTHY. Let me help you. *(Helps the SCARECROW get to his feet.)*

SCARECROW. My! It's good to be free!

(The SCARECROW's legs buckle under him, he whirls round and falls back against the fence.)

DOROTHY. Oh! Ohhh!

(The SCARECROW sits up as DOROTHY crouches beside him.)

SCARECROW. Did I scare you?

DOROTHY. No, no. I – I just thought you hurt yourself.

SCARECROW. But I didn't scare you?

DOROTHY. No, of course not.

SCARECROW. I didn't think so.

Scene Ten
Tinman with Apple Trees
in Front of His Cottage

*(During the light change, the stage revolves and three large **APPLE TREES** come center stage laden with bright red apples. The **TINMAN**, standing in front of his ruined cottage, is hidden from them. **DOROTHY**, Toto, and the **SCARECROW** enter in conversation. Music fades out.)*

SCARECROW. You're hungry? But I thought only crows got hungry.

DOROTHY. All living things need to eat.

SCARECROW. I don't need to eat. *(Suddenly worried.)* Does that mean I'm not alive?

DOROTHY. Oh, no, Scarecrow. You're the liveliest friend I ever had.

SCARECROW. Why thank you. Just for that you can eat as much of my hay as you like. And then you won't be hungry anymore. *(Takes a great handful out of his jacket.)*

DOROTHY. Oh, no, Scarecrow. I couldn't do that.

SCARECROW. You don't have to worry about me. So long as I keep my legs well stuffed, I can walk to Emerald City no matter what shape I'm in up top.

DOROTHY. It's a very kind offer but I don't eat hay.

SCARECROW. Oh, well perhaps it's just as well. *(Stuffs the straw back into himself.)* A little mother field mouse has a nest in here and she wouldn't like to be disturbed.

*(**DOROTHY** suddenly sees the **APPLE TREES**.)*

DOROTHY. Oh, look Scarecrow, apples!

SCARECROW. Apples, what's apples?

DOROTHY. In the trees.

SCARECROW. You mean all those little red birds hanging upside down by one leg?

DOROTHY. They're not birds. They're something you eat and they're delicious.

(DOROTHY runs forward and picks an apple from a low branch. The TREE takes the apple back and slaps her wrist.)

Ouch!

FIRST TREE. What do you think you're doing?

DOROTHY. We've been walking a long ways and I was hungry and – did you say something?

(The FIRST TREE gestures to the other TWO.)

FIRST TREE. She was hungry!

SECOND TREE. She was hungry!

THIRD TREE. How would you like it have someone come along and pick something off of you?

DOROTHY. I'm sorry! I keep forgetting I'm not in Kansas.

SCARECROW. Come along, Dorothy – you don't want any of those apples. Yuck!

FIRST TREE. Are you hinting my apples aren't what they ought to be?

SCARECROW. Oh, no! It's just that she doesn't like little green worms!

FIRST TREE. Worms! *(To the other TREES.)* Did he say we had worms?

SECOND TREE. That's what it sounded like to me.

SCARECROW. *(Whispered to DOROTHY.)* I'll show you how to get apples. *(Louder.)* Sure you got worms, worms, caterpillars and probably a whole bunch of wood lice too.

THIRD TREE. How dare you! Let's give it to him, girls!

[MUSIC NO. 18 "APPLE THROWING"]

(The TREES throw handfuls of apples at the SCARECROW.)

FIRST TREE. Take that, and that!

SECOND TREE. Base slanderer!

SCARECROW. Look out Dorothy.

*(The **SCARECROW** runs about the stage catching and collecting the apples.)*

THIRD TREE. How do you like them apples?

SCARECROW. We like them just fine.

*(The **SCARECROW** approaches **DOROTHY** with a handful.)*

FIRST TREE. I've suddenly twigged.

SECOND TREE. So have I. They've made saps of us all.

THIRD TREE. I think it's time we boughed out.

*(The **THREE TREES** move away upstage and turn their backs on the proceedings.)*

*(Their movement reveals the **TINMAN**, motionlessly holding an axe raised, in front of his ruined cottage. **DOROTHY** starts forward.)*

*(The **TINMAN** is covered in rust. Music out.)*

DOROTHY. Why, it's a man! A man made of out tin!

SCARECROW. What?

DOROTHY. Yes. Oh – look!

*(**DOROTHY** and the **SCARECROW** examine the **TINMAN** closely. Through rusted jaws, he speaks.)*

TINMAN. Oil can! Oil can!

DOROTHY. Did you say something?

TINMAN. Oil can!

DOROTHY. He said oil can.

SCARECROW. Oil can what?

DOROTHY. Oil can?

*(**DOROTHY** looks around for it and eventually sees it on the ground. She picks it up.)*

TINMAN. Ahhh.

DOROTHY. Here it is. Where do you want to be oiled first?

TINMAN. My mouth – my mouth!

SCARECROW. He said his mouth! The other side!

DOROTHY. Yes – there.

TINMAN. Me...e...me...e... M-m-my, my, my, my goodness,
I can talk again! Oh – oil my arms, please – oil my
elbows. Oh! Oh!

*(DOROTHY and the SCARECROW take turns
oiling the TINMAN and exercising his stiff
limbs.)*

DOROTHY. Here.

*(DOROTHY and the SCARECROW oil the
TINMAN's arm holding the axe and it falls to
his side with a clank.)*

TINMAN. Oh!

DOROTHY. Did that hurt?

TINMAN. No, it feels wonderful. I've held that axe up for
ages.

DOROTHY. Oh goodness! How did you ever get like this?

TINMAN. Well, when I was flesh and blood like you, I fell in
love with a Munchkin maiden whose mother hated me.
So to stop me from marrying her daughter she hired
the Wicked Witch of the West to put an evil spell on my
axe. When I tried to chop down a tree it chopped off
my leg instead.

SCARECROW. It chopped your leg off?

DOROTHY. That's terrible.

TINMAN. But by good fortune I knew of a wonderful
tinsmith and he made me a new leg almost as good as
the old one. So back I went to work and you know what
happened?

DOROTHY. Something terrible I bet.

TINMAN. I swung my axe again and dang me if it didn't take
off the other leg.

SCARECROW. You shoulda got a new axe.

*(Near at hand we suddenly hear a loud ferocious roar. The three friends stop dead in their tracks. There is another roar and the **LION (ZEKE)** bounds on stage by way of the trampolines and lands on the road blocking their way. General screaming as the **LION** leaps on. Music out.)*

Oh look!

SCARECROW. Oh!

*(The **TINMAN** and the **SCARECROW** collide and collapse to the ground as the **LION** assumes a threatening pose.)*

LION. Hah! Put 'em up! Put 'em up! Which one of you first? I'll fight you both together if you want. I'll fight ya' with one paw tied behind my back! I'll fight ya' standin' on one foot! I'll fight ya' with my eyes closed!

*(Turns suddenly on the **TINMAN** who holds up his axe in front of the **LION**.)*

Oh, pullin' an axe on me, eh? Sneakin' up on me, eh? Why!

TINMAN. Here – here. Go 'way and let us alone.

LION. Oh, scared, huh? Afraid, huh? Hah! How long can you stay fresh in that can? *(Chortles at his own wit.)* Come on, get up and fight, you shivering junk yard!

(Turns to the SCARECROW.) Put your hands up, you lopsided bag of hay!

SCARECROW. That's getting personal, Lion.

TINMAN. Yes, get up and teach him a lesson.

SCARECROW. Well – what's wrong – with you teachin' him?

TINMAN. I – well – well, I hardly know him.

(Toto in DOROTHY's arms suddenly barks, causing the LION to spin round in alarm.)

LION. Well, I'll get you anyway, Pee-Wee.

(The LION leaps towards DOROTHY with a roar. DOROTHY slaps him on the nose and he bursts into tears. The TINMAN and SCARECROW get to their feet.)

DOROTHY. Oh, shame on you!

LION. What did you do that for? I didn't bite him.

DOROTHY. No, but you tried to. It's bad enough picking on a straw man, but when you go around picking on poor little dogs...

LION. Well, you didn't have to go and hit me, did you? Is my nose bleedin'?

DOROTHY. Well, of course not. My goodness, what a fuss you're making. Naturally when you go around picking on things weaker than you are – why you're nothing but a great big coward!

LION. You're right, I am a coward! I haven't got any courage at all. I even scare myself. Look at the circles under my eyes. I haven't slept in weeks.

TINMAN. Why don't you try counting sheep?

LION. That doesn't do any good – I'm afraid of 'em.

SCARECROW. Oh, that's too bad. Why don't you come along with us? We're on our way to see the Wizard now. To get him a heart.

TINMAN. And him a brain.

DOROTHY. I'm sure he could give you some courage.

LION. Well, wouldn't you feel degraded to be seen in the company of a cowardly lion? I would.

DOROTHY. No, of course not.

LION. Gee, that – that's awfully nice of you. My life has been simply unbearable. Even my family's disowned me. When I was just a little cub, my father took me to the top of a high mountain and waved his paw around and said, "One day, son, all this will be yours." Oh, I was terrified.

SCARECROW. Why's that?

LION. I'm scared of heights. (*Cries again.*)

DOROTHY. Oh, well, it's all right now. The Wizard'll fix everything.

LION. At least you'll be safe if I come with you.

TINMAN. How's that?

LION. No self-respecting wild animal will come anywhere near me.

(The LION clutches his brow and staggers.)

LION. I'm getting giddy just looking at 'em.

(DOROTHY turns and supports the LION.)

TINMAN. Ring the bell, Scarecrow. Let them know we're here.

SCARECROW. Okay.

(The SCARECROW crosses to the bell pull.)

Here goes.

(The SCARECROW pulls the bell, and somewhere a long way off, it jangles loudly. Music out. Almost immediately a trap window in the gate, close to the LION's position, bangs open. The CITY GUARD (UNCLE HENRY) looks out.)

GUARD. Who rang that bell?

LION. *(Clutching his heart.)* Don't do that!

TINMAN & DOROTHY. We did.

GUARD. Can't you read?

SCARECROW. Read what?

GUARD. The notice!

DOROTHY, TINMAN, LION & SCARECROW. What notice?

GUARD. It's on the door – as plain the nose on my face!

(The GUARD looks for the notice.)

It's a – oh, – oh...

(The GUARD moves back from the window and looks off.)

Just a minute.

(The GUARD disappears for a moment and then slaps a large notice on the outside of the door. After he slams the window shut, the four friends read the notice.)

DOROTHY. *(Reads.)* Bell out of order – please knock.

Scene Three
The Wizard's Chamber

**[MUSIC NO. 31A "MAGIC SMOKE
CHORDS"]**

(It is a huge room with a small curtained booth to one side of it.)

(On the opposite side of the stage is a huge stained glass window.)

*(In the center is a construction billowing forth smoke and flame through which the great head of **OZ** manifests itself.)*

(The travelers enter with trepidation.)

LION. *(Peeping through his fingers.)* Oh, look at that, look at that, oohhhhh – I want to go home.

OZ. *(The loud echoing voice of **OZ** (**PROFESSOR MARVEL**).*)
I am Oz, the great and powerful. Who are you? Who are you?

*(The **OZ** machine belches more smoke and flame. The four friends are struck dumb. **OZ** repeats himself more fiercely.)*

Who are you? Who are you?

DOROTHY. I – if you please, I – I am Dorothy...the small and meek. We've come to ask you...

OZ. Silence!

DOROTHY. Ohh – Jiminy Crickets!

OZ. The Great and Powerful Oz knows why you have come. Step forward, Tinman!

TINMAN. Ohhhh!

*(With his knees knocking, the **TINMAN** steps forward.)*

OZ. You dare to come to me for a heart, do you? You clinking, clanking, clattering collection of caliginous junk!

TINMAN. Ohhhh – yes...yes, sir, – y-yes, Your Honor. You see, a while back we were walking down the Yellow Brick Road, and...

OZ. Quiet!

TINMAN. Ohhhh!

(The TINMAN runs back to join his companions.)

OZ. And you Scarecrow, have the effrontery to ask for a brain – you billowing bail of bovine fodder!

(The SCARECROW totters forward on rubbery legs.)

SCARECROW. Yes – yes, your Honor – I mean, Your Excellency – I-I-I mean – Your Wizardry!

OZ. Enough! Uhhh – and you Lion...

(The LION staggers forward trying to speak.)

(A mighty roar.) Well?

(The LION faints. DOROTHY runs to him and tries to revive him.)

DOROTHY. Oh-oh-oh! *(Looks up angrily at OZ.)* You ought to be ashamed of yourself – frightening him like that, when he came to you for help!

OZ. Silence whippersnapper! The beneficent Oz has every intention of granting your requests!

(The LION sits bolt upright.)

LION. What's that? What'd he say?

DOROTHY. Are you alright?

LION. Just a little deaf. *(Sticking a claw in one ear and wagging it.)* What'd he say?

(DOROTHY helps him to his feet.)

DOROTHY. He's going to help us after all.

LION. He is?

OZ. But first, you must prove yourselves worthy by performing a very small task.

SCARECROW. A small task? Is that all?

Scene Eight
The Witch's Castle

*(A great studded door leads to the main corridor of the castle. In the back wall is a large open window showing bleak crags and the night beyond. A huge crystal ball, some four feet in diameter, is on a throne. A table contains the **WITCH**'s magic equipment including a large hour glass with blood red sand and the basket we have seen **MISS GULCH** with back in Kansas. Under this table sits a wooden bucket full of water. The door slams open and the **WICKED WITCH** drags **DOROTHY** into the room by her wrist. **NIKKO** follows holding Toto. Music fades out under dialogue.)*

WEST WITCH. This way my dear. *(Flings **DOROTHY** down by the side of the throne.)* I trust you had a pleasant flight. It's so kind of you to visit me in my loneliness. *(Turning to **NIKKO**.)* Gimme the dog.

*(**NIKKO** shuffles over with Toto. The **WITCH** grabs him.)*

DOROTHY. What are you going to do with Toto?

WITCH. *(Holding Toto aloft.)* Tonight we feast on deviled dog.

DOROTHY. NO!

WITCH. *(Giggling.)* It's alright, my dear. Just my little joke. *(Looks into Toto's eyes.)* He'll look even more revolting with an apple in his mouth. *(Hands Toto to **NIKKO**.)* Here, put him in the basket.

*(**NIKKO** takes Toto over and places him in the basket on the table.)*

*(Then **NIKKO** lifts the basket and hooks it over one arm.)*

DOROTHY. Where are you taking him? Why can't he stay with me?

WITCH. Because the raging, roaring river is some way off. Is he a water breed?

DOROTHY. I don't think so.

WITCH. He soon will be 'cause that's where we're going to drop him if you don't hand over the slippers.

DOROTHY. But the Good Witch of the North told me not to.

WEST WITCH. Very well. (*To NIKKO.*) Throw that basket in the deepest point of the river and drown him.

DOROTHY. No! No-no, please! You can have the slippers yourself! I don't want them – just give me back Toto!

WEST WITCH. That's a good little girl, I knew you'd see reason!

[MUSIC NO. 39 "INCIDENTAL - TOTO'S ESCAPE"]

(The WITCH reaches for the slippers. They give off violent sparks.)

(The WITCH draws back with a scream, sucking her fingers.)

Ohhh! Ohhh!

(DOROTHY darts forward and snatches the basket from NIKKO.)

DOROTHY. Run Toto... (*Lifts the basket lid and shoos Toto offstage.*) ...as far away as you can.

WEST WITCH. (*To NIKKO.*) Catch him, you fool!

(NIKKO pursues Toto offstage.)

DOROTHY. Run, Toto – run!

(NIKKO appears in the doorway jumping up and down with frustration.)

(DOROTHY turns back triumphantly.)

He got away! He got away from you!

WEST WITCH. Which is more than you will ever do.

GENERAL. She's – she's dead. You've killed her.

DOROTHY. I didn't mean to kill her – really I didn't. It's – it's just that she was going to set him on fire!

GENERAL. Hail to Dorothy! The Wicked Witch is dead!

(The WINKIES drop to one knee.)

WINKIES. Hail! Hail to Dorothy! The Wicked Witch is dead!

GENERAL. You are now our Queen.

DOROTHY. Oh, that's very kind of you. But I have to get back to Kansas. *(Picks up the broom.)* The Witch's broom! May we have it?

GENERAL. Please. Take it with you!

DOROTHY. Oh, thank you so much! *(To her friends.)* Now we can go back to the Wizard and tell him the Wicked Witch is dead!

Scene Eleven
The Wizard's Chamber
(Humbug)

[MUSIC NO. 44 "MAGIC SMOKE CHORDS
(OPTIONAL NUMBER)"]

*(The flames are billowing as DOROTHY,
TINMAN, LION, and SCARECROW enter with
more confidence than previously.)*

OZ. Step forward if you dare.

(DOROTHY advances with the broom.)

Can I believe my eyes? Why have you come back?

DOROTHY. Please, sir. We've done what you told us. We've brought you the broomstick of the Wicked Witch of the West. We melted her.

OZ. Oh, you liquidated her, eh? *(Laughs at his own joke.)*
Very resourceful!

DOROTHY. Yes, sir. So we'd like you to keep your promise to us, – if you please, sir.

OZ. Not so fast! Not so fast! I'll have to give the matter a little thought! Go away, and come back tomorrow!

DOROTHY. Tomorrow? Oh, but I want to go home now!

TINMAN. You've had plenty of time already!

LION. Yeah!

(The WIZARD's machine roars.)

OZ. Do not arouse the wrath of the Great and Powerful Oz!
I said come back tomorrow!

DOROTHY. If you were really great and powerful, you'd keep your promises!

OZ. Do you presume to criticize the Great Oz?

(Machine roars.)

You ungrateful creatures!

(Machine roars.)