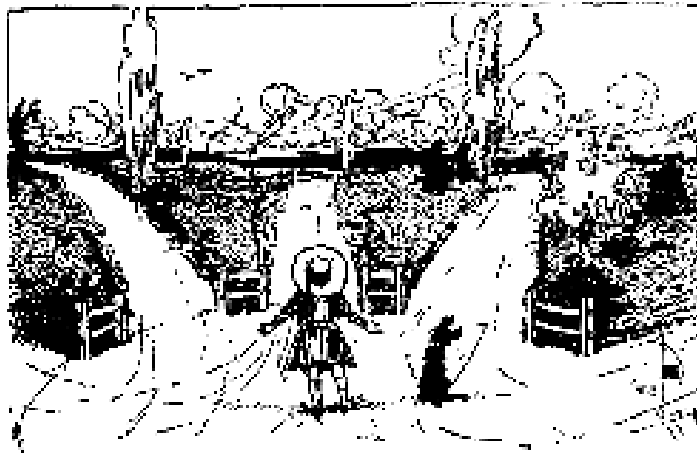


THE WIZARD OF *OZ*



A family musical based upon *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* by L. Frank Baum

Music, Book & Lyrics by MICHAEL LANCY

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Characters *in order of appearance*

AUNT EM': A soft spoken, good natured woman of middle age.

UNCLE HENRY: What's typically called a "plain dirt" farmer, quiet mannered and wise looking. He has horse-sense.

DOROTHY: A little girl with big dreams, she wonders what lies beyond the prairie that is her home.

MUNCHKINS: (1, 2 & 3) Very small, very blue people with loud voices and a jolly sense of humor.

NUMEROUS OTHER MUNCHKINS

GLEENDA: The good witch.

SCARECROW: A thoughtful being, considering he has no brain. He's very kind to Dorothy. He feels as if he were her older brother.

TINMAN: Overly emotional, one hundred percent metal woodsman who has a definite crush on Dorothy and would do just about anything for her.

LION: The Cowardly Lion to be exact. Although he roars a good game, he's yellow from his maine to his tail.

GUARDIAN: A snooty Ozian.

OZIAN 1

OZIAN 2

OZIAN 3

GUARD 1

GUARD 2

GUARD 3

AND LOTS OF OTHER OZIANs

OZ: The great wizard himself is a small, meek man who is a born salesman. But he appears in different guises prior to the "unmasking": A Giant Head, a Beautiful Girl, a Monster with several heads, arms and legs, and a Glowing

Ball of Fire.

THE WICKED WITCH: A nasty lady with a wistful fondness for the past. Although she can crack a joke with the best of them, she's still wicked through and through.

OTHER WICKED WITCHES: IZ, FUZ, WUZ (Should be real crack-ups and good dancers)

THE WICKED WITCH UTILIZES THE TALENTS OF THE FOLLOWING EAGER AND NASTY CREATURES: Crows, Bees & Winged Monkeys

THE HEAD WINGED MONKEY: "Leader of the Pack"

GLINDA: Another good witch, sister to Glenda. They look identical.

Scenes and Musical Numbers

SCENE I	THE FARMHOUSE "A Flower In Kansas" ...Dorothy "The Cyclone"
SCENE II	MUNCHKIN LAND "We're Free" ...The Munchkins "Without A Brain" ...Dorothy & Scarecrow
SCENE III	DEEP IN THE FOREST "Without A Heart" ...Dorothy, Scarecrow, Tinman "Without Courage" ...Dorothy, Scarecrow, Tinman, Lion
SCENE IV	DEEPER IN THE FOREST
SCENE V	THE GATES TO THE CITY OF OZ/ THE TOWN SQUARE "This Is The Emerald City" ...Ozians
SCENE VI	SPLIT-STAGE: THRONE ROOM OF OZ & SMALL WAITING ROOM
SCENE VII	THE CASTLE OF THE WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST "Bring Back Those Days" ...Wicked Witch, Iz, Fuz, Wuz "The Battle" ... "The Crows" ...Crows "The Bees" ...Bees "The Monkeys" ...Monkeys
SCENE VIII	THE THRONE ROOM OF OZ "Up In A Balloon" Oz, Dorothy
SCENE IX	THE SEND OFF/ THE TOWN SQUARE
SCENE X	THE CASTLE OF GLINDA
SCENE XI	THE FARMHOUSE "A Flower In Kansas" (<i>Reprise</i>)

THE WIZARD OF OZ

SCENE I

AS THE LIGHTS COME UP WE SEE A SMALL, ONE-ROOM HOUSE, VERY PLAIN AND GRAY. THERE IS A KITCHEN TABLE CENTER, SOME RUSTIC CUPBOARDS AND A WINDOW UP, CENTER.

AUNT EM' IS WEARILY SETTING THE TABLE FOR DINNER (JUST A FEW PLATES AND A VERY PLAIN LOOKING MEAL) AS UNCLE HENRY SITS IN HIS ROCKING CHAIR DLC GAZING OUT OVER THE AUDIENCE. HE SMOKES A PIPE AND SEEMS TO BE STUDYING SOMETHING PECULIAR IN THE DISTANCE. FOR A MOMENT THERE IS NO CONVERSATION.

AUNT EM: (STILL SETTING THE TABLE) Henry, call Dorothy--it's time for supper. (NO RESPONSE) Henry? (SHE LOOKS UP) Henry, landsakes, have you gone deaf?

HENRY: (SNAPPING OUT OF IT)Hunh? Did ya say something, Em'?

AUNT EM: I said it's time for supper, call Dorothy.

HENRY: (LOOKING OUT AGAIN) Mmmm. . .

AUNT EM: (LOOKS AT HIM A MOMENT, THEN X'S TO THE DOORWAY LEFT AND CALLS) Dorothy? Dorothy!

DOROTHY: (FROM OFF-STAGE) Yes, Aunt Em'?

AUNT EM: Finish what you're doin', child, and hurry in---supper's gettin' cold!

DOROTHY: (FROM OFF, LEFT) Alright, I'll be right in!

AUNT EM: (X's BACK TO TABLE)Honestly' Henry, sometimes I think your mind's as dried up as this old prairie. (TO HERSELF) Kansas. . . Whoever thought we'd end up. . . (SHE NOTICES HIM) Henry, what are you gawkin' at?

HENRY: The sky, Em'. It don't look right.

AUNT EM: (CROSSES DOWN AND LOOKS OUT WITH HIM) Hmm. . . looks like it might rain. Just a little rain, Henry.

HENRY: Huh-uh. . . air's too quiet for rain. Looks like a twister to me.

AUNT EM: A twister? We ain't had a twister in years, you old fool. (CROSSES BACK TO TABLE)

HENRY: Mmm. . . then maybe it's time. Good thing we dug that cellar.

AUNT EM: Ha! Just a lot of work for nothin'.

HENRY: Better safe than sorry, I always say. (HE ROCKS)

THE LIGHTS FADE TO AN AREA DOWN LEFT WHERE DOROTHY IS KNEELING, PICKING A PALE YELLOW FLOWER.

DOROTHY: (TALKING TO THE FLOWER) Where did you come from? You're not supposed to be here. Don't you know this is Kansas; flowers can't grow on this old prairie, least-wise not a pretty little flower like you. (THINKS) Wonder how you got here.

SONG: "A FLOWER IN KANSAS"

DOROTHY: There's a flower in Kansas,
 It's a miracle you see;
 For a flower in Kansas,
 Really shouldn't ever be

 There's no water to feed you,
 Not much chance for you to grow;
 For a flower in Kansas,
 Is as rare as summer snow.

 And, sometimes I feel

that I'm a lot like you.
Not knowing what is real,
or what I really want to do.

I'm like a flower in Kansas
trying hard to be;
Something special not plain,
something as wonderful as rain.
It's so hard to just remain
a flower. . . In Kansas.

And, sometimes I feel,
that I'm a lot like you;
Not knowing what is real,
or what I really want to do.

I'm like a flower in Kansas,
That maybe all I'll ever be;
But I'll try just the same,
To make you glad that I came;
But it really is a shame,
to be a flower, a flower,
a flower in Kansas.

AFTER THE SONG, THE SOUNDS OF A STRONG WIND BEGIN. DOROTHY LOOKS, GLANCES UP AND GETS A PUZZLED LOOK ON HER FACE AS SHE PEERS OUT OVER THE AUDIENCE. THE NOISE GETS LOUDER AND LOUDER.

AUNT EM: (FROM THE DARKNESS IN THE DISTANCE) Dorothy. . . Dorothy?

DOROTHY: (SUDDENLY FRIGHTENED OF WHAT SHE SEES) I'm coming Aunt Em! (SHE STARTS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE HOUSE, BUT THE WIND BLOWS THE FLOWER OUT OF HER HANDS) Oh No!

DOROTHY RUNS OFF LEFT AFTER THE FLOWER AS THE LIGHTS COME BACK UP ON THE HOUSE. BOTH EM AND HENRY HAVE URGENT LOOKS.

AUNT EM: (STILL CALLING) Dorothy. . . Dorothy! Oh where could she be, Henry?

HENRY: (STANDS, LOOKING OUT OVER THE AUDIENCE) I can see it now, Em'. It's a twister, sure enough. Big one, too.

AUNT EM: Dorothy! . . . Dorothy!

HENRY: Headin' right this way. (CROSSES TO EM')

AUNT EM: We have to find Dorothy. I'll go check the barn.

HENRY: No, Em'. I'll go. You head for the cellar.

AUNT EM: But. . .

HENRY: (PUSHING HER, RIGHT) Hurry, Em', there's not time to argue!

AUNT EM: (GIVING IN AFTER A MOMENT) Alright. (SHE CROSSES RIGHT) Find her, Henry. Find her. (SHE CROSSES OFF RIGHT)

MUSIC: "THE CYCLONE"

HENRY: Get to the cellar!

HE CROSSES "OUTSIDE" THE WIND IS VERY STRONG. NOW, VERY LOUD

HENRY: Dorothy . . . Dorothy. (HE STARTS OUT LEFT BUT THE WIND PUSHES HIM BACK) Dorothy. . . ? (THERE IS A MOMENT AS HE STRUGGLES AGAINST THE WIND AND, ONCE AGAIN, IS PUSHED BACK) Dorothy!!

THE WIND IS NOW INCREDIBLY VIOLENT. UNCLE HENRY FINALLY GIVES UP AND CROSSES RIGHT, TOWARD THE CELLAR OFFSTAGE. HE TURNS AT THE WINGS, LOOKS BUT DOES NOT SEE HER. HE EXITS.

DOROTHY: (FROM OFF LEFT) Aunt Em! Uncle Henry! (DOROTHY RUNS ON, THE FLOWER IS IN HER HAND) Aunt Em! Uncle Henry!!! (SHE RUNS INTO THE HOUSE) Uncle Henry!?!

SUDDENLY THE HOUSE BEGINS TO TURN AND DOROTHY SCREAMS AS THE LIGHTS BLACK OUT!

MUSIC CONTINUES. . .

SCENE II

THE MUSIC ENDS ABRUPTLY AND THE LIGHTS COME UP ON A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRYSIDE. WONDERFUL COLORS, SUNLIGHT AND THE SOUNDS OF BIRDS, THE FRONT PORCH OF THE HOUSE, NOW IN SHAMBLES, IS UP RIGHT AND THERE'S A CLUMP OF CORN DOWN LEFT. DOROTHY APPEARS AT THE DOORWAY, SHE LOOKS OUT AND RUBS HER EYES, NOT BELIEVING WHAT SHE SEES. SHE IS STILL CARRYING THE FLOWER, BUT NOW IT IS A BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN COLOR. SHE OPENS THE SCREEN DOOR AND IT FALLS OFF. SHE COMES OUTSIDE AND LOOKS AROUND.

DOROTHY: (SLOWLY) Where am I? Everything is so different, I must be dreaming. . . I must be dreaming. (SHE IS LOOKING ALL AROUND AND BACKS TOWARD CENTER. THREE MUNCHKINS ENTER, DOROTHY DOESN'T SEE THEM) This place is beautiful!

MUNCHKIN 1: Thank you.

DOROTHY: (STARTLED) Oh! (SHE STARES, THEN) Who are you?

MUNCHKIN 2: We were just about to ask you the same question.

DOROTHY BEGINS TO LAUGH.

MUNCHKIN 3: What's so funny?

DOROTHY: (STILL LAUGHING) You are.

ALL THREE: What's so funny about us?

DOROTHY: Everything. The way you talk, the way you look. (LAUGHS HARDER) You're funny looking. This can't be happening, I must be dreaming.

GLEENDA: (ENTERING WITH OTHER MUNCHKINS) You are welcome, most 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 bondage.

DOROTHY: (STOPS LAUGHING, LOOKS AT HER) What? What are you talking about? I'm no sorceress and I certainly haven't killed anyone.

MUNCHKIN 1: Oh, don't be so modest.

MUNCHKIN 2: We saw it happen.

MUNCHKIN 3: She was standing right there, mean as ever.

ALL THREE: And you dropped your house right on her!

MUNCHKIN 1: Plop!

MUNCHKIN 2: Crunch!

MUNCHKIN 3: Splat!!!

ALL THREE: It was great!

ALL THE MUNCHKINS APPLAUD.

GLEENDA: (CROSSING TO THE HOUSE) You see? Here's all that's left of her.

SHE POINTS TO TWO SCRAWNY FEET STICKING OUT FROM UNDER THE HOUSE, WITH SILVER SHOES UPON THEM.

DOROTHY: (SHOCKED) Oh my goodness. (STEPS OVER) This is terrible! Whatever shall we do?

GLEENDA: There is nothing to be done.

DOROTHY: But who was she?

(ALL MUNCHKINS AGREE)

GLEENDA: She was the Wicked Witch of the East, as I said.

MUNCHKINS: She was terrible, awful, nasty, (etc.)

DOROTHY: She was?

GLEENDA: The munchkins have been under her evil powers for many years. But now, thanks to you, they're free again.

SONG: "WE'RE FREE"

MUNCHKINS: We're free! We're free!
At last every one of us is free;
We don't have to hide
'cause the Witch went and died,
That's her over there, look and see.

We're free, we're free!
How wonderful freedom can be!
No more worry and fear,
the Wicked Witch isn't here--
So shout it out, we're free!

Used to be we'd never sing
or laugh or run or anything,
The Witch wouldn't let us--she was mean!
We always wished that she were dead,
so when your house fell on her head
it was the greatest sight we've ever seen!

We're free, we're free!
Who ever thought we'd ever be.

So lucky to find
a young lady so kind,
Because of you, we're free!

DANCE BREAK

We're free, we're free!
Who ever thought we'd ever be!
So lucky to find
a young lady so kind.
Because of you--we're free!

GLEENDA: You see, my dear, you and your house have done the Munchkins a great favor.

MUNCHKINS 1: This day will always be "Munchkin Independence Day"

MUNCHKIN 2: Let's have a celebration!

MUNCHKIN 3: That's a wonderful idea!

ALL THREE: (EXITING OFF LEFT) Come everyone. . . A celebration!!!

THEY ALL EXIT CHEERING.

DOROTHY: (LOOKING UNDER THE HOUSE) Goodness, look! The Witch's legs have disappeared, (SHE NOTICES THE SILVER SHOES AND YELLS UNDER THE HOUSE) You left your silver shoes!

GLEENDA: (LAUGHING) Why don't you try them on? She has no use for them now.

DOROTHY: (NOT LIKING THE IDEA) But, , , she was a Witch.

GLEENDA: She was a wicked Witch.

DOROTHY: Aren't all witches wicked?

GLEENDA: (LAUGHING AGAIN) Oh gracious, no, I'm a witch and I'm not wicked.

DOROTHY: (SHOCKED) You're-a witch? A real witch?

GLEENDA: Of course, I'm the Witch of the North. (TAKING DOROTHY BY THE ARM) You see, there are four witches in the Land of Oz--Or were. The witches of the North and South are good witches; and those of the East and West, wicked, But since you have killed the witch of the East the only wicked witch remaining is the Witch of the West.

DOROTHY: And the Witch of the South, is like you?

GLEENDA: Yes. In fact people say we're almost identical.

DOROTHY: Hmmm. . . I wish Aunt Em were here. She told me that witches were all dead, years and years ago. (SHE SITS DOWN AND PUTS ON THE SILVER SHOES)

GLEENDA: Who's Aunt Em?

DOROTHY: She's my Aunt. She lives in Kansas, where I came from.

GLEENDA: I have never heard of Kansas.

DOROTHY: (STILL PUTTING ON THE SHOES) Well, I had never heard of Munchkins or Good Witches or the Land of Oz before today.

GLEENDA: (SEES DOROTHY PUTTING THE SECOND SHOE ON) Do they fit?

DOROTHY: (AMAZED) Yes. Perfectly, in fact. (SHE STAND AND TRIES THEM OUT) No one in Kansas will believe how I got them. (THINKS) If I ever get home to tell them. (TURNS) Can you help me get there?

GLEENDA: Oh, dear, no. . . I'm afraid not. As I said, I've never heard of Kansas before, and I don't know where it could possibly be.

DOROTHY: (UPSET) Then I don't know how I shall ever get home. I'm so lost, I

don't even know which way I came from.

GLEENDA: Perhaps Oz could help you.

DOROTHY: Who?

GLEENDA: The Great Wizard of Oz. He is more powerful than all of us put together. Perhaps he will know where Kansas is and how to get there.

DOROTHY: Well, where can I find him?

GLEENDA: He lives along way from here, in the City of Emeralds.

DOROTHY: Where is that?

GLEENDA: It is exactly in the center of the country, and ruled by Oz himself.

DOROTHY: Is he a good man?

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

DOROTHY: How do I get there?

GLEENDA: Well. . . It is a long journey through a country that is sometimes pleasant and sometimes dark and terrible. However, I believe there is a charm about those silver shoes, and I will use all of the magic I know of to keep you from harm.

DOROTHY: (PLEADING) Won't you go with me?

GLEENDA: I cannot. But I will give you my mark. (SHE KISSES HER FINGER AND TOUCHES IT TO DOROTHY'S FOREHEAD) There. . . no one will harm you, now. (SHE STARTS TO EXIT) The road to the City of Emeralds is paved with yellow bricks, so you can't miss it. When you get to Oz, do not be afraid of him, but tell your story and ask him to help you. (PAUSE) Good bye, my dear. (SHE EXITS,

DOROTHY: (STUNNED) Good bye. . . (THINKS ALOUD) Hmm, let's see. . . she said, she said. . . "don't be afraid" (SHE WALKS DOWN LEFT TOWARD THE CORNFIELD, A SCARECROW IS NOW VISIBLE IN THE CENTER OF THE CORN) "tell my story to Oz and he will send me home. " (THINKING) "The Emerald City". . . she said there was a road made of yellow bricks that would lead me there. . . I wonder where it is?

SCARECROW: (POINTS) It starts right over there, I think.

DOROTHY: (LOOKS AROUND) Huh? (SHE LOOKS AT THE SCARECROW AND HE WINKS AT HER, SHE GASPS) Oh!

SCARECROW: Good day.

DOROTHY: (STUNNED) Did you speak?

SCARECROW: Certainly; how do you do?

DOROTHY: Uh. . . pretty well, thank you. (PAUSE) Uh. . . how do you do?

SCARECROW: I'm not feeling well at all. It's very tedious being perched up here, night and day, day and night, to scare away crows. I'm a scarecrow, you see. (HE LETS OUT A WEIRD NOISE) Blaah! (DOROTHY LAUGHS) Scary ain't I?

DOROTHY: Oh sure, very scary! There must not be a crow for miles and miles.

SCARECROW: (PROUD) Oh, well, thank you very much. That's some consolation, anyway.

DOROTHY: Well if you don't like it up there why don't you just get down?

SCARECROW: I did think of that, but you see I'm attached to this pole with this rope and I can't reach the knot to untie it.

DOROTHY: (GOING BEHIND THE POLE) Oh. . . I can reach it. (SHE UNTIES IT) There. . . (HE FALLS) Oh, are you alright?

SCARECROW: Sure, what's a little stuffing here and there. (SHE HELPS HIM PUT THE STRAW BACK IN, HE STAND UP) There, I feel like a new man. (HE STARTS TO WALK, BUT HIS LEGS WOBBLE AND HE FALLS)

DOROTHY: Oh! (TRYING TO CATCH HIM) Be careful!

SCARECROW: (THINKING) Who are you and why were you looking for the Yellow Brick Road?

DOROTHY: My name is Dorothy, and I am going to the Emerald City to ask the Great Oz to send me back to Kansas.

SCARECROW: Aren't you a Munchkin?

DOROTHY: Why no. Why do you ask?

SCARECROW: Because you're wearing a blue apron and blue is the Munchkins' favorite color.

DOROTHY: Ah, that explains why there are so many blue things here.

SCARECROW: Hmm. . . Where is the Emerald City and who is Oz?

DOROTHY: Why, don't you know?

SCARECROW: No, I don't know anything. (SADLY) You see, I'm stuffed so I have no brains at all.

DOROTHY: I'm awfully sorry. But don't feel so bad. I know a lot of people who have brains that aren't half as smart as you.

SCARECROW: Really?

DOROTHY: Really! And besides--

SONG: "WITHOUT A BRAIN"

DOROTHY: Without a brain

you would never be called an egghead.
Without a brain
You could never be called a snob.
Without a brain
you would never have to get a job, so you see,
that life is easy when you got no brains!

SCARECROW: Without a brain
I would never amount to nothin'
Without a brain
They would always call me dumb!
Without a brain
I would always hafta be a bum,
So you see it ain't so easy
When ya got no brains!

DOROTHY: Don't ya know a brain can give ya
lots of trouble!
Worries and headaches and pain.

SCARECROW: I'd rather be full of thoughts
than be an empty bubble:
Ready to pop--I need a proper brain.

DOROTHY: Without a brain
You could never make wrong decisions.

SCARECROW: Without a brain
No one would ever let me try!
Without a brain
I will never even scare a fly.
I want a full deck, I'm a mental wreck!

DOROTHY: You wouldn't be a bum.

SCARECROW: But I'd sure be dumb!

BOTH: Without. . . a . . . brain!

AFTER THE SONG. . .

SCARECROW: That's very interesting. But, all things considered I think I'd still like to have one. A brain I mean.

DOROTHY: Well, why don't you come with-me to see the Great Oz. If he can get me back to Kansas, I'm sure he can find a brain for you.

SCARECROW: Do you really think so?

DOROTHY: It's worth a try, isn't it?

SCARECROW: It sure is!! (HE JUMPS UP AND DANCES AROUND) Wow! I'm gonna have a brain! No one will ever call me a fool again! Hooray! (HE FALLS DOWN)

DOROTHY: (TRYING TO CATCH HIM) Oh! Aren't you afraid you're going to hurt yourself?

SCARECROW: Nah! I never get hurt. The only thing I'm afraid of is . . . (LOOKS BOTH WAYS) a lighted match.

DOROTHY: (LAUGHS) Hah! That's a hot one! (SCARECROW GLARES AT HER) Sorry. (SHE HELPS HIM UP) Well, come on then, let's get started.

SCARECROW: Alright.

DOROTHY: Now, which way did you say the Yellow Brick Road was?

SCARECROW: (EXCITED) This way, follow me! (HE RUSHES OFF) Oohh! (WE HEAR A LOUD CRASH AS HE FALLS OFF STAGE)

DOROTHY: (SHAKING HER HEAD) I'm glad we don't have scarecrows like you in Kansas. (SHE EXITS OFF LEFT)

<End of excerpt>