

THE WIZARD OF OZ

by Bill Robertson

(Adapted from the Wonderful Wizard of Oz by L. Frank Baum,
with contributions from Wicked by Gregory Maguire)



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THE WIZARD OF OZ

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CAST:

F	Dorothy	Nanny			
M	Scarecrow	Chistery	Ozian3		
M	Tinman	Boq	Wizard/Head	Ozian2	Monkey2
M	Lion	Frex	Uncle Henry	Ozian1	
F	Elphaba	Glinda	Attendant	Aunt Em	

Scene 1 Kansas.

[*Dorothy enters.*] [**song: Long Sunday Afternoon/Blood Brothers.**]

DOROTHY: MY WHOLE WORLD IS EMPTY AND SO GREY
I COULD BE LIVING ON THE MOON.
I WISH I COULD BE SOME PLACE ELSE A MILLION MILES AWAY
IT'S GONNA BE A LONG, LONG, LONG KANSAS AFTERNOON.

I GOT NO FRIENDS WHO'LL BE JUST DROPPIN' BY
NO ONE IS COMING ROUND TO PLAY
EVEN ALL THE COWS SEEM TO HAVE GONE ASTRAY, TODAY
IT'S GONNA BE A LONG, LONG, LONG KANSAS AFTERNOON

[*Uncle Henry enters.*]

DOROTHY: You know Uncle Henry.... sometimes I think the whole world is grey.

HENRY: I believe you might be right child.

DOROTHY: Sitting here on the stoop, all you can see is the great grey prairie all around. Nothin' else. No trees or houses.

HENRY: Yep! Even this ol' house has turned grey over the years. It didn't used to be. Wind and dust mostly. But even so, there's no place like home, Dorothy, just you remember that, there's no place like home.

DOROTHY: [*sighs*] I suppose, although it sure would be nice to see someplace that wasn't just grey. Someplace bright and colourful, like the rainbows I've seen in my picture books. [*Looks anxiously at the sky. Wind SFX (Low wail of wind)*] There's a storm a-comin', Uncle Henry. [*Wind SFX (a sharp whistling in the air)*]

HENRY: That's more'n a storm. Doggone it. There's a twister comin'! Em! Em! Cyclones a-comin'. Git yoursel' and Dorothy into the cellar. I'll go look after the stock.

AUNT EM: Heavens! Quick, Dorothy! Inside.

[*Wind SFX (Great shriek from the wind). DOROTHY struggles against the sudden wind to get into the house. Grey cloth. Model house on twister. Wind SFX. Music: Somewhere Over the Rainbow.*]

Scene 2 Munchkinland.

[Dorothy's house stands askew with two legs sticking out from under it. SCARECROW stands on pole at the back. GLINDA enters with two Munchkins, BOQ and FREX.]

BOQ: It's goodly of you to come so swiftly, Sorceressness.

GLINDA: Not at all. I was in the neighbourhood, and you know I'm always glad to do what I can in times of trouble, Boq. Although it was rather disconcerting to find half the population of Centre Munch running in the opposite direction when I arrived.

BOQ: Yes! Frex and I are full of apologeticness on behalf of our fellow Munchkins, Miss Glinda. We would have hoped they would have shown a little more stout heartedness.

GLINDA: Well, not to worry. Tell me what happened.

BOQ: Well, it all started with a gulphy deliquescence of deranged and harnessed air....

GLINDA: In Ozian please, I always find it so difficult to follow the country Munchkin dialect.

BOQ: Yes! Sorry. Well, there was this huge dark twisting mass of wind....

FREX: And the noise! It was the most terrible, frightening noise, you could imagine.

BOQ: It seemed to come from all corners of the sky at once like.... like an invisible volcano or... or squadrons of flying dragons.

FREX: I think it was more like the sound giant clockworks would make uncoiling their springs and running down at a terrible speed.

GLINDA: Well, that's all very dramatic, but apart from a lot of noise what did it actually do?

BOQ: Well, it tore through much of Munchkinland and stripped away miles and miles of our best topsoil. Next harvest will be most seriously affected.

GLINDA: That will be a terrible shame, of course, and I should imagine it'll also put a dent in your plans for Munchkin self-government. But worry not, Oz will provide.

FREX: *[aside to BOQ]* That's what worries me... We could just go from being slaves of one tyrant to being slaves of another.

GLINDA: Were there any casualties other than the obvious ? *[indicates the legs sticking out from under the house]*

BOQ: Many I'm afraid.

GLINDA: Then we must pray to Lurlina for their souls..... And this *[indicates house]*... arrived how exactly?

FREX: Well, when the wind had all but petered out, it just fell out of the sky... right there, where the Witch.... *[Door opens and Dorothy enters.]* Argh! *[Munchkins hide]*

DOROTHY: Gosh! I've got a feelin' I'm not in Kansas anymore.

BOQ: Oww! [*Munchkins return when they see Dorothy's dress*]

GLINDA: Ah! The Munchkin saviour. You are welcome, sister Sorceress, to Munchkinland in the wonderful Land of Oz. I am Glinda the well-beloved, Sorceress to the Gillikins

DOROTHY: [*curtsies*] Thank you for your welcome ma'am, but I'm afraid you're mightily mistaken, I'm no sorceress, I'm just plain Dorothy Gale from Kansas.

GLINDA: Well! Plain you may be, but you're most surely a Sorceress. I mean it wouldn't be my choice but you're wearing blue and white. Blue is the colour of the Munchkins, and white shows that you are a Sorceress, and so one who is clearly friendly to Munchkinlanders, which you have already proved, if further proof were needed, by killing the Wicked Witch of the East and freeing them from her tyranny.

DOROTHY: Killed a witch? Me? No! Please say it ain't so. I've never killed anything in my life before, not ever.

GLINDA: Well, it would appear that you have now, or at least your "house" has.

DOROTHY: Really?

FREX: That house most certainly had her name on it.

BOQ: See! Her two feet are still sticking out from underneath it.

DOROTHY: Argh! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Whatever shall we do?

BOQ: There's nothing to do. She's dead.

FREX: And good riddance.

GLINDA: I have to admit her death was rather fortuitous... I suppose she really is dead, Boq? You have checked?

BOQ: Well, no.. but... she must be. A house dropped on her head. [*GLINDA glares*].....Oh, alright! [*Reluctantly checks the dead witch and brings back her silver shoes.*]

GLINDA: Now tell me, dear, where exactly is Kansas. I don't believe I've heard of it.

DOROTHY: Well, to be quite honest I've never heard of Munchkinland either. I guess I must have travelled a long way from home while I was trapped on top of that twister. I just don't know how I'm gonna get back. And I'm worried for Uncle Henry and Auntie Em. Uncle Henry frets so when I'm just a smidge late from the schoolhouse and Auntie Em....well, she can be so cross when she's upset.

GLINDA: Yes! Well, obviously, your house must have carried you over the impenetrable desert that surrounds the whole of Oz...

FREX: [*reverently*] Ooooooh, she's come from beyond the desert...

GLINDA:and as far as I know, no one has ever managed to cross that desert and live.

DOROTHY: Oh, dear, you mean I'll be stuck here... for good.

GLINDA: I'm afraid you might.

DOROTHY: Oh well, I guess there could be worse places to get stuck.

GLINDA: Indeed, Oz is a wonderful place full of magic and magical creatures.

DOROTHY: Ow! What kind ? We mostly have cows back in Kansas.

GLINDA: Well, you'll find we are well stocked with Phoenix and Dragons. We even had a spate of talking Animals, but the Great Oz soon put a stop to that.

BOQ: [*aside to FREX. Running his finger across his throat*] Got rid of them more like.

GLINDA: That's enough Boq. And in Oz the strangest things can and do happen so unexpectedly. [*Casually points wand at BOQ.*]

FREX: Look out!

[BOQ cowers, but still carries the silver shoes, so nothing happens. Failed magic SFX. GLINDA looks at her wand. Shakes it. Points it again with same result. Failed magic SFX]

GLINDA: Really, this is the limit. It must be those shoes. There must be some sort of magic spell on them.

FREX: The Wicked Witch of the East was always very proud of those shoes...never took them off.

BOQ: [*To DOROTHY*] And since you got rid of her, it would only be right and fitting if you will wear them in her stead, Sorceress.

DOROTHY: Oh, please just call me Dorothy.

BOQ: As you wish, Sorc...Dorothy. And if you were to be staying in Oz, then perhaps you could stay with us here in Munchkinland

FREX: Yes, we could do with a new Sorceress.

GLINDA: Let's not get ahead of ourselves, Frex.

BOQ: Well, it's up to Dorothy, I'd say. Wouldn't you ?

GLINDA: I'm sure Dorothy would much prefer to go home, and I think there's only one person in Oz who might be able to help her do that.

FREX: Who?

GLINDA: The Wizard himself. The Great Oz.

ALL: [***see below*] The Great Oz.

*[** GLINDA is trying to sell the idea to Dorothy, while playing down the Munchkins reactions. Although the other characters are all saying the same words, they are all saying them differently. FREX and BOQ think it's a ludicrous idea and DOROTHY is simply taking in unfamiliar information]*