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CHOOSE YOUR OWN OZ

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Choose Your Own Oz

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
University of New Orleans
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts
In
Film, Theatre, and Communication Arts
Creative Writing

By

Tommy Jamerson

BS Indiana State University, 2008

December 2014

Choose Your Own Oz
A play by Tommy Jamerson

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PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

NARRATOR – Nigel Dee Narrator, the show’s narrator and audience participation guru. He is omnipresent throughout the course of the show and often provides the audience with his own personal commentary. With this character adlibbing is not only suggested but encouraged.

DOROTHY – The heroine of today’s tale.

TOTO – Dorothy’s beloved pet.

GLINDA - The Good Witch of the South (Can double as MUMBI)

MUMBI – The One-Eyed Wicked Witch of the West (Can double as GLINDA)

JACK THE SCARECROW – A walking, talking scarecrow who longs for a brain

TINKER THE TIN MAN – A walking, talking tin man who longs for a heart

EUGENE THE LION – A walking, talking, anthropomorphic lion who longs for courage

THE WIZARD OF OZ – The Wizard Himself

SECONDARY CHARACTERS

Announcer, Uncle Henry, Aunt Em, The Cyclone, The Munchkins of Munchkinland, The Witch’s Flying Henchmen, The Trees of the Forbidden Forest, The Maid, and the numerous stagehands called onstage to aid in moving the plot along.

ACT ONE

Scene One: A Bare Stage

(A large chair rests comfortably on an otherwise bare stage. Classical music wafts in the background.)

ANNOUNCER

(Voice Over.)

Ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys of all ages, we'd like to welcome you to tonight's performance of *The Wizard of Oz*! A few things to keep in mind during the show: talking, jumping, dancing, singing, laughing, and interacting with the cast and crew is highly...encouraged! Also, if you see a Wicked Witch anywhere near the premises, feel free to boo her till your heart's content! Now let's give a big warm welcome to this evening's master of ceremonies, our numero uno storyteller himself; Mister Nigel Dee Narrator!

(Applause. Silence. A cricket chirping can be heard...)

Um...Nigel? Nigel?

NIGEL

(Off Stage.)

Wait? Is that me?! Am I on already? Oh me! Oh my! I'm coming everybody! I'm coming!

(NIGEL makes his entrance by running through the audience and up on stage. Perhaps he adlibs a few hellos here and there.)

I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm...whew! I'm here! Jeez-O-Pete I don't think I've run that fast since...well since ever. Anyway, hello out there. How is everybody doing?

(Waits for response.)

We can do better than that! I said "How is everyone doing?"

(Waits again. Feeding off their hopefully positive reaction.)

Good! Good! Well, like they already said my name is Nigel Dee Narrator and like my name suggests, I'm a real, live, 100 % official Storyteller! See!

(He shows off an official badge. Canned 'Ooohs' and 'ahhhs')

Impressive, right? Anywho, today I am going to tell you the tale of a girl named Dorothy, her dog Toto, and of course, the Wonderful Wizard of Oz. All I need now is my light little storybook...Ah! There it is! And we can get –

(The storybook is anything but light or little. He attempts to lift it...)

And we can get...

(Again, another failed attempt. Through a strained voice)

And...we...can...get...

(Falling back into the chair with the book, he lands with thud!)

Started! You'd think with as many times as I've told this story I'd get use to how heavy it is. I really should've brought Cliff's notes instead but then again I haven't seen him in forever.

(Ba Dum Bum. He cackles at this. Crickets again.)

ANYWAY, let's dim the lights... get nice and cozy...And begin!

(He stretches and yawns loudly.)

NIGEL (CONT'D.)

Pardon me. Okay, page one, chapter one, sentence one. "Dorothy Gale, our story's heroine, lived in...

(He slowly begins to fall asleep.)

Lived in.....Dorothy lived in...

(And he's out.)

Kan...ZZZZZZZZ.

ANNOUNCER

(Voice Over.)

Psst...Nigel, it's happened again! You've fallen asleep onstage AGAIN! Nigel! NIGEL!

NIGEL

(With a start – to audience.)

"DOROTHY LIVED IN KANSAS!" Who? Huh? Did I fall asleep onstage? Not again! This is the third time this week! I'm sorry guys but to be honest with ya, being a narrator can get kinda boring after awhile – we tell the same story over and over again. There are no surprises, no excitement. If only there were some way to change things up, and make what once seemed stale and routine, fresh and new again...HEY! I've got an idea! How about you guys help me out tonight? How about I start narrating like normal, BUT every time we stumble upon something that seems stuffy or boring or we've seen a thousand times before, I'll blow this whistle right here...

(He produces one from around his neck.)

and then we'll all shout "PAUSE" together - Okay, say it with me...

(He blows the whistle.)

PAUSE! - beautiful, and once the story has been paused we can come up with new ideas on how to change things around. How does that sound? Do you want to help decide what happens right here onstage?

(Waits for response.)

Terrific! Okay, I am energized, I am caffeinated, I am ready! Now where was I? Oh yes...

"Dorothy Gale lived in Kansas..."

Scene Two: Kansas. Choose Your Own Toto.

(The lights grow dim as a hushed silence falls around the theatre. A quaint farmhouse rests stage right. Suddenly magical notes are played as DOROTHY appears. Pigtails dangle by her ears, and a gingham apron adorns her waist. Eat your heart out, Judy Garland. Taking in her surroundings...)

DOROTHY

Ah, Kansas...

(She takes a big whiff and addresses the audience.)

You guys should see it; sunny green pastures, bright blue horizons, and -

(Stepping in something grotesque, though still cheerful.)

Freshly baked cow pies as far as the eye can see. It's gorgeous!

NIGEL

"She happily resided there on a rural little farm with her Uncle Henry and her Aunt Em; both of whom she loved very much."

DOROTHY

It's true, I do.

(HENRY and EM enter hard at work as DOROTHY blows them a kiss. They both catch it and merrily put the kiss in their respective pockets. DOROTHY laughs at this.)

NIGEL

"Dorothy also loved her little black dog Toto, and other than her family, it was he who brought the most joy to her life."

DOROTHY

(Whistling.)

Oh Toto, where are you boy? There you are. Come here, boy! Come here!

(TOTO, an actor dressed as a little dog, comes yapping in from offstage and runs into DOROTHY'S awaiting arms. She nuzzles him as the two also share a moment.)

My what a good puppy you are! Yes you are. Yes you are!

NIGEL

Touching moment, isn't it guys? Hmmm...I don't know about you, but I get kinda bored with the whole Dorothy/Dog idea. Say, I know! Why don't we make the first change right here and now? What do you say? Are you with me?

(Waits for their reaction.)

Ok! Wait for my signal and...

(NIGEL pulls out his whistle and dangles it for a few seconds.

DOROTHY

I love my life here so much Toto! In fact, it makes me want to sing!

(She opens her mouth, perhaps music swells and...NIGEL blows the whistle.)

NIGEL

(With the crowd.)
PAUSE!!!

DOROTHY

Wait, "Pause?"

(TOTO cocks his head in confusion.)

NIGEL

Just for a second. See I think the audience and I just want to change one minor thing.

DOROTHY

Oh. All right...I guess. And that is?

NIGEL

Toto.

DOROTHY

Toto?

(TOTO growls.)

NIGEL

Easy boy!

DOROTHY

And what's wrong with Toto?

NIGEL

Nothing! We all love him, but after the first hundred times or so of hearing this story, we can't help but wonder what *The Wizard of Oz* would look like if you had another pet. Something else. Something different. Something *mysterious*...

DOROTHY

But I don't want something *mysterious*, I want something *Toto*!

NIGEL

Look I tell you what; to make it fair why don't we take it to a vote?

(NIGEL asks the audience to show him what they want TOTO to be either by a raise of hands or by calling out numbers – 1 for DOG, 2 for SOMETHING ELSE.)

***Scenario 1. (If TOTO stays a dog.)**

NIGEL

And it looks like he's going to stay a dog!

DOROTHY

(Wrapping her arms around her pooch)
Thank heavens!

TOTO

Bark! Bark!

NIGEL

All right then, where were we? Oh yes!

***Scenario 2. (If TOTO turns into something else.)**

NIGEL

It looks like the "Something Elses" have it! Sorry Toto, but you're no longer going to be a dog.

DOROTHY

(Over TOTO's whimpers.)
Oh fiddle!

NIGEL

You're instead going to be a...be a...
(It hits him.)
I've got! Instead you're going to be a COW!

DOROTHY

Really?

NIGEL

(He pulls out a pair of udders. TOTO is clearly irritated by this.)
Go on now, try them on.
(TOTO does as he's told.)

There now, you look... 'udderly' adorable! Doesn't he folks? Let's try this again from the top!
"Dorothy also loved her big moo cow, Toto, and other than her family, it was he who brought the most joy to her life."

DOROTHY

Come here, Toto... come here.

TOTO

(In a deep, raspy voice.)
Mooooo!

*(*Playwright's note: Let it be known that in other productions of this show, directors have chosen to instead make Toto other animals such as a chicken, a hen, or even a goat. If you'd prefer to give the audience the option to make him something other than a cow or a dog, I give you full permission. Just change the barks and/or moos to clucks or neighs, and the rest should follow smoothly.)*

(The play continues on from here. If TOTO is a cow, replace the barks with moos, and so on.)

NIGEL

“In fact, it was safe to assume that Dorothy loved pretty much everything about her home; everything, that is, except the occasional, yet highly unpredictable - ”

NIGEL/DOROTHY

Twister!

DOROTHY

Oh Toto, Audience, I'm so worried. I overheard Uncle Henry telling Aunt Em that some people are speculating there's going to be the occasional, yet highly unpredictable, twister visiting these very parts this very afternoon! See –

(Lights up on HENRY and EM.)

HENRY

Em, some people are speculating that there's going to be a twister visiting these very parts this very afternoon!

EM

Ahhh! Oh no!

DOROTHY

Ahh! Oh no!

(She quakes in her farm boots a bit too loudly and hides under her apron.)

EM

Dorothy Gale, were you eavesdropping again?

DOROTHY

No Aunt Em, I wasn't.

(Whispering to TOTO.)

Psst! I totally was.

EM

And Dorothy Gale, did you remember to lock up your window panes like I told ya?

DOROTHY

Yes Aunt Em, I did.

(Whispering to TOTO.)

Psst! I totally didn't! Poor Aunt Em and Uncle Henry, what'll happen to them if a cyclone comes and ruins the farm? Gasp! And just think Toto, what'll happen to us?!

TOTO

Bark?

DOROTHY

I know, I'm scared too, but that's why we have to stick together, no matter what! Here, I'll keep you safe in my basket.

(DOROTHY pulls out a teeny tiny basket. Whether or not TOTO is a dog, there's no way anyone, especially said actor, is fitting in the basket. They share a beat.)

Or maybe I'll just keep an eye on you.

NIGEL

"It was then that suddenly, and without...much warning...a cyclone that was half as big as Kansas itself - and about twice as wide as its inhabitants - billowed forth onto the scene and made its way towards Dorothy's farm!"

(The lights flicker, the winds howl, and the TWISTER appears! How you choose to stage this monstrosity is up to you, dear director. Perhaps music underscores.)

DOROTHY

Oh no, Toto! Look! The twister! It's a'comin'! It's a'comin'!

TOTO

Bark-bark! Bark-bark!

DOROTHY

Let's run! Run!

(DOROTHY and TOTO run comically in place. As they run, bits of farm equipment and such begin to swirl around them – perhaps maneuvered by the stagehands. DOROTHY and TOTO do their best to dodge the flying debris. EM and HENRY approach a storm cellar.)

EM/HENRY

(In slow motion voices.)

Dor-o-thy! Dor-o-thy!

DOROTHY

We're coming, you two! We're coming! Oh Toto, we keep running, and running, and yet, we're not getting anywhere!

DOROTHY (CONT'D.)

(The TWISTER, after a moment, begins to catch up to them.)

Run faster! Faster! Faster!! Fast -

(SLAM! DOROTHY'S head is suddenly whacked by a flying piece of her window.)

And goodnight folks!

(She collapses as the scene goes black. Lights remain on NIGEL.)

Scene Three: Munchkinland. Choose Your Own Footwear.

NIGEL

Now THAT was epic! You guys ready for more? “The next morning, Dorothy awoke with a start!”

DOROTHY

Whoa! I’m up with a start!

(Lights rise. DOROTHY is in the midst of what appears to be a tiny, enchanted kingdom. She looks left, she looks right, and with all that looking, she still does not notice her farm house sitting center stage.)

And oh, my head. I guess forgetting to lock up that window pane wasn’t the best idea, aye Toto? ...Toto?

(She jumps to her feet!)

Oh no! Toto! Where are you, boy?

TOTO

Bark! Bark!

(TOTO comes running from behind the house.)

DOROTHY

There you are! Thank goodness you’re – Ahhh! Toto! The house! The tornado must’ve lifted it up and dropped it here with us, but...but the question remains; where *is* here?

(To the audience.)

Do you guys know? Normally I don’t like to ask the audience questions, but in this case I have no clue as to where we are or -

(She notices something under the house.)

Ahh – or what THAT is!

(Lights illuminate two gangly legs sticking out from under the house.)

Omigosh! They’re feet! Our house it...it grew feet!

(A high pitched, somewhat overbearing giggle can be heard offstage.)

What – what – what is that?

GLINDA

(Through giggles, off stage.)

No need to stutter dear, it’s only –

(POOF! She appears – gliding in on stage.)

ME! DIVA POSE!

(She strikes a diva pose and encourages the audience to applaud.)

Thank you, thank you! How very unexpected. Now tell me child, who are you and - and what is that *creature* doing by your side? He’s not a monster is he? And you’re not a wicked witch are you? ARE YOU?!

DOROTHY

No I’m Dorothy Gale, of Kansas

Kan-sas? GLINDA

And this is my dog, Toto. DOROTHY

Tutu? GLINDA

Bark-Bark! TOTO

How delightful! GLINDA

And who are you? DOROTHY

Why I'm Glinda, the oh-so-good and oh-so-gorgeous witch of the South of course! GLINDA

I didn't know that witches could be good, or pretty for that matter. DOROTHY

Of course we can be, silly head. I'm beautiful, as all good witches are. Only bad witches are ugly. GLINDA

"Dorothy was confused by all these recent developments...
(A glazed look overcomes her face.)
And her confusion left her with a million questions! NIGEL

It sure has! Like, where are we? And how did we get here? DOROTHY

(GLINDA attempts to answer each of DOROTHY'S question, but DOROTHY won't let her get a word in edgewise as she rambles on at top speed.)

Wel – GLINDA

Brought here by the cyclone I supposed. But then if it picked me, my house, and my dog up, why not the rest of my farm? DOROTHY

GLINDA

I'm not –

DOROTHY

Why just us? And where are all the chickens and geese? And where oh where are my Uncle Henry and Aunt Em? Did they make it out alive? I hope they're alive!

GLINDA

I'm s -

DOROTHY

And another thing, since when are witches real? Is this a recent development, or have they been around forever and people are just now learning about them?

GLINDA

Tha -

DOROTHY

And if only bad witches are ugly, which I'm assuming they are since that's what you said and well you're a witch so you'd know, then why did you ask me if was one? Are you saying that I'm ugly? Is that what you're saying? Am I not pretty enough to a good witch just a -

GLINDA

OKAY, that's enough questions for now! For the purposes of your adventures here, and my sanity, we're going to just move right along and –

DOROTHY

Wait, “adventures here?” You mean to tell me I'm going on a -

GLINDA

WHAT DID I SAY ABOUT QUESTIONS?

DOROTHY

Sorry.

GLINDA

(Through giggles.)

It's fine dear, and yes, you are going to go on an adventure – that is, if you ever want to go home again.

DOROTHY

Oh I do!

GLINDA

Then you're going to have to pay a visit to the Wonderful Wizard of Oz.

MUNCHKINS

(Off stage – almost said like the Martians in TOY STORY - “The Claw!”)
Ooooooh. OZZZZZZZ.

DOROTHY

Oz? That must be where we are, Toto. Oz!

MUNCHKINS

Yesssss. OZZZZZZZ.

GLINDA

Well technically you’re in Munchkinland, which is on the outskirts of – oh what the heck, yes, for all intents and purposes, you are, in fact, in Oz.

MUNCHKINS

Mmmmm. OZZZZZZZ.

TOTO

(Freaked out.)
Bark – Bark!

DOROTHY

I know I’m not supposed to ask any more questions but – but what is that?

GLINDA

That? Why it’s Munchkinland’s inhabitants of course! And just wait till you meet them!
(Clapping her hands and whistling.)
Come on out my babies, it’s alright! Come out and meet Dorothy and Tonto!

DOROTHY

That’s Toto.

GLINDA

Whatever. Come out, come out wherever you - I SAID “COME OUT!”
(The MUNCHKINS emerge.)
There you are.

DOROTHY

Why they’re little people!

GLINDA

We prefer the term “vertically challenged”, or, “munchkin.”
(To the MUNCHKINS.)
Now go on, say “hello!”

(The MUNCHKINS surround DOROTHY, tackling her with hugs and kisses. They speak in high pitched voices.)

MUNCKINS

(Speaking over one another.)
Hello! Hi yah! Howdy!

MUNCHKIN 1

You must forgive us for being shy...

MUNCHKIN 2

But we're in awe of you -

MUNCHKIN 3

And your greatness!

MUNCHKINS

Yessss. Your greatnesssss!

DOROTHY

My greatness?

MUNCHKINS

Mmmmmhmmmm.

MUNCHKIN 3

Not only did your arrival bring us Glinda the Good -

GLINDA

And beautiful.

MUNCHKIN 1

But you also rescued us from our sworn enemy...

MUNCHKIN 2

The one we liked the least-

MUNCHKIN 3

The one who is deceased -

MUNCHKINS

The Witched Witch of the East!

DOROTHY

Deceased? Witch of the East?

DOROTHY (CONT'D.)

(She realizes and runs over to the house.)

Oh Toto I was wrong, so very, very wrong! Our house, it didn't grow feet – instead it squished someone else's! Along with the rest of them!

NIGEL

“And Dorothy was right, for indeed, still under the corner of the great beam the house rested on, two feet were sticking out, shod in silver shoes and painted toes. The girl was beside herself, unaware of what to do next.”

DOROTHY

I can't believe someone's...dead.

MUNCHKIN 2

As a doornail.

MUNCHKIN 1

Dead. Dead. Dead.

MUNCHKIN 3

And now there's only one thing left to do.

MUNCHKINS

CELEBRATE!

(Showering DOROTHY in glitter and confetti.)

Hip-Hurray! Hip-Hurray! Hip – hip -

DOROTHY

Stop! Stop!

MUNCHKIN 1

...hurray?

DOROTHY

This is horrible! Why, I didn't realize that my house landed on a person!

GLINDA

You didn't? Huh, I must've left that part out. Oh well, on with the festivities!

DOROTHY

No, this isn't right! I squished someone!

GLINDA

That's right you did, and for doing so...YOU'RE GOING TO BE REWARDED!

MUNCHKINS

HURRAY!

DOROTHY

Rewarded for homicidally squishing an innocent bystander? This is awful!

GLINDA

“Innocent?”

(She begins to laugh heartily.)

My dear, the Witch of the East was a lot of things, but innocent wasn't one of them. Why, she was as wicked as they come...well *almost*. More on that later. She used to terrorize my poor munchkins, and even worse, force them to speak in whiny, obnoxious, high pitched voices!

MUNCHKIN 1

(In a horribly high-pitched voice.)

She sure di -

GLINDA

We get it, we get it.

(To DOROTHY.)

So you see Dorothy, you may view yourself as awful, but the Munchkins, why they see you as a hero!

DOROTHY

Then why don't I feel like one?

GLINDA

(Clapping her hands together.)

You will once you have these little babies on your feet! Munchkins, bring them forth!

MUNCHKINS

Ooooooh. Ahhhhhh. Themmmmm.

GLINDA

Dorothy of Kan-Sas I present to you and your dog Dijmon Hounsou the –

DOROTHY

Really? “Dijmon Hounsou?” That doesn't even SOUND like Toto.

GLINDA

Huh. You're right. ANYWAY, from the cold dead hooves of the wicked witch; I give you the famed, the revered, the enchanted –

NIGEL

(Blowing his whistle.)

And PAUSE!

GLINDA

“Pause?”

MUNCHKIN 2

“Paws?”

MUNCHKIN 3

Like an animal’s claws?

NIGEL

No, like as it’s time to remix this up a bit.

DOROTHY

Not again!

(The CAST begins to chatter amongst themselves.)

NIGEL

I know, I know, but hear me out. Audience, usually at this part in the story Dorothy wears what?

(Encourages the kids to shout “Ruby Slippers” or just “Slippers” in general.)

Slippers! Right! But instead of the same-old, same-old, why don’t we give her something new to wear? And that *something new* can be found in....

(He pulls out a glittery bag! Spoken in a booming echo!)

The Magical Bag of Enchantment-ment-ment-ment-ment!

GLINDA

The Bag of what?

NIGEL

Enchantment-ment-ment-ment-ment. It’s a special bag that has all sorts of options for Dorothy to try on. What do you say guys? Wanna give it a try?

(Encourages the audience.)

And what about you, Dorothy? What do you say?

DOROTHY

(Clearly not happy with this development.)

I say, “Never mess with a girl and her shoes.”

NIGEL

C’mon Dorothy, please!

(To audience.)

Help me out here. Please! Please!

DOROTHY

Oh all right, if it’ll make them happy.

NIGEL

Terrific! Listen guys, in order to pull from the Bag of Enchantment, I'm going to need a volunteer from the audience!

(A little bit more about the 'Magical Bag of Enchantment;' the bag is filled to the brim with folded pieces of paper. The child selected from the audience reaches in and pulls one out. On each piece of paper is a shoe option. There can be as many different shoe options as you like, however, if you're a.) on a budget or b.) want to make things easier, I suggest filling those tiny pieces of paper with only two options; the first being the traditional silver slippers found in the book – the ruby ones are copyrighted by Warner Brothers – and the second being hilariously oversized ruby red clown shoes. Silly yes, but kids will eat it up.)

***Scenario 1**

(After NIGEL asks the child's name, he allows the child to pull a slip of paper. Assuming there are only two options, in this scenario the child pulls the Silver Shoes piece of paper.)

NIGEL

And it looks like Dorothy will be wearing...

DOROTHY

(Eyes closed and crossing her fingers.)

Oh please, oh please, oh please...

NIGEL

...Silver Slippers this evening!

(The MUNCHKINS bring the Silver Shoes forth and present them proudly at DOROTHY'S feet. She tries them on.)

DOROTHY

Oh! They fit, they fit – and I look fantastic in them!

(To the volunteer.)

Thank you so much!

NIGEL

Let's give a big round of applause for our volunteer!

(NIGEL escorts the child back to their seat.)

See that wasn't so bad.

DOROTHY

No it wasn't!

GLINDA

Now Nigel, please continue with your narration!!

(The scene plays out as is.)

***Scenario 2**

(After NIGEL asks the child's name, he allows the child to pull a slip of paper. Assuming there are only two options, in this scenario the child pulls the Ruby Red Clown Shoe piece of paper. IF, however, you choose to have more options, just alter the words "Ruby Red Clown Shoe" to fit whatever footwear you're presenting Dorothy with. The rest of the lines should follow suit.)

NIGEL

And it looks like Dorothy will be wearing...

DOROTHY

Oh please, oh please, oh please...

NIGEL

...The Ruby Red...

DOROTHY

Yes!

NIGEL

...Oversized and Overly Floppy...Clown Shoes!

DOROTHY

What?!

(The MUNCHKINS bring the shoes forth and present them proudly at DOROTHY'S feet. She tries them on. Less than enthusiastic.)

Oh goodie. They fit.

NIGEL

Let's give a big round of applause for our volunteer!

(NIGEL escorts the child back to their seat and the scene plays out as is.)

See that wasn't so bad.

DOROTHY

(Sarcastically.)

No. Not at all.

GLINDA

Nigel, please continue with your narration!

(The play continues on from here. If DOROTHY'S shoes are NOT the silver slippers, replace the lines accordingly.)

NIGEL

With pleasure! “Dorothy looked ravishing in her new footwear, and tried walking in them as Glinda bestowed her with some much-needed advice.”

GLINDA

I hope you’re enjoying them; you’re going to need to keep them firmly strapped as you make your way to see the Wizard of Oz.

DOROTHY

Really? But why?

GLINDA

Did I forget to tell you? I did! Silly me. Thanks to your little squishing incident, when the Witch of the East’s sister, Mumbi, the One-Eyed Witch of West, learns of what you’ve done, she’s more than likely to hunt you down and well...

(A Bum! Bum! Bum! is cued.)

You get the idea. But, as long as you have those shoes planted tightly on your tootsies, she can’t hurt you...much.

DOROTHY

Another evil witch! This sounds like more than I bargained for!

GLINDA

Trust me, it is. But you’ll be fine! Just follow the Yellow Brick Road and you’ll make it to the Wizard in a cinch. And if you encounter any dangers along the way, use this

(GLINDA kisses her hand and places it on DOROTHY’S forehead.)

DOROTHY

A kiss?

GLINDA

A *magic* kiss. With it, you can call upon me if ever you’re in need. But use it wisely, I can only be summoned once. Now if you’ll excuse me, the Munchkins and I are late for a very important date. Goodbye you two, and good luck!

MUNCHKINS

Goodbye! Goodbye!

DOROTHY

But where are you going? Don’t leave! I have so many more questions! About these shoes! And the Wizard! What does he look like? How will I know him when I find him?

GLINDA

Nobody knows for certain what he looks like – he’s a mystery to us all. But that said, I’m sure deep down you’ll know him in your heart of hearts when you see him. Now Ta-Ta, dear! TA-TA! And good luck in Oz!

MUNCHKINS

Ooooooh. OZZZZZZZ.

DOROTHY

No! Wait I –

GLINDA

DIVA OUT!

(POOF! She disappears, along with the MUCN HKINS! Beat.)

TOTO

Bark-Bark.

DOROTHY

I know, Toto...she really IS a diva, whatever that is. Anyway, I guess all there is to do now is follow the Yellow Brick Road. But where is the –

(Lights shine down, revealing the road. Harmonious notes are played.)

Oh, there it is! Let’s follow it Toto, and find this Wonderful Wizard! The faster we walk, the faster we’ll get home!

(DOROTHY and TOTO follow the road and exit as the lights begin to dim.)

Scene Four: The Road to Oz

NIGEL

“That afternoon, Dorothy and Toto merrily made their way through Oz. They passed many strange towns and dwellings, and even passed a few gargantuan plants, the likes of which they’d never seen before. As the day pressed on, Dorothy and her furry friend began to grow weary, but they knew that only in persevering would they reach the Wizard in a timely fashion. And so they continued to walk...and walk...AND WALK...AND -

(DOROTHY and TOTO enter, hunched over and bathed in sweat from their long and exhausting journey. Perhaps both their tongues are dangling from their mouths. JACK, a scarecrow, sits off in the distance.)

DOROTHY

(Out-of-breath.)

Jimmy Crickets, Toto! I never realized the Wizard’s house was so far away, did you?

(TOTO shakes his head “no.”)

In fact, I never realized that a road could be so long. We must have been walking for...for miles!

JACK

5.5 to be exact; that is if you’re coming from Munchkinland.

DOROTHY

(Gasp!)

What was that?

NIGEL

“Dorothy searched and searched, but she couldn’t tell where the mysterious voice was coming from.”

DOROTHY

I surely cannot.

(To the audience.)

Did you see anything?

(JACK creeps up behind them...)

NIGEL

“Then suddenly, without warning...”

DOROTHY

Toto, do you hear – ?

(JACK taps DOROTHY on the back...)

JACK

Hello!

DOROTHY/TOTO

Ahhh!

JACK

Ahhh!

DOROTHY/TOTO

Ahhh!

DOROTHY/TOTO/JACK

Ahhhhh!

JACK

Wait everyone! Wait! Why are we screaming?

DOROTHY

Because you're a walking, talking scarecrow! That's why!

JACK

That's true, I am. Continue on then...

DOROTHY

Thank you.

(With TOTO.)

Ahhhh....

JACK

You better now? Now that you got that out?

DOROTHY

Yes, much. Now tell me; who are you and how are you able to talk?

JACK

The name's Jack, at least, I think it is, to be honest I'm not sure. And as far as why I'm able to communicate with you...or communicate period...huh...I'm not sure I'm sure about that one either.

DOROTHY

You're not?

JACK

Nope.

DOROTHY

Well what kind of person...err scarecrow...knows how to talk but isn't sure how it's plausible?

JACK

Sadly, the kind that doesn't have a brain. I mean sure, the farmer that stuffed me gave me straw and hay to spare, but at the end of the day when he went inside to deal with a personal matter, he forgot about my cerebral matter! Now I ask you, what's a scarecrow to do?

DOROTHY

That IS tricky. Say, I know! Even though we just met and you're kinda creepy, why don't you join me in my quest to meet the Wizard of Oz? I'm going to ask him to send me back home to Kansas. If he can do that, maybe he can give you a brain!

JACK

That's genius! Why didn't I think of that? ...Oh, right. But wait, how will we ever find this Wizard?

DOROTHY

According to Glinda, if we just keep following this Yellow Brick Road, we'll be at the Wizard's in no time!

JACK

That's stupendous! Oh thank you ah, ah...

DOROTHY

Dorothy Gale; and this is my dog, Toto.

TOTO

Bark-Bark!

JACK

Nice to meet you both!

DOROTHY

You too, Jack. Now what are we waiting for? Let's go!

JACK

Oh boy, let's! In fact, let's run!

DOROTHY

No, let's skip!

JACK

No, let's –

MUMBI

(Voice Over.)
NOT! SO! FAST!

(POOF! In a cloud of smoke, MUMBI, the Witch of the West appears...and coughs. A black eye patch rests over her left eye as she continues to hack up her lungs for a moment. Once finished, she wipes the smoke away and takes a menacing step forward.)

NIGEL

And here comes the character I like least – our story's villain, Mumbi the One-Eyed Wicked Witch of the West.

(Bum! Bum! Bum!)
Feel free to boo. Boo! Boo!

MUMBI

Enough! *Sooo*, this is the little out-of-towner who thought she could just drop in my land and drop a house on my sister! Bet you think you're pretty clever, don't you?

DOROTHY

No-no-no, ma'am! I don't think I'm clever at all!

MUMBI

That's good, because you're not! My poor departed sister may have been blind to your tricks, but ol' Mumbi here won't be fooled so easily. Now, before I do away with you and your brainless friend here,

JACK

- That hurts me.

MUMBI

Hand over those enchanted shoes!

(If she's wearing the clown shoes, this should read...)

DOROTHY

Believe me, I wish I could – but Glinda told me not to!

(If she's wearing the silver shoes, then it should read...)

DOROTHY

Never! Glinda told me not to!

JACK

That's right!

TOTO

Bark-bark!

JACK

Psst, what's a Glinda?

MUMBI

Never you mind that! I should've known she'd just pawn off my family's most prized possession to someone else without even consulting me first! She's rude that way, you know.

DOROTHY

Huh, you're right, that IS rude.

MUMBI

I know! But no matter, I'll just take them by force then!

(The witch lunges at DOROTHY'S feet, and, as result of touching the enchanted shoes, is electrocuted!)

Ahhh! They electrocuted me! Maybe if I try again...

(Again, it happens.)

Ahhh! Well mother always said "persistence is a virtue!"

(Again, it happens.)

Ahhhhhh! It's no use.

NIGEL

"Yes the witch tried and tried to release Dorothy's grip from the enchanted shoes, but no matter how many times she attempted they would not come off. Finally, after the fourth try – "

MUMBI

"Fourth try?"

NIGEL

That's what it says here.

MUMBI

Ugh.

NIGEL

"And finally after the FOURTH try..."

MUMBI

FINE!

(She attempts and fails. Releasing an almost operatic yelp!)

AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

NIGEL

"...she realized that the power of the shoes far outweighed her own."

MUMBI

(Mimicking him.)

“She realized that the power of the shoes far outweighed her own.” Of course I realized that! I could’ve told you that THREE tries ago! But no matter! Unfortunately for me, these darlings will never come off, not as long as you’re breathing! But unfortunately for you, THAT is something that I can remedy!

(The Witch begins to cackle incessantly and takes another step towards DOROTHY when -)

Ow! Ow! What is this?

(She picks up a rotten apple – during her laughing spree two of them were chucked directly at her.)

Ouch! An apple? What’s an apple doing -

(A few more come hurling at her.)

Ow! Ow! Stop! What’s going on?

(The sound of rustling and heavy footsteps can be heard as three large, mobile TREES step forward – moldy, rotten apples hanging from their limbs.)

DOROTHY

Scarecrow look! The trees – they’re moving!

MUMBI

Trees?

TREE 1

That’s right, Witch. Trees! And unless you want another one of our juicy red apples

TREE 2

- Thrown directly at that ol’ kisser of yours –

TREE 1

Then we suggest you leave the girl alone!

MUMBI

(To audience.)

SERIOUSLY! I’m being threatened by talking trees?

TREE 3

You are, and believe you me; you don’t want to mess with us.

TREE 1

No ma’am!

TREE 2

’Cause pardon the expression, but, “Our bark really IS worse than our bite!”

(They strike a threatening pose and let out a grunt!)

TREE 3

So what's it gonna be, witch?!

(The TREES, each holding an apple in hand...err...branch...get into position, ready to attack.)

TREES

(All.)

Well?

MUMBI

I'll go. There's no need for blood or apple-shed today, gentlemen. But know this, *Dorothy*; this little altercation is far from over. Oh no! I'll be back!

(If and ONLY if TOTO is a cow...)

And when I return, I'll get you my pretty, and your little...not-so-little...kinda-big cow too!

(Smoke billows forth. Again MUMBI cackles and again she begins to cough.)

I've really gotta give up smoking!

(POOF! She disappears! DOROTHY runs up to the TREES in appreciation.)

DOROTHY

Thank you so much!

JACK

Yes, thank you!

TREE 1

It was our pleasure.

TREE 2

It was?

TREE 3

It was! Anyone who wears the Silver Slippers we, the trees of the forest, are sworn to protect

JACK

Well what do ya know? That Glinda person knew what she was doing after all!

TREE 2

So while you have many things to fear during your trek through The Foreboding Forest of Forbidden Fruit, know this – we trees are not one of them.

DOROTHY

Wait, wait, wait...The Foreboding Forest of Forbidden Fruit?

TREE 2

You're following the Yellow Brick Road, aren't you?

JACK

Not if it means passing through a deep, dark forest we're not.

TREE 3

But you must – it's the only way to reach the Wizard! See...

(A sign appears. DOROTHY and JACK read it in unison.)

DOROTHY/JACK

“Welcome To The Foreboding Forest of Forbidden Fruit – AKA – The Only Way To Reach The Wizard!”

JACK

We can't go through there!

DOROTHY

Don't be such a cowardly lion, Jack! We have to! Remember, the Wizard is my only way back to Kansas – and your only way to get a brain! Please!

JACK

I hate to admit it, but you're right. Through the forest?

DOROTHY

Through the forest!

TOTO

Bark-Ba-Bark!

(The group, including some if not all the TREES, proceeds with caution as they enter into the dark abyss.)

Scene Five: The Foreboding Forest of Forbidden Fruit

(DOROTHY, JACK, TOTO and the TREES walk in place as the lights shift around them. Eerie sounds are heard as branches break and crows caw.

NIGEL now speaks in almost a whisper as if he's telling a ghost story.)

NIGEL

“The trio made their way through the thicket of the forest, surrounded by darkness. The road before them was still paved with yellow brick, but it was much covered by dried branches and dead leaves from the Trees, who, as luck would have it, stomped alongside our heroes in hopes of shielding them from whatever tricks Mumbi might have up her sleeve. As they marched onward, they continued to hear the strangest of sounds –

(A sound can be heard off stage.)

The sounds it seemed were growing louder...

(The sound again.)

And louder

(Again!)

Until finally...”

(AGAIN!!!)

TREE 2

I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE! What is it?! WHAT IS IT?

TREE 3

(Calming his nerves.)

It's nothing, Tree Number Two. Now calm down.

TINKER

(Off stage.)

He's right. It's nothing. Only...

(He appears – axe in hand)

A simple tin woodsman!

(The group lets out a sign of relief.)

TREE 1

Wait...”Woodsman?” As in the axe-carrying kind?

TINKER

That'd be me!

(The TREES scream in panic and begin to run in circles)

TREE 3

Come on, guys! We gotta get outta here!

JACK

But wait! I thought you were sworn to protect us!

TREE 2

Against witches? Yes. Against branch-trimming axes? Heck no!

TREE 1

You're on your own now!

TREE 3

Let's get out of here guys, I'm shaking like a leaf!

TREES

Good luck, Dorothy!!

DOROTHY

Wait! Please wait!

(Beat.)

Son of a Birch!

NIGEL

"The trees fled for their lives, leaving in their wake our very confused heroes and an animated Tin Man."

TINKER

That's Tinker, "the animated Tin Man."

NIGEL

My apologies.

TINKER

No problem. Now how can I be of service to you?

DOROTHY

Service? All you've done is do us a DISservice!

TINKER

Really? But how?

JACK

By scaring the trees off! They were our only protection from the Witch of the West you...you...hollow....heartless...axe-wielding menace!

(TINKER begins to cry. He pulls out a hanky.)

DOROTHY

Jack, I think he's crying.

JACK

Look pal, I didn't mean to -

TINKER

No, when you're right you're right – and you're right. I am heartless, heartless as they come...

JACK

No you're not.

TINKER

No I am, literally...HEARTLESS!

(He pounds on his chest, a hollow thud greets him in return.)

And now, thanks to all these waterworks, I'm gonna...I'm gonna...I'm gonna rust.

(He cries even more, then, almost instantaneously, rusts. Spoken through gritted, and rusted, teeth.)

See.

DOROTHY

Poor Tinker. We should help him. But how?

JACK

Gee whiz, I don't know. That's a real head scratcher. If only we knew what he was saying.

TINKER

(Still spoken through gritted teeth.)

Oil can. Get. My. Oil Can.

JACK

(To audience.)

What about you, out there? Do you know what he said?

TINKER

Oil. Can.

DOROTHY

“Marzipan?”

JACK

No that doesn't sound right.

TINKER

Oil. Can.

DOROTHY

“Handyman,” maybe?

JACK

No, no.

(It hits him!)

I’ve got it! How about “Peter Pan”

TINKER

Oil! Can! Oil! Can!

DOROTHY/JACK

(Reacting off the audience.)

Oh! “OIL CAN!”

DOROTHY

And look Jack, there’s one right here!

(DOROTHY scoops it up and begins oiling.)

What should we do first?

TINKER

My neck, please!

NIGEL

“So Dorothy oiled it, and as it was quite badly rusted the Scarecrow took hold of the tin head and moved it gently from side to side – “

TINKER

He said “gently!”

JACK

Sorry!

NIGEL

“And finally he was able to move freely.”

TINKER

(With a big sigh of relief.)

Ahhh, thank you.

DOROTHY/JACK

You’re welcome.

TOTO

Bark-bark!

TINKER

I'm sorry for scaring off your only protection from the Wicked Witch. Believe me, I know just how wicked she can be! Why she's the very reason I'm standing in front of you right now.

DOROTHY

She is?

TINKER

Yes ma'am. See she built me years ago in the hope that I would chop down all the trees in this here forest! Why, she even removed my heart to make doubly sure that I wouldn't have any remorse about doing it. But heart or no heart, I just couldn't harm another living thing. Something about it just didn't sit right with me.

DOROTHY

Good for you, Tinker!

TINKER

(Beginning to tear up.)

Thanks, now if only the Witch had been that supportive. She was so angry with me that she abandoned me; left me here to wander these woods for the rest of eternity with nothing but my axe, my oil can...and my loneliness. Dorothy, could you get the oil can ready? I feel another sob session coming on.

DOROTHY

Of course.

(She oils his tear ducts.)

TINKER

Thank you.

JACK

Poor guy, if only there were something we could do for him. Say Dorothy!

(He whispers loudly, but inaudibly, in DOROTHY'S ear.)

DOROTHY

Uh huh...uh huh...uh yes! I completely agree. Say Tinker, we have a proposition for you.

TINKER

You do?

NIGEL

“And so Dorothy and Jack asked the Tin Man to join their little party. ‘After all.’ they thought, ‘if this great wizard was powerful enough to send her back to Kansas, and to plop a few brains in the Scarecrow’s head, then it stood to reason that giving Tinker a heart wouldn’t be a challenge in the least.’ Tinker was overjoyed - ”

TINKER

YES! I’d love to come!

NIGEL

“...and happily accepted their invitation.”

TINKER

This is hands down the sweetest thing anybody’s ever done for me! In fact, I think I’m gonna cry...again!

DOROTHY/JACK/TOTO

(Overlapping one another.)

No!/ No!/Bark!

JACK

Not again!

DOROTHY

And not now! We’ve got to get a move on!

TINKER

(Extending his arm.)

You’re right Dorothy, Scarecrow, furry animal thingy – no time like the present! Shall we?

DOROTHY

We shall.

(The GROUP locks arms and continues off into the forest.)

NIGEL

“And they were off again, trekking even closer to the Wizard and his magnificent palace made of emeralds.”

Scene Six: Mumbi's Lair. Choose Your Own Monster.

NIGEL

“Unfortunately for them, at another castle – one made of brimstone and coal - one beady eye was watching. This of course was the home of - ”

MUMBI

SILENCE, NARRATOR!

(POOF! MUMBI Appears! Again she hacks as she wipes the smoke away.)
I can do my OWN entrances, thank you very much.

NIGEL

Fine. If that's the way you want to play it, I won't say another word then.

MUMBI

Good.

NIGEL

Good.

(To audience.)

Psst – if you feel like “booing,” this would be a great time to do so.

(Encourages the children to boo once more.)

MUMBI

(Silencing the children.)

Enough! Enough! This, dear children, is my home sweet home, filled to the brim with skeletons and sorcery! Isn't it just wonderfully wretched? Now if you'll excuse me I need to see what those loathsome do-gooders are up to!

(She pulls out a spyglass and looks through it. DOROTHY, JACK, TINKER, and TOTO appear stage left, walking in place.)

Why, they've almost reached the end of the forest! Curses! How can their heads be so slow but their feet so fast? I've got to send something after them, but what? Wait a minute, I know; you audience members have been helping Dorothy on her little quest all along, haven't you? Yes. Well now things are going to change because this witch has an idea and it involves YOU helping ME!

(MUMBI snaps her fingers and lights fade on DOROTHY and the GROUP.)

Oh Narrator...

NIGEL

Yes, Mumbi?

MUMBI

I demand a “Pause!” Well go on now, blow that little whistle of yours! C'mon!

NIGEL

Nice try. Listen do me a favor, okay? I'm gonna take a nap here, and, when your whole monologuing spiel is over, wake me up so I can get back to the good stuff. Man, am I beat.

MUMBI

(Laughing.)

Oh Narrator, you're so funny, you know that? *So* funny. But do you know what's even funnier? Me turning this audience and all these *precious* children into toads if you don't pucker up and blow and PAUSE THIS SHOW!

NIGEL

You wouldn't. You're bluffing!

MUMBI

Am I? Only one way to find out!

(She pulls out a wand and aims it at the audience.)

NIGEL

But Mumbi, turning the audience into amphibians just because you didn't get your way that's – that's just bad manners.

MUMBI

Fortunately for me those are the only kinds of manners I like. Well?!? What's it going to be, Narrator?!

NIGEL

Ah...I...I'm sorry guys, but she's right. We don't have any other choice. Say it with me now!

(He blows.)

PAUSE!

MUMBI

Excellent! Now sweet children, I'm going to give you three options, three creatures that, when unleashed, will hunt down Dorothy and her friends and put an end to their escapades once and for all! Your first choice is my oh-so-evil, oh-so-useful...FLYING MONKEY!

(A FLYING MONKEY enters.)

Hello, my baby. The second monster is a creation of mine that the Wizard himself told me would work only when pigs fly! Fortunately for me, they now do! You all should run, you all should have fear, because my FLYING PIG **IS** HERE!

(A FLYING PIG enters.)

And for your third option, I've decided to bring out something very special – a beast with the arms of a monkey, the nose of a pig, and the wings of a bat! For your delight and delectation I give you – my FLYING PONKEY, half pig and half monkey!

(A FLYING PONKEY emerges.)

Now, which will it be? The decision is up to YOU! Time to vote! Narrator, you keep track.

(MUMBI gets the audience to raise their hands and vote for which monster they want her to send out. NIGEL keeps score. Whichever monster the audience selects, the following dialogue should still work. To the creature selected.)

MUMBI (CONT'D.)

What a fiendishly fabulous choice – and my personal favorite!!

(A chorus of roars can be heard offstage.)

NIGEL

Oh no, what-what's that?

MUMBI

Why, my winged soldiers, of course! Come forth, my babies, come forth!

(The MONKEYS come forth!)

NIGEL

Oh no! Oh no, oh no, oh no!

MUMBI

Excellent!

(To one of the winged beasts.)

Now my fine feathered friends, rally all your brothers and sisters, and when I give the signal, hunt that little farm girl down and her obnoxious little friends too!

NIGEL

But wait! You can't do that! What's going to happen to them?

MUMBI

Oh you'll find out – but not until AFTER I cast my greatest curse of all – Intermission!

NIGEL

No! Not intermission! Anything but that! Anything but -

MUMBI

(Waving her wand!)

It's too late, Narrator! It's already started – see !

(The lights begin to dim, perhaps music underscores.)

NIGEL

No, not this! But we're smack dab in the middle of the story! It's not time for a break, it's not time to – to – to go to the bathroom!

MUMBI

Oh but it is! It is! It's time to do all that – AND MORE! We'll see you in fifteen, folks!

(MUMBI cackles gleefully as the curtain comes crashing down! Intermission!)

ACT TWO

Scene One: The Edge of the Forest

(Lights rise on NIGEL, weeping bitterly into a hanky and is surrounded by piles and piles of used, scrunched up Kleenex.)

NIGEL

No, no! Not Intermission! Anything but Intermission! I just can't stand it when a play calls for an inter –

ANNOUNCER

Um, Nigel...

NIGEL

Mission?

ANNOUNCER

We're back.

NIGEL

We are?

(Notices audience.)

Great Scott, we are! Thank you!

ANNOUNCER

You're welcome! And my name's Peter.

(Or whatever name you want to give the ANNOUNCER.)

NIGEL

Thank heavens that's over with! And look, the audience, you all came back! You're here! Well...most of you anyway.

(He laughs a little and then blows his nose loudly.)

As you can see, I might've gotten a little carried away here. No matter; you're here, I'm here, and that awful Mumbi is gone! Whew! Anywho, now's as good a time as any to move ahead with the second part of our story. Don't you agree?

(Waits for response, flipping through his book.)

Fantastic! Now where were we? Oh that's right; they were still in the forest. And few yellow steps ahead of our comrades a herd of animals had gathered.

(A few ANIMALS – A CHEETAH, A CROW, A KOALA, and an ELEPHANT enter, all conversing with one another.)

“Roaring their roars and squawking their squawks, the animals were complaining about something horrible, something awful, something that, they felt, was even more disturbing than the wicked witch herself.” ...Me personally I can't imagine ANYTHING being worse than a wicked witch, but -

CHEETAH
You can't? Try having a *wimp* for a *king*!

ANIMALS
Yeah, yeah!

CROW
That'll change your tune.

NIGEL
Really?

ELEPHANT
Believe me, it's terrible!

CROW
Ghastly!

KOALA
And pretty much UnBEARable!

(He laughs at his own remark. The other ANIMALS ignore him and carry on.)

CHEETAH
It's settled then! We've got to do something!

ANIMALS
Yeah! Yeah!

ELEPHANT
Something like finding new king!

CROW
Someone better!

CHEETAH
Someone fearless!

KOALA
And someone who isn't so ImPAWsible!

CHEETAH
Then let it be known far and wide that we, the animals of Oz, are sick and tired of being ruled by a guy that's such a fraidy cat, that he can't even stand up to his own shadow, let alone the evils that lurk in these here woods.

ANIMALS

You got that right! / I agree!

ELEPHANT

And unless our king starts acting less like a mouse and more like a man eater, it's gonna be time to elect a new one!

ANIMALS

HERE! HERE!

CROW

And for those of you out there, Dear Audience, who aren't familiar with whom we're referencing...

CHEETAH

We present to you our fearful leader

CROW

The one,

ELEPHANT

The only,

KOALA

And the totally UnKOALAfied -

(The ANIMALS pause for a moment and give KOALA the once over.)

ELEPHANT

...Really?

KOALA

Yeah. That was lame even for me.

(CHEETAH clears her throat and they continue.)

ANIMALS

Eugene the Cowardly Lion.

(EUGENE is revealed, shaking and shivering behind a bush.)

EUGENE

Ohhh! I just hate entrances! I really, really do! Then again, I'm also not a fan of exits either! Ohhh, it's all on account of my stage fright, don'cha know?!

ANIMALS

Stage fright?

EUGENE

Yeah, which makes my decision to participate in today's show questionable to say the least.

KOALA

I'll say.

CHEETAH

Listen, Eugene, be that as it may, your loyal subjects and I have decided that if you don't start acting right –

ELEPHANT

Acting like a lion should,

CHEETAH

Then we're going to have no other choice but to -

CROW

Dethrone you! De-crown you! And, quite possibly, Declaw you as well!

ANIMALS

Yeah/ I agree/ Here, Here!

EUGENE

Well...that doesn't sound so bad.

ELEPHANT

Not to mention throwing that childish blanket of yours to the wolves!

EUGENE

My blankey! Oh no! Anything but that! Anything but *my precious!*

CHEETAH

We'll give you the night to think it over, but after that we're going to have to take affirmative active. Got it?

EUGENE

Unfortunately.

ANIMALS

Good!

(The ANIMALS begin to exit.)

EUGENE

Leapin' Lionesses, what am I gonna do?

(To blanket.)

What are *we* going to do?

KOALA

Don't worry, Eugene – I'm still rootin' for ya.

EUEGEN

Thanks, Larry.

KOALA

Anytime. Oh, and if you need anything, make sure you

(Pulling out a fish)

Let MINNOW

(He laughs at his joke and exits.)

I am too punny.

EUGENE

Balderdash! This would be a lot easier if only I weren't so – so ...

NIGEL

Scared?

EUGENE

Ahhhhh! Who was that?

NIGEL

It's me, Nigel – your friendly neighborhood Narrator.

EUGENE

Oh no! I'm terrified of Narrators! At least, I think I am!

(EUGENE hides under a bush once more.)

NIGEL

“Poor Eugene, if only he weren't so scared of, well, everything. But, despite his flaws, he was still determined. “

EUGENE

I am? That's right, I am!

NIGEL

“He was still a lion!”

EUGENE

Darn tootin'!

NIGEL

“He was still a king”

EUGENE

I know that's right!

NIGEL

“And above all else, he was still....he was still...”

EUGENE

...Yeah?

NIGEL

“He was still....frightened out of his wits.”

EUGENE

You said it, brother! But what am I to do? If I want to keep my kingdom and the respect of my subjects, then I've gotta get some...courage.

NIGEL

“And then, just as if Lady Luck herself were intervening, our fantastic foursome from Act One – Dorothy, Toto, Jack, and Tinker – emerged.”

(They emerge.)

EUGENE

“Dorothy?” “Toto?” “A Tinker Jack?!” I don't know what those things are, but I'm positively positive they sound awfully awful! I'd better run! I'd better hide! I'd better -

DOROTHY

Why hello there, Mister Lion. My what a beautiful coat you have! Tell me, would you like to be friends?

TOTO

Bark! Bark!

EUGENE

I'd Better Get Outta Here!!!

(EUGENE screams, runs, and attempts to hide all at the same time. This attempt is anything but successful.)

JACK

Psst...if you ask me that Lion is a few hairs short of a mane.

TINKER

Agreed.

(TOTO laughs at this.)

DOROTHY

Shhh you three! He's just nervous is all. Poor guy. Why don't we help him? Oh Mister Lion. Mister Cowardly Lion, why are you hiding?

EUGENE

If you must know I'm hiding because the world is a big scary place that expects you be courageous, noble, and responsible all at the same time, and sadly, I just don't have the patience or the cojones to deal with it. Now go away, please. Can't you see I'm wallowing in self pity?

(To self.)

Oh, if only I were just a tad bit braver, then life wouldn't be so hard. If only.

DOROTHY

Say you guys; what if we asked the lion to come with us? Maybe the Wizard could give him some courage?

JACK

I suppose it's worth a shot.

TINKER

Yeah, as long as he doesn't slow us down.

DOROTHY

He won't, I'm sure of it. Have a heart, Tinker.

(TINKER lowers his head in shame.)

I mean, it'll work out – you'll see! Um, pardon me for interrupting you again, ahh...

EUGENE

Eugene

DOROTHY

Okay, Eugene, but my friends and I just wanted to extend an invite to you. See, we're all on our way to meet the Wizard to get Jack here -

JACK

Howdy!

DOROTHY

A brain, and Tinker the Tin Man -

TINKER

Hello!

DOROTHY

A heart. Maybe if the Wizard is powerful enough, he could give you some courage as well?

EUGENE

Jumpin' Jackrabbits! You really think so? Why, that'd be stupendous! That'd be extraordinary! Imagine it, me, not afraid of nothing or nobody! Boy, would my parents be proud!

JACK

So does that mean you'll come with us then?

EUGENE

Why I'd love to come! In fact, I will come! And when all this is said and done, I'll be the bravest, most masculine lion there is! There's only one thing I need to do first!

TINKER

And what's that?

EUGENE

Why grab my baby blue blanky for the road, of course. I never leave home without it.

(To the blanket – as if speaking to a baby or small dog.)

No I don't, no I don't, no, no, no, no.

(He and blanket embrace. TOTO growls.)

JACK

Believe me, Toto; whatever you're saying, we're all thinking the same thing.

(The GROUP begins to walk in place as NIGEL narrates.)

NIGEL

“And so, once more the little company set off upon their journey, Eugene walking with timid strides at Dorothy's side. Toto did not approve this new comrade at first, but after a time he became more at ease, and presently Toto and the Cowardly Lion had grown to be good friends.”

EUGENE

(To TOTO.)

Come here, you!

Scene Two: The Poppy Field. Choose Your Own Dance.

NIGEL

“As they continued to walk, they listened intently to what they thought was the singing of some brightly colored birds.

(Harmonizing can be heard off in the distance.)

But the closer and closer they came to the source of their ears’ entertainment, the sooner they realized that the harmonious notes hadn’t been coming from the birds at all – “

DOROTHY/EUGENE/TINKER/JACK

They hadn’t?

NIGEL

They hadn’t – “but instead from the lovely flowers which now became so thick that the ground was carpeted with them.

(The POPPIES enter.)

They were big yellow and white and blue and purple clusters of Poppies, which were so brilliant in color they almost dazzled Dorothy’s eyes.”

DOROTHY

Everyone look! Aren’t they beautiful?

EUGENE

I think so!

TINKER

I know so!

JACK

Eh, I guess so.

POPPIES

(Crossing their stems in disapproval.)

Hmph!

JACK

What I mean is, when I have some brains I’ll probably like them – and appreciate them - better.

DOROTHY

(To the POPPIES.)

Well Toto and I think you’re beautiful, don’t we Toto? Toto? Toto?

TINKER

Um...Dorothy

(TINKER points to TOTO who, cow or dog, is lifting his leg and is about to do something rather naughty on the POPPIES! The POPPIES squeal in terror!)

DOROTHY

Toto, no! Down boy! Heel!

(TOTO does as he's told and regretfully approaches his owner.)

I'm sorry about that. Toto sometimes just can't contain his excitement.

EUGENE

That makes two of us.

(The sound of a toilet flushing can be heard as EUGENE walks out from behind a bush, wiping his brow with his blanket.)

DOROTHY

Now that we've completed the 'Embarrass Dorothy' portion of our trip, I say it's time to get a move on! Hmmm, it looks as if the Yellow Brick Road goes through this field of flowers, so I'm guessing we should too.

(To POPPIES.)

Would that be all right with you?

(The POPPIES merrily part, providing the GROUP a path to walk through.)

Thank you, thank you very much. Come on, guys!

EUGENE

I dunno, Dorothy. Do you think it's safe?

TINKER

C'mon Eugene, they're just harmless flowers.

JACK

Nothin' to worry about at all.

(The POPPIES snicker gleefully.)

Right?

POPPIES

(Crossing their fingers...err...stems.)

Mhmm.

JACK

See.

EUGENE

Okay...if you say so. C'mon, blanky.

(DOROTHY and the GROUP being to walk in place, as they trek through the Poppy Field. As they do this, The POPPIES harmonize and hum a lullaby.)

DOROTHY

See, this isn't so bad. Everything out here is so peaceful

JACK

And quiet too!

DOROTHY

Agreed. In fact, all this piece and quiet is...is...

(A large yawn.)

Kind of exhausting.

EUGENE

You know, I gotta agree with you.

JACK

Me too...

NIGEL

And me three....HUH?! WHAT? Was I falling asleep again? No, no, no, this won't do. In case you haven't figured it out yet, the poppy fields are really evil

(The POPPIES laugh manically)

And use their powers to make our heroes...

(CRASH! TOTO falls over on his back in exhaustion, his four paws sticking up out of the grass.)

Pass out. Boring, right? And exhausting! But I think I know how we can change things up! Don't you?

(He blows his whistle, which wakes all the characters up with a start.)

PAUSE!

EUGENE

(Hiding behind DOROTHY.)

Wha-what was that?!

NIGEL

That, Eugene, was my handy little whistle and THIS

(He snaps his fingers as a giant, Jeopardy-esque spinning wheel is rolled out onstage.

Perhaps music accompanies.)

Is the SPIN-O-RAMA 3000!

GROUP

Spin-O-Rama 3000?

NIGEL

That's right! These guys and I don't want to sit here and watch you guys sleep all day.

POPPIES

Awe!

NIGEL

Sorry, Poppies. But since these flowers like music and we, the audience, like music as well, we thought that instead of sleeping you five could dance! On the SPIN-O-RAMA 3000 we have all sorts of dances you guys can do - all we need now is a volunteer to help us figure out what moves you guys will be performing.

(NIGEL selects a volunteer and escorts them over to the SPIN-O-RAMA.)

A few notes about this wheel: you can put as many or as few dance moves on it as you like, just as long as the actors are familiar with all of them. A few that I suggest are ones that are similar to Michael Jackson's 'Thriller,' 'The Macarena,' 'The Robot,' or anything else that requires large, exaggerated movements and repetitive steps.

The scene should play out something like this: Once NIGEL selects a volunteer, he explains to them that all they need do is give the wheel two or three good spins, and whatever dance the spinner lands on, that's the one DOROTHY and her crew will be required to perform. While the wheel is spinning, perhaps game show music plays in the background. Once the dance is selected, NIGEL encourages the audience to applaud for the volunteer and helps him/her down off the stage.

The following plays out as such:)

Time to continue! "And so, as the Poppy flowers sang their intoxicating tune, Dorothy, the Lion, the Tin Man, the Scarecrow, and Toto, were helpless to do nothing but shake their money makers and dance to the music!"

(Music underscores as the GROUP does just that.)

DOROTHY

This is awful! I don't know what to do!

TINKER/JACK/EUGENE

I know!

DOROTHY

We could be trapped dancing here forever!

TINKER/JACK/EUGENE

I know!

DOROTHY

And dancing in heels is anything but comfortable!

TINKER/JACK/EUGENE

I know!

JACK

...Wait.

(The POPPIES, ignoring this conversation, continue to harmonize and high five each other with delight. The GROUP continues their dance)

TINKER

Oh, my head is sweating and feet are rusting from all this movement! If only there were someone out there who could help us! But alas, we might as well kiss our patooties goodbye!

DOROTHY

“Kiss?” Kiss! That’s it, Tinker!
(Rubbing her forehead.)

Kiss!

TINKER

Dorothy as attractive as I find you, I don’t think romance is the answer right now!

DOROTHY

No, Tin Man! Glinda she gave me a...
(To audience.)

Remember you guys, when Glinda gave me “The Kiss?” What do you think, should I ask her for help? Now’s as good a time as any, right?

(Waits for response.)

Me too! Glinda! Oh, Glinda!

NIGEL

“And then, as if by magic, at the uttering of her name...Poof!....”

GLINDA

(POOF!)

I’m here! DIVA POSE!

NIGEL

“Glinda returned!”

DOROTHY

Oh Glinda, are we ever glad to see you!

JACK

We’re in great big trouble!

TOTO

Bark! Bark!

GLINDA

Yes, I can see that. You call that dancing? Back in my day this is how we used to do it! Hit it, boys!

(She snaps her fingers causing the music to screech to a halt and change. She does a step or two, kicking up her heels and singing to herself. She stops and poses, waiting for applause.)

GROUP

GLINDA!

(The music picks back up as it was before, causing DOROTHY and the GROUP to continue their dance.)

GLINDA

Kidding! Kidding! Don't worry, my babies. With a simple wave of my jewel encrusted wand the music will stop and the dancing will...

(She flicks her wand. Beat. Nothing happens.)

EUGENE

(Panicking!)

"The dancing will what? The dancing will what?"

GLINDA

Huh. That's never happened before.

(Waving her wand, perhaps breathing on it.)

Testing...testing...one, two, three

(It lights up!)

Ah! There we go! And now, the music will stop and the dancing will... CEASE!

(The music stops! The GROUP is finally able to stop dancing. To the POPPIES.)

Now be gone, you! Go!

(The POPPIES angrily exit.)

JACK

We're free!

EUGENE

Thank the heavens!

JACK

Thank the lord!

DOROTHY

Thank -

GLINDA

(Through chuckles and giggles)
Glinda!

DOROTHY

Oh yes! Thank you, Glinda!

TINKER

Yes, for everything! Why, I'm so happy I could cry!

DOROTHY/EUGENE/JACK

Don't!

GLINDA

Please, please, think EVERYthing of it! Now if that'll be all, I'll just collect my kiss
(She touches DOROTHY's forehead, makes a silly sound, and steps away.)
And be on my fabulous way. One thing though, Dorothy: unfortunately, this was the only
service I'm permitted to provide you with, so make sure you and your...whatever these three
are...quicken your pace and head straight for the Wizard's Emerald Palace. Word on the street
is that Mumbi has sent something after you, and from what I hear,
(Aside to NIGEL.)
It ain't pretty.

NIGEL

Tell me about it.

GLINDA

Now I'm off! I have goodness to spread and not a lot of time to do it in! Goodbye all! Goodbye
Dorothy,
(Petting TOTO.)
Goodbye Tarantino!
(In an operatic tone.)
Cheerio, loves! DIVA OUT!

(POOF! GLINDA exits.)

NIGEL

“And with that, she was gone. Dorothy and her friends took Glinda's advice and shuffled along,
stopping only when necessary...”

(Lights fade on the GROUP as NIGEL continues to talk.)

Scene Three: Outside the Gates of the Emerald City

NIGEL

“Finally, just when their journey seemed like it would never end, they soon saw a beautiful green glow in the sky reflecting off the mountaintops. As they walked on, the glow became brighter, and brighter, and brighter, and just when they thought they couldn’t stand it anymore..”

JACK

Look! We made it! The Emerald Palace is straight up ahead!

TINKER

Oh boy! Oh joy!

DOROTHY

(Running in place.)

Just a little further and we’re there! Wizard of Oz, here we come! And to think, we were worried about the Witch of the West.

JACK

Worried! Ha! What’s there to worry about when we’re so close? I don’t need to a brain to realize that there’s nothing she can do now!

TINKER

No sir! We’re as good as there! In fact, I think I can feel my heart beating already!

EUGENE

And I my courage! Oh you guys are right, that ol’ Witch was nothin’ to fear at all! In fact, I wish she was here right now! I’d give her a piece of mind! Oh you bet I would!

MUMBI

(Voice over.)

Is that so, Lion? Well fortunately for you, I’m all ears!

(POOF! She appears, a cloud of smoke surrounding her. She hacks her lungs out.)

Seriously?! Is it just me or are these entrances getting smokier and smokier?! Jeez, Stage Hand Number 1 (*Or whatever crew member you’d like to call out that day*), tone it down will you? We get it! We get! Now, where were we? Oh yes, you may commence with the panicking.

EUGENE

Cool.

(Through high pitched screams!)

Ahhhh! It-it-it’s the witch!

MUMBI

That’s right, kitty cat! But don’t worry, I didn’t come alone! Oh boys...

(MUMBI snaps her fingers as an army of FLYING MONKEYS...or PIGS, or POKEYS, whichever the audience selected, steps forth. Obviously change the lines accordingly.)

DOROTHY

What are *those*?

MUMBI

Nothing really, just my personal army of blood-thirsty, flesh-eating, magical flying monkeys!

GROUP

Ahhh!

*(If the audience has selected the Ponkey's, the following dialogue should follow after:
Blood-thirsty, flesh-eating, magical flying Ponkeys!)*

****Ponkey Scenario****

TINKER

Wait...Ponkeys?

DOROTHY

Wha-wha-what's a Ponkey?

MUMBI

You know, Ponkeys. Half pig, half monkey! Ponkey.

GROUP

Ahhh.

MUMBI

My babies, these are the nitwits I was telling you about! It's time to put a stop to them once and for all! As your master I order you to attack! ATTACK! ATTACK!!!!

(The MONKEYS begin chasing DOROTHY and TOTO, while JACK and TINKER try and ward them off. All the while EUGENE, searching for a hiding place, throws his blanket over his head and stands perfectly still. Music underscores.

A few notes about the chase sequence: it is to be highly theatrical, and should hopefully involve DOROTHY, TOTO, and the MONKEYS running through the audience. Perhaps DOROTHY and TOTO beg the audience to help hide them. While all this is going on, NIGEL, TINKER, JACK, EUGENE, and MUMBI shout out orders to the MONKEYS like, "Leave them alone!" or, for MUMBI, "Catch them, you fools!" The goal is to get the audience as involved as possible.

Eventually, the MONKEYS snatch up DOROTHY and TOTO, and exit through the audience.

As the last MONKEY is about to leave, EUGENE begins whipping him with his blue blanket.)

EUGENE

You – you – rude, Monkey thing!

(The MONKEY, in frustration, lunges at EUGENE, ripping the blanket out of his hands and shredding it to pieces.)

Not my blanky! Not – not my BLANKY!! Why? *Oh WHY?!?*

(EUGENE melts into a puddle of tears.)

NIGEL

“The witch chortled in her joy as she made plans to return back to her palace.”

MUMBI

(Checking off her checklist.)

Nice work, boys! Capture the girl? Check! Capture her dog? Check. Laugh maniacally?

(She does so.)

Double check. A most productive day!

NIGEL

“But she had forgotten about one thing!”

JACK

Wait, where are you taking Dorothy?

MUMBI

Ugh, you three. What am I going to do with you? I suppose I should destroy you...but all this evil doing has exhausted me, and there's still have plenty left to do when I get home. What to do? I've got it, I'll let you live, *for now*, but don't even THINK about trying to save your friend, because if you do I'll make sure you regret what's left of your miserable little lives! Understand?

(She cackles again!)

So long losers! See you on the upside of never!

(MUMBI exits, leaving TINKER, JACK, and EUGENE alone onstage.)

EUGENE

Oh please bring Dorothy back! Please! Please! Ppplllleeeaaassee!

(Beat.)

Call me crazy, but I don't think they're bringing her back.

TINKER

(Through sniffles.)

I think you're right, Eugene. What are we gonna do now?

JACK

I'll tell yah what we're NOT gonna do! We're not gonna cry, and we're not gonna hide behind our tails neither!

EUGENE

(From under his ripped blanket)

What about blankets, can we hide behind them?

JACK

No we can't - not if we want to rescue Dorothy that is!

TINKER/EUGENE

"Rescue Dorothy?"

TINKER

But didn't you hear what the witch said?

JACK

I did not, I was too busy coming up with a plan, and I think it's a good one! First, you Tinker should -

EUGENE

(Clutching the blanket.)

Look Jack, plan or no plan, there's no way I'm messing with Mumbi. Not after what she did to my baby.

TINKER

Not after what she did to us! It's too dangerous!

EUGENE

And scary!

JACK

C'mon you two, we just can't abandon Dorothy like this. Think of all she's done for you? If it weren't for her, why Tinker you'd still be wandering aimlessly in those woods,

TINKER

That is true...

JACK

And lion, you'd still be cowering behind that bush,

EUGENE

Touché...

JACK

And as for me, why I'd still be sitting by my lonesome in a cornfield somewhere, waiting for a miracle to occur. Fortunately though, a miracle DID occur, and I don't know about the rest of you, I'll be darned if I'm gonna let some witch take her away without a fight! What do ya say...

(Putting out his hand.)

For Dorothy?

EUGENE/JACK/TINKER

(Putting their hands/paws in as well!)

FOR DOROTHY!

NIGEL

For Dorothy!

(Beat.)

...Sorry. Got caught up in the moment.

EUGENE

And for Toto, too!

JACK

All right, here's how it's going to go down; I'll whisper the plan inaudibly into your ears while Nigel here narrates! You guys with me?

TINKER

You bet we are!

EUGENE

A hundred percent, and then some!

JACK

Great! Now take it away, Mister Narrator!

NIGEL

With pleasure, Jack!

(NIGEL begins to read as JACK whispers his scheme into EUGENE and TINKER'S ears.)

"And so, Jack relayed his plan to Eugene and Tinker, hoping beyond hope that it was clever enough to outwit Mumbi and rescue Dorothy. Speaking of Dorothy..."

Scene Four: Mumbi's Torture Chamber. Choose the Witch's Comeuppance.

(The scene shifts to MUMBI'S torture chamber. DOROTHY is bound and gagged to a chair.)

NIGEL

“She now found herself in the most terrible of places; the torture chamber of the Wicked Witch of the West! And Mumbi, of course, was tormenting our heroine with the most horrible affliction known to man!”

MUMBI

That's right, and now it's time for you...to look at my scrapbook!

(MUMBI sits next to DOROTHY, a scrap book open in front of her.)

Let's see...Oh! Here's me in front of the world's largest ball of yarn,

(DOROTHY begs and pleads under her gag.)

And look, here's one of me at a Zipper Museum – it's always open, don't ya know.

(DOROTHY moans a muffled moan.)

Ah! And here's me at a pencil sharpening factory, which I assure you, is anything but POINTLESS. Ha-ha!

DOROTHY

(Moaning and groaning, She spits out her gag.)

No more! Please! No more!

MUMBI

Had enough already have you? And I didn't even have to pull out my slides from Hawaii. You're weaker than I anticipated. Which is all the better for me! Now, give me those shoes of yours and you can go free!

DOROTHY

But we tried that already. They're stuck tight! I can't!

MUMBI

Can't or *won't*? We'll see if you change your tune once I bring in your

(She claps her hands.)

Mangy Little Mutt!

(If *TOTO* is a cow.)

Sordid Little Sow!

(Beat. Nothing happens. MUMBI clears her throat. She clears it again.)

I said, “Bring in your Mangy Little Mutt!” Hello? Is anyone listening back there?

(Mumbling to herself as she exits.)

Ugh. You want something done right, you've got to do it yourself.

(Off stage.)

Monkey, what are you doing?

MUMBI (CONT'D.)

(The MONKEY squeaks, or if it's a PIG, oinks, its answers. As he and MUMBI adlib back and forth DOROTHY begins to untie her hands.)

I don't care if you're on a coffee break! I'm trying to be evil and threatening here and you're ruining it for me.

NIGEL

(Whispering rhythmically.)

Psst...good job! Go Dorothy, go! Go Dorothy, go!

(To audience.)

Come on everybody, let's cheer her on! Go Dorothy, Go! Go Dorothy, Go! Go Dorothy, Go!

(Finally, DOROTHY unties herself as NIGEL encourages the audience to applaud.)

MUMBI

And what's going on out here?!

(As MUMBI enters again, DOROTHY throws her untied hands behind her back to avoid suspicion.)

Narrator?

NIGEL

Nothing, Mumbi.

(To audience.)

Right guys?

(Waits for response.)

See.

MUMBI

You'd better be telling the truth, Narrator – or else I'll fix you next. Now, as I was saying, *Dorothy*; if you don't give me those shoes, then unfortunately I'll be forced to hurt your DOG!

(MONKEY enters with a chained up TOTO.)

DOROTHY

(Gasping!)

Toto! Oh, Toto!

MUMBI

(Mimicking her)

Yes, *Toto*! Now what's it going to be, girl? Well...

(DOROTHY looks back and forth, from her shoes to dog, unsure of what to do.)

NIGEL

“And then, just as Dorothy was about to lose all hope” – along with your Narrator –

(MUMBI laughs manically. Suddenly the doorbell rings a jaunty little ring.)

MUMBI

NOW WHAT?! Ain't it always the way, you're in the midst of a really wicked laugh and the doorbell rings? Well...don't just wait around...answer the door!

(The MONKEY does as he's told. JACK, wearing a top hat and mustache, enters with a large cart being pushed by EUGENE and TINKER, who are also sporting hats and mustaches.)

Who is it?

JACK

It is I, ah...Martin...uh...Merlham, Monster Merchant extraordinaire!

MUMBI

“Monster merchant?”

JACK

(Wooing her.)

That's right! I was told that you, Madame Mumbi, are not only the Wickedest Witch the West has ever seen, but also the one and only Queen of Mean.

MUMBI

Oh Merchant go on. I SAID, “GO ON!”

JACK

Yes! I was also told that you're always in the monster market, constantly looking for the newest, nastiest monster around to do your dastardly bidding, AND I was told that good help is hard to find.

(MUMBI and JACK look over at the MONKEY who is happily picking his nose.)

MUMBI

Boy is that true.

(To MONKEY.)

Shoo, Monkey! Don't bother me!

(MONKEY exits.)

JACK

Fortunately you are in luck as the answer to all your problems is in this very cart. You see, I have captured a beast like no other! He's got ten eyes, twelve toes...ah...four finger nails, and two hundred and twenty seven...uh...noses!

MUMBI

“Noses?”

JACK

Yes, “noses!” And if that doesn’t sound terrifying enough, wait till you hear his roar!

(Tapping against the box.)

Go ahead beast, Roar.

EUGENE

(Aside.)

Uh... “Roar.”

JACK

See.

MUMBI

You call that a roar? Why, it sounds...positively putrid! I must see this creature now!

JACK

All right, if you’re sure...guards, open the door.

(EUGENE and TINKER open the door.)

MUMBI

Outta my way, nitwits! New monster, meet your new master!

(MUMBI rushes in.)

DOROTHY

Psst...Martin Merlhan, or whoever you are, please don’t sell her another monster to torture me with!

JACK

It’s gonna be all right Dorothy.

DOROTHY

Wait, how’d you know my -

MUMBI

(From inside the cart)

Wait a second! There isn’t a monster in this cart.

TINKER

That’s where you’re wrong, Mumbi.

EUGENE

Mmmhmm. See there wasn’t before –

JACK

BUT THERE IS NOW! Shut it, guys!

(SLAM! TINKER, JACK, and EUGENE slam the door shut!)

MUMBI

What's the meaning of this! You let me out this instant! You hear me? Let me out!

EUGENE

Quiet you! Or I'll roar again, ha-ha! "Roar!"

DOROTHY

Thank you so much for rescuing me!

(She begins untying TOTO.)

TOTO

(Muffled from the gag.)

Bark-Bark

DOROTHY

You three have helped me ever so much, and yet I don't even know who you are.

TINKER

You mean you haven't guessed?

EUGENE

You mean you can't tell?

DOROTHY

No.

(TOTO shakes his head and gives a muffled dog-like "no")

MUMBI

Not a clue.

JACK

Wow, and people say I'm the one in need of brains.

NIGEL

"Dorothy could not believe her eyes, for one moment three strangers stood before her, and the next,"

DOROTHY

Lion, and Scarecrow, and Tin Man! Oh my!

NIGEL

“Three close friends!”

DOROTHY

I’m so happy you’re here! I never thought I’d see you again!

TINKER

(Through tears.)

And we never thought we’d see you.

DOROTHY

I just can’t believe you risked everything...to help me. Weren’t you frightened?

EUGENE

Talkin’ tadpoles, you bet we were! But even then we -

TINKER

Were just so worried about you that -

JACK

That nothing else seemed to matter.

DOROTHY

(Touched.)

You guys! You’re the best middle-aged, adult, single male friends a young girl could ask for!
Group hug!

DOROTHY/NIGEL/TINKER/EUGENE/JACK/TOTO

Awwwww.

MUMBI

How touching! You all should be so proud – for now! It was foolish of me not to finish you three stooges off when I had the chance! Luckily though, I’ll have another chance once I get out of here!

TINKER

She’s right! That crate isn’t gonna hold her forever!

EUGENE

Whatta we do? Whatta we do?

DOROTHY

Um...huddle up!

(The GROUP huddles together, adlibbing loudly and inaudibly what their next plan of action should be. As they do this, two things occur – 1, MUMBI loudly attempts to escape from the cart, ramming her body against the door. This clearly does not work. 2, a MAID enters, a large bucket of water in her hands. She whistles as she walks. She puts the bucket down and begins scrubbing the floors.)

DOROTHY (CONT'D.)

(To the GROUP.)

This isn't helping at all.

JACK

I know, it's so hard to think with all that banging -

EUGENE

Yeah, and with that Maid's whistling and scrubbing. If only she'd take her large bucket of water – AKA the one and only substance on this planet that can stop a witch – and go somewhere else!

DOROTHY/TINKER/JACK

Wait – WHAT?!?!

DOROTHY

That's it! Water!

(The GROUP races over to the MAID, who screams when she sees them coming, and exits. They each take an end and approach the cart as EUGENE mans the door's lever.)

TINKER

(Encouraging the children in the audience to participate)

On the count of three! One – Two –

(EUGENE pulls the lever that opens the doors and MUMBI, a bit disoriented from throwing herself against the door, emerges.)

MUMBI

I'm free! I'm free! And now, shoes or no shoes, I'm going to destroy you, *Dorothy*, and for good this time! For after all; I am darkness, I am evil, I AM -

DOROTHY

Three!

(SPLASH!!! The water lands on MUMBI.)

MUMBI

(Spitting out the water.)

...Gonna melt now!

MUMBI (CONT'D.)

(Throwing herself on the ground and comically thrashing about.)
No, not me! I'm too young and evil to die this way! No! No! Somebody! HELP!!!

(This goes on for several beats.)

NIGEL

(After blowing his whistle)
PAUSE!

DOROTHY/JACK/TINKER/EUGENE/TOTO

What!?

NIGEL

Pause.

MUMBI

Okay, even I'll say it – "WHAT?!"

DOROTHY

Narrator, what are you doing?

EUGENE

Yeah, we were just about to vanquish the Wicked Witch!

NIGEL

I know that lion, but as I was looking over the text here I realized melting someone isn't the answer – just like violence is never the answer.

TINKER

Very true.

NIGEL

Besides, by just doing away with Mumbi, by sending her off into oblivion, she'll never really pay for all the damage she's done, or think about all the harm she's brought to others.

JACK

That is true.

MUMBI

But, but I don't want to "think." How awful would that be? Besides, if I were to "think" about it, I think I'd think this new punishment almost sounds worse.

NIGEL

Trust me, it is. But of course this is just my opinion and not the audience's. So I think we all should take it to a vote.

NIGEL (CONT'D.)

(To audience.)

What do you say, guys? How many of you want to just melt the witch?

(MUMBI encourages them to vote for this choice while DOROTHY and the GROUP encourage them to do the opposite.)

And how many of you think she should really be punished? She should stew on what she's done and be forced to pay for her actions?

(MUMBI now encourages the kids to not vote for this second choice while DOROTHY and the GROUP do everything in their power to make the audience select option number two.)

(Playwright's note: Unlike the other 'choose-you-own' elements in the show, this one is nonnegotiable. I think it's important to keep this show as light as possible and teach the audience that violence is never the answer.)

And it looks like Mumbi is NOT going to melt after all!

MUMBI

But, but Narrator – you can't do this to me! It's wrong, it's – it's bad manners.

NIGEL

Well fortunately for you, *those are the only kinds of manners you like*. So “while the water did not melt the witch as originally intended, it instead stripped her of her powers, making her a servant to the Flying Monkeys and their monkey-like demands - ”

MUMBI

What?

(The MONKEYS enter and begin pulling MUMBI offstage.)

NIGEL

“Some of which included cleaning up after them, tucking them in at night, and of course grooming their matted and messy, bug-filled hair!”

(A MONKEY approaches MUMBI and wants her to “groom him”)

MUMBI

I'm not going to do this! Someone, help me! Dorothy!? Scarecrow? Tin Man-I-Created-Then-Abandoned? Lion? What about you, Lion? Will you help me?

EUGENE

Help you? Witch, please. You hurt my friends, misused your powers, and worst of all...ripped my blanky. Take her away, Monkeys! Roar!

MUMBI

Noooo!

(The MONKEYS and MUMBI exit.)

NIGEL

“And with that, the witch was vanquished!!

(DOROTHY and the GROUP cheer, celebrate, and high five. Perhaps they even high five some of the kids in the audience.)

“Finally, Dorothy and her companions were able to travel in peace, and once they left Mumbi’s lair, made it quickly and safely to the Wizard’s palace.”

DOROTHY

(To NIGEL.)

You mean it? After all this, we’re finally going to meet the Wizard?

NIGEL

Indeed you are.

(Trumpets sound as the lights shift. A beautiful palace is seen in the background.)

GROUP

Oooh! Ahhh. Preeettyyy.

NIGEL

“Now, because the Wizard’s palace was made of bright, shining emeralds, the companions were told to wear green glasses

(They all put on green spectacles.)

To shield their eyes from the glare. And so, hand, in hand, in hand, in paw, they locked arms and made their way to a great throne room of the great and powerful Oz!

Scene Five: The Wizard's Throne Room. Choose Your Own Ending.

(Darkness. Silence. A knocking is heard, followed by more silence. A creaking door opens as DOROTHY pokes her head in.)

DOROTHY

Um...excuse me...Mister Oz...Mister Great...Mister Powerful...Oz?

EUGENE

(Poking his head in.)

Ma – maybe he's not here, maybe we should go back home?

TINKER

Nonsense, we have to go in, what other choice do we have?

JACK

I agree! Well...here goes nothing.

(They all enter the dark room. A spot rests on them.)

DOROTHY

Oh Mister Wizard...

JACK

(Whistling.)

Here boy, here.

TOTO

Bark-bark

TINKER

Where are you, Mister Wizard?

EUGENE

Yeah, where are you Mister -

(The lights flicker as a booming voice comes from stage left. It is the WIZARD OF OZ himself!)

OZ

OZ!!!! I AM OZ, THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE!!! WHO ARE YOU AND WHY DO YOU SEEK ME?!

(EUGENE trembles in his place.)

I SAID, "WHY DO YOU SEEK ME?!"

EUGENE

I gotta get outta here, I gotta get –

DOROTHY

No, Lion, not now! It'd be senseless to turn back now!

EUGENE

And yet being senseless seems so sensible.

OZ

WELL? I'M WAITING FOR AN ANSWER!! WHO ARE YOU? WHO! ARE! YOU!?!

DOROTHY

If – if you please, your greatness, I am Dorothy Gale, the small and meek. I've come a long way to ask you to send me back to Kansas.

OZ

KANSAS?! WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO GO THERE?

DOROTHY

Because it's my home, sir.

OZ

I SEE. AND TELL ME, WHO IS THIS YOU'VE BROUGHT WITH YOU?

JACK

I'm Jack, the scarecrow, your Ozness...ness, and these are my friends, Tinker

TINKER

Hello there sir...wizard...uh...sir wizard.

JACK

And this is Eugene the Cowardly Lion. Go ahead, Eugene, say hello.

EUGENE

(In a high pitched, squeaky voice.)
...Hello...

JACK

We've come to ask you for a brain, a heart, and some courage!

OZ

IS THAT SO?!

TINKER

Yes your, your wizardship! That is, if it's not too much trouble...for you.

OZ

AS A MATTER OF FACT, SCARECROW, IT IS! I'M SURE YOU'RE WELL AWARE THE GREAT OZ IS VERY BUSY THESE DAYS, AND CAN'T JUST GO ABOUT SOLVING EVERYONE'S PROBLEMS. WHY, IF THAT WERE THE CASE THEN PEOPLE WOULD CONSTANTLY BE SHOWING UP AT MY DOOR AND I WOULDN'T HAVE TIME TO THE THINGS THAT...WELL...WIZARDS NORMALLY DO! THAT SAID, COME BACK TOMORROW AND I WILL DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT I WILL GRANT YOUR REQUEST!

GROUP

TOMORROW?!

OZ

IS THERE AN ECHO IN HERE .. HERE...HERE...HERE

EUGENE

Actually there is -

OZ

I SAID, "TOMORROW!"

JACK

But – but we came all this way!

TINKER

Yeah! And we even vanquished the Wicked Witch of the West -

DOROTHY

And stripped her of her powers!

OZ

REALLY NOW? TELL ME...LION...IS THIS TRUE?

EUGENE

I --- I

OZ

WELL?! I'M WAITING FOR AN ANSWER! IS IT TRUE!?!?

EUGENE

I – I – Ahhhhhh!!!

DOROTHY

(To the WIZARD.)
Now look what you've done!

(EUGENE, panicking, begins running around in circles, perhaps screaming "GET ME OUTTA HERE, GET ME OUTTA HERE!" or something like that. DOROTHY, JACK, and TINKER, try and calm him down, telling him it'll be all right while the WIZARD booms "STOP THIS! STOP IT AT ONCE!" All of their attempts are in vain. Spoken over their cries.)

EUGENE

(Spying a little green curtain.)
I've gotta hide! I've gotta hide! But where?!

(The following lines are spoken over one another.)

DOROTHY

Eugene, come back!

JACK

Don't hide!

TINKER

Come back! Come back!

OZ

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT IS HE DOING?! DON'T GO BEHIND THAT CURTAIN!
YOU HEAR ME?!?! I SAID DON'T GO BEHIND –

(Suddenly, EUGENE rips the curtain open and sees a man, NIGEL in a top hat and fake mustache, manning what looks to be a tiny control room. The GROUP gasps.)

NIGEL

...That curtain.

DOROTHY

What – what's going on here?

JACK

Yeah! Who are you?

NIGEL

Isn't it obvious, kids? I'm...the Wonderful Wizard...of Oz. Ta dah.

GROUP

What?!

JACK

That's not true!

TINKER

You can't be him!

EUGENE

You're just pullin' out tails.

DOROTHY

Guys wait; I think he's telling the truth. He is the wizard. Glinda told me I'd know him when I see him...and...

(To NIGEL.)

It's really you? Isn't it?

NIGEL

It is. I am...the Wizard

(Aside, to the Audience, lowering his mustache.)

At least for this scene.

DOROTHY

But, I don't understand. There was all this smoke and...and your voice, it was so loud and booming! What happened?

NIGEL

Just a few of my many tricks. I'm really a magician, see. A conjurer, a trickster, a –

JACK

Phony?

NIGEL

Yes...that too.

DOROTHY

This is terrible, and to think, we went through all this...for nothing. Oh, now you'll never get your heart, Tinker, or your courage, Eugene, or your brain, Jack. This whole trip was a waste.

NIGEL

Wait a minute, wait just a cotton pickin' minute. You mean to tell me you three were actually serious you when asked me to give you those things?

JACK

Of course we were!

EUGENE

(Under his blanket.)
Don't we look serious?

NIGEL

Indeed you do, and you know what else you look like? Heroes! Heroes that already possess the very parts that they're asking for.

TINKER

Wait! We do?

EUGENE

Huh?

JACK

Is this another one of your tricks?

NIGEL

I assure you, Jack, it's anything but. Think about it, if you didn't already possess a brain, a heart, and a heaping helping of courage, how could you possibly defeat the Mumbi, let alone make it to my throne room?

EUGENE

Dancing Dolphins! He's right!

JACK

You know, I guess he is. And I guess it turns out we had what we wanted all along! Huh, when you really think about it, this whole ordeal was kind of silly.

TINKER

I don't think so. If we'd known earlier, if we hadn't wanted a brain, or a heart, or courage so badly, then never would've met Dorothy and - wait, Dorothy! What about her?

EUGENE

Yeah, are ya able to help her too?

NIGEL

Hmmm...that depends. See Dorothy, as you've probably already guessed, I don't possess any real magical powers, but I think I can aid you in your journey home.

DOROTHY

You mean it? Really?

NIGEL

I do, but I must ask you first...what do *you* consider to be a "home?" What does that word mean to you?

DOROTHY

Well, a home is some place where you're happy, where you're surrounded by loved ones, and friends and, and people who are willing to stick their necks out for, and stand by your side, even when things are tough.

NIGEL

And wouldn't you say that's exactly what these fine fellows did this afternoon when they rescued you?

DOROTHY

You know, you're right. They did do that for me, and more! Gee, I've been so concerned about going back to my home in Kansas, that I failed to realize I created a home for myself right here in Oz with you three!

TOTO

Uh... Bark

DOROTHY

And of course, you too Toto!

NIGEL

I guess now it's decision time for you, Dorothy. If you really want to go back to Kansas, than all you need to do is click those enchanted heels of yours together three times, and command them to carry you wherever you wish to go. BUT if you choose to stay here, and that's a permanent choice mind you, I think I know three fellows who'd be more than happy to have you.

JACK/TINKER/EUGENE

You bet!/That's right/ Ain't it the truth!

DOROTHY

And I love you all dearly, but, I also love my Uncle and Aunt. Heavens, Mister Wizard, what should I do? I'm happy in both places. Which one should I choose?

NIGEL

Now that is the question, isn't it? But I think I have an idea.

(To audience.)

Since today's show is all about YOU and YOUR choices, I think it's best we allow YOU, our friends, and our dear, dear audience, to decided individually where you'd like to see Dorothy end up!

(The GROUP shakes their head in agreement.)

TINKER

That's a great idea!

JACK

Indubitably!

DOROTHY

I'll say! And to think, this whole time I've not wanted my story to change, and yet by doing so this time, it's as if I get the best of both worlds.

NIGEL

Here's hoping. Now to do this properly, I want everybody, all of you, to close your eyes, close 'em real tight – you too lion – and imagine the place you were think Dorothy would be happiest - and then poof, through the magic of your imagination, that's where she'll be, and that's where she'll live.

JACK

I'm picking Oz

TINKER

I'm picking Kansas

EUGENE

And I'm choosing Vegas!

DOROTHY

I love this, Nigel! Thank you!!

NIGEL

You're welcome! The only sad part now Dorothy is that it is here where we bid you, and everyone else, adieu for the evening,

EUGENE

Awe, and say our goodbyes?

TINKER

Yes. But before we go, we do want to thank you for not only participating in our story,

JACK

But for helping us tell it in a way that we never could have without you.

EUGENE

Nope.

DOROTHY

And so, as we look out at all your bright, shining faces, wishing you safest of travels, and warmest of car rides, we want to remind you that wherever you're headed, whatever your final destination may be tonight, in the end, there really is...

COMPANY

No. Place. Like. Home.

TOTO

Bark! Bark!

(DOROTHY clicks her heels together three times. Trumpets blare. Lights out. Silence.)

VITA

Tommy Jamerson is a playwright from Caldwell, New Jersey. He received his BS in Theatre from Indiana State University in 2008. He participated in the Low Residency Creative Writing Workshop at the University of New Orleans from 2011 to 2014, including the program in Cork, Ireland in June of 2014.