

DOROTHY / GLINDA

ACT ONE — SCENE 6

Munchkinland.

In the blackout, the bedroom set and the suspended house have been removed. Another spot at the side of the stage picks out the porch door and entrance to the farm house.

No. 9

Munchkinland

See p. 102

Incidental

(Orchestra with Girls Chorus)

The door opens slowly and DOROTHY, carrying TOTO, looks out. She tests the ground with her foot. As she moves forward, the lights come up on-stage, and we discover the vividly colorful Munchkin Civic Center in the Land of Oz. DOROTHY looks about her — the scene is enchanting.

START
DOROTHY. Toto — I have a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore. (Moves center stage.)
We must be over the rainbow! (A great shining globe descends from the flies.)
Now I — I know we're not in Kansas.

The globe reaches stage level and revolves. Inside is GLINDA, THE WITCH OF THE NORTH (AUNT EM) complete with crown and magic wand.

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

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

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

DOROTHY. Who, Toto? Toto's my dog.

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

No. 10

I'm Not A Witch

See p. 103

Incidental

(Orchestra)

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

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

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

DOROTHY. But I've already told you, I'm not a witch at all. Witches are old and ugly.
(High pitched giggles are heard) What was that?

GLINDA. The Munchkins. They're laughing because I'm a witch.
 I'm Glinda, The Witch of the North.

DOROTHY. You are! I beg your pardon!
 But I've never heard of a beautiful witch before.

GLINDA. Only bad witches are ugly.

More laughter and reaction from the unseen MUNCHKINS.

GLINDA. The Munchkins are happy because you have freed them
 from the Wicked Witch of the East.

DOROTHY. Oh. But — if you please, what are Munchkins?

GLINDA. The little people who live in this land. And blue is their favorite color.
 This is Munchkinland, and you are their national heroine, my dear.
 It's all right — you may all come out and thank her.

END
~~No. 11 Munchkin Musical Sequence~~
~~and "Ding Dong! The Witch Is Dead"~~

See p. 103

~~(Glinda, Dorothy and Munchkins—including several solos:
 Mayor, Barrister, Coroner, Three Tots, Three Tough Kids, Three City Fathers,
 Two School Teachers and a Braggart)~~

~~As GLINDA begins to sing, the inhabitants of the city step nervously
 out of hiding until the stage is thronged by MUNCHKINS.~~

~~GLINDA. Come out, come out, wherever you are
 And meet the young lady, who fell from a star.
 She fell from the sky, she fell very far,
 And Kansas, she says, is the name of the star.~~

~~MUNCHKINS. Kansas, she says, is the name of the star.~~

~~GLINDA. She brings you good news. Or haven't you heard?
 When she fell out of Kansas a miracle occurred.~~

~~DOROTHY. *(spoken in rhythm)*
 It really was no miracle. What happen was just this.
(sung) The wind began to switch, the house began to pitch,
 And suddenly the hinges started to unhitch.
 Just then the witch, to satisfy an itch,
 Went flying on her broomstick, thumbing for a hitch.~~

DOROTHY / SCARECROW

ACT ONE — SCENE 8

Scarecrow — the cornfield.

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

START

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

Behind DOROTHY, the SCARECROW points to the left)

SCARECROW. Pardon me. That way is a very nice way. *(Freezes as DOROTHY turns.)*

DOROTHY. Who said that? *(Looks about her. TOTO barks)*

DOROTHY. Don't be silly, Toto. Scarecrows don't talk.

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

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

DOROTHY turns back to the SCARECROW.

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

SCARECROW. Of course, people do go both ways!

The SCARECROW crosses his arms and points in both directions.

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

(SCARECROW crosses and recrosses his arms) Are you doing that on purpose, or can't you make up your mind?

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

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

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

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

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

The SCARECROW gestures behind him.

DOROTHY moves round the back of the pole.

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

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

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

No. 15

Scarecrow Fall

(Orchestra)

*Suddenly DOROTHY moves back holding a bent nail.
The SCARECROW slips to the ground. Music out as his feet hit the floor.
The SCARECROW staggers forward, trips over the fence and lands
on the ground spilling a vast amount of straw out of his open front.*

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

DOROTHY. Oh. Does it hurt you?

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

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

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

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

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

DOROTHY. Oh! Ohhh!

The SCARECROW sits up as DOROTHY crouches beside him.

SCARECROW. Did I scare you?

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

SCARECROW. But I didn't scare you?

DOROTHY. No, of course not.

SCARECROW. I didn't think so.

L END

DOROTHY / TIN MAN

Act One - Scene 10

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

SCARECROW. What?

~~DOROTHY. Yes. Oh -look!~~

START

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

TINMAN. Oil can! Oil Can!

DOROTHY. Did you say something?

TINMAN. Oil can!

DOROTHY. He said oil can.

SCARECROW. Oil can what?

DOROTHY. Oil can?

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

TINMAN. Ahhh.

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

TINMAN. My mouth -my mouth!

SCARECROW. He said his mouth! The other side!

DOROTHY. Yes -there.

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

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

DOROTHY. Here.

*DOROTHY and the SCARECROW oil the TINMAN'S arm holding
the axe and it falls to HIS side with a clank.*

TINMAN. Oh!

DOROTHY. Did that hurt?

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

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

TINMAN. Oh, well, about a year ago I was chopping that tree, minding my own business, when suddenly it began to rain. And right in the middle of a chop, I... I rusted solid. And I've been that way ever since.

DOROTHY. Well, you're perfect now.

The TINMAN turns his head sharply towards DOROTHY and it sticks.

TINMAN. My -myneck, my -myneck. (DOROTHY and the SCARECROW oil his neck)

Perfect? Just bang on my chest if you think I'm perfect. Go ahead -bang on it!

SCARECROW. Beautiful! What an echo!

TINMAN. It's empty. The tinsmith forgot to give me a heart.

DOROTHY & SCARECROW. No heart!

TINMAN. No heart!

WIR -Prompt Book

END

DOROTHY / LION

Act One — Scene 12

49

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

~~DOROTHY. Oh look!~~

~~SCARECROW. Oh!~~

START

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

LION. Hah! Put 'em up! Put 'em up! Which one of you first? I'll fight you both together if you want. I'll fight ya' with one paw tied behind my back! I'll fight ya' standin' on one foot! I'll fight ya' with my eyes closed!
(Turns suddenly on the TINMAN who holds up his axe in front of the LION.)
Oh, pullin' an axe on me, eh? Sneakin' up on me, eh? Why!

TINMAN. Here — here. Go way and let us alone.

LION. Oh, scared, huh! Afraid, huh? Hah! How long can you stay fresh in that can?
(Chortles at his own wit.) Come on, get up and fight, you shivering junk yard!
(Turns to the SCARECROW) Put your hands up, you lop-sided bag of hay!

SCARECROW. That's getting personal, Lion.

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

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

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

TOTO in DOROTHY'S arms suddenly barks, causing the LION to spin round in alarm.

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

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

DOROTHY. Oh, shame on you!

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

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

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

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

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

TINMAN. Why don't you try counting sheep?

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

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

TINMAN. And him a brain.

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

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

DOROTHY. No, of course not.

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

SCARECROW. Why's that?

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

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

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

TINMAN. How's that?

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

No. 23

"If I Only Had the Nerve"

See p. 121

(Lion with Dorothy, Scarecrow & Tinman)

LION. (*Spoken in rhythm*)

Said a lion, poor neurotic lion,
To a Miss who listened to him rave,
Oh! The lord made me a lion,
But the Lord forgot to make me brave.

(*Sung*) Then his tail began to curl and wave.

Life is sad, believe me, missy
When you're born to be a sissy,
Without the vim and verve
But I could change my habits,
Never more be scared of rabbits
If I only had the nerve.

I'm afraid there's no denyin'
I'm just a dandy-lion,
A fate I don't deserve

END

START

DOROTHY

AUNT EM. Dorothy, dear. It's Aunt Em, darling.

DOROTHY. Oh Auntie Em - it's you!

AUNT EM. Yes darling.

PROFESSOR MARVEL. Hello, there! Anybody home? I - I just dropped by because I heard the little girl got caught in the big - Well...she seems all right now.

UNCLE HENRY. Yeah. She got quite a bump on the head - we kinda thought there for a minute she was going to leave us.

PROFESSOR. Oh -

DOROTHY. But I did leave you, Uncle Henry - that's just the trouble. And I tried to get back for days and days.

AUNT EM. There, there, lie quiet now. You just had a bad dream.

DOROTHY. No. But it wasn't a dream - it was a place. And Zeke was there and Hickory and Hunk and you were there.

PROFESSOR. Oh -

(others laugh)

DOROTHY. But you couldn't have been, could you?

AUNT EM. Oh, we dream lots of silly things when we -

DOROTHY. No, Aunt Em - this was a real, truly live place. And I remember that some of it wasn't very nice...but most of it was beautiful. But just the same, all I kept saying to everybody was, I want to go home. And they sent me home. Doesn't anyone believe me?

UNCLE HENRY. Of course we believe you, Dorothy.

DOROTHY. Oh, but anyway, Toto, we're home! Home! - and you're all here! And I'm not going to leave here ever, ever again, because I love you all! And - Oh, Auntie Em - there's no place like home!

END

START

21 22 23 24

SUN, JUST A STEP BEYOND THE RAIN.

FL., CL., BELLS

W.W., HNS., STRS. TRM.

hull.

25 26 27 28

Moderately Slow Four, RUBATO

SOME - WHERE O - VER THE RAIN - BOW, WAY UP HIGH,

FL.

OB., CL'S.

W.W.

HN. I

8. CL., VLN.

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THERE'S A LAND THAT I HEARD OF ONCE, IN A LUL - LA - BY.

FL.

W.W., HNS. I STRS.

8 VA. - - -

CEL.

STR. HP.

W.W.

CL. VA.

CELLO

33 SLIGHTLY FASTER TEMPO 34 35 36

SOME - WHERE O - VER THE RAIN - BOW, SKIES ARE BLUE,

CEL.

W.W.

STRS.

W.W.

STRS.

HN'S, STRS.

37 AND THE DREAMS THAT YOU DARE TO DREAM REALLY DO COME TRUE. SOME.

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41 DAY I'LL WISH UP ON A STAR AND WAKE UP WHERE THE CLOUDS ARE FAR BEHIND ME.

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45 WHERE TROUBLES MELT LIKE LEMON DROPS, A WAY ABOVE THE CHIMNEY TOPS, THAT'S

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49 a tempo (poco rubato)

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WHERE YOU'LL FIND ME. SOMEWHERE OVERTHE RAINBOW,

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(+ RHV. PNO.)

51 BLUE - BIRDS FLY, 52 HP. 53 (HP. 84) 54 BIRDS FLY O - VER THE RAIN - BOW, FL. CL. BEUS. + OB.

55 WHY THEN OH, WHY CAN'T I?... 56 più mosso HP. LOCO 57 VOLS. SUST. HAR. FL. OB. CL. HNS. HP. 8VA BEUS. rit. DIV. STR. TREM. (HNS. TAN. SUST.) P

58 59 60 BEUS. HP. IF

61 SLOWER 62 63 a tempo

HAP. BY LIT-TLE BLUE-BIRDS FLY BE-YOND THE RAIN-BOW, WHY - OH, WHY CAN'T I? UNIS. VOLS. tr. w.w. STRS. molto rit. DIV. w.w. CRISC. STRS.

64 65 66

W.W.
VENS., VA.
cl., HNS. TRH
PNO., HP.
DIV. PIZZ.
CELLO, BS.
SEGUE

(5)

MISS GULCH (SCENE CHANGE)

ORCHESTRA

ONE: (SEGUE FROM #4. SCENE CHANGE & ENTRANCE OF GULCH)

ALLEGRO MODERATO, CON MOTO (♩ = 176)

4 2 3

cl., VENS.
mf
PNO., HR, VA., CELLO

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