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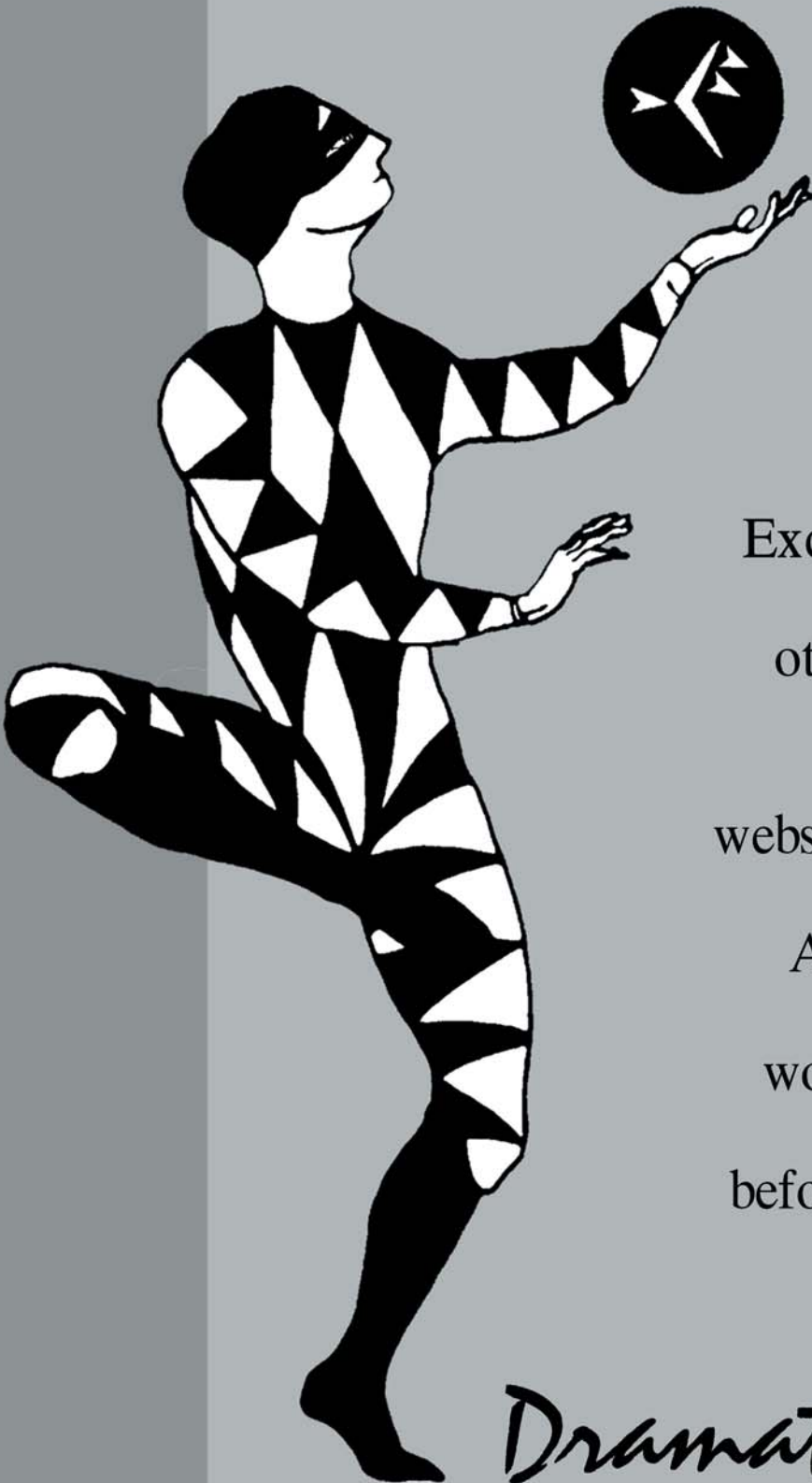
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Dramatic Publishing



OZ

(Revised Version)

By

PATRICK SHANAHAN



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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PATRICK SHANAHAN

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(OZ – Revised Version)

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This version of the play was first performed by the Unicorn Theatre in London. *OZ* was originally produced and commissioned by The Coterie Theatre, Kansas City, Missouri, in June of 1994. The playwright acknowledges their hard work in making this piece come alive. I, Patrick Shanahan, being the Author of the Work entitled *OZ*, hereby assert generally my moral right to be identified as its author.

OZ –Revised Version

CHARACTERS

L. Frank Baum

A recent, fairly successful children’s book author. Former travelling salesman, store owner, actor, producer and display artist. Forty-four years old and on the eve of his greatest creative work. Husband and father, he has been a “jack of all trades,” but big success has eluded him until the very near future. Most of all, he is a dreamer close to having his dreams on paper.

Dot

She’s being raised by her meat-packer father. Her mother died in childbirth, trying to create a sibling for her. Her ten years of life have been filled with turmoil. The Victorian equivalent to a “latchkey kid,” raised as best as can be by an overworked single parent. There was a small incident involving a fire at her school after which she was sent briefly to live in Kansas with her Aunt Em. Until Aunt Em gave up and shipped her back to her father. Although tough on the outside, almost a gangster, she’s really a very scared child. Liar, thief, arsonist—her curiosity and longing for attention has led her to a life of crime at a very tender age. She gets into trouble for attention. Small for her age and deceptively sweet looking. She has run away from home. At the top of the show, she is fleeing a fire at a neighborhood stable where she was trying to teach herself how to smoke a cigar. She breaks into the Baums’ home to hide from the authorities, inadvertently becoming L. Frank Baum’s inspiration and muse.

Bridget Sullivan

An Irish immigrant housekeeper and parlor maid for the Baum family. Strong yet obedient, there are passions stirring deep inside her. She’s a good servant, but now and then she gets the idea there’s more to life. She has a strong moral ethic. She hopes to marry the local policeman. She dreams of ascending the social ladder of this country, still searching for its streets paved of gold. She is fond and loyal to the Baum family but longs for a life and family of her own.

Running Time is approximately 90 minutes in two acts with an intermission.

OZ

(Revised Version)

Act I

Scene 1

The Cyclone / Dot is Swept Up in Baum's Story

Depending upon your theatre, you may choose to do a pre-show depicting BAUM and BRIDGEY enjoying the sedate life in the household as the audience enters the theater. After the houselights are out, offstage there is a bright flash of light and some smoke and the sound of a horse drawn fire engine with bells clanging and blaring. We then see DOT hurriedly entering through the stage right suggestion of the garden, nervously picking the lock on a pair of French doors, and hurriedly entering BAUM's study. She closes the doors behind her, checking to see if she has been followed. She wipes some smudges of soot from her face. She explores the study. She pockets a small item that is a souvenir of the 1893 Chicago Columbian Exposition. She hears BAUM offstage left, entering from the rest of the house, and hurriedly hides in his roll-top desk. Enter BAUM, binding the last few pages of a manuscript. He crosses to the roll-top desk, distractedly rolls up the lid, revealing DOT as if a child laid out in a coffin. He screams and slams down the lid. Manuscript pages fly into the air, and he neatly collapses dumbstruck into the desk chair.

BRIDGEY (*entering dressed in an extremely tidy Victorian parlor-maid uniform with a feather duster, not having heard BAUM's piercing scream. She crosses to the window and peers out*). Good morning, Mr. Baum. Well, it would be a fine morning if not for the fire down the street. There's a fire at Ogden's stable. Officer O'Reilly says they've got it under control, thank the Lord, but they think someone started it on purpose—can you believe it! (*Turning and seeing the pages all over the floor.*) Saints preserve us. (*Picking up pages of the manuscript.*) What have you done with your book?

BAUM (*coming out of shock*). It's fine, Bridgey. Fine. Don't bother with that.

BRIDGEY. Well, sir, I best leave you to your wizards. (*Looking again out the window.*) Yes, there's barely any smoke now... (*The sound of a billy club against the iron fence.*) We can feel safe...there's O'Reilly on his beat. A fine figure of a man, don't you think? Hmm. You can be sure he'll get the villain responsible. (*No response from BAUM, still a bit confused why there's a little girl in his desk.*) Well, I guess I should get on with my duties. Mrs. Baum and the children are

going to be with her mother all day, so both of us will be able to get something accomplished. I'll make sure you're not disturbed until tea. *(She exits, softly closing the study door behind her.)*

BAUM *(distractedly glancing at the closed roll-top desk as if it contained a body).*

Thank you, Bridgey. *(She exits, and BAUM nervously lifts the lid of the desk, screams again, and recloses it.)*

DOT *(her little hand reaching out and rolling up the lid).* You gonna let me suffocate in there, or what?

BAUM *(standing with a little bow).* How do you do? *(Then remembering it's his house with an intruder.)* I am Mr. L. Frank Baum, this is my house, and who exactly are you? Explain yourself immediately, you little ruffian. *(Crossing to the window.)* Wait right there! I think I can just catch Patrolman O'Reilly down at the corner...

DOT *(extending her hand and distracting him by recalling his good manners).* Nice place you got here. You'll want to fix the lock on that window there, Frank. Relax. I was scared by that fire engine with all the noise and horses. Just ducked in here is all. There's a fire practically in your garden, in case you haven't noticed. Wanna help me out of this coffin here?

BAUM *(assisting DOT out of desk).* Tell me again. Why exactly are you in my desk?

DOT. All right, all right, I'll level with you. I'm a housebreaker by trade. *(Looking outside, hidden in the drapes, afraid any minute the policeman will show up.)* You didn't have any good loot. So, ah...I decided to play Mary Margaret Mulligan. She was my best friend in the world. Shall I tell you all about it? It was the most ghastly event in my short biography! She died. It was yellow fever...er...or was it typhoid? Either way, she was covered in horrible black spots! May she rest in peace... *(Baum seems rather overwhelmed by all her explanations and gift for storytelling.)* Well, I was just gonna go on my merry way when you and that dame show up—so I laid low. What're all these papers all over the floor? *(Kicking a few pages and tossing them in the air.)*

BAUM. Hey—stop that, you little Philistine! Where is that policeman when you need him? *(Muttering as he starts to pick up pages.)* Always downstairs with Bridgey, eating and drinking every drop and crumb in sight. *(Crosses to the exit door and calls.)* Bridgey, help! *(No response as DOT makes a break for the garden but her skirt catches on the broken latch.)* Probably out on the curb flirting with that man again. *(Reverently picking up scattered pages.)* My book. My work. *(Noticing DOT struggling with her skirt.)* Stop messing about over there and help me. *(Forgetting she's a burglar and making her an assistant.)* Come, on make yourself useful. You made this mess. Help me clean it up. It's due, you know. Deadlines that must be met. Look at it now! Not very ready for the publishers—all those children longing for my words! Hey, you can help me! It really is a marvelous story for children. You are a child, aren't you? Not some escapee from the Barnum's Circus? A midget like Tom Thumb?

DOT. I'm a kid, and if you call that copper I'll be a kid in reform school, see. (*Starting toward the garden again.*) They'll never take me alive!

BAUM. We're quite the little actress, aren't we? Oh please, come here and give a hand! Now, here's the deal, you little master criminal— Sit still for a while and help me sort this mess out, I'll make sure you aren't sent off to prison. A prison where I'm sure you'd be more at home. Chicago safer for it, too. (*Finding the title page on the floor.*) Here it is—the first page. It is called (*as if in lights*) THE EMERALD CITY. (*No reaction. So, he tries again.*) FROM KANSAS TO FAIRYLAND. (*Gives up on title. DOT gives him a vague, hostile blank stare.*) It's an adventure about a little girl like you, well not like you really, well, she's about your height and she's from the country, not Chicago. (*Lights change to grays.*) It's very gray and lonely there on the vast prairie... (*Silence.*) Well, this cyclone comes...her name is Mary. (*Finds page in manuscript on the floor.*) No. Not Mary, again! Practically every girl in every fairy story is Mary. (*Looking at her.*) Dot, no—Dorothy. (*Changes manuscript.*) She looks a little bit like you...and well, she goes to this strange and really quite special land. (*Lamely.*) She has some really magical, wonderful, just wonderful, exciting adventures in a faraway land...

DOT. Yeah. Prove it.

BAUM. What do you mean, prove it? You burgle my home—I think you had something to do with that fire at the stable, while we're at it—sneak into my study, into my very desk. Playing dead diseased children in my personal effects— Coming into the private study of your betters and ordering me about...scaring me with my weak heart unto death... I mean, what outrageous behavior from such a little girl! You don't...bite, do you? What am I thinking! I should track down your parents and be done with it. I bet you your father would beat some manners into you... (*Quietly realizing what he's said in anger.*) He would, too...

DOT. Look, I don't know how it works in your neighborhood, but in mine—it's—you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours... I just thought you'd like to try your little story out on a kid. I don't need this... You're an odd duck. Like some actor without a theater. You need an audience, that's what. Well, here I am. Take me away, let me forget all about dirty old Chicago. When it doesn't smell like livestock, it smells worse. If you want to turn me over to my folks— My ma you can find in the pauper's field at Mount Carmel Cemetery. My old man won't be home for hours. Good luck trying to find that drunk! Try the tavern by the slaughterhouse at Blackstone. Nah, that would be too rough a place for the likes of you. Don't kid yourself. No one out there's gonna miss me. But, look—if you're not interested... (*Starts to leave.*)

BAUM. No, wait. Let me tell you the story. I want to tell you the story.

DOT (*settling into an overstuffed chair*). All right then, and make it good.

BAUM (*excitedly grabbing Chapter One out of the mess of a manuscript and clearing his throat, he reads*). OK, here it is—"Chapter 1. The Cyclone." "Mary—no, Dorothy—that's the girl's name—(*confirming changes to manuscript*) lived in the midst of the great prairie..."

DOT. Sounds like Kansas to me. You ever seen such wide open spaces as that dump?

BAUM. “...with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer...”

DOT. Not a hog butcher in the stockyards like Pa. Make the aunt in Kansas Em for Emily. Like my aunt...the old battleaxe.

BAUM. “And Aunt Em, who was the farmer’s wife.” (*Looking expectantly at DOT.*)

DOT (*yawning and checking her manicure*). Keep going.

BAUM (*tearing a footstool into the shape of TOTO*). The only thing in—Kansas— (*adjusting manuscript*) that made Dorothy laugh was her dog, Toto. (*He offers TOTO and a basket to DOT, looking at her for affirmation.*)

DOT (*bored and hard-boiled, taking TOTO and basket*). Just read me the story and get on with. So far, if this is an adventure story, I’m the Queen of England. (*Noticing BAUM’s activity, intrigued and a little nervous.*) What’re you up to now?

BAUM (*attaching long winter scarves to the ceiling fan, opening an umbrella, and turning down gaslights, as stage lighting changes to almost silhouettes and a howling song of low music played too slow by BAUM is heard from the Victrola. BAUM throws sheets of his manuscript in the breeze caused by the fan. He uses the bellows of the fireplace, creating blowing prairie dust with a little help of offstage special effects*). The cyclone is coming!

DOT. Hey, once when a cyclone came, Auntie Em went into the root cellar...

BAUM. ... And so did Dorothy...

DOT. What about the mutt...?

BAUM. Toto was in her arms. Just as they were going down into the safety of the cellar, Toto jumped from Mary’s, I mean Dorothy’s, arms. (*He plucks the footstool from her arms and tosses it under the couch with DOT going to retrieve it.*) Auntie Em cried “Dorothy—Dorothy,” nearly drowned out by a wind that sounded like a locomotive roaring across the prairie. (*BAUM picks up DOT from the floor now with the footstool clutched like a security blanket. Spins DOT around and plops her on the rolling overstuffed couch as the cyclone effect builds to a crescendo.*) The howling winds from the north and the south met at the exact corner of the little gray farmhouse. Clapboards twisted, flapped and squealed. The house began to spin and lift from its foundation. Up—lifting away from the safety of the root cellar of Auntie Em and Uncle Henry.

DOT (*laughing and standing on the couch, as BAUM lifts one end in a floating manner*). It lifted me high into Kansas’ stormy skies. I feel like I’m riding in a balloon higher and higher into the sky. (*BAUM grabs TOTO from DOT’s arms and, barking for TOTO.*) Say, what’s the big idea?!

BAUM. Toto ran wildly about the room. Bark! Here! Bark! There! Once he got too close to a trap door in the floor of the house, being sucked outside. Dorothy saved him by grabbing his ear and pulling him back inside. (*DOT does this, giving BAUM a hard ear pull in the process, and takes back TOTO as BAUM howls in pain and the wind sound quiets to a steady drum as the old 78 “record” sticks and repeats.*) Hour after hour passed away, and slowly Dorothy got over her fright; but she felt quite lonely, and the wind shrieked so loudly all about her that she nearly became deaf. (*BAUM spins the couch roughly.*)

DOT (*gasping*). What’re you trying to do, dash me to pieces?

BAUM. After a while, she stopped worrying about what would happen when the house fell...

DOT (*screams*). She did. Did she?

BAUM. ...and fell asleep with Toto wrapped in her arms. As the house flew on and on.

DOT. Yeah, right. Sleep with all this racket? Flying around in the sky in a house. (*BAUM gives her a stern stare.*) Ok, I'll bite. (*She closes her eyes as BAUM places a large pair of ruby shoes protruding from under the couch and dons a flower pot as a hat. LIGHTS change to Technicolor.*) Look at me, I'm sleeping like a baby as my life hangs in the balance. Snoozing like I haven't a care in the world and won't be meeting my Maker any second when I come face to face with some pig farmer in Canada. (*Making funny snoring noises.*) Sleeping like a baby with my little dog Toto. (*Sighs.*) Now I lay me down to sleep...

Scene 2

The Council with the Munchkins / Dot Begins to Believe, While Baum Discovers Oz

BAUM (*rips the curtains off the window, forming a hood, grabs cut flowers, attaching them to gloves, and jumps behind the couch. All is silence as he gives the couch a final good shove*). She was awakened by a shock so sudden and severe that if Dorothy had not been lying on the soft bed, well, she might have been hurt. As it was, the jar made her catch her breath...

DOT. I'll make you catch your breath. Hey, why are you wearing those curtains on your head? What are those flowers for?

BAUM (*on his knees behind the couch with only his head and hands visible, creating a puppet theater*). We are Munchkins and welcome you, most noble Sorceress. (*Gesturing to the ruby shoes extending from beneath the couch.*) We are grateful to you for killing the Wicked Witch of the East and freeing us from bondage. (*BAUM makes a quick change from MUNCHKIN to the GOOD WITCH OF THE NORTH.*)

DOT. It's a frame-up. I never killed anything in my life.

BAUM (*as GOOD WITCH, with a little laugh and a sigh, examining the red shoes protruding from under the couch*). Well, your house did, anyway. That is the very same thing. (*Giggles.*)

DOT. Yeah right, a killer house. (*BAUM looks hurt. She returns to playing along but over dramatically.*) Jumping Jehoshaphat!

BAUM. See! There are her two sets of pointy toes. They look like blood-soaked hooves don't they? (*Giggles.*) All you can see of the great evil witch are her ruby slippers still sticking out from under the foundation of your little cottage.

DOT. What are we gonna do? Maybe dig her out or somethin'...

BAUM. There is nothing to be done. All the Munchkins are free from slaving for her night and day and are grateful to you for the favor. (*As MUNCHKIN.*) Thanks! (*Back to WITCH.*) She was a very bad witch, unlike myself, who is good and really quite pretty, but not quite as strong as an evil witch like her. But, all is even now. She is dead beneath your house.

DOT. Here I thought all witches were wicked. I thought all witches are dead. Aunt Em said, “Yup, all the witches are dead.” She said years and years ago.

BAUM (*as WITCH*). Well that is a great mistake. (*As himself.*) Tell me about Aunt Em.

DOT. She’s my pa’s sister, my aunt in Kansas, they tried to send me there after that dinky little fire at school.

BAUM (*as himself*). Fire? (*He moves the fireplace matches away from DOT and again assumes the character of the WITCH.*) I do not know where Kansas is, for I have never heard that country mentioned before. But tell me, is it a civilized country?

DOT. Well, yeah, I guess. There’s no Indians attacking or anything...

BAUM (*continuing as GOOD WITCH*). Then that accounts for it. In the civilized countries, I believe there are no witches left—nor wizards—nor sorceresses—nor magicians. But you see, this land has never been civilized, for we are cut off from all the rest of the world. Therefore, we still have witches and wizards amongst us.

DOT. Who is the wizard?

BAUM (*as GOOD WITCH, with awe and reverence*). He is more powerful than all of us witches put together. He lives in the City of Emeralds and is named...a wizard named?...the land of... (*BAUM searches his manuscript and the set for inspiration. Discovers the file cabinet with a card marked “O thru Z.” Holding up the card triumphantly, he pronounces the legendary word as himself.*) OZ. Oz—Eureka! I mean Oz. Dot—Oz! That’s the ticket. (*He hastily makes a notation to his manuscript and returns to his improvisational puppet theater. Hubbub follows with flowerpot MUNCHKINS. BAUM returning to GOOD WITCH role.*) What is it? (*Laughing.*) Oh look, the Wicked Witch of the East was so very old, her dead body has dried up extra quickly in the sun. All that’s left are her shoes. (*As MUNCHKIN.*) She was proud of those ruby shoes, I tell you there’s some charm attached to them; but we never knew what it was. (*As GOOD WITCH.*) There now, I’ll just get the dust out and you must have them.

DOT. Ick! Hey, I am not putting on some dead witch’s bleeding hooves!

BAUM (*in his own voice, taking shoes to her*). There now, they’re Mrs. Baum’s special occasion shoes. She won’t mind if you use them.

DOT. All right, all right. Your wife’s shoes are like canoes. What is she? Some kind of giant? (*BAUM gives her a stern look.*) How will I ever get home?

BAUM (*GOOD WITCH voice*). You must go to the City of Emeralds which is ruled by the wonderful wizard—Oz. Yes, Oz! A miracle of creativity! THE WONDERFUL WIZARD OF OZ by L. Frank Baum! (*Changing the title page of the manuscript.*)

DOT. Are you quite finished? Is he a good man? Will he help me?

BAUM (*GOOD WITCH voice*). He is a good wizard. Whether he is man or not I cannot tell, for I have never seen him.

DOT. Will you tell me how to get there at least?

BAUM. You must walk. There is no other way. It is a long journey, through a country that is sometimes both lovely and often dark and terrible. But, know this: I will use all the magic arts I have to keep you safe.

DOT. In these shoes? Can't you go with me?

BAUM. No dear, I cannot. But I will give you my kiss, and no one will dare to injure a person who has been kissed by the Witch of the North. (*He does and then assumes a MUNCHKIN voice.*) The road to the City of Emeralds is paved with yellow bricks so you cannot get lost. When you get to Oz (*aside*) I love that word!...do not be afraid of him. Tell your story. Ask him to help you. (*As GOOD WITCH.*) Good-bye, my dear. (*In a cloud of sheer curtain fabric, BAUM disappears.*)

DOT. You being a witch and all, I expected a disappearing act. Adults are all alike—never there when you need them. Didn't surprise me in the least. Walk to the Emerald City—you bet. (*Trying on ruby shoes.*) At least, I got a new pair of shoes in the bargain. Ooh! (*She stumbles a bit trying to walk in the oversized heels and falls back on the couch.*)

Scene 3

How Dorothy Saved the Scarecrow / Dot Begins to Trust Baum

BAUM (*while building the SCARECROW*). Dorothy started her journey on the yellow brick road. Come on up off the couch. (*He tears open a cushion.*) Start walking, Dot. Don't forget Toto.

DOT. All right, all right. (*She begins to circle settee.*) But what are you up to now? You'll ruin your beautiful couch. If we had a sofa...my pa would absolutely kill me!

BAUM (*removing his jacket, stuffing it with straw from the couch, and a bird cage stand forming a head and backbone*). Here: make yourself useful, hand me that hat and gloves from the coat rack.

DOT. Sure, why not? I'll act just as nuts as you. You're deranged, aren't you?

BAUM (*holding the SCARECROW formed in the air by the bird cage stand base, BAUM speaks in the SCARECROW voice*). Good day.

DOT. Did you speak?

BAUM. Certainly. How do you do?

DOT. Well, what do I know? Maybe in Kansas there are talking scarecrows. (*Grandly.*) Very well thank you, how do you do?

BAUM. I'm not too good, it's very tedious perched up here night and day. All to scare away those scabrous filthy crows. Who don't scare none too easily.

DOT. Can't you get down?

BAUM. No, you see there's this pole stuck up my back—yes, right there. If you could please take away the pole I would be greatly obliged to you. (*DOT takes the bird cage base from BAUM's hands and places it on the floor. BAUM as SCARECROW stumbles when released by DOT. BAUM puts his face through the opening where the bird cage usually hangs or uses the cage as a face and becomes the SCARECROW as needed. He manipulates the creation like a Bunraku puppet. He sighs with relief.*) Oh, that's delicious, thank you very much. I feel like a new scarecrow. Now tell me, this being a crossroads and all, who are you and where are you going?

DOT. My name's Dot, er...Dorothy, and I'm going to the Emerald City, to ask the great Oz to send me back to Kansas (*pause*) of all places—can you believe it?

BAUM. Where is the Emerald City and who is Oz?

DOT. How should I know? Don't you know, being the author and all?

BAUM (*clearing throat with a look at DOT*). No, indeed; I'm the Scarecrow, Dot—I don't know anything. You see I am stuffed, (*knocks head*) so I have no brains at all.

DOT. Oh that's tough. Ma used to read me stories when I went to bed. But when Ma died, Pa can't read—so that was the end of books at our house...

BAUM (*breaking character*). Oh Dot, I'm sorry... (*Remembering he's the SCARECROW.*) Do you think if I were to go to the great Oz with you, I could get some brains?

DOT. I don't know, but you can come with me if you like. If Oz won't give you any brains, you won't be no more stupid than you are now. Maybe you'll learn something along the way.

BAUM. That's true. You see, I don't mind my legs and arms and body being stuffed because I can't get hurt. If anyone treads on my toes or sticks a pin into me, it doesn't mean a thing 'cause I can't feel it. But I don't want people to call me "fool." If my head stays stuffed with straw instead of brains like you, how am I to know anything?

DOT. I used to want to learn everything and read every book in the world. I know what you mean, Scarecrow. It's really best not feeling. But, oh—the "not knowing" is so hard! Come with me. I'll ask Oz to do all he can for you.

BAUM. Thank you, I don't know if your dog likes me very much. He sniffs me as if he suspects there's a nest of rats in my straw belly. He's already growled in a most unfriendly way at me.

DOT. Please, don't talk about rats. Toto's a good dog. Don't be afraid. Toto never bites.

BAUM. Oh, I'm not afraid. He can't hurt straw. Let me carry that basket for you. I won't mind because I can't get tired. I'll tell you a secret. There's only one thing in the world I am afraid of.

DOT. What's that—the crows? The farmer who put you together?

BAUM (*making sure the coast is clear and dropping his voice*). No, it's a lighted match.

DOT. I got into some trouble with a match...

BAUM (*changing the subject*). So tell me about yourself and your faraway country.

DOT. Well, there isn't much to tell. Ma's dead. She died a long time ago, bringing my baby brother into the world. Pa comes home from work and I cook him supper. He hardly talks... (*Beat where she sees BAUM looking at her with concern, she shifts back to Oz*) ...I mean, Kansas was pretty gray when I left it. That cyclone scared me something silly. I even nearly lost Toto out a trap door where he would've fallen to his death! Auntie Em and Uncle Henry seem to be tired all the time... I don't even think they want me around.

BAUM. I can't understand why you would want to leave this beautiful country and go back to the dry, gray place you call Kansas. Look at all of this! It's magic filled with colors!

DOT. That's because you have no brains. Look at Chicago! No matter how dreary and gray our homes are, people would rather live there than in any other place. No matter how beautiful— There's no place like home.

BAUM (*writing down home line*). That's splendid. (*Then as SCARECROW again, with a sigh.*) Of course, I can't understand it. If your heads were stuffed with straw like mine, you would probably all live in the beautiful places—and then Kansas would have no people at all. It is fortunate for Kansas and agricultural production that you have brains.

Scene 4

The Rescue of the Tin Woodman / What Scares Dot

DOT. Here we go again! What are you doing now? (*Moving the SCARECROW in front of where BAUM is behind a screen, loudly and clankingly building the TINMAN.*)

BAUM (*while building the TINMAN perhaps from a coat rack, a bust of a male head, fireplace tools all mounted on a rolling chair or a potbelly stove or boiler*). You are about to meet another comrade, as you follow the yellow brick road. Which, I might add, is becoming a bit less well maintained.

DOT. I guess even in Oz, maintaining roads is a problem. The Scarecrow already stumbled a whole bunch of times in potholes that would swallow a horse and buggy. Don't worry, he wasn't injured, being straw and all. Toto just jumped over the loose bricks and darted through the brambles.

BAUM. But Dorothy has had to struggle to keep up. She's plucky and brave, but her legs are really quite short.

DOT. Even with her friends, each mile tires her. Sometimes she secretly believes she'll never see Auntie Em, Uncle Henry, or home again.

BAUM (*finishing the TINMAN, he moves it in front of the screen and becomes the SCARECROW and, poking his face through, assumes his SCARECROW voice*).

Dorothy, there's some fruit and fresh water here. It must be terribly inconvenient to be made of flesh. For you must sleep, and eat and drink. However, you do have brains, and it's worth a lot of bother to be able to think properly.

DOT. I'm bushed. Let me catch my breath and we can go on. (*She sits facing front.*)

BAUM (*moving screen to reveal TINMAN construction*). Groan. (*Like a rusty hinge and a scream of pain.*)

DOT (*not turning around—a little frightened*). Scarecrow, did you just groan?

BAUM (*wearing SCARECROW hat from behind TINMAN and in SCARECROW voice*). Why no, Dorothy, I don't think so, but then (*chuckles*) I don't "think" do I? I think I was standing here without a thought in my head. (*Now in TINMAN voice.*) I did. I groaned. I've been groaning for years. No one has ever heard me before or come to help me.

DOT (*turning*). What can I do ?

BAUM. Get an oil can and oil my joints. They're rusted so badly I can't move them at all. If I am well oiled, I shall soon be all right again.

DOT. What am I supposed to use for an oil can?

BAUM (*in his own voice*). In the garden—the little watering can.

DOT (*after getting watering can*). Where are your joints?

BAUM (*as TINMAN*). Oil my neck first. (*Manipulating the various joints as DOT oils them, and sighing with satisfaction.*) Now oil the joints in my arms. Ah, a great satisfaction and comfort. I've been holding that ax in the air for so many summers. I'm glad to be able to put it down at last. Now, if you will be so kind as to oil the joints of my legs, I shall be all right once more. I might have stood there forever if you hadn't come along. So you have certainly saved my life. How did you find me in this deep forest?

DOT. We're going to the Emerald City to see the great Oz.

BAUM. Why do you wish to see Oz?

DOT. I need him to send me back to Kansas. Scarecrow wants him to put a few brains in his head.

BAUM. Do you suppose Oz could give me a heart?

DOT. Well, sure. It would be as easy as giving the Scarecrow brains.

BAUM. It's settled then. Put the oil can in your basket, in case of rain, and I will accompany you to the wizard.

DOT. Tinman, how did you wind up all tin?

BAUM. Now that is a very sad story. It was like this: I loved a sweet little Munchkin girl, but she was a servant to the Wicked Witch of the East. The witch was so lazy she didn't want to lose her maid, so she decided I would never have my true love.

DOT. Sounds like that maid of yours and the copper...

BAUM (*with a beat, and then ignoring her comments, continues as TINMAN*). I was a wood chopper by trade. The witch cursed me. So, as I worked to chop more wood to save for my marriage, my ax kept slipping. First, a hand. Then a foot.

Luckily I had a Munchkin friend who was a tinsmith and one by one he replaced my body parts with tin. Until one day I discovered I was completely remade of tin.

DOT. All your insides too?

BAUM. As a matter of fact, yes! But, I was proud of the way my body shone in the sun. Even though I was now all—tin, I still hoped to chop enough wood to marry my true love. I looked at the wood neatly stacked around me. Suddenly I felt so alone and without hope, I began to cry. I felt the last of my heart turn to a dusty bit of rust and then blow away in the breeze which was picking up. I felt myself begin to rust, but I didn't care anymore. It began to rain. In a final act of defiance, I lifted my ax to the sky and froze. While standing in that spot like a statue all these years, I had much time to think. You know, the only thing I really ever regretted losing was my heart.

DOT. Oh, Tinman, I'm so sorry. When Ma died I cried and cried until I felt I didn't have a heart anymore. I hurt here (*gesturing to her chest*) but then, like you, all the pain seemed to leak away.

BAUM (*switching to SCARECROW*). All the same, I shall ask for brains instead of a heart; for a fool wouldn't know what to do with a heart if he had one. (*Back to TINMAN.*) I'll take the heart. For brains don't make you happy, and happiness is the best thing in the world.

DOT. Well, I don't know which of you is right. All I know is: the life I've had isn't enough. This can't be all there's ever gonna be. Alone and sad, waiting for something magical to happen. No. None of this makes any sense. All I know is I have to go home soon...must get back to Kansas— Without any fairy stories, I'm all my pa has. That's why he works so hard, I guess, and is so sad...so we can have a home—a Kansas kind of...

BAUM (*as himself*). That's true, Dot, like you said—there's no place like home. But sometimes, you have to go through dark places to see your window lit up down the block late at night. To realize it. Especially when this forest keeps getting so much darker and scarier.

DOT. I'm tired, worried, and afraid. What if the wizard can't make everything right? The forest gets darker, the birds fewer, and I'm sure I've heard deep growls from wild animals hidden among the trees. Toto, you know what makes sounds like that, and you walk close to my side and don't even bark in return.