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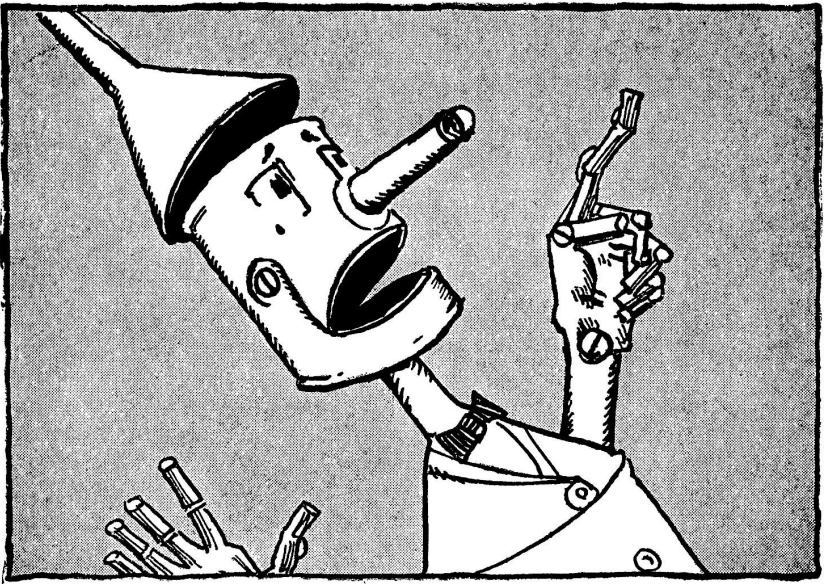
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Family Plays

THE WIZARD OF OZ



Adapted by
ADELE THANE

From the Story
by
L. FRANK BAUM

THE WIZARD OF OZ



Premiered by the Boston Children's Theatre with a second production by Seattle Junior Programs. Utterly beguiling adaptation of the L. Frank Baum classic.

Fantasy. Adapted by Adele Thane. From the story by L. Frank Baum.

Cast: 6m., 7w., 11 either gender, or suitable for an all-female cast.

Blown to the Land of Oz by a Kansas cyclone, Dorothy and her little dog, Toto, are at a loss to know how to get back home. Wearing the magic silver slippers which she has earned quite unexpectedly, and protected by the kiss of the good Witch of the East, Dorothy goes in search of the Wizard of Oz in the hope that he can solve her problem. On the way, she picks up some delightful new friends who join her in seeking out the mighty Wizard. But it is many adventures later before she discovers the way to get back home. *Familiar folk music is suggested for the songs, for which no score is needed. Eight set locations suggested. Fantastic costumes. Code: WD4.*

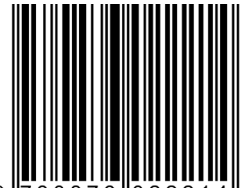
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The Wizard of Oz (Thane)

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A Play in Three Acts

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(THE WIZARD OF OZ)

ISBN: 978-0-88680-221-4

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In Order of Speaking)

TOTO

DOROTHY

THREE MUNCHKINS

SCARECROW

WITCH OF THE NORTH

TIN WOODMAN

COWARDLY LION

SOLDIER WITH GREEN WHISKERS

WIZARD OF OZ

LADY

TWO WINKIES

WITCH OF THE WEST

MADAME WINKIE

GLINDA THE GOOD

AUNT EM

PROLOGUE: Kansas.

ACT ONE

Scene 1. Land of the Munchkins.

Scene 2. A Cornfield.

Scene 3. Edge of the Forest.

ACT TWO

Scene 1. Throne Room in the Palace of Oz.

Scene 2. Land of the Winkies.

Scene 3. Courtyard of the Yellow Castle.

ACT THREE

Throne Room in the Palace of Oz.

EPILOGUE: Kansas.

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The premiere production of this play was given by the Boston Children's Theatre in 1952, under the direction of the author, Adele Thane. The play was then revised, and presented in its new form in 1956 by Seattle Junior Programs, under the direction of Mr. Kenneth Carr, of the University of Washington School of Drama.

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The Wizard of Oz

PROLOGUE: Kansas.

(Toto rushes pell-mell through the house curtain, C., on all fours, barking. He is wearing a dunce cap. He bounds R. and barks, then crosses from R. to L., barking as he goes.)

Dorothy is heard calling offstage.)

DOROTHY *(off)*. Toto! Toto, come back here!

(She enters hastily through the curtain, C., carrying a geography book. She is dressed in a blue-and-white checked gingham play-frock, white apron and stockings, and old Mary-Janes. A handkerchief is in the pocket of her apron. She stamps her foot at Toto who is just disappearing through the exit L.)

Come back here this instant!

(Toto backs up slowly.)

Come on now.

(Toto continues to back up until he is just in front of Dorothy, then he sits on her foot, which is tapping an exasperated tattoo on the floor.)

The very idea! Running away from your geography lesson like that! Aren't you ashamed?

(Toto hangs his head and whimpers. Dorothy points to his dunce cap.)

Do you want to be a dunce all your life?

(Toto throws back his head and howls a statement.)

What's that? You don't care two ham bones about being an educated dog.

(Toto barks in the affirmative, then adds another comment.)

You just want to be Dorothy's dog. But that's just it, Toto—you are my dog, and I insist that you—be—educated. There!

(Dorothy lightly thumps Toto's nose for emphasis.)

Now then, where were we?

(She kneels down beside him and opens the geography book.)

Here we are. What state do we live in?

(Toto doesn't understand the question.)

Where do we live?

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(Toto sneezes something that sounds like "Oz-z-z-z!")

In the land of Oz?

(Toto barks "Yes!")

Who ever heard of such a place. No—We live in Kansas.

(Toto repeats "Kansas" in his dog language.)

Can you tell me where Kansas is?

(Toto barks a reply that sets Dorothy back on her heels in disgust.)

In New Zealand! Toto, really!

(Getting to her feet.)

It's in the United States, a long way west of Boston. It's prairie land—gray, and sun-baked, and flat. Very, very flat.

(She closes the geography book and holds it out level.)

In fact, if it were a pancake, you could pour syrup on it, and the syrup would never run off!—that's how flat it is.

(Toto laps the surface of the book noisily as if it were covered with syrup.)

And right in the middle of the flattest part, live Aunt Em and Uncle Henry. And me. And you.

(Toto whines in delight.)

And do you know what else there is in Kansas?

(Toto shakes his head.)

Cyclones!

(Toto gives four sharp barks.)

What's a cyclone? Well—

(Dorothy turns R. and looks out front.)

Imagine that you can hear a low wail of the wind in the north, and can see the long grass bending in waves to the ground.

(Wind: fade in low on front speakers. Dorothy turns L.)

Now, there comes a sharp whistling in the air from the south, and the grass ripples in that direction, too.

(Wind: slight crescendo. Dorothy cocks her head and listens. Toto barks.)

Shhhhhh! Listen, Toto! Isn't that the wind?

(Wind: crescendo. Suddenly Dorothy points out front.)

Look, Toto, look! It's a cyclone coming! We've got to get home. Come on! Hurry!

(They dash off R.)

Wind: increases in volume to a shriek.

Thunder.

Lights dim to blackout.

House Curtain opens.

The full stage is seen in a faint light, with only the front steps and porch of Dorothy's house clearly defined DL.

Lightning. Thunder.

Wind: mounts in intensity. The branch of a tree crashes to the ground.

(Toto tears across the stage from UR. to DL., barking frantically. Another branch falls to the ground, just missing him, and he cowers in a corner by the porch steps, whimpering with terror, his head between his paws. Dorothy is heard calling off UR.)

Toto! Toto! Wait for me! Wait!

(She runs on.)

Where are you?

(Toto crawls toward her. Wind: crescendo.)

Toto! You'll be blown away!

(Dorothy herself is being buffeted about by the wind.)

Quick! Quick! Run for the cellar!

(Dorothy and Toto struggle over to the porch steps. Lightning. Thunder.)

Aunt Em! Uncle Henry!

(Dorothy and Toto start swaying from side to side on the porch.)

Ooooh, the house is shaking! It's whirling around!

(Dorothy clutches Toto by the collar and hangs on for dear life.)

Hold on, Toto! Hold on! We're going up!—up—UP!

(Dorothy rises on her tiptoes, lifting her arms over her head. Toto howls.)

Aunty Em! AUNT-EEEE EM!

(Lightning. Thunder. Blackout. Wind: reaches a peak, then slowly subsides as Lights come up on ACT ONE: Scene 1.)

The Wizard of Oz

ACT ONE

SCENE 1.

Land of the Munchkins. Morning. Bright sunshine. Blue sky.

Front of Dorothy's house (door and porch), DL. Tree and bench, R. A field fence, painted blue, runs across the back, with opening C. Ground row. Wood wings UL. and UR.

A pair of silver slippers are sticking out from under the porch steps of the house.

Lights come up on an empty stage. Then UR., behind the fence, three Munchkin men enter, cautiously. They are dressed in blue, and wear blue round hats that rise to a small point a foot above their heads, with little bells around the brims that tinkle as they move. On their feet are well-polished black boots, with a deep roll of blue at the tops. Two of the men have beards, the third is smooth-shaven.

They pause C., in the opening of the fence, and whisper together, looking apprehensively toward the house. The smooth-shaven Munchkin takes the lead, and approaches the porch. He puts out a timid finger and pokes one of the silver slippers. Growing bolder he pokes the other. Now fully reassured, he pinches the toe of each slipper, and turns to his companions, who have been standing at a safe distance, C.

FIRST MUNCHKIN (*in an excited whisper*). She's dead. The Witch of the East is dead!

(Munchkins cheer and go into a spirited dance.)

MUNCHKINS (*chanting*).

Blueberry muffins and caraway bread,
The Witch of the East is dead, dead, dead;
Click your heels and duck your head,
The Witch of the East is dead, dead, dead;
I said, you said, we three together said:
The Witch of the East is dead, dead, dead!

(While the Munchkins are dancing, Dorothy opens the door of the house, curiously, and she and Toto peep out. Dorothy is fascinated by the little men; she tiptoes across the porch to the steps, followed by Toto.

The Munchkins become aware of Dorothy's presence, and stop dancing. They line up, remove their hats, place one hand over the heart, and bow ceremoniously.

Dorothy curtsies, not knowing what else to do.

At that moment, a little old woman, the Witch of the North, enters UR. above the fence, trots, rather than walks, to the C. opening

and stops. She is dressed all in white, and wears a white hat similar in style to the Munchkins' hats; her gown is sprinkled with little stars that glisten like diamonds. She is carrying a long wand, like a staff, with a large letter "N" on the tip.

The Munchkins, as one man, turn upstage and bow to her. She trots over to the foot of the porch steps, smiles up at Dorothy, and bows low. Munchkins bow, too, and put on their hats.)

WITCH OF THE NORTH. Welcome, noble Sorceress, to the Land of the Munchkins.

DOROTHY (*skipping down the porch steps, laughing*). Oh, I'm not a sorceress. I'm Dorothy.

(Toto sits on the top step of the porch, interested in everything that goes on around him).

WITCH OF THE NORTH. We are grateful to you for killing the wicked Witch of the East. You have set us free.

DOROTHY (*with wonder*). Did I kill—a witch?

WITCH OF THE NORTH (*laughing*). Your house did, and that's the same thing.

(She points to the porch steps).

See! There are her two feet sticking out in their silver slippers.

DOROTHY (*dismayed*). Oh, dear! The house must have fallen on her. What shall we do?

WITCH OF THE NORTH (*calmly, leading Dorothy away C.*). Do? Nothing, my dear. Nothing at all.

DOROTHY. But who was she?

WITCH OF THE NORTH. I've told you. She was the wicked Witch of the East.

(Indicating Munchkins) For years, she ruled over the Munchkins, and made them her slaves. Now they are all set free.

DOROTHY (*looking inquiringly at the Munchkins*). Who are the Munchkins?

WITCH OF THE NORTH. They are the people who live in this land of the East.

DOROTHY. Are you a Munchkin?

WITCH OF THE NORTH (*smiling warmly at the Munchkins, laying her hand on First Munchkin's shoulder*). No—but I'm their friend.

DOROTHY (*anxiously*). Are you a—a witch?

WITCH OF THE NORTH (*gaily*). Yes, indeed! I'm the Witch of the North.

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(Reassuringly, as Dorothy recoils) But I'm a good witch, and the people love me.

DOROTHY *(still frightened)*. But I thought all witches were wicked.

(Witch of the North goes to Dorothy and leads her gently over to the bench under the tree, explaining patiently. Munchkins line up behind the bench).

WITCH OF THE NORTH. Oh, no! The Witch of the South is good, too. You see—

(Witch of the North and Dorothy sit).

—there were four witches in the Land of Oz—Two good ones, and two bad ones. Your house has killed one of the bad ones. So now there's only one wicked witch left—the Witch of the West.

DOROTHY *(politely, but firmly)*. But Aunt Em says there aren't any witches nowadays.

WITCH OF THE NORTH *(shortly)*. Who is Aunt Em?

DOROTHY. She lives in Kansas, and I live with her.

(Sadly, looking at the house) Or I did.

WITCH OF THE NORTH. Kansas?

(She thinks for a moment).

I've never heard of that country before. Is it civilized?

DOROTHY. Oh, yes.

WITCH OF THE NORTH. Then that accounts for it! I've heard there are no witches left in civilized countries. But, you see, the Land of Oz has never been civilized. So it still has witches and wizards.

DOROTHY. Wizards, too?

WITCH OF THE NORTH *(nodding, her voice sinking to a whisper)*. Yes! Oz himself is the Great Wizard. He lives in the Emerald City.

DOROTHY. Is the Emerald City—

(Suddenly the Munchkins, who have been standing silently by, give a shout, and point to the silver slippers. Toto pricks up his ears, rears up on his hind legs, and looks over the porch railing).

WITCH OF THE NORTH *(rising)*. What is it?

(She crosses L. to the porch, looks down, and begins to laugh. Dorothy has risen, and stands uncertainly downstage of the bench.

Toto scampers down the porch steps and snuffles the ground around the silver slippers).

(beckoning to Dorothy, still laughing) Come here, my dear.

(Dorothy crosses L., and stands beside the Witch, looking down at the spot the witch is pointing to.)

Toto barks and rushes out of the corner, sits on his haunches in front of Dorothy, holding up the silver slippers in his mouth).

DOROTHY (*amazed*). Why—why, the feet of the Witch have disappeared, and nothing is left but her slippers!

WITCH OF THE NORTH. She was so old, she dried up like water in the sun. Well, that's the end of her! But the silver slippers are yours, my dear, and you shall have them to wear.

(She reaches down and takes the slippers from Toto. After shaking the dust out of them, she hands them to Dorothy.)

The Witch of the East was proud of these slippers. I think they have a magic charm, but I don't know what it is.

DOROTHY (*examining the slippers*). I wonder if they'll fit.

WITCH OF THE NORTH. Why don't you try them on?

DOROTHY. I will.

(She crosses to the bench and sits. First Munchkin kneels in front of her and removes her old shoes, giving them to Second Munchkin. As First Munchkin is fitting one of the silver slippers on Dorothy's foot, Toto bounds over and snatches the other one in his mouth, then proceeds to run around the stage, pursued by the Munchkins).

(rising and stamping her foot) Toto! You naughty dog! Bring back that slipper! Bring it here to me!

(Toto disregards the command and continues to elude the Munchkins, but finally they corner him and tug at the slipper which is clamped between his teeth with bulldog tenacity).

(to Toto) Let go of it, Toto! Let go of it, I say!

(Toto suddenly releases the slipper and the Munchkins fall over backward).

Shame on you, Toto! Sha-a-a-me!

(Toto whimpers and drops his head between his paws).

Now go over and sit on that porch with your nose to the door, and don't you dare turn around or even quiver a whisker this way—not a whisker. Do you hear?

(Toto meekly crawls over to the porch and sits with hanging head, facing the door).

The Munchkins pick themselves up and return to the bench, where Dorothy reseats herself to have the second slipper fitted on by the First Munchkin. When this is done, he goes and stands beside the other Munchkins. Dorothy stretches out her legs before her, admiring the slippers).

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WITCH OF THE NORTH. They fit perfectly, my dear.

(Dorothy stands and walks downstage, flexing her toes).

DOROTHY. They're just the thing for a long walk.

WITCH OF THE NORTH. Where are you walking to?

DOROTHY. Well, I want to get back to my aunt and uncle. I'm sure they're worried about me. Can you help me find the way?

(Munchkins and Witch first look at one another, and then at Dorothy. They shake their heads).

FIRST MUNCHKIN *(turning and pointing DL.)*. To the East, lies a great desert.

SECOND MUNCHKIN *(turning and pointing DR.)*. To the South, the woods are full of wild beasts.

THIRD MUNCHKIN *(turning and pointing UR.)*. To the West, the country is ruled by the Wicked Witch. She would make you her slave if you passed that way.

(Dorothy turns to Witch of the North).

DOROTHY. And—the North?

WITCH OF THE NORTH. It's the same. The great desert is all around this Land of Oz.

(She moves to Dorothy and pats her shoulder).

I'm afraid, my dear, that you'll have to live with us.

DOROTHY *(choking up)*. Thank you—you're very kind, but—

(she bursts out crying)

—I want to go home.

(Dorothy puts her fists in her eyes, sobbing. Her tears seem to grieve the Munchkins, for they immediately take out handkerchiefs and begin to weep also, each dropping his head on the other's shoulder. Witch of the North stands perplexed for a moment, then takes off her hat and balances the point of it on the tip of her nose).

WITCH OF THE NORTH *(counting in a solemn voice)*. One. Two. Three.

(She stands tense, as if listening. The wailing of Dorothy and the Munchkins annoys her. She raises her hand irritably).

Shhhhhh!

(Dorothy and the Munchkins quiet down. There is dead silence. Then a Voice speaks out of nowhere).

VOICE. Let Dorothy go to the Emerald City.

WITCH OF THE NORTH. Ah!

(She claps her hat back on her head).

There! Now you know where to go. Perhaps Oz will help you.

(Dorothy snuffles, trying to smile. The Munchkins surround her and dry her eyes with their handkerchiefs).

FIRST MUNCHKIN *(his handkerchief to her nose)*. Blow!

(Dorothy does so, and the Munchkins blow their noses, too. Then they retire to their former positions locking arms and crossing the left foot over the right).

DOROTHY *(to Witch)*. Where is the Emerald City?

WITCH OF THE NORTH *(pointing DL. with her wand)*. It's exactly in the center of the country, and is ruled by Oz, the Great Wizard.

DOROTHY *(anxiously)*. Is he a good man?

WITCH OF THE NORTH. He's a good Wizard. Whether he's a man or not, I can't say, for I've never seen him.

DOROTHY. How can I get there?

WITCH OF THE NORTH. You must walk.

(She smiles down at the silver slippers on Dorothy's feet. Dorothy stoops and polishes the slippers with the hem of her dress).

DOROTHY *(confidently)*. Oh, my silver slippers will take me there, all right.

WITCH OF THE NORTH. It's a long, long journey, and sometimes it will be dark and terrible.

(Dorothy straightens up, disturbed. The Witch puts an arm around her reassuringly).

But your silver slippers will get you there.

(Points off DL.) Just follow the yellow brick road.

DOROTHY. I'd better take something to eat. Excuse me a minute.

(She runs L. into the house. The Witch listens to the Munchkins talking together).

SECOND MUNCHKIN. She must be a great Sorceress.

THIRD MUNCHKIN *(nodding)*. Yes. She has white in her dress, the good-witch color.

FIRST MUNCHKIN. And blue—the Munchkin color.

SECOND MUNCHKIN *(crossing to the Witch)*. Witch of the North, shouldn't we go with her?

WITCH OF THE NORTH. It's better to keep away from Oz, unless you have business with him.

The Wizard of Oz

SECOND MUNCHKIN. But the danger—

WITCH OF THE NORTH (*calmly*). My magic will protect her.

THIRD MUNCHKIN (*crossing to Second Munchkin*). Couldn't we go just part of the way?

WITCH OF THE NORTH. Who would harvest your corn?

(Dorothy enters from the house, carrying a little basket of bread and cheese, covered with a white napkin. A pink sunbonnet is over her arm. She crosses to the Witch.)

DOROTHY. There! I guess I'm all ready.

(She starts DL., hesitates, and turns back to the Witch pleadingly.)
Won't you come with me?

WITCH OF THE NORTH (*shaking her head*). I can't.

(She goes to Dorothy.)

But I'll give you my kiss, and no one will dare to hurt you.

(She kisses Dorothy gently on the forehead.)

Goodbye, my dear. Remember—take the yellow brick road. When you get to Oz, don't be afraid of him. Tell him your story, and ask him to help you.

(Dorothy looks past the Witch to the Munchkins, and curtsies.)

DOROTHY. Goodbye, little Munchkin men.

MUNCHKINS (*bowing low, hats in hand*). Goodbye. Have a pleasant journey.

DOROTHY (*to Witch*). Dear good Witch. Thank you for everything.

(The Witch gives Dorothy a friendly little nod, and waves her DL. with her wand. The Munchkins raise their hats high. Dorothy whistles to Toto, who has been sitting on the porch steps, and he bounds to her side, barking.)

The House Curtain closes.

Dorothy is L. on the apron. She looks down the aisle, sets down her basket, and ties on her sunbonnet.)

Well, come along, Toto. We'll go to the Emerald City and ask the great Oz how to get back to Kansas.

(She is starting down the steps when the First Munchkin pokes his head through the C. opening of the curtain.)

FIRST MUNCHKIN. Psssst! Dorothy! Wait for me.

(He crosses to her.)

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The yellow brick road runs right by my farm. We'll go along together.

DOROTHY. Oh, that will be fun!

FIRST MUNCHKIN. Let me carry your basket.

(She gives it to him).

Come on.

(They start down the aisle, with Toto barking and running on ahead. They exit through the rear door.

The House Curtain opens. Behind it, the Act Curtain is closed).
