



Newport, Maine

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LAND OF OZ

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

5 f, 3 m, 3 either plus 2puppets

TIP – short for “Tippetarius,” a tomboy	(f)
JACK PUMPKINHEAD -- a wooden man built by TIP	(m)
OLD MOMBI -- a witch	(f)
JINJUR -- a general	(f)
SCARECROW -- yes, him!	(m)
GLINDA -- Queen of the South	(f)
ROYAL ARMY OF OZ -- an army of one	(m)
JELIA JAMB – a maidservant of the Emerald Palace	(f)
GLINDA’S RED SOLDIER	(m or f)
JINJUR’S YELLOW SOLDIER	(m or f)
JINJUR’S PURPLE SOLDIER	(m or f)
JINJUR’S BLUE SOLDIER	(m or f)
GUMP – puppet or prop, manipulated by actors	
SAWHORSE – puppet or prop, manipulated by actors	

The actor who plays **OLD MOMBI** should also play **JELIA JAMB**.

The same actor who plays **JINJUR** should play **GLINDA’S RED SOLDIER** and the same actor who plays **GLINDA** should play **JINJUR’S YELLOW, PURPLE, and BLUE SOLDIERS**.

The **SAWHORSE** has no lines and could be a puppet/prop manipulated by the ensemble. The **GUMP** should be voiced and manipulated or portrayed by the actor who plays the **ROYAL ARMY OF OZ**

SCENE ONE

Old Mombi’s cottage

SCENE TWO

Jinjur’s farmyard

SCENE THREE

The throne room of the Emerald Palace

SCENE FOUR

The courtyard of Glinda’s castle

SCENE FIVE

The throne room of the Emerald Palace

LAND OF OZ Adapted by J. D. Newman (from the L. Frank Baum classic) 5 f, 3 m, 3 either plus 2puppets (doubling possible). 2 interior, 2 exterior settings, simple or elaborate, fantasy costumes. About 50 minutes. ***(Perfect for Professional, College/University, Community, High School, Middle School, and other Youth Theatre Groups)*** The farmgirl Tip lives in the north of Oz with the scheming witch, Old Mombi. When the witch tries to turn her into a statue, Tip runs away with the help of the pumpkin-man and sawhorse she has brought to life. Tip helps the Scarecrow King escape from the Emerald City after it is conquered by the Army of Revolt. Can Tip find the lost Princess Ozma and bring peace to the Land of Oz? This 50-minute tour-de-force is an ideal school touring show for university and professional theatres. **ORDER #3147**

J. D. NEWMAN is a professor of theatre at Utah Valley University and the director of the Theatre for Youth and Education (TYE) Center. He lives with his family in Sandy City, Utah. Dr. Newman became the first recipient of the Reba R. Robertson Award from the Children's Theatre Foundation of America. At UVU, Dr. Newman has directed *The Secret Garden*, *Princess Academy*, *Androcles and the Lion*, *The Milk Dragon*, *Once In the Time of Trolls*, and *Much Ado About Nothing* in the Noorda Theatre. He has also served as the director of the Noorda Theatre Summer Camp and has produced or co-produced touring productions including *A Village Fable*, *The Princess and the Goblin*, *Honk!*, *Pedro's Magic Shoes*, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, *Tamales and Roses*, and *Mama Tomcat's Flying School*. As a playwright, he has adapted scripts for Newbery medalists including Avi, Paul Fleischman, and Richard Peck. Newman taught and directed at Highland High School for eighteen years, from 1991 to 2010 with a sabbatical to Texas in 1998-99. He served as Artistic Director of the Salt Lake School for the Performing Arts during the 2009-2010 school year. Newman earned his B.F.A. and M.Ed. from the University of Utah, his M.A. from the University of Texas, and his Ph.D. from New York University. With Judy Matetzschk-Campbell, he co-authored *Tell Your Story: The Plays and Playwriting of Sandra Fenichel Asher*. Dr. Newman chairs the Playwrights In Our Schools Project and served three years on the board of the American Alliance for Theatre and Education. He is also represented by his first novel, *Sandy and the Weird Sisters*, Book 1 of the Sandy Hunter Saga. Book 2, *Sandy and the Dance of Faith*, will be released in early 2019.

LAND OF OZ

by L. Frank Baum

Adapted by J. D. Newman

SCENE ONE

Old Mombi's Cottage

AT RISE – *TIP, a girl in purple overalls, puts the finishing touches on her wooden, pumpkin-headed man, who is seated on a chair. The pumpkinhead wears a hat. From time to time, TIP stirs a large pot.*

TIP: There you are, my pumpkin-headed gentleman. You're the finest thing I've ever made and the strangest creature in all the Land of Oz. You'll give Old Mombi a scare!

(She stands behind the pumpkin-man and voices for her inert creation.)

"Why thank you, my little princess, I shall be delighted."

(She laughs to herself.)

It's too bad you're not alive, Pumpkinhead. You'd make a fine companion. We could go fishing, make sailboats out of sticks, track wild tigers. I did all those things myself, but I wish I'd had a parent.

(again as the pumpkinhead)

"Tip, do you remember your father?"

(She opens a music box.)

My memories are cloudy and fade like dreams. I don't know how much I remember and how much I *imagine* I remember.

ONCE UPON A TIME,

OR IN A TIME THAT NEVER WAS,

I LIVED IN A PLACE OF SPARKLING LIGHT.

THE WINDOWS GLITTERED GREEN AS THE GRASS UPON THE HILLS

AND EMERALDS BEAMED BRIGHTLY THROUGH THE NIGHT.

(She dances with the limp pumpkinhead, which collapses when she steps back to to bow to it. TIP rearranges the pumpkinhead on the chair.)

PERHAPS I ONLY DREAMED THAT I WAS ONCE A CHERISHED CHILD

WHO LIVED BEHIND PROTECTIVE WALLS AND GATES.

BUT DREAMS ALL MELT AWAY AS THE COLORED DAWNS ARISE.

YET I BELIEVE THAT JOYFUL PLACE AWAITS.

(TIP closes the music box as OLD MOMBI is heard calling from offstage.)

OLD MOMBI: *(off)* Tippetarius! Tippetarius!

(TIP puts away MOMBI's music box and holds the pumpkinhead in a standing position.)

TIP: Old Mombi's back from the magician's! Okay, Pumpkinhead, here's your chance.

OLD MOMBI: *(entering)* Tippetarius!

(OLD MOMBI enters. She is dressed as an old witch, with touches of purple. OLD

MOMBI is startled by the pumpkinhead. TIP laughs, setting the pumpkin man aside.)

Tippetarius! You nasty child! Scaring an old woman like that! Have you been stirring the pot like I told

you to?

TIP: Yes, mostly, from time to time.

OLD MOMBI: You might have ruined my potion. You're the laziest, most mischievous child in all the Land of Oz!

TIP: I can't be both lazy and mischievous. Mischief is hard work!

OLD MOMBI: *(examining the pumpkinhead with interest)* I have to admit, your pumpkin-man is very well constructed.

TIP: Did you just say I did something well?

OLD MOMBI: There's a first time for everything. You've given me a chance to test this Powder of Life. The crooked magician charged me enough for it; now I can find out if it's worth what I paid.

(OLD MOMBI carefully pulls out a small shaker.)

That stingy magician! He only gave me three doses, but I'll have to make the most of it.

(OLD MOMBI sprinkles the Powder of Life over the pumpkinhead and pronounces the magic words carefully.)

Weaugh! Teaugh! Peaugh!

(The pumpkinhead doesn't move.)

Nothing! The Powder of Life is worthless! I'll make that magician pay for his deceit!

(The pumpkin man sneezes, comes to life, and falls into OLD MOMBI's arms.)

JACK PUMPKINHOOD: You must excuse me.

OLD MOMBI: He lives! He lives! He lives!

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: You don't need to shout. I can hear you just fine.

(TIP laughs out-loud and OLD MOMBI turns on her.)

OLD MOMBI: You ugly, sneaking imp! I'll teach you not to laugh at me!

TIP: But I wasn't laughing at you.

(She helps the pumpkinhead to his feet.)

I was laughing at this old pumpkinhead! Look at him! Isn't he a picture?

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: *(gravely)* I hope you are not reflecting upon my personal appearance. Someone might find me handsome.

OLD MOMBI: Oh, what do you know?

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: That is hard to tell. It will take me time to find out if I am very wise or very foolish.

OLD MOMBI: Trust me: you're a fool. Stir the pot, Pumpkinhead.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: As you wish, my lady.

TIP: What are you going to do with him now that he's alive?

OLD MOMBI: I'm going to make him cook and clean and take care of the farm, all the things that you used to do

(OLD MOMBI brings out something purple, folded up in her arms.)

TIP: That's a relief!

(She grows suspicious.)

But then what are you going to do with me?

OLD MOMBI: I have a surprise for you, Tippetarius.

(She unfolds a purple dress.)

TIP: That's a Gillikin gown, like the ones the village girls wear.

OLD MOMBI: I wore it when I was your age. Try it on!

TIP: You've never given me a dress before.

OLD MOMBI: You had to do boy-work as well as girl-work. You couldn't tend the farm in a gown like this, but now the pumpkin man can do it for me.

TIP: The pumpkinhead?!

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: I am humbly at your service.

(He tries to bow but stumbles and TIP helps him up.)

TIP: But he's so clumsy!

OLD MOMBI: And you are so lazy!

TIP: I'm a child. I play, like any child in Land of Oz.

OLD MOMBI: It's no matter. You can be lazy now if you wish. From now on, you won't do any work at all. In fact, you won't have to move a muscle.

TIP: *(to JACK PUMPKINHEAD)* I don't like the sound of that.

OLD MOMBI: You're so suspicious, child. Try on the gown.

TIP: All right, but I don't trust you.

(TIP puts on the gown over her overalls while OLD MOMBI produces or mixes a potion.)

TIP: Who's the crooked magician who sold you the Powder of Life? Was it the Wizard of Oz?

OLD MOMBI: *(guffawing)* The Wizard of Oz was nothing but a humbug, but he fooled me like everybody else. Once he was unmasked, he left the Land of Oz in his balloon.

TIP: Then, who rules Oz now?

OLD MOMBI: Didn't you hear?

TIP: How would I hear? You don't let me talk to anyone.

OLD MOMBI: The wizard gave his crown to some scarecrow that some fool must have brought to life!

TIP: A scarecrow is our king?

OLD MOMBI: Yes, but he won't last long. Someone with magic will overthrow him.

(TIP twirls in the gown.)

TIP: How do I look? Do look like myself?

OLD MOMBI: Pretty as a picture. Do you like it?

TIP: It feels different but somehow familiar.

OLD MOMBI: That is what you'll wear from now on!

TIP: You mean always?

OLD MOMBI: Every day, my girl.

TIP: But what if I want to go into the woods?

OLD MOMBI: Oh, you won't want to do that.

(She examines or adds ingredients to the pot that the pumpkinhead stirs.)

TIP: What is that potion you're mixing?

OLD MOMBI: It's for you, Tippetarius. It will make you stay pretty forever! You won't grow old and ugly like me.

TIP: But what if I want to grow old?

OLD MOMBI: No one is loved when they're no longer young and beautiful.

TIP: When you grew old...

OLD MOMBI: I lost the power of beauty, like every woman does, but I found the power of magic!

(She scoops a goblet of the potion from the pot.)

If you drink this potion, you'll avoid that fate.

TIP: *(takes the potion from OLD MOMBI)* I suppose I should thank you.

OLD MOMBI: Drink it!

(OLD MOMBI turns away to pick or arrange a wreath of flowers. TIP hands the potion to the pumpkinhead, who obediently "drinks it," or at least pours it into his pumpkin, and hands the empty glass back to TIP. OLD MOMBI turns back to TIP and hands her the empty goblet.)

TIP: It's all gone.

OLD MOMBI: Here are some flowers for your hair.

(TIP accepts the flowers.)

The birds will land on your shoulders and the sunlight will make your eyes sparkle. Stand there and pretend you're a delicate fairy.

TIP: Why don't I pretend I'm a pumpkinhead?

(She sticks her fingers in her ears and makes a jack-o-lantern face.)

OLD MOMBI: Stop that, girl, or your face will stay like that!

(OLD MOMBI tries to reposition TIP.)

TIP: On, that's just an old wives' tale.

(She pulls another face.)

OLD MOMBI: Stop that, child. You haven't much time left until...

TIP: Until what? What will the potion do to me? You said the potion would keep me beautiful.

OLD MOMBI: And it will.

(TIP stares at OLD MOMBI.)

It will change you into a beautiful statue.

TIP: If I'm going to be a statue, I'm going to be a gargoyle!

OLD MOMBI: No! Wait!

TIP: You could put me in the cornfield to scare away crows. Who knows? I might become king!

OLD MOMBI: Think girl! You'll freeze in whatever shape you take!

TIP: Why should I care about that? And why would you care?

(She takes another twisted pose.)

OLD MOMBI: Wait, Tippetarius! You're more useful as servant, even with your mischief.

(She opens the music box.)

Dance and the potion will pass through your heart and not change you.

TIP: You just want me to look pretty!

OLD MOMBI: It's your only chance!

TIP: I will dance.

(TIP dances slower and slower, pretending that the potion is slowly turning her to stone. Finally, she takes a graceful pose and freezes.)

OLD MOMBI: Silly girl! You're not a gargoyle after all. You're a graceful maiden, like I used to be. When I look at you, I'll feel young for a moment.

(She looks out to the garden.)

Pumpkinhead, take her to the garden and set her on the pedestal.

(As OLD MOMBI looks away, TIP unfreezes and tries to sneak out of the cottage. She gestures to the pumpkinhead to help her escape and he obliges. By the time OLD MOMBI turns back, TIP has re-frozen in a slightly different position. OLD MOMBI looks away, trying to remember where and how TIP had posed. TIP moves again, grabbing and concealing the shaker of the Powder of Life, and then refreezes.)

OLD MOMBI: Pumpkinhead?

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Yes, my lady?

OLD MOMBI: Does she look changed to you?

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: She's just the same, only different.

OLD MOMBI: That's the most foolish thing you could ever say. Carry her out to the garden.

(OLD MOMBI turns away again and TIP sneezes but refreezes.)

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Excuse me, my lady.

OLD MOMBI: *(eying TIP suspiciously)* On second thought, I'll take her to the garden myself.

(OLD MOMBI reaches to seize TIP. TIP unfreezes, pushes OLD MOMBI away, and grabs the pumpkinhead by the arm.)

TIP: She can find her own way out!

(TIP escapes, taking the pumpkinhead with her.)

OLD MOMBI: Come back!

(They are gone.)

I've lost my servant and my slave!

(End of scene.)

SCENE TWO Jinjur's Farmyard

AT RISE - *TIP enters, perhaps from the audience, riding piggy-back on the pumpkinhead, whose head is turned to one side. The sawhorse is pre-set or moved onstage.*

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Wait! My head is turned! I can't see where I'm going!

TIP: I'll fix it!

(She turns his head around backward.)

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Other way! Other way!

TIP: Whoa!

(The pumpkinhead trips over the sawhorse and TIP falls off his back.)

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Are you hurt, my lady?

TIP: I'm fine. Is your head okay?

(She helps the pumpkinhead up.)

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: It took quite a bump, but it's still in one piece.

TIP: I think the potion preserved your pumpkin.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: It couldn't turn me to stone because I couldn't really drink it. Did you turn my head backwards on purpose so you could laugh at me?

TIP: No, I'd never do you mischief. I like you, Pumpkinhead.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Is that my name?

TIP: It's what I call you. It fits a man with a jack-o-lantern head.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Jack-o-lantern?

TIP: It's what you call a pumpkin with a face.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Then you should call me Jack.

TIP: *(laughing)* I suppose I should, Jack... Pumpkinhead.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Jack Pumpkinhead? Two names? I must be very important.

TIP: You're important to *me*.

(beat)

I've never had a friend before.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: You were the one who made me, so you must be my dear mother!

TIP: *(laughing)* I suppose I am.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Then I owe you obedience.

TIP: And I owe you support. Thank you for carrying me.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: My pleasure, my lady.

TIP: I think my father used to carry me like that, and he wore a very fancy hat.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: As fancy as mine?

TIP: Oh, even fancier! Old Mombi might send someone to capture us. We should try to disguise ourselves.

(TIP takes off MOMBI's dress and ditches it.)

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: What if I took off my hat? *(He does so.)*

TIP: *(playing along)* Good day, my pumpkinheaded gentleman. Have I ever met you before?

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: *(puts his hat back on.)* It's me, Tip. I'm Jack Pumpkinhead, without my hat.

TIP: Why so you are!

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Are you teasing me?

TIP: A little. It will be hard to disguise you, Jack. You're the only pumpkinhead in Oz. You're different from everyone else.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Then I suppose I shall never have friends.

TIP: Good friends will like you *because* you're different.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Perhaps you should wear my hat.

TIP: *(She does so.)* That's not a bad idea. I can hide my hair inside it and I'll almost look like a boy.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Hello, young lad. Have you seen a girl about your height? She seems to have disappeared.

TIP: *(almost thinking he's serious)* It's me, Jack.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: So it is!

TIP: I'm the same old Tip you knew before.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Only you're different.

TIP: Were you teasing me, Jack?

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Isn't that what friends do?

TIP: Yes, if they do it gently.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Should I call you Father when you're disguised?

TIP: Tip is fine. It could be name for a boy as well a girl. We'd better keep walking.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Tip, I'm afraid I might wear out. You made me well but you didn't make me to last. You made me to be a joke.

TIP: You're more than a joke. You're Jack.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: I understand! How wise I'm becoming!

TIP: But you're right. Those wooden joints might wear out. *(She sits on the sawhorse.)* We should have taken a horse.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: What about the one you're sitting on?

TIP: Oh, no, Jack, this is just a sawhorse.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: We can't be too particular.

TIP: Jack, there are two kinds of horses. One kind of horse has four legs...

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Like that one!

TIP: I guess it does, but a real horse would have eyes, and ears, and a tail...

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Just like that one!

TIP: Well, those knotholes look like eyes, and those branches look like ears and a tail, but a real horse is alive, and the sawhorse is made of wood.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: I'm made of wood and I'm alive.

TIP: *(laughing)* So you are!

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: The Powder of Life made me live.

TIP: Yes, and the shaker has one or two more doses.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: Perhaps we should try it.

TIP: I'll try to remember the magic words that Mombi spoke.

(TIP sprinklers the powder from the can onto the sawhorse.)

Weaugh!

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: What does that mean?

TIP: I don't know. Teaugh!

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: What does that mean?

TIP: It means you must keep quiet!

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: *(ponderously)* How fast I am learning!

TIP: Peaugh!

(The SAWHORSE comes to life and prances away.)

It's getting away. Catch it, Jack!

(JACK PUMPKINHEAD chases the SAWHORSE offstage. JINJUR, a girl general, appears. She wears a skirted green military uniform.)

JINJUR: See here, young man! What did you do to my sawhorse?!

TIP: I enchanted it.

JINJUR: I could use a skilled magician like you!

TIP: I just used a magic powder.

JINJUR: What is your name, boy?

TIP: They call me Tip. Who are you?

JINJUR: I am General Jinjur of the Army of Revolt!

(YELLOW SOLDIER enters. She is a girl in a skirted uniform with a small emblem of yellow, such as a sash or epaulette. She wears the same or similar hairstyle as GENERAL JINJUR.)

YELLOW SOLDIER: General Jinjur, the girls of the West are ready to march!

JINJUR: Very good, Lieutenant. We shall be marching presently.

(YELLOW SOLDIER salutes and exits.)

TIP: Is your whole army is made up of girls?

JINJUR: *(nodding)* They are braver than boys and have better nerves.

(PURPLE SOLDIER enters. She is likewise a girl soldier, played by the same actress, with a touch of purple in her uniform.)

PURPLE SOLDIER: General Jinjur! The girls of the North are ready to drive the Scarecrow from the throne of Oz!

JINJUR: Very good, Soldier. We shall soon be on our way.

(PURPLE SOLDIER salutes and exits.)

TIP: Wasn't that the same girl...

JINJUR: Of course not. The girls of the West wear yellow and the girls of the North wear purple.

TIP: But she looked just like...

JINJUR: They all follow the same fashion.

TIP: Did she say you're driving the Scarecrow from the throne?

JINJUR: Should Oz be ruled by a Scarecrow king?

TIP: It does seem odd, but if the people agreed to be ruled by him...

JINJUR: Men have ruled Oz for too long! I shall rule the land myself!

TIP: Why should you have the throne?

JINJUR: Because I am willing to fight for it!

TIP: Will women rule any better than men?

(BLUE SOLDIER enters. Again, she is a girl soldier and has a blue element in her costume.)

BLUE SOLDIER: General Jinjur! The girls of the East are ready to conquer the Emerald City!

JINJUR: Excellent, Soldier! You'll soon be wearing its gems!

(BLUE SOLDIER salutes and exits.)

TIP: I'm sure that was the same girl...

JINJUR: Nonsense. They all try to look like one another.

TIP: Are there girl soldiers from the South who wear red?

JINJUR: *(disgusted)* Those girls are all in the army of "Glinda the Good."

TIP: Glinda?

JINJUR: The Good Witch of the South! Don't you know anything, lad?!

TIP: Forgive me, General. I was raised alone on a farm.

JINJUR: So was I, but I decided not to stay there.

TIP: If someone replaces the scarecrow as ruler, shouldn't it be Glinda?

JINJUR: She doesn't claim it. She only wants to rule the South. We want nothing to do with Glinda and her smart-aleck girls!

TIP: Why not?

JINJUR: They only care about books and learning. They're no fun at all!

TIP: And what do you care about?

JINJUR: Have you ever seen the Emerald City?

(TIP shakes her head.)

It glitters so brightly with gems that the Wizard of Oz made everyone wear green glasses to protect their eyes.

TIP: Perhaps the city wasn't really green...

JINJUR: The gems are wasted on buildings. They need to be worn...

TIP: By you?

JINJUR: Why not?

TIP: And them?

JINJUR: Of course. And there are enough gems to buy each of us a dozen new gowns. We'll make the land beautiful?

TIP: Will you make the land better? War is a terrible thing!

JINJUR: This war will be pleasant, at least for us.

TIP: There's no such thing as a pleasant war. Some of you may die.

JINJUR: *(laughing)* What man would harm a beautiful girl?

TIP: It isn't right to conquer the land if you'll only take care about yourselves.

JINJUR: Whoever wins is right, and we will win!

(JACK PUMPKINHEAD rides through on the SAWHORSE.)

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: I'm riding the sawhorse, but I'm afraid I'll break him.

TIP: A horse isn't any good until it's broken.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: How do I make it stop?

(The SAWHORSE exits, with JACK PUMPKINHEAD still mounted on him.)

TIP: Just say the word.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: What word?

TIP: Whoa!

(Offstage, we hear the SAWHORSE stop suddenly, throwing off JACK PUMPKINHEAD.)

JINJUR: I've told you too much, young man. If you aren't with us, you're against us.

(She blows a whistle and the YELLOW SOLDIER appears.)

JINJUR: Soldier, arrest that boy and lock him in my cellar.

BLUE SOLDIER: Yes, General.

TIP: Don't touch me or I'll use my magic word.

BLUE SOLDIER: *(concerned)* Your magic word?

TIP: Giddyup!

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w yourself, you foolish beast?!

GUMP: You're right. I'm so embarrassed. I'll come down.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD: You're not a beast. You're a flying machine

GUMP: That's very true, and machines have do as they're told.

TIP: Let's go! Up and away!

SCARECROW: Don't worry, Gump, People rarely look up.

GUMP: This all so confusing. Oh, I should have quit while I was a head!

JINJUR: Come back in the name of the ruler of Oz!

SCARECROW: Don't get too comfortable on that throne, Jinjur! It won't be yours for long.

(JINJUR exits or disappears. End of scene.)

SCENE FOUR -- 5 pages

SCENE FIVE -- 10 pages

END OF PLAY