

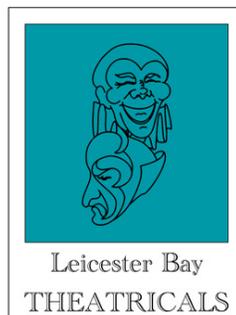
PERUSAL SCRIPT

The Whimsical World of Oz

A Comedy for the Young in One Act

by
Rob Lauer

*Based on the famous Oz Books by L. Frank Baum,
specifically, "The Land of Oz," "Ozma of Oz,"
"Dorothy & the Wizard in Oz," and "The Emerald City of Oz"*



Newport, Maine

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CAST OF CHARACTERS — 4f, 4m, 1 either + 9 or more puppets

NARRATOR(S)** (either m or f)

DOROTHY GALE (f)

UNCLE HENRY (m)

AUNT EM (f)

EUREKA THE CAT* (puppet or f)

BILLINA THE HEN* (puppet or f)

TIP/OZMA (f)

JACK PUMPKINHEAD* (puppet or m)

MOMBI (f)

THE SCARECROW (m)

OMBY AMBY—THE SOLDIER WITH GREEN WHISKERS* (puppet or m)

THE WIZARD OF OZ (m)

THE TIN WOODMAN (m)

THE GARGOYLES* (puppets or m/f)

THE WINKIES* (puppets or m/f)

THE MAN-EATING PLANTS* (puppets)

A ROSE* (hand puppet)

TOTO* (puppet)

** Denotes characters that were portrayed using puppets in the original production but which can also be performed by actors*

***Other cast members can alternate delivering the narration, or the role of the narrator can be assigned to a single actor.*

THE WHIMSICAL WORLD OF OZ was originally produced by the Brigham Young University Department of Theatre/Cinematic Arts under the title "The Marvelous Land of Oz," premiering at the 1982 Rocky Mountain Theatre Conference (Salt Lake City, UT) in January 1982, followed by a tour to elementary schools.

It was first produced under the title "The Whimsical World of Oz" in April 1983 by the Performing Arts School of Portsmouth (Portsmouth, VA) and produced again in December 1984 by the Tidewater Dinner Theatre (Virginia Beach, VA).

THE WHIMSICAL WORLD OF OZ *A comedy for the young by Rob Lauer. Based upon the famous Oz books by L. Frank Baum.* 4f, 4m, 1 either + 9 or more puppets. Several simple settings. Fantasy/early 20th Century costumes. Running Time: One Hour. In this comedy adventure, Dorothy returns to the Land of Oz just as Mombi the Witch is about to conquer the Emerald City and overthrow the Scarecrow, who serves as its king. Setting out to warn the Scarecrow, Dorothy meets new friends along the way: Jack Pumpkinhead, Billina the talking hen, Eureka the wise-cracking cat, and a mysterious boy named Tip. When her old pal Tin Woodman and the Wizard of Oz himself enter the scene, the identity of the Emerald City's rightful ruler is revealed, and everyone sets about to defeat Mombi and find the lost princess of Oz. **ORDER #3334**

Rob Lauer is an award-winning playwright, theatrical and television director, and the host of two TV shows in the Hampton Roads region of Virginia. Rob's first play "Digger" won the 1982 Mayhew Award, and later critical acclaim when it was published in 1988. In 1990 he became the first playwright to win both the Best Play of the Year Award (for his satire, "Tom and Penny's Yard Party") and the Paul T. Nolan Award (for his urban drama, "The Church Street Fantasy") at the Deep South Writers conference. Currently Rob has been commissioned by the Mountainside Theatre and the Cherokee Historical Association (in Cherokee, North Carolina) to write a new musical, "Chief Little Will," inspired by the life of William Holland Thomas—the only white man to ever serve as chief of the Eastern Cherokees. This musical will premiere in the summer of 2014 and play every summer thereafter in rep with the acclaimed outdoor drama, "Unto These Hills." Other recent works include the musical "My Jo" (based on the works of Louisa May Alcott), the comedy "Geeks & Gangsters" (inspired by the true story of Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster—the Cleveland teenagers who, during the 1930's, created Superman) and the recently published novel, "A Southern Christmas Carol." Rob founded and served as Artistic Director of the Olde Theatre Company in Virginia from 1986 until 1990. Rob served as Artistic Director of Sail Productions in New York City from 1996 until 1999. In 2000 and 2001, Rob served as production manager and head writer of MGA Films, Inc. in Colorado. From 2002 through 2005, he was the Artistic Director of "Swamp Gravy"—Georgia's official folk-life play, produced in Colquitt, Georgia. He wrote the critically acclaimed musical "A Southern Christmas Carol" which had its world premiere—featuring a cast of Broadway actors—in Colquitt in 2003, and has since enjoyed multiple productions in Alabama, Arkansas and Virginia.

SCENE 1 — *The stage is empty except for a wooden door frame with a sunflower growing next to it and a large chicken coop. In the doorway stand UNCLE HENRY and AUNT EM—a grave, somber, mid-western farm couple. HENRY holds a pitchfork or a hoe. Both look straight ahead, resembling the couple in the painting "American Gothic." DOROTHY stands in front of them, holding TOTO in her arms. BILLINA the Hen and EUREKA the Kitten are perched on the chicken coop. The three humans look at the Kansas prairies spread out before them. They are unimpressed.*

NARRATOR: Dorothy lived in the midst of the great Kansas prairies with Uncle Henry—

HENRY: A farmer—

NARRATOR: And Aunt Em—

EM: His wife.

NARRATOR: Their house was very small, for the lumber to build it had to be carried by wagon many miles.

HENRY: There ain't many trees in Kansas.

DOROTHY: Only sunflowers.

NARRATOR: So their house was nothing more than...

HENRY: Four walls...

EM: And floor...

EM, HENRY & DOROTHY: Just one room.

HENRY: *(Coming to life, moving)* T'ain't as nice as the house we had before. That one had two rooms—if you count the front porch. Seems this darn cyclone came along one day and blew it away. I tried to build a new one, but this was the best I could do. T'ain't much.

EM: *(Coming to life, moving)* Well, you're gettin' old, Henry. You ain't the man you used to be. This place is good enough for us. We old folks don't need much. Just a piece of land to work, some food, and a place to lay our heads.

HENRY: Might not have that much longer. Seems we're in debt up to our crow's feet for this lumber. We have till the end of the month to pay up or move out.

EM: How will we make the money? Who wants to hire old folks like us?

HENRY: Life's tough, ain't it?

EM: It is, sure enough.

HENRY: Darn cyclone! Nothin' good ever comes from 'em.

(DOROTHY comes to life and talks to TOTO, BILLIINA, and EUREKA.)

DOROTHY: That isn't true. I think a lot of good came from that particular cyclone. Remember, Toto? It blew us to the Land of Oz, where we saved the Scarecrow and helped the Tin Woodman and the Cowardly Lion. And remember how we freed the Munchkins and Winkies from the Wicked Witches of the East and West?

EM: Child, you talk foolishness! Here we are worried sick about the future, and all you can do is daydream and talk to them animals as if they can understand a word you say.

DOROTHY: I'm sure they can.

EM: Nonsense! They're just dumb animals.

(The ANIMALS react to this insult)

The good Lord never intended for 'em to be treated like real folks.

DOROTHY: How can you be so sure?

EM: Don't ask so many silly questions, Dorothy. When you grow up, you'll realize how foolish all this talk about witches and wizards is.

DOROTHY: Then I hope I never grow up.

EM: You talk foolishness, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: I'm just a kid. I'm allowed to, aren't I?

EM: Henry, I worry about her. She's a dreamer just like her poor dead mother, your sister—may she rest in peace. The sooner Dorothy grows up and realizes that life ain't a fairy tale, the better off she'll be.

HENRY: Better like us?

EM: Henry, you don't believe her, do you?

HENRY: Well, she is always disappearing...

EM: And worrying us sick.

HENRY: But she always turns up again, safe and sound—

EM: And with her head filled with talk about scarecrows and tin people. I worry about her.

DOROTHY: Why, Aunt Em?

EM: Because you never seem to worry about anything. I hope you aren't hurt too bad when you grow up and see how life really is.

DOROTHY: I don't see why you have to be so glum just because you grow up. Aunt Em, in the

house is an old photograph of you on your wedding day. You were so young and pretty, and in that picture, you were smiling—so was Uncle Henry. I wish you'd smile like that again.

EM: I smile plenty.

DOROTHY: When? I never see you.

EM: When you grow up, you have more important things to do than stand around smiling.

(The wind is heard blowing)

Henry, you best round up the stock. The skies gettin' darker every minute.

HENRY: There's a wind whippin' in from the north—

EM: And another from the south. Looks like another one of those darn cyclones. I hope the house stays in one place this time.

HENRY: I'll go check the cattle.

(HENRY exits. EM takes TOTO from DOROTHY.)

EM: I'll take Toto into the storm cellar. I don't want you chasin' off after him in this storm. You get to the cellar, too—right now!

(EM hurries off with TOTO. DOROTHY stands on the side of the coop, excitedly watching the sky grow darker.)

DOROTHY: Eureka, listen to that wind! Doesn't it send shivers up and down your spine?

(Suddenly, thunder rolls. EUREKA screeches and jumps into the coop. DOROTHY loses her balance and falls in, too. The wind blows louder. ACTORS dressed in black whirl onto the stage, pick up the chicken coop and spin it around. The door and sunflower are rolled off.)

Aunt Em! Uncle Henry! Help!

(The coop is spun about and then set down. The ACTORS dressed in black exit as the wind dies down.)

SCENE 2 — *DOROTHY stands up, looking very windblown.*

DOROTHY: What happened?

EUREKA: That dusty wind ruined my fur! What a mess!

DOROTHY: Eureka, you talked!

EUREKA: Wouldn't you say something if your fur looked like this? I look like one big hairball!
Did you bring a brush with you?

DOROTHY: I didn't know we were going anywhere today.

EUREKA: We could both use a brush, Honey. Your fur looks worse than mine.

DOROTHY: How is it that you can speak?

EUREKA: After all that wind and being whirled around, it just seemed natural to say something.

DOROTHY: But how?

(Suddenly, BILLINA begins to shake and cluck nervously. She lays an egg and sighs.)

BILLINA: There! That's better.

EUREKA: Honestly! Laying an egg in public! What a foul thing to do!

BILLINA: Excuse me, but I couldn't help it. I automatically lay an egg whenever I get nervous.
With all that whirling around, it's a wonder it wasn't a scrambled egg. I was hanging on to this
coop for dear life with my claws and beak!

EUREKA: Wrong! You were hanging on to me with your claws and beak!

DOROTHY: I don't believe what I'm hearing! The two of you are not only talking, you're arguing!

EUREKA: You always told your Aunt Em that we knew what you humans were saying.

DOROTHY: I was right? You really can understand people?

EUREKA: No one understands people, but obviously, we understand their language. Now, if you
humans would say something intelligent to us every once in a while, maybe we'd talk back more
often.

BILLINA: Tell me, do I speak properly? If I'm going to talk, I do want to use good grammar. And
do I have an accent? I hope not. I'm not overly fond of Western twangs.

DOROTHY: You speak very well, though I can't figure out why. Hens and kittens just don't do that
in Kansas.

BILLINA: Are you sure we're in Kansas? I don't see the henhouse anywhere—or that rooster...
and that suits me just fine. That rooster never gave me a moment's rest—always chasing me
around the barnyard.

EUREKA: This isn't Kansas. There are flowers and trees here. *(Purrs.)* This place is much more to
my liking.

[SCENE 2 PART 2] *(Suddenly, a pumpkin rolls on stage. TIP, a young boy, runs on chasing after it.)*

TIP: Come back! Mombi will whip me black and blue if I don't have this place cleaned up by the time she gets back! That darn cyclone ruined her pumpkin patch!

(TIP suddenly sees DOROTHY and backs away.)

DOROTHY: Excuse me...

(TIP turns to run away.)

Wait! Come back—please!

(TIP stops but doesn't turn to look at her.)

TIP: Sorry, but I'm not allowed to talk to strangers.

DOROTHY: My name's Dorothy Gale, and this is Eureka, my kitten, and Billina the hen. There: we're no longer strangers.

TIP: Sorry, but I can't make friends either.

(He starts to exit.)

DOROTHY: Wait! Please don't go.

TIP: I can't talk. The old lady might come back any minute now.

DOROTHY: What old lady?

TIP: Mombi—the old woman I live with. She told me to never talk to anyone, and what she says goes.

DOROTHY: Why won't she let you have friends?

TIP: I don't know.

DOROTHY: Is she your mother?

TIP: *(Laughs)* Heck, no! I don't have a mother or a father...leastways, not that I know of.

DOROTHY: Then where'd you come from?

TIP: I don't know, and I don't much care. Listen, if Mombi comes back and finds us talking, you'll be in for it, too.

DOROTHY: I'm not scared of her.

TIP: You should be; she's a witch!

DOROTHY: A witch?

EUREKA: You can't expect us to actually believe in witches.

DOROTHY: I don't think it's any more unbelievable than a talking cat.

TIP: Don't tell anyone else that Mombi's a witch. The Good Witch of the North has declared it's

illegal to practice black magic.

DOROTHY: The Good Witch of the North? Where are we?

TIP: This is Gillikin Country—the northern part of the Land of Oz.

DOROTHY: The Land of Oz! I should have known!

(To EUREKA and BILLINA)

That's why you can talk!

EUREKA: Hey, Dwarf, what's your name?

TIP: I'm not a dwarf! I'm a boy. My name is Tippetarius, but you can call me Tip. On second thought, don't call me anything at all; forget you ever met me. I've gotta go!

DOROTHY: Wait, Tip! Why are you so afraid of Mombi?

TIP: Aren't you afraid of witches?

DOROTHY: Not anymore. I think the best way to deal with 'em is to stand up to 'em.

TIP: I couldn't do that—not to Mombi. But once in a while, I do play tricks on her. Here, let me show you something.

(He runs off and quickly returns carrying JACK PUMPKINHEAD'S body.)

See! I'm making a dummy to scare her with. The only problem is that I don't know what to use to make a head.

DOROTHY: Why not use the pumpkin? You could carve a face on it and stick it on top.

TIP: Good idea!

(TIP picks up the pumpkin, carves a face in it, and puts it on top of the body. The two children stand JACK PUMPKINHEAD upright.)

TIP: There! He should get a squeal out of Mombi! But he needs a name.

DOROTHY: We used a jack-o-lantern for his head; why not call him Jack?

TIP: Yeah! Jack Pumpkinhead! Good idea. Thanks, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: That's what friends are for.

[SCENE 2 PART 3] *(MOMBI is heard offstage, singing to herself off-key.)*

EUREKA: Who is that melodically-challenged person coming down the road?

TIP: It's Mombi! Quick! Let's hide!

(DOROTHY and TIP hide behind the coop with the animals. MOMBI enters)

carrying a can and a basket.)

NARRATOR: Mombi was returning earlier than expected. She had been to the mountains visiting a crooked magician.

MOMBI: He's not as crooked as I am!

(She laughs wickedly.)

NARRATOR: She had traded him several secrets of magic for a marvelous powder he had created...

MOMBI: The powder of life! One sprinkle and whatever it touches will come to life!

NARRATOR: She had hurried back, anxious to experiment with her newly acquired magic—

MOMBI: To see if that old geezer traded fairly with me or if he deceived me as wickedly as I deceived him.

(She laughs wickedly, turns to continue her entrance, and walks right into JACK.)

Watch where you're going, Buster!

(She looks up, sees the PUMPKINHEAD, and screams. Then she examines it more closely.)

Hah! That rascally Tip has been playing tricks on me again! Good...very good! This will give me an excuse to punish him.

(She raises her cane to smash the pumpkin but stops short.)

Wait a minute! Here's a chance to try out the powder and see if it really works.

(She takes a salt shaker out of her basket.)

The Magician didn't give very much—stingy old buzzard. But I suppose there's enough for what I have in mind! I'll try out the powder, and if it works, I'll carry out my plot to become the most powerful witch in all of Oz!

(She laughs loudly as she sprinkles the powder and then stands back. JACK begins to move about, slowly at first, but then more quickly. MOMBI shrieks with glee.)

MOMBI: He lives! He lives!

JACK: Don't yell like that! Do you think I'm deaf?

MOMBI: He lives!

(DOROTHY and TIP watch, wide-eyed.)

TIP: *(Laughing in astonishment)* Look! He is alive!

(MOMBI hears TIP. Seeing both children, she hurries to them, grabs them by the

ears, and pulls them center stage.)

MOMBI: Aha! I caught you spying on me and laughing at me!

TIP: I wasn't laughing at you; I was laughing at the Pumpkinhead. Look at him!

JACK: I hope you're not making fun of my looks.

MOMBI: *(To TIP)* What do you know about this dummy, Dummy?

JACK: Is that my name? Dummy?

TIP: No. It's Jack,

JACK: Jack... I like that better.

MOMBI: *(Looking DOROTHY over)* And what is this kid doing here? Didn't I tell you to never talk to anyone? I told you to stay in the house and never leave without my permission!

TIP: Why do you treat me like a prisoner? I haven't done anything wrong!

MOMBI: Well, you won't hate it much longer.

(MOMBI laughs wickedly)

JACK: What a pretty laugh.

MOMBI: *(Offended)* Pretty? What do you mean, pretty? I have a horrible, evil laugh! It should scare the daylights out of you!

JACK: What are "daylights?"

MOMBI: Don't you know anything?

JACK: I don't know what I know. The first thing I remember is seeing you dancing around me, singing, "He lives! He lives!"

MOMBI: That's because I brought you to life. I'm the reason you can walk and talk, Melonhead! From now on, you're my slave!

JACK: What's a slave?

MOMBI: A slave is someone who must do whatever his master says without questioning.

JACK: Are you my master?

MOMBI: Yes! My word is your command! Now, go stand over there and don't say a word or move an inch until I tell you to.

JACK: Yes, Master. What a nice lady!

(JACK walks to the side of the stage and ceases to move. MOMBI turns on DOROTHY.)

MOMBI: Alright, Kid: what are you doing here?

DOROTHY: I didn't mean to come here. There was a cyclone that—

MOMBI: Excuses! Excuses! What's your name?

DOROTHY: I'm Dorothy Gale from Kansas, and I—

MOMBI: Dorothy? The witch Dorothy?

DOROTHY: I'm not a witch.

MOMBI: You destroyed the Witches of the East and West!

DOROTHY: I didn't mean to.

MOMBI: I've wanted to meet you for a long time. Anyone who could destroy those old bags must have great powers!

DOROTHY: I don't have any powers.

MOMBI: If there's one thing I hate, it's humility. Your powers must be great. Join forces with me. Help me in my conquest.

DOROTHY: But I just told you I don't have any powers.

MOMBI: With your powers and mine combined, and with the help of the powder of life, nothing will stop me from conquering the Emerald City and making myself the queen of Oz!

DOROTHY: Conquering the Emerald City?

MOMBI: Yes! It's high time we get rid of that stupid Scarecrow the Wizard left as king.

DOROTHY: But the Scarecrow is my friend!

MOMBI: (*Mocking*) "But the Scarecrow is my friend!" Great! Not only is she humble, she's cute! Ugh!

DOROTHY: Besides, it's illegal to practice black magic in Oz!

MOMBI: You refuse to help me?

DOROTHY: I refuse!

TIP: Good for you, Dorothy!

MOMBI: Then I'll have to put an end to you!

TIP: Even you wouldn't be wicked enough to destroy Dorothy!

MOMBI: Try me! I'll destroy her and you, too! Boy, you've been a bother to me long enough!

DOROTHY: What are you going to do to us?

MOMBI: I haven't decided yet. These matters are delicate and require some thinking. Give me some time, Dearies. Give me some time.

(MOMBI takes out the shaker containing the powder of life and crosses to the chicken coop.)

TIP: Well, we're not going to just stay here and wait for you to destroy us!

MOMBI: I think you will!

(She sprinkles the powder of life on the COOP. It comes to life, goes over to the CHILDREN and the ANIMALS, and turns over on them, caging them.)

TIP: Let us out!

MOMBI: And let Miss Goody-Two-Shoes warn the Scarecrow in the Emerald City? No!

DOROTHY: You'll never conquer the Emerald City! You're only one person!

MOMBI: One person would be incapable of doing the job, it's true, but now that I have this powder of life, I can create my own army.

TIP: How?

(MOMBI brings on a WOODEN GARGOYLE.)

MOMBI: I've been collecting Wooden Gargoyles. Besides making fetching yard ornaments, all I have to do is sprinkle them with the powder and bring them to life

(She sprinkles the powder of life on the GARGOYLE)

...and I'll descend upon the city with them!

(The GARGOYLE comes to life.)

We will be invincible!

(MOMBI exits, laughing, followed by the GARGOYLE.)

EUREKA: *(Sarcastically)* Nice dame.

DOROTHY: What are we going to do? We can't let the Emerald City be taken!

TIP: I'd be happy if we could just save ourselves.

DOROTHY: There must be some way to get out of here.

(THEY pull against the slates of the coop but can't break out. The COOP laughs evilly.)

DOROTHY: It's useless!

TIP: Maybe not. Maybe the pumpkinhead can help us. Jack! Jack, come here!

JACK: I can't.

TIP: Why not?

JACK: My master told me to stay here and not say a word.

TIP: Well, you've already said something, so you might as well come here, too.

JACK: Won't my master be angry?

TIP: Mombi's not your master.

JACK: He brought me to life.

TIP: But I made you.

JACK: You did?

TIP: Sure did! I nailed your joints together and carved your face.

JACK: Seems like you did a pretty good job.

TIP: All in a day's work.

JACK: That means you're my creator...my parent... my daddy!

TIP: That's right, Son. So, you owe me respect and honor.

JACK: I do! I do!

TIP: So, why don't you help dear old Dad and his friends get out of this chicken coop?

JACK: Yes, Sir... but how?

TIP: *(Turning to DOROTHY)* How?

EUREKA: I have an idea. If you push and the pumpkinhead pulls, I think I can squeeze through the slats of the coop.

(JACK pulls, DOROTHY pushes, and EUREKA squeezes out.)

There! Now, watch this, Kids. Maybe you'll learn something.

(EUREKA walks around the COOP purring and rubbing up against it. Suddenly, she scratches the COOP and runs off stage. The COOP starts barking like a dog and runs off after EUREKA, leaving the CHILDREN free.)

DOROTHY: What happened?

EUREKA: *(From off stage)* Dorothy, come get me! I ran up a tree!

(DOROTHY runs off and re-enters with EUREKA.)

DOROTHY: What did you do, Eureka?

EUREKA: It's very simple. That chicken coop was made of dogwood, and I'm a cat.

BILLINA: Well, I, for one, would like to say I'm glad we invited you to come after all.

EUREKA: And I, for one, suggest that we get going before that thing comes back.

TIP: And before Mombi returns. Come on, Jack!

JACK: I'm right behind you, Daddy Dearest.

DOROTHY: To the Emerald City!

(SCENE 2 PART 4 -- The CHILDREN and ANIMALS exit in one direction. Several WOODEN GARGOYLES enter from the other direction. The COOP runs back on, panting and whining like a dog. The GARGOYLES, seeing that the prisoners have escaped, jump up and down angrily. MOMBI enters.)

MOMBI: What's going on?

(Seeing the CHILDREN have escaped.)

So, our little friends escaped, did they? Not to worry. They may succeed in warning the Scarecrow, but we'll be right behind them, ready for the battle. To the Emerald City!

(MOMBI exits, laughing wickedly, followed by the GARGOYLES and the COOP.)

SCENE 3 — *(The scene changes. A throne rolls on. Upon it sits the SCARECROW of Oz with a crown on his head.)*

NARRATOR: Everyone knows what a scarecrow is. It's the figure of a man, made out of old clothes stuffed with straw. The head is usually an old sack stuffed with hay with a face painted on it. The figure is then placed in cornfields to scare away crows. In many ways, His Majesty, the Scarecrow of Oz, was just like any other scarecrow—

SCARECROW: Not exactly. I have brains—the best in all Oz.

NARRATOR: The Scarecrow was a very good king.

SCARECROW: Of course, the job doesn't require much work. Mostly I just sit here on my throne and try to look important.

NARRATOR: Sometimes, he would hear the grievances of the people.

SCARECROW: Not often, though. No one in Oz has any grievances.

NARRATOR: He would hold council with the Royal Army of Oz.

SCARECROW: Do you want to see the Royal Army of Oz?

(He rings a bell. OMBY AMBY, the Soldier with Green Whiskers, suddenly pops up from behind the throne. HE carries a musket with a rose stuck in the barrel.)

OMBY: The Royal Army is here and ready to carry out your orders, Sire!

SCARECROW: Relax, Omby Amby. I have no orders.

OMBY: Drats!

SCARECROW: I just wanted someone to talk to. It doesn't take any brains to sit on this throne day in and day out, doing nothing at all.

OMBY: Begging Your Majesty's pardon, but it is said that some kings sit on their brains.

SCARECROW: Hmmm...

OMBY: Your Majesty will be happy to know that you have visitors.

SCARECROW: Visitors? Send them in at once!

OMBY: Yes, Sire.

(HE blows a whistle. DOROTHY and FRIENDS enter.)

Presenting Jack Pumpkinhead, his father Tippertarius, Madame Billina, Miss Eureka, and Mistress Dorothy Gale of Kansas. All bow!

(THEY start to bow, but the SCARECROW springs from his throne, runs to DOROTHY, trips, and falls into her arms.)

SCARECROW: Dorothy!

DOROTHY: Your Majesty!

SCARECROW: Don't call me that! Not you. Get up off of your knees—all of you. Dorothy, what are you doing back in Oz?

DOROTHY: It's a long story. Scarecrow, we've come to warn you!

SCARECROW: Warn me of what?

DOROTHY: The entire Emerald City is in great danger!

SCARECROW: Danger? Great! At last, something exciting is going to happen. You don't know how bored I've been since you left.

TIP: You don't understand! The witch Mombi is on her way here with an army of wooden gargoyles! She intends to capture the city and make herself queen!

SCARECROW: (*Mulling over the idea*) Hmm... but how can she be queen while I'm king?

TIP: She can't.

DOROTHY: She's going to conquer you!

SCARECROW: (*Thoughtfully*) Do you mean she intends to force the throne from me? Hmm. That could pose a problem.

EUREKA: (*To DOROTHY*) Hey, Sweetie, this guy is the one with the brains?

DOROTHY: You need to call out the army.

OMBY: The army? Why, that's me!

SCARECROW: Omby Amby is all the army I have. All the other soldiers went on strike years ago and never came back.

DOROTHY: Why?

SCARECROW: Poor working conditions: they were bored.

(Suddenly, there is a great commotion off stage: growls, roars, and MOMBI shrieking with laughter.)

What's that?

(TIP runs and looks out a window)

TIP: It's Mombi and the Gargoyles! They're overrunning the city and heading this way!

13 MORE PAGES TO THE END