



**Craig Sodaro**

BIG DOG PUBLISHING

Copyright © 2009, Craig Sodaro

**ALL RIGHTS RESERVED**

The Wicked Witch of Oz is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and all of the countries covered by the Universal Copyright Convention and countries with which the United States has bilateral copyright relations including Canada, Mexico, Australia, and all nations of the United Kingdom.

Copying or reproducing all or any part of this book in any manner is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this book may be stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form by any means including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, or videotaping without written permission from the publisher.

A royalty is due for every performance of this play whether admission is charged or not. A "performance" is any presentation in which an audience of any size is admitted.

The name of the author must appear on all programs, printing, and advertising for the play. The program must also contain the following notice: "Produced by special arrangement with Big Dog Publishing Company, Sarasota, FL."

All rights including professional, amateur, radio broadcasting, television, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved by Big Dog Publishing Company, [www.BigDogPlays.com](http://www.BigDogPlays.com), to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

**BIG DOG PUBLISHING**

**P.O. Box 1400**

**TALLEVAST, FL 34270**

## The Wicked Witch of Oz

**FARCE.** When the real Wicked Witch of the West, Hecubah, suddenly finds herself on the set of a high school production of “The Wizard of Oz,” she and her flying monkey, Nikko, quickly realize they aren’t in Oz anymore. The cast thinks Hecubah is a new overzealous drama student and mistakes Nikko as a professional English actor. Desperate to return to Oz, Hecubah and Nikko try to convince the ultimate diva, Dorothy, to surrender her ruby slippers. But when the stubborn Dorothy refuses to part with her prized shoes, Hecubah wreaks havoc on set when she casts a spell causing Dorothy to lose her voice and her hair to turn bright blue and transforms some cast members into zombie-like minions focused on retrieving the ruby slippers. With opening night quickly approaching, the cast members find themselves in even more trouble when the Munchkins come down with chickenpox, their rental costumes are sent back, and there’s no one to play the role of Auntie Em. Then when Hecubah decides to play herself in the production and the actors are forced off book during the show, it definitely makes for an “interesting” retelling of “The Wizard of Oz”!

**Performance Time:** Approximately 75-90 minutes.

## Characters

(4 M, 11 F, 1 flexible)

**HECUBAH:** The real Wicked Witch of the West from Oz; her face and hands are green, she carries a broom, and she wears a magnificent witch costume.

**NIKKO:** Hecubah's flying monkey from Oz; speaks with a British accent; wears a monkey suit with a red vest and little wings attached to his back; flexible. Note: It's best to use makeup to create the monkey face since a mask will muffle the actor's lines.

**GLINDA GLADSTONE:** Student who plays Dorothy in the school's production of "The Wizard of Oz."

**BUFFY DAHL:** Glinda's best friend who was passed up for the role of the Wicked Witch of the West; plays Auntie Em; wears a rather makeshift witch costume worn in the last two scenes.

**SISSY STOCKWELL:** Student who plays the Scarecrow; in Act I, Scene 1, wears a colorful flannel shirt and brings out a scarecrow hat that is fairly elaborate; in Scene 2, she adds overalls and some straw; in Act II, she wears regular jeans, an old flannel shirt, and a simpler hat.

**TRISH CAMERON:** New student who plays the Wicked Witch of the West; wears a witch costume but not as elaborate as the one Hecubah wears.

**JEFF BARRETT:** Homestead High School football player; plays the Cowardly Lion; wears a lion suit that can be purchased or rented but not particularly elaborate (the cheaper the better); in Act II, he wears an orange jump suit with a fabric tail attached to it, around his head he can wear a paper or fabric "mane," and his face should be made up to look like a lion.

**TODD FINSTER:** Homestead High School football player; plays the Tin Man; in Act I, Scene 2, he wears a purchased or

rented tin man suit that isn't particularly elaborate; in Act II, he wears a "tin" suit made of poster board rolled and cut and spray-painted silver and funnel on his head. Note: The poster board costume will definitely limit his movement, but this will add to the humor.

**DESDEMONA TROUT:** Plays a Munchkin; in Act II, she wears an imaginative but homemade Munchkin costume complete with a silly hat.

**OPHELIA TROUT:** Plays a Munchkin; in Act II, she wears an imaginative but homemade Munchkin costume complete with a silly hat.

**ARCHIE ARCHER:** Student techie.

**LINDSAY ZIMMERMAN:** Student techie.

**ELLEN PIXLEY:** New drama teacher at Homestead High School.

**MATHILDA BAUM:** Homestead High's school principal; in Act II, Scenes 2 and 3, she wears a long dress, apron, white wig, and granny glasses for her Auntie Em costume.

**OLLIE TROUT:** Desdemona and Ophelia's dotting stage father.

**MIRABELLE GLADSTONE:** Glinda's dotting stage mother.

**NOTE:** Unless specified, actors wear typical clothing.

## Setting

Homestead High School stage. The stage is set for a student production of "The Wizard of Oz."

## Set

Set for a production of "The Wizard of Oz." Overall, the set should look rather amateurish but have a childish charm to it. Two or three small houses sit upstage and need to be large enough for actors to hide behind but doors and windows do not have to open. The houses should look like fairytale cottages and be painted various shades of green to suggest perhaps a suburb of the Emerald City. Flat trees and bushes fill in the gaps between the houses. There are also a few large brightly colored flowers to break the monotony of the green. On the upstage wall, there is a suggestion of a yellow brick road heading onto the stage from the horizon.

## Synopsis of Scenes

### ACT I

**Scene 1:** Evening, a few days before the show.

**Scene 2:** Dress rehearsal, the following night.

### Intermission

### ACT II

**Scene 1:** Following afternoon, two hours before the show.

**Scene 2:** Just before curtain, later that evening.

**Scene 3:** During the show, one hour later.

## Props

Ragged script	Small pencil
Large poster that reads "Homestead High presents "The Wizard of Os" and a production date and time.	Tablet
Hand basket with cover	Purse, for Mirabelle
Pencil	3 Sodas
Witch's broom	7 Play props to use as "weapons" (e.g. mops, hammers, old boards, etc.)
Tiny dress	Scarf, for Glinda
Aged piece of paper	Flower
Old, dusty leather-bound book	Large sign
4 Cell phones	Witch hand puppet
Camera	Hairspray can
Stocking feet and legs that stick out from one of the houses	Blue wig, for Glinda
2 Large backpacks	Bright orange wig with pigtails, for Glinda
Ruby slippers, for Glinda	Bench or tree stump
4 Bouquets of flowers, each one larger than the previous	Small flowering tree
	Larger flowering tree
	Scripts for cast

## Special Effects

Loud, screeching music

Cell phone ringing

Thunder

Jaunty traveling music

Flashing lights (Note: A strobe can be used to great effect.)

“I don’t think  
we’re in Oz anymore,  
Nikko.”

— Hecubah

# ACT I

## Scene 1

*(AT RISE: Homestead High School stage. The stage is set for a production of "The Wizard of Oz." Loud, screeching music is heard through the P.A. system. Ellen Pixley, holding a ragged script, runs on SR.)*

ELLEN: *(Shouts.)* Archie! Lindsay! What is that awful noise? Archie? Stop that noise right now! Turn it off!

*(Music stops. Archie and Lindsay enter SL.)*

ARCHIE: You said you wanted some Munchkin music, Ms. Pixley!

ELLEN: That's your idea of Munchkin music?

LINDSAY: Cool, huh?

ELLEN: *(Frustrated.)* Munchkins are little people. They live in little houses. They wear little coats and hats. They listen to little music.

ARCHIE: Yeah, a little [heavy metal]. *[Or another loud type of music.]*

ELLEN: Munchkins are too little for [heavy metal]. They're too little for [light metal]. We need something little.

LINDSAY: You got it, Teach.

ELLEN: Good. Now, I'm not so sure about these flowers.

ARCHIE: You want little flowers, too?

ELLEN: Don't you think they should be green, too? After all, we're supposed to be near the Emerald City.

*(Buffy and Glinda enter SR. Buffy holds a large poster with its back to the audience. Glinda carries a hand basket with a cover over it. Ellen faces left and on her last word "city," Glinda taps her on her shoulder. Ellen screams, and her script and pencil go flying.)*

GLINDA: Gosh, Ms. Pixley, are you all right?

*(Archie and Lindsay pick up the pencil and script.)*

ELLEN: Don't do that, Glinda.

BUFFY: Somebody's in a bad mood...

ELLEN: It's just that there are a million things to do, and we've only got a few days, and what I don't need right now is a panic attack, got it?

BUFFY: Well, you don't have to worry about publicity.

GLINDA: Buffy and I have plastered the town with posters.

BUFFY: What do you think?

*(Buffy turns her poster around. It reads "Homestead High presents 'The Wizard of Os'" and then gives a date and time.)*

ELLEN: *(Gasps.)* Oh, my goodness!

BUFFY: I knew you'd be breathless with pride.

ARCHIE: That's not pride, Buffy.

GLINDA: Shut up, Archie!

LINDSAY: You spelled "Oz" wrong.

BUFFY: I did not.

LINDSAY: It's... *(Spells.)* ...O-Z, not... *(Spells.)* ...O-S!

GLINDA: *(Realizing the error.)* Well, okay, so who's going to know? I mean an "S" is just a backward "Z."

ELLEN: No time to change them?

BUFFY: They're all over town. It would take days.

GLINDA: This probably wouldn't have happened if Buffy had gotten the part of the Wicked Witch of the West.

ELLEN: Glinda, we've been over this before...

GLINDA: I know, but Buffy would have been perfect. I mean, she looks more like a witch than Trish the Fish.

ELLEN: Archie, Lindsay, go get the Munchkin music, will you?

ARCHIE: Sure. *(As they start to exit SL.)* And I got a book you gotta see, Lindsay.

*(Archie and Lindsay exit SL.)*

ELLEN: Glinda, I am the director of this show—

GLINDA: *(Grabs Buffy's face.)* I mean, look at her nose. If that isn't a witch's nose, I don't know what is. And that chin...I mean, she's just screaming for green makeup.

BUFFY: Hey!

GLINDA: Auntie Em is such a nothing part. Do you know they only paid the original actress in the movie scale, which was, like 700 dollars?

ELLEN: Glinda, I don't have time for this.

GLINDA: Nobody even knows Trish the Fish. She's just some new girl who walks into school three months ago and gets, like, the second lead.

ELLEN: Stop calling her names. Her name is Trish Cameron, and I've told you she auditioned best for the part. End of story.

*(Sissy enters, wearing a scarecrow's hat and a flannel shirt.)*

SISSY: Ms. Pixley!

GLINDA: Sissy, that is, like, the dumbest hat I've ever seen.

SISSY: It's what the costume company sent.

ELLEN: Designed by professionals.

BUFFY: It makes you look like Farmer Brown.

SISSY: Well, I'm supposed to be a scarecrow, for crying out loud.

ELLEN: What do you need, Sissy? We've got to get rehearsal started.

SISSY: Jeff just called.

GLINDA: *(Incredulously.)* Why'd he call you? He's got my number.

SISSY: He said the football bus is going to be late.

ELLEN: Oh, no.

GLINDA: *(Gloating.)* I told you you never should have given parts to Todd and Jeff. Football is, like, their life.

ELLEN: Since they were two of only four boys who tried out, I had to give them parts, Glinda.

GLINDA: Well, who says we need a Tin Man and a Lion? The story's really about Dorothy, isn't it? I mean, I've got the emotional arc. I'm the audience's focal point and object of sympathy. When I'm done with them, there won't be a dry eye in the house. *(Glinda bats her eyes.)*

SISSY: Yeah, they'll all be laughing so hard. *(Exits SR.)*

GLINDA: Miss Pixley, I don't have to take that kind of criticism.

ELLEN: Girls, please! We've got to work together. Putting on a play takes real teamwork. We've all got one object in mind—

GLINDA: To make *me* look good.

*(Trish enters SL, wearing a witch costume. She carries a broom. She halts when she sees Glinda and Buffy, who burst out laughing.)*

BUFFY: If it isn't Trish the Witch.

*(Trish approaches Glinda, who is holding the covered basket.)*

TRISH: Is that Toto, Glinda? *(Trish peeks under the cover of the basket. Glinda jerks the basket away.)* He looks a little like Bijou! Wouldn't you like to have a real dog? He's really cute and would stay in the basket and he doesn't bark much.

GLINDA: I'm allergic to dogs, thank goodness.

ELLEN: Thanks for the offer, Trish, but it is a bit dangerous for your dog. *(Glinda reacts, appalled.)* I mean, being on stage with so many people and all the excitement and everything.

TRISH: I guess you're right. He is a bit shy.

GLINDA: *(With obvious distaste.)* So, that's your costume, Trish?

TRISH: Like it?

ELLEN: It looks very...witchy, Trish.

GLINDA: I thought it was just something you pulled out of your closet.

ELLEN: Glinda, that's enough!

GLINDA: No, I mean it looks really good on Trish. You know how some people are made to wear bathing suits and some are made to wear formals.

BUFFY: *(Laughs.)* And some are made to wear witch hats and ride brooms.

ELLEN: Buffy, go hang the poster up in the lobby after you fix the spelling of "Oz." And, Glinda, please go see if you can find our Munchkins.

GLINDA: Trish can just look into her magic crystal ball and find them, Ms. Pixley.

BUFFY: *(To Trish.)* Or maybe one of your flying monkeys can help you.

*(Laughing, Glinda and Buffy exit SL.)*

ELLEN: I'm sorry, Trish.

TRISH: Ms. Pixley, what have I done wrong? People said everybody in this school's nice and they like new kids...but it's not like that. Why do they hate me so much?

ELLEN: They don't hate you...it's just that you're new and you got the part Buffy wanted.

TRISH: But they're always like that. I've tried to be nice to everybody, but I...I...just don't know how I'll make any friends in this school with those two around. Maybe you should give the part of the witch to Buffy...I'm sure the costume will fit.

ELLEN: Oh, Trish, we can't change anything now. We've only got a couple of days. You'll be just fine.

TRISH: But I don't feel fine. Every time I'm here I feel sick. I just don't think I...I...want to do the play!

*(Trish runs off SR. Sissy enters SR.)*

SISSY: Gosh, I didn't know witches could cry.  
ELLEN: Sometimes I wonder what I'm doing all this for.  
SISSY: 'Cause you love us so much, and theater's in your blood.  
ELLEN: I'm seriously thinking of a transfusion right about now.  
SISSY: You might after you see what the costume company sent for the Munchkins.  
ELLEN: Oh, no! What?

*(Sissy holds up a very tiny dress.)*

SISSY: This wouldn't fit my Chihuahua, let alone Desdemona or Ophelia. *(Cell phone rings.)* You better answer your phone.  
ELLEN: That's your phone.  
SISSY: No way, mine plays "Seventy-Six Trombones."

*(Ellen takes out her cell phone and answers it.)*

ELLEN: *(Into phone.)* Hello?...Oh, yes, Mr. Trout. We were just admiring the girls' costumes...Oh, I see...well, all right. Thank you for calling. *(Ellen hangs up.)* Our Munchkins are on their way.  
SISSY: I hope they're dropping some weight and about three feet.  
ELLEN: We've got to find them some other costumes. There must be something lying around.

*(Ellen charges off SR. Sissy starts to exit after her.)*

SISSY: We got a horse costume, but I think those two would fight over who gets the rear end.

*(Sissy exits. Lindsay and Archie enter SL. Archie holds an old dusty book.)*

LINDSAY: *(To Archie, indicating book.)* So where'd you find that thing?

ARCHIE: I went to that garage sale they had at old man Jenks's place.

LINDSAY: That, Archie, was an estate sale.

ARCHIE: Looked like a garage sale to me. Junk everywhere.

LINDSAY: But when somebody dies and they sell all their junk, it's no longer a garage sale... *(With British accent.)* ...it's an estate sale.

ARCHIE: Well, whatever...this was in a box of old books.

LINDSAY: Wasn't Jenks that weirdo?

ARCHIE: He was a magician, for crying out loud. That's not weird.

LINDSAY: But they said he could do things like levitate and make tigers disappear and all kinds of stuff, and nobody could ever figure out how he did those tricks.

ARCHIE: Every magician around can levitate now.

LINDSAY: *(Ominously.)* I mean, really levitate.

ARCHIE: That doesn't make him weird.

LINDSAY: Shutting himself up in that big old house and never coming out after he retired does make him weird. At least my folks said so.

ARCHIE: He never came out?

LINDSAY: No one ever saw him.

ARCHIE: Didn't he have a butler or something?

LINDSAY: Nobody ever saw a soul at that house.

ARCHIE: Didn't he have any relatives?

LINDSAY: I think a niece or a nephew, and that was the only person who showed up at his funeral.

ARCHIE: I...I didn't know all that.

LINDSAY: You haven't lived in Homestead all your life. There are a lot of crazy people in this town.

ARCHIE: Maybe I shouldn't have bought this thing.

LINDSAY: Actually, it's pretty cool, really. I mean, look at that cover.

ARCHIE: And it's full of spells and charms.

LINDSAY: Like witch spells and charms?

ARCHIE: I guess so.

LINDSAY: Let's see! (*Archie hands the book to Lindsay, who blows dust off the top.*) I guess it hasn't been opened in awhile.

ARCHIE: I dusted it once, but it got all dusty all over again.

LINDSAY: Weird! Hey, look at this...a spell to change a frog into a prince.

ARCHIE: You probably wouldn't want to do that.

LINDSAY: I dunno. I could use a boyfriend.

ARCHIE: But he'd eat flies.

LINDSAY: Yuck! How about this one? Spell to make flowers bloom.

ARCHIE: We could use a few more on stage.

LINDSAY: Or this one. Victory spell.

ARCHIE: Maybe that'll help the Homestead Huskies win the championship.

LINDSAY: (*Reads.*) "Round about and in and out—"

ARCHIE: Hey, don't read that!

LINDSAY: Archie, you don't think this is real, do you?

ARCHIE: Well, you never know. It's a pretty creepy-looking book.

LINDSAY: (*Recites spell.*)

"Round about and in and out,  
Bring her back where she began,  
Round about and in and out,  
Bring her back as fast as you can."

*(Thunder is heard and the lights flash. Archie grabs the book and slams it shut.)*

ARCHIE: See?

LINDSAY: Oh, Archie, honestly...there's just a short in the lights.

ARCHIE: And what about that thunder?

LINDSAY: A storm's coming.

ARCHIE: The sun is out!

LINDSAY: All right! Something fell, for crying out loud.  
(*Lights flash again.*) And I think we'd better check the light board.

(*Lindsay and Archie exit SL. From behind one of the houses, Hecubah enters. She wears a magnificent witch costume, and her face and hands are green. She carries a broom. From behind another house, Nikko enters. He is in a monkey suit and wears a red vest. Two small wings are visible on his back. They look around suspiciously.*)

HECUBAH: Nikko? Nikko! Where...where are we?

NIKKO: (*British accent.*) I say, old girl, looks like a suburb of the Emerald City.

HECUBAH: Nikko! You...you spoke!

NIKKO: I did, didn't I!

HECUBAH: You aren't supposed to be able to speak!

NIKKO: Life is full of surprises, love.

HECUBAH: And you sound like one of the [Beatles]! [*Or some other British celebrity.*]

NIKKO: Look out there. (*He points to audience.*) I wonder what's back there. I'll just fly out and take a look. (*Nikko tries to fly, spinning around in a circle and jumping.*)

HECUBAH: What's wrong? Have you been eating too many Munchkins?

NIKKO: I've been watching my diet very carefully. My wings just don't seem to work.

HECUBAH: This is all the Wizard's doing!

NIKKO: I thought he went back to Kansas.

HECUBAH: That's what he said he was going to do...but he's a sneaky one! He's brought us here for some reason...some wicked reason...and he's made you able to talk instead of fly!

NIKKO: I say, that's cruel and unusual punishment.

HECUBAH: Yeah, well, he forgets that I am Hecubah, the Witch of the West! And if he thought Dorothy's little pail of water did anything more to me than give me the shivers, he's sorely mistaken! I don't know what he's got up his sleeve, Nikko...but I mean to find out! Oh, dear! Look! Look! *(Hecubah points to the stocking feet sticking out from under one of the houses.)*

NIKKO: Oh, blimey, that's bloody awful.

HECUBAH: How cruel can he be! Reminding me of my poor sister's demise!

NIKKO: He's a blighter, all right. A real fiend.

HECUBAH: And when I get my hands on him—

NIKKO: *(Excited.)* Can I watch, my queen? Can I? Can I? Can I?

HECUBAH: But of course, Nikko, my pretty. I'll even let you have at him if you're good!

NIKKO: Oh, rapture!

*(Jeff and Todd enter SL. Nikko hides behind a bush.)*

JEFF: There is no way Ronnie shouldn't have caught that pass.

TODD: You threw it at a reporter on the sidelines, idiot.

JEFF: If he'd have jumped a few feet, he could have caught it before it hit her.

TODD: A few feet? Try 12 feet!

*(Jeff and Todd see Hecubah and halt CS.)*

JEFF: *(To Hecubah.)* Now that's a costume! You're Trish, right?

TODD: *(To Hecubah.)* I'm glad I didn't run into you on Halloween!

JEFF: He means in that getup. I guess the costumes must have come in.

TODD: *(To Hecubah.)* That green makeup really looks good.

JEFF: Just like real skin.

TODD: It's almost creepy.

JEFF: He doesn't mean you, Trish...just your skin...I mean...oh, for crying out loud.

*(Embarrassed, Jeff hits Todd on the head, and they both exit SR.)*

HECUBAH: I don't think we're in Oz any more, Nikko.

NIKKO: *(From behind the bush.)* I fear not, my queen.

*(Desdemona and Ophelia enter SL followed by Ollie. Ollie is carrying two large backpacks, one of which is dragging on the floor.)*

DESDEMONA: Daddy, please don't drag my backpack. It'll get all dirty.

OLLIE: Right, Desi.

DESDEMONA: My name is Desdemona.

OPHELIA: Look! *(Ophelia halts and points to Hecubah.)* Trish, is that you?

DESDEMONA: *(Excited.)* Oh, gosh! Our costumes must be here!

OLLIE: Ms. Pixley said she's got yours waiting for you.

OPHELIA: They'd better be as good as that.

DESDEMONA: *(To Hecubah.)* You look like you could really cast a spell or two.

*(Hecubah raises her hands threateningly.)*

NIKKO: *(From behind the bush, to Hecubah.)* Careful, my queen.

OPHELIA: *(Looks around.)* Hey, who said that?

NIKKO: *(From behind the bush.)* The world's smallest Munchkin.

DESDEMONA: What? Ophelia and me are the only Munchkins in this show.

OLLIE: We'd better ask Ms. Pixley about this.

OPHELIA: Yeah, there aren't enough lines for the two of us, let alone a ringer.

*(Desdemona, Ophelia, and Ollie exit SR.)*

HECUBAH: Now I know we're not in Oz, Nikko!

*(Nikko emerges from behind the bush.)*

NIKKO: A show! That girl mentioned a show.

HECUBAH: It's nothing but a ruse, my pretty. Wherever we are, the Wizard is going to try something very sneaky. But don't worry, my pretty...we can beat him at his own game!

NIKKO: Oh, my queen, I just want to go home.

HECUBAH: You think I don't?

NIKKO: I don't like this place...and I don't like those people who walked through here.

HECUBAH: Yes! They remind me of...her.

NIKKO: *(With horror.)* Dorothy Gale!

HECUBAH: *(Raising her broom in anger.)* I told you never to say that name around me again!

NIKKO: *(Cowering.)* I'm sorry! I lost my head! I just want to go home so badly, I don't know what I'm doing!

HECUBAH: *(Petting Nikko kindly.)* We'll go home, my pretty.

NIKKO: But how?

HECUBAH: I don't know...I have no idea what spell brought us here. If only I had the ruby slippers, we'd be able to escape because they'd make us immune to any spell.

NIKKO: But, my queen! When she left Oz, Dor—I mean that wicked girl—took the slippers with her.

HECUBAH: Of course! But maybe this is where she lives! She always talked about someplace called Kansas and a little farm and her sweet old aunt and uncle...enough to make a witch sick! Maybe the ruby slippers are right here under our very noses! We'll find them, Nikko! We'll find them!

NIKKO: What kind of spells do you have up your sleeve? Anything that will help us?

*(Hecubah pulls out a paper from inside her sleeve.)*

HECUBAH: (*Looking at the paper.*) Hmmmm... (*Reads.*) ...the perfect cup of coffee...banishing a barking dog...fast freeze spell...seeing yourself as others see you...

NIKKO: That's a sappy one!

HECUBAH: I know...I know...I don't know why I keep it. I never use it. Nope, there's nothing here that can help right now...but once we find those ruby slippers...we'll be able to figure out a way to get back to Oz!

(*Ellen enters SR.*)

ELLEN: (*Calls.*) Oh, Archie! Lindsay! I need some help! Please! (*Ellen notices Hecubah.*) Trish, what did you do to your costume? And you didn't need to waste all that green makeup for this rehearsal. That stuff costs a fortune and we've already spent all our money.

(*Archie and Lindsay enter SL.*)

ARCHIE: What's up?

LINDSAY: (*To Ellen.*) We were just checking the lights. They flashed a couple of times, so we thought there was a short or something.

ELLEN: Oh, no! Not the lights!

ARCHIE: Relax. They're fine.

(*Lindsay notices Nikko.*)

LINDSAY: (*To Ellen.*) I thought you said no monkeys in this show.

ELLEN: I...I did. They must have sent the costume by mistake.

ARCHIE: (*To Nikko.*) Who are you?

NIKKO: I say, Nikko, old chap.

LINDSAY: You sound more like a butler than a monkey.

NIKKO: Please! I prefer "simian"!

ELLEN: I...I don't remember casting a Nikko.  
NIKKO: Well, you're just going to have to put up with me because I'm here and I'm not going away.  
ELLEN: All...all right...just stick with the witch.  
NIKKO: I intend to, milady. I am my queen's right hand...I mean *simian*.  
ARCHIE: Your queen?  
NIKKO: The Witch of the West.  
LINDSAY: You mean the *Wicked* Witch of the West.  
HECUBAH: (*Angry.*) Wicked? You call me wicked...after what I had to endure in Oz? First, the death of my dear sister who never harmed a fly—  
NIKKO: (*Dreamily.*) Oh, but what she did to the rest of the creatures in Oz...  
HECUBAH: (*To Lindsay.*) And then that horrible girl chasing me about and breaking into my castle!  
NIKKO: A witch's home is her castle, you know!  
HECUBAH: (*To Lindsay.*) And the last straw was her throwing that water on me. I hate water! How dare you call me *wicked* when it was that retched girl and those three idiots tagging along with her who behaved so wickedly!  
ELLEN: Trish, you've absolutely nailed your character!  
HECUBAH: I'd like to nail that Wizard if I could! Where is he? Where is the Wizard of Oz?!  
ARCHIE: Trish, take it easy.  
LINDSAY: (*To Hecubah.*) I'll tell you one thing, you're gonna scare the socks off the little kids in the audience.  
HECUBAH: Good! I hate little kids!  
ELLEN: Oh, keep that attitude! Keep that attitude! Archie, Lindsay, there's a leak in the bathroom backstage. We've got to find the janitor and get some towels and a mop.

(*Ellen shepherds Lindsay and Archie off SL.*)

NIKKO: (*To Hecubah.*) Oh, my queen, I say, we must be trapped in a nightmare!

HECUBAH: The Wizard wouldn't dare do such a thing!

NIKKO: Or perhaps a circus sideshow filled with freaks...

*(Glinda and Buffy enter SL. Glinda is wearing the ruby slippers.)*

HECUBAH: Speaking of freaks –

BUFFY: *(To Glinda.)* Has Jeff asked you to the cast party yet?

GLINDA: Just a matter of time. Has Todd asked you?

BUFFY: They must be working up their courage.

GLINDA: Well, if Jeff doesn't ask by tomorrow, I'm telling him he's going with me right after my curtain call.

BUFFY: Are you serious, Glinda?

*(At the mention of "Glinda," Hecubah visibly tenses, as does Nikko.)*

HECUBAH: Glinda?

GLINDA: Oh, so you found a different costume.

BUFFY: *(To Hecubah.)* And what did you do to your skin?

HECUBAH: I've been told I've got lovely skin.

BUFFY: For a lizard.

GLINDA: *(To Hecubah.)* Oh, we're just kidding.

GLINDA/BUFFY: Not!

HECUBAH: I didn't expect to see you here, Glinda.

GLINDA: Why not? The stage is, like, my home. I belong here. Unlike some people I know...

HECUBAH: How did you escape Oz?

GLINDA: Trish, what's up with you?

HECUBAH: Why do you call me Trish?

BUFFY: *(To Glinda.)* Oh, c'mon. She's just trying to get into character or something.

*(Buffy and Glinda move SR, but Nikko blocks their path.)*

GLINDA: *(To Nikko.)* And who are you? We don't need any flying yo-yos.

NIKKO: (*Jumping around in anger.*) Monkeys! Monkeys!  
Monkeys!

HECUBAH: Calm down, my pretty! Calm down. Glinda knows better than to insult you.

GLINDA: You know, you're starting to creep me out.

BUFFY: (*To Hecubah.*) Yeah, maybe you did have a better audition than me.

GLINDA: (*To Hecubah.*) Or maybe the part has just grown on you. Like a fungus.

BUFFY: (*To Hecubah.*) Yeah, it's bringing out your inner witch.

HECUBAH: It takes one to know one.

GLINDA: Is that so?

HECUBAH: You know it is, Glinda.

GLINDA: If you want to play that game, just call me Dorothy.

NIKKO: Dorothy!

(*Hecubah screams.*)

HECUBAH: If there's anyone I hate more than Glinda, it's her!

BUFFY: Glinda, let's...let's get out of here.

NIKKO: (*To Hecubah.*) My queen, look! (*Nikko points to Glinda's feet.*)

HECUBAH: (*Gasps. Greedily.*) The ruby slippers!

GLINDA: I'm breaking them in. They're a little tight, if it's any of your beeswax.

HECUBAH: How did you get them?

NIKKO: She's had them all along, my queen.

HECUBAH: Yes! Yes, I see now! There never was a Dorothy. It was just you, Glinda, in one of your ridiculous disguises. It was the only way you could break into my castle and try to get rid of me!

GLINDA: What are you talking about?

NIKKO: (*To Hecubah.*) She's trying to play it cool, my queen.

HECUBAH: I see that, but I don't think you're up to it, Glinda!

BUFFY: Trish! You're scaring me!

HECUBAH: It's nothing compared to what's going to happen!

GLINDA: Ms. Pixley! Ms. Pixley!

NIKKO: Calling for reinforcements?

HECUBAH: Don't worry...I think I'll give you a bit of rope...so I can toy with you like a cat toys with a mouse before he kills it!

BUFFY: Gosh, Trish, what'd you do...go to Famous Witches' School?

GLINDA: (*Frightened.*) We need to get to the dressing room!

NIKKO: By all means, Glinda. (*Nikko steps aside.*)

HECUBAH: (*To Glinda.*) But don't think we're done with each other, my pretty! We're just beginning! (*Hecubah laughs wickedly as Glinda and Buffy race off SR.*) I'll get those ruby slippers! You hear me? I'll get those ruby slippers once and for all!

(*Hecubah laughs and Nikko jumps around like a monkey. Blackout.*)

## Scene 2

(AT RISE: Homestead High School stage, set for a production of "The Wizard of Oz." Dress rehearsal, the following night. Glinda, Buffy, Trish, Jeff, Todd and Sissy are on stage. They are dressed in traditional Wizard of Oz costumes, although they appear somewhat mass produced. The actors do not wear extensive makeup.)

GLINDA: You're doing it all wrong, Todd.

TODD: So how does a Tin Man walk?

BUFFY: Oh, honestly.

TODD: Well, show me.

GLINDA: Like this. *(Walks like a zombie with her arms out in front of her.)*

JEFF: That looks stupid.

SISSY: *(To Glinda.)* You look like a reject from "The Night of the Living Dead."

GLINDA: How dare you? How many drama camps have you been to, Sissy? How many theater workshops have you gone to? Who won first prize three years running in the individual dramatics category at the regional speech meet? Whose uncle is a production assistant on ["The Price Is Right"]? *[Or insert the name of another game show.]*

SISSY: *(Sarcastic.)* Well, when you put it like that...

TODD: *(Walking like a zombie.)* I still feel stupid walking like this.

TRISH: How do you think the Tin Man would walk, Todd?

GLINDA: *(Exasperated.)* Hello, who's assistant director of this production?!

SISSY: Trish just asked a question.

GLINDA: I have clearly shown Todd how he should walk.

TODD: All right! All right! Get off my case!

BUFFY: *(To Trish.)* And while we're waiting, maybe in this scene you can work a bit on your voice, Trish.

GLINDA: Really! You sound like a three-year-old whining instead of like a witch.

JEFF: Gee, Glinda, what does a witch sound like?

TODD: If anybody knows, she does!

GLINDA: What was that?

TODD: Nothing.

BUFFY: Look, guys, Glinda just wants to make this the best show ever. We've got to pull together and listen to what she has to say. She's been to drama camps and workshops and her uncle works on ["The Price Is Right"]!

TRISH: All right, what should I sound like?

GLINDA: *(Affecting a terrible witch's voice.)* "You'll never get to the Emerald City, Dorothy! I'll see to that!" *(Glinda laughs stupidly and then coughs.)*

TRISH: Like this? *(Imitating Glinda precisely.)* "You'll never get to the Emerald City, Dorothy! I'll see to that!" *(Trish laughs like Glinda did and coughs.)*

GLINDA: No, no, no. Nobody told you to cough.

JEFF: You coughed.

GLINDA: That was different.

BUFFY: *(To Jeff.)* She had a frog in her throat.

SISSY: Gosh, it was probably prince charming.

*(Ellen hustles on SL.)*

ELLEN: Archie! Lindsay!

BUFFY: Any sign of the Munchkins, Ms. Pixley?

ELLEN: No, they're not here yet.

GLINDA: Well, don't worry. We've been fine-tuning a few things.

TODD: *(Walking like a zombie.)* I need a brain! Will the Wizard give me a brain?

ELLEN: Oh, Todd, you look like a reject from "The Night of the Living Dead."

JEFF: That's how Glinda wants him to walk.

GLINDA: Not exactly like that.

SISSY: It is. You even showed us.

*(Mirabelle enters SR, carrying a camera.)*

MIRABELLE: Oh, good, I'm not late for dress rehearsal. *(To Glinda.)* How's my baby? *(Pats Glinda on the head.)* Don't you look precious in your costume. It's a part you were destined to play. *(To Ellen.)* Did I tell you I was so in love with "The Wizard of Oz" that I named Glinda after the good witch?

*(From behind a house, we hear Hecubah cackle wickedly.)*

HECUBAH: Good witch, my broom!

MIRABELLE: Who said that?

GLINDA: *(To Trish.)* That's the kind of voice you need. Why don't you do that all the time?

MIRABELLE: *(To Trish.)* Really, you've got to get the audience to hate you as much as they're going to love my little baby!

*(Archie and Lindsay enter SL.)*

ARCHIE: Mr. Trout just called and said they're running late.

LINDSAY: They'll be here in five minutes.

MIRABELLE: *(To Ellen.)* Oh, I don't know why you cast those girls in this play. They're late for everything.

ELLEN: Mrs. Gladstone, would you mind going out into the audience and sitting down so we can get rehearsal started?

MIRABELLE: Out there? In the dark? I'll take better pictures if I stay right here on stage.

ELLEN: Kids, let's do the scene where Dorothy and her three friends are walking down the Yellow Brick Road and they encounter the Witch. Places! *(Glinda, Todd, Sissy, and Jeff move off SR. Archie and Lindsay race off SL. Trish hides behind a*

*tree. Ellen sits in a chair far DSR. Mirabelle stands DSL, her camera ready.) Archie, give us the entrance music.*

*(A bit of jaunty music is heard as Glinda and the others enter SR. The music fades as we hear the first line.)*

GLINDA: *(As Dorothy, sickeningly sweet.)* Oh, look, Tin Man, Scarecrow, and Cowardly Lion...we must be getting close to the Emerald City!

TODD: *(As Tin Man.)* Gosh! Little green houses!

SISSY: *(As Scarecrow.)* Little green rooftops!

*(As Cowardly Lion, Jeff growls.)*

GLINDA: *(As Dorothy.)* Another ten or twelve miles, and we'll be at the gates of the city!

SISSY: *(As Scarecrow.)* Do you think the Wizard will give me a brain?

GLINDA: I'm sure of it, Scarecrow!

TODD: *(As Tin Man.)* Do you think the Wizard will give me a heart?

GLINDA: Of course he will, Tin Man! *(Jeff growls out his request.)* And he'll give you lots of courage, Cowardly Lion!

JEFF: Ms. Pixley, I'm tired of growling.

GLINDA: That's what lions do.

JEFF: Why can't I talk like everybody else?

MIRABELLE: It's called juxtaposition, young man.

GLINDA: *(To Jeff.)* You're in contrast to all the rest of us.

JEFF: The Lion talked in the movie...

SISSY: I agree.

TODD: I vote for the Lion talking.

GLINDA: Ms. Pixley, we've already discussed this.

ELLEN: Let's...let's go on with the scene...then I'll decide. Take it back to your cue, Dorothy.

GLINDA: *(As Dorothy, angrily.)* And he'll give you lots of courage, Cowardly Lion.

JEFF: *(As Cowardly Lion.)* I sure hope so! Growl.

GLINDA: Ms. Pixley!

ELLEN: Go on with the scene. Trish, c' mon in.

*(Trish jumps out from behind the tree and spins around, laughing wickedly.)*

TRISH: *(As Wicked Witch.)* We meet again, my pretties!

GLINDA: *(As Dorothy, with mock horror.)* Oh, no! The Wicked Witch of the West!

SISSY: *(As Scarecrow.)* And I can't think of a thing to do!

TODD: *(As Tin Man.)* I don't even have a heart to beat faster!

*(Jeff hides behind Glinda.)*

JEFF: *(As Cowardly Lion.)* And I'm too afraid to even growl!

GLINDA: That is not in the script!

*(Glinda whops Jeff on the head.)*

JEFF: Ouch! Abuse! Abuse!

GLINDA: Ms. Pixley, he's going to mess Trish up if he doesn't give her the right cue. You know how she is.

ELLEN: Keep going.

TRISH: *(As Wicked Witch.)* None of you will get to the Emerald City! My flying monkeys will see to that!

*(Trish laughs wickedly. Slight pause.)*

GLINDA: You missed your cue, Trish.

TRISH: It's your line.

GLINDA: Mine? I don't miss cues.

MIRABELLE: Really! Glinda has never missed a cue in her life!

ELLEN: Archie, whose line was it?

ARCHIE: *(Calls from off left.)* Dorothy: Oh, please don't hurt us!

GLINDA: What?

ELLEN: Take it from Trish's line—

GLINDA: *(To Trish.)* You just messed me all up because you didn't say your line right.

MIRABELLE: Honestly!

*(Crying, Trish runs off SL.)*

ELLEN: Trish! Trish!

*(Ellen follows Trish off SL.)*

MIRABELLE: How completely unprofessional.

TODD: C'mon, guys.

BUFFY: Where are you going?

TODD: To get some fresh air.

JEFF: *(Glaring at Glinda.)* It's mighty stuffy in here.

*(Todd leads Jeff and Sissy off SR.)*

GLINDA: *(To Mirabelle.)* Oh, Mother, this is going to be such a disaster.

MIRABELLE: Not with you in the lead, honey. It's going to be wonderful. And let me show you what I've got for you during the curtain call. *(Exits SR.)*

BUFFY: *(To Glinda.)* We haven't even had time to do the curtain call.

GLINDA: Well, it's simple for the two of us. You're first and I'm last.

*(Mirabelle enters SR, carrying a huge bouquet of flowers.)*

MIRABELLE: For my baby!

GLINDA: Oh, Mother, it's not nearly as big as last year's bouquet.

MIRABELLE: This is just for practice. Now, I'll run up and hand it to you. *(Mirabelle hands flowers to Glinda.)* And then you take a bow. *(Glinda bows.)* No, curtsy. *(Glinda tries, but falls down.)* Not like that.

GLINDA: I'm sorry. I don't know how to curtsy.

MIRABELLE: It doesn't sound like that teacher's taught you anything. I'm going to give her a piece of my mind!

*(Desdemona and Ophelia enter SR.)*

DESDEMONA: Hey, where is everybody?

GLINDA: About time you got here.

OPHELIA: We had to finish our Froot Loops.

BUFFY: That's breakfast stuff.

DESDEMONA: Froot Loops bring us good luck.

*(Ollie enters SR, carrying a bouquet even bigger than the one Mirabelle brought in.)*

MIRABELLE: *(To Ollie, indicating bouquet.)* Pray tell, what is that?

OLLIE: For my girls after the show.

GLINDA: Mother, they're just Munchkins.

OLLIE: But, remember, there are no small parts...only small actors.

DESDEMONA: C'mon, Ophelia, let's get our costumes on.

OPHELIA: I guess.

OLLIE: I'll wait in the Green Room, girls.

*(Desdemona, Ophelia, and Ollie exit SL.)*

MIRABELLE: I'm going to call the florist right now.

*(Mirabelle charges off SR with her flowers.)*

GLINDA: Buffy, do me a favor, will you? My lips are so dry I need my lip gloss.

BUFFY: I don't know where it is.

GLINDA: The dressing room, but I don't want to go in there with Trish whining and all. And maybe you can...well, listen in a bit?

BUFFY: Got ya!

*(Buffy exits SL. Hecubah and Nikko enter behind Glinda.)*

HECUBAH: *(To Glinda.)* Dorothy! Dorothy, my pretty!

GLINDA: I thought you'd be in the dressing room acting like a baby.

HECUBAH: Not a chance, toots!

GLINDA: Why'd you change and put on that makeup again?

HECUBAH: Don't you like it?

GLINDA: To be honest, it's too good. Too believable. Your costume makes the rest of us look bad, so go put on that other thing you were wearing. And get rid of the stupid monkey.

NIKKO: Me? Stupid? What bloody hogwash!

HECUBAH: You know, Dorothy, you've got something I want!

GLINDA: I know. Talent.

NIKKO: Have you got that wrong, my dear.

GLINDA: What would you know about it?

HECUBAH: Nikko knows plenty, my pretty...and he's right. That's not what I want!

GLINDA: Then whatever it is, you're not getting it.

HECUBAH: We can do this the easy way or the hard way.

GLINDA: Who are you to be making deals, Trish?

HECUBAH: Trish! *(Laughs wickedly.)*

NIKKO: *(To Glinda.)* I say, you aren't the brightest bulb on the Christmas tree, are you?

GLINDA: Okay, just quit playing games. Go get the rest of the cast and let's get on with this stupid thing.

HECUBAH: Right after you give me the ruby slippers!

GLINDA: No, they're part of my costume. I wear them the whole show.

HECUBAH: But they belonged to my sister, and I want them back!

GLINDA: Like that's going to happen.

NIKKO: Do you know what my queen can do to you?

GLINDA: Look, weirdo, she's not a queen. She's Trish, the loser.

HECUBAH: Are you going to hand over the ruby slippers?

GLINDA: I paid \$79.95 for these shoes at Suzy's Costume Shop. Do you think I'm going to let you touch them?

NIKKO: *(To Hecubah.)* Why not just take them, my queen?

HECUBAH: I can't, Nikko! They lose their power then.

GLINDA: Besides, I'll smack you in the kisser if you try, Trish.

HECUBAH: I'm warning you, Dorothy!

GLINDA: My name's Glinda, if you recall, not Dorothy.

NIKKO: Oh, that's even worse.

HECUBAH: *(To Glinda.)* One last time...do I get the ruby slippers?

GLINDA: Ms. Pixley! Help! Mother! Get off the stupid phone and get in here!

*(Hecubah spins around as she casts the spell.)*

HECUBAH: My pretty, you talk and yap and growl and bray...but for the next hour, you open your mouth with nothing to say!

*(Thunder, lights flash. Hecubah and Nikko hide behind the house as Mirabelle, Ellen, Jeff, Todd, Sissy, Desdemona, Trish, Buffy, and Ophelia run on from various directions.)*

MIRABELLE: Glinda? Baby, I thought I heard you yell.

ELLEN: *(To Glinda.)* Is everything all right?

*(Glinda opens her mouth in anger and points to Trish but no words come out.)*

MIRABELLE: Glinda, what's happened to your voice?

*(Again, Glinda points to Trish.)*

SISSY: She lost her voice because she was yelling so much at Trish.

*(Glinda shakes her head no.)*

DESDEMONA: It's laryngitis. I had that once.

OPHELIA: It was the quietest two days we ever spent. Desi couldn't say a word.

DESDEMONA: But I wrote everything down.

*(Mirabelle pulls a small pencil and tablet from her purse.)*

MIRABELLE: *(To Glinda.)* Here, sweetie, write down what happened.

*(Glinda takes the pencil and tablet and writes furiously.)*

TODD: Gosh, if Glinda's got laryngitis, how will she be able to go on?

MIRABELLE: *(With fury.)* Nothing will stop her!

JEFF: Yeah, we can hold up signs with all her lines printed on them.

SISSY: No, no. I got a better idea. *(Calls.)* Lindsay!

ELLEN: Oh, dear. This can't have happened.

*(Lindsay enters SL.)*

LINDSAY: *(To Sissy.)* What do you want?

SISSY: You'll read Glinda's lines while she's mouthing them.

LINDSAY: What's wrong with Glinda?

*(Glinda hands the tablet to Mirabelle.)*

MIRABELLE: *(Reads.)* "Trish cast a spell on me!" *(To Trish.)*

How dare you?

TRISH: What is she talking about? I was in the dressing room with Ms. Pixley.

ELLEN: Absolutely.

SISSY: I saw them in there.

*(Glinda hits Buffy.)*

BUFFY: I saw them, too. You told me to keep an eye on them.

TRISH: I...I'd never do anything to hurt the show. Or Glinda. Never.

ELLEN: Oh, what are we going to do?

TRISH: I've got some lemon and honey in the dressing room. That might help.

MIRABELLE: I'm calling the doctor. *(Takes out her cell phone.)*

ELLEN: Well, let's get the lemon and honey in the meantime.

*(Ellen shepherds Glinda and Trisha off SL.)*

BUFFY: Wait for me! This is going to be good!

*(Buffy runs off SL. Mirabelle pulls out her cell phone and dials.)*

MIRABELLE: *(Into phone.)* Hello? Hello? *(To herself.)* What's wrong with this thing?

LINDSAY: Service is bad in here because of all the electrical stuff.

*(Mirabelle starts to exit SR.)*

MIRABELLE: *(Into phone.)* Hello? Dr. Schellenbrenner?  
Hello? Hello! *(Exits SR.)*

DESDEMONA: Gosh! This is just about the worst play I've ever been in.

OPHELIA: Aside from the ones we used to do in the living room for Mom and Dad.

*(Ollie enters SL.)*

OLLIE: What's going on? Haven't you started practice yet?

JEFF: I don't think we're ever starting practice.

TODD: Let's go get a soda.

JEFF: If we practiced football like this, we'd never win a game.

SISSY: You never win a game anyway, so now what's your excuse?

*(Laughing, Sissy, Todd, and Jeff exit SR with Lindsay.)*

OLLIE: *(To Desdemona and Ophelia.)* Did you girls do anything?

DESDEMONA: No way, Pop.

OPHELIA: *(To Ollie.)* Glinda lost her voice.

OLLIE: She can't talk?

DESDEMONA: Not a word.

OPHELIA: So it's been real quiet around here.

OLLIE: You know her lines, don't you, Desi?

DESDEMONA: Most of them.

OLLIE: Hmm...

OPHELIA: What are you thinking?

OLLIE: That I'm the greatest Wizard since Oz. C'mon!

*(Ollie leads Desdemona and Ophelia off SL. Nikko and Hecubah enter from behind the house.)*

HECUBAH: Did you hear that, Nikko?

NIKKO: I say, he doesn't look like the Wizard.

HECUBAH: Still, the Wizard has been known to change his appearance... *(Snaps her fingers.)* ...just like that.

*(Nikko and Hecubah look in the direction of where Ollie exited and then shake their heads.)*

NIKKO/HECUBAH: Naaaa!

HECUBAH: If he's the Wizard, I'm mayor of Munchkin Land!

*(Hecubah laughs, spins around, and exits behind the house. Nikko is still on stage as Jeff, Todd, and Sissy enter SL carrying sodas. They approach Nikko menacingly.)*

JEFF: Hey, a flying monkey!

TODD: There aren't any flying monkeys in this show.

SISSY: You know something, guys? His costume looks awfully real.

JEFF: Yeah, that's quite a mask.

TODD: *(To Nikko.)* Where'd you get it? Halloweens-R-Us?

JEFF: Let's see who's under the mask.

*(Jeff grabs Nikko's cheek.)*

NIKKO: I say, keep your hands to yourself, you bloody nutcase!

*(Nikko knocks Jeff to the floor.)*

SISSY: Hey, you big bully!

TODD: You okay, Jeff?

*(Jeff stands.)*

JEFF: That's...that's not a mask!

*(Sissy, Todd, and Jeff run off SL, screaming. Nikko smiles and wipes his hands. Mathilda Baum enters SR.)*

MATHILDA: Excuse me! Excuse me! *(Nikko stops and points to himself.)* Yes, you! Where's Ms. Pixley? *(Nikko shrugs.)* Don't just shrug at me! I'm the principal, and I expect an answer in words.

NIKKO: You're the principal of what, love?

MATHILDA: Love?! How dare you? And I suppose that's one of the costumes she rented. It's no wonder. Go get Ms. Pixley immediately!

NIKKO: I say, somebody got up on the wrong side of the bed today. *(Exits SL.)*

MATHILDA: What? How do you know what side of the bed I got up on. *(To herself.)* I'm too old for this job. I've got to get my retirement in order.

*(Ellen enters SR.)*

ELLEN: Ms. Baum? What brings you to rehearsal?

MATHILDA: Oh, Pixley, I'm afraid I've got a bit of bad news.

ELLEN: More bad news?

MATHILDA: You're over budget.

ELLEN: Really, I've been very careful about expenses.

MATHILDA: Here's the bill for the costumes.

*(Mathilda hands her a bill. Ellen looks at it.)*

ELLEN: I know, and it's the exact price quoted and approved.

MATHILDA: Well, I'm sorry, but the football team needs more shoulder pads and a couple of new helmets.

ELLEN: But you can't take money from the drama budget for that.

MATHILDA: Watch me.

ELLEN: These kids have worked hard. They deserve to have nice costumes.

MATHILDA: That monkey suit alone must have cost a fortune.

ELLEN: What monkey suit?

MATHILDA: The one your English actor is wearing.

ELLEN: What English actor?

MATHILDA: I suppose you're paying him, too.

ELLEN: Ms. Baum, I don't know what you're talking about.

MATHILDA: Let me make it perfectly clear, Ms. Pixley. I want the costumes sent back immediately before we're charged for them. Tell them it was a mistake, the play was canceled, anything.

ELLEN: But what will the kids wear?

MATHILDA: I'm sure you'll think of something. You drama people are always resourceful. And I want you to understand that every penny this thing costs had better be made up by ticket sales...or no more plays!

ELLEN: That's not fair.

MATHILDA: Nobody ever said life's fair, Pixley! Do you understand?

*(Without waiting for an answer, Mathilda storms off SR. Archie and Lindsay enter SR and are almost knocked down by her.)*

ARCHIE: *(To Ellen.)* Gosh, you should have cast *her* as the Witch.

LINDSAY: What are we going to do, Ms. Pixley?

ELLEN: Go get the cast. We've got to collect the costumes.

*(Archie and Lindsay move SL, but are halted by Todd, Jeff, Sissy, Buffy, Desdemona, Ophelia, and Trish, who enter SL.)*

ARCHIE: *(To Todd.)* That was easy.

TODD: *(Scared.)* Maybe...maybe we were just seeing things.

SISSY: Too much caffeine in the Mountain Dew.

JEFF: I dunno...his face felt mighty real to me.

ELLEN: What's going on?

TRISH: Todd, Jeff, and Sissy say there's a real monkey loose in the auditorium.

LINDSAY: It's just somebody in a monkey suit.

JEFF: Then who is it?

ELLEN: Well, I don't exactly remember casting anyone—

TODD: That's because it's not a costume the guy's wearing. He's real!

ELLEN: That's ridiculous.

SISSY: Jeff said it's real, and you wouldn't lie to us, would you, Jeff?

JEFF: It's a real monkey! This tall! *(Raises his hand well above his head.)*

ARCHIE: Maybe it's Big Foot!

DESDEMONA: There was a sighting of Big Foot about 30 miles north of here!

OPHELIA: But that turned out to be the lady's husband in his shorts.

ELLEN: Ms. Baum said she saw the same kid that I saw earlier in a monkey suit and he had an English accent.

SISSY: Oh, my gosh!

TODD: The guy we saw had an accent, too!

BUFFY: Maybe it's, like, some ghost who once did a play here.

ELLEN: Well, Archie and Lindsay, why don't you go see if you can find this guy and figure out what's going on.

ARCHIE: *(Terrified.)* Us?

LINDSAY: Look for Big Foot?

ELLEN: I'm sure it's not Big Foot.

JEFF: Then what is it?

ARCHIE: You guys come with us, too.

ELLEN: Wait, just a second, since you're going back toward the dressing room, I'm afraid I've got some bad news.

LINDSAY: More bad news?

ELLEN: The costumes have to be sent back.

OPHELIA: Why? They're so beautiful.

DESDEMONA: I want to wear my flower hat.

ELLEN: There's just not enough money to afford them.

TODD: What're we going to do for costumes then?

ELLEN: We'll have to make them.

TRISH: I can help. I know how to sew.

SISSY: It won't be hard to find scarecrow clothes in my dad's closet.

JEFF: My uncle's got an orange jumpsuit from when he was a jailbird last Halloween.

TRISH: I'll sew a tail on it!

ELLEN: Everybody, I'm counting on you. You'll need to come up with a costume for the show tomorrow. We'll go through our dress rehearsal in your regular clothes tonight, okay?

ARCHIE: Are you guys ready to find...Big Foot?

LINDSAY: Everybody, grab something to defend yourself with.

*(All exit SL, cautiously looking right and left. Glinda and Buffy enter SL, angrily.)*

BUFFY: *(To Glinda.)* How's the voice?

GLINDA: *(Straining to talk, weakly.)* She'll pay for this!

BUFFY: She didn't do anything, Glinda. She couldn't have.

GLINDA: It's...it's...stress. I can't go on stage with her.

BUFFY: You've got to. It's too late to do anything else.

GLINDA: You know her lines?

BUFFY: Oh, no. I can't—

GLINDA: Yes, you can!

*(Mirabelle bustles in SR.)*

MIRABELLE: Glinda! We're going to see Dr. Schellenbrenner right now.

GLINDA: I'm better.

MIRABELLE: You can't play to the balcony with that kind of voice.

*(Mirabelle starts to drag Glinda off SR.)*

GLINDA: *(To Buffy.)* Study those lines!

*(Mirabelle and Glinda exit. Buffy exits SL. Hecubah enters from behind the house.)*

HECUBAH: And they call me a witch! *(Calls off to Glinda.)*  
Well, my pretty, I think I'm going to have to teach you quite a lesson! It's pretty clear who the real witch is around here!

*(Screaming, Nikko runs on SR.)*

NIKKO: I say, they're after me!

HECUBAH: Hide, my pretty! Hide!

*(Jeff, Todd, Sissy, Desdemona, Ophelia, Archie, and Lindsay run on SR, each holding some kind of silly prop as a weapon.)*

JEFF: He came this way!

TODD: *(To Hecubah.)* Hey, Trish, have you seen him?

*(Hecubah points SL.)*

SISSY: *(To Hecubah.)* Hey, kid, you're supposed to turn your costume in, not add makeup!

DESDEMONA: *(To others.)* C'mon! Let's get Big Foot!

*(Todd, Jeff, Sissy, Desdemona, and Ophelia race off SL. Hecubah raises her arms and casts a spell. Thunder and lightning. Archie and Lindsay freeze. Nikko enters from behind the house.)*

ARCHIE: *(Zombie-like.)* Lindsay, let's go.

LINDSAY: *(Zombie-like.)* Okay.

ARCHIE: *(Zombie-like.)* We're not moving.

LINDSAY: *(Zombie-like.)* I know.

HECUBAH: No, my pretties! You'll move when I tell you to move! From now on, you're mine!

NIKKO: But, my queen, they don't even have wings.

HECUBAH: *(Shrugs.)* You work with what you got.

ARCHIE: *(Zombie-like.)* What are you doing to us?

*(Hecubah circles Archie and Lindsay with her arms raised as she recites the spell.)*

HECUBAH: Listen, my pretties, and you shall hear,  
What I want you to do, your duty so dear.  
Follow that Glinda, and be most chipper,  
When you get the chance, steal the ruby slippers.  
You're my slaves, so don't be blue,  
Until someone knocks some sense into you!

*(Thunder, lights flash. Archie and Lindsay suddenly throw up their arms and begin to wander about the stage zombie-like as Hecubah laughs wickedly. Curtain. Intermission.)*

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**