

THE OZ MONOLOGUES



Darby Wills Chism

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THE OZ MONOLOGUES
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P.O. Box 1400
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*This play is for my children,
Rebecca and Wyatt.
You are my joy!*

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THE OZ MONOLOGUES was first produced at Westridge Christian Academy in Marietta, GA: Darby Chism, director.

SINGER: Kaelah Brown

TOURIST 1: John Cunningham

TOURIST 2: Kathleen McBride

CLIFF: Sabrina Harrell

DOROTHY: Grace McBride

GLENDA: Clarissa Livingston

WICKED WITCHES: Clarissa Livingston

LION: Laura Pisano

TIN MAN: Nathan Holmes

SCARECROW: Chris Livingston

WIZARD: Nathan Holmes

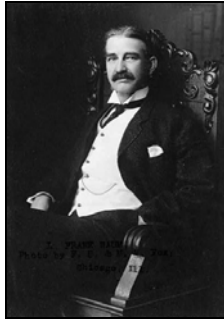
MUNCHKIN TOURIST 1: John Cunningham

MUNCHKIN TOURIST 2: Kathleen McBride

THE OZ MONOLOGUES

COMEDY. This hilarious behind-the-scenes look at “The Wizard of Oz” reveals what really happened when Dorothy landed in Oz, what became of the other characters after Dorothy left, and the secret behind the “magical” ruby slippers. Dorothy divulges that she really landed in Oz, New Mexico, where a “prom queen” forced her to wear a hideous pair of red designer shoes that were too small. The Lion describes his battle with an addiction to McMunchkin Meals and how he changed his diet to include only natural, organic foods. Since getting a brain, the Scarecrow relates his ongoing problems with anxiety and insomnia. And the Tin Man details his rise to fame as a reality TV star and his latest book, “My Ordeal with Dorothy.” Easy to stage, this series of skits and monologues will delight audiences of all ages.

Performance Time: Approximately 45-60 minutes.



L. Frank Baum, 1856

ABOUT THE STORY

Influenced by the Brothers Grimm, Hans Christian Anderson, and Lewis Carroll, children's author L. Frank Baum (1856-1919) published his most famous work, *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, in 1900. The novel's description of Kansas is thought to be based on the landscape of Aberdeen, South Dakota, where Baum moved with his wife in 1888. A classic in children's literature, the story has been translated into more than 40 languages and prompted Baum to write several Oz sequels. The story was first adapted for the stage in 1902 as a musical entitled "The Wizard of Oz." The 1939 film adaptation starring Judy Garland has become a movie classic.

CHARACTERS

(3 M, 4 F, 5 flexible)

DOROTHY: Girl from Kansas who thinks she has landed in Oz, New Mexico, and receives a hideous pair of red designer shoes from a “prom queen.”

LION: Hungry lion who has given up eating McMunchkin Meals in favor of natural, organic foods; flexible.

SCARECROW: Since getting a brain, suffers from anxiety and insomnia; has a crush on Dorothy; male.

TIN MAN: Reality TV star who has written a book “My Ordeal with Dorothy”; male.

GLENDA: Conniving “good” witch in the Land of Oz who has an aversion to doggie doo-doo; looks like a prom queen.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Wants the ruby slippers but isn’t sure in what way they are “magical.”

“THE WIZARD”: A wealthy con man/woman who offers simple, easy answers to complex problems; flexible.

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTH: Reads letters on behalf of her dead cousins, the Wicked Witch of the West and the Wicked Witch of the East.

MUNCHKIN 1-2: Dorothy’s fans; flexible.

TOURIST 1: Unfamiliar with the story of “The Wizard of Oz” and is afraid of flying monkeys; flexible.

TOURIST 2: Narrates the Cliffs Notes version of “The Wizard of Oz”; flexible.

CLIFF: Provides an abridged version of “The Wizard of Oz.”

NOTE: For flexible roles, change the script accordingly. Traditional costumes for the Oz characters can be used or original contemporary costumes can be created.

SETTING

The stage should be very simple with only a plain chair or black box in the center of the stage. Backdrops are optional. There can be a backdrop of an outdoor scene of sunflowers and/or a scene of the yellow brick road running through hills dotted with poppies ending at Emerald City. For Scene 5, a partial of a house with the witch's legs and feet attached will need to be slid or rolled out onto the stage.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Scene 1: Story synopsis of "The Wizard of Oz."

Scene 2: Dorothy's monologue.

Scene 3: Wicked Witch of the West's monologue read by the Wicked Witch of the South.

Scene 4: Glenda's monologue, part one

Scene 5: Skit.

Scene 6: Skit.

Scene 7: Scarecrow's monologue.

Scene 8: Lion's monologue.

Scene 9: Skit.

Scene 10: Tin Man's monologue.

Scene 11: "The Wizard's" monologue

Scene 12: Glenda's monologue, part two

Scene 13: Munchkin 1, 2's monologue.

Scene 14: Wicked Witch of the East's monologue read by the Wicked Witch of the South.

PROPS

Chair or black box	Ruby slippers, for Dorothy
File folder with a "W" on it	Ruby slippers, for Glenda
Large basket	Cell phone
Headband with braids	Bottle of vitamins
Dog puppet	Can of Lysol
Magic wand	Box of disinfecting wipes
Witch's hat	2 Large lollipops
Stuffed dog, for Toto	Watch, for Munchkin 1
Hand basket or bag	Cardboard cutout of the
Big jar of Black water with a witch's hat on top	Wicked Witch of the East

SOUND EFFECTS

Loud bang/boom

Dog growling

Dog barking

**"JUST WHEN I THOUGHT
I'D NEVER BE RID
OF THE WICKED WITCH SISTERS,
THE ANSWER
TO ALL MY PROBLEMS
COMES OUT OF NOWHERE...
OR SOME PLACE
CALLED KANSAS."**

_GLENDA

SCENE 1

(AT RISE: In front of curtain. Tourist 1 enters SL and sits on a chair/box upstage. Tourist 2 enters SL.)

TOURIST 2: Hey, come on, aren't you ready to go?

TOURIST 1: Go where?

TOURIST 2: Remember? Today, we are off to see the Wizard!

TOURIST 1: The Wizard?

TOURIST 2: Yeah...the Wizard of Oz!

TOURIST 1: The Wizard of Oz? Who's that?

TOURIST 2: You've never heard of the Wizard of Oz?

TOURIST 1: No, I can't say that I have.

TOURIST 2: He's in a book... (*Tourist 1 shrugs.*) ...the book, "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz" that was written by L. Frank Baum in 1900.

TOURIST 1: (*Shrugs again.*) No, never heard of him or the book.

TOURIST 2: Come on, in 1939 it was made into a movie. It's a classic. You've heard of Dorothy, the Wicked Witch of the West, and the Flying Monkeys!

TOURIST 1: Oh, ew! I don't like monkeys. It's a phobia really, just like my fear of clowns. (*Shivers.*) I don't want to go anywhere that has flying monkeys. They aren't flying monkey-clowns, are they? Now, that would be a real nightmare!

TOURIST 2: No, just flying monkeys. They used to do the Wicked Witch's bidding because she had them under an evil spell, but now they have a very successful delivery business.

TOURIST 1: That's all right. Monkeys or not, I think that I'll pass on this trip.

TOURIST 2: Well, maybe you aren't interested because you don't know the story "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz."

TOURIST 1: All right, fair enough, tell me the story and maybe I'll go.

TOURIST 2: It's kind of a long story.

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TOURIST 1: Just give me the Cliffs Notes or the in-a-nutshell-version of the story.

TOURIST 2: Okay. (*Calls off SR.*) Clifford, can you come here a minute and bring the “W” file?

(*Clifford enters SR, carrying a file folder with a “W” on it and a basket filled with props including a headband with braids, a stuffed dog or dog puppet, a magic wand, and a witch’s hat. He sets down the basket and holds up the folder.*)

CLIFF: Here you go. The “W” file. What do you need? [“Willy Wonka”]? [“What’s Eating Gilbert Grape”] or [“White Fang”]? [*Or insert other titles starting with “W.”*]

TOURIST 2: We need “The Wonderful Wizard of Oz.”

CLIFF: Good choice. One of my favorites. (*Thumbs through folder.*)

TOURIST 1: Excuse me... (*To Tourist 2, indicating Clifford.*) ...who’s that?

TOURIST 2: It’s Cliff, with notes—Cliff’s notes—to tell you the story. It’s what you wanted.

CLIFF: I’ve also brought the “W” prop basket so we’ll have visual aids.

TOURIST 2: Great! Okay, the whole story, but really quick. It is getting late.

TOURIST 1: (*To Cliff.*) Yes, hurry. I’m getting hungry.

CLIFF: All right, I’ll do my best. (*To Tourist 2.*) Will you accompany me?

TOURIST 2: Of course. Okay, there’s this girl...Dorothy.

(*Cliff grabs a headband with braids out of the basket and puts it on.*)

CLIFF: (*As Dorothy.*) Golly, I wish I could fly like a bluebird over the rainbow! (*Flaps his arms like a bird.*)

TOURIST 2: Dorothy has a yappy little dog...Toto.

(*Cliff retrieves a dog puppet from the basket and puts it on his hand.*)

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CLIFF: (*Working puppet, as Toto.*) Yip, yip.

TOURIST 2: There's a storm with a terrible twister. Dorothy and Toto are alone in her Aunt's house when it gets picked up and carried away by the tornado.

CLIFF: (*Spins around in a circle, shouts.*) Auntie Em! Auntie Em!

TOURIST 2: The twister sets the house down in this place called Munchkinland, where the house accidentally lands on the Wicked Witch of the East and kills her.

CLIFF: (*As Dorothy.*) Toto, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore. (*Holds up dog puppet, as Toto.*) Yip, Yip!

TOURIST 2: The Munchkins are happy that Dorothy's house fell on the witch! After all, she was a really mean witch.

CLIFF: (*Gets down on knees. As Munchkin.*) Ding, dong, the witch is dead! Thank you, Dorothy!

TOURIST 2: Then Glenda, the good witch, shows up and gives Dorothy the dead witch's magic shoes.

(*Cliff stands up, takes the magic wand out of the basket, and waves it around.*)

CLIFF: (*As Glenda, in a high, sweet voice.*) The ruby slippers belong to you now, Dorothy!

TOURIST 2: Then the dead witch's sister, the Wicked Witch of the West, shows up and she wants the shoes. But she can't have the shoes because they are magically stuck on Dorothy's feet. The witch leaves but vows she'll get the shoes away from Dorothy.

(*Cliff takes the witch's hat out of the basket and puts it on.*)

CLIFF: (*As Wicked Witch of the West. In a mean, low voice.*) I'll get you, my pretty, and your little dog, too!

TOURIST 2: Dorothy just wants to go home, but the only person who can help her get back to Kansas is the Wizard of

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Oz, who lives in the Emerald City. Glenda tells Dorothy to go to the Emerald City to see the Wizard.

(Cliff waves the wand about.)

CLIFF: *(As Glenda, in a high, sweet voice.)* Follow the Yellow Brick Road, Dorothy.

(Tourist 2 takes a deep breath and pauses.)

TOURIST 1: *(To Tourist 2.)* Well, go on. What happens next? Does Dorothy go see the Wizard? Does the Wicked Witch get the shoes? Do Dorothy and Toto ever get back to Kansas?

(Tourist 2 breathes deeply and holds up one finger to ask for a moment to recover.)

CLIFF: Oh, for goodness sakes. The rest of the story goes like this. On the road to Oz... *(Begins to skip in place.)* ...Dorothy meets a Scarecrow without a brain, a Tin Man without a heart, and a Lion without any courage. They decide to go with Dorothy to see the Wizard about their problems. The Wicked Witch of the West and her Flying Monkeys chase them all the way to the Emerald City, trying to get the magic shoes. Dorothy and her friends finally make it to see the Wizard. The Wizard tells Dorothy that he will help her and her friends if she brings him the Wicked Witch of the West's broomstick. So they go to the Witch's castle to try to steal the broomstick, but they are captured by the Wicked Witch. Dorothy saves them all by melting the Witch with a bucket of water.

(Tourist 2 has recovered and grabs the witch's hat off of Cliff's head.)

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TOURIST 2: *(As Wicked Witch of the West.)* Help me! I'm melting!

CLIFF: The monkeys are freed from the Witch's evil spell. Dorothy and her friends go back to see the Wizard with the broomstick. The Wizard tells the Scarecrow that he's always had a brain, that the Tin Man always had a heart, and that the Lion has always had courage. He tries to send Dorothy back to Kansas in a hot air balloon, but she misses the ride. Then Glenda shows up and tells Dorothy that she had the power to go home all along. Dorothy just had to click the heels of the ruby slippers together.

(Tourist 2 takes off the witch's hat.)

TOURIST 2: *(As Dorothy. Closes eyes and clicks heels together.)*
There's no place like home. Oh, Auntie Em, there's no place like home!

TOURIST 1: Wow, that's a great story. I can't wait to see Munchkinland and Oz. Let's go!

TOURIST 2: Off to see the Wizard?

TOURIST 1: Yep.

TOURIST 2: Great. He opened up the Oz Deli a few years back and they have the world's best burger. Are you hungry, Cliff?

(Cliff starts to pack up the prop basket.)

CLIFF: I could eat.

TOURIST 2: Great, let's go. The Yellow Brick Road starts over there *(Points off SR.)*

TOURIST 1: Follow the Yellow Brick Road.

CLIFF: Follow the Yellow Brick Road.

(Tourist 1, 2, and Cliff link arms and skip off SR. Blackout.)

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SCENE 2

(AT RISE: Dorothy enters SL. She is carrying a basket or bag with a stuffed dog sticking out and is wearing the ruby slippers.)

DOROTHY: So, like, talk about a bad hair day. A few weeks ago, this totally heinous storm blew up out of nowhere and there was an F3 tornado. The tornado picked up my aunt's entire house with me and Toto in it. Next thing I know, I am in some freaky place where they've never heard of cell phones. Seriously! And before I can get the 4-1-1 on the whole situation, this flaky chick in a prom dress shows up and sticks these gaudy shoes on my feet. And, gross, she got them off this dead chick. I was so freaking out! But, then, when I think things can't get any weirder, some witch flies up on a broomstick. I kid you not...a broomstick! I'm thinking that I must be dreamin' and that I ate some bad burritos at the Spicy Shack. But it doesn't feel like a dream when the Witch comes up and starts poking me on the shoulder. She gets all up in my grill, disrespecting me, and talking crazy. She's screaming at me and saying that I killed her sister and stole her shoes. I'm like, "I'm so sorry. Please take the shoes. I don't care if they are [Jimmy Chu]. I mean, they were too small for me anyway and totally clashed with my outfit." Seriously, I just wanted to go home, chill out, and eat some curly cheese fries. But my nightmare was far from over. After a few rounds of name-calling between the Prom Queen and the Witch, the Witch finally gives up and leaves. She kept glaring at me as she climbed on her broomstick and telling me that, "I will *rude* the day." (Rolls her eyes.) Whatever that means. I am a lot of things, but *rude* isn't one of them. I've won the Ms. Manners ribbon three years running at school. I didn't even cuss when the Prom Queen told me that I had to keep the shoes because they were magically stuck to my feet. I didn't roll my eyes or cover my ears when all those little Munchkin singers came

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running out and picked me up and carried me around like a parade float. I kept my composure when the Munchkins put me down and I was too dizzy to speak. I smiled and said, "You're welcome," when the Munchkins kept thanking me for killing the Wicked Witch. I was a perfect lady the whole time they pawed at me and gave me candy and told me I was lucky I was to have the pretty corpse shoes. The Prom Queen, on the other hand, was far from ladylike when she started smacking the Munchkins on the head with her wand and told them to back off. Finally, when I couldn't take it anymore, I yelled at the Prom Queen to stop and told her that I didn't like Munchkin Land or the hideous designer shoes. But then she hit me on the head with the wand and told me to shut it. She told me that she was trying to help me. She said that I needed to go see some sort of personal trainer, life coach guy named "The Wizard." Apparently, he's, like, the only one in the whole country who could give me a righteous makeover and tell me how to get home. The Prom Queen told me that I could find "The Wizard" if I followed the Yellow Brick Road. Apparently, they have flying broomsticks but no cars in Munchkin Land. I know, it was the weirdest place! Well, she didn't have to tell me twice. I started hoofin' it as fast as I could out of there. But I guess the shoes were, like, cutting off the circulation to my brain because I started feeling all goofy. I was also all hopped up on sugar because candy was all that the Munchkins gave me to eat. Oh, and, apparently, there aren't any rest stops or Porta-Johns along the Yellow Brick Road. The whole thing was a total spicy burrito nightmare. I hope that chick broke out with a face full of zits for the prom!
(Exits SR.)

SCENE 3

(AT RISE: *The Wicked Witch of the South enters SL. She is carrying a big jar of black water with a witch's hat on it and sets it down on a chair or box.*)

WICKED WITCH OF THE SOUTH: Hum, howdy folks, I am the Wicked Witch of the South. I will be reading for my cousin, the Wicked Witch of the West, as she has not yet reconstituted. She dictated the following monologue to me via crystal ball. This is her side of the story. (*Takes out a piece of folded paper and opens it up. Reads.*) "Well, what's an evil, mean-spirited girl supposed to do? I had plans for those shoes. I was entitled, after all. I was next in line to have them. I had them dead to rights. But before I could stake my claim, some snotty little stranger literally falls out of the sky and snatches them right out from under me—or, at least, right out from under the house that she dropped on my sister! I'll admit that in some twisted way she did me a favor. I mean—*wham!*—out of the blue, my secret, most vile wish is granted. My sister, the Wicked Witch of the East, is dead and the shoes are mine for the taking. I couldn't believe my luck! But I should have known better. I mean, come on! Just once, why couldn't things have gone my way? (*Pause.*) Well, people like me...we just have to make our own luck, and I learned a long time ago that you can't stop and worry about who you hurt in the process. No, you can't be emotional or weak because there's always someone just as wicked as you waiting, ready to take your place. So why couldn't that have been my challenge to be paired with that kind of adversary? At the very least, I deserved to do battle with someone with the same cunning and skill as I. Instead, I have to go up against some little snip of a girl, an obnoxious goodie-two-stolen-shoes. It is incredible! Not only did she get away with murder...she got rewarded for it! Everyone was, like, "It's all right, Dorothy, darling. Have

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a lollipop and go see the Wizard. He is sure to help a sweet little thing like you!" Please! I had to watch her skip around my town, picking up friends and admirers along the way. It made me twitchy and itchy in my brain. I just wanted to knock her out and rip my shoes off her stubby little toes. Heck, I would have cut them off at the knees if I'd had the chance. And, Glenda, she's such a self-righteous hypocrite. Mark my words...she's the *real* witch in this story. One should be careful when walking down a road paved with good intentions, even if it is a yellow brick road. I'll get Glenda and that girl and her little dog, too! She will rue the day. Glen-a-ill-ue-the-aye! (*Tries to read paper.*) Well, sorry, folks. She started breaking up here and then the ball dropped. But I am pretty sure the rest of the monologue went something like...Glenda will rue the day, the Munchkins will rue the day, and... (*Points to someone in the audience.*) ...you will rue the day. (*With arms up in the air, shouts.*) All of you will rue the day! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha....rue I say! (*Realizes she has gotten carried away. Stops, stares at the audience, smoothes out her dress, and regains her composure.*) Uh, thank you. Thank you so much. (*Bows, picks up the jar, and exits SR. Blackout.*)

SCENE 4

(AT RISE: *Glenda enters SR, carrying a magic wand.*)

GLEENDA: Good things come to those who wait? I'll say! Just when I thought I'd never be rid of the Wicked Witch sisters...the answer to all my problems comes out of nowhere...or some place called "Kansas"! Granted, I would have preferred a quick and deadly bolt of lightning. That would have been a more efficient and permanent end to the Wicked Witch sisters. (*Stage whisper.*) I haven't told anyone yet, but the Wicked Witch sisters will eventually be back. (*Normal voice.*) You can flatten and melt a witch, but it will only keep them down for a while. They aren't really completely dead. But, hey, this works for now. And best of all, I didn't have to get my hands dirty. Yeah, Dorothy was easy enough to manipulate—a spoiled little simpleton, really. The only drawback was that yippy little hell hound. What a disgusting animal. The ankle-biter ripped a hole in my favorite dress and pooped all over Munchkinland. And did Dorothy even try to make any apologies or offer to clean up behind the vile creature? No, Miss Sassy Pants was only concerned about herself. I'd have zapped the little beast into a toad and fed him to the crows. But I had to be smart. After all, I have a reputation to uphold. The press would have been all over that: "Glenda the Good smites cute furry animal." (*Sniffs the air.*) Eww! I can still smell the poop! (*Sniffs some more and checks the bottom of her shoes. Yells.*) Ah! You've got to be kidding me! (*Takes her magic wand and scraps off the "poop."*) Seriously! Steve, have you seen the disinfecting wipes? (*Disgusted, she looks at the audience and starts to limp off SR. She stops. To audience.*) I'll be right back. (*Exits SR. Blackout.*)

SCENE 5

(AT RISE: There is a loud bang SR. Then a partial of a house with the Witch's legs and the ruby shoes sticking out underneath the house slides halfway out SL. Dorothy enters SR, holding a cell phone up to her ear. She is clutching a basket around her other arm with Toto's head sticking out. She has no shoes, just stockings.)

DOROTHY: *(Into phone.)* Hello! Hello! *(Shrugs in frustration. To Toto.)* Well, I don't think that we're in Kansas anymore, Toto. Heck, I don't think we're in America anymore. Why, that tornado must have flown us all the way down to New Mexico! I told Daddy that I was going to need the cell plan with long distance and international calling. Oh, gee, there's got to be a cell tower around here somewhere. *(Holds the cell phone up in the air and then puts the phone back to her ear. Into phone.)* Hello, can you hear me now?

(Glenda enters SL.)

GLEND A: Hello, my dear...

(Note: Dog barks in between Dorothy and Glenda's following exchanges.)

DOROTHY: Oh, hey, I'll be right with you. I am trying to make a call. You have lousy cell service here in New Mexico. *(Looks Glenda over and smiles.)* Nice dress. Going to the prom? *(Gives Glenda a thumbs-up. Sarcastic.)* Nice. Hot.

GLEND A: *(Smiles.)* Thanks. No, wait, I need to tell you...about these...shoes.

(Glenda goes over and takes the ruby shoes off the Wicked Witch of the East and then starts following Dorothy around with them. Glenda puts her wand in between her teeth, gets down on her knees, and holds onto Dorothy's legs so she will stop moving around. Then

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she starts putting the shoes on Dorothy's stocking feet. The whole time, Dorothy is listening and talking on her cell phone and Toto is barking. Glenda manages to get one shoe on Dorothy's foot.)

DOROTHY: *(Looks down. To Glenda.)* Ouch! Oh, no thanks. Those are nice and all...but I think they are too small. *(Glenda works feverishly to get the other shoe on Dorothy.)* Great, red shoes. That's so sweet of you but not really necessary. Hey, do you have a cell phone I can use? I need to call home. *(Glenda stands up and dusts herself off. She just looks at Dorothy for a moment. Then Glenda takes the wand out of her mouth with one hand and grabs the cell phone out of Dorothy's hand with the other. Shouts.)* Hey! Rude much? *(Grabs the phone back from Glenda, and they glare at each other for a moment. Toto growls. Suddenly smiles. Realizes.)* Oh, I am so blond sometimes! You probably don't speak English. You speak Mexican in New Mexico. *(Gestures with her hands, loudly.)* I need el phono, por favor.

(Dorothy points to the phone. Toto barks for a few seconds. Glenda takes a deep breath.)

GLEND: *(Superficial smile.)* That's what I've been trying to tell you, you silly goose.

(Glenda hits Dorothy and Toto on their heads with her wand. Toto whimpers and doesn't bark anymore. Dorothy makes a face and rubs her head.)

DOROTHY: Hey, ouch!

GLEND: Now, listen, you are in the Land of Oz and we don't have cell phony thingies here. We—

DOROTHY: *(Excitedly.)* Oh, what a relief! You do speak English! Wait. You don't have cell phones? That's the weirdest thing I've ever heard! All right, I guess we'll just go old school. Where's the nearest land line then? And I'm

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going to need an address for my dad to Map Quest so he can come and pick me up.

GLEENDA: Well, someone hit her head a little too hard! (*Pats Dorothy on the head with her hand.*) Bless your heart...that's why you are babbling on like an idiot. One more time. Now, listen closely...you are in the Land of Oz. If you want to go home, you have to walk to the Emerald City to see the Wizard. No one leaves Oz unless it is through him.

DOROTHY: There is only one travel agent in town? Wow, and I thought Kansas was lame. (*Rolls her eyes.*) All right, if that's the way you roll. Where's the Emerald City? But, seriously, I don't like to walk. It makes me sweaty. Can't I just take a bus?

GLEENDA: Finally, we are getting somewhere! The Emerald City is that way. (*Points off SL.*) It is about one day's walk if you don't stray off the road. You should be able to make it by sundown if you leave now. And, yes, you have to walk there.

DOROTHY: Walk?! No, no, I don't think so, especially not in these shoes! I'll just hang out here with you.

GLEENDA: No, you have to go. The journey is just as important as the destination.

(Glenda starts pushing Dorothy off SL.)

DOROTHY: Hey, look, it's not that I don't appreciate your help and all... (*Reaches down and tries to take off the shoes.*) ...I just think I'll see if someone else around here can help me. (*Pulling on the shoes.*) Hey, these shoes are stuck. Give me a hand, here.

(Glenda stops pulling Dorothy to the SL exit. Glenda turns Dorothy around and holds her by the shoulders.)

GLEENDA: (*In Dorothy's face.*) Stop pulling on the shoes. Those are the famed ruby slippers and they are now

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magically attached to your feet. They belong to you now since you inadvertently dropped your house on their owner, the Wicked Witch there. *(Points to the legs under the house.)*

DOROTHY: What? You got these shoes off a dead body?! Oh, gross! *(In a panic, starts flailing around.)* Get them off! Get them off!

GLENDA: *(Gives her a good "slap" in the face.)* Stop it! If you'd just listen to me!

(Glenda and Dorothy stand there looking at each other for a moment.)

DOROTHY: *(Whimpers.)* You are not a very nice Prom Queen. You must have been voted in on your looks.

GLENDA: Look, little girl, I don't know who or what a prom queen is, and I don't care. I am Glenda, the Good Witch. You are wearing the magic ruby slippers that, yes, I took off the dead Wicked Witch of the East. But there's no time to argue. The sister of the Wicked Witch will be here soon, and she is not going to be happy that you have her shoes.

DOROTHY: Her shoes? Good, she can have them. I don't want them. I don't like it here in Oz, New Mexico. I want to go home now!

(Dorothy storms off SL and Glenda follows. Blackout.)

SCENE 6

(AT RISE: As Dorothy enters SL, the Wicked Witch of the West enters SR. Dorothy sets her basket down. Toto is still sticking out of the basket. Dorothy and the Wicked Witch of the West approach each other and face off CS. Lion enters SL. Lion picks up Toto, sniffs him, licks him, and then chews on him.)

WITCH: (To Dorothy, shouts.) Give me my shoes!

DOROTHY: Take the shoes!

WITCH: Give me my shoes!

DOROTHY: I said, take the shoes!

WITCH: They are mine!

DOROTHY: Well, if you can get them off my feet, you can have them.

(Dorothy holds out her right foot. The Witch pulls on the shoe. She pulls on the shoe more and more aggressively until Dorothy is on the ground with the Witch straddling her leg with her butt in Dorothy's face.)

LION: Oh! Cat fight! Meow! (Puts Toto down and runs off SL, shouting.) Hey, everybody! Cat fight! Cat fight! (Exits.)

DOROTHY: (To Witch.) Oh, just give it up, will ya? They aren't coming off. That wacky Prom Queen stuck them on good.

WITCH: I don't suppose that you'd wait here while I get a few tools?

(Witch sits down next to Dorothy.)

DOROTHY: Not a chance.

WITCH: That's what I thought.

DOROTHY: Why do you want these shoes so badly anyway? What do they do?

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WITCH: I don't know. Like anyone would tell *me!* My mom always liked my sister best. She gave her the shoes and said that it was their little secret what they did.

DOROTHY: So this hissy fit is all about some twisted case of sibling rivalry and hand-me-down shoes?

WITCH: Excuse me, they are magical ruby shoes. Magical! *(Pause.)* Whatever, I don't have time for your psychobabble, little girl. I'll be right back. I know where I can get a hacksaw. *(Gets up and exits SR.)*

DOROTHY: *(Sarcastic.)* Sure, take your time. I'll be right here, waiting. *(Stands, picks up Toto, and starts to exit SL.)* That's one crazy hag! That Wizard better be some kind of wonderful or somebody is getting a ruby slipper upside the head. *(Looks off SL.)* Hey, there's a cornfield. I think I'll go sit and rest by that scarecrow. *(Limps off SL. Blackout.)*

SCENE 7

(AT RISE: Scarecrow enters SL.)

SCARECROW: Someone somewhere once said that ignorance is bliss. And I know that this is the truth, for I was once a simpleton. I was happy and content to be basking in the sun each day, doing an honest day's work. Then I met a girl and she got me thinking. *(Pause, looks at audience.)* When I was around her, I felt restless and unsure of myself. To make matters worse, she was always asking me questions, filling my head with all sorts of thoughts and ideas like...what did I want out of life? Where did I see myself in five years? My answers, when I had them, sounded so lame. I wanted to be able to engage her in intelligent conversation. I wanted to be charming and witty. Suddenly, I wasn't content to stand in the cornfield heckling crows. But now the girl is gone and I use my new brilliant brain—my genius—to obsess about her. I can't stop. It is always, "I wonder what Dorothy is doing today?" "I bet Dorothy would like that joke!" And on and on. Then, on the rare occasion that I am not thinking about her, I am anxious and worried about anything and everything else like "Can scarecrows catch the bird flu?" "What if I am eaten by a mad cow?" I never used to worry about these kinds of things. My mind goes constantly. Then, to make matters worse, I have developed insomnia and survive on coffee. Trust me, folks, there's something to be said for ignorance. The farmer's wife is working on making me a female scarecrow to keep me company out in the fields. She thinks that having a companion with a similar background and composition will solve all my problems. I hope she's right, but lately I've been worried that this scarecrow girlfriend won't like me that way, either. What if I am too smart for her? What will we talk about all day out in the field? What if we find each other boring? *(Sadly.)* I bet if Dorothy were here we'd always have things

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to talk about. (*Cheerful.*) The farmer's wife is going to make my girlfriend scarecrow look like Dorothy. (*Pause. Excited.*) Hey, I just had an idea! Maybe I could harness a couple of crows with some rope so they can fly me over the rainbow to find Dorothy? Yeah, if birds fly over the rainbow, why can't I? There's some rope in the farmer's barn. This could work! (*Exits SR.*)

SCENE 8

(AT RISE: Lion enters SR, does three push-ups, and jumps up and down.)

LION: Oh, yeah! Feeling good! (*Shouts.*) Feel-in' good! I am living and eating clean! Yep, no more McMunchkin Meals for me. Those things are loaded with trans fats and preservatives and high in carbs—a few of the many drawbacks of a fast-food diet. But it stands to reason the Munchkins eat nothing but processed foods high in sugar with all kinds of artificial dyes and flavors. I mean, candy is the main staple of their diet. Sure, it was hard to change my lifestyle and eating habits. I mean, I had it made...McMunchkin Meals are easy and convenient. They are juicy and sweet. (*Stops jumping up and down and does a few jumping jacks.*) Why is it that the best tasting foods are so bad for you? (*Pauses and looks away for a moment.*) I couldn't resist the temptation. They made it so easy. The Munchkins are a lazy bunch, and let's be honest...not too bright. I mean, how many of them came to my house *for dinner* and then ran off to join the circus that night never to be heard from again? Come on, I'm a lion. You don't have to be a rocket scientist to figure out what was really going on. But they never had a clue. I still dream about the happy, imaginary Munchkin circus traveling from town to town. Heck, sometimes I even felt a little twinge of guilt. I eventually stopped hunting altogether. I got virtually no exercise. Then, after a while, my digestive track was a wreck. My immune system was shot. I was bloated and gassy all the time. I was tired and irritable. I was stressed out and on edge. (*Does some more jumping jacks.*) Over the years, the situation grew worse until I was no longer able to function socially. I would have panic attacks where I'd have the unbearable need to flee whenever anyone came near me. My heart would start to race, my paws would throb, and my

head would pound. It was a severe physical reaction that went completely against my nature. I mean, I love being around people. I crave people. I love the way they look and smell. Their skin is so soft and meaty. *(Pause, lost in thought.)* Oh! *(Does a few jumping jacks.)* Work it out, King. Work it out! *(Jumps up and down and then takes out a bottle of vitamins and takes one.)* These are vitamin supplements to suppress my carnivorous appetite. I use these and protein shakes. Lots of protein shakes! So, my friends and family are always asking me, "How did you do it? How did you get back to being the healthy specimen that you are today?" Well, I met this tourist last year. Her name is Dorothy, and she's the one who motivated me to make the change. She was traveling through Oz with her wannabe boyfriend, the Scarecrow, and the most delicious bit of meat I'd ever smelled. She called the morsel "Toto." Once I got a good whiff of Toto, I could think of nothing but devouring the creature. So when Dorothy invited me to join her on her trip, I couldn't resist. It was a long trip, and I was out of shape. It was hard to keep up. Dorothy and I began discussing my health problems as we went. Dorothy told me that she is a vegetarian and that's why she is so fit and trim. She convinced me that I would feel better if I gave up most meats and processed foods. After she went back home, I tried it out. Now I only eat natural, organic foods like wild salmon I catch in the river. I changed my whole lifestyle and it has paid off. I am no longer weak and sluggish. I've reduced my anxiety levels. I get plenty of rest and exercise regularly. The very thought of eating a McMunchkin Meal makes me sick to my stomach. The only drawback to the whole situation is that I hear the Munchkins are having an overpopulation problem...

[END OF FREEVIEW]