

UNCLE HENRY/ AUNT EM

AUNT EM: (Calling out) Dooooooooor'theeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!

UNCLE HENRY: No sign of her yet, Em?

AUNT EM: Don't know what takes that girl so long from school. She's slower'n a three-legged turtle. (Putting her hands to her mouth)  
DOOOOOOOR'THEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!

UNCLE HENRY: Well, if she ain't here soon I'll send a hand to fetch her.

AUNT EM: (Worried) You think it's comin' fer sure, Henry?

UNCLE HENRY: (Squinting at the sky) I don't like the looks o' that sky at-tall, Emma.

AUNT EM: There's the close feelin' in the air, all right.

UNCLE HENRY: I don't like it at-tall, Emma.

AUNT EM: (Looking off anxiously) Drat that girl! (Calls again)  
Dooooooooor'theeeeeeeeeeeeeee.....

UNCLE HENRY / JOE

UNCLE HENRY: Here you Joe..

JOE: Who me?

UNCLE HENRY: Hike down the road a piece an' see what's holdin'  
Dor'thy.

JOE: Sure thing, Mister Gale.

UNCLE HENRY: An' move! I think we're going to get a twister.

JOE: A twister, Mister Gale?!!!!

UNCLE HENRY: Yup.

JOE: (Gawking at the sky) Well, wha' do you know!

UNCLE HENRY: Well, don't stand there, Joe, Git!

JOE: Yes sir, Mister Gale!

DOROTHY / AUNT EM

DOROTHY: 'Lo, Aunt Em.

AUNT EM: Where you been, Miss?

DOROTHY: No place...I came right home from school.

AUNT EM: How'd you come? Way o' Topeka?

DOROTHY: I came right home, Aunt Em. Honest!

AUNT EM: (Eyeing the wildflowers in her hand) Them flowers jus' grew in your hand, I s'pose?

DOROTHY: They're for Uncle Henry. Tomorrow's his birthday. Aren't they pretty? Smell... (Dorothy hold out the flowers to AUNT EM)

AUNT EM: (Snorting) Here we been worried half to death where you was an' you're pickin' flowers...!

DOROTHY: But it on'y took a jiffy to get these, Aunt Em.

AUNT EM: Ummmmm...(Looking over DOROTHY skeptically) What else'd you do?

DOROTHY: Nothin'....

AUNT EM: Nothin'?

DOROTHY: Well, except maybe look in the crick for a jiffy.

AUNT EM: In wadin' were you, Miss?

DOROTHY: No. I jus' like to sit on the bank an' look inside.

AUNT EM: Inside o' what?

DOROTHY: The crick.

AUNT EM: A crick ain't got insides....it's only got a bottom. An' there ain't nothin' to see—on'y stones an' fish swimmin' around.

DOROTHY: Is that all you see in a crick, Aunt Em?

AUNT EM: It's all any Christian can see, Dor'thy...

DOROTHY: Didn't you ever look quick at a fish an' think first off it was a mermaid maybe?

AUNT EM: Dor'thy!

DOROTHY: I have, lots o' times.

AUNT EM: That ain't right, Dor'thy.

DOROTHY: Why?

AUNT EM: If the good Lord had wanted us to see mermaids swimmin' through our cow pasture, he'd o' put'em there Himself....!

DOROTHY: But didn't you ever pretend things, Aunt Em? Like maybe a cloud wasn't a cloud but a big palace or somethin'...Why, jus' this afternoon when I was lyin' in the field watchin' the sky, I—

AUNT EM: Right home from school, eh?

DOROTHY: But it's so nice out, Aunt Em.

AUNT EM: Nice? Your Uncle Henry's worried half to death there's goin' t'be a twister.

DOROTHY: But Uncle Henry's always worried about somethin'. Yesterday it was the mortgage an' the day before that it was inflation.

AUNT EM: Well, when you grow up, you'll worry, too.

DOROTHY: About inflation?

AUNT EM: I wouldn't doubt it one bit.

DOROTHY: Not me, Aunt Em. When I get big I'm jus' not goin' to worry about anything.

AUNT EM: That's a good trick. On'y how you goin' t'do it?

DOROTHY: I'll go someplace where people don't believe in worryin'.

AUNT EM: An' where's that at?

DOROTHY: I don't know exactly....(Sighs) But someday I'll find it.

MUNCHKIN MAYOR / MUNCHKIN FARMER / SNEEZING  
MUNCHKIN/ PEEPING MUNCHKIN / MUNCHKIN 1&2

FARMER: (Whispering) There. There's the magic house.

MAYOR: (Low scared voice) It flies, you say?

FARMER: As sure as I'm a Munchkin, it came right out of the sky! It flew right down the rainbow—zoom!

(The FARMER hits the MAYOR to demonstrate a zoom.)

MAYOR: How do you know it killed the Wicked Witch?

FARMER: I saw it! The house cracked right square on her head—zoom!  
(Hits MAYOR again) If you don't believe me, look! (Points beneath the house) That's the witch's feet stickin' out underneath.

MUNCHKIN 1: It's her silver slippers, all right, Mayor! She must be dead.

ALL MUNCHKINS: Hurrah!! The witch is dead! Hurrah!

MAYOR: Sssssssh!!!

FARMER: What's the matter?

MAYOR: Whoever owns that flying house must be very powerful indeed.  
Another witch perhaps. So until we know whether this stranger is good or bad we'd better be careful.

FARMER: How are we going to find out?

MAYOR: Knock on the door and ask!

FARMER: Spoken like a true Munchkin, Mayor!

MAYOR: Go ahead. We'll wait.

The MAYOR shoves the FARMER toward the house.

FARMER: Me?

MAYOR: The house is on your property.

FARMER: But it's your job to welcome strangers. You're the Mayor.

MAYOR: We'll send a committee. The rest of you go.

MUNCHKIN 2: As Mayor you've got to go first.

MAYOR: Well, then we'll all go together.

All MUNCHKINS tiptoe toward the house quietly, when SNEEZING  
MUNCHKIN lets out a big sneeze.

MAYOR: Don't DO that!!

SNEEZING MUNCHKIN: It's my sinuses.

MAYOR: Forward, Men!

FARMER: I know the stranger's name. RFD 2.

MAYOR: Let's hope it's a GOOD name.

PEEPING MUNCHKIN peeps in the window.

PEEPING MUNCHKIN: Why, it's a girl! See, she's asleep in there.

FARMER: She looks harmless.

MAYOR: Looks mean nothing in a witch.

FARMER: Go ahead, Mayor. Knock.

MAYOR: It seems a shame to wake her.

FARMER: Go ahead. You're not afraid of a girl, are you?

MAYOR: I'll show you who's afraid!

DOROTHY / GLINDA

DORTHY: What place is this?

GLINDA: This is the country of the Munchkins in the Land of Oz.

DOROTHY: How did I get here?

GLINDA: Your house brought you down the rainbow.

DOROTHY: Oh...(Looks at the rainbow) Certain'y is pretty....

GLINDA: Is this the first time you've ever seen the other end of the rainbow, Dorothy?

DOROTHY: Yes'm. You know I never saw a rainbow hang around so long.

GLINDA: Oh, that's there all the time. It's only the other end that moves around. We sometimes wonder where it goes.

DOROTHY: Are you a Munchkin, Miss?

GLINDA: NO, I am Glinda, the Sorceress Of The North, Dorothy, and I rule the country of the Gillikins in the north part of Oz.

DOROTHY: I see. Pardon me, but is Oz a fairyland?

GLINDA: Naturally. Isn't Kansas?

DOROTHY: Well, not exactly.

GLINDA: Then how is it your house flies so well?

DOROTHY: That was a twister.

GLINDA: Whatever it was, you have done the Munchkins a great service by killing their wicked witch.

DOROTHY: I killed a witch?!!!



GLINDA: Or your house did...(Points at the shoes under the house) Look.

DOROTHY: Oh, that's dreadful! What'll Aunt Em say?!!!

GLINDA: If your Aunt Em knew the witch, she'd say you did a wonderful thing, Dorothy. She was very wicked. Had I the power I should have rid the Land of Oz of her long ago.

DOROTHY: Well, if you think nobody minds.

GLINDA: Ask the Munchkins what they think....

DOROTHY: Where are they?

GLINDA: Oh, they're around. Come out, you Munchkins. Come out!  
This is not a witch. Come out.

WICKED WITCH / MAYOR / DOROTHY

WICKED WITCH: Help Dorothy go to Emerald City, will you? The brat killed my sister! Feugh!!!

MAYOR: It's the Witch of the West! Run for your lives!

DOROTHY: (Coming out of the house) I found some bread and cheese, too—Oh, where's everybody?

WICKED WITCH: I'm afraid I frightened them all away, my dear.  
(Laughs)

DOROTHY: Who are you?

WICKED WITCH: I'm the Witch of the West, my dear. It's my sister your house fell on.

DOROTHY: That was an accident, honest!

WICKED WITCH: (Crossing to Dorothy) I'll show you an accident!!!

DOROTHY: Let me alone, you ol' witch!

The WICKED WITCH laughs.

You can't hurt me as long as I've got the Sorceress's mark, so there!

**WICKED WITCH:** Feugh!!! (Sees the mark and stops short, raging) But I'll find a way my pretty, mark or no mark! Just see what kind of a trip you have to Emerald City! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

DOROTHY / SCARECROW

DOROTHY: Are you alive? Can you talk?

SCARECROW: I don't know. I never tried.

DOROTHY: You're talking now.

SCARECROW: Why, so I am! Easy, isn't it?

DOROTHY: Easiest thing there is, Aunt Em says.

SCARECROW: Oh, if it was hard I'd never be able to do it.

DOROTHY: Why not?

SCARECROW: I haven't got a brain.

DOROTHY: How do you know?

SCARECROW: The farmer that stuffed me left it out.

DOROTHY: I wouldn't worry. Plenty of people get on fine without brains.

SCARECROW: I hope you're right. (Sighs) Have you got one?

DOROTHY: A brain? Sure.

SCARECROW: Well, don't you think it's foolish of me to spend the rest of my life on top of this pole?

DOROTHY: I don't suppose it's very comfortable.

SCARECROW: Not only that, what good am I?

DOROTHY: Don't you scare crows?

SCARECROW: No. They take one look at me and go right on eating corn. They know I'm fastened here. They've got brains, you see.

DOROTHY: Then there's not much point of your being there.

SCARECROW: That's what I'd think if I could think.

DOROTHY: Want me to help you down?

SCARECROW: Would you?

DOROTHY: I think I can reach...

DOROTHY manages to get the SCARECROW off the pole.

SCARECROW: Thank you. Thank you very much.

DOROTHY: (Holding up the SCARECROW) Can you walk?

SCARECROW: I don't know. I never tried. (The SCARECROW takes some awkward steps. DOROTHY runs to him) You see, I was only made this morning.

TIN MAN / SCARECROW / DOROTHY

SCARECROW: Why, what is it?

DOROTHY: It looks like a big tin soldier.

TIN MAN: (Speaking with much difficulty) Tin WOODMAN, if you don't mind.

DOROTHY: He can talk!

TIN MAN: I'd talk much better if you'd...oil...my...jaws....

DOROTHY: What's he saying?

TIN MAN: Oil...oil....oil can....oil....

SCARECROW: Something about oil.

DOROTHY: Oil can, that's it!

SCARECROW: (Finding oil can on the ground) Here it is.

TIN MAN: (Almost unintelligible now) Oil...my...jaws...oil...jaws...

DOROTHY: Like this? (Oils the TIN MAN's jaws)

TIN MAN: (Stretching his mouth wide and speaking clearer) Oh, that's better. Thank you!

DOROTHY: Goodness, what was the trouble?

TIN MAN: I rusted, that's all. I was out chopping and got caught in the rain.

Now, if you'd just oil my arms, I could put this axe down.

DOROTHY: Oh, certainly. (Oils the TIN MAN's arms)

TIN MAN: (Loving his axe) Ah, that's more like it. Thanks...I've been holding that axe for ages, it seems.

SCARECROW: His right elbow still squeaks, Dorothy.

TIN MAN: Never mind that now. Fix my legs, please.

DOROTHY: (Oiling) And you're really alive?

TIN MAN: Certainly, my dear. (Stretching his legs) Is that so surprising?

DOROTHY: Well, in Kansas it would be.

TIN MAN: Even in Oz, it's unique, my dear. So far as I know, the tinsmith made only one like me before he went away.

DOROTHY: If you ask me he did a pretty wonderful job.

TIN MAN: (Sadly) There's only one thing wrong me.

DOROTHY: What's that?

TIN MAN: Listen...

TIN MAN pounds on his chest.

Hollow...hollow...hollow...You see, I haven't got a heart! (Weeps)  
The tinsmith forgot to give me one.

LION / DOROTHY / TIN MAN / SCARECROW

LION: (Leaping out from behind a tree) Grrrrrrrrrr!! GrrrrrrrrrrRRRrrrr  
RRRRarrrrrrrr!!

DOROTHY screams and draws away. The SCARECROW and the TIN  
MAN stand frightened.

Grrrrrrrr! Put 'em up! Put up your dukes an' fight! Grr! Are ya men  
or are ya mice?! Put 'em up! Grrrrrrrrrr!!! I'll fight both at once,  
come on!! Oh, you won't fight, huh?! (Sticks a paw at the  
SCARECROW) A softy, huh? Grrr!

The SCARECROW stumbles and falls. The LION towers over him.

Get up an' fight! I got half a mind to rend youse limb from limb!

DOROTHY runs over and slaps the LION's face.

DOROTHY: Leave him a lone, you big bully!

LION: (Holding his cheek) Hey, that hurt!

DOROTHY: Why, you're nothing but a big coward!

LION: (Bursting into sobs) Can I help it?! (cries loudly)

DOROTHY: Oh, stop it! You're too big to cry.

LION: But it's so humiliatin'....

DOROTHY: What is?

LION: A fine king of beasts I am! I'm afraid of everything! Oh, I wish I  
was dead!...On'y I'm afraid to die too! Boohooh, Oh!!!

(LION wipes his eyes with his tail.)

TIN MAN: Stop crying. We aren't going to hurt you.

LION: Put that awful axe away, will ya!

SCARECROW: What are you afraid of, all the time?

LION: How would you like to live in a big, dark forest with nothin' but wild beasts around youse? Oh, those bears!

SCARECROW: Do you fight with 'em?

LION: No, I roar at 'em an' they run away.

SCARECROW: Then what are you scared of bears for?

LION: (Sobbing) Suppose some day one of 'em won't run? Oh!!! An' on top of everything I'm hungry all the time.

DOROTHY: In the forest here? I should think there'd be lots of game to kill.

LION: There is. But I can't stand the sight of blood.

TIN MAN: What you need is courage.

LION: You're tellin' me, pal. Courage! If I only had courage!



FOREMOST GENERAL / PRIVATE / GENERALS 1, 2, 3, and 4

FOREMOST GENERAL: Right face!!!

PRIVATE AND ALL GENERALS: (one after another) Right face!!!

FOREMOST GENERAL: Left face!!!

PRIVATE AND ALL GENERALS: (one after another) Left face!!!

FOREMOST GENERAL: Forward march!!!

PRIVATE AND ALL GENERALS: (one after another) Forward March!!!

FOREMOST GENERAL: Company—halt!!!

PRIVATE AND ALL GENERALS: (one after another) Company--halt!!!

FOREMOST GENERAL: Company—at ease!

PRIVATE AND ALL GENERALS: (one after another) Company—at ease!

FOREMOST GENERAL: Company—atten-shun!

PRIVATE AND ALL GENERALS: (one after another) Company—atten-shun!

FOREMOST GENERAL: Forward—march!!!

ALL GENERALS: (one after another) Forward--march!!!

PRIVATE: (Taking the gun off his shoulder) Aw, the heck with it! My feet hurt!

FOREMOST GENERAL: (Drawing his sword) Forward—march!!!

ALL GENERALS: (one after another) Forward--march!!!

PRIVATE: I won't! It's too lonesome here!

FOREMOST GENERAL: I'll have you court-marshaled! Arrest him!  
(points his sword at the PRIVATE)

ALL GENERALS: Arrest him! (ALL GENERALS point their swords at  
the PRIVATE. Nothing happens)

FOREMOST GENERAL: (to ALL GENERALS) I'm waiting....

ALL GENERALS: We gave the order, sir.

FOREMOST GENERAL: Arrest him, then!

PRIVATE: How can I arrest myself, for pete's sake?!!!

ALL GENERALS look at each other, stumped.

Anyway, you can't court-marshal me. Then the army'd be all  
generals. Then who'd fight? No sir, when I'm gone, you just aint'  
got an army.

GENERAL 1: He's right, sir.

FOREMOST GENERAL: I guess I was a bit hasty, old man. (Pats the  
PRIVATE on his back)

PRIVATE: That's okay.

FOREMOST GENERAL: But about this marching now....

PRIVATE: What marching?

FOREMOST GENERAL: Well, I gave a command "forward march," you  
know, old man.

PRIVATE. (coldly) Well...?

FOREMOST GENERAL: You wouldn't mind marching so awfully, would

you? Just a step or two. Please...?

GENERAL 2: Please do!

GENERAL 3: Aw, come, march. It's fun!

GENERAL 4: Give you a medal if you will.

FOREMOST GENERAL: You've got to, old boy. The honor of the Ozian Army is at stake.

PRIVATE: Can I march in front?

FOREMOST GENERAL: Anything you say, old man.

PRIVATE: I'll give the commands, too.

FOREMOST GENERAL: Now, look here....

PRIVATE: Then I don't march.

FOREMOST GENERAL: Well, it's hardly orthodox, but if you insist.

PRIVATE: (Stepping to front) Company, fall in!

ALL GENERALS: Company, fall in!

PRIVATE: Shut up, you mugs! I'm givin' the orders here! An' when I say, fall in, I mean fall in!

OZ LADY / LION / PRIVATE / DOROTHY

OZ LADY (Hitting the LION, while having a hold of his tail) Help! Help!  
A lion!

LION: Take it easy, lady, that hoits!

OZ LADY (Hits the LION, again) Help! A Lion!

LION: I ain't done nothing to you!

OZ LADY: (Still hitting) A lion! Help!

LION: Leggo my tail! Leggo!!! (Trying to break away)

OZ LADY: (Still hitting the lion) A lion! Help! Help!

LION: For heaven's sake, won't somebody help this lady before it's too late?

(LION produces a white flag and waves it) Lookit, Lady...I surrender.

OZ LADY: Help! Help! (Hits the LION one more time and lets him go, and begins chasing him)

LION: Get me out of this!

OZ LADY: (Chasing the LION) Help! Help!

PRIVATE: Stand aside, madam! I'll save you! (He aims gun at the LION)

LION: Hey, look out where you're pointing' that thing! Hey! Cut it out!  
Hey! Hey!

DOROTHY rushes in

DOROTHY: Stop! Stop! Don't shoot! (knocks the gun away from the

PRIVATE)

PRIVATE: But there's a loose lion!

LION: Who's loose?

PRIVATE: You are.

LION: I am not! I'm jus' as good as you!

DOROTHY: (To the LION) He just means you're at large.

LION: He ought to have his mouth washed out with soap. Wait'll I get my courage! I'll show him who's loose!

OZ LADY: Isn't anyone going to do anything about this terrible beast?

LION: You done enough already, lady. (rubs his backside where he's been hit) I feel like a waffle iron.

DOROTHY: You don't need to be afraid of him. He looks fierce, but he's just like a big kitten.

OZ LADY: Really! (Beams at LION and beckons) Here, kitty, kitty, kitty...

The LION goes to the LADY who pokes him playfully with the umbrella.

Kitty, nice kitty, nice kitty...

The LION purrs until he sees a good opportunity to grab the umbrella. He roars and then whacks the LADY on the behind with it. The LADY screams and runs off.

DOROTHY: Stop that! Nobody but a coward hits a woman.

LION (Beaming) Can I help it I ain't brave?

DOROTHY: If you don't behave, they'll never let us see the Wizrd!

GROWLIE / PRIVATE / DOROTHY / LION

GROWLIE: What's going on here?

PRIVATE: It's some strangers, Lord Growlie.

GROWLIE: Who are they?

PRIVATE: That one's a girl...

GROWLIE: I can see that. But WHAT are they...?

PRIVATE: That's the sixty-four dollar question, Your Lordship.

GROWLIE: Well, little girl, suppose you tell me who you are and what you're doing here.

DOROTHY: My name's Dorothy Gale and I'm from Kansas. And this is my friend, the scarecrow, and this is the tin woodman, and he's the cowardly lion. And we've come to Emerald City to see the great wizard of Oz.

GROWLIE: You must be very brave, all of you.

LION: Huh?

DOROTHY: Why brave?

GROWLIE: To dare to see the Great Oz.

DOROTHY: But he's a good wizard, isn't he?

GROWLIE: Yes, Dorothy. He is good and he is just. But he is the most powerful wizard in the world and if you bother him with some foolish request, he might destroy you—like that (snaps fingers)

LION: Come on, Dor'thy. Let's go!

DOROTHY: Wait, we can't!

LION: You heard him. Destroy us—like that! (raises paws to snap, but can't)

DOROTHY / GLORIA / GIRLS 1, 2 & 3

DOROTHY: You know, this is even nicer'n the hotel in Topeka.

GLORIA: Tell us about Kansas, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: Oh, it's kind of big an' flat an' grey—it isn't near as pretty as Oz.

GLORIA: Why don't you stay here and live with us?

DOROTHY: Oh, Aunt Em'd be awful hurt. Besides, now that I'm away from Kansas I'm kind of hankerin' to get back. (sighs) Funny, too—'cause when I was there I couldn't wait to get away.

GIRL 1: What are the men like in Kansas...?

DOROTHY: They're the finest there is anywhere.

ALL GIRLS: (adlibs) Really? ...Oh....

DOROTHY: You should see my Uncle Henry. He's the nicest man in the world 'cept maybe the scarecrow.

GLORIA: But what about the younger men, Dorothy?

DOROTHY: Well, they have 'em, same as everyplace else.

GLORIA: I guess you're a little too young to know what we mean, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: I know what you mean, all right. My cousin Annabel is engaged, and she looks the way you all look.

GLORIA: And how do we look?



DOROTHY: Sort of half melted, like. And Annabel sings all the time, too.  
All day long, even when she's doin' dishes.

GLORIA: What's she sing?

DOROTHY: You know, about stars an' love, an' that stuff....

GLORIA: (ecstatic) Stars!

GIRL 2: Love!

GIRL 3: And that stuff!

GLORIA: Sing us what Annabel sings, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: Well, if you say so...but I think It's all pretty silly. Jus' one  
second...

GLORIA: What's the matter?

DOROTHY: I'm trying to get that half-melted look.

WIZARD / DOROTHY / SCARECROW / TIN MAN / LION

The LION is moaning throughout the following

WIZARD: I am Oz, the great and terrible. Who are you, and why do you seek me?

DOROTHY: I am Dorothy, small and meek, and if you would, please, Mister Wizard, I want to go back to Kansas.

WIZARD: Why would anyone want to go back to Kansas?

DOROTHY: That's my home, Mr. Oz.

WIZARD: Who is that animated mattress standing beside you?

SCARECROW: You mean me—I'm just a scarecrow, your Wizardness.

WIZARD: And what do you want of the Great Oz?

SCARECROW: Some brains, please.

WIZARD: And this can that walks like a man, what does he want?

TIN MAN: I'm just an ordinary tin man, Great Oz, but the tinsmith left my heart out and I thought perhaps you might have an old one around you could give me.

WIZARD: What is that strange, blubbery sound I hear? (The LION moans louder than ever) Is that this overgrown mouser here...? Step forward, Lion!

The LION is trembling and moaning. ALL of them push him towards the front, so the WIZARD can see him.

And what do you want of Oz?

LION: C-c-c-c-c-c-----

WIZARD: Speak!

LION: C-c-c-c-c-(finally blurts it out) Courage!

WIZARD: And why should I do these things for all of you?

DOROTHY: Because you are great and powerful, and we are small and weak...except the lion.

LION: An' I might jus' as well be.

WIZARD: I will grant you favors...

DOROTHY: Oh, thanks, Great Oz!

SCARECROW: That's fine!

WIZARD: But first you four must do one thing for me.

DOROTHY: Yes, Mr. Wizard.

WIZARD: Kill the Wicked Witch of the West.

DOROTHY: But how?

WIZARD: You killed the Witch of the East.

DOROTHY: Oh, but that was jus' an accident.

WIZARD: Let this be an accident. I don't care how you kill the Witch of the West, but kill her!

LION: But suppose she kills us first?

WIZARD: Then it won't matter whether you get your courage or not.  
(LION moans) Now go! And when the witch is dead you may return!

Now go!

WICKED WITCH / A WITCH / MOMBI

WICKED WITCH: Do have another cup of babies' blood.

WITCH: I couldn't take another drop, my dear.

WICKED WITCH: You, Mombi?

MOMBI: No thanks, I've had three already, hon.

WICKED WITCH: Then have a bat's wing?

MOMBI: I wouldn't dare. I'm having diner with an old ghoulish friend. And if you don't eat everything she puts in front of you she sulks.

WICKED WITCH: I know that type.

WITCH: By the way, Bubonia, I brought you that recipe.

WICKED WITCH: Not the one that breaks the Sorceress's mark?!!

WITCH: Yes! I clipped it out of the Witches' News for you.

WICKED WITCH: I'll show that brat Dorothy! Let's see...Take the whites of nine snake's eggs—Nine eggs! At these prices! My, this better work!

WITCH: Like a charm, my dear.

WICKED WITCH: (Reading) Beat...fold in yolks...add a chopped toad...and let's see...mmm....I've got that...and that...Well, this don't look so hard....(Laughs)...I can't thank you enough, dear! It's just what I've been looking for.

MOMBI: Well, much as I hate to, I'm afraid I've got to scram.

WITCH: You go my way, don't you, Mombi?

MOMBI: As far as the graveyard.

WITCH: Then I think I'll fly on, too, my dear.

WICKED WITCH: Oh...well, drop in again, girls.

## WICKED WITCH / TIBIA

WICKED WITCH: When you've cleared the things, Tibia, you may walk the werewolf.

TIBIA: Yes, madam.

WICKED WITCH lets out a bloodcurdling scream

I beg your pardon, madam?

WICKED WITCH: Danger! Danger threatens! My corn hurts. Someone plans me harm, Tibia.

TIBIA: Who, madam?

WICKED WITCH: We'll see who dares, Tibia. Turn on the magic picture.

TIBIA: Yes, madam.

WICKED WITCH: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa....

Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo....

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee....Picture! Show who threatens me!!!

The COWARDLY LION appears on the screen roaring.

Who's that, Tibia?

TIBIA: I believe it's Metro Goldwyn Mayer, madam.

