
SAMPLE SCRIPT “DOROTHY MEETS GLINDA”

GLINDA, dazzlingly dressed as a fairy queen, with glittering crown and star-topped wand, enters in a bright light. She approaches DOROTHY.

GLINDA: Hello, Good-Witch-Who-Fell-From-The-Sky.

DOROTHY: *(not believing her eyes)* Oh, my! Now I know we’re not in Kansas!

GLINDA: *(waving her wand over the audience)* Welcome to the Land of the Munchkins. We are so grateful to you for having rid us of the Wicked Witch of the East.

DOROTHY: How did I do that?

GLINDA: You killed her.

DOROTHY: *(building)* No ... no, no! I didn’t kill anyone!

GLINDA: *(gently, honestly)* Your house did anyway. And that is the same thing. Look over there.

No. 03 “Look Over There”

GLINDA points her wand to the pair of stocking legs.

DOROTHY: *(panicking)* Oh, dear! The house must have fallen on her. Whatever shall we do?

GLINDA: There is nothing to be done.

DOROTHY: But who was she?

GLINDA: She was the Witch of the East, and was very cruel to the Munchkins.

DOROTHY: Munchkins?

GLINDA: The Munchkins are the little people who live here—and you have set them free from the evil power of the Witch of the East! On behalf of the citizens of Munchkin Land, I give you thanks, Good-Witch-Who-Fell-from-the-Sky!

DOROTHY: I’m not a witch.

GLINDA: But you fell from the sky. Only a witch can do that.

DOROTHY: I’m not from the sky! I’m from a small town near Wichita.

GLINDA: *Witchita?*

DOROTHY: It’s in Kansas.

GLINDA: Witch or no Witchita, you are very powerful; as by falling from the sky, you have changed everything.

DOROTHY: I’m just Dorothy Gale from Kansas. I can’t change anything.

GLINDA: But you did.

DOROTHY: *(anxious to explain, in one breath)* No, no ... you see, a terrible storm picked up our house, the house where I live with Auntie Em and Uncle Henry – that’s my mother’s sister and her husband – well anyway, I’m flying through the sky and then the house landed here flattening that witch over there, which no one seems to miss very much, and

then you appeared being so grateful and all and ... (*catching her breath*) Oh, my! Who are you, anyway?
GLINDA: I am Glinda ...

No. 04 “Glinda’s Glissandos”

GLINDA twirls.

GLINDA: ... the Good Witch of the North.

DOROTHY: Good witch? I thought all witches were wicked!

GLINDA: Not all. There are wicked witches, it’s true. But there are good witches too. Though, most witches – like most people – fall somewhere in between.

DOROTHY: A good witch? If I hadn’t seen you with my own eyes, I would never have believed it.

GLINDA: (*incredulous*) You only believe in things you can see?

DOROTHY: Certainly!

GLINDA: Just because you don’t see something doesn’t mean it doesn’t exist.

DOROTHY: I can’t believe in things I don’t see.

No. 05 “If You Believe”

GLINDA: Do you believe in Santa Claus?

DOROTHY: Of course.

GLINDA: Do you believe in the Easter Bunny?

DOROTHY: How funny...yes!

GLINDA: Do you believe in Heaven?

DOROTHY: (*pointing to sky*) It’s right there!

GLINDA: You’re sure?

DOROTHY: I guess!

GLINDA: THERE ARE LEPRECHAUNS IN THE WOOD
 TROLLS BENEATH BRIDGES THERE

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————SAMPLE SCRIPT “DOROTHY MEETS SCARECROW”————

A cornfield along the Yellow Brick Road. Stage lights fade up on SCARECROW, seemingly attached to a self-standing pole. His head is down. There is straw sewn into his shirt and pants cuffs. Practical straw, which SCARECROW can remove and replace, is stuffed into his shirt. DOROTHY enters from aisle, singing.

DOROTHY: FOLLOW, FOLLOW THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD
FOLLOW, FOLLOW THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD.

DOROTHY: *(looking around)* Well, now which way do we go?

SCARECROW: *(lifting head)* The East is nice this time of year.

No. 11 “Scarecrow Moves, Part One”

SCARECROW points right with right arm and freezes.

DOROTHY: *(startled)* Who said that?

SCARECROW: *(unfreezing)* Though I prefer the West.

SCARECROW points left with left arm and freezes.

DOROTHY: Who said that?

SCARECROW: *(unfreezing)* Or you can always get to the East *(points right with left arm)* by going west! *(points left with right arm and freezes, his arms now crossed.)*

DOROTHY: *(to audience)* I must be imagining things. After all, there’s no one here but me, *(looking up)* the crows, and *(pointing)* that scarecrow—and surely he can’t talk.

SCARECROW: *(unfreezing)* Or go forth to the North.

No. 12 “Scarecrow Moves, Part Two”

SCARECROW’s arms swing out and up, then back to crossed position. He freezes.

DOROTHY: *(to SCARECROW)* Say that again!

SCARECROW: *(unfreezing)* Or go forth to the North.

SCARECROW performs an identical reproduction of previous movement.

DOROTHY: It is you who said that! *(amazed)* A scarecrow who can talk!

SCARECROW: *(unfolding arms)* Im-possible! Scarecrows can’t talk.

DOROTHY: They can’t?

SCARECROW: Nope.

DOROTHY: But you just spoke!

SCARECROW: *(breaking position, surprised)* Was that me?

DOROTHY: *(filled with wonder)* There! You did it again!

SCARECROW: I did not.

DOROTHY: *(playfully)* You did!

SCARECROW: I did?

DOROTHY: You said, “I did not” and that’s talking!
SCARECROW: Well, then maybe I can talk.
DOROTHY: (*proud of him*) You certainly can!
SCARECROW: (*matter of fact*) Then I must not be a scarecrow.
DOROTHY: (*simply*) But you’re made of straw.
SCARECROW: (*patting himself, pleasantly surprised*) So I am.
DOROTHY: And you’re hanging on a pole.
SCARECROW: (*looking around*) In the middle of a cornfield.
DOROTHY: Scaring crows.
SCARECROW: Then I’m a scarecrow.
DOROTHY: (*quite impressed*) A scarecrow who can talk.
SCARECROW: Im-pressive!

SCARECROW returns to “hanging” position. A beat.

No. 13 “Scarecrow Moves, Part Three”

SCARECROW lifts head, with a curious expression. He looks over shoulder, as if noticing the pole for the first time. He turns to DOROTHY.

SCARECROW: Did you say “hanging on a pole”?
DOROTHY: Yes, I did. I mean, you are.
SCARECROW: That’s a relief.
DOROTHY: What is?
SCARECROW: Knowing where I am.
DOROTHY: (*deflated*) I wish I knew where I was.
SCARECROW: You don’t? Well, then you must be lost.
DOROTHY: I am. (*hopeful*) Can you help me find my way?
SCARECROW: If I got down off this pole I could try.
DOROTHY: Let me help you.

She “unhooks” SCARECROW.

No. 14 “Scarecrow Struggles To Stand”

SCARECROW crumbles to the ground, struggles to stand, finds his legs, and crumbles to ground again.

DOROTHY: Oh my! (*helping him stand*) It must be difficult being made of straw!
SCARECROW: Well, I wouldn’t know. I’ve never been made of anything else.
DOROTHY: But you must fall down an awful lot.
SCARECROW: I do. But I get up more times than I fall down. And if I ever get the stuffing knocked out of me...

No. 15 “Scarecrow Stuffs Himself”

SCARECROW: *(pulling straw from shirt)* I just get some more ... and stuff myself again!

SCARECROW stuffs straw back into shirt.

DOROTHY: You're quite amazing!

SCARECROW: Amazing?

DOROTHY: You can fix yourself and you can talk.

SCARECROW: Talking for me is more amazing than you think, since I have no brain.

DOROTHY: No brain! Then how can you talk?

SCARECROW: Lots of people who can talk don't seem to have much of a brain either.

DOROTHY: That makes perfect sense to me.

SCARECROW: But then again, there are im-possibilities.

DOROTHY: Like what?

SCARECROW: Not having a brain makes it impossible for me to ... well, to write my name, for one thing.

DOROTHY: *(surprised, empathy)* You can't write your name?

SCARECROW: Nope! And I can't count.

DOROTHY: You can't count ... even to ten?

No. 16 “If I Could Read a Book”

SCARECROW: I can't read, either.

DOROTHY: You can't read a book?

SCARECROW: Not a word!

DOROTHY: How awful for you!

SCARECROW: IF I COULD READ A BOOK
 I'D BE WISE AND WITTY
 READING ALL DAY

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END OF SAMPLE SCRIPT
