

WHEN BAD THINGS HAPPEN TO GOOD ACTORS

a short comedy

by

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and

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StagePartners

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Cast of Characters

DOROTHY, a girl*

SCARECROW, made of straw*

TINMAN, lost

LION, not cowardly, at all

TOTO, a dog played by a person

DEWEY, playing Farmer Ben, the narrator

LUCY, the Stage Manager

KIKI, a Munchkin

OJO, a Munchkin

MOPSI, a Munchkin

MOM, of the actor/actress playing Mopsi

DAD, of the actor/actress playing Mopsi

GUARD 1, of Emerald City

GUARD 2, of Emerald City

BUILDING MANAGER, of the theater

WICKED WITCH, of the West

BO, a monkey

HERBIE, a monkey

MIMI, a monkey

Addition characters in Bonus Scenes:

UNCLE HENRY, a farmer, Dorothy's Uncle

AUNTIE EM, a farmer, Dorothy's Aunt

STAGE HAND, terrible at his/her job

GLINDA, the Good Witch of the North

BRIAN, the Sound Guy

Author Notes

The set pieces, if any, should be very simple and look like they were thrown together a couple of days before. It'd be funny if one of the set pieces fell down at some point, maybe during a transition, maybe in the middle of a scene. Just about everything is going wrong during this show, so why not. The costumes should have the same feel as the sets: thrown together the night before. The TinMan could be in a tin foil that keeps falling off, stuff like that.

*If you're looking to use more actors, the characters of Dorothy and Scarecrow could be played by different actors when they appear in multiple scenes, as this is totally fitting in the world of this play, where a character would be double cast...

Feel free to change the names of the "actors" and the other people involved in the play to the names of the actual actors. Actually that'd probably be funnier. You could also go as far as trying to trick the audience, telling them that you are ACTUALLY trying to perform "The Wizard of Oz" and everything is going wrong. Or you could play it as it's written, as a play within a play.

You should also change a character's gender if you need to, along with any pronouns, to make it work. The character of "MOM" could easily be "DAD," the daughter could be a son, etc.

There are two bonus scenes at the end of play. You're welcome to add them into the play or not. Up to you! See a note before those scenes regarding their suggested placement.

Please let us know how your show goes. We'd love to see photos if you can take them. You can reach us through info@yourstagepartners.com.

Thanks and have fun!

~Jason and Ian

WHEN BAD THINGS HAPPEN TO GOOD ACTORS

by Ian McWethy and Jason Pizzarello

Opening

(DEWEY, a nervous student dressed in farmer's clothes, enters and walks to center stage. Stops. Out to audience:)

DEWEY: Welcome to Kansas. My name's farmer Ben. I bet a lot of you think nothing ever interesting could happen on a farm in Kansas, and for the most part you're right. Nothing really has. That is, until one day, a horrendous tornado swept through town and took my Aunt Dorothy to a mystical place called Oz. But I'm getting ahead myself. Let me first introduce you to...

(Beat. DEWEY looks very lost.)

DEWEY: To, uh...

(Beat. Uh oh. Calling to the back of the house:)

DEWEY: Line!

(No response.)

DEWEY: I know you said that during a real performance we wouldn't be allowed to call for line but... I need a line. I think just giving me my line would be better than holding up the show so. Line. Line!

(Still no response. He laughs nervously. He looks off, starting to panic.)

DEWEY: Hello? Is Ms. Rhinehart even there, guys? Anyone. Does anyone have the script? Lucy, you have the script right?

(LUCY, the stage manager, appears at the side of the stage, maybe even sticking her head out.)

LUCY: *(From off stage, blandly:)* No.

DEWEY: What do you mean you don't have a script?

LUCY: *(Off stage.)* I don't have a script.

DEWEY: But you're the stage manager! How do you not have a copy of the script?!

LUCY: *(Off stage.)* I don't know! I just don't.

DEWEY: How are you cuing the show?

LUCY: *(Off stage.)* Uh, memory I guess?

DEWEY: Memory!

LUCY: *(Off stage.)* Look! I don't have one. Sorry, okay? It was too heavy.

DEWEY: Lucy this is—

LUCY: *(Off stage.)* Dewey! Just...do the monologue and get off stage so we can move on with this play!

DEWEY: But I don't know my lines! Where's Ms. Rhinehart!?

LUCY: (*Off stage.*) She left. Said she had a date or something.

DEWEY: A date?! She...okay. So the director isn't here. And you don't have a script. And I'm just...what, just supposed to make it up now?

LUCY: (*Off stage.*) Sure. Just talk for two minutes then get off stage.

DEWEY: About what?!

LUCY: (*Off stage.*) About anything! Just stop talking to me and talk to the audience for like two minutes and get off stage!

DEWEY: Fine! Fine!

(*DEWEY walks back to center stage, begins his monologue.*)

Hi my name is Dewey. I'm playing a character named farmer Ben. And we're doing *The Wizard of Oz*. Oh, also we're doing a one-act version so that we could do it in competition and our teacher adapted it herself but...it's kind of a mess. I'm not sure this shortened version makes a lot of sense and like...we never really got through tech and our director wasn't really around that much so...yeah. I think this is a mess. I mean, for pete's sake, I'm playing Farmer Ben. The nephew of Dorothy. Who is that?! He's not in the movie. Or the book. He's just a character our teacher made up to make it easier to follow but... I think if anything it's more confusing. Especially since I can't remember my lines and I'm just blabbing on and on. Oh and I have to do this again at the end of the play. Which, you know, I swear I'll memorize the last monologue. I'll have the whole play to sit back and make sure it's memorized but uh...for now...sorry. I got nothin'.

(*Beat. DEWEY waits.*)

DEWEY: Has it been two minutes? Anyone? Um... (*Getting extremely awkward now.*) I don't know what else to talk about. Does anyone watch *Game of Thrones*? I'm not allowed to watch it but I got my cousins password to HBO Go so I've been watching it. It's awesome. I mean some of it's really gross. But overall it's awesome. I like dragons. Hmmm...

(*DEWEY looks around the stage.*)

DEWEY: Waka-waka. (*Beat.*) That's uh...Fozzy bear. From *The Muppets*. I don't know why I did that. Yep. So... I'm gonna leave now. Hope you enjoy our one-act version of *The Wizard of Oz*. I'm sorry I forgot my monologue.

(*DEWEY walks off stage, almost proud of himself for getting through it.*)

Scene 1

(*The outskirts of Munchkinland.*)

(*Two Munchkins, KIKI and OJO, one with a giant lollipop, one with a basket of flowers [or something else harmless and innocent] enter. The actors playing Kiki and Ojo do the best they can with the terrible dialog.*)

KIKI: Ojo, did you see that twister?!

OJO: I did, Kiki!

KIKI: It dropped a house in Munchkin land!

OJO: It looks like it landed near the yellow brick road.

KIKI: The yellow brick road!

OJO: The yellow brick road!

(Another Munchkin, MOPSI runs on.)

MOPSI: Guys, guys!

KIKI: What is it, Mopsi?

MOPSI: You're not going to believe it!

(MOPSI stops, catches her breath. A LADY in the audiences snaps a photo. It's loud, there's a FLASH. MOPSI looks out annoyed.)

MOPSI: *(Turning out, for her moment:)* Well, there I was when a tornado—

(The LADY in the audience takes another photo. MOPSI holds his hand up to block the flash.)

MOPSI: *(To the LADY:)* C'mon, Mom. Geez.

(MOM sits back down. [Note: We wrote the MOM character with the idea that she has a Long Island accent because that seems funny to us, but feel free to pick another accent if you want.])

MOM: Sorry. Sorry, sweetheart. You just look so cute in your little outfit thingy.

MOPSI: Can I finish the scene now? Thanks.

KIKI: *(Back into the scene:)* What is it, Mopsi?

MOPSI: You're not going to believe it.

OJO: Sure we will!

MOPSI: A house just fell in the middle of Munchkinland, and—

(MOM takes a BUNCH of photos.)

MOPSI: MOM!!

MOM: Don't mind me.

MOPSI: This is a very important scene.

MOM: I know it is, darling. That's why I'm trying to capture it for all time.

MOPSI: Let me finish, will you.

MOM: I want to show your Grammy.

MOPSI: I don't care.

MOM: Don't say you that! You know she's not feeling well and had to stay home.

KIKI: *(Breaking character:)* I'm sorry to hear that, Mrs. Beasley.

MOM: Oh, thank you, Kyle. That's very sweet and considerate to care about the elderly. She says it's just her acid reflux but if you ask me it has a lot of the symptoms of typhoid. I went on the WebMD yesterday, big mistake. Oh, gave me nightmares, it's too graphic those doctor sites. Anyway, how's your mother?

KIKI: She's fine. Thanks.

MOM: Oh, good. Tell her I say hi. Actually tell her to call me. I've got a recipe—

MOPSI: MOM!!

MOM: Sorry. I'm sorry. I know. I'm an awful parent, and I'm ruining your life, right? I'll sit.

MOPSI: Thank you.

(MOPSI breathes, tries to refocus.)

OJO: A house fell?

MOPSI: Yes! Thanks. *(Back in scene:)* A house just fell in the middle of Munchkinland, and killed the Wicked Witch of the East.

KIKI: Horrah!

OJO: The Wicked Witch of the West is dead!

KIKI: *(Correcting:)* Of the East!

OJO: Of the East is dead!

(OJO and KIKI look back at MOPSI...MOPSI doesn't realize she has another line. OJO and KIKI stay in character.)

OJO: Anything else?

MOPSI: Huh?

OJO: Anything else you want to say?

MOPSI: Oh, uh...

(MOPSI is a little distracted as MOM in the audience is climbing over other audience members and getting closer to the stage.)

MOM: *(Trying to whisper but being a very loud whisperer by nature:)* Excuse me, excuse me... Thank you... Don't mind me, just trying to get a better angle... Oops was that your foot? My bad.

MOPSI: *(Trying to focus on the scene:)* I, uh...

KIKI: *(Aside.)* You have another line, about Dorothy.

MOPSI: Huh? Oh. Right. Dorothy. Uh, it's a girl. From Kansas. She's not a witch. Or something.

(MOM has reached the stage. She consults with another audience member.)

MOM: That's my sweetie up there. Isn't she great? I think she looks like a young Judy Garland, don't you? *(This can be changed to a male actor, if MOPSI is cast as a guy.)* Personally, I think she should've been cast as Dorothy, instead of that Rebecca girl. How does she keep getting leads?

(The actor playing MOPSI can't take it anymore, storms over to MOM.)

MOPSI: WHAT. ARE. YOU. DOING.

MOM: No need to get upset, I was just talking to Dougie's mom and we were discussing how maybe the show should be recast. We're not a big fan of Rebecca as Dorothy.

MOPSI: You need to leave. Now.

MOM: Will you at least consider it?

MOPSI: Rebecca Henderson is Dorothy. We're not going to recast the show...in the middle of a performance.

MOM: I saw her in *Annie* last year. Terrible. You could tell she wasn't a real red head.

MOPSI: Mom! The show's been cast already. And rehearsed. And now we're doing it front of an audience. An audience who is watching us right now. Do you understand that Mom? An audience that just *watches*. No talking. No taking pictures. So if you can't handle that responsibility...maybe, maybe you should just LEAVE!

(MOM takes a moment, her feelings hurt.)

MOM: Okay. If that's what you want. *(Beat.)* I'm sorry I ruined your life. *(Beat, back to audience member:)* Twenty hours in labor. And she came out breech.

(MOM leaves.)

(MOPSI turns back to the other MUNCHKINS, collects herself.)

MOPSI: *(Still embarrassed.)* Sorry.

OJO: That's okay.

KIKI: *(Back into the scene:)* You were saying something about Dorothy.

MOPSI: Yes! Dorothy. Right. There's a girl named Dorothy that came out of the house. And Glinda the Good Witch of the North has just arrived. So—

(A MAN has entered the stage from the audience, with a giant video camera, recording them.)

MAN: Okay, can you say that line again. This time, give a look into the camera, like—

MOPSI: DAD!!!

(MOPSI takes the camera away from DAD and ushers him off stage. Feel free to adlib and fight as they do)

(KIKI and OJO are left on stage. They kind of adlib the rest.)

OJO: So... I guess we should see about this Dorothy character.

KIKI: Why not. Should we take the yellow brick road?

OJO: Is there another road?

(KIKI and OJO are about to exit, when the TINMAN enters.)

TINMAN: You must be the Wizard. I need a heart.

KIKI: What?

TINMAN: I'm sorry, which one of you is the Wizard.

OJO: Neither of us. We're Munchkins.

TINMAN: *(Breaking character:)* Oh. Is this the wrong scene?

KIKI: I'd say so. The play just started.

TINMAN: Dang it! Ah man, acting is...confusing. I wish this was basketball and Coach was here. He always tells me when to go in...

OJO: I don't know what to tell ya, but this isn't your scene. This is the Munchkin Scene.

KIKI: Sorry dude.

TINMAN: No, no, no, it's cool. My bad. Good game guys. Good game.

(TINMAN high-fives everyone then finds his way off, confused.)

(KIKI and OJO shake their heads.)

OJO: That's what you get when you cast a jock.

(They exit.)

(End of Scene.)

Scene 2

(The yellow brick road.)

(DOROTHY runs on, ahead of her dog TOTO.)

DOROTHY: C'mon, Toto! This way! ...Toto—c'mon!

(TOTO is played by a person, preferably a large one. He/she runs on all fours. TOTO barks.)

DOROTHY: That's right, Toto. We're following the yellow brick road. All the way to Oz!

(They stop at a fork in the road. The SCARECROW is posted up on a stake, his arms out-stretched. [He could be on a ladder or chair.] DOROTHY and TOTO don't notice him.)

DOROTHY: A fork in the road. What do we do?

SCARECROW: You take it.

DOROTHY: *(Pretending not to notice:)* Hey, who said that!

(TOTO barks at the SCARECROW. There isn't really much else on stage, so it's painfully obvious that it is the SCARECROW talking.)

DOROTHY: Toto, it can't be him. Scarecrows don't talk.

SCARECROW: I do. I'm a talking scarecrow.

DOROTHY: A talking scarecrow!

SCARECROW: Get me down, will you? I've been stuck up here for the longest time!

(DOROTHY helps him down off the post. SCARECROW stretches.)

SCARECROW: Oh, thank you!

DOROTHY: I can't believe you can walk and talk! Can you, Toto?

(TOTO barks, pulls out some of SCARECROW's stuffing.)

SCARECROW: Sure, that's great—except I'm made of hay.

(DOROTHY hands his stuffing back from TOTO.)

SCARECROW: What I really need is a brain.

DOROTHY: What? You don't have a brain?

SCARECROW: I'm full of nothin' but stuffin'.

DOROTHY: *(To TOTO:)* Say, Toto, do you think...

(TOTO barks.)

SCARECROW: How nice, to be able to think...

(TOTO barks.)

DOROTHY: That's right, Toto. Say Scarecrow, we're going to see the Wizard of Oz. He's going to help us get back to Kansas and maybe he can help you, too!

SCARECROW: That'd be great. 'Cause I really need a brain... If I only had a brain.

(He jumps forward, preparing to sing and dance.)

SCARECROW: *(Singing:)*

*I could while away the hours,
conferrin' with the flowers
Consultin' with the rain.
And my head I'd be scratchin' while
my thoughts were busy hatchin'
If I only—*

(TOTO has been barking. DOROTHY grabs SCARECROW's arm, stops him. Pulling him aside and breaking character:)

DOROTHY: *(Aside.)* Hey, what are you doing?! You can't do that!

SCARECROW: *(Aside.)* Do what?

DOROTHY: Sing.

SCARECROW: Can't sing?

DOROTHY: No!

SCARECROW: But I'm singing to you about how I feel.

DOROTHY: Well you can't! This isn't the musical version.

SCARECROW: Not the musical?

DOROTHY: No. It's just the play version. Why would you think we're doing a musical?

SCARECROW: Because I thought all plays had songs? So wait, hold on...you're telling me that there are plays where people just...talk?

DOROTHY: Of course there are! Like thousands of plays. The majority of plays! *THIS PLAY!*

SCARECROW: Why!? That's so stupid! Stages are for singing, Rebecca! Singing and dancing! They're not...boring...talky talk habidasharies!

DOROTHY: How'd you go this whole time and think we were rehearsing a musical?

SCARECROW: I dunno, I just assumed we'd go home and learn the songs on our own time.

(Beat.)

SCARECROW: What?

DOROTHY: You're an idiot.

SCARECROW: Look, let me just learn the song and then—

DOROTHY: No, we can't. We don't have the rights.

SCARECROW: The rights?

DOROTHY: To the song you're about to sing. It's from the movie, we can't sing any song or do anything that's from the movie. I mean some lawyer in the audience probably already called the copyright police.

TOTO: It's infringement of intellectually property.

DOROTHY: That's right, Toto. No! Stop talking Kevin!

TOTO: Sorry.

SCARECROW: So you mean I learned it for nothin'?

DOROTHY: Yeah, I'm afraid so.

SCARECROW: So how am I supposed to explain my feelings?

DOROTHY: You're just going to have to tell me. Plain old words. No singing. No music.

SCARECROW: Dancing?

DOROTHY: No dancing either.

SCARECROW: This is going to be so boring.

TOTO: It's a play. It's supposed to be a little boring.

DOROTHY: Kevin, stop. *(To SCARECROW:)* Just trust me, this isn't my first play. This isn't even my first lead.

SCARECROW: Okay... *(Back in character:)* Well like I said. I need a brain.

DOROTHY: Okay...

SCARECROW: That's pretty much it. Anyway, can you take me to the wizard?

DOROTHY: Sure. Let's go!

SCARECROW: Okay!

(He puts out his arm, DOROTHY links hers with his. They begin to skip off.)

SCARECROW: *(Singing:)* We're off to see the Wizard, the wonderful Wizard of—

DOROTHY: *(Aside.)* Nope!

SCARECROW: *(Aside.)* Sorry. *(As plain spoken as he can:)* We're off to see the Wizard. The Wonderful Wizard of Oz. Because, because, because...of the wonderful things he does. *(Aside:)* Man, these are dumb lyrics without the music. Are you sure I can't sing like every fifth note?

DOROTHY: No!

(DOROTHY skips off, followed by TOTO barking.)

(SCARECROW mopes off.)

(End of Scene.)

Scene 3

(A GUARD walks on stage, presumably standing on the Emerald City Gate. A SECOND GUARD approaches him.)

GUARD 2: Century guard of the Emerald City! How is all at three hours past the mid-day sun!

GUARD 1: All is quiet! All is peaceful!

GUARD 2: Good! We've had reports of disturbance in Oz. Monkeys flying! Houses falling. I've been told by the great and powerful Oz that we need to be on high alert!

GUARD 1: Yes, sir!

(The TINMAN enters, and stands to the side of the stage. The GUARDS look over at him and he nods. GUARD 2 motions for GUARD 2 to check it out.)

GUARD 1: *(Approaching the TINMAN:)* Um, excuse me. What are you doing?

TINMAN: Oh, hey, I'm just waiting for my scene. With Dorothy. I don't wanna miss it. Has she come through yet?

GUARD 1: *(Breaking character, annoyed:)* I don't know. She's not in this scene. Get off stage!

TINMAN: Do you mind if I just wait here, because I'm not sure when I come on.

GUARD 2: No! Get off!

TINMAN: Hey, we're all on the same team, man!

GUARD 2: No we're not! Get off!

TINMAN: I'll be quiet, promise.

(GUARD 1 ushers him off.)

TINMAN: I'm going. I'm going. Jeesh. *(He's gone.)*

(GUARD 1 returns to his post next to GUARD 2 and they continue the scene.)

GUARD 2: ANYWAY, so if you see anything else suspicious, anything at all, you alert me at once!

GUARD 1: Yes, sir!

GUARD 2: Good!

(GUARD 2 turns around to leave.)

GUARD 1: Oh! One thing!

GUARD 2: Yes?

GUARD 1: I received a message from Mopsi, the Munchkin courier from Munchkin land.

GUARD 2: Yes, I know Mopsi well! About yay high, high soprano singing voice. A good man and a great courier. What did he say?

GUARD 1: Well it was a very urgent and secret message and...well...he said I should tell the great Wizard myself. In person.

GUARD 2: Don't be silly, Private. You have neither the authority nor my permission to talk to him! Simply tell me and then I will tell the Wizard.

GUARD 1: But sir! Mopsi told me that—

GUARD 2: Enough of this! I am your commanding officer and I order you to tell me! Now!

(GUARD 1 looks around. Inches closer to GUARD 2.)

GUARD 1: Very well. But you must take it to him at once. His very life could be in danger.

GUARD 2: Yes, yes. I understand, urgent and all that. Now what is it. Quickly.

GUARD 1: Well. Mopsi said...

(And then a large fire alarm is heard. One of those monotonous, loud, obnoxious alarms. It pauses.)

BUILDING MANAGER: *(Off:)* Ladies and gentlemen I apologize for the interruption. This is our bi-annual fire and safety alarm test. I repeat, this is bi-annual fire and safety alarm test. There is no need to go outside, or panic, this is simply a test and will be over shortly. Thank you.

(The alarm drones on for a long five seconds. Then stops. The GUARDS wait for a beat. Is it over?)

GUARD 2: Uh...okay, Anyway, you were saying.

GUARD 1: Yes! I have a message. Mopsi told me that four—

(And then the alarm blares on again. Over and over.)

BUILDING MANAGER: *(Off:)* Ladies and Gentlemen. I do apologize for the interruption. This is part two of our bi-annual fire and safety alarm tests. All alarms and drills must best tested and run at least twice. Thank you again for your patience.

(The alarm drones on for five more seconds. Then stops. The GUARDS wait, will there be another one? ...Nope?)

GUARD 1: Well...as I was saying...Mopsi has a friend who is secretly spying on the Wicked Witch of the West. And he has it on good authority that—

(And again, an alarm goes off just for a second. Then stops. ...They wait for the BUILDING MANAGER.)

GUARD 1: Well...he...uh...

GUARD 2: Yes?

GUARD 1: I...is he going to talk?

GUARD 2: I don't know. I guess not?

(They wait.)

GUARD 1: Okay, well, Mopsi's spy has it on good authority that—

BUILDING MANAGER: *(Off:)* Sorry again, ladies and gentlemen for the interruption. I was just deciding now if uh... I should say that I pressed the alarm on purpose or by accident and... You know, I think I should tell the truth. That last time, when the alarm went off. The third time...well my arm slipped. And I apologize, this last alarm was not a test, it was an error. Human error by me. Sorry. That's the truth.

(Beat. They wait.)

GUARD 1: He has it on good authority—

BUILDING MANAGER: *(Off:)* The point is at least you know now that the alarms work. All the equipment and circuits seem to be working. If there's an error, it would be human. So...if

there's a fire and a bunch of people die it's not the equipment's fault, it's a person's fault. Maybe my fault. Why not? Everything's my fault these days, according to my wife. Um... anyway resume your activities. The test is no over. Thank you.

GUARD 1: I...is he done?

GUARD 2: I don't know. Just tell me what Mopsi said! Quickly before another alarm goes off.

GUARD 1: Right. In short Mopsi said that—

BUILDING MANAGER: *(Off:)* Okay so that last thing I said was weird. About it being my fault. I realize that's a lot to put on you. My wife just left me. I've been...it's been a rough month. But maybe she's right, if I can't run a simple fire alarm test without blabbing and doing it too many times, maybe I don't deserve to be married! I'm just...I'm not in a great place. Sorry. I'll stop interrupting you. Go on with your day. I just feel like I needed to vent a little you know. Anyway. Go...and...yeah....

(The GUARDS wait. He's done.)

GUARD 2: Okay, just real quick, what did he say.

GUARD 1: *(As quickly as he can:)* Mopsi said that the Wicked Witch is sending—

(And the alarm goes off again!)

GUARD 1: Forget it! It doesn't matter! This scene doesn't have anything to do with the plot anyway!

(They both walk off stage, very frustrated. The alarm blares for a while (five seconds?). Then it stops. ...Nothing. ...Nothing.)

BUILDING MANAGER: *(Off:)* Sorry, that was me. My hand slipped again. But I promise that's the last time, I'm leaving the security desk, I have other things to do. Sorry. *(Beat.)* And just so you know, my wife just texted me and...she wants to talk. Which is good I think. I don't know I'm not trying to read too much into it but I think it could be good. Anyway, enjoy your day. The alarms seem to...huh...you know what I hit it again just now and it didn't make a noise. That's weird. Let me just try.

(The alarm blares.)

BUILDING MANAGER: *(Off:)* Yeah, okay, it works. I'm gonna stop pressing it, it works. I don't think I really hit it that last time, I more like...grazed it, I guess. Okay well. See you later. Enjoy the rest of your day.

(Beat. The alarm blares, and is quickly turned off.)

BUILDING MANAGER: *(Off:)* Yep! It works! It works, sorry just checking one last time. It works. Bye.

(The stage is empty for a bit. Then TINMAN walks on stage. Waits.)

TINMAN. Oil can. Oil can.

(Nothing happens.)

TINMAN. Uh...oil can. No? Did I get the scene wrong again? Anyone? Hello?

(TINMAN looks to the audience. Stands there. It's very awkward.)

TINMAN: I think this is not my scene. Hm. Um... *(As if putting the audience in a trance:)* This didn't haaaaappen! Forget I was ever on staaaaage. *(Like a ghost:)* Oooohhh!

(TINMAN then awkwardly walks back off stage).

(End of Scene.)

Scene 4

(The haunted forest.)

(DOROTHY and SCARECROW are walking down a trail.)

DOROTHY: My, the road sure is getting dark and scary. I hope we don't run into any lions.

SCARECROW: Or Tigers.

DOROTHY: Or Bears! Oh my!

DOROTHY and SCARECROW: Lions and Tigers and bears! Oh my! Lions and tigers and—

(A LION jumps in front of them!)

LION: Rawr!!!

DOROTHY: Oh no a lion!

SCARECROW: Run Dorothy! I'll sacrifice myself!

LION: Let me have your attention for a moment! Let's talk about something important. Are we all here?

DOROTHY: Uh...what do you mean? What are you—

LION: Well, I'm going anyway. *(To DOROTHY:)* Put that coffee down!! Coffee's for closers only. Do you think I'm messing with you? I am not messing with you. I'm here from downtown. I'm here from Mitch and Murray. And I'm here on a mission of mercy. 'Cause the good news is—you're fired. The bad news is you've got, all you got, just one week to regain your jobs, starting tonight. Starting with tonight's sit. Oh, have I got your attention now? Good.

(DOROTHY pulls LION aside, breaking character:)

DOROTHY: What are you doing?

LION: What do you mean, what am I doing? I'm doing the scene.

DOROTHY: What scene? From what play?

LION: Well you know how I was having trouble memorizing my lines?

DOROTHY: Yeah.

LION: Well I decided it'd probably be easier *for everyone* if I did the scene I had memorized from last month's auditions. It's from David Mamet's *Glengarry Glen Ross*.

(DOROTHY looks dumbfounded.)

LION: What? Why are you looking at me like that?

DOROTHY: Because that's not how plays work! You can't just...memorize a scene from a completely different play.

LION: But the lion scenes were so boring and dumb. And this monologue is awesome. It's basically me telling you how crappy you are at selling real estate and how awesome I am at it.

DOROTHY: Eric.

LION: I took out all the swearing! What's the problem?!

DOROTHY: You can't...I mean if you're just saying your lines from a different play, what am I supposed to do?

LION: Look, if I don't say these lines from *Glengarry* then I'm not going to say anything because I can't memorize anything else! So...just...work around me! Make up lines as Dorothy and it'll make sense, I promise.

(LION walks back into place. DOROTHY follows him.)

LION: So where was I? Oh right. *(Back in it:)* Because only one thing counts in this life! Get them to sign on the line which is dotted! You hear me, you little freaks! A-B-C. A-always, B-be, C-closing. Always be closing! Always be closing!! Are you gonna take it? Are you man enough to take it?

DOROTHY: Well...look, I understand that you're an...angry lion. Is that your name? Lion?

LION: Shut up—that's my name. You know why, Mister? 'Cause you drove a Hyundai to get here tonight, I drove a eighty thousand dollar BMW. Shut up! That's my name!! *(To SCARECROW:)* What's the problem pal? You. Moss.

SCARECROW: No my name is Scarecrow.

LION: What's your problem?!?

SCARECROW: I don't have one! I don't think. We're trying to find the Wizard of Oz and I'm sorry we haven't sold enough real estate for you but I'll try to do better! Okay?

(LION takes off his watch.)

LION: You see this watch? You see this watch?

DOROTHY: Yes...

LION: That watch cost more than your car. I made nine hundred and seventy thousand dollars last year. How much you make? You see, pal, that's who I am. And you're nothing. Nice guy? I don't give a poop. Good father? Who cares—go home and play with your kids!! *(To everyone:)* You wanna work here? Close!! *(To DOROTHY, because of her reaction:)* You think this is abuse? You think this is abuse, you stupid jerk. I can go out there tonight with the materials you got, make myself fifteen thousand dollars! Tonight! In two hours! Can you? Can you? Go and do likewise! Get mad! You sons of jerks! Get mad!!

DOROTHY: Okay! I will! I'll sell more real estate I'm sorry! I'll do better!

SCARECROW: We both will!!!

LION: I'd wish you good luck but you wouldn't know what to do with it if you got it. *(To SCARECROW, as he puts on his watch again:)* And to answer your question, pal: why am I here? I came here because Mitch and Murray asked me to, they asked me for a favor. I said, the real favor, follow my advice and fire your sorry butts because a loser is a loser.

(The LION walks off stage, like the winner he is.)

(A beat.)

DOROTHY: Well, I guess the Lion won't be joining us, then?

SCARECROW: No. I guess not. Because we weren't good enough at selling real estate, the Cowardly Lion left.

DOROTHY: Yep. That's what happened. That makes sense.

(They look at each other.)

DOROTHY: Follow the yellow brick road?

SCARECROW: Sure. Let's...follow the yellow brick road.

(They walk off.)

(End of Scene.)

Scene 5

(The Wicked Witch of the West's castle.)

(The WICKED WITCH comes on stage.)

WICKED WITCH: Well that little Dorothy is getting closer and closer. But never fear! I've got some tricks up my sleeve. Monkeys! I need you! Come to me now!

(Three MONKEYS walk/monkey gallup on stage: BO, HERBIE, and MIMI.)

WICKED WITCH: Bo! Herbie! Mimi! That Dorothy is getting closer and closer to Emerald City and she must be stopped. I've been told that you are the most cunning and nimble monkeys I have.

BO: It's true. When it comes to might!

HERBIE: And flight!

MIMI: And trickery!

BO: No one's better than we monkeys three!

(They all ooh and ah, like monkeys!)

(TINMAN walks on stage. They all look at him).

TINMAN: Nope this isn't right. Just gonna...keep on walking.

(He walks across the stage. They wait for him to leave. He does.)

WICKED WITCH: Anyway, uh, you monkeys are going to capture that girl right? And her little dog too! But how? How will you capture her?!

MIMI: The plan is simple, see. I will meet them on the road and with a demonstration so awe inspiring, we'll stop them in their tracks.

BO: Then I will leap up from behind, and with my speed, agility, and strength, subdue the Scarecrow clearing the way for...

HERBIE: Me! With these wings on my back I'll swoop in and snatch up Dorothy and bring her to you!

WICKED WITCH: I love it! The little farm-girl won't know what hit her! Ha ha ha ha!

(WICKED WITCH walks over to MIMI.)

WICKED WITCH: Mimi! You say you will distract them with your trickery, tell me exactly, what will you do?

MIMI: I am known in all of Oz as a master of juggling. I will go up to her, and dazzle her with my juggling skills. She'll be so mesmerized, she won't realize that Bo is sneaking up behind her.

WICKED WITCH: A master juggler you say. Show me, for I am not easily impressed!

MIMI: Very well. Prepare...to be dazzled.

(MIMI takes out three balls. She takes a lot of time setting up that she's about to juggle then... She juggles. Except she can't. She's awful. She drops balls, they hit her in the face. It's awkward, long, and not impressive. WICKED WITCH is dumbfounded, but says her next line.)

WICKED WITCH: Wow. Mimi. Clearly you have a talent unlike any I have seen.

MIMI: And if you think that's impressive, wait 'til you see me juggle three more.

(She takes out three more, attempts to juggle but still can't. After a few moments of watching her struggle, the WICKED WITCH grabs MIMI and pulls her aside.)

MIMI: *(Breaking character:)* Ow! Kara! What are you doing? You're messing up my juggling routine!

WICKED WITCH: *(Breaking character:)* Your routine!? What are you talking about, you can't juggle at all!

MIMI: I know but if you didn't say anything, no one would've noticed!

WICKED WITCH: Of course everyone noticed! Bonnie, you clearly can't juggle anything! You had one job. To learn how to juggle! You said you were coordinated and that it wouldn't be a problem!

MIMI: Well it was a lot harder than I thought! Okay. Juggling is...very hard. You have to practice more than twice and I didn't feel like doing that so...yeah, there you go!

WICKED WITCH: *(To the others, still aside:)* Well did the rest of you learn your skills? Brad, did you learn how to do gymnastics? Colby, did you work with the rigging expert so that you could fly?

BO: Yeah, kinda.

HERBIE: Yeah...as much as Mimi did.

WICKED WITCH: Oh great. This is a disaster! This is...

HERBIE: Look can we just keep going? You're making it way worse by pulling us aside, let's just do the rest of the scene.

(They walk back to their places and get back into their characters.)

WICKED WITCH: Wonderful, your mastery at...juggling...will have them mesmerized. Now Bo, while Mimi is distracting them, what will you do?

BO: Well, I'll tip toe behind them, and then when the moment is right I'll flip, and flip, and summersault, and grab the Scarecrow!

WICKED WITCH: Okay...well...show me your flipping and tumbling skills. I want to make sure you're up for the task.

BO: Stand back, and prepare to be amazed by my flipping flips! Monkey style!

(BO readies himself, crouches, then...does a terrible summersault and half of a cartwheel. Winded, he tries to do another flip/summersault and falls over.)

WICKED WITCH: Yes! You are clearly the most agile Monkey I have. Let's move on!

BO: Wait! If you think that's impressive, wait 'til you see me do a back flip! Monkey style!

WICKED WITCH: No! I don't need to see anymore...of that. Let's just move on to Herbie! Herbie, you're gonna fly for us, right?

HERBIE: Oh yes! These wings will take me up and there and everywhere! I'll snatch up Dorothy and fly away before she knows what grabbed her. Shall I give you a demonstration?

WICKED WITCH: Uh, you know what, I believe you. You don't need to actually—

HERBIE: Very well! Be prepared to be amazed! By my flying. Monkey style!

(HERBIE runs off stage. A beat. Then moments later he runs onstage, flapping his wings, pretending to fly.)

HERBIE: Oooh! Flight! Woosh! Flying!

WICKED WITCH: Okay I believe you! You can fly.

HERBIE: No, wait! There's more still I can—

WICKED WITCH: No I believe you! Just stop! You look like an idiot! Just stop!

(WICKED WITCH stops HERBIE from flying.)

WICKED WITCH: I'm impressed! You clearly have a set of talents that will come in handy for apprehending Dorothy. Now go! Get her, pretties! Go!

(The MONKEYS run off stage. WICKED WITCH looks exhausted. This play is proving hard to get through. MIMI runs back on, holding three swords/knives.)

MIMI: Oh wait, I forgot to do the bit where I juggle knives.

WICKED WITCH: NO! Just...go off stage! Don't do that! Ever!

(WICKED WITCH shuffles MIMI off stage.)

(End of Scene.)

Scene 6

(The great hall of the Wizard of Oz.)

(SCARECROW, DOROTHY, and TOTO hesitantly continue down the hall.)

DOROTHY: I can't believe we're about to meet the GREAT and POWERFUL WIZARD OF OZ. He's never allowed anyone to see him and he's supposed to be so huge and terrifying.

(TOTO hides behind DOROTHY.)

SCARECROW: *(Afraid:)* Whattt??

DOROTHY: Don't be nervous, Scarecrow.

SCARECROW: Me? I'm not nervous. Toto's the one who's nervous.

DOROTHY: I've heard he's got flames shooting out of his head! And that he's ten feet tall and speaks with a booming voice that could break glass.

(Now SCARECROW hides behind TOTO.)

SCARECROW: I thought he was supposed to be wonderful?

DOROTHY: Sure, when he wants to be. But who knows if he'll even grant our wishes.

SCARECROW: I thought he was supposed to be a wiz of a wizard.

DOROTHY: Still.

SCARECROW: I hear... *(Slowly slipping into song:)*

*He is a whiz of a wiz,
if ever a wiz there was.
If ever, oh ever a wiz there was,
The Wizard of Oz is one because—*

DOROTHY: I see what you're doing here.

SCARECROW: BECAUSE...

DOROTHY: Stop!

SCARECROW: *(Quickly finishing the song:)* Because of the wonderful things he does. ...I'm done. I'm done.

DOROTHY: Shhh!! Here he comes. The great and powerful wizard!

(DOROTHY bows down, and then pulls SCARECROW and TOTO down, too. Their heads are lowered. If possible, there should be a huge, intimidating sound for the entrance of the wizard: flames, a giant door, thunder, or something like that. BUT instead of a great Wizard... LUCY enters. She's the Stage Manager from the opening: all black, head set. She carries her prompt book now and a single balloon with a face drawn on it. She's meek and speaks in a totally boring and unimposing monotone voice.)

LUCY: I am Oz, the great and powerful. Who dares to enter my hall?

(DOROTHY and SCARECROW look up, breaking character.)

SCARECROW: *(Aside:)* Really?

DOROTHY: *(Aside:)* What is this? What happened to Joe? What happened to the giant projection and the real flames? And the booming voice?

LUCY: *(Breaking "character":)* Joe D. has pink eye. The library borrowed our projector and the Principal said no fires on stage, which I kind of understand.

DOROTHY: So you made a balloon? That was your plan?! The great and powerful Oz, is now... just a balloon!?!

LUCY: You're lucky I have that. I found out two minutes ago and grabbed a Sharpie. You think I like being up here? I'm terrified. Maybe I should just go back to my booth. No one yells at me in there.

SCARECROW: This would be a really great time to add a song.

DOROTHY: No!

TOTO: It might cover up how badly this is going.

SCARECROW: Exactly.

DOROTHY: No, Kevin! Be a professional!

TOTO: Me?! I'm the most professional one here! I'm going to Juilliard next year and here I am dressed like a giant dog!

DOROTHY: Everyone just shut up! We're going to finish this play! No songs, let's just finish the scene. Please, Lucy, just try and be a little more...terrifying. You're the great and powerful Oz. Give me something to work with.

LUCY: Uh... Okay, I'll try.

(Just then, the WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST comes out. LUCY splashes her with a glass of water.)

WICKED WITCH OF WEST: I'm melting! I'm melting! *(She melts to the ground.)*

DOROTHY: What are you doing! We're not in that scene yet!

WICKED WITCH: *(As a really polite actress:)* Are we not? I'm so sorry, I could've sworn—

DOROTHY: No!

WICKED WITCH: Maybe I skipped a few pages.

SCARECROW: Good idea! Let's jump ahead! Look, we killed the witch and here's the Witch's broom, Wizard. We did it! Yay...

LUCY: Uh, okay. Well You can go home now. I guess.

(DOROTHY steps out, finally having her moment:)

DOROTHY: There's no place like home.

SCARECROW: What about my brains?

LUCY: You have brains. You had them all along. You just lack confidence.

SCARECROW: Oh. Are you sure I don't need a brain? Because I have this great song.

DOROTHY: Nope you have brains.

SCARECROW: Well let me sing it for you anyway. *(Singing:)* If I only had a brain...

(The LION enters, still in "Glengarry Glen Ross" mode.)

LION: Hey you lazy dopes! What did I tell you earlier: Always be closing. Well are you?

SCARECROW: Yep, we are closing. Trying to anyway, if you'd just—

LION: ALWAYS BE CLOSING. ABC. A-ALWAYS. B-BE.—

DOROTHY: Would you shut up! You're not helping, you're just confusing the heck out of every—

(TINMAN enters.)

TINMAN: Did somebody say, oil can?

DOROTHY: No!

LION: We already did that part, pal. Great timing, you worthless dummy.

SCARECROW: Hey! Who you callin' a dummy?

LION: Sorry—how about heartless idiot, then?

TINMAN: That's a little harsh. I can't believe I missed my cue again. What scene is this?

SCARECROW: We just melted the witch.

DOROTHY: Yep, sorry, you missed your moment, so if you don't mind we'll just move on and—

TINMAN: Well...let me just do it right now, even if it doesn't make sense, cool? "Oil can. Oil can."...

DOROTHY: AAAHHHH!!!

(DOROTHY paces around, she's now completely losing it.)

TINMAN: Whoa, Dorothy. What's with all the yelling?

DOROTHY: I'M NOT YELLING!! I JUST FIND IT A LITTLE FRUSTRATING THAT THIS IS THE CLIMAX OF THE PLAY AND NOTHING IS GOING RIGHT! NOTHING. I DID MY PART! I MEMORIZED MY LINES AND PRACTICED AND REHEARSED AND AM GIVING A STELLAR PERFORMANCE BUT YOU! I MEAN, YOU'RE DOING LINES FROM A DIFFERENT PLAY, YOU WON'T STOP SINGING, YOU NEVER COME OUT AT THE RIGHT TIME! THERE'S FIRE ALARMS GOING OFF AND KATIE'S MOM KEEPS TELLING EVERYONE HOW BAD I AM!

MOM: *(To another parent in the audience:)* This is exactly why my Katie shoulda been cast in this part. ...That's not her real hair color ya know.

DOROTHY: AND THEN ON TOP OF THAT WE HAVE THE STAGE MANAGER COME OUT AS THE GREAT AND POWERFUL OZ...WITH A BALLOON. A BALLOON? OKAY, I GET IT. YOU'RE DOING IT THE BEST YOU CAN CONSIDERING JOE DELUCA HAS PINK EYE FOR LIKE THE TENTH TIME THIS YEAR. I MEAN, I MEAN HOW MANY TIMES CAN ONE GUY GET PINK EYE?? ANSWER ME THAT, STAGE MANAGER. WHERE IN YOUR PROMPT BOOK IS THE ANSWER FOR THAT?! HOW ABOUT YOU, SCARECROW? DO YOU KNOW? HUH, DO YOU?

SCARECROW: I'm sorry, what's the question?

DOROTHY: *(Breaking down, almost sobbing:)* Oh forget it! You don't understand! You're just a supporting actor! I'm the lead, the lead! Can nothing go right in this play for me? NOTHING???!!!

(TOTO tries to comfort her. She tears herself away.)

DOROTHY: NO!!! KEVIN, DON'T COMFORT ME! THE ONLY THING THAT WILL COMFORT ME IS...IS...

(DOROTHY attacks the balloon. It pops. Everyone yelps. A long awkward silence while DOROTHY cries and tears the balloon apart/wipes her face with it. The other ACTORS don't know what to do.)

DOROTHY: *(Throwing the pieces in the air now:)* THERE! HA HA! THE WIZARD IS DEAD! THE WITCH IS DEAD! THIS PRODUCTION IS DEAD AND I AM GOING HOME! FOR REAL! DOROTHY! OUT!

(DOROTHY drops the mic (metaphorically) and leaves. For a while it's awkward.)

SCARECROW: So can I sing my song now?

LION: Heck no! Get out there and start hitting your numbers you talentless buffoon!

(LION pushes SCARECROW off stage. LUCY picks up her balloon and quickly retreats off stage as well. TINMAN turns to TOTO.)

TINMAN: *(Offering a high-five:)* Good game, man.

(TOTO shakes his head and leaves. TINMAN dejected, follows.)

(For a moment the stage is empty. Then DEWEY comes back on stage.)

DEWEY: Well folks, it's me again. Farmer Ben. And that's just how my Aunt Dorothy told it to me.

(The lights start to slowly fade.)

DEWEY: Now a lot of people don't believe me. They think it's just a bunch of nonsense, but what I think is... *(About the fading lights:)* ...Hey, stop! I memorized it this time can you just...keep the lights on! I memorized! I MEMORRRIZZZEEDD!!!!

(And the stage goes to black).

End of Play.

BONUS SCENES

Author note: If you were to add these scenes into the play, we'd suggest adding them between Scenes 4 and 5. It'll work better if the first couple and the last couple of scenes, as written, stay in place.

Bonus Scene 1

(A Poppy field.)

(DOROTHY and SCARECROW walk on stage.)

DOROTHY: On no Scarecrow, we seem to have gotten lost in some poppy field. A poppy field that is making me... *(Yawns.)* ...very sleepy.

SCARECROW: It's probably that Wicked Witch! Trying to stop us... *(Yawns.)* ...We should... *(Yawns.)* ...go...quickly. Before we get...too...sleepy...

DOROTHY: No don't fall...asleep...Scarecrow...don't...

(And they both fall asleep under the spell of the poppy fields.)

(GLINDA the Good Witch glides in as a STAGE HAND blows bubbles from the side of the stage. Maybe it works, maybe it doesn't. GLINDA looks around.)

GLINDA: Dorothy! Dorothy! I meant to warn you. Don't take the left fork at heaven tree lane or you'll come upon the sleeping poppy fields of—

(GLINDA sees DOROTHY and SCARECROW asleep.)

GLINDA: Oh dear! I'm too late. They've fallen victim to the Wicked Witch's poppy fields. If I don't help them they'll never wake up. Ever!

(She looks around.)

GLINDA: Well, I know it's against the rules, but my help is needed. With a simple spell from my wand they will be awoken, never knowing I was here.

(GLINDA takes out her wand.)

GLINDA: *(The spell:)* With a flick of my wrist, and two magical waves of my wand, I awaken you from your slumber.

(GLINDA flicks the wand. We hear a gentle twinkle of sound.)

GLINDA: That's one. And one more wave of my wand should awaken you.

(GLINDA flicks the wand again. But this time, instead of the twinkle, the sound of A DINOSAUR EATING A MAN is heard. It's like five seconds long, and obviously the wrong cue.)

DINOSAUR: *(Off stage:)* RAWRR!!!

MAN: *(Off stage:)* Ah! Ah!!!!

CHOMP! CHOMP!

AAAAHHH!!!!!!

RAAAAWWWRRR!!!!

(NOTE: If you want, instead of the "A DINOSAUR EATING A MAN" sound, this could also be something else, like a giant farting sound. Immature? Perhaps. Funny? Probably.)

GLINDA: Well...that's strange. My wand has never done that before. Clearly I need to get it fixed. Maybe I'll try it again. This time with the appropriate, twinkle sound. Yes? Are we ready this time?!

(She gives the sound tech at the back of the house the "stink eye.")

GLINDA: With the flick of my wrist, and the wave of my hand. I awaken you from your slumber.

(She flicks her wand. Waves her hand. And hears this:)

DINOSAUR: *(Off stage:)* RAWRR!!!

MAN: *(Off stage:)* Ah! Ah!!!!

CHOMP! CHOMP!

AAAAHHH!!!!!!

RAAAAWWWRRR!!!!

GLINDA: *(Yelling to the back of the house:)* Brian! What the heck? It's supposed to be a twinkle sound effect! Stop playing that stupid dinosaur noise.

BRIAN: *(Off stage:)* No way! That twinkle sound was boring! Dinosaurs are the best! And I'm the sound tech so... I decide what a wand sounds like.

GLINDA: Why would a wand sound like that? That doesn't make any sense!

BRIAN: *(Off stage:)* You don't make any sense! And neither does your face!

GLINDA: Wha...why are you so mad? What did I do to you?

BRIAN: *(Off stage:)* You keep telling me how to do my job, Amanda! Just...leave me alone! You do your thing, and I'll do mine!

GLINDA: Brian! Please. My whole family's here and this is my only scene. Can you please just...play the right sound cue.

BRIAN: *(Off stage:)* No way. It's my sound board, so I get to decide what your wand sounds like. And I've decided it's a dinosaur! So get used to it!

GLINDA: Okay! Fine! Whatever, I guess...that's just the sound my wand makes. Fine you win. Wake up guys. Wake up!

(She nudges DOROTHY and the SCARECROW.)

DOROTHY: Oh. That's...

GLINDA: Yes, that was my wand. The dinosaur roaring was my wand. Get up.

DOROTHY: Oh. Okay.

GLINDA: Now be on your way you two. And remember what your Uncle told you. It will be your key to finding your way back home.

DOROTHY: Yes of course. What did he say? It's fuzzy but I think I'm remembering it now. He said to me...

(DOROTHY looks out at the audience, hoping to hear an Uncle talking to her. But instead she hears:)

DINOSAUR: *(Off stage:)* RAWRR!!!

MAN: *(Off stage:)* Ah! Ah!!!!

CHOMP! CHOMP!

AAAAHHH!!!!!!

RAAAAWWWRRR!!!!

DOROTHY: Yes. My uncle said "Ahhhh." I'll remember that. And I guess as he was getting eaten by a dinosaur while he said "Ahhhhh."

SCARECROW: Well we should get going. Thank you, Glinda.

DOROTHY: Yes thank you! How can I ever repay you for your kindness?

GLINDA: Your happiness is my reward. Now get going. The clouds look dark and I fear it will soon start to rain. Do you hear that thunder off in the distance?

DINOSAUR: (*Off stage:*) RAWRR!!!
CHOMP! CHOMP!
RAAAAAWWWRRR!!!!

MAN: (*Off stage:*) Ah! Ah!!!!
AAAAHHH!!!!!!

DOROTHY: Yes, I hear the thunder. The...roaring thunder. Goodbye.

(*DOROTHY and SCARECROW leave.*)

GLINDA: Good luck my friends. I'll be watching you.

(*She flicks her wand one more time and...*)

DINOSAUR: (*Off stage:*) RAWRR!!!
CHOMP! CHOMP!
RAAAAAWWWRRR!!!!

MAN: (*Off stage:*) Ah! Ah!!!!
AAAAHHH!!!!!!

GLINDA: Oh just stop! Enough Brian! Just don't play anything!

(*She stomps off stage.*)

(End of Scene.)

Bonus Scene 2

(*A STAGE HAND rushes on to the stage with a sign that reads "Meanwhile in Kansas...". She holds it for the audience as AUNTIE EM and UNCLE HENRY, dressed in worn-out farm clothes, take their places. The STAGE HAND runs off.*)

HENRY: That sure was quite the twister, eh, Em?

EM: You bet. It just kept twirlin' with the dust and all that.

HENRY: Any luck findin' Dorothy?

EM: Not yet.

HENRY: That's too bad. Hope she turns up later. I sure do like Dorothy.

EM: Yep! Me too!

(*They wait.*)

HENRY: Well, guess we better get back to farming. We really have nothing else to do.

EM: Yep. Guess so. We're farmers and we're not doing anything magical or having an adventure so...yep. Let's farm.

HENRY: So, how goes our chickens? They layin' a nice batcha eggs? I sure could go for some breakfast.

EM: Most of 'em are layin' but Nina's bein' reaaaall stubborn like. Won't lay an egg no matter what I do.

HENRY: Is that right, well let me take a look at 'er. See if I can't coax an egg or two out.

(They walk over to stage right...but there's nothing there but a nest of hay. The actor playing UNCLE HENRY nervously looks off stage.)

HENRY: Funny. I thought the chicken was right here. *(To STAGE HAND, off:)* Hopefully old Henny will come out of her hiding place. So I can coax an egg out!

(The STAGE HAND frantically runs on and plops a teddy bear on the nest of hay, then runs off. The actor playing HENRY speaks kinda loudly so the STAGE HAND can hear off stage.)

HENRY: Uh... Oops! Em! There's a bear in the coop! Get out bear! Don't eat our chickens! Get out.

(HENRY throws the bear off stage).

HENRY: *(Trying to stay in character:)* Now where in tarnation is the chicken?!

STAGE HAND: *(From off:)* There is no chicken, just use the bear.

(The bear gets thrown back onstage. HENRY catches it.)

HENRY: *(To STAGE HAND, off:)* What do you mean there's no chicken? I can't do this scene with a bear! Bears don't lay eggs!

STAGE HAND: *(From off:)* Well they do in Kansas! Look, no one gave me the prop list for this scene so I'm scrambling and doing the best I can. So just...use the bear!

(HENRY huffs. Fine. He'll do the scene with a bear.)

HENRY: All right...bear. Lay us an egg now. Henry needs his breakfast.

EM: Hey. There it goes. This bear's a miracle!

HENRY: Yep, he's an egg-laying bear. Great.

EM: Well, now quit your chicken-gazing, Henry. We got other work to do. Like have you checked on the pigs?

(HENRY and EM walk to the other side of the stage.)

HENRY. Now, don't rush me, Em! The chickens need... I mean the egg-layin' bear needed my love and attention. But now that I got my eggs let's check on Ol' Bessy. Bessy the Pig.

EM. Sure do love that Bessy. Maybe we can keep her. She's got so much personality and spunk. I'll go without bacon for a month if it means we could keep her around. As a pet.

HENRY. Why Em, that's a fine idea. Bessy is the best pig we've ever had. Let's make sure she's still healthy.

(They turn to where Bessy should be, but there's nothing there. The STAGE HAND throws on a package of bacon on stage. EM jumps back.)

HENRY: Oh well. I guess...uh...we sent her away already. And packaged in her in plastic.

EM: Yep. That seems to be what happened. At least we have dinner now?

HENRY: Well...now that we've checked on our pig and our chicken...might as well, head into town. See if anyone's heard from Dorothy.

EM: Good idear. Gonna take the ol' truck?

HENRY: Nah, it's a nice morning, as they often are after a tornado. Think I'll mosey on into town on my trusty steed, Horsey.

EM: Ah yes, Horsey. The best horse we ever had. Well don't forget to get milk. We're running low on milk.

HENRY: You got it Emmy. I'll be back in a jiff! Horsey, get on out here! We got errands to run.
(*Horsey does not come on stage.*)

HENRY: Horsey! I said, GET. OUT. HERE. NOW!
(*And then...a pair of pants are thrown on stage.*)

HENRY: (*To STAGE HAND:*) Oh for... How is this a horse?!

STAGE HAND: I don't have a horse! I have no props for this scene! This the best I could do! Just be grateful I wore underwear today!
(*HENRY's furious now. He takes the pants, and pretends to get on them, as if the pants are a horse.*)

HENRY: Okay Horsey! Let's ride.
(*HENRY then pretends to gallop, he trips on the pants and falls over. He then angrily grabs the pants and throws them off stage.*)

EM: Oh no! Horsey! (*To HENRY:*) You just picked up and threw Horsey!

HENRY: (*Breaking character:*) Oh just...stop Donna! This scene doesn't make any sense to begin with! And now it's gone from bad to horrible because no one believes that I'm riding a horse right now! Just...say your last line so we can end this scene!

EM: But I have my whole monologue! That I say to my cat.

HENRY: No! No more animal props! No more of Uncle Henry and Auntie Em. Just...end the scene!
(*HENRY storms off stage.*)

EM: I guess he's right. (*To the STAGE HAND, off:*) Hey just out of curiosity, what did you have for my cat.
(*The STAGE HAND throws his shirt on stage.*)

EM: Yep, that's what I figured. Anyway, I wonder where Dorothy is and what might be happening to her.
(*She waits. Nothing happens.*)

EM: I said, I WONDER WHERE DOROTHY IS AND WHAT MIGHT BE HAPPENING WITH HER WHEREVER SHE IS.
(*Finally the STAGE HAND gets the hint and runs back on with the sign that says "Meanwhile in..." with "Kansas" crossed out and "OZ" written instead. As soon as the STAGE HAND passes, AUNTIE EM leaves, shaking her head mumbling something like "What an unnecessary scene." Or "That was pointless."*)
(*End of Scene.*)
(*End of BONUS SCENES.*)

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Ian McWethy's plays have been performed in all fifty states and in fifty different countries internationally. Last fall, Penguin/Random House published his debut novel *Margot Mertz Takes It Down*, co-written by his wife Carrie McCrossen. The book's sequel, *Margot Mertz For The Win*, was published in fall of 2022. Mr. McWethy is represented by Alex Platis of Untitled Entertainment.

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Jason Pizzarello is a playwright and Co-founder of Stage Partners with director/writer Morgan Gould. His plays have produced/developed with Everyday Inferno Theatre Company, Blue Rider/Classic Stage Company, 3-Legged Dog, Soho Rep Writer/Director Lab, Irondale Ensemble, HERE Arts Center, Clubbed Thumb, and Source Festival (DC). Over thirty of his plays for young actors are published and have been produced in all 50 states as well as in Australia, Austria, Brazil, Canada, China, Egypt, Ethiopia, Germany, India, Ireland, Japan, Kenya, Norway (translation), Pakistan, Portugal, Syria, Thailand, the UK, United Arab Emirates, and others. Maybe one day he'll get to visit one of these countries. When he's not writing, he proudly serves as a logistics officer with the NY Army National Guard but reports directly to his two young daughters. For more info visit www.jasonpizzarello.com.

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