

Dorothy / The Wiz

WIZ: Alright. Who are you?

DOROTHY: Please, Mr. Wiz.
My name is Dorothy, and this is the Scarecrow, and the Tinman,
and the Lion.

WIZ: And what do you all want?

DOROTHY: You see, I want to get back to Birmingham...

DOROTHY: Oh, please, Mr. Wiz, you just gotta help me get
back to Birmingham.

WIZ: I don't gotta do anything. The great wiz does as he pleases
and no more!!

DOROTHY: Oh, no, sir! You don't gotta do nothing at all. But
would you?

WIZ: Tell me...Where did you get such a marvelous pair of silver
pumps?

DOROTHY: From the Good Witch of the North.

WIZ: Ah, Addaperle. How would you like to...uh...trade them for
a beautiful Emerald Wizard ring?

DOROTHY: Ooooooh. Oh, I can't. I gotta keep them on 'til I get
home. I made a promise.

WIZ: Break it!!

DOROTHY: But I was taught never to break a promise.

WIZ: You know, I can understand...why a child like you...wanting
to go to ...Brazil...Mozambique...But
Birmingham? Did I hear you correctly? Get back to
Birmingham?

DOROTHY: Yessir!

WIZ: And what's wrong with it here?

DOROTHY: Nothin'.

WIZ: Does my fantastic Emerald City displease you?

DOROTHY: Oh, no, sir. I think it's the most beautiful place I've
ever seen. But there's my home. And there's Aunt Em, and
Uncle
Henry, and I can't just forget about them, can I?

Lion

(LION, noticing their disrespectful attitude, runs over and throws SCARECROW on his belly and swats the TINMAN in the side. DOROTHY, in an attempt to protect her friends, takes a roundhouse punch and the LION, actually hitting him in the chest. As he lands and falls flat, and starts sitting up, DOROTHY advances on him, but not past his feet.)

LION: Don't hit me no more!!

TINMAN: Will you dig that?

LION: Don't you know you could hurt a person that way?

SCARECROW: And you call yourself the king of the jungle?

LION: You don't see no other cat begging for the gig, do you?

TINMAN: Man, you've got a yellow streak a mile wide!

LION: It is not!! It's my mane. I just had it touched up this morning.

DOROTHY: You coward!! Goin' around roarin' at people. You ought to be ashamed...

LION: I am. But it's not my fault. (Others turning away.)No, wait!!! I was an only cub. Daddy left home when I was born, and Momma was such a strong lady. It was either "do this" or "don't do that"... "you call them paws clean?" ... "Lick behind your ears, child, or you don't get no dessert." And all I ever got was a bunch of schizophrenic phrenias...

Scarecrow

SCARECROW:

Psst!!

DOROTHY: No, I know scarecrows can't talk.

SCARECROW: Hey, honey! You got any spare change?

DOROTHY: What?

SCARECROW: I said, you got any spare change? Some loose bread? Anything till I get my head together?

DOROTHY: Now what would a scarecrow do with money?

SCARECROW: Well, I've been savin' up to buy me some brains.

DOROTHY: That's silly. You cant buy brains.

SCARECROW: You can't?

DOROTHY: No.

SCARECROW: Well, how about that?

DOROTHY: What do you want brains for? Isn't it any fun being a scarecrow?

SCARECROW: Well, I thought it would be. But after fifteen minutes up on this pole, I knew I wasn't going anyplace!

DOROTHY: Okay so why don't you get a Job

SCARECROW: Get a Job, I used to run my own business.

Tin Man

TINMAN: Hi!

SCARECROW: (Startled) Oh! Man, I have seen me some spaced- out garbage cans in my day...

DOROTHY: (Re-entering) I found it, Tinman. (Pause.) Now what?

TINMAN: Now what?

DOROTHY: (Pulling away.) Wait a minute. (To TINMAN.) How did you ever get that way?

TINMAN: Well, I wasn't always made outta tin, you know.

DOROTHY: No?

TINMAN: No! I used to be a real flesh and blood woodchopper, 'til one day a wicked old witch put a spell on my axe.

DOROTHY: A spell!

TINMAN: Yeah! And she really did some number...Let me tell you. I mean, one day when I was choppin' down a tree...that axe slipped and cut off my left leg.

SCARECROW: MMMM!!! Ain't that somethin'?

TINMAN: Yeah. I thought so. So I went to this here Tinsmith I knew, and I said:

"Hey, man...do you think you could fix me up with a tin leg?"

Well, he did. And the next day I'm back choppin', doin' my thing, and damn, if that old axe don't slip...and cut off my right leg! So I go back to the tinsmith and get me another leg.

Evelline

MESSENGER: Well, firstly, Dorothy and her friends are still on their way up here, and they're gonna do you in...

EVILLENE: What? (She breaks into laughter at such an incredible idea.)

(Seeing her laugh, the LORD HIGH UNDERLING starts to laugh and beats the WINKIES to get them to laugh. They all continue to laugh until EVILLENE notices and shouts:)

EVILLENE: Shut Up!!!

MESSENGER: Secondly, we couldn't get the silver slippers away from Dorothy.

EVILLENE: (Now, very angry) What!!!

MESSENGER: And thirdly, I gotta go now!!
(He begins to crawl away.)

EVILLENE: But you've brought me nothing but bad news. Where's the good news you promised?

MESSENGER: The good news is...there ain't no more bad news. (Starts to run as EVILLENE grabs his collar.)

EVILLENE: Who hired this jive turkey?

LORD HIGH UNDERLING: Well, I did.....why?

EVILLENE: Well, a pox on your house!

LORD HIGH UNDERLING: A pox on my house?

EVILLENE: A pox on both your houses!

LORD HIGH UNDERLING: (In tears) My summer place, too?

EVILLENE: Oh, shut up!