

GLINDA, DOROTHY - MUNCHKINLAND

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The door opens slowly and DOROTHY, carrying TOTO, looks out. She tests the ground with her foot. As she moves forward, the lights come up on-stage, and we discover the vividly colorful Munchkin Civic Center in the Land of Oz. DOROTHY looks about her — the scene is enchanting.

DOROTHY. Toto — I have a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore. (*Moves center stage.*)
We must be over the rainbow! (*A great shining globe descends from the flies.*)
Now I — I know we're not in Kansas.

The globe reaches stage level and revolves. Inside is GLINDA, THE WITCH OF THE NORTH (AUNT EM) complete with crown and magic wand.

GLINDA. Are you a good witch, or a bad witch?

DOROTHY. Who, me? I — I'm not a witch at all. I'm Dorothy Gale, from Kansas.

GLINDA. Oh! Well, is that the witch? (*Points to TOTO.*)

DOROTHY. Who, Toto? Toto's my dog.

GLINDA. Well, I'm a little muddled. The Munchkins called me because a new witch has just dropped a house on the Wicked Witch of the East and there's the house, and here you are, and those legs ... are all that's left of the Wicked Witch of the East. And so, what the Munchkins want to know is, are you a good witch or a bad witch?

DOROTHY. But I've already told you, I'm not a witch at all. Witches are old and ugly. (*High pitched giggles are heard*) What was that?

GLINDA. The Munchkins. They're laughing because I'm a witch. I'm Glinda, The Witch of the North. The Munchkins are happy because you have freed them from the Wicked Witch of the East.

DOROTHY. Oh. But — if you please, what are Munchkins?

GLINDA. The little people who live in this land. And blue is their favorite color. This is Munchkinland, and you are their national heroine, my dear. It's all right — you may all come out and thank her.

GLINDA. Come out, come out, wherever you are
And meet the young lady, who fell from a star.
She fell from the sky, she fell very far,
And Kansas, she says, is the name of the star.

MUNCHKINS. Kansas, she says, is the name of the star.

GLINDA. She brings you good news. Or haven't you heard?
When she fell out of Kansas a miracle occurred.

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GLINDA.

I'm afraid you've made rather a bad enemy of the Wicked Witch of the West. The sooner you get out of Oz altogether, the safer you'll sleep, my dear.

DOROTHY. Oh, I'd give anything to get out of Oz altogether.

My Auntie Em is missing me. She may even be ill.

But — which is the way back to Kansas? I can't go the way I came.

GLINDA. No, that's true. The only person who might know would be the great and wonderful Wizard of Oz himself! (GLINDA'S globe starts to descend from the flies)

DOROTHY. The Wizard of Oz? Is he good, or is he wicked?

GLINDA. Oh, very good, but very mysterious. He lives in the Emerald City, and that's a long journey from here. Did you bring your broomstick with you?

DOROTHY. No, I'm afraid I didn't.

GLINDA. Well, then, you'll have to walk. The Munchkins will see you safely to the border of Munchkinland. And remember, never let those ruby slippers off your feet for a moment, or you will be at the mercy of the Wicked Witch of the West.

DOROTHY. But — how do I start for the Emerald City?

GLINDA. It's always best to start at the beginning — and all you do is follow the Yellow Brick Road.