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The LION *begins to realize something is wrong, feels up the bony arm and gradually turns to find* TIBIA *and the* GHOSTS. *The* LION *tries to roar, but nothing comes out. The* GHOSTS *carry him off.*

The WICKED WITCH *enters, pushing* DOROTHY *ahead of her.*

WICKED WITCH. And now, my dear, we'll have the second part of the charm.

DOROTHY. You leave me alone.

WICKED WITCH. Now, now, it won't hurt a bit, my dear.
It's just a big kettle of water with some powder in it.

The WICKED WITCH *scatters a powder into the cauldron.*

DOROTHY. The cauldron?

WICKED WITCH. Nothing to be afraid of, my dear. The water isn't hot.

DOROTHY. But what'll it do to me?

WICKED WITCH. If it works, my dear, you'll shrink, that's all.

DOROTHY. Shrink?

WICKED WITCH. Yes. Let's try something and see. (*Sees the Tin Man's axe*)
Yes ... here's that foolish tin man's axe.

DOROTHY. Where's he now?

WICKED WITCH. He's being looked after.
Now let's just put the axe in here and see what does happen...

The WICKED WITCH *dips the axe in the cauldron.*
When she takes it out, it is only a few inches long.

Look ... it works beautifully ... see... (*Holds up the axe*)

DOROTHY. And I'll get small like that?

WICKED WITCH. But don't worry, my dear. You won't stay like that. Watch...

The WICKED WITCH *puts the little axe in again.*
SHE *and* DOROTHY *lean over the side of the cauldron, observing it.*

DOROTHY. It's getting smaller and smaller...

WICKED WITCH. And smaller and smaller...

DOROTHY. And now it's gone!

WICKED WITCH. That's right, my dear...

DOROTHY. And that's what'll happen to me?

The WICKED WITCH *nods and laughs.*

WICKED WITCH. Now, if you'll just climb in there like a good girl, my dear.

DOROTHY. (*Struggling*) I won't! I won't!

WICKED WITCH. (*Pulls the bell rope*) Then I'll have you put in!

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DOROTHY. Help...!

WICKED WITCH. Come back here, you little beast! (*Grabs* DOROTHY)

DOROTHY. Let me go! Scarecrow! Lion! Help! ... Tin Man! Help!

WICKED WITCH. They can't help you now, my dear.

Three sheeted figures enter. It is the SCARECROW, *the* TIN MAN *and the* LION *got up to look like ghosts.*

Well, what do you want?

SCARECROW. (*Muffled*) We heard the bell!

WICKED WITCH. Where's Tibia?

SCARECROW. Looking after the prisoners. He sent us here.

WICKED WITCH. They're all right...?

SCARECROW. Oh, they're fine!

WICKED WITCH. How long have you three been haunting here?

SCARECROW. We go with the lease.

WICKED WITCH. What's the matter with that one on the end?

The LION *is trembling violently under his sheet.*

SCARECROW. He always does that. He died of too much air conditioning.

WICKED WITCH. Come here and give me a hand with this brat.

THE THREE *start crossing toward the* WICKED WITCH *and* DOROTHY, *but the* TIN MAN *steps on the* SCARECROW'S *sheet, his own sheet is caught on a nail, and the* LION *has shaken his sheet off. The* WICKED WITCH *gives a yell.*

SCARECROW. Get her, boys!

WICKED WITCH. Oh, no you don't!

THE THREE *rush toward the* WICKED WITCH, *but she makes a magic gesture and* THE THREE *suddenly appear glued to the floor.*

LION. Hey, I can't move!

WICKED WITCH. Thought you'd fool me, eh? (*Laughs and picks up a stick*)
So there's nothing I can do to hurt you, eh? (*The stick bursts into flames*)
Watch this, Scarecrow!

The WICKED WITCH *draws the stick back to throw it at the* SCARECROW. DOROTHY *has crept up behind the* WITCH, *and just as she is about to throw the stick,* DOROTHY *pulls her backwards into the cauldron. The* WICKED WITCH *screams.*

DOROTHY. Don't you dare throw that at the scarecrow!