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GLORIA. Oh, yes. For instance, one minute he may be a great big ball of fire.

LION. Ohhhh…

GLORIA. And the next, he's a dragon…

LION. Ohhh … oh…

GLORIA. Or he might just be thunder and lightning.

LION. Oh … oh … ohhhhhhh…

GLORIA. Or he might even be a pretty little girl like Dorothy here.

LION. That's more like it…!

LORD GROWLIE *enters from downstage right.*

GROWLIE. I have seen the Great Oz.

DOROTHY. (*Runs to* GROWLIE) What's he say?

GROWLIE. He will see you…

LION. Ooooooohhhhhhhhhh…

GROWLIE. Remember, at all costs, do not make him angry.

LION. Hey, Lord Growlie— What did he look like this time…?

GROWLIE. He was invisible.

No. 26 Entrance: Wizard

(Orchestra)

There is a sudden flash of lightning and clap of thunder. The stage lights dim, and with a blare, the great doors upstage swing open. An immense and awesome BEAST *appears. It is bigger than an elephant and looks like a combination of a dinosaur and a highly magnified cold germ, or perhaps like something in the Thanksgiving Day Parade.*

In the dim light only the BEAST, DOROTHY *and her* THREE COMPANIONS *can be seen.* ALL OTHERS *exit unseen. The* LION *moans in fear during the following.*

WIZARD. (*In a great, deep voice, amplified*) I am Oz, the great and terrible.
Who are you, and why do you seek me?

DOROTHY. I am Dorothy, small and meek,
and if you would, please, Mister Wizard, I want to go back to Kansas.

WIZARD. Why would anyone want to go back to Kansas?

DOROTHY. That's my home, Mister Oz.

WIZARD. Who is that animated mattress standing beside you?

SCARECROW. You mean me— I'm just a scarecrow, Your Wizardness.

WIZARD. And what do you want of the Great Oz?

SCARECROW. Some brains, please.

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WIZARD. And this can that walks like a man, what does he want?

TIN MAN. I'm just an ordinary tin man, Great Oz, but the tinsmith left my heart out and I thought perhaps you might have an old one around you could give me.

WIZARD. (*Angrily*) What is that strange, blubbery sound I hear? (*The* LION *moans louder than ever*) Is that this overgrown mouser here…? (*More moans*) Step forward, lion!

The LION *chatters, shivers and trembles.*
DOROTHY *and* THE OTHERS *push him toward the* WIZARD.

WIZARD. And what do you want of Oz?

LION. C-c-c-c-c-c———

WIZARD. Speak!

LION. C-c-c-c-c- (*Finally gulping it out*) Courage!

WIZARD. (*To* ALL FOUR) And why should I do these things for you?

DOROTHY. Because you are great and powerful, and we are small and weak … except the lion.

LION. An' I might jus' as well be.

WIZARD. I will grant you favors…

DOROTHY. Oh, thanks, Great Oz!

SCARECROW. That's fine!

WIZARD. But first you four must do one thing for me.

DOROTHY. Yes, Mister Wizard.

WIZARD. Kill the Wicked Witch of the West.

DOROTHY. But how?

WIZARD. You killed the Witch of the East.

DOROTHY. Oh, but that was jus' an accident.

WIZARD. Let this be an accident. I don't care how you kill the Witch of the West, but kill her!

LION. But suppose she kills us first?

WIZARD. Then it won't matter whether you get your courage or not. (*The* LION *moans*) Now go! And when the witch is dead you may return! Now go!

No. 27 Exit: Wizard

(Orchestra)

There is a thunder clap, and the lights go out.