

OZARK ACTORS THEATRE
2012 Summer Season: Audition Sides
THE WIZARD OF OZ

PROFESSOR MARVEL/WIZARD OF OZ (male or female, 40s-60s)

1. Well, well, well! House guests, huh? Ha ha ha ha! And who might you be? No, no, now don't tell me. You're... you're travelling in disguise. No, that's not right. I... You're... you're going on a visit. No, I'm wrong. You're... you're running away. Yes, that's it, you're running away! Ha ha! Professor Marvel never guesses. He knows! Ha ha! Now, why are you running away? No, no, now don't tell me. They... they don't understand you at home. They don't appreciate you. You want to see other lands, big cities, big mountains, big oceans. Ha ha!

2. As for you, my galvanized friend, you want a heart! You don't know how lucky you are not to have one. Hearts will never be practical until they can be made unbreakable. But you still want one. Back where I come from there are men who do nothing all day but good deeds. They are called phil...er...phil...er...er...good-deed-doers, and their hearts are no bigger than yours, but they have on thing you haven't got. A testimonial! Therefore, in consideration of your kindness, I take pleasure at this time in presenting you with a small token of our esteem and affection. And remember, my sentimental friend, that a heart is not judged by how much you love, but by how much you are loved by others.

MISS ALMIRA GULTCH/WEST WITCH (female, 30s-50s)
AUNT EM/GLINDA (female, 30s-50s)

WEST WITCH: Where's my sister?

GLINDA: Yonder she lies.

WEST WITCH: Where?

GLINDA: There.

WEST WITCH: Alright, who's the smart aleck that turned her into a house? Was it you, Glinda?

GLINDA: Not the house. Under the house.

WEST WITCH: You dropped a house on my sister? How could anyone be so unbelievably clumsy?

GLINDA: Look closer?

WEST WITCH: Aargh!

GLINDA: You recognize her then.

WEST WITCH: Of course I recognize her. Who else would wear ruby slippers with those socks? The Ruby Slippers! Little girl, you have done me a service. I shall don the ruby slippers which will make my power greater than ever. The ruby slippers! They're gone! The slippers! What have you done with them?

GLINDA: See for yourself. Step forward Dorothy.

WEST WITCH: Give them back to me or I'll...

GLINDA: It's too late! There they are, and there they'll stay!

WEST WITCH: Give me back those slippers! I'm the only one that knows how to use them. They're of no use to you. Give them back to me. Give them back!

GLINDA: Keep tight inside of them. Their magic must be very powerful or she wouldn't want them so badly.

WEST WITCH: You stay out of this, Glinda, or I'll fix you as well!

GLINDA: Of, fiddle-faddle! You have no power while I'm here. Be gone, before somebody drops a house on you, too!

WEST WITCH: Very well, I'll bide my time and as for you, my fine lady, it's true I can't attend to you here and now as I'd like. But after a suitable period of mourning, I will have those slippers and my revenge too. So best try to stay out of my way. Just try! I'll get you eventually, my pretty... And your little dog, too!

DOROTHY (female, teens-20s)
TINMAN (male, 20s-40s)

DOROTHY: Did that hurt?

TINMAN: No, it feels wonderful. I've held that axe up for ages.

DOROTHY: Oh, goodness! How did you ever get like this?

TINMAN: Well, when I was flesh and blood like you, I feel in love with a Munchkin maiden whose mother hated me. So to stop me from marrying her daughter she hired the Wicked Witch of the West to put an evil spell on my axe. When I tried to chop down a tree it chopped off my leg instead.

DOROTHY: It chopped your leg off? That's terrible.

TINMAN: But by good fortune I knew of a wonderful tinsmith and he made me a new leg almost as good as the old one. So back I went to work and you know what happened?

DOROTHY: Something terrible I bet.

TINMAN: I swung my axe again and dang me if it didn't take off the other leg.

DOROTHY: You should have gotten a new axe.

TINMAN: I guess you're right. But I got me a new leg instead. And back I went to work.

DOROTHY: You sure were persistent.

TINMAN: This time I chopped off both my arms.

DOROTHY: Oh my. I can see how you could have chopped off one arm but how did you manage to chop off the other one?

TINMAN: I told you. The axe was enchanted.

DOROTHY: Oh!

TINMAN: I sometimes wish I hadn't got a new pair of arms from the tinsmith 'cause the last time I swung the axe was the worst time of all.

DOROTHY: I don't want to hear this.

TINMAN: I split myself right down the middle.

DOROTHY: Oh, you poor thing.

TINMAN: So the tinsmith gave me a new head and body but on the way home I got caught in a terrible rainstorm and rusted solid.

DOROTHY: It just wasn't your day, was it?

DOROTHY (female, teens-20s)
SCARECROW (male, 20s-40s)

DOROTHY: That was wonderful. Why, if our scarecrow back in Kansas could do that, the crows'd be scared to pieces!

SCARECROW: They would?

DOROTHY: Oh, yes.

SCARECROW: Where is Kansas?

DOROTHY: That's where I live. And I want to get back there so badly, I'm going all the way to Emerald City to get the Wizard of Oz to help me.

SCARECROW: You're going to see a Wizard?

DOROTHY: Um-hmm.

SCARECROW: Do you think if I went with you this Wizard would give me some brains?

DOROTHY: I couldn't say. But even if he didn't, you'd be no worse off than you are now.

SCARECROW: Yes, that's true.

DOROTHY: But maybe you'd better not. I've got a Witch mad at me, and you might get into trouble.

SCARECROW: Witch? Huh! I'm not afraid of a Witch! I'm not afraid of anything... oh, except a lighted match.

DOROTHY: I don't blame you for that.

SCARECROW: But I'd face a whole box full of them for the chance of getting some brains. Look—I won't be any trouble, because I don't eat a thing, and I won't try to manage things, because I can't think. Won't you take me with you?

DOROTHY: Of course I will!

SCARECROW: Hooray! I'm going to get me a brain! Let's go!

DOROTHY (female, teens-20s)
LION (male, 20s-40s)

LION: Hah! Put ‘em up! Put ‘em up! Which one of you first? I’ll fight you both together if you want. I’ll fight ya’ with one paw tied behind my back! I’ll fight ya’ standin’ on one foot! I’ll fight ya’ with my eyes closed! Well, I’ll get you anyway, Pee-Wee!

DOROTHY: Oh, shame on you! (*she strikes him on the nose*)

LION: What did you do that for? I didn’t bite him.

DOROTHY: No, but you tried to. It’s bad enough picking on a straw man, but when you go around picking on poor little dogs...

LION: Well, you didn’t have to go and hit me, did you? Is my nose bleedin’?

DOROTHY: Well, of course not. My goodness, what a fuss you’re making! Naturally when you go around picking on things weaker than you are—why you’re nothing but a great big coward!

LION: You’re right, I am a coward! I haven’t got any courage at all. I even scare myself. Look at the circles under my eyes. I haven’t slept in weeks.

DOROTHY: Why don’t you try counting sheep?

LION: That doesn’t do any good—I’m afraid of ‘em.

DOROTHY: Oh, that’s too bad. Why don’t you come along with us? We’re on our way to see the Wizard. I’m sure he could give you some courage.

LION: Well, wouldn’t you feel degraded to be seen in the company of a cowardly lion? I would.

DOROTHY: No, of course not!

LION: Gee, that—that’s awfully nice of you. My life has been simply unbearable. Even my family’s disowned me. When I was just a little cub, my father took me to the top of a high mountain and waved his paw around and said, “One day son, all this will be yours.” Oh, I was terrified.

DOROTHY: Why’s that?

LION: I’m scared of heights.

DOROTHY: Oh, well. It’s all right now. The Wizard’ll fix everything.

LION: At least you’ll be safe if I come with you.

DOROTHY: How’s that?

LION: No self-respecting wild animal will come anywhere near me.

MUNCHKIN (male and female, child to mid-teens)

Friends, this is a day of independence for all the Munchkins and their descendants. Yes, let the joyous news be spread. The wicked witch at last is dead!