

Excerpt from Act 2 - Scene 3 of DOROTHY DIES (written by Joey Faggion)

CONTEXT: A community theater's production of *The Wizard of Oz* goes horribly wrong when the lead actress is injured in the first scene. The rest of the cast bravely carries on without her, except for the Wicked Witch, who wants nothing more than to go home. All the while, the pre-recorded Narrator prattles on.

NARRATOR

The friends left the Emerald City and began the next chapter of their journey, unsure if they'd ever return. The sky turned dark, the trees creaked and bent around them. The feel was overall, spooky. Meanwhile, the Witch sat in her tower-

(A spotlight comes up, but no one is there.)

NARRATOR (continued)

-She brooded and spat and snarled.

WICKED WITCH (offstage)

Spit... snarl...

NARRATOR

With her magic eye of seeing, the Witch saw the companions entering her lands.

WICKED WITCH (offstage)

Oh no, the companions are entering my land.

NARRATOR

She said with unmatched malice and contempt for all life.

WICKED WITCH

And with a mimosa in hand.

(The Witch enters with a drink in hand. She stands outside of the spotlight area. She drinks for a bit just taking in the audience.)

WICKED WITCH

How ya doin?

NARRATOR

The sight of the bold travelers-

(The Witch starts speaking the narration in perfect time with the Narrator.)

WICKED WITCH & NARRATOR

-filled her with an unholy rage. How dare they trespass on her territory. Who did they think they were? Did they really think they stood a chance against the almighty Wicked Witch of the West?

WICKED WITCH (Continued)

They did though.

(She takes another drink. Lights up on the companions walking in place, "approaching" the Winkie lands. The Witch gets decidedly drunker as the scene goes on.)

NARRATOR

So, the Witch sent her minions to accost them.

WICKED WITCH

Oh shit, right, uh... Let's see.

(The Witch's ensemble minions enter, they are wearing wolf costumes.)

WICKED WITCH

I'll send my wolves...

(The Wolves excitedly rush toward the companions.)

WICKED WITCH

My wolves that are known for their interpretive dance skills.

(The Wolves freeze for a moment, unsure of how to proceed. They uncomfortably

begin to "dance" their way over to the companions, who look on, worried.)

WICKED WITCH

Yes, yes, dance my pretties. You look hot.

NARRATOR

Unafraid, the Tin Man took his axe-

(The Tin Man looks down at his hands, realizes he doesn't have an axe.)

NARRATOR (Continued)

-and struck down the wolves as they came.

(The Tin Man sucker punches the lead wolf.)

TIN MAN

(Quietly) Sorry.

NARRATOR

Beaten. The wolves slunk away.

WICKED WITCH

Silly slinky wolves. Okay what's next? Birds?

NARRATOR

The Witch sent her crows.

WICKED WITCH

Killing it, okay... I send my crows!

(The minion actors re-enter, dressed as crows. They are wary.)

WICKED WITCH

Yes, my hip-hop enthusiast crows!

(The crows dejectedly assume hip hop stances and pop and lock their way over to the companions.)

WICKED WITCH

Yessss my pretties. Get stanky on it.

NARRATOR

But the Scarecrow rang their necks as they came.

*(The Scarecrow over enthusiastically
turns the lead crows head to the side.)*

LEAD MINION

Ow dude!

*(The Minion gives the Scarecrow a
shove.)*

SCARECROW

Sorry.

NARRATOR

Defeated, the crows flew away.

(The minions rush offstage.)

LION

They've gone!

WICKED WITCH

But none of them knew about the bees!

NARRATOR

The Witch sent a swarm of bees-

WICKED WITCH

Yes! The bees! Go bees!

*(The minion actors stumble onstage,
only partially changed, still half
crow.)*

WICKED WITCH

Oh damn, crow bees?

NARRATOR

The bees attacked!

WICKED WITCH

But-

NARRATOR

But while the others hid-

(Scarecrow "covers" the companions with his arms while Tin Man steps forward.)

NARRATOR (Continued)

The Tin Man allowed the bees to kill themselves upon his impenetrable body.

WICKED WITCH

I didn't know we were doing "Thirteen Reasons Why."

(Everyone onstage breaks character to shame her for a second.)

ALL (ad libbed)

Oh c'mon! You can't say that. What the hell?

WICKED WITCH

Geez, okay.

(Everyone drops back into character. The minions exit.)

NARRATOR

The Witch resorted to sending her own soldiers, the Winkies to capture the companions.

WICKED WITCH

Yes, send the Winkies!

(The minions re-enter, dressed as soldiers. They are exhausted.)

WICKED WITCH

The Winkies were known for fighting in their underwear, unafraid of death. Like Braveheart.

LEAD MINION

Please...

WICKED WITCH

They can end this any time.

(The minions look at each other.)

WICKED WITCH

Your audience is waiting.

(The minions ruefully remove their costumes down to their tidy whitey's.)

NARRATOR

The Winkies attacked!

WICKED WITCH

As if they were Magic Mike!

(The minions start body rolling over to the companions.)

NARRATOR

But the Lion summoned all his courage-

LION

Which was a lot.

NARRATOR

-and roared a mighty roar.

LION

Arr!

NARRATOR

Frightening the Winkies.

WICKED WITCH

Poor, sexy Winkies. All they did was love too much.

(The minions exit.)

NARRATOR

The Witch was furious at being foiled so many times-

WICKED WITCH

I'm furious.

NARRATOR

-she knew she must use her most powerful weapon of all.

WICKED WITCH

This is about to get decidedly un-politically correct.

NARRATOR

She called upon her servants, the Winged Monkey's.

(The Lead Minion enters.)

LEAD MINION

My lady.

WICKED WITCH

Ah, my greatest weapon... Curious George.

LEAD MINION

Yes my lady.

WICKED WITCH

Tell everyone your name.

LEAD MINION

My lady?

WICKED WITCH

Who are you?

(Lead Minion sighs and turns to the audience.)

LEAD MINION

I am Curious George.

WICKED WITCH

Yes! Call me the man in the yellow hat cuz I'm about to make these bitches the men in the yellowed pants.

(Beat.)

LEAD MINION

What?

WICKED WITCH

Just go get them! Or whatever this next scene is.
Geez.

(The Witch exits. Leaving Lead Minion alone.)

LEAD MINION

Yes, my lady.

END EXCERPT.

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