

Side 5 Witch(MG), Dorothy

WITCH. And you, my dear, what an unexpected pleasure and what a lovely little **DOG**. It's so kind of you both to visit me in my loneliness.

WITCH gestures for the HEAD WINKIE to grab TOTO.

DOROTHY. No. No! No, what are you doing?! (to **MONKEY**) Let go of me!

DOROTHY escapes the MONKEY'S grasp and confronts the WITCH.

DOROTHY. Give him back to me!

WITCH. Certainly! Certainly when you give me back those slippers.

DOROTHY runs away as the WITCH chases.

DOROTHY. Glinda the Good-

WITCH. What?

DOROTHY. Glinda the Good Wi-

WITCH. What?!

DOROTHY. Glinda the Good Witch of the North told me not to.

WITCH. How dare you even **MENTION** her name?

The WITCH has backed DOROTHY into a corner.

DOROTHY. But she did.

WITCH. Very well, then. (to **HEAD WINKIE**) Winkie! Put that thing in a bag and kick it over the battlements.

DOROTHY. What? Oh, no. No. No! No, you can have your smelly old slippers, just give me back Toto. Please I-

WITCH. Ooh! That's a good little girl! I knew you'd see reason.

WITCH grabs the shoes. Spell music. WITCH is zapped. She keels over in pain.

WITCH. Aah!

DOROTHY. I didn't do that That wasn't me!

WITCH. Oh.

DOROTHY. Can I still have my dog?

WITCH. No!! I should have remembered those slippers will never come off you as long as you're alive.

DOROTHY. What are you gonna do?

WITCH. *(sarcastically)* What do you think I'm going to do? But that's not what worries me. It's how to do it. These things must be done delicately or else you hurt the spell.

Toto breaks free and runs off.

DOROTHY. Ah! Toto, run!

WITCH. Catch him, you idiots!

DOROTHY. Oh, he got away. He got away!

WITCH. Which is more than you will. Curse you and your little dog! You've been more trouble to me than you're worth...one way or another, it'll soon be over. Do you see that? Tick, tock, tick, tock. One hour. That's how much longer you've got to be alive! And it isn't long, my pretty! It isn't long! I can't wait forever to get those shoes. My feet are itching... I'll be back in an hour to claim what's mine.

WITCH exits. DOROTHY is left alone. Music softens.

DOROTHY. I'm not going to cry, I'm not going to cry. Why did I ever leave home? What was I looking for that I couldn't find there? If only I could lie down and sleep. My poor shabby little bedroom, I used to hate it, but what wouldn't I give for it now.