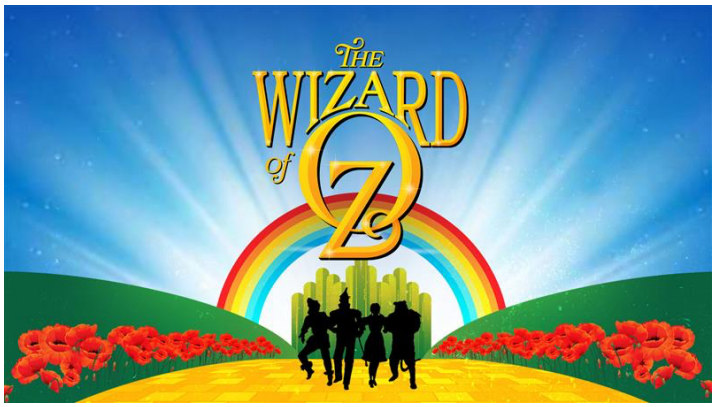


Be advised, for this role there is no sheet music to learn. Please prepare a song of your choice in the style of the show for your audition.

Thank you.

ROYAL CARIBBEAN

The Wizard of Oz

(R.S.C. 1987)

by L. Frank Baum

Music and Lyrics of the MGM Motion Picture Score
by Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg

Background Music by Herbert Stothart

Book Adaption by John Kane
from the Motion Picture Screenplay

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PROFESSOR MARVEL / GREAT OZ
AUDITION PACKET

ROYAL CARIBBEAN

DO NOT DUPLICATE

START

PROFESSOR. *(Declaiming.)* If were done, it were best it be done… *(Pause.)* equally on both sides.

(The **PROFESSOR** *turns the sausage round and puts it back over the fire.)*

(Toto and **DOROTHY** *enter with a basket covered with a small checkered cloth.)*

Well, well, well! House guests, huh? Ha ha ha ha!

*(***DOROTHY** *approaches shyly.)*

And who might you be? No, no, now don't tell me. *(Covers his eyes with his hands.)* You're…traveling 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.

DOROTHY. How did you guess?

PROFESSOR. Ha ha! Professor Marvel never guesses. He knows! Ha ha! Now, why are you running away?

DOROTHY. Why…

PROFESSOR. 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, and big oceans. Ha ha!

DOROTHY. Why, it's just like you can read what was inside of me.

PROFESSOR. It is my trade, my calling. See what it says on the side of my conveyance.

(The **PROFESSOR** *gestures with one hand allowing the stick with the sausage to droop dangerously near Toto who suddenly snatches it.)*

DOROTHY. Oh, Toto, that's not polite! We haven't been asked yet.

PROFESSOR. Ha, ha, ha. He's perfectly welcome! Ha ha! Here now, let's see. Where were we?

DOROTHY. Oh please, Professor, why can't we go with you and see all the Crowned Heads of Europe?

PROFESSOR. Do you know any? Oh, you mean the thing… yes. Well, I… I never do anything without consulting my crystal first. Here, sit right down here.

(The **PROFESSOR** *rises and upturns a bucket setting it down next to the caravan steps.* **DOROTHY** *sits and the* **PROFESSOR** *takes the basket from her.)*

That's it.

(The **PROFESSOR** *places the basket on the ground to the far side of the steps, then reaches into the caravan and brings out a small turban and puts it on.)*

Ha ha! Just make yourself comfortable while I conjure out of the air, out of thin air…

(The **PROFESSOR** *reaches behind* **DOROTHY***'s head and produces a small crystal ball.* **DOROTHY** *gasps.)*

…this very genuine, magic, authentic crystal. Now then you hold out your hands to help me look into the future.

*(***DOROTHY** *does so and the* **PROFESSOR** *places the crystal on her hands.)*

Now, you…you'd better close your eyes, my child, for a moment…in order to be better in tune with the infinite.

*(***DOROTHY** *closes her eyes. The* **PROFESSOR** *dips into* **DOROTHY***'s basket.)*

We…we can't do these things without reaching out into the infinite. *(Studies a photograph in a silver frame.)* Yes, that's…that's all right. *(Replaces the photograph in the basket.)* Now you can open them.

*(***DOROTHY** *does so.)*

We'll gaze into the crystal. Ah, what's this I see? A house…with a picket fence.

DOROTHY. That's our farm!

PROFESSOR. Oh, yes. There's…there's…there's…there's a woman. She's…she's wearing a…a…polkadot dress. Her face is careworn.

DOROTHY. That's Aunt Em.

PROFESSOR. Yes. Her…her name is Emily.

DOROTHY. That's right. What's she doing?

PROFESSOR. Well, I… I can't quite see. Why, she's crying.

DOROTHY. Oh.

PROFESSOR. Someone has hurt her. Someone has just about broken her heart.

DOROTHY. Why would anyone do that?

PROFESSOR. I don't know but it's…it's someone she loves very much.

DOROTHY. What's she doing now?

PROFESSOR. Yes, she's…what's this? Why, she's…she's putting her hand to her heart! She's…she's dropping down on the bed!

DOROTHY. Oh, you…you don't suppose she could really be sick, do you?

*(***DOROTHY** *stands.)*

Oh! Oh, Ive got to go home right away!

(The stage begins to darken. The sound of the wind rises. **PROFESSOR MARVEL** *removes his turban.)*

PROFESSOR. But, what's this? I thought you were going along with me!

DOROTHY. Oh no! No, I have to get to her right away. Come on, Toto! Come on, come on! *(Snatches up her basket.)* Goodbye, Professor Marvel, and thanks a lot!

PROFESSOR. Goodbye! Safe journey! *(Looks about and then turns up his jacket lapels shivering.)* There's a storm blowin'…a whopper. *(Stamps out the remains of his little fire and then looks up after the departing* **DOROTHY**.*)* Poor little kid. I hope she gets home all right.

[MUSIC NO. 08 "THE CYCLONE"]

(The stage starts to revolve)

END

START

LION. *(Peeping through his fingers.)* Oh, look at that, look at that, oohhhhh – I want to go home.

OZ. *(The loud echoing voice of* **OZ** *(***PROFESSOR MARVEL***).)* I am Oz, the great and powerful. Who are you? Who are you?

(The **OZ** *machine belches more smoke and flames. The four friends are struck dumb.* **OZ** *repeats himself more fiercely.)*

Who are you? Who are you?

DOROTHY. I – if you please, I – I am Dorothy…the small and meek. We've come to ask you…

OZ. Silence!

DOROTHY. Ohh – Jiminy Crickets!

OZ. The Great and Powerful Oz knows why you have come. Step forward, Tinman!

TINMAN. Ohhhh!

(With his knees knocking, the **TINMAN** *steps forward.)*

OZ. You dare to come to me for a heart, do you? You clinking, clanking, clattering collection of caliginous junk!

TINMAN. Ohhhh – yes…yes, sir, - y-yes, Your Honor. You see, a while…

OZ. Quiet!

TINMAN. Ohhhh!

(The **TINMAN** *runs back to join his companions.)*

OZ. And you Scarecrow, have the effrontery to ask for a brain – you billowing bail of bovine fodder!

(The **SCARECROW** *totters forward on rubbery legs.)*

SCARECROW. Yes – yes, your Honor – I mean, Your Excellency – I-I-I mean – Your Wizardry!

OZ. Enough! Uhhh – an you Lion…

(The **LION** *staggers forward trying to speak.) (A mighty roar.)* Well?

(The **LION** *faints.* **DOROTHY** *runs to him and tries to revive him.)*

DOROTHY. Oh-oh-oh! *(Looks up angrily at* **OZ***.)* You ought to be ashamed of yourself – frightening him like that, when he came to you for help!

OZ. Silence whippersnapper! The beneficent Oz has every intention of granting your requests!

(The **LION** *sits bolt upright.)*

LION. What's that? What'd he say?

DOROTHY. Are you alright?

LION. Just a little deaf. *(Sticking a claw in one ear and waggling it.)* What'd he say?

*(***DOROTHY** *helps him to his feet.)*

DOROTHY. He's going to help us after all.

LION. He is?

OZ. But first, you must prove yourselves worthy by performing a very small task.

SCARECROW. A small task? Is that all?

TINMAN. You name it and it's half done.

OZ. Bring me the broomstick of the Witch of the West.

TINMAN. B-B-B-But if we do that, we'll have to kill her to get it!

OZ. Bring me her broomstick and I'll grant your requests. Now go!

(Forgetting his fear, the **LION** *shuffles forward.)*

LION. But – but what if she kills us first?

[MUSIC NO. 32 "LION'S RUNNING EXIT"]

OZ. I said… *(The loudest roar of all.)* …GO!

LION. Don't worry! I'm already gone!

*(***LION** *runs from the chambers as lights fade.)*

END

Scene Twenty-Three
The Wizard's Chamber
(Humbug)

[MUSIC NO. 44 "MAGIC SMOKE CHORDS (OPTIONAL NUMBER)"]

(The flames are billowing as **DOROTHY**, **TINMAN**, **LION**, *and* **SCARECROW** *enter with more confidence than previously.)*

START

OZ. Can I believe my eyes? Why have you come back?

DOROTHY. Please, sir. We've done what you told us. We've brought you the broomstick of the Wicked Witch of the West. We melted her.

OZ. Oh, you liquidated her, eh? *(Laughs at his own joke.)* Very resourceful!

DOROTHY. Yes, sir. So we'd like you to keep your promise to us, - if you please, sir.

OZ. Not so fast! Not so fast! I'll have to give the matter a little thought! Go away, and come back tomorrow!

DOROTHY. Tomorrow?

(The **WIZARD***'s machine roars.)*

If you were really great and powerful, you'd keep your promises!

OZ. Do you presume to criticize the Great Oz?

(Machine roars.)

You ungrateful creatures!

(Machine roars.)

Think yourself lucky that I'm giving you an audience tomorrow, instead of twenty years from now!

(The machine roars again. From behind the curtained booth, there is movement and the sound of Toto barking.)

DOROTHY. Toto?

*(***DOROTHY** *moves towards the booth. The barking and movement continue.)*

OZ. The Great Oz has spoken! Now go!

DOROTHY. Toto, come out of there!

OZ. I said go!

*(***DOROTHY** *draws back the curtain and we discover a small man (***MARVEL***) manipulating levers and speaking into a microphone.)*

Oh! *(Tries to close the curtains again.)* Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain. The Great and Powerful Oz – *(Gives up.)* – has spoken –

DOROTHY. Who are you?

OZ. Well, I-I – I am the Great and Powerful – Wizard of Oz.

DOROTHY. You are?

OZ. Uh –

DOROTHY. I don't believe you!

OZ. No, I'm afraid it's true. There's no other Wizard except me.

SCARECROW. You humbug!

LION. Yeah!

OZ. Yes – that's exactly so – I'm a humbug.

DOROTHY. Oh…you're a very bad man!

OZ. Oh, no my dear. I-I'm a very good man. I'm just a very bad wizard.

SCARECROW. What about the heart you promised Tinman?

OZ. Well, I –

TINMAN & LION. And Scarecrow's brain?

OZ. Why, anybody can have a brain. That's a very mediocre commodity. Back where I come from we have Universities – where men go to become great thinkers. And when they come out, they think deep thoughts, and with no more brains than you have. But – they have one thing you haven't got – a diploma!

[MUSIC NO. 45 "GRADUATION EXERCISES - SCARECROW"]

(The **WIZARD** *brings out a rolled parchment from an inside pocket.)*

Therefore, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Universitatus Committeeatum e pluribus unum, I hereby confer upon you the Honorary Degree of T.h.D.
(Gives the parchment roll to the **SCARECROW***.)*

END