

The Wonderful Wizard of Oz-Part 1

by L. Frank Baum
adapted for radio

[title sequence-jingle with title]

Nanny Bea: Welcome, welcome my listening friends, today we have a story of such epic proportions that I have my cup of builder's tea in hand and my neighbour Jules is on her...

[knock]

way.

Nanny Bea: Who is it

Jules: It's me, Jules your neighbour?

Nanny Bea: And how can I help you?

Jules: I've come with our epic story.

Nanny Bea: Why didn't you say so, come, come. I've even brewed our tea already, one for you and one for me .

Jules: Well then we should get on with our story, today you'll hear part one of a story of a girl named Dorothy and her travels to the most incredible land. Are you ready for a story?

Nanny Bea: Yes please.

Jules: Okay then, Part One of The Wonderful Wizard of Oz, by L. Frank Baum, adapted for radio.

Dorothy lived in the dusty grey prairies of Kansas, with her Aunty Em, Uncle Henry and her little dog Toto too, all together in a small wooden house, with a cellar underneath to hide away from any swirling cyclone winds. They could crush buildings in their path or throw cattle halfway across the county.

And today, one was on its way "Quick, Run!" said Uncle Henry. So Dorothy grabbed Toto but before she could make it to the cellar, the house began to shake and rattled loose rising higher and higher into the sky. Soon the house settled in the eye, the center of the storm where it's oddly quiet as the world around swirls by.

In this calm Dorothy managed to drift off to sleep, until (thud) she woke with a great bump and stepped out of her house that surely wasn't in Kansas anymore, instead it was in a land bursting with colour, green velvet grass, flowers of blue. A beautiful

woman covered in lace approached with men wearing bells that tinkled as they moved.

The men's faces were aged like Uncle Henry but they stood no taller than Dorothy's waist. The lace covered lady said, tenderly:

"Welcome, most noble one, to Munchkinland. Thank you for killing the Wicked Witch of the East."

Dorothy said, without hesitation, "You are very kind, but there must be some mistake. I'm Dorothy from Kansas and I never killed a thing."

"Your house did and that is just as good. See!" she pointed to the corner of Dorothy's house, "there are her two feet, sticking out from under."

"Huh," gasped Dorothy for there, indeed, were two feet sticking out, with shoes shimmering like red rubies. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Whatever shall we do?"

"There is nothing to be done," said the lady calmly. "She made the Munchkins slaves and you set them free."

"Are you a Munchkin?"

"Not at all, I am their friend Glinda the Good but I did not have the power to free them myself."

"As lovely as this land is, I must get back to my Auntie Em and Uncle in Kansas, they are sure to be worrying."

"We don't know of a land called Kansas,"

"Nor of a way to travel there,"

"It seems you must stay in Munchkinland forever," said the Munchkins.

Dorothy began to sob, her tears grieved the kind hearted Munchkins for they began to weep as well.

"Surely the great and powerful Wizard of Oz will know the way," said the smallest of the Munchkins.

"Where is this great wizard?" replied Dorothy.

"He lives in the Emerald city but the journey is long with both pleasant and frightful lands between. If you must go then take these shimmering shoes. The witch no longer needs them and believed they held great power."

"Won't you go with me?" pleaded Dorothy.

"We cannot travel to that region, but I will leave you with my kiss of protection" as she kissed Dorothy on the forehead, Glinda the Good began to fade away.

"Which way do I go," shouted Dorothy urgently.

"Just follow the yellow brick road."

"Just follow the yellow brick road, "

"Just follow the yellow brick road" the Munchkins said as they filled her basket of supplies for her journey and guided Dorothy to the edge of Munchkinland.

Waving goodbye to her new found friends Dorothy continued along the yellow brick road. When she had gone several miles she stopped to rest by a field with a Scarecrow.

His head was a small sack stuffed with straw, with a face painted on it. An old, blue hat was perched on his head, and his body made up of faded clothes, stuffed with straw. While Dorothy looked earnestly into the face of the Scarecrow, she was surprised to see one of the eyes slowly wink at her. She thought she must have been mistaken, for none of the scarecrows in Kansas ever wink.

"Good day," a deep voice said.

"Did you just speak?"

"Certainly," answered the Scarecrow. "How do you do?"

"I'm pretty well, thank you," she replied politely. "Why I'm Dorothy, how do you do?"

"I'm not so well, it is very tedious being perched up here night and day all alone."

"Can't you get down?"

"Nope, my feet can't touch the ground. But if you can get me down, I'd be greatly obliged to you." Dorothy reached up and lifted him off the pole.

"Thank you very much, how fortunate that you happened by my way. "

"Toto and I are on our way to see the Great and Powerful Oz so he can send us back to Kansas. "

"The great and powerful Oz?" he inquired.

"Why, don't you know?"

"No, indeed. You see, I don't know anything. I am stuffed, so I have no brains at all," he answered sadly.

"If you have no brains, how can you talk"

"I do not know, but some people with no brains do an awful lot of talking."

"Do you think if I go to the Emerald City with you, that Oz would give me some brains?"

"I cannot tell, but you would be no worse off than you are now"

"Quite true," said the Scarecrow so he joined her walking along the yellow brick road. Toto did not like this at first. Thinking there may be a nest of rats hiding in his straw.

[music interlude]

After a few hours the road roughened and the further they went the more dismal the country became. At noon they sat down for a break.

"Tell me about this place you call Kansas," said the Scarecrow. So she told him all about how gray everything was there, and how the cyclone had carried her to this unfamiliar land. The Scarecrow listened carefully, "I do not understand, why would you choose to leave this beautiful country and go back to the dry, gray place you call Kansas."

"No matter how dreary, There is no place like home. Why not tell me something about you?"

"There is little to say as I was only made yesterday, and left all alone on that pole with little else to think of, so I decided to try to get some brains then I would never run out of things to think. By good chance you came along."

"And your good company makes me lucky too." replied Dorothy. And Toto started to agree. They walked the rest of the day until evening when they came to a great forest, with tree branches linking over the road making the dark even darker. "I must rest for the night" said Dorothy

"I see a little cottage shall we go there?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Dorothy as they made their way to the cottage. In it Dorothy found a bed. She fell asleep at once, with Toto beside her. The Scarecrow, who was never tired, stood up in another corner waiting patiently until morning came.

[music interlude]

The sun shining through the trees woke Dorothy. Toto was out chasing squirrels but The Scarecrow was still standing in his corner waiting. They left the cottage and walked through the trees until they found a little spring, when they heard a deep groan.

"What was that?" she asked timidly.

"I cannot imagine but I can go and see." said the Scarecrow. Just then another groan reached their ears, they followed the sound and to their surprise found a man standing perfectly still, holding an axe in the air and he was made entirely of tin!

"Did you groan?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes," the tin man squeezed out, then he said, "Oil."

"What did you say?"

"Oil."

"I think he said oil, I saw a can in the cottage," Scarecrow ran at once and brought it back. "We must oil his mouth and maybe we can understand him better" *Scarecrow added.*

"Good idea," said Dorothy. "One would almost suspect you had brains in your head, instead of straw."

"Oh, that is so much better, please oil my arm, I've been holding this axe in the air for over a year" he said. Dorothy oiled his arm, (oh) and his legs (ah) while the Scarecrow bent them carefully until they were quite free from rust and as good as new. He seemed ever so polite, and very grateful.

"I might have stood there always if you had not come along," he said; "you have certainly saved my life. How do you happen to be here?"

"We are on our way to the Emerald City to see the Great and Powerful Oz, I want him to send me back to Kansas, and the Scarecrow wants to have a brain."

"Hmm, do you suppose Oz could give me a heart?" said the Tinman

"It would be as easy as giving the Scarecrow brains."

"True," the Tin Woodman returned. "So, if you will allow me to join your party, I will also ask Oz for help."

"Then come on along," said the Scarecrow heartily, and Dorothy added that she would be pleased to have his company. So they travelled through the forest until they rejoined the yellow brick road.

[music interlude]

It was a bit of good luck to have their new comrade, for not long after, they reached a place where the branches grew so thick over the road that they could not pass. The Tinman set to work with his axe and soon cleared the way. Shortly after the Scarecrow stumbled into a hole in the road. The Tinman was concerned, "Why didn't you walk around the hole, you could get hurt?"

"I don't know perhaps I will when Oz provides me a brain," replied the Scarecrow cheerfully.

"I had brains once, and a heart, having tried them both, it is a heart that I prefer," the Tinman said.

"I loved a girl I wished to marry but her old guardian wanted her to remain doing chores instead so she paid the Wicked Witch of the East to turn me into a man of tin with no heart. One day I forgot about my love and then I forgot the rain's power to rust my joints solid. Standing here for a year I had time to think and realised I was happiest when I was in love, but how can one love without a heart? "

"Hmmm" said the Scarecrow, "I shall ask for brains; for a fool would not know what to do with a heart if he had one."

"I shall take the heart," returned the Tinman; "for brains do not make one happy."

Dorothy and her companions walked on through the thick woods. When suddenly, came a deep growl from the trees. Dorothy's heart beat faster, for she did not know what made it; but Toto knew, and he walked close to Dorothy's side.

The next moment a great Lion bounded into the road, roaring, Toto barked, the great beast opened his mouth to bite the dog, when Dorothy, rushed forward and slapped the Lion upon his nose as hard as she could, "Don't you dare! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a big beast like you, biting a poor little dog!"

"I didn't bite him," said the Lion, as he rubbed his nose with his paw where Dorothy had hit it.

"No, but you tried to. You are nothing but a big coward."

"And don't I know it," said the Lion, hanging his head in shame. "I've always known it.?"

"But that isn't right. The King of Beasts shouldn't be a coward," said the Scarecrow.

"True, but whenever there is danger, my heart beats faster with fear." returned the Lion, wiping a tear from his eye with the tip of his tail.

"It proves you have a heart " said the tinman.

"Perhaps, if I had no heart I should not be a coward" said the Lion thoughtfully.

"Have you brains?" asked the Scarecrow.

"I suppose so. I've never looked to see," replied the Lion.

"I am going to the Great Oz to ask him to give me some," remarked the Scarecrow.

"Do you think Oz could give me courage?" asked the Cowardly Lion.

"Just as easily as he could give me brains."

"Or give me a heart."

"Or send me back to Kansas."

"Then, if you don't mind, I'll go with yas," said the Lion.

"You will be very welcome," answered Dorothy. Toto did not approve, having nearly been crushed between the Lion's great jaws. But after a time they grew to be good friends.

The End of Part One

[book close]

Nanny Bea: Oh Jules, I can't wait to hear the rest of the story!

Jules: I'll be back with more Tales and Tea next week to tell you how it ends in part two.

Thomas: go to www.nannybea.com

Jules: Go there to find out more including the stories written out so you can read along with us and our very own gallery full of our callers's pictures, and there's room for more.

[Be on the Show jingle]

Announcer man: This has been a Toad in the Hole production for NannyBea.com