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THE LIZARD OF OZ (a radioscript)

by Richard Seltzer

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based on the book The Lizard of Oz by Richard Seltzer  
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CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

**MISS MORGAN**, a serious maternal voice, relatively deep for a woman, rising in pitch when she's excited or trying to order the children about. Her voice should be able to express concern and a sense of responsibility. She is in her late twenties, an experienced teacher.

**MISS PRYSBY**, didactic, but nice; a higher pitched, sharper toned voice than Miss Morgan's. She always tries to be rational and reasonable, to speak with an even tone, but she doesn't always succeed. She can get excited and irrational despite herself. When the Empty-headed Pothead turns into Paul Newman, the teenager in her comes out. She's about the same age as Miss Morgan, also an experienced teacher.

**MRS. O'ROURKE**, the voice of a forty-year-old, easily flustered, gossippy woman. When excited she talks very rapidly. She is capable of tones of moral indignation (as in the beginning), but she is not too old to fall in love with Prince Frog after he changes into a frog. She comes on strong. Like the Happy Homemaker on the Mary Tyler Moore Show, she'd chase after a man who clearly wasn't interested in her. Her voice should be slightly distorted to indicate that she's in a fishbowl. Perhaps other fish-like affectations.

**MR. SHERMIN**, about the same age as Miss Morgan, with a tutorial voice, deep, self-assured. He utters facts and truths, not opinions. He sounds like Brim in the TV version of Ellery Queen, or Higgins in Magnum P.I. When he is in the form of a man, he smokes a pipe; and even as a fish, his speech could be punctuated with thoughtful pauses as if puffing on a pipe. Like Mrs. O'Rourke, his voice should be very slightly distorted to indicate that he is in a fishbowl, until he changes to a man. Perhaps other fish-like affectations.

**EUGENE**, the tallest and physically most developed kid in the class. He is ten or twelve years old. His voice could be on the brink of changing and might crack on occasion when he shouts or speaks up. He is very helpful and active. He is the least disenchanted of the kids. More a doer than a questioner, he speaks very infrequently.

**HUMBUG**, a monotone mechanical voice that at its softest could resemble the hum of an airplane passing overhead. At the beginning of the story, his voice fades in as airplane noise fades out, and fades out as airplane noise fades in. His voice comes from above and outside, as if he were flying overhead. When at the nearest point of his flight, his words should be clearly distinguishable. Physically, he looks like J. Edgar Hoover in a business suit, with humming bird wings and antennae. There might also be hints of Ebenezer Scrooge in his character.

**TIMMY**, slow to come to conclusions, but bold to speak up. There

could be a hesitation or slowness in his speech, but not a stammer. His voice is a bit hoarse. Imagine him saying, "Are you Huckleberry Finn?" He's about the same age as the rest of the class -- 9 or 10.

**GAYNELL**, a giggly girl with a high pitched voice. Next to Eugene, she is the tallest in the class. She is interested more in fantasies and dolls than boys; but once Kathy starts giggling about anything, Gaynell can't help but join in.

**KATHY**, a relatively low voice for someone her age. She is very interested in boys, and is particularly taken with Prince Charming. She has a breathy voice. She is quick to think and quick to talk and ask questions. She is also prone to giggle with Gaynell.

**REDCOAT SERGEANT**, British Cockney accent, about 50 years old, and very, very tired.

**WITCH**, your standard old hag-type witch, with a cackling voice.

**MARK**, level-headed, even-tempered and inquisitive. He's part American Indian, and proud of it. Imagine him saying, "Why are you sitting on a bucket? It looks awfully uncomfortable." He enunciates clearly and asks politely.

**POTBELLIED POTHEAD**, a fat hippy in his early twenties. His head is a flowerpot full of dirt and flowers, so his voice might be a bit muffled or strangely filtered. He sounds a bit "far out." His tone is matter-of-fact.

**EMPTY-HEADED POTHEAD**, voice a bit like Fonzy of Happy Days. When he has an empty flowerpot for a head, his voice has a hollow echo to it. When he gets a regular head, he loses the echo. He's in his early twenties.

**SIR REAL**, middle-aged, British aristocrat. He's affected, a bit pompous.

**WALLFLOWER**, a sweet, shy teenage girl.

**MR. BACON**, middle-aged, British, authoritarian, with a deep booming voice.

**MACK THE KNIFE**, crude, husky voice of a gangster; imagine one of Al Capone's hit men.

**PRINCE FROG**, your typical handsome, pleasant Prince Charming voice. The voice stays the same after he turns into a frog, but it comes from the ground (an elevation appropriate for frogs).

**MR. CHARON**, old but vigorous. He talks quickly, clearly and with certainty.

**MR. CARROLL**, a British professor of mathematics, in his early thirties. He speaks as if he's perfectly reasonable and assumes that everyone should recognize how reasonable he is. He's condescending, but capable of expressing concern and emotion.

**MR. TWAIN**, a fifty-year-old Huck Finn, from Hannibal, Missouri.

**SHAKESPEARE**, cultured, British, soft-spoken, about forty years old.

**WEATHERMAN**, a doctor (complete with stethoscope and other paraphernalia). He has a very bad cold. His nose is tuffed. He snuffles when not sneezing. His voice is hoarse.

**WALL** (of the Mushroom), a deep booming hollow echoing voice that comes from all directions at once. [only one line]

**KING ARTHUR**, regal, commanding, official-sounding, and British. [only one line]

**ST. GEORGE**, the voice of a bishop of the Church of England, sermonizing regardless of the topic.

**MISS FORTUNE**, an elderly lady, grandmotherly, or great-grandmotherly, but very sharp, ironic, and condescending.

**MISS HAP**, elderly lady with a higher pitched voice than Miss Fortune. [only one line]

**MR. PLATO**, friendly old sage, with a pleasant, multi-toned storytelling voice.

**MR. MARX**, professorial, a lecturing tone.

**REDCOAT**, not British. He's a regular American GI, about 18 or 19, a volunteer, potential "lifer."

**CRAZY HORSE**, middle-aged American Indian chief. He's playful, ironic, friendly.

**SUE**, sweet young girl with a southern accent. She's about twice as tall as everyone else, so her voice should come from a higher elevation. [only one line]

**DANIEL BOONE**, deep masculine voice.

**MERLIN**, wizend old wizard, with a sharp, beady-eyed voice.

**JOAN OF NOAH'S ARK**, a middle-aged cleaning lady, devout, but a bit befuddled by abstractions. A practical well-meaning hard-working person.

**CAPTAIN AHAB**, think of Long John Silver from Treasure Island (as well, of course, as the Melville character).

**PHYSICIST**, speaks through electronic equipment, at great distances, with high amplification and distortion. There's less distortion when he's closer, but the voice always sounds like synthesized computer voice.

**PSYCHOLOGIST**, same paraphernalia as the Physicist, but with a deeper voice, and some different-sounding electronic interference.

**MAN IN CHAINS**, [only one line]

**MAN PRAYING**, [only one line]

**GIRL**, [only one line]

**MAN FLEEING**, [only one line]

**ANNOUNCER:** This show is based on the book, **The Lizard of Oz** by Richard Seltzer, and is being presented by special arrangement with the author. Both the book and the radio script are copyrighted by him.

SCENE 1: basement classroom

**NARRATOR:** Once or twice, long ago, the fire of enchantment burnt low; and children and even grownups found nothing new in the world, nothing worth seeing or doing or bothering about; nothing, that is, except machines.

The disenchantment spread just about everywhere, until it reached the basement classroom in Winthrop, Massachusetts, where a pair of fish, Mrs. O'Rourke and Mr. Shermin, lived in a fishbowl. It was there, in that room that began the quest that took an entire class to Oz and to Ome, to bring back fire to the world.

It all began one morning when the whole class was there: Eugene and Mark and Linda S. and Linda C. and Cindy and Donny and Joey and timmy and Kevin and Peter and Gaynell and Kathy, and the two teachers -- Miss Morgan and Miss Prysby. That morning everyone looked blank and bored; no one was smiling or laughing or playing.

When Mrs. O'Rourke, the fish, saw them, she was frantic that maybe they were all disenchanting; so she went wiggling to the other

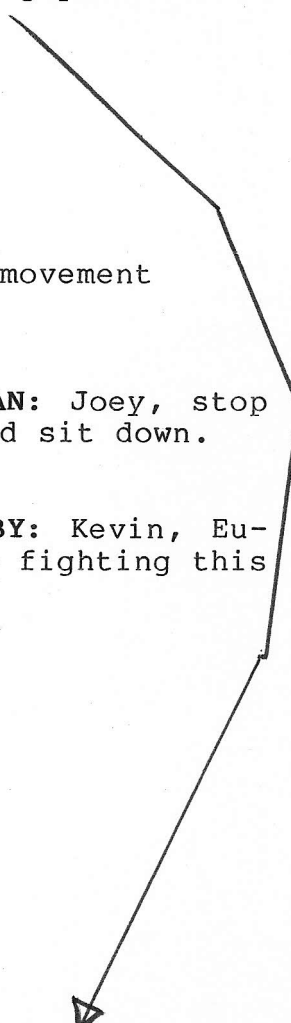
FX:(from all directions)  
door opening and closing repeatedly, kids entering a classroom; shuffling feet; scraping, shuffling chairs; opening and closing desk tops. But not energetic; not friendly chatter. A footdragging pace.

FX: (distant background)  
hum of an airplane approaching, passing overhead, then fading in distance.

FX: splash  
FX: water movement

**MISS MORGAN:** Joey, stop sulking and sit down.

**MISS PRYSBY:** Kevin, Eugene, stop fighting this instant.



end of the fishbowl, where Mr. Shermin lived. Mr. Shermin knew most everything: he used to be a teacher, till he decided to be a fish, and then he knew how to make himself a fish, which not many people, even teachers, know how to do. (fade out)

**MRS. O'ROURKE:** (getting louder) Mr. Shermin, please Mr. Shermin.

**MR. SHERMIN:** (drowsy) What? ... What is it, Mrs. O'Rourke?

**MRS. O'ROURKE:** How can you sleep with the world this way?

**MR. SHERMIN:** (still waking up) What? What?

**MRS. O'ROURKE:** Why just look at those kids, just listen to them.

**MISS PRYSBY:** Settle down now, class. Settle down, sit up, and pay attention.

**CLASS:** (groans and grumblings)

**MRS. O'ROURKE:** What is it? What's the trouble, Mr. Shermin? Whatever is the matter with them?

**MR. SHERMIN:** It's the Humbug.

FX: chair shuffling, opening and closing of desks continues.

FX: gurgling bubbles

**MRS. O'ROURKE:** (softly) Mr. Shermin... Mr. Shermin... wake up, Mr. Shermin... Mr. Shermin

FX: gurgling bubbles

FX: Another plane approaches, quickly passes.

FX: Another plane approaches, passes.

**TIMMY:** (tired, whining) Miss Prysby, can we go home now?

**MISS PRYSBY:** But, Timmy, you just got here and none too soon. You were ten minutes late.

**TIMMY:** (tired, whining) But can't we go home, Miss Prysby? I just want to go home.



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**MRS. O'ROURKE:** The Humbug?

FX: shuffling, etc.  
continues

**MR. SHERMIN:** Yes, the Humbug. He's been flying around, beating on his humdrum and disenchanting everybody. I was afraid we'd start to hear him down here. It was just a matter of time.

**MRS. O'ROURKE:** But where can we go? What can we do?

FX: frantic splashing

**MR. SHERMIN:** Calm down now, Mrs. O'Rourke. Calm down. The only way to break the disenchantment and get the world back to its usual enchanted self is to make the Humbug change his tune. But the only person in the whole universe who can make him do that is the Lizard of Oz.

FX: splashing subsides

(classroom dialogue barely audible in background)

**GAYNELL:** Miss Morgan, may I go to the basement, please?

**MISS MORGAN:** But you just got here.

**MRS. O'ROURKE:** The Lizard?

**GAYNELL:** But I've got to go. Honest, I've got to.

**MR. SHERMIN:** You've probably heard of the Wizard of Oz. Everybody's heard of him and his emerald city. You remember how he made people wear green glasses so everything looked green to them, and how it turned out that he was just an ordinary person with no magic powers at all, and that things weren't anywhere near as marvelous without the glasses. Well, that story was written by the Humbug. He wants everybody to believe that enchantment is just

**MISS MORGAN:** (reluctant)  
All right.

**KATHY:** (whining) Me, too, Miss Morgan. I've got to go, too.

**MISS MORGAN:** (impatient)  
All right, all right, all right...

FX: scraping chairs, steps, shuffling feet, door opening and closing

**MISS MORGAN:** Get back in your seats.





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make-believe or dreams or foolishness. He doesn't want people to know about the Lizard. So he named his story The Wizard of Oz, hoping people would confuse it with the Lizard; and he made it a very good story, so everybody would remember it and forget the Lizard; and that's just what happened.

**MRS. O'ROURKE:** But who is the Lizard of Oz?

**MR. SHERMIN:** He lives in the green green grass of Ome.

**MRS. O'ROURKE:** Ome?

**MR. SHERMIN:** Yes. Ome is the nicest part of Oz, with lakes and trees and lots of grass for kids to roll in.

**MRS. O'ROURKE:** Can we get there on the MBTA?

**MR. SHERMIN:** The best way to get there is in a little green VW.

**MRS. O'ROURKE:** Miss Morgan has a little green VW. Maybe...

**EUGENE:** (very loud) Can I help?

**MRS. O'ROURKE:** My goodness! Eugene, you nearly frightened me out of my scales. I thought you said they were all disenchanted, Mr. Shermin?

**MR. SHERMIN:** They've been down here in the

FX: classroom noises continue

**MISS PRYSBY:** Hurry up now, children. This is taking forever.

FX: footsteps getting closer

**MISS MORGAN:** Eugene, get back in your seat. Kevin, stop fighting.

**TIMMY:** Miss Morgan...

**MISS MORGAN:** No, Timmy, you can't go home.

FX: steps getting louder and closer

FX: steps stop abruptly, near at hand

FX: loud splash

FX: gurgling bubbles

FX: hum of another approaching plane

FX: plane noise gradually becomes voice chanting softly, then louder and more distinctly...

**HUMBUG:** (chanting over and over) Humdrum Humbug, beating on a humdrum. Humdrum Humbug, beating on a humdrum...

basement at school, so they haven't heard much of the Humbug, and they're nowhere near as disenchanted as everybody else; though it's sad to say that some of them are pretty far gone.

**HUMBUG:** Humdrum Humbug, beating on a humdrum; humdrum Humbug, beating on a humdrum...

**MR. SHERMIN:** Quick, Eugene! Put cotton in your ears, and get everybody to put cotton in theirs. Block out the Humbug's sound. Maybe it's not too late. Maybe you're all just enchanted enough to get to Oz and roll through the green green grass of Ome and find the Lizard and get him to change the Humbug's tune.

FX: frantic splashing  
FX: bubbling gurgles

**HUMBUG:** (chanting over and over) Humdrum Humbug, beating on a humdrum. Humdrum Humbug, beating on a humdrum...

**HUMBUG:** (chanting over and over) Humdrum Humbug, beating on a humdrum. Humdrum humbug, beating on a humdrum...

FX: Humbug's voice gradually becomes noise of an airplane and fades into the distance

SCENE 2: on city streets  
-- both inside and outside a little green VW

**NARRATOR:** So Eugene got everybody to put cotton in their ears, so they wouldn't hear the Humbug; and he told them, as best he could, why they should all go to Oz and to Ome and find the Lizard.

It being such a beautiful spring day, Miss Morgan had wanted to take them all on a field trip; so she agreed right away that they should all go to Oz. So the whole class piled into Miss Morgan's little green VW. And that was a very crowded little green VW, with twelve kids, two teachers, and a fishbowl with two fish. But Mr. Shermin had said that the best way to get to Oz is in a little green VW, and Mr. Shermin knew most everything.

**MISS MORGAN:** (outside car) Here, Cindy, you're careful. You can hold the fishbowl. (inside car) Now which way is Oz?

**DONNY:** That's easy, Miss Morgan. Just follow the yellow brick road.

**MISS MORGAN:** That may sound easy, Donny; but who has ever seen a yellow brick road?

**MR. SHERMIN:** No trouble, Miss Morgan. No trouble at all. I

FX: steps and squeals of children running and shuffling about outside. Car door opens and kids start piling in, one after the other, one on top of the other.



**MISS PRYSBY:** (outside the car) Gaynell, Kathy, don't push. There's room enough for everybody.

**EUGENE:** (inside car) Hey, watch that elbow.

**KATHY:** (in car) Watch it yourself.

FX: car door slams shut.  
Note: from now until the end of this episode, the voices of everyone but the Redcoat Sergeant come from inside a very crowded VW.

FX: gurgling bubbles

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have a magic coin. I'll flip it at every intersection. Heads we'll turn right; tails we'll turn left; and if it stands on end, we'll go straight ahead. We'll be to Oz and to Ome in no time.

FX: turning on car engine; engine running smoothly; car in motion

MR. SHERMIN: Right

MR. SHERMIN: Right.

MR. SHERMIN: Left.

MARK: Where are we, Miss Prysby?

FX: traffic noises fade in and out, gradually become less frequent

MISS PRYSBY: Why we're... we're... we're not far from school. We couldn't be more than a few blocks away from school.

MR. SHERMIN: Left.

MR. SHERMIN: Right.

MARK: But where are we?

MISS PRYSBY: Yes, I wish I could give you a more precise answer. This would be a good occasion for a geography less. But there aren't any street signs. And I'm afraid I've never been this way before.

MR. SHERMIN: Right.

MISS MORGAN: What was that, Mr. Shermin?

MR. SHERMIN: Turn right. Right down Quest.

MISS PRYSBY: Quest? Yes, children, this must be Quest Street. Travel is so very educational.

MARK: Why don't the streets have signs?

MISS PRYSBY: Well, Mark, signs cost money, and I suppose...



**MR. SHERMIN:** (inter-  
rups) They built the  
streets without signs  
back in the days of the  
Revolution to confuse  
the British. Every once  
in a while you can still  
see a troop of redcoats  
marching through the  
streets. Most people  
assume that it must be  
some sort of parade; but  
no, it's just the red-  
coats trying to find  
their way home.

FX: car still in motion  
FX: bubbling gurgles  
while Mr. Shermin talks

FX: less frequent traf-  
fic noise, in and out



**MISS PRYSBY:** (chuckling)  
Thank you, Mr. Shermin,  
that's a very amusing...  
(interrupting herself)  
Donny, don't lean out  
the window! Whatever  
are you trying to do?

FX: traffic noise stops

**DONNY:** I'm looking for  
the redcoats.

**MISS PRYSBY:** Don't be  
silly.

FX: Tramp of many mar-  
ching feet, approaching

**DONNY:** Gosh, they look  
awfully tired.

**MISS PRYSBY:** Who?

**DONNY:** Those guys over  
there.

**MISS PRYSBY:** Where?

**DONNY:** There.

**MISS PRYSBY:** You mean  
the ones in the red...

**DONNY:** Yeah, the red  
coats.

**MR. SHERMIN:** Yes, of  
course, Donny. The red  
coats are very tired.  
They've been marching  
for two hundred years.

FX: car slows

FX: bubbling gurgles



**SERGEANT:** (from outside the car) Pardon me, ma'am, but could ye tell me 'ow to get 'ome from 'ere?

FX: marching stops

FX: car stops, with engine running

**DONNY:** Gosh, they're going the same place we are.

**MISS PRYSBY:** No, Donny, we're going to Ome, but he wants to go home. You see, some of the British don't pronounce their "h's"; so when they mean to say "home," they say "'ome."

**MR. SHERMIN:** Not so fast, Miss Prysby. You never know about these things. It just may be... It just may be... Tell me, Sergeant, what sort of place is this Ome you're looking for?

FX: bubbles

(no answer)

**MISS MORGAN:** (repeating louder) What sort of place is this Ome you're looking for?

**SERGEANT:** (from outside the car) Oh, I long for the green green grass of 'ome.

FX: bubbles

**MR. SHERMIN:** Oh, it's a sad case, a sad case indeed. They're all disenchanted and very efficient: you can see how smartly they march after two hundred years of marching; and they can probably go on marching for another two hundred years. But they still remember what Ome is like; and the more disenchanted they get

the more they feel they need to get there. But only enchanted people can ever get there. Explain it to him, Miss Morgan. He's so disenchanted he can't hear me.

**MISS MORGAN:** I'm sorry, Mr. Sergeant, but we really can't help you.

**SERGEANT:** Oh-'um. (disappointed)

**NARRATOR:** And the soldiers started marching again, smartly, but wearily through the unmarked streets.

FX: tramp of many marching feet, moving away, fading away

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SCENE 3: a city street

**NARRATOR:** So far on the trip to Oz and to Ome, everybody was just having fun: bouncing up and down with the bumpy road, counting buildings and cars and telephone pole, singing "row row your boat: and "found a peanut" and "the ants are marching one by one." At each intersection, Mr. Serhmin, the fish, flipped his magic coin with his flipper: heads they went right; tails they went left; and if it stood on end, they went straight ahead.

**GAYNELL:** What is it? I can't see a thing back here.

**DONNY:** Gosh, it looks like a pothole, but it's huge. I bet it's big enough to hold at least three VWs.

**MISS PRYSBY:** Donny, don't lean out the window.

**DONNY:** But, Miss Prysby, this hole doesn't have any bottom.

**MISS MORGAN:** It looks like the road to Oz is closed today. Maybe we should go to the Children's Museum instead.

**MR. SHERMIN:** No, Miss Morgan, we're right on course. Straight ahead.

Note: voices of the class come from inside the crowded VW.

**CLASS:** (singing) The ants were marching a thousand by a thousand. Hoorah! Hoorah! The ants were marching a thousand by a thousand, the little one stopped to say...

**DONNY:** I'm frozen'd.

**CLASS:** (singing) And they all went marching down, into the ground, to get out of the rain; boom, boom, boom...

FX: screeching brakes

**MARK:** Let me see.

**TIMMY:** Me, too.

**GAYNELL:** Watch that leg.

**EUGENE:** Don't push.

**TIMMY:** Golly.

**KATHY:** I want to go home.

FX: VW engine running smoothly, car in motion

FX: Car stops, engine keeps running



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Drive straight ahead. The magic coin just stood on end, and the magic coin is never wrong.

**MISS PRYSBY:** I don't think driving into bottomless potholes could be very educational. We all know perfectly well it would be awful... Gaynell, don't lean out the window. Cindy, Kathy, watch what you're doing. How can Miss Morgan drive with children tumbling all over her? Don't...

**EUGENE:** Hey, cut the pushing.

**GAYNELL:** Well, get out of the way, then.

**MARK:** That's my head you're stepping on.

**KATHY:** Sorry, I didn't mean to... Oooh!

FX: children tumbling over one another

FX: engine accelerates

FX: horn honks

FX: shrieks

FX: car starts moving forward

FX: car tumbles into huge, echoing pothole

FX: car stopped, engine still running



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SCENE 4: inside a pot-hole

Note: voices have a slight echo while they are in the pothole

FX: engine running

DONNY: Gosh, the whole car rolled over.

FX: gusty wind outside

GAYNELL: It's like we're on an elevator, only there aren't any lights to tell us what floor we're on, no lights at all.

DONNY: And we're upside down.

MISS PRYSBY: No, Donny, you see we're falling very fast, and it just seems that we're upside down.

KATHY: But it's so dark, Miss Prysby. How can you tell if we're right-sideup or leftsideup or upsidedown?

MISS PRYSBY: You're right, Kathy, it is dark. But if we were rightsideup and squashed against the ceiling, something would be very wrong. That would mean that we aren't just falling. If we were just falling, nobody would be squashed. We'd be weightless, like on a spaceship. We'd only be squashed like this if something stronger than gravity had hold of the car and were pulling it down. And in this world, some things, like that, are simply impossible.

MR. SHERMIN: Yes, Miss Morgan?

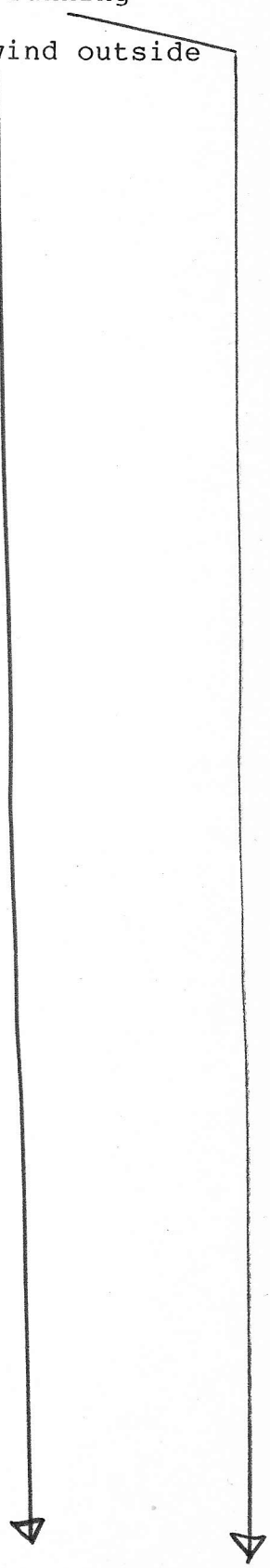
MISS MORGAN: (soft, but ironic) Mr. Shermin...

... Mr. Shermin ...

(louder) ... Mr. Shermin

...

FX: bubbles



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**MISS MORGAN:** Which way should we go now, Mr. Shermin?

**MR. SHERMIN:** (confident)  
Ask the next witch you see.

**MR. MORGAN:** Witch?

**MR. SHERMIN:** Down here, where there aren't any streets to turn left or right or straight ahead on, my magic coin isn't much good. But any witch can show us the witch way to Oz and to Ome..

**MISS PRYSBY:** Donny, don't lean out that window. You know perfectly well there's nothing to see in all that dark.

**DONNY:** But what's that over there, Miss Prysby?

**MISS PRYSBY:** That's a ...a...

**WITCH:** (from outside, a bit to the right) A witch, dearie. (cackling laughter)

**MISS PRYSBY:** Why, yes, of course. How do you do, Miss Witch?

**WITCH:** So you want to go to Oz?

**MISS MORGAN:** How did you know?

**WITCH:** What else would you be doing, flying down a pothole in a little green VW stuffed with sixteen people?

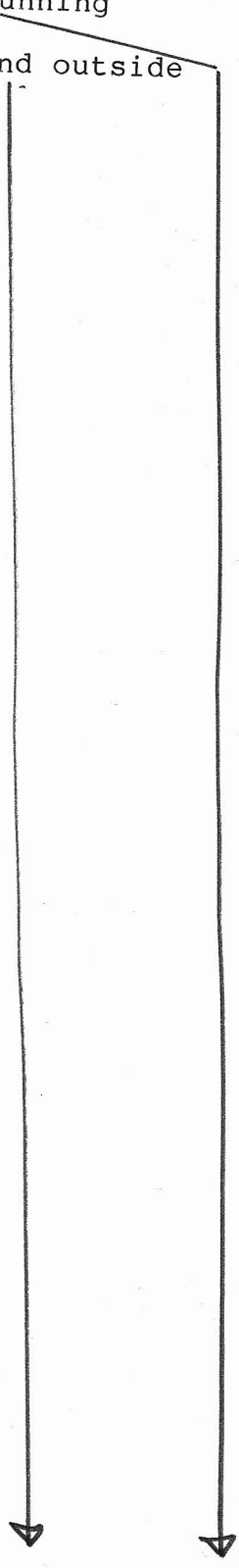
**MARK:** Why is she sitting on a bucket?

FX: engine running

FX: gusty wind outside

FX: bubbles

MISS PRYSBY: Donny!



**WITCH:** What did you say, sonny?

**MARK:** Why are you sitting on a bucket? It looks awfully uncomfortable.

**WITCH:** All the latest models come equipped with bucket seats: you don't have much choice. (moving away, off to the right)

**MISS MORGAN:** Wait, Miss ... Miss Witch, which way should we go?

**WITCH:** (moving away to the right and raising her voice as she goes, to make herself heard) You'll get ahead if you get a head. So go straight ahead, and get an empty head that's gone to pot. Then go behind and you will find the spot you have in mind. (cackling laughter; fade out)

**MISS MORGAN:** Whatever could she mean?

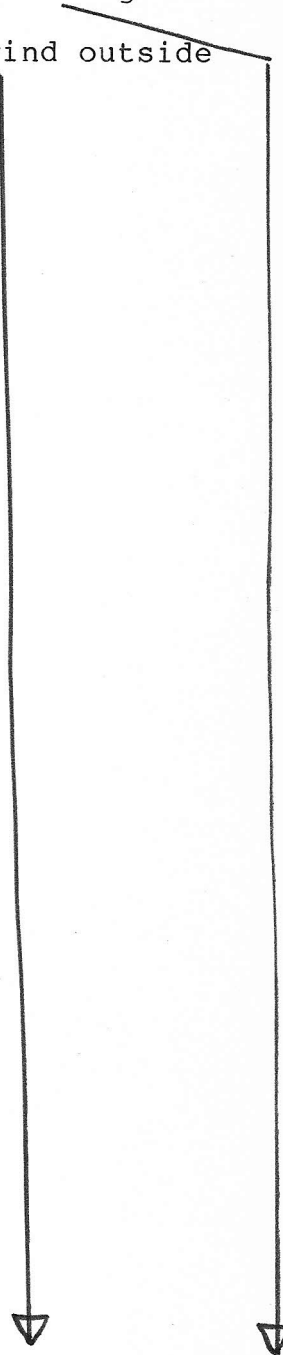
**MR. SHERMIN:** Well, hurry up. Do like she said. Drive straight ahead, or we'll miss the intersection.

FX: engine running

FX: gusty wind outside

FX: bubbles

FX: engine accelerates  
FX: car starts moving on solid ground



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Scene 5: Potheadland

**DONNY:** Gosh, look at all the funny people.

**MISS PRYSBY:** Don't make fun of them, now, Donny. You shouldn't make fun of anyone.

**DONNY:** But they've got flowerpots instead of heads.

**MISS MORGAN:** Where are we? You got us here, Mr. Shermin. Can you explain what's going on?

**MR. SHERMIN:** Well, if I don't miss my guess, this must be Potheadland. Here, everybody has flowerpots instead of heads, and since they can't see where they're going, they're tripping all the time.

**KATHY:** Oooooops!

That's a cute little potbellied pothead.

**DONNY:** Gosh, he's all covered with mud.

**POTBELLY:** (outside; NB, everyone else is still inside the car) We're down to earth people. Earthenware is our natural dress. That and wonderwhere.

**DONNY:** Wonderwhere?

Note: unless otherwise indicated, class coivces come from inside crowded VW

**GAYNELL:** What's going on? I can't see a thing from back here.

**KATHY & GAYNELL:** (giggle)

**TIMMY:** Really?

**MARK:** Wow!

FX: bubbles

FX: sound of someone tripping and falling

**GAYNELL:** What's that?

FX: car moving slowly  
FX: soft music from several recorders or wooden flutes; music coming from several directions at once

FX: car stops suddenly and stalls

**POTBELLY:** Yes, I wonder where my head's at?

FX: recorder music continues

**MISS MORGAN:** (leaning out the window) Oh, there's a water fountain. We'd better fill up the fishbowl. Nearly all the water splashed out in that fall.

**KATHY:** What, Miss Prysby?

**MISS PRYSBY:** That's what the sign says, Kathy, "potable." That's a good long word for you to learn today, children. It means the water is clean enough to drink, and clean enough for Mr. Shermin and Mrs. O'Rourke to swim in. Cindy, why don't you go fill up the fishbowl.

**MISS PRYSBY:** "Potable water."

**POTBELLY:** (outside) Not so fast. That's a potable water fountain.

FX: car door opens & closes  
FX: steps  
Note: everyone but Cindy remains inside the car  
FX: steps stop  
FX: loud splash  
FX: shrieks inside and outside car

**POTBELLY:** (outside) Like I said, that's a potable water fountain. It'll only pour water into pots.

**MISS MORGAN:** Well, what can we do?

**POTBELLY:** You'll just have to find somebody empty-headed enough to help.

FX: sound of approaching bicycle

**MISS MORGAN:** But...

**MARK:** Wow!  
**OTHERS:** Gee whiz!



**DONNY:** Gosh, what is it?

FX: bicycle getting closer

FX: recorder music continues

**MISS MORGAN:** Yes, what is it, Mr. Shermin?

**MR. SHERMIN:** Quite clearly that's an empty-headed pothead. Can't you see? He's petalling an icicle, and his head's low so he can go faster.

**MISS MORGAN:** Petalling an icicle?

**MR. SHERMIN:** Yes, of course. Can't you see? He's sitting on an icicle and the wheels are huge sunflowers.

FX: bicycle stops beside car

**MARK:** (shouting out the window) Mister, why doesn't your icicle melt?

**EMPTY:** (his voice has a hollow echo) It's cool, man, cool.

**MARK:** How do you get it to go so fast?

**EMPTY:** That's flower-power, man. Real flowerpower.

**MISS MORGAN:** Pardon me, sir. But I noticed that your head, I mean your pot is empty, and...

**EMPTY:** Yes, it's empty. And don't you go making fun of it either. Some of these guys'll put anything in their head just to have something there; but I've been waiting till I find something worth putting in.

**MISS MORGAN:** Well, if it wouldn't inconvenience you, we'd greatly appreciate it if you'd help us fill our fishbowl.

FX: recorder music continues

**EMPTY:** Fishbowl? You mean to say fish are drowning cause they don't have any water to breath? Why didn't you say so?

FX: steps moving to left

**GAYNELL:** (as if to herself, reciting a rhyme)  
You'll get ahead if you get a head. So go straight ahead, and get an empty head that's gone to pot; then go behind, and you will find the spot you have in mind.

FX: running water

FX: steps coming back to car

FX: bubbles

**MR. SHERMIN:** (outside the car, inside the fishbowl, in Empty's hands) That's the one.

**EMPTY:** The what?

**MR. SHERMIN:** The empty head that's gone to pot. You're the one the witch told us to find and take back.

**EMPTY:** Witch? You mean one of those old ladies that ride around on broomsticks? You've got to be kidding, man. You've got to be kidding. That's just too far out.





LIZARD OF OZ/radio - 24 - Seltzer

**MR. SHERMIN:** Well, come along with us, and take a look for yourself. Just hop up there on top of the car. We'll take you places you never dreamt of.

**NARRATOR:** So the empty pothead left his icicle and hopped on the roof of the VW; and they all went riding back the way they had come.

FX: car door opens & shuts

FX: someone clambers onto the roof of the car

FX: engine turns on

FX: car starts moving away

FX: recorder music continues



FX: recorder music fades out

Scene 6: back in pothole

**EMPTY:** (on top of car)  
Man, this is some trip.  
(his voice has a hollow  
echo)

**DONNY:** Hey, there's the  
witch again!

**WITCH:** (cackling laugh-  
ter fades in from right)  
For a real meal, see Sir  
Real. Then egghead  
south to the mouth of  
the Nile and find the  
tooth, the whole tooth,  
and nothing but the  
tooth, for smiles and  
smiles till suffer-time.  
(cackling laughs  
fades out to left)

**MISS MORGAN:** Stop,  
please. Please come  
back, Miss Witch... Miss  
Witch...

... I do wish  
she'd explain herself.

**MR. SHERMIN:** Well, do as  
she said. Don't wait  
around. Hit the gas, or  
we'll miss the inter-  
section.

**MISS PRYSBY:** Well, maybe  
we'll finally get some-  
thing to eat. It seems  
like we've been on the  
road foreveer. I could  
use a "real meal."

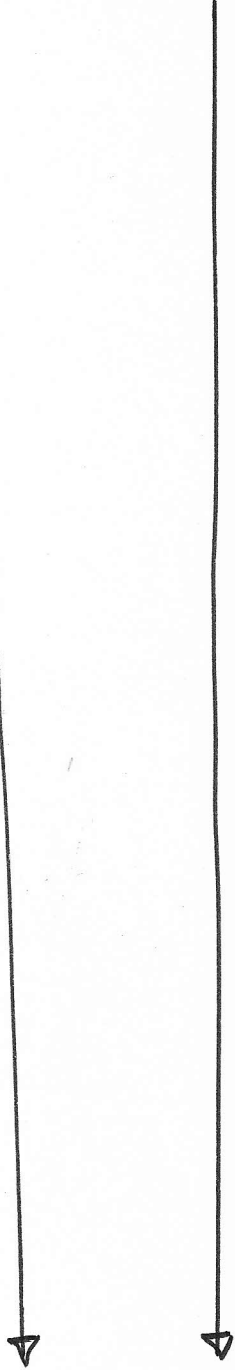
FX: engine running  
FX: gusty wind outside

**MARK:** Wow! What a broom-  
stick.

**KATHY:** (whispering)  
What'd he say?

**GAYNELL:** See Sir Real,  
then egghead south to  
the mouth of the Nile  
and find the tooth, the  
whole tooth, and nothing  
but the tooth, for  
smiles and smiles till  
suffer-time... whatever  
that means.

FX: accelerating engine  
FX: car running on solid  
ground



LIZARD OF OZ/radio - 26 - Seltzer

Scene 7: Eggheadland  
from inside car

FX: screeching brakes  
FX: car stalls

**KATHY:** What's going on?

**GAYNELL:** Somebody's  
standing in the middle  
of the road.

**DONNY:** Gosh, that must  
be the cereal, like the  
witch said. He's got a  
bowl of raisin bran  
instead of a head.

**KATHY & GAYNELL:** (gig-  
gle)

**SIR REAL:** (outside the  
car) The name is **Sir  
Real**. And that's **raisin  
bran**.

**MISS PRYSBY:** Certainly,  
sir, certainly. Donny  
didn't mean to insult  
you. He just sees  
things the way they are.  
I mean, the way he's  
used to seeing them.  
And he's got a lot to  
learn. Yes, we all have  
a lot to learn. But  
could you please tell us  
where we could find a  
restaurant? You see,  
we're going to Oz and  
Ome, and it's a rather  
long trip, and we're all  
very hungry.

**SIR REAL:** Well, you can  
get plenty of food for  
thought in the Library,  
just on the other side  
of the block.

**DONNY:** What block? I  
don't see any block.

**SIR REAL:** Naturally.  
It's a mental block.  
Just do as I say, and  
we'll be there in a  
minute.

LIZARD OF OZ/radio - 27 - Seltzer

**EMPTY:** Welcome aboard, man.

**SIR REAL:** "Sir" to you, son.

**EMPTY:** Yes, siree, this is some trip.

**SIR REAL:** I don't believe I caught your name.

**EMPTY:** I don't believe I have one.

**SIR REAL:** No name?

**EMPTY:** People call me "Empty" because of my empty flowerpothead. But that's just temporary. My head's just empty till I find something worth putting in it.

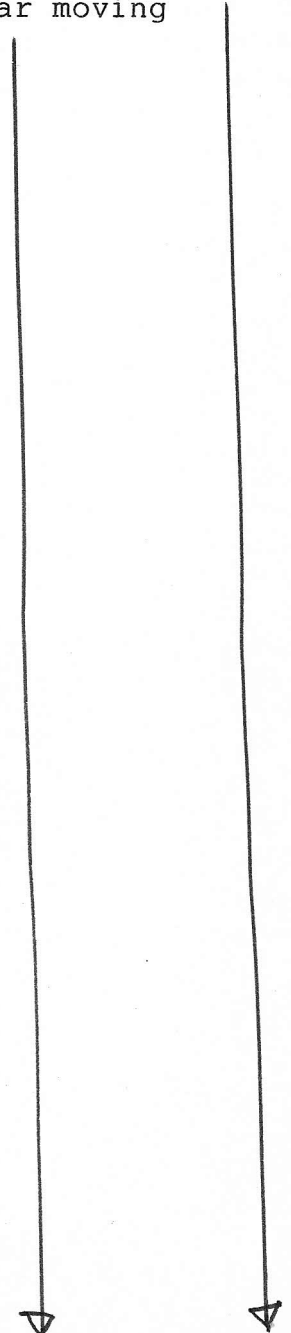
**SIR REAL:** (condescending) A commendable ambition, I'm sure. (louder, so people in the car can hear him) Miss... driver, keep going now. Speed it up. It's not far at all... Just left, then left again, right, left, right, up, down, around, and we'll be there in no time.

**MISS MORGAN:** Excuse me, Mr. Real, what was that again?

**SIR REAL:** That's "Sir," miss, "Sir Real."

FX: someone, clambers onto the roof of the VW  
FX: after some racing of the starter motor, the engine turns on  
FX: with a screeching grinding of gears, car starts moving

FX: engine running  
FX: car moving



**EMPTY:** Yeah, man, that's Sir Real, all right.

**SIR REAL:** You're doing just fine, miss. We'll be there in no time at all. Just another left, right, up, down, around.

**MISS MORGAN:** But that's impossible.

**SIR REAL:** Of course. How could it be a mental block if it didn't seem impossible?

**DONNY:** Gosh, we must be getting near the restaurant. I see food walking all over the place.

**SIR REAL:** (still on top of the car) Yes, the Library's not far, my boy, not far at all. But those are people: eggheads, to be exact. Some are cheery sunny-side-up eggs. Others are hardboiled or soft-boiled or scrambled.

**GAYNELL:** Who's that leaning against the wall over there? He must be the saddest egghead in the whole world.

FX: engine running, car moving

FX: (fade in) chatter of many people blends into noises of many chickens

**MARK:** Wow!

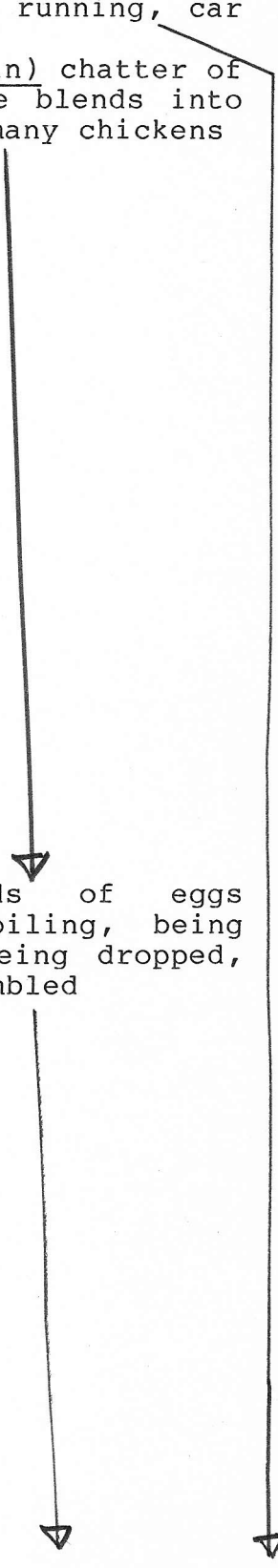
**KATHY & GAYNELL:** (giggle)

**DEEP VOICE:** To be or not to be? That is the question. Whether 'tis nobler to suffer the slings and arrows (fade out)

**MARK:** Who was that?

**DONNY:** Looked like an omlet.

FX: sounds of eggs frying, boiling, being cracked, being dropped, being scrambled



LIZARD OF OZ/radio - 29 - Seltzer

SIR REAL: That's Humpty-Dumpty. He's in the dumps right now. Really depressed. You see, he's in love with a wallflower, hat light blue one right up there on the wall. He and she had been sitting up there for years, never paying attention to each other, just watching people go by and reading good stories. Then one day, by accident, they got to talking; and Humpty fell for her, fell all the way to the ground. And when he saw that he couldn't climb back up, he was all broken up about it. And there he's sat ever since.

FX: car moves slowly



FX: car stops  
FX: door opens  
FX: engine stops  
FX: kids start running out, noisily

FX: egg and chicken noises continue



LIZARD OF OZ/radio - 30 - Seltzer

Scene 8: Eggheadland  
from outside car

Note: everyone is outside the car

fx: miscellaneous egg-related sounds continue in far background

FX: kids running and laughing from all directions, including from on top of the wall at far left.

**EUGENE:** Hey, wait for me!

**TIMMY:** Me too!

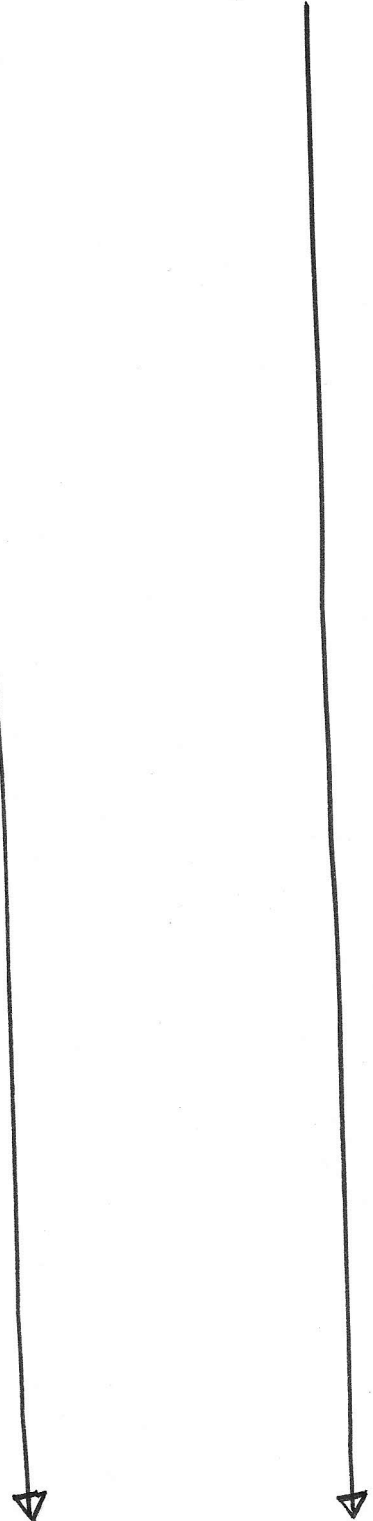
FX: more running from center to left

**MISS PRYSBY:** Timmy, Joey, Kevin, get down off that wall. Kathy, Gaynell, this is no time to go wandering off. Timmy, you heard me. Get down here this instant. No, don't pick that flower. That's a very special flower. She has thoughts and feelings just like you and me, and it wouldn't be right to hurt her.

**KATHY:** Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.

**GAYNELL:** Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.

**WALLFLOWER:** (from far left, on top of the wall) You're so nice to protect me. But what's the use? I was just a quiet little flower before I met Humpty. I was too scared to ever say a word. All I wanted was just for nobody to pick me or step on me. And since I was on top of a wall, not many people walked near me. And since I was so homely, not many people would want to pick me. And the homelier I was, the safer I'd be. Every day was just the same as another, but at least I was safe.



And then I got to know Humpty, and everything was different, and I came to life and started to talk, and more than anything in the world I wanted him to pick me, even if it would be the death of me. But just as he started to reach for me, he tottered and fell; and I've been so alone and miserable that I just can't go on; and I'd be glad if anybody, just anybody would pick me and end it all.

**MISS PRYSBY:** I wish I could help, miss. But I've never read anything about how to cheer up sad little wallflowers.

**KATHY:** I've got an idea.

**MISS PRYSBY:** What is it, Kathy?

**KATHY:** (whispers)

**MISS PRYSBY:** Okay, Kathy, you lead the empty flowerpothead over to the wall.

**EMPTY:** Yeah, man, cool. What's a head for but to make a flowerchild happy.

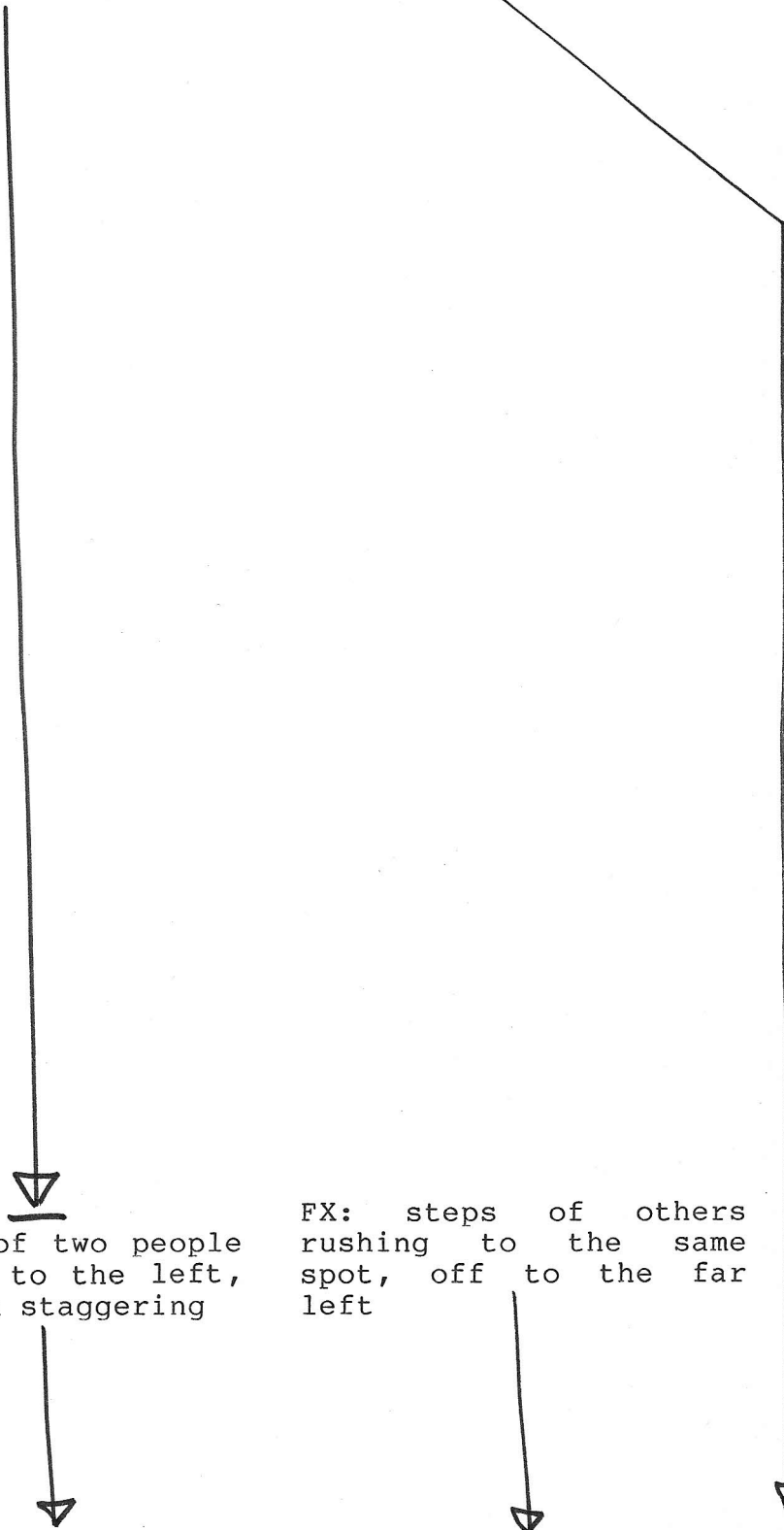
**MISS PRYSBY:** Watch out now, Kathy. He can't see where he's going, and if he trips, he might hurt himself. Mark, Eugene, fill that empty flowerpothead with some good rich dirt.

FX: running and playing continues

FX: egg sounds continue

FX: steps of two people moving off to the left, one of them staggering

FX: steps of others rushing to the same spot, off to the far left





Timmy, dig up the little blue wallflower... very gently now, gently. And Cindy, pour in just a little of the water from the fishbowl.

... Watch out! Remember, he can't see where he's going. Keep hold of him.

**EMPTY:** (approaching from left) Heavy, man, heavy. Where's my head at? (his voice no longer sounds hollow; it sounds a bit like the Potbellied Pot-head now that his pot-head is full)

**MISS PRYSBY:** (frantic) Somebody stop him. Fast! It looks like he's going to pull off his head.

(a few seconds of absolute silence)

**DONNY:** Gosh, he's got another head. Can you do that again, mister?

**MISS PRYSBY:** What beautiful blue eyes he has.

**MR. SHERMIN:** Those are blue irises.

**MISS PRYSBY:** Yes, class, Mr. Shermin's right. The iris is the part of the eye that is colored.

**MR. SHERMIN:** The iris is a kind of flower, too. That little blue wallflower is an iris; and it looks like it was planting the iris in his empty head that made it so the pothead could see.

FX: digging

FX: water being poured into a dirt-filled flowerpot

FX: heavy staggering footsteps from left toward center

**CLASS:** (shrieks)

FX: a few seconds of absolute silence

**KATHY & GAYNELL:** (giggle)

FX: bubbles

FX: egg sounds continue in background

FX: a few seconds of absolute silence

FX: egg sounds resume

**EMPTY:** (his voice now like a normal human voice) Man, I feel like a new man.

FX: egg sounds continue

**MR. SHERMIN:** Well, that's what we'll call you then, Mr. New Man.

**MISS PRYSBY:** He looks just like Paul Newman.

**EMPTY:** Paul Newman? Who's that? Some football player or something?

**KATHY & GAYNELL:** (giggle)

**MR. SHERMIN:** No, that's your new name. With a new head, it's only right that you have a new name.

**EMPTY:** But Paul Newman?

**MR. SHERMIN:** I'm sure that one day you'll make that name famous.

**NARRATOR:** The little blue wallflower and Humpty Dumpty were very happy to be together again. They thanked Miss Prysby and Mr. Newman and the rest of the class time and again. But the kids were very hungry, and Sir Real was anxious to get going. So, off they went looking for the Library, where they hoped to get something to eat.

**SIR REAL:** Straight ahead, folks. We'll be at the restaurant in no time.



Scene 9: the Library

**SIR REAL:** Right this way, folks.

**DONNY:** (from left) Gosh, this isn't a restaurant. There's nothing but books.

**KATHY:** (from the right) Here's something, Miss Prysby. Do you have any salt and pepper? I just found the biggest, most perfectly delicious looking piece of bacon in the whole world.

**MR. BACON:** Cannibals! Barbarians! Whoever let this horde of ruffians into my library?

**SIR REAL:** This is Mr. Bacon, Mr. Francis Bacon, the librarian.

**MISS PRYSBY:** Excuse us, Mr. Bacon. We didn't mean any harm. We're just a class on a field trip to Oz and to Ome, a very educational trip; and we're all very hungry. And when we asked the way to a restaurant, this gentleman directed us here. Apparently, there's been some mistake.

**MR. BACON:** No mistake, no mistake at all. The library is the best place to get food for thought. Help yourself. We have a wide selec-

Note: everyone is out of the car

FX: many kids walking and running outside Library

FX: large door opening and shutting many times

FX: many kids walking and running inside Library

Note: slight echo to voices inside Library

Note: inside Library, everyone, except Mr. Bacon, tends to speak softer than usual

FX: rush of feet toward the right

tion. Some books are to be tasted, others swallowed, and some few chewed and digested.

FX: pages being ripped and chewed

**EUGENE:** This doesn't taste much like food.

**MR. BACON:** Barbarians! Absolute barbarians! Didn't anyone ever teach you how to eat a book? Take this one, for instance, "Once upon a space there was a time, a cute little time. Her name was Now." That's how to eat a book.

**MISS PRYSBY:** But that's just reading. That could never satisfy these hungry children.

**MR. BACON:** And why not? I myself find it very satisfying.

**TIMMY:** Hey, Miss Prysby, here's one all about Huckleberry Finn and his dog, Huckleberry Hound.

**EUGENE:** Hey, get this, will you? **The Quest for the Golden Fleas.** Now, why would anybody want fleas, even golden ones?

**TIMMY:** Maybe what they really want is the dog who has the fleas.

**EUGENE:** What?

**TIMMY:** Well, maybe it's a golden retriever.

FX: sounds of books being picked up and opened  
FX: occasional sound of a book being dropped  
FX: sounds of pages being turned  
FX: occasional whispers



**MR. NEWMAN:** Miss Prysby, what's all this stuff about books?

FX: background library noises continue

**MISS PRYSBY:** Oh, that's right, Paul. You wouldn't know, would you? You never learned to read when you were a flowerpothead.

**MR. NEWMAN:** What do you mean "read"? What's it all about?

**MISS PRYSBY:** All these books tell stories.

**MR. NEWMAN:** What stories?

**MISS PRYSBY:** Well, here's one that tells about a little prince and how he loved a rose, just like Humpty Dumpty loves the little blue wallflower.

**MR. NEWMAN:** I guess there are lots of flowerchildren in the world. And what about this one here?

**MISS PRYSBY:** I don't know that story. But it says here that it's all about King Arthur and Sir Ridesalot and the other knights of the merry-go-round table.

**MR. NEWMAN:** And this one?

**MISS PRYSBY:** That's the story Mr. Bacon just read from. It's called "Now and Then." And heres' a whole stack of stories by the same author. "Julie's Book: the Little Princess,"



"Mary Jane's Book: the Book of Animals," and "The little Oops Named Ker Plop." And there's even a big one here called **The Lizard of Oz...** Hmmm...(reading)

FX: background library noises continue

(another part of the Library's main reading room)

**DONNY:** Just look at this, Miss Morgan. It's all about the Trojan rockinghorse and how they traded a whole city just for a chance to ride on it.

**MISS MORGAN:** Rocking-horse?

**DONNY:** And here's another story about a huge amusement park built by the same company. They call it **The Oddest Sea**, and it looks like it's even better than Disneyland.

**MISS MORGAN:** The Oddest Sea?

**DONNY:** Yeah, have you ever heard of it? You go sailing from one funny land to another, and there are all sorts of wild rides and monsters along the way; and even a Circus Island, where you not only get to look at the animals, you get to be an animal yourself. Can we go there, Miss Morgan? Can we, please?

**MISS MORGAN:** That's something new on me, Donny. I'll have to read up on it.



**KATHY:** Help me first, Miss Morgan, please. I've been reading this story...

FX: background library noises continue

**MISS MORGAN:** Yes, A Midsummer Night's Dream.

**KATHY:** Yes, I've been reading about this dream, and this magic potion that makes people fall in love with the first person they see. And I want to find out where I can buy some of that love potion.

**GAYNELL:** Miss Morgan. Miss Morgan.

**MISS MORGAN:** Yes, Gaynell.

**GAYNELL:** Oh, Miss Morgan, isn't it wonderful that there are lots of rabbit holes and potholes in the world so people can fall through them to other worlds and have adventures to tell good stories about.

FX: approaching steps of two men

**BACON:** (approaching from right with Sir Real)  
Have you eaten today's news, Sir Real?


**SIR REAL:** Yes, Mr. Bacon, and I'm fed up with it. Things just keep getting wars and wars and more wars.

**MISS MORGAN:** It's hard to say just what it will all lead to. I suppose, only time will tell.



**BACON:** Now, Miss Morgan, where did you get that silly notion? You should tell time; not wait for it to tell you. What do you go to school for, but to learn to tell time?

FX: library sounds continue



**MISS MORGAN:** ... Well, I really couldn't say...

FX: approaching steps of a heavy-set man


**MR. MARX:** (approaching from left) What's the world coming to? Children and even grownups ... Just look at that one over there, the big one with the scruffy hair they call Mr. Newman just look at them all reading fantasy, fairy tales, fables, legends. You'd think there was nothing serious or important in the world, nothing worth seeing or doing, nothing worth studying and changing.

**SIR REAL:** Oh, Miss Morgan, I'd like you to meet Mr. Marx, a frequent visitor at the library.

**MISS MORGAN:** How do you do, Mr. Marx?

**MR. MARX:** Are these your children, miss?

FX: steps of kids approaching from several directions



**MISS MORGAN:** Yes, Mr. Marx, they are my pupils.

**MR. MARX:** Then why do you let them befoul their minds with this trivia, this fantasy. Why not set them to studying the problems of



the world, problems of social and economic justice.

**MISS MORGAN:** But, surely, you must admit that stories are important for children?

**MR. MARX:** Only insofar as they relate to the real world.

**MARK:** Mr. Marx?

**MR. MARX:** Yes, son?

**MARK:** Are you one of the Marx Brothers?

**MR. MARX:** The Marx Brothers?

**MARK:** You know. The guys who make jokes.

**MR. MARX:** No, son. My field is history and economics. And that's no joke.

**KATHY:** Can you teach me economics, Mr. Marx? Please, Mr. Marx. Mommy says that the more economical you are, the more you can buy; and I want to buy lots of things. So I want to learn lots of economics.

**MR. MARX:** No, my dear. You mean home economics. That's another field altogether.

**KATHY:** Oh, do you teach Ome economics instead?

FX: library sounds continue

FX: kids' steps coming closer

FX: more kids' steps coming closer

**MR. MARX:** No, no. You see, economics isn't just a matter of what you buy in the store. It's a very complicated subject, dealing with such things as work and money and class.

**EUGENE:** We're a class.

**MR. MARX:** Yes, yes, but I mean a different kind of class, like the working class.

**EUGENE:** We work pretty hard, don't we, Miss Morgan?

**MISS MORGAN:** You certainly do.

**MR. MARX:** I'm sure you do. But, you see, the way society is now, there are many classes, economic barriers determining the kind of life a man can lead. But one day there will be a classless society.

**EUGENE:** You mean we won't go to school anymore?

**MR. MARX:** (indulgent)  
You'd like that wouldn't you?

**EUGENE:** No, I like school. Miss Morgan, they aren't going to stop us from going to school, are they?

**MR. MARX:** No, my boy. Nobody's going to stop you from going to school. All I mean is that someday there will be justice in the world.

FX: library noises continue

FX: more steps coming up close

**DONNY:** You mean the good guys will get goodies, and the bad guys will get spanked?

**MR. MARX:** Something like that.

**KATHY:** And everybody will live happily ever after?

**MR. MARX:** Now, look, children, I'm not talking about fairy tales. I'm talking about the real world.

**DONNY:** You mean you're not talking about the Underworld?

**MR. MARX:** Underworld?

**DONNY:** You know, where there are judges and everybody...

**MISS MORGAN:** My goodness. It's getting late. Come along now, children. We have to be going.

**EUGENE:** But, Miss Morgan...

**MISS MORGAN:** It's three o'clock and I'm sure your parents are all wondering where you are.

... Thank you very much, Mr. Bacon and Sir REal and Mr. Marx. It was so nice meeting you. And thank you for showing us around and explaining things. We all had a

FX: library noises continue

FX: clock strikes three, momentarily

**TIMMY:** Geewhiz, I was just getting to the good part.

FX: books shutting

**MISS PRYSBY:** Now, you heard Miss Morgan, Timmy. It's time to go.

**GAYNELL:** Can't we stay just a little longer, Miss Prysby?

**KATHY:** Please?

**MISS PRYSBY:** I don't want to go anymore than you do, but three o'clock is three o'clock.

FX: library noises start to subside

FX: scraping chairs

FX: shuffling feet

FX: mumbling, grumbling

**DONNY:** Gosh.

**MARK:** Why now? It isn't fair.

good time, and I'm sure we'll be coming back soon.

**EUGENE:** But, Miss Morgan, what about our trip to Oz and to Ome? What about the Humbug and the disenchantment? Don't we still have to save the world?

**MISS MORGAN:** I'm sorry, Eugene, but the world will just have to wait another day to be saved. It's high time we got you children home... Oh, Cindy, don't forget the fishbowl. We don't want to leave Mr. Shermin and Mrs. O'Rourke behind.

**NARRATOR:** All Miss Morgan could think of was that it was late, and it was her job to see that everyone got home. So she pulled them all away from their books and herded them back into the little green VW. And off they went, two teachers, 12 children, 2 fish and Mr. Newman, rushing back through Eggheadland, trying to get home to Winthrop.

FX: feet shuffling  
FX: chairs scraping  
FX: mumbling, grumbling  
FX: heavy door opening  
and shutting repeatedly

LIZARD OF OZ/radio - 44 - Seltzer

Scene 10:from Eggheadland to pothole to sewer

**NARRATOR:** Mis Morgan was sure that all she had to do to get back to Winthrop was to do everything in reverse. So she backed up all the way into the pothole, and the VW started flying up, like it was on an elevator. And Miss Morgan was very proud that she had learned so much about the world that she didn't have to ask Mr. Shermin anything.

But then Gaynell tumbled onto her lap, the wheel turned, the car lurched, and suddenly they were lost in another strange land.

**GAYNELL:** (inside car)  
This place is spooky.

**KATHY:** (inside) I want to go home.

**DONNY:** (outside car)  
Gosh, this must be the Underworld. Just like in that book, The Oddest Sea.

**MACK:** (shouting from far right) Okay, what's going on here?

**MISS MORGAN:** Nothing, sir, really. We're just trying to get home to Winthrop.

**MACK:** Well, what are you doing in my sewer?

FX: engine running  
FX: car moving in reverse

FX: play the tape of Eggheadland sound effects in reverse, rapidly  
FX: then play pot hole sound effects in reverse, rapidly

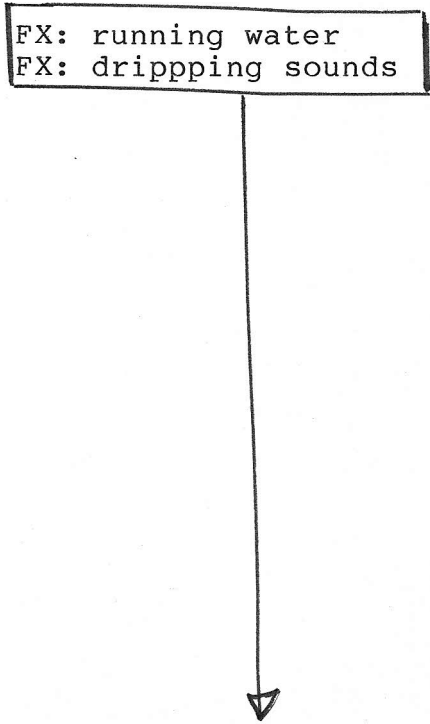
**MISS PRYSBY:** Donny, don't lean out the window. Gaynell, don't...  
FX: kids tumbling on top of one another  
FX: horn honks  
FX: engine accelerates  
FX: shrieks  
FX: splash of a car hitting foot deep water  
FX: engine stalls  
Note: in sewer, voices have a close loud echo

FX: running water  
FX: dripping sounds

FX: car door opens  
FX: spashing steps of curious kids

FX: heavy steps approaching from the right, through water

FX: steps stop



LIZARD OF OZ/radio - 45 - Seltzer

**DONNY:** This is the Underworld, isn't it? Are you Achilles the Heel?

**MACK:** No, and I can't say that I've heard of him. I'm Mack the Knife. But what's this you know about the Underworld?

**DONNY:** Well, there's a ferryboatman and a three-headed dog and a courtroom where they give out goodies.

**MACK:** Courtroom?

**DONNY:** Yes, the good guys get the goodies, and the bad guys get spanked and...

**MACK:** (suspicious) What are you driving at, kid?

**DONNY:** Well, that's the way it is in the Underworld.

**MACK:** And how do you get to this Underworld?


**DONNY:** Well, most people get there by dying, I think.

**MACK:** Well, you get here by trying to stay alive. And that ain't easy kid, believe me.

**DONNY:** Gosh, then this can't be the Underworld. Not the **real** one.

**MACK:** Well, this knife here isn't make-believe, kid. And these scars aren't, either. But I don't mess around with three-headed dogs or dead people. And I've never heard of any thug

FX: running water  
FX: occasional sloshing feet  
FX: dripping sounds



named "Achilles the Heel."

Are you talking some kind of code, kid? Are you with some gang, kid? Did somebody send you here to tell me that?

**NEWMAN:** Look, Mack, don't pick on the kid.

**MACK:** And who do you think you are, buster?

**NEWMAN:** Well, man, that's a tough question. You see, they call me Newman, Paul Newman. But I'm not sure who that is, I mean, who I am yet.

**MACK:** What the...

**MISS PRYSBY:** (nervous, anxious, hurried) Oh, pardon Paul. He means no harm. And Donny, too. They've just been reading a lot lately, and they're very suggestible. But we really do need your help, sir.

**MISS MORGAN:** Yes, you see, sir. We're a class on our way home from a field trip to Oz and to Ome, and we've lost our way. And we'd greatly appreciate it if you could show us the way back to Winthrop.

**MACK:** Lost? Have things gotten that bad up there? Now you can't tell the difference between the sewer and the street?

And who are these other guys?

FX: running water  
FX: occasional sloshing feet  
FX: dripping sounds

FX: splash of many marching feet, approaching from the far left



**DONNY:** Gosh, it's the redcoats.

**MACK:** The what?

**MISS MORGAN:** The redcoats. We met them before. They've been lost for two hundred years. Now, I guess, we're just as lost as they are.

**SERGEANT:** (a bit to the left) Pardon me, sir; but you ye tell me 'ow to get 'ome from 'ere?

**MACK:** Okay, buddy, okay. This is getting ridiculous. You've got no business down here. Just because the world's falling apart doesn't give you the right to come barging in on mine. It may be a filthy sewer, and I may hate it; but I'm not about to share it with anybody. Turf's turf, and this is my turf. Go look for your home or your Ome someplace else.

**MISS MORGAN:** But, Mr. Mack, how can we get out of here?

**MACK:** Right up this pipe. Just follow me. And no snooping along the way.

**MISS PRYSBY:** I can't say this is exactly my idea of a field trip, Paul. There's nothing very educational about walking through a sewer pipe.

**NEWMAN:** Yeah, man. This is sure some pipe dream.

FX: running water  
FX: occasional sloshing feet  
FX: dripping sounds

FX: steps halt nearby



FX: splashing of many people walking in water toward the right

FX: splashing of a VW being pushed through water

FX: stepping onto dry ground

FX: car door opening

FX: kids piling into car

FX: car door shutting

FX: with sputters, car engine starting

FX: car rolling over dirt

FX: car on highway

**NARRATOR:** So Mack the Knife led the class and the redcoats through the slushy murky mess that was the Underworld. And so they found themselves in a town that looked very much like Winthrop: the same kinds of hamburger stands and gas stations and ice cream shops.

By now, Miss Morgan couldn't hear Mr. Shermin, the fish; and Mr. Shermin was sure that she was disenchanted. So Mr. Shermin flipped his magic coin with this flipper and told Eugene which way to go, and Eugene told Miss Morgan. She thought it was silly to try to find your way by flipping a coin, but she followed the directions anyway, because she was sure they'd soon come across a street she knew -- everything looked so familiar. So off they went through the unmarked streets, with the redcoats running hopefully behind.

**KATHY:** (inside car) Can I have a Big Mac?

**GAYNELL:** (on bottom of pile of kids) I want a whopper.