

WITCH
LION
SCARECROW
DOROTHY

WEST WITCH

Going so soon?

(THEY turn to run but the WINKIES enter and surround THEM. The WITCH scuttles down from the window)

WEST WITCH

We won't hear of it. Will we, Winkies?

LION

I think we've overstayed our welcome.

WEST WITCH

Ring around the Rosey! A pocket full of spears! The sands of time have run out for all of you! The last to go will see the first three go before her! And your mangy little mutt, too!

(SHE swings round with HER broom)

Eenie Meenie Minie Mo. Who shall be the first to go! Lion? Girl? Tinman? No!

(SHE holds out HER broom. The end of it bursts into flames)

My broom has chosen... Scarecrow!!!

/42A/ WITCHMELT (Orchestra)

(Music continues under until WITCH's disappearance. WITCH advances on SCARECROW. HE backs away in terror)

SCARECROW

No! No! No! No! Help!

WEST WITCH

What's the matter? Don't you want to be my old flame?

DOROTHY

Leave him alone. Can't you see he's terrified?

WITCH

I'll get round to you eventually, Miss Mouth. Meanwhile, watch your little friend go up in smoke.

(The SCARECROW drops to HIS knees begging)

SCARECROW

No, please...

WEST WITCH

Too late Scarecrow! You're all burned up!
(SHE advances with the broom on the SCARECROW)

No...

DOROTHY

(The WITCH stops and turns
towards HER)

What?

WEST WITCH

I won't let you!

DOROTHY

(DOROTHY suddenly snatches up the
water bucket from under the table
and throws it at the witch's broom.
It douses the WITCH as well.
SHE starts to scream, smoulder
and shrink)

WEST WITCH

Ohhh! You cursed brat! Look what you've done! I'm melting!
Melting! Oh, what a world! What a world! Who would have
thought a good little girl like you could destroy my beautiful
wickedness? Ohhh--- Ohhhhh!

(Nothing remains but HER cloak
HER hat and HER broom. The
GENERAL of the WINKIES starts
forward in astonishment.
Music out)

GENERAL

She's - she's dead. You've killer her.

DOROTHY

I didn't mean to kill her, - really I didn't. It's - it's
just that she was going to set him on fire!

GENERAL

Hail to Dorothy! The Wicked Witch is dead!

(The WINKIES drop to one knee)

WINKIES

Hail! Hail to Dorothy! The Wicked Witch is dead!

GENERAL

You are now our Queen.

DOROTHY

Oh, that's very kind of you. But I have to get back to
Kansas.

(SHE picks up the broom)

The witch's broom! May we have it?