

**THERE'S NO PLAYS LIKE HOME
BY HEATHER BOULEY**

Human Tornado, Dorothy, Toto, and trees enter.

Tornado: Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i'the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before...

Dorothy: I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfulls. Alas, the storm is come again! My best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabouts: I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past. (*The Tempest*)

Tornado exits. Fairy enters from stage right, unnoticed by Dorothy. Elves enter and hide behind the trees.

What country, friends is this? (*Twelfth Night*) How silent is this town! **Dorothy notices fairy.**
What may you be? Are you of good or evil?

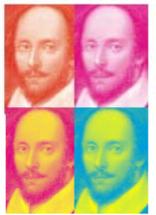
Fairy: Good. (*Othello*)

Dorothy: For this relief much thanks. (*Hamlet*) Gentle girl, assist me; and even in kind love I do conjure thee, to lesson me and tell me some good mean, how, with my honor, I may undertake a journey.

Fairy: Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

Dorothy: A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary to measure kingdoms with his feeble steps. (*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*)

Fairy: I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile. There's something that tells me, but it is not love, I would not lose you; and you know yourself, hate counsels not in such a quality. But lest you should not understand me well and yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought, I would detain you here some



month or two before you venture. I could teach you how to choose right. (*The Merchant of Venice*)

Dorothy: My fairy lord, this must be done with haste. (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*)

Fairy: Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still, should, without eyes, see pathways to his will! (*Romeo and Juliet*)
Elves, come here anon. All elves for fear creep in to acorn-cups and hide them there.

Elves come out from behind trees.

Elf 1: You spotted snakes with double tongue, thorny hedgehogs, be not seen; newts and blind-worms, do no wrong, come not near our fairy queen.

All Elves: Philomel, with melody sing in our sweet lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.

Elf 2: Never harm, nor spell nor charm, come our lovely lady nigh; so, good night, with lullaby. (A

Midsummer Night's Dream)

Fairy: All is well! Do not fear our person: There's such divinity doth hedge a king, that treason can but peep to what it would, acts little of his will. (*Hamlet*)

Dorothy: I must perforce. (*King Richard III*)

Elf 3: Go tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return. (*Titus Andronicus*)
A speedier course than lingering languishment must we pursue.

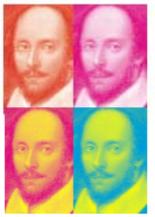
Yellow Brick Road Enters.

Dorothy: And I have found the path.

Road: The forest walks are wide and spacious; and many unfrequented plots there are. I'll lead you about around, through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier.

Fairy: You have shoes with nimble soles. Those be rubies, fairy favors, in those freckles live their savors: I must go seek some dewdrops here and hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone. (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*)
Well, go thy way.

Dorothy: Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again!



Scarecrow enters stage left and posses. Fairy and Elves exit. Road leads Dorothy and Toto to Scarecrow, then steps to the back of the scene.

Scarecrow: A word I pray you. A word I pray you! (*Macbeth*)

Dorothy helps the scarecrow “down.” Dorothy now recalls the story from the past.

Dorothy: A fool, a fool! I met a fool i’ the forest, a motley fool; a miserable world! As I do live by food, I met a fool who laid him down and basked him in the sun, and rail’d on Lady Fortune in good terms, in good set terms and yet a motley fool. ‘Good morrow, fool’ quoth I.

Scarecrow: No, sir,

Dorothy: Quoth he,

Scarecrow: Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.

Dorothy: And then he drew a dial from his poke, and looking on it with lack-lustre eye, says very wisely,

Scarecrow: It is ten o’clock: thus we may see

Dorothy: Quoth he

Scarecrow: How the world wags: tis but an hour ago since it was nine, and after one hour more ‘twill be eleven; and so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe, and then from hour to hour, we rot and rot; and thereby hangs a tale.

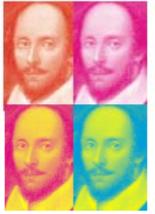
Dorothy: When I did hear the motley fool thus moral on the time, my lungs began to crow like chanticleer, that fools should be so deep-contemplative, and I did laugh sans intermission an hour by his dial. O noble fool! O worthy fool! Motley’s the only wear. (*As You Like It*)

Back in the present.

Scarecrow: Give me your favor—my dull brain was wrought with things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains are register’d where every day I turn the leaf to read them. Let us toward the king. (*Macbeth*)

Tinman enters stage right. The Road leads them stage right and goes around the Tinman to be in back of the scene again. Scarecrow runs into the Tinman.

Tinman: Although I hate her, I’ll not harm her so.



Dorothy: What! Can you do me greater harm than hate? Hate me! Wherefore? O me! What news, my love!

Tinman: Ay, by my life; therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt, be certain, nothing truer, 'tis no jest that I do hate thee.

Dorothy: O me! You juggler! You cankerblossom! You thief of love! (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) **change of attitude** Or are you like the painting of a sorrow, a face without a heart? (*Hamlet*)

Tinman: I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body. Bring me where they are. (*Macbeth*)

Dorothy: The course of true love never did run smooth. Away! (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*)

To scarecrow or audience

I shall observe him with all care and love. (*2 Henry IV*)

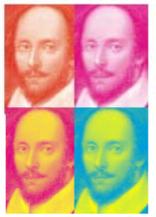
Lion enters stage left. The Road leads them around until the Lion is noticed.
Many lives stand between me and home; and I,--like one lost in a thorny wood, that rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns, seeking a way and straying from the way; not knowing how to find the open air, but toiling desperately to find it out,--torment myself and from that torment I will free myself.....(*3 Henry VI*) **They see the lion up ahead.**

Scarecrow: Ho, ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not? Here come noble beasts in, a lion!

Lion: You, ladies, you whose gentle hearts do fear the smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor, may now perchance both quake and tremble here, when lion rough in wildest rage doth roar. Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am a lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam; for if I should as lion come in strife into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

Scarecrow: A very gentle beast, of good conscience.

Tinman: The very best at a beast my lord, that e'er I saw.



Dorothy: This lion is very fox for his valor.

Scarecrow: True; and a goose for his discretion.

Tinman: Not so, my lord; for his valor cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

Scarecrow: His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valor; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion. (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*)

Lion: But I have none: the King-becoming graces as justice, verity, temperance, stableness, bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, devotion, patience, COURAGE, fortitude, I have no relish of them! (*Macbeth*)

Lion: I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell. (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*)

Dorothy takes his arm and they all skip off stage left with the Road leading.

Dorothy: How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world that has such people in it! (*The Tempest*)

Witches enter stage right.

Witch 1: Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

Witch 2: Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

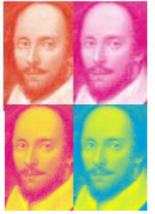
Witch 3: Harpier cries:- 'Tis time, 'tis time.

Witch 1: Round about the cauldron go: in the poisoned entrails throw. Toad, that under cold stone days and nights has thirty-one. Sweltered venom, sleeping got, boil thou first i'th' charmed pot!

All Witches: Double, double, toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Witch 2: Fillet of a fenny snake, in the cauldron boil and bake: eye of newt and toe of frog; wool of bat and tongue of dog, adder's fork and blind-worm's sting, lizard's leg and howlet's wing, for a charm of powerful trouble, like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All: Double, double toil and trouble, fire burn and cauldron bubble.



Witch 3: Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf, witch's mummy, maw and gulf of the ravined salt-sea shark, root of hemlock digged i'th'dark, liver of blaspheming Jew, gall of goat and slips of yew slivered in the moon's eclipse, nose of turk and tartar's lips, finger of birth-strangled babe ditch-delivered by a drab, make the gruel thick and slab: add thereto a tiger's cauldron.

All: Double, double toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Witch 2: Cool it with a baboon's blood, then the charm is firm and good.

Enter in Road leading the rest.

Witch 1: All my pretty ones! (*Macbeth*)

The Witches grab Dorothy and Toto, putting Toto into a human cage.

Dorothy: Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus! Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends, you take me in too dolorous a sense; for I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you to burn this night with torches; know my hearts, I hope well of to-morrow and will lead you where rather I'll expect victorious life then death and honor. (*Antony and Cleopatra*)

Scarecrow: When shall we meet again? In thunder, lightning or in rain?

Dorothy: When the hurlyburly's done, when the battle's lost and won. That will be ere the set of sun.

Tinman: Where the place?

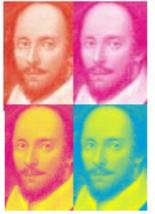
Dorothy: Upon the heath.

All Witches: Fair is foul and foul is fair; hover through the fog and filthy air.

Witches exit with Dorothy and Toto.

Scarecrow: Let's after him, whose care is gone before to bid us welcome; it is a peerless kinsman. (*Macbeth*) No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize; revenge should have no bounds.

Tinman: And for that purpose I will anoint my sword. (*Hamlet*)



Lion: Let our best heads know that tomorrow the last of many battles, we mean to fight! (*Antony and Cleopatra*)

Scarecrow: Go forward at thy command. Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves; rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man. (*Taming of The Shrew*)

They all exit off stage right and run to the stage left entrance yelling and making noise. The witches enter stage right.

Witch 2: Did not you speak?

Dorothy: When?

Witch 3: Now.

Witch 1: *looking out the “window”*—Hark! Who lies I’ the second chamber?

They all look out and see the guys with swords.

All Witches: This is a sorry sight. (*Macbeth*) Yet but three?

Lion: Here villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Tinman: Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled? Speak! In some bush? Where doest thou hide thy head?

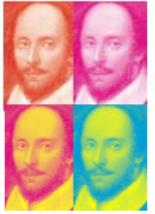
Scarecrow: Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars, telling the bushes that thou look’st for wars, and wilt not come? Come, recreant; come thou child; I’ll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled that draws a sword on thee.

Lion: Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not?

Witches: Come hither: I am here. (*A Midsummer Night’s Dream*)

Tinman: Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight with hearts more proof than shields.—Advance; they do disdain us much beyond our thoughts, which makes me sweat with wrath—Come on, my fellow. (*Coriolanus*)

Witch 1: I’ll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack’d. (*Macbeth*)



They fight.

Dorothy: Oh lord, they fight! (*Romeo and Juliet*)

Scarecrow, Tinman, Lion: Come, tears, confound; out sword, and wound the pap of Pyramus:
Ay the left pap, where heart doth hop.

They stab.

Witches: Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.....Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soul is in the sky.
Tongue, lose they light! Moon, take thy flight!

Scarecrow: Now die.

Tinman: Die.

Lion: Die.

Dorothy: Die.

Scarecrow, Tinman, Lion, Dorothy: Die! (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*)

Dorothy: Be happy then, for it is done. (*Richard II*)

Road: Follow me, then, over hill, over dale, through flood, through fire.

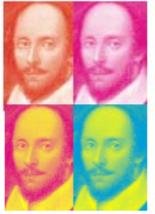
Dorothy: I do wander everywhere, swifter then the moon's sphere. (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) **The road leads the characters to the Palace of Oz represented by two people as doors.** I have lived to see inherited my very wishes, and the buildings of my fancy (*Coriolanus*)
Now go we in content to liberty and not to banishment. (*As You Like It*) Let us go in together.
(*Comedy of Errors*)

Dorothy tries to open the doors by pulling and the Scarecrow bypasses her and pushes the door, making it come open.

Oz: Who is there?

Tinman: Friends to this ground. (*Hamlet*) Lord, hear me speak.

Oz: Freely good father. (*Timon of Athens*)



Tinman: I am sick at heart. (*Macbeth*) **He moves to the side of Oz.**

Oz: *speaking to the Lion* Where is your ancient courage? (*Coriolanus*)

Lion: 'Tis gone, 'Tis gone, 'Tis gone. (*Romeo and Juliet*) **He moves to the other side of Oz.**

Oz: Heart and courage to proceed. (*2 Henry VI*)

Scarecrow: *Approaching Oz* I have very poor and unhappy brains. (*Othello*)

Oz: *Presenting him with brains* O, there has been much throwing about of brains. (*Hamlet*)

Oz now looks at Dorothy and points to his feet, clicking his heels three times. Dorothy copies this movement.

Dorothy: I will take my leave. (*Othello*) Farewell, kind neighbors: Now the gods keep you!

Everybody: Farewell, farewell

Fairy enters.

Fairy: Get you home; be not dismay'd; these are a side that would be glad to have this true which they so seem to fear. Go home, and show no sign of fear. (*Coriolanus*)

The entire cast enters the stage and stands on the apron in front of Dorothy. She clicks her heels three times, then comes forward to the apron. The cast looks down.

Dorothy: I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream—past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what...Methought I was, and methought I had....but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was.

The cast looks up and toward audience.

Chorus: If we shadows have offended, think but this, and all is mended,—that you have but slumber'd here while these visions did appear. And this weak and idle theme, no more yielding but a dream. Gentles do not reprehend: If you pardon, we will mend.

Dorothy: So, goodnight unto you all. (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*)



CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In Order of Appearance)

Trees(s)

Tornado(s)

Dorothy

Toto

Fairy

Elf 1

Elf 2

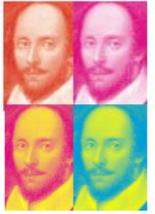
Elf 3

Yellow Brick Roads (2)

Scarecrow

Tinman

Lion



Witch 1

Witch 2

Witch 3

Human Cage(2)

Oz