

ACT ONE

Scene 4

(A LECTURE HALL. As STUDENTS, including Galinda, Elphaba, Pfannee, ShenShen, Boq and Nessarose are just taking their seats ...)

WE HEAR a professorial voice:)

DOCTOR DILLAMOND

Settle down, ladies and gentlemen; settle down now —!

(Their history professor, DOCTOR DILLAMOND, a distinguished Goat, enters...)

I have read your most recent essays, and I am amazed to report some progress. Although some of us still tend to favor form over content —

(as he hands paper to her)

Miss Glinda.

GALINDA

It's Ga-linda. With a Ga.

DILLAMOND

Yes, of course.

(HE tries, but it comes out the same)

Glinda.

GALINDA

(huffily)

I really don't see what the problem is — every *other* professor seems to be able to pronounce my name.

ELPHABA

(loudly)

Maybe perfecting the pronunciation of your precious name is not the sole focus of Doctor Dillamond's life. Maybe he's not like every other professor — maybe *some* of us are *different!*

GALINDA

Well — it seems the artichoke is steamed!

(THE CLASS LAUGHS.)

DILLAMOND

Class —!

(They quiet)

Miss Elphaba has a point. Doubtless you've noticed I am the sole Animal on the

(DILLAMOND)

faculty — the “token Goat,” as it were. But it wasn’t always this way. Oh, dear Students —

(how to put this?)

How I wish you could have known this place as it once was. When one would walk these halls and hear an Antelope explicating a sonnet, a Snow Leopard solving an equation, a Wildebeest waxing philosophic.

(trying to reach them)

Can you see, Students, what’s being lost? How our dear Oz is becoming less and less, well ...

(looks right at ELPHABA)

... colorful.

(taking in the rest of the class)

Now. What set this into motion?

(ELPHABA raises her hand but doesn’t wait to be called on —)

ELPHABA

From what I’ve read, it began with the Great Drought.

DILLAMOND

Precisely.

(points to it on the timeline)

Food grew scarce, and people grew hungrier and angrier. And the question became — whom can we blame?

(another beat)

Can anyone tell me what is meant by the term: “Scapegoat”?

(ELPHABA’s hand shoots up.)

Someone besides Miss Elphaba.

(GALINDA’s hand shoots up.)

Yes, Miss Glinda!

GALINDA

(gritted teeth now)

It’s Ga-linda. With a Ga. And I don’t see why you can’t just teach us history, instead of always harping on the *past*.

DILLAMOND

(Going to the blackboard and turning it over)

Well, perhaps these questions that I have prepared, will ...

(The class GASPS. And he sees that across the board, someone has painted: "ANIMALS SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD." DILLAMOND stares at it, shocked; then...)

(DILLAMOND)

Who is responsible for this? I'm waiting for an answer.

(UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE. Then...)

Very well— that will be all for today.

(EVERYONE hesitates, did they hear right?

quite upset now)

You heard me—class dismissed!

The students swiftly exit. Elphaba starts to wheel Nessarose out. She stops, turns back to look at Dillamond.

ELPHABA

(softly)

You go ahead, Nessa.

Nessarose exits. Elphaba regards the offensive words on the board.

(reads aloud)

"Animals should be seen and not heard?"

Dillamond, who's been lost in thought, looks up.

DILLAMOND

Oh, Miss Elphaba— don't worry about me. Go and join your friends.

ELPHABA

(matter-of-factly)

That's alright, I have no friends. Would you like to share my lunch?

She takes out a sandwich wrapped in paper. She holds it out to him.

DILLAMOND

Oh, thank you, how kind.

(HE takes the sandwich wrapped in paper, unwraps it, hands her back the sandwich, and takes a bite out of the paper. Chews. But then, looking at the rest of the paper in his hand...)

I seem to have lost my appetite.

ELPHABA

You shouldn't let ignorant statements like that bother you. I mean, I always do, but you shouldn't.

DILLAMOND

Oh, Miss Elphaba— If only it were just a matter of words on a chalk board! But the things one hears these days. *Dreadful things...*

#6 – *Something Bad*

(sings:)

I'VE HEARD OF AN OX
A PROFESSOR FROM QUOX
NO LONGER PERMITTED TO TEACH
WHO HAS LOST ALL POWERS OF SPEECH ...

ELPHABA

What?

DILLAMOND

AND AN OWL IN MUNCHKIN ROCK
A VICAR WITH A THRIVING FLOCK
FORBIDDEN TO PREACH
NOW HE ONLY CAN SCREECH
ONLY RUMORS – BUT STILL –
ENOUGH TO GIVE PAUSE
TO ANYONE WITH PAWS
SOMETHING BAD IS HAPPENING IN OZ...

ELPHABA

SOMETHING BAD? HAPPENING IN OZ ...?

DILLAMOND

UNDER THE SURFACE
BEHIND THE SCENES
SOMETHING BAAAAAAD ...

(They're both shocked by this – DILLAMOND covers his mouth, then CLEARS HIS THROAT...)

DILLAMOND

BAD.

(clears throat again)

ELPHABA

Doctor Dillamond, are you alright? Shall I fetch you a glass of water?

DILLAMOND

No, I— I don't know what came over me...

ELPHABA

So you're saying that there are Animals who have somehow... forgotten how to *spea*k? How is that possible?

DILLAMOND

Well, with so much pressure *not* to. If you make it discouraging enough, you can keep anyone silent. But I for one will never let them—

(breaks off hastily, seeing...)

Oh—Madame Morrible!

(And in fact, MADAME MORRIBLE has entered.)

MORRIBLE

I heard there was some sort of disturbance, in class— are you alright, Doctor—?

(breaks off, seeing...)

Miss Elphaba— you're still here! I'd have thought you'd be on your way to my seminar by now.

ELPHABA

Yes, Madame, I would be, but—

MORRIBLE

"But" —?

(An awkward beat, as ELPHABA hesitates...)

I do hope I haven't mis-placed my trust in you. Magic is a demanding mistress. And if one's ambition is to meet the Wizard...

(to HIM)

Well. I'm sure Doctor Dillamond sees my point.

(SHE sweeps out. ELPHABA turns back to DILLAMOND...)

ELPHABA

I'd better go.

(SHE hesitates, then turns back to him)

Doctor Dillamond—?

(HE turns)

If something bad is happening to the Animals, someone's got to tell the Wizard! He'll make it right! That's why we *have* a Wizard—

(sings:)

SO NOTHING BAD ...

DILLAMOND

I hope you're right—

BOTH

NOTHING ALL THAT BAD ...

DILLAMOND

(suddenly bleating again)

NOTHING TRULY BAAAAAAAAD ...

(He turns away, mortified)

Sorry— BAD ...

(HE exits, distressed. ELPHABA watches him go ...)

ELPHABA

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN HERE

IN OZ...