

ACT ONE — SCÈNE 8

Scarecrow — the cornfield.

The lights come up on stage revealing a crossroads on the Yellow Brick Road. A picket fence on one side of the road surrounds a cornfield. High on a pole in the middle of the field is a SCARECROW. DOROTHY walks down the road past the scarecrow and stops at the crossroads. Music out.

DOROTHY. Follow the Yellow Brick Road? Follow the Yellow Brick? (*Looks about her*)
Well now, which way do we go?

Behind DOROTHY, the SCARECROW points to the left

SCARECROW. Pardon me. That way is a very nice way. (*Freezes as DOROTHY turns.*)

DOROTHY. Who said that? (*Looks about her. TOTO barks*)

DOROTHY. Don't be silly, Toto. Scarecrows don't talk.

DOROTHY turns away again. The SCARECROW points in the other direction.

SCARECROW. It's pleasant down that way, too.

DOROTHY turns back to the SCARECROW.

DOROTHY. That's funny. Wasn't he pointing the other way?

SCARECROW. Of course, people do go both ways!

The SCARECROW crosses his arms and points in both directions.

DOROTHY. Why, you did say something, didn't you?

(*SCARECROW crosses and recrosses his arms*) Are you doing that on purpose, or can't you make up your mind?

SCARECROW. I haven't got a brain, only straw. So I ain't got a mind to make up.

DOROTHY. Well, how can you talk if you haven't got a brain?

SCARECROW. I don't know. But some people without brains do an awful lot of talking, don't they?

DOROTHY. Yes, I guess you're right. (*Climbs the fence and approaches*) Can't you get down?

SCARECROW. Down? No, you see, I've got a pole stuck up my back.

The SCARECROW gestures behind him.

DOROTHY moves round the back of the pole.

DOROTHY. Is there any way I can help you? (*Studies the problem*)