

SIDE 5

DOROTHY. Why, it's a man! A man made of out tin!

SCARECROW. What?

DOROTHY. Yes. Oh — look!

*DOROTHY and the SCARECROW examine the TINMAN closely.
Through rusted jaws, he speaks.*

TINMAN. Oil can! Oil Can!

DOROTHY. Did you say something?

TINMAN. Oil can!

DOROTHY. He said oil can.

SCARECROW. Oil can what?

DOROTHY. Oil can?

*DOROTHY looks around for it and eventually sees it on the ground.
She picks it up.*

TINMAN. Ahhh.

DOROTHY. Here it is. Where do you want to be oiled first?

TINMAN. My mouth — my mouth!

SCARECROW. He said his mouth! The other side!

DOROTHY. Yes — there.

TINMAN. Me...e...me...e...M-m-my, my, my, my goodness, I can talk again!
Oh — oil my arms, please — oil my elbows. Oh! Oh!

*DOROTHY and the SCARECROW take turns
oiling the TINMAN and exercising his stiff limbs.*

DOROTHY. Here.

*DOROTHY and the SCARECROW oil the TINMAN'S arm holding
the axe and it falls to HIS side with a clank.*

TINMAN. Oh!

DOROTHY. Did that hurt?

TINMAN. No, it feels wonderful. I've held that axe up for ages.

DOROTHY. Oh goodness! How did you ever get like this?

TINMAN. Well, when I was flesh and blood like you, I fell in love with a Munchkin maiden whose mother hated me. So to stop me from marrying her daughter she hired the Wicked Witch of the West to put an evil spell on my axe. When I tried to chop down a tree it chopped off my leg instead.

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