

Start

SCARECROW. It chopped your leg off?

DOROTHY. That's terrible.

TINMAN. But by good fortune I knew of a wonderful tinsmith and he made me a new leg almost as good as the old one. So back I went to work and you know what happened?

DOROTHY. Something terrible I bet.

TINMAN. I swung my axe again and dang me if it didn't take off the other leg.

SCARECROW. You shoulda got a new axe.

TINMAN. I guess you're right. But I got me a new leg instead. And back I went to work.

SCARECROW. You sure were persistent.

TINMAN. This time I chopped off both my arms.

DOROTHY. Oh my.

SCARECROW. I can see how you coulda chopped off one arm but how did you manage to chop off the other one?

TINMAN. I told you. The axe was enchanted.

SCARECROW. Of course. See Dorothy, if I had a brain I coulda worked that out for myself.

TINMAN. I sometimes wish I hadn't got a new pair of arms from the tinsmith 'cause the last time I swung the axe was worst time of all.

SCARECROW. I don't want to hear this.

*The SCARECROW covers his ears.*

DOROTHY. What happened?

TINMAN. I split myself right down the middle.

DOROTHY. Oh, you poor thing.

TINMAN. So the tinsmith gave me a new head and body, but on the way home I got caught in a terrible rainstorm and rusted solid.

SCARECROW. It just wasn't your day, was it?

TINMAN. I've been here ever since.

DOROTHY. Well, you're perfect now.

*The TINMAN turns his head sharply towards DOROTHY and it sticks.*

TINMAN. My — my neck, my — my neck. (DOROTHY and the SCARECROW oil his neck) Perfect? Just bang on my chest if you think I'm perfect. Go ahead — bang on it!

Stop