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SCARECROW. Yes, you will too!

DOROTHY. Not if we don't cross that bridge.

SCARECROW. We'll cross that bridge when we come to it.

DOROTHY. But we ***have*** come to it.

SCARECROW. (*In a low voice*) Dorothy, it can't turn very fast.
If we run, I think we can get over before it knows what's happened.

DOROTHY. Let's try, then.

SCARECROW. On your mark ... set ... *go*!

They dash for the bridge, the SCARECROW *pushing* DOROTHY *ahead of him.*
The WICKED WITCH *waves her broom again, and the bridge turns,*
but not until DOROTHY *has got across. The* SCARECROW, *however,*
is left holding the far end. This time, the bridge doesn't stop,
but whirls around and around, faster and faster.

DOROTHY. Jump, Scarecrow!

SCARECROW. Next time!

The SCARECROW *is whirled around again.*
This time, DOROTHY *manages to grab him and they both*
fall down in a heap, but safe on the right side at last.
The WICKED WITCH *appears out of the underbrush, raging.*

WICKED WITCH. Feaugh!!!!

The WICKED WITCH *disappears in a puff of smoke.*

SCARECROW. So that's who was playing bridge with us.

DOROTHY. Anyway, we got across. (*Picks up the* SCARECROW) Now to get to
Munchkinville. (*The* TIN WOODMAN *groans*)

What's that?

SCARECROW. Sounds like someone in trouble.

The TIN WOODMAN *groans again.*

DOROTHY. (*Crossing to the underbrush*) Sounded up here...

DOROTHY *pulls a branch aside and*
the TIN WOODMAN *stands revealed.*

Look, Scarecrow!

SCARECROW. Why, what is it?

DOROTHY. It looks like a big tin soldier.

TIN MAN. (*Speaking with much difficulty*) Tin ***Woodman,*** if you don't mind.

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DOROTHY. He can talk!

TIN MAN. I'd talk much better if you'd … oil … my … jaws…

DOROTHY. What's he saying?

TIN MAN. Oil … oil … oil can… oil…

SCARECROW. Something about oil.

DOROTHY. Oil can, that's it!

SCARECROW. (*Finding an oil can on the ground*) Here it is.

TIN MAN. (*Almost unintelligible now*) Oil … my … jaws … oil … jaws…

DOROTHY. Like this? (*Oils the* TIN MAN'S *jaws*)

TIN MAN. (*Stretching his mouth and speaking quite clearly now*)
Oh, that's better. Thank you!

DOROTHY. Goodness, what was the trouble?

TIN MAN. I rusted, that's all. I was out chopping and got caught in the rain. Now, if you'd just oil my arms, I could put this axe down.

DOROTHY. Oh, certainly. (*Oils the* TIN MAN'S *arms*)

TIN MAN. (*Lowing his axe*) Ah, that's more like it. Thanks … I've been holding that axe for ages, it seems.

SCARECROW. His right elbow still squeaks, Dorothy.

TIN MAN. Never mind that now. Fix my legs, please.

DOROTHY. (*Oiling*) And you're really alive?

TIN MAN. Certainly, my dear. (*Stretching his legs*) Is that so surprising?

DOROTHY. Well, in Kansas it would be.

TIN MAN. Even in Oz it's unique, my dear. So far as I know, the tinsmith made only one like me before he went away.

DOROTHY. If you ask me he did a pretty wonderful job.

TIN MAN. (*Sadly*) There's only one thing wrong with me.

DOROTHY. What's that?

TIN MAN. Listen…

The TIN MAN *pounds his chest.*
There is a hollow, metallic sound.

Hollow … hollow … hollow… You see, I haven't got a heart! (*Weeps*) The tinsmith forgot to give me one.

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DOROTHY. Oh, don't cry…

TIN MAN. (*Sniffling*) I'm sorry. Please, will you give me…

DOROTHY. You want my handkerchief.

TIN MAN. No, the oil can. I'm rusting again.

The TIN MAN *oils his jaws, then sprays some oil into his mouth and gargles.*

DOROTHY. Feel better now?

TIN MAN. I need only one thing to be the happiest tin man alive—a heart!

No. 12 If I Only Had A Heart

(Tin Man)

TIN MAN. When a man's an empty kettle,
He should be on his mettle,
And yet, I'm horn apart.
Just because I'm presumin'
That I could be kinda human,
If I only had a heart.

I'd be tender, I'd be gentle,
And awful sentimental
Regarding love and art.
I'd be friends with the sparrows
And the boy that shoots the arrows,
If I only had a heart.

Picture me, a balcony,
Above a voice sings low:
"Wherefore art thou, Romeo,"
I hear a beat—how sweet!

Just to register emotion,
Jealousy, devotion,
And really feel the part,
I would stay young and chipper
And I'd lock it with a zipper,
If I only had a heart.

DOROTHY. The Scarecrow an' I are going to Emerald City to see the Great Oz. I'm going to ask him t' send me back to Kansas.

SCARECROW. And I'm going to ask him for a brain.

TIN MAN. Do you think that Great Oz could give me a heart?

DOROTHY. I was going to suggest you come along with us and see if he would.