

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.

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!

The SCARECROW gives it a thump and we hear a gong sound.

SCARECROW. Beautiful! What an echo!

TINMAN. It's empty. The tinsmith forgot to give me a heart.

DOROTHY & SCARECROW. No heart!

TINMAN. No heart!

DOROTHY. Oh!

TINMAN. All hollow. And as long as I have no heart,
I can never love my Munchkin maiden.

The TINMAN gulps and starts to cry.

DOROTHY. Oh, please don't cry, Tinman. You'll rust again.

TINMAN. I used to carve her name on every tree.

The TREES turn back again, rubbing their rumps.

FIRST TREE. You can say that again.

The TREES march forward and sing in harmony.

No. 19

Tinman/Trees

"If I Only Had a Heart"

(Tinman, Dorothy & Three Trees)

See p. 117

TREES. Said a Tinman rattling his jibs
To a Strawman sad and weary eyed ...

TINMAN. Oh the smith gave me tin ribs,
But forgot to put a heart inside.

TREES. Then he banged his hollow chest and cried ...

TINMAN. When a man's an empty kettle
He should be on his mettle
And yet I'm torn apart.
Just because I'm presumin'
That I could be kind-a-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