

TINMAN Reading

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: Here

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.