

## TIN MAN – SIDE

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.

DOROTHY: It chopped your leg off? 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.

DOROTHY: You should have gotten a new axe.

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

DOROTHY: You sure were persistent.

TINMAN: This time I chopped off both my arms.

DOROTHY: Oh my. I can see how you could have chopped off one arm but how did you manage to chop off the other one?

TINMAN: I told you. The axe was enchanted.

DOROTHY: Oh!

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 the worst time of all.

DOROTHY: I don't want to hear this.

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.

DOROTHY: It just wasn't your day, was it?