

ACT ONE — SCENE 8

Scarecrow — the cornfield.

The lights come up on stage revealing a crossroads on the Yellow Brick Road. A picket fence on one side of the road surrounds a cornfield. High on a pole in the middle of the field is a SCARECROW. DOROTHY walks down the road past the scarecrow and stops at the crossroads. Music out.

DOROTHY. Follow the Yellow Brick Road? Follow the Yellow Brick? (*Looks about her*)
Well now, which way do we go?

Behind DOROTHY, the SCARECROW points to the left)

SCARECROW. Pardon me. That way is a very nice way. (*Freezes as DOROTHY turns.*)

DOROTHY. Who said that? (*Looks about her. TOTO barks*)

DOROTHY. Don't be silly, Toto. Scarecrows don't talk.

DOROTHY turns away again. The SCARECROW points in the other direction.

SCARECROW. It's pleasant down that way, too.

DOROTHY turns back to the SCARECROW.

DOROTHY. That's funny. Wasn't he pointing the other way?

SCARECROW. Of course, people do go both ways!

The SCARECROW crosses his arms and points in both directions.

DOROTHY. Why, you did say something, didn't you?
(*SCARECROW crosses and recrosses his arms*) Are you doing that on purpose,
or can't you make up your mind?

SCARECROW. I haven't got a brain, only straw. So I ain't got a mind to make up.

DOROTHY. Well, how can you talk if you haven't got a brain?

SCARECROW. I don't know. But some people without brains
do an awful lot of talking, don't they?

DOROTHY. Yes, I guess you're right. (*Climbs the fence and approaches*) Can't you get down?

SCARECROW. Down? No, you see, I've got a pole stuck up my back.

*The SCARECROW gestures behind him.
DOROTHY moves round the back of the pole.*

DOROTHY. Is there any way I can help you? (*Studies the problem*)

SCARECROW. Well, of course, I'm not very bright about doing things,
but if you'll just bend the nail down in back maybe I'll just slip off.

DOROTHY. I'll certainly try. *(Reaches up behind the pole)* It's an awful stiff nail.

No. 15

Scarecrow Fall

(Orchestra)

*Suddenly DOROTHY moves back holding a bent nail.
The SCARECROW slips to the ground. Music out as his feet hit the floor.
The SCARECROW staggers forward, trips over the fence and lands
on the ground spilling a vast amount of straw out of his open front.*

SCARECROW. Ohhh! Whoops! There goes some more of me again! *(Reaches for it.)*

DOROTHY. Oh. Does it hurt you?

SCARECROW. Oh, no. I just keep picking it up and putting it back in again.

*The SCARECROW shoves the straw back
into his insides and tries to get up again.*

DOROTHY. Let me help you. *(Helps the SCARECROW get to his feet)*

SCARECROW. My! It's good to be free!

*The SCARECROW's legs buckle under him,
he whirls round and falls back against the fence.*

DOROTHY. Oh! Ohhh!

The SCARECROW sits up as DOROTHY crouches beside him.

SCARECROW. Did I scare you?

DOROTHY. No, no. I — I just thought you hurt yourself.

SCARECROW. But I didn't scare you?

DOROTHY. No, of course not.

SCARECROW. I didn't think so.