

DOROTHY SCARECROW

ACT I
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?
(SHE looks about HER)
Well now, which way do we go?

(Behind HER the SCARECROW points to the left)

SCARECROW

Pardon me. That way is a very nice way.
(HE freezes in that position as DOROTHY turns)

DOROTHY

Who said that?
(SHE looks about HER. TOTO barks)

DOROTHY

Don't be silly, Toto. Scarecrows don't talk.
(SHE turns away again and 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!
(HE 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.
(SHE climbs over the fence
and approaches HIM)
Can't you get down?

SCARECROW
Down? No, you see, I've got a pole stuck up my back.
(HE gestures behind HIM. DOROTHY
moves round the back of the pole)

DOROTHY
Is there any way I can help you?
(SHE 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 slip off.

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

/157 SCARECROW FALL (Orchestra)

(Suddenly SHE moves back holding
a bent nail. The SCARECROW slips
to the ground. Music out as HIS
feet hit floor. HE 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!
(HE reaches for it)

DOROTHY

Oh. Does it hurt you?

SCARECROW

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

(HE shoves the straw back into
HIS insides and tries to get up)

DOROTHY

Let me help you.

(SHE helps HIM get to HIS feet)

SCARECROW

My! It's good to be free!
(HIS 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.