

# ACT ONE — SCENE 4

Gypsy caravan.

*The stage revolves and the farm trucks slide off as a painted gypsy caravan comes to the front of the stage. The lettering on the caravan reads, "Professor Marvel, acclaimed by the crowned heads of Europe. Let him read in the his Crystal your Past, Present and Future. Also Juggling and Sleight-of-hand."*

*The PROFESSOR is sitting on the steps of the wagon toasting a sausage on a stick over a little fire. He hums softly to himself and raises the sausage with a hammy gesture and examines it.*

PROFESSOR. (Declaiming) If were done, it were best it be done...  
(Pause) equally on both sides.

*The PROFESSOR turns the sausage round and puts it back over the fire. TOTO and DOROTHY enter with a basket covered with a small checkered cloth.*

PROFESSOR. Well, well, well! House guests, huh? Ha ha ha ha!

*DOROTHY approaches shyly.*

PROFESSOR. And who might you be? No, no, now don't tell me.  
(Covers his eyes with his hands.) You're... traveling in disguise.  
No, that's not right. I... You're... you're going on a visit.  
No, I'm wrong. You're... you're running away.

DOROTHY. How did you guess?

PROFESSOR. Ha ha! Professor Marvel never guesses.  
He knows! Ha ha! Now, why are you running away?

DOROTHY. Why...

PROFESSOR. No, no, now don't tell me. They — they don't understand you at home.  
They don't appreciate you. You want to see other lands, big cities,  
big mountains, and big oceans. Ha ha!

DOROTHY. Why, it's just like you can read what was inside of me.

PROFESSOR. It is my trade, my calling. See what it says on the side of my conveyance.

*The PROFESSOR gestures with one hand allowing the stick with the sausage to droop dangerously near TOTO who suddenly snatches it.*

DOROTHY. Oh, Toto, that's not polite! We haven't been asked yet.

PROFESSOR. Ha,ha,ha. He's perfectly welcome! Ha ha! As one dog to another, huh?  
Ha ha ha! Here now, let's see. Where were we?

DOROTHY. Oh please, Professor, why can't we go with you and see all the  
Crowned Heads of Europe?

PROFESSOR. Do you know any? Oh, you mean the thing ... yes. Well, I ... I never  
do anything without consulting my crystal first. Here, sit right down here.

*The PROFESSOR rises and upturns a bucket setting it down next to the  
caravan steps. DOROTHY sits and the PROFESSOR takes the basket from her.*

PROFESSOR. That's it.

*The PROFESSOR places the basket on the ground to the far side of the steps,  
then reaches into the caravan and brings out a small turban and puts it on.*

PROFESSOR. Ha ha! Just make yourself comfortable while I conjure  
out of the air, out of thin air ...

*The PROFESSOR reaches behind DOROTHY's head and  
produces a small crystal ball. DOROTHY gasps.*

... this very genuine, magic, authentic crystal used by the priests of the Isis and  
Osiris in the days of the Pharaohs of Egypt, in which Cleopatra first saw the  
approach of Julius Caesar and Marc Anthony... and... and so on and so on. Now  
then you hold out your hands to help me look into the future. (DOROTHY *does so*  
and the PROFESSOR *places the crystal on her hands.*

Now, you ... you'd better close your eyes, my child, for a moment ... in order to  
be better in tune with the infinite. (DOROTHY *closes her eyes. The PROFESSOR dips into*  
DOROTHY's basket)

We... we can't do these things without reaching out into the infinite. (*Studies a*  
*photograph in a silver frame*)

Yes, that's... that's all right. (*Replaces the photograph in the basket.*)

Now you can open them (DOROTHY *does so.*)

We'll gaze into the crystal. Ah, what's this I see? A house...with a picket fence.

DOROTHY. That's our farm!

PROFESSOR. Oh, yes. There's ... there's ... there's ... there's a woman. She's ... she's  
wearing a ... a ... polka-dot dress. Her face is careworn.

DOROTHY. That's Aunt Em.

PROFESSOR. Yes. Her ... her name is Emily.

DOROTHY. That's right. What's she doing?

PROFESSOR. Well, I ... I can't quite see. Why, she's crying.

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