

# PROFESSOR DOROTHY

## 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 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. HE raises the sausage with a hammy gesture and examines it.

### PROFESSOR

(Declaining)

If were done, it were best it be done...

(Pause)

equally on both sides.

(HE turns the sausage round and puts it back over the fire. TOTO and DOROTHY enter with a basket covered with a small chequered 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.

(HE covers HIS eyes with HIS hands)

You're... you're travelling 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, big oceans. Ha ha!

DOROTHY

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

PROFESSOR

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

(HE 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.

(PROFESSOR rises and upturns a bucket setting it down next to the caravan steps. DOROTHY sits and HE takes the basket from HER)

PROFESSOR

That's it.

(PROFESSOR places the basket on the ground to the far side of the steps. HE 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...

(HE reaches behind HER head and produces a small crystal ball.

DOROTHY gasps)

this very same genuine, magic, authentic crystal used by the priests of 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.

(SHE does so and HE places the crystal on THEM)

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.

(HE studies a photograph in a silver frame)

Yes, that's... that's all right.

(HE replaces the photograph in the basket)

Now you can open them

(SHE 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.

DOROTHY

Oh.