

DOROTHY, PROF. MARVEL - 1 -

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

... 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?

DOROTHY, PROF. MARVEL -2-

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

DOROTHY. Oh.

PROFESSOR. Someone has hurt her. Someone has just about broken her heart.

DOROTHY. Why would anyone do that?

PROFESSOR. I don't know but it's ... it's someone she loves very much:
someone she's been very kind to: someone she's taken care of in sickness.

DOROTHY. I had the measles once ... and she stayed right by me every minute.

PROFESSOR. Uh-huh.

DOROTHY. But that was when I was very small. She doesn't care about me at all now.
And I don't care about her.

PROFESSOR. Oh well that's ... that's not what the crystal says.

DOROTHY. They were going to kill Toto and she did nothing to stop them.

PROFESSOR. I don't see any of that in the crystal. All I see is a woman
who does the best she can and misses you something terrible.

DOROTHY. What's she doing now?

PROFESSOR. Yes, she's ... what's this? Why, she's ... she's putting her hand on her heart!
She's.... she's dropping down on the bed!

DOROTHY. Oh, you ... you don't suppose she could really be sick, do you?
(DOROTHY *stands*) Oh! Oh, I've got to go home right away!

The stage begins to darken. The sound of the wind rises.
PROFESSOR MARVEL *removes his turban.*

PROFESSOR. But, what's this? I thought you were going along with me!

DOROTHY. Oh no! No, I have to get to her right away. Come on, Toto! Come on,
come on! (*Snatches up her basket*) Goodbye, Professor Marvel, and thanks a lot!

PROFESSOR. Goodbye! Safe Journey! (*Looks about and then turns up his jacket lapels shivering*)
Better get the horse under cover. There's a storm blowin' ... a whopper.
(*Stamps out the remains of his little fire and then looks up after the departing DOROTHY*)
Poor little kid. I hope she gets home all right.