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Act One — Scene 4

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.