

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.