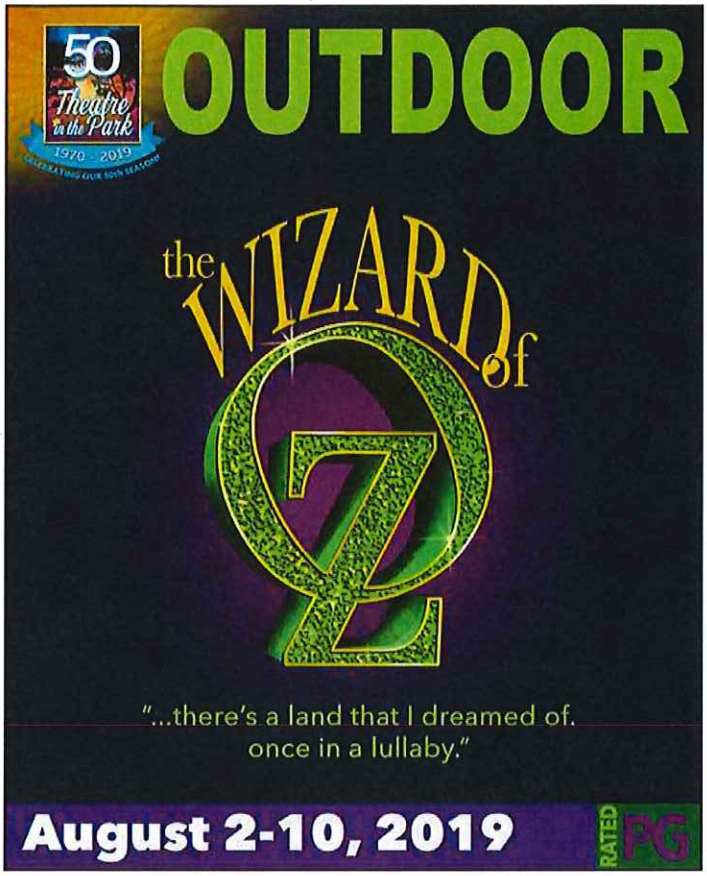

Callback Sides

Professor

Please print a copy of the callback sides and bring it with you to callbacks

START

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.

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. 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.

No. 8 The Cyclone

(Orchestra)

See p. 102

The stage starts to revolve.