Encore Theatre Company 661783 06/19/2027

AUNT EM. There's the close feelin' in the air, all right.

UNCLE HENRY. I don't like it at-all, Emma.

AUNT EM. (*Looking off anxiously*) Drat that girl! (*Calls again*)
Doooooor'theeeeeeeeeeee.....

UNCLE HENRY *moves center and beckons the* FARMHAND.

UNCLE HENRY. Here you Joe...

FARMHAND. Me?

UNCLE HENRY. Hike down the road a piece an' see what's holdin' Dor'thy.

FARMHAND. (*Moves stage left*) Sure thing, Mister Gale.

UNCLE HENRY. An' move! I think we're gonna git a twister.

FARMHAND. A twister, Mister Gale?!!!!

UNCLE HENRY. Yup.

FARMHAND. (*Gawking at the sky*) Well, wha' do you know!

UNCLE HENRY. Well, don't stand there, Joe. Git!

FARMHAND. Yes sir, Mister Gale!

FARMHAND *starts slowly towards stage left when* AUNT EM *stops him.*

AUNT EM. (*Moves stage left*) Hold it a minute, you Joe ...
think I see 'er ... (*Calls and waves*) Dor'theee.....!

DOROTHY. (*From offstage left*) Hello, Aunt Em...

AUNT EM. That's her ... the critter! (*Calls again*) Come on, cold molasses!

UNCLE HENRY. Joe, I think we better see 'bout the stock.
I don't like that sky. Let's git.

FARMHAND. I'm gittin', Mister Gale.

FARMHAND *slowly goes out after* UNCLE HENRY *in the direction of the barns.* AUNT EM *stands waiting on the porch. After a few moments,* DOROTHY *enters carrying schoolbooks and a bunch of prairie wildflowers.*

DOROTHY. 'Lo, Aunt Em.

AUNT EM. Where you been, Miss?

DOROTHY. No place ... I came right home from school.

AUNT EM. How'd you come? Way o' Topeka?

Encore Theatre Company 661783 06/19/2027

DOROTHY. I came right home, Aunt Em. Honest!

AUNT EM. (*Eyeing the wildflowers*) Them flowers jus' grew in your hand, I s'pose?

DOROTHY. They're for Uncle Henry. Tomorrow's his birthday.
Aren't they pretty? Smell…

DOROTHY *holds out the flowers to* AUNT EM.

AUNT EM. (*Snorting*) Here we been worried half to death
where you was an' you're pickin' flowers…!

DOROTHY. But it on'y took a jiffy to get these, Aunt Em.

AUNT EM. Ummmmm… (*Looking* DOROTHY *over skeptically*)
What else'd you do?

DOROTHY. Nothin'…

AUNT EM. Nothin'?

DOROTHY. Well, except maybe look in the crick for a jiffy.

AUNT EM. In wadin' were you, Miss?

DOROTHY. No. I jus' like to sit on the bank an' look inside.

AUNT EM. Inside o' what?

DOROTHY. The crick.

AUNT EM. A crick ain't got insides … it's on'y got a bottom.
An' there ain't nothin' to see—on'y stones an' fish swimmin' around.

DOROTHY. Is that all you see in a crick, Aunt Em?

AUNT EM. It's all any Christian can see, Dor'thy…

DOROTHY. Didn't you ever look quick at a fish an' think first off
it was a mermaid maybe?

AUNT EM. Dor'thy!

DOROTHY. I have, lots o' times.

AUNT EM. That ain't right, Dor'thy.

DOROTHY. Why?

AUNT EM. If the good Lord had wanted us to see mermaids
swimmin' through our cow pasture, he'd o' put 'em there Himself…!

Encore Theatre Company 661783 06/19/2027

DOROTHY. (*Moves downstage right*) But didn't you ever pretend things, Aunt Em?
Like maybe a cloud wasn't a cloud but a big palace or somethin' …
Why, jus' thios afternoon when I was lyin' in the field wathcin' the sky, I—

AUNT EM. Right home from school, eh?

DOROTHY. But it's so nice out, Aunt Em.

AUNT EM. Nice? Your Uncle Henry's worried
half to death there's goin' t'be a twister.

DOROTHY. But Uncle Henry's always worried about somethin'.
Yesterday it was the mortgage an' the day before that it was inflation.

AUNT EM. Well, when you grow up, you'll worry, too.

DOROTHY. About inflation?

AUNT EM. I wouldn't doubt it one bit.

DOROTHY. Not me, Aunt Em.
When I get big I'm jus' not goin' to worry about anything.

AUNT EM. That's a good trick. On'y how you goin' t'do it?

DOROTHY. I'll go someplace where people don't believe in worryin'.

AUNT EM. An' where's that at?

DOROTHY. I don't know exactly … (*Sighs*) But someday I'll find it.

AUNT EM *smiles and pats* DOROTHY *on the head.*

AUNT EM. Well, I hope you do, child. (*Takes the flowers from* DOROTHY)
I'll put these in water for your Uncle Henry. (*Stops and turns in the doorway*)
But remember, Miss, no goin' 'way, case that twister comes.

DOROTHY. I won't. (FARMHAND *enters*) 'Lo, you Joe.

FARMHAND. 'Lo…

DOROTHY. Joe, what do you figure's over the rainbow?

FARMHAND. Huh?

DOROTHY. The rainbow … it must go someplace … someplace wonderful!

FARMHAND. I never give it much thought, Dor'thy.

FARMHAND *goes out.* DOROTHY *sighs again. Music in.*