

## DOROTHY'S TRAVELS

Act 2, Scene One

**[MARGE PROPP's office. A religious atmosphere. MARGE is the High Priestess, surrounded by acolytes.]**

Dear Marge

WRITER 1: Dear Marge  
By and large  
I'd say my life was messed  
And I'm feeling depressed.  
Dear Marge  
You're in charge  
Tell me what's for the best  
'Cause I'm really distressed  
I feel so blue  
Heart broke in two  
My mind is churning  
So I'm turning to you  
Dear Margie  
Tell me what to do.

MARGE: Dear Worried  
Don't be hurried  
You know that time will heal  
No matter what you feel;  
Dear Worried  
Don't be flurried  
Men may have sex appeal  
But their hearts are of steel  
He's not worth a dime  
You're still in your prime  
You may not be a saint  
But then that ain't a crime;  
Dear Worried  
Happens all the time.

ACOLYTES: Marge is the oracle  
Who can compare?  
The question's rhetorical  
No one has her flair;  
For giving it to you  
Straight from the shoulder  
When you need advice  
From someone who's older  
Margie is always there.

**[DOROTHY and friends are seen at the doorway trying to get in.]**

PORTER: You can't come in.

DOROTHY: But we've come to see Marge Propps.

PORTER: Ms. Propps doesn't see visitors unless they've got an appointment.

DOROTHY: Can we get an appointment?

PORTER: No.

DOROTHY: Why not?

PORTER: Because you can't have an appointment unless you ask Ms Propps.

CLOSET: But we've come ever so far just to see her.

PORTER: I can't help that.

BUTCH: And we've got an awful long way to go back.

PORTER: You should have thought of that before you started, shouldn't you?

DIZZY: Dorothy here was at Ms Propp's old school.

PORTER: In that case she'll never see you. She hates that place. Some old headmistress made her life hell.

TOTO: Miss East? But that's the point. Dorothy's killed her.

DOROTHY: I didn't.

TOTO: Well, made her die, anyway.

DOROTHY: And I'm a friend of good Miss South. I've got her hockey whistle right here.

**[SHE shows it to the PORTER.]**

PORTER: Miss East dead? That's altogether a different kettle of fish. Can I borrow that whistle for a moment? Hang on there. I'll see what I can do.

**[PORTER exits, has a word with Marge during the next song section.]**

WRITER 2: Marge dear  
Please don't sneer  
I'm filled with doubt, you see  
So what can the matter be?  
Marge dear  
I'm sincere  
Please say what's wrong with me  
Won't you listen to my plea?  
I feel insecure  
I'm so immature  
Is it hopeless yet,  
Or can I get a cure?  
Dear Margie,

Won't you reassure?

**(Simultaneously)**

MARGE: Dear fearful  
Don't be tearful  
Your spots will disappear  
If you don't interfere  
Dear fearful  
Stay cheerful  
Complexions usually clear  
Within a year  
Of course you've allure  
Don't be so demure  
One day you'll grow your breasts  
On that please rest secure  
Dear Fearful  
Youth you must endure.

ACOLYTES: Marge is the pinnacle  
On this we swear  
She's never cynical  
You know that she'll care  
When your life is full of catharsis  
She sees the world  
Through rose-coloured glasses  
Margie is always there.

**[The PORTER re-enters and speaks to DOROTHY and company.]**

PORTER: She says you can come in, but she's very busy. She won't be able to see you for very long.

DOROTHY: Oh, thank you, thank you!

PORTER: Wait. You must put these on before you go in.

**[HE hands them each a pair of glasses.]**

DIZZY: What are these for?

PORTER: No-one is allowed into Ms Propps' presence without rose-tinted spectacles.

BUTCH: Why not?

PORTER: They make life look so much cosier, don't you think?

CLOSET: You're right. It's beautiful. I never knew the world was so pretty. Try them.

**[THEY all put the glasses on. Exclamations of approval.]**

PORTER: What did I tell you? Now, if you care to follow me, I'll usher you into The Presence.

**[HE leads them into MARGE's sanctum.]**

WRITERS: Dear Marge  
I've got it bad  
Hear my sad song  
Please read my letter  
Remember, I'm opening up my heart  
So won't you start  
To make it better.

Margie  
Margie  
Margie.

MARGE: Dorothy! Angel! I can't thank you enough. Come here, hibou. Let me kiss you.

DIZZY: Ooooh, she's outrageous.

MARGE: You have rid my life of a great misery. Oh, let me embrace you again, choux-fleur.

DIZZY: She's camper than a row of pink chiffon tents.

DOROTHY: Well, Miss Propps, we came to you because you're so kind and helpful in your column -

MARGE: Isn't she a little dear?

DOROTHY: And we though, you see, since you know everything -

MARGE: Perceptive child -

DOROTHY: We thought you'd be able to help us as well.

MARGE: Of course I can. I can help anybody. **[To DIZZY]** Even you.

DOROTHY: You see, we're all running away to find something, and we want you to give it to us.

BUTCH: I want a heart so I can care for someone again.

CLOSET: And I want courage so I'm not scared of people and I can be proud of being gay.

DIZZY: And I want a brain because, darling, I am the **dizziest**.

MARGE: **[To TOTO]** And what do you want?

TOTO: I'm with her.

MARGE: Dorothy?

DOROTHY: I don't know. I just don't seem to belong anywhere. I want - I think I want - somewhere to call my own. I just want to be happy, like anyone else. Can you help us, Miss Propps? Please?

MARGE: Of course I can. I, Marge Propps, can do anything. But there is one condition. Miss East had a sister...

DOROTHY: We know. MRS. WESTHOUSE.

MARGE: Well, MRS. WESTHOUSE is planning a clamp-down on every gay organization in the country. The two sisters were compiling a dossier on so-called indecent gatherings. This must not happen. Every day I get hundreds of letters from poor, lonely little gay teenagers who think that they are the only one in the world who feels as they do. If Mrs. Westhouse has her way, where shall I send them all? And besides, who will be left to run my Fan Club. Find MRS. WESTHOUSE and silence her. Then I shall grant all that you ask.

BUTCH: But -

MARGE: But me no buts! Marge has spoken.