VERNON
(Ignoring Geoffrey and speaking to the audience)
Please bear with me Ladies and Gentlemen, I will explain:

Jeffery, here…

GEOFFREY
Geoffrey.

VERNON (continued)
….was correct about one thing-
The Illusionarium is so much more than just a well-appointed room…
it is a magic portal - a conduit to an astrophysical realm where all the great Masters of Magic from the past and present still gather to share their achievements and advancement of the magical arts.

GEOFFREY:
Seriously? – that family stuff is true?!

VERNON
I built this magnificent place to ensure that magic would survive forever…
For over a hundred years, gathering within this very sphere…there have been great conjurers, card men, shamans, snake charmers…magicians from all over the world. Many still make the pilgrimage to this sanctuary with the hope of being invited into this very room.

Many come but precious few are admitted.

My esteemed guests, before you can be returned to the Port of Reality I must convene a meeting of the Masters of Magic.

GEOFFREY
Wait, What?… There really are Grand Masters of Magic?

VERNON (still ignoring Geoffrey)
Therefor Tonight, I welcome you to witness a special once-in-a-lifetime opportunity… a rare and sacred meeting of the Grand Masters

GEOFFREY
(to VERNON) This is so amazing!  I’m so happy I didn’t begin the bidding yet—

VERNON
Really? There may be hope for you yet!
GEOFFREY (to audience)
Ladies and Gentlemen… Reach deep in your pockets! The opening bids just blew through the roof!

VERNON
I retract my last statement
VERNON (re: Antonio “doll”)

Years before my physical death, I began traveling the world seeking a cure for my rare and degenerating condition. I visited the mystical Witch Doctors of Africa, the spiritual monks of the Tibetan mountains even dabbling in the dark art of voodoo. During my travels I discovered it was possible to transfer my mind and spirit into another form – one that would never succumb to disease.

So I built Antonio and spent years working to project my mind and essences into this inanimate object, hoping to perfect a technique that would allow me to live outside of my degenerating physical form indefinitely.

GEOFFREY
Why would you want to do that?

VERNON
Some one had to protect all this from people like you.
PROFESSOR VERNON SIDE #3

VERNON
The last time I saw that done, I was right here in this room, many, many, years ago. It
was a command performance by Alexander himself - for Abraham Lincoln! Abraham
loved it – Mary, not so much…. Wonderful Geoffrey, simply wonderful.

GEOFFREY
Thank you sir….
Where are all the Grand Masters?

VERNON
The Astral Goddess has returned them to their own time and place.

GEOFFREY
wait… so, who’s going to run this place?

-VERNON returns the MAGIC WAND to GEOFFREY – Now in GEOFFREY’S hand the
WAND GLOWS like it did for the CHILD

VERNON
I never really doubted you. After all you are a Royce, Geoffrey Royce, you just needed a
gentle push to rediscover it.

GODDESS
Professor your port of reality is about to shift

GEOFFREY
That sounds bad....

VERNON
Time is running out, once open, the portal only remains stable for a short while. It’s time
you get these good people back to the port of reality. Be sure upon your return, to
seal the dome, protect and keep all of the collected magic safe inside the Illusionarium.

GEOFFREY
Aren’t you coming with us?

VERNON
Now that we’ve a proper curator to be the guardian of all that magic, it is time for me to
move on.
Besides, back there I’m 143 years old, physically dead, and rather boring at a dinner
party.

ASTRAL GODDESS
Professor, linear time is about to collapse here, if you wish to remain you must clear the
portal.
GEOFFREY
But, wait... I don't know what I'm supposed to do...

VERNON
No need - the Illusionarium always returns to the port of reality it departed from, ...well almost always.