

EMERALD CITY

Episode 101

"The Beast Forever"

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AND

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ACT ONE

EXT. A FIELD OF GRASS - NIGHT - RAINING - 20 YEARS AGO

Rain as black as sea glass beats hard on a tall grass field. A WOMAN'S CRIES grow louder through the roar of the storm.

A SHAPE bursts from the grass, coming at us in a fast stagger. It's the CRYING WOMAN (early 20s), her dirty blond hair pasted to her face by rain and blood. She sobs, limping badly.

CUT TO:

EXT. A RURAL ROAD - NIGHT - RAINING - 20 YEARS AGO

Same storm. A WHITE VAN cruises down the road, its headlights cutting through the rain. As it passes, we see the injured woman HUDDLED IN A DITCH BY THE ROAD.

She's curled up around A BACKPACK. She opens the top, shielding the contents from the rain. WE SEE INSIDE: A BABY, JUST DAYS OLD.

THE WOMAN closes the backpack, slings it onto her back, and limps off down the road as fast as she can...

CUT TO:

EXT. A FARM HOUSE - NIGHT - RAINING - 20 YEARS AGO

OUR WOMAN stands outside a family farm house, blood and mud and rain give her an almost feral, tribal look.

A LIGHT GOES ON inside the farm house. After a few moments, THE FRONT DOOR OPENS. A MAN AND WOMAN silhouetted from the inside.

The woman limps towards the door-light, pulling the backpack off as she does...

EXT./INT. A BEAT-UP PICK-UP TRUCK - MORNING - PRESENT DAY

The morning sun shines bright and clear over a used pick-up truck. Wheat growing in every direction. There are no signs of a storm.

DOROTHY GALE, 20, dark hair, restless eyes, sits in the truck across from a small farmhouse.

Her window's open, her arm dangling outside as she rolls her wrist and fingers in a slow, swimming motion. An unthinking habit, a nervousness. Her hand feels for the hot heavy air like a fish moving upstream.

She's waiting for something. Maybe for herself. To move.

ACROSS THE STREET AT THE SMALL HOUSE

The front door opens and A WOMAN steps outside. It's the woman from the storm, twenty years older, in her early forties now. Dorothy shifts in her seat, nervous. Is she going to get out of the car?

No.

Dorothy watches as the woman gets into her car and pulls down the driveway, leaving Dorothy behind...

Frustrated with herself, Dorothy starts up and pulls away.

EXT. LUCAS REST AND REHAB CENTER - ESTABLISHING

Dorothy's truck pulls in.

INT. LUCAS REST AND REHAB CENTER - MORNING

Dorothy enters, wearing a nurse's aide uniform. She sees a very HANDSOME DOCTOR, 30, at the nurses station going over some forms. Dorothy edges up next to him, close. They have a thing. She glances at the form.

DOROTHY

I wouldn't give Mr. Richards
Methotrexate. Unless you want to
cure his arthritis by killing him.
(showing him on the form:)
Allergies.

DOCTOR

And what should I give him?

DOROTHY

Arava, Enbrel, why are you looking
at me like that?

DOCTOR

(flirtatious)
Because I don't want to talk about
Mr. Richards anymore.

Dorothy likes him. A lot. But the Doctor is a cad. Against her better judgement:

DOROTHY
Are you coming tonight or what?

DOCTOR
How about you just come over after?

DOROTHY
That's the problem. I always come over *after*. But there's never any *before*.

A NURSE, NAN, approaches. A hustle in her step.

NAN
Dorothy. Hey. Can you--?

DOROTHY
I just need a minute--

NAN
It's Mrs. Clifford.

That means something to Dorothy.

INT. MRS. CLIFFORD'S ROOM - DAY

Dorothy and Nan run inside to see an elderly woman (MRS. CLIFFORD) struggling with a young blond woman (LISA). There's BLOOD all over Lisa and Mrs. Clifford.

DOROTHY
Mrs. Clifford!

The old woman stops struggling when she sees Dorothy.

MRS. CLIFFORD
Oh. Hello, dear.

Lisa collapses back onto the bed. We see she's holding RED NAIL POLISH. It's not blood covering the two.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. CLIFFORD'S ROOM - LATER

Dorothy paints Mrs. Clifford's nails with clear polish.

DOROTHY

You should be nicer to Lisa. She's just following the rules.

MRS. CLIFFORD

She's a balloon-head.

(indicating a paper cup)

She tried to give me my pain pills twice.

Dorothy shakes her head.

MRS. CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

(re her nails)

Just once I want the red.

DOROTHY

We need to see the color under your nails. It can show us things about your health. Blue, for example, can indicate a circulation problem. If you have lined bands...maybe a protein deficiency.

MRS. CLIFFORD

That's witch-doctory.

DOROTHY

Well, fortunately for you, I'm neither.

Dorothy holds up Mrs. Clifford's middle finger. Dorothy's painted it red. Mrs. Clifford *loves that*.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

Blow.

Dorothy heads out, swiping Mrs. Clifford's extra pain meds as she goes...

EXT. GALE FARM - EVENING

Dorothy walks towards the Gale farm. The sky as clear and still as glass.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: FIRE FLICKERING SLOW. SMOKE. HAZE...

EM (OS)

Dorothy?

RACK FOCUS to

DOROTHY'S FACE, LIT BY: A BIRTHDAY CANDLE. WE'RE IN:

INT. GALE FARM KITCHEN - NIGHT

Where HENRY (50s) and his wife EM (50s) sit with Dorothy in front of her birthday cake.

HENRY
Make a wish, honey.

Dorothy knows exactly what she wants. She shuts her eyes tight like a fist. Makes the wish. Then:

Blows out the candle.

INT. GALE FARM, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dorothy helps Em with the dishes. Dorothy checks for Henry-- coast is clear--puts MS. CLIFFORD'S PILLS on the counter.

DOROTHY
There's a mix of 50s and 100s in there. The 50s are yellow. But be careful not to mix them up.

Em darkens.

EM
I told you to stop doing this.

DOROTHY
And I told you to stop lifting with your back and go to the doctor.

EM
I'm fine.

DOROTHY
You're five miles from fine.

Dorothy smiles a concerned smile and leaves. Em knows she's right.

INT. GALE FARM - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Dorothy sits at the most fucked-up upright piano you've ever seen. Secondhand when it was brand new, covered in a rainbow of melted candle wax and nail polish graffiti. It's the Piano with the Dragon Tattoo.

*Still, there's something well-used and well-loved about it.
Like your first car that you drove through high school...*

Dorothy's melting birthday candle wax onto the wood with one hand while softly playing a tune with the other. Em arrives, listens.

EM

(re a particular red drip)
I think that was the first one you ever did. You were ten.

DOROTHY

Thought Henry'd throw a clot.

EM

He just about did.

DOROTHY

(re piano)
This will always be my favorite birthday present.

Dorothy plays well. But is clearly distracted. Antsy.

EM

You went to see her today.

Dorothy shifts. Blows out the burning candle.

EM (CONT'D)

It's all right. I wouldn't have told you her name if I didn't want you to know her.

DOROTHY

Well, I don't. Know her.

EM

Hard to from your truck.

Em knows Dorothy so well.

DOROTHY

Yeah, well, nothing gets better in my truck but nothing gets worse.

EM

Neutral isn't first gear, sweetie. It's more like the parking brake.

DOROTHY

What if she's nothing like I imagined?

(MORE)

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
(then, the crux of it)
What if I'm not...what *she*
imagined?

EM
Only one way to find out.

Dorothy looks at Aunt Em.

DOROTHY
You wanna know what I wished for?
(beat)
I wished I was more.
(beat)
Nothing fancy. Nothing even to brag
about. I always just imagined when
I met her...I'd be...more.

Em smiles. If only Dorothy could see herself the way Em sees her.

SUDDENLY A CRACK OF LIGHTNING

EXT. GALE FARM - EVENING

And we find ourselves IN FRONT OF THE GALE FARM HOUSE as Dorothy looks up at the sky.

A MASSIVE STORM coming out of nowhere. In the distance we can hear TORNADO SIRENS.

Dorothy looks at her truck. *Who is she going to see?*

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - HORRIBLE STORM

Dorothy can barely see as she drives. She almost collides with A WHITE VAN as it slews past her in the opposite direction. She's driving straight down tornado alley...

EXT. DOROTHY'S BIRTH MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - STORM

Dorothy pulls up in front of the house. The car's there. She gathers nerve, her bag, and a hood for the rain.

She exits the car, walks to the front door. Sees something odd: the front door is open.

DOROTHY
Hello?

She pushes inside.

INT. DOROTHY'S BIRTH MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - STORM

The house is TRASHED. Everywhere Dorothy looks, VIDEO SCREENS with SATELLITE WEATHER DISPLAYS fill the room with a sickly blue-green.

CRACK/BOOM. Lighting and thunder outside. THE GROANING OF AN ONCOMING TWISTER. Tons of makeshift technical equipment. Steampunk. As if cobbled together from another era.

Dorothy doesn't know what to do.

DOROTHY
(calls)
Karen? Karen Chapman?

A NOISE IN THE BEDROOM

Dorothy moves towards the bedroom.

INT. KAREN CHAPMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - STORM

THE WOMAN FROM EARLIER (KAREN CHAPMAN) crawls on the floor, A HUGE BLOODY GASH in her stomach. A DEAD MAN IN THE CORNER. Dorothy drops down on the floor next to her. The woman is terrified, half-conscious...

Dorothy is immediately overcome with emotion. This is *her mother* and someone just tried to *kill her*.

DOROTHY
Karen--

The woman pulls her close, spooked, in trauma--

KAREN CHAPMAN
...Dorothy. *My Dorothy.*

This stops Dorothy for a second, throws her. She recomposes--

DOROTHY
Towels for this--

KAREN CHAPMAN
No--

DOROTHY
I'll pack the wound. Hold pressure.
Call an ambulance. If they can't
get out here I'll drive you--

KAREN CHAPMAN
No. Nobody--

DOROTHY

You need help--

HEADLIGHTS reach inside the house. A CAR'S pulled up. Karen clocks the lights. She freaks--

KAREN CHAPMAN

No. No.

Dorothy pokes her head up. Sees a K-9 PATROL CAR parked in the driveway, blocking Karen's car in.

DOROTHY

It's police. It's good. Did you call--

KAREN CHAPMAN

No. Police.

DOROTHY

It's okay--they're here--

KAREN CHAPMAN

NO! *Not. Good. Police. Not good.*
Go. Run!

Karen looks terrified--

DOROTHY

Mom.

KAREN CHAPMAN

Dorothy.
(then)
Bring them back!

DOROTHY

Mom? Bring who--

KAREN CHAPMAN

Go! Now!

CUT TO:

EXT. KAREN CHAPMAN'S HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT - STORM

As Dorothy runs out the door to the worst storm she's ever faced. It blows her back against the door. She's frantic, doesn't know whether she's done the right thing. Runs around the side of the house just as

THE POLICE OFFICER ENTERS THE HOUSE, GUN DRAWN. OH SHIT.

BUT A HUGE ROARING NOISE pulls Dorothy's attention to the street: A MASSIVE BLACK TORNADO touches down across the way, its dark funnel ABSOLUTELY EATS HER TRUCK AND SPITS IT BACK OUT IN PIECES.

The tornado bears down on her. Dorothy runs to the closest thing she sees:

THE K-9 PATROL CAR. A DOG inside barking madly. Dorothy jumps inside.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Suddenly it's quiet; THE ROAR MUTED. She almost forgets to move. But the dog bark BRINGS HER BACK TO HERSELF. She turns the key, pain on her face as she considers leaving her mother inside. SHE LOOKS UP AND SEES IN THE DOORWAY:

THE POLICE OFFICER. They lock eyes.

POLICE OFFICER
Jurchot! Chat fros Jurchot!

Dorothy doesn't understand what the hell he's saying. *What language is that?* But she does understand when:

He levels his gun at her, running across the lawn at her.
BANG!

Dorothy ducks as she reverses onto the street, trying to outrun the storm and the gunshots. She looks back just as

THE POLICE OFFICER'S RIPPED UP INTO THE SKY!

If Dorothy had time to throw up she would. As it is, she only has time to close her eyes as the BEAST OF A TWISTER SWALLOWS HER UP, YANKING HER INTO THE INKY BLACKNESS OF ITS EYE.

EXT. FOREST - LAND OF OZ - NIGHT - STORMING

THE HIGHWAY IS GONE.

The car bangs through the forest wildly. Dorothy tries to avoid the dark trees. She cranks the wheel when:

A WOMAN IN A FLOWING CLOAK STEPS IN FRONT OF THE CAR. It's too late--Dorothy can't slow down! The patrol car hits the WOMAN and flings her up into the air and onto the hood.

The body cracks the windshield, tumbles over the roof and onto the ground behind.

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THE CAR SMASHES INTO A TREE and Dorothy's flung forward into the dashboard. Head slumps. She's out.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

These images are very subjective, nightmarish, woozy.

INT. THE POLICE CRUISER - OZ FOREST - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: DOROTHY'S PALE FACE as a drop of blood falls from her hairline and lands on the steering wheel.

She's woozy, her head injury serious. She's awake but disoriented.

THE FUCKING DOG keeps barking. She looks at him, unable to speak but really really wishing he'd read her mind and shut the hell up.

JUMP CUT TO:

DOROTHY FALLING OUT OF THE COP CAR.

She's in dark woods, and all she hears is the dog. But then she looks back through the car and sees the CRACKED WINDSHIELD. Oh. Fuck. Now I remember...

JUMP CUT TO:

DOROTHY STAGGERING BACK BEHIND THE CAR.

She sees a shape. The woman. Dorothy lurches to the woman, falling to the ground on her knees next to the body. The woman is robed and almost barefoot: she wears a series of strangely inscribed ruby rings on her hands attached by thready silver chains that also wrap around her wrists.

DOROTHY

Oh no.

She pulls the woman's sleeve up, revealing EXOTIC TATTOOS up and down the woman's arm. Dorothy feels for a pulse, concentrating as best she can with her own injuries.

No pulse.

Dorothy's medical training kicks in as she begins performing MOUTH-TO-MOUTH and CPR on the woman, desperately trying to bring her back to life. Nothing works.

The woman's dead.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
No. No. NO. NO.

JUMP CUT TO:

DOROTHY USING HER CELL PHONE.

She fumbles to dial 911 but gets no signal. Nothing.

INT. THE POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Dorothy tries the cruiser's radio. Nothing. Still, the fucking dog barks.

She reaches for the glove compartment of the cruiser, opens it. Inside is a first aid kit and she pulls it out. Opens it.

Inside the first aid kit is A NINE MILLIMETER SIG SAUER but *no first aid equipment.*

EXT. THE POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT - JUMP CUT

Dorothy at the open trunk, rummaging for clean bandages. She finds the first aid materials in a garbage bag along with a flashlight, some road flares, etc.

And that fucking dog keeps barking.

EXT. AT THE DEAD BODY - NIGHT - JUMP CUT

Dorothy sits next to the body as she tries to dress her own head wound. THE DOG sits a few feet away now, watching. But not barking. She pulls her shirt up a few inches and reveals BLACKENING BRUISES from where she smashed the steering wheel.

QUICK CUT as she ENCIRCLES HER TORSO in bandages...

EXT. AT THE DEAD BODY - NIGHT - JUMP CUT

AS DOROTHY ENCIRCLES THE DEAD BODY WITH FOUR ROAD FLARES. Stands over the woman, tears in her eyes. Whispers:

DOROTHY
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

EXT. THE FOREST - NIGHT - JUMP CUT

The flare-glow of the woman's body in the deep background as Dorothy staggers away from the scene, her shoulder bag loaded down with supplies.

She waves a flashlight ahead of her X-Files style. Which is to say, it doesn't do a helluva lot of good in the pitch-dark forest. Also, she's got a companion: fucking dog.

EXT. THE FOREST - NIGHT - LATER

Dorothy trips and stumbles over a root, falling on her face. She moans, her head and ribs killing her. Wants to give up. Just lie there forever.

The dog gently nudges her cheek with his nose. Dorothy looks up to see the dog staring at her, concerned.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - HOURS LATER

How many hours later we have no idea. Dorothy` careens through the darkness. The flashlight flickers, dying fast.

She looks up to the sky through the trees. Either she's seeing double or THERE ARE TWO MOONS.

Then the sounds of A PERCUSSIVE RHYTHM. Not drums, but a more serious CLACKING, as if BONES were being struck together.

Beneath it but growing, A PRIMORDIAL CHANT.

I wish I could say it reassured her, that others were close...but...nope.

She walks forward through the trees and finds herself standing in front of **AN ENORMOUS SKULL OF AN ANCIENT BEAST.**

THE BEAST'S SKULL faces Dorothy, jaws stretched open as if to engulf her. The mouth is fifteen feet high and ten feet wide. The way trees are grown up around it, the skull serves as an entrance of sorts, assuming you're willing to step through the jaw, mind the enormous teeth, and *walk*.

Dorothy's willing.

She and the dog step through the skull. The chanting's louder... Clearly this is the entrance to a village of sorts, as she can see various primitive structures in the distance.

There are EYES everywhere. *Watching her*. When she stares back the LITTLE PEOPLE disappear behind trees or bones.

THE BONES OF A PREHISTORIC MONSTER are buried halfway into the ground, as if the creature died and the earth rose up to claim it.

EXT. DRAGON CATHEDRAL - MUNJA'KIN VILLAGE - NIGHT

The LITTLE PEOPLE Dorothy saw earlier are now revealed to be CHILDREN (you didn't expect Munchkins, did you?). Who smile at Dorothy and lead her closer to...*the adults*.

TRIBAL PEOPLE--LARGE, MUSCLED, TATTOOED, SCARRED, SCARY. The **MUNJA'KIN TRIBESMEN**.

They are the source of the singing and the percussive clacking we heard before. The tribesman each have STICKS which they strike against the bones of the cathedral as they chant their tribal chant.

It's beautiful and terrible the way most things that are truly either of those things really are and Dorothy doesn't know if she should run towards it or away from it but

The fucking dog BARKS.

Whatever ceremony she's interrupted is...interrupted. The villagers all turn and look at her, this strange pale and bloody girl in her strange clothes.

ON DOROTHY

DOROTHY
(under her breath)
Bad. Dog.

A number of Munja'kin approach her. The lead villager (SPEE) speaks to her in a foreign language.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
I don't understand you--I need help-

Spee cuts her off, barking at her in Munja'kin. He yells back to the tribesmen as he begins gesturing angrily at her, grabbing at her arm.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Let go of me--

But that's not gonna happen. ANOTHER VILLAGER STEPS UP. OJO. CALM. BUT SCARY. Spee speaks to him; Ojo nods. *To Dorothy:*

OJO
These are the Tribal Free Lands.
You are in trespass.

As they pull Dorothy towards a nearby building...

INT. THE HOUSE OF MOURNING - JUMP CUT

An intimate space lit with candles: the door opens and Dorothy's brought in by Ojo and others. WE REVEAL:

THE DEAD WOMAN LAID OUT ON A WOODEN TABLE. There is a shroud-like cloth over her body.

DOROTHY
You found her.

OJO
You know this woman?

DOROTHY
There was *an accident*. She stepped
in front of me. *I tried to help*.

Spee says something to Ojo again.

OJO
But you admit that it was you.

She hesitates a moment, not sure what she's getting into...

DOROTHY
(pained)
Yes.

OJO
You killed her. This woman.

DOROTHY
Yes.

Ojo looks back to Spee and says something in their language. Spee looks at Dorothy, pronounces one word very slowly:

SPEE
Seemoa.

DOROTHY
Seemoa?

OJO
Witch.

Off Dorothy...

INT. THE HOUSE OF QUESTIONING - LATER

A SHACK-LIKE STRUCTURE made of LARGE BONES from another terrifyingly large creature.

Dorothy is being *strapped* with lengths of raw leather to a rib-cage-like contraption also made of bone. The Munja'kin doing the strapping do it with no anger or rancor. They're businesslike in the way that the guy who attaches jumper cables to your nipples is businesslike.

Ojo stands by, impassive as Dorothy freaks out.

DOROTHY

Whatever you're going to do I swear
you don't have to do--

OJO

But we do.

In front of her on the ground: A CASKET FILLED WITH WATER...

OJO (CONT'D)

You killed a witch. The Mistress of
the Eastern Wood, the Most Merciful
and Stern.

DOROTHY

It was an accident!

OJO

But only a witch can kill a witch.
(re the casket)
We will find out what kind of witch
you are.

DOROTHY

*I'm not a witch! Who are **you?** Where
am I?*

OJO

My name is Ojo of the Tribal Free
Lands. You are trespass.

SPEE nods to the two men on either side of the bone cage. They pull it forward and it tips on an axis like a standing teeter totter--lowering her into the water-casket face first.

UNDER THE WATER

Dorothy struggles to breathe, her arms pinned to her sides by the bone cage. The contraption and the water create the feeling of being inside the skeleton of a creature. Trapped in its belly forever...She's going to die in here--

WHOOSH

She's yanked out of the water, back to a vertical position. She screams, gasps for breath. All of this desperate:

OJO (CONT'D)
Why are you here?

DOROTHY
There was a storm--

OJO
Where did you come from?

DOROTHY
I told you before. Kansas.

OJO
That's not true.

DOROTHY
Why would I lie?

THEY PUT HER UNDER AGAIN. She struggles, swallows too much water...WHOOSH...She's out again. Gasping. Puking up water.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Please. Please.

OJO
If you are from Oz, then you are a witch. If you are not from Oz, than you are something we don't know.

DOROTHY
And what? If you don't know what something is, you kill it?

OJO
That's usually the best idea, yes.

He flicks his eyes to the two guys running the bone-cage and they DUNK HER DEEP INTO THE CASKET'S DARKNESS...

INT. THE HOUSE OF MOURNING - LATER

Dorothy huddled in the corner of the room, wrapped in a blanket. Her eyes flicker open. Man. She is *fucked up*. She registers THE WITCH laying on the table a few feet from her.

SUDDENLY THE WITCH'S ARM DROPS DOWN OFF THE TABLE, SWINGING.

Dorothy pushes herself farther into the corner as a figure comes into view. OJO. He walks to the Witch and puts her arm back on the table. Tucks it under the shroud. He crouches down in front of Dorothy.

DOROTHY

Please. I just want to go home.
There was a storm. I went to
see...*my mother*...and she was...*she*
needs help...

Dorothy starts to cry.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

I don't know what happened. But I
know...I think I know...this isn't
my home. This isn't my life. Maybe
I'm already...

She cries harder. She can't say *dead*.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

Whatever it is. Wherever I am...I'm
not important. I'm not *anything*.

(beat)

Please don't put me back in the
water.

Ojo just watches her. Pitiless. Not angry. But not...moved.

OJO

Your toto was hungry. We fed it.

DOROTHY

Toto?

Ojo gestures to the dog, lying over there.

OJO

Toto is dog in our language.

She nods. Too fucked to thank him for feeding her not-pet.

DOROTHY

What're you gonna do to me?

OJO

You must answer for this.

DOROTHY

Answer to whom?

OJO

She has sisters. In the West. In
the North. And the Wizard of Oz.
You would most certainly answer to
the Wizard of Oz.

OFF DOROTHY'S CONCERNED LOOK:

EXT. EMERALD CITY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The capital city of Oz sprawls before us, alive with people,
with horses, with wagons. With soldiers carrying swords, with
carts carrying wares.

A hint of GREEN catches our eye. It's the river that runs
through the city. A river that sparkles with EMERALDS under
the surface.

At THE CENTER OF THE CITY stands A TWO HUNDRED FOOT HIGH
STONE GIANT. Brutalist, powerful, raw. Like it was carved
from a mountain in one piece. A ghoulish, unmoving sentinel.
It guards THE WIZARD'S CASTLE.

INT. THE WIZARD'S CASTLE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

A PRIESTESS (ISABEL, 20s), wearing deep blue robes struggles
up a long and twisty stone staircase...

INT. WIZARD'S CASTLE - ANOTHER HALLWAY - SAME

A more appointed hallway. Rich tapestries. Isabel approaches
LARGE DOUBLE DOORS. There's an ARMED GUARD outside the doors.

INT. WIZARD'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Isabel enters the Wizard's chambers revealing THE WIZARD,
(40s) seated at a very old and very beautiful Ozian piano. He
clocks Isabel. Continues to play. He's quite expert.

WIZARD

You have an expression, Isabel,
which suggests that when I stop
playing you're going to deliver me
horrible news.

She smiles thinly. He plinks one or two more notes, extending
the suspense a few more seconds. She waits. He finishes.
Turns from the instrument and faces her.

ISABEL

Something has happened in the East.

She walks past him and goes to his heavy drapes. Pulls them open to reveal an East-facing window. OUT THE WINDOW WE SEE: Part of the night sky **glows deep red**, as if gashed by a knife and bleeding.

The Wizard looks at the Priestess Isabel, his face chalk.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

It is the First True Sign.

(then)

Now the Beast Forever will rise.

Off the Wizard we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. THE MUNJA'KIN VILLAGE - DAY

We pan down from the morning sky, the **red scar** still visible.

INT. THE HOUSE OF QUESTIONING - MORNING

Dorothy sleeps on the floor. She wakes, we reveal that she's been sleeping curled up with Toto. She's surprised by this, too. She strokes his head. For the first time we see that she's grateful to have him around. Very grateful.

THE DOOR OPENS. It's OJO. Stonefaced.

EXT. THE DRAGON CATHEDRAL - MORNING

Dorothy stands at the front of the cathedral while the village sits on the rib cage benches of the great beast.

A VILLAGE ELDER speaks to Dorothy in Munja'kin. After every phrase the villagers SMACK their BONES on the RIBS. It's unnerving, threatening. And then it's over. Silence.

The ELDER turns his back on Dorothy. She turns to the main congregants and finds that they, too, have their backs to her. All except Ojo, who approaches.

DOROTHY
What's happening?

OJO
Many believe you should be killed;
and if killing proved impossible,
buried deep underground where you
would cause no more hurt.

Dorothy looks to the tribesmen, who refuse to look at her.

DOROTHY
Please. You can't--

OJO
The decision has been made.
(off her terror)
You're to be exiled from the Free
Lands, never to return.
(off her look)
Your death is the wish of many, but
if you're going to die in Oz, it
won't be by our hand.

He hands Dorothy her bag.

OJO (CONT'D)
I'm to take you to our border.

DOROTHY
And then what?

OJO
And then you step over it.

EXT. THE MUNJA'KIN FOREST - LATER

Dorothy, Toto and Ojo walk through the forest in the early morning haze. Dorothy rummages through her bag (NOTE THE GUN INSIDE) and comes up with some aspirin and dry swallows them. Ojo clocks her swallowing the pills.

DOROTHY
It's medicine. For my head.

OJO
You are a healer?

Dorothy thinks on that a beat. What is she?

DOROTHY
I dunno. Yes. Sort of, I guess. I like to help people. When they're not assholes.

He shrugs, impassive. Won't be goaded.

OJO
To see a soul is difficult.
(beat)
Especially yours.

EXT. MUNJA'KIN TERRITORY - DAY

AN ENORMOUS STONE GIANT like the one in Emerald City towers over the forest. It dominates a hill, looking down on all it surrounds. Dorothy and Ojo admire it.

DOROTHY
Holy--

OJO
Pa'agua Malwaka'an.
(off her look)
The Wizard's Eternal Warrior.

DOROTHY
The Wizard built this?

OJO
He didn't build it. He animated it
from a mountain.

DOROTHY
That's just a story.

OJO
No. That's what happened. He gave
it life. This one and four others.

DOROTHY
You mean...they move?

OJO
How else would they kill The Beast
Forever?

By now they have crested the hill. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE
HILL: AN ENORMOUS SKELETON OF A BEAST, HUNDREDS OF FEET LONG.
THE SHADOW OF THE GIANT REACHES DOWN ONTO THE BEAST.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. BELLY OF THE BEAST - DAY

Ojo and Dorothy walk through the bones of the beast.

DOROTHY
So...you have...dragons in Oz.

OJO
That is the word in your language.
But in Oz we say La'aal Sa'aa. It
means "The Beast Forever."

DOROTHY
That sounds worse than dragons.

OJO
For a thousand years Oz has been
cursed by the La'aal. They come
every generation, never taking the
same form twice.
(off her look)
It is worse than dragons.

Toto begins to BARK UNCONTROLLABLY at something in the
forest.

DOROTHY
Toto. Shhh. Quiet.

But Toto suddenly TAKES OFF, disappearing into the woods.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Toto! Bad dog!

OJO
Let it go--

OFF SCREEN: THE **HORRIBLE ROAR** OF AN ANIMAL. Not Toto.

Fearing the worst, Dorothy TAKES OFF TOWARD THE SOUND, Ojo follows, maneuvering between trees, fast, HANDHELD, FRENETIC until --

ROARRRR!!!

Dorothy and Ojo STOP IN THEIR TRACKS, seeing a LONG-TOOTHED, RAZOR CLAWED OZIAN CREATURE that looks like a lion that mated with a tiger that mated with a bear. A KALIDA.

It HOVERS OVER TOTO, ready to attack.

DOROTHY
Toto!

The sound draws the Kalida towards Dorothy and Ojo. It SWIPES. Ojo tackles Dorothy to the ground; he rolls to his feet, instinctively raises his SPEAR as Dorothy dives away--

The creature swipes again--Ojo swats it away, but the Kalida swings its other paw, makes contact, knocks Ojo TWENTY FEET into the forest.

DOROTHY scrambles for Ojo's spear, reaching for it as the beast stands on its hind legs, about to deliver its DEATH BLOW --

When TOTO leaps onto the Kalida's TAIL. And BITES DOWN. HARD.

The Kalida **WHIMPERS** and RUNS. RETREATS INTO THE FOREST.

Ojo comes running back to find

DOROTHY in complete and utter shock. Can barely breathe. Speak. Toto moves next to her.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
(between breaths)
...good...dog...

EXT. EMERALD CITY - MORNING

WE'RE WITH A FLYING MONKEY as it cruises over the city, silhouetted by the RED RIP IN THE SKY. We call them monkeys, but they're CLOCKWORK DRONES, small gear-powered surveillance craft. If Da Vinci made drones, they'd be monkeys.

It flies past THE STONE GIANT, reveals the WIZARD'S PALACE.

INT. THE WIZARD'S CASTLE - VARIOUS HALLS - MORNING

The Wizard walks with his right hand man, EAMONN. Eamonn's mid-forties, a quiet, intelligent, tough son of a bitch.

WIZARD

How are the men this morning?

EAMONN

Nervous as cats. They think it's starting.

WIZARD

Do you?

EAMONN

I dunno. But if I was a cat I'd always assume dogs were about.

Wizard nods, seems reasonable. They reach a set of DOORS INSCRIBED with the MOST HORRIBLE MONSTERS YOU CAN IMAGINE.

This is the entry to THE PRIESTESS SANCTUM.

Standing outside the Sanctum is Isabel, the priestess from last night. She's waiting outside with JAMUS, A BLACK-BEARDED SOLDIER from the Wizard's Guard.

WIZARD

Morning Jamus.

JAMUS

Sir.

WIZARD

Smile Jamus, we're all still here.

The guard smiles grimly. Clearly stressed. Isabel pushes the doors open, entering with Wizard and Eamonn.

AS HE ENTERS, the Wizard's demeanor changes totally. Much more serious, edgy.

INT. WIZARD'S CASTLE - PRIESTESS SANCTUM - MORNING

Part medieval NSA war-room, part Library of Alexandria, the Sanctum is populated by a half-dozen priestesses working seriously and quietly over ancient books, artworks, scrolls, etc.

There's also chalkboards covered in equations, arcane diagrams, and the occasional sketch of a frog or a basilisk.

WIZARD

Tell me about the sky. Is it really
the First True Sign?

ISABEL

First let me show you something *in
the sky.*

Isabel leads them to a small dark alcove where we find A FLYING MONKEY standing up on its tail. Up close we see what a wonderful piece of machinery the monkey is...

ISABEL (CONT'D)

This monkey was over the Tribal
Free Lands last night.

She snuffs all but one candle in the alcove. She turns a small handle on the side of the drone and LIGHT PROJECTS on the alcove wall. The monkey doubles as a CLOCKWORK PROJECTOR.

AN IMAGE PROJECTS ON THE WALL: *it's nighttime, the image dim and jittery. Shot from the monkey-drone. Suddenly the dark sky tears open, like a knife cutting through tissue paper.*

From the sky-tear appears A TINY SHAPE. It flashes through the rip and drops through the night...

The footage ends. It's like an old-timey three second film strip-Vine.

WIZARD

Again.

She fiddles with the monkey. Shows it again. He approaches the wall, looking closely at the shape.

WIZARD (CONT'D)

Again. Slow.

She cranks the footage slower, frame by frame. We can see the shape a little better now: IT'S A BLURRY SILHOUETTE. IS IT A CAR SHAPE? IT'S NOT CLEAR.

WIZARD (CONT'D)

What is it?

ISABEL

We don't know. Yet.

Wizard doesn't like not knowing.

WIZARD

Then tell me about the sky.

As an answer, Isabel walks them back into the main room. She locates a Priestess sitting with a large book open to a FULL COLOR PLATE detailing a red rip in the sky like ours.

ISABEL

We've found four in the records so far. This one is from the Age of Gray, the Year of Black Chains.

WIZARD

And in all your studies, your reading of the signs, how many of these rips preceded an attack from La'aal Sa'aa?

ISABEL

How many? All of them.

Off the Wizard... *his worst fears confirmed.*

CUT TO:

WIZARD AND EAMONN OUT IN THE HALLWAY.

WIZARD

Go East. Find out who or what fell from the sky. And see that it stays fallen.

EAMONN

If it's a portend wouldn't the Priestesses want to study it?

Wizard stops. Deadly serious.

WIZARD

If it's alive, kill it. If it's dead, bury it. Whatever it is, it does not come here. It does not come to Emerald City.

INT. THE FOREST OF THE ABJECT - AFTERNOON

Dorothy and Toto walk through the forest. Ojo walks further ahead. Coming in and out of sight through the trees. It's spooky as hell. Each tree looks vaguely like a person. Not a face, but the limbs. Some stretched out, some supplicating, some reaching for other trees. Some even holding hands.

DOROTHY

Ojo?

Dorothy sees Ojo some ways ahead, kneeling in front of a tree. He seems to be praying or talking to the tree. Holding a branch like holding its hand. She approaches.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

What is this place?

OJO

The Prison of the Abject. The most secure and horrible. For anyone who violates the Laws Against Magic.

Dorothy looks around--*these are people shapes...*The horror of it all coming clear. She's gobsmacked.

OJO (CONT'D)

After the Wizard defeated the La'aal and removed the King, he made a deal with the surviving Witches. If they joined with him they could keep their ways of life. But they would be the last of their kind.

(beat)

There would be no more magic in Oz.

DOROTHY

These are *people*? Who...*disobeyed*?

Ojo nods.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

(re Ojo's tree)

And this is...?

Ojo just shakes his head. Not for you to know, Dorothy.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

I am so sorry.

OJO

You should be.

He gets up and walks away from her.

OJO (CONT'D)

You killed the witch who put them here. And most likely the only one who could've freed them.

She's stunned, but after a second she's *pissed*.

DOROTHY

Hey. *Hey!*

(he stops, faces her)

I'm sorry, all right? I'm...as sorry as I can be! I've told you and I've told you...*It was an accident!*

(beat)

I've lost people, too. *All of them. Some of them...I had just found.*

Ojo holds no sympathy. He points through the forest.

OJO

There's a brick road on the other side of the trees. You can follow it to Emerald City. The Wizard is there. Try your apologies with him.

DOROTHY

Can the Wizard get me home? Because that's all I want. *I just want to go home.*

OJO

The Wizard can move mountains. He can get you home.

Dorothy hangs onto that like a life raft. Ojo hands her his waterskin.

DOROTHY

Thank you.

OJO

Don't thank me. I voted to have you killed.

He turns and walks back through the Forest of the Abject. Dorothy looks back at him. *He doesn't reciprocate.* She steps from the treeline and puts her foot upon THE BRICK ROAD. It's covered in YELLOW POLLEN. Poppy pollen.

ACT FOUR

EXT. FIELD - SUNSET

Dorothy scans around for a way to help. The Man's eyes plead. His head drops. He's close to finished. Dorothy sees something in the grass--A BROADSWORD. The post towers ten feet above her. No other way...She grabs the broadsword.

DOROTHY
This might hurt.

WHACK! She chops at the post. Then again. And again. And then...

CRACK!

The post breaks. She tries to catch the post but it's too heavy for her. The man and post hit the ground *hard*. The man is alive, breathing hard. Dorothy takes the sword and begins cutting the ropes.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

MAN ON POST
I can't feel my arms.

Dorothy begins rubbing his arms, trying to get circulation back. Remember, she's nurse-y.

DOROTHY
Try to sit up. Get your hands below your heart.

She pulls him to a sitting position.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
How long have you been up there?

He shakes his head, who knows?

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
What happened?

MAN ON POST
I don't know. I don't remember.

DOROTHY
Anything?
(he shakes his head)
How about your name?

MAN ON POST

(realizing)

No. I don't. I don't remember anything.

She feels around on his head, examining.

MAN ON POST (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

DOROTHY

It's okay...I'm...a healer.

The man looks around at the death and destruction.

MAN ON POST

Too late.

EXT. FIELD - LATER - NIGHT

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME sits at the cracked post. His wrists and legs have been expertly bandaged by Dorothy. She approaches with a belt and broadsword sheath.

DOROTHY

This is yours. It was at your feet.

He tries to attach the belt. His hands are too fucked up. He looks to her. She takes the belt and wraps it around his waist, her arms encircling him for a beat...a very intimate beat.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

It fits.

(re the sword)

Can you use it?

He lifts it up, but his hand is too weak to swing it.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

Give it some time.

She helps him put it in the sheath. Her hair smells good. She catches him looking at her. Dorothy's uncomfortable by the intimacy. And yet...

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME

(re Nimbo)

Are you from there?

DOROTHY

No. You neither's my guess.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME
How do you know?

DOROTHY
(re the others)
You don't...fit. Take it from me.
I'm an expert.
(beat)
It's getting dark. We need a place
to sleep.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME
Am I coming with you?

Again, there's that tension between them.

DOROTHY
I dunno. Are you?

His eyes brighten for the first time.

EXT. WIZARD'S CASTLE - COURTYARD - EVENING

THE WIZARD and his retinue of priestesses and soldiers
(including Isabel and bearded Jamus) cross the yard, heading
for the main exit on business. Before he exits he sees:

SIX MOUNTED SOLDIERS entering the courtyard by a side gate,
walking TWO OTHER HORSES which have DEAD SOLDIERS slung over
the saddles. Immediately he peels from his group and strides
over to them. He confronts RAST and TYWOOD, two lieutenant-
types who have dismounted. All the soldiers are beat to shit.

WIZARD
What the hell happened in Nimbo?

TYWOOD
Someone ambushed our patrol. Ball
of fire out of nowhere. Put a sword
through Bevin and Rochs--

WIZARD
So you killed them all. The whole
village. Put them all on posts.

The look in his eyes suggests the time for explaining is
past. The two men shut the fuck up.

WIZARD (CONT'D)
We *cannot* break the public trust.
We cannot have *citizens in the*
*streets...*doubting us.
(MORE)

WIZARD (CONT'D)
(glancing to the red sky)
Especially now.

The two men nod, motherfucking *chastened*. The Wizard and his entourage exit the courtyard.

INT. A TAVERN - DAY

The Wizard drinks an ale with the patrons.

WIZARD
The Beast Forever will come, that we cannot change.
(re the priestesses)
But we'll know what it is before it gets here. We'll know how to defeat it. Your last King failed. Your witches failed. But I did not fail.
(toasting with ale)
To the Eternal Warriors!

The bar cheers. *To the Eternal Warriors!*

EXT. AN ANCIENT TEMPLE - DAY

The Priestesses are featured prominently. The outside of the temple has a tile fresco depicting A MULTITUDE OF MONSTERS. The Wizard speaks to a gathered crowd of citizens.

WIZARD
If you see something strange, something you can't explain or something that scares you...tell a priestess. No one knows more about the Beast Forever. It's what they've been trained for--

A MAN IN CROWD
Can they tell us what happened in Nimbo?

The Wizard blinks once, off balance. But then returns:

WIZARD
We're working hard to get to the bottom of that.

He nods seriously to them. A serious man for serious times.

EXT. VILLAGE OF NIMBO - EVENING

Dorothy and The Man walk slowly through the deserted village. It's destroyed, partially burnt down. A ghost town.

INT. A TAVERN - NIMBO - EVENING

The place is abandoned.

DOROTHY

Hello?

(to the Man)

Is any of this familiar?

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME

No.

They scan the place. Nobody. But lots of food.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME (CONT'D)

(re: food)

But that sure looks good.

INT. TAVERN - NIMBO - LATER

Dorothy and The Man eat and drink. Dorothy cuts The Man's food like he's a child. Feeds him. It's sweet. Almost romantic. Almost. Toto's next to them, wolfing down part of a roast chicken.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME

Can you--some cloth--if you don't...

Dorothy wipes his mouth. The Man is both ashamed and grateful.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME (CONT'D)

I wish I could say I'm not usually this useless. But maybe I am.

DOROTHY

You don't look useless.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME

How do I look?

(then)

I actually...don't know. What I look like.

Dorothy feels for him.

DOROTHY

You have brown hair. A beard. Dark brown eyes. Almost black.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME

What else?

Now this is definitely getting romantic.

DOROTHY

You have a scar here.
(she touches his temple)
Small. But noticeable.
(then)
You have a strong nose. Cheekbones.
You're very...

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME

...very?

Dorothy catches herself. *Whoa*. Switches gears.

DOROTHY

We need a name for you. Even the dog has a name.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME

Whatever you want to call me.

DOROTHY

No. That's too much responsibility.
(off his look)
A name has permanence.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME

All the more reason.

DOROTHY

I try to avoid responsibility and permanence.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME

What's the first name that comes to your mind?

DOROTHY

I can't--

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME

Go right now--

DOROTHY

No--

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME

Name--

DOROTHY

Lucas.

He stops, thinks about it.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME

Why that?

DOROTHY

It's...the town where I grew up.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME

It's home.

Dorothy nods.

LUCAS

Lucas it is.

They smile at each other. Dorothy is falling for this guy.

EXT. MUNJA'KIN VILLAGE - SAME

Eamonn, the Wizard's Guard, is escorted by Ojo to the House of Mourning. We see the structure has been sealed with wax from the outside.

OJO

The girl is gone. But the
Witch remains.

Ojo slices through the wax and opens the door.

But the Witch has disappeared from the table.

Off Ojo...*mystified.*

EXT. NIMBO TAVERN - NIGHT

UNKNOWN POV watches Dorothy and Lucas eat and talk through the window.

It's THE WITCH OF THE EAST. Very alive. Very angry.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. A WELL-APPOINTED BEDROOM - NIGHT

A beautiful woman rides a beautiful man right up to and past Standards and Practices. We favor her, thirties, a corruptive force of nature. You'd want her, but she'd scare the shit out of you. She's THE WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST. He's...under her.

West brings them both to orgasm. But she doesn't collapse on top of him, spent, like they do in the movies. Instead, she just climbs off of him and turns to A YOUNG WOMAN who's been standing just off-screen.

The woman hands her a robe to put on. The woman hands her a STEAMING CUP OF POPPY TEA. West brings it to her mouth, sipping it. There's love there, between her and the tea.

We should also note West's fingers have a beautiful black staining to them (see look book).

INT. WEST'S ANTECHAMBERS - NIGHT

She drops the robe but not the tea. Another attendant rubs lotion on her. It's sensual but not sexual. This happens to West probably five times a day.

INT. WEST'S RESIDENTIAL QUARTERS - NIGHT

West moves down a hall, wearing a flowing dress that shows just enough to be described as various shades of *I don't give a fuck*. She takes her time, enjoying the poppy tea.

INT. WEST'S BROTHEL - NIGHT

Women and men in various states of high and low. Beautiful prostitutes carry elaborate tea sets stocked with the intoxicating poppy tea. Almost everyone there has some form of *blackened fingers from their poppy use*.

An elegant operation; but sex and opium color everything.

EXT./INT. WEST'S DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

West enters a drawing room. THE WIZARD and his RETINUE wait. Hard to say how long they've been there--let's say *a bit*.

WEST'S ATTENDANT
Mistress of the Western Fields,
Vessel of Truth and Solace.

WEST
Sorry to keep you waiting. You
should've sent someone ahead.

WIZARD
(re Jamus)
I did.

WEST
Oh. Well you should've sent someone
else.
(to Isabel)
So many soldiers here. We tend to
lose a few.

The tiniest look between Jamus and Isabel. West clocks it.

WEST (CONT'D)
(to Wizard)
Heard a few of yours got loose in
Nimbo. Burnt a whole town. There's
rumors of magic.

WIZARD
We're looking into that. But magic?
No.

WEST
I don't care. You should. But I
don't.

She flops onto a chair. A sip of tea. A deeeep breath...

WEST (CONT'D)
So. Poppy business up. Whores...
exhausted. Blood in the sky and you
perambulating amongst the people
with...
(re Isabel)
...them. I assume you're here to
tell me it's begun?

WIZARD
Yes.

WEST
The First True Sign?

WIZARD
We think so.

ISABEL

It is. There is no doubt.

She's out of turn, that Isabel. It annoys West; or she's covering for her own feelings that the beasts are returning.

WEST

You may know everything there is to know about the La'aal Saa'aa. I'm sure Glinda taught you well up North.

(beat)

But you were a baby the last time they came. You wouldn't be so eager to reach that conclusion if you remembered.

Isabel breaks off eye contact with the Witch. *As one does.*

WEST (CONT'D)

How far along are you?

All eyes on Isabel. Especially Wizard's. She reddens.

WEST (CONT'D)

Aren't they supposed to be, what's that word...*chaste*? Help keep them focused on saving the world? Isn't that Glinda's only rule?

The Wizard eyes Isabel, furious.

WEST (CONT'D)

I couldn't do it. *Too much love to be had.*

A wicked smile from a wicked witch. She turns to leave, points over to Jamus, the bearded soldier.

WEST (CONT'D)

He's the father.

And she's gone.

The Wizard surveys all who have disappointed him.

INT. TAVERN - NIMBO - NIGHT

Lucas opens his eyes. He's been asleep. He takes a quick inventory: Toto sleeping in the corner. Dorothy...missing.

EXT. TAVERN - NIMBO - CONTINUOUS

Lucas and Toto walk down main street, looking for Dorothy. They find their way to the edge of the village and find her--

EXT. POPPY FIELD - NIMBO - NIGHT

She stands in the middle of a poppy field, the wind moving her hair in time with the poppy flowers. *She has been drawn here somehow.*

LUCAS

What are you doing?

DOROTHY

I don't know. I woke up and I just...this is where I came.

The wind blows stronger.

LUCAS

Well you should come back.

DOROTHY

I should. I should come back. This isn't where I should be at all.

The wind is whipping now. And as it does, *poppy pollen rises up in the air. Like a dust, swirling and dancing.*

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

This isn't home.

The wind twists the poppy dust into a curl, as a tornado...

The landscape shifts, **tilting**, as Dorothy and Lucas are overwhelmed by the poppies...

INT. PRISON OF THE ABJECT - NETHERTIME

Note: This is a magical space and needn't follow any rules we hold dear--like time, space, or basic human decency.

The Prison of the Abject does not look like a tree on the inside. A nightmarish, brutal, landscape filled with hundreds of prisoners. People pulled almost in half, locked in permanent rictus, buried in the earth to their mouths, suspended like a fly in a web. Never aging, never changing, just suffering. It is the bottom of the pit of despair.

Dorothy and Lucas are currently here.

ACT SIX

EXT. FOREST OF THE ABJECT - NIGHT

Dorothy and Lucas writhing on the ground at the feet of the Witch.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
Do you know who I am?

DOROTHY
(barely able to speak)
Witch. Stern.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
Merciful and Stern.

Dorothy tries to rise to her knees. Holy *fuck* is she in pain. She looks at Lucas, who's barely conscious. His hand spasms as he reaches for a sword that's not there.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST (CONT'D)
Steel won't help you, swordsman.

Quick as a cat the Witch is over Lucas with his own sword. She jams it into the grass in front of him. Blade an inch from his throat.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST (CONT'D)
Unless you want to open your neck
and end your hurt.

And suddenly she's back in front of Dorothy. You barely see her move she's so fast.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST (CONT'D)
That's the merciful part.

DOROTHY
(head on her knees)
Hurts so much.
(re the trees)
You're hurting them so much.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
Poisoners. Dark doctors. Conjurers
of the lowest rank. Tricksters not
worth their dust. Oath breakers
all. An oath I took and keep. My
sisters and I. To weaken the
La'aal. To save Oz.
(beat)
That's the stern part.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST (CONT'D)
Why are you here?

DOROTHY
I don't know--

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
What is on the other side?
(off Dorothy's lost look)
You came from the sky. You tore it
wide open when you did. That hasn't
happened in a long time-

DOROTHY
I don't know--

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
In Oz nothing good ever comes from
the sky.

The Witch gestures and it begins to rain *from down to up*.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST (CONT'D)
So when something does, we try to
send it back in pieces.

She gestures again and Dorothy and Lucas are *wracked into
horribly contorted positions like the ones in the prison*.

They scream. The rainstorm worsens, water pouring up from the
grass, soaking them...

Suddenly Dorothy sees the Witch has *the gun*. Dorothy can
barely talk but when she does she says:

DOROTHY
Put...it down. It's dangerous.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
I'll be the judge of that.
(beat)
I'll be the judge of *everything*.

She clicks the safety off with her finger.

DOROTHY
No. Don't.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
What does it do and how does it
work?

DOROTHY
(re Lucas)
Let him go. I'll say...

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
I don't make deals.

The Witch's finger moves near the trigger.

DOROTHY
Don't--

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
Or what?

DOROTHY
Or you'll die. Again. And forever.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
My my my. So pretty. And so stupid.
Only a witch can kill a witch.

The Witch points the gun at Dorothy. Dorothy makes a fateful decision.

DOROTHY
Okay, I'll tell you.

The Witch smiles, satisfied.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
Whatever mysteries you have girl I
will solve.

DOROTHY
(re: the gun)
It doesn't work like that.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
Like *what?*

DOROTHY
You're pointing it...the wrong way.

The Witch turns the gun around, looks into the barrel.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
What does it do?

DOROTHY
Squeeze. The trigger.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
See. That wasn't so hard, was--

BANG. THE WITCH PUTS A BULLET IN HER OWN FOREHEAD. She drops to the wet grass. The rain stops. Dorothy and Lucas unfold, their bodies wracked with pain but put back right.

The Wicked Witch of the East is Dead. Really. Truly. Dead.

Dorothy rolls on the ground, her hand touching Lucas's hand much in the same way it did in the prison. She looks up at all the trees above her, bound together in pain and suffering. She begins to cry.

EXT. WIZARD'S BALCONY - NIGHT

The Wizard looks over Emerald City, a breeze pushing the trees and flags hard to the West. The faded red sky, the two moons.

Isabel appears on the balcony. Moves next to him.

ISABEL
I'm so very sorry.

He nods, thinking it over.

WIZARD
Do you love him?

Now it's her turn to think.

ISABEL
I don't know. I've never loved a man before.

He flicks a look at her. Disappointment?

ISABEL (CONT'D)
But I love what I do. And I think I'm very good at it.

WIZARD
I thought you were, too. But what I understood you to be and what you are seem to be very different.

Isabel nods.

WIZARD (CONT'D)
She'll send a replacement. You've signalled her, yes?

ISABEL
(nods)
Glinda knows.

WIZARD

Glinda knows. Glinda knows
everything.

(beat)

Show me.

ISABEL

Sir?

WIZARD

(re her belly)

Show. Me.

She hesitates, sees that he is *very fucking serious*. She undoes her robes, exposing her body to him, to Oz. He puts his hand on her swollen belly.

She stares off into the city, trying to be far away. As she does, she notices something very strange: *the wind has suddenly died, all of the trees and flags dropping straight down*.

He removes his hand from her belly and moves to the edge of the balcony and looking around. An eerie quiet in the air. A death in the weather.

WIZARD (CONT'D)

What is it?

ISABEL

The Mistress of the East. She's
dead.

INT. WEST'S BROTHEL AND OPIUM DEN - NIGHT

A close up on West's grief-stricken face. She brings a scalding cup of poppy tea to her mouth and drinks it all down at once. She throws the cup against the wall, smashing it.

EXT. EMERALD CITY - AT THE STONE GIANT - MORNING

The Wizard stands in front of a crowd. He's surrounded by his priestesses, impressive in their robes. Isabel is there, but not featured anymore. Hiding her bump. Also note the TWO SOLDIERS FROM NIMBO, TYWOOD AND RAST, are by his side.

WIZARD

I will protect you.

(beat)

Twenty years ago, King Pastoria and
the Magic Realm fought bravely on
your behalf. They fought bravely.

(MORE)

WIZARD (CONT'D)

And lost.

O(re the stone giant)

If it were not for the Eternal
Warriors, my Warriors, Emerald City
would have fallen like many mighty
cities of Oz have fallen before. I
protected you. I *will* protect you.

(beat)

The First True Sign is above, and
we citizens below know not what is
ahead. But whatever it is, whatever
comes, trust that *I will protect*
you. From the La'aal in the Sky.
From Magic in the Woods. From Men
in the Towns.

(beat)

Towns like Nimbo.

And for the first time we see a structure has been built next
to where the Wizard's speaking. A CRUCIFIX. And on it,
bearded JAMUS, Wizard's soldier and Isabel's lover. Dying.

WIZARD (CONT'D)

I will protect you. Even from my
soldiers. Even from me.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE WIZARD'S CASTLE - COURTYARD - LATER

Eamonn has returned. He has A LARGE COVERED OBJECT on the
back of a horse-drawn cart. The Wizard stands with him, his
own speech continuing over the action.

WIZARD (V.O.)

Twenty years ago this city was a
stranger to me. And I to it.

Eamonn pulls off the tarp. It's Dorothy's cop car, replete
with Kansas license plates. A million emeralds for the
Wizard's thoughts right now...Oh. Wait. Here they are:

WIZARD (V.O.)

But now it's home. And *nothing* will
take it from us. *Nothing*.

He runs his hand over the hood of the car...Looks to Eamonn.
We've got a lot to talk about...

EXT. FOREST OF THE ABJECT - EARLY MORNING

Dorothy and Lucas have left the Witch between two trees. Because of the shape of the people-trees it looks like the Witch is being held by two humanoids.

Dorothy looks at her, still can't believe she's the reason for her death.

LUCAS

We should go. Emerald City is many days off.

Dorothy is silent.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Dorothy?

No response.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

You saved our lives.

DOROTHY

By taking hers.

Silence.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to be a healer.

LUCAS

You still are. And *more*.

Dorothy looks up at Lucas. That word resonates.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Come. The Wizard will get you home. And maybe he'll fix my head.

Dorothy looks back, studying the Witch hanging there.

DOROTHY

Yeahh...I dunno.

She walks back to the Witch. Looks up at the Witch's inscribed ruby rings and chains wrapped around her hands. She reaches up and pulls at one of the chains--and the entire thing comes off in Dorothy's hand--rings and all.

She takes the rings from the Witch's other hand. Then she does something surprising: she slips her fingers into the rings, one for each finger. Wraps the silver chains around her wrists. The strangest and most beautiful gauntlets.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
(off his surprise)
I get the feeling there's more to
it than that.

She walks off and he follows after her. They get the hell Off
to See the Wizard. And the CAMERA PANS high into the sky

END OF SHOW