EMERALD CITY

"Pilot"

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TEASER

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A rural highway in Kansas. Rain pours down. Hard.

Through the darkness a BEAUTIFUL, DARK HAIRED WOMAN, 20's, drenched, is running alongside the road. Behind her--HEADLIGHTS--coming up fast.

She turns off the road. Cuts through a field. She's carrying something close to her chest, wrapped in a blanket.

The headlights pull to the side of the road. TWO MEN with flashlights and windbreakers jump out of a WHITE TRUCK. The SIDE OF THE TRUCK HAS A UNIQUE SYMBOL OF--

A DIAMOND WITHIN A CIRCLE.

EXT. GALE FARM - NIGHT

Woman looks desperately for a place to hide. Her eyes scan from a modest FARM HOUSE, past a CHICKEN COOP to A RED BARN --

INT. BARN - NIGHT

She runs into the barn--a brief respite from the downpour--but not safe--too obvious--dashes OUT OF THE OPPOSITE END OF THE BARN into the edge of a field; her footprints visible in the mud--notices her own tracks--the stops --

Carefully she back steps into her own footprints, making a false path back into the barn. Shuts herself inside a stall. Hides behind the hay, just as--

HER PURSUERS ENTER THE BARN.

They start opening stalls. Coming close to hers. She ducks down, edging toward the corner, trying to control her breathing. Man 1 approaches her stall. The Woman closes her eyes. It's all over now.

MAN 2
Over here!

Man 2 shines his flashlight on the footprints leading out of the barn. They follow them out. The Woman peeks through the slats. Watches them disappear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN 1
She must have gone back to the road.

LIGHTS come on inside the FARM HOUSE and a VOICE yells out.

VOICE
Hey! Who's out there?

The two men dart away--back to their truck. She lost them--for now. The Woman slumps down into the stall. Exhausted. Opens the little blanket to reveal what she was hiding --

AN INFANT BABY GIRL.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GALE FARM - MORNING

A beautiful bucolic farm. Perfect blue sky. Round bale of hay in the field. Flat fields of purple flowers as far as the eye can see.

SUBTITLE: "Kansas."

INT. BARN - MORNING

HENRY GALE, 30's, rugged, is carrying a saddle into the barn. He hangs it on a hook. Hears a rustle in one of the stalls--

HENRY
Hello?

The noise stops. Henry grabs a shovel. Moves slowly toward the stall. Grabs the door. Whips it open to find--

THE INFANT wrapped in a blanket.

INT. GALE HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

A simple country kitchen. Clean. Yellow flowered wallpaper. Safe and cosy. Henry and his wife, EM, late 30's with a soft round face. Em feeds the baby a bottle.

HENRY
We can't keep her. We have to take her to the police.

EM
And then where'll she end up? Whoever left her here, *left her here*.

HENRY
We should have a think on it.

CONTINUED:

EM
We have.

Em means business. Sweet, gentle, *firm* business. How is Henry actually gonna refuse? He nods. *Of course.*

HENRY
What are we going to call her?

EM
She's already got a name.

Em hands Henry a handwritten note she found with the baby:

"*Please take care of my Dorothy.*"

HENRY
Dorothy.

EM
Dorothy.

She looks at the baby. The little girl smiles.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LINDALE REST AND REHAB CENTER - NURSE'S LOUNGE - DAY

A GIRL IN BLACK PIGTAILS, 19, sleeps on a couch. Punky vibe. She wears a nurse's aide uniform.

VOICE
Dorothy. Yo. Wakey.

The girl (DOROTHY) opens her eyes. She sees a woman, NAN, in the doorway. Dorothy checks the clock on her phone.

DOROTHY
I got a few more minutes I think--

NAN
I know. Sorry. It's Mrs. Clifford.

Dorothy shakes the sleep off and hustles out of the lounge.

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dorothy and Nan jog towards their destination.

DOROTHY
Who's with her right now?

CONTINUED:

NAN
Lisa.

Dorothy: alarmed. Suddenly we hear YELLING.

INT. MRS. CLIFFORD'S ROOM - DAY

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

DOROTHY
Oh shit. *Mrs. Clifford! Come on!*

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.

CONTINUED:

DOROTHY
Maybe.

Dorothy smiles. There's a bond here.

MRS. CLIFFORD
Your nails indicate a great sickness.

She gestures to Dorothy's. They're a clusterfuck of colors ranging from blood red to purple to black.

DOROTHY
Do they?

MRS. CLIFFORD
Apathy and a lack of self-regard.

DOROTHY
Is that so?

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

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Blow.

She heads out, grabbing Mrs. Clifford's extra pain meds as she goes...

INT. THE NURSE'S LOUNGE - LATER

Nan and Dorothy change at the end of their shift. Dorothy hands Nan the extra meds.

DOROTHY
Mrs. Clifford said Lisa tried to double-pop her oxy dose.

NAN
(thinking)
Damn. That's my fault. I was busy and sent her to the pharmacy with a list.

DOROTHY
Nan. Don't give a scrip list to a nurse's aid.

NAN
You're a nurse's aide.

DOROTHY
Don't give a scrip list to a nurse's aide that's a *moron.*

CONTINUED:

NAN
They're tightening pharmacy protocols I hear. Lotta loose pills last three months.

DOROTHY
Well it's no wonder.

NAN
You wanna get a bite?

DOROTHY
No I'm gonna head home. Got a thing.

INT. GALE FARM, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dorothy at the table. She takes a deep breath and blows out the candles on a birthday cake.

Sitting at a table are Em (now 50's) and Henry (also 50's). Aunt Em starts cutting the cake.

HENRY
Did you make a wish?

DOROTHY
Yep.

HENRY
What was it?

EM
Henry?
(to Dorothy)
Keep it to yourself. It's okay for a girl to have a few secrets.

Em smiles and hands Dorothy a slice of the birthday cake. A cute moment. The love between them all is palpable.

INT. GALE FARM, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dorothy helps Em with the dishes. Dorothy checks for Henry--coast is clear--then hands Em a pill bottle.

DOROTHY
There's a mix of 50s and 100s in there. The 50s are yellow. But be careful.

Em darkens.

EM
I told you to stop doing this.

CONTINUED:

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

The two women stare at each other. Country stubborn. But Em blinks first. She pockets the stolen pills.

INT. GALE FARM, DOROTHY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A soft rain trickles against the window. Dorothy's listening to music on her iPod. Em enters, carrying a box. Dorothy turns the music off.

DOROTHY
Just so you know, they're changing the protocols at work. I won't really be able to keep doing it, anyway.

EM
That's not it.
(beat, re box)
Henry doesn't want me to give you this. He's grown a little attached and thinks this'll change things. Men are soft-headed that way.

Dorothy opens the box. It's her baby blanket.

EM (CONT'D)
Your mama left you in that.

Dorothy removes the note. Reads it. Tears fill her eyes. Em rubs her head, strokes a braid. Dorothy flips the card over. The note is written on letterhead for a company called Wetmore-Takanomi. And the company logo is --

A DIAMOND WITHIN A CIRCLE.

EM (CONT'D)
Last I checked they were about twenty miles out on the 124 South.

Dorothy's overwhelmed with emotion. She hugs Em hard.

INT. LINDALE REST AND REHAB CENTER - AFTERNOON - RAINING

Mrs. Clifford and Dorothy watch the rain out the window while Dorothy braids her long grey hair. Dorothy's mind far away...

EXT. HIGHWAY 125 SOUTH - EVENING - RAINING

Dorothy drives a pickup truck through the rain. Nerves.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - NIGHT

Grey buildings stand stark amid dark gathering black clouds on the horizon. A bigger storm is brewing. More than rain.

Dorothy pulls to the side of the highway and checks out the vast complex with chain fences surrounding the entire grounds like a fortress. A sign on a placard reads:

EMERALD LABS
A DIVISION OF THE WETMORE-TAKANOMI CORPORATION

INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX, RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Dorothy walks up to a front desk where a RECEPTIONIST, 40's, is packing up her desk for the night.

DOROTHY
I know this might sound a little strange but I'm here looking for my mother.

RECEPTIONIST
She works here?

DOROTHY
I don't know. But she may have been here about nineteen years ago. If I could just look through some of your employee records, maybe a list--

RECEPTIONIST
What's her name?

DOROTHY
Her name.
(knows already she's lost)
I...don't know her name.

RECEPTIONIST
Well I'm not sure what you were hoping to do. Employee files are privileged. And without a name--

DOROTHY
Maybe if I saw the names I'd be able to...I dunno...narrow it down. I could call them. It's a long shot, I know--

RECEPTIONIST
I can't help you. I'm sorry. Maybe with a name. But honey these people are never gonna let you go hunting through their files.

CONTINUED:

DOROTHY
Please.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry. I gotta lock up and you gotta leave.

The woman stares her down. Dorothy walks away. A phone call comes in, taking the Receptionist's attention for a moment. Just enough time for Dorothy to slip into --

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The halls have color-coded lines on the floor leading to different wings. A SCIENTIST in a lab coat closes a door behind him. Walks past Dorothy.

DOROTHY
Personnel?

SCIENTIST
Yellow line. Fourth hallway down.

Dorothy walks with purpose. FOLLOWS the COLOR-CODED YELLOW PATH to a door marked: "Personnel." She slips inside.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - NIGHT

THE SOUND OF THUNDER booms. Clouds mass at the horizon. The rain darkens. A row of weather vanes spin in the gathering wind amid a vast array of meteorological apparatus.

INT. PERSONNEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dorothy stands in front of ROWS AND ROWS OF FILES. This is an *impossible task. What was she thinking?* And then--

The door opens suddenly, revealing--a SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD
What are you doing? You're not supposed to be in here.

DOROTHY
Sorry. Bathroom?

Dorothy backs away. Security Guard pulls a walkie-talkie.

SECURITY GUARD
Wait right there.
(into the radio)
I got an unauthorized entrance on level B.

CONTINUED:

SUDDENLY LIGHTNING STRIKES outside the window. BOOM--THE LIGHTS GO OUT. DARKNESS. Dorothy takes the opportunity. She pushes past the Security Guard--SPRINTS out of the room. Security Guard gives chase, radioing for back up.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - NIGHT

An alarm blares. Security Guards flood the complex, flashlights at the ready, radios in hand. The heat is on.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dorothy sprints down the hall. FLASHLIGHT BEAMS and footsteps around the corner stop her in her tracks. She backtracks. Looking for an escape. Rushes into --

INT. ANIMAL RESEARCH FACILITY - NIGHT

Dorothy locks the door behind her. Turns to see CAGES LINING THE WALLS. All of them empty. Except one. Something cowering in the darkness in the back of the cage--

She peers at it a moment and then--it bursts forward--smashing against the bars --

A BIZARRE CREATURE UNLIKE ANYTHING WE HAVE EVER SEEN BEFORE!

She stumbles back at the sight of it. POLICE SIRENS in the distance. This is going to get worse.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - NIGHT

POLICE K-9 UNIT PATROL CAR shows up on scene. Security guards rush to speak to the OFFICER, 30's, inside. The Officer gets out. Follows them inside.

GERMAN SHEPHERD in the back seat of the patrol car barks its head off.

INT. ANIMAL RESEARCH FACILITY - NIGHT

And then Dorothy sees something very strange happen--A METAL COFFEE CUP on a desk suddenly FLICKERS IN AND OUT OF EXISTENCE. *Did she just see that?*

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Security Guards approach the door to the Animal Research Facility. One of them tries the door. It's locked.

INT. ANIMAL RESEARCH FACILITY - NIGHT

Dorothy sees the flashlight beams under the door--they're here--grabs a fire extinguisher from the wall--SMASHES A WINDOW WITH IT--kicks out the glass.

The guard unlocks the door as *Dorothy leaps out the window.*

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - DAWN

Dorothy drops out the second story window, landing painfully on the ground. THE WIND IS INTENSE. She can barely walk--and now we see why --

A frightening tall swirl of a MASSIVE BLACK TORNADO touches down a few hundred yards away, silhouetted against the horizon. We're close enough to see the spinning black clouds whirl the debris around the vortex at incredible speed.

Dorothy watches as the tornado ABSOLUTELY EATS HER TRUCK and SPITS IT BACK OUT in pieces...

With the tornado bearing down on her, Dorothy runs to the closest thing she sees:

THE K-9 PATROL CAR

The dog inside barking madly. Dorothy jumps inside.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAWN

Suddenly it's quiet; she can't hear the hard wind outside. Dorothy turns the key, starts the engine and peels off. In her rearview she sees --

THE POLICE OFFICER

Shouting at her...He levels his gun at her.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Dorothy ducks as she veers onto the highway, trying to outrun the storm. She checks the rearview and sees:

THE POLICE OFFICER RIPPED UP INTO THE SKY!

DOROTHY
Oh my god! Oh my god!

All manner of debris flies through the air--a SURREAL VISION of uprooted mailboxes, tree limbs, lawn decorations, tool sheds, a lawnmower--whirling past her.

CONTINUED:

The TORNADO bears down on her, following the highway. She can't turn off --

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Come on, come on, COME ON!

She has the pedal flush; the needle pegged. But the rear of the car starts to lift. She's not going to make it. Then --

BANG! A FLASH OF LIGHTNING! BLINDING! WHITE! She closes her eyes. It hit so close--and for a moment the whole car seems to FLICKER IN AND OUT OF EXISTENCE! And then --

EXT. FOREST, LAND OF OZ - DAY

The light of day suddenly engulfs us. **THE HIGHWAY IS GONE.**

The car bangs through the forest wildly. Dorothy tries to avoid the trees in front of her. She cranks the wheel when:

AN OLD WOMAN IN A BLACK CLOAK STEPS FROM THE TREES. It's too late--Dorothy can't slow down! SMASH! The patrol car hits the OLD WOMAN and flings her up into the air and onto the hood.

DOROTHY
No!

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

Dorothy hits the brakes. But the car is out of control and she can't stop it from SMASHING INTO A TREE. Dorothy is flung forward into the dashboard. Head slumps. She's out.

A MOMENT OF CALM. The smoke rises from the hood of the smashed patrol car. Leafs from the trees flutter down all around. The wind from the storm has died down. Sun filters through the branches.

WE PULL BACK over the scene to the BODY OF THE OLD WOMAN laying in the grass, dressed in a black cloak now tinged with blood.

PULL BACK EVEN FARTHER to reveal something glinting in the sunlight. The old woman is wearing

SILVER SLIPPERS.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. FOREST, LAND OF OZ - DAY

A BLUR RESOLVES into a CRACKED WINDSHIELD. Dorothy's eyes flutter. No telling how long she's been out. She looks around, trying to get her bearings.

There's a standard issue 870 POLICE SHOTGUN in the console.

She stumbles out of the car. Wobbly legs. Falls to the ground. There's blood dripping from her hairline. She's...not good. Then a horrific realization--THE OLD WOMAN. Dorothy hobbles to the body, her own injuries to neck and head keeping her from running full.

DOROTHY
Are you okay? Hello?

There's no answer. She fears the worst. No movement. Dorothy drops down next to the woman, takes a breath and tries to clear her own head. She takes a pulse. Nothing. Dorothy pulls out her cell phone--dials 911. There's no signal.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Dammit! HELP!

Nobody answers. Anywhere.

Dorothy wipes blood from her forehead--*shit, when did that happen...*But she focuses on the woman, her medical training kicking in...She begins giving the woman MOUTH-MOUTH AND CPR, desperately going through her training. Nothing works.

The old woman is dead.

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

Dorothy plops down in the grass beside the body. Closes her eyes just a beat. She may just pass out next to this dead body. But...no. Opens her eyes...struggles to her feet.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

She slides back into the driver seat. Tries the engine. It's dead. Grabs the radio handle. Punches the talk button.

DOROTHY
Hello? Come in?

But all she gets is static.

CONTINUED:

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
What the hell.

The German Shepherd is still barking from the back seat.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Please, dog. Quiet. I need to think.

But thinking hurts. Her head *hurts. And the dead body...*She pushes her way out of the car again.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Dorothy starts to walk away. The dog's still barking in the back seat. She can't bear to just leave the dog here. She opens the door.

The dog jumps out. Suddenly stops barking. Then sits at her feet. She starts to walk off--the dog follows her.

DOROTHY
No! Get out of here! Go on! Go!

But the dog refuses to leave her. The dog cocks it head, listening to her. It's adorable. She hates that.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Trust me. You could do better.

But it dumbly stands there. Refusing to leave her side. Finally it melts her.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Fine. Come on.

She takes a step and stumbles, blood in her eye. An idea:

CUT TO:

DOROTHY AT THE CRUISER'S TRUNK

Using a first aid kit on her forehead. Finds a flashlight, a flares, etc. She fills her bag.

She looks around: The forest is dark and eerie. A layer of fog. Trees that seem like they are from a massive old Redwood Forest--not the flat prairies of the Midwest. Spooky.

CUT TO:

Dorothy pulling THE SHOTGUN AND SHELLS from the car, slinging the gun awkwardly over her shoulder.

CONTINUED:

She returns to scoping her surroundings:

Strange bird and insect noises unlike those we have ever heard. And a swath of destruction from the tornado. But curiously--no highway. She looks all around in a 360 spin. Where did the road go? It's vanished.

Dorothy looks down in the grass and sees--the metal cup that flickered in the lab. How did that get here?

DOROTHY
(to the dog)
Where the hell are we?

CUT TO:

WITHIN A CRYSTAL BALL:

A WIDE LOW-ANGLE IMAGE of Dorothy and the dog.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL we are in --

INT. WEST PALACE, WENKI TERRITORY - DAY

Long, thin fingers tap the CRYSTAL BALL.

A lavish bedroom of the palace, but this is more like Jabba The Hutt's palace than something from a fairy tale. A decaying fortress of metal and steel, dimly lit save for a few oil lamps. High, arched glass windows surround the room.

The fingers belong to THE WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST. But we don't see her yet. We see only her black silk gown and raven black hair.

A WENKI WARRIOR GUARD, reptilian-skinned with sharp vampire-like teeth and short horns, stands sentry by the door. He is dressed in a YELLOW SOLDIER'S FROCK; at his hip, a sword.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
(trying to contain her anger)
I need to send a message.

The Wenki Guardsman perks up immediately. Clicks his heels and spins out the door.

The Wicked Witch Of The West withdraws her hand from the CRYSTAL BALL and clenches a fist. The fist tightens. Shakes in a rage and suddenly --

THE WINDOWS EXPLODE OUT--IN ALL DIRECTIONS--THROWING GLASS. The Wicked Witch is pissed.

INT. FOREST OF OZ - LATER

As Dorothy and the dog pick their way through the forest.

SUDDENLY A RUSTLE IN THE BUSH.

Dorothy spins. The dog barks. Suddenly a dozen short tribal men with spears reveal themselves. Their garments blend with the forest--they've been watching her all along.

The men are dwarfish (3 feet tall at most) and dressed in handmade stitched fabrics and leaves with elaborate face paint, bones, and jewelry resembling that of the native tribes of Papua New Guinea. They have a fierce look about them. Barbarians. Warriors.

These are **THE MUNJA'KIN TRIBESMEN.**

They surround her--pointing spears. The lead Munja'Kin warrior has a tough and dangerous look about him. He is SPEE. The Munja'Kin natives speak in a language we have never heard before.

An older tribesman, CLOP, steps forward begins barking at Dorothy. Making some kind of demand on her which she doesn't understand.

DOROTHY
I don't understand you.

Clop begins to ask questions in his native tongue.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
I don't speak...whatever that is. Does anyone here speak English? I need help--

CLOP cuts her off with an angry bark. He then grabs one of the other Munja'Kin and pushes him forward--he is OJO, 30's, more friendly-looking than the others.

He steps up to her nervously.

OJO
These are the Munja'Kin Tribal Free Lands. You are trespassing.

DOROTHY
You understand. Thank God.

OJO
Trespassing is very bad. *Do you understand.*

CONTINUED:

DOROTHY
Of course. It's...horrible. I don't mean to be here. I don't even know *how it happened. Or...what.* There was an accident just back there...

Ojo says something to Clop, whereupon Spee and a couple others head back towards the body and the cruiser.

OJO
Why are you here?

DOROTHY
I got lost in the storm. There was an accident. I hit my head...and...it's bad...back there.

BACK AT THE OLD WOMAN'S BODY

SPEE examines the body...He yells out in his language. Clop hurries over. He kneels beside the body. Looks at her. Stares at a RING ON HER FINGER with a large glass bauble on the top. Stands up. Clop yells to Ojo.

OJO
(in shock, to Dorothy)
You killed her?

DOROTHY
(upset)
It was an accident. She just stepped out in front of me. Who is she?

The Munja'Kin natives look around at each other.

OJO
She's very powerful. It's very bad.

DOROTHY
Of course it's very bad! She's *dead.*

OJO
That is not the worst part. Come.

INT. MUNJA'KIN VILLAGE OF OOLA, DINING HALL - DAY

CLOSE ON A MAP OF OZ, splayed out on a table before Dorothy and several Munja'Kin villagers. They are Ojo, EBO, a white-bearded man (the Chief of this village), and the two elders, Clop (whom we already met) and BOO. The dog sits at her feet.

DOROTHY
Tell me about the woman.

CONTINUED:

A Munja brings her a bowl of soup and some water for the dog.

OJO
First eat. This will help your head. And your toto looks thirsty.

DOROTHY
Toto?

OJO
(re dog)
Uhhh...what is that in English?

DOROTHY
A dog.

OJO
Toto is dog in our language.

DOROTHY
Toto.

Chief Ebo barks at Ojo, points at the map with his finger.

OJO
This is Oz. You are here--Munja'Kin Territory.
(points)
There are four countries in Oz. Gilliken to the North. The Wenkus Provinces to the East, Quadling Country in the South. All ruled by the Great And Powerful Wizard.

DOROTHY
Now. When you say Wizard...Do you mean leader? Ruler?

OJO
Yes.

DOROTHY
Oh. Good.

OJO
And I mean Wizard.

Dorothy's head throbs. None of this makes any sense.

OJO (CONT'D)
Oz is surrounded by four deserts which protect us from the kingdoms beyond - the Dominion of the Nomes --

CONTINUED:

He indicates the various kingdoms on the map.

OJO (CONT'D)
-- the Kingdoms of Ev, and Ix, and the Disputed Territories. These barbarians would invade had they power to cross the desert with their armies. They say the desert turns you to sand if you walk across it.

Dorothy tries to take this all in. It seems impossible.

OJO (CONT'D)
The army of Oz is the greatest in the land. And the Wizard is a powerful magician, son of a Fairy they say.

DOROTHY
Son of a fairy.

OJO
They say.

DOROTHY
Do you know what a concussion is?

OJO
No.

DOROTHY
I think I have a concussion.

ANGLE ON THE ELDERS

Clop leans in to Chief Ebo. They speak in SUBTITLES.

CLOP
I don't trust her. She comes from Nowhere. But she is here.

CHIEF EBO
She comes from Nowhere. She killed the Witch. Is she a Witch Slayer?

BOO
If she is it is even worse than we imagined. They'll come for her.

CLOP
We must do something.

Chief Ebo listens to these words as he strokes his beard. They stare at Dorothy with suspicious eyes.

CONTINUED:

DOROTHY
What are they saying?

OJO
It is something else. Don’t worry.

Off her face: Right. Don’t worry.

CLOSE ON THE MAP OF OZ again. PAN ACROSS THE DEADLY DESERT to a place marked “DOMINION OF THE NOMES.”

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUBTERRANEAN TUNNEL, NOME KING’S DOMINION - DAY

A massive digging operation. Pick axes hitting rock. Shovels throwing dirt. The diggers are NOMES--thin and lanky with pale skin and white hair, like an albino, but otherwise human. Their eyes turn red in the dark.

Walking through the tunnels, overseeing all of this, is The NOME KING, ROQUAT THE RED, 50’s. He’s accompanied by an old soldier with white whiskers, GUPH, 60’s.

GUPH
You’ve made great progress, Sire.

ROQUAT
They dig day and night. The men are eager like a wedding-groom.

GUPH
Vengeance is a powerful enticement.

ROQUAT
We’ll pull the emeralds off the palace one by one. I’ve promised each man a stone as reward for restoring our honor.

GUPH
Most generous.

ROQUAT
Gems are also a powerful enticement.

They stop at an overlook.

ROQUAT (CONT’D)
Tell me, General, what are our chances against the Army of Oz?

CONTINUED:

GUPH
I say respectfully, that our chances of taking the kingdom are slim. We haven't the men, nor the armaments. Not to mention, we have no gauge of the strength of the Wizard's power.

ROQUAT
You have always been honest with me, which is why I called you here. And to ask your service in this cause.

GUPH
Me? Surely I'm too old...And too honest.

ROQUAT
I need you to help me ally the outer kingdoms. We need them if we're to have a chance. But they're proud men.

GUPH
And they hate you.

ROQUAT
That, they do. You have a reputation as an honest broker. Convince them that conquering Oz benefits all. And then we'll join together and burn Emerald City to the ground.

Guph bows. There's no saying 'no' to the Nome King.

WE PULL OUT TO SEE the MASSIVE SIZE and SCOPE of the digging operation. THOUSANDS OF NOMES working in unison. AS THE CAMERA LIFTS UP we can see --

A GREAT TUNNEL has been dug halfway across the desert. And beyond, the Kingdom of Oz surrounded by a mighty wall with its sentries standing atop, telescopes at the ready, watching for any signs of approach. Instantly we understand the Nome King's brilliant plan to <u>tunnel into Oz</u>.

<u>END ACT ONE</u>

ACT TWO

EXT. A FIELD, GILLIKEN COUNTRY - SUNSET

Two boys are sword-fighting with sticks. One of them, JACK, a freckled boy of 12 with orange hair, seems to have the upper hand; the other boy, TIP, 13 years old, precocious, with feminine features and big eyes. He wears a brimmed HAT.

Tip is getting pushed back.

TIP
Watch out for that hole, Jack.

Jack, looks down. No hole. Tip seizes the advantage, swats Jack's stick away and pokes him in the stomach. Jack's defeated in the mock sword fight.

JACK
You're a cheat.

TIP
If by cheat you mean I'm better than you, then yes, I'm a big cheat.

Smiles. This must happen a lot. They sit down in the grass. From the hill they look out on the gleaming Emerald City.

JACK
Yesterday I heard the butcher's boy say they have robots in the city who do all the chores. Do you think it's true?

TIP
I don't know the butcher's boy.

JACK
But that's not what I meant--

TIP
I'm sure Emerald City's more than we could ever imagine.

JACK
You mean more than we could hope.

TIP
I mean...I'm sure it would surprise us.

Tip is far away. A VOICE from across the fields:

MOMBI (O.S.)
Tip! Where are you? TIP!

CONTINUED:

TIP
I gotta go.

JACK
Just pretend you don't hear this time--

Tip looks at Jack like he's crazy. Runs off fast as he can...

INT. MOMBI'S FARM HOUSE - SUNSET

A two story rural wooden home. Simple, old, worn furniture. The constantly closed curtains give a passerby the impression that the occupants don't wish to be disturbed.

A skinny old woman, MOMBI, 70, sits by the fireplace. Tip runs in, out of breath.

MOMBI
The floor is filthy.

TIP
I was just about to sweep up.

He grabs a broom.

MOMBI
Where were you?

TIP
Just checking on the pigs. One of them got out and I had to catch him.

MOMBI
You weren't off playing with that neighbor boy, were you?

TIP
No ma'am. Just the pigs.

MOMBI
Not that boy. Or any others for that matter. I won't tell you again.

As he sweeps he looks OUT THE WINDOW to the gleaming Emerald City on the hill--wishing for a better life.

EXT. OOLA VILLAGE, MUNJA'KIN TERRITORY - NIGHT

The windows flicker and glow from the candles and fire pits within the cluster of thatched roof cottages which comprise Oola. The exteriors of the cottages are covered in moss and branches, as if to camouflage them into the forest.

INT. OJO'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Ojo walks Dorothy into a sparse home--everything smaller to fit the diminutive size of the Munja'Kin. Wood floors. Hand-carved furniture. Dorothy has to duck down under the doorway to enter.

OJO
You'll stay with me until we know what to do with you. It will be quiet here.

On the shelf she sees a coin. She picks it up--engraved into it is THE FACE OF A MAN. She holds it up to Ojo.

OJO (CONT'D)
The Wizard of Oz.

DOROTHY
The fairy?

OJO
Yes, from a Fairy Land called Oma Haw.

DOROTHY
Omaha?

OJO
Do you know it?

DOROTHY
I know *a place* called Omaha. But it's...back where I'm from.

OJO
Maybe it's the same.

DOROTHY
That would mean...
(her mind whirls)
I think I'm hurt pretty bad. Maybe after some sleep we can try this all again.

INT. OJO'S COTTAGE, CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

OJO
I hope this will be okay.

We see handmade toys on the shelves. Dorothy picks one up.

OJO (CONT'D)
Those are...this was my son's room.
(off her look)
He is not with me now.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

OJO (CONT'D)
Nor any of my family.
(beat)
But someday--I pray to the good gods --we will all be reunited.

Dorothy notices that he's pained by whatever happened. She doesn't press the subject.

OJO (CONT'D)
Sleep well.

DOROTHY
Thank you.

Ojo smiles and is about to close the door.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Who was the woman, Ojo?
(he doesn't want to answer)
Ojo. Please. What did I do?

OJO
You killed a witch. The Most Wicked Witch of the East.

DOROTHY
A witch?

OJO
The Most Wicked. Very bad.
(beat)
Good night!

He shuts the door, ending the conversation *thusly.* Dorothy sits down on the bed. Exhausted. Pained. *Thoroughly baffled.* Dorothy leans the shotgun against the wall. She pulls the first aid kit from her bag. Rummages around for some aspirin and dry swallows about six.

DOROTHY
Do you know what a subdural hematoma is, Toto? It causes headaches and confusion. Disorientation. An acute one can kill you. Your brain just bleeds out.

Toto looks at her with his big eyes.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Either that or a tornado dropped us and our stolen police car on top of a witch here in the land of wizards and little people.

CONTINUED:

The dog rubs up against her, sympathetic.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Yeah. "C. None of the above" would be awesome.

EXT. OJO'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

A layer of mist on the ground. Ojo walks up to THREE MUNJA'KIN STATUES (a mother and two children) in the garden.

Ojo hugs the statue of the little girl; pets the head of the boy. He comes up to the statue of the woman and gently caresses her face. Is he drunk?

OJO
(to the statues)
Good night my loves.

He kisses the cheek of the statue. Looks up into the sky where he sees--

A FLYING MONKEY

The creature's silhouette crosses in front of the full moon; big bat-like wings beating hard. The monkey is more like a massive grey/black gorilla--ferocious and deadly. It lifts higher, flying away from Oola in a hurry.

Whatever it's doing here--it can't be good.

After the sky is clear Ojo pulls his hand from his pocket. He's holding THE RING WITH THE GLASS BAUBLE. He must have stolen it from the witch. He closes his fingers around it.

INT. OJO'S COTTAGE, CHILD'S BEDROOM - LATER

Dorothy is asleep fetal position in the undersized Munja'Kin bed; Toto, curled up on the floor. All is quiet, except for a slight creaking. What's making that noise?

The COTTAGE WINDOW OPENS SLOWLY. A WENKI ASSASSIN climbs silently through the window; in his gloved hand, a sharp DAGGER. He sidles up alongside the bed. Raises the knife--

BARK! BARK! BARK!

Dorothy pops awake just in time to see the ASSASSIN looming over her. SHE SCREAMS! The knife rises--ready to plunge --

IN A BLUR OF FUR TOTO LEAPS--TEETH BARED--TAKING THE WENKI TO THE GROUND. The Wenki struggles to get loose of Toto as suddenly Dorothy SMASHES him with the stock of the shotgun.

CONTINUED:

The Wenki tumbles loose of Toto, dropping his knife. He jumps to his feet, cradling his arm. The assassin dives out the window and disappears into the night.

The door bursts open--it's Ojo.

OJO
What happened? Are you okay?

DOROTHY
No!

She gestures to the knife on the floor. Ojo runs to the window. The Wenki's gone.

OJO
What did it look like?

DOROTHY
He had a mask? Like a devil-lizard. I dunno.

Ojo picks up the knife. He recognizes it. OTHER MUNJA'KIN, having heard the commotion, rush in. They all speak at once. Ojo answers them in the Munja'Kin tongue.

OJO
(subtitled, re knife)
She was attacked. By a Wenki.

BOO
(subtitled)
The Witch Of The West knows she's here, and what she's done!

CHIEF EBO
(subtitled)
She must be sent away before the witch punishes us all.

DOROTHY
What're they saying?

OJO
Your presence here is a great danger to the Munja'Kin.

DOROTHY
A great danger *to you.*

OJO
Yes. That is what I said.
(off her dark look)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

OJO (CONT'D)
Ah. Yes. Of course. I understand now. The Most Wicked Witch of the East had many enemies. But also enough friends for you to be in grave danger.

DOROTHY
I need...to get home. Wherever I am...I don't want to be here *anymore*.

OJO
I understand. Oz can be a terrible place for a stranger. Or anybody truly.

DOROTHY
This Wizard of yours, from Omaha? Can I talk to him?

Ojo and the Munja'Kin talk amongst themselves.

OJO
He lives in the Emerald City. The trip is long and dangerous, especially for a stranger. We would send someone to guide you.

DOROTHY
That would be great. Thanks.

OJO
But there is no guarantee of an audience. The Wizard keeps his own counsel.

Dorothy nods. Understood.

OJO (CONT'D)
We'll post guards with you tonight. But you must leave at first light.

She nods again, grim. They shuffle out, leaving her alone. She sits on the bed. The shotgun's there. She pulls it close. Pats the bed; Toto jumps to her side. Pulls him close, too...

EXT. MOMBI'S FARM HOUSE - MORNING

In the field a FOUR HORNED BULL and a dozen piglets. Smoke wisps up from the chimney. Birds chirp their morning song.

INT. MOMBI'S FARM HOUSE - MORNING

MOMBI sits at a table. Tip serves her soup. She takes a sip-- SPITS IT OUT IMMEDIATELY. Knocks the bowl off the table.

CONTINUED:

MOMBI
It's cold! Why do you serve me cold soup? Are you trying to insult me?

TIP
I'm sorry. I'll clean it up.

MOMBI
You don't pay attention. When you don't pay attention, bad things can happen.

TIP
Yes, Auntie. I won't let it happen again.

There's a knock at the door. Mombi gets up. Tip looks. Visitors? They never get visitors.

MOMBI
Who is that? One of your "friends?"

TIP
I don't know have any friends, Auntie.

Mombi goes to the door.

EXT. MOMBI'S FARM HOUSE, PORCH - MORNING

A RIDER, and behind him a shaggy RED HORSE with curled horns like a ram. He holds a rolled parchment sealed with wax

RIDER
Are you Mombi Of Lintilik?

MOMBI
I am.

He hands the parchment, tips his cap and mounts his steed. In a moment, he is off. Tip tries to look outside--

MOMBI (CONT'D)
Mind your work.

Tip puts his head down. Goes back to cleaning the soup. Mombi breaks the wax seal. Unrolls the parchment. It reads:

The Witch In the East is dead. Kill the child.

Mombi rolls the parchment back. Looks back at Tip, wiping up the soup, unaware of his death sentence.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. OOLA VILLAGE - DAY

Greying skies over the village. A small group of townsfolk are assembled with Dorothy at the edge of the village. CHIEF Ebo hands Dorothy the SILVER SHOES worn by the Wicked Witch of the East.

OJO
Many will be glad to know the Most Wicked is dead.
(re the shoes)
These may save your life.
(beat)
Of course, they may also get you killed. Depending on who you show them to. So. Be careful. Oz is a twisty road, truly.

Dorothy puts them into her bag. She's getting used to this craziness. Chief starts talking and Ojo translates.

OJO (CONT'D)
The road will take you all the way to the Emerald City. Spee will accompany you as far as the Munja'Kin borderland. And --

Ojo turns to the Chief.

OJO (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
Me?

CHIEF EBO
(subtitled)
You're the only one who knows her language. She was attacked in your home.

Ojo admits his duty reluctantly. He nods his head.

BOO
(subtitled)
Ojo the Unlucky!? He scares at the mere mention of Kalidahs.

OJO
(subtitled)
I do not.
(to Dorothy)
I am coming.

A chuckle from the crowd. Ojo gives a look to Boo. Walks away with Dorothy and Spee, his head low.

EXT. BRICK ROAD - DAY

Dorothy and her Munja'Kin guides walk the road. The bricks are crooked and broken, the road fallen into disrepair. Desolate rolling fields of neck-high dead grass as far as the eye can see. On a hill, METALLIC JUNK, burned out and bombed-- a vestige of some old, forgotten war. And an eerie quiet.

Dorothy bends down to examine one of the bricks on the BRICK ROAD. She looks closer. Gold? Dorothy grabs it. It's heavy.

DOROTHY
Is this...real gold?

OJO
Of course it's real.

DOROTHY
And no one steals this?

OJO
Who would steal such a thing? It's a common rock like any other.

Interesting. She sets down the brick. Too heavy to carry. She looks down the road.

DOROTHY
So how far is this city?

OJO
I don't know. I've never been there. King Pastoria built this road to connect the villages. But that was a long time ago, before the Wizard.

DOROTHY
Tell me about the Wizard.

OJO
He came several years ago, like you from the sky after a storm. King Pastoria was the king then. But when the Wizard arrived, he had Pastoria killed and the young Princess sent away to be drowned in a river. He then became our King.

DOROTHY
That's...horrible.

CONTINUED:

OJO
One rarely saves a world without conquering it first. Is that not true where you come from?

DOROTHY
Probably. To be honest I didn't really pay that much attention.

OJO
The throne of Oz is a great prize. And the Wizard has magic greater than any. The witches were at war before he came, but after he took the throne he outlawed magic and the good witches, who were loyal to Pastoria, were rounded up and executed or went into hiding. Now the wicked witches are all that remain.
(beat)
Is there magic in your world?

DOROTHY
Well, up til yesterday I woulda said no. But since I didn't bleed out last night night, I'm starting to wonder if all this is real and maybe I don't know a whole lot about anything.

OJO
That's likely so.

On a hill is the SKELETON of some GIGANTIC BEAST. Dorothy stares at it.

OJO (CONT'D)
Skeleton of a dragon.
(off her look)
But they only come out of hibernation every twenty years.

DOROTHY
And how far along are we in that...dragon cycle?

OJO
Almost twenty.

DOROTHY
Sure.

They take a rest. Ojo pulls out a flask. Spee keeps watch.

CONTINUED:

OJO
(announcing)
Do you drink ale or spirits?

DOROTHY
I do now.

He hands it to her. They pass it back and forth.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Why were they laughing at you--when you left the village?

OJO
My nickname. Ojo the Unlucky.

DOROTHY
That's a *terrible* nickname.

OJO
I did a terrible thing. Tried to cast magic. Even though I could've been sentenced to death if caught.

DOROTHY
Why did you do it?

OJO
There are good men in Oz, men who work hard, feed their families and obey the laws...I am not one of them.

He takes another swig. Dorothy looks at him.

DOROTHY
We've all done bad things for good reasons. I know I have.

Dorothy stares at her multi-colored fingernails. And we should be reminded that only yesterday she was stealing pain pills for her aunt...

TOTO STARTS BARKING. In the distance, we see the stalks of grass bending, like a wave, moving toward them. Dorothy sees it first.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
What's that? In the grass...

Spee points his spear. Whispers something under his breath.

OJO
Oh no...

CONTINUED:

DOROTHY
Is it a dragon?

OJO
No. Worse. Run!

They all start running away from the swaying stalks. Off the brick road--

EXT. GRASS FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Something's charging, barreling at them. AN ELEPHANT-LIKE NOISE TRUMPETS FORTH. The SOUND chills us to the bone.

Dorothy looks over her shoulder. Grabs the shotgun off her back as she runs. She fumbles it. She's no hunter.

A KALIDAH bursts from the field. It is a frightening beast--a four-legged horned monster, covered in fur and scales. Ugly. Big. Fast. (And a striking similarity to the smaller creature in the cage at the Wetmore-Takanomi lab.)

It bounds like a lion and suddenly catches little SPEE in its mouth. CRUNCH. Spee screams in terror.

And like A SHARK SNATCHING A SEAL, the Kalidah quickly disappears with its kill into the grasslands once again.

All is quiet.

Dorothy holds the shotgun in her hands, shaking. She never had a chance to fire off a shot. It moved so fast.

DOROTHY
(in shock)
What? What - was that?

OJO
Kalidah.

Ojo is stunned with terror. He edges to the spot where Spee was taken. He picks up the spear once held by his friend. Looks out to where they vanished.

Ojo screams a horrible, keening cry.

Dorothy looks back and forth between Ojo and the field. No idea what to do. She stares into the face of the man mourning the sudden loss of his friend. It's brutal. And real. She can't deny it anymore. *It's all real.*

EXT. FOREST, MUNJA'KIN TERRITORY - DAY

A group of Munja'Kin tribesmen stand around a funeral pyre erected at the spot where Dorothy killed the Wicked Witch Of The East. The witch's body is covered by a funeral shroud. Chief Ebo stands with the others. Torches light the pyre.

CHIEF EBO
We should've killed the Witch Slayer. Or turned her over to the Wenki.

BOO
(re funeral)
The witches' friends will see we have honored her properly here. Hopefully they will not punish us harshly.

CHIEF BO
You believe we may come out ahead in all this?

BOO
One less witch is always a good thing.

CLOSE ON THE SHROUD. The fingers of the hand--BEGIN TO CURL! Then a noise from the pyre --

A LOUD SHRIEK!

The Munja'Kin startle. What the hell was that? Suddenly--THE WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST sits up.

SHE'S ALIVE! She turns, staring at them through the flames.

CHIEF EBO
Great Ak save us all.

The Witch waves her hand and FLAMES LEAP FROM THE PYRE and BLAST THE MUNJA'KIN. They scream, flames everywhere.

EXT. BRICK ROAD - LATER

Dorothy and Ojo come to a crossroads. They stop. We hear a crow somewhere in the distance.

OJO
This is the end of our territory. From here you must take this road to the West. If you hurry you can make it to the next village before dark. I wish I could come with you. But Munja'Kin don't mix with the Talls. They'd hang me for trespassing.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

OJO (CONT'D)
(beat)
I want you to have this.

Ojo takes off the ring with a round glass bauble on the top.

OJO (CONT'D)
It's a good luck charm. From Ojo the Unlucky.

He puts the ring in her hand. She slips it on her finger. Ojo points down the road.

OJO (CONT'D)
You will find the village of Nimbo there. Someone can get you safe passage to the Emerald City. Very few friends of the witch in Nimbo. You'll be a hero to many for what you did.

DOROTHY
(half to herself)
Hero. For killing an old woman. I think Mrs. Clifford would disagree.

OJO
Mrs. Clifford? Who is that?

DOROTHY
A friend from home. A good witch.

Ojo nods. Time to go. He pats Dorothy awkwardly on the arm and starts to walk off.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
I tried to save her life. That's what I'm trained to do and that's what I tried to do. Whatever she is. I tried. And I'd do it again.

Ojo thinks on it a moment.

OJO
Well then you are a fool.

He turns to go again.

DOROTHY
And you're a good man.

Ojo forces a smile. Then abruptly continues on his way.

A MONTAGE OF SHOTS

CONTINUED:

-- Dorothy and Toto on the brick road. Dorothy puts her headphones on and the montage continues with the music from her phone.

-- Ojo walking home alone

-- Tip finishing his chores, dreaming of the Emerald City

-- Mombi watching Tip, considering how to kill the child

-- The Nome King watching the dig site, plotting his revenge

-- Guph riding a horse on his mission to find an ally

-- The Wicked Witch overseeing the execution of the Wenki Assassin who failed his mission

BACK TO DOROTHY

AS HER MUSIC DIES. HER PHONE IS DEAD.

Her world is gone. She's in OZ now.

EXT. BRICK ROAD - SUNSET

A red sunset. Endless cornfields in all directions. Dorothy walks alone. In the distance, she sees a curious sight--a SILHOUETTE OF MAN ON A POST. Crows circle him, cawing.

EXT. CORNFIELD - SUNSET

She draws closer. Notices the brim of his hat is dipped over his eyes. Is that just a scarecrow--or a man? Even closer now and we can that the man is in fact --

<u>CRUCIFIED ON A POST. His hands and legs tied to the base and crossbeam.</u>

Dorothy covers her mouth. As she crests the hill she sees that below are HUNDREDS OF OTHER SUCH BODIES; all strung up in the same way, victims of some terrible massacre. <u>Crows swarm the area, picking at the dead flesh of the victims.</u> The burned village of Nimbo lies in smoking ruins beyond.

<u>END ACT THREE</u>

ACT FOUR

EXT. CORNFIELD - SUNSET

Dorothy takes in the horrible scene. The wind whispers through the blood-spattered stalks. And somewhere --

A MAN IS MOANING.

She turns to see who it is. Looks from one horrible sight to another. And then she sees him-- a MAN ON A POST.

HIS EYES ARE OPEN. He's still alive, trying to breathe; his body, beaten and bruised. But he is handsome and well-built, with a scruffy beard.

MAN ON POST
Help...me. Please.

His eyes plead. His head drops. This might be his very last effort before giving out.

Dorothy scans around for a way to help. 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. She's getting a good bite into it. The man's eyes flutter. He's losing consciousness. And then ---

CRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!

The post breaks. The man and post hit the ground *hard.* Dorothy runs to him. Tries the ropes. Begins to untie the knots. The man is alive, breathing hard.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Are you okay? Hey--hey!

MAN ON POST
I can't feel my arms.

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

DOROTHY
It will come back. Try to sit up. Get your hands below your heart.

CONTINUED:

She pulls him to a sitting position. Examines his hands, squeezing his fingers.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Can you feel that?

MAN ON POST
No. Maybe a little. Like needles.

DOROTHY
How long have you been up here?

MAN ON POST
I don't know.

DOROTHY
What happened here?

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

DOROTHY
Do you know your name?

MAN ON POST
(panicked)
No. I don't. I don't remember anything.

She feels around on his head, examining. He pulls away.

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. TOWN OF EVNA, KINGDOM OF EV - SUNSET

Black smoke billows from the smokestacks of this industrial town. In the center of the town stands a magnificent structure of glass and white stone--The Royal Palace Of Ev.

EXT. ROYAL PALACE OF EV, COURTYARD - SUNSET

Guph and KING EVOLDO, 40's, a heavyset man with a beard, walk through a flowered courtyard. The grounds are lovely, in stark contrast to the harshness of the town.

CONTINUED:

Behind them is Queen Evilena and their ten children, as well as SIX SOLDIERS that follow for protection.

GUPH
King Roquat believes, as I do, that with the combined forces of all the armies we could conquer the land of Oz and depose the Wizard. And nobody constructs clever works of war like the Machinists of Ev.

KING EVOLDO
And what's in it for me?

GUPH
Destruction of the Emerald City and domination of Oz will be good for all the outer kingdoms.

KING EVOLDO
But how will the spoils be divided? What can each King expect from such a victory? Or does the Nome King intend to rule Oz himself when it's done?

GUPH
That I do not know.

KING EVOLDO
Then you see the dilemma. Planning a war is a severe business. Like many other major undertakings, a war is much easier to get into than out of.

They come to the edge of hedgerow. King Evoldo stops at a fountain.

KING EVOLDO (CONT'D)
The Wizard leaves us alone. He lets the Machinists make what they will, and sell where they will, as long as their war-work never crosses the desert. There's little profit in this type of war, and much risk. Tell the Nome King I'm sorry but Ev will continue as it has been.

GUPH
Thank you for seeing me, your Highness. But you can tell that to him yourself.

Guph nods to the SOLDIERS.

KING EVOLDO
Pardon me?

CONTINUED:

The SIX SOLDIERS turn their spears on King Evoldo and surround the Queen and her children.

KING EVOLDO (CONT'D)
What is this?

GUPH
A message from the Nome King Roquat The Red. Ev will *not* continue as it has been. Nor will Oz.

KING EVOLDO
Wait--

GUPH
There may be risk following the Nome King into battle. but there is certainty as to what will happen if you don't.

Suddenly a BLACK BAG is thrown over the head of KING EVOLDO. A second bag is thrown over the head of THE QUEEN.

QUEEN EVILENA
Take your hands off--

A soldier *knocks the Queen out with a sword-hilt.*

EXT. CORNFIELD - SUNSET

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME holds a belt and sheath for the broadsword. His wrists and legs have been expertly bandaged by Dorothy. He attempts to buckle the belt.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME
I can't...buckle this.

Dorothy clasps it for him.

DOROTHY
(re the sword)
Can you use that?

He lifts it up. Swings it and it flies out of his hand. He darkens, pained and humiliated.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
There's been no blood in your hands. It's hard to know if there's permanent damage. Give it a little time.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME
What are you doing out here?

CONTINUED:

DOROTHY
I'm going to Emerald City.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME
That name is familiar.

DOROTHY
Maybe that's where you're from.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME
(re burnt out town)
It seems more likely I'm from there. And somewhere in this field is my family.

DOROTHY
That thinking won't help right now. Besides, look around. Do you see anyone else with a sword like yours?
(they scan the area)
You don't...fit. Take it from me. I'm a lifelong expert.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME
Maybe we'll both fit in at the Emerald City.

DOROTHY
You wanna come with me?

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME
If you'll have me.
(re sword)
I'm useless with that but it might scare off a road-hawk or two.

DOROTHY
Yeah. Okay. That'd be great.
(beat)
But we need to find shelter. I don't want to be out here when it gets dark.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME
(re the burnt village)
Let's go there.
(off her look)
Whoever did all this is long gone.

DOROTHY
If it's where you're from--

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME
It's not. You said so. And I believe you.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF NIMBO - LATER

Dorothy, Toto and the Man walk towards Nimbo. The man cuts off the path and heads towards a field of bright yellow flowers.

DOROTHY
Where are you going?

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME
You want to get there before dark or don't you?

Toto lopes off into the field. Dorothy shrugs, fine.

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 a lot of pressure.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME
First name that comes to your mind.

DOROTHY
I can't--

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME
Go right now--

DOROTHY
Henry.

He stops, thinks about it.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME
Henry it is.

She nods. They continue on through *the poppy field...*

EXT. POPPY FIELD - SUNSET

Dorothy and Henry continue on, but their pace has slowed.

HENRY
I'm exhausted.

Toto stops, lays down.

CONTINUED:

DOROTHY
Come on Toto. Get up.

HENRY
I'm sorry but I need to rest. My days are catching up to me.

DOROTHY
We're almost there.

HENRY
My injuries have...I'm dizzy.

He sits on the ground. Dorothy crouches next to him.

DOROTHY
Henry. Are you okay?

HENRY
My head swims.

She thinks on that, hard. Too hard.

DOROTHY
Like a fish? Does it swim like a fish or an eel? This is important.

HENRY
Is it.

DOROTHY
(sitting down)
Because I think mine swims like an eel.

Her eyes unfocus. Her fingers play with the petal of a flower. She rubs it in her fingers, petal-dust rising up in the air. She smells it.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Poppies.

HENRY
Yes. Poppies.

DOROTHY
Opiate.

HENRY
Ope.

DOROTHY
We have to run.

CONTINUED:

And she passes out.

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

Dorothy comes to. Feels cold, hard stone on her face. Pops up instantly. Everything is cloaked in darkness, save for a thin ray of moonlight filtering through a barred window.

TOTO sits at her feet. She strokes the dog's head.

A FIGURE RISES BEHIND HER. It walks toward her. She hears the footsteps. Spins. The figure crosses into light, revealing itself to be--HENRY.

HENRY
It's just me.

DOROTHY
Where are we? What happened?

HENRY
I don't know. We fell asleep in those poppies and now we're here.

DOROTHY
The poppies. Right. Damn.

She grabs the bars of the dungeon. Tests their strength. Looks at him with panic: *what the fuck?*

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
You didn't see anyone?

He shakes his head.

Dorothy looks around. Straining to see. ON A TABLE BEYOND THE BARS she sees her bag with its contents splayed out--and leaning against the table--THE SHOTGUN.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Those are mine. On the table there.

She looks at the foot of the table and sees THE SILVER SHOES reflected in the moonlight.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
And the silver shoes.

HENRY
What are you doing with silver shoes?

CONTINUED:

DOROTHY
They belonged to a witch.
(beat)
She’s dead now.

WE LOOK AT THE SHOES as they now--STEP FORWARD! And we realize that shoes are not sitting on the ground but are instead being worn by someone sitting in the shadows --

VOICE
(from the darkness)
Not now, sweetie. Not dead anymore.

The figure waves its hand and the torches in the dungeon suddenly light up revealing THE WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST. The old lady is very much alive, but now twisted and beaten, clothes singed from the funeral pyre. Her hair is a mess. She bares her crooked teeth in a big, ugly smile.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. BRICK ROAD - NIGHT

Ojo walks the road alone, whipping around in fear at every strange owl hoot, or insect noise. A flapping sound above. What is that?

SOMETHING BIG flies between the trees. We see only the dark shape and the beating wings.

Ojo takes off in a run, but something is bearing down on him from above. He looks behind him--it's gaining. Fast. He runs out of breath and stops and looks behind him. It's gone.

All is quiet and then ---

-- HE'S SNATCHED UP INTO THE SKY.

Ojo screams as he's carried off into the dark night.

INT. MOMBI'S FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Tip sleeps soundly in his upstairs bedroom. All is quiet save for a sporadic TINK - TINK - TINK on the window.

Tip wakes. Hears the noise on the window and peers out.

IN THE YARD

Jack is throwing rocks at his window. He carries a small sack. Tip opens the window. Whispers.

TIP
Stop that. *You'll wake her.*

JACK
Come with me. Now or never.

TIP
Now or never *where?*

JACK
Where do you think? Emerald City.

Tip thinks about this.

INT. MOMBI'S FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Tip and Jack tip-toe through the house. They speak in hushed whispers. Tip has a small pack he has gathered.

CONTINUED:

TIP
Grab some bread. But hurry up. And be quiet.

FROM THE SHADOWS comes a voice. It startles them --

MOMBI (O.S.)
Going somewhere boys?

Mombi reveals herself in the candle light.

TIP
We were--

MOMBI
Go to your room, Tip. There is nothing you can say that will make this go well. But there are things you can say that will make it go *much worse.*

Mombi holds a sharp knife, closing on Jack. He backs up, terrified, knocking over pots and pans as he stumbles back.

Suddenly MOMBI'S KNIFE FLIES OUT OF HER HAND AND STICKS IN THE WALL BEHIND HER. She turns. Looks at Tip.

MOMBI (CONT'D)
What did you do?

TIP
(softly)
Leave him be.

MOMBI
I said: What. Did. You. Do.

A RUMBLING throughout the cottage. All the pots and pans start rattling. The chairs and table. The very walls themselves.

MOMBI (CONT'D)
Stop that! Stop it I say!

The rumbling continues. Bigger. Bolder.

MOMBI (CONT'D)
Tip. TIP!

Suddenly all the items in the room lift up and begin pelting her. She lifts her hands in defense. Tries to counteract the magic. But it's too strong.

CONTINUED:

She shrieks. The items have come alive, swirling around in a whirlwind like a tornado, battering her against the wall. She kicks and waves her arms but to no avail. The items are beating her to the ground.

Jack and Tip run out the door and escape into the night--

EXT. MOMBI'S FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

As the boys charge out into the moonlit fields, they hear Mombi shrieking behind them. They run. Hard. Until they are out of breath.

JACK
How did you do that?

TIP
I don't know. Sometimes I can make things move--just by thinking a certain way.

JACK
(frightened by the power)
Don't ever do that again. Ever. If they catch you doing magic, the Wizard will kill you. Can you stop?

TIP
I don't know.

They look at each other. This is bad. There is a LOUD BANGING and CURSING coming from the farmhouse: Mombi!

The boys start to run again. As they sprint into a treeline--Tip's hat is knocked off and--LONG BLOND TRESSES fall out.

Tip is actually a girl.

Quickly, she stuffs the hair back in her hat before Jack is any the wiser.

EXT. WEST PALACE, WENKI TERRITORY - NIGHT

In another part of Oz, the moon peeks out from behind the clouds as A FLYING MONKEY descends from the sky, carrying something in its arms.

The MONKEY glides down toward the palace and we see now that it's carrying--OJO.

He's dropped on the balcony just outside of --

INT. WEST PALACE, WITCH'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

Ojo stands, dusting himself off. He enters the room to see an aging beauty with Raven black hair, late 30's, wearing an eye-patch on her right eye, leather pants and a black flowing blouse. CLOSE on long black fingernails, which we remember from their tapping on the crystal ball. We know at once-- this is THE WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST.

A moment of dead silence. And then --

OJO
I've done everything you asked of me. I even gave her the ring. You should be able to see everything it sees.

He grabs a tin cup and a bottle of wine on a table. Pours himself a glass. He seems somehow confident in her presence.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
Yes, I have been watching.

OJO
Now may I have what you promised me?

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
Little man, so worried for your potion.

She begins sifting through A BARREL FULL OF ROLLED PARCHMENT.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (CONT'D)
This girl, you spoke with her. What do you make of her? Is she a witch? Does she have magic?

Ojo thinks. What can he say to protect her?

OJO
She's strong. Like the Wizard. They are saying she is a Witch Slayer.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
I appreciate your concern for my safety.

She hands him the parchment he requested.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (CONT'D)
This should do what you need to free your wretched little family.
(beat)
Now get out of my sight you monster. Being so close to you makes my skin crawl.

CONTINUED:

Ojo begins to leave. Stops.

OJO
You should know--what happened to the witch was an accident. She never meant to kill her.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
Well, I'm sure The Witch Of The East will take that into account.

Ojo cocks his head. What?

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (CONT'D)
Oh, you didn't know? The Witch is quite alive. And in quite bad temper. Being dead can really *turn a person out* if you know what I mean.

OJO
My village--?

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
Severely depleted. Be glad you weren't there for it. *Lucky.*

Lucky. Ojo knows now he made a deal with the devil. He exits out the door, devastated.

The Wicked Witch turns to her Crystal Ball. Dorothy's ring acts like a camera. And on it the Witch can see --

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

The Wicked Witch Of The East examines the items on the table.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
So, you're the little bitch that saw fit kill an old woman?

DOROTHY
It was an accident.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
And you think I'll believe you, yes?

DOROTHY
It's the truth.

Approaching the bars. Toto growls.

CONTINUED:

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
I woke with the strangest taste in my mouth.

And suddenly the witch has a hold of Dorothy, pulling her face to the bars. Their mouths inches apart. She inhales.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST (CONT'D)
It was you. *And they call me wicked.*

The witch pushes Dorothy back. Picks up the SHOTGUN.

DOROTHY
Leave that alone. It's dangerous.

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

HENRY
Don't talk to her, Dorothy.

The witch points a finger at Henry. Instantly--he's flung against the back wall. His body contorts into a horrible, painful, shape. An inhuman position. Torture. He moans...

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

DOROTHY
Let him go.

The witch looks into the barrel. Squints one eye.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
What does it do...and how does it work?
I'll only ask one more time.

Dorothy's eyes flick down to the trigger. The witch notices. She moves her finger close.

DOROTHY
Don't touch that.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
Or what?

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

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST
Threaten me you foolish girl--

CONTINUED:

Her finger touches the trigger and--

BANG!

The shotgun fires. *The Witch's brains splatter on wall.*

Her body crumples in a heap. The gun clatters to the floor. Dorothy looks away. She sees Henry's body unfold, returning to normal. The spell broken. She looks back at the old woman. This time there can be no doubt:

The Wicked Witch Is Dead.

DOROTHY
You are right. I am a fool.

INT. EMERALD CITY, EMERALD PALACE, WIZARD'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

A man in loose robes with ornate stitching. He has a devious look about him--eyes you want to trust, but can't. He is THE GREAT AND POWERFUL WIZARD OF OZ, late 40's.

Brushing her hair at a vanity is the mischievous and elegant JELLIA JAMB, 30, with dark green hair.

JELLIA JAMB
Something troubling you?

THE WIZARD
Today the heir to the throne would have come of age.

JELLIA JAMB
The Ozma is no longer alive.

THE WIZARD
There are rumors.

JELLIA JAMB
There have always been rumors. But even if she were alive, surely her power could not match your own.

He takes a second to think on this. Jellia moves to the bed.

JELLIA JAMB (CONT'D)
I've had enough talk tonight. Come and remind me why they call you the Great and Powerful.

He turns just as she drops her dress to the floor. Climbs in bed naked. The Wizard smiles. Goes to closes the doors--

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Suddenly a DARK FIGURE steps out from the balcony curtains. The Wizard and Jellia startle at the sight of--

THE WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
Troubled by rumors again, Wizard?

The Wizard relaxes. Jellia wraps herself in a sheet.

THE WIZARD
What are you doing here?

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
I bring you news. A girl has killed the Most Wicked Witch Of The East.

THE WIZARD
A girl? What girl?

Jellia perks up at this as well.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
They say she's a Witch Slayer, with skin as white as a Nome.

WIZARD
We have to find her.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
Don't worry. She'll find you.

The Wizard is shocked. Scared. But he conceals it. Thunder cracks outside. The Wizard looks out the balcony. A storm will be here soon.

EXT. EMERALD CITY - NIGHT

GUARDS close the city defenses for the night. They swing the massive spiked iron gates together. As the gates CLANG together TWO HALVES OF A GOLD SYMBOL CARVED ON THE GATES JOIN TOGETHER --

A DIAMOND WITHIN A CIRCLE.

THE END.