

EAST

Yes, yes! I know. Believe me, I do! I know that this city, this country isn't what it used to be. We were free once. Once in a lullaby. But that song has ended and we have found ourselves under the dirge of witches and a wizard! They do not care for freedom! THEY do not care for peace! THEY. DO. NOT. CARE. About US! We are caught in their webs, their machinations, deceit, lies, and fear-mongering!

They cry out saying "Winkies are coming for your homes!" That "The Gillikins will eat your hard-won food!" That "Illegal Quadlings are crossing the border!" All the while they pump us full of Poppies and Bubbles and get our children murdered. We have to bury our young in the brick road that leads to this cursed city. I cannot lift another yellow fucking brick again, not like that. I will not. Neither will you!

WIZARD

Knowledge is power, my friends. A long-standing saying
that everyone knows and yet it gives them no power.

Power to change. Power to become. Power to control. I
once owned a dog that barked and yapped at my heels,
begging to be fed, to be loved.

(Pause)

I sent that dog away, because I did not care for
parasites. I do not care for those that would beg for
power rather than make it and now I know what must be
done. I will build a home for those that know better.

Oz will be that home.

MOMBI

Why are you after him?

GALE

He's not safe. I want to make sure that he is.

MOMBI

Aw. Your concern is appropriate and also a lie.

Performative even.

He stole something. Something important. Right off the corpse of East. Everyone is looking for it. Even the Wizard, rumor has it. You're looking for it too aren't you? Or rather you are more interested in what the flying fuck it could be, right?

There's no way you're working for the Big Guy too. Trust me when I say, having taken some of the Wizard's resources for myself, people don't last long in a place like Oz with that kind of heat on their back.

(laughing)

Hell, they've lasted longer when I put them in the

barrels and squeezed them of every. Last. Drop.

TIP

Hey, to me this shit is simple. A big player in the poppy trade was taken off the board. It would seem like that I am the guy that did it or maybe you did it. After all you did kill her when you could've, I don't know, not. Let us not pretend that the reason you're interrogating a mimic is for the greater good.

(Pause)

Lion could've switched the umbrellas. I could've loaded the poison. You could've easily pricked her fingers as easily as you did her neck. The truth, in Oz, is negotiable.