

Scene 1

Los Angeles, 1947. Lights up dimly on a body covered by a sheet, spotlight on Jim Hawkins. Jim wears a nice suit that has seen better days and a fedora.

Jim: John Silver had some opinions about society. He called it a shared delusion. A dream people have of a world where people are basically good, not monsters trying to tear each other apart, fighting and killing each other to protect our own interests. I used to think it was just his crowd... until my tour in the South Pacific. Three years fighting Hirohito gave me a different perspective on "society," no matter how hard I tried to forget it when I came home. How hard we all tried to forget it. We want the world to be stable. Reliable. Especially now, after we came so close to destroying each other in the war, only to end it by introducing the deadliest weapon we've ever known. Two years since Victory over Europe and we're as scared as we've ever been. The sad thing is we should be scared. We're just scared of the wrong things. We're scared of what the Russians might be planning. Scared of communism spreading to the rest of the world. Scared of reds in our back yard. If people knew the truth they'd forget the red menace in seconds. The truth is the world is even more fragile than people think. There are places that need far more watching than Russia, places you can find by snooping in the wrong hole, slipping over a rainbow or following a star somewhere other than north. People think they're places of joy, adventure and wonder. But they're wrong.

Sergeant Adams enters.

Jim: Somebody going to tell me why I'm here?

Adams: You're here because we asked you to be here.

Jim: I was hoping for something more specific.

Adams: Nervous, Hawkins?

Jim: Last I knew PIs weren't welcome at murder scenes. Last time the officers were very clear on that. Hurt my feelings. Also my jaw and a couple of ribs, but mostly my feelings.

Adams: I was just told to bring you here. Maybe we think you know the deceased. Maybe we think you know her really well.

Jim: Wouldn't know. Could be anyone under that sheet.

Adams: Maybe—

Jim: Any more "maybes" and I'm going to want my lawyer.

Adams: Only guilty people ask for their lawyers.

Jim: Isn't that what cops say when they need to trick people into confessing?

Adams: Mind the attitude, smart guy.

Jim: What say we just wait quietly until someone who knows why I'm here shows up. That work for you, officer?

Adams: Sergeant.

Jim: What?

Adams: It's Sergeant Adams, dirtbag.

Jim: And it's Lieutenant Commander Dirtbag, sergeant. Long as we're throwing titles around.

Adams: *(hits Jim)* Maybe you'll be less clever with a few bruises.

Jim: No... just a little less pretty. But I'll still be doing better than you.

Adams pulls back to hit him again, but Agent Walker enters and interrupts him.

Walker: Sergeant! What the Hell are you doing?

Adams: Agent, he—

Walker: Why don't you do something useful, like canvas for witnesses?

Adams: The uniforms usually handle that.

Jim: That's okay. If it's too hard, I'm sure one of the rookies can teach you.

Adams: Why you—

Walker: Go. Now.

Adams: Yes ma'am.

Adams exits.

Walker: Sorry about him. He was just supposed to bring you here and wait for me. Guess he can be a bit irritable.

Jim: Could have fooled me. He seemed like a real prince. Who are you and why am I here?

Walker: Special Agent Jane Walker, Secret Service. And you're Jim Hawkins, formerly of the US Navy?

Jim: Yeah. Still wondering why I'm here.

Walker: Frankly so am I. But my bosses insisted we call you.

Jim: Why? And since when did the Secret Service start investigating homicides?

Walker: You served in the South Pacific, right?

Jim: What does that—

Walker: Your ship was hit by a hurricane. They say it came out of nowhere.

Jim: ...It did.

Walker: You were swept overboard. MIA, presumed dead. Only you didn't die. In fact, you turned up in Singapore a few months later, trying to turn yourself in for "involuntary desertion." Full of crazy stories. Almost got tossed on a section eight, from what I hear. Until someone at the Office of Strategic Services made the whole thing go away. Interesting story, I must say.

Jim: Where did you hear it? The files on that are sealed. Sealed meaning I could go to jail for telling that story.

Walker: Not to me. Since the OSS shut down, the Secret Service handles these... outside matters. And I'm told you're the guy the OSS always tapped to look into them. That you know all the players.

Jim: Yeah. Fine. Since the hurricane incident, I've done the rounds. Thought I was done with that.

Walker: Don't know what gave you that impression.

Jim: So what's happened? Another girl check out her reflection in the wrong looking glass? Kids go missing from an upper floor apartment? Need me to knock on some doors you'd rather not have a record of?

Walker: Need you to look at this body.

Jim: That's what I was afraid of... (*crosses to body, looks under sheet*) Oh. Is that who I think it is?

Walker: You tell me. You're the expert, so I'm told.

Jim: The Red Queen.

Walker: So they say.

Jim: What's she doing here?

Walker: What are those sorts ever doing here?

Jim: She shouldn't be here.

Walker: I know. There are treaties.

Jim: Treaties aside, the Red Queen of Wonderland does not leave her kingdom. She wouldn't last five minutes without people catering to her will.

Walker: Looks like she didn't.

Jim: Why is the Red Queen dead in an alley in Los Angeles? Ah. That's what you want me to tell you.

Walker: You are good at this detecting business.

Jim: You may need more than a PI before this is over, Walker. She has diplomatic credentials. What would happen if an ambassador turned up dead in a dingy alley?

Walker: A diplomatic nightmare.

Jim: And if it were the Russian ambassador?

Walker: All the more reason for you to figure this out quickly. Right, Lieutenant Commander?

Jim: Great.

Walker: If it were my choice, I'd be handling this myself, but you have access I don't. Thought you'd be happy for the work, Hawkins. Given your insistence on shunning the family fortune.

Jim: It was never worth the awkward Thanksgivings. And work's work, but there are easier cases.

Walker: If it's not to your liking, there is a way to cut this short.

Jim: Doubt I'm gonna like it.

Walker: Just tell us where to find her.

Jim: Find who?

Walker: You know exactly who I'm talking about. And where she is.

Jim: I thought the government kept track of people like her.

Walker: We try. She keeps dropping off our radar. But word is she's on yours.

Jim: I know this is time-sensitive. But a quick frame-up is not the way to go.

Walker: If I were just looking for a quick frame-up, she wouldn't be the top of my list. But the facts point her way. We've got a witness that saw a blonde fleeing the scene.

Jim: Doesn't mean it's her.

Walker: She's got a history of violence.

Jim: Never killed anyone.

Walker: That we know about.

Jim: Any other suspects?

Walker: It's the Red Queen. How many more do I need?

Jim: It's the Red Queen. There must be dozens.

Walker: You want to prove she's innocent, go ahead. But don't turn a blind eye, Hawkins. Outsiders are always trouble, even the ones that were born here. Smart money says she's involved. You find anything, you call me directly. *(hands him a card)* Try to keep this as quiet as possible.

Jim: I'll do my best. But I'm not the one you need to worry about making noise.

Walker: Then you'd better move fast. Update us when you can. And save your receipts.

Walker exits.

Jim: Right.

Lights down, save for spotlight on Jim.

Scene 2

Spotlight stays on Jim. Alice's apartment is set up during monologue. Furniture is simple. Decorations include framed butterflies.

Jim: John Silver's journals taught me a lot, but one lesson that stuck with me is that you never know which are the choices that are going to change your life forever. He always thought finding the island was going to be the defining moment of his life, and in a way he was right... but it wasn't the moment he stepped onto the island. It was the choice he made when he arrived, the choice that changed his and my family's lives forever. The last choice he ever expected to make. We think we can predict the moments that define us. You think it's going to be the touchdown you scored, the dance you said yes to, or the moment the girl tells you everything is over. But no. Those little moments of triumph and tragedy, nine times out of ten they're nothing but a good story to tell. The moments that define you come out of nowhere and hit you like a truck. And they can be as simple as deciding to chase a rabbit into a hole without knowing how deep it goes. Or if you'll ever really leave it.

Jim enters the apartment. Lights are dim.

Jim: Hello? Anyone home?

Jim shines a flashlight around the apartment.

Jim: Are you hurt? Or even here?

Alice enters, and in the darkness sneaks up behind Jim. Alice is dressed simply and functionally, with elements of blue and a bracelet made of rabbit's feet. She knocks him to the ground, pins him, and grabs his flashlight, shining it in his face.

Alice: (annoyed) Hawkins.

Jim: Hello, Alice.

Alice gets off Jim, turns on the lights.

Alice: Shouldn't sneak into people's homes uninvited, Hawkins. It's not very polite.

Jim: Neither is whatever the hell you just did.

Alice: Simple act of self-defense. Girl can't be too careful, what with all the psychos around.

Jim: Yes, I'm seeing how attacks from psychos could be a problem.

Alice: You broke in. Snuck around my apartment in the dark. The apartment I've tried to make sure nobody knows about. It's hardly crazy to attack first, ask questions later.

Jim: If you were home, why no lights?

Alice: You know I get headaches. Why are you here?

Jim: I see you've expanded your collection of dead butterflies.

Alice: Like I said. Can't be too careful. Why are you here, Hawkins?

Jim: An old friend can't pay a visit?

Alice: When were we ever friends?

Jim: At the very least we're friends.

Alice: You're just the lapdog they'd send to keep me from making trouble with the Wonderland crowd.

Jim: I'm more than that.

Alice: Maybe. Now and again. When I've been in the mood for bad choices.

Jim: You've been in that mood enough I think I'm entitled to at least be called "friend."

Alice: Cut the stalling and the small talk, Hawkins. You're not here because you miss me. You're never here because you miss me. If you just wanted to shoot the breeze you'd visit Darling or the farm girl. Or one of your country club set.

Jim: I'm not in a country club.

Alice: Must be the only Hawkins who isn't. I take it someone's crossed over? Did a girl go missing or is one of them in town?

Jim: One of them.

Alice: Right. Keeping me out of their hair won't mean there's no trouble. You should know that by now. Of course there'll be trouble. I keep warning you people to shoot them on sight, but you never listen. Which is it? The walrus? The carpenter? The Duchess?

Jim: The Red Queen.

Alice: ...That's not funny.

Jim: It's not a—

Alice: It's not even a little bit funny.

Jim: It's not meant to be funny.

Alice: You think *I'm* crazy? Do you have any idea what she's like? How many people are going to die if you can't rein her in?

Jim: One so far. The Queen's dead.

Alice: ...What?

Jim: She was found dead in an alley earlier tonight.

Alice: Okay, now that had definitely better not be a joke. Getting my hopes up like that would just be cruel.

Jim: It's true, Alice. I saw her body myself.

Alice: And then came right here to share the good news? Open a bottle of bubbly and celebrate the bitch's fall?

Jim: Tempting as that is—

Alice: No. Of course not. Why would you be. You're here because you think I had something to do with it.

Jim: I don't know what I think yet. I haven't been on this case long enough for a cup of coffee to get cold. But I know the first thing you do when someone is killed is look at the people who wanted to kill them.

Alice: Lots of people wanted her dead. Half of Wonderland. You'd never stick your nose into something like this without being ordered to... Someone must've put you up to this. Cops? No, something like this, they call in the feds... Agent Walker, I take it?

Jim: She says hello.

Alice: How nice. She's such a friendly one. Every time some freak or pervert gets himself hurt Agent Walker suddenly feels the need to drop by and say hello.

Jim: Can you honestly blame her?

Alice: Feels like harassment. Spend too much time through the looking glass and she has it out for you, plain and simple.

Jim: I doubt that's it. With your track record—

Alice: Never been charged.

Jim: Never?

Alice: Well, never been convicted.

Jim: Because I helped get the charges dropped.

Alice: And I thanked you when you did. Twice that night. Was that not enough?

Jim: A tea party might've been nice.

Alice: Careful, gumshoe.

Jim: Still raw about that. Got it. We both know I need to ask if you were involved.

Alice: No. I wasn't. Happy?

Jim: As a clam.

Alice: Yes, you look thrilled.

Jim: A blonde woman was seen fleeing the scene.

Alice: Really? Well, that must have been me. I mean, how many blonde women could there possibly be in Los Angeles? This close to Hollywood? May as well slap the cuffs on me now, copper. Your case is air-tight.

Jim: Fine. But an alibi would be nice.

Alice: I was here.

Jim: With the lights out.

Alice: Headaches.

Jim: And no one to confirm that.

Alice: Cheshire.

Jim: The cat?

Alice: That's him. If you hurry, his smile might still be here somewhere.

Jim: Why would you see him? You hate that whole crowd.

Alice: Not Chesh. He's a pal. Who do you think taught me how to go unseen?

Jim: I'm trying to keep you clear of this, Alice, but when your only alibi pulls a disappearing act, that doesn't help.

Alice: Fine. Answer me this. Did you see the body?

- Jim:** Yes.
- Alice:** Was the head still attached?
- Jim:** It was.
- Alice:** Then it wasn't me. Because if I were going to go after the Queen, you can bet it'd be off with her head.
- Jim:** So you're saying you're innocent because it wasn't violent enough. Not what you'd call reassuring.
- Alice:** Yes, I hated her, yes, I'm almost sexually excited she's dead, but I'm not your killer. Think about it. To do this someone would have had to lure her out of Wonderland, find a way to drag her from her painted roses and fake trials. Do you really think I'd ever go back there? The place that ruined my entire life?
- Jim:** People do crazy things for revenge.
- Alice:** I don't *want* revenge.
- Jim:** It's all you've ever wanted! Do you even remember what you were arrested for?
- Alice:** That thing with the Mad Hatter. He played tourist and I saw an opportunity.
- Jim:** Exactly.
- Alice:** And that's when I learned. There's no point to trying to get revenge on those people. Not with knives or guns or any of the usual tricks. Because it doesn't work. Whatever I tried to do to him, he just laughed away, like it was all a grand game! Everything was just a mad old time. That level of insanity doesn't follow the rules, not any of the ones we know. And taking a tire iron to every card soldier who ever looked at me funny might feel satisfying in the moment but it's not going to help anything. And do you know why? Because the things they did on purpose weren't the worst of it! It's how they opened my eyes. I see the world for what it is now. Wonderland isn't crazier than anywhere else, they're just more honest about it. They have their tea parties and croquet games and all the fanciness the rich and proper enjoy but they admit they're insane while they're doing it. They wear the madness on their sleeves. Not like here. We act all prim and proper but deep down we're just as bad. Just as mad.
- Jim:** We're a little better than them.
- Alice:** Are we? Do you remember that murder from back in January?
- Jim:** Lots of people get murdered here, want to narrow it down?

Alice: You know the one I'm talking about. The only murder this year people think is worth talking about.

Jim: The Dahlia.

Alice: Elizabeth Short. She only became the Black Dahlia after she was dead. There was no whimsy in how she was killed. Whoever did that didn't cut her in half because some wordplay made it make sense. It was just plain, simple cruelty. And she wasn't alone. There'll be more like her, and worse, until we finally wipe ourselves out. I'm not crazy, Hawkins. It would be crazy to see the world like it is and not lash out against it. But good luck with what you're doing. Why don't you try the Duchess? She hates the Queen more than I do.

Jim: She hasn't managed to kill her before now. And if someone from Wonderland was behind it, why do it here?

Alice: A local wouldn't want to do it here either. Your bosses don't want any more of that crowd here than necessary. But another tourist, they'd have all the reason in the world to put big red out of her misery here in LA.

Jim: Alice, this is hard enough without you playing conspiracy.

Alice: Think about it. They get to plug a hostile foreign leader, and we get stuck with the clean-up. What part of that doesn't make sense?

Jim: The part where you think anyone actually wants Wonderland mobilizing for war.

Alice: But it has to be worth looking into.

Jim: Why, exactly?

Alice: Because if I'm wrong, nothing happens. You come back here and try to pin everything on me. But if I'm right, and nobody does anything about it... then what? Jabberwockies flying up the Sunset Strip?

Jim: You have a point. Do me a favour, Alice... don't leave town.

Alice: Wouldn't dream of it. Not when things are getting so interesting. Feel like a nightcap?

Jim: Raincheck?

Alice: Hm. You don't usually say no to a drink when I'm feeling... hospitable.

Jim: I'd stay, but the sooner I figure this out the sooner the government and Wonderland stop trying to shake you down. So I have to see some people.

Alice: Checking in with your bosses?

Jim: Off to see the wizard.

Jim leaves the apartment. Lights down.

Scene 3

Spotlight on Jim. During the monologue, Alice's apartment is replaced by the Emerald Room, a bar in downtown LA. Dorothy Gale, owner and operator, is at a table, drinking from a bottle of wine. She is wearing a blue party dress and red shoes. There are several bottles and glasses around her.

Jim: Life after the island was hardest for John. He couldn't go back to his old life, not after turning on his crew. Had to get a job as a cook. Live a "normal life." And he hated it. I never understood why until after the war. The war changed me. It changed all of us. While we were over there, all we did was dream of being able to go home, but once we got back, home just wasn't the same. We weren't the same. Being away had made us into something else. Some of us had a hard time leaving the war behind, as glad as we were to be away from it, but some... some couldn't leave it behind because they missed it too much. Those were the ones you had to be scared for.

Lights up on the Emerald Room. Dorothy sees Jim.

Dorothy: Jimmy Hawkins, as I live and struggle for breath! Get in here!

Jim: Evening, Dorothy.

Dorothy: Need a drink, Jim? We're getting ready to close down but I can make an exception.

Jim: Lots of empty glasses. Big party tonight?

Dorothy: Every night's a big party at the Emerald Room, you know that. Or you would if you visited more often. Come on, have a seat!

Dorothy sits Jim in a chair and pours two glasses of wine.

Dorothy: What brings you by, Jim? Got a case? Something juicy?

Jim: You could say that.

Dorothy: Dynamite. What's the rumpus? A murder? Say it's a murder.

Jim: You're rooting for a murder?

Dorothy: I'm guessing you're here because you need my help. I'd rather it wasn't something dull like cheating spouses.

Jim: You'd rather someone was killed than cheating?

Dorothy: Cheating spouse cases are just depressing. Hearts broken, a family changed forever, maybe some domestic violence, it's a sad, sad story.

Jim: And murder isn't sad?

Dorothy: The worst part is over by the time you show up. Gives you the chance to right some wrongs, serve some justice, maybe chase down a villain!

Jim: And see a human life senselessly ended.

Dorothy: People die every day, Jim. Most of the time it's senseless and pointless, but it's still gonna happen. No sense getting weighed down by that each time when you can have the adventure of putting it all right.

Jim: No sympathy at all for the murder victim?

Dorothy: Of course I feel for the victim. I'm not a monster like Liddell.

Jim: Alice isn't a monster, she's just not—

Dorothy: Yeah, yeah, yeah, she's just misunderstood. We just keep misunderstanding the way she'll dislocate a guy's shoulder for looking at her too long. Look, Jim, of course it's sad when a person dies. Well, most people. Some people, it's a cause for celebration. But what's really sad is when a person dies before they've ever really lived.

Jim: And chasing killers is living?

Dorothy: Damn right it is!

Jim: And getting half-cut in a closed nightclub?

Dorothy: That too! Especially when it's your own nightclub. Heh. How many other girls from Kansas have their own club? And how many people from Kansas ever really live? I can tell you, and it's not a big number. They have their little lives, just passing time and hoping their crops grow. They die never having been more than a day's drive from home, thinking Wichita is as big and exciting as it gets.

Jim: They'd probably say they live a decent life.

Dorothy: Only because they don't know any better. Not like us. We've been around, seen things, *done* things.

Jim: You spent most of your time in Oz afraid for your life and trying to find a way back.

Dorothy: Only the first trip. And I was not *that* scared. But once I was home, I found out it sticks with you. You've been there, you know what I'm talking about. It's so much... bigger. Brighter. More vivid. Seeing all of that, then being back in Kansas, everything was just so much duller. Like the whole world was black and white, and Oz was my first taste of colour. Wasn't it like that for you?

Jim: Sort of. Certainly was a colourful place.

Dorothy: Guess being swept there from a battleship would be different than from a farm, huh.

Jim: It was a frigate.

Dorothy: You navy boys and your specifics. Next time I'm just saying "boat." But still, you know what I'm talking about, right? Regular life just doesn't cut it once you've tasted something extraordinary. Whether it was Oz or the war.

Jim: Can't say I agree. Maybe normal life is different, but that doesn't mean it's not good enough. I fought my war, I saw Oz, saw other places, and I was happy to come back to something normal. Just like you'd be if you gave it a chance.

Dorothy: Liar.

Jim: Sorry?

Dorothy: It's a nice speech. Well, a little clunky but seems heartfelt. And I can tell you've been practicing it. For my benefit, right? I appreciate the effort but it does kind of fall apart given that it's based on a lie and all.

Jim: I wasn't lying.

Dorothy: Of course you were.

Jim: I wasn't.

Dorothy: Then you're lying to yourself, darling, and that's even worse.

Jim: Why are you so sure I'm lying?

Dorothy: Look at yourself! You're a private detective! Why would you do that if you're so eager to get back to "normal?"

Jim: Rent doesn't pay itself. Have to do something.

Dorothy: It's not like you were starved for choices. Could've stayed in the military.

Jim: That's what I was trying to get away from, remember?

Dorothy: Combat was what you were trying to get away from! And you could have. With your record? Your family's connections? All those medals the OSS had thrown at you after your little tour over the rainbow? Hell, you're a legacy. There've been Hawkins in the navy since America fought the Spanish. You could've gotten any posting you wanted. Something stateside, far from any possible front line. An academy, or something in Washington. If you'd been willing to play the game you could've made

Admiral. Or if none of that appealed, you could've gone back to the family, enjoyed being rich for a while. But you didn't do any of that. Could've done all sorts of things in all sorts of places but you decided to be a gumshoe here, in Los Angeles. You picked a life of danger, intrigue, and hanging out with us Oz and Wonderland types.

Jim: Government picked that last part for me.

Dorothy: Guess the OSS doesn't let go easily.

Jim: There is no OSS anymore.

Dorothy: So they claim. What is it they call themselves now?

Jim: Couldn't say.

Dorothy: Of course not. Point is, you're just like me. Chasing whatever thrill you can, whether it's getting cut at a party or chasing down some scoundrels. Liars and muggers and squares, oh my. Which brings us back to your case. Who died? Anyone I know?

Jim: The Red Queen.

Dorothy: *The* Red Queen?

Jim: Yep.

Dorothy: From--?

Jim: Uh huh.

Dorothy: Well now. Ding dong, the bitch is dead. Why are we drinking this bottom shelf swill? Time for the good stuff! Give me that.

Dorothy grabs Jim's glass. She moves to dump it out, then pauses and drinks both glasses.

Dorothy: Waste not, want not.

Dorothy wanders offstage.

Dorothy: *(from off)* Any thoughts on who did it?

Jim: No shortage of suspects.

Dorothy: *(from off)* No doubt.

Jim: There's actually a theory I'm following. Thought you might be able to help.

Dorothy: *(from off)* How?

Jim: I need to see the Wizard.

Pause. Dorothy re-enters with a champagne bottle.

Dorothy: Do you now.

Jim: Yeah.

Dorothy: But nobody can see the Great Oz! Nobody's ever seen the Great Oz! Even I've never seen him!

Jim: Cute.

Dorothy: But seriously folks, why would you need to see the Wizard to find out who killed the Queen?

Jim: It's a theory I heard. That maybe someone in Oz had something to do with it, and wants America to take the blame.

Dorothy: And where did you hear this theory?

Jim: Does it matter?

Dorothy: Of course it matters. Someone put that notion in your head. And I've got a pretty good idea who.

Jim: Dorothy...

Dorothy: Liddell.

Jim: You don't know that.

Dorothy: Sure I do. She'd be your first stop. And she'd have the most to gain by trying to shift the blame to Oz and away from her.

Jim: I don't think she did it.

Dorothy: Of course you don't, you never want to think she's doing something wrong.

Jim: She had some good points in her favour. Enough that I'm willing to look at other possibilities. Including Oz.

Dorothy: Why the hell would we—would Oz want to kill the Red Queen?

Jim: You have to admit, Wonderland aren't the best neighbours.

Dorothy: Maybe not, but that doesn't mean Oz would attack them.

Jim: Why not?

Dorothy: The people of Oz are forbidden to kill!

Jim: So are the people of LA, doesn't stop the ones that want to.

Dorothy: It stops the people of Oz. They're non-violent.

Jim: Except for the flying monkeys. And the wicked witches. And the tin man was pretty good with that ax, if memory serves.

Dorothy: That was then. It's not like it used to be!

Jim: But it's not exactly a utopia. Not everyone knows or cares what's happened in Oz since the Wicked Witch, but I do.

Dorothy: Then you know that if I say Oz wouldn't do this, I would know! I am a goddamn princess of Oz! A personal friend of Princess Ozma and Glinda! I am—

Jim: The one who left.

Dorothy: I... I had to. Auntie Em got sick, I had to come back here.

Jim: And how long since you were there?

Dorothy: It's not an easy place to get to. Even if you can find a path, it doesn't always take you where you need to be.

Jim: So you can't know for sure.

Dorothy: Maybe not, but I'm as sure as I can be.

Jim: But the Wizard might know more.

Dorothy: How do you even know he's in town?

Jim: The Wizard of Oz doesn't come to California without one of my old employers hearing about it. They keep tabs on these things.

Dorothy: Should've kept a closer eye on the Queen. We wouldn't even need to have this conversation.

Jim: The thought crossed my mind once or twice. Can you help me find the Wizard?

Dorothy: I'll sleep on it. Feel like I oughta demand a witch's broomstick or something. In the meantime, maybe you should look a little closer at the usual suspects.

Jim: I'm not ruling anyone or anything out just yet. Just trying to cover all the angles.

Dorothy: Of course you are. Wouldn't be a Hawkins if you didn't. Good night, Jim.

Jim: Good night, Dorothy. Careful you don't give yourself too bad a hangover.

Dorothy: Coming down's always the hard part. The trick is to never stop.

Lights down.