

Salem Wars

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FADE IN:

EXT. NIGHT SKY, FULL MOON, STARS DOT THE SKY

THE CAMERA FOCUSES ON A LENGTH OF ROPE AND TILTS DOWN
REVEALING A NOOSE

The noose is bathed in the light of flickering flames.

For centuries a hidden war has been fought between an organized group of hunters known as the Lumen and a mysterious coven of witches and warlocks known as the Magia. From the Old World to the establishment of the New World this war waged on. By the 17th century those with magical ability had almost gone extinct. The Salem Witch Trials, initially meant as a victory for the Lumen and the end of all witches changed everything. Now the Lumen were forced into hiding and the Magia allowed to grow and rebuild. For 300 years witches and warlocks lived peacefully yet secretly among humans. They believed the witch hunts had ended, the Lumen no more than legends and nightmares... they were wrong.

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EXT. ROOFTOP - AFTERNOON

A man is doubled over panting heavily. Sweat pours down his face. A noise from behind makes him look up. He looks around the deserted rooftop and gives a deep sigh of relief. A look of concentration comes over his face as he turns his attention toward the sky. For a few moments nothing happens and a look of confusion crosses his face.

UNKNOWN MAN

You know that won't around me Mr.
Osborne.

Osborne jumps and turns. Someone stands there, their face just off camera as they walk slowly toward him. All that can be seen is the suit that they're wearing.

OSBORNE

Where did you come from? I don't
understand.

UNKNOWN MAN

None of that matters. Not anymore.

Osborne starts backing away then stumbles slightly. He catches his balance in time. Behind him is the edge of the roof.

OSBORNE

It does. How are you moving around so fast? Why can't I access my abilities. What are you? A Void? A warlock?

Osborne blinks and suddenly the man is standing directly in front of him. He grabs Osborne's wrists.

UNKNOWN MAN

I'm something more...

MOMENTS LATER - GROUND LEVEL - SIDEWALK

A teenager walks along. Headphones blasting music. Just out of focus and out of their line of sight a large object falls from a roof and into a dumpster below. The teen senses something and pauses, turning to the dumpster to their left. They look up towards the roof. Noticing nothing out of place they shrug and continue walking.

INT. CNN CENTER - MORNING

A nondescript work space filled with a maze of cubicles. Phones buzz in the background, a low buzz of chatter. In a cubicle MICHAEL STOVALL sits alone. Distracted by his work. A news headline stands out on his computer screen:

MYSTERIOUS MURDERS AND DISAPPEARANCES DISTURBS THE EAST COAST

Michael looks at a list of names he's written down shaking his head.

MICHAEL STOVALL

No, it can't be...

The list contains a dozen surnames. Bishop, Proctor, Alden, Nurse, Goode. It goes on.

MICHAEL STOVALL

That's impossible.

He skims through the article taking note of locations: Boston, New York, DC, Atlanta... Michael grabs his phone and coat and quickly gets up to leave.

EXT. LITTLE FIVE POINTS - NOON

Michael walks through the district taking in all the people and views. He pulls out his phone and starts the voice

recorder.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I'm in Little Five Points, a known Mecca for witches and warlocks in Atlanta. And the site for the most recent murder.

Michael stops quickly when he notices the eyes of a group of college kids watching him with interest. One them looks at him in recognition. She wiggles her fingers and crackle of blue and purple sparks briefly flashes. Michael nods and smiles in acknowledgement

Catherine Corey was found dead in the area only two days ago. Authorities could not determine the cause of death. The only thing that stood out as unusual was the gray pallor to her skin. As quoted "As if all the life and color was literally drained from her".

Michael continues walking and turns off onto a deserted side street and continues talking.

What the Humans don't realize is that it's not far from the truth. The Magi who examined her could sense no traces of Magic.

The recording briefly pauses. A notification pops up informing him that only 10% of battery is left. With a sigh he rolls his eyes and looks around. Noticing the lack of people he turns back to his phone and muttering a few words. His phone is briefly enveloped in a purple mist. When it dissipates his battery immediately jumps to 100% and he continues.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Catherine Corey is a witch and, like all the victims that have gone missing or been killed the past few months, she is a descendant of Salem. Their ancestors were witches and warlocks captured and executed by Witch Hunters during the Witch Trials of 1692.

Michael briefly pauses, hesitating before continuing.

MICHAEL STOVALL
...this can't be a coincidence. For
the victims to have this connection to
Salem... are the Void back?

SOMETIME LATER INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - MIDTOWN

Michael enters the apartment purposely moving without pause. He heads into the bathroom. Standing in front of the mirror he waves his arm and mutters a spell. His reflection and bathroom dissolve in the mirror and reforms to a smiling lady sitting at a receptionist desk.

RECEPTIONIST
Hello, this is the Regional Coven
headquarters, how may I help you
today?

MICHAEL STOVALL
This is an emergency. I need to report
a possible Witch Hunt.

INT. UNDERGROUND ATLANTA- COVEN HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

Two Coven guardsmen escort Michael down the hallway and into the Coven Regional Governor's office. Without delay they leave him closing the door behind them. A clatter catches his attention causing him to turn.

WILLIAM DANVERS
Well, look who it is. Long time, no
see Mike.

WILLIAM DANVERS, walks up to him clapping him on both shoulders before embracing. Michael accepts the hug stiffly, confusion visible on his face.

MICHAEL STOVALL
Will? It's been almost ten years.

WILLIAM DANVERS
It has. The last time I saw you we
were casting spells during the
witching hour.

MICHAEL STOVALL
Night school. I remember. I can't say
I miss those days. Learning magic by
night only to get up during the day

for high school algebra?

WILLIAM DANVERS

Oh, come one. Night school and high school weren't that bad. You had me. I kept it entertaining at least.

(Will laughs.)

Michael just shakes his head then pauses.

MICHAEL STOVALL

So, what are you doing here? Last I heard you were in the Capitol out in Salem. Don't tell me you're Regional Governor now?

Before William can respond someone clears their throat. He turns and sees CHANCELLOR HART, leader of the American Covenant standing in the corner.

CHANCELLOR HART

I've sent the Governor on an errand they'll be back shortly.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Michael, may I introduce Chancellor Pamela Hart. Madame Chancellor, this is an old friend of mine, Michael Stovall.

CHANCELLOR HART

(Extending her hand.)

Oh I'm aware of who he is. I keep personal tabs on all the Descendants of Salem.

MICHAEL STOVALL

(Taking her hand and shaking it. Speaking in a low voice and avoiding eye contact.)

Nice to meet you Chancellor.

(He looks up making eye contact.)

I'm guessing that means you're aware of why I am here?

CHANCELLOR HART

(A flicker of surprise crosses her face before disappearing.)

You know?

MICHAEL STOVALL

Yes ma'am. I'm a journalist it's part

of my job to know about these things. I didn't think it would be taken seriously. I thought I was the only one aware of what's been going on this summer.

CHANCELLOR HART

Trust me Mr. Stovall, we're well aware. I felt it was best not to bring this to the attention of our community. We wouldn't want to cause a panic. Besides, the Humans are already getting suspicious. Occult activities and even Satanic rituals are circulating in their media. More than likely it's a rogue group of Magia with an agenda we've yet to discover.

MICHAEL STOVALL

With all due respect ma'am I don't think it's witches or warlocks.

He looks down before continuing.

I think the witch hunters are back.

WILLIAM DANVERS

(An uncomfortable laugh.)

You know that's all a bunch of conspiracy theories right? Scary stories told to scare young Magia into behaving by their parents.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I know but-

CHANCELLOR HART

I can assure you Mr. Stovall, there are no witch hunters. They died out centuries ago beginning with the end of the Salem Massacre. I'm sure you know your history.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Yes ma'am. It's just the bodies found were consistent with what the Void were known to do. Blocking out are magic. Not one of are kind have that ability. Even humans-

WILLIAM DANVERS

Look man, no offense but we've got this. I work with the Chancellor personally. There's no evidence that the Void even exist anymore. It's been what over 320 years? If they were here we'd have heard about it by now.

MICHAEL STOVALL

(Sighs, forces a smile.)

Yeah... yeah, I guess you're right

CHANCELLOR HART

We appreciate your vigilance Mr. Stovall, but the Coven will take it from here. Under normal circumstances you wouldn't even be allowed so far into the building. What happened to your ancestors and Mr. Danvers here has earned your families respect as well as paint a potential target on your backs.

WILLIAM DANVERS

We're still taking this seriously. Monitoring the whole situation. The Chancellor has even just authorized the Coven Guard round the clock protection from any potential threats.

Michael glances at William who looks almost embarrassed.

MICHAEL STOVALL

So the two guys who escorted me into he building, I'm assuming they'll be following me around from now on.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Exactly! And before you have to ask you're family is covered too.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Great. Thanks. So I should probably go then. I don't want to hold you guys up.

CHANCELLOR HART

Not at all, Mr. Stovall. It was a pleasure meeting you. Don't worry too

much about the guard. They'll keep their distance. Let you live your life undisturbed.

MICHAEL STOVALL

That sounds great. Maybe I can still help. I can help control the flow of information. You know, redirect the attention of the murders away from the media. We wouldn't want the return of a second Salem witch hunt, void or not.

An awkward laugh between the three of them before Michael gives a wave and walks toward the door.

WILLIAM DANVERS

It was great seeing you again. Maybe we can hangout some time before I return to Massachusetts.

MICHAEL STOVALL

That sounds good just let me know.

Will nods as Michael leaves, shutting the door then he turns to the Chancellor.

CHANCELLOR HART

I've been chancellor of the American Coven for a decade now. I've met everyone Magia family descended from Salem, except for his. His family has always been in the background.

WILLIAM DANVERS

That explains Mike in a nutshell. Even as kids he would rarely go on any type of adventure unless I dragged him along. His parents and siblings are a lot more active socially but none of them have ever been comfortable discussing their ancestry.

CHANCELLOR HART

Maybe they're the family we should stay focused. I have a feeling there's a connection we're missing.

INT. DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON DC - LUMEN CORPORATION - EVENING

On the surface an ordinary company. Businessmen move hurriedly throughout the building. A familiar figure in a suit walks through a hallway. Men and women stop and quickly bow as he walks.

THE CAMERA TILTS TO REVEAL HIS FACE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE walks into his office. His ASSISTANT ready and waiting takes his travel case from him.

ASSISTANT

Welcome, back sir. How was your trip?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Productive. As usual.

He moves briskly towards his desk.

I need you to arran-

ASSISTANT

I'm sorry sir, I'm sure you're busy but the Council requests you're presence.

Hawthorne does not hesitate. Instead he turns heading back outside towards the door. He takes the case from his Assistant as he exits.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Perfect. It saves me the trouble of organizing a meeting myself.

INT. COUNCIL MEETING ROOM - LUMEN CORPORATION

Twelve men and women, professionally dressed sit around a long wooden table. The room is dimly lit. All are conversing in mutters. Nathaniel enters the room and all conversation immediately stops. As he crosses the room and sits down he turns directly to the MAN to his left.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Welcome back Lord Hawthorne. More good news I trust?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

There is Master Mather.

He sits his case down and opens it. Pulling out a folder of

files, he places it on the table and slides them towards Mather. Mather rifles through each file detailing the names, photographs, and details on over a dozen people.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Thirteen descendants of Salem.
Everyone of them witches and warlocks.
Scourges of all of them. And I dealt
with them myself.

A murmur of interest around the room. Mather smiles.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Excellent. Ever since I've promoted
you to the council you've never
disappointed. Not many Lumen could
have taken on these creatures alone.
It usually requires a dozen of ours to
destroy one of theirs. You have to
tell me your secret.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(Smirks)

I'm refining my technique. Hopefully
one day soon. But there's more.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Elaborate.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

We've spent centuries keeping track of
the genealogies of the witches from
Salem. As you know there was one
family we could never keep find
anything on. But I can confirm that
I've found them.

The people around him gasp and whisper among themselves.
Mather looks at Nathaniel in shock.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Descendants of Tituba? The first witch
we exposed during the witch trials?
How?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

It wasn't easy but I pieced it
together from the thirteen I hunted
down. They have kept contact with each
other for centuries. I was able to get
everything I needed to find them.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

And where are these descendants.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Atlanta. I'm requesting a team to capture him immediately.

Mather pauses for a moment. Everyone looks at him waiting.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Give me a few days. Maybe in a week at the most. Your hunts have attracted the attention of the general population. More importantly, I suspect the witches have taken notice. We have to play this carefully before we advance our plans

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Of course Master Mather. You've been planning this for years. We have to be careful.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

The one family that escaped us. Who knows the secrets we can discover from them. And I have good news. We're ready to strike soon. That's why we brought you here.

Mather stands up and addresses the room at large. All heads are turned to him.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Lords and Ladies of the Council. The moment has arrived. After over 300 years we're finally ready. For three centuries we've hidden in the shadows. Building power and gathering information. We've allowed this darkness hiding among humanity to get complacent. Comfortable. Safe. Around the country thousands of our brothers and sisters are mobilizing prepared to destroy the heart of this shadow community.

Mather turns to Nathaniel.

I'll give you command of as many men as you need. When the time is right,

bring the family to me. In the meantime, rest up. You've earned it.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I will Master. Thank you.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

The rest of you gather in the war room. It's time to begin.

Chairs scrape as everyone immediately gets up and begin to exit the room. Many already on their phones to command subordinates. Mather pats Nathaniel on the shoulder as he leaves leaving Nathaniel alone.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(Quietly to himself.)

It's finally starting.

He gestures towards the door as he walks towards it and it slams open, banging against the wall. Smiling ominously, Nathaniel exits the room.

ONE WEEK LATER EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Michael walks silently. He purposefully watches everyone that passes by. Two PEDESTRIANS notice and look back in confusion.

PEDESTRIAN 1

What's this guy's problem?

PEDESTRIAN 2

No idea, maybe we should call someone?

PEDESTRIAN 1

No, let's just get out of here.

Both of them find an opening in the traffic and quickly cross the street to the sidewalk on the other side.

MICHAEL STOVALL

(Muttering to himself.)

Just calm down. You're being paranoid.
Everything is fin-

Something makes him turn around. A group of people staring directly at him move determinedly forward. All of them dressed professionally and all of them armed.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Mr. Stovall?

Michael turns back around and sees Mather facing him flanked by two others. A CAR comes to a stop on the street to his left. The doors open revealing others. He's surrounded.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I'd look you to come with-

Michael runs. Finding refuge in the alley to his right.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(Gives a light chuckle.)

They always run. Always makes what we do so entertaining.

He motions with his hand and the others immediately give chase.

Michael continues to run. His breathe becoming louder with the exertion.

MICHAEL STOVALL

(Closes his eyes and a look of intense concentration crosses his face.)

Come on. Come on. Get me out of here. Please.

A clatter from above. Michael opens his eyes and sees dark figures on the tops of both sides of the buildings that form the alley moving quickly.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Leave me alone.

He spots a DUMPSTER up ahead. Staring at it intently he waves his hand at it. Disappointment as whatever he's trying to do fails.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Don't waste your time. You know that won't work.

Michael eyes a brick wall up ahead. There's a door built into it. It opens revealing more figures coming out of the gloom. He comes to a stop looking around. A wall of people surround him. The sounds of clicking catch his attention and looking up he sees those up above pointing guns at him.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

You could have saved yourself a lot of time and energy. This little chase was pointless.

Mather moves to the front of the group. He stares back intentionally. Almost as if he's looking for something.

My name is Nathaniel Hawthorne. And as I've said before, I need you to come with me.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I'm telling you. You have the wrong person. I didn't do anything.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

We both know that's not true. My family has hunted your kind for thirteen generations. Even the weakest among you poses a threat to us.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Witch hunters?

(Muttering almost to himself.)

I knew I was right.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Oh, we're more formal than that. Witch hunters imply we're less organized. A random group of people.

Slowly the people around him are inching closer. Michael notices looking for an exit.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Then you must have a name? Have I heard of it?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(Laughs lightly.)

Only if you invest in stocks and businesses. We're the Lumen. Officially, the Lumen Corporation.

MICHAEL STOVALL

But what do you want? Why not just kill me right from the start? I know how you work. Kill first ask questions later.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Our ancestors may have been so
bloodthirsty. But we have a greater
purpose.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Purpose? Let me guess,
experimentation? You want to get rid
of magic but also weaponize it.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Perceptive. There's more to it than
you realize but for a man that is
trapped, you're surprisingly quick
thinking.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I wouldn't be a very good journalist
otherwise.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(Smirks)

Journalist. And here I thought you all
brewed potions and practiced spells
for a living.

His face hardens. A look of seriousness changes his features.
Michael notices the change and tenses.

Now, you can come with us quietly,
or... we can use other methods. It's
up to you.

Michael raises his hands and swirls them around. For a second
silence then, laughter emanates from the figures closing
around him.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

You know you're magic doesn't work
around us. Now, are you going to
cooperate?

MICHAEL STOVALL

(Closing his eyes again.)

No, I won't.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Have it your way. Take him.

Those standing from above begin to fire not bullets but
tranquilizers. The trangs stop in midair just inches from

Michael. His eyes open. At first he's confused, but a sense of calm crosses his face. The tranqs fly back to their owners who jerk violently before collapsing. A few fall from the roof onto a few of the people below.

HAWTHORNE

Now that's interesting.

Michael stares back at him. Suddenly there is a flash of light as dozens of people are blown in opposite directions smashing into the wall. Somehow the shockwave has no effect on Hawthorne.

But I'm interesting too.

In the blink of an eye Michael vanishes leaving Hawthorne the last person standing. He quickly takes out his phone and makes a call.

HAWTHORNE

We need reinforcements and medical teams quickly. One of them got away.

EXT. PIEDMONT PARK - NIGHT

The park is deserted at this time. All is quiet except for a faint breeze. Out of nowhere there is a flash of light. Michael lands in a heap in the grass. He's breathing heavily and immediately gets up taking in his surroundings.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I didn't know I could do that.

A vibration came be heard. He looks down and sees the glow if his phone through his pants pocket. He pulls it out and sees who's calling: **WILL DANVERS**. Without out hesitating he answers putting it on speaker. Almost immediately he hears an eruption of noise coming from the phone. Gunshots, shouts.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Will! Are you ok?

WILLIAM DANVERS

(Shouting)

Mike. Good they haven't got to you yet.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Got to me? The Lumen - I mean the witch hunters right? They almost did. What about you? You sound like you're

in the middle of a battle.

Heavy breathing can be heard. The sound of footsteps.

WILLIAM DANVERS

No, no. I was able to get away. The Lumen or whatever you call them they're distracted. It's not a battle it's a massac-

He chokes back a cry. Attempts to cover it up with a cough.

Anyway I'm headed to the safehouse. You know the one?

The sound of wind blowing through the phone. The shouts of gunshots and screams quickly fade away in a rush of wind.

MICHAEL STOVALL

They drilled it into our head since kids. It's impossible not to. Hey, I'll meet you there. Just focus on your flying. Don't let them see you.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Yeah... you're right. I'll see you soon?

MICHAEL STOVALL

Of course just stay safe. We'll figure out what's going on.

Michael disconnects the phone and pockets it. For a few seconds he looks around, making sure he's alone. Then he looks up at the sky. The moon shines fully. Wind begins to blow around him ruffling his class. It disturbs the grass around him. Within seconds he's lifted into the air and takes flight.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

A dilapidated brick warehouse sits in the darkness surrounded by woods. A group of people stand outside of it. Groups of people begin emerging from the woods. Some limping, others nursing bleeding wounds. Some with ripped or damaged clothing. Stifled cries ring out here and there. Those who stand outside rush to help.

WARLOCK

I need healers at the ready. We have wounded.

A woman cries out in pain. Visibly she's unharmed.

WARLOCK

Ma'am it's going to be alright. I need you to try to quiet down until we can get you inside. Are you hurt?

WITCH

Everyone is gone. The entire coven. My family, my friends. I was the only one able to get away in time.

WARLOCK

Shh, I understand. We'll get everything sorted out. Maven!

Another witch comes from within the building. She puts an arm around the distressed witch and brings inside. Slowly the straggle of people arriving from the woods increases. Witches, Warlocks, young children in various states of injury and shock.

As Michael emerges from the trees he takes it all in. He joins the line of people headed towards the main entrance. An elderly man in front of him stumbles and he's able to catch him before he falls.

ELDER

Thank you sir.

MICHAEL STOVALL

No problem. Did you have any news on what's happening? How widespread this is?

ELDER

None at all. They came out of nowhere. I don't understand. Witch hunters? The void? I thought they were all extinct.

MICHAEL STOVALL

We all did.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR

At the door Michael is let in. He follows a hallway into a crowded factory floor. Cots are spread out, people are already settling down. Desks sit at the entrance of the factory floor. People line up. Taking names writing down information.

DESK WITCH

May I have your name and place of residence?

MICHAEL STOVALL

Michael Stovall, Atlan-

WILLIAM DANVERS

Hey, Mike! Over here.

Michael looks up, he sees William rushing over, grimy, clothing ruffled. A cut over one cheek.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Hey, are you ok? What's happening?

WILLIAM DANVERS

Later. The Chancellor wants to see you.

INT. BACK ROOM - WAREHOUSE

A hastily put together room. A cot lies in one corner, in the center a old and worn desk. Chancellor Hart sits behind it, hands together, eyes glazed. There's a knock, she doesn't react until William and Michael enter the room, placing her hands on the surface of the desk and rearranging her features into something more aware. She rises her attention focuses towards Michael.

CHANCELLOR HART

Mr. Stovall, I'm glad you've made it safely.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Please, Madame Chancellor, just call me Michael, it saves time. And I wouldn't exactly say safe. I've run into Them. And I'm guessing based on what's happened we all have.

CHANCELLOR HART

It appears you were right Mr- Michael. The witch hunts have begun. It's Salem all over again.

WILLIAM DANVERS

So it's true. About all of it? The Void- witch hun- Lumen?

(He sighs)

I'm not sure what to call them.

They've been hiding. Like our kind.
All this time?

CHANCELLOR HART

Michael was right. None of us,
especially me could admit the truth.
Accept the reality of things going
back to the way things were...

The Chancellor goes silent staring off into space.

I'm sorry. As leader of the American
Coven I have to maintain some
composure. We're not sure how
widespread the attacks of. We lost
contact with the Capital in Salem. My
family... I have no idea.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Wait my family! I didn't even think-
does anyone know if they're here? Are
they ali-

WILLIAM DANVERS

I'm sorry, there's been nothing.
Plenty of people are missing, but more
survivors are arriving every moment.
Mayb-

CHANCELLOR HART

I'm sorry gentleman but we have to
focus on other matters. We have people
focused on survivors, it's our job to
unravel what's going on.

She's straightened up. Her tone more serious urgent. Her
facial expression a look of focus and determined. Michael
opens his mouth to speak.

I'm sorry Michael but that's where we
are at the moment. Hopefully both our
families are found but right now I
need you to tell me everything you
know about this Lumen.

INT. REGIONAL COVEN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Lumen agents scour the building. Removing files, overturning
heavy objects, defacing the property. In the main lobby,
Hawthorne stands observing the rubble of several status
bullet riddled and partially collapsed. They're standing on a

concrete plinth with the words engraved: **Never Forget the Price We Paid in Salem. In Memory of Those We Lost. May Our Magic Never Waver.** This is followed by a list of victims.

Hawthorne shakes his head with a slight smirk.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Ironic.

He looks around observes the agents busy with their work, then flicks his a finger. The what remains of the statues, each representing a victim lost in the Salem Witch Trials crumbles into dust.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

You know it's interesting...

Nathaniel turns around calmly. Staring into the eyes of his superior. Mather appears lost in thought.

History observes the deaths of over twenty witches, and one warlock. Famous for their public trials and executions of course. But we and the witches know over a hundred of their kind were wiped out during that war.

He comes to stand by Mather, staring at the debris left behind from the statues and looking down at the list of names.

Yet there are less than two dozen names here. Only the names of the prominent families in their... coven. Elitism at it's finest. Even among creatures that believe their superior.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

With all due respect Master. It wasn't a war. More like a massacre. They never had a chance. Just like they didn't today.

Mather gives a chuckle. He folds his arms and takes in his surroundings with a smile.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

You're right. A war would mean both sides having an equal advantage. If it wasn't for what we can do. Sensing the presence of nearby Magic. Negating any

powers they do have. This would be much harder.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The perks of being a Void. It makes us far more capable than a human. We were made for this.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

I take it the Atlanta Operation was a success. It may have taken centuries but Salem has been taken care of us.

Hawthorn face hardens and frown takes over.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

For the most part. The Regional Governor has been taken care of. Thousands are dead or captured. Several hundred are on the run... including Michael Stovall.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

But overall it's been a success. We'll get them all. Eventually. This was only the first strike.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

But there is something different about him. Strange. Even for a warlock. There were over thirty Void in that alley. Somehow his Magic was able to resist us all. I've never known that to happen. The most powerful of them have been useless when around us. There's never been anything different.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

It's a gamechanger. Nothing we can't adapt and overcome. After all.

Mather looks around at the Lumen busy focused on their work.

There came a time where we were seen as variants. Freaks of nature. Abominations. By Them. This Michael Stovall could be another divergence. Another change in their magic none of them expected. Only time will tell.

INT. BACK ROOM - MORNING

The Chancellor, Michael, and William sit huddled around the desk poring over notes and files. Michael rubs his eyes. William tries to stifle a yawn. Chancellor Hart continues on. Occasionally, taking a sip of some kind of concoction in the bottle.

CHANCELLOR HART

The Void has always been intertwined with witches. From the very beginning. For the longest time we had no idea how they came to be. Only that when a human had a child with a witch there was a small chance that a Void would be born.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Yeah, these guys are descended from us but it still doesn't make sense why they hate us so much.

MICHAEL STOVALL

It's kind of an open secret. One school should have better emphasized but it's always been glossed over.

WILLIAM DANVERS

What's been glossed over.

CHANCELLOR HART

It's our fault. This whole thing. The centuries of witch hunts, the wars, persecution from humans.

WILLIAM DANVERS

In what way?

MICHAEL STOVALL

From the research I've done, basically the Void were mistreated by us for being different. Think about it. For generations your family just casually uses magic. From their point of view it's normal. Suddenly you have people born in your family who can stop magic in its tracks. Anyone in the immediate vicinity becomes powerless.

CHANCELLOR HART

There was a time we were celebrated

even worshiped by Humans if some of the history is believed.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Yes ma'am, that part of the history I do know.

CHANCELLOR HART

In a nutshell, we hunted down and tried to destroy the Void. They were abominations, a threat. Sound familiar?

WILLIAM DANVERS

So we were the hunters.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Right. But then about a thousand years ago, everything changed. The Void that survived hid themselves. Had families among humans. The fear of us turned into hate. Over time they began to influence public opinion in human cultures. Turned them against us.

CHANCELLOR HART

And the hunters became the hunted.

WILLIAM DANVERS

So I'm guessing around the Salem Witch Trials was when we discovered how the Void were originally created. Which explains why the Covenant formed in the aftermath makes it forbidden to intermarry and have children with humans.

Both the Chancellor and Michael nod in unison. Avoiding eye contact.

So why am I just hearing this now? You'd think this would be important history back in Night School.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Because it's been something the Magia has always been uncomfortable admitting. Like I said before it's an open secret. Something a quick archive search would have pulled up. It's just never been talked about openly.

CHANCELLOR HART

It was always easier to just white-wash the history. A way to justify our history with the Void, paint us in a better life. History is written by the victors.

WILLIAM DANVERS

So if intermarriage between witch and human is forbidden. How are they're still void. And where does the Lumen come in.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Well the Void can still pass on their abilities between Humans. That's how they survived the first time we drove them into hiding. And that's probably what they've done now.

CHANCELLOR HART

And as far as the Lumen are considered. I've done research on that front.

She unearths a folder on her desk with the Lumen Corporation logo on the front.

WILLIAM DANVERS

I thought the name sounded familiar. They're an actual company, based out of DC.

CHANCELLOR HART

And one of the most secretive. No one has any idea what they actually get up to. They have influence on a global level in politics, business, government.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I have a feeling they're employees are almost exclusively Void too.

CHANCELLOR HART

Most likely. Over a hundred thousands employees. From what I can tell most of those employed have worked their for generations. Passing it along in families. Very rarely an outsider is hired. But I suspect those that do are

newly discovered Void. Possibly descended from a dormant line.

WILLIAM DANVERS

So do we have a plan to stop what's happening Chancellor.

Chancellor Hart pauses. For a moment she looks down.

CHANCELLOR HART

This attack was sudden, direct, and unpredictable. Communications with the national Coven has been cut off. I'm not sure there's anything we can do now but regroup. Survive. Find as many of us as we can.

WILLIAM DANVERS

But what about Magia around the world. Maybe they can help.

CHANCELLOR HART

Our entire community has gone back to the dark ages. I haven't heard anything from the world beyond.

A look of shock crosses William face.

WILLIAM DANVERS

What are we going to do? How can we even stop them without Magic?

The three of them lapse into silence. Michael looks from one to the other, then looks down at his hands. For a brief second he holds his breathe.

MICHAEL STOVALL

So right before I arrived here, the Lumen came after me. Almost specifically.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Wait what do you mean? Like you were a primary target?

MICHAEL STOVALL

I think so. There were dozens of them. One man he called himself Nathaniel Hawthorne, seemed to be a higher-up.

CHANCELLOR HART

Being one of the descendants of Salem would naturally paint a target on you're back. We were aware of this over the past few weeks. How did you escape? And the guards I assigned you?

MICHAEL STOVALL

Either they've done their jobs too well and stayed out of sight, or the Lumen got to them. But here's the thing. My Magic worked fine. For a moment I struggled to use it but right near the end I had complete control over it.

CHANCELLOR HART

That's... unprecedented.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Maybe they let you go on purpose.
(He stands up and looks around concerned.)
They could be tracking you.

MICHAEL STOVALL

That can't be it. They would have found us by now. And I'm pretty sure they wanted me to badly to just let me go. I was able to teleport away. Something I had no idea I could do until now.

CHANCELLOR HART

That's one of the rarer magical. And useful. Not many of us can. We mostly have to rely on portal spells to travel long distance and that takes time and focus.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I'm not sure what's going on with me. I wanted to keep quiet about it. But there's too much at stake to keep secrets.

CHANCELLOR HART

I'm glad you came forward with this information. Everything in this war could be useful.

WILLIAM DANVERS
So this really is a war then?

Before the Chancellor can respond the sound of footsteps can be heard. The three of them turn to look at the door. Members of the Chancellor's staff burst in followed by a half dozen Coven Guard.

CHANCELLOR HART
What is it? What's wrong?

STAFF 1
We've had contact with another Coven,
Madame Chancellor.

CHANCELLOR HART
But there's a problem... where.

STAFF 2
Savannah, Ma'am. There are survivors
but they're under attack. We've
received a call for help.

CHANCELLOR HART
Prepare a portal. Now!

EXT. OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

A dozen witches and warlocks are gathered in a circle murmuring incantations. About two dozen Coven Guard are gathered in nearby waiting. All of them are armed. Michael stares at the guns as he Will and the Chancellor walks toward the gathered group.

MICHAEL STOVALL
I never thought I'd see the day where
witches use weapons.

CHANCELLOR HART
It's a necessity. If we can't use our
Magic we have to match the Lumen with
equal firepower. Besides, they'll have
you to cover them.

Michael comes to a stop. His jaw dropping slightly.

MICHAEL STOVALL
I'm sorry? Backup?

CHANCELLOR HART
We need all the help we can get. And

you're the only one with an advantage.

MICHAEL STOVALL

But I'm not a soldier. I don't have
experience in combat magic.

WILLIAM DANVERS

It's not ideal but I'll be right there
too. Besides, you know Magic isn't
always about experience. It's about
pure instinct.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I can-

WILLIAM DANVERS

Just trust me. It'll just come to you.
Like when you were in that alley.
Except this time you aren't alone.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Okay, maybe you're right. But it might
be a mistake.

The group of twelve repeating incantations raise their voices as the spell finishes. For a brief moment all sound disappears. Then a hole in the air appears before them. It's solid black, reminiscent of a black hole. Most of the Coven Guard line up at the front. Michael, William, and a few volunteers take the middle with the remainder of the guard taking the rear. Chancellor Hart walks up beside them.

CHANCELLOR HART

Try to stay safe, focused, and try to
bring our people back safely.

The Coven Guard salute her. William and a few others nod. Michael stares into the darkness of the portal. They move toward the portal. One after the other they begin to pass through. William gives Michael an encouraging smile before walking through. Michael involuntarily swallows and then steps forward. For a few seconds everything darkens. All sound gone. Within moments all sounds and sights return.

EXT. NEAR THE SAVANNAH RIVER - DAY

Michael steps into what appears to be a warzone. Bullets fly through the air. Narrowly missing his head. A building, old and as abandoned as the one they've come from is being assaulted. It sits near the edge of the Savannah River. Men, women, and children come running from within being pursued by

Lumen carrying shot guns. They shoot into the crowd of people. Some falling to the ground dead instantly. The Coven Guard run towards them guns raised and shoot at the Lumen. William and a few of the others run towards the civilians.

WILLIAM DANVERS

This way! This way! Go to the portal!
Don't stop.

He picks up two screaming kids and runs past Michael who stands frozen. Bullets continue to fly past. The Guard Captain sees him standing there.

GUARD CAPTAIN

Protect Stovall! We'll need him if
this doesn't go our way.

Three members of the Guard surround him guns raised. Michael notices how one of them clumsily fumbles with theirs. He looks up and sees more civilians getting gunned down. He begins to stumble forward. The guard around him matching his pace. Shooting at any Lumen who goes in to attack.

For a moment Michael is transfixed at the carnage. Lumen and Guard shooting at each other. The shouts and screams of witches and warlocks attempting to run or are cut down. A smoke rises from the building. A haze hovers in the air from the guns going off.

The bodies of the Lumen begin to join the dead witches. The blood of their bullet riddled bodies mingling. Michael stares just as unblinkingly into the eyes of so many sightless corpses on the grass.

COVEN GUARDSMEN 1

Reinforcements! They have
reinforcements!

Dozens more Lumen come running around both sides of the building.

COVEN GUARDSMEN 2

They're are too many of them.

COVEN GUARDSMEN 3

We're being surrounded!

COVEN GUARDSMEN 4

Retreat!

GUARD CAPTAIN

Stand your ground! There are still
witches who need help.

COVEN GUARDSMEN 1

It's impossible. Even one warlock with
magic can't stop all of them.

GUARD CAPTAIN

Keep up the fight.

Fresh screams catch Michael's attention. A family of seven.
Two parents, five children are surrounded by Lumen. They're
thrown to the ground.

FATHER

They're just kids. This isn't right.

MOTHER

No! Please! We haven't done anything.
They haven't.

BOY

Hel-

The sounds of gunfire cuts them off. The family lie huddled
in a pile unmoving. Michael stares at the Lumen responsible
hard. The sounds of crackling fill the air. For the moment
everyone pauses looking around. The guardsmen nearest Michael
notice something and back around. Sparks of electricity
travel throughout his fingers. In the sky the sounds of
thunder can be heard. The sky darkens. For a moment nothing
happens.

Bolts of lightning streak from the sky and target the Lumen
near the murdered family. In seconds they're smoking and
charred corpses. More lightning falls attacking more Lumen
who begin to run. The Coven Guard begin to move, ushering
more survivors to the portal. William stares transfixed
before helping more children go through.

Michael stands there calmly. Watching the lightning strike
the area repeatedly. Many of the Lumen have run while the
less fortunate lie in smoking piles.

From a distance Nathaniel Hawthorne stands. He's hidden in by
the trees of the woods and stands completely still. Watching
the events unfold. Slowly he backs away disappearing into the
woods.

THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON HIS EYES, REFLECTING THE LIGHTNING

FLASHES IN THE SKY AS IT ZOOMS INTO BLACK

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Refugees stream through the portal. All of them are are gently led into the building by volunteers. William arrives through it with a group of children. He looks back at the portal questioningly before moving the children forward.

Michael appears walking through the portal followed by three guardsmen before the portal dissipates. He follows the line of people inside.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR

Michael enters the main room. He looks straight ahead. People stare, whispers spread from person to person. A few people whoop and clap.

REFUGEE 1

Is he a Void?

REFUGEE 2

No he was using Magic.

REFUGEE 1

But how? I thought none of us could.
Not around the hunters.

REFUGEE 3

Maybe's he's gifted.

Chancellor Hart steps up to meet him at the end of the room.

CHANCELLOR HART

It seems like we were due for some good news. About hundred refugees rescued.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Yeah, I guess so. Doesn't feel like much of a win.

William emerges from the crowd.

WILLIAM DANVERS

I've never seen anything like that. You're controlling the weather now? Normally takes a large group of us to pull off something that controlled.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Excuse me. I just need to get away...

Michael walks away from the chattering crowd leaving the factory floor.

INT. HALLWAY

He enters the hallway leaning against the wall. For a second Michael closes his eyes covering them with his hands.

Bullets flying. People running and screaming.

Michael starts to breathe heavily.

Bodies are strewn on the ground. Blood staining the grass. Eyes staring into space.

Footsteps faint at first echo as they come closer.

The family begs, pleading for their lives before their cut down in a barrage of bullets.

Michael jerks, opening his eyes as someone touches his shoulder.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Everything alright?

MICHAEL STOVALL

No it's not. I couldn't save them.

WILLIAM DANVERS

What do you mean? All those people out there. They're here because of you.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Not them. It was... it was a family out there that I saw. Mostly kids. They didn't make it.

For a few seconds silence.

WILLIAM DANVERS

You know it's not possible-

MICHAEL STOVALL

That's not the point. I know we couldn't have saved everyone but they'd be alive. I hesitated. It's like I was just stuck there. I

couldn't do anything until after they're killed. They reminded me of my own family.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Look, I'm sorry I wasn't thinking. So much has been going on. I've barely had time to think about my own. Last time I talked to them they were in New York.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I don't blame you. Some people are trying to distract themselves anyway they can. I'm just worried about the other people out there that can't be saved. I don't even know what I'm doing. What if the next time I go out there my family is actually caught in the crossfire and I make a mistake.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Well lucky for, you there's something we can do about that.

EXT. MARRIOTT MARQUEE, ATLANTA, GEORGIA - AFTERNOON

Hawthorne enters the crowded lobby of the hotel. People bustle about barely giving him a glance as he quickly walks through the cavernous atrium. At the elevator he's joined by a small group of people. The elevator rises. Hawthorne observes the size of the atrium through through the glass walls of the elevators. He turns back to those who join him in the elevator rolling his eyes. A child is wailing.

CONCERNED MOTHER

Shh! Shh! It's okay baby. You'll have a long nap back in the hotel room.

LOUD MOBILE USER

I just don't understand why the trip was delayed last minute it doesn't-

Two teenagers laugh at whatever joke they were discussing. Hawthorne sighs loudly. He snaps his fingers and everyone within the elevator freezes. And everything quiet. Smiling to himself, Hawthorne moves forward. Watching the view of the elevator as it gets higher.

Finally the elevator dings as it reaches it's destination. Hawthorne steps out as the doors open.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

You all have a good day.

As he leaves the people within the elevator resume signs of life as if there was never a pause.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MARRIOTT MARQUIS- ATLANTA

Only a quarter of the council is present, the majority are projected onto screens in the room. Christopher Mather sits at the head of the table with two other sitting at various places along the conference table.

LORD 1

-west coast offensive has had a few stragglers escape into the desert.

Hawthorne marches into the room. His expression silencing the meeting that's going on and drawing's everyone's attention to him.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

There's been a complication in Savannah.

LORD 2

Complication? That can't be right.

LORD 3

We've planned everything so-

Hawthorne takes his place at the table, to the immediate right of Mather. Ignoring the other Lords.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

How many have we lost?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Most of our men. The coven was discovered many were taken care of. Then, Michael Stovall intervened.

LORD 4

So I'm assuming his Magic had a role to play in this... complication.

Hawthorne turns to one of the screens, projecting one of the Lords. The word **CHICAGO** is seen below him.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

It has my Lord. This Tituba descendant

appears to be exceptional. Not only is he able to fight off our abilities, he appears to be more powerful than the average witch.

LORD 5

(His screen reads **NEW YORK CITY**)
Master Mather, I wonder if our newest Lord might need some assistance. Obviously this Michael Stovall is presenting a problem. Maybe-

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I can guarantee you Lord reinforcements isn't the issue. I had plenty of men.

LORD 4

Yet somehow this.. warlock was able to resist the effects of a Void. No one has reported anything like this before. Our attack has been largely successful... you seem to be the only exception.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

My lords, I have men present at both scenes who can verify my own testimony. You've all read the reports. There's something different about him.

LORD 6

Your reports on the other Salem Descendants in the weeks leading up to the attacks have also had complications of their own. News stories among the general population indicate unusual deaths?

Nathaniel glances at all the staring Lords before taking a look at Mather. His expression is unreadable. He silently observes the conversation going on.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The Descendants of Salem were all prominently known for their powerful and unusual abilities my Lord. For centuries we've observed them. Many had influence within their Coven. Their deaths would naturally draw

attention.

LORD 1

They're only speculating on these series of events my Lord.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Really? Because it seems like the council is forming a witch hunt of their own.

LORD 4

We only-

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

There's only one solution to this. The witches have taken on the use of guns against us. Fighting fire with fire. We need to match them too... with Magic.

Most of the council has gone quiet. A few look curious nodding their heads. Others silently mutter or shake their heads. Mather sits straighter, focused more closely on Hawthorne.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Please, Lord Hawthorne. Elaborate.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Michael is the first of his kind to effectively match us with Magic. Until now it's never been a threat. We've captured a significant amount of witches for experimentation. Studying them. Trying to determine the source of their Magic. How it works. Maybe we can find a way to weaponize. Use it for special circumstances like-

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

So you want us to become the thing we hate.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Of course not. I'm just being practical.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Those things cast our kind out, just for being different. Because somehow

they believed their magic made them superior. If we use Magic we're proving them right. That they're the superior being.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I meant no disrespect Maste-

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Gentlemen, we are the Lumen. What does that mean.

LORDS

(In Unison)

We are the light of the world. Our purpose: to purge humanity of the scourge known as witchcraft.

Mather turns back to Hawthorne.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

You are dismissed Lord Hawthorne. Rest up. We'll discuss a more appropriate plan of action later.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Of course Master. My Lords.

Hawthorne rises, inclines his head to them. The council has resumed their meeting. Barely noticing him. As he turns away anger gives way. As he heads towards the exit an ATTENDANT enters carrying a tray holding beverages. As he passes the glasses slide off the tray one after the other they shatter spilling onto the floor.

ATTENDANT

Excuse me. I'm sorry. It must have been an accident. I'll get his cleaned up.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - COURTYARD - DAY

Dozens of people are scattered throughout the courtyard. The majority are focused on guns. Reassembling and disassembling the components. Learning to aim and shoot. In a corner Michael stands with Coven Guard member FARRIS GOODE. Before Michael is a small inflatable pool of water.

FARRIS GOODE

Remember to focus in your mind's eye on what you want to happen. It should

flow from there.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Yeah.

He stares at the pool of water. For a second nothing happens then the water starts to churn and bubble.

FARRIS GOODE

There's nothing wrong with using your hands. It's not necessary but having them to guide you. To have something physical to connect between you and the thing you're controlling with your mind often helps with focus.

Michael raises both hands. Slowly raising them. At first the water continues to bubble, but then it begins to rise up. Some of it sloshes and spills back down. Most of it continues to levitate forming a sphere of water.

FARRIS GOODE

Ok. Now try to return it back gently. Slowly. Don' try to rush it.

Michael slowly lowers the ball of water. It trembles for a moment threatening to collapse. Right before it touches the pool it does. Most of the water slops back into the pool but a good amount spills over the side.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Close enough right?

FARRIS GOODE

You've improved over the past few days. You were already good for an average warlock. But all that untapped potential? You made it rain yesterday! And you've already mastered teleporting within a day.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Don't forget the fire. At first I thought he'd burn the building down but he was able to put it out on his own.

Will walks up to them. A shotgun slung over one shoulder.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I'm guessing gun training is going

well?

WILLIAM DANVERS

It's going I guess. How's the Magic training.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Goi

FARRIS GOODE

Great! He think he's no pro because it's basic stuff. But most of it would normally require a dozen witches.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Well Magic always came easier to me than witchcraft even in Night School.

WILLIAM DANVERS

That's because it invited creativity. I remember you were always good at that. Witchcraft on the other hand...

MICHAEL STOVALL

Was more of a science. Come on, memorizing spells, studying potion ingredients. You had to get it exactly right or it wouldn't even work. It was like doing a complicated algebra problem in high school. Either it was right or it was wrong.

FARRIS GOODE

It's ironic then that the "artists" of the Magia world make great soldiers then. Many of you Witchcraft specialists do better in research and government positions.

Farris gives a very pointed stare towards William as she says it. Michael laughs.

WILLIAM DANVERS

What? Someone has to do it. How else can we keep our world running...

There's a brief moment where the three remain silent. Just awkwardly standing there.

FARRIS GOODE

Hey, our world is still running. We're still here. No matter what's going on outside these walls.

From inside the building an alarm blares. Everyone in the courtyard reacts and begin to rush inside.

WILLIAM DANVERS

The fight goes on I guess...

The three of them join the others returning into the building.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR

The lighting has dimmed. A blue light flashes in tune with the alarm. Groups of witches and warlocks have gathered together. Most look on in confusion. Michael, William, and Farris Goode enter the room, navigating through the crowd. Chancellor Hart appears followed by a group of Coven Guard.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Madame Chancellor, what's going on?
Have they found us?

CHANCELLOR HART

(Looking around at the panicked crowd.)

No, no, nothing like that. There's good news actually. More survivors. In the heart of Atlanta.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Are you sure it's safe? Atlanta has been one of the hardest hit areas.

WILLIAM DANVERS

I'm surprised if anyone would risk staying there.

CHANCELLOR HART

Either way, if there are survivors we need to investigate. If Savannah has proven anything, is that anything is possible.

FARRIS GOODE

Is there anything you need from me ma'am? I can assemble a team and head out right now.

CHANCELLOR HART

It's better to move at night. Savannah was an exception, they needed in the moment. This group is hidden away. They're safe for now. Give it a few hours Ms. Goode. You're all moving out at sunset.

Farris Goode nods and walks away.

CHANCELLOR HART

Mr. Stovall, can I have a word with you.

Michael glances quickly at William he slightly shakes his head then turns back to her.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Ok, sure.

As they move through the room the alarm has faded away. The lighting returns to normal and the crowd begin to settle.

CHANCELLOR HART

How has your training coming along? I've had reports of your progress but I wanted to hear it from you.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Yeah I- I think it's going good. I could probably use more time but I feel more prepared than I was a week ago.

The Chancellor stops. He follows her lead as she turns to look at him directly.

CHANCELLOR HART

But do you feel ready? To go back out there?

MICHAEL STOVALL

Why do you ask? If this was about my reaction after coming back from Savannah-

CHANCELLOR HART

That's part of it. But that was last week. I know it was a lot to force on you in the moment. Anyone would freeze in dealing with death. I just need to

know how you are now.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I'll be honest. It's not an ideal situation. I'll admit I'm nervous. Scared. But this isn't like last time. It's a rescue not a war zone.

CHANCELLOR HART

Outside these walls, that can change at any second. It might be a rescue going in but a battle could always be around the corner.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I think I'm prepared this time. I can handle it.

CHANCELLOR HART

Good. I'm glad to hear it.

She turns to leave.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Excuse me Chancellor.

CHANCELLOR HART

Yes?

MICHAEL STOVALL

Do we know where they're hiding? It might help knowing what to expect.

CHANCELLOR HART

The Marriott Marquis. Downtown.

INT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS - AFTERNOON

Hawthorne enters the hotel room. He takes off his suit jacket and drapes it over a chair as he walks deeper into the room. He pauses and takes in the scene. A group of witches and warlocks sit on the floor. Some are bloody, others shaken. They're surrounded by armed guards. Christopher Mather turns at his approach. A smile on his face.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

What's this?

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

A chance to prove yourself.

Hawthorne sighs and moves forward. Stopping and looking down at the silent group.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
I'm guessing the Council is behind
this.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER
Of course.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
By killing a group of witches?

CHRISTOPHER MATHER
You know it's more complex than that.
They're bait.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
For Michael Stovall.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER
You've always been a high-achiever.
Proven you're more capable than half
the Council.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
But apparently one mistake can undo
all of that.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER
You're young. It's normal to make
mistakes. There's always time to come
back from it.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
So if I fail to bring in Michael. I
lose my place on the Council?

CHRISTOPHER MATHER
But you won't fail. I provided this
opportunity for you. Many on the
Council wanted to vote to have you
step down. I figured one more
opportunity to prove yourself would be
all you needed.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
But if I fail? What then. Am I just
relegated back to foot soldier. They
don't even know the truth.

Christopher Mather looks towards the guards, then gives Nathaniel a warning look. He puts his hand on his shoulder and guide him away.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

(In whispers)

You know there's a reason for that. Hunting witches gives our people a purpose. A sense of identity. What do you think would happen if all of them knew we were descended from witches?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I think knowing the truth would further encourage them.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Regardless, that's something you could bring up with the Council. Now is not the time. I want you to focus on keeping your place.

Both of them pause and look back towards the Magia on the floor.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Now, I've already convinced one of them to send out a message to their leader. All you have to do is wait. Hopefully this draws in Michael Stovall.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

It will.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Assuming it does. In a building filled with Lumen, it'll be impossible for him to get away. You're due for a win.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(Forces as grin.)

Thank you, Master. I appreciate your support.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

I'll leave you to it.

Christopher Mather leaves the room. The smiles drops from Hawthorne's face. He walks back towards the bedroom and turns towards the guards.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Leave us. I can handle this.

The guards leave without question, leaving him along with the Magia. He moves toward them. The group cower back at his approach. Hawthorne stops and smiles.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I might have a better use for all of you.

EXT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS - NIGHT

Pedestrians move about, hurriedly trying to get to their various destinations. Among them is a group of tourists. Backpacks dig in to their shoulders, luggage is being dragged. They move toward the entrance of the hotel. Some of them have phones out taking photos.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I can't believe I'm finally here. This hotel has shown up in plenty of movies.

He snaps a few photos. William Danvers arrives, dragging a travel case.

WILLIAM DANVERS

The Hunger Games were filmed here right? Do you think the Capitol are still inside?

Michael gives a light laugh.

FARRIS GOODE

(light-hearted tone)

I hope not. This vacation would go a lot easier without a complication. Come on let's see the inside. I hear you can see the entire length of the building from the main lobby.

The group of tourists numbering over three dozen begin to make their way to the main entrance.

INT. MARQUIS LOBBY

The group move into the lobby. Some of them react excitedly to the room. The vast crowds moving about.

Farris Goode turns towards the elevators.

FARRIS GOODE

Alright guys. I think it's better we go straight to our rooms. Remember it's on the 22nd floor.

JOKING WARLOCK

I don't know. I think I'll check out the spa first.

Farris Goode grabs the warlock by the arm and steers him toward the elevators.

FARRIS GOODE

I think we'll have time for that later. Follow me everyone.

MICHAEL STOVALL

(whispers)

The Guard's armor is still hidden so the cloaking spell is still working.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Hopefully that's a good sign. That the Lumen aren't nearby. Can they just turn it off?

MICHAEL STOVALL

I have no idea. The history books never mentioned if they could actively block Magic or not. Just that they did.

They stop at a bank of elevators. Farris Goode looks around. Silently counting the elevators and the group around here.

FARRIS GOODE

We'll have to split into separate groups. Mike, Willy...

Williams looks back at her confused then looks around. She gestures towards them.

Yes you! Come with Ben, Lacey, and I. These elevators with the glass walls have an amazing view.

The five of them enter the elevator along. Farris gives Will an annoyed look.

FARRIS GOODE

Keep up.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Willy really? I was thrown off. Will is just fine.

As the doors close, Farris presses the number 22 and the car begins to rise. She shakes her head in response.

FARRIS GOODE

Ok, so everyone will meet on the 22nd floor. But the actual room is on floor 23. That gives us time to gather everyone before taking the stairwell.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I hope this is as simple as it seems.

WILLIAM DANVERS

We all do.

Michael looks through the glass of the elevators.

MICHAEL STOVALL

It's weird. All that's happened in the past week, and the rest of the world is still moving along like nothing's changed.

WILLIAM DANVERS

And to think there use to be a day when they were excited to experience a witch hunt. Now they're mostly unaware.

The elevator dings and the group gets off. Others of their kind exit off adjacent elevators and they nod and move toward the exits.

INT. STAIRCASE

All of them gather outside the door leading to the 23rd floor. A few are still in the process of uncloaking their tourists outfits revealing the dark armor beneath. Some open travel cases pulling out rifles and other weaponry.

FARRIS GOODE

If all goes well, we may not even need these.

She holds out her own weapon.

Well, everyone except Michael. He's

good either way.

The group at large laughs. All of them turning to stare at Michael who gives an uncomfortable grin. He puts his empty hands in his pockets.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Maybe I can hold one of those. You never know.

FARRIS GOODE

Hey you even held a gun in your life.

MICHAEL STOVALL

No but-

FARRIS GOODE

Well you can just stick to your Magic for now.

Farris turns to the rest of them. Gun positioned.

As for the rest of you. Make sure everything is ready to go. Guns out. Magic ready. And I need a detail around Michael at all times.

A few of the guards cock their guns in preparation. A squad of four move to surround Michael. All of them move closer to the door. Farris Goode takes the lead at the door.

FARRIS GOODE

Remember, we'll try to be in and out. Room 2417.

As one they burst through the exit.

INT. HALLWAY

A few people walking the halls turn in surprise. One starts to scream at the site of armor and guns. A few people have already splintered off from the main group. Muttering spells. Instantly, the pedestrians turn away and walk off. Their faces appear unconcerned, distracted.

Will moves his way through the guard surrounding Michael.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Thank you, for magic. I'd hate to have Humans coming after us to. Now they can go about their business like

nothing's wrong.

MICHAEL STOVALL

If only it could be that simple for
all of us.

Together they move along the hallway. Farris checks each door
as they move them.

FARRIS GOODE

2406, 2408...241- this is it.

The door appears unremarkable. All of them just stand there
in silence. Farris leans her ear on the door.

WILLIAM DANVERS

I don't hear anything. So what should
we do? Should we just knock or-

Farris waves her hand over the card reader. It beeps turning
from read to green and the door swings open.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Or she could just do that.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Yeah sur-

FARRIS GOODE

Let's go. Half of you, stay back.
Guard the exit.

A dozen of them move forward rushing into the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Farris moves swiftly followed by four others. Michael and
William come after with about six more behind them. As they
rush into the room Michael stops. A few of the guard come
bump into him.

GUARDSMEN

What is it?

MICHAEL STOVALL

Something isn't right. I feel cold.

Up ahead, Farris and the others come to a stop. There's a
gasp. Michael reacts to it, looking up. He makes his way down
the hall towards the bedroom.

A pile of corpses lie on the floor. Staring lifelessly, their skin has a greyish tone.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Wait, Michael. Those strange deaths that you came to us about...

MICHAEL STOVALL

Yes, I think...

He turns around. Those that stand behind him move out of the way. In the process they turn around. As they move out of the way, Nathaniel Hawthorne is revealed. Standing in front of the closed door. Michael looks back in confusion.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Good evening everyone.

MICHAEL STOVALL

It's- it's you. The Lumen from the alley.

WILLIAM DANVERS

This is who you were talking about?

Michael nods.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

It's been a while Mr. Stovall. Although...

He begins to walk forward slowly. Some of the Guard raise their weapons. Hawthorne smiles in response and comes to a stop.

I saw some of your work in Savannah. I've never seen anyone witch or warlock so talented.

Farris Goode steps forward, her gun pointed directly at Hawthorne's heart.

FARRIS GOODE

How did you get in here. Past my guard?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The same way any of you would have under normal circumstances. Magic.

Michael looks from the corpses on the ground and back to

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

MICHAEL STOVALL

You did this? All of those deaths. The missing Magic? How?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Some of us are just born different. Like you.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Wait so he's- drained the Magic of these Magia. And all of those shown in the news. I never knew the Void could do that.

MICHAEL STOVALL

A week ago, didn't know that I could summon lightning on my own.

He moves forward slowly. Some of the Guard react. They attempt to block him.

FARRIS GOODE

Michael wait!

MICHAEL STOVALL

(Looking back at Farris hand outstretched.)

It's okay.

The Guard fall back and he moves forward. Stopping before Hawthorne.

MICHAEL STOVALL

So you've been following me since Atlanta? Savannah? And now here? What do you want?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Initially? I wanted your power. Those directly descended from the Witch Trials of Salem have always been known to be exceptionally powerful. I didn't want just any average witch.

MICHAEL STOVALL

And now?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

You were the first of your kind to

resist our abilities. And you're far more powerful than any Salem descendant. That's not something to throw away.

WILLIAM DANVERS

What? So you think you're going to take him. Your alone. Magic, no Magic.

Hawthorne turns toward William.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(scoffs)

Am I?

Outside of the room are the sounds of heavy footsteps. Shouts. This is followed by the sounds of gunshots. Everyone in the room jumps, reacting quickly.

FARRIS GOODE

Take him!

MICHAEL STOVALL

Wait stop!

Hawthorne waves his hands and Michael is thrown off to the side hitting the wall. The Guard begin to fire. The bullets bounce off the air around Hawthorne, the air rippling like water. The group stands there in silence, stunned. Hawthorne turns to William.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

You were saying?

Michael picks himself off the ground and leans against the wall holding his shoulder. He looks off at the two groups.

FARRIS GOODE

This doesn't change anything. Take him down.

Farris pulls out a knife and runs toward Hawthorne. He barely reacts. He jerks his head sharply to the left. Farris's head mimics him. Jerking sharply to the left with a snap. She comes to a stop and falls to the ground.

Michael eyes widen. The other Guard move in some firing out rounds others pulling out knives. As they move in Hawthorne looks toward one of the windows. The glass shatters stabbing a few of them. William manages to duck down missing the flying glass. As more continue to rush him, he disappears in

a flash of light, reappearing behind them. In a rush of wind they scatter about. Some hit the ceiling and walls a few are blown through the shattered window.

Michael drags himself to his feet.

Most of them have lost their weapons. William sits up, and spots a gun nearby. He crawls toward it. Stretching out his arm toward it. The gun moves slightly but stays where it is.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Come on. Just a little bit closer.

Right before his hand touches it the gun melts into a black puddle. He looks up and sees Hawthorne standing before him.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Centuries of practicing Magic, and I'm able to take out a few of you with your own abilities in a few minutes.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Having cheat codes doesn't make you better.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

It does if I'm winning.

Hawthorne raised his right hand pointing it down towards William.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Stop!

He rushes toward him. Hawthorne turns toward him just as Michael hits him. Wind picks up and both smash through one of the windows, just as the door to the hotel bursts open and people rush in. William turns to the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE MARRIOTT MARQUIS - NIGHT

Michael and Nathaniel grapple at each other. The wind carries them but, they're slower falling. They narrowly miss a nearby building as both begin to descend toward the street and oncoming traffic.

Michael notices. He watches the headlights come closer. He attempts to separate from Hawthorne but he grips him tighter.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

You're coming with me.

Car horns go off. Right before they've hit the a nearby car, they disappear in a flash of light.

EXT. PIEDMONT PARK - NIGHT

In a flash of light they appear. Both land in a field of grass and roll away from each other. Michael quickly gets to his feet and looks up only to discover Hawthorne already standing in waiting.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

My turn.

He looks up at the sky and lightning flashes. Within seconds bolts hit the ground, narrowly missing Michael who stumbles and falls back down. More bolts hit, threatening to hit him and he rolls over to avoid him. Looking up he sees more lightning flash.

Hawthorne watches as a bolt hits the ground where he lies. Within seconds the lightning has vanished and so has Michael.

Hawthorne looks around.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(To himself.)

I love a good chase, but you choose
now to run away.

The sound of wind catches his attention. He looks up in time to see Michael falling from the sky.

MICHAEL STOVALL

(Shouting over the wind)

Who's running.

As he lands to the ground, Michael waves an arm. Nathaniel Hawthorne is yanked from the ground. He's thrown yards away into a tree. Sliding to the ground. He pants heavily and looks up to see Michael walking toward him.

MICHAEL STOVALL

It's not fun being thrown around is
it? Now you know how I feel.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

So you've been improving the last time
I saw you.

MICHAEL STOVALL

It's not like I had a choice. When

there's a witch hunt, all of us need to be able to defend ourselves.

He comes to a stop as Hawthorne stands.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

All the Magic I've absorbed. I figured I would have the advantage. Even over you.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I may not have been trained as some sort of magical prodigy, but years learning to use Magic has a certain advantage. You're basically a child, going off of pure emotion.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

This Magic is a tool. Nothing more. I'm not trying to go off to warlock school and develop my skills.

MICHAEL STOVALL

That's a shame. I know a few spells that could help you.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Why practice witchcraft when I can do this.

Hawthorne raises both hands and fire appears. It heads towards Michael. He shouts a spell, blocked off by the sounds of the flames coming toward him. The fire turns into water splashing down before Michael.

MICHAEL STOVALL

That's why.

Hawthorne teleports away. He reappears directly in front of Michael and points his hands towards the ground. In seconds the ground shakes violently, then cracks at Michael's feet. It partially collapsing trapping his feet within. The ground moves upward stopping at his waist.

Michael struggles and tries to remove himself. He briefly stops for a moment and looks up at Hawthorne.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

This only ends one way. You're coming with me.

MICHAEL STOVALL

How are you going to explain this to the Lumen?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

What am I explaining?

MICHAEL STOVALL

At some point they're going to find out you have Magic. Do you really think they're just going to accept you because you're on their side.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I'm not worried about that. And what happens to me is the least of your concerns.

From one of the pathways, there is the sound of footsteps.

THE CAMERA TRACKS A PAIR OF POLISHED LEATHER SHOES WALKING ALONG THE PATH. THE CAMERA TILTS UPWARD REVEALING THE FACE OF CHRISTOPHER MATHER.

Christopher Mather comes to a stop. In the distance he watches the Nathaniel and Michael talking. His brows lower taking in the scene.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I'm a legacy. My family runs deep on both sides. The Parris's and the Hawthornes date back to Salem too.

MICHAEL STOVALL

So you think, your ancestry is going to save you. Mine has made me a liability apparently.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Only that my family names inspire a sense of loyalty.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Loyal-

Michael stops mid-sentence. He begins to gasp from breathe and begins to grab at his throat. Nathaniel has a hand outstretched closed into a fist.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I think it's time to wrap this up. Go

to sleep.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER
Lord Hawthorne, what's going on?

Slowly, Hawthorne turns around. His face is expressionless.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
Master Mather. How is your evening.

He lowers his arm and turns to face Mather. Behind him Michael gasps and takes deep breathes.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER
Is that- are you using Magic?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
I'm bringing Stovall in. Like the Council wanted.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER
You're one of them. A warlock.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
It's com-

There's a flash of light from behind him. Hawthorne turns around. Where Michael was trapped there's a hole in the ground.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
(Quietly)
You let him get away.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER
You're family. Have there been witches? Warlocks? Hiding among us this whole time?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
It's not as simple as you think. I'm not a warlock.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER
Men! To me at once!

Out of the trees come a small army of Lumen. Quickly they surround the pair in a circle, guns raised. Hawthorne shakes his head. Mather turns away, looking toward the Lumen.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Focus your power on him. Do not let him use his Magic.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

That won't work. I'm still one of you.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Due to the services your family has provided for our Order for generations, I won't opt for immediate execution.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

How generous of you.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

You will be given a fair trial.

Hawthorne stands motionless staring back. Mather straightens and clears his throat.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Nathaniel Hawthorne, you are formally accused of witchcraft.

He turns back to his men surrounding them.

Take him in.

The Lumen agents stand motionless. All of them stare from Hawthorne to Mather. Mather looks around at all of them.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Did you hear what I said? Arrest him. Now.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Unfortunately, Mather, they no longer work for you.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Excuse me? I'm still the Master of this Order.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Not anymore. Not since I've told them all the truth.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

You told them?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Of course I did. They deserved to know our relation to the witches. That we were exiled by them, just for being who we are. It didn't take much convincing after that to show them my point of view.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

(Talking to the group at large.)
So you're all going to follow a filthy witch? He could turn on you at any time.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

And why would I do that. I was honest with. I told the truth. I never kept any secrets in a pathetic attempt to hold power.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

What do you know about leading? You've only been on the Council-

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Christopher Mather, you are formally accused of treason.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Treason? You've betrayed us all just for existing. What's my crime.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

For lying. To all us. The punishment is death by fire.

CHRISTOPHER MATHER

Wait a minute!

Hawthorne nods to the Lumen and they begin to back away. Hawthorne looks back to Mather and snaps his fingers. Fire springs up around Mather from the feet up. The flames are white hot. The Lumen have to shield themselves and move back further. Mather begins to scream but they are immediately cut off.

Within a minute, the flames disappear leaving behind ashes and pieces of charred bone. Hawthorne looks down at them.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

We have work to do.

INT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS - HALLWAY

Lumen agents roam the passageway. The surviving Coven Guard are being led away in handcuffs. Crime scene tape is draped around the area, keeping away curious onlookers.

LEAD LUMEN AGENT

Keep it moving. We have to clean up
and move out quickly.

One of the Lumen Agents come us to him. He glances nervously at the crowd of people watching.

LUMEN AGENT 1

We have a problem.

LEAD LUMEN AGENT

What is it?

LUMEN AGENT 1

The Humans are getting suspicious.
Police are demanding access to this
floor.

LEAD LUMEN AGENT

Just keep them distracted for a little
while longer.

The Lumen agent nods and leaves the area. The LEAD LUMEN AGENT moves on, entering room 2417.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

William Danvers is handcuffed. He sits on the bed of the hotel room. Another LUMEN AGENT stands before him but he looks away.

LUMEN AGENT 2

Where are your people hiding? I need a
location.

WILLIAM DANVERS

There is no location. We came here
looking for a place to hole up. Looks
like we were wrong.

LUMEN AGENT 2

Quite a large group without a home
base.

William turns to look the Agent straight in the eye. He shrugs.

WILLIAM DANVERS

I don't know what to tell you. None of you are making it easy to stay hidden.

The Lead Lumen Agent makes there way into the room. They come to a stop watching the interrogation.

LEAD LUMEN AGENT

Any progress?

LUMEN AGENT 2

No ma'am. The warlock isn't cooperating.

LEAD LUMEN AGENT

Alright. Prepare to move out. The Marriott is no longer secure. We'll question them all later.

LUMEN AGENT 2

Right away. Let's go.

The Lumen Agent grabs William forcing him on his feet. William grunts in pain as his shoulder is roughly yanked.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Take it easy.

From outside the hotel room, shouts begin. The three of them turn toward the door.

LUMEN AGENT 3

Stop!

LUMEN AGENT 4

Hands where I can-

A scream followed by a loud thud against the wall outside.

LUMEN AGENT 5

Open fire!

Gunshots follow. The sounds of more thuds. There are screams and running footsteps.

LEAD LUMEN AGENT

Agent Carson follow me.

She points to William.

Don't move.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Where am I going?

The two agents run out of the room joining the commotion. The door slams behind them. William stares at the door, listening to the fight continuing outside. After a minute there is silence.

Footsteps are heard coming closer to the door. William backs up, stumbling slightly over the handcuffs. He watches the door handle turn and the door opens, revealing Michael Stovall.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Mike! You're alive. How-

Michael enters the room and raises his hand. The handcuffs click and fall to the ground. William rubs his wrists and move toward him.

WILLIAM DANVERS

What happened?

MICHAEL STOVALL

Later. We have to get out of here.
Now. The police are on their way up.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Yeah, you're right. Where are the others?

MICHAEL STOVALL

They're outside. Let's go.

INT. LUMEN CORPORATION - CONFERENCE ROOM

Most of the members of the Council are gathered together. All of them stare between news coverage on the screens around the room depicting reports from the Marriott and each other talking urgently.

LORD 1

-Mather has gone missing.

LORD 2

Intel out of the Marquis has gone dark.

LORD 3
And what about Hawthorne. Any updates.

LORD 1
None. So-

The doors to the conference room open of their own accord. Hawthorne follows right away, strolling into the conference room. Everyone immediately goes silent as they watch him walk in. Making his way around the table.

LORD 1
Hawthorne. You're alive.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
Don't sound so disappointed.

LORD 2
And the Master? Where is he.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
He's dead.

The Lords of the Council begin to whisper among themselves as Hawthorne makes his way to the head of the table. He pauses.

LORD 4
How can you be sure.

Hawthorne stares at them all before pushing back the chair and positioning himself in it.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
Because I killed him myself.

All of them exchange quick glances.

LORD 1
I'm sorry? What are you saying?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
Christopher Mather has been charged with treason. I burned him myself.

LORD 5
Burned him? That type of execution is reserved only for witches.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
I felt it was appropriate at the time.

One of the Lords stands up.

LORD 1

Enough. I'm not sure what you're saying or what has happened. None of that matters. If Mather is gone, you have no right to that chair. As a ranking member-

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

You have no claims as Master of Council. Or the Lumen for that matter.

He looks around the room.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

None of you do. Not anymore.

LORD 1

You've lost your mind. I argued against your place on this Council from the beginning. Legacy and family lines mean nothing if you're incapable of leading.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Incapable? If anything, I'm the best thing to ever happen to our Order. It's time for new traditions.

LORD 1

Enough of this. Guards!

A group of armed Agents walk into the room. Guns at the ready.

LORD 1

As Master of this Council, I relieve you of the title of Lord.

He turns to the armed guards.

Take Mr. Hawthorne to one of the cells. We'll discuss his fate tomorrow.

The guards remain still. The other Lords look around in confusion. Hawthorne begins to laugh, drawing every eye towards him.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Arrogance. The one thing you've all possessed in abundance. Power and control however.

Hawthorne stands, raising both arms. LORD 1 jerks instantly and abruptly sits into his chair. The other Lords of the Council remain seated.

LORD 6

What is this?

LORD 7

I can't move my body.

LORD 1 looks at Hawthorne out of the corner of their eye.

LORD 1

I knew there was something off about you. A warlock. This whole time you've been a scourge on the Lumen.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I think I'm done here.

Hawthorne rises and walks away from the conference table. He moves past the guards, pausing at the door.

Kill them all.

Gasps and shouts of alarm come from the Council as the guards position themselves and raise their weapons.

THE CAMERA FOCUSES ON HAWTHORNE'S FACE AS THE GUNSHOTS BEGIN. HIS FACE MOVES CLOSER TO THE CAMERA ZOOMING INTO HIS EYES.

THE SCENE FADES TO BLACK

INT. CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE - WAREHOUSE

Chancellor Hart sits at her desk alone. She riffles through the pages of a book. Glancing at an overhead clock every now and then. An AIDE enters the room and she looks up expectantly.

CHANCELLOR HART

Any news from Atlanta?

AIDE

None yet Ma'am. Just whatever we've heard from the news.

CHANCELLOR HART
Just keep me posted. Although at this
point...

The lighting lowers and the alarm throughout the building begins to go off. Chancellor Hart jumps out of her chair and hurries out of the office with the Aide.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR

The room is thickened with the crowd of refugees. All of them press in blocking whatever catches their attention at the front. Coven Guard begin to part the crowd as the Chancellor rushes through.

GUARD

Make room! Make room! Chancellor, this way.

CHANCELLOR HART
Thank you. Excuse me.

As she arrives to the front she sees them. Michael Stovall, William Danvers, and about eighteen others emerging onto the factory floor.

MICHAEL STOVALL
Madame Chancellor.

CHANCELLOR HART
You're alive. You made it out. Farris
Goode? The survivors?

The group look among each and. Most avoid eye contact, looking instead at the ground. William steps forward.

WILLIAM DANVERS
(In a lowered voice.)
It was an ambush. They were coming
for Michael. The survivors didn't make
it out. As for Farris Goode and the
rest of the Guard-

CHANCELLOR HART
I understood. I'm sorry for the
losses.

MICHAEL STOVALL
Chancellor Hart? There's more.

INT. MEETING ROOM - WAREHOUSE

Chancellor Hart, Michael Stovall, and William Danvers sit at a long table along with a half dozen Aides, and Guard leaders. The Chancellor has a look of surprise on his face.

CHANCELLOR HART

A void? With magical ability? That's not impossible.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Somehow he's like us. I can confirm it. I fought him myself.

CHANCELLOR HART

And the Lumen are okay with this?

MICHAEL STOVALL

I'm not so sure they're aware. But he didn't seem too concerned about them finding out.

CHANCELLOR HART

There's more going on than we're aware. This also complicates things.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Ma'am?

CHANCELLOR HART

Who knows how many other Hawthornes are out there. It'll make bringing in survivors more difficult.

MICHEAL STOVALL

So what does that mean? That we can't look for others. That they're on their own?

CHANCELLOR HART

Not exactly. It's just that we're going to have to be more selective, and avoid major cities. The Lumen clearly have a foothold in major cities. Atlanta included.

WILLIAM DANVERS

And this Hawthorne guy seems obsessed with finding Michael.

CHANCELLOR HART

As far as I'm aware, the two of them appear to be prodigies when it comes to Magic. That connection alone appears to be his reason alone. Maybe for the time being...

MICHAEL STOVALL

I should stay here?

CHANCELLOR HART

I'm sorry. There are too many risk where you're involved. Maybe just long enough for him to relax his search.

MICHAEL STOVALL

But what about my family? Every witch and warlock out there? We can't leave them alone.

WILLIAM DANVERS

She's right Michael. We have to think this through if you're going to keep going out there.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I'm more prepared than I was before. If I could survive Hawthorne and live, the rest of the Lumen won't be much of a threat.

The Chancellor sighs and glances out of a window. The sky outside is lightening. She turns back to Michael and raises a hand.

CHANCELLOR HART

We'll talk about this soon. I promise. There are several things to figure out. But it's been a long night. All of you get some rest.

INT. LUMEN CORPORATION - OFFICE

Nathaniel Hawthorne paces the room. He holds a cell phone to his ear.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

And the blood results?

He pauses for a moment. He sighs at the response.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
 Thank you doctor. Keep searching.
 We'll find the answers we need. In
 time.

He disconnects the call. There is a knock on the door.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
 Come in.

A SECRETARY enters the room, carrying a stack of folders.

SECRETARY
 Master Hawthorne.

The secretary gives a brief bow before walking over to him.
 Hawthorne is handed the folders.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
 You've found them.

SECRETARY
 From the witches' archives out of
 Danvers, Massachusetts. Everything we
 could find.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
 Thank you. You may go.

The secretary bows before leaving the room closing the door
 behind them. Hawthorne takes the files and moves to sit
 behinds the desk. Sitting down, he opens the first folder. A
 few loose pages scatter spreading out onto the desk. One of
 the documents has the heading: **Line of Tituba - 17th Century
 to Present**

Hawthorne smiles to himself.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
 I wonder what else I can learn about
 you Michael...

He opens several of the folders and begins searching through
 the files.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

TWO DAYS LATER

A temporary stage has been set up in front of the room. The
 crowd of gathered witches and warlocks watch as the

Chancellor walks up to the stage. Behind the stage stands Michael Stovall, William Danvers, and several high-ranking members of the Coven. Chancellor Hart clears her throat and begins an incantation. Her voice magically magnifies echoing throughout the room.

CHANCELLOR HART

Witches. Warlocks. Magia. Recent events have been difficult for us all. The aftermath of the Salem Witch Trials of 1692 ushered in an unprecedented era of peace for our kind. For centuries we thought that it was safe. We thought are enemies were destroyed.

INT. LUMEN CORPORATION - LOBBY

Nathaniel Hawthorne marches out of the building followed by armed Lumen Agents. Secretaries, Assistants, and other clerical workers of the Lumen applaud as they walk past.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR

CHANCELLOR HART

In reality the Void, the Lumen were where we were for millennia before. In hiding, fighting for survival, doing whatever it took to live. This attack was a result of centuries of planning. Across the nation, possibly around the world, Magia are being hunted down and killed. The witch hunts have returned.

EXT. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - NIGHT

A group of Magia are running in the woods. A squad of Lumen Agents behind them give chase.

EXT. SEATTLE, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

Witches and Warlocks are being handcuffed. Lumen agents drag them screaming to unmarked vans.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR

CHANCELLOR HART

Not since the time have Salem have we seen anything like this in America. Once again we find ourselves forced into hiding. Struggling to survive.

But like our ancestors we'll keep fighting. They've survived a thousand years of persecution and near extinction. I assure you we can survive this.

The room bursts into applause. Michael joins in for a few claps then he stops. He turns around and makes his way from the room. William Danvers stops clapping and looks around for him.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY - WASHINGTON DC

Nathaniel Hawthorne stands in the office of the DIRECTOR of Homeland Security. He waits as the director is having a conversation on the phone. The click of the receiver catches his attention and he turns around.

DIRECTOR

I apologize for that Mr. Hawthorne.
Always a distraction.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Oh, I understand. Important work
requires complete focus.

DIRECTOR

I was surprised to get a call from
Lumen Corp of all places. Your name
gets around but no one is ever sure
what your company does.

He laughs and Hawthorne smiles in return.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

We dabble into everything. But I have
something important to bring to your
attention.

DIRECTOR

Please, tell me.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

America is has been home to a group
of... let's say terrorists well before
it's founding. They post a threat to
the security of this country. They're
everywhere. Neighbors, co-workers,
even in schools.

The director looks on in confusion.

DIRECTOR

Sounds like a good conspiracy theory.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I can assure you that this threat is
real. And the Lumen Corporation is
perfectly equipped to deal with them.

FADE TO BLACK