

Salem Wars

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FADE IN:

EXT. SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS - NIGHT

A building is burning. Smokes pours out of a hole in the side. Nearby is the sounds of gunshots. People can be heard screaming.

EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

Bodies litter the street of one of the wide boulevards. Most lie unseeing, blood stains the ground. A flicker of life remains in one of the victims before fading away. A spark of green, that was crackling in one hand fades into nothing. Unmarked vans and tape block off the area. Suited men and women move around from body to body. Each one is placed in body bags and carelessly dumped into the back of the vans.

EXT. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS - NIGHT

It's like a war zone. A group of people wearing similar suits are shooting off into a crowd of what appears to be civilians. Despite a larger group the civilians are being picked off one by one. One man throws out his hands towards one of the vans. It barrels towards the suit only to seemingly lose heart half way and stop just inches away before stopping. The man looks confused arms still raised before a bullet takes him out.

SUIT

(Talking into a headset.)

Watch out we have flyers.

VOICE COMING THROUGH HEADSET

I'm on it.

A group of three have who broken off from the crowd. Wind gathers around them and suddenly they're leaving the ground, flying away. Shots ring out, echoing from a distance. Seconds later the three jerk suddenly hitting the ground hard. The wind suddenly stops and they're no longer moving.

SUIT

Appreciate the help.

VOICE COMING THROUGH HEADSET

Happy to do my part.

EXT. ATLANTA, GEORGIA - NIGHT

Families are being escorted out of their houses at gun point.

Some are forcibly being dragged away. Most are going quietly. All of being put in vans. They're being separated by men, women, and children. A family of four is pulled in three directions toward the vans.

FATHER

Wait. No. We'll ride together.

The men in suits do not respond. Instead he's forcibly pushed towards the waiting van.

GIRL

Please! Stop, daddy don't them take us.

BOY

Let go! Let go! I just want to go home!

FATHER

Leave them alone. They're too young to understand.

The father takes off running to his children. His wife is being forced into the other van. She gets up a glimpse of one of the men aiming a gun and taking the shot. Her husband hits the ground dead in an instant. Her screams are cut off as the door closes. The cries of the children are heard but even they're quickly muffled as they're put into their designated van and the door closes.

At the end of the street a crowd of pedestrians kept away by a road block cordoning off the scene stare in shock.

WOMAN 1

Oh my god I can't believe it.

WOMAN 2

Right in front of us.

MAN

I hear they're terrorists. A bunch of socialists threatening our way of life. The government knows what they're doing.

MAN 2

Really? Conspiracy theories. Those don't look like government to me.

WOMAN 3

Come on, let's get out of here.

Some of the crowd begins to disperse. One person stands completely still his face partially hidden by a hoodie. MICHAEL STOVALL stares towards the scene. A tear falls down one eye. Anger covers his features.

MICHAEL STOVALL

(Whispers)

I need to do something. Anything.

WILLIAM DANVERS

There's nothing you can do.

Michael barely reacts. Turning his head slightly to the voice of WILLIAM DANVERS behind him.

MICHAEL STOVALL

What are you doing here?

WILLIAM DANVERS

What do you think? You go missing people are going to notice? We can't afford to lose anymore people.

MICHAEL STOVALL

We can't afford to hide while every witch is the country is hunted and kid either! I don't even know where my family is. My parents. My brothers and sisters.

He starts to say something else then pauses. Closes his eyes breathes out slowly.

I'm sorry it's just too much going on right now.

William stands to move beside him.

WILLIAM DANVERS

I get it. I have no idea where my own family is. But we have to go. It's not safe.

Michael looks up. Some people in suits are turned toward them. By now most of the crowd have gone.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Yeah... you're right. Lets go.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A dilapidated building sits silently in the darkness. The only source of light a sliver of moon and the stars. A flash of light, disappearing almost as quickly as it came. In its place two figures, Michael Stovall and William Danvers appear walking briskly towards the building.

WILLIAM DANVERS

You know she's going to be pissed right?

MICHAEL STOVALL

The chancellor? I'm guessing because I went out without an escort.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Because you went out at all. She doesn't want us leaving alone.

MICHAEL STOVALL

(Rolls his eyes.)

Weren't you alone when you found me?

Will just shrugs as they reach the entrance.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Yeah, but I wasn't missed. You're the gifted one remember? The magical prodigy.

The entrance is missing its door. Only darkness is seen within.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I'm still the same person. Just me. No one else can look beyond that.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Can you blame them? You have the Magic of a dozen Magia. That's not exactly common.

Together they walk through the entrance disappearing into the dark.

INT. WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY

Within seconds they emerge into a brightly lit hallway with no apparent light source. The entrance behind them is just as dark from outside. All sounds of the night are gone. Both

continue walking on pushing open double wooden doors.

INT. WAREHOUSE - FACTORY FLOOR

Michael and William enter a large room bustling with activity. Hundreds of people are moving about. Navigating around cots, tending to wounded.

WITCH 1

Excuse me.

WITCH 2

I need help in the greenhouse.

WARLOCK 1

This one needs more potion and toss in some more bandages.

A witch on the other side of the room raises her arms. A bottle of a green substance followed by bandages levitates and flies over the heads of the crowd. Landing in the arms of the waiting Warlock who turns to someone lying on the cot.

WILLIAM DANVERS

It's never just quiet in here.

MICHAEL STOVALL

At least there is a here.

An imposing figure in the black regalia of the Coven Guard makes their way through the crowd.

WILLIAM DANVERS

I told you. She's-

COVEN GUARDSMEN

Danvers! Stovall! The Chancellor wants you both. Follow me,

The guard turns and continues making their way back through the crowd.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Looks like you were missed too.

WILLIAM DANVERS

I'm her aide. I'm probably just needed for something.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Ok, sure.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE

CHANCELLOR HART sits at her desk sorting through files. ASSISTANTS, COVEN GUARD superiors surround her.

GUARD GENERAL

...last reports show that survivors escaped from Phoenix. They're headed to the safehouse in the canyon.

GUARD CAPTAIN

The survivors outside Philadelphia were discovered. It's unconfirmed but some may have escaped.

CHANCELLOR HART

One thing at a time. Do you still have those list of locations?

ASSISTANT

Yes, Madame Chancellor. Right here.

Michael and William are led into the office.

COVEN GUARDSMEN

Madame Chancellor. Danvers and Stovall.

He bows and exits the room allowing the two of them to step forward. The Chancellor glances at them and continues looking through files.

CHANCELLOR HART

I'm guessing you two are done having fun at the witching hour.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Madame Chancellor-

CHANCELLOR HART

There are plenty of things to be done around here-

WILLIAM DANVERS

-Mike was just worried about survivors-

CHANCELLOR HART

-and Magia are being rounded up and killed.

Will goes quiet. Michael just stares back at the Chancellor.

We can't afford to lose a single witch or warlock. Especially two Descendants of Salem.

The Chancellor turns to Michael specifically.

Especially a warlock with so much untapped potential. You're too valuable.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I'm sorry ma'am.

CHANCELLOR HART

The only one of us who can use their Magic against the Void. Without your help there wouldn't have been so many survivors among us now. You saved a lot of lives in Savannah. Atlanta.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Yeah, but my family is nowhere to be found.

CHANCELLOR HART

A lot of us are missing. We're doing everything we can to find more survivors. We can't afford to prioritize anyone specific at the moment.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I understand you're doing everything you can. I just ask that I look for-

CHANCELLOR HART

I'm sorry but you're needed here. I none of us are working together that's another advantage Lumen can use against us.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Who knew Salem could be so tame in comparison.

The Chancellor stands and makes her way around the desk to stand before them.

CHANCELLOR HART

While this was unauthorized, any news could be valuable. What have you seen?

MICHAEL STOVALL

There are still survivors out there. I just came back from a round-up. I think the hunters are going after stragglers now.

CHANCELLOR HART

Stragglers?

WILLIAM DANVERS

It looks like they're going after families specifically. In the initial attacks they went after major institutions of our society. Prominent families like ours.

He gestures between them.

Now they're targeting the average witch or warlock.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I'm guessing these families didn't want to admit reality. Instead of hiding they kept on living their lives. Hoping they would go unnoticed.

WILLIAM DANVERS

The Lumen aren't even trying to hide it anymore. At first it was behind the scenes. Now even Humans are noticing something is happening.

CHANCELLOR HART

That's because they're working for the government.

The two of them give her questioning looks. She leads them to the back of the office where a mirror sits on the wall. She murmurs a spells and waves her hand over the mirror. A news reporter appears holding a microphone.

REPORTER

Reports are still coming in, but there have been mass arrests over the past few days. Initial internet chatter believed it was a government crackdown

on our rights and freedoms. Secret police reminiscent of Nazi Germany. The Department of Homeland Security has been confirmed to be working with the Lumen Corporation. A private company with connections ranging from finances to the military. Sources indicate they're going after terrorists embedded within American society for years-

The Chancellor waves her hand and the reporter vanishes. The mirror once again reflecting their image.

MICHAEL STOVALL

The government? So does that means the President knows?

CHANCELLOR HART

I don't think so. This is still very much a shadow war. The Lumen just have the jurisdiction to be able to pursue us publicly now without hiding. The United States government isn't directly involved. Now...

Chancellor Hart snaps her fingers and a projection of the United States map hovers in the air. Each state has a concentration of red.

We have official reports that the Lumen attack is a widespread as we initially feared.

WILLIAM DANVERS

It looks every major city in the country has been a target.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Our kind has also gathered in cities. Safety in numbers.

WILLIAM DANVERS

And look how that turned.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Is there any news outside the country?

CHANCELLOR HART

It's still vague and unconfirmed but yes. Some version of the Void,

representing various different corporations and companies have launched a global attack in their respective nations. Details are scarce. But that's more than what we knew a week ago.

An alarm suddenly goes off. The lightless room begins to dim and a flashing of blue light appears with each wail of the alarm.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Are we under attack? Did the Lumen find us.

CHANCELLOR HART

No. We've discovered another group of survivors.

INT. GWINNETT PLACE MALL - FOOD COURT

About a dozen Magia congregate together. Food lie in piles upon the tables. Their clothes are wrinkled, dirty. Eyes are dark from lack of sleep.

ROBERT

Alright guys. Is that all the food we could find.

MELLIKA

I think that's everything? What we can carry anyway.

A slight woman is bagging and storing some of the food. She looks towards the others.

LUNA

How long do you think they'll be. I mean I know they got the message but I feel so exposed out in the middle of nowhere.

The sounds of footsteps catch their attention. Everyone turns to see a red haired warlock arrive with several shopping bags.

BLAKE

I figured some fresh clothes couldn't hurt. We're in a mall for one thing.

LUNA

(sighs)

I thought you were one of the Void.

MELLIKA

Last I heard they call themselves the Lumen now.

BLAKE

Lumen, Void, Witch Hunter. It's all the same thing. But I think we're safe here. At least until morning.

ROBERT

Don't worry. The Coven Guard so be here well before the mall starts to open. Not that it makes a difference. This place has been dead for years. That's why it's a good spot to lay low.

MELLIKA

Still, we should keep our Magic to a minimum. The Lumen or whoever they are now could be nearby. I'd hate for them to sense us just from one careless spell.

Half of the group turn to one witch in the process of magically straightening her clothing and hair. She pauses mid-spell at their staring eyes.

VAPID WITCH

(whispers)

Oh, I'm sorry.

Luna finishes sorting the food. She looks around at the dozen or so witches and warlocks gathered.

LUNA

Ok, I think that's everyone. But where's Bre.

BLAKE

Last I saw her she mentioned something about having enough clothes for the kids in the safehouse.

MELLIKA

(Under her breathe.)

And probably a completely new

wardrobe.

She exchanges looks with Luna. Even in their situation they're able to find a moment of humor. Both have to stifle their laughter. Footsteps puts a stop to that, and everyone turns around. A tall, braided witch enters the food court.

MELLIKA

I heard you were looking for more clothes.

BRE

(Shrugs and shakes her head.)
I couldn't find anything worth taking.
This isn't Lennox unfortunately.

ROBERT

Well we should probably all stick together for now. If anything happens we'll be able to get out together.

BRE

Any news on the guard?

ROBERT

Only an estimated ETA. Anywhere from two to five hours.

BRE

(A slow smile spreads on her face.)
That should give me plenty of time.

LUNA

Time for what?

Bre continues to smile. Her features began to distort, vibrate, transform. The group at large begins to stand and back away staring transfixed.

BLAKE

What are you doing Bre?

In seconds Bre is gone. A man stands there in a grey suit. The same smile on his face as he stares from one face to the other.

GREY SUITED MAN

Good evening everyone.

MELLIKA

Wait, who the hell are you? Where's

Bre?

GREY SUITED MAN

Nathaniel Hawthorne. But none of that matters. None of you do.

Multiple footsteps can be heard. Dozens of men and women in grey suits arrive. Coming down the hallways. Making their way down the turned off escalators. The group of Magia tighten together taking this unfamiliar group. Blake turns to Robert.

BLAKE

These guys don't seem like Coven Guard to me.

ROBERT

No this is something else.

The VAPID WITCH closes her eyes. Focusing intensely. Her eyes open in fear.

VAPID WITCH

My magic isn't working. These are Void. But why is that warlock working for them.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Don't insult me. I'm more than a warlock. And by the way...

The group of grey suited people start to draw closer. A few drawing weapons.

...we're Lumen.

EXT. GWINNETT PLACE MALL - NIGHT

In the parking lot, all is silent. Then the sounds of crickets, nearby traffic resume followed by the arrival of what appears to be a black hole in midair. Groups of people begin to arrive from it. Witches and Warlocks all dressed in black body armor and fatigues. Most carry weapons. Among them arrive Michael Stovall. He takes a moment and looks at the empty mall. William Danvers arrives through the portal moments before it closes.

WILLIAM DANVERS

I haven't been out in the suburbs too often. Can't say I'm impressed. Nothing screams Human like this place.

GUARD CAPTAIN
Stay quiet and listen.

The group at large turns and gathers towards the captain.

We need to be prepared for anything.
It could be a small coven of Magia-

MICHAEL STOVALL
(mutters)
-Or it could be the Lumen.

GUARD CAPTAIN
-or it could be a trap we need to be
prepared for both. Now they're
supposed to be gathered at the food
court. That's where we're going. Pay
attention and stay alive.

They began to march toward one of the mall's side entrances.
Michael is in the center of the group surrounded by a few
members of the guard. William walks up beside him.

WILLIAM DANVERS
So what are we going to do if you're
anti-witch twin shows up.

MICHAEL STOVALL
If you mean the Hawthorne guy we're
nothing a like.

WILLIAM DANVERS
Sure, except for the fact he's just as
powerful as you.

MICHAEL STOVALL
He's still a Void. Born to hunt us
down, born to block out Magic. The
only difference is he stole all of the
power. I was...

WILLIAM DANVERS
Born with it.

They quiet down as they reach one of the mall entrances. One
of the guard whispers a spell and the door unlocks and opens.

WILLIAM DANVERS
Hopefully a good sign the Lumen are
nowhere nearby.

One by one they enter the mall.

INT. MALL - GROUND FLOOR

Quietly, the group move through the mall. They pass shuttered businesses without hardly a glance. At an intersection turning to the main but of the mall they pause. Three guard break off heading to the edge of the intersection to the opposite side. The Guard Captain raises three fingers.

GUARD CAPTAIN
(mouths)
Three, two, one...

In unison both groups turn the corner inspecting for any enemies.

GUARD CAPTAIN
(whispers)
Clear. Move on.

As one they make a right turn. The three guardsmen who secured the left side take up the rear of the group. As they're passing a shop front Micheal turns briefly and jumps. He reaches out and a mannequin goes flying into the grill clanging loudly.

MICHAEL STOVALL
Shit. Sorry, I thought it was-

COVEN GUARDSMEN
Just keep moving.

The group goes on. Micheal shakes his head. Groans slightly.

WILLIAM DANVERS
Were all on edge. It's going to be fine.

MICHAEL STOVALL
Yeah but my lack of experience is showing. To think I could find my family on my own...

After a few minutes the sounds of voices stops the group. Chattering, laughter. Quick footsteps.

WILLIAM DANVERS
Is it them?

MICHAEL STOVALL

Shh. Wait a second.

As they slowly near the voices start to get into focus.

JAMES

Man, this food is good some of the best I've had in deals.

SARAH

Too bad Mike isn't here enjoying it.

The sounds of quick footsteps, running, jumping comes to a pause.

GEORGE

Do you think we'll see him again?

MICHAEL'S MOM

I know we will. If we're still here. Michael is.

Michael comes to a stop. Slowly the group around them does as well. Everyone is staring at him. His eyes widen.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I think that's my family. It has to be.

Will places both hands on Michael in an attempt to hold him in place.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Mike, wait. We can't just rush in on this. Follow the guard's lead.

Michael lightly shoves him out of the way. The others attempt to block him but he gestures with his arm. An invisible force pushes them out of his way.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I'm sorry it's my family. I need to see them.

He runs around the corner and sees the food court up ahead. A group of people sit around. Food is on the table, bags of clothing. Two younger kids are playing. Everyone else range from young adults to older.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Hey. It's me. I'm here.

The group at large turns to face him. Two older adults in their 50s smile at him.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Mom, dad, gu-

The group seem to almost dissolve away. In an instant they fade away into nothing. Michael stops in the middle of the food court. Staring off into space. The Coven Guard arrive around him. Many begin forming a perimeter around the food court. Others inspect the left behind food and clothing. Will arrives standing beside Michael.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Wait what happened? I thought you saw them?

He looks around at the guards move around the otherwise empty room.

Where is everybody? Did they run when they saw you coming?

Suddenly Michael alerts and straightens.

MICHAEL STOVALL

No. It was an illusion. It's a trap. We have to get out of here. Now.

Before anyone can move, a rustle of activity. Lumen agents appear from every side, including the way they came.

WILLIAM DANVERS

It's them.

GUARD CAPTAIN

Stovall, can you handle them?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I wouldn't do that.

A figure makes there way down the elevator. Everyone turns to him.

MICHAEL STOVALL

(Under his breathe)

Hawthorne

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I'm sure, he's more than capable of taking them all on his own. Not while

I'm around.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I figured they'd turn on you after finding out what you are.

Hawthorne reaches the bottom of the escalator. He stands there staring Michael down.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

There's been a change in leadership. So to speak. As for the rest...

He looks around at the Lumen surrounding the food court.

They're willing to use Magic against Magic. Especially now that they know our two species have more in common than we'd like to admit.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Really? That was a big secret. I guess I get it. The Void being descended from witches. Self hate at it's-

Will stops talking when he notices Michael shaking his head at him. Michael turns back to Hawthorne.

MICHAEL STOVALL

So I guess you just expect us to surrender without a fight.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Don't get me wrong. I'm always happy for a chance to bring you all down. But the Lumen does things a little differently now. I'm happy to let you all go. But I need you to come with me in exchange.

GUARD CAPTAIN

I think we'd rather take out chances than take you at your world.

He gestures and the Guard around the room straighten and begin to aim their weapons. In return the Lumen do the same. Hawthorne laughs lightly and turns to his agents.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Hold your fire.

The Lumen comply instantly, lowering their guns.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I'm guessing this is where you show
you're trustworthy?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

It's not about trust so much as you
have two options. We all fight to the
death in which both sides, likely your
side, has heavy casualties. Or you
come with me and your people have a
chance of leaving unharmed.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Michael, don't listen to him. We can
all get out of here.

Michael turns back to Hawthorne.

MICHAEL STOVALL

But what do you want?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I just want to talk. Last time we met
that wasn't a possibility. Besides...
I know where your family is.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Wait. Our they alive? My parents?
Brothers and sisters?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I'll tell you everything you need to
know. But you have to make a decision.
Right now.

There's complete silence. Hawthorne stares hard at Michael.
The guard are focused on the Lumen agents guns raised.
Michael looks down contemplating.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Alright, I'll go with you.

WILLIAM DANVERS

What are you doing? You can-

MICHAEL STOVALL

Look this is my choice.

He turns to the Coven Guard.

Listen. Get out of here quickly. Make sure you're not followed first. Then get a portal back to safely.

GUARD CAPTAIN

Are you sure about this? You don't have to go with them.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I'm sure. Better most of us have a chance than none of us.

WILLIAM DANVERS

I get it. This is smart. It gives us a chance. But you don't even know if your family is alive. I'm sorry but do you really want to take that chance.

MICHAEL STOVALL

If I'm wrong. I'm wrong. But if there's a possibility. I'm taking it.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Alright, you try to stay safe.

MICHAEL STOVALL

You too.

Hawthorne nods at the men that were blocking the entrance where they came from and they move. Entering the food court. Keeping to the perimeter and join the men blocking the other exits. Hawthorne turns to his agents.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

You can go.

The Lumen agents begin to retreat. Leaving the other exits clear. The Coven Guard begin to back away. Gathering in a group. Will lingers for a second looking back towards Michael and Hawthorne then keeps moving. Disappearing into the darkness of the mall. Hawthorne steps forward moving toward Michael.

MICHAEL STOVALL

My family?

Hawthorne stops before him. And smiles amused.

HAWTHORNE

They're safe. Come, walk with me.

INT. WAREHOUSE - FACTORY FLOOR

The lights have dimmed. Most of those within the huge space have settled down for the night, sleeping on the cots or blankets piled onto the floor. People still move around. Some medical assistants checking on the injured, others on guard just wandering the room. The wooden double doors open. Several members of the Coven Guard march through. Chancellor Hart enters the room from the other side meeting them in the center.

CHANCELLOR HART

(hushed voice)

What's going on?

GUARD CAPTAIN

There were no survivors ma'am it was all set up.

William Danvers parts through the crowd of guard making his way to the front.

WILLIAM DANVERS

It was the Lumen. Michael is with their leader.

People begin to stir and wake up. Whispers begin to echo throughout the room. The Chancellor looks around worried.

CHANCELLOR HART

Let's continue this conversation somewhere more private.

INT. WAR ROOM - WAREHOUSE

What was formerly a break room for factory employees has been converted. Mirrors line the walls. Some are reflecting Human news channels covering Lumen-Magia related news. Maps and Coven numbers and other data are projected into the air. Witches and Warlocks of higher authority consult all of these. Some huddled in groups at smaller wooden tables. Chancellor Hart enters the room along with William and a few members of the Coven Guard. One of the Generals consulting one of the maps notices and walks toward them.

GUARD GENERAL

You all look in one piece. A success?

CHANCELLOR HART

Not quite General Alden. Danvers was going to update us.

Together they gather at a table by one of the mirrors. A news title headlines: **MASS ARRESTS IN HOUSTON**

CHANCELLOR HART

Tell me everything.

GUARD CAPTAIN

Right from the beginning it was a trap. I believe there were genuinely survivors but-

WILLIAM DANVERS

It was him. That Void-Warlock freak.

GENERAL ALDEN

Nathaniel Hawthorne? He was there.

GUARD CAPTAIN

And apparently, now in command of the Lumen.

CHANCELLOR HART

Any information of what happened to their leaders Captain Burroughs?

CAPTAIN BURROUGHS

No ma'am.

WILLIAM DANVERS

With all due respect none of that matters. Hawthorne took Michael. The trap was intended for him.

GENERAL ALDEN

How did you all get away?

CAPTAIN BURROUGHS

Stovall went willingly, General. In exchange for letting us go.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Hawthorne dangled his family in front of him as bait. Almost literally. The survivors we went in for?

CHANCELLOR HART

(nodding)

Mm-hmm?

WILLIAM DANVERS

Projections of his family.

CHANCELLOR HART

So Hawthorne is developing greater control. Initially he was using raw Magic. But if he's casting illusions, something that requires complex witchcraft...

GENERAL ALDEN

He must have accessed our archives. Spells, grimoires, genealogical records.

CHANCELLOR HART

That explains how they've been able to hunt us down. Those archives were well hidden. Protected by spells even a Void couldn't break.

CAPTAIN BURROUGHS

Nathaniel Hawthorne was a gamechanger none of us could have expected.

WILLIAM DANVERS

But what are we going to do about Michael. Without him we lose our edge.

CHANCELLOR HART

Not necessarily. Our kind have survived the Dark War, the Inquisi-

WILLIAM DANVERS

Ma'am the Void during those periods still lacked Magic on their side. What if they're more like him? And unless another witch or warlock shows up similar to Michael. Short of his missing family that's not likely.

CHANCELLOR HART

All we have to go on is hope. That Michael knows what he's doing. That he can return home safely.

Will shakes his head but catches himself. He looks away.

CHANCELLOR HART

I understand your skepticism. But in times like these hope is what helps keep going.

GENERAL ALDEN

Ma'am any updates on the search for more witch variants?

WILLIAM DANVERS

Wait variants? So you are looking for other Magia. Those with Void ancestry?

CHANCELLOR HART

We are. Follow me Mr. Danvers.

INT. LABS - WAREHOUSE

A former first-aid room, converted into a lab devoted to witchcraft. Witches and Warlocks dressed in white outfits crowd the cramped space. Consulting grimoires, mixing medical potions for the injured. Vials containing blood line the walls behind glass cabinets.

Chancellor Hart enters the room with William Danvers who looks around.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Why are we in the medical unit?

CHANCELLOR HART

It's more than that.

She nods towards the vials.

Those are blood samples we've collected of every Magia that's come through here since everything began.

William, almost instinctively rubs his arm.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Yeah, I wondered the reason for the random blood tests last week.

CHANCELLOR HART

We've been comparing them to the genetic markers seen in Michael's own blood. Hoping someone might possess a similar ancestry.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Let me guess. I'm just your average warlock.

CHANCELLOR HART

You, me, everyone that's come through here is ordinary, for a Magia anyway.

WILLIAM DANVERS

I'm not complaining. The pressure you've put on Mike since this all began. Not many would want that attention. At a time like this.

CHANCELLOR HART

We didn't have a lot of options. Michael has been the only who's had any real advantage in this. Trust me I'm not proud of it. But when you're in a war. You have to utilize every valuable resource.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Do you think his family, extended relatives have the same traits?

CHANCELLOR HART

Well, until his family is found. Or we have the resources to track down any other blood relatives, we can't be sure.

WILLIAM DANVERS

And the Stovalls are not native to Georgia. We're not likely to find any second or third cousins wandering around nearby. Are any of the other safehouses doing anything similar?

CHANCELLOR HART

A few. But for the most part everyone is either fight or flight. There's no time for anything but survival.

WILLIAM DANVERS

So if we can't go after Michael, and he and Hawthorne are the only exceptions to the rule.

CHANCELLOR HART

So far...

WILLIAM DANVERS

Where do we go from here?

The Chancellor remains silent in response.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Michael Stovall and Nathaniel Hawthorne walk together in step. Michael looks around. Other than the blur of cars driving past they are alone.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I promise that you are safe. Your coven has got away safely. My people are gone. It's just us.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Why though? What do you want?

For a moment there is silence. Hawthorne continues walking.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

For my entire life I've known my place in this world. I was raised with a purpose. A goal. Every Void was.

MICHAEL STOVALL

So what you're saying is that you were indoctrinated. Fed propaganda and taught a narrow-minded point of view. Yeah that much is obvious.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

What I'm saying is that everything made sense. It was black and white.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Yeah well I was raised to see the world more complicated than that. Believe it or not, Magia are actually raised outside their identity connected to Magic.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I'm trying to make a point-

MICHAEL STOVALL

I don't care. About anything that you have to say. You promised to tell me about my family. That's all I care about-

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

They're in a camp.

MICHAEL STOVALL
Camp? Like the holocaust? An
internment camp?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
I wouldn't go that fa-

MICHAEL STOVALL
Where is it?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
Be patient. I'll tell you everything.
I just need you to hear me.

Michael comes to a stop. He puts his hands in his pocket. He
stares back.

MICHAEL STOVALL
Alright, fine. Whatever. What's so
important. What could be this
important that you're willing to go
against everything you were trained
for.

Hawthorne turns walks towards where Michael has stopped.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
I'm learning the world isn't so black
and white. They're are shades of grey.
When I was given a position on the
Council I learned the truth. That the
Void came from Magia.

MICHAEL STOVALL
Yeah I bet the cognitive dissonance
was stron-

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
Then a year ago everything changed.
The warlock I was chasing. All I did
was touch him. Within minutes he was
dead. Within days, I was moving things
with my mind, causing power surges...

Michael is silent. Looking on in curiosity.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
Over the next year I hunted more
witches and warlocks. Absorbed more
Magic. From there I was able to
control the weather. Teleport.

MICHAEL STOVALL

So you go from a witch-hunter with a purpose to a serial killer. Sounds to me like you went from shades of grey to pure dark.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

But that's the point. My purpose was still the same. Hunt down and destroy your kind. Fighting magic with magic.

MICHAEL STOVALL

People like you are hypocrites. You're not seeing shades of anything. It's just another justification. A way for you to live with whatever you are.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

But you're not seeing it. The Void have always used Magic. What we can do, nullifying the abilities of the Magia. That's a form of Magic only different. I've just been enhanced.

MICHAEL STOVALL

But what do I have to do with any of this?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

You may not want to admit it. But we're the same. Two sides of the same coin. The same way that the Magia and Void have always been.

MICHAEL STOVALL

In what way?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I may have been born to Voids and you to Magia, but we're both evenly matched in magical ability.

MICHAEL STOVALL

That's a coincidence.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Along with the rest of the Void I'm able to weaken the Magic of nearby witches and warlocks. But you've been able to resist it completely.

MICHAEL STOVALL
I still don't see your point.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
Only someone with Void ancestry could
possibly resist it's effects. You have
to see how that makes sense.

Michael stares. He shakes his head and slowly backs away.

MICHAEL STOVALL
No that's...

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
I was able to break into the Archives
hidden in Danvers. The town that use
to be Salem Village. Where your people
keep records of everything. Your
history, genealogy.

MICHAEL STOVALL
Even a Void couldn't have broken those
spells.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
But I did. I matched the family trees.
Found a connection.

MICHAEL STOVALL
What connection?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
Our families... we're related.

Michael freezes.

MICHAEL STOVALL
Are you trying to be funny?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
I wouldn't have set up this meeting
for a joke. In any other situation you
would be dead. I'd have taken your
Magic.

MICHAEL STOVALL
I still don't understand how?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
I'm still piecing everything together.
Some records need to be confirmed. But

you're ancestor, Tituba. She's also mine.

MICHAEL STOVALL

If you're descended from a Witch. How are you a Void?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Because she had a child with one. Samuel Parris. Reverend of Salem.

MICHAEL STOVALL

(laughs)

Ok. Let's just say you're telling the truth. What's your endgame here. What does that mean for us. Right now. In the present.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I want you to help me.

MICHAEL STOVALL

So because we're supposedly related centuries back I should sign up for the Lumen? How does that make sense.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Like I've mentioned before. Things are changing, now that I'm in command. Hunting the Magia. That's no longer the primary goal.

MICHAEL STOVALL

But it's still happening. Under your watch. They're being killed everyday.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Not all of them. Those being taken to the camp-

MICHAEL STOVALL

Right, where my family is. If they're not being slowly killed off what's going on?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Research. We're looking for more of our kind. The variants among both Magia and Void.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CLOSET SPACE

William Danvers sits in the cramped space. He sits on a cot. His eyes are closed. He's whispering something. An incantation. His whispers echo, multiplied as if several voices are whispering in the room.

A brief image of two people standing facing each other.

William continues whispering to himself.

The image returns with slightly more detail. Two men stand outside at night. Arguing.

The whispering increase in speed growing steadily louder. William balls his fists together.

Michael Stovall and Nathaniel Hawthorne stand together on a sidewalk facing a busy road at night.

MICHAEL STOVALL

So you go from a witch-hunter with a purpose to a serial killer. Sounds to me like you went from from shades of grey to pure dark.

Hawthorne replies in turn but his voice is muted. The image quickly fades away into nothing.

William Danvers opens his eyes with a smile.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Found you.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The old way, Voids and Magia. They're a thing of the past. We're the future.

MICHAEL STOVALL

That's your big solution? Breed out the old? Create something new? Suddenly everyone is living in harmony?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The Void were a natural solution to witches. Your species were arrogant. Entitled. Ruling over Humans like gods back at your peak. Then we came along

to challenge that.

MICHAEL STOVALL

And look what happened. A thousand year war that nearly wiped out the planet. Everyone nearly went extinct.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

But look what's happening now. We're a new solution. A merging of species. A way to avoid another event like the Dark Ages.

MICHAEL STOVALL

You sound just like a Nazi. Camps? Breeding programs. A master species? And you think I'm going to just go along with it and help you.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

That would be ideal. And I would prefer for that to be the case. But the thing is...

Flames erupt on his hands. His skin unburned.

I can still bring you in. Its up to you whether it's voluntary or not.

Michael looks back unconcerned. He looks up at the sky. The sounds of thunder can be heard. This is followed by flashed of lightning flickering through the sky.

MICHAEL STOVALL

We're pretty much evenly matched. And you sent your people away. What makes you think you have an advantage.

Hawthorne laughs. The flames extinguish. Michael looks down at them confused.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

My power is still growing.

With a jerk of his head, Michael's hands and legs snap together. An invisible force pushes him backward onto the ground. He's struggling to move.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

You're enhanced magical abilities come from the absorbed power of long dead

witches and warlock.

Michael whispers to himself. His arms and legs glow in a purple light but nothing happens. Hawthorne walks closer.

From our direct ancestor I believe.
The child of Tituba and Parris.
Somehow all that power has moved on to
you.

Behind Hawthorne, a black hole appears out of thin air. He's too focused on Michael to notice.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I still have the advantage. While I wasn't born with the Magic our ancestor absorbed I can still take more.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Who were the victims? Who did you kill? My family.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Remember, they're my family too. It was the survivors in the mall. They gave me everything I needed.

MICHAEL STOVALL

They're not your family. They're mine.

A bolt of lightning lands close to Hawthorne. He's thrown away. Out into the street. Cars blow their horns. One swerves wildly to avoid Hawthorne but he vanishes in a flash of light. Reappearing in the grass off the sidewalk in another flash. During the distraction, Michael is able to move. He gets off the ground.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

So that's how this is going to be.

Michael turns his head. Notices something and smiles.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I already have family. A big one. You might have met a few of them.

A look of confusion crosses Hawthorne's face. He turns around. A hail of bullets come from out of nowhere. Instantly they bounce away. Ripples appear in the air around Hawthorne, similar to water disturbed, where the bullets hit.

The Coven Guard have arrived. Among them, Chancellor Hart and William Danvers.

GENERAL ALDEN
Concentrate fire on him. Keep him
distracted befor-

An angry Hawthorne disappears in another flash of light. The Coven Guard begin to surround Michael. In the distance, sirens can be heard.

CHANCELLOR HART
We need to maintain cover. Someone
deal with the Humans. Cloaking and
memory spells right now.

GENERAL ALDEN
Yes Madame Chancellor.

Chancellor Hart and William move toward Michael.

WILLIAM DANVERS
Looks like you made it out ok.

MICHAEL STOVALL
Barely. Was this you?

WILLIAM DANVERS
Nothing a simple tracking spell
couldn't solve.

MICHAEL STOVALL
Madame Chancellor. I'm surprised your
out in the field.

CHANCELLOR HART
I owed you that. And a good leader
can't hide in their office directing
everyone else into battle. I'm glad
you're safe.

Both of them shake hands.

CAPTAIN BURROUGHS
Ma'am I think it's time we had back.
We're attracting enough attention.

CHANCELLOR HART
Of course. Captain, lead the way.

EXT. WITCHGUARD - NIGHT

A complex is nestled in a valley between two mountains. Forest surrounds it except for a dirt road that leads away. Guard towers are spaced evenly around the complex. The lights illuminating both the surrounding area and the complex itself. The fences are electrified and topped with barbed wire. At the main entrance stand two Lumen heavily armed. They stand within guard posts on either side of the doors.

Both become alert at a figure emerging from the darkness of the dirt road.

LUMEN GUARD 1
Announce yourself.

Hawthorne keeps moving not even pausing as he comes into the light of the guard tower.

LUMEN GUARD 2
Master Hawthorne? We weren't expecting you.

Hawthorne barely glances their way he continues forward. One of the Lumen taps a headset speaking into it.

LUMEN GUARD 1
Open the gates for Ma-

Hawthorne flicks a hand and the gates open of their own accord. He continues marching forward.

EXT. WITCHGUARD - PRISON YARD

The yard is mostly grass, and gated passages. Hawthorne continues forward. Around him men, women, and children are being led at gunpoint. Most wearing simple gray clothing.

LUMEN GUARD 3
Keep it moving.

LUMEN GUARD 4
Eyes forward.

The Lumen nod at Hawthorne as he heads towards the main building. The witches and warlocks look away. Some recoiling in fear as he walks past.

INT. MAIN BUILDING - OFFICE

Hawthorne enters the room. He sits at a desk with a sigh. He looks across the room. A smaller table holds several glasses and a variety of wines and liquors. For a moment he stares at it. Then he raises his hands. Nothing happens. He raises his arm toward the table again. After a few seconds a glass and bottle of wine begin to shudder slightly. Jerkily they rise and began to hover toward him. At the last second they shatter hitting the floor. Wine stains the carpet like blood.

Without hesitating, Hawthorne presses a call button at his desk.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Dr. Corwin too my office as soon as you can.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE

In the Chancellor's office, Michael sits in front of the desk. Chancellor Hart looks on interested.

CHANCELLOR HART

So you're distant cousins?

MICHAEL STOVALL

And apparently I'm half a Void.

CHANCELLOR HART

(Almost to herself.)

No wonder we can't find others like you.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I'm sorry?

CHANCELLOR HART

We've been trying to find other Magia with the same advantages as you.

MICHAEL STOVALL

No progress on that I'm guessing.

CHANCELLOR HART

Unfortunately not. Void births were historically known to be rare before we outlawed relationships with Humans. A witch or warlock, like Tituba, falling in love with one, especially during that time was unheard of.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Which is why I'm not expecting you to find others like me coming out of nowhere. If they exist it's probably no more than a handful.

CHANCELLOR HART

I just don't understand why Hawthorne would want to create more. His kind have always been about control. Having abilities like his could be useful. I understand that much. But what does he hope to gain from it.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Maybe he's trying to adapt. Evolve? I don't know. I felt like there was something missing. Something he wasn't saying.

CHANCELLOR HART

Whatever it is I hope we find out soon.

INT. MAIN BUILDING - OFFICE

DR. CORWIN enters the office. He nods at Hawthorne.

DR. CORWIN

Apologies. I was just doing last minute testing on a pair of warlock twins. Promising results so far.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Not too worry, doctor. I know the work you're doing is important.

Dr. Corwin moves forward. Pulls out a seat and sits in front of the desk.

DR. CORWIN

Has it happened again?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Unfortunately. I was able to use just enough to get here before there were any issues.

DR. CORWIN

Seventy-two hours. Making use of twelve subjects. Impressive.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

But not good enough. I don't understand. Why doesn't the Magic stay?

DR. CORWIN

I'm assuming it's our physiology. Magic has never been compatible with our species. The only reason you've been able to hold on to yours for an extended period is because of your Magia ancestry.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I needed Michael Stovall for that reason. His DNA, might have had what I needed to figure this out.

DR. CORWIN

You losing power is the reason for his absence now I'm assuming.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

There were several factors. What about his family? Any progress there?

DR. CORWIN

Nothing yet. And I'm not too sure there will be. We would have discovered something by now. Any trace of Void ancestry has completely skipped over them.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

And somehow completely landed in Michael's lap.

DR. CORWIN

Well it's not uncommon. Void ancestry isn't known to be reliable. We're not guaranteed to always pass it on to our children. And it can randomly show up among Humans after generations.

Nathaniel Hawthorne appears to be far away at this point. His eyes look down toward his desk. Chin resting under his hands. Corwin appears to pick up on his distracted nature and goes silent waiting. Nathaniel looks up.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I need more. Another dozen subjects.

There's more work to be done.

INT. WAREHOUSE - FACTORY FLOOR

Michael makes his way back into the main room. From all around people stare, or give friendly smiles.

YOUNG WARLOCK
Welcome back, Michael.

WITCH
Glad you were able to get back safe.

MICHAEL STOVALL
Thank you. I appreciate it.

Will meets Michael in the rush of the activity around him. He nearly trips over two children that run past.

WILLIAM DANVERS
You know this place is big but it's already getting too crowded.

MICHAEL STOVALL
That's a good thing I guess. It means a lot more Magia are getting away. Who knows how many others are out there.

WILLIAM DANVERS
Still, I might need to bring it up to the Chancellor. We only have enough space and resources.

MICHAEL STOVALL
Maybe we could reach out to other safehouses. Move people around to places that have the room.

WILLIAM DANVERS
That might not be a bad idea. We've only just started contacting places in other states. Chancellor Hart is already in discussions to exchange supplies.

MICHAEL STOVALL
Is there any updates in Salem. In Danvers?

WILLIAM DANVERS

(Shakes his head.)

No there's nothing. The Lumen appeared to have completely wiped out the Capital.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I hope that's not true. With luck the Chancellor's family are out there somewhere.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Hopefully all of us have family surviving out in the open.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Yeah...

WILLIAM DANVERS

You'll see them again. That Hawthorne guy gave you more to go on than any of us. A camp? Who knows how many missing are there.

MICHAEL STOVALL

I only wish I could have a got clue. Anything about where it could be.

WILLIAM DANVERS

We'll figure it out. It's never to late.

MICHAEL STOVALL

So, I think I'll go get some sleep. It's been a long night. More than likely going to be an even longer day.

WILLIAM DANVERS

Alright, yeah. I'll let you go. I won't have the luxury. Being one of the Chancellor's only surviving aides comes with all kinds of privileges.

Michael laughs in response.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Apparently like the ability to stay up all night. I'll see you tomorrow.

INT. WAREHOUSE- SMALL ROOM

Michael lies on a empty cot in a bare and cramped room. It's no bigger than a closet space. He stares off into space towards the ceiling above. The room is in darkness. He sighs for a moment, then begins to whisper.

After a few seconds a three dimensional, moving projection appears before him. It bathes the room in a soft light. Appearing before him is an image in an endless loop. It depicts his family: parents, five siblings, and himself all standing together arms around each other. They're smiling, laughing, at peace.

Michael smiles at the image as it fades, bringing him back into darkness.

MICHAEL STOVALL

Please, be safe.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM - WITCHGUARD

Dr. Corwin wanders back and forth from bed to bed. There are seven in total. Each has someone lying down unconscious. All are tied to their beds. IVs are attached to them, drawing blood, giving them unknown solutions and serums.

Dr. Corwin is writing on a clipboard. After observing each individual.

DR. CORWIN

(To himself.)

Vitals, are normal. Subjects are stable. They should be awake and ready to return to general population by tomorrow.

He writes a few more things down before leaving the room. Everything is quiet, apart from the ventilation coming through the ceiling, the beeping of the machines giving the subjects fluid, and the gentle breathing of sleep.

In the second bed lies a WOMAN, in her mid-fifties. Even in sleep she looks exhausted. Every so often her body twitches and then relaxes. She begins to whisper something. Repeatedly. At first it's indecipherable but then it's heard clearly.

WOMAN

(Echoes)

Michael...

FADE OUT: