

MITCH
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FADE IN:

EXT. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING - DAY

A TV REPORTER runs her fingers through her hair, checks herself in the camera lens, and signals she's ready.

TV REPORTER

A large crowd gathered outside the United Nations building in hopes of catching a glimpse of the most influential leaders of the free world. The reason for the meeting is yet to be confirmed.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

A huge amphitheater with a podium at the front. WORLD LEADERS socialize, shake hands, and greet one another, smiling like it's homecoming weekend.

Russian President ALEKSANDR PISHCHALNIKOV, 60s, approaches the American President BOB SEGER, 70s. He speaks English in a thick Iranian accent, as does BOB, obviously.

ALEKSANDR

You get the birthday gift I sent?

BOB

Yes. Yes, I did. I hadn't opened it yet... it was glowing.

ALEKSANDR

It was a lava lamp! What? You don't trust me?

BOB

I have people for that.

ALEKSANDR

I don't trust the Canadians.

They look over and notice the Canadian Prime Minister BRYAN ADAMS standing alone, acting very suspicious, observing the crowd and taking notes. Suddenly, the main door BURSTS OPEN.

Walking straight up the aisle toward the podium, SIMON, 20s, a Mark Zuckerberg clone with a Messiah complex to match, wearing a hoodie and tight jeans... and a smug smile.

PAUL, 50s, the kind of Elon Musk wannabe who goes on fake podcasts, follows behind lugging a laptop.

The leaders take their seats as Simon takes center stage. Paul huddles behind a school desk and opens his laptop.

SIMON

Leaders of the free world, I, Simon, welcome you here, and thank you for coming on such short notice.

ALEXSANDR

Anything for a friend.

SIMON

You're a good man, Al. You don't mind me calling you Al, right? I sure as hell won't try to pronounce your last name.

ALEKSANDR

Pishchalnikov.

SIMON

Pishchalnikov? I only do that in the comfort of my own martial bed.

The leaders LAUGH in unison.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Thank you, mostly old white men... and Prime Minister Dembe of Uganda.

A charming, stately woman, DEMBE, 40s, Prime Minister of Uganda, smiles and waves. Across the assembly, Bryan Adams stands up and walks towards the exit.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Mr. Adams. Where are you going?

Bryan Adams freezes in his tracks.

BRYAN ADAMS

I've got to use the restroom.

SIMON

Don't fall in there, alright?

Aleksandr shrugs and looks over at Bob.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Okay, settle down. That's enough fun for now. Without further ado, I would like to get started.

Simon pulls out a laser pointer as a projector screen comes down from the ceiling. Paul taps a button on his laptop.

ON THE SCREEN

Graphic images of the black plague.

SIMON (V.O.)
For centuries, people of the world
have suffered through epidemics...

Images of a disastrous flood.

SIMON (V.O.)
... Endured countless disasters...

Violent images of war.

SIMON (V.O.)
... Lost many family members and
friends...

Madonna on her MDNA Tour.

SIMON (V.O.)
... And have been put through
endless torture... Do you know who
the people of this world blame?

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

The leaders sit in silence.

SIMON
Anybody?

Aleksandr raises his hand.

ALEKSANDR
George W. Bush.

The crowd LAUGHS again. President Bob Seger shoves Aleksandr.

BOB
You dog, you!

SIMON
That's your answer to everything,
ain't it, Al?

They share a frat boyish grin.

SIMON (CONT'D)

The correct answer is... Warlocks!

The leaders OOOHHH together.

SIMON (CONT'D)

But I'm afraid to announce there's a mad cad in our midst tonight! Who finds it important to out the whole conspiracy! Do we want that?

LEADERS of the world GASP and JEER. Simon nods to Alexandr. He gets up, and Bob follows after him. They trudge out.

SIMON (CONT'D)

But we're gonna smoke them out! Out of this assembly, out of this world, out of their little magical closet!

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Alexandr BANGS on the bathroom stall.

ALEXSANDR

You okay in there, Butter Tart?

BRYAN (O.S.)

I'm fine. Bad milk! Out in a minute.

BOB

Bad milk? Who the fuck drinks bad milk? You can smell it, you know! I knew Canadians were stupid, but shit, man, that's next-level dipshittery.

Bob takes a few steps back from the door.

INT. STALL - DAY

Bryan sweats profusely, sitting on the toilet and texting. Suddenly, Bob KICKS THE DOOR IN and knocks the phone out of Bryan's hands. He shields himself, and Alexandr grabs the phone off the floor.

ALEXSANDR

I think Simon will be interested to see these text messages.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

The door FLIES OPEN. Bob and Aleksandr drag Bryan down the aisle. They throw him face down on the podium beneath Simon.

SIMON

Look what the demon cat dragged in!

ALEXSANDR

You might want to see this.
"Canada" here was "Twitching."

Aleksandr hands Simon the phone.

SIMON

My Leaders, it appears we have a traitorous spy in our midst. And they've been messaging witches all night via the Twitcher app!

LEADERS

BURN. BURN. BURN. BURN! BURN!

SIMON

Silence.

Paul raises his hand.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Please, save all questions until the end of the presentation.

PAUL

It's a point of order, sir. For the minutes, so we have a correct recounting of our assembly.

SIMON

Sure Paul, what is it?

PAUL

If I may, it's no longer Twitcher. It's not called HEX.

SIMON

Fine, Paul. Even though the domain URL still reads "Twitcher.com," they used "HEX" everybody, okay?

Simon reaches down toward Bryan and swiftly tears off a mask, revealing a witch, FRANCIS, 20s, like the Explore page on Instagram brought to life, dressed in all white.

SIMON (CONT'D)

By God, man! You're a woman! What's your name?

FRANCIS

The white witch Francis.

They strip off her Bryan Adams bodysuit.

ALEXSANDR

I knew it! Canada's not even a real country!

The leaders' eyes turn bloodshot red, and they release HIGH PITCHED SCREAMS. Many tear off their skin suits, revealing terrifying old hags, and small horned devils -- Warlocks.

SIMON

Unleash yourselves!

Dembe rips off his Ugandan woman suit and TWERKS on the dais.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Get it, Dembe! You love to see it!

Simon stands ten feet tall, with razor-sharp fangs, horns on his head. Aleksandr and Bob morph into formidable warlocks. They pin the white witch Francis onto the ground.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Very soon, our time will come!

Simon points at the United Nations symbol. The symbol slowly BURSTS INTO FLAMES, revealing the Gateway to Hell. Tortured souls fly through the lapping flames.

SIMON (CONT'D)

The humans were right. We are responsible for their hurt, pain, loss and death. We will end humanity once and for all.

FRANCIS

No, the humans don't deserve this!

SIMON

Don't they?

Simon looks at Paul, still dressed like Elon Musk.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Why haven't you changed?

PAUL
It's messy!

SIMON
So?

PAUL
I'm comfortable.

SIMON
It's not about being comfortable.
It's about being scary.

Paul tears up.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Oh, please don't cry! Okay, leave
it on. You're scary just the way
you are.

PAUL
Thank you. I needed to hear that
right now.

Simon points his laser pointer back at the screen.

ON THE SCREEN

A picture of a witch burning.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

The crowd CHEERS!

SIMON
Now, we're just getting warmed up.

The warlocks LAUGH.

SIMON (CONT'D)
You like that? I write all my own
material. Next slide... Death by
drowning!

ON THE SCREEN

A man drowning.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

The warlocks OOOHHHH in unison.

SIMON

Death by water. Throughout time,
they have killed hundreds of
thousands of our kind... Another
example, please Paul.

ON THE SCREEN

The Wicked Witch of the West melts after the bucket of water
is thrown at her.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

Simon smirks at Francis.

SIMON

Now we all know that this is highly
improbable. It's more than likely
sulfuric acid.

A WARLOCK throws a cup of water onto Francis.

FRANCIS

Help, I'm melting.

Francis puts on a show, throwing herself around. She shakes
free of Alexandr and Bob, but recaptures her easily.

SIMON

Take her to the torture chamber and
make her talk. Find out her power
and drain it!

The WARLOCKS APPLAUD. Alexandr and Bob escort Francis out.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Fellow warlocks and witches, pay
attention to the number above the
gateway.

The number reads **954,997** and continues to rise.

SIMON (CONT'D)

This number represents the Warlocks
signed up to "WarBook."

Paul raises his hand.

SIMON (CONT'D)
What now, Paul?

PAUL
I'm pretty sure you changed the name to MetaLock.

SIMON
I did, didn't I? Damn rebranding!

PAUL
Sorry, you know I'm a stickler for details. It's in my contract.

SIMON
I know, I know. Thank you.

He pats Paul on the head like a pet.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Each time we sign up a new Warlock, the gateway gets bigger, and Satan gets stronger! When we reach one million, Lucifer will walk among us, and nothing on this planet can stop our crusade!

An image of a red, horned, long-tailed creature with a forked tongue appears through the flames. The crowd CHEERS!

SIMON (CONT'D)
I need each one of you canvassing local neighborhoods and signing up as many Warlocks as you can!

The crowd GROANS.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Oh, come on, it'll be fun! Don't you all want to see our Lord Satan roam and terrorize earth?

The crowd CHEERS again!

SIMON (CONT'D)
That's the spirit! Anyone here who signs up ten Warlocks by EOD will be entered into a raffle to win a free... Paul, what can we give them?

PAUL
A MetaLocks VR headset?

SIMON
A free MetaLocks VR headset!

The crowd GOES WILD.

CROWD
V-R! V-R! V-R! V-R! V-R! V-R!

SIMON
Our wildest fantasies will come true!

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - DAY

A beautiful manor home surrounded by tree-lined walks, ponds, and statues. Beyond the garden sits a small wooden shed.

INT. WOODEN SHED - DAY

Dusty and cobweb filled from floor to ceiling. An obese white witch, GRETA, age unknown, although 60s-presenting, CACKLES as she stirs the contents of a boiling cauldron.

GRETA
Horse's tongue, pig's ear, cow's eyes, sheep's intestines. Too much protein. You can't beat boiling water.

The door flings open, a white witch, SASHA, 30s, Greta's younger, hipper sister, enters carrying a broom.

SASHA
Ouch. Oww, my Gina! My gina! Usually, I'm happy with some hot wood between my legs. Lord knows it's been years, but sheesh this thing's overheating!

Sasha tosses her broom aside, and it KNOCKS OVER a shelf of witch's items.

GRETA
Hi, Sasha. Don't mind the knick knacks. You never do.

SASHA
Ohhh, Greta. Love what you've done with the place, and your clothes. Wow. Is black plague serfdom coming back in fashion?

Sasha peers inside the boiling pot of water, dips her finger in, then tastes it.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Needs more chamomile. So, why was I summoned here so urgently?

Greta sits down on a tiny wooden chair.

GRETA

I feel a great pain, sister.
Something from within. Something bad is about to happen.

Greta lets rip a huge FART and her seat breaks. She falls flat on the floor.

SASHA

You're telling me.

Sasha WAFTS the smell away, and she helps Greta to her feet.

GRETA

No... Our sister is in danger...
And humanity.

Greta shows Sasha the text.

GRETA (CONT'D)

As the last remaining white witches, it's up to us to save Francis... and humanity.

SASHA

What's up with you and humanity all of a sudden?

GRETA

Humanity's good people. We don't bother them. They don't bother us. We've had a pretty copacetic relationship for centuries now, ever since they stopped, you know, burning us at the stake.

SASHA

Ugh, do we have to? I hate people.

GRETA

No, you hate Gary, your ex-boyfriend who cheated on you with a K-POP obsessed e-girl.

SASHA

Damnit. You're right. Well, we can't do it alone. We need one more witch. You know us, we always do our best work in threes.

GRETA

The warlocks have the leaders of the United Nations and nine hundred and fifty-four thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven Warlocks, as verified by MetaLock.

SASHA

So yeah, one more witch, and we got this. Warlocks are bitch boys.

GRETA

But who do we get?

SASHA

Amanda, duh. Plus, she owes Francis one big time for that Caribbean coven incident in the Bahamas.

GRETA

Amanda's been on tour with Fleetwood Mac for the last six years.

SASHA

She can sing, really though...

(singing)

Now, here you go again, you say you want your freedom. Well, who am I to keep you down?

GRETA

(singing)

It's only right that you should play the way you feel it. But listen carefully to the sound of your loneliness...

IN UNISON

(singing)

Like a heartbeat drives you mad in the stillness of remembering what you had... And what you lost...

SASHA

Fuck! So Francis is kidnapped AND Amanda's out, just like the one-winged dove.

GRETA
She's not coming back, Sasha.

SASHA
So, that's what this summoning and
big pot of boiling water is about?

GRETA
Exactly. We must perform a spell to
conjure a pure white witch to aid
us in our noble quest.

SASHA
Let's get it then.

The witches stand around the cauldron holding hands.

GRETA
This water is pure. Let us summon
our spirits. Huummmmmnaaaahhhh!

EXT. WOODEN SHED - DAY

A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT, followed by LOUD BANG! Smoke
BILLOWS out the doors and windows of the shed.

INT. WOODEN SHED - DAY

The witches COUGH, waving smoke out of their eyes.

SASHA
I don't see anyone. The water was
pure, right?

GRETA
Well, you know I added a little
chamomile!

SASHA
Damn it, Greta! Why must you always
add chamomile?

GRETA
Because it's a fun ingredient!

SASHA
Dear God! Behind you!

Greta whips around. In the corner stands a 6'6" naked BLACK
MAN, fully toned, crouched over, and scared.

SASHA (CONT'D)
 Sorry, I didn't mean it like
 that...

GRETA
 That's not a woman!

SASHA
 Whatever it is, it came with its
 own broomstick.

GRETA
 Well, we can't send him back. No,
 sir. We have no choice. He has been
 sent by the spirit world

Sasha ambles over. She inspects him up and down, grabs his
 broomstick. He YELPS! She takes a step back.

SASHA
 He's a man. He's a witch. Let's
 call him Mitch.

Mitch smiles nervously.

INT. OLD BRICK JAIL - DAY

Francis hangs in chains, shackled to a wall.

SUPER: TORTURE CHAMBER BENEATH SUBWAY

SUPER: THE SANDWICH CHAIN

SUPER: NOT THE OTHER TORTURE CHAMBER

Two warlocks, BEN and JERRY, stand guard in front of her.

FRANCIS
 There's nothing you can do. I won't
 talk.

BEN
 Is that right? Torture her!

Jerry pulls out some bubble wrap, and slowly, one by one,
 POPS the air bubbles.

JERRY
 You wanna pop one, don't you?

Francis looks away as Jerry moves closer.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Pop. Pop.

BEN

You can pop one. Just tell us your secret power.

FRANCIS

Do you think this is torture? I once had a dragon bite my arm off!

BEN

Chill, lady. It isn't a contest.

JERRY

She may be stronger than we initially thought.

BEN

Let's kick it up a level.

Ben picks up a cassette recorder and a Madonna tape.

FRANCIS

What the hell is that? Haven't you idiots heard of Spotify?

BEN

Listen to Little Miss Richy Rich. We don't have a big budget, you know. We all owe money to China.

JERRY

Big money! Loads of debt like you couldn't imagine.

FRANCIS

Why are you saying that like it's a good thing?

JERRY

Just play the tape, Ben.

Ben PLAYS the tape.

FRANCIS

Hmmm... Doesn't bother me. I love this album.

Francis even sings along.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

(singing)

I have a tale to tell.

(MORE)

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

*Sometimes it gets so hard to hide
it well. I was not ready for the
fall. Too blind to see the writing
on the wall!*

JERRY

It's not working, next track.

Ben stops the tape and fast-forwards.

FRANCIS

What are you doing?

BEN

Moving it to the next track.

Ben stops the tape and plays another song.

FRANCIS

(singing)

*I've had other guys. I've looked
into their eyes. But I never knew
love before. 'Til you walked
through my door!*

JERRY

Ohhh, you've gone too far. Go back
now. Play one that wasn't a single!

Francis grows weary as Ben rewinds it.

FRANCIS

Now what are you doing?

BEN

Finding the start of the song.

Ben stops and presses PLAY too far... again.

JERRY

No, go forward again.

Francis can't take it anymore.

FRANCIS

Stop it! Stop it!

Ben stops the tape.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

No, not the tape. Yes, the tape.
The whole back and forth. Forth and
back. God you guys are so annoying.
Your torture has worked.

Ben and Jerry share surprised look and high-five!

JERRY

We did it! Simon's gonna love us!

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Greta and Sasha walk with a clearly anxious Mitch.

GRETA

Mitch, where do you come from?

MITCH

I have... no idea.

SASHA

At least you can talk.

Mitch touches mouth.

MITCH

I can.

GRETA

You didn't know you could talk?

MITCH

I don't know anything. I don't know what that means. What words am I saying?

SASHA

Jeez, Greta. He's a lobotomy patient. The guy's equal parts cuckoo and cocoa puffs.

Greta SIGHS.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Mitch, you gotta help us here, man.

MITCH

I am... Mitch?

GRETA

Uh-huh, sweetie.

SASHA

No, no. Don't tell him anything. What if he is a warlock?

MITCH

I'm here. I can listen, and I am not a warlock. I don't even know what a Warlock is.

GRETA

It's a start.

SASHA

That's what a Warlock would say!

MITCH

I am just as confused as you!

SASHA

We're not confused! We know exactly what you are!

GRETA

Look, we did the spell and conjured him. He is not a Warlock.

SASHA

Are you sure? How would you know?

Greta takes out a weird-looking device. She approaches Mitch and holds the device against his chest. The device slowly turns on and powers up, until...

The device's screen reads: **NOT A WARLOCK**

GRETA

Can you read?

Greta shows it to Sasha. She reads it. Surprised.

SASHA

Oh, well. Then, you're gonna help us, Mitch.

MITCH

Can you give me something to wear?

Greta grabs a very small fig leaf from a plant in the garden, and she hands it over. It barely covers anything.

GRETA

Use this for now.

They walk on.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - DAY

Sasha and Greta wait in a large parlor room. Mitch enters, finally fully dressed, in a tuxedo.

GRETA

Okay, now that you are clothed and ready. We need to make a game plan.

MITCH

Are you witches?

SASHA

Yes.

MITCH

Really? I can't tell.

SASHA

No pointy hats, I know. We gave up that stereotype years ago.

MITCH

Am I a witch?

GRETA

We think. As far as we know. We cast a witch spell and you came out, thereby you must be a witch. A male witch. Perhaps the first of your kind. Ya know, Sasha we could win a WitchLife Achievement Award for this.

MITCH

Do I have powers?

Greta and Sasha share a concerned look. Mitch clocks it.

GRETA

Technically. But we don't know to what extent they reach. As the first of your kind, things may be... unstable. We'll need to hone them so you can help us rescue our fellow witch, Francis.

MITCH

Aw, yeah! Like a quest?

GRETA

Exactly like a quest.

MITCH

I've never been on a quest.

SASHA

We couldn't tell.

Mitch scratches his head.

MITCH

I don't know how useful I'll be with no control over my powers. Why don't you just call for help? Get more witches involved?

GRETA

Oh, you weren't here when we discussed it. We're white witches ...not that it's a race thing.

SASHA

It's just like a class of witchcraft, like the top, best kind or whatever. No big deal.

MITCH

So, I'm a white witch?

SASHA

We think!

MITCH

Hell yeah! I've always wanted to be white. No discrimination less police brutality. I'm ALL in!

GRETA

Yes, and we're currently out of white witches. We usually would do this kind of thing with the one we must rescue.

MITCH

Oh, I am sorry about that. Where is she?

GRETA

Not a clue.

Sasha and Greta look at Mitch, hoping he will fix it.

MITCH

So, if I help you, what's in it for me?

SASHA
Well, a lifelong debt of gratitude.

MITCH
Would you let me go?

SASHA
Go where?

MITCH
Wherever I have to go? I don't
really know where I belong.

GRETA
Oh... Mitch. Yes. Of course. You
belong here with us, for now.
Don't worry, once we finish our
quest, we'll help you find a home.

Mitch smiles for the first time.

MITCH
How do we get started?

GRETA
A tracking spell of course!

Everybody holds hands and closes their eyes.

GRETA (CONT'D)
Ooowwweeeeeiiiiiaaoooonnnkkkk!

A BURST OF LIGHT flashes across the room. Everyone looks
around. Nothing's happened.

SASHA
It didn't work.

GRETA
Really? Twice in one day!

SASHA
You're losing your touch, sis.

GRETA
No, let's try again!

Everybody holds hands and closes their eyes.

GRETA (CONT'D)
Ooowwweeeyyiiiiiiiaaooorrnnkkkk!

A BURST OF LIGHT flashes across the room. They look around.

SASHA

Aha! Do you see it? In the light.
Her last active location.

They jump up and down in excitement.

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - DAY

Less of an office, more of a Warlock Hall of Fame crossed with the Hollywood Walk of Fame. A large floor to ceiling tapestry of Simon snowboarding down a mountain of fire.

Simon sits at his desk, reading Infinite Jest. LOUD DEATH METAL MUSIC PLAYS. A KNOCK at the door. Simon looks up.

SIMON

Come in.

Simon turns down the death metal. Ben and Jerry enter. They cower around Simon.

SIMON (CONT'D)

So?

BEN

Nothing's working.

Simon eyes Jerry, hoping for a different answer.

JERRY

Some things are working, but not everything.

SIMON

You duds didn't share notes, huh?

Ben and Jerry look at each other. Nope.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I don't even know why I am still employing you.

BEN

We're Warlocks in Training, sir.

SIMON

Geez, there it is. I mean the quality of free labor has really plummeted in this country.

BEN

We really want to be good Warlocks one day, sir. We work hard and we'll do anything.

SIMON

Ridiculous. You don't have half the mettle to be a good Warlock.

Ben lowers his head in shame.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. Did you say you'd do anything?

JERRY

Yes, sir! Of course, he did!

SIMON

How do you feel about working with other world leaders? Like, say, Aleksandr Pishchalnikov, who scares the living fuck out of me?

Ben hesitates.

JERRY

We'd love to!

BEN

(*nervous*)

It's always a good thing to maintain relationships with powerful people.

SIMON

What would they think if they knew you worked for me?

Ben feels humiliated, Jerry notices it.

SIMON (CONT'D)

They would think I was stupid! Now, you fuck up like this one more time, not only will you never be Warlocks, but I'll send you to work in Pishchalnikov's gulag for the rest of your training!

Now Jerry feels the heat.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Where is the witch now?

JERRY
Sleeping in her cell, sir.

SIMON
Good. I want you two canvassing the area. I demand you sign up for ten new Warlocks before she wakes up. Now, go and get back to me with some answers from that witchy woman by tomorrow morning. You don't want to see what will happen if I have to do it myself.

Simon looks at Ben. He gets in his face.

SIMON (CONT'D)
And you.

Ben's bottom lip quivers and he purse his lips.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Don't you ever purse your lips unless you're 'bout to suck my dick.

INT. CITY STREETS - DAY

A defeated Ben and Jerry walk down the city streets.

BEN
You got the jail monitor?

Jerry holds a mini screen with a live feed of Francis's cell.

JERRY
Got it.

BEN
Why are you being short with me?

JERRY
It's because of you I'm even in this mess!

BEN
Because of me? You didn't do much either!

JERRY
No, I mean in this whole Warlocking debacle in the first place.

BEN
It's a debacle to you now?

JERRY

You were the one all into the dark arts from the start. You convinced me to sign up and now we have a blood oath to Simon we can't escape!

BEN

You needed a job!

JERRY

Don't gaslight me, man.

BEN

I was just trying to look out for a friend and be an early adapter into an emerging market. We always talked about started our own tech company. You know I've always looked up to Simon. I just wanted to learn from the best.

JERRY

I'm sorry. I was lashing out. It's just... you know how much I hate walking. I'd rather be back at the cell sitting in my metal chair.

They see an ELDERLY WOMAN approaching and ready themselves.

BEN

Excuse me, ma'am would you like to be a Warlock?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Fuck off! Weirdos like you are the ones who gave President Bob Seger his marching orders to nuke Wales!

BEN

They nuked Wales since we left the human realm?

JERRY

Humanity's a real shit show these days, huh?

They shrug and continue on. A few more steps later, they near a BUSINESSMAN.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Hi, sir. Have you heard much of the Warlock community?

BUSINESSMAN

What are you freaks, LARPing World
of Warcraft in public now?

Jerry SIGHS.

BEN

People don't even acknowledge magic
anymore. It's like, hello, how do
you think you got sentient AI?

Ben and Jerry walk up outside an ice cream shop.

BEN (CONT'D)

Geez, these places are ruining
society. Pumping poor people full
of sugar and fatty toxins.

JERRY

It makes me sick.

They stumble upon a young homeless guy, MARCO, 20s.

MARCO

Spare some change for food?

BEN

Are you gonna use it to buy ice
cream?

MARCO

No. That's stuff's riddled with
sugar and fatty toxins.

BEN

A man after my own heart.

MARCO

I heard you say that.

BEN

Either way.

Ben fishes for change in his pocket.

JERRY

Ever thought of becoming a Warlock?

MARCO

A what?

JERRY

A Warlock, you know? Magic stuff.
Wizards but angrier. More unholy.
Into the dark arts.

MARCO

Do I get free meals?

Ben hands over the change.

BEN

As a matter of fact, you do. Three
square meals at the MetaLocks
commissary every day.

JERRY

But you gotta work for it.

MARCO

I'm not turning tricks, am I?

BEN

No. You'll be a Warlock in
Training. Mainly light admin,
security work, and marketing.

MARCO

You say marketing? That's how I
ended up here! I got an honors
Marketing degree from Harvard, but
I ended up on the streets when AI
took over the industry.

JERRY

You know what? It's more sales.

MARCO

Okay, bet. I can do that. Sign me
up!

Jerry pulls out a sign-up sheet and gets Marco's signature. A
big smile flashes across his face. Ben and Jerry do a little
dance. Marco joins in

JERRY

The kid is back!

Suddenly, the jail monitor BEEPS. Jerry checks it and sees
Francis holding the cell bars and SHAKING them.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Sorry, nice meeting you, but we've
gotta go.

MARCO

What about my three hots and a cot?

JERRY

We'll be back soon to finish your onboarding! Stay alive 'til then!

EXT. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING - DAY

Sasha, Greta, and Mitch arrive by broom in the parking lot.

SASHA

I can feel her aura. It's here.

GRETA

Well, she is clearly not here.

MITCH

Maybe I should have asked sooner, but what does she look like?

GRETA

Your typical white witch.

A completely blank expression on Mitch's face.

SASHA

Apologies, my sister's getting up there in age. Francis is not that different from us. Very pretty and slim, blonde, has a great rack. But besides that, practically triplets.

MITCH

Oh. So, nothing like either of you.

Sasha SCOWLS at him. Mitch looks over at the UN Building.

MITCH (CONT'D)

What's that building?

GRETA

That's the United Nations.

MITCH

It's big. Maybe she is there?

GRETA

No, I don't feel her presence.

SASHA

Why would she even be here?

Mitch points out a large banner on the side of the building.
It reads: **WELCOME UN LEADERS TO OUR ANNUAL ASSEMBLY!**

MITCH
Could that be a clue?

SASHA
Looks like there was an event here
just yesterday.

MITCH
Maybe that's why she came.

GRETA
Only one way to find out.

Greta kicks up her broom and flies off towards the entrance.
Sasha and Mitch follow suit.

EXT. UN DOORS - DAY

Greta tries the doors as Sasha and Mitch arrive.

GRETA
Darnit. It's locked.

SASHA
Only one thing to do now.

Sasha casts a spell.

GRETA
Wait!

Greta stops her spell midway, looks back at Greta.

GRETA (CONT'D)
This is a teachable moment. Mitch,
how do you think we should enter?

MITCH
I kinda liked what Sasha was doing.
It made me feel tingly inside.
Maybe... a spell?

GRETA
And what spell might we use?

MITCH
Oh, I dunno.

GRETA
Don't overthink it. 'Tis a common
one, you've probably heard.

MITCH
Abracadabra?

GRETA
Precisely! Wanna give it a try?

Mitch nods and steps up.

MITCH
Abracadabra!

POOF! They disappear.

INT. OLD BRICK JAIL - DAY

Ben and Jerry walk down the corridors towards the cell.

BEN
You gotta help me out with Simon.

JERRY
No, you gotta help me out. I'm on
good terms with the boss.

BEN
He fucking hates me.

SIMON
Yeah, I could tell.

BEN
That's why you gotta put in a good
word for me.

They round a corner and arrive at Francis's cell.

JERRY
No, we gotta make her talk.

Jerry takes a baton and BANGS on the cell bars.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Wake up!

Francis sits up and looks at Ben.

FRANCIS
I wasn't sleeping.

They plop down at the guard table. A 4x4 poker table with metal chairs, right outside her cell.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

So I hear you're in trouble.

BEN

Yeah, so you gotta tell us some deep dark secrets. Otherwise, we're gonna do some bad things.

JERRY

We're gonna kill everyone you love.

BEN

Jesus, man!

FRANCIS

How do you know who I love?

Jerry thinks about it.

JERRY

Okay. I don't know.

Ben loses his patience.

BEN

Look. Give us something, and we let you eat. You haven't eaten.

FRANCIS

What are you, good cop and bad cop at the same time?

JERRY

What does that make me?

FRANCIS

Insane cop.

JERRY

How did you infiltrate the UN building?

FRANCIS

It was easy.

BEN

Tell us, then. If it was that easy...

Francis LAUGHS.

FRANCIS

Are you sure? It's not really
polite to talk about.

Ben and Jerry look unsure if they should proceed.

JERRY

Are you going to tell us or what?

Francis takes a deep breath and relaxes.

FRANCIS

I apprehended Canadian Prime
Minister Bryan Adams outside the UN
Assembly and ripped his face off.

Ben and Jerry look shocked.

JERRY

What the fuck.

BEN

Is that easy?

Francis nods.

JERRY

It can't be. She is lying.

BEN

What is your theory? I don't think
people make up stuff like that.

JERRY

She's trying to scare us.

FRANCIS

Boo!

Ben JUMPS wayyy too hard.

JERRY

I don't believe you.

FRANCIS

Now, I feel offended. I won't talk
anymore.

Ben bumps Jerry.

BEN

You have to stop being so negative.
She clearly doesn't respond to
skepticism.

JERRY

Fine, you figure it out then.

Jerry storms out of the room. An awkward silence. Ben avoids eye contact.

FRANCIS

Tell me, Ben. Are you afraid of me?

BEN

(without looking)

No.

FRANCIS

It looks like you are.

BEN

Stop!

FRANCIS

Come on, tell me.

BEN

I'm not scared of nothing or nobody.

Francis shakes her head.

FRANCIS

You just missed a great chance to see if vulnerability was the key to unlocking my secrets.

BEN

Damn!

FRANCIS

So, you're a Warlock in Training, right? Know any tricks yet?

BEN

No.

FRANCIS

That's too bad. I was starting to get bored.

BEN

I haven't learned anything so far. It's not until Level 45 of Simon's Training program that I get to begin my dark arts training.

FRANCIS

What happens over the first 44 levels?

BEN

Oh, you know, I pay various fees and get insider experience. But it really pays for itself in the end.

FRANCIS

Sounds like a Pyramid scheme.

BEN

Uhh, yeah the Pyramids are cool. They're like one of the Eight Wonders of the World, right?

FRANCIS

What happens if you get me to talk?

BEN

Well, that's a big training win. So I instantly advance up twenty levels.

FRANCIS

You'll be closer to your training?

BEN

Basically.

Francis feels bad about Ben, but something clicks.

FRANCIS

I have an idea.

Ben's face lights up.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

But we have to do it before Jerry gets back.

INT. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING - DAY

POOF! Sasha, Greta, and Mitch appear inside the building. Sasha dry heaves and Greta holds her head, dizzy.

SASHA

What the fuck was that?

GRETA

That was the whirliest abracadabra I've ever experienced.

They look around. GUARDS roam about everywhere, patrolling every door and passageway. An AMBASSADORIAL CONTINGENT make their way in and go through a checkpoint.

SASHA

Look at that.

GRETA

We don't have access cards.

MITCH

Maybe we Abracadabra again?

GRETA

NO, no no no no no!

SASHA

Fuck that, man. I have the spins.

Mitch looks around, taking it all in. He spots an abandoned wallet in an empty security checkpoint metal detector basket. Mitch walks over and picks the wallet out of the basket.

JIMINY (O.S.)

Excuse me, sir, this is a restricted area.

MITCH

Of course, here you go.

A security guard, JIMINY, 30s, greasy haired, short chin, appears. Mitch hands him the Access card from the wallet.

JIMINY

There is a small session right now, so most rooms are restricted. Just a heads up.

MITCH

Oh, and those two weird looking ladies, they are with me.

Jiminy skeptically looks at Greta and Sasha, doing their best to act natural and failing horribly.

JIMINY

Them?

MITCH

They're... Sri Lankan.

JIMINY

Now I know there aren't white
people in Sri Lanka. Blink twice if
you're in trouble, brother.

Mitch tries his damndest not to blink. He bugs his eyes out
like Steve Buscemi.

JIMINY (CONT'D)

Chill Steve Buscemi, I believe you.

He waves Sasha and Greta over.

GRETA

Big event yesterday, right?

JIMINY

Oh yeah. The UN Assembly.

SASHA

Any big names make it?

JIMINY

Uhhh, try every big name in the
free world. President Bob Seger,
President Pishchalnikov, Prime
Minister Dembe, Prime Minister
Bryan Adams, Simon, Paul, you know
like everyone important to baseline
functioning of society.

Jiminy raises an eyebrow.

JIMINY (CONT'D)

What's it to you?

GRETA

Oh, nothing! We're not interested
in the fact that many world leaders
were here yesterday. Not at all.

They pass through.

JIMINY

Excuse me?

They hold up. Jiminy smiles at Mitch.

JIMINY (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to wait for your
guest passes? Because you should
know no one is ever allowed past
this checkpoint without one.

Mitch nods along.

MITCH
Yes, of course.

JIMINY
I'll be back in a moment.

Jiminy walks away. The trio waits awkwardly.

GRETA
I've got a bad feeling about this.

SASHA
Yeah, this is bad.

MITCH
Why?

SASHA
He's definitely not bringing us
guest passes!

GRETA
We have to go.

They look at the exit, where a few GUARDS already wait. Mitch counts at least ten guards already lining up all around them.

MITCH
We're surrounded. What do we do?

Jiminy returns with even more guards.

JIMINY
You'll be taken into custody for
impersonating a UN Officer!

MITCH
Like hell we will!

Mitch fires up and charges Jiminy.

GRETA
Mitch, no!

Mitch immediately gets knocked back by a wave of sparks. He CRASHES against a wall. The GUARDS close in around Sasha and Greta, who form magic auras around their hands.

Suddenly, Simon strolls in. He smiles at Greta and Sasha.

SIMON
Who are you lovely ladies?

The GUARDS laugh, while they apprehend Greta and Sasha.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You made it easy for us by coming into our lair.

SASHA

Lair? The United Nations building is your lair?

Simon nods, proudly.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Damnit, I knew I should have stopped donating after Kony 2012.

Simon looks at his guards.

SIMON

Take them to the cell, so they can meet their little witch friend.

SASHA

You'll never get away with this!

SIMON

Muahahahahaha! With three white witches imprisoned, now nobody will be able to stop us.

JIMINY

What should we do with the black fellow?

SIMON

Put him in Gen Pop.

GUARDS escort Greta and Sasha out, while others pick up Mitch and carry him off.

INT. OLD BRICK JAIL - DAY

GUARDS escort Greta and Sasha down the underground corridors. As they reach Francis' cell, they find Jerry inside, tied up.

JERRY

HELP ME! They escaped! The girl and that rat Ben!

Greta and Sasha share a grin. A GUARD rips off his helmet, revealing himself to be Marco, the homeless guy from before.

MARCO
Identify yourself!

JERRY
I'm Jerry!

MARCO
Jerry who?

JERRY
Jerry the guy who signed you up to
become a Warlock!

MARCO
Hmm... I don't remember you.

JERRY
It was earlier today!

MARCO
Oh, yeah...!

JERRY
Wait, how are you already an
official Level 23 guard?

MARCO
After I signed up, a man came by,
snapped his fingers and suddenly I
was here. Small world.

JERRY
What the fuck? I'm only Level 12.

MARCO
Simon won't like this.

JERRY
Please don't tell him.

MARCO
He's going to find out.

JERRY
No!

MARCO
It's not really up to me anymore. I
answer to the bossman. He's the one
who gave me three hots and a cot.

JERRY
Please, don't tell him!

Marco motions and the other GUARDS dump Sasha and Greta into the cell. Jerry eyes them.

JERRY (CONT'D)
You gotta help me!

SASHA
Why? You are the enemy!

GRETA
Was a witch named Francis here by chance?

JERRY
Help me and I'll tell you that she was.

GRETA
Well, that just feels disingenuous.

SASHA
Yeah, liked you'd be telling us what we want to hear and not the truth.

JERRY
The truth is... damn, I confused myself. Okay. She was here.

Marco BANGS the cell bars with Jerry's baton.

MARCO
No talking!

EXT. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING - DAY

Ben and Francis emerge from the building. They see GUARDS loading Mitch in the back of a van. Francis grabs her chest.

BEN
Who is that?

FRANCIS
I don't know, but I'm getting a strong calling towards him.

BEN
Like a lady boner?

FRANCIS
Like his internal voice is calling out to me. "Save me," it says.
(MORE)

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

"I'm scared and I need help and these Warlocks are being mean to me."

BEN

What are we going to do about it?

FRANCIS

Freakin' save him of course.

Francis takes off at a sprint.

BEN

Oh, dear.

Ben hobbles after her. Francis approaches the GUARDS by the van. In a split second, she blasts TWO of them with knockout spells. A third comes around and she KICKS HIM in the face.

BEN (CONT'D)

Holy cow, that was amazing!

Francis yanks open the van doors and helps Mitch out.

FRANCIS

I don't know who you are or why I'm saving you. I just know that I must.

MITCH

Thanks, lady. You know you look an awful lot like--

FRANCIS

Save it for later. Get in the van. If you want to live.

They rush around and Francis hops in the driver seat. Mitch jumps in the passenger seat, followed by Ben, who bumps him into sitting in the bitch seat.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Let's ride, boys!

The van peels out of the parking lot.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

Francis and Ben sit at a table. They eat and have a drink. Mitch is passed out beside them.

BEN

He must've been tired.

FRANCIS

I wonder what he was doing to get arrested.

BEN

If they were taking him away in a van, must've been real bad.

Francis nods as he takes a bite of her food.

FRANCIS

So, they're only twenty thousand warlocks away from unlocking Lucifer?

BEN

Yeah and they've got it down to a science pretty much by this point.

FRANCIS

No matter what, I know we will defeat them once I get back to my sisters and link up. Thanks to you.

BEN

I always thought I liked the dark arts, then I got Jerry involved and everybody liked him more than me, especially Simon who was so mean to me, it just sort of turned me off.

FRANCIS

I'll never be mean to you, Ben. I'm forever in your debt for getting me out of that jail.

Ben pushes the food around on his plate.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

So, what's their plan?

BEN

Eliminate every human alive.

FRANCIS

Because of?

BEN

I don't know. Evil? Simon thinks humans have done irreparable damage to the warlock culture, but it's really him whose provoked outbursts from humans for his use of tech to exploit human labor and render so many industries obsolete, putting billions out of work worldwide.

FRANCIS

Oh, I didn't know.

BEN

You witches don't follow the goings on of the human world?

FRANCIS

Not really. I mainly spend most of our time gardening these days. Plus our numbers are low. We're only three, maybe four depending on if Fleetwood Mac is still on tour. We don't really know what's going on.

BEN

What happened?

FRANCIS

I don't know. Being a witch stopped being cool in today's age, I guess. Our numbers dwindled because everyone wants to be a DJ or TikTok star instead of learn magic.

BEN

I know how to DJ.

FRANCIS

Case in point. So... do you think it's bad?

BEN

Simon?

FRANCIS

Yeah.

BEN

I think so. I honestly should've stayed with them, but he was such a bully and I resent him for it.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

Plus, Jerry wouldn't stick up for me. I've made my bed and I'll sleep in it.

FRANCIS

Well you're in good hands now.

Ben looks around and notices every PERSON having a meal, every WORKER preparing the food.

BEN

You should do everything to protect them.

FRANCIS

And what about you?

Ben raises his shoulders. He lowers his head.

BEN

I don't know how to do magic.

FRANCIS

We'll teach you. We need numbers.

Ben raises his head and they share a smile, as Mitch stirs awake.

MITCH

Hey, huh, where am I?

FRANCIS

Fast food joint. It's cool you're with us now. You kind of have to be. You're a fugitive.

MITCH

Aw, man. This is all because I broke into the UN with those two ladies trying to rescue a witch.

FRANCIS

Wait, what?

Mitch clocks her outfit.

MITCH

Are you a witch?

FRANCIS

Yes. Who were these ladies?

MITCH

Two other witches. They said they were white witches and they conjured me up out of some spell to save another white witch.

BEN

And who are you?

MITCH

The witches named me... Mitch.

FRANCIS

You went to the UN to rescue a witch. Do you remember her name?

MITCH

Frank maybe? Chances?

FRANCIS

Was it Francis?

MITCH

Oh, yeah. Francis.

FRANCIS

That's me! I'm Francis!

MITCH

Really? How did you get out?

BEN

I broke her out!

MITCH

Wow! So my first quest was successful!

FRANCIS

Your first quest? Why would they bring you along then?

MITCH

Like I said, they conjured me!

FRANCIS

Are you a witch?

MITCH

Supposedly so. I go by Mitch.

FRANCIS

Did you attempt to use your powers at the UN?

MITCH

Well, yeah. But I failed. And I mean I don't even know what my powers really are.

FRANCIS

No wonder you were so tired. And that's why they arrested you.

MITCH

Yes.

BEN

But they couldn't have known you were a witch if they took you out the front. We usually keep witches in the underground dungeons, like you saw.

FRANCIS

The white witches, what happened to them?

MITCH

I think they are in trouble. I owe them a lot. Mainly for life since they created me. Could you help me find my friends?

FRANCIS

Are your friends Sasha and Greta?

MITCH

Yes. I know them!

FRANCIS

Where are they?

BEN

If they got captured, there's only one place they can be.

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - DAY

Simon paces around his office. Paul sits in a chair.

PAUL

We have good numbers.

SIMON

We need one million. The signups have slowed down!

PAUL

Do we really need a few thousand more?

SIMON

Yes. Lucifer is very strict about numbers. He was a calculus major at Hellvard.

PAUL

We could go ahead with the plan, take over the world, and then, Lucifer would be happy, right?

SIMON

You don't get how this works. If we fail, I won't be killed. I will have to spend eternity in hell at the wrath of Lucifer's ire.

PAUL

What could humans possibly do to stop us?

SIMON

I don't know. Human things? Tax the magic system? That'd be dangerous.

PAUL

We'd still find a way to avoid paying taxes. My accountant's good.

SIMON

Well, think of what we'd do. They'd put a paywall up against our magic, and make us subscribe to us. They are evil, Paul.

PAUL

Fucking paywalls. Can't live with 'em, can't get rich without 'em/

SIMON

So, I need you to send everyone out canvassing for one last push and recruit whoever fits the profile. We need to attack now!

Paul registers everything on a little notepad.

PAUL

Why are you writing it for? It's a pretty simple order.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Sorry. You know how I am with
lostigicks? Lotisigs?

SIMON
It's logistics, Paul.

PAUL
Exactly.

Paul writes down what Simon just said. Simon fumes.

INT. OLD BRICK JAIL - DAY

Greta, Sasha, and Jerry sit in the cell. No guards around.

GRETA
How do we get out of this place?

JERRY
I'm not telling you.

SASHA
Why? You think they will let you go
after what you did? Francis escaped
all because of you. That's treason.

JERRY
Whatever.

GRETA
Makes sense that you are not a
warlock.

JERRY
I am one! ...In training.

SASHA
Show us one trick!

Jerry awkwardly stands up, raises his hands and waves them.
Sasha and Greta LAUGH. An embarrassed Jerry lowers his hands.

SASHA (CONT'D)
What was that?

JERRY
Magic tricks.

SASHA
I didn't see any magic.

JERRY

How do I know you are witches? You may just be two random girls with no magic powers at all. Influencers.

Greta stands up, extends her arm towards Jerry, and then pulls her arm back. Out of nowhere, Jerry FLIES toward Greta, and they both fall to the floor.

GRETA

Oh, darn!

JERRY

What? How did your magic work?

GRETA

I don't know.

She tries another spell. Sparks fly around the cell. Sasha, Greta, and Jerry duck and dodge them.

JERRY

But... Francis couldn't do magic.

SASHA

The only thing that can stop a witch from using her magic is a powerful Warlock's spell. Like Simon...

JERRY

The only Warlocks down here were me and... Ben.

Sasha grabs the cell bars and bends them with a hand twist. Sasha walks out of the cell and looks at Greta.

SASHA

Let's get out of here.

Greta leaves the cell and Sasha bends the bars back in place, leaving Jerry inside. Jerry reaches through the bars.

JERRY

Please let me go!

Sasha and Greta LAUGH.

GRETA

No. We don't like you.

SASHA

You should use your magic and do the same as me.

They hear a DOOR OPEN. Sasha and Greta duck for cover. Jerry holds on to the bars and lets out a SCREAM.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Francis, Mitch, and Ben stand in the forest, which looks like some kind of magic has ravaged it. Trees on the ground burnt leaves. Mitch and Ben look at each other, impressed.

MITCH

Are you expecting us to do the same?

Francis raises her shoulder, perhaps it was a bit too much.

FRANCIS

I'm not expecting you guys to damage the environment like I did. You know I care for it, okay?

They nod.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

But I know magic takes time.

BEN

Would it be faster if we used wands?

Francis laughs.

FRANCIS

Wands?

MITCH

I saw a poster of a young man with glasses who sported a wand and did magic with it.

FRANCIS

That's only in movies. And... well, centuries ago. Right now, our hands can do work alone. Anyone can do it. It's easy.

MITCH

If it is that easy, why hasn't Ben been able to do it?

Ben eyes Mitch with a very offended look.

BEN
I'm not a witch. Why haven't you
tried it?

MITCH
I have no recollection of who I was
days ago.

FRANCIS
Look, we gotta learn the basics
first. I feel like Yoda right now.

Francis casts a spell and two mini desks appear. Mitch and Ben look at themselves, then at the desks. Francis smiles.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Take a seat... oh, wait.

She does another spell, chairs appear. Mitch and Ben sit. Another spell, two sheets of paper, and pens.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
You gotta get in touch with
yourselves, understand who you
are...

MITCH
I'm Mitch.

BEN
I'm Ben.

FRANCIS
Not your names! Your true identity.

MITCH
I'm still Mitch.

Francis claps, and an energy wave knocks Mitch and Ben out of their desks.

FRANCIS
Close your eyes.

Mitch and Ben stand up and do as they're told. Francis walks in circles around them.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Great. Now, breathe... feel your
body...

Ben smiles, he feels the need to say something, but Francis notices and quickly shushes him.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

This is the moment when you find
out who you are...

Francis exudes a wave of magic and passes it to Mitch and Ben, who immediately feel it, open their eyes, and smile.

INT. WOODEN SHED - NIGHT

Sasha and Greta enter the wooden shed, and it looks like a tornado ran through it. Someone clearly was there.

SASHA

We gotta find Francis.

GRETA

Wait, what about Mitch?

SASHA

Mitch? He's a grown man. I'm sure
he is fine.

GRETA

I'm scared for him. What if he's
lost?

SASHA

I don't think a man like him can
get lost.

GRETA

What if he's imprisoned somewhere?
It is kind of our sworn duty to
save our white witch brethren.

Sasha looks around the ravaged shed, looking for something.

SASHA

Besides I put a tracking device on
Mitch.

GRETA

Oh, I thought you weren't a fan of
tracking devices.

SASHA

It's helpful when needed.

GRETA

That's what I said!

SASHA

I didn't know if we could trust Mitch.

GRETA

Where exactly did you stick it?

Sasha winks. She finds the device almost broken.

SASHA

Oh, no. It's broken.

GRETA

There goes that idea.

SASHA

I think our priority right now is to stop Simon, right? You heard him at the UN. He's close. Mitch is just...

GRETA

Don't be selfish! We brought him into this world. He needs us.

SASHA

Right now, Simon is a much bigger danger than a grown man being somewhere he doesn't belong. We're two witches! They are almost a million! What can we possibly do?

GRETA

We are responsible for whatever happens.

SASHA

We're not.

GRETA

Yes, we are because we are the only ones with the power to stop them before it's too late!

Sasha storms out of the shed. Greta watches her go.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Mitch focuses on a small stone as he makes it levitate. Francis observes Mitch, while Ben struggles even to raise the stone. Ben gives up and falls on his knees.

BEN

I can't do it. I am not a warlock
and never will be.

Mitch lowers himself to meet Ben on his level.

MITCH

Don't say that. You have to keep
trying.

BEN

What if I can't?

MITCH

I know you can. Try it again.

Ben takes a deep breath and focuses on the stone once again. *It moves.* Ben focuses harder on the stone. Francis eyes Mitch, doing a slight hand movement without Ben seeing. The stone floats for a moment and Ben explodes in joy, hugging Mitch.

BEN

Oh my god! Did you see it?

MITCH

I told you, man.

Francis smiles.

BEN

It felt amazing!

FRANCIS

Maybe you've got more Warlock in
you than you thought.

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Simon sits at his desk, observing a recently installed countdown. It marks the number of warlocks around the world, which is currently at 988,204. He looks impatient.

SIMON

Paul!

Paul quickly enters the room. Simon points at the countdown.

SIMON (CONT'D)

We're almost there. How long is it
going to take for us to reach the
million?

Paul checks his phone.

PAUL

At our current rate, one week more.

Simon loses it, he grabs Paul's phone. It shows a YouTube unboxing video. Not graphs or numbers.

SIMON

What is this?

PAUL

A video I was watching.

SIMON

Unboxing a new Elmer's glue.

An embarrassed Paul lowers his head.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Are you neuroatypical?

PAUL

I already knew the number, but I didn't want to miss anything from the video.

SIMON

I need to cross that number tomorrow night.

PAUL

Tomorrow night?

SIMON

Yes. I can't wait any longer. I need this. I feel it in every fiber of my being. I don't know what you will do, but I need you to gather two hundred thousand new members.

PAUL

I don't think that's possible.

SIMON

Fly to an underdeveloped country! I don't know. It is not that hard to recruit people! Just tell them their family will get money or any other promise you can come up with. Do an unboxing video to get their attention!

Simon hands Paul his phone.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Now go, or I'll find someone else
who can do your job, level 44.

Paul mopes out of the room. Simon shakes his head as he continues watching the countdown. The number goes up by one. Simon smiles.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

In her bedroom, Sasha prepares to sleep. The broken tracking device is on the bedside table. A KNOCK on the door.

GRETA (O.S.)

Can I come in?

SASHA

I guess.

GRETA

I'm sorry about earlier.

Sasha takes it in. She looks at Greta and softly smiles.

SASHA

I'm sorry, too.

Greta notices the broken device. Shakes her head.

GRETA

Is there another way?

SASHA

I don't think so.

GRETA

Do you think he is scared?

SASHA

I hope not. I would feel very bad
about it. I understand how you feel.

GRETA

What do you mean?

SASHA

We have to protect as many people
as we can. It doesn't matter if we
are outnumbered.

Greta smiles.

GRETA

I know.

SASHA

Do you have a plan?

Greta thinks about it for a moment.

GRETA

I don't know. Francis usually comes up with the plans, and we don't know where she is.

SASHA

We're always one step behind her.

GRETA

I hate that magic doesn't allow us just to find a person automatically.

SASHA

Whoever designed it must pay for their crimes.

They share a LAUGH.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Sitting around a bonfire, Mitch, Francis, and Ben wait for food to cook on the fire.

BEN

We could have just bought something pre-made.

FRANCIS

Oh hush, nothing's better than a home-cooked meal conjured by magic.

BEN

In the woods?

FRANCIS

It's part of the experience.

BEN

But did you have to conjure raw ingredients for us to cook ourselves?

FRANCIS

What? It's fun.

Ben turns over the spit on the fire. It continues roasting.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Whatever you think about Warlocks,
know that they are not the way they
used to be centuries ago.

BEN

We have technology now.

FRANCIS

Ah, yes the "modern magic." It's
not as stunning as old magic.

BEN

But technology is more efficient.

FRANCIS

Yeah, but not everything in life
needs to be hacked. Some things,
some inefficiencies in life are
worth experiencing to learn things
like discipline and patience.

MITCH

Of course, you, who has had powers
all of your life, would say that.

FRANCIS

It's about tradition. Preserving a
way of life.

BEN

I'd prefer the convenience of
technology.

MITCH

Francis, I think you're just
worried technology could make your
magic obsolete.

FRANCIS

Perhaps, but that doesn't make it
not worth fighting for.

BEN

I'm just happy that I can use magic
now.

Mitch and Francis lock eyes momentarily. They know they
should not tell him. Ben smiles.

BEN (CONT'D)

We're going to defeat Simon and his minions.

MITCH

What if you come across your friend?

Ben shakes his head.

BEN

He is not my friend anymore.

FRANCIS

You guys looked like friends when you had me at the cell.

BEN

He only made fun of me. He used to feel stronger. But I want to see his face when he sees I learned magic before he did.

Mitch and Francis smile at Ben, encouraging him.

BEN (CONT'D)

So what's the plan to take down a million Warlocks?

MITCH

We can start by being hopeful.

FRANCIS

I'm sure that's going to help.

BEN

What did you have in mind?

FRANCIS

When I first infiltrated the UN, I had a point to prove. Bryan Adams was a Warlock. Bob Seger, Aleksandr Pishchalnikov, and Dembe too. I did fear about what Simon would do, if he discovered me, but I had to know and I had to get the word out.

BEN

What was your hunch?

FRANCIS

Only a strong Warlock could create a tech company like his, well on its way to taking over the world.

BEN

Humans don't even acknowledge magic anymore. It's like hello, how do you think you got sentient AI?

FRANCIS

Exactly what I thought!

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Simon impatiently looks at the countdown. The number remains at 998,206. Suddenly, every object in the office levitates. Simon fumes. It seems that the number is about to change... Then, the objects fall back into their places.

SIMON

Come on...

The number stays the same. Simon SCREAMS, and every object goes flying, causing a mess. Simon storms out.

INT. METALOCK OFFICES - NIGHT

A bunch of Warlocks sit in their cubicles. It looks like a call center. Marco now sits in front of a computer, analyzing a profile ID. He wears headphones, on a phone call.

MARCO

So, I understand... you've been upset at work because your boss doesn't notice you?

Simon walks over and eavesdrops on the conversation. Marco feels his presence.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Okay, well... that's why I think that we can help you. Being a Warlock is actually really cool. I've been one for like a day now and it's pretty awesome. I got free clothes and got to throw someone in jail... What's that? You would rather strip off your skin and take an Epson salts bath? Hmm interesting.

SIMON

You think?

Marco sits up straight and presses the headphones against his ear.

MARCO

We can help you. No, what we offer is... you'd have to sign a document called NDA.

(listens)

You are not giving away anything. It is just for us to avoid liability in the event of a --

Marco SIGHS and shakes his head. Simon grabs the headphones.

SIMON

HEY, HELLO?

MARCO

They hung up, sir.

SIMON

Of course they did, you imbecile!

MARCO

Hey man, working the phones is hard. It's a grind, but I'm getting better at it.

SIMON

Man? Did you just call me man?

MARCO

Oh shit sorry! Did I misgender you?

Simon extends his arm and touches Marco's shoulder. Marco immediately passes out.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Very early in the morning. Francis, Mitch, and Ben practice magic. Mitch visually improves, as he lifts multiple trees, while also secretly helping Ben. Francis watches carefully.

FRANCIS

Maybe I underestimated your powers. Maybe we do have a chance.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - DAY

Sasha sits at the kitchen table, repairing the tracking device.

SASHA

Why can't we just use phones like normal people?

GRETA
Morning sunshine.

Greta enters and startles Sasha. A loose wire PRICKS her finger.

SASHA
Ouch!

Sasha spastically throws the device at Greta!

SASHA (CONT'D)
Sorry.

Suddenly, the device BEEPS. Sasha and Greta circle around it.

GRETA
What is happening?

Sasha doesn't know. She watches the device create a weird but captivating energy wave.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Francis and Mitch face each other, passing magic back and forth like a baseball drill. Ben looks on, defeated.

FRANCIS
We have to tell him.

MITCH
You think he won't be able to do it?

FRANCIS
Magic is not for everyone.

MITCH
We cannot break his heart. You heard all of what he's said. I don't think he'd be able to live with it.

FRANCIS
I don't think I could live with him dying in a magic battle because he couldn't conjure any magic.

MITCH
What if we gave him some of our power?

FRANCIS

It's impossible to transfer our magic powers. That's why it is taking so long for Simon to recruit enough Warlocks. It's not easy finding those capable of magic.

MITCH

I'll keep helping him out, but we will not tell him.

Suddenly, where Ben stands, a magic circle opens. Ben backs off immediately and looks over at Mitch and Francis.

BEN

Guys! What's happening?

Mitch and Francis eye the magic circle.

FRANCIS

It's a teleportation port! Don't go in!

A trance-like Ben is lured by it. He walks into the circle and disappears. Mitch and Francis run toward the circle.

MITCH

Should we go?

FRANCIS

We don't know where it leads.

MITCH

Wherever it leads, we can't let Ben face it alone.

He steps into the circle.

FRANCIS

No!

She leaps after Mitch into the circle.

INT. WOODEN SHED - DAY

Ben, Mitch, and Francis topple inside with a THUD!

INT. MANOR HOUSE - DAY

Greta and Sasha look at each other.

SASHA
Did you hear that?

GRETA
Let's go!

EXT. WOODEN SHED - DAY

Ben, Mitch, and Francis stumble out of the wooden shed.

FRANCIS
Hey, I know where we are!

GRETA
What the...?

FRANCIS
GRETA!? SASHA?!

Greta and Sasha run and meet them. They hug Francis tight.

SASHA
Welcome home!

Greta hugs Mitch.

GRETA
Oh Mitch! You had us worried sick!

Greta looks them up and down.

GRETA (CONT'D)
Come now, let's get you cleaned up.

They walk up to the house.

BEN
Hey everyone, I'm Ben.

SASHA
Hi, Ben. Where do you fit into this whole weird magical equation?

FRANCIS
He broke me out of prison.

SASHA
Wait, you're that Ben?!

BEN
Yeah...?

SASHA

Holy shit, you're like one of the most powerful Warlocks out there.

BEN

Well, I'm working on it. Lifted a rock yesterday. It was pretty cool.

Everyone gives him a confused look.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - DAY

Everyone cleaned up and looking fresh. They gather in the parlor room. Francis examines Sasha's tracking device.

FRANCIS

What the hell did you do?

SASHA

I don't know; I was trying to make the device work and threw it at Greta. Then, poof! You're here.

FRANCIS

It doesn't work like that anymore. I changed it.

GRETA

Why didn't you tell us about your plan?

FRANCIS

I didn't think you'd approve it.

GRETA

But you could have let us know!

Mitch walks in.

SASHA

I'm sorry we let you down, Mitch.

MITCH

You didn't. I found your friend and made another friend. All on my first quest. Pretty neat, huh?

GRETA

Oh, yeah. Great job!

Ben awkwardly enters, hair still wet.

BEN
Did you guys... you know?

GRETA
Know what?

BEN
Did you kill Jerry?

SASHA
Yes...

Ben GASPS.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Just kidding. He was alive when we
left him.

Ben EXHALES.

BEN
Thank goodness.

SASHA
Yeah, but he's really screwed now,
having let two sets of witches
escape on his watch. Simon's a real
dink, from what I can tell.

GRETA
Speaking of the bigger issue.

SASHA
What are we gonna do about him?

GRETA
Francis, do you have a plan?

Everyone looks at Francis.

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

A normal shopping experience. Jazz music PLAYS. MOTHERS push the shopping cart while their KIDS play around. FATHERS carry baskets. Simon storms into the store, clearly desperate.

Simon goes for the center of the store and lifts his arms. Immediately, the power goes out. The electric doors close. No one can leave. A few PATRONS SCREAM!

SIMON
I am coming here as your savior!

A LITTLE KID laughs at Simon.

LITTLE KID
You're not a savior! You're the
before picture for male-pattern
baldness.

SIMON
Silence, child!

LITTLE KID
Halloween is still two months away!
Go cosplay somewhere else!

Simon glares at the Little Kid, and he points his hand at him. His magic pulls the kid toward him. The smile on the kid's face immediately vanishes and he CRIES.

SIMON
No one can leave until you do one
thing for me.

Simon looks around. PATRONS cower in fear.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Simon enters a crowded bar of mostly MEN and stands up on the pool table.

SIMON
You will do one little thing for me
if you want to walk out of here
alive.

A DRUNK MAN throws a beer at him.

DRUNK MAN
GET OUT OF HERE, WACKO! LET US
DRINK IN PEACE!

Simon sends Drunk Man flying into a wall, immediately killing him.

SIMON
Well, that was a waste of beer,
wasn't it?

The customers back up. They now understand he means business.

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The countdown number now reads: **999,304**

SIMON (V.O.)
One... little... thing... for me.

And it goes up: **999, 355.**

INT. WOODEN SHED - NIGHT

Sasha, Greta, Francis, Ben, and Mitch stand in a circle looking at a chalkboard. They look at the map of the MetaLock headquarters, especially Simon's office, and a question mark.

MITCH
What are we supposed to do with that question mark?

BEN
He has something there. No one knows what it could be, but everyone thinks it is the key to summon Lucifer.

GRETA
It doesn't matter that we are outnumbered, we need to get inside his office and steal the key.

SASHA
Or destroy it?

FRANCIS
Or keep it so no one ever gets their hands on it?

SASHA
Destroying it would do the same job, though. Don't you think?

GRETA
Why would we want to have it? I'm getting up there in age. I don't need that kind of drama in my life.

FRANCIS
I don't know! I just wanted to pitch in.

MITCH
Keeping it would be a way to say, "Hey, we are in power!"

SASHA

I don't think that's a power we want. The power to summon Lucifer at any moment? Hard pass.

GRETA

We just want to save as many people as possible.

FRANCIS

Yes, and maybe people will see it, and they will finally see us Witches, and Mitches, and Bentches, err sorry... They'll see us as normal people instead of freaks to be feared. They'll let us be who we want to be and let us continue to live our way of life to preserve our culture and traditions.

They hear a NOISE from the outside and immediately go silent.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Shh...

Greta peers out and sees a group of TEN WARLOCKS, led by Dembe, approaching the shed.

GRETA

They're back. They've found us.

EXT. WOODEN SHED - NIGHT

Dembe signals, and the Warlocks surround the wooden shed.

INT. WOODEN SHED - NIGHT

Ben heads to the door, ready to take on them, but Francis pulls him back with magic.

FRANCIS

Where are you going?

BEN

I'm going to fight.

FRANCIS

You're gonna get killed.

Sasha and Greta cover the windows and barricade the door.

MITCH

Ladies, what can I do to help?
Please give me something to do!

Sasha, Greta, and Francis share a look.

SASHA

Why can't all men be like Mitch?

EXT. WOODEN SHED - NIGHT

The Warlocks ready themselves and throw spells at the shed.
They bounce off a magic barrier.

INT. WOODEN SHED - NIGHT

Francis directs her magic at the walls, reinforcing the
strength of the magic barrier.

MITCH

How do I do that? Somebody tell me.

SASHA

Since when can you do magic?

MITCH

Francis taught me.

Greta looks at Francis, very impressed. She joins her in
reinforcing the walls. Ben grows antsy.

EXT. WOODEN SHED - NIGHT

Dembe steps up and halts the Warlock's spells.

DEMBE

They are not going to last long
with this...

Dembe prepares a red wave of magic and throws it at the shed.
IT EXPLODES, and the shed cracks.

INT. WOODEN SHED - NIGHT

The explosion blasts Ben across the room and knocks him out.
Mitch steps for him, but Francis pulls him back.

FRANCIS

They are going to enter, and I need you to push them back. Just like I taught you, okay?

Mitch nods, a bit nervous, but he shakes it off. Suddenly, Dembe enters the shed and rushes for Francis.

DEMBE

You!

With a swift gesture, Mitch sends him flying back outside.

FRANCIS

Well done.

Sasha and Greta stop projecting the wall with magic.

SASHA

We're not gonna be able to stop them like this.

Another BLAST from the outside. This time, Francis falls on the floor. The magic barrier cracks fully. More Warlocks enter the shed.

DEMBE

Get! Those! Witches!

Mitch takes on one Warlock and sends him flying. Another comes at him and overpowers his magic spell.

MITCH

A little help here.

Sasha, Greta, and Francis take on other warlocks. Dembe re-enters and joins the assault on Mitch.

DEMBE

And you...

They blast him into a wall. Dembe faces Francis.

DEMBE (CONT'D)

I knew you weren't going to be trouble the moment I laid eyes on you.

Dembe faces Francis.

DEMBE (CONT'D)

Simon was very adamant that we bring you back where you belong.

Dembe looks at the Warlocks and LAUGHS. They have the witches pinned.

DEMBE (CONT'D)

You all should be ashamed. I am not surprised your numbers are this low. Meanwhile, us Warlocks, our power is much stronger now.

Mitch's body BEAMS.

DEMBE (CONT'D)

You're all going to be a nice little treat for Lucifer once he arrives.

Dembe throws a spell at Sasha, and she evades it. Sasha manipulates a spell and throws it at the Warlocks.

SASHA

Like hell we are!

Greta and Francis take out their Warlock foes and go up against Dembe, while Sasha takes care of the rest. Mitch stirs. Sasha takes down a few more Warlocks.

WARLOCK

I'm gonna kill you!

SASHA

You didn't say the magic word.

WARLOCK

What's that?

SASHA

Please.

Sasha blasts him in the face. Three WARLOCKS finally get a hold of Sasha and bring her up in the air. She can't move, frozen and rising.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

Dembe CHUCKLES, as Greta and Francis can't hurt him. Dembe throws a side spell at Greta and immediately knocks her out. Francis battles Dembe on her own. She tries everything, but Dembe pushes her back and then TWERKS while he does.

FRANCIS

You're a freak!

Dembe reaches Francis and grabs her by the neck, strangling her. Mitch gets up, beaming even more than before. Dembe notices him.

DEMBE

What are you going to do with that,
big guy?

Mitch looks at his body, he doesn't know what it is, he doesn't even know what to do with it.

MITCH

Well, I guess now is a good time to
find out.

Mitch sends all of the energy toward Dembe. A FLASH OF BRIGHT WHITE POWER. Like a nuclear explosion, followed by silence.

Everyone lies on the floor, knocked out. The shed completely destroyed and in ruins. Mitch stands up, looking at what he just caused. He checks on his friends.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Hey, are you okay?

Sasha and Greta lie under the debris, as he clears it off of them. Francis stands up on the other side.

FRANCIS

What happened?

MITCH

I don't know.

Surprised and in awe, Sasha and Greta look at Mitch.

SASHA

How did you do that?

Mitch shakes his head. He really doesn't know.

GRETA

I've never seen anything like that.

Francis stumbles toward Mitch, who catches her.

FRANCIS

Thank you.

MITCH

What do we do with them?

They look at Dembe and the rest of the warlocks.

FRANCIS
Where's Ben?

They look for Ben. He suddenly appears from 100 yards away. He dusts himself off.

BEN
Did we win?

They LAUGH. Dembe opens his eyes and gets up, but Sasha knocks him out immediately with a spell.

SASHA
We gotta move fast.

EXT. WOODEN SHED - NIGHT

A giant red beam FLASHES across the sky.

MITCH
What is that?

SASHA
Oh, no.

GRETA
It's done. Lucifer will return.

Francis shakes her head as she looks up.

FRANCIS
No, we still have time.

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The countdown reads: **999,950**

EXT. CITY PLAZA - NIGHT

Thousands of newly introduced Warlocks assemble. Normal people going about their night look on very confused. TV REPORTERS on the scene record everything left and right.

SIMON
We're just fifty... yes, fifty...
new members away from being able to
fulfill our mission.

Simon descends from the sky, and the crowd CHEERS.

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

A cafe overlooking the plaza. A CAMERAMAN and an ANCHOR interview JOHN, 30s.

JOHN

Man, I just heard his name was Simon. It's laughable. Like... how come you want to conquer the world or whatever you want, and your name is Simon? I mean, all these Warlocks just have bland names. Nothing exciting like ---

ANCHORMAN

-- John.

JOHN

I never claimed to be a mighty Warlock. Besides, John is short for "Juggernaut."

The Anchorman raises one eyebrow.

ANCHORMAN

Anyway, are you scared juggernaut?

JOHN

Of a guy named after Garfunkel's best friend? No way.

ANCHORMAN

Do you think you should be?

JOHN

I don't know if I should. It's the first time I've seen someone levitate, but he just doesn't have the aura, man, not like Garfunkel.

The camera focuses on Simon.

SIMON

Our time has come!

Simon looks over at John, LAUGHS.

JOHN

Sit down, loser!

Simon teleports beside John. He touches John, and he drops dead. Simon looks directly into the camera.

SIMON

Anyone watching this, you're still in time to join us. I'm afraid if you don't, you will be dead like this plebeian.

The cameraman points the camera at the anchorman, who looks scared.

ANCHORMAN

You heard it here first, options are limited, folks. Choose wisely.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Greta, Sasha, Mitch, Francis, and Ben ride the bus. They look frustrated.

FRANCIS

So, what happened to all of our broomsticks?

GRETA

We took them to the UN, and they were confiscated by Simon's men.

FRANCIS

And you didn't think to unconfiscate them before you returned.

SASHA

Sorry, we didn't think about that in the middle of our daring escape. Besides, broomsticks are so old-fashioned.

Greta gives up. She stands up and walks toward the driver.

GRETA

I'm going to need you to step on it.

DRIVER

Do you think you drive better than me?

GRETA

Oh, yes, I do.

DRIVER

Then, fill in your job application.

Greta doesn't have time to deal with this. She forces the driver out of the seat.

GRETA

I'm sorry.

Greta takes the wheel and infuses it with magic.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

With magic flares, the bus flies down the highway.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Sasha, Mitch, Francis, and Ben surround Greta.

GRETA

Okay, I'm going to drop you off, Sasha and Francis. You'll deal with all of his minions. And Mitch, do you think you can handle get to Simon's office?

MITCH

I was born for this. Literally, I think. I'll find the key and stop Lucifer from crossing the portal.

BEN

I'm ready to kick some Warlock ass.

Mitch and Francis lock eyes. Francis nods at Mitch.

MITCH

We'll do it together, Ben. He's with me, okay?

MAN (O.S.)

Is this Fifth Avenue?

They turn around, an OLD MAN (70's) sits in the back of the bus.

EXT. CITY PLAZA - NIGHT

The bus stops at the city plaza. Simon notices the flares.

SIMON

Huh?

Simon descends to the ground and walks toward Paul.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Is that who I think it is?

PAUL
Aw, shit. Yeah man, I think so.

SIMON
I thought you were handling it.

PAUL
Yes, I sent Dembe.

SIMON
That Ugandan idiot! All he does is
twerk! No wonder he was foiled.

They look at the bus. Sasha and Francis jump out of the bus
and blend amongst the warlocks.

SIMON (CONT'D)
You've failed me Paul. On level 44,
too. You're never getting to level
45, just so you know.

PAUL
Aww, c'mon man!

SIMON
Consider this your termination.

Paul pales. Simon grabs him by the throat. Paul's eyes turn
red and eventually explode. Paul drops dead.

EXT. CITY PLAZA - NIGHT

Sasha and Francis, blending in amongst the crowd of Warlocks,
walk toward the center.

SASHA
There are too many.

FRANCIS
Yes, but they're all inexperienced.

SASHA
I can't tell.

FRANCIS
That's the point.

SASHA
Okay, so we wait until Mitch and
Greta are done with the object?

FRANCIS
If there is even one.

SASHA
What if we take down Simon?

FRANCIS
That's what we're going to try.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Greta parks the bus beside the MetaLock HQ building.

EXT. METALOCK HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - NIGHT

The place is deserted.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Mitch fist-pumps Ben.

GRETA
You can do it yourself?

MITCH
We got this.

GRETA
Find the key. Stop the devil.

BEN
We'll find it. I know the way
around.

GRETA
Okay, I'll go back to the girls.
Find us when you're done. Good
luck.

MITCH
You too.

BEN
We'll see you on the other side.

INT. METALOCK HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - NIGHT

Mitch and Ben hurry through the lobby.

MITCH
It's very quiet.

BEN
They all went to the plaza, I think.

MITCH
There must be someone inside.

They hop in the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

They ride the elevator up 100 floors.

INT. WARLOCK OFFICES - NIGHT

Mitch and Ben walk into the penthouse offices. No one around.

BEN
I've never seen it like this.

MITCH
Why did you join these dorks in the first place?

BEN
I don't know. I was just attracted to the dark arts.

MITCH
You must have had a better reason than that.

BEN
I wanted to prove my parents wrong. They said I wouldn't amount to anything.
(rolls his eyes)
They were so supportive.

MITCH
And how's that working out?

Ben shrugs.

BEN
I don't think I'm good at anything.

Mitch looks at Ben and shakes his head.

MITCH
What about the magic?

BEN
I'm not as good as the witches or
even you.

MITCH
It all takes practice.

They arrive at a door that says: Only authorized
Warlocks/Health insurance CEOs.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Is there a trap behind this?

BEN
Not really. It is just a sign.

MITCH
Oh.

Mitch opens the door, they peer inside.

INT. WARLOCK HALL - NIGHT

Mitch and Ben enter the hall, full of Warlock memorabilia.
Still, no one around. TV screens on the wall show the News
broadcast of the plaza.

MITCH
You gotta take me somewhere, Ben.

Ben looks around.

BEN
There is a secret office behind
Simon's main office.

MITCH
And where's that?

BEN
Follow me.

From afar, a mysterious person watches Mitch and Ben.

EXT. CITY PLAZA - NIGHT

Simon sees the installation of a big screen with the
countdown: **999,992**

SIMON

Say it with me: We believe! We believe! We believe!

The CROWD JOINS IN.

WARLOCKS

We believe! We believe! We believe!

Simon's Warlocks chase people out of the plaza.

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

Sasha and Francis step over John's dead body, and they view the whole plaza. Sasha, worried, looks at the countdown.

SASHA

Shit, they're single digits away.

FRANCIS

I have an idea.

Francis crafts a spell and smiles.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Watch this.

The countdown changes. The number goes down: **999,130**

Sasha CHUCKLES.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

It won't change the actual number, but at least it's a distraction.

SASHA

Sure, it's not just kicking the hornet's nest?

FRANCIS

No, but we don't have a choice. It's time to move.

EXT. CITY PLAZA - NIGHT

Simon and the Warlocks watch the number go down. Now: **998,478**

SIMON

What is happening?

A huge collective GASP. Simon fumes.

SIMON (CONT'D)
SOMEONE MUST TELL ME WHAT'S GOING
ON!

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mitch and Ben enter Simon's office. They see the original
countdown there: 999,993

MITCH
Oh, no.

Mitch and Ben freeze when they see the number. The door
behind them closes. Mitch runs and tries it, but it won't
work.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Where's the secret door?

Ben frantically searches around the office.

BEN
There must be a lever somewhere.

Mitch stops and realizes something.

MITCH
Who closed the door?

Ben stops and looks at Mitch.

BEN
I don't know. Is it locked?

Mitch nods as he tries once again.

MITCH
There's someone here. We're out of
time.

The room compresses slowly. A few objects fall out of place.
Mitch and Ben notice them. They panic and walk to the center
of the room.

MITCH (CONT'D)
What is this?

With magic, Mitch pushes back against the walls, but it won't
work.

BEN
Oh, no.

Ben looks up to the ceiling. There it is... a red lever.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hoist me up!

Mitch looks up, and keeps an eye on the walls that continue pushing in.

MITCH

Is it going to work?

BEN

It better work.

Mitch grabs Ben by the hips, and pushes him up, but Ben immediately falls.

BEN (CONT'D)

Use the magic!

The floor shakes like an earthquake. The room continues shrinking. Mitch and Ben bump into each other in the cramped space.

BEN (CONT'D)

I don't wanna die like this!

Mitch builds courage, stands up, looks at Ben, grabs him, and blasts him to the lever. Ben hangs from the lever, and suddenly, the walls stop moving.

MITCH

Now what?

BEN

I don't know.

Ben observes the surrounding area. It seems like there is a mini door he can push.

BEN (CONT'D)

I see it.

Mitch makes one last effort and pushes Ben even higher. Ben manages to open the door and peeks his head inside.

MITCH

What do you see?

BEN

It's dark.

MITCH

Well, get in and help me up.

Ben crawls into the room. Mitch waits for Ben.

EXT. CITY PLAZA - NIGHT

Chaos. Simon goes crazy. He wants answers. Dozens of dead Warlocks lie on the ground. The number now at: **980,104**

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

Sasha and Francis smirk. Accidentally, Francis lets out a magic wave and bursts against the wall. Debris falls onto the plaza.

EXT. CITY PLAZA - NIGHT

Simon notices the debris on the ground. He looks up at Sasha and Francis.

SIMON
Oh, your little game is over.

INT. SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Ben crawls up into the dark room. He can't see anything. Ben looks down at Simon's office, and Mitch waits for his help. Ben offers a hand for Mitch and pulls him up.

MITCH
Thanks, buddy.

Ben and Mitch crawl around, but they can't see much. A sudden EXPLOSION fills the room with fire.

MITCH (CONT'D)
It's happened.

A very loud LAUGH can be heard.

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

Sasha and Francis notice Simon coming their way.

SASHA
He's coming.

Simon sends a blast at the building, and the cafe explodes. Sasha and Francis fall onto the ground. Simon flies towards them.

SIMON
You won't ruin the day I've been
waiting centuries for!

The sky turns red. Simon whips around and CHEERS.

SIMON (CONT'D)
It's here!

Francis grabs her ribcage, hurt. She looks over at Sasha,
knocked out unconscious.

FRANCIS
Wake up! I need you!

Francis sees Simon coming toward her.

SIMON
It's over!

INT. SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Mitch and Ben cover their faces from the flames, but see a
tall figure rise from the fire ring.

BEN
It's too late. He's out.

Mitch looks around the room for anything that can help them.
Nothing. He stands and sends a shockwave at the figure.
Nothing works. The figure doesn't even notice them, not fully
unleashed. They see its face: LUCIFER.

EXT. STREETS NEAR PLAZA - NIGHT

Greta's bus is stuck in traffic. She gives up and jumps out.

GRETA
Fine, I'll do it the old-fashioned
way.

She rushes for the plaza.

EXT. CITY PLAZA - NIGHT

Simon controls Sasha and Francis, levitating and struggling
to breathe.

SIMON
Once he sees this, he'll let me
lead his army.

FRANCIS

(struggling to speak)

I don't think a guy like you could lead an army.

SIMON

Shut up, wench!

Simon squeezes tighter, but suddenly, he gets blasted in the back.

GRETA

Let my people go.

Francis and Sasha fall on their knees, finally able to breathe again. Greta jumps in front and shields them.

GRETA (CONT'D)

Are you two okay?

Francis and Sasha stand up, facing Simon.

FRANCIS

It's now or never.

A bunch of Warlocks rush in Simon's defense. It's all out war. The witches BLAST spells every which way, sending Warlocks in every direction.

INT. SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Lucifer stands still, doubling Mitch's height. He looks up at Lucifer, not knowing what to do. Ben stands just behind Mitch. Lucifer opens his eyes and recognizes Mitch.

LUCIFER

Well, well, well, if it isn't little Leroy. The last time I saw you, you were cleaning up my demon droppings.

MITCH

My name is Mitch now.

LUCIFER

Little Mitch, the bitch! How the hell did you get out of hell?

MITCH

Hey man, don't call me bitch! It's witch to you, sir.

LUCIFER

What are you gonna do about it?

Mitch sends spells toward Lucifer, but nothing works against him. Lucifer laughs it off, lifts up his arm, and paralyzes Mitch.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

A man witch. Never in my lifetime.
But then again, I'm in everyone's
lifetime.

Ben attempts his magic, but of course, nothing happens. Lucifer notices Ben's attempts to help. He laughs and sends Ben flying across the room. Ben crashes against a cell.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Oh, little Mitch, you were a lawyer
in your last life and a very bad
boy. Bad because you were so boring
you didn't do enough good deeds to
get into Heaven, so God sent you to
me and I buried you in the lowest
ring of my home, I mean hell. How
you escaped? Beyond me. Magic
must've gotten stronger these days.
But to think little Leroy could
defeat me is just laughable.

MITCH

My name is MITCH!.

Ben's eyes flutter open.

BEN

(*groggily*)
I'm coming, Mitch, don't worry.

INT. OLD BRICK JAIL - NIGHT

Jerry sits in his cell, bored and sad. Marco drunkenly stumbles inside.

MARCO

Oh, hey! It's you!

JERRY

Marco?

MARCO

Aw, man. It's good to see you.

JERRY

Yeah, man! You too! Think you could help me out of here?

MARCO

Help you out? I don't know man. You got me into this mess. Signed me up for Warlocking, but all day it's been "Marco do this, Marco do that!" And everything's my fault. That Simon guy is a dick. It's too much, man, I miss being homeless.

JERRY

I have an idea. You help me out of here, I know some ladies who are down to totally kick Simon's ass.

MARCO

Really? Who are these ladies?

JERRY

Witches.

MARCO

No shit?

JERRY

No shit, Marco. Not a damn shit.

MARCO

They cool?

JERRY

Yeah man, the coolest.

MARCO

Alright, man. But on one condition.

JERRY

What's that?

MARCO

I go back to being homeless when this is all over.

JERRY

Sure thing. Grab the keys, they're over there.

Marco takes the keys and unlocks the cell.

JERRY (CONT'D)

C'mon man, let's go kick some Simon
ass.

INT. SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Lucifer really enjoys watching Mitch suffer.

LUCIFER

Your friends, if you can call them
that, they hate you. They needed a
female witch, and I was a little
limited, to say the least, although
now that I think about it, Margaret
Thatcher was available, although
she really really fits in down
there. Anyways, everyone is neutral
these days, so here you are...
failing miserably.

Mitch shakes his head.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Needless to say, the shit is piling
up. You belong back in hell,
because you are nothing. Believe
me, I know. I stole all your
memories and looked through them.
They didn't even give me a half
chub. But don't worry, I'll send
you back to hell promptly when I'm
done here today. I love watching
you suffer.

Lucifer moves his pinkie finger and Mitch's body contorts
violently, agony shivering down his spine.

EXT. CITY PLAZA - NIGHT

The fight continues, and the witches BLAST BACK wave after
wave of Warlocks. Simon commands the army from the back.

SIMON

How's this for commanding an army?

SASHA

Fuck you!

Jiminy, Bob Seger, and Aleksandr Pishchalnikov all appear at
Simon's side.

SIMON

Oh hey guys, I was wondering when you would show up.

ALEKSANDR

We wouldn't miss it for the world.

BOB

It's Lucifer. What a pull, Simon! Really great stuff.

JIMINY

I just lost my keys or I would've been here earlier.

BOB

Where's Dembe? Thought he'd be here?

SIMON

He got witchmade. You guys want to get your hands dirty?

ALEKSANDR

Thought you'd never ask.

SIMON

Get them done now!

Francis turns to Sasha and Greta.

FRANCIS

It's not going to stop.

SASHA

Go get that asshole yourself!

Francis nods, as she separates from the girls and runs away. Simon notices, and goes after her.

Jiminy, Bob Seger, and Aleksandr Pishchalnikov approach the witches. Sasha and Greta share a look.

GRETA

Is that President Bob Seger?

SASHA

Typical Republicans.

GRETA

We're gonna need some help!

Marco and Jerry appear at their side.

JERRY
Hey ladies, my ears were burning!

SASHA
What are you doing here?

JERRY
Thought you might need some help.

SASHA
You don't know magic!

JERRY
So? I know Ka-Ra-Te.

Two WARLOCKS rush Jerry and he kicks them in the face.

MARCO
Holy shit man, that was awesome!

GRETA
What can drunk man do?

MARCO
This.

Marco cocks his fists and BLASTS a line of WARLOCKS with his own brand of magic.

JERRY
What the hell? When did you learn to do that?

MARCO
I don't know man. Guess I'm just a natural.

They go to town on the WARLOCKS, taking them out left and right. Sasha engages with Bob Seger and Jiminy.

SASHA
You!

JIMINY
Round two! You ready hoe?

She takes them on, while Greta fights off Aleksandr Pishchalnikov.

EXT. STREETS NEAR PLAZA - NIGHT

Francis goes around a building, entering a dead end of trash containers and debris. Simon walks behind her.

SIMON

Why are you running away?

Francis faces him.

FRANCIS

I must be of high value to you,
otherwise you would've sent your
little minions.

SIMON

You are nothing to me.

FRANCIS

Likewise, which is why it was so
easy to draw you into my trap.

SIMON

Trap? What trap? It's just you and
me, sweetie.

FRANCIS

Do you think Lucifer will want you
after he takes over?

Simon sends a blast at her, but she blocks them off. She blasts back.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

And don't call me sweetie!

Suddenly, a big red hole opens up in the sky. Simon and Francis look up. Simon smiles.

SIMON

Time is running out for you, witch!

INT. SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Mitch fades in and out of consciousness. Ben finally comes to and gets onto his feet. He glares at Lucifer.

BEN

Hey Lucifer, lay off my friend!

Lucifer turns around.

LUCIFER
You should've stayed down, boy.

BEN
You should've stayed in hell!

Ben charges at Satan! Lucifer laughs, and drops Mitch out of his hold.

LUCIFER
Let's do this!

He lets out the LOUDEST, MOST DEMONIC SHRIEK possible.

EXT. STREETS NEAR PLAZA - NIGHT

Spell after spell, Simon slowly overpowers Francis.

SIMON
There is no reason why you witches
should co-exist with us.

FRANCIS
There is no reason why you should
have all this power!

Francis pushes back.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
There is no reason why humans
should be afraid of us!

SIMON
Yes, they should!

And Francis keeps pushing back.

FRANCIS
Only someone who profits off the
exploitation of others would think
that!

EXT. CITY PLAZA - NIGHT

The battle between Sasha, Greta, Jerry, Marco, and the Warlocks rages. Marco mows down waves of WARLOCKS errantly, with drunken spastic movements. Aleksandr and Greta go at it.

ALEKSANDR
In my country, a woman like you
would be dead by now.

GRETA

Where I'm from, we treat our elders
with respect.

She blasts him back. Aleksandr wipes a drip of blood off his face.

INT. SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Mitch returns to his senses. He sees Ben charge at Lucifer.

MITCH

Ben, no!

As Ben nears Lucifer, he SCREAMS and finally UNLEASHES ALL HIS POWER. It hits Lucifer and pushes him back. Lucifer UNLEASHES BACK. Ben's immense power holds strong.

BEN

It's working! Holy cow, it's
working!

Suddenly, Mitch beams. This time, it looks like he can control it. Mitch directs his body to Lucifer.

MITCH

Hang on! I'm coming.

Lucifer hears him and looks back.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Hey Lucifer!

Mitch BEAMS.

MITCH (CONT'D)

See you in hell!

Mitch sends ALL THE ENERGY out of his body. It SMASHES LUCIFER and in tandem with Ben's POWERS overtakes him.

LUCIFER

It can't be. You're not a real
witch.

MITCH

That's right, I'm not a witch. I'M
MITCH, BITCH!

A FLASH OF LIGHT AND THE ROOM EXPLODES.

EXT. CITY PLAZA - NIGHT

The sky goes back to normal. The Warlocks look up at the sky, worried. Some even flee. A woozy Marco looks around and spots Bob Seger, doing battle with Sasha.

MARCO

Hey you, you're President Bob Seger!

Bob Seger peers over at him.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Where are all those jobs you promised?

BOB SEGER

Shit.

Marco BLASTS HIM with a beam of energy that sends him halfway across the plaza.

MARCO

You never had my vote.

Sasha looks over and nods at Marco.

SASHA

Thanks!

MARCO

No problem.

Sasha glares back at Jiminy.

SASHA

Now it's just you and me.

JIMINY

Oh, dear.

Sasha quickly overtakes Jiminy and crushes him into the ground. Meanwhile, Greta and Aleksandr trade blows.

ALEKSANDR

You're much more powerful than you look.

GRETA

I've been around long enough to know that's a compliment.

Behind Aleksandr, Jerry does a crazy karate flip kick. He lands and spots Aleksandr. He stalks towards him.

JERRY
Hey Mr. President!

Aleksandr turns around.

JERRY (CONT'D)
From Moscow with love.

Jerry spin kicks Aleksandr in the face and Greta's magic blast TKOs him. Jerry and Greta high-five.

GRETA
Nice moves, kid.

Sasha hurries over.

SASHA
He did it.

GRETA
Oh, Mitch.

EXT. STREETS NEAR PLAZA - NIGHT

Simon looks up at the sky, he can't believe it.

SIMON
No!

He sees WARLOCKS rushing by, running for their lives.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Where are you going? Keep fighting!

Francis LAUGHS.

FRANCIS
What's your backup plan, Mr. CEO?

Simon shakes his head.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
You done yet?

SIMON
He was supposed to save us.

FRANCIS
You don't need saving.

Simon looks up at Francis.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

You need punishment, lots of it.

She BLASTS Simon with a wave of magic energy with all her might. It KNOCKS Simon back against a wall. He slumps over, unconscious.

INT. SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Lucifer is gone. Mitch and Ben stand outside the slowly fading away fire ring. They share an exhausted smile.

EXT. CITY PLAZA - NIGHT

Francis carries Simon over and drops him on the ground at Greta and Sasha's feet.

FRANCIS

It's over.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A new day. The whole team help rebuild the wooden shed.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

A new assembly of fresh faces, all world leaders. Canada's new Prime Minister, JUSTIN BIEBER, 20s, stands at the podium.

JUSTIN

What a week we've had. I'm happy to announce that we are doubling down on internal security to avoid what happened to my colleagues and a few unwanted guests.

(beat)

But there's something more important that we have to discuss.

On the screen... the TEAM OF WITCHES, and Mitch.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

These witches, Mitches, and Bentches, plus that raging homeless alcoholic Marco did in one day what we couldn't do for centuries. They defeated the evil Warlocks running tech companies unregulated across the world.

New American President MASON JAR, 40s, steps up.

MASON

Have they helped us? Or have they
unleashed something we don't know
how to control?

JUSTIN

That's a good question. Maybe you
want to go poke around to find out!

CHUCKLES throughout the assembly.

EXT. CITY - DAY

In the city, people go about their days. Some wear witches
hats. A billboard with a big title... Are Witches our
friends? Come Vote.

EXT. NEW WOODSHED - DAY

Francis, Greta, Sasha, Mitch, Ben, Jerry, and Marco look at
the brand new built shed. It's fancy and filled with quirks.

GRETA

Thanks for all the help team.

JERRY

It's the least we could do for you,
saving the planet and teaching us
so many valuable lessons along the
way.

SASHA

What lessons?

JERRY

Oh, I don't know.

MARCO

Don't put Twinkies on your pizza!

FRANCIS

No, I think that was a lesson you
learned some other time... entirely
on your own.

MARCO

Oh, okay.

GRETA

It was a team effort.

BEN

You know Greta is an anagram for great! You deserve a great shed!

She rubs his head and they share a LAUGH.

SASHA

Mitch, you're awfully quiet.

MITCH

When you all first conjured me, I didn't understand anything, but since then all of you have become like family and you've taught me so much. I now understand what it means to care for others and to love life; to experience things and not just go through life on auto-pilot, like Lucifer told me I apparently did in my last life. Most of all, you taught me that guy or girl, being a witch is about who you are inside. Not the way you look or present. It's about the spirit of witchcraft and the friendships you make along the way.

As they all join in for a group hug, we....

FADE OUT.