

TIMES ARE CHANGING

Written by

BATMAN

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A nicotine stained, rotting room with wooden furniture and the dimmest light possible.

On one side, a poorly maintained bar is filled with dusty antique bottles and glasses.

The rest is filled with rickety tables and chairs.

SARA (31), an attractive woman leans against the bar on the business side.

A MAN (43) and a woman of the same age chat to Sara from the public's side.

The bar-hand (40), sits on a stool on the business side, reads a magazine.

SALEM (58), old and worn out. A look of depression on his face. He has two colors in each eye, blue and red.

SALEM (V.O.)

Times have changed. People don't
dread witches anymore. You know
why?

Sara places an unopened bottle of whiskey on Salem's table.

SARA

Salem.

Salem looks at Sara, then the bottle.

SARA (CONT'D)

You can have it. Tonight's our
last night.

Salem admires the whisky.

SALEM

Thank you, Sara, truly. Where are
you going?

SARA

I'm moving to be with my mother.
Her health's getting worse. She
shouldn't be alone.

SALEM

She's lucky to have you.

Salem goes back to his glass.

Sara pities the old man. She heads to the bar.

HECATE (22), youthful and good looking enters the bar, with three friends of the same age.

They enter laughing too loud for this quiet place.

HECATE
Wow, hey there pretty lady, where
you heading?

SARA
Back to my post. What can I get
you boys?

HECATE'S FRIEND
Four beers.

HECATE
And not that local shit you get
around here.

The four sit at a table near Salem.

The man and woman give them a once over, they return to their conversation.

Salem stares into his glass, oblivious.

HECATE (CONT'D)
So where was I?

HECATE'S FRIEND
You were driving her home.

HECATE
Yeah. So we were nearly at her
place and she was still working on
it. I could've held on for another
five to ten minutes, so I pulled
over before down the street.

The man watches Hecate tell the story. Hecate spots him.

HECATE (CONT'D)
Do you mind?

MAN
Sorry. Just try to keep it down.

Intimidated, the man turns to the woman.

HECATE
Wish I thought of that before her
old man knocked on my window.

The four erupt in laughter. Salem hears but ignores.

HECATE (CONT'D)
Hurry up with those beers, would
ya?

The bar-hand carries four beers on a tray to the table.

SARA
Please boys, this is a local bar.
Keep it down.

HECATE
She doesn't make that easy.

The four giggle.

The bar-hand lays out the beer bottles.

Hecate leans close to him.

HECATE (CONT'D)
How's about you put in a good word
to pretty ass McGee for me?

The bar-hand ignores Hecate, turns to leave.

HECATE (CONT'D)
Hey.

Hecate grabs his arm.

HECATE (CONT'D)
You will do as I ask. You should
be afraid of me.

The bar-hand makes eye contact with Hecate.

They're both blue and red, but moving like smoke.

Frightened, the bar-hand pulls his arm free and rushes back
to the bar.

Salem laughs. Hecate faces him.

HECATE (CONT'D)
Something funny, old man?

Salem finishes his whiskey and looks up to Hecate.

Hecate's smoldering blue and red eyes meet Salem's static
ones.

They stare for a moment with a look of awe and recognition.

SALEM
Why would anybody fear you?

HECATE
I'm deserved respect.

SALEM
You're still a child.

Hecate joins Salem's table. Sits informally with the chair reversed.

HECATE
Be careful, old man.

SALEM
My name is Salem. Kid.

HECATE
Ironic. You've probably heard of me, Hecate.

Arrogantly, Hecate offers to shake hands.

Salem ignores him, opens his whiskey bottle, smells it, pours some into his glass.

SALEM
I don't know you. I know that's a girl's name.

Hecate leans back from the table.

HECATE
There's a misconception going around that with age comes power. And I don't see any power.

SALEM
I see with youth still comes arrogance.

Hecate's friends immerse themselves in the conflict.

The others are anxious.

HECATE
With youth comes strength and endurance.

SALEM
And with age comes the knowledge of knowing when to use them.

HECATE'S FRIEND
Hecate, you can trump this old timer.

HECATE
The strain might kill him.

Salem finishes the whiskey, places the glass on the table, places his hand over the top.

The glass refills. Salem takes another sip.

The three friends gasp.

Sara ushers the others through the back door.

HECATE (CONT'D)

A magician's trick?

Hecate retrieves a set of car keys from his pocket.

He aims the key at Salem's whiskey bottle and presses the fob.

HECATE (CONT'D)

Beep, beep.

Orange lights from outside flash against the side of the bar.

Salem's whiskey bottle SHATTERS.

Salem leans back avoiding the spillage. Takes a moment.

Hecate's friends' cheer is exaggerated.

SALEM

I liked that bottle.

HECATE

Your turn.

Salem removes a small journal from inside his jacket, flicks through the pages.

Hecate laughs at the journal.

HECATE (CONT'D)

Is that a spell book?

SALEM

Every witch needs a book of spells.

HECATE

Or internet access.

Salem silently reads from the journal.

SALEM

I'm assuming that girl got home safe?

HECATE

Yeah, her dad made sure of that. He'll regret it though. I totally--

Salem closes his spell book.

The car EXPLODES outside. The bar shakes. The light squeezes through the many gaps in the walls.

Hecate hurries to the window.

HECATE (CONT'D)

You crossed one hell of a line.

SALEM

You led the way.

HECATE'S FRIEND

Bro, I'm so sorry. You looked real good in it too.

HECATE

Shut up.

Salem rolls his eyes.

Hecate returns to the table, pissed.

HECATE (CONT'D)

Salem, my old friend. You got any family? Kids?

SALEM

If I had, would I spend my nights in here?

HECATE

You're right, nobody this pathetic could have family.

SALEM

I believe it's your turn.

HECATE

You come here every night?

Hecate removes his smartphone from his pocket. Has a moment searching it.

HECATE (CONT'D)

Then even you must have made some friends.

Hecate begins a video call.

SALEM

What are you doing?

HECATE

Here, it's for you.

Hecate holds the screen up to Salem. Sara answers her cell and talks into the screen.

SARA
Salem? Is he gone?

SALEM
Not yet but don't worry.

Sara chokes, grows violent.

SALEM (CONT'D)
Hecate, stop this. You win.
Sara coughs blood. Her eyes turn red.

SARA
S-a-l-e-m.

SALEM
Let her go. She's innocent.
Sara's eyes swell, her face explodes over the screen.
Hecate puts his cell into his pocket.
Salem stares at the table.

SALEM (CONT'D)
How did you?

HECATE
Get her number? I'm a witch. And
she had Facebook.
I believe you all heard it? I win.

HECATE'S FRIEND
Totally, you torched his ass.

Salem laughs.

SALEM
Funny you should say that actually.

Salem retrieves a bundle herbs and a small bone from his
spell book.

HECATE
So old fashioned.

He grinds the herbs with the bone on the table. He silently
reads from the journal.

He takes a match box from his pocket, lights one.

He looks into Hecate's eyes, drops the match onto the herbs
and bone setting them alight.

Hecate's friends burst into flames.

They run uncontrollably around the bar. Setting alight everything they touch. Screaming, burning, melting.

HECATE (CONT'D)

No. No. No. Let them go.

SALEM

How you did Sara?

Their flesh melts around their bones.

HECATE

You've won, you've won. I'm begging you. Please.

Salem stands, readies himself to leave. He pours Hecate's beer over the herbs, extinguishing all of the flames.

He heads for the door.

The three friends' flesh grows over their bones.

HECATE (CONT'D)

Where do you think you're going?

SALEM

I won. Ya'll agree, right?

The three friends try to nod. Their hair regrows.

Salem opens the door.

HECATE

No way. This has gone way too far.

SALEM

Agreed.

Salem turns to leave.

HECATE

(chanting)

Give me the ice from the inferno's deepest circle, the warmth from high above.

Salem's eyes widen.

HECATE (CONT'D)

Give me the power from the almighty Lucifer's--

Salem turns, draws a revolver and plants a bullet between Hecate's eyes.

He dies. Salem leaves.

SALEM (V.O.)
Because nobody can stop a bullet.