

(TBD - PILOT)

Written by

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Based on
MCNIFICENT - THE BOOK OF SEVEN

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INT. BARN - LOFT BUNK - NIGHT

An old brown barn stands solitary amidst a dark heavily wooded forest. The sound of crackling embers and loud pops of wood splintering disturb five children asleep in their makeshift beds in the loft of the barn. Soft breezes weave their way throughout the flames, each flicker reaches higher and higher. Incoherent shouts can be heard from outside the barn.

Flurries of red light in orb form fly into various parts of the barn, igniting more and more piles of dry hay. The children begin to cry out, cough, and search for a way out. The oldest of the five, MALACHI, rushes to help his younger siblings.

MAGHNUS (O.S.)
Lorelei, the children!

Another orb flies into the barn, it explodes like a smoke bomb near the oldest child's feet. Malachi howls as a cloud of red, pungent smoke envelops him. His eyes burn. Through hoarse coughs, Malachi cries.

MALACHI
Father!

The shouts outside the barn grow louder and more chaotic. The wood of the barn walls begin to creak and moan. Malachi stumbles to his hands and knees on the ground. He stops often to rub at his irritated eyes. Malachi snuffles and coughs as he searches for either of his parents. MONROE sits up in his bed, coughs.

MONROE
Father, Mother--help us!

MALACHI
I'm here. Stay where you are.

Malachi uses the side of Monroe's bed to pull himself to stand. He tries unsuccessfully not to sob as he squints through the smoke in search of his parents. He stumbles over to the ladder, touches every surface he passes. Malachi grabs hold of the top rung, and gives it a jiggle to be sure. Malachi's head snaps back and forth as he coughs and snuffles. He wipes away tears with the back of his sleeve. Malachi descends as more smoke thickens the air. He stumbles down the last few rungs while he chokes on smoke.

The fire illuminates the smoke on the ground floor. Malachi spots his father as he stands in the center of the barn, arms raised and hands faced towards the door. Maghnus's face is beaded with sweat, a drop drips from his nose.

Waves of energy flow toward the door, visual ripples roll from his fingertips and frame the door in an invisible barrier. The hinges groan under pressure as the door begins to buckle inward.

Malachi panics at the sight, rushes to his father's side.

SEAN (O.S.)
 Father! Malachi?!
 (beat)
 What's happening?

One of Malachi's younger siblings is wide awake now and his cries bring Malachi back to reality.

MALACHI
 Stay where you are, Sean! I'll come
 to you!!

The crowd sounds grow louder and the flames seem to increase in intensity. The wood cracks in some places and splits in others. Voices can be heard from outside.

MAN #1
 Get them!

WOMAN #1
 Over here!

MAN #2
 I'll kill you!

A beam breaks and swings down, crashes through a part of the wall nearest the door. Air rushes through the new hole, flames behind Magnus and Malachi grow taller. Malachi sees through the hole to the outside and realizes what is out there.

MALACHI
 Humans!!

LORELEI's scream rings above the chaos. Malachi did not notice his mother standing behind them. He turns to see her eyes wild with terror. Fear washes over her face as her gaze scans the loft above.

LORELEI
 The children--where are they?!

Monroe and Sean scream again as more bomb-like orbs are shot into the barn. They zip and whistle into various spots in the barn, they smash into beams and explode. Malachi's eye search the barn, he hesitates but paces around the ground floor to find a spot the fire has not yet reached.

In the back, a single door stands, open wide, free of smoke and flame. A tall, ominous figure stands just outside the doorway. Thunderous footsteps fall as the mob outside push in on the barn. The yells and hollers intensify, the humans sound angrier and frenzied now. The crackles of the fire deafen Malachi. He squints to focus on the figure. The cries of his siblings now are louder than anything.

SEAN

Malachi!

MALACHI

I'm here, brother!

MONROE

Help us!

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

Malachi sits up and it is silent. He rubs at his eyes. The smoke and fire is gone. He is on a cot in a high school boiler room. It was a dream. Or a memory? He shakes his head. He stands up carefully and hobbles over to the mirror, now much older. He looks at his body and back up to his reflection. He takes a deep breath in, green sparks emit from his fingertips and with the exhale, his body transforms into an average height, medium built human. His new look is mediocre at best, in an attempt to fit in unnoticed. He wears a janitors uniform with the school's logo and "NED" embroidered on left side of his chest above his heart. His short dark brown hair, thick eyebrows, basic brown hair, and pock marked face were all part of Malachi's intention not to stand out.

Malachi walks over to his janitor's cart and pushes it down a hall that leads to the service elevator. He slowly boards the lift, mindlessly pushes the button to take him to the first floor.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

The sunrise leaks into a darkened school. Squeaky wheels from his cart echo through the empty hall. Lockers are untouched. Classroom doors and windows have schoolwork and art plastered across them. Notices for talent show auditions, club flyers, and lost and found posters stuck to any open space over the walls and posts. Ned's shoes chirp against the floor as he makes it around the corner. A few more steps and he stops in front of the entrance to the boy's locker room. The placard on the door is rusted and worn. He reaches for the handle and pulls the door open just enough to fit the nose of his cart into, then pushes through the doorway.

As he enters, Ned cranes his neck to see if anyone is inside. He props the cart against the door and locks it. With more green sparks, Ned stretches his fingertips out towards the frame of the locker room door. He mutters under his breath a short spell for warding people away. The door and its frame expanded as if it were being filled with air, like a gust of wind against screeching metal.

Malachi walks over to the open shower area. He reaches and turns the handle. Water sprays out in a steady stream as it patters along the tiled floor. The overflow glides down to the drain at the center of the shower.