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The Last Witch Hunter

By Cory Goodman

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I swear to you,
every single mother and daughter,
father and son taken from us
by the Black Plague will be avenged.
It is their Witch Queen
who brought this
curse upon our lands.
And in her death lies our salvation.
Be warned, brothers.
She will never truly perish
until her heart beats its last.
Let fear be dead to us.
There is no going back,
for there is nothing to go back to.
What is it, Dolan?
The Hexen are amongst us.
This place reeks of death.
Keep your wits about you.
Stay close.
It's her!
It's the Queen!
The magic.
Stay back!
By iron and fire!
Help us!
- Dolan!
- The Queen!
Heavenly Father,
protect us from these demons.
Ah!
Stay in formation, men!
Father!
Father!
Father, I missed you.
You're not real.
You can't be.
You breed like rats.
You put stone on top of stone
and then live in your own filth.
You are trespassers on our world.
This is why I created the Plague.
It's why every one of you must perish.
Ah!

By iron
and fire.
Everyone you love is gone.
I've seen it in your eyes.
You wish for death.
Today we both die.
I curse you with life.
To never know peace.
To walk the Earth alone for eternity.
You will never die.
Thank you.
Excuse me, miss?
Sir, how can I help you?
Magic.
Hey...
Watch it!
Sorry. Totally my fault.
Excuse me.
You're the witch hunter.
Yeah.
I didn't do anything.
Let's see it.
See what?
Come on.
Ladies and gentlemen,
the Captain has turned on...
Be glad you didn't get them wet.
I've been looking for these for a while.
These are ancient runes.
They can manipulate weather.
Rain, wind, cold, heat...
And you just jammed them
together in your bag?
You know what you get
when you mix a thunderstorm
with cool, moist air at 40,000 feet?
It's simple science.
Unbelievable.
You witches have no idea
the power you've got.
Oh, my God.
Are you gonna turn me
over to the Witch Council?
No.

You're gonna kill me?
Kill you?
I'm tryin' to stop you
from killing yourself.
Enjoy New York.
Sir, "Fasten seatbelts" signs are on.
I need you to take a seat.
My name is Kaulder.
I need you to get back
to your seat, Kaulder.
I'd love to hear about
growing up in Sefrou.
How'd you know?
Haven't had an accent in years.
I've met a lot of people in my life.
You'd be amazed what you pick up.
Witches live among us in secret.
Their magic passed down
from an ancient race,
diluted, half-forgotten,
but dangerously powerful.
After centuries of conflict,
a truce was forged.
Witches would be allowed to live
and govern themselves
if they followed
one strict rule, that magic
never be used against humans.
But a truce is a fragile thing.
There are some who long for
the return of the old ways,
the dark days of the Witch Queen.
It is those whom Kaulder deals with.
For 800 years, he has
served The Axe and Cross.
Together we have kept
watch and kept the peace.
Uh, I'm sorry, Father
Dolan. He's in a meeting.
Oh.
The meeting has concluded.
I serve The Axe and Cross
in a very different manner.
I am the 36th Dolan, and

I write Kaulder's history.
I am his handler, his confessor,
and, I like to think, his friend.
You have no sense of time.
Course I do. It's just
different than yours.
I assume your mission was a success?
You recovered the weather
runes without incident?
What happened to the iPad I gave you?
I re-gifted it.
We're not all as adaptable as you.
You know paper's the past.
It's also a useful object
on which to record it.
Are you reminiscing
about the Ludwig affair?
I'm in a sentimental mood.
Ah.
About my retirement?
That's why you've come back.
We have had a good run.
We took out some nasty covens.
You're really ready to call it quits?
It's only been 50 years.
I'm finally getting used to you.
Oh. Is that all it took?
I'll miss you, kid.
This is a Waterman 402.
I had your initials engraved on it.
It's very rare.
Probably lowered the value quite a bit.
Not to me.
You reconsider, you can still keep the pen.
I think you'll like my successor.
I'm leaving you in more modern hands.
What about the vow you took?
I vowed to face death at your side.
Not to work until I keel over.
Thirty-five Dolans have come before you.
Here's to the only one
whose advice I ever listened to.
Only to ignore it.
But I always listen.

What if you were retiring, too?
I mean, what would you do
if your next mission was your last?
But it won't be.
Humor me.
I have no complaints.
Every day I wake up,
the world sleeps a little easier.
Kaulder, you have tasted more of life
than I can ever imagine,
but it's been a long time
since you really lived.
You're missing out on the best part
of our brief stay in this world.
The part where you share it.
Find someone to trust.
I trust you.
Perhaps someone a little more comely.
I know, I haven't lived
as long and rich a life as you,
but I do know that there is more to it
than a parade of stewardesses
marching to the dulcet tones
of Moonlight Sonata.
Now what in the world do you know
about stewardesses anyway?
I wasn't born a priest.
Let's do some work.
I know you think it's dull,
but let's start at the beginning.
It goes without saying,
but you've served with great distinction.
If I may, when I meet Kaulder tomorrow,
I should play it cool, right?
No coffee until after the ritual.
Don't worry about your style.
He'll take the piss out of you anyway.
But you'll be fine.
It's, uh, Kaulder that I worry about.
You worry about Kaulder?
Do you know how the elders
of The Axe and Cross refer to him?
They call him "The Weapon."
When I put in my reports,

all they want to know is numbers.
How many witches I've
turned over for detention.
How many slain for breaking the law.
Can you blame them? What
he does is so important.
Yes, that's true, but
he isn't just a weapon.
And those of us who know the truth,
we bear responsibility.
Whatever happens, promise
me you'll watch out for him.
Of course. That's my job.
Taxi!
Hello?
Kaulder?
Dolan the 36th passed away
peacefully last night.
The ceremony will be tomorrow.
I'm sorry for your loss.
Thirty-six have taken the
name "Dolan" before you.
Are you worthy of becoming the 37th?
I testify that I am.
Do you promise to serve
our brother Kaulder in all things?
To know him only as he knows himself?
I promise.
So you're the new guy.
We've actually met before.
A long time ago.
You see that cornerstone?
I watched them lay it in
when this was nothing
more than a cornfield.
That was a long time ago.
I pledge my life and loyalty
to you as the 37th Dolan.
I swear to help you carry
out your duty to the Order...
When they were building this city,
construction crews discovered
a mass gravesite, 60 feet below ground,
filled with thousands of forgotten slaves.

Know what they did?

No.

Worked by night, filled the hole,
and kept building.

There are shades of evil everywhere.

So, I'm sorting you out with
fresh credit cards, new
passport, and a new identity.

Just gettin' used to the old one.

Well, it's out of date.

There are global databases now, CCTV's,
smart phones and geotracking.

The world is changing.

Only on the surface.

Right. But it's important
to keep a low profile.

Mmm-hmm.

Uh...

I guess we should be thankful it's not red.

May I ask where we're going?

I've seen people get old, retire, and die.

Rarely on the same day.

He was found at his desk.

What are we looking for?

How do you know when there's
magic in the vicinity?

A witch's magic comes from four elements,
fire, water, earth and air.

Applying the correct alchemical triggers
will reveal its presence.

No magic here.

Just wanted to be sure.

If the window hasn't been opened,
how did that get in here?

One means nothing.

Two, a coincidence.

Three, trouble.

Get down!

What?

He was killed by witches.

Never in the history of The Axe and Cross
has a Dolan ever been murdered.

You wanna quit?

No.

I want a raise.
This is a declaration of war.
Who could have done this?
A concealment spell was placed
to make everything look normal.
They were searching for something,
didn't want us to know.
Elemental magic is neutral.
At its root it's neither good nor evil.
But this is different.
This is dark magic.
Beyond evil.
They tied him to the chair.
"Death."
Is that part of the spell?
You were here last night
before he died, right?
Yes.
Let me see your hands.
Now.
I was five years old
when witches set our house on fire.
My parents died.
But you walked through the flames,
wrapped me in a blanket,
and jumped out the second story window.
Your body broke the fall.
I told you we'd met before.
If you don't remember, I
can refer you to the entry...
No. I remember.
You hunted down the witches
and brought them to justice.
I've waited my entire life for
the opportunity to help you.
Well, now's your chance.
You can help me hunt the
witches that did this.
Shouldn't I have a gun or
an iron mallet or something?
Take a deep breath. Center yourself.
Right. Of course.
Because resisting enchantment
requires a clear mind.

Now, Max is a 14th level warlock,
there's nothing you can
do. May as well relax.
Free sample, Father?
Oh. Thank you.
I'd think twice about that.
I don't know that I can do \$10,000.
You know the level of enchantment
they are getting from that.
Business is good, right?
Yeah.
Oh, crap.
Shop's closed, Max.
Kaulder. It has been too long.
It is not illegal to
sell mind-altering bugs.
When they're used on humans, it is.
They're mixing them in the cupcakes.
I hadn't noticed.
Notice this?
Griffin's Henbane. Very rare and forbidden.
This is used in necromancy. Dark magic.
You know I do not deal in
these kinds of bad things.
Max, you're too smart to go down that road.
One can only imagine how
many times I've been lied to.
More than anyone in history, actually.
Come on, Kaulder.
You must understand, anyone
who would use this herb
is not afraid of you. And that scares me!
More than I scare you?
Max.
The man who came to see
me has an odor on his skin.
A whiff of garlic that was not garlic.
Arsenic. Anything else?
And moldering crabapples.
Thank you, Max.
Be careful.
Not in the habit.
Not you. Him.
So, all that made sense to you?

It didn't to you?

No.

Arsenic was used for embalming
back in the Civil War.

Whoever killed Dolan
is likely living in what
was once a funeral parlor.

We just have to find one
with a crabapple tree.

What's that for?

A cab.

You're not qualified for what happens next.

Oh.

Right. I'll get a receipt.

Whoa.

Didn't your mother ever teach you
not to eat candy from trees?

Go home, kid.

Go away.

It's okay.

- Get away from me.

- Shh.

It's okay.

Get away from me now.

- I'm not gonna hurt you.

- Go away!

It's okay.

Ah...

Oh, shit.

You killed Dolan. Why?

Who the bloody hell's Dolan? Huh?

I never met the man in my life!

Do you like my new pen? Huh?

When I imagined my first prosecution
in front of the Council,
I never thought it would be
for a crime against one of our own.

Ellic Lemasniel.

Hello, Father. Whoo!

You look like a good man,
tasty little thing, you. I never went...

Please don't think less of me.

I'll confess it later.

The Witch Council receives you,

37th Dolan of The Axe and Cross.
The peace endures.
The peace endures.
I present the accused,
Ellic Lemasniel, for judgment,
for the murder of Dolan the 36th.
I present the evidence found
in the accused's dwelling.
Found? Oh, come on.
What? You look like a
terrible band from the '80s.
Look at your hair!
He will be judged.
Blah, blah, blah.
You know my great-grandfather's
grandfather served The Queen, huh?
The Queen.
You're a bureaucracy o' cowards
and I don't recognize the authority
here in this council.
Nor do I abide by your law.
The laws serve to
control and contain magic.
It is only by the
operations of this council
that another war does not begin.
I won't lie! I'm proud of what I done!
I murdered your priest!
I drip-dried him like he was a stuck pig!
Our priest, and my friend.
Kaulder.
Oh, shit. This guy again.
So we're to judge him
without interrogation?
Has anyone asked him
who he was workin' with?
There's no Three of Pentacles card.
That means he worked alone.
The cards are wrong.
He cast a shape-shifting spell.
I haven't seen that crafted in 800 years.
Not since the time of the Witch Queen.
Ha! The Witch Queen is long dead.
That her magic could return is impossible.

- Is it impossible?

- It is.

- You have the authority...

- Enough!

To turn this city inside out.

For the crimes of illegal crafting...

Find who he's working with.

And human sacrifice...

- And I'm proud o' what I done.

- ...we sentence...

Ellic Lemasniel...

I'm proud o' what I done.

- ...to incarceration...

- I took a stand!

In the bedrock beneath this chamber.

You are sad reflections of...

Arise, Sentinel,

and carry the condemned to prison.

You'll never see daylight again.

No, no! You may hold me now,

but you'll never have us all!

What is that?

Hey, kid.

What are you doing?

Hello, Father.

Still with us, old friend.

He's alive?

Barely.

He's been cursed.

How?

Musca Mali.

Plague fly.

13th-century black magic.

They were created in the

tree of the Queen, correct?

That's right.

Why didn't they just murder him?

They wanted to interrogate him.

When a Plague fly burrows inside of you,
it breaks your will.

Whatever the killers wanted to know,
he would have told them.

But the question remains,

what did they want to know?

He isn't getting up.
Not unless we could break the curse.
And the only way to do that
is to kill the witch who cast it.
The one Ellic works for.
Dolan's got two days, tops.
Hang in there, for me.
"Death."
It's a message from Dolan, not the killer.
"Remember your death."
What does it mean?
There's only one way
to remember my death...
Magic.
Hey, Chloe.
I have one more drink here.
- Are you guys okay?
- Yeah, we're good.
Are we having a good night, gentlemen?
Do a love shot with me, baby.
Oh, no. I'm not looking for love tonight.
- You guys okay?
- Yep.
- Want another one?
- All right.
Oh, no, come on! No, not you, too.
I heard that you can't tell
before it happens. Okay?
He's just standing there
all chilly calm, and then...
Wham! He cuts your head off
and puts it in a sack on his belt.
C'mon! That's just a
story nannies tell children
so they behave.
Chloe, you need to leave.
Miranda. Miranda!
We're up to code. There are no humans here.
Beautiful place.
Thank you.
How much do you charge?
Well, that depends on what you're buying.
A memory.
Five hundred dollars.

Deal.
Did I just say "Hundred"? I...
No, you know what? I actually
meant "Five thousand."
Five thousand, is that what you meant?
I did. I meant "Five thousand."
Sold.
Fifty thousand.
Shall we start?
No. You know what? No.
I changed my mind. We're cl...
Fear potion.
Now, what in the world
would you be afraid of?
Public speaking.
You know what I'm afraid of?
Enlighten me.
Nothing. It's boring, really.
See now, I know that you have a code.
And I also know that I
haven't done anything wrong,
so unless you're gonna put
a gun to my head, get out.
You know, you're right. I do have a code.
But I'm also not leaving.
What do you want a
memory potion for, anyway?
Are you hunting a witch?
To help an old friend.
But a word of warning to you.
If you get injured in your memory,
you get injured out here.
Which means to say that
if you die in there,
you will also die...
I can't die anywhere.
I have to make a
disclaimer for my insurance.
Bottoms up.
Say "Witch hunter."
Witch hunter.
Be nice.
"Remember your death."
What did you want me to see?

Kaulder!
Kaulder.
Kaulder, wake up.
Well, hello, witch hunter.
I was yanked out of a memory spell once.
My mind was scrambled eggs for hours.
You know, people shouldn't
root around in their past.
Some things are best left forgotten.
Ah...
You cursed my friend.
Your friend,
he lasted about five
minutes longer than most.
Doesn't take much balls
to get in a bar fight
when you can't get hurt.
Too bad your mind isn't as tough
as the rest of you.
No more bar.
No more memory potions for you.
Breathe.
Breathe.
After 800 years, you've run out of time.
Death is coming, witch hunter!
You are the monster they say you are.
Damn you! This place was all I had!
Chloe!
Grab my hand!
Nice view.
Just hold on, kid.
I promise I'll find who did
this and break the curse.
Kaulder! Come see this!
I've got the FBI database online.
Stop, go back one.
Continuing.
No, not him.
Stop.
That's him.
But why doesn't he want
me to remember my death?
Born Baltasar Ketola.
Goes by Belial. Finnish national.

He's the one Ellic was working for.
The one who cursed Dolan?
Every generation has to be given
their chance to destroy the world.
Yet most of us aren't like him, you know.
We're the same as you.
You may look like us, but you're not.
You've got magic in your blood.
Magic that can do very bad things.
We were interrupted back in your bar.
- Oh, yes.
- I have to try again.
Yes, my bar!
Where everything I cared
about burnt to the ground.
But I'm not blaming you for destroying
my life or anything.
I'm just making an observation.
An observation on how
you destroyed my life.
I'm leaving.
Look, I don't like it any more than you do,
but if you help me, I
promise to keep you safe.
I'll need more Snowdonia hawkweed
to mix another memory potion.
Miranda, the girl who works for me,
has a pretty good stash.
Um, I'll text her.
Thank you.
Belial had red soil on his jacket.
Red soil?
Analyze this and see what we get.
Of course.
It's Miranda.
She's a cat person.
Hey! Hey, there.
No, I'm not dead yet.
Right, so when she gets here,
don't make any sudden moves, okay?
Don't make eye contact.
Or talk.
Whoa.
Sorry.

This is it here.
No, it hasn't sprouted yet.
How many witch hunter
discussion groups are you a part of?
"Genocidal immortal fascist..."
So that's what you
witches think of me, huh?
What is it that people
know about us, anyway?
That we have green skin
and like to wear pointy hats,
and that we're mean
and got burned at the stake in Salem?
Salem was wrong,
and those women innocent.
But what if those women
really were witches?
Would it then have been okay?
See, I remember thinking
if it was me found guilty,
no one would care.
I would.
The hawkweed's gone. It's gone.
I mean, someone's taken it. It's not here.
Kaulder?
What?
- What?
- No.
Miranda.
Miranda!
You're too late, witch hunter.
She died badly, screaming.
Alone.
Just like you will.
You're gonna get who did this, right?
I'll handle Belial.
Good.
I don't know where else to
get the stuff that we need.
There is one place.
But it's old money, old
magic, and dangerous.
I'm sorry.
Kaulder?

Sonya.

Danique's been so busy,
I'm surprised that she agreed to see you.
I don't think she would have liked
the alternative.

Mr. Kaulder, you've made my night.
Please have a seat.

Where'd you rescue your little
friend from, a thrift shop?

- Little friend...

- Oh...

So tell me, what is this emergency?

What is it you just must remember?

He lost his car keys.

How much do I owe you?

Oh, nothing. You have a drink
with me. That's my price.

You know what I'm here for.

So many of us pretend to
be something that we're not.

But you, you've lived.

A man who's walked through history.

To have known Napoleon, Stalin,
Hitler...

No need to be nostalgic.

We have enough evil now.

They're not so different than you.

They used their power to change the world.

You can't change what you've done.

Kaulder! There's something
wrong with this plant.

You're here.

Kaulder...

Kaulder! Kaulder!

- Enjoy paradise.

- Kaulder!

Kaulder, it's smoke. Don't...

Look, Daddy. Look!

They're flying south for the winter.

Kaulder, listen to me.

You are in a trap and

I need you to wake up.

You're not gonna find any answers here.

The longer you wait, the

harder it is to get out.
Kaulder. Kaulder.
I need you to wake up.
None of this is real.
Kaulder, you are in a trap!
Come back.
Kaulder, if you don't wake up right now,
we are both going to die!
Wake up!
Chloe...
This isn't real.
Kaulder! Wake up!
Pull the car into the alley
and throw him in the trunk.
We're going down in history
as the ones who beat the witch hunter.
Come on.
Get out.
Burial dirt.
Nothing more powerful for dark magic.
What does Belial want with it?
Who?
"Remember my death."
What is it that he doesn't want me to see?
Stop! Please.
Belial didn't tell me anything.
I helped him get the dirt.
I just took a little bit for myself.
He has tons of it.
Please?
Thanks for the drink.
You are a traitor to your kind!
You know what I like about thrift shops?
Everything in them is old.
Oh!
Bitch.
So now you know.
You're a dream-walker.
Everyone knows that
dream-walking is a black gift.
I've spent my entire life
trying to hide from it.
You knew I would discover your
secret, and you didn't care.

You still pulled me out of that trap.
It was a very brave thing to do.
Lemme show you something. Come on.
Good night, Max!
You are a disgrace to our kind.
Belial, I had no choice.
Kaulder threatened to beat me
to death with his bare hands.
We have plans for you, traitor.
You must understand, Belial.
Enjoy the shadows.
This is the history of
witches. Your history.
That's you.
Yeah.
Least they got your eyes right.
These are the dream-walkers.
The Witch Queen's deadliest assassins.
Somehow they used to jump into your mind
and pry out your most precious memories.
And then they'd twist 'em
into your worst nightmares.
What, you're giving a history lesson here
or you're just trying to scare me?
There's something no one
knows about dream-walkers.
They don't need memory potions.
That power lies within them.
I have something buried deep in my mind
that I must remember.
And you're the only one that can help me.
No, I can't.
Chloe...
No, I can't.
You know, I have a younger brother,
and, uh,
he had this knack for just pissing me off.
And one day he pushed it too far,
and I somehow entered his mind.
I hurt him. I didn't mean to,
but I hurt him badly.
So I ran away.
What were their names,
your wife and daughter?

Helena.

Elizabeth.

I haven't said their names
out loud in a long time.

Kaulder, even if I wanted to help you,
I wouldn't know where to begin.

Think of a word that you associate with me.

Could be anything.

Empty everything else out of your head.

And just focus on that one word.

One word.

If you tell me the word,

I'll focus on it, too.

Sometimes that helps.

What's the word?

Alone.

Take my hand.

This way, men!

Brother Dolan, look.

Kaulder.

What is that? Dolan?

Tread with care.

He did it.

So ends the Queen.

In the name of the Father...

He's possessed!

Kaulder is alive.

Our nightmare ends with a miracle.

Help him.

Help him.

It's her heart.

When we destroy it, we destroy her.

End it, Brother Dolan.

Destroy her, Dolan!

No!

You kept it.

It's over. The Witch Queen is dead.

They betrayed you from the start.

That's why they tortured your friend.

Because he knew where the heart was.

They're gonna bring back the Queen.

For eight hundred years,

we've waited for her return.

You should be honored, traitor.

You will be sacrificed for our cause.
Kaulder, I know where
Belial brought all that dirt.
The truck he rented had
a standard GPS locator...
You lied to me!
You saved her heart. "Remember your death."
It's not what you think.
You knew what it meant all
along, and you said nothing.
Because I wasn't going to be responsible
for the dissolution of The Axe
and Cross on my very first...
They're bringing back the Queen.
You don't know what you've done.
I swore an oath to keep it secret.
This lie has kept Apocalypse
at bay for hundreds of years.
We were afraid if the
Queen's heart was destroyed,
you'd lose your immortality. Or die.
That wasn't your choice to make!
That's what the old man thought.
The night he was attacked,
I think he was going to destroy it.
For you.
To set you free.
At least The Axe and Cross
still has their weapon.
You will serve the Queen...
No, please.
Like it or not.
Ah!
Go to my apartment. You'll be safe there.
No, the deal was that we stick together.
I'm going alone. If I can't trust
my own people, how the
hell can I trust you?
This isn't who you are.
It's all I am.
Pierce her with iron.
Scour her by fire.
Bring her endless death.
I've missed you, Kaulder.

Here's what you don't understand.
What your kind never understood.
I've shown mercy.
I could have killed every last one of you.
I've done the math.
I've had the time.
You're different now. So confident.
Maybe you shouldn't have made me immortal.
Kaulder, I came to help.
Chloe. I told you not to...
Immortality was never yours. It was mine.
You just carried it for me.
Until now.
I am reborn.
Ah!
Your race
has always been frightened.
Hiding in caves.
Huddling around fire.
Finally.
Hey, kid. I was afraid I was too late.
I hope I don't look as rough as you do.
Okay.
I killed the one who cursed you.
Here.
Drink this.
Thank you.
The Witch Queen has returned.
I thought my immortality
was the way that she punished me.
But she just used me
to save it for herself.
I'm afraid I bear some responsibility.
It was hubris to think
that our secret wouldn't
be discovered by the enemy.
I've seen what comes next.
Death.
The Witch Queen will
cast another plague curse.
Haven't covens with that
kind of power been destroyed?
We don't destroy witches anymore.
We incarcerate them.

We took all the most powerful witches
that ever walked the Earth
and put 'em in one place.
The witch prison.
And they've been waiting,
waiting to be released.
Waiting to exact revenge.
We created the perfect coven.
Now I'm right back where I started.
You defeated her once.
You can defeat her again.
Kaulder,
you must go.
You have to fight.
Kaulder.
I never had a name for it.
But my enemies came to call it "Hexenbane."
Witch Slayer.
I'm coming, too.
Our agreement depended
on me keeping you safe.
No, our agreement was that if I helped you,
you'd keep me safe.
If I get hurt now, I stay hurt.
Where would that leave you?
You know, I don't care!
Who says that a witch can't hunt witches?
Chloe.
Kaulder.
What is this?
It's a plague tree. She's here.
When the spell is done,
the fly swarm will be released.
We haven't much time.
Stay close.
Kaulder, where are the prisoners?
My God!
Every witch I ever caught.
The Queen's using their
power to release the plague.
How?
The chant.
No witch would be strong enough
to cast this spell alone.

But the Witch Queen's
linking their minds like a chain.
So how do we stop them?
Every chain has a weak link.
- I'll do the honors.
- No.
It's not his body we need to destroy.
It's his mind.
But if he dies in his dreams,
the plague will be stopped.
I wish there was another way.
You'll still be here
when I get back, right?
You're taking on the
Queen alone, aren't you?
It has to end.
Hey.
Be careful in there.
So are you worried about me then?
Well, I've gotten used to you.
Good hunting.
You, too.
The Sentinel.
And it won't stop until this prisoner
is put back in his cell.
It's coming for Ellic.
Kaulder?
If there's any sign she's
getting hurt in there,
you have to wake her up.
And promise me you'll get her as far away
from here as you can.
Of course.
The chanting stopped.
She did it.
A dream-walker shows your past.
Only I can show the future.
You will fail, and humanity will fall.
I've taken this world back.
Not yet.
Can you feel it?
Your mortality?
Your life ebbing away?
Father!

Kaulder.
You are trespassers on our world.
Father!
I've seen it in your eyes.
You wish for death.
You know the benefit of eternal life?
I get to kill you twice.
Stop!
Kaulder!
Now...
- Chloe...
- I'm sorry.
Release my Queen.
Those witches you rescued
me from when I was a kid...
They didn't kill my parents.
They were my parents.
But sadly, I was born without magic.
You're a witch.
Yep.
- No! No!
- Get back here!
Get away from him! Let go!
Dream-walker.
Look at you,
you ugly bitch of a morning.
You turned against those
you were charged with protecting.
Yes, my Queen.
Make me whole. Help me reach my destiny.
Grant me the gift of magic.
Clay cannot be turned to gold.
Without magic, you're just a human.
Father?
My love.
You must get up.
Father, you need to get up.
Save them.
Go, my love. Fight.
You cling to your pathetic life.
And for what reason?
Those closest to you betray you,
and those you claim to protect
don't even know your name.

By iron
and fire!
Try doing that with an iPad.
Kaulder!
Kaulder?
Kaulder?
As long as the Hexen heart beats,
she's never truly dead.
No, you can't! You'll die.
I'm ready to face that reality.
No! There must be another way.
Listen to me.
When I was pulled into the shadows,
I saw that there were
things much worse than her.
In the darkness. Waiting.
Waiting for what?
The world without you.
We still need you.
I need you.
The Axe and Cross betrayed me.
I can't trust anyone.
You can trust me.
800 years I've been on this road.
Always hunting.
- Always...
- Alone.
You wouldn't be.
Besides,
you still owe me fifty thousand dollars.
Five thousand.
Oh. So we're negotiating, then?
The Axe and Cross would be bothered that
they're no longer in possession
of the Queen's heart.
I don't serve The Axe and Cross anymore.
This time I do it for me.
Well, it's about time.
You know, I used to think
the universe ran in endless circles,
always repeating itself,
always predictable.
And now?
I don't know what happens next.

Do you know what we mortals call that?

Living.

You know,

I still need you.

Well, then

I'm at your service.

Come on. You're not getting any younger.

So you ready to go, or what?

I'm driving.

Okay.