

# **Deities of the Apocalypse**

written by

**Matthew Taylor**

Copyright (C) 2019

Taylor.MJ88@Gmail.com

FADE IN:

**INT. SMALL WOODEN CHURCH - DAY**

An ELK PRIEST wearing an Elk pelt lies at the base of a tiny altar. He yelps as a spear stabs through his heart.

Holding the spear, TERA (37) short hair, light cloth clothes.

She removes an old cigarette trading card from the altar. It depicts a hunter shooting an elk. The caption underneath reads "The Hunter".

Tera struts along the aisle of the church, stepping over dead WORSHIPPERS as she goes.

SUPER: Year - 150 A.A.

TERA (V.O.)  
A A stands for 'after apocalypse'...  
in case you were wondering.

**EXT. FOREST - CHURCH COURTYARD - DAY**

Nestled amongst long dead trees under a blood red sky.

Tera walks to an old battered van. Gets in.

TERA (V.O.)  
After the reckoning, the righteous  
went to heaven, the wicked stayed  
here in hell. All religion died.  
But man needs religion, so the  
cretins invented their own...

Stuck to the dashboard, a sketch of Tera with her arm around ELSIE (15). Tera beams as she studies it.

Tera grabs a receiver from a HAM radio on the dashboard.

TERA  
I want to talk to her.  
(beat)  
I don't give a shit, I want to know  
she is okay--

--A terrifying roar from the other end of the radio.

TERA  
Fuck you! Once I get these last  
cards I'm coming for your fat ass.

Tera slams down the receiver, clunks the gear stick into first.

**MONTAGE - VARIOUS**

A) **INT. TREE HOUSE CHURCH - DAY** - Feathered worshippers jump down to the forest floor. Tera snaps their arms, slashes their throats. She picks up a "The Bird" cigarette card.

B) **EXT. BASEBALL THEMED CHURCH - DAY** - Tera smashes a baseball bat off the heads of worshippers in baseball uniforms. She collects a "Baseball player" cigarette card.

TERA (V.O.)  
Cigarette cards. When all other literature and art was destroyed, all that survived was a set of bloody cigarette cards.

C) **INT. CLOWN THEMED CHURCH - DAY** - Tera fights hand to hand with clown worshippers until they drop. She takes a "The Clown" cigarette card from the altar.

TERA (V.O.)  
Idiots will worship anything.

**END OF MONTAGE**

**INT. VAN - DAY**

Tera opens a leather-bound book. Inside, various trading cards in little plastic wallets, she slides the clown card into an empty slot.

Tera takes the ham receiver.

TERA  
Put her on. put her the fuck on!--  
hey, sweetie. Did you find it?  
(beat)  
Good. keep him sweet. I'll be along soon.

Tera grins, returns the receiver, clunks the gear stick into first.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

The van chugs and groans as it moves along the road.

**EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - DUSK**

Tera walks from the van to the candle lit cave entrance. A large bear head has been nailed above it.

TERA (V.O.)  
I've been saving these arseholes  
'till last...

**INT. CAVE CHURCH - DUSK**

Entirely lit by candles. BEAR PRIEST stands at an altar - A beastly physique, he wears the head and pelt of a bear.

A dozen large WORSHIPPERS draped in cloth and fur occupy several rows of rock pews.

Tera sneaks in behind, carrying a spear.

TERA (V.O.)  
...So, you would have thought that  
I had a plan...

Tera casts a shadow, spotted by a worshipper. He turns with a ROAR-- the spear glides through his mouth.

The rest of the worshippers turn to Tera- charge.

TERA (V.O.)  
...I didn't.

Tera leaps, wraps her legs around a worshipper's neck - hurricanrana. His neck snaps as his head hits the floor.

Another lifts Terra over his head, throws her against the cave wall.

The back of her tops rips- underneath, two stubs of amputated wings.

More worshippers descend. Tera pulls out a knife, stabs at them-- she catches a sharp right hand, hits the ground. The fist comes again--

--she stabs a knife straight through, jumps to her feet and delivers a killer blow.

With fury, Tera stabs, kicks, punches - a flurry of attacks drops worshipper after worshipper.

Tera sprints for the altar. A giant FIST punches her in the face- she drops to the ground.

The fist comes again, busts her nose. It comes again-- she rolls, it slams into the floor.

The worshipper's cries of pain stop as Tera slits his throat.

Tera dashes for the spear - launches it at the advancing Bear Priest - it penetrates his shoulder, still he charges.

She grabs the end of the spear, uses it to spin him around until he slams into the cave wall, the spear splits.

Groggy, Bear Priest turns - Tera picks up the broken spear shaft and thrusts it through his chin. He drops.

Tera stumbles to the altar, takes a "The Bear" cigarette card.

#### **INT. VAN - DUSK**

Tera opens the leather book, puts the newly acquired cigarette card into a plastic wallet.

She picks up the HAM receiver.

TERA  
Get-fucking-ready.

Tera slams the receiver down, slams the gear stick into first, REVS the engine.

#### **EXT. GOTHIC CHURCH - NIGHT**

The van pulls up - Tera gets out, eyes up the dark and intimidating church, exhales.

She opens up the back of the van - picks up an array of knives and stashes them all over her body.

#### **INT. GOTHIC CHURCH - DUSK**

Dark and eerie - a dozen WORSHIPPERS in dark cloaks sit on ten rows of stone pews.

They face a large stone altar. Behind it sits Belphegor, his flab spilling over the sides of his stone throne. Meat drops onto his rotund belly as he bites into a roasted human leg.

Tera bursts through the large wooden doors - all eyes on her.

Belphegor brings a HAM radio receiver to his mouth.

BELPHEGOR

Stop disrespecting me on the  
fucking radio!

Belphegor throws the radio towards Tera - misses.

TERA

My obligation is done. Where is she?

BELPHEGOR

(Mouth full)

Prove it.

Tera throws the leather book towards the altar - a worshipper picks it up and hands it to Belphegor.

He inspects the cigarette cards - chortles. He nods to one of his followers who-

-dutifully brings out ELSIE (15) skinny and terrified.

BELPHEGOR

Took you long enough, I expected  
more from an angel-- Oh sorry, from  
a *former* angel.

Belphegor's whole body wobbles as he chuckles.

Elsie tries to move forwards; the worshipper holds on tight.

TERA

Just let her go you fat, lazy shit.

BELPHEGOR

Tut tut. It's that attitude that  
lost you your wings.

Belphegor flicks through the cards, one is missing. He glares at Tera.

BELPHEGOR

Useless bitch! You missed one. Kill  
the girl.

With preternatural speed, Tera retrieves the knives from her body, launches one at Elsie, the rest at Belphegor.

Elsie snatches the knife from the air, thrusts it into her captors throat.

Worshippers leap in front of the other flying knives. One by one they drop until no more worshippers are left. One knife still flies.

Belphegor's eyes cross as he looks at the knife sticking out of his forehead. He chuckles.

BELPHEGOR

A knife? I overestimated you.

Elsie dives for the altar, pulls out a large jewel embellished phial with gold handles.

She throws it to Tera- who catches it.

Belphegor's face drops.

TERA

I've been looking for this for a long time. Holy blood should not be in the hands of a demon.

Tera smashes the phial, tips it into her open mouth- small drops of blood drip onto her tongue.

Panicked, Belphegor struggles to lift his flabby frame from his seat, he's wedged in.

Tera CRIES in pain as two huge black WINGS emerge from her back.

She jumps, glides gracefully through the air wings spread. Eventually lands onto Belphegor and places her hands on his face.

Belphegor writhes and squirms as his face burns from the angel's touch. After an excruciating beat, his movements stop. Dead.

Tera retrieves a "The Demon" card from the altar, places it into the empty slot of the book. She pulls out another card - "The Angel" - places it on the altar.

Elsie and Tera embrace.

The pair gaze at the dead worshippers.

TERA

Tomorrow, we find our own followers.

Tera stretches out her newly returned wings.

FADE OUT.