

PROPHETS

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EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The SOUND of HELICOPTERS hovering overhead permeates the darkness.

Below, a cargo liner is slowly sinking into the calm depths of the ocean.

Rescue helicopters pluck crewmen from rafts surrounding the cargo ship, and deliver them to a luxury cruise ship that sits at a safe distance.

Scattered radio chatter is audible over the sound of the helicopters.

RADIO #1 (V.O.)  
...picking up three more actives  
now.

RADIO #2 (V.O.)  
Any of them the Navigational  
Officer?

RADIO #1 (V.O.)  
Negative.

RADIO #2 (V.O.)  
If you do, notify immediately and  
deliver to Coast Guard. He's the  
one who ran the ship aground.

RADIO #1 (V.O.)  
Copy that.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP DECK - NIGHT

A group of rescued, wet crew members are huddled together sitting on the deck.

A well dressed COUPLE in their mid-60's , passengers of the cruise ship, pass by in the opposite direction.

MAN  
...heard that their cargo was a  
mercy mission to try and aid the  
famine victims in some poverty  
stricken country.

WOMAN  
What a tragedy.

A COAST GUARD OFFICER passes by the couple, headed in the opposite direction. He is talking on his radio.

(CONTINUED)

COAST GUARD OFFICER  
Any sign of the ship's Navigator?

RADIO #3 (V.O.)  
Last spotted in the dining hall  
with the rest of the crew.

COAST GUARD OFFICER  
Copy that.

INT. CRUISE SHIP DINING HALL - NIGHT

A family of four, husband and wife and two children, are sitting at a table with their food in front of them.

A large group of sailors from the rescued ship noisily enter the dining room. The sailors storm the buffet line like savages, shoving the cruise ship passengers out of the way.

The family sitting at the table all turn their heads to watch the commotion.

An overweight, sloppily dressed sailor in his late 30's, with a patch on his shirt reading "Navigator", walks by the family's table. He is balancing multiple overflowing plates filled with food.

The sailor reaches down and picks up the youngest child's plate of food without anyone at the table noticing. He adds it to the teetering pile of plates he is holding, without breaking stride.

The sailor's cell phone rings.

He takes a hamburger from the child's plate he just stole, drops the rest of the uneaten food he is carrying in the trash and grabs his phone. He takes a bite from the burger while reading the message on his phone.

The sailor pushes open the swinging double doors to the kitchen and enters.

INT. LABORATORY CLEAN ROOM - DAY

Double doors swing open and reveal the interior of a busy laboratory.

In the rear of the lab, a person is standing by himself, covered head to toe in a white jumpsuit and a mask.

(CONTINUED)

The test tubes on the bench next to him are labeled with some of the worst viruses known to man; Ebola, Smallpox, etc.

The man picks up one of the tubes, and then slowly begins to pour it into another. The researcher sneezes, spilling a small amount of the virus on to the table he's working on.

The researcher picks up another of the tubes, labeled Smallpox, and begins to pour it into another vial.

A maintenance man pushing a laundry bin comes by, and the researcher pouring the virus into the tube accidentally bumps into the cart.

A small amount of the virus lands on the table and mixes with the previous spill.

As the researcher turns to see what he ran into, the newly mixed super virus drips off the table and into the laundry cart.

The researcher's cell phone rings.

The researcher takes off his mask to reveal a man in his late 30's, with a thin, pale unhealthy looking face framed with large, thick black glasses.

The researcher pulls out his phone, sneezes again, then reads the message displayed on the screen.

The researcher closes his phone and walks away from his workstation towards the exit.

The maintenance man pushes his laundry cart towards a chute and tosses the contaminated clothes into it.

EXT. OUTDOOR LOADING DOCK - DAY

The contaminated clothes land in a bin, where they are thrown into a laundry truck.

The double doors of the laundry truck are closed, and the truck pulls off down the street.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Double doors to the back of a truck fly open, and heavily armed Mexican soldiers pile out on to the dirt road.

Additional soldiers approach and surround a seemingly vacant barn.

One of the soldiers takes a cautious look into one of the windows.

INT. BARN - DAY

Inside the barn is an 18 wheeler, a red Hummer limousine, various cars and a group of about 20 heavily armed people who are involved in an obvious illegal arms transaction.

An impressive display of firearms is laid out on a table in front of the truck, and different people are lifting them up and trying them out.

The back of the 18 wheeler is filled to the top with crates containing a massive amount of weapons.

The soldier who is looking through the window stands up and yells.

SOLDIER  
(in Spanish)  
Everyone freeze and put down you  
weapons!

Everyone in the barn stops and turns towards the soldiers voice, but they do not put down their weapons.

SOLDIER  
(in Spanish)  
Put down your weapons! Where is the  
Dark One?

A muscular black man in his mid 30's, dressed in an expensive suit and wearing dark sunglasses, slowly rises out of the sunroof of the Hummer limousine.

With a joyful smile on his face, he lifts up a huge machine gun and methodically begins spraying the walls of the barn.

The ground is covered with empty shell casings. The man stops firing.

In the dead silence following his eruption, his cell phone rings.

He tosses the gun on the ground, grabs his phone, and casually reads the message.

The men inside the barn peek out from the cover they have taken. They immediately begin trading gunfire with each other and the soldiers outside.

(CONTINUED)

The man standing in the sunroof of the limousine ignores all of the bullets flying around him while he finishes reading the message on his phone.

His smile disappears as he places the phone back in his pocket, and then slides back down into the interior of the limousine.

The limousine pulls off and crashes through the barn door, all the while being peppered with gunfire.

Grenades are tossed out of the limousine's sunroof as it speeds away.

As the limo speeds down the dirt road, a voice intones:

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

(deep, dramatic male baritone)

As ye walk through the Valley of  
Death, though shalt know my name is  
the Lord!

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

(sarcastic female)

Wow. I would have gone with "I'm  
tired of these motherfuckin' snakes  
on this motherfuckin' plane", if  
you were gonna roll with irrelevant  
Samuel Jackson movie quotes.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

It's not from a movie, it's the  
bible.

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

A 25 year old guy is sitting in an overstuffed chair. His name is STEVE. He holds a video game controller in his hands, wearing a headset with a microphone in front of his face, and staring intently at the video game he is playing on an incredibly huge flat screen television.

Except for the light emitting from the television, the room is completely dark.

The game is mimicking the prior live-action scene, with a limousine speeding down a dirt road shooting grenades.

The conversation is audible over Steve's headset. The female voice, named SAMANTHA, replies sarcastically.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Ooh, soorry Fat Boy. By the way, are you a bible thumper or a serial killer? Is playing T.U.N.A the only thing saving us from being in your closet as skin suits?

The video game on screen shows the limousine being chased by four horsemen.

The male voice, named PHILIP, responds in a stuffy, stoic manner.

PHILIP (V.O.)

Samantha, please stop calling me "Fat Boy"; my God given name is Philip. Actually, this game is based on characters in the bible. Revelation 6, 7-8 states "I looked, and there before me was a pale horse! Its rider was named Death, and..."

The video game shows the horsemen stop as they come across an angel battling a demon.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Yeah, yeah. Been there, done that; read the book before I got kicked out of Catholic school.

The video game shows the four horsemen attacking the demon alongside the angel.

Steve smiles while still holding the controller.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

(cont'd)

So Steve, fearless leader. You above joining in our witty banter?

The video game shows fire raining down from the sky and the earth cracking open while the angel and horsemen continue battling the demon.

STEVE

Just focusing on finishing this level guys.

The video game shows the angel and the horsemen killing the demon. The horsemen then turn and begin fighting the angel.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP (V.O.)  
Really? We won't even have to get  
this far to win the tournament  
tonight.

The video game shows the horsemen defeating the angel, who falls to the ground.

PHILIP (V.O.)  
(cont'd in a 'Dr. Phil'  
southern accent)  
Dr. Phil here, today Steve, aka  
Death, joins us. Steve, tell us a  
little something about yourself.

The video game shows Satan rising up through the cracked earth and a heavenly light shooting down from the sky.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)  
Yeah, c'mon! I'm the bitter bitch  
and Fat Boy is the Jesus  
freak. Just need to stereotype you,  
and we can move on.

Steve's cell phone rings once.

STEVE  
Saved by the bell.

While still holding his game controller, Steve picks up his cell phone and looks at the text message that just came in.

STEVE  
(cont'd)  
Shit! I gotta go - late with a  
delivery.

Steve jumps up and tosses the controller on the chair. He turns and opens the curtains covering the window, and the room is bathed in broad daylight.

The light reveals a small studio apartment. Practically bare, the only items are an unmade bed, overstuffed chair, and a humongous flat screen television that almost covers an entire wall.

On the kitchen counter is a bowl of fruit, from which Steve quickly grabs an apple.

He opens up the refrigerator and grabs a small cooler with the label "Lab Specimen".

Steve runs out the door.



## EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL

As Steve runs down the exterior steps he has to run an obstacle course around several people who are walking up and down the stairs. They are all oblivious to him because their heads are down, staring at their phones.

A young BOY, about 10 years old, pushes past Steve on the steps. Steve stumbles on the stairs and bumps the boy, who has paused to yell on his phone.

BOY

Shut up Mom! When I get home I will  
punch you in the nuts!

Steve stares at the boy. The boy turns and looks at Steve.

BOY

You got a problem?

STEVE

Um, you um, almost knocked me down.

BOY

Yeah, and if your Mama wasn't a ho,  
you wouldn't of been born and in my  
way!

Several people who were walking down the stairs looking at their phones stop and watch the confrontation. One starts to record video of it with their phone.

Steve sees everyone looking at him, then looks down nervously at the ground.

BOY

What, you drop your ball sack on  
the ground? You got something to  
say?

Steve, still looking down at the ground, hurries past the boy and down the steps.

STEVE

(mumbles)

No.

The people watching in the stairwell resume walking and staring at their phones.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Steve reaches the curb, where he straps the cooler to the back of a bright yellow street racing motorcycle.

Steve maneuvers his motorcycle through the bustling streets of downtown San Diego, CA.

Everyone walking on the streets has their heads down, self-absorbed, texting or talking on their cell phones. Occasionally they bump into each other, but just continue on their way with no acknowledgment.

As Steve pulls up to a large office building, a bullet pocked red Hummer limousine cuts him off and pulls into the driveway in front of him.

Steve shakes his head at the limousine, then parks his bike and runs up into the building.

INT. LARGE TOWER OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Steve walks up to the bank of elevators and presses the button. The elevator doors open, there is one person in the elevator. It is the laboratory researcher who spread the virus earlier.

This is PESTILENCE, one of the Four Horsemen of Apocalypse.

Steve smiles at him. Pestilence returns the greeting by sneezing, then blowing his nose loudly.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

As the elevator doors close, Pestilence notices the medical symbol on the side of the cooler that Steve is carrying.

Pestilence speaks to Steve in a sniffling, nasally voice.

PESTILENCE

I couldn't help noticing that you  
are a medical professional?

STEVE

Not really, I'm just...

PESTILENCE

Do you mind if I ask your opinion?

Pestilence lifts up his shirt to reveal his pale, almost jaundice torso.

(CONTINUED)

PESTILENCE

Does that rash look like it's something serious?

STEVE

I'm not a doctor or anything, I just transport specimens to...

PESTILENCE

Look closer, it's underneath my left nipple.

STEVE

But I'm not a...

PESTILENCE

It's right there, look closer.

Pestilence moves closer to Steve, cornering him against one side of the elevator.

PESTILENCE

Do you see it?

Pestilence shoves his chest into Steve's face.

STEVE

Um, it doesn't look too bad?

PESTILENCE

What do you think it is?

STEVE

Maybe you are allergic to cats or something?

Pestilence backs away from Steve and drops his shirt.

PESTILENCE

But I don't have any cats?

The elevator rings, and the doors open on Steve's floor. Steve rushes out.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

STEVE

Have a good day!

Pestilence, looking down at his chest, has a confused look on his face.

(CONTINUED)

## PESTILENCE

I don't even know anyone with  
cats...

The elevator doors close on Pestilence's puzzled face.

Steve quickly walks down the hallway and enters a massive room, full of cubicles with people working. Steve navigates down the aisle until he arrives at a door which has the sign "Chemical Testing & Safety Laboratory".

Steve place his cooler in the bin that reads "Specimen Drop Off".

Steve takes a different route then the way he came in and casually walks up to a large reception desk.

Standing at the reception desk, off to the side is the overweight ship's navigator. He is leaning on the front counter, eating all of the candy from the complimentary dish.

This is FAMINE, another one of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

Famine is attempting to flirt with the receptionist, JENNIFER, an attractive woman in her early 20's.

## FAMINE

So, you didn't answer my  
question. You, me, and all you can  
eat Chinese food later or what?

## JENNIFER

Look, I have a lot of work to do  
and...

Steve steps up next to Famine to talk to Jennifer.

## STEVE

Hi Jennifer, sorry to interrupt...

## JENNIFER

(rolling her eyes towards  
Famine)  
No problem Steve, you weren't  
interrupting.

## STEVE

I was a little late with the  
delivery today, so I just ran in  
and dropped it off. Would you mind  
signing for it?

JENNIFER

Without seeing it? I guess I can,  
but I'm only trusting you because  
you have such a beautiful smile.

Steve smiles shyly, then hands Jennifer a tablet for her to sign for the delivery. The receptionist smiles and takes it from him.

STEVE

Thanks, I uh, like your smile to.

Famine glances at Steve, gives him a patronizing smile, then focuses his attention on the candy dish as he picks through it.

Jennifer hands Steve back the tablet. Steve smiles at her.

STEVE

(cont'd)

Thanks. So, um, do you think maybe  
sometime, we, um could, maybe, you  
know after work...

Jennifer's phone rings.

JENNIFER

Sorry, I have to get this.

Jennifer answers the phone.

JENNIFER

(cont'd)

Yes, he's right here at the  
counter.

Jennifer looks at Famine. Famine smiles, and pushes his way in front of Steve, blocking him from Jennifer.

JENNIFER

(cont'd)

I'll send him in now.

An embarrassed Steve quickly walks away and exits through the doors.

Famine looks at Steve and rolls his eyes. He turns towards Jennifer, with a lecherous smile on his face.

JENNIFER

(cont'd)

Sir, your meeting is starting soon  
so you should head towards the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER (cont'd)  
conference room. I believe you know  
where it is?

FAMINE  
If your fine little self would  
escort me, I'd appreciate it. You  
go first so I can enjoy the view.

Annoyed, Jennifer leads Famine down the hallway to a set of doors. She pushes the doors open, and Famine walks through, giving her a lurid smile as he passes by.

As the doors close, another person can be seen in the room. It is the muscular back man who shot up the barn from the sunroof of the Hummer limousine. The doors close.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

BOBBY BROWN, of New Edition fame, is walking towards the register of a small liquor store. He is holding a bag of chips and a few other items.

A MAN enters the store. He appears to be in his 30's, disheveled, with long scraggly hair and wearing a Slayer (Death Metal band) t-shirt. The man looks around nervously, then heads towards the cashier.

Bobby Brown almost runs into the man in the Slayer t-shirt.

BOBBY BROWN  
Sorry, go ahead.

Bobby Brown motions for the man to pass in front of him.

MAN  
Uhh...you go first.

The man in the Slayer t-shirt steps back.

Bobby Brown walks up to the CASHIER and places his items on the counter. The cashier is a Korean man in his early 40's who speaks with a strong accent.

CASHIER  
Bobby Brown! My Prerogative!

Bobby Brown smiles uncomfortably.

The cashier starts dancing behind the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CASHIER

(singing)

They say I'm nasty/But I don't give  
a damn/Gettin' girls is how I live

BOBBY BROWN

Ha, yeah that's me.

CASHIER

I proposed to my girlfriend singing  
Roni to her! You my nigga!

The man in the Slayer t-shirt is becoming visibly annoyed. Bobby Brown pushes his items towards the cashier.

BOBBY BROWN

That's great, but I'm kinda in a  
rush...

The cashier ignores him.

CASHIER

(singing)

The truth about a roni, she's  
always on the phone/Talking to her  
homeboy, wishin' they were home  
alone...

The man in the Slayer t-shirt pulls out a gun from his waistband. Bobby Brown and the cashier do not see this.

BOBBY BROWN

Really, I need to get going-

CASHIER

Bitch said no, and filed a  
restraining order! All I did was  
let her know that...

The cashier starts dancing again.

CASHIER

(cont'd)

Every little step you take/I will  
be there/Every little step you  
make/We'll be together/I can't  
think too straight, I'm all  
confused...

The man in the Slayer t-shirt shoots Bobby Brown in the back. Bobby Brown collapses to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Can't take it anymore  
man! Parachute pants blow chunks!  
Fear the mullet!

The cashier screams hysterically.

The man in the Slayer t-shirt slams the door open and runs out.

Instead of swinging shut, the door is held open by a large muscular man in a black suit - a bodyguard - who is wearing sunglasses and carrying a scythe.

A cloaked, hooded figure walks through the door.

This is DEATH, the leader of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

The cashier can not see Death or the bodyguard, but continues screaming.

Death looks down at the prone body of Bobby Brown, and speaks with a woman's voice.

DEATH

This fool has beat me so many  
times, and this is how he goes out?

Death puts her hands on her hips.

DEATH

(cont'd)

I ain't taking him - I am soooo  
done with this crap.

Death turns around and exits the liquor store.

The bodyguard looks down at Bobby Brown, shrugs his shoulders and follows Death out the door.

Bobby Brown starts to move, then stands up.

The cashier is still screaming. Bobby Brown picks up a pen and scrap paper from the counter.

BOBBY BROWN

Alright, here's my autograph. Just  
stop screaming, okay?

The cashier stops screaming as Bobby Brown signs his name.

Bobby Brown picks up his items and walks out the door.

(CONTINUED)



The cashier, with a numb expression, watches Bobby Brown leave.

The cashier shakes his head to clear it, then starts to run out from behind the counter.

CASHIER  
Motherfucker, you didn't pay!

INT. MALL VIDEO GAME STORE - NIGHT

PHILIP is working behind the counter at the register of a video game store in a mall. Philip is a cleanly dressed, well shaven man around 30 years old.

Philip is talking to Jennifer, the receptionist from the office building, who is standing in front of the counter.

JENNIFER  
...it's for my nephew, but I know nothing about video games. What do you suggest?

PHILIP  
Well, the hottest game right now is T.U.N.A.

Philip takes a game off of the rack behind him and places it on the counter. The cover reads "Total Unending Nonstop Armageddon".

JENNIFER  
Um, interesting title.

PHILIP  
Not to brag, but my team, Prophets Of The Apocalypse, currently is the highest ranked in the world.

JENNIFER  
Really?

PHILIP  
Yes, and as a matter of fact -

Philip watches as Steve walks into the store.

PHILIP  
Here's the captain of the team now.

JENNIFER

Steve!

STEVE

Oh, um, hi Jennifer!

JENNIFER

I didn't know you were some sort of  
big time video game guy?

Jennifer hands Philip a credit card and motions for him to  
ring up the game.

STEVE

Yeah, I, um -

Philip hands Jennifer her receipt and the video game.

PHILIP

He's modest, but Steve has netted  
us money and prizes while leading  
us to tournament wins.

JENNIFER

Wow! You know Steve, I'd love to  
hear more about this. We should do  
lunch or dinner sometime.

STEVE

Um, okay...I mean sure, I'd like  
that.

JENNIFER

Well you know where to find me.

As Jennifer turns and walks out of the store, a teenage  
CUSTOMER walks in. His face lights up in recognition of  
Steve.

CUSTOMER

Epic domination! The leader of the  
of the Apocalypse!

Steve watches Jennifer leave with a love struck look on his  
face.

CUSTOMER

(cont'd)

How do you guys whup ass so much?!

Steve still is staring after Jennifer.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

(laughing)

Well, if you are willing to have no social life, that pretty much covers it.

As Steve talks, Philip begins to close up the store.

PHILIP

Yes, refusing to speak up for what you want equals epic domination!

Steve keeps staring out the door.

STEVE

Just got a little nervous is all.

CUSTOMER

So, you got some winning T.U.N.A to drop on me?

Steve turns and looks at the Customer.

STEVE

Sure. You remember "Neo" in "The Matrix", right? Just the first Matrix; the other two made no sense and turned Keanu Reeves into Jesus, which isn't good for anybody.

PHILIP

Just get to the point and stop with the Matrix bashing.

STEVE

(rolls his eyes towards Philip)

The cool thing about the Matrix is that at the end, Neo had ultimate control of that virtual world. He was in complete control of everything in the Matrix universe, even though in the real world he was hiding and in control of nothing. I gave up a long time ago believing that I could control anything in the real world, but I can do anything in the virtual world - just like Neo.

The customer stares at Steve with a dazed and confused look on his face for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

## CUSTOMER

Lost me dude. I just wanted to know if you had some cheat codes or some shit like that.

The guy turns and wanders out of the store.

## PHILIP

Aww, guess you lost another convert to your Church of Playing Video Games While Waiting For Life To Pass You By.

They exit the store and Philip closes the gate covering the door.

## INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

SAMANTHA, a 33 year old, pale, overweight woman, is sitting in a room in front of a flat screen television. A cigarette dangling from her mouth, it is obvious that she is not the picture of good health - evidenced by the mountain of pizza boxes strewn about the room.

Seated in a ratty overstuffed recliner, Samantha is intently staring at the screen, holding a video game controller and balancing a slice of pizza on her lap.

Death appears behind Samantha, still wearing the black cloak with her face hidden.

Samantha is oblivious to the presence of Death.

## DEATH

My, Samantha, aren't you the specimen of health. I probably could have waited a few months, and you would of just showed up at my door anyway.

Death reaches out her hand to touch Samantha.

## INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Seated at the long conference table are Famine and Pestilence.

Famine is leaning on the table and eating from the candy dish that he took from the receptionist's desk. He is listening to Pestilence with a bored expression on his face. Pestilence has his shirt lifted up, pointing at his nipple and showing Famine his non-existent rash.

(CONTINUED)

## PESTILENCE

Can you see it? Does it look like I'm allergic to cats or anything? Because I haven't been around any cats.

## FAMINE

(With a mouth full of candy)  
Uh uh. Yeah, cats.

Standing at the window with his back to the others is the large black man in the dark sunglasses who had fired the machine gun from the sunroof of the Hummer limousine in the barn.

This is WAR, another one of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

A tall, statuesque, attractive woman in her mid-thirties walks into the conference room. This is Death, the leader of the Four Horsemen.

## DEATH

Gentlemen, and I use that term loosely.

## FAMINE

Hey, it's the big boss woman, Dead Woman Walking, El Jefe de Muerto, the #1 stunner, the -

## DEATH

Famine, I haven't seen you for over 100 years, yet you still have the ability to annoy the crap out of me after only 10 seconds. Congratulations.

## FAMINE

(shoving a handful of candy in his mouth)  
Well, you know I do what I do, and I must say I do it damn good.

War is standing with his back to the group.

Death glances at Pestilence, then rubs the bridge of her nose in frustration as she sees Pestilence with his shirt up staring at his left nipple, looking for his rash and oblivious to the proceedings.

(CONTINUED)

DEATH

Hello Pestilence. As always, some things never seem to change.

Death directs her attention towards War, who is still looking out the window.

War ignores her and continues looking out the window with his back towards the group.

WAR

Let's cut the formalities Death. Please tell me you gathered us here for some other reason than just to engage in a dysfunctional family reunion.

DEATH

War, why are you in such a rush? Do you have another high quality Granada war to orchestrate?

War turns towards Death, his voice rising in anger.

WAR

Look bitch, I've been sick of you for going on 2 millennium, so get to the fucking point!

DEATH

So angry... Yes, as War and only War can put it, "the fucking point". Well gentlemen, the point is that I'm tired and ready to retire.

FAMINE

Whoa, hold the phone. Are you saying what I think you're saying?

WAR

Last time you said that you not only caused the Great Depression, but we almost lost our jobs.

Pestilence has put his shirt down and is now paying attention with a worried look on his face.

PESTILENCE

Do you think we could stop complaining at least until Death tells us what she has in mind?

(CONTINUED)

War turns back towards the window. Death smiles at Pestilence and nods her head in thanks.

## DEATH

Although War hasn't figured it out yet, some of us have learned that just killing the right person won't bring on the Apocalypse. Neither will starving millions, collapsing banks, causing plagues, or world wars.

## FAMINE

Yeah, but that shit's fun!

War turns around and looks at Famine.

## WAR

Will you shut up? She's long winded enough without constant interruptions from Coco The Butt-Farting Monkey.

## DEATH

The simple fact is that we will never be able to go home unless we wipe this place clean.

## PESTILENCE

But you know that's not our decision to make; humans wouldn't have lasted five seconds if we had free will. All we can do is our jobs, nothing more or nothing less.

## DEATH

True, which is why, until now, we've had to rely on insane despots, greedy bankers, the weak and the stupid... and they have always failed us.

## PESTILENCE

Until now?

## DEATH

Yes, because up until now we haven't been following the message in the manual.

## PESTILENCE

Which one?

## DEATH

The Bible, the Koran, the Torah, it doesn't matter, they all have the same message that we've been ignoring: Man is in control of their own destiny.

Famine stands up as if to leave, still holding the candy dish.

## FAMINE

So you called us together for that news flash?

## DEATH

Sit down Fat Ass!

Famine hangs his head and slowly sits down.

## FAMINE

(mumbling)

I'm just big boned...

## DEATH

We've failed because we have never let Man lead us; we've always tried to mold them into our image, which always fails.

War turns away from the window and looks at Death.

## WAR

So what are you proposing?

## DEATH

We need to guide a group of humans to trigger the 7 Signs - but on a small, local scale so we can stay under the radar until it's too late for the higher and lower up's to stop it.

Death points to one of the televisions, which is displaying the game Total Unending Nonstop Armageddon (T.U.N.A).

## DEATH

(cont'd)

Due to my foresight, I've developed this insanely popular game to identify just the right humans to assist us.

(CONTINUED)



FAMINE

I'm confused.

DEATH

Of course you are.

FAMINE

Why do you always have to be so damn vague? I'm getting hungry; please just tell us what to do.

Death hangs her head and rubs the bridge of her nose in frustration. Without looking up, she turns towards Pestilence.

DEATH

Please tell him the first of the Seven Signs Of The Apocalypse.

PESTILENCE

The false prophets will deceive many.

Death points to the large screen television on the conference room wall, which is now displaying a picture of Steve and Philip standing in the mall.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

Philip and Steve have exited the store, and are standing in the interior corridor of a large indoor mall. Philip is lowering the gate in front of the door to lock it up for the night.

PHILIP

...so, you are trying to tell me that the reason you decided to drop out of college, and left me to fend for myself I might add, was because you don't believe in free will?

STEVE

Are you ever going to let that go? Why do you get butt-hurt so easily?

PHILIP

Butt-hurt? Really? And why do you always have to answer a question with a question?

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Why, does that bother you?

Philip and Steve walk down the interior of a shopping mall.

PHILIP

Stop that. For all that's holy,  
answer the question.

STEVE

You've asked me like six in the  
past minute. What was the question  
again?

PHILIP

Why did you drop out of college,  
with no plan but to play video  
games?

STEVE

College wasn't in the cards for  
me. Just seemed like an expensive  
place to waste time to figure out  
what I wanted to do in life.

PHILIP

And that is?

STEVE

Don't know, but I have no control  
over that. Fate will tell me what  
to do.

PHILIP

Your fatalistic theory of life  
gives you excellent justification  
to never do anything. Good job.

STEVE

You are one to talk. Look at you -  
graduated college and managing a  
video game store in the mall.

PHILIP

That has nothing to do with fate;  
that's my choice. Besides, only  
fools go to college thinking that  
your diploma comes with a job.

Philip and Steve continue walking down the mall corridor.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

That proves I was right to leave.

PHILIP

What does?

STEVE

You were meant to stay in college and work here, and I was meant to drop out - it's our pre-determined fate.

PHILIP

If we follow your painful logic "oh, I have no free will", then who or what is 'controlling' your fate?

STEVE

Who or what is not important. It just is.

PHILIP

(looks towards the sky)  
Lord, please grant me the strength to deal with your children.

They reach a restaurant. Philip pulls open the door to the restaurant and they both enter.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Philip and Steve approach the front counter of the restaurant, and are greeted by the hostess.

STEVE

We don't have a lot of time before the tournament, so I hope the new guy and Samantha show up.

(turning towards the hostess)  
Table for four please.

The hostess leads them to a table near the bar. Steve and Philip sit down at the table.

STEVE

(cont'd)  
So did he do it?

PHILIP

Who do what?

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

God - did he give you strength to deal with me?

PHILIP

You know it doesn't work that way.

STEVE

Then why did you ask? Seriously, I respect your faith and everything, but religion is a bit like masturbating with a cheese grater; a lot of pain hoping for some pleasure that never arrives until you die.

PHILIP

That's not what it's about at - wait - "masturbating with a cheese grater"?

As Philip speaks, Steve is looking over Philip's shoulder at something else.

Philip, noticing he no longer has Steve's attention, turns to look.

They see a large group gathered at the bar in a semi-circle, laughing and applauding.

The crowd opens up to reveal a man with his finger apparently on fire.

This is JUDE. Dressed all in black and sporting a neatly trimmed goatee, Jude appears to be around 30 years old.

Jude blows on his finger and extinguishes the flame to the delight of the crowd.

Jude glances over and smiles at Philip and Steve, gives them a smarmy point and wink, then saunters towards their table.

Philip turns back towards the table, hangs his head, and shakes it slowly. Steve takes his eyes off of the approaching man and looks at Philip.

PHILIP

(still shaking his head)  
You've got to be kidding me.

STEVE

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP  
(not looking up)  
That's our new teammate.

Jude approaches the table with a large smile on his face. He addresses Philip.

JUDE  
I had no idea you were a part of  
our little team! Haven't seen you  
in ages, you old bastard!

Philip raises his head and looks at Jude.

PHILIP  
Was hoping that it would be longer  
than that, Jude.

JUDE  
So hurtful, Philly Phil. After a  
millennium you still can't say that  
we are friends?

PHILIP  
(voice rising)  
Friends? Really? So that time with  
the Canaanites you slapped me with  
a...and you have the nerve to be a  
part of this...

STEVE  
Umm...how about I get us some  
drinks?

Steve quickly stands up to escape the tension and heads to the bar. Philip pauses and takes a deep calming breath, then looks at Jude.

PHILIP  
What do you know?

JUDE  
I know I'm about to tell that chica  
over there that there's a party in  
my pants and she's invited.

PHILIP  
So, yet again, you have no idea if  
you are going to save or destroy.

JUDE  
(pointing to himself)  
Captain Save A Ho only destroys it  
in the bedroom, Phili-Pimp!

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

You quite possibly could be the dumbest thing ever created.

Steve returns to the table, precariously balancing four beers and four shots of tequila in his arms.

STEVE

I figured this would get us start-

Steve freezes in mid-sentence as he glances towards the door and Death walks in. A stunning woman, she turns heads as she walks through the restaurant.

As Death reaches the table, Philip whispers to Jude.

PHILIP

That's her.

JUDE

No shit Sherlock.

Philip glares at Jude.

Death walks up to the table and privileges them with a jaw-dropping smile.

DEATH

So if my guess is right, you gentlemen must be the Prophets of the Apocalypse.

STEVE

Ummm, we are that gentleme...I mean we Prophets are...um...are you Samantha?

DEATH

(laughing)

No - let's just say that I am her replacement.

JUDE

Can we get your name so I can spank bank it later?

DEATH

I am the Grim Reaper; Death.

PHILIP

What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

(turning towards Philip)  
Whoa. I don't think you are supposed to encourage someone's delusions, no matter how ridiculously attractive they are.

DEATH

(ignoring Steve)  
It's time for the Armageddon, and you gentlemen are going to make it happen.

JUDE

Cool, I'm in.

STEVE

(turning towards Philip)  
Please tell me you haven't lost a grip on reality yet like these other two nutbags clearly have.

PHILIP

(ignoring Steve)  
Humans don't end the world; that's God's call.

DEATH

Incorrect. Mankind pulls the trigger. The Horsemen are just the bullet loaded into the gun by God.

JUDE

Not that I'm not down with the world-ending gig, but what do you need us for?

DEATH

I'm giving you sacks of meat a choice. With your help, the world ends smoothly.

PHILIP

And if we don't help you?

DEATH

Oh you know, the usual. Plagues that cause your flesh to fall off, lots and lots of anal rape, nuclear wars...

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Anal ra..? Okaaaayyy. But why us?

DEATH

Your little group has shown great  
promise in the virtual world and  
this is your opportunity to go pro.

Steve stands up and looks at a non-existent watch on his  
wrist.

STEVE

It's time for me to get off this  
crazy train.

PHILIP

Steve, please sit down.

Steve looks at Philip.

STEVE

(still standing)

I always thought you were the  
sanest person I knew.

Death looks into Steve's eyes.

DEATH

Sit.

Steve slowly sits down.

Philip has a his hands folded underneath his chin with a  
contemplative look on his face.

Jude is smiling, and raises his shot glass to toast.

JUDE

Well, it sounds like it's last  
call.

Death raises her shot glass as well.

Philip slowly removes his hands from underneath his chin and  
folds them in front of him on the table. He pauses for a  
moment, looks at Steve, then picks up his shot glass and  
raises it with the others.

JUDE

So Steve, Big Papi, you in?

Steve looks at Philip for guidance. Philip nods solemnly at  
Steve, and Jude pushes a shot glass into Steve's limp hand.

(CONTINUED)



Steve tightens his grip around the glass.

JUDE

To the end of the world!

Steve slowly raises his glass to meet the others.

PHILIP

A peaceful end.

They all clink glasses, and down their shots.

The room immediately becomes blurry, and starts spinning. Through the fog Steve hears Death.

DEATH

Poor little guy really can't hold  
his liquor...

Steve blacks out.

INT. HUMMER STRETCH LIMOUSINE - MOVING - NIGHT

The deep, burly voice of War is complaining angrily.

WAR

...she ain't got no damn right to  
tell us we gotta get the signs done  
by tomorrow! Just cuz she's afraid  
of getting caught?!

Steve opens his eyes, and his surroundings slowly come into focus. He is sitting in a limousine, and War is sitting across from him. Steve notices that he is sandwiched between two large men, dressed in suits and wearing sunglasses.

War's large, muscular frame seems to fill up the entire seat across from Steve.

War's voice is getting louder as he continues to complain.

WAR

(cont'd)

Still don't know why the big man  
put her in charge! I'm the one with  
the tactical skills; without me,  
ain't nobody dyin'!

War is becoming visibly angrier and angrier as he continues ranting. Without looking at him, War points in Steve's general direction and looks towards the roof.

(CONTINUED)

WAR  
(cont'd)  
...and to top it all, I get stuck  
with this fucking meat puppet?

War pounds on the seats and walls of the limo.

WAR  
(cont'd)  
Damn, Damn, DAMN!

War punches out the passenger window next to him and the glass shatters.

WAR  
(screaming)  
I need the love!

The Hummer limousine quickly pulls into a near empty parking lot.

War reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a gun. The limousine door opens, and War steps out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The two bodyguards drag Steve out of the limousine.

War has his back to them, tapping his forehead with the barrel of the gun with a contemplative look on his face.

War walks to the rear of the limousine, and the trunk automatically opens.

The bodyguards have pushed Steve towards the front of the limousine, where his view of War is blocked by the open trunk and the glare of the headlights from the limousine.

WAR  
Do you know the steps?

Steve looks at the two bodyguards, who ignore him.

WAR  
(calmly)  
I asked you a question. Do you know  
the steps?

One of the bodyguards pushes Steve to the side, so he is out of the glare of the headlights. Steve can now see War rummaging around in the trunk.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE  
(stammering)  
Steps?

War straightens up with a huge machine gun he has pulled from the trunk and points it at Steve.

WAR  
(screaming)  
I asked you a simple yes or no question. Yes or No!

STEVE  
(stammering)  
No?

War tosses the gun back into the trunk. War reaches into the trunk again.

WAR  
Pay attention then, and you may learn something.

War steps away from the trunk and now he is wearing a fedora on his head.

One of the bodyguards approaches and places a similar fedora on Steve's head; the bodyguards are also now wearing fedoras. Two additional bodyguards have stepped out from inside of the limousine also wearing fedoras; there are now a total of 4 bodyguards standing outside with Steve and War.

War walks up to Steve and puts a fatherly arm around Steve's shoulders.

The bodyguards move into position, two on each side standing shoulder to shoulder, bracketing War and Steve.

WAR  
All you need to do is follow my lead, and everything will work out fine.

War takes his arm off of Steve's shoulder, crosses his hands at his waist, and bows his head towards the ground.

Steve sees that the bodyguards have taken the exact same stance as War. They all hold the position in silence.

Steve looks at them with confusion and fear on his face.

From the speakers in the trunk of the limousine, the New Edition song "If It Isn't Love" begins to play.

(CONTINUED)

Death and the bodyguards begin performing a synchronized dance (Motown style dance; same as in the music video).

Steve steps out of the line, and watches them perform for a moment.

Steve looks around to see if anyone else is watching, but he is alone in the parking lot. Steve slowly begins to back away from the group.

As War begins to lip-sync the opening lyrics to the song, Steve makes a break for it and starts running away, only to be caught after a few steps by one of War's bodyguards.

The bodyguard puts Steve in a sleeper hold.

The fading strains of the song play: "...if it isn't love, why do I feel this way...", then Steve blacks out.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Steve wakes up in his apartment to the sound of someone knocking on his door.

Steve's huge TV is on, with the video game screen up and a message reading "Team Prophets of the Apocalypse, are you ready for Armageddon?"

Groggily, Steve gets out of the chair and staggers to the door.

STEVE

Wha?

PHILIP

It's Philip, open the door.

Steve opens the door and Philip gently pushes his way in.

STEVE

Man, we must of really lit it up last night...I don't remember much except this crazy dream that I had. How'd I get back home?

PHILIP

War brought you home.

STEVE

Either I was hallucinating, or Samantha was incredibly hot - wait - what did you say?

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Actually, War's bodyguards brought you home. Oh, and that wasn't Samantha, that was Death. Most likely Samantha's dead.

Steve looks at Philip like he has lost his mind.

STEVE

What on the what now? Who?

PHILIP

Look, we don't have a lot of time, so let me cut to the chase. That wasn't a dream, that was real.

Steve drops limply into a chair.

STEVE

New Edition...

PHILIP

Yeah, apparently War has a current obsession with New Edition - back in the middle ages it was the Mennonite Quartet. It's a calming technique for him so he doesn't destroy entire cities in a mindless rage. You know, music soothes the savage beast and all that.

Steve continues to look at Philip with a blank stare.

PHILIP

(cont'd)

I know this is a lot to take in, but it's all really happening.

Steve slaps himself on the face.

PHILIP

That had to hurt. Steve, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are real and are planning to trigger the Seven Signs of the Apocalypse. Today. Unless we do something about it.

STEVE

You are my only friend, so I really want to believe you. But how do you know this is all real?

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Don't have time to explain the how  
I know this is real, but let's just  
say I didn't get my PHD in theology  
for nothing.

The loud sound of multiple motorcycles slowly builds in the background.

PHILIP

(cont'd)

No more time left. You with me?

STEVE

Why me?

PHILIP

Why not? It's your planet.

STEVE

What can I do?

PHILIP

Stop them. The 1st sign has already  
been completed, so the Horsemen  
will take each of us to complete a  
sign.

STEVE

What was the 1st sign?

Philip points to all of Steve's gaming award ribbons and plaques around the apartment, then at Steve.

As Philip speaks, his words(caption) appear underneath Steve.

PHILIP

"False Prophets Will Deceive Many"

The sound of the motorcycles has grown to almost deafening proportions. Philip looks out the window.

PHILIP

They're here. Let's go.

Philip reaches out his hand to Steve. After a pause, Steve grabs his hand and Philip pulls him out of the chair.

Philip opens the door to the apartment and steps outside.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

War's red Hummer limousine, complete with a plastic bag taped over the window he broke last night, pulls into the parking lot. Following the limousine, is Pestilence, who is riding a loud, over sized three-wheeled white motorcycle. Rounding out the group is Famine, who is riding a too-small for his frame black Vespa scooter with an attached sidecar.

Steve, still getting dressed, joins Philip at the 2nd floor railing and looks down at the vehicles in the parking lot.

STEVE

This is really happening, isn't it?

PHILIP

Have I ever lied to you before?

Philip walks towards the stairs, with Steve chasing after him.

STEVE

What are we going to do?

PHILIP

Stall.

Steve stops walking.

STEVE

That's the best plan you got?

Philip heads down the stairs to the parking lot. He speaks to Steve over his shoulder.

PHILIP

Still working on it. You got any better ideas?

Steve pauses, then begins running after Philip. Steve mumbles under his breath.

STEVE

Genius...world's ending and he just plans to stall...

Steve catches up to Philip just as they both reach the parking lot.

An arm drapes around each of their shoulders, and the beaming face of Jude greets them from behind as he gives them a squeeze.

(CONTINUED)

JUDE

Steve! Glad you are on board with this. I've got a feeling that today is going to be a blast!

STEVE

Where the hell did you come from?!

JUDE

Bingo! The devil is in the details, you know.

Philip removes Jude's arm from his shoulder with disdain.

Without missing a beat, Jude smoothly moves both hands to Steve's shoulders and gives him a pseudo shoulder massage.

JUDE

((cont'd))

Relax El Jefe, this is an exciting day.

Still massaging Steve's shoulders, Jude guides Steve towards the red Hummer limousine.

JUDE

(cont'd)

Hero; that's your new name. You are going to usher in a new beginning, an era of (he chokes getting the words out) heavenly guidance.

STEVE

I...I...can't do this...

As Steve and Jude get closer to the limousine, the passenger door opens. The strains of the New Edition song "Boys To Men" is playing softly from the car ("These are the things that turn boys to men").

JUDE

Of course you can! You're the man! Nut up son and let the sack hang low, Big Dawg!

Philip intercepts Steve by grabbing his arm and pulling him away from Jude before he is guided into the limousine.

Jude shrugs, smiles, and walks towards Pestilence, who is sitting on his motorcycle and blowing his nose.

Philip turns Steve towards him so they are face to face.

(CONTINUED)



PHILIP  
Remember, just stall any way you  
can.

Philip surreptitiously hands Steve a cell phone.

PHILIP  
(cont'd)  
I'll be in touch. Don't worry, you  
can do this.

Steve tries to back away from the limousine, but Philip  
holds him tight.

STEVE  
I cant' do this, I can't do  
this. If the world is going to end,  
I'd rather be in bed hiding.  
There's nothing I can do about it.

PHILIP  
Yes there is. Besides, what have  
you got to lose?

STEVE  
My life?

PHILIP  
What life? All you do is play video  
games and hopelessly pine after  
women but never have the guts to  
ask one out. At the very worst, you  
save the world and you can go back  
to wasting your life away.

STEVE  
Thanks for the pep talk, Coach.

Philip forcefully walks Steve towards the limousine.

PHILIP  
One more thing.

STEVE  
What?

PHILIP  
Have faith; it's the only thing  
that will get you through this.

Philip pushes Steve into the Hummer, and Steve reluctantly  
gets in. Steve tosses a desperate question towards Philip.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE  
Faith in what?!

The limousine door slams shut.

Jude walks past the parked limousine and reaches Pestilence, who is carefully examining the contents of his tissue after blowing his nose. When Jude reaches him, Pestilence shows Jude the interior of the used tissue.

PESTILENCE  
Does that look yellow to you?

Jude ignores the tissue and smiles at Pestilence.

JUDE  
It's an honor to meet you.

PESTILENCE  
Did you know there are over 500 different types of carcinogens in the air right now?

JUDE  
Great. Another article for "Who Gives A Crap Magazine". So, my name is Jude, and we will be riding together today.

PESTILENCE  
Okay, but I really don't see the point - have no idea how to complete our sign. On top of it, I think I'm developing rickets, so...

JUDE  
Don't worry about any of that, I've got it all worked out...

Jude moves closer to Pestilence and they huddle together to talk.

Philip is looking at the closed door of the parked limousine. Famine yells at Philip.

FAMINE  
Hey!

Philip turns to look at Famine.

FAMINE  
He's found another lover so get your candy ass over here!

(CONTINUED)

Philip looks towards the closed door of the limousine, then walks towards Famine. He passes by Pestilence and Jude, who are still huddling in conference.

Jude looks up and gives Philip a wink and a smile. Philip returns the greeting with a patronizing smile.

Famine is sitting on his scooter, eating a humongous sandwich. With food falling out of his mouth, Famine looks Philip up and down.

FAMINE

You look familiar. Do you work at the Mongolian all you can eat BBQ on 5th?

PHILIP

Um, no. Honestly, we've met a few...

FAMINE

Yeah, yeah, yeah. I was banned from that BBQ anyway. My boss says you're in charge, so what's the plan?

PHILIP

I haven't really thought about it; this is a lot to take in.

FAMINE

It's simple, stupid. No more food equals famine. (rolling his eyes)  
Dumbass.

Famine tosses a helmet to Philip, then points to the sidecar.

FAMINE

(cont'd)

Get in. You can work out the details while I get something to eat - I'm starving.

Philip puts the helmet on then climbs into the sidecar.

Pestilence and Jude drive past them, with Jude riding on the back of the Pestilence's motorcycle. Jude gives Philip a cheesy thumbs up and a smile as they pass by; Philip just stands in the sidecar, shaking his head.

Famine pulls off, jolting Philip into his seat in the sidecar.

As they pull out of the parking lot, Philip takes another look towards the still parked limousine as they speed by.

INT. HUMMER STRETCH LIMOUSINE - DAY

Steve is seated, sandwiched between two bodyguards while War sits across from him.

Above War's head is a row of televisions, on, but with the volume off.

War is looking directly at Steve.

WAR

Too bad you had to witness my little episode last night. That bitch really gets under my skin.

STEVE

(nervously)  
Um, what bitch?

WAR

Death! The biggest bitch in town!  
All I want to do is keep the balance and engage in a little chaos and war, but noooo, all she wants to do is end the damn world!

War starts to rock back and forth as the rage builds up.

The bodyguards look at each other and nod. One of them reaches out and presses play on the nearby stereo.

WAR

World ends, and guess what? No more war! Then what the fuck am I going to do?!

The music begins to play in the car. It is another New Edition song, "Can You Stand The Rain".

As soon as the music starts, War closes his eyes, smiles, and begins to sing along. War does a seated, choreographed dance to the song, and the bodyguards follow War's movements.

One of the bodyguards whispers to Steve, while still dancing.

(CONTINUED)

## BODYGUARD

Follow along so you don't get shot.

Steve watches the bodyguards, and tries to mimic their movements.

War, with a serene smile on his face, opens his eyes and sees Steve and the bodyguards dancing.

## WAR

There is nothing on this earth like the sweet dulcet tones of Johnny, Bobby, Ricky, Mike, Ronnie and Ralph doing their thing. When Bobby Brown left the group, I cried like someone stole my left nut.

War closes his eyes for a couple of more seconds and listens to the music. He then opens his eyes and turns down the music. War sits back in his seat, then looks at Steve.

## WAR

So, tell me little man, why do you want to end a world that has given us such a wonderful gift like New Edition?

## STEVE

I, I don't want to end the world.

## WAR

You don't?

## STEVE

No! I don't even want to be here!

## WAR

You should be glad you are.

## STEVE

Why?

## WAR

Because now you can help me save the world.

## STEVE

But I thought you came here to start the Apocalypse?

## WAR

The Horsemen can't start the end; we have no free will.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

God told you to end the world?

WAR

(laughing)

The big guy has no interest in ending the world. Do you think he worked that hard to build it to one day just blow it up?

STEVE

So who is ending the world?

WAR

You are, if it's up to Death. You have free will, we don't; we just follow your lead. Human carelessness, greed and laziness are the triggers for our deeds. Without you, we Horsemen are powerless. Which is why Death needs you to start Armageddon for her.

STEVE

But what can we do?

WAR

You can come up with a plan on how we stop those other two assholes, Famine and Pestilence, from completing their signs and triggering the Apocalypse.

STEVE

How?

WAR

Simple. I am after all, a tactical genius. We attack on two fronts, and with successful campaigns, we will extinguish the opposition and neutralize Death!

War pounds his fist into his hand with emphasis.

STEVE

Umm...I don't understand.

War sighs in exasperation, then snaps his fingers and one of the bodyguards hands War a cellphone.

(CONTINUED)

WAR

We track Pestilence and Famine  
by using this GPS. I had the  
foresight to secretly implant  
chips in them - always keep  
your enemies close.

A flashing breaking news title appears on the television screens mounted in the limousine. One of the bodyguards looks at the television with interest.

The news is showing images of Mexican soldiers involved in gunfights with civilians. Caption on screen reads "Drug War Escalates: Violence Spills Into San Diego, CA".

Images are then shown of an aircraft carrier and planes being prepped for takeoff. Another caption reads "Drug Cartels Are Mobilizing Air Strikes On US Soil".

The next image shows an out of focus picture of War in the barn in Mexico firing the machine gun from the sunroof of the limousine. The caption reads "Mystery Man: A Warmonger For The Cartels".

WAR

This is all irrelevant anyway,  
considering that we have no  
intention of starting a war today,  
so that means the 2nd sign will  
never happen.

The bodyguard watching television tries to get War's attention.

BODYGUARD

Um, boss?

WAR

Not now, we need to roll.

War taps on the glass behind the driver, and the limousine pulls off.

BODYGUARD

But I think you should look at the  
tele...

WAR

Shut up fool!

War turns up the music full blast, puts on his sunglasses, and leans back with a smile on his face.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The limousine drives down the street and passes by Pestilence and Jude, who are walking into a drugstore.

The display windows of the drugstore have televisions, which are displaying the breaking news about the drug wars in Mexico.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A large bank of seven televisions are on the wall. Only two of the televisions have images on them, although all of them have text displayed on the screen.

The text on each of the monitors are the 7 signs of the Apocalypse:

Monitor #1 reads: "Deception - The False Prophets"

This monitor has a picture of Steve displayed. A green check mark is next to the words on this screen.

Monitor #2 reads: "Wars & Rumors of Wars"

This monitor is showing news footage of the drug cartels waging war against each other.

Monitor #3 reads: "Famines"

This monitor is dark.

Monitor #4 reads: "Pestilence"

This monitor is dark.

Monitor #5 reads: "Tribulation & Martyrdom"

This monitor is dark.

Monitor #6 reads: "Lawlessness"

This monitor is dark.

Monitor #7 reads: "The Three Woes"

This monitor is dark.

Death is watching the monitor with the news of the escalating drug war. This is the monitor with the words "Wars & Rumors of Wars". Death smiles as a green check mark appears next to the words.



INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Pestilence and Jude are casually strolling down the aisles of the drugstore. Jude is animated and talking non-stop, but Pestilence ignores him while he idly grabs an item off of the shelf.

JUDE

...a bigger bang for your buck is mass panic and hysteria. No need to spend days developing up some disease. The sheep are easy to bullshit!

Pestilence stops walking and is reading the ingredients of the item he picked up.

PESTILENCE

See, this is something that I worked on and it just never took off.

JUDE

Yeah, great. Are you hearing me?

PESTILENCE

(ignoring Jude)

Hydropectorine was one of my best potential plagues ever. How was I to know that people would become resistant to it due to increased methane levels from the cows?

Jude grabs Pestilence and spins him towards him so that they are facing each other.

JUDE

Dude, farting cows? Focus! We need to figure this out! I thought you were here to do some serious damage, but...

Jude's voice trails off as something catches his eye over Pestilence's shoulder.

Jude is looking at a gigantic store display for an erectile dysfunction medicine. A slow smile breaks across Jude's face.

JUDE

I think our problem is solved.

Jude rubs his hands together with joy, smiles, then purposefully walks out of the drugstore.

Pestilence watches Jude walk out of the store, then glances at the erectile dysfunction display. Pestilence sighs, carefully places the package back on the shelf, then follows Jude out of the drugstore.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jude reaches the motorcycle and is waiting impatiently as Pestilence exits the drugstore and heads towards him.

The tin horn of a motorcycle scooter sounds. Jude's head whips around and he sees Famine and Philip riding by. Famine flashes Jude the middle finger.

Famine and Philip cruise down a couple of blocks, then pull into the drive-through of a Swirly Burger fast food restaurant. They are waiting in line behind a few other cars.

FAMINE

...mad cow would have been the  
shit, but Sicko came up with a dumb  
name. Who the hell is afraid of a  
mad cow? I voted for "Mad  
Wildebeast", but nooo, Mr. I  
Name-the-Diseases had to...

Philip is staring off into the distance as they pull up to order. Famine stops talking to Philip as he orders his food.

FAMINE

I'll have a double bacon  
cheeseburger, 20 piece chicken  
strips, ranch chicken sandwich,  
and...ohh! I can get breakfast now  
too? Okay, also give me 5 sausage,  
biscuit and gravy combos, but I  
want to substitute the coffee for  
vanilla milkshakes, and...

As Famine continues ordering, the line behind them grows. The people waiting in line are honking and yelling for them to hurry up.

Philip sinks further down into his seat in embarrassment.

Famine stops ordering and turns to Philip.

FAMINE

See, you gotta use this as  
inspiration. Look at these people;  
chaos erupts if they have to wait

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAMINE (cont'd)  
more than 2 minutes to get a  
burger.

Famine turns back to continue ordering.

FAMINE  
...I'd also like to sample your  
Mexican entrees, por favor. Give me  
7 El Gordo beef tacos with extra  
cheese, and...

Philip notices a sign on the menu that reads "Tonight Is  
Customer Appreciation Night! Free Super Swirly Burgers - No  
Purchase Necessary!"

PHILIP  
(mumbling)  
Hopefully there is something left  
so these good people can get their  
free burgers tonight.

FAMINE  
...I've never had a fish taco,  
sounds nasty, but give me 5 of  
those...

Famine's head whips around to look at Philip.

FAMINE  
What did you just say?

PHILIP  
Nothing. Just that people will be  
upset if they can't get their free  
burgers tonight if you eat  
everything.

A smile breaks out on Famine's face.

FAMINE  
Phily Phil, you are a genius.

PHILIP  
Excuse me?

Famine pulls forward to the pickup window, and the attendant  
greet him.

ATTENDANT  
That will be \$345.

(CONTINUED)

Famine hands her a credit card, and the attendant starts passing bags full of food to Famine, who carelessly tosses them into Philip's lap.

FAMINE

I wasn't sure about you at first,  
but you've sold me.

PHILIP

I have no idea what you are talking  
about.

Famine throws the last bag of food on to Philip, gets his card back from the attendant, then starts the motorcycle.

FAMINE

People get entitled when there's  
free food. No free Swirly Burgers  
tonight guarantees a  
riot. Brilliant!

PHILIP

Wait - I never said any such...

Famine revs the scooter and cuts off Philip. He puts his goggles on, then holds out his hand to Philip as he pulls off.

FAMINE

Burger me.

Famine and Philip pull out on to the street. They drive down the street, with Famine eating his burger and Philip shaking his head and gesturing animatedly.

The red Hummer limousine passes them on the road headed in the opposite direction.

INT. HUMMER STRETCH LIMOUSINE - MOVING - DAY

The New Edition song "Can You Stand The Rain" is just ending on the radio inside of the Hummer. War has a smile on his face as the song ends.

WAR

There may be hope for you meat  
puppets yet.

Steve nervously raises his hand to ask a question.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Um, sir? May I speak?

WAR

Don't be a pussy, son. Like the late, great Bobby Brown said "it's your prerogative".

STEVE

Um, I don't think Bobby Brown is dead sir.

WAR

Really?

STEVE

Um no, he's still alive. Anyway, I think maybe the best way for us to stop the other two is to split up, maybe?

WAR

Damn, that bitch told me she killed Bobby B...I haven't cried that much since I saw "Breakin' 2: Electric Boogaloo".

STEVE

Umm...I think if I follow Philip and Famine, and you stop Jude and Pestilence, we can make this work.

WAR

Divide and conquer - long tested battle tactic that I invented, by the way. I like the way you think.

STEVE

Great! I'll join - I mean follow-Philip, and you can stop Jude. You can just let me out right here and I'm sure I can...

WAR

(singing the titles of the New Edition songs as he says them)  
Cool It Now. I'll be watching Every Little Step You Take, so don't try and Count Me Out and instead show me A Little Bit Of Love, because That's All It Takes to stop those dumbshits from ending the world. You fail me boy, so help me

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WAR (cont'd)  
I'll be your Mr. Telephone Man and  
shove a Candy Girl so far up your  
ass...

As War rambles, Steve glances out the window. He sees Philip and Famine sitting next to them at a stoplight.

Famine is balancing chicken nuggets in front of him, and is talking to Philip while eating. Philip is shaking his head vehemently, disagreeing with whatever Famine is saying.

STEVE  
There they are!

War looks out the window and sees Philip and Famine. Famine glances over, gives a smile towards the darkened interior of the limousine, then pulls off.

As Famine pulls away, he casually tosses a partially full milkshake over his shoulder, which splatters on the window that War was looking out.

WAR  
You fat fuck!

War turns and pounds on the glass between him and the driver.

WAR  
(cont'd)  
Pull over!

The limousine pulls over to the side of the road. War turns to Steve.

WAR  
(cont'd)  
Go find your boy Jude; I'm going to  
take care of Fat Boy.

STEVE  
But...

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The limousine door opens and Steve is tossed out on to the sidewalk.

War rolls down the window and tosses Steve a cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

WAR

I'll be in touch. It's your ass if you don't find and stop Pestilence. A word of advice; he's a lot smarter than you think.

War turns towards the driver and yells.

WAR

(cont'd)

Will you please catch that fat bastard!

The limousine pulls off in a hurry.

Steve is left sitting on the curb, with the cell phone War gave him laying limply in his hand. A phone starts ringing, and after fumbling around with the different phones in his possession, he realizes it is the phone Philip gave him.

Steve answers the phone.

STEVE

Philip! Thank god. I don't know what-

JUDE

(VO - on the phone)

I wondered how long it would take War to kick you to the curb.

STEVE

Jude? What...How - Where are you?!

JUDE

(VO - on the phone)

Get off your dead ass, stand up, and look to your left.

Steve jumps up and whips his head around to the left and sees Jennifer waving and walking towards him.

JENNIFER

Steve! Is everything okay?

Another phone in Steve's pocket rings. Steve continues holding one phone to his ear while he fumbles for the ringing phone. Jennifer reaches him.

JENNIFER

(cont'd)

Fate sure has us running into each other a lot today!

(CONTINUED)

Steve pulls a phone out of his pocket, but it is the wrong one. The other phone continues ringing.

STEVE

Hi! Yeah, I - happy to see -

Steve continues fumbling for the ringing phone.

JENNIFER

Um, I'll let you work that out; you seem to be a popular guy.

Jennifer walks away.

STEVE

No! No one likes me! I mean -  
it's just that -

Steve drops the phone that Jude was speaking to him on the ground. He finds the ringing phone and answers it.

STEVE

What?!

A phone recording responds.

PHONE RECORDING

Call us now to meet up with hot  
singles in your area!

Steve throws the phone to the ground and sits back down on the curb, holding his head between his hands. A motorcycle pulls up to the curb next to him.

JUDE

You look a little stressed, Big  
Boss Man.

Steve looks up and sees Jude sitting on Steve's motorcycle.

STEVE

That's my bike- Whatever, you go  
to hell.

JUDE

Been there - it's dark and it's  
hot. If you need a ride, hitch one  
with the real Sicko over there -  
he's a riot.

Jude points across the street. Pestilence is sitting on his three-wheeled motorcycle, engrossed at examining the rash on his left nipple.

(CONTINUED)



Jude speeds off. Steve stands up and begins to walk across the street towards Pestilence.

The sound of the over-taxed whine of Famine's scooter causes Steve to turn around. Steve sees Famine speeding toward him, with Philip in the sidecar waving desperately at Steve to get out of the way.

Steve steps to the side to avoid being run over.

As Famine speeds by, Philip looks at Steve with a helpless shrug of his shoulders.

Steve turns and watches them speed away.

A loud horn sounds behind Steve. He turns around, then dives out of the way as War's limousine barely misses him as it chases after Famine.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Philip looks over his shoulder as Famine speeds down the street and sees War's limousine speeding after them. Philip shouts over the whine of the scooter engine.

PHILIP

I think you may have made the large, heavily armed, and apparently psychotic man angry.

FAMINE

Naw, War is nothing but a walking stereotype. Big angry black man who is overly emotional and likes to sing and dance. Really?

PHILIP

He looks pretty angry.

FAMINE

Watch. I'll prove to you he's a rock head.

Famine begins to recklessly swerve through the traffic.

Famine, with a smile, looks in his rear view mirror, and sees that the limousine is now also recklessly cutting off traffic in pursuit.

A large 18 wheeler with the logo of a Swirly Burger fast food restaurant on the side is just beginning to cross the intersection in front Famine.

(CONTINUED)

Famine speeds up and just makes it past the 18 wheeler.

War's limousine is following too close and rams full speed into the big rig. The limousine and the 18 wheeler are totaled.

Famine hits the brakes, then turns around to inspect his work.

Famine's eyes settle on the smashed up Swirly Burger logo on the side of the truck, and the raw hamburger patties and buns that are littering the street around the wrecked truck. A slow smile breaks out on his face.

FAMINE

You should have thought of this sooner.

PHILIP

What? Randomly causing pointless accidents?

FAMINE

Random, yes. Pointless? Not so much.

Philip looks at the fast food truck and the food on the ground. Philip looks at Famine.

PHILIP

No! If you are thinking what I think you are thinking, that is a really bad idea.

FAMINE

Free burgers with a side of road rash!

Famine revs his scooter to drown out the protesting Philip, and pulls off down the street.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Pestilence, with Steve sitting on the back of the three-wheeled motorcycle, are stopped in traffic.

STEVE

Mr. Pestilence, sir? Do you mind if I ask you a question?

(CONTINUED)

PESTILENCE

Sure, go ahead.

STEVE

Why is Death trying to end the world?

PESTILENCE

She's bored. Death is inevitable, so it's pretty monotonous work.

STEVE

Is that why she wants to end the world? Death is boring?

PESTILENCE

Pretty much - she thinks she's destined for bigger and better things once this is over.

STEVE

But War wants to stop the Armageddon - doesn't that go against what you were created for?

PESTILENCE

Not really. War creates war, and he exists to keep the chaos going. He's in no rush to end 'the fun' as he likes to put it. Last time he tried to stop the Apocalypse, was in...the 1950's if I remember correctly.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The rubble of the wreckage from the collision of the Swirly Burger truck and War's limousine begins to stir.

PESTILENCE (VO)

(cont'd)

The Cold War had the potential to bring about the Armageddon. I would have placed even money back then that you people were going to annihilate yourselves without us getting the call.

A lifeless bodyguard is tossed out of the sunroof of the limousine.

The side door of the limousine is kicked out, and War steps out. He takes a moment to brush himself off.

(CONTINUED)

PESTILENCE (VO)

(cont'd)

War hated the Cold War, He felt that a war should have massive amounts of destruction, but that's not what the Cold War was about. But Death knew that one press of the button would cause nuclear annihilation and get us all off this rock.

War walks over to the rear of the limousine and rips the trunk open.

PESTILENCE (VO)

(cont'd)

So, War decided that he needed to end the bogus Cold War to get a real war going. Of course, this drove Death to the brink because she felt she was so close to Armageddon.

War reaches inside of the trunk, and starts pulling out weapons. He tucks a couple of guns in his waist, grabs and loads an automatic shotgun, then slings a rocket launcher over his shoulder.

PESTILENCE (VO)

(cont'd)

Unfortunately, War had to do something that I think really messed him up - he played peacemaker and stopped everyone from launching nukes.

War digs around the trunk some more, and comes out with an MP3 player. He places the MP3 player in his pocket and puts on the headphones.

War looks at his phone, which is displaying a map. Close to his location on the map is a large blob, labeled "Fat Ass".

PESTILENCE (VO)

(cont'd)

At the end, Death and War were called on the carpet to explain their actions. The higher ups were really annoyed; mankind is responsible for their own destiny, and we came too close for comfort in trying to decide that destiny for you.

(CONTINUED)

War approaches a group of motorcycle riders near the front of the traffic jam that has built up behind him.

PESTILENCE (VO)

(cont'd)

As punishment, and a future deterrent, we were ordered to never again interfere in the ways of man. We can only provide assistance to your downfall, but never take direct action.

War walks past the first couple of motorcycles, then stops at one, which is a blood-red sport bike.

War points the shotgun in the riders chest, and motions for him to get off the bike.

PESTILENCE (VO)

(cont'd)

That's why Death recruited you to guide us. She needs your help or else Armageddon won't work.

War mounts the motorcycle, then motions for the rider to take his helmet off and give it to him.

War puts on the helmet, then reaches in his pocket and turns the MP3 player on. "Poison" by Bel Biv Devoe begins playing..

War maneuvers the motorcycle around the wreckage, then speeds off in the direction that Famine and Philip had gone.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Pestilence and Steve are at a stop light.

STEVE

But won't God or whoever is in charge stop you?

PESTILENCE

Death believes that this is small scale enough that no one will notice until the final horns sound.

STEVE

Horns?

(CONTINUED)

PESTILENCE

The trumpets, the three woes. When the third horn sounds, that basically means the Apocalypse is here. You should read a book once in a while. Knowledge is power.

STEVE

Will you help me stop this?

PESTILENCE

I've still gotta do my job, but if you ask questions, I'll try and point you in the right direction.

STEVE

What should I do?

PESTILENCE

Well...as I see it, you need to stop us from triggering our signs...

STEVE

Um, yeah, clear on that point.

PESTILENCE

...and if I were you, I'd start with trying to stop Famine.

STEVE

Because Philip can help me?

Pestilence smiles, sneezes, then shakes his head.

PESTILENCE

No, because I know Famine.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Famine is speeding down the street with Philip in the sidecar, holding on tight.

Philip looks back and sees War riding the blood red motorcycle, hot on their tail.

Philip turns back to tell Famine, but then sees that Famine is headed straight for a collision with another 18 wheeler Swirly Burger fast food truck that is stopped in an intersection.

(CONTINUED)

PESTILENCE (VO)

(cont'd)

The funny thing is, as obnoxious as he is, Famine is probably the best at his job.

Philip looks back again at War, and sees that War has stopped in the middle of the road. As Philip looks on in horror, War takes the rocket launcher off his shoulder and aims it at them.

PESTILENCE (VO)

(cont'd)

The difference between Famine and the others, including myself, is that he is always focused on his one singular goal.

Philip whips his head back and sees that Famine is still on course to ram into the 18 wheeler. Philip pounds on Famine's shoulder, desperately trying to get his attention.

Famine glances in his rear view mirror, just in time to see War firing the rocket launcher. Famine smiles.

PESTILENCE (VO)

(cont'd)

The rest of us get distracted; Death due to boredom, War due to the changing complexities of warfare, and me...

Philip is whipping his head back and forth; looking at the on coming rocket from behind, and the impending collision with the 18 wheeler in front of them.

At the last second, Famine swerves out of the way and around the 18 wheeler.

The rocket misses them and annihilates the Swirly Burger big rig.

PESTILENCE (VO)

(cont'd)

Well, sometimes diseases just don't pan out. Remember the "Clap"? Thought I had gold with that one.

Famine stops his scooter to admire the wreckage.

(CONTINUED)

PESTILENCE (VO)

(cont'd)

On the other hand, Famine's  
gluttonous nature is what fuels  
him. He's all about mass  
consumption, and he's damn good at  
what he does.

Famine looks down at a GPS device mounted to the gas tank of  
his scooter.

On the screen are Swirly Burger logos that are moving down  
streets in the city.

Philip looks over and sees the GPS map.

PHILIP

Why do you have a GPS that is  
tracking Swirly Burger trucks?

FAMINE

I'm a fat guy who loves food - why  
wouldn't I have one?

PHILIP

Wait a minute - that's your  
plan? Have War blow up Swirly  
Burger trucks?

FAMINE

Hell yeah! The shortage of free  
burgers will cause a riot in no  
time.

PHILIP

So your genius plan is centered  
around an individual who is heavily  
armed and really wants to kill us?

FAMINE

Well, technically kill you dude. I  
can't die.

PHILIP

Everyone else gets blown up but  
you? Brilliant.

Famine looks in his rear view mirror and sees War getting  
back on his motorcycle.

FAMINE

Great! There's two Swirly Burger  
trucks a block away!



Famine guns the scooter and speeds off with War in pursuit.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Death is watching news reports on the 7 different televisions.

Monitor #3 is displaying a breaking news alert. Footage is shown of War firing the rocket launcher at the Swirly Burger truck. The caption reads: "Swirly Burger Vendetta: Red Rider On Rampage Against #1 Fast Food Restaurant".

Underneath the caption, additional text reads: "Famines".

Monitor #2 is displaying images of an aircraft carrier and planes being prepped for takeoff. The caption reads: "Drug Cartels Are Mobilizing Air Strikes On US Soil".

Underneath the caption, additional text, which has a green check mark next to it, reads: "Wars & Rumors of Wars".

Monitor #4, which is black except for the word "Pestilence", lights up with a breaking news alert. The caption on screen reads: "Pandemic San Diego: Can We Survive?"

Underneath the caption, additional text reads: "Pestilence".

Death turns her focus to Monitor #4 and turns the volume up on the television. A NEWS ANCHOR, a man in his mid-fifties, is on screen.

NEWSCASTER

...stay tuned after the break when we will have a spokesperson from the FDA and a top scientist from the World Health Organization talk to us about this threat to humanity and what, if anything, can be done.

The camera pans over to a man sitting in studio, getting ready to go on air. It is Jude, and the caption below him reads "Thageron Riley, FDA Spokesperson". The television then switches to a commercial, which is for a male enhancement pill.

Death turns the volume down.

DEATH

Now that man has potential.

INT. TELEVISION NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Jude is sitting on the news show set, preparing to go on air. An openly gay male MAKEUP ARTIST in his early 40's is applying makeup to his face. A male PRODUCER, with graying hair and in his mid-fifties, is speaking with Jude.

PRODUCER

...we were expecting our normal FDA contact, John Ryan, so we were surprised to hear from your office. What is your title with the FDA?

JUDE

As Junior Deputy Assistant Director, I am Mr. Ryan's supervisor. If you like, I can contact the administration and let them know that you are more comfortable with Mr. Ryan. In the meantime, I will go across the street and break the news on another station.

PRODUCER

No! Um, I'm sorry! I wasn't questioning you. We are just honored that the FDA chose us to break the news.

JUDE

I only wish I could say that I have good news to convey to the public. Sadly, that isn't the case.

MAKEUP ARTIST

I knew there was something going on. I was ashamed to admit it before, but in a weird way, I feel a bit of relief knowing that the problem is so widespread.

JUDE

Unfortunately, what we are seeing now is just the tip of the iceberg.

Steve and Pestilence enter the studio and head towards Jude. Pestilence is putting on his lab coat as they walk.

JUDE

(cont'd)

Our medical expert will be able to explain it all..

(CONTINUED)

Jude stands up to greet them, but Pestilence ignores him and walks on to the television set and sits down.

Pestilence puts on a pair of glasses, and sits waiting patiently.

Jude turns to Steve and shakes his hand enthusiastically.

Jude motions towards Pestilence.

JUDE

(cont'd)

You gotta love his people skills.

Steve leans in close to Jude.

STEVE

What the hell are you doing?

JUDE

(smiling)

Hell doesn't know about this - yet.

STEVE

What does that mean?

JUDE

It's all about the power of suggestion. Just sit back, relax, and enjoy the show.

As Jude pulls away from Steve, he smacks him on the ass and gives Steve a huge grin. Jude walks to the set and sits down next to Pestilence.

The producer steps in and yells.

PRODUCER

We are going live in 15 seconds!

A breaking news graphic comes on screen in the studio. The News Anchor is cued to speak.

NEWS ANCHOR

Good afternoon. We have breaking news, exclusive to KSSD. A spokesperson has joined us from the FDA to announce the developments about a new plague that is now threatening the very future of mankind.

(CONTINUED)

The news anchor turns to Jude, who is sitting in studio. Underneath Jude is the caption "Thageron Riley, FDA".

NEWS ANCHOR

Mr. Riley, thank you for joining us today, I am sure you are very busy with this new, devastating outbreak.

JUDE

Yes, as you can imagine, our office has been working non-stop to try and ease the public's fears.

NEWS ANCHOR

Can you provide us with any updates?

JUDE

I can, and the outlook is bleak. Although this plague will most certainly mean the possible extinction of the human race, I encourage people not to panic.

NEWS ANCHOR

It has become that serious?

JUDE

More so than we ever imagined. At this point, all of the known drugs on the market today, as well as those in development, are no longer effective.

NEWS ANCHOR

(mumbles under his breath)  
So that's what happened last night.

JUDE

What happened to you will continue to happen, and is slowly spreading to every male across the world.

NEWS ANCHOR

(panic in his voice)  
So what can be done?

JUDE

I'll have our top scientist, who we have here today, answer that question. Dr. Semas?

(CONTINUED)

The camera cuts to Pestilence, who answers the question.

PESTILENCE

While we are tirelessly working on new drug formulations, we have so far had no luck, and time is running out.

NEWS ANCHOR

What is our government going to do to fix this?

PESTILENCE

We have found the cause. The very companies that have been promoting cures for this disease have been illegally dumping the byproducts into water supplies worldwide. This has seriously altered our genetic structure, which now makes us immune to all known treatments. With this proof, we can at least sue the drug companies for damages.

NEWS ANCHOR

(hanging his head)

Yeah, and by that time the blue balls of death will have killed us all.

The news anchor stands up and rips off his microphone.

NEWS ANCHOR

(cont'd)

I can't live like this!

The news anchor runs out of the studio in a panic.

Steve walks out of the studio and sees his motorcycle sitting behind the camera crew.

The producer calls for the lead out graphic and commercial.

The on-screen graphic reads "The Plague of 2012: Erectile Dysfunction - The End of Man's Reign On Earth."

A voice over the graphic comes on along with additional news footage.

NEWSCASTER (VO)

Coming up, updates on the Mexico drug cartel war in San

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NEWSCASTER (VO) (cont'd)  
Diego. Should you apply for  
Mexican citizenship before they  
take over?

Footage is shown on screen of airplanes being prepped for  
take off from an air craft carrier.

NEWSCASTER (VO)  
Also, breaking news on the riots  
that have broken out at area Swirly  
Burger restaurants due to the 'Free  
Burger Failure' event. Is it the  
work of terrorists?

Footage is shown of a burning big rig, then signs on Swirly  
Burger restaurants reading "No Food. Sorry For The  
Inconvenience."

NEWSCASTER (VO)  
But first, we will return with your  
weekend weather report.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Famine and Philip are on a bridge, at a standstill in  
traffic. Philip, still seated in the sidecar, looks at  
Famine, who is eating a hamburger.

PHILIP  
You do realize that having War blow  
up delivery trucks really isn't  
accomplishing anything - except for  
the loss of innocent human life?

FAMINE  
C'mon! All we need to do is to get  
that big jackass to blow up some  
more trucks, and we are done,  
P-Money!

PHILIP  
Don't call me that. You may also  
want to consider that your methods  
probably won't accomplish a  
famine. A shortage, yes, a famine -  
no.

Famine's turns his head and sees a convoy of Swirly Burger  
trucks.

The trucks are sitting in traffic, on the opposite side of  
the road, heading towards the city.

(CONTINUED)

FAMINE

Your right!

PHILIP

I'm glad you-

FAMINE

All we have to do is blow up this bridge and - Wallah! No more food gets in! Brilliant!

PHILIP

Um, you do realize that food could still get in via sea and air, right?

FAMINE

(ignoring Philip)

Now all we need to do is figure out a way to blow this bastard up...

Further back on the bridge, behind Famine and Philip, is War. He is slowly weaving through the stand-still traffic on the bridge. He is loudly singing the song "Poison", by Bel Biv Devoe.

WAR

(singing)

It's driving me out of my mind  
That's why it's hard for me to  
find...

Death's head is on a swivel as he sings, scanning the traffic for Famine and Philip.

WAR

(singing)

Can't get it outta my head That  
girl is poison...Never trust a big  
butt and smile...

Famine is digging in one of his saddlebags and pulls out a can of blue spray paint.

FAMINE

Here we go!

PHILIP

Why are you carrying around a can of blue spray paint?

(CONTINUED)

## FAMINE

You never know when you need to  
create your own handicapped space  
P-Money!

Famine jumps off the scooter. He hops the divider on the bridge and walks over to a white tanker truck that is at a standstill in traffic.

The tanker truck has a sign on it that reads: "Danger - Flammable Liquid".

Famine climbs up the tanker and begins spray painting something on the side of the truck.

War, still singing and slowly weaving through traffic, comes to a screeching halt.

He see that Famine has painted on the side of the tanker truck: "New Kids On The Block Rule!!!".

War growls, then spots Famine near the bottom of the truck where he has just finished painting "New Edition Blows Chunks!".

War rips off his helmet, and his headphones come flying off. War grabs the rocket launcher, aims and fires at the tanker truck.

The tanker truck goes up in a fireball explosion.

War sees that Famine has escaped back to the other side of the freeway.

Famine turns and taunts War by giving him the finger.

War takes aim on Famine through the scope of the rocket launcher, but Famine darts off, performing awkward shoulder rolls and darting between cars.

Steve is weaving through traffic on his motorcycle and sees Famine taunting War.

Famine jumps in front of a car to taunt War.

The car is filled with 3 children in the backseat, all with their faces pressed against the window watching Famine.

Philip jumps out of the sidecar and starts waving at the car to get their attention.

The woman behind the wheel sees Philip. He motions towards War, who is aiming the rocket launcher right at her.

(CONTINUED)



The woman jumps out of the car and opens the back door to let the children out. They all start running away, but one of the children is still stuck in the car, struggling to escape.

Reaching the car, Philip sees that the child's foot is stuck between the seats.

Philip climbs in the car and tries to pry the child's foot loose. The woman has returned back to the car and is trying to assist.

They both pry and pull, and the child is finally wrenched loose and falls into the woman's arms.

PHILIP

Run!!!

The woman and child run away from the car.

War pulls the trigger, and a rocket heads straight for the car, with Philip still inside.

Famine shrugs his shoulders at Philip as he runs away.

Philip just stares at the rocket as it blows up him and the car.

Watching the explosion, Steve screams in horror.

STEVE

No!!!

War's smile turns to a scowl as he sees Famine running away.

WAR

I hate that fat bastard.

War starts his motorcycle and rides after Famine.

Famine looks over his shoulder and sees that War is in pursuit.

Famine turns his head forward to pick up speed, and runs smack into a car and is knocked flat to the ground.

Steve stares at the wreckage where he has just seen Philip blown up. The rubble around the wreckage begins to slowly stir.

Philip, complete with a set of angel wings on his back, emerges from the rubble, coughing and brushing off his clothes.

(CONTINUED)

Famine is lying on the ground. Suddenly he is greeted with War's hands around his throat.

War lifts up Famine and starts shaking and choking him.

WAR

Done had it with your fat  
ass! Gonna gut you and use your  
blubber for for a slip and slide!

FAMINE

Urk!!

Steve slowly walks towards Philip, who is still brushing himself off and stretching his wings.

STEVE

Philip? Are you dead?

PHILIP

Do I look dead?

STEVE

I...I don't understand.

PHILIP

It's pretty simple. I'm an angel,  
always have been. My one job for  
millennium was to keep the Horsemen  
in check. I failed this time, so  
now the world will end. Sorry. My  
bad.

STEVE

But...but we went to college  
together.

PHILIP

Right. And why do you think I  
majored in theology? Like you can  
get a job in that.

War is still throttling Famine.

WAR

I may not be able to kill you, but  
maybe I can squeeze some of the  
stupid out.

A loud truck horn sounds, and Famine sees that it is emanating from a 18 wheeler directly behind War. The horn is constant, but War seems oblivious to it.

(CONTINUED)

Famine begins pointing towards the truck, trying to get War to look.

WAR

I ain't that dumb to fall for the  
look behind you scam, you dumb ass.

The tone of the truck horn changes from a traditional truck horn to a more ethereal trumpeting sound.

Famine gasps for air as War drops him and turns around.

Death is behind the wheel of the truck, pulling the horn. As Death holds up a a single finger, and the sky darkens.

Philip looks over at the truck when he hears the horn.

PHILIP

...and that would be strike  
three. It's begun.

STEVE

What's begun?

PHILIP

That sound was the first of the  
three woes, or horns. The third  
time it sounds will be the last  
thing anyone will ever hear. The  
big guy is not going to be happy  
with this.

STEVE

How can God let this happen if it's  
not his will?

PHILIP

God's will is for you all to handle  
it yourselves.

STEVE

But I thought God is in charge of  
our fate.

PHILIP

Look, ever wonder why, if God is  
control of everything, why evil  
exists in the world?

STEVE

Yeah, but...

Death walks to the rear of the truck.

(CONTINUED)

Two of her henchmen swing open the back doors of the truck, and Death climbs in and disappears into the darkness.

PHILIP

Think about it. God allows evil to exist so that humans can have free will to choose. If God removed evil, he would also be forced to remove free will. You all need to police yourselves, he is not interested in doing it for you.

STEVE

So it's over then.

PHILIP

If you are going to punk out and not do anything about it, then yep, kiss your ass goodbye.

STEVE

What can I do?

PHILIP

You always ask that, but then do nothing.

STEVE

If I can save the world, I'll do whatever it takes.

PHILIP

Don't be so dramatic. If you really want to try, I'd suggest you start by following them and doing whatever it takes to stop the final horn from sounding.

Philip motions towards the truck.

The sound of a large motorcycle starting up is audible, then Death comes riding out of the back of the truck on a huge pale green Harley Davidson motorcycle. She pulls the motorcycle around and stops.

War and Famine are on their bikes, lined up behind Death.

Pestilence comes rolling up on his bike.

Death gives him a nod, then the Four Horsemen begin to ride towards the city.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Your best shot will be to probably  
to make your stand at ground zero.

STEVE

Where's that?

PHILIP

Don't know, but it'll be at some  
sort of battleground. Just stop the  
final horn.

STEVE

How?

PHILIP

By exercising your free will and  
have faith.

Philip steps to the edge of the bridge and stretches his  
wings.

STEVE

Faith in what?!

Philip smiles, then jumps off the bridge.

Steve looks after him, then jumps on his bike and heads  
after the Four Horsemen.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Four Horsemen slowly ride through the streets of the  
city, staring straight ahead.

Steve follows behind them, watching the city in turmoil.

Mobs of people are banging on the doors of a closed Swirly  
Burger restaurant that has a sign posted "No Food. Sorry".

Large groups of middle-aged men are wandering aimlessly down  
the sidewalks. They are all shaking their heads and  
gesturing in frustration towards their crotches. A few of  
them sit down on the curb and cry. One of the men drops down  
to his knees, stares at his crotch and screams towards the  
heavens.

Bombs are exploding over the horizon and fighter jets are  
flying over head.

Two camera crews are jockeying for position to film four  
people who are holding "Repent: The End Is Near" signs and  
are being mocked and harassed by an angry mob.

(CONTINUED)

A REPENTER, a black man in his 50's, turns to an ANGRY MOB MEMBER, a white man in his mid 20's.

REPENTER

Save yourselves! The world is ending!

ANGRY MOB MEMBER

Shut the hell up! I got kids to feed, and Swirly Burger needs to get me some damn food!

REPENTER

Ye, the end is near!

The repenter waves his sign in front of the angry mob members face.

ANGRY MOB MEMBER

If that ain't a burger, you'd better get that shit out my face!

The angry mob member swats the sign out of the repenter's hand and on to the ground.

The other mob members stomp on the sign, and go after the three other repenter's.

A camera crew rushes in to film the melee, only to be attacked by the mob. Another camera crew rushes in to film the other camera crew getting attacked.

An air raid horn sounds and a fighter jet flies by.

As the Four Horsemen ride by the air raid horn, the tone of the horn changes to an ethereal trumpeting sound.

An ambulance passes by the Horsemen, it's siren also changes to an ethereal trumpeting sound.

Death raises two fingers in the air.

Steve looks at the ambulance, where the driver is hitting the horn on the roof with a puzzled expression on his face.

STEVE

(mumbles)

The second horn.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

The Four Horsemen pull in front of a high school football stadium, which is brightly lit against the night sky and full of cheering fans.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Steve pulls up at a distance and observes the Horsemen, undetected.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

WAR

This it?

DEATH

Yes.

FAMINE

A high school football game is the setting for Armageddon? Really?

DEATH

Shut up and go buy yourself a hot dog, fatty.

FAMINE

Stop calling me fat! It's a glandular prob...

Famine sniffs the air, then spots the concession stand where hot dogs are being grilled.

FAMINE

(cont'd)

Well, this is the Apocalypse, so I guess I better keep my energy up...

Famine waddles off towards the concession stand.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Sitting on his bike, Steve jumps as someone grabs him from behind.

JENNIFER

Glad to see you off the phone.

Steve turns around and sees Jennifer smiling at him.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

What are you doing here?!

JENNIFER

You really know how to make someone feel welcome.

Jennifer turns to walk away.

STEVE

Wait! I'm sorry, it's been a - a complicated day and didn't expect to see you here.

Jennifer stops and turns back towards Steve.

JENNIFER

I'm here because my nephew is in the marching band. You?

STEVE

Um, I'm here to stop the Apocalypse?

JENNIFER

Rude and sarcastic. What every woman dreams of in a man.

Jennifer turns to walk away again.

Steve takes a deep breath then starts speaking fast.

STEVE

I'm serious! Today I found out that the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are real and...

Jennifer stares in awe as Steve speaks without taking a breath as he tells the story.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

A vicious hit is laid out on the running back and the crowd cheers.

PESTILENCE

I commend your choice of such an apropos modern day battleground.

DEATH

Thank you, that means a lot. Sometimes I don't feel my

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



DEATH (cont'd)  
leadership is appreciated; it's  
nice to hear some positive  
reinforcement.

WAR  
Enough with the love fest. If this  
has to happen, let's do the damn  
thing.

DEATH  
Correct again, my boy band loving  
friend.

WAR  
NE ain't no boy band bitch! They  
are musical geniuses!

DEATH  
We will have another eternity to  
debate that when we are  
finished. Suit up; it's time for  
the final ride.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

It is halftime of the game. A high school marching band is  
on the field, playing a song and performing a routine.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

STEVE  
...and Philip was an angel on earth  
but now he can't help and it's up  
to me and I don't know what to do.

Steve takes in a deep breath. Jennifer starts to back away  
from him slowly.

JENNIFER  
Okay...you know, my Uncle is an  
excellent therapist and he may be  
able to help you -

Steve points down to the football field.

STEVE  
Look!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The Four Horsemen ride their motorcycles on to the the field, sending the band scattering. They stop on the 50 yard line.

The Four Horsemen dismount their bikes and stand in the middle of the field, staring menacingly at the stunned crowd.

The Horsemen are now dressed in their "traditional" garb; Death is wearing a full length hooded black cloak with a scythe mounted to the side of her bike; War is wearing a red armored breastplate, a red horned battle helmet with a huge sword slung over his back; Famine is dressed in a black robe holding a set of scales; and Pestilence is dressed in a tattered white robe.

After a long, awkward pause, Famine whispers out of the side of his mouth to Death.

FAMINE

Now what?

DEATH

We wait for the third horn and then the General will arrive to set us loose, you idiot.

FAMINE

And that will be when? I feel like a dork standing here with these stupid scales while War gets that big ass sword.

WAR

It's genetic. By the way, one hell of a plan Death.

DEATH

Shut up, both of you.

Jude comes sauntering off the sidelines and heads towards the Four Horsemen.

DEATH

(cont'd)

See? It's all coming together.

PESTILENCE

What exactly is coming together?

(CONTINUED)

DEATH

Well, you see, this guy here is going to... well, he is going to trigger...see, we need humans to start this party for us, so this guy is the key to...um....well, he can explain.

Jude reaches the Horsemen.

JUDE

You guys look pretty cool, but I always thought the Apocalypse would be a little more action packed.

DEATH

We've been waiting for you.

JUDE

Really? It's nice to be wanted and everything, but I just came to be a spectator.

DEATH

We need a human to trigger Armageddon, and you fit the bill.

JUDE

Well...that may be a bit of a problem. You see, I'm not exactly human.

Jude takes off his baseball cap and reveals the stubs of two horns on top of his head, and a spiked tail snakes out from under his coat.

FAMINE

Damn dude, you from the downstairs division?

JUDE

Yep.

DEATH

Shit! How are we gonna pull this off now?

JUDE

Just a humble observation, but you are currently surrounded by several humans, some of whom seem to have exactly what you require.

(CONTINUED)

Jude nods towards the marching bands horn section, where four trumpeters are cowering in fear.

DEATH

Yes, that's what I was planning. War! Bring me the horn section; this is going to be one hell of a show.

WAR

(mumbles)

Bitch needs to go get them her damn self.

War hops back on his motorcycle and rides over to the horn section.

Steve rides on to the field with Jennifer on the back of his motorcycle and cuts War off in front of the cowering teenagers.

STEVE

Wait!

WAR

Too late boy, you had your chance.

War motions towards the trumpeters with his sword.

WAR

(cont'd)

You four, come with me.

STEVE

But you told me that these are the things that turn Boys to Men. New Edition wouldn't lie, would they?

WAR

(laughing)

I like you son. Hit me up on the other side.

War rides around Steve and herds the trumpeters towards the other Horsemen.

Jennifer jumps off of Steve's motorcycle and stands bravely in front of War.

JENNIFER

I will not let you take these childr-

(CONTINUED)

War reaches out and bonks Jennifer on top the head, knocking her unconscious. Jennifer slumps on to the front of War's motorcycle. War lifts her up, dumps her on the back of his motorcycle and motions for the trumpeters to keep walking.

Steve tries to ram War with his motorcycle, but War nonchalantly smacks Steve with the flat of his sword, knocking him off his bike and on to the ground.

Steve sits on the ground, watching War lead the trumpeters.

A hand reaches down to help Steve up. It is Philip, and his wings are now hidden by a bulky trench coat.

Steve knock Philip's hand aside and stays seated on the ground.

PHILIP

Even the "saving the girl" scenario isn't enough to get you off your dead ass?

STEVE

I liked you better as a fake human; as an angel, you are an a-hole.

PHILIP

Gotta call them like I see them. Only fallen angels are dishonest.

Jude strolls over and joins Steve and Philip.

JUDE

What's up fellas?

STEVE

Hey, it's another useless jackass. Just in time too - we can go to hell together when the world ends.

JUDE

Been there and all I got was a lousy t-shirt.

STEVE

Not the time for your lame jokes.

PHILIP

Uhh...Steve, he's not joking. Jude answers to a, umm, lower power.

(CONTINUED)

Jude's tail flashes out from under his coat. Steve hangs his head.

STEVE  
Jesus Christ.

Philip looks around.

PHILIP  
Where?

JUDE  
Sucker. Look, I've decided I like this existence and I don't want the world to end either, so you better hurry up and do something.

STEVE  
Don't want the world to end?! Then why have you been helping them?

JUDE  
Umm, I'm a demon dummy - it's my job.

Jude turns towards Philip.

JUDE  
(cont'd)  
Can't you give him some rah rah speech? Something about how his newfound love giving him the courage to keep the world turning? You know, the usual bullshit?

STEVE  
Don't bother, I don't see the point in any of this.

PHILIP  
The point is to stop being a self-centered, entitled human being and care about something other than yourself for once.

STEVE  
Yeah, that's motivating.

PHILIP  
I've asked you to have faith - have you figured out in what yet?

STEVE

Obviously it's not a higher power,  
is it?

PHILIP

Have faith in yourself; a belief  
that you matter to not only  
yourself, but others as  
well. Faith that you do and can  
care, and that it matters on a  
scale bigger than you can  
comprehend. If that doesn't  
motivate you, then I don't know  
what will.

Steve lifts his head and watches as War reaches the other  
Horsemen, with Jennifer still unconscious on the back of his  
bike.

JUDE

As much as it pains me to say, we'd  
better work together and give him  
some help before we are both out of  
a job.

Philip pauses, considers Jude's proposal, then nods his  
head.

Philip and Jude reach down and pull Steve to his feet.

PHILIP

Save the world, get the girl - is  
that so bad?

Steve looks towards the Four Horsemen.

Death is pointing at the trumpeters with her scythe, trying  
to get them to blow their horns. They are struggling because  
they are too scared.

Famine grabs a trumpet from one of them in an attempt to  
demonstrate, but accomplishes nothing.

War snatches the trumpet away from Famine, and hands it back  
to the trumpeter.

Death finally lines them up, and the four trumpeters appear  
ready to sound their horns in unison.

The trumpeters suddenly freeze.

Steve looks around and sees that the Four Horsemen and  
everyone in the stadium are frozen in place as well.

(CONTINUED)

Steve looks at Philip and Jude, who are not frozen, but are standing back to back. Philip is facing the Four Horsemen, and Jude facing the crowd.

PHILIP

We can only do this for so long, so go inspire the masses.

Philip points towards a microphone that is on the sideline.

STEVE

What do I say?

PHILIP

Get inspired! Think of the great leaders in history. Hurry!

Steve runs over and grabs the microphone. As soon as he does, everyone in the stadium un-freezes.

The trumpeters and the Horsemen are confused, until Death looks over and sees Philip and Jude. She glares at them, then turns her attention back towards the trumpeters. Her head whips back around as Steve starts speaking over the microphone.

STEVE

Um, I had a dream - Ask not what you can do for your country - uh, screw it. Look, I know this sounds crazy, but we have to take control. These, um people (pointing towards the Horsemen), are planning to do something bad to all of us.

Steve motions towards the Horsemen.

Famine smiles and gives the crowd a one finger salute.

STEVE

We can stop them, but we need to stand together. We can 't sit back and allow something or someone else to decide whether we live or die.

The crowd begins to rise to their feet in agreement.

STEVE

We are in control! We decide our fate!

The crowd begins to walk on to the field, slowly building speed and momentum towards the Four Horsemen.

(CONTINUED)



STEVE  
Liberty or death!

Steve throws down the microphone and the crowd breaks out into a run, headed straight for the Four Horsemen.

Jennifer wakes up.

War steps forward, his sword drawn. Famine hides behind him, feigning his support.

The crowd reaches the tip of War's sword.

Death signals the trumpeters to blow their horns.

The horns make an ethereal trumpeting sound.

The entire crowd vanishes.

Steve is still running, screaming a battle cry and almost runs right into the tip of War's sword. Steve puts on the brakes and falls to the ground.

War smiles, then sheaths his sword and turns away.

On his knees, Steve looks towards the sky and screams.

STEVE  
How could you let this happen?!

A voice calls out from behind Steve.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL  
Cut the drama, son.

Steve turns around, and sees a man in his mid-fifties, wearing a baseball cap, windbreaker and a whistle around his neck, casually strolling towards him. This is ARCHANGEL MICHAEL. He reaches Steve, and looks down at him.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL  
(cont'd)  
Stand up son. Have some dignity for  
Christ's sake.

Steve stands up. He notices that Philip is standing at full attention, holding a tight salute.

Archangel Michael slowly walks towards the Four Horsemen, who are also standing at attention.

Jude walks over and puts his arm around Steve's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

JUDE

That, my friend, is the Warrior of God. The Muslims call him Mikha'il, but you probably know him better as Archangel Michael, the leader of God's army. In any minute now, the ground will rumble, my boss will show up, and the war will begin. I wonder if it's too late for me to desert to Canada?

Steve hangs his head.

STEVE

So I've failed. But why am I alive?

Jennifer walks over to Steve and holds his hand.

Famine steps forward.

FAMINE

This is the Rapture, stupid. You were left behind to suffer. Both of you must have done some baaaad things.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

Did I give you permission to speak, fat boy? Step back in line. Lose some weight while you are at it; you are a disgrace to your uniform.

STEVE

Is it true? Was I - were we left behind?

Archangel Michael looks at Steve.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

Don't listen to him, his brain is filled with blubber. I just put everyone away because I hate crowds.

Archangel Michael turns away from Steve and looks sternly at the Four Horsemen.

Death nervously steps forward.

DEATH

Hi, Big Mike. The 3rd horn sounded, so, um, you know, we thought that it was um, time, that's why we are here.

(CONTINUED)

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

Cut the horse crap. We all heard the horns.

DEATH

Soo...where's the rest of the army?

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

You've always thought that you were smarter than the room, Death. We all saw your shenanigans a mile a way. We were just waiting for someone down here to step up and stop you jackasses.

Archangel Michael steps up to Death and stares her in the face.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

(cont'd)

Death, you are just part of life, that's it. Just do your job, and stop trying to be in charge - you're not.

Archangel Michael steps over and stares War in the face.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

(cont'd)

Soldier, I have told you before that your name isn't random acts of terror; it's War. Stick to what you know, and stop getting so damn emotional. It's not good for anyone, son.

Archangel Michael steps over and stares at Famine in the face.

Famine tries to quickly hide the hot dog he has just taken a bite out of. Famine tries to nervously slow his chewing, but fails horribly.

Archangel Michael takes a deep breath as if he is going to yell at Famine, but then just exhales and shakes his head.

Archangel Michael steps over and stares Pestilence in the face.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

I thought you were better than these other morons - compared to them, you are a genius. I've got half a mind to put you in charge

(CONTINUED)

Death cuts him off.

DEATH

Excuse me sir. I don't appreciate you putting down my troops. We were just following orders and -

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

Zip it woman.

DEATH

But...

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

Now.

Archangel Michael turns to Jude and Philip, the latter who is still holding a salute and is at attention.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

At ease, soldier.

Philip releases his salute and relaxes.

Jude mocks Philip with a fake salute, and Archangel Michael turns towards him.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

You may not be under my command boy, but we've been in contact with your boss. While he is ready for war with us at anytime, he doesn't like false alarms anymore than we do.

JUDE

Whatever dude. You have no clue what we...

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

Did I ask you to speak? You should be thanking me; they wanted to call you home. I hear there is a job opening working as Saddam Husein's personal pedicurist.

Jude lowers his eyes and mumbles under his breath to himself.

Archangel Michael turns towards Philip.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

And you need to do a better job of working with this one to keep these tools under control - that's your job, and you need to keep sight of it.

A golf cart comes driving on to the field, driven by a man dressed all in white, wearing sunglasses.

Archangel Michael turns back towards Death.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

Get in the cart. I'm sure the highers and lowers will love to hear your story.

DEATH

Wait a minute, I think...

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

If you were capable of thought, this never would have happened. Get in the cart, now.

Archangel Michael points to the golf cart.

Death takes one last breath as if to protest, then sees Archangel Micheal staring at her. She lowers her head and silently climbs into the front seat of the golf cart.

Archangel Michael climbs into the rear facing seat of the golf cart. The cart starts to pull away.

STEVE

Wait!

Archangel Michael motions for the cart to stop. Jude nudges Steve and mumbles under his breath.

JUDE

Just let him go dude!

Steve ignores Jude, lets go of Jennifer's hand and steps forward.

STEVE

I just have one question.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

Really? If I were in your position, I'd probably have a lot more than one. But go ahead, ask away.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Was the world really going to end?

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

(laughing)

That's the eternal question, isn't it? And that's something for all of you to decide.

STEVE

Why me?

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

Why you what? And I thought you only had one question.

STEVE

Sorry - but why was I chosen to take part in all of this?

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

You tell me.

STEVE

Well...was it a Weltanschauung, or world view type lesson directed towards me because I was wasting my life away, living in a virtual fantasy world instead of doing something meaningful and finding love? Or was this a greater, zeitgeist moralistic lesson demonstrating that we need to live life to the fullest, care for others and give thanks to our creator for his love and kindness? Or was this a message to us that we were given the power of free will, need to recognize that power and should use it wisely?

Archangel Michael just stares at Steve.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

Wow...that was against type. So I'm guessing that you took a lot of Philosophy courses in college to impress the ladies?

Archangel Michael gets off the cart and puts a fatherly arm around Steve's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

## ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

Son, sometimes shit just happens  
and you either walk around it, step  
in it or clean it up.

Archangel Michael takes his arm off Steve's shoulder and waves his arm gesturing towards the empty stands. Steve watches as the crowd suddenly reappears.

Steve looks back, but Archangel Michael and everyone else is gone. He is standing alone in the middle of the field, surrounded by the marching band.

The band members stare at Steve as they march off the field. The crowd is cheering, and the teams are coming back on to the field. No one seems to have any idea of what has occurred.

Jennifer walks up to Steve, grabs his hand and pulls him off of the field.

## EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Steve, Jennifer and Philip are walking down the city street, although the streets have changed dramatically. Everything is completely clean, like nothing ever occurred. Store fronts are spotless, and people are sitting inside a Swirly Burger restaurant, happily eating their food.

## STEVE

Now what?

## PHILIP

Well, fate dictates that you two go  
on a date, get married and have a  
ton of kids.

Steve stops walking.

## STEVE

Fate? But I thought there was no  
such thing as -

Philip turns to Jennifer and winks.

## PHILIP

Yes, he's a little dense sometimes,  
but he will grow on you.

## PHILIP

(cont'd)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP (cont'd)

Gotta go - I've got orders to keep an eye on Famine - apparently he's up to something. Keep the faith!

Philip jumps into a bike taxi that is nearby.

Jennifer and Steve watch as Philip is pedaled away.

STEVE

So...I don't know what fate has in store for us...

JENNIFER

And that's not a bad thing. That just means the possibilities are endless.

STEVE

...but I do know I am hungry. You up for a Swirly Burger run with me?

JENNIFER

I'd like that.

Steve and Jennifer begin to walk down the street.

JENNIFER

(cont'd)

That whole erectile dysfunction thing was a hoax, right?

STEVE

Yep, all about the power of suggestion. Of course there's only one way to be sure.

JENNIFER

Well, if you'd rather date Rosy Palm and her 5 sisters, I won't stand in your way.

Holding hands, Steve and Jennifer continue to walk down the street.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sitting around a conference room table are a number of people dressed in suits. Famine is giving a presentation, talking animatedly.

(CONTINUED)



## FAMINE

...the new business model is to expand globally with our new product.

Famine clicks on a PowerPoint slide, which has a picture of a triple-decker hamburger, deep fried and wrapped in bacon. A green colored sauce is dripping from it's sides. The title of the slide reads "Swirly Burger Presents: The \$1.00 Hamburger"

## FAMINE

The key gentlemen, is our secret sauce. Just as Cola companies used to put cocaine in their drinks, we have a secret addictive ingredient as well. Our new head chemist will explain the details.

Famine motions to his left, and Pestilence stands up.

END