

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

A young woman enters the house. She is pale, with dark hair, and wears black clothing; her t-shirt has a skull on it - this is DEATH. She stows the scythe she has been carrying in an umbrella stand. A sword also resides there.

We see the corridor is lined with scorch marks and bullet holes.

DEATH
(under her breath)
Again?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Death pops her head in only to see a young, wiry man (mid-20s) ravenously devouring a mass of food. Piles of half-empty packets and other containers litter the table and floor; it's a mess.

His eyes are dilated and his hair is patchy with a gaunt face. A needle sticks out of one of his arms but he doesn't seem to notice. He wears denim overalls over a red flannel shirt - this is FAMINE.

DEATH
(sighs)
Where is he?

Famine jerks his head downward and continues his eating, pausing only to down the remainder of a bottle of wine.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY

As Death descends the stairs we hear heavy metal being played. She pauses outside a heavy steel door, slightly ajar. She edges the door open and enters.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

A long room greets her.

Pinned along one of the walls we see progressively advanced weaponry: rock, wooden spear, stone axe, metal sword, musket, machine gun, missile. A suit of armour stands nearby. At the

far end of the room sits a well-used punchbag and bench press.

In the centre sits a man (early 30s). His hair is close-cropped and he wears a tank top in classic army camouflage and red joggers. Military boots lie discard on the floor nearby - this is WAR.

He is very muscular, but his expression is one of sadness. He is sat on a beanbag and playing *Call of Duty* on a large screen. His feet are up on a coffee table where lots of green army toy soldiers can be seen.

DEATH

War? Are you in here? (*beat*) I can't see you *anywhere*...

War sighs and pauses his game. The song on the radio begins winding down.

WAR

You're not funny Dee.

She smiles and come to sit on his simple military standard bed - unmade.

DEATH

I'm hilarious and you know it. What's up little brother?

War averts his eyes and they sit in silence for a moment. The radio begins it's next song.

RADIO

War, huh, yeah. What is it good for?
Absolutely no--

War quick-draws a pistol and unloads the clip on the radio. It empties and he swiftly reloads the weapon and unloads another round on the clearly already broken device. When the clip empties he continues pulling the trigger uselessly. His breathing is hard and he looks angry.

DEATH

Oh, I see.

WAR

See what? You don't know what it's like! It's not the same anymore. War

used to be being so close you could see the the fear in the whites of your enemy's eyes, duelling just to stay alive, sweat and ferocity, where warriors had honour, where you could look across the battlefield and see the enemy.

Now it's as real as this game (*he gestures*). You sit down somewhere and push a few buttons, and then halfway around the world someone dies. That's not war, that's just a game...

DEATH

But international relations are as tense as they've ever been, nationalism is on the rise... I'm sure something will come along. What about the US and China, or the US and Russia, or -

WAR

Oh, don't start on those two. It's just the whole Cold War mess again.

DEATH

But that's good isn't it?

WAR

No! Cold wars aren't wars. That's just people wishing they could fight a real war. (*sighs*) It's my fault, I should never have given them nuclear weapons.

DEATH

Woah, everyone in *this* house loves them!

WAR

Yeah, but it's not like *they* ever use them. I thought it would revolutionise warfare but they used it twice and then never again.

DEATH

Hey, they'll use them, I'm sure. They're just waiting for the right time, a special occasion. At least they're stockpiling them right?

War shrugs; he flicks one of the toy soldier across the room.

WAR

You know they made treaties outlawing their use!? Some guy called it 'nuclear deterrent', eugh. Humans are the worst. They all want to kill each other so badly, and I just want to help them do that, but now they're all too scared to. How am I suppose to conclude the trilogy now?

He gestures to a whiteboard with 'WORLD WAR THREE: TOKYO DRIFT'. Various offshoots and ideas are labelled, a world map nearby has strings connecting different countries by allies and enemies, significant people, etc.

Death gets up and looks it over. We see lots of ideas crossed out and scribbled over: most notably, 'SOMETHING WITH JAPAN? REVENGE?'. A bin nearby is overflowing with crumpled paper.

WAR

They keep making all these jokes about it, and now I think it's too late.

He puts his head in his hands and Death comes over and sits next to him.

DEATH

Look, it's not as bad as it seems. They almost got Pest a while back with that penicillin scare. Remember, we almost lost him. But now with anti-vaxxers and this new pandemic, he's the best we've seen him since the 14th century. He had a couple hundred years out of it, getting by on colds and cancer, but it was the time off that really inspired him. I think you need some time off, bro. You worked so hard last century it's almost ruined you.

WAR

You think?

Death raises an eyebrow.

DEATH

Who's the wisest and most ancient
power in the universe?

WAR

(mumbling)

You are.

DEATH

What's that?

WAR

You are. Thanks sis.

He hugs her before she collects War's phone from a nearby
shelf.

DEATH

You know, humans invented this thing a
few years back and I think it'll be
perfect for you.

She finishes what she was doing and hands it to him. We see
she has installed *Twitter*.

WAR

What's this?

DEATH

So instead of punching each other in
the face they decided to shout at each
other over the internet instead.

War looks puzzled.

WAR

And?

DEATH

It's like... psychological warfare.
And they're all addicted to it.

WAR

That works?

DEATH

Most fighting I've ever seen. As in,
EVER. Here, watch this.

She types: 'I like Star Wars' and hits Tweet. Immediately the phone receives numerous alerts and replies with people passionately arguing in the comments.

War is confused.

WAR

That's it? But people are allowed to like Star Wars aren't they? Or did I miss something?

DEATH

That's it. These days that's all it takes.

The messages and alerts keep coming and War smiles.

WAR

I love it.

DEATH

Well, I shall leave you to it. You know, me and Fam were thinking of sticking a film on, and seeing as Pest is out it looks like *Contagion* is off the table. We were thinking of *Apocalypse Now*...

War beams, much happier than when we met him.

WAR

I'll be there in sec.

He looks down again at his phone, engrossed.

DEATH

Well don't be too long, Fam said he'd bring snacks for all of us but you know what he's like.

Death leaves as War continues reading his phone. He suddenly looks up, eyes wide, classic eureka moment, and rushes over to his whiteboard and begins scribbling furiously.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY

Death lingers outside. The lighting flickers and we, very briefly, see her true, terrifying form.

She licks her lips and smiles.