

FADE IN

EXT. BUSY CITY STREET - DAY

A city BUS pulls away from the sidewalk as a WOMAN and young GIRL run up and bang on the door.

WOMAN

No, no, wait. I'm sorry, please wait.

The bus stops, the door opens and the two start to get on. The girl stops on the first step and watches

As the woman rushes over to a homeless MAN who sits on the sidewalk. She fishes some change out of her purse, hands it to the man and hurries back onto the bus.

The bus pulls away and heads down the busy street.

INT. CITY BUS - FOLLOWING

The bus is half full of tired riders. The mother and daughter, SUSAN and ROBIN SPRING, sit toward the front of the bus.

Susan, 30's, dressed just this side of professional, shakes her head as she sits. Robin, 10, has a smart, mischievous face.

Susan puts her bags under the seat and looks out at a CRAZY street PREACHER ranting and waving a sign on the sidewalk.

Robin's backpack is on her lap; she has a book-shaped TROPHY in her hands.

SUSAN

This is ridiculous; we almost miss this bus every day.

ROBIN

Sorry, mom.

SUSAN

Just try to get out on time please.

Robin makes the trophy a little more conspicuous.

SUSAN

How was school today, sweetie?

ROBIN

Boring.

SUSAN
Why was it boring?

ROBIN
We were supposed to discuss half-life and carbon dating, and all we did was play with popcorn kernels in a shoebox.

SUSAN
It's fifth grade, honey, what do you expect?

ROBIN
I want to go to Farmington Academy.

SUSAN
We've discussed that. The bus trip alone would add over an hour.

Robin sulks, shifts the trophy again. Susan perks up, changes the subject.

SUSAN
Anything fun happen today? Anything you particularly liked?

ROBIN
Well, yeah, actually there was.

SUSAN
Ooh, what?

ROBIN
Sean Kensington brought his father in today for career day.

SUSAN
Really? Your little friend from Spanish Club? What does his father do?

ROBIN
He sends people to Hell.

A woman in the seat next to them gasps and stares.

SUSAN
Well, that's a pretty neat
(beat)
Pardon me?

ROBIN
He's a preacher, and he said we're all going to burn in Hell when the end of the world comes.

SUSAN
I'm sure he didn't say...

ROBIN
Yeah, he did. If we don't listen to him,
that's where we're going.

SUSAN
And where was the teacher while he was
saying all this?

ROBIN
She had to go grade tests, and when she
came back, most of the kids were crying.
It was great.

SUSAN
Well, I think I'm going to have to have a
talk with your teacher, I find that
highly irresponsible.

Susan shakes her head and stares out the window at the
gathering clouds. Robin puts the trophy back in her pack.

The woman in the next seat stares at Robin with a dour face.
Robin leans toward the woman.

ROBIN
The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse will
wipe out every living creature.
Everybody.

The woman harrumphs, and directs her attention elsewhere.

SUSAN
That's enough, Robin. First of all, those
type of "preachers" only talk that way to
scare other people into attending their
church so that they can make more money
from donations. And second of all,
there's no such thing as horsemen who
come to destroy the earth.

ROBIN
I don't know, he sounded very sure of
himself.

SUSAN
And how do I sound?

They look at each other a beat, then turn away.

ROBIN

I wonder how someone gets the job of
Pestilence, or Famine or...

SUSAN

Stop it. They're figurative beings
created so people would have something to
focus on.

Susan waves her hands around, attracting attention from other
riders and the driver.

SUSAN

Because when you label the intangible, or
make it into something familiar, like a
person who does this or that, it's not so
scary anymore.

Robin looks at her mother with an eyebrow raised.

SUSAN

That "Armageddon" isn't going to happen,
and those horsemen just plain don't
exist. Okay?

She stares sternly at Robin, who stares back.

SUSAN

Okay?

ROBIN

Okay. They don't exist.

EXT. OTHERWORLDLY PLAINS - NIGHT

Three huge, black, red-eyed WAR HORSES ride across the dusty,
rocky plain. The sky is an odd purple/green color, clouds
roiling madly. Lightning flashes, shapes of riders can be
seen on the horses' backs.

They get closer. One of the figures, FAMINE, is portly with a
round, unshaven face. He wears raiment trimmed out with
bones. His helmet is fashioned like some sort of skull.

Figure two, PESTILENCE, is tall and gaunt and has a sickly
pallor. Clasps and buckles in the shape of insects highlight
his long flowing robes.

The third rider, WAR, is of a mighty build with a strong,
bearded face and dark eyes. His braids fall over tarnished
armor and leather straps. The haft of a great axe shows over
his shoulder.

WAR

There!

He points toward a looming, shadowy STRONGHOLD up ahead in the dusky night. One window spills eerie light out into the dark.

WAR

Hah!

The horses gallop faster and charge toward the stronghold.

EXT. BUILDING – FOLLOWING

The horses stop ABRUPTLY at a hitching post. Famine FLIES out of his saddle, over his horse's head and crashes into the building through a closed WINDOW.

War and Pestilence look to each other and shake their heads. They dismount and enter the building.

INT. GREAT ROOM – FOLLOWING

Wall SCONCES burst alight with flames as War and Pestilence enter the cavernous, rustically appointed room. It is decorated in early Gothic, heavy timbers, stone, iron, etc. A sweeping stairway leads upstairs.

A huge stone fireplace dominates the room, and a long, heavy wooden TABLE with chairs sits before it.

Famine is face down on the floor near the window.

WAR

Brother, where are you? Where is he, Pestilence?

PESTILENCE

He's obviously gone again, War.

FAMINE

I'm okay guys, thanks.

Famine dusts himself off and gets awkwardly to his feet. He nonchalantly yanks away a jagged piece of wooden WINDOW FRAME that protrudes from his chest.

WAR

His room.

FAMINE

Your concern is warming, brothers.

PESTILENCE

Learn how to ride, Famine, or skip along
behind us.

FAMINE

I'll skip your jaundiced head on the
lake.

WAR

Enough. Let's find him.

PESTILENCE

I tell you he's not here.

War snarls and storms up the stairs. Pestilence and Famine
stare at each other a beat.

FAMINE

How would you know anything?

PESTILENCE

Because at family gatherings, while you
and War are eating and fighting and
trying to decide which hole in your
bodies the best noise comes out of,

Famine makes a face as he scratches absentmindedly at his
butt.

PESTILENCE

I actually talk with - and listen to -
our elusive brother. And treat him
decently. And... spy on him in his room.

FAMINE

Brown nose.

PESTILENCE

Envious boor.

FAMINE

Over-educated fairy.

PESTILENCE

Jackass.

FAMINE

I know you are, but what am I?

Pestilence rolls his eyes and turns away.

FAMINE

Ha, I win.

Pestilence gestures back toward Famine, who is immediately attacked by a swarm of hideous biting locusts. He flails his arms about.

FAMINE

Ow! Ow! No fair.

Int. Hallway – same

At the top of the stairs, War stops at a wooden door. He pounds his fist on it.

WAR

Brother! Open up. Is it time for the smashy thing?

No answer.

WAR

Brother? Do we ride tonight? Answer me.

War starts kicking and pulling crazily at the door. His brothers come up behind him.

FAMINE

He's probably sharpening his sickle.

PESTILENCE

Takes one to know one, lonely boy.

WAR

Death!

Putting his shoulder to the door he gives a great shove. He waves his brothers over. Famine eagerly joins him.

Pestilence just stares.

PESTILENCE

Surely you can't be serious. I don't do physical...

War grabs Pestilence by the shoulder and he and Famine shove Pestilence hard against the door numerous times. The door suddenly gives inward.

FAMINE

Whoa.

They fall forward into a room cluttered with bookshelves lined with huge, old tomes and rolled-up scrolls. Charts cover the walls. Oddities adorn the desk and tables.

The brothers look up from the floor. An immense, muscular WOLF, chained to the wall just a few feet away, drools down at them.

WAR

Ha. The chompy, bitey thing is all chained up. Ain't you, Fenrir, you flee-encrusted drool-rag?

The three start to chuckle nervously, then with more confidence.

The wolf gives a slight TUG of its head and the heavy chain SNAPS in three places. He crouches slightly, showing many big teeth.

WAR

Steaming poo.

The wolf LUNGES forward as the brothers scramble to their feet.

FAMINE

Mommy.

INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

The brothers, disheveled and bruised, sit around the large, rough-hewn wooden table. The ticking of an old clock is the only action going on here.

Pestilence has a grooming kit in front of him. He dabs at a cut on his arm.

Famine slouches, his head propped up on one hand. In front of him on the table is an APPLE, which he wilts and rejuvenates again and again with a finger motion. The motion and noise it creates is monotonous.

War stares at Pestilence, gets bored. Then he stares at Famine and his apple. Up, down. Up, down. Up, down. He finally jumps up and throws his chair across the room.

WAR

Arrrgh! He leaves us again!

Pestilence doesn't even look up.

PESTILENCE

Ooh, can't put anything over on you. Big, empty house; he's gone a hundred times a week; and we told you three times.

Pestilence examines his fingernails and tsk-tsk.

PESTILENCE

Only took you thirty minutes to piece it together.

FAMINE

Took him forty just last week, he's getting better.

PESTILENCE

And only one vein throbbing on his forehead.

FAMINE

A crown says his butt is all twitchy and spasmodic.

Famine laughs like a fool. Pestilence, holding a mirror, dabs at a scratch on his face and grins slightly. War is seething.

WAR

Rrrraagh!

He whips the AXE off his back, grabs Famine by the throat, lifts him off his chair and shoves the head of the axe up under Famine's chin.

WAR

Take it back.

FAMINE

What?

WAR

Take it back or I'll rip you from head to toe and feed you to the wolf.

FAMINE

Crying out loud War, we're just playing. Right Pestilence?

He turns pleadingly to Pestilence, who just looks at himself in the mirror trying to ignore them. Finally he slumps and turns his head toward them.

WAR

Well?

Pestilence SIGHS heavily and delivers deadpan.

PESTILENCE

We were only playing. You are so very smart. The nerve of us. And I mean really.

War glares a moment, then drops Famine to the floor. War spins and SPLITS the table in two with one mighty arc of his axe.

PESTILENCE

Well, that's the last time THAT table pisses anyone off.

WAR

Who does he think he is? Running off every time he fancies, while we sit in this stink hole.

War starts to WHACK at other pieces of furniture and décor in the room.

PESTILENCE

Ooh, much better. That really pulls the whole room together.

FAMINE

He's right you know.

PESTILENCE

Pardon me?

FAMINE

He's right. All we ever get to do is practice, while Death gets to go out into the real world. We've been here forever.

Pestilence watches as War chews on the back of a fur-upholstered chair, spits out some hairs and throws the seat against a wall.

PESTILENCE

As much as I hate to admit it, I do believe something stinks here. And it isn't just Nutjob over there.

War grabs a candelabra from the mantle and BITES a thick CANDLE in half. He makes a surprised face, nods, and starts to eat the remaining piece.

FAMINE

Let's make him take us.

War offers a candle piece to Pestilence.

PESTILENCE

Thank you, no; I walk upright.
(to Famine)
What was that, Brother?

FAMINE

Next time he goes, we go.

War GROWLS angrily through a mouthful of tallow.

WAR

We're missing all the excitement.

INT. COMFORTABLE, CRAMPED APARTMENT - NIGHT

A small FISH NET sloshes around in a fish bowl, trying to snare a floating ex-GOLDFISH.

Susan, the scooper, finally snags the dead fish and plops it into a baggie.

Robin stands next to her, a pout creeping into her face.

SUSAN

I'm sorry he's dead, Honey. These things happen sometimes.

ROBIN

I guess so.

She is near tears. Susan tries to re-direct her attention.

SUSAN

We can have a funeral for him, a nice service before we... er... flush

ROBIN

NO! Not that.

Susan winces, then pats Robin on the shoulder.

SUSAN

Let's go have a service for poor Mr... what was his name?

ROBIN

His name was Stanley. It isn't fair; He was my best friend and now he's going to hell.

Robin cries and runs away. Susan stands holding the dripping baggie and net. She stares at the little lifeless body.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Susan and Robin eat dinner at the small table in the "dining nook" of the kitchen.

Robin picks at her plate with a fork.

SUSAN

Robin, please eat your dinner, it's going to get cold.

ROBIN

I'm not hungry.

Susan watches her daughter for a few seconds, then puts her fork down.

SUSAN

Honey, Mr... Stanley is not going to Hell. There is no Hell for Goldfish. I mean, what could a goldfish possibly do to deserve Hell?

Robin ignores the remark and continues picking.

SUSAN

Hog the pellets? Start a fight with the Black Mollies?

Robin continues to ignore her mother.

Susan giggles nervously. Robin snaps at her.

ROBIN

What do you know anyway? You didn't even know his name, you didn't notice that I won a trophy for the reading marathon - there isn't a single book in that school that I don't know about - you pick me up late every day and you know nothing about anything.

She storms away from the table and a few seconds later a door is slammed shut in another area of the apartment.

Susan sits at the table looking completely dejected. Now it is her turn to pick at her food with a fork.

A door is heard opening, a few seconds later Robin returns to the nook. She stands frowning in front of Susan.

ROBIN

Did you at least remember that I need the costume for the school play tomorrow?

Susan looks at Robin, trying her hardest to not let her "No; what costume?" face show.

SUSAN

Of course I did. I just need to iron it. It'll be waiting for you in the morning.

The two stare each other down for a few seconds. Robin's furrowed brow softens a bit.

ROBIN
You sure?

SUSAN
Sure.

ROBIN
Positive?

SUSAN
Positive.

Robin's eyes narrow to slits.

ROBIN
Thank you for the turtle costume.

SUSAN
You're welcome for the turtle costume.

Robin knits up her eyebrows again and frowns mightily, then stomps off to her room.

ROBIN
It wasn't a turtle costume; it was a seven-banded armadillo. Nice try, though.
Good night.

Susan smacks her forehead, then throws her elbows on the table and cradles her head in her hands. One of her elbows messily squishes her food.

Susan closes her eyes.

INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

War, Pestilence and Famine SLEEP in chairs about the room. Three empty candlesticks and tallow pieces litter the small end-table in front of War, who SNORES like a monsoon, crumbs dotting his beard.

Pestilence FIDGETS in his sleep, his hand jerking now and again.

Famine COOS like a baby.

The main door to the room CREAKS open slightly and a shadowy FIGURE appears in the doorway.

The figure is tall, robed and dark. It seems to look at the three sleeping brothers for a moment, then comes in, closing the door.

The figure's hands pull the hood down from the head, and a man's face is seen. This is DEATH, very handsome, neatly trimmed beard, long thick hair - dark, penetrating eyes.

Death crosses the room and looks down at Famine, then at Pestilence. When he turns again

War stands directly in front of Death, wide awake - and angry.

WAR

Long night, brother?

INT. GREATROOM - NIGHT

Death sits in a chair at the split table, War paces in front of him, Famine stands behind and Pestilence sits next to him.

WAR

That is still not good enough, brother.
You cheat us.

DEATH

Pestilence, please, talk some sense
into...

WAR

No! You not talk sense, I want fair for
me.

PESTILENCE

Oh, excellent talking words, War. You
speak so goodly.

WAR

Flattery won't change my mind. We want to
go out into the other worlds, Death.

DEATH

We? All of you actually agreed on
something? Famine?

He glances back at Famine, who smiles sheepishly and shrugs, sweating bullets as he looks to War.

War is incredulous, he glares at Famine.

Death looks at Pestilence.

DEATH

You?

Pestilence looks to War and then to the cringing Famine, then to War again, before looking to Death.

PESTILENCE

Personally, I can wait till The Call; but War seems to think...

War explodes in rage, he lunges at Pestilence.

WAR

You filthy... I'll squish you into paste.

PESTILENCE

Oh, get over yourself.

As War GRABS at Pestilence, Pestilence turns into a SWARM of FLIES and disperses, leaving War grasping crazily at flitting bugs.

War, fist raised to strike, turns at Famine, who nearly inhales all the air out of the room.

FAMINE

Not in the face.

DEATH

Leave him alone, War.

WAR

Shut up.

DEATH

Don't hit him.

War pulls two nasty-looking heavy blades out of his robes and brandishes them.

WAR

You're gonna pay, fat boy - we agreed.

FAMINE

But... but... I'm a chicken. You know that.

WAR

Then I'm gonna carve you up with the slicey thing.

DEATH

Back off, War.

War lunges at Famine and is within fillet reach when Death reaches up and lightly TOUCHES War's chest.

War drops to the floor like a sack of lead weights.

Pestilence REFORMS and stands at Famine's side.

PESTILENCE

I can't believe you lost your spine like that.

FAMINE

At least I was honest, you cringing little weasel.

DEATH

Both of you stop it. Pick him up and get him to his room, he's going to be a little angry when he gets up.

FAMINE

That'll be something new.

PESTILENCE

You might well have said, "He's going to be a little angry when he's walking. Or sitting. Or being."

INT. DEATH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Death sits at his desk. Fenrir lies by his side, snoring. The mesmerizing TIC-TOC of an old clock keeps them company.

Death pores over a large, dusty TOME with exotic binding on his desk, reading intently.

He makes a face, grabs another book and flips open to a page with CHARTS and scans quickly using a finger.

DEATH

I thought so.

He sighs and shuts the chart book and tosses it on his cluttered desk. He lowers a hand to Fenrir and SCRITCHES the wolf's ears.

DEATH

Keep an eye on things, okay?

Fenrir growls softly.

EXT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DEATH'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Pestilence PEEKS through the KEYHOLE, watching Death at the desk.

EXT. ALLEY WITH TRASH BINS - NIGHT

Susan looks at the dead goldfish in the baggie in her hand.

SUSAN
Poor little guy.

She opens the trash bin and tosses the baggie in.

A voice startles her.

VOICE
You're pretty brave, There are germs all
over that dumpster.

Susan turns to see TOM - 30's, handsome, guy next door - at the mouth of the alley.

SUSAN
Hi Tom. Stanley died.

TOM
Robin's goldfish? I'm sorry.

They walk into the building together.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL - FOLLOWING

Tom and Susan climb the stairs.

SUSAN
I don't know why things like this affect
her so easily. It's just a fish.

TOM
Some people just feel things deeper; she
empathizes with others, that's all. It's
a good trait.

SUSAN
How do you handle all those people at the
hospital that you know won't make it.

TOM
I was blessed with not being a big
feeler. I wouldn't be any good as a
doctor if every single case hit me
deeply. But somebody has to care.

They get to the top of the stairs. Tom goes to the LEFT,
Susan turns RIGHT.

TOM

If there weren't people like Robin that
can feel for others - and with whom
others can connect - the world would be
in pretty bad shape.

SUSAN

I guess so. Thanks, Tom.

TOM

Knowing when to step in and when to let
it go, though - that's a tough nut to
crack.

INT. FAMINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Famine sits on his bed reading a book and cracking nuts with
his TEETH. Nutshells litter the bed and floor.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

FAMINE

Mmmm?

Knocking again.

FAMINE

Mmmmaaahh?

The door opens and Pestilence enters, glancing behind him.

PESTILENCE

Brother, he leaves again.

FAMINE

So?

PESTILENCE

What do you mean, "so?" Don't you want to
see where he goes?

Famine shrugs, mumbles through a cracking nut.

FAMINE

Mmmm-mm.

PESTILENCE

What is with you? This was your idea.

FAMINE

The more I thought about it, the less I cared. Nuts?

He offers the bag to Pestilence, who slaps it away.

PESTILENCE

You're scared.

FAMINE

Am not.

PESTILENCE

Are too. You're getting cold feet.

FAMINE

Nu-uhn. You're just mad cause I won't go along with your dumb plan.

PESTILENCE

You're dumb.

FAMINE

You are.

PESTILENCE

You are... aaarg. Now you've got me doing it. Stop being a baby and come with me to tell War. We have to act soon.

FAMINE

No, I'm not riding that stupid...

PESTILENCE

Ah-HA!

Famine shakes his head and gets really into his nut cracking.

PESTILENCE

You're afraid of the horse.

Famine doesn't answer: his face shows the truth. He pouts, nutshells sticking to his quivering lower lip.

PESTILENCE

Tell me, what good is an Apocalypse rider without his horse?

FAMINE

It's not my fault, I got the mean one, I swear it. He, he does things to tease me, and he bit me last night. He has the Crazy Eye.

He grabs Famine by the sleeve, spilling nuts all over the bed, and hauls him up.

EXT. WAR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Famine and Pestilence are at the door, they knock hesitantly.

PESTILENCE
War? You awake?

No answer. Knocking.

PESTILENCE
War, we need to talk to you.

FAMINE
He's still dead, we'd better go.

Famine turns to leave, Pestilence pulls him back.

PESTILENCE
Go on in.

FAMINE
You go in, he cut off my arms last time.

PESTILENCE
Go see if he's up, or I'll give you diarrhea again.

Famine winces, holds up a balled FIST.

FAMINE
Axes-Spiders-Apples?

PESTILENCE
Okay.

They do a modified "rock-paper-scissors" with Famine coming up the loser.

PESTILENCE
Hah, apples smash spiders. Go.

Famine grumbles and slowly opens the door and enters.

INT. WAR'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Famine enters the room, there is very little light from a candle in one corner. The room is a disaster area; everything is broken, ripped, crushed or bent.

A large WEAPONS rack lines one wall, covered with many gruesome-looking killing utensils.

A huge SHAPE lies on the bed.

FAMINE

Brother? Is that you? Are you...

War jumps from behind the door and grabs Famine, head-butting him hard.

WAR

Rrraaah!

War swings Famine around like a rag doll before Jamming him into the doorway.

War holds Famine steady and starts slamming the door on his head repeatedly. Famine whimpers and flails about helplessly.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WAR'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Pestilence grabs the doorway with both hands and tries to push War back into room with his FOOT.

Famine grabs at Pestilence spastically, pulling his brother's PANTS down a little at a time while trying to pull himself out of the room.

War BITES at Pestilence's FOOT every time it comes close, tearing off bits of leather each time.

Unseen, Death stands watching the show, shaking his head.

DEATH

You three can't even be in the same room two minutes without trying to stave each other's brains in. And I say "trying," because between the three of you, you have not one full brain. You will always stay here because you simply aren't disciplined enough to go off into other worlds. You are children. Ugly, stupid, quarreling children.

The three brothers stop their fighting and stare up at Death.

War has his FINGERS dug into Famine's NOSTRILS and is trying to pull them off.

Famine has Pestilence's UNDERSHORTS stretched way out in his FIST.

Pestilence smiles weakly and covers his CROTCH with his hand.

Death walks away.

Pestilence frowns.

PESTILENCE

Thanks guys. Way to go. I can always
count on you two to screw things up.

War snarls and WHACKS Famine on the head.

Famine yelps and LETS GO of the underpants - which SNAP
pestilence in the CROTCH with a loud THWACK.

Pestilence falls to the floor in the FETAL position, War and
Famine laugh stupidly.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Susan is asleep on the table, draped over a fuzzy armadillo
COSTUME. The table is littered with crafty materials. Robin
walks in, already dressed for school, carrying her backpack.

ROBIN

Mom.

Susan doesn't stir, but she sleepily replies, barely moving
her lips.

SUSAN

I'll have that report on your desk in
five minutes, Mr. Phalan.

Robin looks at the costume and her sleeping mother. She tries
to see more of the costume under Susan's head and arms. She
looks at her mother again, and gently TOUCHES her mother's
hair.

ROBIN

Thanks Mommy.

Susan jerk's bolt upright in her chair, wild eyed and
incoherent.

SUSAN

What time is it?

ROBIN

Seven thirty.

Susan stares about the room, resting her focus on Robin.

SUSAN

Oh no.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL - DAY

Susan and Robin fly down the stairs, at the same time Tom, in a scrubs top, is coming in the door.

TOM
Morning ladies how...

SUSAN
Great. That's nice. Late.

Tom watches them stumble down the last few stairs before racing for the door.

TOM
Careful, you're gonna kill yourself one of these days.

ROBIN
Bye Mr. Harrington.

Tom smiles and watches them go. Then he gets a look of concern, shakes his head, and goes up the stairs.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Susan and Robin sprint down the street toward the bus stop. Susan's skirt and blouse really don't match, she has two different shoes on her feet and their matching pair in her hands.

Robin has one arm through a sleeve of her jacket and the rest of the jacket, along with the armadillo costume, is trailing along behind her.

ROBIN
Um... I also need two boxes of cookies.

Susan glares down at Robin, her anger softened by love.

SUSAN
Right.

She screeches to a complete halt at a sidewalk FRUIT STAND, taking three seconds to grab a bag of mixed fruit, throw money at the vendor, and grab her change. Then they are off again at a tear.

ROBIN
Nutritionally speaking, that's probably better for them anyway.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

The bus is just starting to close its doors, Susan jams her LEG into the back doors and yanks Robin inside.

A homeless WOMAN and her DAUGHTER stand nearby, Susan makes eye contact and hands over the change from the vendor, smiling quickly but genuinely. Then she hops on the bus.

INT. BUSY OFFICE - DAY

Susan rushes into a cubicle and throws her bag and her shoes onto the desk, glances at a picture of her and Robin that is pinned to the wall, and begins to change her shoes.

DOMINIQUE, 30's, loud dresser and outgoing, approaches with a stack of files.

DOMINIQUE

You're way late, Sue. Phalan wants to see you. He isn't happy.

SUSAN

He's never happy.

Susan struggles with her shoes as she looks up at Dominique. Dominique sees the concern and desperation in Susan's smile, and notices that she is merely changing one mismatched pair of shoes for the other mismatched pair.

Dominique takes two matching shoes away from Susan and pats her shoulder, looks her in the eye.

DOMINIQUE

He's really not happy this time.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Susan stands next to a gate in the fence surrounding the school. A bell rings and within seconds SCHOOLKIDS stream from the building.

Susan spots Robin and waves.

SUSAN

Over here sweetie.

Robin looks up and smiles, then frowns slightly.

ROBIN

How come you're so early?

SUSAN

I got all my work done so quick, Mr.
Phalan let me go.

She puts her arm around Robin and they start to walk down the sidewalk. Robin looks up at her mom.

ROBIN

I'm sorry mom, that was my fault.

SUSAN

Nonsense, sweetie, some people just don't
work together well. Want to get an ice
cream?

Robin looks down at the ground as she walks, pouting.

ROBIN

No thanks, save your money; the wolf is
coming to the door.

INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Death opens the door, peers in, then enters and ducks
quickly.

Nothing happens.

He looks around the room, in the same state of disrepair,
then cocks his head.

DEATH

Brothers?

No response.

Death walks deeper into the room, hands on his hips, looking
around.

DEATH

Pestilence? Hello. Famine?

(pause)

Big dumb angry guy?

Death chuckles to himself. Nothing.

Death heads for the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WAR'S ROOM - FOLLOWING

Death opens the door slowly and looks in. The room is still a
mess. Death notices war's weapon rack - weapons are MISSING.

DEATH

Hmm, there's no practice today.

He goes down the hall to the next door and starts to knock when something catches his attention further down the hall. He turns to look and sees

SPLINTERS of wood at the turn in the hall. He cocks his head and muses, then a thought grabs his mind.

He throws open the door to Famine's room. The room is neat, the bed made, flower arrangement, a huge mint on the pillow.

Death rushes down the hall and turns the corner to his room. The floor is littered with huge chunks of door and twisted hinges.

DEATH

Brothers, what are you... ?

He rushes into his room - it is in SHAMBLES. Papers and books are thrown everywhere. He looks to his bookshelf; there is a noticeable GAP where a huge tome is missing.

DEATH

Earth. What have they done? Fenrir?

A WHIMPER wafts up from behind Death's bed. Death jumps on the bed and looks behind it.

Fenrir lies on the floor, all skin and BONES, GNATS swarming around his ears, BRUISED and swollen in places.

DEATH

Oh dear - they've learned to work together. This is not good.

Death whirls around the desk like a dervish, tosses papers, knocks things over; Searches frantically.

He finally picks up an ornate wooden BOX, open and empty.

DEATH

They have the key. And The Book. That means...

EXT. OTHERWORLDY PLAINS - NIGHT

The sky roils with weird colors and clouds. The brothers sit atop their horses, giddy. They dance from side to side, play with their armor straps, chanting in an off-key sing-song

BROTHERS

We're going to ride to the Apocalypse.
 We're going to ride to the Apocalypse.
 Lala la lala la, lala la lala la!

In the air in front of them, a dark swirling mass appears; lightning crackles at its center; wind picks up, blowing dust and leaves.

PESTILENCE

It's working.

The horses start to rear up, stamping at the earth, sending sparks flying from their hooves. Famine is having a difficult time controlling his horse.

FAMINE

Guys... I can't... hey guys...

WAR

Get ready... ready... more ready...

The swirling mass opens wider, big enough now to allow many riders through.

PESTILENCE

NOW!

WAR

Now what?

PESTILENCE

What do you think? NOW!

Pestilence charges his horse through, War follows.

Famine's horse bucks and kicks. Famine is thrown from the saddle, his foot caught in the stirrup, he is dragged through screaming.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Insert - hand written sign: THE END IS NEAR

Crazy Street Preacher trudges down the sidewalk carrying his sign, people largely ignore him as he goes by.

PREACHER

Repent! The hour of your reckoning is at hand. Armageddon is upon us.

A young upwardly bound PROFESSIONAL passes, snooty.

YUPPIE

Not today, pops, I got a huge meeting.

PREACHER

The end of the world waits for no man.

A WOMAN pushes past him

WOMAN

I guess I'm safe then, huh sweetie?

Preacher gets jostled, pushed and bumped until he is shoved into a side alley. He trudges into the alley, dragging his sign behind him.

PREACHER

Screw this, I need a cappuccino.

EXT. DESERT BATTLEFIELD - DAY

A raging TANK and small arms BATTLE carries on in the desert valley. War stands high above on a sandy hill, The Book from Death's room open in his hands.

He shakes his head in confusion, then turns toward Pestilence and Famine, who sit on their horses behind him.

He points down the hill at the battle.

WAR

That wasn't me.

PESTILENCE

Are you sure?

WAR

I got here and they were like that. They're shooting each other and killing each other and I have no idea why.

FAMINE

How long have you been here?

WAR

Five minutes. The Book says this is where the Battle is supposed to start, and it's already going. Lousy liar book - smash it!

War tries to rip The Book into pieces, but cannot.

A loud shell BURST hits nearby. Everyone except War FLINCHES and ducks the flying debris.

WAR

I want one of those big explody things,
though.

PESTILENCE

Wow. They must have been going at it for
a while.

FAMINE

Bummer. Looks like they don't need your
help. Long trip fer nuttin'.

Famine cracks a pecan with his teeth, then starts to pick nut
fragments out with his fingers. Pestilence and War GLARE at
Famine. Famine feels their gazes and looks up from his task.

FAMINE

I'm just saying.

War growls and mounts his horse, gallops off.

PESTILENCE

Way to make him feel better.

FAMINE

I'm just saying, is all. They're doing
fine on their own. Whoa! Look at that
one.

Pestilence rides after War. Famine tries to get his mount to
follow, but it SNAPS back at him, snorts, rears up and runs
away.

FAMINE

Oh, not you too.

EXT. A WIDE RIVER IN INDIA - DAY

Pestilence stands at the bank of a FILTHY RIVER, War and
Famine stand next to him. BUGS fly about in noisy swarms.
RATS patrol the bank and forage. TRASH litters the riverside,
heaps of steaming junk.

People in tattered clothing bathe knee-deep in the murky
water.

PESTILENCE

Oh that's just unsanitary. It's so
beautiful.

WAR

Good job, brother. I especially like the
steaming donkey carcass there.

FAMINE
 (pointing)
 That one?

WAR
 (points elsewhere)
 No, that one over there, the one with the
 maggots and Ravens.

FAMINE
 That's not a raven that's a crow.

WAR
 Pretty damn big for a crow; that's a
 raven.

FAMINE
 You wouldn't know a raven if it pecked at
 your eyes and carried a little sign that
 said "I am a raven."

WAR
 Joke's on you. I can't even read.

PESTILENCE
 It wasn't me, you baboons.

Pestilence turns from the scene and stomps back to his horse.
 War and Famine continue their babble as they follow.

FAMINE/WAR
 Baboons!

WAR
 That would be cool; baboons eating a
 steaming donkey carcass.

FAMINE
 He has such good ideas.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

War, Famine and Pestilence stand at the counter looking down
 at the FOOD on people's TRAYS as they turn find a seat.

They all look confused. Famine has his face all screwed up,
 he sticks a FINGER into a burger on a KID'S tray with a
 squish.

The kid looks up at the three then hurries away.

KID
 Mommy, that guy took my burger.

The burger stays stuck to Famine's finger like a dripping, meaty donut ring.

FAMINE

What the?

He pulls the burger off, and LICKS his gooey finger.

FAMINE

This isn't even food. What is this "burger"? Taste this.

Famine offers his finger to War. War goes to take a LICK; Pestilence puts up his hands and turns away

PESTILENCE

Oh eew eew eeeeeew.

War stops, thinks, then sniffs the finger instead.

WAR

Hmm. Let me see that.

War takes the burger, bites it, SLOSHES the food around in his mouth like a wine taster, then SPITS it away

onto Pestilences' back. Pestilence goes rigid.

PESTILENCE

Oh no you didn't

He turns slowly as

War mashes his fist down on the burger, it squirts out in Pestilences' face.

PESTILENCE

Thank you, the suspense was killing me.

Famine starts to grab food off peoples' trays; takes bites and spits. The people get angry and offended. A large, husky, GUY with "manager" on his nametag comes from behind the counter.

MANAGER

What seems to be the problem here?

The three brothers, each with messy food on their faces and clothes stare back at the manager.

PESTILENCE

Umm... do you have a bathroom?

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Famine runs from the restaurant with his arms covering his head. Pestilence backs out, hold his hands up to ward off an attack.

War, his arm TWISTED behind his back by the Manager, is unceremoniously escorted to the street, and tossed face down on the pavement.

MANAGER

You try to come in here again, and I'm calling the cops.

The Manager goes back into the building. Pestilence and Famine stare around them at the city.

A city bus flies by them, bumping over War's body. They look down, then back up at each other. They start laughing.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The brothers walk, dejectedly looking around them. War has faded tire marks on his face.

War sees PUNKS beating someone up in an alley. One looks over at him.

PUNK

What are you looking at?

Pestilence sees a CAT chasing two RATS into a filthy gutter drain.

Famine sees a small BODEGA with streetside fruit trays almost empty; old-looking produce is all that's left.

WAR

We're powerless here. Powerless.

FAMINE

Did someone else beat us to it?
Pestilence?

Pestilence stares at a trash heap teeming with flies.

PESTILENCE

I'd have used bigger flies.

A gigantic ROACH slips from under the trash heap and scurries into a crack in a building.

PESTILENCE

Oh, rub it in my face why don't you?

EXT. SIDWALK CAFE - DAY

Susan and Robin sit at a small table, empty ice cream sundae cups in front of them. Susan wipes Robin's face with a wet-
nap.

SUSAN

There you go sweetie, all gone.

Robin makes a face.

ROBIN

I'm not a baby anymore, mom.

SUSAN

I know, I'm sorry. You were just all
sticky.

A waiter approaches the table, Susan motions to her.

SUSAN

Just the check thanks.

The waiter NODS and goes into the cafe. Susan sees a HELP
WANTED sign in the window. Robin sees this.

ROBIN

Tom is gonna be watching me for a few
days, huh?

SUSAN

Just until I find another job and get
settled. You'll be in school most of the
time anyway.

ROBIN

I can get a job.

Susan smiles, and pats the hair down on Robin's head.

SUSAN

You don't need to, honey. Everything's
fine. Thank you, though. Couple days
until the weekend, I can find another one
easy; I've waited tables before.

Susan looks at her daughter, smiles faintly.

SUSAN

You just keep up with school. When you're
educated and you know what you're doing,
you'd have to be a complete idiot not to
be able to get a job in your chosen
field.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

War, Famine and Pestilence walk down the street. War tries to copy the twisty arm move from the manager on Famine, who is in pain.

Pestilence flips through the book shaking his head.

FAMINE

Ouch! What are you doing?

WAR

Hold still, I think I have it. He bent it like this, right?

There is a sickening CRUNCH as War completely dislocates Famine's shoulder.

Pestilence doesn't look up from the book.

PESTILENCE

Could you two please keep it down?

War plays with Famine's dangling limb like a cat plays with a ball hanging on a piece of string.

WAR

Now that's cool.

FAMINE

Put it back... put it back.

WAR

"Put it back..." I break, not unbreak.

War stops at a window in front of a video store. A scene from DIE HARD plays on a screen. Bruce Willis jams his arm against a wall to fix his shoulder.

War looks over at Famine. Grabs Famine by the scruff of the neck - SLAMS him into a brick wall.

WAR

Feel better?

Famine slides slowly down the wall to the floor; he whimpers pathetically as he goes down.

A guy with a baseball bat comes out of the store, brandishing the bat, glaring at War. War snarls and looks at the guy, then at his name tag:

insert: name tag "Jeff, Manager"

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The brothers sit on a bench. War has a swollen eye and is playing with a new gap in his teeth with his tongue. Pestilence studies The Book.

Famine stares at a hot dog CART with pretzels displayed, shaking his head.

FAMINE

It's like this place is immune to us.

WAR

What says the Ready Thing?

PESTILENCE

I'm not sure. Maybe our powers only work when we get The Call. We shouldn't even be here, technically. According to this we have another...

A WOMAN shoves past them, jostling Pestilence.

PESTILENCE

And these are some of the rudest people I have ever met - and I've never even met anyone before.

The Crazy Preacher passes, looks them over briefly.

PREACHER

Freaks.

PESTILENCE

Kiss my ass.

Other pedestrians pass by and give the brothers the once-over.

MAN

Take a bath, dude.

War lifts his arm and SMELLS his underarm in loud, long sniffs.

WOMAN

That's attractive.

Famine finally gets up and lunges at the hot dog vendor, grabs a handful of WIENERS from the hot water and brandishes them in the vendor's face.

FAMINE

Do you have ANY idea what is in these? Do you?

An EFFEMINATE MAN walks past Famine, leering at his garb. He touches the STRAPS on Famine's armor, tugs a little as he walks past.

EFFEMINATE MAN

Give to me your leather... take from me my lace.

Famine gets distracted, smiles at the man.

FAMINE

Thank you, I made this myself. The trim is actual fur from...

The hotdog vendor grabs Famine's nose with a pair of hot TONGS from the grill, and TWISTS. The nose sizzles.

PESTILENCE

Stop screwing around, Famine... there are more germs on that cart than even I can shake a stick at.

War lunges out into the street shaking his fists at the sky...

WAR

He is cheating us even here. Our brother keeps us from our glory.

...Just as a city BUS pulls up to the curb, Honks loudly.

War snarls and whips out his axe, buries it in the radiator of the bus, stopping the vehicle dead.

PESTILENCE

Terrific; now we'll be at war with these great beasts.

The DRIVER exits the bus and surveys the damage.

DRIVER

What the hell is your problem, man?

The driver tugs at War's axe, unable to remove it.

INT. CITY BUS - SAME TIME

Robin and Susan sit near the front, watching the scene through the window..

ROBIN

Mom look.

DRIVER

I asked you a question, Grizzly Adams.

FAMINE

We better get going.

DRIVER

Bullshit, you guys are staying right here until the cops show up.

SUSAN

They're not from around here.

ROBIN

They look scared. Can we help them?

SUSAN

I don't know honey, he did kinda break the bus.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME TIME

PESTILENCE

Excuse us sir, we're strangers here, and my brother didn't know...

DRIVER

Are you kidding me? He didn't know he wasn't supposed to smash city property with an axe? You guys are damn sure gonna get acquainted with our jail system.

Famine's lower lip starts to quiver, he looks near tears. Pestilence rolls his eyes and sighs.

WAR

You don't frighten us, mortal. Do you have any idea who we are? Do you? We're the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

The driver looks them over. Famine has a handful of dripping wieners, War has a mashed face with tire tracks on it. Pestilence tries to smile friendly-like.

DRIVER

Well it's obvious you ain't mathematicians, 'cause they's only three of you.

The driver spots a police CRUISER heading toward them in the opposite lane. He waves his arms

DRIVER

The Cops; Hey! Over here, police!

FAMINE

What do we do now?

WAR

This is my game. Follow my lead.

War starts toward the driver - TWO MORE squad cars converge on the scene. War hesitates, then

YOINKS his axe from the bus and takes off at a sprint past the driver. Pestilence and Famine stare after him.

PESTILENCE

Discretion being the better part of valor
this day.

FAMINE

What?

PESTILENCE

It means...

He TAKES OFF after War. Famine sees the police lights flashing as the cruiser pulls in toward them, then he, too takes off running.

INT. CITY BUS - SAME TIME

ROBIN

Mom, did you hear him?

SUSAN

Who?

ROBIN

They're The Horsemen, three of them,
anyway. They're here to send us to Hell.

SUSAN

Oh Honey, they're strangers from another
country...

ROBIN

Cool!

Robin jumps out of her seat and EXITS the bus, Susan chases her.

SUSAN

Robin!

EXT. GRASSY, WOODED PARK - DAY

The three brothers stand panting, they look around the empty park.

WAR
Where are the horses?

PESTILENCE
Famine was supposed to tie them up right over there. Famine?

Famine just stares blankly at the park. He grimaces.

WAR
You did tie them up?

PESTILENCE
You dropped the reins and ran, didn't you?

WAR
Rrrrargh!

FAMINE
They barked at me; what was I supposed to do?

War jumps at Famine and gets him in a HEADLOCK. Famine grabs at Pestilence as War pummels.

WAR
You freakish little troll, I'll tear your ears off and eat them.

PESTILENCE
While I don't share War's taste for delicacies, I would like to see you in pain. What are we supposed to do now?

Pestilence starts to slap Famine and kick his butt.

FAMINE
They were gonna bite me! The big one has the Crazy Eye.

Famine starts to blubber loudly. Pestilence SWATS at his head with a handkerchief. Famine tries to block the assault.

Robin and Susan catch up with the brothers.

ROBIN
Hey, are you guys for real?

The three brothers stop their frantic actions and stare at Robin and Susan.

PESTILENCE

Excuse me?

ROBIN

Has it started already? Which one of you is Famine? Where are your steeds?

SUSAN

Robin, stop it.

War grabs Famine by an EAR and drags him forward.

WAR

Here he is. Why don't you ask him where the horses are?

SUSAN

Are you gentlemen lost?

PESTILENCE

We are new to this... place. Not really lost, per se; just kind of touring. We plan to come back some day and...

WAR

Oh shut up, you ear-hurting windbag. We got bored waiting for The Book to call us, so we...

Pestilence's eyes get wide, he searches his ROBES and the ground around them.

PESTILENCE

The Book!

Recognition seeps into Famine and war's faces. They look around the ground, pat themselves down.

WAR

Bad thing.

FAMINE

Nice move, Pestilence.

PESTILENCE

Like you setting the horses free?

FAMINE

I had three to watch; you had one little book.

PESTILENCE
You have one little brain.

Pestilence SLAPS Famine.

WAR
Don't hit him; YOU lost it.

War HITS Pestilence.

PESTILENCE
I'll slap him if I want.

He slaps Famine TWICE. The second much harder and louder than the first. Famine takes a swing at Pestilence, who ducks, letting Famine crack War in the jaw.

FAMINE
Sorry... sorry

War slow burns, Famine cringes; Pestilence laughs.

PESTILENCE
Sucks to be you, brother.

War lunges at the two, and the three brawl like rabid monkeys. Susan and Robin look on helplessly.

From out of nowhere, the three horses charge past like thunder. Famine's horse grabs him in it's teeth and tosses him a few yards away.

The horses charge across the park and into the woods. The brothers watch for a second, then take off running after them.

PESTILENCE
Thank you for your help.

ROBIN
Wait - I have questions.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Susan and Robin walk along the sidewalk.

SUSAN
They obviously need help, but you can't help people that don't allow it.

ROBIN
We should find them.

SUSAN

They're grown men, Honey; they can take care of themselves.

ROBIN

Can we get something to eat?

SUSAN

We just ate.

ROBIN

Then why am I so hungry?

EXT. FOREST PARK - DAY

Famine shuffles around aimlessly, constantly turning around to see what's behind him. He hears a noise and spins again - nothing

FAMINE

Here I am. All alone. Any big mean horse could easily get me here, alone like I am.

He walks toward a POND, across from which there is some kind of EVENT set up, white tents, and a stage.

FAMINE

I wish I knew where my brothers were, so I didn't feel so alone and by myself. Ooh, a party.

Famine watches as WOMEN laugh and throw beach balls at each other by the tents. Flash bulbs TWINKLE in the dimming light.

Famine stops, suddenly aware of the other heavy BREATHING besides his own. He turns to face

Crazy Eye. The horse pulls its lips back in a grotesque snarl.

FAMINE

Nice Horsey.

The other two horses stand further behind Crazy Eye, pawing at the ground, snorting. Two FIGURES drop onto their backs from the trees - War and Pestilence.

WAR

HAH!

Crazy Eye turns to see this, then back to Famine, he SQUINTS at the sweaty man.

FAMINE

They... they made me do it.

Crazy Eye rears up, whinnying and snorting steam. He snaps at Famine.

FAMINE

Not in the face!

EXT. PARK - DAY

Crazy Eye gallops across the pond, tossing Famine around like a dog with a chew toy in its mouth. Crazy Eye crashes through the tent at the far side and throws Famine aside, into a large wedding cake, then disappears into the woods.

A few seconds later War and Pestilence, on horseback, charge through the setup. Pestilence gets BUCKED from his horse, FLIES into a large cage holding dozens of white pigeons. The pigeons SCATTER.

War tries to control his steed, while laughing at the other two brothers, and when he looks forward again, it is just in time for a camera boom CRANE to peel him off the back of his horse with a loud CLANG.

The three brothers sit up and look around them, a dozen skinny MODELS in various revealing outfits watch in shock. Camera crew stares at the brothers.

FAMINE

Look how emaciated they are. Did I do that? Are my powers back?

Pigeon droppings fall onto them in great number.

PESTILENCE

That would be me, I guess.

WAR

But no fighting. Where is the fighting

A burly DIRECTOR with an open shirt and beret walks up to War and BELTS him in the face.

DIRECTOR

You fucking ruined my shoot, osshole.

PESTILENCE/FAMINE

There you go.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Susan messes with Robin's hair, then straitens her jacket.

SUSAN

Have a great day, sweetie. See you later.

ROBIN

Good luck with the interview, mom. I hope you get it.

SUSAN

How hard can it be?

Robin turns to trot into the school, Susan turns and leaves.

A small group of KIDS moves in after Robin. One BOY has the other kids looking over his shoulder. He holds THE BOOK.

BOOK KID

I found it at the bus stop, look at this, it has a map of the Earth...

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

Susan follows a tough-looking woman, MAUREEN, around as she clears tables into a bussing cart.

MAUREEN

Like I said, it's a lot of walking, you have a problem with that?

SUSAN

No, no ma'am.

MAUREEN

Good lord, call me Maureen.

In the back ground, the three Brothers, haggard and covered with twigs, leaves, dirt and moldy cake wander into the street.

They see Susan and cross the busy street in fits and starts as cars honk and brake to avoid hitting them.

SUSAN

Maureen. I can start whenever you need me to, and I can work any shift.

The brothers stop at the short fence surrounding the cafe patio. They stare at Susan. Famine smiles and waves.

Susan doesn't notice them.

MAUREEN

Okay, look; I need someone like yesterday, so if you can start...

Maureen sees the three brothers, frowns; Susan's back is to them.

MAUREEN

No hand outs, bozos, take a hike.

PESTILENCE

We just want to...

MAUREEN

I said WALK. (to Susan) Anyway, if you can work a few hours tonight, you're hired.

War snarls and tries to walk forward, the FENCE stops him. He SHAKES it, can't budge it. He tries to CHEW on it.

Maureen pushes her cart aside and storms over. Susan turns and sees them.

SUSAN

You?!

PESTILENCE

We saw you over there, and thought we might...

MAUREEN

I told you bums to take a hike.

War stands and froths at the mouth in Maureen's face.

WAR

I talk at her now, angry dish lady.

MAUREEN

Have it your way, putz.

Maureen MACES War square in the eyes, he falls backward grabbing at his face and swearing incoherently. He falls into bushes and thrashes around some more.

MAUREEN

You guys want some of this too?

PESTILENCE

Thanks, no. But could you spray him again please?

SUSAN

Maureen, wait, they aren't bums. They're lost.

MAUREEN

These guys friends of yours?

Susan looks at Famine and Pestilence, who plead with their eyes.

SUSAN

Kind of.

MAUREEN

You get them out of here, you still have a job. See you at five PM sharp.

Maureen grabs her bus cart and gets back to work.

EXT. FOUNTAIN PLAZA - DAY

Susan stands in front of the brothers, who sit on the bench circling an ornate fountain. Pestilence has white pigeons perched on him.

SUSAN

You what?

PESTILENCE

Apparently we will "never work in this Focking town again," according to Andre.

SUSAN

Andre is...?

FAMINE

The Director.

SUSAN

And you got attacked by...

The three brothers look at each other, nod in agreement

PESTILENCE

Horses.

WAR

Pit bulls.

FAMINE

Rugby players.

PESTILENCE

You're the only person that has been nice to us. Will you help us?

Susan looks at the three dejected horsemen in front of her. SQUIRRELS hop up on Pestilence's leg, FLIES circle his head.

Famine's stomach GROWLS loudly.

A SQUIRREL hops onto War's leg. He grabs it and THROWS it into a tree.

SUSAN
Okay. But first, you've got to stop being so aggressive.

She points at War. He snarls.

SUSAN
People don't like that. And what is the deal with you?

She looks at pigeon boy, who now has a large crow perched on his head.

PESTILENCE
Animals like me?

WAR
See? THAT'S a raven.

FAMINE
It's a crow.

She looks at Famine.

SUSAN
You seem to be the only normal one.

Susan sighs and sits down next to Famine. Susan puffs. She looks around the plaza.

SUSAN
Well, we can't have you roaming the streets, that's for sure. You'll only get in to more trouble. You have money?

The three just look at her, blankly.

SUSAN
Okay, no hotel. No friends in town?
'Course not. How about the YMCA?

PESTILENCE
That sounds like a nice place.

War and Famine turn and glare at him. Pestilence shrugs; some pigeons leave.

ROBIN

I guess there's only one place for you
now.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Susan enters and turns on the lights, Robin comes in with
Famine who looks around wide eyed. War and Pestilence bring
up the rear.

FAMINE

Wow. Nice lair. Very cozy.

SUSAN

It's not much, but there's room to sleep
on the floor and the one couch.

WAR

I call couch!

He shoves everyone aside and leaps on the couch, whereupon the
legs give way and the furniture crunches to the floor.

FAMINE

Sorry; he's a bit...

PESTILENCE

...loud and stupid.

ROBIN

It's an old couch.

Famine rummages in the fridge.

FAMINE

There's no food in here, either. And I
just got here.

ROBIN

We haven't gone shopping yet. Later we
can go grab a burger.

FAMINE/WAR/PESTILENCE

No!

SUSAN

Okay... maybe not a burger.

PESTILENCE

Do you have someplace I can freshen up a
bit?

WAR

Yeah, and get a clean girdle for my sister as well.

PESTILENCE

Just because you wallow in your own stench, doesn't mean the rest of us have to.

War gets to his feet and strides toward Pestilence.

WAR

What did you just call me?

Pestilence looks confused. He gestures about.

PESTILENCE

A "wallow in your own stench?" What part of that sounded like a proper noun?

ROBIN

I know you guys must be tired and stuff. Uh, why don't you take turns in the bathroom, get cleaned up, and we'll go get something to eat. Okay?

War snarls at Pestilence, makes a grab for him.

Pestilence GESTURES. Nothing happens. He gestures again.

Nothing.

War's hand grabs Pestilence's throat. War grins wide. Pestilence gestures spasmodically.

WAR

What's the matter, Bugs? No swarm?

War pulls out a huge, ugly cutting implement and brandishes it at Pestilence.

Famine covers his crotch and runs out of the room.

FAMINE

NO! Not the slicey thing!

SUSAN

Whoa whoa whoa. Stop right there. I told you I can't have that in my house.

War turns his head to glare at Susan. Susan gulps. War lets go of Pestilence and turns toward Susan.

WAR

And what are you going to do about it?

Susan swallows hard. War moves his face closer and snarls.

Susan MACES him square in the eyes.

War flails around and backs away clawing at his face.

WAR

Ow ow, the burny hot! Burny hot!

He stops for a second, stares madly at Susan

WAR

Where do you guys get that stuff?

Robin tugs at Pestilence's sleeve. He looks down at her, she hands a large, heavy iron FRYING PAN to him.

Pestilence SLAMS the pan into War's FACE. The big angry guy hits the floor.

Pestilence looks down at Robin.

PESTILENCE

I like you.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Robin sits at the table, the brothers stand, or sit on the counter space around her.

ROBIN

Okay, Mom is gonna be back with Tom real soon, so let's get your story strait. You are brothers with the Circus from... from...

She glances around the room, spots a magnet on the fridge

Insert - magnet: Greetings from the Garden Sate!

ROBIN

Jersey. You look like a Rafael...

She points at Pestilence; then at Famine.

ROBIN

Your name is...

She sees as stack of bills on the table

ROBIN
Bill. And you're Poindexter.

She points at War. He makes a face.

WAR
Poindexter?

ROBIN
It means, uh... mighty slayer of bears.

War nods, shakes out his shoulders.

WAR
Poindexter. (tougher) POINDEXTER. Me good name.

ROBIN
Can you guys remember that? It'll make things easier.

The brothers nod in agreement. The door opens and Susan enters with Tom. Tom yawns, he's groggy.

SUSAN
Okay, Tom can keep on eye on you before he leaves for work. I should be back by then and...

Susan looks at her watch.

SUSAN
Oh no! I have to be at my new job in fifteen minutes.

She looks around the room at Robin and then at the brothers. She looks at her watch.

SUSAN
Robin...

ROBIN
Pizza?

SUSAN
Pizza. Do you mind? I didn't even ask, do you gentlemen like pizza?

The brothers look to Robin, she nods.

PESTILENCE
We adore Pizza.

Susan runs to her room starts to pull clothes out of the closet, she raises her VOICE so Robin can hear in the other room.

SUSAN

Tom, just order a few pizzas, Robin can write a check, I may be able to beat it to the bank on Friday.

Susan comes out of her room with a nicer blouse on. She fixes her hair in a mirror.

SUSAN

Will you be okay with... with... oh my gosh, I don't even know your names yet.

She turns and looks at the brothers, who stare blankly at her.

ROBIN

Rafael, Bill and Poindexter.

She points them out, they smile.

FAMINE

We're with the circus.

PESTILENCE

From Jersey.

WAR

I sail with bears.

Susan's turn to stare blankly.

SUSAN

I have to go. Lock the door. Tom, Thank you so much, sure you're okay?

TOM

Sure, sure.

She gives Robin a kiss, grabs her purse and heads out the door. The brothers look to Robin. Robin looks to Tom.

ROBIN

You're working nights again?

TOM

Yeah. No big deal. You get a couple hours sleep and you can go all night.

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom snores loudly on the bed, face down. Robin and Famine peek in through the door before closing it.

FAMINE

Now what?

Robin smiles.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

There are numerous pizza BOXES with varying amounts of pizza left in them littering the kitchen and living room. A dozen three-liter bottles of soda, all different flavors, scattered as well.

The radio plays loud pop music. Famine sits on the sofa using the remote to surf channels. He has two empty boxes next to him, and a big messy slice of loaded pizza in his hand.

FAMINE

This stuff is incredible. It's got like everything in it. Calcium, vitamin C, dough.

Pestilence samples another slice of pizza from a box. He sees a ROACH on the wall. He smiles. TWO MORE scurry up to the first.

Robin sits by the open window, a basket of water BALLOONS by her on the table. She watches something below intently, then rockets a balloon out the window.

A CAT me-rows, hisses and noisily runs down the alley. Robin chuckles and throws another. It bangs on a trash can.

WAR

Nice shot. Have you defeated the beasts yet?

ROBIN

No. I've never even hit any.

War looks at the basket of balloons and frowns.

WAR

These weapons are no good. I will fix them.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Famine is intently watching Iron Chef on TV.

Pestilence plays with about a dozen roaches on the table. They jump over a fork he holds out, build a pyramid, dance for him.

War sets the basket full of balloons down next to Robin with a thud.

WAR
Try these.

ROBIN
What did you do?

WAR
Watch.

He takes one of the balloons in his hand raised over his head, looks out the window.

He watches... watches... and throws.

From the street there is a loud crash and the sound of a car skidding and braking.

WAR
Much better. Famine come over hear and try this.

There is no response. Famine sits on the couch watching TV - he is enthralled. A water balloon hits his head with a satisfying BONK, then ricochets into a framed picture on the wall, smashing it.

ROBIN
They're frozen.

WAR
What are you supposed to do, just fill them with water? "Oooh, watch out, I'm going to soak you."

A VOICE screams up from the street.

VOICE
Hey. Hey, you!

War looks back down.

WAR
Me?

VOICE
Yeah. You the crazy bastard who threw that...

War whips out another balloon and rockets it out the window. A loud THUNK cuts the man's tirade very short.

War laughs like a crazy man. Robin turns to Pestilence.

ROBIN

Rafael, he can't do that, someone could get...

She sees the roaches performing all manner of tricks, one dives off a three liter bottle into a cup of soda.

ROBIN

Aaaah! Roaches!

She grabs a green can of spray from under the sink and heads toward the table.

ROBIN

I'll kill those suckers.

PESTILENCE

No!

He GRABS her hand and they struggle. He tries to keep her from spraying the roaches.

Famine gets up - a little woozy; he has a oozing WOUND on his head.

FAMINE

War, I'm telling, that hurt.

War shoots another frozen balloon out the window, and a painful shout is heard in retort.

WAR

I'll give you something to cry about.

War grabs a large balloon and charges Famine, pinning him to the couch and starts WAILING on him.

Robin and Pestilence yank back and forth on the spray can, Robin gets it free and aims at the bugs, who cower against a pizza box.

Pestilence grabs the can away and sticks the business end in his mouth.

PESTILENCE

Ha. Mmmph smee ooh goo it ow.

Robin grabs the can.

Famine whacks at War with a pizza box.

The bedroom door opens. Tom stands there with a raised eyebrow.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Robin, Tom and the brothers sit in the living room. The room is straightened up, bags of trash by the door.

Not much talking, just kind of staring at each other. War glares menacingly at Tom the whole time. Tom is kind of uneasy, hard to keep his eyes open. Finally

TOM

So, Robin says you guys are with the circus?

FAMINE

Yes. From Jersey.

More silence.

TOM

And what do you do with this circus?

FAMINE

I am... food... doing.

TOM

You're a cook? Like the circus chef?

Famine stares blankly, blinks.

TOM

You prepare the food for everyone, plan the meals, that kind of thing?

FAMINE

Right. That thing.

TOM

Rafael?

PESTILENCE

Me? I uh, I do the...

ROBIN

He takes care of the... pests, sanitation you get the idea.

TOM

Oh. Well, nothing wrong with that. Everybody has their place, right?

A SNARL starts to creep across War's lips. Tom glances at Robin.

The door opens and Susan enters.

Tom gets up.

SUSAN

Hi Tom. Thank you so much for watching Robin while I was out. Everything okay?

War starts to show teeth.

TOM

Yeah, great. Well, I need to get going, Susan. I have to research this case...

PESTILENCE

I told you: monkey virus, meningitis, ringworm.

TOM

Right. I guess I'll see you around?

SUSAN

Sure, sorry, I'm not great company right now, I've got a lot going on.

TOM

No big deal; we all do. Hope you guys get your luggage soon. See you later Robin.

He leaves. Susan smiles at Robin.

ROBIN

How did it go?

SUSAN

She wants to keep me on; and I may be able to get the early shift! Everything smells like roses.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Famine waits at the bathroom door, Robin knocks at the door.

ROBIN

Pest... Rafael, you need to be courteous, there's only one bathroom and five of us here.

There is a moment of silence, then a flush; then the door opens, Pestilence exits with a sheepish grin. A second later Famine and Robin pinch their NOSES.

PESTILENCE

Sorry - occupational hazard. Can't really do anything about it... I think it was the pizza. It's not that bad... is it?

War screams from the living room

WAR

Aaah... burny!

PESTILENCE

Oh, like yours doesn't stink?

Robin gets a can of spray from under the kitchen sink and holds it out in front of her, spraying as she enters the bathroom.

SUSAN

Okay, look, if you guys are going to be here for awhile, we'll need to have some order to make things run smoothly.

She looks at the Brothers closely. Chews her lip.

SUSAN

Honey, when does Goodwill open?

INT. GOODWILL STORE - DAY

Susan and the brothers enter the store - typical, lots of clothes racks, a junk section at the back.

SUSAN

Robin and I will help you pick out some clothes. Just take a look around, see what grabs you.

Series of shots:

A) changing room door opens, Famine exits wearing high water cords and a button-down short sleeve shirt. Robin shakes her head no.

B) Changing room door opens and Pestilence exits wearing a powder blue tux. Susan stifles a laugh. Pestilence looks around to see if anyone is looking.

C) Changing room door rattles, rattles harder; is torn off its hinges. War exits wearing torn jeans, Doc Martens and a Molly Hatchet T-shirt with a Frazetta picture. Susan and Robin shrug a "sure - it works."

D) All three brothers exit at the same time. Famine wears hippy duds from the sixties and a pair of rose colored John Lennon glasses. Pestilence wears an ill-fitting suit. War wears torn jeans and a Gwar T-shirt. Susan and Robin just stare.

E) Famine wears Bermuda shorts, Hawaiian shirt and flip flops, and playfully poses with a beach ball. He and Robin laugh.

F) Pestilence sports a tweed suit with elbow patches; looks as though he's ready for a day at the races in England. Susan cocks her head and thinks.

G) War gets stuck in the doorframe and has to turn sideways to exit. Torn jeans, George Michael T-shirt. Robin starts to nod enthusiastically, Susan stops her.

EXT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Susan and Robin stand next to each other and look at the brothers who are standing in the living room.

SUSAN

Great - you'll blend in a bit more now.

They wear their Goodwill fashions. Famine has overalls and a white chef's shirt; Pestilence wears a cheap but nice suit and tie, and War has torn jeans and a Guns N Roses T-shirt with the word "Roses" crossed out in sharpie marker.

SUSAN

What do you think?

ROBIN

You guys look cool.

EXT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The five stand on the sidewalk in front t of the building. Susan hands Pestilence a key.

SUSAN

Here is the key, don't lose it.

WAR

Better not give it to him then

PESTILENCE

Don't start with me...

WAR

Key-Loser.

PESTILENCE

Dumb-Axe.

Robin shouts angrily, waves her hands.

ROBIN

Whatever - just don't lose it. That's our only spare. For crying out loud

They all look at her.

ROBIN

I'm sorry, I guess I'm just a little tired.

SUSAN

You guys can look around the city; here's some money for food and buses. We'll see you at four, okay?

PESTILENCE

Thank you, Four. Right.

SUSAN

If you get a chance, get some groceries for dinner tonight. I'll make it when I get home.

She hands the money to Famine, who smiles triumphantly at War and Pestilence.

The smile is short lived, as War kicks him in the shin hard, and Pestilence grabs the money when Famine doubles over.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Famine walks the produce aisles, picking up items and dropping them in a cart. He stops next to a produce person stocking a bin.

FAMINE

I've never seen so much food. And it's all edible?

PRODUCE PERSON

Yep. Comes in fresh every day.

Famine mouths the words "fresh every day" in wide eyed wonder.

FAMINE

Your powers are strong. It would take me a week to rot all this.

PRODUCE PERSON

You know how to cook, nothing goes to waste.

FAMINE

Can you learn to cook here?

Produce person motions to the Cooking Station nearby. The CHEF turns on her wireless mike.

CHEF

Okay, we're going to show you how to cook with vegetables today. Anyone here know what Bok Choy is?

Famine lets out a gasp, he absentmindedly points at the vegetables the producer person is putting out.

FAMINE

Those are bad already.

The produce person looks at the produce in the bin, smells them, makes a face and starts to remove them.

PRODUCE PERSON

Huh. Thought these were fresh.

Famine grabs a large eggplant and walks over to the cooking stage, holding the eggplant out to the chef.

CHEF

Sorry sir, that's a Chinese eggplant.

INT. GROCERY STORE MEAT COUNTER - DAY

War and Pestilence look at all the meats under the glass. War is bemused, and purses his lips.

WAR

It all looks the same. Looks like dead enemies.

PESTILENCE

Maybe we could ask for help.

A BUTCHER comes from out of the freezer - a side of beef hangs from the ceiling in plain view.

BUTCHER

Hey, what can I get for you guys?

PESTILENCE

We need some... sirloin?

The butcher motions toward the beef hanging.

BUTCHER

Oh, I'm just about to cut some new ones,
can you come back in about an hour?

WAR

Now. Meat now.

BUTCHER

Sounds like you've already had too much
red meat, buddy. Look I can't carve a
whole side in two minutes, just give
me...

War looks down at all the meat in the locker, then looks up
at the hanging beef. He pulls out his two nasty blades and
goes behind the counter, staring at the butcher.

WAR

Waiting takes too long.

The butcher backs up. War strides into the meat locker and
wails at the side of beef.

In short order, there are piles of expertly cut meats stacked
on the counters.

War wipes his blades and puts them back.

BUTCHER

Do you have a union card? Where'd you
learn to do that?

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Robin eats her lunch at the end of a picnic table. At the
table next to her three boys read *The Book*.

BOY 1

What is that? Is that supposed to be a
horse?

BOY 2

What language is this in, I can't read
half of this.

BOY 3

It's in English, dumbass.

BOY 1

This is the coolest book. I could read it
all day.

A girl runs up to the boys, excited.

GIRL

You guys see that dead bird Mike Connor found?

BOY 3

Dead bird?

The three boys jump up and follow the girl away, leaving the book.

Robin eats, her eyes start to wander. She scans the playground to see if anyone is looking.

She gets up, sets her pack next to The Book, sits down.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Famine is handing items to the cooking stage chef like a child throwing sticks in a campfire.

FAMINE

Cook these.

CHEF

Shallots, these go great with poultry, wild game, and stew meats.

The chef slices up the shallots, and tosses them into a frying pan with hot oil. The pan SIZZLES and steam shoots up.

Famine hands the chef a pineapple.

CHEF

If you hand me some mangoes and a papaya, I'll show you how to make a tropical chutney.

Famine squeals, claps his hand and goes to find the fruit.

War and Pestilence meander over to Famine. They have piles of meat wrapped in white paper.

FAMINE

Whoa. We don't need all that, she just wanted one steak.

WAR

Food for eating.

PESTILENCE

Oh the nice gentleman said if we didn't report him, we could have all this for free.

Pestilence has locked his eyes on something at the end of the aisle. He walks sonambulently toward it.

WAR

Brother? What is it?

Pestilence is staring in astonishment at a display for Bug Killer. Large green cans of spray with pictures on them of the spray wiping out big ugly bugs.

A woman steps up behind Pestilence, waits for him to move.

WOMAN

Oh this stuff is great. I killed two enormous roaches last week with this. BAM! Stopped in their tracks.

Pestilence tears up, puts a hand to his trembling mouth and turns away from the display.

PESTILENCE

Barbaric!

WOMAN

No, it's very humane. They don't suffer, just one squirt and...

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Emerill Lagasse is on TV, doing his thing. Famine watches from the kitchen as he works on dinner.

EMERILL

BAM! We'll be back in just a moment, and we're gonna turn it up... another notch.

FAMINE

No way he can make a sauce from that. He's like... the Anti-Me.

War and Pestilence walk in.

PESTILENCE

Behemoth and I are going to go "look for The Book." Want to join us in our surely-doomed little venture?

FAMINE

Can't - cooking.

PESTILENCE

Thank heaven. Only one of you to baby-sit.

EXT. STREET IN BAD NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

War and Pestilence peer down a dark alley, hesitant to go in.

WAR

Are you sure you saw them run down this alley?

PESTILENCE

Yes.

WAR

Are you sure they were ours?

War just looks at his brother.

PESTILENCE

Hmmm, let me see. Red eyes, steel hooves, breathing flames. Yeah. Pretty sure.

They start to inch into the alley.

EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE ALLEY - FOLLOWING

War and Pestilence stop at a loud noise.

WAR

Hear that?

PESTILENCE

Yes.

WAR

Here's my plan.

PESTILENCE

Oh no...

WAR

Get them!

War charges down into the dark, Pestilence just stays put.

A few seconds later War comes running back waving his arms and screaming

WAR

Plan change. Run now.

The horses thunder behind War, they jump over he and Pestilence and charge out of the alley into the night. Immediately afterwards a roar is heard back down the alley, and a dozen motorcycles scream to a halt by the brothers.

The leader of the gang - CRUSHER, Big, bald, 40's - revs his engine and then all bikes shut down.

CRUSHER

You guys see a couple of bad-ass looking ponies come by here?

PESTILENCE

You mean our horses? Yes they...

CRUSHER

No, I mean our ponies, stick boy. They are outta this world, and I'm gonna get me one.

PESTILENCE

They're our horses.

Crusher gets off his bike, as do the rest of the gang. Some pull knives, some chains, and other gang fighting implements.

LEADER

I says they's mine. And we are going to take them.

Pestilence swaggers forward a step or two. Jerks a thumb toward War.

PESTILENCE

Over his dead body, you toothless hippo.

INT. SUSAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Famine helps Susan gather food to take to the table. Robin and Pestilence set the table. War lays on the couch with an icebag on his FACE, and two on his CROTCH.

Pestilence spots a big fat roach in the corner of the room, eyeing the table. He looks over at Susan, then back to the roach; shakes his head "no."

The roach eyes Susan, then back to Pestilence. Pestilence mouths the word "LATER," the roach nods, winks, and scurries away.

Susan and Famine enter the room with plates of food, setting them down on the table.

SUSAN

Dinner is ready, hope you all like spaghetti.

FAMINE

I caramelized the onions and peppers in a white wine sauce, and stirred in a browned garlic paste before adding the meat. It really brings out the earthy taste of the tomato sauce, which I made from scratch, by the way.

Everyone stares at Famine, he smiles.

War gets up, throws the icebags down; grabs a handful of saucy spaghetti and raises it to his face. Robin coughs a little, hands him his fork. War drops the food and uses the fork.

FAMINE

Let's eat before it goes bad.

ROBIN

I'm so hungry, I could eat a horse.

PESTILENCE

Just don't ask Poindexter to catch it for you.

WAR

I know you are, but what am I?

PESTILENCE

Very bad at witty retorts? Too large for most normal doorways? Dumber than a sack full of really, REALLY dumb things?

War doesn't look up, he just sends his right fist into Pestilence's face, knocking him across the room.

WAR

I win.

Susan and Robin watch with a fork full of food halfway to their mouths.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Susan looks down the street. The brothers stand behind them.

SUSAN

There's it is, Robin, let's go.

ROBIN

Can't I hang out with them today, Mommy.

SUSAN

No. Let's go... you guys have fun, see you tonight.

Robin hands a piece of paper to Pestilence, unseen by Susan. Pestilence winks at her.

ROBIN

School it is, sorry guys.

WAR

I never want to visit this placed called school.

PESTILENCE

Oh I don't think you need to worry about that.

Susan and Robin just get on the bus, the doors close.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

City bus doors open, Robin gets out, War, Famine and Pestilence are waiting for her.

ROBIN

You guys ready for some fun?

FAMINE

Where are we going.

Robin turns around, points finger in the air.

ROBIN

To the mall!

War is the only one who seems enthused.

WAR

YES! We get to maul!

Robin coughs a bit, then walks down the street, they follow.

The bus drives away. Replacing it a few seconds later is a police squad car. It skids to a halt in front of a building, two cops get out and rush to the entrance.

COP 1

Cover me.

He rushes into the building. Cop 2 turns to look around the street. It is Death, no emotion, he turns and follows the other cop into the building.

DEATH

I've got you, partner.

INT. VIDEO GAME ARCADE - DAY

On screen of Cop Shooting Crime Game. Nine Police and criminals run across the screen. A shot takes out a cop. Eight more quick shots drop the rest of the characters. Game Over flashes onscreen.

A teenage boy stands next to Robin and War and watches, shakes his head.

TEEN

Dude, that game totally pwn3d you.

War growls and slams his fist on the console, re-holsters the plastic gun.

WAR

Games make head hurt.

ROBIN

I keep telling you, you only shoot the bad guys.

WAR

How can you tell the difference? They all have weapons.

TEEN

Check this out, I'll show you how to beat this game.

The teen starts the game up, begins blasting away at the screen. War watches on with respect.

WAR

You are a magnificent warrior.

TEEN

Ain't no thang.

INT. MALL COOKING STORE DAY

Pestilence and Famine browse the gadgets.

FAMINE

It's just like he described it on that show. Look!

He holds up an egg-separator.

FAMINE

The yolk stays in the middle and the white flows out the edges. Genius.

PESTILENCE

Wow, and look at the material it is made of. No germs can grow, it stays clean.

Three SKATER BOYS and their GIRLFRIENDS wander by the window and look in on them. They laugh and point.

SKATER 1

Look at the homos picking out wedding presents.

GIRLFRIEND

What is that, some kind of IUD?

FAMINE

It's for our apartment. We're making quiche.

Pestilence looks at the skaters, looks at Famine.

PESTILENCE

Oh.... no, I um... I don't know him.

Famine looks to Pestilence, confused.

FAMINE

Rafael, what's the matter? Did I do something wrong.

PESTILENCE

Oh, that helped. Thank you. Why don't you just kiss me on the mouth.

FAMINE

If you want, but I don't see what that would...

The skaters slurp their slushies and walk away.

SKATER 2

Total fags.

FAMINE

Ooh! A lemon zester!

INT. MALL MEN'S STORE - DAY

Pestilence browses through the suits on the rack. A WOMAN in a sharp business suit comes up to him.

WOMAN

May I help you find something, sir?

PESTILENCE

Oh, no, I was just... looking.

WOMAN

That is a great choice for you, it's Italian, vintage lines, hand made. What are you a 36 regular?

PESTILENCE

I'm regular?

WOMAN

Try it on.

PESTILENCE

Oh no, I couldn't.. I... I...

She holds the sleeve out for him to feel.

WOMAN

Feel that.

Pestilence does.

PESTILENCE

ooooh... gimmee

INT. ARCADE - DAY

War has a CROWD of teenage boys around him, all cheering him on as he plays a karate game. Robin is there as well.

TEEN

Dude, you are gonna beat this game too!
You're awesome.

War works the joy stick and buttons, Robin gets very animated, scary almost

ROBIN

Kick his ass, kick his ASS!

The on-screen enemy goes down. The boys cheer. War throws up his fists in triumph, the boys high five and knock-knuckles.

Robin pumps her arm in victory.

ROBIN

Yeah, baby.

TEEN

You are so my hero, dog. I want to be like you when I grow up. Do you have a game system at home?

WAR

You can do this in your lair?

INT. MALL - DAY

The brothers and Robin eat ice cream, giant cookies and pretzels as walk past a JEWELRY STORE and sit on a bench next to it.

FAMINE

Oh, now I see why you eat this stuff.

WAR

How do we get the things in Mall? Do we defeat the Leader of this Mall?

ROBIN

No, that would get you thrown in jail. You have to pay for it with money.

WAR

Where do we get money? Do we conquer the Lord of Money?

ROBIN

You don't have to vanquish anyone, you need to get a job, like Mom has... or maybe sell something.

Pestilence watches people buying jewelry in the store.

He looks down at his jacket, and the big bug broach pinned on it. He raises an eyebrow.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Famine and Pestilence pile into a cab. War, loaded down with packages, stuffs the trunk full, then gets in the front seat.

The cab drives off.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

Susan is on break, sits at a table staring off into space, she almost doesn't see

A MAN in a business suit briskly walks by, bumping her table; her purse drops and spills on the sidewalk.

The man who bumped her kneels to help her pick up her things. It is Death.

Susan doesn't look. She scoops almost everything into her bag and stands. Death stands, hands Susan her hairbrush.

DEATH

I'm sorry, didn't see you there.

SUSAN

That's okay, I wasn't paying attention.

DEATH

Sure you're alright?

Susan nods, takes the brush, looks at Death.

SUSAN

Do I know you? You look familiar. But I guess we'd remember meeting before, huh?

DEATH

I know I would remember. Have a good day, sorry about that.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

War sits on the couch playing a Mortal Combat type of game on the TV on his new Video Game system - the mangled box lies nearby.

Famine sits at the table trying to figure out a pasta machine.

Pestilence, wearing a really nice suit, and Robin set up a large terrarium in the corner. Roaches, tarantulas and other bugs and lizards scurry around in it. Rubber chew toys lay on the table. Robin coughs as she eats a candy bar.

The door opens, Susan enters.

SUSAN

What is all this?

FAMINE

We went out to the big place with the stuff.

SUSAN

The mall?

She spots Robin helping Pestilence.

SUSAN
Robin, you skipped school and went to the
mall?

No answer.

SUSAN
Get to your room right now young lady.

Robin coughs and shivers a bit.

SUSAN
We can not afford all this.

PESTILENCE
It's okay, we sold something.

Susan starts to get a little upset.

ROBIN
I just wanted to...

SUSAN
Go.

ROBIN
Can I get something to eat first?

SUSAN
NOW!

The brothers watch quietly, stopping whatever it is they are doing. Robin coughs, stops past Famine, grabbing a hunk of dough from his machine.

ROBIN
(back at Susan)
I hate you.

Silence.

PESTILENCE
Sorry, we just wanted to spend time with
her.

SUSAN
Yeah, well, there's plenty I want to do,
but I have to work for a living. I don't
have the luxury of playing with bugs.

War starts to get up and say something. Susan stops him dead.

SUSAN

Not one word from you Poindexter. Just shut it. Got me? And I do not like video games in my house.

War sits back down pouting. Susan sighs and looks around the room.

FAMINE

Dinner will be ready in...

SUSAN

I don't mean to be rude, but enough of the fancy, unpronounceable medallions of blah blah on toast points. Can't we just have chicken or something? How long are you guys going to be here? Don't you have a circus to do?

Susan blows past the table on her way to her room.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

War sits and plays a video game. Famine reads from a cookbook as he cuts pastry dough in the kitchen.

Pestilence walks in from the other room.

PESTILENCE

Brothers, we need to talk.

Nothing from the other two.

PESTILENCE

Brothers? Hello?

WAR

Can't talk. Destroying Temple of Ragnar.

FAMINE

Malsouka. Baklava.

PESTILENCE

What?

FAMINE

Hello... phyllo pastry?

PESTILENCE

She's sleeping... just had a bad day; but what she said is true.

FAMINE

What?

PESTILENCE

We have become complacent. Soft. We are forgetting our skills.

FAMINE

Nonsense.

WAR

Liar words.

Pestilence picks up a doily covered tray from next to Famine - it has a nicely arranged assortment of petit fours. Famine smiles sheepishly.

A techno voice comes from the TV

TECHNO VOICE

You have found the Fluffy-Puff. You get three rainbows!

PESTILENCE

We are forgetting why we are here.

WAR

Dude, she said we could stay here. Duh.

Pestilence picks up a squeaky TOY from his terrarium stand, squeaks it and waves it for War.

PESTILENCE

Over here, boy... over here, pay attention - focus that tiny little brain.

He drops the toy.

PESTILENCE

I mean why we are HERE, in this realm. We need to get back to it, and we need to get back to where we belong.

FAMINE

But there is so much more to do here.

PESTILENCE

We're right back where we started. Worse.

Pestilence yanks the controller out of War's hands.

WAR

Hey! I only need two more and I can unlock the heart of the Enchanted Pixie.

PESTILENCE

You waste your talents, brothers, on things like pudding and...

FAMINE

Pudding? That's creme brulee; and if you don't heat the sugar just right...

PESTILENCE

You're not listening!

Pestilence waves his arms about. Behind him on the table, the roach mimics him, waving it's legs about. War and Famine see, but Pestilence does not.

PESTILENCE

If we got The Call today, we wouldn't be able to do it.

WAR

The Call has totally Pwn3d you, why don't you chill?

FAMINE

Yeah, I mean, we don't even have the stupid book, remember?

PESTILENCE

Then why aren't we looking for it? (beat) Do you remember why we came here? Doesn't it bother you that our brother is still out doing what he does; while we now do less with our skills than we did before? He is winning again.

There is a heavy silence. A clock can be heard ticking. Pestilence looks from War to Famine. Famine puts down his wire whisk. War seethes.

WAR

When I get my hands on the person that took The Book, I'm gonna totally go Apocalypse on their ass.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Robin watches the brothers argue, one hand behind her back clutches

The Book.

INT. ROBIN'S ROOM - DAY

Susan shakes Robin in bed, under the blankets

SUSAN

Robin? Sweetie, you're going to be late for school.

Robin doesn't move at first; then she moves her head a little.

ROBIN

(weakly)

I'm really tired mommy.

SUSAN

Honey, I have to get to work. Are you just faking so you can...?

She touches Robin's forehead, a look of concern crosses Susan's face.

INT. KITCHEN - FOLLOWING

The brothers sit at the table eating breakfast. Susan enters.

SUSAN

Guys, we need to do something.

WAR

I'm eating, does that count?

SUSAN

Robin's sick, I have to stay home with her. But I can't afford to miss work. I'll get fired. If I get fired, we can't afford to live here, if we get evicted, you guys are evicted. If you guys evicted...

Pestilence holds up a hand.

PESTILENCE

We get the point. What can we do?

SUSAN

I need to have my shift covered.

FAMINE

So cover her shift; what do you need, some kind of tarp or blanket?

SUSAN

No, not that kind of covering. Someone has to do my job.

War talks with his mouth full of food, spitting as he speaks.

WAR

Ha, what you want from us?

Susan stares at the three.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

Pestilence takes an order from a COUPLE at a table.

PESTILENCE

Sorry, could you repeat that again it makes no sense.

The man gets snippy.

MAN

Are you deaf, or just stupid? I'm having the bagel and lox, large OJ no pulp; she will have the poached eggs with salsa, bran toast and a caramel machiado frappe with nutmeg shavings.

Pestilence just stares blankly.

War busses tables, noisily banging into people and tables as he goes.

WOMAN

Watch it you clumsy oaf.

MAN

What the hell, Dumbass? You spilled my chai.

War turns and snarls

WAR

I'll cut off your head and suck your guts out through the hole where your head used to be.

MAN

Wha... what did you say?

War gets a look from Pestilence across the room to take it easy.

WAR

I said... pardon me; let me get you a fresh cup...

He turns away, pushing his cart.

WAR

... a fresh cup of stab you in the face,
maggot butt.

INT. CAFE KITCHEN - DAY

Famine helps the kitchen staff prepare meals, he tastes some food from a tray that an assistant carries.

FAMINE

What did you do with the sauce? It tastes bland. Take it back.

The assistant hurries away. Famine turns to the big stainless steel GRIDDLE where many orders are cooked at the same time: eggs next to ham next to hash browns next to steak next to pancakes.

FAMINE

By all that is holy - NOOOOO!

Pestilence sticks an order on the order wheel, spins it back.

PESTILENCE

Bunch of food that makes no sense, hold the appetite.

In the background, a patron holds up a fork to War as he walks past.

PATRON

Could I get a clean fork please?

War head-butts him and keeps walking. The man SLUMPS into his plate.

WAR

Fork you.

PESTILENCE

This is going well, dontyouthink?

INT. HOSPITAL COMMISSARY - DAY

Tom sits at a table eating lunch and reading a paper. Another doctor comes up to him.

DOCTOR

Hey Tom, you got a phone call at the desk.

TOM

Who is it?

DOCTOR
Said it's your neighbor.

Tom drops his paper and hurries out of the room.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Pestilence is off to the side on the house phone. He tries to cover one ear so he can hear above the din.

PESTILENCE
What? You are where? Hang on, Susan I can't hear. Hello; hello?

He tries to adjust, patrons wave at him.

MALE PATRON
Hey buddy, where the hell are my eggs?

FEMALE PATRON
Waiter, can I change my order?

Pestilence ignores them, War wanders near.

WAR
Who talks at you?

PESTILENCE
It's Susan, but I can't hear.

MALE PATRON 2
Hey dipshit, can you clean this table so we can order already?

FEMALE PATRON 2
When you two are done chatting to your "homies," can we get some service?

Pestilence hangs up, agitated.

PESTILENCE
Go get Famine; something's wrong.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Robin lays in bed, IV plugged into her arm. Susan sits nearby in a chair flipping through a book "Riding to the Apocalypse." Robin makes a sound, Susan looks up.

The door opens, Susan turns to see an ORDERLY enter.

ORDERLY
Just here to check her vitals. Only take a minute.

When the orderly gets closer and reads the chart, it is Death, dressed in scrubs.

DEATH
Everything looks okay here. How are you doing?

SUSAN
Okay.

Death looks at the book cover. He smiles.

DEATH
Interesting book.

SUSAN
This? Oh, it's actually hers.

DEATH
Pretty heavy for such a little girl.

SUSAN
I guess. She said it's full of trite postulation and zealous chatter about religious righteousness. They really aren't that way at all.

Death grins, looks Susan over.

DEATH
Who isn't?

SUSAN
The Four Horsemen. Well, three of them anyway. She's convinced they're living in our apartment. We haven't met Death, but his brothers think he's a pompous control freak with a need for constant attention.

DEATH
You know them?

Death grabs Susan's arm.

DEATH
Where are they? Tell me.

SUSAN
Ouch, you're hurting my arm.

DEATH
It won't kill you. Tell me where they are.

SUSAN

What is your problem?

The door opens again and Tom enters; he sees the scene.

TOM

What are you doing?

The orderly is now just some orderly, and he looks confused. He tries to stammer an answer. Tom calls out into the hall.

TOM

Nurse! Get security up here right now.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Famine has joined Pestilence and War by the phone. Almost everyone is complaining at the tables. Maureen walks up to them, shaking her head.

MAUREEN

What the hell guys? There are tables that need taking care of, food is burning on the grill, and you guys got your own little chat room going here?

FAMINE

It's... it's...

MAUREEN

It's time to get your sorry asses back to work, and I mean NOW.

PESTILENCE

Maureen...

MAUREEN

You can call me Boss.

PESTILENCE

Boss, we need to go home real quick, there's something wrong there.

MAUREEN

There's something worse going on here, you're fired.

WAR

At least she didn't take our job away. Fire not so bad.

MAUREEN

No, Tonto, Me take job away. Me take all of your jobs away;

including that sorry excuse for a waitress you call your friend. Now get out.

Maureen points out toward the street. Patrons complain angrily as the three shuffle out of the patio and onto the sidewalk.

MALE PATRON 2

Hey, Mo, shake a leg, babe, I gotta get to work.

MALE PATRON 3

Who the hell is in charge here? Can I get a freakin' chicken sandwich before the end of the world comes?

INT. ROBIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Robin sits in bed, propped up with pillows. Tom sits on the edge of the bed, holding Robin's hand. Susan stands nearby.

TOM

Sorry, we've run every test we could here. We have no idea what it is. It seems like a flu bug, but it also acts like malnutrition. And then her blood pressure... it's elevated abnormally. It doesn't make any sense.

Susan and Robin eye each other. Tom sees this.

TOM

Is there something you're not telling me?

Robin looks at Tom, she has guilt written all over her face.

TOM

It's okay, Robin; tell me.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The three charge into the apartment, see no one is there.

PESTILENCE

Robin? Susan?

They check Susan's room, see the sheets messed up on the bed. Famine goes to check Robins room.

FAMINE

She's gone too.

WAR

"Ooh, can't put anything over on you."
Ha, how's that feel now? BURN!

PESTILENCE

Not now, brother, something is wrong
here, we need to...

He stops and his gaze is stuck on something on the floor next to Susan's bed, he walks over and bends to pick it up.

WAR

Don't like my biting comeback, do you?
Eat that you whack little dweeb.

Famine comes back in

FAMINE

There's no note or anything. Where could
they have gone?

Famine looks at Pestilence. War stops and looks at Pestilence, he is holding The Book.

INT. ROBIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Tom crouches next to Robin, the machines nearby hum and buzz intermittently.

TOM

So you kept their book to keep them from
leaving. It's just a book, they'll
understand

ROBIN

No, it isn't just a book, they're going
to be very angry. They won't be my
friends anymore.

TOM

I'll talk to them for you, it'll be okay.
Luckily, keeping someone's book from them
doesn't exactly cause death.

Susan's eyes grow wide. She looks to her daughter's chart hanging at the foot of the bed. The top sheet is ripped right beneath where it says "Name: Spring, Robin address:"

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

War, Famine and Pestilence walk down the street. War has the book in his hand, flailing it angrily about.

WAR

She lies. Pagey thing not lost at all.
Stuck with stupid things. Angry-making!

PESTILENCE

Wow. Those were all real words, and yet
he still doesn't make sense.

FAMINE

There must be a good reason why she
didn't tell us, War; maybe she didn't
know what it was.

War motions toward Pestilence.

WAR

Flappy mouth babbles about it every day.
She meant to stop us. Destroy us.

PESTILENCE

Right War; the little girl wanted to
destroy three grown icons of total
destruction. Get real.

WAR

You real, I'm unreal.

PESTILENCE

I won't even touch that one. Just give me
The Book War.

WAR

Take it from me, Bugs, just try...

Pestilence snatches it from War's hands with ease.

PESTILENCE

Like taking candy from a big, loud guy
with bad breath.

WAR

Rrrrargh! Give it back, you lost it
first.

FAMINE

Actually, War, he's the one who stole it
first, remember. You grabbed an almanac.

War snarls and grabs for his axe, but ends up only pulling
his T-shirt off.

PESTILENCE

(deadpan)

Look out Famine, he's got a cotton blend!

War jumps on Pestilence. Dark CLOUDS start to roil in the sky.

WAR
I want fair!

War pummels Pestilence mercilessly. Famine jumps on War's back

FAMINE
War, stop it, it isn't his fault.

War grabs Famine and throws him against a building, smashing a huge HOLE in the wall. He turns back to Pestilence, eyes red.

WAR
You're the fly, and I am the... the...

Pestilence rolls his eyes

PESTILENCE
Fly... swatter, maybe?

War leaps at him, but before he connects, Pestilence dissipates into a cloud of gnats. War lands where Pestilence was - right on top of The Book.

WAR
Ha!

He starts to flip through the book.

Famine comes staggering out of the building, a two-by-four protruding from his chest. He looks down, his body becomes emaciated, the stud falls through his ribs and drops to the ground. He resumes his normal shape again.

FAMINE
Hey... guys...

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

Tom talks with a PATROLMAN by the front doors. Susan stares out the window.

TOM
I don't know, I've never seen this particular orderly before. Robin seems to think he knows the men staying with her mother.

OFFICER

Do you think she could describe him for me?

TOM

Sure, Susan?

They look to where Susan was standing - she's gone.

TOM

Susan!

EXT. STREET - DAY

The sky is getting very DARK. LIGHTENING flashes in the distance.

Pestilence reforms near Famine, they look at each other.

PESTILENCE

Did you see that? We're getting it back.
War...

War looks up from the book, laughing, looking very evil indeed.

WAR

Ha ha ha - I know how to do it. I know how to summon the Steeds of the Apocalypse now. They wouldn't let us ride them until The Call -

FAMINE

Don't do it War.

PESTILENCE

Hopefully it will be a long, drawn-out ceremony, and we can keep him from...

War puts his FINGERS to his mouth and blows a long sharp WHISTLE.

There is a thundering of hooves, and around the corner the three steeds hurtle, manes flying.

PESTILENCE

That was kinda anti-climactic.

The horses stop next to War. A fourth horse storms up from the other direction and stops near as well.

WAR

Awesome, I get a Bonus Horse!

PESTILENCE

That's Death's, you synaptic midget.

People start to gather around the brothers, some are on their cell phones. People point and chatter.

PESTILENCE

War, we need to get off the street before we attract attention.

WAR

I don't mind being attractive.

War starts to pull weapons off his steed, he throws on extra armor and robes from his saddle.

FAMINE

You know, if you'd trim your beard, you have a real strong jawline...

A cab pulls up, Susan jumps out.

SUSAN

Okay, who are you guys... really.

FAMINE

Susan. Why did you keep The Book from us?

SUSAN

Robin got it from a boy at school. She didn't know... she told me what was in it. Is it true?

FAMINE

Where is she?

SUSAN

She's very sick, she's in the hospital, she getting worse by the hour.

PESTILENCE

What's the matter?

Susan hesitates. She looks to Famine

SUSAN

She has malnutrition...

She looks to Pestilence

SUSAN

...and some kind of bug they can't figure out...

She looks to War

SUSAN

...and she was swearing like a sailor and yelling at the doctors.

Pestilence looks down at the ground, Famine's jaw hangs open. War smiles.

PESTILENCE

I'm sorry, you must think we're awful.

SUSAN

I know you're not like it says in there. Those are just stories. I know you guys, you're not bad.

Death steps out of the crowd.

DEATH

No, Susan, they aren't bad. But they are what they are. Just as I am.

The three brothers look at Death. War runs over, whips out a huge SWORD.

WAR

You lose this time, brother, I'm in charge now. And now is The Time.

DEATH

No, brother, it is not. But when it is, we will ride together.

A police cruiser pulls up, Tom jumps out and runs to Susan.

TOM

What's going on?

SUSAN

It's all my fault. Robin's going to die. We're all going to die.

Tom pushes Susan toward the cruiser. The Patrolman takes her to the safety of the car.

Tom charges over to War.

TOM

What the hell are you doing, Poindexter. You're scaring the only friend you have in this city.

War shoves Tom back toward the car with one hand. Tom falls to the ground after hitting the hood of the car.

WAR

I am War. W... W...

He can't spell it, why try

WAR

I am War!

Patrolman pulls Tom into the car, then speeds off. Death confronts War, Famine and Pestilence stand behind War.

DEATH

What are you doing?

WAR

Just getting fairness for me.

DEATH

You have no idea what you are doing, War. There are protocols and processes that you must obey. You can't just decide to head out on your own. You could cause catastrophic events to ensue if you continue to...

From War's POV: Everything is muted, slow motion, almost no sound. He sees Death, here's nonsensical babbling. The crowd that is gathering sneers and points at him.

He sees the skaters from the mall, the Bikers from the alley; patrons of the cafe. They all point and sneer, laugh, or yell at him.

He looks back at Death still babbling away. The scene takes on a pinkish hue.

Back to scene.

SKATER BOY

Damn, he's bitch-slapping you and calling you Mary.

GIRLFRIEND

For a big guy, he sure is submissive.

People laugh and make faces. War grits his teeth. Pestilence sees the look on War's face.

PESTILENCE

This is going to suck.

FAMINE

At least they're not making fun of us.

A gang member gestures to Famine

GANG MEMBER

Hey, lard-ass, why don't you change your baby's diaper; he looks like he went number 2.

POV from War: the scene is taking on a redder hue. Death is gesturing, the faces in the crowd become distorted and grotesque. The muted noise gets louder. He covers his ears.

Back to scene.

War grabs Death, lifts him high over his head and throws him into the side of a building.

The crowd stops dead.

WAR

Rrrraaagh!

He swings the great sword, demolishes the closest vehicle to him - the crowd starts to disperse rapidly.

PESTILENCE

Usually he uses the short form of "Rraagh," he must really be angry.

Crusher grabs a pipe from the ground and comes up behind War, he's poised to whack.

FAMINE

I wouldn't do that.

Whack. The pipe crashes down on War's head, taking the shape of the outline of his cranium.

War turns, grabs Crusher and tosses him through a storefront window.

War stands facing Famine and Pestilence, his eyes red with anger. He breathes like a racehorse after three trips around the track.

PESTILENCE

That's a new look for you, brother, why don't you...

GUNFIRE. Bullets rip into War and tear his armor.

Two police Cruisers are at the scene. The cops fire at will.

FAMINE

Hey - that's our brother.

Famine takes a step toward the cops, they fire at him, he flails about trying to ward off the bullets.

Three more cruisers pull up to the scene, cops all over the place, shot guns, small arms.

PESTILENCE

All we need now is a big, senseless explosion.

War thrusts his sword into the pavement, a huge fissure opens. There is a sound of ripping metal, and then natural gas sprays out in a white fog.

War whips out a heavy blade from his belt, and strikes the blade against the embedded sword.

Spark

BOOM.

PESTILENCE

And there it is.

FAMINE

How come he knows all the cool tricks?

War whirls on the cops, grabs an axe from his steed, nasty looking heavy bladed knife in the other hand. He trashes another car. His body is aflame, but he barely notices.

The cops unload on War, the shots jerk War around like a shooting gallery target.

PESTILENCE

That's quite enough of that.

He gestures toward the police, LOCUSTS stream from thin air and swarm around the cars.

An army of RATS and MICE exits a building and flows like a furry river, scattering cops and bystanders alike.

All manner of BUGS and nasty looking critters pour from beneath Pestilence's robes and scatter toward the city.

A tough COP makes his way toward Pestilence, aims his shotgun, but before he can pull the trigger, Famine waves at him and he withers to an emaciated form, too weak to hold the weapon - the gun drops.

War blows a whistle, the steeds charge to their sides, nostril flaring and snorting steam, eyes red and flickering, hooves cracking the pavement where they trample.

War swings into the saddle and brandishes his axe. He has smoke streaming from all over his body, his hair is aflame. His voice is deep, frightening.

WAR

Follow me, brothers.

He gallops off, sheering street lamps and signs, mowing down trees, trashing vehicles as he goes. Pandemonium wakes in his path.

Pestilence mounts his horse, he sees Famine's horse charge up to Famine, it's eyes a little weirder than the other two, his nostrils blow smoke around in dizzying swirls.

PESTILENCE

He DOES have the Crazy Eye...

Famine mounts, he and Pestilence knock-knuckles, and charge after War.

FAMINE

I want flaming hair. How come he gets flaming hair?

INT. ROBIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Susan looks out the window and sees heavy smoke rising a few blocks away. Robin lies still in bed.

Tom enters from the hallway, he has a sense of urgency about him, yet tries to remain calm.

TOM

Susan, we're going to need to move your daughter, and you. There's a fire or something, nothing big, but it's moving toward us. I've got an ambulance downstairs.

SUSAN

It won't matter.

The lights in the room flicker and come back on. Smoke starts to waft past the window. Tom notices.

TOM

That's impossible, it can't be moving that fast...

Tom goes to the window and his eyes grow wide. Susan joins him.

In the street below, people on foot run hysterically away from the direction of the smoke. An army of cats, rats, raccoons, and other small animals flood toward them.

Swarms of biting and stinging insects whirl around the people. Some folks grow thin and weak and fall to the ground. Cars careen off other cars and buildings and crash.

Then they see

The Three Horsemen, charging full tilt ~~behind~~ everyone else. The horses seem to float on air, ~~there eyes glowing~~, smoke streams from the figures, War's head ~~crackles~~ with flames, his axe cuts down everything in sight, signs, billboards, you name it.

TOM

What in God's name?

SUSAN

It's all my fault.

Tom goes to the bed, he starts to adjust the IV and other equipment for mobility.

TOM

We need to get out of here now.

SUSAN

She'll only get hurt if we go out there now. I need to talk to them.

TOM

You will not talk to them, Susan, do you see what they are doing down there? Those are not your friends, they're, they're...

The sky starts to change colors - it takes on an eerie purple-greenish haze. Tiny FIREBALLS mixed with enormous HAILSTONES fall to Earth and explode on impact.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

War spots the street gang on motorcycles, he bears down on them with gritted teeth.

CRUSHER

Holy shit!

He rides away with his buddies; Pestilence throws a cloud of bugs at them. They are overwhelmed and fall, slapping and screaming, to the ground.

Famines rides past a crowd of pedestrians cowering behind an overturned truck, he wave his hand, the people start to wither, some hold their bellies. They stagger away.

War and his horse are airborne now, he ping-pongs between buildings, chopping huge chunks from everything.

The group of teenage boys from the arcade see him. They just stare horror-stricken.

TEEN

Dude, what the hell? You're an asshole.

War heads for a WOMAN trying to push her baby CARRIAGE to safety, the teen darts toward her, just beating War.

Teen pushes the baby carriage and woman out of the way just as War reaches him. War snarls down at the prostrate boy.

WAR

Game Over.

INT. ROBIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Susan backs away from the window in shock. Tom takes her in his arms.

TOM

Now do you believe me? We need to get out of here. Susan... we need to move.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Tom wheels Robin down the steps gingerly in a wheel chair. Susan carries a bag of supplies. The lights flicker, and dull thuds and noise can be heard through the walls

ROBIN

What's happening?

TOM

It's okay, there's a fire nearby, they are evacuating the building.

At a landing, a DOOR opens and an ORDERLY wearing SURGICAL GLOVES steps into the stairwell. It is Death, he take the wheel chair handles.

DEATH

Let me help you with that doctor, you'll
need to open the door at the bottom.

Death looks to Robin and says nothing, he shows no stress in his face.

ROBIN

I know you.

They make their way down the stairs.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Complete pandemonium. Famine rots the food on the sidewalk vendor carts, flies swarm around the rotting food. Critters of all sorts, mostly rats, run in huge packs.

But War is the worst. He hacks police and emergency vehicles into pieces. He tears up the road and buildings. He wades into crowds of fleeing people and throws them like frisbees.

Pestilence sees a WOMAN helping an old MAN to safety. He charges at them. The woman shields the old man with her body, and picks up piece of wood, brandishes it.

WOMAN

Back off.

PESTILENCE

Don't you know who we are?

WOMAN

I don't care, I won't let you hurt this man.

Pestilence knits up his eyebrows and shakes his head. A WAVE of GIANT ROACHES heads for the woman and man. Pestilence jerks his head and the roaches head off in another direction.

He looks back at the woman's eyes, cocks his head, then charges off on his horse.

Famine rides up next to him.

FAMINE

What are you doing brother? It is The Call; we have our orders.

PESTILENCE

Something doesn't feel right. This isn't right.

FAMINE

But War said...

PESTILENCE

I've never known War to be right, brother, even when it came to highly personal things, such as "does he need to go to the bathroom," or "how many fingers am I holding up."

FAMINE

But.... but if there was no Call, then...

PESTILENCE

I'm afraid so.

Famine looks around at the destruction. Punks help business people to safety, Homeless people gather crying children into storefronts. People cringe in alleys, staring about at the carnage, tears in their eyes, hugging whomever is close.

Pestilence gestures about him, clouds of bugs dissipate, rats stop in mid-charge, rear up and sniff the air, then disappear into sewers and buildings.

Famine rears in his steed.

FAMINE

Stop... No more.... No runny.

The steed ignores him, takes a snap at his hand on the reins.

Famine snarls and yanks mightily on the reins, his voice booms like a overloaded cannon.

FAMINE

I said STOP, you shit-headed flea-bag.

The horse stops. It cringes as Famine dismounts. He slaps it's head. Crazy Eye, snorts at him. Famine grabs the harness and yanks.

FAMINE

You want a matching one on the other side?

Crazy Eye lowers his head.

Famine walks past a fountain running red and muddy, the water becomes clear and clean. People run to it and drink and clean their faces.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF HOSPITAL - NIGHT

War is thrashing madly about. His axe has deep scratches and notches in the blades. War's armor is torn and covered in dirt and sweat - his is frightening to see.

WAR

That's what I'm talking about!!

Piles of cars and trucks encircle him, debris is strewn all over the area, bodies litter the ground.

Pestilence and Famine ride to within a few yards of him.

PESTILENCE

Okay, get him to stop.

FAMINE

Me? You get him to stop.

They pause a beat, then do the rock-paper-scissors deal. Pestilence comes up short. He wanders closer to War.

PESTILENCE

Brother... have you got a minute?

War ignores him, he chops big pieces of stuff into little pieces of stuff. Throws some at Pestilence.

FAMINE

War, this isn't right.

PESTILENCE

I don't know if we can stop him, and even if we could, I wouldn't know how to fix this.

War holds his arms out wide.

WAR

This is what we've been missing. Feel the power - nothing can stop us.

Around the corner an AMBULANCE careens at break neck speed, it doesn't even slow down as it plows into War, knocking him fifty feet into a wall.

The ambulance crashes into a pile of rubble. The driver's door opens, Death steps out; Tom follows, as does Susan.

TOM

What are you doing. We need to get out of here.

DEATH

Enough.

War picks up and throws debris at the people running around him. Throws at Death.

Death maneuvers around War walking slowly as he speaks. He takes off one of his rubber gloves.

DEATH

Look around you brother. Look what you have done

WAR

What I was born to do. Like you, Brother.

DEATH

Oh? Like me, born to kill?

WAR

Yes.

DEATH

But only I can kill. You destroy, you frighten, you make people fight.

WAR

Then do your job - kill. We do ours.

Death steps over to a man lying on the ground under a piece of a car. Death touches him with his ungloved hand. The man drops dead.

DEATH

Like this brother?

WAR

Yes. That's the spirit.

Pestilence looks at War, then at Death, then at Tom and Susan.

PESTILENCE

Uh - oh.

FAMINE

What?

PESTILENCE

I think we messed up, brother.

Death walks to another woman, puffing and leaning against a building.

DEATH

And this?

He touches her, she drops dead to the road.

SUSAN

Stop it! Stop it! You're killing them.

DEATH

No Susan, they are ready to die, it is
The Call. I'm doing my job.

WAR

Yes, we all are. You kill, I smash, he
brings the bugs and he...

He motions to Pestilence and then to Famine.

WAR

...does stuff too.

War picks up a large piece of pipe from the ground, he starts
to smash things around him.

WAR

Smashing, death, bugs... whatever he
does...

Death touches another old man; who clutches at his chest and
then drops.

WAR

Yes.

He smashes. Pestilence half-ssedly sends a handful of
dragonflies from his hand.

Death touches another woman; a piano falls from above and
squashes her.

WAR

Yes!

Death touches two people on the ground, a fissure opens up
and swallows them, flames shoot forth.

WAR

YES!

Pestilence makes a face, he takes Famine under his arm.

PESTILENCE

You may not want to watch this.

Death smacks a bystander on the back; BABOONS leap from the rubble and drag the screaming man away.

Everyone looks at Death with "what the hell" faces.

PESTILENCE

You cheeky bastard... that was mine.

Death shrugs.

DEATH

The zoo got destroyed. Animals escaped. I gotta use what there is.

He moves back toward the ambulance.

DEATH

Want me to keep going?

WAR

That's what we do, let's do it.

Death grabs Tom by the arm in his gloved hand.

SUSAN

No! Poindex... War, stop.

WAR

I don't care. Go go.

Death hesitates, he touches Tom's arm with his ungloved hand.

Tom drops to the ground.

SUSAN

Tom!

She runs to his side, shakes him.

SUSAN

Tom. Wake up. Don't die.

She starts to cry. Famine is already blubbering. Pestilence shakes his head.

PESTILENCE

War, stop. Enough already.

WAR

Shut your funnel spider hole.

PESTILENCE

War, I don't think you understand what...

WAR

I don't need understanding, I need to
smash.

DEATH

And I need to kill.

Death grabs Susan by the arm with his gloved hand.

SUSAN

No, no!(to Death) Why are you being so
mean to us?

Death looks at Susan with no emotion in his eyes, no feeling.

DEATH

I feel no anger toward you, and this is
nothing personal, Susan.

The door to the ambulance opens slowly, Robin staggers out,
wearing her hospital gown. Groggy.

ROBIN

Leave my mommy alone.

DEATH

I can not. War won't let me.

Susan tries to wrestle free from Death's grasp.

ROBIN

Mommy!

PESTILENCE

War stop it now. Stop it! They've done
nothing to us. She's our friend.

War stops smashing. He eyes Susan. Gnashes his teeth. Starts
to smash more, loses his drive.

WAR

I don't care. I want fair for me.

Death shrugs. He reaches toward Susan with his ungloved hand.

Pestilence runs toward Death. Famine covers his face and
turns away.

PESTILENCE

No!

War just watches trying not care.

Robin rushes forward in a burst of strength.

Death's HAND is inches from Susan's shoulder.

Pestilence trips and falls, exploding into a cloud of bugs as he hits the ground.

Robin JAMS herself between Death and Susan. Death's hand rests on Robin's shoulder.

DEATH

Now that I didn't see coming.

Robin drops to the ground. Susan screams.

SUSAN

Baby, no... no.

She cries on her daughter's body, then jumps to her feet, furious at War.

SUSAN

Look what you've done. I hate you.

She throws a rock at War. It bounces off his face. He raises his pipe length at her.

SUSAN

I wish you were dead. I took you guys in when you had nothing, and this how you thank me? I hate you I hate you I hate you.

She throws all manner of rocks, metal, anything she can.

The pieces bounce off War, he drops the pipe, the anger drains from his face.

Susan is exhausted, she falls to her knees sobbing on the little body.

Death watches, he puts on his gloves.

Pestilence approaches Susan, she pulls away from him.

SUSAN

Don't touch me. You're no better than he is. Just go away. Go away.

Pestilence looks back at War. War is near tears. He looks back at Famine, who has tears streaming down his face, over his jutting lower lip.

FAMINE

Why War? What was so important about all this?

PESTILENCE

I... we're sorry, Susan. I don't know
what to...

He trails off. He looks to death

PESTILENCE

What have we done?

DEATH

What you have been trained to do,
brother. There is no fault in you, or me.

PESTILENCE

How can you be so...

DEATH

Uncaring? Unfair?

WAR

Fix it.

DEATH

Me? "Fix it?"

EXT. STREET - DAY

In the small clearing amongst the destruction sits War on a
pile of debris. He holds his great axe in front of him.

Pestilence and Famine hold the reins of the four steeds,
Death crouches near something SMALL moving on the ground.
It's a MOUSE, half covered by a brick.

Death takes The Book and scoots the brick off the mouse; it
scurries away under the debris.

The bodies from Death's grasp are covered in blankets and
coats, whatever is available.

Susan sits on the back of the ambulance, a blanket draped
over her shoulders.

A semi-circle of people stand around staring at the Four
Horsemen.

DEATH

I can not change what is written in the
book, Brothers. You understand that?

Pestilence and Famine nod their heads solemnly. War just
frowns looking at the body of Robin, Susan sitting behind.

DEATH

But if the book were not here, things
might be different.

Pestilence and Famine look up at Death. War has a blank look
on his face.

PESTILENCE

If The Book weren't here... War.

War looks to Pestilence, nothing going on in his head. Famine
points at the book in Death's hand.

FAMINE

IF THE BOOK WERE NOT THERE.

PESTILENCE

Good grief, brother, use that squishy
stuff between you ears for something
other than filling space.

WAR

If... The Book...wasn't HERE.

A light goes on, he stands, grabs The Book from Death.

WAR

HA! If the book wasn't HERE.

War throws the book over a heap of debris.

WAR

I win. The Book is over THERE now!

War looks around the clearing. Nothing has changed.
Pestilence rolls his eyes.

PESTILENCE

It's not even really taking up THAT much
space.

FAMINE

That was pretty dense, even for you.

DEATH

Would one of you please go get it before
we all die of old age?

Famine scrambles over the heap.

EXT. BATTLE STREET - DAY

Death has the book again, War steps toward him.

WAR

I need to throw it farther?

PESTILENCE

Okay... even the book thinks you're stupid now.

DEATH

Susan, take your daughter's hand.

Susan looks up slowly, slides down from the seat and kneels next to Robin, taking her hand. She looks up at Death and the other three, hope is in her eyes, she smiles a little.

SUSAN

I knew you couldn't be all bad.

PESTILENCE

No, we're not bad. We just... are.

Death sets The Book on the ground. He raises the axe

SUSAN

But, how will you know when it's time?

DEATH

A new book is already being written.

Death swings down. The Book splits in half with a deafening roar and flash of light.

Then all goes black.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

It's a sunny morning. Susan and Robin wait on the bus at a stop. Tom jogs up to them.

TOM

You taking the 15? Mind if I ride with you?

Susan turns and smiles at Tom.

SUSAN

Sure. Don't you work at night?

TOM

Changed my shift. Nights were killing me.

The four brothers stand a few yards away. Famine, Pestilence and War sit atop their horses, who stamp at the ground. Death stands in front, he holds the reins to his steed.

Crazy Street Preacher can be heard.

PREACHER VO

The end is near. Repent of your ways.

Robin turns in that direction - she sees the brothers. She looks at her mom, who is chatting away with Tom. She slips away and walks over to the brothers.

ROBIN

I'll miss you guys.

DEATH

Unfortunately we will always be here.

ROBIN

See you at the End of the World, then?

PESTILENCE

I can wait.

FAMINE

I'm in no hurry.

WAR

Waiting takes too long.

The other three give him dirty looks. He softens.

WAR

But I will do it.

FAMINE

We're taking back some things to keep us busy.

He nods at the back of War's horse. Piles of video games of all kinds are stacked and strapped to the saddle, along with every type of game system. A wheeled piece of ARTILLERY is tethered to his saddle.

Behind Pestilence's horse is a wheeled coat rack with a few dozen suits hanging from it. He has the Terrarium strapped to the back of the horse, and an espresso machine.

Famine has stacks of cookbooks hanging from his horse. He looks back at them, smiles. A frown jumps onto his face.

FAMINE

The Book? Where's the Book? He pats himself down.

ROBIN

I thought...

Famine produces a white book from under his robes. Gold letters across the front read "The Joy of Cooking."

FAMINE

Whew, thought I'd lost it.

VOICE FROM BEHIND FAMINE'S HORSE

Can I see that?

Everyone turns to see Emerill Lagasse, hands bound and sitting on a pony that is tethered to Famine's horse.

FAMINE

No.

Emerill pouts and slumps down in the saddle.

EMERILL

I just want to check...

FAMINE

I said no.

EMERILL

What's it gonna hurt...

War leans back in his saddle

WAR

He said No, Cooky Boy.

War maces Emerill square in the face. Emerill flails

WAR

I love this stuff.

SUSAN

Robin? Robin, where are you?

Susan and Tom look around the street, they spot Robin standing ALONE by a lamp post.

SUSAN

Honey, our bus is coming.

ROBIN

I'll be right there, mom.

Robin pulls some change from her pocket, drops it in a TIN CAN on the sidewalk next to a MAN in tattered clothes; then she runs over to join her mother and Tom as the BUS pulls up.

The man turns, it is Crazy Preacher.

PREACHER VO

Bless you, child.

He holds up a BOOK he is reading. It is The Book. All taped together with scraps of different kinds of tape: duct, cellophane, painter's tape, masking.

He reads with wide eyes, moving his lips, flipping pages quickly.

PREACHER

No way...

His sign now reads "The end is really, REALLY near!"

FADE OUT

THE END