

THE HORSEMEN

Chaos , Questions, Mental

Story by
Daniel Flores

THE HORSEMEN

by

Daniel F. Flores

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ACT 1

FADE IN

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING & PARKING LOT - DAY

Establishing.

Office building is run down, something like a small strip mall, empty random offices with broken windows and doors surrounding an "Anger Management" office. There is a neon sign on the office window. "Anger Management: First Consultation is Free", next to that sign is a second neon sign, "Come In".

From the exterior we can see a person's head facing a computer screen inside, its COUNSELOR DUMA, about 32, black, female, short styled hair, smart.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING & PARKING LOT - DAY

A HEROIN JUNKIE, 29, female, white, trashy, wearing a short dress, and crop top, boobs hanging half out, is seen sitting next to one of the broken office doors, a tourniquet wrapped around her arm, syringe in her right hand, the other hand a lit cigarette.

She readies her arm for the syringe.

A local BUM, approaches and stands in front of the junkie, he is very dirty, smelly, hasn't bathed in months, matted hair, scruffy beard, with a baseball cap.

The bum turns to the junkie.

BUM

Hey....HEY.....psst...you!

JUNKIE

(passive) What?,man...What do you want?

BUM

How's about a quick stroke?

The bum licks his lips, staring at her cleavage.

The junkie, pauses, looks at what the bum is looking at and then makes a disgusting face.

The junkie puts the syringe down.

The junkie moves and covers herself up.

JUNKIE

C'mon man, can't you just let me enjoy
this quick hit alone. Leave me alone.

The bum backs up, turns away, pauses, then turns back to the junkie.

The bum is smacking his lips.

BUM

..got any change then?

The junkie sighs, rolls her eyes, reaches into her pocket, pulls out some change and a wadded up dollar bill and throws it to the bum, while she readies her are vein.

The junkie moves her cigarette to her other hand.

JUNKIE

Here... now go away.

The junkie takes a puff of her cigarette, puts it down on the step and grabs the syringe. The bum grabs the money, counts it and hands it back to the junkie.

BUM

Hey...hey..Here you go.

The junkie not looking and attending to her arm, looks up and is confused.

JUNKIE

What are you doing?

BUM

Paying you.

JUNKIE

For what?

BUM

Uh...a quick suck...maybe?

The junkie is disgusted.

JUNKIE

You better get outta my face before i
stab your old ass!

The junkie hits the bums hand, money, flies out of the bums hand, throws the middle finger, looks around sees a small rock, throws it at him horribly.

The bum stumbles to get the money.

He stops, and stands up quick.

The Bum looks around, he looks towards the direction of the noise.

Suddenly rumblings are heard, both the junkie and the bum look at the parking lot.

A red and pale white car drive up, park by the front door of the Anger Management Office.

The bum looks towards the cars, he turns his head and walks away.

The cars turn off, the white car door opens, a leg with a pointed shit kicker boot hits the floor. A gust of air blows slightly.

The second car turns off, the red car door opens, military grade boot appears from the car.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE FRONT DOOR - DAY

The office is an old run down place, littered with pamphlets on the walls and on a table next to some donuts and coffee. There are a few chair placed next to each other made for a waiting room.

The front door opens, we hear the door bell, in the office chime, someone walks in.

Two beings walk in and sit in the waiting room. The two beings are the Horsemen DEATH, and WAR. Death, patient looking, skinny, well groomed individual disguised in a business suit, his sickle is his pen that he keeps in his

jacket pocket.

WAR, a haggard individual, disguised as a S.W.A.T. police officer, ready to kick ass anytime, he has no patience, at all. They both are waiting for two others to begin the session....

Death looks at War.

DEATH

Really? Out of all disguises, you go with that? In...cog...nito...THATS what we're suppose to be...its not Halloween.

War is facing forward, his eyes widen, slowly turns to Death.

WAR

I DO WHAT I WANT! C'mon, you want a piece of me old bones! You've been riding my ass for centuries. But just you wait, imma kick your ass soon, son, as soon as we find out!

Death calmly raises his hand, open palm.

DEATH

Later, we're here for one thing...or someone I should say.

Death lowers his arm.

War backs down.

They both sit on chairs in the waiting room, waiting silently.

War impatiently turns to Death as if he has anxiety.

WAR

So you don't know?

DEATH

Know what?

WAR

Why were here? What happened, did management mess up?

DEATH

No, not really,management never messes

up. There's always a reason, but all
in due time my friend.

WAR

No, No, NO! I need to know, I was fine
where I was. I was knee deep in new
sinning meat...knee deep! It was
awesome....

DEATH

Quiet! You and your job is required
here now. You can go back to knee deep
central when were done. Now be silent.

War makes a face like he was going to say something but Death
stops him by raising his hand.

War backs down quietly.

Death lowers his hand again.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING COUNSELOR OFFICE -DAY

Counselor Duma is on her computer, she's typing on it, turns
and looks at herself in the mirror, making sure she looks
good even while typing.

Many PHD's and many other degrees, 1st place trophies on her
wall just for show, they're not real.

She hears the door chime, her head turns, her breath turns
cold, with a chill up her spine. She gulps hard and looks
towards the thermostat.

The thermostat reads 62 degrees.

The counselor breathes a sigh of relief, frost still appears
from her breath.

She gets up heads towards the thermostat, turns up the heat
and heads towards the door.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNSELORS WAITING ROOM - DAY

Counselor Duma walks out of her office into the waiting room
where Death and War are waiting.

COUNSELOR

Good afternoon gentlemen...what fine individuals such as yourselves would be visiting me today?

Counselor Duma points to War and proceeds to sit in a chair.

CONT'D COUNSELOR DUMA

Your cute, how are you today.

War stares at the counselor and then to Death.

Death shrugs.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM -DAY

Death turns his head to face Counselor Duma

WAR

Yes! Of course.....it makes sense!

The counselor, is confused.

War grabs his sword, stands up and prepares to do battle.
Death turns to War.

DEATH

Sit down! Stop being a jack ass! Were here for "anger management counseling"....not a battle royale.

War turns his attention to Death.

WAR

What old man! You got something to say?(pause)...huh?!

Death looks at war, then back to the counselor.

WAR

Didn't think so.

War sits down, smiles psychotically.

The counselor is taken aback with War.

COUNSELOR DUMA

ok, that was exciting...I can see he has some anger issues.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM -DAY

Counselor Duma composes herself. Her eyes widen and tries to keep a straight face but is surprised.

Counselor Duma gets up from her chair.

She reaches for her phone located in her pocket, turns around heads back to the office.

COUNSELOR DUMA

Won't you excuse me for a bit. I'll be right back, I...I forgot something in the office.

Death confused, faces the counselor, nods and allows her to go back to her office.

Death turns to War.

DEATH

Where are the other 2?

WAR

Listen here....who gives a flying...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE FRONT DOOR - DAY

The door chimes.

FAMINE and PESTILENCE walk in the door laughing. They abruptly stop when they see Death and War.

FAMINE, disguised as an overweight slob, always eating, sweat stains, food in his beard, reeks badly of body odor.

PESTILENCE, disguised as a female, drug user, track marks all over, hair is matted, missing teeth, very sickly and skinny.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNSELORS WAITING ROOM - DAY

Death stands up, turns to the pair, shakes his head in disappointment, because of the disguises Famine and Pestilence have chosen.

War smirks.

DEATH

That's what you've chosen to be? Where have you been? What's so funny?

CUT TO:

PESTILENCE

(laughing) ...We were walking over here when a beggar by the building, smelling like all sorts of glorious wrong, comes up to us.

Pestilence laughs to herself.

CUT TO:

DEATH

....so what of it!!!?

CUT TO:

PESTILENCE

...he asked us for food. We started to laugh....held out a bag of chips to him. Then tubbs over here grabbed them as he reached for the chips, and fell hard.

War was in awe.

CUT TO:

WAR

I bet it was beautiful.

Death shakes his head.

DEATH

...Then what? Where did that counselor go?

CUT TO:

INT. COUNSELORS OFFICE - DAY

The counselor grabs her phone and texts to an "Unknown".

INSERT PHONE TEXT:

COUNSELOR DUMA

"They're here, I thought I was going crazy earlier. Well 2 of them, do they know who I am?" Why are they here?

UNKOWN

No, they should not, remain on task
and be calm.

End Phone Texting.

The Counselor picks up her head and hears the door chime.

She puts her phone away and heads towards the door.

INT. COUNSELORS WAITING ROOM - DAY

Famine interrupts, while licking the salt off his fingers from the chips.

FAMINE

I was faster, I way more starving than
he was.

Famine raises his arms as if he were a boxing champion.

PESTILENCE

You mean fatter! And your grammar is
horrible...more starving... Really?...
just shut up. Look, there are donuts
by the coffee maker. Go.

Famine spits out food he has in his mouth, drops the chips bag, proceeds towards the donuts.

Famine gets excited.

FAMINE

Donuts!

Famine grabs the whole box.

Pestilence giggles.

War stands up.

WAR

Sit down you sons of bitches! Before I
kick all of your asses! Now!

Famine turns to War.

Death turns to war, then back to Pestilence and Famine with a "OK" smirk on his face.

FAMINE

Sit down or Bring it on, little boy!

War's eyes start to glow and then quickly stop.

Famine sits, grabs a donut before he sets down the box of donuts.

War lunges at Famine, falling back over the chair Famine was sitting on.

War and Famine immediately begin to fight.

INT. COUNSELORS WAITING ROOM -DAY

The door shuts behind the counselor.

Famine and War stop fighting

The counselor returns from her office, pauses because of the melee, fixes her glasses, and heads to the group.

Famine sneaks in a hard slap to War's face.

War turns to Famine and gives an "I'll get you back" look.

They both get up and head to their seats.

COUNSELOR DUMA

Well....I guess we can meet here in the waiting room, don't want to destroy what's left of this place...right? Can we stop this fighting?

War and Famine stop, both are heavy breathing, get up head to their chairs, face the counselor, then each other.

COUNSELOR DUMA

Again, welcome to Anger Management, So what seems to be the problem?

CUT TO:

Pestilence is laughing at War as he sits down.

PESTILENCE

What...a...loser!

War looks harshly at Pestilence, his red face has the aftermath of the slap.

COUNSELOR DUMA

Now that we're all settled, lets begin, shall we?.

The counselor and the 4 horsemen are seated in a circle.

The counselor has a pen and name tags, she passes them out.

COUNSELOR DUMA

OK, here are some markers, write your name on the tag and place it on your shirt like so.

The Counselor places her written name tag on her chest above her heart....the name reads "Duma".

Death sees the name.

DEATH

Duma? Really? Why?

The counselors confused by Deaths remark.

COUNSELOR

What?...That's the name I was given, by my parents.

Death gives a suspicious look.

DEATH

Interesting.

Death turns to the other horsemen, grins devilishly, he has the right person. His grins succumbs.

The horsemen aren't paying attention to Death at all.

DEATH

Ok, everyone do as the counselor says and write your name on the tag.

War faces Death.

WAR

Why!?

The counselor interrupts, War faces her.

COUNSELOR

So we can all know your name.

WAR

Listen meat bag! I know my name!

COUNSELOR

But we don't. Wouldn't it be better if we called you by your name instead of saying, "Hey you"?

Famine interrupts.

CUT TO:

FAMINE

HEY! Kojak!...shut up, put the tag on.

War turns to Famine and gets enraged.

WAR

When we're done here. I'm kicking your ass!

FAMINE

Pffft...like I haven't...we all haven't heard that one already. Lets see how well you do, Super Cop!

Death signals War to settle down.

The counselor is getting nervous, she tries to compose herself.

Famine and Pestilence ignore everything and tend to themselves.

Famine grabs the box of donuts, reaches in the box and grabs a one.

Pestilence puts her tag on.

Pestilence takes out a syringe from her pocket and begins to look at it, then puts it in her mouth, she reaches for the tourniquet in her other pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

The counselor looks at Pestilence with a sour face and turns

back around to face the others.

COUNSELOR DUMA

Okay, do we have our tags on now.

4 HORSEMEN

(3 horsemen)Yes....(war delayed)yes.

The tags are show one at a time.

Death's tag is written in Latin..."Nex", Pestilence, is neatly done, Famine's has grease stains on it and War is "kid" written in red crayon, with the "r" flipped .

COUNSELOR DUMA

Your kidding right?

The counselor points to Wars tag.

War looks down at his name tag and then back to the counselor.

CONT'D COUNSELOR DUMA

...and where did you get a crayon?

War shrugs.

WAR

Where did you get your face?

CUT TO:

Famine is chewing on doughnuts.

FAMINE

(mouth full)...kidding 'bout what?

Famine is looking directly at the counselor.

COUNSELOR DUMA

Your tag names..the righteous evil, the end time bringers...You know who they are right. Seal breakers?

Pestilence has a syringe being held in her mouth while she checks her arms for room. She takes the syringe out of her mouth as if it were a lollipop.

PESTILENCE

Ummmm....yeah..

COUNSELOR

Why would you use such evil, heinous,
unclean names. You do know who they
are, right?

War stands up, his tag is hanging on barely.

WAR

Evil...EVIL!...I'll show you evil!

Death signals War to sit down.

DEATH

War...relax. That's why we're here.
We need to get information.

The counselor's in shock and trying to play it off.

COUNSELOR DUMA

Oh my god. You really are
them! Information to what?

The counselor does the sign of the cross.

Death laughs at the counselor.

DEATH

God? No, not really, and what's with
the arms? That doesn't help, it's
never helped.

War laughs hysterically.

WAR

Lady, that shit won't help you ,unless
you're trying to lose some calories.
Nothing will, not God, Not Jesus, not
even Black Jesus, Female Jesus, dog
Jesus, no one! But I can...

Death turns to War.

DEATH

War...enough.

The counselor is keeping cool.

COUNSELOR DUMA

So, the famed 4 horsemen of the
apocalypse as mention in many fairy
tales have wandered into my office....

DEATH

Yes, Correct, Bingo...but without the horses, too old fashioned. Gets too messy, cleaning up after them, feeding them, brushing them, getting them fixed, so we sent them to the glue farm...you know?

The counselor moves her hair from her face.

COUNSELOR DUMA

Why are you all here then, shouldn't you be terrorizing the world instead of me! I mean, he..

Points to War.

COUNSELOR DUMA CONT'D

....can really have fun outside beating people like he's been saying. Isn't that your forte?

CUT TO:

WAR

What the hell did you call me?

CUT TO:

DEATH

We're taking care of a mystery first then business as foretold. Then the lessons of humanity, any ways, we all know what happens. I mean the bible says were gonna lose, right? But were here for information.

CUT TO:

WAR

What the hell is a forte?

CUT TO:

Death grins.

The counselor shakes her head in agreement, reaches for her phone that's in her pocket.

DEATH CONT'D

It's kind of a bummer knowing our

demise will end, before it begins...BUT! That's only one story, from one fairy tale. We need to know who got us out of our cells and has us riding together so soon?

War, Famine and Pestilence look at each other in confusion then smile.

DEATH

We are, Devils to many and Saviours to all....It really depends on which fairy tale you read, there are many, with many Gods, Deities, Pharaohs, blah, blah, blah.....get me?

The counselor nods, looks at her reflection on the phone to see if she's still pretty and acts professional.

She turns to Famine and changes the subject Death was trying to get at.

COUNSELOR DUMA

OK, I see your point, let's get started. Let us start at the beginning with...Famine!

Famine's eyes widen, and caught off guard.

COUNSELOR DUMA CONT'D

...lets start with you.

Famine is caught off guard.

FAMINE

Huh?

Food falls off of Famine's face.

COUNSELOR DUMA

Why are you so big? Your supposed to be skinny, you know, dying of hunger.

Famine saddens, as if he was insulted.

FAMINE

I still am! I'm always hungry. I'm in dis...

Pestilence laughs.

FAMINE

What's so funny.

PESTILENCE

Your not skinny, Doughnut. Look at you. Some disguise you got there.

Death interrupts.

DEATH

Quiet. Famine has glandular problem today. AND ONLY TODAY.

Pestilence turns to Death.

PESTILENCE

Really? A glandular problem, that's what we're going with?

FAMINE

Yeah! ...a glambdular probem!

Famine eats another doughnut out of the box.

War interrupts.

WAR

Hey milk sack! Quit stuffing your fat face before I choke you on it!

Famine waves at War to sit down.

Famine chews the doughnut, throws the finger at War.

War stands up.

WAR

Oh! Is that what you want!

War attacks Famine....again.

Death stands up.

DEATH

Stop it right now, this instant.

War and Famine ignore Death.

DEATH

Fine, whatever. You can't kill each other anyways.

Death sits down and faces the counselor.

DEATH CONT'D

...Please, Continue counselor, you were saying.

Crashes and punches are heard in the background.

COUNSELOR

Pestilence, what is your issue, if any?

PESTILENCE

Well, to tell you the truth, there's nothing wrong with me, persay...i just looooooove drugs and spread my disease everywhere! I've had little diseases here and there, people crying and cursing this world and questioning higher powers, some might say it was the new "bug of the year" but my favorite was the Spanish Flu, I killed ALOT of motherfuckers back in the day and they couldn't do anything about it. It's all God's plan, sweetie.

Pestilence giggles.

Counselor and Death shake their heads.

Famine and War are still fighting in the background.

COUNSELOR DUMA

OK, ummmm...interesting.

A chair flies past the Counselor and Death.

COUNSELOR DUMA CONT'D

...But how did that make you feel? Powerful? Dangerous?

Famine and War pause momentarily to hear Pestilence talk.

PESTILENCE

...i think I'm gonna go outside in a bit and sit next to that junkie chick, maybe she's got better drugs. She's close to dying anyways, i can smell it. Think i'll help her.

Pestilence stands up, looks around the room.

War and Famine are still wrestling with each other.

PESTILENCE CONT'D

...All I'm using is synthetic version of Heroine in my arms, well at least that's what they're calling it. I call it "S-H" It's got a good kick, know what I mean, it pops!....

DEATH

S-H? Wait? What? Popping? What are you talking about?

Death shakes his heads in disbelief with what he's hearing.

War and Famine go back at it.

PESTILENCE

You trying to be funny or something?

Pestilence injects herself with the "S-H", in a stabbing motion, moments later she does a popping gesture almost like a seizure to relate the "popping" she mentioned.

Pestilence sits back in her chair.

Famine in the background is shouting at War.

FAMINE

....eat it! Eat it all! You skinny bitch! Enjoy the sprinkles!

Death turns to Famine and War

DEATH

Enough! Sit down....both of you.

Both horsemen stop quickly, get up off the floor head over to their chairs and sit down next to each other. Both have beat the shit out of each other and are badly bruised.

War turns to Famine.

WAR

Just you wait till this is over, its your ass buddy! I'm gonna run you over like....

Famine interrupts.

FAMINE

...Bring it, school girl! You can't fight anyways. It's like...cotton candy hitting my face. Very soft.

The counselor forgets Pestilence and talks to War.

COUNSELOR DUMA

Why so much hate. You must be tired of it. Have you ever considered taking a break?

War faces the Counselor.

WAR

No, Listen broad, I don't tell you how to do your job. I ain't got a problem. Kicking ass is what I do and taking names is not my problem, these ass clowns can take the names. I am...

CUT TO:

Famine rolls his eyes

FAMINE

Oh great, here we go with the...

CUT TO:

WAR

...the messenger who annihilates and brings destruction, the one that....

CUT TO:

FAMINE

fans the flames of hell and blah, blah, blah.

CUT TO:

WAR

furth...are you mocking me?

War turns to Famine.

Famie averts his eyes and faces Pestilence.

Pestilence turns to Famine.

PESTILENCE

That's good, because he can't write
nor spell good.

FAMINE

Gooder!...he cant spelled gooder.

War looks at Pestilence and points a finger at her.

The counselor quickly intervenes.

COUNSELOR DUMA

umm..It was just a question.

War turns back to face the counselor.

WAR

....so ask another one.

Pestilence is mocking the counselor.

PESTILENCE

Yes, War....Why DO you suck at kicking
ass!

War turns back to Pestilence.

Counselor Duma makes a calm down hand gesture.

WAR

You want to have a go, girl? I ain't
afraid to kick a girl's ass! Or
whatever you are now a days.

War turns to the 4th wall.

WAR

Get over it.

War turns back to Pestilence.

PESTILENCE

Can't....the "S-H" is taking effect.
Maybe afterwards, ill beeeeeee.....

Pestilence's head turns up towards the ceiling as the drug
takes affect.

War smirks.

WAR

Once a junkie , always a junkie.

War nears Pestilence and slaps her face hard and fast, Pestilence head moves slightly from the slap, her mouth opens and she laughs, her head is still facing the ceiling.

WAR

What's so funny.

Pestilence licks her lips while looking up.

PESTILENCE

I could surely go for a doughnut right now.

Pestilence turns her head and faces Famine.

Famine's arm is extended in front of Pestilences' face, there is a doughnut in his hand, Pestilence reaches for it slowly. War smacks the doughnut out of Famine's hand.

The doughnut falls and rolls under the Counselor's chair.

Famine looks at the doughnut, wells up and angers.

Pestilence gets up ,slowly and high, faces War.

PESTILENCE

Oooh, just you wait till I get up, that's it. I'm gonna show you what a beat down is.

Pestilence struggles to get out of her chair because of the drug.

WAR

Bring it on, Herpes!

Death stops Pestilence.

The counselor looks at her phone, she receives a text.

The text is from her friend "Avarice". The text reads..."Get out, they're coming for us all".

Counselor Duma responds, "I know, they're all here with me, and I don't know what to do."

The counselor puts her phone away and faces Death.

COUNSELOR DUMA

It's clear. Can you see who the problem is.

DEATH

Famine? I mean I know he has an eating disorder, but he's sitting perfectly still watching, right now.

Pestilence ignores Death, and struggles to get out of the chair.

Pestilence stands up, and is swaying back and forth.

PESTILENCE

You're a funny thing. Which one are you again.

The drug is in full affect now and Pestilence sees the face of War on everybody.

She turns back to the closest person, War.

Pestilence shrugs her shoulders and commences to fight with War in front of her.

WAR

Hey! Your cheating! You can't feel anything.

PESTILENCE

Cheating? There's like 4 of you, you're the one cheating. Stop being such a baby!

CUT TO:

FAMINE

Yeah! Get him Pesty.

War laughs.

WAR

Yo, "Fatmine", Come fight your own battles! Stop sending your starchy hoe's over here.

Famine puts down the box of doughnuts, licks his fingers.

Famine rushes over towards the them both, Pestilence, flies back and hits the wall.

Famine takes over and is beating the hell out of War.

Pestilence crawls over to the feet of Death and the Counselor and passes out.

The counselor faces Death and points to the melee.

COUNSELOR DUMA

You see, War is the problem. Should we continue at another time?

Death nods in agreement.

DEATH

He's a little feisty, but let them fight it out.

COUNSELOR DUMA

But, isn't it why we're here today?
Isn't it about controlling anger?
That's what I'm here for dammit!

DEATH

Yes...and no.

COUNSELOR

Yes and No? What else do you want?

Death turns back to the Counselor.

DEATH

Ahh, Duma, you know what we want. Do you really think were here for anger management? We are chaos and now it's time to stop playing games. Why are we here? Who let us out?

Death points to the 3 horsemen and himself.

The Counselor gives and I don't know shrug.

DEATH CONT'D

Someone did, and I know you know. How else did we find you so quick.

The Counselor breaks down and looks at Death.

COUNSELOR DUMA

I don't know what you're talking about. I have to make a phone call.

DEATH

Please....stop playing this game. Who, released us? I can smell your flesh sweating, from the top of your head to your more vulnerable parts. I know when I'm being lied to.

The Counselor straightens up and stops playing games.

COUNSELOR DUMA

What is it to you? Why do you want to know? You're here because a higher up wanted you here.

DEATH

Higher up? Like God?

COUNSELOR DUMA

No, not THAT high, but close.

DEATH

Angels? Apostles? Demons? Satan?

The counselor doesn't flinch.

DEATH CONT'D

...Archangel?

The counselor changes her facial expression.

DEATH CONT'D

Ah! Which one?

The counselor looks away, her phones vibrates with a text.

Death begins to anger.

DEATH CONT'D

Which one sent us!

COUNSELOR DUMA

I don't know!

The counselor turns her head away and stands up.

DEATH

Oh, i know you do. I can make you go meet him if you'd like. I know what you are, and what's going to happen.

The counselor shakes her head in fright.

DEATH CONT'D

Let me ask you this, Duma. Do you know what Duma means?

The counselor pauses and responds.

COUNSELOR DUMA

Duma is Polish, and in English it means pride, my moth....

DEATH

Stop!...you have NO mother. You were created, not birthed.

COUNSELOR DUMA

I was birthed! My mother's name is Ava!

Death smiles and laughs and continues explaining.

DEATH

Avarice? No quite. You've forgotten you are, rotting away in that meat suit for ages. You have no family, you are just a version of chaos.

COUNSELOR DUMA

You scare me. I didn't know I was getting a house call until today. Please, forgive me...don't take me. I don't want to go, I'm having a great time up here, I have many degrees,pictures to take and a new puppy!

DEATH

Silence! Your degrees are fake by the company photoshop, just like your pictures and you have no dog. The three that I have are feral right now.

The counselor is scared, she gets up, runs to her office.

The office door is locked, she left the keys inside the office.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNSELORS OFFICE - DAY

EARLIER

We see the Counselor texting her "UNKOWN" earlier, leaving the keys on her desk before she goes into the waiting room to greet the horsemen.

END EARLIER SCENE

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM -DAY

The Counselor runs away from the door and proceeds to hide behind a desk.

Death turns from the counselor and watches the melee.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Ambient sounds are going about, silence from the building. The bum is sitting on the floor and the junkie is between his legs, giving him a "stroke".

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The counselor is still hiding behind a desk, she reaches for her phone to read the text message she received earlier.

She reads the text. It says "**get out quick, they're here for you!**"

Death talks to himself.

DEATH

Ahh, just like the good ole days,
decaying, fighting, disease, all we
need are the heavens to open up and
rain fire and brimstone, well...that's
later, i guess.

Death laughs to himself, heads over to the counselor.

DEATH

..look at me, I'm talking all biblical
and shit. What will I say
next....damn, That was amazing. Oh
yes, tell you're mom, if still
considered, "Ava" , were coming for
her next, unless I change my mind.

Death reaches into his jacket pocket, gets his "pen scythe" out, the scythe expands to a regular size scythe.

Death slams the scythe rod on the ground.

DEATH

Enough! I'm tired of this crap!
Everyday its, I'm gonna kick your ass,
I'm hungry. Why do I have to ride with
these idiots!

War and Famine are lying on the ground, breathing heavily.
Pestilence is facing the ground, she gives a "thumbs up" sign.

Death walks towards them, leans over.

DEATH

Get up, Lets go, before I really get
mad.

The counselor gets up from behind the desk, composes herself, closes her phone and puts it away, and cautiously walks up to Death.

COUNSELOR DUMA

Listen, I have to go, I gotta make a
call, and prepare for my next meeting.

The counselor takes her phone out again, begins to dial.

Death laughs.

DEATH

Call? Who are you calling? Your mom?
Can't wait to see her.

Death pauses looking at Counselor Duma

DEATH

You know, Counselor, I think we had a
breakthrough. Thanks for all your
help, ...but unfortunately you'll have
to come with us.

Death faces the counselor while she dials, he lifts his scythe and slices her in half and burns to ash. The counselor's body immediately falls to the floor, the "sin" spirit leaves the body and is collected by Death's hand.

Death balls up his fist with the spirit pride and crushes it.

A pop escapes Death's hand and a white burning light shoots out, extinguished.

Moments later a thunder claps, Death looks up, then back down to his hand.

Death opens his hand and ash falls out.

DEATH CONT'D

Wow, that was easy, surely I thought she'd put up a better fight. Oh well, 1 deadly sin down, 6 to go...The End is beginning.

Death laughs and turns to the other horsemen.

DEATH CONT'D

C'mon you morons! There's a sexy individual waiting for me.

Pestilence turns over.

PESTILENCE

I thought you were going after avarice? Who are we talking about now? Greed?... Wrath?

War's head perks up, looks at Pestilence, ready to kill.

DEATH

No. Her name is Lust.....War get me some dollar bills after you get up.

WAR

Strippers bitch! You got it boss!

Death walks out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM -DAY

Pestilence gets up quickly and heads out the door with a limp, while clutching her arm.

War looks over to Famine whose barely conscious.

War stands up and hovers over Famine.

War slaps him hard.

Famine turns and clutches his face.

WAR

Hey lunch bag, told you I'd tag you
back.

War crosses over Famine, throws the finger heads out through
the door.

Cut to Black.