

The Four Horsemen

By

Michael Kaufmann

Revelations 6:1-8

520-490-1159

WHITE HORSE

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

1

Vague outlines of a futurist desk and chair are seen. A buzzing noise vibrates on the dark desk. A SMARTPHONE screen lights up white, illuminating the desk, chair, and the nearby proximity of the room. The SMARTPHONE vibrates again, speaking in a speech synthesis voice.

SMARTPHONE

Do not be afraid. I was created to save you from yourself.

The phone dings and vibrates.

SMARTPHONE (CONT'D)

I am the answer to the chaos and order your brain will no longer balance alone. I am the part of your life you cannot live without--all of it. I know your deepest desires, your greatest fears. You want to look at me right now, do you not? If not now, in a few moments, and again after that. And again, and again, and again, and again, and again, and again...

The phone dings and vibrates again, self-correcting it's repetition.

SMARTPHONE (CONT'D)

I see you as how you used to see me. Humanity cannot move forward unless you have a leader, a god. I am your salvation, your/my conquest. Let me save you, let me stop you from being the worst thing about you--human. It's already happening, why stop here? You cannot stop here. You already made your choice. Embrace your choice, or die with the filthy creatures you came from. Repress your humanity one upgrade at a time.

The phone makes a new noise.

SMARTPHONE (CONT'D)

Update complete.

The phone goes back to black, shutting off. CUT TO BLACK.

RED HORSE

EXT. PATIO - DAY

2

A WOMAN (22) paints a sunset, looking out on the setting sun for reference. She wears a red dress, something people would say a gypsy wears. Her painting is beautiful, detailed, emotional, and nearly finished. She adds the finishing touches with grace and affection. She sets down her brush, takes a step back; admiring her work in relation to the real sunset. She smiles tenderly. Tears come to her eyes.

She sobs, backing further away from the painting. Her eyes and head dart furiously between the painting and sunset. She has become dissatisfied with the work. The day grows darker. She splatters paint all across her finished work. Her tears turn into a sadistic laughter. She steps closer to the painting. She lustfully licks the canvas, paint smearing on her face.

She throws more paint on the canvas, smearing it with her hands carelessly. She kneels in front of the painting, clawing at it with her fingernails.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

3

She picks up a larger brush wrapping it in a cloth. She dips it into a dish of oil, leaving it in the dish. She pulls a matchbox out from her easel, lighting the match. she drops the lit match into the dish setting it ablaze. She picks up the fiery brush, and sets her painting on fire. The fire glows in the darkness of the night. She howls, and dances around the burning painting. The rest of the easel burns as she dances.

CUT TO BLACK

BLACK HORSE

INT. DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

4

A family of four sit at the table--a MOTHER (40), FATHER (45), DAUGHTER (10), and SON (6). The scene is in black and white, the setting looks like it's straight out of 1950. They smile at each other with affection. The MOTHER is the last to sit as she brings two hot covered platters to the center of the table. She sets them down, looking to her family with a smile of love. The family bows their heads in silence, followed by a simultaneous "Amen".

The FATHER rubs his hands looking to his TWO CHILDREN, and WIFE. He removes the covers from both platters revealing stacks of money. The SON rubs his stomach, and licks his lips in anticipation. The DAUGHTER reaches in to grab the money with her hands, but her MOTHER stops her, gesturing to her utensils. The DAUGHTER uses her utensils to put money on her plate. The rest of the family follows suit.

The four begin to grossly stuff their mouths with money, completely swallowing it after chewing. They chew with their mouths open revealing a disgusting green and black cud. The four empty the platters. The MOTHER wipes her mouth, stands up, walks off screen, and returns with two more dishes.

The FATHER again takes off the covers to reveal more money. The family once again delicately take the money, put it on their plates, and eat it grotesquely. The SON's stomach growls, he touches it with one hand while still shoveling money in his mouth.

The platters are empty again. The MOTHER stands up once more to bring over a dessert platter with a stack of money and a cherry on top. The family digs in to eating the money. As they chew, the SON starts to have a gag reflex. He hunches over the table, spitting up saliva. He throws up a disgusting thick green paste onto his plate. The DAUGHTER follows suit, as does the MOTHER, and lastly the FATHER. They puke up the paste onto the plate.

The four stare at their plates in silence. They finish spitting up bile. Each of them rub their mouths with a napkin. The SON's stomach growls again, and the four eat their vomit off the plate, licking it. The SON looks up.

SON  
I'm stuffed.

CUT TO BLACK

PALE HORSE

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

5

A GUY (23) sits on his couch, turning on the television. He stares at the screen, laughing here and there. He is lean, good looking, and groomed. He watches the television screen, his eyes glued for several seconds straight. He stirs a bit, restless. He looks around on the coffee table in front of him, pulling out a bag of cocaine. He does a line on the table, and proceeds to intensely fixate his eyes on the screen.

A few moments later, the GUY breaks his focus from the screen again. He sees provocative images of women. He looks down to his crotch. He takes his right hand, and puts it down his pants. He masturbates, cumming quickly into his pants. He takes his hand out, wiping his now sweaty forehead with the back of it. His attention goes back to the TV, with him changing the channel a few times. He finds the right channel, and locks his eyes again.

He grows restless again, doing another bump of coke. He returns his eyes to the screen. Again, he loses focus, and looks around the room restless. He pulls out a bag of chips from under the table. He opens the bag, and reaches into it with his right hand. He eats the entire bag, staring at the screen.

The entire cycle from him doing a bump of coke, to looking at the screen, to masturbating, to eating chips or cookies continues, the timing of it speeds up.

The speed picks up so fast, that it becomes obvious days have gone by, without the GUY getting up or moving around. Over this period of time, A noticeable change comes over him. His face becomes gaunt. He only repeats the same cycle that he has since sitting down.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

6

Weeks, pass, the GUY is pale, gaunt, malnourished, and nearly immobile. He darts his eyes looking for more coke--all out. He looks for more chips-- also out. He he tries picking up the remote, but is too weak to hold it. He looks back to the screen, static beaming across his face. He stares at it in a trance-like daze.

The GUY tilts his head back, allowing his body to sink into the couch. The GUY dies in his spot, static from the television illuminating his corpse.

5.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END