

THE 5th HORSEMAN

Written byyyy

Mennen

FADE IN.

INT. HELL CAVE - DAY

Six BLACK HOODED FIGURES surround a stone ALTER as a hoodless Elder in white steps out of the darkness. This is KYGRANJULIS, probably Latin for "gnarly-ass Hell ghoul."

He tosses a handful of sand on the alter igniting a FIRE that briefly highlights the other Hoods' horrific mugs.

Various EARTHLY IMAGES fill the flames like a bad CLIPSHOW:

- TRUMP nearly shakes a Chinese DIGNITARY'S arm off.
- Quick flashes of PUTIN and KIM JONG-UN'S stupid fat face.
- RIOTS erupting during a "peaceful" protest.
- A POOR CHILD in a Goodwill KARDASHIAN shirt begs for bread.
- STARVING DOGS from the Sarah McLachlan commercials pout.

KYGRANJULIS

Now is the hour of man's reckoning.  
The seventh seal has been broken.  
Cometh the Horsemen!

Another Hood removes his shroud and holds his hand skyward. Decrepit, zombified, terrifying, CLANCY.

On his cue the Hoods chant a GREGORIAN TUNE in harmony.

CLANCY

PESTILENCE!

From the shadows, the sneering PESTILENCE prances in on a REGAL WHITE HORSE. Like a storybook Prince, he flicks his golden hair over the QUIVER AND BOW hanging off his shoulder.

The chanting changes - heavier, louder, more intense - like Hell's version of a RUGBY FIGHT SONG.

CLANCY

WARRRRRRRRRRRR!

WAR storms in on his giant RED HORSE. Burly, bearded and wielding a BROADSWORD, he's a Viking Warrior in no rush to get off his high horse, which towers over his brother's.

The chant softens to a guttural SONG OF STRUGGLE. The Hoods sound tortured. OH-AH! OH-OH-OH-AHHHHHH!

CLANCY

FAMINE!

FAMINE, dark-skinned, gaunt, and dangling a WEIGHING SCALE from his boney hand, gallops a malnourished BLACK HORSE. He stops beside Pestilence and War as if on display.

SILENCE. One FALSETTO HOOD takes center stage. He sings a ghostly yet hauntingly beautiful OPRETIC HYMN.

The MOANS of infinite damned souls ride the hymn, and lead DEATH out in all his skeletal glory. He stalks on a PALE HORSE, SICKLE in tow and gets in line, making no show of it.

CLANCY

DEATH.

Kygranjulis approaches and kneels to the FOUR HORSEMAN, who look like a badass oil painting. ALL CHANTING CEASES.

Before he can speak, he is interrupted by the sound of an EDM BEAT growing in the distance. As the volume intensifies, we realize it's a remixed version of AC/DC'S "HELL'S BELLS."

CLANCY

... Sergio?

GROANS of disappointment fill the cave as young SERGIO circles the Hoods on his mini grey horse, AAMON. Fashionable, well groomed, and wearing specs, he holds a phone that blasts the music, and a METAL ROD.

A gold-tipped ARROW pings into his phone. GREEN MIST leaks out as the phone melts. Sergio yanks Aamon to a stop and dismounts as Pestilence lowers his bow.

WAR

HA! Can thy be more cliche?

Death looks down on Sergio, unmoved but intimidating.

PESTILENCE

Lest you wish to bid us good grace  
Sergio, depart. The scriptures  
were not written for thee.

SERGIO

You guys need me!

PESTILENCE

Us need you? A boy?! We laugh at  
such insolence.

(to War)

Laugh.

WAR

Huh? ... oh, yes. Ha. HA!

Every joint in Famine's body CRACKS as he dismounts his horse. He puts his arm around Sergio.

SERGIO

I'm ready, Fam. Tell em.

FAMINE

Sergio, I too once hungered for attention, but you are not the fulfillment of the scripture. There are but four horsemen. It is not yet your day, but the day will come. You've made great strides in your millennium here.

KYGRANJULIS (O.S.)

Typical millennial...

FAMINE

(to the Hoods)

Perhaps a spell is in order. What say we let the unsuspecting sin a few more minutes?

The impatient Hoods slink off MOANING and GROANING.

Sergio stands before Pestilence, War and Death, pleading.

SERGIO

Why the hell can't I be a Horseman?

WAR

For starters, you have no horse.

SERGIO

Aamon can runs circles around you.

Their horses snarl at him. His brothers laugh.

WAR

That?! 'Tis a pony. A mere pest.

PESTILENCE

Do not sully my good name!

WAR

And that! You haven't a good name!

SERGIO

You didn't have a good name at first either, Warren.

WAR

Unspeak that cur-sed filth!

SERGIO

This isn't fair. Back me up, Fam!

Famine can only shrug (CRACK) and re-mount his horse.

PESTILENCE

Afterlife weeps for no one, mortal  
or otherwise. Now go play with  
your toys, we have been summoned...

SERGIO

Stop underestimating me! Just get  
me through the Earthly portal. You  
guys aren't equipped for the modern  
world like I am.

PESTILENCE

Not equipped? Us? Ha! And you?  
With your pillar of metal?

Pestilence spins his bow. War flashes his sword. Death  
holds his sickle. Famine dangles his scale, embarrassed.

SERGIO

It's an electromagnet! ... Fam  
holds a damn scale for Christ sake!

Famine nods. "That's fair."

SERGIO

This is not my only weapon! I can  
bring down infrastructures with a  
keyboard. Crack code to make  
satellites rain to Earth, knocking  
out means of travel and  
communication! I'm an E.M.P!

PESTILENCE

I-M-P perhaps.

Pestilence laughs, looks towards War, who is stone faced.

PESTILENCE

Imp. ... A wee sprite?

War gets it now. He has a HEARTY LAUGH.

Sergio points his rod towards Pestilence.

SERGIO

Science has advanced beyond your power. Doctors will create immunizations to combat your plagues within hours.

Pestilence scoffs, rolls his beautiful eyes.

SERGIO

Synthetic forms of sustenance will be grown in laboratories rendering Fam's plague useless. I'm not even sure half the food those slobs eat is of the Earth anyway!

Famine lets that sink in. He ponders. "Hmmm."

SERGIO

A common enemy to the world will stop war amongst men. Shit, guys, I know you've seen the Avengers, I hacked you Netflix accounts! Let me be the evil Ironman!

(off their disinterest)

You have a Hawkeye! He's like the worst one!

PESTILENCE

Blasphemy!

Pestilence looks for reassurance from War and Famine, who each look away, uncomfortable to show they agree with Sergio. Death can't be bothered.

SERGIO

The modern world needs computers! How can mankind counter you without communication? Imagine taking down armies without their heaviest tech artillery. I'm an asset!

PESTILENCE

Man will perish from hunger, disease, and wild beasts. He will not care about *Eeeee-mail*.

SERGIO

You have no idea what you're talking about. My skills can send man back to the Stone Age. THEN you guys can strike! Without me you'll set them back, but plagues will not be their ultimate demise!

The Four Horsemen confer. Sergio may have hooked em, as they seem to be considering...

No.	PESTILENCE	Nah.	WAR
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The Horses collectively "NEIGGGHHH." Famine shrugs.

Death just peers beyond Sergio, much to his dismay.

KYGRANJULIS (O.S.)  
Can we come back in, yet?!

Yay.                      PESTILENCE                      No!                      SERGIO

Kygranjulis leads the Hoods back into the room. They get back into their spots around the altar.

                  SERGIO  
This is bullshit. I'm sick of  
being Hell's I.T. guy! I wanna be  
Hell's it guy. I'm just as  
terrifying as all of you.

WAR  
As terrifying as Death?

SERGIO  
To the younger generation, yes!

Kygranjulis shoves Sergio and Aamon back towards the shadows.

KYGRANJULIS  
Yes, mmhmm... great to see you,  
young Sergio, but the hour is nigh.  
Judgement Day shant wait any  
longer. Go. Skedaddle. Byyyyye.

Sergio lingers and watches as Kygranjulis pulls a METALLIC UPSIDE DOWN CROSS off his neck and slams it into the stone alter causing a small QUAKE. Hoods grasp hands and HUM.

A RED PORTAL blasts through the alter like a FIERY DOORWAY.

PESTILENCE  
Your place is here, ushering in the  
damned.

With a last smirk, Pestilence's horse jumps into the portal.

FAMINE

We shall see you at the celebratory  
feast upon our return, brother.

Famine looks back towards Sergio, winks, and charges in.

With a deep "HAHA," War rides his horse towards glory.

Bringing up the rear, Death's horse slowly walks him through.

The Hoods CHEER LOUDLY as the Portal closes. They wait for a beat, look around waiting for someone to move, then disband.

Clancy runs over towards Sergio.

CLANCY

Ey Serge, hold up. My firebox  
keeps sayin it can't connect to the  
router... I juggled the cord but--

Sergio smacks Aamon on the side, and they storm off into the darkness. Clancy throws his arms up, pissed.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

The busy city rush can be seen in the distance as Pestilence pulls back his bow on horseback and sends a high arcing ARROW into the air. He grins like his work is already done.

A POLICEWOMAN on her own horse trots up to Pestilence.

POLICEWOMAN

Ey Robin Hood, you got a license  
for that?

We follow the path of the arrow as it lands directly in the center of a crosswalk as PEOPLE make their way across.

GREEN FUMES erupt from the street... but no one stops. No one even seems to notice. One YOUNG WOMAN walks right through the fumes, and SNEEZES the most adorable sneeze ever sneezed.

EXT. FARMLAND - DAY

Famine races his horse through a field of GRAIN, holding out his scales in a threatening manner. He pulls back the reins on his horse and stops before an unseen foe.

FAMINE

I am Famine! Horseman of the  
Apocalypse and harbinger of the  
last judgement. Bow to my will!

He moves aside revealing that he is talking to a SCARECROW.

A FARMER watches in utter confusion. He spits a wad of chew.



EXT. DESERT - DAY

We're in the middle of a major fire fight. OPPOSING MILITARY FORCES (CAMOUFLAGED AMERICANS and MIDDLE EASTERN GUNMEN) seek cover behind anything they can as bullets whiz overhead.

War sits atop his horse and watches from the outskirts, sword raised triumphant, basking in the battle before him.

SERGEANT (O.S.)  
Who in God's name is that?!

ARABIC MAN  
(subtitled)  
Kill the monster!

In a flash, every gun is aimed in War's direction as both PLATOONS meet and run towards him at top speed, firing every bullet they have. War's startled horse takes off, nearly knocking him over. War looks back in fear as bullets PEW by.

WAR  
Bow to my wil--oly shit!

TITLE CARD: 10 HELL DAYS (35 EARTH DAYS) LATER

INT. SERGIO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Cobbled together ELECTRONICS line the giant open "man-cave." It looks like a dumpster diving Hacker's paradise.

Aamon puffs his lips, sprawled on the floor like a bored dog.

Sergio smacks away at a keyboard. Unshaven, and unkempt, he looks like he hasn't moved since Judgement Day. He stares up at three DELL MONITORS - The "D's" all scratched into "H's."

ON THE MONITERS - He opens a Youtube channel called "Death Sightings," and proceeds to rifle through five quick AMATEUR VIDEOS of Death patiently perched atop his horse in a park.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
... So, this skeleton dude has been  
here for like two weeks. He hasn't  
pissed or shit... he hasn't moved!

Sergio clicks to another video titled, "HE FINALLY MOVED!"

Death tosses his sickle and screams in a high pitched voice--

DEATH  
When the fuckith is it my turn?!

Infuriated, Sergio shoves away from his desk, and flops on a chiseled out stalagmite bed. He points a remote-like contraption at a bare wall which becomes engulfed in flames.

The 'Firewall' displays HD picture like a flat screen TV.

ON THE FIREWALL - a NEWS REPORTER stands with an OLD WHITE MAN before a slightly WRECKED TRUCK.

NEWS REPORTER

It's been a month since the self proclaimed "Horsemen" arrived on Earth, and they've proven to be quite the nuisance. This man claims War ran him off the road.

He holds a microphone to the old white man.

OLD WHITE MAN

Ain't the enda the world. Geico covers biblical disasters. Who knew? ... this is live, right?  
(off Reporter's nod)  
BABA-BOOEY! BABY-BOOEY--

The CHANNEL CHANGES to a NEWSCASTER interviewing a YOUNG WOMEN on a college campus.

PROTESTER

These Horsemen, who I believe prefer to be called "Centaur's," are clearly seeking refuge, and we are right to open our borders to them!

A CRAZED MAN grabs the MIC from the Newscaster.

CRAZED MAN

Are you insane, lady?! These are demons from Hell, they want blood and sacrifice. The end is nigh!

PROTESTER

Excuse me?! Did you just assume my gender, you racist?! Check your privilege and educate yoursel--

NEXT. A Cable News BLOWHARD interviews a female SCIENTIST.

SCIENTIST

... FEMA appears to have the crop scare under control. As for the airborne pandemic, we can happily confirm no loss of life.

(MORE)

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

People showing symptoms should be advised to take an Advil, drink plenty of water and rest.

BLOWHARD

This so called *plague* makes swine-flu look like AIDS! ... We at the network would like to apologize for that last insensitive comment...

BACK TO SERGIO - He sits up, furious. He turns the firewall off, and the flame dissipates.

SERGIO

I knew this would happen! What'd I tell them, Aam? What'd I say?!

Aamon puffs his lips. His way of agreeing.

SERGIO

I can't watch them fail anymore! Get up. Our time has come.

INT. HELL CAVE - LATER

The Hoods sit around the alter, playing cards and watching the fire. War can be seen running from a flock of birds.

Kygranjulis leans on the alter, passed out.

HOOD

Does anyone have a 5?

CLANCY

Go fis--Ya know what? Screw this. This is the worst apocalypse ever. Let's get outta here.

HOOD

But Kygranjulis said--

CLANCY

*But Kygranjulis said...* nothing's happening! The Four Horsemen failed! They are false Gods!

The Hoods collectively GASP. One of them does a REVERSE SIGN OF THE CROSS, bottom to top.

CLANCY

I'm repenting and I suggest you all do too. Just don't wake dickhead.

The Hoods confer, and slowly back away from the table. They tiptoe away as Kygranjulis remains asleep.

We hang on Kygranjulis as an offscreen presence approaches.

A hand reaches out and YANKS the CROSS from around his neck.

Kygranjulis jerks awake, pats at the spot where the cross usually hangs in shock, but immediately changes to a state of exasperation. He rolls his eyes.

Sergio sits atop Aamon, each decked out in SLEEK SILVER ARMOR, armed to the teeth with GADGETS AND GIZMOS.

SERGIO

I'm helping my brothers and there's nothing you can do to stop me.

KYGRANJULIS

You are going nowhere. Only an appointed Elder possesses the power to open an Earthly Portal.

SERGIO

I hooked up Google Fiber in the fourth ring of hell, I can figure this shit out. YAAAAA!

With that Aamon takes off like a bullet train. Right by Kygranjulis who is quickly losing his patience.

Aamon and Sergio disappear in the darkness, but can be heard circling. Kygranjulis looks everywhere to no avail.

KYGRANJULIS

The scriptures did not speak your name! You will never be like your brothers! You are nobody! Now bring me back my amulet before you get hurt!

A BLUE LIGHT flashes from a corner of the cave. Kygranjulis smiles, shakes his head, and walks towards it.

SERGIO

Speak for yourself.

From behind, Sergio pulls back the reins on Aamon causing him to buck up and kick Kygranjulis into the darkness.

His SCREAM is swallowed by the HAUNTING MOANS that lurk within the shadows.

Sergio runs to the blue light and picks up his discarded phone. He takes out the cross and walks to the alter.

SERGIO  
How bout we go destroy mankind?

He SLAMS the cross into the alter. Nothing.

Aamon puffs his lips anticlimactically - "Womp-womp-wah."

SERGIO  
Damn, I practiced that line and everything... Take two.

Sergio reaches high, and slams down the cross. Again, nothing. Not even a spark.

SERGIO  
Well, he wasn't lying. ... I can do this. I have to do this... Think! Come on...

Sergio takes out his electromagnetic rod and scratches his forehead with it in thought. Aamon PUFFS.

Sergio studies the rod in his hand, looks at Aamon, smiles.

He reaches as high as he can, and JAMS the rod and the cross into the alter at the same time, causing a LIGHTNING SPARK.

The ground QUAKES and he's blown off his feet.

A giant RED LIGHT blasts through the center of the alter like a FIERY DOORWAY - The EARTHLY PORTAL.

Sergio mounts Aamon as they both stare at the portal in awe.

Sergio cracks his neck. He pulls out his phone and presses the screen. The "HELL'S BELLS" REMIX kicks in. He flashes devil horns with his hand.

SERGIO  
How bout we go destroy mank--  
WHOAAAA...

Aamon wails an ecstatic NEIGH and runs full speed into the portal as we--

FADE TO RED.