

The following is an excerpt from an animation pilot about the Horsemen of the Apocalypse and is currently in production.



INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is cluttered in filth and half destroyed.

The Three Horsemen of the Apocalypse lay down, defeated. It's been centuries since they've last been in a fight.

DEATH, frail and weak, struggles to lift her scythe. FAMINE clutches her shoulders, trembling. WAR stands around obliviously and unshaken.

The Horsemen are but shells of their former selves- no longer intimidating mercenaries of the afterlife, rather they are unhealthy, minimum wage, fast-food workers.

The world outside of the restaurant is caught ablaze and infested with angels and demons. The rampage continues through the lens of a news report on a small CRT in the restaurant.

NEWS REPORTER

Witnesses are confirming that these creatures are murmuring the phrase "Atacolypse." Whether or not they're referencing the two star taqueria on Revelation avenue is yet to be confirmed.

DEATH

Shit... They're here because of us?

FAMINE

The Earth is running on borrowed time... They know something is amiss...

WAR

MAYBE WE CAN TALK IT OUT.

Screams can be heard from off screen. War is completely unaware of the gravity of the situation.

Death's anger engulfs her. She lifts her scythe.

DEATH

If they're anything like that asshole from earlier... I'm not sure diplomacy is their jam.

FAMINE

Death... It's been decades since a combat mission... We barely scraped by today...

Death looks at Famine. She turns to the TV.

There are a series of graphic scenes from downtown. Carnage, disaster, and malice consume the city, as the Horsemen are forced to watch people get slaughtered live.

DEATH

We chose to work here to prevent this... I'm not gonna watch my home burn down.

Beat. Death stands up.

WAR

Okay.

FAMINE

Death... The Boss decreed that the Atacolypse must remain of utmost importance.

DEATH

Famine... I hear your words, but I know your heart is saying something else.

Beat. Suddenly, a barrage of hellfire lands outside. The combination of the Earth shaking and people screaming reaches a new decibel.

Inside the restaurant, tables topple over, machines malfunction, and the "Save the Earth Fundraiser" jar crashes to the ground.

As the dust settles, Death pulls herself up.

DEATH (CONT'D)

I know that people... are *assholes*. work hours are long, the wages are shit... Despite our struggles and anger... it hasn't changed my mind about our fight. Remind me. Why did we make that deal? Why did the Horsemen relinquish their *divine duty* for a shitty minimum wage job?

Famine picks up the pieces of the fundraiser jar, completely oblivious to the bloody cuts that cover her hands.

FAMINE

Because... The world... is worth preserving...

Famine shivers and sheds a tear, which War catches with his finger.

DEATH

We made a promise, remember?

The Horsemen look at a broken picture frame on the ground. It features the three of them, along with Pestilence.

Beat.

Suddenly, multiple sirens can be heard. Four ambulances drive by at blinding speed, heading straight into the hellish landscape.

Famine and Death notice the city's worsening condition.

FAMINE

Even if we are to abandon our post... There's only three of us... We'd have to be...

WAR

Strong...

DEATH

I'm going out there. Alone.

FAMINE

Death... You'll-

DEATH

Die? We're dead either way.

Beat. Death gets up and heads towards the door.

WAR

GOOD LUCK.

FAMINE

(whispering)

War, you know Death can't do this alone. We have to talk her out of it!

WAR

I'M SHY.

War presses the button on the wall. The angelic shield retracts and covers the restaurant, trapping everyone inside.

DEATH

Guys... Open it.

War and Famine won't budge. They use their bodies to barricade the shield button.

Death attempts running through the shield. She gets electrocuted and falls back.

Death points her scythe at War and slowly walks towards him and Famine.

War and Famine uncharacteristically hold their ground.

Death gives up and drops her scythe.

DEATH (CONT'D)

So that's it? We run this shithole for how many years just for those zealots to end the world anyway?

FAMINE

We aren't the Horsemen we used to be... We've changed...