

DEATH DRIVES A MINIVAN

Written by

Cherelle Higgins

EXT. PARKING LOT OF A HIGH-END GROCERY STORE

A white minivan with an ornate horse hood ornament pulls into the lot. The pale blonde female driver is all exquisite angles and hair high in a ponytail, her eyes obscured behind a pair of huge reflective aviators.

She honks the horn with her left hand, one long blast.

INT. GROCERY STORE - PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

A sign reads "Homeopathy". A perfect soccer mom in a white yoga outfit, dabs gently at her runny nose. This is PESTILENCE. She holds a tiny vial and addresses a second woman.

PESTILENCE

No, no really. It's just as good as  
a chicken pox vaccine... see here  
it says -

She is interrupted by a second blast of the car horn.

PESTILENCE (CONT'D)

I... I have to go.

She drops the vial and she walks toward the front of the store as if in a trance. The vial oozes black onto the tile.

INT. GROCERY STORE - FROZEN FOOD SECTION - CONTINUOUS

A woman in black yoga gear lurks in the aisle, and tuts loudly at a woman putting a large box of frozen food into her cart.

FAMINE

Are you really sure you want to eat  
that? It's full of  
(beat)  
*preservatives.*

She hisses the last word.

A third blast from the car horn. Famine turns away.

FAMINE (CONT'D)

Enjoy your poison.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CHECK OUT LINE - CONTINUOUS

A long line has formed at the only available register. Everyone looks annoyed, tired.

A muscular woman in a red track suit argues animatedly with the cashier. This is WAR

WAR

NO that's not how this works! I want to speak to your manager, NOW.

She turns to the woman in line behind her.

WAR (CONT'D)

WHAT?

She shakes the woman's cart. A fourth blast from the car horn. More resonant this time. Unearthly.

War looks up to see Pestilence and Famine striding toward the door.

She runs after them, shoving people out of the way.

INT./EXT. MINVAN - CONTINUOUS

DEATH'S manicured left hand hovers above the horn. She presses it again. The fifth blast.

The sound fills the world.

The grocery store doors open, Famine, Pestilence and War stride through. They climb into the minivan, Pestilence opens the door for Famine and War rides shotgun. The rear doors slide shut as the sixth blast sounds.

We MOVE around to the rear of the van, HOLD on the license plate, which reads "ENDTMS". The minivan speeds away.

The seventh blast. A bird falls from the sky. We move across the carcass, to a young STOCK BOY putting away the carts. His nose begins to bleed. The skies darken.

A sudden wind whips up, the stock boy looks up to see a massive funnel cloud forming over the store.

CUT TO BLACK.