

Together, We Gather
an original screenplay by
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FADE IN:

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY IN LONDON - DAY

PEOPLE walk in and out of the large, impressive building. All of them are dressed their best.

There is a small CHATTER amongst them as they begin their day.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY IN LONDON - DAY

The AMBASSADOR'S SECRETARY, 20s, sits behind her desk, typing on her computer. She, like the rest of the building, looks immaculate.

She pauses in her typing to look at a large door to her left.

INT. U.S. AMBASSADOR OFFICE - DAY

WAR, 25ish, circles around the large desk in the middle of the room.

She is tall, taller than most humans, otherworldly and intimidating. Her dark hair is pulled back into a ponytail. Her eyes are blood red.

The AMBASSADOR, 50s, sits unaware in his large chair. He is typing on his laptop.

War comes to a stop behind him. She tilts her head as she reads over his shoulder, leaning on his chair. A small, child-like smile overtakes her face.

He does not notice her.

She places her hand on his shoulder. Her eyes glow brightly in the light of the computer screen.

The Ambassador's eyes briefly turn the same color as War's.

He looks angry.

War pulls away with a smile.

EXT. BUSY SIDEWALK - DAY

War walks through the crowd.

As she walks, she looks deep in thought. Briefly her eyes glow brighter.

Once they return to normal, WAR HERALD #1, 30s, appears beside her. He has a bullet hole in his head. His eyes are unfocused and clouded over with death.

She does not even look at him.

WAR

Tell Conquest I am almost done. He
can expect his turn soon.

War Herald #1 GURGLES as a reply.

He disappears.

War finally looks to where he once was. She stops in the
middle of the sidewalk. People keep walking around her as
if nothing is wrong.

Someone walks right through her.

She does not seem to care as she looks at the watch on her
wrist.

WAR

Two more.

INT. STRANGE ROOM - NIGHT

War sits at a desk. Above her on the wall, there are tally
marks. Six total.

Her arm is moving—she is writing something.

The SCRATCH of a pencil on paper is all that is heard in
the room. A candle sits next to her on the desk, close to
dying, flickering in the darkness.

There is a KNOCK on an unseen door.

War looks up from her paper.

The KNOCKING continues.

With a SIGH, War stands. She stares at the paper for a
moment.

The KNOCKING continues.

She turns her head.

Finally, she makes her way to the door. It is large and
imposing, dark wood carved with faces of despair and anger.

She opens the door.

Before her stands a small creature, pitiful in nature.
REAPER #1, 15, stares back at her. His eyes are blank,
clouded over with death. His body is withered, cheeks
gaunt.

WAR

I asked not to be disturbed.

Reaper #1 bows. His bones CREAK with the effort.

REAPER #1
(rasping, as if struggling to speak)

I apologize, Lady War.

He stands back and says nothing more.

War CLICKS HER TONGUE in annoyance.

WAR

Speak.

Reaper #1, as if compelled, obeys immediately.

REAPER #1

Lord Death is worried about
Pestilence. Long has the White
Rider sought the other Horsemen.
Lord Death believes that he seeks
to create a Gathering.

War frowns and clenches her jaw.

WAR

What Pestilence does is no concern
of mine.

She begins to close the door, but is interrupted by Reaper
#1 speaking again.

REAPER #1

Lord Death fears that he will try
to court you as well.

WAR

Then his fear is misplaced. I have
no interest in Gathering. My wars
are enough.

She shuts the door.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

War sits on a bench, watching the stars. She has an open
notebook on her lap.

In it, you can see there is a list of names. Several of
them are crossed off.

After a moment, she sighs and pulls out a pencil. She writes a name down. She contemplates for a moment before adding another.

She looks back up at the sky. For a second, a star seems to glow brighter, much brighter, than before, catching War's attention.

She straightens up and stares up at the sky, confused.

WAR
(under her breath)

What the hell...

The star goes back to normal.

War stares at the spot for several long seconds. She bites her thumb nail in thought before shaking her head.

WAR
...Nothing.

She closes her notebook and stands, turning her back on the star.

She does not see how it shines brightly once more.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

War leans up against the One World Trade Center. She watches the people pass by boredly. She checks her watch.

As she looks back up, a man in a long coat seeps past her. She smiles and pushes off the wall to follow him.

As she falls into step behind him, a ghostly figure, REAPER #2, appears in front of her. She does not break stride and walks right through it, waving a hand in front of her.

It appears in front of her once more. War does not stop.

WAR
I'm busy.

REAPER #2
Lady War. Death wishes to speak.

War stops suddenly, the man she was pursuing disappearing into the crowd.

She turns to look at the Reaper. The crowd continues to walk around them and through them.

WAR
(amused)

Death seeks an audience with me?
He must truly be frightened.

Reaper #2 does not take the bait. Probably doesn't even notice it. It just continues on.

REAPER #2

He asks to meet in The Space In
Between.

War tilts her head, curious.

WAR

He doesn't want a Gathering?

REAPER #2
(shaking its head)

No. He only wishes to speak. To...
catch up, he said.

War SNORTS.

WAR

I haven't spoken to any of my
siblings directly in over 70
years. I doubt he wants to see how
I am.

A key appears in War's hand. It is old looking and worn.

WAR

But who am I to turn down Death?
Tell him I'll be there in two
days. I still have work to do.

She hands the key to Reaper #2.

INT. THE SPACE IN BETWEEN - UNKNOWN

War strolls leisurely through a misty landscape. There are no landmarks, everything looks the same. Her steps make NO SOUND.

The sky is a light with thousands of stars that burn brightly. Some quietly blink out of existence, others explode violently.

In front of her stands DEATH, ageless, taller than War. His eyes are a pale blue, his hair blonde, his skin almost translucent, bones protruding.

War stops before him, her arms folded across her chest.

War

You called?

DEATH

(in a quiet, melodic voice)

Yes. Thank you for coming. Please,
sit with me.

Death raises his hand and two seats rise out of the fog. He takes one. War hesitates before sitting stiffly in the other.

WAR

What is this about?

DEATH

Pestilence seeks a Gathering. That
would disrupt my count.

War's eyes narrow and she sits back in her seat, angry.

WAR

Like I told your Reaper, I have no
need for Pestilence. Speak with
Famine and Conquest if it worries
you.

DEATH

They have not answered my calls.

War tilts her head, a small smirk appearing. Her red eyes
glitter with malice.

WAR

I don't control our siblings,
brother. That's your job.

A flicker of annoyance flashes across Death's face before
he is once again neutral. He sits back, his BONES CREAKING
as he does.

DEATH

And if Pestilence succeeds? If he
achieves a Gathering with both
Famine and Conquest? With a
disaster like that, hardly any
humans would survive. And you. You
would be the first of us to die.

War shifts in her seat.

DEATH
(patronizingly)

Do not forget, sister. I am the
only one who can live without
humans.

WAR
(resigned)

What would you have me do?

Death tilts his head, a mockery of War.

INT. STRANGE ROOM - NIGHT

War paced the room. It was a mess. The desk was overturned,
papers scattered across the floor.

Her hair was out of its ponytail, a mess.

She snapped her fingers, her eyes glowing briefly. She
turns abruptly to look at WAR HERALD #2 standing in the
middle of the wreckage of the room. It's a woman. She's
missing part of her arm and has bullet holes across her
body.

WAR

Neither have answered?

War Herald #2 shakes its head slowly.

WAR HERALD #2

No response.

WAR

I expected as much from Conquest,
but Famine?

War let out a frustrated noise. The entire room shakes for
a second.

War Herald #2 does not react.

WAR

Bring me a Reaper.

War Herald #2 nods and disappears.

War clicks her tongue and moves to the side of the room.
She runs her finger along the wall, stopping seemingly at
random.

The wall glows briefly beneath her fingers before receding. Out of the hole, she pulls a piece of paper. It is worn and frayed. She examines it for a long while before shaking her head.

She shoves it back into the wall. Before it closes, the bottom of the paper can be seen.

INSERT:

Sincerely,

Famine.

END INSERT:

WAR HERALD #2

Lady War.

War turns slowly to face War Herald #2 and REAPER #3, female, 20, ghostly. She stares for a long second at them both.

REAPER #3

Lord Death is already aware of
your failure.

War's jaw clenches and the room shakes.

WAR

I did not call you here to
concede. I called you here to ask
for Famine's location.

EXT. RUNDOWN FARM - DAY

The rocks CRUNCH beneath War's feet as she walks down the road. The fields around her are withered.

It is quiet.

Before she gets too far, FAMINE HERALD #1, male 30s, emaciated, appears before her.

FAMINE HERALD #1

Lady Famine says you may come no
closer.

WAR
(scoffs)

I don't take orders from her.

FAMINE HERALD #1

She does not wish to initiate a
Gathering.

War raises an eyebrow.

WAR

Then she should have answered me.

Famine Herald #1 does not reply. War takes another step
forward.

The Herald places his hand on her arm to stop her advance.

War's face twists into an ugly snarl, her eyes suddenly
burning brightly.

The Herald seems to wither under her gaze, physically
curling in on himself.

WAR

How dare you touch me.

Before she could say anything else, the Herald's eyes glow
black for a second. He straightens as a key appears in his
hand.

HERALD

(as if two voices overlapping)

Do not harass my Herald. Take the
Key, Sister.

War relents, pulling herself away. She grabs the key from
his hand.

She leaves.

INT. THE SPACE IN BETWEEN - UNKNOWN

War walks through the fog with a smirk on her face.

She stops about 10 feet away from FAMINE, early 20s, small
and frail looking. Her eyes are black. War towers over her.

War places her hand over her heart.

WAR

(mockingly)

You didn't want to see me, Sister?
I'm hurt. It's been so long.

FAMINE

We have no need for a Gathering.

War CLICKS her tongue and takes a step forward.

Famine steps back.

WAR

Isn't that what you and Pestilence
want?

Famine looks stricken.

FAMINE

No, that's -

WAR
(cutting her off)

Then why haven't you answered me?

FAMINE

I've been busy.

War SNORTS.

WAR

We've *all* been busy. But Death is
worried.

FAMINE
(snidely)

So he sent his attack dog.

Famine freezes after the words leave her. War blinks a few
times in shock.

But then she grins.

WAR

Do you have reason to think of me
as an attack dog?

FAMINE

Death always sends you when he
feels he's losing control.

There are a few beats of silence while they assess each
other.

WAR

What is Pestilence planning?

FAMINE

He hasn't told me.

WAR

You expect me to believe that?

FAMINE

No. But it's the truth. He doesn't trust me.

Famine looks down, her arms coming to hug herself.

FAMINE

All he's told me is to be ready.

WAR

For what?

Famine doesn't answer, just looks up into the endless skies of stars above.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

War sits on the same bench. She stares up at the stars, watching them intently. Her notebook sits forgotten on the bench beside her.

INSERT:

A drawing of what looks like eyes. Instead of sclera or pupils, there are only stars.

END INSERT:

Her eyes glow -- for a brief moment pink seems to over take the red.

She frowns, as if she knows something is wrong, but is interrupted by WAR HERALD #3, 19, male. He is wearing an army uniform. He doesn't speak, only lets out RATTLING BREATHS.

WAR

Still no answer from Conquest?

WAR HERALD #3

No.

WAR

He should have been in New York today. You're sure he wasn't?

WAR HERALD #3

Yes.

She stands from the park bench. The Herald takes a step back to give her room as she starts to pace.

WAR

That means he isn't following through with the plan. I didn't need that war... but to sabotage me? And himself?

The Herald does not speak. Barely even follows her movement. Very little thoughts seem to happen in his mind.

WAR

Famine didn't give him up either. She never liked him, so it's strange she'd protect him now.

War stopped pacing. For the first time in her indescribably long life, she feels lost.

War Herald #3 just watches.

INT. CAPITOL HILL - DAY

War strides around the halls of Capitol Hill, following POLITICIANS as they go about their day.

Their feet CLACK and SLAP against the floor. Hers make no sound.

INT. SENATE CHAMBER - DAY

War slinks into the chamber before the door closes. She watches the SENATORS as they take their seats.

She leans up against the wall, watching boredly. The senators sound MUFFLED, barely there.

SENATOR #1 (V.O)

... Russia plans...

War perks up at that.

She stands upright and slowly slinks around the room. She stands behind Senator #1 and places her hand on his shoulder. Her eyes glow brightly. The Senator's eyes do the same.

SENATOR #1

This will not go unpunished.

EXT. METRO D.C. - DAY

War crosses the street. Cars pass right through her as she continues on her way. Before she can make it to the other side, REAPER #4 appears right in front of her. It's a child this time, bald.

War stops, irritated.

A car passed through her.

WAR

Oh, would he just leave me alone!

The Reaper does not acknowledge her outburst. Instead, it just starts speaking

REAPER #4

Lord Death wishes to know your progress.

WAR

As if he doesn't know.

REAPER #4

He does. But then why are you sowing your wars but not doing the task he gave you, he wonders.

War's jaw clenches and her eyes narrowed. She shifts her weight, before starting to walk once again.

Reaper #4 follows after her silently.

WAR

I still have my job to do. I can't survive without my wars.

The Reaper tilts its head. For a second, its eyes seem less blank than all other Heralds and Reapers.

REAPER #4

Lord Death says you'll be fine for a few weeks. Get to work.

INT. STRANGE ROOM - DAY

War stands in the middle of the room, completely still. Her jaw is set, her eyes unblinking, staring down at the floor.

In front of her, on the floor, is a small white statue of a figure on a horse, a bow held high above its head.

Slowly, she sits cross legged on the floor in front of the statue. She closes her eyes and lets out a deep breath.

Another Deep breath.

WAR

Conquest, I summon you.

The lights flicker, but nothing else happens.

WAR

Conquest, I summon you.

The room quivers. It lasts only a second.

WAR

Conquest, I summon you.

The lights in the room extinguish with a HISS. War doesn't open her eyes but smiles.

War opens her eyes.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE SPACE IN BETWEEN - UNKNOWN

War opens her eyes to see the void of the Space in Between.

When she stands, she's met with a tall man. He just barely edges War out when it comes to height. His hair is snowy white, and his eyes are the same, only the pupil showing in the middle.

WAR

Hello, Conquest