

THE SINGING GODS

by J.E. Clarke

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

SUPER: The Year 2050: After the Apocalypse

A rush of feet. HOWLS of pain. Whatever's outside is unseen. But it's nothing less than a stampede.

A crenellated door flies open: CLANG!

A crowd of survivors rush in.

BULL - 30s, pushing 50+. Shaved head and leather armor - not the sort of guy you dare cross.

TARP - Chainmail covers his teen frame. Everything about him screams skinny: he's never experienced a world where regular meals were a "thing."

MAGDA - 20 something buff, she totes a heavy sword; a stone cold killer expression on an angelic face.

A motley group of SOLDIERS cover their back. Some in t-shirts, others tunics. There's no standard uniform - just BLUE RIBBONS pinned to each panting chest.

Bull glances back through the door.

It's hard to see through swirling dust, but the warrior WHOOPS make it clear: an army's in hot pursuit!

BULL

Krill, shut the goddamned door!

KRILL, a bleach-blond soldier does. Just in time!

THUD! Something heavy hits the other side. A dent bulges inward.... A SWORD shoves through a small hole.

Inches from Tarp's face. Eyes rolling, he goggles at the bloody tip.

TARP

I made it. Gods be blessed!

The sword's unseen owner saws at the door. Tarp foolishly grabs for it. A slash opens across his palm!

TARP

Yow!

MAGDA

Men are such idiots.

BULL
Don't blame Tarp. He is young.

MADGA
I don't mean him. You.

Battle horses WHINNY outside. Another WHOMP at the door.

MADGA
You hear that? We're surrounded.

BULL
(shrugs)
We've lived through worse.

MADGA
We're trapped. You led us here!

BULL
Be calm, Princess. I have a plan.

Bull spins her around. Magda's eyes bulge.

At long rows of STEEL PLATING and CARDBOARD BOXES. Stacked higher than any human here, they're sealed with packing tape.

BULL
Supplies - as promised. The legends are true!

Unseen hordes assault the entrance. Blue ribboned soldiers hold the door closed... and the enemy somewhat at bay.

Bull, Magda and Tarp race over to the boxes.

BULL
I pray there will be weapons.

TARP
Or food. We have not eaten for days!

Tarp whips out a KNIFE. Stabbing a box, he pulls out:

MOLDY WONDER BREAD. Green goo drips from the bag. Tarp licks his finger. Gags.

Bull tears a box in two with his bare hands. He holds up: PACKS OF AA BATTERIES.

BULL
By the Gods, what are these?

TARP

Perhaps *they* can be consumed?

Bull struggles with industrial strength packing. Penetrating *that* takes several tries. And Bull's sharpest weapon.

Then success! Bull touches his tongue to an electrode. ZAP!

BULL

It bit me!

He throws it down, stomps it with a boot.

More pounding at the door. There's no way it's gonna hold.

BULL

Magda, rest assured we shall FIGHT!

Magda snarls, and smashes another box. Contents spill out a hole:

Piles of BIG MOUTH BILLY BASS WALL PLAQUES.

Magda marvels. She's got *no idea* what these things are.

MADGA

Is this a trick?

TARP

Don't touch! It could be a trap!

MADGA

You are too young to give *me* advice.

Magda kicks one plaque. Depressing the "start" button. The toy springs to life, sings:

BILLY BASS #1

Don't worry. Be happy!!

Madga jumps back, startled. Bull grabs a rock from Krill and throws it at the *Billy*. But hits a different one instead:

BILLY BASS #2

Take me to the River. Throw me in the Water!

TARP

The gods demand miracles! There is no water any more.

Magda warily circles the toys. She nudges one. Then another. Triggers different songs every round.

MAGDA
Surely, this is magic. But if these
be demons, why have they not
devoured us by now?

A MACHETE punches through the door. Krill's disemboweled!

TARP
Krill!

BULL
Do not mourn him. He has departed
this earth to a better place.

Fascinating, Magda inches toward the "happy" toys.

MAGDA
Perhaps these are angels, sent to
guard us.

A smile blossoms on her face.

MAGDA
They speak to me, even now!

LATER

A row of Billy Bass Plaques face the entrance; fortified by
boxes and steel plates.

Smoke curls through the door. The banging's getting worse!

Bull and Magda stand pm either side, yell to troops.

BULL
When I do this...

He "slashes" a meaty hand across his throat.

BULL
Do not hesitate. Open the door!

MAGDA
(to Tarp)
Are you ready, child?

Scared enough to piss his pants, Tarp gulps and nods.

BULL
Listen to my count carefully. Four.
Two. One!!

Bull "slashes" his neck.

His minions throw the door open. Using metal sheets like shields, they chuck rocks into the smoke outside.

Through which - WARRIOR KING ATTRIATOUS walks.

More buff than Spartacus and The Rock's love child,
Attriatous makes Bull look like a pussy.

ATTRIATOUS
Fools, you shall soon beg for
death!

BULL
Tarp - execute!

Tarp ducks low, and races past Billy Bass... hits every
button as he goes.

A spear ZIPS over the teen's head, nearly finds its mark.
Tarp belly-dives to the side, unharmed.

All the Bass start singing. It's an unearthly chorus:

BILLY BASS #3
I'm bbbbbb to the Bone!

BILLY BASS #4
(ala Gloria Gaynor)
At first, I was afraid, I was
petrified...

Attriatous freezes. The Billy Bass sing on:

BILLY BASS #4
Did you think I'd crumble? Did you
think I'd lay down and die?

The Warrior King's jaw drops. He wheels back toward the door.

ATTRIATOUS
They have Demon Allies. Run!

Screams answer him. Followed by retreating feet and hooves.
The barbarian horde has fled. The Billy Bass chorus on.

BILLY BASS #4
Oh no not I. I will survive...!

Bull, Magda and Tarp exchange relieved grins.

BULL
The heavens have saved us.

MAGDA

No. *They* have, my son.

She points at a Billy Bass. Bull ruffles Tarp's greasy hair.

BULL

As have you, my young warrior.

The Billy Bass fall silent. Magda frowns.

MAGDA

Now do they abandon us?

BULL

If we do not worship them well,
perhaps.

Tarp turns a Bass-Plaque over in his hands; spots exposed
batteries in the back. He grins - like a teen... for once.

TARP

I know how to feed them. Watch!

FINAL FADE OUT: