

EVERETT

He was interfering with our investigation.

Long steps to the bars and leans on them.

LONG

I thought we were leaving so I could pay for my crimes.

EVERETT

It isn't safe to travel.

Loaded for bear, Everett heads to the door.

LONG

From what I've seen, it isn't safe to stay, either.

Everett exits, slamming the door behind him.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Sally has just finished catching Sam up on recent events.

SALLY

So, I'm sorry that you came all this way for nothing.

SAM

Like hell I did.

ZEKE

Didn't you hear us? Long is in jail and his brother is dead.

SAM

I heard you just fine. Can't say I'm sorry to see him go.

SALLY

He was our friend, son of a bitch!

SAM

Nothing personal. I just don't think he had it in him to kill a man, which is mighty important when you're fixing to rob a bank.

ZEKE

Wait. You're still thinking about robbing the bank? Even with all this craziness in town?

SAM

Damn right. It's the perfect time.

ZEKE

No, the Sheriff and the Marshal are ready for anything now. Profitt's got too many guards. The three of us ain't enough. We need Long.

Sam looks at Zeke then Sally, then sighs resignedly.

INT. JAIL - MINUTES LATER

Long looks Carl over suspiciously. Carl sweats profusely.

SAM (O.S.)

Told you I'd come in handy!

Long looks for the source of the voice and sees the high window in his cell. He stands on the bench to get closer.

LONG

Sam? Is that you?

SAM (O.S.)

The one and only.

LONG

What are you doing here?

SAM (O.S.)

If I recall, you promised me a big payday. I'm here to collect.

LONG

Well, I can't do much from in here.

SAM (O.S.)

Your confederates said the same. That's why I'm gonna bust you out. Just sit tight. Wait for my signal.

Sam can be heard walking away. Long nods to himself.

EXT. EPITAPH - CONTINUOUS

The sun sets giving rise to a moonless night.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON

Patrick, the bank clerk, enters. He approaches the bar.

SALLY

Patrick, I thought you only drank
at the end of the week.

PATRICK

Normally, yes, but that Jane has
been following me all day. She's
starting to scare me.

SALLY

You're in luck! We've got liquid
courage to spare. What'll it be?

Patrick thinks. The man next to him spits in the spittoon
between them. His spit is green and sizzles with an acidic
hiss. Patrick faces him, but the man looks "through" him.

PATRICK

Maybe I'll just go home after all.
(he exits)

SALLY

Suit yourself.

Sally pours beer from the keg that's stained by Bill's spit.

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Patrick looks around timidly. A "yoohoo" draws his attention.
He sees a courtesan standing on the 9 Lives veranda ogling
him. Patrick smiles and begins to walk over. Another
courtesan appears on the veranda. She "yoohoos" at him.

Patrick continues, but then another courtesan appears on the
veranda, then another in a window. Then another in a separate
window. They all "yoohoo" like a mix between a hunter's and
siren's call and gaze at Patrick hungrily. He slows.

More women appear, "yoohoo-ing". In the dim light, green
speckles scintillate on their skin. Patrick turns to leave
and comes face to face with Plain Jane.

PLAIN JANE

He loves me!

Patrick runs away, frightened.

PLAIN JANE (CONT'D)

He loves me not.

INT. BOONE'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE BOONE (50), the bank manager, is eating supper in his fastidious room when someone knocks at his door. He gets up to answer, revealing--

PROFITT

Good evening, George.

GEORGE

Mr. Profitt. You're early.

PROFITT

The transport is on its way. I just want to take inventory of my property before it leaves my sight.

GEORGE

Sir, that vault is a Hamilton Class 3. Sealed air-tight. Your property is secure. Now if you'll excuse me, I'd like to finish my supper.

He begins to close the door, but a strong hand forces it open, revealing large men behind Profitt, carrying rifles.

PROFITT

Listen here, George. I didn't get to be where I'm at by taking my eyes off what's mine. So we're gonna go downstairs and you're gonna open that vault. And we're gonna wait together. Now let's go.

EXT. GRAND HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Stan and Everett patrol the streets together, uneasy.

EVERETT

Looks like things are getting back to normal.

STAN

Yep.

The men walk, looking around, avoiding each other's eyes.

EVERETT

Look, about that hanging...

STAN

Marshal, I'm the law here. Don't talk to me about jurisdiction.

EVERETT

I wasn't. I want to know what kind of lawman you want to be. Peace officers can't give in to emotion. We have rules for a reason, and we have to uphold them just as we live by them. Once we rely on mob justice, there's nothing that separates us from the outlaws.

STAN

Any jury would have found that man guilty. He'd swung just the same.

EVERETT

Then let the jury do its job. You do their job for them, someone else is gonna do your job for you. Then it's everyone for themselves acting as judge, jury, and executioner. Sooner or later, someone you care about is gonna get hurt.

Everett walks ahead of Stan when he sees Maggie, Ray, and Tommy at the entrance of the hotel. Everett greets them.

EXT. ABANDONED STORE FRONT - CONTINUOUS

An outpost soldier stands guard in this mostly empty part of town. He looks over his shoulder at the building where the infected and undead bang around inside. Sam walks up--

SAM

Hey partner. You got a match?

He pretends to hold a cigarette to his mouth. The soldier obliges and strikes a match, cupping it to Sam's face. Sam decks the soldier cleanly, knocking him out. He walks up to a boarded window and peers inside.

INT. ABANDONED STORE FRONT - CONTINUOUS

All manner of infected and undead bump into each other, moan, scratch, bang, and mutter. A courtesan senses Sam.

EXT. ABANDONED STORE FRONT - CONTINUOUS

The courtesan's arm breaks through the glass and claws at Sam with bony fingers. Sam falls back and laughs in surprise.

SAM

Oh, this is gonna be good.

He goes to the door and rips off the wood planks. The activity inside the building becomes louder. With the barricade gone, Sam turns the doorknob and cracks the door open. Then he runs for it. The door flies open.

Undead and infected spill out. Most infected run off in different directions. The undead shuffle out. Some stop at the unconscious soldier and begin biting him. He wakes and screams in pain and fear, struggling to get away.

A Spitter infected falls on the soldier and spits green bile on his face. The soldier is helpless as the acid melts through his features. Other outpost soldiers arrive and draw their weapons, unsure if they should attack.

A Yoohoo infected courtesan appears in the shadows, her body sparkling in meteorite dust. She "yoohoos" at a soldier who turns to face her. He's distracted by her beauty, and she's able to rip his throat out with her claws. The soldiers fire.

Headbanging infected burst from the abandoned storefront and charge. The soldiers aim for their heads, but they seem almost armored by bone from where they've been smashing their faces against walls. The Headbangers run the soldiers down.

EXT. GRAND HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Everett is walking Maggie to the entrance when the report of gunfire and screams in the distance draw his attention. He looks for Stan who is also looking in the direction of the commotion. The two lawmen run to the source.

EXT. ABANDONED STORE FRONT - CONTINUOUS

The position has been overrun by the time Stan and Everett arrive. Outpost soldiers retreat, and bodies of townsfolk litter the ground while undead feast on them. Small fires burn where lanterns fell, revealing grisly scenes.

Horses have been felled and eaten. Others break free from their hitching posts and run off into the night. While Stan and Everett make sense of what they're seeing, the bodies on the ground rise around them. The men fight their way out.