

He walks passed Stan, hitting shoulders roughly. Maggie rises to meet him. She hugs him tightly.

EVERETT (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I wasn't here.

MAGGIE
You're here now.
(beat)
Why is this happening?

Everett lets Maggie go.

EVERETT
I don't know. But we can make it
through this. We just have to stay
quiet and lay low til morning.

A commotion outside draws everyone to the windows.

EXT. GRAND HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Patrick, the bank clerk, moves clumsily through the streets, dashing from one relatively safe spot to another.

INT. GRAND HOTEL - EVERETT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The group watches curiously.

STAN
Patrick, where are you going?

MAGGIE
Oh Lord, be careful!

Impressively, Patrick evades roving infected and undead. But then a Yoohoo emerges from the shadows. It "yoohoos", which triggers other "yoohoos" in response. Moments later, Yoohoos come running down the street. Patrick flees in terror.

LONG
I know them. They're from 9 Lives.
I hope they're not *all* like that.

Thinking of Rebecca, Stan erupts in anger.

STAN
No one asked you!

He shoves Long who stumbles backward over a chair and crashes his elbow through a window. Everyone freezes, wide-eyed.

For a moment, there's silence. But then a "yoo-hoo" followed by more. Then roars. There's a commotion below.

RAY

The door!

He runs to the door to brace it just in time as heavy blows begin raining down on it. Ray bounces off the door with each hit. Stan and Everett move to the armoire and shove it toward the door. Tommy clutches Maggie tightly for protection.

EXT. GRAND HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Three Yoo-hoos press against the wall beneath Everett's room. They claw at the wall, ripping their fingernails from their fingers. Soon the flesh rips off as well, revealing bone. Amazingly, the bone allows them to scale the wall.

INT. GRAND HOTEL - EVERETT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The armoire slides into place just as the door comes off its hinges. Yet, it takes all three men to keep it in place against the pounding. Long and Maggie look on, unsure of how to help. Then the windows break and Yoo-hoos jump in.

Long turns a table over and snaps off a leg. He tosses it to Maggie and snaps one off for himself.

MAGGIE

(to Tommy)

Get behind me!

Tommy grabs her skirt as they both back into a corner. Long swings at the Yoo-hoos threateningly, but they advance without fear. Fearing for Maggie, Everett goes for his pistol. While distracted, the armoire gets knocked over, pinning him.

Ray and Stan brace the floating door with their bodies. Long keeps swinging his table leg, but the Yoo-hoos whittle it down with their sharp claws. He looks to Everett for help, but he struggles beneath the heavy armoire.

LONG

(to Stan)

Give me your gun!

Stan looks back and grimaces, stubbornly refusing to help.

LONG (CONT'D)

Give me your gun or we all die!

MAGGIE

(beat)

Give him your gun, Stan!

Before Stan can act, a Headbanger bursts its head through the door. It gets a hold of Stan's throat. Another Headbanger's face bursts through and an arm wraps around Ray's neck. The men struggle to free themselves. The Yoohoos close in.

Long backs away as "yoohoos" fill the room. Suddenly--

TOMMY

Mister! Here!

Long turns to see Tommy standing by Stan, holding his gun. He tosses it to Long who snatches it out of the air. Stan stares wide-eyed as Long grins back. Then Long spins and drops the three Yoohoos with headshots. He turns to the Headbangers.

Remembering the events at the cell, Long waits for the Headbangers to roar then shoots them through their mouths. They fall over dead. With the immediate threat gone, everyone relaxes for a moment. Stan helps Everett up.

Gun still in hand, Long looks over the Yoohoo corpses with Maggie. Tommy runs to Maggie. Long hears a gun cock, and he turns to see Everett pointing his pistol at him.

EVERETT

Drop the gun.

Everyone freezes, watching Long's slightest moves. He turns his body slowly, almost into a gunfighting stance.

EVERETT (CONT'D)

Don't even think about it. You're not fast enough.

Without breaking Everett's gaze, Long moves his gun slightly so that it's pointed at Tommy. Maggie gasps--

MAGGIE

Everett!

Everett's eyes go glassy with emotion. Long smirks and flips the gun forward over his finger still in the trigger guard.

LONG

There's more than one way to kill you, Marshal.

Everett clenches his jaw and lowers his gun. Stan strides over to Long, takes his gun back with one hand and punches Long in the face with the other. Long falls to the ground.

Stan walks up to Long and stands over him, pointing his gun at Long's face. He savors the moment and cocks the hammer.

EVERETT

You shoot him, and I will arrest you, Sheriff.

STAN

I'm doing us all a favor.

EVERETT

No, you're murdering someone. That dog may hunt out here in the boonies, but if you kill him, you're interfering with federal business. Then you're mine.

Stan's face screws up in anger before finally holstering his pistol. He flies into a rage--

STAN

What the hell is wrong with you?!

EVERETT

Lower your voice!

STAN

(quieter)

He was going to kill Tommy. Tommy!

EVERETT

Yeah, well, he didn't.

STAN

(stunned)

And that makes it OK?!

EVERETT

I didn't say that. But you can't execute people based on something they chose not to do.

STAN

He's a killer! He killed men that I knew. That you knew!

EVERETT

And he'll face justice for it.

STAN

He'll face justice now.

EVERETT

No, goddammit!

Stan reaches for his pistol and begins to turn. Everett grabs his wrist and punches him in the face. Stan falls. He looks up at Everett with fury in his eyes, but before he can act--

MAGGIE

Everett, maybe Stan's right.

Everett looks at her, crushed.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm not saying we should execute him. But why do we have to protect him? It doesn't seem right.

LONG

You protect me?

He looks pointedly at the corpses in the room. Everett looks at Long pointedly in return. Long shuts up again.

RAY

He's an outlaw, Marshal. He ain't ever gonna change. He'll only look after himself.

EVERETT

So, what are you saying? We just feed him to those things out there?

Stan, now on his feet, looks at Maggie and Ray who look away.

STAN

Yes!

EVERETT

No.

STAN

Why?!

EVERETT

Because that is not the law!

STAN

Open your eyes, Everett! There is no law!

EVERETT

You're wrong. We are the law! Not just you and me, but everyone in this room. Everyone in this town. Everyone is the law.

MAGGIE
What do you mean?

EVERETT
We are all the law because we
uphold the law.

RAY
Marshal, there ain't law outside.
Just monsters and scared people.

EVERETT
When you are surrounded by
darkness, you have to be the light.
The law is the candle that lights
our way in the night. And no amount
of darkness can ever put out a
light. It only goes out if you let
it go out. Then you're lost in the
dark like everybody else.

(beat)

I know it's hard. We don't uphold
the law because it's easy. We do it
because it's right.

(beat)

He's my prisoner. The law says I'm
obligated to look after him while
he's in my custody. I'm doing that.

Everyone is quiet for a few moments. Long looks at Everett
with an expression approaching respect. Stan sighs, resigned.

RAY
What now, Marshal? This door's no
good if they come back.

EVERETT
We need to get to the outpost in
the center of town. If the soldiers
managed to hold it, then we should
be safe there.

MAGGIE
Let's take a few minutes to bandage
up before we move then.

Everyone spreads out to cool off. Maggie makes quick rounds
to all the other men before approaching Long. She kneels next
to him with a bowl of water and a damp cloth. She looks at
him apprehensively before tending to his wounds in silence.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Thank you.

LONG

(beat)

I don't kill women or children. If
I can help it.

MAGGIE

(pause)

Were you always...an outlaw?

LONG

No. I worked on the railroads with
my brother.

Maggie listens, not understanding.

INSERT FLASHBACK

EXT. SIERRA MOUNTAINS - 1867 - SUMMER

Visibly tired, Long and Bao break rocks with pickaxes like several dozens of Chinese workers around them in the hot sun. White men in fancy suits watch from afar in the shade of their tents while Overseers ride horses and carry whips.

LONG (V.O.)

It was a hard life. We worked from
sun up to sun down. And if one of
us stopped working, the punishment
was severe.

A young Chinese worker falls over from exhaustion. An Overseer rides up and yells at the worker--

OVERSEER

Get up!

The worker struggles to stand, but fall over again. The Overseer unfurls his whip and strikes the worker. Again. And again. Long and Bao stop and watch.

BAO

(in Cantonese)

We should do something.

LONG

(in Cantonese)

If we help, they'll kill us. What's
two more dead Chinese to them?

He goes back to work. After a moment, Bao does as well.

EXT. SIERRA MOUNTAINS - 1867 - A WEEK LATER

LONG (V.O.)

Later that week, men arrived with explosives to blast through the mountains. They weren't sure if it would work, and they needed tests. They used the Chinese.

An Overseer hands a satchel with a long wick to a Chinese worker. The Overseer lights the wick with a match and directs the Chinese worker to run toward the mountain face.

LONG (V.O.)

We didn't know what it was or what it did. We did as we were told.

Long and Bao watch the worker scurry to the area the Overseer pointed to. Unsure of what to do next, he looks back at the Overseer who pantomimes a throwing motion, but it's too late. The satchel detonates, sending the worker into the air.

His body lands in front of Long and Bao, missing limbs.

LONG (V.O.)

But we learned fast.

Bao clenches his jaw and shakes his head at Long. Then he turns to the rest of the crew--

BAO

(in Cantonese)

Brothers! We have tolerated too much. No more! One cannot stand against these white devils, but there is strength in numbers.

CHINESE WORKER #1

(in Cantonese)

But how? They have weapons.

BAO

(in Cantonese)

We are more valuable to them alive than dead. Lay down your tools. Refuse to work. We will bargain with them. Remember: They need us!

The workers' faces harden with determination. One by one, they drop their tools and walk back to their camp.

LONG (V.O.)

It was a sight to see. We were just poor Chinese, but in that moment I had never been prouder of my countrymen...or my brother.

OVERSEER

Where you going? Get back to work!

Other Overseers approach. They strike the workers with their whips, but the workers just keep walking.

EXT. SIERRA MOUNTAINS - 1867 - DAYS LATER

LONG (V.O.)

We thought they were going to negotiate with us. Instead, they just starved us into submission.

Long, Bao, and the Chinese workers sit in small groups, weak from hunger. They stare at the Overseers and bosses eating meat and bread. Finally, Bao spits and gets up to leave.

LONG (V.O.)

(in Cantonese)

Where are you going?

INT. SUPPLY TENT - MINUTES LATER

Someone leaves the tent with supplies in hand. After a moment, Bao sneaks in. He surveys all the withheld food and sneers. Then he gathers as much food as he can stuff into a small sack and leaves.

EXT. SUPPLY TENT - CONTINUOUS

Bao comes face to face with the head Overseer.

OVERSEER

Looks like we've got a thief!

Other Overseers approach, grinning. They surround Bao. He puts up his fists and gets ready to fight.

OVERSEER (CONT'D)

Back off boys! This one's mine.

The other Overseers form a circle as the head Overseer puts up his hands like a trained boxer. He squares off with Bao and immediately launches into complex combinations. Bao falls, and the Overseers cheer. Bloody, Bao stands bravely.

But he's viciously pummeled to the ground again. The Overseer kicks him in the ribs, but Bao doesn't move.

OVERSEER (CONT'D)

It's not over yet, boy! Get up!

He kicks Bao again. No movement. Furious, the Overseer kicks Bao in the head. Again. And again. Finally, he raises his foot high, ready to deliver a killing blow, but Long manages to break through the crowd and tackle the Overseer.

After a short struggle, the two men are on their feet.

OVERSEER (CONT'D)

Big brother wants a taste?

He tries attacking Long, but can't land a punch as Long evades and counters with expert martial arts that astonish the Westerners.