

EPITAPH

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ARIZONA PLAINS - TRAIN TRACKS - 1879 - MORNING

Train tracks stretch into the desert horizon. In the opposite direction, there is a giant, smoldering divot where the tracks have been blown up. Beyond the twisted iron is a stopped train. Two horses are hitched to the locomotive.

INT. LOCOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

The engineers are bound and gagged and struggle to get free.

INT. PASSENGER CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car is full of people from different economic backgrounds who are busy speculating about the delay. JIMMY (20) has his head out a window. SARAH (20), his wife, prods him.

SARAH

Well? What do you see, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Hard to say. Hold my belt.

Sarah does so, revealing Jimmy's holstered PISTOL.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Looks like something's wrong with the tracks. I see smoke.

SARAH

Get back in here before you fall and crack your head. I'm going to see what's wrong.

She lets go of Jimmy's belt too soon and he almost falls out the window. He struggles to pull himself back in as Sarah heads up the aisle to exit the car.

JIMMY

Sarah, wait!

Too late. She's about to reach the front door of the car, but it suddenly flies open, revealing two MASKED MEN with guns. They step inside, sending Sarah running back to Jimmy's side.

MASKED MAN #1 is dressed in a black gentleman's outfit and gambler hat and sports two nickle-plated pistols with ivory grips. His face below the eyes is hidden by a red bandana with a black stripe on the side that looks like a fang.

MASKED MAN #2 stands behind him dressed in a dusty poncho and a cattleman hat. His face is also obscured by a red bandana with a similar design. He aims a rifle at the passengers.

MASKED MAN #1  
(Chinese accent)  
Ladies and gentlemen!

He raises his hands to calm the passengers who shrink into their seats. He speaks with a bemused air about himself.

MASKED MAN #1 (CONT'D)  
I apologize for the delay, but on behalf of the Unofficial Coalition of Chinese Railroad Workers, I regret to inform you that there's a problem with the tracks. But don't worry; once the station ahead realizes you're late, workers will be sent to have you on your way.

OLD PASSENGER  
Coalition what? Never heard of you.

MASKED MAN #1  
Well, we're a very small group.

Outside, a MASKED MAN #3 rides up on a cart drawn by two horses. He pulls up alongside the passenger car and points a rifle at the windows. Some passengers yelp when they see him.

MASKED MAN #1 (CONT'D)  
Your donations today will help grow our membership.

Masked Man #2 shoulders his rifle and moves down the aisle with a large sack.

UGLY PASSENGER  
Donations? You mean rob us blind!

MASKED MAN #1  
Call it what you want, but there's no reason to be ugly. So if you will kindly deposit your jewelry, money, and any other valuables, then we'll be on our way.  
(beat)  
And you'll be alive.

The passengers reluctantly deposit their valuables in the sack while Masked Man #1 twirls a pistol insouciantly. When Masked Man #2 sees expensive luggage, he tosses it out the window at MASKED MAN #3 who places it on the cart.

When Masked Man #2 gets to Sarah she tries to cover her WEDDING RING, but the man sees it and grabs her wrist. Jimmy intervenes, but Masked Man #2 pulls a knife. Sarah screams.

MASKED MAN #1 (CONT'D)  
What's going on over there?!

Masked Man #2 makes a strange sound like a deaf person and raises Sarah's hand to show the ring.

MASKED MAN #1 (CONT'D)  
Ma'am, you either take it off or he cuts it off. Either way, we're getting that ring.

Angrily, Sarah twists off the ring and throws it at Masked Man #1. He snatches it out of the air then bites down on it with his molars. He makes an impressed face at Jimmy before tucking the ring into a breast pocket.

With nothing left, Masked Man #2 rejoins Masked Man #1 at the front of the car, sweeping the crowd with his rifle.

MASKED MAN #1 (CONT'D)  
We appreciate your generosity!  
Please, have a safe journey.

Masked Man #2 exits. Masked Man #1 turns to leave--

JIMMY  
You bastard. YOU BASTARD!  
(stands)  
I know who you are!

MASKED MAN #1  
(turns to face Jimmy)  
Oh? Who am I?

JIMMY  
You're that Chinaman train robber goes by The Long Fang. You and your partners are killers wanted across three territories for murdering lawmen, women, and children.

Masked Man #1 tips his hat back until it slides off his head and dangles down his back by some cording, revealing a man of 45. His hair is longish and greying at the temples. He slides his bandana down to reveal a manicured goatee and moustache.

MASKED MAN #1/LONG  
My name is Fang Long. The Long Fang if you prefer.  
(MORE)

## MASKED MAN #1/LONG (CONT'D)

I've killed a lot of people. And  
I'll kill you too if you do  
something stupid.

Jimmy tries to build enough nerve to draw his GUN. Some of the male passengers look pleading eyes with him, but Jimmy lets the moment pass in frustration. Satisfied that nothing is going to happen, Long turns to leave--

## JIMMY

There's also a bounty on your head.  
\$2,000. Dead or alive.

The fear drains in some of the male passengers' faces. One man notices a PISTOL already in another man's lap. That man notices the first and nods. Near the back of the car, a pistol is heard cocking. Jimmy grimaces in determination.

## LONG

(in Cantonese)

You stupid sons of whores.

Three men with pistols stand and open fire as Jimmy begins drawing his gun. But, with incredible speed, dexterity, and accuracy, Long draws his own pistol and shoots from the hip, fanning the hammer and killing the three men instantly.

Long trains his pistol on Jimmy who is stunned, covered in blood spatter, and hasn't cleared his holster. In awe, Jimmy re-holsters his weapon. Long turns to leave amid the wails of wives and daughters who just lost the men in their lives.

One unarmed WOMAN near the back starts running at Long.

## WOMAN

I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU!

Long turns to handle her but is surprised when a gun shot to the head kills her. Long turns to see Masked Man #3 standing on the cart outside with his rifle trained on the woman's dead body through the broken window. He winks at Long.

## EXT. PASSENGER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Long exits, unhappy. Masked Man #3 meets him on the ground a few feet away from the passenger car.

## MASKED MAN #3

(pulling off mask)

Told you I'd come in handy.

Long approaches with determination. When he's close enough, he punches Masked Man #3 (45) who staggers back.

LONG

What did I tell you? No women!

MASKED MAN #3

I just saved your life!

LONG

Like hell you did. She was unarmed!  
Where were you five seconds before  
when I was fighting for my life  
against three men with guns?

(beat)

Sam Duke. Deadliest Rifle West of  
Tennessee my ass!

MASKED MAN #3/SAM

Go to blazes. I was fiddlin' with  
the luggage. Besides, those  
corncrackers couldn't hit a bull's  
rump with a handful of banjos.

LONG

(beat)

Sam, if that's English, then I  
regret learning it.

The men scowl at each other then chuckle. Sam rubs his jaw.

SAM

I like you, so I'm gonna let this  
one go. Now tell your little  
brother to ease up on the iron.

Long turns to see Masked Man #2 on his horse a few yards away  
with his rifle trained on Sam.

LONG

(in Cantonese)

Bao, I'm fine. Bring the horses.

Masked Man #2/Bao (35) reluctantly shoulders his rifle and  
rides up with Long's horse in tow.

SAM

C'mon. We better git.

Curious faces peek out of passenger car windows. Long draws  
his pistol on them without even looking, and they scurry  
away. All three men mount their horses and ride away. Bao  
points at some blood on Long's coat.

LONG

(in Cantonese)

Just some white man's blood.

(MORE)

LONG (CONT'D)

(beat)

Did you know my bounty is at \$2000?

Bao grunts and motions to himself.

LONG (CONT'D)

Nothing about you. Sorry.

Bao frowns. Long chuckles and falls back to Sam on the cart.

LONG (CONT'D)

Alright, Sam. Stash this at the hideout and meet us at Sally's.

SAM

I got it. You know, this ain't much to split three ways. Heck, this ain't even enough for one of us.

LONG

Don't get any ideas. You don't want me on your tail.

SAM

Christ Almighty Long. You're the one who's as crooked as a dog's hind leg. You just make sure the loot on the next job is worth my time. I ain't no purse snatcher.

Sam whips the horses and speeds away as Long and Bao watch him go. They head off in a different direction.

BEGIN MONTAGE

EXT. ARIZONA PLAINS - LATER

Long and Bao give wide berth to an active military fort with a large contingent of soldiers performing military drills.

Later, Long and Bao move quietly as they pass by a group of Indian bandits attacking a wagon with a settler family on it. As a woman screams helplessly, Long and Bao leave quickly.

Crossing a well-traveled road, Long and Bao cross paths with a Snake Oil Salesman transporting his goods on a horse-drawn cart. The side of his cart reads "Petrov's Potent Potables".

Outside of a silver mine, Long and Bao slowly ride through the operations out front. They take note of the many Chinese workers hauling and processing the ore before moving on. The name on a hanging sign reads "Profitt Silver Mine".

Finally, they see the town of Epitaph in the distance. It's large for a desert town and the buildings are packed tightly together. In the center is an old fortified outpost. There are also train tracks that pass through one side of town.

Long points in a direction off to the other side of town.

END MONTAGE

EXT. DESERT OUTSKIRTS - AFTERNOON

Long and Bao arrive in a secluded clearing with raised ground all around. They tie their horses to a crude hitching post and make their way into a natural passage that has formed in a large, deep crack in the desert surface hidden by flora.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

A sign nailed to the wall of the train platform reads: "Welcome to Epitaph". The STATION MANAGER steps out, looks down the tracks, then pulls out a pocket watch and shakes his head. He whistles to a group of workers standing around.

The men grumble as they draw a handcar out onto the tracks and load it with new rail, spikes, and sledgehammers. The section crew then begins pumping the handcar down the tracks. The Station Manager goes back in the office.

Standing alone on the platform is U.S. Marshal EVERETT JAMES (45). His black duster is dusty, and weary eyes peek out from beneath the brim of his ridge top hat. His aggressively grizzled facial hair illustrates his time away from town.

The town sheriff STAN HOLDEN (35) approaches.

STAN  
Howdy, Marshal.

EVERETT  
Sheriff.

They stare into the desert for a few moments.

STAN  
Unless my eyes deceive, I don't see  
a train. So, you were right. The  
Long Fang bites again.  
(beat)  
Are you sure he's coming this way?  
(Everett doesn't reply)  
(MORE)



STAN (CONT'D)

I mean, those boys we got posted  
all over town haven't seen hide nor  
hair of him.

(Everett remains silent)

C'mon Marshal, you've been riding  
those boys pretty hard for days.  
Let's call 'em in.

EVERETT

He'll be here. I know it.

STAN

Blazes Everett. How long you been  
chasing Fang? What's one more day?  
Let these men see their families.

EVERETT

(beat, softer)

Alright. Tell them boys to meet at  
Porter's to resupply and get some  
chow. We'll ride out tomorrow.

STAN

Will do, Marshal!  
(he begins to leave)

EVERETT

Stan.

STAN

Yeah?

EVERETT

10 years.

STAN

What's that?

EVERETT

You asked me how long I've been  
chasing Fang. 10 years.

STAN

Dang, Marshal. Ain't there some  
kind of statute of limitations?

EVERETT

Not for what he did. Not in this  
life. Not ever.

A stiff breeze blows past as Stan leaves to round up the posse. Everett pulls out his pocket watch and opens the clasp to check the time. There's a whisper of a smile on his face. Then it vanishes. Everett puts his watch away and leaves.

INT. SECRET PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Long and Bao make their way through the natural separation in the earth. As they continue, the passageway becomes braced by wood boards and support beams. They arrive at a lantern illuminating the underside of heavy cellar doors.

Long tries the iron handles, but the sturdy doors won't budge. He bangs hard on them. After a moment, scraping is heard on the other side. Then the doors open revealing ZEKE BONNER (50) a portly man with a bushy beard and bowler hat.

ZEKE

Well, if ain't the Tooth Fairies!

LONG

Really, Zeke? Every goddamn time?

Zeke laughs as he helps Long and Bao out of the passageway.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON - BACK CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

ZEKE

Fang Brothers. Tooth Fairies. That never gets old!

Zeke slams the cellar doors shut and slides a bar in place.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Mighty fine to see you two again.

The men grin and Zeke shakes Long's hand and slaps Bao on the back. He walks them toward the din of saloon activity.

LONG

Sally here?

ZEKE

You can't hear her?  
(he laughs)  
Glad you remembered the back door.  
Marshal's in town with a posse.

LONG

Marshal? Which one this time?

ZEKE

Everett James. Quiet type.

Long and Bao look at each other in recognition.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

You know him?

LONG

Let's just say he's very dedicated.

ZEKE

Well, no need to soil your britches. He and them boys are riding on tomorrow morning.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The large room is bustling with activity. Unsavory-looking people sit at most tables. Some play cards. Others compare scars and tattoos while the more dangerous types either arm wrestle or keep to themselves. An aging INDIAN MAN sweeps.

A man plays lively tunes on the upright piano by the stairs that lead up. Long and Bao saunter up to the bar. SALLY STRETCH (55), a woman whose obvious beauty has long since faded, mans the bar. She wears an old cabaret dress.

SALLY

(hoarse)

Well, lookee here! Who's got a kiss for Sally Stretch?

She offers her cheek to Long, revealing the rope burn scar around her neck. Long leans over and kisses her cheek. Sally offers her other cheek to Bao, but when he leans to kiss it, Sally quickly turns and kisses Bao on the lips.

She grabs both sides of his head so he can't escape even though he struggles, wide-eyed. Sally finally releases him. Long laughs as Bao wipes the slobber off his face.

LONG

Careful. You'll make Zeke jealous.

ZEKE

(lighting cigar, scoffs)

He can kiss that old prune anytime.

SALLY

Better than kissing that briar patch of a face.

(to Long)

Now, what'll it be, darlin'?

LONG

Gin.

Bao knocks on the bar top twice, then signals with two fingers to pour one for him as well.

Sally does so then moves down the bar to two sullen-looking men, BILL (30) and BUD (30). They're prospectors. Bill chews tobacco. He spits.

BILL

Don't give up, Bud. We're close.

BUD

I know, Bill. We've just been digging for so long...

Bill pats Bud on the arm, and Bud winces. His forearm is poorly bandaged to care for a bloody wound.

BILL

Maybe you should see Doc Murphy.

SALLY

You boys want another one?  
 (they nod)  
 How about you show me your coin  
 before I pour?

The men's shoulders slump and they slink out. They pass by the aged Indian man CHIEF Red Feather (55) morosely sweeping the saloon. Chief is dressed in a poncho and his hair is long and unkempt as it hangs down the sides of his face.

He sees men leaving a table. Chief sets the broom down to clear the empty table of glasses and bottles. One of the bottles still has liquid. Chief eyes the room before quickly grabbing the bottle to drink from it.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Put that down, Chief! You know you can't drink that.

Chief can't decide. The alcohol is so close. So delicious.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Remember what happened last time?  
 All the damage you did?

Chief brings the bottle closer to his lips but stops when Sally draws a pistol, aims, and cocks it. Chief sets the bottle down slowly and silently weeps. Zeke walks over and slaps him on the back.

ZEKE

Relax Chief! Work off your debt,  
 you'll never have to come back.

Chief looks somberly up above the bar. Zeke follows his gaze to two identical TOMAHAWKS displayed above the bar, crossed.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
You'll get those too.

Chief looks down and grimaces with renewed determination and goes back to cleaning. Zeke walks back to Long.

LONG  
So. We're here. What's this about?

ZEKE  
(puffing hard on cigar)  
Long, we've hit the mother lode.

INSERT MONTAGE

INT. PROFITT SILVER MINE - DAY

Chinese workers swing pickaxes against the mine wall.

ZEKE (V.O.)  
There's been enough silver in them  
mines to draw prospectors from  
miles around. But not like this.

One weary worker looks like he's going to pass out, but gives one more swing. As the rock falls away from the wall, the worker's face illuminates from the silver revealed. The vein is so rich, other workers stop and marvel at the silver wall.

EXT. PROFITT SILVER MINE - LATER

Carts of silver ore are pushed out of the mine. Workers load the ore onto a horse-drawn cart while foremen watch.

ZEKE (V.O.)  
The silver flowed like a river.  
Just cart after cart. All coming  
out of Old Man Profitt's mine.

Bill and Bud look on enviously from their stake nearby as Old Man PROFITT (65), a bespectacled man with a slight frame and with only a few fine strands of hair left on his scalp, watches his silver ore from a platform and grins ghoulishly.

EXT. WELLS GREENE BANK - LATER

A large sign with the bank's name hangs over the entrance. A solitary guard stands outside by the door with a shotgun. The cart full of silver ore pulls up, and armed men spill off the back as another cart full of Chinese workers arrives.

ZEKE (V.O.)

The closest smelter is in Bisbee,  
and the old man has already sent  
for a guarded transport. It'll take  
them a couple days to get here.

INT. WELLS GREENE BANK - CONTINUOUS

Behind the teller stations and the Manager's desk, a giant vault dominates the rear of the room. The front door opens, and Profitt approaches the clerk, PATRICK (25), and drops a giant silver ore at his station. Patrick's jaw falls open.

ZEKE (V.O.)

Meantime, all that ore is being  
stored in the vault at the bank.

END MONTAGE

INT. SALLY'S SALOON - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Long waits for Zeke to finish his story. When he doesn't--

LONG

And...?

ZEKE

And...that's where you come in.

LONG

So, we're bank robbers now?

ZEKE

Sure. Why not?

LONG

We've never robbed a bank before.

ZEKE

First time for everything. You  
didn't rob trains before, but now  
you're an expert! Give me one good  
reason why you can't rob a bank?

LONG

Too many people. Too many guns.

Bao knocks on the bar. Zeke and Long turn. Bao draws a star on his left breast with his finger then points at two locations on his palm.

LONG (CONT'D)

Yes, let's not forget that the Sheriff is across the street.

Zeke waves away their objections.

LONG (CONT'D)

Why not just ambush the transport on its way to Bisbee?

ZEKE

Profitt hired professionals. Used to be in the army under Sherman. We're not gonna get the jump on them. And if things go south, we'll have real trouble. Get me?

(beat)

Look, with me, Sally, you, Bao, and your new partner what's-his-name--

LONG

Sam.

ZEKE

Yeah, Sam. That's enough guns to handle whatever's waiting for us. And I've got a plan to keep the Sheriff busy.

LONG

Oh? What's that?

ZEKE

He's sweet on one of the girls at the 9 Lives. Let's just say that we'll catch him with his pants down. The rest is up to you.

Long and Bao look at each other skeptically.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Look, this is a real chance for us to live the lives we've always wanted. Sally and me can't sell swill to these swine forever. And one day the Law is going to catch up to you. You got the fastest draw I ever seen, but how fast you gonna be next year? Or the year after that? Or ten years from now? You still want to be sleeping with one eye open when you're Sally's age?

SALLY  
(from down the bar)  
I heard that!

LONG  
(thinks about it)  
Alright, Zeke. We need time.

ZEKE  
Sure. Just think about it. You've  
always been a great planner, and we  
can't do this without you. Just  
remember, time's a'wasting.

He leaves as Long and Bao huddle and discuss the idea.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Stan crosses away from the train station and is accosted by  
the bank clerk, Patrick.

PATRICK  
Sheriff, you have to help me!

STAN  
Patrick, what is it this time?

PATRICK  
She won't leave me alone. Isn't  
there anything you can do?

STAN  
There's no law against being in  
love. Sorry, son.

Stan walks away and Patrick's shoulder's slump. When he turns  
to go, PLAIN JANE (20), a homely girl, is there next to him,  
smiling innocently. She plucks a petal from a flower.

PLAIN JANE  
He loves me.

PATRICK  
Uh...I have to go to work.

Patrick runs off, and Plain Jane plucks another petal.

PLAIN JANE  
He loves me not.



EXT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS - CONTINUOUS

The general goods store is busy with all walks of life coming in and out with the necessities for their day. Stan leans on the wall by the door. The undertaker MORTIMER CHARON (50), a slow, well-meaning man exits with a box of nails in hand.

STAN

Afternoon Mortimer! How's the undertaking business?

MORTIMER

A little slow, Sheriff. Not sure if I should be grateful for that.

STAN

Well, I'm sure business will pick up soon. The only thing you can count on in life is death.

Stan smiles at his own cleverness, but it takes Mortimer a few moments to realize it. Then he smiles big and leaves. As he does, the school mistress MS. STAPLETON (20) approaches.

MS. STAPLETON

Sheriff.

STAN

Ms. Stapleton.

MS. STAPLETON

(surprised)

You know my name?

STAN

You're the school mistress. What are you here for?

MS. STAPLETON

Oh, just some supplies. I'm teaching the children penmanship, and I need some chalk. I thought I might pick up some--

STAN

That's nice. Good seeing you.

His attention is drawn to the buxom blonde woman walking his way dressed in finery with a small hat and parasol. She's dressed to emulate a refined woman, but her corset is a little too tight and her makeup a little too thick.

Ms. Stapleton sees what Stan is looking at and sulks into the store. The blonde woman, REBECCA HAYES (25), approaches Stan.

STAN (CONT'D)

Rebecca. You are the highlight of my day.

REBECCA

Careful, Sheriff. This is how rumors start. You don't want people talking, now, do you?

STAN

Let them talk. As long as I'm the only one who gets to touch.

REBECCA

We'll see about that tonight.

She kisses her finger tip and touches the tip of Stan's nose with it before walking away. Every man she walks by turns to watch her pass. Stan grins. Everett approaches and stands by the door. His posse arrives and files by and into the store.

STAN

The boys sure are grateful. I'm sure they all miss their families.

EVERETT

Don't we all.

Stan and Everett stand in silence for a moment.

EVERETT (CONT'D)

Where's the best place to get a drink around here?

STAN

Hey now! I never pegged you as the drinking kind. I always thought you were dryer than a snake's belly.

Everett gives him an expectant look.

STAN (CONT'D)

OK, since you want the best, there are only two bars worth going to in this town. The 9 Lives or Sally's. 9 Lives is cat house and the liquor's watered down, but the girls put on a little stage show.

Everett's attention is focused on an approaching horse-drawn cart. Riding on it are MAGGIE MILLER (30), her son TOMMY (7), and her hired Negro help RAY (35).

STAN (CONT'D)

Sally's is a little unsavory. Mostly the dregs of society and that includes Sally. Rumor is that they strung her up in Texas but that tough bitch wouldn't die. So, you won't like the clientele, but at least Sally pours 'em stiff.

Stan realizes Everett isn't listening. He smiles and enters the store. When the CART stops, Everett doesn't approach, but his eyes smile. Ray hops off and begins gathering sacks and containers from the cart. Maggie is the first to see Everett.

MAGGIE

Fancy seeing you here, Marshal.

EVERETT

Ms. Miller.

MAGGIE

Please, Everett. I told you; call me Maggie. Are you chasing another dangerous outlaw?

EVERETT

Yes ma'am, I am.

MAGGIE

There must be so many for you to be coming around so often. Are you sure there's not another reason?

Everett blushes, unsure of what to say. Then--

TOMMY

Howdy Marshal!

EVERETT

Howdy Tommy. Looking after your ma?

TOMMY

You bet! When I grow up I'm gonna be a Marshal, too.

He pulls a piece of wood shaped like a crude pistol from his belt and pretends to shoot from the hip.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Bang, bang, bang! You bad man!  
Don't shoot my daddy!

Everett smiles awkwardly, taken aback by a child's innocence.

MAGGIE

That's enough Tommy. Go help Ray  
fetch what we came for.

Ray, a formidable black man dressed in field hand attire,  
nods at Everett as he approaches, containers in hand.

EVERETT

Ray. How are you?

RAY

Just fine, Marshal. Got the sun on  
my back and money in my pocket.

(to Tommy)

C'mon now. Git.

TOMMY

Aw. Bye Marshal!

He gives a friendly wave before entering the store with Ray.  
Maggie moves closer to Everett.

MAGGIE

You'll have to excuse him. You've  
made quite an impression on him.

(locks eyes with Everett)

I wish you'd stay longer this time.

(Everett looks away)

It's alright. Just think about it.

She lays her hand on his chest then goes inside the store.

EVERETT

Hell. Where's that drink?

He begins walking down the street.

INT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS - CONTINUOUS

Various townsfolk are shopping. Tommy helps Ray load produce.

MAGGIE

Thank you, Tommy. You're such a big  
help. I'll take over now. You play.

Tommy pulls out his wooden pistol and pretends to shoot.

MCBULLY (O.S.)

Give me that!

A child's meaty hand swipes the wood from Tommy. The rest of  
the kid, a fat red head born to be a BULLY, is just as meaty.

TOMMY

That's mine! Give it back!

McBully pushes Tommy to the ground when he tries to grab his toy. Tommy rises to try again. The two boys struggle. Maggie tries to intervene, but isn't strong enough to separate them.

MAGGIE

Get away from my son!

Ray grabs McBully and throws him down. McBully squeals.

MCBULLY

Sheriff! That man hurt me!

STAN

Get out of here before I whoop you.

McBully is surprised at not being sided with and runs off. Maggie rubs Ray's shoulder and they go back to shopping.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Long weighs the pros and cons of Zeke's plan with Bao.

LONG

If Zeke is right about the silver,  
that's plenty to split five ways.

Bao counts five people on his hand then makes a gun shape out of his pointer finger and thumb. Then he counts four.

LONG (CONT'D)

Yes, five of us, but only four of  
us are shooting.

Bao looks away and shakes his head. Then he faces Long and makes severe gestures to himself and Long.

LONG (CONT'D)

I know you want to protect me. But  
I don't want you killing anyone. I  
never wanted that for you.

(in Cantonese)

Big brother will always protect  
you. Even from yourself.

Bao slaps the back of his hand into his palm, then makes a cryptic jumping off gesture with both. Long looks away, and both men stare across the bar at the bric-a-brac lining the back wall. There are old photos. One of them is of a TRAIN.

LONG (CONT'D)

That was a long time ago. It was an accident. It wasn't your fault.

Bao gulps his drink and sets it down. The glass falls over.

LONG (CONT'D)

Once this job is done, we can go back home rich men. All of this will be behind us.

Long grabs Bao by the scruff in a brotherly, cajoling way.

LONG (CONT'D)

(in Cantonese)

You've come this far without the stain of murder on your soul. Come with me a little longer.

Bao sighs and nods. Long grins and laughs and rights Bao's glass that tipped over. Long turns to find Zeke in the room--

LONG (CONT'D)

Zeke! We're with you.

Sally approaches with expensive liquor and pours shots.

ZEKE

(toasting)

To our good fortune!

SALLY

Hear, hear.

They drink and slam the shot glasses down on the bar.

LONG

When do we see the bank?

ZEKE

Tomorrow. After the posse's gone. Tonight, just lay low. I'll get some girls to help pass the time.

LONG

Oh, no you don't. Your taste in women makes me question your eyesight. I'll pick the girls.

ZEKE

Suit yourself. But hold on.

He cracks open the saloon door and signals to a man across the street. The man looks around before nodding back to Zeke.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
Looks clear. Just be quick.

LONG  
Mother hen.

Bao signals to Long that he's going to use the outhouse.

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Long exits. Across from him is the 9 Lives cat house where men go in and out. Sultry women stand on a veranda "yoohoo-ing" at passing men. Long grins as he crosses the street. He pauses to let a horse-drawn cart ride past.

It draws Long's attention to a figure standing in the street further down the road. EVERETT stops in his tracks as Long is revealed by the horse-drawn cart riding past. His EYES squint, unsure of what he's seeing. Then a whisper--

EVERETT  
I don't...

LONG  
...believe it.

An alien silence falls over the once busy street. Townsfolk quickly disappear into buildings but peek out of windows. Ms. Stapleton approaches with supplies in a basket, but ducks behind a corner when she understands the situation.

Mortimer comes out of his shop to see Long and Everett squaring off. He's dumbfounded at first, but then pulls out his measuring rope to estimate the men's heights and widths. He compares his measurements to nearby caskets.

Long and Everett just stare at each other. The men stand roughly 50 feet apart and speak loudly, but not shouting.

LONG (CONT'D)  
Marshal Everett James. How long has it been? Five years? We must do this more often.

EVERETT  
Fang Long. You are under arrest for the crimes of--

LONG  
I know my crimes. Your deputy read them to me before I shot him in the face. What was his name?

EVERETT  
 (quieter)  
 Charlie Wright. From Missouri.

LONG  
 And the one before that?

EVERETT  
 (to himself)  
 Preston Hughes. From Kansas.

LONG  
 How many more men have to die  
 before you give up?  
 (beat)  
 None. No one else has to die. Just  
 turn around and go home.

For a moment, Everett looks like he might consider it.

LONG (CONT'D)  
 How many years have you wasted  
 chasing me? How long has your cause  
 separated you from your family?

Everett's eyes flash, and he hooks the length of his duster  
 around his holster to make access to his gun easier.

LONG (CONT'D)  
 Shit.

Simultaneously, Long hooks his coat around his holster.

EVERETT  
 My cause is the law, and those  
 deputies died in service to it.  
 And, God willing, their families  
 will see justice is done.

INT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS - CONTINUOUS

The men of the posse are spread out, resupplying. Stan eats  
 an apple as he casually stands by a window. He sees Everett  
 just down the street, and it takes him a moment to process  
 the scene. He drops his apple and scrambles.

STAN  
 (to posse)  
 Get your guns. Get in position!

The posse is stunned but jump into action when they see Stan  
 running up stairs to the roof. Maggie, Ray, and Tommy rush to  
 the window to see what's happening.



EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

EVERETT

Fang Long! You are under arrest for the crimes of robbery and murder, including Deputy Marshals Wright and Hughes. Surrender or I will kill you.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bao enters from the back, adjusting his clothes. Zeke follows, carrying a keg of beer. He laughs at the tail end of a joke he just told Bao. They stop in their tracks at the strange silence in the room. Sally stares at them pointedly.

LONG

(shouting from outside)  
Touch that gun and I will send you to hell!

Bao instinctively grabs his rifle and rushes to the door. Zeke drops the keg and scuffles with Bao to hold him back.

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

EVERETT

I'll see you there.

The air turns electric as the eyes of both men scan each other for movement. Hands slowly inch toward grips. Heels dig into dirt. Weight shifts.

EXT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Stan reaches the roof and shoulders a rifle. He kneels down behind a low wall and aims at Long. Suddenly, Bao explodes out of Sally's, rifle on shoulder. Zeke chases after him. Bao lets out a muted cry as he aims blindly down the street.

LONG

No!

EXT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

INSERT STAN'S RIFLE SIGHT

At the last moment, Stan changes targets and aims at Bao.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

A rifle shot hits Bao in the chest as he squeezes his trigger. Bao's bullet grazes Everett across his temple, sending him to the ground. Long is stunned momentarily as he watches his brother fall, but regains his awareness quickly.

He senses attackers moving into position around him. Stan on the roof of Porter's. A man with a rifle hiding around a corner. Two men with pistols behind stacked barrels. Another man with a shotgun behind a low fence.

The anguish drains from Long's face as his instincts and reflexes take over. He draws both pistols.

The inexperience of the posse in a gunfight is apparent as the men are slow to fire and don't take time to aim. Still, the errant bullets force Long back into the street every time he moves for cover.

Similarly, Long suppresses his attackers with well aimed and timed shots, especially at Stan whose hat is shot off the first time he rises out of cover. Every time he tries to take a shot, Long sends a bullet his way.

A bullet grazes Long. He returns fire instantaneously along the same trajectory, killing the shooter.

A bullet nicks Long's ear. Without looking, he returns fire along that trajectory, killing another man. Another exchange sends another man down, but Long is grazed in the thigh.

The man with the shotgun fires buckshot that clips Long, spinning him to the ground. But even while on his back, Long is deadly accurate, killing the shooter.

Without any bullets left to suppress Stan, Long reloads frantically, flicking the chambers of his revolvers into place just as Stan rises. Long unloads all of his bullets.

EXT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The bullets splinter the wood of Stan's cover, sending smoldering wood and bits of metal into Stan's face. He falls backwards, grabbing at his eyes and screaming.

STAN

My eyes!

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Long keeps firing until he's empty. Finally, Long lowers his guns, exhausted. Blood runs down his left arm. He holsters his pistols and limps over to Bao.

During the firefight, Sally had come out to tend to Bao. She looks at Long wide-eyed as she cradles Bao's head in her lap. Zeke presses a dirty bar rag against Bao's chest. The blood is profuse and spills from the hole in Bao's back as well.

Long falls to his knees next to Bao. Tears well up in Long's eyes. Bao looks back with an inscrutable expression that is a mixture of panic, anger, and compassion. Panic takes over when blood fills Bao's throat. He flails like a drowning man.

LONG  
(in Cantonese)  
I'm here! I'm here!

He holds Bao's hands tightly in his own as Bao thrashes in his last throes. And then he's still. Long gasps before letting out a mournful wail. He hunches over and shuts his eyes tight, but they only force tears to drip from them.

EXT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Stan calms down and pulls his hands away from his face. The area around his eyes are bloody, but his eyes look relatively fine. He blinks several times in wide-eyed surprise. He scrambles for his rifle that had skidded away.

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

A dark shadow falls across Long as a figure approaches the grisly scene. A cocking gun draws Long's attention.

Everett, bloody from the gash on the side of his head, aims his pistol at Long. Everett's face is tight with emotion.

EVERETT  
Now you know how it feels.

Long slowly turns and looks up, completely defeated.

LONG  
Do it. Do it!

EXT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Stan shoulders his rifle and aims.

INSERT STAN'S RIFLE SIGHT

Normally a clear shot, but Everett spoils the angle.

STAN  
 (to himself)  
 Get out of the way!

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

LONG  
 DO IT!

Everett grits his teeth and steels himself to execute Long, but his hand begins to tremble. Seeing this, Long flies into a rage, diving for Everett's legs. Everett stumbles back, but Long keeps grabbing for him while on his knees.

LONG (CONT'D)  
 (in Cantonese)  
 KILL ME! KILL ME! KILL ME!

Finally, Everett pistol whips Long hard across the temple, knocking him out cold. Trembling, he holsters his weapon. Slowly, townsfolk emerge to inspect the carnage. Stan approaches and is disgusted to see Long is still alive.

STAN  
 You gotta be kidding me. He just  
 killed four men!

EVERETT  
 And he'll face a jury for that.

STAN  
 Jury? Let's just string him up!

Everett grabs Stan by the collar.

EVERETT  
 No. That's not justice.

STAN  
 Tell that to them.

He motions to the women who come running to the sides of the men Long just killed. Their wails fill the air as faces turn toward the Marshal and fingers point at Long.

EVERETT

Let's get him off the street.

Stan and Everett each grab an arm and begin dragging Long away. Maggie, Tommy, and Ray watch from a few feet away. Everett doesn't look at them as he passes.

EXT. DOC MURPHY'S - LATE AFTERNOON

The large sign above the clinic door reads: Doctor's Office.

INT. DOC MURPHY'S - CONTINUOUS

DOC Murphy (60), finishes stitching Everett's scalp.

DOC

I'd tell you to keep a bandage on this, but I know you'll just take it off. Just try to keep your hat over it as much as you can.

EVERETT

Thanks, Doc.  
(beat)  
Can we move him?

Everett motions over Doc's shoulder and Doc turns to look at Long's unconscious body on a table. He's been bandaged.

DOC

Well, I wouldn't advise it.

He walks over to the table and lifts a small metal pot. A handful of ball bearings rattle around inside.

DOC (CONT'D)

I've dug out all of the pellets and sutured his wounds, but he needs time to heal.  
(beat)  
Never seen a man survive buckshot.

He wipes his hands on a bloody rag draped over his shoulder. Stan, hunched over a washing basin to clean the wounds around his eyes, lifts his head to check his work in the mirror.

STAN

If it were up to me, he wouldn't survive.

EVERETT

Well, it's not up to you.

Stan and Everett stare pointedly at each other in the mirror.

DOC

Well, the ether won't keep him under forever. As long as he's laying down, I don't see why he couldn't rest in a cell.

EVERETT

We'll take care of it.

CLAUDETTE MURPHY (50) enters from the hallway.

CLAUDETTE

Darling, the soldiers are leaving.

INT. DOC MURPHY'S - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Doc follows her into the hallway where three Union soldiers stand in uniform by the entrance. One of them is obviously sick as he shivers in the Arizona heat, hunched and pale.

DOC

I'm sorry I couldn't do more for your friend. He's got symptoms I've never seen before.

The ILL SOLDIER flicks his gaze hungrily on Doc. His lips curl back into a mirthless grin, revealing unnaturally red gums. Taken aback by the evil visage, Doc swallows hard.

A shiver overtakes the Ill Soldier, and the aggression drains from his body. A Soldier with a SCARRED FACE speaks up.

SCARFACE

That's alright, Doc. We appreciate what you done. Maybe the doctors at Fort Bliss can fix him.

The soldiers all "ma'am" to Claudette before exiting and climbing onto a horse-drawn cart. The Ill Soldier lies down on the cart and curls up. They ride off. Everett and Stan exit, carrying Long on a stretcher.

EXT. DOC MURPHY'S - CONTINUOUS

Doc comes out with Stan and Everett. He stops when he sees PETROV (40), the snake oil salesman, ride in with his horse-drawn carriage. The side reads: Petrov's Potent Potables. Glassware rattles inside as it passes.

Stan and Everett cross the wide street to the town jail. Close by, the bodies of the posse are being carted to the undertaker. When the townsfolk see Long, they jeer Everett and Stan. The men move quickly into the jail.

INT. JAIL - CONTINUOUS

The small building has only the basics, like a desk, table and chairs, a gun rack, and a large cell dominating the back of the room. A small solitary barred window allows some light into the cell. Stan and Everett carry Long into the cell.

Stan drops Long unceremoniously. Long doesn't wake.

EVERETT

That's no way to treat a prisoner.

STAN

Whatever you say, Marshal.

After they exit the cell, Stan locks it. Everett drops Long's gun belt and coat onto the desk. Stan eyes the guns.

STAN (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do with that?

EVERETT

(RE: Stan's gaze)

They're evidence.

Stan sighs and begins to leave. Everett sits.

EVERETT (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

STAN

Anywhere but here.

EVERETT

You have a prisoner to watch.

STAN

No, you have a prisoner to watch. I have an angry town to deal with.

Everett watches him go then looks at Long.

EXT. JAIL - CONTINUOUS

Stan emerges and walks slowly down the street. He doesn't make eye contact with the townsfolk.

A man driving a horse-drawn cart rides slowly past. The man is beaten and bloody. Stan squints, recognizing him.

STAN

Carl?

CARL (30) sees Stan and stops the horses. He looks at Stan with tears of rage brimming in his eyes. There are corpses in the cart, and the cart is partially burned.

STAN (CONT'D)

What happened?

CARL

Them goddamn Indians! Came out of nowhere. Killed my kin. Burned the wagons. They killed Molly, Sheriff.

(beat)

We gotta have some law out there...

A look of determination falls across his face, and he rides off. Stan looks after him for a moment before chasing him. He passes Petrov who has opened his cart to reveal his wares. He stands on a stool, waving his cloak and tipping his top hat.

PETROV

(Russian accent)

Yes! Ladies and gentlemen! Come!  
Come! Feast your eyes on wares that  
I bring to you from the remote  
parts of the world!

(grabs green bottle)

Here, water gathered from the  
Ganges River. Blessed by a high  
priest, one sip of this holy water  
can extend your life for years!

The crowd grows around Petrov, and an old man with BUSHY eyebrows stands near him. Petrov holds the bottle out to Bushy, but pulls it back at the last moment. Petrov grabs a lavender bottle and sees Plain Jane near Doc Murphy.

PETROV (CONT'D)

Ah, but that's nothing compared to  
the power of this love potion.

Plain Jane perks up, and her eyes brighten in anticipation.

PETROV (CONT'D)

Drink this before bed, and when you  
wake up, your heart's desire will  
find you irresistible!

Plain Jane reaches for her coin purse.



DOC

Don't give this man a penny! He's selling you snake oil!

PETROV

I offer only the very best tonics and cordials from around the world. I've seen crippled men walk again after just one sip of my libations. Can you say the same, Doctor?

DOC

Charlatan!

PETROV

(to crowd)

I look at all of you, and I see so much suffering. Let me ease your pain. If you have the coin, then I have the cure.

He grabs bottles in both hands and gestures ostentatiously. The crowd rushes him with money in hand. Doc protests, but Claudette pulls him away. Petrov watches them go with glee. Bushy tugs at Petrov.

PETROV (CONT'D)

You must want the Waters of Life.

Petrov takes his money and hands over the bottle.

PETROV (CONT'D)

Careful old man. Drink too much, you might never die.

He winks and Bushy walks off, clutching the bottle.

INT. DOC MURPHY'S - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

DOC

Someone needs to do something about that man!

CLAUDETTE

Yes, darling. I know, but you have more pressing issues.

The two Prospectors from earlier, Bill and Bud, stand when Doc sees them. Bud has a bite wound on his forearm.

INT. DOC MURPHY'S - MINUTES LATER

Doc wraps the sutured wound.

DOC  
How did you say this happened?

BILL  
We were walking back to our stake  
when we saw a dead dog in the road.

BUD  
Well, we thought it was dead, until  
it got up and bit me.

BILL  
Took all I had to get it off him. I  
even broke its back with a stick.  
(beat)  
Funny, it couldn't move its legs no  
more, but it kept growling at us.  
Finally bashed its brains out.

DOC  
You get a good look at it? Was it  
foaming at the mouth?

BUD  
Not that I could tell.

Doc Murphy finishes with the bandage, and Bud stands to go.

DOC  
Let me know if your jaw tightens up  
or it gets hard to move over the  
next few days. You never know what  
these animals get into.

The Prospectors nod and exit.

DOC (CONT'D)  
Claudette. I need you to send a  
telegram to my cousin in Abilene.  
Tell him to send my equipment. We  
may need to do a transfusion.

Claudette nods and exits.

EXT. UNDERTAKER'S - MOMENTS LATER

Claudette passes the undertaker's. The sign above the door  
reads: Coins for Charon. Professional Undertaker.

Carl and Stan unload bodies from Carl's cart to bring them inside the building. Claudette winces at seeing a little girl's body.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - MINUTES LATER

Claudette enters the train station office, and through a window she can be seen talking to the Platform Manager who writes down what she tells him. Outside, the train that Long robbed has arrived, and the bodies are being carried off.

Sarah, from the train, watches while clinging to her husband, Jimmy. FATHER ESPINOZA (50), the town priest, performs last rites on the bodies as they're laid out.

INT. DIRTY SHACK - GUANGDONG PROVINCE - 30 YEARS EARLIER

A 15-year-old Long sleeps on a pile of straw face up. He's dressed in rags. Near him is 5-year-old Bao staring into an empty cupboard. His stomach growls.

EXT. DIRTY SHACK - GUANGDONG PROVINCE - CONTINUOUS

Outside is crippling poverty. Bao comes out, looking for food. He rummages through refuse, moving down the street. A few shacks down, he sees a plate with pieces of dried fruit. Bao takes one innocently. A man emerges from the shack.

He yells at Bao and grabs a cudgel. Bao runs off with the fruit, but the man chases him, finally cornering Bao just outside where Long is sleeping. Bao cries out in terror.

INT. DIRTY SHACK - GUANGDONG PROVINCE - CONTINUOUS

Bao's cries penetrate Long's sleep and he grows restless.

EXT. DIRTY SHACK - GUANGDONG PROVINCE - CONTINUOUS

The man raises the cudgel and brings it down on Bao's head.

INT. JAIL - PRESENT DAY - SUNSET

Long wakes, and his eyes shoot open. He screams--

LONG  
(in Cantonese)  
Bao! I'm here!

He sits up quickly, but pain reminds him to move slowly. Realizing, Long looks up at the cell walls and bars. He checks his wounds and inspects the bandages. He sighs.

After a moment, he looks through the bars and into the dark jail. The setting sun has made the shadows impenetrable. Long hugs his knees before speaking to the room.

LONG (CONT'D)

When my brother, Bao, was born, our mother wept, but not tears of joy. She could barely feed *me* after my father had died months before. Five years later, she followed my father, leaving Bao with me.

He steels himself for painful memories.

LONG (CONT'D)

She said...

(in Cantonese then  
English)

Look after your little brother. He is your only family now.

(beat)

I was fifteen. For years we lived like beggars, finding work where we could. We slept little and ate even less. So, when we had the opportunity to come to America for work, I knew we had to take it.

(pause)

I brought him here for a better life. I was wrong.

Silence. Then a match is struck and dips into a smoking pipe, revealing Everett's face. Then he lights a lantern on the desk where he's sitting. His eyes are cold and hard.

EVERETT

Yeah. We've all lost people. Just ask the four women whose husbands you killed today. I'm sure they have sad stories to tell, too.

Long shakes his head, frustrated at letting himself be vulnerable. He picks himself up and sits on the cell bench.

LONG

What now?

EVERETT

(checks pocket watch)

Now we wait.

(MORE)

EVERETT (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, assuming you'll survive the journey, I'll take you back up north to face a judge and jury.

(puts watch away)

And then I will watch you die.

LONG

(scoffs weakly)

Do you live only for my death?

Everett doesn't answer for a long time.

EVERETT

I live for the law. And your death is required by the law.

LONG

The law. Your laws never protected me, my brother, or my countrymen who built your railroads. Where was the law when we were paid two-thirds of what a White man was paid? Where was the law when we were whipped and shackled when we tried to leave? Where was the law when we protested, and the railroad companies stopped feeding us? After eight days of starvation, the law came. But only to threaten us with death if we did not work.

Everett puffs on his pipe for a few moments.

EVERETT

Whatever injustices you've suffered, that's no excuse for killing men, women, and children.

(beat)

Life isn't fair. And you can't make it fair by taking life. Only the law makes life fair. Or as close to it as we can get. And that's why you have to die. To bring some fairness to this life.

The two men stare at each other in silence.

EXT. DOC MURPHY'S - MINUTES LATER

Petrov finishes closing up his cart as he concludes some last minute business with a towns person. He climbs onto the driver's seat and is about to ride off when Doc comes out of his office.

DOC

Go on! Get out of here!

PETROV

Perhaps you should pay more  
attention to your wife. Doctor.

(beat)

Ma'am.

He tips his hat at someone behind Doc Murphy. Doc Murphy turns around to see his wife in the door way staring wide-eyed at Petrov. Petrov rides off before Doc Murphy can reply.

DOC

Just what did he mean by that?

Claudette is at a loss for words until she sees something over Doc Murphy's shoulder.

CLAUDETTE

Oh my! A shooting star! Look!

He turns to see a streak across the sky. Then another. And another. One streak leaves a long green tail that grows as it travels. It passes low overhead, whistling softly.

CLAUDETTE (CONT'D)

Kiss me, darling. For good luck.

DOC

Are you crazy, woman? I'm too old  
for all that school boy nonsense.

He goes inside. Claudette follows, frowning in frustration. Meanwhile, the green streak has left a wake of green dust that slowly drifts down over the town. Some people reach out to touch it while others dance in it, amazed.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bill and Bud trek back to their stake. Bill pushes a wheelbarrow while Bill lights the way with a lantern. The wound on his arm somehow looks worse. A stagecoach approaches and the Prospectors step aside. The stagecoach stops. It's--

PROFITT

Well...Bud and Bill. Or is it Bill  
and Bud? I can never remember.

BUD

What do you want Profitt?

PROFITT

You know what I want. That stake of yours is worthless in your hands. You don't have the manpower or the gumption to make it profitable. Sell it to me and live your lives!

BILL

Your offer's no good. Not when it's a fraction of what we paid. Not when we're about to strike it rich!

PROFITT

Listen boy. The only one getting rich around here is me. You don't want to sell? Fine. Work yourself to death.

He rides away. Bill spits while Bud mutters something under his breath. When Profitt is out of sight, the Prospectors pick up to leave. They stop when they hear a whistling sound.

They look around and then slowly look up as the environment around them lights up green. A METEORITE hurtles overhead and slams into their stake in the distance. Bill and Bud look at each other and then make a dash for the mine.

INT. PROSPECTORS' STAKE - MINUTES LATER

The meteorite has punched a hole in the mine ceiling and broken into a million shards that punctuate the walls and floor. They catch the light from Bud's lantern mysteriously, almost as if they're emitting light and glowing.

BILL

What is it, Bud?

BUD

I don't know, Bill. They look like...gems.

Bill reaches out and touches one. Its sharp edge cuts his hand. He tries again, gingerly, and snaps off the shard.

BILL

Emeralds. These are emeralds.  
(beat)  
We're gonna be rich!

They hug each other and begin snapping shards and tossing them in the wheelbarrow. They repeatedly get cut, but it doesn't faze them.

## EXT. ARIZONA PLAINS - STREAM - CONTINUOUS

The sunset casts heavy shadows on the desert. Petrov counts his money as he drives his horses. Suddenly, the horses halt. There's a log in the road. Petrov looks at it, puzzled.

He hears movement, and Indian bandits leap from their hiding spots and spring their ambush. Riders appear from nowhere and whoop and shout as they surround Petrov. He's trapped.

PETROV

(no accent)

Now...whoa! Wait just a minute.  
There's no reason to be violent.

The BANDIT LEADER separates himself from the others. He steps forward and grabs the petrified Petrov from his seat. The Bandit Leader draws a mean knife from its sheath.

PETROV (CONT'D)

Take whatever you want! I have  
money! I have liquor!  
(to all)  
You know, fire water! You like!

He pantomimes drinking exaggeratedly. The Bandit Leader sneers and drives the knife up through Petrov's throat and into his skull. Petrov goes limp instantly and dies.

Another man springs into action, unhooking the horses and commanding others to help him push the cart off the road. The cart rolls down an embankment and topples over into the stream. Petrov's bottles spill, crashing open into the water.

The stream turns into a pastiche of bright colors that mix into a ruddy brown that's swept away by the current. Following it, the water disappears underground.

## EXT. EPITAPH - WATER PUMP - CONTINUOUS

The water comes out of a town water pump and into the bucket of Mortimer, the undertaker. He finishes and takes his bucket to leave. He turns and is surprised to see Ms. Stapleton.

MS. STAPLETON

Mr. Charon! How's the undertaking  
business?

MORTIMER

Business has been too good lately.  
If you know what I mean.

They both look down at the ground for a moment.



MS. STAPLETON  
 (RE: bucket)  
 Washing up before supper?

MORTIMER  
 Oh, this? No, I need to clean the  
 corpses before service tomorrow.  
 (beat)  
 Well, I best get to it. You have a  
 pleasant evening.

Mortimer leaves. Ms. Stapleton pumps water into her bucket.

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Bill and Bud speak in excited, hushed tones as they cart they  
 wheelbarrow full of crystals. They've draped some discarded  
 fabric over the pile, but the shards still somehow glow green  
 beneath. Bill spits tobacco not seeing Zeke in the shadows.

ZEKE  
 Watch where you're spitting!

Bud and Bill are startled, and they're immediately protective  
 of their crystals. Zeke is sitting on a keg, morose.

BILL  
 Sorry Zeke. Didn't see you.

ZEKE  
 When you gonna give that up?

BILL  
 Maybe tomorrow. Maybe I'll buy me a  
 10 dollar cigar! How 'bout you Bud?

BUD  
 I'll buy every girl at the 9 Lives!

ZEKE  
 Whatever you say boys.

He wipes his eyes as the Prospectors leave. Sally comes out.

SALLY  
 Hon, the boys inside are waiting.  
 (bends over, hugs Zeke)  
 I miss him, too.

Zeke nods and Sally goes back inside. Zeke heads over to the  
 kegs and bends down to pick up a fresh keg. He notices some  
 of Bill's spit on it. It glows sickly green. He grimaces in  
 disgust, but picks up the keg and brings it inside.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON - FRONT ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Sally taps the keg and pours beers for patrons. They roar and cheer in approval. Bill's spit, however, appears to seep into the wood of the keg. Sally turns to Zeke and they both acknowledge the sadness in their eyes before working again.

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Stan looks in through a window and sees the raucous crowd. Seeing nothing wrong, he turns and heads to the 9 Lives.

INT. 9 LIVES - CONTINUOUS

The vibe inside is more subdued and refined. The men here are quieter, opting to listen to the women's whispers instead. A small band plays a whimsical tune as a burlesque show takes place on stage. The girls are all dressed the same.

The girls place their giant feather fans in the center of their formation, then pull them away, revealing REBECCA sporting a scintillating short dress. She's obviously the star. She spots Stan at the bar and winks. He grins back.

EXT. FORT BLISS - NIGHT

The soldiers from Epitaph ride up to the gate. Torches on the walls cast pools of light in the darkness of the desert. The commanding officer Lieutenant JONES (30) approaches.

JONES

State your business.

SCARFACE

Yes, sir. We come from Epitaph.  
Half a day's ride from here.

JONES

I know it. Go on.

SCARFACE

Well, sir. We got a soldier that came down with something awful. The local doctor couldn't fix him, so we thought we'd bring him here.

(beat)

But he passed. The fort was closer than town, so we came here.

One of the watch walks to the back of the cart and flips the blanket. The Ill Soldier is dead. The watchman nods at Jones.

JONES

Bring him in. Put him in the infirmary, then get some chow. We'll let the Captain decide what to do when he returns in the morn.

INT. FORT BLISS - INFIRMARY - MINUTES LATER

Scarface and the other soldier from Epitaph carry the body in still wrapped in a blanket and lay it on a table. They exit. As they leave, an arm escapes from under the blanket and dangles over the side of the table.

INT. UNDERTAKER'S - CONTINUOUS

An arm dangles from a body lying on a table. Mortimer approaches and puts the arm back at the side of the body. It's Bao, still dressed in his bloody clothes. The bodies of the posse lie near him. Mortimer goes to a different table.

He dips his rag into his bucket of water that he fetched from the water pump and wipes blood off a naked body on a table. Other naked bodies show they have been recently cleaned. Mortimer takes a step and stubs his toe. He howls in pain.

INT. OLD SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Bushy, the old man who bought the Waters of Life from Petrov, howls in delight, dangling the bottle in front of his friend, a bearded old man. Bushy laughs as he snatches the bottle away from Beardy and downs it. Then Bushy goes to sleep.

Beardy makes a face and goes to his own cot to sleep. He turns on his side. Then he turns to lie on his back.

INT. MODEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Plain Jane lies on her back holding the Love Potion she bought from Petrov to her chest and sighs before drinking it. She sets it down next to a small framed portrait of Patrick, the bank clerk, on her nightstand. She blows out a candle.

INT. NEAT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A match is struck and it lights a small lantern, revealing Ms. Stapleton in her bedroom. She opens a book and begins reading it in bed. She reaches over to a wooden cup and drinks some water. She frowns at the taste, but finishes it.

INT. PROSPECTORS' SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Bud gulps hard in his sleep. He turns on his side toward a faint green glow in the center of the room. It's the wheelbarrow full of green crystals. It pulsates in the dark. Bud shudders, coated in sweat. His dog bite bleeds.

On the other side of the room in his own cot is Bill, facing away from the crystals. He is also sweating profusely, trying to sleep. He clenches his fists tight and then relaxes them, revealing green glowing specks in his palm.

EXT. 9 LIVES - VERANDA - CONTINUOUS

A courtesan marvels at the green particles glowing in her palm from the passing meteorite. People are still gathered outside in the street, getting coated by the green dust. The courtesan goes inside.

INT. 9 LIVES - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

In the dim hallway the courtesan lights up like she's covered in glitter. A patron sees her and grins. When she looks at him, her eyes flash and lock on him with a predator's gaze. She charges at the man, and he's taken aback for a moment.

The courtesan kisses him deeply and he relaxes as he kisses her back. They run together to a vacant bedroom, passing Rebecca and Stan who run toward a different room.

INT. 9 LIVES - REBECCA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca shuts the door and locks it, then turns around and pushes Stan onto the bed. She climbs on top of him and begins playfully unbuttoning his shirt. He takes her hands and caresses them. She looks at him, concerned.

REBECCA

What's the matter?

Stan is quiet for a long moment, eyes closed. He kisses her fingers and holds her hands to his chest. When he opens his eyes, they're filled with sincerity.

STAN

I think I love you.

He caresses her cheek and pulls her close to kiss her.

EXT. 9 LIVES - THE NEXT MORNING

Stan comes out looking like a new man. Men who pass by give him knowing smiles. Suddenly, a voice from above--

REBECCA

Yoohoo! Sheriff! Don't forget this.

Rebecca, wearing nothing but a bed sheet to hide her modesty, dangles Stan's Sheriff's star over the railing. She lets it go and Stan catches it with chagrin. She blows him a kiss before scurrying inside. Stan begins his day.

INT. UNDERTAKER'S - MINUTES LATER

Stan saunters into the shop. Mortimer is asleep with his head down on a desk. Most of the bodies are cleaned and dressed except Bao. Stan coughs loudly, and Mortimer jumps up.

STAN

Morning Mortimer!

Mortimer stretches, back cracking. Stan inspects the bodies.

STAN (CONT'D)

You been at it all night?

MORTIMER

Yes, sir. Least I could do for the families. They want a burial today. Last one to do is the outlaw.

He moves to the bodies, fishing coins from his apron pocket and placing a couple over the eyes of a corpse.

STAN

(RE: Bao)

Yeah, I don't care if you clean him up. No amount of scrubbing will ever get the dirt off.

Mortimer moves to the body of a little girl. Her mouth is open, and Mortimer tries closing it. It opens again. Mortimer shrugs and puts a coin over one of her eyes. Outside, riders can be heard approaching, whooping and hollering.

The commotion draws Stan's attention, and he hurries past Mortimer, bumping him. Mortimer drops a coin in the little girl's mouth by accident. He sighs, and goes to the window.

EXT. UNDERTAKER'S - CONTINUOUS

Stan looks down the road to see a handful of men on horses dragging something behind them. As they pass townsfolk, they cheer and jeer. Stan runs up to meet the riders.

EXT. JAIL - CONTINUOUS

STAN

Carl, what's all this about?

CARL

We got him, Sheriff! We got that Indian bastard been killing our people. We aim to make him pay!

Behind Carl, Stan can see the Bandit Leader on the ground. His hands are bound by rope that is held by Carl who has obviously dragged the Bandit Leader for some distance.

STAN

What about the rest of his gang?

CARL

They didn't make it.

(dismounts)

I would have killed this one too, but I wanted the town to see that there's still some law in these parts. Let's string him up!

Everett emerges from the jail. Stan gives him a glance.

STAN

(beat)

Get some wood and nails! We need a hanging post right here!

Men immediately jump into action to construct the makeshift gallows. Everett strides up to Stan.

EVERETT

That's it? No judge? No jury?

STAN

This is a town matter, Marshall. You've got your justice; so do we.

As the gallows is assembled in short order, Stan undoes the rope around the Bandit Leader's hands then ties the man's hands behind his back. Stan motions to some men to carry the Bandit Leader to the gallows. The men do so.

Once there, the Bandit Leader's head is placed in a noose, and men help lift him onto a horse. The noose is pulled tight and the rope is tied to the gallows post. The Bandit Leader rouses to see the gathering crowd. Stan approaches.

STAN (CONT'D)

You got any last words, outlaw?

The Bandit Leader turns his head to Stan, but it's unclear if he understands. He sees Chief in the crowd motion with his hand, telling him to speak. The Bandit Leader acknowledges and begins speaking in his native tongue.

TOWNSFOLK #1

What's he saying?

TOWNSFOLK #2

I don't understand!

TOWNSFOLK #3

Yeah, what's he saying, Sheriff?

STAN

Christ Almighty.

(beat)

Chief! Get over here!

After a moment, Chief makes his way forward.

STAN (CONT'D)

Do you know what he's saying?

(Chief nods)

Good. Translate.

Chief motions to the Bandit Leader to keep speaking.

CHIEF RED FEATHER

(translating)

I am...Hides in Shadow. My tribe are great hunters. We hunt the buffalo. Then we hunt you, the White Man. We hunt you because you steal our lands and poison our people with your sickness. And you tempt us with your fire water, but never sharing. Instead, you make us work for you. Clean. Clean always!

The Bandit Leader looks at Chief, suspicious of the translation until Chief nods to continue.

CHIEF RED FEATHER (CONT'D)

(translating)

Now, the great hunt is over.

(MORE)

CHIEF RED FEATHER (CONT'D)

You have killed my people. Now, I am the last. But I am not alone. When I pass to the spirit world, my ancestors will avenge me. The spirits of the dead will punish you. You will know fear.

The Bandit Leader falls silent. Stan rolls his eyes and raises his pistol, about to fire in the air--

FATHER ESPINOZA

Wait! Wait!

He pushes his way through the crowd. Stan sighs.

STAN

What is it, Padre?

FATHER ESPINOZA

Let me give him his last rites.

STAN

I don't think this man is a Christian, Father.

FATHER ESPINOZA

That does not matter in the eyes of God. Everyone deserves His love.

Stan waves halfheartedly, and Father Espinoza prays quietly for a few moments. When he finally crosses himself and genuflects, the crowd cheers.

TOWNSFOLK #2

Get on with it!

The crowd roars in approval. Stan raises his pistol and fires into the air. The horse beneath the Bandit Leader rides away in fear, but the Bandit Leader is pulled off by the noose. He dangles helplessly from the gallows, choking and swinging.

The crowd watches in macabre amazement as the last bits of life finally slip from the Bandit Leader, and he's just a swinging corpse at the end of a rope. The crowd disperses.

MAGGIE

Oh, that was so awful. Ray, have you ever seen anything like that?

RAY

Yes, ma'am. Many times. Too many.

He walks off, upset. Maggie lets him go. She sees Everett across the way look up at the body. He shakes his head.



INT. UNDERTAKER'S - CONTINUOUS

Mortimer goes back to work. He approaches the body of the little girl and is about to fish out the coin from her mouth when he hears people outside talking in passing.

TOWNSFOLK #5

You believe any of that hogwash  
about the dead rising?

TOWNSFOLK #5 (CONT'D)

Of course not. Only Jesus can bring  
back the dead.

Mortimer looks at the corpses for any signs of life. Then he remembers the coin in the mouth. He brings his fingers closer. Closer. He leans his face in. Closer. Closer.

He darts his fingers inside! He fishes out the coin without any issue and laughs at his own fear. He places the coin over the other eye of the little girl and walks away. After a moment, the little girl's mouth snaps shut.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Like other kids in the room, Tommy sits at a desk, but he's admiring his wooden pistol. Over his shoulder, he hears McBully punching his fist into his palm. Tommy turns and McBully frowns at him. Tommy puts his toy away.

Ms. Stapleton is slumped on her desk at the front of the class. The kids sitting at their desks watch her silently.

TOMMY

Ms. Stapleton, are you OK?

Ms. Stapleton lifts her head. She is pale and sweaty.

MS. STAPLETON

I'm fine, Tommy.

She stands and courageously walks to the chalkboard.

MS. STAPLETON (CONT'D)

Today, we'll work on penmanship.

The first letter is 'A'.

(she writes)

'A' is for...

She collapses. Students rise in concern, but all they see are Ms. Stapleton's legs from behind the desk convulsing. A SMALL GIRL approaches to help. Ms. Stapleton rises suddenly.

MS. STAPLETON (CONT'D)  
'A' is for 'apple'.

She lunges at Small Girl who screams as Ms. Stapleton takes her to the floor and bites her face, taking a chunk of cheek. Then again, a piece of ear. Then again. And again. The other children flee, screaming in terror.

INT. OLD SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Beardy rouses from his sleep to the sound of rhythmic thumping. He wakes to look for the source. Standing at the foot of his cot is Bushy, smashing his face into the wall.

A bloody smear has formed at the point of impact. When a new spurt of blood escapes Bushy's face, Beardy can't stifle a gasp. Bushy stops moving. He turns, revealing his face.

It's a mangled mess of broken bone and flat features. Then with unexpected speed, Bushy leaps at Beardy who cries out.

EXT. JAIL - CONTINUOUS

A woman comes running down the street, crying out--

SARAH  
Help! Help!

Stan runs to Sarah.

STAN  
What's the matter?

SARAH  
There's a crazed man chasing us!

Jimmy comes running down the street, yelling. Behind him is Bud, foaming at the mouth and chasing almost on all fours at times. He claws at Jimmy who just barely escapes reach.

STAN  
Marshal! I might need your help.

Everett strides over and the two men draw pistols. Jimmy runs up, out of breath. He stands with Sarah behind the lawmen. Bud stops just short. He looks and acts like a wild animal.

STAN (CONT'D)  
Easy there, Bud. Just calm down.

Bud's arm is a dark red and black. The bandage has come loose, revealing a festering wound.

EVERETT

Hell. If he's got rabies, we gotta put him down.

STAN

I ain't ever seen rabies like this.

Curious onlookers have gathered in the vicinity. Bud swipes at them if they're close enough.

EVERETT

It's your call. It's a town matter.

Stan grimaces and aims his pistol. He shoots a round into Bud's chest through his heart. He falls to the ground, dead. People step forward for a better look at the body.

STAN

Stay back! This man is sick.

Maggie runs up to Everett and grabs his arm.

MAGGIE

I knew him. He worked for me a bit.

EVERETT

I'm sorry you had to see that.

Tiny screams interrupt them, and they see school children running towards them from the opposite direction.

MAGGIE

Tommy?

Kids run to parents or any safe place, out of their minds with fear. Tommy runs to Maggie and grabs her waist.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Tommy, tell me what's wrong?!

Tommy just sobs. Maggie shakes him, and he points. Everyone looks to see Ms. Stapleton approaching slowly, occasionally biting another chunk out of Small Girl in her arms.

Ms. Stapleton's face is bloody, and chunks of child flesh dot her chin. Everett's face twists in horror. Stan gasps. The Small Girl in Ms. Stapleton's arms struggles and moans.

EVERETT

Good Lord, she's alive!

(draws pistol)

You put her down this instant!

Stan approaches from a different angle, pistol drawn as well. Ms. Stapleton stops, acknowledging them for the first time. She drops Small Girl and stands frozen. Stan and Everett approach slowly. Ms. Stapleton flicks her eyes on Everett.

MS. STAPLETON

'B' is for 'boy'.

She runs full speed at Everett with her jaw hanging wide. At the last moment, Everett fires, and Ms. Stapleton drops dead. Everett runs to Small Girl. He turns her over to see half her face and parts of her arm and shoulder missing. She stirs.

SMALL GIRL

'C' is for 'cat'.

She claws at Everett's face like a wild animal, oblivious to her wounds. Everett does everything he can to hold her away from him. Suddenly, she's pulled away. It's Ray. He holds the girl on the ground, face down but still thrashing.

RAY

I gotcha Marshal! This girl done  
lost her mind!

Everett collects himself. Stan examines Ms. Stapleton. In the distance, Mortimer stumbles backward outside of his shop.

MORTIMER

Uh...Sheriff! Sheriff!

He falls in the dirt, but gets up quickly. Following him are the corpses he was cleaning. They shuffle forward, moaning.

STAN

Everett. What the hell is going on?

Bud's dead body begins to convulse, causing some townsfolk to jump. Ms. Stapleton begins to writhe, and Stan steps away. Everett and Stan slowly look up to see the Bandit Leader hanging from the noose, struggling against his restraints.

EXT. UNDERTAKER'S - CONTINUOUS

As people back away from the newly risen posse and others, the last corpse to emerge is the little girl. She catches Carl's attention. He falls to his knees, tearing up.

CARL

Molly? Oh my God.

Molly moves in Carl's direction. Carl opens his arms to her. She opens her mouth when she's close, bearing teeth.

INT. FORT BLISS - BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Scarface rouses his fellow soldier from Epitaph.

SCARFACE

C'mon. Get up. We're missing chow.

The other soldier gets up to get dressed while Scarface steps into the hallway. In one direction, he can see the mess hall and hears the din of breakfast. He glances in the other direction toward the infirmary. He does a double take.

SCARFACE (CONT'D)

(to someone O.S.)

What in blazes? You died!

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

Captain JEBEDIAH HAYES (45) rides his horse as he leads his company of men up a trail towards Fort Bliss. The report of rifle fire draws his attention, and he pauses to focus. He hears more rifle fire from the fort.

JEBEDIAH

Men! We need to march, double quick time! The fort is under attack.

The company picks up speed as they cross ground quickly. Drummers maintain the ranks. They come over a bluff and hear more gunfire. Concern twists Jebediah's voice--

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)

Charge!

The company roars as Jebediah leads the charge, riding ahead.

EXT. FORT BLISS - CONTINUOUS

He's confused when he finds the gates open and no attackers in sight. Instead, he sees a score of soldiers firing into the barracks frantically. He rides to them.

JEBEDIAH

Lieutenant Jones! Report!

Jones doesn't respond. He and the handful of Fort Soldiers keep firing. Jebediah dismounts and grabs Jones' collar.

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)

Jones! Report, dammit!

It takes Jones a moment to realize who's talking to him.

JONES

The men, sir. They won't die.

JEBEDIAH

Why are you shooting the men?

Jones sputters, unable to speak until Jebediah shakes him.

JONES

They're eating each other! Then they came for us. Like animals. We had to defend ourselves. But they got back up. We kept shooting. We kept shooting!

Jebediah looks back incredulously. Then he hears chilling screams echo from inside the barracks. There's a streak of excitement in the screams as they get closer.

JONES (CONT'D)

Oh God! They're coming. They're coming! Reload and fire!

The Fort Soldiers attack. Jebediah's company arrives, and he directs them into the courtyard and on the fort wall.

JEBEDIAH

(to officers)

I want a firing line here and another on the wall. Be ready to fire on whatever comes out of the barracks!

The drummers and officers marshal the forces into formation. Jones and his small force retreat to the front firing line. Jebediah mounts his horse and positions himself behind the firing line as well. The screams from the barracks approach.

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)

Ready!

(the screams increase)

Aim!

(they get louder)

Suddenly, half a dozen soldiers burst from the barracks. Some are missing facial features, like eyes and noses. Others have flesh hanging in strips from their bodies. They charge madly.

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)

Fire!

The firing lines unleash a volley, and the infected soldiers fall dead. Jones and his small group of survivors reload.

JONES

Reload! Reload, damn you!

The dead infected soldiers writhe and stand. Incredulous--

JEBEDIAH

Reload!

His company reloads. The undead soldiers shuffle forward.

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)

Aim!

Before he can give his next order, Jones and his men open fire. The undead stagger back, but are undeterred. More undead emerge from the barracks -- enough to unnerve the front firing line, which instinctively recoils.

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)

Fire!

Another volley of bullets. Undead are knocked back and to the ground, but they get up -- impossibly.

JONES

I told you -- they don't die!

Jebediah's men look to him for guidance.

JEBEDIAH

Fire at will!

The gun fire is sporadic now, with Jebediah joining in with his pistol. Nevertheless, the undead close the distance.

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)

Fix bayonets!

His men barely have time to do so before the undead are upon them. Some infected soldiers from the barracks join the pitched battle making it difficult for the firing line on the wall to know who's an enemy. Some living soldiers get shot.

Through the fray, Jebediah observes that the attackers shrug off any wound. He carefully aims at an undead's temple and fires. It falls and doesn't rise. To his men on the wall--

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)

Aim high!

Another volley takes heads off shoulders. Recognizing the weakness in their enemies, Jebediah's company quickly dispatches the undead with bayonet stabs through eye sockets. The skirmish ends but with the company decimated.

Jebediah dismounts and approaches Lieutenant Jones.

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)

Jones. What happened here?

JONES

Sir. I'm not sure. Soldiers arrived last night from Epitaph. One of them had passed from sickness on the way here. We put the body in the infirmary.

(pause)

I swear, Captain, that man was dead. I checked myself. But this morning, during mess, there he was in the doorway. Just staring at us with those dead eyes. Then the two soldiers who brought him here must have been sick too, because they came running like wild boars and started biting the men. Not just biting but...eating the men.

(beat)

I know it sounds crazy, but the men that got bit must have picked up the disease, because they started acting just like the ones that bit them. By the time we mounted a defense, half the men were infected, screaming nonsense.

He wants to say more, but movement in the barracks catches his eye. Slowly, the ill soldier from Epitaph emerges. Jones backs away reflexively. Jebediah draws his pistol and fires a round into the undead's leg. Hobbled, it keeps approaching.

Jebediah fires another round, this time through the heart. No effect. When the undead is within arm's length, Jebediah fires into its skull. It drops dead.

JEBEDIAH

Jones. Have the men police these bodies, then separate the wounded.

Jones nods and barks orders to soldiers who go about stacking bodies and helping wounded to move to a wall. Meanwhile, Jebediah examines the undead he just shot as well as the carnage around him. Around him, soldiers mutter--

SOLDIER #1

That one over there is McHenry. I grew up with him. My God.



SOLDIER #2

I knew all of these men. I served with them during the war.

SOLDIER #3

They were my friends. I killed my friends. God forgive me...

Finally--

JONES

Sir, the men have done as you asked. What are your orders?

Jebediah shoots him a grim look, then whispers something to him before calling the men to attention.

JEBEDIAH

Men, when you enlisted, you affirmed to be true to the United States of America, did you not?

The company gives a muted "yessir".

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)

And you swore to serve this country honestly and faithfully against all enemies opposers whatsoever?

The company gives a louder "yessir".

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)

Men, we have a new enemy. Not man, nor savage or beast. This enemy is 'sickness'. A plague unlike anything we've ever seen. This disease turned our comrades, good men to the last, into monsters. And as difficult as it was, you men fulfilled your duty to protect this land. The impossible decision you made today will save countless lives well into the future.

The company stands a little taller. Jebediah looks at the wounded men gathered by the wall. They stand with pride.

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)

For your actions here today, you are all already heroes. And your names will be spoken of with pride by generations to come so that your sacrifices will not be forgotten.

The company cheers.

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)  
Lieutenant Jones. You may proceed.

JONES  
Firing squad! Ready!

A portion of the front line of men aim their rifles at the wounded. The men are confused at first, but then realize.

PRIVATE  
WAIT!

The man has a bite on his hand. He breaks ranks.

JONES  
Aim!

PRIVATE  
For pity's sake! Captain! Please!

JONES  
F--

JEBEDIAH  
HOLD!  
(pause)  
What's your name, soldier?

PRIVATE  
Dodson, sir.

JEBEDIAH  
Private Dodson. You are already dead. Execution is a small mercy compared to the monstrous fate awaiting you.

PRIVATE/DODSON  
I feel fine, sir!

JONES  
You're infected! You'll change!  
You'll kill us all!

DODSON  
Then...cut off my arm! Just like it  
gangrene!

JONES  
You don't know that will protect  
you. You don't know we'll be safe!

DODSON

Please! I don't want to die!  
PLEASE! SPARE ME! PLEASE!

Jebediah pulls his revolver and fires a bullet through Dodson's heart. He looks shocked, then falls over.

JEBEDIAH

No.

He nods at Jones.

JONES

Fire!

The firing squad opens fire, killing all wounded. An eerie silence falls on the courtyard as the smoke clears. Then Dodson and the wounded all slowly rise as undead.

JONES (CONT'D)

How many times do we have to kill them?!

Jebediah puts a round through Dodson's skull.

JEBEDIAH

Twice.

The company instinctively opens fire on the undead, learning to aim for the skull. The undead are finished in short order.

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)

Men, this terrible and awful responsibility falls on us, and our resolve in this endeavor must be unwavering. Are you with me?

The company roars, and Jebediah mounts his steed.

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)

Lieutenant Jones. Where did you say these soldiers came from?

EXT. ABANDONED STOREFRONT - CONTINUOUS

The townsfolk of Epitaph have done a good job of rounding up the infected and undead and corralling them into an abandoned building. Outpost soldiers and men of all backgrounds work under the guidance of Father Espinoza.

FATHER ESPINOZA

Be gentle! Remember they are all God's creatures! They're just ill.

Some of the wilder infected are lassoed and dragged by men on horseback. However they get here, the infected and undead are pushed into the abandoned storefront where men have boarded up the windows from the outside.

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Zeke and Sally watch from afar. Townsfolk scurry indoors. Zeke and Sally go inside, locking the door to the saloon. Sally shrieks. Bill stares at her through a window. He has a greenish tint to his skin, and green bile spills from his lips.

He looks at her through green eyes, but he doesn't appear to see her. Instead, he touches the window with his hand. It thumps. He moves along and touches again. Thump. He continues thumping across the front until he starts moving out of view.

Nevertheless, the soft thumps can be heard as he moves around the perimeter. It fades, but then turns into loud banging.

SALLY

What the hell is that?

The banging comes from the secret entrance in the rear. Zeke grabs his shotgun and approaches cautiously with Sally behind him, pistol drawn. They nod to each other, and Sally quickly unbars the doors while Zeke throws them open, revealing--

SAM

Whoa! Whoa!

INT. DOC MURPHY'S - CONTINUOUS

Carl sits on a chair while Doc Murphy finishes bandaging the bite on his hand. Carl looks over at Molly, who is strapped down on a table. She writhes. On the other table, Small Girl is strapped down. She's bandaged, but wild as ever.

Stan, Everett, and Ray watch her with morbid curiosity.

CARL

Doc, I don't know what got into her. She never harmed nobody.

DOC MURPHY

Don't worry about that now. Let's just get you fixed up.

CARL

It's a miracle, right, Doc? God brought my Molly back to me.

DOC MURPHY

(sighs)

Something certainly special  
happened. Now, you're good to go.

Carl doesn't leave. Doc Murphy looks over at Stan.

STAN

Carl, why don't you wait outside?  
We got to talk to Doc.

CARL

No. I failed her once. I ain't  
leaving her side no more.

Stan puts his hand on Carl's shoulder.

STAN

Take it easy. We just want to--

Carl moves into a defensive position between Molly and the  
men. He looks for a weapon and finds a scalpel.

CARL

Take it easy nothin'! You stay away  
from her!

EVERETT

Put the scalpel down. She's sick.  
We want to help.

CARL

Like you helped Bud? Like you  
helped that school mistress? God  
gave my girl back to me. I ain't  
letting you take her away.

Ray moves forward, and Carl points the scalpel at him  
threateningly. Instinctively, Carl puts his hand on Molly,  
but his fingers are too close to her mouth, and she bites at  
him. Distracted, Everett pounces, knocking Carl out.

STAN

Dammit. Let's put him in the cell.

He motions for Ray to help him. The two men carry Carl out.

EVERETT

OK, Doc, what is this?

Doc Murphy walks over to a medicine cabinet and reaches deep  
inside behind bottles of medicine to produce a whiskey flask.  
He drinks deeply. Pointing to the Small Girl--

DOC MURPHY

I don't understand it. She's missing so much skin and muscle, I don't know why she's not screaming in agony. And her fever is impossibly high.

EVERETT

I can feel the heat from here.

DOC MURPHY

I've only seen a fever that high once before. There was a soldier in here yesterday. Very sick man.

He walks over to Molly.

DOC MURPHY (CONT'D)

And this one...I can't explain. No heartbeat. No breath. No dilation of the pupils. She's dead in all ways but one. I don't know how this is happening.

(he drinks)

EVERETT

Some kind of disease?

DOC MURPHY

Diseases affect the living. I've never seen it affect a corpse.

Suddenly, Small Girl begins breathing rapidly and sounds labored. She expires, exhaling a death rattle. Doc Murphy presses his stethoscope to her chest. Nothing.

DOC MURPHY (CONT'D)

She's gone.

There's silence as the men stare. Then Doc Murphy puts his hand across Small Girl's eyes to shut them. As he pulls his hand away, Small Girl's eyes flash open and she bites at him.

Doc Murphy manages to snap his hand back in time. Everett rushes to his side. Now Small Girl behaves just like Molly, slowly writhing. The men look at each other in consternation.

EXT. DOC MURPHY'S - MINUTES LATER

The men emerge, shaking off what they just saw. Everett pulls Doc Murphy aside.

EVERETT

Doc, no offense, but this seems bigger than any of us can handle.

DOC MURPHY

None taken. And agreed.

EVERETT

You mind sending your wife to telegraph for some help?

DOC MURPHY

Uh, I'll do it. Claudette's a little under the weather.

(off Everett's look)

It's nothing. Touch of exhaustion.

Doc hurries off. Everett sees Maggie near the jail, holding Tommy. Everett approaches them.

MAGGIE

Everett, what's happening? Tommy is terrified.

The look on her face says she is, too.

EVERETT

We're still trying to figure it out. Just the same, I hope you'll stay in town. That farm of yours is a little out of the way if anything happens. I've got a room at the Grand. I want you to take it.

Maggie can't help but feel flattered. Reassured, she smiles.

MAGGIE

Alright. We'll get a room tonight. Promise you'll stop by?

(beat)

For Tommy's sake.

Everett nods. Ray and Stan return from the jail. Ray joins Maggie while Stan addresses the growing crowd.

STAN

Folk, folks! This is all real confusing. We working hard to figure it out. But right now, it's under control, and you shouldn't let it interfere with your lives. We'll have a town meeting once we have some answers.

INT. JAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Everett walks in and immediately heads to the gun rack. He reloads his gun and stocks his gun belt. Long is busy looking over Carl who is unconscious in the cell. Finally--

LONG

Thought was getting lonely?

Everett doesn't miss a beat with what he's doing.

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

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

(bewildered)

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 smiles slyly.

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.)

So, I'm told. Also heard about your brother. What's say I bust you out, I get his portion, too?

(MORE)

SAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(Long is quiet)  
I'll take that as a yes. Sit tight.

Sam can be heard walking away.

EXT. EPITAPH - CONTINUOUS

The sun sets giving rise to a moonless night. Some areas sparkle green from meteorite dust.

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  
I'll drink any time the dead come  
back to life. It's like Revelations  
out there. Plus, that Jane has been  
following me all day. She's  
starting to scare me.

SALLY  
What'll it be then?

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 anxiously. A woman calls out "yoohoo". Patrick 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. Unsettled, Patrick turns to leave and comes face to face with Plain Jane. She looks gaunter now with her skin taut on her face and neck.

PLAIN JANE

He loves me!

Startled, Patrick runs away. Jane grunts, bearing her teeth.

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 coming. I want to take inventory of my property once more 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 beside 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.

He sees Maggie, Ray, and Tommy at the entrance of the hotel.

EVERETT (CONT'D)

Don't forget. We uphold the law to  
protect the people we care about.

Everett walks ahead of Stan to greet Maggie.

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 holds a cigarette to his mouth. The soldier cups a match 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 fight each other, moan, scratch, bang, and mutter. A courtesan senses Sam.

EXT. ABANDONED STORE FRONT - CONTINUOUS

A muted "yoohoo" draws Sam's face closer to the window. 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 random 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. Drawn by the chaos, 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 the exposed bone from where they've been smashing their faces against walls armors their brains. The Headbangers kill the soldiers.

## 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. EPITAPH OUTPOST - CONTINUOUS

A bugle command to retreat sounds in the air as outpost soldiers run to man the walls of this small wooden outpost. Jimmy and Sarah from the train run to join the soldiers.

## 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.

EVERETT

We've got to protect the others!

## I/E. GRAND HOTEL - EVERETT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maggie, Ray, and Tommy cower by the windows of their second-story room. They cautiously look outside to see townsfolk die at the hands of infected and undead. A Yoohoo notices them, snaps her head in their direction, sees no one, and runs off.

## INT. JAIL - CONTINUOUS

Long has clambered up to the cell window to look outside. He's aghast at the carnage. A Headbanger lifts his head up from a fresh kill and notices Long. He charges out of view as more Headbangers follow his lead. A sound startles Long.

Carl has risen, and he smashes his head against the brick.

CARL

Molly! Molly! Molly!

Between each cry, he smashes his face with more intensity, breaking bone and rearranging his face. Long steps down off the bench, drawing Carl's attention.

CARL (CONT'D)  
You took her!

He charges Long who sidesteps and lets Carl smash into the wall. His hard head caves in the brick. Carl attacks again, but this time Long drives Carl's head in between the cell bars. Carl struggles to free himself, but can't.

Pounding on the jail door draws Long's attention.

INT. GRAND HOTEL - EVERETT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A woman knocks frantically on the door.

FRIGHTENED WOMAN (O.S.)  
Please, let me in! Please!

She pauses when she hear's a crash from downstairs.

FRIGHTENED WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(quieter)  
Oh God, they're inside!  
(whispering)  
Please, let me in. Please!

Ray moves toward the door, but Maggie grabs his hand and shakes her head. He nods reassuringly. When he gets to the door, Ray braces it with his shoulder. Unholy screams and growls approach from below.

FRIGHTENED WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Please, they're coming. Please!

She tries to force her way in but can't. She screams as the growls are at the door. There's a struggle, then the woman is quiet. Only the sounds of chewing. Then, heavy blows nearly take the door off its hinges. Maggie rushes to Ray to help.

Tommy cries as Maggie and Ray scream with each heavy blow. The door splinters in the middle. Then, gun shots are heard below, drawing the attackers away. More gun shots, and bodies fall. After a moment, someone knocks on the door.

MUFFLED VOICE (O.S.)  
Maggie, are you in there?

Maggie throws the door open to reveal Stan.

MAGGIE  
Stan! Thank God! Where's Everett?

## INT. JAIL - CONTINUOUS

The door to the jail gives way to three Headbangers. The charge in roaring at Long and hurl themselves at the cell. They reach for him through the bars but can't get him. Long steps back stunned at their horrible faces. They charge.

The old bars groan under the assault, bending cartoonishly and impossibly where the Headbangers make contact with their faces. Suddenly, the bars come off their anchor points. Long instinctively steps back as the cell bars angle toward him.

Sensing that they're close to their prey, the Headbangers grasp at Long who bats their arms away but can't stop the shrinking distance between himself and the bars. Finally, one Headbanger gets a firm grip on Long's collar and pulls.

Long braces as jagged teeth in a broken maw greet him. But four gun blasts fill the room and the three Headbangers' heads explode painting the cell walls with viscera. They fall, revealing Everett. Long is surprised to see him.

Everett approaches Carl who has taken a bullet to the head but not dead. His thick forehead protected him. Everett takes note of the dead Headbangers shot in the back of the head then shoves his pistol into Carl's mouth and fires.

Carl dies. Everett opens the cell door and produces manacles.

EVERETT

Let's go.

Long stares at the manacles and sighs.

## EXT. WELLS GREENE BANK - CONTINUOUS

Profitt's Hired Guards stand out front in this quieter area of town. Gun shots and screams in the distance stifle their conversation. Something moves in the shadows. A hired guard looks over his shoulder inside the bank.

## INT. WELLS GREENE BANK - CONTINUOUS

George finishes the combination on the vault, turns the spindle on the door, and pulls it open. Profitt's eyes light up as the silver ore inside catch the light from his lantern.

GEORGE

See, Mr. Profitt? It's all there.

PROFITTT

I'll be the judge of that.



He enters the vault.

EXT. WELLS GREENE BANK - CONTINUOUS

The guards are alert as the chaos in the rest of the town becomes clearer. A guard at the corner is about to speak when a "yoohoo" distracts him. He turns to see a courtesan standing just outside an alley dotted in green specks.

She beckons him, and the guard grins as he slips away after her. After a moment, a guard notices the first is missing. He sees a Yoohoo beckon him, and he follows her. One by one, the guards disappear until there's just one left with a lantern.

HIRED GUARD #1

What the hell?

He looks around to find himself alone. He goes to find the others. As he approaches an alley he can hear groaning, moaning, and the sticky sounds of flesh on flesh. In the dark, the green specks on the Yoohoos' skin writhe.

When the Yoohoos sense the guard, they stop moving and look in his direction, eyes shining like an animal's. The guard lifts the lantern, revealing the Yoohoos devouring the other men. They pounce on the last man before he can scream.

INT. WELLS GREENE BANK - CONTINUOUS

George rubs his forehead impatiently.

GEORGE

Are you satisfied, Mr. Profitt? I'd like to finish my supper...

A "yoohoo" cuts him short. A shapely Yoohoo leans against the doorway. She gives George an alluring look. His mouth falls open, and he makes a move toward her, but then another Yoohoo appears, wrapping her leg around the side of the doorjamb.

George is mesmerized until another Yoohoo appears in the window, her dress in tatters. Another Yoohoo arrives, with her face smeared in blood. In the dim light, George can barely make out their bared teeth. They "yoohoo" in unison.

Profitt comes out of the vault.

PROFITTT

What's all this commotion?

The Yoohoos snap their heads to face Profitt. In the light of his lantern, they look evil.

George backs into Profitt who shoves George into the Yoohoos before running back into the vault. He pulls on the heavy door behind him to shut it.

The Yoohoos claw and slash at George who puts up a valiant fight to escape. He breaks free and runs to the vault.

INT. WELLS GREENE BANK - VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Profitt desperately pulls on the door and shuts it just in time to see the hope drain from George's face and be replaced by terror. Profitt steps back from the door and listens to George's muted pleas for mercy as he's eaten alive.

EXT. JAIL - CONTINUOUS

Long and Everett exit into the street where it's pandemonium. Fires punctuate the scene. Men on horses ride past only to be felled by Spitters. Men with guns fight undead and infected but are driven back. A girl is cornered by undead.

She makes eye contact with Everett. He moves to help as the undead fall on her. Long holds him back as the girl screams.

LONG

She's a goner. You can't help her!

Everett grimaces and grabs Long's arm, leading him. They sneak into the general goods store.

INT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS

They stay low, out of sight. A Spitter runs up to the window and sniffs. It thumps on the glass with its hand. Everett draws his pistol. Long shoots him a look and shakes his head. After a moment, the Spitter runs off. Long and Everett relax.

LONG

There were more out there. They would have heard the gun shot.

After surveying the room, Everett holsters his weapon.

LONG (CONT'D)

Now what, Marshal?

EVERETT

Now, we wait. When they move on, so do we.

LONG  
And after that?

EVERETT  
Then we find as many survivors as  
we can and hole up somewhere safe.

LONG  
And after *that*?  
(Everett doesn't answer)  
We have to get out of this town.  
(Everett remains quiet)  
Marshal!

EVERETT  
Understand something; you are *my*  
prisoner. You will do as *I* say.  
(beat)  
I don't know if you've noticed, but  
horses are in short supply ever  
since these things got loose. I'm  
not about to go wandering off into  
the desert with no horse, no water,  
and these crazies on my tail. So,  
we're going to wait.

LONG  
Until when?

Everett pulls out his pocket watch but looks distracted when  
he opens the clasp.

LONG (CONT'D)  
Marshal.

EVERETT  
The next train arrives at sunrise.  
That gives us about six hours.

He puts his watch away. Frustrated, Long sighs. Moments pass  
in silence as the men listen to the chaos outside. And then--

LONG  
Why did you save me?  
(Everett doesn't answer)  
There are more deserving people.  
People who count on you to protect  
them. So, why save me?

EVERETT  
I didn't save you.

LONG  
It sure feels like it.

EVERETT

If I wanted you dead in any ol' fashion, I would of shot you in the street when I had the chance. But that wouldn't have been lawful. You violated the law, so the law's going to punish you. In the right way. In a just way. There ain't no justice in being eaten alive.

LONG

The world is burning to the ground.  
You think the law still matters?

Before Everett can answer, a sound from the back distracts the men, and they instinctively skulk toward it.

INT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside the dimly lit room, Father Espinoza hunches over the corpse of Porter, the proprietor, on the floor. It's hard to tell what Father Espinoza is doing, but he mutters vigorously as he hovers closely over the bloody corpse's neck.

The door behind Father Espinosa cracks open silently, revealing Long and Everett. Long points at an axe handle, and Everett reaches for it. He raises it over his head, and the men approach Father Espinoza with deadly intent.

At the last moment, the floor creaks and Father Espinoza turns, revealing the rosary in his hands. He yelps.

FATHER ESPINOZA

No! Please, don't eat me!

Everett and Long sigh in relief.

EVERETT

Padre, what are you doing here?

FATHER ESPINOZA

God forgive me. He attacked me.

He motions to Porter's body. His skull is caved in. Tears in his eyes, Father Espinoza makes the sign of the cross.

EVERETT

It's not your fault, Father. Lots of sick folk about.

LONG

You think these people are sick?

EVERETT

Shut up.

LONG

We just watched a girl get eaten alive by these things. No sickness makes people do that.

EVERETT

If it's not disease, what else could it be?

FATHER ESPINOZA

(beat)

The end of the world.

(he stares at Everett)

"Do not marvel at this, for an hour is coming when all who are in the tombs will hear his voice and come out, those who have done good to the resurrection of life, and those who have done evil to the resurrection of judgment."

Everett clenches his jaw and turns to look at Long grimly. Long looks back blankly. After a moment--

LONG

Don't look at me. I'm a Bhuddist. The world ends differently where I'm from.

FATHER ESPINOZA

I have to go.

(he gets up)

EVERETT

Where you going, Padre?

FATHER ESPINOZA

Church. If this is the end of the world, then my flock needs me.

(beat)

Perhaps you will join us? With so many wolves about, a shepherd needs as much help as he can get.

EVERETT

Sorry, Padre. I've got my own flock to look after. You sure you don't want to come with us? It's pretty bad out there.

FATHER ESPINOZA

Have faith, miyo. God is with me.

He gives a weak smile before slipping out the back door. Everett and Long watch him go before heading off themselves.

INT. GRAND HOTEL - EVERETT'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Stan sits by the door uneasily while Ray, Maggie, and Tommy huddle on the floor nearby. There's a voice behind the door--

EVERETT (O.S.)

Stan, are you in there?

Stan opens the door to reveal Long. Long makes a "kiss" sound with his lips before Everett pushes him inside.

STAN

(to Everett)

What is he doing here?

LONG

Did you miss me?

STAN

(menacingly)

With every bullet so far.

EVERETT

(to Long)

Sit down. Shut up.

Long sits and shuts up.

EVERETT (CONT'D)

(to Stan)

He's my prisoner. He's my responsibility.

STAN

How can you bring him here with all that's going on? With Maggie and Tommy here. It ain't right.

EVERETT

It ain't right to leave him there either. The law isn't just for the people we like.

STAN

There's a time and place for the letter of the law. Now ain't it!

Everett looks genuinely stunned.

EVERETT

If you really believe, then you  
don't deserve to wear that badge.

Stan scoffs in surprised disappointment.

STAN

You and your damn code.  
(beat)  
He's going to try and escape. When  
he does, I'm not helping chase him  
down. Not while *this* is going on.

EVERETT

I wouldn't expect you to.

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 "yoohoo" 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 Yoohoos 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 Yoohoos 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 Yoohoos 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 Yoohoos 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.

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

That's it. This is happening even if I have to go through you.

He charges at Everett who is ready to meet him. Before the two collide, Maggie inserts her body between them.

MAGGIE

Stop it! Both of you!

(beat)

Everett, I think it's safer for all of us if he leaves.

EVERETT

No.

MAGGIE

Why?

EVERETT

Because that is not the law.

RAY

Marshal, there ain't no law now.

EVERETT

Then we have to be the law.

STAN

What the hell does that mean?

EVERETT

Just because things are bad doesn't change right and wrong. When things are dark, we have to be the light. The law is the candle that lights our way. And if it blows out, we light it again. And we keep protecting that flame because without it, we'll be lost in the dark like everyone else.

STAN

Save the preaching for church. That man puts us in danger.

Maggie and Ray look at Everett for a response.

EVERETT

(beat)

And what if you get hurt, Stan? Break a leg. Lose an eye. Do we just leave you behind because you're a liability?

(to Maggie)

Do we leave Tommy behind because he'll slow us down?

(to Ray)

Do you have any idea how many men died to make sure you were free?

(MORE)

EVERETT (CONT'D)

They died for what they thought was a righteous cause. Maybe they should have just turned around, went home, lived their lives. Instead of doing the hard thing. The right thing.

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

EVERETT (CONT'D)

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

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. Hopefully the soldiers managed to hold it.

MAGGIE

Let's take a minute before we go.

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.

(pause)

Were you always...an outlaw?

LONG

No. Not always.

INSERT FLASHBACK

EXT. SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS - 1867 - SUMMER

Malnourished Chinese workers haul broken rocks out of a tunnel. White men in fancy suits watch from afar in the shade of their tents while Overseers ride horses and carry whips.

LONG (V.O.)

I worked on the railroad with my brother. 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 #1

Get up!

The worker struggles to stand, but fall over again. The Overseer whips the worker. Again. And again.

LONG (V.O.)

Worse, they were manufacturing explosives on-site. And they used the Chinese to set it off. No one knew how stable the dynamite was. But we learned fast.

An explosive detonates within the tunnel, followed by panicked screams, and then silence. A few moments later, the charred remains of a Chinese worker is carried out by other workers. The body is missing limbs.

LONG (V.O.)

We protested peacefully. But they starved us into submission. Without food, we had no choice but to endure. Or so they thought.

The body is dragged past some boulders where Long and Bao are hiding. Bao regards it with indignation, but Long calms him with a hand on his shoulder. Long slinks off, and Bao follows reluctantly after a moment.

EXT. SUPPLY TENT - CONTINUOUS

This area of the camp is largely unpopulated. Most of the crew is concentrated at the tunnel. Out front of the supply tent is a horse-drawn cart full of explosives and chemicals. Long and Bao skulk toward the tent.

LONG

(in Cantonese)

Hide, and alert me if you see some one coming.

Bao resists at first, but Long pushes him away and enters the tent.

Bao shakes his head and looks to find a nearby vantage point. He backs up behind some crates and watches. He doesn't realize the Head Overseer is taking a squat here.

HEAD OVERSEER  
What the hell?

He quickly pulls up his pants and grabs Bao by the collar, shoving him into the open.

HEAD OVERSEER (CONT'D)  
Why aren't you working?

He looks around for a reason, still shoving Bao backward. Bao looks at the tent. The Head Overseer notices.

HEAD OVERSEER (CONT'D)  
Stealing food? I think that's worth  
a couple of lashes!

He unfurls his whip and strikes Bao who shields his face. The Head Overseer strikes him again. He cocks his arm back and swings once more, but Bao catches the whip on his forearm and yanks on it, sending the Head Overseer forward off-balance.

Unleashed, and with no witnesses, Bao kicks the Head Overseer in the face. He squares off with Bao in turn, but is no match for Bao's superior martial arts and fury from bearing a thousand injustices. The Head Overseer falls over, helpless.

But Bao is relentless. He takes the whip and wraps it around the Head Overseer's throat and pulls. The man's eyes bug out and he strains for air. Bao grins as the Head Overseer begins to go limp. But then Long knocks the whip out of Bao's hands.

LONG  
(in Cantonese)  
No. You are not a murderer.

Bao gestures severely, counting quickly with his fingers.

LONG (CONT'D)  
(in Cantonese)  
I don't care! That's not for us!

A shot rings out, and blood spurts Bao's shoulder. He falls over. Long turns to see the Head Overseer aiming his pistol. Long dives on him. The men wrestle briefly before Long is back on his feet with the gun in his hand. He aims it.

LONG (V.O.)  
As I stood there, savoring his  
fear, I wanted to kill him.  
(MORE)

LONG (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And that was the moment I became an outlaw. Pulling the trigger was just a matter of course.

Long squeezes the trigger, and the Head Overseer goes still. Yells grow in the distance as Overseers react to the gunshots. Bao moans, spurring Long into action. He picks up Bao and puts him on the cart of explosives.

Long jumps into the driver's seat and picks up the reins. He's unsure of what to do at first, but then whips the reins, and the horses begin galloping.

INT. NEVADA DESERT - CAVE - MORNING - DAYS LATER

Shoulder bandaged, Bao sits by a small campfire at the mouth of a cave watching Long practice drawing his pistol on a nearby tree. Long pulls the pistol and fires, but he misses the tree. He turns to see Bao's frown.

LONG

(in Cantonese)

It's not as easy as it looks.

He gives up and joins Bao by the fire. Bao looks frustrated.

LONG (CONT'D)

(in Cantonese)

What's the matter?

Bao pats his empty stomach. Long looks away, unable to provide an immediate solution. Bao claps his hands and points at Long's pistol then rubs his fingers together.

LONG (CONT'D)

(in Cantonese)

I'm not good enough with a gun to rob anyone.

Bao looks around at the explosives around them unloaded from the cart. He picks up a stick of dynamite and clenches it.

LONG (CONT'D)

(in Cantonese)

And what would we do with that?

In the distance, a train horn blows. Long and Bao look at each other, sharing the same thought.



EXT. NEVADA DESERT - TRAIN TRACKS - LATER

Long and Bao hide behind a ridge as a train approaches in the distance. Long runs to the tracks with some dynamite, plants it, lights it, then runs back to cover. The tracks explode in a dark plume of smoke. The train screeches to a halt.

I/E. NEVADA DESERT - TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The engineers can't believe what they're seeing. They're about to exit when they see Long aiming his pistol at them just outside the locomotive.

LONG (V.O.)  
That's how we became train robbers.

INSERT MONTAGE

INT. PASSENGER CAR #2 - AFTERNOON

Long and Bao hastily make their way down the aisle, collecting valuables.

EXT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Long and Bao stumble out, bellies distended. They look at each other and laugh. They grin and nod.

EXT. NEVADA DESERT - TRAIN TRACKS - AFTERNOON

Another train comes to a halt at newly exploded track. Long and Bao stand nearby, waiting in anticipation.

INT. HABERDASHERY - EVENING

Long admires himself in a new gambler's suit and hat. He catches Bao's reflection in the mirror. He's dressed more plainly, but has a courtesan draped over him. Long smiles.

EXT. NEVADA DESERT - TRAIN - AFTERNOON

Another stopped train. Bao stands on the back of the horse-drawn cart and receives the luggage that Long throws out the window of a passenger car.

INT. NEVADA DESERT - CAVE - NIGHT

Bao sleeps next to the campfire while Long goes through their haul. He opens a bag and finds books that look intended for children. He opens one and sees drawings of outlaws with bandanas over their faces. Long traces it with his finger.

He puts it away and opens another book. It's an alphabet book with a picture for each letter. It reads: "A is for apple."

LONG  
(in Cantonese)  
Apple?

INT. PASSENGER CAR #3 - DAY

Bao collects passenger valuables while Long provides crowd control. A male passenger rises and draws a long knife.

LONG (V.O.)  
Most times we could handle trouble.

Long draws on the man, and he backs off and sits.

EXT. NEVADA TOWN - SMALL HOME - NIGHT

Bao helps Long walk along the street. Rain pours down.

LONG (V.O.)  
Other times we could not.

Long nurses a bullet wound to the chest. Bao looks around for help, but is unsure of where to go. He sets Long down at a doorstep to rest. A light inside ignites. The door opens, revealing Sally. Long collapses at her feet.

SALLY  
(clear voiced)  
Well, what do we have here?

She assesses the situation and yells inside. Zeke appears in the doorway, looks around, then beckons Bao to help carry Long inside.

INT. SMALL HOME - LATER

Bandaged, Long sits with Zeke by a fire. Zeke goes over the alphabet book with Long. Meanwhile, Sally and Bao lead a young girl to the front door. The girl winces in pain and holds her abdomen. Before she exits, Sally stops her.

SALLY

Who's got a kiss for Sally?

The girl kisses her cheek and leaves.

LONG (V.O.)

We made good friends with people we  
found on the wrong side of the law.

(beat)

But we would also make enemies with  
people on the right side.

EXT. ARIZONA PLAINS - TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

Long and Bao stand near some tracks that skirt the edge of a steep slope that ends in a severe drop into a deep gorge. A train approaches in the distance, and Long is about to head to the tracks when Bao stops him. He signals to the dynamite.

LONG

You want to do this one?

Bao nods with an eager grin. Long laughs and gives an exaggerated permissive gesture. Bao eagerly takes the dynamite and plants it. He lights it and comes running back.

I/E. ENGINE 1409 - CONTINUOUS

On the approaching locomotive, the engineer is clearly drunk and takes another swig from his flask. In the distance, the tracks explode, but he doesn't see it.

EXT. ARIZONA PLAINS - TRAIN TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Long and Bao are still grinning as the train gets closer. Their faces lengthen when the train doesn't slow down. They rise in concern when the train passes the point of no return. The train derails, sending cars plummeting down the gorge.

The rear baggage car and a few passenger cars hang on to the tracks, and passengers scream inside. Bao is about to run to help them, but Long holds him back. They struggle with each other for moment before all but one car falls to their doom.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. GRAND HOTEL - EVERETT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LONG

After that, the federal government  
could no longer ignore us.

He glances at Everett who stares back intensely.

STAN

Well, if story time is over, I'd  
like to get the hell out of here.