

INT. SALLY'S SALOON - BACK CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Zeke and Sally rush in from the front room just in time to see Sam descending down into the secret passageway. Sam turns to grin weakly at the pair just before slamming the doors. Zeke and Sally run to them.

INT. SECRET PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sam slides his shotgun into the handles of the heavy doors, barring them. Try as Zeke and Sally might, they can't get the doors open. Stan stumbles back and grunts in approval. He turns to shuffle down the passageway.

INT. DOC MURPHY'S - CONTINUOUS

Long pokes his head out. It's teeming with monsters.

LONG

No good. Fire is driving them here.

MAGGIE

There's got to be another way.

STAN

(beat)

I have an idea.

EXT. 9 LIVES - BACKDOOR - MINUTES LATER

The group sneaks down an alley until they come to a door.

EVERETT

Where are we?

STAN

9 Lives.

EVERETT

The whore house.

LONG

Great. How many of those things are in there?

STAN

Those *things* were people. You watch yourself.

LONG

Those kids at the school were people. You killed them just fine. Why are we here, really?

EVERETT

Stan, is this about Rebecca?

STAN

The bar is across the street. We get through here, we're free and clear. Now let's go.

Stan goes inside. Everett frowns, but follows.

INT. 9 LIVES - CONTINUOUS

The main room is a bloody mess, with the corpses of men and courtesans strewn everywhere. Some men still sit in their seats with their throats ripped out. The room is dimly lit except for a bright spotlight aimed center stage.

Tommy stops when he sees a dead courtesan with her skirt exposing a lot of leg. Maggie covers his eyes as the group moves forward. Suddenly, there's movement behind the curtains on stage. Everyone tenses up for a fight.

EVERETT

Whoever's back there, come out!

The curtains rustle a moment until a woman pokes her head out. It's REBECCA! She's blinded by the spotlight.

STAN

Oh my God! Rebecca! You're alive!

He begins to move toward her, but Long pulls him back.

LONG

Wait.

STAN

Get your paws off me.

REBECCA

(squinting through light)  
Stan? Is that you?

STAN

It's me, darlin'.

REBECCA

Oh, come to me, baby!

LONG  
No. Something's wrong.

STAN  
There's nothing wrong.

EVERETT  
Long's right.  
(to Rebecca)  
Why don't you come out from behind  
those curtains so we can have a  
proper introduction.

Rebecca hesitates, but then steps out. She's still wearing her performance dress, and she looks absolutely pristine. She's somehow avoided all of the blood and horror.

STAN  
See? She's fine.  
(to Rebecca)  
C'mon girl. We're gotta go.

Rebecca is about to go to Stan but stops at the edge of the spotlight. She beckons Stan using all of her female charms.

REBECCA  
Come to me, baby. I'm scared.

Stan begins to climb the stage when Long notices a look of anticipation cross Rebecca's face. Long turns and fires at the spotlight. The room dims, and Rebecca's skin scintillates in the dark. She glares at Long then runs at Stan.

Her jaws are almost upon Stan who doesn't know how to react when another shot rings out, sending a bullet through Rebecca's head. She falls into Stan's arms, dead. Long and Everett approach Stan, who falls to his knees in shock.

LONG  
That was close. You're lucky.

Stan flies into a rage. In an instant, he's on his feet and sucker punches Long, who goes down. Before Long can draw his pistol, Stan stands over him with his own pistol drawn.

STAN  
You son of a bitch! You killed her!

LONG  
She was sick.

STAN

No, you killed her to get back at me for your brother, you bastard. Now you're going to die.

He hears another gun cock next to his head. It's Everett.

EVERETT

You pull that trigger and I will kill you, Stan.

STAN

You taking his side again?

EVERETT

I'm on the side of the law.

STAN

You can tell yourself that. Not me. I'm doing what needs to be done.  
(cocks gun)

LONG

He's not going to listen to you this time, Marshal.

EVERETT

You're better than this. Put that gun down, Sheriff.

STAN

He brings nothing but misery to this world. He needs to pay.

LONG

Marshal...

EVERETT

This isn't justice. It's murder.

STAN

Someone has to do it!

LONG

Marshal! He means it!

EVERETT

Goddammit, Stan! Don't make me do this!

STAN

IT'S EITHER HIM OR ME!

Everett's clenches his jaw at this impossible decision. Then a shot rings out, lighting up the room momentarily. Stan falls over, dead. A bullet hole smolders in his temple. Ray and Chief watch in awe. Maggie comforts Tommy.

After a moment, Long picks himself up.

LONG  
You made the right decision.

EVERETT  
(glaring)  
Did I?

Maggie approaches.

MAGGIE  
Everett, we need to go.

Everett holds Long's gaze before leading the group out.

EXT. DESERT RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

INSERT SPYGLASS POV

Everett, Maggie, Tommy, and the others sneak out of 9 Lives.

BACK TO SCENE

Jones looks through a spyglass. Jebediah stands next to him.

JEBEDIAH  
What do you see, Jones?

JONES  
Sir, I see survivors. There are women and a child with them.

He puts the spyglass away.

JEBEDIAH  
Fine. It will be over soon.

They stand quiet, taking in the scene. Trails of bodies lead from the town to the military perimeter, which only shoots occasionally now. The fires have burned nearly to the center of town. Whatever is left walking around is driven there.

JONES  
Sir, permission to speak freely.

JEBEDIAH  
Permission granted.

JONES  
Sir, are we doing the right thing?

JEBEDIAH  
Yes.

JONES  
Do you really think they're all  
infected?

JEBEDIAH  
You know my answer.

JONES  
It's just...I don't know if you  
believe in God, sir. Forgive me,  
but I've never seen you pray. But I  
do, sir. And I know that one day  
I'll have to account for all my  
actions in this life.

(beat)  
What will I tell God, sir, about  
what we done here today? How I  
helped murder those people just  
trying to survive.

Jebediah lowers his eyes, deep in thought.

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The survivors cross the street in a thin line. Their faces  
show weariness and fear but also endurance and determination.

JEBEDIAH (V.O.)  
You tell God that we are not all-  
powerful beings. And that we did  
the best we could with what we had.  
(beat)  
Remember that. And go to God with a  
clear conscience. May he have mercy  
on these last few souls.