

DEAD GULCH

By

Lee Andrew Taylor

an idea by Lee Andrew Taylor

c. 2021 Lee Andrew Taylor

taylorlee544@gmail.com

Black screen - intro music -

Words roll up the screen -

V.O.

In the year 1885, 4 years after Wyatt Earp survived a showdown at the O.K. Corral, Tombstone, he settles with his wife in the town of Rattlesnake Cove, South of Washington D.C., where he becomes the sheriff.

Words roll up the screen -

V.O.

He keeps the peace with his deputies, living in harmony alongside an Indian Reservation where Sitting Bull lives with his family.

The words roll up the screen -

V.O.

But things change when an unwanted visitor arrives -

EXT. MOONSHINE STILL - DAY

The camera slowly moves towards a figure with its back to the screen. Almost touches the figure. It turns quickly, revealing a hideous zombie.

The camera swiftly turns to the right. Another bloody zombie lunges at the screen, growling.

ANGLE ON SHERIFF

Sheriff **WYATT EARP** - (37), tall, brown hair with gray streaks, moustache, tattered shirt under rawhide vest with badge, suede beige pants, glares ahead a moment, then resumes to pour gunpowder out of a small keg leading from a moonshine still to a wagon with 2 horses.

On the wagon is **WIL ROLAND** - aka **FRANK JAMES**, (42), thin, black hair, weathered face, wearing farmer's clothing, a gunslinger's holster, with 2 pistols inside, shotgun in his hand. **SITTING BULL** (54), a large man with war paint on, Indian chief's attire, holding a tomahawk, rifle. **JOSEPHINE EARP** (24), slim, wearing a silver cross necklace, holding a pistol.

Zombies MOAN, HISS - OS - scare Wyatt.

Wil reaches for Wyatt from the edge of the wagon.

WIL  
Take my hand!

Wyatt runs for the wagon, grabs Wil's hand, punches an incoming zombie in the face as Wil pulls him up onto the wagon.

They look ahead to see zombies in various decay shuffle, run at different speeds towards the wagon.

Wil fires his shotgun, Sitting Bull throws a tomahawk. It lands in a zombie's head. The zombie falls.

Wyatt strikes a match, ready to toss onto the gunpowder, but a zombie runs into the side of the wagon, knocks him off balance. He drops the match. The flame dies. Wil shoots the zombie in the face.

The wagon is surrounded by flesh-hungry monsters.

WYATT  
(shouting)  
Josee, I won't let anythin' happen  
to you.

They shoot at the zombies...

EXT. DEAD GULCH TOWN - MORNING - TWO DAYS EARLIER

ESTABLISHING SHOT ONE LANE TOWN

A cracked wooden sign at the edge of town reads, Welcome to DEAD GULCH

**Shopkeepers** of different nationalities busy themselves as they prepare for a new day. Some **residents** shuffle along the lane.

A stagecoach rolls into town. Stops outside the Saloon. **Passengers** get off.

CLOSE UP:- of a cowboy boot leaving the stagecoach, lowering to the ground, revealing **ROBERT FORD** (23), his face hidden beneath a large stetson.

He tips his hat at an **Indian woman** passing by, stares at the saloon.

The stagecoach receives **new passengers**, rolls off into the distance. Robert places a match between his teeth, enters the saloon.

The stagecoach passes **3 riders** on horseback heading into town.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BANK

**PEIRPONT HUXTABY** (56), rounded figure, in a crisp black three-piece suit, checks his pocket watch to see it's **8.00am**. He greets **3 people** closing in, unlocks the bank, lets them inside.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF FURNITURE STORE

**GRIMES** (52), coffin maker, scrawny, hunched, with gray straggles of uneven hair down the sides of his head, eyes the riders closing in. He is nervous.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BANK

The riders stop at the bank, hop off their horses, pull neckerchiefs over their faces, burst in, guns drawn.

INT. BANK - SECONDS LATER

**SCRATCH** (32), piercing eyes, a scar from left forehead to under the black, ragged neckerchief over his nose, mouth, raises a pistol in the air.

SCRATCH

This is a robbery in progress.  
Sorry it's early but my father  
taught me, why steal tomorrow what  
you can steal today...

He points the gun at the people.

SCRATCH (CONT'D)

Do exactly as I say and you might  
survive.

A slovenly sidekick, **HOOT** (28), Spanish origin, wearing a poncho, raises a machete, eyes **PENNY** (22), a pretty young blonde woman. He then scowls at **LARRY** (53), unkempt hair in a patched suit jacket, who frowns.

HOOT  
 (staring at Larry)  
 Might survive.

**BERTHA** (50), European, in a proper dress, bonnet, Penny's mother or grandmother, hard to tell from her wrinkled face, clutches Penny to her, TISKING at Hoot.

HOOT (CONT'D)  
 (winking at Bertha)  
 You've got a sweet bazoo.

Hoot grabs Bertha by the arm, snarls.

HOOT (CONT'D)  
 keep it shut or my gun will fill  
 it.

**FINNEGAN** (38), haggard, weathered, dressed in a meticulous brown overcoat, top hat, embroidered blue silk neckerchief, but tattered fingerless gloves, slaps his hat at Hoot.

FINNEGAN  
 (with an Irish brogue)  
 Eye on the prize, boy. We're not  
 here for trim! You ain't called  
 Hoot 'cuz you're wise as an owl you  
 know.

Scratch pushes Huxtaby, raises his gun like he's about to slam it down on Huxtaby's head.

HUXTABY  
 (petrified)  
 STOP! PLEASE!...Don't hurt me.  
 There's no money here. You're  
 wasting your time.

SCRATCH  
 Bullshit!  
 (aims point blank at Huxtaby's  
 head)  
 You'd better hand it over if you  
 wanna' live.

Huxtaby frowns, takes out his keys, walks to the vault.

FINNEGAN  
 (to Hoot)  
 Watch these poor souls and make  
 sure no one enters.

HOOT  
(leering at Penny)  
I'll watch 'em real good,  
especially this one.

Scratch follows close behind Huxtaby, his pistol in Huxtaby's back, Finnegan close behind Scratch.

Huxtaby unlocks the vault, opens it to reveal several large bags of cash.

SCRATCH  
(grinning)  
Pay day!

Huxtaby enters the vault, reaches for a bag.

FINNEGAN  
Well, well, take a look at that  
dinero. I like this town!

Penny SCREAMS in the outer office. Scratch, Finnegan turn.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)  
I told that deadbeat! Brains in his  
cock.

Huxtaby grabs a small pistol from a cabinet behind the bags, turns to shoot Scratch, but he's too slow. Scratch FIRES first, hits Huxtaby in the chest, sends him flying against the vault wall.

SCRATCH  
(shouting at Huxtaby)  
You fool!

Huxtaby tries to get up but collapses, dies.

FINNEGAN  
It's the hangman's noose if we're  
caught.

SCRATCH  
Then let's not be caught.

Scratch, Finnegan sling bags over their shoulders, hurry to the front office to find Penny bent over a desk. Hoot lifts her dress.

SCRATCH  
You wanna' fuck, or you wanna'  
live?!

HOOT

Both!

Bertha tugs on Hoot's arm. He turns, strikes her with the machete. Larry rushes him.

LARRY

You bastard!

Finnegan pushes Larry back, draws his gun.

FINNEGAN

Are ye' sure you wanna die for this cunny?

Larry hesitates. Hoot pushes him. Scratch, Finnegan head for the exit.

SCRATCH

(to Hoot)

We need to go.

Scratch continues walking. Larry charges Hoot again but Hoot kicks him to the ground, shoots him. Outside someone calls, SHERIFF!

EXT. STREET - SECONDS LATER

Scratch, Finnegan load their horses. They mount. They hear a GUNSHOT inside the bank then Hoot LAUGHS as he hurries out.

HOOT

Nada witnesses.

SCRATCH

No witnesses? Look around you. All that shootin' brought out the townsfolk.

FINNEGAN

Satan be a saint if they catch us!

SCRATCH

Then we better not let that happen.  
(kicking his horse)

Hah!

Hoot gets on his horse but Wyatt appears from the jailhouse, shoots at him. Just misses. Hoot fires back. Wyatt takes cover behind a watering trough. Hoot rides off after the other robbers.

Grimes drags a coffin off his porch, loads it onto his wagon. He climbs into it, rides out of town in the opposite direction to the robbers.

Wyatt gets up, runs to the bank with 2 **deputies**, **NICK** (38), tall, thick moustache, raggedy cowboy clothes, **CECIL** (32), short, blonde, faded shirt, jeans under pristine leather overcoat. Both wear deputy badges.

Wyatt hurries inside then returns to the street.

WYATT

Four good folk killed in cold  
blood.

(spits on the ground)

Mount up boys!

They hurry to their horses in front of the jail as shocked onlookers watch on.

EXT. CEMETERY - ONE HOUR LATER

Scratch, Finnegan tie their horses to a tree on the edge of a wooded area near the cemetery. They sit behind a tall headstone, neckerchiefs down, Dead Gulch visible a mile away.

FINNEGAN

Do ya' think that odd stick'll lose  
em'?

SCRATCH

He will. He has a gift for losin'  
people. But he better hurry, it's  
gettin' cold...And I don't have a  
lammy with me.

FINNEGAN

I'm startin' to get a bad feeling  
about this place...How long do we  
wait before your guy gets here?

Scratch nods at Grimes as he rides towards the cemetery in his wagon.

SCRATCH

(to Finnegan)

He's here now.

FINNEGAN

(shocked)

Him! He was your snitch?



SCRATCH

Stop complainin', we got the money.

Grimes closes in, stops in front of the cemetery, looks around, sees no one.

GRIMES

I'm here...Where are you?

The other men come out of hiding, carry the money bags to Grimes. He chews tobacco, climbs on the wagon, removes the lid off the coffin.

GRIMES (CONT'D)

You sure we're alone?

FINNEGAN

(laughing)

Are you scared?

GRIMES

If the sheriff finds out I'm in on this I'll be swaying in a noose next to you both.

SCRATCH

Plenty of money for a po-dunk farm town, just like you said.

GRIMES

Aye. Little known fact, our bank's an outpost for the Union Pacific.

SCRATCH

There's no station within twenty miles of this patch of crap.

GRIMES

Which makes it the perfec' secret outpost.

FINNEGAN

(signing the cross)

On me sainted mother's soul, you're tellin' us we robbed the railroad?

SCRATCH

(grinning)

Great reward brings great risk.

FINNEGAN

But the railroad is run by dangerous criminals.

SCRATCH  
 (laughing)  
 And we're not dangerous criminals?

FINNEGAN  
 (laughing)  
 Good point.

Grimes KNOCKS on the inside of the coffin. A panel rises. He removes the panel exposing a trap space in the bottom.

GRIMES  
 I'll hide the stash inside here and  
 send word after the burial.

SCRATCH  
 No, Hoot will stay near town, out  
 of sight, keep an eye on you.

Scratch, Finnegan stash the bags in the coffin.

GRIMES  
 Have it your way.

FINNEGAN  
 Won't someone realize this is heavy  
 for an empty coffin?

GRIMES  
 I'll jam the fat banker into  
 it. He's more useful dead than  
 alive.

SCRATCH  
 And if he's too tall to fit?

GRIMES  
 Then I'll cut the bastard's head  
 off.

Grimes LAUGHS. Scratch, Finnegan eye him but soon LAUGH along. Scratch draws his pistol when he hears leaves RUSTLE in the woods. Hoot appears.

HOOT  
 Fer Chris-sakes, it's me.

FINNEGAN  
 (rubbing knife handle)  
 I got a mind to do the deed anyway  
 for scarin' us like that.

HOOT  
 Not my fault if yer'  
 scared. Scratch don't look scared.

SCRATCH  
 You sure you lost em'?

HOOT  
 Oh, I got em' ridin' in circles in  
 a canyon ten miles north. I'd hear  
 it if a one of em' was followin'  
 me.

SCRATCH  
 (to Grimes)  
 Just how serious does your sheriff  
 take his job?

GRIMES  
 (laughing)  
 I'm sure he's not happy about dead  
 bodies, but this ain't Tombstone,  
 and he ain't Wyatt Earp.

SCRATCH, HOOT, FINNEGAN  
 (shout)  
 Yes, he is!

GRIMES  
 (scratches head)  
 I thought he looked familiar...I  
 need to stop drinkin'.

SCRATCH  
 I don't need to tell you all about  
 what went down in Tombstone a few  
 years back...If the sheriff is as  
 quick with a gun as he was then...

HOOT  
 He's not...He shot at me. Missed...  
 I reckon he's lost it, the  
 edge...We can take him.

Scratch, Finnegan nod, turn towards the woods.

SCRATCH  
 You better be right about that but  
 right now I need to get outta this  
 bone orchard.

EXT. WIL'S FARM - OTHER SIDE OF THE CEMETERY - SAME TIME

Wil staggers onto his front porch COUGHING, hung over. He holds a shotgun in one hand. Modest fields stretch in front of his small cabin. The town is visible almost a mile away.

He turns to the cemetery, watches two riders hurry away. He clenches his shotgun. **SAMOWEA** (27), Sam, attractive brunette native American Indian, joins him on the porch.

SAM  
Trouble?

WIL  
You never know, Sam.

SAM  
Simoweia. Will you ever learn my full name?

WIL  
Will you ever bring me coffee in the mornin'?

SAM  
(winking)  
I bring you enough.

Wil reaches for a bottle of whiskey on a small table on the porch, raises it to his lips, empty.

SAM (CONT'D)  
I think you finished it last night.  
Drink won't drown your demons.

WIL  
Good as any place to start,  
Sam. You also help, you know?

SAM  
I know.

She wraps an arm around him, watches the riders with him.

WIL  
Who leaves a cemetery that fast?

SAM  
No one who can leave wants to stay long...Anyway, I thought you gave up guns and took up farming.

Wil nods to his fields, a few meager crops growing, a rickety plow in the corner.

WIL  
 (laughs)  
 I can't tell you which I'm worse  
 at.

SAM  
 You're good at other things.

She giggles, pecks his cheeks. Wil faces her, wraps both  
 arms around her.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 Not now. I'd better get back. I'll  
 see you later.

WIL  
 You better.

Sam hops on her horse, rides away. Wil watches her a moment,  
 then turns back to the cemetery. Sees Grimes leave in his  
 wagon.

Wil sits on the porch to watch his meager crops.

EXT. DEAD GULCH - MINUTES LATER

Grimes pulls up to his store with the coffin. Wyatt rides  
 into town, pulls up alongside him.

WYATT  
 First time I ever saw you bring one  
 back, Grimes.

GRIMES  
 (nervous)  
 Measurin' plots...Gonna' dig a few,  
 I reckon.

Grimes stares at the bank, gulps.

GRIMES (CONT'D)  
 You couldn't stop the scoundrels?

WYATT  
 I will...Got my deputies trackin'  
 em'.

GRIMES  
 Shouldn't you be chasin' em'?

WYATT

My deputies will catch em'. I'm needed here. In case some other varmint thinks it's okay to steal and kill in this town.

Wyatt rides away, more frustrated.

INT. WIL'S HOUSE - LATER

Wil sits in an old rocking chair, facing the door. On the floor beside him sits a half bottle of whiskey, in his hand a half filled glass of whiskey. A blanket lies across his legs with a photo album on top. Written on the front are the words - To mother from JJ & FJ -

Wil opens the album to a photo of a woman with her young sons standing by her side.

He gets emotional, drinks some of the whiskey, places a finger on the photo.

EXT. THE BARN - SAME TIME

Robert Ford watches the house from the barn, flicking a matchstick from side to side in his mouth. A gunslingers belt & 2 pistols sit by his hips.

INT/EXT. WIL'S HOUSE

Wil drinks more whiskey, turns a page on the album.

The door crashes open to reveal Robert Ford standing with his hands on his holster.

ROBERT FORD

Do you know who I am?

WIL

No.

ROBERT FORD

I'm the man who killed your brother.

Wil looks him up & down, not nervous when Robert moves his hands towards the guns.

WIL

I've been waiting for you.

Robert grips his guns but Wil quickly reaches under the blanket, fires a pistol. A bullet hits Robert in the chest, sends him flying out of the doorway.

Wil exits the chair, walks over to his door holding the pistol, sees Robert lying on the porch, spitting out blood.

WIL (CONT'D)

This is for my brother.

He shoots Robert in the head.

EXT. BACK OF WIL'S HOUSE - LATER

Wil stands on top of a freshly covered grave, holding a spade. He wipes sweat from his brow, drops the spade, walks home.

EXT. DEAD GULCH TOWN - LATER

A wagon with the words - *Pauncy's miracle cures* - written on the side rolls into town. Wyatt sees it from the doorway of the jailhouse. He glares at the driver - **PAUNCY NEMBERWRACKER** (40), masculine, strong, slicked hair, thick beard, black silk road-dusty jacket, slacks.

Pauncy tips his hat & drives off. Wyatt stares at the wagon until it heads back out of town.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF INDIAN RESERVATION - LATER

Pauncy stops the wagon & checks out the reservation. **Soldiers** patrol the grounds as **Native Indian people** go about their business. Some are cooking, some are building, others are just walking around the reservation.

Samowea rushes over to him.

SAM

(distressed)

Please, help, we need help.

PAUNCY

Of course I will help...What do you need?

SAM  
Medicine...Please...For my sister.

PAUNCY  
Lead the way.

Pauncy rolls the wagon onto the reservation, follows Sam until she stops at a large tepee.

SAM  
Please, inside, quickly.

Pauncy jumps off the wagon, follows her inside the tepee.

INT. TEPEE

A fire burns in the middle of the tepee.

Pauncy is approached by a large native indian wearing colourful attire - Chief Sitting Bull -

SITTING BULL  
You help my daughter?

PAUNCY  
Of course, chief, whatever you say.

Sitting Bull grips Pauncy's arm.

SITTING BULL  
You help?

Sam approaches, smiles at Sitting Bull.

SAM  
Yes, father, he is here to help.

Pauncy stares through the flames, sees a bed in the corner of the tepee. A young girl lies inside it - **ROMEWEA** (14), thin, pretty. She is struggling to breathe properly.

Pauncy closes in on her, smiles.

PAUNCY  
What's wrong with her?

SAM  
She has a tumour. She needs help.

PAUNCY  
It may be too late now. She looks very ill.



SAM  
 We couldn't afford  
 surgery...Please, can you help her?

Pauncy holds Romewea's hand, feels her sweat on his hand.

SITTING BULL  
 You help?

Pauncy shakes Sitting Bull's hand, smiles.

PAUNCY  
 Yes, I will help.

EXT. PAUNCY'S WAGON

Pauncy reaches for a leather bag.

INT. TEPEE

Pauncy reaches inside the bag, pulls out a test tube with blue liquid.

PAUNCY  
 (excited)  
 The young woman is nearing death,  
 I'm afraid, but if you agree, I can  
 give her this.

SAM  
 She's my sister...And what is it?

PAUNCY  
 This is something I've put  
 together. A powerful drug that can  
 cure your sister, make her strong &  
 healthy again.

Pauncy touches Romewea's head.

PAUNCY  
 But it's untested...So it may not  
 work.

Sam speaks to Sitting Bull in their **language**. Sitting Bull  
 nods at Pauncy.

SAM  
 My father said yes, you should give  
 it to her.

Sam holds Romewea while Pauncy takes the cap off the test tube.

PAUNCY

Tell her she must drink it all.

Sam speaks to Romewea in their language, smiles. Pauncy tips the blue liquid into Romewea's mouth. She swallows it all.

PAUNCY (CONT'D)

You need to give it a day. She will either be better or worse...But what's worse than dying?

Sitting Bull pats Pauncy on the back, says something in his language.

SAM

My father thanks you.

PAUNCY

Don't thank me yet.

He then leaves the tepee.

EXT. OUTSIDE CEMETERY - FOLLOWING MORNING

**Families'** carry their departed in wagons, make a slow ride to the cemetery. They WAIL, CRY. Wyatt, Grimes, other townsfolk that include Wil, follow a respectful distance behind.

CUT TO cemetery:

**Men** struggle to lower a heavy coffin into a fresh grave. A tombstone thick and ornate for the meager cemetery reads, PEIRPONT T. HUXTABY, 1829-1885.

CLOSEUP GRIMES:

Grimes smirks while they shovel dirt on the coffin.

Wil catches Grimes' smirk. The **REVEREND** (57) lanky, thin white hair, approaches the tombstone and faces the crowd.

REVEREND

The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away...

TIME LAPSE AN HOUR:

Most of the **watchers** attending the funerals of the killed people from the bank have walked back to town.

Wil approaches Grimes, who kicks dirt onto Huxtaby's grave as a wagon makes its way towards the cemetery.

WIL

Why don't you just dance on him?

GRIMES

I might when everyone's gone...He was a pompous pain in my ass.

WIL

Nice words for someone who's just died.

GRIMES

I have more.

WIL

No, those were enough...Are you plannin' on stickin' around?

GRIMES

Part of my job. Death don't bother me. The livin' are much worse.

WIL

Did you notice those riders yesterday fleeing from here?

Grimes' eyes widen but he regains composure.

GRIMES

Riders?

The wagon draws closer, the horses hooves CLACK, the wagon wheels CREAK.

WIL

Comin' from the cemetery. You didn't see em'?

GRIMES

I guess not.

WIL

Odd...I thought I saw your wagon too.

Grimes shrugs his shoulders.

GRIMES

Nah! Wasn't me.

The wagon stops just before the cemetery gates. Pauncy hops off & opens the back to reveal a variety of boxes, packages. He sees people leaving the cemetery. They stop, eye his wagon, curious as they approach.

Pauncy springs up on to the back, kicks a wooden box, smiles gleefully.

PAUNCY

Step right up folks and pick  
yourself up a little miracle, one  
of Pauncy's miracles!

Wil, Grimes look at each other then eye Pauncy. They approach the wagon.

GRIMES

(sneering)

No good traveling snake oil  
salesman...He needs to pull his  
horns in.

PAUNCY

Please, friend, keep an open mind.

(looking at town)

Looks like you could use some  
exotic supplies.

He turns to Wil then turns quickly back to Grimes.

PAUNCY (CONT'D)

Is there a hotel in your quaint  
little burg?

Grimes LAUGHS.

WIL

We're not too keen on traveling  
salesmen. The town provides for  
itself. We got everythin' we need.

PAUNCY

I see.

WIL

If I were you I might just camp  
outside of town.

PAUNCY

Noted, thanks.

Wil turns, tips his hat to Grimes.

EXT. QUAKER CAMPSITE - LATER

A **family** of **six Quakers**, **ABRAHAM TULKIN** (55), tall, wiry, white hair, beard, his wife, **MARIBEL** (40), short, stout, still attractive, **2 boys** (5 & 8), **2 girls** (10 & 14), sit around a pot over a camp fire. They PRAY.

Abraham pours a spoonful of oats from the pot into bowls.

ABRAHAM

Though our blessings may be meager,  
we will praise the Lord that he has  
bestowed any blessings on us.

FAMILY

Amen!

MARIBEL

The Lord will see fit to carry us  
through dark times, you'll see,  
husband.

ABRAHAM

I ponder if I should not go to town  
to seek out some assistance.

MARIBEL

We will abide by your decision as  
we always have, husband.

Abraham squeezes his wife's arm & nods.

ABRAHAM

A sensible, hopeful woman by my  
side, I am always blessed. You may  
be right, Maribel, we may be  
through the worst times.

CLOSE UP:- of the wagon. A wheel has come off. It's in need of repair.

INT. TEPEE - LATER

Samowea, Sitting Bull stand around Romewea's bedside, holding hands while she sleeps. She suddenly opens her eyes, startles them.

SAM

Sis!

Romewea stares at her, not moving. Sitting Bull turns away, angry, close to tears.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 (to sitting bull)  
 Father! Look!

Sitting Bull turns to see Romewea sitting up in her bed, smiling at him.

SITTING BULL  
 Daughter!

ROMEWEA  
 I feel good, father, very good.

EXT. RESERVATION - MINUTES LATER

Sitting Bull stands next to **TOXAHO** (48), hunched for his age, long, black hair, wrinkles pronounced under full face paint, the tribe's medicine man, dressed more ornately than the chief.

SITTING BULL  
 (in his language)  
 Go to white man with magic liquid.  
 Get me more.

Sam arrives.

SAM  
 (in her language)  
 I will go with him.

EXT. CEMETERY - MINUTES LATER

Sam, Toxaho race towards Pauncy's wagon on horses. Toxaho jumps off, rushes to the wagon. Pauncy climbs down from his seat, smiles at Sam.

TOXAHO  
 (broken English to Pauncy)  
 You medicine?

PAUNCY  
 What does the wagon say, red man? I have all sundry of miracles, for the right price. Do you have white man money?

SAM  
 Money? You never mentioned money before.

PAUNCY  
Do I look like I can give out free  
medicine all the time?

Sam frowns.

PAUNCY (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
How is your sister?

SAM  
Whatever you gave her, it worked.  
She looks a lot better today.

Pauncy grins but scowls when Toxaho climbs onto the back of the wagon to move boxes around.

Toxaho rummages in one box after another, inspects one bottle after another, sniffs, puts them back. A box in the back catches his eye. He moves boxes on top of it to expose it, moves it to the top of a stack.

CLOSE UP ON BOX:

The box is labelled, CAUTION!, with skull, crossbones on either side.

Toxaho takes a bottle of bright green liquid from the box.

PAUNCY  
(shouting)  
Now you be careful with that there  
liquid...It needs to be handled  
with care.

SAM  
What's in it?

PAUNCY  
That's a secret, but it's powerful  
and deadly in the wrong hands.

SAM  
What if it was in the right hands?

Pauncy smiles at her beauty but snaps out of it, climbs onto the wagon, grabs the liquid from Toxaho.

PAUNCY  
Whoa! friend, no coins no deal.

Toxaho rips the bottle from Pauncy's hand.

PAUNCY (CONT'D)  
 Careful! I told you, no coins no  
 deal...

Pauncy eyes Sam sexually.

PAUNCY (CONT'D)  
 But a couple hours with you might  
 persuade me to release a bottle or  
 two.

Sam backs away, grips a knife on her belt.

PAUNCY (CONT'D)  
 No need to feel disgusted. We all  
 need a little lovin' from time to  
 time.

SAM  
 You're not the same man who came to  
 the reservation...Who are you?

PAUNCY  
 (laughing)  
 I'm the same man, just not in the  
 same mood.

SAM  
 I'm worth more than everythin' on  
 your wagon.

Wil rides up alongside Sam, glares at Pauncy.

WIL  
 Everythin' alright here?

Sam hugs him tight. Pauncy smirks.

PAUNCY  
 What we got here. Lovers?...Does  
 the Chief know?

WIL  
 Don't cause trouble because she  
 gave you the mitten.

Pauncy spits, snatches the liquid from Toxaho, kicks him.

PAUNCY  
 (angry)  
 Now get off my wagon. No sale.

Toxaho reaches for his tomahawk.



TOXAHO

Chief wants. Chief gets.

He swings the tomahawk at Pauncy's head. Pauncy drops to his knees, lunges for Toxaho. Sam stares at Wil.

SAM

Are you gonna' do somethin'?

Wil hops onto the wagon, grips Toxaho's arm, stops him from swinging the tomahawk again.

Wil sees the bottle of liquid, thinks he recognizes it. He glares at Pauncy but doesn't recognize him.

Toxaho punches Pauncy, reaches for the box of liquid, but Pauncy rushes him. They fall off the wagon. The bottles fall from the box, smash over graves.

Will shakes his head after seeing the liquid.

SAM

Will! you okay?

WIL

(confused)

The liquid...I think I've seen it before.

SAM

Where?

**THUNDER** roars in the distance, the wind picks up.

WIL

Storm comin'. You need to go.

Sam nods, grabs hold of Toxaho, points to the horses.

SAM

We go...now...

Toxaho grabs a bottle that didn't shatter, leaps on his horse, rides away waving his tomahawk in the air.

Sam frowns at Wil, leaps onto her horse, follows Toxaho.

PAUNCY

Well, looks like the show's over.

He brushes dirt away from his clothing, shakes his head at the damage, picks up the empty box.

Wil hops off the wagon, passes Pauncy.

WIL  
Your welcome.

PAUNCY  
For what?

WIL  
Keepin' you from gettin' scalped...  
If I were you I'd clear out, get  
away from here.

Thunder BOOMS closer.

PAUNCY  
I'm gone as soon the storm is.

WIL  
Suit yourself.

CLOSEUP OF ESCAPED LIQUID:

Rain falls, washes it into cracks in the dirt.

INT. WIL'S HOUSE - LATER

Wil lies in bed, half-drunk, an empty bottle of whiskey next to him. The sound of heavy rain & a strong wind rattle his windows. He is sweating, his head moving fast from side to side.

FLASHBACK:-

INT. WIL'S HOUSE - ANOTHER TOWN

Wil, clean shaven, well dressed, takes a damp rag, blots the forehead of **BARBARA** (33), his thin, blonde-haired wife who lies in **bed** near death's door. Wil looks to the **DOCTOR** who shakes his head.

DOCTOR  
You need to choose now, Wil.

Wil stares at a bottle of green liquid in the doctor's hand.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
She's dying, Wil. This may be the  
only cure left to save her.

WIL  
And you trust the person...That it works?

DOCTOR  
I trust he believes it works...He wouldn't risk travellin' through lawless towns if it didn't.

Wil blots Barbara's brow again with the damp rag, nods towards the doctor.

WIL  
Okay, just do it.

The doctor takes the cap off the bottle, pours some of the liquid into Barbara's mouth.

WIL (CONT'D)  
(frowning)  
Reckon she's in God's hands now.

Both men jump back as Barbara jolts, convulses, but stops within seconds.

WIL (CONT'D)  
(frantic)  
Do somethin'...

The doctor checks her pulse, stares at Wil.

DOCTOR  
She's dead!

WIL  
(sobbing)  
No, no, no!

Wil snatches the bottle from the doctor's hand, throws it against a wall. Green liquid splashes over it. He opens a bedside drawer, grabs a gun.

WIL (CONT'D)  
(angry)  
Tell me where he is. This person who claims to be a travelling doctor.

The doctor stands in Wil's way.

DOCTOR  
Wil, stop...You need to be with your wife now.

Wil pushes him aside, lifts the gun in the air.

WIL  
I need to find him...That's what I  
need to do.

Wil exits his previous home, a quaint house painted white with sky blue trim, curtains in the windows, a garden in front, the obvious touches of a woman.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE

Wil is about to leap onto a horse when the doctor SCREAMS.

INT. HOUSE

Wil rushes back inside to see Barbara sitting up in bed, pale, pupils black.

WIL  
Barbara...

He glares at the doctor who is shivering.

WIL (CONT'D)  
Hey! You said she was dead.

DOCTOR  
She is...

Barbara leaps from the bed, bites through the doctor's jacket, tears flesh from his shoulder.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
(in agony)  
God help me!

He drops, scrambles away from Barbara. She glares at Wil, blood covers her teeth, chin. She GROWLS, stumbles to Wil.

WIL  
(sobbing)  
Barbara, no. No.

He is slow to shoot. Barbara closes in.

WIL (CONT'D)  
Barbara, please...You need to stop.

Barbara snarls, opens her mouth, closes in some more.

WIL (CONT'D)

I love you.

Barbara lunges. Wil shoots her in the head. She drops.

The doctor convulses, rises quickly, GROWLS, stumbles towards Wil, his pupils black. Wil puts him down.

EXT. TOWN - MINUTES LATER

Wil rides to the edge of town, checks the area for the wagon. Sees no sign of it. Fires shots into the air, screams in anger.

WIL

Gitty up!

He kicks his horse's sides, hurries out of town.

END FLASHBACK:

Wil wakes.

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO CEMETERY - MINUTES LATER

Wil runs through heavy rain, strong wind, carrying a rifle. No shoes on his feet. He arrives at the cemetery, sees wagon wheel tracks in the wet mud.

WIL

(shouting)

I will find you.

He hears a horse closing in, raises the rifle, wipes rainwater from his brow.

Wyatt arrives with Nick, Cecil. Each are wearing waterproof clothing that also covers the saddle. Wyatt's is a mustard yellow colour. His deputies' is black.

Wil lowers the rifle, kicks mud in the air.

WYATT

(concerned)

Wil! Why are you out in this?

He points to the sky. Rain is throwing down. The horses slip/slide in the wet mud.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
We need to head off, find those  
scoundrels before they kill again.  
(stares at Wil)  
You gonna' be okay?

Wil stares at the ground. Wyatt turns to his deputies.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
Go on. I'll catch you up.

The deputies nod, ride off.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
(to Wil)  
You gonna' tell me why you're out  
here?

WIL  
I'm lookin' for the salesman.

WYATT  
I saw his wagon pass through town.  
Why you lookin' for him?

WIL  
I think he killed my wife.

Wyatt isn't surprised to hear this. Wil stares at him.

WIL  
You already knew, didn't you.  
(aims rifle at Wyatt)  
I should shoot you right here.

Wyatt holds up his hands, spits out rainwater.

WYATT  
We're not friends. I didn't need to  
tell you shit.

Wil glares at him, lowers the rifle.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
But if you put on a pot of coffee I  
will tell you what I know.

WIL  
Anythin' to get outta' this rain.

INT. WIL'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Wil throws Wyatt a towel then smirks.

WIL

Not that you need it.

Wyatt wipes the towel over his face, throws it back to Wil.

WYATT

You need it more.

Wil sits at a table, pours coffee from a coffee pot into 2 cups, hands 1 to Wyatt. Wyatt stares at a gun holster with 2 pistols hanging on the door.

WYATT

They look priceless.

WIL

They are.  
(sips his coffee)  
Now explain.

WYATT

I will when you come to the jailhouse.

WIL

Why?

WYATT

To pick out the salesman. I have a dozen wanted posters to choose from. All from witnesses' who spotted a so-called mysterious travelling salesman.

WIL

(angry)

Why twelve? And why did you let him come through town?

WYATT

I didn't know he was a suspect. All the posters are of different people.

WIL

How? There's a dozen of em'?

WYATT  
 (frowning)  
 I don't know.

Wyatt glances at the holster again, shakes his head.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
 Wil, we don't see eye-to-eye,  
 that's truth, but right now I need  
 your help.

Wil & Wyatt drink the coffee.

INT. JAILHOUSE - LATER

Wyatt lays wanted posters of 12 men on a table. Wil stares at them.

WYATT  
 Can you see your man?

Wil shrugs, cringes.

WIL  
 Nah...But how?...

WYATT  
 How what?

WIL  
 How can witnesses' describe  
 different people...It's like the  
 guy has many masks.

EXT. RESERVATION - NIGHT

The rain has stopped.

Romewea sits around a large fire with Sitting Bull, Samowea, Toxaho, Indian braves. Roasting over the fire is part of a buffalo on a skewer.

Sitting Bull stands up, taps Romewea on the arm.

SITTING BULL  
 (native language)  
 Our prayers have been answered. My  
 daughter is back, healthy again.

Romewea smiles at him, so does Sam. The braves rise, chant/dance around the fire. Sitting Bull raises his hands, looks up to the sky, chants.



He cuts a piece of meat off the buffalo, hands it to Romewea. She refuses to take it.

SITTING BULL  
Meat...You eat...

ROMEWEA  
I don't eat dead meat anymore.

Sitting Bull, Sam stare at each other, shocked. A **soldier** walks by. Romewea quickly grips his hand, bites 2 fingers off, climbs up his body, bites into his throat.

ROMEWEA (CONT'D)  
This I like.

INT. SALOON

Wyatt, Wil stand at the bar, holding glasses of whiskey. Josephine Earp is attending bar. A card game is being played in a rowdy corner. **Men** squabble. An **African man** is playing a piano nearby.

A **man** drinks beer, wipes his mouth on a small, white towel he got from the bar.

JOSEPHINE  
Not like you husband to be drinkin'  
on duty.

Wyatt leans over the bar, kisses her.

WYATT  
Shush...It's just the one.

WIL  
And the one you had at mine.

WYATT  
That was coffee.

WIL  
(winks)  
With a touch of whiskey.

Josephine laughs.

JOSEPHINE  
Just don't drink too many. You  
still have to find those men.

WYATT  
I haven't forgotten.

Wyatt turns to the man playing the piano. He stops playing.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
Play it again, Sam.

PIANO MAN  
But my name's Bass.

WYATT  
Oops!

Abraham enters the saloon dressed in his Sunday best. The men playing cards stop, glare at him.

CARD PLAYER (RUSTY)  
Well look at this proper fellow,  
dressed better than us...If he  
ain't a lamb in a bear cave in this  
place.

WYATT  
Behave, Rusty.

Abraham nods to Wyatt, approaches the bar.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
Good evening, my fine gentleman.  
I'm the sheriff of this quaint  
little town...Welcome.

ABRAHAM  
So kind.

WYATT  
I take it you're not here to quench  
your first.

CARD PLAYER (RUSTY)  
Unless he's here for buttermilk.

The other card players SNICKER.

WYATT  
Pay no mind to those heathens. God  
forgot them a long time ago.

ABRAHAM  
God forgets no one, especially the  
lowliest of sinners.

CARD PLAYER (RUSTY)  
Did you just call us sinners?

Wil shrugs, touches his pistol on his holster. Wyatt shakes his head at him.

WYATT  
I've got this.  
(to Rusty)  
If you're about to cause trouble, I suggest you reconsider. Unless you want to give Grimes some new business.

Rusty smirks, returns to the card game.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
(to Abraham)  
Can I assist you with anythin'?

ABRAHAM  
Yes, but first I need to apologize for the lateness of my visit.

WYATT  
No need for apologies...Go on.

ABRAHAM  
I'm lookin' for assistance. My wagon needs fixing. A wheel broke.

WYATT  
Anythin' else you need?

ABRAHAM  
Alas, my flock has fallen short of most everything.

WYATT  
Well, just speak with my wife behind the bar. She will help you.

Josephine waves at Abraham. He smiles at her.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
If you need kerosene, blankets, food, water, she's the person to see. But, the wheel she can't fix.  
(smiles at Josephine)  
Or can you?

JOSEPHINE  
How hard can it be?

Wil, Wyatt, Abraham laugh.

WYATT  
(to Abraham)  
There you go...She can sort that  
out for you as well.

JOSEPHINE  
But who's goin' to tend bar if I'm  
busy fixin' and fetchin'?

Wyatt glares at the men playing cards.

WYATT  
No one...It's late anyways. I will  
just kick those men out.

Wil reaches out to shake Abraham's hand.

WIL  
I will help. Need to keep my mind  
active.

ABRAHAM  
Thank you, kind sir.

WIL  
We can take a new wheel back to  
your wagon.

EXT. RESERVATION - CONTINUOUS

Sam pulls on Sitting Bulls arm, drags him away from the  
incoming dead soldier. Toxaho smashes a tomahawk into the  
soldier's head.

Women, children SCREAM, run.

Sam eyes Romewea pouncing on another soldier. Puts him down  
as a rain of gunfire blasts at her. She is fast, avoids  
being hit.

SAM  
What's happened to her?

She tugs Sitting Bulls arm again.

SAM (CONT'D)  
We need to go.

SITTING BULL  
(angry)  
No! I fight till death.

Toxaho lashes at a newborn zombie but is set upon quickly by a few more. Sitting Bull, Sam stare, shocked.

SAM  
(scared)  
Father! We need to go...NOW!

Sitting Bull grabs a spear, throws it. It sticks in a zombie's chest but it doesn't fall.

Sam, Sitting Bull run towards horses. Get on 2, ride off quickly as Toxaho glares at them. Eyes black, evil.

EXT. QUAKER CAMPSITE - LATER

Maribel, children sit around a campfire. 14 year old daughter is playing a guitar. The other children are singing. Maribel smiles, listens.

MARIBEL  
The Lord has given me gifted children. I am so blessed.

5 year old son stops singing.

SON (5)  
Will father be back soon?

MARIBEL  
Yes...The lord will provide him with supplies and he will return.

She hears a MOAN in the darkness. Hugs her son (5). Tries to ignore the sound.

MARIBEL (CONT'D)  
Come on, children, another song before bed.

But the children get scared when more MOANS appear from the darkness. Maribel rises, grabs a piece of burning wood from the fire.

MARIBEL (CONT'D)  
 I want you to slowly return to the wagon. We may have coyotes.

The children rise, slowly walk towards the wagon. Maribel raises the piece of wood, sees two zombie Indians stumble into the light.

MARIBEL (CONT'D)  
 (frantic)  
 Run! go NOW!

She hits one with the wood, sends it into the fire, pushes the other one, turns to see more zombiefied Indians racing towards her, swinging tomahawks.

The children reach the wagon but Zombie Toxaho appears. He GROWLS, blood oozes from the corners of his lips.

DAUGHTER (14)  
 (to the other children)  
 Get inside.

They climb inside. Maribel SCREAMS. Daughter (14) turns, sees zombies circle Maribel like wild animals.

Toxaho nears the wagon. Climbs inside. The children jump out of the back. Maribel races over to the wagon, sets fire to it.

MARIBEL  
 (shouting)  
 Children!

She sees them appear from the other side of the wagon. The flames rise.

MARIBEL (CONT'D)  
 GET DOWN!

The wagon explodes. Toxaho falls off the side. On fire. But he gets up, chases after Maribel.

EXT. TRAIL LEADING TO QUAKER WAGON

Wil, Abraham sit on a wagon carrying supplies, wheel. Abraham is carrying a lit kerosene lamp.

WIL  
 Whoosh! It's so damn quiet out here.

ABRAHAM

Yep! Just how my family like it.

The wagon edges closer to the campsite.

WIL

How long have you been out here?

ABRAHAM

Not long...We're just passin'  
through. Will be gone once the  
wagon is fixed.

The wagon edges even closer to the campsite. Abraham shines the lamp, sees his wagon on fire.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

(frantic)

Quickly! My family.

Wil slaps the reins. The horses quicken up.

EXT. QUAKER CAMPSITE

The horses stop. Wil jumps down from the wagon. Abraham is frozen, shocked.

Bodies lay strewn on the ground. Wil reaches for his rifle, slowly walks over to a partly eaten corpse. The body of the daughter (14). She is scalped.

Wil pukes, turns to Abraham, but he still won't move.

Wil steps back, stares towards the burning wagon. Sees the bodies of 2 children. Boy (8), girl (10). Both scalped.

He hears something move, lifts his rifle into the air, aims towards the sound.

BOY (5)

Father! Help me.

The boy slowly comes out of hiding. Wil sees him clearly in the light made by the fire.

BOY (5) - (CONT'D)

Father...

Wil races over to him, picks him up, takes him to Abraham. Abraham wipes a tear from his eye, cradles his son.

ABRAHAM

Where is your mother?

His son points towards the burning wagon.

SON (5)

Bad man threw her into the fire.

Wil stares at the wagon, closes his eyes. Abraham keeps his son close.

WIL

We need to stay here until it's daylight...If we leave now, we will be picked off in the darkness.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS

Pauncy's wagon sits tucked inside a wooded area. He sits inside cleaning up the mess made by Toxaho.

He stops, alert after a noise is heard outside his wagon. The canvas covering the back opens, spooks him. He falls to his knees, cowers.

CLOSE UP:-

Of Romewea smiling at him. Blood on her face, clothing, hands.

Pauncy grins, shakes his head, reveals many faces. He rises, holds out a hand.

PAUNCY

It worked. You are reborn. Reborn as one of the Devil's soldiers.

Romewea jumps into the wagon. She snarls when the sound of horses close in. Pauncy turns into a **wolf**, jumps out of the wagon.

POV: of Wyatt, 2 deputies (Cecil, Nick)

They see the wolf run into the woods.

NICK

What is that?

WYATT

It's a goddamn wolf.



They jump off their horses, hold pistols, close in on the wagon. They hear someone crying inside. Wyatt pulls back the canvas, reveals a distraught Romewea sitting on the floor.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Hey, are you okay?

Romewea looks up at him, smiling innocently.

WYATT (CONT'D)

How did you get here? Did someone take you from the reservation?

Romewea nods.

cut to:-

Wyatt is standing next to his deputies with Romewea.

CECIL

Are you taking her back to the res?

WYATT

Nah...I'm taking her back with us, get her cleaned up...I will take her back in the morning.

CECIL

So why was a wolf inside the wagon?

NICK

And why didn't it attack her?

Wyatt shrugs, grips hold of Romewea.

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - LATER

Wyatt takes Romewea inside. She is quiet, observing everything. Josephine looks up from a chair. She is sewing. The house is neat, tidy, with flowers on a table.

JOSEPHINE

Who do we have here?

WYATT

She's from the reservation.

JOSEPHINE

What happened to her?

WYATT

No idea. She isn't speaking.

Josephine smiles at Romewea. Romewea smiles back from beneath the bloodstains on her face.

JOSEPHINE

Let me clean you up. Then I will feed you.

Wyatt hugs Josephine.

WYATT

Hopefully, you will get her talkin'. I need to look for the salesman.

EXT. TOWN STREET - MINUTES LATER

Wyatt, Cecil, Nick stand in the middle of the street.

WYATT

You know what to do. I need that salesman found.

All three men split up.

INT. DEAD GULCH SALOON

Wyatt enters the saloon, looks panicked. Scans the room, sees the card players, realizes eyes are turned on him.

Bass is still playing the piano. Wyatt nervously smiles at him, approaches the bar.

BARTENDER

Whiskey, Wyatt?

WYATT

Nah, not now...

Wyatt looks up at the balcony, sees **prostitutes** with **clients** laughing, talking. Some enter rooms.

RUSTY

(shouting)

Go on! Grab yourself some fun. I won't tell your wife.

The other card players smirk. Wyatt stares at him.

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Josephine baths Romewea. She's still not talking.

JOSEPHINE

It's okay, you don't need to speak  
to me...

Josephine picks up a wet cloth from the water, wipes it over Romewea's face. Romewea just lets her. Smiles.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

There, there...That's better. I can  
see your pretty face now.

Cut to:-

Romewea standing with a red dress on. She snarls.

Josephine looks at her, shrugs.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

Sorry, but you can't put back on  
your clothes. They need a good  
scrub.

Romewea looks down at her feet, glad to be wearing her moccasins.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

You look very pretty...Now let's  
eat.

cut to:-

Josephine offering Romewea a plate of food.

Romewea sniffs it. Josephine laughs. Romewea quickly lifts the plate to her mouth, eats the food from it like a wild animal. Josephine stands back, shocked.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

(holds cutlery)

Wow! I take it you won't be needin'  
these?

Romewea grunts, chokes, collapses to the floor, pukes up the food.

ROMEWEA

Me no like...

Josephine smiles at her, helps her off the floor.

JOSEPHINE

I don't blame you for spittin' it  
out. It's one of Wyatt's recipies.

Josephine leads Romewea to a bedroom.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

Try to rest.

INT. SALOON

Cecil, Nick come through the saloon doors, walk over to  
Wyatt. They shrug at him.

WYATT

(concerned)

No luck?

CECIL

Nope.

NICK

Do you think someone's taken him  
down?

WYATT

Killed him?

NICK

Yep...He's not at his wagon.

Wyatt scratches his chin.

WYATT

Either way, we need to find him.

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Romewea opens the bedroom window, squirming in pain. She  
looks at the door, hears nothing, jumps out of the window.

EXT. STREET - SECONDS LATER

Romewea races from building to building, sniffing, growling.

Cut to:-

She reaches the side of the saloon, digs sharp nails into  
the wooden structure, climbs the building, aims for an open  
window.

INT. SALOON

A SCREAM echoes inside, alerting Wyatt, deputies to reach for their guns. They look up at the balcony, see a large, half-naked **man** leaving a room, holding his throat. Blood oozes beneath his fingers, drips onto the bar.

MAN  
(gurgling)  
Indian gi---rl...

He topples over the balcony, crashes onto the bar. Dead.

The saloon is hectic. People race around on the balcony. Wyatt, deputies race up the stairs, move people out of the way, enter the room the man came out of, see a wall sprayed with blood.

WYATT  
(shouting)  
Find witnesses. Someone saw this.  
Must have.

More screams echo from downstairs. Wyatt looks over the balcony, sees the recently dead man rise, snarls at everyone.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
(to people downstairs)  
Hey! He was dead. You all saw it.

The man pounces, tries to grab someone. Wyatt aims his gun at him.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
Hey, mister, I don't know what  
you've taken but you need to calm  
down.

The man glares at him, snarls, reaches for a bottle, cracks it on the bar.

Cecil, Nick arrive, aim guns at the man.

NICK  
(to Wyatt)  
What's he on?

WYATT  
No idea.

The man lunges at a **drunken man** with the broken bottle but Wyatt shoots him in the chest, puts him down. Seconds later, the man rises, snarls.

CECIL

What the-

The man lunges again but Wyatt, Nick, Cecil shoots him. He stays upright as blood spills from his body. He lunges again. Wyatt shoots him in the head. He collapses.

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

Josephine knocks on the bedroom door, opens it to see Romewea asleep. The window is still open. Josephine sighs, shuts the window, leaves the room.

EXT. CEMETERY - EARLY MORNING

Hoot emerges from the woods at the edge of the cemetery, eyes up the grave with the money inside. He hears a faint **moaning**. Spooks him.

He sees the earth on the grave move. A hand rises from it, scares him. He shoots the hand. The fingers explode. He stumbles back, sees Huxtaby's body rise from the grave.

Hoot turns to run but another dead person from the bank (Larry) grabs him. Hoot empties the rest of the bullets from his gun into dead Larry's chest, pushes the corpse off, runs again.

The corpse of Bertha snarls at him. He hacks at her face with his machete.

The corpse of Penny closes in, open mouthed. Hoot stops, stares at her, still hypnotised by her beauty, even though she's dead.

HOOT

(licking his lips)

You here to finish what we started?

Penny lunges, snaps his neck, bites his face.

A **skeleton zombie** walks over to Hoot's body, bends down, picks up his machete.

Scratch races out of the forest, firing at the zombies rising from the graves. Finnegan aims for the grave with the money in, jumps inside, kicks at the coffin.

SCRATCH

(shouting)

Leave it! We need to get outta' here.

FINNEGAN  
 (frantic)  
 No way! I'm not leavin' without my  
 share.

He looks up at the skeleton walking towards him.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)  
 Holy Mary and Jos-

The skeleton tosses the machete at him. It sticks in his  
 head. He drops.

Scratch runs back to his horse, rides off. The skeleton  
 picks up Finnegan's guns.

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO TOWN - CONTINUOUS

Wil, Abraham, boy (5), sit on a fast moving wagon, empty of  
 supplies/wheel.

Cut to:-

They arrive in town. Wil jumps off, helps Abraham down  
 cradling his son. Cecil, Nick close in.

NICK  
 What's with the rush?

WIL  
 Indians.

NICK  
 Indians?

WIL  
 They killed his family.

Nick, Cecil stare at Abraham, boy. Townsfolk overhear, close  
 in. Rusty grips his gun.

RUSTY  
 (angry)  
 Always lookin' for a reason to wipe  
 em' out.

The crowd get impatient, surrounding the deputies.

CECIL  
 You, wipe them out?...You're still  
 drunk.

RUSTY  
(spits on the ground)  
So?...  
(turns to crowd)  
Who's with me? Time to show those  
injuns' who's boss around here.

Abraham takes his son to one side, sits him down.

ABRAHAM  
Be strong, son.

His son slumps, rests his head against Abraham's leg.

Wil pushes through the crowd, faces Rusty.

WIL  
Go home. You're a liability. You  
will end up gettin' others killed.

He turns to the deputies.

WIL (CONT'D)  
One of you fetch Wyatt. He's needed  
here before it all goes to shit.

Nick races off, jumps on his horse, rides off.

Grimes closes in on Abraham, smiles.

GRIMES  
I'm always open for business...How  
many coffins do you need?

Abraham glares at him, punches him in the face. Turns to his son.

ABRAHAM  
God told me to do it.

His son smiles.

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Wyatt sits at a table eating breakfast. Looks drained of energy. Josephine touches his shoulder, smiles.

JOSEPHINE  
Any luck finding out what happened?



WYATT  
(sighs)  
Nah...No one saw nuffin'.

He shivers.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
Or know why the man went crazy.

He looks at the bedroom door.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
And the Indian girl? How was she?

Josephine sits at the table.

JOSEPHINE  
She spoke.

WYATT  
(happy)  
She did? Wow...

JOSEPHINE  
After she threw up your famous beef  
stew.  
(laughs)  
She's slept most of the night.

They jump when the door is knocked on. Josephine rises,  
opens it, sees Nick, nervous.

NICK  
Hi, Josephine, is Wyatt in?

Wyatt appears in the doorway.

WYATT  
(concerned)  
What's happened?

NICK  
You need to come now. The locals  
are riled up.

WYATT  
Why? Because of last night?

NICK  
No...Because Wil is back...He's  
sayin' Indians killed the Quaker  
family.

WYATT  
What?...Why?...

NICK  
No idea, but the locals want  
blood...Rusty is gatherin' em' to  
go after the Indians.

WYATT  
(grabs his holster)  
Rusty is nuffin' but a drunk and a  
bully.

NICK  
I know...He will get them killed.

Wyatt kisses Josephine on the cheek as Romewea appears from  
the bedroom. Nick smiles at her. They then race towards  
horses.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

Wil, Cecil hold out hands, try to calm the angry crowd.  
Rusty checks his pistol, sees it's fully loaded.

RUSTY  
Just move aside. No Injun gets away  
with murder...I'll hunt em' down.

They turn to see Wyatt, Nick arrive.

RUSTY (CONT'D)  
(sniggering)  
Here he is, the great Wyatt  
Earp...The O.K. Corral hero.

WYATT  
Just go home, Rusty, before I  
arrest you.

RUSTY  
I'm goin' nowhere while those  
injuns are at large...I'm takin' a  
posse with me to protect this town.

WYATT  
I've not authorised a posse. And if  
I did, it wouldn't consist of you.

Wyatt pulls his rifle from his saddle.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Now get outta' my sight before I  
send you to your grave.

Sitting Bull, Sam, a few braves arrive in town, but bullets  
fire from the crowd, kills the braves. Sam, Sitting Bull  
dive off their horses, hide behind a building.

RUSTY  
(laughing)  
you're not gonna' kill again.  
(fires at the building)  
Come out so I can shoot you.

Wyatt shoots Rusty in the arm. He drops to the ground,  
yelling.

WYATT  
There'll be no trouble in this town  
while I'm still sheriff.

Rusty cringes, screams, rolls over, gets to his feet, glares  
at Wyatt, runs away.

Wyatt aims his rifle at the other shooters. Wil, deputies do  
the same.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
The choice is yours.

The shooters lower their guns. Sam, Sitting Bull appear from  
behind the building.

SAM  
(nervous)  
Why did you kill our braves?

WYATT  
Because they murdered a family of  
Quakers.

SAM  
No, they didn't...We are not  
savages.

Wil walks towards her, holding out his hands.

WIL  
Sam, it's true...I was there, saw  
the family...Dead...Scalped.

SAM  
When was this?

WIL  
Last night.

SAM  
Last night my people were being  
slaughtered.

Wyatt, deputies close in.

WYATT  
Who did it?

SAM  
Not who...They weren't human...We  
need to protect ourselves.

Wil hugs her. Sitting Bull stares.

SAM  
(to sitting bull)  
Later, father. I will explain.

Sitting Bull stares at Wil again. Grunts.

WYATT  
I found one of your people last  
night.

SAM  
Who?

WYATT  
A young girl.

Sam looks shocked, scared. Grips onto Wil tight.

SAM  
(teary eyed)  
She's my sister...Or was.

WIL  
Was?

Sam turns to Sitting Bull, holds his hand. A tear drops down  
her face.

SAM  
(to Wil)  
She's changed, evil...She attacked  
a soldier.

WYATT

The little Indian girl attacked a soldier?

SAM

(shouting)

YES! She bit him and he turned into a monster...The whole reservation was attacked.

WYATT

But she looks so innocent...She's with my wife.

SAM

(frantic)

Get your wife away from her...NOW!

The townsfolk listen in, surprised. Grimes sneaks away. Abraham hugs his son.

WIL

(to Wyatt)

Go! I will help here.

Wyatt races towards his horse. Rides back out of town.

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Josephine hears a noise coming from the bedroom Romewea is inside. She opens the door, SHRIEKS at seeing a wolf growling at her. Romewea stares at her.

JOSEPHINE

(nervous)

Child, what is happenin'?

The wolf moves towards her, slobbering. The door swiftly opens. Wyatt shoots at the wolf, misses. Josephine runs towards him, hugs him. The wolf, Romewea jump out of the bedroom window.

Wyatt races towards the window, shoots again, misses.

WYATT

Did it attack you?

JOSEPHINE

(screaming)

What is happenin'?

WYATT

I don't know, but I think I know how the man died last night. The first time.

JOSEPHINE

How?

WYATT

The girl killed him.

Josephine wipes tears from her eyes.

JOSEPHINE

She couldn't have. She was here.

WYATT

Or was she?...Did you check on her all night?

JOSEPHINE

No - but -

Josephine stares at the bedroom window.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

I came in to find her sleepin' but this was open.

Wyatt shakes his head.

INT. JAILHOUSE - LATER

Wyatt, Cecil, Nick sit inside the jailhouse. Wyatt grabs the 12 wanted posters of the different identities of the salesman, shows them to his deputies.

WYATT

I don't know what's goin' on outside of this town but we need to get serious.

CECIL

How do we find a man who seems to change his appearance?

WYATT

I don't know...Maybe check out his wagon?

NICK

You got anymore info on him?

Wyatt opens a drawer on his desk, rummages through posters, throws them onto the floor. Gets angry. Tips the rest of the contents of the drawer onto the floor.

WYATT

(shouting)

Why don't you take a look? I've got a town full of scared people. I don't have time for this.

CECIL

It's okay. We got it covered.

Cecil looks through the posters on the floor, picks one up.

CECIL (CONT'D)

Not seen a wanted poster before with just a set of guns on.

Wyatt snatches the poster from his hand, stares at it. Sees the words - WANTED - Frank James - \$5000 -

CECIL (CONT'D)

(concerned)

You okay?

WYATT

I've seen those guns. At Wil's house.

Wyatt frantically looks through the wanted posters on the floor, newspaper cuttings. Sees one about a train robbery many years ago. The **James Boys** were behind it.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Find me a wanted poster of Frank James...There must be one here somewhere.

Nick, Cecil get on their knees, go through the posters. Wil arrives. Stands in the doorway.

WIL

I've spoken to the townsfolk. Got em' to back off from chargin' the reservation.

He stares at the deputies, stares at Wyatt.

WIL (CONT'D)

Told em' to wait on your orders.  
What Sam said freaked em' out...We  
need to protect this town from an  
attack.

Wyatt draws his pistol, points it at Wil.

WYATT

I will protect this town, Frank  
James.

Wil looks shocked. Nick finds a poster with Frank James on.  
He has similar features to Wil.

WIL

I can explain.

WYATT

No need...Now put up your hands or  
I will shoot you.

Cecil, Nick rise off the floor, draw pistols, aim them at  
Wil.

WIL

But that's not me anymore...Come on  
Wyatt. You know me.

WYATT

I thought I did but it turns out I  
don't...Now get in the cell.

WIL

But you need my help. This town's  
in danger.

WYATT

(shouting)

Just get in, or help me God I will  
take you down.

Wil raises his hands, Cecil grabs his pistols, Wyatt pushes  
Wil into a cell.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Your big mistake was leavin' those  
guns on the door...

(locks the cell)

I knew there was somethin' odd  
about you.



EXT. ROAD LEADING TO TOWN - CONTINUOUS

The zombie indians lead by a burned to a crisp, Toxaho, race towards town. MOAN, GROAN.

The cemetery zombies that include the skeleton with pistols, Huxtaby with a missing hand, Penny, Larry with bullet holes in his chest, aim towards town, snarling.

The wolf version of Pauncy, follows alongside.

INT. JAILHOUSE

Wyatt loads his pistols, rifle. Cecil, Nick do the same.

WYATT

We're goin' to need help.

He stares at Wil, rushes away from the jailhouse. The deputies follow.

EXT. STREET

Wyatt waves Sam, Sitting Bull towards him, turns to his deputies.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Cecil, you come with me...Nick,  
grab a fresh horse.

Nick nods, runs around the side of the jailhouse.

Wyatt, Cecil reach the other 2.

WYATT

We need your help.

Sam nods, turns to Sitting Bull.

SAM

We need to fight, father.

Sitting Bull grips a tomahawk.

SITTING BULL

Avenge death of our tribe.

He turns to run at the townsfolk. Sam pulls him back.

SAM  
No, father. Not them. The monsters  
from the reservation.

Sitting Bull smiles, nods.

INT. STABLE

Nick freezes when he hears a SMACKING sound. He grips his pistol, walks towards the horse, sees it lying down, shaking.

He closes in, sees Romewea kneeling, chewing on the horse's neck.

NICK  
(shouting)  
Sheriff!

Romewea stops, glares at him, runs to him quicker than he can fire, jumps, wraps her legs around his neck, knocks him to the ground, tightens her legs.

Nick struggles to breath. Romewea laughs until he stops breathing.

The horse neighs, rises up, eyes black, evil. Its neck soaked in blood. Romewea smiles, jumps on it, rides out of the stable.

EXT. STREET

Grimes is walking back to his store when the horse appears with Romewea on, moving fast. He shrieks, stunned as Romewea swipes a hand at him, rips his head from his neck. He falls.

Wyatt, Sitting Bull, Sam, Cecil turn to see Romewea growling, the horse neighing aggressively, moving at speed. It runs past them before they can react, aims for the crowd, scares them.

WYATT  
(shouting)  
Get off the street!

CECIL  
(gobsmacked)  
Do you see what I'm seein'?

Wyatt, Cecil shoot at the horse but stop quickly when it reaches the crowd.

WYATT  
 (angry)  
 Damn!

The horse lifts its front legs, whacks 2 **people**, puts them down. Romewea snarls, rides off. The crowd fire.

Wyatt walks over to Grimes' body, sees his head move, eyes open, teeth showing. Wyatt spits, caves Grimes' head in with the butt of his rifle.

WYATT  
 Now you have another coffin to  
 make...Your own.

Wyatt returns to the others. Sitting Bull chants.

WYATT  
 (to Sam)  
 What's he doin'?

SAM  
 Praying...For his daughter's soul.

A woman SCREAMS, points towards the stable. Wyatt turns swiftly, sees zombie Nick walking towards him, growling. He picks up pace. A bullet rips through his head. Puts him down.

Wyatt turns, sees Sam holding a smoking pistol. He smiles at her. She lowers the pistol.

The crowd close in, worried.

WYATT  
 (to crowd)  
 Those of you able to fire a gun  
 stay. The rest of you go home. Lock  
 yourselves inside.

FRANTIC WOMAN  
 What is goin' on? Is it a virus?

WYATT  
 Whatever it is, it's affectin' us  
 all...Go home. Stay safe.

Wyatt eyes the crowd.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
 We need to protect this town from  
 what is comin' our way...So be  
 prepared.

Abraham slowly walks over with his son.

ABRAHAM  
I will help but I need my son safe.

Wyatt turns to the frantic woman.

WYATT  
Take him to my house. Tell  
Josephine to watch him.

The woman nods, reaches out for the boy to go to her. He does.

The sound of Wil shouting - Let me out! - is heard. Wyatt shakes his head, ignores him.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Wyatt, Abraham wait on the roof of the saloon. Cecil, Sam, Sitting Bull wait over the road, on the roof of the bank.

Zombies from the cemetery shuffle into town, GROAN.

Abraham prays. Wyatt holds up a hand.

WYATT  
(shouting)  
Are you all ready?

CECIL  
(shouting)  
Yep!

Wyatt lowers his hand.

WYATT  
Fire!

Wyatt, Abraham, Cecil, Sam, Sitting Bull, townsfolk shoot at the zombies. Put down around 6. They keep firing. The zombies don't react. They just keep moving until being put down.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Stop!...

Everyone stops shooting.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
Why does this not feel right?

CECIL  
What do you mean?

WYATT  
It's too easy...They're not  
attackin'.

HENRIETTA (53) stalky, in a serving apron, exits the  
saloon.

ABRAHAM  
Miss, get back inside.

She runs towards a fallen zombie, recognises it as being her  
late husband.

HENRIETTA  
Tom?

The zombie gets up fast. Jumps on her. The other fallen  
zombies not shot in the head pick up speed, run towards the  
saloon. Huxtaby, Penny, Larry included.

INT. SALOON

Zombies attack the patrons.

EXT. STREET/ROOFTOPS

The street fills with frightened survivors. Sam, Sitting  
Bull, Cecil shoot at zombies racing out of the saloon to  
attack the people. Larry's head explodes from a gunshot.

CECIL  
Wyatt! We're running low on  
bullets.

Wyatt turns, hears zombies racing towards the roof, shoots,  
kills 2. Abraham pulls out a large hunting knife, sticks it  
in a zombies head.

WYATT  
Damn! Didn't see that comin'...You  
with a knife like that.

ABRAHAM  
It has its uses.

Wyatt pats him on the shoulder, smiles, but a HOWL freaks him out. He looks over the edge of the roof, sees the wolf rip into 2 people.

WYATT  
 (frantic)  
 Can someone please take that thing  
 down.

Everyone shoots at the wolf but it runs away.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt, Abraham race to the bottom floor of the saloon, shoot zombies still inside.

WYATT  
 (to survivors)  
 Get this place barricaded.

SURVIVOR  
 Why? We're winnin'...

WYATT  
 Do you see any from the Indian  
 Reservation?

SURVIVOR  
 No...

WYATT  
 Exactly...This is just the first  
 attack. More will come.

Huxtaby charges after a woman. Wyatt puts him down. The survivors fight off the remaining zombies. Throw chairs at them.

Penny closes in on Abraham.

PENNY  
 Food...

She lunges, knocks Abraham to the ground, snaps teeth but Abraham pushes the knife into her mouth. Penny snaps, snarls, scares Abraham.

Wyatt closes in.

WYATT  
 Do you need my help?

Abraham breathes deep, pushes the knife until it comes out of the back of Penny's head. Pushes her body off him. Pulls out the knife.

ABRAHAM  
(grinning)  
Nope.

Abraham stares at the corpse.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Did you hear it speak?

Wyatt frowns.

INT/EXT. JAILHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt, Cecil, Sam, Sitting Bull, Abraham stock up on bullets. Wil walks up and down the cell, shivering from lack of alcohol.

WIL  
You gotta' let me out. I can't take it in here.

WYATT  
You shoulda' thought of that before you became an outlaw.

Sam stares at Wil.

SAM  
Outlaw?

WIL  
Why do you think I drink so much?

SAM  
Because you like it.

WIL  
No! Because it keeps those demons away...The demons from my past life.

Wyatt looks outside to see people running up and down the street. Stores are boarded up.

WIL (CONT'D)  
(still shivering)  
Come on, Wyatt. You need me.

Wyatt kicks a chair, reaches for the cell keys.

WYATT

If you try to run I will hunt you  
down.

He opens the cell, lets Wil out. Wil goes to hug Sam but she  
backs off.

WIL

(to Wyatt)

Thanks.

He then races over to Wyatt's desk, opens a drawer, pulls  
out a half bottle of whiskey, unscrews it, drinks it for a  
few seconds.

WIL (CONT'D)

That's better...Now I'm good to go.

WYATT

How did you know it was in there?

WIL

(grinning)

Just a guess.

cut to:-

EXT. STREET.

Wil walks away from the jailhouse. Wyatt follows him.

WIL (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I won't let you  
down...I just need to go home, grab  
my lucky guns.

Wil holds out a hand towards Sam.

WIL (CONT'D)

Will you come?...Please.

Sam looks at Sitting Bull. He nods. Wil, Sam run to the  
horses left by Sitting Bull, Sam.

Wyatt turns to the others.

WYATT

(concerned)

Keep your eyes peeled. Those freaks  
are out there somewhere.



EXT. ROAD LEADING TO WIL'S FARM

Wil, Sam ride towards the farm but Sam suddenly stops, sniffs.

WIL

What?

SAM

Toxaho...I know his smell.

They ride off track, stop in a cluster of bushes. Get off, lie the horses on the ground, hide behind them.

WIL

Where is-

SAM

Shush.

Chanting noises close in, followed by a burned to a crisp Toxaho, Indian Braves, Soldiers. Sam, Wil watch the horde, see it go past. Toxaho stops, stares in their direction, growls, turns back, follows the others.

Sam, Wil wait until the horde makes some distance. They get the horses back to their feet, get on, ride towards the farm, but a **zombie brave** appears fast, leaps onto Wil, pulls him off the horse.

Sam panics, reaches for a gun, aims but Wil is in the way.

SAM

Move! I can't get it.

A lasso suddenly wraps around the zombie's neck, pulling it away from Wil. Sam turns, sees Scratch holding the end of the lasso, trying to pull the zombie further away.

SCRATCH

This creature is strong.

He pulls, pulls, but the zombie starts pulling him forward.

SCRATCH (CONT'D)

If I can reach my shooting iron-

He jumps back when the slack on the lasso loosens, looks to see Wil slamming the zombie in the face with his gun. The zombie snarls, tries to move forward. Scratch shoots it in the head.

WIL  
 (angry)  
 You coulda' hit me.

SCRATCH  
 But I didn't...

He unravels the lasso from the zombie's neck, rolls it up.

SCRATCH (CONT'D)  
 There's more at the cemetery.

SAM  
 Was...They've attacked the town.

WIL  
 Most have been wiped out but we  
 need to warn the townsfolk of the  
 latest bunch.

SCRATCH  
 It's your funeral...I'm outta'  
 here.

He walks away but Wil stops him.

WIL  
 Who are you?

SCRATCH  
 No one you need to worry  
 about...Now, can I go?

Wil glares at him, backs off, sees Scratch walk off.

cut to:-

INT. WIL'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Wil places on his famous gunbelt, slots in the pistols. Sam loads up another belt with bullets, places it over Wil. She then grabs a shotgun, box of shells.

WIL  
 Are you ready for this?

SAM  
 I'm ready.

WIL  
 If we move fast we should beat them  
 to town.

EXT. OUTSIDE TOWN - MINUTES LATER

The horde close in. Wil, Sam, ride past them. Toxaho picks up speed, almost reaches Sam's horse.

WIL (CONT'D)

Hurry!

Wil, Sam pick up speed, make some distance.

EXT/INT. TOWN - SECONDS LATER

Wyatt, Abraham, Sitting Bull, Cecil stand outside the saloon. See Sam. Wil enter town.

WIL (CONT'D)

(shouting)

They're comin'

Inside, the saloon's doorway is stacked with tables, chairs. Residents stand, scared. Some hold guns, some hold anything they can use as a weapon. They listen closely for any sounds from outside.

cut to:-

Sam, Wil ride past the others, get off their horses.

WYATT

(to Cecil)

Go around the back, make sure the entrance is locked.

CECIL

Will do.

Cecil runs to the side of the saloon but the wolf pounces. Kills him. The wolf changes into Cecil. Walks back to the others.

WYATT

That was quick...Is it locked down?

CECIL/WOLF/PAUNCY

Yes. Locked down.

WYATT

Good, now help secure the street...This ends when we end it.

cut to:-

Toxaho chants, holds a tomahawk in each hand, races into town, avoids bullets, hacks a cowboy in the chest, reaches in, pulls out his heart, bites into it.

Other native Indian zombies, including the zombie with the spear still inside it, plus a few soldiers are close behind.

Toxaho sees Sam, HISSES loud. Sam takes a step back, scared. Wil grabs her hand, smiles.

WIL

You got this. Don't be scared.

He pulls his pistols from his gunbelt, fires them. Bullets rip into the zombie with the spear inside it. It falls into a horse trough. Bullets fly from everyone on the street. Most end up inside a zombie. Some fall, some keep moving.

Rusty appears, drunk, still cringing from being shot in the arm. He fires at Wyatt. The bullet grazes him.

RUSTY

You gotta' pay for shootin' me.

Sam sees Toxaho eyeing her closely. She runs to Rusty before he shoots again. Hides behind him.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

(to Sam)

Hey! Get off me, you Injun.

Toxaho runs towards her, scares Rusty.

TOXAHO

(creepy voice)

You die...

SAM

(to Rusty)

Sorry...

RUSTY

For-?

Sam sticks a knife into his back, pushes him into Toxaho. Rusty screams. Wil jumps on Rusty, Toxaho. They fall to the ground. Toxaho rises, raises the tomahawks. Wil rises, reaches for his guns but they aren't with him. He gulps, sees them lying on the street yards away. Toxaho swings the tomahawks at him. One rips across his chest, ripping the gunbelt in half. It falls but Wil grabs it, swings it at Toxaho's head, knocks him over.

Wil picks up his guns.

Wyatt, Abraham, Sitting Bull, townsfolk shoot at Toxaho, hit him several times in the chest. He stays down. Rusty scrambles along the street, trying to pull the knife from his back.

RUSTY (CONT'D)  
Get this thing outta-

But a horde of the undead charge him, rip into his flesh.

WYATT  
(shouting)  
We are surrounded.

ABRAHAM  
Where do we go?

WYATT  
Inside the saloon.

Wyatt, Abraham, Sitting Bull aim for the back, Sam, Wil, townsfolk aim for the front.

Cut to:-

Wyatt stops after seeing the real body of Cecil. Head torn open.

WYATT  
It can't be...He was just with us.

SITTING BULL  
Shapeshifter.

WYATT  
What?

They run to the back, bang on the door. It opens.

INT/EXT. SALOON

They enter, see people block the doorway again.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
What is a shapeshifter?

ABRAHAM  
A true force of evil. One of the Devil's army.

They move swiftly towards the front of the saloon, hear screams, shouts coming from outside.

WYATT  
 (shouting)  
 Hey! Let them in...

The scared townsfolk remove chairs, tables from the door, see zombies take down a few people outside. Some of the saloon people try to put the tables back before Sam, Wil, survivors get inside. Wyatt pushes them away.

The others rush inside, shoot at zombies trying to get in. Tables, chairs are replaced. The zombies are shot before they can charge the doorway.

Wyatt looks around the room, frantic.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
 Where is he?

WIL  
 Who?

WYATT  
 Cecil.

WIL  
 Wasn't he with you?

WYATT  
 That wasn't him.

Wil looks confused.

SITTING BULL  
 Shapeshifter.

SAM  
 No!...He could be anyone of us  
 right now.

Everyone stares at the person next to them.

WIL  
 Salesman...He's behind this.

EXT. SALOON - UPPER BALCONY

Zombies climb swiftly up the side of the building, smash through upstairs windows, climb inside.

INT. SALOON - BEDROOM

They pounce on people who try to force them back outside. An Indian brave scalps a man, scares the other people to retreat.

PERSON  
(shouting)  
Help! Sheriff!

INT. SALOON - GROUND FLOOR

Wil, Wyatt, Sitting Bull stare at people up on the balcony, too frightened to fight.

WIL  
What's your play, Sherriff? We're  
outmanned. We don't have enough  
ammo.

The sound of the zombie horse neighing aggressively outside spooks Wyatt, takes his concentration away from staring upstairs. He rushes to a window at the front of the saloon, sees Romewea on the horse, laughing. In her hand is the smashed skull of Grimes. She throws it through a window. Rides off.

WYATT  
That child is truly pissin' me off.

Sam, Sitting Bull look at him. Nod.

SAM  
She's no sister of mine.

A THUD makes them jump. They turn, see a body on the floor, look up as another person is thrown off the balcony by a zombie soldier. Wil shoots the zombie in the head. It topples over the side of the balcony, crashes at his feet.

Wyatt races to the bar, grabs a bottle of whiskey, rips a hand towel into pieces, places one inside the bottle.

WYATT  
Quick! Help!

Wil, Sam rush over to him, grab more bottles. Wil stalls, eyes the bottle, drinks from it, smiles at Sam.

WIL  
One day I'll stop, but not today.

The shapeshifting version of Cecil appears at the top of the balcony. Wyatt glares at him, lights the bottle, throws it. It crashes on the upper balcony, explodes into flames. Some zombies burn, fall over the side.

Wyatt aims his gun, looks for Cecil, can't see him.

Abraham, Sitting Bull shoot the fallen zombies in the head.

The upper balcony fire spreads but zombies are still seen coming out of the bedroom. Wil lights another bottle, tosses it onto the upper balcony, watches the zombies set alight.

WYATT

Time to go!

WIL

Where?

WYATT

Jailhouse. It's fortified.

They race for the front entrance, move the chairs, tables, help the survivors from the saloon outside.

WIL

Go!

EXT. OUTSIDE SALOON

The group of survivors huddle together. Wil, Wyatt, Sitting Bull, Sam, Abraham surround them holding weapons. They all watch the saloon go up in flames.

WYATT

To the jailhouse.

The survivors follow his lead but Abraham's son is seen running across the street. Romewea follows him on the horse.

ABRAHAM

(frantic)

No! Son!

He runs towards his son but 2 bullets rip through his chest, sends him crashing to the ground. Everyone turns to see the skeleton holding 2 smoking pistols.

Close up of skeleton:-

It tilts its head, lowers the pistols.



Wyatt walks to the centre of the street, faces the skeleton like they're about to have a showdown. Sam rushes over to Abraham. He's barely alive.

Romewea reaches the son, about to grab him when Josephine shows up, blasts Romewea with a shotgun, sends her hurling off the horse. Josephine closes in to shoot again but Romewea moves fast, escapes up the side of a building.

The horse charges but is shot by a barrage of bullets. Its face explodes.

Josephine grabs onto the son, runs with him towards the jailhouse.

Wyatt puts his guns back into his holster, watches the skeleton.

WIL  
(concerned)  
Wyatt! What are you doin'?

Wyatt holds up a hand, still watching the skeleton. The skeleton raises the pistols but Wyatt is quicker, shoots the skeleton in the middle of its skull. It falls.

Wil closes in on Wyatt.

WIL  
The rumours are true. You are quick  
on the draw.

Wyatt smiles. They look around the street, see bodies scattered. Abraham breathes his last breath.

WYATT  
Sorry, old timer.

He shoots Abraham in the head.

INT. JAILHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wil, Wyatt enter the jailhouse, see Sam, Sitting Bull, Josephine, the boy, a few survivors. Wyatt slams the door, locks it.

WIL  
That ain't gonna hold em'.

WYATT  
I reckon not but it should slow em'  
down from gettin' in.

Wyatt nods at the barred jail cell.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
 Everyone in the cell.  
 (grabs Wil)  
 Not you. I need your help on this  
 side of the bars.

Everyone hurries into the cell. Wyatt locks it.

MOANS outside grow louder, closer. All eyes stare at the front door as the sound of fists POUND on it.

Wyatt loads, COCKS his rifle. Wil loads his guns.

WIL  
 We pick off every last one.

WYATT  
 Let's hope we don't run out of ammo  
 first.

EXT. OUTSIDE JAILHOUSE

Toxaho smashes fists against the door, rattles it almost off its hinges.

INT. JAILHOUSE

Wil, Wyatt aim at the door.

cut to:-

The roof inside the cell starts to rip open. Zombie arms are seen reaching inside. Sitting Bull, Sam shoot at them. The boy cries. Josephine comforts him.

The wolf lands inside the cell, bites into a survivor. Sitting Bull rips off Josephines silver cross necklace, places it on the wolf's head. It snarls, leaps back through the hole in the roof. Sitting Bull hands the necklace back to Josephine.

cut to:-

Wyatt races over to his desk, opens a drawer, retrieves a silver letter opener, places it inside his gunbelt.

WYATT  
 (to people inside cell)

WYATT  
Just keep those things from gettin'  
inside. I'm goin' after that freak  
of a wolf.

WIL  
How? There's somethin' tryin' to  
get in.

WYATT  
Then we just have to stop it.

INT/EXT. OUTSIDE JAILHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wil stands back, aims his guns at the door. Wyatt breathes deep, opens the door. Outside is empty. They run outside, look for the wolf.

INT. CELL

More gunfire explodes into the roof, shattering wood. The zombies have gone.

SAM  
We need to get outta' here...If  
they get in we are doomed.

Sitting Bull picks up the boy, raises him to the roof. Next to climb is Josephine.

cut to:-

Sitting Bull is the last but one to climb onto the roof. He holds out a hand for a survivor to reach for but -

cut to:-

The front door bursting open. Romewea runs to the cell, squeezes through the bars, grabs the survivor, cracks their head open against the bars. She growls at Sitting Bull, jumps up to reach him but he shoots her, sends her back to the floor.

EXT. JAILHOUSE ROOF

Sitting Bull climbs down a drain pipe, meets up with the others on the ground. They run for the bank.

INT. BANK - SECONDS LATER

The group enter the bank. Sam points towards the vault.

SAM

We will be safe inside there.

Sitting Bull spits on the floor.

SITTING BULL

White man trap us in tomb. No! We fight to death.

Sam smiles at him.

SAM

Yes, father, we fight.

(turns to survivors)

You stay here. We will let you out when it's over.

SURVIVOR

But what if you don't make it?

SAM

We will make it.

Josephine takes the boy to the vault, hands him over to a survivor.

JOSEPHINE

I'm sorry. I can't go in there. I need to find my husband.

She smiles at the boy.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

(to a survivor)

Please take good care of him.

The survivor nods. A **MEXICAN MAN** exits the vault, tips his hat.

MEXICAN MAN

I will fight too.

Sam taps him on the arm, shuts the vault.

SAM

(to Josephine)

Go to the old moonshine still. I will find your husband, bring him to you.

Sam turns to her father.

SAM (CONT'D)

But first I need to lead Toxaho  
away from here...He won't stop  
until I'm dead. I know him.

EXT. ROAD AT THE EDGE OF TOWN - MINUTES LATER

Wil, Wyatt follow a trail of paw prints in the dirt.

WYATT

This leads to the moonshine still.

WIL

Do you think it's leadin' us into a  
trap?

WYATT

Maybe...Just watch your back.

Horses pulling the same wagon Wil used when helping Abraham  
closes in. Wil, Wyatt turn, see the Mexican man sitting  
holding the reins, Josephine, Sitting Bull in the back.

JOSEPHINE

We need to go to the still.

WYATT

Why?

JOSEPHINE

Sam is luring the creatures to it.  
She wants you to blow it when they  
arrive.

WIL

That's why I love that woman. She's  
the most courageous person I know.

WYATT

Let's hope her plan works.

Wyatt looks at the dirt. The paw prints stop.

WYATT (CONT'D)

We've come to a dead end here. The  
still it is then.

EXT. BACK OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS

Sam quietly slinks down a dirt path behind the buildings. She hears a low GROWL, looks around but sees nothing.

POV ROOFTOPS:

Romewea scurries across the rooftops, tracks Sam.

RETURN TO PATH:

Sam reaches the end of the path, sees Romewea in front of her.

SAM  
I thought it was you, little  
sister.

Romewea hisses.

SAM (CONT'D)  
I don't want to kill you,  
Romewea. Let me pass.

Romewea charges, overpowers Sam, knocks her to the ground. Sam holds Romewea at bay with all her strength, but Romewea's blood-lust empowers her. Sam struggles. Her arms shake, buckle.

She reaches for a rock, cracks it over Romewea's head. Romewea HISSES, rolls off Sam. Sam rises, pulls a knife from the back of her belt, but Romewea scurries underneath a building.

SAM  
(shouting)  
Romewea, I will find you.

cut to:-

Sam walks near the bank, sees zombies shuffle towards it. She ducks down, waits for them to move around the side of the bank. She walks over to the stable.

Cut to:-

Sam appears pulling on the reins of a horse. A lasso over her shoulder. She carefully walks over to Grimes' headless body, ties the lasso around his legs, winces, gets on the horse, drags the body along the street.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 (shouting)  
 Hey! Food!

The zombies appear from the side of the bank, sniff the air, follow her. Sam smiles, sees many zombies follow her. She picks up speed. They pick up speed. Toxaho closes in, spooks her. She picks up more speed but can't keep hold of the lasso.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 No!

She sees some zombies rip into the corpse but they rise, chase after her, including Toxaho.

EXT. MOONSHINE STILL - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt, Wil ride alongside the wagon until reaching the Still. A cave is seen to the left.

They dismount, walk towards the cave, see alcohol barrels, boxes of dynamite, gunpowder.

WIL  
 I reckon the dynamite will be too strong.

WYATT  
 I reckon you're right. The dynamite may blow us to hell.

Wyatt rolls a barrel towards another two.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
 The gunpowder will do...I'll make a trail. Blow those pains in the ass to kingdom come.

Wil leaves the cave, climbs onto the wagon, smiles at Josephine.

WIL  
 Your husband is a good man.

JOSEPHINE  
 You've just figured it out?

WIL  
 No...I've just figured out how to tell someone.

Wyatt rolls another barrel towards the others but the wolf pounces from the dark corners of the cave, knocks him over. It growls at him. Everyone hears it from the wagon.

JOSEPHINE - (OS)

Wyatt, honey, what's going on?

Wyatt reaches for his gun but the wolf attacks, knocks him over again. It closes in, about to attack again, but Sitting Bull appears, chanting at it. Stops it from attacking. It stares at Sitting Bull as Wyatt returns to his feet.

SITTING BULL

Must move now before spell wears off.

Wyatt runs out of the cave, followed by Sitting Bull, but the wolf races towards the wagon, scaring the horses. They lift their front legs, shake, run, pull the wagon, knock Wil, Josephine off. The Mexican man tries slowing the horses but the wolf jumps on the wagon, bites his throat, lifts him, swings him around like a ragdoll, almost decapitates him.

Bullets fly at the wolf. One hits it on the hind leg.

cut to:-

Wyatt holding a smoking gun.

WIL

You got it.

The wolf howls, jumps off the wagon, limps behind some large rocks. The horses slow down.

WYATT

But it's still dangerous.

Wil, Wyatt, Sitting Bull slowly walk towards the rocks, see a trail of blood but no wolf.

WIL

Damn!

Wyatt climbs up onto a rock, looks into the distance, but the wolf pounces again, knocks him on his back, lands on top of him.

JOSEPHINE

(upset)

Wyatt-



The wolf isn't moving. Wyatt slowly rolls the wolf off him, gets up.

CLOSE UP:

Of the wolf. The silver letter opener is sticking out of its side.

WYATT

Now let's finish this.

He wipes dirt from his clothing.

Wyatt, Wil, Sitting Bull walk towards the wagon. Sitting Bull calms the horses, turns the wagon around, but the wolf wakes, crawls towards them.

JOSEPHINE

(screaming)

Behind you!

Wil jumps into the seat, grabs the reins, slaps them hard against the horses until they run towards the wolf. Its about to rise up but the horses barge into it, knock it to the ground before a front wheel rolls over its neck, slicing its head off.

The wolf changes back to the salesman. His head separated from his body.

Josephine almost faints. Wyatt comforts her.

WIL

Sam should be here soon.

WYATT

Time to get to work.

Wyatt returns to the cave, grabs a keg of gunpowder, pours it over the barrels. He then places a box of dynamite on top before making a trail of gunpowder leading out of the cave.

He looks up to see Wil, Josephine, Sitting Bull in the wagon, smiles, but the sound of zombies hissing scare him.

He continues to pour more gunpowder until the trail nears the wagon as Wil, Sitting Bull, Josephine look for zombies. Wil reaches for Wyatt.

WIL

Take my hand!

Wyatt grabs Wil's hand, punches an incoming zombie in the face as Wil pulls him up onto the wagon.

They look ahead to see zombies closing in, moving fast.

Wil fires his shotgun, Sitting Bull throws a tomahawk. It lands in a zombie's head. The zombie falls.

Wyatt strikes a match, ready to toss onto the gunpowder, but a zombie runs into the side of the wagon, knocks him off balance. He drops the match. The flame dies. Wil shoots the zombie in the face.

The wagon is surrounded by flesh-hungry monsters.

WYATT  
(shouting)  
Josee, I won't let anythin' happen  
to you.

The 3 men shoot at the zombies...

cut to:-

Sam rides towards them, followed by the town zombies, Toxaho, but she detours, rides into the cave. The zombies follow, including the ones at the wagon.

WIL  
(shouting)  
No! Where are you goin'?

Wil, Wyatt, Josephine, Sitting Bull look at each other, shocked.

WIL (CONT'D)  
We can't blow it while she's  
inside.

WYATT  
Maybe that's what she wants us to  
do?

Wil tears up.

Everyone moves the horses away from the cave as Wyatt aims his gun at the dynamite on top of the barrels, but he can't shoot.

JOSEPHINE  
She wants to save us.

Wyatt's gun hand shakes. He shoots. A bullet hits the dynamite. It explodes, causing rocks to fall inside the cave. The entrance is covered in rocks.

The explosion shakes the wagon, knocks everyone over the side. The horses break free, run away.

Wil rises, wipes his eyes, but turns back when the sound of a horse closes in. Sam rides up to him, smiles.

SAM

Did you miss me?

Wil pulls her off the horse, kisses her. Everyone smiles.

WIL

How did you get out?

SAM

I used to play here when I was younger. Used to sneak inside the cave to steal moonshine for my father.

Sitting Bull nods.

SAM (CONT'D)

I know about the escape route.

Wil hugs her but a raging Toxaho is seen on top of a rock. Everyone pulls out weapons, fire at him several times. His body disintegrates.

EVERYONE

(shouting)

Shut up!

WYATT

(to Wil)

I'm thinkin' of passin' a new law.  
No traveling salesmen allowed.

WIL

That's a good law.

Everyone walks back towards town.

EXT. TOWN - LATER

They slowly walk into town, see people coming out of hiding.

SAM

The vault!

She runs towards the bank. Wil follows.

Cut to:-

Sam leads the people from the vault outside. Abraham's son runs to Josephine. She picks him up.

JOSEPHINE  
 (to Wyatt)  
 We need to give him a new home.

Wyatt smiles at the boy, pats him on the head.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)  
 (giggling)  
 Let's hope he likes your cooking.

Wyatt smirks.

EXT. RESERVATION - CONTINUOUS

Bodies lay everywhere.

INT. TEPEE

CLOSE UP:

Of a hand reaching down for a bottle of green liquid.

Romewea looks at it, snarls.

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Wyatt, Josephine, boy sit at the table. The boy eats, Wyatt smiles at Josephine.

WYATT  
 He likes it.

Josephine leaves the table, grabs a hat.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
 Are you sure about this?

JOSEPHINE  
 Yes. I need to find his  
 relatives...Someone in the next  
 town may know who his parents were?

WYATT  
 I'll take you.

JOSEPHINE

No...You have a job to do Mr  
sheriff...We will take the  
stagecoach. It's due soon.

EXT. OUTSIDE A BURNED OUT SALOON

Josephine stands with the boy, other passengers waiting for  
the stagecoach. Wyatt, Wil watch from the jailhouse.

WIL

Does this mean you're not gonna'  
arrest me now?

WYATT

After yesterday, you've earned the  
right to stay on this side of a  
cell.

Wil nods as the stagecoach arrives. Josephine waves towards  
Wyatt, enters the coach with the boy. The other passengers  
get on. The stagecoach rides past Wyatt, Wil as they wave  
back.

CLOSEUP ROMEWEA IN THE FRONT SEAT:

She is wearing a large tasseled jacket, stetson. She grins,  
HISSES at Wyatt, Wil but they don't see her.

She grabs the reins, the horses move, the stagecoach heads  
out of town.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE OF TOWN

Scratch stands at the side of the road, holds up a hand to  
stop the stagecoach. He gets on.

THE END: