

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is part of the servant's quarters, and all that is left of a manor house.

A large square room that backs onto the kitchen, although most of the wall between the two is missing.

Moonlight bathes the room in an eerie silver glow.

A couch faces the large stone fireplace, twenty feet or so from the front door.

The wooden floor has a thick layer of dust.

Nothing moves.

Silence.

The front door bursts open.

BONNIE CARTER (20s), slim and pretty, but stern, and CALVIN CARTER (20s), well-dressed, stumble in.

Bonnie trips over her feet and falls to the floor.

Calvin struggles to close the door as a zombie attacks.

A decaying hand scratches at Calvin.

He kicks at the creature as he slams the door.

Locks it.

BONNIE

There must be thousands of those things.

Calvin catches his breath, finds a kerosene lamp.

Lights it.

He looks down at Bonnie, who sits on the floor.

CALVIN

Are you okay?

Bonnie stares at him, wide-eyed.

CALVIN

Bonnie! I said, are you okay?

She snaps out of it. Checks herself.

BONNIE
Yeah. I think so.

The scratches at the door slow.

Stop.

BONNIE
What are we going to do now?

Calvin's shoulders sink. His gaze finds the floor.

CALVIN
I don't know. But I think we are
safe in here. At least for now.

A window near the kitchen slides open with a SLAM.

BILLY GARRETT (30s), gunslinger, struggles to squeeze
himself through the narrow aperture.

BONNIE
Calvin. Help that man.

Calvin runs to Billy and pulls him through.

Decaying fingers scratch at Billy's legs.

Calvin closes the window and throws a large rag over the
old curtain rod as Billy gets to his feet.

BILLY
Thank you, friend. Name's Billy
Garrett.

Calvin shakes the hand that Billy offers and they both
return to Bonnie.

CALVIN
I'm Calvin Carter. This is my
wife, Bonnie.

Calvin notices Billy visually undress Bonnie.

BILLY
Glad to know ya both.

Bonnie's eyes linger on the revolver strapped to Billy's
leg.

Billy sees it.

BILLY
Oh, don't worry about the gun.
The only things I'm plannin' on
shootin' tonight are those
walking cadavers out there.

BONNIE

Actually, I was hoping that you
were able to use that thing.

BILLY

No worries in that department,
Ma'am. I've killed eighteen men.

Calvin stiffens.

BILLY

Like I said, if you don't go for
me, I ain't gonna go for you.

Calvin's smile is a nervous one.

Billy spies another kerosene lamp on the floor by the
bottom of the staircase. He lights it and places it
carefully back on the floor.

A BANG from the rear of the house.

All three spin to face that direction.

Billy draws.

JOSEPHINE (O.S.)

Por favor Dios ayúdame.

JOSEPHINE PEREZ (20s), a good-time girl, runs into the
room.

She stops dead in her tracks when she sees the others, and
raises her hands when she sees Billy.

BILLY

You speak English?

JOSEPHINE

Yes. My name is Josephine Perez.
I work at the saloon in town.

Billy slowly looks her up and down. A wicked smile spreads
across his face.

BILLY

Yeah. I can guess what you did
there.

BONNIE

Could you lower the gun please,
Mister Garrett?

Billy spins the six-shooter back into its holster.

CALVIN
(to Josephine)
Did you lock the back door after
you?

JOSEPHINE
Yes. And I used the deadbolt.
They cannot get in.

BILLY
Let's hope so. Cause I've got
twelve bullets on my belt and
six in the gun. After that,
we're supper.

A VOICE, from the top of the staircase, startles them all.

HARVEY (O.S.)
Who's down there?

Billy's gun is back in his hand.

The others stare at one another in surprise and speak in
hushed tones.

CALVIN
Someone lives here? I thought
this place was deserted.

JOSEPHINE
Me too. I was surprised to see
all of you here.

Descending FOOTFALLS.

HARVEY MORGAN (20s), well over six feet tall, dungarees, a
stupid expression on his face, and a double-barrelled
shotgun in his hands, slowly comes into view.

Harvey points the shotgun at Billy.

HARVEY
Drop the gun, Mister.

BILLY
I've seen too many men killed
that way. You first, friend.

Harvey stands fast.

BONNIE
None of us have come here to
hurt anyone.

HARVEY
How do I know that?

Calvin gets between them. Bonnie tries to stop him but he shrugs her off.

CALVIN
Why don't you both lower your
weapons at the same time?

Harvey thinks for a moment.

HARVEY
Okay. But as long as he does
too.

Confusion furrows Calvin's brow.

CALVIN
Well, yeah. That's what both at
the same time means.

HARVEY
Okay then.

Billy's eyes never leave Harvey.

BILLY
Make it real smooth. No sudden
movements, Guy.

Both men begin to lower their weapons.

HARVEY
My name is Harvey Morgan. Not
Guy.

BILLY
Keep it steady, Harvey Morgan.

Harvey's gun slowly falls to his side.

Billy's finds his holster.

Everyone breathes again.

BONNIE
Please forgive our intrusion,
Harvey. We didn't know anyone
lived here.

HARVEY
We don't live here. We got here
a day or two back.

BONNIE
We?

HARVEY
Me and my Pa.

Josephine tries to look up the staircase but it is too dark to see anything.

JOSEPHINE

There is someone else up there?

HARVEY

Just my Pa.

BILLY

Is he armed too?

HARVEY

No.

BONNIE

Can we meet him?

HARVEY

He's resting.

Harvey finishes his descent of the stairs and the others introduce themselves.

CALVIN

You say that you've been here for a day or two. So have you formulated some kind of plan to get out of here?

Billy shoots Calvin a "What the hell do you think?" look.

HARVEY

No.

Billy's look turns to "Told ya."

Calvin shrugs it off.

HARVEY

We figured out that if those things can't see or hear you too much, they go back to wanderin' around. So we stay upstairs.

Calvin smiles at Billy.

CALVIN

That's a very helpful piece of information. Thank you for sharing that, Harvey.

HARVEY

They can't hear us upstairs.

CALVIN

Yes. We got that. Thank you, Harvey.

Billy returns Calvin's smile.

The group disperses.

Billy heads for Josephine.

Harvey stands by the staircase and watches the others.

Bonnie heads for Calvin.

BONNIE

Are you crazy? Standing between
two men with guns.

CALVIN

I was pretty sure they weren't
going to shoot *me*.

BONNIE

That's great. I'll have that put
on your tombstone. Here lies
Calvin Carter. His last thought
was, I'm pretty sure they
weren't going to shoot me.
That's the craziest thing you
have ever said.

CALVIN

Will you calm down? I'm fine.

BONNIE

How can I calm down? We're stuck
in a house with people we don't
know. One of whom is a gun-happy
cowboy, and another-

Bonnie looks furtively over at Harvey. Lowers her voice.

BONNIE

-is a simpleton with a double-
barrelled shotgun. And we can't
leave because everybody outside
wants to eat us.

She grabs a handful of Calvin's shirt, in a way that
nobody can see, and pulls herself into him.

BONNIE

Don't ever do anything like that
again.

Billy sides up to Josephine.

BILLY

Ma'am.

She slides Billy a cool, dismissive look.

JOSEPHINE
I'm not on the clock.

It takes a second, but Billy twigs.

BILLY
Oh, no. I didn't mean...

JOSEPHINE
You said you could guess what I
did for a living.

BILLY
Yes. But I didn't mean to offend
you. I meant that I've been in a
bar or two in my time-

He tilts his head to look her up and down.

BILLY
-so I know my way around. But I
wouldn't disrespect a beautiful
woman like you.

Josephine smiles.

JOSEPHINE
Good. I'm glad to hear it.

A SCRAPE on a floorboard from upstairs.

All eyes turn to Harvey.

SCRAPE.

HARVEY
That's my Pa. I'll go help him
down.

Harvey hauls himself back to whence he came.

The others gravitate to each other.

BONNIE
If that's the son, I wonder what
the father is like.

JOSEPHINE
Fathers and sons are usually
alike. I'll bet he is just the
same.

BILLY
That should make for some
riveting conversation.

Josephine smiles at Billy.

CALVIN
He's already proved that they
aren't that stupid.

BILLY
Really?

CALVIN
Harvey had the idea of staying
upstairs so these things
couldn't hear them.

BILLY
Wow. He is just a regular Thomas
Jefferson. Ain't he?

Calvin's annoyance is clear to see.

BILLY
And by the way. If you ever get
between me and someone I'm about
to shoot again, I'll kill you
without thinking twice.

Josephine's growing appreciation of Billy is clear to see.

CALVIN
I'm not afraid of you. You think
you can bully people because you
carry a gun.

BILLY
No. I think I can kill people
because I've got a gun. You want
to try to prove otherwise?

Harvey returns to the top of the stairs. He leads his Pa
by a chain.

PA is mid-thirties, dead, with a neckerchief tied tightly
through his mouth to form a gag.

Calvin's eyes widen.

CALVIN
Oh. Hell. No.

Billy draws once again. He calls back over his shoulder to
Calvin.

BILLY
You wanna get between us now,
Boy?

CALVIN
No way.

Harvey clutches the chain in one hand and raises the shotgun with the other.

HARVEY
I'm warning you, Billy. Lower
your gun. You ain't shootin' my
Pa.

BILLY
Somebody needs to.

HARVEY
He won't hurt you.

BONNIE
The hell he won't.

HARVEY
I'm gonna take him into the
kitchen.

BILLY
What's he gonna do, rustle us up
a salad?
(a beat)
Get out of the way.

HARVEY
I swear I'll shoot if you hurt
him, Billy.

BILLY
Hurt him? The son-of-a-bitch is
dead.

A loud BANG from two houses down.

Bonnie, Calvin, and Josephine run to the window by the front door.

Calvin gingerly pulls back the curtain and peers outside.

CALVIN
They're leaving.

BONNIE
They are attracted by the noise.

JOSEPHINE
This is our chance. To get out
of here.

Calvin turns to Bonnie.

CALVIN
She may be right. We might not
get another.