

The Last Of Us

Episode 202 - "Through The Valley"

Written for television by

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**INT. ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL - 6TH FLOOR - THE CORRIDOR - DAY
(FB1)**

A CARTOON ELEPHANT painted on a wall. A RED LIGHT sweeps over it... and over again... an unseen emergency light.

A GUN... in someone's hand. Walking.

POV - the LONG HALLWAY. We've been here before. The final approach to the operating room.

LOW - we see someone's boots walking slowly forward.

REVEAL: it's ABBY. 19. She moves steadily ahead toward the door. Unsure what she'll find.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

He's dead.

Abby stops. Turns and sees someone who wasn't there before but now is. Leaning casually against the wall. Arms crossed.

It's 24-year old Abby. A little older, stronger, weathered. A scar here or there. Long braid. She's wearing combat garb. On the sleeve of her jacket, a triangular patch with a WOLF. It says W.L.F.

19-year old Abby is dressed more like a civilian, but there's a FIREFLY logo on her jacket.

YOUNGER ABBY

Who.

Older Abby looks at her. Almost bored. *You know who.* And for a moment, Younger Abby entertains the thought. Then shakes it off. No.

YOUNGER ABBY

I don't know you.

Younger Abby keeps walking.

OLDER ABBY

Don't go in there.
(you won't like it)
I'm telling you...

Younger Abby stops. Turns back. Annoyed now.

YOUNGER ABBY

Stop it.

OLDER ABBY

Go back.

YOUNGER ABBY

No.

OLDER ABBY

His brains are on the floor.

Young Abby absorbs that. Now not confident at all. Now scared. But doesn't want to back down.

YOUNGER ABBY

So you've been in there.

Of course I've been in there. Isn't it obvious I'm you?

YOUNGER ABBY

You're lying.

She turns and continues down the hall. Older Abby watches her go. She's watched her go so many times.

She always goes.

She always pushes through the door and disappears from view.

There's always a pause.

And then there's always the scream.

The piercing, heart-rending scream of shock and horror and loss. God. No. Daddy. Please. Somebody.

The words never change.

Older Abby closes her eyes. *I'm sorry. I wish I knew how to stop you... I wish I knew...*

God. No. Daddy. Please. Somebody.

INT. SKI LODGE - MAIN ROOM - EARLY MORNING (D3)

Abby opens her eyes. Confused for a moment. Her face pale from the ice cold room.

Right. Wyoming.

She shrugs herself free of her sleeping bag. Sits up. Can't remember what she was dreaming about.

The space is beautiful and sad all at once. One of those fancy Great Rooms where beautiful people warmed themselves by the enormous river rock hearth.

Must've cost millions. But it's nothing now. A dead shell.

IN THE B.G. - OWEN stands in silhouette, backlit against the floor-to-ceiling mountain-view windows.

Abby gets up. Walks carefully past Nora, Mel and Manny, who are all still sleeping in their bags on the floor.

AT THE WINDOW - Owen looks out the window through binoculars, but acknowledges Abby as she takes her place by his side.

The window is frosted on the edges. A thermometer in the shape of a shivering snowman hangs just outside. Five degrees. The view is clear and gorgeous.

And problematic.

Jackson. The city far off and below in the valley. Now that the sun's up, it's much easier to see what they're dealing with. The size of it. The enormous fence. The guard posts.

And the mounted patrols. They're leaving and returning, like ants moving back and forth from a hive.

ABBY

Fuck.

Owen's cheeks are cold-slapped. Abby looks down and notes the snow on his boots.

ABBY

You've been out?

OWEN

Thought I'd set up a watch in case one of those patrols got too close. Made it about an hour.

ABBY

We'll do shifts. Lemme get you something to warm up.

Abby crosses over to a sleeping bag as Manny gets up. Crosses over to the window. Sees Jackson.

MANNY

Fuuuuuck.

Abby ignores that and drapes the sleeping bag over Owen's shoulders. Rubs his arms a bit to warm him up.

MANNY

Didn't look like that in the dark.

Manny nudges Mel and Nora awake.

MANNY

You two. Up.

ABBY

It's alright. We know what we're dealing with now, so we can make a plan.

(to Owen)

Right?

OWEN

Definitely.

Nora and Mel have gotten to their feet and follow Manny to the window. And the moment they see it...

NORA

Oh *shit*.

MEL

Ffffffffffuck...

Manny nudges Owen. *Gimme the binocs.*

NORA

It's a *city*, Abs. I thought it was gonna be like a tent colony or something...

ABBY

Well we knew they had lights...

MEL

I figured those were from little generators, like we use in the FOB.

MANNY

(binoculars)

Nope, they got full fuckin' power lines.

NORA

Great.

OWEN

Power lines aren't a problem.

They all turn to him.

OWEN

Here are the problems. They've got four main gates, no other ins or outs. Guard towers flanking each exit. Mounted patrols, all heavily armed, overlapping routes...

NORA

These guys have training.

OWEN

Yeah, they've got a few vets down there for sure. But, okay, let's say we get past the gates, the guards, the patrols--

MANNY

(binoculars)

Ah, they also got dogs.

OWEN

(great)

'kay, and the dogs... we still don't know where Joel is in there.

ABBY

Okay, how about this. We ambush a patrol. Tie 'em up, and make them tell us where Joel is.

OWEN

(whoa)

Make them?

MEL

Yeah, we said we wouldn't hurt anyone else. Just Joel. I'm not gonna--

ABBY

Mel. Fuck, relax. I'm not saying we *would*, I'm saying we bluff. Scare them. You know?

OWEN

And if they don't talk? Then what?

MANNY

It's not like we'd be able to let them go.

Fair point.

OWEN

I do have the beginnings of an idea for a plan. Maybe. I need time. Have to let it crystallize.

ABBY

But you're onto something.

OWEN
I'm onto something.

Abby grins. Because when he's onto something, it generally works out.

ABBY
(pleased)
Okay. Let's buy you some time. I'll take next watch. Where's the spot?

OWEN
Down the hill, a little outcropping.
You'll know it when you see it.

Abby leans in. Almost like she's going to kiss him, but you know... not in front of the others. So she just says:

ABBY
Thank you.

He nods. *I got your back.*

EXT. SKI LODGE - MINUTES LATER (D3)

A side door opens, and Abby emerges in all of her winter gear, plus her weapons and the binoculars.

The WIND picks up, blowing white powder around her.

ABBY
(instantly freezing)
Ohmygod...

She slams the door behind her. Turns back to take in the bleak, frosty view. The wind whistles across the crackling, frigid expanse.

ABBY
Fucking hour out here?

Her teeth are already chattering. But she's got a job to do. So she begins trudging through the snow down the hill.

INT. SKI LODGE - CONTINUOUS (D3)

Owen warms himself by the fire.

Nora, Manny and Mel stand a bit apart from him. They glance at each other nervously.

Nora gives Manny a look. *Ask him. Because this is fucking insane.*

Yeah. It is. So Manny finally pipes up.

MANNY

(to Owen)

Um... you don't actually have a plan,
do you.

OWEN

No, I do.

Owen turns back to face Manny, Nora and Mel.

OWEN

The plan... is to convince her to go
back. Because if we don't, the only
people getting killed out here are
us.

They stand there quietly. No one wants to say anything.
Because it's a betrayal. But it's also reality. *If they
stay, they die.*

INT. ELLIE'S GARAGE - MORNING (D3)

The GUITAR. Moth carved into the neck. But it's in its
proper place. Carefully resting on a stand. The strings are
shiny and new. The fret board has been carefully oiled.

The guitar's body is dusted. Polished. Reflecting light.

We see Ellie's bed in the B.G., with an immobile Ellie-
shaped lump under the covers.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

ON THE ELLIE LUMP - still not moving. Another KNOCK KNOCK
KNOCK, and now there's rustling, and her head pops out, eyes
squinting, face all warm and creased... disoriented.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Ellie turns and sees there's LIGHT coming in around the
edges of the makeshift curtains covering the small garage
windows...

Ugh...

ELLIE

Coming!

She gets up. Still in her clothes from last night. Head hurts. An unsteady moment. Nausea. Does her best to shake it off and heads to the door. Opens it.

JESSE is waiting there. Dressed. Armed. Backpack. Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. Jesus, he might have even showered.

JESSE
(takes her in)

Ew.

ELLIE
Dude. What do you want.

JESSE
Uhhh, I want you to fulfill your obligation to the community of Jackson Hole, Wyoming?

Huh?

JESSE
8 AM patrol.

ELLIE
(oh)
It's 8?

JESSE
No, it's 7:30, but you're riding with me, and I like to be on time.

Fuck. Okay. Fine.

ELLIE
Gimme a minute, I'll get changed.

She turns away and starts to close the door, but he blocks it with his hand.

JESSE
Heard you had quite a night after I left.

He's looking right into her eyes. Pretty serious. And now Ellie's feeling nausea *and* guilt.

ELLIE
Oh, um, yeah--
(work, brain!)
She kissed me. But it was just Dina being Dina. She was high. She probably won't even remember it.

JESSE

I was talking about some fight you
got in with Seth and Joel... wait--
(the fuck?)
--you *kissed* her?

ELLIE

Oh.

He's staring at her. Waiting for a response. And there are zero good ones available, so her hungover brain goes with:

ELLIE

No... what?

JESSE

I can't believe this. She and I are
broken up one week, and you make a
move on her?

ELLIE

I *didn't* make-- Dina-- it didn't *mean*
anything, she was probably just
trying to make you jealous. I
wasn't-- I would never--

Jesse leans in a bit. Pleased with himself.

JESSE

I'm screwing with you, man. I already
heard, and I don't care. Now get
dressed.

ELLIE

(ugh)

You're the worst.

She turns and moves to close the door, and he stops the door once again.

JESSE

Kinda fucked up you did that though.

She pushes harder, and shuts the door in his face.

EXT. JACKSON STREET - MINUTES LATER (D3)

Early morning, frigid, and yet... people on the street. Not casually strolling. At work. Some men carry armfuls of rifles. Others have ammo boxes.

Two women are ROLLING a metal drum along the snowy path.

Others are moving with purpose toward a bar-restaurant on the corner...

Ellie and Jesse enter frame. Dressed and armed for a winter patrol. Ellie's shivering nonetheless. As they walk...

ELLIE

What's everyone doing?

JESSE

Council put the town on alert.

She looks at him. *Why?*

JESSE

Last night, Kylie and Max found a pile of dead Infected out near Seven Cabins. Frozen stiff.

ELLIE

(so what?)

Okay.

JESSE

They didn't think anything of it until 30 live ones broke through from underneath the corpses. They were using their own dead like insulation.

ELLIE

Thirty? Fuck. They okay?

JESSE

Yeah, sprinted back on their horses. We sent a squad to handle the Infected, but now we're thinking we don't know how many are under the snow. Could be thirty more, could be a thousand more.

ELLIE

A thousand? Get the fuck out of here.

JESSE

Ah, yes. Certainty masquerading as knowledge. Very Ellie of you.

ELLIE

Blow me.

JESSE

Also, *someone* told the council a ghost story about the world's smartest Infected, and now everyone's spooked.

ELLIE

It wasn't a ghost--
(fuck this)
You know what, no offense, but I'm gonna do my patrol with Joel.

She speeds up to walk away from him. But he speeds up to keep pace with her.

JESSE

Uhh yes offense, cuz he's the one person you've been avoiding like the plague...

ELLIE

Well we're better now, okay?

JESSE

As of when? Cuz last night--

Ellie stops. Whirls on him.

ELLIE

I know what happened last night! Shut the fffuuuUGH--

Ellie cuts herself off. *Nope nope nope, don't finish that sentence. Self-control. Be better, Ellie. Take a moment. Stop the chain reaction... calm. Breathe. There. Now.*

ELLIE

My shit with Joel is complicated. I know that. And from the outside, it probably looks really bad. In fact, it *has* been bad. But he's still Joel, and I'm still me, and we--

(we love each other)

And nothing will ever change that. Ever. So all of you can stop worrying about us and talking about us and thinking about us. Alright?

JESSE

So you two hashed it out.

I said stop talking about us, fuckface.

JESSE
(have it your way)
Alright.

ELLIE
Now if you don't mind, I'm gonna go
on patrol with him. Like...
fuckin'... daddy daughter day. Okay?
Okay.

She turns and resumes walking.

JESSE
He already went out.

She stops. Turns back.

ELLIE
What? With who?

JESSE
Dina. They left almost an hour ago.
For what it's worth, he wanted to go
with you, but he said we should let
you sleep.

*Fuck. I would've gotten up. But it's too late now. And even
if we don't understand why she's feeling all this regret...
well, she's feeling it anyway.*

Jesse resumes walking, and as he passes her, he gestures
toward the bar-restaurant on the corner.

JESSE
Let's hit the restaurant.

ELLIE
I'm not hungry.

JESSE
Me neither. But Maria wants a word
with you.
(cuts Ellie off)
Don't ask me, I don't know.

Ellie slumps. *Now I have to talk to fucking Maria? Shittiest
morning ever.* Fine. Let's get it over with. She follows
Jesse toward the restaurant...

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER (D3)

Ellie and Jesse enter, and immediately do that sideways
shuffly walk you have to do to get through a crowd.

The place is packed. Standing room only as folks move about a little bit, some holding plates with breakfast food. But mostly, everyone's listening.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Now the most likely outcome is that none of this is necessary, okay?

Ellie tippy-toes to see over the people in front of her, and catches a glimpse of TOMMY standing on a chair across the restaurant, addressing the citizens.

TOMMY

Y'all wanna remind me next week how I overreacted and made y'all go through this crap for no reason...? Nothing would make me happier.

Laughter.

TOMMY

But you know the drill-- prepare for the worst, hope for the best. Now half-a-you are hungover and want me to shut up, but I'm gonna run through stuff anyway cuz it's been a minute.

Ellie and Jesse make their way toward MARIA, who stands off to the side, holding Benji and watching Tommy and the crowd. Mother to all.

TOMMY

If you see a flare or hear bells, drop what you're doing, and follow the plan. What is the plan?

(points)

Vanessa, what's the plan?

A toddler in her mother's arms pipes up.

VANESSA

We go... to... the forest and--

TOMMY

(good dad)

The *forest*??? What?

Everyone laughs. Vanessa too.

TOMMY

(to the room)

Do *not* go in the forest. Oh my god that would be such a bad idea.

Laughing.

TOMMY

Young ones, old ones-- right quick into cellars and basements. Lock the doors, reinforce, shelter in place 'til we tell you it's safe to come out. Everyone else. Where do we go?

THE CROWD

Up.

TOMMY

Rooftops, second floors. What do we bring?

THE CROWD

Guns.

TOMMY

That means you're all carrying while we're on alert. Sidearms, rifles, take 'em with you, keep 'em on you. Safeties, please... someone shot himself in the leg last week--

THE CROWD

Earl.

TOMMY

Alright? So don't be Earl.

More laughing. Ellie sidles up to Maria.

ELLIE

You wanted to--

Maria gives her a "in a moment" gesture. Listening to Tommy. Ellie shrugs. *Whatever. Heard this shit a million times.*

TOMMY

Bigger weapons, the security team handles. For the rest of you-- if there's a breach, god forbid, stay off the main street. Last place you wanna be. Trust me on that. Questions?

Nope. Everyone knows the drill. They start to talk to each other. Move about. It's clear the meeting is over.

TOMMY
(shouting the finish)
Okay. Talk to your group leaders,
spread the word to your neighbors...
let's get everyone in the loop!

Tommy hops down. Meeting finished. Maria lets Benji down.

MARIA
Go hug daddy, tell him he did good.

Benji heads off toward Tommy, and now Maria acknowledges
Ellie and Jesse.

MARIA
C'mon.

She nods for them to follow. Ellie looks at Jesse. *The fuck
is this for? Am I in trouble?* Jesse shrugs. No clue.

So they follow. As they do...

ELLIE
This is bullshit, right? It's a
drill.

MARIA
Yup. It's a drill.

Phew.

JESSE
Unless we're attacked. And then it's
not.

MARIA
Correct.

Goddammit, Jesse...

Maria arrives at the bar. The door to the back is open. She
whistles to someone back there.

A moment, then SETH emerges from the kitchen. Apron on. Been
cooking.

ELLIE
(to herself)
Oh fuck me...

Maria heard that. And sees Ellie already turning.

MARIA
Stay where you are, thank you.
(MORE)

MARIA (cont'd)
(and then)
Seth? You have something to say?

Ellie doesn't make eye contact. This is so awkward.

SETH
(embarrassed)
Yeah. So. Last night, I obviously had
a few too many.

ELLIE
Well, happens to everyone. People get
drunk and say awful shit they've
never thought before.

MARIA
Ellie--

SETH
(no, let her be)
No, that's-- fair. I shouldn't have
said it. Shouldn't have thought it.
I'm sorry.

Ellie just stares at him with dead I-don't-give-a-fuck eyes.

SETH
I uh... I made you two some
sandwiches. If you're going out.

He puts two wrapped sandwiches on the counter for Ellie and
Jesse. Ellie doesn't care. Or take them.

SETH
(trying)
They're steak.

Maria picks the sandwiches up and hands them to Jesse.

JESSE
(to Seth)
Thanks.

SETH
Yeah. Well, uh--
(to Ellie)
You be safe out there.

ELLIE
Yup.

She immediately turns and walks away. Jesse gives Maria and
Seth a "Well, that went great" look, and follows.

Maria gives Seth a "it's okay, you did well" nod. But he knows he didn't. He watches Ellie go, ashamed, and we're:

EXT. MAIN GATE - LATER (D3)

A METAL DRUM wrapped in a CHAIN is being hoisted up to the top of the wall.

EXT. TOP OF WALL - NOW (D3)

Wall guards help pull other drums up, as well as crates. The narrow catwalk is now littered with ammo boxes, pickaxes, etc.

The sky looks ominous. Wind starting to pick up. The wall guards tighten their hoods. Crank up the space heaters.

WALL GUARD (O.S.)
Wilson Run, moving out!

A lookout shivers as she scans the distance. Below, we see Jesse and Ellie, on horseback, heading out.

EXT. LEAVING JACKSON - NOW (D3)

The gate starts CLOSING behind Ellie and Jesse. Jesse looks ahead toward the mountains. Winds are picking up, whipping the snow around the peaks in a white fog. And now Ellie notices too.

ELLIE
Are we worrying about that?

JESSE
Nah. It'll just be up in the mountains.

ELLIE
(shivering)
Fuckin' hope so. Ten seconds in and I already can't feel my ass.

Jesse *hehs*. But it's just to keep her morale up. He glances back at the mountains. *Yeah, we're fucking worrying about that.*

One last look ahead at the mountains, and the wind bending the snow-covered trees clinging to their sides...

EXT. OUTCROPPING OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY - NOW (D3)

A SWIRL OF WHITE, then the wind abates for a moment, and we see ABBY, her hand up, guarding her face, which is turned away from the wind.

Didn't do much good. She wipes the snow from her cheeks, which just puts more snow on her cheeks.

ABBY

Goddammit.

She's still on watch. Shivering just like Ellie.

HER POV of: the valley. Jackson in the distance. A few little dots in motion... patrols. Might as well be a million miles away.

Another GUST of wind, and she lowers her head from the whipping snow. Once it dies down, she lifts her face back up. No one's out here. This is pointless. She checks her watch. Close enough to an hour. That's it. She's done.

ABBY

Fuck it.

She slings her weapon over her shoulder and turns to leave when she hears: VOICES.

Two women. One talking to another.

She stops in her tracks. Adrenaline already warming her. The voices are somewhere below. How far below? Hard to tell. Can't make out what they're saying.

She drops prone to the flat, frigid rock and gets her binoculars out. Can't find them. Until... there. Two riders on a switchback maybe a hundred feet down the side of the hill. Just two women. Maybe middle-aged?

I can fucking take them.

She glances back toward the lodge. It's barely visible. She could go back. Should go back. But... *if I can ambush these two, if I can make them talk...*

Abby unslings her weapon. Starts to move quickly and quietly, a bit of a crouch... looking for a spot to head safely down the slope and cut them off at the pass...

The wind PICKS UP, blowing snow down from the trees around her, and we're:

EXT. JACKSON - LATER (D3)

Citizens and guards continue to move equipment toward the wall, but it's getting harder. The wind and the cold are turning brutal.

TOMMY and another towns person stand on the top of the wall, lifting a munitions crate off a winch, and laying it down next to a few others with a heavy thunk.

A stiff BREEZE picks up, and Tommy pulls his jacket tighter against the cold.

Then he looks out toward the mountains.

Sees the snow swirling around the mountaintops. It's bad enough now that we can't see the peaks anymore.

And the wind is low enough now that it's kicking up patches of snow on the plain between Jackson and the Rockies.

Another breeze, and it's clear the winds are heading right for them.

Then a squawk from his walkie.

PATROLWOMAN (RADIO)
*kkssshhh Mountaintop Patrol,
visibility dro-kssshhhh*

Then static.

Fuck. He pulls the walkie from his belt clip.

TOMMY (INTO RADIO)
Mountaintop repeat.

PATROLWOMAN (RADIO)
*Repeat low visibility we're coming
ba-kkssshhhh*

TOMMY (INTO RADIO)
Repeat.

Nothing now. Just static. And Tommy gets a sick feeling in his stomach.

TOMMY (INTO RADIO)
Copper Mine, come in.

No response.

TOMMY (INTO RADIO)
Copper Mine.
(MORE)

TOMMY (INTO RADIO) (cont'd)
(static)
Joel. Dina. Do you copy?

Nothing. Shit. Walkie isn't gonna get it done. An anxious moment, then he makes the decision. Turns to one of the guys near him.

TOMMY
Hey. Go find Amy in the radio room.
Tell her to crank the signal and call
all the patrols back.

The guy nods. *Got it.* Turns and heads off. Tommy glances back at the plains, then joins the other men on the chain, and resumes helping them hoist. But he's got a sick feeling in his stomach. *Might have waited too long...*

EXT. ABANDONED SUBURB - MOMENTS LATER (D3)

HORSE HOOVES slop through a foot of snow. The heavy wind picks up even more, and now the frame starts to WHITE OUT...

JESSE (O.S.)
What? Fuck. Repeat?

THE WORLD IN FRONT OF US - hard to tell where we are. But we can hear the metallic creaking of snowbound cars and catch glimpses of trees, a wind-wracked Children Crossing sign...

JESSE and ELLIE are fighting the elements now. Jesse's got a walkie pressed against his ear.

JESSE (INTO RADIO)
(looks around then)
Yeah, alright, but I think we're too
far out to make it back. We're pretty
close to the strip mall... we'll hole
up there! Yeah yeah... over!

He stows his walkie. Ellie yells over the wind to him.

ELLIE
What strip mall?

JESSE
This way!
(spurs his horse)
YAH!

Ellie spurs her horse to keep up. The wind SHIFTS directions, and for a moment, we can see the distant MOUNTAINS rising high above the valley...

INT. CAR WASH - MINUTES LATER (D3)

The small kind you see plopped down next to a gas station. Rollers in the floor. Strips of cloth hanging like dirty hair from the ceiling.

But also, oddly, bales of HAY.

THUD. THUD.

The GARAGE DOOR entrance to the car wash thuds in, as if someone is slamming against it. The ICE that has formed on the bottom of the door CRACKLES, and then...

...it BREAKS, and the door LIFTS UP, revealing Jesse and Ellie. Jesse leads their horses in, and Ellie JUMPS to grab the garage door and pull it down.

The door comes back DOWN with a THUD.

ELLIE

Are they gonna be okay?

Jesse's already crossing the room to the hay bales.

JESSE

As soon as they eat.

He pulls one off the stack, tosses it towards the horses... then another.

ELLIE

(chattering)

Okay, that's great... what about us?

Jesse points back toward the garage door.

JESSE

That way.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. 7-11 - MOMENTS LATER (D3)

We're by the cashier counter. Empty racks where cigarettes once were. Small standees advertising Big Gulps and Big Bites.

Through a partially frosted-up window, we can see a gas station and a car wash just a few dozen yards away.

Jesse and Ellie are running across the snowy parking lot from the car wash toward us...

We slowly move back, panning away from the window. The glass case with hot dog rollers is smashed open. But instead of hotdogs, there are... bongs?

SOUND - the door RATTLING OPEN, wind howling, then... it shuts, and:

ON ELLIE - wiping the snow from her hood, then pulling it down, and now she can see:

THE INTERIOR OF THE 7-11 - but most of the shelves are gone. Just a couple remain, pushed toward the dead refrigerator walls where drinks used to go.

In the empty space in the middle of the store floor, there's a bed. And an old wood-burning stove with a flue that's been jammed up through a crude hole in the ceiling... gloppy tar sealing out the air.

Stacks of firewood. Cans of lighter fluid. Battery lanterns. Clothes. Milk crates.

The two shelves are full of electronic parts and other bric-a-brac, but mostly, the room is absolutely FULL of--

WEED. Long clumpy branches of dead marijuana hanging from ceiling hooks all around the room. And grow lamps. Planters. Pots. Bags of soil.

It's a GROW ROOM in here. Or it was.

As Jesse quickly piles wood into the stove...

ELLIE

Am I fucking hallucinating?

JESSE

Maybe. You see a 7-11 full of weed?

ELLIE

Yup.

JESSE

Then no.

As she looks around, the light catches a metal glint. She moves in closer. It's a circular DOG TAG hanging from a chain.

With a FIREFLY symbol on it. Ellie rotates the dog tag, and sees the name stamped on the back.

**EUGENE
LYNDEN
000314**

ELLIE

Eugene?

(turns to Jesse)

How did you know about this place?

JESSE

He was my first patrol partner. One day he showed it to me. Said he found it a year earlier when he was on a solo patrol. Swore me to secrecy. Said Maria wouldn't be uh, you know, supportive of his uh, "farming."

Jesse's got a fire going. Sits down in front of it. Warming himself as he stokes it with a poker. Ellie joins him. Sits down next to him. She seems dazed.

JESSE

You okay?

ELLIE

(no)

Yeah.

She takes her gloves off. Warms her hands.

ELLIE

Eugene was a Firefly?

JESSE

Yup. Just early on though. He quit back in o-ten.

ELLIE

How come?

JESSE

He said he was tired of killing people. I think he was in Vietnam.

ELLIE

Oh.

Jesse's got the fire going good. He closes the oven hatch. Then:

JESSE

That was a raw deal. Joel having to put him down.

Ellie shrugs. Trying to pretend it wasn't so bad.

JESSE

Fuckin' shame. Guy makes it through a war, ends up going out like that.

(well...)

What are you gonna do. Couldn't be saved.

Ellie stares numbly into the red glow between the slats of the oven hatch. *Yes he could. He could have been he could have been he could have been he*

ELLIE

Yeah.

(long pause, then)

You think Joel's okay? I mean if he's still out there.

JESSE

If we're alive, he's alive. He knows a ton of places to wait it out.

(beat)

And Dina.

(off Ellie's look)

Joel and Dina.

ELLIE

Yeah, of course. That's what I meant. They're both okay.

Was it what you meant? But Jesse lets it go.

EXT. JACKSON - NOW (D3)

Guards stand on the wall. Scanning the distance. Or trying. Visibility is getting worse and worse. The mountains can barely be seen...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - JACKSON - NOW (D3)

We watch through the unmanned job site as a TRUCK tows a flatbed with CRATES over the frozen ground, heading off to the wall where the supplies are needed.

The FOREMAN pulls his jacket tighter as the wind whips up. Temperature's dropping fast. He glances at the sky, then stops a worker as she's walking by.

FOREMAN

Tell everyone they have 30 minutes to wrap it up, and then we're calling it.

She nods and heads off.

ON THE OPEN TRENCH - WORKERS are breaking up the old SEWER PIPE. Lengths of ABS on the ground, ready to be swapped in.

SLEDGES crack down on the old clay. A worker is slamming the blade end of a SHOVEL against the side of a tough piece that doesn't want to come apart.

CLOSE on THE OPEN END of the TOUGH SEWER PIPE. The cordyceps inside only visible to us. The shovel CRACKS through the clay from above, shoving shards into the clogged roots, and:

A CORDYCEPS TENDRIL peels FREE from the mass and WITHDRAWS BACK into the pipe, as if reacting in pain.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - SAME (D3)

BOOTS crunching steadily through the snow.

Abby's on a mission. Her face red from wind and cold, and her breath coming in shivery fits, but she doesn't notice.

HER POV - the path winds through rocky outcroppings. She moves through them to the EDGE of the snow, and:

THE STEEP CLIFF SIDE - right there, WAY too soon. She stops herself as fast as she can... and just in time... kicking bits of snow that SKITTER DOWN the edge toward:

A switchback, about fifty feet below now. The wind has picked up steadily now. Impossible to see much except swirling white down there... but then the sound of a distant NEIGHING... and for a moment, she catches a glimpse of them, heading in the opposite direction they were going in earlier.

She's not sure why, but it doesn't matter. They're down there, and she's losing her window to grab them.

So you have to go down. This is fucking insane, but she doesn't care. Compelled. The slope isn't straight down I can do it, just slide down on your butt, Abby... you got this...

She gently sits on the snow, extends her legs, then pushes forward slightly, testing whether or not the snow will hold or avalanche under her.

It holds. *Good*. She starts to scoot down, and:

It doesn't hold. The snow GIVES WAY WITHOUT WARNING, and she scrambles to try and claw her way back, but she's already SLIDING DOWN THE HILLSIDE at SPEED, and:

EXT. DISTANT VIEW OF THE MOUNTAINSIDE - SAME (D3)

We're watching from another peak. The wind dies down for a moment, and we can see a tiny RIVER OF SNOW flowing down the side of the nearby mountain... and in it, a little dot of black... a person caught and being carried along...

The snow is descending toward a plateau that leads in a gentle slope down to the valley...

EXT. THE PLATEAU - MOMENTS LATER (D3)

We're low to the snow. Something unfocused and blue in the foreground, like a clump of dead shrub branches.

The small river of snow cascades down from the mountain slope, out of the trees, and gathers in a slump near the base of the plateau, kicking powdery snow toward us and whiting us out...

IN THE TREES - looking out toward the plateau - an obscured view of the snowy pile, and then MOVEMENT... an ARM, and:

THE SNOWY PILE - Abby EMERGES from the snow, gasping for air, face stung by cold... she crawls out of the snow and we lead her as she stumbles forward, coughing from the frigid air and the lack of oxygen--

--and then her boot CATCHES on something BLUE in the snow... like a curved branch, but not a branch...

...and she pitches forward, falling again face-first into the snow.

She lifts her head up with a groan, looks ahead and:

Eyes go wide. Fear. Staring at that first clumpy blue thing we saw before... BLURRY and weirdly framed in the foreground, too close to us.

We move back slightly and rack to see it's:

A HAND. A single hand, thrusting up from the snow, frozen solid in a grasping, clutching pose.

But Abby's eyes flit around, and now we reveal:

WIDE ON THE PLATEAU - an open, snowy field of MOSTLY-SUBMERGED CORPSES, all of their exposed parts rising straight up from the white drifts, all frozen...

And ABBY a tiny figure amid this terrifying, twisted garden of death.

Abby gets up SLOWLY. Realizes she's lost her rifle and sidearm. And begins walking very carefully... like a soldier who just realized she's in a minefield.

THE PLATEAU - is on a gentle slope down to the valley... but in the swirling white, it's hard to say how far down it is.

So all Abby can see are the hands and arms and heads and feet. And as she moves, she gets a closer look.

Cordyceps. Cordyceps on almost all of them.

Fuuuuuuuck... go slow go slow go slow...

She looks back. Behind her, ARMS AND HANDS AND HEADS as far as she can see. There weren't a few Infected who died here. *There were dozens... maybe hundreds... maybe more.*

But just a few feet in front of her... something else. Not a hand. A HEAD. We know what it is the moment we see its silhouette in the white swirl.

Abby stops in front of it. Stares at it.

A CLICKER - half of its icy face exposed above the snow line, its mouth frozen open like someone drawing a final breath before drowning.

It's so fucking quiet out here now.

And then:

a DEEP GROWL from beneath the snow.

no no no no no

Abby doesn't move. *please stop if I don't move it'll stop*

ANOTHER GROWL... we've heard this before... it's muffled and low, but it's unmistakable. *There's a Bloater below the surface. And it's alive.*

ON ABBY'S BOOTS - the snow begins to VIBRATE. A tremor underneath. Then little zipper cracks in the surface.

Abby looks down and sees:

THE DEAD CLICKER HEAD - as it begins to rotate slightly in place, not because it's alive, but because the snow around it is beginning to QUAKE, and--

--Abby backs away...

a low rumble

And then... fifty yards away, just at the edge of visibility, frozen bodies RISE UP and then SINK DOWN into the snow...

ON THE SLOWLY SINKING BODIES - with Abby in the far background... and then an ARM rises up, grabbing onto a corpse and PULLING ITSELF UP...

AN INFECTED MAN. He SCREAMS at the sight of her, and rising up next to him, another, and another....

Abby RUNS. She runs DOWN THE SLOPE as fast as she can in the snow, kicking up powder even as the white blanket under her begins to wobble and undulate...

faster

Her BOOTS slamming wildly into hands and arms and now more FACES... we hear the CRACK of frozen flesh...

BEHIND HER - a CHURN OF WHITE... we can't see them but we can HEAR THEM... a ROARING CROWD OF SCREAMS... for a second, the wind dies down and as she runs she looks back and sees:

THE HORDE. Not twenty or a hundred or five hundred. A *thousand? More?* Then the WIND WHIPS UP AGAIN, and the horde is obscured by the snow...

...but not the sound.

It's one woman chased by an endless sea of monsters, and she GASPS in her breath in fear and sheer need for oxygen as she RUNS, stumbling and tripping *oh god get up get up!* over corpses and back on her feet... her arms PUMPING, eyes FIXED straight ahead, all her fear converting to fuel as:

BEHIND HER - the voices of the Infected growing nearer, their terrifying SHRIEKS borne by the wind.

ABBY'S POV - up ahead, at the edge of visibility, a MASSIVE ABANDONED FACILITY... hard to tell what it is from here. But industrial. WALLED IN in sections. FENCED IN in others.

Whatever that place is, it's her only chance to get out of view... she's making GASPING NOISES as she runs, her body pushing her beyond what she thought it could do...

BEHIND HER - the voices grow louder... closer... closer...

EXT. THE FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER (D3)

From atop the facility, a wide view. Through the whipping mist, a small woman running in the snow. Slower than we want her to.

And behind, for a moment, a glimpse of the leading edge of the horde. The fastest of the Infected in close pursuit...

ON ABBY -

Almost at the WALL... a cinderblock structure about 20 feet high... there's a LADDER on it, but the bottom half of the ladder is protected by one of those SECURITY LADDER GUARDS that cover the rungs with a shield of flat metal.

She doesn't slow down. And neither does the throng behind her. She gets to the ladder, and THROWS herself forward, jumping a bit, getting an almost PARKOUR-LIKE boost off the wall and then--

SHE CATCHES THE SIDES of the guarded ladder with her hands. And she PULLS HERSELF UP...

Holy shit she's strong. Way stronger than we knew. She PULLS HERSELF UP one hand at a time with the practiced coordination of a soldier who has gone through a LOT of training... right... left... right...

THE FIRST WAVE OF INFECTED are SECONDS AWAY...

Abby YELLS in fear and sheer athletic effort, her muscles BURNING but she doesn't stop until--

--she REACHES the unguarded RUNGS, and then SCRAMBLES UP and OVER... SWINGS around and QUICK-SLIDES down the other side, as we HEAR the Infected colliding into the wall...

Abby is in a small perimeter between the facility and the exterior wall... she RUNS like a rat in a maze, desperate to find a DOOR... up ahead the wall turns SHARPLY to the right. She ROUNDS the corner and--

--the WALL here ends and a METAL SECURITY FENCE begins, rusty and a big saggy, but heavy steel poles planted in a concrete base... CHAIN LINK in between making that classic diamond-shaped hole pattern...

The gap between the fence and the building is narrower here... Abby can feel things closing in... and then:

THE INFECTED ARRIVE... pouring around from where they couldn't scale the wall, slamming into the FENCE from the other side, trying to get at her.

THE FENCE - BOWS INWARD, stressed by the impact of five, ten... DOZENS of Infected slamming against it, slamming against EACH OTHER...

...and as Abby runs, the fence begins to LEAN FORWARD AT THE TOP, slamming into the overhang of the building, and reducing Abby's movement space to a TINY WEDGE.

And now she's PRESSED UP WITH HER BACK AGAINST THE WALL to get through... the INFECTED just INCHES FROM HER, their FINGERS BLEEDING as they try to literally PUSH THEIR HANDS THROUGH the chain link.

THE CONCRETE BASE begins to CRACK. We can hear it starting to GIVE WAY from the shear force against the metal poles...

The INFECTED keep MASSING AGAINST IT, more than we've ever seen this close, and there's a SNAPPING NOISE as a pole gives way, and the FENCE COLLAPSES IN ANOTHER FOOT...

...and Abby has to DROP DOWN TO A CRAWL as she MOVES DESPERATELY through a SMALLER AND SMALLER SPACE...

UP AHEAD - the swirling wind has reduced her visibility to barely anything now... she doesn't know what's ahead or where she's going...

One of their ARMS BREAKS THROUGH and GRABS HER but she pulls away... and then:

THE FENCE COLLAPSES IN YET AGAIN... one more collapse and if the Infected don't get her, she'll be CRUSHED anyway...

BEHIND HER - we see the INFECTED piling on top of each other... the ones at the top getting SLICED by the CONCERTINA... BLOOD spattering down into the snow...

ON ABBY - in fear overdrive... the Infected at the bottom are so close she can smell the stink of their breath as they try to CHEW THROUGH THE CHAIN LINK... their screaming almost drowning out the panicked sounds pouring out of her, until:

THROUGH THE WHITE MIST - she can see where the fence ends and becomes CINDERBLOCK WALL again... another SHARP TURN to the right... she CRAWLS in panic toward the turn just as:

BEHIND HER - we see an INFECTED MAN wriggling THROUGH where it's torn a small GAP in the chain link...

Abby MAKES IT to the wall and the turn, stumbling to her feet and trying to run... she falls... gets back up, and:

THE INFECTED MAN comes racing around the corner, slamming wildly into her, and she lands in the snow on her back, barely holding it back, her arms aching... and the sound of more of them coming, and:

THE BARREL OF A REVOLVER ENTERS FRAME and there's a MUZZLE FLASH.

HALF OF THE INFECTED MAN'S HEAD EXPLODES AWAY in RED MIST

ALL SOUND is gone...

A deafened Abby scrambles back and...

MAN'S VOICE
(muffled)
Give me your hand!

A gloved hand reaches down... she grabs it and JOEL lifts her to her feet. As he yells to her, sound RETURNS...

JOEL
Can you run?

Abby tries to get her bearings...

ABBY
Uh... yeah...

JOEL
C'mon! Through there!

He points to an OPEN METAL DOOR into the facility. She runs for it. He follows her, SHOOTING BACK at more Infected who have wriggled through the fence, and we're:

INT. ABANDONED COPPER MINE - CONTINUOUS (D3)

Abby races in, and Joel follows... shooting at unseen Infected... he slams the metal door shut and drops a SECURITY ARM into place...

The sound of INFECTED slamming against it from the outside echoes through:

THE FACILITY - enormous and wide open. Fifty foot high ceilings, metal girders holding it up... crisscrossing ductwork, tiers of concrete and metal platforming, a curved gangway/cart track leading up, and near the ground level, exposed chunks of GREENISH ROCK.

We're in a MINE CONCENTRATOR. You don't need to know what that is or how it works. It's *holy shit* is the point.

Abby crumples to the ground again, still gasping for air from the physical exertion and the fear... until she hears:

DINA (O.S.)

JOEL!

ABBY - freezes in the moment.....

joel she said joel oh my fucking god it's him

JOEL

(yells back to Dina)

Up here!

Abby's eyes flit to Joel and then back away as quickly as possible. Then down to her EMPTY SIDEARM HOLSTER.

JOEL

(to Abby)

You good?

(no response)

Hey. Kid!

ABBY

(holy fuckfuckfuck)

Yeah. I'm good.

JOEL

No bites?

She shakes her head. Terrified that any extra word will give her intentions away... but she can't make a move yet.

JOEL

Then get up.

He's armed. Revolver. Rifle. I have nothing. Not yet. And there's a horde outside...

JOEL

(impatient)

Now!

He reaches down and GRABS HER ARM, pulling her to her feet, and then running with her toward the STAIRS leading down to:

DINA, on the lower level of the mine facility, on HORSEBACK and holding the reins of Joel's horse.

DINA

What do we do?

Joel rushes down the stairs, pulling Abby with him, his revolver at the ready. *THUD THUD THUD...* the sound of more and more bodies slamming against the door...

JOEL

We leave!

DINA

Back to Jackson? We're too damn far,
we'll freeze before we get halfway.

JOEL

Yeah, I'm aware!

More SLAMMING NOISES AGAINST THE DOOR... the security bar is BENDING...

DINA

Where the fuck did they even come
from?

ABBY

Mountain...

Doesn't make sense to Dina. But it doesn't matter. She turns back to Joel as he mounts his horse.

DINA

Joel, if we stay here we die, if we
go out there we die--

JOEL

(panicking)

I don't know! I'm thinking!

Abby's mind is racing. Can't stop staring at him. Then:

ABBY

(blurts)

The lodge!

They both look at her.

ABBY

My friends are holed up in a lodge
halfway up the mountain. Not far.
(the Infected)
If they're down *here*, maybe there
aren't anymore up *there*.

Joel isn't sure, but... the DOOR is ALMOST BEATEN IN.

JOEL

Fuck it-- it's all we got.

(MORE)

JOEL (cont'd)
(he mounts up)
Your friends armed?

ABBY
Yeah.

JOEL
Good. Probably gonna need it.

He holds his hand out to her again. *Get on the horse.*

A split second hesitation. Not enough for him to notice. But he doesn't know what we know.

And then-- Abby takes his hand, gets on the horse right behind him, and the two horses GALLOP AWAY just as...

...THE INFECTED BREAK THROUGH THE DOOR in the B.G., spilling into the room like ANTS, and their screams HARD CUT TO--

INT. RADIO ROOM - JACKSON - NOW (D3)

--a soft, shifting woosh of static. We all know the sound.
"No signal."

We're in the broadcasting studio of what used to be a small local radio station. It wasn't big or fancy in 2003. It's even more modest now.

The equipment has been repurposed into a collection of short-wave radios, old mics, patch cables... with cords running up through punched holes in the acoustic ceiling tiles.

AMY, 30's, glasses, wheelchair, is posted up by the mixing panel. Mic by her face. She's writing stuff down in a LOGBOOK. We can't see it clearly, but it's frequencies, names, times, locations...

She's worried. Hits a button on the board, and the static disappears as she transmits.

AMY
Copper Mine, this is Jackson, come in.

She releases the button. STATIC. So she tries again.

AMY
Copper Mine, this is Jackson.
(nothing)
Copper Mine, come in.

Nothing. She drops her pencil in frustration just as we hear an outer door opening, and then TOMMY enters in full crisis management mode.

TOMMY

How we doing?

AMY

Range is pretty compromised. The wind's bending the antenna, I don't know how long--

TOMMY

But you heard from all of them and they're on their way back.

AMY

Or taking shelter, yeah.

Tommy lets himself take a breath. *Okay.*

AMY

Except Joel and Dina.

Oh no. Nononono...

TOMMY

Well where the fuck are they?

AMY

I don't know. They're not responding.

TOMMY

(panicking)

Try them again.

(I DON'T CARE, AMY)

Again!

She pushes the button.

AMY

Copper Mine, this is Jackson.

(nothing)

Copper Mine--

TOMMY

(yells into the mic)

JOEL ANSWER THE GODDAMN RADIO!

Static.

TOMMY

FUCK!

Tommy's already heading for the door.

TOMMY
Every ten seconds, Amy! You hear me?

He storms out and she goes back to the mic.

AMY
Copper Mine, this is Jackson, come
in...

INT. 7-11 - NOW (D3)

JESSE is still seated on the floor. Head resting against the wall. Eyes closed. Napping... or just waiting it out.

ELLIE (O.S.)
Jesse. Check it.

He opens his eyes. Wasn't napping.

JESSE
What.

Ellie is near one of the shelves full of crap. She turns and holds up a GAS MASK with a BONG attached to the front. Laughing.

ELLIE
Did he make this?

JESSE
Yeah.

ELLIE
I'm bringing it back with me.

JESSE
No you're not.

ELLIE
And as much of this weed as I can
shove in my pack.

JESSE
Nope.

She starts gathering weed.

ELLIE
Dude, you're gonna be in charge of
Jackson one day. We all know. But
that day has not yet come.

JESSE

Ellie--

Then: a SQUAWK from Jesse's walkie.

WALKIE

ssshh...Mine...ssshh...ina?

Jesse unclips the walkie from his belt. Damn things never work the way they're supposed to.

Ellie's literally shoving weed into her pack now.

JESSE

(to Ellie)

Come on man...

(into the walkie)

Repeat?

WALKIE

ssshhh this is Jackson do you copy?

Jesse stands up. Sixth sense. Something in Amy's voice.

JESSE

This is Jesse. You're barely there.
Amy?

WALKIE

Jesse? ssshhh-ee Joel?

Ellie stops stashing drugs. Now she's all ears. Joel...

JESSE

Repeat.

WALKIE

shh-seen Joel or Dina?

JESSE

No. Why?

WALKIE

*shhh-aven't checked in, are you near
Coppersssshhhhhhhhhhh*

ELLIE

Oh fuck.

JESSE

Amy? Amy come back. Amy?

Static. Signal gone.

Jesse and Ellie look at each other for a moment...

...and then they both start moving. Bong gas mask dropped.
Heading for the door, and--

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - JACKSON (D3)

Workers struggle as the winds blow harder. The Foreman's had enough.

FOREMAN
That's it. We're done!
(yelling out)
We're done! Pack it in!

The worker by the SEWER LINE hacks down on the pipe with his pickaxe, then hears the Foreman calling an end to the day. He pulls back on his pickaxe, but it's STUCK in the roots. *Goddammit.* He wrenches it back and forth, then YANKS IT BACK, pulling a CLUMP OF ROOTS AWAY with it, revealing:

CORDYCEPS - a thick CLOG of it. The tendrils SQUIRM.

Oh jesus no

He drops the pickaxe and starts running. We hear him screaming HEY, HEY!!! and:

INT. CAR WASH - MOMENTS LATER (D3)

The door LIFTS BACK UP, and with it, the freezing cold wind. Jesse and Ellie rush in, stash their guns on the saddles and start mounting up.

JESSE
That route's an oval around the mine-- we gotta split up, come at it from both ways-- northwest, northeast, meet up in the middle...

ELLIE
I'll take northwest. How much time you think we have?

JESSE
If the wind holds steady, maybe twenty minutes. You gotta make it to the mine by then.

Ellie spurs her horse to move.

JESSE

Ellie! Whether you find them or not!

She looks back at him. *Bullshit.*

ELLIE

Yeah, you fuckin' too, Jesse.

And then she's OFF LIKE A SHOT into the blinding white.

Jesse grits his teeth against the wind. Knows full well she'd rather die out there. And so would he before he'd let Joel and Dina freeze. He spurs his horse, and:

EXT. SNOWY EXPANSE - NOW (D3)

HORSE HOOVES thunder through snow... a blur...

JOEL rides as fast as he can. Abby holding on behind him. And now, visible through the shifting, snowy wind, we see DINA riding alongside...

Abby looks back over her shoulder... no visibility... can't see the horde. Can only hear their ECHOING SCREAMS borne by the wind...

ON A HIGH-UP OVERLOOK - looking down over the snowy expanse-- we see: two TINY HORSES moving like specks of brown against the vast white snowscape... and then far behind them, a HORDE of bodies in pursuit...

ON JOEL - squinting against the freezing wind, frost gathered on his eyelashes, mustache, beard...

BEHIND THEM - barely visible, the HORDE.

Abby desperately tries to make out familiar terrain... and then she sees some. *They're almost there.* She points ahead.

ABBY

THAT WAY! WE'RE CLOSE!

Joel steers his horse in the direction Abby's pointing, and shouts back to Dina.

JOEL

ALMOST THERE!

Dina nods, her face stinging red... everything numb... she's scared but holding on...

ON ABBY AND JOEL - as he spurs the horse to go faster, we hear the rising sound of a DISTANT SCREECH FROM ABOVE, this one closer and higher... and as if in response, *the horde behind Abby and Joel begins to SHIFT IN DIRECTION...*

INSIDE THE HORDE - bodies whipping toward us, and we see Infected begin to snap their heads hard to the right, as they start CHANGING THEIR COURSE as one...

ON THE HIGH-UP OVERLOOK - we see the horde SHIFTING AS ONE, like a flock of birds, and as we do, we start to hear CLOSER SCREAMS of Infected... and:

ANOTHER STREAM OF BODIES begins racing into view, and:

ON THE SNOWY EXPANSE - the first horde is now almost entirely cranked around perpendicular to its original path, like watching a dragon's tail curling about, and we RISE AND PAN to see:

A SECOND HORDE streaming down the side of the nearby mountain, this horde even BIGGER than the first, dead set on some destination we cannot see but know instinctively is:

EXT. MAIN GATE YARD - JACKSON - NOW (D3)

Tommy leads a horse out of the stables. Rifle strapped over his shoulder. Heavy jacket on. Hood up.

And then he sees her. *Fuck.*

MARIA

Are you out of your mind?

TOMMY

You don't know what's going on.

MARIA

I just heard. Joel and Dina didn't check in, you're going out there to get him... I know what's going on.

She's striding toward him. He keeps going, leading the horse by the reins toward the gate. Not slowing down.

MARIA

Hey! Just because we lost contact doesn't mean they're in trouble.

TOMMY

Doesn't mean they're not.

She changes course to intercept him, but he's closer to the gate, so she's following behind him now...

MARIA

They are more than capable. They can take care of themselves.

TOMMY

You mean if they're still alive.

Tommy signals for the GATE GUARDS to open the gate. They move toward it, but:

MARIA

(to the Gate Guards)

Don't you fucking move!

They do not fucking move.

Tommy turns back to her. She's caught up to him. Close enough now where they don't need to yell. But they talk fast, right on top of each other the way married couples do, and the volume gets higher as they go...

MARIA

Don't make me look like this.

TOMMY

Like what.

MARIA

Like a nagging bitch chasing after her husband. I'm *not*. I'm being rational here. You will freeze to death before you find them.

TOMMY

(it doesn't matter)

He's my brother.

MARIA

And I'm your wife, Benji's your son, this is your town... and it is *fifteen below*, Tommy! You understand that cold doesn't give a shit?

TOMMY

(I know what this is)

If it were anyone else, you wouldn't be stopping me.

MARIA

(oh you motherfucker)
If it were anyone else you wouldn't
be going and I'm gonna repeat myself
one last time, do not make me out
like this. Do not.

He's about to make her out like that anyway, but:

VOICE (O.S.)

TOMMY! TOMMY!

The pickaxe guy and others are RUNNING toward him from down
the street. Panicked.

EXT. LOOKOUT TOWER - FAR TO LEFT OF GATE - CONTINUOUS (D3)

A LOOKOUT scans the distance with binocs.

POV BINOCS - barely any visibility. Basically a mass of SNOW
FOG out there. And nothing moving.

The guard lowers his binocs. Wipes some condensation off the
lenses. Then goes back to looking through the binocs.

POV BINOCS - SNOW FOG. Still no movement.

CU THE LOOKOUT - binocs covering his eyes. Head moving
slowly to scan...

...and then his face changes.

POV BINOCS - IN THE SNOW FOG - *specks of dark emerging from
the whiteout... moving erratically...*

THE LOOKOUT - adjusts the focus, and:

POV BINOCS - the tiny dots resolve to THE HORDE. At first,
dozens... then hundreds... then the full scope of it all...
A THOUSAND OF THEM...

The Lookout turns and shouts down in panic to the guards
manning the wall.

LOOKOUT

(yells his lungs out)
BELL! BELL!!!

And now the SOUND of the HORDE finally begins to reach
them... distance SHRIEKS...

This is it. It's happening. And with panic pumping in his
veins, one of the guards runs toward the ALARM BELL, and:

CU THE BELL - simple old school church bell begins WHIPPING BACK AND FORTH... BIN DANNNG BIN DANNNG BIN DANNNG

The BELL GUARD yanks down on the bell rope frantically, turning to look out at the snowy expanse beyond Jackson... and his heart drops out of him because he can see the--

HORDE - like an INVADING ARMY... running as fast toward Jackson as humans can run... some of them getting TRAMPLED by others... doesn't matter... they feel no pain. They fear no weapons.

They're coming.

ALONG THE TOP OF THE WALL - another guard is RUNNING as fast as she can, away from the guard tower and toward the gate...

EXT. MAIN GATE YARD - NOW (D3)

The construction workers have just arrived, out of breath, but before they can choke out the warning, Tommy and Maria turn to the sound of the BELL-- their argument gone in an instant-- and they both look up to see the RUNNING GUARD appearing above them.

MARIA
Raiders or Infected?

RUNNING GUARD
Infected! Maybe a thousand!

She points back toward the direction she came from.

RUNNING GUARD
They're headed to the east side! Five minutes out!

MARIA
(fast, to herself)
No no no, we need them here...
(to Tommy)
You take Main Street. I'll bring them to the gate.

She quickly throws her arms around him, KISSES HIM like it's the last time, and:

MARIA
Go.

Tommy mounts his horse, shouting at the guards as he does.

TOMMY
NETS! NETS!!!!

Oh fuck... the NETS? Whatever that means, it scares the shit out of them, but they start running toward a building as Tommy SPURS his horse and begins a GALLOP.

Maria calls to two nearby guards. Shouts to them as she heads for the stables.

MARIA
You two with me! Horses!
(to the gate guards)
Open it!

The gate guards look at her. *What?*

As Maria mounts her horse...

MARIA
NOW!

Holy shit. Okay. The gate guards move to the gate latches.
please don't let this be the end please please please

EXT. THE GATES - MOMENTS LATER (D3)

The large gates OPEN SLOWLY as the gate guards push. We don't know what this insane plan is or how it could possibly help, but even so...

...the town is now OPEN.

And then THREE RIDERS come THUNDERING OUT on horses, Maria in the lead, riding TOWARD THE HORDE.

Insanity.

HOOFS POUND

THE FEET OF A THOUSAND INFECTED RUN

WIDE - as the three horses become visible to the HORDE, which predictably starts to SHIFT SLIGHTLY TOWARD THEM.

And that's when the RIDERS TURN and start RACING BACK TO JACKSON... knowing full well they're leading the horde directly to the main gate.

EXT. MAIN STREET - JACKSON - MOMENTS LATER (D3)

People on the street have stopped what they're doing. They hear the bell clanging, and then Tommy's FUZZY, AMPLIFIED VOICE, distorted until he's closer, and now CLEAR as he gallops through town like a post-apocalyptic Paul Revere, shouting into a BULLHORN.

TOMMY
BASEMENTS AND ROOFS! BASEMENTS AND
ROOFS!

No one needs to ask why or how. They simply SPRING INTO ACTION. And as the bell KEEPS RINGING:

THE TOWN PREPARES AS FAST AS POSSIBLE

- Rifles are grabbed from the armory
- Children are swept up off the street by parents
- Boots pounding their way up stairs
- Adults being handed weapons, children being led away, no time to hug, no time to say goodbye...
- Armed citizens emerge on rooftops from access doors, or climb their way up on ladders...

MARIA AND THE OTHER RIDERS gallop BACK THROUGH THE GATES into Jackson, and the gate guards immediately begin PUSHING THE GATES CLOSED ONCE MORE.

As she hops off her horse, she shouts to the guards running to man the fence.

MARIA
They're heading where we want... now
do your fucking jobs!
(to the other riders)
Roofs! Let's go!

- SIX GUARDS are carrying long, rolled up vinyl NETTING, almost like a ballpark tarp... moving as fast as they can toward the open space by the MAIN GATE...
- FLAME THROWER GUARDS quickly get homespun FLAME THROWERS in place... gas tanks in harnesses on their backs...
- AT THE TOP OF THE FENCE - fence guards flip over hinged sections of PLYWOOD, creating small miniramps angling down and away from the wall... sloping toward the enemy...

- ROOF GUNNERS kick away the ladders they used. They get into place. Knees hitting the rooftops. Rifles aimed down at the street. Panic in their eyes.

- THE NET GUARDS are PUSHING THE ROLL OPEN, again like a grounds crew, and now we see that there are varied types of EXPLOSIVES enmeshed throughout the netting...

- AT THE TOP OF THE FENCE - fence guards lift the FUEL BARRELS into a loading position at the top of the miniramps, ready to be pushed...

- THE MINE FIELD is in place... unrolled, it covers a LOT of ground. DET CORD leads from the mine field to a DETONATOR. A guard gets the leads plugged in as quick as he can with numb, anxious fingers...

- CLOSE ON THE FLAME THROWERS - gas valves are spun open with a hiss. PILOT LIGHTS at the nozzle ends of lit.

- AT THE TOP OF THE FENCE - torches with cloth ends smeared with tar are readied near small makeshift braziers. Kindling and wood scraps in the braziers are lit.

And now... the BELL STOPS.

THE TOWN IS silent. Just the gusting wind now.

The flame thrower guards take shielded positions on the street. One of them whispers a prayer.

The gunners on the rooftops await. Maria is up there now, rifle in hand. She looks over at the men sharing this roof with her. Nods at them. "You'll be okay."

She can fool them. But she can't fool us.

The MINES in the netting collect wind-blown powder like smooth rocks in snow.

THE LIVESTOCK PENS - sheep BAAA, blissfully unaware.

But there's a new sound in the air now. A rising SHRIEKING AND JIBBERING...

EXT. ON THE TOP OF THE FENCE - NOW (D3)

Tommy has climbed a ladder to the top of the wall. Gets into position with the rest of the guards up here. And looks out to see:

THE HORDE - a multicolored mass mere seconds away... the sound growing LOUDER... scattered bodies of their own trampled dead behind them...

We're all going to die.

Then he sees the men and women up here are even more terrified. And he does his duty. He yells to make himself heard to them over the wind and the approaching Infected.

TOMMY

Jackson holds!

Not good enough. He has to believe it himself. And so he wills himself. *We will not die.*

TOMMY

JACKSON HOLDS!

He gets his rifle ready. *Fuck these mushroom motherfuckers. I'll kill them all.*

And *that* is contagious. The guards get themselves ready. All of them soldiers now.

THE HORDE IS ALMOST UPON THEM...

TOMMY

GET READY!

One guard near each FUEL BARREL prepares to PUSH...

....aaaaaaaand....

THE HORDE SLAMS INTO THE WALL... Tommy and the other guards at the top of the wall stumble from the impact...

The SOUND is horrifying. The screams of the frenzied Infected mixing with the low groan of BENDING TIMBER...

And the MAIN GATE is SHAKING against the backstopped trucks, the wood splintering...

BUT THE WALL AND THE GATE HOLD, and:

TOMMY

PUSH!!!

The guards PUSH the FUEL BARRELS down the ramps... the barrels fling off the ends of the ramps and SMASH DOWN onto the HORDE about ten feet away from the wall itself, crushing a few Infected as they make impact...

...but the Infected don't care. They just keep trying to climb over each other in a desperate drive to get to the top of the wall...

TOMMY
RIFLES!!!

Tommy and the guards finally aim DOWN at the horde with their rifles and BEGIN FIRING...

But not at the Infected. Sure, they're killing a few of them... chunks of fungus flying right at our lens...

What they're really aiming for are the barrels. Bullets THUNK into the metal barrels, sending FUEL SPILLING OUT over the Infected... small rivulets of fuel turning to gallons gurgling out as the bullets hit their marks...

The Infected near the barrels are getting DOUSED. Fuel in their eyes... their mouths... but their frenzy never stops. Men, women, children... Clickers... they just keep throwing themselves against the wall and each other until:

TOMMY - fires one more shot into a barrel. Then turns to the other guards on the wall.

TOMMY
NOW!!!

Tommy and the guards drop their rifles, grab TORCHES, light them with the braziers, and then:

THEY FLING the torches over the wall...

FAR VIEW - from behind the horde. Tiny ORANGE SPECKS arc into the air and down toward the HORDE, and...

IGNITE.

ON THE HORDE - BURNING... screaming... thick, orange black flames billowing up from the fuel-soaked Infected...

...and as they continue to crawl over each other, they SPREAD THE FIRE MORE... the BARRELS BURST from heat and flames SPREAD ACROSS EVEN MORE...

LOOKING UP FROM THE HORDE - through shrieking Infected, choking smoke and heat-rippled air, we see Tommy peeking back over the edge...

...and now he and the other guards resume FIRING DOWN at the Infected... driving the closest ones back into the INFERNO

ON TOMMY - pure focus, even as he's gone from freezing to sweating... aim, squeeze, bolt. Aim, squeeze, bolt. The reflection of hellish flames flickering in the forward lens of his scope, and we're:

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NOW (D3)

Joel, Abby and Dina continue their horseback trek up the mountain. Every breath is like ice in their lungs. Their lips are turning blue.

As Joel guides his horse to follow the switchback, he looks off in the direction of Jackson...

JOEL
(reins his horse)
Whoa!

Dina hears, reins her horse, and turns back to him.

DINA
What?

Then she follows his look to see: IN THE FAR DISTANCE - across a valley of pure white snow... the wind has shifted to reveal a distant GLOW OF FIRE in front of Jackson.

DINA
Oh god.

JOEL
I have to go back.

DINA
We won't make it.

Abby starts to silently panic. *No no no no...*

JOEL
You're staying. If I don't make it, I don't make it.

DINA
You won't fucking make it, Joel!
(cuts him off)
No. It's not brave. It's stupid.

ABBY
(blurts)
We're almost there!
(MORE)

ABBY (cont'd)
(easy Abby)
The lodge is just up ahead. It's like
a minute. We have blankets, ammo...
my friends can help you get back. We
can fight.

Joel's a man of impulse. The guy who immediately runs into a
burning building to save the people he loves. But even he
can't ignore wisdom of what she's offering.

JOEL
(doesn't like it, but)
Fast.

He spurs his horse to GALLOP... and Dina follows.

EXT. LODGE - MOMENTS LATER (D3)

Owen, Nora, Manny and Mel are spread out in the area around
the lodge, guns out...

OWEN
ABBY!

The others are calling out for her too. A search party.
Until... the sound of HORSES, and Owen turns to see:

JOEL and ABBY on a horse together, followed by Dina.

Who the fuck are these people?

ABBY
INSIDE! INSIDE!

They rush to follow the horses back toward the LODGE, and:

INT. LODGE - MAIN ROOM - MINUTES LATER (D3)

They all enter. Owen immediately gets a blanket on Abby.

ABBY
Help them too.

Okay. He wants to ask her, but she gives him the weirdest
look. It's not a challenge. It's a "trust me." So he does.

Mel rushes over to help Dina, who is hypothermic.

MEL
Okay, c'mere... easy. I got you.
We're gonna bring your temp up
slowly, okay?

As Mel wraps Dina in a blanket, Dina clocks a small PATCH on the inside of Mel's open coat. A yellow triangle with a WOLF'S HEAD and the letters WLF.

DINA

What's-- who are-- ?

But Mel sees Dina's wrist is frostbitten from the gap between her jacket and her gloves, and cuts her off.

MEL

Hold on, I gotta jump on this or you're going to lose skin. Just stay right here.

As Mel moves toward where they've got warm water over a camping flame, Nora brings Joel a blanket.

Doesn't want it. He's staring out the big glass windows at the distant flames marking Jackson. He pulls out his walkie.

JOEL

Y'all have better radios than this?

Nora shakes her head no.

Shit. That was Joel's best hope.

JOEL

Okay, start grabbing blankets, ammo, whatever weapons you have. We're heading out in three minutes.

Nora looks back at Abby. *The fuck?*

ABBY

Sorry.

(to Joel)

I'm Abby. This is Nora, Manny, Owen and Mel.

Joel doesn't give a fuck. He's dialing in the all-hands frequency on his walkie.

JOEL (INTO RADIO)

Jackson, come in. Tommy? Tommy come in. Does anyone copy?

Mel brings a cloth and a container of warm water over to Dina and makes a compress. Gently caring for her.

ABBY

Her name's Dina.

ON JOEL - panic in his eyes. Desperate.

JOEL (INTO RADIO)
Jackson, do you copy? Anyone out
there? Any patrols, anyone...

In the B.G., out of focus, we see Abby rise and whisper something to Owen and Manny. They say nothing, but they both react in the smallest of ways.

Like predators who have spotted their prey. Owen nods to Manny, who starts walking toward Mel and Dina.

ON MEL - tending Dina. She looks up and sees something we don't behind Dina. *Oh fuck*. Stops working on Dina's arm. Moves away.

JOEL (INTO RADIO)
Jackson, come in. Jackson.

ABBY
And he... is Joel.

Nora freezes in place. The room is dead quiet now. Except for:

JOEL (INTO RADIO)
Tommy if you can hear this, I've got
Dina, we're okay, up in a lodge on
the mountain. Just hang on... we're
coming back your way with--

He turns and his face drops. His finger comes off the talk button. *kssshk*.

Dina stands trembling from cold and fear. MANNY is behind her. Arm barred across her neck. And a gun to her head.

Joel's mind races. Tries to make sense of this, even as Nora walks over to take Dina's sidearm.

ABBY
We're not going to hurt her. Not if
you cooperate. We're just gonna put
her to sleep for a while. Trust me.
It's for the best.
(to Mel)
Do it.

Mel hesitates. This isn't right.

ABBY
If you don't do it, I'm just gonna
smash her in the fuckin' head.

Mel glances at Owen, who nods. *Do it.* So Mel reluctantly goes to her medical bag.

As Nora disarms Joel...

JOEL
You want to rob us, fine, take what
you want. But--

ABBY
(amused)
Do we look like raiders to you?

Joel looks at Owen. Manny. Nora. Abby.

JOEL
No.

ABBY
What *do* we look like?

JOEL
Military.
(are you?)
Fireflies?

Mel approaches Dina with a needle. Dina struggles against Manny's hold, but he's too strong.

ABBY
Used to be. But haven't you heard?
There *are* no more Fireflies. They're
alllll gone...

And now Joel is starting to get an idea.

DINA
Get that shit away from me...

MEL
You're going to sleep for an hour.
That's all. I promise.
(to Joel)
I promise.

He believes her. Not that it matters. He tries to let Dina know it will be okay with a simple look, but it doesn't work.

Mel injects Dina, who struggles as much as she can.

DINA
NO! NO!

Her eyes go wide. Then defocus. And she's asleep and completely limp before her lids even shut. Manny lowers her slowly to the floor.

ABBY

See? Breathing.

(points)

That's a nice scar you got there on your right temple. And I'd say you're about six feet, in your 60's now...

(smiles)

And you actually are pretty handsome. Congrats on that.

(smile gone)

I'm gonna give you one chance to tell the truth, Joel. If you do, and let's face it, we'll all know--

(Dina)

I'll let her live.

MEL

Wait--

ABBY

Shut up.

Mel shuts up. Abby keeps her gaze trained on Joel.

ABBY

Where was the last place you saw the Fireflies.

Joel looks at Dina's sleeping body. *They already know. There's no point in risking Dina's life.*

He looks back at Abby.

JOEL

Salt Lake.

ABBY

Well at least you're honest.

She turns away from him. He glances back over his shoulder. Jackson under attack. He has to try something. Not to save himself. To save the city.

So he looks back to her.

JOEL

I saved your life.

ABBY

What life?

She turns to face him, SHOTGUN now in her hands, and FIRES into his LEG, instantly SHREDDING his kneecap.

Joel drops to the ground... so much pain, he can't even make a noise. He's just reaching for his knee, like that would help. It's piteous. Mel looks away. Sick to her stomach. But as Joel starts to bleed out...

ABBY
Tourniquet him.

No, please, Abby...

OWEN
Mel. Let's just do what we came to do.

She hates Abby right now. Hates Owen too. But she pulls her own belt off, crouches down by Joel, loops it around his thigh and PULLS with all her strength...

...and NOW Joel screams. Abby walks over to him. Crouches down. He stops screaming. Grits his teeth. Refuses to show her weakness, even now.

ABBY
Hmm. You're tough. I guess you'd have to be. Killing all those people. Do you know how many you killed that day? Did you count as you went, or I guess maybe it just didn't matter.
(off his silence)
18 soldiers. And one doctor. You remember that one. An unarmed doctor you shot in the head.
(he remembers)
Yeah. That was my dad. You probably figured already. The nurses said you barely looked at him before you pulled the trigger. Then you walked past his body and out the door.
(beat)
Well *I* looked at him. I saw him. I was 19.

ON DINA - eyes fluttering slightly.

ABBY
I've been in a militia for five years now. Seattle. I'd warn you not to go there, but little chance of that. Anyway, our commander... he trained us to follow a code. We don't kill people who can't defend themselves.

ON OWEN - listening. *You don't follow the code, Abby...*

BACK TO ABBY - leaning closer to Joel. Wiping the sweat from his face as he suffers in agony.

ABBY

And right now, that's you. But I *am* going to kill you. Because it doesn't matter if you have a code like me, or you're a lawless piece of shit like you. There are some things everyone agrees are just fucking wrong.

Right?

Yes. You're right.

Abby rises. Looks around. Then crosses toward a GOLF BAG leaning against the wall. Still full of clubs.

Her hand moving through the clubs, one by one.

ABBY

Funny. I've waited so long f--

JOEL

(gritted teeth)

Ah just shut the fuck up and do it already.

Darkness spills over her face.

ABBY

You stupid old man.

She pulls an iron. Then turns and walks toward him.

ABBY

You don't get to rush this.

Then she RAISES the club and BRINGS IT DOWN savagely on his shattered leg. Joel screams in pain, and then Abby moves down and hits him AGAIN... and AGAIN...

Mel turns away. Tears in her eyes.

Manny and Nora watch with grim satisfaction. Owen watches because he gave Abby his word. But with each sickening THUD of the golf club on Joel's helpless body, he has to force himself not to stop this from happening.

I swore to her.

ON DINA - the one no one is paying attention to. Her eyes open a little more, and ahead of her, in and out of focus... her rifle where they've left it against the wall.

She begins to INCH FORWARD, and we're:

EXT. APPROACHING THE MOUNTAIN - NOW (D3)

ELLIE emerges into view, her horse at a gallop... then she reins Shimmer to a halt.

IN THE SNOW - tracks. Horse hooves. Two riders. *Joel and Dina. Has to be.* The tracks lead up toward the mountain.

Then Ellie sees... THE FIRE IN THE DISTANCE. *Jackson. It's under attack.*

For a moment, we're not sure what she's going to do. But only for a moment... then her decision is as swift and sure as any she's ever made.

She spurs Shimmer and follows the TRACKS toward THE MOUNTAIN. We let her leave frame, and stay steady on the distant fire...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WALL - NOW (D3)

The BONFIRE OF INFECTED rages... charred corpses, flailing Clickers... and yet...

THEY KEEP COMING... more of them from the rear, pushing forward over their own dead, climbing on the pile, and throwing themselves toward the wall... and into the flames.

EXT. TOP OF WALL - NOW (D3)

Tommy and the other guards continue to fire into the thick of the living Infected... sweat dripping from their faces from the billowing heat of the fire...

But it's working. Either the Infected are too mindless to stop their charge, even in the face of flames... or maybe the collective believes it can eventually extinguish them with their own bodies.

Doesn't matter. Even if the amount still out there is terrifying. Jackson is winning.

And then:

A DEEP, HEAVY BASS GROWL bellows out from somewhere to the right of the fray. And then ANOTHER... a chorus of monstrous MOANS.

Tommy stops shooting and starts RUNNING along the wall to the right, until he sees:

OUT OF THE SWIRLING WHITE - a BLOATER, lumbering at a run, as slow and unstoppable as a tank... it's finally caught up.

Then Tommy sees ANOTHER ONE... TWO BLOATERS, headed for the west side of the wall where there's no bonfire at all... nothing to stop them but the wall itself.

And that won't be enough.

Tommy ditches his rifle, hits a ladder and gets down as fast as he can to the ground, yelling toward the MINE GUARDS, who are waiting in position with their guns aimed at the MAIN GATE.

TOMMY
MOVE THE NET! NOW! THAT WAY!

They run into action. The DETONATION GUARD quickly disconnects the detonator, and Tommy joins the rest of them, rolling the net up as quickly as they can.

From off where the Bloaters were approaching, we hear the sounds of PANICKING SHEEP.

EXT. LIVESTOCK PENS - NOW (D3)

The penned-in sheep are shrieking in the white mist.

CLOSE ON - the nearby wall, where heavy THUDS land one after another like SLEDGEHAMMER BLOWS from the other side.

A thick BLOATER FIST manages to PUNCH THROUGH the wood. A loud BELLOW from the unseen Bloater, and:

EXT. TOP OF WALL - NOW (D3)

The guards see the horde react to the HOWLS of the Bloaters. A pause... then the horde RUNS TOWARD the sound, abandoning their hopeless assault on the bonfire, and:

EXT. TOWARD THE LIVESTOCK AREA - NOW (D3)

Tommy and the guards are rushing as fast as they can. One of them stumbles, falls... then gets back up and helps again.

TOMMY

FASTER!

They run harder, their hearts pounding...

EXT. LIVESTOCK PENS - NOW (D3)

The Bloaters have smashed LARGE HOLES into the wall now, using their fists... their heads... a terrifying frenzy... and as the HORDE arrives behind them...

EXT. TOWARD THE LIVESTOCK AREA - NOW (D3)

Tommy can't see the wall through the swirling white, but he can HEAR how close the Bloaters and the horde are.

TOMMY

HERE!

They drop the net and begin to unroll it... hands and feet moving as fast as they can, until:

The end of the net rolls out.

TOMMY

Fall back! Rooftops!

They run immediately. From the sound of it, the horde is moments away from breaching the wall.

Tommy sees the DETONATION GUARD starting to carry the detonator to a safe distance.

TOMMY

I'll wire it! Go!

The Detonation Guard looks at him. Oddly calm. And zero uncertainty in his voice.

DETONATION GUARD

You should run.

And so Tommy does. The DETONATION GUARD goes back to his task. *Faster. Go faster.*

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. LIVESTOCK PENS - NOW (D3)

A horrible ROAR, and a BLOATER rams his ENTIRE BODY through a section of battered wall...

...and the HORDE runs through right after him, like water flooding from a pipe... even as the OTHER BLOATER continues to pound through its section of wall...

THE INFECTED ARE INSIDE.

EXT. TOWARD THE LIVESTOCK AREA - NOW (D3)

The Detonation Guard hears them coming. Can't see them. Won't know when they're over the net. Won't know when to blow the mines.

But he's old. And he doesn't need to see.

Just finish the job. One... last... connection...

Done. Wired. He gets to his knees. Holds the detonator to his chest. Thumb on the button. Waits... waits...

Ah. Here they are.

The HORDE bursts into view, emerging from the mist like a swarm of locusts... and as they SLAM INTO HIM...

...his presses down on the detonator button, and:

EXT. TOP OF WALL - NOW (D3)

A guard looks down toward the area where he can hear the HORDE, and:

EXPLOSIONS - FIFTY MINES start GOING off all at once... the LIGHT and ENERGY blows the mist away, so we see:

BODIES - HUNDREDS OF INFECTED are OBLITERATED... chunks of FLESH AND FUNGUS, and:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NOW (D3)

Maria watches in shock as even from here, she can see LIMBS AND TORSOS sent upwards in a hellish GEYSER...

But she knows that wasn't all of them. She yells out as loud as she can.

MARIA
RIFLES!

The guards on the rooftops get ready...

EXT. THE INVASION - NO MORE USELESS SCENE HEADERS (D3)

This all happens in a flow... if you get confused where we are, it's because it's too fast and too hard to see through the snow and too loud and too violent.

Tommy comes running down the street. Joins the other FLAMETHROWER GUARDS. One of them hands him a flamethrower, and Tommy quickly equips it and gets ready.

In the B.G. down the street behind them, SNIPERS stand on payloads and roofs of pickups... ready to shoot right over the flamethrower brigade's heads at the enemy...

FLAMETHROWER GUARD
(scared)
There can't be many left, right?

TOMMY
Not more than we can handle.

Tommy PULSES his flamethrower. A long JET of FLAME. *Good.*

ROOFTOP - Maria sees Tommy down there. Tommy looks up and catches her eye.

He doesn't bother lying to her about how many are coming. She already knows.

But Maria doesn't care about the grim reality. She looks back to the street. *No. Fuck that.* She's not going to let him die.

She turns to face the sound of the approaching HORDE... and at last, here they are, RUNNING INTO VIEW...

The flamethrower guards stare in shock. *There are so fucking many of them...* and all three of them immediately TURN AND RUN... but the one furthest from Tommy SLIPS in the SNOW and falls, as--

--the HORDE POURS DOWN the GAUNTLET of MAIN STREET - and right into--

MARIA
NOW!

--A HAIL OF BULLETS - as the rooftop gunners FIRE INTO THE HORDE, cutting them down by the dozens... but the Infected don't care. The gunfire only serves to alert them to the people above them. *People to be infected...*

They begin spreading, smashing through glass, throwing themselves against doors...

The FASTEST INFECTED races down the street, right toward Tommy... bullets KICKING UP SNOW around him, missing him, and then:

WHOOOOSH! Tommy hits him with a full blast from the FLAMETHROWER, and the Infected is instantly ENGULFED and tumbles to the ground, thrashing and DYING.

THE REMAINING FLAMETHROWER GUARD finally struggles to his feet but is TACKLED by another INFECTED... the guard pulls and holds his trigger in a full panic, sending a SPOUT OF FLAME OUT...

...and the FLAME SLAMS into stacked CRATES against a building, IGNITING THEM as the guard is BITTEN...

Tommy knows it's too late to help him... so he turns back to face the oncoming horde, and:

A BLOATER IS COMING.

Tommy sees the BLOATER VEERING toward the building Maria is in. Too far for the flamethrower. So Tommy pulls his sidearm and starts firing at it to draw it away from her.

The Bloater turns toward him. We've seen this too. It didn't end well for Perry. It's not going to end well for Tommy.

Tommy RUNS. The Bloater CHARGES and FOLLOWS...

BEDLAM ALL AROUND - guards fire down from the top of the wall into the Jackson side... right into a mob of Infected who are trying and failing to scale the wall...

ROOFTOP - guards shooting down... don't realize until too late that Infected have made it up to the roof by interior stairs... the Infected charge... some guards are bitten...

...and some are carried over the edge of the roof by the Infected...

LOST IN THE BLUR ON THE STREET - a guard is shooting blindly at anything that moves near him - he spins and shoots a CITIZEN in the head... a split second to realize what he's done, and then he's TACKLED by Infected...

A distant THUD of exploding fuel from inside the building the flamethrower ignited, and now it's engulfed...

TOMMY - is RUNNING. Behind him, a swirl of white... but he can hear the Bloater in pursuit. Then:

AN INFECTED slams into him from out of nowhere, knocking him to the ground. Now he's dazed and a little bloody...

and the sound of the Bloater grows ever closer...

There's no time for this. Not to be bitten or be held down for even another second... and we hear the THUD THUD of Tommy's sidearm before we even see he grabbed it, and he PUSHES the dead Infected off him, grabs the nozzle of the flamethrower, gets up and RUNS, turning a corner...

THE BLOATER SOUNDS LIKE HE'S SECONDS AWAY

Tommy keeps running. He's in a WARREN of narrow streets here... a maze. We're lost.

ROOFTOPS - Maria and others are still shooting down into the Infected. There are dead Infected covering the streets now. But there are still so many.

And she can see guards on other roofs being taken down by the Infected who have made their way up...

Tommy's nowhere to be seen.

Maybe he's dead already. Maybe Benji is too. But Jackson isn't lost. Not yet. *And Maria has one last card to play.*

TOMMY - races around a corner... and realizes too late that in the fog of snow and war, he went the wrong way. Dead end.

Only one chance left. He spins the valve on the flamethrower to fully open, and as the BLOATER appears... Tommy FIRES, catching the Bloater full-on in FLAME...

The Bloater flails in reaction, a low, guttural roar of pain and anger, but then it sets itself-- EVEN AS IT BURNS-- and starts MARCHING FORWARD.

Tommy starts BACKING AWAY. Blasting the Bloater with the full force of the flamethrower.

But the fucking thing STILL KEEPS COMING... even as its thickly-plated skin blackens and sloughs away. STEP by STEP by STEP. The sheer will of Cordyceps driving it forward.

Tommy backs up against some crates. There's a small gap between them... he BACKS INTO IT like a cornered rat.

He's still shooting flame... but the fuel is running out.
THE FLAME IS GETTING SHORTER.

AND THE BLOATER KEEPS COMING... completely on fire now... a shambling, burning monster that WILL NOT DIE.

No way out for Tommy. Back against the wall. The flame getting shorter and shorter as the hiss of fuel begins to drop to nothing... panic setting in now... the end is footsteps away... and:

THE FLAME GOES OUT.

The Bloater takes the final three steps to get to Tommy. It BATS the crates away like they're nothing... the next swing of its arms will crush Tommy's skull, and it--

--DROPS TO ITS KNEES. Tommy flattens himself against the wall, sweating, trying not to get burned by the flaming mass just inches away... and...

THE BLOATER HOWLS ITS LAST BREATH - a terrible agony... and it FALLS to its side. Burning like a funeral pyre.

Tommy lets himself breathe again. No triumph. He won, but he was supposed to lose. *My wife should be a widow. My son, an orphan.* Tommy sloughs the flamethrower tank off in exhaustion... then pushes against the other crates to free himself a path out.

Still gunshots in the air. Still the screams of Infected marauding, still the screams of humans dying. Tommy's got nothing left but a pistol.

So let's go out shooting. He stumbles back into the swirling mist, and we go to:

MARIA - at a FULL RUN. Juking to avoid Infected as they run past her... ducking as her fellow citizens fire wildly... this is a STREET BATTLE now... but she's not shooting.

She's making a beeline for a building not far from the stables...

INT. KENNELS - MOMENTS LATER (D3)

The DOGS are locked in their CAGES, TWO DOZEN OF THEM, all barking LOUDLY... MANIC... desperate to get out...

MARIA bursts in, leaving the door wide open behind her and starts PULLING THE PINS holding the cages shut...

The dogs SPRING OUT like they're launched from cannons...

EXT. MAIN STREET - NOW (D3)

Tommy walks down the street in a daze. Infected corpses everywhere. But dead people too.

And the battle still rages.

DOWN THE STREET - a building is engulfed in flames. The fire whips the air around, clearing the mist... and Tommy sees:

BEHIND THE THRONG OF INFECTED - a lumbering SHAPE barely visible in the swirling mist - the second BLOATER, who ROARS... and then:

The THRONG begins running toward Tommy... who is utterly alone. He raises his pistol to begin firing into the throng... but he knows it doesn't matter. He's going to die.

And then - a sound from the mist BEHIND him... he turns and:

THE DOGS RACE PAST HIM - running at the Infected... and at last, a CHEER MOMENT when:

The dogs LEAP and COLLIDE into the Infected... their canine jaws crunching through bone, tearing at throats. The dogs work as a pack... a million years of instinct at work... and the Infected are OVERWHELMED...

Tommy charges toward the embattled throng, screaming in defiance at them, and FIRING into their heads, and-----

EXT. LODGE - NOW (D3)

Shocking quiet. Just nature. Pine trees. A softening wind. Crackle of icicles. But inside...

INT. LODGE - MAIN ROOM - NOW (D3)

CLOSE ON - the BENT, BROKEN SHAFT of a GOLF CLUB resting on the floor. Finally snapped after one too many blows.

We hear the sound of FIST on FLESH, and a pitiful, wet groan.

And we hear crying.

But before we see any of that, we find DINA across the room.

ON DINA - heavy eyes, barely conscious, still moving inch by inch toward...

OWEN (O.S.)

Manny.

Footsteps, and then Manny enters Dina's view, reaches down and grabs the rifle she was heading toward.

Dina stops moving. *Failed. It's over.*

ON MANNY - crossing back to the other side of the room, where Owen and Nora stand watching what we cannot see-- but what we *know*-- is Joel's brutalization.

MEL is sitting in a chair, looking away. And crying.

MANNY

(to Mel)

You didn't give her enough.

MEL

(doesn't look at him)

Fuck you.

Owen looks at Mel, then over to:

ABBY, down on one knee. Poised over Joel's prone body. Her FIST raised above him. It's literally dripping with blood. His and hers.

She's waiting. Like she's not sure if she wants to hit him again, but then she decides... *yes. I do.* She PUNCHES DOWN on the small of his back. The kind of blow that can rupture a kidney.

ON JOEL - his one visible eye widening slightly as the blow lands... and he draws a stunned breath. No longer capable of screaming.

His face is a nightmare. Drenched in blood. Broken. Swollen. The white of one unoccluded eye is the only thing that isn't purple or red.

ABBY - looks down at him. No pity. But not the dispassion of a sociopath. No... she's still angry. Her face gritted in a permanent scowl, even as it's flecked with Joel's blood.

Then she PUNCHES DOWN AGAIN.

MEL (O.S.)

Please make her stop.

OWEN (O.S.)

Abby...

Abby doesn't look back. Just PUNCHES again.

ON MANNY, NORA and OWEN - Manny and Nora watch grimly. But Owen... he can't take much more of this. This is beyond what they promised her.

OWEN

Abby.

Another punch. Another sickly gasp.

OWEN

Abby.

EXT. LODGE - NOW (D3)

TRACKS IN THE SNOW - and then we come to find ELLIE on Shimmer, approaching the lodge slowly. The tracks end here. *What the fuck is this place?*

Ellie dismounts. On alert. Draws her pistol.

INT. LODGE - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER (D3)

Ellie enters through the front door, which has been left ajar. Up ahead, some muffled noises.

She moves steadily toward the noise, gun out. Whatever instinct she had to call out for Joel and Dina has been replaced by caution. Something's wrong here.

She rounds a corner. Up ahead, a CLOSED DOOR.

And now she can hear better. A MOAN of pain. And--

OWEN (O.S.)

Abby!

Abby? Who the fuck is Abby?

The sound of fist hitting flesh. Another pained moan. This one louder. And Ellie moves fast to the door now.

Because she already knows it's Joel.

OWEN (O.S.)

Abby, it's enough!

She puts her hand on the doorknob. Sets herself. Then opens it SLOWLY to get the drop on whoever's in there... gun ready, and:

INT. LODGE - MAIN ROOM - NOW (D3)

AHEAD - she sees DINA on the floor, breathing, but unconscious. And ABBY, punching DOWN on--

Oh god...

For a second, she can't process what she sees. How battered and bloody and defeated he is. The strongest man she's ever known. The man who survived anything and everything, just to keep her alive.

Now a feeble, broken body on the ground.

But still alive.

The adrenaline kicks in, and she steps forward, gun raising to fire at Abby, and:

MANNY rushes at her from the side, knocking her arm away as she FIRES, the bullet slamming into the ceiling...

...and they both hit the ground. He scrambles to grab her, but she's already got her SWITCHBLADE OUT and open, and she swipes at him, CUTTING A GASH in his forehead.

NORA and OWEN both fall on Ellie. Nora quickly gets Ellie's arm in a lock, her knee in Ellie's back...

ELLIE

GET OFF!

Manny is on his feet. Holding a hand to his bloody face.

MANNY

Fucking bitch...

He grabs his sidearm with his bloody hand, takes a step forward, ready to blow Ellie's brains out, but:

OWEN - jumps up and physically stops him.

OWEN

No.

MANNY

FUCK HER.

OWEN

I said no.

Owen takes Manny's gun from him. Manny's in pain and furious, but he lets Owen do it.

Ellie tries to wriggle, but Nora tightens her hold. No way out of this.

ELLIE
Joel... Joel...

HER POV - Joel's face. He's staring off into nowhere. Doesn't seem like he even knows she's there.

Abby is staring at Ellie, confused. Or maybe it's just that her violent fugue state has been disrupted.

Owen crosses to her. Looks her dead in the eyes. No tenderness, no sympathy. Just an order.

OWEN
End it.

Fine.

Abby moves toward--

ELLIE
Joel, get up!

--the BROKEN GOLF CLUB SHAFT. Picks it up. The edge where it snapped is a SHARP, METAL POINT.

ELLIE
Joel please get up... please...

And now he hears her. We see it happen. He's barely conscious, but her voice will always cut through.

Ellie...

ELLIE
Fucking get up... GET UP!

I will try for you. I would do anything for you. That's why I'm here. That's why this is happening.

I will try.

Abby walks slowly toward him.

ELLIE
Get up... get up...

Joel tries with every ounce of strength he has left. But all it means is that his head lifts slightly... his trembling hand reaches out...

...and then he collapses again.

Abby grips the club shaft like a dagger. Gets down on one knee. Ready to strike. She raises the club--

ELLIE
Please stop... please don't do
this... don't... please don't...

--and DRIVES THE SHARP END down toward his NECK. We don't see the impact. What we see is worse.

We see Ellie.

SOUND GOES AWAY - just an awful, high-pitched noise muffling reality...

Ellie opens her mouth to scream but nothing comes out... nothing comes out as her heart breaks apart. Nothing comes out as the only beautiful thing in her dies.

And then her BREATH COMES in spasmodic gasps, like a sobbing child, and then... her RAGE. The only thing we can hear.

ELLIE
I'LL KILL YOU. I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU.

She's terrifying. Trapped on the ground, tear-stained, but an animal. An animal with a violent heart.

ELLIE
YOU'RE GONNA DIE... YOU'RE ALL GONNA
DIE...

But they're not listening. They're ARGUING WITH EACH OTHER.

We can't hear what they're saying. All we hear is the inside of Ellie's head. Her echoing sobs.

Owen and Manny are yelling at each other.

Abby is staring at Ellie.

ELLIE - looks straight ahead at Joel, even if we can't yet see him. Her face etched in pain... all at once a frightened, sobbing child and a terrible, vindictive monster.

Owen and Manny continue to argue. Finally, Manny relents. Owen looks at Ellie, then says one last thing to Manny, who nods, then crosses to Ellie.

Nora gets off of Ellie, making way for Manny to KICK ELLIE in the CHEST.

Her RIBS CRACK. A lung punctures.

Pain and shock take over. She COUGHS UP BLOOD, gasping for air...

WE STAY WITH ELLIE - as she starts to move toward us... even as Nora, Owen, Manny and Abby step over her and walk by her on their way out the door.

Ellie CRAWLS, each labored breath like fire... she retches up blood... but doesn't stop. Keeps crawling.

Hits a POOL OF SPREADING BLOOD. Keeps crawling.

Until: she reaches him. She grabs the handle of the club that's embedded in his neck and pulls it out and drops it clumsily.

His one good eye is still open. The last tear he ever shed is already drying in a track on his bloody face.

Even now, even dead... he looks so sad. Like he failed her.

Ellie puts her arm over his body, draping herself on him... as if she could shield him from what has already happened. Her trembling hand reaches for his, and she interlaces her fingers with his one last time.

Then, with wide, pained eyes... and wheezing, throttled breaths... she gently lays her face down upon his. His faithful child who will never leave him. Ever.

I'll stay here with you. I'll die with you.

MUSIC - soft guitar begins. "Through The Valley". The singer sounds a lot like Anna... the mother Ellie never knew.

*I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death*

*And I fear no evil cuz I'm blind to
it all*

EXT. MOUNTAIN - THE END OF IT ALL (D3)

Abby and her crew begin their trek back down the far side of the mountain.

CLOSE ON ABBY - rifle at the ready. Her face still flecked with Joel's blood. A thousand feelings all bottled inside. They don't matter. She did what she came to do.

*And my mind and my gun, they comfort
me*

*Because I know I'll kill my enemies
when they come*

We RISE UP to find the LODGE. And beyond that, a single HORSEMAN is making his way toward it from the other side of the mountain.

The weather is clearing. The wind is gone.

EXT. MAIN STREET - JACKSON (D3)

Buildings burn. Corpses litter the streets. But the battle is over. Jackson still stands.

The last straggler Infected are brought down by dogs, and the final Bloater succumbs to a dozen men all firing on him at once...

*Surely goodness and mercy will follow
me all the days of my life*

*And I will dwell on this earth
forevermore*

TOMMY stumbles through the dying throes of the fight, until he sees MARIA coming toward him. She's safe. He GRABS HER TIGHT, KISSES HER... his face beaming...

*Said I walk beside the still waters
and they restore my soul*

--but his smile almost immediately collapses a broken, shattered sob.

*But I can't walk the path of the
right because I'm wrong*

He sinks down, and Maria holds him close as he cries.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TREELINE (D3)

JESSE sits grimly in his saddle. He's got Ellie IN FRONT of him. She's bent over toward the horse's neck. Still alive. But struggling for every breath.

DINA is on her horse. Groggy. Shellshocked.

*'Cause I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death*

And I fear no evil because I'm blind

Ellie slowly turns her head to look back behind her.

*Oh, and I walk beside the still
waters and they restore my soul*

Then she looks back ahead, starting to lose consciousness,
and we let the horses drift away from us, revealing--

JOEL'S CORPSE, wrapped entirely in bloody sheets, towed
behind Jesse's horse by a rope.

But I know when I die

The wrapped body makes a shallow, bloody trail in the snow
as it's pulled along.

My soul is damned

We rise up behind them. The air is clear now, and in the
distance we see the fires of a broken Jackson. The breached
wall. The heaps of burned Infected.

The end of everything.

The music ends. We linger for a moment in the silence,
watching Joel borne slowly home... and then:

FADE TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE TWO