

SAVIOUR #1 (STEVEN OGG): MIKE. GET NEGAN.

SAVIOUR #2: ROGER.

(SAVIOUR #2 WALKS TO THE RV, PULLS OPEN THE DOOR)

(PAUSE WHILE A SHADOW-DRAPED NEGAN EMERGES)

NEGAN: OOH, BOY. WE PISSING OUR PANTS YET?

(NEGAN NODS SOLEMNLY)

NEGAN: YOU KNOW, I THINK WE'RE GETTING CLOSE. IT'S GONNA BE PEE-PEE PANTS CITY HERE REAL SOON.

(PAUSE.)

NEGAN: WHICH ONE OF YOU PRICKS IS THE LEADER?

SAVIOUR #1: IT'S THIS ONE. HE'S OUR GUY.

(SAVIOUR PUSHES RICK FORWARDS A FEW INCHES)

NEGAN: HI. RICK GRIMES, ISN'T IT? *I'M NEGAN.* AND I DO NOT APPRECIATE YOU KILLING MY MEN. NO FUCKING SIR.

(NEGAN BENDS DOWN A BIT, LEANING FORWARDS)

NEGAN: YOU'VE CAUSED ME A LOT OF TROUBLE, MR. GRIMES, YOU AND YOUR BAND OF MERRY MEN. YOU'VE KILLED A LOT OF MY PEOPLE.

(NEGAN STANDS UP, POINTS TO SAVIOUR #2)

NEGAN: HOW MANY AT THE LAST COUNT?

SAVIOUR #2: UH, THAT'S SIXTY-EIGHT IN TOTAL, SIR.

NEGAN: SIXTY-EIGHT. JESUS H. MOTHERFUCKING CHRISTMAS.

(NEGAN STARTS PACING, PINCHING THE BRIDGE OF HIS NOSE)

NEGAN: MR. GRIMES, DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH TIME IT TAKES TO CLEAN UP SIXTY-EIGHT CORPSES IN THE ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE?

(NEGAN PAUSES)

NEGAN: WELL I'LL TELL YOU: A WHOLE CUNT-FUCKING GODDAMN SHITLOAD. THAT'S A LOT OF TIME TAKEN OUT OF MY DAY. I'M A BUSY GUY, *I'VE GOT SHIT TO DO.* I'VE GOT *IMPORTANT* SHIT TO DO, AND I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR SOME INCONSIDERATE ASSHOLES WHO SHOW UP, MAKE A MESS, KILL MY PEOPLE, AND FUCK ME OVER. I DON'T WANT TO DEAL WITH THAT SHIT.

NEGAN: SO I WANT A LITTLE RETRIBUTION. YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THAT. I THOUGHT I COULD GET SOME OF MY GUYS TO KILL SOME OF YOURS. SCARE YOU A BIT, SEND A MESSAGE. BUT YOUR PEOPLE KILLED MINE. NATURALLY, I SENT MORE OF MY PEOPLE FOR SOME *EXTRA* RETRIBUTION. NO FUCKING AROUND THIS TIME. BUT YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT HAPPENED: YOUR PEOPLE KILLED THE PEOPLE THAT I SENT TO KILL YOUR PEOPLE FOR KILLING MY PEOPLE.

(NEGAN PAUSES)

NEGAN: ...NOT COOL, MAN.

NEGAN: THAT SHIT, IS NOT FUCKING COOL. I DON'T EVEN THINK YOUR TINY MINDS CAN GRASP THE VERY EARTH-SHATTERING CONCEPT ABOUT HOW NOT FUCKING COOL THAT SHIT IS. BUT... I THINK I CAN FILL YOU IN.

(NEGAN TURNS TO RICK)

NEGAN: YOU ARE GOING TO REGRET CROSSING ME IN A FEW MINUTES. YES YOU MOTHERFUCKING ARE.

NEGAN: I TOOK A LOT OF TIME OUT OF MY NIGHT TO DO THIS. ALL THIS SHIT TAKES A SURPRISING AMOUNT OF TIME TO SET UP. I DIDN'T DO THAT SO I COULD LET YOU OFF WITH A WAGGLING FINGER AND A SLAP ON THE WRIST.

(NEGAN STARTS PACING AGAIN)

NEGAN: I CAME TO LET YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU. I CAME TO TELL YOU THE RULES. THREE, SIMPLE, RULES. I DON'T THINK I'LL HAVE ANY TROUBLE EXPLAINING. HERE WE GO, SO PAY ATTENTION. RULE ONE IS THIS:

NEGAN: *GIVE ME YOUR SHIT*, OR I WILL KILL YOUR FRIENDS.

IF YOU HAVE SHIT, YOU WILL GIVE ME SAID SHIT. IF YOU ARE RUNNING LOW ON SHIT, YOU WILL MAKE MORE SHIT, FIND MORE SHIT, OR STEAL MORE SHIT FROM SOMEONE ELSE. IT'LL ALL WORK OUT EVENTUALLY, *I'M A REASONABLE GUY*.

NEGAN: RULE TWO: *I. AM. YOUR. BOSS. NOW*. MORE ACCURATELY, MY GUYS, THE SAVIOURS, THEY'RE IN CHARGE. ONE OF MY REPRESENTATIVES COMES A-KNOCKIN ON YOUR DOOR, YOU OPEN IT. WE OWN YOU, WE OWN THAT DOOR. YOU TRY TO STOP US GETTING IN THAT DOOR, AND WE WILL BLOW IT THE FUCK DOWN.

NEGAN: ALRIGHT. LAST ONE, TRY TO STAY AWAKE. RULE NUMBER THREE: *DON'T FUCK WITH ME.*

(NEGAN PAUSES, GRINS AT THE GROUP)

NEGAN: AND YOU, MY FRIENDS, HAVE BROKEN SOME RULES. TREVOR, IF YOU WOULD?

(SAVIOUR #1 WALKS UP, HANDS NEGAN LUCILLE)

(NEGAN HOLDS LUCILLE UP, GRINS)

NEGAN: SO NOW, I'M GOING TO BEAT THE *HOLY FUCKING FUCKIDY FUCKING FUCK* OUT OF ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS. I'M GOING TO HEAR THEM SCREAM. I'M GOING TO DRIVE THEIR FUCKING BRAIN MATTER INTO THE DIRT.

(HOLDS LUCILLE IN FRONT OF RICK)

NEGAN: THIS, THIS IS LUCILLE. AND SHE IS FUCKING *AWESOME.*

(NEGAN RESTS LUCILLE ON HIS SHOULDER)

NEGAN: I'M SORRY THAT I HAVE TO DO THIS. I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU PEOPLE, LET'S GET THAT STRAIGHT RIGHT FROM THE GET-GO. I WANT YOU TO WORK FOR ME, AND YOU CAN'T DO THAT WHEN YOU'RE DEAD. I'M NOT GROWING A GARDEN HERE, ALRIGHT?

NEGAN: BUT YOU BROKE THE RULES. YOU FUCKED WITH ME, AND YOU KILLED A WHOLE MOTHERFUCKING FUCKLOAD OF MY PEOPLE. THAT SHIT'S NOT GONNA FLY. SO SOMEONE'S GOTTA GO.

(NEGAN STARTS GENTLY SWINGING LUCILLE)

NEGAN: ALRIGHT, LET'S GET STARTED.

(WALKS PAST GLENN AND MAGGIE, WHO ARE HUDDLED TOGETHER)

NEGAN: HOW PRECIOUS. YOUNG LOVE. MY HEART IS FUCKING MELT— AH, SHIT.

(LEANS CLOSER TO GLENN)

NEGAN: YUP. ASIAN. CAN'T KILL YOU. YOUR LITTLE GROUP WILL BE CALLING ME TONS OF THINGS, BUT I WON'T BE CALLED A RACIST. NO FUCKING WAY.

(WALKS OVER TO CARL)

NEGAN: HEY, KID.

(CARL GLARES AT NEGAN)

NEGAN: WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT. A LITTLE BADASS. I BET YOU DON'T TAKE SHIT FROM NOBODY. LOOK AT THIS LITTLE SERIAL KILLER! HE'S GODDAMN ADORABLE! NAH, I CAN'T KILL YOU. TOO FUCKING INTERESTING.

(NEGAN STARTS TO WALK AWAY, THEN PAUSES)

NEGAN: YOU'VE GOT A PARENT IN THE GROUP? SOMEONE TO LOOK OUT FOR YOU? BADASS AS YOU ARE, I SIMPLY CAN'T PICTURE YOU SURVIVING WITHOUT—

(LOOKS OVER TO RICK, SMILING.)

NEGAN: WAIT ONE MOTHERFUCKING MINUTE. THIS IS YOUR KID, ISN'T IT?

(NO ANSWER.)

NEGAN (LIFTING LUCILLE): OH-HO, THIS IS DEFINITELY YOUR KID! MAYBE I SHOULD RECONSIDER—

RICK: *DON'T!*

(NEGAN LOWERS LUCILLE.)

NEGAN: I WAS JOKING, PAPA BEAR. RELAX.

(NEGAN TURNS BACK TO CARL)

NEGAN: SHIT FUCK, KID. LIGHTEN UP. AT LEAST CRY, OR SOMETHING.

(NEGAN WALKS PAST MICHONNE)

NEGAN (SINGING): R—AAAA-CCCC-EEE CARD!

(WALKS UP TO DARYL)

NEGAN: WOW. YOU LOOK LIKE *SHIT*.

(NEGAN PEELS BACK THE BLANKET ON DARYL'S LEFT SIDE)

NEGAN: SHIT, MAN. DWIGHT, YOU DO THIS?

DWIGHT (GLARING AT NEGAN): YOU SAID SHOOT ANYONE WHO WAS TROUBLE. *I DID.*

NEGAN: IN THE FUCKING ARM? YOUR AIM IS TOTAL SHIT, DUDE. GET THAT EYE CHECKED OUT.

(NEGAN WALKS UP TO ABRAHAM, WHO STRAIGHTENS UP)

NEGAN (HOLDING BACK A CHUCKLE.): HUH. YOU, UH, YOU GOT SOMETHING—
(NEGAN STARTS LAUGHING)

NEGAN: HOLY FUCKING SHIT. LOOK, I KNOW THIS IS SERIOUS AND ALL, BUT I AM
FUCKING AMAZED AT HOW *ANYONE* CAN TAKE YOU SERIOUSLY WITH THAT ON
YOUR FUCKING FACE. (POINTS AT ABRAHAM'S MOUSTACHE)

NEGAN: WOW. AL-RIGHT. OKAY, CAN'T KILL YOU. THAT'S— THAT'S FUCKING
PRICELESS. DON'T YOU EVER SHAVE THAT SHIT.

(NEGAN WALKS PAST EUGENE, WHO'S SILENTLY SOBBING)
NEGAN: STOP FUCKING CRYING, JESUS CHRIST.

(WALKS PAST SASHA)
NEGAN: RETURN OF THE RACE CARD. JUST BECAUSE TWITTER IS DEAD DOESN'T
MEAN YOU PEOPLE WOULDN'T FREAK OUT ON ME.

(WALKS PAST AARON)
NEGAN: YOU LOOK BORING AS SHIT. NO FUN KILLING YOU.

(WALKS UP TO ROSITA)
NEGAN: MY, MY, MY. LET ME TELL YOU, SISTER. I HAVE A LIST ABOUT SEVEN
INCHES LONG OF THINGS I'D LIKE TO DO TO YOU, AND KILLING YOU ISN'T ON IT.

(NEGAN TURNS AROUND, WALKS UP TO RICK)
NEGAN: AND WE'RE LEFT WITH YOU. THE LEADER. THE BIG GUY. NO. NO
FUCKING WAY AM I MAKING A MARTYR OUT OF YOU.
(NEGAN LEANS IN, WHISPERS TO RICK)
NEGAN: *I AM GOING TO SLIDE MY DICK DOWN YOUR THROAT AND MAKE YOU
THANK ME FOR IT. THE REST WILL FALL IN LINE, OR THEY'LL FALL DOWN A
FUCKING WELL.*

(NEGAN STRAIGHTENS UP)
NEGAN: METAPHORICALLY, OF COURSE. THAT'S ALL A METAPHOR. NO DICKS IN
THROATS.
(POINTS TOWARDS ROSITA) ON SECOND THOUGHT, NOTHING'S OFF THE TABLE.
(TURNS TOWARDS RICK, SMILING)
BUT THE WELL THING SOUNDS COOL.

(NEGAN STEPS BACK, SURVEYS THE WHOLE GROUP)

NEGAN: I SIMPLY CANNOT DECIDE! EVERYONE'S JUST SITTING AT THE TABLE,
WAITING FOR ME TO ORDER.

(PAUSES)

NEGAN: YOU KNOW, I'VE GOT AN IDEA. (CHUCKLES)

(NEGAN'S FACE TURNS DEADLY SERIOUS, POINTS LUCILLE AT RICK)

NEGAN: EENIE.

(TURNS TO CARL)

NEGAN: MEENIE.

(TURNS TO AARON)

NEGAN: MINEY.

(TURNS TO MICHONNE)

NEGAN: MO.

(CAMERA CUTS TO ABRAHAM)

NEGAN: CATCH,

(CAMERA CUTS TO DARYL)

NEGAN: A TIGER,

(CAMERA CUTS TO MAGGIE + GLENN)

NEGAN: BY,

(CAMERA CUTS TO ROSITA)

NEGAN: HIS TOE.

(CAMERA CUTS TO RICK)

NEGAN: IF,

(CAMERA CUTS TO EUGENE)

NEGAN: HE HOLLERS,

(CAMERA CUTS TO CARL)

NEGAN: LET HIM GO. (SMILES AT CARL.)

(CAMERA CUTS TO SASHA)

NEGAN: MY MOTHER,

(CAMERA CUTS TO GLENN + MAGGIE)

NEGAN: TOLD ME,

(CAMERA CUTS TO DARYL)

NEGAN: TO PICK,

(CAMERA CUTS TO AARON)

NEGAN: THE VERY,

(CAMERA CUTS TO RICK)

NEGAN: BEST,

(CAMERA CUTS TO SASHA)

NEGAN: ONE.

NEGAN: AND YOU,

(CAMERA CUTS TO MICHONNE)

NEGAN: ARE,

(CAMERA CUTS TO ABRAHAM)

(CAMERA CUTS TO AN UNIDENTIFIED P.O.V. AS NEGAN WALKS OVER)

(NEGAN SMILES, POINTS THE BAT AT THE VICTIM)

NEGAN: IT.

(CAMERA CUTS AWAY FROM P.O.V. TO SHOCKED IMAGE OF GLENN, WHO HAS THE BAT POINTED AT HIS FACE.)

NEGAN: SORRY, PAL. NOTHING PERSONAL.

RICK (STANDING UP): COME ON, MAN! YOU CAN'T DO THIS! THE GUY HAS A KID ON THE WAY!

NEGAN: ARE YOU FUCKING SERIOUS WITH THIS BULLSHIT? YOU KILLED SIXTY-EIGHT OF MY GODDAMN MEN! YOU BETTER SIT THE FUCK DOWN BEFORE I KILL YOU ALL!

(NEGAN TURNS BACK TO HIS MEN)

NEGAN: IF ANYONE FUCKING MOVES, CUT THE BOY'S OTHER EYE OUT AND FEED IT TO HIS DADDY.

MAGGIE (TRYING TO SHEILD GLENN WITH HER BODY): NO! NO! PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T HURT HIM!

NEGAN: STEP THE FUCK ASIDE, SISTER.

(ONE OF THE SAVIOURS SHOVES HER AWAY)

(TWO OTHER SAVIOURS DRAG GLENN TO THE GROUND IN FRONT OF NEGAN)

MAGGIE: NO! NO! PLEASE! PLEASE NOT HIM!

GLENN: MAGGIE, IT'LL BE OKAY! IT'LL BE-

NEGAN: SHUT THE FUCK UP. THE REST OF YOU, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR LITTLE MOMENTS. YOU CAN BLINK, YOU CAN BREATHE, YOU CAN CRY, *AND THEN WE'LL START*. GET HIM UP.

(SAVIORS PULL GLENN TO HIS KNEES.)

GLENN: PLEASE. PLEASE DON'T DO THIS.

NEGAN: LIKE I SAID. THIS AIN'T PERSONAL.

(SWINGS LUCILLE; CONNECTS WITH GLENN'S SKULL.)

(CUT TO BLACK)

(CAMERA CUTS BACK TO P.O.V. OF GLENN, AS SCREEN GOES IN AND OUT OF FOCUS)

NEGAN: DAMN! TAKING IT LIKE A CHAMP!

(NEGAN BENDS DOWN)

NEGAN: YOU IN THERE, BUDDY?

(CUTS TO GLENN SITTING UP, SEE THE DENT/BLOOD ON HIS FACE W/ THE POPPED EYE; GLENN STARTS TRYING TO SCRABBLE AWAY)

NEGAN: HOLY SHIT! DUDE, HOW ARE YOU STILL BREATHING? YOUR EYE IS POPPING OUT OF ITS SOCKET! THAT'S GROSS AS SHIT, MAN. I GOTTA COME CLEAN.

GLENN (WITH TEARS STREAMING DOWN HIS FACE): AH! MHM! MA- MAH- NGH!H!

NEGAN: ARE YOU TRYING TO SPEAK? HOT SHIT, I THINK YOU ARE! LISTEN TO THAT, FELLAS! HE'S GOT SOMETHING TO SAY!

GLENN: MAGGIE! M-M-MAGGIE! HELP ME!

(GLENN TURNS TO RICK)

GLENN: RICK! PLEASE! RICK! HE'S KILLING— HE'S KILLING ME! HE'S— HE'S— HE'S— HE'S—

(NEGAN GRINS, PICKS UP LUCILLE AGAIN; HITS GLENN ANOTHER TIME, BREAKS HIS JAW)

(GLENN IS AT THIS POINT CRAWLING SLOWLY TOWARDS THE GROUP, FACE DISFIGURED, MAKING VARIOUS MOANS AND SCREAMS)

(CUT TO THE GROUP'S REACTION)

NEGAN: FAR ENOUGH, PAL. (ROLLS GLENN ONTO HIS BACK W/ HIS FOOT)

(NEGAN LOOKS UP AT THE GROUP, SEES THEM CRYING.)

NEGAN: YOU BUNCH OF FUCKING PUSSIES. I'M JUST GETTING STARTED ON THIS SHIT. LUCILLE'S THIRSTY TONIGHT.

(NEGAN HITS GLENN AGAIN, FINALLY KILLING HIM/SMASHING OPEN HIS SKULL)

(HITS HIM AGAIN, REPEATEDLY)

(APPROXIMATELY 16 SECONDS OF REPEATED HITTING AND SMASHING, CUTTING TO DIFFERENT CAMERA ANGLES)

(NEGAN LOOKS UP, BLOOD SPLATTERS ON HIS FACE.)

NEGAN: HEH. I THINK THE VAMPIRE BAT'S HAD HER FILL, HUH?

(DEAD SILENCE, GROUP STARING IN SHOCK AT GLENN'S DISFIGURED CORPSE.)

NEGAN: WHAT? WAS THE JOKE REALLY THAT BAD? IT WASN'T THAT BAD.

(MAGGIE LEANS INTO THE DIRT, SILENTLY SOBBING)

NEGAN: WELL I THINK IT WAS FUNNY, YOU STOIC PIECES OF SHIT.

(LIFTS LUCILLE TO HIS SHOULDER.)

NEGAN: I THINK THIS IS ENOUGH FOR ONE NIGHT, FOLKS. UNLESS, OF COURSE, WE HAVE SOMEONE WILLING TO MAKE A MARTYR OF THEMSELVES.

(SILENCE)

NEGAN: NO VOLUNTEERS? BUMMER.

SAVIOR #2: BOSS, WE SHOULD HEAD BACK TO BASE. JAMES STILL HAS THE LEG PROBLEM.

NEGAN: RIGHT YOU ARE. WELL, I GUESS THIS IS WHERE I BID YOU ADIEU.

RICK (WHISPERING): I'M GOING TO KILL YOU.

NEGAN: SPEAK UP. DIDN'T QUITE CATCH THAT.

RICK: MAYBE NOT TODAY, MAYBE NOT TOMORROW. BUT I WILL KILL YOU.

NEGAN: NO YOU FUCKING WON'T! YOUR BEST CHANCE IS RIGHT NOW! DRIVE A KNIFE INTO MY THROAT, SPLIT MY FACE WITH THAT HATCHET OF YOURS! SOON AS MY BODY HITS THE FLOOR, MY PEOPLE WILL FUCK YOU UP INSIDE AND OUT. WORSE THAN YOUR LITTLE ASIAN FRIEND, THAT'S FOR FUCKING GODDAMN SURE!

NEGAN (LEANING FORWARD): AND YOU KNOW WHAT, IF YOU WANT TO KEEP ACTING TOUGH, LIKE I STILL NEED TO BREAK YOU, I'LL GET MY MEN TOGETHER AND HAVE THEM RUN A TRAIN ON YOUR BOY. I'VE GOT AT LEAST A COUPLE HERE WHO'RE INTO THAT SORT OF THING. YOU STILL WANT TO TRY ME?

(SLAPS RICK)

NEGAN: DO YOU?

(RICK DOESN'T ANSWER)

NEGAN: I'M GOING TO NEED AN ANSWER, DICKHOLE.

RICK: I— I UNDERSTAND.

NEGAN: GOOD. I'LL GIVE YOU SOME TIME TO CLEAN UP WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR LITTLE ASIAN FRIEND, THEN.

NEGAN (WALKING AWAY): YOUR FIRST OFFERING TO US IS DUE IN A WEEK. HALF YOUR SHIT. REMEMBER THAT. UNTIL THEN,

(TURNS BACK, BLOOD AND A SADISTIC GRIN ON HIS FACE)

NEGAN: TA-TA.