

TOKYO OUTBREAK

Logline: A battle-scarred medic leads a desperate band of survivors against both the mindless hordes of the infected and the cold, calculating Collectors who seem to control them, her quest for vengeance threatening to consume her entirely.

WRITTEN BY

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SECOND draft

EXT. EGYPTIAN DESERT - DAY

A scorching sun beats down on a team of archaeologists. DR. ISMAIL (late 40s, weathered, enthusiastic) oversees the delicate excavation of a half-buried tomb.

DR.ISMAIL

Slowly... slowly. This could be the discovery of a lifetime!

Sweat drips from the brow of SAMIRA (20s, eager student), as she carefully brushes dirt from an intr

(Reading aloud, hesitant)

"He who disturbs the slumber of the cursed shall unleash a blight upon the world..."

Dr.Ismail scoffs.

DR.ISMAIL

Superstitious nonsense. Archaeology is about uncovering the truth, not perpetuating myths.

Suddenly, a CRACK echoes from the tomb's depths. A cloud of dust swirls, and from within, a TERRIFYING MOAN pierces the air.

SAMIRA

(Eyes wide)

Dr.Ismail... maybe we should stop?

DR.ISMAIL

Nonsense! This is exactly what we came for!

He peers excitedly into the darkness. A PAIR OF GLOWING RED EYES flickers from the shadows. Ismail takes a step back, a flicker of doubt crossing his face.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. TOKYO OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Weeks later. Ordinary life in a bustling metropolis. HIRO

TANAKA (30s) stares blankly at a computer screen in a crowded office cubicle. A ringtone shatters the monotony.

HIRO

(Into the phone)

Hello?

SAMIRA (V.O)

(Frantic, barely audible)

Hiro... it's Samira... something's wrong... the doctor... infected...

A loud SCREAM cuts the call short. Hiro's eyes widen in alarm. He looks around the office, unaware that the everyday world he knows is about to crumble.

EXT. TOKYO STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Hiro shoves his way through the lunchtime crowds, his pace growing increasingly frantic. News reports blare out from storefront televisions:

NEWS REPORTER

...breaking reports of a violent outbreak originating overseas. Symptoms include extreme aggression, loss of cognitive function...

A MAN stumbles past Hiro, blood smeared across his face, his eyes fixated on Hiro with hungry intent. He lunges.

ACTION:

Hiro dodges, pivots, and sprints down an alley. The Infected Man scrabbles after him, joined by others, their moans becoming a discordant chorus.

FADE OUT

[SCENE END]

[SCENE 2]

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Hiro slams the flimsy door shut and leans against it, panting. His eyes dart frantically around the dusty, cramped apartment.

HIRO

(To himself, breathless)

Think... think... where to go?

A crash from the kitchen jolts him out of his thoughts. He creeps cautiously toward the open doorway.

A woman, RINA KIMURA (30s), wearing bloodied paramedic scrubs, is rummaging through cupboards, tossing aside packets of ramen. She looks up, startled, then assesses Hiro with a narrowed gaze.

RINA

You one of them?

HIRO

No! I... I just got away...

RINA

(Lowering her guard slightly)

From where? How many did you see on the street?

HIRO

Too many. They're everywhere. This whole area is overrun...

Footsteps and guttural moans grow louder from the stairwell outside the apartment. Hiro and Rina exchange a fearful look.

RINA

The rooftop. There's a fire escape - it could buy us time.

HIRO

Time for what?

RINA grabs a battered baseball bat from the corner.

RINA

Time to figure out just how screwed we really are.

ACTION:

They make a break for the window overlooking the fire escape. Before they reach it, the apartment door bursts open, and TWO INFECTED stumble inside, their movements jerky and uncoordinated.

Rina swings the bat with surprising ferocity, shattering the skull of the first Infected.

Hiro, filled with adrenaline, tackles the second. He grapples fiercely, managing to shove it away just as Rina's bat connects again, sending it sprawling.

With no time to spare, Hiro and Rina clamber onto the rusty fire escape and begin their desperate ascent toward the roof.

[SCENE END]

[SCENE 3]

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Hiro and Rina emerge onto the rooftop, gasping for air. Tokyo stretches out below them, a city transformed. Plumes of smoke rise from burning districts, the streets a chaotic swarm of fleeing people and the relentless infected.

RINA

Look at that... it's like the whole world's gone insane.

Hiro stares at the carnage, a knot of despair forming in his stomach.

HIRO

I had a call earlier. A friend... in Egypt. She said they'd found something... this was going to happen.

RINA

(Eyes narrowing)

So, this is... global?

HIRO

Looks like it.

Their words are punctuated by the desperate cries of people from the surrounding buildings. They look up and see a MAN trapped on a neighboring balcony, cornered by a snarling Infected.

RINA

Hold on! We'll get to you!

She turns to Hiro, a determined fire flickering in her eyes.

RINA

There's a maintenance shed over there, might be something useful. Create a distraction, I'll see if there's a way across.

HIRO

Are you crazy? That thing'll rip me to pieces!

RINA

(A grim resolve in her voice)

Maybe. But better you than him, right?  
Now go!

ACTION:

Hiro hesitates, then grabs a loose pipe from a nearby stack. Rina gives him a curt nod and begins sprinting toward the roof's edge.

With a battle cry that's equal parts fear and desperation, Hiro charges towards the Infected on the balcony, clanging the pipe against the railing. It turns its head, the mangled remains of its face twitching with hunger.

Rina uses the moment, making a death-defying leap between the buildings. She lands with a heavy thud, rolls, and disappears behind the maintenance shed.

[SCENE END]

[SCENE 4]

INT. MAINTENANCE SHED - CONTINUOUS

Rina stumbles in, her heart pounding. The shed is a cramped, dusty space filled with broken tools and discarded building materials. She scans the chaos, desperately searching for anything that can be used as a weapon.

RINA

(Whispering to herself)

Come on, come on... something,  
anything...

Her eyes finally land on a length of rusty chain and a heavy padlock. An idea begins to form.

EXT. ROOFTOP BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, Hiro is locked in an intense struggle with the Infected. He dodges its clumsy lunges, using the pipe to keep it at bay. But his energy is fading fast, and there's a desperation in the Infected's rotting eyes.

From the corner of his eye, Hiro sees the trapped Man on the balcony frantically waving, trying to get his attention.

TRAPPED MAN

(Voice strained with panic)

Over here! The fire escape! I can get  
down!

Hiro's mind races. If he can lead the Infected towards the fire escape, maybe the man has a chance. He glances longingly in the direction where Rina disappeared.

HIRO

Rina... I hope you know what you're  
doing.

ACTION:

Driven by a mix of bravado and despair, Hiro breaks away, fainting towards the shed and then darting for the fire escape ladder. The Infected, though slow, reacts with

animalistic focus. It lurches after him, its rotting fingers scrabbling at the rungs of the ladder.

Hiro hears a triumphant shout from below, the Trapped Man now safely halfway down the fire escape. Relief washes over him, followed by a new surge of adrenaline.

Back inside the shed, Rina has feverishly wrapped the chain around her fist, the padlock clutched in her other hand. She braces herself, hears the Infected clawing at the door, and bursts from the shed.

[SCENE END]

[SCENE 5]

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Rina charges, swinging the chained padlock like a makeshift flail. It strikes the Infected hard across its decaying face, sending it stumbling back with a grotesque howl.

Hiro takes the precious opening and sprints past the Infected, scrambling onto the top rung of the fire escape ladder.

RINA

Go! Get down there!

The Infected, disoriented but still driven by relentless hunger, turns to lunge at Rina. She braces herself, preparing for another onslaught.

Suddenly, a figure slams into the Infected from the side. It's TAKESHI SATO (40s), a burly, disheveled man with a scowl that suggests a lifetime of bad decisions.

TAKESHI

(brandishing a dented fire extinguisher)

Get away from the lady, you ugly  
bastard!

His voice is surprisingly jovial for the circumstances. Takeshi swings the extinguisher with surprising strength, sending the Infected reeling off-balance.

RINA

Who the hell are you?

TAKESHI

Takeshi. Ex-security guard, current zombie basher. Let's just say I wasn't planning on retiring this soon.

HIRO

(descending the ladder, a wave of relief)

You up here alone?

TAKESHI

Nope. Got a grumpy old bastard holed up on the water tower, thinks he's in charge. Keeps yelling about building regulations... even now.

Action:

Hiro reaches the bottom of the ladder, helped by the Trapped Man below. Rina and Takeshi continue to hold off the stubbornly persistent Infected. But from the streets, the sound of approaching groans grows louder. More of the creatures are drawn to the commotion.

From atop the water tower, a weathered face peers over the edge. It's MR.WATANABE, the disgruntled building manager, holding a megaphone.

MR.WATANABE

(His voice amplified and stern)

Unauthorized use of the fire escape!  
Building code violation! Everyone to  
the central stairwell, I repeat -

A chunk of concrete, flung by Takeshi, shatters the megaphone.

TAKESHI

Shut it, old man! We've got bigger problems!

[SCENE END]

[SCENE 6]

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

The central stairwell is a claustrophobic scene of panic. Scrambling survivors push their way downwards, their cries echoing through the concrete shaft. At the bottom, Mr. Watanabe stands guard, barking orders with surprising efficiency.

MR.WATANABE

Orderly evacuation! No pushing! Women  
and children first - building  
regulations!

Hiro, Rina, and Takeshi are caught in the throng, Takeshi reluctantly helping a sobbing elderly woman navigate the cluttered stairs.

TAKESHI

(Grumbling)

Never thought I'd be playing bodyguard  
for a sweet ol' grandma in the  
apocalypse...

RINA

At least she's not trying to eat your  
brains.

HIRO

Where does this even lead? This  
building must have a basement or  
something...

Just as they reach the bottom landing, a wave of terror ripples up from below. A blood-splattered group bursts through a fire door, shoving Mr. Watanabe aside.

SURVIVOR

(Breathless, eyes wide with fear)

They're down there! Got through the  
loading dock! It's overrun!

Mr.Watanabe bristles, his sense of authority momentarily restored.

MR.WATANABE

Seal that fire door! Do not let anyone  
up, I don't care who they-

ACTION:

Before he can finish his order, ear-splitting screeches erupt from the basement level. The fire door buckles under the weight of dozens of Infected, their monstrous forms writhing in the dim light.

Mr.Watanabe is swept aside by the panicked crowd fleeing back up the stairs. Hiro sees an opening in the chaos - a heavy industrial door labeled "Rooftop Access."

He grabs Rina's arm, pulling her and Takeshi towards it.

HIRO

Back to the roof! It's our only  
chance!

They fight their way through the flow of terrified survivors and slam the door behind them. For a fleeting second, there is silence.

[SCENE END]