

SAMURAI DEAD

EPISODE 1: BONES



"Only in death does a warrior find The Way. The secret is to return from death and fight without fear. Only then, can he be called samurai."

-- Tetseo M

FADE IN:

Wind howls over a vast wasteland. A SMALL CAR, covered in dust and sand, sits alone in the middle of this barren land.

KENJI approaches. He's a smallish man, without much hair. He looks weathered and weary. He carries on his back everything he needs to survive: Food. Clothes. Weapons.

A bloated BODY slumps in the driver's seat. Kenji pulls a sword from his belt and pokes the body with its sheath. *No movement.*

A can of beans sits on the dash. Kenji reaches across the dead body and into the car. He picks up the tin can and sniffs. The scent is odd and unfamiliar. *Doesn't smell like beans.* He shakes the can and hears the rattle of bones. *Fresh kill.*

Kenji looks about the car, searching for meat. Suddenly, he realizes where it must be. He turns to the rear of the car...



Kenji inserts a key and twists. The trunk pops open, but only half-way. Kenji tries to force the trunk open, but the door is stuck. He crouches to take a better look.

Kenji's eyes narrow. What he sees confuses him. A length of rope runs *inside* the trunk. The door has been rigged to open only part-way. *Why?* Kenji reaches and tries to pull the rope free.

Suddenly, a hand from inside the trunk reaches out and grabs Kenji's hand. Kenji pulls away, but the grip is too strong; he's pulled toward the trunk, where a hideous face appears and takes a bite out of his arm.

Kenji screams. He draws his sword and plunges the blade into the trunk. The creature shrieks horrifically.

Kenji falls back. His arm trembles. Blood gushes out of his wound. The surrounding skin turns a sickly white. *The infection is spreading...*

Suddenly, Kenji hears a loud BANG! The creature kicks against the inside of the trunk. It kicks again and again. With every kick, the trunk opens slightly more. The rope will not hold much longer.

Kenji's eyes go cold with dread. In less than 30 seconds, he's going to turn into whatever's inside that trunk...

Unless whatever's in that trunk doesn't eat him first...

Either way, he's fucked...

TO BE CONTINUED

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EPISODE 2: OF THE FLESH



"In the face of death, every man has the same choice: Die like a warrior or die like a dog. One is noble; the other is sad. The difference, however, is not always so great."

-- Masugi

A FAT MAN stands at the ready. He holds a long stick in his hand and cautiously approaches the back of a car. The trunk of the car is open half-way. Something inside growls...

The fat man readies his stick. He looks weak and unsteady. His name is CARL.

Suddenly, a grotesque pair of hands reach out from inside the trunk and grabs at Carl.

Carl lunges his stick. He snares one of the flailing hands and pulls hard, tightening a noose around the hand and keeping it from retreating into the trunk.

Carl inches forward. He takes out a hatchet and, with one mighty blow, hacks off the hand. The monster screams in agony...



Suddenly, we're back. KENJI is trembling -- the infection is spreading inside him and the creature inside the trunk is close to escape.

Kenji reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a small metal container. He snaps the container open, spilling out a dozen glass vials to the ground.

Suddenly, another loud BANG. Kenji looks to the car...

The rope inside the trunk begins to unravel. The zombie crawls out like a slithering snake. Half-way through, the creature gets caught on the rope.

Kenji panics. His body is trembling beyond his control. He grabs a vial from the ground and places it inside a hypodermic...

The zombie kicks his way free and falls out of the trunk. It hisses at Kenji and crawls at him like a deranged animal. Despite missing a hand, it's moving *fast*.

Kenji kicks back and retreats. He tries to plunge the needle into his arm, but the zombie is too fast. It climbs on top of Kenji and begins to grab at his eyes and face. Kenji loses his needle...

Kenji cocks his leg back and kicks the zombie away. He draws his sword and braces it against his stomach. As the zombie lurches forward -- grabbing at Kenji's flesh -- the blade plunges into the zombie's chest and sinks deeper and deeper into its heart. Before long, the zombie is dead. *Truly dead*.

Kenji scrambles for his hypodermic. He plunges the needle into his vein and releases a blue liquid into his blood stream. He gasps for air before losing consciousness...



Kenji wakes inside the car. He blinks hard a few times and shakes the cobwebs out of his head. He looks around and notices the dead body of the driver sitting next to him. *It's Carl. The fat man.*

Something shines in Kenji's eye. A shimmering gold crucifix hangs from the rearview mirror. Kenji reaches for it...

Suddenly, an arm shoots out and grabs him by the wrist. Kenji turns in a panic. Carl leans into Kenji like a rabid dog frothing at the mouth.

"Help me... Help me..."

Kenji tries to pull away, but there's no escape...

TO BE CONTINUED

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EPISODE 3: THE VOICE



CARL sits inside the car. Beads of sweat roll down his chubby neck. He looks tired and anxious, like the weight of the world sits on his beefy shoulders.

Carl looks down at his feet. The floormat is covered with empty cans. *Pinto beans. Sweet corn. Sliced peaches.* All gone. Eaten long ago.

Carl looks ahead. A MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE, wrapped in white cloth, sits on the dashboard. A strange buzzing sound radiates from inside. Carl leans in and flips the package open...

A SEVERED HAND lays bare. A swarm of flies feast on the infected flesh.

Carl doubles over and gags. The stench is overpowering. Carl is clearly disgusted by what he sees, but he is also strangely drawn to it. *Hunger does odd things to a man. Especially a fat, hungry man...*

A shimmering, gold crucifix hangs from the rearview mirror. Carl looks to it for strength. He lowers his eyes and whispers a prayer. Suddenly, he reaches for the severed hand and feasts upon it...

Flesh flies everywhere. Carl gorges on the severed hand like a ravenous animal. He spits bones into a tin can – souvenirs to be savored for later. In the blink of an eye, the hand is gone.

Carl stops and waits. He looks around, cautiously, as if something terrible is about to him. He pulls up his shirt and looks at his own stomach. *No infection.*

Carl smiles...

Suddenly, his eyes burst with agony. Flesh and blood jet from his mouth. Carl doubles over, choking and gasping for air. His head shakes violently from side to side.

Moments later, it's silent. Carl draws a final breath. He slumps into his seat like a cold, dead fish -- exactly how Kenji finds him days later...



Carl opens his eyes...

It's dark. *He's inside a trunk. The trunk of his own car.* Amid the darkness, there's a small opening. Daylight streams inside. Carl puts his eye to the hole...

Kenji stands outside. Glass vials are scattered at his feet. He crouches down to gather them. Carl yells through the peephole.

"Hey... let me out of here..."

Kenji ignores him. Carl wiggles his finger through the opening.

"Look. I'm okay. I ain't sick.
(beat)
Let me out."

Kenji stands. He slips a large backpack over his shoulder and leaves. Carl calls out after him.

"Hey -- don't leave me here! Come back! I have food! Water! Weapons! Anything you want! Let me out of here!"

Kenji walks off, leaving the fat man to die like a caged animal. Carl desperately tries to follow Kenji through the peephole, but he's almost out of sight.

"Shit!"

Suddenly, Carl's eyes light up. He has an idea. He digs into his pocket and pulls something out...



Kenji rises over a hill. The car is far behind him now. He draws a deep breath and prepares himself for the long journey ahead...

Suddenly, there's a voice. Not a man's voice. A *woman's voice.*

Kenji searches the wasteland. *The voice is coming from behind him... coming from the car...*



Kenji jogs back and cautiously approaches the trunk. The woman's voice continues. Her words are hard to understand, but the sound of her voice is warm and inviting.

Kenji pops open the trunk....

Carl lies inside, holding an old CELL PHONE in his hand. The woman's voice is a recording. Perhaps an old voicemail. She seems to be giving directions. *Directions to her location.*

Carl flips the phone closed and smiles.

"Thought that'd get your attention..."

TO BE CONTINUED