

TOKYO GHOST
"Indestructible Sequence" Draft 4.0

Written by
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Based on
"Tokyo Ghost" by Rick Remender

CONTENT WARNING

- Language
- Suggestive Themes
- Blood and Gore
- Drug Use
- Violence

Intended as a sample for a feature film adaptation

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EXT. DYSTOPIAN LOS ANGELES, 2089 - NEON STREETS - NIGHT

A sharp-dressed SALES GUY (40s) stands by the entrance of a "Be Your Heroes" clinic. He shouts at the passersby.

SALES GUY

You're about to live the **dream** of the **infantilized!** From **zero to hero** guaranteed! With Flak's patented NanoMorph, we can reshape yer **bones**, yer **muscles**, yer **face** - the **whole shit 'n' shebang!** Turn **you** into the person you **deserve to be!**

A couple walk by.

SALES GUY (CONT'D)

How'd ya like to **fuck** Captain Powerzap tonight, sweetheart? I could turn that **runt** yer with into a **wingding Superman!...** Plus, we can fix that ass of yours too!

A man exits the clinic. He looks like a knockoff superman figurine, and is absolutely *brimming* with confidence.

SALES GUY (CONT'D)

Hey! Here's a happy customer now! Why, this guy strolled in here not five minutes ago looking like a **walking piece of human shit!** Gaze upon his new majesty!

SUPERHERO WANNABE

I'm **Commander Zane** from the **titanium era**, wearing the costume that he was given by his sweet lady bride. With this body, **I'M INDESTRUCTIBLE!!!--*ghuurk***

The man's machismo is cut short when a HOVER-SCOOTER WITH SPINNING BLADES whizzes by and chops his head clean off! And who, pray tell, is riding this dastardly machine?!...

...Why, it's DAVEY TRAUMA (30s)! A super-genius/super-nerd who thrives in chaos, crime and violence! If the Monopoly Guy had a three-way lovechild with Inspector Gadget and a birthday magician, you'd get Davey Trauma!

Davey is followed by his three generic goons - MANFRED CROOKENSTEIN, LEONARD THIEFLY, and STEALZ MCGEE.

DAVEY TRAUMA

Ahoy, me stupids! Get yer **killin' boners on hard** an' **murder me up** some mod players!

Davey Trauma flies his hover-scooter straight into a large crowd of terrified, *SCREAMING* onlookers.

MANFRED CROOKENSTEIN

I thought youz said we wasn't gonna rampage no more, boss!

Davey Trauma is barely visible through the wave of red mist and body parts splattering the area in his wake.

DAVEY TRAUMA

BEHOLD! I AM THE JESUS OF MURDER!!!

Oh the humanity!!!... Then, the sound of a low-toned motor starts to build. The motor approaches, speeding towards the goons who are standing a ways behind Davey Trauma's back.

MANFRED CROOKENSTEIN

Holy shit, boss! It's--***ghrhhauhk***

Leonard and Stealz jump back just in time, but poor Manfred is pulverized into a jelly of bone and organs as he's ground under the giant tires of a massive motorcycle (which looks like if the Batcycle was made in the world of Akira).

DAVEY TRAUMA

Franklin Saint Farts? **Choady Witherspoon?** Cranky Bun-Dumpster? C'mon, man! **WHO IS IT?!**

Sitting on the bike are two figures. The one on the back has a shock of blue hair. She's slim, but stares down Davey with a look whose intimidation factor is matched only the enormous sniper rifle she wields. This is DEBBIE DECAY (late 20s).

The one on the front is a mountain of a man. LED DENT (early 30s) wears a full-face Constable's helmet. He barely takes in his surroundings... or the fact that he's spinning his tire out over Manfred's corpse. Why? He's an internet-junkie.

Led watches a set of holographic screens projected before him. He *never* looks away from them. The screens display a fraction of the content being beamed into his brain. An endless stream of doom-scrolling, TV shows, ads, and porn.

Davey looks over at the commotion, and through his POV, we see a crosshair target Leonard.

On a dime, Leonard's composure changes... and Davey Trauma's voice comes from his mouth.

LEONARD THIEFLY
 (as Davey Trauma)
 I kid. **Of course** I remember ol'
Constable Led Dent.

With a *LAUGH*, Davey flies his hover-scooter out of the crowd and zooms down the city streets.

Leonard and Stealz hop on some conveniently placed motorcycles and race after their boss.

Led finishes spinning out over the sloppy puddle that was once Manfred Crookenstein, and gives chase!

As he and Debbie come up behind the goons, Led unhooks TWO LENGTHS OF CHAIN from the sides of the motorbike... one for each hand.

STEALZ MCGEE
 (as Davey Trauma)
 Led Dent. **The tit** who tries to
 protect the impoverished throngs--
 huurk

Davey's voice is cut short as an angry chain whips around Stealz's neck.

DAVEY TRAUMA
 --But they're so **hard-wired** they
 don't even **nod** in gratitude.

The fear in Leonard's eyes is reflected for only a moment before another chain whips out and snags around his own neck.

With a powerful yank, Led tears both goons off their motorcycles at once. They fly towards him... and he catches them both by the face, his massive hands wrapping around their heads with ease.

Their bodies flap in the wind as the bike increases in speed. Throughout all this, Led maintains his blank, unresponsive stare.

DEBBIE DECAY
 Makin' Led angry **ain't** the smartest
 move here, Davey.

LEONARD THIEFLY
 (muffled under Led's hand)
 (as Davey Trauma)
 Led Dent's nothing but a paper thin
nerd who sucked on Flak's **nano-**
filled cock cause he couldn't
 protect you on his own!

Davey turns hard on his hover-scooter and heads straight towards them. The distance closes rapidly.

DEBBIE DECAY
 I don't know how you get **your** nano-
 tech...

Led tosses the goons at Davey with terrifying accuracy.

DEBBIE DECAY (CONT'D)
 ...But **Led's** is just injected with
 a needle.

Davey angles his hover-scooter upwards...

...and Leonard and Stealz are pulverized into a bloody smoothie by the rotating blades!

Davey angles the hover-scooter back, and finds himself straight down the line of sight of Debbie's sniper rifle, the barrel resting on Led's shoulder.

BLAM!

Davey jumps off the hover-scooter just in time to avoid the shot. He lands hard on the ground, and the hover-scooter explodes into flames behind him.

Led angles towards Davey and pushes the throttle to *maximum speeeeed!*

DAVEY TRAUMA
 Don't kid yourself! We all **suck the dick** sometime, Debbie. The game is rigged! What an **unwinnable slog** everyone's participating in. Cheats all around us, but ol' Davey's still fightin' fair! I **won't** take control of Led...

From the POV of Davey's tech-enhanced eyes, a CROSS-HAIR moves across the screen and locks on to Led's bike.

DAVEY TRAUMA (CONT'D)
 ...Your **bike** on the other hand...

With a *SCREEEECH*, the motorbike slams to a halt, launching Led and Debbie over the handlebars.

The soar through the air, heading for a big van parked on the side of the street.

Led manages to grab Debbie. He pulls his arms around her and faces his back to the van, then...

...*CRUNCH!* The van crumples beneath Led like a tinfoil ball. Him and Debbie slide to the ground. Dazed and hurt.

CONSTABLE OCEAN (O.S.)

Not another move, Trauma!

From around the corner, four Constables arrive on the scene. They bear the same helmets as Led (though they can't match his brute size), and they point futuristic handguns at Davey. These are Constables: LAKE, RIVERS, OCEAN, and BODIOVWAHTER.

DAVEY TRAUMA

Well, it's about ***fucking*** time! How many ***kooks*** must a man mow down before a Constable shows?

CONSTABLE LAKE

Seventy.

CONSTABLE RIVERS

Number you just passeddd****ghrkzzz****--
(as Davey Trauma)
Cut off ***one*** person I'm using for an illicit purpose and ***two*** more of that ***same variety*** will spring forth in their place--

Out from Davey Trauma's forearm comes a set of buttons and joysticks that look similar to vintage game controllers.

CONSTABLE OCEAN

(as Davey Trauma)

--to help me do... ***whatever*** it is I'm doing!

With a twist of the controls, Davey turns all the Constables towards Led and Debbie, who are just climbing up from the wreckage. Led once again grabs Debbie and pulls her into his arms, then turns his back to the Constables...

They open fire.

Led is lost in his screens. He barely registers the barrage of bullets burying into his back. Blood spatters and speckles off of him in every direction. *BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!*

CONSTABLE LAKE
 (as Davey Trauma)
 You are like a **magic wizard hunter**
 on the **high planes** of adventure,
 Davey!

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!

CONSTABLE BODIOVWAHTER
 (as Davey Trauma)
WE FUCKING LOVE YOU!

DAVEY TRAUMA
 Then **kill** for me, my dears!

CONSTABLE BODIOVWAHTER
 (as Davey Trauma)
KILL YOUR LOVE INTO MY HEART!

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!

Under the stream of bullets, Debbie grabs the Nano-Control Pad attached to Led's forearm.

DEBBIE DECAY
 You know what I have to do...

Debbie frantically swipes through the various controls, which are displayed holographically over the screen. She uses a digital slider to increase certain settings.

A *CLICK-CLICK-CLICK* signals the Constables have exhausted their clips.

SUPER:

- Nano Bone Growth - +15%
- Thought Suppression - +22%
- Adrenaline - +84%

DEBBIE DECAY (CONT'D)
 One month's worth of adrenaline...
 I'm sorry, baby. I know this'll
 hurt, but...

SUPER:

- Rage Enhancement - +99%
- CONFIRM?

DEBBIE DECAY (CONT'D)
 ...we need you **ANGRY**.

Debbie presses the CONFIRM button.

Led stands to his full height. The screens projecting from his helmet overload and flicker out, and a static charge runs up and down his body as the nano-bots within him respond to the new commands.

His muscles ripple and stretch and grow. He shudders from the sharp increase in power, which comes at the cost of a pain so intense it wakes him from the depths of his addiction.

Led turns towards the Constables and lets out a PRIMAL ROAR:

LED DENT

GGGRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Led springs forward, moving so fast he's nothing but a blur--
--and *SMASHES* his fist through the mouth of the jaw-dropped Constable Rivers.

Led's fist carries through the teeth and out the back of the neck with a visceral spray of blood.

The three remaining Constables stand frozen in horror, watching Rivers' lifeless body dangle from Led's arm.

Led slowly turns his head...

...and sets his gaze on Constable Lake.

CONSTABLE LAKE

Oooh fuuu--*huuurk*

Lake is cut short, doubling over as Led blurs towards him and buries the front of his pistol into his gut.

Led uses the momentum to lift Lake over his head. Blood runs from Lake's stomach down the pistol, and down Led's arms--

--then Led starts firing, each shot tearing a new hole in Lake's back. *BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG!!!*

DAVEY TRAUMA

You **fucking** cheaters!

Davey scowls and pushes more buttons on his controller.

DAVEY TRAUMA (CONT'D)

I **ROFLSTOMPED** your ass like a boss!
A handsome, wonderful, charismatic,
good neighbour boss!

The two remaining Constables - Ocean and Bodiovwahter - robotically input commands into their Nano-Control Pads.

DAVEY TRAUMA (CONT'D)

And **you** had to use a **boost** to beat me?

With *SCREAMS* of pain, the Constables ripple as their nano-bots complete their tasks. By the end, the Constables are far more frightening...

Though still not as scary as Led.

Constable Ocean jumps into action against Led. Constable Bodiovwahter pivots towards Debbie, and starts walking towards her. One purposeful step after another.

Debbie levels her sniper rifle and fires. The Constable simply leans his head to the left, and the bullet *WHIZZES* by.

She fires another round. This time, the bullet blasts through Bodiovwahter's shoulder. The Constable just keeps on walking.

DEBBIE DECAY

Ahh **tits**.

Led ducks and weaves around Constable Ocean's punches, each moving fast enough to break the sound barrier with a *CRACK*.

Ocean pulls out a combat knife, worn from use. The blade whips towards Led--

--but Led brings his hand up and lets the blade sink through his palm with a dull *THUMP!*

Led grips Ocean's arm via his knife-hand, the pain is barely an afterthought.

Ocean tries to tug away, but Led raises his leg--

--and kicks Ocean in the ribs with bone-shattering force.

Ocean sails through the air, then hits a wall with a sickening *SMACK* and falls in a motionless heap.

Led remains right where he is... holding Ocean's freshly severed arm.

DEBBIE DECAY (CONT'D)

LED!

Led turns towards Debbie just in time to see Constable Ocean tear the sniper rifle out of her hands. Ocean *SNAPS* it in half and tosses it aside..

...then grabs Debbie by the throat. The Constable chokes her, lifting her into the air.

Led moves to help her, but...

DAVEY TRAUMA
 (waggles finger)
 Uh-uh-uuuh, I don't **think** so Señor
 NOOB!

A set of twin rockets unfold from Davey's back. They have sharks painted on them. The paintings are exquisite.

The rockets light up and launch. They spiral towards Led...

DAVEY TRAUMA (CONT'D)
Wait! Those are the wrong--

...and hit right on their mark, exploding in an array of vibrant colours! A glittering mushroom cloud plumes outwards.

DAVEY TRAUMA (CONT'D)
NOOOO! MY COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS!

Debbie *CROAKS* out through Bodiovwahter's grip at the sight of the explosion.

Bodiovwahter's hand tightens further.

She pulls at Bodiovwahter's hand, but her eyes are locked on the plume...

...and from within it comes a crispy (but relatively unharmed) Led Dent.

Debbie's eyes widen.

DAVEY TRAUMA (CONT'D)
 Worry not, my destructive sweets,
 for I swear to you - **you shan't**
have sparkled in vain!

The bottom of Davey's feet ignite and he uses his rocket-feet to launch at Led.

Debbie, her face now turning blue, spots Bodiovwahter's Nano-Control Pad.

DAVEY TRAUMA (CONT'D)
 Go-Go Trauma's Trauma Arms!

At his command, Davey's arms separate right down the middle. A CHAINSAW pops out of each, and as they *BRRROM* to life, his arms are effectively turned into vicious blades of rotating death. He is now a man with chainsaws. A chainsaw man.

Led *WRENCHES* a door from a nearby car just in time to block Davey's chainsaws. The chains *GRIND* against the car door, throwing up sparks.

Debbie reaches over and starts swiping on Bodiovwahter's Nano-Control Pad.

SUPER:

- ALL SYSTEMS - +100%
- *DANGER CRITICAL*
- CONFIRM?

She moves to press the final button... but Bodiovwahter notices what she's doing and violently throws her to ground.

She manages to *SPUTTER* her way through some deep breaths.

Led blocks Davey's attacks, one after another. The car door takes the brunt of it, but some get through and tear through Led's arms... not that it slows him down at all.

DAVEY TRAUMA (CONT'D)

Do you see it, Led? Do you **see** how fucking **cool** we look right now?!

Led sees an opening. He drives his fist straight into Davey's stomach, knocking Davey back.

DAVEY TRAUMA (CONT'D)

(winded)

**cough* We're *cough*cough* a weeb's *cough*coooough* wet-dream!*

Constable Bodiovwahter finishes reloading his pistol as Debbie struggles to stand up.

Led looks to see Debbie in danger.

Davey's chest opens up to reveal an array of outlandish weapons and cannons that look as if they were made by ACME.

Debbie manages to get up... only to find she's on the business end of Bodiovwahter's gun. Bodiovwahter presses the barrel into her forehead.

Led looks at Davey.

DAVEY TRAUMA (CONT'D)

This shit's about to get **anime as fuck!** Have a taste of my **ultimate move...**

Davey fires everything he has in an explosive burst of colour and deadly wackiness.

DAVEY TRAUMA (CONT'D)
CRAZY DAVEY'S WAVY PAIN GRAVY!!!

One cannon fires an anvil. Another fires heat-seeking hypersonic missiles. Yet another fires mismatched socks.

Led doesn't think twice. He takes the car door, his only shield, and throws it at Bodiovwahter.

The door slices through the air like a knife, and turns out to be just as effective for slicing off Bodiovwahter's arm.

The arm holding the pistol drops in front of Debbie. She doesn't hesitate.

With a lightning quick spin, she *TAPS* the CONFIRM button on Bodiovwahter's Nano-Control Pad...

...just as Crazy Davey's Wavy Pain Gravy reaches Led.

The resulting explosion is like a Value Village being blown up by the city of LA's entire supply of July 4th fireworks.

A giant crater is left in its wake.

Bodiovwahter starts to ripple and stretch, *SCREAMING* in pain as electricity courses through him. The nano-bots try to follow their directives... but the body can't withstand it.

In a disgusting display, Bodiovwahter's insides turn to liquid, and after a moment... the outsides do too. Bodiovwahter is left as nothing more than a shapeless sputz of slop, slowly seeping towards the city's sewers.

In the slop, however, Debbie eyes Bodiovwahter's SHOCK COLLAR (a device used by Constables in place of handcuffs).

Davey stalks towards Led, who lies motionless at the centre of the crater. Led is broken, bruised, bleeding, and riddled with a variety of sharp objects.

One by one, Davey's gadgets fold neatly back into his body as he approaches.

DAVEY TRAUMA (CONT'D)
 Well now! Butter me up and call me
 Susan, **what do we** have here?

Davey bends down beside Led. He angles Led's head towards him.

DAVEY TRAUMA (CONT'D)
 Ladies and Gentleman of our
 beautiful city of Angels!
 (MORE)

DAVEY TRAUMA (CONT'D)

Your one, your only, **your hero!**
Constable **Leeed Deeent!...**

(beat)

...But imagine the shock when they find out their "**Indestructible Hero**" is nothing but a spaced out net-junkie. A **tweaker** with a jitter so bad he has to leave control of his body up to his girlfriend. You're no protector, Led. You're **nothing but malware.**

Davey raises a hand, which folds out into a wicked blade. He slowly brings the point level with Led's eye.

DAVEY TRAUMA (CONT'D)

Never meet your heroes, I guess...
...after all, they're only--

DEBBIE DECAY

--human?

From behind Davey, Debbie flips the Shock Collar around his neck. The effect is immediate.

Electricity **ZAPS** through Davey's body. Smoke rises from his joints as his tech short-circuits. He collapses on the street, unconscious.

Debbie rushes over to Led. She pulls out a few of the larger objects impaling his body, then sets his Nano-Control Pad back to default. The nano-bots quickly busy themselves fixing the wounds as Led shrinks to his normal size.

His breathing eases.

She builds herself up...

DEBBIE DECAY (CONT'D)

Okayokay. C'mon Debbie. Now or never. He might never be this awake again.

...then bends down beside Led and holds his head in her arms.

DEBBIE DECAY (CONT'D)

Led?... We need to talk.

Debbie pulls Led's helmet off. His face would be handsome, if not for the glassy, bloodshot eyes and the tears streaming down his cheeks.

DEBBIE DECAY (CONT'D)

I have good news. Flak was **so scared** of Davey, I was able to use it to make a deal. Catching Davey fulfills our contract.

Led is silent.

DEBBIE DECAY (CONT'D)

You hear me? That's it. **We're finally free.**

(beat)

I don't have to be out here all **alone** anymore. We can get you **detoxed.**

Led is silent.

DEBBIE DECAY (CONT'D)

Go to Tokyo. Rumour is after the war they went tech-free.

(beat)

We can start over. Somewhere with **trees**. But... you **have** to quit.

(beat)

You have to tell Flak you're done, baby... It has to be **your** choice. That was our deal... You have to leave the **tech** on the **table.**

Led is silent.

DEBBIE DECAY (CONT'D)

You have to **remember who you are.**

(beat)

Wake up.

(beat)

Wake up. Tell me your name.

(beat)

Remember for me, baby. I can't do this on my own anymore.

(beat)

Say it. **Say your name.**

...Led's gaze drifts over...

...He locks eyes with Debbie...

LED DENT

Mm... M-mmMy.....

(long beat)

...My shows are on.

Led's head falls back, and the screens flip on and project before him once again. Debbie lays her head on his chest...

She cries.

FIN