

# **EXHIBIT 5**

deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

## **====DEAD RISING Scenario====**

/////////////////////////E v m 0 1/////////////////////////

### ■ **View from within a digital camera**

**A group of glossy and iridescent CCD sensors...**

**A circuit board...**

**The aperture... Lenses...**

**The camera pulls back gradually from the miniature world contained within a digital photographic camera.**

**\*WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP\***

**Gradually, the din of whirling helicopter blades becomes audible.**

### ■ **Helicopter cabin interior**

**The colorless and dull clouds reflect the sunlight. A single lens reflex digital camera equipped with a zoom lens surveys the scene.**

**The man in control of the camera seems to be accustomed to such equipment. The noise of the helicopter is overwhelming.**

**Suddenly, a voice crackles over the headset he is wearing to facilitate conversation within the helicopter.**

**Pilot's voice:**

**Say, buddy... You mentioned somethin' about research for a story?**

**Frank West lowers his camera and listens as the pilot addresses him.**

**With a rugged face and a wry expression, he might not appear to be a photojournalist at first glance. He speaks into the headset microphone.**

**Frank:**

**That's right. I got a tip that something big's happening.**

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■ **Helicopter cockpit**

**The pilot lets a sarcastic smile creep across his face. His tone betrays his doubtfulness.**

**Pilot:**

**In a nowhere little town like that?**

**They sure didn't mention anything about it on TV...**

**Frank peeks his head in from the cabin.**

**Frank:**

**Yeah, well I'm freelance, pal.**

**I don't make my living waiting for the TV to tell me what to cover.**

**The pilot turns slightly and glances at Frank over his shoulder. His body language seems to indicate that he has his suspicions about Frank and his methods of information gathering. Then, he quickly refocuses his attention to the windshield and instrument panel.**

**Pilot:**

**Here she is!**

■ **Airspace over wooded area near Willamette**

**As the helicopter makes its way over the ridge, the buildings of the city of Willamette become visible on the horizon. The pilot begins speaking.**

**Pilot (off camera):**

**Willamette, Colorado. Population: 53,594. Distinguishing characteristics: Jack shit. HA HA HA.**

**About the only thing to do in this town is kill time at the**

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**shopping mall.**

■ **Helicopter cabin interior**

**Frank leans out the door in an effort to obtain an unobstructed view of the terrain ahead.**

**He notices something unexpected beneath them.**

**The National Guard has set up a skirmish line in a clearing in the wooded area below. One of the soldiers seems to have noticed the helicopter and raises his arm to point in their direction.**

**Frank directs a melancholy look toward the soldiers as they pass over.**

**The pilot seems to have noticed the soldiers as well and he begins to speak over the intercom.**

**Pilot:**

**What was that? The army?**

**Still observing the surroundings as he speaks, Frank's response sounds as if he is talking to himself.**

**Frank:**

**Looks like taking a helicopter was the way to go.**

**I bet they've got all the roads blocked off by now.**

**Pilot:**

**Yeah.**

**The pilot seems incredulous at the state of affairs, obviously surprised to see government intervention in effect.**

**Frank does his best to ignore the pilot's stare as he continues to direct his attention out the open door.**

**Frank:**

**Alright. Listen, I wanna get shots of the whole town before the National Guard finishes roping it off. Take me over the main street.**

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////////////////////**FREE PLAY**////////////////////////////////////

- **Control is given to the player Over the main street**

**Frank takes various shots of the chaos in the town below from the helicopter.**

**Frank begins to realize that the town is experiencing more than a typical riot, but supernatural explanations such as zombies are far from his mind.**

**Fires belching acrid black smoke dot the landscape below.**

**Ragged people stagger in an uncontrolled fashion through the streets and parks.**

**The helicopter continues to hover for a short while.**

**Pilot:**

**Whoa! What is that, some kinda riot?**

**Pilot:**

**Is this what you came to take pictures of?**

**Frank:**

**Sure is.**

**A man has climbed atop a car and is signaling desperately for help.**

**However, before any help arrives, he is dragged from his perch and reduced to a spray of blood and gore by an attacking zombie.**

**Pilot:**

**Holy shit! Did you see that?**

**The helicopter begins to travel forward again.**

**A bus become visible as it is being overtaken by a swarm of the undead.**

**Zombies are seen tearing thick strips of flesh from someone lying prone and motionless**

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**on the ground.**

**Pilot:**

**No way! Check that out! Look at all those people!**

**Pilot:**

**What the hell's happening here?**

**Frank:**

**I have no idea, but one thing's for sure...**

**A smoldering gas station suddenly explodes in a hail of fire and sparks.  
The helicopter lurches violently.**

**Pilot:**

**Whoa!**

**Frank:**

**Agh!**

**Zombies engulfed in flames begin to emerge from the gas station inferno.  
The helicopter is brought under control.**

**Frank:**

**Whatever's going on down there, it's not business as usual in  
this town.**

**The gas station continues to burn.  
The rising column of smoke is interfering with the line of sight from the helicopter.**

**Pilot:**

**I've gotta take her up for a sec.**

**The helicopter makes a rapid and violent ascension.  
Frank and the pilot are treated to bird's eye view of the city.**

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**Pilot:**

**Phew! (indicating relief)**

**A woman flees from a crowd of pursuing zombies on a factory rooftop.**

**Frank:**

**Take us down! We have to check out that building!**

**Pilot:**

**Huh? Where?**

**Frank:**

**Right below us!**

**The helicopter descends toward the roof of the factory.**

**The woman on the run has been cornered at the edge of the building.**

**The woman makes up her mind and takes a dive off the side of the factory.**

**Several zombies drop after her, following her like lemmings off a cliff.**

**Pilot:**

**Ooh... (repulsive yet sympathetic utterance)**

**The woman's body lies motionless at the base of the building.**

**The zombies that followed her to her grave wriggle their tangled bodies.**

**Frank and the pilot take a moment to soak it all in.**

**Frank:**

**I want to see the center of town. Take me there.**

**Pilot:**

**Roger. (perhaps despondent)**

**The helicopter accelerates as it moves toward the town's center.**

**It appears as if large groups of people (zombies) are gathering at the shopping mall in**

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**the center of town. Frank notices that it seems to be the center of activity.  
The helicopter moves toward the mall.**

// **E v m 0 2** //

■ **Helicopter interior**

**Frank surveys the surrounding area and spies a heliport on the roof of the shopping mall.**

**Frank:**

**Hey, can you get me on the rooftop of that mall?**

**As he speaks, Frank adjusts the camera strap on his shoulder and slides his bag of equipment toward himself on the floor in preparation for departure.  
The pilot notices all the activity and grows annoyed.**

**Pilot:**

**You gotta be kiddin' me... Man, you are nuts...**

■ **In the air above the mall**

**The helicopter begins its descent toward the mall's rooftop.  
Frank is perched on the doorframe, his feet dangling on the helicopter's skids.  
He seems to suddenly remember something and turns toward the cockpit.**

■ **Helicopter interior**

**Frank:**

**Alright, listen, don't forget to come back for me!**



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**The pilot seems busy at the controls. He turns and glances briefly at Frank, then turns his attention back to the instrument panel.**

**Pilot:**

**As long as you're not dead, Fred.**

**Frank seems to want to get all the details straightened out before the pilot changes his mind, and answers very quickly to meet this end.**

**Frank:**

**It's Frank... Frank West.**

**Remember that name, 'cause the whole world's gonna know it in  
3 days when I get the scoop.**

**The pilot, having had his suspicions as to Frank's lack of sanity seemingly confirmed, glances toward Frank's position with a mirthless smile.**

**When he again turns back to face the controls, he is shocked to see a jet black military chopper (a Blackhawk) obscuring his view out the canopy.**

**Pilot:**

**Whoa!**

**Frank:**

**Whoa!**

**Panicked, the pilot jams the control lever forward.**

■ **In the air above the mall**

**The Huey (carrying Frank and the pilot) executes a sudden evasive maneuver and attempts to remove itself from the Blackhawk's vicinity.**

**In doing so, it grazes of the surface of the military chopper, causing it to go into an uncontrolled spin.**

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■ **Helicopter interior**

**Frank:**

**Ah! (rapid intake of breath indicating surprise)**

**Frank's camera bag slides along the floor in reaction to the sudden change in angle. Frank has his hands full making sure he doesn't fall out of the chopper and finds himself unable to stop the sliding bag.**

**The bag sails out of the open door and drifts into the crowd assembled in front of the mall below, disappearing from view.**

■ **In the air above the mall**

**Without skipping a beat, the Blackhawk deftly begins pursuit of the Huey.**

■ **Helicopter interior**

**Despite the loss of his photography supplies and the Blackhawk's relentless chase, Frank has not given up on the idea of entering the mall in search of the scoop. He leans out the hatch and yells.**

**Frank:**

**Get us back down to that rooftop! (ALT: Get us down to that rooftop)**

**Pilot:**

**I know I'm gonna get my butt chewed out for this one.**

**The pilot knows what Frank is planning. Although he hesitates at first, he manipulates the control stick as ordered.**

■ **In the air over the mall**

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**The Huey, still reeling from the minor collision with the Blackhawk, takes a sudden dive in the direction of the mall.**

■ **Helicopter interior**

**Pilot:**

**We're goin' down.**

**The rooftop rapidly comes into view.**

**Frank yells as he jumps.**

**Frank:**

**Whoo-hoo!**

■ **Mall rooftop**

**Frank:**

**Ngh... God...**

**Frank, shaking the dust from his body, begins to stand.**

**Looking upward while standing on one knee, Frank notices the Blackhawk still in pursuit of the Huey.**

**The grimace on his face betrays his regret in his rash decision to disembark from the helicopter.**

**Suddenly, a voice rings out, addressing Frank from behind.**

**Carlito's voice:**

**Hello, there.**

**Frank turns toward the source of the voice. A lone man stands beside what appears to be a direct entrance into the mall via the rooftop.**

**He appears to be of Latin American origin and has a clean-cut face with handsomely chiseled features. He offers Frank a friendly smile and continues speaking.**

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**Carlito:**

**You're the reporter, aren't you? You came alone?**

**Frank, realizing that his lack of an accompanying crew or even a bag of supplies doesn't do much to show strangers his credentials as a journalist, shoots back a wry smile.**

**Frank:**

**Yeah... I'm freelance. Ya know...**

**Go into the battlefield alone... No crew...**

**A sober look melts over the man's face.**

**Frank:**

**So, uh... what's goin' on around here, anyway?**

**The man narrows his eyes as he takes in and internally scrutinizes Frank's words. For a moment, a glimpse of something menacing can be seen in the man's twinkling eyes, but his face soon returns to a jovial expression.**

**Carlito:**

**You came by helicopter, didn't you?**

**What did you see from the sky?**

**Slightly annoyed at having his question answered with another question, Frank begins to answer nonetheless, sorting out his own thoughts as he speaks.**

**Frank:**

**Well... If it were just a riot, I doubt the military would quarantine the entire area.**

**The moratorium on information getting out is a little extreme in my opinion.**

**The man eagerly nods in understanding, but his eyes seem to suggest that he thinks Frank has something else to say... something he's holding back on.**

**Frank continues.**

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**Frank:**

**There's... something else I can't put my finger on.**

**It doesn't sound like civil disobedience. (emphasis on "sound")**

**It's too quiet.**

**The man smiles broadly, but something about his smile insinuates an intensity and ferociousness just below the surface.**

**Carlito:**

**Almost as if... everyone's already dead?**

**Frank nods, assuming the man's comment to be some sort of metaphor. Then, he presses further in his inquiry.**

**Frank:**

**Yeah... So why don't you just tell me already. What's going on?**

**The man merely smiles and shakes his head silently.**

**Carlito:**

**I think you'd better see for yourself...**

**The man fastens his gaze securely to Frank. His attitude takes on a very serious tone**

**Carlito:**

**This, my friend... is hell.**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////////////////////**

- **Game Free control**

**The player is able to freely speak to the man standing on the roof (Carlito) at this point.**

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**Carlito:**

**You'd better take a look for yourself.**

**Get down into the mall and see who – or what – is down there.**

**The Security room is accessible and examining the monitors yields a gory scene.**

// **E v m 03** //

■ **Security room**

**An image comes to life on the monitor.**

**A woman tries desperately to push back against the throngs of people approaching her but is pulled into the crowd.**

**A zombie tears a person limb from limb.**

**An image zoomed in too far to accurately interpret clearly shows some sort of zombie attack on a human being.**

**Screams of terror are interspersed with the cries of the zombies themselves.**

**x x x**

**Frank is seen in profile with the glow of the monitor casting strange hues on his face, now twisted in an expression of disbelief and utter confusion. He begins muttering to no one in particular.**

**Frank:**

**What in the world...**

// **E v m 04** //

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■ **Entrance 2F**

**Frank has begun to descend the staircase. He stops in his tracks and glances toward the entrance.**

**His peripheral vision offers glimpses of people panicking and making a fuss.**

**A group of people appear to be constructing a barrier in front of the entrance.**

///////////////////////// **E v m 0 5** ///////////////////////////

■ **Entrance 1F**

**A small group of men clamorously attempt to erect a barricade.**

**Extra (middle aged man):**

**Hey! Bring that over here!**

**Extra (old man):**

**Quit screwin' around!**

**Extra (young man):**

**You ain't gettin' past this, freaks!**

**Within the crowd, a lone old woman gingerly makes her way around the barricade area.**

**Dog Lady:**

**Madonna? Oh, Madonna? Oh, where is my...**

**Have you seen my baby?**

**I can't live without my precious little sweetie doggie!**

**Oh, where is my Madonna? Where is she? Oh...**

**Madonna... Oh... Where are you? Sweetie? Oh... Madonna.**

**It would appear that the target of her desperate search is a pet of some kind.**

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**Standing a little farther away than the old lady is a younger woman of exquisite beauty. She looks so out of place among the calamity that Frank's eyes are drawn to her and he focuses on her countenance in profile.**

**The woman, realizing that she is being stared at, begins to turn in Frank's direction when...**

**Extra (middle aged man):**

**Hey! This is no time to ogle pretty girls, son!**

**The man suddenly steps into Frank's line of vision.**

**Paying no mind to Frank's surprise, the man continues in a serious tone.**

**Extra (middle aged man):**

**You lookin' to get y'self eaten alive by zombies?**

**Frank is speechless in front of the man, who seems less angry than desperate for survival.**

**Frank's eyes briefly dart from side to side as if he'd just remembered something important. Then, he questions the man.**

**Frank:**

**What? Did you just say zombies?**

**The older man is thrown by Frank's seeming ignorance of the situation and it shows on his face.**

**He points toward the entrance on the other side of the barricade.**

**Extra (middle aged man):**

**Take a look out there!**

**If those ain't zombies, what would you call 'em? (emphasis on "you")**

**Frank again fixes his gaze on the throng of zombies pushing toward the entrance.**

**The enormous crowd outside appear to be zombies straight out of a horror film.**

**Frank seems as if he is about to make a comment like "You've gotta be kidding me," but stops himself short, swallowing his own words.**



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**Faced with such an unbelievable reality, Frank finds himself unable to speak for a moment.**

**The man speaks in a grave tone.**

**Extra (middle aged man):**

**There's been more an' more of 'em since last night...**

**Now, they're all that's out there.**

**Frank's face is free of expression as he nods solemnly.**

**The older man flashes Frank a smile.**

**Extra (middle aged man):**

**Look on the bright side...**

**Zombies are stupid and slow.**

**We should be safe in here.**

**Frank, somewhat heartened by the older man's words, grudgingly returns his smile.**

**Perhaps the older man has taken that as a sign that their conversation is over, because he abruptly points deeper into the mall**

**Extra (middle aged man):**

**Alright, then. Feel like makin' yourself useful?**

**Take a look around the mall and bring anything we can use for  
the barricade back here.**

**Andele! C'mon! Pronto!**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////**

○ **Game**

**The player moves to the central area on the first floor of the mall.**

**When an item that could make appropriate building material for the barricade is**

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**examined, a cut scene is triggered.**

// **E v m 0 6** //

■ **Mall central area 1F**

**A latticework shutter is shut tight and an old man can be seen on the opposite side. Frank aims his camera at the old man, who is gripping the bars for dear life as he stares at the entrance to the mall.**

**\*FLASH\***

**The old man notices that he has been photographed and begins yelling in response to the transgression.**

**Dr. Barnaby:**

**You! Stop right there!**

**Do you have any idea what you've done?**

**Frank is stunned at the old man's threatening words and lowers his camera.**

**The old man thrusts his arm through an opening in the lattice and begins thrashing his hand about, his skinny index finger bent into a hook.**

**Dr. Barnaby:**

**Why did you summon me to this place?**

**What are you planning?**

**Frank clearly has no idea what the old man is talking about.**

**He tries his best to let the man know that he means no harm.**

**Frank:**

**Will you calm down. I don't even know what you're talking about.**

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**Noticing the look of bewilderment on Frank's face, the old man realizes he has mistaken his visitor for someone else.**

**He glares at Frank cantankerously, then expels a disgusted breath from his nostrils.**

**Dr. Barnaby:**

**... (disgusted sigh)**

**Frank, left alone on the other side of the gate, is still confused by the exchange.**

**Just then... BOOM!**

**A thunderous din erupts from behind Frank as if something had crumbled or broken.**

**Frank turns to see the origin of the sound.**

■ **Near the entrance**

**Zombies are gathered in droves just beyond the door made of reinforced glass.**

**Near the door, the dog lady from earlier wanders around, still searching for her precious pup with a look of desperation on her face.**

**She appears to be attempting to unlock the door.**

**Obviously, that action would lead to an army of zombies gaining entry to the facility.**

**Nearby NPCs cling to her, trying desperately to stop her.**

**Extra (middle aged man) 2:**

**What are you thinking? Knock it off!**

**On the other side of the door, a tiny dog weaves among the legs of the crushing throng of the undead.**

**Like the well-trained and loyal pet it is, it barks its high pitched bark at the zombies as it moves about.**

**It would appear that the pup was left outside on the onset of the barricade construction.**

**Despite her bulk, the old woman shows incredible strength in fending off her would-be attackers.**

**Dog lady:**

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**Madonna! My Madonna is out there! Oh! Oh, Madonna!**  
**Wait, baby! I'm saving you, baby! Wait for me, sweetie!**  
**Madonna! Oh, Madonna! Madonna! Oh, baby! Oh, my baby,**  
**Madonna!**  
**Oh, Madonna! Madonna!**

**The old lady summons every last ounce of strength in her body and pulls on the door with all her might.**

**The zombies continue exerting their strength in pushing the door from the outside.**

**The NPCs trying to stop the old woman put all their strength into it.**

**The door can't hold anymore... BOOM!**

**Cries of terror...**

**Screams of anger and distress...**

**The zombies themselves make unearthly sounds as they go about their business.**

**The pint-sized dog continues it's annoying chorus of piercing barks.**

**Dog lady:**

**Madooonnaaaa!**

**The old woman's shriek can be heard intermittently over the din as she is sucked into the approaching group of zombies.**

■ **Mall central area**

**Frank:**

**What the-?**

**From his location now in the central area of the mall, the screams and panic near the entrance are a barely audible warning of something awful. Frank is having trouble drinking it all in.**

**Suddenly, a voice rings out from above.**

**Brad's voice:**

**What in the hell are you people doing! Run! Quick! Move! Get over here!**

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**Looking above, Frank sees that a single man is standing on the 2F balcony, guiding people to the upper floor which should still be enjoying some sense of relative safety.**

**Brad:**

**Everyone! Move this way! Quick! To the stairs! Move!**

**The man is leaning out over the terrace and flailing his arms to get people's attention. Closer inspection reveals that he is pointing the way toward a staircase with his outstretched limbs.**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////**

○ **Game**

**The player must make their way through the crowd of newly arrived zombies and make it safely to the staircase.**

**////////////////////E v m 08////////////////////**

■ **Staircase**

**Halfway up the stairs, Frank stops and glances down at the first floor. He sees the pulsating crowd of zombies below and scrambles the rest of the way up the stairs in haste.**

■ **Air conditioning room**

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**As soon as Frank enters the room, a heavy metallic door closes behind him.  
A middle-aged mall employee shows Frank a look of relief.  
Next to him is the African American man who had fist beckoned him to the second floor.  
Behind them stands a woman in a neat and well-tailored suit.  
The man questions Frank.**

**Brad:**

**Where are the others?**

**Frank bristles at the words.  
Remembering the incident at the entrance, he shakes his head bitterly.**

**Frank:**

**I don't know... I hope they got away.**

**Frank's response saddens the man and he looks down momentarily.  
Then, he raises his face and gestures with his chin toward the mall employee.  
The employee nods and carries an acetylene torch to the door.  
He waves Frank away from the door and begins welding the door without hesitation.  
The man speaks again to Frank, who is watching the welding process with suspicion.**

**Brad:**

**As long as those "things" are in the mall,  
we'd better not use this door.**

**As he speaks, the man moves closer to the air conditioning unit.  
Opening a small hatch on a duct, the man peers in.**

**Frank:**

**Uh... What are you doing?**

**For a moment, the man appears annoyed, regarding Frank as one would a troublesome child.  
Heaving a resigned sigh, he begins to explain.**

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**Brad:**

**The air ducts. They'll get us back into the mall.  
And apparently, those things aren't smart enough to use the  
ducts.  
So they won't be a factor.**

**Frank:**

**Wait a minute...  
You wanna get back in there? What for?**

**Ignoring Frank's plea for answers, the man enters the duct and disappears.  
Frank searches the room for potential explanations and settles on the woman who  
stands leaning against the wall, their eyes meeting.**

**Frank walks toward the woman.  
As if to rob him of the pleasure of starting the conversation, she addresses him first.**

**Jessie:**

**Nice camera. Are you a photographer?**

**Frank is put off by the sudden change of topic.**

**Frank:**

**As a matter of fact, I am.  
Frank West, photojournalist.**

**Nodding slightly, she extends her hand.**

**Jessie:**

**Could you show me some pictures, Frank?**

**Caught up in the conversation now, it's all Frank can do to nod and hand over his  
camera.**

**She takes the camera from him with a "Thank you" and begins looking at the camera's  
LCD screen without saying a word.**

**Feeling a little left out and wanting to get back into the conversation, Frank speaks.**

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**Frank:**

**You really seem to know what you're doing.**

**Who are you guys, anyway, and what are you... (he doesn't finish his sentence - see note below)**

**Just as he begins plying her with rapid fire questions, he notices that she seems unusually fixated on a particular shot.**

**The photo that has her attention is one of the old man Frank had met near the entrance. Frank, noticing her deadly serious expression deliberately drops tantalizing bits of information as to entrap her.**

**Frank:**

**I took that one near the entrance.**

**The woman looks up, confirming Frank's suspicions that there is something very special about the subject of the photograph. He casually reaches out to retrieve his camera.**

**Frank:**

**That guy do something?**

**She smiles mirthlessly in an effort to pull the wool over Frank's eyes.**

**Jessie:**

**Nope. Thanks for showing me, though.**

**She returns the camera and prepares to leave.**

**Frank rushes to call out to her.**

**Frank:**

**Hey. We're not done talking yet. Just who are you guys?**

**The woman turns on her heels and meets Frank's gaze directly.**

**Jessie:**



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**I'm Jessie. The man you saw earlier is Brad.  
That's all I'm authorized to tell you.**

**Frank didn't expect such a quick and frank response and stands a little dumbfounded as the woman leaves for the room next door.  
Frank's face betrays dissatisfaction and suspicion.**

////////////////////**FREE PLAY**////////////////////////////////////

○ **Game**

**The player moves through the duct to reach the mall's East Plaza. When the player reaches the exit of the warehouse, a cut scene is triggered.**

////////////////////**E v m 1 1**////////////////////////////////////

■ **Paradise Plaza warehouse exit**

**As Frank makes his way back into the mall, he hears a noise from the rear. Unsteady footsteps approach.**

**Frank:**  
**Zombies, huh? Had a feeling you'd show up...**

**He mutters this in reaction to his intuition. His expression clouds over.  
Frank takes in his surroundings and decides to remove a fire extinguisher from a nearby wall to use as a weapon.  
He leans back holding the fire extinguisher as he approaches a corner in the corridor.**

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**The footsteps get closer.**

**Frank brings the extinguisher down hard, timing it just right to make contact with his would be assailant.**

**Jessie:**

**Aaaagh!**

**Frank:**

**!! (surprised gasp)**

**The approaching figure was actually Jessie!**

**Frank frantically rushes to adjust the extinguisher's trajectory in midair.**

**The extinguisher grazes Jessie's nose as she stumbles forward, sending her toppling over with over exaggerated movement.**

**Placing the extinguisher on the floor, Frank looks down at Jessie, who now lies on her back.**

**Jessie, panicked and hyperventilating, draws her gun blindly to neutralize the perceived threat.**

**Frank seems to have figured out what happened now and is quite calm. Panting, he crouches down on the floor next to the prone Jessie.**

**Frank:**

**God, it's you... Look, don't sneak up on me.**

**He reaches out and points Jessie's gun in a safe direction as he speaks.**

**Just then, he notices that Jessie's gun has the safety engaged and smiles.**

**It would appear that Jessie is not quite accustomed to using firearms.**

**Jessie finally lowers the gun and picks her upper body up from the floor.**

**She awkwardly tries to make the most serious and stern face that she can and begins to speak.**

**Jessie:**

**Brad was attacked...**

**I located him on the monitor...**

**She brings herself to her feet as she speaks and staggers a bit.**

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**Jessie:**

**Ow!**

**It seems that she wrenched or twisted her foot in the fall.**

**For a moment, it looks like she may fall again, so Frank offers his support.**

**Frank:**

**It's probably just a sprain.**

**Jessie attempts to walk, her face twisting in reaction to the pain.**

**Jessie:**

**I've gotta help Brad... or he's done for!**

**Frank stands scratching his head as he watches Jessie's unsteady steps along the wall.**

**He inhales briefly, then rushes to her side.**

**Frank:**

**Alright, fine... Gimme your gun.**

**Jessie, surprised at Frank's sudden demand, shakes her head solemnly, clearly upset.**

**Frank:**

**C'mon, I'm the reason you just got hurt. Let me help.**

**Jessie:**

**No! I can't let a civilian do that. That's against regulations.**

**Frank shakes his head with a dark expression on his face.**

**Frank:**

**Yeah... Well, I don't think they had zombie infested malls in mind  
when they wrote those regulations, kid.**

**She mulls over Frank's words for a moment and hesitates.**

deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

**Before long, she raises her face and nervously offers her firearm to Frank.**

**Jessie:**

**You know how to use this?**

**Frank answers as he pulls back the gun's slide to make sure the weapon is loaded.**

**Frank:**

**Kinda. I've covered wars, you know.**

**Releasing the safety, he places the weapon in his jacket pocket. He is better at handling the gun than Jessie.**

**Frank:**

**Look. After I'm through helping you...**

**He wags his index finger at Jessie to emphasize his point.**

**Frank:**

**You and I are gonna have a nice little chat.**

**Jessie shakes her head with resignation.**

**Auld Lang Syne begins playing over the mall's loudspeaker system.**

**\*In the event that a gun is used that does not feature a safety mechanism (such as a SIG P226, etc.), the decocking lever should be lowered, effectively locking the hammer in the half cocked position and preventing the gun from firing.**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////////////////////**

○ **Game**

deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

**A cut scene is triggered when the entrance to the food court is reached.**

///////////////////////// **E v m 1 2** ///////////////////////////

■ **Food court**

**CRASH!** Suddenly, a sound splits the air and the show window next to Frank breaks in a hail of glass shards.

Realizing that the breakage was caused by gunfire, Frank dives into the shadows nearby where he discovers Brad.

Frank points to the gun as he speaks to the awestruck Brad.

**Frank:**

**(sound of running)**

**Frank:**

**Your girlfriend sent me to find you.**

**Brad looks dubious.**

**Brad:**

**Who, Jessie?**

**Just then, a bullet streaks by them.**

**Brad moves into position to counterattack. He shouts to make himself heard over the roar of gunfire.**

**Brad:**

**Dammit! OK. We'll have to talk about this later... You know how to use that gun?**

**Frank shakes his head.**

deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

**Frank:**

**I've never fired at a person.**

**Brad's expression shows that he acknowledges Frank's statement as the norm.**

**Brad:**

**Alright. I'll cover you from here. You need to stick to the shadows... Try to get close to the target, OK?**

**\*RAT-A-TAT-TAT\***

**The volley looses shards of glass and Frank draws back under cover to avoid injury.**

**Cursing under his breath, Brad returns fire.**

**Frank yells between volleys.**

**Frank:**

**And what am I supposed to do when I get close?**

**Brad:**

**Well, the best solution would be to shoot the guy.**

**Brad produces a backup magazine.**

**Brad:**

**But if you can't do that, keep him busy dodging your bullets and stay out of trouble. Are you up to it?**

**Frank takes the magazine offered by Brad.**

**Frank:**

**I'm a lot better with a camera, but... yeah, I'll give it a shot.**

**Brad looks Frank over as if to appraise him, then raises a hand in acknowledgement.**

**Brad:**

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**Alright. Next time he reloads, I'll lay down a suppressing fire.**

**As he speaks, he gestures with his chin toward an area with a fair amount of cover.**

**Frank:**

**(sound of breathing)**

**Brad:**

**I'm counting on you. Make your way over there. 1... 2... 3!**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////**

○ **Game**

**The player has the choice to shoot the attacker, take his photo, etc. After a certain amount of time has passed, the attacker escapes.**

**////////////////////E v m 13////////////////////**

■ **Mission Complete cut scene food court**

**Carlito:**

**! (sound of disappointment and frustration mingled with a bit of surprise) ( )**

**Realizing his disadvantage, the attacker escapes toward the ceiling with the aid of some sort of grappling device.**

**Brad runs to Frank's side and attempts to get the fleeing suspect in his sights, but is too**

deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

**late.**

**Frank:**

**He got away. Who was that, anyway?**

**Frank mutters as his eyes stay glued to the area from which the attacker fled.**

**Brad's eyes narrow as he shakes his head and shrugs.**

**Brad:**

**I don't know...**

**He then faces Frank again, extending his right hand.**

**Brad:**

**Well, thanks for your help. The name's Brad.**

**Frank takes Brad's hand in his own.**

**Frank:**

**I'm Frank West... Photojournalist.**

**And right now, I'd rather have an explanation than your thanks,  
Brad.**

**Brad gazes piercingly at Frank and shakes his head.**

**Brad:**

**Sorry, I've got nothing to tell you.**

**Frank flinches at the rejection and its speed.**

**Brad levels a finger at him and continues speaking.**

**Brad:**

**Look, I don't know what Jessie told you, but as far as I'm  
concerned, we're through working together.**

**So you cover your zombie story and leave the rest to us.**



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**Once he is finished talking, Brad seems to forget all about Frank and his mind clearly drifts back to his original investigation as he prepares to walk off.**

**Frank:**

**You, uh... You guys are looking for someone here, aren't ya?**

**Brad stops in his tracks and turns to face Frank with a quizzical look.**

**Frank shoves his camera in Brad's face with the LCD screen facing outward.**

**Brad:**

**! (small gasp)**

**Brad stares at the photo on the screen with narrowed eyes, his complexion changing of its own free will.**

**Brad:**

**Who is that? Where did you take it?**

**Brad reaches out to snatch the camera from Frank's hands, but Frank avoids him with ease.**

**Frank:**

**You help me, I help you.**

**Brad struggles to keep his anger under control.**

**He smiles disgustedly and turns his back to Frank, dramatically showing that he does not need Frank's help.**

**He takes two or three steps, then stops, apparently reconsidering.**

**After a moment or two, he utters a curse.**

**Brad:**

**Damn! You're one hell of a journalist, aren't you, Frank? A hot-headed, underhanded hotshot paparazzi with nothing better to do than to invade people's privacy.**

**Maintaining his composure, Frank responds to the compliment born of anger with**

deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

**aplomb.**

**Frank:**

**I try... You got a point?**

**Brad spreads his arms in resignation, nodding to Frank with a frown.**

**Brad:**

**You win, Frank. Let's work together.**

**Frank smiles. Brad, now resigned to the idea, continues with an explanation.**

**Brad:**

**Jessie and I are DHS agents.**

**And – yes – we're looking for the man in that picture.**

**Frank's eyes grow wide in reaction to Brad's revelation. He knits his brow and presses for more info.**

**Frank:**

**You're with homeland security? Is that guy a terrorist or something?**

**Brad does not answer. He neither confirms nor denies Frank's assertion. Assuming that Frank has more to say, Brad raises his eyes to look at him.**

**Frank:**

**I took that picture in the Entrance Plaza, right near the front door. Shoulda been about 9 o'clock.**

**Upon hearing this, Brad pauses for a moment to locate the place Frank mentioned in his head.**

**He glances toward the Entrance Plaza, then at his watch. Then, he returns his gaze to Frank.**

**Brad:**

deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

**The Entrance Plaza... You're sure?**

**Frank nods.**

**Once Brad sees that signal, he begins to walk away.**

**Frank addresses him from behind.**

**Frank:**

**Hey! So, do I have your permission to cover this story or not?**

**Brad stops in his tracks.**

**Perhaps realizing that becoming angry at Frank's persistence would serve no purpose, he merely smiles, then turns and raises both hands in resignation.**

**Brad:**

**(sigh)**

////////////////////////////////// **FREE PLAY** //////////////////////////////////

○ **Game**

**The player moves within the mall.**

////////////////////////////////// **e v m 1 5** //////////////////////////////////

■ **Al Fresca Plaza At the shutter blocking the corridor to the Entrance Plaza**

**Brad opens a small hatch beside the closed shutter and begins manipulating the switches underneath.**

**The shutter begins to open.**

deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

■ **Entrance Plaza In front of the shutter**

**Brad sneaks beneath the rising shutter before it is fully open.**

////////////////////////////////////**FREE PLAY**////////////////////////////////////

○ **Game**

**A cut scene is triggered when the player (with Brad) reaches the area in front of the bookstore.**

////////////////////////////////////**e v m 1 6**////////////////////////////////////

■ **Entrance Plaza In front of the bookstore**

**With the glass door to the bookstore partly open while the grated shutter before it is closed, an old man stands inside.**

**Brad, looking upset, appears to be conversing with the man. 132d(Brad) 132e(Dr. Barnaby)**

**Frank is observing this from a short distance.**

**After a few moments, the conversation appears to end, and the old man closes the door and disappears within the store.**

**Brad, seeming distraught and disappointed, turns and begins to walk toward Frank.**

**Frank seems very interested in the proceedings and does not hesitate to begin questioning Brad.**

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**Frank:**

**Well? What happened? You can't just arrest him?**

**Brad sighs and shakes his head.**

**Brad:**

**He turned down my offer to protect him... Said he isn't going  
anywhere until I can guarantee a secure route out of here.**

**Frank nods excitedly, anticipating the next details of the story.**

**Brad seems unwilling to discuss the details and shrugs slightly.**

**Brad:**

**Jessie has a direct line to HQ. The first thing we need to do is to call for  
back up.**

////////////////////**FREE PLAY**////////////////////

○ **Game**

**The player moves freely and triggers a cut scene upon reaching the Security room**

////////////////////**E v m 17**////////////////////

■ **Security room**

**Jessie sits before the shelf of monitors.**

**Brad stands with his hands spread out on the surface of the desk as he talks to her.**

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**Jessie:**

**Hm... So that's what Dr. Barnaby said, huh?**

**Brad nods and raises his hands in a resigned fashion.**

**Brad:**

**The old coot's not dumb. He wants us to call for help first.**

**Hearing that, Jessie sighs, then directs her gaze to the notebook PC on her lap.**

**Brad:**

**We got a line out, or what?**

**Jessie glances briefly at Brad and then turns her attention back to the PC.**

**She begins typing away on the keyboard. (The PC is connected to a cellular phone for internet access)**

**She brushes her fingers through her hair and sighs, showing frustration.**

**Jessie:**

**(sigh) The signal's being blocked... I can't even contact HQ on the emergency line.**

**Brad narrows his eyes upon hearing the bad news.**

**Brad:**

**So, if we want to get our hands on Dr. Barnaby, we're gonna have to secure a way out of here ourselves.**

**Jessie looks up at Brad with an apologetic look on her face.**

**Brad, feeling the need to comfort his charge, smiles upon her.**

**Brad:**

**Alright. We've gotta deal with the situation we've been handed. The boneheads back at HQ might be working on something, too...**

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**Frank realizes by the body language and attitudes of the participants in the conversation he is observing that communication is unlikely.**

**Though he'd been eavesdropping from a distance, he decides to barge in on the conversation.**

**Frank:**

**There's a helicopter coming.**

**Jessie and Brad both turn to look at Frank.**

**Frank:**

**Three days from now... at noon. It's my ride.**

**Brad seems to only half believe Frank's words. His eyes narrow.**

**Brad:**

**Is your ride reliable?**

**Frank thinks for just a moment, then answers in a way to win the others' trust.**

**Frank:**

**Absolutely. That's how I plan on gettin' outta here.**

**Brad and Jessie look at one another.**

**Though uneasy, they realize that they won't get a better guarantee considering the circumstances.**

**They nod to each other, silently agreeing to leave their lives in Frank's hands, then they turn to face him again.**

**Brad:**

**Alright, then. I'll see to it that the DHS picks up the charter fee.  
Can we take Dr. Barnaby as well?**

**Frank:**

**Sure... As long as you tell me what's going on.**

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**Brad smiles at Frank in acknowledgment of his reluctance to stop his journalistic wheeling and dealing despite the circumstances.**

**Jessie, for her part, is clearly less than thrilled with his antics considering their predicament.**

**But she realizes that they have little choice in choosing to work with Frank at this point.**

**Brad:**

**OK. I'll tell you what you want to know... later. We have more pressing business right now.**

**Brad stands up as he talks and begins moving toward the door.**

**Brad:**

**If we have to wait here for 3 days, we'll need supplies: water, blankets, and the like.**

**He opens the door and begins to leave, then turns toward Jessie.**

**Brad:**

**We'll get Dr. Barnaby here tomorrow morning.  
I want you to keep an eye on the monitors.**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////**

○ **Game**

**Free play. A cut scene is triggered if the player enters either the air conditioning room or the Security room within a set time limit.**



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// **E v m 1 8** //

■ **Air conditioning room**

**Brad, who is carrying with him a cardboard box, calls out as he emerges from the duct.**

**Brad:**

**Yo, Frank! Gimme a hand here.**

**Fade out. Small delay...**

**Water, food, and hygiene supplies lie nestled inside the cardboard box.**

**Frank reaches immediately for a bottle of mineral water.**

**Brad extends his arm to block Frank's attempted grab.**

**Frank:**

**Hey, Wh-What gives?**

**Frank glares at Brad.**

**Brad, looking serious, meets Frank's gaze.**

**Brad:**

**Considering the helicopter and all, we have to work together.**

**Frank's dubious look shows that Brad's comment was unexpected. Brad pays Frank no heed and continues speaking.**

**Brad:**

**But that doesn't mean we can tell you everything. And everything we do tell you can't necessarily be printed.**

**Frank:**

**Yeah, so?**

**Frank reaches for a bottle as he speaks.**

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**Brad moves the target out of his reach.**

**Brad:**

**So, I just want you to appreciate the situation.**

**When he's through talking, he hands a bottle over to Frank.**

**Frank nods as he accepts the proffered beverage.**

**Frank:**

**Well, we're up to our necks in zombies. Yeah, I think I appreciate the situation just fine.**

**A pained expression creeps across Brad's face as he is reminded of the zombies again.**

**Brad:**

**Zombies... I still can't believe all this, you know? It seems so unreal...**

**Brad:**

**(sigh)**

**Frank:**

**You alright there?**

**Brad:**

**Yeah... I got it.**

■ **Security room**

**Brad lays his package on the floor and exhales a long sigh. Jessie addresses him.**

**Brad:**

**(sigh)**

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**Jessie:**

**You should rest a while, Brad.**

**She smiles anxiously at him. It is evident that she is tired as well.**

**Brad:**

**You go ahead and catch some sleep first. We can switch in 4 hours. OK?**

**Jessie seems genuinely relieved to hear what Brad has to say. She smiles and nods appreciatively.**

## **////////////////////////////////////GAME PLAY////////////////////////////////////**

### **○ Game**

**Free play. At this point, Jessie is in bed and will switch places with Brad when the time comes. If the player is in the Security room at the right time, a cut scene is triggered.**

## **////////////////////////////////////E v m 19////////////////////////////////////**

### **■ Security room**

**Jessie is maintaining watch over the monitors.**

**Brad, who had been monitoring until recently, is nestled under a blanket in the corner.**

**Frank stretches out on the bed.**

**Just then, Jessie, still watching the monitors closely, lets out a brief gasp.**

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**Jessie:**

**Huh?**

**Frank:**

**?**

**Frank, wondering what the problem could be, approaches.**

**x x x**

**An image is shown on a monitor.**

**A man emerges from the bookstore where Dr. Barnaby has holed himself up.**

**It is impossible to discern the man's face due to the cover of shadow.**

**What is obvious, however, is that the man carries a gun in one hand and is using the other to drag Dr. Barnaby along with him.**

**Frank, surprised at the proceedings, comments, his voice overlapping with the image on the monitor.**

**Frank:**

**(grunt)**

**Frank (off camera):**

**That can't be good. What's going on, anyway?**

**x x x**

**Jessie is seen in profile, the glow of the monitor casting odd colors onto her face.**

**Struggling to get a grip on the situation, she begins to mutter to herself.**

**Jessie:**

**Before this whole thing started, someone called the professor  
and told him to come to this mall.**

**Frank points at something in the image, touching the monitor screen with his finger.**

**Frank:**

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**Jacked the line, didja? So was this the caller? This guy here?**

**Jessie looks at Frank as if he were a menace sticking his nose into her department's business.**

**Frank takes no notice and continues pressing.**

**Frank:**

**They've got something to do with the zombies, don't they?**

**During Frank and Jessie's exchange, Brad has awoken and is now peering at the monitors behind them. He clicks his tongue.**

**Brad:**

**They're the reason we came here.**

**He withdraws his gun, checks on the remaining ammunition, and heads toward the door.**

**Brad:**

**And If he gets away with Dr. Barnaby, none of our questions will be answered.**

**Brad throws the door open and runs out.**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////**

○ **Game**

**The player moves to the Entrance Plaza**

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///////////////////////// E v m 2 0 ///////////////////////////

■ **Entrance Plaza 1F (sniper)**

**The mall interior is eerily quiet.**

**Neither Dr. Barnaby and his kidnapper, nor Brad, who should be in this area, are visible.**

**The sun is beginning to rise and the zombies have returned to their sluggish selves, wandering the mall aimlessly.**

**Frank observes his surroundings suspiciously as he walks.**

**Suddenly, a human figure jumps forth from the shadows.**

**Frank:**

**! (utterance of surprise)**

**The figure tackles Frank and they both tumble to the ground as a gunshot rings out. A bullet whizzes by Frank.**

**The mysterious figure was Brad, and he has managed to get Frank out of the path of incoming gunfire.**

**Frank, now grasping the situation, dives into the shadows with Brad.**

**Brad:**

**Don't be daydreamin' out here!**

x x x

**The view is through a rifle scope.**

**Brad and Frank's exchange is periodically visible from this angle.**

■ **Entrance Plaza somewhere on 2F (Carlito the sniper's hiding place)**

**Carlito, seen in profile, raises his eye from the scope.**

**He is cold and expressionless, his face betraying no inner thoughts or feelings.**

**He mutters what seems like a prayer, then brings the pendant around his neck to his lips**

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**and kisses it gently.**

**Carlito:**

**Pachamama.**

■ **Entrance Plaza 1F**

**Brad and Frank remain in the shadows.**

**Brad:**

**Someone's shooting from the floor above...**

**Brad disgustedly peeks his head out of the shadows.**

**Frank readies his camera and boldly leans out of the shadows with an audacity that suits his character.**

**On the other end of the lens, Dr. Barnaby is visible suspended near the center of the mall.**

**Frank, withdrawing his eye from the viewfinder, comments with surprise.**

**Frank:**

**Hey! It's the professor!**

**Brad:**

**Look out!**

**Brad, taken aback by Frank's boldness in leaning out of the shadows and using his camera, grabs Frank's clothing and pulls him back in.**

**ZIP!**

**Just then, a bullet pierces the air.**

**SPLAT!**

**By a stroke of bad luck, a zombie had been stalking the two from the nearby shadows, but the stray high caliber rifle bullet strikes it, causing a gory explosion.**

**Frank and Brad twitch in reaction, then look at each other.**

**After a moment, Brad grimaces and shakes his head grimly.**

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**Frank:**

...

**Frank and Brad twitch in reaction, then look at each other.**

**After a moment, Brad grimaces and shakes his head grimly.**

**Brad:**

**If we don't do something, the professor's gonna end up zombie chow.**

**As he speaks, he produces a reserve magazine and holds it out in offering to Frank.**

**Brad:**

**I'm going for it. You just worry about staying alive. Got it?**

////////////////////**FREE PLAY**////////////////////

○ **Game**

**This is a mission in which the player must chase down and corner the sniper, Carlito. Carlo is defeated if he is damaged enough or if the player gets close enough to him. When either of these conditions are met, a mission complete cut scene is triggered.**

////////////////////**E v m 21 - a**////////////////////

■ **Entrance Plaza 2F (criminal escape)**

**With Brad and Frank both bearing down on him, the criminal realizes the futility of his**



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**position and stands in preparation of escape.**

**Brad:**

**! (sound of surprise – a gasp, perhaps)**

**Not missing a beat, Brad takes a bead on the enemy.**

**Before he can act, however, the criminal fires off a round in Brad's direction.**

**BANG!**

**A bona fide gunfight breaks out between the two, resulting in multiple shots fired.**

**The criminal, holding his wounded arm, makes a break for it. Frank begins to give chase, but stops when he notices Brad collapsed behind him. He rushes to Brad's side.**

**Frank:**

**(sound of running, breathing)**

**Frank:**

**Brad!**

**Brad puts pressure on his wounded leg as he sits slumped on the floor. He raises a hand in response to Frank's approach.**

**Brad:**

**I'll be fine... Just take care of the professor. Go! Go! Go!**

**He speaks as his face is distorted in obvious pain.**

**Frank knits his brow in worry, but he understands that Brad speaks the truth regarding the importance of Dr. Barnaby.**

■ **Entrance Plaza 2F... corridor (hanging Dr. Barnaby)**

**Frank safely lowers Dr. Barnaby and slings his limp body over his shoulder. He looks back at Brad.**

**Frank:**

**He's unconscious... But alive.**

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**Brad begins to pull himself to his feet while continuing to put pressure on his leg.**

**Brad:**

**Agh... Damn!**

**Frank:**

**You alright?**

**He staggers toward Frank and examines Dr. Barnaby himself.**

**Frank shoots a concerned look Brad's way, to which Brad responds with a smile.**

**Brad:**

**Yeah, but I'm not in any condition to carry him. Can you get him back to the Security room?**

**Frank nods somewhat reluctantly.**

**Frank:**

**Yeah. (lifting noise)**

■ **Security room**

**Brad opens the door and half-collapses into the room.**

**Jessie:**

**Brad! Oh my god!**

**Jessie moves from the seat in front of the monitors and rushes to be by his side.**

**Fade to black. Some time passes.**

**Brad has been laid on the bed in the corner of the room.**

**He closes his eyes as the rest of his face maintains its painful grimace.**

**Frank, feeling powerless, leans against the wall beside the bed. He has a dark look on**

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**his face and he exhales a single meaningful sigh.**

**After a moment, the door opens and Jessie – who had been nursing Dr. Barnaby in the neighboring room – enters.**

**She turns to Frank – who is obviously looking to be updated on Dr. Barnaby’s status – and speaks in a weary voice.**

**Jessie:**

**The sedative’s taken effect...**

**The professor won’t be waking up anytime soon.**

**She approaches the convalescing Brad as she speaks.**

**She gently places her palm on Brad’s forehead as he sleeps to check for a fever.**

**Her expression glazes over.**

**Jessie:**

**I managed to stop the bleeding, but he’s running a fever.**

**He needs medicine.**

**Frank:**

**A fever...**

**Frank repeats the word “medicine” under his breath and gives a sour-faced nod.**

**Frank:**

**Medicine, huh?**

**Frank takes a good, hard look at the mall map hanging on the wall to the side of the desk and appears to be deep in thought.**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////////////////////**

○ **Game**

**The player moves to the supermarket.**

////////////////////////// **E v m 2 2** ////////////////////////////

■ **Supermarket**

**Frank reaches the corridor leading to the back yard area.**

**\*METALLIC SOUND\***

**Frank:**

**!? (gasps of surprise in reaction to sound)**

**A peculiar sound suddenly rings out from behind him. Frank turns to face its source.  
A human figure flits by in his peripheral vision, disappearing in the shadows of a display rack.**

**Its movement is clearly not that of the clumsy zombies.**

**Frank:**

**... (anticipatory silence)**

**Frank takes 2 or 3 cautious steps in the direction of the figure.**

**(He is aware that any remaining survivors might prove to be even more trouble than zombies)**

**\*METALLIC SOUND\***

**A noise sounds out from behind the rack. Frank approaches the source.**

**Frank, determined to find the source of the mysterious sound, draws very close to the rack.**

**He leans forward and peeks behind the rack. However, there is no one there.**

**A tin can dropped by the person making the sound rolls down the aisle.**

**Frank:**

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**... (cautious silence)**

**Frank cautiously moves back toward his original position, craning his neck in either direction to take in his surroundings.**

**He then glances upward.**

**Frank:**

**! (surprised gasp)**

**Someone stands, looking back at Frank, at a surprisingly close distance.**

**It is a man wearing a blood-soaked supermarket uniform. His bloodshot eyes betray his obvious insanity.**

**The strangest thing about this bizarre figure is the shopping cart he is pushing. It is outfitted with all manner of bladed weapon and a woman sits inside.**

**Frank hesitates, unsure what his next move should be.**

**Suddenly, the man bellows.**

**Manager:**

**This is my store!**

**His is a voice steeped in hate and full of anger. The wheels on the cart squeaks as he pushes his load closer to Frank.**

**Manager:**

**You came to vandalize my store, huh? Not on my watch!**

**Frank takes a step back and tries to explain.**

**Frank:**

**Someone's been hurt. I need medicine...**

**Manager:**

**Hurt!?**

**Clearly displeased, the man only grows angrier at Frank's words.**

**He suddenly grabs the hair of the woman lying in the cart and thrashes her about.**

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**Manager:**

**That's just what this bitch said when she came to vandalize my store!**

**I don't take kindly to vandalism! I won't allow it!**

**Isabela:**

**Uuuh... (semi-conscious moaning)**

**The woman groans as the shrieking lunatic violently jerks at her hair.**

**At least this proves that she is still alive.**

**Before long, the man has run his voice ragged from all the screaming and finds himself going hoarse. He brings his eyes to rest squarely on Frank.**

**Manager:**

**Listen to me and listen good, partner: I don't allow vandalism in my store!**

//////////////////// **E v m 2 3** //////////////////////

■ **Supermarket (last moments of the supermarket manager)**

**The manager drags his half-dead carcass to the cash register.**

**In a last act of protection for his store, he clings to the register for dear life.**

**Manager:**

**My store... My... store...**

**With no strength left in his battered body, the manager curls weakly behind the counter, staring at the ceiling with an empty gaze.**

**Manager:**

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**Who will run my store when I'm gone...**

**Frank casts his eyes downward in sorrow at the loss of human life.**

**Manager:**

**My store... My food... My sales... My... customers...**

**Have a nice day...**

**Clean up... Register 6.**

**He dies.**

**Frank briefly turns sentimental, lamenting the circumstances that led to such horrific events. But regret will not help him in his quest.**

**Once he's regained his composure, he turns around to spot the murderous cart.**

**The woman still lays inside the cart, surrounded by receipts, keys, and whatever else the crazed manager had stuffed inside.**

//////////////////// **E v m 2 4** //////////////////////

■ **Supermarket (Isabela's side)**

**Frank places his outstretched hand on the woman's cheek to determine if she is breathing, when he remembers something.**

**This is the strikingly beautiful woman that he saw yesterday near the entrance.**

**x x x**

**A brief flashback of the scene at the entrance on the previous day is displayed.**

**A melancholy woman is viewed in profile.**

**x x x**

**Isabela:**

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**Oooh... (semi-conscious moan)**

**The woman moans and struggles her way back to consciousness.**

**Frank takes another look at the woman lying before him. Upon closer inspection, it would appear that the blood that soaks her is actually that of someone else, and she displays no evidence of serious injury.**

**After a few moments, she opens her eyes slightly.**

**Frank:**

**Back in the land of the living? You're one tough cookie.**

**With her eyes back in focus and her faculties about her again, the woman begins to dart her eyes back and forth, trying to drink in her surroundings.**

**She cautiously looks back at Frank, who has his eyes fixed on her.**

**Frank smiles at her in a reassuring fashion to put her mind at ease and calm her vigilance.**

**Frank:**

**Can you stand?**

**Frank bashfully offers his hand and supports the woman's body.**

**Isabela:**

**... (cautious silence - perhaps the sound of physical exertion caused by her getting up)**

**The woman stands up silently, being sure to keep a cautious eye on her surroundings, and puts a little distance between herself and Frank.**

**She appears to be more angry than grateful for her rescue at Frank's hands.**

**Frank tries his hardest to win her over and cut through her paranoia.**

**Frank:**

**Look. I, uh... I saw you at the entrance yesterday...**

**The woman remains stone-faced and refuses Frank an opening in conversation.**

**Frank scratches his head in a theatrical display of confusion.**



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**Frank:**

**You needed medicine, too.**

**Maybe we should work together.**

**The woman changes her expression. She pouts her lips as if she were about to cry or is holding back anger.**

**Isabela:**

**I don't need any help! You people don't know a thing!**

**Frank seems unsure what to do with his outstretched arm.  
She wrenches away from him, effectively rejecting his gesture.**

**Isabela:**

**You're the ones who caused this nightmare!**

**You ruined Santa Cabeza and started all this!**

**Tears well up in her eyes at the end of her statement and she turns and leaves.  
Frank's expression betrays frustration at being left behind.**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////////////////////**

○ **Game**

**The player must take the key and eventually get the medicine. After this, a cut scene is triggered upon the player's return to the Security room.**

// **E v m 2 5** //

■ **Security room**

**Brad's expression as he sleeps is one of tranquility.**

**Jessie places her hand on his forehead and nods.**

**Jessie:**

**He's stabilized. He should be fine for now.**

**She turns and shows her relieved expression to Frank.**

**Frank hunches his shoulders.**

**Jessie addresses him dubiously.**

**Jessie:**

**Are you alright? You have blood on you.**

**In reaction to her comment, Frank rubs a finger on his face.**

**He discovers that his cheek is covered in dried blood.**

**Frank:**

**Yeah... Must be from that girl I saved.**

**Jessie:**

**Girl? Was she hurt?**

**When he again recalls what has happened, the mystery only deepens for him and he shakes his head deliberately as he narrows his eyes.**

**Frank:**

**Well, I offered to help her, but she took off.**

**Jessie cocks her head to the side a bit in reaction.**

**After a moment, she smiles teasingly and looks directly at Frank.**

**Jessie:**

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**I can't really blame her for running from a guy with your looks.**

**Frank smiles in response, a little surprised at her joke.**

**Then, his face grows serious, as if he has recalled something.**

**Frank:**

**Anyway, she was saying something about Santa Cabeza...**

**Jessie:**

**Santa Cabeza?**

**She tilts her head again slightly in reaction to a word she is apparently not accustomed to hearing.**

**Jessie:**

**I think I-**

**Something makes a bumping sound in the room next door.**

**Frank and Jessie look at each other with the shared knowledge that that is the room in which Dr. Barnaby sleeps. The door is slightly ajar.**

**Jessie approaches the door and opens it.**

■ **Detention Room (the small room next door to the Security room)**

**Inside the room, Dr. Barnaby, who has awakened without their knowledge, is seated on the floor.**

**The noise was likely from Dr. Barnaby settling his rear on the floor.**

**Jessie:**

**Dr. Barnaby... You're awake...**

**Dr. Barnaby:**

**Santa Cabeza!? I should have known.**

**Dr. Barnaby raises his eyes to gaze cantankerously at Jessie.**

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**Dr. Barnaby:**

**I thought Santa Cabeza was over and done with... You plan to dispense justice now? (emphasis on “now” with incredulous tone)**

**Jessie does not understand the source of Dr. Barnaby’s anger. Although baffled, she tries to placate the frazzled man.**

**Jessie:**

**Calm down, Dr. Barnaby.**

**We’re only following orders. We have to protect you...**

**Dr. Barnaby:**

**Protect? More like imprison.**

**Hmpf... (quietly)**

**Frustrated and anxious, Dr. Barnaby exhales out of his nose, producing an annoyed and silent “hmpf,” although he does appear – for the most part – to have calmed down. In an effort to calm him further, Jessie crouches down next to him and looks him in the eyes.**

**Jessie:**

**Professor... If we’re going to protect you, we need to know the truth. All of it.**

**Please... talk to us.**

**Dr. Barnaby unleashes a thoughtful grunt.**

**Jessie displays great perseverance in continuing to push for information.**

**Jessie:**

**I take it you know what Santa Cabeza is. Am I right?**

**While the others are engaged in conversation, Frank lifts his camera to the ready**

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**position.**

**Dr. Barnaby knits his brows and glowers at Frank with suspicion.**

**Jessie, following the professor's line of sight and fixes her eyes on Frank as well. She shakes her head apologetically as if to say "Sorry, but you'll have to go."**

**Frank relents under the pressure of their stares, lowering his camera and shrugging.**

■ **Security room**

**\*SLAM\***

**The door to the small adjacent room closes behind Frank.**

**Frank is clearly upset by his rejection and looks back over his shoulder as he talks to himself.**

**Frank:**

**Fine. I'll just get my information somewhere else, thank you very much.**

**He faces the monitors once he is finished speaking and begins to mutter to himself.**

**Frank:**

**Maybe if I could track down that woman again...**

////////////////////////////////// **FREE PLAY** //////////////////////////////////

○ **Game**

**Free play. If the player examines the monitor, an event in which Isabela is discovered is triggered.**

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/// **E v m 2 6** ///

■ **Security room (monitor image)**

**Isabela brings her motorcycle to a stop in front of the supermarket and dismounts. She enters the store.**

/// **E v m 2 7** ///

■ **In front of the supermarket Mission start cut scene**

**Isabela emerges from the supermarket. Perhaps she is aware that she is being watched by Frank, as she seems surprised.**

**She runs to her parked bike and jumps on.**

**Frank realizes that she is liable to get away and grows flustered.**

**He raises his hand and begins to say something to her, but his voice is drowned out by the sound of the engine starting.**

**She kicks the shift pedal and guns the accelerator.**

**She slides the bike into a 180, resulting in a screeching sound.**

/// **E v m 2 8 - a** ///

■ **In front of the supermarket Mission complete cut scene**

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**BAM!**

**The bike falls down with a thud, throwing her to the ground.**

**Isabela:**

**Agh!**

**She tumbles to the ground, then attempts to wriggle to freedom. Frank rushes to catch her.**

**Frank:**

**Wait! I've gotta talk to you!**

**She turns to face Frank as he approaches, then positions herself face-up on the ground and begins kicking.**

**Frank:**

**Gah!**

**Frank is kicked hard in the lower abdomen hard enough to be on the verge of losing consciousness..**

**As he falls backward, he extends a hand in the direction of the fleeing woman.**

**Isabela:**

**Unh!**

**Frank:**

**! (surprise mixed with physical exertion)**

**The woman tries in desperation to thrust her leg outward toward Frank's face, but he grabs hold of her foot as it makes contact.**

**Isabela:**

**Ah!**

**He pulls on her leg with more force than she expected and she ends up sprawled on the floor.**

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**Frank uses the momentum to mount her and immediately holds her hands in place with his own.**

**Isabela:**

**Oof!**

**The woman writhes and struggles, but the difference in size between the two of them leaves her unable to break free from his grasp.**

**Frank, panting and nursing a bloody nose, begins to speak.**

**Frank:**

**Would you listen to me? I'm not here to hurt you!**

**Her eyebrows twitch for a moment and she jumps upright. She relaxes her arms a bit.**

**Frank:**

**I just wanna talk. Now whaddya know about all this, anyway?**

**The woman fixes her gaze at Frank from below.**

**After a while, she opens her mouth to speak.**

**Isabela:**

**Are you... a reporter?**

**The woman seems relieved that Frank has taken the edge off the confrontation with his nod.**

**She still looks a bit suspicious as she lets out a protracted sigh and speaks.**

**Isabela:**

**Let go.**

**Frank, still thinking about the woman's having gone berserk just moments earlier, is understandably hesitant.**

**She lowers her eyebrows resentfully and shakes her head.**

**Isabela:**



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**I won't run, so let go. You're hurting me.**

**x x x**

**She sits on the floor, massaging her wrists which Frank had held down until now.  
Frank stands near her, careful to keep his guard up as he watches her.  
She looks up at him with fierce and unrelenting eyes.**

**Isabela:**

**How much do you already know? Have you called for help?**

**Frank grimaces and spreads his arms.**

**Frank:**

**Hold your horses, babe. I'm the one asking the questions here.  
What is Santa Cabeza? And how is it connected to all this?**

**She lowers her gaze when spoken to and appears to be thinking.  
When she looks up after a moment or two, her expression displays equal parts anger  
and sadness.**

**Isabela:**

**The zombies were created by you, not us.  
That's what Carlito wants you all to know.**

**Frank:**

**Who?**

**She stands slowly.  
She faces Frank directly and shakes her head.**

**Isabela:**

**If you want to interview someone, talk to Carlito. He has all the  
answers.**

**Frank seems to recall something suddenly.**

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**Frank:**

**You're talkin' about that guy that took potshots at us with a sniper rifle, aren't you?**

**Take me to him...**

**She shakes her head violently.**

**Isabela:**

**No! Not now. He's injured and in no mood to talk to anyone.**

**She looks at Frank with a very serious expression.**

**Isabela:**

**I'll bring him to you once he's recovered.**

**I can persuade him. I'm his little sister, after all.**

**Frank waves his hand violently in protest.**

**Frank:**

**Why should I trust you to bring him to me?**

**Frank instinctively clasps a hand on the woman's shoulder.**

**Her expression remains unchanged. She looks directly at Frank and her face displays an incredible amount of sadness.**

**Isabela:**

**The zombies are a message from Carlito...**

**He wanted people to know.**

**Frank can see in her face that she is not lying.**

**He lets go of her shoulder after a few moments.**

**Frank:**

**Fine. Go. When will you be back?**

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**The woman seems pleased that he trusts her and it shows through in her demeanor.**

**Isabela:**

**Tonight at midnight.**

**Wait for us in the store next to the camera shop in the North Plaza.**

**Frank nods eagerly to himself.**

**After a moment, the woman seems satisfied with Frank and turns to leave.**

**Frank follows her with his eyes, an expression of regret and worry on his face.**

**After a moment, she stops and, after thinking for a moment, turns and offers her right hand.**

**Isabela:**

**I'm Isabela, by the way. And I promise I'll come back.**

**He meets her gaze and takes her hand. The exchange brief nods.**

////////////////////**FREE PLAY**////////////////////////////////////

○ **Game**

**The player moves freely about the mall. A cut scene is triggered upon returning to the Security room.**

////////////////////**E v m 29**////////////////////////////////////

■ **Security room**

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**Frank enters.**

**Brad is sitting up on the bed. Jessie is seated before the monitors. Dr. Barnaby sits silently on a nearby stool. The all look up as Frank enters.**

**For a moment, Frank seems flustered by all the sudden attention, but he soon returns their gazes with a sly smile.**

**Frank:**

**You learn anything new on this end?**

**Jessie and Brad look at each other in silent understanding of Frank's journalistic gall in asking such a question.**

**They nod, and Jessie turns to Frank and begins speaking.**

**Jessie:**

**Santa Cabeza is a stronghold of the Central American drug trade.**

**Frank's eyes widen at the mention of drugs.**

**Brad speaks now, but his tone betrays uncertainty at the veracity of Dr. Barnaby's statements.**

**Brad:**

**The professor here seems to think that the zombies are a by-product of these drugs.**

**This sudden new information doesn't sit well with Frank, who shoots them both an exasperated look.**

**But the atmosphere in the room isn't conducive to jokes.**

**Frank:**

**So you're telling me what? That somebody spread a bunch of zombie drugs around Willamette?**

**Brad knits his brow and nods in answer to Frank's question.**

**Frank doesn't seem satisfied with Brad's explanation and continues talking.**

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**Frank:**

**For what? What would making the dead come to life accomplish?**

**Dr. Barnaby:**

**They're terrorists! Don't try to explain their actions with logic!**

**Dr. Barnaby's voice suddenly interjects into the conversation.**

**Dr. Barnaby:**

**I've analyzed the drug in question and I've reported my findings to the government.**

**His breathing has become labored and he seems ill. Profuse sweat rolls in drops down his pale face as he speaks.**

**Dr. Barnaby:**

**That must be what set them off.**

**They didn't want to be exposed.**

**Dr. Barnaby begins to stand from his position on the stool, but feels dizzy.**

**Despite his weakened condition, his eyes look expressive as he speaks in a grunting manner.**

**Dr. Barnaby:**

**I've told you everything I know. Now get me out of here! Call for help and kill those creeps!**

**The three others are baffled, and look at each other in confusion.**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////**

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○ **Game**

**The player is able to move about freely. There are certain places in the mall where an old newspaper article can be examined to provide backstory regarding Santa Cabeza. If the player reaches the meeting place at the designated time, the following cut scene is triggered.**

//////////////////// **E v m 3 0** //////////////////////

■ **Shop**

**The store is undergoing renovations and is almost completely empty. The glass on the front window is covered with large sheets of white paper to prevent people from seeing inside.**

**Frank settles in near an empty fixture. He checks his watch, reaches for a gun placed nearby, and generally behaves in an anxious fashion.**

**A figure suddenly tears at the white paper hung on the glass wall.**

**BANG!**

**Isabela:**

**Aaagh!**

**The glass door opens and Isabela rushes through, accompanied by zombies.**

**Frank:**

**! (sound of utter surprise and shock)**

**Frank reacts on instinct, reflexively running toward the sudden disturbance.**

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//////////////////////////////////**FREE PLAY**//////////////////////////////////

○ **Game**

**The player must destroy the zombies attacking Isabela.**

**When the player attempts to speak to Isabela, who has collapsed to the ground, the following cut scene is triggered.**

//////////////////////////////////**E v m 3 1 - a**//////////////////////////////////

■ **Shop**

**Frank reaches toward Isabela's prone body when he notices that her shoulder is covered in blood.**

**Frank:**

**Shit! Were you bitten?**

**Covering her wound with her hand in an apparent effort to stem the bleeding, Isabela shakes her head.**

**Isabela:**

**No... It was Carlito...**

**Isabela struggles to speak through the pain. Frank moves closer to her face so that he can hear her.**

**Isabela:**

**I tried to talk him into coming, but... It was no good...**

**He... He doesn't trust anyone...**

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**Frank reaches forward and delicately pulls Isabela's hand from the wound. His face scrunches into a grimace once he's taken a good look at it.**

**Frank:**

**He shot you?**

**She forces her eyelids closed and shakes her head in small movements. Her breathing is fast and uneven.**

**Isabela:**

**He didn't mean to...**

**He was upset...**

**I don't know what he'll do next.**

**Isabela loses her consciousness in mid-sentence.**

**Frank:**

**Hey... Hey... Damn...**

**Frank is about to shake her in an effort to wake her up, but he remembers her wound and thinks better of the idea, abandoning it with a click of his tongue.**

**He shakes his head with a dubious expression on his face and sighs defeatedly.**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////**

○ **Game**

**Frank carries Isabela on his back and heads to the Security room.**

**At certain intervals, a voice is broadcast over all channels on the PA system in the mall.**

**Carlito (Broadcast):**



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**Isabela... I'm so sorry...  
I never meant to shoot you...**

**Carlito (Broadcast):  
Now I've gone and hurt you...**

**Carlito (Broadcast):  
Please forgive me... Please come back to me.**

**Carlito (Broadcast):  
I know you can hear me, Isabela...**

**Carlito (Broadcast):  
I'm sorry you had to get wrapped up in all this...  
But you know...  
You know I'm right.**

**Carlito (Broadcast):  
Come back to me, Isabela.**

**Carlito (Broadcast):  
There are still things you need to do...  
I can't do this without you... Please...**

////////////////////////// **E v m 3 2 - a** //////////////////////////

■ **Security room**

**The door opens and Frank enters.**

**Brad and Jessie appear to be speaking to each other near the monitors.**

**The two of them turn toward Frank and stare dubiously at the woman he has brought along.**

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**Frank:**

**(breathing sounds)**

**Brad:**

**Who is that? Is she hurt?**

**Frank nods vaguely.**

**Frank:**

**Yeah... You're looking at the bad guy's sister...**

**Brad and Jessie are clearly shocked at Frank's words.**

**Jessie:**

**Bad guy? The one who caused all this?**

**Frank turns to answer as he moves Isabela's limp form toward the bed.**

**Frank:**

**That's right. Her asshole brother's the one behind the zombie outbreak.**

**Fade out. Long delay.**

**Jessie is caring for Isabela, who is recuperating on the bed.**

**Frank and Brad are lined up near the monitors, watching the proceedings.**

**Brad:**

**His sister? What in the hell is going on here?**

**I mean, does this have anything to do with that announcement earlier?**

**Frank raises his hand to shield himself from Brad's relentless barrage of questions.**

**Frank:**

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**I don't know much more than you at this point, OK? But he shot her. I can tell you that.**

**He faces Brad with an acerbic expression on his face and continues talking.**

**Frank:**

**And just so you know, that would be the same guy that shot you.**

**Brad's expression grows stern as he recalls the shooting incident.**

**Brad:**

**What's he after? What's his ultimate goal?**

**Frank shakes his head.**

**Frank:**

**I don't know. But according to her...**

**Frank's words signal that important information is to follow.**

**Frank:**

**His plan isn't over. Not yet.**

**Brad appears to be tired of sitting idly by. He sighs loudly to show his displeasure. He glances briefly at Jessie, who is adjusting the sheets on the bed, then turns to Frank with a serious expression on his face.**

**Brad:**

**Fine. Consider her in DHS custody.  
We'll question her when she wakes up.**

**Frank:**

**(sigh)**

//////////////////// **FREE PLAY** //////////////////////

○ **Game**

**The player moves freely. When enough time passes, Isabela wakes up. If the player returns to the Security room now, a cut scene is triggered.**

**This scene is important to the game's story development, so it opens with a fade out to black.**

//////////////////// **E v m 3 3** //////////////////////

■ **Security room**

**The fade out matches either the opening of the door or the player's attempt to address Isabela.**

**Brad's voice can be heard over the blackness.**

**Brad (off screen):**

**What is your name?**

**Fade in. Isabela sits awake on the bed.**

**She is locked in a self-embrace, with her arms wrapped tightly around herself. She is looking at her wound, which has been treated and dressed.**

**After a brief interval, she redirects her gaze back to the fore.**

**Isabela:**

**Isabela... Isabela Keyes.**

**Brad sits backwards on a chair, his arms folded over the backrest.**

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**He nods gravely.**

**Brad:**

**Well, Isabela... This is an emergency, so we'll skip the formalities and cut to the chase.**

**Isabela closes her eyes and nods meekly in acknowledgement as Brad continues his explanation.**

**Brad (off camera):**

**Consider this an official interrogation. Tell me everything that you know.**

**Isabela opens her eyes once Brad has finished talking. Her heretofore dreary and listless expression is replaced suddenly with a taunting look as she addresses her interrogator.**

**Isabela:**

**Fine. I'll explain why all of this is your fault.**

**A murderous expression washes over her prim and proper face.**

**Isabela:**

**There was no drug trade in Santa Cabeza...  
Just an American research facility.**

**Brad narrows his eyes in suspicion. Isabela continues undaunted.**

**Isabela:**

**They were doing research on some sort of parasitic insect – like a wasp...  
A wasp that turns living things into zombies.**

**Brad lowers his brow and shakes his head. He does not find this sudden revelation to be remotely believable.**

**Isabela, now emotionally worked up, struggles to keep back her anger and sadness.**

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**She can't hold it all back, and a single tear streams down her face.**

**Isabela:**

**If you don't believe me, just ask the man who was in charge of  
that research...**

**The head of the Santa Cabeza Livestock Research Facility – Dr.  
Barnaby!**

**Upon hearing Dr. Barnaby's name spoken aloud, both Brad and Frank turn their  
attention to the door partitioning off the small room in which Dr. Barnaby is being held.**

**Dr. Barnaby:**

**Gaah!**

**Jessie:**

**Eeeeeek!**

**The door swings open and Jessie and the professor emerge, intertwined in each other's  
arms. His eyes have gone bloodshot and he clings to Jessie for dear life.**

**The two of them fall to the ground.**

**Isabela inhales a single breath and screams.**

**Isabela:**

**It's started! He's turning!**

**Jessie:**

**Aaaaah!**

**When onlookers turn to face the sound of her scream of terror, they see Jessie curled  
into the fetal position on the floor as Dr. Barnaby hunches over her.**

**Dr. Barnaby:**

**Uhgwah!**

**As he grunts, he makes a move to bite Jessie.**

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**Frank:**

**Oh, no you don't!**

**Brad:**

**Jessie!**

**Frank dashes toward the couple and delivers a swift kick to Dr. Barnaby's head.**

**\*CRUNCH\***

**The force of Frank's kick propels Dr. Barnaby's body through the air, slamming it into the opposite wall.**

**Frank breathes raggedly.**

**Brad attends to Jessie.**

**Dr. Barnaby (off camera):**

**Oh... Ooooh...**

**Frank:**

**!**

**Frank turns to face the sound of Dr. Barnaby's voice. He looks down at Dr. Barnaby with a puzzled expression.**

**Dr. Barnaby coughs up a blood clot and continues talking in a feeble voice.**

**Dr. Barnaby:**

**I... I'm a... zombie?**

**Frank draws in a disgusted breath. He crouches near Dr. Barnaby in an attempt to be witness to the man's last words.**

**Frank:**

**Tell me the truth, doc...**

**Were you conducting experiments with zombies?**

**Dr. Barnaby shows a little surprise at the question, but – after thinking for a moment – simply smiles. His smile seems to be an admission of guilt and an affirmative answer to Frank's question.**

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**Frank's bitter expression shows that he had hoped for a denial.**

**Dr. Barnaby:**

**Zombies? Yes...**

**We were conducting experiments to reduce the cost of breeding...**

**We accidentally made zombie livestock...**

**Frank shakes his head in disgust.**

**Frank:**

**So the government's now in the zombie making business...**

**The whole story about the drug trade was a cover-up?**

**Dr. Barnaby, now very near death, opens his eyes wide.**

**Dr. Barnaby:**

**What do you know!?**

**We were trying to mass produce cattle.**

**Do you have any idea how much meat Americans consume in a  
single day!?**

**That research was absolutely necessary!**

**Dr. Barnaby futilely wipes the bloody slobber from his lips and howls in agony. It becomes apparent that he has used all his strength and his head tilts toward the floor. Frank, certain that Dr. Barnaby is trying to say one last thing, moves his ear closer to the old man's bloody lips in anticipation.**

**Dr. Barnaby:**

**I... haven't done... anything... wrong...**

**Dr. Barnaby is finished talking.**

**Having heard all he needed, Frank looks down at the old man with indifference as he stands, powerless in the face of death.**

**Frank readies his camera and fixes the viewfinder on Dr. Barnaby's face, now staring blankly into space.**



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**>Camera time. The viewfinder screen is seen from a first-person perspective.**

**Isabela, shedding tears, opens her mouth to speak to no one in particular.**

**Isabela:**

**One day... in my village... the people turned into zombies...**

**Brad, clutching Jessie for support, takes note of Isabela's words.**

**Isabela continues painfully.**

**Isabela:**

**Those damn wasps... They escaped from the lab.**

**Isabela:**

**It wasn't long before they got to work...**

**The zombies spread... The army was called in...**

**They killed everyone...**

**Brad:**

**Move!**

**Draws his gun and aims it in Frank's direction.**

**Behind Frank, Dr. Barnaby's corpse stands without making a sound.**

**Entirely a zombie now, the body moves to attack Frank with a speed and liveness that no ordinary old man could possess.**

**\*BANG! BANG!\* (two shots)**

**The zombie's head explodes in a shower of gore, splattering the camera lens with blood.**

**>Camera time stop**

**Brad, holding onto Jessie with one arm and dangling a smoking gun from the other, lets out a brief sigh.**

**Brad:**

**So, the terrorism is retaliation for a cruel government**

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**cover-up?**

**Sounds plausible... Or it could be some serious bullshit...**

**Brad seems to be talking to everyone in the room. He lowers his gun and continues talking.**

**Brad:**

**In either case, we have to get out of here alive if we want to find out for sure.**

**Frank, realizing that no amount of debate or bickering would solve anything at this point, nods in agreement.**

**Brad nods back and begins to re-holster his gun. Just then, Jessie lets out a pained moan.**

**Jessie:**

**Oooh...**

**Isabela looks toward Jessie with an anxious expression.**

**Isabela:**

**We have to check if she's been bitten. Let me take a look...**

**She gets up off the bed as she speaks.**

**Displaying the qualities of a composed researcher, Isabela crouches at Jessie's side, showing no fear.**

**Isabela:**

**I'm a medical technician.**

**I could be useful if you let me do my job.**

**Brad looks to Frank as if to ask his advice.**

**Isabela continues her appeal.**

**Isabela:**

**I know I have no right to ask, but please let me help.**

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**If you don't get out of here, the truth dies with you.**

**Perhaps Isabela's seriousness has convinced them. Both Brad and Frank nod in unison after a moment or two.**

**Brad:**

**Alright. If allowing you to atone for you and your brother's scheme makes things go more smoothly for us, I'm all for it.**

**Isabela smiles awkwardly.**

////////////////////**FREE PLAY**////////////////////

○ **Game**

**The player resumes free control of Frank. Dispose of Dr. Barnaby's body?  
Listen to Carlito's final broadcast?**

**Carlito (Broadcast):**

**Isabela... I don't know if you're listening to this or not, but...  
I've made up my mind.**

**Carlito (Broadcast):**

**This is the last resort. I'm going to end it all...  
I'm sorry that I got you involved in all of this...  
I love you, Isabela...**

**At this point, the characters are engaged in the following:**

**Jessie:**

**Sleeping on the mattress in the small room attached to the Security room**

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**Isabela:**

**Watching over Jessie**

**Brad:**

**Watching Jessie and Isabela through the open door while  
seated in a chair in the Security room**

**The following cut scene is triggered when the player enters the Security room of if he  
or she is already present.**

///////////////////////// **E v m 3 5** ///////////////////////////

■ **Security room (or small adjoining room)**

**Isabela:**

**...**

**Isabela stands in the doorway of the adjoining room, staring at the speaker in the  
ceiling of the Security room.**

**Brad is seated with the chair facing backwards across from her, facing her in what  
appears to be “interrogation mode.”**

**Brad:**

**Exactly what is this “last resort” talk all about?**

**Isabela looks at Brad, then at Frank, who is also standing in the room.  
She timidly begins to speak.**

**Isabela:**

**Carlito said that he’d blow the mall up if he were cornered...**

**Brad raises his eyebrows.**

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**Brad:**

**Damn! We've got a regular suicide bomber on our hands!**

**Isabela places a hand in front of her mouth in an attempt to hold back her sobs as she recalls past events. After a moment, she begins to speak.**

**Isabela:**

**It's worse than what you're thinking...**

**The explosion would send parasitic larvae into the atmosphere...**

**Brad indignantly pounds his fist into his palm.**

**Brad:**

**He plans to spread the zombies outside of the city!?**

**Is he insane?**

**Isabela averts her eyes in an apologetic gesture.**

**Frank's impatience shows on his face. He draws close to Isabela.**

**Frank:**

**If that bomb goes off, there'll be nowhere to run. The zombies will be everywhere.**

**Isabela bites her lip and nods her head shallowly. After a few moments pass, she raises her head.**

**Isabela:**

**He's planning to flood the area underneath the mall with flammable gas, then set it off.**

**She shakes her head in despair. Her expression shows that she understands the gravity of the situation, and she is about to suggest a very difficult solution.**

**Isabela:**

**If you could take care of the bombs while the gas**

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**concentration is still low...**

**A faint gleam of hope... The light at the end of the tunnel...**

**Brad nods gravely, a serious expression on his face.**

**Brad:**

**There's a chance we could stop the explosion.**

**Let's do it.**

**After Brad speaks, he glances at Frank and starts moving.**

////////////////////**FREE PLAY**////////////////////

○ **Game**

**The player makes their way to the underground passageway. The mission is to recover the bombs placed there.**

**Carlito attempts to flee with the last bomb. The player must destroy his car. When this objective is successfully completed, the following cut scene is triggered.**

////////////////////**E v m 3 6**////////////////////

■ **Underground passage.**

**\*SCREECH\***

**Carlito's car careens out of control, flipping onto its back and sliding down the tunnel, its roof grinding against the ground.**

**\*BOOM\***

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**It makes contact with a wall, bounces, and finally stops.**

--

**Brad emerges from the shadows of the underground passage.**

**His gun drawn and ready, he sprints toward Carlito, who is attempting to squeeze his way out of the overturned car.**

**Brad:**

**Freeze!**

**Carlito's answer is given in the form of a bullet. Brad reflexively hides out of instinct. Carlito uses the distraction as his opportunity to flee, dragging his leg behind him.**

**Brad:**

**Shit!**

**Brad utters a curse and gives chase.**

**After he's taken a few steps, he turns and addresses Frank.**

**Brad:**

**I'm gonna go after him. You get those bombs outside, Frank.**

**Without waiting for a response, Brad sprints after Carlito and disappears into the darkness.**

**In the darkness, zombies gather in large numbers.**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////////////////////**

○ **Game**

**Taking the last bomb, the player must drive (or walk) to the exit of the parking deck.**

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**A shopping cart sits abandoned on the ramp.**

**When the player approaches this cart, a cut scene is triggered.**

// **E v m 37 - a** //

■ **Undgerground passage**

**Frank:**

**! (surprised gasp)**

**Frank takes a good look at the cart.**

■ **Parking lot**

**\*METALLIC SOUND\***

**The cart moves with great speed down the corridor.**

**Frank, sweating profusely, is pushing the shopping conveyance.**

**\*ROLLING SOUND"**

**Frank dashes as fast as he can in an effort to get away from the gas.**

**The bombs he has collected rattle against each other in the shopping cart.**

■ **Underground supply area**

**Brad releases the clip from his automatic.**

**He examines his remaining ammunition. Only two shots left.**

**Brad clicks his tongue in disappointment and replaces the magazine.**

**He hides by leaning against a nearby pillar.**

**The gas is beginning to affect his vision, but he can sense Carlito further ahead.**

**With great apprehension, he peeks around the pillar and calls out in the direction in which he senses Carlito.**



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**Brad:**

**We got rid of your bombs! This is as far as you go today. Just give up and surrender.**

**\*BANG, BANG, BANG!\***

**Several shots in a row ring out, echoing. A bullet bores itself into the pillar Brad has chosen as his hiding place.**

**Brad:**

**! (exclamation of surprise and fear)**

**Brad withdraws his head.**

**The camera angle changes.**

**A human figure suddenly appears behind the pillar Brad has chosen as his hiding place. The figure that has appeared from the gas is a zombie. The zombie's eyes stare vacantly as it advances on Brad.**

**Brad:**

**Huh?**

**Brad senses a presence. He knits his brow and counterattacks on the next breath.**

**\*BANG\***

**Brad calmly destroys the zombie's head with his shot.**

**\*DING DING DING\***

**The empty shell casing bounces on the floor.**

**With a deeply troubled look, Brad closes his eyes tightly. The zombie's blood has splattered on his face.**

**He turns his head, takes a deep breath (340a), and springs forth from the shadow of the pillar.**

**Brad:**

**Aaaaaaaah!**

**He unleashes a heroic bellow as he directs an attack toward Carlito's position.**

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**\*BANG BANG BANG\***

**Jumping to the side in an effort to avoid the bullets now gouging the ground, Brad jumps sideways through the air, firing as he glides.**

**\*BANG\***

**Carlito:**

**Ungh!**

**Brad's bullet connects with its target, striking Carlito.**

**Carlito drops his weapon, applies pressure to the wound on his side, and squats down.**

**Brad:**

**... (stunned silence, tired breathing)**

**Brad carefully stands from his stomach-down position on the floor with his gun at the ready.**

**Careful not to let his guard down, he approaches Carlito with his gun trained on him. Suddenly, Carlito draws his gun and fires.**

**Brad:**

**Ah!**

**Brad:**

**Your terrorist days are over, Carlito. Your finished. (344a)**

**Brad attempts to dodge the gunfire by jumping into a nearby open door.**

**\*RAT-A-TAT-TAT\***

**The hail of bullets dents the metal door.**

**Carlito:**

**Gaaah!**

**Carlito summons his last bit of strength and lunges for the door.**

**He tackles the door to close it.**

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■ **Underground passage**

**\*GONG\***

**Brad's momentum leaves him staggering for a moment on the other side of the closed door.**

**He clicks his tongue and adjusts his posture, then reaches for the doorknob.**

**Just then...**

**Brad:**

**!? (surprised gasp)**

**Brad senses something and his hand stops cold.**

**Behind him, a cacophony of faint and ghostly noises can be heard. The sound is very vague and difficult to describe.**

**\*VAGUE NOISE\***

**Brad slowly turns toward the sound.**

**His face freezes into a hopeless expression.**

**Brad:**

**Well, shit...**

**The darkness is full of zombies staring right back at Brad.**

■ **Parking lot**

**\*KABOOM!\***

**Behind Frank, covered in sweat and hiding in the shadows of the mall's structure, the bombs in the cart explode violently.**

**Frank holds his hands tightly over his ears as the shockwave rolls over him.**

**Behind him, in the explosion's epicenter, flames roil and lick the sky.**

**\*FLAME NOISE\***

**After a moment, once the shockwave has passed, Frank slowly stands up and straightens his posture out.**

**Just then, the transceiver on his back beeps.**

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**When he pulls the device out, he hears Jessie's voice on the other end.**

**Jessie (voice):**

**Frank... Sounds like you took care of the bombs.**

**How's Brad?**

**Frank answers as he looks to and fro over the black smoke-belching epicenter.**

**Frank:**

**The bombs are over and done with.**

**Brad went after Carlito.**

**Frank:**

**(breathing noise) Yeah...**

**He releases the "talk" button when he is finished speaking.**

**Jessie (voice):**

**Copy... Report back here, Frank.**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////**

○ **Game**

**The game returns to free play. When the player goes to the underground storage area, a cut scene featuring Brad's death is triggered.**

**Returning to the security room triggers a cut scene involving speaking with Jessie.**

// **E v m 6 2** //

■ **In front of the underground storage area**

**A groan from some undistinguishable place can be heard.**

**Frank draws in a quick breath and aims his flashlight to and fro to try to locate the source of the sound.**

**Frank:**

**Brad? Brad?**

**After a moment, Frank notices something. Brad is crouched down leaning against a wall. Only his shoulder is clearly visible.**

**Brad:**

**Frank! Don't get any closer...**

**Frank seems relieved that he's found Brad.**

**But any trace of relief is erased from his face and replaced with worry when he picks up on the weakness in Brad's voice.**

**Brad raises his voice in protest as Frank draws near.**

**Brad:**

**Stay way, Frank! Don't get near me!**

**Frank realizes something is strange. He questions Brad.**

**Frank:**

**What's the matter, Brad?**

**Are you hurt?**

**Brad doesn't answer. Instead, he merely whimpers.**

**Frank assumes that Brad must be injured severely. He is starting to get a bad feeling about the whole situation.**

**Frank:**

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**I'm coming over there, Brad...**  
**We'll go back together.**  
**If you're hurt, we'll patch you up...**

**Frank approaches Brad's position as he speaks.**  
**Brad's figure gradually becomes visible in the flashlight's glow.**

**Frank:**  
**!! (surprised gasp)**

**Frank can't believe his own eyes.**  
**Brad's torso is leaning against the wall, but the lower half of his body (below the navel) is missing.**  
**The tissue below his belly button is spread all over the surrounding area and his internal organs are spilled in a sloppy pile.**  
**By all accounts, the man should be dead.**  
**Frank instinctively covers his mouth with his hand.**

**Brad:**  
**Oohh... I'm screwed...**

**Brad stares up at Frank as he sobs.**

**Brad:**  
**It doesn't hurt... Not even a little...**  
**I'm already dead...**

**Brad continues to keep his eyes fixed on Frank as the color drains from his face. He has nothing left to say.**  
**The expression on his face is pleading.**

**Brad:**  
**Frank... Don't tell Jessie about this...**

**Frank nods at him with a pained expression on his face.**

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////////////////////////////////////**FREE PLAY**////////////////////////////////////

○ **Game**

**Free play. There is a gun on the ground near Brad.**

**The player is able to put Brad out of his misery if they so choose.**

////////////////////////////////////**E v m 3 8**////////////////////////////////////

■ **Security room**

**Frank enters the room.**

**Jessie gets up from her position seated before the monitors.**

**Although left exhausted and haggard by the events of the last few days, she flashes Frank a brave smile.**

**Jessie:**

**As soon as Brad gets his hands on that terrorist, I guess it'll be case closed, huh?**

**Frank nods in agreement, an insincere smile creasing his face.**

**He then directs his gaze at Isabela, who sits with downcast eyes, obviously worried about her brother.**

**Frank:**

**You know of anything else he could be planning?**

**She looks up with a puzzled face in reaction to the sudden question.**

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**Isabela:**

**No. Nothing but the bombs.**

**Frank nods in acknowledgement of her comment.**

**Isabela knits her brow as if she'd remembered something.**

**Isabela:**

**He's got his computer hidden away. I'm sure there's plenty of  
information on it.**

**Frank and Jessie gaze at each other.**

**After a moment, Frank faces Isabela again.**

**Frank:**

**Can you take me there?  
To his hideout?**

**Realizing that this final action would be a total and complete betrayal of her brother's  
trust, Isabela hesitates, avoiding eye contact.**

**Then, raising her face and looking Frank directly in the eye, she nods.**

**Isabela:**

**Leave it to me.**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////**

○ **Game**

**The player makes their way, with Isabela's guidance, to Carlito's hideout.**

**When the player enters the hideout, a cut scene is triggered.**



/// E v m 3 9 ///

■ **Criminal hideout**

**Frank scans the area. A blueprint of the mall hangs on one wall. A monitor shows images from a hidden camera placed somewhere in the structure. Cables are strewn haphazardly about the floor.**

**The noise of a keyboard being manipulated is audible.**

**The scene is set up in a way that insinuates that Frank and his companion have been in the hideout for a little while. They have not just arrived.**

**Isabela:**

**It's no good...**

**Isabela is squatted on her hands and knees manipulating her brother's PC. She mumbles to herself as she knits her eyebrows in frustration.**

**Frank is crouched beside her, peeking at the screen. Isabela turns to him and begins to explain.**

**Isabela:**

**It's password protected.**

**Frank grimaces. Isabela, flustered, continues.**

**Isabela:**

**I'll try words we both might know... family stuff... things like that...**

**She turns her attention back to the computer when she finishes speaking. She licks her lips briefly, obviously thinking about something, and begins typing on the keys.**

**Frank stands and notices a cord connected to the computer.**

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**Frank:**

**What's this cable?**

**Isabela glances upward at Frank.**

**Isabela:**

**It looks like part of a jamming device.**

**I won't be able to disable it unless I log in...**

**Frank expels a quick breath from his nostrils in reaction to the criminal mind he is up against – a mind that covers all the bases and leaves no loopholes open. He looks around the room, hoping to find some other solution.**

**Frank:**

**? (inquisitive grunt)**

**Jessie's voice, mixed with static, erupts from the transceiver on his back.**

**Jessie (voice):**

**Frank... Can you hear me?**

**Frank lifts the transceiver.**

■ **Security room**

**Jessie is positioned in front of the monitors.**

**Jessie:**

**I found something interesting on a security feed from inside a store.**

**She's speaking in a hurried tone, perhaps proud of her own discovery.**

**Jessie:**

**Could you come back here? I need you to check it out.**

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## ■ Hideout

**Frank holds the transceiver near his mouth.**

**Reluctant to leave Isabela alone, he glances at her through narrowed eyes.**

**Isabela, perhaps sensing Frank's concern, does not look up at him and instead continues her fight against the stubborn computer.**

**After a moment or two, Frank makes his decision.**

**Frank:**

**Alright. I'm headed back now.**

//////////////////// **FREE PLAY** //////////////////////

## ○ Game

**Free play. The player moves toward the security room. If the player so chooses, they may bypass the security room and move directly to the goal: the butcher's shop.**

//////////////////// **E v m 4 0** //////////////////////

## ■ Security room

**The screen fades in to a close-up image of the monitor's display.**

**Although the image is not entirely clear, the figure of a rather large man walking with another man draped over his shoulder is visible.**

**Jessie's voice overlaps with the image.**

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**Jessie (off camera):**

**Take a look at this... The guy being dragged?**

**Jessie, positioned before the monitor, now turns to Frank, who seems doubtful. Jessie points at the image on the monitor with her finger.**

**Jessie:**

**I think it's Carlito.**

**After she speaks, she reaches for the VCR, in an attempt to rewind the tape.**

**The image on the monitor is shown again.**

**The large man cuts a diagonal path across the screen. He moves backward as the tape is rewound.**

**The VCR makes noise as it is manipulated. \*CLICK\***

**The man in the image stops, then begins to move in slow motion.**

**The man struggling weakly while being carried on the larger man's shoulder is visible.**

**A close-up reveals that it is Carlito.**

**Frank is seen in profile, staring intently at the monitor.**

**After a moment, he turns to Jessie and nods.**

**Frank:**

**You could be right. Where is this?**

**Jessie is obviously pleased at her own police work. She spreads out a map of the mall.**

**She moves her finger along the surface of the map until it arrives at its destination.**

**Jessie (off camera):**

**The basement of the North Plaza... Right in front of the butcher shop.**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////////////////////**

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○ **Game**

**Free play. A cut scene is triggered when the player enters the butcher shop.**

///////////////////////// **E v m 4 1** ///////////////////////////

■ **Butcher shop**

**\*SLISH\***

**A human leg hangs from a meat hook.**

**Carlito is hung upside down, the metallic hook piercing the soft flesh between his ankle and his Achilles tendon.**

**Carlito:**

**Uuugh...**

**He moans weakly. He is on the verge of death.**

**The cause of his current predicament (hung upside down on a meat hook) is the doing of the butcher.**

**The obese butcher looks down in satisfaction at the unconscious and dying Carlito and nods in satisfaction.**

**Butcher:**

**Ah... A customer.**

**He turns his head as he speaks. His eyes are clearly not normal.**

**Frank has entered the shop and is surveying the scene. His body stiffens a bit in surprise.**

**Frank:**

**Uh... Um... That guy over there... I-I mean, uh... that meat...**

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**Um...**

**Frank gestures with his eyes toward Carlito's hanging form as he speaks. The butcher smiles broadly, clearly proud of his "meat."**

**Butcher:**

**This is good meat, huh? I just got it in here. It's fresh.**

**Carlito, still suspended by his ankles, breaths shallowly.**

**Butcher (off camera):**

**You just wait right there, sir. In a moment, you can try the best ground meat you've ever tasted.**

**Frank is thrown into a bit of a panic.**

**Frank:**

**Whoa... Ground? Wait a minute. Listen, I had something else in mind...**

**The butcher ignores him completely.**

**He then turns toward the depths of the shop and begins walking toward the grinding machine, talking to himself in a loud voice as he moves.**

**Butcher:**

**Zombies are no good! I can't serve my customers spoiled meat like that. I have a reputation to uphold!**

**Frank, realizing that he won't be able to reason with the butcher, shakes his head with a bitter expression on his face.**

**After a moment, the butcher reaches the grinding machine and stands next to it. Using the key hanging on a chain from his neck, the butcher turns the machine on. \*VROOM\* It roars to life.**

**Frank:**

**! (surprised gasp)**

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**Frank has a defeated expression on his face.**

**The hook that holds Carlito begins to inch toward the grinder on some sort of pulley system.**

**A broad and satisfied smile creeps across the butcher's face.**

**Butcher:**

**Trust me. I'm a butcher! I've got the best meat in town!**

////////////////////**FREE PLAY**////////////////////////////////////

○ **Game**

**The player must defeat the "Bloody Butcher." A cut scene is triggered by the butcher's defeat.**

////////////////////**E v m 4 2**////////////////////////////////////

■

■ **Butcher shop**

**\*WHIR\***

**The conveyer ushering Carlito toward the grinder stops. Frank, standing near the machine, is relieved.**

**The butcher lies defeated a short distance away.**

**\*SPLISH\***

**Carlito's ankles slide loose from the hook.**

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**Carlito:**

**! (surprised gasp)**

**Carlito falls to the ground, emitting a stifled groan.**

**He weakly opens his eyes and stares dully up at Frank, who hovers over him.**

**Frank looks Carlito over once again and knits his brow.**

**It doesn't take a doctor to know that this man is beyond saving. Frank shakes his head quietly.**

**Frank:**

**You're finished. It's over.**

**Carlito struggles to maintain a thread of his waning consciousness.**

**Carlito:**

**What about Isabela?**

**Frank answers, holding back the feeling of anxiousness to ask his own questions and disgust at being asked himself.**

**Frank:**

**She's on our side now. She's checking out your computer right now.**

**Carlito meekly shows an expression that looks as if he could laugh or cry.**

**His bearing is that of a man who wants to make a statement while he still can, rather than help Frank by submitting to an interrogation.**

**Carlito:**

**My purpose in life... has been to get revenge for what you people did to Santa Cabeza... to my home town...**

**His breath is unstable, but he continues his soliloquy.**

**Carlito:**



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**Why... Why was your meat so much more important to you than human life? Why... Why did my people have to die to feed your fat bellies?**

**Frank narrows his eyes and shakes his head.**

**Frank:**

**That doesn't excuse what you've done! But I promise the Santa Cabeza story will be told...**

**Carlito has nothing to say. He closes his eyes.**

**Frank, reluctant to let Carlito fade away, raises his voice.**

**Frank:**

**But I need the password! Hey... Hey! Hey! Stay with me! Give me the computer's password!**

**Carlito opens his eyes and summons his last bit of strength to laugh. He laughs so hard that his shoulders appear to convulse.**

**Carlito:**

**Ha ha ha... Ha ha ha ha... Hey... Aren't zombies are great?**

**Frank looks dubious.**

**Carlito's face goes pale, but he is still smiling and laughing. He continues.**

**Carlito:**

**I mean, all they do is eat and eat and eat, growing in number... Just like you good red white and blue Americans.**

**He continues to laugh as foamy blood builds at the corners of his mouth. Death is very close now.**

**Carlito:**

**It's not over. Not yet...**

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**His head jerks.**

**Frank is in a panic. He grabs Carlito by the shoulders and shakes him.**

**Frank:**

**Speak! Speak, dammit! What do you mean 'it's not over'!?**

**Though Frank assails him with questions, Carlito does not have the strength left to answer.**

**Groggy and unsteady now, he reaches with trembling fingertips toward the tiny pendant on his chest.**

**Carlito:**

**I'm sorry, Isabela...**

**Give this to my sister...**

**These are Carlito's last words. Frank, still clutching Carlito's shoulders, can feel the strength drain completely from him.**

**Frank is dumbfounded.**

**Frank lowers Carlito's limp body to the floor and stands.**

**Gazing downward with regret and vexation, Frank utters a curse.**

**Frank:**

**Hey... Shit...**

////////////////////**FREE PLAY**////////////////////////////////////

○ **Game**

**Free play. The player moves to Carlito's hideout. When Isabela is approached, a cut scene is triggered.**

// **E v m 4 3** //

■ **Hideout**

**Isabela sits with her legs extended, working furiously on the computer resting on her knees with a fiercely serious expression on her face.**

**Frank:**

**He's dead.**

**Isabela opens her mouth as if to say "What?" but the words don't come.**

**The continuing silence answers her question. She knows Frank is speaking of Carlito. She had known this outcome was inevitable and shows a marked lack of concern. A few tears stream silently down her face.**

**Isabela:**

**Oh...**

**She seems satisfied with her brief comment and begins her work on the PC again, but her hands shake and she is unable to manipulate the keyboard in a smooth manner. A complicated expression washes over Frank's face as he looks down at her. His frustration with Carlito's terrorist actions and his sudden death mingle with his sympathy for the young woman before him.**

**Frank:**

**All he worried about was you in the end. But, dammit!**

**Frank lets some of his underlying anger seep through to the surface as he talks.**

**Frank:**

**He died without telling me a damn thing! You know, I thought he was terrorist scum, but in the end, all he really cared about was his sister, the jerk!**

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**Isabela realizes that Frank's anger is not directed at herself, but she finds it hard to sympathize entirely with him. Crestfallen, she simply sulks.**

**Frank knows there is nothing he or anyone can do. He keeps his mouth shut and settles for shaking his head solemnly.**

**Frank extends his hand, the locket he received from Carlito glimmering in his palm.**

**The tiny locket rolls and shakes in his hand.**

**Frank speaks.**

**Frank (off camera):**

**He wanted you to have this.**

**Isabela looks up at him.**

**Although no tears flow, her expression is that of someone in the throes of weeping.**

**She pinches the locket between her fingertips.**

**She holds the jewelry in front of her face as she opens it.**

**Isabela:**

**... (sad silence)**

**Inside the locket, she is confronted by a tiny photograph of her parents. No longer able to contain her emotions, she lets out a sob.**

**Isabela:**

**Papa... Mama...**

**She covers her mouth, exhales, and closes her eyes as if in silent prayer.**

**In spite of all his experience reporting from the battlefield, Frank has never been comfortable with tragedy.**

**Trying hard to maintain his emotionless expression, he looks down at Isabela.**

**Her eyes, closed in mourning, suddenly shoot open.**

**Her eyes sparkle as if she has made an important discovery.**

**Isabela:**

**Pachamama...**

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**To Frank, unaccustomed to hearing foreign languages, her utterance sounds like nothing more than a meaningless mumble. Isabela, still clutching the open locket, uses her free fingers to type gracefully on the keyboard.**

**\*CLICK CLICK CLICK\***

**\*DING!\* The computer makes a sound and the image on the screen changes.**

**The password has been cracked.**

**Frank:**

**! (expression of surprise)**

**Frank is surprised. Isabela continues to operate the computer in an effort to disable the jamming device.**

**Before long, the display shows the jamming device disabling screen. It blinks invitingly.**

**Frank crouches down to get a good look at the screen.**

**He licks his parched lips excitedly.**

**Frank:**

**Did you figure it out?**

**Isabela turns slowly to face Frank, who anxiously awaits confirmation.**

**Her absentminded face is seen in profile, lit up by the blinking computer screen.**

**Her lips part and she once again utters the foreign word she had muttered earlier.**

**Isabela:**

**Pachamama... Mother Earth.**

**Frank turns to look at her as she speaks what sounds to him like a curse or an incantation.**

**Isabela, who has endured so much sadness and loss, now stares directly into Frank's eyes.**

**Isabela:**

**Our parents said that a lot. The place we lived – Santa Cabeza – was blessed with nature.**

**Frank, reacting sentimentally to her words, is conflicted by feeling sympathy for a**

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**terrorist. He grows quiet.**

**Isabella continues, her expression showing that she has made the decision to stop crying.**

**Isabela:**

**Please believe me when I say my brother didn't want all this...**

**He only wanted to live in peace in Santa Cabeza.**

**Frank shakes his head disconsolately**

////////////////////**FREE PLAY**////////////////////////////////////

○ **Game**

**Free play**

**After a certain amount of time has passed, or if the player attempts to leave the area, a call will come in from Jessie.**

////////////////////**E v m 6 3**////////////////////////////////////

■ **Hideout**

**\*BEEP BEEP\***

**The transceiver on Frank's waist beeps.**

**Frank:**

**! (expression of surprise)**

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■ **Security room**

**Jessie holds the transceiver near her mouth as she paces in and out of the room while fiddling with her cell phone with her free hand.**

**Jessie:**

**Frank! The emergency line's been freed up!**

**Jessie holds the cell phone up to eye level as she continues speaking.**

**Jessie:**

**I'll give headquarters a call... Hang on.**

**Jessie lets go of the receiver and replaces it with the cell phone, which she holds against her ear.**

**She pushes the "send" button.**

**\*RING RING\***

**After a few rings, someone answers on the other end. \*CLICK\***

**Voice:**

**DHS headquarters...**

**Jessie's face lights up.**

**Jessie:**

**This is agent Jessica McCarney. We have an emergency situation!**

**////////////////////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////////////////////**

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○ **Game**

**Free play.**

**After a determined amount of time has passed, a call come in, triggering a cut scene.**

//////////////////// **E v m 6 4** //////////////////////

■ **Security room**

**Jessie sits on the bed holding the transceiver.**

**Jessie:**

**Frank... It's over.**

**HQ's decided to ignore us.**

**Frank's response comes over the transceiver.**

**Frank (voice):**

**What? What do you mean, 'ignore us'?**

**Jessie holds one hand to her temple, while she raises her elbow.**

**Jessie:**

**I contacted headquarters but...**

**The cell phone lays on the floor. Jessie shakes her head in despair as she continues.**

**Jessie:**

**The government has decided to deny all knowledge of what  
happened here...**

**Special Forces will arrive for cleanup at midnight.**

**They'll take everyone out... Zombies, people, everyone...**



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**At this point, she has raised her voice to a scream. The transceiver drops. She slinks downward, folding her body so that her knees meet eye level, and rests her face against her upraised knees, letting out a heaving series of sobs.**

# //////////////////////**FREE PLAY**////////////////////////////////////

## ○ **Game**

**Free play. A cut scene occurs at an as yet unspecified location when the player attempt to make his or her way back to the security room.**

# //////////////////////**E v m 4 4**////////////////////////////////////

## ■ **NPC room**

**The NPCs are gathered in one room. One keeps watch.**

## ■ **Security room**

**Jessie remains on the bed hugging her knees as she was when she had contacted Frank via the transceiver.**

**What appears to a high ranking soldier wielding a sub-machinegun and carrying a photograph for confirmation in his free hand is keeping vigilant watch over Jessie.**

**Soldier:**

**Jessica McCarney?**

deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

**Jessie listlessly lifts her head and stares blankly at her interrogator.**

**She immediately sinks back into her previous posture, clearly depressed and discouraged.**

**The soldier, his face rendered invisible by his helmet, cocks his head to one side dubiously and continues.**

**Soldier:**

**Talk about your close calls... You contacted us just in time.**

**He puts the photograph away (possibly in a pocket on his chest), and now holds the gun with both hands.**

**Soldier:**

**Your boss thought we should have a talk with you before the operation begins.**

**The soldier's mouth, barely visible through the visor on his helmet, twists into a smile.**

**Soldier:**

**We'll be taking you into custody. If you sign an agreement to keep your mouth shut about all this...**

**He lowers the barrel of his sub-machinegun.**

**Soldier:**

**You'll be free to go.**

**He reaches his hand out to Jessie's motionless body.**

■ **NPC room**

**Guard:**

**...? (inquisitive reaction)**

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**The guard notices noise coming from the security room.**

**Straining to listen confirms a vague noise of mysterious origin.**

**\*STRANGE NOISE\***

**He knits his brow under his helmet.**

■ **Security room**

**The guard enters.**

**Guard:**

**! (surprised gasp)**

**As soon as he enters, he makes a face as if he has seen something he shouldn't have.**

**Atop the commander sprawled out on the bed, sits a woman, mounting him like a horse.**

**Their faces can't be made out as they are both seen from behind.**

**Woman (Jessie):**

**Mmmm... Mmm... Mm!**

**Shocked by the unexpected sight, the guard finds himself momentarily unable to think straight.**

**He would never expect his commander to engage in such conduct while on duty.**

**After a moment, she stops moving and lowers her upper body toward the commanders as if she were about to kiss him.**

**A vague, moist sound is heard.**

**Woman (Jessie):**

**Hn!**

**She thrusts her body with great vigor.**

**With her upper body bent over backwards, her face appears upside down to the guard.**

**Her face is covered in blood and expressionless to the point where it could be mistaken for an expression of ecstasy.**

**In her mouth is a strip of flesh torn from the commander's face.**

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**Guard:****...! (surprised - wants to speak, but can't find his voice)**

**The guard, surprised, tries to scream, but cannot find his voice. His reaction time is off. By the time he has his gun drawn and pointed ahead of him, the girl has changed position and is beginning to pounce in his direction.**

**Without stopping to aim properly, the soldier fires sporadically. Some shots connect with the attacking woman's legs, but he cannot stop her onslaught.**

**Guard:****Aaaaagh!**

//////////////////////////////////// **E v m 4 7** //////////////////////////////////////

■ **Mall interior**

**Suddenly, the power inside the mall is cut.**

**Glass breaks, overhead windows are detonated, and the special forces begin their invasion.**

**They move quickly and disperse into groups, following orders and drills that they know well from training. The siege has begun.**

//////////////////////////////////// **E v m 4 6 - a** //////////////////////////////////////

■ **Hideout (Frank has been here the whole time)**

**Frank strains to hear gunshots echoing near and far through the mall.**

**After a moment, he recalls something and raises the transceiver that he still holds in his**

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**hand.**

**He licks his lips nervously and exhales into the microphone.**

**Frank:**

**Jessie?**

**He releases the talk button. Fearing that a response might not come, he lifts the transceiver to his ear.**

**\*STATIC NOISE\***

**Nothing but noise. No response is forthcoming.**

#### ■ **Security room**

**The transceiver has fallen to the ground.**

**Zombie Jessie and the soldier's dead body are visible as well.**

#### ■ **Hideout**

**Frank, his worst nightmare now realized, knits his brow, causing deep creases to form on his forehead.**

**Isabela, equally afraid, opens her mouth to speak.**

**Isabela:**

**The military... They'll come, won't they?**

**Frank does not answer. He merely closes his eyes and shakes his head.**

**Isabela, with tears welling up in her eyes, speaks in a shaky voice.**

**Isabela:**

**It's just like Santa Cabeza...**

**The government wants to cover this up, too...**

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//////////////////////////////////// **E v m 4 6 - b** //////////////////////////////////////

■ **Hideout (If the player returns to this room from elsewhere)**

**Frank enters.**

**Isabela, who had been waiting alone in the dark, stiffens, but her fears are allayed when she realizes that the visitor is Frank.**

**Isabela:**

**What's it like out there? Where's Jessie?**

**Her breathy voice is cut off by the sound of distant gunfire.**

**Frank knits his brow, causing deep wrinkles to emerge, and shakes his head.**

**Isabela:**

**The military... They'll come, won't they?**

**Frank does not answer. He merely closes his eyes and shakes his head.**

**Isabela, with tears welling up in her eyes, speaks in a shaky voice.**

**Isabela:**

**It's just like Santa Cabeza...**

**The government wants to cover this up, too...**

//////////////////////////////////// **FREE PLAY** //////////////////////////////////////

○ **Game**

**Free play. If the player makes it to the heliport within a certain time limit, a cut scene is triggered.**

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/// **E v m 5 0** ///

■ **Heliport**

**Although he doesn't actually expect to see anything positive at this point, Frank forces himself to look into the distance from the vantage point of the heliport.**

**There is no sign of the helicopter he had expected to come for him.**

**Frank's shoulders sink in discouragement.**

■ **Hills on the outskirts of Willamette**

**A hill rises in an opening in the forest. At its peak, the helicopter pilot lays low, surveying his surroundings with binoculars. He mutters to himself.**

**Pilot:**

**Well, I'll be damned... He's still alive! That son of a bitch made it!**

**Through the binoculars, Frank's tiny figure can be seen moving about the heliport.**

**The pilot lowers his binoculars. He smiles and talks aloud to himself.**

**Pilot:**

**That must mean he got his scoop...**

**I can't wait to get my share of the take.**

■ **Forest**

**\*WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP\***

**A Huey rises from a part in the trees.**

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**From the open door, a human figure can be glimpsed standing inside.**

■ **Heliport**

**Frank, crestfallen, is ready to give up and go back to the room.**

**\*whup whup whup whup...\***

**The sound of whirling rotors can be made out in the distance. Frank, now somewhat relieved, turns to find the source of the noise.**

■ **Cockpit**

**The Willamette Parkview Mall comes into view before the canopy.**

**The pilot swivels his head around nervously, making certain that no Black Hawks are nearby.**

**Pilot:**

**Wahoo! Hah ha ha!**

**Pilot:**

**Alright! You just hang tight, buddy. I'm on my way!**

■ **Heliport**

**Frank can hardly believe his eyes when he sees the nostalgic form of the beat up old Huey approaching. To him, it represents pure hope.**

**Frank:**

**Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! I'm over here! I'm over here! Hey! Yeah!**

■ **Cockpit**

**The pilot approaches Frank, who is visible waving his arms from the canopy.**



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**Frank's happiness proves contagious, as the pilot's grin grows even wider in reaction. Speaking to no one in particular, the pilot exalts Frank's success.**

**Pilot:**

**Heh heh heh... You did it! Yeah!**

**Just then, a figure appears behind the ecstatic pilot. The figure casually moves its hand toward the pilot's neck.**

**Pilot:**

**!?(surprised gasp)**

**The pilot's expression freezes as he turns to see what is happening.**

#### ■ **Heliport**

**Frank notices that the helicopter is moving erratically. The vehicle's nose, which had been pointed directly at him, has now begun to pitch and lean in an unnatural fashion.**

**Frank:**

**? (incredulous and inquisitive sound)**

**Through sheer force of habit, Frank raises his camera and peeks through the viewfinder with a grim and hardened expression on his face.**

**Using a zoom lens, he focuses the helicopter into the center of the frame. The front of the vehicle appears large in the viewfinder.**

**Through the windshield, Frank can see the pilot struggling with a humanoid figure. The pallid passenger is clearly the aggressor and it moves in to bite down on the hapless pilot.**

**It was a zombie.**

**Frank, with an expression of utter hopelessness, raises his eyes from the camera.**

#### ■ **Cockpit**

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**Pilot:**

**Aaaaaaagh!**

**The pilot resists valiantly, but it is all in vain, as his attacker sinks his teeth into the pilot's flesh.**

**An unbelievable amount of blood issues from the wound like a geyser, splattering the windshield and leaving it covered entirely in the slick red substance.**

■ **Heliport**

**\*BROOOOOM\***

**Frank ducks and covers as the helicopter glides directly overhead, close enough to touch. It moves at a diagonal angle toward the ground, passing too far over the roof to land.**

**Frank is nearly knocked off his feet by the force of the wind from the fatal flight.**

**After a moment, he raises his face, showing an expression somewhere between laughter and tears, and turns slowly to see for himself the final destiny of the helicopter and its pilot.**

**\*KABOOM\***

■ **Central yard**

**What was, until a few moments before, a helicopter, has now become nothing but a flaming hulk of twisted steel, standing between the buildings that make up the mall. Frank can see the huge column of belching smoke from his vantage point on the rooftop.**

**He moves unsteadily toward the edge of the rooftop and looks down toward the crash site.**

■ **Heliport**

**Frank kneels at the edge of the rooftop.**

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**Staring blankly at the billowing clouds of smoke, Frank realizes that he has now used up all his guts and psychological fortitude.**

**He sinks into despair.**

**In the background, a mob of zombies assembles.**

**-Day 4 END**

**// E v m 4 8 //**

**Occurs before the 4th day.**

**■ Hideout corridor**

**Zombies gather in droves.**

**Special forces troops arrive in teams of two.**

**One of the soldiers lifts his goggles slightly, allowing one eye to peek out and confirm the zombies' position.**

**He tosses an incendiary grenade into the center of the crowd of the undead.**

**\*KABOOM\***

**Zombies fly like ragdolls through the air as the grenade explodes explodes.**

**Zombie:**

**Aaaaagh! (moan/scream)**

**One zombie, his upper body consumed entirely in flames, is reluctant to go down, tottering on unsteady legs.**

**\*RAT-A-TAT-TAT\***

**A soldier, his silhouette hidden in the shadows, emerges to shower the flaming zombie with a hail of bullets.**

**After confirming that the entire group of zombies has ceased moving, the soldiers move**

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**on to their next target.**

**The defeated zombies' bodies are still aflame.**

#### **■ Hideout**

**Frank and Isabela sit some distance apart.**

**Frank:**

**Hm?**

**Sensing something out of the ordinary, Frank looks up suddenly.**

**Isabela seems to notice something as well. The air seems to smell different.**

**Frank stands and, with a dubious look in his eyes, tries to find the source of his unease.**

**After a moment or two, he notices wisps of smoke seeping in from the entrance.**

#### **■ Hideout corridor**

**The flames have leapt from the bodies of the zombies onto the walls and are spreading. Directly above the spreading flames, a hatch connecting the hideout to the corridor opens and Frank peeks out.**

**Frank:**

**! (surprised gasp)**

#### **■ Hideout**

**Frank closes the hatch and waves his arm back and forth to clear the smoke away.**

**He turns to face Isabela, who stands with a worried expression on her face, and speaks up.**

**Frank:**

**It's a fire! Everything's burning!**

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**Isabela catches her breath, obviously startled at the news.**

**Frank stands ready for action.**

**Frank:**

**I've gotta get down there and get the fire under control.**

**Demo END**

//////////////////// **FREE PLAY** //////////////////////

**Other related information (lines, communications, etc.) will be handled separately.**

//////////////////// **E v m 6 6** //////////////////////

**The demo is triggered by the player's use of fire extinguishers to subdue the flames.**

#### **■ Corridor**

**The wall is scorched. Frank looks up toward the ceiling, which is caked with residue.**

**He sighs in relief.**

**Though tendrils of thin smoke still rise about him, it doesn't appear that the place will again catch fire.**

// **E v m 4 9** //

**This demo plays on the 4th day.**

#### **■ Entrance Plaza**

**An upper echelon military officer walks along the landing of the 2nd floor staircase, constantly passing his eyes over his surroundings in observation.**

**He must have received a call on his transmitter, as he stops suddenly and listens carefully.**

**After a moment, he turns to face the troops scattered about the hall and gestures broadly to them with his hand.**

**Moving like a true leader, the commander withdraws from the mall.**

**Some of the soldiers stick around long enough to fiddle with recon helicopter drones. Seeing this, the commander removes his mask as if to conclude the mission with this gesture.**

**He leaves the mall covered in zombie corpses as far as the eye can see.**

// **E v m 5 1** //

#### **■ Heliport**

**A large crowd of zombies have managed to gather in the background.**

**Slowly and with the unsteady walk of the living dead, they begin to approach Frank's position.**

**This is the same cut shown just before the closing credits.**

**Finally, some of the crowd reaches Frank, one of them grabbing the photojournalist from behind.**

**Frank seems oddly calm, enough of a realist to know that there isn't much he can do to avoid his inevitable fate, and resigned to the idea of meeting death head on.**

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**At the moment that the zombie's rotten teeth are poised to penetrate the soft skin of Frank's neck - \*BANG\* - a gunshot rings out and the zombie's head becomes disengaged from the rest of its shuffling body.**

**A woman's piercing voice sounds out from behind Frank.**

**Isabela:**

**Frank!!**

**\*BANG BANG\* She dispatches a few nearby zombies and calls out to Frank again.**

**Isabela:**

**Frank! What's the matter with you? Frank!?**

**Frank still stands motionless. His eyes seem to have lost focus.**

**He crumples to the ground like a marionette whose owner has lost interest and released his grip on the strings.**

**Isabela:**

**(surprised gasp)**

**Knowing that something is not right with Frank, Isabela rushes to his side.**

**The camera angle switches to an aerial shot. Sluggish zombies swarm aimlessly. The corpse of the zombie Isabela had first dispatched is visible.**

**Frank lies motionless on the rooftop. Isabela runs to his aid.**

**Once she reaches his position, she struggles to lift his body.**

**Shooting the remaining zombies that block her path, she drags Frank's body back to the rooftop's access door.**

#### **■Hideout**

**Frank is asleep, his face pale and sickly.**

**He suddenly stirs as if about to wake. A wet towel is draped over his forehead.**

**Frank:**

**(gasping sound of someone waking up startled)**

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**Shaky and unstable, he manages to steady his upper body as he sits up, scanning the area with a bitter expression o his worn face.**

**Isabela, herself on the threshold of sleep, napping near Frank in a seated position, notices the commotion caused by Frank's waking.**

**Isabela:**

**You're awake! Oh, thank god...**

**Frank's eyes beg for an explanation, and Isabela responds with a delicate smile.**

**Isabela:**

**It wasn't easy getting you back here by myself, you know.**

**You collapsed on the roof.**

**Frank squints his eyes, scanning his memory for any recollection of such events.**

**Frank:**

**I collapsed?**

**Wait... does that mean...**

**Isabela averts her pained eyes in response to Frank's inquiry. She opens her mouth reluctantly ? a sign that the answer to his question won't be easy for her to say out loud.**

**Isabela:**

**You... must have gotten yourself infected somehow...**

**Frank closes his eyes and faces upward as if begging the heavens for assistance.**

**Isabela, rattled, intervenes.**

**Isabela:**

**The time between infection and zombification differs greatly from person to person...**

**You're lucky, Frank.**

**You seem to have a very high level of resistance.**



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**Though Isabela tries desperately to comfort him, Frank shakes his head, a bitter expression on his face.**

**Frank:**

**So I get to spend longer waiting for the inevitable, is that it?**

**I'm not sure "lucky" is the word I'd use!**

**Clearly depressed, he hangs his head, his neck going limp.**

**Isabela, emotional, stands and puts a little distance between herself and Frank.**

**The atmosphere turns sour. Frank begins to mutter to himself in a pained manner.**

**Frank:**

**The helicopter crashed...**

**No one's coming to help us now...**

**He raises his head, a resigned smile on his lips.**

**Frank:**

**It's over for us, no matter what we do.**

**As he speaks, he throws himself sulkily back down onto the bed, lying on his side.**

**The scene is painful for Isabela to watch.**

**She brings her hand up to her mouth in thought. After a moment, she begins to speak.**

**Isabela:**

**What if...**

**Frank, his arm resting on a pillow, reluctantly opens one eye, his curiosity piqued by Isabela's sudden ejaculation.**

**Isabela continues speaking, excited by her train of thought.**

**Isabela:**

**What if there were some way to impede the infection?**

**She looks at Frank with a sparkle in her eye as she speaks.**

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**Frank raises his upper body in bed, sitting up and seemingly encouraging Isabela to continue speaking with the look in his eyes.**

**Isabela:**

**If we could extract and administer a large dose of hormones from the corpus allatum of an adult queen...**

**It would potentially hinder the growth of the larvae in your blood, retarding the zombification process.**

**Isabela speaks more to herself than Frank at this point, using specialized words that a medical technician like herself has no trouble grasping, but a layperson like Frank is unlikely to understand.**

**Frank shoots up from his seated position, agitated.**

**Frank:**

**Whoa, wait... I have no idea what you just said.**

**What do we need to do?**

**Isabela:**

**I'll need certain supplies to get this to work.**

**And queens... as many as you can get your hands on.**

**Frank thinks for a moment with his eyes narrowed. When he is satisfied, he opens his mouth to speak.**

**Frank:**

**Alright. Sounds like a plan.**

**Sure beats sitting here waiting to die.**

**>Demo END**

//////////////////////////////////**FREE PLAY**//////////////////////////////////

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**Frank receives a list of necessary items from Isabela in-game.**

**Then, the player must roam the mall in search of the supplies and a substantial amount of queens.**

**During the game, the player may examine the PC for information regarding Carlito.**

**Info about the medical venture (research contents and financial status)**

**Info about the selling of the venture's services (research not known to be zombie related)**

**Info about the war orphans NPO (list of US addresses for orphans)**

**Info about his plan to isolate the mall (jamming devices, etc.)**

**An unsent e-mail to Isabela (sentimental)**

// **E v m 5 3** //

**The demo plays as the player approaches Isabela with the first batch of supplies necessary to extract the hormones.**

#### ■ **Hideout**

**Isabela takes the supplies from Frank.**

**If the supplies are unable to be portrayed in this fashion, this part will be cut.**

**She makes eye contact with Frank as a method of confirmation.**

**Frank, shrugging slightly, asks Isabela about something which has been bugging him.**

**Frank:**

**So... this drug that stops the parasite's growth...**

**Isabela looks at him, perhaps a bit surprised by the sudden question. Frank continues.**

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**Frank:**

**Have you ever made it before?**

**Or is it just a theory?**

**Isabela seems very concerned. She nods with a serious expression on her face and answers.**

**Isabela:**

**When I was working in the medical lab, my brother asked me to research a method of suppressing the parasite.**

**Of course, back then, we didn't extract the hormones directly.**

**We synthesized them in the lab.**

**Frank grunts through his nostrils in acknowledgement.**

**Frank:**

**He was looking to protect himself from his own terrorist scheme?**

**He wanted a way out,**

**is that it?**

**Isabela looks down with a pained expression on her face and shakes her head.**

**Isabela:**

**I don't know...**

**I know he didn't bring the drug with him here.**

**I have no idea what he'd intended to use it for.**

**She looks at Frank with pleading eyes.**

**Isabela:**

**You think I'm just making excuses, but Carlito kept things from me.**

**Frank sighs in resignation, once again recalling that when Carlito died, he took with him**

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**all the answers to their questions.**

**Frank:**

**So... Even if you manage to make this drug, it won't completely cure me, will it?**

**Isabela looks down apologetically.**

**Isabela:**

**I'm afraid not...**

**When the effect wears off, the parasite will develop as it normally would, continuing the zombification process.**

**Frank has had enough, and looks toward the heavens, ready to give up.**

**Frank:**

**Fat lotta good that does me...**

**Isabela shrinks back from Frank, a pitiful expression on her face.**

**Bitter as he may be, Frank seems to have accepted his fate, and he allows a smile to creep over his face as he continues speaking.**

**Frank:**

**Screw it. It's the only hope I've got now.**

**>Demo END**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////////////////////**

**The demo starts when the player hands Isabela the supplies.**

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// **E v m 6 5** //

**■Hideout**

**Isabela takes the supplies from Frank.**

**If the supplies are unable to be portrayed in this fashion, this part will be cut.**

**Isabela turns to look at Frank after she's accounted for the materials assembled before her.**

**Isabela:**

**This is all I need as far as supplies are concerned.**

**Now, all we need are some queens.**

**Frank nods in understanding.**

**Frank:**

**Yeah, uh... listen...**

**Just how long do you suppose your medicine will prevent me from turning into a walking corpse?**

**Isabela shakes her head apologetically.**

**Isabela:**

**During my research, I was never able to conduct proper clinical studies.**

**To a certain extent, the period of effectiveness depends on each patient's physiology.**

**She thinks for a moment, then continues.**

**Isabela:**

**It could be a year... Maybe only a week...**

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**There's no way to tell for sure.**

**It takes all of Frank's fortitude to muster a sarcastic smile.**

**Frank:**

**Fantastic...**

**So I'll be a walking zombie time bomb.**

**Isabela recoils at his attempt at gallows humor, directing her gaze downward.**

**Then, she suddenly looks up again as if something had occurred to her.**

**Isabela:**

**A time bomb?**

**Frank:**

**What?**

**Frank looks on with curiosity as Isabela springs to her place before the PC.**

**She types away at the keyboard and appears to open some sort of file.**

**She stares at the screen intently, then turns pale.**

**Frank, sensing something serious happening, joins Isabela at the computer and peeks at the screen.**

**Isabela mutters quietly, her face still glued intently to the screen.**

**Isabela:**

**Once the drug's development was complete, Carlito poured his energy into starting an NPO dedicated to helping war orphans.**

**Isabela types away at the keyboard, causing the image on the screen to scroll downward.**

**She continues to speak, absorbed in the data on the monitor.**

**Isabela:**

**We had 50 doses of the drug prepared.**

**Shortly after that, the NPO managed to find homes for a large group of children.**

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**Want to guess just how many?**

**The PC screen is shown. A list scrolls across it.**

**At the end of the list, a single number is displayed: 50.**

**Frank has been observing the screen near Isabela. The horrifying truth begins to dawn on him.**

**Frank:**

**Oh my god...**

**Isabela faces Frank with a look of abject fear on her face.**

**Frank continues as if it is difficult for him to speak.**

**Frank:**

**Are you saying that he infected these kids and then gave them  
your drug?**

**That he made 50 little ticking time bombs?**

**Isabela, her face ashen, shakes her head. She answers in a hoarse voice.**

**Isabela:**

**I don't know... I just don't know!**

**It is possible, though...**

**Frank grabs control of the PC, taking a closer look at the list on display.**

**He mumbles to himself as he types away at the keyboard.**

**Frank:**

**New York... DC... LA...**

**These kids are spread all over the country...**

**Frank looks at Isabela, who looks very nervous at this point.**

**Frank:**

**If your theory is right...**

**The entire country could be crawling with zombies by now!**



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**Isabela, unsure of how to respond to such a horrific idea, is speechless.  
Frank stands, anxious and chomping at the bit.**

**Frank:**

**Shit! I don't know what's worse: that we don't know for sure or that  
we can't warn anyone about this!**

**Isabela, pale and ashen, moves toward the desk on which the supplies are laid out.  
She begins to operate the equipment, but then stops suddenly, turning toward Frank.**

**Isabela:**

**Well, what we need to do right now is prepare the hormone and get  
you taken care of.**

**Anxiousness... Misplaced anger... Hopelessness...**

**Frank struggles with the mix of emotions swirling about inside him and finds himself  
unsure of what to say.**

**He spreads his hands in the air in a gesture of resignation, as if to direct Isabela to  
begin the process.**

**Isabela nods in response and sets about her work.**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////**

**Discovery of the hole.**

**Hormone extraction event.**

**Come to the helicopter crash site in the courtyard for the first time.**

**The demo informs the player of the location of the hole.**

// **E v m 5 4** //

■ **Courtyard crash site**

**Frank approaches while taking in the sight of the burned remains of the helicopter, which has crashed into the clock tower.**

**While scanning the area for useful supplies, Frank happens to hear a zombie's moan.**

**Frank:**

**(surprised gasp)**

**Turning to face the source of the voice, Frank notices that it has issued from a large gash in the clock tower opened by the helicopter's bow during the crash.**

**Crouching down onto his stomach, Frank peeks into the opening.**

**Frank:**

**(surprised gasp)**

**A zombie hand grips the edge of the opening. It looks as if the zombie is trying to pull his way out of the hole.**

**Frank carefully gazes even further into the opening.**

**The opening leads to some sort of cave or underground chamber, and the entire structure is crawling with zombies, moaning and shuffling in the darkness.**

**Frank mutters to himself without even thinking.**

**Frank:**

**What in the hell is this?**

**And where does it lead?**

**Zombie:**

**(zombie groan)**

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**Frank's introspection is cut off by the sudden interruption of the emerging zombie. Frank shrugs and shakes his head in resignation as he stands. He curses to himself as he delivers a kick to the zombie that is trying to pull himself from the opening.**

**Frank:**

**Dammit!**

**Even if this thing leads outta here, I doubt these zombies would just let us walk right through...**

**>Demo END**

**////////////////////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////////////////////**

**When the final supplies (the queens) are handed to Isabela, the following demo is triggered:**

**////////////////////////////////////E v m 5 5////////////////////////////////////**

**■ Hideout**

**Isabela, facing her makeshift scientific equipment, seems to be putting the final touches on the hormone she had been working on.**

**Frank's complexion does not look good. He moves toward Isabela's position and drops to a sitting position on the floor.**

**Isabela takes a small glass jar in hand and turns to face Frank.**

**Frank regards the jar through narrowed eyes. He sighs as he speaks.**

deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

**Frank:**

**You're gonna inject me with that, huh?**

**OK, doc... Let's get this over with.**

**Isabela nods with a serious expression on her face.**

**It is likely that the actual usage of syringes on-screen would cause ratings issues, so the following steps will be taken to disguise the action:**

**Frank turns away from the arm he has offered for the injection, keeping his eyes off the syringe.**

**Frank:**

**(weak grunt)**

**Frank speaks to cover up his own nervousness and reaction to the pain.**

**Frank:**

**At least I won't have to worry about turning into one of them for a while...**

**Next on the agenda: figure out a way to get the hell outta here.**

**Isabela plunks down the spent syringe.**

**She runs her eyes up and down Frank's body looking for any abnormalities.**

**He seems fine.**

**After a moment or two, she sighs in relief and begins talking.**

**Isabela:**

**While I was isolating the hormone...**

**I managed to identify a pheromone that suppresses the attack instinct in adult parasites.**

**Frank bristles at the medical jargon**

**He shrugs to silently communicate his need for more explanation.**

deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

**Isabela notices his confusion and rewords her statement.**

**Isabela:**

**In other words, the zombies don't like the way it smells.**

**If you give me a little more time, I should be able to produce some of this pheromone.**

**Frank nods, impressed by her medical expertise.**

**Frank:**

**They think it smells bad, huh?**

**You think we could use something like that to keep them away from us?**

**We could just walk right past them and get out of here?**

**Isabela, looking worried, nods reluctantly.**

**Isabela:**

**In theory, yes...**

**Either way, it's certainly better than nothing.**

**Frank thinks for a moment, then speaks.**

**Frank:**

**There was a cave... outside where the helicopter crashed.**

**Isabela:**

**(inquisitive sound or gesture)**

**Frank:**

**It was packed with zombies... I mean shoulder to shoulder.**

**But it may lead somewhere outside..**

**Isabela begins to grasp what Frank is insinuating. She nods shallowly.**

**Frank:**

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**If your anti-zombie perfume works...**

**It could keep us safe in that cave... Whaddya say? You ready to get the hell outta here?**

**Frank looks at Isabela in anticipation of her reaction.**

**Isabela has a deadly serious expression on her face, allowing only a hint of optimism to shine through.**

**Isabela:**

**There won't be enough of this pheromone to waste it on experiments...**

**We'll only have enough to use it once.**

**Frank nods optimistically.**

**>Demo END**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////**

**After the demo, when the player speaks to Isabela, she says the following:**

**Isabela:**

**Let me know when you're ready to make a break for the cave...**

**I'll prepare the pheromone here.**

**Are you ready? (Yes/No)**

**When the player chooses "Yes," they are warped to the cave entrance.**

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// **E v m 5 6** //

■ **Courtyard crash site**

**The zombies are raising quite a din in the cave, their moans permeating the darkness they inhabit..**

**The color drains from Isabela's face when the noise reaches her ears.**

**Isabela:**

**My god... There are so many.**

**Where on earth could this lead?**

**Frank shakes his head with a grave expression on his face.**

**Frank:**

**I don't know. But, considering how many of them keep pouring out of here, it must be connected to something.**

**Isabela thinks about his answer, an anxious expression on her face.**

**Frank admonishes her after a brief sigh.**

**Frank:**

**Look, any other way out of here is guarded by the military.**

**If we're gonna get out of here and put a stop to Carlito's plan, we've gotta go in there. It's the only way.**

**Isabela, though fully aware of the truthfulness of Frank's words, makes an expression that shows she hasn't quite crossed that final mental hurdle.**

**Frank smiles a bit and continues.**

**Frank:**

**It's not like we're unarmed. We've got your smelly perfume, don't we?**

**Isabela nods and produces the perfume bottle.**

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**Frank:****I wouldn't be alive right now if your shot hadn't worked.****The perfume's gonna work, too. I know it.****Isabela is heartened by Frank's encouraging words.****Isabela:****OK... Let's go.****Taking the perfume bottle in hand, she stands.****Demo END**

//////////////////////////////////**FREE PLAY**//////////////////////////////////

**It will probably not be necessary to actually show the player a scene in which the characters use the pheromone.****Following the demo, the characters start inside the cave.****The player should grasp the fact that the pheromone is working by observing the zombies' behavior here.****Approaching the high area near the cave exit while using the zombie-repellant pheromone triggers the demo.****\*There are three versions of the following demo (LONG, SHORT, MIDDLE).****Currently, we are planning to use the LONG version.**

	evm57	evm57(S)	evm59	evm59(M)	evm60	evm61
<b>Long</b>	○	×	○	×	○	○
<b>Short</b>	×	○	×	×	×	×



deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

<b>Middle</b>	○	×	×	○	×	×
---------------	---	---	---	---	---	---

/// **E v m 5 7** ///

■Cave near the exit ? high ground

**Frank and Isabela scramble their way up the cliff.**

**Frank:**

**Umpf!**

**Frank delivers a kick to a pursuing zombie.**

**Frank catches his breath as he surveys the area around him in the cave.**

**A shoulder to shoulder zombie crowd mills about below.**

**Isabela, uneasy and sticking close to Frank, speaks abruptly.**

**Isabela:**

**Was this a good idea?**

**Isabela turns around.**

**The outside is visible from their vantage point, and Isabela now faces the exit with her mouth agape.**

**Frank follows her line of sight by turning his head to match her angle.**

**A menacing set of bars is visible blocking the exit.**

**Frank gazes out of the exit gravely.**

■Cave before the gate

**A Humvee is visible just outside the gate. A couple of lazy looking guards patrol the area.**

**Craning his neck, Frank is able to make out a breech operation mechanism used to open and close the gate.**

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**Frank:**

**Guards here, too...**

**If we can get that gate open, they'll be too busy dealing with the zombies to notice us slip by.**

**Isabela nods in understanding and makes a serious face.**

**Isabela:**

**Wait! The pheromone is starting to wear off...**

**It's only strong enough to cover one of us.**

**Frank thinks for a brief moment, then instinctively pulls Isabela close to himself, holding her in his arms.**

**Isabela:**

**What are you doing!?**

**Frank lifts the panicking Isabela onto his back.**

**Frank:**

**Hang on tight, OK?**

**Once we're out, let's see if we can't steal ourselves that set of wheels.**

**>Demo END**

**////////////////////FREE PLAY////////////////////**

**The mission begins once the door is opened.**

**Rushing through the crowd of zombies, the player makes Frank (with Isabela on his back) approach the Humvee.**

**Boarding the vehicle enables the player to drive it.**

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**Defeating guards as he or she moves, the player drives over the dried up pond bed, aiming for a floodgate on the opposite end.**

**When the “event line” is crossed, the following demo is triggered.**

///////////////////////// **E v m 5 9** ///////////////////////////

■ **Dried pond**

**The Humvee makes it’s way toward the opposite end of the dried out pond bed, in the direction of the other floodgate.**

**\*VRRROOOOOM\***

**The sound of an engine, roaring like a gigantic beast, rings out.**

**Beyond the gate, a gigantic metal behemoth awaits. The noise had come from a tank.**

■ **Humvee interior**

**Frank, noticing that the gigantic military machine is attempting to block his path, panics.**

**Frank:**

**Whoa!**

**He turns the steering wheel sharply.**

■ **Dried pond**

**The tank, now fully emerged from the floodgate, pivots its turret to aim the main cannon directly at Frank’s Humvee.**

deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

//////////////////////////////////**FREE PLAY**//////////////////////////////////

#### **Mission START**

**Once the tank takes a certain amount of damage or the player avoids the tank's onslaught for a predetermined amount of time, the following demo is triggered:**

//////////////////////////////////**E v m 6 0**//////////////////////////////////

#### ■ **Dried pond**

**The tank has taken damage to its sensor, rendering it unable to operate properly. It shuts down.**

**Frank, realizing that this is his chance to escape, maneuvers his vehicle on a course right out the door and accelerates.**

#### ■ **Tank interior**

**The Commander calmly observes the world outside the tank while issuing orders through his headset.**

**Commander (Brock Mason):**

**These automated machines are no use at all on the battlefield.**

**Switch to manual control.**

**He grips the wheel before him and begins to steer.**

#### ■ **Dried pond**

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**\*VRRROOM\***

**Now under manual control, the tank bears down on the diminutive Humvee.**

**Frank:**

**Shit!**

**The mammoth tank moves faster than Frank could have anticipated. Frank jerks the steering wheel sharply to avoid the oncoming onslaught.**

**The Humvee is flipped end over end by the marauding machine.**

**Frank:**

**Aaaaagh!**

**Isabela:**

**Aaah!**

**Suspended over a gap, the Humvee comes to rest with its nose buried in the dirt.**

**The tank stops long enough for the driver to observe the damage.**

**Commander (Brock Mason):**

**Aim main cannon...**

**The Humvee, unable to move, finds itself in the crosshairs of the tank's sizeable cannon.**

■ **Humvee interior**

**Frank:**

**(semi-conscious moaning)**

**Frank, having regained his bearings, runs his eyes over the surroundings in an effort to gauge the situation.**

**Isabela has been thrown from the gunner's seat and lies unconscious. She is still breathing.**

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**The tank's cannon is aimed directly at Frank and his crippled vehicle,  
Nothing can help Frank now.**

**Frank:**

**Oh, shit...**

**Frank makes his decision and tumbles forth from the vehicle.**

■ **Dried pond**

**Commander (Brock Mason):**

**What have we here?**

**Frank raises his hands to show that he does not intend to resist. The commander seems almost to admire his adversary for a moment.**

**Frank:**

**...**

**Frank, emboldened by having not been immediately shot on sight, approaches the tank. The tank's gigantic cannon remains trained on him the entire time, making adjustments when necessary.**

**At any rate, Frank has managed to draw attention away from the wrecked Humvee, in whose shadow Isabela now lays unconscious.**

**As if to analyze Frank and size him up as a target, the commander stares at the other man, speaking after a brief interval.**

**Commander (Brock Mason):**

**Where were you hiding when my men mopped up the mall?**

**The commander says this without feeling. He is merely asking a question to sate his own curiosity. The undercurrent swirling beneath the commander's words suggest that Frank's surviving until now was something he would soon regret.**

**Frank finds himself unable to answer. The commander continues speaking in an even more emotionless tone.**

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**Commander (Brock Mason):**

**On a mission in which the number of targets is unclear, it's difficult to ensure absolute thoroughness.**

**The commander narrows his eyes to slits. His expression shows a barely visible smile.**

**Commander (Brock Mason):**

**You have imagination...**

**That's what drives you in your quest to run... your quest to hide.**

**As prey, you and your kind are much more stubborn than the zombies.**

**Frank recoils at the thought of zombies, the thought pushed into his head by the commander's casual mention of them.**

**His journalistic instinct kicks in and he opens his mouth.**

**Frank:**

**How much do you know about the zombies?**

**As he speaks, Frank steps slowly to the side in an apparent effort to avoid the cannon's threat.**

**The unforgiving cannon follows his every move with unbelievable precision.**

**The commander's eyes seem to be staring far away or at no particular place at all.**

**Commander (Brock Mason):**

**I commanded the Santa Cabeza cleanup operation...**

**Upon hearing the words "Santa Cabeza", Frank's suspicions are confirmed and his face takes on a dark and bitter expression.**

**The commander continues speaking.**

**Commander (Brock Mason):**

**If we had fulfilled our mission then, we wouldn't be needed here now to take care of this incident.**

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**The coldness of the commander's words and attitude incite a burning anger in Frank.**

**Frank:**

**That's all it was to you, huh?**

**A mission?**

**What about all those innocent people who had to pay for sins  
committed by our own government and its inhumane research?**

**The commander's eyes narrow even further as he gazes down upon Frank. They are the  
dark, unforgiving eyes of a murderer.**

**Commander (Brock Mason):**

**Our mistakes have not begun with this operation.**

**Humanity has proven itself to be quite adept at making mistakes.**

**It is the only thing we truly excel at.**

**After he finishes speaking, he shakes his head as if to express that he has said too  
much.**

**Commander (Brock Mason):**

**Well, then.**

**I'd say this mission isn't over just yet. Don't you agree?**

**\*WHIRR\***

**Suddenly, the tank swings to point in an unexpected direction.**

**Frank notices the commander observing something.**

**Zombies have somehow managed to encircle both Frank and the lumbering tank before  
they could notice.**

**A zombie must have approached the tank's sensor, causing it to react.**

**Frank:**

**!**

**Frank notices the dire circumstances in which he has suddenly found himself.**

**The zombies seem to be distracted by the tank and are closing in on it.**



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**Frank:**

**(battle cry)**

**Wave after wave of zombies have materialized here now, and they press toward the tank relentlessly. Frank scrambles up the tank to get away.**

**Commander (Brock Mason):**

**(surprised gasp)**

**Swept up in the heat of the moment, Frank lands a punch directly on the heartless commander's face.**

**\*POW\***

**The commander's headset falls into the pulsating crowd of zombies below.**

**\*VRROOOM!\***

**The throng of zombies seems to have confused the tank's sensor array, taking control away from the commander and placing it in the hands of the automatic pilot program. ( The tank is equipped with a program that automatically takes over control of the vehicle in the event of an emergency in order to reduce the likelihood of being hit and prevent hijackings.**

**Demo END**

///////////////////////// **E v m 6 1** ///////////////////////////

■ **Dried pond**

**Dried pond atop the tank in zombie infested area**

**The commander's face is so calm as he is pulled into the roiling sea of zombies that it could be mistaken for a smile.**

**Before long, he is no longer visible at all amid the swarming undead.**

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**Dried pond flipped Humvee**

**Isabela is crouched on the highest part of the immobilized Humvee, engaging encroaching zombies in hand to hand combat.**

**She directs her gaze toward the tank.**

■ **Atop the tank**

**Frank breathes heavily, heaving his shoulders in rhythm with his breath.**

**Covered from head to toe with wounds, Frank seems to be using all the strength he can muster just to stand. He kneels down.**

**Thoughts and ideas swirl within his head.**

**Achievement... Relief... Unrelenting anger... Hopelessness...**

**The vanquishing of one military commander has not solved anything.**

**Zombies surround Frank, and they could very well be taking over the entire country or even the world by now.**

**Nothing in his photos or in the information he'd gathered provides comfort now. Nothing he has seen ensures a prosperous future.**

**Though these negative thoughts assault Frank, he opens his mouth wide and begins to yell.**

**Frank:**

**Waaah... AAAAaaaaaaaahhhhhh!!!**

**Frank gazes toward the heavens, howling on his knees like an animal.**

**He raises his camera up in mid-air.**

**Throngs of zombies still mill about the area surrounding the tank.**

**FADE OUT**

■ **Ending**

**Isabela moves from the Humvee to take her place atop the tank.**

**Frank grips the steering mechanism inside the tank.**

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**The tank drives over an embankment.**

**Frank and Isabela move through the wooded area on the outskirts of town.**

**A street scene that shows no sign of infection is shown.**

**A narration or monologue begins. Or perhaps text crawls across the screen with no accompanying voice.**

**Narrator:**

**No one knows what ever became of Carlito's master plan, but the world seems to have returned to normal... as if nothing had ever happened.**

**Narrator:**

**Frank West's report of the events he'd witnessed caused a stir all over the world.**

**The government even went so far as to admit their involvement in the livestock research.**

**Narrator:**

**However, no connection to the Willamette incident was ever acknowledged and the events that occurred there were deemed the work of a fringe terrorist group.**

**Narrator:**

**After a while, like all news, the story of the tragedy at Willamette faded from people's hearts and minds...**

**Narrator:**

**And was forgotten.**

**Text:**

**And yet he complained**

**Text:**

**That his belly was not full**

**END**

**//////////////////// F r e e p l a y //////////////////////////////////////**

**Demo to explain the circumstances**

- **Floodgate** is closed, preventing the player from reaching the outside. 2 soldiers and a Hummer lie beyond the gate.

**Demo triggered by the opening of floodgate** , which had been blocking the exit

- **Moving among the zombies and soldiers, the player steals the Hummer.**
- **A Game Over occurs if the player cannot make it to floodgate** before it closes.

**The player will be unable to make it to the gate in time if they do not board the Hummer.**

- **Moving among the zombies and soldiers, the player steals the Hummer.**

**The Hummer makes it through the floodgate just in time and a demo is triggered to inform the player of their success.**

- **A Blackhawk appears from behind and a demo is triggered to show this new enemy's emergence.**

**The player advances along the edge of the waterway, enemies emerging as they progress.**

- **The player must decide which targets to prioritize and pick them off one by one.**
- **Blackhawks, Hummers, and an armored truck emerge one after the other.**

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**After destroying the armored truck, the player is able to make their way out of the waterway and the ending begins.**

**////////////////////E v m 57 ( S h o r t )////////////////////**

**The ending is told through a series of still images.**

**Frank and Isabela emerge from the cave, supporting each other as they walk.**

**Frank glances up at the sky as if it is the brightest he'd ever seen.**

**They move together through the woods.**

**A street scene that shows no sign of infection is shown.**

**A narration or monologue begins. Or perhaps text crawls across the screen with no accompanying voice.**

**Narrator:**

**No one knows what ever became of Carlito's master plan, but the world seems to have returned to normal... as if nothing had ever happened.**

**Narrator:**

**Frank West's report of the events he'd witnessed caused a stir all over the world.**

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**Narrator:**

**After a while, like all news, the story of the tragedy at Willamette faded**

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**from people's hearts and minds...**

**Narrator:**

**And was forgotten.**

**Text:**

**And yet he complained**

**That his belly was not full**

//////////////////////**E v m 59 ( M i d d l e )**//////////////////////

■ **Dried pond**

**The Humvee aims for the floodgate on the opposite side of the dried up pond bed.**

**\*WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP\***

**The rotor of an approaching helicopter is audible from behind.**

**The image of a Blackhawk in the distance is reflected in the rearview mirror.**

**Frank:**

**We've got company.**

**Isabela follows Frank's line of sight, leaning out of the window and glancing backward.**

**Isabela:**

**They've spotted us! It's coming in fast!**

**Frank suddenly stops the vehicle.**

**Frank speaks to Isabela as he mans the gun turret.**

**Frank:**

**Grab the wheel!**

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**We didn't get this far to bend over for the military now.**

**Demo END**

**Mission START**

**After the Blackhawk, other enemies make appearances and must be dispatched. If the player is able to defeat all relevant enemies and escape, the ending demo is triggered.**

**Mission START**

**The player makes their way along the waterway, dealing with enemies as they emerge.**

**The player must decide which targets to prioritize and pick them off one by one.**

**Blackhawks, Hummers, and an armored truck emerge one after the other.**

**Soldiers are mounted on some of the military hardware.**

**The ending demo is triggered by the defeat of the final armored truck. The waterway background runs in an infinite loop until this occurs.**

#### ■ **Waterway**

**The armored truck turns over on its side and bursts into flames. The Humvee comes to a stop.**

**Frank eyes the truck from his position in the gunner's seat.**

**His face betrays unspeakable fatigue.**

**He dismounts from the gunner's seat.**

**The Humvee begins to move.**

**It disappears into the distance.**

#### ■ **Ending**

**The ending is told through a series of still images.**

**The Humvee careens through the landscape.**

**Frank and Isabela abandon the hijacked Humvee in the wooded area on the outskirts of**

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**the city.**

**They move together through the woods.**

**A street scene that shows no sign of infection is shown.**

**A narration or monologue begins. Or perhaps text crawls across the screen with no accompanying voice.**

**Narrator:**

**No one knows what ever became of Carlito's master plan, but the world seems to have returned to normal... as if nothing had ever happened.**

**Narrator:**

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**Narrator:**

**After a while, like all news, the story of the tragedy at Willamette faded from people's hearts and minds...**

**Narrator:**

**And was forgotten.**

**Text:**

**And yet he complained**

**Text:**

**That his belly was not full**



**END**

// **E v b 0 0 - 0** //

■ **Courtyard**

**Frank walks through the courtyard.**

**Suddenly, a boisterous cacophony erupts. When Frank turns to look at the source of the sound, he notices a military vehicle (a Humvee) barreling toward him at an alarming rate of speed.**

**A man wearing prison garb leans from the passenger seat brandishing a bat.**

**Frank:**

**! (surprised gasp)**

**Frank jumps to the side to avoid the incoming vehicle.**

**\*SWISH\* The bat swings through the air.**

**The Humvee barely misses Frank as it passes by.**

**From the gunner's seat atop the vehicle, a crude laugh rings out.**

**Prisoner B (Black / Reginald Jenkins):**

**Ha ha! You missed, loser!**

**The bat-holding (Hispanic / Miguel Sanchez) goon seems to have lost interest in Frank. He scans the area, settling upon some potential victims in the form of a man and woman running in the distance beyond the Humvee.**

**Prisoner C (Hispanic / Miguel Sanchez):**

**Alright! Looks like we found our next contestants!**

**The man (White / Sam Franklin) in the driver's seat lets out a strange cry and slams on the accelerator with reckless abandon.**

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**Prisoner A (White / Sam Franklin):**

**Odelay!**

**I'm gonna take out that dude an' snatch his old lady!**

**\*VROOOM\***

**A cloud of dust is kicked up in Frank's direction as the Humvee zooms off, taking with it the cackling voices of the crazed prisoners.**

**Frank stands, waving the dust away, and looks off in the direction that the Humvee went, still a little confused about exactly what is going on.**

**The man and woman, holding hands and running for dear life, are being pursued by the fast approaching Humvee.**

**As Frank watches, the distance between the couple and the speeding vehicle closes. The man in the passenger seat raises his bat and takes a swing, connecting with the hapless fleeing man's head (Sid Carmack's head).**

**\*THUD\***

**The dull sound of impact... A woman (Sophie Richards) screaming... The prisoners laughing...**

**There is a chance that all of the prisoners' lines may be cut.**

**// E v b 0 0 - 1 //**

**\*VROOM\***

**A Humvee carrying three prisoners comes crashing onto the scene.**

**The man (Hispanic / Miguel Sanchez) in the passenger seat brandishes a bat and yells.**

**Prisoner C (Hispanic / Miguel Sanchez):**

**Hell yeah!**

**Back in the free world! Time to raise a little hell!**

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**The Humvee recklessly zig-zags around the courtyard.**

**May be omitted**

// **E v b 0 1** //

■ **East mall corridor**

**During the game, this character is treated as an NPC.**

**No demos will be made for this character.**

↓ **Please refer to the following text**

**A young man holding a camera at the ready lies on his stomach on the floor of the mall. Though he likely considers himself a professional, it is obvious from the way he handles his camera that he is actually an amateur.**

**As Frank passes by, the younger man on the floor makes an annoyed sound and speaks as he looks up from his viewfinder.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**(annoyed sigh or “tsk” tongue click)... Jerk!**

**Frank turns to look at his accuser with a surprised look on his face.**

**Shaking, the younger man stands to continue his verbal assault.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Can't see without your bifocals, gramps?**

**I'm tryin' to take pictures here.**

**The rival totters toward Frank, who in turn gives the younger man a look that seems to communicate “Yeah, so?”**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

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**But you... You're screwin' up my shot!**  
**You're in my frame. Got that?**

**Finally realizing what the younger man's beef is, Frank takes a few steps back and shrugs his shoulders.**

**Frank:**

**Oh. Sorry, pal.**

**I didn't notice.**

**Frank, realizing that the man he is dealing with might not be the most stable person he could deal with, decides to stay as low key as possible in order to not set off a potential powder keg of a confrontation. He offers an ingratiating fake smile as a peace offering. His rival seems to get more disgusted in response to Frank's friendly gesture.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**You didn't notice!?**

**You strut around with an expensive camera like that but you don't know the first thing about photography, do you?**

**After spitting out his tirade, the rival turns his back on Frank and begins to walk away, mumbling to himself as he does so.**

**In the background, Frank, still twisting his face into his fake smile, hurls a fake apology toward his rival.**

**Frank:**

**Sorry about that...**

**I'm actually a professional photographer.**

**I guess I can't hold a candle to your skills, though.**

**When the rival hears the word "professional," he stops in his tracks.**

**As he turns to face Frank, his face bears an odd smile that seems to be equal parts familiarity, jealousy, and smarmy superiority. He speaks as he approaches Frank.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Oh, is that so?**

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**You mean you're a professional photographer, "too"...**

**Yup, yup, yup. That's right. I'm a pro.**

**The rival extends his right hand as he speaks.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Nice to meet ya. My name's Robert Capa.**

**(this is, of course, a fake name, as it is one shared by the "world's greatest war photographer" whose photos of the Spanish Civil War caused a stir in 1930s America)**

**Frank, forcing himself to smile as warmly as he can muster, shakes the other man's hand.**

**Frank:**

**Uh... Yeah... I'm Frank West.**

**With Frank's hand still encased in his own, the rival shows off his own devious smile.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**OK, Frank!**

**Well then, why don't I take a look at some of your work?**

**Frank, a little confused by the turn the conversation with this lunatic has taken, is at a loss for words.**

**The rival's hands flutter back and forth like spastic birds.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**You don't have to act shy in front of me, Frankie.**

**Say, why don't we start by takin' pictures of each other?**

**↑Dialog like that above takes place in-game.**

// **E v b 0 2** //

■ **East mall corridor**

**The purpose of this scene is to set up the next mission.**

**The player view camera and demo cameras are relatively stationary.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Hmm... Well, it's in focus, and the composition's OK, I suppose...**

**Uh-huh. This isn't half bad.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**OK, OK! Here comes the next one, Frankie..**

**First, feast your eyes on my work.**

**This line occurs when the rival shows you (in a full-screen image) the photo he has taken which he considers to be the most moving one he has managed to take.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**This is my most emotionally moving shot.**

**The screen changes to display his most erotic photo.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Heh heh heh... This is my sexiest shot.**

**The screen changes to display his most violent photo.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**And this... This is the most violent shot I've taken.**

**The screen returns to normal.**

**The rival speaks as he begins placing distance between himself and Frank.**

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**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Here's the deal, Frankie...**

**You gotta go out there an' take pictures that are even better than the ones I just showed ya.**

**Think you can handle it?**

// **E v b 03** //

**The purpose of this scene is to set up the next mission.**

**The player view camera and demo cameras are relatively stationary.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Aha ha ha... Frank! Oh, Frank! (disappointed)**

**How can you even show me crap like this?**

**Y'know, I really don't think you're cut out for this.**

**Aha ha! Oh, jeez... I can't stop laughing!!**

**He turns and leaves, laughing the whole time.**

// **E v b 04** //

■ **Corridor in eastern section of the mall**

**During the game, this character is treated as an NPC.**

**No demos will be made for this character.**

↓ **Please refer to the text below**

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**The rival stands with a devious smirk on his face.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Welcome back, Frank...**

**Feast your eyes on these.**

**The rival shows off his latest photos.**

**He shows photos of zombies being dismembered and defeated, the queen bee, explosions, etc.**

**These are not viewed in full screen, but rather in the demo in real time. This is to show the rival's reluctance to hand the photos to Frank for inspection**

**The screen returns to normal.**

**The expression on the rival's face remains unchanged.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Well, Frankie...**

**I've shown you mine, now you gotta show me yours.**

**Well? Whaddya got? Show me!**

**↑Dialog like that above takes place in-game.**

///////////////////////// **E v b 0 5** ///////////////////////////

■ **Corridor in eastern section of the mall**

**The purpose of this scene is to set up the next mission.**

**The player view camera and demo cameras are relatively stationary.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Beginner's luck... That's all.**

**(his motion seems to suggest that he is trembling with**



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**anticipation)**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Let's have one more...**

**Just one more little contest, Frank.**

**The rival begins to leave the scene.**

**He seems unsteady as he walks.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Be here tomorrow at noon... We'll settle this...**

**He turns and leaves on unsteady legs.**

// **E v b 0 6** //

■ **Corridor in the eastern section of the mall**

**The cut scene is triggered when the rival is addressed.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Listen, Mr. West... I owe you an apology.**

**Looks like you really are a pro after all.**

**If I knew that, I woulda taken shots like this from the start.**

**The rival shuffles up to Frank in a bizarre, coquettish fashion.**

**The screen changes to show the rival's picture.**

**A human (Tony Childs), still alive and healthy, is attacked by an insect. The timing of the shot is perfect.**

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**The victim appears to be tied up and it is obvious that this was no coincidence or lucky shot.**

**Frank knits his brow in revulsion.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Ha ha ha ha ha... How ya like them apples?**

**I think outside the box, see?**

**And the best part is... I'm just gettin' started!**

**Frank raises his face from the photo before him. An expression of horror is frozen on his face.**

**The rival produces a gun and points it toward Frank, laughing tauntingly.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Oh, yeah... I'll tie you up nice an' tight...**

**Get the zombies all riled up...**

**Aha ha ha ha ha ha... ha ha ha...**

**Screen FADE OUT / FADE IN**

**Frank has some sort of restraining device strapped to his neck.**

**His rival continues to point the gun at him and gives a cheerful smile.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Famous photographer, Frank West - killed in the line of duty like a true hero...**

**This'll be the greatest picture of my career! Maybe in the history of photography!**

**The rival, getting more and more excited, begins to seem detached from reality.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Hyaha ha ha ha ha ha ha!**

**This photo will shoot me straight to the top!**

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// **E v b 0 7** //

■ **Corridor in the eastern section of the mall**

**This cut scene is triggered when the player steps over the event line.**

**The rival is pointing a gun at his victim (Tad Hawthorne).**

**In his other hand, he holds a wasp (perhaps in a jar?)...**

**(the victim is on his or her knees and situated with their back facing their attacker.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Ah, Frankie! Good timing.**

**I was just about to shoot my piece de resistance!**

**Frank is naturally suspicious of the whole scene.**

**The rival continues, ignoring Frank.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**I'll capture on film the exact moment that a human being crosses  
the line into zombiehood!**

**With a look of absolute rapture on his face, the rival hurls the jar containing the wasp  
toward his unwitting victim.**

**(The victim, kneeling and facing the opposite direction, has no idea what has  
transpired.)**

**Frank:**

**! (surprised gasp)**

**Frank wastes no time running into the thick of the action, stomping the squirming  
insect beneath his heel.**

**The rival looks surprised.**

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**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Wh-What have you done!?**

**My shot... My perfect shot...**

**He aims his gun at Frank and shrieks with utter insanity.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**You ruined my perfect sho-o-o-o-o-ot!!!!**

**(extended vowel sound on ""shot"" ? NOT pronounced as  
""shoot"")**

// **E v b 08** //

**The rival photographer's death scene begins.**

**Spent and barely breathing, the rival clings desperately to Frank.**

**Rival photographer (Jack Swanson):**

**Do it, Frank...**

**Take my picture...**

**It'll look great on your mantle...**

**The rival breathes his last, crumpling at Frank's feet.**

**A complex expression washes over Frank's face.**

// **E v b 09** //

■ **Target department store**

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**Dead zombies hang from the ceiling.**

**Frank is obviously disturbed by the scene and his expression shows it. Suddenly, a voice rings out from behind.**

**Sergeant (Cliff Hudson):**

**Name and rank, soldier!**

**Frank, startled, turns around to find the source of the voice.**

**An older man brandishing a threatening knife has suddenly materialized near him.**

**Frank is at a loss for words. The old man flashes a smile that looks forced.**

**Sergeant (Cliff Hudson):**

**You can't tell me, can you, fella?**

**I know why...**

**Sergeant (Cliff Hudson):**

**It's because you're Viet Cong.**

**I'm right, aren't I?**

**You're nothin' but a filthy communist!**

**Frank realizes that the situation is unlikely to have a pleasant outcome.**

**He moves on pure instinct, withdrawing from the scene.**

**In the moment he takes his eyes off the sergeant, the grizzled old man completely disappears.**

**Frank panics when he notices this.**

**Frank:**

**Huh!?**

**Something seems to be running in circles about him. All that is audible is the voice of the sergeant.**

**Sergeant (Cliff Hudson):**

**You, son, are gonna tell me where the Guerilla's hideout is...**

**Frank directs his gaze all around him, desperately trying to gauge the source of the**

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**voice.**

**Sergeant (Cliff Hudson):**

**By the time I'm done beatin' information outta you, you'll be  
beggin' for death to come take you away!**

///////////////////////// E v b 1 0 //////////////////////////////////////

■ **Target department store**

**Frank has a fierce expression on his face.**

**The sergeant lies at his feet.**

**Frank shakes his head and begins to leave the scene.**

**Sergeant (Cliff Hudson):**

**Ungh... Uuh...**

**The sergeant seems to have briefly regained his consciousness (?)**

**Sergeant (Cliff Hudson):**

**You... Over there...**

**His voice sounds different now (there is seemingly no sign of the insanity that gripped him and flooded his brain with horrifying flashbacks and demented thoughts just a moment ago).**

**Frank, though suspicious that the sergeant might still be experiencing delusions, moves closer to the fallen soldier.**

**The fallen man coughs violently.**

**Sergeant (Cliff Hudson):**

**Here... Take this...**

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**The sergeant somehow manages to hold up a slim, credit card-sized case or wallet of some kind in his trembling hand.**

**However, he loses his grip on the item and it drops to the floor.**

**Sergeant (Cliff Hudson):**

**My granddaughter... was done in by those damn zombies... When I heard her scream... I... I just lost it... Everything went white suddenly...**

**Sadness, anger, regret...**

**These three emotions float to the surface and mix into a complicated soup of horrifying memories and an even more horrifying present.**

**The man stares at Frank with all these complex feelings swirling about his consciousness.**

**Sergeant (Cliff Hudson):**

**The... The war wasn't over... Not for me... It... never... ended...**

**His death cuts him off in mid-utterance.**

**Frank drops to his knees behind the man and picks up the card case.**

**Inside, he finds a photo of the fallen man's family and a key.**

**Frank stares at the photo for a good while.**

**He closes the man's eyes and stands to leave.**

**Rescued NPCs can provide more information regarding the sergeant and his descent into madness.**

**NPC (Josh Manning):**

**That old guy... He watched his family get torn apart by zombies...**

**Then he just went nuts...**

**He kept calling us Viet Cong and threatening to take us prisoner...**

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// **E v b 1 1** //

■ **Gun shop interior**

**Shop interior.**

**Frank stands with both his hands up, a pained expression on his face.**

**A man stands nearby in a similar position, pleading with the owner of the shop.**

**Man (James Ramsey):**

**Look, mister... If we're gonna fight these zombies, we need guns.**

**\*KABLAM\***

**The owner's response comes in the form of a gunshot.**

**\*KACHUNK\***

**The noise of the gun's pump echoes through the store.**

**Gun shop owner (Cletus Samson):**

**Stay away!**

**I trust those damn zombies about as far as I can throw 'em, but I  
trust people even less!**

**The man approaches slowly, determined to reason with the shop owner.**

**Man (James Ramsey):**

**Don't shoot!**

**Let's talk this over!**

**The shop owner howls:**

**Gun shop owner (Cletus Samson):**

**You can talk to my 12-gauge!**

**Get any closer an' I'll blow you to kingdom come!**



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**Frank senses that the shop owner is serious.**

**He carefully extends a hand in an effort to stop the other man's progress.**

**Suddenly, \*KABLAM\***

**The man takes a shot to the chest and flies backward, landing outside the shop.**

**Frank, in utter shock, finds himself unable to do anything but stand, his mouth open in surprise.**

**\*KACHUNK\***

**The shop owner again pumps his shotgun in preparation to fire again.**

**He aims the gun at Frank.**

**Gun shop owner (Cletus Samson):**

**Now, Goddammit, I warned you...**

**In a situation like this, I can't afford to trust nobody!**

**Pale with nervousness, hands shaking, the owner levels his gun in Frank's direction.**

// **E v b 1 2** //

■ **Gun shop interior**

**The owner drops his shotgun and collapses into a crouch.**

**His wounds do not appear to be fatal. Trembling in abject fear, the gun shop owner directs his gaze at Frank while applying pressure to his injuries.**

**Gun shop owner (Cletus Samson):**

**Damn! Are you nuts!?**

**You want guns so bad you're willin' to kill for 'em!?**

**He stands as he shrieks his epithets, then runs limping toward the door to the shop.**

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**Gun shop owner (Cletus Samson):**

**(grunts / screams denoting fear and desperation)**

**Frank:**

**Hey! Wait!**

**Frank has no particular reason to stop the fleeing man other than his own pangs of guilt.**

**The owner makes his way out of the store.**

**Assuming that Frank is in pursuit, he keeps his eyes trained on the interior of the store and does not watch where is going.**

**Suddenly, a humanoid figure attacks the fleeing gun shop owner.**

**The two of them tumble to the ground.**

**Gun shop owner (Cletus Samson):**

**Huh!?**

**The attacking figure is none other than the man (James Ramsey) the owner himself had killed with a shotgun moments earlier. The man has turned into a zombie.**

**Gun shop owner (Cletus Samson):**

**AAAAAAaaaaaaaagh!!**

**The zombie (James Ramsey) opens his gaping maw wide and engulfs the gun shop owner's neck even as it continues to vibrate with the piercing wail of abject terror.**

**The final death throes of the unfortunate owner echo throughout the store.**

// **E v b 13** //

■ **Paradise Plaza**

**A crowd (cultists) is gathered before the cineplex.**

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**Frank, curious as to what exactly is happening, watches the proceedings from a distance.**

**A man in religious garb is facing the crowd with his hands raised in the air, speaking to the eager crowd.**

**Cult leader (Sean Keanan):**

**Behold! The end of the world is upon us!**

**Death itself has overflowed upon the world, defiling us all!**

**Next to the cult leader, lecturing rapturously, lies what appears to be a coffin, its lid open.**

**Within the coffin is a woman (Jennifer Gorman), bound and on her knees.**

**Her eyes are wide with fear. She groans and grunts beneath her gag, but her words are incomprehensible.**

**Woman (Jennifer Gorman):**

**Mmmgh! Nnngh!**

**The leader glances briefly at the woman, then continues with his sermon.**

**Cult leader (Sean Keanan):**

**The only path to salvation of the soul is the purging of the tainted blood!**

**After speaking, he tugs the bound woman to his side, knocking her over. Now situated on her side within the casket, she begins to scream in panic, her voice muffled by the gag.**

**Woman (Jennifer Gorman):**

**Uuungh! Waaagh!**

**The leader does not heed her protests, closing the lid over her.**

**He raises the sword he holds in his other hand as if to stab it through the coffin.**

**The leader then notices Frank, still situated some distance from the crowd and holding his camera at the ready. The leader stops his arm in mid-air.**

**Miffed by the sudden interruption in their ceremony, several of the followers now follow**

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**their leader's gaze and turn to face Frank.**

**The atmosphere has grown tense.**

**Frank lowers his camera.**

**The leader raises both his hands as if to fan the flames of anger in his followers.**

**Cult leader (Sean Keanan):**

**Ah! A nonbeliever in our midst!**

**If we are to achieve salvation, his blood must flow!**

**He must be purged!**

**The followers seem excited by the prospect. They begin to inch their way anxiously toward Frank's position.**

**The leader seeks to rile them further.**

**Cult leader (Sean Keanan):**

**Spill his blood! The blood of the heretic!**

**Followers:**

**(vague chant-like sound of acknowledgement)**

**With the words of their leader egging them on, the followers now make their way toward Frank.**

// **E v b 1 4** //

■ **punishment chamber**

**Followers push a conveyance on which the coffin has been laid.**

**They cross their hands over their chest in a gesture of prayer as they mutter to themselves while facing the heavens.**

**(This prayer posture has been chosen to avoid unnecessary controversy that may come of traditional prayer gestures such as clasped hands or the sign of the cross)**

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**Following the brief prayer, the followers leave the room for destinations unknown.**

// **E v b 1 5** //

■ **cineplex (leader's chamber)**

**Frank makes his way through the Cineplex.**

**In various spots around him, sacrificial hostages are bound to chair, wailing and moaning vaguely through gags.**

**The cult leader is bent over an altar, his back to the approaching Frank.**

**He speaks without bothering to turn to face the interloper.**

**Cult leader (Sean Keanan):**

**Those who reject salvation embrace ignorance!**

**He then withdraws a sword from the altar and swings it to the ready position.**

**Cult leader (Sean Keanan):**

**Now, I shall return your tainted blood to the foul earth that  
hast spawned you!**

// **E v b 1 6** //

■ **cineplex (leader's chamber)**

**The defeated leader staggers toward the altar.**

**Cult leader (Sean Keanan):**

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**Oooooh.... Oooooh... (painful moaning)**  
**I beseech thee!**

**\*BOOM\***

**With the last bit of strength he has left, he throws himself upon the altar, accidentally throwing the towering statue off balance. It sways to and fro, eventually falling toward him, the sword in the statue's hand piercing his eye. His body hangs limply from the blade.**

///////////////////////// **E v b 1 7** ///////////////////////////

■ **Entrance Plaza 2F**

**Frank approaches from the northern portion of the Entrance Plaza.**

**The view is from a scope mounted on a firearm and sight it set firmly on Frank's head. The rifle is resting with two others on the rail of the second floor catwalk. Three hunters peer through their scopes. The three of them, comprised of an older son, a father, and a younger son, are positioned side by side,**

**The older son's smiling face is seen in profile as he gazes through the scope.**

**Jack (Older son):**

**Looks like 72 yards.**

**I can blow his head off from here.**

**Can I take the shot, Pappy?**

**The camera tracks backward. The father is seen peering through his scope in a similar fashion to his son.**

**Father (Roger Hall):**

**Gettin' a headshot from here's no big deal, Jack...**

**Think you can pull it off, Thomas?**

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**The camera pulls back even further. Thomas, pale and shaken, takes his eye off his scope to shake his head.**

**Thomas(Younger son):**

**But, Daddy...**

**He ain't no zombie.**

**He's just a man!**

**The camera tracks back up to the father, who has moved his head away from his scope as well.**

**He faces his younger son with a deadly serious expression.**

**Father (Roger Hall):**

**Thomas... We're doin' this to survive. You know that.**

**The camera again tracks up further to bring the older son back into focus. He flashes his brother a self-satisfied smile.**

**Jack (Older son):**

**Using a firearm for self defense is our god-given right as  
Americans, Thomas.**

**The camera pulls back to show the hesitant younger son. His father and older brother are egging him on.**

**Father (Roger Hall) & Jack (Older son):**

**C'mon, Thomas. Shoot!**

**Thomas(Younger son):**

**Uh...**

**Tentatively, he repositions his rifle and lines his eye up with the scope.**

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// **E v b 1 8** //

**The space-themed tram is in operation, slowly making its way around the suspended track..**

**Human figures (actually dolls in the shape of children) are seen onboard the ride.**

**The clown is standing somewhere in the play area, doing his best pantomime of a statue – standing perfectly still...**

**When the player examines the switch that activates the ride, the following cut scene is triggered:**

■ **Wonderland Plaza – play area**

**\*BZZZZ\***

**Frank:**

**!? (surprised gasp)**

**A piercing sound erupts from behind. Startled, Frank turns to see what the commotion is about.**

**He sees a clown juggling chainsaws which were the source of the sound.**

**Crazy Clown (Adam MacIntyre):**

**Stay away from there, gramps!**

**The clown smiles as he speaks, gradually inching toward Frank's position.**

**The chainsaws dancing in the air at the command of the juggling clown get dangerously close to Frank.**

**Frank senses the imminent danger and adjusts his position to avoid contact with the whirling blades.**

**Suddenly, \*KACHANG\***

**One of the suspended cars on the ride above derails, coming crashing down very near the two men.**

**Frank:**



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**(surprised gasp)**

**When viewed closely, it is clear that the dolls are covered in blood.**

**Frank gazes disgustedly at the bloody doll, then turns to face the clown again.**

**The clown stands with a forlorn expression on his face, the chainsaws gripped firmly in his hands.**

**Crazy Clown (Adam MacIntyre):**

**Everyone used to laugh at me...**

**I was a walking punchline, but not anymore.**

**His face looks as if he is crying.**

**Crazy Clown (Adam MacIntyre):**

**When the zombies showed up, everyone died!**

**(sound of sniffles, sobs associated with crying)**

**Frank seems to understand the sad clown's pain and knits his brow with a pained expression on his face.**

**Suddenly, \*BZZZZZ\***

**The clown thrusts the running chainsaws into the air before him.**

**The clown smiles broadly as Frank moves to dodge the onslaught.**

**Crazy Clown (Adam MacIntyre):**

**That's why I decided to give all the happy people a lift on this fun ride!**

**The clown's words do not make sense.**

**Frank glances upward at the dolls, then back down at the clown, with a dubious expression.**

**The clown is smiling so intensely now that it is impossible to see anything other than complete and utter insanity in his face.**

**Crazy Clown (Adam MacIntyre):**

**I won't let you stop the ride, gramps!**

**If the ride stops, the zombies come back, and that won't be any fun**

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**at all!**

**\*BZZZZ\***

**The clown waves the chainsaws before him.**

**Game START**

// **E v b 19** //

■ **West Plaza – play area**

**\*WHIRR\***

**The chainsaws fall to the ground and the clown collapses directly onto them.**

**\*BZZZZZZZ\***

**The chainsaws dance and spasm underneath the collapsed clown.**

**After a few moments, they stop.**

**The clown lies dead in a wide pool of blood**

**An ID card lies next to the body.**

// **E v b 20** //

■ **women's clothing shop in western section of mall**

**A woman sits in a chair.**

**(if possible, she will be shown with her hands tied firmly behind the chair's upholstered back)**

**Though she seems relatively calm, an expression of abject panic and fear can be seen on her pale face.**

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**Next to her stands a gigantic woman police officer. The officer is standing perfectly straight and has her hands folded behind her back.**

**As Frank approaches, the woman in the chair panics.**

**She seems to be afraid not of Frank, but of the immense police officer.**

**The police officer leans close to the frightened woman's face and whispers.**

**Cop (Jo Slade):**

**What have we here? Looks like you lured another man here, you little whore.**

**The woman shakes her head violently. She tries to defend herself from these accusations, but she's so distraught that she's having trouble forming a coherent statement.**

**Woman (Kay Nelson):**

**No... I didn't... I... Please help me.**

**The police officer flashes a wicked smile as she shakes her head.**

**Cop (Jo Slade):**

**Let's see just how shameless you are, you dirty little skank...  
Say hello to my little friend.**

**After she speaks, she moves her bulky arms from behind her back where they had been positioned to reveal a nightstick held tightly in her grip.**

**At this point, the woman is panicked to the point of absolute hysteria.**

**Woman (Kay Nelson):**

**No! Not again! Help me!**

**Frank, staring blankly at the proceedings, finally opens his mouth.**

**Frank:**

**Um... Officer? Can I talk to you for a minute?**

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**The wicked smile present on the larger woman's face melts away and she turns to face Frank with an expression as blank as a slate.**

**Frank continues speaking, keeping in mind the authority that the police uniform represents.**

**Frank:**

**What exactly did that woman do? I mean, this looks a little extreme.**

**Cop (Jo Slade):**

**Shut your pie hole! If you try to interfere with official police business, I'll start with you before I get to her!**

**Frank is so angry that he can hardly contain his rage. His lips twitch with unbridled contempt.**

// **E v b 2 1** //

■ **Ladies' clothing shop in the west part of the mall**

**The sadistic cop collapses. She has an ecstatic expression on her face.**

**Cop (Jo Slade):**

**Mmm... It hurts... Mm... The pain...**

**Seemingly fascinated by Frank, she raises her gaze to meet his face. He stares back with a disgusted expression on his face.**

**Cop (Jo Slade):**

**Aaaah... I'm gonna die...**

**Can't believe a worthless prick like you did me in... Aaah...**

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**She dies.**

**Frank does not let the utter contempt fade from his face.**

// **E v b 2 2** //

■ **Passage in northern area of the mall**

**The girls can be rescued.**

**The arsonist himself can be rescued if the player puts out the flames with the extinguisher.**

**The cut scene is triggered when the player approaches the man holding the Molotov cocktail.**

**Zombies, perhaps because they are afraid of fire, keep their distance from the man.**

**Demo START**

**The arsonist stands with a Molotov cocktail gripped firmly in his trembling hand. He has his eyes on two frightened girls who cling to each other for support. The floor is soaking wet, and a gas can lies on its side near the girls.**

**Girl A (Mindy Baker):**

**Please stop... What did we ever do to you?**

**His entire body twitches at her words, and he begins shaking.**

**The girls stare intently at the sparks and embers jumping from the lit bottle in the arsonist's hand, and draw closer to one another.**

**Girl A (Mindy Baker) & Girl B (Debbie Willett)**

**(fearful sounds ? whimpering, etc.)**

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**His face shaking as he speaks, the arsonist begins mumbling in a low voice.**

**Arsonist (Paul Carson):**

**Y-Y-You do it all the time...**

**You look at m-m-me and laugh...**

**\*CLANG\***

**The arsonist turns to face the source of the sound.**

**Frank, having accidentally kicked over a gas can lying in the background, now stands with an oh shit look on his face.**

**The arsonist is surprised and immediately flies into a panic.**

**Arsonist (Paul Carson):**

**Wh-Wh-Who's there? Stay back!**

**Get any closer an' I'll I-I-light this place up!**

**In an effort to calm the excitable young man, Frank raises both his hands a bit and slowly begins his approach.**

**The arsonist is in no mood to stop panicking and raises his voice.**

**Arsonist (Paul Carson):**

**I suppose you came here to I-I-laugh at me, too!**

**Demo END**

// **E v b 2 3** //

■ **Passage in northern area of the mall**

**Arsonist (Paul Carson):**

**Stay away from me!**

deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

**He struggles to light a Molotov cocktail, but his hands quake in fear, rendering him unable to perform this simple task.**

**Arsonist (Paul Carson):**

**D-D-Don't get any closer!**

**Frank ignores the arsonist's pleas and approaches.**

**The arsonist finally manages to get the bottle lit, but it slips through his fingers, crashing onto the ground below.**

**Frank:**

**(gasp)**

**The flames leap up instantly, engulfing the arsonist in their hellish embrace.**

**Frank appears angry at the younger man's incessant stupidity and the waste of human life.**

**Arsonist (Paul Carson):**

**AAAAAaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!**

**He cries as he screams, all the while burning like tinder.**

// **E v b 2 4** //

■ **Butcher shop**

**The butcher (Larry Chiang) sways from side to side as if dizzy, then falls in a lump on the conveyor belt headed straight for the meat grinder.**

**Frank rushes forward in a last ditch effort to save the doomed butcher who wriggles and squirms on his way to the gnashing teeth of the grinding machine, only to witness an intense spray of blood as the man is consumed by his own machine.**

deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

**The butcher (Larry Chiang) screams in agony as the lower half of his body is drawn into the grinder.**

**If the butcher is defeated while Carlito still lives, the butcher's gory death sequence is not displayed.**

//e v s 1 0 - 0//

**evs10-0 Time limit warning demo**

**(By showing a brief glimpse of the helicopter on its way back to Willamette to retrieve Frank, this demo informs the player that time is running out.)**

**>These demos occur after the 4th day regardless of the progress of the main scenario.**

**>Brad, Jessie, and Dr. Barnaby are dead (or haven't yet crossed paths with Frank).**

**>Isabela and Carlito do not figure into these scenes (possibly already dead).**

**>Rescuing NPCs is optional. (between 0 and 30 people?)**

**This demo interrupts the player's progress regardless of what activity they are engaged in at the time.**

**■In the sky over Willamette**

**\*WHUP WHUP WHUP\***

**A lonely shot of the helicopter high above is shown.**



deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

## ■Helicopter cockpit

**The pilot sits at the controls and talks to himself.**

**Pilot:**

**I doubt that guy's managed to stay alive this long, but a promise is a promise...**

**The camera changes views to the point of view of the pilot. Beyond the canopy, the mall is just barely visible on the horizon.**

**>DEMO END**

**>The game returns to the moment at which it was interrupted for the demo.**

// **E v s 1 0 - 1** //

## **Evs10-1 Helicopter landing demo**

**(Following the scene shown in demo evs 10-1, the helicopter actually approaches the mall in real time, eventually landing on the roof.)**

**When the helicopter descends to a certain altitude, the following demo is triggered. Even if the player is in the vicinity, Frank is not actually displayed onscreen during this scene.**

## ■Mall rooftop – Heliport

**\*WHUP WHUP WHUP\***

**The helicopter descends gradually, its skids eventually touching down on the rooftop. The rotors continue to spin, as if the pilot is prepared to take off again immediately should the need arise.**

deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

**>DEMO END**

**>If the player is anywhere but the rooftop at that moment, the game returns to the player's control at the moment the gameplay was interrupted by the demo.**

**>If Frank is on the rooftop, the scene continues directly to the next demo (#03).**

// **e v s 2 4** //

**evs24 Reunion with the pilot**

**(If the player reaches the rooftop during a limited time period following demo #02, this movie scene is triggered.)**

**■Mall rooftop – Heliport**

**The pilot leans out of the open cargo hatch.**

**With his clothes billowing from the draft generated by the rotating helicopter blades, he surveys the rooftop.**

**After a moment, he gestures broadly with his hand.**

**(He is motioning for Frank to approach. If a Japanese actor is used to take this motion, be sure to pay careful attention to the gesture itself to ensure cultural relevance.)**

**■Mall rooftop**

**Frank, not even bothering to wait for a signal from the pilot, begins running toward the helicopter.**

**Crouching down as he moves, he makes a rolling dive into the rear cargo bay.**

**■Helicopter interior**

**The pilot returns to his seat in the cockpit.**

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**He directs a glance over his seat back toward Frank to make sure his passenger has boarded safely.**

**Pilot:**

**Hey Fred! I told you I'd come back for you!**

**Frank grasps the pilot's seat from behind to support himself.**

**Frank:**

**It's Frank!**

**...Aw, forget it. Let's just get outta here!**

**The pilot's nostrils flare in the face of Frank's serious expression.**

**Of course, he is also quite anxious to take off.**

**He shrugs and begins manipulating the controls.**

**■Mall rooftop**

**\*WHUP WHUP WHUP\***

**The Huey wrenches itself from the bonds of gravity and begins its ascent.**

**(The helicopter model should move backward along the path it traced as it landed. The torque created by the rotors makes this trajectory easier than simply rising upward in a straight line [convenient for times when pilots find themselves in a hurry]).**

**\*WHUP WHUP WHUP\***

**The helicopter moves into the distance away from the rooftop.**

**As if to see the vehicle off, a human figure stands on the roof, staring at the helicopter's silhouette as it grows smaller and smaller.**

**Zombie:**

**(zombie moan)**

**The zombie averts its rotten eye from the helicopter and unleashes a mournful cry.**

**\*WHUP WHUP WHUP\***

**As the helicopter grows smaller and smaller as it moves into the distance, a narration**

deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

**starts (possibly only text?)**

**Narrator:**

**Although Frank West was able to escape with some juicy stories...**

**Narrator:**

**The cause of the zombie outbreak remained shrouded in mystery.**

**Narrator:**

**The days following the incident brought with it a series of similar zombie outbreaks in cities all over America.**

**Narrator:**

**For a time, the city of Willamette would find its place in the spotlight, remembered as the first city to fall to the zombie onslaught.**

**>DEMO END – on to the “bad” ending**

/// e v s 2 5 - a ///

**evs25-a Reunion with the pilot – with rescued NPCs**

**■Mall rooftop – rooftop (same as evs 24)**

**The pilot gestures to Frank from his place in the cargo bay.**

**■Mall rooftop – rooftop (same as evs 24)**

**Frank boards the helicopter.**

deadrising\_scenario\_1104\_ENG.doc

■ **Helicopter interior**

**The pilot returns to his seat in the cockpit.**

**He directs a glance over his seat back toward Frank to make sure his passenger has boarded safely.**

**Pilot:**

**Hey Fred! I told you I'd come back for you!**

**Frank grasps the pilot's seat from behind to support himself. (until this point, this demo is identical to #03)**

**Frank:**

**It's Frank! Anyway, listen...**

**We're gonna have more passengers than we agreed on.**

**That's OK with you, right?**

**In keeping with the desperation of the situation, Frank doesn't seem anxious to wait for an answer from the pilot.**

**The pilot reacts to Frank's plea with an instinctive nod.**

**Pilot:**

**Uh... Yeah...**

**CUT**

■ **Mall rooftop – Heliport**

**The sound of the helicopter's rotors gradually increasing in pitch is audible over a black backdrop.**

**\*WHUP WHUP WHUP\***

**The pilot's voice can be heard over the din of the rotors.**

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**In cases where the NPC number 1**

**Pilot:**

**Well, I'm glad you're out ~~of this mess~~ just who the hell is  
this anyway? A survivor**



**Frank (off camera):**

**That's right... A survivor pulled right out of the depths of hell.**

**In cases where the NPCs number 2 to 5**

**Pilot:**

**Well, I'm glad you made some new friends an' all, but just who the hell  
are these people? Survivors?**

**The image fades to another as the pilot speaks.**

**\*WHUP WHUP WHUP\***

**As the helicopter continues its ascent, the NPCs are clearly visible huddled together in  
the cargo bay.**

**The number of people on board the helicopter in this scene is dependent upon the  
number of NPCs that the player has rescued. This particular model of helicopter is  
designed to accommodate 12 passengers in this manner (up to 20 can be crammed in  
if necessary). We don't intend to cram the helicopter full of each and every NPC rescued  
by the player in the event that that number exceeds 20. As long as the player can see a  
direct correlation between the number of NPCs they rescued and their portrayal in the  
helicopter's cargo bay, our job is done. Perhaps we will simply create several different  
patterns representative of different levels of crowd density for this scene.**

**Frank (off camera):**

**They're survivors all right... Pulled right out of the depths of hell...**

**The Huey lurches as it begins its ascent.**

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**Pilot:**

**Hell, huh? Just what was goin' on down there, anyway?**

**The pilot's voice gradually becomes more and more inaudible as the helicopter shrinks from view during its ascent.**

**(From this point, the demo is the same as #03)**

**\*WHUP WHUP WHUP\***

**The helicopter moves into the distance away from the rooftop.**

**As if to see the vehicle off, a human figure stands on the roof, staring at the helicopter's silhouette as it grows smaller and smaller.**

**Zombie:**

**(zombie moan)**

**The zombie averts its rotten eye from the helicopter and unleashes a mournful cry.**

**\*WHUP WHUP WHUP\***

**As the helicopter grows smaller and smaller as it moves into the distance, a narration starts (possibly only text?)**

**Narrator:**

**Although Frank West was able to escape with some juicy stories...**

**Narrator:**

**The cause of the zombie outbreak remained shrouded in mystery.**

**Narrator:**

**The days following the incident brought with it a series of similar zombie outbreaks in cities all over America.**

**Narrator:**

**For a time, the city of Willamette would find its place in the spotlight, remembered as the first city to fall to the zombie onslaught.**

**>DEMO END – on to the “bad” ending**

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**The pilot's and Frank's lines change depending upon the number of NPCs involved. The following variations come into play with larger numbers. (the prior demo was for cases of 5 or less NPCs).**

**The number of NPCs displayed on board the helicopter will change as well, though the camera will stay the same for each variation.**

/// e v s 2 5 - b ///

**In cases where the NPCs number 6 to 20**

**Pilot:**

**Whoa...**

**You're tellin' me you managed to rescue all these folks?**

**Frank: Yeah... I guess so...**

**Pilot:**

**Geez... Did you come here to save people or get your story?**

/// e v s 2 5 - c ///

**In cases where the NPCs number 21 to 30**

**Pilot:**

**Shit... You didn't say there'd be this many people...**

**We're way over the limit here, partner!**



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**Frank:**

**C'mon man...**

**We can't just leave 'em here.**

**Pilot:**

**Well, you're payin' for the extra fuel, I'll tell you that...**

// **evs 11** //

**evs11 Didn't make it to the helicopter in time – No NPCs**

**■Mall rooftop – Heliport**

**The helicopter has landed.**

**The pilot peeks out of the cockpit hatch.**

**He glances down at his wristwatch.**

**Pilot:**

**Damn... I was hopin' to split the cash that guy made sellin' his story. Oh well.**

**He looks up, adjusting his gaze so that it falls on the rooftop entrance.**

**■Rooftop – Area surrounding the entrance**

**It doesn't look like anyone will be coming out any time soon.**

**Pilot (off camera):**

**Looks like the poor son of a bitch bit the dust. Sucks to be him.**

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**CUT**

■ **Mall rooftop - Heliport**

**\*WHUP WHUP WHUP\***

**The helicopter pitches upward as it takes off. (unlike demo #03, the zombie does not put in an appearance here)**

**The helicopter grows smaller and smaller from the vantage point of the rooftop.**

**The narration begins.**

**Narrator:**

**Following the incident in Willamette, a charter helicopter's log book revealed that a photojournalist had managed to infiltrate the quarantined town.**

**Narrator:**

**However, details concerning his exploits after that point and his current whereabouts are unknown.**

**>DEMO END – on to the bad ending**

// **e v s 1 2** //

**evs12 Didn't make it to the helicopter in time – NPCs present**

■ **Mall rooftop – Heliport**

**The helicopter has landed.**

**The pilot peeks out of the cockpit hatch.**

**He glances down at his wristwatch.**

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**Pilot:**

**Time's up.**

**Looks like my man didn't make it after all... Hm?**

**He looks up and directs his gaze at the entrance on the rooftop.**

**■Rooftop – Area surrounding the entrance**

**NPCs begin to emerge timidly from the door into the world outside.**

**Pilot:**

**Who in the...?**

**CUT**

**■Mall rooftop – Heliport (flow is the same as demo #04)**

**The sound of the helicopter's rotors gradually increasing in pitch is audible over a black backdrop.**

**\*WHUP WHUP WHUP\***

**The pilot's voice can be heard over the din of the rotors.**

**Pilot (off camera):**

**So... That photographer guy saved you, huh?**

**In English, “you” can cover both individuals and single people, but we will need to adjust the Japanese subtitles to accommodate both possibilities.**

**The image fades to another as the pilot speaks.**

**\*WHUP WHUP WHUP\***

**As the helicopter continues its ascent, the NPCs are clearly visible huddled together in the cargo bay.**

**Pilot (off camera):**

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**I feel like I'm runnin' a taxi service here...  
Oh, well... Just sit tight.  
I'll get you somewhere safe.**

**Huey lunges as it begins its ascent.  
It grows smaller and smaller as it moves away from the rooftop.  
A narration begins.**

**Narrator:**

**Survivors indicated that their lives were saved and their escape from the sealed mall made possible through the assistance of one man – a photojournalist.**

**Narrator:**

**However, details concerning his exploits after that point and his current whereabouts are unknown.**

**DEMO END – on to bad ending**

**// e v s 1 3 //**

**evs13 Defeat by Special Forces – First time**

**When the player has their hit points diminished to 0 by attacking Special Forces troops,  
a scene is shown in which the soldier approaches Frank's limp body as he points a gun directly at the fallen man.**

**He continues his approach... (hopefully, the motion will be adjusted to match background elements and obstacles)**

**FADE OUT**

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**The camera angle changes to Frank's point of view. Special effects indicate that he gradually begins to regain his consciousness...**

**By the time the image clears up and looks normal, it becomes apparent that Frank is inside a Blackhawk helicopter.**

**As Frank opens his eyes and wakes up fully, we notice that plastic handcuffs (the type often used by Special Forces troops) bound his wrists.**

**Although these types of cuffs are actually not able to be cut by conventional means, the player is able to disengage them through repeated pushes of certain buttons.**

**Frank's cheeks should be bulged, veins should become visible through his skin, and his entire face should be overcome with a red hue.**

**If the buttons are pushed enough within the given time limit, the handcuff escape is successful.**

**Gameplay is returned to the player's hands as Frank stands inside the Blackhawk.**

**The Blackhawk may be on the mall's roof, or perhaps in the courtyard area.**

**//////////////////// E v s 1 4 //////////////////////////////////////**

**Evs14 Defeat by Special Forces – Second time**

**Cuffs now bind Frank's feet as well as his hands.**

**Escape is made more difficult.**

**The effects that show Frank's desperation are escalated.**

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// **E v s 1 5** //

**Evs15 Defeat by Special Forces – Third time**

**The hand and foot cuffs are doubled.**

**Escape is made considerably more difficult.**

**The effects that show Frank's desperation are escalated even further.**

**Defeats following the third time result in the same portrayal.**

// **E v s 1 6** //

**Evs16 Defeat by Special Forces – Time up**

**When the time limit expires, the Blackhawk hatch opens.**

**\*CLANG\* Two Special Forces troops board the Blackhawk and aim their weapons at Frank.**

**Frank still struggles desperately with the cuffs.**

**He notices the soldiers' presence and raises his cuffed hands.**

**CUT**

**A narration appears over a black background. (text)**

**Narrator:**

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**Following the quarantine of Willamette, America saw a series of similar events in which the military engaged in clean up operations.**

**Narrator:**

**However, detailed information concerning these operations remains unreported to this day.**

**>DEMO END – on to bad ending**

**// E v s 1 7 - 0 //**

**Evs17-0 Before the arrival of the Special Forces**

**Leaving through the entrance**

**When the player peeks through the opening in the entrance, the following message is displayed:**

**The town is crawling with zombies... The chances of making it out of here alive are a million to one...**

**Try to make an escape anyway? [YES] [NO]**

**If the player selects [YES], they are able to leave the mall.**

**CUT**

**A narration appears over a black background. (text)**

**Narrator:**

**Following the incident in Willamette, a charter helicopter's log book revealed that a photojournalist had managed to infiltrate the quarantined town.**

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**Narrator:**

**However, details concerning his exploits after that point and his current whereabouts are unknown.**

**//////////////////////////////////// E v s 1 7 - 1 //////////////////////////////////////**

**Evs17-1 After the arrival of the Special Forces**

**A Hummer is parked just outside the entrance.**

**If the player approaches this area now, the Special Forces launch an attack on Frank in-game.**

**If the player chooses to ignore or otherwise deal with the attacks and push forward to examine the door, the following message and choice are displayed:**

**Surrender to the Special Forces? [YES] [NO]**

**If the player chooses “YES”, they are able to leave the mall.**

**Frank exits the mall with both his hands raised. The Special Forces immediately launch an attack on the defenseless Frank and he collapses to his knees.**

**CUT**

**A narration appears over a black background. (text)**

**Narrator:**

**Following the quarantine of Willamette, America saw a series of similar events in which the military engaged in clean up operations.**

**Narrator:**

**However, detailed information concerning these operations**



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**remainsunreported to this day.**

**// e v s 1 9 //**

**evs19 Jumping down from the roof**

**There is an oil drum type container on the roof. If the player climbs atop it, the following message and choice are displayed:**

**There doesn't seem much point in trying to jump from here...**

**Will you try it anyway? [YES] [NO]**

**If the player selects "YES", Frank leaps from the roof (in-game), resulting in a screaming sound effect and a sickening thud as he contacts the ground.**

**CUT**

**A narration appears over a black background. (text)**

**Narrator:**

**Following the incident in Willamette, a charter helicopter's log book revealed that a photojournalist had managed to infiltrate the quarantined town.**

**Narrator:**

**However, details concerning his exploits after that point and his current whereabouts are unknown.**

**// e v s 2 2 //**

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## **evs22 First appearance of helicopter scout mecha**

**Having been defeated, Frank recovers and leaves the hideout. As the player steps over the “event line”, the following demo movie is triggered:**

**As Frank moves along, he senses a presence and quickly hides himself from view.**

**A robotic scout helicopter makes its appearance further down the passage. The scout focuses its camera to the area just before Frank's hiding place, manipulating the lens from side to side, then returns from the direction from which it originally emerged.**

**Frank stands from his hiding place with a confused expression on his face.**

## **Return to gameplay**

/// e v s 8 - 0 ///

## **evs8-0 First restart**

### **■Duct room**

**The mall janitor stands at a distance from Frank, staring at him with a worried expression.**

**Frank:**  
**(groans)**

**Frank moans as he regains consciousness. He takes a look around himself, realizes that he is back in the duct room, then focuses his attention at the maintenance worker.**

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**Frank:**

**You... You saved me?**

**The maintenance worker flashes a sly smile and nods in confirmation.**

**Frank pulls himself to his feet and turns to face the maintenance worker.**

**Frank:**

**Thanks... Looks like I owe you one.**

**>DEMO END – return to gameplay**

// e v s 2 6 //

#### **evs26 Zombification of Frank**

**Frank turning into a zombie is a warning to the player that time is running out and a “GAME OVER” is imminent.**

**After the 5th day (when it is revealed that Frank is host to the zombie parasite), this serves as a warning to the player of an imminent “GAME OVER”.**

**Handled in-game**

**No voice data is necessary**

**The zombification is portrayed through motion and text**

**There is no accompanying demo movie**

**Frank suddenly grows lightheaded.**

**He hesitates in his walking, and the following text is displayed onscreen:**

**Frank:**

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**Oooh... I've got to hurry... Time is running out...**

**//////////////////// E v s 2 7 //////////////////////////////////////**

**Evs27 Complete zombification of Frank resulting in “GAME OVER”**

**After the 5th day, a time limit is in effect that results in the following consequences if ignored.**

**Handled in-game**

**No voice data is necessary**

**The zombification is portrayed through motion and text**

**There is no accompanying demo movie**

**Frank grows lightheaded once again.**

**The color is drained from his face – he looks worse than before.**

**Frank:**

**Ooooh... Nnngh... It this it? Is this... the... end?**

**Frank collapses.**

**After a moment, he rises slowly and turns to face the camera.**

**Frank:**

**Gaaaaah!**

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// **evs 18** //

**evs 18 First visit to the roof in the south area**

**■South area rooftop – near the duct entrance**

**The camera shows a panoramic view of the scenery visible from the rooftop.**

**It then shifts its focus to the hatch on the duct system.**

**The hatch is open.**

**Beside the hatch, Frank stands, shaking and beating the dust from his clothing.**

**After a moment or two, he lets out a brief sigh and faces front.**

**>DEMO END – game continues**

// **E v m 3 7 - b** //

**Evm37-bBomb mission failure**

**■Underground passage – Car containing bomb**

**The bomb's countdown is displayed digitally.**

**5, 4, 3, 2, 1... 0.**

**■Mall – bird's eye view**

**As usual, large groups of zombies shuffle around, prowling the area.**

**Zombie:**

**Unngh...**

**Beyond the throng of the undead, the mall stands stalwartly.**

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**With no warning at all, an explosion rips through the area.**

**A flash of light... shockwaves... an explosive sound...**

**The screen flashes white and the scene is terminated.**

**A single image appears. It is a photograph of the affected area taken from the quarantine perimeter.**

**The entire city is consumed in an ominous mushroom cloud.**

**A narration begins (text).**

**Narrator:**

**As planned, the explosion sends the parasitic organisms responsible for the zombie outbreak high into the stratosphere.**

**Narrator:**

**The contamination spreads far beyond the quarantined area. This is one of the reasons that the parasite was able to spread so rapidly.**

**Narrator:**

**A rash of zombie outbreaks throughout the United States begins.**

**>DEMO END – on to bad ending**

// e v m 1 0 //

**evm10 Queen bee tutorial demo**

**■East area**

**>The following demo is triggered when the player steps over the “event line”:**

**Frank seems surprised.**

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**We notice that he is completely surrounded by zombies.**

**Frank:**

**Damn!**

**Frank frantically pushes his way through the throng.**

**Zombie:**

**Aaagh...**

**However, the zombies circle around our protagonist and begin closing in on him.**

**Frank desperately scans the crowd for some path of escape and finds nothing.**

**Suddenly, \*BZZZZZ\***

**The sound of a gossamer wing flapping nearby his head penetrates Frank's consciousness.**

**Frank:**

**!? (surprised reaction)**

**Frank ducks down out of instinct.**

**The owner of the wings, a gigantic insect resembling a bee, turns in mid-air to face Frank and renews the attack.**

**\*BZZZZZ\***

**Frank:**

**Shit!**

**Frank thrashes his arms wildly in an effort to attack the raging insect.**

**He manages to knock it to the ground and stomps the convulsing bee under his heel.**

**That is when he notices a strange reaction in the surrounding zombies.**

**They also begin to twitch uncontrollably, collapsing to the ground one by one.**

**Frank:**

**! (surprised reaction)**

**The zombies' convulsions continue until... \*BOOM!\***

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**Their rotten heads explode with great force.**

**Frank surveys the unbelievable scene with a nonplussed expression on his face.**

**Frank:**

**What... in the hell... is goin' on around here?**

**Frank begins to put two and two together and determines that the dead insect lying on the floor was the impetus for the zombies' explosive conclusions. He fixes his gaze on the bee.**

**>DEMO END – return to gameplay**

// **E v m 2 8 - b** //

**Evm28-b Isabela flees**

**(triggered if the player loses to Isabela)**

**■In front of the supermarket**

**Straddling her bike, Isabela glances over her shoulder, out of breath.**

**She glances around as if to check on something in the immediate area, then faces front, breathing more calmly now.**

**She shifts gears with a kick of her left foot – \*VROOM!\***

**Twisting the accelerator, she guides her bike away at a high rate of speed.**

**>DEMO END**



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**// E v s 3 0 //**

**Upon entering the West Plaza (timed to coincide with the Clown's emergence)**

**There are two "event lines" at play here, but we need only worry about setting this particular scene up with the one resulting in a frontal approach from the food court.**

**■West Plaza**

**As soon as the player enters the area, they hear a melody that seems out of synch with the surroundings.**

**DA-DA-DA-DO-DOO...**

**As Frank sets foot into the area, his gaze follows the source of the music, leading him to crane his neck upward as he stares at the ceiling.**

**DA-DA-DA-DO-DOO**

**The upbeat electronic tune is emanating from the space themed tram ride above. The gondola that passes overhead is in the shape of some sort of spacecraft.**

**An arm covered in blood dangles from the gondola.  
(it is actually the arm of a child-sized doll)**

**Frank stares upward at the new discovery and narrows his eyes.**

**// E v s 3 1 //**

**After defeating the clown and obtaining the ID card...**

**Frank examines the ride control panel and stops the ride, resulting a demo in which an NPC makes his first appearance.**

**Following the demo showing the death of the Crazy Clown, it is revealed that one of the cars in the ride's train not containing the doll actually contains a person. When he**

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**realizes that the clown has been dealt with and order restored, he emerges from his hiding place. (this is all handled in-game)**

#### **■West Plaza – Ride Boarding Area**

**Frank fiddles with the ride's control panel.**

**DA... DA... DA... DO... DOO...**

**The ride slows in speed as the accompanying electronic music matches its pace.**

**Finally, it comes to a stop... \*THUD\***

**The car containing the mall employee grinds to a halt at the disembarkation platform, and its occupant crumples out of the conveyance, his hands touching the ground first.**

**DEMO END**

**When the game returns to normal play mode, the employee is collapsed on the ground before Frank.**

**//////////////////// E v s 3 2 //////////////////////////////////////**

**From the 4th day onward, the Frank will awake in the hideout if he is defeated.**

#### **■Hideout**

**Frank:**

**(groan)**

**Frank groans as he awakes.**

**He recalls being defeated in the mall, but is surprised to find himself lying on the floor of the hideout.**

**He immediately attempts to stand, but staggers.**

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**Isabela:**

**(expression of concern and surprise)**

**Isabela, who had been observing Frank as he rested, now rushes to lend the staggering man a hand.**

**Gently swaying out of the way at her proffered hand, Frank rights himself and turns to face Isabela directly.**

**The thought of having been defeated by the zombies sends a chill up his spine and he shivers visibly, as if to shake the thought from his head. Then, he speaks.**

**Frank:**

**Uh... Thanks for your help...**

**I appreciate it...**

**Isabela smiles as a counter to Frank's serious expression as if to say "it was no problem".**

**Frank:**

**But... If those things take me down, there's a chance I could turn into a zombie myself... It's too dangerous to go out there after me like that.**

**Isabela's weak smile does not melt from her face as she shakes her head.**

**Isabela:**

**No more dangerous than if I were to leave you to die and ended up all by myself.**

**Look... We need each other now.**

**Frank nods with a deadly serious expression on his face.**

**DEMO END**

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// **E v m 0 3** //

**>evm03 is the demo of a woman being attacked in her car which appears on the security monitor**

**The events portrayed in evm03 are visible on the monitor when the player examines it, but it is necessary to prepare a separate image for display on the monitor before it is examined.**

**An image of zombies surrounding the woman's car will be displayed on the monitor.**

**The motion for this scene will be the reused motion of zombies shaking the bus as seen in the opening demo in which Frank was using his camera.**

// **E v s 0 1** //

**Event No. evs 1 "Punishment room" – emergence from the box**

**This is shown following evb14, which is the responsibility of the MOZOO company.**

**Speaking of evb14, it will contain portions seen from the dark interior of coffin. Perhaps this would be best handled on the Capcom side. (please confirm storyboards)**

**During the motion shoot, the combined height of the coffin and the stand on which it rests was such as to allow easy escape.**

**Also, the lid itself might prove cumbersome. Perhaps it would be best to shorten the scene with this method:**

**■"Punishment room"**

**Vague moaning can be heard from within the sealed coffin.**

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**Voice (Frank):**

**Ung... Nngh...**

**Gently, the lid of the coffin is lifted a bit, then begins to slide.**

**It slides just enough to allow a small opening.**

**Frank pokes his face through the opening.**

**Ever cautious, he surveys the area, then nods slightly as if he's noticed something.**

**We are shown the exit from Frank's point of view.**

**Fade out.**

**When the camera fades back in, Frank is standing next to the coffin, whose lid is now open wide.**

**Gameplay begins again.**

**Following this scene, examining the door results in a message stating that it is locked. If the player continues toward the depths of the room, the followers begin chanting their prayers.**

**///////////////////////// E v s 0 2 ///////////////////////////**

**Event No. evs 2 North Plaza – discovery of hideout (first time)**

**■North Plaza – near the hideout entrance**

**>There is a crate stacked beneath the lookout hatch.**

**>Isabela stands atop this crate.**

**>The demo is triggered when the player addresses Isabela.**

**Isabela nods with a meaningful expression on her face.**

**She looks up and stretches her torso as she reaches toward the hatch above.**

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**The hatch pops open with little effort.**

**She returns her gaze downward and makes eye contact with Frank, who is looking up at her.**

**Isabela:**

**Here it is... Let's go.**

**The camera focuses on Frank as he follows the climbing Isabela's movements with his eyes.**

**□ Following Isabela's line "Let's go", Frank begins adjusting his camera and the scene fades out.**

**When the scene fades back in, control is returned to the player.**

**While the camera remains focused on Frank, Isabela occupies herself with climbing upward toward the ceiling.**

**When control is restored to the player, Isabela is gone.**

**DEMO END**

**// E v s 0 5 //**

**□ Event No. evs 5 Mall interior – night zombies**

**□ This demo is intended to communicate to the player the fact that the zombies experience an increase in power upon nightfall. This demo is played during the first evening in the game.**

**■ Rooftop (or courtyard)**

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**In the western sky, the last rays of sunlight dissipate.  
The area grows dark little by little.  
Zombies staggering nearby begin to twitch uncontrollably, showing a vastly different method of movement than their daylight counterparts.**

**Zombie:**

**Graaaagh...**

**Soon, the zombies' entire bodies begin to shake violently and, teeth bared menacingly, they move toward the camera.  
Their eyes, glazed over during the day, are now bloodshot.**

**DEMO END**

**///////////////////////// E v s 0 6 ///////////////////////////**

**□ Event No. evs 6 North Plaza – failure in fire extinguishing mission**

**□ This demo is triggered if the player is unable to extinguish the fire within the given time limit.**

**■North Plaza – hideout entrance area**

**The hallway is completely filled with choking smoke.  
The fire crackles and fizzles threateningly. A vague coughing sound can be heard.**

**Voice (Isabela):**

**(Cough! Cough, cough!)**

**\*CLANG\***

**Isabela forces the hatch open while coughing.**

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**She raises her arm in an attempt to alleviate the stinging in her eyes caused by the acrid smoke.**

**Isabela:**

**(cough, cough!) Frank!**

**It's no use... We have to get out of here!**

**(cough, cough!)**

**She looks anxiously down through the hatch as she shouts, struggling to see through the haze.**

**(She assumes that Frank is nearby, working on extinguishing the source of the flames)**

**A human figure approaches.**

**Isabela stares through the smoke with watery eyes, anticipating Frank's arrival.**

**Her expression freezes.**

**Isabela:**

**(gasp)!**

**The approaching human figure is in fact a Special Forces soldier equipped with a gas mask.**

**The soldier cranes his neck, stopping for just an instant as he catches a glimpse of Isabela staring down from the ceiling.**

**His training has conditioned him to immediately withdraw a handgun and point it in her direction.**

**The sound of a gunshot echoes through the smoke filled corridor.**

**DEMO END**

**// E v s 8 - 1 //**

**□ Event No. evs 8-1 Mall interior – restart**



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☐ **When Frank's hit points reach 0, it may be difficult to explain to the player that he will be brought back to life on the spot through a demo, so the task will be left to an in-game demonstration.**

**Frank, his hit points at 0, collapses.**

↓

**FADE OUT / FADE IN (as usual)**

↓

**Frank's collapsed body is shown.**

↓

**He shakes his head from side to side as he draws himself up. (he is invincible during this animation routine)**

**Return to gameplay.**

////////////////////////////////////  
 ////////////////////////////////////// **E v m** //////////////////////////////////////

☐ **Brad, Isabela death during mission demo**

☐ **Handled in-game through the system used for NPC deaths.**

////////////////////////////////////  
 ////////////////////////////////////// **E v m** //////////////////////////////////////

☐ **Dr. Barnaby death demo – If the player has shot him**

☐ **In the event that the professor is shot and killed by the player while hanging from the**

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**ceiling, his death is handled using the method for all NPC deaths.**

**→If the professor has been killed, what will happen if the player then catches up with Carlito?**

**The scene in which Brad instructs Frank to ignore him and take care of the professor will not be used.**

**// E v s 3 3 //**

**□ Dr. Barnaby death demo – time over**

**<conditions for triggering this demo>**

**Time over during Carlito 2 mission.**

**<circumstances>**

**The professor is hanging from the ceiling, bound with wire.**

**He is eaten by zombies if the time limit is reached.**

**<demo warning of impending time up>**

**■Entrance Plaza – beneath the dangling Dr. Barnaby**

**The professor's legs dangle temptingly from above.**

**Zombie (off camera):**

**Gaaaaah!**

**A zombie's hand is shown stretching up from below accompanied by a powerful howl. Its fingertips graze the professor's foot.**

**The momentum sends the unconscious professor's body swaying to and fro.**

**Realizing what they are capable of, other zombies begin to jump up toward their prey.**

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**DEMO END**

// **E v m 2 1 - c** //

**<time almost up demo>**

**The professor's legs dangle temptingly from above.**

**Zombie (off camera):**

**Gwaaah!**

**A zombie's hand reaches up again accompanied by an even more menacing howl.**

**This time, it is able to get a firm grip on the professor's ankle.**

**As more and more zombies stretch skyward with their grasping hands, the professor's body is pulled lower.**

**Dr. Barnaby:**

**(semi-conscious groans)**

**□ If such a voice already exists, use it. If not, he may remain silent.**

**The professor remains unconscious as his body is pulled downward.**

**Before long, an eager zombie sinks its teeth into the flesh of the professor's leg.**

**Zombie:**

**(zombie howl)**

**The unconscious professor's body begins to spasm as it is devoured.**

**Zombie:**

**(zombie howl)**

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**The zombies continue to feast on their prey, taking bites when the body is within their reach.**

**Still convulsing from the constant bites, the professor's body slowly sinks into the sea of zombies.**

**Before long, his body disappears from view entirely.**

**DEMO END**

**// E v s 2 8 //**

**□ After Special Forces invasion – Frank has not made it to the roof in time**

**■ Rooftop of nearby building (changed from wooded area)**

**The helicopter pilot gazes through a pair of binoculars.**

**He mutters to himself.**

**Pilot:**

**Aw, man... This ain't lookin' good...**

**Through the binoculars' lenses, the deserted rooftop of the mall is visible.  
(were there zombies here or not?)**

**Pilot (off camera):**

**It don't matter how bad he wanted his scoop...**

**The pilot makes a serious face as he lowers the binoculars.**

**Pilot:**

**When you're dead, you're dead... Huh?**

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**A human figure appears behind the pilot.**

**The rough breathing of a zombie is heard.**

**The pilot turns around with an incredulous “give me a break” expression etched into his face.**

**Fade to black.**

**Narrator:**

**The incident in the quarantined town of Willamette was brought under control through the intervention of the Special Forces.**

**Narrator:**

**However, details concerning the events that occurred there are still have yet to come to light.**

////////////////////////////////////  
//////////////////////////////////// **E v s** //////////////////////////////////////

**□ After Special Forces invasion – Frank has made it to the roof on time, but the helicopter has crashed. Also, Isabela is dead and unable to come to Frank’s aid.**

**■ Rooftop**

**Evm 50 concludes. Fade to black.**

**Text is displayed over graphic sounds of zombies feasting on Frank’s flesh.**

**Narrator:**

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**However, details concerning the events that occurred there are still have yet to come to light.**