

**MIDNIGHT GRINDHOUSE
PRESENTS**

BLOOD DRIVE



"The Fucking Cop"
(pilot)

Written by
James Roland

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TEASER

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DUSK

What a beautiful fucking Camaro. 1967. Red as a cherry, shiny as a mirror, sitting by its lonesome on the side of the road.

The hood is popped and a girl is leaning into the engine. Just a pair of great legs in a blue sun dress.

The sky is deep orange. Crickets CHIRP. Pure Americana.

Then two teenage assholes -- we'll call them TODD and BARRY -- drive up in their modified Nissan GT-R.

Todd spots the Camaro. Instant boner.

They pull to the shoulder and climb out of their car, checking out the Camaro's tires, headlights, and the beautiful girl that steps out from behind the hood.

She has a pony-tail, chews gum, and has a thin, subtle scar along her left jawline. This is GRACE (20s).

Not missing a beat, she blows a bright pink bubble until it bursts. Todd swallows a mouthful of his own spit. Finally:

TODD
(re: the Camaro)
She still runs on gas?

GRACE
... Sure.

Barry nods to the popped hood.

BARRY
Want me to take a look?

He steps toward the car and Grace quickly closes the hood. Barry catches a quick glimpse of the engine; it's weird and misshapen, unlike any engine he's seen before.

GRACE
I'm good, thanks. Just a hose.

She wipes her hands on an old rag, tosses it in her tool bag, and starts to carry it to the trunk.

TODD
Let me get that.

He pulls the bag from her hand and puts it in the trunk. This annoys the hell out of Grace but she keeps smiling.

GRACE
Well, thanks fellas.

She opens her driver's door. Barry leans in, big toothy grin, and puts his hand on the Camaro. She's blocked in.

BARRY
You should grab some food with us.

Todd appears by his side and now two big dudes with horny smiles have her back to the car.

TODD
There's a diner down the road.

GRACE
I have miles ahead. But thank you.

She climbs into the car. After a moment, Barry closes it for her. He leans in the window.

BARRY
You're welcome. Be careful tonight,
lotta rough country around here.

Well that's a creepy fucking thing to say.

She starts the engine and drives away. She watches them disappear from her rearview and breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. ROAD - DUSK

The Camaro speeds around a curve. Grace relaxes into her seat and settles in for the ride.

Then the Nissan appears behind her, gaining quickly. She watches them in the rearview mirror until their faces are clear through the windshield: definitely Todd and Barry.

Barry winks. Grace glares back, then blows him a kiss and hits the gas. ZOOM! She pulls way ahead!

INT. NISSAN - CONTINUOUS

Todd hits the gas and his dashboard BEEPS. An indicator light says "battery at ten percent." The Nissan begins to lose power and slows to a crawl.

BARRY
Switch to gas!

TODD
You gonna pay for it?

BARRY

Did you see how hot she was?

Todd shrugs. *Fair enough*. He flips a switch and his gas gauge lights up. A deep RUMBLE and the Nissan picks up speed.

TODD

That ass better be worth it.

EXT. ROAD - DUSK

The Nissan catches up to the Camaro and they race down the highway at 50, 60, 80mph!

BARRY

Get her off the highway.

They pull alongside the Camaro and pin Grace to the shoulder. Her right tires spew gravel!

Up ahead she spots a farming road that bisects an enormous corn field. SCREECHING TIRES to make the sharp right!

The Nissan swings wide, mowing down some of the corn, but pops back onto the farm road and follows her!

INT. NISSAN - DRIVING

Todd shifts and the stick catches momentarily. The engine REVS! Then the gears click and they gain speed!

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

An establishing shot as the sun disappears behind the foothills. The headlights of the Camaro are headed straight for a windy mountain road ...

EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK - NIGHT

The road ends at a steep cliff, over which we see a gorgeous view of the county, dotted with lights.

In the distance: a car ENGINE, getting louder and louder.

Then the Camaro appears. Grace brakes and the Camaro SPINS OUT, barely stopping before the cliff!

The Nissan appears, blocking her in! Barry leaps from the car and pulls open her door. She throws a punch but he grabs her arm and yanks her out of the car!

She shoves him but he comes back with his fist! BAM! She staggers back and hits the Camaro.

GRACE
Just drive away, right now.

They just laugh. *Who the hell does she think she is?*

Barry grabs her again and rips her dress open, revealing her bra. She kicks his crotch and tries to run, but Todd snags her and shoves her headfirst into the Camaro!

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Grace hits the leather seat and Todd climbs on top of her! She's struggling but he manages to pull her dress up.

GRACE
Don't!

He doesn't reply, he just puts one hand on her throat and unbuckles his belt with the other.

Then her flailing hand finds the gearshift. She turns it to the right with an audible **CLICK** and slides it up, **revealing a shiny steel blade!**

EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK - CONTINUOUS

A swift **SHNIKT!** Then Todd's legs dangle limply from the car.

BARRY
Todd?

Barry steps forward and leans in to look.

She swings the blade and splits his gaping mouth! He **SCREAMS** and falls to the ground, clutching his bleeding face.

Grace turns the keys and the Camaro **REVS** to life. She climbs out, adjusts her dress, then drags Todd to the front of the car. His neck is half-severed but he's still barely alive.

She lifts the hood and thin strips of gunk cling to the engine as it opens, stretching out like fleshy spider webs.

Todd stares inside, terrified.

ANGLE on the engine, **a wicked, convoluted contraption.** Unlike the Camaro's spotless exterior, the engine is a dank, dark deathtrap, full of grime, gears, and chains.

Spikes rise and fall, powered by the pistons. The hoses, slick with crimson muck, bulge and pulse as if they're alive.

Grace flips a switch and part of the engine block slides back, revealing a slimy hole lined with spinning blades.

She pokes Todd. He teeters, then falls into the engine.

GEYSERS OF BLOOD! Todd is devoured in moments. His shredded clothes and mangled belt buckle fall to the ground.

Grace taps a metal cylinder filled with blood. Only three quarters full. She walks to Barry and drags the blade up his leg, stopping on the crotch. He starts to cry.

GRACE

Gonna need more than that.

The blade moves upward.

BARRY

Please don't kill me!

GRACE

Sorry pal, gotta top off.

She swings the blade!

CUT TO:

INT. CAMARO - LATER

Grace climbs behind the wheel, wearing a new clean dress. She checks the mirrors, starts the engine, then notices a spot of blood on her fingernail. She wipes it off.

EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK - NIGHT

The Camaro ZOOMS away, spewing gravel, passing a sign that reads: "Los Angeles - 350 miles"

After a beat, Barry hits the ground, MOANING, clutching a BLOODY STUMP WHERE HIS ARM USED TO BE!

He watches her drive away with a look of horror and fury ...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY**

Establishing shot of the city. This is a grungier, worn-out version of the L.A. we know.

The sky is smog-filled and brown. The sun seems to shine the sickly orange light of dusk at all hours.

The freeways are virtually empty. With just ten cars on the 405 freeway it looks positively apocalyptic.

In contrast to the desolate freeways, a nearby sign reads: Welcome to Los Angeles - Population: 17,407,539

Right underneath someone has painted graffiti in Spanish. Translation: "We're full, go home!"

EXT. CITY STREETS - VARIOUS

The side streets are absolutely packed with people, most of them riding bicycles or rickshaws or small electric scooters.

What a hot, sopping mess this place is. Enormous potholes, boarded-up store fronts, garbage in every corner, brutal heat radiating from the cracked cement.

Folks line up at one of those water dispensing machines you see outside supermarkets, carrying jugs and buckets.

A city bus drives by, so packed with people that they hang out the windows and sit on the roof.

The only cars we see are luxury vehicles, driven by gorgeous blonde people who blare their horns at the crowds.

One of these cars drives past a Texaco station that is selling gas for **\$63.49 per gallon**.

In front of the Texaco, a woman sits with three kids by her mini-van with a cardboard sign that reads: "New Start in Portland - NEED GAS!"

This is already a city you want to escape from ... and then the water runs out.

A sign lights up on the water dispensing machine: out of service. The last drops fall into a waiting plastic jug.

BAM! A man bashes his palm on the machine. BAM! BAM! BAM!

Then the line of haggard customers loses its everloving shit.

They grab the machine and shove it over! This rends the pipe on the back and water spews everywhere!

Every person in the area rushes the geyser, mouths open to catch the spray! Any available container becomes a cup.

A technician appears to fix the broken pipe and the horde beats the crap out of him! The violence spreads as people kick and punch and scratch for every single drop!

WHOO! WHOO! Here come three cop cars, heavily armored with bars on the windows. The cops step out, wearing thick plated vests and helmets with dark visors.

Tazers out, guns drawn, they slip and slide on the wet cement but manage to take down eight of these rioting fuckheads and line them against the wall.

Each cop has a boxy metal device strapped to their shoulder. It has a camera and a speaker. One cop taps his:

DEVICE
 Reviewing footage.
 (beat)
 Crimes: Consumption of stolen
 water, unknown amount. Resisting
 arrest. Punishment authorized,
 level three.

The cop grins at his perp.

COP
 Sorry pal.

BASH! Club to the face! The perp spits out three teeth.

DEVICE
 Littering.

BASH again! Down the line, the other cops do the same, their devices BEEPING:

DEVICES
 Theft. Aggravated assault.
 Resisting arrest. Exceeding
 allotted water rations. Loitering.

While the cops have their fun, a skinny, strung-out JUNKIE creeps up behind them and snatches an abandoned two-gallon jug of water.

He scurries away, headed for the road, when: THUD! A fourth cop car arrives and he runs right into it!

A cop climbs out, face hidden by a visor, and pins the junkie to the hood of the car. His device BEEPS:

DEVICE
Reviewing footage ...

The cop flips up his visor and we meet our hero ARTHUR BAILEY (40s). Clean-cut handsome but not boring, he has an aura of good boy innocence. He turns off the device.

ARTHUR
(to the device)
Shut up.

Arthur's partner, CHRISTOPHER CARSON (20s), climbs out of the car, visor raised as well.

CHRISTOPHER
(re: device)
They're gonna dock you for that.

ARTHUR
He stole two gallons. That's a level eight, he'd be at the gallows by Friday.

CHRISTOPHER
We don't make the rules, all we gotta do is cuff 'em.

The junkie throws his arms up, terrified.

JUNKIE
I don't want to die!

They notice the junkie's arm has NEEDLE MARKS, each one surrounded by a puckered circle of red skin.

CHRISTOPHER
He's a bleeder, look at his arm.

ARTHUR
Shit. How many is that this week?

CHRISTOPHER
(thinks)
Three today ... two yesterday.

ARTHUR
They have to be selling it.

CHRISTOPHER
You think someone is buying human blood? Like who?

Arthur shrugs.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
Don't say vampires.

ARTHUR
(to junkie)
Sir, who did this to you?

The junkie clams up. Shakes his head.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
We just want to help. If you tell
us maybe I can get you some food
and water.

The junkie thinks it over ... then shakes his head again.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(to Christopher)
Hold him a second.

Arthur passes the junkie off to Christopher, but he squirms loose and makes a break for it down the street!

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
FREEZE!

The junkie stops, trembling. He raises his hands over his head and turns around to face the music.

Arthur reaches inside the cop car and pulls out a bottle of water. He tosses it to the junkie.

The junkie nods a thank you, then disappears into an alley.

CHRISTOPHER
That was my water, you know that
right?

ARTHUR
Yeah, but if I gave him money he'd
just spend it on Bliss.

They climb into the car. Christopher nods to the device on his shoulder.

CHRISTOPHER
You're gonna catch hell when they
find out you turned that off.

ARTHUR
Doesn't matter.

CHRISTOPHER

It does if you want a career.

Christopher starts the engine, just an electric HUM.

ARTHUR

When I was a kid I didn't get into trouble much.

CHRISTOPHER

Shocker.

ARTHUR

Yeah but the summer of '23? The first real heatwave and food prices through the damn roof? That changed things. Got caught with a liter of water and a steak down my pants.

CHRISTOPHER

(laughs)

I have a whole new respect for you.

ARTHUR

Shut up and listen. That was the year they lowered the legal age to thirteen. I could have been tried as an adult.

This gets Christopher's attention. He's all ears.

CHRISTOPHER

So how'd you swing it?

ARTHUR

I didn't do a damn thing. Cop let me go. Said he didn't want to see a kid hang.

CHRISTOPHER

I wonder what happened to that cop.

ARTHUR

Got shot a week later. So screw the career, it's about the decisions you make day to day.

A long, somber silence. Finally:

CHRISTOPHER

That's a sad story, man. If you drank, beer would be on me tonight.

ARTHUR
How about a burger instead?

Christopher puts the car in gear and they drive off.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

A very familiar red Camaro cruises slowly down the alley between two warehouses. It turns a corner: dead end. Just a giant fence made of rusted sheet metal.

Grace checks her GPS: she has reached her destination. *What the hell?* She honks her horn. No response. She turns on the radio and waits, frustrated.

Music fills the car, something plucky and timeless like "Mr. Sandman."

Grace gazes at a picture clipped to her sun visor, a gorgeous black and white photo of a thin girl on a hospital bed ...

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

That thin girl from the photo walks down the sidewalk, wearing a school uniform, backpack slung over her shoulder.

The SAME SONG fills the air, drifting across the street from the open window of the red Camaro.

Someone sits inside, face obscured by darkness ... is it Grace?

Nope. A man's hand appears out the window, beckoning the girl closer. She bites her lip, mulls it over.

GIRL
I'll be right back.

As she walks across the street, we PULL BACK to reveal she's been walking with Grace, also in a school uniform. This is a younger and more innocent version of the girl we now know.

GRACE
Don't! You don't know that guy!

The other girl rolls her eyes and hurries over to the Camaro. She hesitates at the window, squinting into the shadows.

GIRL
I like your ride, mister.

MAN (O.S.)
Want to take her for a spin?

GIRL
Maybe.

MAN (O.S.)
Climb in.

The girl looks back at Grace, who shakes her head frantically. The girl ignores her.

GIRL
What's your name?

MAN (O.S.)
Does it matter?

GIRL
Sure it does. You could be the devil himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

HISS! Sharp fangs and a forked tongue and two yellow eyes!

Grace snaps out of her memories and punches the fucked-up FREAK hissing at her through the window!

Every inch of his skin is covered in tattoos. His teeth are shaved to points and his tongue is split like a snake.

He recovers from the punch and licks up the blood dripping from his nose. He gives her an approving nod, then holds up a device with a laser scanner.

FREAK
I want your eyeball.

Grace rolls down her window and he gives her a retina scan. The device BEEPS and her picture pops up on the screen. Then the freak walks to a door in the metal fence. SLAM. Gone.

GRACE
Hello? Where do I go--

GRRR! An ENGINE grinds, rusty gears CREAK, and the fence begins to move, opening a gap wide enough for the Camaro.

Grace puts the car in gear and drives inside. We catch a glimpse of a couple other cars and some biker types hanging around, but that's all.

What is this place? Before we can tell, the metal fence moves back into position, slamming shut with a CLANG.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

CLANG! Christopher, now in street clothes, slams his locker. He pulls a burger out of a fast food bag and takes a big bite. Arthur walks up, still in his uniform.

CHRISTOPHER
Jesus, do you sleep in that thing?

ARTHUR
Sometimes. Look what I dug up.

He tosses a newspaper to Christopher, who scans it. We don't see the specifics yet.

CHRISTOPHER
Damn.

ARTHUR
Let's go talk to Barker.

CHRISTOPHER
I don't think we have enough, man.

ARTHUR
He's a pal. It's enough to get his attention.

He leads the way and Christopher follows.

CHRISTOPHER
Not gonna shower, huh?

INT. POLICE STATION

Arthur and Christopher approach DETECTIVE BARKER (40s), leather jacket, badge dangling around his neck, typing away.

Christopher sits on the edge of his desk, eating fries from his fast food bag.

BARKER
Get the hell off my desk, kid.

Christopher stands. Barker motions for the bag and Christopher tips it toward him. He grabs some fries.

BARKER (CONT'D)
(to Arthur)
What is it this time?

Arthur holds out his phone. The picture on the screen shows someone's forearm, bearing the same WEIRD MARKS that we saw on the homeless man.

ARTHUR
Saw this again today.

Barker's smile fades.

BARKER
Yeah, they found a way to shoot
Bliss.

CHRISTOPHER
That's what we thought.

ARTHUR
But it's not that. Remember the
homeless shelter? I swung by there
again. Ten more of their regulars
haven't shown up. That's a total of
twenty-six!

BARKER
Christ, Arthur, that was my case.
And it's closed.

ARTHUR
Hear me out on this. The shelter
got a medic to look at these marks.
Tested the people, found them
dangerously low on blood. Like
they'd been drained. And each
person had the same blood type.

At the mention of blood, Barker falters. Swallows hard.
Arthur is too focused to notice, but Christopher takes note.

Arthur tosses the newspaper on the desk. The pages are turned
to a report about STOLEN MEDICAL EQUIPMENT.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Last week someone stole thirty
dialysis machines. Thirty!

BARKER
So?

ARTHUR
They use those things to clean
blood, Barker. You're really not
seeing the pattern here?

BARKER

I'll make a note of it.

He opens his file cabinet and slides the newspaper into a folder. Christopher watches him like a hawk.

ARTHUR

Think there's a connection?

BARKER

Buddy, no offense but there's a reason you're still wearing blues. All this is wild assumption.

ARTHUR

(deflated)

I just think we should look into it.

BARKER

No matter what your gut says, the simplest answer is always right. Always. And conspiracies are never simple. Just think about it for a second. No one's stealing blood. What would be the motive?

ARTHUR

I don't know.

BARKER

Because you're not a detective. You tried that, remember? And you weren't up to snuff.

Fuck, that's a cheap shot. It makes everyone uncomfortable.

BARKER (CONT'D)

I'm not trying to be an asshole, Arty. I like you but you gotta face facts. Quit wasting your partner's time. Quit waiting my time and let me do my job.

Barker swivels in his chair to start typing again and Christopher is right in his way. The bag of fries dumps all over the floor.

BARKER (CONT'D)

Great, guys. Appreciate it.

He stoops to pick up the bag and starts to kick the fries under his desk. When he looks up, they're walking away.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur and Christopher round a corner.

CHRISTOPHER
Don't listen to him, man.

ARTHUR
Maybe he's right.

CHRISTOPHER
No way.

He reaches under his jacket, pulls out the large file folder, and waves it in front of Arthur.

ARTHUR
You stole that?

Arthur grins.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I owe you some more fries.

Christopher slides the folder back under his jacket.

CHRISTOPHER
I'll look at it tonight.

ARTHUR
Not now?

CHRISTOPHER
We clocked out an hour ago buddy. I got a pretty girl's number in one pocket and a condom in the other.
(beat)
Wait, don't you have somewhere to be?

Arthur stops cold.

ARTHUR
Oh, shit.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DUSK

Arthur walks up to a table in a fancy restaurant. He's still wearing his uniform, dusty and sweat-soaked.

MONICA (30s) sits at the table wearing a slinky back dress.

MONICA
Oh good, you dressed up.

ARTHUR
I lost track of time.

MONICA
The words you're looking for are
"I'm sorry."

ARTHUR
I'm sor-

MONICA
Screw you, strike three!

ARTHUR
Strike three? I just walked in the
door!

RING! It's his cellphone. She stares at him. *Don't you dare.*
Arthur pulls the phone out. On the screen: "Christopher."

They lock eyes. It feels just like two gunslingers ready to
draw. But then, Arthur walks to the table and drops his phone
into a full wine glass. The RINGING stops abruptly.

They stare at the destroyed phone. Monica smiles.

MONICA
Well played.

Arthur leans over and kisses her cheek, all charm. He sits
across from her. There's a moment of silence ...

MONICA (CONT'D)
This is weird.

ARTHUR
Well, technically it's a first
date. Those are always weird.

MONICA
It's not a date, we're divorced.

ARTHUR
Then why did you wear that dress?

MONICA
Do you like it?

ARTHUR
 (flirting)
 Every guy in this restaurant likes
 it. And a girl over by the window.
 She's making eyes at you.

Monica turns to look.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Don't look, you'll embarrass her!

They both crack smiles, a brief moment of connection. Then:

MONICA
 What you want out of tonight?

ARTHUR
 I want you. That's all. Let's just
 eat and laugh. No interruptions.

MONICA
 That's it?

ARTHUR
 At the end of the night, if you
 still think this is dead, just walk
 out the door and never look back.

She thinks about it ... then picks up a menu.

MONICA
 What looks good?

GURGLE RING! Somehow the phone's still working. The annoying
 sound draws fierce looks from the other patrons. Arthur wants
 desperately to answer it. He tests the waters ...

ARTHUR
 He knows where I am, so it has to
 be important.

Monica doesn't answer, she's crestfallen. Arthur weighs his
 options, then plucks the soggy phone out of the wine. It
 dribbles all over the place.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 You're killing me.

The phone is on the fritz and a spark ZAPS his ear.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)
 (crackling and garbled)
 Is she mad?

Monica can hear Christopher's voice.

MONICA
Tell him no.

She stands and grabs her purse. Composes herself.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Arthur. At least you
tried.
(loudly to phone)
Bye Chris.

She heads for the exit.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)
Buddy, I'm sorry but I'm looking at
a statement from an anonymous
informant. There's something going
down. Tonight.

ARTHUR
(eyes on Monica)
And Barker just sat on it?

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)
He could have missed it, there's a
ton of shit in this file. But I've
got a time and GPS coordinates. You
still got the car signed out?

Monica reaches the exit and disappears without looking back.
Arthur watches her go with regret.

ARTHUR
Where am I headed?

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

The police car pulls into the parking lot. Arthur and
Christopher cruise between the warehouses, eyes peeled,
windows down and listening.

Their GPS readout says they're close, so Arthur parks. They
get out and scan their surroundings: nothing suspicious.

Over the WHIR of industrial AIR CONDITIONERS and CONDENSER
UNITS they hear a muffled sound, like the ROAR OF A CROWD.

CHRISTOPHER
You hear that?

They head down an alley between two warehouses. At the far
end is the large metal fence where we last saw Grace.

As they approach, Arthur notices FLICKERING LIGHT on the side of a warehouse. It seems to emanate from behind the fence.

Those muffled CROWD SOUNDS again. He finds a crack in the fence and approaches slowly. He peers through ... and his expression turns to pure shock.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

What is it?

He peers through as well. Same shocked expression.

EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - NIGHT

On the other side of the fence lies an underworld of rust, blood, and fire. Welcome to **Blood Drive**, motherfuckers.

It's a Mayhem Party of utter insanity. Fights break out. Couples screw between parked cars. Guns are on display everywhere, along with knives, machetes, and axes. One guy snorts coke off the blade of a red-hot knife.

It makes Mad Max look like Muppet Babies.

A warped metal stage sits at the far end of the parking lot, adorned with sharp spikes and giant shards of steel. A sign reads BLOOD DRIVE. It might be painted with real blood.

Grace bends over to wax a bumper and her short dress rides up, driving the crowd wild. They hoot and holler!

Then the sea of fucked-up humanity parts and into the fray crawls the weirdest character so far: a tattooed amputee with no legs and one good arm.

He rides a contraption right out of a steam punk nightmare with two rubber tires and four spider-like claws. The whole thing runs off a small motor which belches nasty smoke.

His name is RASHER (30s). He's the brains behind this operation. Girls fawn over him as he creeps by. He tosses free packets of drugs to the crowd, a sparkling white pill called Bliss that we'll come to know well.

He hoists himself into a control booth with an array of faders and switches, then looks to a tall thin man standing in the shadows. They share a nod.

ANGLE on the thin man's legs as he steps out of the shadows with long, vaudevillian strides.

He snags the mic and whips it to a speaker, creating terrible SCREECHING FEEDBACK. He has the crowd's undivided attention.

Stepping into the light, he wears a tight suit with an ascot and 1890's swallow-tailed jacket. An elongated top hat crowns his gaunt face and pitch black, shoulder-length hair. This is JONATHAN SLINK (50s).

SLINK

Ladies and Gentlemen, Bastards and Tramps. Bloodsuckers, Motherfuckers, Road Trash and Vamps. Queers and The Strange -- those in the crowd and those on the stage -- to The Violent, the Malevolent, and those Seeking the Grave ... welcome home.

The crowd ROARS for him! He bows and tips his hat.

SLINK (CONT'D)

It's been a cold, dark year and I'm so glad to see your grease-stained faces! Your filthy smiles. I am your host, Jonathan Slink, Master of Ceremonies, God of the Stage!

He raises his arms to CHEERS!

SLINK (CONT'D)

Welcome to the meanest, nastiest, filthiest road race in the world ... BLOOD DRIVE!

People SCREAM! Guns FIRE! Engines ROAR! Slink raises his arms, presenting a ROW OF VICTIMS THAT ARE BOUND AND GAGGED. They get tossed into the engines of waiting cars.

BLOOD SPEWS EVERYWHERE!

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Aerial shot of the mayhem. It's five hundred writhing bodies, SHOUTING and SCREAMING in bloodlust. All that chaos and insanity contained within more of those tall metal fences.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

On the other side of that fence, ANGLE on Arthur and Christopher, staring in shock.

ARTHUR

We're gonna need backup.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Arthur can't keep his hands from shaking. *What did he just see?* Then he spots a nearby ladder attached to a warehouse and runs for it.

ARTHUR

Get to the car and make the call!

CHRISTOPHER

You should wait!

Arthur starts to climb.

ARTHUR

I'll be fine, they don't even know we're here.

EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Rasher's control board, where a security monitor shows Arthur climbing up the ladder.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Christopher gets on the radio.

CHRISTOPHER

Code ninety-nine! We need backup immediately!

EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - NIGHT

Everyone CHEERS as the last victims are fed to the cars.

There's a Cadillac with a a giant rotating fan blade.

A Prius with a compact Cuisinart-like attachment. The victim is fed to the car in a giant plastic bag to keep things tidy.

The silver Mercedes has four mechanical pincers, like insect legs, that snag the victim and shove them between two heavy metal bludgeons that pulverize flesh into a goopy mess.

When the victims are gone, a mop-up crew fans out to clean up spilt blood and collect the shredded clothing.

SLINK

Now, will the racers please line up in front of the stage!

Rasher holds a device that looks like a steam-punk version of an INOCULATION GUN. He hands it to Slink.

RASHER
(whispers)
Gotta cop. The boys are on it, just
be ready to improvise.

Slink nods without losing his showman smile. He stands and holds the inoculation gun high.

SLINK
Who's first?

Up walks RIB BONE (40s), a beefy, leather-clad piece of road trash munching a cigar. He exposes his neck and Slink implants a PULSING ELECTRONIC DEVICE in his neck!

Next up is a super-slick Mafia-type named MR. K (40s). BAM! Injected. Then a gorgeous, curvy sex bomb named VEE (20s).

High above on a warehouse roof, Arthur steps to the edge, gun drawn, and takes in the chaos below.

He watches as Slink injects THE MAYAN (30s), a silent, sinister Hispanic goddess. She doesn't flinch at all.

Behind Arthur, the two thugs scramble onto the roof. They begin to creep toward him, unnoticed.

Back at the stage, Slink injects DOMI (30s), a Martha Stewart acolyte with a perfectly coiffed hairdo and tight pantsuit. She moans like she's having an orgasm.

Then he tries to inject her ball-busted husband CLIFF (30s) but he tries to run away. Two bikers grab his arms and drag him back. Slink injects him and he whimpers like a baby.

SLINK (CONT'D)
I should remind you that if any
racer tries to flee ...

He points to Rasher, who hits a button and a deafening BOOM SOUND EFFECT fills the air!

Arthur winces and grabs his ears. So do the two thugs, dropping their weapons. They clink on the metal roof. Arthur hears them and spins around, but one of the thugs SLAMS his foot into the roof, denting and warping the metal.

Arthur falls off the roof, drops his gun, and barely manages to snag the ledge!

The crow bar slides right next to Arthur's hands!

Down below, Slink injects THE GENTLEMAN (60s), a silver fox decked out in a perfectly-tailored grey suit. Then his racing partner THE SCHOLAR (30s), covered in motor oil and wearing large, eye-warping safety goggles.

Next up for the injection is Grace, but above her Arthur snags the crow bar and LEAPS!

He hooks the curved end over a nearby POWER CABLE and slides above the insanity. But he cable BREAKS and he falls to the hood of Grace's Camaro. SMASH!

Grace spins around and sees her dented hood.

GRACE
What the hell!

She grabs Arthur by the collar and pulls him off the car.

Arthur hits the cement and staggers to his feet. He takes in his surroundings: a sea of leather and piercings and angry tattooed faces. He's in the lions' den.

Then Grace sucker punches him in the kidneys.

GRACE (CONT'D)
You dented my hood, asshole!

Arthur composes himself, goes into cop-mode.

ARTHUR
Ma'am, you need to stand back.

BAM! Fist in the face. Arthur staggers back with a bloody nose. Holy shit she's fast!

She comes at him again only this time he's ready. He deflects her punch and throws her into the Camaro.

She spins back around. Now she's *really* fucking pissed. She charges! WHAM! BAM! The crowd begins to CHEER them on!

Rasher and Slink hear the fight and crane their necks to see what's happening. Then the crowd parts and Grace and Arthur come tumbling in front of the stage.

Grace leaps on Arthur's back and starts to choke him out! He throws himself down and pins her to the cement, BAM!

The crowd goes absolutely nuts, CHEERING and BOOING and placing bets on who will win.

Slink's face is one giant, greedy grin. He motions to two biker dudes and they pull Grace and Arthur apart.

Slink leaps onto the stage, grabs a microphone, and starts to whip the crowd into a frenzy!

SLINK

It's time for you to decide! Is
this guy friend ... or fuel?

Rasher hits a button on his control panel. MUSIC BLARES and FLAMES shoot out over the crowd!

SLINK (CONT'D)

On the one hand, he's a filthy cop!

The crowd begins to chant:

CROWD

Fuel! Fuel! Fuel! Fuel! Fuel!

The two bikers drag Arthur toward a waiting death engine.

SLINK

On the other hand, these two put on
one hell of a show!

The mood shifts:

CROWD

Friend! Friend! Friend!

The bikers pull Arthur back toward the stage. Slink revels in this, master of the crowd.

SLINK

Then again, he might try and stop
the race!

CROWD

Fuel! Fuel! Fuel!

They drag Arthur back toward the engine. It's covered in bone chunks and gristle.

He stares at the deathtrap and makes a decision: no way he's going out that way. He breaks the bikers' grasp and fights them off!

He tries to run, but all around him is a sea of freaks and killers, armed with chains and blades. Everywhere he turns they hiss and scream at him!

They're getting tired of the show and start to close in for the kill. If he doesn't win them over he's fucked.

So he runs to Grace, winks at the crowd, **then sweeps her back in an enormous kiss!**

The crowd goes absolutely batshit over this. CHEERS! WOLF WHISTLES! One dude bites someone's ear off in his excitement!

GRACE
(seething)
I'm gonna kill you!

They drag Grace and Arthur over to the stage.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Whoa! Hold on a minute!

Slink flips a switch on the gun and it BEEPS TWICE. Then BAM BAM! He injects Grace and Arthur one after the other. The two bikers shove Arthur into Grace's Camaro.

GRACE (CONT'D)
We're not a team!

Slink gets right in her face, big smug grin around his crooked yellow teeth.

SLINK
They can order me to let you in the race, but now you're mine and I can do what I want to you.

He gestures to the happy crowd.

SLINK (CONT'D)
And the fans love it.

She steps toward Slink, ready for a fight, when suddenly: A forklift BURSTS through the metal fence! He's followed by TWO COP CARS, lights FLASHING!

The crowd WHIPS OUT THEIR ARSENAL AND OPENS FIRE!

Christopher drives the forklift into a car and FLIPS IT OVER. The car crashes into the crowd, crushing a few.

A crowd member flees and loses his footing, falling on a nearby car with its hood propped open. He faceplants into the engine and blood SPRAYS THE CROWD!

Up on the warehouse, one of the thugs HEAVES his axe! It pierces the forklift roof and SLICES Christopher's face!

Christopher YELLS in pain and loses control of the forklift! It bashes into a cop car, sending it careening towards a giant PROPANE TANK!

BOOM! The fireball is epic, knocking everyone off their feet, flames reaching high into the air.

Arthur watches the explosion in horror as Rasher hits a **BIG RED BUTTON**.

A **SIREN** begins to wail and a large metal gates swings open. Everyone scrambles to their cars!

Over the gate hangs an old-fashioned **STOP LIGHT**. Next to it: a countdown clock that starts ticking back from 15.

SLINK (CONT'D)
Racers to your marks! Everyone
else: see you at the rendezvous!

The clock ticks down. The light turns green. The racers take off with **SCREECHING TIRES!**

VARIOUS SHOTS: tire marks on cement, tailpipes spewing fire, grills bashing people who couldn't get out of the way.

INT. CAMARO - NIGHT

Grace climbs behind the wheel, turns the key, and speeds toward the starting line. Too late! The gate is already closing. Fuck that. She floors it.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The Camaro **SMASHES** the gate open and skids into the road! Grace speeds away into the darkness!

ARTHUR
Pull over!

GRACE
Just sit your ass in that seat and
shut up.

ARTHUR
Ma'am, I am a police officer!

GRACE
Yeah, a shitty one!

Arthur opens his door and leaps out of the moving car! He hits the asphalt and rolls to the sidewalk. Then he's up and running down an alley. Grace brakes and screeches to a halt.

GRACE (CONT'D)
If you get too far away ... **SHIT!**

She puts the car in gear and goes after him.

EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - NIGHT

Roadies work to clean up all evidence of the race. At the stage, Slink packs his jacket in an old suitcase.

A loud BEEPING NOISE catches his attention. He walks over to Rasher, who is scanning his control panel.

SLINK

Who would be so stupid?

RASHER

The new guy.

SLINK

The sponsors won't be happy.

RASHER

Don't think it will come to that.
Just need to give him a reminder.

He reaches toward a dial ...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Arthur runs down the road, exhausted.

ANGLE on his neck: a light begins to blink beneath his skin. A sharp electric BUZZ knocks him to the ground. He writhes, clutches his head, YELLS in pain!

A SCREECH of rubber and the Camaro appears!

Inside the car: the same electric BUZZ. Grace SCREAMS through the pain and keeps driving!

Arthur keeps crawling. Grace follows, swinging wide at the last minute so she doesn't crush him. She brakes and kicks open the passenger door.

GRACE

Get in!

Arthur collapses, holding onto the car's hood.

GRACE (CONT'D)

These pulse charges are linked. If we separate, we die.

ARTHUR

What?!

GRACE

They're bombs you idiot! You feel that? This is the lowest setting!

ARTHUR

Jesus!

GRACE

It's a warning shot. They're going to kill us! GET. IN. THE. CAR!

EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Rasher spins Arthur's dial to crank up the juice.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Arthur BELLOWS in agony. He falls down and twitches on the ground.

Grace scrambles out, grabs Arthur, and tries to put him in the car. He's shaking so much it's nearly impossible.

EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Rasher now reaches for Grace's dial. Slink notices.

SLINK

I thought she was a special case?

RASHER

Rules are rules. I already gave her a chance.

He starts to turn up the dial.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Grace finally has Arthur in the car. She climbs behind the wheel and takes off, when her bomb BEEPS!

Here comes the juice and she SCREAMS in agony!

On her GPS we can see her getting closer to the original course. There's a freeway on-ramp up ahead ...

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Camaro hits the blacktop at full speed and races away! The BUZZING stops! Grace GASPS with relief!

Beside her, Arthur has stopped twitching but is still unconscious. Grace pats his chest.

GRACE
Hang in there, Sleeping Beauty.

She speeds off into the night.

EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - NIGHT

Rasher and Slink have finished packing up. Rasher turns to face **Detective Barker**, who is surveying the aftermath.

RASHER
Tonight was a shitstorm. Your department is a mess.

BARKER
All you had to do was put a bullet in his head.

SLINK
They pay us to put on a good show. If you have a problem with that you should let them know.

BARKER
No thanks.

Slink hands him a card. Nothing on it but a phone number.

SLINK
I'm not asking. They want to speak with you about tonight's debacle.

Barker skips a beat, then nods and takes the card. He's a bit shaken up at this news.

SLINK (CONT'D)
What are you going to do about the other cops?

BARKER
Dead.

Barker points to the twisted metal debris from the explosion.

SLINK
And you're sure about that?

BARKER
Unless they're the luckiest sons of bitches in the universe, yeah. I am.

CROSS DISSOLVE:

EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - MORNING

The same camera angle, only now it's morning and there are three cop cars with lights flashing.

Police everywhere, snooping for clues. Tire skid marks are all that remain of the Mayhem Party.

An officer roots around the metal debris and finds a man's leg sticking out.

She pulls back the metal and sees Christopher's singed, soot-covered body. She checks his pulse ... oh my god!

OFFICER

I need an ambulance!

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - MORNING

A beautiful sunrise. Then: VROOM! A 1960 Thunderbird blasts down the road with The Mayan behind the wheel!

Mr. K is right behind, steering his Cadillac with black riding gloves. The Mayan checks her rearview, grimaces, and hits the gas.

He tries to pass, but she blocks him at every turn. Finally she hits the brakes and spins the wheel! Nose to nose and driving backwards, she winks at him and pulls a lever!

Her hood pops up and a fucking HARPOON blasts out of the engine, piercing Mr. K's radiator! Connected by rope, the cars begin to SPIN counter clockwise.

The Mayan pulls another lever and the rope detaches, sending the cars skidding apart.

His car spins into the dirt, radiator spewing steam. The Mayan's car spins to the other side and jolts to a stop, the engine stalled. She blows Mr. K a kiss, then starts her engine. She tries to drive off: CA CHUNK!

ANGLE on her back wheels dangling over an old, fallen TELEPHONE POLE. Shit!

She scrambles out of her car. Mr. K stands in the street, furious, holding a large knife. The Mayan pulls out some brass knuckles and slides them on. *Staredown.*

INT. CAMARO - DRIVING - MORNING

Arthur wakes up with a GASP! He looks all around him, getting his bearings.

GRACE

Do you taste copper?

Arthur thinks for a moment, then nods.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Same here. This will help.

Grace hands him a bottle of water. He chugs it.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Pull that shit again and I'll just shoot you in the head. Save us both some misery.

Arthur feels the back of his head.

ARTHUR

We need to cut these things out.

GRACE

Won't work. I heard a rumor that adrenaline can mess with them, but if that's true it's gotta be a hell of a lot, considering who they're injecting.

(beat)

Anyway, Rasher's the only one with the code to disarm them.

ARTHUR

Then I need your phone.

GRACE

No way.

ARTHUR

I just saw seven people murdered! There's no way they'll get away with it. Help me now and I'm sure we can work out a deal for you.

Grace just stares at him, genuinely confused. Then it dawns on her:

GRACE

Oh my God, you don't have a clue, do you? What do you think happened back there?

ARTHUR

I saw your friends grind up innocent people just for fun.

GRACE

Wrong.

ARTHUR

I saw it with my own eyes.

GRACE

Sherlock, just think about it for a second. Why would anyone use a car engine to murder someone?

ARTHUR

You're all a bunch of sick freaks.

GRACE

True. But that's not why. Think about it.

Arthur stares at her. *What is she talking about?*

GRACE (CONT'D)

Those people were fuel. These cars run on human blood.

He stares at her and mulls this over. Realization dawns on his face. Then the gag reflex hits. He chokes back the bile.

GRACE (CONT'D)

If you throw up in here I swear to god!

He pulls himself together.

ARTHUR

Why would anyone do that?!

GRACE

(shrugs)

Have you seen gas prices lately? And solar's not cutting it.

ARTHUR

When this is over I'll make sure every one of those psychos is in prison.

GRACE

What the hell do you think this is? The tech, the coordination ... this is bigger than you and me. They put money on us. Huge amounts. I practically have a corporate sponsor, for chrissake.

ARTHUR

Who?

GRACE

No idea. Old white men, probably. Sitting in big leather chairs and ruling the world. The point is, they won't risk the exposure. You're along for the ride.

She reaches up and plucks the photo of her sister off the sun visor, shoves it in his face.

GRACE (CONT'D)

And you see her? If I don't get this money my sister spends the rest of her life screaming in agony. And I'd kill a hundred scumbags to save her from that. Keep that in mind every time you feel like being a goddamn hero.

Silence for a moment. Grace puts the photo back on the visor, kisses her fingers and taps them gently on her sister's face.

GRACE (CONT'D)

So that's the deal. You're screwed. So get used to it and fall in line.

ARTHUR

Then we have a problem. Because I'd rather die than kill innocent people for fuel!

Grace ponders this. She pulls out a cigarette, lights it.

GRACE

Yeah. Well, I guess we'll cross that bridge when we come to it.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

We PULL AWAY from the Camaro and fly ahead. Zooming over a huge expanse of cactuses, down the highway, around rocky curves, and over an actual bridge that spans a huge ravine.

In the middle of the bridge: Rib Bone uncoils a long chain with wicked spikes and serrated blades.

He drapes it across the road, then hides behind a steel beam. He sees the Camaro approaching in the distance, spits some tobacco juice, and grins.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. LOCKER ROOM SHOWER - DAY**

Christopher washes off the soot and the grime. He's deeply bruised but his burns are miraculously superficial.

He scrubs up, soap all over his face, and then BEEP! The water cuts off.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

You have reached your water limit.
Please step out of the shower.

CHRISTOPHER

You gotta be kidding me!

He exits the shower, blinded by soap, and fumbles for a towel. SERGEANT GOWER (40s) stands close by. She's fierce and sexual and enjoys the view. She tosses him a tiny washcloth.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Thanks.

He wipes his eyes and spots her.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Whoa! Sarge! What are you--

He drapes the small towel in front of his dick.

GOWER

Until we figure out what the hell happened, you're on forced leave.

She pulls his badge and gun out of his locker.

CHRISTOPHER

Are you shitting me? You heard what happened!

GOWER

I read the report.

CHRISTOPHER

What report? I haven't written--

Gower pulls out a folder and reads from the papers inside.

GOWER

At oh-six-hundred we approached ...
blah blah, I hit my head and don't
remember anything.

She tosses him the folder.

GOWER (CONT'D)
Sign it.

CHRISTOPHER
I wasn't even on duty.

GOWER
And yet you took a company vehicle.
So sign it before the department
decides to fire you, or sue you, or
break every bone in your face.

Christopher takes the report and glances over it.

CHRISTOPHER
That's not what happened.

GOWER
The day I let one of my officers
write "vampire car" in their report
is the same day I let you suck my
dick. Now get dressed, go home, get
drunk. Internal Affairs will
interview you tomorrow.

CHRISTOPHER
What about Arthur?

GOWER
We'll find him. But until I.A.
clears you, sit on your ass. That
better be signed and on my desk in
five minutes.

She spares his ass an admiring glance, then leaves the room.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Christopher leaves the station and walks to the curb,
carrying a cardboard box with his work stuff.

He pulls the stolen folder out, ponders it, then hails a
passing rickshaw.

EXT. MAYHEM PARTY LOCATION - DAY

Christopher walks the crime scene, looking for missed clues.
He comes up short.

He kneels to get a closer look at some stains on the
concrete. He pulls out a knife and scrapes it. Red flakes on
the blade. Blood?

CHRISTOPHER

How did our guys miss this?

He thinks for a moment. He has an idea ... almost ignores it, then follows his hunch and pulls open the folder.

He flips through it until a photo catches his eye. He holds it up for a better look.

FLASHBACK quickly to the MAYHEM PARTY and those victims bound and gagged. ANGLE on one victim's' face, then back to our scene: **it's the same person in the photo.**

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Damn, Arthur. Always gotta be right.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Rib Bone uses binoculars, scopes out the Camaro as it approaches. Then he hears an ENGINE approaching from the other direction.

He spins the binoculars: a convertible filled with FOUR CHEERLEADERS is approaching as well.

He scans his gas gauge: almost empty. He flicks it and the needle falls lower. *Hmm. Decisions, decisions ...*

INT. CAMARO - DRIVING - DAY

Grace drives, Arthur rides shotgun.

GRACE

Rule three.

ARTHUR

No racer may deliberately kill another racer.

GRACE

Yeah, but we break that one all the time. Just don't put a bullet in someone's head and you'll be fine.

ARTHUR

These are ridiculous.

GRACE

Well you almost got me killed, so you're going to memorize them.

ARTHUR

They're already memorized. Rule one: don't get caught. Rule two: no quitting. Rule three: no killing other racers. Rule four: there are no other rules.

(beat)

Not exactly the ten commandments.

They drive in silence for a moment.

GRACE

So what's your name?

He doesn't answer.

GRACE (CONT'D)

We're stuck together, so we might as well-

ARTHUR

Arthur.

GRACE

That's a stupid name, I'm not calling you that.

She looks him over.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Holy shit, you're beautiful. You look like a Barbie doll. Not the girl one, the guy one.

ARTHUR

(cold)

Thanks.

GRACE

Not a compliment. Men are for scars, they're not supposed to be pretty.

(beat)

Ken! He's called Ken. But that's a stupid name too.

Arthur just stares out the window and tries to think.

GRACE (CONT'D)

So what's back home?

ARTHUR

What?

GRACE

You keep looking in the rearview.
Wife? Kids? Girlfriend?

ARTHUR

What does this have to do with--

GRACE

We've got a lot of miles together,
might as well talk.

ARTHUR

No.

GRACE

No? Nothing? Not even a pet? Dog?
Cat? Hamster?

ARTHUR

No, I don't want to talk.

GRACE

You're one of those "work is my
life" types, aren't you?

Silence.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I knew it. So, if that's the case,
why do you want to go back?

She taps the rearview mirror.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Behind you? That's two hundred
miles of dust and a crappy city
where you work sixty hours a week.

She points to the road ahead.

GRACE (CONT'D)

That way? Freedom, adrenaline, and
ten million dollars.

ARTHUR

Ten million?

GRACE

Not for you, for me. No way I'm
doing a fifty-fifty split. But I'll
throw you a bone. Couple hundred
grand to leave me alone after this
is over. Maybe go back to school,
become a fireman.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

You could be a cop and a fireman,
you'd get laid twice as much ...

She trails off, notices something up ahead.

ARTHUR

What is it?

She points at Rib Bone on the bridge. He's standing next to a WRECKED CONVERTIBLE, wielding a machete.

Grace spots the chain of spikes. The crash has moved it so there is room to get by. She guns the engine and ZOOMS past.

In SLOW MOTION: glimpses of blood and flames. Rib Bone shoves a CHEERLEADER'S FOOT into a rusty, hand-cranked meat grinder sticking to the side of his Harley Davidson.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Go back!

GRACE

Why?

ARTHUR

I think he killed those girls!

GRACE

Thank god, right? We might not have
seen him otherwise.

Arthur yanks the steering wheel! The Camaro veers toward the side of the bridge! Grace stomps the brake and they spin 180 degrees, facing back toward Rib Bone.

Arthur shoves Grace's foot down on the gas pedal and they head back the way they came.

GRACE (CONT'D)

STOP IT!

She uses her other foot to hit the brakes, but too late! Rib Bone dives out of the way as the Camaro fishtails and SMASHES into his motorcycle!

The bike slides beneath the car's undercarriage and pops out the other side, scratched and battered.

The Camaro smashes into the side of the bridge. Grace hits her head on the window and gets knocked out. The impact also pops open the glove compartment, revealing a handgun.

Arthur spots the gun and reaches for it, but Rib Bone pulls open the door and yanks Arthur out!

Rib Bone is incredibly strong. He swings Arthur around like an Olympic hammer toss! He lets him fly and BASH, right into one of the steel bridge beams!

Arthur hits the ground, knocked out of his senses, barely able to breathe.

ARTHUR

You're under arrest.

Rib Bone grabs him by the belt, hoists him to his feet, and HEAD BUTTS him back to the ground!

He leaves Arthur to wallow in pain, walks to his motorcycle, pulls the bike upright, and checks the damage.

He turns the key and the engine starts. FLAME and SMOKE belch from the tailpipe.

Rib Bone snags Arthur again and drags him toward the tailpipe. Arthur tries to resist, but he's too weak.

RIB BONE

Pretty face.

(beat)

Bye bye, pretty face.

Rib Bone shoves his face toward the flaming pipe. Arthur's only option: brace against the pipe with his bare hand.

SIZZLING FLESH. Arthur SCREAMS! He whips to the side, his face just inches from the flames. Rib Bone loses his balance and falls into the tailpipe.

He pulls away, leaving a nasty chunk of fried forehead.

BANG! Grace plants a warning shot in the asphalt. She stands in the road, feet apart, gun aimed at them, blood trickling down her forehead.

She surveys the damage: the Camaro is a mess. She stoops to scope out the underside. It doesn't look good.

GRACE

Damn, Barbie, you are a pain in my
ass.

With the chaos over, Arthur spots the four cheerleaders, gagged and tied up to a beam.

One has a foot missing, she's bleeding out. He pulls off his belt and wraps it around the girl's thigh as a tourniquet.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Is that what this was about? You
had to save some stupid girls?!

Then: VROOM! A car appears down the road, approaching fast.

Grace spies Rib Bone's binoculars, picks them up, scopes out the newcomer.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS we see The Gentleman and The Scholar racing toward us.

Rib Bone pushes his bike away, trying to leave. He forgot to detach the spiked chain and it drags behind him.

This gives Grace an idea. As Rib Bone starts his engine, she snatches the chain and begins to swing it ...

INT. MERCEDES - DRIVING - DAY

The Gentleman is driving. Beside him, The Scholar finishes a bag of Ched-O-Puffs. He tips the bag to tap the remaining powder into his mouth.

THE GENTLEMAN

(eyes on the road)

If you spill one crumb, I'll drag
you the rest of the way on a chain.

The Gentleman spots the mayhem up ahead, quickly assesses the situation and finds a way to drive through the wreckage.

He guns it and The Scholar topples into the backseat but manages to keep the bag upright. He exhales with relief and blows orange crumbs onto the upholstery. SHIT!

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Arthur reaches into a cheerleader's pocket and digs out a cell phone. He dials 911, then sets it on the ground.

VROOM! Rib Bone peels out on his bike. He drags the chain with him, pulling away the slack.

ZOOM! The Gentleman reaches the center of the bridge!

Grace swings the chain and it hits the front tire of the Mercedes, punctures it, and bounces into the undercarriage.

Rib Bone realizes he's still dragging the chain and GUNS IT!

It's the Mercedes and the motorcycle, side by side, keeping pace, the chain strung between them.

Rib Bone kicks loose the chain and races ahead. The dangling end snags the cheerleaders' convertible. It pulls tight and the Mercedes whips around and SLAMS into a bridge beam!

Dust settles. Metal creaks. Blood and oil drip on the cement.

The Gentleman steps out. He calmly adjusts his suit jacket, removes his gloves, and wipes a spot of blood off his forehead. The Scholar SCREAMS and leaps from the car.

THE SCHOLAR

They hurt the Lady!

He runs his hands over his car, feels every scratch and dent.

THE SCHOLAR (CONT'D)

Hush now, hush now. I'll make it all better.

THE GENTLEMAN

Well played. Now if you'd lower your gun and let us start the repairs--

GRACE

Us first.

THE GENTLEMAN

I'm sorry?

GRACE

Have your weirdo batshit genius fix our car first.

THE GENTLEMAN

(to Arthur)

Is she always this vulgar?

GRACE

Talk to the one with a gun.

THE GENTLEMAN

Very well. The answer is no.

GRACE

I wasn't asking.

THE GENTLEMAN

You can't kill me.

GRACE

No. But I can cut off your thumbs so you can't drive.

THE GENTLEMAN
That's against the rules.

GRACE
What do the rules say against maiming? Hell, I think I'd get a bonus for the extra carnage.

The Gentleman ponders this, staring with dead shark eyes.

THE GENTLEMAN
(to The Scholar)
Take care of this woman's car.

THE SCHOLAR
WHAT?! She hurt the Lady!

THE GENTLEMAN
I'll hurt you if you don't listen.

The Scholar spits and MUTTERS, but takes his tool kit and scurries over to the Camaro and begins to check her out.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)
Now will you please lower your gun?

Grace doesn't speak, doesn't move. Then, faintly:

VOICE ON PHONE
911. Hello? What is your emergency?

Grace and The Gentleman share a troubled glance. The Gentleman spots the phone. He turns it off, then takes a moment to stroke a cheerleader's face.

THE GENTLEMAN
Shame.

Quick as a flash, he produces a long, needle-like blade.

ARTHUR
NO!

Arthur charges! The Gentleman aims the blade at him instead.

THE GENTLEMAN
One more step and it's self defense. Then no rule can save you.

GRACE
(to Arthur)
Back off. You're about to die.

ARTHUR

I don't care.

GRACE

Once you're dead he'll kill them anyway. If you live, maybe you can avenge them.

ARTHUR

They might have sisters too, did you think about that? Or can you justify *anything*?

Staredown.

THE GENTLEMAN

The damage is done and we should focus on the race.

(to Arthur)

I promise I will not kill these ladies.

Finally, Arthur backs down. The Camaro engine FLARES TO LIFE.

THE SCHOLAR

Their terrible, horrible, shitty, ugly car is drivable.

THE GENTLEMAN

Very good.

THE SCHOLAR

Engine will hold a while. Back axle's on its way out, it has maybe half a day. Will get you to the last checkpoint, though.

He hurries over to his own car and begins checking her out.

GRACE

How can we trust him?

THE GENTLEMAN

He is a man of honor when it comes to automobiles. As I am a man of honor when it comes to women. We will keep our word.

GRACE

Let's go.

ARTHUR

We can't just leave them.

GRACE

What choice do you have?

Goddamn it, she's right. Arthur walks slowly to the car, keeping his eyes on The Gentleman.

ARTHUR

If you kill them, I'll find out about it.

THE GENTLEMAN

If I fail to meet my promise, I will welcome your vengeance.

Arthur and Grace climb into the Camaro.

ARTHUR

Everyone is a psychopath.

Grace peels out and they disappear down the road. The Gentleman watches them go.

THE GENTLEMAN

How long will their engine hold?

THE SCHOLAR

About two, three hours. Tops.

THE GENTLEMAN

Good.

He turns to the tied-up cheerleaders.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, ladies, your lives are not mine to take.

(beat)

Your tongues and fingers, on the other hand ...

Off their terrified reactions ...

INT. HEART INDUSTRIES - DAY

Detective Barker waits in the lobby and tries to sit on a beautiful designer sofa that is horribly uncomfortable.

All around him, the walls and floors are impossibly white. Not a speck of dust. Not a single smudge. Not a single person to be seen or heard. He checks his watch and sighs.

Then a door opens and out walks a tiny girl named AKI (20s) with spiky white hair, followed by six foreign investors.

AKI

Your drivers are waiting downstairs to take you to your hotels and they'll pick you up again tomorrow at 9am. You'll get a tour of the Fracking Floor and ...

A few of the investors spot Barker and his shiny badge. They're agitated and MUMBLE to themselves.

AKI (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Mister Barker works for us. Now, right this way to the elevators.

She ushers them through the elevator doors and pushes the button. The doors close and she turns to face Barker.

AKI (CONT'D)

Welcome to Heart Industries. You're late. May I offer you something to drink?

Barker shakes his head.

BARKER

Just here to see your boss and let him slap my wrist.

AKI

Mister Barker, even kings don't get to meet my boss. I mean that literally. But come with me and we'll get this sorted.

She heads back the way she came and Barker follows.

INT. RED ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Aki leads Barker into an empty room that's lined floor to ceiling with red vinyl. There's a mirror built in the wall.

The door closes automatically behind them. Barker runs his hand across it: no handle. *Bullshit*. He pulls out his gun and points it at Aki.

BARKER

I thought you people were supposed to be smart.

AKI

You failed, Mister Barker. You left a paper trail right to us.

BARKER

I've got ten rounds in here. Open the door or it'll be nine.

Aki just shakes her head. Barker spares at a glance at the mirror; he assumes someone is watching from the other side.

BARKER (CONT'D)

Is this what you want?

He shoots Aki right in the heart! Thick, crimson blood pours out. Then it turns black. Then sickly yellow. Aki just smiles and takes a step forward.

BAM BAM BAM! She's now leaking the same weird stuff from every hole. She reaches out for his face ...

On the other side of the mirror, **Sergeant Gower** watches through the glass as Barker SCREAMS off screen.

CRASH! Barker's lifeless body smashes the glass and lands at her feet. Aki looks at Gower through the shards.

AKI

Now, about the other loose end.

GOWER

Arthur's on the race, can't you just push a button?

AKI

The race must remain pure, my boss requires it. But we have a package to deliver that will take care of your problem and ours.

She passes an envelope through the broken window. Gower flips through the money inside and smiles.

GOWER

I'd screw your brains out, if you had the right parts under there.

AKI

Who says I don't? So you'll take care of it?

Gower slips the money into her pocket.

GOWER

Just tell me where to go and what to kill.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DUSK**

Christopher stands across the street from the shelter.

A large BLACK VAN pulls up and parks. It stands out amidst all the bikes and scooters. Christopher takes out his phone and uses it to snap a picture.

He zooms in on the photo to get a closer look at the van.

CHRISTOPHER

Where are the solar panels?

Moments later, TEN VAGRANTS file out of the homeless shelter. They pile into the van and it drives off. Christopher hails a rickshaw and follows.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

Slink watches a group of bikers pull ropes and push a large pole. Fabric rises and unfolds into a huge CIRCUS TENT.

SLINK

Perfect, gentlemen. Perfect. I love the fabric and the retro-style. Such a beautiful location. Simply wonderful.

He pounds a sign into the ground with a mallet. It reads: "Fuck Tent - \$5/minute."

Next to it sits a Thunderdome-style fighting cage where psychos battle with hammers and crowbars in knee-deep mud.

A round of CHEERS grabs Slink's attention. He looks up to see a Prius zip across the finish line.

He walks to a large wooden sign that keeps track of the racers and places a large #4 next to "Domi and Cliff."

The Prius parks and Domi climbs out, stretches her legs, and tosses her keys to Cliff.

She makes her way to a badass VIP area where Mr. K, The Mayan, and Vee are all resting.

The Mayan has a wicked scar on her face and Mr. K's jaw is swollen from their fight, but they obviously came to a truce.

Together they drink booze, eat BBQ'd meat, and are waited on by half-naked men and women (think Jabba's throne room from *Return of the Jedi*).

A loud, rattling RUMBLE fills the air. Everyone turns to watch Rib Bone careen down the dirt road on his motorcycle. He can barely keep her upright, she's so banged up.

Finally he tips her and they SKID to a stop. The bike sputters and dies. The crowd begins to chant:

CROWD

Rib Bone, Rib Bone, Rib Rone ...

He stands, lifts his bike, and pushes her across the finish line. The crowd CHEERS!

A team of gearheads runs to collect the bike and wheel her to a mechanics' tent where they go to work getting her in shape.

Rib Bone snags a waitress, chugs her beer, then grabs her breasts. She slaps him, then kisses him, bites his lip, and he carries her into the bushes to screw.

Jonathan Slink walks to the microphone.

SLINK

A quick announcement: Our next team is only a half mile away, so let's grab our drinks, our food, and the hottest piece of ass you can find and gather at the finish line!

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DUSK

The Camaro speeds along, spewing plumes of dust. Grace spots the Mayhem Party up ahead. She grins and smacks her gum.

GRACE

Good first day, Barbie.

Just then, the engine begins to RATTLE. The heat gauge spikes and something starts to HISS.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What did I do?

ARTHUR

Nothing. Pull over.

GRACE

Shit, shit, shit!

The Camaro rolls to a stop. They leap out and pop the hood. STEAM pours out. Arthur checks it out.

GRACE (CONT'D)
What is it?

ARTHUR
Radiator. There's a hole.

She looks over his shoulder.

GRACE
Give me your shirt.

ARTHUR
What? Why?

Grace presses her bubble gum onto the hole. Arthur gets the idea and whips off his shirt. He threads the fabric around the radiator to tie it in place.

GRACE
Now fill 'er up.

ARTHUR
With what? It's bone dry.

GRACE
Do I need to explain it to you?

ARTHUR
What are you ... oh.

He zips down his pants and positions himself to pee into the radiator. Then, down the road, the Mercedes appears!

GRACE
SHIT! Hurry!

ARTHUR
It doesn't work that way.

GRACE
Then make it work that way. We're the last ones. If they cross the finish line we're dead.

ARTHUR
What do you mean we're dead?

GRACE
That last one to cross ... boom.

She points to her neck. Arthur blinks a few times.

ARTHUR
 (sotto)
 No pressure, no pressure.

Then he finishes.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Go, go go! Start her up!

He zips up, twists the cap on, slams the hood. Grace turns the key: the car starts! Arthur dives in and she peels out!

The Mercedes zooms past! Grace gears down and rides their tail. She stomps the pedal to the floor but the Camaro tops out at 60mph. It's no use, they're going to cross first.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 What now?

GRACE
 Nothing.

ARTHUR
 Maybe w can--

GRACE
 Screw it.

She lights a cigarette.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 If I'm gonna die at least it's going to be at the finish line.

ARTHUR
 There's gotta be a way!

GRACE
 I told you, kid, nothing works except ...

She notices Arthur without his shirt.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 (epiphany)
 Holy shit.

ARTHUR
 What?

She sets cruise control. Then she whips off her dress and uses it to tie the steering wheel in place.

GRACE
Get in the back seat.

ARTHUR
What?!

GRACE
Do you want to live or not?

She climbs into the back seat. After a dumbfounded moment, he follows. She straddles him, grabs his neck and kisses him.

ARTHUR
What are you doing?

She slides her hand into his pants, pulls down her panties.

GRACE
Adrenaline, kid. It's the only play
we have but it's gotta be a hell of
a lot!

EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - CONTINUOUS

The Mercedes crosses the finish line and the crowd CHEERS!
Rasher grins and slowly twists a dial ...

INT. CAMARO - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Arthur and Grace wince and grit their teeth as electricity
courses through their bodies.

GRACE
This is it, Barbie. Do me or die!

So he does. The shock increases and she arches her back. He
looks up at her as trees and open sky whiz by the window
behind her head. Her hair blows in the wind.

She pulls him to her and they fall against the front seat. It
collapses, hitting the steering wheel and pulling off her
makeshift auto-pilot.

The car hits a pothole and veers left. It hits another and
veers right. They get tossed from side to side.

ARTHUR
This is crazy!

GRACE
(checks her pulse)
Not crazy enough. Harder!

She slides on top of him. The car hits a rut in the road, catches air, and slams to the ground. Arthur and Grace moan on impact.

She braces herself and closes her eyes, lost in the moment, working herself into a frenzy, driving Arthur wild.

Then the BUZZING electricity increases again, driving them faster, screwing like goddamn rabbits.

She collapses onto his chest. Eye to eye, breathing hard, the world around them slows to an abstract blur.

EXT. MAHYEM PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Rasher cranks the dial to eleven.

INT. CAMARO - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Grace and Arthur SCREAM! The Camaro hits a huge rut in the dirt road and begins to SPIN!

IN SLOW MOTION they spin across the finish line, backs arched, screaming in pain and ecstasy, the car's wheels sending clouds of dirt into the crowd as they jump and cheer!

The Camaro skids right into a GIANT BACKSTOP OF HAY BALES which have been set up for just such an emergency.

BAM! Back in real time, the car disappears into the hay! The crowd ERUPTS with CHEERS and charges them, chanting:

CROWD
Fucking Cop! Fucking Cop! Fucking
Cop! Fucking Cop!

Grace flops out of the hay, panting, laughing.

GRACE
Better than dying, huh?

Arthur crawls out after her.

ARTHUR
I guess it worked.

GRACE
For you, maybe. You're lucky I've
got an imagination.

She stands up and dusts herself off.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Where did you learn to screw like
that? The Boy Scouts?

With that, she walks into the crowd and disappears. Then the crowd swarms Arthur and lifts them above their heads, carrying him into the mayhem!

ARTHUR

Whoa! Hey! I'm not ... PUT ME DOWN!

Arthur gets shoved around the crowd, everyone patting his back and pouring booze into his mouth. He ends up in the arms of THREE BEAUTIFUL VIXENS who usher him toward the VIP area.

EXT. VIP AREA - DUSK

All the racers are feasting and drinking. Arthur hesitates. *Should he join them?* The woods are just fifty feet away and everyone is distracted. He steps toward the trees ... **ZAP!**

His body convulses with electricity! He turns to see Rasher, hand on the dial. Grace walks up and holds out her hand, beckoning Arthur to the VIP area.

GRACE

Give it a rest and come have a
drink with me, Barbie.

Arthur watches Rasher disappear into the crowd. He weighs his options and makes a decision.

ARTHUR

I'll help you win the race. Keep
all the money, just promise me one
thing.

GRACE

What?

ARTHUR

We're going to see every one of
these psychos behind bars ... or
dead.

Grace thinks it over, then hands him a beer.

GRACE

Welcome to the party.

Arthur snags the beer and takes a victory swig.

EXT. ALLEY - DUSK

The van pulls into an alley and everyone exits the vehicle.

Christopher pays his rickshaw driver and follows, slipping into the alley and hiding behind a dumpster.

He peeks around the side: the man in khakis swipes a keycard and opens a metal door in the brick wall. The homeless people begin to walk through.

Christopher runs down the alley, snags a homeless man, and pulls him behind a stack of pallets and cardboard boxes.

Moments later, Christopher steps out, clothes disheveled, grime smeared on his face.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Christopher steps into a dim hallway. He follows the line of vagrants down into darkness and through another door.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Christopher steps onto a dark catwalk thirty feet above a factory floor. Below, conveyor belts carry weird, twisted metal parts of various shapes and sizes.

Christopher ditches the vagrants and sneaks away into shadow.

There are so many cables and pipes in the way that he struggles to see. He finds a narrow staircase with a sign above it that says "To the Fracking Floor."

He sneaks down it slowly, and when he looks up he has a whole new view of the factory floor. It stretches as far as he can see, every available surface covered in glass chambers.

There must be thousands of them. Tens of thousands.

And in each chamber: **a human being.**

They have tubes in every vein, siphoning off blood that collects in large pools. And the pools feed literal **rivers of blood** that crisscross the factory floor.

Christopher is so stunned that he doesn't hear someone sneak up on him and THUNK! He gets knocked out cold.

END OF ACT FOUR

STINGER**EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - NIGHT**

Fire pits are now embers. Drunken bodies dangle from tree limbs. Rasher walks toward a large tent.

INT. TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Rasher enters. Jonathan Slink sits at a table, across from Sergeant Gower and a man shrouded in shadow.

RASHER

What's this about?

Slink hands him a stack of papers. He looks them over.

RASHER (CONT'D)

This is official?

GOWER

Straight from the boss and that hot little piece with the blonde hair.

RASHER

So much for the rules.

GOWER

What rules? This is to balance out the damn stunt you pulled, pairing my guy with that bimbo.

Rasher scans the papers again.

RASHER

All this is fine, but you forgot to put a racing name.

(to mystery man)

What are we supposed to call you?

The man leans forward from the shadows: It's one-armed **Barry** from the start of the show!

His bloody stump has been replaced by a sleek, sinister, mechanical arm. He grins, wicked scars stretching across his face from Grace's machete blade.

BARRY

Call me Handjob.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW