

DEATH RACE 3000

By J.F. LAWTON

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES ENORMODOME / YEAR 2082 - DAY

The future. Lot like today. Only more so. Bigger, louder, cooler, meaner. And faster. Much faster.

Futuristic Zeppelin, plastered with advertisements, floats over humongous stadium filled with half a million screaming fans. The Enormodome, encased in clear plexy, dwarfs even future Los Angeles' radically overgrown skyline.

As rowdy fans buy piles of hot dogs, buckets of beer and disposable personal digital screens, giant 3D billboards explode overhead with booming music and splashy graphics.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Hello Planet Earth! This is your best pal Junior Bruce.

GRACE (O.S.)

And bad girl Grace Lander...

BRUCE (O.S.)

Welcome to the Los Angeles Memorial
ENORMOODODOOOOME!

INT. ZEPPELIN / MULTI-MEDIA CENTER - DAY

Punch into sprawling multi-media center on Zeppelin. Two bubbly race commentators, JUNIOR BRUCE and GRACE LANDER jump into action.

GRACE

Cancel those appointments! Call in sick to work. Lock the brat in the closet with a dish of water. Because for the next four days: nothing matters but who's winning, who's losing, and who's history.

BRUCE

It's Death Race Three Thousand! The race of the next millennium brought to us today in the twenty first century!

EXT. STARTING LINE - DAY

Rush down line of futuristic race cars in every shape and size. Technicians make last minute adjustments: tightening bolts, tuning engines, calibrating rocket boosters.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Last year's Death Race was the most exciting ever. And the best surviving players have returned to test themselves again. Like former champion Leon Ferrant driving the Mirage.

LEON FERRANT, a prototypical French race driver in a dashing blue jumpsuit, checks over six wheeled *Mirage*. His navigator, MORELL, tests computer systems.

GRACE (O.S.)

And up-and-coming favorites like Hank Hensel and the Red Dog Rocket.

HENSEL is in high tech pilot garb. *Rocket* looks like an ICBM missile laid horizontally across road.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Or Ray McCay's Big Wheeler.

Big Wheeler is four giant tires with armored platform suspended between. Cross between monster truck and tank. MCCAY wears denim jumpsuit and rhinestone helmet.

GRACE (O.S.)

The Thompson brothers in their supercharged *Twin Racer*.

THOMPSON BROTHERS are red haired twins in identical jumpsuits. Their *Twin Racer* has two separate cockpits, each on a two wheeled fuselage bolted side by side.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Don't forget the lovely but dangerous Diana Glass in her amazing hovercraft. She's placed 2nd in three Death Races.

DIANA GLASS stands gracefully in a sexy jumpsuit. *Neutron* is a one seater, smaller and lighter than other racers. It hovers over ground on an electro-magnetic cushion.

GRACE (O.S.)

Always the Bridesmaid. But today she vowed to get the ring or die trying. You go girl!

BRUCE (O.S.)

One hundred of the world's greatest racers driving the best in cutting edge technology. Only one in twenty will make it to the finish line.

EXT. BIG SCREENS - DAY

Digital screens depict spectacular car crashes full of colorful explosions and frightening carnage.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Lousy odds. But with advances in biotech, even the most horrific accident doesn't always mean a death sentence.

A driver is thrown from burning car only to be spattered by another racer. A burnt tire rolls from the 3D billboard.

GRACE (O.S.)

Absolutely. A brush with the hereafter can be just the psychological boost a racer needs to come back and try harder.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Case in point, odds on favorite Frankenstein has seen the inside of many a jet fuel fire.

Grace chuckles as they replay a huge fireball of a crash.

GRACE (O.S.)

They don't call him Frankenstein for nothing! Remember his 2072 crash?

A smoking black body, clearly missing its right arm, is wheeled away from a burning mass of wreckage.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Who thought that burnt steak could come back with a new steel arm and win three championships in a row!

GRACE (O.S.)

My favorite race is '79. Frankenstein took serious hits but finished first. Watch the replay closely and you might catch some exposed skull.

Frankenstein, his helmet shattered, his face mangled, his jump suit smoking, steps out of his car. He raises a leather gloved fist in triumph.

BRUCE (O.S.)

There's a true competitor!

GRACE (O.S.)

Not pretty, but God damn is he sexy!

INT. ZEPPELIN / MULTI-MEDIA CENTER - DAY

Bruce and Grace adopt a serious tone as the most breathtaking crash yet replays behind them. Frankenstein's car explodes in a fiery blast.

BRUCE

Yet even die hard Frankenstein fans had to wonder if he met his match during last year's race.

Burning figure fights inside inferno. It's an unbelievable act, only made possible-by mechanical limbs. Their steel gleams through burnt leathers as a figure tries to free the navigator. But fire fighters pull it to safety before it is completely consumed. It falls onto a stretcher. Crowd applauds as it is doused with CO2.

GRACE

The Monster's navigator, Gail Mensor, died in that barbecue. Frankenstein suffered third degree burns over 98% of his body.

BRUCE

But Death Race Chairman "Boomer" Delaware promises that after a year of round-the-clock surgery, Frankenstein is coming back. And he's coming to win!

VIDEO CLIP

BARTHAM "BOOMER" DELAWARE, burly gray haired ex-racer, stands before mic spouting off like Vince McMahon.

DELAWARE

If you think a little wienie roast can stop a man like Frankenstein, then you might as well crawl up my butt and find a spot to die. This year's Death Race is going to be the best yet!

VIDEO CLIP OF COMMERCIAL

Sexy NURSE helps bed bound PATIENT, completely wrapped in bandages like a mummy, sip soda through a straw.

GRACE (O.S.)

In a testament to his popularity,
Frankenstein signed more corporate
endorsements on his deathbed than any
other figure in sports history!

Nurse smiles to camera and shows off Mountain Dew label.

NURSE

Sure, Frankenstein might die. But at
least he'll go out happy!

She gives big kiss to his cheek, leaving red lipstick on
bandages. Mummy winks to camera and takes another sip.

BRUCE (O.S.)

That commercial won three special
Emmys, beating out *Law and Order*:
Cyborg Sex Crimes for fan favorite!

EXT. STARTING LINE - DAY

Crowd roars as new *Monster*, Frankenstein's sleek killer car,
rolls onto track. Its solid muscle power and clean lines
stand out from other racers like cut Olympic boxer in a line
of WWF wrestlers.

SEAN FITZSIMONS, "FIXIT," *Monster*'s chief mechanic, waves
aside pit crew and does final check. He pulls a cloth from
his overalls and polishes out smudges on black finish.

ACE WOLF, buff field reporter, briefs hovering Robo-Cam.

ACE

Ace here at the starting line. With
only two minutes left, Frankenstein is
still missing. I'll try to get a
comment from Frankenstein's new
navigator, Ariel Kinlow.

ARIEL KINLOW checks her computer in shotgun seat of *Monster*.
Ariel is confident, athletic and attractive but also a
little... well... odd. The average Death Race navigator has as
much personality as a tax accountant. But while Ariel is
extremely good at what she does, she's kind of quirky and...
well, you'll see. Ace pokes in and waves a microphone.

ACE

Ariel! Ariel! Rumor is Frankenstein's
new right arm malfunctioned.

ARIEL

No comment.

ACE

Is it true that you have never even met Frankenstein?

ARIEL

Strange but true. Now leave me alone.

ACE

Frankenstein lost three navigators during his amazing career. How does it feel to be in the hot seat?

ARIEL

Fun.

FIXIT

Go away you blood sucking parasite!

Fixit punches Ace in the nose and tosses him from the car. Ace scurries off. Ariel glances at Fixit.

ARIEL

Thanks. This is weird. One minute, thirty-two seconds to start.

FIXIT

Welcome to show business, legs.

Fixit is about to leave when he notices small plastic toy on dash over Ariel's computer. It's futuristic version of those bobbing head dogs you see in back of Lowriders. But this is a goofy plastic robot.

FIXIT

What the hell is that?

Ariel bobs its head and it nods.

ARIEL

"Stinky Gears." You know, from that Japanese cartoon.

FIXIT

Get it off my dash. This isn't amateur hour. You're working for Frankenstein.

Ariel obediently pulls Stink Gears off dash. But the second Fix-it has turned, she puts him back and returns to programming her computers.

EXT. STANDS - DAY

Delighted FAN watches race broadcast on his disposable digital as Ace rubs his bruised nose. Fan punches screen with chili covered finger. Bio on Fixit pops up, including stats indicating he's punched ten reporters, a race record.

ACE (O.S.)

This just in, we have an emergency announcement from Death Race Chairman Boomer Delaware himself!

EXT. CHAIRMAN'S BOX - DAY

Boomer flamboyantly steps before cameras as clock ticks off to race.

DELAWARE

I apologize for this last minute announcement. But due to technical difficulties, Frankenstein will not be able to race.

EXT. STARTING LINE - DAY

A BOOING ROAR goes over the crowd and it seems like a riot might ensue. Ace runs with his floating camera.

ACE (O.S.)

What a disappointment! Frankenstein is out. That puts the match solidly in the hands of last year's champion, Machine Gun Joe Virterbo!

MACHINE GUN JOE VIRTERBO sits in his vicious, pimp gold trim accented, chain gun armed, racing car. The *Virterbo Turbo*. Next to him is MIRA, a hot looking blond.

ACE

Machine Gun Joe, any last second comment on the loss of Frankenstein?

VIRTERBO

Frankenstein is yesterday's news. Anyone can get their arms and face ripped off! I'm the guy that makes other people crack up and burn! And this time I'm going to...

Suddenly, SIRENS BLARE as a medical helicopter, red lights flashing, lands near starting line. Team of MEDICAL EXPERTS burst from its interior. They unload stretcher.

Ace rips mike from Joe mid-speech and runs to it.

ACE

Hold onto your seats, race fans!

Medical team tears IV's from sheet covered body strapped to stretcher. They lift stretcher up right and cut straps. Sheet falls dramatically to ground. FRANKENSTEIN coolly steps off and strides toward Monster.

CROWD

FRANKENSTEIN! FRANKENSTEIN!

ACE

Yes! It's Frankenstein! But with only nine seconds to go!

Frankenstein is an imposing figure encased in black leather. A cross between a Hell's Angel and Darth Vader. Straps and buckles on his gloves and boots are threaded with wires and electronic gear. His misshapen helmet and distorted face mask hint to something frightening underneath.

His right eye shines through a slit in the mask, his only human aspect. It gleams with quiet intelligence.

ACE

Frankenstein! Any comments for your fans! Are you ready for the race?

Frankenstein ignores him. SECURITY GUARDS grab Ace and roughly drag him off. Billboards count down seconds with numbers that pop out and spin around mid-air... seven... six...

EXT. CHAIRMAN'S BOX - DAY

Boomer Delaware seems shocked for the cameras.

DELAWARE

It's a miracle! Frankenstein is alive! He's alive! ALIVE!

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Joe hits some switches and the engine roars.

VIRTERBO

I can't believe that Frankenjerk! I smoked him last year and he's still stealing my spotlight!

EXT. STARTING LINE - DAY

Engines roar. Top light on starting tower flashes red.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Ariel revs engine. Fixit talks through her headset.

FIXIT

Three seconds... ratchet down turbo boost...

Ariel can't help but glance at Frankenstein approaching.

FIXIT

... wake up, legs! Your boost is too high! Hit five and you'll blow the block!

ARIEL

Got it! Got it...

Cockpit opens but Ariel focuses on her screens. Frankenstein steps into car and gulf wing door seals next to him.

FIXIT

Two seconds.

EXT. STARTING LINE - DAY

The tower flashes yellow.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein clips on four point seat belt. Hits button and it tightens automatically.

FIXIT

One second...

He pulls a coiled wire from jacket and clicks it into Monster's computer. He pops the clutch and shifts into gear.

His foot SLAMS on the accelerator.

EXT. STARTING LINE - DAY

Tower flashes green. Starting line comes alive like a crashing wave. Smoke BURNS from tires as cars leap forward.

But one racer ROCKETS ahead of others. The Monster.

CROWD

FRANKENSTEIN! FRANKENSTEIN!

INT. MEDIA CENTER ZEPPLIN - DAY

Shots of race rip across screens behind Bruce and Grace.

BRUCE

Death Race 3000 has begun! And the Monster takes the lead!

GRACE

One thing about Frankenstein, he never disappoints his fans.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein smoothly pilots the Monster.

FRANKENSTEIN

Raise the turbo boost.

Ariel does a quick double take. It talks? She obeys.

ARIEL

Forty eight percent.

FRANKENSTEIN

Take it up.

ARIEL

You'll blow the block at five.

FRANKENSTEIN

Take it to seven. Fixit lies.

FIXIT (O.S.)

I don't lie, you ugly cyborg scum!

ARIEL

Seventy percent.

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN HELIPIT - DAY

Team Frankenstein's helicopter-pit-stop floats over track with other team "helipits" on four giant VTOL jet engines.

FIXIT (O.S.)

Don't burn my engine out on the first leg!

INT. HELIPIT - DAY

Fixit mans array of consoles that monitor Monster. He makes careful adjustments even as he loudly grumbles.

FIXIT

I should make you rebuild it yourself in Tokyo! Maybe I'll get lucky and you'll lose the other half of your brain in the next crash, you freak!

PIT CREW behind Fixit smile as they work. They know this is just his comedy routine.

INT. MEDIA CENTER ZEPPLIN - DAY

Bruce and Grace explain race as cartoon illustrates.

BRUCE

For those of you new to Death Race, no weapons are allowed on the first high speed leg from L.A. to Tokyo.

Map shows race course running up California, across Alaska and then down Bering straight to Tokyo.

GRACE

But there's still plenty of excitement, beginning with: The Wall. One hundred racers are heading for the Wall's one hundred exit slots. But only fifty doors will open at random.

Cartoon shows huge wall blocking off exit to stadium. Fifty out of a hundred slots open doors to allow racers to pass through. As a car does, the door slides shut behind them.

GRACE

Each time a car goes through, the steel door closes off that exit. If you don't make it, better hit those brakes fast.

Cartoon shows cars smashing into The Wall as exits are shut.

EXT. STADIUM TRACK - DAY

Cars blast down track in straight line like drag racers. Frankenstein is in the lead. Eight cars to right, Virterbo Turbo runs close second.

Ahead of them looms The Wall, quarter mile of concrete fifty feet tall. Its one hundred steel doors are shut tight.

—
BRUCE

The racers are approaching The Wall in a straight line. But that will change fast once the doors open.

FRANKENSTEIN'S POV

Frankenstein's eyes flash between the track and controls. Speed is 432 mph. Tack is 98,000. Wall approaches fast. Red HUD numbers show feet to impact.

EXT. THE WALL - DAY

BAM! Fifty steel doors pop up with metallic crunch. But nine doors directly in front of Frankenstein remain shut. Racers fight for slots. Several cars instantly crash.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Wow! Look at them scramble.

GRACE (O.S.)

Bad break for Frankenstein. Not a clear line in front of him.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Ariel's computer display shows open doors. With adrenaline pumping she shouts:

ARIEL

Nearest opening four slots right.
Slide right!

Frankenstein glances at her and then the display. He knows it's the wrong call, but his human eye glints mischievously.

FRANKENSTEIN

Okay. Let's see what happens.

He takes her advice and quickly slides right.

INT. HELIPIT - DAY

Fixit watches the displays, stunned. But it's too late.

FIXIT

Right? There are more open slots on
the left!

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Machine Gun Joe has an open slot directly ahead of him.

MIRA

Perfect! We've got an open slot to
take the lead!

VIRTERBO

Forget it. I want Frankenstein!

Machine Gun Joe spins his wheel left.

EXT. THE WALL - DAY

Monster shifts right, taking advantage of (and rapidly losing) its first place lead to steal an open slot, four slots over. The problem is there is only one opening and then two more closed slots. (Five slots to the left there were three open slots. A better target in retrospect.)

To compound the problem, Virterbo abandons his open slot, and uses his second place lead to shift past the two closed slots to steal the slot Frankenstein is after.

Chaos ensues.

The racer already in line with the open slot, lets call him DEAD MEAT, takes advantage of his position to gun it. He quickly gains on the Monster and Virterbo. But not enough.

BRUCE (O.S.)

It looks like Frankenstein and Machine
Gun Joe are after the same opening.

GRACE (O.S.)

I wouldn't want to be the dead meat
caught between them.

Virterbo has less lateral distance to cross and manages to pull a few feet ahead of Dead Meat. As they near the opening, Virterbo's rear half slams into Dead Meat's front.

Frankenstein, slightly behind them both, sees what is about to happen and locks up his back tires. He spins the wheel.

As Virterbo Turbo slams into it, Dead Meat slides to left (where Frankenstein would have been) and misses the opening. Virterbo's car rockets through. Dead Meat hits The Wall at three hundred miles an hour. KABOOOM! There's little left in the ensuing fire ball. The steel door slams shut.

Monster spins on its back tires and does 180, barely missing The Wall and explosion.

But it's not out of danger yet.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein slams Monster into gear and peels off in wrong direction (away from the wall). Dozens of cars head straight at him. He skillfully swerves around them.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Frankenstein's heading the wrong way.
Looks like he's out of the race.

Ariel is devastated as she pieces together her bad call.

ARIEL

I blew it. It's over.

FRANKENSTEIN

No. Not yet.

His voice doesn't sound concerned, in fact, he seems to be enjoying the challenge.

EXT. THE WALL - DAY

But it would seem to be over. As Frankenstein heads back toward starting line, dozens of racers zip through openings and doors slam shut. Unlucky ones smash into Wall, or each other. Some skid to stop and back up in desperate scramble to find an open slot through the flames and destruction.

BRUCE (O.S.)

This will be the first time in Death
Race history that Frankenstein failed
to make it through The Wall.

Monster executes quick circle away from flames and chaos and then heads back toward Wall at high speed.

GRACE (O.S.)

Don't count Frank out yet! He's coming back! But is it too late?

There's only one remaining chance. A huge pile up toward the left has resulted in two open slots. Oops, one open slot, the other is quickly grabbed.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Ariel spots it on her computer screens.

ARIEL

Only one opening left. Eighty three.

FRANKENSTEIN

I see it.

EXT. THE WALL - DAY

But so do remaining racers. There is a scramble for it. One car, RED RACER, is closer and has best position, but the Monster has built up speed by circling around.

Through smoke and flames Monster zeros in on open slot, rapidly accelerating as it weaves through demolished cars. There will be no way to pull out this time.

Slower moving Red Racer gets into position and blocks opening. It's about to go through. Monster SLAMS into it from behind. The two cars rush through as one. Steel door SLAMS shut behind them.

EXT. BEYOND THE WALL - DAY

Red Racer and Monster emerge on other side of Wall to wide expanse of track leaving the Enormodome. Cheering fans pack bleachers on each side for as far as the eye can see.

Force of Monster's impact sends Red Racer spinning out of control. It crashes into retaining wall and explodes.

GRACE (O.S.)

Great save by Frankenstein!

Monster, relatively unhurt, hurls out of Los Angeles.

BRUCE (O.S.)

But he exits the Enormodome in a very disappointing last place.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein drives like a demon to make up time. The track is built for intense speed. He passes a couple racers.

FIXIT (O.S.)

That was a bonehead call by your new navigator. Taking you to a single slot on Virterbo's side of the track. You want me to line up a replacement for the next leg?

Ariel glances at Frankenstein. He's focused on the road.

FRANKENSTEIN

No, I'm still breaking this one in.

FIXIT (O.S.)

I'm not joking, Frank.

FRANKENSTEIN

Neither am I.

Ariel returns to her controls, glad for the endorsement but unsure if it is deserved.

INT. MEDIA CENTER ZEPPLIN - DAY

Screens behind Bruce and Grace shift from racers roaring up California coastline, to burning wreckage in front of Wall.

BRUCE

As our lucky fifty drivers head up the coast, we're tallying the loses at The Wall and it looks like we have a record. Twenty six confirmed dead, and four on the critical list.

GRACE

Let's take a moment to honor those noble racers while the Enormodome dancers rock out to the Death Race anthem.

EXT. STADIUM TRACK - DAY

Enormodome DANCERS in hot pants leap onto track like Laker cheerleaders. They dance to upbeat music as emergency crews continue to work behind them.

Overhead, giant billboards show close shots of wiggling dancers as each dead racer's name floats out from the screen for a brief moment and then fades away.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST TRACK - DAY

The Pacific Rim Track is a marvel of engineering cutting across four countries. Perfectly smooth, carefully leveled, with precisely banked curves, it allows drivers to take their cars to the edge of their limits.

The Virterbo Turbo roars down track, picking up speed at frightening pace. Even so, the Mirage gains on it.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Machine Gun Joe spots Mirage coming up on left.

VIRTERBO

That Frog better not pass me. HE
BETTER NOT PASS ME!

Joe swerves to smash it. As Virterbo Turbo viciously slides left, Mirage smoothly darts right and zips around.

Joe screams with fury. His wheels briefly skid and smoke before he regains control. Half second later, Neutron roars by on left, sneaking past in an instant.

VIRTERBO

ARRGH! Wait till I get my guns
activated. You'll all be dead. Make
a list Mira! The frog moves to the
top! Then the chick!

INT. MEDIA CENTER ZEPPLIN - DAY

Bruce and Grace provide commentary as racers roar onward.

BRUCE

Leon Ferrant moves into first place,
with sexy Diana Glass close behind.
Machine Gun Joe looks pretty upset as
he falls into third.

GRACE

The Pacific Rim is a pure speed contest, not Joe's strongest area.

Monster blasts across screens behind Grace.

BRUCE

Meanwhile, Frankenstein has fought his way up to 40th place, but as racers gain speed it becomes more difficult to overtake the leaders.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein's foot either pounds the accelerator or brakes. Nothing in between. Speedometer is at 678 mph and rapidly climbing. Ariel tries to keep up as he zips past two racers.

ARIEL

38th place. Right bank two miles, next racer half mile and closing.

EXT. PACIFIC RIM TRACK / ALASKAN LANDSCAPE - DAY

Course continues over barren white glacial landscape. Microwave heaters keep ice off the road.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Average speed is seven hundred miles an hour. At that velocity, the slightest mistake means death. A hairbreadth off in a turn, and it's goodbye.

Three cars blast through a banked curve, a mere blur of speed. The fourth is a tiny bit off. It touches a railing and instantly rockets out of control. It spins head over tail, catches fire and takes off into the ice and snow.

GRACE (O.S.)

Speaking of which, there goes Jack Yonker in the Orange Coast.

Jet fuel burns fiercely as the car sinks into melting ice. The fuel rises and burns as the car disappears from sight.

BRUCE (O.S.)

That's going to be a tough one for the rescue crews.

GRACE (O.S.)

Orangesickle anyone?

EXT. PACIFIC BRIDGE - DAY

Racers, lead by Mirage, blast over Bering Straight. A series of bridges connect Aleutian islands to Kamchatka. Mirage's speed rises until a crashing boom echoes over landscape. Sonic waves ripple over the sea and snow as racers pass.

BRUCE (O.S.)

The Mirage breaks the sound barrier in first, followed by the Neutron, and the Virterbo Turbo. In a few moments all the racers will be traveling at the speed of sound, locking in their positions until Tokyo.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein passes two more cars, barely keeping control at such high speed. His tires have almost no traction.

ARIEL

34th place.

FRANKENSTEIN

That's good enough till Tokyo. We're going sonic.

As crashing sonic boom roars over them, Ariel's face momentarily reflects something close to fear. She touches a button on her seat belt, squeezing it a millimeter tighter.

Frankenstein focuses on the road and his instruments. The slightest mistake is death.

INSERT - FRANKENSTEIN'S EYES

Frankenstein's eyes flash between the track and his controls in a disciplined rhythm.

FRANKENSTEIN'S POV

Red HUD numbers show speed is 759.2 mph and slowly gaining as the track hurls at them like a drill bit.

Map tracking display superimposes racer positions. Shows up coming curves. Speed tolerances.

Tack is 99,994. Well over red line.

Stinky Gears' head bobs up and down.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein's human eye focuses on Ariel through slit.

FRANKENSTEIN

What is that thing on your dash?

Ariel, terrified of distracting him, softly whispers.

ARIEL

Stinky Gears.

FRANKENSTEIN

What?

ARIEL

... the cartoon character. He's popular in Japan. You know that song:

(singing nervously)

"Get 'em, Stinky Gears! Smash 'em!"

Frankenstein's eye studies her as if she is insane. Outside mountains are hurling by. Ariel panics and reaches for the Stinky Gears figurine.

ARIEL

I'm sorry. It's just a stupid thing...
I'll get rid of him.

But Frankenstein stops her with a commanding voice.

FRANKENSTEIN

No.

Ariel freezes as Frankenstein returns his gaze to the blurred road roaring at them.

FRANKENSTEIN

I like it.

EXT. TOKYO - SUNSET

A Godzilla type monster, hundred stories tall, rises from Toyko Bay, water dripping off its lizard skin. He crushes a warehouse under his feet as he makes his way to the Kirin Beer Skyscraper.

With a burst of radioactive bad breath, he slices it in half. The upper stories collapse to reveal a giant bottle of ice cold Kirin. The monster pops the top and takes a satisfying sip. He grins.

It's the KIRIN SUPERMONSTER, a winged, pit-bull faced, three dimensional hologram. It flashes and disappears, revealing the real building unharmed. Moments later, the hologram replays, reeking imaginary havoc over real city blocks.

Welcome to advertising in 21st Century Japan. All across Tokyo, giant monsters, some frightening, some sickeningly cute, dance on top of buildings, and play on the city streets. Sexy female Hentai characters, twenty stories tall, beckon customers into pachinko parlors. Anime robot warriors fight battles over computer game stores.

Ignoring holographic chaos overhead, Japanese race fans pack bleachers along race course wearing caps and jackets with their racer's colors. A sea of black clad Frankenstein fans sit opposite bleachers awash with gold for Machine Gun Joe.

The first leg of Death Race ends at Tokyo Stadium. Track narrows to single car width and passes into stadium through a tunnel. As Mirage rushes through, giant "1" flashes on stadium walls. The Neutron follows and it changes to "2."

INT. TOKYO STADIUM - SUNSET

Mirage emerges from tunnel onto center of circular track that spirals outward. It spins through a victory lap, slows to crawl and stops on large square marked #1.

Square rises on huge hydraulic column as fans CHEER. Ferrant steps out of racer and waves to crowds. Column rises until square is level with bridge passing through stadium stands.

JAPANESE WOMEN in stadium uniforms bow as Ferrant steps off #1 square onto bridge. Army of REPORTERS assault him.

Neutron parks on square #2 which also rises. And so on down line. As racers land, circular row of rising stadium columns resembles pillars of futuristic Roman coliseum.

A JAPANESE REPORTER interviews Ferrant.

FERRANT

I wouldn't count anyone out. But I'm
in good position for tomorrow...

INT. MONSTER - SUNSET

Monster parks on 34th place square. As they rise up, Ariel pulls off helmet. She shakes out her sweat soaked hair.

Frankenstein unplugs audiovisual system and stashes cord in jacket. But he doesn't remove helmet. He sits silently until they reach bridge. He hits button and driver's door swings open. He steps out without a glance at Ariel.

INT. TOKYO STADIUM - SUNSET

REPORTERS interview Machine Gun Joe.

VIRTERBO

I wanted to place third. That puts Ferrant and Glass in my sights. The worst place in Death Race is right in front of me.

On other side of stadium, Frankenstein quietly ignores REPORTERS as he strides through them forcefully. They pounce on Ariel, new to this kind of onslaught, and block her way.

ACE

Ariel! Ace here! 34th place is the worst Frankenstein has done in his entire career! Do you think he's finally lost his touch?

ARIEL

No. No, I don't. Now let me go.

But they won't and pepper her with new questions about bad showing. Fixit leaps in and starts punching noses. He pulls her away. Meanwhile pit crew rolls huge Monster right through reporters, sending them fleeing.

INT. TOKYO PIT ROOM - NIGHT

Frankenstein stands in high tech garage as crew rolls in Monster and Fixit beats off reporters. Ariel, rattled, joins Frankenstein's side, unsure how to interact with this machine like human. Fixit shuts shop doors behind Monster.

ARIEL

Um... would you like to debrief, sir?
Any criticisms of my performance?

FRANKENSTEIN

You did fine. That's why I hired you.

Ariel presses the point.

ARIEL

Sir, Fixit was right. I made a bad call at the wall. The way you drive, you'd be in first place but for me. If you want a replacement...

FRANKENSTEIN

Your job is to give advice. I can take it or not. If any mistake was made, it was mine.

ARIEL

It's your fault you didn't ignore me?

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes. Any other questions?

Ariel isn't sure she should ask, but she can't resist.

ARIEL

Do you ever take off that helmet?

FRANKENSTEIN

You want to see what's underneath?

ARIEL

Is it as bad as they say?

Frankenstein touches button on helmet. Two electronic bolts kick open near his neck. He raises it up slowly.

FRANKENSTEIN

Don't say I didn't warn you.

Ariel's eyes widen in shock. But not in horror. He is not the mangled freak she expected. His face is normal, in fact, young, healthy and handsome. He smiles mischievously.

FRANKENSTEIN

What did you expect? Another pretty face?

Pit crew wheels over tool carts, waiting for orders. Frankenstein hands helmet to JORDY, team's Number Two mechanic. Fixit is already tearing into Monster's engine.

FRANKENSTEIN

Left front wheel is too sharp in curves, loosen bearing five percent. Right rear wheel shakes slightly on straight-aways. The supercharger is too hot. Check the chain drive.

Pit crew attacks Monster, ripping it apart. Wheels fly off, armor plating is unbolted. They tear it down to chassis.

ARIEL

So it's a lie. The stuff about you being a hideous monster and all...

Surprised by his handsome face, Ariel experiences whiplash as Frankenstein pulls off his leather jacket.

FRANKENSTEIN

I guess it depends on what your definition of a monster is.

Frankenstein's entire right arm up to his shoulder is artificial. And it's designed for racing, not to be pretty. In fact, it's hideous: Uncovered steel rods, rolls of wires, hydraulic tubes filled with ugly liquid. Pit crew removes it, popping from shoulder joint and hanging it on cart.

FRANKENSTEIN

The first two fingers are springy and the elbow is a little tight.

They nod as Frankenstein sits down on a special wheel chair. They unzip leg leathers revealing two more frightening artificial limbs. They unbolt them with small wrenches. Body connectors ooze blood from stress of driving. Nothing unusual. They dab with alcohol rags.

FRANKENSTEIN

The left leg is fine, but the right has 10 degrees too much tension on the Achilles heel. And the toes aren't sensitive enough, add 5.2 percent.

Ariel watches quietly as Frankenstein is literally taken apart. They hang his legs on cart and wheel them away. Fixit, covered in grease, wanders up to grab torque wrench. He notices Ariel staring at Frankenstein's young face.

FIXIT

The wonders of plastic surgery. Hard to believe he's a year older than me.

Ariel glances at Fixit's grizzled face.

FIXIT

Hey Frank, were you ever really that handsome?

FRANKENSTEIN

No. It doesn't even look like me.

Frankenstein uses his teeth to pull off left glove. His real hand is covered with sweat. He flexes tired red fingers.

FIXIT

Yeah, they got creative after the third time his face burnt off. Living through all those fires, it's amazing he hasn't gone nuts.

FRANKENSTEIN

Who says I haven't?

INT. TOKYO STADIUM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Boomer Delaware strides past armed guards and into pit area. He pushes toward 34th place door, shaking his head, furious.

INT. TOKYO PIT ROOM - NIGHT

Delaware bursts into pit and browbeats Frankenstein.

DELAWARE

That was pathetic! LOSER!

Pit Crew looks away as Boomer verbally assaults their boss.

DELAWARE

I spent a truckload of filthy stinking money to give you a big send off, only to watch our ratings tank when you left the wall in last place!

Ariel glances guiltily at Fixit, who gives her an icy stare.

DELAWARE

So this is how you're going out after I spent fifty million rebuilding your burnt up old ass!

Frankenstein, with no legs, and one arm, seems tired and fragile as this burly man circles him, almost physically threatening. Delaware notices crew's sympathetic reaction.

DELAWARE

GET OUT! All of you!

(quietly menacing)

Frank and I want talk alone.

Most of the crew exits, but Fixit and Ariel hang by door for a moment. Boomer's voice lowers to patronizing tone.

DELAWARE

I don't care about the money. But I wanted you to go out on top like I did. What the hell happened out there?

FRANKENSTEIN

My legs aren't working right and... maybe they've put Humpty Dumpty back together too many times.

BOOMER

I'll schedule a press conference and we'll announce you're withdrawing.

FRANKENSTEIN

No, I want to try and finish...

BOOMER

You're in 34th! You'll never make it past the weapon markers. What are you going to do, hide behind the pack like a rookie? You were Frankenstein for god sakes! You're already a triple gimper. Go out with some dignity!

Ariel, upset with seeing this weary and crippled man bullied, is about to step forward. But Fixit does it first.

FIXIT

Enough Delaware! Leave him alone. You should be kissing his feet!

Delaware spins as smaller Fixit storms right into his face.

DELAWARE

ARE YOU TALKING TO BOOMER DELAWARE, FIVE TIME DEATH RACE CHAMPION!?

Ariel joins Fixit's side in show of support.

FIXIT

I'm talking to a two bit hustler who owned a third rate circuit until Frankenstein came along!

Fixit opens a tool cart and grabs a severed human arm. It's artificial, but frighteningly real in appearance and touch.

FIXIT

Sure you won five early Death Race championships. But back then, there wasn't that much death. Was there?

He tosses the arm to Ariel, who just barely catches it.

FIXIT

You didn't have weapons, or killer
obstacles. All that came after you
retired.

Ariel fumbles with arm until Frankenstein helps her snap it
into his shoulder. Once attached, paper thin skin around
seams blend in as if completely real.

DELAWARE

We added that stuff because the fans
got bored after I left.

FIXIT

And after you left, young Frankenstein
turned your late night cable show into
the number one prime time hit.

Fixit tosses Ariel a human looking leg from the cart.
Frankenstein helps her attach it to his right leg.

FIXIT

It was Frankenstein that made Death
Race the biggest sport on the planet.

DELAWARE

And I made him rich! I made him
famous! I MADE HIM! I MADE HIM!

Ariel grabs the last leg herself and pops it in smartly.
Frankenstein zips up his leg leathers and stands.

FRANKENSTEIN

Back off, Fixit. We're friends here.

Frankenstein crosses to Delaware, whose face is red with
anger. Frankenstein half whispers.

FRANKENSTEIN

Fixit's just feeling bad because there
were problems with the car.

DELAWARE

He should feel bad!

FRANKENSTEIN

Relax. Give me a hug, big guy.

Frankenstein gives Delaware a big hug. Boomer melts.
Frankenstein leads him to the door.

DELAWARE

Hell, you want to race, race. It just puts more money in my pocket.

FRANKENSTEIN

Boomer, I needed a pep talk. I promise to do better. I'll finish in the top ten. You just watch.

DELAWARE

Maybe I got my hopes up too much. I know what you've been through. It's a miracle you're still racing. But I believe in miracles. I really do.

INT. TOKYO STADIUM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Delaware strides past crew as they hurry back into pit room. He looks sad. But once he is beyond their sight he smiles and chuckles, pleased with his performance.

INT. TOKYO PIT ROOM - NIGHT

As crew goes back to work, Fixit yells at Frankenstein.

FIXIT

Problems with my car! You told that bastard there were problems with my car? You know damn well what the problem was!

Fixit glares at Ariel.

FRANKENSTEIN

Just get the car ready. When you're done, meet me in my room.

Frankenstein exits. Fixit fumes and yells after him.

FIXIT

And I told you you'd burn out the engine! The crankshaft is junked!

EXT. CAPITAL TOKYU - NIGHT

The Capital Tokyu Hotel sits on a hill overlooking Tokyo.

EXT. CAPITAL TOKYU / ROOF - NIGHT

Huge Death Race party is erected on roof. Tons of food, booze and upscale crowds. Straddling one corner is giant hologram of Frankenstein. On other three corners, similarly huge holograms of Ferrant, Diana Glass and Machine Gun Joe. Minor racers are given smaller holograms between them.

Machine Gun Joe, with Mira, browbeats Junior Bruce.

VIRTERBO

Frankenstein's hologram is bigger!

BRUCE

I swear, Joe, they're the same size.

Joe spots Boomer and brushes Bruce off to confront him.

VIRTERBO

So where's Frankenstein? Afraid to show his ugly freak mug?

DELAWARE

You know he doesn't do these things.

Virterbo pulls Boomer off and speaks in a low voice.

VIRTERBO

So Boomer, I'm looking for new management. With my skill and your organization, we could make a lot of money together.

DELAWARE

I work for Frankenstein.

Delaware steps away, but Virterbo grabs his arm.

VIRTERBO

Frankenstein works for you. But he isn't working anymore, is he? I shot him up too good last time. Maybe you should switch to the winning team.

DELAWARE

I don't work with sociopaths.

He shoves Virterbo's hand off. Virterbo just grins.

VIRTERBO

Remember I asked nice. So when you come crawling back, I expect you on hands and knees.

INT. CAPITAL TOKYU / IMPERIAL SUITE - NIGHT

Frankenstein sits on bed replaying last year's crash on digital monitor. He half watches emotionlessly as Monster burns and he struggles to escape flames. At the same time, he checks numbers on bank statements and talks on phone.

FRANKENSTEIN

I want you to buy every share of Delaware Racing you can at the opening bell. I know it's down, that's why I'm buying. Empty every account and buy on margin."

He hears knock on door and freezes video just as his burning body tries to pull navigator from fire. He gets up and goes to the door, still talking on the phone.

FRANKENSTEIN

Then I want you to sell everything ten minutes before closing. Yes, everything. No, I'll be too busy racing. Just do as I say and sell before closing. Call it a hunch.

He hangs up and opens door. Fixit enters. Frankenstein shuts door and goes to bar.

FRANKENSTEIN

Beer?

FIXIT

Don't mind. So what was that soap opera between you and Delaware? You don't really believe he wants you to quit. He'd rather you die in a crash.

Frankenstein pops top and hands Fixit a Kirin beer.

FRANKENSTEIN

That's exactly what he wants. He rigged last year's crash.

FIXIT

Rigged it? What are you talking about?

FRANKENSTEIN

I think he rigged last year's crash. He wants me dead.

FIXIT

Wait a second. Slow down. I hate that pompous ass more than the next guy, but why would he try to kill you? You're his cash cow.

FRANKENSTEIN

Maybe he wants a new cow.

EXT. CAPITAL TOKYU / ROOF - NIGHT

Back at Death Race party, a drunk Grace Lander comes onto Machine Gun Joe as he continues to compare holograms.

GRACE

Joe, yours is bigger. That was the first thing I saw when I walked in. Yours is much bigger..

Meanwhile, Boomer and Ferrant discretely talk in corner.

BOOMER

Excellent race. Have you had a chance to consider my offer?

FERRANT

I've been with Cartel a long time.

BOOMER

And they've done shit for you. This business is all about marketing. I'll triple your merchandising in one year. And what do they give you... five percent? That's crap.

FERRANT

I thought it was standard.

BOOMER

Frankenstein gets ten percent.

FERRANT

And he's really going to retire?

BOOMER

You saw how he ran today. It was a joke. I need a new racer who'll be at the top for years. Someone like you.

INT. CAPITAL TOKYU / IMPERIAL SUITE - NIGHT

Fixit is sitting down, taking it all in.

FIXIT

Frank, I went over every millimeter of that car. Before and after the crash. There's no way anyone could have touched it without me knowing.

FRANKENSTEIN

There's only one way I can think of. Gail must have rigged the computer during the race.

FIXIT

Gail? Okay, now I know you're nuts! Gail would never do anything to hurt you. You two were a team. And if she wanted to, and that's not even an if, why would she get herself killed?

FRANKENSTEIN

She could have programmed the car to slam into the wall on the driver's side. Maybe she assumed she could get out before the fire got bad. But then Machine Gun Joe finished us both off.

FIXIT

No, no, this is crazy. You've been in one crash too many, Frank.

FRANKENSTEIN

I've replayed the tape a thousand times. It's the only explanation.

Fixit sips his beer, thinking, considering the unthinkable.

FIXIT

You didn't come up with all this today. Why didn't you tell me sooner?

FRANKENSTEIN

I was afraid you wouldn't let me race.

FIXIT

Damn straight! If you're right, what's to stop Boomer from trying again?

FRANKENSTEIN

If I'm right, he'll definitely try again. That's why I got a navigator at the last minute from outside our organization.

FIXIT

Why not just quit?

FRANKENSTEIN

Because I become a free agent after this race. If I quit before the end, or die, Boomer owns the Frankenstein name and 100% of the merchandising.

FIXIT

So what? You're rich a dozen times over! It's hard enough just living through a Death Race, let alone if your sponsor wants to kill you.

FRANKENSTEIN

If I drop out, he wins. I'll finish the race, but I want him to think I'm washed up. That's why I came out last at the wall. It had nothing to do with Ariel.

(beat)

Fixit, he tried to kill me. I'm not walking away from this fight.

Fixit downs last of beer and abruptly heads for door.

FIXIT

I still say you're nuts. But I have friends in Boomer's organization. And lots of spies. If you're right, I'll find out what he's up too. In the meantime, I'll triple check the car to make sure he can't sabotage it.

Frankenstein stops Fixit before he can exit.

FRANKENSTEIN

Thanks.

Fixit is uncomfortable with even this tiny hint of affection.

FIXIT

Forget it, freak. But tomorrow do me a favor and go easy on the red line.

Frankenstein nods and Fixit exits.

Frankenstein goes back to bedroom. He notices something strange on digital monitor.

Paused video disc of last year's crash has quit and monitor shows late night Tokyo broadcast. Cartoon robot silently races around muted screen. An oddly familiar robot.

It's Stinky Gears. Frankenstein hits button on remote to replay burning crash footage. He picks up new bank statements and checks them over.

But he can't seem to concentrate. He stops the crash and watches Stinky Gears broadcast. He turns up volume and switches language from Japanese to English.

MAYOR

Jezz, you smell bad, Stinky Gears!

STINKY GEARS

Do you want me to fight the Mash Monster, or not!?

MAYOR

Did I say bad? I mean you smell good!

It's so bizarre, it's almost interesting. Frankenstein watches, like scientist viewing life on alien planet. It's been more than ten years since he watched a cartoon.

INT. TOKYO STADIUM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Fixit checks in with team's security guards. He passes Jordy wheeling tool cart back to helipit.

JORDY

I thought you were done for the night.

FIXIT

You can never be too safe.

JORDY

That's what she said.

FIXIT

She?

INT. TOKYO PIT ROOM - NIGHT

Fixit enters pit with Jordy and sees Monster across room. Dozing on top, in a colorful sleeping bag, is Ariel.

JORDY

I guess there's a lot of sabotage on her last circuit. She got in the habit of sleeping on her car. I told her we've got the best security on the track, but she insists it's good luck.

Fixit shakes his head. He's starting to like her. Did Frankenstein already know about her sleeping habits? Did he hire her, and stick by her, exactly for this reason?

Fixit quietly approaches Monster. Like radar alarm system, Ariel's eyes pop open when he gets within six feet.

ARIEL

Huh... ? Fixit. What's going on?

FIXIT

Just checking on the car. I can see it's in good hands. Go back to sleep.

EXT. TOKYO STADIUM - MORNING

Death Race cars, repaired and repainted, are back on their place columns for next phase of race. Heavy ordnance, rockets, missiles, grenades, are loaded onto them.

Excited fans pack every seat. Death Race Media Zeppelin floats overhead as Junior Bruce and Grace call out from stadium billboards with Japanese subtitles.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Ohayo-gozi-masu! Yo-koso on day two of Death Race: the Battle Challenge!

GRACE (O.S.)

I'll bet I'm not the only fan with a nasty hangover! But mix up a pitcher of Bloody Mary's and start chugging! Because if you thought yesterday was exciting, wait till you see these professionals cut loose on each other with serious firepower.

INT. MEDIA CENTER ZEPPLIN - DAY

Graphics illustrate the Battle Challenge.

BRUCE

Each racer is outfitted with state of the art military hardware, limited only by the sponsor's budget and the driver's imagination!

GRACE

But like everything in Death Race, there's a catch. A big one.

Cheerful cartoon shows "X"'s and "O"'s placed alongside each other at various locations along racecourse.

BRUCE

Racers leave the stadium with all weapons deactivated. They can only be activated when the driver passes over a target marker on the course, which also shuts off that particular marker.

As cartoon racer passes over letter, it goes black.

BRUCE

"X" markers activate defensive weapons. "O" markers activate offensive weapons. With only twenty five "X" and "O" markers on the course, half the racers will be out of luck.

GRACE

Except there's one other kind of marker. The death's head. If an activated racer passes over it, its weapons are deactivated..

As cartoon racer passes over skull-and-cross-bones, two new "X" and "O" markers appear on course ahead.

GRACE

... and two new markers appear.

EXT. TOKYO STADIUM - MORNING

Fixit yells as pit crew arms Monster. Ariel checks targeting system. Driver's seat is still empty.

ARIEL

So what's it today? Another helicopter? A parachute drop?

FIXIT

Nah, Frank just likes to sleep in.

EXT. TOKYO STADIUM - DAY

Cute Japanese IDOL SINGER holds up rocket launcher and fires into sky. Rocket explodes in huge fireball that forms burning Kanji spelling out Death Race.

BRUCE

There's the starting gun for Death Race, Day 2!

Engines rev. Columns with race cars lower one by one, in place order, starting with the Mirage.

Cut to racers' faces. Ferrant checks his readings with Morell. Diana Glass tests systems alone. Machine Gun Joe chews his nails as Mira powers up.

Quick cuts to: Hank Hensel and his navigator Hillary in the Rocket, Ray McCay and Buckeye in the Big Wheeler and The Thompson brothers in the Twin Racer.

Settle on empty driver seat in Monster. Next to it, Ariel powers up by herself, but after yesterday, she isn't worried.

EXT. MIRAGE - DAY

Column one lowers until almost flush with stadium track. Mirage blasts off last two inches and roars away.

EXT. TOKYO STADIUM - DAY

Column two reaches floor and Neutron flies way smoothly.

Column three lowers and Virterbo Turbo jumps off platform early. Hits track with flash of sparks and rushes away.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Racers take off, one by one. Frankenstein's seat is still empty, but Ariel stays calm. That is, until Monster's column shudders and lowers from bridge. Her eyes jump up in panic.

EXT. TOKYO STADIUM - DAY

Frankenstein's boot gracefully steps down onto Monster's sinking column. With impeccable timing, Frankenstein, with helmet on, crosses to driver's door. He doesn't seem to be in any particular hurry.

EXT. TOKYO STADIUM - DAY

Meanwhile, Racers 10-15 leap off platforms one by one and blast into race. Monster's column sinks fast.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein slips into seat and straps in. Ariel looks over, relieved, but tries to act cool.

ARIEL

Engines warmed. Supercharger on.
Weapons systems ready to be armed.

Frankenstein plugs himself into computer. He makes tiny adjustments to view screens. Ariel studies him. It's hard to believe there's a human face under all that. Frankenstein's eye notices her looking at him. She smiles.

ARIEL

Good morning.

Frankenstein doesn't react. He just pops Monster in gear and hits accelerator. It takes off like a bullet just as column settles.

EXT. CHAIRMAN'S BOX / TOKYO STADIUM - DAY

Delaware sits with TIFFANY, a sexy young woman. He cheers as Monster roars out of stadium.

GRACE (O.S.)

There's the chairman in his private box, cheering on the Monster with adult superstar Tiffany Thaiyan!

EXT. BATTLE CHALLENGE TRACK - DAY

Battle Challenge track runs from Tokyo across Honshu to Asia. Tall armored walls and bullet proof plastic shields protect the spectators in the stands from collateral damage.

Mirage is in first place as the racers tear across the city. Ahead: first two markers. Ferrant has his choice. Picks defensive "X." As Mirage passes over brightly lit "X," it goes black. Morell's defense panel activates. He dials anti-missile array to rear protection.

Neutron is next. Takes offensive "O" by default. Diana's weapons come on line. She instantly targets the Mirage and fires bolts of white light from laser pulse rifles.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Whoa! Diana Glass isn't holding back!

Mirage swerves defensively. An energy beam barely misses it and melts a smoking hole into armored wall along track.

GRACE (O.S.)

That's more than can be said for the track's armor plating. I guess the safety guys didn't anticipate the power of the Neutron's new laser pulse rifle.

EXT. BEYOND TRACK WALL - DAY

Sand pours from bags behind armored wall. Japanese fan, wearing goofy beer holding hat, stands frozen, terrified. His hair smokes as beer drips from laser sliced cans.

Fan's friends laugh hysterically. He slowly smiles. Beyond, laser hole has burnt through parked cars and a store front.

BRUCE (O.S.)

You can't blame Diana for competing, but I'd suggest our Tokyo fans avoid walking street level for a few hours.

EXT. BATTLE CHALLENGE TRACK - DAY

Mirage swerves back and forth, not allowing Diana to get an easy target. Morell activates a defensive system. Half a dozen holographic Mirages appear side by side, swerving frantically. Impossible to guess which one is real.

Neutron keeps firing, but blasts just pass through optical illusions and tear up track walls.

Mirage reaches next set of markers. Ferrant pops accelerator. Grabs offensive "O."

FERRANT

Take her out before she gets the defensive marker!

Morell fires off a large guided missile. It rockets ahead and arcs back toward Neutron.

Diana knows she's in trouble. Slams foot down to grab last bit of speed. Crosses over defensive "X" marker just before the missile impacts. "X" goes black as missile explodes in mini-nuclear blast. Smoke and flames engulf tiny Neutron.

GRACE (O.S.)

Looks like our first causality.

But something flashes under flames. A glowing force field surrounds the Neutron. It disappears in the smoke and Neutron takes off, unharmed.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Now that's slick. A proton force field. Neutron Corp had to empty a small nation's treasury for that baby.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein hurls Monster down track smoothly passing racers one by one. Ariel is focused on her controls. Never-the-less, she off-handedly teases him.

ARIEL

Rear target gaining fast. You could at least say good morning, Frankenstein.

Another Racer rushes up and tries to pass the Monster. As it does, Frankenstein slams into its rear tire well and spins it like a top. Racer shatters into the track's armored wall and EXPLODES. Frankenstein's eye glances at Ariel.

FRANKENSTEIN

Good morning Frankenstein.

Ariel smiles and goes back to work.

EXT. BATTLE CHALLENGE TRACK - DAY

Virterbo Turbo gains on Neutron as Machine Gun Joe spots next set of lit markers.

MIRA

Joe, take the defensive marker. Protect your back. There'll be plenty of time to kill people. Take the "X." Take the "X." Take the "X.."

Virterbo Turbo blasts over "O" marker. Joe powers up chain guns. Their barrels spin and flaming tracer bullets assault the Neutron. But the bullets simply ricochet off Neutron's force field with brief flash.

VIRTERBO

A force field! That cheating bitch!

Joe hits buttons. Amazing arsenal of weapons pop from panels on every inch of the Virterbo Turbo. Rotating grenade launchers fire. Heat seeking missiles take off. Self loading cannon blasts out. And chain guns run at full blast.

Torrent of weapons assault Neutron's force field. It flickers as explosions rock it, but it seems to be holding.

INT. NEUTRON - DAY

Diana eyes controls as she guns Neutron. Each blast weakens energy level and slows racer, making it an easier target. Levels drop from 50% to 20%. Turbo blasts her with seemingly endless supply of weaponry. Shields flash red at 2%. But Diana keeps her poker face.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Joe screams over blasting weapons. He even fires shots from a high powered spear gun.

VIRTERBO

Die! Die! Die!

MIRA

Joe! Save something for the others!

Joe reluctantly cuts off guns.

VIRTERBO

Just like a chick to cop out and use a force field!

Another racer comes from behind. It fires a rocket that explodes off the Virterbo Turbo's heavy rear armor.

VIRTERBO

Real men use armor plating.

Joe hits button. Turbo's chain guns spin around and blast racer. Armor piercing bullets turn it into Swiss cheese. They tear at it relentlessly. It explodes.

VIRTERBO

You might go down like that stupid sap
but at least there's sport to it.

EXT. BATTLE CHALLENGE TRACK - DAY

All across track, bullets and missiles fly. It's a complete war zone. Fans cheer as explosions rock their seats.

The Thompson Brothers demonstrate their assault technique. Approaching a target, the Twin Racer splits and becomes two pod covered motorcycles. They trap a racer between them and blast it with concussion grenades from both sides. Once the racer is destroyed, they join up again and speed away.

INT. HELIPIT - DAY

Fixit watches as more cars get their weapons systems. Ace, nose bruised, stands by with his floating camera.

ACE

Ace here in the Frankenstein helipit for a rare interview with the Monster's chief mechanic, Sean Fitzsimons. You're not going to hit me again, are you?

FIXIT

Not as long as you stay out of my face, bozo. I'm working.

ACE

"Fixit," are you worried about the Monster's chances against the amazing new weaponry on the course today?

FIXIT

Nah. Death Race isn't about gizmos or high tech crap. The Monster doesn't need tricks, it's built for speed and handling.

ACE

But some of those special weapons systems seem very effective.

FIXIT

When you've got a driver like
Frankenstein, you don't need goofy
gimmicks. We stick to basic racing
accessories. Titanium plating, front
mounted cannons, a rotating machine
gun turret, rear grenade launchers,
and a few dozen off the rack guided
missiles. Less is more.

EXT. BATTLE CHALLENGE TRACK - DAY

Monster passes another racer and moves into 27th place.
Racer ahead, Goliath, tries to block his progress by swerving
back and forth. But on a sharp turn, Frankenstein not only
dodges and smoothly slips along side it, but he forces
Goliath into the wall and zips away. Goliath smashes up.

INT. MEDIA CENTER ZEPPLIN - DAY

Bruce and Grace provide commentary.

GRACE

Boy, nobody better get in
Frankenstein's way today!

BRUCE

But he's running out of time if he
wants to get his weapons activated...

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein gains on another racer. Ariel checks computer.

ARIEL

26th place. Only two markers left.
And The Trident is almost on the
first...

EXT. MONSTER - DAY

Monster bears down on Trident just as it blasts over last
defensive "X." (The "O" next to it was already taken.) Down
the track, an offensive "O" is still lit up. Trident races
for it. But Monster is gaining.

Trident uses defensive panel to activate oil slick. It
spreads across track. Frankenstein hydroplanes Monster over
oil, losing speed but keeping control.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Ariel watches in awe as Frankenstein calmly steers car at high speed with no traction.

ARIEL

One hundred meters to last offensive marker. It's on track right.

EXT. BATTLE CHALLENGE COURSE - DAY

Behind Monster, less skilled RACER hits oil slick and spins out into wall. It explodes.

Monster slips right of Trident and heads for marker. The two cars run side by side. Monster is in good position to take the prize. But just before they reach marker, Trident smashes Monster's side and forces it toward wall.

Frankenstein smashes back, trying to line up on marker. But Monster's tires are still slick with oil. They smoke as Trident pushes Monster rightward. Sparks fly as Monster's side armor scrapes across wall.

Trident roars over marker and takes the "0." Front and rear cannons pop out from its hood and trunk.

INT. TRIDENT - DAY

TRIDENT DRIVER smiles as weapons systems come on line.

TRIDENT DRIVER

I'm going to be famous as the man who killed Frankenstein!

INT. MONSTER - DAY

But Frankenstein doesn't think so. His tires have lost the oil and he has traction again. He smashes back into Trident and drives it into left wall. Ariel checks computer records.

ARIEL

Trident has front and rear fixed cannons and machine guns. Side panel guided missiles. If you can keep him pinned in, we have a chance.

EXT. BATTLE CHALLENGE COURSE - DAY

Monster keeps Trident pinned against the wall as they run side by side, smashing back and forth. Sparks fly off both cars armor. Trident's hard mounted guns can't touch Monster.

TRIDENT DRIVER

I told our sponsor we needed a turret!

Trident slams into Monster and gains couple feet from left wall. Trident driver yells to his Navigator.

-TRIDENT DRIVER

Fire a missile! Fast!

EXT. TRIDENT - DAY

Battered armor panel creaks open on the left and a guided missile slides on a firing rod.

EXT. BATTLE CHALLENGE TRACK - DAY

Frankenstein, having set the trap, jerks his wheel right and hits the gas. Monster swerves out and jumps ahead.

It then slams back left and forces Trident into the wall. Exposed missile hits the wall just as it fires up. It blows Trident apart in a huge fireball.

Monster roars off.

INT. HELIPIT - DAY

Fixit watches the Monster head up the track.

FIXIT

Nice moves, Frank. But you still have no weapons. Your only hope is some idiot goes over a Death's Head.

EXT. BATTLE CHALLENGE - DAY

That doesn't seem likely. As the city of Kyoto sails past, the racers ahead of the Monster smoothly dodge Death Heads on the track, even as they race and attack each other.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Ferrant and Glass are still in the lead with Machine Gun Joe close behind.

Machine Gun Joe is so busy blowing apart the car behind him, he almost hits Death's Head, but swerves just in time.

Ahead, Mirage battles Neutron again. Its missiles explode on the Neutron's force field, but Neutron's lasers tear through Mirage's holograms and cut into the real thing.

INT. MIRAGE - DAY

Laser burns through back armor and starts a small fire. Ferrant remains cool as Morell puts it out.

MORELL

We can't take another hit like that.

FERRANT

We'll get her at the Nippon Tunnel.
The Mirage has tricks of its own.

EXT. NIPPON TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Up ahead is Nippon tunnel which runs under Korean Straight.

As Mirage enters tunnel at high speed, a dozen tiny rockets explode from its rear end. Attached to them, high tensile clear netting. They blast out in a circle, piercing tunnel walls like nails, and stringing netting across entrance.

As smoke from rockets clear, Diana sees what looks like huge spider web blocking tunnel. There's no time to stop. She fires lasers but they have no effect.

Neutron hits webbing at full speed. It's made of conducting material that short circuits electrical systems. Neutron's force field and hovering powers cut off. Webbing clings to Neutron even as bolts holding it tear out. Neutron skids quickly across asphalt and slams hard into tunnel wall.

A second latter, Virterbo Turbo rushes up. Its turreted guns blast at crippled Neutron. Bullets rip into lightly armored car. Two cut through Diana.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Machine Gun Joe is delighted.

VIRTERBO

Let's go back and finish her off.

MIRA

She's done, Joe. I got a double blood reading. Let's get Ferrant.

EXT. NIPPON TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Turbo disappears down tunnel. Meanwhile, Neutron helipit quickly lowers onto track. A bay opens up and Robotic arms reach into tunnel to pull out crippled Neutron.

EXT. MONSTER - DAY

Monster roars on like demon. Ahead, racers with activated weapons pummel each other. Monster gains on ICE RACER.

FIXIT (O.S.)

Frank! Get out of the hot zone! Pull back and pray someone hits a Death Head.

FRANKENSTEIN (O.S.)

Fate helps those who help themselves.

INT. ICE - DAY

ICE RACER'S NAVIGATOR calls out.

ICE NAVIGATOR

Frankenstein, coming up fast.

ICE

Is he nuts? He has no weapons.

ICE NAVIGATOR

Death's Head. Twenty meters.

Ice looks up in panic. Monster SLAMS into him.

EXT. BATTLE CHALLENGE TRACK - DAY

Monster forces Ice Racer toward Death's Head in front of them. But Ice pounds brakes, turns hard, and just barely misses by scraping left track wall.

Monster roars on past. Ice Racer pulls off wall and lines up behind it. Its gun sights lock onto Monster's rear.

INT. ICE - DAY

ICE laughs.

ICE

Idiot. Right where I want you.

EXT. BATTLE CHALLENGE TRACK - DAY

Ice Racer's forward cannons go off and shatter into Monster's heavy rear armor, making serious dent. It was an easy shot. But it's about to get even easier.

Because Monster isn't moving ahead, it's in reverse. Frankenstein smashes back into on rushing Ice Racer at a terrible speed. Ice Racer is hurled backwards.

Right over Death's Head. Ice's weapons are deactivated.

EXT. MONSTER - DAY

Monster continues to slam Ice racer back until it shatters into wall, bending its rear wheels and crippling it. Frankenstein shifts Monster into forward and takes off.

FRANKENSTEIN'S POV

Red HUD numbers show speed is 175.2 mph and gaining fast.

Computer indicates two markers are now activated side by side ahead. It shows relative position of other racers. A racer is coming up fast from behind.

Stinky Gears is gone, in his place is a plastic dog whose bobbing head smokes a cigarette.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein upshifts.

ARIEL

Weapons markers activated quarter mile ahead. Rear target gaining.

FRANKENSTEIN

What happened to Stinky Gears?

Ariel adjusts the radar scan, even as she replies.

ARIEL

He was our guardian mascot to Tokyo. To get to Paris we need "Pierre, the chain-smoking poodle."

Frankenstein glances at Pierre and then Ariel, even as Monster picks up speed at frightening pace.

FRANKENSTEIN

You're very weird.

ARIEL

And you're so normal. Markers ahead.
You going for offense or defense?

FRANKENSTEIN

Both.

EXT. MONSTER - DAY

Monster reaches two lit markers barely ahead of other racer, let's call him DEAD MEAT 2. Since they are side by side, Frankenstein presumably can't take both, and DM2 aims to grab the other. But he isn't counting on Frankenstein.

Frankenstein throws Monster into a 180° spin. It roars over the "O" offensive marker as its rear end turns around.

DM2 rushes for defense "X." But before he can reach it, Frankenstein's newly activated forward cannons blast explosive shells into it. At the same time, Frankenstein roars ahead (going back) and grabs "X."

As DM2 EXPLODES, Monster does another tight 180° and turns around again. It rockets off in the right direction, fully armed and, aside from a few dents, in great shape.

CROWD

FRANKENSTEIN! FRANKENSTEIN!

BRUCE (O.S.)

And the crowd goes nuts! Amazing driving by Frankenstein. I wouldn't want to be in front of him now.

EXT. CHAIRMAN'S BOX / TOKYO STADIUM - DAY

Boomer Delaware leaps up with Tiffany and screams.

DELAWARE

FRANKENSTEIN! FRANKENSTEIN!

INT. MEDIA CENTER / BACK CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Boomer and Tiffany are on video monitors as race DIRECTOR choreographs broadcast. In fact, he choreographs Boomer.

DIRECTOR

Frankenstein rules. Die losers die.

SWITCHER hits buttons and holographic Boomer bellows:

DELAWARE

FRANKENSTEIN RULES! DIE LOSERS DIE!

DIRECTOR

Bounce bimbo. Moonwalk Boomer.

On his cue, holographic Tiffany bounces as she claps hands and Boomer does skillful victory dance.

GRACE (O.S.)

Look at the chairman go! Talk about
Frankenstein's Number One fan!

EXT. SUB-ORBITAL JET - DAY

Delaware's space jet begins re-entry over Texas.

INT. SUB-ORBITAL BUSINESS JET - DAY

Real Boomer smokes cigar amused at fake Boomer on broadcast.
Real Tiffany waves away smoke as she sits, bored, annoyed.

TIFFANY

This has been a fun day at the races.

DELAWARE

Honey, I told you. I got a financial
sit down with some bank guys. I've
got to do a little song and dance for
them. But I promise I'll get you to
Paris in time for the parties.

(watching fake Boomer dance)

I should be able to do back flips too.

Tiffany watches fake Tiffany jumping up and down.

TIFFANY

My real boobs bounce better.

(off Boomer's snide look)

You know what I mean.

EXT. NIPPON TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Monster swiftly passes Red Dog Rocket and roars into Nippon
Tunnel. Overhead, Neutron helipit hovers.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Frankenstein "rockets" into 12th place. Meanwhile, the Neutron is still being repaired in its helipit. Rumor is Diana herself needs serious work. But she's only got five more minutes.

GRACE (O.S.)

That's right Bruce. A racer only has half an hour to make repairs before being disqualified.

INT. NEUTRON HELIPIT - DAY

MECHANICS work frantically to repair Neutron enough to race. It's in bad shape, but they're making progress.

Meanwhile, SURGEONS try to patch together Diana on nearby operating table. She is conscious, in terrible pain, but frantic to get back in race. She shouts at her chief mechanic, RHONDA, a female Fixit.

DIANA

I need the lasers!

RHONDA

You can't have them. I've got to get the shields up and give you enough speed to make France in time...

DIANA

Screw the shields. Give me the lasers!

RHONDA

You're dead without the shields.

A surgeon interrupts. He looks over at Diana seriously.

SURGEON

Diana, I have to take out your entire intestinal track. Artificially will hold you until the end of the race, but you'll never be able to...

DIANA

Whatever! I could lose a couple pounds. BUT I NEED THOSE LASERS!

EXT. MONGOLIAN STRAIGHTAWAY - DAY

Mirage blasts out of Nippon tunnel and onto Mongolian Straightaway, the second supersonic section of Death Race. It runs across the Kazakh desert to Europe.

Unlike Pacific Rim Track, it is wide, perfectly straight and flat. The occasional mountain or valley that got in its way was cut down or filled in.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Number One Mirage reaches the Mongolian Straightaway, a mile wide drag strip to Europe. If we don't break some supersonic speed records, then the drivers just aren't trying.

INT. MIRAGE - DAY

Damaged electrical system shorts out and nervous Morell switches on backup. Ferrant kicks on supercharger.

MORELL

We've got a lot of damage. I don't know if it'll hold up at supersonic.

FERRANT

She'll hold.

EXT. MONGOLIAN STRAIGHTAWAY - DAY

Mirage continues to pick up speed until it cracks the sound barrier and disappears in a flash.

Virterbo Turbo blasts out of Nippon Tunnel in hot pursuit.

INT. NIPPON TUNNEL - DAY

Monster roars through curving tunnel at high speed. It darts around FLAME racer which fires at it with flame throwers. Napalm burns on back armor of Monster as it escapes.

But Flame racer fails to notice Big Wheeler bearing down from behind. Big Wheeler rolls right over Flame, and giant spikes pop out from its huge wheels. It crushes and pulverizes it.

EXT. MONGOLIAN STRAIGHTAWAY - DAY

Literally smoking Monster flies out of tunnel and onto straightaway. Its rocket boosters kick on.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Here comes Frankenstein, like a bat
out of hell.

EXT. NIPPON TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Neutron lowers from its helipit onto track and flies off. A
determined, and lighter, Diana pilots it fiercely.

GRACE

And Diana Glass is back in the race
with just seconds to spare!

EXT. KAZAKH DESERT - DAY

Waves of dust rip across harsh desert as racers roar by at
supersonic speed. Mirage is well in the lead.

INT. MIRAGE - DAY

Morell sweats as wounded Mirage viciously shakes at
supersonic speed. Ferrant is as cool as white wine.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Despite taking some hits, Leon Ferrant
continues to dominate the competition...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DELAWARE RACING / DALLAS, TEXAS - DAY

Delaware Racing headquarters looks like... well, Boomer
Delaware. Imagine a statue of Boomer made out of Legos. Now
imagine that statue fifty stories high with lots of windows.

INT. DELAWARE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

In conference room built into building's forehead, a dozen
unhappy BANKERS talk with Delaware.

BANKER 1

Mr. Delaware, this is not an uncommon
problem for any business that has
expanded as quickly as yours. With
rapid growth comes mistakes...

DELAWARE

Mistakes?! Are three billion race fans a mistake? Is the highest rated broadcast in the world a mistake?!

BANKER 2

No one is questioning underlining profitability of Death Race. In fact, the stadiums, and many other race teams are very profitable. However, Delaware Racing, which controls the Death Race Association and the Frankenstein Racing team, has serious cash flow issues. Mostly due to failed expansion efforts...

DELAWARE

Okay! Okay! Extreme Cricket was a bad idea. I've admitted that. And the Planet Boomer restaurant chain never caught on. But Death Race attendance is up around the world and...

BANKER 2

And you don't have enough money to pay your loans. Not to mention your stock is down 85%...

DELAWARE

Our stock is down because Frankenstein can't hack it anymore! That's why I'm switching to Ferrant! I've got the deal all signed.

BANKER 1

Mr. Delaware, Frankenstein is your main profit center. Whether he wins or loses his merchandising sales are almost twice that of his closest rival, Machine Gun Joe, and ten times Leon Ferrant's.

DELAWARE

That's because Ferrant hasn't been Boomerized! I'm the guy that made the freak out of Freaking Frankenstein. And I can do it to Ferrant too!

Delaware hits button. Cheerful French music blares and secret panel opens. A dozen high kicking French girls dressed for the Moulin Rouge can-can in with product samples.

As they dance Boomer shows off their merchandise.

DELAWARE

Ferrant's a French guy, right? So we'll introduce a whole line of *It's French* merchandise. Look at this, *It's French* wine in a box. With easy screw top. They make it by the barrel in Paris, New Jersey. It's cheaper than piss, and all in all tastes a lot better. And look at this...

Delaware grabs a tan hot dog sized cylinder from a dancing girl. He pulls a string on one end of it. It quickly inflates into long bread like thing.

DELAWARE

It's French instant baguette! Piping hot and ready to eat! I've had the R&D guys working overtime on this one. Kids will love it!

He tosses it to a banker, who fumblingly juggles it in the air to keep his hands from burning.

DELAWARE

It inflates in seconds thanks to delicious combustible chemical additives. The only thing is you have to keep it away from exposed film.

EXT. VOLGOGRAD - DAY

Tens of thousands of FANS cheer from stands as race cars rocket past like bullets. Giant video screens slow action down so fans can see individual cars.

BRUCE (O.S.)

The Mirage is still in the lead as Death Race heads for Europe.

GRACE (O.S.)

Machine Gun Joe holds on to second, and Frankenstein continues his amazing come back, taking third place.

INT. MIRAGE - DAY

Mirage drops below sonic as it roars past Belgrad. Another electrical system shorts out. Morell panics.

MORELL

We've got to stop. I'm losing control of everything.

MIRAGE

I'm not giving up first place until we pass the French border. Then I'll spin to the side and we can do a pit stop.

EXT. MONTE CARLO - DAY

Ferrant's Mirage blasts over Italian border and rushes through Monte Carlo. French fans go insane. They throw red roses onto track for miles.

Moments later, Virterbo Turbo crushes over flowers.

INT. DELAWARE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Boomer is on roll as pretty girls present more *It's French* merchandise. Bankers look at each other, unsure. Is he insane, or a genius? Boomer holds up Styrofoam bidet.

DELAWARE

It's French Disposable Bidets! It's a huge market. We get their mouths and their asses!

CUTE ASSISTANT rushes in and whispers to Boomer.

DELAWARE

Perfect timing. Everyone, Leon Ferrant, Delaware Racing's new star, has reached France in first place!

Boomer switches on video wall of race. French girls victoriously can-can as Bankers watch fans going nuts over the Mirage. Good God, Boomer is a genius.

INT. MIRAGE - DAY

Inside Mirage, new fire breaks out and smoke fills cabin.

MORELL

You've got to stop now! Or we'll lose the whole car!

Ferrant smoothly kicks off engine and hits brakes.

EXT. NICE - DAY

Mirage pulls to side. Cockpit doors open and smoke billows up. Morell leaps out like scalded cat, but Ferrant exits gracefully, triumphant. Crowd goes nuts and showers him in roses. Everyone waves French flags.

BRUCE (O.S.)

And fans go wild over Leon Ferrant. Death Race is a national holiday in France, but it's been years since one of their own has captured the lead.

EXT. NICE - DAY

Mirage helipit lowers for pitstop. Robot arms blow out fires with oxygen killing gasses. Ferrant waves to devoted fans.

Lovely THIRTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL waves down at him with a bright purple rose. Ferrant crosses to her and smiles. She drops the rose from armored wall and he catches it.

INT. DELAWARE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

French girls melt. Delaware and Bankers grin.

DELAWARE

Chicks are going to eat that bastard up!

EXT. NICE - DAY

Ferrant takes the perfect purple rose and kisses it. He holds it up to the girl and salutes. The crowd applauds.

The Virterbo Turbo rushes by and machine guns him to death.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Oooh, bad break for Ferrant.

INT. DELAWARE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Everyone's face freezes in shock.

INT. MEDIA CENTER ZEPPLIN - DAY

Bruce and Grace replay Ferrant's demise from various angles.

GRACE

From the replay it looks like he might be... dead.

BRUCE

Yes, he's clearly dead. That's got to be a disappointment to his fans. But true to form, Leon Ferrant goes down in first place!

GRACE

He was shot outside of his car. Isn't that technically a foul?

BRUCE

It depends on Virterbo's state of mind.

Bruce carefully steps through digital replay once again.

BRUCE

You can't shoot a racer moving away from a crippled car. But if you look closely, Ferrant steps back one foot in the direction of the Mirage. So Joe might have thought he was about to reenter the race.

GRACE

No, wait... this just in. The judges are calling it a technical foul.

BRUCE

Really? That's a rip.

INT. DELAWARE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Delaware is heartbroken as French girls silently shuffle out and Bankers quietly pack away their papers.

BANKER 1

Mr. Delaware, we have no choice but to call in your loans. We'd like you to consider staying on as a figure head..

DELAWARE

You bastards will never get my company! There are other banks out there! My investors will stick by me! Boomer may be down, but he's not out!

EXT. SOUTH OF FRANCE - DAY

Virterbo blasts north as crowds boo. Monster gains on it.

GRACE (O.S.)

Yes, the judges have ruled a foul by the Virterbo Turbo! They are cutting off its weapon systems for the full fifteen minute penalty.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - LATE AFTERNOON

Turbo's weapon panels shut off.

VIRTERBO

Foul?! It was a clean kill!

MIRA

Joe! Frankenstein's coming fast on your ass. Kick it!

INT. MONSTER - LATE AFTERNOON

Ariel is already targeting missiles.

ARIEL

Perfect. I'll set missiles to...

FRANKENSTEIN

We're just going to pass him.

FIXIT (O.S.)

Frank, take him out! With Joe gone you'll have the race sewn up!

FRANKENSTEIN

Better to keep things interesting.

INT. HELIPIT - LATE AFTERNOON

Fixit shakes his head, frustrated.

FIXIT

Frank, you're the best, but Machine Gun Joe is a hell of a driver too. At least cripple him.

EXT. LYON - LATE AFTERNOON

Monster quickly gains on Virterbo Turbo.

FRANKENSTEIN (O.S.)

Not when he's unarmed.

FIXIT (O.S.)

He wouldn't hesitate if it was you.

FRANKENSTEIN (O.S.)

I'm not him.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - LATE AFTERNOON

Monster roars alongside Virterbo Turbo. Joe swerves hard to ram him, but Monster smoothly counters and rockets past.

VIRTERBO

What? You're too good to kill me?
Come on! COME ON! BLAST ME! BLAST
ME YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH!

EXT. LYON - LATE AFTERNOON

Monster flies up track as Turbo falls behind. Crowds chant.

CROWDS

FRANKENSTEIN! FRANKENSTEIN!

BRUCE (O.S.)

And Frankenstein takes first place.
It's where we knew he belonged, but what
an amazing road he took to get there!

EXT. PARIS - MAGIC HOUR

Aerial flyby over beautiful Paris. The Eiffel Tower stands, unchanged, beautifully maintained, on the edge of the Seine River just as it did in 1889.

But as we circle around, something new is revealed behind it. Something huge, really, really huge. It gobbles up what used to be lovely green walkways of *Parc du Champ de Mars*. And a good chunk of the rest of Paris.

It's a massive, mock replicate of Eiffel Tower, *The Eiffel Nouveau*. Standing twenty times as tall and wide, it dwarfs the tower like a 747 would a model airplane. The real Eiffel Tower is, in effect, a mere lawn ornament to it.

The Eiffel Nouveau is the same shape as the Eiffel Tower but filled in with space ports, hotels, shopping centers, and elaborate Art Deco ornamentation.

INT. DEATH RACE STADIUM PARIS / EIFFEL NOUVEAU - EVENING

Built into base is huge Death Race Stadium Paris, a modern-revisionist-neo-classical sports arena with Napoleonic Egyptian touches. Theme of war horses in battle, from Babylon to WWI, is carried through giant statues, bas-relief on walls, and colorful frescos on vaulted ceilings.

Monster enters to deafening roar, winning over Ferrant fans furious with Machine Gun Joe. At end of stadium are numbered risers. The Monster secures the number one spot.

CROWDS

FRANKENSTEIN! FRANKENSTEIN!

INT. MONSTER - EVENING

Caught up in the moment, Ariel gleefully shouts and offers Frankenstein a high five.

ARIEL

Number One! YEAH! We kicked their
ass from the back of the pack!

Frankenstein's eye glances though slot at her upraised hand. She quickly lowers it. Reporters crowd outside. Frankenstein opens door and exits. Ariel follows.

INT. DEATH RACE STADIUM PARIS / EIFFEL NOUVEAU - EVENING

As photographers flash, PARIS MAYOR shakes Frankenstein's hand and gives Ariel a kiss. He leads them both up sweeping staircase to ornate Number One balcony.

BRUCE (O.S.)

The Mayor of Paris escorts Frankenstein
and his navigator to be presented to
the city. But don't expect a speech
from the notorious man of few words.

Frankenstein steps out onto balcony with Ariel. Boomer, or rather, fake Boomer hologram in Death Race chairman's box, stands and applauds with crowd.

Frankenstein raises fist in silent salute and crowd goes nuts. Fake Boomer raises fist in return.

FAKE BOOMER

Frankenstein rules!

Mayor is ready to lead them off, but Frankenstein slowly removes his helmet. Crowd gasps as his face is revealed.

ACE

Grace! Bruce! I can't believe it!
Frankenstein has taken off his helmet.
And he... he isn't hideous! It looks
like he's going to speak to the crowd!

INT. MEDIA CENTER ZEPPLIN - EVENING

Bruce and Grace are equally shocked.

GRACE

Wow! If that's what's underneath his
helmet... baby, peel off those leathers!

INT. DEATH RACE STADIUM PARIS / EIFFEL NOUVEAU - EVENING

Hush falls over stadium as Frankenstein addresses crowd.

FRANKENSTEIN

First, may I offer my condolences to
the people of France for my fallen
comrade in arms, the noble Leon
Ferrant. A great racer, a great man.

INT. SUB-ORBITAL BUSINESS JET - EVENING

Delaware talks on phone, not paying attention to muted
broadcast on wall monitor. But Tiffany watches, fascinated.

DELAWARE

Yeah, yeah, they're trying to play
hardball with me. But they don't know
I've got all the balls. Our ratings
went through the roof today and with
Frankenstein in the lead our stock
jumped 500%. And I've got a secret
plan to unload all those toys.

Tiffany turns up volume. Boomer notices Frankenstein's
uncovered face. The phone almost falls out of his hand.

DELAWARE

What the hell is he doing?!

INT. DEATH RACE STADIUM PARIS / EIFFEL NOUVEAU - EVENING

Frankenstein addresses crowd.

FRANKENSTEIN

And I must thank the Chairman himself,
the great Boomer Delaware, without whom
there would be no Death Race, or dead
racers to honor. Boomer! Take a bow!

Frankenstein waves up to Boomer, who momentarily looks frozen
like a video that has been paused.

INT. MEDIA CENTER / BACK CONTROL ROOM - EVENING

Race Director scrambles though prepared Boomer hologram
responses: "Die punks!" "This is what Death Race is all
about..." "We're just giving the fans what they want..."

DIRECTOR

Shit! Why didn't Delaware tell me
this was going to happen? Try, "I
love you, Frank. You're the man."

INT. DEATH RACE STADIUM PARIS / EIFFEL NOUVEAU - EVENING

Fake Boomer suddenly comes alive and shouts.

FAKE BOOMER

I love you, Frank! You're the man!

Frankenstein shakes his head with mocking seriousness.

FRANKENSTEIN

No. You're the man. And I'm sure
you'll agree now is the time to announce
that this is my last Death Race.

INT. SUB-ORBITAL BUSINESS JET - EVENING

Delaware pounds phone onto side table until it shatters.

FRANKENSTEIN

It's been my honor to compete over these
many years, but it's time to move on...

DELAWARE

YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH!

INT. MEDIA CENTER ZEPPLIN - EVENING

Bruce and Grace watch as Frankenstein waves to shocked crowd.

BRUCE

You heard it fans! Frankenstein will retire after this race! Who knew a triumph in Paris would be the beginning of the end of the Frankenstein era.

GRACE

Who knew he was such a hunk?

INT. MONSTER PIT AREA / PARIS - NIGHT

Fixit and pit crew wince as Delaware screams and shoves Frankenstein action figure into Frankenstein's face.

DELAWARE

YOU SEE THIS? You see this? Take off the helmet and what's underneath?

He pulls helmet revealing hideous melted faced creature.

DELAWARE

A freak! You're supposed to be a God-damned freak! We're going to get sued by every toy store on the planet. They bought warehouses of this shit!

Frankenstein lets Boomer blow off steam as technicians pop out his racing arm and pop in a human one.

FRANKENSTEIN

They can buy new toys.

DELAWARE

Not if you're retiring! Why'd you announce it now?! Our stock's going to tank tomorrow! You made me look like an idiot up there.

FRANKENSTEIN

You looked happy. How could I know it was a hologram? It looked so real.

Frankenstein sits down and nervous technicians replace his legs. Delaware's face is red with fury. He rips the hideous doll's head off and hurls its body across the room. He tosses Frankenstein the severed head and storms out.

Fixit looks over at Frankenstein, unhappy. But Frankenstein calmly studies plastic head and puts it in his pocket.

He stands on his new legs and crosses to Ariel. During the argument she pretended to check over a computer panel. As Frankenstein approaches she pretends to recheck it.

FRANKENSTEIN

What are you doing for dinner?

Ariel, startled, blurts out.

ARIEL

Chop suey.

There is awkward moment. Frankenstein almost turns to go, but stops himself.

FRANKENSTEIN

I meant, would you like to have dinner with me? I know a nice cafe on Royale.

Pit crew stares at Ariel like amazing taboo has been broken.

ARIEL

Oh... thank you, sir. It's just that I like to stay close to the car. And... I always order take out. It's a superstitious thing. No offense.

FRANKENSTEIN

Suit yourself.

Frankenstein withdraws abruptly, leaving Ariel in doubt. Did she offend her boss? And gee, a nice dinner wouldn't be so bad after a long day of having people try to kill you.

Frankenstein nods to Fixit who follows him out into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY / DEATH RACE STADIUM PARIS - NIGHT

Frankenstein and Fixit exit the pit and talk softly.

FRANKENSTEIN

Have you learned anything?

FIXIT

My spies have been snooping around. Nothing solid, but they did find out that Gail had several private meetings with Boomer before the race. I still don't believe she would betray you, but it would explain some computer errors in the black box recording.

Frankenstein nods. Fixit studies him.

FIXIT

So why the hell did you decide to take off your helmet? I thought you liked it that no one could recognize you.

FRANKENSTEIN

I wanted to see how he'd react.

FIXIT

Don't play coy with me. I can read your mind. You know about the toys.

FRANKENSTEIN

(coyly)

Toys?

FIXIT

Yeah, my spies say Delaware took out a ton of loans to do an extra run of merchandise before last year's race. Five times the normal order. A racer's merchandise only jumps up that much when he eats it. It was a memorial run. And the bastard couldn't even wait until you were dead.

Frankenstein nods quietly.

FIXIT

Frank, you know more than you're telling me. What are you up to? Are you deliberately pushing him to try to kill you again?

FRANKENSTEIN

I can't think of any other way to know for sure if he tried to kill me the first time. Can you?

FIXIT

There's just one problem with that plan. What if he succeeds this time?

FRANKENSTEIN

Then we'll definitely know for sure.

INT. NEUTRON PIT AREA / PARIS - NIGHT

Rhonda tears apart Neutron with pit crew. Diana pats wounded stomach. It's lumpy under her tight jump suit.

DIANA

If I had my lasers, I'd have fried Joe
and Frankenstein on the Straightaway.

Diana unzips front of jump suit down to her hips.

RHONDA

Quit your belly aching. You came in
third. You'll get them tomorrow.

Diana's belly is packed with wires, hoses and electronics.
She slowly pulls a tube out a couple inches and watches
curiously as goo runs through it.

RHONDA

Don't be messing with all that.

DIANA

Jesus, this is hideous. I need a hot
bath and a massage. I wonder if
they've got a spa?

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Diana, freshly showered, steps into massage room in robe.
Handsome MASSEUSE puts on music and warms up massage oil.

MASSEUSE

I'll step out for a second and you can
get under the towel.

INT. SPA HALLWAY- NIGHT

Masseuse waits for moment then knocks politely.

DIANA

I'm ready!

Powerful hands GRAB Masseuse from behind, covering his mouth.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - NIGHT

POV OF STALKER: ominous stalker slowly approaches Diana as
she relaxes on massage table.

DIANA

Just the neck, shoulders and legs. My
stomach is a little sensitive.

Stalker hands reach toward Diana's neck and grasp it tightly.

DIANA

Ohh, that's good. You've got great hands.

Hands move down to her shoulders and massage her firmly.

DIANA

Boy, I needed this. You wouldn't believe the day I've had.

DELAWARE

I've got a pretty good idea.

It's Boomer, in white uniform, giving excellent massage.

DIANA

You watched the race?

DELAWARE

Oh, yeah. There's no excuse for you getting hit like that. There's a light weight fiber armor that wouldn't have saved your car, but damn well would have protected you. Of course, Neutron's only interested in selling their force field to the army. But when I back a racer, I put them in the best car possible.

On that, Diana looks back annoyed.

DIANA

Boomer, what are you doing in here!

DELAWARE

Relax, relax. Don't tense up.

He keeps massaging. Diana hesitantly allows it.

DELAWARE

The real money in this sport is in merchandising. An arms company like Neutron doesn't understand that.

DIANA

They sell toy cars and..

DELAWARE

Everyone does that. I'm talking about big ticket items, specialty stuff.

DIANA

Like what, blow up Diana love dolls?

Delaware's eyes light up. What a great idea... but he realizes she's joking.

DELAWARE

No. No. Class stuff. Women's fashions, perfume...

DIANA

You know, I tried to get them to do a line of sexy leather wear, but...

DELAWARE

Now, you're talking my language. And you'll get five percent off every dime...

INT. MONSTER PIT AREA / PARIS - NIGHT

Ariel dozes in her sleeping bag on top of Monster. Her eyes pop open. Something moved. She looks out into dim light.

Match flares and lights candle. Frankenstein lays out tasty dinner on small folding table. He opens bottle of wine.

FRANKENSTEIN

Hungry?

ARIEL

(rubbing eyes)

Um... yeah. They kind of screwed up my take out order.

FRANKENSTEIN

I ordered them to.

ARIEL

You made them screw up my order?

FRANKENSTEIN

So you'd have dinner with me.

ARIEL

Am I suppose to be happy or angry?

FRANKENSTEIN

Just hungry.

Ariel patters over in frumpy flannel pajamas. She looks over a spread of delicious French food.

FRANKENSTEIN

Do you really believe it's bad luck if you don't eat Chop Suey before a race?

ARIEL

Not really. I just like it.

Frankenstein produces a paper take out bag. She quickly opens a carton and smiles.

INT. MONSTER PIT AREA / PARIS - MOMENTS LATER

Ariel wolfs down Chop Suey. Frankenstein pours her some more wine. It's kind of romantic, and kind of odd.

ARIEL

Did you do this with all your navigators?

FRANKENSTEIN

I wish I had. You've kind of inspired me. Usually I'm so focused on the race, nothing else matters.

ARIEL

Just because it's a Death Race doesn't mean we can't have fun.

Frankenstein pours her some more wine.

FRANKENSTEIN

I never thought of it that way.

ARIEL

Don't get me wrong. I want to win. Bad. I won five championships in the Crash League and I want a Death Race Trophy more than anything. But when you know you can die at any second, and everyone's out to kill you, sometimes you forget to... you know, be alive. No point in not getting killed if you're already dead inside.

Frankenstein takes a sip of wine, thoughtful.

FRANKENSTEIN

So who is our guardian mascot to Iceland?

ARIEL

Pink Polar Bear.

EXT. NORMANDY - DAY

Monster roars north on its way to coastline of Cap Blanc-Nez. In hot pursuit down track is Virterbo Turbo.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Another exciting day of Death Race!
Frankenstein is still in the lead, but
Machine Gun Joe is right behind him.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Joe is at controls.

MIRA

Frankenstein two miles ahead. Nearing
target range.

VIRTERBO

Where's Glass?

MIRA

Five miles back. Gaining.

Joe does something very unusual. He taps the brakes.

MIRA

Joe, she's behind us. With those
front mounted lasers!

VIRTERBO

I got to admit she's a pretty tough
chick. Let her soften up Frankenstein
for me.

Mira looks at Joe with a wonderful smile. That's her boy.

EXT. NORMANDY - DAY

As Virterbo Turbo slows, Neutron gains quickly.

Neutron fires its laser, but Turbo swerves deftly and dodges
beam. Suddenly, Turbo brakes hard. Its tires lock up and
smoke. Neutron roars past in a flash.

Joe hits accelerator and Turbo takes off in pursuit.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Ariel monitors radar. Frankenstein has right foot to floor.
Pink Polar Bear bounces his head up and down.

ARIEL

Neutron coming up fast. Any idea how we get through its shields?

FRANKENSTEIN

Anything that impacts the Neutron's shields slows it down. Therefore, the shields can't run all the way to the ground. She has a soft underbelly.

ARIEL

I can target a missile half an inch off the asphalt.

FRANKENSTEIN

Worth a try. Boosters.

EXT. NORMANDY TRACK - DAY

Booster rockets kick on. Monster leaps ahead. At same time missile takes off from rear array. It turns, arcs down and runs inches from asphalt.

It explodes into Neutron's shields. From flash we see shields rise quarter inch from pavement. Too small for anything to get under.

Neutron kicks on small rocket boosters of its own. It catches up fast and fires its lasers.

EXT. MONSTER - DAY

Monster has best armor on track, but it's no match for Neutron's pulse laser. Glancing blow melts through heavy back plating. Almost cuts into main cabin.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Ariel glances over as laser smokes back panels.

FRANKENSTEIN

Jettison the rear armor.

ARIEL

What? She just about gave us both a lobotomy! And she's gaining!

FRANKENSTEIN

Like you said, the armor is useless. We need speed.

FIXIT (O.S.)

Frank! Are you out of your mind!
Don't jettison the...

But it's too late, Ariel hits button.

EXT. NORMANDY TRACK - DAY

Damaged half ton armor plate drops to track with explosion of sparks. Lighter Monster accelerates in burst of horsepower.

Neutron fires again. Its laser barely misses escaping Monster. Neutron almost runs into abandoned armor, but Diana dodges it at last second.

GRACE (O.S.)

And the Monster is still in the lead
as the Neutron falls behind. Machine
Gun Joe is coming up fast in third.

Virterbo Turbo roars up and swerves around armor.

MIRA

What was that?

VIRTERBO

Frankenstein's tombstone.

INT. SUB-ORBITAL BUSINESS JET - DAY

Delaware is talking to his Marketing Guy.

DELAWARE

... a life sized Diana Glass doll. Not
some cheap inflatable piece of shit,
but using state of the art technology
to make her look and feel real. Maybe
it could even talk and move a bit.

MARKETING GUY

You mean, like... a sex toy?

DELAWARE

What a race fan does with their Diana
Glass doll in the privacy of their own
home is none of our damned business!
That's between them and... and the doll.

On race monitors, Delaware notices Diana's racer chasing
Frankenstein. He turns up sound.

DELAWARE

Look at this broad. Already in second place and out for blood. She might end up solving both my problems.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein pilots Monster as it gains speed. Its boosters cut off, finished. Ariel jettisons them.

ARIEL

That's it for the boosters. Now we're extra vulnerable, and she's still invulnerable.

FRANKENSTEIN

We had to beat her to the Channel Bridge.

ARIEL

What happens when we cross to England? She'll catch up on the curves.

FRANKENSTEIN

She won't make it past the bridge.

Ariel is mystified. Frankenstein concentrates on picking up speed. Monster goes super sonic with a boom.

FRANKENSTEIN

Set rear grenade array wide. Fire everything we've got...

EXT. CHANNEL BRIDGE / STRAIT OF DOVER - DAY

Channel Bridge runs from green hills of Cap Blanc-Nez to chalk cliffs of England. Monster roars onto it with Neutron not far behind.

Crossing over key expanse, Monster fires series of powerful grenades behind it, shattering section of bridge. Expanse cracks and finally crumbles apart.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Ariel sees bridge fall behind them.

ARIEL

That won't stop her. It's an easy jump.

FRANKENSTEIN

Exactly.

ARIEL

So why... *she has a soft underbelly.*

Ariel gets it. She programs missile. And fires it.

EXT. CHANNEL BRIDGE - DAY

Neutron easily jumps over broken section. At same second, fast missile roars from Monster and circles under bridge.

INT. NEUTRON - DAY

Diana sees missile. Her eyes widen.

DIANA

Damn he's good.

EXT. NEUTRON - DAY

As Neutron flies over broken expanse, missile rockets under Neutron's shields and explodes under its hood. Lightly armored Neutron is torn apart.

EXT. CHANNEL BRIDGE - DAY

Monster roars away as shattered Neutron spins onto other side with trail of sparks. It crashes into bridge support.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein heads Monster toward Dover.

ARIEL

I targeted her engine instead of the cabin. That way she might...

Frankenstein nods. He's not looking for a body count. But no point in getting mushy. It's Death Race.

INT. NEUTRON - DAY

Diana, badly beat up, is alive. She checks over her controls. It's hopeless, but she works frantically anyway.

DIANA

Rhonda. I need a pitstop! Fast!

RHONDA (O.S.)
 We're coming. But if you can get out of
 the car, run! Machine Gun Joe is coming!

DIANA
 No, I've got to get the shields back
 on line.

EXT. CHANNEL BRIDGE - DAY

Virterbo Turbo easily jumps broken expanse and roars toward
 helpless Neutron. -

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Machine Gun Joe smells blood. He smiles.

VIRTERBO
 Thanks for the help, Diana.

MIRA
 Joe! We'll get another foul!

VIRTERBO
 Not if she's moving.

EXT. CHANNEL BRIDGE - DAY

Virterbo Turbo slams into tiny Neutron before its helipit can
 get near it. Then armor piercing chain guns FIRE, riddling
 Neutron with holes. It EXPLODES, crumples and Virterbo Turbo
 rolls over burning pieces.

BRUCE (O.S.)
 Ooh, that's the end of Diana Glass.
 And another foul for Machine Gun Joe.

GRACE (O.S.)
 Wait! This in from the judges. Since
 the Neutron was moving when the Turbo
 fired on it, there is no foul. No
 foul. Clean kill!

INT. SUB-ORBITAL BUSINESS JET - DAY

Delaware and Marketing Guy take in latest set back.

MARKETING GUY

Maybe you could talk Frankenstein into not retiring? I mean, this new handsome face thing could be a nice angle for...

Off Delaware's withering look, Marketing Guy withdraws.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Monster roars over curving English countryside.

FRANKENSTEIN

Rebalance the armor. Side to back, front to side.

Ariel hits buttons and shifts armor plating around.

FIXIT (O.S.)

Frank! Pull over. You can't take on Machine Gun Joe with half your armor.

FRANKENSTEIN

He's too close. He won't let me have a pitstop. He'll take the foul.

EXT. MONSTER - DAY

Right and left armor plates slide backwards and rotate onto rear of car. Armored hood splits and drops down to provide side protection. Monster's huge killer engine is exposed to the sunlight. We see its inner workings and exposed weapons systems. (And it's pretty damn cool.)

EXT. CHANNEL BRIDGE - DAY

Big Wheeler easily leaps over broken expanse, as does Red Dog Rocket. However, heavily armored racer, the ARMADILLO, isn't built for this. It tries to brake, but it's too late. It slides off bridge and falls like stone.

EXT. ENGLAND - DAY

Monster roars over curving, hilly track as Virterbo Turbo gives chase. Turbo's chain guns fire after Monster, but track is too winding for easy hit. A few shells rip into Monster's lighter armored rear.

BRUCE (O.S.)
 Here's what Death Race fans want to
 see, a showdown between Frankenstein
 and Machine Gun Joe.

Turbo fires pair of missiles, but they miss and explode ahead
 of Monster. Monster flies through flames.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Mira checks her controls.

MIRA
 His navigator is jamming our radar.

VIRTERBO
 Target another missile.

MIRA
 I can't hit him.

VIRTERBO
 Don't aim for his car.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

Crowd goes nuts as Monster roars into London and Virterbo
 Turbo gives chase.

Up ahead a walkway passes over the wide track, allowing
 pedestrians to cross between stands. Fans line its railing
 to catch a glimpse of racers coming at them.

A missile roars from Virterbo Turbo. It flies over and past
 Monster. It explodes into the left side of walkway.

BRUCE (O.S.)
 Oops! Looks like the Turbo got off a
 wild one. Look out!

Left half of walkway crashes onto track with dozens of
 screaming fans. Frankenstein hits his brakes. Tires smoke
 as he scrambles to avoid the rubble and shouting bodies.

GRACE (O.S.)
 Accidents do happen.

As Monster slows and turns from crowd, right side of walkway
 starts to collapse on it.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein yells to Ariel who is already in action.

FRANKENSTEIN

Armor overhead!

EXT. LONDON - DAY

Monster's armor plating swings up to cover top of car just as right half of walkway falls on it. Monster is completely buried underneath concrete and steel.

All over track fallen fans scramble to escape from rubble. But Virterbo Turbo blasts straight on, smashing through left side of collapsed walkway and anyone in its way. WHAM!

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Virterbo chuckles.

VIRTERBO

Hey, I hit an old lady. I get extra points for that. Don't I?

EXT. LONDON - DAY

Dust settles from collapsed bridge and surviving fans escape through emergency exits. Big Wheeler roars by, followed by the Red Dog Rocket.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Machine Gun Joe takes first place, and the Big Wheeler moves into second with the Red Dog Rocket a close third!

GRACE (O.S.)

No sign of life from the Monster under that collapsed bridge. Rescue teams are being dispatched.

Barrage of cannon fire EXPLODES from under rubble. Monster smashes out of cannon path onto track. Fans cheer.

BRUCE (O.S.)

It takes more than a few tons of concrete to stop Frankenstein!

Monster picks up speed and heads off after other racers. Its armor realigns again to protect front and sides of racer.

EXT. SCOTLAND TRACK - DAY

Race continues up Scotland as Virterbo Turbo roars onto North Sea Bridge.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Machine Gun Joe is well in the lead as he reaches the North Sea Bridge and heads for Iceland.

Further behind, Big Wheeler is chased by Red Dog Rocket.

BRUCE (O.S.)

In second place, the Big Wheeler is "hounded" by the Red Dog Rocket.

Rocket blasts Big Wheeler with what appears to be everything it has, but nothing works. Big Wheeler's armor is too tough.

INT. BIG WHEELER - DAY

Ray McCay just chuckles as he barrels along.

INT. RED DOG ROCKET - DAY

Hank Hensel looks at his NAVIGATOR and nods. It's time to launch the *big one*. She pushes a huge red button.

EXT. NORTH SEA BRIDGE - DAY

Flames burst out of back of Red Dog Rocket and the entire missile shaped racer, with the exception of its tiny cabin and small wheeled chassis, takes off and becomes an actual missile. A huge one.

It hits the Big Wheeler and explodes in massive FIREBALL.

What remains of the Red Dog is a tiny cockpit on wheels. All that remains of the Big Wheeler is its four monster tires. They keep rolling as the Red Dog runs past. They fall over.

GRACE (O.S.)

Looks like a big tire sale.

Monster roars up and overtakes Red Dog Rocket. It passes under it (where the missile was) and roars into second place.

BRUCE (O.S.)

And Frankenstein steals second place...

EXT. LONDON STANDS - DAY

Ace talks with a happily drunk LONDON FAN. His head is covered in a bandage as he downs a beer.

ACE

Grace, Bruce, they say every tragedy has a golden lining. That's certainly true in Death Race. Next to me, is a London fan that went down on the overwalk. Bet it was pretty scary?

FAN

It was freaking awesome! I'm watching the race, and then I'm right in it. Machine Gun Joe almost ran over my foot!

He tosses empty beer and raises bag of Death Race goodies.

FAN

And look, they gave me a bag of shit!

ACE

Death Race officials gave each of the survivors a bag full of limited edition Death Race merchandise, including free tickets to next year's race!

FAN

Death Race RULES!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ABSOLUTE ICE CITY / ICELAND - SUNSET

The Absolute Ice City on the Snæfellsjökull glacier is a modern wonder of the world. It is a tourist town the size of 20th century Las Vegas, built each year entirely out of ice.

It features hotels, shops and restaurants, skiing, an airport and the huge Death Race ice stadium.

The Virterbo Turbo, in first place, roars off North Sea Bridge and into Ice City.

BRUCE (O.S.)

The Virterbo Turbo roars into the Absolute Ice City in first place!

EXT. ABSOLUTE ICE STADIUM - SUNSET

Death Race Media Zeppelin hovers over stadium. It is a huge place and packed with bundled up fans.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Grace, the Absolute Ice Stadium, like the entire Ice City, is built out of ice every year just for Death Race. While there are plastic doors, benches, and electrical connections, the entire town melts each spring, only to be built again for next year's race. Over fifty million cubic tons of ice are used in its construction.

GRACE (O.S.)

Then I'm sure I won't have any trouble getting a cold martini!

BRUCE (O.S.)

And here comes the triumphant Virterbo Turbo! The Death Race skaters go to greet him!

DEATH RACE SKATERS, buxom girls in tights and fur-lined miniskirts, skate across stadium and surround Virterbo Turbo as it approaches winner's circle.

VIRTERBO

I'M THE KING OF THE WORLD!

Machine Gun Joe stands out of the cockpit, waving to crowd as Mira holds steering wheel and tries not to crash. They knock one skater down before they finally stop.

VIRTERBO

I'm the Greatest! I am the King! I am your God! Worship me!

EXT. ABSOLUTE ICE HOTEL - NIGHT

Night has fallen, but Ice City glows with light from celebrations inside. We focus on the most upscale hotel in the city. Ten stories of ice, shaped like a bottle of Absolute Vodka. Inside ice-domed top, a huge Death Race Association party is going on.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Waitresses in fur bikinis serve martinis to assembled CROWD OF RACING ELITE. Grace is half in the bag as she fawns over Machine Gun Joe, laughing hysterically.

VIRTERBO

... so I says to Mira, "Don't aim for his car. Put a big one in the middle of that walkway!"

GRACE

You deliberately blew up that bridge with all those people on it?! I thought something was...

Grace trails off as she spots someone entering. It's Frankenstein in slick black suit. She almost licks her lips at the sight of him.

GRACE

Excuse me, Joe, I've got to go back to work...

VIRTERBO

Frankenstein? He never comes to these things. What's he up to?

GRACE

As a reporter I must find out.

She dashes off after Frankenstein, much to Joe's annoyance.

VIRTERBO

Go ahead and settle for Number Two! I was bored of you anyway!

Across room, depressed Boomer listens to Hank Hensel drone on. It's clear he considers him to be a second rate racer.

HANK

So I thought, why not use the entire race car as a weapon? The big one.

DELAWARE

Kind of a one shot gimmick, isn't it?

HANK

Can take you right from second into first place. Now I know the rules say you can only sponsor one racer at a time, but with Frankenstein retiring, you should think about backing someone new. Kids love the rocket...

Boomer spots Frankenstein working the crowd, talking to a couple rich FINANCIAL GUYS. Grace hangs on his arm possessively.

FRANKENSTEIN

Oh, no, I'm not giving up racing. I'm just retiring from Death Race.

FINANCIAL GUY

So what are you going to do?

FRANKENSTEIN

It's just an idea, but I think there's room for another world race. Maybe running across the Southern Hemisphere.

GRACE

What a great idea! With you driving it would have an instant fan base. Hell, it might even top Death Race.

FRANKENSTEIN

And by starting a circuit from scratch, you could buy up the real-estate around the course, maybe a few cheap countries, and watch the land quadruple in value...

FINANCIAL GUY

Have you talked to anyone about financing?

Financial Guys whip out cards.

FRANKENSTEIN

I ran it past Boomer, but he didn't seem very interested.

FINANCIAL GUY

(whispering)

Between you and me, Boomer has big money problems. He's fighting a bank takeover. Something like this would not help.

FRANKENSTEIN

Really?

Delaware shoves past Financial Guys and confronts
Frankenstein.

DELAWARE

We've got to talk. Now!

INT. VIP ROOM - NIGHT

Ice walled VIP room has a few comfy beds covered with furs.
Bruce makes out with WAITRESS. Boomer bursts in and grabs
him by the scruff of his neck.

DELAWARE

OUT!

Bruce scrambles out with terrified waitress. Frankenstein
coolly steps into room. Delaware locks door and grabs
Frankenstein's suit front.

DELAWARE

Who do you think you're playing with,
boy!? I heard you talking. What are
you trying to do to me!

Frankenstein's artificial right hand firmly takes hold of
Boomer's arm. In fact, he begins to crush it. Boomer lets
go with yelp and Frankenstein grabs him by throat.

FRANKENSTEIN

I'm not trying to do anything.

Using cyborg arm and legs, and what's left of his strong
body, he easily throws the huge Boomer off his feet and slams
him into ice wall. Frankenstein stares at him with half
crazy eyes.

FRANKENSTEIN

I'm going to destroy you. I won't be
done until there's nothing left of you.

Ice cracks around Boomer. Frankenstein is pushing him right
through the wall. Boomer chokes through Frankenstein's grip.

DELAWARE

I made you... I created you...

Frankenstein eases up slightly.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes, I was a burnt up cripple thanks to your insane race. But you convinced me to keep playing the game. After all, I was already more than dead. So you got me better cars and body parts and I got stronger and smarter. But you tried to kill me last year. I don't hate you for that. You created me, why shouldn't you try to destroy me?

Frankenstein forces him into the wall again. Boomer's skin freezes painfully as more ice cracks around him.

FRANKENSTEIN

But I'll never forgive you for killing Gail. I don't care what happens to me anymore, but she didn't deserve that. She burned to death calling for me to help her. I'll make you pay for that.

Frankenstein drops Boomer and walks away. Boomer shakes, frozen. He calls out to Frankenstein, half amused.

DELAWARE

You want to know the funny part, Frank? I've been trying to kill you for years. I just got closer last time.

Frankenstein isn't surprised.

DELAWARE

Don't you want to know why? Don't you want to know why, smart guy!? Why I want you dead? Huh?

FRANKENSTEIN

You want all the merchandising.

Boomer's face falls. Gosh, that's right. It wasn't what he was thinking but... Frankenstein exits. Boomer calls out.

DELAWARE

No, I hate you! I hate you with your "I'm a better racer than you ever were" attitude and all your disrespect and...

(beat)

Oh, he's right. Never should have gave him fifty percent. What was I thinking? Must have felt sorry for the burnt gimp.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Frankenstein exits VIP and Grace swoops him up.

GRACE

You boys have a nice chat? I'm so into this new race circuit. Everybody's talking about it...

Grace leads Frankenstein off into party. A moment later, an all but broken Delaware steps out of VIP room. He slowly straightens his ice dampened clothing.

VIRTERBO (O.S.)

You look like somebody ready to crawl.

Delaware turns to see Virterbo waiting for him with a vicious smile. Boomer wearily closes his eyes and nods.

INT. ICE PIT - NIGHT

Monster rests in pit garage made of ice, repaired and ready for next day. Ariel lays out her sleeping bag on top of it.

VIRTERBO (O.S.)

That's so cute. I haven't seen a sleeping bag since I made out with my half sister on a family camp out.

Ariel turns to see Joe standing in doorway, munching from carton of Chop Suey with a pair of chopsticks.

VIRTERBO

Oh, I guess this was supposed to be your dinner. But don't get mad. It tastes like shit.

Virterbo tosses it off. He slowly stalks toward Ariel who hits a silent alarm button. Nothing happens.

VIRTERBO

I suppose you're wondering where all the guards are. Boomer called an emergency security meeting. That gives the two of us a chance to be alone. You see, it's not enough for me to win tomorrow. I want to kill Frankenstein. So to make sure I do, I want to play with his car a little.

Ariel stands uncomfortably by Monster as Joe gets closer.

VIRTERBO

Unfortunately, you're in the way of me doing that. Nothing personal. In fact, if you want a little last hurrah, I'm open to the idea.

Joe takes another step and Ariel pulls a deadly high tech pistol from behind her back. Its laser sight maps out his forehead with bright lines that offer helpful targeting options: instant death, slow kill, lobotomy.

VIRTERBO

Hey! I'm just kidding. Just kidding!
A little practical joke.

Joe raises his hands and quickly backs away. Ariel continues to target him.

But with amazing speed, Joe drops and kicks a rolling tool cart toward her. At the same time, he grabs a tire iron. Ariel fires at him, but the explosive bullets tear into the tool cart rolling at her. Joe leaps up and hurls tire iron at her head. It spins toward her.

Ariel's arms leap up to protect her head. The tire iron smashes into her hands, knocking pistol away. It glances off her forehead. Joe leaps and grabs her by the throat.

VIRTERBO

You think a lousy Navigator is as fast as a Death Race driver!

He tightens his hands around her throat and strangles her.

VIRTERBO

How does it feel to know you're going to spend the rest of your life in pain? The rest of your life is about a minute and a half...

He looks into her eyes for the answer. But her eyes are focused on something behind him. Before he can react.

BAM! An iron fist crashes into Joe's head and knocks him free of Ariel.

Frankenstein grabs Machine Gun Joe and throws him across room into tool rack. Joe crashes into it and collapses to ground. Frankenstein kicks him.

Joe fumbles, grabs heavy wrench and swings it. Frankenstein blocks it with his right hand.

Steel wrench tears into fake flesh, ripping it apart, but titanium underpinnings hold firm. Frankenstein grabs onto the wrench and bends it. He rips it from Joe's hands and tosses it. Joe backs away.

VIRTERBO

So much for a fair fight.

Ariel retrieves her pistol and joins Frankenstein's side. Joe slowly retreats to the door.

VIRTERBO

I'll see you on the course. Next chance I get, you're dead.

Joe exits. Blood trickles from Ariel's hair line. Frankenstein examines the wound.

FRANKENSTEIN

You okay?

ARIEL

Just embarrassed. I can't believe I let him get the jump on me. I've got a pretty nice left jab.

Fixit comes rushing in.

FIXIT

What the hell is going on? I got a call from one of the guards saying Delaware told them to stand down. And I just passed Joe in the hallway.

Frankenstein takes Ariel's pistol and tosses it to Fixit.

FRANKENSTEIN

Me and Boomer had some words. Looks like he struck a deal with Joe. Kill anyone who comes in before sunrise.

INT. ICE HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Ariel cleans up her small wound in bathroom mirror. Frankenstein stands by an ice bar, mixing two drinks.

FRANKENSTEIN

You sure I can't get you a doctor?

ARIEL

It's just a little cut.

Frankenstein pulls a tiny plastic bag out from a pocket. He opens it and drops what's inside, a single white pill, into Ariel's drink. It dissolves.

ARIEL

What was it like working with Gail?

Ariel returns from bathroom and sits on fur covered bed.

FRANKENSTEIN

Kind of like working with you.

ARIEL

She was my mentor on the crash circuit years and years ago. I learned a lot from her.

FRANKENSTEIN

I know. She said that if anything ever happened to her, I should look you up. She said you were a little weird, but that I could trust you.

Frankenstein crosses to Ariel and hands her the drink. She takes a sip from it. He takes one from his.

FRANKENSTEIN

You're right what you said about becoming dead inside. Forgetting to be alive. I guess I've been half dead for a long time. I regret I didn't spend more time with Gail when she was alive. We kept our relationship very professional. I didn't tell her how much I cared for her. She was a good friend. And she meant a lot to me.

Frankenstein sits very close to Ariel and looks into her eyes. She seems nervous, unsure of herself.

FRANKENSTEIN

I don't want to repeat that mistake with you. Who knows what might happen tomorrow? And I want to say... even though we've only known each other a few days... I really like you.

ARIEL

... I really like you, too.

Ariel quickly downs the rest of her drink. She's torn between her attraction to him and her own desire not to complicate an already complicated relationship.

ARIEL

I don't know. Should we do this?

FRANKENSTEIN

Do what?

Ariel motions to the fur bed they're sitting on.

ARIEL

This...

Frankenstein laughs. Ariel looks embarrassed.

ARIEL

Oh, you weren't thinking... ? I wasn't thinking... well, only because I thought you were thinking...

Frankenstein smiles and gives her a deep kiss on the lips. She relaxes, almost euphoric.

ARIEL

Wow, this so strange. I feel...

She passes out.

Frankenstein gently picks her up and lays her out on his bed. He covers her up nicely in warm furs.

As she dozes, he picks up a phone and starts dialing.

FRANKENSTEIN

It's Frank. How's Delaware Racing doing?

BROKER (O.S.)

Stock's in the toilet. Worst yet on after hours market. You know why. Rumors of bankruptcy. It'll open under a buck a share.

FRANKENSTEIN

Time to buy again.

EXT. ABSOLUTE ICE STADIUM - DAY

Projectors blast holograms of big screens over Absolute Ice Stadium. Fans in parkas fill the place.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Hello Planet Earth! Welcome to the Absolute Ice Stadium for the final day of Death Race. Three days ago a hundred brave gladiators lined up for battle.

GRACE (O.S.)

But today all that remains is nine combat tested pros ready to duke it out for the world championship. But before the starting gun goes off, let's take a trip down memory lane.

Sweet "Memories" type song plays as smiling pictures of fallen drivers are contrasted with replays of their terrible demise. A shot of Diana Glass smiling and laughing in slow motion dissolves into footage of her run over by Machine Gun Joe. Ferrant gives a chipper thumbs up, and then is riddled with bullets.

EXT. STARTING LINE / ICE STADIUM - DAY

Nine remaining race cars rest in ice slots in front of an ice starting gate. Thick ice doors, carved with position numbers, block their way.

Virterbo Turbo is in first slot, followed by The Monster, Red Dog Rocket, and five other racers. The Thomspen Brother's Twin Racer is in last place.

Fixit is doing his usual last minute checks on Monster when Frankenstein approaches. Fixit double takes.

FIXIT

Frank? You've got five minutes before the starting light.

FRANKENSTEIN

Never hurts to be early.

FIXIT

Where's Ariel?

FRANKENSTEIN

She's not feeling well. I'm going to run alone. How's the car?

FIXIT

Fine. I stayed up all night. But...

FRANKENSTEIN

Great, let's go.

FIXIT

Frank, why are you doing this? Why risk your neck for Delaware anymore?

FRANKENSTEIN

I'm not racing for him. I'm racing for me.

FIXIT

But if Boomer and Machine Gun Joe are working together, Joe could have gotten the plans to the Monster. He might know all the weak points.

Frankenstein gets into Monster and starts warming engine up.

FRANKENSTEIN

The Monster doesn't have weak points.

Fixit can't help but smile proudly at that.

INT. ICE HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Ariel slowly wakes up in warm furs. She sits up and almost falls back down. Her head is still dizzy.

ARIEL

Frank? Frank? What time is it?

Bright light pours through the ice walls. She finds the video remote and clicks on the digital.

GRACE (O.S.)

Sixty seconds to the starting light...

ARIEL

WHAT!

INT. SUB-ORBITAL BUSINESS JET - DAY

Sour faced Boomer checks new contract with LAWYER.

LAWYER

I don't get it. For ten years you've done nothing but bitch about how Frankenstein gets fifty percent of the merchandizing. How you never knew it would be worth so much and you'd never do it again. But now you're giving Machine Gun Joe sixty percent.

DELAWARE

It's not just about money anymore.

Marketing Guy comes in with Frankenstein action figure.

MARKETING GUY

Okay, here it is. Crash Frankenstein.
Sure, he used to be pretty, but that
was before the latest horrible wreck.
It's a hell of a lot cheaper than
replacing the heads.

He pulls off original toy Frankenstein helmet and replaces it
with a burnt up, half torn apart toy helmet that reveals
mangled Frankenstein face. Delaware finally smiles.

EXT. ICE HOTEL - DAY

Ariel dashes out of Ice Hotel. Parked in front are
futuristic taxis and a Domino's Pizza motorcycle with snow
tires. DELIVERY GUY ties empty warmer on back of cycle and
starts it up. Ariel runs at him.

DELIVERY GUY

Hey! Aren't you Frankenstein's chick?

ARIEL

Don't call me a chick.

Ariel leaps up and kicks him square in the shoulder. He
flies off the bike. She grabs the handlebars and swings onto
the foot rests. She peels out on the cycle before her butt
even hits the seat.

DELIVERY GUY, on his ass, watches her roar away.

DELIVERY GUY

Cool.

EXT. ABSOLUTE ICE STADIUM - DAY

Racers rev engines in front of ice starting gate. Laser
BLASTS the #1 ice door. It evaporates in puff of steam
giving Virterbo Turbo clear path to take off.

BRUCE (O.S.)

There's the starting laser for Death
Race Day 4! The Virterbo Turbo leaps...

But the Turbo doesn't move.

BRUCE (O.S.)

The Turbo isn't moving. It must have
some engine problem.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Joe calmly sits in the Turbo. Mira yells to him.

MIRA

Joe, we're in first place! Go!

VIRTERBO

What's the hurry?

EXT. ICE CITY - DAY

Ariel roars through Ice City toward stadium on her motorcycle.
Holographic billboards all over town broadcast race.

EXT. ABSOLUTE ICE STADIUM - DAY

Laser evaporates ice door #2 and Monster takes off. (Ice
walls around slot prevent Frankenstein from seeing Virterbo.)

BRUCE (O.S.)

There goes the Monster, taking the
lead! The Turbo is still... wait!
There it goes! Right after the
Monster! Joe is on the hunt!

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein blasts Monster ahead, looking for Virterbo Turbo
in front. Frankenstein reaches over to navigator's radar.

FRANKENSTEIN

Fixit, what happened to the Turbo?

FIXIT (O.S.)

He's right behind you.

Frankenstein reaches over and hits buttons for rear radar
array. The Turbo is gaining. He slams accelerator.

FRANKENSTEIN

This might be harder than I thought.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Joe hungrily chases after the Monster with a smile.

VIRTERBO

You can run, but you can't hide.

EXT. ICE CITY - DAY

Ariel deftly swerves through slow traffic at high speed. She sees from video billboards that race has begun. She changes course, leaping off road and tearing through snow. She takes short cut to reach track section ahead of racers.

EXT. ABSOLUTE ICE STADIUM - DAY

Numbered walls melt and more racers enter race one by one.

EXT. ICELAND TRACK - DAY

Monster picks up speed. Suddenly, Ariel's motorcycle leaps over ice wall and onto track far ahead of it.

INT. HELIPIT - DAY

Fixit spots the motorcycle on his screens. He zooms in and realizes it's Ariel.

FIXIT

What the... ?

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein spots the motorcycle running in front of him. At first he can't figure it out and then...

FRANKENSTEIN

No... you didn't.

INT. ZEPPELIN / MULTI-MEDIA CENTER - DAY

Bruce and Grace spot Domino's motorcycle racing on track.

GRACE

Wow! Talk about thirty minute delivery! Did someone order a pizza?

EXT. ICELAND TRACK - DAY

Even a futuristic snow motorcycle is no speed match for a Death Race car, let alone the greatest of them all, the Monster. Even allowing for a light vehicle's advantage on an icy track and Ariel's plucky determination.

So as Ariel guns the cycle's engine, she knows she'll have barely half a second or so to run along side before the Monster easily passes her.

The Monster comes up and Ariel tries to wave it down.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein eases accelerator and shoos her away.

FRANKENSTEIN

No! No!

EXT. ICELAND TRACK - DAY

Ariel ignores him and pulls motorcycle closer alongside.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein sees her getting closer and pulls the safety off rocket booster. She's close enough to see what he's doing. And she knows what will happen when he hits it. He'll disappear. He waves goodbye with a smile.

But to Frankenstein's amazement, Ariel doesn't give him a chance to hit it. She LEAPS off the bike.

EXT. ICELAND TRACK - DAY

Ariel leaps off the bike onto the side door of the Monster. The motorcycle instantly flips and crashes behind her.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

SLOW MOTION: Ariel hits passenger door, and since there's little on the streamlined Monster for her to grab onto, it'll be a micro-second before she is flung off. But Frankenstein has already hit the emergency door release. The gulf wing door springs up and Ariel catches its edge. Frankenstein eases off accelerator and hits button for overhead hatch.

EXT. MONSTER - DAY

As wind tears at her, Ariel clutches onto edges of opening door as it swings her up and on roof. A roof hatch slides open. As the gulf door rises and then jerks to stop, Ariel falls into the car, head first.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Ariel tumbles into Monster and Frankenstein hits buttons to close it back up. He slams on accelerator again.

FRANKENSTEIN

Are you out of your mind!?

Ariel quickly rights herself and reprograms radar scan for wider array as she buckles herself in Navigator seat.

ARIEL

You think I lived through three days of Death Race to miss the last one? Machine Gun Joe, gaining fast.

FRANKENSTEIN

Lived is the whole point! I'd like you to live!

ARIEL

Who says we won't?

From her jacket pocket she produces Buff Buffalo figurine and pops it on dash. It's head bobs up and down.

EXT. ICE BRIDGE - DAY

Monster roars out of Iceland onto wondrous ice bridge over the Denmark Straight. The Virterbo Turbo isn't far behind.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Joe cruises after the Monster.

VIRTERBO

Mira, program a full missile assault.

MIRA

She'll just jam them.

VIRTERBO

Shut up and do what I say! Back to front. One second intervals. Shatter concussions.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Ariel activates missile jamming and other defensive systems.

ARIEL

You don't even have the jamming up. You were a sitting duck. What's the idea of drugging me anyway?

FRANKENSTEIN

The car has been sabotaged.

ARIEL

How? Why?

FRANKENSTEIN

This isn't your problem..

ARIEL

I'm your Navigator! Of course it's my problem! I still want to win!

FRANKENSTEIN

Ariel, it's not a lot of fun to feel your flesh burn to the bone. Trust me, it makes you a little nuts. Very nuts. Pardon me for wanting to spare you that.

Ariel reaches over to her left wrist. She hits a hidden button, twists her arm, and pops it out from just above the elbow. The fingers on her fake left hand go limp.

ARIEL

You think you're the only one that's been in a fireball? You think my nose really used to be this perky? You think you're the only one who's a little nuts?

(beat)

If I'm going to die, why not today, and why not with you?

Ariel pops her arm back in and checks the radar.

ARIEL

Joe's right on our ass. I'm going to hit him with a couple heat seekers.

Frankenstein is quiet. He knows it's weird, but for some reason she looks really sexy right now. And he doesn't want to think about why.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Turbo gains on Monster.

VIRTERBO

FIRE!

EXT. ICE BRIDGE - DAY

Missile roars up from Virterbo Turbo and rockets toward Monster. It is followed by another, and another.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Ariel hits her own firing buttons, but nothing happens.

ARIEL

My missiles aren't launching.

The first of Virterbo's missiles explode against Monster, shaking it horribly.

EXT. ICE BRIDGE - DAY

Missiles rip into Monster from every side, one after another in a series of brutal explosions. The Monster's fresh titanium armor seems to hold up for the most part, but the car smokes horribly and some of the plates come loose.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Things are not better on the inside. Windshield is cracked and smoke drifts into cabin. Metal rattles.

ARIEL

I've got no jamming. I've got no rear grenades. My weapons panel shows they are activated but they don't fire.

Frankenstein hits a few buttons of his own.

FRANKENSTEIN

No cannon. No gun turret. Fixit!
We've got no weapons!

FIXIT (O.S.)

That's not possible. I double checked
everything this morning. Ariel, check
the sub-relays!

Ariel rips open panel and starts to.

ARIEL

I need time. Can you out run him?

FRANKENSTEIN

Try the booster rockets.

Frankenstein already has his foot to the floor. Ariel clicks
off the safety release and hits the button. Nothing happens.

ARIEL

We're screwed.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Mira is thrilled.

MIRA

Six direct hits! The whole car is
smoking. You want me to hit it again?

VIRTERBO

No, it's my turn for some fun.

Joe powers up his chain guns. They spin and start to FIRE.

EXT. ICE BRIDGE - DAY

Turbo is right behind Monster. High powered armor piercing
shells rip into damaged rear armor. They tear it apart.

INT. HELIPIT - DAY

Fixit coolly watches race from his console.

BRUCE (O.S.)

The Monster is in trouble. Machine
Gun Joe is tearing into it and
Frankenstein can't seem to fight back.

ARIEL (O.S.)
 Fixit, we don't have booster rockets!

FIXIT
 Are you sure? Try a software override.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein swerves erratically to throw off Turbo's chain guns and delay the inevitable. He shouts to Ariel.

FRANKENSTEIN
 Rip open the panel and hot wire it!

FIXIT (O.S.)
 Frank, that's not going to work. You could blow up the whole car!

But Ariel tears open panel and pulls wire cutter.

ARIEL
 Fixit, is it red or green?

Chain Gun shells rip through the back of the cabin.

FIXIT (O.S.)
 It's not going to work!

FRANKENSTEIN
 Ariel, in two seconds we're dead!

Ariel takes her best guess, cuts and crosses the wires.

EXT. ICE BRIDGE - DAY

Booster rockets explode from battered Monster and it roars off, escaping Virterbo Turbo's relentless onslaught.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Machine Gun Joe kicks on his own booster rockets and Turbo roars off in pursuit.

Joe fires rounds from his grenade launcher. They explode off Monster's back, but it continues to gain ground.

VIRTERBO
 Okay, I'm bored. We gave them a show. Lock on missiles. Armor piercing.

MIRA
You've got it, Joe.

EXT. GREENLAND TUNDRA TRACK - DAY

Smoking Monster rockets off the Ice Bridge and onto vast Greenland Tundra Track. Virterbo Turbo isn't far behind. New missile ROCKETS from Turbo and EXPLODES into Monster. A large chunk of armor tears open.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Systems crash throughout crippled racer. Fire breaks out. Ariel looks at Frankenstein and shakes head. It's over.

FRANKENSTEIN
We can try to take him with us.

Ariel smiles without hesitation.

ARIEL
Sounds like fun.

Frankenstein locks up rear tires and spins driver's wheel.

EXT. TUNDRA TRACK - DAY

Crippled Monster does a sharp 180° and heads back, just in time to miss a new missile which overshoots and EXPLODES.

Monster, boosters blazing, heads right for oncoming Virterbo Turbo. Turbo's chain guns kick on, firing at full blast. It's a Death Race version of chicken, as Turbo continues to fire, ripping up doomed Monster. But the Monster's less damaged front armor somehow manages to hold on.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Mira screams as burning Monster roars toward them.

MIRA
Joe! Turn out! Turn out!

But Joe hits accelerator and keeps firing.

VIRTERBO
Die! Die!

EXT. TUNDRA TRACK - DAY

The two racers collide at high speed with a horrible crunch of shattering armor. They summersault across the track, landing hard on opposite ends. Jet fuel spreads from their crippled frames and catches fire.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Wow! Did you see that? Talk about an instant replay moment.

INT. HELIPIT - DAY

And replay it they do. Fixit watches from his monitors with strangely emotionless expression. Jordy rushes over.

JORDY

Fixit, we've got to get down there and put out the fires!

FIXIT

(falling apart)

They're dead! Dead and it's my fault! Something went wrong with the car!

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Flames spread around racer, but they haven't breached the cabin, yet. Frankenstein and Ariel recover from hit. The cabin's roof has been crushed. They try to open their doors, but they're twisted shut.

Frankenstein pulls the safety off explosive bolts on his smashed door. They turn their heads as he pulls the charger. Nothing happens. Frankenstein shakes his head, amused. The rear gas tank EXPLODES.

ARIEL

Fixit! Get down here before we burn up! Fixit! Fixit!

Frankenstein uses his fake right fist to pound top of crushed door. Pounding it harder and harder like a steel hammer to loosen it as flames start to lick into the cabin.

INT. HELIPIT - DAY

Fixit, sobbing, watches as Monster is engulfed in fire. Jordy pushes him aside and takes controls.

JORDY

Ariel! We're coming!

Jordy steers helipit toward burning car.

JORDY

The firefighting system is shut down...

Jordy turns it on frantically. He looks at supposedly fallen apart Fixit. No, this is too much. They make eye contact and they both know. Fixit backs away.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Flames spread through breeches all around cabin. Ariel fights it with small fire extinguisher, but only slows it down. Frankenstein continues to pound crumpled gulf wing door. It's starting to bend open, but that allows more flames to get inside. His leather glove is ripping apart and catches fire. Steel knuckles shine as his burning fist attacks the titanium hinges. One of three breaks open.

Ariel's extinguisher is empty so she joins him. She pounds other side of door with her left fist. It's also steel, but since it's not her entire arm, her blows aren't as strong. But they do help. Her glove tears open and catches fire.

FRANKENSTEIN

You do have a nice left jab.

EXT. TUNDRA TRACK - DAY

The Conglom helipit has already put out fires on damaged Virterbo Turbo. Robot arms pull it into open bay.

Fires completely consume Monster as Frankenstein helipit finally arrives and goes to work to put them out.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Things don't look good for the Monster.

INT. SUB-ORBITAL BUSINESS JET - DAY

Delaware watches broadcast happily as he plays with his Crash Frankenstein action figure.

DELAWARE

You know what would be great? If you could pull a string on the bugger and it yelled: "Help me! I'm burning!"

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein and Ariel's pounding have twisted top of door almost loose. The cabin is completely on fire. Frankenstein throws his burnt steel arm into opening and uses it like a crowbar, fiercely twisting it from the elbow to wrist. His arm bends as door breaks loose.

As flames smoke their fire resistant leathers, Frankenstein kicks door completely off with his powerful legs. He jumps out of burning cabin, and grabs back for Ariel with his bent steel right arm. She grabs it with her still burning left hand. He pulls her out of the flames. But not before she snatches a half-melted Buff Buffalo from the dash.

EXT. TUNDRA TRACK - DAY

Frankenstein and Ariel step into cold stream of CO2 from helipit fire hoses. It puts out their burning leathers.

BRUCE

Wait a second! Look at that!

Frankenstein is alive! HE'S ALIVE!

Rope ladder is lowered and Frankenstein holds it as Ariel climbs to helipit. Frankenstein eyes the completely demolished Monster as its gutted cabin continues to burn.

INT. CONGLOM HELIPIT - DAY

Machine Gun Joe has showered, put on a velvet robe and slicks back his wet hair. He doesn't have a scratch on him. He glances at the burnt Virterbo Turbo, which his pit crew is still working on. PAULIE, the chief mechanic, has bad news.

PAULIE

Joe, I don't know how to say this...

VIRTERBO

JUST SAY IT!

PAULIE

Mira's dead. The Docs couldn't save her. She was too burnt up.

VIRTERBO

Oh, well. What about the car?

PAULIE

Ready in ten minutes.

INT. HELIPIT - DAY

Frankenstein and Ariel watch as robot arms raise demolished Monster into helipit. Jordy shakes his head.

JORDY

It's totaled.

FRANKENSTEIN

Then work fast. You've been promoted to chief mechanic. Where's Fixit?

JORDY

Boss, you should know something...

FRANKENSTEIN

I already do.

INT. HELIPIT / FIXIT'S BACK OFFICE - DAY

Fixit sits quietly behind an old fashioned desk in his office. It's decorated with engineering awards and nostalgic photos of the Monster over the years. He shuffles papers.

Frankenstein enters. His right arm is completely exposed steel, and bent so it hangs and moves unnaturally. Two of its fingers are twisted backwards.

FRANKENSTEIN

That was exciting, but not very subtle. I especially liked the touch with the door charges. I'm high on endorphins.

FIXIT

You really are crazy, aren't you?

Ariel joins them. She's taken off her jacket and her hand is also burnt steel right to the connection to her real forearm.

FIXIT

Aren't you two cute together?

Frankenstein slowly approaches. Fixit puts away his papers.

FIXIT

You knew the whole time. All that crap about suspecting Gail, to throw me off. And then you get into my rigged car, just to see if you can make it out alive. You've got a serious death wish, you sick bastard.

FRANKENSTEIN

I needed to know for sure. We used to be friends.

Fixit raises Ariel's pistol from under the desk.

FIXIT

You know all those times I pretended to be pissed about you burning out my crank shafts? I wasn't pretending. You're not an easy guy to work for.

Fixit raises gun and aims at Frankenstein's head.

FIXIT

Boomer promised me a bonus if you didn't die until the last day. Ratings, you know. I'm sure he would have preferred this on the track but...

ARIEL

Gun off.

Pistol goes dead. Fixit tries to reactivate it.

ARIEL

Voice activated. My voice. Gun hot.

Gun turns red and burns Fixit's hand. He drops it with a yelp. Frankenstein grabs Fixit with his bent arm, his twisted steel fingers clutching him like a vise.

FRANKENSTEIN

You're right. I do have a death wish. But not for my death.

INT. HELIPIT - DAY

Pit crew, led by Jordy, frantically pulls apart smoking Monster, even though they know it's hopeless.

Frankenstein drags Fixit out of office across pit. Fixit tries to fight but the mangled steel arm is too strong.

FIXIT

Frank! I couldn't help it! He promised me five percent of the merchandising! On every car I designed. No engineer ever got that before! Five percent off the top!

Frankenstein drags him to the closed bay door. He slams his boot down on large floor button. Bay opens up to sound of rushing wind. They are high above the track.

FIXIT

I wanted to be my own boss... buy my own team.. but all the money's in the toys...

Frankenstein dangles Fixit out over open bay.

FIXIT

You've still lost! You'll never get the Monster running! And Machine Gun Joe will win the championship! Together they'll destroy you! You crazy freak!

Frankenstein calmly drops Fixit to his death.

FIXIT (O.S.)

YOU CRAZZY FREEEEEEAAKKK!

Ariel joins Frankenstein's side.

ARIEL

Can't say I'll miss him.

Jordy hesitantly approaches.

JORDY

Um.. Boss, I hate to bring this up... but he's right, we can't get the Monster running in half an hour.

FRANKENSTEIN

Try.

Frankenstein looks at Jordy seriously as wind howls. Jordy backs away from open bay and nods.

QUICK HELIPIT MONTAGE

Frankenstein tears off his burnt leathers and pops in a new racing arm. Ariel peels some loose fake skin off her left hand and shrugs.

ARIEL

I didn't bring a spare.

They jump in and help Jordy and pit crew work on Monster. Virtually the entire car is being rebuilt from scratch.

Frankenstein's fresh arm hoists armor plating. Ariel replaces computer panels with her mechanical fingers.

EXT. TUNDRA TRACK - DAY

Virterbo Turbo lowers onto track and blasts off. Fans cheer.

BRUCE (O.S.)

And Machine Gun Joe gets back into the race! No word yet on the Monster. It's got just four minutes before it is permanently-disqualified.

INT. HELIPIT GARAGE - DAY

Everyone works frantically as big clock on wall counts down end of pit stop. Thirty seconds left. Jordy, covered in grease, shakes his head at Frankenstein who tightens a lug nut with his bare steel hand.

JORDY

We tried. Your new engine's running and the armors mounted, but you've got no radar, targeting computer, cannons, missiles, gun turret...

Frankenstein waves to Ariel. They pull on new jackets and gloves, covering their mechanical limbs. He steps into the cabin and buckles in. Ariel does the same.

JORDY

You've got no weapons! Machine Gun Joe will eat you for lunch again!

FRANKENSTEIN

Ten seconds. Let's go.

Frankenstein closes his gulf wing door. Jordy hits button and lowers Monster down to track. Ariel shouts.

ARIEL

Toss me the targeting computer!

Jordy tosses it into her lap, as if it will do any good. She closes her door.

EXT. TUNDRA TRACK - DAY

Monster lands onto track and takes off with squeal of rubber. Fans cheer.

BRUCE (O.S.)

And with only half a second to spare,
the Monster is back in the race! But
in last place again.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Machine Gun Joe impatiently pilots the rebuilt Turbo. Next to him is his new navigator, a good looking BLOND.

NAVIGATOR

In all the rush, we didn't really get
introduced. I'm Sheila McPeters, your
backup navigator.

VIRTERBO

What?!

NAVIGATOR

My name is Sheila.

VIRTERBO

Look, I don't have time to remember
all that shit! I'm just going to call
you Mira.

The navigator nods slowly. Better not get him upset.

MIRA2

Okay, Joe.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein picks up speed as Ariel installs targeting
computer into main panel.

ARIEL

At least this computer will tell us
what we could hit, if we had any radar
or weapons.

FRANKENSTEIN

We'll never make it past Joe without
weapons.

ARIEL

But we can't take any more pit stops
today.

FRANKENSTEIN

Are you done?

Ariel powers it on, pops the melted Buff Buffalo on the dash and nods. Frankenstein hits a button. His steering wheel slides across console to her side of the cabin. Ariel grabs it, panicked. His shifter and pedals disappear and new ones rise to her side.

FRANKENSTEIN

You were pretty good with that motorcycle. Stay above three hundred and try not to swerve around too much.

Frankenstein puts on a headset and opens overhead hatch. Wind howls. He clips retractable tether to his leathers.

FRANKENSTEIN

Oh, and try not to catch up with the other drivers or we're dead.

Ariel nods. Frankenstein climbs onto roof.

INT. HELIPIT - DAY

Jordy and rest of crew watch in amazement as Frankenstein stands on Monster's roof. Wind hits him like a hurricane. If it wasn't for the taut tether, he'd be ripped off instantly. He waves up to the helipit. Jordy radios down.

JORDY

What the hell are you doing, Boss?

FRANKENSTEIN (O.S.)

(shouting over wind)

Send me down the radar array! And call me Frank!

EXT. TUNDRA TRACK - DAY

Monster rides down track at mere three hundred miles an hour. Easy speed for Monster, but rough on human beings. A leather buckle rips off Frankenstein's jacket and flies away.

Heavy radar array dangles from steel cable as helipit lowers it. Frankenstein guides it into place in back of racer. He unhooks cable and connects wiring.

ARIEL (O.S.)

Radar on line.

JORDY (O.S.)

What next?

FRANKENSTEIN
 (shouting over wind)
 Right forward cannon!

Frankenstein fights his way over fast moving car, toward front hood. It's a tough job, finding places to grip on streamlined Monster. Meanwhile, long cannon assembly is lowered toward him from the helipit.

Frankenstein manages to get some footing on the hood and guides heavy cannon into place. He pops open his jacket's breast pocket, revealing basic tools. He fixes cannon into place, bolts it down and clips in circuits.

FRANKENSTEIN
 Left forward cannon!

BRUCE (O.S.)
 Look at that! The Monster, in last place, making repairs on the run!

INT. TWIN RACER - DAY

Right Thompson Brother checks out race broadcast on his display screen. So does left brother. They see Frankenstein on the hood. Brothers glance at each other and smile.

THOMPSON BROTHERS
 (in unison)
 Let's make history. And kill
 Frankenstein.

EXT. TUNDRA TRACK - DAY

The Twin Racer splits and the motorpods do opposite u-turns. They blast backwards on the track, join up and pick up speed.

EXT. TUNDRA TRACK - DAY

Frankenstein installs rear grenade launcher.

FRANKENSTEIN
 Machine Gun Turret!

He finishes wiring launcher as a huge gun turret lowers down. It's heavy, and Frankenstein has trouble maneuvering it into large slot in Monster's midsection. Wind whistles off the turret's duel guns.

FRANKENSTEIN

Up again! Right! Now slowly down!

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Ariel is starting to enjoy driving the Monster, when she notices something on radar.

ARIEL

Frank, you'd better get down here. We have company. Coming fast.

FRANKENSTEIN (O.S.)

We need the turret. Use the cannons to hold them off.

EXT. TUNDRA TRACK - DAY

Twin Racer roars at Monster. Monster's front cannons fires, but Twin's split and shell passes between them.

Frankenstein gets turret into slot and releases cable. He reaches for connecting wires to tie turret into Monster. Suddenly, blast of machine gun fire ricochets off Monster's armor near his head. He ducks down. Twin Racer roars up from both sides of track firing like mad.

FRANKENSTEIN

Don't let them get us between them!

Monster swerves hard left almost throwing Frankenstein off.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Ariel hugs left wall. She fires from rear grenade launcher.

EXT. TUNDRA TRACK - DAY

Twins dodge exploding grenades and blast past Monster one by one, firing at Frankenstein from their nose machine guns. Bullets cut through leg leathers into his artificial legs.

As bullets whiz around him, Frankenstein swings around on the tether over to the Monster's left side, using it as a shield. His body is just inches from tearing into the Tundra Track's wall at three hundred miles an hour.

Thompson Twins rear guns fire back at Monster. A bullet cuts through Frankenstein's taut tether. He almost flies off Monster but his left hand catches the gun turret's barrel.

He dangles on the left side of the Monster, barely holding on with one hand. Will gravity or wind rip him away first? Or will he just be smashed into the wall?

EXT. CAPE FAREWELL - DAY

Meanwhile, the Red Dog Rocket is in the lead as it reaches Cape Farewell. Ahead is the entrance to the Great Atlantic Tunnel, a submerged superhighway to North America.

Another racer, PURPLE RAIN, accelerates and tries to pass the Rocket, which swerves back and forth to block it.

Suddenly, the Virterbo Turbo roars up, blasting them both with a typically vicious assault. Purple Rain explodes and crashes into Red Dog Rocket, forcing it through a track wall.

Virterbo roars into the Great Atlantic tunnel in first place.

BRUCE (O.S.)

And Machine Gun Joe takes the lead
into the Great Atlantic Tunnel.

Seconds later, Red Dog Rocket smashes through another section of the track wall and back into the race.

INT. GREAT ATLANTIC TUNNEL - DAY

The Virterbo Turbo roars through the Great Atlantic Tunnel, a huge tube running under the ocean.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Ariel sees Frankenstein dangling on side of Monster in her view screens. She steers away from track wall to give him a little more breathing room.

ARIEL

I'll slow down so you can climb up.

EXT. TUNDRA TRACK - DAY

But Frankenstein sees Twin Racer make another U-turn and join up again. They barrel after the Monster at full speed.

FRANKENSTEIN

No! They're coming! Floor it!

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Ariel obeys. Her foot hits the accelerator hard.

EXT. MONSTER - DAY

Monster picks up speed at frightening clip, outpacing Twin Racer. Sudden acceleration throws Frankenstein onto the back like a rag doll. He hangs on with white knuckled left hand.

His right hand clips the turret's connecting wire into Monster. Gun turret powers up. He closes armored electrical panel with slam.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Speedometer is at five hundred, and Ariel is sweating. She sees machine gun turret is activated.

ARIEL

We've got the turret. Get in now and take over.

FRANKENSTEIN (O.S.)

Easier said than done.

EXT. TUNDRA TRACK - DAY

Twin Racer starts to gain on Monster and Frankenstein is still dangling on the back, a sitting duck. They head right for its rear. Just before impact Twin Racer splits again, and the motorpods begin firing from both sides.

FRANKENSTEIN

Use the turret! Target the right!

As the Twin Racer passes on each side of Monster, the gun turret spins completely around (with Frankenstein attached). As it does, Frankenstein is thrown to the front. He grabs the roof hatch and pulls himself in. The turret FIRES at the right motorpod tracking it with relentless stream of armor piercing bullets. The motorpod EXPLODES.

INT. LEFT TWIN RACER - DAY

The left Thompson Brother roars past Monster, screaming as his brother burns up.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein drops back into cabin.

FRANKENSTEIN

Nice driving. Pedal to the metal.

Ariel slams accelerator. Frankenstein hits button and steering wheel and pedals return to him.

EXT. TUNDRA TRACK - DAY

Last Twin makes another U-turn and roars at Monster with suicidal fury.

But Frankenstein deftly fires at him with front cannons. The Twin BLOWS TO PIECES.

GRACE (O.S.)

And that's two for two for Frankenstein!

INT. GREAT ATLANTIC TUNNEL - DAY

The Virterbo Turbo races through giant underwater tube. Upper two thirds are clear plastic, and fish and whales can be seen outside. The bottom of the tube is dark blue, but it's still curved so the racers swing back and forth gently as they blast along the track.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Machine Gun Joe looks up at the clear ceiling of the tube.

VIRTERBO

Hey, I got an idea that will lock up the race for us. What do you have that can blast through the ceiling?

MIRA2

That's twenty feet of combat plexy. We don't have enough firepower to make a dent in it.

EXT. CAPE FAREWELL - DAY

Frankenstein, making up for lost time, hurls Monster forward at a terrible speed. It blasts through entrance to Great Atlantic Tunnel.

INT. GREAT ATLANTIC TUNNEL - DAY

Red Dog Rocket roars after Virterbo Turbo.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Machine Gun Joe is still in the lead,
but the Red Dog Rocket is a close
second. Is it time for the big one?

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Mira2 notices the Red Dog Rocket coming up on the radar.

MIRA2

Kick it, Joe! The Rocket's coming.
You saw what they did to the Big
Wheeler. If they fire their load
we're history.

VIRTERBO

Yeah... yeah. That's a huge ass missile
they're packing. That could take out
just about anything.

Virterbo looks over at Mira2 and smiles. She gets it. She programs their targeting computer. He taps his brakes.

INT. RED DOG ROCKET - DAY

A delighted Hank Hensel spots Machine Gun Joe up ahead. He nods and his Navigator hits "the button."

INT. GREAT ATLANTIC TUNNEL - DAY

Flames burst from Red Dog Rocket and huge missile fires from under tiny cabin and blasts down tube at Virterbo Turbo.

Simultaneously, two smaller missiles roar back from Turbo and hit big missile in mid-air. Big missile explodes in a huge fireball, shaking entire tube.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

Frankenstein has barely caught up to the last of the other racers when the tube shakes horribly.

INT. GREAT ATLANTIC TUNNEL - DAY

Crack appears in clear plastic over where explosion went off.

Suddenly, two more missiles rocket back from disappearing Virterbo Turbo and blast right into crack. It busts open just as the Red Dog passes underneath.

Red Dog cabin is crushed under a huge piece of thick plastic that slams down under a stream of high pressure water.

Another racer hits stream of water and is swamped by it. And the hole above gets bigger as the crack spreads.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Machine Gun Joe is pleased with himself.

VIRTERBO

That should wrap up the race. Put a little music on, Mira, and we'll cruise to New York.

EXT. NEW YORK STADIUM - DAY

Giant New York Stadium is circled by ring of full size Statue of Liberty replicates, in various attire and poses.

EXT. CHAIRMAN'S BOX - DAY

Fake Boomer replica waves to crowd as real Boomer comes out and takes its place. You'd have to be paying attention to notice the quick switch. A FINANCIAL GUY has joined him.

DELAWARE

What the hell are you talking about?

FINANCIAL GUY

As of ten fifty two AM, Frankenstein owns over thirty five percent of Delaware Racing, more than you do. And your major lenders are backing his takeover of the entire company. They want him to run Death Race.

BRUCE (O.S.)

What a stroke of genius! Machine Gun Joe not only keeps the lead, he's doomed the other racers to drown!

Boomer laughs, delighted.

DELAWARE

Get the hell out of my box.

FINANCIAL GUY

What?

DELAWARE

Dead men don't own shares! OUT OF MY
BOX!

INT. GREAT ATLANTIC TUNNEL - DAY

The other racers are doomed. As growing stream of water rushes through tube, they slow down to avoid it, which is the worst thing they could do. They pile up and are swamped.

INT. MONSTER - DAY

But Frankenstein sees the wave of water rushing toward him, and has a different reaction.

FRANKENSTEIN

Boosters.

Ariel kicks them on and Frankenstein swings steering wheel.

INT. GREAT ATLANTIC TUNNEL - DAY

As Monster rockets toward wave of water, Frankenstein swings it right and left along curved bottom, going higher and higher with each swing.

Just as they reach the wave, Monster rides high up on right side and passes over it, and other swamped racers. Monster zips past growing downpour by running along tunnel's side.

As Monster rocks back to floor, on other side of cracked hole, it splashes into wave of water running in opposite direction. Its boosters flash out in burst of steam. But Monster roars onward with its engines. Safe for now.

Moments later, the crack splits even wider and the tunnel is completely flooded. Racers on the Greenland side of the hole are swept away and drowned.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Virterbo Turbo races well ahead of water stream toward North America. Joe chuckles thoughtfully.

VIRTERBO

You know what's beautiful about life...

MIRA2

Hold on, Joe, somebody made it
through. It's Frankenstein!

Machine Gun Joe hits buttons and prepares for war.

INT. GREAT ATLANTIC TUNNEL - DAY

Monster gains some distance from growing tidal wave of water.
It bears down on Virterbo Turbo, firing its cannons.

Virterbo launches counterattack with everything in its
arsenal. All of its chain guns are aimed back, and it fires
rockets, grenades and anything else it has.

Monster dodges barrage by swinging back and forth along walls
of rounded track. A few hits slice into its armor.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Machine Gun Joe also swerves his car left and right, trying
to block Monster from passing.

MIRA2

Don't let him pass you, Joe!

INT. GREAT ATLANTIC TUNNEL - DAY

Just as wildly swinging Monster looks like it's going to slam
into wildly swinging Virterbo Turbo, the Monster swings hard
to the left and keeps going.

Monster rises up left wall of tube and continues all the way
over roof, passing upside down directly over Turbo. It
swings back down in front of it.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Machine Gun Joe is stunned.

VIRTERBO

What the... !

He frantically works at his controls, trying to swing his
guns around to fire ahead. But it's too late.

INT. GREAT ATLANTIC TUNNEL - DAY

Monster lands right in front of Virterbo Turbo and opens fire at close range. Its rear grenade launcher BLASTS out and gun turret FIRES furiously.

Barrage of firepower tears into Virterbo Turbo's armor and stops it dead. A grenade blows off its front right tire.

Monster roars away. Meanwhile, the tunnel's tidal wave rushes up to swallow the Turbo.

INT. VIRTERBO TURBO - DAY

Machine Gun Joe pounds his fists as the water hits.

VIRTERBO

NO!

INT. GREAT ATLANTIC TUNNEL - DAY

Wave crashes on top of Virterbo Turbo. Water completely envelopes and drowns the heavy car.

INT. MEDIA CENTER ZEPPLIN - DAY

Bruce and Grace shake their heads as the Great Atlantic Tube's cameras shatter from the powerful wave. They show a slow motion replay of the Turbo being swallowed up.

BRUCE

It's a watery end for one of Death Race's most popular heroes, Machine Gun Joe Virterbo.

INT. GREAT ATLANTIC TUNNEL - DAY

Wave of water continues rushing on, but the Monster smoothly runs ahead of it.

GRACE (O.S.)

I knew Joe personally, Bruce. And all that bluster was just an act to cover up a painfully shy and gentle soul...

EXT. CHAIRMAN'S BOX - DAY

Delaware watches replays of Machine Gun Joe's death, stunned.

CROWD

Frankenstein! Frankenstein!

Boomer rubs his chin, frantically plotting like Wile E. Coyote. He suddenly stands up and cheers with crowd.

DELAWARE

Frankenstein! Frankenstein!

EXT. GREAT ATLANTIC TUNNEL EXIT / NEW YORK - DAY

Monster roars from tunnel just as water crashes out behind it. Crowd goes nuts. Everyone cheers.

GRACE (O.S.)

Frankenstein comes out of the Great Atlantic tunnel in first place. Not to mention last place. Another Death Race first! Only one driver survives to the finish.

You'd think Frankenstein would slow down and take it easy, but he continues to race toward the stadium at high speed.

EXT. CHAIRMAN'S BOX - DAY

Delaware practices some speeches with himself.

DELAWARE

Now, Frank, everything came out swell in the end. Sure we've had some differences but I like this new Navigator better than that old broad... girl... woman. And I'm been thinking about the merchandising. Fifty percent is awfully low for a superstar like you...

EXT. NEW YORK STADIUM - DAY

Monster roars into stadium and crosses finish line.

CROWDS

Frankenstein! Frankenstein!

Delaware dances in his box, happily waving. Monster roars past winner's circle and keeps going. Right toward stands.

DELAWARE

Frankenstein! Franken...

BRUCE

Looks like Frankenstein's having a little trouble with his brakes.

As fans run for their lives, Frankenstein swings Monster into a neat 180° and it skids backwards with surgical precision.

Rear of Monster slams into stands right under Chairman's box, knocking out its pillars. Monster then roars ahead as box collapses, burying its only occupant in the grand rubble.

BRUCE

Oh my goodness! Frankenstein accidentally hit the Chairman's box!

GRACE

That's certainly ironic. We can only hope Boomer is alright...

Monster returns to winner's circle and parks. Frankenstein and Ariel leap out, with triumphant fists raised.

BRUCE

No, it's clear from the replay the Chairman was crushed. Let's run it again in slow motion...

EXT. NEW YORK STADIUM - DAY

Frankenstein and Ariel stand on winner's platform with two sexy TROPHY GIRLS. Ariel happily hugs huge Death Race trophy.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Grace, I've got to say, despite our beloved Chairman's unfortunate demise, this has got to go down as the best Death Race ever!

GRACE (O.S.)

I agree. The only question is, how will we top it next year!

One of the trophy girls gives Frankenstein a big kiss. Ariel, annoyed, is about to pull her off, when the other one gives her a big kiss. Ace comes rushing up.

ACE

Frankenstein, Frankenstein!

Ariel escapes from trophy girl and Frankenstein puts an arm around her.

ACE

You've won the race. Defeated all comers, but I've got to ask. Are you going to miss Machine Gun Joe?

FRANKENSTEIN

No.

EXT. GREAT ATLANTIC TUNNEL EXIT / NEW YORK - DAY

The Virterbo Turbo rises slowly out of the water filled tunnel and half makes it onto open track. A tiny propeller on its rear has pushed it through the water. Machine Gun Joe opens his door and water pours out. Mira2 is dead. He pulls off a personal breathing tube and yells.

VIRTERBO

I need a pit stop!

FADE OUT.

THE END