

**MIDNIGHT GRINDHOUSE  
PRESENTS**

# **BLOOD DRIVE**



"The Fucking Cop"  
(pilot)

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TEASER

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DUSK**

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

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

Down the road sits a ROADSIDE DINER. The sign above the diner reads: "House of Pies." The sky above is deep orange. Crickets are CHIRPING. Pure Americana.

Then two teenage assholes -- we'll call them TODD and BARRY -- walk out of the diner carrying grease-soaked paper bags.

Todd spots the Camaro. Instant boner.

They scope the tires, the headlights, and the beautiful girl that steps out from behind the hood. She has a pony-tail, chews gum, and has a thin, subtle scar along her left jawline. This is GRACE (20s).

She grabs a socket wrench ... then she notices Todd.

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

TODD  
(re: the Camaro)  
Don't see these much anymore.  
Where's your solar?

GRACE  
Doesn't have one.

TODD  
She still runs on gas?

GRACE  
... Sure.

Grace turns her back on him and leans over the engine.

TODD  
Want me to take a look?

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

GRACE

I'm good, thanks. Unless you have some spare spark plugs sitting around. My timing's off.

Todd grins and taps his shirt. It has a patch that says "Sizer and Son Auto Repair."

TODD

I'm the son.  
(nods to the diner)  
Truck's parked right over there.

GRACE

I don't have cash but--

TODD

How about a trade then?

He puts his hand on the Camaro and looms over her.

TODD (CONT'D)

The parts for a kiss.

Grace isn't fazed a bit, just a little pissed off.

GRACE

How about my car instead?

TODD

What?

GRACE

You know where The Overlook is?

He nods.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Let's race. If I lose, you keep my car. If I win ... you give me your parts.

Todd shoots a look to Barry, who just shrugs.

TODD

All right then.

Grace just smirks at them, then slides into the driver's seat and ZOOMS away! After a beat, Todd and Barry bolt for their rust-stained Ford pickup truck!

**EXT. ROAD - DUSK**

The Camaro and truck race down the highway at 50, 60, 80mph!

SCREECHING TIRES to make a sharp right onto a farming road that bisects an enormous corn field.

Grace is in the lead, blowing kisses in her rearview.

**INT. TRUCK - DRIVING**

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

**EXT. ROAD - DUSK**

The vehicles blow right past a COP CAR. It peels out in pursuit, back tires spewing dust and rocks!

GRACE  
Shit. No, no, no.

She brakes hard and the truck catches up, then she guns it to keep pace with Todd and Barry.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
(yelling out window)  
I got this one! Meet you there!

She brakes again and the truck zooms ahead!

When the cop car is riding her tail, Grace pops open her glove compartment, revealing a row of shiny red buttons, labeled: "front", "left side", "right side", "ass."

She presses "ass."

UNDER THE CAMARO: A piece of rebar with wicked metal shards welded to it. A BEEP and it detaches, landing in the road.

**EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

The cop car hits the rebar at 50mph and the front tires blow!

The rebar catches a pothole and IMPALES the car's undercarriage, FLIPPING IT INTO THE AIR!

It lands in a corn field and disappears behind the stalks. BOOM! A badass fireball fills the air!

**EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK - NIGHT**

Todd and Barry sit on the hood of their truck. Behind them: a gorgeous view of the county, dotted with lights.

They hear a distant ENGINE, then Grace's Camaro appears. She parks, exits, and leans on her car.

GRACE

Listen guys, considering I saved  
your ass back there ...

TODD

How the hell did you shake him,  
anyway?

Grace just shrugs. They hop off their truck and walk over,  
stopping on either side of her.

TODD (CONT'D)

Whatever. Don't want the car. It's  
not like I could afford the gas.

GRACE

How about best two out of three  
then.

TODD

Or ... we could trade.

He goes in for a kiss.

GRACE

No thanks.

She turns away but Barry grabs her shoulders and forces the  
kiss. She shoves him but he comes back with his fist! BAM!  
She staggers back and hits the Camaro.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Just drive away, right now.

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

#### **INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS**

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

GRACE

Don't!

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

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

**EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK - CONTINUOUS**

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

BARRY

Todd?

Barry steps forward and leans in to look.

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

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

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

Todd stares inside, terrified.

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

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

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

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

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

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

GRACE

Gonna need more than that.

The blade moves upward.

BARRY

Please don't kill me!

GRACE

Sorry pal, gotta top off.

She swings the blade!

CUT TO:

**INT. CAMARO - LATER**

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

**EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK - NIGHT**

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

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

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

END OF TEASER

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

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

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

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

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

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

**EXT. CITY STREETS - VARIOUS**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This is a city you want to escape from.

**EXT. BIG KAHUNA DRIVE-THROUGH - DAY**

A cop car idles five feet in front of the ordering sign. It has shiny solar panels no thicker than the paint job.



Two cops sit in the car. First is our hero, ARTHUR BAILEY (40s). Clean-cut handsome but not boring. He has an aura of good boy innocence.

His partner, CHRISTOPHER CARSON (20s), is younger, greener, but has a cynical edge.

Arthur drums his thumbs on the steering wheel impatiently. Christopher scans the menu, taking his own sweet time. Finally, Arthur puts the car in gear.

CHRISTOPHER  
Whoa, hold up.

ARTHUR  
I thought you were hungry?

CHRISTOPHER  
I gotta get the right thing.

ARTHUR  
She doesn't even know you exist,  
why would she care what you order?

CHRISTOPHER  
Would you date a guy who ordered a  
veggie burger?

ARTHUR  
(deadpan)  
Depends. Is he cute?

He pulls forward to the menu speaker.

CHRISTOPHER  
I said hold up!

The speaker CRACKLES with static and a girl's voice.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Aloha, Big Kahuna! Can I take your  
order?

ARTHUR  
I'll get a number two, Hula-style,  
with a Coke.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Anything else?

ARTHUR  
Yeah, but give me just a second  
will ya?

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Take your time. Hit that green  
 button when you're ready.

Arthur notices the square green button with the word 'talk'  
 almost completely faded off.

CHRISTOPHER  
 She's nice, right?

ARTHUR  
 I don't know, man. Just order.

CHRISTOPHER  
 I really dig this girl.

ARTHUR  
 All right. So explain it to me.

Arthur drops his arm and slyly pushes the "talk" button.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
 If you love this girl so much, tell  
 me what's so great about her.

CHRISTOPHER  
 You mean beside the fact she's hot  
 and gets a discount on food?

ARTHUR  
 Yeah, Cassanova. Dig deep.

CHRISTOPHER  
 I come here three times a week and  
 she's always nice. She's great with  
 people. Seems smart, you know? And  
 she's got the best smile I've ever  
 seen.

ARTHUR  
 (into speaker)  
 He'll have the same thing as me but  
 throw in your phone number.

CHRISTOPHER  
 What?

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 ...That'll be thirteen forty-seven  
 at the next window.

Off Christopher's reaction ...

**EXT. DRIVE-THROUGH WINDOW - MOMENTS LATER**

Arthur hands the Drive-Through Girl their money and she slides the window shut.

CHRISTOPHER

You asshole. You screwed it up.

He takes a sip of his drink, and on the lid is scrawled: "I'm off at eight. 555-4693."

ARTHUR

See? Trust me.

Then SHOUTING. They see a homeless man being hassled by three Jr. High boys. No one helps.

WHOO WHOO! Arthur flicks the siren and they leap out of the car. The kids run, leaving the man on the ground.

Arthur helps him to his feet. The man's arms are bare and Christopher notices NEEDLE MARKS, each one surrounded by a puckered circle of red skin.

CHRISTOPHER

He's a bleeder.

The homeless man tears away from their grasp and bolts into the street, narrowly missing another crowded bus.

ARTHUR

Sir! You're not in trouble, we just want to help!

It's no use, the man disappears into an alley.

CHRISTOPHER

You want me to write it up?

ARTHUR

No ...

Arthur is lost in thought.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

How many is that this week?

CHRISTOPHER

(thinks)

Three today ... two yesterday.

ARTHUR

They have to be selling it.

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

Arthur shrugs.

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

Arthur shrugs again. Chris rolls his eyes and pounds the side  
of the car.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
Come on, let's clock out.

ARTHUR  
Hold on.

Arthur walks over to the woman begging for gas money. He  
pulls out sixty bucks and hands it to her.

WOMAN  
Thank you!

He just nods and walks back to their car.

CHRISTOPHER  
She's just gonna spend that on  
Bliss.

ARTHUR  
Then good for her. At least someone  
in this town will be happy.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON**

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

In the car, Grace checks her GPS: she has reached her  
destination. *What the hell?*

She honks her horn. No response. She sits and waits,  
frustrated.

There's a picture clipped to her sun visor, a gorgeous black  
and white photo of a thin girl on a hospital bed. Legs tucked  
under her, staring out a window.

Grace gazes at the photo as the sounds of SCREAMING begin to  
FADE IN.

CUT TO:

**INT. MENTAL HEALTH CLINIC - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

That thin girl from the photo SCREAMS and writhes in her bed!  
Arms bound, joints locked, three NURSES pinning her down.

Grace stands nearby, staring in shock. A fourth nurse enters,  
fills a syringe, and injects the girl in the neck. Finally  
she calms down.

GRACE

I thought the drugs were working.

NURSE

CV-9 is neurological and incredibly  
sensitive to prescription changes.  
She's on the generics now, they're  
just not as effective.

GRACE

So switch her back!

NURSE

The state won't cover it. Can you  
pay out of pocket?

Grace just shakes her head.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Then we'll have to--

GRACE

I'll get the money.

She walks over and takes her sister's hand.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Hear me, kid? I'll find a way.

NURSE

Ma'am? She might still be  
dangerous.

Grace ignores her and kisses her sister's forehead.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Ma'am? Ma'am?

VOICE (O.S.)

Bitch?

CUT TO:

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON**

Grace snaps out of her memories and turns to see a seriously fucked-up FREAK standing by her window.

Every inch of his skin is covered in tattoos. His teeth are shaved to points and his tongue is split like a snake. He hisses at her, then holds up a device with a laser scanner.

FREAK

I want your eyeball.

Grace rolls down her window and he gives her a retina scan. Her picture pops up on the device's screen, with the message "\$10,000 advance."

He tosses her an envelope. She checks it: full of cash. Then the freak walks to a door in the metal fence. SLAM. Gone.

GRACE

Hello? Where do I go--

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

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

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

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON**

CLANG! Christopher, now in street clothes, slams his locker. Arthur walks up, still in his uniform.

CHRISTOPHER

Jesus, do you sleep in that thing?

ARTHUR

Sometimes. Look what I dug up.

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

CHRISTOPHER

Damn.

ARTHUR

Let's go talk to Barker.

CHRISTOPHER

I don't think we have enough, man.

ARTHUR

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

He leads the way and Christopher follows.

CHRISTOPHER

Not gonna shower, huh?

**INT. POLICE STATION**

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

Christopher sits on the edge of his desk, eating fries from his Big Kahuna bag.

BARKER

Get the hell off my desk, kid.

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

BARKER (CONT'D)

(to Arthur)

What is it this time?

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

ARTHUR

Saw this again today.

Barker's smile fades.

BARKER

Yeah, they found a way to shoot Bliss.

CHRISTOPHER

That's what we thought.

ARTHUR

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

BARKER

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

ARTHUR

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

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

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

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Last week someone stole thirty dialysis machines. Thirty!

BARKER

So?

ARTHUR

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

BARKER

I'll make a note of it.

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

ARTHUR

Think there's a connection?

BARKER

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

ARTHUR

(deflated)

I just think we should look into it.

BARKER

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



ARTHUR  
I don't know.

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

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

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

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

BARKER (CONT'D)  
Great, guys. Appreciate it.

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

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Arthur and Christopher round a corner.

CHRISTOPHER  
Don't listen to him, man.

ARTHUR  
Maybe he's right.

CHRISTOPHER  
No way.

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

ARTHUR  
You stole that?

Arthur grins.

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

Christopher slides the folder back under his jacket.

CHRISTOPHER  
I'll look at it tonight.

ARTHUR  
Not now?

CHRISTOPHER  
We clocked out an hour ago buddy,  
and I got a pretty girl's number in  
one pocket and a condom in the  
other.

ARTHUR  
It's not like you're the only one  
with plans tonight.

He stops cold, hearing his own words.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit.

CUT TO:

**INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT - DUSK**

Arthur walks in to find his girlfriend, MONICA (20s, hot as hell), sitting at a candlelit table for two and wearing a slinky back dress.

Arthur is still wearing his uniform, dusty and sweat-soaked.

MONICA  
Oh good, you dressed up.

ARTHUR  
I lost track of time.

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

ARTHUR  
I'm sor-

MONICA  
Screw you. Strike three.

ARTHUR  
Babe ...

RING! It's his cellphone. She stares at him. *Don't you dare.*

Arthur slides the phone out of his pocket. The screen says:  
"Christopher."

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

They stare at the destroyed phone. Monica cracks a smile.

MONICA  
Well played.

Arthur leans over and kisses her, all charm. He sits across from her and they start eating.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
It's cold.

ARTHUR  
It's delicious.

MONICA  
Happy anniversary.

ARTHUR  
You too.

RING! Now it's Arthur's home phone. RING! RING! Arthur wants desperately to answer it.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
I really should ...

Monica nods, tears welling, but she refuses to let them fall. Arthur sees the tears, but walks to the phone anyway and picks it up.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Hello?

**INT. CHRISTOPHER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Christopher paces with the folder in his hand.

CHRISTOPHER  
What are you doing right now?

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Depends on what you found.

**INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Monica stands up and grabs her purse.

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

ARTHUR  
And they just sat on it?

CHRISTOPHER  
I've got a time and GPS  
coordinates. Looks like a warehouse  
near downtown. You still got the  
car signed out?

Behind Arthur, Monica walks to the door and leaves. The door  
CLICKS shut behind her.

ARTHUR  
Where am I headed?

FADE TO:

**EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT**

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

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

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

CHRISTOPHER  
You hear that?

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

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

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

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
What is it?

He peers through as well. Same shocked expression.

**EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - NIGHT**

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

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

It makes Mad Max look like Muppet Babies.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SLINK

Ladies and Gentlemen, Bastards and  
Tramps. Bloodsuckers,  
Motherfuckers, Road Trash and  
Vamps.

(MORE)

SLINK (CONT'D)

Queers and The Strange -- those in the crowd and those on the stage -- to The Violent, the Malevolent, and those Seeking the Grave ... welcome home.

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

SLINK (CONT'D)

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

He raises his arms to CHEERS!

SLINK (CONT'D)

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

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

BLOOD SPEWS EVERYWHERE!

**EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT**

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

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

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

ARTHUR

We're gonna need backup.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

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

ARTHUR

Get to the car and make the call!

CHRISTOPHER

You should wait!

Arthur starts to climb.

ARTHUR

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

**EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - NIGHT**

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

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Christopher gets on the radio.

CHRISTOPHER

Code ninety-nine! We need backup immediately!

**EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - NIGHT**

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

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

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

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

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

SLINK

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

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

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

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

SLINK  
Who's first?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

Grace spins around and sees her dented hood.

GRACE  
What the hell!

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

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

Then Grace sucker punches him in the kidneys.

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

Arthur composes himself, goes into cop-mode.

ARTHUR  
Ma'am, you need to stand back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SLINK

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

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

SLINK (CONT'D)

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

The crowd begins to chant:

CROWD

Fuel! Fuel! Fuel! Fuel! Fuel!

The two bikers drag Arthur toward a waiting death engine.

SLINK

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

The mood shifts:

CROWD

Friend! Friend! Friend!

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

SLINK

Then again, he might try and stop  
the race!

CROWD

Fuel! Fuel! Fuel!

They drag Arthur back toward the engine. It's covered in bone chunks and gristle. He stares at the deathtrap and makes a decision: no way he's going out that way.

He breaks the bikers' grasp and runs to Grace.

GRACE

Whoa. What are you doing?

Arthur stops. He doesn't know. Should he hit her? Hug her? Finally it hits him. He winks at the crowd, **then sweeps her back in an enormous kiss!**

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

Arthur pulls back and looks Grace in the eyes.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
(seething)  
I'm gonna kill you!

SLINK  
Well, I think that decides it.

They drag Grace and Arthur over to the stage.

GRACE  
Whoa! Hold on a minute!

Slink flips a switch on the gun and it BEEPS TWICE. Then BAM BAM! He injects Grace and Arthur one after the other.

SLINK  
Have fun you two!

The two bikers shove Arthur into Grace's Camaro.

GRACE  
We're not a team!

RASHER  
You are now.

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

The crowd WHIPS OUT THEIR ARSENAL AND OPENS FIRE!

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

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

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

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

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

Rasher hits a BIG RED BUTTON. A SIREN begins to wail!

A large set of metal gates swing open. Over the gate hangs an old-fashioned STOP LIGHT. Next to it: a countdown clock that starts ticking back from 15.

SLINK

Racers to your marks! Everyone  
else: see you at the rendezvous!

The crowd disperses. The racers bolt for their vehicles and REV their engines!

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

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

**INT. CAMARO - NIGHT**

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

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

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

ARTHUR

Pull over!

GRACE

Just sit your ass in that seat and shut up.

ARTHUR

Ma'am, I'm a police officer.

GRACE

Yeah, a shitty one.

She taps the back of her neck. A light blinks under the skin where they injected her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

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

ARTHUR

Pulse charges?

GRACE

These are bombs, idiot!

Arthur is stunned.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
So listen up, here's the rules.

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

Grace brakes and screeches to a halt.

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

She puts the car in gear and goes after him.

**EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - NIGHT**

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

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

SLINK  
Who would be so stupid?

RASHER  
The new guy.

SLINK  
The sponsors won't be happy.

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

He reaches toward a dial ...

**EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

Arthur runs down the road, exhausted.

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

A SCREECH of rubber and the Camaro appears!

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

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

GRACE

Get in!

Arthur collapses, holding onto the car's hood.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You feel that? This is the lowest setting!

ARTHUR

Jesus!

GRACE

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

**EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - CONTINUOUS**

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

**EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

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

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

**EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - CONTINUOUS**

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

SLINK

I thought she was a special case?

RASHER

Rules are rules. I already gave her a chance.

He starts to turn up the dial.

**EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

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

Here comes the juice and she SCREAMS in agony!

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

**EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT**

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

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

GRACE

Hang in there, Sleeping Beauty.

She speeds off into the night.

**EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - NIGHT**

Rasher and Slink have finished packing up.

In the distance they hear SIRENS. Rasher turns to face  
**Detective Barker**, who is surveying the aftermath.

RASHER

Tonight was a shitstorm. Your  
department is a mess.

BARKER

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

SLINK

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

BARKER

No thanks.

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

SLINK

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

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

SLINK (CONT'D)

What are you going to do about the  
other cops?

Barker points to the twisted metal debris from the explosion.

BARKER

Dead.

Rasher and Slink climb into a waiting van and start the engine. Slink talks to Barker out of the window.

SLINK

And you're sure about that?

BARKER

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

CROSS DISSOLVE:

**EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - MORNING**

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

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

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

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

OFFICER

I need an ambulance!

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - MORNING**

A beautiful sunrise. Then: VROOM!

A 1960 Thunderbird blasts down the road with The Mayan behind the wheel!

Mr. K is right behind, steering his Cadillac with black riding gloves.

The Mayan checks her rearview, grimaces, and hits the gas.

He tries to pass The Mayan, but she blocks him at every turn. Finally she hits the brakes and spins the wheel!

Nose to nose and driving backwards, she winks at Mr. K through the windshield and pulls a lever!

Her hood pops up and a fucking HARPOON blasts out of the engine, piercing Mr. K's radiator!

Connected by rope, the cars begin to SPIN counter clockwise.



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

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

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

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

**INT. CAMARO - DRIVING - MORNING**

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

GRACE  
Do you taste copper?

Arthur thinks for a moment, then nods.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Same here. This will help.

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

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

Arthur feels the back of his head.

ARTHUR  
We need to cut these things out.

GRACE  
Won't work. I heard a rumor that adrenaline can mess with them, but if that's true it's gotta be a hell of a lot, considering who they're injecting.  
(beat)  
Anyway, Rasher's the only one with the code to disarm them.

ARTHUR  
Then I need your phone.

GRACE

No way.

ARTHUR

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

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

GRACE

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

ARTHUR

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

GRACE

Wrong.

ARTHUR

I saw it with my own eyes.

GRACE

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

ARTHUR

You're all a bunch of sick freaks.

GRACE

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

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

GRACE (CONT'D)

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

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

GRACE (CONT'D)

If you throw up in here I swear to  
god!

He pulls himself together.

ARTHUR  
Why would anyone do that?!

GRACE  
(shrugs)  
Have you seen gas prices lately?  
And solar's not cutting it.

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

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

ARTHUR  
Who?

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

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

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

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

GRACE (CONT'D)  
So that's the deal. You're screwed.  
So get used to it and fall in line.

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

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

GRACE

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

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

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

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

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

END OF ACT TWO

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

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

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

ELECTRONIC VOICE

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

CHRISTOPHER

You gotta be kidding me!

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

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Thanks.

He wipes his eyes and spots her.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Whoa! Sarge! What are you--

He drapes the small towel in front of his dick.

GOWER

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

She pulls his badge and gun out of his locker.

CHRISTOPHER

Are you shitting me? You heard what happened!

GOWER

I read the report.

CHRISTOPHER

What report? I haven't written--

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

GOWER

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

She tosses him the folder.

GOWER (CONT'D)  
Sign it.

CHRISTOPHER  
I wasn't even on duty.

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

Christopher takes the report and glances over it.

CHRISTOPHER  
That's not what happened.

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

CHRISTOPHER  
What about Arthur?

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

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

**EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

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

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

**EXT. MAYHEM PARTY LOCATION - DAY**

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

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

CHRISTOPHER

How did our guys miss this?

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

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

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

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Damn, Arthur. Always gotta be right.

**EXT. BRIDGE - DAY**

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

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

He scans his gas gauge: almost empty. He flicks it and the needle falls even lower. He mulls over the situation ...

**INT. CAMARO - DRIVING - DAY**

Grace and Arthur ride in silence. Finally she can't take it anymore:

GRACE

So what's your name?

ARTHUR

Arthur.

GRACE

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

She looks him over.

GRACE (CONT'D)

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

ARTHUR

(cold)  
Thanks.

GRACE

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

(beat)

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

Arthur just stares out the window and tries to think.

GRACE (CONT'D)

So what's back home?

ARTHUR

What?

GRACE

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

ARTHUR

What does this have to do with--

GRACE

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

ARTHUR

No.

GRACE

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

ARTHUR

No, I don't want to talk.

GRACE

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

Silence.

GRACE (CONT'D)

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

She taps the rearview mirror.

GRACE (CONT'D)

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



She points to the road ahead.

GRACE (CONT'D)

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

ARTHUR

Ten million?

GRACE

Not for you, for me. No way I'm doing a fifty-fifty split. But I'll throw you a bone. Couple hundred grand to leave me alone after this is over. Maybe go back to school, become a fireman. You could be a cop and a fireman, you'd get laid twice as much ...

She trails off, notices something up ahead.

ARTHUR

What is it?

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

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

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

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Go back!

GRACE

Why?

ARTHUR

He killed those girls!

GRACE

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

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

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

GRACE (CONT'D)

STOP IT!

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

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

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

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

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

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

ARTHUR

You're under arrest.

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

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

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

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

RIB BONE

Pretty face.

(beat)

Bye bye, pretty face.

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

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

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

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

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

GRACE

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

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

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

GRACE (CONT'D)

Is that what this was about?!

Rib Bone walks to his bike.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Hold on.

RIB BONE

(points to himself)

Drive.

GRACE

No way.

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

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

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

Rib Bone pushes his bike away, dragging the spiked chain. He forgot to detach it.

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

**INT. MERCEDES - DRIVING - DAY**

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

THE GENTLEMAN  
 (eyes on the road)  
 If you spill one crumb, I'll drag  
 you the rest of the way on a chain.

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

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

**EXT. BRIDGE - DAY**

Arthur reaches into the cheerleaders' pockets and digs out two cell phones. He slips one in his pocket and with the other he dials 911, then sets the phone on the ground.

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

ZOOM! The Gentleman reaches the center of the bridge!

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE SCHOLAR  
 They hurt the Lady!

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

THE SCHOLAR (CONT'D)  
 Hush now, hush now. I'll make it  
 all better.

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

GRACE

Us first.

THE GENTLEMAN

I'm sorry?

GRACE

Have your weirdo batshit genius fix our car first.

THE GENTLEMAN

(to Arthur)

Is she always this vulgar?

GRACE

Talk to the one with a gun.

THE GENTLEMAN

Very well. The answer is no.

GRACE

I wasn't asking.

THE GENTLEMAN

You can't kill me.

GRACE

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

THE GENTLEMAN

That's against the rules.

GRACE

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

The Gentleman ponders this, staring with dead shark eyes.

THE GENTLEMAN

(to The Scholar)

Take care of this woman's car.

THE SCHOLAR

WHAT?! She hurt the Lady!

THE GENTLEMAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE GENTLEMAN  
Shame.

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

ARTHUR  
NO!

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

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

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

ARTHUR  
I don't care.

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

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

Staredown.

THE GENTLEMAN  
The damage is done and we should  
focus on the race.  
(to Arthur)  
I promise I will not kill these  
ladies.

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

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

THE GENTLEMAN  
 Very good.

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

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

GRACE  
 How can we trust him?

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

GRACE  
 Let's go.

ARTHUR  
 We can't just leave them.

GRACE  
 What choice do you have?

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

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

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

Arthur and Grace climb into the Camaro.

ARTHUR  
 Everyone is a psychopath.

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

THE GENTLEMAN  
 How long will their engine hold?

THE SCHOLAR  
About two, three hours. Tops.

THE GENTLEMAN  
Good.

He turns to the tied-up cheerleaders.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
Unfortunately, ladies, your lives  
are not mine to take.  
(beat)  
Your tongues and fingers, on the  
other hand ...

Off their terrified reactions ...

**INT. HEART INDUSTRIES - DAY**

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

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

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

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

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

AKI (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, Mister Barker works  
for us. Now, right this way to the  
elevators.

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

AKI (CONT'D)  
Welcome to Heart Industries. You're  
late. May I offer you something to  
drink?

Barker shakes his head.



BARKER

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

Aki smiles.

AKI

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

She heads back the way she came and Barker follows.

**INT. RED ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

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

The door closes automatically behind them. Barker runs his  
hand across it: no handle.

Bullshit. He pulls out his gun and points it at Aki.

BARKER

I thought you people were supposed  
to be smart.

AKI

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

BARKER

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

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

BARKER (CONT'D)

Is this what you want?

He shoots Aki right in the heart!

Thick, crimson blood pours out. Then it turns black. Then  
sickly yellow. Aki just smiles and takes a step forward.

BAM BAM BAM! Barker unloads the rest of his clip. She's now  
leaking the same weird stuff from every hole.

She reaches out for his face and we:

CUT TO:

**INT. HEART INDUSTRIES - CONTINUOUS**

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

Behind her, someone lurks in the shadows. Gower speaks to them with calm professionalism, but she can't tear her eyes away from the horror on the other side of the glass.

GOWER

I'll have the other one for you  
soon.

END OF ACT THREE

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

Christopher stands across the street from the shelter.

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

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

CHRISTOPHER

Where are the solar panels?

Moments later, ELEVEN PEOPLE file out of the homeless shelter. Ten of them seem to be vagrants, the eleventh man is dressed in khakis and holds a clipboard. He seems to be doing a head count.

They pile into the van and it drives off. Christopher hails a rickshaw and follows.

**EXT. WOODS - DUSK**

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

SLINK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CROWD

Rib Bone, Rib Bone, Rib Rone ...

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

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

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

Jonathan Slink walks to the microphone.

SLINK

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

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - DUSK**

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

GRACE

Good first day, Barbie.

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

GRACE (CONT'D)

What did I do?

ARTHUR

Nothing. Pull over.

GRACE  
Shit, shit, shit!

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

GRACE (CONT'D)  
What is it?

ARTHUR  
Radiator. There's a hole.

She looks over his shoulder.

GRACE  
Give me your belt.

ARTHUR  
I used it for a tourniquet.

Grace thinks for a moment, then rips a long strip off of her dress. She presses her bubble gum onto the hole, threads the fabric around the radiator to tie it in place.

GRACE  
Fill 'er up.

ARTHUR  
With what? It's bone dry.

GRACE  
Do I need to explain it to you?

ARTHUR  
What are you ... oh.

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

GRACE  
SHIT! Hurry!

ARTHUR  
It doesn't work that way.

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

ARTHUR  
What do you mean we're dead?

GRACE

That last one to cross ... boom.

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

ARTHUR

(sotto)

No pressure, no pressure.

Then he finishes.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Go, go go! Start her up!

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

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

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What now?

GRACE

Nothing.

ARTHUR

Maybe w can--

GRACE

Screw it.

She lights a cigarette.

GRACE (CONT'D)

If I'm gonna die at least it's going to be at the finish line.

ARTHUR

There's gotta be a way!

GRACE

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

(epiphany)

Holy shit.

ARTHUR

What?

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

GRACE  
Get in the backseat.

ARTHUR  
What?!

GRACE  
Do you want to live or not?

She climbs over the driver's seat. After a dumbfounded moment, he follows. She straddles him, grabs his neck and kisses him.

ARTHUR  
What are you doing?

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

GRACE  
Adrenaline, kid. It's the only play we've got!

**EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - CONTINUOUS**

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

**INT. CAMARO - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS**

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

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

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

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

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

ARTHUR  
This is crazy!

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

She slides on top of him, gripping his uniform for support. The car hits a ruts in the road, catches air, and slams to the ground. Arthur and Grace moan on impact.

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

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

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

**EXT. MAHYEM PARTY - CONTINUOUS**

Rasher cranks the dial to eleven.

**INT. CAMARO - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS**

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

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

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

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

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

Grace flops out of the hay, panting, laughing.

GRACE  
Better than dying, huh?

Arthur crawls out after her.

ARTHUR  
I guess it worked.

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

She stands up and dusts herself off.



GRACE (CONT'D)

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

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

ARTHUR

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

They shove him under a BEER BONG and shower him in booze!

**EXT. ALLEY - DUSK**

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

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

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

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

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

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

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

**INT. UNDERGROUND FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER**

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

Christopher ditches the vagrants and sneaks away into shadow.

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

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

There must be thousands of them. Tens of thousands.

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

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

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

**EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - CONTINUOUS**

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

**EXT. VIP AREA - DUSK**

All the racers are feasting and drinking. Arthur hesitates. *Should he join them?*

He turns his head: the woods are just fifty feet away and everyone is distracted. He steps toward the trees ... **ZAP!**

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

GRACE

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

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

ARTHUR

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

GRACE

What?

ARTHUR

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

Grace thinks it over, then hands him a beer.

GRACE

Welcome to the party.

Arthur snags the beer and takes a victory swig.

FADE TO:

**EXT. MAYHEM PARTY - NIGHT**

Fire pits are now embers. Drunken bodies dangle from tree limbs. Couples writhe in the shadows.

Rasher walks the edges of the crowd, headed for an unmarked tent near the trees.

**INT. TENT - MOMENTS LATER**

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

RASHER  
What's this about?

Slink hands him a stack of papers. He reads them, then stares at the mystery man.

RASHER (CONT'D)  
(to Slink)  
This is official?

SLINK  
Straight from the boss.

RASHER  
So much for the rules.

He scans the papers again.

RASHER (CONT'D)  
Mister, I don't know what you had to do to get these strings pulled, but more power to you.  
(beat)  
Paperwork looks good but you forgot to put a racing name. What are we supposed to call you?

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

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

BARRY  
Call me Handjob.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW