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Death Race: Beyond Anarchy

By Unknown

Sayonara, motherfucker!
We're going live.
Can you check on it?
Ten cars down, two to go.
These drivers are crazy.
I still don't understand why they
are so willing to die.
Because everyone wants to
be king of the hill.
- Is it already streaming on the dark web?
- Yes, warden.
It is online in real time
on Freenet, I2P, and Tor.
There is no way to trace the ISP and
shut 'em down with a web based attack?
If I was the NSA and had a
couple months, maybe.
These guys are a
legitimate cyber militia.
The encryption is first ray,
it's bouncing every 10 seconds.
Then kill their power.
We don't supply their powering.
They are on their
own generator grid.
Take out this motherfucker.
Yeah baby!
Fuck you, Frank!
Right now, get us in the 22.
Any word from the OTP site?
On site and the online waging are up.
They are writing a lot of betting slips.
The house is banking cash
on the secondary racers
and the parlays,
and we are wrecking in some big.
Frankenstein wins...
There is a payout.
Death race is illegal
and bigger than ever.
Thanks to our resident
crazy man Frank.
Ah... Fuck Frankenstein,
You are the one who resurrected

Death race from the dead.
I just figured out how
to decode the satellite
signals and stream
it on the dark web.
Frankenstein has been born again,
thanks to us.
Oh... If he wins tonight, it'll
be his the seventh straight.
Oh, our contacts on the outside
says our margins are dropping
because nobody's taking the
other side of the bet.
We are losing a lot of
money on Frankenstein.
We need to spice things up.
The Parleys are paying off, but...
We need a challenger.
SWAT is on en route,
T minus five minutes.
Let's stop Frankenstein and
Death race down once and for all.
We've got some action
from the outside.
You wanted to spice.
Say hello to SWAT.
Let's trace and pinch him.
Suck my dick, Frankie!
Same my dick too, Frankie!
Push them into the fucking wall!
Do it baby!
Mother fucker!
- Get off the wall!
- Damn it!
Take this motherfucker out!
I picked the wrong driver!
Full house. Eight over Aces.
Nice. Nines over jacks.
I'd like a shot at
getting my money back.
Why don't I come to
your place later tonight?
Maybe we can shuffle
another deck of cards.

Esta bien.

Hey Jefe, I have got a player
who wants to play
some heavy action.

On SWAT vs Frankenstein.

- SWAT?

- SWAT.

Who is he gonna play his money?

SWAT for a hundred thousand. Even odds.

My book. I'll fit the odd.

Three to one,

and if he gives you any push back,

tell him that Mexican Jew said,

go to hell and take his mom.

I hope they got their last shipment of guns.

Now make me some money, Frank.

Frankenstein! Frankenstein!

Frankenstein! Frankenstein...

Forward.

To the left. All clear!

Clear, sector one.

Breach team, move out.

Go, go, go!

Hold up!

- Back it up.

- Go, go!

Tell me we got cameras in there?

Yeah, we have got
cameras everywhere.

Go left.

Left, clear.

Go right.

Go right, clear.

Two tango down!

Sector two, report.

Copy that Foreman.

Spec ops, move.

Got eyes on nothing.

Yeah motherfuckers, let's go.

Now we get a little!

Send me the best you got warden,
I'll send them back to you skinned,
guttled and quartered.

You may be in charge out there,

but this is my city.
This is the Sprawl!
Get around the first corner.
Hello?
This isn't gonna play well
in the Washington Post tomorrow.
I know, Mr Valentine.
Well, then you know
that I got Congress
at my ass about the
sprawl and morality.
Frankenstein is out of control,
his legion is growing.
The government is gonna
take back my prison
unless we shut down Frankenstein,
and shutting down now!
When I took over Weyland International
I was tasked with a
very specific directive.
Clean up the sprawl
and put an end to Frankenstein.
More importantly, Death race.
Our contracts up in five years,
and we got a
lot of invest in that
human garbage dump.
So when I get pulled in to a
congressional oversight committee
what should I say to the
435 members of the house?
Well, tell them that we're
doing our best, but...
But what? We can't control a
bunch of sociopath gear heads,
and Frankenstein is
even more legendary
now the death race is illegal?
- I can handle Frankenstein, sir.
- Really?
Cause from where I see,
Frankenstein is making
you look like a chump.
He's gathering his team amounting

what adds up to a small army.
You can't shut him
down from the outside.
He's just a mask.
Anybody can wear the mask.
His disciples, inside and out, need to
see him suffer, humiliate in the feet.
He needs to die during death race,
and die bloody.
He loses Death Race,
he loses his power.
That's how you take back our prison.
Make it happen or I will.
What I'm about to feed you
is going to taste bitter.
You have found yourself
in a no win situation.
There are two options!
Die or survive.
You will not be given clothes.
What you're wearing
is what you'll wear.
You will not be given
a place to sleep,
you will not be given jack shit,
except maybe
a bullet in the brain!
If you are lucky, rest assured,
there are no virgins
within these walls,
because life has fucked you all.
The sprawl is 88,000 acres
of bad shit about to happen.
The containment zone warehouses
420,000 of the worst...
of the worst offenders.
Best advice, learn how to run.
Learn how to fight!
Stop eye fucking me, asshole.
Uncle Sam, has decided to provide
you with one roll of silver coin.
This will be your currency
inside the walls!
That's the hog wash!

Now, get yourselves ready,
we are approaching alpha bravo.
Go convicts, go, go!
Make the world a better place!
Get the fuck out of here!
How do I get in Death Race?
Find Baltimore Bob. If you got
what it takes, he will get you in.
Move, get off my bird now!
Go!
What are you staring at? Come on!
Who wants to play?
Come here, you mother...
On your knees!
Get the fuck on the
ground, for the fan.
What is this shit?
Shut your fucking mouth!
Quit eyeballing me!
Well, ain't this a rainbow,
or a fucking ugly?
- You folks lost?
- We're good.
You look lost.
No, we're good. Thanks.
You are good?
It's good.
Now give me your fucking silver.
Why would we do that?
It's a landing tax.
Why don't you just
shoot us and take it?
Maybe I don't wanna
waste my bullets
on a gutter bitch like you.
You are a real sweet talker. Ain't you?
Thanks, I try.
I don't think you have any bullets.
In fact,
I think you are shooting blanks.
Okay.
You folks wanna play it the hard way?
Up against the fucking truck!
Is this what you wanted?

I got this bad feeling,
I owe you pretty boy.
We are square.
You the one, that gave
the cops a beating?
I don't want any trouble.
Oh, you don't?
Because if you tuned up the cops,
you are gonna have some.
I'm just looking for Baltimore Bob.
Jump in, cowboy.
I'll give you a ride.
Fuck you, asshole.
Fuck off, 'Tilly.
If I had a dick,
here is what I tell your ass to suck it.
So your story, is that one unarmed man
took out you and your gang,
and pushed in my landing tax?
I'm sorry, Frank.
I'll do better next time.
There is no next time here in
the Sprawl, you know this.
You got sad here for killing cops,
and you can't handle one con?
Like I said, I am sorry Frank.
I'll do better next time.
He just got lucky.
Every piece of silver you collect,
goes right back to the Sprawl.
When my landing tax goes
uncollected, the city suffers.
Do you like to suffer?
I don't like to suffer, Frank.
That's him. That's the mother fucker!
- Hey, Bex.
- This guy is looking for Baltimore Bob.
'Course he is.
Connor Gibson, meet Jane.
It's good to meet you, Jane.
He is all yours, chica.
I'mma go dance on the pole.
So,
where's you moving from?

Long Beach.
What are you in it for?
Does it matter?
Does, for me.
I'm here because I'm here,
just like everyone else.
One of my tax collectors told me
you attacked him and then robbed him.
It's not exactly how it went down.
Enlighten me, convict.
Kill him Frank!
Your boy and his pals
tried to jump me.
Yet you're the one who walked away.
I didn't say they were any good on it.
Let me whack him Frank.
He's nothing but a couple of drops of
sprouted from a shit filled
crack in the sidewalk.
Have we met before?
I don't think so.
I just got here.
And if we had, I wouldn't know.
You're hiding behind a mask.
This is my city.
No one speaks to me like that.
Kill that motherfucker!
Listen, you accuse me of stealing,
and I didn't steal anything.
I defended myself.
It's not my fault your boys weren't
up to the fight they picked.
Watch your back convict.
You're definitely
not from Long Beach.
You're making a habit to punch
above your weight... Convict!
Word is, you're looking for me.
Baltimore Bob?
Your balls must be
made out of titanium.
I've never seen anyone
talk to Frank like that.
You drive?

Yeah, I drive.
So, what are you in here for, Bob?
Let's just say I help people transition.
Press called me Dr Kill.
I was an oncologist.
Yeah, I read about you.
You saved 400 dying people.
Yeah, 432, and not all
of 'em were dying.
Some were living inconsequential lives,
and in as such they were already dead.
Come on, come on!
Get the truck!
The food is property of Frankenstein!
What the hell are they doing?
Feeding time.
Disciples of Frank.
They hijack the food shipments
and control the supply.
If you keep the populous hungry
they are easy to control.
Where do all the weapons
and cars come from?
Handmade, home-made,
we lick the bottom of the pad.
And we salvage whatever
sticks to our tongues.
Keep away from the meat,
all your motherfucker!
Die, motherfucker!
Fuck you, Nazi fuck!
You are the one
everybody's talking about?
News travels fast huh?
Small town, really.
Two hundred and twenty
six thousand to be exact.
We have about
19,000 deaths a year and...
22000 come over the wall.
Sorry, I'm doing it again.
Connor Gibson, meet Lists.
So what am I watching here?
It where the non-racers compete

for a spot in Death race.
How do you get a spot?
You have to win the Death Match.
Let the Death Match begin!
Our first contestant is all the way
from New York City, New York.
She's a killer and a thief,
and one sexy little bitch of F.
Give it up for Gipsy Rose!
Next up, born in the tall corn and chicken
droppings of Oxford, Mississippi,
- We have a psychotic...
- Who is the girl?
Frank's main squeeze.
You know, standard guard
and parade pleasure model.
Carley J'adore, it's her stage name.
She was charged with
17 counts of human trafficking,
eight counts prostitution, and another
five counts of false imprisonment.
She is an ex cheerleader.
Ex porn star.
Exactly.
Never did a day's work vertical.
On your mark,
Get set, and die!
Kill, kill!
Kill, kill!
- I can't hear you!
- Yes!
Shut your fucking...
Yes! Yes!
Don't pick a fight with Godzilla
because you think you
know how to throw a punch.
Sleep on it.
You still want death race tomorrow?
We'll talk.
Hey, Long Beach.
Got a bottle.
Could use some company.
- Nice in here.
- Thanks.

Go ahead and ask.
Everybody always ask.
It's kind of like the
"what's your star sign" line in here.
I'm guilty.
I wasn't gonna ask.
Yeah, which I would've
found out anyway.
There's no secret
here in this Sprawl.
I married a really great guy,
who turned out to be
not such a great guy.
He beat me up a couple of times.
I forgave him.
The market crashed,
he lost his job,
smacked me around a bit more.
I forgave him again.
And then one day,
I didn't forgive him.
I shot him nine times.
You know my one regret though?
That I didn't shoot the bastard ten.
Do you still wanna
not boots with me?
I never said I didn't.
Okay.
Wasn't really out
for the taking anyway.
I just needed somebody to
finish this bottle with.
and you're,
some... mysterious guy
from Long Beach, right?
Get some sleep.
Couch is yours if you want it.
Welcome to the Green house.
This is Baltimore Bob's
one of a kind creation.
Inspired by the Chinese Solar
greenhouse designs with CO2 enrichment.
Pesticide free,
and totally 100% organic.

This is where we
make the ethanol,
and Bob is constantly
tinkering with the recipe
to deliver a high-octane brew.
It's got 20 times more kick than the
water downed petrol
from outside the wall.
He is like the OPEC of the Sprawl.
And he is not in Frank's pocket?
They have an arrangement.
He provides fuel,
and Frank...
reciprocate with some
protection and a few other perks.
We eat a little bit
better than the rest.
You slept on it?
I did.
Let's say you have the skills.
Death race is for
sociopaths, the killers.
You gotta have grumble in your guts.
You have to live for the smell of,
motor oil and high octane fuel.
You gotta love the sound
of rubber on asphalt
and taste of blood in your mouth.
And when you go to sleep at night,
I mean that deep real sleep,
the sound of bullets wheezing past
your head should give you comfort.
So, Mr. Strong and Silent,
you made of that stuff?
If I'm not, then I die, right?
So you want a shot?
I'm getting you a shot.
Tonight.
Death Pit.
Be ready to fight!
Welcome to the Dead Pit,
your degenerate convicts.
Tonight the final death match promises
to be the bloodiest one yet.

The carnage is about to begin.
So take your seat and get ready
for the wildest ride yet.
Hello?
Hi, old friend.
Lists, my buddy,
what do you got for me?
There is a new guy.
This is his first death match, but
Baltimore Bob says, he can fight.
He could be a challenger.
What's his story?
Connor Gibson,
in for felony whatever.
Two counts, six counts, who's counting?
He is in here with the rest of us.
I wish I had a few more
bullet points for you but
he is a question mark.
Why don't you send me the link,
and I'll... Uh check him out.
Wait. Before you go,
we are running short on spare parts,
bulk ammo, CAT 5 cable.
Could you hook me up?
- It will be on the next shipment.
- Adios Amigo!
Okay, let's see what
this kid's made of.
Warden, check it out.
What do you have?
They are transmitting the
telecast from the death pit.
It's the final death match.
Welcome to the final death match.
This one is simple easy.
It's called "Capture the Keys".
Here is the rules.
We are not here to see some
MMA submission bullshit.
We are here to see bone blasting.
Spine shattering fun.
It's about kill.
It's about blood...

And bone.
Oh man, somebody's
gonna get a citation.
We are not here to see
some fucking pussy tap out.
The one person who
gets that set of keys.
And sticks it in the ignition of that car.
Wins the last spot in Death Race.
Yes!
Adios, suckers.
Peace out.
Somebody call the police!
He is a challenger.
You can't teach that.
Crush that motherfucker.
That pretty boy can fight!
Yeah, but can he drive?
Who cares, I want to know
if he fucks like he fights.
Rip that motherfucker!
Yes!
Fuck.
Ladies and gentlemen,
let's hear it for the butcher.
This mountain human has a
tally full of killing under his belt.
Having chalked up 67 body
bags on the kill board.
Submission is not his thing.
Good luck out there, Connor.
You got the keys,
do you have the balls?
Side bet, this pretty boy
doesn't last a minute.
I will take that.
Down goes Freezer!
- Shit.
- Unbelievable.
Ah! Made me feel young again. Shit!
I got something for you, Frankenstein.
Got something for you baby.
Bring the winner by for a talk.
With pleasure.

That's a bad motherfucker.
You wanna pay now or,
or shall I
throw up on the tab?
I'll pay now.
Frank thought you
might want a fresh shirt.
I thought you might want me.
I'm not into porn stars.
You can't pass this up.
I can.
He might have something
to say about that.
If you think you can make a
go over against Frankenstein,
you're wrong.
I can barely handle him and I
am three times the man you are.
Pussy.
Was Carley hospitable?
Something like that.
You have impressed me, twice.
That's not easily done.
What were your first
impressions of the Sprawl?
Anarchy.
Any more than the outside world?
I think so.
Do you think you can handle
being king of this mountain?
I'm just here to race.
Yes. But if you win?
Then what?
Are you ready to lead?
To make hard decisions?
The sprawl is self-sustaining,
but it wasn't always this way.
When I arrived it was a wasteland.
Weyland Corporation promote this sprawl
as an alternative to
regular prisons.
That was a lie.
The sprawl was created
as an alternative

to the death penalty.
They throw us cheese and
expect us to act like rats.
They did not expect us to evolve.
But we are, and we will.
I keep this place from anarchy.
What does this have to do
with the street race?
It's not just a street race,
It is who we are.
Who are you, Connor Gibson?
Nobody special.
Oh, that could change
if you wind death race,
if you defeat me.
Why would you be willing to risk losing
all this power?
Death race gives anyone the
opportunity to become king.
Without that to inspire,
we are nothing.
If you win,
what would be your first act as king?
I haven't really thought about it.
I won because I knew exactly
what I wanted to do when
I was king of this hill.
If you don't know what you ask,
you will die on the track.
And the Sprawl would
cheer your death.
So the question is...
What do you want?
Come on baby, get in.
That was insane tonight.
The answer is no, Bexie.
You don't wanna ride
shotgun in death race.
Yes, I do.
It's a death sentence.
Frank has killed people
I cared about.
I want to be part of
putting him down.

I'll think about it.
I thought we could have a drink.
So, who is Merry?
Is she your favorite groupie,
or you just really into Christmas?
It's uh...
My sister, Meridith.
She died when I
was in the service.
Never got to say goodbye.
Can't change it, so...
Seen a lot of bad stuff.
Done a lot of bad things.
Merry was good.
Better than me,
that's for sure.
I was, uh...
I was born in, Little Rock.
Son of a preacher man.
Hardly.
My old man was a grease
monkey in a pair of
His idea of a good time was
drinking Dixie beer on the porch,
and, count the fireflies.
Spent most of my young life in
Sweet water, Texas,
on a salvage yard.
Merry, passed away in Long Beach.
So I ended up there.
So, the good news is
the V8 standard transmission
and it runs,
but the bad news is that
it needs tires, brakes
and toll engine over haul of it,
fuel cell, armor, weapon needed
Man, don't pull me with it, Lists.
Bottom line, it needs everything.
What the hell is this thing?
Your tombstone.
Bullet-proof titanium plate,
protects your fuel cell.
You got a navigator yet?

Hell yeah, he does.
I'm the motherfucker riding shotgun.
The hell you looking at?
I got anti freeze in my brains.
Let's build this shit.
The speedometer has been calibrated
to 200 Miles per hour.
Is that all she's got?
Let's find out.
This Death race,
is one lap, one day.
The race begins and
ends at the airfield.
Nice speed here, few obstacles.
Second day, is on Interstate 94.
Most of ballistic cars will be
taken out on this long stretch here.
Watch out for the highway gang,
this is their turf.
And then,
you hit the projects.
All kind of bad boys' in there.
You come out of there alive,
you end up in the
Meatpacking District?
Home free.
Driving is more important than killing.
Shoot only when you must.
Think slow, drive fast.
Rule no. 1, keep your ass alive.
That was incredible.
Don't fucking touch me.
Hi.
So you like cars?
Yeah.
I like American muscle.
I had a Vett.
Rebuilt it myself.
A 1970 LT-1.
Sting ray.
Used to love the opener
upon highway to Vegas.
Paddle to the floor, 370
horses running hard.

Holley and Rochester Quadrajet Carb
getting the mixture just right.
Momentum shift,
stay off the brakes,
get her on her toes.
Man, could she fly.
How about you talk like
this to all your girls?
I got nothing outside these walls.
Merry was my last connection
to anything real.
So when she died
I made a bad decision.
Wind up here, not caring
'bout anything
or anyone.
But now...
But now?
We come for you!
Sergeant Gibson.
No one has called me that
in a long time.
Connor Gibson, is not the
man we're coming to know.
He is a warrior.
A very decorated and
specialized warrior.
Known in the shadow world of government
killers for his wet work in the CIA.
Target and killing is his forte,
and I am his mark.
He is here at the behest
of Weyland International.
Sent here by the fascist from the outside,
because they think I've
gained too much power.
They fitted him with a strap,
and he hangs around their
waist like a hatchet.
There is a helicopter
ride to freedom,
waiting for him at the finish line.
Tell me Sergeant,
am I wrong?

Kill! Kill!
Kill him!
Sergeant Gibson...
Betrayer!
Will be allowed to race.
Fuck that Frank?
What if he wins?
Then he wins! And that
his words meant to be.
Did you think I
wouldn't find out?
So tell me,
who's hiding behind a mask now?
Me or you?
See you on the starting line.
Is it true?
Goodbye, Long Beach.
Jane please.
Get your goddamn hands off me!
I am still one of your pit crew.
I don't care if they have
sent you to kill him.
He's a liar, Bob!
A liar who is working for the
Hey, get over it.
He is good for business.
We got a race to get ready for.
Get your head right, convict.
Your life depends on it.
We got a long race day... Huh?
Are you ready, mother fucker?
I can't hear you,
you fucking pussies!
Here they are!
Welcome to Death Race,
the ultimate auto carnage.
One day, eleven drivers,
four stages,
and over 250 live cameras...
Just like clockwork, Mr. Valentine.
This is it, last chance.
Frankenstein dies or your career dies.
Frankenstein will be in a
body bag by day's end.

I hope so for your sake.
Now talk about the bad boys and girls
who run this race.
Featuring 3 time racer Johnny Law
and his monster police cruiser.
He is here to protect and serve.
Morning, motherfuckers.
Two time racer, the Fireman,
and his Dodge Ram Hemi.
His ass is coming through your door.
Come show momma some love.
The Queen, Matilda The Hun,
boarding her school bus
yellow echonoline van.
And first timer Gipsy Rose
and her bad ass mini cooper S.
With a face only a mother could love,
here's Pierced-Face
and his VW bug.
Nazi Bastard and his
bloodthirsty truck from hell.
Dirt and his Formula 1 War Cycle,
counting on speed to keep him alive.
Veteran Racer Dead man
and his killer hurk.
He didn't come here
to rest in peace.
Behind the wheel of her Toyota Celica,
virgin racer Cleopatra.
And last,
but definitely least,
Our resident rat fuck,
Sergeant Gibson and his Camero.
He has got bulls-eye
on his back.
You ready for our play date?
You got the whole world
coming after you my man,
you know that right?
Take a walk Bexie,
I got this.
I should.
Who am I to judge?
I ain't here to

throw shade on you.
You surely got reasons.
So, if it's all the same,
I'll ride with you.
Now, give it up for your champion,
returning to track
after seven straight win,
the man who just won't die...
Frankenstein!
Frank, baby!
Sometimes I get the feeling,
Frank is playing chess.
And the rest of us
are playing checkers.
Let her go, Frank.
She's got nothing to
do with any of this.
No,
but she's a good insurance policy.
Let's see how cold-blooded you are.
Put her in the car.
Welcome to Death Race,
streaming live on the dark web
to over 54 million viewers
on 250 live camera feeds.
This is the ultimate vehicular carnage,
uncut and totally raw.
Stage one,
The airfield.
Fake tits.
We should fuck her after the race.
Let's light this fire.
Now go back,
and strap your sweet
little ass in that chair girl.
Ha-ha! Come on!
Dude, let's get this party started!
One down, ten to go!
This is gonna be the
biggest payday ever.
Hey Bexie, do me a favor and
get those motherfuckers off my ass.
Let's blast some shit up!
Find me someone

who can give me
some access on Connor Gibson.
And tell him I'm all in.
Nine drivers remain
here on the Dead lands.
Frankenstein, Connor Gibson
and Gipsy Rose, lead the path.
Buckle up, bitches,
the asphalt is running red,
and we are just
getting warmed up.
Stage two,
The dead lands.
Yeah!
You're going down, you
sodomite motherfucker!
Take him out!
Fuck you, Fireman!
Yeah!
Now that's a waste
of some good pussy!
I couldn't have said it better myself.
Frankenstein and the
Benedict Arnold himself,
Connor Gibson, battle for the lead.
Gipsy Rose and Johnny Law
hanging around the front of the path.
Let's put Frank in a body bag
once and for all.
Arming missiles.
Let's see if your boyfriend's
ready to bury you.
Don't do it.
Let her go, Connor. That skinny
bitch ain't never coming back.
I said, don't do it.
Just what I thought.
Fucking Los Muertos.
Fuck!
Suck on this!
Hold onto your teddies, bitches!
Six death racers left.
- Go ahead!
- Let's go!

Who the hell brings a
VW bus in a Death Race?
You gotta hand it to these degenerates.
They put on a hell of a show.
Our tombstone can't
hold out much longer.
Somebody call the 911!
Lose this psychopath.
Missed motherfucker!
Fish on!
We are hooked.
Hang on, Bexie,
I got an idea.
What are you doing, motherfucker?
Yeah, fishy fishy.
Come out and play.
Fuck me, this traitor
and his bitch, Bexie,
just burnt down the Fireman.
Only five death racers left
to seem heading to the projects.
Frankenstein is still in the lead,
with Gipsy Rose up close second,
Stage three,
the project.
Fucking Death Race!
Hey, you!
Did you do this?
No, we did!
Just the man I was gunning for.
How you doing, Wonder Bread?
You stupid motherfucker!
Fick ditch, Schwarzer!
Oh, no, he didn't?
Did he just say
what I think he said?
Yeah,
but in German.
You and your bitch,
brought your shit,
to the wrong part of town.
Get ready to play.
We gotta re route him
over the bridge.

He is too far out to win this race.
I'm not telling him.
Get him on line.
Talk to me Bob.
We need to re route you
over the bridge.
The bridge is out.
Why the fuck you
re routing me there?
You are too far behind,
You have to jump the gap.
What are we talking about,
like 50 feet?
More like 250 feet.
That's your only chance
if you wanna win.
I have to win.
No one's gonna cite a cheer for Nazi
Bastard and his nasty little Fraulein.
I mean, hu hu, it's not a
real loss to the planet earth.
Four drivers remain.
Frankenstein and Gipsy Rose
taken up a big lead
on Johnny Law and Connor Gibson.
So, how do we do this, Bob?
You gotta hit the gap
at 220 miles an hour.
There is a ramp there.
Not the first time
this has been tried.
No, we are only calibrated
to 200 miles an hour.
Don't worry,
should get you up to 220.
Anyone ever made this jump before?
On paper, the math works.
What about the landing?
I ain't gonna lie to you,
it's gonna be a hard one.
If you get your angle
right, you might live.
Yeah, fuck you very much.
That rat fuck is back.

Punk ass bitch!
That worked well.
Yeah!
Okay! Let's get this done already.
To your next left, the
bridge is five miles out.
This is your only chance.
You like this play, Bob?
It's your only play.
I'll see you on the other side.
You should get out, Bexie.
We are at end of the road.
Not fucking happening.
The minute I got in this car with you,
I was all in.
So let's do this.
It's just gravity.
We maxed it out at 209.
I'm dropping the tombstone.
Come on! Come on!
Yes!
Yes! Yes! Yes!
I told you the math worked.
I could suck you off right now.
I can't believe what I just saw.
Connor Gibson jumped the bridge
cutting in right back in
Motherfucker got game.
Come on, don't let me down.
You have got to win this race.
Here comes your boyfriend.
Bex, patch me through to Frank.
Hey Frankie.
Hey, Connor, glad you show up
for your date with destiny.
I knew it would come down to us.
I wouldn't have it any other way.
We can start shooting
at each other, or we can drive.
What do you prefer?
Let's drive.
Stage four,
meat packing district.
C'mon! We are running out of time,

take him out already.

What's going on?

FUEL LEVEL:

SYSTEM DIAGNOSTICS

His fuel cell is empty.

What the fuck?

Drive, Connor!

We are out of gas.

The fuel line is ruptured.

Don't do it. Just...

Turn around and win your race.

This is Death Race.

He has to die.

He knows it.

He chose it.

Alright!

That's our queue,

send in the chopper.

It's already on route.

Get the fuck outta here.

I got you,

I got you, Jane.

Jam the broadcast to the dark web.

But, this is good stuff...

Just do it!

Cut it for five minutes.

Oh shit.

This is what the warden wants.

He wants Frank's death on display.

We give it to him, we'll lose.

Fuck him.

The job's done,

let's go!

Hold on.

They send two of us?

Insurance.

Pretty well, huh?

And thanks for the assist.

Everyone was so focused on

you, I flew under the radar.

Let's get the fuck

out of this shit hole.

Frankenstein is dead,

job well done.
Oh and by the way...
We are all square now.
20 seconds and I'm gone.
Connor, listen up.
Put on the mask,
become Frankenstein.
The sprawl, will never
follow Connor Gibson.
They follow Frankenstein.
Without him,
chaos.
Let's finish this race, Long Beach.
Now, put death race,
back on live.
Goldberg is gonna be pissed.
He put heavy action on Connor.
Easily come, easy go.
Fuck you, Valentine.
Yeah!
Yeah!