Death Race: Inferno

By Paul W.S. Anderson
Death Race, the number one sport in the world, located on Terminal Island. Convicts race over the course of three grueling days for the chance at the ultimate prize. Win five races, win your freedom. Preorder the next Death Race now and you'll not only get 20% off, but you'll also receive limited edition Frankenstein merchandise. Frankenstein, the four-time Death Race champion, has taken the world by storm. The most unlikely of heroes who has come out of nowhere and is now just one win away from freedom. Death Race. Now streaming live. Death Race is the trademark of Weyland International. Your safety's our top priority. The notorious Death Racer known only as Frankenstein won his fourth race today. One more victory and the masked killer gains his freedom. Frankenstein fears nothing. Anything in his way, he destroys. Under my watch, Terminal Island and Death Race have thrived. Rumors have been going around that Weyland International, the organization behind Death Race, has been targeted for hostile takeover. As a businessman, takeover talk is common.
You have something of value, naturally, people want to take it away. British billionaire, Niles York, has placed himself in the center of a firestorm. Well, I've got nothing to say about that at the moment. But I will say this. When I want something, no one can stop me from taking it. I'm not too concerned. I've won more battles than I've lost. I feel bad for Weyland, I really do. But Father Time, he's caught up with the old man. He never really stood a chance. Good morning, Mr. Weyland. Wasn't so bad, was it? I built this business. I didn't have to steal it. What you left vulnerable, I seized. I stole nothing. You lacked vision, Weyland. That was your undoing. Vision. Is that why you're investing millions in dilapidated prisons all around the globe? Vision? You're so far over your head, you might as well be six feet under the ground. The prison business is not what made this company profitable. So the conclusion to draw, you're trying to franchise Death Race. It's not going to work. Because you couldn't make it work. Let me show you what true vision really looks like. You started something
beautiful, Weyland.
But you only scratched
at the surface.
And you're right. I'm
taking Death Race global.
By this time next year, there will
be a different race every two weeks
at a different exotic hellhole with
different drivers, tracks and challenges.
I will have a monopoly on the most profitable
sport in the history of the planet.
More cars.
More death.
The sky's the limit.
Well, you forgot one thing.
Frankenstein.
It's a man in a mask.
I could have 20 Frankenstein's
around the globe.
How would the fans know
which one was real?
Frankenstein won
his fourth race today.
One more win, he goes free.
That's a fact
that every fan knows.
Now, if you suddenly change
the rules of the game,
you're going to
lose your audience.
And if you're hoping
that Frankenstein loses,
well, son, I guess
there's a first time.
Now, how would your
little copycat event play
without the game's
marquee star?
That's why you're
going to fail.
What kind of cigars
you smoke, Weyland?
I'll be sure to send you a box when
Death Race becomes a global success.
It'll be the second time I've beaten you.
The second time you've lost.
Well, you enjoy your
moment while you can.
Payback's a bitch, son.
Weyland's right.
Find out who the man
behind the mask really is.
What he loves, what he hates,
what he covets most.
And find out what Weyland
was planning next.
What do you mean?
The company's banking nearly
eight million quid a week
hawking Frankenstein
merchandise.
He wasn't just gonna let it go.
Anything else?
Yeah. Get yourself some decent clothes.
You look like a bag lady.
I wouldn't be here, I wouldn't have clone all
this unless I absolutely loved Death Race.
So I'm speaking to the millions
of fans around the globe.
Fear not.
I am like you.
I seek not to destroy nor to compromise
what we've all come to revere.
The Death Race that we all
know and love will not change.
It will grow bigger and better.
This, I promise.
Thank you.
Overall, I have
to say I'm very happy.
You wanna take a look?
No.
We'll run a few more
tests tomorrow,
and you're back to your
old self in no time.
No, he won't.
He'll be better.
Everybody out.
You heard the man.
Take a coffee break, guys.
So, I guess
the rumors are true.
Yeah, and I guess you won't
be shedding any tears for me.
Hey, you and I, Carl, we've taken
very different paths in life.
But we both ended up here.
No, I'm here.
You come and go as you please,
see the ones you love.
They see you.
Don't compare us, Weyland.
You lost the company.
I lost my life.
Mmm-hmm.
Yeah, and I also fixed your
face and I gave you a way out.
Look at me and tell me you
were gonna keep your word.
I'm not stupid, Weyland.
And you didn't fix my face out of the
kindness of your heart, did you?
It was infected.
I was gonna die.
And you would have
lost your star driver.
Yeah, you're not so bad.
You're worse.
And you want me to trust you?
You deserve the
shit-storm you're in.
Well, I got news for you, Carl.
You're already
in waist-deep.
You're Frankenstein.
This all starts
and ends with you.
Carl Lucas.
Born a gangster,
became a prisoner,
and now, a monster.
May he rest in peace.
You and your team
win five races
and you go free.
Goldberg, Lists
and that beautiful,
beautiful Katrina.
Now, for this to work,
you can't tell your
true identity to anyone.
Carl Lucas stays dead.
You're Frankenstein.
Well, you're welcome, asshole.
Four wins and not
even a thank you.
This all starts
and ends with you.
There he is.
There's the guy.
I'm having you transferred.
You're headed to the Kalahari Desert
Maximum Security Penitentiary
in South Africa where you will compete
in the first ever Desert Death Race.
Wow. What do I get,
my own dune buggy?
You're just on loan
to the Kalahari
to help launch the first of what will
be many international Death Races.
We're sending 14K,
as well as both your teams.
So I'm guessing I should
catch my passport updated.
I get the feeling that you
are not taking me seriously.
That's because I'm not.
Listen to me. I made
a deal with Weyland.
I win one more race,
me, my team,
we're out.
Yeah, well, you know,
it's a pity about Weyland, because all deals with him are null and void. You work for me now. New rules. No. No, I don't think so. You don't have a choice, mate. But if you don't want to drive, fine. I will paint my plane red with your blood. Really? Niles? What are you gonna do, replace me? With Who? Why would you care? You're already dead. So, as long as you're alive, you'll be treated like the star that you are. Or, I could just simply fuck up your little plan, couldn't I, by winning one more race and I'm free. Wow. You'll never make it to the finish line, mate. Trust me on that. You lose, you live. You win, you die. Okay, get out! Let's go, move! Bring that jackhammer here. Get in the line! Get moving! Boy, take a look at those! Move your fuckin' arse. Who's that? Hey, Goldberg! Yeah, that's right. I'm a big fan. But we've got our own bitches down here.
I don't know why you brought yours along. Hey, let me give you an autograph. Move! Move! Let's take this fucking joint! Kill them all!
- Set up a perimeter now.
- On the ground, now!
Shit!
Get up!
Are you hurt? What?
Lucas.
It always was you. You son of a bitch!
We thought you were dead. So it's always been you behind the mask.
Yeah, it's a long story. So what kind of deal did they make, huh?
I didn't have a choice. Whatever it was, it included getting your face fixed. I saw it.
I was there.
Did you, Goldberg? Or did you just see what they wanted you to see? What did they want us to see? That is no deal.
You never needed to make a deal. All you had to do was win five races in a row and you're free. Those are the rules. There are no rules in the cage, Lists. At least none that benefit the cage. Believe what you want, Goldberg. But I don't think it's wise, right now, that they see us together.
Welcome to hell.
Keep moving, don't stop!
Come on!
Come on, come on,
come on, come on.
Welcome to Kalahari Prison.
You dare try and escape,
the desert will kill you before we do.
Come on, move!
You all right?
Close the gate.
Hey, Goldberg.
She's bigger and better.
Way bigger.
Way better.
I've been through
more shit in my life
than most people
going through in 10.
But what I never did was
lie or betray my friends.
Doesn't matter what
your intentions were,
your secret would have
been safe with us.
We could've helped.
You know better than that.
Helping me comes with a price, and
I wasn't about to let you do that.
You believe in curses?
This thing.
It comes with one.
You should've trusted us.
Let's go, Lists.
Live from Kalahari
Prison in South Africa,
this is Death Race
Navigator Wars.
Featuring 16
of the most beautiful,
ruthless and lethal
convicts alive,
including an IRA terrorist,
a contract killer,
even identical twin
serial killers.
But all eyes will be
on Katrina Banks,
the gorgeous copilot of
the notorious Frankenstein.
This is a match to the death.
The only rule, survive.
What the hell is happening?
Good evening and welcome to a
special pre-Death Race event.
Sixteen beautiful,
yet deadly women,
vie for 10 spots
as Death Race navigators.
These ladies will battle to
the death to see who's worthy
to navigate in
tomorrow's Death Race.
After the first three minutes,
pressure plates activate
a variety of lethal weapons.
The fight ends when
Katrina's statistical probability
of survival is very low.
And the Swedish twins aren't
gonna fight each other.
Plus, Katrina's celebrity
will attract more attention.
That changes the odds.
So, what are you saying?
Seven to 10%.
Best case scenario.
Dim the lights.
The carnage is about to begin.
Katrina, kick some ass!
Do I know my audience or what?
That's reality TV shit.
Come on.
Yes.
Pressure plates are now active.
Go in tighter.
Go in tighter.
Get me a close-up!
Kill!
Do you want some
popcorn with that?
I don't need...
Get to the weapons, Katrina!
Come on, cook her ass!
Camera five, close-up!
Katrina Banks.
I'm gonna fuck you up!
Take this!
Good work, good work!
Watch out!
You love me to death!
No!
Oh, man, I really thought both
twins were gonna make it,
the way they hyped 'em
up and all, you know?
Never believe your own hype.
Don't miss that shot!
Ten women remain who'll compete
as navigators in tomorrow's Death Race.
Fighters are convicted violent felons.
Acts should not be duplicated at home.
Relax, Prudence. There's
nothing for you to fear here.
They may be ruthless,
vicious murderers and rapists,
but they've taste
enough to ignore you.
It's race time, motherfuckers!
Don't touch me. I'm feeling a
little fragile this morning.
Come on, let's go.
Come on!
Good to see you, too.
Drop dead.
Come on, move! Good idea.
But I already tried that.
Next!
Next in line.
Next!
Nice. Thank you.
Another one. Next!
What do you think you're putting inside of me?
Let him go. He's just doing what he's told to do.
Unlike Terminal Island, there are no walls here.
We didn't want our drivers dashing for their freedom.
This will tell us exactly where you are at all times.
So, I go off-course, what happens?
You're not familiar with the German-made Iris-T Infra-red Smart missile?
No.
You go off-course, and you will be.
Just as there's no escape from Kalahari, there is no escape from Death Race.
Well, ain't that somethin?
Mr. York. While you are here, I want you to know that I am at your disposal.
Anything your heart desires, consider yours.
Anything?
Please do take a seat.
Streaming live from the Kalahari Prison in South Africa, home to the most ruthless and violent criminals the world has ever seen.
Niles York presents Death Race.
Eleven drivers will compete over three brutal days across one of the most dangerous terrains on Earth for a chance at the ultimate prize.
Win five races, win your freedom.
Lists?
There's a speaker and mic here, so no more headsets.
But the weapon trigger's still in the same place.
Okay.
There are no shields out here.
Only offensive weapons.
Weapon locations are marked on the map, indicated here on the tablet.
Now, remember, you have to drive through, not over, to activate.
You think this thing's gonna be like a Baja race?
The only thing I know about Baja, it's a style of tacos I like.
Goldberg, I'm gonna need you on this one.
I got your back.
Three things you gotta worry about.
Razor.
He'd rather kill us than win.
Nero.
Checkered flag has nothing to do with winning.
Okay.
So what's the third?
Third, it's that beautiful girl sitting next to you.
Let's get it ready for an online broadcast.
Let's make a tight MCU.
Camera 15, 10 and eight.
Thanks.
Gotcha.
Katrina.
Don't.
I don't wanna hear it.
You're my nav-girl.
You, do you speak English?
I speak English, you fucking idiot.
Let's just fucking win this race.
Wow, this is gonna be great.
The first official race of this kind started in Tijuana, Baja California on October 31st, 1967 and was called the NORRA Mexican 1000 Rally. The course length that year was and ended in La Paz, Baja California Sur, sir. The overall winning time was 27 hours, 38 minutes set by Vic Wilson and Ted Mangels while driving a Meyers Manx buggy. Who're you talking to? Thought you'd appreciate some relative historical perspective. Well, you thought wrong. Set the lights.
Number 10, pan to your left. All eyes are on Frankenstein, as he tries to win his fifth race and become the first inmate to win his freedom. The mysterious Frankenstein became a worldwide phenomenon after winning his first four Death Races. But that was back on Terminal Island. Can he repeat that success here in Africa? Three. Unique challenges lay ahead as our drivers move from the confines of Terminal Island's track onto three desert courses. Two. The carnage is about to begin. What the fuck are you doing? He's jumping. We've got a jumper.
Fire away.
What about our trackers?
You know something?
What are you doing?
Get out of here, man!
It's coming, it's coming!
Oh, my God, what are you doing?
It's here,
it's here, it's here.
And The Jackal
becomes a Death Race first.
Never before has a driver been killed
before the race has even begun.
Reset lights.
Stupid.
That's entertainment.
Well, that worked well.
For us.
Go.
Go.
Start! Start!
Yippee ki-yay,
motherfucker!
Whoa!
Look at the fuckers!
Introducing Olga Braun.
Do you want me to drive?
Fuck, it's...
Death Race's
first ever female driver.
Yeah! Come on.
Start! Start! Start!
You're a freak.
Oh, yeah.
Hey, Goldberg. You getting me?
You online?
Are you ready
to get serious now?
The roads are narrow,
so pass only on the turns.
Weapons are inactive
until mile marker 25.
Lists, what's my top
speed on this thing?
keep it somewhere between 50 and 60.
Forget everything
you know about racing.
Desert racing
isn't about speed.
It's about endurance
and handling.
Hang on a minute. I thought you didn't
know shit about this kind of racing.
I don't. It's the first thing
that came up on Google.
The racers enter
the first leg of the race,
the sand dunes
of Katbakkies Pass.
He's right behind you!
Hey, stop driving like a pussy.
Where I'm coming from, the ladies,
they can drive better than this.
Turn hard right.
When?
Now!
You wanna fucking drive?
Could you just not talk?
Just don't talk.
Shut up.
Luke! You need to
find the weapon marker again.
Fuck!
That was fucking great!
I see weapon markers on the right.
Yeah, I see it.
You see the tracking markers
straight ahead.
You think I'm blind?
Fuck off, man.
Frankenstein!
Motherfucker!
Razor's weapons are activated!
Come on, turn the cannon,
turn the cannon around.
Go faster!
We have to show them
how it's done.
Are you gonna take this shit?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. China.
Did you get that, China?
Turn them in. Turn them in.
Yeah!
Activate the cannon.
Cannon activated.
Joker's got a cannon
trained on you.
Look out! Behind you!
Let's light this puppy up.
Bye. bye. bye.
Come on!
Fuck him up.
Are you okay,
Mr. Frankenstein?
You know what? I never thought
I'd miss the Tombstone.
Goldberg.
I need your help.
Don't shake him off! Let him
get right up behind you.
Goldberg, are you crazy?
Come on!
I'm getting sick of this bastard.
Oh, beautiful.
What you're doing is illogical.
Oh, God, that felt good.
We can't take
much more of this.
Stay on the wheel,
Luke. Trust me!
Fucking idiot!
Who's laughing now, Joker?
You know, I gotta tell you something.
I am very, very impressed.
Nice, Goldberg.
Fuck logic.
Sometimes you just gotta let your
heart and gut tell you what's right.
Two Death Racers down. Nine
remain, as we enter Khayelitsha Township.
Damn!
Shit.
Go left, left, left, left.
Weapons activated for this sector only.
Take left!
This is Africa, son of a bitch!
These people got a damn death wish. Off the fucking road!
Son of a bitch!
We need to get outta here!
- No, stay with the car!
- The tracking device!
Let's go!
Come on! Run!
We've got a runner.
Who?
Pretty Boy's left his car.
We've got a lock on him.
Fire.
He's in the middle of a town. Won't you kill a lot of innocent people?
They will be rewarded in their next life.
Fire when ready.
Shit!
Out of my way!
Fuck!
Watch out, watch out.
No!
Fucking beautiful.
- They are coming here!
- Seven drivers remain,
as they enter
the last leg of stage one.
The lost zone.
Shit!
Hey, Lists, do you know
anything about these guys?
They're the
warlords of Kalahari.
They're responsible for exactly 74.5% of all organized crime in the region.
Drugs, prostitution, kidnapping are their three biggest earners.
Great, just what we needed.
Just finish the race.
Shit. Are these people
even in the game?
Just move out
of my fucking way!
This, fucking 14K!
He's coming up
behind us. Bitch!
Luke, you're in second place.
You have to pass Razor.
You're on the last corner before the finish line.
Come on, Luke, push!
Razor takes day one.
Damn!
Frankenstein finishing
a close second.
14K, Olga, Baby, Psycho
and Nero have all survived.
That was amazing, Satana.
Incredible job.
I think it's cause for a
celebration, don't you?
Prudence.
Fuck off and tell the rest
of them to fuck off, too.
Everybody out.
I said, everybody out!
Keep moving! Come on,
get out, everybody!
Hey, you did well today.
You see, you wanna fuck me now don't you?
You wanna fuck me now.
God, she wants to
fuck me now. Typical.
Do you really
wanna fuck me now?
Katrina. Look, I know
I fucked up, okay?
I was just trying
to protect you.
It wasn't safe for you to know.
We can't be what we were.
Second place.
You're slipping.
Yeah.
Lists, let's get
this thing cleaned up.
Frankenstein!
Oh, no fucking way!
What the hell is going on?
A fight in the tunnel.
It's Frankenstein.
Get him out of there. Now!
Now, get out!
Doctor!
We need a doctor!
Doctor!
George Villiers, 1st Duke
of Buckingham, Crazy Horse,
Henry III of France,
Henry IV of France.
Am I gonna be all right?
You're gonna be fine.
It's just a scratch.
Now I'm gonna need you
to drop your trousers.
Is that necessary?
What? Am I all right?
You're going to be fine.
What I probably should have
disclosed, I'm a big fan of yours.
How big?
Singer/songwriter Elliott Smith
and, of course, Julius Caesar.
What are you doing?
Well, I'm listing the most
notable stabbing victims.
He's gonna be okay.
I gotta see him.
How is he?
Wonderful.
As girls, I thought it would only
be fitting to offer Frankenstein,
our new celebrity,
an incentive, a prize,
a free fuck.
All right, honey!
Amber, get up, move it.
Hurry UP-
Get it, girl!
Say bye to your
boyfriend, honey.
Fucking bitch!
Someone's
fucking your boyfriend!
A gift.
Frankenstein?
Yeah.
So,
I was hoping that we could discuss
the terms of our contract.
I was thinking six races per
year, three year guarantee.
Oh, yeah?
Yeah.
And how much did
you have in mind?
I got Martine
to put together a bid.
Oh, you did, did you?
You gotta be kidding, right?
I believe that it's fair.
Do you know what? Let's just see
how this one concludes tomorrow
before we discuss
any future races.
But I gotta tell you,
I am very, very pleased
with how things
are going so far.
I didn't think
it would be this easy.
What do you mean?
I was expecting issues with the freak.
They told me he was a monster.
He's a pussycat.
Do not underestimate him.
I made a deal with the guy. I was expecting
him to renegotiate. But he didn't.
He's planning something.
Hmm.
Stop fucking me with your eyes
and let's get on with this.
What the fuck is going on here?
The first time you see
a white nincompoop naked?
Come on, move!
Damn it! Come on. Shit.
What's up, baby?
Hey.
Let's do it.
Where's Lucas?
What are you doing here?
Truth time.
Look, I had my reasons.
But I haven't been straight with you.
And I'm sorry for that.
But I wanna make this right.
Well, then don't
lie to us again.
Okay. Look, there's something you
all need to know about the race.
I did make a deal
with the new boss.
To lose.
To lose? You'll have a tough
time losing in this car.
I know. He had
a gun to my head.
He had a gun
to all of your heads.
So, I made a new deal.
And this is what
we're gonna do.
Welcome to stage two of Death Race.
Seven drivers remain.
Sit back, relax.
The carnage is about to begin.
Log on and get inside access
on your favorite drivers.
For an additional cost,
you can tap in
to the closed circuit camera
inside the driver's car.
Death Race.
It's a beautiful day
to die.
Nero is in the lead,
followed by Frankenstein,
14K, Razor and Olga.
The surprising Psycho is sixth.
And Baby is seventh.
So, weapons are
active now, yes?
Yes and no.
There's a little twist.
Ooh!
The racers approach Keiskie
Road, heading towards the dry lake.
Look, they're
throwing you a curve ball.
That weapons marker you see
is the last one for 25 miles.
First one through it
gets the weapons.
But if you die, the weapon
marker reactivates.
So, everyone's
gonna be on your ass.
It's because I'm damned if I
do, damned if I don't, right?
You got it, homes.
Exactly.
There's the weapon marker.
Weapon marker's
coming up on your left.
Okay, over there.
Luke!
Almost, almost, come on!
Come on, make it! Yes!
Olga wins the weapons marker.
Fuck it.
Hey, sorry, ladies.
Those aren't ladies.
Don't get jealous.
Get your eyes back on the road.
Sure.
There's Olga, up ahead.
Fuck!
Fucking bitch.
Oh, yeah.
Maybe this wasn't such
a good idea after all.
Why?
'Cause they're
all after us now.
Fuck this!
Man, you get the bitch
out of the way. Come on!
I'm a bad man.
Oh. yeah!
Oh, shit!
Yeah!
Knock this bitch out the way.
Kiss your fucking ass.
Whoo!
I told you.
What you gonna do, bitch?
What you got?
Come on. Come on.
Eat this!
Oh, shit!
Weapon marker's dead ahead.
Okay.
The double kill leaves
only five cars in the race,
as they head into
Calvinia Township.
Jesus, somebody pissed them off.
I don't think they're friends.
They really don't like us.
Yeah, I'm getting used to that.
Why don't you warm up
that flame thrower?
Finally!
Watch out!
Come on!
Fucking roll, will you?
Whoa!
Holy shit, that's awesome!
Okay. It's like that, huh?
Damn it!
Fucking fire.
All right.
Son of a bitch!
Yeah!
Luke! Watch,
Razor's coming closer.
He's coming up behind us.
Do you wanna play?
Let's end this.
- Bitch!
- You fucker.
Man. I'm sick
of this asshole.
I can see you, devil!
What?
What the fuck are you doing?
Get off me.
This is just
so fucking beautiful.
And that marks the end of Nero.
As we enter the final stage,
we 're down to the final four.
Driving back through
Let's see what the warlords of
Kalahari have in store today.
Weapon markers
ready for activation.
Okay, we're clear.
Get me weapons now.
Hang on.
Where's he going?
We're not done yet.
What the fuck you want?
What are you doing?
Huh?
What's who doing?
You Will die!
What was that for?
To save your ass.
Go, go, go.
We got company.
Shit!
Camera two, pick that up.
Motherfucker!
Who the fuck are these people?
It's okay. I got it.
Coming up behind you.
Die, you bastard!
This is just fucking awesome.
Yeah.
You can't run, motherfucker!
This is gonna be close.
What now, Luke?
It's on.
Camera two, pan in.
Camera two, move it!
Let's not lose
that shot, boys. Come on.
Move it, move it. Do you wanna
miss the fucking shot?
Awesome.
Day two concludes with a bang.
Tune in tomorrow
for the epic conclusion.
Any rebroadcast or unauthorized
use is punishable by death,
or life in prison
if under the age of 15.
I didn't know he had a child.
Shocking how little we know
about the ones closest to us.
I know virtually nothing
about my secretary here.
Conversely, she knows
every aspect of my life,
personal, business,
good, bad and ugly.
Turn around and face me.
I'm sorry to hear
about Goldberg.
I never knew the man, but I know
how integral he was to your team.
What possible understanding can
a man like you know about that?
He was more than just a part of my team.
He was family.
Hmm.
Just to be clear,
our deal still stands. Yes?
Now, don't let your emotions cloud your judgment.
You're gonna stall out. Officially, mechanical failure resulted in your loss. I don't want it to look like you were beat. Can't damage your rep now, can we? Are we clear?
When I ask you a question, you answer me. Do you understand?
No. Not really.
Now get these foolish thoughts of winning out of your head. You will lose tomorrow, or so help me God, I will put you in the deepest, darkest cell I can find. And while you're down there, crying about that dead spic, just imagine what I'll be doing to your girlfriend. Bad idea.
What are you gonna do? Threaten to kill me?
No.
No, Niles. That would be letting you off too easy. You can live tomorrow, but you can't win. Maybe. Guess you'll just have to tune in, huh? Like everybody else.
No, no, no, no. I need to talk in private. I hear you. Is there something you wanna say to me? I was just wondering if you are the original Frankenstein. And why is that? Think about it. Who is the man behind the mask?
Hmm? Does anybody know?
They just want the monster.
And they can take you out in a way
that would kill a normal human being,
and then just slap the suit on
the next guy and hey, presto.
Frankenstein lives.
You think they're
gonna kill me?
No. Frankenstein
can never die.
He can be shot. He can crash and burn.
He can explode.
But Frankenstein
will always emerge.
Battered and bruised,
maybe. But alive.
Just makes his legend
even greater.
Yes. Yes, he spoke to me.
What are you doing?
What is the meaning of this?
This is my business.
This is my production.
No, this is my
production. Mine!
And your network was more than
eager to sell it and you out.
Guess you won't be
needing that bid now.
I'll give you a free
pass for that one.
But if you try anything
like it again,
and I will have you chained up and
I personally will pimp you out
to the nastiest fucking
psychos in this prison.
Hey, you, stop.
Guard.
Let her through.
All of you.
Leave us.
I thought it would only
be fitting to offer Frankenstein, our new celebrity, an incentive, a prize, a free fuck. So did you... Sleep with her? No. And you know why I didn't. Right? Hey, you. Get back to work! Go. I won't let you down. Though I don't have any statistical evidence to back up that statement, I feel strongly... Lists, there's no one, no one I'd rather have watching my back. Thanks, Luke. Do you mind? Let's do this. Okay, people, listen up. Whatever happens today, Frankenstein cannot win. So, keep your eyes open. Welcome to the final stage of Death Race. All eyes are on one man. Frankenstein. He's been the most dominant driver in Death Race history. But can he hold on for one more day and win to earn his freedom? Torch these bitches. Let your heart and gut guide you. You can do this. You can do this. Luke, watch out for turn three. It's a massive turn. I don't like this music. Can you get something else? God, I hate this music. Yeah, that's nice. Yes. Frankenstein
continues to hold a slim lead, as the drivers reach Red Rock Road. Leaving sector. Weapons must be reactivated. Weapons marker coming up. Come on, play nice, motherfucker. Hang on, Katrina. I've had enough of this guy. Hold on. Yeah? It's nice. Adis amigo. Cool. Get out! You bastard, Razor! I'm still alive and coming for you! No! Water! Help! Help me! Water. The Psycho's death leaves only Frankenstein, 14K and Razor left alive to compete. The racers enter the quarry, heading to the finish line. Frankenstein just got weapons, and he's in the lead, about to win. He's gonna need more than that. Ready the missiles. You wanna kill Frankenstein while the whole world watches, the audience will never forgive you. You will kill the fucking show. It is mine to fucking kill! Target's locked. He's too close to the finish line. You could kill dozens of people. You know what, Prudence? You're right. You're always right. You're fired.
You're still here?
Get out of my sight now!
Okay.
Fire.
Hey, guys. Get ready
for some company.
Shit.
It's the tracking device.
Oh, fuck.
What?
Activate countermeasures!
We're not gonna
make it through this.
Oh, shit.
Activated.
Fire!
No way.
No fucking way!
How many lives do you have?
Well, at least
one more, I guess.
How the fuck did
he survive that?
You told me that tracking
device was foolproof.
Who designed it?
Your company did.
Hey, Lists. Patch me
through to 14K's rig.
Patch me through to 14K.
You're up.
You got him?
Hey, 14K.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
We're even now,
Lucas.
Are you ready?
Let's finish this.
I'm coming to kill you.
You hear me, Niles?
I'm coming to kill you.
Personally coming to kill you.
You hear me, Niles?
Open all mics.
Open all mics!
Attention, guards.
Frankenstein is headed to the finish line.
Take him out!
You're such a coward.
Out, out!
You were right.
He screwed me over.
I should have listened to you before.
What do you want me to do?
Come on!
Take him out!
Come on, shoot him!
Come on!
Fuck!
Where do you think you're going?
You think I'm gonna let a simple fucking con ruin everything that I've built?
Frankenstein has a clear path to the finish.
He's about to win.
14K pulls past Frankenstein and crosses the finish line.
Fuck yeah!
14K wins the Death Race.
You could've won that.
I know. It's not about winning races any more.
He lost.
It's over.
No more games.
I wouldn't say that.
You ready?
Yeah, I'm ready.
I love you.
See you on the other side, kid.
I'm gonna take him out myself.
Wait.
You aren't going anywhere.
What the hell?
Give me the fucking key!
This is your production. It's quite fitting that you go down with it.
Get this fucking thing off me!
It is my sad duty to announce the death of Niles York.
The visionary entrepreneur who brought Death Race to us, died in an explosion that also claimed the life of Katrina Banks on this third and final day of competition.
We'd like to extend our deepest sympathies to Mr. York's family and friends.
Someone's alive!
Is this really Frankenstein?
Yes.
Yes, it is Frankenstein.
The tracking device confirms it.
Yes, yes. I can confirm that Frankenstein has survived and is currently en route back to Terminal Island.
I leave the task of rebuilding Death Race in your very capable hands.
Death Race's home is Terminal Island. Nowhere else.
I've arranged a new pit crew leader for Frankenstein. You should have his information in front of you.
Yes, yes, that's all well and good.
But what of Frankenstein? I've been informed that Frankenstein is alert, conscious, and will be ready to race in two weeks. Excuse me for a minute. What happened?
He just woke up screaming, rambling a bunch of nonsense. I'm not Frankenstein!
He's obviously still in shock. We brought his friend down to calm him down. Frank? For the last fucking time, I am not Frankenstein. So you're absolutely sure? It's him all right. But I've never seen him like that before. Prudence, tell them. Tell them who I am. I'm Niles York. I am not Frankenstein! No! Hello, baby. Is everything okay? No. It's perfect. All right, lovebirds. We can always rely on you. - To Lists. - To Lists. Did you get my wire? Yeah, I'm looking at it right now. It's very... Very generous. Thank you. For what you did to that bastard, I would have paid triple. Well, if I'd known that. I thought the plan was to kill him. Well, things change, huh? Personally, I think I did better than that. Are you complaining? Hell, no. How the hell did you pull it off? That son of a bitch screwed you over, didn't he? We do this, one condition. I made a deal with the guy. You lose, you live. You win, you die.
There's something
you all need to know.
I did make a deal.
With our old boss.
Weyland?
And I expected him to at least renegotiate.
But he didn't.
Do not underestimate him.
He's planning something.
My way, my rules, my plan.
I'm gonna need something
very important from you.
And what's that?
I'm gonna need to
kill you, Goldberg.
They're the
warlords of Kalahari.
Look, I'm gonna bring these
warlords into the race.
What are you doing?
What's who doing?
While everybody's watching, I'm gonna
need you to take yourself out.
I'm gonna need a signal.
It's gonna be loud.
What do you need me to do?
We need someone on the inside.
Done.
The coast is clear.
I'm sorry to hear
about that dead spic.
This is my production.
You were right.
Out, out!
He screwed me over.
I should have
listened to you before.
Frankenstein is headed to the finish line.
Take him out!
Do yourself a favor
and listen to me right now.
I'm gonna take him out myself.
What do you want me to do?
Keep him in the room.
No matter what.
The fucking key!
Death Race
has the ultimate prize.
You win your freedom.
This all starts and ends
with Frankenstein.
Someone's alive!
I was just wondering
if you are the
original Frankenstein.
Yes, it is Frankenstein.
The tracking device
confirms it.
Frankenstein can never die.
He can be shot. He can crash and burn.
He can explode.
But Frankenstein
will always emerge.
Frankenstein, he is Death Race.
Carl Lucas,
may he rest in peace.
Psst! The coast is clear.
I'm not going.
What are you talking about
you're not going? You have to.
I was never any good out there.
I didn't understand the rules.
In prison, things make sense.
And, plus, someone
has to stay behind.
A witness to tell the tale.
What you're doing
isn't logical.
Yeah, he's right.
Someone once told me,
fuck logic.
Let your heart
tell you what's right.
I spoke to Weyland.
I'm here to help you.
Blueprints, electrical
systems, ventilation shafts.
Now, how would your little
copycat event play
without the game's
marquee star?
It's a man in a mask.
How would the fans know
which one was real?
That's why
you're going to fail.
The boy wonder billionaire will
become the laughing stock.
The Death Race that you all
know and love will not change.
It will grow bigger and better.
This, I promise.
Now, if you suddenly
change the rules of the game,
you're going to lose
your audience.
What are you gonna do, replace me?
With who?
Payback's a bitch, son.
I am Frankenstein.
And I will have my revenge.