

Murderdrome

By Andrew James Hayward

PART I

EXT. DESERT WASTELAND - SUNSET.

An expansive desert wasteland stretches in every direction as far as eye can see.

Alluring and romantic, barren and unforgiving, littered with the remains of an advanced human civilisation.

Twisted steel, cancerous concrete, blown-out glass and...
...mangled classic motorbikes from Excelsior, Greeves, Indian, Harley-Davison and more.

Two cornerstones come into view.

The first reads 'library,' the second, belonging to a school, reads 'faber est suae quisque fortunae.'

EXT. DESERT WASTELAND - SUNSET.

A gust of wind stirs the sand, reveals...

...a pile of maggot-infested mutilated bodies - men, women and children.

This is a GREASER mass grave. They are piston-headed proletariat, oily-ragged scum.

The bodies are covered in tattered clothes bearing the crests of the Wreckers and Grunters clans.

In death they are united! In life they are divided by THE BUILDERS, the fat cat ruling class.

A vulture swoops down, plucks an eyeball from rotting corpse.

EXT. DESERT WASTELAND - SUNSET.

The sun dips lower, scatters long shadows across the dunes.

On the horizon stands a ramshackle structure: THE MURDERDROME, a motorcycle velodrome.

The sound of a roaring crowd echoes from its towering wooden walls.

Curiosity roused we...

EXT. DESERT WASTELAND - TWILIGHT.

...follow a procession of Greasers, grimy and gaunt, trudging toward the noise.

They lead us to...

EXT. DESERT WASTELAND - TWILIGHT.

...A mob of Greasers jostle to lay hands upon and snatch glimpses of a procession of 12 Riders, MOTORCYCLE GLADIATORS, 6 per clan.

These MEN are the chosen ones. Chosen to represent their clans. Chosen to satisfy The Builders bloodlust. Chosen to die.

Banners wave overhead: 'Death is Life,' 'Live to Race; Race to Die,' 'Win or Die,'...and more.

OLD HAG spits at SPARKY (20s), Wreckers' lieutenant.

Sparky wipes his face, disgusted.

SPARKY
Love you too darlin'.

Someone tosses SHAFT (20s), Grunters' lieutenant, a mouldy loaf.

He bites into it, grimaces, flips it to EMACIATED KID.

EMACIATED KID
(beaming)
Thanks mister.

THUG punches CRANK (20s), Grunters' lieutenant, square in the face.

CRANK
(laughs)
Is that all you've got?

Crank lumps Thug with a Con Rod, kills him outright.

TOOTHLESS WOMAN runs up to TANK (20s), Wreckers' lieutenant, snogs him.

Tank casts the woman aside, grabs his crotch.

TANK
Suck on this bitch.

Now, BLAINE (20s), Grunters' Captain, a towering barrel-chested silverback.

Blaine grabs CURVY WOMAN by the hair, tears her top, exposes her breasts, licks her face.

CURVY WOMAN.
Race to die, you animal!

BLAINE
Wrecker whore!

He laughs, slings her back into the crowd.

Now, Dex (20s), Wreckers' Captain, ruggedly handsome, kindly features.

He stands tall, his twin children (5yrs), CHI and RHO, perched on his shoulders, beaming widely.

EXT. DESERT WASTELAND - TWILIGHT.

HERO WORSHIPPERS throw themselves at Dex's feet as though he's the Messiah.

HERO WORSHIPPERS
Set us free, set us free, set
us free, only you can set us
free!

Dex lets his children down. When they look to him for answers, he forces a smile.

CHI
What do they mean, Papa?

RHO
We're already free.

Filled with compassion, Dex helps one them to their feet.

DEX
May the race set us all free.

A Grunter, ENFIELD, pops up from the crowd.

ENFIELD
(shouts)
The race will kill us! It will
kill us all!

Rho tugs on Dex's shirt.

RHO
You're not going to die are
you Papa?

DEX
Not if I can help it,
sweetheart. Not if I can help
it.

Enfield charges at Dex wielding a wrench.

In the confusion, Rho falls to the floor. Did Enfield clip her? Or was she pushed by...Chi?

Dex pins Enfield to the ground by the throat.

ENFIELD
(whimpers)
We're all going to die! But
you're going to die first!

Angry as hell, Dex snatches the wrench, draws it back.
Rho stops him from delivering a death blow.

RHO
Stop, Papa! It's our
neighbour, Mr Enfield.

Dex discards the weapon, growls like a dog.

DEX
We're most alive when we're
closest to death...Go near my
children again and I'll turn
you inside out, understand?

Enfield, fear in eyes, nods.

ENFIELD
May you find your place among
The Builders.

DEX
And you.

When Dex releases him, Enfield scurries away.

EXT. DESERT WASTELAND, BARBICAN - TWILIGHT.

A behemoth Barbican, the MURDERDROME GATEHOUSE, towers
over the riders.

A foghorn blasts low and loud. As the crowd scatters, Dex
embraces his children.

DEX
(to Chi)
You're the eldest...

CHI
(proud)
By three minutes!

DEX
...By three minutes. Rho is your
responsibility now. You must
take care of her.

Chi sags like a balloon losing air. Dex looks at him deep
in the eye.

CHI
'Spose.

Dex ruffles Chi's hair.

DEX
Thatttaboy, I knew I could
count on you.

Chi swells with pride.

Rho drapes a locket around Dex's neck. He admires the
talisman dewy-eyed.

RHO
For luck.

DEX
This was a birthday present
from Mamma.

RHO
It's yours now, Papa.

DEX
I'll return it when I win,
deal?

RHO
Deal!

Dex gives the twins one last lingering hug.

DEX
Now go! Wave from the terraces
so I know where to find you
when I'm done.

A female Wrecker, JOYCE (20s), comely features, steps
forward, stretches out inviting hands.

JOYCE
I'll take them.

DEX
Thank you.

JOYCE
Be careful out there.

DEX
That's not an option.

JOYCE
Then give 'em hell.

DEX
Hell it is.

Joyce leaves with Chi and Rho, one in each hand.

EXT. MURDERDROME, BARBICAN - NIGHT.

A gigantic heavily weathered door grinds open.

The riders walk beneath an archway with the slogan, 'The Race Will Set You Free.'

The door slams shut. Bolts scrape, locks clunk. This is the point of no return and it stinks of death.

The chosen 12 stand to attention and wait. They exchange anxious glances. Sweat beads. Hearts beat. Nerves fray.

EXT. MURDERDROME, BARBICAN - NIGHT.

A FROCKED PRIEST enters from a side door.

He wanders around, anoints everyone with used engine oil, mutters blessings in a language no one understands.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

Joyce, Rho and Chi, bulldoze their way through a sea of spectators.

Rho sees a gap, shakes Joyce loose.

RHO
(to Chi)
I know the best place to stand!

Chi hesitates.

RHO
Well, what are you waiting for?

He peers up at Joyce.

JOYCE
Don't even think about it,
sonny.

He looks to his sister for leadership.

RHO
Let's go! The race is gonna
start any second.

They bolt the hell out of there.

JOYCE
Hey! Where do you think you're
going? I promised Dex I'd
look after you.

While Rho charges ahead, Chi barely keeps pace.

EXT. MURDERDROME, BARBICAN - NIGHT.

While Frocked Priest exists, UMPIRE-come-drill sergeant enters, stands before the riders with an air of supreme superiority.

UMPIRE
Ladies and gentlewomen, this
is the moment you've trained
your entire lives for. In here
you are oily ragged scum. Out
there, beyond that door, you
are Motorcycle
Gladiators...barons of the
boards!

A moment.

UMPIRE
Captains!

Blaine and Dex step forward.

UMPIRE
The Builders want the
bloodiest race in history.

Sparky cups a hand over his mouth, whispers to Tank.

SPARKY
They always want the bloodiest
race in history.

UMPIRE
 (to captains)
 It's your job to make that
 happen, by whatever means
 necessary. The rules of the
 game are simple...

Umpire clears his throat.

UMPIRE
 (shouts)
 ...There is only one rule in
 Murderdrome...

A moment.

UMPIRE
 ...The only rule is...

A 10 megaton nuclear bomb explodes, fills the chamber
 with the smell of engine oil, petroleum, burnt rubber
 and...testosterone.

EVERYONE
 There are no rules!

UMPIRE
 The only rule is...

EVERYONE
 There are no rules!

UMPIRE
 The only rule is...

EVERYONE
 There are no rules!

Umpire looks at his antique pocket watch.

UMPIRE
 May the race set you free!

EVERYONE
 May the race set us free!

Umpire leaves, chuckling to himself.

UMPIRE.
 Oo-fucking-rah. Oo-fucking-
 rah.

EXT. MURDERDROME, COMMENTATOR'S SHACK - NIGHT.

Chas and Dave (40s) sit side by side at a desk in a wooden shack overlooking the track.

They are from a different era. Think 1970s DJs meets Pathe News reporters.

CHAS

Weeeeeeeeeeeelcoooooooooome to
the niiniiinnty niiniiiiinth
edition of The
Murderdroooooooooome.

The intro echoes around the stadium via the public address system. The crowd cheers.

DAVE (V.O)

That's right folks, ninety-
nine years of blood, sweat,
and gears. It's going to be a
night to remember!

Chas and Dave chat between themselves.

DAVE

That's a big number, Chas.

CHAS

It's a big race, Dave.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

Rho ducks and dives through a sea of arms and legs.
She is to this world as Lionel Messi is to soccer -
nothing can touch her.

DAVE (V.O)

The only race in the world
where Motorcycle Riders
compete for a prize tokens
cannot buy.

CHAS (V.O)

A chance to live a life of a
luxury among The Builders.

CHAS (V.O)

It's winner takes all.

DAVE (V.O)

And losers go home in a body
bag...or worse...

CHAS
This year promises to be the
bloodiest in history.

Chi suddenly trips, falls headlong, boils with
frustration as he watches Rho disappear.

He's on his feet again, the chase is on again...

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

...Meanwhile, a dog-ugly female VENDOR (50s), 'Little Miss
Eye Candy,' sells deep-fried human eyeballs, Murderdrome
Popcorn, to punters.

VENDOR
Crispy fried eyeballs, two for
a token! Two for a token! Get
your crispy fired eyeballs!

A punter waves a TOKEN, currency for Greasers, aloft.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

Rho has found a child-sized nook near the Builder's
enclosure.

CHAS (V.O)
Some people say that while
four wheels move the body...

DAVE (V.O)
...two wheels moooooove the
soooooouul.

She glances in all directions for any sign of the
Motorcycle Gladiators.

Chi clambers out of the crowd, breathless.

CHI
Why didn't you wait?

RHO
Why didn't you keep up?

Their sibling rivalry can be cut with a Playdough knife.
Rho scans the stadium with hand binoculars, peers up to
see...

EXT. MURDERDROME, SEARCH LIGHT - NIGHT.

...High above the terraces LIGHTING TECH throws a switch to a carbon-arc searchlight.

When Lighting Tech swings the light around, a blinding beam sweeps across the arena...

EXT. MURDERDROME - NIGHT.

The beam settles on the door of the Barbican. And there it waits.

Chas and Dave whisper to each other.

CHAS (V.O)
Any second now.

DAVE (V.O)
12 Motorcycle Gladiators will
proudly walk out of that door
into this spectacular arena...

INNT. MURDERDROME, BARBICAN - NIGHT.

Bolts scrape, locks clunk. The gatehouse door grinds open. The raw energy of the crowd and the beam flood in.

CHAS (V.O)
It's happening, Dave.

DAVE (V.O)
It happens the same way every
year, Chas.

A Young Wrecker pees himself. A Young Grunter nervously thumbs prayer beads. Captains give their teams the once over.

DEX
It's showtime boys!

BLAINE
Give 'em hell.

Lieutenants and junior riders slip on their animal face race masks then step out...

EXT. MURDERDROME - NIGHT.

...into the Murderdrome, an amphitheatre of motorcycle death. Suddenly, they are rock hard motorcycle superheroes, play to the crowd. The terraces explode with excitement.

DAVE (V.O)

A tremendous reception from a capacity crowd! The atmosphere is electric!

CHAS (V.O)

It's a glorious sight, Dave.
The Riders look magnificent.

EXT. MURDERDROME, BARBICAN - NIGHT.

Blaine and Dex stare each other down.

They put on their race masks - Blaine's resembles a GORILLA, while Dex's looks like a MOUSE.

Dex reaches out to shake Blaine's hand.

DEX

May the motorcycle gods bless
your race.

In one swift movement, Blaine sinks an Arkansas Toothpick between Dex's ribs.

BLAINE

You race to die mother fucker.

Dex gasps in pain, clasps his side but refuses to show weakness.

DEX

The boards will decide.

While Blaine walks away brimming with schadenfreude, Dex takes a moment, kisses the locket Rho gave him.

DEX

With all the nuts and bolts of
my heart, I love you both.

EXT. MURDERDROME - NIGHT.

Blaine blusters into the spotlight beating his chest, screaming, shouting.

The crowd feast on his antics.

BLAINE

Come on! That's what I'm
talking about! I'm a fucking
motorcycle superhero! Come on!
Come on!

DAVE (V.O)

A textbook example of how to
make an entrance and win over
a crowd!

CHAS (V.O)

Blaine, Captain of the
Grunters...a giant among men!

DAVE (V.O)

He's no man, Chas, he's a
gorilla!

EXT. MURDERDROME - NIGHT.

Dex, racked in pain, steps into the spotlight waving. The
crowd sense he's already beaten and rip him pieces.

He scans the terraces, longing to see his children but
cannot find them.

CHAS (V.O)

A textbook example of how not
to make an entrance...

DAVE (V.O)

Dex, Captain of the Wreckers...

CHAS (V.O)

...A mouse among men!

DAVE (V.O)

He's injured too.

CHAS (V.O)

(curt)

He won't last a lap.

EXT. MURDERDROME - NIGHT.

Juniors and lieutenants step onto the track with
reverence.

This is hallowed ground - A MOTORCYCLE GLADIATORIAL
BATTLEGROUND.

A Wrecker kisses the boards, endears himself to the
crowd.

CHAS (V.O)

Oh that's touching.

Chas and Dave gush with fake emotion.

DAVE (V.O)
He's won over the hearts of
everyone.

Blaine kicks him over and laughs.

DAVE (V.O)
An early show of authority
from the Gorilla.

Dex looks to the heavens, mumbles a prayer while
clutching the locket.

Sparky puts his foot through a flimsy 2 by 4 board. A
jagged edge slices his leg.

SPARK
Fuck! Fucking, fuckshire! This
does not bode well.

Chas and Dave recoil.

CHAS (V.O)
That's gotta hurt

DAVE (V.O)
It's gonna hurt even more if
just one of those two be
four's give way during the
race.

EXT. MURDERDROME, START GRID - NIGHT.

The riders wade through a slew of pit-lizards, press,
marshals, mechanics, motorheads and scrutineers.

Everyone wants a piece of the riders.

Dex scans the crowd for Chi and Rho. They cannot be seen
anywhere. Instead, his gaze settles on...

EXT. MURDERDROME, BUILDERS ENCLOSURE - NIGHT.

...the ever-aloof Builders, in their steel-cage cocoon.
They drink cocktails, place bets, eat cannibalistic
snacks with glee.

EXT. MURDERDROME, START GRID - NIGHT.

Dex finally picks out Rho and waves.

DEX
(mumbles)
Where is he? Where the hell is
he?

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

Rho clings to a fence, hovers above the crowd, waves madly.

RHO
Papa! Papa!

She peers down at Chi, offers him a hand up. He stretches but cannot make it.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, START GRID - NIGHT.

While the Gladiators limber up, mechanics make final adjustments to their bikes.

At first glance, they are all battered 1920's machines, salvaged from the desert.

But make no mistake, with massive engines, no gears or brakes, they are FRANKENBIKES ON ACID.

EXT. MURDERDROME, BUILDERS ENCLOSURE - NIGHT.

The spotlight swings round to a throne, where EXCELSIOR, Chief Builder, presides.

Two servants lift the blubbery behemoth to his feet, another shoves a microphone in his face.

EXCELSIOR
I am Excelsior, as Chief
Builder, it is my duty and
honour to welcome you all
to...the Murderdrome!

CROWD
Murder-drome! Murder-drome!
Murder-drome!

EXCELSIOR
The ultimate race of
attrition! The race where the
only thing that matters is
crossing the finishing
line...Alive!

EXCELSIOR
May the race set you free!

CROWD
May the race set us free!

Excelsior has induced the crowd into a kind of
bloodthirsty delirium.

CROWD
Murder-drome! Murder-drome!
Murder-drome!

EXT. MURDERDROME, START GRID - NIGHT.

Mechanics and hangeronnors flea from the grid.

The riders climb aboard their bikes, don flimsy leather
helmets and gauntlets, perform idiosyncratic pre-race
rituals.

Blaine flashes the steel-tips of his gloves and smiles
with murderous delight.

CHAS (V.O)
They're not standard issue
racing gauntlets.

DAVE (V.O)
Nasty!

Dex locks eyes with Blaine. The gorilla
mouths the words: You die.

Stab! Dex opens the locket, admires a picture of his
family with longing.

Stab! He kisses the image, closes the locket, slips it
into his mouth.

EXT. MURDERDROME, START GRID - NIGHT.

A sexy FLAG GIRL saunters onto the track carrying a
chequered flag and megaphone, stands before the riders.

CHAS (V.O)
This could turn very ugly very
quickly.

As she puts the megaphone to her lips, feedback silences
the crowd.

FLAG GIRL
Riders start your engines.

Riders jump on kick-starters, rinse throttles.

The sound of petro-mechanical thunder builds and builds until it is ear-splitting, tooth-rattling, earth-quaking...

EXT. MURDERDROME, START GRID - NIGHT.

The Riders stretch long and low. Engines rev. Exhausts spit flames. Back-fire bullets fly faster than an ak47.

CHAS (V.O)
This is it.

DAVE (V.O)
...The moment we've all been
waiting for...

CHAS (V.O)
Who'll come out on top?

The commentator's whisper.

DAVE (V.O)
...It's machine against machine...

CHAS (V.O)
...clan against clan...

DAVE (V.O)
...Man against man...

CHAS (V.O)
...gorilla against poor little
injured mouse...

EXT. MURDERDROME, START GRID - NIGHT.

The flag is raised. The crowd waits on baited breath for the action to begin.

The bikes roar with menace.

CHAS (V.O)
...when that flag drops...

DAVE (V.O)
...Petro-mechanical pandemonium
will rock this stadium off its
foundation.

EXT. MURDERDROME, START GRID - NIGHT.

Flag girl looks toward...

EXT. BUILDERS ENCLOSURE- DAY.

...Excelsior subtly nods.

EXT. MURDERDROME, START GRID - NIGHT.

Blaine's eyes stare at us. Now, Dex's. Repeat. Repeat. Repeat.

CHAS (V.O)
The Flag girl sure does have
flair theatre this year.

She drops the flag with panache.

DAVE (V.O)
Go! Go! Go!

The action is fast, furious, chaotic and...deadly.
The sound of hell fills the 'drome as the bikes scream
off the line.

CHAS (V.O)
They're away!

Smoke blankets the grid.

DAVE (V.O)
First time! I think...

Blaine blows a hole in the smoke.

CHAS (V.O)
Blaine surges into the lead!

Tank blows a hole in the smoke.

CHAS (V.O)
Tank, follows in his wake.

Flag Girl cowers in the middle of the track cupping her
ears.

Now Shaft appears.

DAVE (V.O)
...I think I see...Shaft...he's in
third...a terrific start.

Then Crank, then Sparky.

CHAS (V.O)
Followed by Crank and Sparky...

The smoke clears, revealing more riders. They look like a swarm of pissed off Yellow Jackets set to kill everything in their path.

DAVE (V.O)
The race is well and truly on
folks!

Nails shake loose, planks vibrate...

EXT. MURDERDROME, BUILDER'S ENCLOSURE - NIGHT.

...A glass shake-walks to the edge of a table, teeters there then smashes on the floor. A builder snaps his fingers for another drink.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK - NIGHT.

The number 10 bike punches a hole in the smoke. Wrong place, wrong time. Flag Girl is pulverised.

CHAS (V.O)
Oooooooooouch!

The Wrecker battles for control, then loses it...BIG TIME.
The bike high-sides, slams into the WALL OF DEATH, bursts into flames.

DAVE (V.O)
One down!

CHAS (V.O)
Six play five.

Spectators in that area scatter, some of them ablaze.

EXT. BUILDERS ENCLOSURE - NIGHT.

Excelsior chuckles, almost chokes on a snack.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK - NIGHT.

The Grunters team form up behind Blaine.

CHAS (V.O)
A moment of calm as the
Grunters form up behind their
captain.

DAVE (V.O)
 There's nothing calm about
 Murderdrome racing. Riders
 will hit speeds in excess
 300mph as they tip into turn
 one.

The Wreckers team form up behind Tank and Sparky.

DAVE (V.O)
 Wait! There's no sign of...

CHAS (V.O)
 ...The Wreckers Captain must be
 dead!

EXT. MURDERDROME, START GRID - DAY.

Dex's bike is lifeless.

He jumps on his kick starter. Nothing. Rinse, dry,
 repeat. Nothing. Nada. Zilch.

DAVE (V.O)
 ...Dead in the water.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT

Defeat is written all over Chi.

CHI
 He's going to lose. He's going
 to d...

Rho elbows him in the ribs.

RHO
 Come on Papa! Get her going! I
 know you can do it.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK - NIGHT.

Dex lolls his head on the handlebar.

DAVE (V.O)
 The racing Gods are against
 him

CHAS (V.O)
 He's praying to them now.

He whispers in his bikes ear.

DEX
For Rho and Chi.

Dex slams his boot into the kick starter with all the energy in his body. Rooooooooooooooooooar!

DEX
Thattatgirl!

He guns it.

CHAS (V.O)
The motorcycling Gods have spoken!

DAVE (V.O)
There he goes, Dex, Captain of the wreckers...faster than a rocket ship.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK - NIGHT.

The Grunters team follow Blaine low on the banking.

CHAS (V.O)
Blaine flies flat-out into turn one.

The Wreckers team follow Sparky low on the banking.

CHAS
This is going to be tight.

DAVE
Tighter than a rats...

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN ONE ENTRY - NIGHT.

Bikes swerve wild and loose as they squeeze into the steep corner.

CHAS (V.O)
...One false move, the entire pack goes down.

Bike 7 is in trouble - a tank slapper. The rider backs off, saves it. Now, a much deadlier problem...

CHAS (V.O)
...oh o...

Bike 11 ploughs into the back of bike 7. They disintegrate, spin out of existence.

CHAS (V.O)
A spectacular crash!

DAVE (V.O)
Two Grunters wipe each other
out!

CHAS (V.O)
It's utter mayhem out there.

A fireball engulfs turn one. No-one can see a goddamned thing.

CHAS (V.O)
Surely no-one will come out of
the fireball alive.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN ONE EXIT - NIGHT.

The spotlight swings around to the exit of turn one, hunts for the riders.

Blaine leaps from the fireball.

DAVE (V.O)
There's Blaine!

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK - NIGHT.

A shower of mangled motorbikes and dismembered riders rain down on Dex.

CHAS (V.O)
And there's Dex as he ducks,
dives dodges and weaves
through a hail of mangled
motorbikes and mutilated
bodies..

EXT. MURDERDROME, BUILDER'S ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

Splat! A handlebar, with a rider's hand attached, strikes the cage above SNOOTY BUILDER, spraying him with blood.

He dips in a finger, licks it like a lollipop.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

Thwack! A sprocket smacks a Greaser in the face, tears off his mandible.

A clansman laughs, tosses it across the arena, hits Little Miss Eye Candy in the face.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK - NIGHT.

Dex kicks out the back end, speedway style, avoids a low-flying motorcycle Exocet.

DAVE (V.O)
Lucky son-of-a...

CHAS (V.O)
...This guy's skill is off the
chart!

He wipes blood and oil from his goggles to reveal...
...A deadlier threat – the fireball rushing toward him. He
hunkers down, prays to the motorcycle gods.

DEX
(mumbles)
Please don't let me
die...Please...

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES – NIGHT.

Rho finishes her father's prayer.

RHO
...don't let him die. Please
don't let him die.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TURN ONE ENTRY – NIGHT.

Dex dives into the fireball and vanishes.

CHAS (V.O)
As one Captain rises like a
phoenix from the inferno...

DAVE (V.O)
...another enters it like a
fallen angel.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, BACK STRAIGHT – NIGHT.

Sparky escapes the flames. Now Shaft, then Crank,
followed by Tank.

CHAS (V.O)
The heads of state gather on
the back straight.

Not a single junior rider has made it.

CHAS (V.O)
The field has been decimated!
It's three against...it's...it's
difficult to tell...

DEX (V.O)
...There's no sign of the
Wreckers Captain anywhere.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

Rho dares to peek through a gap in her fingers...

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, BACK STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

...Suddenly, Dex escapes the fireball. The crowd goes wild
and so do...

CHAS (V.O)
Holy Kamoley!

DAVE (V.O)
Great balls of fire!

CHAS (V.O)
He's unstoppable!

The race is back on with vengeance.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

Rho celebrates, elbows Chi in the ribs.

RHO
He made it! He can win. I
know he can win.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, BACK STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

Blaine's eyes snap to Dex clawing back ground at twenty
thousand revs per minute.

BLAINE
Time to play by my rules.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK - NIGHT.

Blaine backs off the power, drastically.

CHAS (V.O)
There's trouble in the jungle...

DAVE (V.O)
...The Gorilla is going
backwards.

Sparky and Tank zip past him as though they have lit the afterburners.

Crank and Shaft flank their captain.

CHAS (V.O)
They're having a 300 mile-per-hour team talk.

Blaine looks Shaft directly in the eye.

BLAINE
It's every man for himself!

A beat.

BLAINE
See you in hell, fuckers!

Blaine flicks his handlebars. The lieutenant's bikes collide like two wrecking balls, tear the riders apart. The crowd are drunk with bloody excitement and so are...

CHAS (V.O)
He Shoots!

DAVE (V.O)
He scores!

EXT. MURDERDROME, INFIELd - NIGHT.

Shaft and Crank's bikes slam into the pit wall, explode. STEWARDS run for their lives.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN TWO - NIGHT.

Sparky powers out of the corner, Tank sucking wheel.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, HOME STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

Sparky barrels along the boards at a buttock-clenching pace. Tank pulls up beside him.

TANK
We've gotta do something!

SPARKY
Target Blaine. It's three against one! We can't lose.

Sparky looks to see...

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, BACK STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

Stab! Dex clutches his side, picks out Rho and Chi from the crowd. Each turn of the wheel is a promise to them.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, LAP 2, TURN ONE ENTRY - NIGHT.

Sparky shakes his head.

TANK

It's down to us. Dex is
nowhere.

Sparky and Tank power into turn one, their bikes at breaking point.

DAVE (V.O)

Now, that is a surprise...

CHAS (V.O)

...They're going to take a lap.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, BACK STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

A reflection of Blaine performs a wild blurry dance in Dex's goggles.

CHAS (V.O)

Just look at this for a
consummate exhibition of
defiance.

DAVE (V.O)

Dex wants Blaine all to
himself.

Dex bears down on his adversary board by board, so fast it's impossible to comprehend.

He passes him on the outside. The tables have turned in Dex's favour, or have they?

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN TWO - NIGHT.

Dex and Blaine blitz into the second corner, leaning one against the other.

CHAS (V.O)

Here we go...

DAVE (V.O)

...Prepare yourselves for a
battle royale...

CHAS (V.O)

...as the Captains square up to
each other...

The captains lock eyes.

Everything Murderdrome melts away. For a split second, both riders acknowledge they are the same.

They live for motorcycle racing and will die for it too.

Blaine backs off, leaving Dex to charge out of the second corner alone..

DAVE (V.O)

Well, that was...disappointing...

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, HOME STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

As Blaine bolts out of the corner, Sparky and Tank hem him in.

DAVE (V.O)

Oh, this is sweet.

CHAS (V.O)

...Blaine is locked between two bikes.

Blaine toys with the throttle.

BLAINE

Goddamit.

There's no way in hell Blaine can break free.

TANK

There's nowhere to run.

Blaine throws punches, kicks wildly, headbutts, lashes out with his gauntlet. Tank and Sparky take it like heroes.

SPARKY

There's nowhere to hide.

The lieutenants go faster than they've ever gone before, dragging Blaine along for a white knuckle ride.

CHAS (V.O)

They're going catapult him into wall of the death!

DAVE (V.O)

If they get this wrong, all three of them could die.

They wait for the perfect moment as turn one hurtles toward them.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN ONE - NIGHT.

Sparky gives Tank the nod. Tank swings off, unbalances the trio.

Disaster strikes. He loses control. The banking launches him up and out of the stadium.

CHAS (V.O)
There he goes!

He seems to hang weightless in mid-air for a while.

Tank takes in his surroundings then peers, wide-eyed, at the ground rushing toward him.

TANK
This is gonna hurt.

An explosion is heard. A mushroom cloud billows high into the air.

DAVE (V.O)
And, there he blows!

CHAS (V.O)
Tank exits the race in
spectacular style!

Blaine produces a bladed chain.

Whoop! Whoop! Whoop! He lassos it around the spokes of Sparky's front wheel - it disintegrates!

Sparky's bike flick flacks over and over again.

CHAS (V.O)
It's motorcycle gymnastics!

Sparky and his bike slide across the banking while separating.

DAVE (V.O)
That's what I call a 10-point
execution!

When he comes to rest on a slogan that reads, 'Death is the way to life, ' he reaches out for his captain.

SPARKY
Give him hell, Dex.

Sparky's head drops.

Blaine shoots past his limp body laughing to himself.

BLAINE
As easy as taking a kid from
candy.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, BACK STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

Dex salutes his fallen comrades, backs off the gas.
Blaine is on top him of again.

CHAS (V.O)
It's all square.

DAVE (V.O)
Mano a mano...

CHAS (V.O)
...To the death...

Blaine slams into Dex.

CHAS (V.O)
Blaine throws the first punch!

Dex rams Blaine.

CHAS (V.O)
Dex counters with a wild
swing!

The two Captains battle it out while thrashing along the
track at incalculable speed.

DAVE (V.O)
Metal on metal.

CHAS (V.O)
Blow after blow.

DAVE (V.O)
They give it.

CHAS (V.O)
They take it.

The fight is taking its toll on man and machine.
Dex's wound squirts blood.

CHAS (V.O)
The Mouse grows weaker with
every second.

His vision blurs, fades in and out of consciousness.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, BACK STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

In contrast Blaine showboats. The crowd lap it up like there's no tomorrow.

CHAS (V.O)
The Gorilla looks ever
stronger...

He flicks a switch. His bike finds an extra gear.

CHAS (V.O)
Woowowzers!

Dex is back in the 'drome.

DEX
(mumbles)
Don't let him get away. Don't
let him get away.

Dex looks to the heavens, flicks a switch. His banged-up bike blisters away.

CHAS (V.O)
These guys don't need
wings...their tyres are barely
touching the boards...

DAVE (V.O)
...They're flying along!

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

Rho turns to a stranger stood next to her while pointing excitedly at Dex.

RHO
That's my Dad! That's my Dad!
He's going to win!

The stranger offers a sympathetic smile.
Meanwhile, Chi can't look.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN TWO - NIGHT.

The captains scrape shoulders.

Blaine forces Dex higher up the track.

Dex's tyres skim the wall of death. Plumes of smoke and the smell and squeal of burnt rubber fill the air.

He glances at the wall of death, then fixates on it.

It's all or nothing. Dex musters his courage, opens the throttle wide open.

CHAS (V.O)

This is it...he's doing it...he's
up there on the wall of the
death.

DAVE (V.O)

It's never been done before.

The track slams into Dex's goggles at a strange new angle but...

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, HOME STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

...he's losing ground. Blaine is a bike-length ahead, two bike-lengths, three. The silverback is unstoppable.

Blaine admires his steel-tipped gauntlet and smiles with evil delight.

CHAS (V.O)

Blaine has an ace up his
sleeve.

He reaches down, hand surfs the wall. A trail of flames flood from his fingertips.

The steel tips suddenly bite, hard, almost ripping Blaine's hand off. He grimaces, but holds fast...

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, HOME STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

Stab! Stab! Stab! Dagger-sized splinters rain down on Dex, shred him to pieces.

CHAS (V.O)

The track...it's vanishing...Dex
has nowhere to go...

DAVE (V.O)

...There's nothing he can do to
save himself.

CHAS (V.O)

The celebrations have started!

The crowd's excitement is ear-splitting.

CHAS (V.O)
They think it's all over!

Then it happens. Dex slumps. His bike pinballs, wraps around a lamppost, bursts into flames.

His body soars skyward, an overhanging electrical cable decapitates him.

EXT. MURDERDROME - NIGHT.

Dex's head tumbles through the air...

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

Splat! And lands at Rho's feet.

DAVE (V.O)
It is now!

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

Rho stares at her father's head, horror struck, Chi cowering behind her.

She falls to her knees, sobs, gazes into father's eyes, totally and utterly bereft.

RHO
Papa! Papa! Papa!

He blinks. His lips open as if he's going to say one final 'I love you.' Instead, the locket falls from his lips.

Rho snatches it up with one thought in her mind: I will make them pay.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK - NIGHT.

Blaine throttles down, grabs a Grunters flag from the crowd, rides a lap of honour.

CHAS (V.O)
Laaaaaaaaaadies and
geeeeeeeeeenltemen we have a
winner!

Greasers invade the track, scavenge blood, meat and motorcycle parts.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

Rho forces her way into the Builder's enclosure.

CHI
Wait! Wait for me!

Gripped by an all-consuming rage, Rho neither looks back nor replies...

Chi hesitates, then races after her.

EXT. MURDERDROME, BUILDER'S ENCLOSURE - NIGHT.

...Rho charges toward Excelsior, leaps into the air, hands outstretched.

Suddenly, BRAWNY GUARD grabs her. She screams her head off, fists and feet flying.

RHO
Let me go! Let me go! Let me go!

Her hostile passion amuses Excelsior and his cronies.

Chi charges, head down, slams into Brawny Guard's legs.

RHO
Fight, Chi! Fight with me!

Chi looks up at BRAWNY GUARD and wilts.

RHO
Chi! Please. I'm begging you.
Fight with me!

Brawny Guard grabs Chi, waits for orders.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK - NIGHT.

Blaine stops before the Builder's enclosure.

CHAS (V.0)
There he is. A formidable opponent...

DAVE (V.0)
...and worthy winner.

When he jumps off his bike, he's mobbed by fans and press photographers.

CHAS (V.0)
The bloodiest race in history!

DAVE (V.O)
Dear racing fans...it's been one
hellava show!

CHAS AND DAVE (V.O)
We've been Chas and Dave.

CHAS AND DAVE (V.O)
See you at next year's race,
folks.

EXT. MURDERDROME, BUILDER'S ENCLOSURE - NIGHT.

Blaine approaches Excelsior, stands before him with
deference.

Two servants lift Excelsior to his feet, another hands
him a ceremonial robe, yet another shoves a microphone in
his face.

EXCELSIOR
It is my honour to present
your victor, Blaine of the
Grunters clan! The race has
set him free!

The crowd falls into madness.

CROWD
He's free! He's free! The race
has set him free!

EXCELSIOR
He was once of you...From this
day forth he is now one of us.

EXCELSIOR
(to Blaine)
Welcome to your new life among
The Builders.

Excelsior drapes the robe over Blaine's shoulders then
embraces him.

EXCELSIOR
May the race set you all free!

CROWD
Set us free! Set us free! May
the race set us free!

EXT. MURDERDROME, BUILDER'S ENCLOSURE - NIGHT.

Excelsior beckons Brawny Guard.

EXCELSIOR
Bring them to me.

He inspects Rho and Chi as though they are cockroaches.
Excelsior snatches Rho's locket, opens it, examines the photo with disdain.

EXCELSIOR
A handsome family. One of the
Motorcycle Gladiators, he was
your father?

Rho clamps her mouth shut. Brawny Guard smacks her round the back of the head.

RHO
Ow!

BRAWNY GUARD
Answer.

RHO
Yes.

Rho explodes, charges at Excelsior, fists flying. Brawny Guard holds her back.

RHO
You killed him! You killed
him! You killed him!

Excelsior doubles over with laughter. Other Builders, laugh with him.

EXCELSIOR
Child, you are gravely
mistaken. The race has set
him free!

Rho howls from the depths of her lungs.

Excelsior smiles slyly as a cruel idea occurs to him. He raises Chi's chin, admires his youthful looks, salivates...

EXCELSIOR
(to Brawny
Guard)
A boy I have use for. Clean
him up. Clothe him. Feed him.
Take him to my villa.

Excelsior looks at Rho with repulsion.

EXCELSIOR
A girl...I have no use for...Kill
her.

Brawny Guard caresses his dagger.

He is dismissed and leaves, carrying Rho and Chi – they
are mere ragdolls to him.

RHO
(to Excelsior)
Not if I kill you first!

Excelsior chuckles – the audacity of this spunky kid is
like nothings he's ever seen.

Just then, Joyce throws herself at the enclosure fence.

JOYCE
Give her to me!

What harm can this little sewer rat do?

EXCELSIOR
As you wish.

Brawny Guard reluctantly releases Rho. After climbing
through a hole in the fence, Joyce scoops her up.

RHO
You can't have him!

Chi, sobbing, peers back at his twin sister...

CHI
Rho, don't let them take me
away. Please don't let them.
Rho! Rho! Rho!

RHO
Chiiiiiii!

As they both reach out for each other, the genetic
elastic band that connects them snaps.

Chi fades away...

RHO
(to Joyce)
What about Chi?

JOYCE
He's with The Builders.

Rho fights vehemently to stave off her tears.

RHO
But...but...but...

JOYCE
But nothing. Excelsior has
spoken. His word is final. Chi
has a different life now. So,
do you.

Joyce and Rho exit.

Rho and Chi begin their new lives. Chi as a slave among
the ruling class; Rho, a free citizen among the
underclass.

TITLE: MURDERDROME.

TITLE: 5842 CYCLES LATER...

INT. SERVANTS QUARTERS, CHI'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

JUDE (50s), wiry and wise, makes stew in the cramped,
prison-like quarters he and Chi call home.

Dusty light pours through a glassless window.

On one wall are call bells with the names of several
Builders printed beneath them.

Despite obvious signs of servitude, Jude cheerily hums to
himself and waits for the arrival of...

...The rising sound of footsteps is heard. A wooden door
swings open.

Exhausted and tense, Chi enters and sets down a package
next to Jude. It is wrapped in blood-stained brown paper.

JUDE
Watcha got today?

CHI
See for yourself.

Jude unwraps the package to reveal an infant human foot
and shinbone.

His eyes swell to the size of motorcycle headlights.

JUDE
Mm mm mm, Excelsior sure does
treat you well.

CHI
(sarcastic)
Think so?

JUDE
I know so. I've not eaten so
well all the years of my life.

CHI
Harvested today.

Jude dangles the limb above his open mouth, squeezes
blood onto his tongue. He smacks his lips with delight.

JUDE
You ain't wrong, young'un. You
ain't wrong.

Jude drops the limb into a pan, adds seasoning.

CHI
I gotta shower.

JUDE
Supper will be ready in no
time.

Chi leaves.

INT. SHANTYTOWN, RHO'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

Joyce prepares stew in the cramped, ramshackle quarters
she and Rho call home.

Dusty light streams through a window and cracks in the
walls and ceiling.

Despite obvious signs of poverty, Joyce cheerily hums to
herself and waits for the arrival of...

...The rising sound of footsteps is heard.

A wooden door swings open. Rho enters, greased up to the
eyeballs, slumps into a chair.

JOYCE
You're late.

RHO
Some new kid, all show and no
go, ego the size Excelsior's
ass, caused a mass pile. Lou
kept me back to sort out the
mess.

JOYCE
Lou's head coach now?

RHO
Yup.

JOYCE
What happened to Greeves?

Rho draws a finger across her neck.

JOYCE
How?

RHO
Harvested.

Joyce pauses for thought. Meanwhile, Rho tosses three coins and a small protein pack across the table.

Joyce looks at Rho's wages with disapproval.

JOYCE
You were paid twice as much yesterday.

RHO
Lou took out the cost of today's repairs.

JOYCE
He can't do that!

Rho shrugs her shoulders as if to say: Lou can do whatever the hell he wants.

JOYCE
Right, young lady, wash your hands. Dinner is almost ready.

Rho playfully scowls.

JOYCE
My house. My rules.

Rho's takes in the squaller then glares at Joyce.

RHO
Our home.

She jumps to her feet, strides across the room.

INT. CITADEL, CHI'S QAURTERS, SHOWER CUBICLE - DAY.

Chi steps into an adjoined cubicle and strips, reveals a body marked with fresh and fading bruises.

He turns on a tap, steps beneath a stream of icy water.

INT. CITADEL, CHI'S QAUARTERS - DAY.

Jude puts down a spoon, peers into the cubicle, catches sight of...

INT. CITADEL, CHI'S QAUARTERS, SHOWER CUBICLE - DAY.

...Bloody water runs down Chi's legs, pools around his feet.

INT. CITADEL, CHI'S QAUARTERS - DAY.

It is evident Chi has been physically and sexually abused, countless times.

JUDE

Excelsior, sure does have his
favourites.

Jude's words cut deep.

Ashamed, Chi turns away, covers what's left of his modesty.

CHI

Go away! Leave me alone old
man!

Jude returns to the stove.

JUDE

Whatever you say, young'un,
whatever you say.

INT. CITADEL, CHI'S QAUARTERS, SHOWER CUBICLE - DAY.

Chi attacks his body with a bar of soap, attempts to rid himself of every impurity.

He lets out an animalistic groan, slumps to the floor, sobs his heart out.

CHI

(mumbles)

Why did you leave me, Rho?
It's all your fault! You were
always one step ahead...I could
never keep up...

JUDE (O.S.)

Cryin' about it ain't goin'
help no-one.

CHI

Mind your own business!

INT. CITADEL, CHI'S QAUARTERS - DAY.

Jude merrily hums, tastes the stew with a dipping finger.

JUDE
(to himself)
A little more salt should do
the trick.

He tosses in a handful of seasoning.

INT. CITADEL, CHI'S QAUARTERS, SHOWER CUBICLE - DAY.

Meanwhile, Chi, shivering from head to toe, hides behind his hands.

CHI
(mumbles)
...you were Dex's favourite. He
loved you more. It should have
been me. I was the eldest...

JUDE (O.S.)
Use the ointment on the 'sill.
It should help.

Chi ignores the old man. He whimpers, watches blood-stained water disappear down a plug hole.

EXT. SHANTYTOWN, RHO'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

Rho watches grimy water disappear down a plug hole while washing her hands at a sink.

She dries her hands on the back of her pants, shows them to Joyce.

RHO
Happy now?

Joyce holds Rho's hands.

JOYCE
You have your father's hands...

Joyce peers into Rho's eyes.

JOYCE
...and his eyes.

RHO
And his biking instincts.

JOYCE
(chuckles)
Yes, that too.

Joyce pats Rho on the cheek in a motherly way.

JOYCE
Now, sit.

Rho sits at a table, impatient. So impatient, her leg pistons up and down.

INT. CITADEL, CHI'S QAUARTERS - DAY.

While Jude cooks, Chi enters. His hair is wet, his eyes are red, but his tears are gone.

Jude downs tools, pats Chi on the cheek in a fatherly way.

JUDE
Better?

CHI
Much.

JUDE
Thattalad. Now, sit.

Chi sits at a table, impatient. So impatient his leg to pistons.

Excelsior's bell rings. Chi glances at it with loathing.

JUDE
You better...

Chi cuts him down.

CHI
No!

EXT. SHANTYTOWN, RHO'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

Joyce places a pan on the table and sits.

She snaps open the protein pack, stirs it into the stew.

Joyce clears her throat. Rho looks at her as if to ask 'Must we?' The unspoken reply, 'Yes'.

They bow their heads.

INT. CITADEL, CHI'S QAUARTERS - DAY.

Jude joins Chi, sets a pan down on the table, clears his throat.

Chi glares at Jude as if to say, 'I haven't got time for this.' Jude's unspoken reply, 'Make time'.

They both bow their heads.

EXT. SHANTYTOWN, RHO'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

Joyce sucks in solemn breath.

JOYCE
May this food restore strength
in our minds and our bodies.

Jude's voice is heard over the top of Joyce's.

JUDE (V.O)
May this food restore strength
in our minds and our bodies.

INT. CITADEL, CHI'S QAURTERS - DAY.

Jude sucks in a thoughtful breath.

JUDE
And may the poor bastard kid
who sacrificed themselves to
provide it find peace.

Joyce's voice is heard over the top of Jude's.

JOYCE (V.O)
And may those who sacrificed
themselves to provide it find
eternal peace.

EXT. SHANTYTOWN, RHO'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

A macabre silence fills the air as the cannibalistic
truth about protein pack sinks in.

Rho opens one eye...

Joyce raises her head, snaps to an upbeat mood.

JOYCE
Let's eat.

...then the other.

RHO
Shall I?

JOYCE
Don't stand on ceremony.

Rho serves two portions.

INT. CITADEL, SERVANTS QUARTERS, CHI'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

A morbid silence fills the air as the barbaric truth about the limb hits home.

Chi opens one eye...

Jude finally raises his head, snaps to a cheerful demeanor.

JUDE

Let's eat.

...then the other.

Excelsior's bell rings again. Chi shakes his head while serving food.

Jude wafts steam over his face, fills his lungs.

JUDE

Smells like chicken.

Chi strips meat from a bone with his teeth, noisily chews.

CHI

Tastes like chicken.

JUDE

How the hell do you know what chicken tastes like? I ain't seen one since I was knee high to grasshopper.

CHI

A what?

JUDE

Exactly!

They both laugh, eat with gusto.

INT. CITADEL, SERVANTS QUARTERS, CHI'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

Joyce eats with reticence. When Rho sticks a spoon into her stew it stands up on end.

RHO

We live like animals...

JOYCE

We live.

RHO

...while The Builders live like kings and queens...

Joyce puts her spoon down.

JOYCE
They are Builders. We are
Greasers.

Rho plays with her spoon.

RHO
But...

Joyce, exasperated, sighs.

RHO
...it was different once...before
the war. I've been to the
dunes and seen it for
myself...There were something
called...libraries...

JOYCE
That was then. This is now.

RHO
...and schools...

JOYCE
Enough!

RHO
...and hospitals...

JOYCE
...AND WAR! We have enjoyed
peace for nearly a century.
What's gone is gone. Now eat!

RHO
Fine!

The women eat in silence. Rho puts down her spoon again.

RHO
We outnumber them. We could...

Joyce interjects.

JOYCE
We could do what?

Rho's tongue trips over the ideas racing in her mind.

RHO
We could...we could...work
together...and...

JOYCE
...overthrow them?

The idea of revolution lingers in the air like an
unexploded bomb.

RHO
Yes!

JOYCE
They have all the power.

RHO
They only have the power we
give them. Our weakness is
their strength, our division
their unity, we sacrifice our
lives for theirs...they are fat...

Rho roles up a sleeve to reveal an emaciated
arm.

RHO
...while we are thin! Our tears
are their joy.

Joyce has heard talk like this before.

JOYCE
Like father like daughter.

Rho growls with frustration...

INT. CITADEL, SERVANTS QUARTERS, CHI'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

Jude studies Chi then sets down his spoon.

JUDE
I knew him, your father.

Chi, indifferent, slurps his stew.

JUDE
We trained together.

CHI
Oh?

JUDE

I didn't even come close to making the cut. But Dex...boy-oh-boy, he was the best of us. There was nothing he couldn't do on a motorcycle.

That bloody annoying bell rings again.

Chi rolls his eyes. He's heard Jude's stories of the good ol' days innumerable times.

JUDE

There were two things he loved more than the air in his lungs. His family...

Chi sucks marrow from a human bone.

CHI

And motorcycle racing.

Chi's words scarcely register.

JUDE

He lived for both. He died for both.

Jude then says something Chi has never heard before.

JUDE

Some say he was The One.

Chi puts down his spoon, leans towards Jude expecting a revelation.

CHI

The One?

JUDE

The One to unite the clans and overthrow the builders...

Jude peers into the distance with vain hope.

JUDE

...The One to kill Excelsior.

CHI

My father is dead, old man. Dead! The Murderdrome killed him!

JUDE

He lives on...in our hearts...in
our minds...in our souls and...in
his two children...Chi and Rho.
It was no accident he gave his
twins those names.

CHI

If he was The One, we'd be
living a life of luxury among
the Builders. Instead, I live
as a slave! A slave!

JUDE

You live!

CHI

And my sister, if she's still
breathing, lives freely. She
abandoned me! She left me in
the hands of the Builders to
be used and abused...all the
days of my miserable life.

Right on cue, Excelsior's bell rings.

JUDE

All is not what it appears.

Chi slams his hands into the table, jumps to his feet,
looms over Jude while he balls at him, splattering him in
spit.

CHI

I live in hell...

The bell rings.

CHI

...While she lives in...

JUDE

...heaven?

EXT. SHANTYTOWN, RHO'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

Rho scoops up her stew like there's no tomorrow.

JOYCE

Hey! Sloooooow down. You'll
give yourself indigestion.
What's the rush?

Roaaaar! Rooaaaaar! Rooooooooooooooooaaaaar!

The sound of mechanical thunder provides the answer.

While Joyce stops her bowl from shake-walking off the table, Rho jumps to her feet.

RHO
I gotta go!

JOYCE
You gotta wash the dishes.

RHO
No can do. Sol waits for no-one.

Rho bolts the hell out of there.

RHO
Don't wait up.

The door slams shut, almost falls off its hinges.

Joyce stands with a heavy heart, dumps dishes into the sink, then peers through a gap in a threadbare net curtain to see...

...outside, Rho climbs on the pillion seat of a beaten up CAFÉ RACER, Sol (20s) at the controls...

JOYCE
May the motorcycle Gods watch over you.

INT. CITADEL, SERVANTS QUARTERS, CHI'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

Chi scoops up stew like it's his last day on earth.

JUDE
What's the rush young'un?

Roaaaar! Roaaaaaar! Roooooooooooooaaar!

The sound of caged fury provides the answer. While Jude stops the table from shake-walking across the room, Chi jumps to his feet.

CHI
I gotta go.

Chi starts to leave.

JUDE
If you go anywhere near a motorcycle, you'll be harvested.

Chi hesitates, turns to face Jude.

CHI
If I stay here, I'm done for.
If I go I'm done for. I can't
win. A different version of
hell waits for me around every
corner. Motorcycling is the
only freedom.

Chi takes off.

CHI
Don't wait up, old man.

The door slams shut behind him.

Jude stands, dumps dishes into a sink, peers through the
window to see...

...outside, Chi climbs on the pillion seat of an UGLY BEAST
of a motorcycle, a beautiful young woman, BRYN (20s), at
the controls.

JUDE
(mumbles)
May the motorcycling Gods
steer him straight.

EXT. SHANTYTOWN, RHO'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

...The Café Racer idles on a narrow street of Shantytown, a
post-apocalyptic version of York's Shambles.

The place is abuzz with activity. There are street
vendors, male and female prostitutes...

Sol revs the engine within an inch of its life. Flames
spew from the exhaust.

RHO
Well, what are you waiting
for? Let's go!

SOL
Hang on.

Rho stretches out aeroplane hands while taking a deep
meditative breath — she's seen Sol ride a bike, he's no
Valentino Rossi.

Sol kicks in first, pulls away...at a snail's pace.

RHO
(laughs)
Is that all you got?

SOL
I'm saving it for the
twisties.

RHO
(sarcastic)
Sure you are.

Sol weaves around Greasers who spill into his path.

EXT. CITADEL, CHI'S QUARTERS - DAY.

Ugly Beast idles in an alleyway.

This part of citadel resembles a run-down Greek fishing village. It's all grubby blue doors and grimy white-washed walls.

Servants, busy with chores, come and go. Overseers stand at their posts in the far distance.

Bryn steals a forbidden kiss – an act punishable by death through harvesting.

In the background, Excelsior's bell rings.

CHI
Let's get thehellouttahere.

BRYN
No complaints from me.

Bryn spins the bike around, fills the air with burnt rubber then wheelies her way out of there, the bike screaming beneath her.

EXT. SHANTYTOWN, SIDE STREET - DAY.

...The Café Racer turns into a side street. Sol and Rho pass a group of kids killing time on a corner.

KID A
It's a motorcycle Gladiator!

The kids run alongside the bike.

KID B
Let's hear what's she got!

Sol, shakes his head.

KID C
Go on mister, give her a
fistful.

RHO
We'll be lynched if you don't.

SOL
Your way or the high way, huh?

RHO
Damned right.

SOL
(to the kids)
Stand clear.

The kids back off.

Roaaaar! Roooooooooaaaaar! Roooooooooaaaaar!

Flames spew from the pipes. Pop! Pop! Pop! The exhaust backfires.

The kids go mad with excitement!

RHO
Let's get out of here!

Rho grabs the throttle and twists, hard. The rear wheel spins wildly. The bike vanishes into a plume of dust-filled smoke.

EXT. CITADEL, ALLEYWAY - DAY.

Ugly Beast slides round a corner, Bryn beaming. The bike is upright again, She's back on gas again.

A dilapidated bridge fast approaches.

Chi reads her mind.

CHI
Find another way.

Bryn lets the bike do the talking. She opens her up, preloads the bike...hits the bridge.

The bike fly's into the air with more style than Street Hawk.

BRYN
Whoaaaaaaaaaaa!

The tyres hit the ground, kick up a cloud of dust that washes over screen.

EXT. EDGE OF SHANTYTOWN - DAY.

...Sol and Rho cruise past several signs: 'Excelsior is watching you,' 'Excelsior's love knows no bounds,' Excelsior is just...'...and more.

Rho, surveys the grim surroundings. There's nothing but squalor in every direction.

Suddenly, a foul odour hits her – the stench of a human processing plant. It reeks of death and cannibalism.

She almost gags, but morbid curiosity forces her to look.

Even from the road, through mesh windows, she catches unsettling glimpses of...

EXT. DUSTY TRACK - DAY.

Ugly Beast purrs along a track running parallel to THE WALL that separates Shantytown from the Citadel.

Propaganda from both sides rushes over the windshield in a frenzy of contradiction.

Love. Hate. Power. Control. Divide. Unite. Freedom. Murder. Revolution...repeat ad infinitum.

Frankly, right now, neither Bryn nor Chi care.

They are on a bike. They are riding. That's all that matters.

The stench of a human processing plant hits Bryn square in the face.

Morbid curiosity compels her to look...

EXT. HUMAN PROCESSING PLANT - DAY.

...a production line.

A worker hacks human bodies to pieces at a butchers block.

Another feeds body parts, bones an' all into a grinder.

Yet another wraps blocks of compressed protein as a machine endlessly spits them out.

In the background, other workers toil over steaming vats.

All of them have the same zomboid look. Their expressions are blank; their movements machinelike.

The entire operation is controlled by micro-managing armed Overseers.

EXT. EDGE OF SHANTYTOWN - DAY.

Rho snaps out of her morbid trance.

RHO

I'm never going to eat meat again.

SOL

If you don't. You'll die.

Sol opens the lungs of his beloved motorcycle. We watch them disappear into the distance.

EXT. EDGE OF THE CITADEL - DAY.

Bryn snaps out of her trance.

BRYN
Poor bastards.

CHI
Who cares? Just ride.

She rinses the throttle. They disappear into the distance.

EXT. DUSTY TRACK - DAY.

The slaves contentedly cruise until Bryn spots a checkpoint blocking the road.

It cuts right through THE WALL, has lookout towers on either side and is heavily guarded.

Bryn changes down. The sound of the bike transforms from that of angry T-rex to a content lion.

CHI
What are you doing?

BRYN
There's no way through.

CHI
If you stop, they kill us.

BRYN
If we don't, they kill us.

EXT. CHECKPOINT - DAY.

When Bryn pulls up, the bike is surrounded by GUARDS. CAPTAIN puts a blade to Bryn's neck.

CAPTAIN
Switch off the engine and
remove the goggles...

Bryn hesitates.

CAPTAIN
Now!

While Bryn carries out the order, Captain turns to Chi.

CAPTAIN
You too bitch seat.

Chi hesitates.

CAPTAIN
The goggles. Now. Or, I take
off your girl's head. Your
choice.

Captain presses his blade into Bryn's neck so hard it
bleeds.

BRYN
(to Chi)
Do as he says.

Chi cedes.

Captain inspects Bryn and Chi like they are dog shit on
his shoe.

CAPTAIN
You are not Builders.

A tall HOODED MAN steps forward, pushing Captain and his
subordinates aside.

HOODED MAN
How did you come by this...

Hooded Man casts his eyes over the motorcycle with
loathing.

HOODED MAN
...this machine.

Hooded Man reveals his face — it is Blaine, fat and old.
Chi cannot believe it. The man who killed his father and
won the Murderdrome all those years ago stands before
him.

Chi is caught between sheer bloody anger and admiration.

CHI
You're...you're...

He trips over his tongue.

CHI
 ...The Gorilla! Motorcycle
 Gladiator!

BLAINE
 I haven't been called that
 name for a long time.

A beat.

BLAINE
 Serfs are not permitted to
 ride motorcycles. You know the
 penalty...you are hereby
 sentenced to immediate
 harvest.

Captain salivates as he draws his sword. Bryn's eyes well
 with tears.

BRYN
 No, please no.

Chi's grabs Blaine's dagger, brandishes it aloft.

BLAINE
 Don't make it harder on
 yourself.

CHI
 Don't do this. You were once
 one of us. Please, I beg you.
 Let us go. I'll do anything
 you ask.

Chi throws the dagger to the floor in frustration.

BRYN
 (to Chi)
 Don't bind yourself to him.

BLAINE
 Anything?

CHI
 Name your price.

BLAINE
 Careful, you could end up
 owing something you don't want
 to give.

CHI
 Anything.

BLAINE
 (to Captain)
 Allow them to pass.

The life bargain has been struck. There is no getting out of it.

Bryn hits Chi on the head.

BRYN
What have just done?

CHI
I saved us.

BRYN
No, Chi, you have condemned us.

CHI
We're already dead!

Captain looks to a subordinate.

CAPTAIN
Raise the barrier, let them through!

As the barrier is raised, Bryn and Chi don their riding goggles at precisely the same time.

Bryn smiles as a wicked idea crosses her mind.

BRYN
(to Chi)
How do you want to do this?
Slow and steady or...

CHI
(to Bryn)
With style!

Bryn primes the bike to launch. The mechanical T-rex growls right on cue.

Captain waves her on. She's off! Pro Stock fast, leaves check point personnel coughing in a thick cloud of smoke-filled dust.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH SOL AND RHO - DAY.

Meanwhile, Sol, concentration etched on his face, surges into a switchback corner, as fast as he dares.

The tyres squeal under the strain. The engine growls with unadulterated rage.

He's knee-scraping low.

Rho hand surfs the asphalt. For her this is no more thrilling than a merry-go-round.

Sol trades lean angle for throttle - far too soon.
The rear wheel squirrels around, forces him to back out.

RHO
Strike one.

He blames anything but himself.

SOL
Heap of shit tyres.

RHO
Straighten her up, get on the
gas.

A snaking mountain pass rams into Sol's goggles.
Next on the menu, a series of S bends.
Rho knows the place like the back of her hand, coaches
Sol.

RHO
3rd gear, left.

SOL
I know, I know!

Sol nods, brakes, changes down.
Another mistake...he releases the brake wholesale, throws
the bike out of shape.
He backs off. Rho slaps him on the head.

RHO
Strike two! Ever heard of
trail breaking?

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH RHO AND SOL - DAY.

Sol tiptoes around a sweeping righthander.

RHO
Riding like this isn't going
to cut it on the boards.

The blue-touch paper of Sol's ego is lit.

SOL
(mumbles)
I'll show her.

Sol grabs the throttle.
2nd gear, 7200 revs rising to 3rd gear 10,00 revs.

Another lefthander...

Sol grits his teeth, puts his shoulder into the turn, brakes.

The bike banks over at an unimaginable low angle.

Rho searches for the exit.

RHO
Wait. Wait. Wait.

Sol eases off the brake, applies throttle. He's gottit. He's finally cornering like a pro.

Then too much throttle, too soon. The backend steps out.

Rho draws a finger over Sols neck.

RHO
Strike three! You're done!

Sol pussy foots around the next corner, a righthander.

RHO
You gotta be more patient!

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH BRYN AND CHI - DAY.

Bryn, cool as ice, throws the bike into a hairpin bend with more flair than Casey Stoner.

Chi's reaction is identical to his twin's - he's in the pleasure ride zone, hand surfs the asphalt.

Bryn trades lean angle for throttle, slowly...slowly...

CHI
Gas! Gas! Gas!

BRYN
I am, I am!

A series of S bends is coming right up.

Bryn smiles with relish. She knows this stretch inside and out.

CHI
3rd gear, left.

BRYN
Quiet!

Wow! The backend is up. She's manuellling round a high-speed lefthander.

CHI
What the hell was that?

BRYN
Style, pure style.

Bryn throws her shoulder into a righthander.

The bike leans and leans. The tyres squeal louder than a birthing sow.

Then, trouble. The equation of lean angle, grip and throttle is off.

The bike is in horrible shape. Suddenly, the rear tyre bites harder than a Great White. However, the bike merely flicks upright. A near miss.

Chi shakes his head.

CHI
Strike one!

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH RHO AND SOL - DAY.

A long straight opens out in front of Sol. Desperate to put Rho in her place, he guns it.

The half-baked plan backfires faster than a Dodge Tomahawk.

For starters, he scares himself half to death while Rho chuckles to herself.

And now, the bike coughs and splutters, then...
...dies.

RHO
Look after the bike, and the bike will after you.

SOL
Nothing I haven't heard before.

RHO
Pull in, let me take a look at her.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, ROADSIDE, WITH SOL AND RHO - DAY.

Sol stops the bike, kicks down the side stand. They jump off. Rho sets to work, tackles the fundamentals and...

— peeks inside the tank.

RHO
We have fuel.

— checks the fuel and coolant lines.

RHO
No leaks.

— disconnects the spark plugs, blows dust from one of them.

RHO
All good.

Rho notices two wires hanging loose in the heart of the machine.

RHO
Gotcha.

She expertly splices them together.

She climbs aboard the bike — up front — starts her up, the bike roars to life.

Sol pushes Rho aside. They lock eyes.

SOL
If the Overseers catch you,
we'll be harvested.

Rho glances around in all directions.

RHO
I don't see any Overseers, do
you?

SOL
They could be anywhere.

Rho points out this and that.

RHO

There's one hiding behind that rock. Another up that tree. An entire goddam army of them is waiting around the corner. And there's one stood behind you right now.

Sol falls for it, peers over his shoulder.

RHO

Made you look.

SOL

Not funny.

RHO

Well, are you with me or against me?

Sol knows he'll never get the better of Rho. She's another level.

SOL

With you.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH BRYN AND CHI - EXT.

Bryn chills around a righthander, presses a mental reset button. The bike groans with impatience as does Chi.

CHI

I thought we were out here to ride?

As the road straightens, Bryn drops a gear, bombs it, catches Chi off guard.

CHI

Whooooooooaaaaa!

She giggles to herself.

BRYN

Betta hang on.

Bryn's hands and feet glide over the controls.

A sweeping lefthander performs a wild dance in her goggles.

BRYN
(mumbles)
Brake as deep as you can.

Bryn waits and waits...
She brakes, but misses the apex, sets the bike upright.

CHI
Stike two!

Bryn shrugs it off, grits her teeth.

BRYN
(mumbles)
I'll show him.

She pins it, machine guns through the gears.
Another righthander rams down Bryn's throat. She tips
in, hunts for the apex.
Her timing is off – by a mile.
She slams on the anchors. The rear wheel shoots skyward.
The road, however, is running out fast.
The front wheel finally stop – just millimetres from a
precipitous drop. Think Pikes Peak on anabolics.
The back wheel drops.

CHI
Strike three! You're outta
there!

Bryn cannot believe her luck – good and bad.

BRYN
Sorry, I don't know...I don't
what I was thinking.

Chi playfully slaps her on the head.

CHI
You were thinking too much!
My turn.

When Bryn kicks down the side stand, they both jump off
the bike...

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH RHO AND SOL - EXT.

Rho revs the engine. Sol pillions.

RHO
Ready for the ride of your
life?

Sol shakes his head.

Rho dons her goggles, limbers up like a prize fighter.

Roar! Roooar! Roooooooooar!

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH CHI AND BRYN - DAY.

...Chi sits at the controls, revs the engine. Bryn pillions.

CHI
Ready for the ride of your
life?

BRYN
Impress me. I dare you.

CHI
Challenge accepted.

Chi stretches over the machine. His body position uncannily similar to his twin's.

Roar! Roooar! Roooooooooar!

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH RHO AND SOL - DAY.

...Rho dumps the clutch.

Pandemonium erupts. She's away! Quick as a flash! 1st gear...

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH CHI AND BRYN - DAY.

...Chi dumps the clutch. He's away, fast as lightening. 1st gear...

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH RHO AND SOL - DAY.

Rho's hands and feet quick-step around the controls in perfect synchrony...

...2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th...and now 6th...

Silky, smooth, fluid. Rho is the best motorcyclist the world has ever seen. She's fantastic! She's marvellous!

Sol can't watch, screams his head off like a little girl.

SOL
Hooooooly mother of Gooooood!

His ego is nuked to oblivion.

Rho glances around...

To the left, the colours of the mountainside dissolve into an unrecognisable blur.

To the right a steep drop. One false move – death.

Up ahead, a corner, somewhere.

Rho computes the variables faster than a quantum computer.

She squeezes the brake, drops gears, rev matches, shifts her weight, tips in...

Sparks fly from the footpeg! What a show! What unfathomably skill!

Rho is the female of version of Valentino Rossi, Giacomo Agostini and Barry Sheene all rolled in one.

She could be the motorcycle Heroine the Murderdrome has been waiting for.

Rho glugs down every microsecond of it with delight.

A bloodthirsty crowd are heard chanting, in her imagination.

CROWD
Murder-drome! Murder-drome!
Murder-drome!

RHO
Whooooooooooooohoooooooooooo!

She trades gas for lean angle, the bike is upright again.

Boooooooooooooom! There she goes! Her hands and feet foxtrot, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th...and now 6th...

SOL
Slow down!

Rho beams with pleasure.

RHO
Not on your life!

SOL
It's my life I'm worried about!

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH CHI AND BRYN - DAY.

Chi punches through the gears...2nd, 3rd...Bryn gulps it all down with delight.

BRYN

Faster.

Her words don't register. Chi is in a motorcycling zone of adrenaline, endorphins, the sound of blistering speed. There's just him, the bike and the road...4th, 5th... and now 6th...

By God he's a natural. His hands and feet effortlessly waltz around the controls.

Chi glances around...

To the left, the mountains blurs into oblivion. To the right a steep drop. One false move - death.

Up ahead, a sweeping corner.

Chi computes the variables. He squeezes the front brake, drops gears.

He shifts his weight, tips in, sparks fly from the footpeg!

Chi could be the motorcycle hero the Murderdrome has been waiting for.

He smiles with satisfaction. He can almost hear a blood thirsty Murderdrome crowd chanting...

CROWD

Murder-drome! Murder-drome!
Murder-drome!

CHI

Whooooooooooooohoooooooooooo!

He trades gas for lean angle...the bike is upright again...

Kaboooooooooom! There he goes...

His hands and feet perform a flamenco...3rd, 4th, 5th, and now, 6th...

BRYN

Slow down

CHI

Never!

CHI

S's coming right up!

Bryn anchors her arms around Chi.

First a lefthander. Next, a righthander. He rails through both corners like a high speed train.

There's another biker on the same stretch of road - one corner ahead.

CHI
(mumbles)
Tagert acquired.

Bryn reads Chi's mind.

BRYN
Don't even think about it.

CHI
Too late.

Go! Go! Go! Up the gears.....2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th...100 mph, 150, 170...

Chi blisters down a straight, 6th gear, full gas, the other bike centred in his sights.

He's closing the gap. 50 metres, 20 metres...

Burnt oil, shredded rubber and road debris rain down on him...

...10 metres...

He's in the other bikes dirty air.

The bars jostle all over the place, Chi tightens his grip. A tank-slapping mistake.

BRYN
Back off, relax.

CHI
No!

Chi sets his chin, powers through the speed wobble.

Then...Bam! Contact! There's smack of wheels.

The other bike accelerates, swerves one way then the other, trying to shake Chi loose.

Chi is having none of it, lingers behind, following every move, mere inches away.

CHI
Game on.

A gap opens.

Chi grabs a fistful of throttle dives in...

The bikes are side by side. The riders lock eyes.

They ride and stare at each other, almost casually, while hurtling along the road at 200 miles per hour.

Then it happens.

Chi thinks he recognises the other rider. There's something familiar about them.

He's not wrong...

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH RHO AND SOL - DAY.

...The other rider is Rho. She too senses there is something familiar about the motorcyclist chasing her.

Rho shakes off the sensation, resets her mind to the task at hand - full throttle motorcycle madness...

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH CHI AND BRYN - DAY.

...Chi shakes off his thoughts, then, overcome with inexplicable rage, throws a motorcycle punch.

Clang! Crunch!

Metal on metal.

He barges into Rho...

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, ONBOARD WITH RHO AND SOL - DAY.

...her bike swerves wildly across the road. Rho will not take that lying down.

RHO
(mumbles)
So you want to play by 'drome
rules?

Sol reads Rho's mind.

SOL
Forget it. Drop back. Stay
out of trouble.

RHO
You don't prod a hornets nest
and expect to walk away
without being stung.

SOL
You'll live to regret it.

RHO
I'll die trying!

Sol face says it all: 'I thought you'd say that.'

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH CHI AND BRYN - DAY.

Bryn makes a 'cut it out' hand gesture.

BRYN
What the hell d'you think
you're doing?

Chi shrugs his shoulders.

CHI
Having fun!

BRYN
Back off!

CHI
I've only just begun.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY.

Bang! Rho slams into Chi.

Bang! Chi slams into Rho.

While their pillion riders are scared out of their wits,
Rho and Chi are totally in their element.

This is what they were born for.

They trade blow after blow after blow. Metal on metal,
rubber on rubber, skin on skin...

And now, a new danger. A tight corner.

Rho dives to the inside, squeezes the front brake, tips
in...

Chi's options are out. He rides around her. He brakes
hard, tips in.

There's no space.

Chi is on top of Rho. They tear round the corner at
breathtaking speed.

Chi flicks the bars. Bam! It's a motorcycle upper cut!

Screeeeeeaaaaach!

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH CHI AND BRYN - DAY.

Rho's front wheel washes out.

Cruuuuuunch!

Rho and Sol, hit the deck, hard! They're tossed clear of
the bike and each other.

The bike skids across the road, trailing sparks.

Sol, his eyes fixed on Rho, slides on his back, shredding
leather.

Rho is out cold. Her lifeless body tumbles and tumbles then stops dead, face down.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH CHI AND BRYN - DAY.

Chi backs off the gas, changes down, rev matches.

Vroooooom! Vroooooom! Vrooooooooooom!

Chi passes Rho's limp body with slow menace, his eyes fixed on her. He soaks up the victory, takes no pity on his victim.

BRYN
We should stop.

Chi ignores her.

BRYN
They could be hurt. We can't leave, it's against Biker code.

Chi's heart hardens, zips away leaving a plume noxious fumes behind him.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH RHO AND SOL - DAY.

Meanwhile, Sol jumps to his feet, winces in pain. He sees the other biker speed away, throws his fists.

SOL
Crazy ffffiiaiiiiing idiot!

He hears their bike grind to a halt - it teeters over the edge of a cliff.

Sol races to Rho's body, drops to his knees.

SOL
Rho? Rho? Can you hear me?
Rho?

Nothing. When Sol turns Rho over she's as white as a ghost.

SOL
Rho?

Sol tears off Rho's goggles, lifts an eyelid.

SOL
Rho?

Still nothing. Sol checks for a pulse. Zero. He administers CPR.

SOL
Come on...Come on...Come on...

Suddenly, Rho's eyes burst open. She sucks in a lung full air.

RHO
(groggy)
How's the bike?

Sol looks to the bike - it could fall any second.

SOL
Hanging on.

RHO
Who was that?

SOL
A death wish junky.

Rho checks to see if she can move her hands. All good.

RHO
Wooooohoooo! That was frigging awesome. Let's do it again!

SOL
(curt)
Errrrr...No.

Sol stands.

SOL
Can you walk?

RHO
Think so. You?

SOL
Just.

Sol helps Rho to her feet. They both limp over to the scuffed bike, arm in arm.

RHO
Anyone would think you've got a soft spot for me.

SOL
Who's Anyone?

Rho playfully elbows Sol in the ribs.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH CHI AND BRYN - DAY.

Chi rounds a corner, drops through the gears, turns off the main road onto a bumpy track.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS, WITH RHO AND SOL - DAY.

Sol rounds a similar corner, turns off the main road onto a bumpy track.

EXT. VANTAGE POINT 1 - SUNSET.

The bike is parked, a fire burns.

Sol and Rho sit side by side, their feet dangle over the edge of a cliff, the desert spreads out beneath them.

From here it's possible to see Shantytown and the Citadel.

The contrast is brutal. The rich and the poor. Rulers and serfs. Heaven and hell. It's all there in plain sight.

RHO
Sorry.

SOL
For what?

RHO
The bike...

SOL
The scratches will buff out.

In the background, a panel falls off the bike, crashes to the floor.

When Rho attempts to patch up Sol's jacket then pats him on the back, he flinches.

RHO
...and for the injuries...

Sol shrugs his shoulders.

SOL
A bit of road rash won't kill me.

A moment.

RHO
...For everything...

SOL
You could have died! Are you
crazy or something?

Rho looks at Sol doe-eyed.

RHO
Or something.

SOL
Forgiven.

RHO
Works every time.

SOL
I must be stupid.

RHO
You're not stupid but you sure
as hell can't handle a bike.

They both laugh.

SOL
I don't have your gift.

The horizon draws Rho's gaze.

RHO
It runs in the family. My Dad
had it. I have it. My
brother has it too...I guess.

They sit there in silence for a while and watch the sun
go down.

You can almost hear the cogs and gears of Rho's mind
spinning, scheming, plotting...

RHO
Look how they live.

SOL
Uh-huh.

RHO
And look at how we live.

SOL
Uh-huh.

RHO

They have so much while we
have so little.

SOL

It never crosses my mind.

RHO

Excelsior is probably sinking
his teeth into someone's
roasted behind right now.

SOL

Gross.

RHO

I should have killed him while
a had the chance.

Sol rolls his eyes. He's heard it all before.

SOL

That was over 16 years ago.
Let it go.

Rho simmers with pent up anger.

RHO

He killed my father and took
my brother.

A beat.

RHO

I'm going to win the next
Murderdrome. I'll make my move
when Excelsior embraces me as
a one of his own. No-one will
stand in my way.

SOL

You're forgetting one detail.
Girls don't ride motorbikes!

RHO

It's time for that to change.

SOL

You really are cr...

As the sun slips below the horizon, Rho kisses Sol on the
lips, then lolls her head on his shoulder.

EXT. VANTAGE POINT 2, WITH CHI AND BRYN - SUNSET.

The bike is parked, a fire burns.

Chi and Bryn sit side by side, their feet dangle over the edge of a sheer cliff, the desert stretches out beneath them.

As before, the contrast between Shantytown and the Citadel is brutally obvious.

CHI

Sorry.

BRYN

For what?

RHO

The bike...

BRYN

The scratches will buff out.

In the background, a light falls off the bike, crashes to the floor.

CHI

...and for scaring you.

Bryn shrugs his shoulders.

BRYN

Me scared? Never!

CHI

I don't know what got into me.

A moment.

BRYN

Nothing.

The ambiguity loses Chi.

BRYN

Nothing got into you.
Something got out.

Chi is more lost than ever.

BRYN
Racing instinct. It runs your family. Your Dad had it. You have it. Your sister has it too, I suppose.

The horizon draws Chi's gaze.

They sit there in silence for a while watching the sun go down.

You can almost hear the pistons of Chi's mind spinning, scheming, plotting.

CHI
Look how they live. They're free, to do what they want, go where they want, whenever they want.

BRYN
Uh-huh.

CHI
And look at how we live.

BRYN
Uh-huh.

CHI
We're slaves. Trapped in lives that mean nothing.

Bryn playfully kicks Chi's boot.

BRYN
This moment means something.
You mean something.

CHI
I'm going to kill Excelsior.

A beat.

CHI
Then I'm going to kill Blaine...and right after that, I'm going to kill my sister.

Bryn shuffles away from Chi.

BRYN
You don't even know what she looks like. Besides, she might already be dead.

CHI
She's alive. I know
it...somehow. I'll recognise her
when I see her. Our paths will
cross. Just you watch.

Bryn silently mollifies Chi.

CHI
He loved her more. It should
have been me. I was
firstborn.

Bryn has heard it all before.

BRYN
By three minutes.

CHI
By three minutes.

A moment.

CHI
When I'm in charge everything
will be different.

BRYN
(mumbles)
Someone always wants to rule
the world.

CHI
What?

Bryn picks up the earlier thread.

BRYN
Everything will be different?

Chi motions to speak.

Byrn presses her lips to Chi's, takes the words out of
his mouth. 'We're together. I want this moment to last
forever.'

As the sun slips below the horizon, Bryn lolls her head
on Chi's shoulder.

INT. SHANTYTOWN, RHO'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT.

Joyce sits, darns a sock, while humming to herself.

Crash! Bang! All of a sudden, Blaine and two Reapers burst through the door, knock it off its hinges.

Joyce's knows her number is up. However, she is not startled and does not panic.

She sets down her work with composure, examines her executioner with disdain.

JOYCE

Thought you'd come knocking
soon enough.

Blaine sucks in a lung of air, screws up his face with disgust.

BLAINE

(to Reapers)

What is that putrid smell?

FIRST REAPER

Greaser scum.

SECOND REAPER

Fear.

Blaine smells the air again.

BLAINE

That is the unmistakable smell
of anarchy.

Joyce leaps to her feet, grogs up phlegm, spits in Blaine's face.

He keeps his composure, produces a handkerchief, wipes himself clean.

BLAINE

In Excelsior's name, I hereby
sentence you to immediate
harvest.

BLAINE

(to the

Reapers)

Put her on her knees.

The Reapers pin Joyce's face to the floor. She puts up a half-hearted fight.

Blaine stoops to Joyce's eye-level with a crazed look in his eye.

BLAINE
Any last requests?

JOYCE
This is out home. Do it
outside.

BLAINE
Let me think about that for a
second...

Blaine pretends to give the matter serious thought.

BLAINE
...hmmmmmm...No!

He jumps to his feet, draws a sword.

JOYCE
May my body give strength any
Greaser who eats it...
And may The One rise up and
kill you sons of bitches!

She sucks in her last breath, screws up her eyes.
Swoooooosh! Blaine brings his sword down on Joyce's neck.
Thud! Her head rolls across the floor. When it comes to
rest, her lifeless eyes stare back at us.

BLAINE
Get it while it's fresh boy's!

Blaine and the Reapers fight like vultures over a
fountain of fresh blood squirting from Joyce's neck.
They shower in it, suck up every last drop.

INT. SHANTYTOWN, RHO'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT.

The Reapers exit, dragging Joyce's headless body with
them.

Before he leaves, Blaine drops her head on a countertop,
places a hand-written card next to it.

INT. SERVANTS QUARTERS, CHI'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT.

Jude reclines on a cot bed smoking a pipe, blows rings
with frustration and satisfaction.

That one was feeble. But this one is magnificent. He
watches it float through the air toward the door...

...Just then, Blaine and two Reapers charge in, almost knock the door off its hinges.

Jude drops his pipe. Embers spill over the floor. They briefly glow, then die — life is tenuous.

Jude's knows his number up. He looks up to Blaine.

JUDE

Guess my time is up.

BLAINE

No guessing required. It is a foregone conclusion.

Jude shrugs his shoulders.

Blaine sucks in a deep breath, spouts a variation of his usual spiel.

BLAINE

(to Reapers)

Do you smell it?

FIRST REAPER

Tobacco boss?

Blaine looks at the offending Reaper as if to say, 'silence, I kill you!'

Jude smirks. Blaine smells the air again.

BLAINE

(to Reapers)

What is that foul smell?

REAPER 2

Anarchy, boss?

BLAINE

No! That is the unmistakable smell of treason.

Jude stands with defiance, pins his nose to Blaine's.

JUDE

And this is the face of hatred. You can cut me down. You can drink my blood. You can feast on my flesh...but you cannot escape your fate. The time of the Builders is coming to an end.

Blaine laughs, steps back, wafts a hand over his face.

BLAINE

In Excelsior's name, I hereby
sentence you to immediate
harvest.

BLAINE

(to the
Reapers)
Put him on his knees.

The Reapers pin Jude's face to the floor. He resists,
feebly.

Blaine stoops to Jude's eye-level.

BLAINE

Any last requests?

Jude grimaces in pain, grits his teeth.

JUDE

May my body give strength any
Greaser who eats it!

Blaine scoffs.

BLAINE

You're not for the processing
plants old man! Excelsior
wants to suck the marrow from
your bones himself.

JUDE

(sarcastic)
Then may our exalted leader
choke to death!

Blaine jumps to his feet, draws his sword.

Jude sucks in his last breath and holds it.

Swoooooosh! Blaine brings his sword to bear on Jude's
neck.

Thud! His head rolls across the floor, his eyes come to
stare at us.

For a second, the Reapers are struck with behavioural
inertia.

BLAINE

Well don't just stand there -
lap it up!

Blaine and the Reapers fight like hyenas over the fountain of fresh blood squirting from Jude's neck. They shower in it, suck up every last drop.

INT. SERVANTS QUARTERS, CHI'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT.

The Reapers exit, dragging Jude's headless body with them.

Meanwhile, Blaine drops the head on a countertop, places a hand-written card next to it.

EXT. VANTAGE POINT 1, RHO AND SOL - SUNRISE.

Sol and Rho sleep beneath a blanket. They are naked, the fire smoulders. The sun rises above the horizon.

Rho stirs, the warm glow of the night before on her face. Suddenly, Rho realises the time, elbows Sol in the ribs.

RHO
Wake up! Wake up!

Sol stirs.

RHO
Get up!

Rho hides her modesty, motions to stand. Sol grabs her, playfully.

SOL
What's the hurry?

Rho points toward the horizon.

RHO
We gotta go. Joyce will be losing her mind with worry.

SOL
She probably lost her head last night at the hands of the Reapers.

Rho punches Sol. He winces in pain.

RHO
Don't even joke about it!
She's all the family I've got.
Now get up!

Rho and Sol dress...

EXT. VANTAGE POINT 1, WITH RHO AND SOL - SUNRISE.

Rho and Sol jump on their bike. Rho starts her up, kicks in first gear, speeds away.

EXT. VANTAGE POINT 1, WITH CHI AND BRYN - SUNRISE.

Bryn and Chi sleep beneath a blanket. They are naked, the fire smoulders. The sun breaks over the horizon.

Bryn stirs, kisses Chi.

BRYN
Morning.

Bryn snuggles into Chi.

CHI
Morning?

BRYN
uh-huh.

CHI
Already?

BRYN
Day follows night. It's the way it has always been...

Chi pushes Bryn away.

CHI
We gotta go.

Bryn pins Chi down, flirts with him.

BRYN
Sure you don't want to go another round?

CHI
Sol will be worrying his head off about me.

Bryn tactlessly draws a finger across her own neck.

BRYN
I bet the Reapers lopped it off last night.

CHI
Not funny. He's all the family I've got.

Chi and Bryn perform a goofy dance while dressing...

EXT. VANTAGE POINT 1, WITH CHI AND BRYN - SUNRISE.

Chi and Bryn jump aboard their bike. Sol brings it to life and gets the hell out there, full gas.

EXT. SHANTYTOWN, RHO'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

Rho pulls up, notices the front door has been smashed in, jumps off the bike.

RHO
Something is wrong

SOL
Same again tonight?

There's no time to answer. Rho, her world imploding, leaves Sol for dust and runs...

INT. SHANTYTOWN, RHO'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

...Inside.

Her eyes anxiously dart around. The place, splattered in blood, looks like a disaster zone.

The cold light of day strikes hard.

RHO
Joyce?

Rho searches beneath the cots beds.

RHO
Joyce? Joyce?

Her adoptive mother is nowhere to be seen.

Rho peers through the net curtain to see Sol leaving.

Then, it happens.

The decapitated head catches her eye. Rho can scarcely control her emotions.

RHO
Oh, God, no. Please, no!

Rho, her hands trembling, musters all her courage, turns the head around to see Joyce's pain-stricken face staring back at her.

All the colour drains from Rho's face.

First her father, now Joyce. Both dead. Both decapitated.
Both taken away from her.

Rho, tears in her eyes, strokes Joyce's hair.

RHO
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Rho picks up the card, reads it.

On it is written...

RHO
(mumbles)
Excelsior loves you. May this
gift strengthen your mind,
body and soul.

A cataclysmic emotional bomb detonates.

Rho screams her lungs out. She collapses to the floor,
clutching the head and sobs and sobs and sobs...

...For Joyce, for her father, for her brother, for this
entire goddamned forsaken world.

Rho rocks back and forth while mumbling...

RHO
I'll show him what love is.
I'll show him what love is.
I'll show him what love is...

EXT. SERVANTS QUARTERS, CHI'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

Chi pulls up, notices the front door hanging loose, jumps
off the bike.

CHI
Something doesn't smell right.

BRYN
See you later?

No time to answer.

Chi leaves Bryn for dust and runs...

INT. SERVANTS QUARTERS, CHI'S RESIDENCE - DAY.

...Inside.

His eyes nervously dart around. The place, dishevelled
and daubed with blood, looks like a the aftermath of a
battle.

The cold light of day strikes hard.

CHI

Sol?

Chi searches beneath the cots beds

CHI

Sol?

He peers in the shower cubicle.

CHI

Sol?

His adoptive father is nowhere to be seen.

More lost than found, Chi stands at the sink, soaks a rag beneath running water, watches Bryn leave.

Then, it happens. The head draws his gaze. Chi stands at the top an emotional cliff.

CHI

No. No. No. No. No! Please,
no!

With trepidation, Chi turns the head around to see Sol's contorted face staring back at him.

First his father, now Sol. Both dead. Both decapitated. Both taken away from him.

Chi caresses Sol's head.

CHI

I'm sorry. I'm sorry for not listening to you. I'm sorry for not being there when you needed me. I'm sorry for being such an asshole. I'm sorry for...for everything...

Chi picks up the card, reads it.

CHI

(mumbles)

Excelsior is Just. May this gift nourish your mind, body and soul.

He lets out a hellish animalistic groan.

He falls into a canyon of despair, collapses to the floor, clutching the head, sobs uncontrollably...

...For Sol, his father, for his sister, for this entire goddamned forsaken post-apocalyptic motorcycle mad world...

INT. SERVANTS QUARTERS, CHI'S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS.

...Chi settles into a murmuring whimper. An eternity or no time at all passes by.

Ring! Ring! Ring!

CHI

Go away!

Ring! Ring! Ring!

CHI

Leave me alone!

Ring! Ring! Ring!

Chi finally looks up to see Blaine ringing a call bell.

Ring! Ring! Ring!

Chi leaps to his feet, throws himself at Blaine with every molecule of hatred in his body.

Blaine welcomes the attack with open arms.

CHI

You bastard! He was a
harmless old man! He was like
a father to me.

Chi flails his fists, sobs his heart out.

Blaine embraces Chi, pacifies him with a patronising tone.

BLAINE

There, there. Let it all go.
That's it. There's no shame
in a grown man crying.

More sobbing.

BLAINE

Excelsior loves you. He is
the beginning, the end, and
the in-between. He just in
everything he does. He is a
father to fatherless,
protector of the weak, a
refuge to the lost and weary.
He feeds the hungry, keeps the
peace and comforts the
grieving...

CHI

I hate him!

BLAINE
'course you do.

CHI
I hate him! I hate him! I hate
him!

Blaine's glows with pride. He has Chi in the palm of his
manipulative hands.

BLAINE
...and yet, he is neither
immortal...nor invulnerable.

Chi steps back while wiping his face, looks at Blaine
with confusion.

CHI
Huh?

BLAINE
I've seen him bleed.

Chi stands there stupefied.

Blaine produces the locket Rho gave to her father and
dangles it front of Chi's nose.

BLAINE
Remember this?

Chi's eyes light up and tries to snatch it.

BLAINE
Not so fast!

CHI
Give it back...it belongs to...

BLAINE
...A family heirloom. I had no
idea. Consider it yours...

Chi tries to grab the locket again. He's too slow, Blaine
too fast.

Blaine wags his finger at Chi.

BLAINE
...Tut tut tut. I want something
in return.

CHI
Anything. Just give it back.

BLAINE
There it is again. Anything,
such a beautiful word.

Blaine pulls out a knife, offers it to Chi.

BLAINE
Kill Excelsior and the locket
is yours.

CHI
If I take it, what's stopping
me from killing you?

Blaine glances at Sol's head.

BLAINE
Remove the head and the body
will fall. Remove a hand...well,
I'm merely an appendage.

Chi stands there, murderous ambition swelling in his
eyes.

BLAINE
Take it.

A beat.

BLAINE
Vengeance doesn't hide when it
wants to be found.

Chi takes the knife.

He briefly toys with the idea of stabbing Blaine in the
heart but changes his mind.

Blaine turns, walks away, while nonchalantly dangling the
locket.

BLAINE
Do it tonight after the feast
and its yours.

The locket hypnotizes Chi.

CHI
(mumbles)
Tonight. After the feast.

A call bell rings.

Chi wraps the knife in a cloth, hides it, washes blood
from his hands, then leaves.

INT. CITADEL, OPULENT CHAMBER - NIGHT.

An elaborate party in an opulent chamber.

The place is crammed with Builders indulging in every kind of sin known to man, cannibalism included.

Chi, wearing a thong, effortlessly glides around the room with a tray of bloody cocktails.

Blaine tracks his movements from afar.

A BUREAUCRAT grabs Chi's arm. His eyes crawl over every inch of his ripped body.

BUREAUCRAT
My, my, Excelsior has
exquisite taste

Chi shakes his arm free, motions to leave.

BUREAUCRAT
Feisty too.

Bureaucrat salivates at the idea of having Chi all to himself.

BUREAUCRAT
Give me one of those.

Bureaucrat takes a glass, downs the drink, sighs with satisfaction.

BUREAUCRAT
The ferric taste of Greaser's
blood never gets old. Well?
What are gawking at? Go! Do
whatever it is you slaves do.

As Chi slips away, Bureaucrat admires his butt cheeks with lascivious eyes.

INT. CITADEL, OPULENT CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS.

Chi floats through the party-goers with more grace than a ballerino.

He loiters at a group of Builder's, eavesdrops a plumped up conversation.

The topic on everyone's lips — the upcoming centenary edition of the Murderdrome race.

FIRST FEMALE BUILDER
It will be a truly momentous
occasion.

FIRST MALE BUILDER.
No civilisation has ever
achieved it.

First Female Builder grabs a glass, takes a sip of blood,
licks her lip.

SECOND MALE BUILDER
Here we are on the verge of
celebrating 100 years of
sublime peace...

SECOND FEMALE BUILDER
...100 years of the Murderdrome
race.

FIRST FEMALE BUILDER
(laughs)
Divide and conquer, it's one
of the oldest tricks in the
book.

THIRD MALE BUILDER
We sold them hope.

SECOND FEMALE BUILDER
We gave them the freedom to
race and in return they
demanded to be oppressed.

FIRST FEMALE BUILDER
Greasers with empty stomachs
and weak minds are so easily
controlled.

Apart from Chi, everyone laughs. Blaine watches it all
from afar.

INT. CITADEL, OPULENT CHAMBER, BLAINE - NIGHT.

Excelsior, sat at a throne, whispers in Blaine's ear.

Blaine nods, takes a last sip of a cocktail, makes a
beeline for Chi.

Meanwhile, Excelsior leaves with TWO WHORES, both male.

INT. CITADEL, OPULENT CHAMBER - NIGHT.

Chi waltzes around the guests. Crash! Clatter! Blaine barges into him, knocks the tray out of his hand.

BLAINE

Fool! Clean up this mess at once!

When Chi complies, Blaine delivers a brutal punch, doubling Chi over in agony, then whispers in his ear.

BLAINE

Excelsior wants his favourite plaything.

Every fibre in Chi's mind, body and soul tighten. Blaine, an evil glimmer in his eye, flashes the locket.

BLAINE

It is time deliver on your promise of anything.

As Chi tidies the mess, Blaine slips back into the party.

INT. CITADEL, KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Chi enters via a swinging door.

With a 'what the fuck attitude,' he tips the tray into a bin, makes a washing hands gesture, notices...

...he already has blood on his hands...

...human blood, the blood of fellow Greasers.

He screws up his face with disgust, washes his hands at a sink like someone with OCD on met amphetamine.

A FEMALE SLAVE barges in, slumps into a chair, rubs her feet.

FEMALE SLAVE

My feet are killing me.

Chi scarcely notices her.

FEMALE SLAVE

They make my skin crawl.
Everyone one of them.

A beat.

FEMALE SLAVE

What I wouldn't do to stick a knife in Excelsior's throat.

Chi freezes.

CHI

Oh?

FEMALE SLAVE

You've thought about it. We
all have.

CHI

But that doesn't mean...

Ring! Female Slave looks up to see Excelsior's call bell
ringing.

FEMALE SLAVE

You're in demand. Excelsior
and Chi, sitting in a tree...K-
I-S-S-I-N...

Chi's hands fly to his ears.

CHI

(shouts)

Stop!

FEMALE SLAVE

I was only J...

CHI

Don't!

Female Slave springs to her feet.

She picks up a tray of food, spits on it...

FEMALE SLAVE

Touchy.

...Then flounces out as Excelsior's bell rings again.

CHI

Okay. Okay. I'm coming.

Chi opens a draw, reaches for the wrapped knife.

INT. DARK CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

He walks down a narrow corridor, the tablecloth hidden
behind his back.

Apart from the muffled sound of the party in the
background, it is quiet...

Pit-pat. Pit-Pat. Pit-pat.

...So quiet, his footfall eerily echoes.

This is not the sound of a dead man walking but rather
the sound of a man walking to kill.

INT. DARK CORRIDOR, EXCELSIOR'S BOUDOUR - NIGHT.

Chi approaches a large forbidding door. On it is written:
 'Private. Unauthorized entry strictly prohibited.'

He lingers there and listens...hears the pre-orgasmic
 groans of sexual pleasure.

He sets his teeth, raises a closed fist, hesitates. Chi
 musters his courage.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

A booming voice is heard on the other side.

VOICE

Come!

Chi opens the door to reveal...

INT. EXCELSIOR'S BOUDOUR - NIGHT.

...Elephantine Excelsior sprawled out on a lavish bed, Two
 Whores crawling all over him.

The sight is sickening.

Excelsior pats an empty space next to him.

EXCELSIOR

Join us.

In one swift motion, Chi's thong and the Tea towel drop
 to the floor.

He stands there butt naked, the knife hidden behind his
 back, the whites of his knuckles on show.

Pit-pat. Pit-Pat. Pit-pat.

Excelsior pats the bed again.

EXCELSIOR

Come! Come! It's not your
 first time. Come, pleasure
 me.

Excelsior lies back, spreadeagled, in anticipation of...

Pit-pat. Pit-Pat. Pit-pat.

Chi's shadow crawls along the floor, onto the bed,
 towards Excelsior.

Chi is...

...three steps away...two steps away...one step away...

Blinded by hedonism, none of them notice Chi raising the knife aloft.

The whole world seems to slow down. No-one has ever got this close to killing Excelsior...

CHI

You took me away from my
sister. You killed my mother
and father and now it is your
time to die!

Everyone turns to face Chi, their expressions shocked-slapped.

A beat.

Suddenly, Excelsior laughs and laughs and laughs.

Chi's pent up emotions explode. He lets out a hellish scream, thrusts the knife toward Excelsior's bulbous stomach.

Suddenly, a strong hand grabs Chi's.

A battle of wills ensues. Chi pushes one way. The hand pushes back, grips tighter and tighter.

Chi turns to see face of his opponent...

...it is Blaine.

The realisation that killing Excelsior was a set up drains every fluid ounce of energy from Chi's body.

The blade falls from Chi's hand. Blaine restrains him.

EXCELSIOR

Guards! Guards!

Excelsior looks at Chi with utter contempt.

EXCELSIOR

How dare you enter my
sanctuary with a weapon!
I took you under my wing when
no-one else wanted you. I fed
you. I clothed you. I housed
you. I trusted you. And
this...this is how you reward my
kindness, my generosity...my
love.

Two ARMED GAURDS charge in, weapons drawn.

Meanwhile, the whores resume sexual services.

BLAINE

Allow me, my mighty father, to
harvest him immediately.
His blood shall quench your
thirst. His body shall add to
your ever-growing and
beguiling bulk.

Blaine presses the blade into Chi's neck so hard it
bleeds.

Distracted, Excelsior groans with pleasure.

EXCELSIOR

That's it my darlings.

Blaine clears his throat.

EXCELSIOR

(barks)

No blood shall spilled in my
boudoir!

BLAINE

My father, your law demands
swift justice.

Excelsior makes a dismissive hand gesture.

EXCELSIOR

(To the guards)

Take him away! Let the boards
decide.

The guards drag Chi away kicking and screaming.

CHI

You duped me!

Blaine smiles.

EXCELSIOR

(to Blaine)

And you! Get out! Get out now!

Blaine leaves with egg on his face. His plans to endear
himself to Excelsior and dispose of Chi in one fell swoop
failed.

EXT. SHANTYTOWN - NIGHT.

The eve of the centenary Murderdrome race.

Rho and Sol cruise through Shantytown, taking in the sights. There are bars, gambling dens and brothels, flashing neon signs.

The place is humming with partying Greasers.

Rho, riding Papillion, taps Sol on his shoulder.

RHO
Hang a right.

SOL
I thought we were going to the mountains?

RHO
You need all your strength for the race tomorrow.

SOL
But...

Rho slaps him on the head.

SOL
Fine.

EXT. SHANTYTOWN, FIRST SIDE STREET - NIGHT.

Sol turns into a side street. A drunkard spills out of an illegal bar.

DRUNKARD
(slurs)
May the race set you free!

Sol swerves around him.

SOL
May the race set us all free!

Two prostitutes, bathed in red light, hang out in a doorway, talk between themselves.

FIRST PROSTITUTE
(sarcastic)
Hey look, a Motorcycle
Gladiator in our part of town.

SECOND PROSTITUTE
Poor bastard.

FIRST PROSTITUTE
Poor bitch, her heart will be
broken by this time tomorrow
night.

SOL
Where the hell are you taking
me?

RHO
You'll see. Next left.

Sol shakes his head, but obeys his back seat driver.
Sol leans the bike...

EXT. SHANTYTOWN, SIDE STREET - NIGHT.

...turns into another side street.

There are no bars, or drunks, or neon, or whores. The
air feels lighter somehow and there's no sense of looming
danger anywhere.

A light glows in the distance. Warm, welcoming, ethereal,
it beckons them.

SOL
Where are we?

RHO
You'll see. Drive towards the
light.

SOL
Welcome to Sol's magical
mystery tours.

RHO
Shush. Drive.

Sol salutes Rho.

RHO
Yes Ma'am.

The light grows brighter and brighter. Sol wonders where
the hell he is.

EXT. SHANTYTOWN, QUIANT PIAZZA - NIGHT.

...Rho taps Sol on the shoulder.

RHO
We're here, park her up.

Sol pulls up in a different world, a surreal slice of Italian heaven amid the squaller of Shantytown.

There is a water fountain, fruit trees, and a traditional Italian Gelatory.

Rho leaps off the bike, pins her nose to the Gelatory window like a child whose every Christmas wish has come true.

The window is crammed with every flavour of gelato under the desert sun.

Sol joins her, pins his nose to the window.

He's never seen anything quite like it.

RHO

Just look at it all.

SOL

What is it?

RHO

Gelato.

SOL

What's that?

RHO

Italian Ice-cream.

SOL

Ice-cream?

RHO

It's cold and delicious.

RHO

Come, let's go inside.

Rho takes Sol by the hand and leads him...

INT. SHANTYTOWN, GELATORY - NIGHT.

...into a pristine Florence gelatory. They stand at a counter waiting to be served.

RHO

Pick any flavour you like.

SOL

What's good?

RHO

Sol, believe me when I say,
it's all good.

Overwhelmed, Sol, mulls over his choices.

SOL
What do you normally have?

RHO
Limonata is zingy! Nocciola,
crunchy. Stracciatella,
chocolatey.

SOL
Soooo...you didn't answer my
question.

RHO
Depends on my mood.

SOL
Go figure.

A friendly-faced shop keeper enters from a side door. His eyes light up when he sees Rho and greets her with Italian gusto.

SHOP KEEPER
Rho, Rho, Buonasera! Quanto è
bello rivederti...

SOL
Wait. You know this guy?

Rho cups Sols cheek, looks at him with sympathy.
Mr Valentino breaks out into English.

MR VALENTINO
You've broughta frienda...love
is in air, no? You breaka ma
Goddam hearta.

RHO
It's lovely to see you too, Mr
Valentino.

MR VALENTINO
I make special gelato, just
for you! A little raspberry,
everyone loves cioccolato,
Pistachio...I use all the good
stuff, no? Your friend, I give
all the bad stuff and spit all
over it.

Sol's jealousy bones rattle

RHO
Keep cool, he's like an uncle
to me.

Mr Valentino puts together two delicious-looking gelatos
with expertise, despite trembling hands.

RHO
You okay Mr Valentino?

MR VALENTINO
Olda agea. It catches
everyone, no?

EXT. SHANTYTOWN, PIAZZA, SHADOWS - NIGHT.

Blaine, concealed in deep shadow, watches their every
move.

INT. SHANTYTOWN, GELATORY - NIGHT.

Rho searches her pockets for tokens. She shrugs her
shoulders, shows Mr Valentino empty hands.

Mr Valentino looks at Rho like she's his favourite niece.

RHO
You breaka ma goddam heart
once, twice, a million goddam
times.

Mr Valentino hands her the gelato.

MR VALENTINO
Enjoy.

RHO
Grazie mille. Ciao.

MR VALENTINO
Ciao. Vivi alla giornata!

RHO?
I'll try. Goodnight

Rho and Sol step outside...

EXT. SHANTYTOWN, QUAIN T PIAZZA - NIGHT.

...Sol lifts the gelato to his lips.

RHO

No, wait! Let's sit over there, near the fountain.

EXT. SHANTYTOWN PIAZZA- NIGHT.

Blaine smiles. They're getting closer. He lies in wait ready to spring his trap at the perfect moment.

EXT. SHANTYTOWN, QUAIN T PIAZZA - NIGHT.

Sol looks at his date like she's gone crazy.

RHO

This will be your first taste of gelato. Everything must be perfect.

SOL

If you say so.

RHO

I do.

They stroll over to a fountain and sit.

He runs his fingers through the water, savours the cooling sensation.

SOL

I've never seen so much water in one place before.

Sol peers into the fountain.

SOL

You can see all the way to the bottom.

RHO

Forget the water. Look at me.

Sol acquiesces.

They raise their gelato's like wine glasses.

RHO

Let's do it together. Three.

SOL & RHO

Two. One.

They both take a bite, Sol hesitantly at first.

RHO

Well?

SOL

Whoooooooooooooooooaaaaaaa! I've never
tasted anything so good.

While Rho savours every mouthful, Sol attacks the rest
with gusto.

RHO

Hey, slow down, cowboy you'll...

Sol suddenly clutches his head, grimaces in pain.

SOL

Oooooooooow!

RHO

Too late. Ta da! That's your
first ice-cream headache.
It'll pass.

Sol's eyes dance around the piazza. It's like nothing
he's ever seen before.

SOL

How do you know about this
place?

RHO

Papa brought us here as a
special treat for our
birthdays, until...

She cannot bring herself to finish the thought.

SOL

How is any of this possible? I
mean, it's a bit...a bit...

RHO

Unbelievable?

SOL

We live in the middle of god-
forsaken desert for Christ's
sake.

RHO

Four generations ago there was
nothing here except a trickle
of water.

SOL

An oasis?

RHO

You gottit.

SOL

And the fountain, the
buildings?

RHO

All salvaged from the desert,
moved here one brick at a time
and lovingly restored by
people like Mr Valentino.

Sol is equally impressed as confused.

SOL

If all this has been here for
as long as you say it has,
then how come I've never heard
about it?

Rho kisses Sol on the lips.

RHO

You ask too many questions.

SO

Why bring me here...now?

Rho distracts him with another kiss.

RHO

I wanted to share it with you
before..

The mood takes a turn for the worse.

SOL

Before I die?

RHO

You're not going to die.

Suddenly, Blaine steps out of a shadow.

BLAINE

Wrong!

Splat! The young lovers drop their gelatos.

Rho's brain kicks in.

RHO

How...?

BLAINE

How did I find this place?

Rho nods.

Mr Valentino can be seen through the shop window.

BLAINE

Everyone has a price. Take Mr
Valentino over there. We allow
him to keep all this in
exchange for...

Rho seethes with anger.

RHO

...information.

BLAINE

Bingo!

Sol jumps to his feet, stands wide, puts himself between
Rho and Blaine.

BLAINE

A young hero rises. How
noble! How brave! How
foolish! You are hereby
sentenced to immediate...

...In one fell swoop, Blaine draws his blade and
decapitates Sol.

He sways in the wind for a second then...

...Splash! His head falls into the fountain. Ink blot
clouds stain the water red.

Blaine and Rho are drenched in blood.

BLAINE

...Harvest.

Sol's body falls to the ground.

Rho stands there numb. Her fondest childhood memory destroyed. Her lover mercilessly killed.
She drops to her knees, looks up at Blaine, tears in her eyes.

RHO
What have you done? What have
you done? What have you done?

Two Armed Guards step out of the shadows, stand behind her.

BLAINE
I have done only what needed
to be done.

Rho's catches sight of the locket dangling around Blaine's neck.

She reaches for it.

RHO
That' mine!

Blaine toys with the locket.

BLAINE
This little trinket? It was
gift from our lord and father,
Excelsior.

Rho growls.

BLAINE
Take her away!

Rho is dragged away kicking and screaming. Blaine's evil laugh echoes around the piazza.

INT. PRISON - NIGHT.

TWO ARMED GUARDS escort Rho through a dimly lit subterranean passageway. She does not take it easy on them.

They approach cell 101, open a heavy metal door...

RHO
Take your filthy hands off me!

...and toss Rho inside like she's a ragdoll.

INT. PRISON - NIGHT.

Two Armed Guards escort Chi through the same passageway. He fights them all the way.

They approach cell 102, open a heavy metal door, and toss Chi inside like he's a piece of trash.

Though they don't know it, the twins are prison cell neighbours.

INT. PRISON - DAY.

Chi sits against a wall of cell 101 in a shaft of dusty light spilling in from a barred window.

He draws on the floor with a bone.

In the neighbouring cell, 102, Rho, does the same.

A mirror image of each other, give the illusion they are sat back-to-back.

They are the same, yet so very different.

INT. CELL 101 - DAY.

A tiny sand lizard scuttles across the floor.

Chi discards the bone, studies the reptile with hungry eyes.

He waits and waits, hand poised to strike at any second.

Chi snaps up the reptile, fast as a rattle snake.

He lifts it to eye-level, squashes its head between finger and thumb, then eats it in one mouthful.

INT. CELL 102 - DAY.

A magnificent butterfly flutters through a barred window and settles on Rho's nose.

Rho discards the bone, allows the insect to crawl on her finger and studies it with awe and wonderment.

RHO

Hey little guy...or girl...are you
lost?

Rho stands and lifts the butterfly to the window.

It beats its wings, but doesn't move.

Rho gently encourages it.

RHO

You're free. Now go!

The butterfly beats its wings again. Rho tracks it as it flies high into the air and vanishes from view.

INT/EXT. CELL 101 - DAY.

Cliiiiink!

Cliiiiink!

Chi lifts his head to see Blaine, wearing his gorilla mask.

Cliiiiink!

He draws his metal-tipped gauntlet across the iron bars of a small window in the cell door.

CHI

Gloat all you want.

BLAINE

You once admired me.

Chi answers with silence.

BLAINE

You are to race the centenary Murderdrome. If you stand any chance of winning, you'll need this.

Blaine tosses his gauntlet into the cell.

BLAINE

I assume you know how to use it.

Chi nods.

BLAINE

Something tells me your sister is going to race. Your fates are entwined. The Motorcycle Gods have made it so.

Blaine removes the mask, tosses it into the cell, then walks away.

BLAINE

May the race set you free!

Chi picks up the mask, examines it.

He knows that if he puts it on, he'll become someone he doesn't want to be...

CHI

(mumbles)

I cannot escape my fate.

Chi slips on the mask...

He tries the gauntlet on for size, admires it with fascination.

CHI

(mumbles)

It's all her fault. I'm going to kill her. I'll shred her to pieces. They'll be nothing left of her when I'm done. Then, when I win, I'm going to kill Excelsior, then Blaine. And when I'm in charge everything will be different. I'll set the rules and everyone will worship me.

Chi's transformation into a power hungry bastard bent on revenge is thus complete.

INT. CELL 102 - DAY.

The rising sound of heavy footsteps is heard.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Rho lifts her head to see...Blaine.

He's wears a mouse mask - the same one worn by Dex during his Murderdrome race.

Pissed as hell, Rho leaps to her feet, throws herself at the door, spits in Blaine's face.

RHO

If you've to come to harvest me, get on with it!

BLAINE

The motorcycle Gods have called you to race.

Rho scoffs.

RHO

Haven't you heard? Girls don't ride bikes.

BLAINE

There's been a rule change for the centenary edition.

RHO

(mumbles)

Welcome to 25th century! Why the hell should I race?

BLAINE

If you don't, you shall be harvested. Besides...It is your destiny. There is no escaping your fate.

A moment.

BLAINE

You must wear this. It belonged to your father.

Blaine removes the mask, tosses it into the cell, then walks away.

BLAINE

(chuckles)

May the race set you free!

Rho picks up the mask, examines it.

She knows that if she puts it on, she'll become the person she is destined to be...

RHO

(mumbles)

I cannot escape my fate.

Rho slips on the mask...

RHO

I'm going to win the Murderdrome race. Whatever it takes.

Thwack! Rho punches her own hand like she means business, the killing the kind of business.

RHO

(mumbles)

I'm going kill Excelsior, then Blaine, and anyone else who stands in my way. I shall unite the clans and overthrow the builders, create a new way of life, where everyone is equal and gets their fair share. Just you watch.

Rho's transformation into radical motorcycle revolutionary is thus complete.

PART III A RACE TO END ALL RACES.**EXT. MURDERDROME - NIGHT.**

The annual ritual of the Murderdrome race begins with sweeping views across the arena.

It's jam-packed with a restless crowd thirsty for blood.

EXT. MURDERDROME, COMMENTATOR'S SHACK - NIGHT.

Swoop down to see Chas and Dave in their shack.

CHAS
Wecloooooome to the
ooooooooooooone huuuuuuuuuundreth
edition of The
Murderdrooooooome.

The crowd go crazy.

Chas and Dave forget about their microphones.

DAVE
That's a big number, Chas.

CHAS
One bigger than last year,
Dave, one less than next...

DAVE
Smart Ar...

EXT. MURDERDROME TERRACES - NIGHT.

Greasers stamp their feet in time to...

CROWD
Murder-drome! Murder-drome!
Murder-drome!

The booming sound is a battle cry beckoning Motorcycle Gladiators to the arena...

INT. PRISON - NIGHT.

...Chi and Rho, a mirror image of each other, sit back to back in adjacent cells.

The earth shakes, dust rains down on them from the ceiling.

They both take rhythmic meditative breaths.

The cacophony from the 'drome bleeds into their cells.

EXT. CELL 101 - NIGHT.

FIRST ARMED GUARD steps forward, peers into Chi's cell.

FIRST ARMED GUARD

It is...

EXT. CELL 102 - NIGHT.

SECOND ARMED GUARD peers into Rho's cell.

SECOND ARMED GUARD

...time.

INT. PRISON - NIGHT.

In perfect synchrony, Rho and Chi stand with a sense of purpose.

They crick their necks, speak over each other.

CHI

So be it.

RHO

Bring it on.

INT. PRISON - NIGHT.

Rho and Chi are escorted by armed guards through a subterranean corridor illuminated by pockets of light.

A priest anoints them with used engine oil, muttering blessings.

The sounds from the arena, Chas and Dave's quirky to-script commentary included, rise with every step.

DAVE (V.O)

The only race in the world
where Motorcycle Riders
compete to win a life among
The Builders.

CHAS (V.O)

This year promises to be the
bloodiest in history.

DAVE (V.O)

You said that last year.

CHAS (V.O)

I wasn't wrong then. I'm not
wrong now.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

Bryn, pushes her way through the crowd.

A Greaser buys Deep Fried Eyeballs from Little Miss Eye Candy.

EXT. MURDERDROME, BUILDER'S ENCLOSURE - NIGHT.

Blaine sits down on Excelsiors right hand side - a sure sign he has leapt up the social hierarchy.

They cordially greet each other.

EXT. MURDERDROME, SEARCH LIGHT PEDESTAL - NIGHT.

Clunk! Lighting Tech throws a hefty switch.

An intense light beam slices through the night sky.

DAVE (V.O)

There she goes!

CHAS (V.O)

As good as the day she was made.

Chas, Dave and the crowd swell with nostalgia.

The light flickers, then dies.

DAVE (V.O)

Don't panic folks, it's a temporary glitch...

CHAS (V.O)

All part of this murderous motorcycle extravaganza.

Lighting Tech hammers the hell out the light.

Bingo! It's back on again.

EXT. MURDERDROME - NIGHT.

The light beam sweeps across the stadium, settles on the door of the Barbican.

And there it waits.

Chas and Dave whisper to each other.

CHAS (V.O)

Any second now...

DAVE (V.O)
...12 Motorcycle Gladiators will
walk out of that door into
this spectacular arena...

INT. MURDERDROME, COMMENTATOR'S SHACK - NIGHT.

A RUNNER enters, hands Dave a piece of paper. Chas and Dave read it with disbelief. The script has been changed.

DAVE
Correction.

CHAS
Any second now 2 motorcycle
Gladiators will enter the
arena...

DAVE
...Via the hypogeum.

The crowd do not receive the news well. They came here for bloodiest motorcycle race the world has ever seen.

EXT. MURDERDROME, BUILDER'S ENCLOSURE - NIGHT.

Excelsior turns to Blaine.

EXCELSIOR
If this doesn't turn out well,
I shall have your head on my
dinner plate.

BLAINE
Patience my lord and father.
Rest assured, this will be the
bloodiest race in history.

EXT. MURDERDROME - NIGHT.

The light beam sweeps to an archway that leads from the prison into the arena and there it waits.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

Bryn elbows her way into a gap, stands on tip toes, searches for any sign of Chi.

CHAS (V.O)
Reducing the field to just two
riders is a bold move, Dave.

DAVE (V.O)
 It sure is, Chas. The
 Builders must have something
 special up their sleeves to
 mark this momentous occasion.

The crowd's behaviour spirals out of control, start
 tearing each other and the stadium apart.

Bryn stands firm.

CHAS (V.O)
 They've never let us down
 before.

DAVE (V.O)
 They won't now.

EXT. MURDERDROME, COMMENTATOR'S SHACK - NIGHT.

Chas takes a swig of foul-tasting beer, sighs with
 disgust.

Chas and Dave lean over the desk.

CHAS (V.O)
 Tell that to the crowd

They are shocked to see the terraces in...

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

...Chaos...

A female Grunter bursts toward Corn Dog Joe, grabs the
 parasol from his cart, impales him with it.

She rams corn dog's down her throat, washes them down
 with fresh blood.

CHAS (V.O)
 That's ugly.

Greasers near the Builders enclosure point at Excelsior
 and chant.

GREASERS
 You fat bastard! You fat
 bastard!

We could be witnessing the football hooliganism of the
 1980's...but we are not. These are the growing pains of
 REVOLUTION.

CHAS (V.O)
 Something needs to be done.

DAVE (V.O)
The race cannot start until...

Suddenly, hundreds of Murderdrome Riot Police swarm into the stadium. They surround the track, weapons drawn.

One of them stands directly in front of Bryn. She spits in his face. He snarls at her, but does not retaliate.

CHAS (V.O)
The crowd are just about under control.

The crowd boo, hiss and jeer. However, the show of strength works and the violence dissipates...

DAVE (V.O)
You know what impresses me, Chas?

You can almost hear Chas rolling his eyes.

DAVE (V.O)
There is simply no end to Excelsior's love...

CHAS (V.O)
...or justice.

INT. PRISON - NIGHT.

Rho and Chi stand before Umpire, a huge door in the background.

UMPIRE
In here, you are Greaser scum. Out there you are Motorcycle Gladiators. You were born to ride. You were born to appease the Motorcycle God's lust for blood. You were born to entertain. You were born to die.

A beat.

UMPIRE
The Builders want the bloodiest race in history. Fail to deliver and Excelsior will eat you for breakfast - I'm not shitting you. This is your five minutes of fame. Cease the day!

UMPIRE
Now shake hands.

Like father, like daughter — Rho naively offers her hand.
Chi's eyes burn with unalloyed contempt.

In a flash, Chi slashes Rho's torso with the metal-tipped gauntlet. Rho gasps, clutches her side as blood oozes between her fingers.

CHI
You race to die.

Rho clenches her teeth.

RHO
The boards will decide.

UMPIRE
(laughs)
Carpe fucking diem...

Umpire leaves, chuckling to himself.

UMPIRE
Carpe fucking diem...

EXT. MURDERDROME, BARBICAN — NIGHT.

Bolts scrape, locks clunk. The door grinds open.

CHAS (V.O)
It's happening, Dave.

DAVE (V.O)
It happens the same way every year, Chas.

CHAS (V.O)
Not this year Dave. We're watching history in the making. I know it. You know it. The crowd knows it.

A shaft of menacing light bursts in.
The door opens wider. The shaft of light grows bigger.
The cheers from the crowd grow louder.
While Rho lingers in the shadows, Chi bathes in the splendour of the spotlight for a moment then...

EXT. MURDERDROME - NIGHT.

...blusters into arena beating his chest.
The crowd go wild.

DAVE (V.O)
A marvellous reception! Wait!
Is that Blaine? Is the
Gorilla, back in town?

CHAS (V.O)
That's Blaine's race mask
alright.

DAVE (V.O)
But the kid who's wearing it
is more...

CHAS (V.O)
...half-pint chimp than
silverback.

The crowd laughs.

Despite the insult, Chi plays to the crowd. They lap up
his antics.

CHI
Come on! Come on! You want
blood. I'll give you blood!

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

Bryn watches Chi's every move with mixed feelings.

BRYN
(mumbles)
What have you become?

EXT. PRISON - NIGHT.

Rho steps into the spotlight, takes a deep breath then...

EXT. MURDERDROME - NIGHT.

...walks into a tsunami of sound with trepidation. Racked
in pain, she puts on a brave face, waves to the crowd.

The crowd, however, sense she's lost the fight before
throwing her first punch.

CHAS (V.O)
Ever had that feeling of déjà
vu?

DAVE (V.O)
Every year, Chas. Every
goddam year.

CHAS (V.O)
An injured mouse, wearing
Wreckers colours, enters the
arena!

CHAS (V.O)
Is this a case of history
repeating itself?

DAVE (V.O)
He won't last a lap.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK - NIGHT.

Chi blusters onto the boards, monkeys around like he
doesn't give a shit.

Rho looks to the heavens, whispers a silent prayer to the
motorcycle gods.

CHAS (V.O)
A prayer to the motorcycle
gods.

DAVE (V.O)
He needs all the help he can
get.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK - NIGHT.

The twins approach the start grid. As before, it is
broiling with activity.

While mechanics scurry to make final adjustments to the
motorcycles, Rho and Chi limber up for to race.

EXT. MURDERDROME, BUILDERS ENCLOSURE - NIGHT.

The spotlight swings round to..

...Excelsior. Two servants lift him to his feet, another
shoves a microphone in his face.

EXCELSIOR
I am your loving father.
Today, I open my arms and
embrace you all as my
children...Today, we celebrate
one hundred years of peace!
Today, we celebrate one
hundred years of...The
Murderdrome!

CROWD
Murder-drome! Murder-drome!
Murder-drome!

Excelsior silences the crowd.

EXCELSIOR
May the race set you free!

CROWD
Set us free! Set us free! Set
us free!

The crowd boil with impatience...

CROWD
Murder-drome! Murder-drome!
Murder-drome!

EXT. MURDERDROME, START GRID - NIGHT.

Chi and Rho climb aboard their bikes.

They don their flimsy leather helmets and pilot's goggles.

Chi flashes the steel-tips of his gloves and smiles with murderous delight.

CHAS (V.O)
The steel-tipped gauntlets are
back.

DAVE (V.O)
(sarcastic)
They are the fashion accessory
of choice for any serious
Murderdrome rider.

Rho and Chi lock eyes.

Rho is struck with a sense of familiarity.

EXT. MURDERDROME, START GRID - NIGHT.

A DRAG QUEEN saunters onto the track with a chequered flag and megaphone. She stands before the riders.

CHAS (V.O)
My oh my, the flag girls get
better and better every year.

DAVE (V.O)
You need your eyes testing,
Chas. She is a he.

CHAS (V.O)
Get out of here.

DAVE (V.O)
No can do we have a race to
call.

DRAG QUEEN puts the megaphone to her lips. The crowd
simmer with anticipation.

A moment.

DRAG QUEEN.
Riders start your engines.

Chi and Rho jump on their kick starters, their movements
perfectly synchronised.

Head-splitting, earth-shaking, bone rattling petro-
mechanical thunder echoes around the stadium.

The sights, the sounds, the smells put the crowd under an
internal combustion engine spell.

CROWD
Murder-drome! Murder-drome!
Murder-drome!

EXT. MURDERDROME, COMMENTATORS SHACK - NIGHT.

The shack shakes uncontrollably. Chas's beer falls on a
spectator, splits open their head.

CHAS
The sound of deadly thunder...

DAVE
...The smell of high-octane
fuel...

CHAS
It never gets old.

EXT. MURDERDROME, START GRID - NIGHT.

Rho and Chi stretch out, long and low, over their
machines.

They rev their engines.

Rooooaaar! Rooooooar! Roooooaaaaaar!

CHAS (V.O)
This is it.

DAVE (V.O)
...The moment we've all been
waiting for...

CHAS (V.O)
 Who has the skill, the
 audacity, the horsepower, the
 will to obliterate everything
 in their path and emerge
 victorious?

The commentator's whisper.

DAVE (V.O)
 ...it's Machine against machine...

CHAS (V.O)
 ...Man against man...

DAVE (V.O)
 ...gorilla against poor injured
 little mouse...

EXT. MURDERDROME, START GRID - NIGHT.

The crowd waits on baited breath for the action to begin.

Drag Queen raises the flag.

Throttles are set. The bikes settle into an angry drone.

CHAS (V.O)
 ...when that flag drops...

DAVE (V.O)
 ...A deadly motorcycle cyclone
 will tear this arena to
 pieces.

Drag Queen looks toward...

EXT. BUILDERS ENCLOSURE- DAY.

...Blaine gives a visual command...

EXT. MURDERDROME, START GRID - NIGHT.

...Right on cue, a motorcycle Tsar Bomba explodes...

Out of nowhere, ten motorcycle MOUNTED GUARDS thunder
 onto the track, form up behind Rho and Chi.

These guys are cruellest of the cruel, ride herculean
 bikes equipped with razor sharp Boudica spikes.

EXT. MURDERDROME, START GRID - NIGHT.

Rho and Chi glance behind them with a look of dread.

RHO

(mumbles)

So this is how it's going to be?

CHI

(mumbles)

Do your worst. But do not take the pleasure of killing my sister away from me.

DAVE (V.O)

Now, that is a surprise.

CHAS (V.O)

Folks, we're in for a real treat this year.

DAVE (V.O)

Excelsior's Mounted Guard are in the house!

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK SIDE - NIGHT.

Cheerleaders perform a punchy routine and call out...

"Excelsior, Excelsior, he's our man, no-one loves you quite like he can!"

EXT. MURDERDROME, BRYN - NIGHT.

As Bryn takes stock of the Mounted Guards, her resolve evaporates. She peers skyward.

BRYN

(mumbles)

Please keep him safe.

EXT. MURDERDROME, START GRID - NIGHT.

Drag Queen looks toward...

EXT. BUILDERS ENCLOSURE- DAY.

...Excelsior subtly nods.

EXT. MURDERDROME, START GRID - NIGHT.

As we wait for zero hour, tension rises.

CHAS (V.O)

The flag girl sure does have flair theatre...

DAVE (V.O)
 She is a he.

In a state hyperfocus, Chi and Rho's eyes are glued on Drag Queen.
 They slip into their own world...a world away the stadium.
 Their hearts beat, perfectly synchronised.
 Suddenly, Drag Queen drops the flag with flamboyance.
 Hands dump clutches.
 Roaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaar!
 The sound of motorcycle fury annihilates the known universe.
 Chi screams off the line, leaves a snaking number 1 on the track. Rho follows in his wake. The MOUNTED GUARDS hunt them down.
 A plume of smoke engulfs the start grid.

CHAS (V.O)
 They're away!

The crowd jump up and down like insane asylum escapees.
 A shockwave blows a hole in the smoke – it is Chi.

CHAS (V.O)
 The Gorilla gets a flier.

Chi almost knocks Drag Queen off his feet.
 Another shockwave – it is Rho.

CHAS (V.O)
 The mouse chases him down.

Drag Queen cowers in the middle of the track.
 Two Mounted Guards appear.
 The smoke clears, reveals a pack of 7 Mounted Guards, bringing up the rear.

DAVE (V.O)
 The race is well and truly on folks. Get your eye candy...

CHAS (V.O)
 ...corn dogs...

DAVE (V.O)
 ...blood beer...

CHAS (V.O)
 ...And enjoy this festival of
 speed.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK - NIGHT.

Tenth Mounted Guard punches through the smoke.
 Baaaaaam! It's a head on collision. Drag Queen's
 dismembered body parts fly everywhere.

CHAS (V.O)
 A spectacular hit!

DAVE (V.O)
 What a way to go!

Chas and Dave laugh, hysterically.
 Tenth Mounted Guard loses it. His bike somersaults
 through the air, smashes into the Wreckers enclosure,
 bursts into flames.
 It's utter carnage. It all happens in in snap. The crowd
 screams with a mix of dread and delight.

EXT. BUILDERS ENCLOSURE - NIGHT.

Excelsior and Blaine wince.

CHAS (V.O)
 A disappointing start from
 Excelsior's best.

DAVE (V.O)
 9 play 2 in this deadly game
 of...

CHAS (V.O)
 ...Gorilla versus mouse.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK - NIGHT.

Chi's speed dial soars into the stratosphere as he throws
 his bike into turn one.

CHAS (V.O)
 The gorilla tips into the
 first turn.

DAVE (V.O)
 The mouse scurries after him.

Rho is in his slip stream. There's a touch of wheels.
 Plumes of black smoke billow into the air.

Rho's handlebars shake wildly. She could lose control any second.

It's a motorcycle miracle! She saves it, just.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK - NIGHT.

Rho dives inside. The crowd cheer with delight.

CHAS (V.O)

Wow! What a move!

DAVE (V.O)

A masterclass in track racing!

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN ONE ENTRY - NIGHT.

And now for the main pack of Mounted Guards.

Bikes swing one way, then the other. It's a frenetic free for all.

CHAS

It's elbow to elbow, wheel to wheel as riders squeeze into the banking.

CHAS (V.O)

Will anyone make it out alive?

DAVE (V.O)

This is Excelsior Mounted Guard we're talking about Chas. If they can't do it, no-one can.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

A Grunter lobs a crankshaft toward the pack. It soars through the air...

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN ONE ENTRY - NIGHT.

...Thwack! It hits Forth Mounted Guard square in the face. Out cold, he slumps at the controls.

His bike runs loose, appears to go backwards through the pack.

Crash! Bang! Crack! Forth Mounted Guard takes out two bikes. They fly across the track and into...

CHAS (V.O)

One...two...I count three. Yes, another three bikes down.

DAVE (V.O)
That was one hellava throw!

DAVE (V.O)
A real crowd pleaser, Chas.

The crowd go wild.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES - NIGHT.

...a shower of mangled motorbikes and dismembered body parts rain down on the crowd...

- A sprocket slices a Grunter clean in half.
- A wheel collects more fatalities than a bouncing bomb.
- A piston takes off a Wreckers head.
- An entire bike Catherine-Wheels through the air, igniting everything in its path.

Men. Women. Children an' all. Greasers die left, right and centre.

Clansmen and women drink down the bloody spectacle like cheap beer.

CHAS (V.O)
That's one sure fire way to
thin out a population.

DAVE (V.O)
They'll be enough fresh meat
after this race to feed just
about everyone.

EXT. MURDERDROME, BUILDER'S ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

Splat! A torso hits the cage, vomits innards over a Builder.

The Builder doesn't flinch. Instead, she sinks her teeth into this Manna from heaven.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN ONE EXIT - NIGHT.

The spotlight swings around to the exit of turn one. It hunts for Chi and finds him.

Chi peers over to see Rho. For the first time in his life, Chi can say..

CHI
Catch me if you can, sister.

Lighting Tech seems to read Chi's mind and flits the spotlight to Rho.

RHO
This guy is good, but not as
good as...

Rho lets the bike speak for her. Screeeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaam!
She rinses the throttle.

Rho chases Chi down at heart-stopping speed.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, BACK STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

Chi flies down the back straight, Rho clawing back
ground.

DAVE (V.O)
Six play two as the Riders
blister down the back
straight.

The remaining Mounted Guards arrange themselves into an
arrow-head shape, bring up the rear.

CHAS (V.O)
The Mounted Guard are finally
getting organised.

EXT. MURDERDROME, BACK STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

Chi streaks across screen, barrels down the centreline.

DAVE (V.O)
He's left himself wide open.

CHAS
The Mouse has the advantage.

In dirty air, Rho wrestles with her machine.

A reflection of Chi performs a wild dance in her oil-
splattered goggles.

She's 50 meters away, 20 metres, 10...

She's bearing down her brother board by board at break
neck speed.

Thwack! Rho barges into Chi.

DAVE (V.O)
A love tap.

CHAS (V.O)
A strange kind of love, Dave.

Thwack! Rho smashes into Chi again.

Rho sets her chin.

RHO
I'm not going to let you get
away from me.

Chi glances left, right. He cannot see her anywhere. She
weaves one way then the other.

CHAS (V.O)
Oh, that's clever.

DAVE (V.O)
Tactical genius.

CHAS (V.O)
The Mouse is hiding in the
Gorilla's blind spots.

Rho ignites the afterburners, swings to the outside..

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN TWO - NIGHT.

Rho and Chi blitz into the second corner, tight as a rats
ass.

CHAS (V.O)
They fly into the second
corner..

Rho and Chi lock eyes.

For a moment, everything Murderdrome melts away.

The twins lose all sense of time. There is no past or
present. There is only now, this moment. Only living,
only breathing, there is only motorcycle racing.

Neither Rho nor Chi back off.

Snap! They are back in the Murderdrome, thrashing along
the boards at eye-watering speed, fighting tooth and nail
for track position..

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, HOME STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

The twins surge out of turn two side by side, the pack of
Mounted guards within spitting distance, behind.

The pack separate and perform a kind of pincer
manoeuvrer. Three go left, three go right.

In seconds they have Chi and Rho surrounded.

CHAS (V.O)
I haven't seen racing like
this since..

DAVE (V.O)
 ...We've never seen racing like
 this!

Rho and Chi have nowhere to go.

They look at each other with utter bewilderment. They have no choice in the matter. If they are to survive they must COOPERATE.

Chi and Rho nod.

DAVE (V.O)
 They've made an Entente
 Cordiale.

CHAS (V.O)
 A what?

DAVE (V.O)
 They're going to work together
 to eliminate their biggest
 threat.

The Mounted Guards take wild swings at the Twins. It is festival of flying sparks, Boudica spikes, shredded leather and slashed flesh.

Rho and Chi instinctively read each other's moves. They evade danger, then retaliate.

Bang! Crash! Crack!

CHAS (V.O)
 It's a heavy metal slug fest!

Two Mounted Guards spin wildly across the track and eat the boards.

The crowd's bloodlust reaches an all-time high.

CHAS (V.O)
 Two Mounted Guards ruthlessly
 taken out of the equation!

DAVE (V.O)
 Boy oh boy. These guys,
 whoever they are, sure do know
 how to handle motorcycles.

CHAS (V.O)
 They also know how to fight.

DAVE (V.O)
 Four play two.

Rho and Chi congratulate each other with a subtle nod.

Rho flicks her wrist. Her bike replies with a screaming full-throttle roar...

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN ONE ENTRY - NIGHT.

...Rho leads into turn one at DNA rearranging speed.

Chi sets his chin and goes after her with all the horses of his Frankenbike.

The remaining Mounted Guards chase them down.

8th Mounted fettles with his machine. He guns it, Rho centred in his sights.

Chi anticipates the move, rolls off the throttle, and, relatively speaking goes backwards.

There's an huge collision!

It sets off a chain reaction that wipes out three Mounted Guards in total. Bikes and bodies fly everywhere.

CHAS (V.O)

This is disastrous.

DAVE (V.O)

Three more Mounted Guards bite the desert dust!

Chi is in trouble. A Boudica spike is stuck in his leg. When he removes it, blood sprays all over the map.

His bike is injured too. A bolt works loose. It sheds panels. Nothing important...then...catastrophe...

...The chain jumps off the sprocket, locks up the back wheel.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES- NIGHT.

Bryn gasps in horror.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN ONE ENTRY - NIGHT.

There's nothing Chi can do to save himself.

The backend steps out. He loses control, low sides...spins and slides leaving a wake of splinters behind him.

DAVE (V.O)

A rapid change of fortune for the Gorilla!

CHAS (V.O)

He's out cold...

DAVE (V.O)

...And out of the running!

Chi's limp body stops in the gutter of turn one.

DAVE (V.O)
No man could survive a hit a
like that.

For a moment it is uncertain if he is dead or alive.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TERRACES- NIGHT.

Bryn pushes her way through the crowd. There's nothing the Murderdrome Riot Police can do to stop her.

BYRN
(mumbles)
Get up! Get up! If not you're
dead, I'm going to kill you!

She leaps over a barrier with matchless traceur verve.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, MID TURN ONE - NIGHT.

Rho looks behind to see Chi's spectacular crash and smiles.

RHO
(mumbles)
This race is mine.

Her injury tells a different story. A pang of pain. Fresh blood squirts from her wound.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN ONE ENTRY - NIGHT.

Bryn runs over to Chi's limp body, drops to her knees.

CHAS (V.O)
The Motorcycle Gods have sent
an angel from heaven!

DAVE (V.O)
The Gorilla is surely beyond
any miracle!

BRYN
Chi! Chi! Oh God! Oh, no!

She slaps him across the face.

BRYN
Wake up!

Nothing.

Bryn's eye's leak tears.

BRYN
Wake up, goddam you!

Bryn punches his chest.

His eyes burst open. He coughs, sucks in a breath.

CHI
Bryn?

BRYN
No, the Mona Lisa.

CHI
(groggy)
Huh?

Bryn laughs while wiping her eyes.

CHI
How's the bike?

They look to the stricken machine.

BRYN
You made a real mess of her.

CHI
But you can fix her, right?

BRYN
I can fix anything.

Bryn jumps to her feet, helps Chi to his.

CHAS (V.O)
I don't believe it.

DAVE (V.O)
He's on his feet.

Chi waves to the crowd.

CHAS
A rock hard motorcycle
Gladiator rises to a standing
ovation!

DAVE (V.O)
The crowd have found their
hero!

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN ONE EXIT - NIGHT.

Rho thunders out of turn one unscathed. Tenth Mounted Guard hunts her down.

She glances behind to see Chi, uninjured.

RHO
He's frigging indestructible!

She sets herself up for...

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN ONE ENTRY - NIGHT.

Chi props the bike up while Bryn remounts the chain, straightens the handlebars, gives it an all-round health check.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK BACK STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

...the long pull of the straight.

Rho hunkers down, flat-backed, eyes pinned to the racing line.

DAVE (V.O)
Just look at his form!

CHAS (V.O)
Just look at him go!

Baaaaaaaam! Tenth Mounted Guard slams into her.

They trade brutal blows.

A blaze of Boudica spikes glance off the metalwork.

CHAS (V.O)
It's unrelenting..

DAVE (V.O)
...we wouldn't want it any other way.

Rho dives inside then outside.

Tenth Mounted Guard shadows her every move.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK TURN TWO ENTRY - NIGHT.

Tenth Mounted Guard forces Rho higher and higher up the track. She can't do a goddam thing about it.

They fight tooth and nail, no quarter given.

Tenth Mounted Guard slams into her. Rho skims the wall of death. Rubber shreds, smoke billows.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN ONE ENTRY - NIGHT.

Chi climbs aboard his bike, jumps on the kick starter.
The bike growls. The crowd go Berserk. Bryn gives Chi a slap of encouragement.

BRYN
(shouts)
You have a race to win!

CHI
(shouts)
What?

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK TURN TWO EXIT - NIGHT.

Rho powers out of the turn. She's too high. A glancing blow is all it will take to see her fly into the air.
She knows the danger. All too well.
Rho suddenly backs off. She's going backwards.
Tenth Mounted Guard wonders what the hell is happening.
Rho cuts to the inside.

CHAS (V.O)
The Great Switcheroo!

DAVE (V.O)
One of the oldest...

CHAS (V.O)
...and most effective tricks in
the book.

EXT. MURDERDROME, HOME STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

Tenth Mounted Guard is having none of it. He matches Rho's speed.
They scrape shoulders. This time, Tenth Mounted Guard forces Rho farther and farther down the track.

CHAS (V.O)
Our angel needs to sprout wings.

Rho eye's flit between the guy bullying her...

RHO
(mumbles)
I can't shake him.

...and...

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN ONE ENTRY - NIGHT.

...Bryn shouts in Chi's ear.

BRYN

Go! You are The One. Change
our world!

Chi nods, checks over his shoulder to see...

...Rho slams into Bryn. Her body is mincemeat!

Chi sits on his machine, totally bereft, splattered in
Bryn's fresh glistening blood.

CHAS (V.O)

A demon strikes...

DAVE (V.O)

...The angels wings are well and
truly clipped!

The crowd expresses their split opinion with passion.

Rho wrestles with the controls, but stays upright...by the
skin of her teeth.

Tenth Mounted Guard has an altogether different fate.

He snakes all over the track, hits the wall of death,
somersaults into hell.

An tremendous explosion rocks the stadium off its
foundation.

CHAS (V.O)

The Karma Police make an
explosive arrest!

DAVE (V.O)

Excelsior will demand
someone's head for this
pitiful performance.

He's right...

EXT. MURDERDROME, BUILDER'S ENCLOSURE - NIGHT.

Excelsior, red-faced, a vein bulging in his temple,
crushes a glass of blood wine.

Blood splatters over himself and Blaine.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN ONE EXIT - NIGHT.

Rho, smothered in blood, throttles down, lingers at the
top of the banking.

She wipes her goggles to reveal tears in her eyes.

RHO
May the Motorcycle Gods give
you peace...whoever you
are...whoever you were.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN ONE ENTRY - NIGHT.

Chi wipes his goggles to reveal hate-filled eyes.
He revs the engine within an inch of his life.

CHI
With all the nuts and bolts of
my heart, I am going to make
you pay, sister.

And he's off! Faster than ever. The crowd go bonkers.

CHAS (V.O)
The Gorilla looks meaner than
ever before...

DAVE (V.O)
...Vengeance fuelling his bike.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, BACK STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

Rho glances behind to see Chi in hot pursuit.
She opens the throttle. Her bike growls, lurches forward,
faster and faster...
But Chi is gaining ground. And now he's a on top of her.

CHAS (V.O)
It's all square.

DAVE (V.O)
Mano a mano...

CHAS (V.O)
...Gorilla against mouse...

DAVE (V.O)
...To the death...

DAVE (V.O)
...Buckle up for the white
knuckle ride of your life.

Chi smiles, then slams into Rho with all the hatred in
his body.

CHAS (V.O)
The Gorilla thumps his chest!

Rho wobbles but holds her own, just.
Rho rams into Chi.

CHAS (V.O)
The Mouse counters with a body
blow!

Chi swerves dangerously close to the crowd. They gasp in
horror, yet cheer for more.
The twins duke it out while thrashing along the boards at
brain rattling speed.

DAVE (V.O)
Blow after blow.

CHAS (V.O)
They give it.

DAVE (V.O)
But how long can they take it?

The bikes and the Twins are on their last legs.
Rho winces, clasps her side. She looks down to see blood
oozing from her wound.

CHAS (V.O)
The Mouse is growing weaker
with every turn of crankshaft.

If she could just hang on, one more second, one more lap..
Fate has a different idea, however. Rho slumps at the
controls, fades in and out of consciousness.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, BACK STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

Chi showboats, waves to the crowd.

CHAS (V.O)
The Gorilla looks invincible.

DAVE (V.O)
He learned from the master
himself.

EXT. BUILDER'S ENCLOSURE - EXT.

Blaine thanks Chas for the compliment with a hand
gesture.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, BACK STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

Chi flicks a switch. His bike finds an extra gear, powers ahead.

CHAS (V.O)
Kazoooooowie!

Rho snaps back to real world.

She flicks a switch. Her bashed-up bike accelerates faster an F22 Raptor...

CHAS (V.O)
An incredible change of pace!

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN TWO - NIGHT.

Chi makes himself wide, forces Rho high.

Rho has no choice. She, like her father, must ride the wall of death.

RHO
For you, papa.

Rho sets her chin, pins it to win it.

CHAS (V.O)
He's up there on the wall of the death.

DAVE (V.O)
It's only ever been done once before and we all know how that turned out.

...however...

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, HOME STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

...She's losing ground while Chi is gaining it.

...Chi admires his steel-tipped gauntlet.

DAVE (V.O)
This is a facsimile of last year's race!

CHAS (V.O)
A what?

The twins lock eyes. Chi smiles with evil delight. Rho has a feeling of familiarity again.

CHI
It's time to die, sister.

Chi hand surfs the wall then digs the steel tips of his Gauntlet into the boards.

He grimaces in pain, holds fast...

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, HOME STRAIGHT - NIGHT.

...A wake of dagger-sized splinters rain down on Rho as the track in front of her is torn apart.

CHAS (V.O)
There's nowhere for the mouse to run.

The noise from the crowd is ear-splitting.

DAVE (V.O)
The celebrations have started!

CHAS (V.O)
They think it's all over!

Then it happens.

Rho blips the throttle, flicks the bars, steps the back end out Speedway style.

She slips and slides...somehow dodging disintegrating boards and deadly wooden projectiles.

Snap! Rho's rear wheel bites so hard she high sides, barrel rolls through the air. Over and over she goes.

Then...

The Coup de grâce. Rho slams into Chi, hard and fast.

The move has two more consequences.

One. It sets Rho's bike rubber side up.

Two. Chi spins into a delirium of motorcycle hell.

CROWD
Murder-drome! Murder-drome!
Murder-drome!

Chi parts company with his bike.

While his limp body slides across the track, his bike soars through the air ablaze...

EXT. COMMENTARY SHACK - NIGHT.

...and tumbles towards Chas and Dave.

DAVE

It is now.

CHAS

It's been real pleasure, Dave.

DAVE

The pleasure has been mi...

The bike slams into the shack, explodes.

Well, that shut them up.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN ONE - NIGHT.

Rho suddenly senses an absence that she has never felt before.

She peers over her shoulder to see...

Mutilated motorcycles and body parts strewn across the track.

She scans the wreckage, picks out Chi lying in the gutter, knocking on deaths door.

Then it happens.

A powerful force tugs on her very soul.

She must find out who is behind the Gorilla mask.

EXT. MURDERDROME, TRACK, TURN ONE - NIGHT.

Rho throttles back, brings her bike to a stop in the well of the track near Chi.

She jumps off her bike, drops to her knees.

CHI

Sister.

Rho rips off her mouse mask. When her long hair falls loose, the crowd gasp - Girls don't race motorcycles.

RHO

Brother.

CHI

You knew who I was and still you raced?

RHO
I didn't know anything for
certain until now.

Chi and Rho look deep into each other's eyes.

CHI
I'm sorry. I'm sorry for
everything. I'm the eldest...

Salt water pools in Rho eye's.

RHO
By three minutes.

Chi smiles, coughs and splutters.

CHI
...By three minutes. I was meant
to look after you.

RHO
We're together now, that's all
that matters.

Rho runs her fingers through Chi's hair.

CHI
Forgive me.

RHO
Shush.

CHI
You're The One. Kill
Excelsior, kill Blaine, unite...

Chi lets out his last wheezing breath.

Rho lets out an animalistic cry, stands, dons the
gauntlet, raises it aloft.

RHO
For my mother, my father, my
brother, for Joyce and Sol,
for everyone in this goddamned
forsaken world!

The crowd have no idea what's coming next.

Rho sets her chin and runs and runs and runs...

EXT. MURDERDROME, BUILDER'S ENCLOSURE - NIGHT.

While the Builder's enclosure starts to empty, Excelsior is stuck on his fat ass.

EXT. MURDERDROME, BUILDER'S ENCLOSURE - NIGHT.

...Rho charges toward Excelsior, ploughs through anyone stood her way.

Excelsior turns to Blaine.

EXCELSIOR

I fear the end of the Builders
is upon us.

Rho doesn't hesitate.

She throws herself at Excelsior - sinks the gauntlet into his neck.

Blood splatters everywhere, drenches her from head to toe.

And now for Blaine.

He stands tall, applauds Rho's audacity with a slow clap.

BLAINE

Congratulations on a
magnificent...

Rho sinks the gauntlet into Blaine's stomach, draws it up to his ribs.

He spits bloody bubbles.

BLAINE

(groans)
...victory.

Blaine falls to his knees.

Rho snatches her locket dangling from his neck.

RHO

This belongs to me.

Blaine smiles with an air of sagacity.

BLAINE

I played my part and did what
needed to be done.

Blaine breathes his last, falls to the floor. Rho grabs a microphone and stands on Excelsior's throne.

RHO

My name is Rho. I am The One.
The One to win the
Murderdrome. The one to Kill
Excelsior...join with me and
together we can overthrow the
builders once and for all!

Now that's call to arms. Rho is to this sun-baked world
as Joan of Arc was to Orlean.

The crowd cheers – the undeniable sound of revolution.

CROWD

Set us free! Set us free! Set
us free!

For the first time in recorded history, Wreckers and
Grunters unite and rise up against the builders.

There's one hell of a bloody battle.

EPILOGUE.

EXT. DESERT ROAD – DAY.

Rho storms across screen in a blur of colour and the
sound of petrol-mechanical thunder.

These are the sights and sounds of...

...freedom...

She rides plumb down the centreline of a long undulating
road, dunes on either side...

...towards the mountains...

...towards one version of motorcycle heaven, the twisties.

An analogue speed dial breaks 150 miles...180...230...

RHO (V.O)

It's over...for now. The sand is
stained with blood. The time
of the builders is gone. The
clans roar in victory, but I
can hear the silence that
comes after. The silence
before the next storm. I
fought to unite us, but I
can't ignore it—the horizon
holds more than just freedom.
It holds a shadow. One that's
been waiting. A new fight is
coming. And when it does,
they'll remember today,
remember what I did. But for
now, I ride to live...

THE END.