

PODIUMS

Pilot  
'We Know The Car is Bad'

Written by

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**Genre:** Hour Long Returnable Drama

**Logline:** Set in the glamorous world of Formula One, a young, washed-up, grief stricken female racing car driver rejoins the world of motorsports in an effort to rekindle her love of competition, racing, and life itself.

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FADE IN:

EXT. BAHRAIN INTERNATIONAL CIRCUIT - NIGHT

We come in high over a NIGHT RACE IN THE DESERT. This is the BAHRAIN INTERNATIONAL CIRCUIT.

The track's lit up like a stage by massive floodlights. The light diffusing through the humid air creates an otherworldly white haze that emphasizes the inspiring scale of the three and a half miles of asphalt.

We hear the hiss of a screaming crowd and the screech of V6 hybrid engines.

We move along the track, speeding up, up, up, until we're catching the FORMULA ONE cars averaging 115 mph. We hear A FUZZY RADIO CONVERSATION as we pass all the drivers.

GAVIN (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
Taro's out of the race, damaged wing. It's just you.

ALEX (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
Where am I?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
P15. We need P10 at least.

ALEX (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
I cannot do this in thirty laps!

SAMANTHA (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
Alex, we need that one point, not tomorrow, not the next race. Right now. Can you do it, champ?

The radio goes silent, and the camera latches onto a sunny yellow F1 car, and the voice of Alex gets louder. THAT'S HIM IN THE YELLOW CAR.

ALEX  
(over radio)  
Of course I can do it.  
(in Greek)  
Let's go!

We come in closer still until it's just the back of Alex's head bouncing against the sides of the car like he's trying to drive a missile.

We see a royal blue car ahead, Alex passes them on the inside.

**SUPER: ~~P15~~ P14**

**SUPER: 30 laps remaining**

Alex takes a few bends, pulls ahead of the royal blue car behind. Alex hits a straight and speeds up, he takes the next spot from an almost IDENTICAL YELLOW CAR.

**SUPER: ~~P14~~ P13**

**SUPER: 25 laps remaining**

Alex sees the next guy ahead, he misses out on the racing line, but with more experience he manages an overtake on the outside, which is HIGHLY UNORTHODOX. Alex hits the throttle before the other guy can catch up.

**SUPER: ~~P13~~ P12**

**SUPER: 19 laps remaining**

A crowd of fans go wild as Alex passes the start line, hits a straight, and goes for the driver ahead. The wing on Alex's car opens up giving him A BOOST and he takes the next place just like that.

**SUPER: ~~P12~~ P11**

**SUPER: 15 laps remaining**

EXT. BAHRAIN INTERNATIONAL CIRCUIT - NIGHT

Alex catches sight of the black and red car in P10, but someone's ON HIS TAIL. Following Alex like a shadow is RACING NUMBER FIVE IN A DARK PURPLE CAR.

ALEX  
(over radio)  
Rookie's behind me!

Alex and the rookie drift away from the guy in front, HE HAS TO FOCUS ON FIGHTING RACING NUMBER FIVE FOR P11.

**SUPER: 14 laps remaining**

The wing on the rookie's car opens for an OVERTAKE, but ALEX WON'T LET HIM GO THAT EASY.

INT. AGER GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

This is the garage of the fictional Formula One team AGER AUTOMOTIVE RACING, everything they own is a bright yellow, accented with an Alsatian badge. There's space for both cars, tires and pit crew. The pit crew sit on chairs watching the race on two big TVs.

The camera mingles with all the bodies watching TV. In front of us standing with her arms crossed is MARY MILNER (25, team polo, muscular, a bit of a chav).

We watch the TVs with Mary; she's scared, eyes focused on THE ROOKIE.

On the TV the rookie and Alex hit a bend. Alex NEEDS to stay ahead, but... THE ROOKIE IS A MAD MAN, he pushes his car as close as it'll go to Alex.

**THE TWO MEN COLLIDE.**

The garage gasps. Mary's eyes go wide. Alex and the Rookie get pushed off track, but the rookie CORRECTS TO TAKE P11, and THE DARK PURPLE CAR RIDES OFF INTO THE DISTANCE.

Alex SPINS DOWN THE ROAD, he slides across the curb and CRASHES INTO THE BARRIER. The chassis SNAPS IN TWO.

A **FIRE** grows at the back of the car. Everyone gets to their feet in shock.

The TVs in the garage flash up a red flag: THE RACE IS COMING TO A TEMPORARY STOP. In our peripheral we see all the cars come back to the pits.

We stick close to everyone's shoulders, sharing the space with the team as they all bunch up, all they can do is wait in horror because—

**ALEX ISN'T GETTING OUT OF THE CAR.** Two pit crew guys hug, another covers his mouth. We watch the monitors from behind Mary. On the TV: a shaky F1 News camera zooms in at a distance as an ambulance speeds down the track to save Alex, but the fire in the car ISN'T DYING.

We close in on Mary as she stumbles back, SHE'S HAVING A PANIC ATTACK. Something about the sound of the ambulance siren, or the crash itself is hitting her hard. She rushes into ALEX'S COOLDOWN ROOM.

INT. COOLDOWN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mary slams the door closed behind her, covers her head and crawls into the corner. We move across the room without her to a Pirelli baseball cap on a table. Inside is an old beaten up TOP TRUMPS CARD.

Card reads: ALEX MELIDES, THREE TIME WORLD CHAMPION.

The camera closes in on the picture of him on the card, smug grin, leg up on an F1 car. The card's a decade old at this point, his signature is scribbled over the front in gold sharpie. That's him, THE MAN THAT JUST DIED.

### PODIUMS

EXT. CADWELL PARK CIRCUIT - NIGHT

**SUPER: two months before the crash**

Somewhere around five in the morning, still pitch black, but we might get a gorgeous salmon pink sunrise in a few hours.

We see a northern English circuit surrounded by farmland and wire fences. The small-ish track is lined by a few unlit flood lights, a total of six over the two mile stretch.

There's something magical and a little foreboding in the frigid foggy air and tepid English rain.

MONTAGE:

- Flood lights come on one by one, revealing the twists and turns of the CADWELL PARK CIRCUIT.
- A puddle on the track ripples in the wind.
- Old Christmas lights flicker on and off.
- A fryer heats up in a fish n' chips food truck.
- Camera at ground level, a wheel stops in a parking spot.
- Families and friends start walking through the gates to the circuit.
- A tent covers a Podium decorated with whatever they could get from Vistaprint, but in a cute small town kinda way.
- Close up on the wood fence of a nearby farm. Who knows how long it's been here.

- Start line, a car zooms past for a practice lap.
- A flock of sheep make their way across a picturesque hill.
- Hood up, huddled in a parka is a woman and her two young kids watching their dad race.
- Two car collectors chat over the open hood of a vintage sports car.
- A tractor rumbles past on the main road.
- A young father lifts his son into the driver's seat of a car to play with the steering wheel.
- Laying in a cardboard box are two dozen gold plastic trophies of a wheel on fire.
- A banner titled "CADWELL PARK CIRCUIT SEMI ANNUAL CHAMPIONSHIP" is strung up over the main office, wobbling in the wind, ready to come undone.

EXT. CADWELL PARK CIRCUIT - DAY

The sun is just rising, out on track are a bunch of 10-15 year olds in a karting race. Mary stands at the side with a checkered flag. There's a scuffle on track, one kid goes off and quits the race, stomping off into the crowd.

The kid in first place easily takes the win while 2nd and 3rd are fighting right up to the line. Mary steps out, and waves the flag as all the kids cross the line.

INT. CADWELL PARK CIRCUIT - OFFICE - DAY

Christmas was maybe a month ago, but decorations are still up in the office. Mary packs her stuff into a duffle bag, ready to leave for the day. Across the room sitting at his desk is GARY THE MANAGER (early 50s, looks like Boris Johnson, enough said).

Mary makes for the door.

MARY

I'm off.

GARY THE MANAGER

Steady on, you've got another hour!

MARY

I'm leaving early today. I told you, got a personal thing.

Gary thinks... he doesn't remember that. He shrugs. Mary walks out.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - DAY

Mary sits at the bedside of her mother: DOVE (60s, pink hair). Dove is INTUBATED, and unresponsive. The VENTILATOR breathing for her is loud and UNFORGETTABLE. Mary sits at her bedside reading a book aloud. Far back in the corner of the ICU is a sad Christmas tree.

Mary reaches out for her mother's hand. Dove's hand tightens around hers, BUT MARY DOESN'T RETURN THE GESTURE.

MARY

'Tis all a checker-board of nights  
and days, where destiny with men  
for pieces plays: Hither and thither  
moves, and mates, and slays, and  
one by one back in the closet  
lays...You and your flowery stuff.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Mary stands opposite a seated DOCTOR in a cheerful waiting room, as if the painted clouds on the ceiling could make it any less bleak. Mary gets a call, she looks down at her phone. Caller ID reads: MANAGER

Mary ignores it.

MARY

Sorry, what were you saying?

DOCTOR

I plan on extubation tomorrow.

MARY

Ok? Shouldn't I get an appointment  
with someone for physical therapy?  
For when she wakes up?

DOCTOR

...Let's focus on extubation first.

INT. NANCY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Watching an F1 race on the TV is NANCY (80s, Mary's great aunt, nightgown permanently on, frizzy grey hair).

On the mantle is a massive collection of pictures of a young Dove and her now deceased husband ROGER (Mary's dad, cheerful, round glasses).

Along with all the family pictures is a MOUNTAIN OF MARY'S MOTORSPORTS TROPHIES. The door bell rings.

Mary walks to the front door from the kitchen, yellow washing gloves on.. THE GLASS FRONT DOOR REVEALS THE SILHOUETTE OF A WOMAN WAITING ON THE DOOR STEP.

Mary opens the door on a dark rainy night and her old manager JOYCE (early 40s, ginger, buddy buddy masculine aura). Mary's stunned for a moment, then invites Joyce in, and closes the door.

NANCY  
Oh hello, dearie!

JOYCE  
Heya Nance, how's things?

NANCY  
Bad I'd say.

JOYCE  
Ah well, I might be about to change that.

INT. NANCY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary and Joyce sit at the breakfast table, both with a cup of tea.

JOYCE  
How's ya mum?

MARY  
No change. They're gonna extubate her tomorrow.

JOYCE  
Ah, and that's...

MARY  
It's when they take the breathing tube out.

JOYCE  
Listen, I've got this job I think would be mega.



MARY  
I have a job.

JOYCE  
With an F1 team.

Mary smiles: this is a dream come true.

JOYCE (CONT'D)  
Ager's looking for a test  
driver, a new one.

MARY  
Why would I be a candidate  
for— Ager? Screw them! I'm  
not working for them.

Mary stands to dump her tea down the sink.

JOYCE (CONT'D)  
Ager need to hire a woman, they're  
insisting on it.

MARY  
What? There are other female  
racers.

JOYCE  
You were an F3 champ. Karting  
champ. Runner up in F2.

MARY  
Who hasn't been racing in five  
years.

JOYCE  
You were great!

MARY  
Yeah.

JOYCE  
Think about how many women are pay  
drivers, who do this as a hobby,  
then think about the ones like you,  
the real racers; now imagine how  
many are willing to work for  
Ager... The pool ain't as big as  
you think it is. You have the  
pedigree, Mary. If I put ya name  
forward, here, now, they will hire  
ya. They wanna do this fast like.  
They said they'll cover costs for a  
year, no sponsors needed.

MARY  
... My super license expired.

JOYCE

I already talked to the blokes at the FIA. You can have a go at renewing it before you leave for Italy.

MARY

Italy!? I can't go to Italy.

JOYCE

Cal just signed as reserve. We could ask him to put in a good word.

MARY

He did? I...I appreciate you looking out for me, really I do, and yes Formula One is the dream, but I gotta be here, I can't leave my mum, she'll need physical therapy when she gets out with the stuff in her head and everything.

Mary starts cleaning up.

JOYCE

Mary...she had a brain aneurysm.

MARY

People recover from brain aneurysms.

(beat)

They do! She held my hand. She squeezed it.

INT. NANCY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Mary's tucked up on the sofa, having trouble sleeping, watching a vintage F1 race on her laptop.

INT. CADWELL PARK CIRCUIT - OFFICE - DAY

Mary's sitting at a desk organizing some files, Gary across the room. It's late in the day.

MARY

Can I drive later? On the track? Since we're closing up.

GARY THE MANAGER

No Mary, you can't just go drivin' whenever you want.

INT./EXT. CADWELL PARK CIRCUIT - TOYOTA MR2 - NIGHT

Headlights on, a rusty 'boy racer' TOYOTA MR2 speeds around the track. Mary's driving despite what Gary said. She picks up speed and starts to have some fun. Slowly the empty stands fill with imaginary cheering fans, then imaginary cars appear behind and in front.

Mary stops driving and starts racing. We watch her for a moment, she's having the time of her life; until she hears the cheers of the crowd and the roar of the cars mix with the sound of her mother's VENTILATOR.

Mary's grip on the wheel WEAKENS. She does her best to stay in the moment, but she can't. She skids and comes to a halt. Her wonderful imagination fades until she's just a girl in a car trying not to cry.

INT. NANCY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Mary walks out of the kitchen to the same scene as last night, Nancy watching an F1 race on TV.

MARY  
Dishes done.

NANCY  
Ta!

Nancy pulls Mary down for a kiss on the cheek.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Any chance for a cup of tea, love?

Mary's about to walk back into the kitchen, when THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. The glass front door reveals an unmistakable silhouette... THE POLICE.

Mary's frozen in place, they'd only visit for ONE REASON, Dove is dead. Nancy hobbles over and opens the door.

POLICEMAN  
Evening. Mary Milner?  
(Mary steps forward)  
The end of your mother's life is imminent. You should return to hospital. I'm sorry for your loss.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE END

-- Mary helps Nancy put her coat on, and gets her wheelchair.

-- Mary and Nancy arrive at the hospital, moving down the hall as fast as they can.

-- Mary and Nancy are asked to stay in a waiting room. A nurse walks in with a grim expression.

-- Mary and Nancy sit at the bedside of a COLD AND GONE Dove. Mary gives her mother one last hug. Nancy cries.

-- A doctor hands Mary her mother's things, a hair clip and her emerald engagement ring.

-- Mary wheels Nancy through the hospital convenience store to buy some sandwiches.

EXT. HOSPITAL - FRONT GARDEN - NIGHT

Three or four in the morning. Mary and Nancy sit side by side on a hill of daffodils outside the hospital, street lights and silence emphasize the loneliness in the dead of night.

They eat without speaking. From the distance comes Joyce. Joyce stops in front of Mary, and Mary breaks down in tears.

INT. JOYCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Nancy's in the passenger seat having a chat with Joyce who's driving. Mary leans against the window in the backseat beside a couple packed bags, watching the headlights on the motorway. Joyce turns the conversation to Mary.

JOYCE

So, test driving, you'll have to run some pretty specific simulations for 'em, so don't get caught up in the speed, focus on gettin' the boffins the data they need.

Joyce continues to talk, but her voice is muffled as if she's behind glass. Mary watches the sunrise.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Mary?

(Mary looks over)

They're gonna ask if you're good to get in the car, lie to 'em, yeah?

INT. AGER HQ - SAMANTHA'S OFFICE - DAY

A big office with a ton of racing memorabilia on the wall. Sitting at her desk is SAMANTHA AGER (early 40s, Italian, curly sandy blonde hair). Moments later, in comes GAVIN AGER (30s, Italian, old money, dumb as a sack of bricks).

GAVIN  
(in Italian)  
I've found the perfect test driver.

Samantha keeps typing on her laptop, not listening to him.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
Marco Cavalli.

SAMANTHA  
(in Italian)  
No.

GAVIN  
Cosa? No? Eh?

SAMANTHA  
I already hired Mary Milner. We needed a donna. Besides I looked at his times... They were not so good.

GAVIN  
I already promised him!

SAMANTHA  
It's not my fault you go around making promises you cannot keep. Idiota!

Sam opens her email. We see a long string come in, titled things like:

"Ager's sponsorship refund policy?"

"When's the apology from Gavin!?"

"DO SOMETHING!!"

"Sponsorship Termination"

"We're pulling out."

They keep coming. Ping, ping, ping...PING, PING, **PING, PING**. Sam turns her screen to him. He looks closer, his gentle brain-dead smile starts to drop. Gavin shrugs; no big deal. Sam tugs him closer by the collar of his pastel slim cut shirt.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

How do you plan on racing with no sponsors, ah? Stupido! She will be good for sponsors, well, for a year at least. We'll put her on everything, *vedrai*.

Gavin tries to speak, but Samantha silences him with a quick wave of her hand.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Shut up. You need to understand how close we are to being done! Idiota!

Gavin detaches himself from her.

GAVIN

Fine. *Calmati! Calmati!* What do you want me to do?

SAMANTHA

Don't upset anymore female employees! In fact, don't even go near her when she gets here. *Capire?*

GAVIN (CONT'D)

...upset More female employees...go near her...when she gets here.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Può andare. I had her times from a simulator in London sent to us.

Sam turns her laptop to him. On screen we see several lap times, Mary's last four laps are IDENTICAL, down to the tenths of a second. Gavin scrolls up to a picture of her.

GAVIN

Ah! I know her!

SAMANTHA

She was an F2 driver.

GAVIN

No, no, no, she was more than that.

He pulls the laptop closer, he types something into youtube, and turns it back to Sam.

ON SCREEN: MARY MILNER, GREATEST MOMENTS.

Night time after a race. An interviewer hurries after an angry teen Mary and shoves a microphone in her face.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Mary! Mary! Were you worried you might lose it to Callum there?

TEEN MARY

Oh please! If I worry about anyone, WHICH I DON'T, I'll be worrying about Mat  , who's ass I just RIPPED UP, CHEWED UP and SPIT out, FYI!

Cut to—

Camera quality improves to professional grade. F3 crowd, a camera at a distance catches Mary off track in her racing suit. There's been a minor crash when a fight breaks out between her and another racer. Marshals have to pull them apart. Cut to—

F3 post race interview, Mary shakes up her winners champagne, pops the cork and starts spraying.

TEEN MARY (CONT'D)

I'LL NEVER LOSE! I'M THE GREATEST!

**Samantha stops the video.**

SAMANTHA

Grazie mille...I remember her.

GAVIN

How does pap   feel about your choice?

SAMANTHA

He likes her...surprisingly.

INT./EXT. POLIGNANO A MARE - TAXI - DAY

**SUPER: one month before the crash**

We watch from above as a taxi pulls off the main road and into the narrow stone streets of Polignano a Mare. A wide aerial shot captures ivy-clad old homes looking out over crystal-blue water. Back inside the car...

Mary sits in the back seat beside Nancy.

TAXI DRIVER

So you are driver? How exciting. My whole family, we love Formula One!

MARY

I'm a test driver, so don't get too excited.

TAXI DRIVER

I know, I know, but still. You uh, you drive for Ferrari, yes?

MARY

...Ager.

The taxi driver slams on the breaks.

TAXI DRIVER

Ehhhhhhh, you walk rest of way.

EXT. POLIGNANO A MARE - STREETS - DAY

Narrow streets, stone buildings, seaside air. Mary pushes Nancy up a steep street, bags hanging off the handles of her wheelchair. Mary stops when she catches sight of her destination: her new apartment.

MARY

Almost there.

NANCY

Take a break, lovely one. I might be able to walk that.

MARY

Nope! We're almost there!

Mary starts pushing the wheelchair with more gusto.

INT. ELEVATOR/HALLWAY - DAY

In a small elevator Joyce stands beside CALLUM ROTH (25, English, broccoli perm, one diamond earring, hoodie). Cal has a bouquet of flowers in one hand, and a bottle of wine in the other.

JOYCE

Don't tell her I told ya, yeah?

The elevator door opens, Joyce and Cal step out into the hallway of Mary's new apartment, and knock on her door.

CALLUM

I'm supposed to pretend I don't know her mum's dead?



The door opens on Nancy.

NANCY

Callum! Oh darling you got so big!  
Come here!

Cal and Nancy hug, when he pulls back he sees Mary behind her. Mary gives an awkward wave. It's been a while since they've seen each other.

EXT. MARY'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT

Mary, Joyce, Nancy and Cal have just finished eating dinner. Mary stands on the balcony sipping wine.

Mary looks inside: it's a perfect MOMENT IN TIME. The cars below, the town lights, and warm conversation make up the ambient sound of LIFE. Mary's face grows sad.

Cal joins her on the balcony.

MARY

Joyce told you. You keep staring at me, make it more obvious why don't you.

CALLUM

Sorry 'bout your mum...and your dad.

Cal thinks about reaching out to put a hand on her shoulder, then thinks twice.

MARY

I don't remember why I liked this anymore, racing. Some of the joy is just gone. I can't share it with them anymore.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary tucks Nancy into bed.

NANCY

You're not happy, love.

MARY

Test driving's not easy. You have to feel the car in a way other drivers can't. There's a chance I can't do it, not well enough anyway.

NANCY

Then that's tough luck isn't it?  
(Mary nods)  
People don't like 'em, the chap  
you're workin' for.

MARY

He uhhh, he said some stupid bloody  
things about his female employees.

NANCY

Are you safe?

MARY

Oh, I don't think he's that kind of  
perv. Hold on.

Mary takes out her busted phone and types in some words, then  
hands it to Nancy.

**HEADLINE READS:** F1 Creep Drives Ager off Track

MARY OPENS A VIDEO IN THE ARTICLE FOR NANCY.

Shot on an iPhone late at night is Gavin and two other men,  
shit faced drunk, plainly making an excel spreadsheet of  
female employees. Under their COMPANY HEADSHOTS is a number  
out of ten for how hot they are, plus a bullet point list of  
their best features; butt, boobs, legs, you get the idea.

Nancy watches a little longer, sort of hoping the video  
quality is bad enough that there's some plausible  
deniability, but IT'S DEFINITELY AGER'S TEAM PRINCIPAL.

NANCY

And I suppose he thinks parading  
you around is going to help him, is  
it!?

MARY

That's the plan. You only get one  
shot in this sport, if this—

The video on Mary's phone starts automatically playing  
something else.

PRESENTER (ON PHONE)

Two rookies join the grid this  
season, Australia's Luke Robbie and  
Germany's Maté Orpo—

Mary snatches the phone from Nancy. Mary mutes the phone, and  
hurries to the door.

NANCY

Orpo? The little boy you were  
obsessed with?

MARY

No! That's uh, that's a strong  
word. Go to sleep.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary hurries in, SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HER and presses  
herself against it. She opens her phone.

ARTICLE READS: Rookie Maté Orpo to drive for Pretorian  
Engineering. She zooms in on a picture of Maté. Behind him is  
his racing number...FIVE. The same racing number that ran  
Alex off the road. MARY STARES AT HIM, then- TOSSES her phone  
onto the bed, ANGRY.

INT. ENGLAND - GYM - DAY

Overcast and raining. We stand in a high-tech gym in the  
centre of London. It's abandoned except for MATÉ ORPO  
(German, six foot huge, white blonde, early twenties but  
dresses like a forty something).

Maté's on a treadmill, his phone perched on the controls. On  
the phone, he's staring at a promotional picture of Mary in  
her Ager polo.

EXT. MONACO - SUPER YACHT - DAY

We see a super yacht bobbing in the sapphire waters off the  
coast of Monaco, home of F1's most famous race.

Samantha and LOGAN EMMER (60s, black, American, former movie  
star, he could make anyone love him) are finishing a  
luxurious private lunch on the deck. Servers clear the table.

Emmer quickly scribbles an autograph on a movie poster titled  
'The Weaponizer' for the sous-chef. Emmer turns in his chair  
and looks over his shoulder to deliver a one-liner.

LOGAN EMMER

(posing)

*Not on my watch!*

The sous-chef stifles a squeal and hurries back to the  
kitchen. Emmer turns his attention back to Samantha.

SAMANTHA

I can't let you just buy the team.

LOGAN EMMER

Oh come on. Won't change the name,  
I won't even fire your brother.

SAMANTHA

Yes, this is very generous, but  
there's a catch, there is always a  
catch.

LOGAN EMMER

Samantha.

SAMANTHA

Logan.

LOGAN EMMER

... My boy's a very talented  
driver.

SAMANTHA

There it is! No! I'm not replacing  
one of my drivers for your son.

LOGAN EMMER

How many sponsors have dropped you?  
Samantha, I have billions, that's  
with a capital B.

SAMANTHA

Your son, he hardly scores points  
in IndyCar, I can't use him.

LOGAN EMMER

You scored zero points last year.  
Man, I didn't even know that was  
possible till you came along! Zero  
points. Damn!

SAMANTHA

I'm not giving Taro's seat to  
someone else. He is a great driver,  
people forget that because  
he's...unique.

LOGAN EMMER

Then Melides.

SAMANTHA

(Samantha stands)  
We are done here.

LOGAN EMMER

You think your lady driver's gonna fix this? By the time they forget your brother's an idiot it'll all be over.

Sam grabs her purse and makes for the dinghy back to dock.

LOGAN EMMER (CONT'D)

Fine. I'm a patient man!

EXT. ITALIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A hilly valley in southern Italy. Bright green grass, sunshine, warm wind, tall trees. Cal and his girlfriend LISA (20s, Australian, bubbly blonde, dressed quirky) are taking a break from a hike. Lisa takes notice of Cal sulking.

LISA

You're upset. She's coming into work today isn't she? If she hasn't been driving in five years she's screwed anyway, right?

CALLUM

Yeah.

LISA

You're the reserve, test drivers don't get put in the car. Well... ok, sometimes they do. Besides, I thought she was your friend?

CALLUM

She is...

Cal gives Lisa a fake smile. She's happy with that, they get back to their hike.

EXT. AGER HQ - PARKING - DAY

Hidden in a sunny Italian valley is the HQ for Ager's F1 team. Exterior bright yellow, their signature Alsatian badge front and centre. Mary wheels Nancy across the parking lot.

They pass an empty parking space labeled **Alex Melides**, and beside it is a space labeled **Taro Sano** with a LOTUS SEVEN, a zippy little thing that looks like the love child of a buggy and a gentleman's sports car.

INT. AGER HQ - LOBBY - DAY

We step inside the lobby with Mary and Nancy: AGER IS A BEAUTIFUL WORK PLACE, unmistakably Italian AND high tech.

Mary gets distracted by the trophy case. She focuses on the CONSTRUCTORS TROPHY and DRIVERS TROPHY from the last time Ager won big in 1997. She looks over a promotional poster of Alex Melides: SOMETHING HORRIBLE IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO HIM.

NANCY

Is that your driver?

MARY

My driver? He's not *my* driver.

NANCY

Yes, that's him, the Greek fellow!  
Oh, he's a bit older, isn't he?

INT. AGER HQ - HOSPITALITY - DAY

Mary drops Nancy off with some staff who look excited to show a sweet old lady around.

INT. AGER HQ - ENGINEERING - DAY

We see engineers fabricating carbon fiber parts for the car, and men typing away at desks, THERE ARE NO WOMEN.

Mary walks into engineering, ID badge on, ready to work. Mary walks over to the head of engineering, MIKE GREEN (55, northern brit, white, balding, ginger beard).

Mary offers her hand to shake. Mike isn't sure who she is, but they shake hands anyway. Mike pauses at the feel of her grip.

MIKE GREEN

Driver. Milner, yes? Can always  
tell by the hands. Let me get some  
things together, and we'll talk.

Mary nods, Mike walks off with purpose. Samantha looks into engineering, sees Mary, and hurries over to greet her.

SAMANTHA

Milner! *Benvenuta!* Oh I'm so happy  
to finally meet you.

Samantha goes for the continental kisses, Mary awkwardly goes along with it.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I see you've met Mike, just do whatever he tells you, yes? The car showcase is in two weeks, pre-season testing two weeks after. Are you settling in well?

(Mary nods)

Andiamo! I'm so, so, SO thankful you're here. So thankful. We've had trouble finding someone to work with my brother... Some people might resent this situation, so, thank you.

MARY

What makes you think I don't resent it?

Sam pretends she didn't hear that, and waves over TARO SANO (late 20s, Japanese, Y2K hairstyle, speaks in a low uninterested English accent). Taro takes off a pair of chunky headphones, revealing his extremely loud screamo music.

Mary and Taro shake hands.

SAMANTHA

Taro, give her the tour...  
(already walking away)  
I have to get back to my desk. Grazie!

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh actually, I was meant to talk to, eh, never mind.

TARO

So...welcome. I'll send you the Ager slack channel, that way you can keep up with all the upgrades we don't do. Right! We'll start our tour in the break room because I'm hungry.

INT. AGER HQ - LOBBY - NIGHT

Ager employees are heading home. Mike stands by the trophy case; he should be out the door, but he's caught up in beautiful memories. Gavin's about to walk out, then spots Mike.

GAVIN

Better days Mikey?

MIKE GREEN

We've come in last three years in a row, boss.

Gavin gives Mike a reassuring slap on the back. Mike takes a good look at the lobby and leaves: he thinks it's OVER. Gavin seems like he might finally get how much shit he's in.

EXT. AGER HQ - TEST TRACK - DAY

Early morning, misty air. Surrounded by beautiful mountains is the AGER TEST TRACK. Mary's taking a ride around it on a bicycle as the fog wanders over the road. We watch her as she memorizes the turns of the track.

INT. AGER HQ - ENGINEERING OFFICES - DAY

Plain white office space, enough seats at one table for ten people. We're most of the way through a LONG meeting about the goals for the car. Mary sits on one side of the table, Callum on the other, Gavin at the head. Mike stands at the front leading the meeting.

MIKE GREEN

So, with all that in mind, Callum here is our new reserve.

CALLUM

Hopefully I won't be reserve for too long. I'm going crazy not on the grid, ahhh!

Some of the engineers laugh; that sounds like a driver.

MIKE GREEN

Mary over there's our new test driver.

Mary waves, and the meeting continues. Cal hears something, looks under the table and sees Mary going to town on a clicky pen.

Cal sits back and tries to ignore her, but then he sees her reach for a second clicky pen, and starts clicking that one under the table too. Cal is SCARED.

INT./EXT. AGER HQ - TEST TRACK - GARAGE - DAY

The early morning mist has cleared. We stand in a garage beside Ager's test track. Two dozen engineers are prepping the car while a bored Gavin plays solitaire on his phone.

Mary walks in from the lockers in a racing suit. She takes a quick annoyed glance at Gavin. Mike shows Mary a tablet, they move a few technical details around until they're happy.



She sticks her earbuds in, puts her balaclava on, then takes a moment to stare at the car. SHE'S READY. Mary climbs in, and GRIPS THE STEERING WHEEL WITH PURPOSE.

EXT. AGER HQ - TEST TRACK - DAY

Close up on Mary as she DRIVES AGER'S FORMULA ONE CAR. Her head rattles from one side to the next, we can almost FEEL THE G FORCES.

INT./EXT. AGER HQ - TEST TRACK - GARAGE - DAY

The engineers roll the car back into place. Mary whips off her helmet and balaclava to reveal a BIG SMILE.

MIKE GREEN

Christ. Should've known that'd be  
the first thing to make you smile.

Gavin looks up from his phone across the garage—he doesn't like Mary one bit.

INT. AGER HQ - GYM - DAY

Ager's gym is a friendly beige kind of place, filled with specialty equipment for F1 drivers.

Mary sits in a weighted faux F1 cockpit: A weighted steering wheel trains the forearms, while an elastic band around the head mimics the car's rapid acceleration and deceleration. Mary finishes up a grueling training session.

Cal walks over.

CALLUM

So, did you stall it?

MARY

No!

CALLUM

Liar. Everyone stalls it first  
time.

EXT. POLIGNANO A MARE - PARKING - DAY

We move across a blue-black **PORSCHE 928** as it pulls into a parking spot.

Loafers first (no socks), out steps a bored ALEX MELIDES (Late 30s, Greek, thick accent, brown skin and Roman nose, looks permanently on vacation). Sunglasses on and a tiny to-go espresso cup in hand, he strides down the road.

**SUPER: three weeks before the crash**

We follow Alex as he walks past a small cluster of people who recognize him as a three time world champ.

EXT. POLIGNANO A MARE - RESTAURANT - DAY

Sam, Gavin, Alex and Taro sit outside a restaurant. They're halfway through their lunch meeting. Taro (wearing a bib) is messily eating crab legs, and getting the juices all over everyone.

ALEX

I could be the best driver in the world, which I am, obviously, but it won't make a difference if the car cannot keep up.

SAMANTHA

We'll make you a better car.  
We just need one good, solid  
sponsor.

GAVIN

Car better...need...good,  
solid...

ALEX

And how are we getting those after what he did?

SAMANTHA

Our new test driver.

ALEX

Ah, the gimmick. Everyone will see right through that.

TARO

(eating)

Wait, that's why we hired her? Yo, that's messed up.

ALEX

If you want sponsors, the girl is a start, but we need points more.

SAMANTHA

Agreed.

GAVIN

...Can you imagine if she'd been  
hot?

Samantha pushes her brother's face into his tomato soup.

INT. AGER HQ - SIMULATOR - DAY

The simulator room is pitch black. A curved projector screen provides a floor-to-ceiling panoramic view of the simulated track. The cockpit of the car is a full-size replica without wheels, front wing, or back wing.

Mary's already doing laps, with a notepad and pen on the hood. We see a series of quick shots as she hits different bends on a simulated Bahrain International Circuit. She breaks, accelerates, and— Mary's time flashes up on screen, she jots it down.

We see another set of quick shots, fast, slow, breaking, turning— Mary jots down her time again along with a few things she wants to change about the car setup.

She's made AN IMPROVEMENT ON HER TIME. She feels good.

INT. AGER HQ - DRIVER ROOM - DAY

Mary walks into an office of twelve or so engineers hard at work on their computers. Screens hang over the office showing times from the simulator.

Pleased with herself, Mary checks her times against Cal's. CAL IS ONE SECOND AHEAD OF HER. Mary's good mood disappears.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lights off, dead of night. Mary looks out her balcony window sipping a soda. She's flipping through pictures of her parents on her phone.

Maybe it's the late hour, but she sees a MIRAGE. A young Mary no older than eight runs past her. Mary turns to see HER CHILDHOOD LIVING ROOM.

Her mother and father are watching a Formula One race, snacks laid out in front of them, plus a bottle of white wine. It's sunny IN THE MIRAGE, but dark where Mary stands.

The eight-year-old Mary runs over to her parents and settles beside a young Maté and Callum.

Cal grabs Maté's bag of potato chips without warning, Mary shoves Cal, takes the bag, and gives it back to Maté.

Mary's phone pings with a text from Joyce, and the memory fades.

ON MARY'S PHONE SCREEN

The text message reads: "thought u might need some of your old self to cheer u up"

Mary opens a link in the text, it takes her to TikTok.

On Screen: A promotional picture of Mary in her Ager polo paired with the subtitle: **Welcome back to this queen <3**

The picture is quickly followed by footage of a child Mary being interviewed right after a race. She's amped and sweaty, waving her trophy around like a gun.

MARY

I won because I'm a winner! Don't  
let anyone get in your way! I don't  
care who they are, CRUSH THEM!

Young Mary slams the trophy into the ground, breaking it, and SCREAMS in triumph. The video replays several times.

MARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(on repeat)

I'LL NEVER LOSE!!!  
I'LL NEVER LOSE!!!  
I'LL NEVER LOSE!!!

INT. AGER HQ - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Something like three in the morning, an empty room, total silence outside. Alex is slumped in a chair using conference call technology.

ALEX'S MOM (ON PHONE)

(in Greek)

Do you like it?

ALEX

(in Greek)

Not really Mamá.

ALEX'S MOM (ON PHONE)

It's Italy! Much better than where  
you were last time, uhh, uh...

ALEX

Banbury.

Alex's mom makes a noise of disgust over the phone.

ALEX (CONT'D)

It's a demotion.

Alex sinks lower in his seat.

ALEX'S MOM (ON PHONE)

I don't want to hear any of this sulking. You're a very lucky boy! House, money, food, and you're complaining you still have a job in a sport that only has twenty-four of them? Bah!

Alex smiles to himself.

ALEX

Can you put Papá on?

ALEX'S MOM (ON PHONE)

No, no, no, he's sleeping. Alexi-mou I have to go. I will tell your father you called.

ALEX

Thank you Mamá.

ALEX'S MOM (ON PHONE)

Go to bed!

Alex ends the call.

INT. AGER HQ - LOBBY BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Alex walks out of the meeting room on the second floor and takes a minute for himself as he looks out over the lobby below. Just as he does, MARY CHARGES IN AND DOWN THE HALLWAY.

INT. AGER HQ - SIMULATOR - NIGHT

Mary opens the door to the simulator, CASTING A LITERAL SHADOW OF HER YOUNGER SELF on the wall. She jumps in the sim.

INT. AGER HQ - DRIVER ROOM - NIGHT

Mary sits at a desk pressing buttons she doesn't fully understand, adjusting the setup of the simulator car.

She glances at some notes she's taken, makes a few more adjustments, and leaves for the sim again.

Alex walks in, he can see Mary in the simulator below through glass panels. He sits down at a desk, waits, watches, and checks her times.

ALEX  
(in Greek)  
Maybe not a gimmick.

INT. AGER HQ - DRIVER ROOM - DAY

The next morning, Cal walks in, greets some engineers, takes a sip of an energy drink and looks at the racing log over the desks...

CALLUM  
WHERE DID SHE FIND FOUR TENTHS ON  
ME!?

INT./EXT. AGER HQ - PARKING - MINIVAN - NIGHT

**SUPER: two weeks before the crash**

Samantha waits beside a minivan. Cal sits inside, seatbelt on, team polo, SEETHING. Mary hurries across the parking lot in her team polo. Sam preemptively climbs into the front seat, and Mary climbs into the back with Cal. They lock eyes.

CALLUM  
So, where'd you find four tenths of  
a second?

MARY  
Just...worked on it.

CALLUM  
Cool. Good job.

MARY  
Thanks.

Cal nods over and over as they stare at each other. They're playing their cards close to their chest.

INT. HOTEL EVENT SPACE - NIGHT

A glamorous cocktail party. Rich guests, waiters, journalists and photographers mingle as they wait for news on Ager's car.

Chatter is kept at a respectable volume, so guests can hear the piano in the corner.

At the back is a stage, a massive screen playing b-roll, and AGER'S NEW CAR covered in black fabric, ready to be revealed.

We watch from the crowd as the lights come down, and attention turns to the stage. Taro, Alex, Gavin, Callum, and Mary walk out and stand beside the HIDDEN CAR. Applause and cheers. Cameras flash. Gavin is handed a microphone.

The crowd quiets.

GAVIN

My father and I, we'd like to thank  
you for your continued  
support...and your cash!

(crowd chuckles)

This year's car is a real beauty,  
she's had so many upgrades  
like...the brakes, and the...the  
wings. The speed is just, it's  
really unmatched. Beautiful speed.  
And of course we signed our first  
female driver!

Gavin slams the microphone into Mary's chest. SHE WASN'T  
EXPECTING TO SPEAK.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Go on, tell everyone how much you  
love the car, and the team.

Mary looks to Joyce in the crowd, Joyce nods.

MARY

There's been a lot of new  
challenges going from driver to  
test driver. It's, uh...not about  
getting the fastest lap anymore,  
it's about understanding the car.

GERMAN REPORTER

How does it feel being Ager's first  
female test driver!?

MARY

(ignoring reporter)

The development process...it's been  
really good for me, I think. The  
car is unique.

BRITISH REPORTER  
D'YA KNOW IF GAVIN'S ADDED YOU TO  
THE LIST!?

The crowd laughs. Mary gets uncomfortable. She looks to Gavin, then Samantha, and— ALEX TAKES THE MICROPHONE OFF HER.

ALEX  
Thank you, Mary! Everyone say,  
"Thank you, Mary!"

Alex motions her off the stage, and Mary hurries away. Alex lets the crowd settle, then pulls Gavin to his side.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Gavin Ager, our fearless leader.  
He's uh, not so good with his  
English. Mine is even worse.  
(laughter)  
What we want you to understand is  
that this car is the best it has  
ever been. This year, with these  
upgrades! Just amazing. Taro, he  
moved to Polignano to train more.  
Callum, Callum is such a talent. We  
have so much faith in him. Mary,  
Mary it's such a pleasure to have  
you here, and now the car!

Alex shoves the microphone into Gavin's chest and whips the cloth off the car. He takes it in: HE'S SEEN BETTER, HE'S SEEN WORSE. It's the typical ATTRACTIVE AGER SUNNY YELLOW. He'll only know how bad it is when he gets it on track.

People clap. Alex, Taro and Callum begin posing beside the car for all the journalists as Gavin jumps down from the stage.

Photographers shout instructions up to the drivers, and quickly ask Callum to leave. Put out, Cal jumps off stage.

Though Taro and Alex are technically equals, Alex quickly takes center stage. Alex EATS IT UP, one leg up on the car, smolders, winks at the camera, freeze frame laugh, then turns round and looks over his shoulder.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
This is enough, I'm bored.

Alex blows a kiss and jumps off stage with Taro.

A few hours later, Mary's standing in the corner of the party, exhausted from all the talking. Mary catches sight of Alex and walks over.



MARY

Hi...Thank you for...up there.

ALEX

Ah. Yes. Have we met? Before?

Mary pulls out THE SIGNED TOP TRUMPS CARD WE SAW IN THE OPENING STINGER, and hands it to him.

MARY

Silverstone. I think you were a little younger than I am now when you signed that. It was your first championship year.

Alex looks it over then hands the card back.

ALEX

Don't look at me like that.

Mary doesn't know what he means.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Like the sun is shining out of my ass. It's annoying.

Alex leaves. Mary sulks, then catches sight of Gavin with his arms around two anonymous women. SHE HATES WORKING FOR AGER.

INT. HOTEL EVENT SPACE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gavin's taking a break from schmoozing in the hallway when Joyce comes charging towards him.

JOYCE

Oi! You can't treat her like that! You can't just put her front and center without warning. I know why she was hired, but that don't mean you get to treat her like shite!

GAVIN

What? Please, don't pretend you have leverage. This is her fault, she left. Five years is a long time for this sport—

JOYCE

(interrupting)

Her parents—!

Joyce stops herself just in time. That secret's not hers to tell.

GAVIN

What? Her parents what? Gave up everything? They all did! It doesn't matter! You can say I'm cruel, but you know I am right. No one cares if you break your wrist, no one cares if you just got divorced, no one cares if you just got diagnosed with cancer, if you're not in the car... Hundreds, *thousands* of drivers want her job. I can replace her in a second.

Joyce looks past Gavin down the hall. Gavin turns around to see Mary standing behind him. They all exchange a look. Joyce expects Mary to scream, start a fight, something—instead Mary walks away with her head hung, and to Joyce that's even worse.

EXT. PADEL COURT - DAY

Padel is a smaller, simpler tennis favored by drivers to help practice their reaction times. Through the glass walls of the court we see the nearby town and a beautiful mountainside lit by the bright sun.

Mary, Joyce, Lisa and Cal play a game. Cal takes the point.

JOYCE

Right, that's me!

Joyce makes her way out of the court and collects her bag.

MARY

We're tied. You can't leave if we're tied. Somebody has to win.

CALLUM

She's right, we're tied!

JOYCE

You kids keep playing, but I'm done.

Joyce walks away. Mary and Cal stare at each other across the court, then Cal looks to Lisa.

CALLUM

One more.

LISA

Babe, it's doubles. Mary's partner just left.

Mary and Cal deflate a little.

LOGAN EMMER (O.S.)  
Not on my watch!

The kids turn to Logan Emmer one court down, making his way over, racket in hand.

LOGAN EMMER (CONT'D)  
Mary Milner!  
(points a finger at her)  
I'LL NEVER LOSE!

Emmer walks over, shakes Mary's hand.

LOGAN EMMER (CONT'D)  
I can't tell you how happy we are  
to see you racing again. Whole  
family, big fans.

MARY  
Thank you. My dad loved your  
movies.

Logan reaches over the net and shakes Lisa and Cal's hands.  
Cal almost expects Logan to say something just as flattering  
about him, but Logan gives no indication he knows who Cal is.

LOGAN EMMER  
What do you kids say, one more  
round? As long as you don't mind an  
old man for a partner?

CALLUM  
I don't know, my girl's tired.  
Maybe we should head home?

MARY  
You're quitting?

Cal FREAKS out at that insinuation.

LOGAN EMMER  
Winner gets a sponsor! How 'bout  
that? Now you're interested, huh? I  
uh, convinced a buddy of mine to  
take a meeting with Ager.

Logan Emmer holds out a fancy looking business card.

LOGAN EMMER (CONT'D)  
Winner gets credit.

Mary and Cal share a look. GAME ON.

They start squaring up while Lisa shakes her head in disbelief, then GIVES IN. The match starts nice enough, but eventually Mary and Cal cut their partners out.

We see a QUICK FLASHBACK OF A CHILD MARY LOOKING DOWN AT CAL FROM FIRST PLACE ON A PODIUM.

Cal hits harder, Mary matches him with a smirk: that triggers another memory for Cal.

We see a QUICK FLASHBACK OF A TEEN MARY LOOKING OVER HER SHOULDER AT HIM, FIRST PLACE TROPHY UNDER HER ARM.

Cal hits harder again, again, AGAIN. He looks across the court as his view of Mary GLITCHES between the woman she is now and his CHILDHOOD BULLY.

Mary hits the ball one last time: Cal and Lisa both STRIKE OUT. Cal lays on the ground exhausted, not sure what just happened. Lisa stands over him, ANNOYED.

LISA

One more?

CALLUM

Huh?

LISA

You said one more.

CALLUM

Oh...sorry baby. Who won?

LOGAN EMMER

Milner.

MARY

Call me Mary.

LOGAN EMMER

Screw the cost cap Mary, I pay in influence!

Logan and Mary walk away. Cal TOSSES HIS RACKET ACROSS THE COURT.

INT. AGER HQ - HALLWAY - DAY

Mary strides down the hall towards a busy Gavin talking to a few team polos. She slams Logan Emmer's business card into his chest.

MARY

You're welcome. Boss.

Mary strides off.

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nancy's watching TV, Mary's beside her going over a technical report on the car. Mary closes the report, and stands.

MARY

Right. I'm gonna go pack.

NANCY

Hmm? Ready to be paraded around all weekend?

MARY

As ready as a racing car driver can be... You don't mind me leaving you here with the hospitality guys? I'll be gone a lot.

NANCY

(interrupting)

Oh! Pish posh. Go. I'll survive. It's southern Italy!

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE TEAM LEAVES FOR BAHRAIN

-- Bahrain International Circuit. Construction of Ager offices begins. Shipping container-like rooms are slotted together.

-- Mary. Bedroom. Mary puts what little she has into a duffle bag, including her SIGNED TOP TRUMPS CARD.

-- Bahrain International Circuit. Construction continues as they link together the pre-built rooms making one building.

-- Callum. Bedroom. He packs his SUPREME suitcase, makes sure he has his chunky headphones and designer sneakers.

-- Bahrain International Circuit. Track officials attach steps to the building and put down carpet.

-- Pricey hotel room. Night. We see Maté Orpo framed by the London skyline, bags packed beside him.

-- Bahrain International Circuit. Power goes on in the Ager offices.

-- Samantha and Gavin slide into a limo while someone takes their designer bags for them.

-- Bahrain International Circuit. Track officials begin to furnish the offices: faux plants, pillows, rugs, wall art.

-- Alex. Bedroom. Alex throws body sprays, hair gel, second jar of hair gel, third jar of hair gel, lip balm, shower cap, skincare, clothes, more clothes, and clothes into his suitcase. It's too full to close, but he tries anyway. After a lot of squishing he finally zips it up.

-- Bahrain International Circuit. An army of engineers deploy row after row of desktop monitors.

-- Taro. Bedroom. He's on his simple racing simulator setup. He has a backpack ready to go.

-- Bahrain International Circuit. As a final touch, an Ager Automotive Racing decal is placed on the outside.

EXT. BAHRAIN - NIGHT

**SUPER: four days before the crash**

Bahrain is a glittering desert city seemingly in the middle of nowhere. The track sits on the outskirts.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS BAHRAIN - NIGHT

Mary and Cal are sitting on a bench outside the front door of their hotel eating some fast food, not really saying much.

Two teen girls slam an iPhone in front of Mary and quickly try to take a picture without warning her. Mary shoots up a peace sign as they snap the pic and hurry away like thieves.

Cal's mad they didn't want a picture with him, and even worse, he knows how petty that is.

MARY

Are you mad at me? Be honest. You seem mad. Did I go too hard on Padel? I did, didn't I?

CALLUM

No, no. It was fun.  
(beat)

It just feels like you don't...ever...think about me.

(MORE)

CALLUM (CONT'D)

Sometimes it feels like I could be right behind you on track and you wouldn't even notice.

MARY

Not true. I was always looking over my shoulder.

CALLUM

Yeah, at Maté.

MARY

Well, you're the reserve driver, so who's laughing now?

Cal's about to speak up when he gets distracted.

CALLUM

Maté?

In the distance we see Maté Orpo. Maté turns to them head first, TERMINATOR STYLE.

Mary's SHOCKED to see him. Maté walks over and stands awkwardly over them. He doesn't smile, but he doesn't scowl either. It's more like HE'S SIZING UP THE COMPETITION. Cal stands and hugs a totally stiff Maté.

MATÉ

Are you racing?

CALLUM

No! No, no I'm ... Ager's reserve.

Maté nods, that sounds right to him. He looks to Mary next.

MATÉ

You stopped racing.

MARY

I'm back.

MATÉ

Ja. You will need more muscle if you hope to join the grid. This can be difficult for women.

CALLUM

Excuse you?

MARY

Thanks. I'm working on it.

MATÉ

You're welcome.

AMAZU

Maté!

In the distance we see Maté's manager AMAZU (50s, round glasses, dressed the same as Maté).

MARY

Where's your dad?

MATÉ

We no longer speak. He was holding me back. I must go. I hope neither of you are promoted as you're both skilled drivers.

Maté and Mary shake hands, they play a game of 'grip strength' chicken – it's no contest, Maté's easily stronger. Mary pulls her hand away. Maté leaves.

MARY

What were his times in practice like?

CALLUM

Uhhh, close to Taro. What? You're worried?

MARY

About Maté? No...  
(doing an impression of Maté)  
This can be difficult for women.  
(beat)  
Dick.

Cal starts laughing his ass off.

INT. BAHRAIN INTERNATIONAL CIRCUIT – CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

**SUPER: strategy meeting**

**SUPER: 24 hours before the crash**

We're already most of the way through the meeting, and every essential member of team Ager is here wearing headphones in a cramped pure white shipping container that's been turned into office space.

Gavin stands at the front gesturing to a diagram of the cars.



GAVIN  
(reading notes)  
Alex went out in Q1, he'll be  
starting P17.

Embarrassed, Alex sinks lower in his chair. Taro produces a bag of Takis as if by magic and starts munching.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
Meanwhile, Taro went out in Q2,  
he'll start P14.

The room cheers.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
Ehhhhh, also we lost our spare wing  
because of a little oopsie on  
Alex's lap. Boo. So, all we have to  
do tomorrow is gain four spots to  
score a point. Only four.

Taro puts his Taki dust covered hand up. Gavin points to him.

TARO  
(eating)  
What's the plan for  
maintaining my spot at the  
start? It's a long straight  
off the line, I'm gonna lose  
that place in the scuffle  
especially with Loupe and  
Moller right behind me.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
Uh... Well. You know I'm  
thinking, because I'm good at  
these things, that we start  
on the soft tires? Because  
they go the fastest? Right?  
Or is that the hards? The  
compounds this year  
are...it's all so technical.

MARY  
Do we have a head of strategy?

TARO  
She quit. Funny that.

Sam stands to TAKE CHARGE.

SAMANTHA  
Two stop. We'll start on soft  
tires, pit early and stay on  
the hards for the rest of  
the...

GAVIN  
Stop too...soft tires...  
early... we'll stay on the  
hards...

Sam sees Alex looking at something under the table. IT'S HIS PHONE. Alex locks it quickly and tosses it across the floor in a panic.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

IDIOTA!? Do you not understand how serious this is? I'm going to have to FIRE you.

ALEX

Fire me? Please, do not make me laugh.

Sam slams back into her seat, distraught.

SAMANTHA

No, no, no, you don't get it. I will HAVE to fire you. Logan Emmer, he wants to buy the team.

TARO

The *Weaponizer* guy? I love those movies.

SAMANTHA

If we don't finish P10 or higher, I'll have to take his money, or we lose everything!

ALEX

So, what's the big deal? New sponsor, this is good, no?

SAMANTHA

Not sponsor, buyer! His son is an IndyCar driver looking to make a push into F1.

ALEX

You mean he's buying his son a place on the team? And *I'm* the one you're going to replace?

SAMANTHA

Taro has a five year contract. You don't.

Alex stands so fast his chair falls over.

ALEX

(interrupting)

You wouldn't dare...I built my own kart, I bought my own parts, my parents gave up everything! Why? So some kid could just buy his way into my sport?

The room quiets.

GAVIN

It's not (mocking) *your sport*  
anymore!

ALEX

This is your fault! Why are we low  
on sponsors?! Tell me! Tell me it  
doesn't have anything to do with  
him!

GAVIN

Don't tell us how to run OUR  
FAMILY'S TEAM!

ALEX

If you really cared you wouldn't  
have made that spreadsheet!  
(in Greek)  
You fucking child!

MARY

It's true. The team wouldn't need a  
buyer if you'd behaved yourself.

GAVIN

Oh yeah? If you hate Ager so much,  
why don't you go back to strapping  
kids into their little go-karts?

SAMANTHA

Gavin.

MARY

Imagine waking up to that. Ager's  
first female driver quits.

The room gets tense.

MARY (CONT'D)

Say I talk to the press, make the  
rounds. There's lots of sports  
reporters just outside.

GAVIN

Try. No one cares.

Alex throws everything that dares to be close to him off the  
table, and storms out.

SAMANTHA

We can still make p10! Alex!

EXT. BAHRAIN INTERNATIONAL CIRCUIT - CONTINUOUS

The camera shakes found footage style as we rush after Alex, down the steps of the offices. He climbs over a race wall and runs down the side of the track. Now on the other side, Alex slides down the chain-link fence in a panic.

As he takes the circuit in, he realizes...THIS MIGHT BE HIS LAST DRIVE IN F1.

Mary runs after him, jumps over the race wall, and walks over. Mary stops in front of a heartbroken Alex.

ALEX

I'm not getting in that car.

MARY

What?

ALEX

I'm not driving, I quit.

MARY

You have to drive.

ALEX

WHO EVEN ARE YOU!?

(in greek)

A JOKE ON THE COMPUTER!

(imitating her voice)

I'LL NEVER LOSE!

MARY

...Get up. GET UP! You have to! YOU HAVE TO!

ALEX

My father's dying! Right now! He's in the hospital right now... He collapsed, there's something wrong with him, he didn't tell anyone. He knew, and he didn't tell anyone...

MARY

What? Maybe it's nothing serious.

ALEX

Days. He has days... Now I'm fighting for my job instead of being with him.

Alex starts crying. Mary checks the distance for cameras, there's no one. She sits beside him.

MARY

My mother passed away, right before  
I took this job. My father a couple  
years before.

A calmer silence comes over the two of them. Mary takes her  
signed Top Trumps card from her pocket and places it at his  
feet. Alex looks down at the signed card.

ALEX

Why did you like him? I was  
arrogant, loud, annoying.

MARY

I liked winning, I guess. If you  
got a trophy, I was there with you,  
you know? I started driving for my  
dad. He was a limo driver, taught  
me everything. The driving I did  
for him, the racing I did for my  
mum, the winning, that was for you.

ALEX

That's not fair.

MARY

No.

ALEX

I can't tell him I lost my job, not  
now.

MARY

Then don't lose your job.

Alex and Mary look to the empty Bahrain track meant for the  
WORLD'S FASTEST CARS: **THIS MEANS EVERYTHING TO THEM.**

ALEX

Let's go racing.

EXT. BAHRAIN INTERNATIONAL CIRCUIT - NIGHT

We glide across the length of the stands. Waves of fans take  
their seats, and pop music booms.

**SUPER: grand prix**

EXT. BAHRAIN INTERNATIONAL CIRCUIT - Paddock - NIGHT

In the distance we hear a chant from the crowd: Rivás, Rivás,  
Rivás, RIVÁS, RIVÁS, **RIVÁS!**

We see the teams in the paddocks, Red Bull Racing, Mercedes, Ferrari, Aston Martin, McLaren, Alpine, Williams, Sauber, Haas, and Racing Bulls. Along with them are the two fictional teams, Ager Automotive and Pretorian Engineering.

INT. PRETORIAN GARAGE - NIGHT

We see THE DARK PURPLE CAR from the opening teaser. Maté walks towards it, puts his earbuds in, his balaclava on, and finally his helmet. He climbs in, and we see the large NUMBER FIVE on the front.

BEFORE THE RACE IS OVER, HE'S GOING TO RUN ALEX OFF THE ROAD.

INT. AGER GARAGE - NIGHT

Alex gets ready to jump in the car. He makes his rounds to the pit crew and engineers, fist bumping every member of the team. Just as he's about to put his helmet on, he finds Mary in the crowd, and gives her a quick respectful nod.

EXT. AGER CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

Beside the pit lane is a series of BRANDED CONTROL CENTERS. A control center is a few stools attached to a long desk where the most important members of the team monitor the race.

**SUPER: one hour before the crash**

It's crowded, loud, humid, and cluttered. With the floodlights overhead and the sound of cars and equipment getting lost in the distance, it's all a bit overwhelming.

Mary, Callum, Gavin and Samantha get into position for the START OF THE RACE. Between them all are TARO AND ALEX'S RACE ENGINEERS.

To the side is a team polo manning a **WHITEBOARD** with the names of all the drivers and their starting positions. All the way from P1 to P10 someone's stuck pieces of card that denote how many points each position scores.

Playing on the speakers all around them is ANTHONY CRAWFORD, RETIRED RACING CAR DRIVER TURNED COMMENTATOR.

ANTHONY CRAWFORD (O.S.)  
It's almost time for fifty seven  
laps of Bahrain!  
(MORE)

ANTHONY CRAWFORD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Best of luck to Rich, who had such  
a tough time in quali, we're all  
rooting for you...Five lights!  
Formula One is a jolly well go!

EXT. BAHRAIN INTERNATIONAL CIRCUIT - NIGHT

CARS SCREECH OFF THE LINE and down the straight, battling for  
an early overtake. There's a pile-up as racers try to avoid  
crashing at the first turn.

A few tackle each other, one driver skids off but takes an  
escape road and makes his way back on track. Alex makes up  
one place in the scuffle by just keeping his nose clean.

NO ONE IS HURT.

Taro fights to maintain P14 through the first turn. Now he  
just has to make no mistakes, overtake four other racers,  
have fast pit stops, then maintain P10 for the rest of the  
race. NO PRESSURE.

**SUPER: ALEX P17 P16**

**SUPER: TARO P14**

EXT. AGER CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

MARY

Alex up one place!

GAVIN

Better than nothing. Much better!

TARO RACE ENGINEER

(over radio)

Taro, Hernandez ahead with a three  
second lead.

SAMANTHA

Let's go get him.

EXT. BAHRAIN INTERNATIONAL CIRCUIT - NIGHT

On track Taro starts to push himself HARDER AND HARDER,  
taking every bend as fast as he can.

TARO RACE ENGINEER

(over radio)

Hernandez two seconds ahead now.

Taro nails each turn at the perfect angle, hitting the  
throttle in just the right places.

TARO RACE ENGINEER (CONT'D)  
(over radio)  
One second ahead...

Hernandez appears from behind a bend, driving a black and blue WILLIAMS F1 car. Taro pushes on the throttle to catch up and get into the DRS zone.

EXT. AGER CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

Mary taps Taro's race engineer on the shoulder, he leans over and takes his headset off one ear.

MARY  
Tell him to be careful of the rear  
left suspension here.

Taro's race engineer nods, and puts his headset back on.

TARO RACE ENGINEER  
(over radio)  
Mindful of the rear left suspension  
here Taro, rear left. DRS  
available.

Cal hears Mary giving advice, it BOTHERS HIM.

EXT. BAHRAIN INTERNATIONAL CIRCUIT - NIGHT

Taro positions himself behind Hernandez, the wing on his car OPENS FOR a MASSIVE BOOST. Just when you think Taro is going to rear-end the other car, HE PULLS OUT TO TAKE THE PLACE.

TARO RACE ENGINEER  
(over radio)  
P13 Taro, P13. Nice overtake.  
Vogel's next, three seconds ahead.

**SUPER: TARO P14 P13**

SERIES OF SHOTS - TARO WORKS HARD

- Taro pushes his car.
- A nervous team Ager watches.
- Taro takes P12.

**SUPER: TARO P13 P12**

- Taro goes up one position on the whiteboard.



- Mary checks some car data and offers more advice.
- Taro pushes even harder.
- An astonished crowd of team polos gather behind Mary, Callum, Samantha, and Gavin. They're TWO PLACES AWAY FROM SCORING POINTS.
- Taro takes P11.

**SUPER: TARO P12 P11**

- Taro goes up one position on the whiteboard. He's one position away from the COVETED 1 POINT ALLOCATED to P10.
- TEAM AGER WATCH BREATHLESS. A captive audience stands behind Mary and the team, a solid wall of bodies. **THAT SINGULAR POINT MEANS EVERYTHING TO THEM.**

EXT. BAHRAIN INTERNATIONAL CIRCUIT - NIGHT

Taro sets his sights on P10, works hard on the bends, and starts to speed up. We watch him get that DRS boost...

HE TAKES P10!

EXT. AGER CONTROL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

**SUPER: TARO P11 P10**

THE TEAM GOES WILD! The polo at the whiteboard screams and puts Taro's name up one slot, scoring the precious **ONE POINT**.

They think they could go even higher. P9 is next, and that position comes with a **WHOLE TWO POINTS**.

GAVIN

(tearing up just a little)  
P10 Taro! P10! Congratulations, I think we can keep pushing, but... fantastic, beautiful, incredible work!

TARO

(over radio)  
No radio when I'm breaking!

Everyone goes quiet for a moment.

TARO (CONT'D)

(over radio)  
Okay. How far to the guy ahead?

TARO RACE ENGINEER  
(over radio)  
Three seconds, Henderson. Go get  
him!

EXT. BAHRAIN INTERNATIONAL CIRCUIT - CONTINUOUS

We watch Taro take lap after lap, five in total before he  
sees P9.

**Taro comes UP BEHIND LARS HENDERSON.**

TARO RACE ENGINEER  
(over radio)  
DRS!

TARO'S BACK WING OPENS UP, he speeds forward and tries to  
overtake on the bend. Taro comes tire to tire with Henderson.  
Their wheels collide once, twice, three times.

BOTH MEN SWERVE.

THEY TAKE AN ESCAPE ROAD.

THEY FIND THEIR WAY BACK ON TRACK.

Taro hasn't noticed yet, but we can see that his FRONT WING  
IS DAMAGED.

TARO  
(over radio)  
He didn't leave room!

TARO RACE ENGINEER  
(over radio)  
We're looking into it.

Taro grips the wheel tighter. Henderson speeds off,  
but...Taro's not going so fast. He tries to stay with it, he  
takes turn after turn, but-

A CAR PASSES HIM ON TURN 9.

**SUPER: TARO ~~P11~~ P12**

THEN ANOTHER ON TURN 10.

**SUPER: TARO ~~P12~~ P13**

**TARO KNOWS HE'S BACK TO P13.** Something's very wrong...

TARO  
(over radio)  
The car, the wing's damaged, the  
wing's damaged. I'm losing speed.

EXT. AGER CONTROL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

GAVIN  
(covering microphone)  
Go get a spare wing.

A team polo sprints off, then comes back EMPTY HANDED.

SAD TEAM POLO  
(whispering)  
We don't have any spares.

GAVIN  
Look harder!

CALLUM  
No, he's right, we used the spare  
in quali.

Gavin takes his headset off, then goes for a walk. The rest  
of the team stay quiet. TARO'S RACE IS OVER.

SAMANTHA  
Fine! I'll tell him!  
(over radio)  
We have no spare wing.

TARO  
(over radio)  
WHAT!? Should I come in!?

SAMANTHA  
(over radio)  
Stay out, stay out Taro, do what  
you can.

TARO  
(over radio)  
I'm crippled! I CAN'T DO ANYTHING!

Gavin comes back. Samantha tosses her headset off and hangs  
her head.

GAVIN  
We're screwed.

MARY  
Alex could still do it.

SAMANTHA

Oh, Mr. I'm on my phone in the strategy meeting?

MARY

Everyone's coming in for a second pit stop, Alex already pitted, and there's little to no degradation on his tires...he could do a one stop. Give him a chance.

Sam has no choice. Team Ager refocus on their **ONE REMAINING DRIVER**. Sam and Gavin put their headsets back on.

GAVIN

(over radio)

Taro's out of the race, damaged wing. It's just you.

ALEX

(over radio)

Where am I?

SAMANTHA

(over radio)

P15. We need P10 at least.

ALEX

(over radio)

I cannot do this in thirty laps!

SAMANTHA

(over radio)

Alex, we need that one point, not tomorrow, not the next race. Right now. Can you do it, champ?

Everything goes deathly silent, no music, no ambiance, we know what he'll say and how it's all going to end...

**SUPER: twenty minutes before the crash**

ALEX

(over radio)

Of course I can do it!

(in Greek)

Let's go!

SERIES OF SHOTS - ALEX PUSHES

- Alex takes P14.

**SUPER: ALEX P15 P14**

- Thirty laps left.
- Alex takes P13 from Taro.

**SUPER: ALEX P14 P13**

- Twenty five laps left.
- Alex takes P12.

**SUPER: ALEX P13 P12**

- The paddock cheer.
- Alex takes P11.

**SUPER: ALEX P12 P11**

- Fifteen laps left.
- The team wait, enthralled: he MIGHT actually do it.

EXT. BAHRAIN INTERNATIONAL CIRCUIT - NIGHT

Alex catches sight of P10, but someone's ON HIS TAIL.  
Following Alex like a shadow is **MATÉ ORPO**.

ALEX  
(over radio)  
Rookie's behind me!

Alex and Maté drift away from the guy in front, now they're fighting for P11. They pass the finish line, FOURTEEN LAPS TO GO. The wing on Maté's car opens for an OVERTAKE.

The two cars hit a bend. Alex NEEDS to keep this position if he has any hopes of reaching P10 and keeping his job, but...

**MATÉ IS A MAD MAN.** He pushes his car as close as it'll go to Alex.

**THE TWO MEN COLLIDE.**

We see sparks, skidding, and a crushed wing. They're both pushed off course but MATÉ CORRECTS TO TAKE P11.

**SUPER: MATÉ P12 P11**

This time we see Alex's crash from close up. His helmet takes up most of the frame as the track spins behind him and he braces himself. Everything's a blur when he hits the wall and the chassis snaps.

EXT. BAHRAIN INTERNATIONAL CIRCUIT - NIGHT

Tight on Maté's visor as he keeps driving, the track just a blur behind him, and then...WE HEAR A CRASH AND IGNITION.

MATÉ'S RACE ENGINEER  
(over radio)  
Red flag. Red flag. Melides in the wall.

MATÉ  
(over radio)  
Is he okay?

MATÉ'S RACE ENGINEER  
...I'll let you know as soon as I hear something.

Maté swerves into the pits with the other cars as the race comes to a stop.

INT. PADDOCK CLUB - NIGHT

The paddock club is a restaurant/bar and lounge area for higher paying fans of F1. In the corner sipping cognac is Logan Emmer. The club erupts in gasps of shock and horror at the crash.

Logan looks shocked too, then sits back, thinking...THIS COULD BE AN OPENING FOR HIM.

EXT. BAHRAIN - AGER AUTOMOTIVE - NIGHT

Much later. All the teams have packed up and moved onto the next race, but NOT AGER AUTOMOTIVE. Taro, Sam, Cal and Gavin sit just outside the Ager office building.

It's just a few sparse warm lights in the deep dark blue and gentle wind. They're all seated at little patio tables. Sam's finishing a phone call.

SAMANTHA  
I've called his parents, his father  
uhhh, passed away earlier today.

Shock. Horror. Everyone hangs their heads. From down the paddock comes an FIA official, the team turn their attention to them.

FIA OFFICIAL

Uh, hiya chaps, we're all thinking of Alex of course, but uh, in the meantime we've decided to give Maté and Henderson penalties worth five seconds each, and with Alex's DNF, that means Mr. Sano you're in P10. Congratulations. Again, we're all thinking of Alex.

The official turns and walks away. The group wants to cheer, BUT THEY CAN'T.

EXT. FIA OFFICE - NIGHT

Maté walks out of the FIA offices to an abandoned paddock. He stops at the sight of someone sitting on a bench. He looks closer: it's Mary. She looks up, and they lock eyes. She glares at him. Maté considers leaving, then stomps over.

MATÉ

How long have you been here? It gets cold even in the desert.

MARY

What'd you get?

MATÉ

Five seconds.

MARY

Not enough.

MATÉ

You are being emotional. Where is your team?

Mary shrugs.

MARY

How are you getting back to the hotel? Did you drive yourself here?

MARY (CONT'D)

I can get a taxi.

MATÉ

I will drive you. Get up.

Mary doesn't move. Maté grabs Mary by the hand and pulls her into standing. Mary pulls her hand out of his.

MATÉ (CONT'D)  
Something has upset you.

Mary looks at him like he's crazy.

MATÉ (CONT'D)  
Beyond Melides.

She says nothing. He grabs her hand again and tugs her along with him. She doesn't have a choice, she's along for the ride.

MARY  
Let go! At least slow down you  
colossal freak!

INT./EXT. PARKING LOT - 1986 MAZDA RX-7 - NIGHT

Maté drags Mary to the parking lot and unlocks his 1986 Mazda RX-7.

MATÉ  
This is wrong. Where is your usual  
aggression and verbal abuse?

MARY  
I just called you a colossal freak.

MATÉ  
Ja.

Maté opens the passenger door for her.

MARY  
I'm not getting in the car with  
you.

MATÉ  
This is illogical. We are staying  
at the same hotel.  
(in German)  
Get in the car!

Mary starts laughing loudly and suddenly.

MARY  
Sorry I just can't take German's  
yelling seriously. It's so scary!

MATÉ  
Get in.



MARY

Make me.

Maté pushes her in the car, holding her head down like a police officer. Maté closes the door, and gets in the driver's seat.

MARY (CONT'D)

Am I in trouble, officer?

MATE

Are you calmer? Seatbelt. Seatbelt!

Mary crosses her arms like a petulant schoolgirl and refuses. Maté leans over and puts her seatbelt on for her, then starts the car.

INT. 1986 MAZDA RX-7 - NIGHT

On their way back to the hotel, Mary watches Maté drive.

MARY

I missed you.

It seems like Maté might reply for a second, but he stays quiet.

MARY (CONT'D)

...So you missed me too?

(beat)

I told him to get in the car. He didn't want to. I convinced him.

MATÉ

Trying to find someone to blame, this is pointless. Is this what bothers you?

MARY

Yes.

...

No. Yes and no. My parents died. You didn't know, did you?

MATÉ

No.

MARY

I did it for them. I don't know if I still want to win without them.

MATÉ

You do.

INT. CALLUM'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cal reviews the race on his laptop while Lisa washes her face in the bathroom.

LISA

You better not be watching the crash!

CALLUM

I'm not, it's the podium! Rivas won again. I don't wanna seem like...gross, I'm concerned for Alex, but do you think—

LISA

(interrupting)

Yeah. You're the reserve driver.

INT. MARY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mary climbs into bed, an old F1 race playing on her laptop as white noise. She picks up a photo on her bedside table, and unfolds it.

**PICTURED: A tween Mary hoists her first place trophy high, her two parents proud beside her.**

Mary turns the picture round to reveal a message on the back that reads 'The first of many podiums.'

She props the picture up against a water bottle. She lays back about to turn the lights off when her phone buzzes. She looks at a Slack channel message addressed to the whole team.

**MESSAGE READS: RESERVE DRIVER NEEDED.**

The Slack channel is flooded with congratulations for Callum. Mary sends her own, then puts the phone back down, and turns the lights off.

The well wishes and congratulations die down until the phone goes dark, hotel room lit by the glow of Mary's laptop. Mary settles into the covers, tucks her hand under the pillow.

Another message comes in. Mary picks up the phone.

**MESSAGE READS: SORRY CAL.**

**MESSAGE READS: DAD WANTS MARY.**

EXT. HOTEL POOL - NIGHT

Fancy under lit hotel pool, glittering skyline in the distance. The place is abandoned except for an ANGRY Cal sitting on a lounge, Lisa standing over him.

Pajamas on, Mary walks out to the pool area for some fresh air, then catches sight of Cal, SHE PANICS. Mary considers running back inside, then Cal catches sight of her.

Mary and Cal walk over to each other and face to face beside the pool.

CALLUM  
(holding his phone out)  
What is this?

MARY  
I don't know.

CALLUM  
I'm the reserve.

MARY  
I know.

CALLUM  
Okay, great! Tell them you won't do it.  
...  
You're like, depressed or whatever, tell them you don't want it!

MARY  
What if I do?

CALLUM  
Seriously!? Oh my mother's dead, I'm so sad! I can't race anymore! Liar.

MARY  
You can't expect me to turn away a chance on the grid!

CALLUM  
They only gave it to you because you've got tits!

Mary takes a moment to register what he just said, and then SHOVES HIM. Cal forgets he's not a tween and does something HE CAN'T DO ANYMORE, HE PUNCHES MARY.

Cal hits Mary with full force. It's over in a split second, but HE CAN'T TAKE IT BACK.

LISA

Cal!

Silence, Cal doesn't understand what just happened. Mary's shocked, she had no IDEA HE HATED HER THAT MUCH. Cal looks to Lisa, he wants to reassure her he's not violent, but the DAMAGE IS ALREADY DONE.

CALLUM

Lisa, it's not, I didn't mean to!

Mary reaches up to a cut on her eyelid, then pulls back to see blood on her fingers.

CALLUM (CONT'D)

Mary...

Mary PUNCHES BACK, and A FIGHT BREAKS OUT.

LISA

Stop it!

Neither of them know how to fight, but that doesn't mean they can't still hurt each other.

Mary puts him in a headlock, the two struggle and stumble into the pool. Cal holds Mary under, Mary holds Cal under. There's scratching and punching, hair pulling, kicking.

Out of breath Mary and Cal climb out of the pool at opposite ends. Lisa rushes to Cal, his nose bleeding while Mary's eye is swelling up.

MARY

You really think you can beat me?  
Don't you? You think I'm like your  
rival or something! No. I don't  
think about you. We're not the  
same. I'm in a different league.  
You were never good enough, and you  
know that, that's why you're angry!

Mary turns her back and walks away.

CALLUM

You haven't changed! I Hate you!

The camera pans out to some bushes at the edge of the pool, we see a reporter with their iPhone out RECORDING THE WHOLE THING.

INT. TARO'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Taro sits alone in his hotel room, and puts on a pair of headphones.

SERIES OF SHOTS - WHERE EVERYONE'S AT

A) Hospital. Gavin sees Alex's mother come down the hall. He pulls her into a tight hug.

B) Hospital waiting room. Samantha and Gavin sit on the floor beside Alex's mother, keeping her company. A doctor comes over with bad news.

C) Hotel room. Cal nurses his nosebleed, while Lisa leaves with her bags packed.

D) Hotel bathroom. Mary sits on the floor staring into space, regret on her face.

E) Hotel room. Maté lays on his bed, staring at a childhood picture of him and Mary on his phone.

F) Logan Emmer watches Bahrain fly past the window of his limousine: even he feels for Alex.

G) We see printed out pictures of the scuffle between Cal and Mary get slipped into a brown envelope and sealed up.

SMASH TO BLACK.