

MUSTANG SALLIE

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FADE IN:

INT. RACE CAR - DAY

TREVOR SULLIVAN, Stock Car Racing of America's (S.C.R.A.) king. His No. 47 car is flying. The high pitched hum of 850-horsepower vibrates the air.

A foot away, the retaining wall is a blur of letters and logos. Jessup in the No. 15 car, brackets him so close they could pass beers through their windows.

EXT. SPOTTER'S DECK - DAY

GREG MICHAELS (30s), stands atop the stadium with other spotters. Their job: look ahead, look behind and anticipate -- the driver's eye-in-the-sky for split-second maneuvers going one-hundred-eighty miles an hour.

Greg delivers Jessup's progression in monosyllabic sound bytes.

GREG
(in headset)
He's inside...even...quarter
panel...still inside...

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN SUV - DAY

MICHELLE SULLIVAN, a willowy, tom-boyish 20-year-old, straddles JIMMY in the back seat. Their lips mash as he tries to undo her bra strap under her half-zipped SULLIVAN RACING team shirt.

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S CAR - DAY (SAME)

Jessup inches up, crowds Trevor. The track tilts into the turn. Trevor fights his drift. His car brushes the retaining wall.

TREVOR
Son-of-a-bitch.

Trudeau in the No. 44 car moves up alongside Jessup -- now three abreast, the cars jockey down the back straight -- they bend into the far turn --

TREVOR
Where is he?

GREG (V.O.)
Still inside. You gotta go.

Trevor pushes the gas, edges past out of the turn --

GREG (V.O.)
Clear. You're clear.

Trevor drops down in front -- Jessup and Trudeau stay glued behind him.

GREG (V.O.)
H-o-l-y shit. I didn't think you
still had the rubber to hold that.
You're the man.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. SUBURBAN SUV - DAY

Michelle breaks the embrace as the CHEERS of eighty-thousand fans bellows over the track.

MICHELLE
Shit.

JIMMY
What?

Michelle pushes off.

MICHELLE
Time's up.

JIMMY
What? Come on. Serious?

MICHELLE
There's only one place I like to be
fast.

Michelle hops out, buttons while she runs.

INT. PIT BOX - DAY

Michelle slides in, dons her headset. Crew Chief BOBBY SIMMONS, young and sharp, a reflection of his crew and the hi-tech precision racing has become.

They swivel in unison as Trevor's car flies by pit row.

BOBBY
Where you been?

MICHELLE
Had to pee.

Bobby eyes the Port-a-let twenty feet away.

MICHELLE
The crews use that. They don't even
lift the freakin' seat.

BOBBY
Get in, get out. It's hard-wired in
all of 'em.
(glances over)
...in more ways than one.

Michelle eyes Jimmy as he passes, heads back to his pit.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Your daddy just did his thing.

MICHELLE
And, no yellow-flag?

They grin, fist-bump.

EXT. SPOTTER'S DECK (SAME)

Greg sees a car entering pit row.

GREG
(in headset)
Looks like Ross is coming in.
Idiot's paying the price for not
pitting with the rest of us.

RANDALL (V.O.)
Watch him, he'll try to get back
out on the lead lap.

INT/EXT. ROSS' RACECAR - DAY

KENTON ROSS grits as his crew fires off the wall --
choreographed power and precision -- The jack is placed, a
piercing WHIR of pneumatics --

One, two, three, four, five: The TIRE CHANGER dispenses five
lugs in half as many seconds -- a new tire is mounted. One,
two, three, four, five --

ROSS
Come on. Come on.

The crew vaults to the other side -- One, two, three, four, five -- a new tire mounted. One, two, three, four, five --

Ross watches the field lap the track...One more tire...

ROSS (CONT'D)
Drop the bitch, now.

The Jack Man trips on the pneumatic hose as he clears the tire -- he knocks the jack, it unexpectedly releases -- TIRE CHANGER misses the last two lug nuts.

Ross feels the car drop. He peels from the pit. The Tire Changer and Jack Man angrily watch Ross speed away...

JACK MAN
Fuck!

INT. PIT BOX - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Bobby watches as Ross fly out of pit row toward the track.

BOBBY
(in headset)
Ross is coming out. Shit, he's gonna get a speeding penalty to boot.

GREG (V.O.)
I got him.

BOBBY
Back off, jackass.

Ross breaks protocol, flies onto the track ahead of the leaders. Bobby stands for a better view.

TREVOR'S CAR

Trevor is forced high to avoid Ross -- the dodge allows Jessup and Trudeau to tighten up behind him.

TREVOR
Jesus Christ.

GREG (V.O.)
That fuckin' idiot...

PIT BOX

Bobby turns his attention to Trevor.

BOBBY
(in headset)
How's she feeling?

TREVOR (V.O.)
Getting real loose.

BOBBY
(into headset)
They don't have the car to run at
you now and hold you off to the
finish.

TREVOR'S CAR

The engine hums, the asphalt is a blur. Trevor checks his rear-view mirror. Jessup and Trudeau are in his back seat as they draft behind him.

ROSS'S CAR

Ross' car is shaking. The steering wheel wobbles.

ROSS
Shit.

SPOTTER'S DECK

Greg sees Ross' speed drop off.

GREG
(into headset)
Ross has got a problem.

PIT BOX

Bobby picks Ross up on the back straight.

BOBBY
(into headset)
Ross is down on the apron...you'll
reach him before he pits.

TREVOR'S CAR

Trevor, Jessup and Trudeau bend in unison into the turn.

SPOTTER'S DECK

Greg watches as they approach Ross.

GREG
Son-of-a-bitch, move your ass.

ROSS'S CAR

Ross's rear wheel wobbles, breaks loose. The tire bounds into the track toward the retaining wall -- ricochets off --

SPOTTER'S DECK

Greg is riveted as the tire rolls back into the center of the track.

GREG
(into headset)
Shit. Tire off. Go high. Go high.

The three cars draft tight round the turn. The tire is dead ahead of Trevor.

TREVOR'S CAR

Trevor backs off the gas, Jessup rams him from behind.

GRANDSTAND

A simultaneous GASP ripples through the crowd as Trevor's car hits the tire, launches into the air -- the car rakes along the retaining wall fencing -- slams onto the track and flips --

EXT. RACE TRACK - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The field reaches the crash -- cars go everywhere -- the crash scene grows --

A car appears through the smoke -- it T-bones Trevor's car collapsing it into an unrecognizable mass of metal.

Bobby and Michelle launch from the pit box, race toward the rising fireball -- A chaotic scramble of racecars, emergency vehicles and personnel.

FIRST-RESPONDERS pry at Trevor's crumpled mass of metal as the white cloud extinguishes the flame and dissipates.

Trevor's limp body is pulled free.

Bobby and Michelle watch in horror as Trevor's limp body is placed on a gurney.

MICHELLE

Dad. Oh god. DADDY?

His helmet is spliced away, replaced by an oxygen mask as he's loaded into an ambulance. It races away.

Bobby and Michelle are joined by Greg as they run back to the pit.

GREG

Where're they taking him?

BOBBY

North Valley Memorial.

Michelle spots Ross in pit row huddled with his crew and two TRACK OFFICIALS. She makes a beeline.

KENTON

...All I know is she started shakin' real bad coming out of turn two. I backed off, knew I needed to get back in when --

MICHELLE (O.S.)

-- Fucking asshole.

Michelle knifes in, shoves him with both hands.

KENTON

Hey, girl. I'm sorry, but --

MICHELLE

You reckless son-of-a-bitch.

KENTON

Hey, shit happens.

GREG

Tires don't just come off, you mother fu --

Greg launches the first punch. Ross' CREW CHIEF retaliates. Both crews join in.

Bobby pulls Michelle out of the fray.

BOBBY

We got this. You gotta go.

A sucker punch pulls Bobby back into the melee.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Michelle paces outside the EMERGENCY ROOM double doors. The silence hangs heavy. She periodically checks her cellphone.

Bobby and Greg enter the lobby. They reach Michelle just as the SURGEON emerges. Michelle crumples into Greg's arms as he delivers the fateful news.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Bobby and Michelle exit Greg's Dually Truck.

GREG

I'll get the crew packed up, head back in the morning.

Their hearts sink as they see Michelle staring blankly into the terminal...

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

It's well after midnight. Michelle enters ahead of Bobby. She makes her way through the dim light to the kitchen.

JANET SULLIVAN (40s) sits stoically at the table, smoking. Michelle edges in.

MICHELLE

Mama?

Michelle eyes well up.

JANET

It was bound to happen sooner or later.

Michelle's lips tighten...

MICHELLE

Daddy's dead and all you can say is I told you so?

Michelle's breath quickens as her anger spikes.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You sure liked to spend the goddamn money though, didn't ya. You bitch.

Michelle rips car keys from a wall rack and storms out.

BOBBY

Chelle?

JANET

Let her go.

Janet takes a long drag off her cigarette. The SQUEAL of rubber on pavement is heard outside.

A beat, Janet drops her head into her arms and cries.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

A classic cherry red 1968 MUSTANG SHELBY GT50 loaded with more than a street car can legally be equipped.

Michelle speeds through the empty streets. Her driving skill evident as she races through the gears, drifts expertly around the corners.

A stoplight ahead turns yellow and she guns it. Emergency lights appear in her rear view mirror.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

The DEPUTY eyes the license plate: "FORTY7" and approaches.

Michelle holds her license and registration out the window as the Deputy approaches.

DEPUTY

Done this before, have ya?

Michelle stares ahead.

MICHELLE

Yes sir, I mean, no sir.

The Deputy reviews her license.

DEPUTY

Sallie Michelle Sullivan ...Have you been drinking tonight?

MICHELLE

No sir.

The Deputy squats to eye level.

DEPUTY

Well, Miss Sullivan.

(drops his head)

I heard about your dad. I'm real sorry...I'm gonna give you a pass this time. But, I want you to slow down, turn around and get yourself back home. Understand?

MICHELLE

Yes sir.

The Deputy straightens, eyes the car as he hands back her license.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)

This is more car than a little girl like you can handle anyway. It'd be a shame to see this baby wrapped around a tree.

Michelle strangles the steering wheel as she watches the Deputy saunter to his cruiser -- She shifts, pops the clutch, showers the Deputy with gravel as she speeds away.

DEPUTY

Goddamnit girl.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Michelle checks the Deputy's pursuit as she races through the streets.

CRUISER

DEPUTY

(into radio handset)

This is Unit 20, in pursuit of a Red Mustang heading east on Stanton Road...

The Deputy, up to the challenge pushes the gas.

MUSTANG

Michelle makes hard lefts -- hard rights trying to shed him.

CRUISER

The Deputy keeps pace.

DEPUTY
Don't even think about it, honey.

MUSTANG

Michelle makes a hard left toward the rail yard -- passes a sign "NO OUTLET" --

CRUISER

DEPUTY
I got you now, girl.

MUSTANG

Michelle speeds toward a loading dock cul-de-sac -- eyes the cruiser as it closes in when --

Michelle performs a sweet 180-degree spin turn just before the dock wall.

CRUISER

The shocked Deputy tries the same maneuver but slams sideways into the dock wall as the Mustang speeds away.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Janet sleepily makes her way to the front door as persistent KNOCKING continues.

She shades her eyes as the early morning sun streams in behind the silhouettes of TWO DEPUTIES.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Bobby signs off and Michelle follows him out the door.

INT. DINER - DAY

Bobby sips his coffee. Across the booth Michelle stares out the window.

BOBBY
You should eat.

Michelle doesn't budge. BECKY, the waitress approaches. She casts Michelle a solemn look. Bobby shakes his head, picks up the menu.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Hi Becky, I'll have a number six,
and... I guess her usual.

BECKY

(to Michelle)

A waffle, eggs over easy and grapefruit, and a number six, comin' up.

BOBBY

I know, you and your mom haven't seen eye to eye lately...It's gonna be real important to put that aside right now. People deal with this a lot of different ways. Hers may not necessarily be the same way as yours.

Michelle lightens to his words.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

God forbid, if this ever came to pass, your daddy'd want me to be sure things didn't go all to hell. If it's what you need to get your head on straight, you can stay with me and Amy for a few days.

Becky arrives with their meals. Michelle finally faces him, acknowledges their presence.

BECKY

Honey. I'm so, so sorry about your daddy. We all loved and admired him. This is on the house, okay.

Michelle's eyes meets Becky's, she sits to comfort her as their eyes well up.

EXT. GRAVE SITE - DAY

Bobby and Greg make their way through the enormous gathering to the front.

The coffin is gloss white with a blue racing stripe and the number "47" emblazoned on top.

GREG

Nice touch. I'm sure Janet wasn't pleased.

BOBBY

Some wishes gotta be honored.

GREG

Maybe this'll get him into heaven
faster.

BOBBY

We are talkin' about Trevor. More
likely keep him just ahead of the
devil.

PASTOR FREDRICKS moves to the front and begins...

PASTOR

Trevor Sullivan, a caring husband,
father, and dear friend...

Michelle spots a MAN beyond the gathering as he moves to the
fringe under a tree. Janet also eyes him.

PASTOR (O.S.)

...His free spirit and his strong
will inspired us all...

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Michelle weaves through the gathering, accepting hugs and
words of condolence -- *her look begs for it to be over.*

She reaches a solitary corner, stares blankly into the room.
Janet is nowhere in sight.

The buzz of racing anecdotes overlap. The volume of the
VOICES increase as the memories and alcohol raise spirits.

Greg and Bobby eye Michelle. She dodges their look, turns
toward the window.

Outside she sees Janet and the Man from the funeral service
between cars in the driveway, watches as they converse.

He brushes Janet's hair back as she wipes a tear -- they hug
for a long time.

Michelle is crushed by the sight. She skirts the room and
heads upstairs.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Michelle storms about the room -- stops, stares into her
dresser mirror. The dresser is lined with trophies of her
own midget car racing past.

A photo of Michelle, Janet and Trevor is wedged in the
corner of the mirror. She rips off -- it tears, separating
Michelle and Trevor from Janet.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michelle rolls away from the door as a KNOCK is heard. Janet enters, sits on the bed, puts a hand on Michelle's side.

JANET
Chelle? You okay?

Michelle remains still, silent. Janet sees the torn photo. She stands -- begins to speak, holds back and exits.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Everyone is gone except Bobby and Greg who are slouched in chairs at the kitchen table nursing beers.

Janet enters, lights a cigarette.

JANET
You'all can have what you want, get what you can for the rest. But I want everything to do with racing gone.

Janet walks through the kitchen, exits to the back patio.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: "ONE MONTH LATER"

Janet takes a long drag off her cigarette. She watches Greg load suitcases into the bed of his Dually.

Michelle descends the stairs, her backpack over her shoulder.

JANET
You'll be home for Thanksgiving?

MICHELLE
You know how bad traveling is.

Janet turns to her.

JANET
Christmas, then. Come give your mama a hug.

Janet initiates an embrace. Michelle barely reciprocates.

JANET (CONT'D)
Okay. Well...

Janet watches through the window as Michelle climbs into the Dually. She crushes her cigarette butt as it pulls away.

INT. DUALLY TRUCK - DAY (TRAVELING)

Greg periodically checks Michelle as he drives.

GREG

So, tell me...I still can't figure
why you picked a damn college all
the way out west.

Michelle's head is a million miles away. Greg swats her on the thigh.

GREG (CONT'D)

One more year, you'll be the first
Sullivan able to makin' a livin'
without a wrench in their hand.

Michelle frowns back.

GREG (CONT'D)

I'm just sayin'...

(a beat)

I'm sure you know your mother asked
Bobby and me to dismantle the
garage.

MICHELLE

So, what are you going to do?

GREG

Musselman Racing's offered me a
spotter gig.

MICHELLE

I thought maybe you and Bobby'd...

GREG

Now that things have settled,
Bobby's decided to take a break,
head down to Florida with his boat.
He won't have trouble hooking up
with a team before next season. Me,
I don't gotta boat...nor the
luxury. Besides, I'd miss it too
much. You slash my wrist, oil'd
come out my veins.

(A beat)

And you?

Greg acknowledges her look to the foolishness of his words.

MICHELLE

Mama's spent my whole life trying
to get me away from the track.
Looks like I've got no choice now.

GREG

We all have choices in life. When
and how we choose to make 'em is
another thing.

They drive on in silence.

INT. DORM - NIGHT

Michelle lies prone on her bed studying. ANNIE, her roommate
enters, dressed as a zombie.

ANNIE

Okay. Get up.

MICHELLE

I'm not going.

ANNIE

You are. It's tradition and I'm not
hanging with a bunch of wasted
underclass idiots without you.

Annie throws her a faux blood-stained hoodie and gnarled
black and white wig.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A college campus fraternity row packed with a raucous
Halloween-clad crowd. A band rocks at the far end.

Michelle and Annie weave the crowd. Michelle is
unenthusiastic toward the whole happening.

Annie produces a flask, entices Michelle to loosen up.

ANNIE

Dude. This is our last hurrah.
Remember sophomore year? You and
Alex got so wasted you got up on
stage, started strumming the bass
player's you know what...

Michelle barely offers a grin. Her focus is toward a display
for an energy drink, the back drop is their logo-branded
Chevy racecar.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Fine. If you want to hang I'll be
at the stage.

Annie eyes a SKELETON FACE-PAINTED GUY, moves away. Michelle
heads toward the display.

A skimpily-dressed VAMPIRE WOMAN offers her a pamphlet.
Annie continues toward the car, peers into the window.

Michelle unnoticed, expertly slides into the car with a
single move. She scans through the gauges, holds the wheel,
grabs the stick...

(FLASHBACK) INT. RACECAR - DAY

16-YEAR-OLD MICHELLE sits behind the wheel as Trevor
instructs her.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Now, get it up to speed.

Michelle pushes the gas.

TREVOR (V.O.)

That's it. Now, the turn's coming.
Feel her.

MICHELLE

How fast?

TREVOR (V.O.)

Don't worry about your speed. Feel
the car. It'll tell you everything
you need to know.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

What do you think?

BACK TO PRESENT

SEAN WESTON leans into the window, intimately close.

SEAN

What do you think?

MICHELLE

I prefer Fords, myself.

Michelle pushes him back, climbs out.

SEAN

Oh yeah? Maybe you should come to the track sometime, let me convince you otherwise.

He rubs his hand over his name "SEAN WESTON", emblazoned over the door.

MICHELLE

Oh, this is you?

Michelle leans seductively in, teasing him. She takes a pamphlet.

MICHELLE

Well, in that case, maybe I will...Sean.

Michelle smirks, feels his eyes on her as she walks away.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Michelle opens the door to her dorm room. Annie is straddling the Skeleton Guy engaged in passionate sex.

MICHELLE

Oh, shit.

Michelle backs out, amused and embarrassed. She squats down the wall and sits.

She stuffs her hands into the pocket of her hoodie -- finds the crumpled racecar pamphlet and removes it.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Michelle creeps around the room. Annie, still in full zombie face, is dead-to-the-world asleep.

Michelle liberates Annie's car keys from her backpack. Attaches a sticky note "THANKS, BE BACK SOON."

EXT. RACETRACK - DAY

Michelle exits Annie's car and makes her way to the grandstand. The RUMBLE of a racecar is heard.

She sees Sean's car exit the pit, head onto the track. She watches the car turn laps.

Michelle wanders the stadium hallways and corridors, finds the access to the infield. She walks the alleyway between the garages -- observes a crew working...

(FLASHBACK) GARAGE - DAY

8-YEAR-OLD MICHELLE sits by the tool cabinet at the ready. Bobby and Trevor banter about inside the engine cavity as they work.

BOBBY

Hold on...Jesus, let me get my hand out.

TREVOR

I can't get this in...

BOBBY

That's what she said. Maybe if you knew how to use your tool.

TREVOR

I have complete control of my tool at all times, thank you.

BOBBY

Easy, now...there's children present.

Bobby pops up, peers over at Michelle. She smiles back.

TREVOR

Where're you at? If we're done here, let's hit these header bolts and go drink some beers.

BOBBY

Michelle, honey, give me a...

Before he can finish Michelle grabs a socket wrench from the cabinet...

MICHELLE

A three-eighths? Header bolt, right?

Trevor pops up, surprised to find Michelle holding out the proper wrench.

BOBBY

You better get this girl outta the garage before it's too late. Janet'll kill you if she becomes another Sullivan gear head.

Trevor gives her a proud smile.

TREVOR
She's fine just where she is.

BACK TO PRESENT

A revving engine draws Michelle back... She moves toward a heated conversation in the next garage bay.

SEAN (O.S.)
...I'm telling you the damn thing
is ridin' way too tight.

Michelle peers into the garage. Sean, his Head Mechanic CHUCK and Crew Chief RANDALL are squared off.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I'm pointing it into the damn
infield to keep it out of the wall.

CHUCK
Well, it's already wedged to the
limit.

SEAN
So you're saying it's me?

Sean moves into Chuck.

RANDALL
Alright, everybody take it down a
notch. Let's all take a break.

They go their separate ways. Michelle edges away.

EXT. PIT ROW - DAY

Sean eyes Michelle as she appears a few pit stalls down.

SEAN
Hey...You're the Ford girl...from
the college, right? So, come for a
ride?

Michelle holds her amusement as Sean turns on what he considers his womanizing charm.

MICHELLE
What, is there like a speed limit
out there?

SEAN
Sh...Like you know.

Michelle sees she hit a nerve.

MICHELLE
 Sorry, you're right. So, how fast
 can you go?

SEAN
 On this track...I've gotten her up
 to sixty-five.

MICHELLE
 That's it?

SEAN
 That's one hundred sixty-five for
 "non-racers"...

Michelle feigns being impressed.

MICHELLE
 Oh. Wow.

Michelle flashes a smile.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 I bet I could get her up to
 sixty-five. The 'non-racer'
 sixty-five, I mean.

SEAN
 Yeah, right.

MICHELLE
 Hey, I go way faster than that on a
 regular road, so...?

Michelle lays it on thick...

SEAN
 You're crazy? I can't...

She eyes the "WESTON RACING" banner around the pit box.

MICHELLE
 Your name is Weston, right?

Sean looks into the garage for Chuck and Randall.

SEAN
 What the hell. The car's a piece a
 shit anyway. Can you drive a stick?

INT. SEAN'S RACECAR - DAY

Michelle slides in behind the wheel, continues her ruse, holds up her hands for assistance. He leans in deliberately close as he fastens the harness...

SEAN

This strap goes there, this one goes over there...okay?

MICHELLE

Wait, there's no speedometer.

SEAN

Yeah. That's the beauty, you just go as fast as you can.

MICHELLE

So, how'll you know how fast I'm going?

Sean points to the pit box.

SEAN

See the monitors up there. They record everything the car does. Now, flip on the fuel line, there. Make sure it's in neutral...now, we hit the ignition...

Sean flips the switch. The car ROARS to life. He fits her helmet.

SEAN

(into headset)

We'll communicate through this. Okay?

MICHELLE

(into helmet mic)

Got it.

SEAN

Okay, put it in first and ease the clutch...

Michelle pops the clutch and peels away. Sean instantly regrets his decision.

INT. PIT BOX - DAY

Sean races up the stairs, awakens the monitors -- every aspect of the car is registered.

MICHELLE (V.O.)
So, what's the bet, again?

SEAN
(into headset)
When I win, dinner's on you.

MICHELLE (V.O.)
That's it? Wow, sounds like your life's got a speed limit too. How about I throw in dessert?

INT. RACECAR (SAME)

Michelle heads into the first turn.

MICHELLE
(into headset)
So, how am I doing.

SEAN (V.O.)
Forty-five.

MICHELLE
(into headset)
Wow. That's it, really?

Michelle keeps it steady.

EXT/INT. PIT BOX - DAY

Randall and Chuck emerge, climb into the pit box.

RANDALL
What the fuck? Who the hell's out there?

They watch the car crawl around the track. Randall dons a headset.

MICHELLE (V.O.)
You're right, being out here is way different.

RANDALL
Is that a girl?

CHUCK
 You idiot, you put a goddamn girl
 in my car?

Michelle inches down the back straight. Sean ignores their anger.

SEAN
 (into headset)
 Forty-eight...

MICHELLE (V.O.)
 Oh my god, the track is like,
 really tilted.

Sean watches the monitor as her speed drops.

SEAN
 (into headset)
 Forty-six, forty-four. I don't
 think you're gonna do it.

The car approaches the entrance to pit row.

SEAN
 (into headset)
 Okay, looks like I win. Bring it
 in.

They all take notice as the car speeds up.

MICHELLE (V.O.)
 Oops, I think I missed the exit...

SEAN
 (into headset)
 Shit, just stop the damn car.

CHUCK
 Jesus Christ.

They watch the car as it increases speed, pass pit row. Randall and Chuck glare at Sean.

INT. RACECAR (SAME)

MICHELLE
 How's my speed now?

SEAN (V.O.)
 I don't give a shit. Just get your
 ass in here.

Michelle pushes the gas, focuses on the track ahead.

INT. PIT BOX (SAME)

Randall checks the monitor as she circles, her speed increases: "120- 135MPH"

SEAN
Do something.

CHUCK
What do you want me to do? You're the jackass who put her behind the wheel.

They track the car as it moves into the turn. The car drifts high on the track.

MICHELLE (V.O.)
She's real loose in the corners.

Randall and Chuck are piqued by her knowledge. The car flies by pit row again.

MICHELLE (V.O.)
How's my speed now?

Sean and the Chuck peer in at the monitor: "172 MPH". Randall shakes his head.

CHUCK
Well, guess the car ain't the problem.

Other crews have emerged, taken notice. Michelle turns down pit row, pulls in. Sean flies over the pit wall fuming. Michelle pulls off her helmet...

MICHELLE
I guess, no dessert for you.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Michelle sits texting as the men argue.

SEAN
...and I don't care what her last name is, that girl's not qualified to get into one of my cars.

CHUCK
Don't you mean your daddy's car?

SEAN

We all know there's a lot more to driving than going fast.

CHUCK

Yeah. You should try it.

SEAN

Sh...If you think my father'd ever even consider giving a ride.

CHUCK

What? You worried that girly here might be a better driver?

Sean pushes Chuck against the wall. Randall stays on the sidelines. He catches Michelle edging away, doesn't react.

SEAN

Fuck You. Put her on the track with other racers. We'll see how she...

Sean looks in Michelle's direction, she's gone.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Michelle exits the terminal. She grins ear-to-ear to find Greg leaning nonchalantly against the Mustang.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY (TRAVELING)

Michelle beams as she drives.

GREG

You can thank Bobby. He gave his right you-know-what to get this baby at auction. And, just so you know, your mother doesn't know.

Michelle gives him a look, pushes the gas.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Janet turns in, stares down the long driveway at the Mustang...

(FLASHBACK) DRIVEWAY - DAY

2-YEAR-OLD MICHELLE is perched in the stroller.

Trevor slides out from under the skeleton of the salvaged '68 Mustang as Janet pulls alongside, hops out...

JANET
Trev? What...?

TREVOR
Got a real steal on her.

JANET
No. ...No, no, no, no, no...

TREVOR
(to Michelle)
Don't worry. She's just jealous
that one day this'll be your
car...Mustang Sallie, yeah?

He winks as the words roll out...

JANET
No. Absolutely not.

Janet grimaces at the other seven car shells stacked bumper
to bumper down the long driveway all the way to the garage.

JANET (CONT'D)
And, you're damn right I'm
jealous... of all the neighbors
whose house doesn't look like a
junk yard.

Trevor stands, pulls her in close.

TREVOR
Honey, you got it all wrong.
They're the ones who are jealous.

JANET
Oh, is that right?

TREVOR
That's right ...cause, I just
signed with I-Mac Motors. You're
lookin' at a fully sponsored
S.R.C.A. racecar driver.

Janet screams with glee.

JANET
Oh my god. OH MY GOD.

Trevor pulls her tighter. Janet playfully squirms.

JANET (CONT'D)

Trevor, stop. You're gonna get me
all grimy.

She resists until they kiss.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Janet enters with her arms full of groceries. Greg hurries to assist just as Janet loses grip. They deposit the bags on the counter.

JANET

Greg. Isn't this a surprise.

GREG

How are you, ma'am?

Janet turns, meets Michelle's eyes.

MICHELLE

Hi, mama.

Janet goes to her. They hug.

JANET

Glad to have you home.

Michelle gives Greg a tepid look over Janet's shoulder.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is festively decorated for Christmas.

Michelle scans the assortment of finger foods spread across the kitchen table. Janet floats in.

JANET

You wait.
(she turns)
Can you hook me?

JANET

How do I look?

MICHELLE

Good. Awesome. So, since when do we
throw parties?

JANET
I mean, my daughter's home.
It's the holidays. What better
reason?

MICHELLE
Are any of the guys --

JANET
-- Honey, racing days are over.
Besides, those were your daddy's
pals. Including them would be
awkward.

Michelle HUFFS her displeasure. She grabs a finger sandwich,
deliberately messing the platter.

JANET
Dammit, Chelle. Please, not
tonight.

The doorbell RINGS.

JANET (CONT'D)
Oh, here they come.

FRONT DOOR

Janet checks herself in the full-length mirror. Opens the
door.

SECOND FLOOR

Michelle lingers, just out of sight at the top step.

JANET (O.S.)
Mark. Alison. Come in.

Another couple appears at the door.

JANET (CONT'D)
Steve, Hi.

STEVE (O.S.)
This is my wife, Margaret.

JANET (O.S.)
Come in. So glad you could make it.

STEVE (O.S.)
Where's the man of the house.

Michelle moves down as STEVE extends a bottle of Scotch.

STEVE (CONT'D)
I brought his favorite.

Janet spots Michelle as she glances up the stairs.

JANET
-- Um, he stepped out for a
last-minute item. He should be here
any minute.

Janet ushers the couples into the main room. Michelle
continues to her room -- slams the door.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

The party is in full roar. Janet is a social butterfly,
attending to food, flitting in and out of conversations.

Michelle descends, skirts through the back hallway to the
kitchen. She picks at remnants on the food table, surveys
the gathering -- *these people are all strangers.*

She eyes the Man from the funeral service, Michelle's first
real chance to study him -- cropped beard, a professionally
mannered business-type.

He spots Michelle, polishes off his drink, moves into the
kitchen.

MAN
Michelle? Hi.

Michelle gnaws a celery stick.

MAN
Adam. I've heard a lot about you.

She ignores his handshake, an awkward moment. Adam moves to
the counter, fixes another drink.

MICHELLE
So, how long have you been sleeping
with my mom?

Adam doesn't flinch.

ADAM
That's quite the question for our
first meeting.

MICHELLE
I'm sure you have quite the answer.

ADAM
 You're sassy, and blunt...
 (toasts him)
 ...like your father.

His patronizing gesture infuriates her.

Janet enters the kitchen, latches Adam's arm. Michelle's glare pierces her. Janet smiles nervously, tries to defuse the tension.

JANET
 So, what's going on in here?

Michelle rips her purse from the counter and exits to the back patio. Janet breaks from Adam, trails her out the door.

JANET (CONT'D)
 Michelle? Michelle, please...

Michelle spins back.

MICHELLE
 How long, mother?

JANET
 It's not what you think.

MICHELLE
 How long? I saw him at the funeral...Did daddy know?

JANET
 If he did, he didn't care. There's only one thing your daddy cared about.

MICHELLE
 And, why do you think that was?

JANET
 He pushed me away long time ago.
 You both did...

Michelle disappears into the garage.

Adam witnesses the exchange from the doorway. Janet paints on her hostess face, walks past him, returns to the party.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Michelle throws her purse, stares at the pegboard wall. The faint outline of tools that once hung there and the large No. 47 painted in the center are the remaining remnants...

(FLASHBACK) GARAGE - NIGHT

16-year-old Michelle stands in front of the "No. 47" as Trevor digs in his pocket, a serious look.

Michelle holds her excitement -- *anticipating what's happening.*

TREVOR

Okay, one last present.

Before the keys to the Mustang are fully out of his pocket, Michelle engulfs him with a hug.

MICHELLE

Thank you, thank you.

TREVOR

Now, this comes with one promise to me. You respect the car and the road, okay...?

Michelle nods profusely.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

And a promise to your mother...

(a beat)

...that your racing days are over.

MICHELLE

What do you mean?

Her glee quickly morphs. She takes the keys, heads into...

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Janet is washing birthday cake from plates at the sink.

Michelle storms in, stares at the cake, the remainder swirled with: "SWEET 16 HAPPY B" -- She slams the keys into the cake.

BACK TO PRESENT

Janet won't acknowledge the REVVING engine outside. A few guests take notice as the Mustang burns rubber in place, then rockets away.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

Michelle idles up to a stop light. She eyes the directional sign: "RALEIGH/DURHAM 35 MI; I-40 WEST." The light turns green, she turns left.

MONTAGE

-- Daybreak, Michelle passes a sign: "WELCOME TO MEMPHIS".

-- Midday, Michelle cruises through the rolling cattle fields of Oklahoma.

-- Afternoon, the picturesque land of Texas stretches out in front.

Michelle cruises the straight, never-ending highway.

MATCH CUT TO:

(FLASHBACK) INT. SUV - DAY

Trevor cruises the straight, never-ending highway. His SUV leads the Race Team Transporter and Greg's Dually.

Janet in the passenger side, fans herself with a magazine.

9-YEAR-OLD MICHELLE sits in the back seat, zooming toy racecars across her lap.

JANET

Christ, Trevor. Can't we turn on the air just for awhile?

TREVOR

You know, runnin' the air burns fuel and cost us money and time.

Michelle, GROWLS racecar sounds, simulates a side-by-side dogfight...

MICHELLE

Son-of-a-bitch, move your ass, before I run it into the wall.

Janet glares at Trevor, turns toward Michelle.

JANET

Sallie Michelle. Do not use that language.

MICHELLE

But...

JANET

No buts. You listen to your mama,
hear me?

(Trevor chuckles)

This ain't funny. You wanna add
another racer to the family, you
wait.

Janet rubs her pooching belly. Trevor pats her hand, then
turns on the air.

BACK TO PRESENT

Michelle drives on. At dusk, a familiar sign appears: "THE
BIG TEXAN STEAK RANCH" off I-40 in Amarillo TX. She pulls
in, gets a room.

(DREAM) EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

"THE BIG TEXAN STEAK RANCH" illuminates in the background. A
half-asleep 9-year-old Michelle piggybacks Trevor with Bobby
and Greg as they walk toward their rooms.

BOBBY

Tough luck today, buddy.

TREVOR

Today was on me. We had the car, I
just didn't drive it.

Trevor fumbles with his key.

BOBBY

This heat didn't help us.

Trevor enters, the TV blares, but Janet's nowhere in sight.
He waves a hand over the air conditioning unit --

TREVOR

Jesus, it's burnin' up in here.
Janet? Honey...?

He moves to the bed.

Michelle SCREAMS. The first to see the horrifying sight from
her perch atop Trevor --

Janet is unconscious in a pool of blood on the floor.

TREVOR

Oh, God...

BACK TO PRESENT

Michelle lurches from her sleep, disoriented.

INT/EXT. DINER - DAY

Michelle pays for breakfast, exits to the parking lot. TWO TRUCKERS circle the Mustang. They back off as she approaches.

TRUCKER #1

Sorry, Miss. This yours? We just noticed the license plate.

TRUCKER #2

My buddy here, swears he'd seen Trevor Sullivan himself in a car just like this.

They tip their grungy caps and move away.

TRUCKER #1 (O.S.)

Lost a good one, there.

TRUCKER #2 (O.S.)

Don't he still have a son or nephew racing?

TRUCKER #1 (O.S.)

Nephew maybe, I don't think he had any kids of his own.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

Michelle drives through the empty campus. Stops outside...

EXT. DORM - NIGHT

Michelle tries the building's outer doors -- *locked*.

The sign taped to the door: "SPRING SEMESTER BEGINS 01/11/17. SEE SECURITY OFFICE FOR ADMITTANCE."

Michelle sits in the Mustang. A SECURITY GUARD in a golf cart beams a flashlight. Michelle starts her engine...

EXT. RACE TRACK - NIGHT

Michelle pulls into the empty parking lot and parks. She grabs her cellphone, it reads:"10:14PM". She scrolls through missed calls, "GREG MICHAELS (11)" is the only caller...

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A hole-in-the-wall neighborhood pub. Just the BARTENDER, another PATRON and Greg nursing a draft at the bar.

His cellphone buzzes on the bar counter.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

GREG
(into phone)
Where the hell you at?

MICHELLE
Hey.

GREG
Your mother's been worried sick.

No mistaking her sarcasm.

MICHELLE
Really?

GREG
I been worried too.

MICHELLE
I'm sorry.

GREG
So, I take it you met Adam?

MICHELLE
Second thing out of his mouth was a goddamn lie...Did you know? Did my dad know?

GREG
Your dad confided more in Bobby about stuff like that.
(silence)
So, where are at?

MICHELLE
Back at school.

GREG

Talkin' about taking a drive to
clear your head...You okay?

MICHELLE

I just need some time. Say hi to
Bobby.

END INTERCUT

Michelle ends the call, looks out at the desolate parking
lot. She reclines her seat, settles in.

EXT. RACE TRACK - DAY

Michelle is awakened by a knock on the car window. She's
startled to see Randall and Chuck peering in.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Michelle washes up in the bathroom, a long look into the
rust-pocked mirror. She exits.

Randall pours coffee, hands her a cup.

MICHELLE

Where's pretty boy?

Randall moves to the car, resumes working under the hood.

RANDALL

Sean? ...Only shows when it's time
to turn laps. Just as well, guy
couldn't put a nut on a bolt to
save his life.

Michelle eyes Chuck. Like a kid in a candy store, he's gaga
over her Mustang parked just outside. She puts down her cup,
goes out.

Randall watches the conversation. Michelle hands Chuck her
keys, re-enters the garage.

Randall is surprised as Chuck drives away in the Mustang.

MICHELLE

I told him he could drive my car if
I can drive his.

RANDALL

After your little stunt, what makes
you so sure I'll let you?

MICHELLE

You're right, with all testosterone flying around the last time I was here, Sean's probably your guy.

Michelle scans the tool chest...picks the exact socket wrench Randall needs...

RANDALL

Sean is a daddy's boy who gets to play with daddy's toys.

MICHELLE

It's funny what parents will do for their child for happiness.

RANDALL

That kinda depends on whose happiness you're talking about.

Michelle peers into the car, walks its perimeter - *a look other women give a handsome man.*

MICHELLE

My daddy put me behind the wheel of my first quarter-midget when I was six. I finished second. I remember it like it was yesterday. He said I was a natural...

(a beat)

He didn't let me race again until I was like, ten. Some shit promise he made my mom...

Michelle matches Randall with another socket wrench.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

She didn't find out until I was eleven when the local news covered a half-midget I'd won, beat all the boys. She wouldn't talk to either of us for a week. And, after that...

RANDALL

So, is that why you're here?

Randall finishes. He wipes the grime from his hands...

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Your dad was a hell of a driver, that's for sure. Hopefully, if he taught you anything about racing...

(MORE)

RANDALL (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 the only reason you get behind that
 wheel is to race. Anything else has
 no business...

Chuck returns with the Mustang. Randall tosses her a helmet.
 Unexpectedly, Sean enters the garage.

SEAN
 What the fuck? What's she doing
 here?

REX WESTON, an imposing six-feet-five, enters behind him.

EXT. GARAGE (SAME)

Out of sight, Michelle sits outside in the open Mustang.

The argument grow louder, clearly accented EXPLETIVES make
 their way out...

INT. GARAGE (MOMENTS LATER)

Rex stands between the fray.

SEAN
 ...So what if the girl can move the
 needle. We all know there's more to
 drivin' -- you've got to know the
 car, know the track, know the guys
 on the track. I guarantee they'll
 all put her into the wall the first
 chance they get.

Sean looks to Chuck for support.

CHUCK
 I never been a fan of women drivers
 for that very reason. Men do stupid
 things when they're on the track.

SEAN
 Exactly. Put her in one of our
 cars, you're just askin' for it.

Rex looks to Randall...

RANDALL
 (to Sean)
 I watched her drive this
 'piece-a-shit' car, as you call it,
 faster than it's ever been driven.

(MORE)

RANDALL (cont'd)
 If she's half the driver her dad
 was...

SEAN
 Are you kidding, ya damn ol' man.
 (to Rex)
 This is a joke, right?

EXT. GARAGE (SAME)

Rex and Connor emerge from the garage. Rex speaks in a low bellowing voice...

REX
 Miss Sullivan?

Randall and Chuck file in behind.

REX (CONT'D)
 These men think you have your
 daddy's knack for driving a car.

She glances toward Randall and Chuck. Rex studies her.

REX (CONT'D)
 What do you think?

Michelle freezes in the moment. Sean smirks.

SEAN
 Come on. If she can't stand up for
 herself here, she'll never hold up
 on the track.
 (to Michelle)
 Besides, your daddy wasn't exactly
 the poster boy when it came to
 ethical racing was he?

Michelle gets out. She is pointed with her fiery retort...

MICHELLE
 I don't think I can drive. I know I
 can...
 (to Sean)
 ...and as far as my daddy's racing
 goes, he was a winner.
 (to Rex)
 And I will be too.

Rex scans the faces of each. He looks toward the track.

REX
You don't mind if I see for myself?

EXT. RACE TRACK - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Rex, Randall and Chuck in the pit box, watch the cars mirror each other as they approach the "START/FINISH LINE".

REX
If she wrecks this bitch you'll
both be looking for work.

CHUCK
(sotto to Randall)
And if he wrecks?

MICHELLE'S RACECAR

Sean is on the outside. Michelle glances over. He taunts her with a finger point and wave--*bye-bye*.

PIT BOX

RANDALL
(into headset)
Okay, five laps. And...

Sean lunges ahead off the line, cuts inside. Michelle brakes to avoid him, drifts sideways -- Sean is gone.

SEAN'S RACECAR

Sean watches her fade in his rear-view mirror as he heads into the back stretch.

MICHELLE'S RACECAR

MICHELLE
Shit.

Michelle rights her car and guns it.

PIT BOX

Sean passes pit row. One lap gone. Four seconds later Michelle passes.

CHUCK
It's over.

Rex glares at both of them. They track the cars around.

The cars fly by pit row. Two laps gone. Randall and Chuck check the monitors.

CHUCK
Still four seconds.

Rex shows his doubt as the cars head into the back straight.

REX
Shit. Get 'em in here before one of
them bends my cars.

Chuck elbows Randall, points at the monitors. Michelle's car is running 11 MPH faster. They turn, look in unison.

The cars enter the far the turn.

RANDALL
Looks like she's found some speed
up high.

MICHELLE'S RACECAR

Michelle sees she's gaining, stays high on the track against the wall as they fly past pit row. Three laps gone.

SEAN'S RACECAR

Sean checks his rear-view mirror.

SEAN
What the fu...

PIT BOX

They check the monitors as the cars fly past...

CHUCK
Just two seconds back.

Rex moves to the monitors to verify with revived interest.

MICHELLE'S RACECAR

Michelle rides inches off the wall, continues to gain.

PIT BOX

They watch the monitors. Michelle's speed reaches "170 MPH".

CHUCK
One and a half seconds back...Holy
shit her car's not even race ready.

SEAN'S RACECAR

Sean moves through the turn, checks his mirror -- he loses focus, his car bobbles, he backs off -- Michelle moves within a car length.

PIT BOX

The cars ROAR past...

RANDALL
(into headset)
One lap. Play nice.

Michelle stays high into the turn. Sean moves to block her. Michelle rides his bumper.

The sight unnerves Rex as he traces them down the back straight. They enter the final turn...

MICHELLE'S RACECAR

Michelle dekes low, Sean goes to blocks her -- she maneuvers high, creeps even with his front fender. Sean nudges her, she brushes the wall, falls back --

They race toward the "START/FINISH" line -- Michelle creeps up -- they cross the line -- Sean holds her off.

EXT. PIT ROW (SAME)

Sean pulls in first. Climbs from the cabin with a fist pump.

SEAN
Yeah, baby.

Rex strides past him, zero acknowledgment.

SEAN
What the hell, I won.

Chuck moves in, glares at the scrapes on his door panel.

CHUCK
Yeah, drivin' like an asshole. And, you still gave up a quarter of the goddamn track in five laps to our number two car...driven by a girl.

Sean shoves Chuck. Randall shoots them daggers, moves away with Rex.

Michelle glides into the pit, dejection as she removes her helmet. Several beats, Rex stands outside her car...

REX
 (to Randall)
 Get her cleared to drive.

Rex walks away. A brooding look as he passes Sean...

REX
 You owe me a paint job.
 (off Sean's car)
 Make that two.

Michelle climbs from her car, an ear-to-ear smile.

RANDALL
 Well, welcome to the Weston team.

CHUCK
 God help us.

EXT. RACE TRACK - DAY

Race day. A hazy, cloudless sky over APPLETON SPEEDWAY. Campers and race team trailers fill the infield. Banners flap lazily, food vendors, bikini-topped women and shirtless men take in the midday sun.

Sean reflects his ongoing displeasure as he exits the Weston trailer ahead of Randall and Michelle.

Randall flips through a clipboard as they walk.

RANDALL
 Remember, turn three is slick down low. Weather looks steady...The track surface will change when the sun goes down.

Michelle takes it all in as she walks -- the WHIR of pneumatics, REVVING engines.

Eyes follow her as she walks -- *new girl, new blood*. Some offer a welcoming nod, others shake their head.

Michelle follows Sean as he turns onto pit row, Randall turns opposite.

Sean points Michelle other way, moves on. Michelle hurries back to Randall. She scans the half full stands...

RANDALL
 You were spoiled watching your daddy race all those years. Tomorrow's when the big crowds
 (MORE)

RANDALL (cont'd)
 come. Half of the Saturday people
 are just hoping you'll crash.

MICHELLE
 So, why me? Sean's the number one
 driver.

RANDALL
 You want to race on Sundays?
 (a direct look)
 So do I.

Michelle is taken by his confidence. They reach her pit
 stall, the last on pit row.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
 Now, we made a last second
 adjustment to your car.

MICHELLE
 No way.

Michelle stares in awe. Her car dons the number "47".

RANDALL
 They were going to retire it but I
 made a pretty strong case to keep
 it racing.

Michelle throws him with a bear hug.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
 Okay, okay. Let's see if there's
 still any magic left in it.

Chuck tosses Randall her helmet from the pit box. Randall
 hands it off to Michelle.

INT. PIT BOX (SAME)

Randall dons his headset, scans the monitors. Michelle
 passes, paired in the last row of the field as they make the
 final pre-race lap.

RANDALL
 (into headset)
 Okay. Don't worry about position,
 we didn't get much practice, so
 just get a feel for the car and the
 track these first few laps.
 ...Scotty, you there?

SCOTTY (V.O.)
Yes, sir.

RANDALL
(into headset)
Scotty, Michelle ...Michelle,
Scotty. Your spotter. I'd have
introduced him in person but he
just came in from Charlotte.

INT. RACECAR - DAY

MICHELLE
Scotty, really? So, if I get into
trouble you can like beam me up?

SCOTTY (V.O.)
Huh?

MICHELLE
You're kidding, right?

SCOTTY (V.O.)
(scottish accent)
I'll try to hold it together the
best I can, captain...

MICHELLE
Nice.

Michelle waggles the steering wheel. Her car zig-zags back
and forth on the track.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Before I knew better, my dad told
me that was him waving at me during
the race.

Michelle looks to heavens.

SCOTTY (V.O.)
No doubt he's waving right now.

GREG (V.O.)
I hope those tires are warm, 'cause
here we go.

The pace car drops into pit row. The STARTER waves the
Green-Flag and the field ROARS into lap one...

SCOTTY (V.O.)
Okay, show me what you got.

Michelle quickly falls two car lengths back as they complete the first lap.

PIT BOX

Randall checks the monitors as she passes pit row. The laps tick down. Michelle's tentative driving keeps her last.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Crew chiefs study their monitors -- Drivers maneuver, fight for position -- fans cheer their favorites -- Pit crews loiter at the pit wall, wait for their moment.

PIT BOX

The laps tick down. Michelle remains last -- *two football fields separate her from the closest racecar.*

Suddenly, a collective GASP as the crowd reacts as two cars crash into the wall -- a trail of smoke and sparks --

Other cars miraculously maneuver past as the cars slide across the track into the infield.

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Morris and Henson got sideways in
turn three...they're off track,
you'll be fine.

RANDALL

(into headset)

There's our caution. Let's use it.

INT. PIT ROW (SAME)

Michelle pulls into her stall. The crew flies off the wall.

RANDALL

(into headset)

Okay, new life. You're back in it.

CHUCK

Come on girl. Race.

Michelle nods, an overwhelmed look. The JACK MAN drops her car and she heads out.

RACECAR

Michelle moves back in line for the restart...

RANDALL (V.O.)

Okay, you've got Wilson inside you.
He's gonna want to push outside.
Don't let him. Stay high into the
back, you have more car than the
next three cars ahead of you. This
is your chance to make some noise.

Michelle glances over at Wilson. The field enters the restart zone. The engines ROAR as racing resumes.

Wilson deliberately brushes Michelle toward the wall, she waivers and falls back.

PIT BOX

Randall drops his head. Below, Chuck flashes an angrier gesture.

RACECAR

Michelle slaps the wheel.

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Hey. Any chance you gonna need me
today?

Michelle refocuses, pushes the gas. Moves back up to the field, drafts in behind Wilson.

Wilson stays in the middle into the turn. Michelle goes high on the track. Wilson bumps her, she holds steady...

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Okay, let's do this.

Michelle edged up...

SCOTTY (V.O.)

...right panel...bumper...

Michelle edges past Wilson's car.

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Go...you're clear.

Michelle drops in front, Wilson gives her the finger as she pulls away.

PIT BOX

RANDALL
 (into headset)
 Alright. Welcome to the race.

Michelle stays outside goes by three more cars on the back straight...

The laps tick down. Michelle's aggressiveness continues as the race progresses...

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Michelle pinches a car against the wall trying to pass --
 Scotty relays her progression as she continues to move up --
 she taps the bumper of a slower car to move by --

INT. RACECAR (SAME)

RANDALL (V.O.)
 Everybody's coming in. Four tires
 and gas. This'll be the last pit
 before the checker.
 (a beat)
 Did you get that?

MICHELLE
 Make it two.

PIT STALL

Chuck looks up at Randall, both are taken by the request.

RANDALL
 (into headset)
 You can't hold the track with two
 tires.

MICHELLE (V.O.)
 Yes, I can. She feels good.

Chuck waits as Randall weighs the odds -- nods his approval.

CHUCK
 (to the Crew)
 Right side only and gas. Go.

Michelle enters. The Pit Crew is flying. Eight seconds and she's out.

Chuck stands on the wall, counts the cars still in the pit as she passes them down pit row.

CHUCK
 ...five, six, eight ...Fuck yeah.

Michelle re-enters the track.

MICHELLE
 Where am I?

SCOTTY (V.O.)
 Seventh.

MICHELLE
 YEAH.

RANDALL (V.O.)
 Let's hope you can hold it.

PIT BOX

The laps tick down. Randall studies the monitors. Chuck paces behind the pit wall, checks for any mechanical red flags each time she passes pit row.

RANDALL
 (into headset)
 Fourteen laps. She's running real good middle-high. How's she feel?

MICHELLE (V.O.)
 A little tight in the straight.

RANDALL
 (into headset)
 Two tires will do that.

RACECAR

Michelle presses on, drafts in behind two cars they weave a maze of slower cars.

RANDALL (V.O.)
 Three more laps. Ferguson and Weber are running together for a reason. They ain't gonna let you by this late. Let's call it a day and finish in one piece.

Michelle is determined, drops inside the two cars as she enters the back straight --

SCOTTY (V.O.)
 Randall didn't give you the Rule #1 speech I see.

RANDALL (V.O.)
I didn't think I had to.

MICHELLE
There's just two reasons you stop
racing, a crash or the checker.

Michelle moves even. Three cars abreast they barrel down the
back straight. Scotty reels off her progression.

SCOTTY (V.O.)
...right panel...bumper...

Michelle edges past Weber's car.

Ferguson stay even as they enter the turn -- Michelle
drifts, kisses Ferguson's car -- she holds the inside as
they exit the turn --

SCOTTY (V.O.)
...You're clear. You're clear...

Ferguson relents and falls in behind her.

MICHELLE
Woo hoo.

Michelle sees the white flag waving. She passes pit row -
one more lap.

She pushes the gas, the engine's powerful roar suddenly
fades. Heavy blue smoke pours from the rear of her car.

PIT ROW

CHUCK
Shit. SHIT...God damnit...

RACE CAR

Michelle checks her rear-view mirror...

MICHELLE
No. You're kidding me.

PIT ROW

The entire crew watches Michelle's car as it slows.

RANDALL
(into headset)
There is that third thing.

Randall watches the monitor as her oil pressure is going ...going ...gone.

RACECAR

Michelle coaxes the car forward. The smoke increases.

SCOTTY (V.O.)
You gotta get off.

She moves down to the track apron, SCREAMS in frustration as other cars speed by.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - NIGHT

It's filled with race fans and race teams abuzz with post-race chatter. Michelle sits inconspicuously in a booth.

A race team stands at the bar, gives her the eye. She focuses on her cellphone.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, great race today.

Michelle looks up to find a very HEAVY-SET MAN standing over her -- a fan?

HEAVY-SET MAN
May I?

Before she answers, he sits -- barely squeezing in.

MICHELLE
Um. Excuse me, but --

HEAVY-SET MAN
-- That was a hell of a move today.
Sucks, the car crapped on you.

Michelle scans the lounge for Randall.

HEAVY-SET MAN
Sittin' here alone, somebody might mistaken you for a hooker. Ya know, they congregate at events like this.

MICHELLE
What? Even if I was, I wouldn't hook up with a jackass like you. Get the hell out, asshole.

Michelle scoots from the booth --

HEAVY-SET MAN
Hold on. I was kidding...

She douses him with her drink. Randall appears through the crowd.

RANDALL
Good, I see you two found...
Scotty, what the hell happened to you?

MICHELLE
Oh my god.

INT. BOOTH (MOMENTS LATER)

Michelle tries to assist, dabbing Scotty with napkins.

SCOTTY
It's cool, really.

RANDALL
And, what were you thinking callin' her a hooker?

MICHELLE
I am so, totally sorry.

Michelle dabs Scotty's leg. Randall holds his laughter as passersby take notice.

SCOTTY
Um. I think I'm good.

Randall finally lets go a LAUGH as Michelle realizes what it appears.

MICHELLE
Oh, shit.

Michelle wears her embarrassment, slides out of the booth. Cheers trail her as she weaves the crowd to the exit.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The cool night air hits Michelle, she wraps herself in her arms. Sadness washes over her, feeling more alone than ever.

Scotty appears by her side.

SCOTTY
I could eat. You know a place?

EXT. TAKE-OUT BBQ STAND - NIGHT

A walk-up only ordering window. Michelle and Scotty take their combo baskets to the covered patio adjacent and sit.

MICHELLE

This was Greg's secret spot.
(off Scotty's look)
Greg was my dad's spotter. Twice the helping at half the price, and the only place around with Carolina-style sauce.

SCOTTY

(full mouth)
Wow... Oh my god.

BBQ sauce smears his cheek as he devours a rib.

MICHELLE

Again, I'm seriously sorry for what happened...

Michelle taps her cheek to indicate...Scotty grabs his napkin, returns to wolfing his food.

SCOTTY

So, please tell me you have places like this all over the circuit.

MICHELLE

Yeah, and I've turned tricks at most of them, too.

Michelle winks, revels in his embarrassment.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

So...what was it like, the daughter of the great Trevor Sullivan. It must've been awesome.

MICHELLE

The money, the fame, attention. All of that, and more. But enough about him.

SCOTTY

Sorry. I'm sure you get that a lot. Obviously he was cool...you following in his footsteps?

MICHELLE

Dad, yes. Mom, not so much.

SCOTTY

My mom died when I was fifteen.

Michelle offers her empathy.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

I think if I had become a driver she'd have been pretty dead set against it too.

Scotty gestures at his physique.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

Obviously...I was never gonna make it as one -- but the first time I went to a S.C.R.A. race I was hooked. So I became a spotter. I may not be behind the wheel, but I feel like I still have some control over what happens out there.

MICHELLE

You've never been behind the wheel? It's a super rush...eight-hundred horsepower propelling you inches from death. It's kinda like jumping off a cliff but knowing you'll be okay.

SCOTTY

Speak for yourself. I have a tough time jumping off the front porch.

EXT. RACE TRACK - DAY

Race day -- Michelle strides to her pit. She sees a large contingent in the adjacent grandstands waving a large banner: "GO 47 #SullivansSpotters"

Randall and Chuck scan the stands, notice more "47" placards dot the crowd.

INT. RACECAR - DAY

Michelle is in the middle of the field. The pace car drops into pit row and the engines ROAR, bunched bumper to bumper, fender to fender like sardines...

EXT. RACE TRACK (CONTINUOUS)

As the laps tick down, the aggression toward Michelle intensifies --

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Michelle's bumped from behind -- forced against the wall, sparks fly as her car scrapes -- boxed in and forced below the apron -- "Sullivans Spotters" jeer, gesture expletives.

The laps tick down. Randall watches Michelle's rough ride continue.

RANDALL
(into headphone)
Next pass, pit.

Michelle pulls in. As the Pit Crew works...

RANDALL (V.O.)
Mother fuckers. Can you single out anybody?

SCOTTY (V.O.)
Morris Racing and the Anderson boys. But, the rest of 'em smell blood in the water.

Randall leans out, flips off the Morris Pit Box. They return with equal fervor.

RANDALL
(into headphone)
Shit. It's a test. Just stay out of trouble and finish, got it.

MICHELLE (V.O.)
I've never been a good test-taker.

The Jack Man drops her car. She peels out.

MICHELLE'S RACECAR

Michelle makes her way through the field. The Morris' No. 17 car appears ahead -- she moves up, pushes him from behind.

MORRIS' RACECAR

MORRIS checks his rear-view mirror.

TANNER

You wanna play, bitch?

Morris drops inside, lets Michelle move up next to him.

MICHELLE'S RACECAR

Michelle slips his attempt to side swipe.

MICHELLE

Come get me, asshole.

RANDALL AND SCOTTY (V.O.)

(simultaneously)

What the hell are you doing?

Morris slides up the track about to put her into the wall -- she backs off the gas -- Morris's car edges ahead and she hooks his rear quarter panel -- He kisses off the wall and spins sideways down the track, into the infield.

PIT ROW

Chuck watches as the caution flag comes out.

CHUCK

Well, hello Mr. Sullivan.

MICHELLE'S RACECAR

SCOTTY (V.O.)

The yellow's out. Anderson's still coming, he's not backing off.

Anderson's No. 22 car appears behind her -- bangs her bumper, she barely holds it --

Anderson unaware of the approaching field, continues to bang -- Michelle sees the field, slams her brakes. Anderson tries to avoid her, swerves into the oncoming cars.

A multi-car fender bender as the field piles into Anderson. The race halts as the red flag comes out.

Michelle stops her car, climbs out onto her roof, taunts Anderson as he crawls out of his wreckage and tumbles to the track. The stands erupt.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - NIGHT

The team sits in a booth. Remnants of food and several rounds of empties litter the table.

CHUCK

I told you before this whole thing started, they'll run their own mother into the wall. And, I'm sure Rex ain't gonna be happy gettin' a hefty fine and a car wrecked every week.

MICHELLE

My dad never let another driver run him out of a race without a fight.

RANDALL

Hopefully they've had their fun and we can get back to racing.

CHUCK

What we hope is you don't get your ass suspended.

Scotty gestures to the WAITRESS. She returns with a small single-candled birthday cake.

Everyone walks back their emotions as the Waitress places the cake on the table.

SCOTTY

I know, it was a few days ago...

Michelle is touched.

CHUCK

I wish I could remember when I turned thirteen.

Michelle feigns a laugh.

The WAITRESS returns with shots.

WAITRESS

These are on him.

The Waitress nods toward the bar.

SCOTTY

Connor Buchanon.

CHUCK

He should buy us several rounds. Your little performance today pretty much handed him the checkered-flag today. He was sandbagging as it was.

Connor hoists, and they all down their shots.

MICHELLE

Oh my god. What was that?

RANDALL

Some pretty damn good Scotch.

Michelle and Connor exchange an extended look. The mutual attraction is obvious.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN approaches the table.

YOUNG WOMAN #1

Hi. You're Michelle Sullivan, right?

YOUNG WOMAN #2

Can we like, get a selfie?

Scotty moves and Michelle slides over. The women move close...

YOUNG WOMAN #1

Cool.

YOUNG WOMAN #2

Super cool.

YOUNG WOMAN #1

So, what do you have to do to become a driver?

MICHELLE

First thing, stay away from jokers like this.

The guys feign amusement to her dis.

YOUNG WOMAN #2

Thanks again. We're totally following you.

MICHELLE

What do you mean?

Young Woman #2 holds up her phone.

ONSCREEN: "SULLIVAN'S SPOTTERS" Splashed across with Michelle atop her racecar.

MATCH CUT:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CU ONSCREEN: "SULLIVAN'S SPOTTERS" Splash page.

A corporate reception area -- mahogany, polished metal and glass. Rex saunters in. DONNA, his assistant, is on her computer.

DONNA
Have you seen this?

Rex leans in, smiles.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Four-hundred-sixty thousand followers. We just created this page three days ago.

A call RINGS in.

DONNA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Mr. Weston's office. One moment...it's Mr. Fredricks.

Rex nods, goes to his office. He checks his watch, answers.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

REX
(into phone)
Peter ...I imagine you're what, on the tenth at Wilmont right now? Did you get my proposal?

EXT. WILMONT COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

PETER FREDRICKS cruises his golf cart to the green.

PETER
I did. A few concerns.

REX
What's not to like. More butts in seats, more eyes on screens that's what it's all about, right?

PETER
And winning.

REX
You know only a few of the teams
are built for that. The rest of us
are here to fill up the track.
Might as well make money while
we're at it, I say.

PETER
A few of us on the committee
including myself question whether
the other teams will comply.

REX
Ultimately, it will mean a hell of
a lot more logos on cars. And the
additional sponsor monies will
boost our secondary payout plans.
The other teams would be fools not
to go for it.

PETER
As long as it doesn't disrupt the
winners tier.

REX
That's what I like to hear.

PETER
So, when can we expect you to move?

REX
They're on the road to Phoenix.

PETER
If you think she's ready, Okay.

END INTERCUT

INT. RACE TEAM RV - DAY

Randall is half-asleep, slouched in the RV passenger seat. His cellphone buzzes in the dashboard cubby. He straightens, squints out the window as the RV rolls down the highway. He grabs his phone, is surprised by the caller...

RANDALL
(into phone)
Hello?

Randall listens as he makes his way to the back of the RV, passes Michelle lounged in the chair, Sean sacked out in the sleeper compartment.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Just like that, huh? Okay, you're
 the boss.

Randall is unsettled by what he's just heard.

EXT. TEAM TRANSPORTER - DAY

Michelle reaches the steps when Sean burst from the door.

SEAN
 This is bullshit.
 (toward pit row)
 It's all bullshit.
 (to Michelle)
 You're bullshit.

Michelle watches Sean storm away.

INT. TEAM TRANSPORTER - DAY

Michelle tries to decipher the situation. Randall gestures her to sit.

RANDALL
 There's been a change. You're not
 racing Saturday.

MICHELLE
 What? Am I suspended?

Randall remains even keeled.

RANDALL
 No. The powers that be have decided
 to let you move to Sunday.

Michelle can barely hold her exuberance.

MICHELLE
 This is awesome.

RANDALL
 So, we need to get you up to speed
 on the drivers.

Randall sits, turns the computer screen, taps the keyboard. Michelle checks his lack of enthusiasm.

MICHELLE

So, why aren't you excited? This is what we all wanted.

Randall takes pause, crafts his words.

RANDALL

It is. But, frankly...you're not ready. I don't know if I'm ready.

MICHELLE

Shit. Are you kidding me? Racing is racing. This is --

Randall launches.

RANDALL

-- The hell it is. This is the big time, honey. Your daddy may have made it look easy but it ain't. Up here you're not just racing for yourself. You're racing for the team, the sponsors, for the big guys in the box, the millions watching...

Scotty enters. Randall backs off.

SCOTTY

Um, should I come back?

RANDALL

No. Sorry. I'm gonna get a coffee.
(to Michelle)
I'm sorry. I'm just...I'll be back and we can get started.

SCOTTY

It's been a while since I've seen him like that.

MICHELLE

Has Randall ever crewed a Sunday team?

SCOTTY

Wait. What? Are you kidding?

Reality sinks in. They give each other an explosive fist-bump.

EXT. PIT ROW - DAY

Randall, Chuck and Michelle arrive at a the pit. Rex is waiting.

REX

There she is, car racing's next shining star.

MICHELLE

Thank you again for this opportunity, sir.

REX

Thank me by doing me right out there.

(to Randall)

You ready?

Randall forces a smile.

REX

Let's talk.

Rex gives Michelle a thumbs up and they move away.

From across the track, Michelle is showered with CHEERS from the large "SULLIVAN'S SPOTTERS" contingent.

EXT/INT. RACECAR - DAY

Michelle slides into her car. Chuck helps her settle in.

CHUCK

Okay, just do what you do. The track still goes in a circle. The drivers still piss standing up...well you know what I mean.

EXT. RACE TRACK - DAY

The field traces the track behind the pace car.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

...And here we go with the start of the Tombstone 400.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

All eyes are on the late entry, Michelle Sullivan, the daughter of the legend, Trevor Sullivan in the number 47 car.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
 Man or woman, those are some big
 shoes to fill.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
 She'll be starting at the rear of
 the pack, having little time to
 move up during qualifying.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
 Yeah, but scan the crowd and you'd
 swear she's the defending S.C.R.A.
 champion.

The pace car drops into pit row. The engines ROAR. The field
 flies into lap one...

INT. RACECAR - DAY

Randall, Chuck and Scotty track Michelle as the race
 progresses -- Like a linked locomotive the field moves in
 unison around the track.

RANDALL (V.O.)
 Okay, here we go. Let's have a nice
 clean race today.

MICHELLE
 Did they get the memo?

The deafening hum, the rocking wake of racecars blowing by
 at one-hundred-eighty-plus is a spine-tingling experience.

Randall and Scotty trepidly monitor each close encounter --
 Michelle remains steady, her skill matches the others.

A flat tire brings a caution flag...

EXT. PIT STALL - DAY

Michelle pits. The crew flies around the car -- The WHIR of
 pneumatics. They race to the other side.

CHUCK (V.O.)
 What do you think?

MICHELLE (V.O.)
 I think it's time to test the
 water.

RANDALL (V.O.)
 Take it easy. You're the new kid so
 let's not make waves.

Michelle peels out. The crew fist-bumps its flawless effort.

INT. RACECAR (SAME)

Michelle weaves into the clear, two cars draft in behind her.

SCOTTY (V.O.)
You've got company.

MICHELLE
Where am I?

SCOTTY (V.O.)
You dropped to twenty-third.

MICHELLE
Shit.

SCOTTY (V.O.)
Five's coming under you...Slower cars ahead...Stay high...

The No. 5 advances inside, the slower cars block him.

SCOTTY (V.O.)
Watch it. He's coming up...Son-of-a-bitch.

Michelle slides high, backs off as the No. 5 cuts in front of her to skirt the slower traffic -- she stays in pursuit, inches from his bumper --

RANDALL (V.O.)
Let it go. You hear me.

Michelle pushes him from behind -- the No. 5 begins to fishtail sideways --

Michelle rides high against the wall, sparks fly as she scrapes the wall, squeezes by --

In her rear-view mirror the No. 5 continues to spin sideways, tangles with two other cars.

PIT ROW

Chuck and Randall look toward the No. 5 pit. Their angry gestures say it all.

CHUCK
(into headset)
She had to pop her cherry sooner or later, 'cuse my french'.

RACECAR

Michelle continues on.

RANDALL (V.O.)
 Scotty, keep an eye on her back.
 Retaliation's coming.

Michelle and the crew are extra vigilant with each encounter as cars draft behind her -- pass her -- front her --

The laps tick down without incident. Michelle flies across the finish...

INT. STADIUM BOX SUITE - DAY

Rex stands with Peter as the race ends.

PETER
 Fifteenth.

REX
 More importantly, she stayed on the track for the full 200 laps. That's all we want.

PETER
 But, if she's gonna bend metal, we'll see how long the other teams oblige.

INT. RACE TRACK - NIGHT

Michelle makes her way to the RV.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Hey.

Michelle plays coy as Connor Buchanon strides toward her.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
 Okay, remind me never to get in your way out there.

MICHELLE
 The guy didn't have the car to make that move.

CONNOR
 Spoken like a true Sullivan.

Michelle takes it as a compliment. She continues walking, Connor moves next to her.

CONNOR
So, where're headed?

MICHELLE
Darlington, I think.

CONNOR
I mean tonight?

MICHELLE
Right. They want me out in the public so...

CONNOR
That means you'll be at the Inn later. That's where the post-race happening is, I guess.

MICHELLE
I think it was mentioned.

CONNOR
Maybe I'll see you there, then.

MICHELLE
Maybe.

Michelle does a double take as Connor moves away.

Michelle continues to the RV. Randall is absorbing a heated, one-way conversation -- Rex sees her and walks away.

MICHELLE
Everything okay?

RANDALL
Yeah. Fine.

INT. SUV - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

Randall drives. His mind is a million miles away.

MICHELLE
So, Weston twice in one day.

Randall doesn't respond.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
We're good right. We're not like one and done?

RANDALL

What? No. Like I said, now that we're in the show, he'll be more hands on. Don't worry, we're good.

Randall forces a convincing smile. Scotty in the back seat sees through his response.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Randall enters ahead of Michelle and Scotty, spies the bar.

RANDALL

The usual?

Before they respond, Randall's gone.

MICHELLE

My dad didn't let me come to these when I was younger. I can see why.

Michelle and Scotty linger on the fringe as they watch the known drivers and race day winner congregate in a sea of fans and media.

Randall returns with bottled beers, hands them key cards from his pocket.

RANDALL

Here. Now, take your cue from the others. When they break for the exits you do the same or you'll be here all night.

MICHELLE

You're not staying?

RANDALL

I'm a nobody. We're on the road at eight, so...

Randall heads for the elevator.

The crowd discovers Michelle and makes a beeline. Scotty backs away as the crush of autograph seekers and selfie flashes inundate her.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Michelle is still immersed. The other drivers have long since left.

Scotty nurses a beer at the bar, watches Michelle. Connor slides up next to him.

CONNOR
Looks like your girl can't say no.
(to bartender)
Soda and lime.

He gestures to Scotty - *A refill?*

SCOTTY
I'm good.

The bartender brings Connor's drink. He toasts Scotty and heads toward Michelle.

CONNOR
Okay, people...I think she needs a potty break.

MAN IN CROWD
Hey, Connor Buchanon.

As the gathering redirects, he head-gestures Michelle toward Scotty, she edges away.

A few die-hard fans linger with Connor but most of the crowd disperses after Michelle departs.

HOTEL LOBBY

Connor waits for the elevator.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Oh my god, it's Connor Buchanon.
Can I get a selfie?

Connor turns, finds Michelle lurking.

CONNOR
Me? Sorry, but I think the real racers have left the building.

MICHELLE
Thanks for bailing me.

CONNOR
 You've got to be as fast off the
 track as you are on it.

MICHELLE
 I see that. Maybe you can give me a
 few pointers.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Connor gestures her in first. Connor presses "5".

CONNOR
 Floor?

Michelle nods -- *it's the same*. They ride in silence. The door opens. He follows her out.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
 I'm this way.

Michelle tilts opposite.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
 Okay. Maybe I'll run into you at
 Darlington. Figuratively, of
 course.

MICHELLE
 Thanks again.

Michelle swivels and walks away. Connor watches her disappear around the corner.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Michelle runs as the RV pulls from the curb. Randall glares at his watch as she boards.

MONTAGE

-- Michelle at Darlington Speedway crosses the finish, the leaderboard tower shows her finishing fourteenth.

-- Michelle and Connor exchange looks in the pre-race tent.

-- Michelle gets tangled in a multi-car crash.

-- Michelle at Tampa Speedway passes under the Checkered-Flag, the leaderboard tower shows her finishing twelfth.

-- Michelle and Connor sneak away from a post-race event.

-- Michelle watches as her car is towed into the garage after blowing an engine.

INT. RACECAR - DAY

Michigan Motor Speedway. Michelle is flying.

MICHELLE

Where am I?

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Thirteenth.

RANDALL (V.O.)

Pay attention. Chatter's got everybody coming in soon. Unless there's a caution, we'll need one more pit. You're doing fine.

MICHELLE

Why do you say that...Fine? You're doing fine. Everything's fine. I haven't finished in the fucking top ten once ...What if I stay out?

RANDALL (V.O.)

Negative. We could squeeze your gas to the finish, but the surface will cool as the sun goes down. You'll need new tires to hold the track.

Michelle is the third car in a pack of four. Mere inches separate them as they move in unison around the track.

PIT BOX

Randall looks down pit row. Pit crews gather at the wall.

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Okay, this is it. Everybody's coming in.

Michelle's train of cars comes out of the turn. Three break toward pit row. Michelle stays on.

RANDALL

Goddamnit. What the hell are you doing?

MICHELLE (V.O.)

I'm trying to win.

RANDALL

Shit.

Randall glares down at Chuck, he throws his arms up as Michelle flies by pit row...

RACECAR

MICHELLE

Where am I now?

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Third. Thompson and Goodwin are ahead of you.

MICHELLE

Yes.

The laps tick down. Michelle fights her car, falls to fourth -- to fifth, continues to lose ground.

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Seven laps.

MICHELLE

I feel like I'm gonna fly off the fucking track.

RANDALL (V.O.)

Scotty, can you get her help?

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Smith and Earhart. They're a lap down but they're keeping pace. If they play nice, you can work their draft...

Michelle pushes it as she heads down the back straight.

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Come on. Get there...corner's coming.

Her car starts to drift as she enters the turn, she fights to hold on -- Closer. Closer. Out of the turn she settles in behind Smith and Earhart.

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Nice.

Michelle stays glued behind Smith and Earhart as the final laps tick down -- the Checkered-Flag waves --

PIT STALL

Chuck claps his approval as Michelle climbs from her car. The rest of the crew gather around to congratulate.

Randall descends the pit box, comes face to face with Michelle.

RANDALL

Here it is, Rule #1. I'm the Crew Chief and whatever I goddamn say when it comes to my cars and my drivers is law, got it?

Michelle stares back defiantly. She holds out her fist. A beat, he bumps it.

EXT. TAKE-OUT BBQ STAND - NIGHT

Michelle and Scotty enjoying their BBQ on the patio. Scotty sees Connor pull up.

SCOTTY

Ah, oh. Word's getting out about your secret spot.

MICHELLE

Um, I kinda like told him.

Scotty shows the slightest hint of disappointment. Connor gets his order and joins them.

CONNOR

This is way out of the way.

Connor raises his Coke.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Here's to fifth.

SCOTTY

...Where you should've finished the last time we were here. Instead, you blow an engine right before the checker.

Michelle is taken by Scotty's tone.

MICHELLE

Yeah? Last time we were here ...you called me a hooker.

CONNOR
You didn't?

MICHELLE
He did.

SCOTTY
Are you gonna bring that up every
time we come here?

MICHELLE
Maybe.

Connor brings out his wallet.

CONNOR
So, how much?

Michelle throws a french fry at him.

MICHELLE
You can't afford me.

Scotty stands.

SCOTTY
We should get back.

CONNOR
Our hotels are close. I can give
you a ride.

An awkward silence. Michelle eyes Scotty.

MICHELLE
Okay.

SCOTTY
Cool. I'll...see you later. As
Randall says, We're on the road at
eight. Don't be late.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Connor and Michelle walk the hallway to his room.

CONNOR
Somebody's got a crush.

MICHELLE
Who? Scotty? Stop, he's a
sweetheart. What...are you jealous?

Michelle seductively leans against his hotel room door.

CONNOR

Maybe.

Michelle hops into him, wraps her legs.

MICHELLE

Good.

Connor slides in the card key...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Michelle and Connor can barely make it into the room before they're locked as one.

A passion is unleashed as furious and fiery as their racing. Neither relenting, neither backing away.

INT. HOTEL ROOM (LATER)

Michelle and Connor lay side-by-side in the dim light.

CONNOR

You sure this isn't costing me.
You're not like, running a tab?

MICHELLE

Shut up.

CONNOR

Or maybe it's why you take it easy
on me on the track.

MICHELLE

If you think this buys you points
on track, forget it. What about
you? Should I be watching my
rear-view mirror?

CONNOR

I've been good. Besides you're the
hands off girl.

Michelle rolls toward him.

MICHELLE

What's that suppose to mean?

CONNOR

Nothing...

Michelle sits up.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

...I mean, there are racing teams and there are money teams. Weston has always been in it for the money.

MICHELLE

So, what? Racing teams win and money teams...?

CONNOR

C'mon, like you don't know.

Michelle is agitated, moves to the edge of the bed.

MICHELLE

So what are you saying, exactly?

CONNOR

I'm not saying anything. It's just, you don't have to win to be a success. Sometimes it's just about staying on the track...for the sponsors. I'm sure your dad was in the winners tier so he never had to worry about it. The lower teams could never stay racing if winning was the only goal.

Michelle gathers her clothes.

CONNOR

What are you --

MICHELLE

-- So, you're saying the only reason I'm on the track is because, what...I'm like racecar eyecandy?

CONNOR

Look. I didn't...you're a good driver.

MICHELLE

Good? Wow.

CONNOR

Come on. You're totally overreacting. What do you want from me...you're a great driver, okay?

Michelle storms from the room.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Randall paces outside the RV, checks his watch: "8:43 AM"
Michelle emerges, stomps past Randall into the RV.

INT. RV - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Michelle doesn't acknowledge Scotty as she heads straight
into the on-board bathroom.

Randall boards, eyes Scotty.

RANDALL

Women.

Randall sits up front. Scotty peers back toward the
bathroom, concerned.

EXT. RACE TRACK - NIGHT

The crowd cheers, tires squeal as the winner spins his
celebratory cookies at the finish.

Michelle pulls into the pit stall, climbs from the car,
shoves her helmet at Chuck.

Randall watches from the pit box as Michelle storms away.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Michelle is lounged on the bed. There's a KNOCK at the door.
She peers through the peephole, flings open the door.

MICHELLE

Oh my god.

GREG

Hey stranger.

Michelle tosses her clothes from the chair into the
suitcase.

GREG (CONT'D)

You're safe. I won't tell your mom
you're just as messy on the road as
you were at home.

MICHELLE

How did you find me?

GREG

Oh, I ran into Scotty.

Michelle rolls her eyes.

GREG (CONT'D)

Okay?

MICHELLE

It's fine. I just can't seem to get away from people treating me like I'm a lost kitten or something.

Michelle opens the fridge.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Drink? I got...nothing. A soda... a gross salad...

She drops it in the trash can.

GREG

I'm good.

Greg sits. Michelle flops on the bed.

GREG (CONT'D)

So, You're quite the celebrity, now.

MICHELLE

Yeah, don't be too impressed.
(finger quotes)
"Sullivan" ya know.

GREG

Hey, I saw your last race. Top five finish, you gotta earn that.

Michelle resists a retort.

MICHELLE

So, where have you been? You still with Mussleman?

GREG

No. They cut one of their rides, so, no car, no need for a spotter.

MICHELLE

I'm sorry.

GREG

I just hooked up with Arnold Racing. That's why I'm here.
(flexes a bicep)
I'm a jack man now. I always wanted to be closer to the track anyway.

(MORE)

GREG (cont'd)

It gets lonely standing way up on the deck. I mean, I'll go back to it, but for now, it's cool.

MICHELLE

How's Bobby?

GREG

Still hasn't found his way back.
(a beat)
My cousin had a baby last month.

MICHELLE

Which? You have like, what...?

GREG

I know, when you've got six brothers and sisters, my family's gotten so big I forget too. It was Denise.

MICHELLE

You're kidding. Little Denise is a mom. She's like my age.

GREG

It's cool though. My dad used to say, families are like engines, the bigger they are the stronger they run.

(a beat)

So, what about you? You talked to your mom lately?

Michelle grabs her cellphone -- *fights with the question.*

MICHELLE

I'm sure she's busy planning her next soiree.

GREG

My sister said she saw her a while back...Said she looked good...I thought maybe the two of you had --

MICHELLE

-- Is that why you came here? She decided who, and what made her happy and it wasn't my dad, and it sure the hell wasn't me.

Greg is taken by her sudden anger.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I'm doing fine, okay. So, you can go report back to whoever out there gives a shit.

GREG

I'm sorry. That's not why ...I just wanted to catch up.

Michelle slams her phone on the bed, glares at the ceiling.

GREG (CONT'D)

I guess I should go, early day tomorrow, race and all...
(he stands)
Good luck tomorrow.

MICHELLE

Apparently, I don't need it.

It's obvious she's not going to budge. Greg lets himself out.

INT. TEAM TRANSPORTER - DAY

Viewing room -- Randall brings up the track schematic as he continues his review on the computer. Michelle shows little interest.

RANDALL

So, they've changed the surface there...and there...since the last time we were here, so we'll need to gauge our pit stops to manage our full tire allotment. When you do your qualifying, let me know how she feels and we'll go from there. Questions?

Michelle stares at the computer screen.

SCOTTY

I guess I'll head up to the deck.

Michelle stands, moves to leave.

RANDALL

Hold on.

Michelle ignores him.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
 Look at me -- I told you that the
 only reason you get behind my wheel
 is to race. So, if you've got a
 problem that's not about racing,
 you better fess up, now.

Michelle glares -- *she wants to explode*. She leaves.

INT. PIT BOX - DAY

Randall watches the monitors as Michelle drives the middle
 of the track.

RANDALL
 (into headset)
 How's she feel.

MICHELLE (V.O.)
 Good.

RANDALL
 (into headset)
 Good is how you describe breakfast.

Randall watches her pass pit row, no response.

RANDALL
 (into headset)
 Hey, If you want to start last in a
 half-ass car, that's up to you.

MICHELLE (V.O.)
 I made it around, that's all that
 matters, right?

RANDALL
 (into headset)
 What?

MICHELLE (V.O.)
 I said, she's fine. Everything
 fucking fine.

RANDALL
 (into headset)
 Fine. Bring 'er in.

Randall rips of his headset, throws in on the console.

EXT. PIT ROW - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Michelle exit her car, storms by Chuck over the pit wall, bolts away.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Michelle tries not to be noticed as she enters. She spots Scotty and Chuck in the lounge, edges past toward the elevator.

A GIRL and her FATHER recognize her.

GIRL

Daddy. There she is.

They approach. The Girl holds out a pad and pen to autograph. Michelle skirts into the elevator as if they were invisible.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Michelle is sprawled on her bed. CU PHONE SCREEN: "CONNOR BUCHANON" appears on her phone. She hits "DECLINE" --

She scrolls -- it stops on "HOME". Her thumb hovers. She scrolls. It stops on "DAD" --

She hovers, several beats, she taps...

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

We're sorry, the number you have reached is no longer in service. Please check the --

CU ONSCREEN: She goes to #SullivansSpotters. She scrolls posts. A troll post -- "@ScratchSullivan":

@ScratchSullivan: *Happy B-Day fifth-place gift for the girl who can't win* --

Michelle enters: @SMSGo47 *Show up and do better* --

@ScratchSullivan: *You couldn't win today without getting 3/4 of the race handed to you* --

Michelle enters: @SMSGo47 *Bullshit like you know* --

@ScratchSullivan: *Sponsors say otherwise -- @P&R @WilmontPharm @NextTelcom @HarrolSports @FCGlobalCom @TRAir \$@ZapAuto + 20 more - LOSER!*

Michelle throws her cellphone.

EXT. LAS VEGAS SPEEDWAY - DAY

Michelle is cold to everyone she encounters.

EXT. GRANDSTAND - DAY

Sullivan's Spotters are peppered throughout the crowd. Cheers rain down as Michelle walks out to pit row.

The accolades hold new meaning -- *does she even belong here?*

Michelle grabs her helmet as she stomps past Chuck, tosses it into the car and slides in...

INT/EXT. RACECAR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Michelle spots Rex entering the pit box. She forcefully straps herself in.

Chuck moves to her window.

CHUCK

Okay. Last week is history. This is your day. I can feel it.

He secures her window net -- Michelle fumes, slams the shifter into first gear, peels away -- she circles the track in pre-race mode. Every poster, every banner, every car logo glares back --

INSERT

She flashes back to the Social Media Post:

The orange Power & Reynolds @P&R --

The gold and green NextTelcom @NextTelcom --

The red and black Harrol Sports @HarrolSports --

The blue Trans World Air @TRAir --

BACK TO SCENE

The field tightens up behind the pace car as it makes its final pre-race lap, Michelle is in a middle row...

The field crosses the start/finish line. Engines ROAR, the field rockets two-abreast toward the first turn --

Michelle doesn't accelerate, cars skirts around her...

PIT BOX

Randall scans the monitors.

RANDALL
The car reads fine.

REX
What the hell?

MICHELLE'S RACECAR

Michelle watches the field move away. She continues slowly around the track.

SCOTTY (V.O.)
Michelle? You okay?

RANDALL (V.O.)
The car's fine.

The field laps her, she doesn't budge from the middle of the track.

CONNOR'S RACECAR

Connor glances into Michelle's car, as the field splits, maneuvers high and low around her.

SPOTTER'S DECK

Scotty is bombarded with glares and expletives...

SCOTTY
(into headset)
Michelle, talk to me. What the hell's going on?

PIT BOX

All eyes are on the No. 47 car as it approaches the pit row entrance -- she doesn't enter.

RANDALL
Goddamnit. Scotty, can you see anything?

SCOTTY (V.O.)
Nothing. Shit.

EXT. RACE TRACK - DAY

The crowd and pit row are up in arms as Michelle slowly motors down the front straight.

MICHELLE'S RACECAR

Michelle stares toward pit row -- sees Rex in the pit box. She grips the steering wheel, accelerates.

She moves into the turn, increasing speed she slams the brakes, her car does a one-eighty spin, faces opposite --

A collective grasp ripples through the entire raceway as she speeds head-on toward the rest of the field --

SPOTTER'S DECK

Chaos as Spotters frantically relay to drivers.

PIT ROW

Teams, crews, emergency personnel scramble to pit wall anticipating the inevitable...

SPOTTER'S DECK

Scotty can't believe what's about to happen...

SCOTTY

(into headset)

Michelle. What are you doing? STOP.

Thirty-nine cars exit the turn into the front straight --

MICHELLE'S RACECAR

A cognizant instant, she slams her brakes -- time slows as her car spins toward the oncoming cars --

RACE TRACK

Cars go everywhere as Michelle's car pinballs through the middle of the track -- cars mash, crumple, launch -- a lucky few spin off the track -- others skid against the wall, but every car is involved --

Michelle's car is broadsided by two cars -- it somersaults into the air -- slams nose first onto the track, cartwheels endlessly --

An eerie silence befalls the raceway as her car finally comes to halt.

Drivers who are able, climb from their wreckage.

PIT BOX

Randall and Rex stare in shock. Randall grabs a fist full of Rex's shirt in both hands -- *This is your fault.*

He flings him aside and launches from the pit box toward the track.

Crews and emergency personnel rush from car to car to aid the injured.

Randall and Chuck lead their crew as they traverse around the wreckage toward Michelle's car. Greg joins them as they reach her car --

Emergency crews arrive with the JAWS OF LIFE -- Pry away the twisted metal. Michelle lies lifeless in the mangled wreckage.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A dim, muted room, the curtains drawn tight. The beep of a heart monitor, the hiss of a ventilator.

Michelle lies in a coma. A respirator tube snakes over the bed, her arm heavily bandaged, her leg cast and elevated.

Greg sits bedside in a recliner. A faint sound of a sports event from his iPad. Bobby appears at the door.

Greg stands as Bobby gives way to let Janet enter first.

GREG
(to Bobby)
Damn, you didn't drown after all.

BOBBY
How's she doing?

GREG
Doc says, until she can breath on her own, they won't bring her out of the coma.

Janet stands over the bed, an emotionless tear trickles out.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Janet struggles to light her cigarette. Bobby moves in, CLICKS his lighter.

JANET

Do you know how many nightmares
I've had seeing her in there, just
like that...?

Bobby lights his own. A long silence.

BOBBY

After Trevor...I thought about how
many times I saw it coming. How I
could be to blame. I never
considered what I'd do after, how
I'd handle it.

Bobby stomps out his cigarette.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

When it finally sunk in that he was
gone, I realized I had it easy,
just quit. I'm sorry. I won't do
that again.

Janet stares ahead. Bobby squeezes her shoulder, reenters the building.

EXT/INT. HOUSE - DAY

Adam holds open the front door as Michelle maneuvers her crutches through the doorway.

Janet leads Michelle down the hall.

JANET

Seein' as you can't be going up and
down the stairs...

Michelle enters Trevor's trophy room, surprised to find the shelves still packed with trophies and plaques.

JANET (CONT'D)

A man from the Hall of Fame wanted
a few for a display they're
creating. I thought it'd be easiest
to leave it all up.

Janet and Adam whisper between them.

MICHELLE
Don't do that.

Michelle turns and faces them.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Just say what you need to say. I
don't want you tip-toeing around me
the whole time I'm here.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Janet pulls a roast from the oven, places it on the table.

ADAM
Your mother's become quite the
cook.

MICHELLE
She's always been able to put a
meal together.

Her tone agitates Adam. Janet lets it go as she delves out helpings.

JANET
So, have you thought about what you
want to do? I thought we could do
some shopping. Find some clothes
that would make it easier --

MICHELLE
-- I'm fine.

Adam goes to the wet bar, pours a scotch and downs it.
Refills and returns to the table.

They continue in silence.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Bobby knocks on then opens the front door. Janet exits ahead
of Michelle.

MICHELLE
She wants to come.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Three executive-types led in by HENRY FREMONT (50s) sit on one side of the conference table.

Across the table Michelle props her crutches and sits between Janet and Bobby -- adjacent is Randall seated with Weston's lawyer LAINA MOSS.

Henry nods to an ASSISTANT at the foot of the table. She adjusts a video camera, the red record light illuminates...

HENRY

(toward the camera)

For the record, present today are Randall Pierce -- representing Weston Racing, Ms. Laina Moss -- Ms. Michelle Sullivan, Janet Sullivan and Robert Simmons -- with me -- representing Stock Car Racing of America is counsel Thomas Mann, V.P. Marcus Leeds and myself Henry Fremont, president and director of legal affairs and marketing.

Henry opens a black notebook.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Let me begin by saying we find it unpardonable that Mr. Weston himself is not present for these proceedings.

LAINA

Given that this is not a formal court of law, Mr. Weston has no obligation --

HENRY

-- I don't give a goddamn what you want to call this, miss. He should be here. Trust me, he will no doubt find himself in court soon after these proceedings.

Henry scans the faces...

HENRY (CONT'D)

Based on the findings of this committee, Weston Racing is hereby banned for life, from any and all S.C.R.A. participation direct or indirect. We also place a two-year

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
suspension on all executive level
management -- this includes crew
chiefs, legal representatives and
financial partners of same.

Michelle, head down avoids eye contact.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Miss Sullivan. Although there is no
culpable evidence you were aware of
the collusion perpetrated by Mr.
Weston and his colleagues, your
reckless endangerment and total
disregard for the safety, and the
consequential results your actions
placed on its participants,
entities and the public -- You are
hereby suspended from participation
for a period of two years -- At
which time, showing you have
completed a thorough mental
evaluation, you may apply for
reinstatement.

Bobby glares toward Randall. Henry flips through the
notebook.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Each party has read and signed
their affidavits. Are there any
questions? If not, on behalf of the
S.C.R.A., I hereby pronounce these
matters closed.

Henry closes the notebook.

HENRY (CONT'D)
But, let me say this. It is the
opinion of some on this committee
as well as within the S.C.R.A.,
this incident stemmed from the
total disregard for the sanctity of
a respected institution.

Henry faces Michelle directly...

HENRY (CONT'D)
...as well as the unwillingness to
accept societal boundaries. So, for
the sake of all involved, I hope I
never see you behind the wheel
again.

Everyone is taken aback by his words. Michelle doesn't react -- *a look of defeat.*

The three men stand, gather their belonging, head toward the exit when...

JANET

Sir. How dare you. This happened because the good ol' boy network the S.C.R.A. hides behind turned its back for the sake of money. You, and you, Mr. Fremont are as much to blame...

Henry and Janet lock eyes. He shoots her a condescending look and continues out the exit.

Michelle breaks from her daze, surprised by Janet's stance.

Laina approaches Janet, offers her business card.

LAINA

What he said was unbelievably inappropriate...
(toward Michelle)
...and it may be grounds to overturn their ruling if you so choose.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

Michelle and Janet exit the elevator. Randall is perched near the exit.

JANET

My daughter has nothing to say to you.

Janet shields Michelle as Bobby moves into Randall -- he holds up his hands, not interested in a confrontation.

RANDALL

Let me just say that Chuck and Scotty, they had no idea...

Michelle stops.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

People go their whole life and never get to do what they love. If that rare opportunity comes, you never know what you'll do to take it. You were my shot...I just wasn't patient enough...

(half chuckle)
 ...Like your father, you're a hell
 of a driver, not just because you
 have the ability...it's rooted deep
 within your soul. I've taken that
 from you and I'm truly sorry.

Michelle continues out the exit. His words strike Janet as she follows.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Janet navigates the dark, lifeless house. She drops her dry cleaning over the back of a living room chair, heads to Michelle's makeshift room.

Trevor's trophies are piled outside her room in the hallway. Janet checks the room...

INT. ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Michelle is on the bed staring distantly toward the empty shelves. Tears running down her face.

MICHELLE

He used me too, didn't he.

Janet sits.

JANET

When I lost the baby, your father never got over it. He said we'd be okay, he even thought he meant it, but...as the realization that we'd never have another crept in...His sole focus became racing. It got to the point, I couldn't even be around him...

Janet tries to light a cigarette, her lighter won't flame.

JANET (CONT'D)

He became reckless on and off the track. If he wanted to die in a fiery ball of metal that was his choice. But, when I found out you were racing...I wasn't about to lose you too, not like that.

Janet holds back tears.

JANET (CONT'D)

But here you come, with the spirit
and fire just like him. And, the
harder I pushed the harder he
pushed. I did what I thought was
best for you. If you want somebody
to blame, blame me, not your daddy.
At least he let you be the person
you wanted to be.

Michelle stares ahead. Janet wipes her tears and leaves.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

Michelle drives through the streets -- a *pensive look*. It's
a drive without purpose or destination.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Michelle is shocked to see Annie sitting on the front porch
as she pulls the Mustang into the driveway and parks,
scampers around to the front, her leg now fully healed.

MICHELLE

Annie? Oh my god...

Michelle moves in for a hug. Annie shoves her.

ANNIE

Bitch.

Before Michelle recovers, Annie pulls her back, hugs her.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Where the hell have you been? You
can't return a text?

They embrace each other like sisters reunited.

MICHELLE

...What are you doing here?

Annie picks up a twine-handled paper bag next to her
carry-on.

ANNIE

You think I wanna hold on to this
shit forever?

Janet opens the door.

MICHELLE
 Mom. This is Annie, my roommate
 from college.

JANET
 I know. We've been talking.

MICHELLE
 Oh, really?
 (to Annie)
 Annie?

ANNIE
 (shakes her head)
 ...But I will unless you let me
 drive that freaking amazing ride
 over there.

Michelle offers a knowing grin.

JANET
 Why don't you girls go, have fun.
 Let me know if you'll be back for
 dinner.

Michelle and Annie move away.

ANNIE (O.S)
 Shit, I can't drive a stick.

The sound of Michelle's LAUGH brightens Janet.

INT. MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Janet enters with Annie's carry-on and paper bag, it rips.
 She stoops to gather the mess. She finds the torn photo of
 Michelle and Trevor.

She stands, sees the matching piece of the photo wedged in
 the dresser mirror. She pulls it out, stares at herself in
 the separated piece, reunites them --

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Adam and Janet sit in chairs across from Michelle and Annie,
 snuggled together on the chaise lounge.

Michelle scrolls her phone...

MICHELLE
 This was me and Randall at the
 Tampa Speedway, we finished twelfth
 -- this is me outside Michigan
 (MORE)

MICHELLE (cont'd)
 Speedway -- this is me bummed after
 blowing an engine at Compton --

Michelle is aglow as she revives each moment.

ANNIE
 Oh-my-god. Who is that?

MICHELLE
 That, is Connor.

ANNIE
 Damn, girl, you need to take me
 with you. Are they all super hunks?

MICHELLE
 Super jerks is more like it.

ANNIE
 So, how long before you can...?

MICHELLE
 Um, fifteen, no wait, fourteen more
 months?

ANNIE
 I still can't believe that shit.

Adam swirls his empty glass.

ADAM
 Well, I think it's time. Work
 tomorrow.

ANNIE
 (to Janet)
 It was great to finally meet you.

Janet stands - *What?*

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 My flight leaves super early
 tomorrow. I've got work too.
 Student loans are calling.

Michelle pouts, nods her head.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 Not everyone's a famous racecar
 driver.

Annie stands, hugs Janet.

JANET
You're always welcome.

Annie plops back next to Michelle.

INT. HOUSE (SAME)

Janet takes Adam's glass. Adam kisses her cheek, heads off.
Janet lingers...

EXT. PATIO (SAME)

MICHELLE
...Okay, this was at Phoenix, I
finished fifth, highest ever for a
woman.

ANNIE
You're kidding. No woman has ever
won? So, you mean like, I'm looking
at the first?

MICHELLE
Yeah right. First, I've gotta get
reinstated, then I need to find a
team that will even let me race.
Probably not gonna happen.

ANNIE
Just make your own team.

MICHELLE
You got like three mill lying
around?

ANNIE
Shit. Wait, we could crowdfund. I'm
serious.

Michelle's enthusiasm dwindles...

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Come on, you can't let that or
anything else stop you, especially
those fuckers.

INT. HOUSE (SAME)

Janet moves away, torn between Michelle's rejuvenation and
her own trepidation.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Janet stares out the front window, smoking. She hears Michelle clump down the stairs.

JANET

Did Annie get off okay? She's really got it all together.

Michelle shoulders her purse, digs for her keys...

MICHELLE

Annie? Are you kidding?

Michelle darts through the room, searches for her keys, digs again in her purse...

JANET

Ya know, I was thinking. You have this time, maybe you could finish your degree.

MICHELLE

Why?

JANET

It's just one more semester.

MICHELLE

...Whatever. I'll be back.

Michelle heads out the door. The sound of the Mustang ROARS outside, zooms away.

Janet holds up Laina's business card.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY (TRAVELING)

Michelle's cellphone RINGS. "UNKNOWN CALLER" -- She lets it go to voicemail.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Michelle and Laina stand as the JUDGE enters. All follow as the judge sits. Counsel for the S.C.R.A. Robert Mann remains standing.

ROBERT

Judge, I would like to move for immediate dismissal of this case. The plaintiff's contractual agreement is rock solid and unbreakable.

JUDGE

Sit down counsel. This is a hearing, so I will hear from each party and decide what's what, if that's okay.

ROBERT

Absolutely your honor. If I may present to the court the contract which Ms. Sullivan signed as a member of S.C.R.A., we'll need not waste the court's time.

The Judge gestures him to approach.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Section 11-A states, any action deemed to be a danger or ethically damaging to the S.C.R.A. and its participants is grounds for --

LAINA

-- Your honor, we are not here to debate the legality of the contract. We are here to challenge their discriminatory practices. Their organization has bred a culture of exclusion and abuse. And in doing so, they have mentally and financially burdened my client.

ROBERT

Good luck with that.

JUDGE

Counsel.

LAINA

We would like to present video of such abuse and intimidation specifically directed toward Ms. Sullivan.

ROBERT

Objection. The plaintiff is referring to video which was pre-disclosed policy for all legal S.C.R.A. proceedings and cannot be submitted as evidence to same.

LAINA

The defense is claiming that the policy they implemented is only to protect themselves?

Laina glares at Robert.

JUDGE

What's good for the gander...you can't have it both ways. Play the video.

Laina clicks the projector remote...

HENRY (O.S.)

...Let me say this. It is the opinion of some on this committee as well as within the S.C.R.A., this incident stemmed from the total disregard for the sanctity of a respected institution as well as the unwillingness to accept societal boundaries. So, for the sake of all involved, I hope I never see you behind the wheel again...

Laina stops the video. Looks and glares are ping-ponged across aisle as the Judge peruses the contract.

JUDGE

Although a movement toward an equal playing field is at the forefront, the legal ramifications are still formulating. This video shows a disturbing misogynistic view toward your client, however in and of itself it does not contain enough evidence to sustain a discrimination claim. Therefore, I cannot allow this suit to move forward...This case is dismissed.

Robert and his underlings beam as they leave the courtroom.

Laina packs up her briefcase, has little reaction to the decision. Michelle is dazed.

MICHELLE

So, what...that's it?

LAINA

No. I just needed the video to become public record. This wasn't the court we are going to win in. How big is your social media following, again?

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Michelle is on her cellphone.

MICHELLE
 (into phone)
 Annie, how fast can you set up a
 WeeGee account -- A tag...?

INT. REX'S OFFICE - DAY

Donna sits at her computer. A notification pops in:
 "\$MustangSallie47 IS NOW BACKING YOU"

REX (O.S.)
 Donna, get me some more coffee.

Donna glares over her shoulder, clicks "BACK ME".

ONSCREEN: "S.C.R.A. the next to fall." -- the video plays.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Greg lounges on the couch, beer bottle in hand, watching TV.

SPORTS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 ...Moving to racing, we all recall
 the mayhem at last year's Las Vegas
 Speedway when Michelle Sullivan
 turned her car on the entire field
 causing the biggest crash in
 S.C.R.A. history.

ON TV SCREEN: The crash replays.

SPORTS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 All forty cars were involved, and
 Sullivan herself barely survived.
 Last week she went to court for a
 reversal of her suspension.
 Although the court denied the
 request...

Greg smiles as he listens to the words unfold...

ON TV SCREEN: Women and men chant outside S.C.R.A.
 headquarters, wave signs: "#47 LET HER RACE"

SPORTS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 ...Sallie's Mustangs, as they call
 themselves, picketed S.C.R.A.
 headquarters in Charlotte demanding
 her reinstatement after a video

(MORE)

SPORTS ANCHOR (V.O.) (cont'd)
 surfaced on social media...Several
 of S.C.R.A.'s major sponsors have
 since pulled their support
 following the its release. Today,
 Leonard Scott, Commissioner of the
 S.C.R.A. addressed the press...

EXT. FISHING YACHT - DAY

Bobby is lounges in a deck chair, his fishing line cast --
 his cellphone BUZZES...

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Bobby checks his watch: "1:14 AM" --

Michelle is shocked to find Bobby and Greg in the empty
 garage as she pulls in.

MICHELLE

Oh my god, what are you guys doing
 here? Did you hear? It's super
 amazing.

Michelle quickly harnesses her excitement...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Shit. Does my mom know you're here.
 She'll freak if she sees you.

Janet leans through the side door.

JANET

I called them.

Janet heads back toward the house, Michelle follows...

MICHELLE

What do you mean you called them?

Janet stops, gathers her emotion.

JANET

I'm tired, baby...tired of fighting
 against your happiness for the sake
 of mine. If this is what you
 want...

Bobby and Greg appear by the doorway.

JANET (CONT'D)
 Please...take care of her. She's
 all I've got.

Michelle watches as she goes back into the house -- a *sudden realization of what she's just put into motion.*

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Michelle finds Bobby standing in the empty garage.

BOBBY
 Your dad and me had many a
 conversation about this day. He'd
 go round and round. One day he
 revel, the next he'd curse.
 (chuckles)
 I finally told him, '*she's her
 father's daughter, one day she'll
 answer that question herself and
 you'll have to live with it.*'

She gives him an earnest look.

MICHELLE
 And my mother?

BOBBY
 Your mother called me. That's all
 you need to focus on, now...

Bobby looks directly.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 ...Parents are kinda like life's
 spotters. From their view they're
 just trying to make sure you take
 all the right turns. The fact is,
 sometimes they don't know which way
 to go themselves.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Equipment fills the garage -- a hydraulic lift -- work
 benches, tool cabinets, welding stations, lathes, a computer
 station are positioned.

INT. GARAGE - DAY (LATER)

Michelle, Bobby and Greg continue to rearrange equipment.

An Uber stops at the end of the driveway. Chuck climbs out, walks the long driveway. He stares into the packed garage.

CHUCK

I got a call from a young
lady...said you might need a
mechanic. Don't know how we'll all
fit in here.

(to Michelle)

But she showed me more than a few
times, where there's a will,
there's damn sure a way.

Michelle waits for Bobby's reaction. He offers Chuck a handshake.

BOBBY

You're in the right place then.

MONTAGE

- Bobby and Chuck weld the frame, the driver's seat is placed.

- Greg and Michelle hold sheet metal as it's welded.

- Bobby and Chuck lower the engine in.

-- Bobby high-five's Chuck as his fine-tune shows a positive result on the monitors.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Bobby, Greg, and Chuck stand shoulder to shoulder, stare forward, arms folded.

Michelle knives in between them, joins their stare...The finished car sits before them --

MICHELLE

Wow, that's really...

GREG

What, is that like a...violet-ish?

BOBBY

(grimaces)

It's pink.

A rich magenta with the gold SCARBRO COSMETICS logo etched across the hood and the white "47" stylishly integrated.

MICHELLE

It's awesome.

BOBBY

Let's hope she's fast.

CHUCK

Definitely a *she*.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Michelle enters the side door. She finds Adam, a drink in hand as he admires the car.

MICHELLE

Hey.

ADAM

Oh, hey...wow. Watching this baby come to life from the ground up... pretty amazing. You'll definitely stand out on the track.

MICHELLE

I kinda do that already...

(a beat)

So, I just want to say thanks. My mom told me you helped *grease the wheels* with Scarbro.

They smile at the pun. He humbly shrugs.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Obviously, you make my mom happy -- that seems to be the theme around here nowadays...so anyway, thanks.

(a beat)

Maybe you can come to the track sometime. Take her for a spin.

ADAM

That would be awesome.

EXT. RACEWAY - DAY

"CAROLINA MOTOR SPEEDWAY" wraps the stadium rim.

Michelle, Bobby and Chuck watch her car roll onto the inspection tent platform. Aluminum templates are fitted over the nose, roof and trunk of the car.

INSPECTOR #1 slides a small guide between the template as each is placed, measuring the parameters to the millimeter.

INSPECTOR #2 surveys the rear and undercarriage. The inspectors come together. Several beats...

INSPECTOR #2
Forty-seven's good.

Michelle exhales her relief.

CHUCK
Hell yeah it is.

They trail the car as it's pushed away toward pit row.

INT. PRE-RACE TENT - DAY

The track's pre-race instruction video plays. Michelle keeps a low profile in the back. She spots Connor.

The video ends, drivers file out. Michelle endures their loathsome glares as they pass. Michelle avoids eye contact as Connor approaches. He exits without words.

INT. PUB - DAY

Twenty TVs line the walls, all tuned to soccer. Annie is bartending. Pinned to her black and white plaid blouse is a "SALLIE'S MUSTANGS 47" button.

Grumbles as she channel-surfs to the race on the TV above the bar.

ANNIE
Come on guys, my girl's racing today.

She waves them off as they retreat to another viewing space.

EXT. PIT ROW - DAY

Forty cars staged along pit row glisten in the midday sun.

Michelle gazes toward the grandstands...

(FLASHBACK) - PIT ROW - DAY

16-year-old Michelle stands on the pit wall facing the grandstand. Trevor's fans wave banners and placards. She hops off as Bobby and Trevor weave the crowd toward her.

TREVOR
See you at the checker.

BOBBY
Tear it up.

They all fist-bump and Trevor slides into his car.

BACK TO PRESENT

Bobby slides up next to her. They take in the scene together.

BOBBY
You do not need to prove yourself today, understand?

MICHELLE
That's really the only thing left.

Michelle holds out her fist.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
See you at the checker.

Bobby smiles.

BOBBY
Okay. Tear it up.

They fist-bump.

Anticipation grows as drivers gather at their cars. Jet fighters do a flyover.

Michelle climbs in as the iconic phrase blares over the loud speakers: "LADY AND GENTLEMEN...START YOUR ENGINES"...

EXT. GRANDSTANDS - DAY

Randall emerges from the concourse, checks his ticket -- He stops as the cars cruise by -- Michelle's unmistakable Magenta car passes -- *Sallie's Mustangs* erupt.

He checks his ticket again, peers down his row -- his seat is in the heart of them. He spots Scotty and moves in.

The field passes again -- *Sallie's Mustangs* erupt.

RANDALL
Shit.

Randall glares as he reaches Scotty -- *are you kidding me.*

SCOTTY

You said you wanted to be as close
to her pit as possible.

RANDALL

The damn race hasn't even started
yet.

The field passes again -- *Sallie's Mustangs* erupt.

SCOTTY

What?

Randall shakes his head. Scotty dons his lavender
racing-scanner headphones with "47" emblazoned on each side.

EXT. RACEWAY - DAY

Michelle is positioned outside, two rows from the back.

The engines ROAR. The pace car drops off. Bumper-to-bumper
at a hundred-eighty miles-per-hour the field races into the
first lap...

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

...and the Firebird 500 is
underway. A win here is the
pinnacle for these teams and
drivers.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

All eyes will be on the pole-sitter
Jordan Thomas. He's dominated the
S.C.R.A. this season with five
wins.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

Not that this race needs more drama
but it also marks the return of
Michelle Sullivan, fittingly in her
hometown...in her first race since
her meltdown last year at Vegas.

SPOTTER'S DECK

Greg tracks Michelle. She's locked up against wall. The
hostility doesn't take long as three cars pinch her --
sparks fly as she grazes the wall.

GREG

Fuck. Really guys...?

RACECAR

Michelle drops back.

BOBBY (V.O.)
So much for the playing nice. Okay,
go to plan "B"...

GRANDSTAND

The field completes the first lap. Randall and Scotty watch
as Michelle drops off the track, enters pit row.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
Trouble already for the 47 car.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
It looked like she got loose right
out of the gate.

Michelle idles down pit row as the field continues around --
jeers and derogatory gestures from pit crews as she passes.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
Oddly, she didn't go into her pit.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
There's no indication of a penalty.
I'm not sure what's going on.

The field passes pit row. Michelle heads back out.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
Whatever it was seems to have
rectified itself.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
Not the way you want to start a
race, spotting the field a lap.

RACECAR

The field passes pit row.

BOBBY (V.O.)
Okay everybody, here we go. Race
smart, and pray for a few breaks.

GRANDSTAND

Randall and Scotty watch Michelle as she re-enters.

SCOTTY
What the hell was that?

RANDALL
(grins)
What's the chatter?

Scotty dials through his headphone scanner, listens for Michelle's pit transmission...

SPOTTER'S DECK

GREG
(into headset)
...Okay, you're it. Stay put and
let's hope nobody picks up on us.

The laps tick down.

Greg tracks the field as it starts to spread -- the faster cars pull away. Mechanical fails and fender benders shrink the field. Michelle remains steady, still down a lap.

GRANDSTAND

The cars fly by -- generate enough force to rock Randall and Scotty where they stand.

RANDALL
What are you hearing?

SCOTTY
Every once in a while her pit sends
out a random number. That's it.

Scotty hands off the head phones to Randall. Randall checks the board, Michelle remains one lap down.

PIT ROW

The "47" placard dangles from an extension pole over her stall. The crew flies off the wall as Michelle darts in.

BOBBY
(into headset)
You're doing good. Looks like
they've fallen asleep on you. We
make the move when it's under
twenty laps, not before. Cross our
fingers we get a caution flag.

Michelle gives a thumbs up. Her car drops of the jack, she heads off.

GRANDSTAND

Randall listens to CHATTER on the headphones.

GREG (V.O.)
Forty-one -- Eighteen --

Randall checks the leaderboard as each number is fed to her.

RANDALL
...Son-of-a-bitch, she going for
the Lucky Dog.

Randall rips off the headphones, focuses on Michelle's progress.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Adam sits on the sofa watching the race, the TV is muted. Janet chops onion in the kitchen -- she cuts herself as...

ADAM (O.S.)
Oh, shit...Wicked crash.

Janet listens, nurses her cut -- *she can't stand to look.*

ADAM (O.S.)
There she is. She got through.

EXT. RACEWAY (SAME)

The cars realign behind the pace car as they prepare for the restart.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
Seventeen laps left. That crash really thinned the field, now down to twenty-one cars, only thirteen on the lead lap. Will Barnes in the No. 33 and Kenton Ross in the No. 22 will fill row one with Jordan Thomas sitting in a good spot in third for the restart.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
This is the time in the race where strategy and a little luck pay off.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

Speaking of luck, Sullivan is back on the lead lap after getting the Lucky Dog wave around. For those not familiar with the term, during a caution, the first car one lap down may receive a wave around and move up to the lead lap.

SPOTTER'S DECK

Greg watches the restart as the lead cars pull away. Cars go three wide on the track.

BOBBY (V.O.)

This is it. Everybody's gonna make their run.

Michelle is sandwiched between Peters No. 66 and Logan No. 4. They fly three abreast down the back straight.

GREG

Peters is all over the track. If he loses it he'll take you with him.

BOBBY (V.O.)

Move her, now.

RACECAR

Michelle checks Peters as she tilts into the turn. Peters' car gets loose, drifts up...

GREG (V.O.)

Back out, he's losing it.

Michelle backs off just as Peters' tires lose grip -- he sideswipes Logan -- Michelle drops inside, slingshots ahead of both cars as they exit the turn.

GREG (V.O.)

Nice job.

GRANDSTAND

Randall and Scotty high-five as she moves past. *Sallie's Mustangs* erupt.

RACECAR

Michelle is on an island on the track -- a car all alone is a slow car without downforce to help grip the track.

BOBBY (V.O.)
You're still losing ground.

MICHELLE
I'm skating out here. I can't push it any harder.

BOBBY (V.O.)
We're running out of laps. We need a caution to get back to the field.

GREG (V.O.)
Hold on, Buchanan's dropping back. He's running down on the apron. He might have a problem.

CONNOR'S RACECAR

Connor watches Michelle in his rear-view mirror.

CONNOR
Come on, get here.

She moves closer, he picks up speed, moves out.

GRANDSTAND

Scotty nods with a knowing smile as Michelle tags on with Connor -- *the draft help she needed.*

RANDALL
Are you kidding me?

SPOTTER'S DECK

Greg looks toward CONNOR'S SPOTTER, both are bewildered by the tactic.

RACECAR

Michelle tightens up behind Connor. Gives him a thumbs up.

GREG (V.O.)
Looks like you picked up a friend.

MICHELLE
Okay, guys lets do this.

BOBBY (V.O.)
I ain't even gonna ask.

RACE TRACK

The laps tick down. Michelle and Connor move in tandem. The No. 47 continues to advance up the leaderboard tower.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
It nailbiting time with just four laps to go. It looks like a three car race with Thomas the leader, trying to hold off Larson and Yates. Kenton is fourth. An interesting turn, Connor Buchanon remains two laps down after a flat tire has tagged on with Sullivan, helping her to the sixth position.

The cars streak past pit row.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
Here we go, three laps. It's every driver for themselves now.

Slower cars appear ahead.

Larson makes his move through the corner, Yates goes with him. Larson edged ahead of Thomas out of the turn --

Larson starts to drift, over-corrects, spins in front of Yates as his car pounds the wall. Both cars tangle, slide across the track.

Thomas makes it through but Ross sneaks by him into first.

MICHELLE'S RACECAR

Connor and Michelle reach the crash. Smoke fills the track.

GREG (V.O.)
Go low. Go low. Go, go, go.

Connor vanishes into the smoke in front of Michelle.

Michelle steers blindly.

GRANDSTAND

The crowd gasps as a horrific crunch, a car flies through the plume and careens into the wall -- it's Connor.

Randall and Scotty exhale as Michelle's car appears inside on the apron of the track unscathed.

MICHELLE'S RACECAR

Michelle checks her rear-view mirror as she continues on. The yellow caution comes out. Emergency vehicles speed toward the wreck.

MICHELLE

Greg, what do you see?

Michelle makes her way slowly around, inches by the crash -- Relief as Connor climbs from his car, give a thumbs up.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Adam is on the edge of his seat. The TV is full volume.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

It looks like they're ready to restart. So, here's how it's going to go, It will be a Green-Flag, White-Flag, then Checkered-Flag. Basically a two lap race.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

History could be made today as Michelle Sullivan is now in the third position for the restart.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

No woman has ever won an S.C.R.A. race. She has the chance to do just that on car racing's biggest stage.

Adam is surprised as Janet sits next to him, clutches his hand tightly.

EXT. RACEWAY (SAME)

A hundred-thousand fans on their feet -- Ross in No. 22 and Thomas in No. 55 are in the front row.

Michelle is behind Thomas, positioned outside Barnes in the second row.

INT. MICHELLE'S RACECAR (SAME)

Michelle focuses as they head toward the restart...

BOBBY (V.O.)

Thomas took the outside line,
that's where the speed's been all
day. Go with him and you can make
it a two-car race.

GREG (V.O.)

Ross will stay low and block him
out of the turn. Watch him, f he
gets loose he'll take you out, too.

EXT. RACEWAY (SAME)

The field approaches the flag stand. The Green-Flag waves.

Ross is out fast, he edges ahead of Thomas, Michelle stays
glued behind Thomas. Barnes falls back.

They enter the corner, Thomas moves up. Ross drifts --
nudges Thomas, he holds it steady.

Ross noses ahead out of the turn -- Michelle stays glued
behind Thomas as they fly down the back straight -- Michelle
is blocked by both as they ride through the turn --

The Starter waves the White-Flag as they barrel past pit
row. One lap to go.

Ross and Thomas are side-by-side in the middle of the track
-- Thomas edges ahead -- Ross starts to drift sideways as
they enter the turn --

GREG (V.O.)

Ross is losing it. Stay high.

Sparks fly as Michelle scrapes the wall to avoid Ross --
Thomas slips inside to avoid Ross as he spins a one-eighty
into the infield --

Down the back straight Michelle is now outside of Thomas --
Inches from the wall she advances to a half car length as
the two cars enter the final turn --

GREG

Son-of-a-bitch, give her room...

Michelle carries the speed out of the turn, inches up on
Thomas. Everything is a blur as they push to the finish --

The entire crowd leans as one -- The Checkered-Flag waves as the two cars pass under the flag stand...

PIT BOX

Bobby checks the leaderboard tower as it flashes -- seconds tick by -- then, "47" illuminates on the top.

BOBBY
Yeeeeesssss. Yes. Yes.

Chuck stands in awe as he takes in the moment.

GRANDSTAND

Randall and Scotty dance with anyone close in the delirious Mustang section.

INT. BAR (SAME)

Annie climbs atop the bar, removes her blouse, waves it like a checked flag over the bewildered soccer crowd.

ANNIE
History bitches. HIS-TOR-Y.

Annie pops off her bra for emphasis. The bar erupts.

INT HOUSE (SAME)

Janet stares at the TV as Michelle spins victory cookies at the finish line. Tears of joy streak her face.

EXT. RACEWAY (SAME)

Michelle stops in front of Sallie's Mustangs climbs atop her car. She spots Scotty and Randall in the crowd. Randall gives her a thumbs up.

She fires both fists into the air. The cheering crowd is deafening. Confetti rains down. Champagne showers.

FADE TO:

EXT. RACEWAY - NIGHT (LATER)

Michelle, Greg, Bobby and Chuck stride from the grandstand concourse, still basking in the euphoria of the moment. They find Connor waiting outside.

MICHELLE
You guys go ahead.

CHUCK

Hurry up. Winner buys, ya know.

Michelle moves toward Connor. She waffles through her emotions -- *appreciative, offended, jubilant* -- she settles on arms folded with a smile.

CONNOR

Like I said, great driver.

Michelle just stands there.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Come on. A win's a win and you won.
So, I gave you a tiny little bit of
help. Multi-car teams help each
other win all the time.

Michelle continues to stare at him.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

What? I'm sorry?

Michelle hits him with a long, hard kiss. Just as fast she breaks, heads toward the Mustang.

MICHELLE

Don't ever do that again.

CONNOR

Apologize?

MICHELLE

We're not a team.

Michelle swings open the passenger door of the Mustang.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You coming? I got drinks to buy.

She enters the driver's side, starts the car.

CONNOR

Yes, ma'am.

Connor hops in. A few hard revs of the engine, the Mustang zooms away as a bluesy rendition of "MUSTANG SALLY" plays.

FADE OUT.