

PILOT

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EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

EMMANUEL COTTO, 24, ambitious yet stubborn, speeds down the highway in a classic car, windows down, sunglasses on. He rests his arm out the window, his watch blinks in the sun. The car is nice on the eyes, but the exterior is a bit rough.

Music plays overhead, something from his car radio. The water glistens under the road as he drives. Few cars surround him.

MANNY (V.O.)
Driving. Is it as simple as getting
from point A to B?

The car zips past. We see Manny through the passenger window.

MANNY (V.O.)
It can't be. Not when most cars can
push 120 miles per hour. Not when
the road is clear, and the winds in
your hair, and all you can hear is
the engine humming as you glide
down asphalt.

The car hood shines in the sunlight.

MANNY (V.O.)
Driving, it's...everything. It's
flying, it's breathing, it's
dreaming, it's freedom. Out on the
road, away from everything and
everyone. That's the place. My
place. That's where I'm free.

Sirens blare in the background.

INT. MANNY'S CAR - DAY

He checks the rearview mirror. His grip on the wheel loosens.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Manny slows to a stop. A police car pulls behind him.

MANNY (V.O.)
But freedom...freedom's always been
a scam.

The POLICE OFFICER steps out of the car, approaches Manny's.

Manny grabs his wallet from the cupholder, flips it open, pulls out his ID, sets it back.

He pops the glove compartment and grabs his registration, snaps it shut, then settles back in his seat. He turns the music down.

He's unbothered.

The officer approaches the driver's side door, hand on their belt loop close to their gun.

POLICE OFFICER
Sir, do you know why I pulled you over?

Manny glances over.

MANNY
Afraid not.

POLICE OFFICER
How about showing some respect?

MANNY
I've said two words, officer.

Manny slides his sunglasses atop his head. He smirks.

POLICE OFFICER
You're going 122 in a 60.

Manny hums.

MANNY
Didn't realize. Sorry about that.

The officer pauses. They're in disbelief.

POLICE OFFICER
License and registration.

Manny hands it over. The officer snatches it, glances down at the documentation, looks back up, walks back to his car.

INT. MANNY'S CAR - DAY

Manny drums his fingers against the steering wheel. He looks at the radio and raises the volume a bit.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The officer sits in their car, door open. They review the information handed to them. When Manny's info pops up on the screen, they lower their head and swear.

POLICE OFFICER

Shit.

INT. MANNY'S CAR - DAY

Manny continues to drum his fingers on the wheel.

Gravel crunches under the feet of the officer as they walk back to the vehicle.

POLICE OFFICER

My apologies, Mr. Cotto.

Manny grins.

MANNY

No worries.

The officer taps the hood of the car twice.

POLICE OFFICER

Drive safe.

Manny clicks his tongue and nods. The officer retreats to their car, and Manny pulls back onto the road.

MANNY (V.O.)

Freedom comes to those who can
afford it. Or the ones who are too
bull-headed to give a damn about
the price. And hey, if the horns
fit...

Manny pulls off the highway.

ACT I

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Manny rolls to a stop in front of the garage. He turns the car off. Exits.

He slips the keys into his pocket and adjusts his sunglasses. All the garage doors are raised.

The garage itself was a masterpiece of organized chaos. Parts were on every table, oil stained the concrete, music blared.

Manny walks in front of the doors.

MANNY

Yo, Sant.

No answer. He walks inside.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Manny pushes his sunglasses on his head. He breezes past messy tables. He approaches a car jacked up. Underneath, ASANTI GRIMES, 28, steady and reliable, works.

MANNY

Sant.

No answers.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Yo, Sant.

No answer.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Asanti.

No answer. Manny looks around. Sant's phone is on the work table beside him. He taps the screen, pauses the music.

Sant pushes himself from under the car, tools in hand, headlight on his head.

ASANTI

Man, who the hell--

(sees Manny)

When'd you spawn?

Manny reaches out a hand to Sant and pulls him up.

MANNY

Been here a minute. Was wondering
if you could look at my car.

Sant snorts.

ASANTI

No.

MANNY

What? No?

Sant sets the tool down on the worktable, slides the light
off his head, leans against the worktable, crosses his arms.

ASANTI

No. As in, no.

MANNY

Dude.

ASANTI

Every time you ask me to look at
your car, you want me to add
something stupid.

MANNY

But it's something cool this time.

ASANTI

That's what you said last time.

MANNY

I think the headlight tint is cool.

ASANTI

Because you're a child.

Manny frowns.

MANNY

Would you at least hear me out?

ASANTI

No.

MANNY

C'mon, man.

ASANTI

Don't you have work?

Manny reaches into his pocket and pulls out his phone.

MANNY
I'll make it, look.

He shows the phone to Sant.

MANNY (CONT'D)
Is that not cool as shit?

ASANTI
It's not.

MANNY
It's just a minor tweak.

ASANTI
I just fixed your shit last week.

MANNY
And I need a minor tweak this week.

ASANTI
Manny.

MANNY
Think about the race tonight. Don't
you want me to win?

ASANTI
Aren't you taking the Bugatti?

MANNY
That's not the point, Sant. Help a
man out.

Asanti pushes himself off the table.

ASANTI
When's the last time you spoke to
your pops?

Manny straightens, frowns.

ASANTI (CONT'D)
He came by earlier. I think he's
tired of waiting, E.

Manny begins to run his fingers through his hair, but is
stopped by his sunglasses. Instead, he grips his hair, tugs.

MANNY
Way to kill the convo.

ASANTI
It was getting repetitive.

Manny lets out a slow, even breath.

MANNY

Did he say anything?

Sant shrugs.

ASANTI

Nothing crazy, just wondering when
you'd come by.

MANNY

Shit.

Sant scoops a tool from the work table.

ASANTI

You're gonna be late.

He looks at his watch.

MANNY

Shit.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Manny dashes to his car and struggles to open the door. When he does, he slides in, reverses, and peels off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Manny drives down the highway, windows down, music loud.

EXT. CAR SHOP - DAY

Manny whips into the parking lot. Tires squeal as he turns. He pulls into a spot. The car jolts as it's put in park.

Manny jumps out of the vehicle, his casual outfit from before traded for khakis, a button-down, and shiny loafers.

INT. CAR SHOP - DAY

Manny enters, his hair mussed and his face a bit flushed. He walks. A COWORKER approaches, they dap, Manny continues.

He turns and walks to the back, where he clocks in on a tablet mounted on the wall.

There's a coffee pot underneath the tablet, a fresh pot brewed, and a bulletin board next to the tablet. It's covered in useless flyers. To the right of the board, a tall column of clipboards, each labeled.

He grabs the clipboard labeled 'MANNY,' tucks a pencil behind his ear, and strolls back down the same hall. He walks to his section of the shop, but is stopped by...

OLIVER

Manny! Glad I ran into you!

OLIVER STANTON, late 40s, a pushover who lives way outside of his means, smiles at Manny, his hand on the back of ROYCE MARTIN, early 20s, immature yet socially intelligent as he leads him through the space.

Royce looks sharp in his three-piece suit. His tie matches the color of his eyes, and his shoes shone under shop lights.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Manny, this is Royce Martin, son of Chancellor Martin.

MANNY

And nephew to Andrew Martin.

Manny sucks his teeth.

ROYCE

Already got a rap.

MANNY

I only know the name. I'm Manny.

Manny holds his hand out to Royce. Royce looks. Smirks. He's slow to shake Manny's hand.

ROYCE

Nice to formally meet.

OLIVER

Royce here is the new GM, but don't be afraid to show him the ropes.

(to Royce)

Manny's the best sales rep we've got. His car knowledge is enough to persuade anyone.

ROYCE

That so?

Manny's jaw ticked. There was something about this guy.

MANNY

It is.

ROYCE

Good to know.

Royce looks down at his watch and hums.

ROYCE (CONT'D)

Why don't you show me how to file those reports, and we'll see about letting you head out early.

Oliver flushes.

OLIVER

Of course, Mr. Martin. This way.

As Oliver leads Royce away, Manny watches them.

Royce looks over Oliver's shoulder. Right at Manny. He grins.

INT. GARAGE - OFFICE - DAY

FIGURELLA ROMERO-CAMPOS, early 20s, sits at a desk, papers scattered in front of her and stacked around her. She's busy on the computer.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Sant and CROW, a man dressed for warm weather, stand beside a nice Toyota. Sant's hands move as he speaks.

ASANTI

Yeah, everything's looking real good, man. You're all set.

CROW

Bet, man.

They dap.

ASANTI

Let me print up the bill and get you out of here.

Sant turns for the stairs, ready to grab the bill from the office, only to pause when a car door slams shut. He turns and sees Crow reverse out of the garage. Sant doesn't bother to flail, just turns back and walks to the office.

INT. GARAGE - OFFICE - DAY

Sant leans against the door frame. The paint's chipped.

Fiorella continues to work. She doesn't look up.

ASANTI

Hey, Fi.

She hums.

ASANTI (CONT'D)

Guy was a runner.

Fiorella looks away from the screen.

FIORELLA

Seriously?

ASANTI

You got his plate info?

She groans.

FIORELLA

Yeah, it's here somewhere.

ASANTI

Can you leave it out for me when
you find it?

Fiorella looks away from the screen, leans back in her chair.

ASANTI (CONT'D)

Please?

FIORELLA

Why can we never call the cops?

ASANTI

It'll take them days to find him. I
only need a few hours.

FIORELLA

Patience is a thing, you know.

ASANTI

Yet everyone's more excited when
they get results.

Sant raps his knuckles on the frame as he pushes himself up.

ASANTI (CONT'D)

Plate info.

Fiorella looks back at the computer.

 FIORELLA
I want coffee.

 ASANTI
I can do coffee.

INT. CAR SHOP - DUSK

Manny stands in front of a rack of keys. He flips a few around before he stops on the keys of a Bugatti. Before he could grab them...

AL, a coworker, approaches. He slaps his hands on Manny's shoulders and shakes.

 AL
I got five hundred on you tonight.

 MANNY
How'd you know I'd be out?

Al sucks his teeth, smiles.

 AL
It's Friday night. Where else would
you be?

 MANNY
What if I had plans?

 AL
Man, we all know you're married to
the track.

They dap, Manny smiles, humored.

 MANNY
You know I don't lose.

Al chuckles.

 AL
Everything locked up?

 MANNY
You know I'm on my shit.

Al gives him a finger gun.

 AL
Don't make me lose my money.

Al exits.

Manny turns back to the keys and grabs the Bugatti key. He slings them around his fingers and grins, cocky.

He jogs through the shop until he's by the Bugatti. He checks over his shoulder before he approaches the driver's side door. He gets in, leaves the door open, starts the car.

He's so focused on connecting his phone, he doesn't notice Royce stop in front of the car.

ROYCE

Taking her for a test drive?

Manny, startled, honks the horn by accident.

ROYCE (CONT'D)

Oliver never said anything about you being a carjacker.

Manny takes a slow breath through his nose.

MANNY

Who says I'm taking the car?

ROYCE

Shop's closed. What else could you be doing?

MANNY

Routine maintenance.

Royce hums.

ROYCE

Right.

MANNY

Do we have a problem?

Royce frowns. It's condescending. He shakes his head.

ROYCE

Guess I'm just wondering why someone with a small fortune to their name would need to steal a car. Or work a job.

Manny presses his lips together.

MANNY

What?

ROYCE
Your last name. Daddy cut your allowance or something?

MANNY
I don't need his money.

Royce scoffs.

ROYCE
Don't tell me you make enough here to live comfortably.

Manny is silent. Royce eyes the car again.

ROYCE (CONT'D)
What are you doing with the car?

MANNY
Maintenance.

ROYCE
And Oliver knows about this?

MANNY
I'm the best for a reason.

ROYCE
Carjacking? That's the reason?

Manny steps out of the car.

MANNY
What's your deal? You've been here, what, eight hours?

ROYCE
Plenty of time to scope you out.

MANNY
You work for my old man?

Royce laughs.

ROYCE
I don't work for anyone. Only reason I'm here is because I got bored lounging by the pool.

Manny scoffs.

MANNY
Right.

Royce pulls out his phone and dials. He puts the phone on speaker as the dial tone rings.

MANNY (CONT'D)
Who are you calling?

ROYCE
Oliver. Thought he'd want to know
about all the hard work you're
doing off the clock.

Manny's eyes widened.

MANNY
End it.

The dial tone continues.

ROYCE
Why? If you're just doing a
maintenance check, Oliver shouldn't
have any issues.

MANNY
End the call.

Royce's finger hovers over the end call button. Before he can press it...

OLIVER (V.O.)
Hello? Royce?

MANNY
(whispering)
What do you want?

Royce holds up a finger.

ROYCE
Sorry, must've butt dialed you.

OLIVER (V.O.)
Oh! No problem. How was close?

Royce looks at Manny.

ROYCE
Smoother than I expected. You were
right about that Manny guy. Really,
a star player.

OLIVER (V.O.)
I knew you'd like him.

ROYCE
I sure do. Listen, sorry for
calling. I'll see you bright and
early tomorrow.

OLIVER (V.O.)
Right, have a good evening.

The call ends, Royce is smug.

MANNY
What do you want?

ROYCE
What are you doing with the car?

MANNY
Why do you care?

Royce shrugs.

ROYCE
Your dad could buy you, like, ten
of these. Why take it?

MANNY
I'm bringing it right back, so why
does it matter?

ROYCE
I can always call Ollie back--

MANNY
I race them.

ROYCE
What?

MANNY
I race the cars.

ROYCE
You've taken others?

MANNY
Yep.

ROYCE
Race them how?

MANNY
Street racing. For money.

ROYCE
People pay you to race?

MANNY
People bet on me, and I win.

Royce is quiet. Manny's annoyed.

MANNY (CONT'D)
Are we done here?

ROYCE
Take me with you.

MANNY
Hell no.

ROYCE
Take me with you or I tell Oliver
what you're really doing.

MANNY
You don't even know me, and you
want to ruin my life.

ROYCE
Your life is fine.

MANNY
Not all of us suck our dad's dicks
for a band.

ROYCE
Take me with you.

MANNY
Not happening.

Royce reaches for his phone again.

MANNY (CONT'D)
Why do you want to go? What do you
know about cars?

ROYCE
I'm bored. This seems exciting.

Manny tugs his hair, frustrated.

MANNY
This is unbelievable.

ROYCE
Unbelievable, as in exciting?

MANNY

Unbelievable, as in I can't believe
this is happening right now.

ROYCE

I'm a joy to be around.

MANNY

Just get in the car.

Royce grins—this one less evil than the rest.

Manny shakes his head but slides into the driver's seat.

ROYCE

Can I get aux?

MANNY

Absolutely not.

ACT II

INT. GARAGE - OFFICE - DUSK

Fiorella leans over the office table. Asanti leans on the other side. They examine a few grainy pictures.

Picture 1: Nighttime. Three cars in the shot, one with a familiar license plate. Two men and one woman surround NASH, 30s, overconfident and temperamental.

Picture 2: Close-up of the license plate.

Picture 3: Close-up of the people.

Sant points to a car that's not Crow's.

ASANTI

I know this car. It's been at Davey's before.

FIORELLA

How long ago?

ASANTI

It's been a while. His ID said he's from Tampa, so they're probably not around too often.

Fiorella hums.

FIORELLA

So what made them come today?

ASANTI

There's a race tonight.

FIORELLA

Manny's racing?

ASANTI

And we'll be watching.

FIORELLA

You'll be watching.

ASANTI

I'll invite Chuck.

Fiorella narrows her eyes.

FIORELLA
We'll be watching.

ASANTI
What happened to being a Boss? Not
needing no man?

She shrugs.

FIORELLA
I'm weak.

EXT. BUGATTI - DAVEY'S TRACK - NIGHT

The car headlights shine, the roar of the engine loud. The car is backed in between two others.

INT. BUGATTI - NIGHT

Manny and Royce stare forward, Manny's hands still on the wheel. In the cup holder, his phone, wallet, a box of cigarettes, and a lighter.

Manny's no longer in his full uniform, his shoes switched for something comfortable, and a worn jacket over his arms.

He shuts the car off.

MANNY
Don't speak to anyone unless you
know what you're talking about.

ROYCE
What if--

MANNY
No, no, no. This is my space. You
can threaten me at work, but here,
here you listen. Understood?

Royce scoffs.

ROYCE
Fine.

Manny nods once. He grabs the box of cigarettes and the lighter and reaches for the car door. His phone rings.

He answers.

MANNY
Yo.

ASANTI (V.O.)
You at the race?

ROYCE
Who's that?

Manny shoves Royce's face with his open palm.

MANNY
You know I'm here, man.

ASANTI (V.O.)
I need a favor.

MANNY
Shoot.

ASANTI (V.O.)
Earlier, this guy walked out of the shop. Didn't pay.

MANNY
And you hate runners.

ASANTI (V.O.)
Means Fi's gotta do a bunch of extra shit. Guess he thought he could pull a fast one since he's an out-of-towner.

MANNY
What do you need from me?

ASANTI (V.O.)
He's a racer. Or he knows a racer. I've got eyes on him now.

MANNY
You're here?

Manny looks out the car window.

ASANTI (V.O.)
By the tires. He's with a crew. His car isn't built for this shit, but I need you to--

MANNY
You need me to find the head honcho and take them head on. Nice.

ASANTI (V.O.)
You win, I'll do whatever upgrade you were begging for this morning.

MANNY

I guess there's no way I'm losing.

Manny ends the call. He smirks.

ROYCE

What was that?

MANNY

Found my competitor.

He opens the car door.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Stay close. Or wander off. See if I come looking for you.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - NIGHT

Asanti stands by tall stacks of tires. Fiorella and CHARLES, 20s, financially intelligent with a temper, stand close. Fiorella has a joint between her fingers.

MANNY

You didn't tell me the whole gang would be here.

Manny approaches Fiorella. He pulls her into a side hug and kisses the top of her head.

FIORELLA

Did he tell you his master plan?

MANNY

Seems like I'm the key piece to the master plan.

FIORELLA

I told him to call the police.

MANNY

Where's the fun in that?

ASANTI

What I said.

CHARLES

Who the hell is this guy? Your shadow or something?

Manny looks over his shoulder. Royce has his hands in his pockets and his lips pressed in a straight line.

ROYCE
Just here for a good time.

CHARLES
You a scene chaser?

ROYCE
Excuse me?

CHARLES
Here to see the cars, maybe beg a
girl to flash ya. You don't know
nothing about the game.

ROYCE
And what of it?

Charles shrugs.

CHARLES
Nothing, man. Just makes you a
bitch, but who am I to tell you
what you are?

Fiorella smiles, amused. She passes the joint to Charles, who
takes it eagerly.

FIORELLA
Don't listen to Chuck. He's an
instigator.

ROYCE
No, it's fine. I don't really
listen to people who weigh less
than my wallet anyway, so.

Fiorella snorts. Charles' face scrunches, displeased.

CHARLES
You wanna play the money game, big
boy? We can go for laps--

ASANTI
Aren't we here to catch someone?
You two can sort this shit out
after I get my lick back.

MANNY
Right, where are they?

Sant points to a group of four. Crow is among them.

ASANTI

I'm not sure who the top dog is,
but the guy who walked out on us is
wearing blue.

MANNY

I can handle the rest. Fi, you got
my bets?

FIORELLA

I'll start collecting.
(to Charles)
You betting?

CHARLES

Hell yeah, I'm betting. Give me a
band on E-Man.

ROYCE

A band? Manny said it earlier, but--

CHARLES

A thousand, rich bitch. You betting
too, or was I right? Scene chaser.

ROYCE

Five thousand. Or do I need to say
bands for you to understand me?

MANNY

You're betting five thousand, and
you've never even seen me race?
(scoffs)
What's your deal?

ROYCE

What? I can't be supportive?

MANNY

Not when you threatened my job two
hours ago.

FIORELLA

He what?

ROYCE

I wasn't being serious! I just
needed to get out of the house for
a little while.

MANNY

You threatened to rat me out
because you needed to get out of
the house?

ROYCE

When you say it like that, I mean.

Manny's mouth parts, ready to speak, but he says nothing. Instead, he turns and heads towards the group of four.

As he approaches, they look up. Their conversation stalls.

MANNY

Heard you were from out of town.

The group looks at each other. Nash, the leader, steps forward. His well-dressed girlfriend, REESE, behind him.

NASH

Mean we can't join the party?

MANNY

No, no, the opposite actually. I've been looking for a challenge. Who better than someone I don't know?

NASH

What makes you think you'll win?

MANNY

I never said I would win, but if you think so, then hey? Who am I to ask questions?

Nash grits his teeth.

REESE

My man will dust you.

Manny smirks.

MANNY

What makes you so sure, sweetheart?

REESE

He's the best racer in Central. Better than the shitrags in Daytona and definitely better than whatever ocean you swam across.

MANNY

That's a little hard to believe.

NASH

I can beat anyone out here, including your punk ass, ese.

Manny hums.

MANNY

Let's see it. Put your money where
your mouth is and race me. Or did
you just come here to say hi?

NASH

Reese, get the cash from the car.
This guy's dead.

Reese scuttles off to a nice car. It looks fast.

MANNY

See you on the track, ese.

Manny walks away. He sends a discreet nod to Asanti.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - STARTING LINE - NIGHT

A large crowd surrounds the two cars.

Manny stands outside the Bugatti. He waves.

Fiorella stands a few feet away, a large stack of money in
one hand, and a bag full of cash hangs off her arm. Charles
is next to her. He hypes up the crowd.

Asanti stands with his arms crossed. He stares at the other
crew and waits until...

Crow turns, sees Asanti. His expression shifts. He's scared.
Asanti smirks.

Manny opens the car door. Looks to Nash.

MANNY

You put down a thousand?

NASH

I'll get it back.

Manny's smile is like a live wire.

MANNY

Let's see it on the track.

He hits the hood of the Bugatti once. Twice. He slides in.

Nash enters his car, but less graceful.

INT. BUGATTI - NIGHT

Manny's hands run over the wheel. He rolls the windows down and turns up the music. He looks out the passenger window at Nash. His window is also down as he looks at Manny.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - STARTING LINE - NIGHT

A SLENDER WOMAN in heels walks out in front of the cars. She holds a red bandana.

SLENDER WOMAN
We ready, boys?

Both racers rev their engines.

She waves the bandana. The cars are off.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - THE TRACK - NIGHT

The cars take off, Nash ahead of Manny by a few feet.

INT. NASH'S CAR - NIGHT

Nash checks his side mirror. He scoffs, cocky.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - THE TRACK - NIGHT

The Bugatti creeps up on the other car. Manny catches Nash in a tight turn.

INT. NASH'S CAR - NIGHT

Nash hits the wheel.

INT. BUGATTI - NIGHT

Manny smiles. He's not stressed.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - THE TRACK - NIGHT

The cars are close. Nash tries to run into Manny, but Manny speeds up and swerves.

INT. BUGATTI - NIGHT

Manny shifts the gear.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - THE TRACK - NIGHT

Manny's car pulls out front. He's in the lead. They pass through a traffic light. The light flickers red.

INT. BUGATTI - NIGHT

Manny's foot presses on the gas.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - THE TRACK - NIGHT

Manny has a substantial lead. They approach another turn. Nash tries to cut Manny off. He scrapes the bumper of the Bugatti as they turn.

INT. BUGATTI - NIGHT

Manny jolts as the car gets hit.

MANNY

Shit.

His grip on the wheel tightens. He checks his rearview. Nash rides him.

He shifts the gear and presses on the gas again. The car speeds up.

INT. NASH'S CAR - NIGHT

Nash grits his teeth.

NASH

Damnit.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - THE TRACK - NIGHT

Manny gains a bigger lead. The cars roar as they speed down the road.

Nash leans out his window, a gun in hand.

INT. BUGATTI - NIGHT

Manny checks his rearview. He sees the gun.

MANNY
Holy shit.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - THE TRACK - NIGHT

Nash fires the gun.

Manny swerves.

INT. BUGATTI - NIGHT

Manny drives.

MANNY
Holy shit. Holy shit.

He checks the side mirror. Nash still has the gun.

MANNY (CONT'D)
Who the hell fires a gun during a
race? Holy--

Another shot. Manny ducks when the bullet hits the car.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - THE TRACK - NIGHT

Nash has the gun out of his window. He fires again.

INT. BUGATTI - NIGHT

The bullet hits the car. Manny grits his teeth, frustrated.

He checks his side mirror. Nash inches closer.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - THE TRACK - NIGHT

Manny slows a bit and waits for the perfect moment to slam on his brakes.

Nash slams on his brakes and swerves to avoid the car in front of him.

Manny's off again, not fazed.

INT. BUGATTI - NIGHT

Manny smirks.

INT. NASH'S CAR - NIGHT

Nash yells and slams the gun against the wheel. He peels off.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - THE TRACK - NIGHT

Manny merges onto a back road, the road that takes him back to the start line. Nash is too far back to win.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - STARTING LINE - NIGHT

A large crowd jumps and cheers.

Fiorella leans against a half-stack of tires. She counts money, a joint behind her ear.

 FIORELLA
I've got seven-five.

 ASANTI
Give my cut to Manny. He's helping
me enough as is.

Charles snorts.

 CHARLES
At least keep half. You're still
doing that upgrade for him. Right?

 ASANTI
Shit, yeah.

 FIORELLA
We get a thousand each. You can
split that shit on your own time.

 ROYCE
How does that work?

Fiorella and Sant share a look. Sant nods his head towards Royce. Fiorella rolls her eyes.

 FIORELLA
7,500 dollars. Manny keeps sixty
percent. We split the rest. One
thousand dollars each.

ROYCE
Do I get a cut?

ASANTI
No.

ROYCE
But I helped too.

ASANTI
How?

ROYCE
I didn't rat him out.

Asanti laughs.

ASANTI
You should be lucky we haven't
kicked your ass.

CHARLES
Yeah, scene chaser. We don't mess
around with narcs.

FIORELLA
Aren't you uber-rich anyway? Isn't
that the whole reason you're here?

ROYCE
What about the money I bet?

FIORELLA
Track rule. You only get 500 more
than what you bet. Rest goes to the
racer.

ASANTI
It's why this track is losing
credibility.

CHARLES
Yeah, I heard they'll triple your
bets down at Stetson.

ROYCE
So why aren't we at Stetson?

CHARLES
You really don't know shit. The
more you bet, the more you lose.
You don't just lose your money at
Stetson. Sometimes, cash ain't
enough.

ROYCE

So...?

CHARLES

So you have to bet bigger.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - THE TRACK - NIGHT

The cars speed past.

INT. BUGATTI - NIGHT

Manny switches gears, so close to the finish line.

A loud pop fills the air as Nash shoots Manny's back tire.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - THE TRACK - NIGHT

Manny's car swerves. Nash is still far behind.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - STARTING LINE - NIGHT

Asanti, Fiorella, Charles, and Royce look out to the track.

ASANTI

Shit. Was that--

CHARELS

A gunshot?

FIORELLA

Nobody's scrambling.

CHARLES

Maybe one of them got a flat.

ASANTI

Let's hope that's all that was.

INT. BUGATTI - NIGHT

Manny growls, frustrated. He checks his rearview. Nash is not far behind.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - THE TRACK - NIGHT

Manny's car has slowed; the deflated tire rumbles.

INT. BUGATTI - NIGHT

Manny sees the finish line. He presses down on the gas.

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - THE TRACK - NIGHT

Nash is right beside Manny. The race is close, but...

Manny crosses the finish line right before Nash. He won!

EXT. DAVEY'S TRACK - STARTING LINE - NIGHT

The crowd cheers and jumps as Manny crosses the line. Money is passed among some people, while others shake their heads.

The Bugatti skids as Manny parks. He jumps out, furious.

Nash parks beside him. He exits his vehicle, gun in hand.

MANNY

What the hell is your problem?

Nash points the gun at Manny.

NASH

I'd watch your words, bitch.

The crowd scrambles.

Fiorella, Asanti, Charles, Royce, and Nash's crew remain. Manny doesn't back down.

MANNY

Do you even have bullets left,
cause to me, it looks like they're
all in my car.

Nash smirks.

NASH

Oops.

MANNY

I'm not doing this. We're out.

Reese steps forward, her own gun in hand.

REESE

I don't think so, sweetheart.

ASANTI

Shit.

REESE

I hate being embarrassed. I think
all that cash should calm me down.

FIORELLA

Not happening, skank.

Reese grits her teeth.

REESE

Who're you calling a skank, dusty
ass bitch?

ASANTI

Why don't we all just chill? E-Man
won his money. That's how the game
is played.

REESE

We're not big fans of the rules.

ASANTI

Oh trust me.
(looks at Crow)
I'm aware.

NASH

Give us the money, or I'll shoot.

MANNY

Shoot who? Huh?

NASH

You, dumbass.

MANNY

You ain't shooting me.

Nash's finger tightens on the trigger.

NASH

Watch me.

He fires the gun. Manny, Fiorella, and Royce duck. The bullet
hits a tire behind him.

Royce wheezes as he hits the ground.

ROYCE

Holy shit. This is crazy.

CHARLES

Had your excitement, scene-chaser?

Royce frowns, annoyed. To his side, a small stack of cinderblocks. Some were fully together, others partially broken. Royce picks up one of the smaller pieces.

NASH
Stop fooling around. Give us the money, dipshit.

Manny presses his lips together. He glances at Fiorella. She shakes her head, determined.

MANNY
Not happening.

Nash scoffs. He aims his gun...

Royce stands and throws the cinderblock at Nash. It hits him in the face.

Nash drops the gun, shouts, and clutches his face.

Fiorella rushes at Reese and hits her with the bag of money. The gun falls from her hand. Fiorella grabs it and aims.

FIORELLA
Skank.

Reese grits her teeth.

Manny grabs Nash's gun and aims.

MANNY
This could've been avoided if your buddy had paid for his tune-up earlier.

Nash takes deep, labored breaths.

NASH
What?

ASANTI
Bro, bump the schematics. We need to go. These people are crazy.

Manny looks at Asanti. Nods.

MANNY
Pile in.

Manny and Fiorella keep the guns pointed at Nash and Reese as the rest of their crew load into the Bugatti.

MANNY (CONT'D)
Stick to Central.

Fiorella gets in the car. Manny after her. He slams the door shut and drives off.

ACT III

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Manny, Fiorella, Asanti, Royce, and Charles all sit around the garage in high spirits.

ROYCE
That was insane.

CHARLES
Yeah. Good save out there, scene chaser.

ROYCE
I feel like I should be promoted to a better nickname.

ASANTI
I like rich bitch?

ROYCE
Sticking with scene chaser. Got it.

MANNY
The car is trashed. Sant--

ASANTI
I got it. It'll take some time, but I can fix her up.

Manny sighs.

MANNY
I can tell Oliver I took it to get maintained or something.

Royce whistles.

ROYCE
He really does trust you.

MANNY
Yeah, well. Used the old man's name to get the job.

Royce's eyes widened.

ROYCE
You're a dick.

Manny chuckles.

ROYCE (CONT'D)

You gave me grief this whole time,
and you're in the same boat as me.

MANNY

Nuh-uh. I'm not a manager.

ROYCE

The point stands.

MANNY

No need to focus on that now. We
should figure out their next move
in case they want to follow through
or something--

An engine roars

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Crow's car parks close to the Bugatti. Nash's crew steps out.
They hold bats and crowbars.

NASH

Thought you'd get away?

He raises his bat above his head.

REESE

Like I said, I don't like being
embarrassed.

Reese swings her crowbar at the side mirror. It dangles.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The group is shocked.

FIORELLA

Are they serious?

MANNY

No, no, nonono.

Manny runs outside, Royce and Sant hot on his heels.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The four hit and beat the car with force. Dents, scratches,
and shattered glass are left behind.

MANNY
Cut that shit out, asshole.

Nash pauses. Grins.

NASH
Nah. I don't think I will.

He swings the bat at the driver's side window. It shatters.

NASH (CONT'D)
Let's see you win now.

Nash hits the car one last time before he whistles. His crew stops and perks up. He nods towards Crow's car. The file in.

Crow's in the driver's seat. Nash shuffles into the back with Reese. Crow drives off.

Nash sticks his head out of the window.

NASH (CONT'D)
The South can't contain me, bitch.

Manny runs to the Bugatti, his hands run across the scratches and the dents.

MANNY
There's no way.

He grips his hair.

MANNY (CONT'D)
This can't be fixed. All that and I'm still going to lose my job.

Asanti walks over and places a hand on his shoulder.

ASANTI
I don't know what to say, man.

Manny grits his teeth.

ROYCE
Don't worry about it.

MANNY
What?

ROYCE
I've got it covered.

INT. CAR SHOP - OLIVER'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Royce and Manny stand in front of Oliver as he sits behind his desk.

OLIVER

So you're saying the Bugatti was in an accident?

ROYCE

Yes, and it was 100% my fault. I was looking for something new, and the Bugatti caught my eye. I convinced Manny to let me take it out for a test drive, and well...you know the rest.

OLIVER

Manny, you know we don't allow test drives after hours. Why couldn't this have waited 'til morning?

MANNY

I was doing my best to respect Mr. Martin's wishes, seeing as he's my new boss. Sorry, sir.

Royce smiles.

ROYCE

I was very convincing.

Oliver hums.

OLIVER

Well, if that's the case, then I'm glad both of you are okay. We can write this off for the insurance company to deal with. Both of you can have the rest of the day off.

ROYCE

Thanks, Ollie. I appreciate it.

Oliver waves his hand dismissively as his face flushes.

OLIVER

It's nothing, please. Rest up while you can. I'll see you boys on Monday.

Royce and Manny exit.

INT. CAR SHOP- HALLWAY - DAY

Manny claps Royce on the back. Royce buckles.

MANNY

Maybe you're not such a nuisance
after all.

ROYCE

What a way to say thanks.

MANNY

I appreciate the save.

ROYCE

Right.

MANNY

No seriously. Thanks.

Royce nods.

ROYCE

Thanks for letting me tag along.

MANNY

How about tagging along tonight?

ROYCE

What?

MANNY

Charles hooked me up with some
explosives, and Sant's been tracing
that Crow guy's license plate. We
know where they're staying, or at
least where the car is.

ROYCE

What--

MANNY

Have you ever seen a car blow up?

EXT. EMPTY TOW LOT - NIGHT

Asanti unhooks the last car from his tow truck. There were
three of them: Nash's car, Crow's car, and Reese's car.

Royce, Manny, Charles, and Fiorella stand around them.

CHARLES

How'd you know which car was hers?

FIORELLA
Ran the plates next to these two
cars until her face popped up.

Charles hums.

 CHARLES
Welp.

He claps his hands together

 CHARLES (CONT'D)
Who wants to blow one up?

EXT. GARAGE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Manny and Royce sit on the hood of Manny's car. They both
hold a beer.

Manny takes a long sip.

 ROYCE
I want in.

Manny chokes on the beer.

 MANNY
In? In on what?

 ROYCE
In on whatever this is. The racing,
the fighting, the blowing up cars.
I want in.

 MANNY
You watched someone try to kill me
over a couple thousand dollars, and
you want in?

 ROYCE
Yeah.

Manny scoffs, amused.

 MANNY
You're dumber than I thought.

 ROYCE
Hey, I'm being serious.

 MANNY
Why though? You've got it made. Why
risk it?

ROYCE

My life is a snooze fest. Yesterday was the most exhilarating day of my life. Why give up that feeling?

Manny looks at Royce and stares. A moment passes. He blinks. Takes a sip of beer.

MANNY

Alight.

ROYCE

Wait, deadass--

MANNY

Meet me here tomorrow morning. I've got my next week or so blocked out, but I can clue you in.

Another sip of beer.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Don't make me change my mind.

Manny hops off the hood. He finishes the beer as he nears the trash can outside the garage. He tosses the bottle.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Get off my car.

Royce jumps off the car.

Manny slides into the driver's seat, closes the door, and lowers the windows.

He gives Royce a two-finger salute before he drives off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Manny speeds.

MANNY (V.O.)

What else can be said about freedom? Is it easy to obtain? Far from it. We're all trapped by our own views. What we're owed, how we live, whatever makes up those rose colored lenses becomes our downfall.

Sirens blare in the background.

MANNY (V.O.)
Safe to say, freedom will always
taste sweet.

Manny pulls over. A cop car slows behind him.

MANNY
Because we can always crave
freedom, even when we know we'll
never truly have it.

Manny rolls down the window. He smiles at the officer.

POLICE OFFICER 2
Do you know why I pulled you over?

MANNY
Afraid not, officer.

End.