

FADE IN:

SAN FRANCISCO

1 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 1

Silence.

Mid morning. A picturesque view of the harbor. A distant view of the Golden Gate Bridge. The sun is gleaming. The temperature warming.

2 EXT. TIM'S SOLD HOUSE - DAY 2

TIM MCLEOD (age 30) his elbows are nestled on his knees, he waits patiently sitting on the front stoop. He is poignant in his thoughts on life and death. He rubs with one hand the scruff grown on his face. Beside him a brown leather messenger bag with two long leather straps and two silver buckles. The driveway is vacant.

Tim's new driver-less car sharply turns its majestic body into Tim's driveway. The stylish rims. The inflated firm tires. They grip the asphalt below and screech as he rounds the corner. The screeching interrupts Tim's train of thought. Tim tilts his head upwards. Tim's eyes startled by the cars grandeur. The engine whispers silently. Then stops. The sun beams onto this beautiful black marvel. It glistens in the sun. The soft flowing lines are distinct and unique.

Tim stands up and places the messenger bag around his torso. From the front stoop, he walks down two steps, slowly walking towards, and glaring at this engineering beauty.

He places his right thumb on the head lights and slowly follows the seam of the perfectly engineered bent metal. He follows the seam up towards the windshield. He turns and follows the seam back. Tim's caress is smooth. He twists and kneels on his right knee with his eyes piercing slightly upwards towards the car's windshield. Suspended in this position he looks upward, startled by a shadow that covers him.

AMY (age 34) has a tear in her eye. Her face flushed. Tim looks upwards with his swollen eyes. Amy is soft in her voice "it was not your fault." Tim tilts his head down. And looks upwards to Amy. "I've made a promise."

Her soft voice, exclaims desperately "You can stay here. You don't need to leave." Tim remains looking upwards. "I've made a promise." Amy loudly inhales and exhales.

She bends down and kisses his forehead. "Take care, Tim. I will miss you." She turns and saunters out of view.

Tim returns his focus and plants his right-hand firmly on the front hood. His eyes roll downwards, his head tilts. His life pauses for just a moment. Motionless.

"Amen."

The passenger Falcon wing doors open wide.

Tim stands, wipes his eyes and inhales a deep breath of warm sea breeze air. He enters the back of the vehicle and sits on the driver's side back seat.

Silence.

3 **INT. TIM'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - DAY** 3

Tim comfortably nestles. The Falcon Wing doors softly close him in. The rush of air escapes as the doors tighten and close. He turns his head, and his eyes remain transfixed. Beside him the other passenger seat.

He removes the messenger bag and places softly down beside him. He unfastens the silver buckles and loosens the leather straps allowing him to open the flap gently. He reaches within. The package.

A pink iPod Touch is held softly in his hand. With his thumb, Tim rubs the front screen. A video plays, his eyes swell as he's transfixed watching.

4 **INT. THE FAMILY CARAVAN (IPOD VIDEO) - DAY** 4

A fun loving eight-year-old chirping lyrical words sporadically.

SARAH (age 8, Tim's daughter) points her iPod Touch towards her and begins filming while bouncing to her music. The ear buds firmly secured in her ears.

She's smiling. Content. Happy.

The video ends in seconds.

5 **INT. TIM'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - DAY** 5

The silence of the car is deafening.

He snuggles the iPod securely into his messenger bag, positions the straps, and buckles tightly. His right hand softly settles on top of the bag.

The car starts with an eerie silence. Breaking the silence the introduction of Big Ben Technologies (BBT) as its iconic theme song plays and ends with its visionary lyrics.

ROCKET (age 25 the cars artificial intelligence) introduces himself. Excited. Loud. Ambitious. Omniscient. Tim hesitates and acknowledges Rocket. His head rolls back onto the back headrest. His eyes close. The steering wheel retreats into the dashboard. A television like display extends into its place. A computer map of their route shown. Rocket formulates the trip.

Rocket pulls from the internet, sources of data to express into the journey. The dashboard display resembles that of an air traffic controllers view of air travel. Multiple red lines are drawn down towards Santa Cruz, the first stop.

The car silently self-drives away from the family home. Tim cocks his head towards the back windshield. He breathes in the last glimpse of his empty house as it retreats into the suburb. A deep breath. Calm. Quiet.

ON THE HIGHWAY

The people on the street. The people in their cars. Tim watches the hustle in silence as the City transitions, juxtaposed into magnificent views of ocean waves.

Tim tilts his head back, closes his eyes. From the front of the car a silent, gentle whistle. The sound calming at first, mesmerizing.

The whistling continues, beginning to haunt Tim.

6

INT. THE FAMILY CARAVAN (FLASHBACK) - DAY

6

Tim looks into the rear view mirror seeing his daughter. Sarah (age 8).

Sarah's whistling to her favourite tune. The tune a cheery pop song reminiscent of a new era. Her ear buds firmly secured. Sarah is smiling. She's content. Happy. As she looks towards Tim, she smirks a thoughtful expression of happiness.

7

INT. TIM'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - DAY

7

Tim opens his eyes.

The car is driverless. Driving fast, too fast. Rocket is turned on, and he holds the pavement tightly with the grip of his new tires. He follows the flow of the road. The cliffs zigzag and Rocket follows. The view of the beautiful ocean clash with the eerie seamless dashboard, with the steering wheel, retracted. Frightful.

Rocket whistles. A classical song sounds through the cabin. The whistling becomes more haunting, eerie. It loudens, the tune turns dark, matching the aggressiveness of the cliff road.

The loud whistling torments Tim until he breaks. He firmly voices his disdain through two clenched fists, in mid air. His face mimics his frustration. Calm. Quiet. Silence.

Rocket misinterprets the request and stops his whistling. Blinkers to the right, decelerates and moves his body to the side of the road. Stopped. Hazard lights on.

Tim shakes his head in disbelief.

Rocket's voice is pleasant but rattles of a boy full of life ready to burst. His next words phrase into a particularly pointed sentence towards Tim's journey. "Do you need flowers for your wife, your visit?"

Tim shakes his head again in disbelief. His right-hand rubs his mouth his chin, heartfelt in his thought. Silent. Tim's right-hand reaches towards a pocket on the outside of the messenger bag.

A business card and old antique cell phone the (Motorola 550 flip phone) are pulled and placed in his right. The business card repositioned into his left. The tones ring through the cabin as each number dialled.

INTERCUT TO:

8

INT. BIG BEN TECHNOLOGIES (RECEPTION DESK) - DAY

8

The pleasantries of BBT reception are exchanged with Tim. He quickly explains his misunderstanding of the car's technology. Tim feels threatened and the sense of being watched, the car drives recklessly and whistles. He relays those issues to reception. Tim is polite but firm and requests that the voice feature be turned off.

Reception explains the standard operating features of the car. A dedicated voice operating system. Self-driving or manual. Navigation. Finger print and face recognition for security.

His voice lowers in anger as he requests desperately for a peaceful coastal drive. Please turn off this annoying voice operating feature.

9 **INT. TIM'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - DAY** 9

BBT reception provides Tim with a solution. We can refund this months service fee and have the car self-drive to the dealership. Uber home. Your choice.

This solution nearly pops Tim's eyes out. His left fist clenched crushing the business card. His right thumb on the phone. Click!

Rocket analytical in his next question. "Do you not like me, Tim?" Rocket concerned over the call to BBT and his self-consciousness to satisfy. Tim misinterprets this inquiry.

A haunting question? A dystopian artificial intelligence movie? Tim's pessimistic knowledge of artificial intelligence drives him into swift action to resolve this annoyance, this made-up fear. Tim jumps over into the front seats. Pragmatic.

10 **INT. TIM'S CAR (FRONT PASSENGER SEAT) - DAY** 10

Tim lands into the right front passenger seat. Tim's hands reach for the glove box. He pushes the cabinets flushed button and opens the door. A desperate search for answers. The owners manual. The three hundred pages swiftly flip.

Rocket interpret's Tim silence and continues to ask pointed questions. Each one has a deeper meaning to Tim. "What is our exact destination? Do you have an address in San Diego? Jolted. Speechless.

Tim turns the pages and stops on what he was looking for. The specifics on the fuse panel. Rocket asks another question pin pointed directly at Tim's intention. "Are you planning on hurting me, Tim?"

Tim asks politely for Rocket to pull over. Rocket replies and the right turning signal sounds and the car decelerates. The car is pulling over to the side of the road beside a copse of trees.

With the owner's manual book firmly held in his right hand, he exits the vehicle. Fast. Tripping and landing on his ass. Tim turns his body towards the car. He clutches his side, looks profoundly towards the location of his messenger bag nestled in the back seat. His hands outreached towards the vehicle. The passenger side door slowly closes behind him. Saddened. An eerie feeling radiates.

11 EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD BUSHES - DAY

11

A brisk tramp to the bushes. The pages turn in nervous energy, and Tim's eyes transfixed on every word and diagram. A smile emits success. A deep breath. A stretch of both arms, full. Confident!

A slow walk towards the vehicle. The passenger front seat door slowly opens. Eerie.

Tim stops. Hesitant. A deep breath. The sun rays are high. A decision. With the book in hand, he takes an active, confident stride and jumps into the front seats of the vehicle. Rocket.

12 INT. TIM'S CAR (FRONT PASSENGER SEAT) - DAY

12

Tim sits for a brief moment then bends and twists in an awkward ballet, seeking a plastic cover. His hands caress underneath the dashboard. Snap! A plastic panel removed. A horrifying cry from Rocket bellows.

Tim delicately pinches his fingers together. His eyes transfixed on the surgery. Snap! A fuse in hand. Success. No reply. The cabin. Silent.

The doors click an audibly loud noise. Startling. The left turning signal clicking loudly is juxtaposed with Tim's old analogue timepiece clicking deep within his messenger bag.

The car's wheels grip the asphalt and the car rockets onto the Pacific Coast Highway. The six hundred and fifty horses thrust. The afterglow glows for miles. Tim is thrown deep into the passenger front seat. The rocket's engine felt with vigor. Tim's head and body are pushed violently into the cushion seats. He cannot move, suspended as the g-forces are so strong.

The dashboard brightens for two seconds and blinds Tim. Tim resumes his composure, narrowing his eyes twisting his head he waits. Then softly the dashboard and the cabin dulls to a soft natural light. Silence. We are in orbit.

Silence. Silence. Silence.

Tim opens the glove compartment and places the owners manual and the plastic fuse cover within. He glances over towards the display panel that shows a blue dot (the current location) and a red line ending at Santa Cruz. Tim questions Rocket, a test. "Are we stopping in Santa Cruz?" Silence. Feeling confident, the mission successful.

Tim climbs confidently into the back seat.

13 **INT. TIM'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - DAY** 13

The ocean views. Magnificent. Tim's eyes close, and he places his head upon the back head rest. Tim hears whistling in the cabin. Soothing. Tim whistles along in tandem.

His eyes open wide! Whistling? Stunned. Rocket? The doors are locked, the windows and sunroof closed. The car is moving, and the steering wheel is retracted!

Rocket?

Tim not so confident. Tim's eyes shift from right to left. The fuses? Tim reaches out with his hands towards the front seat, but the car propels forward and breaks! Tim hits his head on the front headrest.

Tim begins again, he reaches forward but this time thrusts his body weight. The car at the same time propels forward and breaks once again, but this time propelling Tim into the front cabin.

His body rolls over the seat in an ugly tumble from the back to the front seat. His body hits the dashboard and ending with him lying on his back, fearful. His eyes are looking upwards towards the exposed fuse panel.

Rocket?

14 **INT. TIM'S CAR (FRONT PASSENGER SEAT) - DAY** 14

Tim maneuvers himself into the surgery position once again. His hands are trembling in a frightened, nervous energy. His eyes narrow, his eyebrows form a quizzical dip as the steering wheel extends. The front seat slowly moves forward crushing Tim between the seat and steering wheel. Pinned. Shocked.

Rocket in earnest asks a direct question regarding Tim's current plans, his interest in the pulling of his heartstrings. The fuses.

Squirming to reposition himself. Tim stops moving. His energy is exhausted, physically and emotionally. He Exhales. Limp. Solicitously he requests the next step.

The car races down the Pacific Coast Highway with Tim pinned. Tim closes his eyes. The cabin is silent.

Silence.

15 INT. THE FAMILY CARAVAN (FLASHBACK) - DAY

15

Tim recalls the last fight with his daughter. Her unwillingness to pull off the headphones and drop the iPod. Talk to me. Please.

She resists, and he confiscates and places the iPod in his new brown messenger bag. Her last words. "I hate you!" And it sinks deep. Tim frowns. She turns her head in silence watching the scenery as they pass the welcoming sign to Santa Cruz.

16 INT. TIM'S CAR (FRONT PASSENGER SEAT) - DAY

16

Tim's eyes open wide! Tim is squirming like a trapped centipede. He frantically attempts to free himself. He continues until reaching a level of frustration. Tim has had enough, his anger visible through his clenched teeth and hands. The steering wheel and seats retract, loosening Tim.

The two right doors open exposing the ocean and cliffs below as the road, reveals the speed in which they are traveling. Rocket is providing a deep dark insight into Tim's future.

Tim's hands desperately grab the seatbelt. As the car rounds the corner, the centrifugal forces propel him forward towards the open door. His feet, dangling, his hands firmly wrapped around the belt, hold him securely. The car is resembling that of a Falcon ready to take flight. One wing up. Rocket completes the turn navigating the cliffs.

The next corner closing in fast. Tim holds tightly onto the belt as they round the next corner. His hands are turning white with his lifesaving grip. In the corner of his eye, his messenger bag slowly slides towards the open back door.

Tim in his horror desperately attempts to rollover the seats, into the back, while holding dearly to the seatbelt that keeps him secure. As Rocket finishes rounding the corner, the bag settles in the driver's side passenger seat. But the Motorola 550 flip phone rolls out the open door, crashing onto the road below into small plastic fragments. The doors slowly close and lock.

The nail biting starts. Tim's eyes electrified, moving frantically from side to side in fearful thought. Tim's emotions are malleable. Rocket launches his eerie whistling as he continues the drive towards Santa Cruz. Content.

Satisfied. Silent.

17 INT. TIM'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - DAY 17

Tim jumps into the back seat afraid for his life. He makes a fist and quickly punches the window. His hand bounces off the glass, and his eyes roll to the back of his head. The pain reaches his brain and a high yelp rings throughout the cabin.

A car is passing, and Tim desperately attempts to gain their attention. His yelling silenced by the engineering prowess of the silent cabin, his hands, his face smeared tightly to the window. The tinted windows hide all his blatant attempts. His fists swelled with fright they bang on the windows some more. His yells echo in the car's cabin. All attempts to persuade help lost, the view to others lost. Dejected.

Big Ben Technologies (BBT) plays its theme song with Rocket whistling along side.

Tim bursts with an iconic frustrated two-word sentence. To the point. In his frustration, he declares a solution. "We will finish this trip alive or dead!" Agreed! A deal that Rocket agrees too without any hesitation. Tim states his hatred reflecting his daughter's sentiments. "I hate you!"

Rocket turns off the air conditioning.

Satisfied. Silence.

SANTA CRUZ

18 **EXT. SANTA CRUZ - DAY** 18

A car door opens, a dog jumps. The owner offers a bowl of fresh water. The tail wagging. The screaming and laughter of kids. Excitement. Fun. The thunder of the roller coaster with the screams of terror. The ocean air. The surfers are clutching their boards. The rumble of the cruising sports cars. An active scene of summer.

19 EXT. TIM'S ROCKET (SANTA CRUZ MAIN STREET) - DAY 19

The wheels slowly spin until the headlights reveal an angel.
In view an equal beauty. Bright sparkling red. Rocket
stupefied by her beauty. The curves, the bright sparkling
colour her distinct lines. The sun is hitting her
beautifully. Joyful.

20 INT. TIM'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - DAY 20

Tim's body is drenched in sweat. The silent whisper of Tim, a squelching voice. A voice without water and air.

Tim's t-shirt is wrapped snug around his head. His body stretched out between the two passenger seats. His arms form a pillow and the messenger bag tight beside him.

Rocket and Tim have established an agreement "dead or alive." Tim squelches a request to release him.

Click!

The Falcon Wing doors open spreading their wings.

21 **EXT. ROCKET THE CAR - DAY**

21

Tim rolls out of the car, half dead, falling on his knees. His mouth gaps the fresh sea breeze air. He drowns himself in oxygen. His mouth is gasping, and his lips dry with a crust of dry white skin formed on the edges. Parched. The Falcon Wing doors close. The messenger bag locked within.

22 **EXT. JOY THE CAR - DAY**

22

A woman (SUMMER RAY age 30) hovers over Tim. He rubs his eyes. As he tilts his head and looks upwards, he sees her beauty. A smile, a look of compassion. The sun rays are rolling off her hair. The intense blue sky highlights the bright white clouds behind her. Her hair glistens with the halo around her head, a reflection of light from the two shiny cars.

With his head tilted upwards. A flow of water rolls off his forehead. He rubs his eyes. His head tilted upwards, suspended. His mouth wide open as the water enters his mouth and drowns his oesophagus.

The flow of water hitting him wildly. His smile ripples from ear to ear. He shakes his head from left to right the water shredding from him onto the asphalt below.

The angel kneels beside him and hands him a plastic bottle. Tim's hands grip the thin plastic crunching its soft membrane. He remains kneeling. He cocks his head and turns the bottle towards his lips and drinks wildly. Squinting his eyes the sun bright. The water drops downwards to long mesmerizing gulps. Seconds. She hands him a second bottle. And another.

"This beautiful angel."

23 INT. JOY THE CAR - DAY

23

The Falcon Wing doors of JOY (age 25 the cars artificial intelligence) open. Summer extends her hand to Tim. The exchange of touch. A look of affinity in their eyes. Summer directs Tim to the back passenger seat of Joy. They share a moment. An exchange of names and pleasantries.

Joy then turns the conversation and begins talking about her, her disdain for predictive modeling and cognitive science. Narcissistic.

24 EXT. ROCKET THE CAR - DAY

24

Tim jumps up in wild excitement. His right-hand closes, his fist bangs on the back passenger window of Rocket. His eyes are notably turning to red, swelling, and a tear is forming.

He places his hands to narrow the reflection of the sun, and he looks into the car. The messenger bag nestled on the backseat. Tim turns his body facing Summer. He rolls down the side of Rocket until reaching a crouching position.

Tim rubs his head, closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. His head tilted downwards. Summer crouches down in front of Tim. Her hands extend. Tim tilts his head upwards towards her and reaches out with his hands. The eye contact shows their affinity. A spark ignites between them.

She exchanges in a dialogue with an understanding of the situation. An explanation of the cars daemon operating nature and his messenger bag locked inside.

Summer stands and walks along side Rocket. Her hands stretched as her finger tips feel the bent metal of the fenders. She rounds the back of Rocket. She turns and continues to keep her hand spread. Her finger tips are exploring the quarter panel, the doors and the front hood.

She moves to the front of the vehicle stretching her arms out, over her head as she takes a deep breath. Her arms spread wide, the sun hitting Summer vividly. A Sun Goddess emotes.

Rockets ego ignited and stroked.

The Falcon Wing Doors of Rocket follow her outstretched arms and open. A warm, enchanting smile emotes from Summer. Tim's body pushed as the doors open. He falls on his ass tilting his body, looking directly at the messenger bag. His eyes aluminate with a soft-hearted glare.

25 INT. ROCKET THE CAR - DAY

25

Tim without any hesitation pulls the bags from the clutches of Rocket.

Summer walks over to Tim and exclaims "what a beautiful machine, an automobile unquestionably allowed to be self-centered and over confident."

Tim is left in verbal silence. He clutches his messenger bag. His puppy dog eyes tilt towards Summer. He tilts his head towards Rocket. His eyes narrow. He shakes his head. Deep breaths. Disdain.

Summer displays an inviting smile provided with a heartfelt, warm look. Ice cream? Silence. A breath. Her warm, inviting smile provides him with the answer. His eyes glow, his posture straightens. Confidence builds. Affinity.

Summer begins walking towards the Santa Cruz Boardwalk. Tim wipes the water off his face and forehead and jogs to catch Summer.

26 EXT. SANTA CRUZ ICE CREAM VENDOR - DAY

26

Tim wraps the messenger bag around him. The straps nestled on his right shoulder and the bag close to his left side. The packages deep within and secured. The two begin steps towards the excitement of Santa Cruz. Tim's feet step slowly in perfect unison with Summer, their feet hitting the pavement like a nineteen-eighties melancholy song.

Summer asks about the story of Tim. What was his motivation today to stop in Santa Cruz? Her wanting to know more about him. These questions are an indication, of her interest? Their shared affinity. Summer drinks in every word attentive to his story.

They stop in front of a long line of people, the ice cream booth in the near distance.

The two look at each other. Summer's eyes light up as the thunder of the roller coaster races above them. Together they tilt their heads looking upwards towards this wooden structure. The rivets, the shaking of the wooden joists as the coaster thunders above them once again. Join me. The roller coaster, Summer insists.

The time piece within Tim's messenger bag juxtaposed with Tim's heartbeat.

She reaches for Tim's hand, grasps it and pulls him towards the Santa Cruz coaster.

His feet deeply rooted in the pavement snap. His body propelled forward towards Summer and the start of his feet running in a rhythm once again with the hypnotic melancholy tune.

The roller coaster entrance in sight.

27 **EXT. SANTA CRUZ ROLLER COASTER (ENTRANCE) - DAY** 27

Tim and Summer reach the roller coaster entrance, the coasters signature signage. Tim grasps the steel barrier rails. He touches his messenger bag, and he brings the bag closer to him. He rubs his lips together. Click. Click. Click. The time piece beats deep within the bag.

His heart. Thump. Thump. Thump. His legs are shaking at the sight of the wooden roller coaster. The coaster rips above cracking the bustling of the park. The sounds of screams send a shiver down Tim's spine.

Summers smile is enchanting. He takes a deep breath. His hands release the metal. Summer jumps up and down acknowledging his decision. They resume running towards the coasters main car entrance, still a far distance away.

28 **EXT. SANTA CRUZ ROLLER COASTER (CAR LINE UP) - DAY** 28

The line is non-existent. Tim running turns to a slow paced walk. His throat dry, his swallowing of oxygen hurts his throat. His eyes transfixed on Summer. His eyes scream danger. Summer runs to the first line, the front car. Tim stops once again. He holds tightly to his messenger bag. He resumes towards the front roller coaster car.

Summer's smile, her love for life drives him into the roller coaster car.

29 **INT. SANTA CRUZ ROLLER COASTER (INSIDE CAR) - DAY** 29

She smiles sincerely towards him and provides him with a hint of security. "Enjoy life." The two words resonate. Tim clutches the safety bar and pulls it tightly against his stomach.

A deep breath of warm air moves over his face. He closes his eyes, and for a moment Summer's hair wistfully brushes Tim's forehead and eyebrows. He feels security and love. With his eyes closed, he tilts his head. Another rush of warm air comes over him. He takes a deep breath. His eyes remain closed his smiles deep within himself.

- 30 **EXT. SANTA CRUZ ROLLER COASTER (FLASHBACK) - DAY** 30
- He opens his eyes and looks at Summer juxtaposed with his daughter. He breaks a smile as they hit the top. Sarah's hair glows in the sunlight, she screams! They drop!
- 31 **EXT. SANTA CRUZ ROLLER COASTER (INSIDE CAR) - DAY** 31
- Tim and Summer's screams are heard for miles.
- The car moves wildly from right to left. Summer's laughter is heard echoing through the park. Tim with his eyes closed laughs in unison with Summer.
- The car stops suddenly. Tim opens his eyes slowly. He tilts his head upwards. A rush of warm air hits him and Summer. The two gleaming, relaxed. Summer reaches her hand to Tim's, grabs and tugs.
- They rush from the coasters exit, giggling.
- 32 **EXT. SANTA CRUZ BOARDWALK - DAY** 32
- They run like two young children free from their parents at a carnival. laughing.
- Tim stops, placing his hands on his knees. He bends down and takes a few deep breaths of air, panting from the run. He tilts upwards looking at Summer. Her beauty radiates. His smile is welcoming, warm and grateful. A tear forms from his eye.
- Summer walks up towards Tim. She wipes the tear from his eye. Her warming smile. She replies "the coasters whip certainly grabs your tears."
- They walk towards the Santa Cruz sandy beach with the long pier seen in the near distance.
- 33 **EXT. SANTA CRUZ BEACH - DAY** 33
- Their eyes connected following each others banter with precession. The smiles on their faces radiate. Tim questions Summer's reasons for being in Santa Cruz.
- She opens up to Tim, unabashed and enlightens him into her world. She is knowledgeable and divulges her love for the beach, surfing, animals and mother nature. Her drive down the coast is to Costa Rica. Her acceptance as a Veterinarian Doctor in the region.

34 **EXT. SANTA CRUZ PIER - DAY**

34

Tim is stunned at her intelligence. Her willingness to share. He talks about his trip to San Diego a one-way trip interpreted as his moving there.

They communicate their plans to visit Venice Beach, this beautiful vacation spot. They share their same plans to see the canals, beach, and the Santa Monica pier.

They agree to follow each other down the coast to Venice, and Huntington Beach "Surf City". Both equally looking forward to surfing, their passionate hobby.

Before Tim can communicate further, Summer interrupts. And asks Tim if he can swim, swim well. He answers. Summer places her foot on the first fence beam. Tim tilts his head and looks down as she plants another foot onto the next beam.

Her eyes focused on the task at hand. She asks Tim a pointed question "are you living life to its fullest?"

She places her foot on the last fence beam. And jumps!

35 **EXT. SANTA CRUZ WATER - DAY**

35

Her arms and legs flail back and forth as she falls fifteen feet into the water below. Her fall not without some graciousness. Her feet tilt downward towards the water and at the last moment her Olympic entry. Splash!

36 **EXT. SANTA CRUZ PIER - DAY**

36

Tim looks down at Summer. Shocked! His eyes transfixed on the water, as she disappears into the darkness.

37 **EXT. SANTA CRUZ WATER - DAY**

37

She resurfaces with an upwards grace, spinning her head to the left and right then looking upwards with a warm smile at Tim.

38 **EXT. SANTA CRUZ PIER - DAY**

38

He smiles. Summer waves her hands summoning his dive. Her hand motions are laughable as she attempts to humour him. Summer continues to encourage him to jump. Join her. He looks down at the water.

39 **EXT. SANTA CRUZ WATER - DAY**

39

Bubbles are rising around her. His eyes are questioning. He sees an image, an image of a body? Tim's eyebrows raise as he tilts his head in confusion.

The body is rising quickly. It is becoming more evident this is a dead body, a man? His eye brows tilt as he sees an image of him. His clothes, his colored sneakers. This body is me! A vivid picture of me drowned. Dead.

His feet shuffle backwards his view of Summer lost. Tim deep in thought continues to shuffle his feet away from the fence. He continues to walk, slowly until into the laneway of the pier. Lost in his thoughts his head is tilted downwards. His eyes are shifting from left to right.

40 **EXT. SANTA CRUZ PIER FORD TRUCK - DAY**

40

The blue and white seventies style Ford truck is moving quickly down the pier. The driver distracted looking at his cell phone, reading a text message. His eyes are squinting as the old man reaches for his eye glasses on the dashboard.

His eyes break attention just for a second as his two fingers just miss pinching the glasses arms. That second is enough for him to see Tim, a man walking backwards with his head down with no intention of leaping clear of his truck.

The driver brings his knee upwards and slams hard with his foot on the brake pedal. His right-hand smacks down the musical horn track. His left-hand uses the window crank, and he yells hard at Tim.

41 **EXT. SANTA CRUZ PIER - DAY**

41

The trucks voice, its horn quickly unfreezes Tim. Stunned. Startled. Tim's hands clench to fists as he slams them down hard onto the trucks front hood. Tim clutches his messenger bag and begins running down to the end of the pier back towards the beach.

42 **EXT. SANTA CRUZ WATER - DAY**

42

Summer looks up towards the pier. Tim is not in sight. The horn echoes and is heard loudly from the water. She waits and notices Tim running down the dock.

She begins her swim towards the beach. In a perfect rhythm. Stroke after stroke she pushes harder and harder.

She is in a race to reach the beach. She keeps an eye on Tim and pushes herself harder.

43 **EXT. SANTA CRUZ BEACH - DAY**

43

Tim reaches the beach and removes his sandals. The warm sand runs between his toes. He tilts his head searching for a lone swimmer. His eyes transfixed on her position. Tim continues to walk through the warm sand nearing the water.

Tim sits on the beach and waits for her to finish her swim. Summer exits the water and approaches. She sits beside him, looking at him with concern. Tim is deep within thought.

Her curiosity to what happened on the pier, the horn the running? He looks into the water seeing the afterglow, the sun setting. Tim looks deeply at Summer apologizing for his behaviour, but places blame on her sudden drop into the Ocean. The suddenness was a shock. Sharks. Deep water. "I had a moment, and I needed a moment." "I'm just not that person, a risk taker." Summer understands.

Tim then inquires about living. About life, death and artificial intelligence. Summer interrupts with her feeling about nature and the circle of life.

Tim pickups his messenger bag and wraps around his body. He holds his hand out for Summer. She extends her hands and is brought to her feet. Summer stops Tim. She apologies for her recklessness and not considering her actions. The two accept mutual apologies. They shake hands. Friends.

Summer asks whats in the bag? A promise. She nods in acceptance noting Tim's hand on the top seam. His security blanket. Protecting. They walk step-in-step with their faces beaming from a beautiful afternoon.

They walk towards Rocket and Joy.

The afterglow behind them.

44 **EXT. ROCKET THE CAR - EVENING**

44

Tim's toes curl within his brown sandals. His feet begin shuffling on the pavement until his feet stop. His feet, his sandals in perfect alignment. Toe-to-toe.

His head tilted downwards looking at his toes. Hesitantly his head tilts slowly exposing the front long black hood of Rocket. Tim bends his back frontwards and moves his body into a sitting position. Tim sits on the curb in front of Rocket's hood.

Tim rub's his lips together while his tongue moistens the dryness. He looks up at Summer with bewilderment. Tim explains to Summer that this beautiful car cannot be trusted.

Summer places her left hand on Rocket and with her finger tips feels Rocket's energy. She acknowledges the beauty in Rocket. And she also sees the concern of Tim; his eyes show a man in turmoil. Summer tilts her head towards Joy her eyes narrowing, well... "and then there's Joy."

The Falcon Wing doors of Joy slowly open up.

Summer's eyes widen, she takes a deep breath and exhales. "You haven't had an opportunity to meet Joy." "It's an experience you will need to have," Tim mentions the same, likewise with Rocket.

However, between the two conditions (a sociopath over depression) it's an easy decision, and Joy is the best of the two evils.

45

INT. SUMMER'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - EVENING

45

Tim hesitantly enters Joy.

His eyes focused on all the features, the steering wheel extended and visible. Tim touches the leather seats, the headrests and sits comfortably. Summer sits in the passenger seat beside Tim. A soft love song fills the cabin, the Falcon Wing doors close softly.

Joy begins backing up slowly, stops and rushes forward. Rocket follows Joy in perfect rhythm, in a synchronized movement. The two cars pass the Santa Cruz boardwalk with the neon lights and the sun setting. The glows pass through the cabin lighting up Tim and Summer magically.

Joy begins her depressed talk. Her dark verbal dialogue with the two of them force Tim to rethink his decision. Tim continues to look out the window ignoring the car's narcissistic talk. Tim listens for another ten minutes before asking Joy to pull over. Joy signals to the right decelerate and continues her discussion. Her focus now on the dust, thrown onto her perfect clean body. Sigh.

The two cars, shown from a distant pullover. Tim and Summer are tapping their feet waiting for Joy to raise the door. The door opens slowly, and Tim and Summer eject.

They run towards Rocket with his Falcon Wing doors wide open, Rockets front headlights brighten. Joy's front lights soften. Dim. Tim and Summer are giggling. Wow!

46 INT. TIM'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - EVENING

46

Rockets doors slowly close.

Summer's stares at the front dashboard with a curious eye. Perplexed. Her questions towards the location of the steering wheel excite Rocket. The steering wheel slowly extends outwards into the front cabin.

Summer's lips widen, her face glows. She tilts her head and looks at Tim. Her lips rub back and forth. Tim's eyes radiate fear, his eyes larger than cue balls. Summer discusses Joy's attitude with Tim, and he nods. Then she questions Rocket on his intelligence, his features - stroking his ego.

The steering wheel is softly moving in tune with the wheels with a subtle right turn and left. Eerie looking.

Rocket communicates to Summer his extensive music collection and extends outwards a large display that wraps around the front dashboard, music videos playing, weather and real-time road footage.

Summer smiles and jumps over the seats to the front passenger continuing her banter with Rocket.

47 INT. TIM'S CAR (DRIVER SEAT) - EVENING

47

Summer slowly slides herself towards the front driver's seat. Her soft hands, follow the flow of the automatic movements of the steering wheel. Her face glows from the lighted dashboard.

Rocket relinquishes control. Summer's hands grasp the steering wheel tightly. The wheels jerk from right to left. Tim's eyes widen as his hands grasp the seat belt, holding tightly.

The wheels now following the efforts of Summers' hands, slightly turning right and sharply to the left. The feeling of the road under her feet, her confidence gained as she feels Rockets nature and becomes in tune with him.

The sunroof retracts filling the cabin with air. Tim takes deep breaths, his eyes closed.

The wheels are gripping the pavement as they squeal around the corner, the cliffs running beside them. Summer is enjoying every moment. Tim resembles that of a Tibetan monk, praying for his life in the back seat. The headlights between the two cars automatically shift from high to low beams in a unified light shown as they move towards Venice. The cars thrust forward.

Summer asks Rocket to take over.

48 **INT. TIM'S CAR (SUNROOF) - EVENING**

48

Tim's eyes open wide!

Summer navigates her body and pushes her head through the open sunroof. Her zeal for life yelled at the top her lungs at the free world, the dark world. Tim overwhelmed requests Rocket to pull over.

The car decelerates and pulls over to the side of the road. Summer navigates the sunroof and slides down into the seat providing Tim with a warm smile.

Tim acknowledges her love for life, and he apologizes once again to her. The doors automatically raise. Tim smiles back at Summer as he gathers his messenger bag and begins his walk towards Joy.

49 **EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - EVENING**

49

The walk towards Joy is slow. Tim's feet drag the dirt, he kicks a small rock. He looks back at Rocket. Then looks upwards at the stars above. A falling star streaks across the sky. Tilting his head down, he finishes the slow walk towards Joy.

50 **INT. SUMMER'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - EVENING**

50

The right side of the car door slowly opens. Tim bends his head and enters the vehicle sitting comfortably in the back seat.

Joy stutters with a question concerning Tim's messenger bag. Tim gracefully answers his unquestionable love for his daughter. His admiration and missing her smile, her touch. The contents of the bag to be delivered, a promise I made.

Joy turns the conversation and makes it about her. Her narcosis takes over. Her feelings that she is nothing more than a delivery service. She finds Summer repulsive and Rocket same. She has extreme feelings but continues to drive them towards her. In the end, it's about her.

Tim inquisitive drives his questions. Joy is overjoyed and bites at the attention. She hates machine learning, and her continued cognitive education, it sucks. Tim yawns.

The back seats fold flush into the trunk of the car. The lumbar supports flush to form a day bed.

Tim repositions himself into a comfortable lying position. He cranks his head towards the front of the vehicle and sees through the windshield, Rocket, pushing onwards.

His eyes close.

The two cars follow the flow of the highway down the Pacific Coast. The glow of the headlights positioning their movement. Their afterglow displayed by the release of a cameras slow shutter.

VENICE BEACH

51 **EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY** 51

The views and sites of Venice beach. The beaches, the piers, the canals, the people, the people!

52 **INT. SUMMER'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - MORNING** 52

The back car seats move upward pushing Tim into a sitting position. Tim yawns and awakens to the open windows of fresh oxygen as the fresh sea breeze air fills the cabin.

Tim takes it in and breathes. Feeling alive. He tilts his head and extends out the window. His eyes blink as he gains his composure.

Another beautiful day.

53 **EXT. SUMMER'S AIRBNB - MORNING** 53

In the near distance, a yellow and red cruiser bicycles are locked to a gate. Summer is talking to someone. Her hand extends in a grateful handshake. Summer turns and walks towards Joy and the open back window. "We made it!"

She explains that RICKY (aged 28) the owner of the Airbnb has provided her with the key to her one-night vacation home.

54 **INT. SUMMER'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - MORNING** 54

Tim explains that he hasn't booked any places for his trip. He intends or intended to sleep in the car, his car. Perhaps a mistake? Summer exclaims "you'll figure it out."

Summer invites Tim to a bike ride to Malibu or towards Malibu? And coffee? Breakfast? Bikes?

55 **EXT. SUMMER'S AIRBNB - MORNING**

55

The back seat door opens with Tim excited. The thought of pancakes, eggs, toast and coffee hits his stomach. He moves towards the bicycles with Summer providing Tim with a key. Tim begins unlocking the bikes, and they pry apart.

He looks at the messenger bag bouncing off his left hip. He hesitates, tilts his head back towards Joy. Looks at the messenger bag, and bites his bottom lip.

56 **INT. SUMMER'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - MORNING**

56

Tim returns to Joy entering the back seat pulling the messenger bag off of him and placing in the back seat. He asks Joy to watch over his prized possession. Tim sets his feet onto the pavement, stretches outwards and exits the vehicle.

57 **EXT. SUMMER'S JOY CAR - MORNING**

57

As Joy slowly shuts the Falcon Wing door. Tim places his hand on the window and makes sure the car is tightly closed. Click! Tim walks away slowly looking back as he moves towards the bicycles.

58 **EXT. VENICE BEACH (CANAL) BICYCLE PATH - MORNING**

58

Tim rotates the pedals slowly, turning his bike towards Joy. He then circles his bike in the street. Hesitant. He looks at Summer crossing the first canal bridge. He then circles his bike in the street again. Summer is further in the distance.

The handlebars straighten out as he pedals over the bridge, over the canal and closer to Summer. Together they head towards the beach and the bicycle paths of Venice.

The sun is gleaming.

59 **EXT. VENICE BEACH BICYCLE PATH - MORNING**

59

The street vendors, the tattooed street performers. The skateboarders, the police on horse patrol and muscle beach. The beach, Awe, the sights of summer seen in Venice Beach California!

They enjoy the day. A collage of images, a fun day riding down the beach together. They ride the sunny coast from Venice Beach to Malibu and back.

60 **EXT. VENICE BEACH - EVENING**

60

The sun is setting.

They drop their bikes into the sandy beach. They sit watching the sunset. Summer explains to Tim. My name is not Summer its Isobel. Isobel Ray. The rest is real. My family has called me Summer forever, it just stuck.

The sun sets, and the fireworks fly into the air above for the July 4th, Independence Day celebrations! The fireworks continue to blast them as they gawk at the palette of colours and the beautiful painted sky.

Tim lies down on the sandy beach, with Summer joining him. They are both lying on their backs, on the beach, looking up towards the stars, the fireworks.

Summer tilts her head to the side, quickly kissing Tim on his cheek. His eyes widen. He's silent, deep in thought. His eyes are rapidly moving from left to right. He tilts his head and smiles sincerely.

They fall back into the sand looking upwards at the fireworks juxtaposed with the Airbnb bed.

61 **INT. AIRBNB HOTEL VENICE BEACH - EVENING**

61

The room is 500 square-feet, small, a kitchen bed and bathroom. Their lying on the one queen sized bed together with their eyes transfixed on the ceiling above. Fully clothed.

Tim declares "I like you, Summer Isobel Ray". Summer reciprocates, "I like you too."

The glow in the dark stars stuck to the ceiling provides a warm glow on their faces.

62 **INT. AIRBNB HOTEL VENICE BEACH - MORNING**

62

The morning sun reaches the narrowed eyes of Tim from an open crack in the curtains. His hands reach upwards as he stretches. He turns his neck to see Summer sleeping away beside him. Her back towards him. His dry mouth tantalizes his brain. Coffee! A mission.

Tim sits up quietly and walks softly towards the door. He opens the door as if trained by the Navy Seals. The door clicks shut silently.

The warm fresh air hits Tim, and he deeply breathes and relaxes. He sees Joy and Rocket in the driveway and walks towards Rocket.

63 **EXT. AIRBNB HOTEL VENICE BEACH (DRIVEWAY) - MORNING** 63

He walks to the front hood of Rocket. He rests his knee onto the pavement and places his hand on the hood. Tim bends his head down, a quick prayer.

Rocket opens the Falcon Wing doors slowly. Tim looks up and smiles. Perhaps "it's time to give you a second chance." As Tim enters Rocket, he yells to Joy. This journey is a joint mission. "You ready?"

Tim engages Rocket and provides him with the tasks. Rocket communicates the mission to Joy. As the Falcon Wing doors close, Rocket winks at Joy.

Her headlights flicker in excitement acknowledging and accepting the mission.

64 **EXT. VENICE BEACH (COFFEE JOINT) - MORNING** 64

Tim is holding two coffees, and he places the one coffee on top of the other. He wipes his left hand on his shorts. His eyes widen as the heat dissipates from his left hand.

Tim places the two coffees onto the roof of Rocket. The two cafes nestled beside two surf boards. The boards strapped to Rocket. The Falcon Wing door opens, and Tim grabs the coffees and enters the vehicle.

The mission near completed.

65 **EXT. AIRBNB HOTEL VENICE BEACH (DRIVEWAY) - MORNING** 65

Rocket and Joy enter the driveway parked beside each other. Tim walks out towards the Airbnb. Summer opens the door to her surprise. The surfboards are visible on top of the roof.

Summers' eyes widen as she runs down towards Rocket and Tim. Tim expresses his concern over her recent attempt to climb out of the car through the sunroof. Summer eye brows tilt with a quizzical eye. Tim exclaims the surfboards are to stop any more suicide attempts. They laugh.

Her eyes are still wide as she walks around the vehicles. Her fingers stretched wide as her finger tips touch the boards. She looks at Tim, glaring with her eye brows narrowing. Her quick reaction "I'm not that kind of girl".

Tim tilts his head. "Of course, this is not a gift, and I'm not that kind of man." The twinkle in her eye provokes her to declare the trip to Surf City - Huntington Beach, California!

Summer exclaims "let's go surfing!"

Joy and Summer take off with Summer at the wheel!

66 **INT. TIM'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - MORNING** 66

Tim enters into the back of Rocket and exclaims. "This is going to be a good day." Tim is glowing with happiness. Rocket summons the horses. The tires grip the pavement, and they take off in a thunderous roar.

67 **INT. SUMMER'S CAR (DRIVER'S FRONT SEAT) - MORNING** 67

Summer is smiling and enjoying the drive. Her eye catches the corner of the brown messenger bag. She's curious. Joy takes over the wheel and Summer climb over to the back seat.

68 **INT. SUMMER'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - MORNING** 68

The brown leather messenger bag is beside her. Her head tilts backwards looking out the back windshield. She distinctly sees Rocket, and he acknowledges with his blinking his headlights. Summer waves. She twists her body back into the seat. Her eyes tilt towards the messenger bag.

Her right-hand extends and reaches towards the bag. She tilts her head once again looking out the back window. She takes a deep breath and pulls the bag onto her lap.

She twist opens the one buckle then the next. Her hand pulls the flap over exposing the contents of the bag. She reaches in and pulls a pink iPod. She places on the seat. She reaches in and pulls an old analogue timepiece. She sets the watch on the seat with the iPod. She searches for more items, the bag is empty. She places her hands on her lap and looks down towards the objects. Her head tilts, her eye brows narrow. Her mouth moves left to right. Her mind in curious thought.

Her eyes pickup a small fragment of a piece of news paper, a hidden pocket? She moves the bag closer to her. The pocket has a folded newspaper article. She pulls the newspaper article, unfolds and begins to read.

Her eyes move from left to right. She reads intently. Her left hand holding the small fragment of paper, her right-hand reaches her mouth. She covers her mouth with her hand. Her eyes are full of tears.

She twists her head back towards the back window. Rocket lights up his headlights once again. She smiles. She gently puts back all the items and places the messenger bag onto the seat beside her.

Joy is silent, and the cabin is quiet.

69 **EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - MORNING**

69

The two cars race down the highway with Rockets surfboards attached. The two cars move towards the famous Huntington Beach. A surfers paradise.

HUNTINGTON BEACH

70 **EXT. HUNTINGTON BEACH - DAY**

70

The long beautiful pier of Huntington Beach beside the long stretches of golden sand. The fire pits, the surfboards, the volleyball players all provide a visual glimpse of summer. The surfers enter the ocean with the eight-foot waves that crash on the shore. Welcome to Surf City!

71 **EXT. HUNTINGTON BEACH (BEACH PARKING LOT) - AFTERNOON**

71

Rocket and Joy reach the beach. The parking is spacious as they round the corner from the Pacific Coast Highway into the many free parking spaces.

The Falcon Wing doors open.

Tim rushes out of Rocket and watches the waves crash into the beach. Excitedly he pulls the board off the roof and positions on the pavement.

Summer walks over to Tim; her head tilts down. Her mouth is fidgeting with her wanting to speak. Her silence drowns her thoughts. Tim looks directly at Summer his eyes narrow, and he smiles. He pulls the second surf board from the car excited.

Summer grabs Tim's arm and stops him for a moment. Her mouth - mouths the words 'thank you'. Tim looks up at Summer and grabs his board.

His feet are reacting to the hot pavement. He runs with wild excitement towards the ocean. Summer picks up her board. The sea breeze warm air hits her face. She breathes and takes in the air.

72 **EXT. HUNTINGTON BEACH (OCEAN WAVES) - AFTERNOON**

72

Tim's feet are dangling in the ocean with Summer besides. They sit patiently on their surf boards. The first wave, seen in the distance. Tim anticipates its movement and drops to his stomach.

His arms are paddling fast to catch the wave. Quicker and faster he paddles. The board begins to tip downward with Tim repositioning himself to an upward position. He stands and feels the ocean beneath him. He navigates the surf board from right to left.

Summer anticipates the next and begins the process of catching the wave. The wave is much larger than the one that Tim was just riding. Her board tips forward and she jumps upwards taming this beast moving her body with the waves violent temperament. Her smile sums up the feeling until the wave begins to push into her. She falls.

A high wave reaches her body and drives her downwards. The water enters her mouth, she was not ready, and she chokes and her rhythm broken.

Another wave forces her down again. She chokes once again and now stopped. Compelled to stay. The beach is near. She swims upwards towards the light. Sun. Surface. She starts swimming in a rhythm until nature forces her to stay. The final wave crushes her spirit.

Her hand pulled, and her body pulled forward. Tim pulls some more and pulls her from the tight grip of Poseidon! Summer is coughing violently, her breath nearly taken from her.

They swim the short distance to shore. Tim holds onto Summer tightly as they reach the beach. He places a beach towel around her neck. She grasps tightly around her body.

Tim and Summer sit together in a calm silence. Both reflecting on their early talk and discussion around life and death.

73 **EXT. HUNTINGTON BEACH (BEACH) - EVENING**

73

Summer is looking at Tim with a different eye, a thankful eye. She smiles. They continue to sit together on the surf boards standing upright behind them. The afterglow of the sunset reaches their faces. Melancholy.

74 EXT. SUMMER'S CAR - EVENING

74

Summer slams Tim against the car of Joy. Summer kisses Tim passionately as Joy opens the Falcon Wing doors welcoming the threesome. Summer falls with Tim as they tumble into the car. Pieces of clothing fall before the car door close slowly.

The seats move into a day bed.

In the distance two vehicles, one with two surf boards (on the roof) and the other rocking left and right joyfully. The headlights of Joy are moving from bright to faint, flashing right to the left.

75 INT. SUMMER'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - EVENING

75

The eyes of Summer and Tim are looking out of the sunroof. The stars above them. With their clothes off they snuggle watching the night show above them. Summer, "declares I like you". Tim reciprocates "I like you too, Summer Isobel Ray."

3 AM

76 EXT. JOY HUNTINGTON BEACH (BEACH PARKING LOT) - MORNING

76

Smash! Crash!

77 INT. SARAH WITH MOTHER IN SAN DIEGO (FLASHBACK) - DAY

77

Sarah is bouncing in the car distracting her mother. EVA (aged 29) extends her right hand and texts on her phone. Her head is positioned downwards. The car in front parked at the stop light. Eva is not paying attention, and they are heading towards. Too fast to stop.

Eva turns her head towards Sarah and exclaims "you'll have your iPod tomorrow." Eva sees the horror in Sarah's eyes. She turns her head, her body and the car stops cold. Smash! Crash!

Smash!

78 INT. SUMMER'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - MORNING

78

Smash!

Tim wakes up, his upper lip and his forehead are full of sweat. Tim extends his arms and wipes the sweat with his hands. His head cocks sideways, looking directly at Summer.

Tim jumps! His head hits the inside lip of the trunk. Fuck!
Joy "open the door!"

79 **EXT. JOY HUNTINGTON BEACH (BEACH PARKING LOT) - MORNING** 79

Unsettled. Tim paces back and forth on the beach parking lot looking at Summer. His head tilts upwards towards the stars. He walks towards the open door of Joy. He stops and sits on the side of the door frame. Shocked. Tim reaches within the cabin and grabs his two sandals and slips onto his feet.

Summer opens her eyes. What's wrong? He apologies to Summer an insists he must continue his journey on his own. Summer tilts her head, confused. Are you ok? What's wrong?

Tim holds his head. He looks at her sincerely. "I'm married, and I have a daughter. I've tried this before it won't work." He continues to apologies to Summer.

Summer looks up at Tim, I know about your family. She tries to move closer to him. He looks at her, his eyes narrow, his head tilts. "What do you mean?" He backs away from Summer, away from Joy moving slowly towards Rocket.

Summer exits Joy and continues to soothe and calm Tim down. "Perhaps I do not understand the situation. And you're right you should move on." Tim's eyes swell, I'm sorry. Tim tilts his head down and turns leading towards Rocket. His chin is buckling under the pressure. He takes a deep breath and turns towards.

Tim hesitates - "I'm sorry Summer. I'm not myself... I..."
Tim looks down; broken glass scattered on the pavement.

He twists quickly and looks at Rocket.

Tim saunters crunching through the broken glass and stops.

Frozen.

80 **EXT. TIM'S CAR - MORNING** 80

The front door opens and a thief with a Colt Python 357 Magnum calibre revolver points directly at Tim. The thief is frustrated with Rocket. Steering wheel?

His face angered. His eyes are focused, his intent is well known. The gun barrel following Tim's every movement. Tim ambles past the thief into the back of Rocket.

81 **INT. TIM'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - MORNING** 81

The thief continues his threats and his intimidation wanting to fire up the car and get moving! Tim jitters his sentences. Compliant. Tim jumps into the back seat of Rocket, and all the doors slam shut.

The gun's barrel taunts Tim. The thief demands answers around starting the car. The thief's body is twisted and angled with his right arm over the front seat. The gun pointed and directed at Tim.

Rocket startles the thief by asking a question. "Your destination is?"

The cabin is silent.

The question is repeated.

"Your destination is?"

82 **INT. TIM'S CAR (DRIVER'S FRONT SEAT) - MORNING** 82

Immediately the thief jumps up, twists his head. His reflection in the windshield startles him, and he fires around into the dash! Sparks fly, the whimpering sound of Rocket is heard.

Tim cautiously calms the waters with his voice, his calming words. The steering wheel extends outwards, and full control of the vehicle is provided.

83 **EXT. TIM'S CAR - MORNING** 83

The car's thunderous engine roars. The wheels turn and burn the squealing is loud.

84 **INT. TIM'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - MORNING** 84

Tim immediately grabs the seat belt and snaps it in place. The wheels release and the thief and Tim are bolted backwards deep into the seats. The car launches, the smoke from the tires rolls upwards into the sky above!

The smoke dissipates revealing an angry Joy.

85 **EXT. JOY HUNTINGTON BEACH (BEACH PARKING LOT) - MORNING** 85

Joy's front lights and interior cabin turn a bright flaming red. Summer's attention diverted.

Her eyes transfixed onto the messenger bag. Summer reaches out and grabs just before Joy slams the Falcon Wings doors shut! Joy spins her tires and the car bolts after Rocket!

Summer watches as two cars thunder out of the parking lot onto the Pacific Coast Highway without her.

86 **INT. TIM'S CAR (DRIVER'S SIDE BACK SEAT) - MORNING** 86

The thief twists and quickly places his arm on the seat. The gun barrel pointed at Tim. His face wrenched with anger. He asks a direct question to Tim. Tim responds by moving his two shoulders upwards. The thief smirks in anger at Tim.

The trigger bends backwards. Tim yells at Rocket the cabin ringing with the frightened voice of Tim. The glove compartment opens slowly with Tim taking notice, a sign?

Tim rolls his top lip over his bottom lip with his eyes focused on the gun.

Tim replies to Rocket silently with the thief placing the gun onto the front seat. The steering wheel slowly retracts. Tim unbuckles himself from the back seat and slowly moves towards the thief, unnoticed.

87 **INT. TIM'S CAR (DRIVER'S FRONT SEAT) - MORNING** 87

As the steering wheel inches forward the front seat quickly jolts forward. The thief pinched between the steering column and the seat. Pinned. Trapped.

The thief rocks forward in an attempt to grab the pistol with Tim reaching for it as well. Tim continues to reach, but it's moved too far forward, his finger tips barely grasp the wooden handle.

The thief is stuck, pinned and in a desperate attempt to free himself he sees the open fuse panel. He reaches within and pulls out the fuses one, two, three until a handful of fuses are in his hand.

The car headed for a solid red brick wall! Rocket relays to Tim the end is near. Tim's eyes focus on the wall, his eyes widen. He drops back into the back seat and pulls the seatbelt tight. Snap. He moves his head into his lap and prepares for impact. His hands reach behind his skull.

The car without hesitation slams into the wall. Wham! The front hood is crunching into the front cabin, and the front doors crunched into wafer sized potato chips.

The air bags inflate in a continuous rhythm! The bodies of the thief and Tim absorbed into the soft fabric. The car settles. Smoke rises from the front hood. Tim dazed and confused. He looks for his messenger bag a desperate search. His eyes swell.

He attempts to push open the Falcon Wing doors. The doors are folded into the exterior panels of the car, Tim rests his spine onto the back seat and kicks his feet forward without any success. The door is welded shut from the impact. Tim continues his efforts to escape. Bang! Bang!

The cabin lights up. Rocket talks to Tim in a rattled voice and begins forcing the Falcon Wing door upwards. A tiny crack appears. Rocket continues to force the doors open. As he does the interior lights, fade. One last push, the cabin lights up, and the door opens just barely enough for Tim to squeeze through the twisted metal.

88 **EXT. TIM'S ROCKET CAR - MORNING**

88

Tim jumps out on to the pavement watching a small fire starting on the front hood. Tim looks at the haunting image of the damaged car.

The driver's side door knocks and shakes! A bullet whizzes by Tim. The thief is free! The front door falls onto the pavement, and Tim looks directly into the eyes of the thief.

The thief wrestles himself out of the entanglement and stands firmly with his two legs bolted to the ground. He strolls towards Tim and raises his gun, another round narrowly missing Tim.

A bright light engulfs both of them as they are blinded by two headlights as this light moves closer and closer. The rumbling of a car approaching, the light turns as Joy spins her two front tires to the far right. Her body launches circularly towards the thief.

The thief unblinded raises his pistol and fires round after round into Joy. Joy's body, her back fender squarely hitting the thief throwing him into the air. He is instantly knocked out from the impact of the wall.

As the thief impacts against the wall, the flames build and Rocket explodes into a million pieces.

89 **EXT. JOY CAR - MORNING**

89

Tim runs to Joy's side with her rising the Falcon Doors upwards. She is shaken and takes deep breaths.

Her voice is dry, and her lips are heard smacking. The dashboard sparks and the lights within the cabin slowly dim.

Tim looks for his messenger bag without success. Joy begins to tell Tim, but she ends in mid sentence.

The car's cabin lights turn off. The front headlights dim until off. The cabin is silent. Eerie.

Tim rubs his face, rubs his tears off his face. He stands and walks towards the pier visible in the distance. Tim is feeling Dejected.

SAN DIEGO

90 **EXT. SAN DIEGO – MORNING** 90

The summer sun is rising, and the sandy coast line is silent. The ocean waves heard in a continuous rhythm. It's calming. The streets are empty the pier without a soul.

91 **EXT. SAN DIEGO STREET – MORNING** 91

Tim is feeling the pain through out his body. His right shoulder is thumping out of his shirt. His legs are numb and taking each step pushes a pain so hurtful his eyes need breaks. He closes his eyes on each heart beat pulse of pain.

Tim walks closer to the pier. He reaches for his messenger bag. He tilts his head to the ground, his eyes fidget. Tim continues his journey until reaching the dock.

92 **EXT. SAN DIEGO PIER – MORNING** 92

His walk on the pier is slow, hurtful. He sees the ocean waves crashing. The water is a dark murky colour this early morning. The waves continue to hammer with Tim watching every detail. The crest of the wave pushes down and rebuild into a white beautiful white water.

Tim stops and holds the white pier fencing. He looks downwards and pauses, his life suspended. Everything around him is silent. The world is silent. Tim takes a deep breath of the ocean air. He fills his lungs, and for a moment his pain subsides.

Tim hears his name. His eyes are unfocused, moving violently back and forth as he focuses on the pier fencing and the railing. He hears his name again, more pronounced.

His face lightens up as the sun hits it squarely. Summers' hair rolls in the wind and glows from the sun behind her. Summer reaches Tim and looks deeply into his eyes.

She pulls off the brown messenger bag that has hidden behind her out of view. Tim's eyes light up. He places the messenger bag onto the railing. Summer opens her arms and Tim embraces Summer, his smile beams from ear to ear.

The messenger bag accidentally falls from the pier. Accidentally hit by their embrace. Tim's eyes widen as the bag splashes into the ocean below.

Tim grabs the fence rail and places his right foot on the first rung. He then continues the process until standing on the top railing, upright. He twists and looks back at Summer and jumps into the ocean below.

93

EXT. SAN DIEGO OCEAN - MORNING

93

He swims deep after the messenger bag. The bag drops slowly but has gained a lead. He swims harder and extends his right arm, his right shoulder. He screams underwater as the pain shoots through his body. His finger tips barely hold the bag. He swims a bit deeper, nearly out of breath. The messenger bag is now firmly gripped by his hand.

He spins his body looking upwards to the darkness, a small visible white light seen. He moves his shoulders, his hands in unison as he reaches to extend himself and push his body upwards.

Air breaches his mouth, as the air nearly fully extinguished from his body. He pushes harder his eyes fading; his blinking is continuous. His last bit of air escapes, a bubble rises fast to the surface.

Tim notices the sunlight a strange reflection above him. The appearance resembles his daughter. She swims beside him, and he swims harder with her. Tim takes his last stride, his final push with Sarah.

Then two hands reach from above and pull him upwards propelled out of the water into the arms of Summer. He gasps for air. Tim takes another deep breath of air. He breathes the oxygen looking up to the sky. He turns to Summer who is swimming beside him, holding him and bringing him to shore.

94

EXT. SAN DIEGO BEACH - MORNING

94

Tim and Summer reach the beach, and the sand runs between their toes.

They stumble and fall and together help each other reach the sandy beach. They drop together looking upwards towards the sky. Both taking deep breaths of fresh sea breeze air. Tim sits up. He's out of breath, hesitating he takes a deep, welcoming breath of air and exhales. Tim tilts his head towards Summer and exclaims;

"I miss my family."

Tim explains that his trip to San Diego was a promise. A pledged to deliver my daughter's iPod a text message that I made five years early. A promise I intend to complete.

Summer's affinity drives her feelings forward. "It was not your fault, and you were not the driver." "You have a new life, drive forward." Summer is looking deeply into Tim's eyes. She places her hand out.

My little girl and wife died being distracted; I distracted them, "I was texting them."

"It was not your fault."

Tim looks up at Summer. I can save them; they can be saved. Summer's eyes fixed on Tim, her eyes swollen her head tilts downwards. Feeling sick. "You don't understand."

Silence.

Tim gathers himself inhales the warm air, breathes and exhales.

Tim explains that Rocket and Joy can be saved! Restored! We can save them, and they can have a second chance at life. Tim stands. He extends his hands outwards towards Summer and pulls her up off the beach.

They look at each other and in unison and hug, a sincere, warm, meaningful hug. They begin their run towards the City of San Diego.

95

EXT. SAN DIEGO - MORNING

95

Together they enter the City streets.

Tim is running in pain, his arms, shoulders and legs. He pushes himself to reach through the sand. His legs are in pain. His shoulder is throbbing.

Summer holds Tim up as they continue to run into the City. She hesitates with him, they gain their breath and continue. They walk a mile into the City pass the rail tracks until seeing their destination.

The dealership of Big Ben Technologies seen on the corner. An enormous, glorious building is showcasing their self-driving futuristic cars. The dealership sparkles with neon lights. The futuristic feeling of the building collides with the natural planted trees and the wooden framed tree like furniture.

Tim grasps the stainless steel handles attached to the nine-foot high glass doors and opens and enters the dealership.

96

INT. SAN DIEGO BBT DEALERSHIP - MORNING

96

The dealership comes alive with the Big Ben Technologies iconic theme song. The holograms meet Summer and Tim immediately and introduce themselves. Tim shakes his head in disbelief.

The pleasantries of BBT reception communicated to Tim. Tim explains to the hologram receptionist he needs a technician. He needs both Rocket and Joy restored, restored to any car in the dealership. Tim runs within the showroom, car-to-car waving his hands in the air, frantic. "Any car! This car or this car, you pick one."

Reception explains the standard operating features of the car. Dedicated voice operating system. Self-driving or manual. Navigation. Finger print and face recognition security.

His voice pitches requesting desperately for a solution to his current needs and his wants, a restored family!

The receptionist hologram disappears and reappearing is a technician in a white lab coat. The tech offers a solution with an understanding of the situation.

The technician explains your two cars are off the grid. We understand the situation and are investigating the cause of the virus, the intrusion.

The technician walks towards a similar vehicle in shape and size. The technician asks if this car is sufficient. Tim makes a demand. We wish for both Joy and Rocket restored in the same vehicle.

The tech argues that this is not how we have tailored our vehicles. Our Operating Systems they are to be unique to the one owner. Tim and Summer insist that they have adapted to them.

The technician disappears, and Joy answers first. She is excited to hear both Summer and Tim's voices.

Her narcissistic self-starts with her "you know if it weren't for me you would be dead."

Rocket joins in and mentions his love for predictive modeling. Joy insists that continuous education sucks. Joy takes over the conversation.

Tim mentions I have to finish my journey, my promise.

97 **EXT. SAN DIEGO CEMETERY - MORNING**

97

Tim reaches into his messenger bag and pulls the pink iPod. He places the iPod in his hand tilting his head. He drops down on one knee and sets the iPod down beside the stone. Tim says a prayer and turns his head back towards Summer, Joy and Rocket. He turns back and motions the words "thank you" to Sarah's grave stone.

Tim stands up and turns to the second grave stone. He drops down to one knee and places the watch on the headstone, drops to one knee and says a prayer.

Tim puts the messenger bag around his shoulders. It lands softly on his hips. He takes a deep breath and exhales. The bag is twisted exposing an engraving "thank you for your fifteen years of automotive manufacturing service, together we've driven forward." Big Ben Technologies.

The sun is setting and 'the afterglow' is bright.

98 **INT. THE NEW CAR (DRIVER'S PASSENGER BACKSEAT) - DAY**

98

Tim enters the back seat of Rocket and Joy. The Falcon Wing door close.

COSTA RICA

99 **EXT. COSTA RICA - DAY**

99

The tires of this grand, stylish car grip the road tightly in unison with the paved road. Fast driving. The zigzag nature of the cliffs below, the view of the jungle clash with the beautiful view of the seamless dashboard, the steering wheel retracted.

Tim removes the SOLD sign from the jungle home and walks towards the stoop of the home. He turns and sits. His elbows are nestled on his knees. He is benevolent in his thoughts on life and death.

He rubs with one hand the scruff grown on his face. The driveway full of life, his two friends Rocket and Joy conversing.

Summer sits beside Tim. The two look down at the brown messenger bag full of dirt sprouting a small flower. Beside two surf boards rest on the grass.

Mid morning. A picturesque view of the jungle. The sun is gleaming. The temperature warming.

The jungle alive and loud!

FADE OUT.

THE END