

TORONTO

Wheels

The Cars trilogy, specifically Cars 2's World Grand Prix

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. DAYTONA BEACH INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

One month after the February qualifier, DIRK KENNEDY is waiting in the gate area. He's tapping his foot and periodically checking his watch. ORIEN SANTIAGO, PARKER TEAGAN, and GRANT KANG all approach him.

DIRK

(Claps)

There you are! I was about to send a search party for you guys.

ORIEN

(Panting)

I'm sorry! I forgot we were flying out today, I almost slept in!

DIRK

(Puts hand up)

All that matters is that you're here now.

Orien gestures toward Grant.

ORIEN

This is Grant. He's the guy I asked to be my crew chief.

Dirk shakes Grant's hand.

DIRK

Hey there. Dirk Kennedy, his agent. Orien's told me A LOT about you.

GRANT

Oh, cool. Like what?

Dirk prolongs the handshake, trying to figure out a lie.

DIRK

You're Grant Kang and you're going to be his crew chief!

GRANT

(Raises one eyebrow)

He just said that.

DIRK

You can learn a lot about a man in just a few seconds.

Dirk and Grant are still shaking hands.

DIRK
(Uncomfortable)
What crew experience have you had?

GRANT
(Plainly)
I watch a lot of NASCAR.

DIRK
That's nice, I do too. But I asked
what experience you have.

GRANT
(Nonchalant)
I mean, I yell at the racers and
pit crew on TV for stupid stuff,
and Orien says I'm good at bossing
people around, so...

Dirk slows the handshake. He still is holding Grant's hand.
He glances at Dirk's cold, clammy hand.

GRANT
(Uncomfortable)
You can... let go now.

He lets go of Grant's hand. He adjusts his tie in
embarrassment. Orien gestures toward Parker.

ORIEN
This is Parker. She's my pit crew.

Dirk shakes Parker's hand.

PARKER
(Cheerfully)
Nice to meet you, Mr. Dirk.

DIRK
Please, Mr. Dirk was my father.
Call me Dirk.

Dirk chuckles at his own joke. Nobody else laughs.

DIRK
(Clears throat)
So, Ms. Parker. Do you have any
mechanical experience?

PARKER
(Chipper)
I was practically born and raised
with a wrench in my hand!

DIRK
(Impressed)
Amazing, amazing! That's what I
like to hear! So where are the
others?

PARKER
The others?

DIRK
Yeah. Like, are the other crew
members coming, are you just here
to represent the whole crew, or...?

Parker takes her index finger and twirls her hair.

PARKER
No, I think it's just me.

DIRK
You don't even have a crew?

ORIEN
(Proud)
Parker's the only pit crew I need!

Dirk turns around, closes his eyes and clasps his hands.

DIRK
(Praying)
Lord, please tell me I didn't
already screw this up.

Dirk takes a deep breath.

DIRK
(Whispering loudly)
It's okay. I can work with this.

Dirk turns to face Orien.

DIRK
(Hiding annoyance)
I'll go ahead and trust the system.
First time for everything, right?

Dirk sits down in one of the waiting area chairs. He invites
the trio to sit down with him. Orien sits in the seat next
to Dirk while Parker and Grant sit across.

ORIEN
I've been wondering for a while,
Dirk.

DIRK
What's up?

ORIEN
How exactly does this...

Orien is gesturing between himself and Dirk with his hands.

ORIEN
"Agreement" work?

Dirk places both elbows on his knees.

DIRK
I'm your agent. In other words,
your hype man. I talk to people,
get them excited about you, and
that'll attract sponsors.

ORIEN
(Intrigued)
Sponsors?

DIRK
Yeah! Think about it! Your face on
Gatorade, Mountain Dew,
Playstation! With the right
sponsors, you could become
WORLDWIDE, baby! And imagine that
cash flow!

Orien scratches his chin with intrigue.

ORIEN
(Hopeful)
Mama and I would never have to
worry again.

DIRK
(Bluntly)
Before you drift off to cloud nine,
I do have to take 10% of what you
earn.

ORIEN
(Shocked)
TEN PERCENT?!

DIRK
(Serious)
Ten percent, yes.

ORIEN
You never mentioned anything about that!

DIRK
Hey, ten percent is my DISCOUNT. I told my supervisor I was going to take thirty from you, but I'm already neck-deep in a caca river with her.

ORIEN
(Exasperated)
But the whole reason I did this was to help me and my mom out.

Dirk places a hand in front of Orien.

DIRK
(Reassuring)
And don't worry, you'll still make that money. Just think of it as
(Pinches w/ fingers)
A little tax.

Orien looks at Dirk with a salty face.

DIRK
(Waving off)
That's for later, but remember. There are going to be 89 other racers out there who also want a slice of that 10 million dollar pie.

Orien leans back in his seat.

ORIEN
(Cocky)
Doesn't sound too bad.

DIRK
I appreciate the hutzpah, kid, but don't forget. You're going up against some of the best racers in the WORLD.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUZUKA CIRCUIT - ONE MONTH AGO

A flashback to one month before, when all of the International Grand Prix racers received their invitations. It is daytime in Japan's Suzuka Circuit, where a Le Mans Endurance race is about to end. TETSUKO OHAMA, driving an Audi R10 TDI, is in the lead.

JP ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
レーサーたちがコーナーを抜けてゴールラインに向かっていきます！先頭を走っているのはアウディR10 TDIです！

SUBTITLES
The racers are exiting out of the corner and headed toward the finish line! The Audi R10 TDI is in the lead!

Tetsuko crosses the finish line with a huge lead.

JP ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
優勝！大浜鉄子のチームが勝ちました！

SUBTITLES
Victory! Tetsuko Ohama's team wins!

Tetsuko reaches her pit and gets out of the car. She takes off her helmet. Her agent JUNICHI MORIYAMA is there to greet her, clapping.

MORIYAMA
鉄子さん、おめでとうございます！えらいレーシングでしたね！

SUBTITLES
Tetsuko-san, congratulations! That was some wonderful racing!

Tetsuko puts her helmet down on the hood of her Audi.

TETSUKO
(Unimpressed) 別に。

SUBTITLES
Not really.

MORIYAMA
嬉しくありませんか？

SUBTITLES
You're not happy?

TETSUKO
普通のレースだった。興奮する理由はない。

SUBTITLES
It was a just another race. No reason to get excited.

Moriyama sighs at Tetsuko's self-deprecation. His face then lights up.

MORIYAMA
あ！忘れる前に・・・

SUBTITLES
Ah! Before I forget...

Moriyama walks inside of the pit takes an envelope on a table. He walks back over to Tetsuko.

MORIYAMA
(Handing envelope) これ。

SUBTITLES
Here.

Tetsuko hesitantly accepts the envelop. She inspects it.

TETSUKO
何これ？

SUBTITLES
What's this?

MORIYAMA
あの、分かりません。国際レーシング
会社から送られました。招待状のよう
です。

SUBTITLES
Um, I'm not sure. It was sent
by the International Racing
Coalition. It looks like an
invitation.

Tetsuko opens the letter and silently reads its contents.
Her eyes widen a bit as she reads.

TETSUKO
2009年の国際グランプリ？

SUBTITLES
2009 International Grand
Prix?

CUT TO:

INT. ROMANO MANSION - SAME TIME

In the rural countryside of Tuscany, Italy lies a large vineyard, belonging to the Romano family. Italian Formula 1 racer GIANNA ROMANO is in the living room with her younger siblings. 19-year-old younger brother DANTE, 17-year-old sister GEMMA, 16-year old brother ANGELO and 13-year-old sister RINA.

GIANNA
(Annoyed) Gemma, muoviti.
Stai bloccando la TV.

SUBTITLES
Gemma, move. You're blocking
the TV.

Gemma turns her head back to look at Gianna.

GEMMA
Perché? Il tavolino da caffè
è comodo da sedersi!

SUBTITLES
Why? The coffee table is
comfortable to sit on!

GIANNA
La tua testa grossa mi sta
bloccando la vista, quindi
spostati.

SUBTITLES
Well, your big head's
blocking my view, so move.

GEMMA
(Humming) E se non mi va?

SUBTITLES
And what if I don't want to?

Dante roots through a bowl of snacks with a dead-eyed expression.

DANTE
(Tired) Posso almeno
chiederti di stare ferma? Le
gambe scricchiolano ogni
volta che ti muovi.

SUBTITLES
At the very least, can you
sit still? The legs creak
every time you move.

GEMMA
Cosa c'è di male in questo?

SUBTITLES
And what's wrong with that?

DANTE
È fastidioso.

SUBTITLES
It's annoying.

ANGELO
(Cheeky) Non così fastidioso
quanto l'auto da Formula 1 di
Gianna.

SUBTITLES
Not as annoying as Gianna's
F1.

Angelo pretends to drive a car, making a high pitched screeching noise mocking a Formula engine. Gianna grabs Angelo, who is sitting in front of her recliner criss-cross, by the hair.

GIANNA
La mia "fastidiosa auto da
Formula 1" è ciò che ti farà
attraversare l'università,
maledetto ingrato.

SUBTITLES
My "annoying F1" is what's
going to get you through uni,
you ungrateful brat.

RINA
(Shaking head) Che peccato.
Gianna lavora così duramente
per noi e tutto ciò che fai è
approfittarti di lei. Sei il
peggiore.

SUBTITLES
How sad. Gianna works so hard
for us and all you do is take
advantage of her. You're the
worst.

Rina looks at Gianna behind her with a sweet smile.

RINA
(Sweetly) Gianna, mi compri
una macchina dopo che prendo
la patente?

SUBTITLES
Gianna, will you buy me a car
after I get my license?

GIANNA
(Coldly)
No.

Rina's excitement fades into disappointment. The doorbell rings. Rina gets up to go get the door. After a while, she comes back. She walks over to Gianna and hands her an envelop.

RINA
È per te.

SUBTITLES
It's for you.

Gianna accepts the envelope and opens it up. She reads the letter that's inside.

GIANNA
(Reading slowly) Un torneo su
circuito stradale multi-
classe?

SUBTITLES
A multi-class street circuit
tournament?

CUT TO:

EXT. JABARI NJOROGI'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

In the outskirts of Nairobi, Kenya, rally racer JABARI NJOROGI is sitting outside of his house, drinking some tea in a mug. A his friend MOSES approaches him.

JABARI
(Waving with mug) Habari za
asubuhi, rafiki yangu. Hali
ya hewa leo ni nzuri sana,
siyo?

SUBTITLES
Good morning, my friend. The
weather is lovely today,
isn't it?

MOSES
(Looking at sky) Nzuri na
yenye joto. Huenda nikachukua
watoto nje baadaye.

SUBTITLES
Nice and warm. Might take the
kids outside later.

JABARI
Unafaa kufanya hivyo. Mungu
amekupa familia na lazima
uwajali.

SUBTITLES
You should. God gave you a
family and you must take care
of them.

MOSES
Nina kitu kwa ajili yako.

SUBTITLES
I have something for you.

Moses reaches into his pouch and roots through several files. He pulls out a sealed envelope and hands it to Jabari.

MOSES
Tutaonana baadaye.

SUBTITLES
See you later.

Moses walks off. Jabari opens his envelope and reads the letter inside.

JABARI
90 racers from around the world?

Jabari looks up and grins.

JABARI
Sounds like fun.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

In London, England, NIGEL THORNE is having dinner with his pit crew after returning home from a GT3 endurance race in Silverstone. They're eating a stake dinner. A few female journalists and male anchors are also there at dinner.

NIGEL

(Mid-story)

-So the bloke's pit crew were yelling at the incompetent to pull over since his tyre was on fire. I heard his pit radio. It was utter gibberish. But then his tyre goes "POP!"

The reporters and anchors gasp at his story. The pit crew, still eating, are invested in his story.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

And what does he do? Does he pull over? NO! He keeps going, and he ends up losing control and crashing into a wall, which caused a whole domino effect with the other 33 cars on the track. That was quite possibly the EASIEST victory I've ever had!

The table bursts into light laughter.

FEMALE ANCHOR

(Wipes tear)

Oh, Mr. Thorne! Your racing stories never fail to amaze!

Nigel puts a hand on his chest in a heartfelt manner.

NIGEL

(Gently)

Please, call me Nigel. I'm friends with everyone.

Nigel takes a sip of his wine glass. He smacks his lips before setting the glass down.

NIGEL

Want to know the funniest part of it? After the race, he has the nerve to-

Nigel's agent, ROBERT KINGSLEY, approaches Nigel's seat at the end of the table.

KINGSLEY
Excuse me, Nigel.

Nigel's shoulders sag as he adopts an expression that's mixed with boredom and annoyance. He turns to Kingsley.

NIGEL
(Annoyed)
I hope whatever business you have
was important enough to interrupt
me.

Kingsley pulls out an envelope and hands it to Nigel. He grumbles and snatches the envelope out of Kingsley's hands. He mumbles the contents of the invitation letter to himself.

NIGEL
(Out loud)
You may potentially go toe-to-toe
with some of the current best
racers in the world?

Nigel looks up and stares each person at the table in the eye.

NIGEL
(Intrigued)
Looks like this is a prime
opportunity to show the world why
Britain is the best nation in the
world.

The whole table cheers for him.

BACK TO:

INT. DAYTONA BEACH INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

The screen cuts back to the present with Orien, Parker, Grant and Dirk.

SPOILER (O.S.)
(Breathing heavily)
We're here!

The four of them look toward the direction of the airport hallway. HOOD, DECKLID, SPOILER, RIO and PHIL approach the gate waiting area. Orien stands up.

ORIEN
(Cheerfully)
Guys, you came!

SPOILER
Sorry we're late.

Spoiler angrily glares at Decklid, whose gaze averts from hers.

SPOILER
(Sarcastic)
SOMEONE just had to piss off TSA.

Decklid pulls out a giant poster that says "SUCKS YOU HAVE TO LEAVE ORIEN" on it.

DECKLID
Hey, look. I made you a poster.
There were supposed to be sparklers
to go with it, but for some reason,
the guard guys didn't like that.

GRANT
(Confused)
How did TSA even let you pass?

Decklid stuffs one hand in his pocket.

DECKLID
(Hesitantly)
See, that's the thing-- I managed
to lose them, but--

Decklid hears radio chatter and keys jingling. He hides behind a pillar. A random TSA agent runs through the food court and scans the whole area.

TSA AGENT
Could've sworn he went in this
direction.

The TSA agent gives up and runs away. Decklid peers out from behind the pillar to check if the coast is clear, then walks back out into the open.

HOOD
At least we caught you all in time.

ORIEN
(Modest)
You guys didn't have to do all of
this.

Hood goes over and pats Orien on his shoulder.

HOOD
Hey, our homie deserved a proper
goodbye.

Spoiler hands Orien two farewell cards.

SPOILER
After the TSA ordeal, this is all
we had to give you.

Orien opens up the two cards and reads them silently. He
then looks up at them.

ORIEN
(Disappointed)
\$5. Thank you guys so much.

SPOILER
Like your broke ass can afford to
be choosy.

Phil walks over to Parker. She looks at her dad with a
smile.

PARKER
Dad, are you sure you're going to
be okay while I'm gone?

PHIL
(Flexing arm)
Of course I can! I ran the shop
since before you were born!

PARKER
Emotionally, I mean.

PHIL
(Putting on brave face)
Of course I'll be fine! My only
daughter's leaving the country for
nine weeks! How could I not be f-
fine?

Phil grins a bit before his face begins to falter. Parker
opens her arms.

PARKER
(Empathetic)
Need a hug?

Phil meekly nods and embraces Parker. Parker rests her chin
on his shoulder, her cheeks pressed against his.

PARKER
(Sadly)
I'm going to miss you too, dad.

They release each other after a few moments. Parker looks around.

PARKER
Is mom here?

PHIL
When I told her I was going to say
goodbye to you at the airport, she
said she wanted to call you.

PARKER
Oh. Is she busy?

PHIL
(Rolls eyes)
Yeah. At the casino.

Phil takes out his cell phone and attempts to call Parker's mother. After leaving her voicemail, he looks at the screen.

PHIL
(Slowly)
"Tell Pkr i sed bi"

PARKER
(Shrugging)
At least you're here.

ORIEN
(To Hood, Spoiler and
Decklid)
Since I'm going to be traveling the
world, anything you want from me?

HOOD
Gimme an exotic car part. Somethin'
European.

SPOILER
(Pounds fist)
I've always wanted to see how I'd
fare against a professional!

Decklid twiddles his fingers, embarrassed to say what he wants his wish to be.

ORIEN
What about you, Decklid?

Decklid rubs his neck.

DECKLID

(Slowly)

So I heard Gianna Romano's gonna be
in the tournament, and--

SPOILER

(Warning)

Decklid, don't make this weird.

ORIEN

Gianna Romano?

GRANT

(Informative)

She's an Italian F1 driver for Team
Ferrari. She's apparently one of
the best racers in Europe right
now.

DECKLID

I was wondering if you could, like,
get me her autograph, a special
shout out, her phone number, maybe
a meal together,

(Under breath)

Or one of her gloves, a lock of
hair, or a toothbrush-

ORIEN

Huh?

DECKLID

(Playing dumb)

What?

A cute little jingle rings throughout the airport.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

American Airlines flight 314 to
Toronto is now boarding at Gate 12.
All priority seating passengers may
now board the plane.

DIRK

That's us.

Dirk, Parker and Grant grab their luggage and head toward
the gate. Orien grabs his luggage before looking at Rio. He
walks over to her.

ORIEN

I'll be back for you soon, mama.

Rio grabs onto his arm.

RIO
Buena suerte.

Rio leans over to kiss Orien on the cheek.

RIO
Make me proud, alright?

Orien nods silently. The four of them enter the gate to the plane.

TSA OFFICER (O.S.)
Hey, there he is!

Before Decklid can ever turn around to find where the voice came from, an army of TSA officers tackle him to the ground.

FADE TO:

TRAVEL MONTAGE

Their plane takes off. Hood, Spoiler, Phil and Rio are waving goodbye through the waiting area window. The TSA officers tackling Decklid free one hand so he could happily wave with the crew.

In the cabin of the plane, Grant is sleeping in the window seat, leaning his head back on the travel pillow. Orien is focused on his bag of chips and soda on his tray table. Parker is silently reading a Toronto travel guide in the aisle seat.

The plane arrives at Toronto Pearson International Airport and they land on the runway.

A shot of Orien, Parker and Grant going through airport customs.

A bus arrives at the airport terminal.

Orien, Parker and Grant look out of their bus windows in awe, taking in the sights of Toronto.

They arrive at their hotel, The Maple.

A receptionist hands the trio their key to Orien.

END OF MONTAGE

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ORIEN'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

The door to the hotel room opens, exposing Orien, Parker and Grant with their luggage. They survey the room as they enter, taking in how beautiful the room is. Parker immediately throws her stuff on the floor next to a bed and hops in it. She lets body bounce on the bed while she's spread out in an angel pose.

PARKER
(In ecstasy)
These beds are so soft.

Cut to Orien staring over the hotel room balcony.

ORIEN
The view here is great!

Cut to Grant standing in the bathroom.

GRANT
This bathroom's so clean, I could
eat off the toilets.

Parker points to a tiny little mint on her pillow.

PARKER
(Gushing)
They even have those cute little
hotel mints!

Orien sits on the bed next to Parker.

ORIEN
(Casually)
I'm starving, what're we eating for
dinner?

Grant goes over to the desk and picks up a laminated pamphlet.

GRANT
We can order room service. Hotels
this nice must have the best food--
(Incredulous)
150 dollars for a pizza?!

PARKER
I saw an Indian food place on the
way here. Why don't we just go
there? Try out some local cuisine?

ORIEN
Sounds good to me.

GRANT
Yeah let's do that.

The trio leave the hotel room.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRK'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dirk enters his hotel room from off-screen. He takes the TV remote and turns it on, displaying some local hockey match from earlier today. He kicks his black loafers off, throws his blazer off, loosens his tie and unbuttons his dress shirt. Plopping down on the bed, he grabs the phone on the nightstand and punches in a number with a 212 area code.

INT. WHITNEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Whitney's bedroom is dimly lit with only her nightstand lamp being on. Whitney is lying in bed when she picks up the phone.

INTERCUT - PHONE CALL

Dirk props his sock-covered feet on the bed.

DIRK
Hey, just calling to let you know I
made it to Toronto safe and sound.

WHITNEY
(Snaps)
Damn. The next plane, then.

DIRK (V.O.)
(Faking pain)
Ouch, madam. You wound me.

DIRK
(Sly)
So anyway, how are things back home
without me? I know your life's
gotta be falling apart.

Whitney, with her flip phone nestled on her shoulder, reaches over and grabs a department store catalog. She opens it up and begins browsing.

WHITNEY
I wish you went away sooner. I've
been begging for peace and quiet
like this.

DIRK (V.O.)
(Mischevious)
Did your nose grow when you said
that?

WHITNEY
Dirk, do you need something or did
you just call to hit on me?

DIRK (V.O.)
I have a good feeling about this?

Whitney sets her magazine down on her lap.

WHITNEY
About what?

Dirk takes his finger and plays with the grooves on the
headboards.

DIRK
About Orien. I have a feeling eight
is my lucky number.

WHITNEY (V.O.)
But you haven't even seen the kid
race yet.

DIRK
He won the qualifier.

WHITNEY
(Pinching nose)
Dirk, he won on a TECHNICALITY. We
don't know how good of a racer he
is.

DIRK
I just have this feeling about him,
y'know.

Whitney sighs on the other end. She puts her catalog back on
her nightstand.

WHITNEY
Just keep in mind: Orien Santiago
is representing the entire United
States in this tournament. I can't
cover for you much longer if this
turns out to be a bad idea.

DIRK

Don't stress out about it, you're going to get wrinkles. Just leave everything to me.

WHITNEY

If you say so. I'm going to bed.

DIRK

Alright, then. Get your beauty sleep.

(Smirking)

Or in your case, just sleep.

The line audibly cuts on the other end.

DIRK

Whitney?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. NATHAN PHILLIPS SQUARE - THE NEXT MORNING (MONDAY)

The next morning, Orien, Parker and Grant go to the Nathan Phillips Square. Orien is snacking on fries, Grant has a hot dog, and Parker has a cup of poutines, one in her mouth. They're looking up at the towering building.

ORIEN

(In awe)

Woah... The building is U-shaped.

PARKER

And that's not all.

Parker points over to a bronze statue of Winston Churchill.

PARKER

(Informative)

This is a statue of Sir Winston Churchill, built by Croatian sculptor Oscar Nemon.

ORIEN

(Confused)

Who's Winston Churchill?

Parker stares at Orien blankly.

PARKER

(In disbelief)

You're not serious.

ORIEN

Wait, don't tell me!

Orien thinks to himself. He's tapping his foot and knocking on his own head trying to get himself to remember.

ORIEN

(Snaps)

I got it!

(Hands on hips)

He was an actor!

(Dramatically)

"To be or not to be!"

(Casually)

That was his line in, what, Othello?

Parker throws a poutine at Orien's forehead. Orien rubs his forehead where the poutine struck him.

PARKER
(Excited)
Ooh!

She runs over to the Toronto sign in front of the square, sandwiched between two fountains.

PARKER
The Toronto sign! We HAVE to get a picture in front of it!

Parker roots through her purse and pulls out a silver digital camera.

PARKER
Ryan, Grant! Get near it!

Orien and Grant share a glance. They shrug and walk over to the sign. Parker taps her chin and looks around her. She finds a random TORONTO MOTHER pushing a baby stroller, has a toddler climbing on her shoulder, and a baby strapped to her stomach.

PARKER
(Running over)
Excuse me! Miss!

The Toronto lady looks around before pointing at herself. Parker pushes her camera on the lady.

PARKER
(Hyped up)
Do you have a minute?

TORONTO MOTHER
(Nervous)
Actually, I--

PARKER
Can you get a picture of me and my friends in front of that sign?

TORONTO MOTHER
(Politely)
I'd love to, but my hands are kind of full right now and I need to drop them off at the day--

Parker grasps the free shoulder of the lady.

PARKER
(Pleading)
Please? Just one quick shot.

TORONTO MOTHER
(Relenting)
Okay, just a quick one.

The mother hesitantly accepts the camera and Parker runs over to the sign.

PARKER
(Directing)
Orien, sit on top of one of the
O's.

ORIEN
Why?

PARKER
"O"rien.
(Giggles)
Get it?

Orien groans and sits on top of the O at the end of the sign.

PARKER
(Pointing)
Grant, go stand near the first T.
Lean on it cooly.

Grant, bored, trudges over to the T and lazily leans on it. Parker nestles herself between the O and N of the sign, putting each arm on the letter.

PARKER
Okay, ready!

The Toronto lady struggles to get a good grip on the camera, but shakily snaps a shot.

PARKER
Wait, no take it again. I think I
blinked.

The toddler is pulling at the mother's check and slapping her eyelids. She snaps another shot.

PARKER
(Complaining)
Grant, I know I told you to slack,
but fix your posture, you look like
a zombie!

Grant, muttering a swear under his breath, straightens his back on the sign. She snaps another picture. Her toddler is beginning to lose their grip on her arm.

PARKER
 (Turning to Orien)
 Ryan, you have to smile.

ORIEN
 But I was smiling.

PARKER
 I saw you drop your smile right
 before the flash.

Orien forces another smile. The mother readjusts her arm and her finger grazes the capture button.

PARKER
 Wait, I wasn't looking, had to
 scratch my nose.

The mother sighs. Parker takes a moment to adjust her hair. The Toronto mother rolls her eyes and takes another.

PARKER
 (Gratefully)
 Thank you!

The toddler falls off the mother's arm falls to the grown. They start to cry. Parker runs over to the mother and hastily steals the camera back, the trio speed walking away. The mother picks up the crying toddler.

TORONTO MOTHER
 (Scornfully)
 Americans.

CUT TO:

EXT. CINESPHERE THEATER - THE NEXT DAY (TUESDAY)

Orien, Parker and Grant stand outside of Toronto's Cinesphere Theater, an IMAX theater built in a sphere. Parker blankly stares at the building.

PARKER
 What am I looking at?

GRANT
 (Presenting)
 This is the Cinesphere Theater.
 Built in 1971, It was the world's
 first permanent IMAX movie theater.

PARKER
 (Impressed)
 It's a movie theater?

GRANT

Yep. I've wanted to come to Canada
just to visit this place.

PARKER

This wasn't in the travel guide.

Grant pokes Parker in the chest.

GRANT

(Teasing)

That's because I'm cultured, unlike
you and your crappy little
adventure guide.

ORIEN

(Intrigued)

That could be cool. So what movie
are we going to watch in it?

GRANT

Nothing. I just wanted to stare at
it.

PARKER

You mean to tell me you always
wanted to Canada to look at balls?

Orien walks off. Parker follows, leaving Grant to gaze at
the Cinesphere Theater.

CUT TO:

INT. CN TOWER - THE NEXT DAY (WEDNESDAY)

Through the lens of Parker's digital camera, she's taking
pictures of everything from their view inside of the CN
Tower. From each individual building to every plane that
passes by. She even starts taking pictures of the birds that
fly by. Zooming out of the camera, Grant is leaning on the
railing, looking tired and bored Orien is not in the frame.

GRANT

(Yawns)

Can we go now?

PARKER

(In a trance)

Nuh uh. There's so much here to
see, I couldn't live with myself if
I didn't commemorate it!

GRANT
We're in a radio tower, what about
it is special?

PARKER
(Sassy)
The view, genius.

GRANT
Do you have to take pictures of the
birds too?

Parker moves her camera away from her face and glares at
Grant in the eye.

PARKER
(Matter-of-fact)
I'll have you know that the bird
that just flew by was the cedar
waxwing, a bird commonly found here
in Toronto.

Grant moves his hands away from his chin and waves them
around half-heartedly.

GRANT
(Fake excitement)
Oooh, cedar waxwing.

Parker turns back to snapping a million photos.

PARKER
Ryan, can you tell this big baby to
shut up and enjoy the sights?

Orien doesn't answer. Parker drops her camera to hang around
her neck. Grant also cranes his neck up to look for Orien.
They look behind them to see Orien across from where they
were, curled up into a ball and rocking. A crowd of people,
both tourists and Toronto natives stare at him.

ORIEN
(Nauseous)
Can we get down please? I don't do
well with heights.

GRANT
Okay. But there is one more thing I
want to try before we leave here.

ORIEN
Does it involve being on the ground
safely?

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. CN TOWER ROOF - MINUTES LATER

Orien, Parker and Grant are on the roof of the CN Tower, clad in rappel gear. Orien screams and panics.

ORIEN

(Shrill)

Get me down, get me down, get me down!

GRANT

Orien, calm down. It's not that serious.

Orien's screams die down when he passes out. His harness safely catches him from falling off the tower. Parker looks at one of the employee's to the

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Later that afternoon, Orien, Parker and Grant are sitting at a restaurant booth in Toronto's Little Italy district. Parker and Grant are sharing a pizza. Orien only has a cup of water in front of him, still traumatized by the CN Tower incident.

GRANT

Uh, my bad. When I learned you were scared of heights, I didn't think it was this bad.

PARKER

What part of "crippling fear" did you not understand?

GRANT

In my defense, Orien's okay with going two hundred miles an hour, but some height is what gets to him?!

Parker rubs Orien's back gently, trying to soothe him.

GRANT

You sure you don't want to try the pizza?

ORIEN

(Dead inside)

I'm good, thank you.

The three continue to eat their food. A door bell jingles from offscreen. Dirk approaches their table, hands in his blazer pockets.

DIRK
(Cheerful)
There are my favorite people! How are you enjoying the lovely city of Toronto so far?

Parker waves his off modestly.

PARKER
You don't want to hear about it.

Dirk leans over the booth next to Parker.

DIRK
I'm all ears.

PARKER
We've been having a ton of fun, thanks for asking. Well, Monday we went to the Nathan Phillips Square and hung around there for the whole day. Then yesterday, Grant took us to see some balls.

Dirk grows bored of Parker's ranting and begins to flap his hand in a blah-blah gesture.

PARKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And then today, we went to the CN Tower, but Ryan's really afraid of heights, and he--

DIRK
(Uninterested)
Sounds like you people had a lovely vacation, but I have more important news after you're done eating. There's something I want to show Orien.

PARKER
(Rubbing Orien's back)
Could it wait until tomorrow? Ryan's not doing too good right now.

Dirk points at Orien, who still looks traumatized.

DIRK

What's wrong with him? He looks like me after my ex-wife came at me with a switchblade.

GRANT

Long story.

DIRK

Alright, then. I want my star to be in tip-top shape for what I'm about to show him.

He takes out a pen and notepad. He taps the pen tip on his tongue twice before scribbling something. He flicks the note on the table.

DIRK

Meet me at this address tomorrow at 9:30 in the morning. See you there.

Dirk leaves the restaurant.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARAGE - THE NEXT MORNING (THURSDAY)

Orien, Parker and Grant are strolling through a street full of garages, each of them numbered between one and ninety. They eventually find Dirk standing in front of the garage with the 31 painted on it. He's smoking a cigarette.

DIRK

Morning, kiddos.

ORIEN

What did you need from us, Dirk?

Dirk drops his cigarette and stomps on it to put it out.

DIRK

(Hyping up)

What if I told you today was your birthday?

ORIEN

My birthday's February 1st.

DIRK

No, I wasn't being--

(Sighs)

Nevermind. I have two presents for you.

Orien perks up at this.

ORIEN
(Excited)
What are they?

Dirk takes out the garage key and brandishes it in front of the trio.

DIRK
Let's find out.

Dirk walks over to the garage door and opens it. He motions for them to come inside.

DIRK
(Courteous)
After you.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Orien, Parker and Grant enter the small garage, ducking their heads while they do so. The three of them gasp in awe at what they see. A red, shiny, brand new Chevrolet Corvette C6.R is there, covered in American flag livery. The number 31 is near the front of the left door.

PARKER
(Estatic)
Is that a Corvette C6?

Dirk comes from behind her.

DIRK
Not just any C6. It's a C6
specifically built to be a racecar.
The IRC American branch was going
to give you a NASCAR 4th gen, but
the Formula 1 cars would destroy
you on the track, so we settled
with this.

Dirk walks over to the car and slaps the roof.

DIRK
This beauty is going to be your
best friend for the next eight to
nine weeks, Orien.

He takes out the car keys and tosses them to Orien. Orien catches it with one hand.

DIRK
Take good care of her.

Parker giddily goes over to the C6 and starts examining it.

PARKER

This is one of the most beautiful
race cars I've ever seen.

DIRK

And you wanna know what's even more
beautiful? She's all yours to
modify.

Parker squeals with excitement. She traps Dirk in a hug.
Dirk looks disturbed by her hugging him.

PARKER

(Grateful)

Thank you so much!

Dirk pushes Parker off of him.

DIRK

Okay, okay! Molest the car, not me.

Dirk brushes off his blazer with disgust. Parker hugs the
car.

PARKER

(Giggling)

I'm going to have so much fun with
you.

Grant silently observes the car.

GRANT

(Nodding)

Interesting design. How patriotic.

DIRK

IRC regulations. Every car in the
IGP has to have livery designed
after their country's national
flag. So we chose a very American
design. One that exudes pride,
freedom, and easily marketable
merchandise.

(Snaps)

That reminds me. Let me show you
your other gift.

Dirk grabs Orien's arm and drags him behind the C6 where
nobody can see them. Zipping and fabric sounds echo from
behind the car.

ORIEN (O.S.)
(Struggling)
It's kind of tight.

DIRK (O.S.)
Drop the jeans first.

ORIEN (O.S.)
(Embarrassed)
Not in front of Parker!

Parker and Grant share a suspicious look.

DIRK (O.S.)
The car covers everything, stop
being a drama queen.

Orien struggles for a few seconds after. Dirk walks out from behind the car.

DIRK
(Dramatic)
I introduce to you! IGP Number 31:
Orien Santiago!

Orien walks out from behind the car, revealing his new racing suit. He has his helmet nestled inside his elbow pit. Grant whistles and claps for him.

PARKER
Looking good, Ryan!

Orien checks himself out in his racing suit, observing every angle.

DIRK
(Expectant)
Well, kid? How do you like your
presents?

ORIEN
Something's kind of... bland about
them.

DIRK
(Offended)
Bland? BLAND?! The boys designing
the suits cooked up an immaculate
patriotic design that would make
Uncle Sam kiss you on the lips!

ORIEN
No, I like the car and the suit,
but there's something...
(MORE)

ORIEN (CONT'D)
missing to them. Like, on TV, the
racers and their cars are covered
in decoration in stuff.

DIRK
You mean sponsorship decals?

ORIEN
Yeah, those!

Dirk nonchalantly puts a hand up.

DIRK
(Cooly)
No worries. You're just getting
started. There will be many
opportunities for you to get new
sponsors. Like tonight.

PARKER
What's tonight?

GRANT
A welcoming reception for all the
racers.

DIRK
(Clasps hands)
A royal buffet, tons of
multicultural faces, many suits
with lots and lots of money. It'll
be a great time.

Dirk checks his rolex watch.

DIRK
(Adjusts blazer)
I gotta get ready for tonight.
Don't stay in here too long.

Dirk leaves the garage. Parker goes back to gushing over the
C6, Grant walks around the garage and Orien takes off his
gloves.

CUT TO:

INT. ORIEN'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Later that evening, Orien is sitting on the edge of his bed
in his racing suit, waiting for the others to get ready.
Parker steps out of the hotel bathroom, wearing a simple
black dress and heels, complimented by a cranberry-colored
purse.

PARKER
How do I look?

ORIEN
Fancy.

Parker giggles. Grant stands up, fixing his red polo shirt.

GRANT
Okay, I'm ready.

Parker looks at Grant's outfit with a sour look on her face.

PARKER
(Offended)
A POLO shirt?

GRANT
What? They said dress fancy.

PARKER
You look like you work at State
Farm.

Orien stands up off the bed.

ORIEN
(Calmly)
Guys, we can fight about our
clothes AFTER we eat.

Orien goes ahead and steps out of the hotel room door.
Parker and Grant follow suit.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BANQUET HALL - MINUTES LATER

The hotel banquet hall is filled with many different businesspeople, people in TV and radio, and the 89 other racers in the International Grand Prix, all of them wearing their racing suits styled after their national flags.

PARKER
Look at all the people here.

GRANT
It really does feel like the whole
world is coming together in one
place.

ORIEN
So these are the people I'm going
up against.

The three of them walk past several reserved tables. The reserved tables have mini-flags with racing numbers. They find the table with the US flag and number 31. Parker looks over and sees a buffet.

PARKER
(Nudging Grant)
Grant, look! A buffet! I've never
seen one so huge!

GRANT
I know. Racers and pit crews eat
for free.

PARKER
Let's go right now, then!

GRANT
Wait, we should stay with Orien.
We're a team, after all.

Orien chuckles modestly.

ORIEN
Guys, it's fine. Go get your food.
I wanna talk to some of the other
racers.

Parker shoots up from her seat.

PARKER
Race you to the chocolate fountain!

GRANT
Please don't. I'm wearing dress
shoes.

PARKER
(Goads)
Are you scared of losing to me?

GRANT
Oh, it's on.

Parker and Grant run off to the buffet table. Orien scours the place for a bit. He finds Nigel talking with Gianna, French touring racer CLAUDE AUCLAIR and German touring racer FELIX SCHROEDER. Orien grasps his cup and marches over to them.

INT. BANQUET HALL FOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

FELIX

No, I'm being serious. Nürburgring is the hardest racing course.

NIGEL

(Bringing cup to mouth)

I'd still argue Silverstone is more arduous.

FELIX

Nürburgring is literally the most dangerous in the world. Blind turns everywhere, long as hell, endless driving. It really sucks the soul out of you.

Nigel takes a sip of his drink and sets his cup on the table.

NIGEL

Silverstone is a prime example of dealing with English weather. You never know when it's going to rain.

CLAUDE

A bit of drizzle is not as dangerous as taking a blind corner going a couple hundred kilometers an hour.

Nigel sighs, leaning back on the fountain.

NIGEL

It's not just about the danger. You also need to know if you need intermediates or wet tyres and whether or not the rain lasts long enough to risk an extra pit stop.

Nigel confidently points to his own nose.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

I can smell the rain coming and I have the ability to know what type of rain it is as well.

Gianna rolls her eyes.

GIANNA

(Muttering)

Make out with yourself already.

NIGEL
(Chuckles)
I would if I could.

Everyone stops talking when a chair screeches off-screen. The four European racers look at Orien, who's now sitting at the table. He has his hands clasped, elbows on the table with a huge dumb grin on his face.

ORIEN
Hi.

NIGEL
Do I know you?

ORIEN
No, but--

NIGEL
Then why are you speaking to me?

Orien readjusts himself in his seat, fixing his racing suit collar.

ORIEN
(Forcing smile)
Let me back up.

He offers Nigel a hand for a handshake.

ORIEN
Hi, I'm Orien Santiago. American
number 31. Nice to meet you!

Nigel pushes Orien's hand back towards him.

NIGEL
Sorry, I don't fraternise with the
competition.

Orien confusedly points at Claude, Felix and Gianna.

ORIEN
But they're racers too.

Nigel scoffs.

NIGEL
(Smug)
Pardon me. I meant I don't
fraternise with small-time, no
name, novice racers.

ORIEN
(Defensively)
I have plenty experience with
racing.

NIGEL
(Crosses arms)
Like what?

ORIEN
(Boasting)
I've beaten my friends in street
racing hundreds of times!

The table falls into complete silence.

NIGEL
A street racer? You can't be
serious.

Nigel begins cackling to himself.

ORIEN
What's so funny?

NIGEL
And here I was actually afraid of
who America was sending! All they
could muster was a common criminal?

ORIEN
What's wrong with street racing?

NIGEL
Street racing is dirty,
unsanctioned brainrot.

Claude and Felix snicker. Gianna is not impressed. Orien
makes a disgusted face at him, one mixed with anger.

NIGEL
I'm just telling the truth.
(Listing on fingers)
It's barbaric, illegal, immoral,
and there's no strategy to it.

ORIEN
Just who are you, Mr. Fart Sniffer?

Felix accidentally bursts out into laughter when Nigel
shoots him an icy glare.

FELIX
(Mouthing)
Sorry.

Nigel condescendingly points to the Number 1 on his racing suit.

NIGEL
(Haughtily)
Number 1 Nigel Thorne, British GT
Champion. Every race in which I've
participated, either myself or my
team has taken first place. I've
accumulated over 25 trophies and
have had the honour and privilege
of having dinner with the Queen of
England herself.

Orien shakes his head. He scans the table and Nigel to
switch topics before he gets too angry. He points to one of
the sponsor stickers on Nigel's suit.

ORIEN
(Friendly)
You have a lot of sponsors, don't
you?

NIGEL
Of course I do. Criminal filth like
you could only dream of being in my
status.

CLAUDE
Do you have at least a few sponsors
yet?

FELIX
Ja, at least some starters?

ORIEN
(Nervous)
Um, of course I do.

NIGEL
Then let's see. Stand up.

ORIEN
(Stammers)
I'm okay--

NIGEL
(Firmly)
Stand up.

Orien hesitantly stands up sheepishly, revealing his blank racing suit.

NIGEL
(Condescending)
I knew it. No sponsors.

Orien slams his hands on the table.

ORIEN
(Determined)
Well, you know what? My crew and I
are going to get sponsors!

NIGEL
(Unimpressed)
Your crew?

ORIEN
Yeah!

Orien points behind him with his thumb.

ORIEN (CONT'D)
That's them right over--

Orien looks to where he's pointing. Parker and Grant are eating very messily near the buffet table. Parker's mouth is covered in chocolate and Grant's fingers are very greasy. Both their plates are full of different food, mostly meat. They're stuffing their faces, not caring who sees.

ORIEN
...There.

NIGEL
Pigs.
(Looking up at Orien)
Look, go back to racing on the
Burger King Circuit. I'm going to
speak to people actually on my
level.

Orien's shoulders fall as he walks away from the table. Orien looks back and sees Nigel went right back to discussing things with the other European racers as if nothing ever happened.

INT. BANQUET HALL - LATER

About 20 or so minutes later, Orien approaches Dirk, who's on the phone using his bluetooth earpiece. He's holding a small plate of cheese cubes, which he's popping into his mouth.

DIRK
 (Shouting)
 I'm telling you, The Canadians have
 a shot. People sleep on Kris
 McLeod.
 (Listens)
 No, I'm not just saying that
 because she's hot, even though I
 would totally tap that.

Orien taps on Dirk's shoulder. Dirk holds a finger up behind him to signal Orien to wait a moment.

DIRK (CONT'D)
 She's probably the best IndyCar
 driver in North America. She's got
 a solid head and the body of a
 Greek goddess.
 (Listens)
 I know Orien's my racer.
 (Listens)
 Of course I want him to win! Can't
 I admire other racers from time to
 time?

Orien pouts. Dirk pops a cheese cube in his mouth.

DIRK
 (Mouthful)
 Gotta go. Talk to you later.

Dirk swallows the cheese cube.

DIRK
 Hey kid. What's shaking?
 He shoves the plate of cheese cubes in Orien's face.

DIRK
 Cheese cube?

Orien moves the plate out of his face.

ORIEN
 Dirk, how do we get more sponsors?

DIRK
 See, you're a blank slate, Orien.
 And that's both good and bad. It's
 good because if you can really
 knock it out of the park, that'll
 REALLY turn some heads.
 (MORE)

DIRK (CONT'D)

The bad news is that it makes you too risky of a bet for them, and any mistakes you make will weigh heavier on you.

Dirk pops another cheese cube in his mouth.

ORIEN

But wouldn't that take a while?

DIRK

That's what you have me for. See, I found some reps for a Canadian bank and I'm going to watch the race with them tomorrow.

ORIEN

Wait, you're not coming to watch in the stands?

DIRK

Wish I could, but your financial life comes before your social life.

Dirk jabs Orien with his elbow.

DIRK

In layman's terms, all you gotta do is do the driving. Leave the rest to me and I'll work my capitalism magic.

ORIEN

And then sponsors?

DIRK

And then sponsors.

Orien looks down at the carpeted floor with a sense of hope. He smiles with pride.

EXT. ORIEN'S PIT - THE NEXT MORNING (FRIDAY)

It's Friday at 9 AM, the day of the first race in Toronto. Parker and Grant are in the pits on Bathurst Street. Grant is fiddling with the pit monitors while Parker is tending to his car. She's swapping out his tires.

GRANT

(Commenting)

So many angles. This definitely makes up for the crappy view from the pits.

Grant looks at the hood cam monitor. Parker suddenly comes into frame, waving happily at the camera before going back to the tires. Grant turns around in his swivel chair.

GRANT

What kinda tires you putting on the car?

Parker drills in the last few bolts on the front left tire before standing back up.

PARKER

I did a little research on racing slicks, and the softs are the best for grip and speed. Ryan's going to be going faster than--

Parker yawns.

PARKER

A rocket.

GRANT

(Teasing)

Someone sounds sleepy.

PARKER

(Rubbing eye)

I've never been on a pit crew before, so I was in the garage getting some practice in. By the time I was back at the hotel, it was already 5 AM.

Grant looks outside of the pits and to the bleachers on the opposite end of Bathurst Street.

GRANT

Speaking of Orien, where IS he?

CUT TO:

EXT. BATHURST STREET PITS - SAME TIME

Orien is strolling through the pit lane, sizing up his competition for the IGP. The sounds of impact drills and multiple languages harmonizing at one fill the air. Orien feels something crunch at his feet. He notices something underneath his boot. He picks it up. It's a small Japanese amulet with "挑戦" written on it. As he looks up, Tetsuko is walking in his opposite direction.

ORIEN
 (Calling out)
 Excuse me.

Tetsuko stops and turns to look at him. Orien reveals the amulet in his hand.

ORIEN
 I think you dropped this.

Tetsuko scans his whole body with her eyes before cautiously approaching him. She carefully picks up the amulet and hangs it on her index finger to inspect it. She nods.

ORIEN
 So are you excited for the--

Tetsuko is already walking away from him, not saying a word. Orien continues to walk back to his pit.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORIEN'S PIT - MOMENTS LATER

Orien finally arrives at his pit. Grant, who had gone back to the monitors, turns his head to look over at Orien.

GRANT
 Where've you been?

ORIEN
 (Hands in pocket)
 Just checking the competition.

ORIEN
 Are you guys ready? You'll be going up against professionals in this Prix.

Parker fiddles with her impact drill anxiously.

PARKER
 (Worried)
 Professionals...

Parker peers out of the pit garage to look at some of the other racers' pit crews. Kris McLeod's Indy pit crew has 6 people on it. Felix has 5 people on it. Gianna Romano's has 14. A high-pitched ringing sound is in the background..

GRANT (O.S.)
 (Muffled)
 Orien, I've watched enough TV racing to know what I'm doing.
 (MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)
Just leave it to Grant Kang,
professional crew chief.

ORIEN (O.S.)
(Psyched)
Nice, that's what I like to hear!
What about you Parker?
(Pause)
Parker?

Parker's eyes dart down.

ORIEN (O.S.)
(Clearly, loudly)
Parker!

Parker jumps, looking at Orien.

ORIEN
(Concerned)
Are you okay?

PARKER
Oh yeah! I'm great!

ORIEN
Are you ready?

Parker flexes a bicep, trying to fake through the fear.

PARKER
Of course! I spent all night
practicing my--

Parker covers her mouth, trying to stifle a yawn.

PARKER
Tire changes.

ORIEN
(Raised eyebrow)
Did you get at least SOME sleep?

PARKER
(Sheepish)
An hour.

ORIEN
Just don't kill yourself today.

RACE OFFICIATOR (V.O.)
 Attention racers and pit crew: The
 formation lap will begin in one
 minute.

ORIEN
 That's our cue.

Orien puts his helmet on and gets into the driver's seat of
 his car. Grant puts on his headset and speaks into the mic.

GRANT
 Check, check.

ORIEN (V.O.)
 Loud and clear.

Orien turns to Parker, who's standing by his window.

ORIEN
 How's the car?

PARKER
 All gassed up and ready,
 suspension's good, and I fitted you
 with soft slicks for max grip.

ORIEN
 Good.

SHOT OF CLAUDE AND HIS CREW IN HIS PIT

Claude is in his French-themed Renault Megane RS. He and his
 crew are making last minute preparations.

CLAUDE
 À quel point sont serrés ces
 virages?

SUBTITLES
 How sharp are these turns?

CLAUDE' CREW CHIEF
 Très serrés. Prendre la
 meilleure trajectoire en
 virage est crucial.

SUBTITLES
 Very. Taking the best line
 while cornering is crucial.

SHOT OF FELIX AND HIS CREW

Felix is revving the engine of his German-themed BMW M3
 Touring Car. He's extremely hyper.

FELIX
 Der Motor klingt fantastisch!

SUBTITLES
 The engine sounds fantastic!

FELIX CREW MEMBER
Wir haben deine Getriebegänge
für die beste Beschleunigung
geändert.

SUBTTILES
We changed your transmission
gears for the best
acceleration.

Felix revs the engine again, making it roar louder.

FELIX
(Growling) Es ist kraftvoll!

SUBTTILES
It's powerful!

SHOT OF KRIS AND HER CREW

Kris is talking to her pit crew while sitting in her
Canadian-themed Ford Indy car.

KRIS' CREW CHIEF
Those corners are hell to get
through.

KRIS
Got it. Just give me the signals.

SHOT OF GIANNA AND HER CREW

Gianna's sitting in her Italian-themed Ferrari V8 Formula 1.
She's looking straight.

GIANNA
Le curve e le rettilinee sono
ottime per me.

SUBTTILES
The corners and straights are
perfect for me.

GIANNA'S CREW CHIEF
Non sottovalutare quelle
curve.

SUBTTILES
Just don't underestimate
them.

SHOT OF JABARI AND HIS CREW

Jabari is leaning back in the driver's seat of his Kenyan-
themed Toyota Corolla WRC.

JABARI
There's no need to stress. Let's
just take it easy and have fun.

SHOT OF TETSUKO AND HER CREW

Tetsuko is in her Japanese-themed Mazda 787B. The door is
still open while her crew chief instructs her.

TETSUKO'S CREW CHIEF
 オーハテツさん、各アペックスに到達
 したら、全開で走れ。トップスピード
 は最優先だ。

SUBTITLES
 Ohatetsu, on each apex you
 hit, floor it. Top speed is
 highest priority.

TETSUKO
 (Professionally) 分かった。

SUBTITLES
 Got it.

SHOT OF NIGEL AND HIS CREW

Nigel is lounging his arm on the window of his UK-themed
 Aston Martin V8 Vantage GT3.

NIGEL
 (Arrogant)
 It's a foregone conclusion, my
 friends. This whole tournament is
 simply a race for second.

SHOT OF ORIEN'S PIT

Orien places both hands on his steering wheel.

ORIEN
 Remember, guys. No matter what
 happens out there, we're a team. As
 long as we work together, we'll do
 fine!

Orien gives Parker and Grant a thumbs up, who return the
 gesture.

CUT TO:

INT. ORIEN'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

RIO SANTIAGO is downstairs cleaning the kitchen when she
 hears a knock at the door. She opens it and HOOD, SPOILER
 and DECKLID are standing outside.

SPOILER
 (Cheerfully)
 Good morning, Ms. Santiago.

RIO
 What brings you here?

HOOD
 Can we watch the race here? Our TV
 at home stopped working.

DECKLID
 (Pointing)
 Hood broke it with a baseball bat.

HOOD
 (Ashamed)
 I thought there was a spider on the TV.

Rio opens the door wider to let the three inside. Hood and Spoiler plop down on the couch. Hood swipes the remote and turns the TV on the Racing News Network (RNN).

SPOILER
 Hurry up, Decklid! The race is about to start!

Shot of Decklid in the kitchen doorway, holding a bunch of bowls.

DECKLID
 I gotta make the popcorn first!

CUT TO:

EXT. RADIO TOWER

Inside of the broadcasting booth, American sports commentator JOSH BASSINGER and Canadian commentator KIM PINE are sitting at a table.

JOSH
 We're live in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. I'm Josh Bassinger.

KIM
 And I'm Kim Pine. No relation.

JOSH
 Today is March 20, and the very first race of the 2009 International Grand Prix!
 (Turning to Kim)
 Now, Kim, this is the first time something like this has ever been done in motorsport?

KIM
 That's right, Josh.

JOSH
 How will this competition work?

KIM

Well, this is a multi-class street racing tournament.

The screen cuts to nine different maps in a 3x3 formation. They're all of the street circuits for the nine cities in the tournament. Each map is labeled by city with the national flags to the left of the labels. In order they read: TORONTO, NEW YORK CITY, RIO, LONDON, PARIS, SIENA, NAIROBI, TOKYO and SYDNEY.

KIM (V.O.)

In this tournament, 90 racers from across the world will compete in 9 different circuits. Every race, the bottom ten will be disqualified. This will continue until the eighth race in Tokyo, where only the top ten will proceed to the final race in Sydney.

CUT BACK TO BOOTH

Josh is snoring on the table. Kim throws a pencil at him.

JOSH

(Snorts)

Whuh-?

(Stammers)

Ah, yes! Very interesting. I knew that.

Kim shakes her head disapprovingly. She turns back to the camera.

ZOOM-IN ON TORONTO CIRCUIT MAP

KIM (V.O.)

Since the Toronto circuit is the first race in the Prix, it's relatively simple.

The straight parts of the track are highlighted.

KIM (V.O.)

The track consists of mostly straights.

The four corners and one tech turn at the bottom of the map are highlighted.

KIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Throwing in a few corners and tech
turns there there. The racers that
finish 79th place or higher move
onto the next race.

CUT TO:

EXT. TORONTO CIRCUIT - FORMATION LAP

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

The 90 cars in the Grand Prix are all lined up in numerical
order, slowly following a Ford safety car.

JOSH (V.O.)
Look at all the pretty cars! Why do
they all look so different?

KIM (V.O.)
(Sarcastic)
It's a multi-class race.

JOSH (V.O.)
But what does that mean?

Kim audibly groans.

KIM (V.O.)
(Annoyed)
It means it's not a one-class race.
We have Formula 1s racing with
Indy, LMP1 and 2, GT1-3, stock and
rally all in the same event.

JOSH (V.O.)
Ooooooh. So, how good are the racers
in this tournament?

KIM (V.O.)
It depends. Some are actual
garbage, but we're blessed to have
some of the current best racers in
the world.

FRONT VIEW OF NIGEL'S CAR IN INSET

Nigel driving in a graceful swinging motion. He looks smug
from under his helmet.

KIM (V.O.)
 At the front, we have British GT3
 racer Nigel Thorne. As of right
 now, he has a perfect record.

JOSH (V.O.)
 (Surprised)
 A perfect record?

KIM (V.O.)
 Every race he's appeared in, he or
 his team has taken first place.
 Eight years and counting.

TETSUKO'S CAR IN INSET

Tetsuko is driving in a mostly straight line, her eyes
 determed.

KIM (V.O.)
 Japanese LMP1 racer Tetsuko Ohama
 is also a force to be reckoned with
 in endurance racing. The 23-year-
 old has a few WEC victories under
 her belt.

JOSH (V.O.)
 That's a nice car she has. What
 model?

KIM (V.O.)
 That's the Mazda 787B, the only
 Japanese-manufactured car to ever
 win Le Mans in 1991. Only three of
 them exist in the world.

JOSH (V.O.)
 How does she have one?

KIM (V.O.)
 Who knows, Josh?

GIANNA'S CAR IN INSET

Gianna is driving in a neat zigzag motion.

KIM (V.O.)
 Italian racer Gianna Romano will
 definitely put up a good fight.
 (MORE)

KIM (CONT'D)

She became especially famous in Europe after winning her team the 2004 Monaco Grand Prix, cementing her place as the second ever female F1 racer to actually win an event.

JABARI'S CAR IN INSET

Jabari is driving from side-to-see. He's carefree.

KIM (V.O.)

Kenyan WRC champion Jabari Njoroge is a veteran in his field. Making his debut in the 1985 Safari Rally, he's been an integral part of rallying history. Age shows no sign of stopping him, going strong at 44 years old.

ORIEN'S CAR APPEARS IN INSET

Orien is trying to drive in the formation line, but periodically jerks his car.

KIM (V.O.)

And last, we have Orien Santiago representing the US. He's a special case.

JOSH (V.O.)

Special case?

KIM (V.O.)

Aside from being the youngest driver in the tournament at 22, he's a complete newbie to the sport. Apparently, he got into racing to honor his father.

JOSH (V.O.)

Wait, Santiago? As in Mateo Santiago?

CUT BACK TO COMMENTATOR BOOTH

KIM

Wait, you know him?

JOSH

Of course I do. He was a famous Puerto Rican stock car driver. He retired before I was born, but I saw his Daytona races on TV. He was a beast on the track.

KIM

Oh, so you DO know things about racing?

JOSH

(Casually)

Nope, just that.

Kim sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. ROGERS CENTER OFFICE

Dirk is in an office lounge building with a bunch of businesspeople. Dirk has one leg resting on top of the other while an arm hangs off behind the sofa he's on. A SCOTIABANK REPRESENTATIVE opens a can of soda. An intern KEVIN is also there.

KEVIN

I'm interested in this mystery racer.

SCOTIABANK REP

(Dirk)

A rookie? How bold.

DIRK

This kid has racing in his veins. He's going to blow the pants right off of you.

Scotiabank representative takes a sip of his soda skeptically.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATHURST STREET GRID

The racers are now lined up in columns in two on the grid.

KIM (V.O.)

The formation lap has now ended. The racers are locking into the grid, and the light will turn green at any moment.

PANNING SHOT OF THE RACERS ON THE GRID

CUT TO:

I/E. BATHURST STREET

Inside of the Corvette C6, Orien is gripping onto the steering wheel. He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and opens them.

BACK TO:

EXT. BATHURST STREET

Focusing on the starting light, there are two rows of ten lights, five lights in each. On the top row, the five red lights slowly turn on one by one. Finally, all five green lights on the bottom light up. Tires squeal and engines roar as all of the racers jet forward.

JOSH (V.O.)

Let's go racing! Look at all of them go!

KIM (V.O.)

With so many cars on the street, the race's beginning is probably the most chaotic part.

Gianna and Tetsuko's cars are inching to the front. Nigel's car is on the left side of the track, already losing positions.

KIM (V.O.)

For this first straight, the Formula and LMP cars are taking full advantage of their speed and acceleration as the first turn to Bloor Street West comes up!

Tetsuko, Gianna and several other cars slow down on the first turn. Nigel cuts across the whole street and sneaks past everyone, taking first place.

JOSH (V.O.)

Oh, and Thorne ROBS Ohama and Romano of first place already!

SHOT OF ORIEN'S PIT

Grant is chilling in his seat while Parker is visibly excited.

PARKER
Go, Ryan!

GRANT
You got this, bud.

CUT TO:

I/E. UNIVERSITY AVENUE

Still on the first lap, Orien's car is coming down University Avenue, losing some places at 34th. The turn past the Nathan Phillips Square is coming up. Orien's car is approaching the turn.

GRANT (V.O.)
Another turn is coming up. Ease on your speed.

ORIEN
Got it.

Orien eases up on his gas pedal and proceeds to turn. His car doesn't turn as much as he expected. It understeers and hits the barrier. Sparks fly as his side scrapes the barrier, and a few cars overtake him.

JOSH (V.O.)
(Cringing)
Oooh, that was a nasty impact!

KIM (V.O.)
Santiago has dropped to 38th place!

I/E. NATHAN PHILLIPS SQUARE

Orien shakes his head, trying to shake off his feeling of unease. He snaps out of it when turn onto Bay Street comes up. He tries to turn again, but oversteers again and hits another barrier. Two more cars pass him.

JOSH (V.O.)
Make that 40th.

Determined, Orien wants to make sure he can make the next turn onto Dundas Street East properly this time. Taking both hands on the steering wheel, he adds just enough gas to carry him to the turn, but turns way earlier this time. He steers too close to the inside of the line and scrapes the barrier once more. Two more cars pass him.

KIM (V.O.)
42nd.

JOSH (V.O.)
Man, it is not his day.

INSIDE OF ORIEN'S CAR

Orien groans in frustration, muffled underneath his helmet.

GRANT (V.O.)
It's only the first lap, Orien.
Don't lose your cool yet.

ORIEN
(Nose exhale)
Okay.

CUT TO:

I/E. NATHAN PHILLIPS SQUARE - LAP 3 OF 50

Claude is driving on one side of the Queen's Park Crescent while Felix is on the other. The roads converge and Claude manages to slip in front.

CLAUDE
Au revoir, loser!

As they turn onto Queen Street West, Felix exits out of the corner first and turns onto Bay Street and Dundas Street East.

FELIX
Looks like I win.

Gianna's F1 zooms right past him. She turns around and blows Felix a kiss through her helmet before speeding off.

INT. ORIEN'S PIT - LAP 5 OF 50

Orien is on the highway of Gardiner Expy, keeping a solid position at 38th. Parker is sitting on the cooler, eating more poutines. Grant is sitting in his chair, monitoring the race cameras on the pit monitors.

PARKER
(Crunching)
You know, watching a race live is a weird experience.

GRANT
(Turns head)
How so?

PARKER
(Swallows)
I was expecting the pits to have a better view than this.

GRANT
Well, it's the pits. We're not here to watch.

PARKER
(Sulky)
I know, but I kind of wish we got a better view.

GRANT
I know what you mean. For such an epic, giant Grand Prix, I was expecting something better too.

PARKER
You know what would be REALLY cool to have in here?

Grant tries to adjust himself in his chair.

GRANT
A chair that doesn't make my ass sore?

PARKER
One of those new HD plasma TVs!

GRANT
(Stroking chin)
Not a bad suggestion.

PARKER
Yeah! We can watch the racing broadcasts on this thing! It'd be real movie-esque!

CUT TO:

I/E. DUNDAS STREET EAST - SAME TIME

Orien is driving on Dundas Street. Parker and Grant's conversation is coming from Grant's microphone and Orien can hear everything. His eyes are darting uncomfortably from being distracted.

GRANT (V.O.)
By the way, how many poutines have you had since you got here?

PARKER (V.O.)
None of your business.

GRANT (V.O.)
You're going to get fat off of
those things. Gotta watch your
calories.

PARKER (V.O.)
Who the hell watches their calories
on vacation?

A car suddenly appears from behind Orien, which snaps him
out of his distraction.

KIM (V.O.)
Another one slips by Santiago!

JOSH (V.O.)
Did he even check his mirrors?!

KIM (V.O.)
Mirrors or not, he should've at
least heard the engine behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. ORIEN'S PIT - MOMENTS LATER

PARKER
I haven't judged YOUR eating habits
since you got here! I saw the
mountain of food you ate at last
night's buffet!

Grant slaps his own stomach.

GRANT
Big boy's gotta eat.

Parker raises her eyebrow and points to his headset. It has
a green light on the side.

PARKER
(Curious)
What're those lights on your
headphone for, anyway?

Grant grasps the microphone extending from the headset.

GRANT
Red means it's muted, and green
means it's--

Grant shuts up as a realization strikes him.

GRANT
(Guilty)
Oh.

CUT TO:

I/E. LOWER JARVIS STREET - LAP 6 OF 50

TRACKING SHOT OF KRIS' INDY CAR

Kris is speeding through the streets and weaving past cars. She passes by Jabari's car. Jabari humming to himself while racing, not caring about what's around him.

CUT TO:

I/E. GARDINER EXPY - LAP 8 OF 50

Orien is on the highway of Gardiner Expy. He notices on his dashboard his tires are all pretty worn.

ORIEN
(Into helmet mic)
Grant.

CUT TO:

INT. ORIEN'S PIT

Grant positions the headset mic.

GRANT
This is he.

ORIEN (V.O.)
I'm coming into the pits. I need
four new tires.

GRANT
(Nods)
Copy that.

Grant taps his headset to mute his mic. He turns over to Parker. She's sitting on a cooler, nodding off. She's struggling to keep her eyes open.

GRANT
Parker!

PARKER
(Spaced out)
Huh?

GRANT
Orien's coming into the pits. He
needs four new slicks.

PARKER
(Getting nervous)
Now?

GRANT
Yes, now.

Parker looks at her gloved hands. She's moving her fingers around, trying to get rid of her tingling feelings. Beads of sweat appear on her forehead and she's taking shallower breaths.

PARKER
(Mantra)
It's okay. Calm down.

Parker runs over to a stack of tires and picks up four of them. She's moving them to the pit garage door.

PARKER
(Straining)
Grant, go grab the pit jack.

GRANT
(Looking around)
Where's the pit jack?

PARKER
(Pointing w/ head)
Look by the red tool cart.

Grant goes over to the tool cart and surveys the area.

GRANT
What does the pit jack look like?

Parker sets down her four tires.

PARKER
It's the thingy with the giant
metal pole.

Grant's eyes finally land on the pit jack on the floor. He grabs it and goes over to where Parker is. They both lean outside of the door to look for Orien's incoming car. Parker has her finger on the trigger of her impact wrench.

Orien's car coasts into the pit and Parker immediately starts loosening his front right tire. She tosses the old tire behind her and picks up a new one.

PARKER
Grant, jack up the car.

GRANT
How?

PARKER
I don't know, maybe use the GIANT
POLE attached?!

Grant looks at the pole.

GRANT
Ah.

He takes the lever and pulls it, lifting up the right side of Orien's car. Grant's face is red and he's sweating. Parker puts the new tire and secures the bolts. Orien checks the leaderboard on his dashboard. He goes from 39th place to 41st. Parker goes over to the right rear tire and swaps it out.

PARKER
(To Grant)
Other side.

GRANT
(Out of breath)
You're kidding.

PARKER
C'mon, we're wasting time!

Parker runs behind Orien's rear. Grant retracts the pit jack and moves it over to the other side. She loosens the tire bolts on the rear left tire and moves it. Grant jacks the left side of the car up. Orien stares again at his leaderboard, where he's now in 43rd place. After Parker is done with the rear left, she moves onto the final front left tire and swaps it out.

PARKER
(Thumbs up)
Okay, done! Lower him.

Grant lowers Orien's car, and the C6 bounces as it touches the road again. Orien floors the pedal as his tires squeal before his car jets back out into the main road. He checks his leaderboard again and sees he left the pit at 45th place.

KIM (V.O.)
A 36-second pit stop and Santiago
lost about six places.

JOSH (V.O.)
But that's a good thing, right? The
longer time in the pits, the better
the car is, right?

KIM (V.O.)
(Plainly)
No, Josh.

JOSH (V.O.)
(Disappointed)
Oh.

CUT TO:

INT. ROGERS CENTER OFFICE

Dirk is biting his nail looking at the RNN broadcast on the
office TV. The Scotiabank rep has his arms crossed.

SCOTIABANK REP
(Unamused)
I can't exactly say impressed so
far.

DIRK
(Faking bravado)
This could very well be history in
the making here! History always
happens when we least expect it to.

SCOTIABANK REP
(Dully)
I'll hold you to that.

Dirk turns back to the TV broadcast, biting his nails.

CUT TO:

I/E. BATHURST STREET - LAP 29 OF 50

Orien looks at his dashboard again. He's dropped to 46th
place. He sees his fuel tank and notices he's running low on
gas.

ORIEN
I'm running low on fuel. I need to
pit again.

GRANT (V.O.)
You got it.

EXT. ORIEN'S PIT - CONTINUOUS

Orien turns onto the pit lane and coasts through it. As he approaches his pit, he notices he's going a little too fast.

GRANT
(Warning)
Orien, not so fast!

Orien slams on his brakes, but he still overshoots the pit.

GRANT (V.O.)
Back up.

Orien shamefully shifts into reverse gear and aligns his car with the pit. Parker grabs a fuel canister and starts filling up his car.

JOSH (V.O.)
That was the messiest pit entry
I've ever seen.

KIM (V.O.)
I KNOW that time penalty's going to
sting.

Parker finishes refueling his car and slaps the rear of his car with her free hand, signaling him to drive away.

CUT TO:

I/E. NATHAN PHILLIPS SQUARE

now in 50th place. He's coming up on the same series of turns he scraped his side on earlier.

ORIEN
I have an idea. Maybe if I brake,
I'll slow down enough to steer into
the turns.

GRANT (V.O.)
Sure, give it a try.

Orien slams on his brakes and downshifts towards the turn from University Avenue to Queen Street West. His car nearly comes to a halt as he calmly turns into the street. However, three cars pass him.

ORIEN
HUH?!

Orien keeps his speed turning into Bay Street and then an inside turn to Dundas Street East. Another two cars effortlessly pass him on the outside.

ORIEN
(Incredulous)
How did they pass me?! That was a pretty good turn!

Orien slams on the gas and upshifts, but finds himself unable to catch up to the cars gaining distance away from him.

CUT TO:

INT. ORIEN'S LIVING ROOM

Hood and Spoiler are cringing slightly at Orien's performance.

HOOD
I can't lie, he ain't doing too good out there.

SPOILER
I kind of feel bad for saying this, but how much you wanna bet he won't make it?

HOOD
Nah, he'll make it. Barely.

Rio is looking at the TV screen with despair and concern.

RIO
(Whispering)
Orien, why...?

I/E. BATHURST STREET - LAP 49 OF 50

Orien is heading towards the pit lane again.

KIM (V.O.)
He's heading into the pits AGAIN?!

JOSH (V.O.)
That's gotta be, what, his fifth pit stop this race?

KIM (V.O.)
But why is he pitting NOW?! It's the final lap!

EXT. ORIEN'S PIT - CONTINUOUS

Orien comes into the pits and stops his car. Parker takes off his front tire and Grant jacks the car up. Orien's stalking his leaderboard silently, watching himself go from 60th to 61st. Parker runs over to his rear right tire and loosens the bolts. He drops two more places into 63rd.

ORIEN
(A little impatient)
Uh, Parker, could we speed this up a bit?

PARKER
(Yelling)
Hang on, I'm trying!

Parker tosses the old tire and puts the new one back in. Grant lowers the car and picks up the jack to carry to the left side of the car. Parker loosens the bolts on the tire. Orien drops two more places into 65th.

ORIEN
(Rushing)
Parker...

PARKER
(A little anxious)
I'm working on it, just wait a second!

She tosses the old tire and Grant lifts the left side of the car. She grabs a new tire and fastens it on the car. She runs over to the front left tire, but she trips and falls on the way over. Jumping up, she loosens that tire too. Orien drops three places into 68th.

ORIEN
(Agitated)
Parker, we're running out of time!

PARKER
(Voice shaking)
I'm doing the best I can!

She takes off the tire and begins fastening the bolts. On the fifth and final bolt, she accidentally drops it. He drops to 70th place.

PARKER
(Almost sobbing)
Oh God.

ORIEN
(Shouting)
PARKER!!!

Parker can't even speak anymore, emotions paralyzing her voice. She quickly fixes the fallen bolt issue and Grant moves the jack from under the car. Before Orien's left side tires even touch the ground, he floors the gas, launching out of pit road.

KIM (V.O.)
A 40-second pit stop and Santiago drops ten places.

JOSH (V.O.)
(Ashamed)
Imagine what those 40 seconds could've been used for if they weren't wasted. You could've heated up a breakfast burrito in that time.

KIM (V.O.)
And what does that have to do with the topic at hand?

JOSH (V.O.)
(Honestly)
Nothing, I just didn't have breakfast this morning.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEAR CN TOWER - LAP 50 OF 50

On Gardiner Expy towards the final exit, Nigel has a slim lead over Tetsuko.

JOSH (V.O.)
It looks like Nigel Thorne's about to take first.

KIM (V.O.)
It's still too early to call.
Ohama's Mazda has fierce top speed.
At this rate, overtaking Thorne is a matter of time.

Nigel looks in his rear view mirror and sees Tetsuko quickly catching up to him. He suddenly swerves in front of Tetsuko.

KIM (V.O.)
He slammed the door on her!

Nigel remains in front of Tetsuko as they turn back on to Bathurst. Nigel takes first.

KIM (V.O.)
Nigel Thorne comes in first! Ohama
at a very close second!

JOSH (V.O.)
Told you.

I/E. GARDINER EXPY - LATER

Orien is now at 67th place. He's holding an inside line on the right side of the highway, but a cluster of five cars are not too far behind. Orien's grip on the wheel is very shaky. Beads of sweat can be seen under his helmet visor.

CUT TO:

INT. ORIEN'S PIT - SAME TIME

Grant is focusing on the pit monitors, watching Orien's progress. Parker is meekly watching from over his shoulder.

PARKER
(Concerned)
Ryan looks nervous.

GRANT
I don't blame him. He needs to find
a way to keep his position.

PARKER
So what do we do?

Grant strokes his chin, thinking.

GRANT
As of right now, he has two
options: He can either hold his
inside line or try to go outside.

PARKER
(Expectantly)
So which one is better?

GRANT
Right now, a bunch of cars have the
chance to overtake him, so if he
loses his inside position, he's
opening himself up to be passed.

Grant prepares headset mic.

GRANT
(Clearly)
Orien, listen to me.

BACK TO:

I/E. GARDINER EXPY

Orien's eyes tense up a bit hearing Grant's voice.

ORIEN
Yeah?

GRANT
(Pause)
Take the outside line.

ORIEN
(Unsure)
Alright.

Orien turns into the center of the highway. Grant quickly realizes his mistake.

GRANT
(Panicked)
Orien, wait, go back in--!

Before Orien has a chance to react to Grant's correction, all five cars swoop right into the inside line and force him into 72nd place. His eyes only display pure shock.

KIM (V.O.)
Santiago completely exposed
himself!

Orien audibly groans and speeds up, upshifting as needed.

SHOT OF PARKER AND GRANT IN THE PIT

Grant is gripping the arms of his chair while Parker is covering her mouth.

JOSH (V.O.)
I know nothing about this sport and
even I know that was a brainless
move!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

I/E. BATHURST STREET - AFTER THE RACE

Orien finally crosses the finish line, the crowd making noise. He presses the leaderboard button on his car dashboard. Nigel is in first place, Tetsuko in second, Kris McLeod in third. He rapidly taps the down button to find his name. It was written clearly: "72nd - #31 - SANTIAGO (USA)".

ORIEN
(Disappointed)
72nd place?

CUT TO:

INT. ROGERS CENTER OFFICE - DAY

One of the business ladies turns off the TV screen broadcasting the race. People are beginning to disperse and leave. Dirk and the Scotiabank rep are still on the couch.

SCOTIABANK REP
My pants are still on, Dirk. What exactly was supposed to blow them off?

DIRK
Well, you see, it's the whole process of the race itself. It's like a long build-up to the end, and--

SCOTIABANK REP
Anything else you have to say to me before I walk out of the door?

DIRK
Look, maybe the kid was just having an off day. He'll shape up by the next race.

The Scotiabank rep thinks to himself for a moment. With disgust, he reaches into his blazer pocket and pulls out his business card. He tosses it towards Dirk.

SCOTIABANK REP
(Uninterested)
We don't sponsor mediocre. Call me when you have your shit together.

The Scotiabank rep leaves Dirk in the office by himself. Dirk rubs his forehead, groaning.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORIEN'S PIT - SAME TIME

Orien pulls his car into the pits. He's immediately greeted by Parker and Grant, who look generally happy to see him. He gets out of the car and takes off his helmet.

ORIEN
(Panting)
Hey.

PARKER
(Pumped up)
Yay, we did it! First race down!

GRANT
It's official. We're a real racing team now.

Orien is looking away and at other pit crews. He's focusing on how proficient and in sync the other pit crews are.

ORIEN
(Trailing off)
A real team.

Parker and Grant sneak up on Orien and jump him. Parker hugs him from the front while Grant gives Orien a noogie from the back.

GRANT
It's all thanks to this knucklehead here!

PARKER
Ryan, how do you feel? You're finally a real racer now!

Orien still has his vacant stare, looking at the pebbles on the pit lane.

ORIEN
(Disappointed)
Yeah. I did it.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ORIEN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Orien is sitting on the edge of his hotel bed, flipping through the channels. Because of the IGP, almost every channel is showing some kind of after-race ceremony. On TV, an RNN CORRESPONDENT is interviewing various racers.

The first one she interviews is Candian IndyCar racer KRIS MCLEOD.

RNN CORRESPONDENT

You really held your own up there.
Coming in fifth place while pitting
against some of the best racers
in the world, you must feel good
about that.

Kris scratches her nose and laughs.

KRIS

Feels nice to start out in Canada,
it's like a final goodbye to my
friends and family. I'm happy with
our results.

RNN CORRESPONDENT

Is there anything you'd like to say
to the nice people out there.

KRIS

I'd like to thank my team for
always staying vigilant out there.
Anything thrown their way, they
really know how to adapt to any
situation.

Orien grumbles, muting the TV and sitting the remote down on the bed. He walks over to Grant, who's on his laptop on the desk. Parker is behind him, hovering over his shoulder.

ORIEN

(Hopeful)

Anything?

GRANT

(Mumble reading)

Nigel Thorne, Nigel Thorne, Tetsuko
Ohama, Gianna Romano, Tetsuko
Ohama, Felix Schroeder...

He's scrolling rapidly looking through various websites and forums.

GRANT

(Disturbed)

"Tetsuko, please have my babies"?

(Shudders)

Weirdos.

Grant sighs in defeat and hangs his head.

GRANT

Nothing.

ORIEN

Not even a mention or anything?

GRANT

The only thing I could find was
official IGP website stuff.

(Pause)

Sorry.

Orien sighs, slouching back on his bed.

ORIEN

My debut as a racer and nobody
notices. It's like it didn't even
happen.

Parker hops on the bed next to him.

PARKER

(Sympathetic)

Hey, c'mon! It was only the first
race! You have many more chances to
shine!

Orien turns his head away from her.

ORIEN

I guess.

Parker takes a hand and places it on his shoulder.

PARKER

You know what you need to feel
better? Some hot chocolate!

Parker stands up from the bed.

PARKER (CONT'D)

I'll go get some.

ORIEN

Wait.

Orien stands up and walks over to the hotel door.

ORIEN

I'll go get it. Maybe walking
around a bit will clear my head.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Dirk enters the hotel through the automatic revolving doors. His tie accidentally gets caught in the door. He tugs on it a couple times, but he can't get it free.

DIRK
(Struggling)
Son of a--!

Dirk yanks on his tie one more time before he's freed, falling over on the floor. He shoots back up and dusts himself off.

DIRK
(Complaining)
I swear to God--

Dirk bumps into Orien.

DIRK
(Surprised)
Oh, Orien! Just the guy I was
looking to find!

ORIEN
Oh, hey Dirk. I was just getting
some hot cocoa.

DIRK
A man of culture, I see. You have
to take advantage of any and every
hotel luxury!

Orien stays silent for a few moments, balancing on his toes.

DIRK
Something on your mind, kid?

ORIEN
Dirk, you watched today's race,
right?

DIRK
Yep. Watched it on a fancy plasma
screen.

ORIEN
What did you think?

DIRK
(Caught off guard)
Huh?

(MORE)

DIRK (CONT'D)
(Pause)
It was definitely a race.

ORIEN
But what did you think of our
performance?

Dirk rubs the back of his neck.

DIRK
There's always next race, champ.

ORIEN
So, how could we improve?

DIRK
Look, kid. I'm just your agent. I'm
not too familiar on the nitty
gritty on racing, that's your job.

Dirk puts a hand on his shoulder.

DIRK
Think about it this way.

Orien smiles weakly.

DIRK
At least you didn't crash.

Orien visibly grows more uneasy.

DIRK
(Checking watch)
I have a massage booked in five
minutes, so if you'll excuse me.

Dirk slips right past Orien and heads towards the elevator.
The elevator door closes on Dirk.

DIRK
(Thumbs up)
Keep your head up, champ!

The elevator door closes completely. The frame ends on
Orien's aloof stare.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE