

STARFIRE

Written by

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FADE IN:

MARTIN-LUTHER KING AVENUE, FLINT, MICHIGAN - DAY

TITLE: 1974

A bird's eye view. Rooftops, streets, and cars covered with snow. The FLINT VEHICLE CITY arch rocked by strong winds.

On the street, a herd of men in coveralls and winter coats. Walking slowly their heads down. Some are crying.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. FLINT STREET - NIGHT

A working-class neighborhood blanketed by snow. Streets of white bungalows with a single driveway.

One of them has black shutters and a yellow Ski-Doo in its backyard. We hear someone shoveling.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. FLINT HOUSE - NIGHT

In the driveway, a blue car trapped within four feet of snow.

Around it, shoveling, a mulatto young man, ANDREW SMITH. He stops to pull his beanie off one eye.

The edge of the car trunk reads, "OLDSMOBILE"; its lower right corner, "Starfire."

Way above, a second-floor window with curtains. A silhouette passes. Echoes of a shouting fit.

CUT TO:

INT. FLINT HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

A black mid-30s woman stands near the bed, MARTHA SMITH. In black bra and pantyhose, she holds a "Deal'n GO GO!" bill.

She waves it at a white, late-30s man with glasses, MILES SMITH. He's sitting on the side of the bed.

Miles is bouncing a leg and biting his thumbnail. He keeps pushing his glasses up.

MARTHA

Twelve fuckin' hundred!  
 (yelling, pointing at the  
 window)  
 On that shitbox?  
 (Miles biting his  
 thumbnail, leg-bouncing  
 faster)  
 You out of your fuckin' mind? And I  
 know this ain't the only one!

MILES

(shivering)  
 No, no!

MARTHA

(throwing the bill at  
 Miles' face)  
 Liar! Fuckin' liar!

Martha grunts, raising a fist. Miles covers his head with one arm. Martha sees herself in a tall mirror.

She stops and gazes at her hourglass-shaped body. She moves her body to one side, then the other.

MILES

(in cries, begging)  
 Martha. This car...  
 (yelling, trembling)  
 I need it! It's my car!

MARTHA

(yelling back, heartless)  
 We need the fuckin' money!

MILES

(in cries)  
 I'll find work!

MARTHA

Where? This city's dyin'!

Martha crosses to her closet. She gets naked, then slides on a bathrobe. Miles keeps crying.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(tying up her bathrobe  
 belt, embarrassed)  
 Stop crying! Stop crying!

The full-length mirror. Martha admires her cheek. She turns her head and stares at the other. Miles muffles his cries.

BACK IN THE  
DRIVEWAY

A blizzard whips Andrew's face. He closes his eyes.

He heads towards the front of the car. His boots sink into the snow at every step. He rounds the car's right wing.

His hand pulls the shovel high above the hood. He suddenly sinks way deeper. The shovel hits the car hood. A clank.

ANDREW  
(tossing the shovel away,  
in distress)  
No! No!

Andrew cries out, whimpers, then rushes inside. He returns with his father. Inside, Martha hurries down the stairway.

Miles in elegant bathrobe and slippers stops over the porch.

Miles looks down at the hood. He pushes his glasses up. Andrew returns near the car.

MILES  
(solemnly)  
I lost my job today.  
(shifting, raging)  
And now this fuckin' shit?

Martha stares scoldingly at Andrew. Her arms are folded.

Miles goes down the stairs and skids. His entire body swings upward. The back of his head hits a concrete stair.

A thump. Martha steps outside. Miles gets back up. He fingers the back of his head and looks at his bloody fingers.

Miles' face trembles with rage. He makes his way up to Andrew. Martha watches, shaking her head no.

MILES (CONT'D)  
(slipping down on a knee)  
This is all your fault!  
(pointing at the hood)

ANDREW  
(raising his arms)  
Dad, no! Please no!

Miles swings at Andrew, who gets knocked down in the snow. Andrew gets back up. His upper lip is bleeding.

Miles glances at Andrew's bleeding mouth. He grabs the shovel. He throws it towards the backyard.

MILES  
(his lungs out)  
Mmmoaahhh!

The shovel flies into the air. It then dives down, shattering his Ski-Doo windshield.

The neighbor's driveway lights up. Miles looks down, exhaling. Andrew rushes back inside under Martha's stare.

CUT TO:

INT. FLINT HOUSE, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Watching from the second floor is PETER SMITH. A 9-year-old mulatto boy in pj. A younger Andrew. He looks terrified.

Andrew in cries rushes down to the basement. Martha leans over the stairway.

MARTHA  
(scoldingly)  
He's never gonna trust you again!

Andrew gets to his room, shuts the door. Peter does the same as Martha goes up the stairs. She storms into Peter's room.

Martha slams the door shut behind her.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
(mad, pointing at the bed)  
I told you to stay in bed!

PETER  
(passing a palm over his face)  
An-d-d-dy... Wh-wha-wha...

MARTHA  
(interrupting, offended)  
This is none of your business!  
(Peter freezes)

PETER  
I'm s-s-ure...

MARTHA  
 (interrupting)  
 It was an accident?  
 (shifting, shameful)  
 How come you stutter so much?  
 (Peter freezes again)

Martha stares at Peter, who shrugs. She grabs a metal coat hanger lying on the floor. She starts beating Peter with it.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
 (hysterical)  
 Don't you ever stutter again! Ever!  
 Ever! Ever! Ever! Ever!

Peter kicks Martha in her face. She sprawls down onto the floor. Both she and Peter have a messy face. Miles enters.

Peter stares at Miles, who ignores him. Miles whispers something to Martha. He and Martha leave quietly.

FADE TO:

INT. FLINT HOUSE, BASEMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Miles stands at Andrew's bedroom door. Peter sneakily watches this from the top of the basement stairs.

Miles slowly pulls Andrew's door ajar. He looks in. Andrew's asleep, his face covered with dry blood. Miles cries.

Peter tip-toes back to his floor. He hunkers down behind the balusters. In the basement, Miles gets into a laundry room.

CUT TO:

INT. FLINT HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Miles crosses to a side table. He holds a .38 revolver.

He puts one knee down. Peter sees the gun. He sprints towards the top of the stairs.

Miles ignores Peter. He puts the gun to his head. Peter's kid's voice bursts out.

PETER  
 Dad, no! Don't! Dad, no!

Peter slides over a few steps. Miles keeps his gun to his head. He cocks the gun.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(desperate)  
No! I'll fix your car! Dad! No!

Peter bends his knees to jump, but slides over the nose of a stair. He tumbles down. Miles pulls the trigger.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(getting back up)  
Nooo!

A gunshot. The gun bounces over the floor. Peter blinks and lunges for his dad. He avoids looking at the horror.

Peter catches Miles' upper body crumbling. He repositions his arms around his chest to push it up. He winces.

Peter's feet skid over the carpet. Martha and Andrew rush over, in shock.

PETER (CONT'D)  
No! No!

Peter gnashes his teeth. His entire body pushes Miles' chest up straight. Martha comes over near.

MARTHA  
(breaking in cries)  
Peter.  
(shouting)  
Andy, call an ambulance!

Andy picks up the kitchen telephone handset. His call goes indistinct. Martha helps Peter lay down Miles' body.

Peter buries his face into Miles' chest, cuddling him. He shivers into silent cries.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEAL'N GO GO! AUTO BODY SHOP, FLINT - MORNING

A tight, cluttered bedroom. A 44-year-old buzz-cut Peter sleeps on his stomach.

TITLE: 2008

Above Peter's shoulders, his hands lie flat. His right hand quivers a moment.

PETER'S DREAM - 2008 - MORNING

A dark, empty backstreet. A dead-end with a high chain fence. Peter runs over and starts climbing the fence. He's naked.

A 39-year-old Asian woman runs over, BONNIE MING. A statuesque beauty in black pantyhose and silk top.

A 1966 'Black Tight Killer.'

She pulls Peter off the fence and knees him in the groin. Peter grimaces in pain. He crouches down to her feet.

PETER  
(showing his palms)  
Awright. I'll s-s-say it!

BONNIE  
(putting her hands on her  
hips)  
You stutter, you die!

Peter admires her beauty. He starts panting out of control. He takes a moment to catch his breath.

PETER  
Rubber...  
(breathing)  
baggy...  
(staring at Bonnie's  
nyloned feet)  
b-b-baby...

Bonnie kicks Peter against the fence. She keeps a nyloned foot over his throat. Bonnie chokes Peter to death.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAL'N GO GO! AUTO BODY SHOP, FLINT - MORNING

Peter bolts awake. He gasps, fingering his throat. He looks around. A blue-rusted 1961 Starfire rests on a car lift.

In one corner, a 1967 azure Chevrolet Chevelle; in another, a 1972 gold-glow Ford Mustang Mach 1.

Peter eyes the clock on the wall. It's 8:30 AM.

PETER  
(tossing away his sheets)  
Shit!



Peter rushes out of bed. He's 5'7", athletic, with long arms. His little toe accidentally hits a metal chair leg.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ow!

(wincing in pain,  
limping)

Fuckin' piece of shit!

(kicking the chair back,  
but with the same toe)

Ooow! Shit! Ah, c'mon!

(grabbing his little toe)

Peter limps back and forth, increasingly raging. He finally grabs the chair.

PETER (CONT'D)

(throwing it into the  
air)

Mmmmeewaaaah!

Peter watches the chair flying. It descends towards the rusted Starfire. Peter shifts to distress.

PETER (CONT'D)

No, no!

The chair bounces off the old Starfire's hood, then tumbles onto the floor. Peter rushes over and sees the huge dent.

PETER (CONT'D)

(increasingly louder)

No, no, no!

(whining, enraged)

How dumb! How fuckin' dumb!

Rrrraah!

(a fist pounding his  
stomach)

Peter limps his way into the bathroom, pounding his head. A wall of photos, diplomas, and posters.

Vintage films: The "Diamonds Are Forever" Black Bond girl in bikini; The "Black Tight Killers" Japanese ladies.

Sound of a shower faucet being turned on.

In another room, 54-year-old Andrew gets out of bed. He's 5'11" with short dreads.

A late-60s white man steps into the body shop, ERNIE SMITH. He has a coughing fit as he flicks on the lights.

Andrew walks over in coveralls. He and Ernie salute each other. The tumbled chair makes them frown.

Ernie steps closer to the old Starfire. Andrew yawns his mouth wide open. They both notice the sharp dent.

ANDREW

Whoa!  
 (leaning over)  
 Ahhh, man. Again?  
 (glancing at Peter's  
 corner)

Ernie shakes his head no. Sound of a shower faucet being turned off. Andrew motions, but Ernie touches his arm.

ERNIE

Easy.

Andrew nods at Ernie. He pulls out a hashish bit. He starts grinding it into a rolling paper. Peter comes out.

Andrew walks up to Peter. He looks at him.

PETER

Hey An-d-d-dy.  
 (waving at Ernie)

Ernie waves back. Andrew rolls, lights up, and pumps his doobie. He offers it to Peter, who shakes his head no.

ANDREW

Dumbo.  
 (glancing at the tumbled  
 chair, sighing)

Peter nods, embarrassed and ashamed. He jumps in his pants. He sighs. His eyes are full of regret.

PETER

(putting on a nice shirt)  
 I'm l-l-late!

Andrew opens his mouth but holds it. Ernie eyes him the Chevelle.

Andrew nods. He heads for the Chevelle; Peter, too.

ANDREW

S'go!

Andrew starts whistling the Jimi Hendrix "Fire" melody. Peter trips over his untied shoelaces. He swears.

Andrew shakes his head no. The doob dangles from his mouth.

Peter gets behind the wheel. On the dashboard, Andrew's palm heel and fingers start drumming the "Fire" melody.

Peter likes it, banging his head. Andrew appears lost in thought for a moment.

FLASH - 1970 - DAY

MUSIC: Jimi Hendrix' "Fire"

Andrew's bedroom. On a wall, a "Jimi Hendrix" poster. On the edge of the bed, sitting side-by-side, Andrew and Miles.

35-year-old Miles smokes his doobie, bouncing a leg. He passes it to 15-year-old Andrew, who takes a drag.

BACK TO SCENE,  
BODY SHOP

Andrew stops finger drumming. His face gets sad for a moment.

Peter's hand has a sort of convulsion. The keys fly and land on Andrew's floor mat.

ANDREW

Dumbo.

(picking up and keeping  
the keys)

Dad. He had issues.

PETER

N-n-no he d-d-didn't...

ANDREW

(interrupting smoothly)

There's a lot of dad in you, Dumbo.

(pausing)

Watch it.

Andrew stares at Peter, who nods after a beat.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

(pointing at Ernie with  
his chin)

And Ernie.

(tapping his own chest  
where the heart is)

I'm worried.

(in a harsh tone)

Your lunatic shit. He's too old for  
that!

Peter gets irritated. His hands squeeze the wheel so hard, they shake out of control. Peter bursts out.

PETER  
 You think I like myself when I do that?  
 (relentlessly pounding his abdomen with a fist)  
 I fuckin' hate, hate, hate myself!  
 I'd kill myself if I could!

Andrew freaks out and shifts to empathy. He raises a hand. Ernie watches from the old Starfire, worried.

ANDREW  
 Whoa, Dumbo! You're flying way too high!

Peter bursts out laughing. A beat. He shakes his head.

PETER  
 Funny.

Andrew offers his doob to Peter, who shakes his head no.

ANDREW  
 Alright. Listen.  
 (eyeing the garage door)  
 Tomorrow. We sell the Starfire.

PETER  
 W-w-why?

ANDREW  
 (eyeing Ernie)  
 Ernie. 't's not looking good.  
 (dead worried)

Peter exhales. After a beat, he nods reluctantly. Andrew hands Peter the car keys.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
 (eyeing the tumbled chair)  
 And, you do that kinda shit again,  
 (a beat, death-staring at Peter)  
 I'm kicking you out!

Peter exhales. He nods and turns the key in the ignition. The Chevelle roars. It gets to the garage door.

A loud grinding noise. Ernie bends over the old Starfire hood. He holds the spinning brush against the silver dent.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEAL'N GO GO! USED CAR DEALERSHIP - A MOMENT LATER

A lot filled with 50s, 60s, and 70s cars. The garage door mechanically opens. The Chevelle exits in a screeching turn.

A flat office building. On top of it, a towering neon silhouette. A 1960s female go-go dancer.

The silhouette holds up the ever-consecutive lighting syllables, Deal 'n GO GO!

The GO GO! lights up in bright metallic silver color, twice.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN DETROIT - MORNING

A light blue sky above the city buildings. Busy streets with cars and trucks. A homeless man pushes a shopping cart.

A huge beige, art-deco condo tower with a doorman in uniform. Way up, a penthouse with floor-to-ceiling windows.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, DETROIT - MORNING

A large living room with a white snaking sofa. At the end of a long hall, an antique Chinese wooden door.

On both sides, a giant vase with a bouquet of cherry blossom branches.

A mom's voice scolding. Bonnie Ming comes out, towel-wrapped.

A petite, elegant mid-60s woman follows, MRS. MING. She points a finger at Bonnie.

MRS. MING

(subtitled: Cantonese)

You've never been a fighter!

BONNIE

(subtitled: B. seeking validation)

I'm #2!

MRS. MING  
 (scoffing)  
 Chief Financial Officer!  
 (shifting)  
 I was CEO of the year at 36!  
 (pointing a finger at  
 Bonnie)  
 And I had you!

Bonnie exhales, resigned. She pulls off her towel, revealing an hourglass-shaped frame. Five feet ten of beauty.

Bonnie looks at herself in a wall mirror, turning her head. Mrs. Ming steps in. She stares at Bonnie in the mirror.

MRS. MING (CONT'D)  
 (scolding, disappointed)  
 You've gained weight!

Bonnie sighs. She pulls out a brush from a mascara tube. She brushes her eyelashes darker.

BONNIE  
 (emotional)  
 Even if I were President...  
 (glancing at her mom in  
 the mirror)  
 Or...  
 (raising and dropping a  
 hand)

Mrs. Ming doesn't respond, cold-sighted. Bonnie sees that, a tear sliding down her cheek.

Mrs. Ming looks at herself in the mirror. She admires her own perfect petiteness and cuteness, with no fat.

Mrs. Ming brushes off some wrinkles showing on her jacket.

Bonnie's hands tremble. She pulls out a tissue from a box. With it, she removes the extra lipstick around her lips.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
 So tell me. What is a fighter?  
 (wiping out another tear)

MRS. MING  
 Pff! Even if I told you!

Bonnie turns to face her mom. She looks her in the eye.

BONNIE  
 C'mon! Tell me!

A staredown. Bonnie's stare shivers a little; Mrs. Ming's is perfectly still. Bonnie's eyes get weary.

Mrs. Ming turns and walks away. Her rapid, decisive footsteps come to a stop. A moment. She quickly returns to Bonnie.

MRS. MING  
(death-staring)  
A fighter goes to war.

Bonnie stands still. Both women stare at each other again.

MRS. MING (CONT'D)  
With a plan to win!

Another staredown between the two. Mrs. Ming looks away first. She turns and walks away.

Bonnie stares at herself in the mirror. She's a different woman now, focused and determined.

FADE TO:

EXT. DETROIT HIGHWAY - MORNING

A three-lane traffic jam.

Peter's Chevelle pulls a few feet ahead and stops. It now nears the next car's bumper.

The next car's a brown 1990 Chrysler Imperial. A black man with dreadlocks drives it. His stoner music blares out.

IN THE CHEVELLE

PETER  
(focused)  
Rubber baggy buggy bumpers!  
(mocking himself)  
Baggy! Yeah, why the fuckin' not? A  
rubber baggy!  
(scolding himself)  
Baby, Dumbo, baby! Not baggy!  
(clearing his throat)  
Rubber baggy buggy bumpers!  
(rising a fist)  
Rrrraah!  
(his fist pounding the  
steering cap)

The Chevelle honks. The Imperial driver looks at Peter. "Oops!" gestures Peter. The Imperial driver shakes his head.

The Imperial driver keeps glancing at Peter. He seems irritated. Peter slowly pulls his car forward.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Rubber baggy buggy bumpers!  
(raging, pounding his  
steering twice)  
Fuck! Fuck!  
(the Chevelle honking  
twice)

The Imperial driver gives Peter a death stare. Peter's foot missteps a pedal. The Chevelle rear ends the Imperial.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Ssshit!

It blows to pieces a blinker of the Imperial. The Imperial driver rushes out. He inspects his smashed rear light.

The Imperial driver looks at the broken pieces onto the pavement. He starts yelling and gesturing at Peter.

He front kicks many times the Chevelle's bumper.

IMPERIAL DRIVER  
You fuckin' lunatic!

Peter scowls. The Imperial driver slams the Chevelle hood with both fists, making a huge dent. Peter glares at him.

PETER  
You. Mother. Fucker.  
(glaring at the Imperial  
driver)

The Imperial driver rushes to Peter's open window. He immediately punches Peter's head through it.

Peter protects himself with an arm. He gets a cut over his left cheek. His whole body trembles to utter madness.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(yelling his lungs out)  
Rrrraah!

Peter grabs the Imperial driver by the air. He pulls his head in. He endlessly elbows his face to unconsciousness.

Peter shoves his body out the window. The Imperial driver drops lifeless onto the pavement.

A pick-up truck pulls over the shoulder. A man gets out. Peter grabs some duct tape in his glove compartment.



PETER (CONT'D)  
 (panicky)  
 Shit! Shit!

He gets to the back of his car. He duct tapes an "X" over his license plate.

Peter rushes back to his car door. The pick-up man glides over the hood. Peter rushes back and locks himself in.

PICK-UP MAN  
 Dude!  
 (Peter steering towards  
 the other shoulder)  
 What you doin'?

The Chevelle makes it towards the opposite shoulder. It then screeches away.

The pick-up man walks over to the lying Imperial driver. He crouches down. He hovers an ear over his mouth.

He starts pumping his chest. We hear an ambulance siren.

FADE TO:

INT. USMOTORS BOARDROOM - MORNING

A long table with empty executive chairs. Near the edge, Bonnie stands in a skirt suit with nude pantyhose.

At the other edge sits a senior white-haired man, DON WILEY. He watches Bonnie for a moment, then walks up to her.

DON  
 (a long sigh)  
 Was good but... a few misses.

Bonnie stares silently at Don.

DON (CONT'D)  
 Your shirt tag was sticking out the whole time.  
 (Bonnie, upset, quickly tucking it back in)  
 And you said, "less cars" instead of "fewer cars," but...  
 (Don waving)  
 What worries me is...

BONNIE  
 (interrupting)  
 I know. I know.  
 (nodding, nervous)

DON  
 (reluctantly repeating)  
 What worries me is Peter Smith.

Bonnie acknowledges. Don nods back. He heads for the open door.

BONNIE  
 Don!

Don stops and looks at her.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
 Smith. He's messy, but, I know he  
 can pull it off!

DON  
 Then make sure he pulls his shit  
 together!

BONNIE  
 Yeah. His outbursts of...

DON  
 (interrupting, annoyed)  
 I wasn't finished!

Bonnie bows, apologetic. She loses composure.

DON (CONT'D)  
 Don't be hard on yourself.  
 (Bonnie bows, grateful)  
 But. You want my job?  
 (a beat, Bonnie nods)  
 Listen.

A longer beat. Don looks her in the eye. Bonnie mutes herself, all-ears.

DON (CONT'D)  
 You give me a complete re-brand  
 with  
 (raising his index)  
 one single EV top-selling model,  
 and I'm stepping down...  
 (pointing a finger at  
 Bonnie)  
 ...and I'm appointing you CEO.

A beat. Don stares at Bonnie. Bonnie gives Don an obedient stare. She bows again at him.

BONNIE

Thanks Don!

Don's eyes smile. He taps Bonnie's left arm and turns to go. Bonnie says something. Don stops.

The conversation goes indistinct. Bonnie talks as Don listens. He thinks for a moment, then nods.

Bonnie seems happy. They part.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY UNDERPASS - MORNING

The area is desert. The Chevelle is parked under the bridge.

Inside, Peter wipes out all traces of blood. He steps out. He sets fire to his bloody shirt into a metal trash can.

The hood-dented Chevelle speeds away. It suddenly screeches to a halt. Peter rushes out to the back.

He pulls off the duct tape over his plate. He gets back inside. The Chevelle speeds away again.

CUT TO:

INT. USMOTORS HALL - MORNING

An empty hall. A nameplate on a door reading, "Peter Smith, Chief Innovation Officer."

INT. PETER'S USMOTORS OFFICE - MORNING

Peter sits at his desk, typing at his keyboard.

His office door swiftly opens. Peter jump scares. Bonnie looks at Peter and arches her eyebrows.

Peter has a cut over the left cheek.

Bonnie puts a piece of gum into her mouth. Peter wears a brand new shirt, unbuttoned.

BONNIE

(chewing her gum)

What happened?

PETER

Um. I had a l-l-little a-cc-cc-cc...

(breathing)

...ccid-d-d...

(exhaling, exasperated)

A l-l-little...

Bonnie puts her things on a coffee table. She sees herself in a tall mirror. She stops and gazes at her legs.

BONNIE

(interrupting)

Accident?

(Peter pointing at her,

"You said it!")

Bonnie starts pulling her pantyhose up at every inch. The nylon snapping tighter against her legs hypnotizes Peter.

He starts buttoning his shirt in the wrong holes. He glances at it and starts all over.

PETER

I w-w-was putting some air in a t-t-tire, and...

BONNIE

(pulling up the nylon under her skirt, swaying her hips)

It blew up?

Peter nods nervously. His eyes long for Bonnie's large, hourglass-shaped frame. Bonnie smiles, amused.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

(inspecting her pantyhosed legs in the mirror)

I'm sorry to hear that.

(glancing at Peter)

Peter waves, "Thanks." Bonnie grabs her things from the coffee table.

She drops them over his desk. Peter jerkily flips a page of his journal. A photo flies out and lands onto the floor.

Bonnie picks it up and looks at it. It's Andrew standing in blue USMotors coveralls.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Who's this?

PETER  
My b-b-brother...

BONNIE  
Mm... Kinda cute!  
(noticing the branded  
coveralls)  
'works here?

Peter nods. He extends his hand, but Bonnie keeps the photo.

PETER  
F-F-Flint.

BONNIE  
What's his name?

PETER  
And-d-d-drew.

Bonnie nods. She hands Peter back the photo. She sits opposite.

BONNIE  
(chewing)  
Alright.

Peter opens his black journal, holding up his pen. He looks at Bonnie, all ears.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
You have until the Detroit Auto  
Show to stop the stuttering.  
(staring at Peter)  
And I ain't kiddin'!

Peter starts massaging his plexus area with a hand. He exhales.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
(chewing her mouth half-  
opened, handing Peter a  
document)  
You wanted a kick in the pants?

Peter swallows. He grabs the document and starts reading it.

PETER  
(to Bonnie)  
T-t-toastmasters?

BONNIE  
Yup. Starting tonite!

Peter sighs as he reads more. He nods and exhales.

Bonnie stretches her gum out of her mouth. Her gum looks like a rubber thread. She retracts it back into her mouth.

PETER  
 (reading aloud)  
 I c-c-can b-b-basically...  
 (smiling, exasperated,  
 dropping his head)  
 d-d-develop in-d-d-dependently from  
 USM-M-Motors...  
 (scoffing of  
 exasperation)  
 ...my S-S-Starfire p-p-  
 prototype...

BONNIE  
 (interrupting, chewing  
 loudly)  
 Yeah. A soft launch at the Deal'n  
 GO GO! but!  
 (raising a finger)  
 Only if you stop the stuttering  
 before the DAS!

Peter nods nervously.

PETER  
 W-w-why b-b-before...

BONNIE  
 (interrupting)  
 The DAS is the "D" day for the  
 Starfire Project.

Peter nods. A beat. He puts the document down. He signs it and hands it back to Bonnie.

She chews her gum triumphantly, then motions out.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
 Talk to you in a sec!

Peter frowns. Bonnie stops and stares at him.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
 The online meeting.

PETER  
 F-f-fuck!

BONNIE  
 (shifting, raising a  
 finger)  
 Don't you ever swear in front of me  
 again!

Peter freezes. His eyes look ahead without seeing.

FLASHBACK - 1973 - EVENING

PETER'S POV - A close-up of Martha's face staring at us.

MARTHA  
 (hysterical)  
 Don't you ever stutter again! Ever!  
 Ever! Ever! Ever! Ever!  
 (hitting us with a coat  
 hanger)

BACK TO SCENE,  
 PETER'S OFFICE

Peter looks remorseful, waving.

PETER  
 Hey. N-no-no wo-wo-worries.

Bonnie shifts, more laid-back.

BONNIE  
 Awright. Watch it!

Peter nods obediently. She rushes out. Peter goes to his bay window. He looks down. No police car on the street.

Peter grabs his Blackberry. He thumbs it frenetically, then puts it to his ear. Andy answers.

ANDREW  
 (v.o.)  
 Yeah!

PETER  
 Andy! I messed up! I fuckin' messed  
 up!

ANDREW  
 (v.o.)  
 Huh?

PETER  
 I'm going to prison!

ANDREW  
 (v.o.)  
 What happened?

Peter fingers his forehead, then strokes his hair. His computer chimes. He taps a key.

PETER  
 I killed a man!

ANDREW  
 (v.o., doubtful)  
 Killed a man?

PETER  
 He slammed my hood! I killed him!

ANDREW  
 (v.o.)  
 In a rage?

PETER  
 (nodding nervously)  
 Yeah!

ANDREW  
 (v.o.)  
 A road rage?

PETER  
 Yeah!

A long beat. Peter stares at his computer screen. A USMotors wallpaper. A floating Outlook prompt reads, "Join the call?"

Peter clicks, "Yes." A Teams meeting window appears. Peter taps a key. The "Mute" icon appears.

ANDREW  
 (v.o.)  
 Shit!  
 (a long beat)  
 Told you to watch it, Dumbo!

PETER  
 (desperate for help)  
 I know! I'm scared!

A silence sets in. On-screen, a PowerPoint slide appears.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Andy! I need you!



ANDY  
 (v.o., thinking aloud)  
 You're in deep shit, Dumbo!

PETER  
 I k-k-know!

Another long beat.

ANDREW  
 Look. I can't help you!  
 (pausing)  
 Maybe doing some time is the only  
 way?

PETER  
 The only w-w-way for w-w-...

ANDREW  
 (interrupting)  
 I dunno! Break the lunatic pattern?  
 (shifting, all-stressed  
 out himself)  
 Oh! Gotta go! See ya!

We hear a click. Peter exhales. He puts his BlackBerry down.

Peter slides his headset on. We hear the faint sound of people talking in Peter's headset.

Peter's computer screen shows a PowerPoint diagram.

BONNIE'S VOICE  
 (v.o.)  
 ...costs are just one part of the  
 problem. The main thing is  
 innovation. It's bad. Really bad.

Peter taps a key. The unmute icon briefly appears.

DON'S VOICE  
 (v.o.)  
 So, what's the plan?

BONNIE'S VOICE  
 Simple. Start delivering. Peter?

PETER  
 I'm w-w-workin'...  
 (rolling his eyes)  
 ...on a pro-pro-pro...  
 (scoffing, exasperated)

BONNIE'S VOICE

(v.o., interrupting,  
careless)

Peter's working on a flagship  
prototype, and...

(a beat, proud)

I've just signed him up for our  
Toastmasters!

(clapping and cheering  
from call attendees)

Yup! He's on tonite!

YOUNG LADY'S VOICE

(v.o.)

We've all been there, Peter!

PETER

(amused, laughing)

I've got no f-f-fear of p-p-  
public...

(empathic laughter)

Peter shakes his head in disbelief. He stares at his open journal on his desk. The words "marketing" and "Starcity."

Peter opens his mouth, but cannot utter a sound. He tries harder, his head banging.

BONNIE

(v.o., unknowingly  
interrupting Peter)

Peter's ideas all come down to...

All voices in Peter's headset go indistinct. Peter hits the mute button. He slams his fist on the desk. A loud bang.

PETER

(enraged)

Fuck!

A man passing in the hall looks at Peter. Peter waves kindly at him. The man doesn't respond.

PETER (CONT'D)

(impersonating himself,  
banging his head)

I'm w-w-workin' on a p-p-pro...

(raging, raising a fist)

Just fuckin' say it, Dumbo!

All voices in Peter's headset are still indistinct. The screen features a PowerPoint slide titled, "The Bailout."

Peter starts biting his thumbnail, leg-bouncing.

SPLIT-SECONDS FLASHES - 2008 - MORNING

The black Imperial driver falling unconscious. Peter trashing and burning his bloody shirt.

BACK TO SCENE,  
PETER'S OFFICE

Peter bounces his leg faster. He grabs a wastebasket. He spits down his thumbnail pieces into it.

CUT TO:

INT. USMOTORS CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Peter sits at a conference room table. He's still bouncing a leg and biting his thumbnail.

Around the table, three women in suit listening. Standing at a lectern, the young-voiced lady from the online meeting.

YOUNG-VOICED LADY  
...when you look at it like a 5th  
grader, quantum physics is a no-  
brainer!  
(startled faces among the  
women listening)  
All that thunderstorm of complex  
formulas becomes... a unicorn-on-a-  
rainbow of simplicity!  
(nodding and waving thank  
you)

The women listening raise their eyebrows. They start clapping. Peter joins in, coming to his senses.

Peter grabs his journal and rises. He makes his way to the lectern. He opens his journal on top of it.

PETER  
Hey guys!

A black mid-40s woman smiles at Peter, ANGELA BROWN. She holds a pen over her notepad. Your warm, kind aunt in a suit.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Sally sells seashells by the  
seashore. Rubber...  
(slowing)  
...baby...  
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)  
 (fast)  
 ...buggy bumpers!

Applause and hooting from the women listening. Peter playfully bows.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 (pointing at himself)  
 Fear of public speaking? Hmm.  
 (shaking his head no)

A moment.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 But you guys heard me on the call.  
 You know me.

ANGELA  
 Peter, If I may.  
 (touching her chest where  
 the heart is)  
 You tell me if my question's  
 inappropriate, okay?  
 (Peter nods, "Sure.")  
 What is it with Bonnie?

PETER  
 I don't know. I don't know, Angela.  
 (grimacing like a kid,  
 puzzled)

ANGELA  
 Is it because... she's the alpha  
 type?  
 (Peter shakes his head  
 no)

PETER  
 (more playfully)  
 No, I love alpha women.  
 (a beat, serious again)  
 Maybe I'll find out... here?

YOUNG-VOICED LADY  
 And she's the only one with whom...

PETER  
 No. I stutter with my brother at  
 times, too.

The young-voiced lady nods. Angela checks her phone. She seems concerned.

ANGELA  
Take it away, Peter!

PETER  
Awright!  
(replacing his journal on  
the lectern, pausing)  
I'm working on a new line of EVs, a  
new assembly chain to, huh...  
(Angela makes a trait on  
her notepad)  
...to automate the restoration of  
1960s Oldsmobile Starfires.

ANGELA  
Hm. Nice!

The other women have the same reaction.

PETER  
I promised my dad I would fix his  
car...  
(with some emotion)  
...but it's now become an ambitious  
eco-project.  
(proud, looking at  
everyone)

A silence sets in.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(talking faster, excited)  
And it includes the creation of  
three period cities in the US  
called, "Starcity."

Angela arches her eyebrows. She nods her lips tight,  
impressed. Bonnie storms in, shutting the door.

BONNIE  
Sorry!  
(exchanging a smile with  
the women, then looking  
at Peter)  
Go on, Peter!

Peter's eyes go wary and panicky. He clears his throat,  
watching Bonnie pour herself a cup of coffee.

Bonnie looks at herself in a tall mirror. She turns a shoe on  
both sides. Peter freezes. Women glance at Bonnie, wondering.

PETER  
 (paralyzed)  
 So, wo-wo-one of the f-f-fif-ties  
 in C-C-Cal...  
 (getting upset with  
 himself)  
 C'mon!

Bonnie sits at the table with her coffee. She keeps her head down on her phone. Peter freezes again.

FLASHBACK - 1973 - EVENING

9-year-old Peter sits at the kitchen table. Her mid-30s mom stands at the sink, washing dishes. She has her head down.

PETER  
 (to her mid-30s mom)  
 ...so the g-g-guy t-t-turned a-rr-  
 rr-round and s-s-said...  
 (staring at her mom who  
 keeps her head down over  
 the sink)

BACK TO SCENE,  
 TOASTMASTERS

PETER (CONT'D)  
 So, woa-woa-one of the f-f-fif-  
 fifties in Cal-Cal-Cal...  
 (exhaling, exasperated)

Peter stops. He looks down for a moment. He sighs again. Angela glances at her phone.

ANGELA  
 Would it be okay, Peter, if we took  
 a break now?

Peter nods frantically, playful. The group breaks. Peter heads for the coffee table. Angela walks up to him.

Peter flips down the coffee faucet over his cup.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 (kindly)  
 You were doin' so great!

PETER  
 I know.

Angela leads Peter aside. The conversations and laughter around them turn indistinct.

ANGELA  
I've seen this before.

Peter stares at Angela. He sips his coffee, interested.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Wanna know what I think it is?

Peter nods.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Childhood trauma.  
(a beat)  
Unresolved childhood trauma.  
(taking a sip of coffee)

Peter starts nodding and blinking excessively. That makes Angela chuckle.

Peter's BlackBerry vibrates. He puts it to his ear.

PETER  
Hey!

The scene turns indistinct. Peter takes a tragic face. He covers his forehead, nods, then clicks off. He exhales.

Peter looks down, devastated. Angela enquires. Peter speaks up. She covers her mouth.

FADE TO:

INT. FLINT FUNERAL HOME - MORNING

An open coffin with Ernie's embalmed body. Andrew stands in front of the coffin, head down. Peter stands behind, guilty.

Peter puts a hand on Andrew's shoulder.

ANDREW  
(without turning,  
irritated)  
Dumbo.

Peter takes off his hand. He sighs, looking away.

FADE TO:

EXT. HIGH BANKS, MICHIGAN - DAY

A trail cliff overlooking Lake Huron. A long hill of sand dunes leading to the shore.

Andrew's Mustang Mach 1 has stopped near the cliff, its engine idle. He watches the landscape, his face in cries.

He takes a sip of his bottle of Beefeater.

FLASHES - 1970 - DAY

15-year-old Andrew and mid-30s Miles are in hunting attire. They walk side-by-side, each holding a rifle.

Andrew shoots a deer down. Miles celebrates. A camp fire at night. Miles hands Andrew his bottle of Beefeater.

BACK TO SCENE,  
HIGH BANKS

Andrew roars his engine a few times, a hand on the shifter.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROSSE POINTE, LAKESHORE DRIVE - NOON

A cloudless sunny sky. A scenic road. Peter's dashing old Starfire. Lake St. Clair rushing by.

Peter looks over to the opposite shoulder. A long wall of pale gray rock borders it.

The old Starfire shadow moves fast over it, compressed. Peter glances at it twice.

FLASHBACK - 1969 - EVENING

MUSIC: A soothing 1960s instrumental song.

Same road. Same top-down car. Mid-30s Miles holds the wheel. 5-year-old Peter sits, on his heels, as a passenger.

Peter looks over to the other shoulder. The pale gray rock. A larger-than-life Starfire shadow passes over it.

Peter smiles. He sticks his hand out and starts surfing the powerful air rushing by. Miles starts bouncing a leg.

BACK TO SCENE,  
GROSSE POINTE

Peter's old Starfire runs over the broken line. An incoming car honks and diverts. Peter jerk-steers away.



The old Starfire drifts to a screeching stop. Peter looks at the car going the other way, a Chevy Volt.

Way above the Volt stands the wall of grey rock. Over it, the old Starfire shadow now compressed. Peter steps out.

He glances again. The old Starfire. Its compressed grey-rock shadow. He thinks, nodding for himself.

FADE TO:

EXT. DEAL'N GO-GO! LOT - AFTERNOON

Andrew stands nodding at a man in suit talking. The man's bow tie perfectly matches his suit's pocket square.

Lying over the hood of a Chevy Impala is a thick document.

The old Starfire speeds over. It stops with a loud screech. Peter steps out. He runs up to Andrew.

PETER  
 (panting)  
 Andy! No!  
 (to the bow-tie man)  
 I'm sorry!

The bow-tie man smiles politely. He steps away. Andy puts his elbow onto the hood. Peter takes away the document.

ANDY  
 (cool)  
 Hey!

Andy stares at Peter, who points at the office building. Andy sighs. He concludes with the bow-tie man, who leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAL'N GO-GO! OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A counter TV set is on. A BNN Bloomberg man in suit talks, indistinct. Andrew sits on the stool behind the counter.

Peter stands opposite the counter. Andrew lights up a doobie. He puffs on it. Peter looks at Andrew in the eye.

PETER  
 Remember our Sunday rides with dad?

Andrew nods.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I was there yesterday.

Peter looks down a moment, then at Andrew.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I had this...  
(shaking a hand)  
...vision.

Andrew acknowledges. He smokes his doob, inhaling deeply. He exhales slowly.

ANDREW  
Whoa! This shit is somethin'!

Andrew hands his doob to Peter, who shakes his head no.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
C'mon, one drag!

Peter hesitates, but takes up the doob. He inhales, then coughs up a few times. Andrew shakes his head.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
Dumbo.

Peter hands back the doob, then clears his throat. He looks at Andrew.

PETER  
What if we made the Starfire a mid-size EV?

ANDREW  
By the way, I think it's legally their prototype.

PETER  
Nope. It's mine unless I breach my contract.

ANDREW  
What contract?

PETER  
(waving)  
Not now!

Andrew nods. He hands his doob to Peter, who takes it. He puffs at it a couple of times, then hands it back.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Whoa. You're right.  
 (taking a super chill  
 demeanor)  
 Hey everybody!  
 (his hand gesturing  
 "down")  
 Get down! Dow, down!

Peter bursts into uncontrollable laughter. He then looks at the dealership sign, thinking.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 (passing his hand over  
 it)  
 "Starfire - Drive a Dream."

ANDREW  
 Nice. But, car restoration ain't  
 cheap. Or quick.

PETER  
 That's precisely the dream, Andy.  
 (stone, enjoying the  
 buzz)  
 With my robotics...  
 (super chill, raising a  
 finger)  
 ...the impossible becomes possible!

On TV, we hear the host saying, "...Bonnie Ming, CFO of USMotors." Both Andrew and Peter look at the TV.

Bonnie's sitting on a stool at the host's desk. She crosses her long, black-pantyhosed legs. Peter gets hypnotized.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 (impressed like a kid)  
 Wow.

ANDREW  
 Cute bitch!

PETER  
 Don't say that!

ANDREW  
 (chuckling)  
 You submissive, un-flying Dumbo!

Peter laughs admittedly.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
 (his eyes reddish)  
 She'd order you to crawl up to her  
 feet, and you'd propose!

Peter laughs.

On television, the headline reads, "USMOTORS TO LAY OFF  
 THOUSANDS OF WORKERS."

Andrew rises to his feet, alarmed; Peter opens his mouth in  
 shock.

HOST (ON TELEVISION)  
 ....so, how bad is it?

BONNIE (ON TELEVISION)  
 We're lookin' at...  
 (a moment)  
 ...in the short term...  
 (exhaling polite regret)  
 ...'bout 8,000 layoffs.

The BNN discussion goes indistinct.

ANDREW (TO THE TELEVISION)  
 (resentful)  
 Fuckin' bitch!

Peter doesn't object this time. He has his head down,  
 thinking.

FLASHBACK - 2008 - MORNING

Bonnie stands in Peter's office. She's holding and looking at  
 Andrew's pic.

BACK TO SCENE,  
 DEAL'N GO GO!

Andrew rises and motions out. Peter grabs his arm.

PETER  
 (overdone, silly macho  
 demeanor)  
 Wanna fuck the bitch?  
 (laughing uncontrollably)

Andrew smiles, amused.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 She saw that, that pic of you...

ANDREW

What pic?

PETER

USE plant.'bout a year ago.

ANDREW

Oh, that one! And?

PETER

She said, "Hmm, kinda cute! Is he working here?" and I said  
 (mimicking his own  
 stuttering, chill)  
 "Y-y-yes, F-f-flint"!

Andrew and Peter laugh.

ANDREW

Don't beat yourself up, Dumbo!

Peter nods. A moment. He looks Andy in the eye.

PETER

(confident)

Andy. I know her. You're exactly her type.

ANDREW

Awright then. What did you have in mind?

PETER

(after a deep breath,  
 playful)

Get her madly, desperately in love with you!

ANDREW

Huh?

Andrew gets onto one knee. From a cupboard, he rattles out a bottle of Beefeater. He puts it on the counter.

PETER

(appalled, eyeing the  
 office clock)

'the fuck?

ANDREW

Ain't workin' today! Nor do you!  
 (offering Peter a party  
 cup)

PETER

I'm good.

(a beat)

A tall, handsome dude like you  
acting romantic like me.

ANDREW

'the fuck you're talkin' about?

Andrew pours himself a party cup of Beefeater. Peter puts  
both elbows on the counter, eyes on Andrew.

PETER

You're the dropout, the fuckboy.  
You act like me? All-loving, naive,  
loyal? She'll fall for you. Head-  
fuckin'-over-heels!

ANDREW

Then what?

PETER

(scoffing)

You're such a dick!

ANDREW

Then what?

PETER

(matter-of-factly)

You give her your bad-boy sex...  
(Andrew scoffs modestly,  
a hand cupping his nose)  
...but all wrapped up in some  
serious boyfriend shit, then you  
dump her!

A beat. Andrew stares at Peter with a playful smile. He takes  
a sip of his party cup.

ANDREW

You unworthy-of-love Dumbo!

(giggling)

Then what?

(taking a good gulp of  
his drink, gargling)

PETER

(shaking his head, amused, a long  
moment)

You've got the body she wants.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

You fuck like you but love like me  
then disappear, she'll cling so  
desperately to you, you'll be able  
to save Flint!

ANDREW

(skeptical)

Awright. I'm in. As long as I get  
my fuck, I'm in!

PETER

You'll get it!

(shifting)

But, for that fuck...

ANDREW

(interrupting  
emphatically)

...yeah, yeah, the re-opening.

(shifting)

Only...

(raising a finger, Peter  
frowning)

You do some lunatic shit...

Andrew gives Peter a death stare. Peter nods then looks down.

PETER

(worried)

I know.

Peter does some inside cheek-biting, then offers his hand.

PETER (CONT'D)

Deal!

ANDREW

Deal.

(shaking Peter's hand)

On the lot, a cute girl in beige leggings is walking her dog.  
Andrew sees her and gets obsessed. Peter looks at the girl.

She runs a finger over the 1969 Chevrolet Impala emblem.  
Andrew stumbles out of the car, a knee hitting the ground.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Oww!

(smiling, cool)

The girl sees Andrew. Andrew waves. He limps over. He  
introduces himself and the Impala.

PETER  
 (shaking his head)  
 Andy.

FADE TO:

TITLE: ONE MONTH LATER

EXT. DEAL'N DRIVE DEALERSHIP LOT - DAY

A sunny day. A lot flooded with people. Above the office building, a giant sign reading, "Deal'n Drive."

The go-go dancer's neon silhouette is gone.

Roadside, on ramps, a blue chubby Starfire EV. The mid-size EV is under siege. Men, kids, and a TV crew marvel at it.

The lot features three series of chubby Starfire EVs parked parallel: One red, one white, and one blue.

A 2008 CTS Cadillac pulls over at the curb. All heads turn.

Bonnie steps out. Her long, pantyhosed legs are perfect.

Andrew jaw-drops a moment. He walks up to her. Peter heads for Bonnie, but his knee hits the car ramps.

PETER  
 Ouch!  
 (wincing, rubbing his  
 knee)  
 Ow! Man!

BONNIE  
 (glancing at Andrew,  
 cold)  
 Hey.

ANDREW  
 (laid-back)  
 Hi!

Andrew smiles at her. Bonnie rather looks at the sign, the crowd, and the cars. She sees Peter and walks over.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
 Glad you made it!

Bonnie doesn't answer. Andrew smirks.



PETER  
B-B-Bonnie!

BONNIE  
(eyeing the sign with  
disgust)  
"Deal'n Drive?"

PETER  
We're not s-s-elling...

BONNIE  
(interrupting, lecturing)  
...new cars, I know, but...

ANDREW  
(interrupting, defiant)  
'S'there a problem?

Bonnie gives Andrew a reprimanding stare. Andrew stares back, kicking his chin up. Peter steps ahead of Bonnie.

PETER  
(making amends)  
My bro-bro-ther...

BONNIE  
(dusting off her skirt,  
ignoring Peter)  
I don't know.

Bonnie glances down and then around. She enjoys the male attention, showing off her legs.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
"Deal'n Drive." Sounds cheap!

ANDREW  
(objecting, as Peter  
freaks out)  
What do you know 'bout classics?

BONNIE  
(ignoring Andrew's  
question)  
If your branding's around  
"dealing," quality's secondary!

Andrew exchanges a glance with fetish-Peter, under the spell of Bonnie's nyloned legs. He smiles, amused.

Bonnie smiles. She looks at her legs, then her shoes. She turns them at different angles. Peter freezes.

FLASHBACK - 1973 - NIGHT

8-year-old Peter in p.j. watches Martha looking at herself in a mirror. She slides a shoe on.

Martha turns the shoe at different angles, assessing if she likes it. She turns and sees Peter in the doorway.

Martha gets mad as hell. She chases down Peter, then beats him up with her shoe.

BACK TO SCENE,  
DEAL'N DRIVE

PETER  
W-w-wh-what...

Bonnie looks around. Peter exhales, exasperated. His stuttering just got worse.

PETER (CONT'D)  
W-w-what d-d-d...

Andrew looks down, shaking his head.

BONNIE  
(ignoring Peter)  
I don't know. "American classics"?

Andrew looks pissed. Bonnie sizes Andrew, who does the same.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
I thought you'd be taller!

ANDREW  
You look... older in person!

BONNIE  
(spreading fingers over  
her cheek)  
I look old?

Andrew shakes his head no, a spark of malice in the eye.

PETER  
(to Bonnie)  
You w-w-wanted t-t-to...  
(pointing at the display  
ramps)

Peter rushes to get the blue chubby Starfire EV down the ramps. He steps out of the EV, waiting for Bonnie.

Andrew sees the Starfire EV slowly backing up by itself. He sprints and slides over the hood on one leg.

He swings open the driver's door and plunges in. He pulls up the emergency brake. A ratcheting noise.

The EV abruptly stops, rocking back and forth. The crowd applauds. Andrew smiles, then walks up to Peter.

ANDREW

The keys.  
(Peter shakes his head,  
sighing)

Peter hands them to Andrew, who returns to Bonnie's side. Bonnie looks at Andrew with dilated pupils.

BONNIE

Peter's not the...  
(twisting her hand like a  
screwdriver)

ANDREW

Nope!

Bonnie nods, making eye contact with Andrew. His own pupils are dilated, too. Bonnie and Andrew both look away, smiling.

Peter sighs. He glances at Andrew and Bonnie enviously.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAL'N DRIVE AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

A wide space that looks like a loft. Andrew flicks on the lights, revealing a 100-foot assembly line.

A dozen, orange robotic arms in still positions. Two large "Rust" and "Paint" glass recipients.

Bonnie yawns her mouth wide open. She gets herself a coffee, then returns to Andrew's side.

ANDREW

Happy now?

BONNIE

Mm-hmm.

Andrew pulls an old full-size 1960s Starfire onto the assembly line. He gets out and points a remote.

In no time, the robotic arms dismantle, shorten, and reassemble the old rusted car as a mid-size EV.

Bonnie jaw-drops at Andrew, who smiles. The process is equally fast for clearing the rust and re-painting the frame.

Bonnie jaw-drops again at Andrew. A pivoting platform now blow-dries the black mid-size Starfire EV.

Bonnie sits in an old wooden comfort chair. She places her coffee cup on the armrest.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
How did he... Those bots...

ANDREW  
Peter's good at deals.

BONNIE  
Deals?

ANDREW  
MIT, Harvard. "When there's a lot  
of will, there are only ways!"  
(clearing his throat)  
Peter's good at, at other kinds of  
deals, too.

Bonnie acknowledges, not too inquisitive. As she rises, a rusted staple in the wood snags a run in her pantyhose.

BONNIE  
(pulling her head back)  
No!

Andrew raises a finger at Bonnie. He rushes to the bathroom and returns with a nail remover bottle.

Bonnie gestures, "no!" Andrew unscrews the bottle. He pulls out the wet nail brush.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
(insisting, waving no)  
No! It's okay!  
(grabbing her cup, taking  
a sip)

ANDREW  
(raising a finger)  
Gimme a sec, okay?

Bonnie sighs. She waves, "Whatever!" Andrew brushes some remover over Bonnie's pantyhose run.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
Closer, please.

Bonnie reluctantly steps closer to him.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
Hold it!

Bonnie stands still. Andrew squeezes the run together between his thumb and index.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
Two minutes.

Bonnie stands still, holding her coffee. She sees Peter's Black-Tight Killers 1966 film poster. She scoffs.

Andrew sees that. He glances at the poster, then at Bonnie.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
(staring at his squeezing  
fingers)  
Yeah. My brother's a...

BONNIE  
(interrupting, glancing  
back at Andrew)  
I know.

Andrew acknowledges. He keeps pinching Bonnie's nylon. Bonnie looks at Andrew, then points her chin at the film poster.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
You too?

Bonnie takes a sip of her coffee.

ANDREW  
Naw, naw!

BONNIE  
No fetish?

ANDREW  
Nope!  
(playful)  
I like ripping them off!

BONNIE  
(taking a sip, some fire  
in the eye)  
Really?

A beat. Their eyes meet. Andrew swallows. He starts panting.

Bonnie puts her other nyloned leg over Andrew's shoulder.  
Andrew's panting faster.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
(daring)  
Rip'em!

Andrew starts ripping them off. He rises to kiss her. Clothes and shoes fly in a coffee and remover mess.

Andrew lays her down in a corner, bringing her calves over his shoulders. They are both locked in a stare, panting.

He bangs her ferociously. They soon share a long, eye-to-eye orgasm. They laugh and cuddle. The door opens. It's Peter.

Peter looks in. He sees the mess and the trail of clothes to a dark corner. He sighs, steps out. Mary Toppler walks over.

The cameraman points his camera at Peter.

MARY  
Alright!  
(touching her earpiece,  
looking at Peter)  
You ready?

Peter nods reluctantly. Indistinct chat of the camera crew.

We hear an outburst of laughter. Andrew and Bonnie step outside the body shop. Bonnie's now bare legs.

Peter eyes Bonnie and Andrew, envious. Mary glances casually. Andrew leads Bonnie by the hand. Peter glances down.

MARY (CONT'D)  
...3, 2, 1!

Peter looks at Mary Toppler.

MARY TOPPLER  
(nodding, touching her  
earpiece)  
That's right!  
(looking at Peter)  
I'm here now with Peter Smith, the  
inventor. Peter, can you show us  
your inventions?

All voices go indistinct. Peter gives Mary and her cameraman a tour of the dealership and the Starfire EVs.

Peter leads the camera crew back to the body shop door. Bonnie and Andrew greet Mary Toppler.

MARY  
 (to Bonnie)  
 Do we know each other?

BONNIE  
 Yes. DAS. Last year.

MARY  
 Oh!  
 (pointing a finger at  
 Bonnie)  
 Bonnie Ming, CEO of USMotors!

BONNIE  
 CFO.

MARY  
 Are you a part of this?

BONNIE  
 Yes. Peter Smith's my CIO, and this  
 is the Starfire Project.

Mary nods.

MARY  
 (pointing at the Deal'n  
 Drive sign)  
 And this is?

BONNIE  
 Peter's family business.

Peter turns to Mary and Bonnie. Behind him, the body shop door. It's closed.

PETER  
 Before we get in, I just wanted to  
 say that...  
 (showing the dealership  
 around)  
 All of this is a personal dream  
 come true. Before my father died...

Peter notices Bonnie head down on her shoes. She turns one shoe on all sides, gazing at it.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 ...I p-p-promised him th-th-that...  
 (Bonnie eyes Peter,  
 glancing back at her  
 shoes)

Mary raises an eyebrow. Andrew fingers his forehead, disconcerted. Bonnie steps forward.

BONNIE  
 (interrupting)  
 Peter!  
 (rude, her chin pointing  
 at the door)  
 Come on! Let's go!  
 (glancing at Mary and her  
 cameraman)

PETER  
 (raising a finger,  
 assertive)  
 N-n-no. I w-w-wasn't f-f-fi-fin-  
 fin...

BONNIE  
 (to Mary Toppler, as an  
 aside)  
 For some men, I'm intimidating.

Mary nods, growing impatient herself.

MARY  
 Peter, we're live, can we go in?

PETER  
 F-f-first, I'm...  
 (exhaling, raising a hand  
 at them)  
 ...I'm n-n-not...  
 (exhaling, pausing again)  
 ...in-ti-ti-ti...  
 (Peter rolling his eyes)

Bonnie tries to go around Peter, who politely blocks her the way. A staredown between Peter and Bonnie.

Peter has his mouth open, lightly headbanging. He's incapable of uttering a sound. Andrew, ashamed, looks down.

BONNIE  
 (shamefully)  
 How come you stutter so much?

Peter's face trembles with rage. He bursts out.

PETER  
 Rrrrahhh!

Peter knocks the cameraman down. The camera bounces over the pavement.



Andrew and Bonnie run away. Mary Toppler runs back to her van. Peter hammer fists the building, making loud thuds.

The crowd runs away. Peter picks the camera off the pavement. He runs and throws it into the office window.

PETER (CONT'D)

Rrraaahh!

The office window blows into pieces. A green inflated vein crosses Peter's forehead. He looks around.

There's no one. He looks at the Starfire EVs on the lot. He shakes his head no. He covers his eyes with a hand.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh no...

MONTAGE - INDISTINCT

A police car screeches to a stop. Two police officers get out. They draw their guns at Peter. Peter gets his hands up.

At the police station, Peter sits handcuffed. Andrew stands talking to him. Peter, head down, nods a few times.

Andrew hands Peter a spiral-bound sketch pad, then walks out.

A cloudy morning, Peter walks out himself. He holds the sketch pad. At the dealership, he hands it to Andrew.

Peter leaves into the black Starfire EV.

Andrew looks at Peter's sketch pad. Bonnie enlaces Andrew from behind. They both look at it.

It's the b&w hand-drawn dealership. Its sign reads, "Starfire - Drive a Dream." Andrew nods; Bonnie, too.

They kiss passionately.

CUT TO:

EXT. 7-ELEVEN PARKING LOT - MORNING

A sunny day. A row of parked cars near the door. Peter's black Starfire EV is the last one on the left.

INT. PETER'S BLACK STARFIRE EV - MORNING

The black chubby Starfire EV looks empty, but its back seat bears a sleeper.

Only part of his leg is visible. The rest is covered by a large blanket. Peter changes positions.

On the floor lies an open sketchbook. It shows drawings of period drive-in restaurants and theatres.

FADE TO:

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - MORNING

A buzzing restaurant. A lineup at the entrance. Waitresses carrying plates of eggs and hash brown.

A table for two. Peter and Angela sitting opposite.

Angela lightly smiles. She touches Peter's hand. Peter exhales.

PETER

Thanks for comin'.

Angela smiles. The waitress comes over. She drops a menu on Angela's side. Angela hands it back.

ANGELA

Just coffee!

The waitress leaves. She returns with a coffee pot. She fills Angela's cup and refills Peter's, then leaves.

PETER

Angela.

(a long beat)

Am I a lunatic?

ANGELA

(shaking her head)

No.

Peter grabs his coffee spoon. He looks at it. He starts polishing it with his napkin.

PETER

You think my raging...

Peter puts his spoon back onto the tablecloth. He places it neatly next to his knife. He looks at Angela.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 ...is unresolved trauma, too?

Angela stares at Peter. She blinks and nods. Peter takes a sip of coffee. His eyes are looking without seeing.

ANGELA  
 I'm no expert, but... I think you should... confront the source of your trauma.

Peter frowns.

PETER  
 For closure?

ANGELA  
 Mm-hmm.

Peter takes another sip of coffee. Angela stares at Peter.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 I also wanted to tell you something.. but I forgot!

Peter waves. Angela's eyes suddenly light up.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 Oh!  
 (grabbing Peter's hand)  
 When you start.. stuttering.  
 (she takes a sip of her coffee)  
 Try this.  
 (a beat, her eyes brighten at Peter)  
 Over the same years of your trauma, as a child...

Angela pauses again. She stares at the ceiling. Her eyes return to Peter.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 Try to remember your most perfect moment of happiness.

Peter nods.

PETER  
 Got it.

ANGELA  
 Anytime you start stuttering again...

Angela pauses, staring at Peter.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 Stop. Step back. Breathe. Then,  
 think of that moment.  
 (A beat, lost in thought)  
 That moment of pure... happiness.  
 Then pick up where you left off!

Peter nods. He keeps looking at Angela. She glances at her phone.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry, Peter, I need to run!  
 (rising)

PETER  
 (rising too)  
 That's okay!

Angela tries to smile. Her sight is warm and caring. Peter hugs Angela. He looks at her.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Thank you!

ANGELA  
 (squeezing Peter's hands)  
 Take care, Peter!

Angela turns and leaves. Peter sighs. He sits back at his table. He takes a sip of coffee.

FADE TO:

INT. STARFIRE AUTO BODY SHOP - NIGHT

A dark, lifeless body shop. Silhouettes of still robotic arms. Boxes and tires piled onto shelves.

CUT TO:

INT. STARFIRE AUTO BODY SHOP, BEDROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC: A 70s love song.

An old alarm clock on a bedside table. Its red digits read, "10:51." On the bed, silhouettes of a cuddling couple.

Bonnie's head lays over Andrew's shoulder. A hand of hers slowly runs across Andrew's chest.

BONNIE  
I don't remember the last time I've  
been so happy.

ANDREW  
Hmm. I love your touch.

BONNIE  
I love this moment.

ANDREW  
Me too.

Bonnie raises her head. She smiles at Andrew. They kiss. She  
puts her head back over his shoulder.

BONNIE  
And you're such an amazing kisser.

ANDREW  
Really?

BONNIE  
Yes.

ANDREW  
It's because I really like you.

BONNIE  
I really like you, too.

They have a deep, longer kiss. Bonnie puts her head back over  
his shoulder.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
(halting her running  
hand)  
You know. The layoffs.

ANDREW  
Hm?

BONNIE  
I picked Flint.  
(her head sliding down  
Andrew's chest)  
But I could pick...  
(curving her lips)  
...something else.

Bonnie's hand goes further down. Andrew's face rises to  
excitement.

ANDREW  
Ooh. What do you mean?

BONNIE  
I could pick... the head office.

ANDREW  
(stunned)  
Rr.. really?

BONNIE  
Mm-hmm.

Andrew starts panting.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
Yeah.

Andrew acknowledges. Bonnie mounts Andrew. She leads the penetration, swaying her pelvis down. Andrew breathes faster.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
There'd be more resistance.

ANDREW  
(excited, playful)  
Resistance. I get it.

Bonnie smiles. She starts banging Andrew very slowly.

BONNIE  
But.  
(closing her eyes, biting  
her lower lip)  
For you...

Andrew looks at her, startled.

ANDREW  
For me?

BONNIE  
Yeah.  
(a moment)  
For you I'd do it.

Bonnie starts riding him faster. Andrew stops and says something. She puts her face down and her ass up.

Andrew ties her hands behind her back with a belt. He starts banging her hard. Bonnie moans. He also spansks her hard.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
(moaning out of control)  
Yes! Yes! Don't stop!

FADE TO:

EXT. NURSING HOME BUILDING - DAY

A two-floor building on a crescent street. Peter's black Starfire EV is parked on it. A nurse wheels out an old man.

INT. NURSING HOME, CORRIDOR B2 - DAY

Peter reaches the "B28" open door frame.

He stops and looks in. A black, 69-year-old chubby woman stands alone. She's all clothed with her shoes on.

It's Martha Smith. She's looking at herself in a hand basin mirror. Martha sees Peter. She frowns.

Peter steps inside Martha's room, his lips tight. He seems a little shy or dreadful, like a kid.

PETER  
Hi mom.

Martha squints at Peter for a moment. She glances away, cold.

MARTHA  
(disappointed, for  
herself)  
Peter.

Peter steps closer. He watches Martha look at herself in the mirror.

With two fingers, she strokes a lock of hair. She grabs a brush and starts combing her hair.

Peter looks at the floor, its parallel tile lines. He starts walking one like a funambulist.

Peter loses balance. His shoulder hits Martha's back. She wobbles. Her whole body shifts to hysteria.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
(trembling, her sight  
absent)  
Aaahhh!

Peter raises both hands. Martha stands still. A nurse rushes over.

NURSE  
(to Martha)  
Martha.

Martha turns to the nurse. Her eyes are still absent-minded.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
(to Peter, aside)  
You touched her?

Peter nods. The nurse doesn't say anything.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
(to Martha)  
Martha, come here.

The nurse extends a hand. Martha takes it. Peter watches. The nurse leads Martha to an armchair. Martha sits.

The nurse gets a glass of water. She hands it to Martha with a handful of pills. Martha takes them, then drinks water.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
(to Martha, glancing at  
Peter)  
Who's this?

MARTHA  
(suddenly lucid, annoyed)  
I know who this is. Think I'm dumb?

Martha rises. She walks up to the mirror. She grabs the hairbrush and resumes her brushing.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
(glancing at the nurse)  
I remember what you said this  
morning better than you!

NURSE  
(in a low voice, to  
Peter)  
She'll be fine now!

Peter nods, grateful. The nurse leaves. He watches Martha comb out her hair. His eyes meet Martha's via the mirror.

PETER  
I'd kill for coffee. Wanna join me?

Martha puts her brush down.



MARTHA

Sure.

Peter shoots his eyebrows up. Martha heads for her closet. She grabs a jacket and slides it on.

Peter steps into the door frame.

PETER

Awright, 's'go!

CUT TO:

INT. NURSING HOME, BOTTOM OF EXIT STAIRS - DAY

Peter stands at the bottom of the stairs. He holds Martha's hand. She goes down the last step. She looks at Peter.

MARTHA

Your hands.

(grimacing of disgust)

They're like sandpaper!

Peter grinds. They walk out of the nursing home, side-by-side. Martha bears her crossbody purse.

She grabs Peter's hand.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(looking at Peter's hand)

Your hands look older than mine!

Peter scoffs. They keep walking. She brings the back of her hand side-by-side with Peter's. She looks.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

So dry, wrinkled. How old are you?

Peter scoffs for himself. He shakes his head. Martha looks over to the parking lot.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Where are you?

Peter points to his black Starfire EV. Martha stares at it.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(disapprovingly)

What's this?

PETER

Starfire '61. Like dad's.

MARTHA  
Looks so... undersized!

PETER  
't's mid-size! I made it myself!

Martha smirks. Peter points his car remote. The doors unlock.

MARTHA  
(examining the Starfire)  
Looks like a golf cart!

PETER  
It's electric!

MARTHA  
(matter-of-factly)  
Like a golf cart!

Peter shakes his head. Martha and Peter climb into the car.  
The black Starfire exits the parking lot.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
But it suits you!

PETER  
Huh?

MARTHA  
(glancing down at Peter)  
You've always been short,  
undersized!

PETER  
(pissed off)  
Unders... I'm 5'7"! I'm taller than  
you!

MARTHA  
Still a pee-wee!

Peter arches his eyebrows.

PETER  
(pointing Martha with a  
hand)  
It's your fault! You're 4'11," Dad  
was 6'1"!

Martha gives Peter a look. The Starfire EV turns directly  
into the next lane. A car speeding down that lane honks.

MARTHA  
 (scolding)  
 He had the right of way!

PETER  
 (ironic, for himself)  
 What a...  
 (nodding for himself)  
 ...beautiful day!

MARTHA  
 You went straight into it!  
 (pointing a finger at  
 Peter)  
 That was dumb!

Martha grinds. She starts swinging her crossbody purse at Peter's face. Peter raises an arm.

PETER  
 (pointing a finger at  
 her)  
 Whoa! Stop!

MARTHA  
 You've always been so dumb!

PETER  
 (yelling, boiling)  
 You wanna go back?

Martha calms down. She takes out a pair of sunglasses from her purse. She puts them on. Peter glances at her.

EXT. DUNKIN' DONUTS DRIVE-THRU - DAY

Martha looks out the window. Her arms are hugging her purse. The black Starfire EV gets in line.

MARTHA  
 You and Andy. Even little, you were  
 so dumb! Not smart like the other  
 kids!

PETER  
 (infuriated)  
 I'm fuckin' CIO!  
 (trembling)  
 I'm #3 at the biggest automaker!

MARTHA  
 Wasn't talkin' about that!

PETER  
 (with raging eyes)  
 Then what?

He glances at Martha, waiting. The black Starfire EV pulls forward. They're next for the menu board.

MARTHA  
 (shifting)  
 See, that's your problem!  
 (pointing at Peter)  
 I'm giving you a little feedback,  
 you lose it!

Peter's boiling. He exhales many times. He squeezes his wheel repeatedly. He pulls the black Starfire to the menu board.

SPEAKER VOICE  
 Welcome to Dunkin', can I take your  
 order?

PETER  
 W-w-whoa, whoa, one...  
 (exhaling, enraged with  
 himself)  
 Ah, c'mon!

Martha stares at Peter.

MARTHA  
 (puzzled, ashamed)  
 How come you stutter so much?

Peter covers his face with both hands. He laughs in distress. A man in a pickup behind raises his hands, impatient.

Martha brutally taps Peter's shoulder. She glances behind.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
 Come on! People are waiting!

Peter looks at the menu board. He opens his mouth, but can't utter a sound. He exhales, exasperated.

Martha leans over Peter's lap. What Martha shouts out at the speaker turns indistinct. Peter tunes out.

He thinks of Angela saying, "The most perfect moment of happiness."

FLASHBACK - 1969 - DAY

MUSIC: A soothing 1960s instrumental song.

A cloudless sunny sky. The top-down blue 1961 Starfire. Mid-30s Miles holds the wheel.

Lake St. Clair rushes by. 5-year-old Peter sits as a passenger.

Miles and Peter exchange a smile. Peter waves at Pedestrians. They wave back. He's on top of the world!

BACK TO SCENE,  
DRIVE-THRU

Peter pulls the black Starfire EV at the checkout. A young uniformed lady hands Peter the card reader. He pays.

He hands Martha her iced tea. He takes a sip of his coffee. His face grimaces.

PETER  
(to the lady)  
Whoa! 't's cold! Could you... warm  
it up a little?

The uniformed lady takes it back, but gives Peter a stare. Peter smiles. She turns. She hands the coffee to a co-worker.

UNIFORMED LADY  
(in a vengeful tone)  
"Super" hot!

The co-worker puts Peter's coffee in a microwave. He punches in 2:00 with the beeps. Peter thumbs his fingernails.

MARTHA  
(looking down on Peter)  
You're such a wimp!

PETER  
(pointing at the  
microwave)  
The microwave can't go any faster!

MARTHA  
No! You heard her!  
(making an impression)  
"Super hot!" That was nasty! But  
you just rolled with it!  
(shaking her head)  
Like your father!

Peter rolls his eyes. The microwave starts beeping. The uniformed lady reappears. She hands it to Peter.

LADY  
 (faking a smile)  
 'joy!

Peter winces as he takes in the overheated cup. His fingers start playing piano over it.

PETER  
 Ow! Ow! 'the fuck?

Martha looks down on Peter.

MARTHA  
 Suck it up!

PETER  
 (boiling again)  
 I could use a little help!

With both hands, Peter lowers the cup over a cup holder. It's too hot. He drops the big foamy cup.

It falls brutally into the holder, spouting out coffee drops. Peter gets one in the eye.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Ow! Ow! 'the fuck? What the...  
 (blinking, wincing)

The pickup behind honks. Peter waves. The black Starfire EV sets off with a little screech. It turns onto a road.

The black Starfire EV kicks down, sending some coffee drops over Peter's pants.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Ow! Fuckin' larva!

MARTHA  
 (scolding)  
 See. That's your problem!

Peter raises a hand, "What?"

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
 (increasingly upset)  
 You suck it up to avoid  
 confrontation!  
 (pointing at herself)  
 That'd been my order? I'd call up  
 the manager!  
 (yelling, trembling )  
 Get her fired! On the spot!

Peter sighs. Martha sips her iced tea. Peter motions to take his coffee, but stops. He glances at the cup.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Andrew's no wimp like you! But he's extremely insecure.

Peter struggles to stay calm. He turns onto a three-lane boulevard. Most cars are speeding, running red lights.

PETER

Beating him up sure didn't help!

MARTHA

We wanted you to be tough!

PETER

Be tough...

(sarcastically)

Oh yeah. It made me tough.

(loud)

I'm a fuckin' lunatic!

MARTHA

You're an engineer!

PETER

Was!

MARTHA

What? What happened?

PETER

(sighing)

Ahh, forget it! 'just wanted...

(louder, trembling too)

...a fuckin' decent cup of coffee!

MARTHA

What happened?

Peter sighs. Martha looks out. They're now on a busy highway. The black Starfire EV cruises in the middle lane at 55 mph.

A painter's van with ladders honks. Two white men in overalls. It overtakes the black Starfire EV at 90 mph.

The van passenger in overalls yells at Peter.

VAN PASSENGER

Get out of the way, asshole!

Peter exhales, shaking his head. The black Starfire EV blinks right. It moves into the third lane.

MARTHA  
Your job. What happened?

PETER  
(shaking his head)  
Naw, naw, naw! Not now!

Peter grabs his coffee cup and takes a sip.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(grimacing in pain)  
Jesus!

MARTHA  
(looking down, deep in  
thought)  
Hmm.

A beat. She suddenly looks up. Her eyes brighten. She points a finger at Peter.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
The raging lunatic on live TV...  
(incriminating)  
That was you!

Martha pounds Peter's shoulder.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
You messed up! You fuckin' messed  
up!

Martha repeatedly punches Peter's shoulder.

PETER  
Hey! Cut it out!  
(pointing at the dumb  
truck ahead)  
Martha continues pounding Peter's  
shoulder.

MARTHA  
It's all your fault!

Peter tries to catch her fist. Another dumb truck merging onto the highway passes the Chevelle, then slows down.

Peter pumps the brakes, trying to switch lanes.

PETER  
(yelling back, growing  
mad)  
You want a fuckin' accident?  
's'that what you want?  
(MORE)



PETER (CONT'D)  
 (tapping away Martha's  
 fist)

Martha stops. Peter steers the black Starfire EV back into the middle lane.

He unintentionally cuts off the painter's van. The painter's van honks. Peter waves "Sorry!"

The van driver shakes his head no. Peter waves again. He exhales a few times. Martha keeps staring at Peter.

MARTHA  
 You had it all...  
 (nodding, incriminating)  
 And you fuckin' messed up!

PETER  
 (fakely proud)  
 Yeah, yeah! I did!

Martha sips her iced tea. She glances around, wary.

MARTHA  
 (upset)  
 But why? Why?

PETER  
 Why do you care?

The painter's van overtakes the black Starfire EV again. Its passenger flips the bird at Peter, who ignores it.

The painter's van starts break checking the Starfire.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 (pumping his brakes)  
 Oh, fuck me!

Martha sips her iced tea. Her eyes are absorbed in deep thought. Peter grabs his coffee cup. He takes a sip.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Owww! Fuck!  
 (putting a hand over his  
 chest)  
 'burns like hell!  
 (rubbing his chest with a  
 hand)  
 Fuckin' larva shit!  
 (grimacing, rubbing  
 chest)  
 Ow! Fuck me!

Martha springs out of her silence.

MARTHA  
 (as if concluding a long  
 analysis)  
 The stuttering. It made you mad!  
 (pointing at him, louder)  
 That's how you messed up!

PETER  
 N-n-no! B-B-Bonnie...

MARTHA  
 (interrupting)  
 Shut up! Shut the fuck up! It's  
 you, and only you!  
 (pointing an accusatory  
 finger)  
 And you know why?

Peter shakes his head no reluctantly, not the least bit interested.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
 (resentful)  
 You started stuttering cuze you'd  
 never shut up! You always wanted to  
 talk! And you wanted to say so  
 much, so fast, it started jammin'  
 in your head!

PETER  
 (breathing very slowly)  
 You g-g-got it all w-w-wrong!

Peter starts breathing in deeply.

The black Starfire EV overtakes back the painter's van, and vice versa. Both vehicles come side-by-side.

Peter gestures a rolling down motion at the van's passenger, who rolls his window down.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 What's the p-p-problem?

PASSENGER IN OVERALLS  
 You cut us off, dude!

PETER  
 (trying to talk faster,  
 banging his head)  
 I w-w-was just t-t-tryin' to...

PASSENGER IN OVERALLS  
 (interrupting, banging  
 his  
 head mockingly)  
 ...just t-t-tryin'!  
 (laughing, sharing this  
 with the driver, joining  
 the laughter)

Peter grabs his coffee cup. The Starfire EV hits a pothole. The lid blows off, splashing coffee over Peter's face.

PETER  
 Ow! Ow! 'the fuck! What the fuck?  
 (wiping his face  
 frenetically)

The two men in the van burst into laughter, banging their heads, pointing at Peter.

Peter slowly snaps the coffee lid back on. Martha seems to awake from her trance. She starts hyperventilating.

Peter steers closer to the van, aligning the open windows. He throws his cup at the man in overalls, who raises an arm.

The cup hits his arm and blows coffee over both men in the van. The painter's van dashes towards the black Starfire EV.

It sideswipes it, then speeds off.

Peter steers out of control. The black Starfire EV makes a long drift to a stop. It is turned sideways across a lane.

All oncoming, honking traffic drives around it.

Peter gets the black Starfire EV to the shoulder. He and Martha both rush out.

They wander around, in a state of shock. Cars and trucks are zooming by.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 S-s-stay on the in-s-s-side, okay?

Martha nods, catching her breath. Peter shakes his head.

He turns away from Martha for a moment. He starts raging at himself, a fist pounding his abdomen once.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 (furiously whispering)  
 Why? Why?

Peter glances back at Martha. She wanders near the car. She leans against the rear of the black Starfire EV.

Peter sees a concrete truck deviate from traffic. The truck driver leans ahead, eyes closed. He wakes up in terror.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 (screaming his lungs out)  
 Mom!

Peter sprints towards the black Starfire EV. He tackles his mom away. The concrete truck rear-ends the black Starfire EV.

Peter lands on his back holding his mom. The truck crashes into a pier. The black Starfire EV is smashed to pieces.

Peter gets up, then helps Martha get back up. Martha's trembling. Peter holds her. He's trembling, too.

FADE TO:

MONTAGE - DAY

At the hospital, Martha's sitting on a stretcher. Out in the hall, Peter nods to a police officer talking.

Peter and Martha arrive at the nursing home in a taxi. Peter pays the driver.

CUT TO:

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Martha and Peter cross the main hall. Peter stops. Martha unknowingly walks away from Peter.

PETER  
 M-m-mom!

Martha turns. Martha and Peter look at each other.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 You w-w-were...  
 (exhaling, exasperated)  
 ...r-r-right!

A beat.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 I... had it... all!  
 (looking down)  
 And I m-m-...  
 (MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)  
(smiling, exasperated)  
...messed up!

Martha stares at Peter. She seems indifferent or in a trance again. Peter turns and heads for the door.

MARTHA  
Peter!

Peter spins. Martha makes her way to him. Her shaky hands grab Peter's. She tries to smile.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
But. You've saved me!

Martha taps Peter's hands. She turns and walks away. Peter glances at his hands, then at her.

Martha blinks at him. Peter lightly waves and hesitates. He finally catches up on her.

PETER  
Mom!

Martha turns. She smiles.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Remember that story... three times  
two making six?

Martha raises an eyebrow.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I was telling a story, you were  
washing the dishes?

MARTHA  
"Gimme two-two-two"?

PETER  
Yeah, yeah! And my friend said,  
"Three times two makes six!"  
(gesturing assertively)  
I got stuck on "two" three times!

MARTHA  
(realizing)  
Hahaha!

Peter nods, smiling like a kid.

Martha leans in and hugs Peter. Martha wipes a tear. She steps away. Peter stands still for a moment.

Peter exits the building, lost in thought. Something seems to dawn on him. His face brightens with a smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. STARFIRE DEALERSHIP - DAY

The lot is filled with Starfire EVs. The office window building is shiny new.

Near the body shop door, two non-Starfire EVs: Andrew's Mustang Mach 1 and Bonnie's Cadillac CTS.

INT. STARFIRE BODY SHOP, ANDREW'S BEDROOM - DAY

The whole place is dark. Someone turns on the shower faucet. Someone else moves on a squeaky mattress.

Bonnie lies naked on her stomach in Andrew's bed. Her legs are up. She's thumbing Andrew's BlackBerry.

A video still image. It's Peter's face. She thumbs the play icon. The video plays out.

In the BlackBerry video, the Deal'n GO GO! lot. Peter stands next to Andrew. He holds the BlackBerry towards them.

PETER (IN THE BLACKBERRY VIDEO)  
Alright, so, repeat after me... I,  
Andrew Smith...

ANDREW (IN THE BLACKBERRY VIDEO)  
I, Andy Smith...

PETER (IN THE BLACKBERRY VIDEO)  
...hereby certify that, using the  
appeal of the tall, handsome bad-  
boy that I am, but acting like a  
good, sincere guy...

ANDREW (IN THE BLACKBERRY VIDEO)  
...hereby certify that, using the  
body I was born with but combined  
with some good-guy Dumbo shit...  
(In the video, Peter and  
Andrew laugh)

In the body shop, Bonnie's face shifts to outrage. Her whole body starts trembling.

Bonnie steps down from the bed. Andrew's BlackBerry lies on the bed.

Bonnie keeps her eyes on the video while putting her clothes on.

PETER (IN THE BLACKBERRY VIDEO)  
 ...will make Bonnie Ming fall  
 madly, desperately in love with me,  
 for the sole purpose of  
 unexpectedly and arbitrarily  
 dumping her, and then making her do  
 absolutely anything to win me back,  
 including, but not limited to,  
 (raising a finger)  
 backtrack her decision to lay off  
 8,000 workers in Flint, Michigan...

In the body shop, Bonnie's stare is that of a Supreme Court judge before a verdict.

Andrew steps out of the bathroom. Bonnie throws him the BlackBerry. Andrew catches it over his stomach.

He looks at it. Andrew blinks and shakes his head no.

ANDREW  
 Ah shit!

Bonnie gives Andrew a death stare. He glances down. He grabs some clothes and puts them on.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
 (with begging eyes)  
 Bonnie.  
 (glancing at his phone)  
 I had no idea then that...

Andrew steps closer. Bonnie raises her arms.

BONNIE  
 Don't!  
 (a beat)  
 We're done!

ANDREW  
 (begging, his eyes  
 watery)  
 Bonnie, I really like you!

Bonnie looks at him. A split-second of hesitation.

BONNIE  
 (deploring, shaking her  
 head)  
 And to say I wanted to save  
 Flint...

(MORE)

BONNIE (CONT'D)

(a beat)

...for you.

(another beat, snorting)

Andrew closes his eyes, sighing. Bonnie heads for the door. Andrew follows her.

ANDREW

Bonnie! That... "plan" was Peter's idea!

Bonnie shoots Andrew a stare.

BONNIE

I don't want to see your face ever again!

Bonnie exits. Andrew, broken, crosses to the kitchen table. He puts a doob in his mouth, lights it up, and puffs on it.

Andrew stares down. He rests his doob on an ashtray.

FLASHES - BODY SHOP - EVENING

Bonnie and Andrew have a pillow talk.

ANDREW

I miss him. And I miss those trips.

BONNIE

High Banks! I'd love to go with you!

BACK TO SCENE,  
BODY SHOP

Andrew looks at his bed. He gnashes his teeth crying. He takes several gulps of Beefeater, then puffs on his doob.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. FLINT CAB - SAME DAY, EVENING

On the back seat sits Peter.

The cab pulls over to the lot and stops. Peter looks out. The display ramps are empty. On the lot, only two Starfire EVs.

PETER

Huh?



Peter freaks out. He pays the driver, then rushes his way inside the body shop.

INT. STARFIRE BODY SHOP, ANDREW'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Peter finds Andrew heel sitting on the floor. The TV is on.

His back is facing us. Around him lies a mess of empty alcohol bottles and prescription vials.

PETER

Andy!

Andrew doesn't look at Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

(putting a knee down)

Andy! Look at me!

Andrew looks at Peter. His eyes are bloodshot.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm calling an ambulance!

Andrew turns his face down.

ANDREW

No! I'm fine!

PETER

What happened?

ANDREW

Bonnie saw our video.

Peter cups his nose and mouth, like a dog muzzle.

He looks at the TV. Flint auto plants. The headline reads,

"USMOTORS LAYS OFF 8,000 WORKERS."

He shakes his head no. Andrew rises and storms out.

PETER

(rising)

Andy!

Peter picks an empty vial on the floor. He looks at it. The label reads, "Hydrocodone."

PETER (CONT'D)

Ssshit!

Peter rushes out of the body shop. No Andy outside. He runs to the office and looks behind the counter.

Cupboard doors were left open. A car engine roars. Peter looks out. Andrew's Mach 1 backs up near the office.

Peter runs out and slides over the Mustang hood. Andrew stops his car. He takes a big gulp of Beefeater.

ANDREW

Get the fuck off, Dumbo!

PETER

No!

Andrew looks pissed. Peter rises to his feet onto the hood. Andrew puts his feet down, gas and brakes.

The Mustang's back tires spin, creating a cloud of smoke. Peter puts one knee down and grabs the wipers.

PETER (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Bonnie! I can fix it!

ANDREW

(upset, yelling his lungs  
out)

You can't even fix dad's car!

(gesturing)

Get the fuck off!

Andrew steps off the brake. The Mustang kicks down, then screeches off. Peter tumbles over the windshield.

It leaves a spider crack. Peter rolls over the top, then off the trunk! His body hits the ground.

PETER

Oof!

Peter slowly gets back to his feet. He limps towards the body shop. He glances around him.

Further down the street is a Chrysler Imperial. Two black men sit in it. One of them has dreadlocks.

PETER (CONT'D)

Shit!

INSIDE THE IMPERIAL

IMPERIAL DRIVER  
 (grabbing his gun)  
 It's him! It's him!

They get out of the Imperial. Peter limps his way to the white Starfire EV. He looks at the two men sprinting for him.

Peter rushes into the white Starfire EV. It screeches away. The Imperial driver fires at Peter, who ducks down.

The bullet shatters the white Starfire EV windshield. Peter blinks. The air now rushes into his face.

The Imperial catches up on the white Starfire EV.

The Imperial driver fires again. The bullet blows the white Starfire EV's front left tire.

PETER  
 Shit!

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT HIGHWAY - EVENING

The white Starfire EV speeds up despite the flat tire. It gets into the middle lane. Peter looks around. No Imperial.

A USMotors roadside billboard catches Peter's attention. "Starfire - Drive a Dream. Detroit Auto Show. Tonight!"

PETER  
 Huh?

Peter glances again. He reads, "Huntington Place, Detroit, Exit #53B." Peter looks at the road, thinking.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Tonite?

Peter pulls the white Starfire EV onto the shoulder; the Imperial soon follows. They all get out.

The Imperial driver aims his gun at Peter, who puts his hands up. The Imperial driver cocks his gun.

Peter's whole body starts shaking, he covers his head. He closes his eyes and winces like a kid.

Peter opens an eye. The Imperial driver still has his gun aimed at Peter, but doesn't fire.

The Imperial driver lowers his gun and walks up to Peter. He punches his head multiple times. Peter falls onto one knee.

PETER (CONT'D)  
C'mon! Do it!

The Imperial driver raises his gun to hit Peter with it, but stops. He exchanges glances with his black friend.

PETER (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

IMPERIAL DRIVER  
Charles.

PETER  
Charles.

Charles frowns at Peter. He aims and cocks it at him again.

PETER (CONT'D)  
You kill me, you won't get your  
free car.

Charles squints at Peter.

CHARLES  
Free car?

PETER  
Yup. USMotors.

Charles shrugs. His black friend comes over. They chat indistinctly. Charles turns to Peter.

CHARLES  
Where is it?

PETER  
(feeling safe, pointing  
at him)  
I'm glad you asked!

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTINGTON PLACE - NIGHT

A sky-high convention center. A wide round-shaped stage. It continually pivots, very slowly.

The stage features two sets of three Starfire EVs parked parallel. Chubby cars with taillights and a charger inlet.

All sparkling in white, blue, and red frames, with the top down. Absolutely stunning.

Bonnie Ming stands on stage in a skirt suit. Her long black pantyhosed legs and Asian grace captivate.

Giant screens hang over the crowd. All of them feature a PowerPoint slide reading, "Q&A."

Amid the crowd, a male attendee stands in the spotlight. He's holding a mic.

MALE ATTENDEE

So, each of these cars used to belong to someone?

BONNIE

That's correct. But it's 100%...

MALE ATTENDEE

(interrupting)  
So, it has existing mileage?

BONNIE

No. The engine's brand-new. It's electric.

MALE ATTENDEE

But the frame's 47 years old?

The crowd mumbles in disapproval.

BONNIE

Yes. But it's recycled anew. The idea is...

PETER

(interrupting, louder)  
...the idea is to save the planet!

A collective "Oh!" from the audience. A spotlight lights up Peter. He stands in another corner of the crowd.

PETER (CONT'D)

While fixing my dad's car.

DON

(inquiring)  
Peter?

PETER

(waving)  
Hey Don!

DON

Peter!

(a beat, to the audience)

Peter used to work for us. He created the Starfire project.

The crowd mumbles approvingly. The Imperial driver joins Peter in the spotlight. He's tall, young, with dreadlocks.

PETER

(to Bonnie)

Bonnie. I breached our contract when I had that rage on TV. And I sincerely apologize for my, uh, my wicked plan... with my brother.

(Bonnie nods respectfully)

But I'm here today to un-breach our contract on TV. And my buddy Charles here is...

DON

(interrupting)

Peter, this is no AA meeting!

BONNIE

(curious)

Don, we could let him finish?

Don nods and waves admittedly. The crowd gives a sustained, cheering applause.

PETER

(turning to the crowd)

Thank you!

(waving at Don)

Don!

(Don nods)

I tried to kill Charles in a road rage, then he did the same. "When there's a lot of will, there are only ways." Bonnie. As per our contract, I'm no longer stuttering...

(for himself)

...nor raging.

(exchanging glances with Charles)

And, if I may, I'd like to answer that man's question!

(pointing at the male attendee in the spotlight)

The crowd gives a round of applause, with cheering, hooting, and whistling. Peter smiles and winks at Charles, who claps.

BONNIE  
 (waving at Peter to come  
 on stage)  
 Alright! Come on up!

The crowd keeps showing its support, applauding and whistling. Peter makes his way on stage.

His left shoe's shoelaces are untied. Don points at them. Peter crouches down and ties them.

PETER  
 (rising, taking a headset  
 from a technician)  
 Don! S'good to see you!  
 (Don smiles and nods)  
 Bonnie. Thanks for having me!  
 (widening his eyes like a  
 kid at Bonnie's beauty)

Bonnie smiles, amused. She and Don get off the stage. Peter turns to the male attendee in the spotlight.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 USMotors has always recycled as  
 much as 30% of their metal. With  
 the Starfire, it's 100%.

Applause of approval from the crowd. The male attendee nods.

MALE ATTENDEE  
 A new EV can't save the planet!

PETER  
 (to the male attendee)  
 What have you done today to help?  
 This is what I'm trying to do.  
 (no reply from the male  
 attendee, who puts the  
 mic back in its stand. a  
 beat)  
 Every abandoned Starfire and  
 eventually every abandoned car in  
 the US that we recycle will also  
 help reduce a part of our past  
 environmental impact.  
 (raising a finger with  
 pride)

The crowd applauds. Peter waves at the crowd and Charles. He seems to remember something. He points at Charles.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Charles! All those red, blue, and  
 white EVs. Just pick one you like!  
 (Charles nods, waving  
 "thank you")  
 And Charles, we could be each  
 other's "buddy" to stay... "rage-  
 sobber"; What do you think?

Charles makes a thumbs up, and the crowd gives a round of  
 applause, Peter waves at the crowd.

Peter gets near the blue Starfire EV prototype.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 This 1961 blue Starfire,  
 convertible... When I was 9, I  
 promised my dad I would fix it;  
 Later on, I also promised myself I  
 would help save the planet.  
 (proudly waving a fist)  
 "Starfire. Drive a Dream."

The crowd gives a round of applause, with cheering, hooting,  
 and whistling. Peter joins Bonnie and Don offstage.

TIME-CUT TO:

EXT. DEAL'N DRIVE DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

A white Starfire EV is parked near the body shop. Its  
 driver's door was left open.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAL'N DRIVE BODY SHOP - NIGHT

Peter sprints to Andrew's room. He looks in. There's no one.

FADE TO:

INT. DEAL'N DRIVE BODY SHOP - NIGHT

The scene is mute.

Peter's sitting on a metal chair. His eyes are lost in  
 thought. He's bouncing a leg and biting his thumbnail.

A knock on the door. Peter rushes to it and opens. Two  
 policemen stand outside, somber. Their car lights are on.



A policeman talks as Peter listens, devastated.

PETER'S IMAGERY - NIGHT

The High Banks, Michigan. The hill of dunes leading to Lake Huron. Andrew's Mach 1 flying, then tumbling over it.

The Mach 1 tumbling down into Lake Huron, then sinking.

BACK TO THE  
SCENE, BODY SHOP

The policemen leave. Peter stares down. He fingers his hair with both hands.

He paces back and forth. He covers his forehead with a hand, shaking his head no.

FADE TO:

INT. USMOTORS BUILDING, BANQUET ROOM - DAY

The whole scene is mute.

Bonnie, Don, and Peter stand on stage. Bonnie looks nervous. Don, mic in hand, talks to a large crowd in suits.

He points to Bonnie with a hand. All giant screens now read, "Bonnie Ming, CEO of Starfire Motors."

Peter starts clapping. The crowd follows; Mrs. Ming, too. Bonnie meets her mom's proud stare.

She bows at her. Mrs. Ming bows back. Peter gives Bonnie a thumbs up. She replies with a smile.

TIME-CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME, FLINT - NIGHT

Bonnie and Peter both stand before Andrew's open coffin. Peter says something to Bonnie, who steps away.

Peter steps closer to Andrew's embalmed face. Andrew looks peaceful. Peter's own face grimaces with guilt.

PETER  
Andy. I failed you. I fuckin'  
failed you!

He covers his eyes. He shivers in cries.

CUT TO:

INT. CHROME RAIL-CAR DINNER, DETROIT - NIGHT

Peter and Bonnie sit opposite at a window-side table. They both have a full cup of coffee, untouched.

BONNIE

Peter. I feel responsible.

Peter grabs Bonnie's hand lying on the table. He covers and squeezes it with his other hand.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

I gave him no chance! I blocked him!

Bonnie starts crying her heart out. She tilts her head down.

Peter shakes his head no. He holds her hand all-protectively. He wipes her tears with a tissue.

PETER

(a tear sliding down his cheek)

Please don't cry! I don't want you to cry, okay?

Peter brings Bonnie's hand to his lips, kissing it.

PETER (CONT'D)

You've got no responsibility in Andy's death!

(touching his chest where his heart is)

I'm the one who failed him!

Bonnie squeezes Peter's hand back. Peter glances at her hand, tightening his lips gratefully. She squeezes it more.

Peter starts shivering and crying his heart out.

PETER (CONT'D)

And I did nothin'! Nothin'! I was at the fuckin' DAS! Not High Banks!

BONNIE

He had your father's pattern.

PETER

Yes, but I'm the one who triggered  
him!

Peter's trembling. He starts crying over Bonnie's hand on the table. He tries to sober, but cannot.

PETER (CONT'D)

(wiping his tears over  
Bonnie's hand)

Sorry. I'm sorry!

(Bonnie reacts, "I don't  
mind")

Bonnie's other hand strokes Peter's hair. An intimate silence sets in. Their eyes meet with the same wish.

PETER (CONT'D)

Bonnie. May I touch you?

Bonnie nods. Peter leans in, wide-eyed. He puts his thumb on her forehead. He slowly runs it down to her cheek.

Peter rises and bends over the table, then sits over Bonnie's side. Bonnie lightly touches Peter's hand on her face.

Peter closes his eyes. He lightly exhales. He puts his cheek against hers. Bonnie lightly rubs her cheek against his.

Bonnie gets goose bumps all over her forearms. Peter closes his eyes again, exhaling happiness in her ear.

Bonnie does the same.

BONNIE

(whispering)

I thought you hated me.

PETER

(whispering)

No. Not one bit.

BONNIE

Really?

Peter nods. They French kiss slowly, wiping each other's tears. They giggle. A young waitress comes over.

YOUNG WAITRESS

You guys are okay here?

BONNIE

(wiping out her tears)

Yes! Yes, thank you!

The young waitress nods. Bonnie looks at her untouched coffee and rushes to take a sip of it.

YOUNG WAITRESS  
 (staring at Bonnie  
 sipping her coffee)  
 Oh! Sorry! Just checking on you!

Bonnie waves. Peter pours some cream into his cup, then empties a white sugar packet in it. He stirs his cup.

Bonnie and Peter remain on the same bench, sipping coffee. They grab hands, cuddle, and kiss. They lock eyes, happy.

Later, the young waitress returns with a coffee pot. She refills their cups, then looks at Bonnie.

YOUNG WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
 I'm really sorry to ask. You guys  
 look so happy!  
 (drawing out her phone)  
 Can I?

BONNIE  
 (glancing at Peter, who  
 nods and smiles)  
 Yes!

Bonnie and Peter cuddle and hold hands for the picture. The scene goes indistinct. The waitress leaves. They French kiss.

FADE TO:

EXT. BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICHIGAN - NIGHT

TITLE: 9 years later

A winter storm hits a wealthy residential neighborhood. A street sign with icicles gets rocked by strong winds.

Mansions with two-door garages. Their roofs and driveways already bear several feet of snow.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

A fireplace burning four logs of wood. A 9-year-old boy in p.j. lays on his stomach, PETER SMITH JR.

His legs are up.

He has Peter's face with almond-shaped eyes. He's reading a comic book. Peter Sr. appears at the top of the stairs.

The 53-year-old is naked with a towel around his waist. He climbs down a few stairs and looks at Jr.

PETER

Jr.?

Jr. looks back at Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

Could you get me a 2-4?

Jr. jumps to his feet and hurries to the garage.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE GARAGE - SAME NIGHT

Jr. pulls out a 2-4 from the fridge with both hands, closing the door with his elbow. He winces at the heavy thing.

Jr. quickly rounds the Starfire EV hood. He stumbles against the bumper and drops the 2-4 onto the hood. A metal thud.

Jr. frenetically pulls up the 2-4 and looks. A long, deep dent! Jr. puts the 2-4 away and starts whining.

Peter rushes over. He sees the dent in the hood and freezes. His right fist starts trembling. Jr. whines louder.

JR.

Dad... I'm sorry, I...

Peter raises a trembling hand at Jr., who stops talking. Jr. picks up an emotion in Peter's hand.

Peter hammer fists repeatedly an outside mirror down onto the concrete. Peter's hand starts bleeding.

PETER

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Jr. covers his head with both arms. Peter sees his reflection in the driver's window. He front kicks it to pieces.

Bonnie appears in the doorway. Jr. runs into her arms and they both leave. Peter looks at his bleeding hand, and sighs.

TIME CUT:

EXT. BLOOMFIELD HILLS, PETER'S MANSION - NIGHT

One police car with the lights on. Neighbors at their windows, looking out. Bonnie and Jr. are outside.

Indistinct talking of Jr., who keeps pulling Bonnie towards the police cars. Bonnie stands firm, shaking her head no.

INSIDE THE POLICE CAR

Indistinct police radio.

Peter's on the backseat. His hands are cuffed behind his back. He keeps his head down, lifeless, resigned.

Peter feels the car moving and turn onto a street.

FLASHBACK - 1974 - PETER

Miles Smith holding a gun goes onto one knee.

Back to Bloomfield Hills

Peter closes his eyes. A soft thud at the back of the car. The driver stops the car. Peter frowns, looks out.

EXT. STREET, NEAR PETER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Bonnie stands at the driver's window. The police driver rolls it down and looks at Bonnie. Peter looks at Bonnie.

He keeps his mouth open, stunned, in complete awe. Bonnie doesn't look back.

BONNIE

Officer (pausing). I'm not pressing charges.

Peter arches his eyebrows. He silently mouths, "Oh my God." He glances around and sees Jr. standing outside, too.

The officer driver stares at Bonnie, then exchanges glances with his partner. The partner nods.

OFFICER DRIVER

Awright. I'm gonna need a... a new deposition.

BONNIE

That's okay.  
(nodding excessively)  
I don't mind.

The officer driver nods back and gets in gear.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Wait!  
 (glancing at the backseat, raising  
 a finger)  
 Just a minute?

The officer nods. We hear the backseat doors unlock. Bonnie opens the door and gets near Peter in an instant.

She looks at him in the eye. Peter nods, blinking. Bonnie goes to Peter's ear.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

(whispering)  
 I'm not done with you.  
 (grabbing his crotch and squeezing)

Peter nods with a straight face. He exchanges respectful glances with the two officers. He turns his head down.

His eyes quickly roll of excitement. Bonnie likes it. The other door opens, it's Jr., who furiously cuddles him.

JR.

Dad!

Peter cuddles him back, closing his eyes.

JR. (CONT'D)

I told her! I told her!

Peter opens his eyes, listening. Jr. looks at him. Bonnie, too.

JR. (CONT'D)

You're a good dad.

Bonnie nods and joins the cuddle. Jr. and Peter break into tears.

PETER

Thank you.  
 (a moment, glancing at  
 Bonnie)  
 Thank you.

Bonnie nods. The three cuddle again.

A bird's eye view. Bonnie and Jr. step out of the car. The car turns off its lights. A neighbor watching is stunned.

The car slowly u-turns and returns to Peter's mansion. Bonnie and Jr. follow on foot, getting into a snowball fight.

FADE TO:

EXT. DETROIT SKYLINE - NIGHT

Heavy snowfall over the lighted highrises. Some buildings are barely visible. One of them stands out from the rest.

Its white-lit sign reads, as a handwritten script, "Starfire," then, right below, "Drive a Dream."

FADE OUT

**THE END**