

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

THE TONY VINCE RACING CLUB

Written by

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Draft
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INT. DIEGO'S ROOM - DAY

The room is simple but organized. An open suitcase sits on the bed, with a few folded shirts, most in shades of blue and yellow. SUNLIGHT pours into the room through the window, brightening the space.

DIEGO, 20, slender, focused, black hair, brown eyes, finishes packing the suitcase. He hesitates, holding a yellowed shirt.

In the doorway, leaning against the frame, is RODRIGO SANTOS, 50, a tired but caring look hidden behind a facade. He crosses his arms.

RODRIGO SANTOS

You better get going. You know that airport's a mess.

DIEGO looks back, caught off guard.

DIEGO

Oh, hey, Dad... Yeah, I know. I just don't know what clothes to take.

Rodrigo steps a little further into the room, with a half-smile.

RODRIGO SANTOS

What do you mean? You're going to Florida. It's like Brazil two over there.

DIEGO sighs, putting the shirt back into the suitcase, thoughtful.

DIEGO

I'm not talking about that. I don't know if I should take the shirts I wore when I was... hospitalized. The psychologist said it might be good to get rid of them.

Rodrigo furrows his brow, a mix of discomfort and humor.

RODRIGO SANTOS

The psychologist? What is she now? A fashion designer?

DIEGO

Dad, I'm serious.

Rodrigo steps closer, hands in his pockets, trying to keep the conversation light.

RODRIGO SANTOS

Okay... Leave them here. They probably stink like hell. We haven't washed those clothes in ages. Might as well throw them out.

Diego thinks for a moment. He looks at the shirts, resigned, then closes the suitcase.

DIEGO

Alright... That's it then.

He grabs the suitcase and heads to the door. Rodrigo, still leaning against the frame, moves aside to let him pass.

DIEGO

Dad, I've gotta go now. Or else, you know, right?

Rodrigo smiles slightly, trying to keep things lighthearted.

RODRIGO SANTOS

Alright. Go with God, son. And don't forget to send me that selfie when you arrive.

diego smiles back, nervous but sincere. He leaves.

EXT. DIEGO'S HOUSE - DAY

Diego walks to the car, suitcase in hand. THE SUN IS STRONG, almost scorching. He looks up at the blue sky, takes a deep breath, and gets into the car.

QUICK MONTAGE:

- Diego in the passenger seat, staring out the window as the streets of Rio pass by.
- The car entering a busy highway, heading toward the airport.

INT. CAR - DAY

Diego looks at his hands, nervous. They shake slightly. He closes them into fists, takes a deep breath, and looks out the window.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The car stops in front of the terminal. diego gets out, adjusts the backpack on his shoulders, and grabs his suitcase. He looks at the movement around him – people coming and going – and for a moment, he seems small against the vastness of the airport.

He takes one last deep breath and enters, determined.

CUT QUICKLY TO BLACK.

ORLANDO FLORIDA INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - DAY (FEBRUARY 5, 2025)

DIEGO arrives at his mother's house, visibly exhausted. The house is large and tidy, yet something feels off. The furniture is spread far apart, and the paintings on the walls seem to scream with suffering.

MARTHA (O.S.)
Look who's here!

MARTHA, Diego's mother, enters the scene. She's 42, a woman who had children very young and always tried to give her only son a good life.

DIEGO
Hey, Mom. You're looking good, huh?

Martha smiles warmly, walking closer.

MARTHA
And you? Back to being that handsome guy I know. But wait... where's my smile?

Diego drops his bag, his expression somber.

DIEGO
What reason do I have to smile, Mom?

Martha frowns, concern creeping into her voice.

MARTHA
What do you mean, Diego? You beat a disease.

Diego sighs heavily, avoiding her gaze.

DIEGO

Did I? Sometimes it feels like I'm already dead inside.

MARTHA

Oh, Diego, stop it. I brought you here to change that mindset of yours. There are plenty of pretty women here, lots of Brazilians, and so many good things to do.

DIEGO

This place is just like Brazil, Mom. It's only more organized.

Diego drops onto the couch in the living room – a couch so white it looks like snow.

DIEGO

I think I'll rest, Mom... Honestly, this trip killed me.

MARTHA

Stop saying that word!

DIEGO

What? Why?

Suddenly, Martha's phone begins to ring. She answers quickly.

MARTHA (ON PHONE)

Hey, Emma. Are you coming? Okay, I'll see you soon.

Diego looks up, mildly amused for the first time.

DIEGO

You know, sometimes I forget you're American.

A faint smile escapes Diego's lips – small, but noticeable.

MARTHA

She's coming, Diego.

DIEGO

Who's coming?

MARTHA

Emma. Your new psychologist.

Diego bolts upright, glaring at his mother.

DIEGO

What? Mom! Are you serious?

MARTHA

Hey, hey! Watch your language.

DIEGO

I told you I didn't want a psychologist, Mom!

Martha folds her arms, trying to stay calm.

MARTHA

I didn't want to either. But my friend said her daughter was studying medicine in California and came back. It's been hard for her to find a job, so I...

DIEGO

You pushed her onto me?!

MARTHA

Diego, please don't start. It's too late now. She's already on her way, and I'm not sending the poor girl away.

DIEGO

Does she speak Portuguese?

MARTHA

No, of course not!

DIEGO

Oh, for fuck's sake...

MARTHA

Diego!

Frustrated, Diego lies back on the couch, pulling a cushion over his head.

DIEGO

(muffled)

Unbelievable...

He stays there, still and silent for about five minutes. Suddenly, there's a KNOCK at the door. The sound startles him.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Martha hurries to open the door. Diego, still sitting on the sofa, stares in panic, frozen in place.

The door swings open, revealing a young woman with black hair and fair skin. She's around 5'3" tall. Despite her small stature, her beauty is striking - eyes that shine like diamonds in an empty, colorless field.

MARTHA
Diego, this is Emma.

EMMA
Hey, Diego. How are you?

DIEGO
Eh... Sorry, I don't speak good
English.

EMMA
Don't worry. I understand what you're
saying.

Martha notices the tension in the room and decides to leave.

MARTHA
I'll just... be upstairs.

She heads toward the staircase, leaving Diego and Emma
alone.

Emma steps closer, trying to break the silence.

EMMA
How do you feel?

DIEGO
What do you mean?

EMMA
After overcoming the disease?

DIEGO
I'm fine, but... I can't find
something that makes me happy again.

EMMA
Your mother told me you're an le mans
driver

DIEGO

I was.

EMMA

You still can run.

Diego doesn't respond. Frustrated, he stands, grabs his suitcase, and heads for the stairs.

DIEGO

I have to rest. I'll call my mother.

Emma watches him go, confused and slightly hurt. Left alone, she stands awkwardly in the silent room.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Diego's angry voice echoes through the house as he confronts Martha.

DIEGO (O.S.)

Why did you bring her here, Mom?!

MARTHA (O.S.)

I already told you, kid!

DIEGO (O.S.)

You always do this, Mom! Always trying to control my life - telling me what to do, what to eat, what to think! And now you want to push someone else's ideas into my head, to convince me that my life has some meaning... It doesn't!

MARTHA (O.S.)

You survived a disease, you ungrateful boy! You should be on your knees thanking God and asking forgiveness for saying such things!

DIEGO (O.S.)

Maybe God made a mistake. Maybe He should've saved someone

(MORE)

DIEGO (O.S.) (cont'd)
else. If He loves me so much, why did
He let me get sick?!

Silence. A long, heavy pause.

MARTHA (O.S.)
Go to your room before I do something
I regret! Now!

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma hears everything. Uncomfortable, she grabs her bag and heads for the door. Just as she's about to leave, Martha calls out from the staircase.

MARTHA
Hey, Emma. Wait...

Emma turns around slowly, offering a small, sad smile.

EMMA
Sorry. I shouldn't have come here.

MARTHA
I'm sorry, too. Diego is a good
boy... He's just confused
after everything that's happened.

Emma hesitates for a moment, then nods.

EMMA
Okay, I understand. I promise I'll
change his thoughts.

MARTHA
Okay, I believe in you. See you
tomorrow.

Emma forces a final smile, steps outside, and closes the door gently behind her.

Martha sits on the couch, lost in thought. Her face is tear-streaked as she remembers the darkest moments of Diego's illness: the endless hospital trips, sleepless nights, and the constant fear of losing him.

The house is quiet, except for the faint creaking of footsteps upstairs.

INT. DIEGO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Diego throws himself onto the bed without removing his shoes. He stares blankly at the white ceiling, his thoughts spiraling.

DIEGO
(whispering to himself)
Why does she keep pushing? Why can't she just leave me alone? I wish it was all over.

A soft knock breaks the silence.

MARTHA (O.S.)
Diego, can I come in?

DIEGO
(flat, emotionless)
It's open.

The door creaks open. Martha enters cautiously and sits at the edge of the bed.

MARTHA
Look, son, I know you're tired of everything. I get it. But I'm trying, Diego. I'm trying to help you, even if you think you don't need it.

Diego avoids her gaze, his voice sharp.

DIEGO
You don't understand, Mom. No one does. I'm not who I used to be. I lost everything.

Martha sighs, running a hand through her short, graying hair.

MARTHA
You didn't lose everything. You still have me. You still have your life. You've got a second chance.

Diego scoffs bitterly.

DIEGO
A second chance for what? To be a
failure? To wake up every day knowing
I'll never be what I dreamed?

Martha fights back tears.

MARTHA
Diego

DIEGO
(cutting her off)
No, Mom. I'm done. Just leave me
alone. Please.

Martha hesitates, then rises slowly. She exits, closing the door gently behind her.

INT. DIEGO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Diego lies awake in bed. Emma's words echo in his mind:

EMMA (V.O.)
"You still can run."

Diego clenches his jaw, hating how simple it sounds. She doesn't know him. She doesn't know what he's lost or what he's sacrificed.

But something about those words lingers.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Martha prepares breakfast: fresh bread and orange juice. The kitchen is warm with the morning light.

Diego steps in, his movements sluggish.

MARTHA
(cautiously)
Good morning, son.

DIEGO
Morning.
(dryly)

Before Martha can say more, there's a knock at the front door. She smiles faintly.

MARTHA
That must be Emma.

Diego rolls his eyes, exasperated.

DIEGO
Seriously? Again?

Ignoring his tone, Martha moves to the door.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Emma enters, holding a folder of documents. She's wearing a floral dress that contrasts with the confidence in her expression.

EMMA
(cheerful)
Good morning!

Diego sits at the kitchen table, unimpressed.

DIEGO
Morning...

Emma places the folder down and sits across from him.

EMMA
Today, we'll start with something simple.

DIEGO
(irritated)
Start what?

EMMA
Helping you find your way back.

Diego crosses his arms, skeptical.

DIEGO
And how do you plan to do that?

EMMA
First, we talk. Then, we run.

Diego raises an eyebrow.

DIEGO
I told you—I don't run anymore.

EMMA
Then we'll walk.

Martha watches from the kitchen, pretending to focus on breakfast but unable to hide a small smile of relief.

Diego stares at Emma, caught between frustration and curiosity. There's something about her persistence that unsettles him.

Emma put her arms around Diego's shoulders.

DIEGO
Walk?
(Laughing)

EMMA
Yes, walk.
(Excited)

DIEGO
I've got nothing better to do anyway.
Alright then, let's go.

EXT. PARK — DAY

DIEGO
There are only kids here.

EMMA
Stop being a jerk. This place is beautiful.

DIEGO

So, tell me, how much is my mom paying you to do this crap?

EMMA
What?

DIEGO

Let's cut the act. I'll pay you double, alright?

EMMA
You're such an asshole!
(Angry)

DIEGO

What's the problem? Don't tell me you're not doing this for money.

EMMA

I do this because I want my patients to get better—even jerks like you.

DIEGO

Listen here... you don't know me, you don't know what I've been through, alright?

For you, it's easy. A pretty American girl saying hi to everyone and pretending to care. I've met lots of people like you.

EMMA

Listen here, you little... idiot. You don't know anything about me!

I take care of people who've been through far worse than you...

People like John Vincent. If you knew him, you'd regret saying that!

DIEGO

...

EMMA

You know what? Tell your mom I'll return what she paid me. You're beyond help. Nothing but a spoiled brat angry at life. Excuse me, I have more important people to care for.

Diego stands frozen in the park, watching Emma walk away.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Diego unpacks his clothes and belongings from his bag. He finds a photo of himself competing in Le Mans.

MARTHA
Diego.

DIEGO

What did I say before, Mom? Knock before coming in.

MARTHA

I'm sorry, it's just... a letter came from your team.

DIEGO

Let me see.

Diego grabs the letter and sits on the bed.

"Dear Mr. Diego dos Santos Oliveira, we at Ark Motors have decided to terminate your contract with our team. We thank you for all your achievements and wish you a speedy recovery. We hope you can rejoin our team in the future."

DIEGO (cont'd)

Sons of bitches... after everything I did...

Diego tears up the letter, then lies down, staring at the ceiling.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Emma is writing something on her calendar when her phone rings.

EMMA

Hello, this is Emma Hunt. Who's speaking?

DIEGO

Hey, it's me, Diego.

EMMA

What do you want? We have nothing to talk about.

DIEGO

Look, I'm sorry about yesterday. I was an asshole.

EMMA

Yeah, I know.

DIEGO

I just... I need to vent and go somewhere. Somewhere different.

EMMA

Alright. Come by my house in a bit. I left the address with your mom.

DIEGO

Alright, see you soon.

Diego throws the phone onto his bed.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE

Emma opens the door and comes face-to-face with Diego.

EMMA

Ah! You scared me!

DIEGO

I said I'd come.

EMMA

We're going to visit John.

DIEGO
John... Vince?

EMMA
Vincent.

Listen, Diego, Vincent is a very kind boy. If you treat him badly in any way, I'll destroy you.

DIEGO
Alright, I'm not a monster.

EMMA
You've got a lot to prove to me.

They walk to a small, beautiful church.

DIEGO
Is John a pastor?

EMMA
What? Of course not!
Vincent is a very special boy to us.

As they talk, a man in a suit approaches them, holding a black boy wearing a blue cap and jeans. (he needs autism)

EMMA (cont'd)
John!

The boy smiles brightly.

FATHER KAYLOR
Look who came to visit you, John.

EMMA
Missed me?

JOHN
(Nods)

EMMA
John, this is Diego.

DIEGO
Hey, man.

FATHER KAYLOR
Hey, aren't you that Brazilian racer who hasn't competed in a year?

DIEGO
Yeah... that's me.
(Sad expression)

FATHER KAYLOR
Are you two...?

EMMA
No, he's my.... patient.

DIEGO
Patient? I'm here for John.

John laughs at Diego's comment.

FATHER KAYLOR
Shall we go in?

INT. CHURCH – AFTERNOON

John plays with Emma while Father Kaylor and Diego talk at a table.

FATHER KAYLOR (cont'd)
John has a condition that affects his brain. His parents left him at the church's doorstep.

DIEGO
That's terrible. He seems like a great kid.

FATHER KAYLOR

John is the most incredible boy I've ever met in my life.
He's so... so special to our community.

Diego stares at Emma intently.

FATHER KAYLOR (cont'd)

You like her, don't you?

DIEGO

Emma?

FATHER KAYLOR

There's only one girl here.

DIEGO

No, I'm just here because my mom thinks I need therapy after
everything that happened.

FATHER KAYLOR

Have you ever tried telling someone how you feel?

DIEGO

What difference would it make?

Father Kaylor stands.

FATHER KAYLOR

And does it change anything to keep it all bottled up?

Diego looks at the ground, silent, as the priest walks away.

EXT - STREET - NIGHT

EMMA

What did you think of John?

DIEGO

(Smiling)

He's amazing.

EMMA

I love that kid so much, you know?

(MORE)

EMMA (cont'd)

When I first saw him, it was something unexplainable. I felt I had to do something for him, and since then, I've been helping him however I can.

DIEGO

I'm sorry about what I said yesterday. Today, I saw how much you care about people... I really was a jerk.

(Smiling)

Just like my dad...

EMMA

What's it like racing at Le Mans?

DIEGO

Well, it's like being inside a coliseum with thousands of people watching you. You feel like everyone's focused on you, just waiting for you to make a mistake.

EMMA

Do you miss it?

DIEGO

Sometimes. I miss the training more, the fights with teammates, and my dad yelling at me:

"Faster, kid!"

"You'll never win anything like that!"

Sometimes, I think he's right. I should've tried harder to recover, or...

EMMA

Diego, listen to me. You don't have to prove anything to anyone. Be yourself, make your own decisions, and follow what your heart tells you.

DIEGO

I feel lost, directionless, unmotivated... It's like that damn illness took everything from me.

(Emma gently holds Diego's face.)

EMMA

If you're here now, it means you have a purpose, Diego.
Nothing happens by chance.

DIEGO

Well, I hope you're right.

INT - MS. MARTHA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MARTHA

You're late. Where were you?

DIEGO

(Breathless)

I walked Emma home.

MARTHA

Looks like you've really fallen for
her.

DIEGO

What? No, Emma is just a... friend.

MARTHA

Diego, I know when you're lying. I can see it in your
eyes—you blink twice when you lie.

DIEGO

Alright, think whatever you want.

(Diego goes upstairs.)

MARTHA

Emma's a special girl, son.

(Diego stops halfway up the stairs.)

MARTHA (cont'd)

Everything she does for this
community and the people... It's
incredible. She deserves someone like
you, son.

DIEGO

Like me? What do I have to offer her besides problems?

(Martha walks up the stairs and gently strokes Diego's hair.)

MARTHA

You have many flaws, Diego...

(Softly)

But you're the most amazing young man anyone could have. Do something special for Emma tomorrow.

(Martha heads back downstairs.)

DIEGO

What kind of surprise?

MARTHA

Use your charm.

DIEGO

(Smiling)

NEXT DAY - INT - MALL

(Diego is browsing through teddy bears in a store.)

MYSTERIOUS VOICE

Diego?

(Diego turns around and sees a tall young man with brown hair and green eyes.)

DIEGO

Enzo?

ENZO VITEZZI

Holy crap, it's really you. Glad you remember me.

DIEGO

What are you doing here?
The European circuit is over?

ENZO VITEZZI

Yeah... another medal. Gotta admit, it was tough competing with you. Now that you're out, it's all molto tranquillo.

DIEGO

Alright, grab your medal and get out of here.

ENZO VITEZZI

The grid crew told me what happened. Getting kicked off the team? That's messed up...

(Emma walks past the store and notices them talking.)

ENZO VITEZZI (cont'd)

If you have any hope of coming back, I think you should give up. Everyone's treating you like a charity case.

(Diego grabs Enzo by the collar.)

DIEGO

Charity case? You're gonna be the charity case when I'm done with you, you bastard!

(Emma runs into the store and tries to hold Diego back.)

EMMA

Diego! What are you doing?

(Diego looks at Emma and releases Enzo's collar.)

DIEGO

What are you doing here? Are you following me?

EMMA

What?

ENZO VITEZZI

Good luck, Dieguito. I'm sure your mommy will fix everything for you.

EMMA
Diego, look at me...

DIEGO
Just... leave me alone.

(DIEGO STORMS OUT OF THE STORE, FRUSTRATED. EMMA STANDS THERE, CONFUSED, AS THE CAMERA FOCUSES ON HER FACE.)

LATER - INT - MARTHA'S HOUSE - DIEGO'S ROOM

Diego is sitting on his bed, looking at photos of his team, trophies, and medals.

A flashback begins:

Diego as a child racing go-karts at Interlagos.

Diego running his first race.

Diego holding his first trophy.

Diego discovering his illness.

Diego lying in a hospital bed.

Diego suddenly gets up from the bed, furious, and starts breaking all his trophies and medals. He begins to cry. His mother, Martha, arrives in the room, startled, and calms him down.

MARTHA
Hey, Diego! Diego!

DIEGO
(Crying)
I lost everything, Mom. All those days I took rain-soaked walks to training, all those days I trained until I vomited... all of it was for nothing!

MARTHA
(Silence)

DIEGO
(Crying)
I... I should've listened to you when you said it was a bad idea...

MARTHA
Diego...

The phone starts ringing.

MARTHA (cont'd)
Damn it, it must be your dad!
Wait, I'll be right back...

Diego wipes his tears with his shirt. He looks down and spots Emma's invitation for John's benefit festival.

"To a special person" – please attend, DIEGO □

NEXT DAY - INT - EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Emma is frying eggs when someone knocks on the door.

EMMA
WHO IS IT?

As she opens the door, she finds Diego, causing her to quickly shut the door again.

DIEGO
Emma, please... I just want to talk.

EMMA
Seriously, Diego?
Talk? After that whole scene at the mall?

DIEGO
I'm serious.
Just open the door, and I'll leave right after.

Emma opens the door.

EMMA
Diego, if you waste my time, I'll kill you.

DIEGO
I just need ten minutes.

EMMA
Fine, you have less than that.

DIEGO
I'm an idiot!
Immature, reckless, and
inconsiderate.

EMMA
If you came here to tell me what I already know, you better
leave.

DIEGO
I just need to show you something, and I need ten minutes to
show you who I really am and what I feel for you. Just put
on your best outfit and wait here at the door in ten
minutes. I'm serious. I'm going now.

EMMA
(Stammering)
Diego, Diego, what?

Diego runs toward his house, leaving Emma stunned and
speechless.

LATER... - EXT - EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma stands at the front porch, dressed in a white dress and
a flowy skirt.

The area is quiet and still.

Suddenly, the sound of a motorcycle engine roars to life. A
sleek black Kawasaki Ninja appears from the darkness, its
headlights piercing the night with a sharp glare.

Emma watches, unsure, as the motorcycle approaches.

DIEGO
(With a grin)

Hey, ready?

EMMA
(Eyes wide)
Diego, whose motorcycle is that?

DIEGO
It's mine. Do you like it?

EMMA
(Shaking her head)
Where are we going?

DIEGO
Hop on. I've got five minutes.

EMMA
(Sighing)
Five minutes.

DIEGO
Alright.

Diego accelerates the motorcycle and speeds off down the road.

EMMA
(Frantically)
Diego, what are you doing!?

DIEGO
We need some fun.

EMMA
(Shaking her head)
You're going to kill us!

Diego speeds up even more.

EMMA (cont'd)
(Shouting)
Stop, please!

The motorcycle speeds through the long, winding road toward the hills of Rockvalle.

DIEGO
(Grinning)
Hold on tight!

EMMA
(Still panicking)
Did you drink!?

DIEGO
Trust me.

Diego speeds through the curves of the road at an exhilarating pace.

EMMA
(Gasping)
Oh my God...

DIEGO
(Pointing ahead)
See that up there?

Emma closes her eyes, feeling the rush of wind and the thrill of the ride.

DIEGO (cont'd)
Emma? You okay?

EMMA
(Shouting)
This is amazing!

DIEGO
You haven't seen anything yet.

EMMA
(Still nervous)
No, Diego, don't

DIEGO
We're heading to the hills. Heard the view is breathtaking.

EMMA
(Irritated)
I've never been out here before.

DIEGO
Really?

EMMA
Yes.

Diego glances back at her, locking eyes with Emma.

DIEGO
You look stunning. All of this—it's for me?

EMMA
(Smiling)
Shut up.

DIEGO
My mom likes you, you know?

EMMA
I love your mom.

DIEGO
She says I should follow my dreams... and that's what I'm doing right now.

EMMA
(Softly)
Diego... I think we're getting close. Better keep your eyes on the road.

Diego returns his gaze to the road.

Meanwhile, Emma looks contemplatively at the stretch of road ahead.

The scene cuts to them finally arriving at their destination. Diego slows down and stops the motorcycle at the edge of a stunning viewpoint. The view is spectacular: city lights glittering below, a star-filled sky, and the sense of being at the peak of the world.

Emma dismounts the motorcycle and sits down, her heart still racing.

DIEGO
(Proudly)
See? Ten minutes. I told you I could convince you.

EMMA
(Smirking)
Okay, you were right. But that doesn't mean I trust you yet.

Diego leans forward, his eyes locked on hers.

DIEGO
I'm not asking for your trust, Emma. Just... give me a chance.

EMMA
A chance, Diego. That's all you'll get.

DIEGO
A chance is all I need.

Diego pulls out a blanket and two pillows from the back of his motorcycle.

EMMA
(Watching)
You planned all of this?

DIEGO
Kind of. I wasn't sure you'd say yes, so I had a backup plan.

Diego spreads the blanket near the edge of the viewpoint, setting out a few items from a basket: fruits, a bottle of juice, and some snacks. Emma looks on, impressed.

EMMA
(Grinning)
You're full of surprises, aren't you?

DIEGO

(MORE)

EMMA (cont'd)
You have no idea.

They both sit on the blanket, sharing laughter and conversations beneath the stars as the scene fades out with a soft, dreamy soundtrack.

SOME HOURS
LATER

Emma is still awake, looking at the stars, while Diego writes something in a notebook.

EMMA (cont'd)
What's that?

DIEGO
Oh, it's my diary.

EMMA
You have a diary?

DIEGO
Yes, I jot down the constellations I still need to find.

EMMA
Diego, you really don't tire of surprising me. You are completely unpredictable.

Diego points to the sky.

DIEGO
See that one over there? It's Capricorn. I've never seen that before. My mom says it attracts luck and positive things.

Emma takes the diary and notices that there are drawings of various constellations, all very detailed and realistic.

DIEGO (cont'd)
You know? I've been thinking these days... what if I lived a normal life, you know? Meet someone, move in together, get married, and be really happy?

EMMA
Sounds promising.

DIEGO
My whole life I've always wanted to prove something to people. I've always had to be the best, take twice the punches, train twice as hard... but, I don't have to prove anything to anyone, you know? I don't need 45 more medals or 50 more races... I need to live, explore the world...

EMMA
You know, Diego... that's probably the most mature thing you've ever said.

Emma looks back up at the sky again, trying to identify constellations.

EMMA (cont'd)
So, Capricorn brings luck, huh? And me? Do you think I bring you luck?

Diego moves closer to Emma, gently pressing her neck, and they share a kiss for a few seconds. Emma takes off Diego's clothes, and Diego simply gazes at her.

They lie down under the blankets and end up making love.

ROCKVALLE HILLS - EXT - DAY

Emma's phone begins to ring. She gets up, still drowsy, and answers.

SANTA PRISCA CHURCH - ROCKVALLE CITY CENTER - DAY

Emma and Diego arrive at the church, which is surrounded by police.

EMMA (cont'd)
What happened?

Father Kaylor approaches.

FATHER KAYLOR
They stole everything—the money raised for John, the festival funds... literally everything!

Emma looks at Diego in disbelief, and her eyes begin to tear up.

EMMA
Where's John? I need to talk to him.

FATHER KAYLOR
In the back.

Emma quickly runs inside the church.

FATHER KAYLOR (cont'd)
Everything we've accomplished, Diego... everything, it's gone.
Diego looks at the priest without giving a response, but his gaze says everything he feels.

DIEGO
Father... if you need any help, anything, count on me.

FATHER KAYLOR
(Sighing)
Thank you, Diego. We need to have faith now.

DIEGO
Well... I'll go see if Emma is okay.

CHURCH - BACKYARD - DAY

Emma is in the backyard of the church, squatting and crying.

DIEGO (cont'd)
Emma.

EMMA
(Crying)
It was all going well, Diego. I felt like things were really coming together...

Diego squats down and helps Emma up, then he hugs her.

DIEGO
Hey, don't worry. We'll figure it out. I'll figure it out.

EMMA

How? Diego... you have no idea how expensive John's treatment is. We spent years saving that money... years.

DIEGO

I don't know, but we have to stay calm.

Diego holds Emma close.

INT - EMMA'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY

Diego and Emma are asleep in bed.

The phone starts ringing on a desk beside the bed.

Diego wakes up, answers the phone.

DIEGO (cont'd)

Hello, who is this?

UNKNOWN VOICE

(Texan accent)

Hey Diego, it's me, Jeremy.

DIEGO

Jeremy, long time no see, man.

Diego walks into the kitchen.

JEREMY

Man, you have no idea... I managed to get a race for you.

Diego pours coffee into his cup.

DIEGO

A race?

JEREMY

Yes, a race... in Arizona.

DIEGO

Look, Jeremy, I'm going through a rough time right now...

JEREMY

Three hundred and fifty thousand
dollars!

You get it? I know you don't care much about money and all, but... look, as your friend, this opportunity is something unique. You can prove to these people that you still have what it takes to race, that you're still the "Fabulous Diego Santos."

Diego looks at Emma, who is sleeping in bed.

JEREMY (cont'd)

Diego?

DIEGO

Alright, Jeremy... tell me more about
the team.

INT - OFFICE - DAY

TEXAS

Jeremy is sitting in a chair, flipping through some pages of a manual. He is thin, with a mustache and slicked-back hair, with a clearly Texan accent.

JEREMY

Well, the team is led by a former Le Mans driver, a guy named Michael Oliver. He specifically asked for you. He said the first driver had an accident in Chicago. Anyway, he really wants you on the team, man.

DIEGO

Alright, I need to sort some things out here and I'll be there as soon as I can.

INT-OFFICE-DAY

TEXAS

Jeremy is holding a cigarette in his mouth and lighting it with a lighter

JEREMY

Okay, I'll wait until more Saints.

INT-EMMA'S HOUSE-KITCHEN

Diego turns off his cell phone and he stops Emma, who is still sleeping

INT-EMMA'S HOUSE-A FEW HOURS LATER

EMMA
No!

DIEGO
What? Why?

EMMA
You haven't run for 2 years Diego, 2 years!

DIEGO
Emma with the money we can pay for John's treatment.

EMMA
In exchange for what? Do you know how serious this is Diego? And if you suffer some accident How do you think I will feel?

Diego sits on the couch and looks at Emma

DIEGO
Emma...this is a chance to prove to myself that I'm not a failure, to prove to myself that I can still win, and that I can do something good in my life.

EMMA
You don't have to prove anything to me.

Diego gets up

DIEGO
I need ten days.

EMMA
Diego doesn't start with that little game of his.

DIEGO
Ten days to train and prepare.

EMMA
(Looking sideways)

DIEGO
Only ten days emma.

EMMA
(Sighing)
If you die, I'll kill you

Emma goes to the kitchen

DIEGO
(Smiling)
But that doesn't even make sense.

ARIZONA - INT - GARAGE OFFICE

2 DAYS LATER

Upon arriving at the garage, Diego surveys the scene, noticing four people at work.

An elderly man with gray hair, wearing worn-out and grease-stained clothes, a tall man with blonde hair sitting inside a car, and a shorter man with tanned skin working on a car.

Diego enters the garage silently, glancing around at all the trophies and photos displayed around the shop. Above, a banner reads:

"Tony, Tony Motors"

The elderly man with gray hair approaches Diego.

MICHAEL OLIVER
You must be Diego.

DIEGO
And you... Michael Oliver?

MICHAEL OLIVER
So, you're him... The pilot who survived a terminal illness. That'd make a good story.

DIEGO
More of a comedy, I think.

MICHAEL
(Smiling)
Well, let me introduce you to the
team. That guy inside the car is my
son, Mark Oliver.

He gestures toward Mark.

DIEGO
(Acknowledging with
a nod)

MICHAEL OLIVER
The other one over there...

Michael points to the mechanic.

MICHAEL OLIVER (cont'd)
That's Brandon Vega. He's our
mechanic. Used to work for Ferrari,
Ford, and spent some time at BMW.

DIEGO
Seriously?

MICHAEL OLIVER
No. We found him fixing a truck in
New Mexico.

DIEGO
(Raising an eyebrow
with a half-smile)

BRANDON VEGA
"Dieguito," see that car over there?

They all look at a black Corvette, riddled with dents and
rust.

BRANDON VEGA (cont'd)
That's the one we're going to make
those Russian fools cry in.

DIEGO
Russians?

MICHAEL OLIVER
They're the heavy favorites for the
race. Best cars, best pilots... but
they don't have our determination.
That, I'm sure of.
Especially with you on the team.

He places his hands on Diego's shoulders.

MICHAEL OLIVER (cont'd)
Your South American blood will be
invaluable to our team.

DIEGO
Thanks, I guess.

A Bernese Mountain Dog enters the garage.

MICHAEL OLIVER
Tony!

Michael kneels down and hugs the dog.

DIEGO
Ah, so that's where the name of the
team comes from?

MICHAEL OLIVER
Exactly! Found this guy back when I
was on my farm in Wisconsin.

Without him, I wouldn't be where I am.

MARK OLIVER
Hey Diego, enough talking. Show us
what you can do.

He tosses the keys to Diego.

EXT. - ARIZONA HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

The rusty 1968 Corvette speeds along the deserted and scorching Arizona highway.
Diego is sweating inside the car.

MICHAEL OLIVER (RADIO)
Hey, Diego! Your driving is way too sloppy; we're not gonna beat those Russians like this!

DIEGO
Alright.

The car begins to accelerate, kicking up dirt along the way.

The scene cuts to a direct transition of the car speeding down the highway at night.

INT. - CAR

MICHAEL OLIVER (RADIO)
Hey, Diego! You still have thirty more minutes... you're doing great.

DIEGO
I'm starting to hallucinate, Mike.

INT. - TONY MOTORS WORKSHOP - NIGHT

MICHAEL OLIVER
Great! Imagine those two Russians on your tail.

EXT. - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Diego slams on the accelerator, and the car's headlights light up the deserted, dark road.

INT. - TONY MOTORS WORKSHOP - NIGHT

BRANDON VEGA
Your best time was 15 minutes...
let's try to beat that.

INT. - CAR

DIEGO
Ten!

INT. - TONY MOTORS WORKSHOP - NIGHT
Brandon looks at Michael.

EXT. - HIGHWAY - NIGHT
The car accelerates more and more, reaching an insane speed.
The scene focuses on Diego's eyes, which transition to a
banner for a festival.

EXT. - ROCKVALLE TOWN CENTER - DAY
Emma and some locals are decorating a bar with Diego's name
on it.

INT. - WORKSHOP - DAY
Diego, Michael, Mark, and Brandon are fixing the car.

EXT. - HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON
Diego is driving his car, now clean and painted red.

INT. - EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT
Emma is holding Diego's journal, smiling as she flips
through its pages filled with constellations.

INT. - OLD ROOM AT THE WORKSHOP - NIGHT
Diego is smiling as he looks at some photos of Emma on his
phone.
· The music fades out slowly.

INT. - WORKSHOP GARAGE - DAY
Everyone is working on fixing the car.

MARK
I still don't know why you put the
name Vince on the car

DIEGO
is a friend of mine

MARK

Our team name is Tony Vince Motors?

DIEGO

A Good name

MARK

sounds like the name of an italian team..we are from wisconsin

DIEGO

I'm from Brazil, what do you think of the Santos running club?

MARK

(Smiling)

Brandon opens the garage door

BRANDON

Hey, Diego, there's a girl here to see you.

DIEGO

A girl?

Mark and Michael start smiling.

MICHAEL OLIVER

Looks like someone's got an extra race tonight.

Everyone in the room laughs.

DIEGO

(Smiling)

Bunch of clowns. I better see this car in perfect shape by tomorrow.

He throws an old rag in Mark's face.

EXT. - OUTSIDE THE WORKSHOP - DAY

DIEGO

Brandon said you were...

Diego is left speechless as he sees how stunning Emma looks in a white dress and matching skirt, with flawless makeup.

DIEGO (cont'd)
All this... for me?

EMMA
Depends.

DIEGO
On what?

EMMA
On where we're sleeping tonight. A garage isn't exactly ideal for this kind of thing.

DIEGO
There are plenty of hotels around here.

EMMA
(Smiling)
Now, seriously, Diego.

She leans against a car.

EMMA (cont'd)
Everyone is grateful for what you're doing
...for our community.

DIEGO
Get ready, I'm bringing that trophy home.

EMMA
Listen, Diego...

Emma places her hands gently on Diego's face.

EMMA (cont'd)
Even if you don't win, this has
already shown me who you are...
You're amazing, and I want you in my
life from now on, okay?

DIEGO
I'm going to win, and we're going to
celebrate like crazy... just can't
drink, or my mom will kill me.

EMMA
(Smiling)

Tony suddenly runs toward the two.

EMMA (cont'd)
(Alarmed)
Oh my God, Diego!

DIEGO
Relax, relax... that's Tony, the
founder of the team.

The dog approaches Diego, who pets him.

DIEGO (cont'd)
Wanna go for a ride?

THE SCENE CUTS
TO THE CAR
SPEEDING DOWN
THE HIGHWAY.

EMMA
You said it would be a short ride,
Diego!

DIEGO
(Smiling)
Figure of speech...

Diego stops the car at an abandoned gas station.

DIEGO (cont'd)
Let's stretch our legs.

Diego gets out of the car and opens the door for Emma.

EMMA
What a lovely date.

Diego pulls Emma by her arms and starts kissing her.
The two lean against the car, continuing to kiss.

RACE DAY

INT. - PIT BOXES - ACE FIRE TRACK - ARIZONA - DAY

Diego is putting on his white racing suit with the symbol of a dog and the name "Tony vince Motors."

MICHAEL OLIVER
You ready, kid?

DIEGO
You raced in Formula One?

MICHAEL OLIVER
Yeah, just two races... how'd you find out?

DIEGO
Mark told me.

MICHAEL OLIVER
I raced in 1988. I was young and handsome back then.
(Smiling)

DIEGO
(Smiling)
Why'd you leave?

MICHAEL OLIVER

Mark's mom... she got cancer. I found out right there in the pit box.

DIEGO

I'm sorry.

MICHAEL OLIVER

I didn't know what to do. I was on the 25th lap, only fifteen to go.

FLASHBACK

Michael is inside a car with his helmet on, watching his son, Mark, running desperately toward him, only to be held back by guards.

MICHAEL OLIVER (V.O.)

Mark ran straight to me, desperate...
(Smiling nervously)
I already knew what had happened.

DIEGO

It felt like everything ended for you, didn't it?
Your dreams, your goals... everything you'd worked for.

MICHAEL OLIVER

Exactly.

Diego looks down, lost in thought.

MICHAEL OLIVER (cont'd)

But you're young, kid. You still have time... you can keep going. But remember... sometimes your plans aren't God's plans. Life is full of choices, and we have to think carefully before making them.

DIEGO

I...

Brandon enters the pit box.

BRANDON
Everything's ready, Diego.

INT. - BAR - ROOCKVALLEY

On the TV, Big John watches the race closely with a few neighbors, emotional and proud.

EXT. - ACE FIRE TRACK - GRANDSTAND

Emma sits in the grandstand, nervous and anxious.

EXT. - TRACK

Diego takes a deep breath, gripping the steering wheel tightly.

MICHAEL OLIVER
Hey, kid... do you like Senna?

DIEGO
What?

MICHAEL OLIVER
You like Senna?

DIEGO
Of course.

MICHAEL OLIVER
Well, you're going to have to channel
him to beat those guys over there.

He points to the car beside Diego.

The car is a Ford GT, with a driver wearing a helmet featuring Russian colors.

BRANDON (RADIO)
Send that son of a bitch back to
Moscow!

Diego looks toward the grandstand and sees Emma smiling at him.

EXT. RACE — TRACK — DAY

Diego is in the middle of an intense battle. The cars slide through curves at maximum speed. The crowd cheers and roars with every turn.

Diego takes a tight curve, adjusting the perfect line. The white Corvette screams with every acceleration. Behind him, the Russians press hard, trying to push him off the track.

INT. RACE — PITLANE — DAY

Michael watches the time monitor, his eyebrows furrowed as he tracks the lap times.

MICHAEL OLIVER
Diego, we've got three laps. You need
to make up more positions on this
straight.

EXT. RACE — TRACK — DAY

Diego makes another aggressive pass. His car glides down the straight at high speed, smoke trailing from the tires. Rivals are right beside him, but Diego skillfully holds the lead.

Suddenly, one of the Russian cars tries to push him off the track, against the barrier, but Diego doesn't give in. He accelerates fully, narrowly avoiding the collision.

INT. RACE — BOX — DAY

Brandon, the mechanic, adjusts the bolts quickly while Diego's lap times are displayed on the monitor. He smiles but keeps his focus sharp.

BRANDON VEGA
(With a smile) You see that blonde
guy over there?

He points to a driver exiting his Ford GT.

DIEGO
Yeah.

BRANDON VEGA
His car's swaying too much. If you
can close the gap, you'll knock him
out of the race.

EXT. RACE — TRACK — DAY

Diego accelerates his white Corvette down the straight, dangerously closing the gap on the Ford GT. The Russian driver**

He notices the approach and tries to defend, but Diego keeps the pressure.

INT. RACE — PITLANE — DAY

Michael watches the screen as Diego closes the gap between them. He smiles slightly, pleased with the driver's performance.

MICHAEL OLIVER
(Calm voice) It's working, Diego.
Push harder!

EXT. RACE — TRACK — DAY

Diego uses a strategic curve to close the opponent's space. The Ford GT loses traction and starts to slide dangerously, forcing it off the track.

EXT. RACE — BARRIER — DAY

The Ford GT comes to a stop alongside the track, out of the race. The Russian driver exits the car in fury, pointing angrily at Diego, but the crowd cheers wildly, ignoring the accident.

INT. RACE — BOX — DAY

Brandon watches the rival's car off the track and grins widely. Diego returns to the pitlane, breathless but confident.

BRANDON VEGA
(With a smile) Like I said, he
couldn't handle it!

INT. RACE — TRACK — DAY

Diego takes the lead with more space to the next competitors. He stays calm, focusing on the next stage of the race.

EXT. RACE — TRACK — DAY

Diego approaches the final curve. The car marked with "Dimitry" makes one last attempt to overtake, but Diego uses all his experience to defend. He holds the line, gripping the steering wheel firmly.

EXT — GRANDSTAND — DAY

Emma watches nervously as the race unfolds.

INT. RACE — PITLANE — DAY

MICHAEL OLIVER
Last lap, Diego!

INT. BAR — ROOCKVALLEY — DAY

The crowd, including Father John and other townspeople, starts to rise, all eyes fixed on the outcome of the race.

INT. RACE — TRACK — DAY

Diego begins to accelerate, but soon feels his pedal losing power.

DIEGO
(Exasperated)
Damn it!
The pedal... it's failing!

He struggles to adjust the car, frustration building as time seems to move faster. The crowd in the stands cheers his name, urging him to keep going.

EXT. RACE — TRACK — DAY

Diego battles the technical issue, every second feeling like an eternity. The roar of engines and the sounds of the crowd blend into his desperation.

INT. RACE — PITLANE — DAY

MICHAEL OLIVER
20 miles!

INT. RACE — TRACK — DAY

Diego glances into the rearview mirror, seeing the Ford once again on his tail. He strategically brakes to let the car pass.

INT. RACE — PITLANE — DAY

MICHAEL OLIVER
Hey! Are you crazy, Diego?

Diego keeps his composure, responding calmly while regaining control of the race, accelerating strongly towards the finish line.

EXT. GRANDSTAND — DAY

Emma stands up with a mix of confusion and exhilaration. She shouts out in excitement, cheering alongside the crowd for Diego.

INT. RACE — TRACK — DAY

Diego takes advantage of the Russian driver's momentary hesitation to attempt an overtaking maneuver. The Russian notices and forcefully blocks Diego, pushing him off the ideal racing line.

INT. RACE — PITLANE — DAY

BRANDON
What is he doing?

Michael watches the television screen, confused and tense.

INT. RACE — TRACK — DAY

Diego makes a move to overtake in the curve. The Russian driver closes the gap, but Diego, with intelligence and precision, executes a daring maneuver, forcing the Russian to concede just enough space. He passes through the curve, leaving the Russian behind, caught off guard by the move.

INT. RACE — TRACK — DAY

The crowd in the stands erupts in applause and cheers. Emma watches intently, her anxiety growing with each move Diego makes.

INT. RACE — PITLANE — DAY

MICHAEL OLIVER
(Confused)

INT. RACE — TRACK — DAY

Diego accelerates fiercely, striving to maintain the lead. He focuses ahead as the Russian driver once again attempts to regain the position, applying more pressure.

INT. RACE — PITLANE — DAY

BRANDON
It's almost over! Hold on tight,
Diego!

MICHAEL OLIVER
(Focused on the screen) One more
curve, Diego! Don't let him close!

INT. RACE — TRACK — DAY

In the final curve, Diego makes a bold move, controlling the car with precision as the Russian tries once again to block him. The two cars nearly touch...

FLASHBACK

Diego and Emma looking at constellations

Diego and Emma sharing a kiss

Diego maintains control and crosses the finish line.

EXT. GRANDSTAND — DAY

Emma is overwhelmed with emotion, tears streaming down her face as she watches Diego cross the finish line in first place. The crowd goes wild, celebrating the unexpected victory.

INT. RACE — PITLANE — DAY

Michael rises from his seat and walks away from the pit lane.

BRANDON
(Clenching his fist)
I knew it!

INT. RACE — TRACK — DAY

Diego keeps his car on the track, breathing deeply as the crowd and his team celebrate in the background. He gazes skyward, feeling the weight of his victory and the gratitude for everyone who supported him. Diego crosses the finish line.

EXT — GRANDSTAND — DAY

Emma rushes down from the grandstand towards the track.

INT. RACE — TRACK — DAY

Diego exits the car and locks eyes with Emma, who is running towards him.

EMMA
Diego... you did it.

DIEGO
We did it...

INT — BAR — ROCKVALLEY — DAY

Everyone at the bar cheers, with John smiling proudly.

INT. RACE — TRACK — DAY

Diego and Emma share a passionate kiss as his teammates watch from a distance, smiling quietly.

BRANDON
(Clearing his
throat)
Can you lend him to us for a second?

Michael makes his way through the crowd, embracing Diego tightly.

MICHAEL OLIVER
(Emotionally)
Thank you... thank you.

Tony appears in the midst of the crowd, barking enthusiastically.

A MAN IN A SUIT
Diego... this is for you.

He presents Diego with a golden trophy adorned with petals around it. Diego lifts the trophy, sending his teammates into a frenzy of celebration.

FADE OUT

10 DAYS LATER

EXT — FESTIVAL — ROOCKVALLEY — DAY

Emma is chatting with Martha.

MARTHA
Look at this, he was ten here.

Martha shows a photo of Diego riding a unicycle.

EMMA
(SMILING)
So cute...

EXT — MAIN STREET OF THE FESTIVAL — DAY

Diego walks with John.

DIEGO
Hey, what did you think of our little
trip, John?

John doesn't respond, only giving Diego a warm embrace.

DIEGO (cont'd)
(Listen, John, we're
going to travel
more, okay?)

JOHN
Yes.

DIEGO
Alright, now go. Emma must be
worried.

Diego's phone begins to ring.

DIEGO (cont'd)
Jeremy?

JEREMY
Great, saved my number... So, I'll be straight with you, man.
A representative from an Italian team contacted me. He heard
about your race and wants you to do some tests there. What
do you say?

DIEGO

Look, Jeremy, I appreciate everything you're doing, but all I want right now is to be with the woman I love, travel to new places, and...

The call is disconnected.

DIEGO (cont'd)
Hello? Jeremy?

EMMA
"To live with the woman I love."

DIEGO
What are you doing here, you little sneak?

EMMA
I heard what you said. Was it true?

DIEGO
Every word.

EMMA
(Smiling)

DIEGO
I've been thinking... I know a five-star hotel in Rio, right on the beach...

EMMA
I want to go.

DIEGO
Are you sure?

EMMA
I want to go wherever you go, Diego.

DIEGO

Seriously? Great, I thought I'd need
ten minutes to convince you.

Emma and Diego share a tender kiss as the camera slowly
pulls back, focusing on the sunset over the city of
Roockvalley.