

SECONDS FROM ETERNITY

BASED ON TRUE EVENTS

Written by

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1

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - DAY

A clear May sky hangs over the oval. The grandstands are packed. One hundred thousand people vibrate as a single body.

INSERT - TRACK CLOCK

LAP 23 OF 200

SUPER - INDIANAPOLIS 500 - PRESENT DAY

Cars streak past at full speed. The sound is not loud—it is continuous, physical, impossible to escape.

EXT. SAFETY TEAM STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The AMR INDYCAR SAFETY TEAM stands ready. Fire suits zipped. Helmets clipped. Hands resting on tools. JACK MORRIS, late 50s, compact, calm, eyes always moving. A veteran.

EVAN REYES, early 20s, athletic, newly issued gear still stiff on his shoulders. A rookie. Alert, but tense.

Jack watches the track. Evan watches Jack. The radio comes alive.

SPX - RADIO CHATTER

EMERGENCY CONTROL (OS)  
Trouble in turn two.

EMERGENCY CONTROL 2 (OS)  
How bad?

SPX - IMPACT (DISTANT, MASSIVE)

2

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - TURN TWO - DA

A car detonates into the outside wall in Turn Two. Carbon fiber explodes outward. Smoke. Fire.

3

EXT. TURN TWO - CONTINUOUS

The wrecked car skids to a stop. Flames lick upward. The driver is DAREN VOSS, 28, Scandinavian.

The safety team is on the move! One truck blocks the wrecked car from moving race cars. Morris and Reyes pull up, run to the wrecked race car.

Reyes smothers the fire with foam. Other safety crew stand by with hydraulic tools.

EXT - WRECKED RACE CAR ON TRACK- DAY

Jack is first to the driver. Leans into Voss.

JACK MORRIS

Sit tight. The fire is out. This will be easy. Just need to check for concussions. Talk to me.

DARREN VOSS

I'm good. I can feel my toes and fingers.

Morris flips up the driver's face shield and checks his pupils with tiny flash light.

JACK MORRIS

What's your name? Where are you?

DARREN VOSS

I'm at Indy and I crashed because that damn Harlan cut me off.

JACK MORRIS

What's your name.

DARREN VOSS

Darren Voss. I'm good. Get me out.

Morris checks his pupils again and then pulls out the steering wheel, releases all the safety straps and Voss jumps out on his own. The crowd roars. Voss waves to the crowd and points at Harlan as his car slowly drives by the wreck. Harlan salutes sarcastically. Voss jumps in a waiting ambulance.

JACK MORRIS

Medical tent!

Jack slams the back door shut and bangs on it. The ambulance races away.

Reyes walks up to Morris.

EVAN REYES

Wow! That crash should have killed him and what were you doing before he jumped out.

Track crew lift the dead race car with a tow truck as the crash scene is cleaned up. Morris and Reyes climb into their rig, their truck backs into their spot on the inside of the track.

4 INT. RACE EMERGENCY TRUCK - DAY

EVEN REYES  
Well, why wasn't he killed?

Morris points at turn two.

JACK MORRIS  
If this was 1963, he would be dead.  
Back then there was just no respect  
for physics.

FLASHBACK

5 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - DAY - 1963

SUPER - INDIANAPOLIS 500 - 1963

A clear May sky hangs over the oval. The 1963 grandstands are packed. One hundred thousand people vibrate as a single body.

6 INSERT - TRACK CLOCK

7 LAP 147 OF 200

1963 Indy Cars streak past at full speed. The sound is not loud—it is continuous, physical, impossible to escape. A crash in turn two as race car hits the wall hard. The car begins to smolder. There is a long delay before anyone approaches the wreck.

Several 1960's firefighters arrive carrying basic extinguishers. A small fire in the front of the car taken care of.

A young doctor STEVEN OLVEY, 29, with a small black bag approaches the wreck. Olvey grabs the driver's wrist and checks his pulse. He can't find it. He looks for help from the firemen.

STEVEN OLVEY  
Hey! This is my first race. What should I do?

FIREMAN #1  
Olvey! Are you kidding! You're the doctor!

FIREMAN #2  
Just pull him out. Check him on the ground.

The three men struggle to release the driver from his wrecked car. The steering wheel is in the way and the driver's feet seem to be pinned.

A third fireman arrives with a stretcher. All four yank the driver out of the car. The driver's head snaps back. They lay his lifeless body on the stretcher, his feet are charred black. Olvey kneels next to the driver while pulling a stethoscope out of his bag. He checks the driver's heart and frantically searches for a beat.

FIREMAN #2 (CONT'D)

I'd say he's gone doc. You'll do better next time.

Olvey rocks back on his heels and sits on the track. His face is white and expressionless. The dead race car driver is loaded into an ambulance and it screams away. Olvey is in shock sitting on the track while race crews clear away the wreck. A fireman grabs his arm and pulls him off the track.

FIREMAN #3

Come on doc. They're starting up the race again. You're in the way.

Olvey stutters as he looks around the track.

STEVEN OLVEY

What, what just happened? Where's the driver?

FIREMAN #3

He's gone to the morgue. Hey! That's life and death on the track doc. Sometimes it's not very pretty.

As they reach the infield the race resumes and cars flash by at 160 mph. Olvey, still in shock, stands motionless as he is oblivious to the racing world that surrounds him.

END FLASHBACK

8 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - PRESENT DAY

The pack comes through Turn Two again, now under green.

9 EXT. AMR EMERGENCY SAFETY TRUCK - DAY

10

11 INT. AMR EMERGENCY SAFETY TRUCK - DAY

EVAN REYES  
They just... kept racing?

JACK MORRIS  
The crowd paid for the show.  
Nothing stops the show.

EVAN REYES  
What did Olvey do after that.

JACK MORRIS  
He went back to work.

EVAN REYES  
How?

Jack stares out at the track. The cars blur.

JACK MORRIS  
Because there's no button that  
turns the day into something else.

The radio pops.

EMERGENCY CENTER (OS)  
Voss in the tent. Neuro checks  
clean. He's mad.

JACK MORRIS  
(into radio)  
Copy.

EVAN REYES  
So, in '63, what did Olvey have in  
that little black bag?

Jack points at the trauma kit.

JACK MORRIS  
You see all that? Take ninety  
percent away. Then take the  
remaining ten percent and make it  
wrong.

Evan looks down at the neatly packed supplies. Look up at  
Jack and nods.

EVAN REYES  
So what changed first.

Jack doesn't answer immediately. He watches a car exit Turn  
Four, stable, planted, like a missile on rails.

JACK MORRIS

The first thing that changed was Olvey stopped treating it like a medical problem and started treating it like a timing problem.

EVAN REYES

Timing.

JACK MORRIS

Minutes. Seconds. Distance from the wall to a hospital bed. He realized the drive to the ER was killing them.

Evan nods again.

JACK MORRIS (CONT'D)

He started following them to the ER. Standing in corners. Watching. Writing stuff down. Like he was stealing.

FLASHBACK

12 EXT. METHODIST HOSPITAL - DAY

13 INT. METHODIST HOSPITAL - ER BAY - DAY - 1963

SUPER - ER - 1963

A harsh fluorescent wash. A crash victim is wheeled in. Nurses move with practiced impatience. The ER is not heroic. It's busy.

Olvey stands near the doorway, out of the way, holding a notepad. He looks out of place in his Speedway shirt and soot-streaked slacks.

An ER DOCTOR, DAVID CLARK, early 40s, sleeves rolled up, eyes sharp, sees him.

DAVID CLARK

You bring me another one.

STEVEN OLVEY

Yes.

DAVID CLARK

You want to help or watch.

STEVEN OLVEY

Both.

Clark nods like that's acceptable.

A NURSE cuts the patient's shirt away with shears. Another starts an IV. Someone calls out a blood pressure.

NURSE

Eighty systolic.

DAVID CLARK

Get fluids running.

Olvey writes "fluids" and underlines it.

Olvey watches intubation. He watches chest rise. He watches chest not rise.

DAVID CLARK (CONT'D)

Breath sounds?

NURSE

Left's not there.

DAVE CLARK

Needle.

Olvey's pen pauses. He looks up.

STEVEN OLVEY

Needle where.

Clark glances at him, half-second.

DAVID CLARK

Chest. Second intercostal. Right now.

Clark moves fast. The needle goes in. Air releases. The patient's oxygen improves.

Olvey stares. He's absorbing.

STEVEN OLVEY

You do that a lot.

DAVID CLARK

Every day.

STEVEN OLVEY

Can you teach me.

Clark looks at him again, longer this time.

DAVID CLARK  
 You going to do it in your parking  
 lot with engines screaming.

STEVEN OLVEY  
 Yes.

DAVID CLARK  
 Then you better come in on nights.  
 Days won't hurt you enough.

Olvey nods, already committed.

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - PRESENT DAY

Evan stares ahead, picturing it.

EVAN REYES  
 That sounds... insane.

JACK MORRIS  
 It was normal. That's the part  
 people don't like hearing.

Evan glances at Jack.

EVAN REYES  
 Did he get yelled at.

JACK MORRIS  
 Constantly. By drivers. By  
 officials. By firefighters. By  
 himself.

Evan looks back to the track. Lap count advances.

14 INSERT - TRACK CLOCK

15 LAP 54 OF 200

EVAN REYES  
 So when did it start working.

Jack considers the phrasing.

JACK MORRIS  
 It started working when they  
 finally realized the human body is  
 no match for concrete and asphalt.

Evan squats down and runs his hand over the track.

EVAN REYES  
That's hard!

Jack points at him, approving that he got it.

JACK MORRIS  
Rub hard and it will break the  
skin. Now do that at 180 mph. It's  
absolutely no contest.

The radio pops.

TEAM A (OS)  
Incoming. Car 7, heavy hit, Turn  
One. Possible entrapment.

Jack's posture changes. Instant.

JACK MORRIS  
(into radio)  
Copy. Rolling.

16 EXT. TURN ONE - MOMENTS LATER

A car sits nose-first into the wall. Not much fire. A lot of  
damage. The driver inside is moving, but pinned. Evan and  
Jack are at the cockpit. Jack leans in.

JACK MORRIS  
Talk.

DRIVER  
I'm here. My legs are stuck.

Jack looks at Evan.

JACK MORRIS  
Foam on standby. Tools.

Evan signals. The Jaws of Life are brought in. As they  
position tools, Evan watches Jack's hands. Jack's eyes. Jack  
doesn't yank. Doesn't rush the wrong way.

Evan is learning by watching. The extraction begins.  
Controlled. Quiet.

17 SFX - HYDRAULIC TOOL WHIR

Metal separates cleanly. The driver winces, but stays lucid.

DRIVER  
How long is this gonna take.

JACK MORRIS  
Longer if you keep talking.

The driver nods, is freed and moved to a stretcher. Evan follows, watching neurological checks.

JACK MORRIS (CONT'D)  
Talking is a symptom. Silence is one too.

As the ambulance doors close, Evan watches it go.

EVAN REYES  
Did they have The Jaws in the 60's?

Jack looks back at the track. Jacks chuckles.

JACK MORRIS  
No, in '63 they had pry bars and nothing else safe.

Evan takes that in. The crowd roars as the race goes green again.

MATCH CUT TO:

18

FLASHBACK

EXT. NASCAR OVAL - NIGHT - 1960

SUPER - "NASCAR 1960"

A different track. A different type of race. Stock Cars race bumper to bumper at 180 MPH.

A three car wreck in front of a packed grandstand. One car flips high in the air as the other two slam head on. The smoldering wreck shocks the crowd. The drivers slowly recover and two climb out of their cars, but one is not moving.

After some time, firemen rush in to help the lone driver who seems to be unconscious. The doors are mangled and won't budge. The roof is caved in. Time is wasted as pry bars are retrieved from the firetruck parked fifty feet away.

Three firemen struggle, but the driver is still trapped. A fireman emerges with a whizzing electric saw two feet in diameter. The saw bites into the metal wreck.

INSERT - CLOSE UP - LEAKING FUEL TANK

Sparks illuminate the scene and shower the firemen.

INSERT - CLOSE UP - SPARKS LAND NEAR THE POOL OF GAS

The scene erupts in a fireball. The car and firemen are covered with flames. The car is consumed with fire. The firemen are helped out by others as fire extinguishers fail to damping the flames.

19 EXT. NASCAR GRANDSTANDS - NIGHT

GEORGE HURST and HENRY AUGUST, 30s, both watch with disbelief and horror with the rest of the crowd in the stands.

20 EXT. NASCAR OVAL - NIGHT - 1960

The race ends with roar from the crowd.

21 EXT. NASCAR PITS - NIGHT

A burned out hulk of a race car sits on on a flat bed tow truck. Race officials inspect the remains. Curious crew members and spectators gawk at the scene.

Hurst and August stroll by the wreck.

HENRY AUGUST

I've never seen such a cluster fuck  
in my entire life.

SUPER - GEORGE HURST

GEORGE HURST

Yea, that was extremely painful. I  
feel sorry for those firemen. I  
don't think they had a choice.

HENRY AUGUST

Trapped racer, electric saws, pry  
bars and gasoline certainly don't  
mix.

GEORGE HURST

What did you say?

HENRY AUGUST

They just don't mix.

Hurst walks over the burned out wreck and studies it intently. He spins back towards August with excitement in his face.

GEORGE HURST

What they needed was an electric  
pry bar, not a saw.

HENRY AUGUST

I guess, but whatever, too late for  
this driver.

They walk off leaving the hulk to smolder.

22 INT. HURST HOME - GARAGE - NIGHT

A small machine shop. Concrete floor. Pegboard walls. A workbench crowded with metal parts, hand tools, sketches, half-built mechanisms.

Hurst enters. Still wearing his jacket from the race. He reaches up and flips on an overhead light.

The garage fills with harsh white illumination. Hurst stands still.

23 CLOSE UP - PEGBOARD

Pry bars. Wrenches. Manual jacks. Each hanging in place.

Hurst reaches up, removes a pry bar, places it on the workbench. He removes a second pry bar. Sets it beside the first. He aligns them carefully.

He slides both pry bars aside. Hurst opens a metal cabinet. Removes two small hydraulic car jacks. He places both on the bench. The jacks sits between the pry bars.

Hurst pauses. Silent. He moves the four pieces around on the workbench. He moves them again. He stands back. The wheels in his head are spinning.

24 EXT. FIRE STATION - DAY

SUPER - ONE YEAR LATER

A fire engine bay.

Hurst backs his truck in.

Firefighters gather as he lowers a heavy, unfamiliar tool onto the concrete.

FIREFIGHTER #1

What is that.

HURST  
It's a problem solver.

FIREFIGHTER #2  
What problem?

Hurst sets the tool upright.

HURST  
What's the procedure if someone is trapped? Crushed legs in a car wreck. How do you deal with that problem?

FIREMAN #3  
Pry bars, muscles, maybe a winch, more muscle, more pry bars.

HURST  
That sounds like a lot of time.

FIREFIGHTER #1  
It can be. We lost many a grandmother waiting for extrication.

HURST  
Well, this has a ways to go, but I think it might solve those problems in minutes if not seconds.

25 EXT. FIRE TRAINING CENTER STATION - DAY

Firemen surround a wrecked junk car.

Hurst places the jaws of the tool into the seam of a crushed door. Firefighters stand back. Hurst pumps the handle. The door peels away from the frame. The firemen are impressed.

MATCH CUT:

26 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - PRESENT DAY

The Jaws of Life hydraulic blades slice open the side of an Indy Car and the driver is pulled out.

Evan watches as the team stores the tool back in the safety truck.

EVAN REYES  
Nice! No sparks and just a few seconds needed.

Jack nods.

JACK MORRIS  
Yup, this crazy thing has saved  
thousands on and off the track.

The driver jumps in the ambulance and it speeds away. Safety teams removes the wrecked car.

27 EXT. SUBURBAN INDIANAPOLIS HOME - NIGHT

28 INT. OLVEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A modest kitchen. Clean but tired. A wall clock ticks. Loud in the silence.

DR. Olvey, still in his track pants and shirt, stands at the sink, scrubbing his hands long after they're clean. The water runs.

His wife, LYNNE OLVEY, late 20s, thin attractive, sits at the table with a cold cup of coffee. Ashtray full.

She watches him for a moment.

LYNNE  
You're home early.

Olvey shuts off the water. Dries his hands. Doesn't turn around.

OLVEY  
They cleared the last patient.

LYNNE  
Which hospital?

He hesitates. Just long enough.

OLVEY  
Methodist.

LYNNE  
That's the third night this week.

He finally turns. Leans against the counter.

OLVEY  
There was a crash. Two cars. One  
fire.

LYNNE  
There's always a crash.

She pushes the coffee away.

LYNNE (CONT'D)  
You weren't supposed to be on call  
tonight.

OLVEY  
I wasn't.

LYNNE  
Then why were you there?

A beat.

OLVEY  
Because they don't know what to do  
with them when they get there.

LYNNE  
And that's your responsibility now?

OLVEY  
Someone has to stay with them.

LYNNE  
Someone always does.

She stands. Walks closer. Not confrontational. Careful.

LYNNE (CONT'D)  
Steve... you don't come home anymore.

OLVEY  
I'm standing right here.

LYNNE  
Your body is.  
(then)  
Your mind's still at the track. Or  
the ER. Or wherever you go after  
midnight.

OLVEY  
I'm trying to figure this out.

LYNNE  
Figure what out?

OLVEY

Why they die after they talk to me.  
Why they're fine and then they're  
gone an hour later.

LYNNE

And staying all night fixes that?

OLVEY

Sometimes.

LYNNE

Sometimes it just makes you late.

She looks at his hands.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

You smell like antiseptic.

OLVEY

That's a hospital.

LYNNE

You smell like someone else's  
shift.

That lands.

OLVEY

What are you saying?

LYNNE

I'm asking.

OLVEY

About what?

LYNNE

About the nurse.

He stiffens.

OLVEY

What nurse?

LYNNE

The one you don't talk about.

OLVEY

Because there is no nurse.

LYNNE

There's always a nurse.

OLVEY  
I don't have time for this.

LYNNE  
You don't have time for me.

OLVEY  
That's not fair.

LYNNE  
Neither is being alone in a house  
with a man who keeps leaving  
without packing a bag.

She gestures to his jacket hanging on the chair.

LYNNE (CONT'D)  
You come home like this. Half here.  
Half gone.

OLVEY  
I'm trying to keep people alive.

LYNNE  
And who's keeping you?

He doesn't answer.

LYNNE (CONT'D)  
I hear the phone ring and I already  
know you're leaving.

OLVEY  
They call because no one else knows  
what to do.

LYNNE  
Or because you always answer.

OLVEY  
If I don't, they die.

LYNNE  
And if you do?

OLVEY  
Some of them live.

She softens. Just slightly.

LYNNE  
And the ones that don't?

OLVEY  
They stay with me.

LYNNE  
I know.

She reaches out, touches his arm. He flinches without meaning to.

LYNNE (CONT'D)  
I didn't marry a ghost, Steve.

OLVEY  
I'm still here.

LYNNE  
Then stay.

A long silence. The clock ticks.

OLVEY  
I don't know how to do both.

LYNNE  
Then don't punish me for it.

She steps back.

LYNNE (CONT'D)  
I don't care if there's a nurse.  
I care that you're gone even when  
you're standing in front of me.

She picks up her cup, dumps it in the sink.

LYNNE (CONT'D)  
Sleep if you're staying.  
Or don't come home until you are.

She exits.

Olvey stands alone in the kitchen. The clock keeps ticking.

He looks at his hands again. Pauses. Yells.

OLVEY  
Then come with me.

Lynne stops in the doorway. Doesn't turn around at first.

LYNNE  
Come where?

OLVEY

To the track. To the hospital. To  
wherever this keeps going.

She turns now. Studies him. This is new.

LYNNE

You want me standing next to burned  
men and broken cars?

OLVEY

I want you to see what I see.

LYNNE

I already see what it does to you.

OLVEY

No. You see the aftermath.  
You don't see the moment it breaks.

She steps back into the kitchen slowly.

LYNNE

What would I do there?

OLVEY

Nothing. Watch. Listen. Sit with  
families. Ride in the ambulance if  
you want.

LYNNE

You're asking me to live inside  
your nightmare.

OLVEY

I'm asking you to stop guessing at  
it.

She looks at his face now. Really looks.

LYNNE

Is this about me...  
or is this about you not wanting to  
be alone anymore?

OLVEY

Both.

A beat.

LYNNE

And when I hate it?

OLVEY  
Then we'll know together.

LYNNE  
And when you don't come home?

OLVEY  
Then you'll know where I am.

She exhales. Long.

LYNNE  
I didn't sign up to be a doctor's  
assistant.

OLVEY  
I'm not asking you to help.  
I'm asking you to witness.

Silence again. The clock. Louder now.

LYNNE  
When?

OLVEY  
Tomorrow. Practice day.

She nods once. Small.

LYNNE  
You're buying me earplugs.

OLVEY  
Deal.

She reaches for her coat from the back of the chair. Stops.

LYNNE  
If I do this...  
you don't disappear on me.

OLVEY  
I won't.

She looks at him. Deciding whether to believe that.

LYNNE  
Then go to bed.

OLVEY  
You too?

She nods.

They stand there a moment longer. Then Olvey shuts off the kitchen light.

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - TURN 4 - DAY - MID 1960s

Indy car crashed into turn 4, Fuel drips. Smoke thickens. Heat radiates. Firefighters close in, hoses charged.

DR. Olvey kneels at the cockpit. The DRIVER is trapped, conscious.

DRIVER  
I can feel the heat.

OLVEY  
I know.

Olvey locks onto the DRIVER'S eyes.

OLVEY (CONT'D)  
Look at me.

The DRIVER focuses.

Olvey lifts a finger.

OLVEY (CONT'D)  
Follow this.

The eyes lag.

Too slow.

Olvey's expression hardens.

FIREFIGHTER #1  
Doc, we move him now.

OLVEY  
No.

FIREFIGHTER #2  
Fuel's leaking.

OLVEY  
I see it. Wash it down!

FIREFIGHTER #1  
If this ignites, he's gone.

OLVEY  
If you pull him, he's gone.

A beat.

The DRIVER coughs.

DRIVER  
What's wrong?

OLVEY  
Your head took the hit.

The FIRE CAPTAIN steps in.

FIRE CAPTAIN  
Steve, we're out of time.

OLVEY  
Give me thirty seconds.

FIRE CAPTAIN  
Thirty seconds gets people killed.

OLVEY  
So does moving him.

The DRIVER blinks unevenly.

OLVEY (CONT'D)  
Stay with me.

A small flame flickers beneath the engine.

FIREFIGHTER #2  
Ignition risk!

Hoses lift.

OLVEY  
Hold!

FIRE CAPTAIN  
Steve—

OLVEY  
If you lift him, his brain shifts.

FIRE CAPTAIN  
And if we wait, he burns.

OLVEY  
If you rush, he bleeds out inside  
his skull.

The DRIVER panics.

DRIVER  
Get me out!

OLVEY  
Listen to me.

The DRIVER meets his eyes.

OLVEY (CONT'D)  
If you stand, you die.

Silence.

DRIVER  
Then don't let me stand.

The fire spreads.

The FIRE CAPTAIN looks at the car. Then the DRIVER.

FIRE CAPTAIN  
Board him.

In the seat.

FIREFIGHTER #1  
That's crazy.

OLVEY  
So is letting him walk.

Flames surge.

FIRE CAPTAIN  
Do it.

They slide a board under the DRIVER.

OLVEY  
Eyes on me.

The DRIVER holds focus.

The board locks in.

FIRE CAPTAIN  
Now.

They lift as one unit. The engine erupts in flames behind them. They clear the car just as fire consumes it.

29 INT. AMBULANCE - MOVING - DAY

The DRIVER turns pale. Nauseous. Olvey adjusts his head, clears the airway.

OLVEY

There it is.

The DRIVER convulses, then steadies. Olvey exhales.

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - DAY - PRESENT DAY

The AMR INDYCAR SAFETY truck rests nose out.

30

INT. AMR INDYCAR SAFETY TRUCK - DAY

Jack and Evan eat lunch as thirty Indy Cars scream by.

EVAN REYES

I just don't know how they do it.

JACK MORRIS

Do what?

EVAN REYES

Drive so damn fast and not crash on every lap. Why aren't they afraid?

JACK MORRIS

Different brain than about 99% of the population. You like breathing?

EVAN REYES

Yeah. Why?

JACK MORRIS

Going fast is just like breathing for these guys.

EVAN REYES

When someone dies racing, doesn't that slow em down?

JACK MORRIS

No, it makes 'em go faster.

FLASHBACK:

DIRT TRACK OVAL - RACES - NIGHT

SUPER - BATESVILLE, AR DIRT TRACK - 1995

The WHITE FLAG DROPS, twenty cars dive into Turn One, sliding sideways, bumpers tapping, dirt exploding under the lights. Into the final turn, a trailing car nudges the leader's rear bumper. The lead car driven by JACK MORRIS JR, 19, snaps loose, catches a rut, lifts, and launches off the track, tumbling into the darkness beyond the wall as the remaining cars race past the checkered flag.

JACK MORRIS (VO) (CONT'D)

That was my son Jack Jr. vaulting over that fence. Scared his mother to absolute death.

DIRT RACE TRACK - OFF TRACK CRASH SITE - NIGHT

Rescue worker dig out Jack Jr.'s car. Jack Jr. pops out of the wrecked car without a scratch. Runs up the hill to the track and points to the driver who caused his wreck. Rescue worker try to settle him down, but Jack Jr. is beyond agitated.

DIRT RACE TRACK - PITS - NIGHT

NANCY MORRIS, 40, Jack Jr.'s mother and YOUNGER JACK MORRIS, 42, are waiting in the pits. Mrs. Morris is an emotional wreck. Jack Jr. is driven into the pits by a safety worker.

Jack Jr. jumps out of the golf cart and hugs his mom, but she pushes him away.

NANCY MORRIS

You're going to kill yourself and you're going to kill me! What is wrong with you?

JACK MORRIS JR

Mom! You don't understand anything. You never have! I need to do this.

Nancy begins to cry uncontrollably.

JACK MORRIS

Son, it's time we all see Dr. Hampton. Maybe that will help.

Nancy is inconsolable. The scene is tension filled.

32

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

A quiet room. Muted colors. A few medical charts on the walls. One window looks out onto a parking lot.

Nancy Morris exhausted from worry, sits forward in her chair. Her hands never stop moving.

Across from her sits DR. HAMPTON, early 50s, well dressed, calm, deliberate. He waits until she finishes speaking.

NANCY

You're telling me racing cars is good for my son!

HAMPTON

I'm telling you it's how he stays alive.

That stops her.

NANCY

He's already alive.

HAMPTON

Biologically, yes.

Nancy stiffens.

NANCY

You don't get to say that.

HAMPTON

I'm not being dramatic. I'm being specific.

She folds her arms.

NANCY

Every time he gets in that car, he's risking his life.

HAMPTON

No. He's regulating it.

Nancy shakes her head.

NANCY

That doesn't make sense.

HAMPTON

It doesn't if you assume everyone's brain works the same way.

A beat.

HAMPTON (CONT'D)

The human brain runs three core survival systems. They operate constantly, whether we notice them or not.

Nancy listens despite herself.

HAMPTON (CONT'D)

The first is "threat awareness." It what keeps us aware of most things that could harm us. Traffic. Heights. Other people. It scans for danger all day every day.

NANCY

That's normal.

HAMPTON

For most people, yes. Their threat level stays moderately high just moving through life.

Nancy nods.

HAMPTON (CONT'D)

Your son's doesn't.

She frowns.

NANCY

So he doesn't feel fear?

HAMPTON

Not when he's racing.

Nancy looks unsettled.

HAMPTON (CONT'D)

Which brings us to the second system. The pleasure center.

NANCY

I don't like where this is going.

HAMPTON

Jack doesn't get enough stimulation from ordinary life. School. Work. Conversation. Breathing. It all barely registers.

NANCY  
So he needs more?

HAMPTON  
It not a matter of degree. It's a  
matter of a specific type of  
stimulation.

Hampton leans forward slightly.

HAMPTON (CONT'D)  
When he races, his pleasure system  
spikes far above baseline. Focus  
sharpens. Noise disappears and  
something important happens.

NANCY  
What?

HAMPTON  
His threat system shuts down.

Nancy's breath catches.

NANCY  
That sounds dangerous.

HAMPTON  
It's the opposite. There is no fear  
when pleasure peaks that high. No  
panic. No hesitation.

NANCY  
He's going faster than anyone  
should.

HAMPTON  
And he's calmer than he is buying  
groceries.

Nancy looks away, shaken.

NANCY  
You're saying there's no risk.

HAMPTON  
There's risk walking across the  
street. For Jack in a race car the  
risk is acceptable and almost  
required.

Nancy turns back, angry.

NANCY  
Risk should not be required!

HAMPTON  
Not for us, but for Jack it is.

A long silence.

HAMPTON (CONT'D)  
The third system is social  
connection. How we bond. How we're  
seen.

NANCY  
I know that one.

HAMPTON  
Jack's is unusually strong. People  
gravitate towards him. Other  
drivers. Fans. Women.

Nancy exhales.

NANCY  
He's never alone.

HAMPTON  
Exactly.

HAMPTON (CONT'D)  
Racing gives him stimulation,  
connection, and clarity, all at  
once.

Nancy's voice drops.

NANCY  
So if I make him stop?

HAMPTON  
You remove all three systems at the  
same time.

She swallows.

NANCY  
What happens then?

HAMPTON  
The brain finds substitutes. Don't  
get me wrong, racing is dangerous.  
If you think you can stop him,  
forget it.

NANCY

If I demand he stops. He'll do it.

HAMPTON

And maybe he'll begin to hate you  
or just disappear out of your life.

That lands hard.

NANCY

He told me he doesn't feel right  
unless he's in the car, but I  
refuse to listen.

HAMPTON

He wasn't being poetic.

Nancy stares at the floor.

NANCY

I know racing will kill him.

HAMPTON

Maybe so, but he's an adult he can  
do whatever he wants. You can be a  
part of his life or not. It's your  
choice.

Nancy is silent.

HAMPTON (CONT'D)

I have a feeling that if he can  
race with your blessing he might  
just be safer.

Nancy pauses for a moment and enlightenment strikes.

NANCY

He, he would only be fighting the  
track and other racers, and not me.

HAMPTON

Very insightful Mrs. Morris. You  
want what's best for Jack Jr. then  
join his world. I bet he would  
absolutely love to tell you about  
his racing.

Nancy smiles.

NANCY

I would still be afraid.

HAMPTON

You don't know what you don't know.  
Ask him to explain it to you.  
Become part of his team. You'll  
both be better off.

NANCY

So, he's not chasing danger.

HAMPTON

No. He's chasing quiet.

33 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Jack and Evan cover their eyes as a Medical Flight Helicopter lifts off from the infield.

EVEN REYES

How long is the helicopter ride to  
the ER?

JACK MORRIS

Three minutes.

EVEN REYES

Can't beat that. This medical  
rescue on this race track is a  
machine.

JACK MORRIS

It is now. You know it was a  
disaster for decades.

EVEN REYES

When did they first start using  
helicopters?

JACK MORRIS

One day when a driver's insides was  
hanging outside. What an F-in mess  
that was.

34 EXT. 1970 INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - DAY

SUPER - 1970

35 EXT. RACE CIRCUIT - MEDICAL TENT - DAY

Engines SCREAM past at full throttle. The air vibrates. A  
line of battered race cars flashes by like artillery fire.

36

INT. RACE CIRCUIT - MEDICAL TENT - DAY

The tent is cramped, DR. OLVEY calm, intense, eyes always tracking—finishes wrapping a driver's bloodied hand.

He rips off his gloves.

Across from him stands RACE OFFICIAL CARTER (50s), clipboard tight in his grip, already half-turned toward the track.

DR. OLVEY

That's the third possible spinal injury this season.

CARTER

He's stable. Ambulance is on the way.

DR. OLVEY

(quiet, firm)

From here to the trauma center is twenty minutes, ten if Andrei is driving and if all roads are empty. We've lost drivers before when it's twenty.

Carter exhales, annoyed.

CARTER

You're asking for a helicopter. You know what that costs?

Olvey steps closer, lowering his voice so only Carter hears.

DR. OLVEY

It's my job to give these drivers a chance to race again and stop the death count.

Another car streaks past, leaving a sonic BOOM.

CARTER

We've run races for sixty years without—

DR. OLVEY

—and we've buried drivers for sixty years because of it.

That lands.

Carter looks out at the track. The roaring machines. The cheering crowd.

DR. OLVEY (CONT'D)  
 You sell speed. Danger. Spectacle.  
 (pauses)  
 I deal with what's left when it  
 goes wrong.

Carter studies Olvey's face—sees the certainty there.

CARTER  
 The race will need to be red  
 flagged.

DR. OLVEY  
 What's a life worth?

A beat. The engines howl like predators.

CARTER  
 (low)  
 One trial. One helicopter.  
 (then)  
 If this goes sideways, it's on you.

Olvey nods once.

DR. OLVEY  
 I'll take that.

37

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - DAY

SUPER - 1970 - PRACTICE

Stands are empty as race cars run laps one at a time. As one car enters the pit area another goes out.

INSERT - CLOSE UP - CAR TELEMETRY SCREEN - 222 MPH

A sleek blue race car flies through turn four. A slight twitch to the left from the rear end and failure is assured. The car spins 180 degrees and slams into the wall backwards. Silence, then the sirens of rescue vehicles.

TRACK WORKERS sprint toward the wreck. Chaos ensues. The wrecked car smolders against the cement wall. The battle forces won by the concrete. Fire crews swarm. MEDICS work fast.

On the ground lies A YOUNG DRIVER (20s), helmet on, back and neck strapped to a medical board. Dr. Olvey kneels beside him.

DR. OLVEY  
 Hey. Stay with me, you'll be in  
 trauma care in a few minutes.

Olvey points at Carter and rotates his wrist with one finger  
 pointed up. Carter nods and clicks his radio on.

CARTER  
 Aerial, LZ is just off of turn  
 four. We've got your first  
 customer.

PILOT (O.S.)  
 (Radio voice)  
 On my way.

The distant WHUP-WHUP-WHUP of rotor blades begins—faint,  
 unreal. Carter looks up. The sound grows LOUDER. POWERFUL.

The HELICOPTER crests the horizon, cutting through smoke and  
 sunlight like a promise. Olvey's eyes lift for half a  
 second—just long enough to see it.

DR. OLVEY  
 (into radio)  
 LZ is clear. Bring her in.

Wind EXPLODES across the track as the helicopter descends.  
 Hats fly. Flags snap violently.

Medics shield the patient. Olvey never leaves his side.

MEDIC  
 BP's dropping!

DR. OLVEY  
 Not today.

The helicopter touches down—precise, controlled. The pilot  
 slides the door open.

PILOT  
 Let's move it!

38 EXT. WRECK SITE - CONTINUOUS

They lift the DRIVER. He groans.

CARTER  
 Easy—easy!

FIREMAN #1  
 We gotta move!

CARTER

Slow!

They carry him awkwardly, unsteady. Someone trips. They almost drop him.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Hold him! HOLD HIM!

They reach the helicopter. There is nowhere to put him. No stretcher mounts. No straps.

PILOT

You sure about this?

CARTER

No.

They lay the driver across the back seat, half sideways. They load the driver. Olvey climbs in with him and is handed a pair of headsets. Inside the helicopter, noise is deafening. The world outside blurs. Olvey leans close to the driver.

DR. OLVEY

You hear that?

(smiles)

That's time. We just stole some.

The helicopter LIFTS OFF, raises about the grandstands. The helicopter banks toward the city, racing the clock.

39 EXT. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - DAY

The helicopter SHUDDERS as it gains altitude.

40 INT. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - DAY

A violent ballet of noise and motion—ROTOR BLADES hammering the air, wind screaming through the open vibration of the craft.

DR. Olvey crouches over the injured driver, strapped to a stretcher. A cervical collar. An oxygen mask fogging faintly with each breath. Olvey's hands are steady. His eyes never stop moving. He checks vitals. Adjusts an IV.

Across from him, the pilot keeps one hand light on the controls, the other braced.

PILOT  
(over headset)  
You ever flown like this before,  
Doc?

DR. OLVEY  
I've ridden in worse elevators.

The pilot cracks a smile, then refocuses. Below them, the racetrack peels away—speed and noise shrinking into something small and distant.

The INJURED DRIVER stirs, groans.

DR. OLVEY (CONT'D)  
(leaning close)  
Hey. You're okay. You're not  
driving right now.

A faint, confused nod. Olvey checks the monitor—heart rate erratic.

DR. OLVEY (CONT'D)  
Come on. Stay with me.

The helicopter hits TURBULENCE. Hard.

The pilot steadies it.

PILOT  
Wind's ugly today.

DR. OLVEY  
So is paralysis. Keep us smooth.

A beat. Respect passes between them. The pilot glances back.

PILOT  
Trauma center's two minutes out.

DR. OLVEY  
That's a lifetime.

The pilot hesitates—then commits.

PILOT  
Doc... we've got a problem.

Olvey looks up.

DR. OLVEY  
Talk to me.

PILOT  
That hospital doesn't have a  
designated landing zone. No pad. No  
clearance tower-side.

The rotors THUNDER louder as the city comes into view.

DR. OLVEY  
Can you land?

PILOT  
Yes.

DR. OLVEY  
Then do it.

The pilot exhales, conflicted.

PILOT  
If I put this bird down without  
authorization and something goes  
wrong-

DR. OLVEY  
(interrupting, calm but  
iron)  
If you don't, this kid might never  
move his legs again.

The pilot studies Olvey in the mirror. Sees no doubt. No  
drama. Just fact.

PILOT  
There's a service courtyard.  
Ambulance bay. Tight fit.

DR. OLVEY  
I trust you.

Another jolt. The DRIVER's vitals DIP.

The monitor BEEPS faster.

DR. OLVEY (CONT'D)  
We're losing pressure.

The pilot keys the radio.

PILOT  
Hospital control, this is Med Air  
One-requesting immediate landing  
permission, emergency spinal case-

STATIC. No answer.

The pilot looks back.

PILOT (CONT'D)  
No response.

Olvey doesn't hesitate.

DR. OLVEY  
Then you have my permission.

The pilot blinks.

PILOT  
You're not the authority.

DR. OLVEY  
I'm the one responsible for what  
happens in the next three minutes.

He tightens the oxygen mask on the patient.

DR. OLVEY (CONT'D)  
Land the helicopter.

A long beat.

Then—

PILOT  
Copy that.

The pilot banks hard toward the hospital.

Outside the windows—ROOFTOPS rush past. Antennas. Laundry lines snapping in the rotor wash. Alarms begin to SOUND below. The helicopter descends into chaos. Inside, Olvey braces himself over the patient, shielding him with his body.

DR. OLVEY  
Almost there. Stay with me.

The helicopter DROPS—then lightly touches down onto concrete.

A violent shudder. ROTORS still spinning. Doors FLY open. Hospital staff scatter in shock. The pilot kills the throttle. Sudden, ringing SILENCE. Olvey doesn't wait.

DR. OLVEY (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
Spinal injury! We're coming out!

Order replaces confusion. As they rush the stretcher toward the hospital doors, Olvey glances back once at the helicopter—sitting where it was never meant to be. The air rescue humming quietly as the rotors wind down.

41 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Morris and Reyes in their emergency vehicle racing to a crash. When they arrive the driver is already out of the car and limping. Other emergency member are foaming down the wreck. Morris and Reyes jump out and grab the driver and sit him down on the tail gate of the truck. A long gash down his leg is bleeding.

JACK MORRIS

Looks like you may need some stitches, but not too serious.

While Olvey checks his vitals, Reyes cuts open his race suit leg and exposes the bloody wound. The cut is cleaned and butterfly bandages pull the skin closed. A bandage covers the entire wound. An ambulance pulls and the the driver is escorted in. The door slams shut and the ambulance pulls away.

JACK MORRIS (CONT'D)

Very nice job and efficient.

EVAN REYES

Thanks, that was pretty easy. I can't imagine a traumatic leg wound. You know, compound fractures. Amputations. Yikes!

JACK MORRIS

Oh, those are sad, but what looks like a disaster can be fixed by these doctors. Just a matter of trial and error.

42 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY - 1974

SUPER - 1974

The ER doors BURST open.

DR. OLVEY charges in, pushing a gurney at full speed. On it lies THE DRIVER (20s)—pale, barely conscious.

His LEG IS DESTROYED. Twisted metal damage. Blood-soaked bandages barely contain it.

Nurses scatter, clearing a path.

ER NURSE  
Incoming trauma!

Olvey doesn't slow.

DR. OLVEY  
Male, mid-twenties, high-speed  
impact. BP unstable. Suspected  
femoral fracture, vascular  
compromise—

At the foot of the gurney stands DR. TERRY TRAMMELL

(30s)— new scrubs, new face, eyes wide.

He clocks the leg and visibly stiffens.

DR. TRAMMELL  
Jesus...

They stop at a trauma bay. Staff swarm in practiced choreography.

Trammell forces himself closer, professional instinct fighting shock.

DR. TRAMMELL  
I'm ortho. Trammell. They said the  
new guy works holidays. What  
holiday is this?

Olvey shakes hands.

DR. OLVEY  
Olvey, nice to meet you. Oh and the  
holiday is the Indy 500. Welcome to  
Indianapolis.

Trammell examines the leg—bone fragments pressing against skin, blood pooling.

DR. TRAMMELL  
(low, honest)  
That leg's gone.

Olvey meets his eyes.

DR. OLVEY

Not yet.

A CHIEF NURSE steps in.

CHIEF NURSE

Admin says before any amputation,  
you need a consultation with Dr.  
Morgan.

Olvey reacts—annoyed but controlled.

DR. OLVEY

Morgan's cardiology. This is—

CHIEF NURSE

—policy.

Trammel looks between them.

DR. TRAMMELL

We don't have time.

The DRIVER GROANS. His monitor BEEPS erratically.

Olvey makes the call.

DR. OLVEY

Fine. Let's talk to Morgan.

43

INT. HOSPITAL - CARDIOLOGY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

DR. MORGAN (late 40's) sits behind a desk, calm, unhurried.  
He looks up as Olvey and Trammell enter—blood on their coats,  
urgency on their faces.

DR. MORGAN

That was a helicopter I heard.

DR. OLVEY

We've got a driver in the ER. Leg's  
mangled. They're prepping for  
amputation.

Morgan's expression doesn't change.

DR. TRAMMELL

We need you to sign off.

Morgan leans back, studying them.

DR. MORGAN

How old?

DR. OLVEY  
Twenty-three.

A beat. Morgan stands.

DR. MORGAN  
Show me.

CUT TO:

44 INT. ER - TRAUMA BAY - CONTINUOUS

Morgan steps in. Takes one look at the nasty brutal leg.

The room quiets—everyone waiting for the verdict. Morgan crouches, examines calmly, thoroughly.

DR. MORGAN  
(to Olvey)  
When were the pulses last checked?

DR. OLVEY  
Weak but present. Barely.

Morgan straightens.

DR. MORGAN  
You ever been to Vietnam, Doctor?

The question hangs.

DR. TRAMMELL  
No, sir.

Morgan nods—then looks at Olvey.

DR. MORGAN  
I was.

Olvey watches him carefully.

DR. MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Talk about a medical education. We saw this exact injury every day. That helicopter train of blood never stopped. We saved a few, some were too far gone.

Morgan examines the leg, check the X-rays.

DR. MORGAN (CONT'D)  
But I have saved worse than this.

A murmur ripples through the room.

Trammel blinks.

DR. TRAMMELL  
You're saying... don't amputate?

Morgan's eyes harden—not arrogant, certain.

DR. MORGAN  
I'm saying give me a chance.

The DRIVER MOANS.

Morgan turns to Olvey.

DR. MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Prep for surgery doctors. We're  
going to war.

SMASH CUT TO:

45 FLASHBACK - EXT. VIETNAM - FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY (1968)

SUPER - VIETNAM FIELD HOSPITAL - NHA TRANG - 1968

Helicopter ROTORS pound the air. A canvas field hospital sits in mud. Rain falls. Smoke drifts past. WOUNDED SOLDIERS being shuttled from helicopters into the large green tents.

46 INT. VIETNAM - FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

MEDICS carry a SOLDIER in. His leg is torn open. Blood runs down the stretcher and onto a bloody floor. They set him down on a table. LAMAR, 23, a medic looks at the leg and then at YOUNGER DR. MORGAN (30's).

LAMAR  
You're good Morgan, but you can't  
save this one.

Dr. Morgan steps in.

YOUNGER DR. MORGAN  
You're buying dinner for my  
surgical team if I do. At Saffron  
Drift. Can you afford it?

LAMAR  
I can cover that. And if you can't,  
five bottles of Jim Beam.

Morgan reaches his bloody hand out to the Medic.

YOUNGER DR. MORGAN

Deal.

Morgan looks around the tent. CATHY (23), SHARA (29) and STEPHANIE (34) are working other patients on the large tent.

YOUNGER DR. MORGAN (CONT'D)

Cathy, Shara and um, um Stephanie.  
I need you over here.

Morgan's team gathers. Their confidence oozes over the wounded soldier. All four head to the sink and wash up.

47

INT. VIETNAM MEDICAL TENT - OPERATING TABLE - DAY

Canvas walls flex as helicopter wash passes overhead. A bare bulb swings above an OPERATING TABLE. A SOLDIER lies strapped down. His left leg is torn open from thigh to knee. Fabric gone. Skin peeled back. Bone exposed. Blood runs into a metal basin on the dirt floor. The team is dressed in clean whites.

DR. Morgan, sleeves rolled, hands covered on latex gloves, leans in.

Cathy, Shara, and Stephanie work close, shoulder to shoulder. Shara cuts away remaining fabric.

STEPHANIE

Arterial bleed.

Morgan looks once.

YOUNGER DR. MORGAN

Clamp it.

Stephanie clamps. Blood hits her glove, then stops. Cathy irrigates the wound. Clear fluid turns red, then darker.

YOUNGER DR. MORGAN (CONT'D)

More saline.

CATHY

On it.

Morgan spreads tissue with forceps. The femur is fractured. Jagged ends offset.

YOUNGER DR. MORGAN

He's losing alignment.

SHARA  
You want traction?

YOUNGER DR. MORGAN  
Now.

Shara pulls. Bone grinds. The leg straightens slightly.

Morgan reaches in, grimacing as he inserts a metal rod into the marrow canal.

YOUNGER DR. MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Easy... easy...

The rod slides in. Resistance. Then movement.

STEPHANIE  
Pressure's dropping.

YOUNGER DR. MORGAN  
Fluids wide open.

Stephanie twists the IV valve. The drip accelerates. Outside, a distant BLAST shakes dust from the tent ceiling. Morgan studies the leg.

YOUNGER DR. MORGAN (CONT'D)  
We keep it.

A beat.

CATHY  
You're sure?

Morgan nods once.

YOUNGER DR. MORGAN  
For now.

Shara hands him a drill.

The DRILL WHINES as it bites into bone. White dust coats Morgan's gloves. Bolts slide through plate and flesh.

STEPHANIE  
Pulse is weak.

YOUNGER DR. MORGAN  
Check it again.

Stephanie presses fingers into the foot.

STEPHANIE  
Still there.

Morgan exhales slightly. Cathy suctions blood. The sound is steady, mechanical. Morgan packs gauze into the wound. Pulls it out soaked.

YOUNGER DR. MORGAN

More.

They work faster. Hands overlap. Bleeding slows. The leg holds shape. Bent. Scarred. Intact. Morgan steps back. They all look at it.

YOUNGER DR. MORGAN (CONT'D)

Wrap it and he'll need a some blood. Says "O".

Cathy bandages the leg thickly. Stephanie checks the pulse again.

STEPHANIE

Pulse is good.

Morgan pulls off his gloves. They are thrown into a bucket on the floor.

YOUNGER DR. MORGAN

Tell Lamar he can join us for dinner.

STEPHANIE

I am so hungry. By the way, I love the food there.

MATCH CUT TO:

48 INT. OPERATING ROOM - 1974

Dr. Morgan stands in the same position in the operating room. Dr. Olvey and Dr. Trammel are standing close. NURSE #1, (34) is closing finishing up the leg surgery.

DR. TRAMMELL

Wow! That was an amazing piece of medical magic. Full recovery?

DR. MORGAN

It looks good for that. Anything's possible with enough failures.

DR. OLVEY

Trial and error. That's the way it's been on the track. We learn something with every crash.

49

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - DAY - PRESENT DAY

The race is relentless. Engines tear past in violent, controlled bursts. The sound never settles. Cars rip past in tight formation, engines cutting the air like saws.

Jack and Evan lean against the fender of their rescue truck. A pack of cars BLASTS by. The wind slaps them. Jack doesn't react.

JACK MORRIS

People used to think courage  
mattered more than limits.

Another car ROARS past, inches from the wall.

EVAN REYES

And it doesn't?

Jack finally looks at him.

JACK MORRIS

Courage just tells you how fast  
you'll hit something. (beat) This  
place didn't change because it  
wanted to.

Evan keeps watching the cars.

EVAN REYES

Then why did it?

Jack glances toward the grandstands.

JACK MORRIS

Because someone else was watching.

Another car streaks past. Faster than the last.

EVAN REYES

Fans?

Jack almost smiles. Almost.

JACK MORRIS

Executives.

Evan turns to him.

EVAN REYES

Executives?

JACK MORRIS  
Network guys. Sponsors. The people  
who figured out to sell danger  
without paying for funerals.

The sound of the engines never lets up.

EVAN REYES  
They liked the crashes.

Jack nods.

JACK MORRIS  
Crashes were good television.

A beat.

EVAN REYES  
The deaths weren't.

Jack lets that land.

JACK MORRIS  
They started losing advertisers,  
losing stations, losing patience.

Evan watches a car skim the wall.

EVAN REYES  
So what happened?

JACK MORRIS  
They called the teams in. Tracks  
too.

Jack's eyes stay on the asphalt.

JACK MORRIS (CONT'D)  
Said, "You can keep the speed. You  
can keep the spectacle, but the  
body count needs to stop."

Evan processes that.

EVAN REYES  
And if they couldn't?

Jack shrugs.

JACK MORRIS  
Then the cameras go away and so  
does the money.

Another wave of cars screams past.

EVAN REYES

So this—  
(gestures to the safety  
truck, the gear)  
—this exists because television  
said so?

Jack doesn't answer right away.

JACK MORRIS

This exists because physics doesn't  
care about ratings.

Evan looks at the wall. Then the cars. Then the distance  
between them.

EVAN REYES

How many didn't get the message?

Jack exhales.

JACK MORRIS

Seventy four.

Evan turns fully now.

EVAN REYES

Here?

Jack nods once.

JACK MORRIS

Same place. Different decades, same  
lesson.

The engines roar again.

EVAN REYES

So the teams figured it out?

Jack watches a car exit the turn clean.

JACK MORRIS

They had to. Cash cows don't  
survive if the cow keep eating  
drivers.

Silence between them.

EVAN REYES

And us?

Jack finally looks at Evan.

JACK MORRIS  
We're the proof they did.

Another pack surges by. Evan stands a little straighter now.

JACK MORRIS (CONT'D)  
Being told to stop the dying is one thing, doing it is another.

Jack knocks on Even head with his knuckles.

JACK MORRIS (CONT'D)  
They first had to figure what happens to that space between your ears when it suddenly goes to zero from 180 mph.

EVAN REYES  
I don't get it.

JACK MORRIS  
Dr. Olvey had almost the toughest job on the planet. How to save the most delicate complicated machine in the universe from that don't care devil, physics.

Jack and Evan react to the sound of metal, flesh and concrete colliding. They jump in the truck race to the accident.

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - DUSK - LATE 1970s

SUPER - INDIANAPOLIS RACE WAY LATE '70s

The race is over. The grandstands are empty. Paper cups tumble along the pit lane. The track still radiates heat.

DR. Olvey and Dr. Trammell walk the inside edge of the oval, slow, deliberate. Their shoes crunch over rubber debris.

Neither speaks at first. Olvey stops near the exit of Turn Two. Looks at the wall. Runs a hand along the concrete.

OLVEY  
That one today..  
(beat)  
He was talking to me.

Trammell nods.

TRAMMELL

Clear sentences. Oriented. Then nothing.

Olvey exhales.

OLVEY

Every time that happens, I think I missed something.

They continue walking.

TRAMMELL

You didn't miss it. We just don't own it yet.

Olvey glances at him.

OLVEY

"Own it."

TRAMMELL

Figure it out well enough that it stops surprising us.

They pass a scorch mark on the asphalt. A faint outline of a car's last trajectory.

OLVEY

I can save a body now. Most days. Chest. Airway. Bleeding.

He taps his own head.

OLVEY (CONT'D)

But this. This is still beating us.

Trammel stops. Looks at the same wall Olvey touched earlier.

TRAMMELL

And I'm watching you try to do everything at once.

Olvey doesn't respond.

TRAMMELL (CONT'D)

You're checking pupils, managing airways, calling transport, arguing with fire crews. Meanwhile, femurs are snapping. Lungs are collapsing.

Olvey turns to him.

OLVEY  
So what are you saying?

Trammel considers his words carefully.

TRAMMELL  
I'm saying we're treating chaos  
like it's one problem. It's not.

They start walking again, slower now.

TRAMMELL (CONT'D)  
The body fails in pieces. So should  
we.

Olvey studies him.

OLVEY  
You want to split it.

TRAMMELL  
I want to specialize under  
pressure.

They stop near the start-finish line. The track is silent.

TRAMMELL (CONT'D)  
You take the neck and above. Head,  
spine, airway. You own  
consciousness.

Olvey listens.

TRAMMELL (CONT'D)  
I take the neck and below. Chest,  
abdomen and extremities. I keep  
them alive long enough for you to  
matter.

Olvey looks down at the track. Then back at Trammel.

OLVEY  
No overlap.

TRAMMELL  
No hesitation.

OLVEY  
No ego.

Trammel nods.

TRAMMELL

If I touch the head, it's because  
you're not there. If you touch the  
chest, it's because I'm down.

A long beat. Olvey extends his hand.

OLVEY

Then we stop pretending one person  
can do this alone.

Trammel shakes his hand. Firm. Decisive.

TRAMMELL

We give the drivers a chance  
they've never had.

They release. Olvey looks down the straightaway.

OLVEY

They're going to hit harder next  
year.

TRAMMELL

Then we better be faster.

They continue walking, two figures alone on a track. The  
lights begin to shut off, one section at a time. Darkness  
follows them.

50 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - PRESENT DAY - DAY

51 EXT. ON TRACK FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

Jack and Even deliver an INDY CAR DRIVER in full safety suit  
and helmet to the CONCUSSION PROTOCOL area of the field  
hospital. The driver is taken by a nurse and doctor into the  
back area.

EVAN REYES

He definitely seemed ok to me.  
What's the big deal?

JACK MORRIS

The deal is that life is a mystery  
and the brain is an even bigger  
mystery.

EVAN REYES

All these years and they still  
don't understand the brain?

JACK MORRIS

All these years? Are you kidding? I don't think anyone will understand the brain fully. Look at the NFL. They only recently started doing concussion protocol because they were getting sued.

EVAN REYES

So where did these protocols come from.

Jack points back at the driver as he's brain functions are evaluated.

JACK MORRIS

Right here at Indy. Olvey figured it all out, but it took time and there were many many disappointments.

52 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - 1975 - DAY

SUPER - 1975

The car enters the corner at full speed. Too fast. Too light on the rear. The right-side tires lose grip. The car snaps sideways and launches, hits the wall nose-first, then flips, tumbling end over end. Fiberglass and aluminum explodes. The car lands upside down and skids, sparks tearing across the asphalt.

Silence after impact. Then smoke. Fire crews sprint toward the wreck.

53 EXT. CRASH SITE - CONTINUOUS

The INDYCAR rests inverted, crushed into the track. Fuel drips. The engine ticks as it cools.

DR. Olvey, already moving, drops to his knees beside the cockpit.

DR. HENRY TRAMMEL, late 30s, joins him seconds later.

OLVEY

No response.

Trammel peers inside the shattered cockpit.

TRAMMEL  
Eyes open. Fixed.

Olvey reaches in, stabilizing the driver's helmet with both hands.

OLVEY  
Pupils?

TRAMMEL  
Unequal. Left's blown.

A FIREFIGHTER steps forward, tool in hand.

FIREFIGHTER  
Car's unstable. We need him out now.

Olvey doesn't look up.

OLVEY  
If you pull him, you finish him.

FIREFIGHTER  
Doctor—

OLVEY  
He took a rotational hit. Head snapped sideways.

You move that neck, the brain shears again.

The firefighter hesitates. Smoke thickens.

OLVEY (CONT'D)  
(to Trammel)  
Was he talking?

FIREFIGHTER  
Couple seconds. Then nothing.

Olvey closes his eyes briefly.

OLVEY  
That was it.

They begin a slow, controlled extrication. Every movement deliberate. No rushing. The driver is finally freed and placed on a spine board.

CUT TO:

54 INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

The driver lies under bright lights. Machines beep steadily.  
A NEUROSURGEON, late 50's, studies brain scans.

NEUROSURGEON  
ICP's climbing fast.  
Only option is a burr hole.

Olvey stands against the wall, powerless.

TRAMMEL  
If they drill-

OLVEY  
It's already too late.

The procedure begins.

CUT TO:

55 INT. ICU - DAYS LATER

SUPER - DAYS LATER

The driver is alive, ventilated. His head wrapped in bandages.

Olvey and Trammel stand at the foot of the bed.

TRAMMELL  
Pressure's stable.

OLVEY  
Damage isn't.

CUT TO:

56 INT. REHABILITATION WARD - DAY

SUPER - WEEKS LATER

The driver sits in a wheelchair. Eyes open. No recognition.

A nurse places a foam ball in his hand. It slips to the floor. His wife watches, devastated. Olvey stands in the doorway, unable to step inside.

TRAMMEL  
They saved his life.

OLVEY  
They saved his pulse.

A long silence.

57 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Olvey and Trammel walk to the parking lot.

OLVEY  
They relieved the pressure, but  
must have done some damage with  
that drill.

TRAMMELL  
There's no alternative to relieving  
pressure. We can't have their heads  
explode.

Olvey looks back at the hospital. Then toward the distant  
glow of the Speedway.

OLVEY  
You tell me, would a driver rather  
be dead than what we just saw?

TRAMMELL  
Why don't you ask them?

OLVEY  
I will and we both need to figure  
this out. No more drilling if we  
can discourage it.

TRAMMELL  
Tell that to the brain guy.

OLVEY  
Let's do some research, in the mean  
time, those helmets need to be  
better. Mechanical improvements are  
much easier than brain treatment  
protocols.

TRAMMELL  
That's for sure.

59 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - PRESENT DAY - DAY

60 INT. ON TRACK FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

Emergency personnel lay the driver on the gurney and wheel him out of the med center. Even picks up his helmet and examines it and slips it on.

EVAN REYES

This thing is so tight. Has to be the wrong size.

Even struggles to remove the helmet.

JACK MORRIS

No, that looks like a good fit. I'm sure in ten years it will be even better, but for now that is state of art brain protection.

EVAN REYES

So what did they do about drilling into the brain? Did Olvey ever ask drivers if they would rather be dead or brain dead?

JACK MORRIS

Olvey did both. Both caused a lot of trouble.

61 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - 1978 - DAY

A clear summer afternoon. The grandstands are empty. A single INDYCAR roars down the front straight at full speed.

62 SUPERIMPOSE: INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - TIRE TEST - 1978

ROBERTO GUERRERO, mid-20s, athletic, compact build, sits low in the cockpit. Fire suit zipped. Gloves tight. Helmet locked.

SUPER- ROBERTO GUERRERO

63 INSERT - CLOSE-UP - TACHOMETER

Needle pinned high.

The banking compresses the suspension. The tires howl.

64 INSERT - LEFT FRONT SUSPENSION

The tie rod vibrates violently.

65 INSERT - METAL FATIGUE

A hairline fracture spreads across the rod. The rod SNAPS.

The left front wheel angles inward instantly. The car veers sharply left. The car SLAMS into the concrete wall at full speed.

66 IMPACT.

Fiberglass and aluminum disintegrates. SPARKS explode. The chassis compresses violently. The RIGHT FRONT WHEEL ASSEMBLY tears free from the car.

SLOW MOTION:

The wheel assembly ricochets off the wall. It rises into the air, spinning end over end. The trajectory reverses. The wheel assembly travels directly back toward the cockpit.

67 INSERT - ROBERTO'S HELMET

Still forward. No movement.

The wheel assembly STRIKES the side of the helmet.

SUPER - IMPACT FORCE: 350 Gs

The helmet snaps sideways. The visor fractures. The wheel assembly continues past and tumbles down the track.

REAL TIME:

The car scrapes along the wall, shedding debris. It spins, slows, and grinds to a stop in a cloud of smoke and dust. Silence. The car rests motionless. Roberto's head slumps forward inside the cockpit. No movement.

68 EXT. TRACK - CONTINUOUS

Fire crew sprint towards the wreck. Medical vehicles accelerate from pit lane. The shattered wheel assembly lies still on the asphalt.

CLOSE ON - HELMET

Cracked. Deformed. A chunk missing from the side.

Fire crews surround the car.

DR. Olvey moves quickly toward the cockpit. He kneels beside the car and looks inside.

69 INSERT - ROBERTO GUERRERO FACE

Head slumped forward. Eyes closed. No movement. Olvey reaches in and touches Roberto's shoulder. No response. Olvey raises two fingers and pulls one eyelid open.

70 INSERT - ROBERTO'S EYE

Fixed. Dilated. Olvey pulls his hand back.

OLVEY  
Unconscious.

Firefighters move into position. Two firefighters place their hands firmly on Roberto's helmet, stabilizing his head. Another firefighter slides a cervical collar into place. The fire crew checks the engine bay.

FIREFIGHTER  
No fire. Fuel secured.

Bolts are cut away. Body panels removed. The cockpit opens. Firefighters lift Roberto straight up, keeping his head aligned. The body is placed carefully onto a spine board. Straps are tightened across chest, hips, legs. Olvey walks alongside, watching Roberto's face.

OLVEY  
No response. Keep him flat.

The spine board is carried to the waiting ambulance.

71 INT. TRACK AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Roberto lies strapped down. An oxygen mask is placed over his face. Olvey adjusts it. He picks up a radio microphone.

OLVEY  
Medical control, this is Speedway.  
Male driver, severe head trauma,  
unresponsive. Request immediate  
helicopter transport.

72 INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY BAY - NIGHT

The helicopter doors burst open. Roberto is rushed inside on a gurney. Doctors and nurses move quickly alongside him.

73 INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Roberto is transferred onto a hospital bed. Monitors are attached.

74 INSERT - HEART MONITOR

A steady but rapid rhythm.

75 INSERT - BLOOD PRESSURE CUFF

Inflates. Releases.

76 INSERT - IV LINES

Fluids flowing. A nurse places a breathing tube into Roberto's mouth.

A RESPIRATOR engages.

77 INSERT - VENTILATOR

Chest rises. Falls. Electrodes are placed on Roberto's scalp. Another monitor lights up with brain activity lines. Doctors speak rapidly.

DOCTOR

Blood pressure stable.

NURSE

Oxygen saturation holding.

DOCTOR

Prep for ICU protocols.

Machines hum. Beep. Pulse.

78 INT. ICU HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

KATIE GUERRERO, late 20s, pregnant, exhausted, pale, stands outside the glass wall of the ICU room. In her arms is MARKO, three years old, asleep, clutching her shirt.

Katie stares through the glass at Roberto's motionless body. Her free hand presses against the glass.

SUPER - KATIE GUERRERO

79 INT. ICU ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nurses adjust monitors. A doctor checks Roberto's pupils. Another adjusts the ventilator.

80 INT. ICU HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Olvey steps out of the ICU room. He removes his gloves and places them in a bin. Katie turns to him immediately.

KATIE  
Is he alive?

OLVEY  
Yes.

Katie exhales sharply. Looks down at her pregnant stomach and takes a deep breath.

KATIE  
Then do something.  
Please!

Olvey stands in front of her.

OLVEY  
Right now he's breathing.  
His heart is pumping.

KATIE  
That's not enough.

Olvey looks back through the glass at Roberto.

OLVEY  
The next step will be decided soon.

Katie grips Marko tighter.

KATIE  
He can't stay like that.

OLVEY  
We won't let him stop breathing.

Katie's eyes fill. She nods once. Olvey steps back.

OLVEY (CONT'D)  
I'll be close.

He turns and walks down the hallway.

81 INT. ICU HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Katie remains at the glass. She rocks Marko gently. Her hand traces a small circle on his back. Marko stirs. She presses her face to his hair. Behind the glass, machines continue to blink and pulse around Roberto.

82 INT. HOSPITAL CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A small, fluorescent-lit room. No windows. A light box dominates one wall, holding CT scans of a swollen brain. DR. Olvey stands at the table, jacket off, sleeves rolled. DR. Trammel sits beside him, quiet, watchful.

Across from them are DR. MICHAEL KLINE (65) and DR. RICHARD HAWTHORNE, (59) both neurosurgeons. Surgical caps hang loosely from their hands. Scrubs visible beneath white coats. Kline steps closer to the scans.

DR. KLINE  
Diffuse cerebral edema.  
Pressure's climbing fast.

Hawthorne taps the image with a pen.

DR. HAWTHORNE  
Burr holes now.  
If we wait, he herniates.

Olvey doesn't move.

OLVEY  
Drilling cuts living brain.

DR. KLINE  
So does swelling.

TRAMMELL  
The impact was rotational.  
Side load, not frontal.

DR. HAWTHORNE  
Rotation doesn't change  
intracranial pressure.

Olvey steps closer to the light box.

OLVEY  
You drill into his skull, you  
change him forever.

DR. KLINE  
We save his life.

OLVEY  
He's a race car driver.

Hawthorne exhales slowly.

DR. HAWTHORNE  
We're neurosurgeons.  
We don't treat careers.

OLVEY  
If he can't drive, you didn't save  
him. You just left him breathing.

DR. KLINE  
That's survival.

OLVEY  
Not for him.

The door opens.

Katie Guerrero enters, holding Marko. She freezes at the  
sight of the scans.

KATIE  
What's going on?

TRAMMELL  
There's swelling in Roberto's  
brain.

DR. KLINE  
I'm Dr. Kline. This is Dr.  
Hawthorne. We recommend immediate  
surgical decompression.

KATIE  
Drilling?

DR. HAWTHORNE  
Yes.

Katie turns to Olvey.

KATIE  
You don't agree.

OLVEY  
No.

KATIE  
Why?

OLVEY  
There's another option.

KATIE  
Which is?

OLVEY  
A barbiturate coma.

We shut the brain down. Reduce demand. Let the swelling resolve.

DR. KLINE  
Sometimes patients never wake up.

KATIE  
And drilling?

DR. HAWTHORNE  
He'll live.

OLVEY  
But altered.

Katie stares at Olvey.

KATIE  
I don't care if he ever races again.

OLVEY  
He does.

KATIE  
I want him alive.

OLVEY  
This gives him a chance to come back intact.

KATIE  
And drilling?

OLVEY  
That ends his driving career.

KATIE  
I don't care about racing!

Her voice echoes.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
I care about my husband.

And my son's father.

OLVEY  
If we drill, we keep his heart  
beating.

KATIE  
That's enough!

OLVEY  
Not for him.

KATIE  
You're asking me to gamble his  
life.

OLVEY  
Yes.

Katie looks at the scans. The neurosurgeons. Olvey. Her breathing quickens.

KATIE  
I can't do this.

She turns and runs out. The door slams. Silence. Hawthorne replaces his surgical cap.

DR. HAWTHORNE  
What's the call?

Olvey keeps his eyes on the closed door.

83

INT. ICU - NIGHT

Roberto is hard to find among the wires and tubes going in and out of his body. His mouth covered with breathing tubes. His chest covered with heart and lung monitors. The room is more alive than Roberto.

OLVEY (O.S.)  
We wait.

TRAMMELL (O.S.)  
For what?

OLVEY (O.S.)  
 For her to decide who Roberto gets  
 to be.

Katie hold Marko in the corner of the ICU.

84 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - PRESENT DAY - DAY

Jack and Evan skid their EMERGENCY VEHICLE to a stop at PIT ROW. The engine cuts. Both are already moving before the wheels stop turning. Several PIT CREW MEMBERS wave frantically.

PIT CREW #1  
 Come on! Hank got punched in the  
 chest with an exploding compressed  
 air line! Come on! Get movin'!

Jack grabs a trauma bag from the rear compartment. Evan pulls an oxygen kit and a monitor.

They sprint toward a PIT BOX.

HANK, late 30s, muscular, lies on his back on the concrete. His fire suit is unzipped halfway. His chest rises unevenly. His face is pale. Sweat beads on his forehead.

A PIT CREW MEMBER presses a rag against Hank's chest.

JACK  
 Move.

The crew member steps back. Jack drops to his knees beside Hank.

EVAN  
 Airway's clear.

Jack pulls Hank's suit open fully.

85 INSERT - HANK'S CHEST

Rapid rise on the right. Almost no movement on the left. Jack places both hands flat on Hank's chest.

JACK  
 Don't talk. Just breathe.

Hank gasps. A wet sound escapes his mouth.

EVAN  
 Pulse is fast. Weak.

Jack leans close to Hank's face.

JACK  
Hank, look at me.

Hank's eyes flicker. He nods slightly. Jack presses his ear near Hank's chest.

86 INSERT - JACK'S EAR

Muffled breath sounds on the left side. Jack looks up.

JACK  
Collapsed lung.

Evan is already opening the trauma kit.

EVAN  
Needle?

Jack nods. Evan pulls out a decompression needle. Jack marks the spot with his finger.

JACK  
Right here.

Evan swabs quickly. No hesitation. The needle goes in. A sharp HISS of escaping air. Hank's chest movement evens slightly.

HANK  
(gravelly)  
Can... breathe...

Jack keeps one hand steady on Hank's shoulder.

JACK  
Stay with us.

Evan secures the needle and adjusts the oxygen mask over Hank's face.

EVAN  
Oxygen on. Saturation climbing.

Jack looks up as a TRACK OFFICIAL runs toward them.

TRACK OFFICIAL  
Ambulance is two minutes out.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK  
Not enough.

He looks toward the sky. A helicopter circles in the distance.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(pointing)  
Get air medical rolling. Now.

The official turns and sprints away. Jack checks Hank's pupils.

87 INSERT - HANK'S EYES

Equal. Reactive. Jack exhales once. Controlled.

JACK  
You're gonna be fine. Don't move.

Hank nods weakly. Around them, pit crews stand frozen, watching. Engines ROAR past on the track, inches away.

Jack and Evan stay locked in place beside Hank, hands steady, eyes fixed, as the sound of racing continues.

88 INT. HOSPITAL ICU - NIGHT

SUPER - ROBERTO GUERRERO - DAY 1

Machines hum. A steady monitor beeps. Roberto lies unconscious, intubated, his head wrapped in bandages. Katie, exhausted, stands at his bedside gripping the rail.

Olvey calm, precise, waits a few feet back.

OLVEY  
Katie... could you step outside with  
me for a moment.

Katie hesitates, looks at Roberto, then follows Olvey into-

89 INT. ICU HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Fluorescent lights. Empty. Quiet. Olvey stops. Faces her directly.

OLVEY  
I need you to trust me.

Katie folds her arms tightly.

KATIE  
I've been trusting doctors for  
hours.

OLVEY  
I know.  
(beat)  
What I'm proposing isn't standard.  
It won't look like progress at  
first.

KATIE  
What does it look like?

OLVEY  
It looks like he doesn't wake up  
for a while.

Katie swallows hard.

KATIE  
And then?

OLVEY  
Then his brain has time to recover.

KATIE  
They want to drill into his head.

OLVEY  
They want to relieve pressure fast.  
(beat)  
Fast leaves damage.

Katie looks down the hallway. A nurse passes. She doesn't  
look up.

KATIE  
What you're talking about... it's a  
coma.

OLVEY  
A controlled one.

KATIE  
And you're sure?

OLVEY  
I've been working on this problem  
for almost twenty years.

Katie meets his eyes.

KATIE  
How many times has it worked?

OLVEY  
Enough to keep going.

KATIE  
How many times hasn't it?

Olvey doesn't answer immediately.

OLVEY  
At first, it didn't work.  
The dosage was wrong. Too much. Too  
little. We didn't understand the  
timing.

KATIE  
And now?

OLVEY  
Now it's dialed in.

Katie's jaw tightens.

KATIE  
What happens if I say no?

OLVEY  
They drill.

He wakes up tomorrow. Forty percent of the man you know.

KATIE  
And if I say yes?

OLVEY  
He stays under.  
A week. Maybe a little more. But  
when he comes back... (beat) He comes  
back whole.

Katie looks through the glass at Roberto.

KATIE  
And racing?

OLVEY  
He needs it.

KATIE  
Needs it?

OLVEY  
If you stop him completely... he  
fades. I've seen it.

Katie turns back.

KATIE  
So this is it.

OLVEY  
This is it.

KATIE  
Right now.

OLVEY  
Right now.

A long silence.

Katie nods once.

KATIE  
Do it.

Olvey gives a single, firm nod.

OLVEY  
I won't waste this.

He turns and walks back into the ICU.

Katie stays in the hallway, steadying herself against the wall as the doors close.

90 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - BACK STRAIGHT - DAY

The AMR SAFETY TRUCK is parked behind a LOW CONCRETE WALL at the end of the back straight away, just before Turn Three. The wall is barely waist-high.

Cars blast past at 230 MILES PER HOUR, the sound constant and physical. The air shakes.

91 INT. SAFETY TRUCK - DAY

Inside the truck, Jack and Evan sit forward, eyes locked down the straight. Jack watches the cars enter the braking zone.

JACK  
They're flat out all the way  
through here.

Another pack flashes by. Wind buffets the truck.

EVAN  
No margin.

Jack nods once. Far down the straight, a CAR TWITCHES. Jack stiffens.

JACK  
That's not right.

The car snaps sideways. A SECOND CAR clips it. A THIRD piles in. The track erupts in debris.

EVAN  
Crash! Three cars!

Jack reaches for the radio. One car separates from the wreck. Still moving fast. Still sliding. No control. It heads straight toward the wall. Toward them.

JACK  
That one's coming.

92 EXT. BACK STRAIGHT AWAY - DAY

The car slams into the concrete wall nose-first. The impact LAUNCHES it upward.

The car clears the wall. Time compresses.

EVAN  
Jack-

Jack rips his door open.

JACK  
MOVE!

They jump from the truck as the car flies over the wall. The INDYCAR CRASHES down directly onto the safety truck. METAL FOLDS. The truck buckles under the weight.

93 A FIREBALL ERUPTS.

Flames roll upward, black smoke boiling into the air. Jack and Evan hit the ground hard and roll clear. Heat washes over them. They scramble to their feet.

Behind them, the safety truck burns. The race car is lodged UP SIDE DOWN into the wreckage, fully engulfed.

Flames roar from the wreckage of the SAFETY TRUCK and the INDYCAR fused together in twisted metal. BLACK SMOKE pours into the sky. Jack and Evan sprint back toward the fire without hesitation.

JACK  
Driver's still in there!

94 INT. HOSPITAL ICU - NIGHT

SUPER - DAY 2

The room is dim, lit by monitor glow. ROBERTO lies motionless in the hospital bed. Tubes. Lines. Machines breathing for him. KATIE kneels beside the bed. Her jacket is folded on the floor. MARKO is no longer with her.

She holds Roberto's hand.

KATIE  
(soft)  
You were late. I thought you weren't coming.

She rests her forehead against the mattress.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
I was mad at you that night.  
You showed up smiling anyway.

She shifts closer, still kneeling.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
You asked me to dance.  
I said no. You waited.

Her voice trails off. Katie's eyes close. Her head comes to rest against the bed. She falls asleep.

95 INSERT - MONITOR

Heart rate steady.

96 INSERT - VENTILATOR

Rhythmic breath.

Suddenly-

97 ALARMS BLARE.

The ventilator stutters.

98 INSERT - MONITOR

Heart rate drops.

The ventilator stops. A flat tone begins to rise. Katie snaps awake.

KATIE

Roberto?

She looks up. The monitor screams.

NURSES rush in.

NURSE

He's not breathing!

A doctor pushes past Katie.

DOCTOR

Bag him!

Hands move fast. A bag valve mask is placed over Roberto's face. Chest compresses. Katie scrambles backward.

KATIE

What's happening?

No one answers. Another doctor shouts orders.

DOCTOR

Get anesthesia!

Katie backs into the hallway.

99 INT. ICU HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Katie stumbles out of the room. She presses herself against the wall. Hands shaking. Breathing uneven. She slides down to the floor.

KATIE

No... no...

Doctors rush past her. Equipment clatters. She looks back through the glass. Roberto's body jolts as air is forced into his lungs.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
(sobbing)  
Please...

Footsteps approach. DR. OLVEY appears. He stops when he sees Katie on the floor.

OLVEY  
Katie.

She looks up at him.

KATIE  
You said this would work.

OLVEY  
They're stabilizing him.

KATIE  
You said he'd come back.

OLVEY  
We're still-

She stands suddenly.

KATIE  
If he dies-  
(if fierce)  
If he dies, this is on you.

Olvey doesn't flinch.

OLVEY  
I know.

KATIE  
You asked me to let you do this.

OLVEY  
Yes.

KATIE  
You said you could bring him back.

OLVEY  
I said it gives him a chance.

Katie's voice breaks.

KATIE  
I gave you my husband.

She turns away. Katie presses her forehead against the wall, shaking. Olvey stands a few feet away. Behind the glass, the alarms slowly quiet. The ventilator resumes. A steady rhythm returns to the monitor. Olvey watches the machine.

Then looks at Katie.

OLVEY  
He's breathing.

Katie doesn't turn around. She wipes her face.

KATIE  
Don't talk to me until he wakes up.

Olvey nods. He steps back toward the ICU room. Katie remains in the hallway, alone.

100

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - BACK STRAIGHT - DAY

Flames surge around the upside-down INDYCAR. Fire foam sprays across burning debris but the heat still pushes outward.

The DRIVER hangs inverted in the cockpit, straps tight, helmet scorched.

JACK MORRIS is already half inside the wreck. One arm reaches in, bracing the helmet. The other hand signals.

JACK  
Cut the belts. Slow.

A FIRE CREW MEMBER slices through the harness straps one by one.

Jack tightens his grip.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Easy. Easy.

The final strap releases.

Jack lowers the driver inch by inch, keeping the helmet locked in place, his forearm rigid against the driver's neck.

Flames lick closer.

EVAN REYES unloads a fire extinguisher directly behind Jack, forcing the fire back.

EVAN  
Fire's moving!

JACK  
I've got him!

Jack lowers the driver fully to the ground. They drag the driver clear as flames flare behind them.

101 EXT. TRACK SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

The driver is laid flat. Oxygen mask applied. A cervical collar secured. EVAN checks the pulse.

EVAN  
Pulse is there. Rapid.

Jack checks the eyes.

JACK  
Unequal. Head injury.

An AMBULANCE backs in fast. The driver is loaded onto a stretcher and pushed inside. The doors slam. The ambulance pulls away.

102 EXT. BACK STRAIGHT AWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Evan sit well off the track with their back against another retaining wall. Helmets off. Gloves tossed aside. A SAFETY MEDIC checks Jack's arm, wipes soot from Evan's face.

In front of them, the remains of the SAFETY TRUCK smolder. The INDYCAR fused into its side, blackened and warped.

Jack points at the wreckage.

JACK  
Never liked that truck.

EVAN  
Not very comfortable.

Jack nods.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Sound system was perfect though.

They watch smoke drift upward as a tow truck pulls the two wrecks apart.

JACK  
That's not gonna happen again.

The medic finishes taping Jack's arm. ENGINES roar back to full speed as the race resumes. Jack and Evan stay seated, eyes on the wreckage as the noise swallows everything.

103 INT. ICU - NIGHT

SUPER - DAY 5

A quiet room. Machines HUM steadily. Green lines crawl across monitors. Roberto lies motionless in the bed. A breathing tube. IV lines. His body still, suspended. Katie sits beside him. She holds his hand with both of hers. Katie leans close to his ear.

KATIE

You always loved speed.  
Even before you knew what it was.

She squeezes his hand gently.

MATCH CUT TO:

104 EXT. DIRT GO-KART TRACK - COLOMBIA - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER - MEDELLIN, COLUMBIA 1968

A dusty oval carved into open land.

SUPER - ROBERTO AGE 7

A SMALL BOY, 7, ROBERTO, skinny, intense eyes, sits in a battered GO-KART. Beside him, his FATHER, 40s, proud, adjusts the helmet strap.

FATHER

Roberto! Are you ready?

Young Roberto nods. Serious. Focused. The engine ROARS. The kart launches forward. Roberto hugs the inside line, precise. Natural. Other karts slide wide. Roberto passes them clean. He crosses the finish first. His father runs toward him, laughing, lifting him out of the kart.

FATHER (CONT'D)

You feel that?

Young Roberto grins, breathless.

ROBERTO (YOUNG)

Again.

CUT TO:

105 EXT. SAME TRACK - SERIES OF FLASHES - YEARS PASSING  
MONTAGE

Older Roberto, 10 racing faster karts

Winning again and again

His father clapping, timing laps

Bigger engines

Bigger crowds

Always first

The joy between them is unmistakable.

END MONTAGE

106 INT. ICU - NIGHT

Katie watches Roberto's face as she speaks.

KATIE

You were happiest when you were  
moving. That was always true.

She brushes hair from his forehead.

107 EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - COLOMBIA - DAY - FLASHBACK

Teenage ROBERTO, 16, in a school uniform, loads books into a  
backpack. His father approaches.

FATHER

You don't race much anymore.

Roberto nods. Careful.

ROBERTO

I've been thinking about school.

108 INT. FAMILY DINING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Roberto and his father sit across from each other.

ROBERTO  
There's a business school in  
London. Very good. It could open  
doors.

His father considers this.

FATHER  
London.

Roberto nods. Calm. Convincing.

FATHER (CONT'D)  
If this is what you want.

Roberto hides a smile.

109 EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - LONDON - MORNING

Students pour through the gates. Coats. Briefcases. Quiet conversations. Roberto walks with them, a folder under his arm marked BUSINESS FINANCE. Focused. Anonymous.

110 INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

A PROFESSOR lectures at the front.

PROFESSOR  
Market risk is never eliminated.  
It's only managed.

Roberto writes quickly. Absorbing. Calm.

111 EXT. LONDON STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Roberto exits the building. The distant SOUND of an engine cuts through city noise. He follows that sound.

112 EXT. FORMULA DRIVER TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

SUPER - FORMULA FOUR RACE DRIVING SCHOOL

A transport truck idles. Race cars under covers. Roberto enters through a side gate, the same calm focus.

113 INT. DRIVER BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A dozen young drivers sit quietly. An INSTRUCTOR stands at the front.

INSTRUCTOR  
Out here, mistakes don't cost  
grades. They cost bones.

Roberto listens. Still.

114 EXT. TRAINING TRACK - DAY

Roberto climbs into an OPEN-WHEEL CAR. Belts tighten.

115 ENGINE FIRES.

116 EXT. TRACK - CONTINUOUS

Roberto accelerates. Clean line. No wasted motion.

117 INT. OBSERVATION TOWER - DAY

Two INSTRUCTORS watch monitors.

INSTRUCTOR #1  
That's not raw speed.

INSTRUCTOR #2  
That's judgment.

118 MONTAGE - FLASHBACK

Roberto in a classroom, flipping pages

Roberto tightening gloves

Chalk equations on a board

Data scrolling on a telemetry screen

Roberto studying late at night

Dawn light on an empty track

Roberto exiting corners clean

A calendar with alternating days circled

END MONTAGE

119 INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - NIGHT

Roberto studies alone. Books open. A notebook filled with lap times sits beside economic charts. He closes the book.

120 EXT. TRAINING TRACK - DAWN

Roberto waits by the pit wall. Engine starts. He doesn't smile.

121 INT. GARAGE - DAY

Roberto removes his helmet. Sweat on his face. An INSTRUCTOR steps closer.

INSTRUCTOR  
You disappear two days a week.

ROBERTO  
I study.

The instructor studies him back.

122 EXT. TRACK - SUNSET

Roberto stands alone. The track empty. City noise faint in the distance. He looks down the straight. Steady.

123 INT. PAYPHONE BOOTH - DAY

Roberto speaks urgently into the phone.

ROBERTO  
Dad, listen.  
I'm racing. I've been winning.  
British F4. I need a sponsor to  
move the next level.

124 INT. FATHER'S OFFICE - COLOMBIA - DAY

His father holds the phone, eyes wide with excitement.

FATHER  
You're winning?

He laughs, overwhelmed.

FATHER (CONT'D)  
This is incredible.

125 EXT. COLOMBIAN GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - COLOMBIA - DAY

Roberto's father and government officials shake hands. Papers signed. A COLOMBIAN FLAG behind them.

126 EXT. EUROPEAN RACETRACK - DAY

Roberto walks toward a FORMULA TWO GARAGE. Purposeful. Ready.

127 INT. ICU - NIGHT

Katie watches Roberto closely. A TINY SMILE forms at the corner of Roberto's mouth. Katie notices. She exhales slowly. Relief.

KATIE

You found your place.  
You always did.

The machines continue their steady rhythm. Katie settles back into the chair, still holding his hand. The room is calm.

128 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - DAY

The track is completely empty. The stands are empty. Pit row empty. Quiet.

129 EXT. ER ENTRANCE TO A HOSPITAL

Ambulances come and go. Very active.

130 INT. ICU - NIGHT

SUPER - DAY 9

A steady monitor BEEPS. Soft. Rhythmic.

ROBERTO GUERRERO lies motionless in the bed. Tubes. Bandages. His chest rises and falls with mechanical patience.

KATIE stands beside him. One hand rests on his arm. She leans close so only he could hear her if he can hear anything at all.

KATIE

You never liked hospitals.  
(pauses)  
(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

You always said they smelled like waiting.

She watches his face. Nothing. She pulls a chair closer and sits.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I don't know if you remember this... but I do.

She closes her eyes.

131 EXT. MONACO HARBOR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Moonlight glitters on black water. Massive yachts float like small cities, decks glowing with music and laughter.

132 SUPERIMPOSE: MONACO - YEARS EARLIER

133 INT. MEGA YACHT - NIGHT

A crowded, elegant party. Music pulses. Champagne flows.

KATIE, 18, sun-kissed, curious, slightly overwhelmed, moves through the crowd with a FRIEND, 20. Men glance. Women smile. Invitations pass easily.

A group of YOUNG DRIVERS laugh near the rail.

Among them: ROBERTO GUERRERO, early 20s, lean, confident without effort. His smile lands before he speaks.

Their eyes meet. Time slows. Roberto steps forward.

ROBERTO

You don't look like you're from here.

KATIE

Neither do you.

He smiles wider.

ROBERTO

I'm here for the race. I should have a F1 Team by next year.

KATIE

Well, shouldn't you be checking out the course for whenever you do get to race?

ROBERTO

That is a great idea, but I'll need  
a copilot. Interested?

KATIE

Thought you'd never ask.

134 EXT. MONACO STREETS - NIGHT

A MOTORCYCLE cuts through narrow streets. Engine echoing off  
stone walls. Katie clutches Roberto's waist. Wind tears at  
her hair. She laughs. He laughs. They race through the city  
like it belongs to them.

135 EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS ABOVE MONACO - NIGHT

The motorcycle stops. Silence. Below them, the harbor glows.  
Yachts shimmer. Monaco breathes. They stand at the guardrail.  
The city feels far away. Roberto looks at Katie.

ROBERTO

I've never been very good at  
slowing down.

KATIE

Neither have I.

He leans in. They kiss. Not rushed. Not careful. Certain.

136 INT. ICU - NIGHT

Katie opens her eyes.

Her hand tightens around Roberto's.

KATIE

That was the night everything  
changed. You didn't promise  
anything. You didn't need to.

She leans closer, her forehead almost touching his.

KATIE (CONT'D)

You showed me who you were before I  
even knew how to ask.

The monitor continues its steady rhythm. Katie stays there. Talking. Remembering.

ROBERTO remains still.

137 INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - EXTREMELY BUSY - DAY

138 INT. ICU - DAY

SUPER - DAY 11

Monitors hum softly. A steady rhythm of light and sound.

ROBERTO lies motionless in the hospital bed. Tubes. IV lines. A ventilator rising and falling with mechanical precision.

KATIE sits beside him, exhausted but alert. MARKO, 3, small and quiet, sits in a chair near the bed. His feet don't touch the floor. He watches his father's chest rise.

MARKO

Mom...

(beat)

When will Daddy wake up?

Katie doesn't answer right away. She reaches for Marko's hand.

KATIE

I don't know, sweetheart.

Marko looks back at Roberto. Studies his face.

MARKO

Is he sleeping?

KATIE

Yes.

(soft)

Very deep sleeping.

The ICU DOOR opens.

DR. Olvey enters, calm, measured. He checks the monitors as he walks in.

OLVEY

Good Morning.

Katie looks up immediately.

KATIE

How is he?

Olvey moves to the chart at the foot of the bed.

OLVEY

All of his markers are just about where we want them. Blood pressure's steady. Oxygen's good.

He points to a scan clipped to the chart.

OLVEY (CONT'D)

CT scans show the swelling is coming down. Not gone yet—but moving in the right direction.

Katie exhales, barely realizing she's been holding her breath.

KATIE

How long?

OLVEY

Three to five days, the swelling should be close to normal.

Katie nods. Then—

KATIE

When will he wake up?

Olvey meets her eyes. Honest.

OLVEY

I don't know.

Katie stiffens slightly.

OLVEY (CONT'D)

But if the trend keeps going like this... I'd bet soon.

He glances at Marko.

OLVEY (CONT'D)

He's doing exactly what he needs to be doing right now.

Marko looks up at Olvey.

MARKO

Can I talk to him?

Olvey nods.

OLVEY  
That's a good idea.

Olvey steps back toward the door.

OLVEY (CONT'D)  
I'll check back tomorrow.

He exits.

Katie leans closer to Roberto. Marko stands beside her, small hand resting on the bed rail.

The machines continue their quiet work.

139 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - NIGHT

140 INT. ICU - NIGHT

SUPER - DAY 14

The room is dim now. Only the monitors cast light across ROBERTO'S face.

KATIE sits close, her voice low, steady.

KATIE  
Hey...  
I'm going to remind you who you  
are. Just in case you forgot.

She takes his hand.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
Do you remember Monaco?

As she speaks—

141 EXT. MONACO GRAND PRIX CIRCUIT - DAY - FLASHBACK

The city vibrates with sound.

Engines echo off stone buildings. Boats crowd the harbor. Flags snap in the wind.

The MONACO GRAND PRIX is alive.

142 SUPERIMPOSE: MONACO GRAND PRIX 1974

143 INT. PIT LANE - DAY

KATIE stands with the team, headset on, eyes locked on the track monitors.

Cars blur past inches from concrete walls.

ANNOUNCER (OS)  
Guerrero through the  
tunnel—clean—very clean.

144 EXT. TRACK - VARIOUS

ROBERTO threads the car through impossibly tight streets. Calm. Precise. No wasted movement.

145 INT. PIT LANE

KATIE grips the pit wall as the final laps tick down.

ANNOUNCER (OS)  
Guerrero holding position—fifth  
place.

146 EXT. START / FINISH STRAIGHT - DAY

The checkered flag waves.

ROBERTO crosses the line.

147 INT. PIT LANE

Roberto climbs out of the car. Helmet off. Sweat-soaked. Smiling.

Katie reaches him. They hug—tight, relieved.

KATIE (V.O.)  
You finished fifth. You came back  
to me smiling.

148 EXT. THE CITY OF MONACO AT NIGHT

149 EXT. MONACO PALACE - NIGHT

The palace glows against the hillside, a constellation of warm light above the harbor. Limousines pull up one after another. Engines idle. Doors open.

150 SUPERIMPOSE: THE KING'S BALL

151 INT. MONACO PALACE - RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

A long reception line stretches beneath towering crystal chandeliers. Gold trim. Marble floors. The room hums with low conversation and restrained excitement.

RACERS in tuxedos. TEAM OWNERS. DIPLOMATS. Everyone dressed for history.

ROBERTO and KATIE enter, momentarily frozen by the scale of it all. A ROYAL AIDE steps forward, polite but precise, and gestures them into line.

ROYAL AIDE

This way, please.

At the head of the line stand THE PRINCE and PRINCESS OF MONACO, composed, radiant, greeting each guest with practiced warmth. Roberto and Katie step forward. The PRINCE offers his hand.

PRINCE OF MONACO

Mr. Guerrero. An impressive drive today.

ROBERTO

Thank you, Your Highness.

The PRINCESS turns to Katie, smiling.

PRINCESS OF MONACO

You must spend your days waiting for him.

KATIE

Every lap.

The Princess nods, understanding. They move on, slightly dazed, and are guided into—

152 INT. PALACE DINING HALL - NIGHT

An extravagant room opens before them. Long tables dressed in white linen. Crystal glasses. Silverware perfectly aligned. They take their seats among legends of racing and global figures whose names fill newspapers. Waiters glide between tables, pouring wine. Laughter rises, restrained but genuine.

KATIE (V.O.)

I'd never seen anything like it.  
Drivers, royalty, people who shaped  
the world... And somehow, there we  
were.

153 EXT. PALACE TERRACE - NIGHT

Roberto and Katie step outside, away from the noise.

Below them, the harbor shimmers. Yacht lights ripple across the water. The distant echo of the city drifts up from the streets.

Music spills softly through open doors behind them. Roberto takes Katie's hand. They laugh—easy, unguarded.

KATIE (V.O.)

You were exactly where you  
belonged. Fast enough to survive  
the day And lucky enough to enjoy  
the night.

They stand together, looking out over Monaco, suspended in the moment.

154 INT. ICU - NIGHT

SUPER - DAY 15

The room is dim, lit by the steady glow of monitors. Roberto lies motionless in the bed. Tubes. Lines. The quiet rhythm of machines breathing for him. In the corner, MARCO sleeps curled in a chair, jacket draped over him, mouth slightly open. A child worn down by waiting.

KATIE sits beside Roberto, hands folded in her lap. She stares past the bed. Past the machines. Not at anything in the room. The monitor BEEPS. Even. Unchanging. Katie doesn't move.

A nurse passes by the glass wall, pauses, checks the readouts, then continues on. Katie finally looks at Roberto.

She reaches out, rests her hand lightly on his arm. Careful not to disturb anything. Nothing changes. Katie leans back in her chair, eyes open, fixed on the middle distance.

Waiting.

155 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - DAY

156 INT. FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

A temporary medical tent vibrates with noise and motion. MONITORS beep. IV bags hang from metal poles. The air is thick with heat, dust, and antiseptic.

JACK and EVAN sit on folding cots. Both are scraped, bruised, uniforms scorched. A NURSE finishes checking Jack's arm, then Evan's pupils.

NURSE

You're both clear.

(beat)

And I need these beds now. We've got spectators coming in with heat stroke.

Jack and Evan don't hesitate. They swing their legs off the cots at the same time.

JACK

Good. We're done resting.

EVAN

Wasn't planning on staying anyway.

They stand, roll their shoulders, grab their helmets.

157 EXT. FIELD HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Evan step out into the blinding afternoon sun.

Nearby, FIREFIGHTERS and MEDICS kneel beside fans sitting on the ground. Sunburned shoulders. Split lips. Bloody knees. Bottles of water passed hand to hand. Ice packs pressed to necks.

Evan slows, watching.

EVAN

When did all this track medicine make its way to the street?

Jack keeps walking but listens.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Olvey and Trammel figured things out here that didn't exist anywhere else. Techniques. Timing. Stuff nobody was teaching.

Jack stops. Turns back.

JACK  
It didn't get exported.  
It leaked.

Evan looks at him.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Firefighters worked the track for  
years.

They watched. They learned. Then one day they went home and  
didn't forget any of it.

Evan thinks.

EVAN  
So what was the first time?

Jack exhales.

JACK  
Factory explosion.

Five miles from here.

FLASHBACK:

158 EXT. FACTORY DISTRICT - DAY -

A DEEP, ROLLING BOOM shakes the ground. Windows EXPLODE  
outward from a concrete factory. A FIREBALL punches through  
the roof. WORKERS are thrown across asphalt. Steam and smoke  
flood the street.

159 ALARMS SCREAM.

Within seconds- FIRE TRUCKS arrive from multiple directions.

LOCAL CITY UNITS stop first. Firefighters pour out, scanning  
chaos. A SECOND WAVE arrives-older engines, different  
markings. CLOSE ON TURNOUT COATS as they jump down:

WORN PATCHES stitched onto the shoulders:

160 CLOSE ON "INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - FIRE / RESCUE"

Blackened helmets. Gear scarred by fire. These FIREFIGHTERS  
move immediately-no radio chatter, no hesitation. One points,  
two split off, another kneels.

161 ON THE GROUND

A WORKER screams, clutching his thigh. Blood pulses rhythmically. A TRACK FIREFIGHTER drops beside him, pulls a TOURNIQUET from a side pouch clearly labeled.

CLOSE ON LABEL - TRACK KIT

He cinches it high and tight. Blood flow stops.

Another WORKER struggles for breath, lips blue.

A TRACK FIREFIGHTER opens a rigid case marked:

162 "AIRWAY - SPEEDWAY"

He inserts a needle into the chest. AIR HISSES out.

The worker inhales.

Nearby, TWO WORKERS lie still.

A TRACK FIREFIGHTER checks pupils with a penlight clipped to his helmet. One reacts. One doesn't. He pulls out TRIAGE TAGS—already color-coded and worn. RED TAG clipped to the unconscious man. YELLOW TAG to the groaning one. Across the scene, LOCAL FIREFIGHTERS lift injured workers onto stretchers immediately.

A FIRE CHIEF strides in, helmet marked "CITY FD."

FIRE CHIEF

We move them now! Get them to the hospital!

A TRACK FIREFIGHTER looks up, one hand bracing a worker's neck.

TRACK FIREFIGHTER

If you lift him, his airway collapses.

FIRE CHIEF

We don't have time for track rules!

TRACK FIREFIGHTER

They're not track rules.

The firefighter presses his thumb gently under the worker's jaw. The man GAGS—airway opens.

TRACK FIREFIGHTER (CONT'D)

They're rules of physics.

Another BLAST echoes inside the factory. A WALL COLLAPSES. LOCAL CREWS flinch. TRACK FIREFIGHTERS don't look up. One stops a LOCAL MEDIC from lifting a twisted body.

TRACK FIREFIGHTER (CONT'D)  
Spine first.

LOCAL MEDIC  
He's bleeding!

TRACK FIREFIGHTER  
Chest bleed. Not external.

He presses below the ribs. Bleeding slows. The medic watches. Copies him. AMBULANCES line up.

A TRACK FIREFIGHTER directs loading, pointing deliberately.

TRACK FIREFIGHTER (CONT'D)  
Red first. Yellow second. Green  
waits.

The Fire Chief steps closer.

FIRE CHIEF  
Who trained you like this?

TRACK FIREFIGHTER  
(pointing to his patch)  
The Speedway.

SIRENS pull away, one after another. The Fire Chief scans the ground—fewer bodies than expected. He looks back at the TRACK FIREFIGHTERS. They're already packing their kits.

163 EXT. FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY - PRESENT

Jack finishes checking a bandage on his own arm. Evan stands beside him, eyes on nearby firefighters helping spectators.

EVAN  
So that's how it left the track.

Jack watches a MEDIC stabilize a fan before moving them.

JACK  
Nobody asked permission.

EVAN  
They just did it.

Jack nods once.

JACK  
Because they already knew what  
happened if you didn't.

ENGINES ROAR back to full volume.

Jack and Evan turn toward the sound and walk back into  
position.

EVAN REYES  
So what ever happened to that  
Colombian driver? Gonzales?

JACK MORRIS  
Not Gonzales, Guerrero. The endless  
coma. Right?

EVAN REYES  
Yeah, you never finished the story.

JACK MORRIS  
It quite tragic.

164 INT. ICU - HOSPITAL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SUPER - DAY 16

Dim light. Machines HUM steadily. Roberto lies motionless in  
the bed, tubes and lines everywhere. His chest rises  
mechanically. Katie sits beside him, exhausted. Her clothes  
are rumped. Her eyes are red from lack of sleep.

Marco shifts restlessly in a chair nearby, swinging his legs.  
The door opens.

DR. Olvey enters quietly, chart in hand. Katie looks up,  
already irritated.

KATIE  
How much longer?

Olvey pauses. He chooses his words carefully.

DR. OLVEY  
I don't know.

Katie exhales sharply, fighting anger.

DR. OLVEY (CONT'D)  
His brain scans are normal now.  
No swelling. No visible damage.

Katie stares at Roberto.

KATIE

Then why isn't he waking up?

Olvey steps closer to the bed.

DR. OLVEY

I know you talk to him every day.  
But you need to understand, he  
can't hear you. Not in any normal  
way.

Katie grips the bed rail.

DR. OLVEY (CONT'D)

If he wakes up, he won't remember  
the crash. He won't remember  
anything after the tie rod broke.

Silence. The machines continue their steady rhythm.

DR. OLVEY (CONT'D)

I've worked with hundreds of  
drivers. I've learned a lot about  
injuries. But the brain...  
We still don't know what makes it  
come back.

Katie's voice cracks.

KATIE

So what are you saying?

DR. OLVEY

It could be tomorrow.  
It could be a year.

Katie's eyes fill.

DR. OLVEY (CONT'D)

But if he does wake up—  
he won't be damaged.  
He won't be an invalid.  
He'll be Roberto.

Olvey looks at Marco, then back to Katie.

DR. OLVEY (CONT'D)

I'll be back tomorrow.

He exits. Katie collapses forward, crying into the bed. Marco  
watches her, confused.

MARCO

Mom?

Katie pulls him close, holding him tightly.

KATIE

It's okay.

It's okay.

She sinks back into the chair, still crying. Marco looks from Katie to his father. Slowly, he climbs onto the bed. He crawls carefully toward Roberto's head. Marco leans close to Roberto's ear.

CLOSE ON - ROBERTO'S EAR - MARCO'S LIPS

MARCO (WHISPERING)

Come home, Daddy.

I need you.

165 INSERT - ROBERTO'S BRAIN (VISUALIZATION)

Darkness.

A single electrical impulse moves through a dense web of synapses. Another joins it. Then another. Marco's words echo softly as the impulses spiral inward. They slow. They stop.

One small cluster begins to GLOW.

166 INT. ICU - NIGHT

Marco climbs down from the bed. Katie lifts him into her arms. They sit together in the chair. Both fall asleep.

167 INT. ICU - MORNING

SUPER - DAY 17

Sunlight streams through the window, landing directly across Roberto's face. His eyes FLUTTER. A shallow breath catches.

ROBERTO

(murmuring)

Can someone...

cover that damn window?

Katie's eyes SNAP open. She stares. Marco lifts his head. Katie stands, frozen, disbelief flooding her face.

KATIE

Roberto?

Roberto squints, confused.

ROBERTO

Why am I...  
here?

Katie laughs and cries at the same time, pulling Marco close.

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EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - PRESENT DAY - LATE  
AFTERNOON

The race is over. The track is quiet. Vast. Empty.

Jack and Evan stand beside the safety truck. Helmets off.  
Gear dusty. Both still catching their breath.

EVAN

So... Guerrero woke up.

JACK

Day seventeen.

EVAN

That's insane.

Jack shrugs. Small.

JACK

It was quiet.

Evan looks at him.

EVAN

Quiet?

JACK

Yeah.

No cheering. No engines. Just a guy opening his eyes.

A beat.

EVAN

After everything you told me...  
the crashes, the mistakes...

JACK

People always remember the hits.  
They forget the waiting.

Evan considers that.

EVAN  
So that's the job?

Jack looks out at the empty track.

JACK  
The job is to buy time.  
What people do with it after...  
that's up to them.

Evan nods. That lands.

EVAN  
You think we did good today?

Jack doesn't answer right away.

JACK  
Nobody died.

A beat.

JACK (CONT'D)  
That's a good day.

They stand there a moment longer. Then Jack turns toward the truck.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Let's go home.

Evan follows.

They climb in. The engine turns over. The truck pulls away.

#### EPILOGUE

SUPER - SCROLLING

Morning traffic.

A city waking up.

An intersection. A delivery truck runs a light. Metal folds.  
Glass bursts. Someone doesn't move.

A 911 call is placed.

An ambulance is already moving.

Inside that ambulance are tools, procedures, instincts, and timing that did not exist before racing forced them into existence.

Neck stabilization before movement.

Controlled extrication.

Airway first.

Minutes matter.

None of it was invented in a classroom.

It was invented at speed.

On race tracks where bodies failed faster than medicine understood. Where doctors guessed, failed, watched people die, and went back to work anyway. Where fire crews learned by doing. Where every mistake had a face.

Dr. Steven Olvey is in that ambulance.

Dr. Terry Trammell is there too.

Not physically – but in every decision made without hesitation.

And so are the drivers.

The ones who survived.

The ones who didn't.

The ones who walked away.

The ones who didn't make it to the hospital.

Their crashes taught medicine how fast the human body breaks. Their injuries taught doctors how little time there is. Their deaths taught everyone else what not to do next time.

Six hundred thousand times a day, someone calls 911.

Six hundred thousand times a day, racing answers the call.

No flags.

No crowds.

No finish line.

Just seconds – pulled back from eternity.

FADE OUT.