

Touge

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Draft 1

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Touge
(feature film treatment)

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Logline: A reckless amputee vet teams with a passionate street racer in a deadly game of deception as they fight for a coveted spot in the Mexican cartel.

In a seedy apartment in Van Nuys, a disillusioned Iraq vet prepares to take his own life. TOBY'S plan to end it all is interrupted by the plight of his roommate VALENTINA, an aspiring Latina street racer with a desperate mission and a dark past.

CARLOS Martinez is a ruthless local kingpin with strong ties to the Knights Templar Mexican Cartel. He trafficks drugs and people, specializing in young girls. Cutthroat criminals from rival gangs compete in his illegal street races to win a spot in his employ.

Valentina will go to any lengths to win that spot to rescue her younger sister. She puts every spare dime into her beat-up, burned Nissan Sylvia S14, but she lacks the driving skill to drift on the tight mountain turns of the touge street races. Toby, a skilled military driver, must overcome his handicap and his guilt over the death of his squad to take the wheel once more.

Toby's winning streak puts them on the radar of SNAKE, the current touge frontrunner. Valentina's car is sabotaged, bringing her plan to a fiery halt. Tension runs high. Help comes from a mysterious benefactor when a new Nissan 370Z appears outside her house.

The day of the final race dawns, but their house of cards begins to crumble. Valentina reveals her troubled past as a sex slave. She sees her former owner at the race, and he recognizes her. Toby saves her but his prosthesis is damaged. He loses to an enigmatic racing prodigy known as EDGE. Edge, an LA gang member, has his own reasons for joining Martinez, and he blackmails Valentina into revealing hers.

Valentina and Toby decide to go it alone in a last effort to save her sister before she's trafficked to Columbia. When they arrive, they're shocked to find Edge waiting with his crew and a rival gang. All of the drivers form an uneasy truce and invade Martinez's human jail. Her sister is rescued, but it will be a long road back. Martinez escapes. Toby and Valentina vow to hunt him down and end his trafficking ring forever.

INT. VALENTINA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

TOBY ANDERS, a handsome, troubled 24-year-old Afghanistan vet sits in a chair by the window cleaning a glock tenderly.

A tattered photo of his platoon sits on the windowsill. He stares at it, puts one bullet into the magazine, checks the glock with the ease of military experience and puts it back down.

He picks the photo up.

TOBY

Private first class Shane Williams.
Specialist Jose Torres. Specialist
Nathan Essex. Sergeant Thomas Carson.
(BEAT) Private first class Tracie
Richards.

He places the photo back gently. In a sure movement, he puts the gun to his temple.

His cell phone RINGS. The tone is I'M TOO SEXY. He tries to ignore it but finally staggers to his feet and reaches for a crutch. His left leg is missing below the knee.

A prosthesis leans against his army bag at the foot of the sofa in the small, dingy room.

He lurches forward, knocking a pile of papers over on the floor, and snaps the phone open.

TOBY (cont'd)

Anders.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Hello, you are eligible for a free-

Toby, disgusted, hangs up and makes his painstaking way back to the chair.

FLASHBACK: AFGHANISTAN US ARMY BASE - DAY

Toby and one of the soldiers in the picture drive up side by side to a line in the dirt. TRACIE, a female soldier, aims her gun in the air. Toby winks at her. She leans forward and smiles.

BAM! She shoots the gun, surprising him. The other car takes off. Toby laughs and zooms after him, both skidding around a corner.

CONTINUED:

VALENTINA

Go away? This is my house too you,
you prick! (Beat) Why are you doing,
breaking my stuff?

TOBY

I fell.

Valentina sees the gun. She glances around the tidy but
depressing room. Her face darkens.

VALENTINA

Liar!

TOBY

Excuse me?

VALENTINA

You lost your cajones along with your
leg.

TOBY

Fuck you!

She glares at him.

TOBY (cont'd)

Don't look at me like that!

He awkwardly grabs his crutches and advances as he speaks,
shaking with fury.

TOBY (cont'd)

I don't want your guilt trip. Or your
pity! Or some bullshit speech about
how it'll get better. Leave. Me.
Alone.

Valentina spins around and heads out the back door, slamming
it behind her. Toby's jaw pulses from the force of his caged
emotions.

FLASHBACK: TEMPORARY HOSPITAL, AFGHANISTAN

Toby lies in a hospital bed, barely alive. His SERGEANT
talks to a DOCTOR. Snatches of conversation make it through
to him.

DOCTOR

Couldn't save the leg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGEANT

Damn shame. Best driver we had. The others?

Mumbled conversation. The doctor shakes his head.

DOCTOR

... no survivors.

Toby lays his bandaged face on his pillow and shuts his eyes.

INT. VALENTINA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Valentina barges back in, carrying a tarp. She proceeds to unfold it. He stares at her, surprised. She's seething.

TOBY

What are you doing?

VALENTINA

I scrape every cent to rent this pile of shit. If you blow your brains all over my carpet I'll lose my deposit! Madre de dios!

Toby is speechless. She smooths down the tarp and looks critically at the furniture.

VALENTINA (cont'd)

I'll get a bag for the chair.

TOBY

(snaps)

God, why don't you just do it for me?

She walks out without looking at him, grumbling something in Spanish under her breath.

Toby picks up her fallen diary and hides it under the papers - just in time.

Valentina enters again with the trash bag, disposable gloves on her hands. She positions the bag over the chair. Toby awkwardly helps her but his disability makes him frustrated.

The silence is ripped by the terrible SCREECH of cheap packing tape.

TOBY (cont'd)

Most people would try to stop me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VALENTINA

You want out, that's on you.

TOBY

Pep talk of the year.

She turns back to the taping, each sentence punctuated by ripping off a piece as she gets more upset.

VALENTINA

You want a "pip talk?" You're right. Life is shit. It's not a joy ride in a fucking ferrari. It's a rally. In the mud. You don't win. You endure. And guess what? There isn't a fucking finish line. You fight for the right to ride.

(Beat)

Today, I fight. Tomorrow?

She shrugs and slams an informational paper with a suicide prevention number on the table. She meets his gaze and wants to say something. The moment stretches.

A CRASH of breaking glass sounds from outside. She looks out the window and HOWLS in fury, grabbing Toby's gun. He shouts a warning but she runs out the front door, screaming in Spanish.

Toby staggers to the window. A THUG jumps into a racing Civic and zooms off. Valentina pulls the trigger but misses. She aims and pulls again. Click. Empty. Flames shoot up near her.

EXT. VALENTINA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Valentina tries desperately to beat the flames off her car with her shirt. It's been doused in petrol. The racing wheels visible below the cover are slashed.

Toby lurches out the door with a fire extinguisher and drags her back. There's not much left of the car.

TITLES: OVER THE BURNING CAR

Touge ("toh gey"): Japanese for "pass." Touge battle: A street race that takes place on a narrow, winding mountain road or pass.