

SUPER:

"We'd fire the guy who green lighted the Aztek if we could find anyone willing to admit it."

Bob Lutz

Global VP for Product Development

General Motors

SUPER:

"It looks the way Montezuma's revenge feels."

Car Talk Listener

2005

FADE IN:

EXT. TWO BEDROOM RANCH - 4:30AM

The beginning of one of those Michigan days with endless rain.

A comfortable home with an immaculate lawn.

We PAN LEFT and look down the endless asphalt street. It is lined with hundreds of identical brick ranches, and an occasional functioning street light.

INT. TWO BEDROOM RANCH - BATHROOM

Jeans lay on the counter, tri-folded. A white undershirt. Fruit of the looms. Socks. Stacked neatly.

The WHITE NOISE of a shower.

INT. CLOSET

More jeans. More undershirts. More underwear. All stacked in columns, separated by painter's tape.

INT. KITCHEN

A coffee maker POPS and SPUTTERS on a faded linoleum counter top.

A Stanley Thermos and two quarters sit nearby.

The shower stops.

The coffee maker BEEPS.

INT. THREE BEDROOM RANCH - BEDROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER

MATT CARVER, his back to us, kneels. He is praying. He is a considerable presence.

He stands up. His joints CRACK. He's an attractive man who, at 46, still doesn't know it.

He shuffles over to the bed, and leans over his wife. He kisses her on the back of her head.

MATT
I got you babe.

Matt walks away. The camera lingers.

EXT. GM TRUCK AND BUS PLANT - PARKING LOT - DAWN

Barbed wire sits atop the fence surrounding this lot.

INT. MATT'S 2000 CHEVY COLORADO 250

Matt sits in the drivers seat drinking a beer. The engine is idling. The steady rain splatters on the windshield. The massive plant hulks in the distance.

WAYNE JOHNSON, African American, and built like an offensive lineman, has the passenger seat back a ways. He hands a Blue Light to Matt, who holds it while finishing another.

Matt opens his window and tosses the empty back into the cab. It clanks against dozens of empties.

He CRACKS open the new one.

MATT
My boy starts today.

WAYNE
Luke?

MATT
Yeah. Up at the country club.

WAYNE
In the shop?

MATT
No, man. Got himself a real job.
Programming ECMs.

MATT

No shit.

Wayne shakes his head while tossing an empty out his window.

WAYNE

(while burping)

How did a dumb son of a bitch like you...?

MATT

Musta been the old lady. Or that microscope I got him for communion.

They both crack up. A loud alarm sounds. Matt yawns.

MATT (CONT'D)

Nah. I was tough on him. But he took to it okay, I guess. Coulda' gone either way.

WAYNE

Like our boys in blue. Lookin' strong.

They both open their doors and step out into the rain. They start walking, full of gear. Industrial cowboys.

MATT

I don't know why you do this to yourself. Every year.

Other guys emerge from trucks and walk toward the plant, covering their heads' with copies of the Free Press.

MATT

Millen will fuck it up. Trust me.

WAYNE

They look strong. Maybe this is the year.

MATT

Give me a break.

WAYNE

I mean it.

MATT

Let me tell you. New uniforms, new stadium. None of that matters. Nothing's changed. Same schmucks sittin' up high and the same schmucks down on the field runnin' in circles every week.