I like stories that are ambiguous, that ask questions and defy genre.

Stories that teeter on the edge of truth. This is the story of a man who embodies this. A man so desperate to succeed, he gambled everything and lost.

And I'm not talking about John DeLorean.

I'm actually talking about his neighbour. Jim Hoffman.

But first let's talk about DeLorean: eccentric and debonair, the Prince Charming of GM, car designer and friend to the rich and famous. He dared to oppose the American auto oligarchy by striking out on his own, inventing himself as one of America's earliest Celebrity-CEOs. He branded his lifestyle with his car. He was the car. Slick. Cool. Outwardly attractive. You could have his life, if you bought into the dream.

This, in itself is a great story. But a conventional biopic was uninteresting to me.

Enter, Jim Hoffman: a low-life and convicted criminal turned FBI informant who just so happened to be DeLorean's neighbour. He joined DeLorean's gilded, sun-kissed social scene by befriending the family and passing himself off as something else.

I was fascinated by this toxic relationship and the cinematic possibilities it created. Here were two guys who needed to win so badly that it drove their friendship to a farcical and heart-breaking conclusion. The writer and I built on this real premise and imagined a relationship that became the beating heart of the film, creating a twisted buddy-comedy set against the backdrop of the frivolous 70's. At first glance, it's a universal story of betrayal, but it's really about dishonesty and trust. And asks with a wink: how well do we really know our friends?

So - was John DeLorean a con man with shiny hair or a creative genius? Was Jim Hoffman a depraved scumbag or a friend whose past damaged those around him?

To be honest, I don't know.

The fun of the film is not knowing. I want the audience to enjoy a cinematic rock-n-roll adventure and make that decision themselves.