

The Fast and the Furious IV

by
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Based on characters created by
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OPEN ON:

A STYLIZED FLASHBACK

The last minute of the original *Fast and the Furious*.

Dom and Brian racing toward the oncoming train and the MONUMENTAL WRECK that follows.

But what's most important is that PIVOTAL FINAL MOMENT, as the cops close in...and Brian sacrifices his career to give Dom his keys.

As Brian lets him go, we PUSH IN TIGHT on Dom's eyes and --
FADE TO BLACK.

Then...

SFX: A HELICOPTER'S ROTORS, BEATING THE AIR

SMASH OPEN ON:

THE U.S./MEXICO BORDER

Desolate hills and scrub desert. TWO BORDER PATROL AW139 HELIS fly by on their rounds.

The hills below are dotted with a "virtual fence" -- a line of 98' tall steel towers topped with NIGHTVISION CAMERAS and INFRARED SENSORS that rotate back and forth on a ninety second timer.

SUPER: *Five years later...*

INT. CALIFORNIA BORDER PATROL - OPERATIONS COMPLEX

A BORDER AGENT monitors an array of screens providing images from the towers. All's quiet on the western front, until --

A HEAT BLUR appears on one of the screens, speeding across the desert like a motherfucker. Heading straight for the border.

BORDER AGENT

What the f--

(grabs mic)

Tac 1100, I've got a heat signature northbound along Lagarto Ravine.

Some sort of vehicle.

One of the AW139's peels off to investigate.

TAC 1100 PILOT (OS)
Copy that, control. We're inbound
to intercept.

And off the grainy NV image of the heat blur --

MATCH CUT TO:

THE BORDER - MEXICO SIDE

It *is* a car hauling ass across the desert. A devil-red '09 Daytona, running with no lights and throttle full open.

But as we ANGLE AROUND we REVEAL that it's not just one car, but FIVE in formation so close that they give off only one signature.

They're alphabet soup of the sickest and fastest tuners on the market -- Evos. GTOs. NSXs.

The final car in the line is a primer-gray shadow -- a grim '71 DODGE DEMON. Exactly the type of muscle car Dominic Toretto would drive.

The thunder coming off the formation shakes us in our seats.

INT. LEAD CAR - DAYTONA

The driver hears the CBP communications over a scanner.

TAC 1100 PILOT (OS)
ETA, two minutes.

In response, the driver hits his NOS and -- FAWHOOM! -- lights up the night in BLUE FLAME.

SLAM BACK TO:

INT. CBP OPERATIONS COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

The Border Agent watches as the nightvision monitor registers the flash of flame. Then instantly -- WHOOM! WHOOM! WHOOM! -- four others do the same in perfect synchronization. A squad of ships jumping into hyperspace. They blast away at impossible speed, rocketing off one monitor's field of view and through another and another and another. The Agent has a hard time following them, until --

All five cars suddenly DISAPPEAR. It's as if the night just swallowed them whole.

BORDER AGENT

What th-- They just disappeared
from radar.

The Border Agent taps his monitor. Flips through screens.
Nothing.

BORDER AGENT (CONT'D)

Tac, I just lost 'em. Do you have
visual?

INT. CBP HELICOPTER - OVER THE BORDER

The AW139 screams over a hill and arrives on site...too late.
There's nothing moving on the desert floor below, no heat
signatures, as far as the eye can see.

TAC 1100 PILOT

Negative, control. There's nothing
out here.

And while they hover there, perplexed --

OUR POV jets away, skimming across the Mexican desert and
over the border to the U.S. side, where the desert floor is
completely flat and empty, until...

SFX: VROOOM!

Suddenly, the six cars REAPPEAR in the wastes, EXPLODING up
out of the desert floor and screaming across the sand.

In the vanguard, the DEVIL-RED DAYTONA leads the others in
formation to a highway, and then to:

EXT. SAN YSIDRO - A REMOTE HIGHWAY TURNOFF

The racers pull off the road, to a FREIGHT TRUCK that waits
in the dark.

The driver of the Daytona is the first to exit his vehicle.
FENIX is not a man to take lightly. His six-foot frame is
packed with hard and dangerous muscle. His blue eyes burn
with a savage, cold intelligence.

Fenix walks down the line as the other racers exit. When he reaches the final car, the Demon's door opens, but it's not Dominic Toretto that steps out, as we all assumed...but LETTY (Michelle Rodriguez), the tough and sexy love of Dom's life from the original film.

The drivers all pop their trunks, revealing large polymer containers within. Men gather the containers from the trunks and transfer them to the 18-wheeler.

When they're done, Letty turns to Fenix, who's sitting on the hood of his Daytona.

LETTY
(to Fenix)
We done here?

Fenix nods and tosses her a brick of cash. Letty snatches it out of the air, hops in the Demon and burns out of there. Fenix flips open his cellphone.

FENIX
Shipment's onboard.

Fenix listens as the voice on the other end speaks. It clearly has something to do with Letty, as Fenix turns to track Letty's taillights receding in the distance.

FENIX (CONT'D)
I'll take care of it.

Fenix slaps his phone shut, slides behind the wheel of his car. Guns his engine.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Letty's Demon blazes past a highway sign that reads:

Los Angeles - 170 mi.

And three seconds later, so does the Daytona. Lights off. Hunting her.

FADE TO:

EXT. MARICOPA COUNTY JAIL - ARIZONA - ESTABLISHING

SFX: The sound of metal clanging against metal. *Ca-chungg!*
Ca-chungg! Regular as a metronome.

EXT. REC YARD - JAIL - CONTINUOUS

PAN ACROSS the yard. Past knots of Aryan Brotherhood soldiers. Armenian Mafia. Crips. Bloods. Latin Kings.

Following the noise -- *Ca-chungg! Ca-chungg!* -- to someone pumping iron. We don't see his face, but he's pressing three 45-pound weights on each side of the bar. Two-hundred-and-seventy pounds. Again and again and again.

Gotta be Dom...

Across the yard, NOTICE a trio of Salvadoran gangbangers -- hitmen for the ultra-violent *Mara Salvatrucha*, or "Salvadoran Army Ants", street gang -- entering the yard.

As we watch, they PAY OFF a guard, who takes the cash and WANDERS away from his post. A hit is about to go down.

Finally finishing his set, the weightlifter sits up into FRAME -- and to our surprise it's not Dom, but:

BRIAN O'CONNOR

Bearded. Tattooed. So much darker and grittier, we can't help wonder what the hell happened to turn him so grim...

Brian CLOCKS the action as the executioners home in on a lone Mexican prisoner, JUVENAL.

THE SALVADORANS come in quick and fast, wicked improvised SHIVS made of MELTED PVC AND RAZOR BLADES appearing in their hands as they draw close. And just as the Maras STRIKE --

WHAM!! A 25-lb. weight plate SMASHES DOWN on the lead assassin's hand. *C-R-R-RUNCH!* Every bone in it shatters like glass.

The lead assassin YOWLS and Juvenal whips around, realizing the danger for the first time. Sees the Salvadoran hitmen turning their knives on his savior -- Brian.

LEAD SALVADORAN

Mátele!!

At his command, the assassins surge forward, but with gut-wrenching speed, Brian STEPS INTO the attack, BLOCKING one knife thrust with his weight plate and SHATTERING the blade, then whipping the plate up to SMASH #3 in the face with an iron uppercut.

3 goes down in a SPRAY OF BLOOD AND TEETH. KLAXONS around the yard go off, but Assassin #2 ignores it, bullrushing forward until -- *Oof!* -- Brian hurls the 25-lb. plate into his unprotected abdomen.

#2 crumples to his knees, then slams to his back as Brian knees him savagely in the face.

LEAD SALVADORAN (CONT'D)
You're dead! You're fucking dead,
cabrón!

Brian picks up the weight plate.

BRIAN
Keep talking.

Lifts it over his head, and just as he's going to smash it down --

Shotguns ROAR -- BLAM! BLAM! -- and a HAILSTORM of CROWD CONTROL BULLETS blast everyone in the place.

CORRECTIONS OFFICERS flood the yard, and as Brian is TACKLED to the ground and beat into submission, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

A DETENTION CELL - SEGREGATION BLOCK

Dark. The only light is from the crack in the door. Just about as close to hell as you wanna get.

Brian is zipcuffed, face down, eating cement.

A nervous voice repeats off-screen.

VOICE (OS)
*Jesucristo... Jesucristo...
Jesucristo...*

Finally, Brian can't take any more.

BRIAN
Shit, I'd known you'd be this
annoying, I would've let 'em shank
you.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Juvenal, the intended victim from the yard, zipcuffed next to him, scared shitless from the attack.

JUVENAL
They tried to kill me, homes!

BRIAN
If I were you, Bro, I'd just relax.

JUVENAL
Why is that?

BRIAN
Didn't you see those tats? *Mara Salvatrucha*. Salvadoran Army Ants. They just keep coming until the job is done.

Juvenal is stunned silent.

JUVENAL
And that's supposed to make me relax?

BRIAN
Sure.
(shrugs)
You're a dead man. Worrying ain't gonna change that. Enjoy the time you got left.

Juvenal looks like he wants to cry.

JUVENAL
I didn't do shit, man.

BRIAN
Well ya did something. Someone put a contract on you.

Brian turns his face away, trying to shut him out.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Now shut up, I'm trying to sleep.

JUVENAL
(to himself)
Park...
(long silence)
Fucking James Park sold me out!

...and that's when we ANGLE AROUND to REVEAL Brian's eyes are wide open and he's listening INTENTLY. In fact, we get the sense he was waiting for this info all along.

CUT TO:

THE WARDEN'S OFFICE - LATER

Hands zipcuffed behind his back, Brian is dragged in by two corrections officers. The Warden is waiting.

WARDEN
(dismissing the guards)
You can go.

When they're gone, the Warden shakes his head.

WARDEN (CONT'D)
Well, I will say this: you don't
got a lot of scare in you. Pretty
boy like you being tossed into
general pop. I'da shit my pants...

VOICE (OS)
What are you talking about, Bill?
Sonofabitch grew up in detention.

Now PULL BACK TO REVEAL that there are other men in the room as well. A team of FBI AGENTS. The voice belongs to Brian's fellow Agent and rival, BEN STASIAK

AGENT STASIAK
In fact, I bet he's homesick for it
already. Isn't that right,
O'Conner?

Their boss, SPECIAL-AGENT-IN-CHARGE PENNING, has had enough of their squabbling.

S.A.I.C. PENNING
(motions to one of his
men)
Someone cut Agent O'Conner loose.

A female agent, SOPHIE TRINH, cuts the zips from Brian's wrists. Penning turns his back to them, staring out the window at the prison yard below.

S.A.I.C. PENNING (CONT'D)
You had a suspect in protective
custody thrown into general
population. You spread a rumor
that got a hit put out on him by
the most violent gang in prison.
You almost got him and yourself
killed, and in the process sent
three prisoners to the I.C.U.

Penning turns and levels an icy stare at Brian.

S.A.I.C. PENNING (CONT'D)
You better tell me we got something
good after all that.

BRIAN
Juvenal was just a low-level
lieutenant. He didn't know
anything --

Stasiak is about to gloat.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
-- but he *did* give us a name.
"James Park". He's a scout for the
Braga cartel, recruiting local
talent to bring a shipment of high-
grade No. 4 heroin across the
border.

AGENT STASIAK
That's it? James Park? I could
throw a fortune cookie outside this
building and hit fifty James Parks.

AGENT TRINH
It's Korean, not Chinese.
Asshole...

S.A.I.C. PENNING
So what's the next step?

Brian shrugs.

BRIAN
Find Park, bust the bad guys.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOMINICAN REPUBLIC - DAY - AERIAL ESTABLISHING

A TITLE appears:

Santo Domingo - The Dominican Republic

We glide over the tiny island nation and down the coast,
until we FIND two '69 El Caminos cruising down a long, lonely
dirt road...

INT. LEAD EL CAMINO - CONTINUOUS

Chopped. Tuned. Bad-ass.

Two men ride inside. The passenger, TEGO, bobs his signature afro to the sexy beat of a REGGAETON TUNE. The driver looks stoically at the desolation out the window.

We recognize him as HAN from *Tokyo Drift*.

HAN

He lives all the way out here?

Tego nods.

TEGO

Just him and the snakes.

Eventually they pull off the road and park in front of --

A TINY, RUNDOWN SHACK

-- on a secluded beach. Han and Tego exit the lead Camino. MARCO (the greenhorn of the group) and FLORA (the sexiest gearhead we've ever seen), exit the other.

Together, they walk around the shack, to where a tarp has been tied off between the roof of the house and some trees, acting as a sunshade for the supercharged Buick GRAND NATIONAL that sits beneath it. The '87 GNX is so dark, so diabolical, there can be no doubt why *Car & Driver* magazine dubbed it "Darth Vader's Car".

Some GREASE MONKEY in coveralls is working beneath the car. His hand reaches out for a can of OIL.

Tego looks at the oil can sitting on the rack. Slaps a can of *Presidente* beer from the sixer he carries into the mechanic's hands instead.

TEGO

Yo, Papo, there you go.

There's a beat as hand disappears under the car. Then the crisp snap of the beer being opened. Guzzled. Two seconds later, the crumpled can comes skittering out from under the car.

Without a word, the hand reaches out for the oil can again. Tego sighs and hands it to him.

TEGO (CONT'D)

Some people here to see you,
carnal.

RATCHETING SOUNDS signal the mechanic has gone back to work.
Krriittch..krritttch..kriittch...

Han steps closer.

HAN

Got word of a shipment coming in.
Last one for the next six months.

(beat)

You want in? Standard rate, plus
ten percent of sales.

The ratcheting continues. *Krriittch..krritttch...*

FLORA

Forget this guy. We can get
someone else --

But Han dismisses her with a look, making it clear: there is
no one else good enough for this job.

HAN

All right, don't break my balls.
Fifteen percent of sales.

Now the ratcheting STOPS. The mechanic ROLLS OUT from under
the chassis, revealing:

DOMINIC TORETTO

five years since we last saw him escaping to Mexico at the
end of the original *Fast and Furious*. The years have honed
him into something stronger, harder, more dangerous than the
man we remember.

DOM

Let's go get some gas.

EXT. DOM'S BEACH HOUSE

Sand literally JUMPS as the National THUNDERS to life --
BRRRROOOOOOM! -- and in a shower of silica and smoke, rockets
away down the road.

Fuck Darth Vader. It's Dom's car now.

EXT. DOMINICAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Three vehicles sit atop a high bluff overlooking the hilly
country below: Dom's GNX and two BEEFED-UP, FLAT BLACK EL
CAMINOS with HITCH PLATES welded on the back.

All eyes are scanning the valley, and for long moments,
there's nothing... nothing... Then --

SFX: Like slow thunder, a noise starts to GROW in the wind. The ground starts to RUMBLE.

HAN is the first to see their quarry -- a set of headlights in the distance.

HAN

Train's in the station.

The lights get closer until we can see it's an 18-WHEELER speeding along. As it blasts past, we see what it's hauling: a sparkling, mirror-polished CITGO GASOLINE TANK.

And just as the oblong ass of the trailer goes by and we expect our team to start their pursuit...NOTICE a SECOND stainless steel GASOLINE TANK hitched to the first. And a THIRD behind that. And a FOURTH. And a FIFTH.

Now we see why Tego called it a train. This behemoth shipping truck is a CITGO LAND TRAIN.

DOM

Stares at the beauty of it. A shining chrome centipede hauling fifty thousand gallons of GASOLINE.

HAN

Okay, Dom. Your show.

Then slams the National in gear and puts the hammer down.

DOM

Let's go.

THE STEALTH-PAINTED CAMINOS

do the same, rocketing down the highway in arrowhead formation.

DOM (VO)

Okay, you know the drill. We hit it on the hill. Han --

INT. HAN'S LOWRIDER CAMINO

Han's behind the wheel. Tego readies some tools.

DOM (VO)

You're first hitch. Tego breaks. Marco --

INT. MARCO'S EL CAMINO

Junkyard chic. The greenhorn of the crew, MARCO, drives, while FLORA -- the hottest gearhead we've ever seen -- sits beside him.

DOM (VO)

If we got time before he reaches the top, you'll grab the second and Flora'll break you off.

She looks at Marco lecherously.

FLORA

Already did that twice today.

He grins and grabs her thigh. She slaps his face. It's a game they play.

EXT. DOMINICAN COUNTRYSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The racers close the gap on the land train, which jerks into a lower gear as it reaches the hill and starts to CLIMB.

INT. LAND TRAIN CAB

The driver (JOSE) munches on *chicharones*, alternating each bite with a suck from a packet of hot sauce.

SFX: A HISSING NOISE TO HIS RIGHT.

JOSE (SUBTITLE)

Yeah, yeah... I hear you.

José pulls a pork rind from the bag, squirt a dollop of sauce on it and hands it to his passenger...a GILA MONSTER curled up in the passenger seat.

It's so eager, it almost gets his finger as it snaps up the pork rind and munches away.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Greedy bitch...

As Jose drives on obliviously, we PUSH IN on his side mirrors, where we see three BLACK SHAPES ghosting up.

DOM'S TEAM

Pulls up behind the farthest tank back.

DOM
Han, you're up.

HAN
(turning to Tego)
You ready, T?

TEGO
Yep, yep.

Instantly, Han cranks the wheel and flips an insane 180. Continues screaming down the road in REVERSE...right up to the gas tanker.

As it closes in, now we see the CUSTOM HITCH welded onto the back of the El Camino.

DOM
(guiding him in)
Left... left... Punch it.

Han does and -- KACHUNKK! -- hooks up. Throws the car in neutral and lets the train pull him.

Now Tego scrambles out the Camino's rear window with a HAMMER and a SPRAY CAN and clambers up the trailer-tank's LADDER. Once on top, he crosses the tank and drops down to the DRAWBAR holding this tank to the one before it.

Working quickly, Tego sprays LIQUID NITROGEN on the drawbar. The metal COOLS. Becomes BRITTLE. And --

TEGO
(raising the hammer)
Sorry, baby.

Tego SMASHES down, SHATTERING the drawbar into a cascade of frozen metal pieces.

INT. LAND TRAIN CAB

Jose doesn't notice a thing as --

THE STOLEN TANK

separates from the rest of the train, Tego riding it as it starts to slow.

When gravity finally brings them to a halt, HAN slips the squat, supercharged Chevy into gear and pilots the tank and Tego off into the night.

DOM

Marco.

Now that we've seen how it's done, we can tell that Marco is not as skilled as Han. His 180 is a little wild and he has a hard time lining up the hitch.

DOM keeps an eye on the clock, watching as the land train nears the crest of the hill.

DOM (CONT'D)

Get in there, brother. We're running out of road.

MARCO

I got it, I got it --

It takes him a few tries, but Marco finally clicks in. Flora is out the back in a heartbeat, spider-climbing over the back of the fourth tank container.

But when she reaches the hitch...she keeps climbing. Over the back of the third tank as well.

DOM

No, Flora.

FLORA

Two for one. We can take it.

DOM

Get back in the car.

But FLORA pretends not to have heard. And as she climbs down the ladder between the tanks --

JOSE - IN THE LAND TRAIN'S CAB

Catches a glimpse of her --

JOSE

Oh shit --!

-- and YANKS the wheel back and forth, trying to shake her off.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Flora nearly slips, catching on and dangling by one hand. But Marco takes the worst of it at the tail of the train, his lowrider being WHIPPED BACK AND FORTH like a rat in a terrier's mouth.

DOM
Marco, cut loose!

MARCO
I'm not leaving Flora.

The land train ESCALATES its evasive maneuvers, SMASHING Marco's El Camino from one guardrail to the next.

ECU - THE CAMINO'S HITCH

After a particularly violent collision, the metal hitch SCREAMS and TWISTS out of shape.

BACK TO SHOT

Dom's Grand National bellows forward.

DOM
Cut loose!

MARCO
But --

DOM
I got Flora! DO IT NOW!

But when MARCO tries -- the hitch WON'T RELEASE. It's too bent out of shape.

MARCO
Shit...

WHAM! WHAMM!! Parts start popping off Marco's stealth-rider with each bone-jarring impact.

INT. LAND TRAIN CAB - CONTINUOUS

José yells into his CB.

JOSE (SUBTITLE)
Emergency! Emergency! I got
raiders on the 93 upgrade!

VOICE OVER CB
Get to the top! They can't take
you going downhill!

Jose STOMPS the gas and --

THE LAND TRAIN

-- starts moving like a sonofabitch.

Despite the sudden acceleration, FLORA makes her way to the drawbar between the second and third cars and goes to work with the liquid nitrogen.

Dom roars up beside her, engine shrieking like a high-octane force of nature.

DOM

Get in.

FLORA

(still working)

I can get it --

DOM

Flora, get in before I break your ass!

But suddenly -- BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! -- Dom's windshield EXPLODES as .45 slugs punch through, fired from the cab by the driver.

Dom reacts instantly, cursing and slamming on the brakes. Slotting in behind the cover of the tankers and pulling around on the other side.

Cruises up to Flora just as --

THE LAND TRAIN

Reaches the top of the hill.

DOM

Goddamn it.

FLORA drains white as she sees the STEEP DOWNGRADE coming...and redoubles her efforts to shatter the bar.

But Jose has his foot to the floor and the train speeds over the rise.

And starts downhill like a rocket just as --

CRRRRRAASH! Flora shatters the bar in a jangle of metal, severing the land train into two halves. Jose's cab races away down the hill, escaping with the two tanks still attached, while the two tanks Flora cut loose speed down the hill, dragging Marco behind.

As they bounce off the guardrails, the tanks JACKKNIFE back and forth, whipping Marco's Camino and tearing open a HUGE GASH in the aluminum skin of the tank.

Instantly a DELUGE OF GASOLINE starts to flow over Marco's lowrider and onto the road.

MARCO chokes and sputters in the noxious fumes. And as he stands on the brakes, VFX PUSH IN, following the pedal through the floor of the car to --

MARCO'S BRAKE PADS

-- where, unable to slow the careening tankers, the pads SMOKE, then disintegrate down to nothing. Become a shrieking shower of sparks as metal grinds against metal, dropping bright red-hot shavings onto the road...

...and into the river of gas.

EXT. HIGHWAY

FAWHOOOMPH! A hundred yards back, a glowing metal shaving ignites the trail of spilled gas into a WAVE OF BLUE FLAME.

And like an infernal tsunami, the flame SURGES FORWARD, chasing the source, closing in on --

MARCO, who sees it coming.

MARCO
Oh jesus god...

INT. GNX

Dom sees the wall of flame coming -- a deadly fuse racing up the road, burning down to the bomb.

Dom punches the shattered remains of his windshield out and yells at Flora, who's frozen in fear, staring at the advancing conflagration.

DOM
JUMP!

Dom bumps the GNX right up against the stampeding tanker.

DOM (CONT'D)
GODDAMN IT, JUMP!!

And she does. Right onto the hood, where Dom reaches through the gaping windshield and YANKS her through.

FLORA

Marco!

But Dom's already on it. Drops back and tries to line up for another car to car transfer -- but the careening trailers buck the chopped truck too wildly for Marcos to escape. They'd cut him in half if he tried.

The flame races closer. Forty yards... Thirty... Twenty...

Marco tries to wave them away, accepting his fate. Dom starts to pull away --

FLORA (CONT'D)

NO, YOU CAN'T LEAVE HIM!
MAAAAARCO!!

DOM

Quiet! I ain't going nowhere.

Dom drops back into position behind Marco and just to the side of the thick STREAM OF GAS pouring off Marco's hood. They're going so fast, the stream is airborne for a good thirty feet before splashing down onto the road.

The flame sears up the road, and just as it makes the leap into the air, Dom CUTS the wheel --

AND SEVERS THE AIRBORNE RIBBON OF GAS WITH HIS CAR SIX INCHES AHEAD OF THE FIRE!

The fire dies out behind the GNX. But the victory is short-lived as --

INT. MARCO'S EL CAMINO

-- Marco finally succumbs to the gas fumes.

DOM

Again tries to edge close to the Camino for a transfer, but the plan dies when he sees Marco PASSED OUT behind the wheel.

FLORA

Dom...?

Dom looks from Marco to where Flora is pointing. The bottom of the hill...and the RAVINE they're heading straight for.

And for once, Dom doesn't know what to do.

FLORA (CONT'D)

Dom!

And as the drop-off looms closer, Dom acts, PUNCHING THE NOS. The rear of the Grand National lifts up as it LAUNCHES heavily, blasting past the gas containers like they're standing still.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The GNX streaks down the hill. Screams to a stop at the bottom. Then reverses off the asphalt, perpendicular to the road.

The gas containers speed out of control toward the bottom. Toward the ravine. Dragging Marco toward certain doom.

And Dom just waits.

FLORA

What are you doing?

Dom's only response is to gun the idle engine -- BRRRRROOM!
BRRRRROOOOOOM!

The containers rumble closer. Closer. And at the last second --

Dom slam shifts gears, stomps the gas and streaks forward in a cloud of tire smoke to --

WHAAAAAAAAM!!!

-- T-BONE Marco's car, SHATTERING THE HITCH and FREEING the lowrider just as the gas containers SMASH through the guard rail and go tumbling off into the abyss!

Skidding to a stop at the edge of the cliff, Dom gets out and pulls Marco from his truck. Slings him over his shoulder as, behind him, the containers fall, SPARKING off the canyon wall and IGNITING, creating a WATERFALL OF FIRE all the way down the cliff face.

As Dom walks back, carrying Marco over his shoulder, the entire gorge ablaze behind him, Flora stares in wonder at Dom.

No one has ever looked so fucking cool as Dom does now.

FADE TO:

EXT. SANTO DOMINGO - INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - 3 AM

Music. Cash. Skin. And thunder.

An UNDERGROUND RACE MEET going full-tilt. Ultra-tuned cars and girls in ultra-short skirts pump life back into the heart of the long dead industrial sector of town, running the quarter-mile for money and respect.

As the music thumps, we PAN ACROSS the Carnival-esque scene to find Tego and some friends draped with women, partying like hell and one-upping each other with drunken freestyle raps, when DOM goes walking past.

TEGO

Yo, D! Afterparty at my crib.
Place is gonna be thick with
cositas!

The girls slap him in mock offense.

DOM

We'll see.

But it's clear he's only here for the money.

Dom keeps on walking, making his way to the freshly acquired GAS TANKER filling up a line of cars. Han's there, supervising that his operation is running smoothly.

Han tosses him a clipped wad of money as he nears.

HAN

Your share. Plus extra for your
car.

Dom nods.

HAN (CONT'D)

I dropped your name to Silvio.
Told him if he ever needed a
driver, to come to you. Keep his
mouth shut and pay you whatever you
ask for.

DOM

You skippin' out?

HAN

Got to. Simple economics.
Profit's drying up here.
(shrugs)

(MORE)

HAN (CONT'D)
Besides, time for a change of venue. Getting a little tired of rice and beans.

DOM
Where?

HAN
I don't know. Singapore. Hong Kong.
(beat)
I hear they're doing some crazy shit in Tokyo.

Dom nods.

HAN (CONT'D)
You're wasted here, you know. You ever decide you've had enough of this nickel and dime stuff, you look me up. We partner up... there's no ceiling to what we could make.

DOM
I'll think about it.

Dom and he pound fists. Just then, Tego comes running up.

TEGO
Yo, Dom! Dom!

DOM
I ain't goin' to your party, T --

But that isn't what Tego's talking about. He's holding out a CELLPHONE.

TEGO
You got a call.

DOM
No one I need to talk to.

Dom tries to walk off, but Tego steps in his way and shoves the phone into his hands.

TEGO
I think you want to take this one.
She says she's your sister...

Concern flashes across Dom's face. He puts the phone to his ear.

DOM

Mia..?

On the other end, Mia's voice cracks with emotion.

MIA (OS)

Dom, something's happened. It's Letty...

And though we don't hear the rest of the conversation, we don't have to as, in contrast to the party going on around him, Dom's face falls.

And his eyes slowly go dead.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUAREZ, MEXICO - DAY

Somewhere near the border...

A young rancher (CHUCO) leads Dom down a dusty lane, a gaggle of his children laughing and playing around them.

Chuco stops. Points to a battered garage down the way.

CHUCO

Esta alli.

Dom nods. Pays the man a stack of cash. Chuco hands him a key.

EXT. CHUCO'S GARAGE

Alone, Dom unlocks the door. Lifts up the rollgate, allowing shafts of sunlight in here for the first time in years.

Inside, we see a familiar shape -- a car obscured by a COVER.

Dom moves to the cover...and RIPS it off, REVEALING Dom's '70 SS CHEVELLE -- red with black stripes -- the same car we saw him driving in Baja at the end of the original *Fast and the Furious*. Chuco has stored it for him all this time.

Jason Bourne may have a locker in every country, but Dom's got a garage.

Dom nods at the monster car.

And off the sound of Dom's engine ROARING to life, SLAM TO:

EXT. EL PASO, TEXAS (INT'L BORDER CROSSING) - DAY

A line of vehicles stretches back a quarter-mile, waiting for entry. The city of Juarez sprawls behind them.

DOM sits behind the wheel of the CHEVELLE, five vehicles back in the line, sweating it a little. It's hot. Stagnant.

DOM'S POV - the sign "YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE UNITED STATES" is tantalizingly close. But so are GUARDS with guns.

BACK TO SHOT as Dom's turn arrives. He pulls up to the guard kiosk in the Chevelle.

BORDER GUARD

Passport?

Dom hands one over. The Guard checks it out. We NOTICE the name on it is an alias.

The Guard SCANS the photo through and waits as the computer SEARCHES through its records.

Suddenly the computer BINGS. As the Guard SCRUTINIZES the screen, Dom's foot moves to HOVER over the gas. His fingers drift to the NOS button.

And just as Dom is ready to hammer down both and the tension reaches its crescendo -

THE GUARD approaches his car...and hands Dom his passport back. Tips his hat and smiles.

BORDER GUARD (CONT'D)

Welcome to America, Mr. Alvarez.

And Dom disappears down the highway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - LOS ANGELES - SUNSET

A funeral... Mourners crying. A picture atop the casket reveals the deceased to be LETTY.

A gathering of racers are there. The community has turned out. At the center of them all, find MIA TORETTO (Jordana Brewster), weathering an internal emotional storm.

As the service proceeds, PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

DOM

-- who is forced to watch from a distance to avoid being spotted by UNDERCOVER COPS poorly secreted among the mourners. There is a tragic beauty to the scene: Letty's casket is only thirty yards away -- Dom wants to go to her, touch her one last time -- but he can't get any closer.

VOICE (O.S.)

You shouldn't be here, you know.

Dom turns to see Brian, cleaned up from when we last saw him in the prison, standing behind him. There's a tense moment.

BRIAN

You tripped a lot of alarms down at the border. Facial recognition software matched you about ten minutes after you passed through. They're looking for you.

DOM

Don't worry about me. I can spot a cop a mile away.

Dom points out the undercover cops in the crowd.

DOM (CONT'D)

Cop... Cop... Cop...

Then turns and stares Brian in the face.

DOM (CONT'D)

Cop.

It's a challenge.

DOM (CONT'D)

You here to take me in, O'Conner?

Dom turns his back on him, to show what he thinks of that idea. There's a quiet moment, then --

BRIAN

She was my friend, too.

DOM

You weren't anyone's friend.

BRIAN

I'm not the one who ran out on my crew.

Dom's voice gets low and dangerous.

DOM
Go away, O'Conner.

It's a threat.

The sun burns in a dramatic deep red behind them.

Brian goes nowhere.

BRIAN
When you left town, Letty tried to hold your shit together. The garage. The crew. She needed money so she started making runs across the border with a team working for Antonio Braga.

Dom says nothing.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
The guy's a major player down south. Three years ago nobody knew his name. Last year, he moved more heroin across the border than Escobar did in ten years. Uses tuner cars for mules. All this and no one has ever laid eyes on him. The Feds have been after him, but we can't touch him across the border.

DOM
We? You a Fed now, O'Conner?

Dom scoffs, but Brian meets his eyes.

BRIAN
I'm gonna get the guys who killed her, Dom.

DOM
Not if I get 'em first.

Dom turns to leave, but Brian steps in his way.

BRIAN
Don't do this. If you get in my way, I'll take you down.

The two eye each other over this declaration of war.

DOM
I'll die before I go back to prison.

Dom bulls past, slamming Brian with his shoulder.

DOWN BY THE CASKET

Mia gets a strange feeling, almost as if she *senses* her brother and Brian somewhere nearby. Turns to look in the direction where they just were...

But they're already gone.

FADE TO:

EXT. TORETTO FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

The infamous tuner haven established in the original. A light is on inside. A cop car is out front, staking out the place...

BUT AROUND BACK

Dom climbs over a fence and enters through the back door.

INT. TORETTO HOME - CONTINUOUS

Mia is inside, boxing up the remnants of Letty's life. A noise makes her turn. Dom's silhouette fills the doorway.

MIA

Dom..?

There's a frozen moment. Then she moves to him, collapsing into her brother's arms and begins to sob.

DOM

Shhh... It's okay...

Dom holds her close, just like their father would have if he was still alive.

Mia's relieved that her big brother's there, but terrified at the same time.

MIA

I told you not to come. They're staking the place out. If they catch you--

DOM

They won't.

MIA

I can't lose Letty and you, Dom.
My heart can't take it.

DOM

I promise you won't.

As Dom holds her, his eyes drift around the house. At the life that used to be his. Photos of better times adorn the walls. Pictures of the crew. Of family. Of Letty.

But when his gaze sweeps through the house and into the garage, he isn't prepared for what he sees.

DOM'S SIGNATURE CAR,

the car that he wrecked out at the end of FF1 -- the infamous 1970 CHARGER -- sits in the center of the shop floor like a beast resurrected from the dead.

Someone's been rebuilding it, but it's not yet complete.

For a moment, he just stares at the car that killed his father. *The car that almost killed him...*

MIA feels Dom's body tighten. Knows what he's seeing.

MIA

Letty wouldn't let them junk it...

Mia steps back to allow her brother to go to it.

MIA (CONT'D)

...even though it is a goddamn
curse.

Dom moves to the Charger. Hands reaching out, he touches it. Feels its mended skin. The hammered metal. Absorbing through his fingers all the pain and loss of life forever trapped in this tragic mass of cursed steel...

It's a powerful moment.

MIA (CONT'D)

Took her a year to rebuild it. You
could always find her in here.
Every night. Working late.
Disassembling. Stripping metal.
(beat)
A lot of people tried to give her a
hand, but she wouldn't let them.
Know why?

Dom looks up from the car at his sister.

MIA (CONT'D)

She said this was all she had left of you. And working on it made her feel like, no matter where you were, she was with you. She wouldn't share that with anyone.

It's too much. Too much for Dom to bear, so he just lets the information wash over him.

MIA (CONT'D)

She wanted it ready for when you came home.

Guilt-ridden, Dom looks to his sister. There's a moment between them.

DOM

I want to see the crash site.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - PENNING'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Penning shovels raw almonds into his mouth as he talks. Protein Bar wrappers litter his desk.

On a whiteboard behind him is a hierarchy of Braga's organization -- photos of JUVENAL, FENIX, CAMPOS and other players. The name "Braga" is at the top of the pyramid, without an accompanying photo because the guy's *that* elusive.

Brian and Trinh stand to the side.

S.A.I.C. PENNING

I just got off the phone with Deputy Director Lawson. If we don't make significant inroads into the Braga case in the next 72 hours they're gonna shut us down.

AGENT TRINH

I know I'm a newbie here, but why the clock now?

S.A.I.C. PENNING

Because it's been two years and the last three agents we've sent to infiltrate his organization have come back in bodybags!

(MORE)

S.A.I.C. PENNING (CONT'D)
We don't have a picture, we don't
have prints. Not even a goddamned
D.O.B. Five million dollars of
federal funding and the guy's still
a ghost.

Penning crumples his empty bag of almonds and hurls it across
the room in frustration.

S.A.I.C. PENNING (CONT'D)
So help me out here, people. We
got one more time around to reach
the brass ring. What's the latest
on James Park? He's our ticket
into the Braga Organization.

AGENT TRINH
We're running the name through city
and county databases. Sorting
through possibles. We got over
five hundred already.

S.A.I.C. PENNING
Sounds like another jerk off.

Brian speaks up.

BRIAN
It's not.
(to Trinh)
Cross-check against traffic.
Illegal mods, street racing. This
guy will definitely have a record.
We'll find him.

S.A.I.C. PENNING
We better.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Brian and Trinh exit the building, walking to their cars.

AGENT TRINH
He's pissed.

BRIAN
Believe me, you had to eat all that
high fiber, low protein shit his
wife makes him eat, you'd be hating
life too.

Brian reaches his car -- a bad-ass midnight blue NISSAN
SKYLINE. This pony's built for speed.

Just then, Stasiak rolls up in his government car. Shouts out the window --

AGENT STASIAK

Just got a tip on your boy Toretto!
Gonna bring his ass in.

Brian looks skeptically at Stasiak's eggshell green FORD TAURUS. Shakes his head.

BRIAN

Not in that car you ain't.

And as Stasiak burns out of there --

CUT TO:

EXT. A SHITTY NEIGHBORHOOD OUTSIDE OF L.A. - NIGHT

A POLICE CAR prowls through the asphalt jungle...

When it passes, Dom and Mia exit from the Chevelle we didn't notice concealed in the shadows of an alley.

MIA

It's just ahead there.

DOM

Give me a minute. Keep an eye out.

DOM

walks to the crash site. The neighborhood ain't great. Street lights are out. Gang graffiti everywhere.

A hell of a place for Letty to die...

Steeling himself, Dom takes in the few PRAYER CANDLES and FLOWERS that mark the spot.

Then turns his attention to the road. A madhouse collage of SKID MARKS decorate the asphalt like an insane tattoo.

With an almost mystical skill, Dom blocks out every other mark on the road and focuses only on the Demon's stuttering SKID PATTERN.

Dom starts at an UNUSUAL MARK that moves perpendicular with the road. As he stares at it, MENTALLY RECONSTRUCTING what happened, we see a TINY SNIPPET of--

FLASHBACK - THE ACCIDENT. A car making contact with the Demon's rear quarterpanel and trying to spin it out. Letty STOMPS the gas in response, trying to correct the spin and laying down --

ANOTHER SKID MARK. Dom follows it, tracing the cascade of events, seeing FLASHBACKS of each link in the accident chain as he comes across each piece of evidence. Time SLOWS. Noise FADES. It's just Dom and the street.

FROM THE CHEVELLE

Mia watches as her brother deciphers the language of the road. Spots a NEON YELLOW RESIDUE on the ground. Dips his fingers in it. Smells it. Identifies it.

BACK TO SHOT

When Dom reaches the final point of impact, he turns...and now ENVISIONS the entire crash.

An IMAGINARY VERSION of the Demon screams down the street toward him -- looking absolutely real -- pursued by an equally realistic DAYTONA that spins her out. The Demon tumbles and WRECKS OUT inches in front of him.

As if in a daze, Dom angles around the wrecked apparition... and sees a FIGMENTAL VERSION OF LETTY trapped inside. In pain.

It's a poignant moment. And just as Dom and the Imaginary Letty MEET EYES --

SFX: SCREEEECH! Dom turns to see four GOVERNMENT VEHICLES scream around the corner.

But by the time Dom glances back, the spell has been broken. The ghostly version of Letty and the wrecked Demon ARE GONE.

IN THE LEAD CAR - STASIAK'S FORD TAURUS

Stasiak sees Dom standing in the road.

AGENT STASIAK

There!

DOM

glares at the approaching Feds and races to his car.

MIA

What are we gonna do?

DOM

Hold on.

Dom GUNS the big block engine as the swarm of FEDS scream up, sirens shrieking, trying to BOX THEM IN.

As the trap slams shut and, where anyone in their right mind would hit their brakes in fear, Dom does the opposite -- slamming the car in gear and showing them what a muscle car is all about. Tires SCREAM, rubber VAPORIZES, and the Chevelle flies STRAIGHT AT THE FEDS! And just as the cars are about to collide --

The Chevelle WHIPS AROUND and slides SIDEWAYS -- shooting right through an angled GAP between the Government cars with NO ROOM TO SPARE! So close, the Chevelle's bumper GOUGES A HUGE SHRIEKING FURROW down the body of Stasiak's Taurus!

AGENT STASIAK

Holy sh--!!

The Chevelle threads the needle and throttles FULL-OPEN, THUNDERING out of the trap and around the corner, disappearing into the night beyond...

FADE TO:

EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Brian walks up a graffiti-covered stairwell, returning home for the night.

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

SFX: KEYS IN THE LOCK.

Then the door opens and Brian steps in. He'd turn on the lights, except the spill from the street lights through the window is enough.

Besides, there's nothing in here to see. No real furniture, other than BOXES OF CASE FILES. No pictures. Brian's apartment is as empty as his life.

Brian throws his gun and his badge on the kitchen counter.

SAME SHOT - MINUTES LATER

A TV with terrible reception is on in the background...

Brian's eating his dinner -- a bowl of cold cereal -- flipping through the James Lee files.

HOLD ON this sad little scene. Brian eating his cereal, in the dark, alone.

If Dom and Mia's previous scene was one of reuniting family, this picture is the utter absence of one...

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVELLE - MOMENTS LATER

Driving back to the house. Dom is quiet, his mind still back at the crash site. Mia makes small talk.

MIA

Neighborhood has changed so much. The Hansons, the Moseleys and the Ellises moved out. Isabel sold her shop...

But Dom doesn't respond. He has other things on his mind. And she knows it.

MIA (CONT'D)

You found something back there, didn't you?

DOM

Maybe.

(beat)

Virgil still run his chop shop in Silverlake?

MIA

I don't know. I've been out of that world for a long time. Why?

DOM

There was residue on the ground. Guy who killed Letty was running Nitromethane. Almost impossible to get out here. Probably only three guys in the State could lay their hands on it, and only one in L.A.

Dom gets a steely look in his eye. Mia sees it.

MIA
Listen, Dominic... If I were
Letty, I would ask you-- no, I'd
beg you:
(meets his eyes)
Please let this go.

Dom considers, but just then they round the corner -- and Dom kills his lights. TWO COP CARS and the gouged Taurus are at the top of the block, clustered around their family home.

DOM
Let me take you somewhere else --

But Mia opens the door.

MIA
No.
(stepping out)
I didn't do anything wrong. I'm
not going to run from my problems.

DOM
Like your brother?

MIA
I didn't say that.

DOM
You didn't have to.

Mia leans in and kisses him on the cheek.

MIA
Be careful, Dom.

And she turns and walks off toward the house.

As Dom drives off, TRACK WITH Mia. When she reaches her driveway, the scratched Taurus' door opens and Stasiak steps out.

AGENT STASIAK
Miss Toretto? Let's have a chat.

And as Stasiak takes her by the elbow --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - MORNING

Brian's just arrived and is heading toward his desk, when suddenly he stops short, SPOTTING something across the hall.

Through the Plexiglas window of a holding cell, Brian sees MIA being questioned by Stasiak. She looks tired, like she's been there all night.

Brian picks up a phone off a nearby desk. Dials.

BRIAN

This is Forsythe in Evidence. We need Stasiak to come down and sign some greenies. Yeah, right away.

Brian hangs up and watches as a JUNIOR AGENT enters the cell. Stasiak gets the bogus message and exits.

The moment he's gone, Brian enters the cell. Mia looks up, shocked.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(to Junior Agent)

I'm transferring the witness.

And without another word, Brian takes Mia by the arm and escorts her out.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The second they're outside, Mia shrugs her arm away from Brian. Starts walking off.

BRIAN

Mia..! Mia, wait up.

MIA

Screw you, Brian. A little late to ride back in on a white horse.

BRIAN

Hey, I just got you out of a 72-hour hold. You want to go back in there with that asshole?

MIA

Or stand out here with this one?

Mia stares at him.

MIA (CONT'D)

What do you want, Brian?

BRIAN

To buy you a cup of coffee.

Mia broods. Then --

MIA

One cup.

FADE TO:

EXT. SILVERLAKE CHOP SHOP - LATE NIGHT

Mangy rotties run around some stripped car husks...

INT. CHOP SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The owner, a greasy gearhead by the name of VIRGIL, is working under a Z -- when suddenly his dolly is YANKED out from beneath the car.

VIRGIL

What the f--

Dom looms above him like the Grim Reaper.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

Toretto..?!

DOM

I'm looking for a car you did an engine mod on. Added a Nitromethane tank to a Chrysler B-body platform running on Toyo R1s.

VIRGIL

Who the fuck you think you are?
This ain't your scene anymore.
You're a dinosaur. You don't mean
shit to nobody --

Virgil tries to get up, but Dom STOMPS down on his chest, pinning him to his dolly, then slides him beneath an ENGINE BLOCK dangling on a winch chain. Hits a button -- and the engine block DROPS like a ton of bricks.

Virgil SCREAMS as the block descends to crush his head --

And is still screaming when he realizes it's STOPPED. Opens his eyes to see it dangling an inch above his face. Dom is HOLDING it, the muscles in his arm BULGING AND STRAINING with the incredible effort. Inhuman strength.

And despite it all, Dom's voice remains deadly calm as he repeats himself for the one and only time.

DOM

I'm looking for a car you did an engine mod on. Nitromethane tank. Chrysler platform with Toyo tires.

Terrified, Virgil hesitates.

DOM (CONT'D)

Better speak up. Don't know how much longer this dinosaur can hold this.

And as the engine starts to slip --

VIRGIL

Korean kid brings it in! James Park! Red hemi Daytona! *Please don't fucking drop that!!*

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Brian and Mia sit in uncomfortable silence. Finally, Mia sets down her half-empty cup.

MIA

I'm almost done. You don't get a refill.

(beat)

Tell me why you dragged me here, Brian.

Brian searches for the right words. Comes up empty. He doesn't do vulnerable well. Defaults back to cop mode.

BRIAN

They're gonna catch him, Mia. And they're gonna use a wide net to do it.

(beat)

Stay away from Dom.

MIA

That's it? That's all you have to say after five years?

Brian falls silent, fiddling with a bracelet on his wrist. It betrays his nervousness.

BRIAN

What I did...what I did to you...it was the hardest thing I ever had to do.

He means this. And Mia sees it.

MIA

I'm sorry, Brian... I'm so sorry it was hard for you to come into my home and pretend you loved me. I'm sorry it was hard for you to tear my family apart and destroy everything I ever cared about.

(glaring)

I'm so sorry it's been so hard for you.

Mia rises to leave, but turns back at the door.

MIA (CONT'D)

Tell me one thing: when you had Dom...when you could've taken him to jail...why did you let him go?

Brian looks like he's about to answer her, but then stops himself.

BRIAN

I don't know.

MIA

See, that's the thing. Whatever my brother did, however bad you think it was, he did it for family.

(beat)

You took all that down and you don't even know why.

And Mia walks out the door.

BRIAN

Shit...

Just then his phone rings.

AGENT TRINH (OS)

It's Trinh.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CYBER LAB - MINUTES LATER

Agent Trinh sits at the nexus of a bank of federal computers giving Brian the rundown.

AGENT TRINH

I got the cross-checks on James Park back and have a list of possibles.

BRIAN

Run 'em down.

AGENT TRINH

Take a look. We got a 45-year-old male in a '06 Scion with three reckless driving tickets --

BRIAN

No.

AGENT TRINH

Another in an '01 Chevy Tahoe with an illegal mod --

BRIAN

No.

AGENT TRINH

Two mini coopers: '06 and '07. A Toyota Hybrid --

BRIAN

Definitely no.

AGENT TRINH

18-year-old with a new Charger. I've got a '98 Saturn, a '95 Sebring, a '99 Sylvania --

BRIAN

Stop. That's our guy.

AGENT TRINH

How can you be sure?

BRIAN

'Cause it's what I'd drive.

EXT. KOREATOWN - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A city within a city. Seoul in the heart of the Mid-Wilshire district...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR

Dom arrives on the second floor of the complex and walks to apartment #217. Tries the door. Locked. So he steps back and -- WHAM! -- smashes the door off its hinges with one ungodly kick from his size twelve.

INT. JAMES PARK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dom walks in, calm as an executioner.

The man inside, JAMES PARK, jumps to his feet. His dog -- the biggest, meanest PITBULL we've ever seen explodes at Dom; sixty pounds of snarling and snapping rage. But as it leaps to tear out his throat--

-- Dom deftly PIVOTS and SNATCHES it by the loose skin on the back of its neck. Carrying it like a puppy, Dom tosses it into the kitchen and locks it in.

With the dog growling and clawing at the door behind him, Dom turns on James Park.

JAMES PARK

You have no idea the world of hurt you just entered. Do you have any idea who I a--

But Dom grabs him and HURLS him against the wall. SMASH!

DOM

Daytona running Nitro. Whose car is it?

JAMES PARK

What's it to you?

Dom doesn't respond. Picks him up and hurls him into another wall. Plaster cracks like an earthquake fault. SMAAAAASH!

Dom advances on him again, but James Park holds up a trembling hand.

JAMES PARK (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa, wait! It ain't my car. I'm just a middleman.

But just then, behind them --

SFX: THE UNMISTAKABLE SOUND OF A SHOTGUN BEING RACKED

Dom turns to see James Park's neighbor, a 6'2" KOREAN TOUGH standing in the doorway, shotgun aimed.

JAMES PARK (CONT'D)

Like I said, you have no idea the world of hurt you just entered.

Dom casually kicks open the kitchen door.

Instantly, the pitbull from Hell comes raging out, locking onto the first threatening thing it sees -- the man with the shotgun.

Like a sixty-pound torpedo, the dog leaps on the Korean Tough and sinks its jaws into his bicep. The Tough SCREAMS, the shotgun goes off into the ceiling -- KABOOOOM!

SFX: CRRRAAAASHH!

At the sound of shattering glass Dom spins around to see James Park leaping through the apartment window and onto the fire escape.

DOM

Motherfu--

Dom reaches after him, but James Park LEAPS across to the fire escape of the building across the alley. MATCH TO:

INT. BRIAN'S CAR ('98 SKYLINE GT-R) - SAME TIME

pulling up to the apartment complex. He has just enough time to note Park's aggressively-styled S15 SYLVIA out front, when:

James Park FLIES OVERHEAD, jumping from fire escape to fire escape!

BRIAN

What the--?

Then another figure FLIES through the air -- DOM.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Aw, *shit*..!

And Brian throws his Skyline into REVERSE and hammers the gas, following the second-floor chase from the street.

THE CHASE - INTERCUT DOM/BRIAN/JAMES PARK

A *Point Break*-style gritty chase through Koreatown...

JAMES PARK runs through startled Koreans' apartments, then hauls balls along the long balcony.

DOM keeps up, an implacable golem, --

BRIAN rounds the corner in reverse, just as James Park jumps down from the second floor behind him. As James Park attempts to run, Brian puts the Nissan into a slide and INTENTIONALLY SMACKS HIM BROADSIDE to knock him down -- but James Park rolls with the blow and keeps running.

Then WHAM! Something huge lands on the hood of Brian's car. Huge feet CRUMPLING the Skyline's hood. DOM leaping from the balcony.

Then the shocks spring back up as Dom jumps off and hauls after James Park.

BRIAN

HEY --!

Brian throws his door open and takes off after them, joining the footchase.

This is where we get to see the difference in their styles as THEY ONE-UP EACH OTHER to draw closer to James Park.

BRIAN ("The Fast") has spent a lot of time on the force in foot pursuits, so he pours on the steam and stays on James Park's heels. He's like a cheetah running down prey.

DOM ("The Furious"), on the other hand, is more like a rabid grizzly. He takes every wild shortcut -- smashing through fences instead of climbing over and cutting through an:

INTERNET GAMING CAFE

where a dozen Korean teens look up from playing *Starcraft* and *Counterstrike* to see Dom charging through at full speed.

EXT. STREET - JAMES PARK

is running hard. Brian hot on his heels. And just as he risks a glance back --

DOM explodes from the Internet cafe RIGHT NEXT TO HIM!

James Park pivots and narrowly avoids them both by dashing into:

A KOREAN BBQ RESTAURANT

Patrons yell as James Park runs through, leaping across table tops to put distance between himself and his pursuers. Stumbles and -- SIZZZZZ! -- slips onto one of the burners.

Clutching his side, James Park stumbles out the back of the restaurant and up the building's stairwell.

Dom and Brian split off in different directions: Brian chasing James up the stairs, while Dom races off down the hall.

Soon, James reaches --

THE ROOFTOP

The place is laden with materials for repairs. As James explodes out of the stairwell, he quickly turns and uses a section of 2X4 to WEDGE the door shut.

BRIAN hits the door at full speed and -- WHAM! -- is rebuffed. Slams his shoulder into it again and again, but the 2X4 holds.

Satisfied, James turns to run and is just about to get away when -- WHUMPP! -- is CLOTHESLINED by an arm that appears around the corner. He hits the rooftop hard, gasping for breath.

Then a shadow appears over him. Dom.

Without fanfare, Dom picks him up -- and TOSSES HIM OVER THE SIDE! James Park SCREAMS --

JAMES PARK
AAAAAAUUUUGHHH!

-- until he stops short only a couple feet down. Dom has stopped his fall, holding him HIM by the feet above the chasm.

JAMES PARK (CONT'D)
Please! Help me up!

Dom locks eyes with him. He's only going to ask once.

DOM
(measured)
Who was driving the car and where
do I find him?

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME TIME

Still stuck, Brian draws his gun and FIRES -- BLAM! BLAM! -- shattering the 2X4 and slamming out onto the rooftop where he sees:

Dom holding James Park over the abyss. It looks like he's threatening to drop him.

Dom's arm trembles with the effort of holding James Park.

JAMES PARK
That's all I know, I swear! Please
bring me up!

But Dom shakes his head.

DOM
I don't think so.

And just as Dom's about to drop him --

The cold metal "o" of a gun barrel presses up against the back of Dom's head.

BRIAN
Don't do it.

When Dom hesitates, Brian cocks his gun.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Bring him up!

Dom takes a deep breath and looks down at James Park.

DOM
Looks like it's your lucky day.

And Dom LIFTS. Gritting his teeth through the strain, he raises James Park back onto the roof. Drops him unceremoniously onto the composite rooftop. James Park just lays there, trembling.

All around, sirens start closing in. Brian peeks over the edge to see black and whites closing in from all sides.

But when he turns back...Dom is already gone.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Brian is walking a handcuffed James Park into booking when suddenly --

WHAM! Stasiak appears out of nowhere, SLAMMING Brian into the wall in a rage.

AGENT STASIAK
*IF YOU EVER RELEASE A WITNESS OF
MINE AGAIN, I WILL PERSONALLY FUCK
YOU UP. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME? I
SAID, DO YOU UNDERSTAND M--*

But he doesn't get to finish as Brian SLIPS THE HOLD with shocking speed and SMASHES Stasiak's head into the booking desk. Again and again.

James Park looks around paralyzed, awkward, unsure what to do.

But soon everyone PILES IN on top of Brian. With a mighty effort, they pull him off. Stasiak's head is a bloody mess.

Penning appears -- a paragon of authority.

S.A.I.C. PENNING
That's enough.

AGENT STASIAK
You're through, O'Conner!

S.A.I.C. PENNING
I said that's enough!
(beat)
Stasiak, go clean yourself up.

AGENT STASIAK
(through a swollen face)
He attacked me --

S.A.I.C. PENNING
This ain't the boy scouts! Get out
of here, you're bleeding on my
floor!

Brian watches Stasiak go. Penning turns to him.

S.A.I.C. PENNING (CONT'D)
O'Conner, do you know the
difference between a cop and a
criminal?

BRIAN
What?

S.A.I.C. PENNING
One bad judgement call. Keep your
shit in line, son.

Penning turns to leave, but stops before James Park.

S.A.I.C. PENNING (CONT'D)

Tell him everything you know.

(confidentially)

If he did that to a cop, what do you think he's gonna do to a scumbag like you?

James Park looks like he's going to piss his pants.

HARD CUT TO:

STASIAK'S FACE

Busted nose. Bandages.

Now WIDEN TO REVEAL we are:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - BRIEFING ROOM - LATER

Filled with young, bright-eyed agents. Among them, O'Conner stands out like a sore thumb. If these kids all went to Ivy League, Brian was the one they sent to detention.

S.A.I.C. PENNING

It's game time. We finally got a break.

(beat)

Braga's hired six additional drivers in the last week to move a substantial shipment of heroin into town.

As Penning continues, he points at a photo on the board.

S.A.I.C. PENNING (VO) (CONT'D)

The person in charge of this recruiting effort is Jorge Campos, the #2 man in Braga's organization. He runs Transpo and Logistics for Braga stateside, and the fact that he's overseeing this run personally means that it's pretty fucking important.

Penning turns to a map on the wall of greater LA.

S.A.I.C. PENNING (CONT'D)

We have intel that Campos will be at a street race in Cerritos tonight to fill the last slot on his team. Our newest informant, Mr. James Park, has been kind enough to secure us a spot in the race, but the only way onto the team is to win.

Penning turns and nods to Brian.

S.A.I.C. PENNING (CONT'D)

And that's where Agent O'Conner comes in. Local law enforcement is assisting with a tuner car taken from impound. We'll have a tracking device put on so we can monitor his movements remotely.

BRIAN

I'll use my own car.

S.A.I.C. PENNING

You'll use what you're assigned.

BRIAN

My car is faster than every one of those impound buckets.

S.A.I.C. PENNING

You haven't even seen the cars yet. How could you possibly know that?

BRIAN

They all got caught.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - SERIES OF SHOTS

Dom does what he can to alter the identity of the city's most-wanted car.

-- Switches out license plates

-- Yanks the fins off the car.

-- Wearing a re-breather, Dom sands the Chevelle's paint down to primer.

When he's done, the car looks completely different -- like a sinister alter-ego of itself.

Dom climbs in. Guns the engine. And one thing becomes unmistakably clear --

Dom is ready for war.

CUT TO:

THE PRE-ARRANGED MEETING PLACE

The updated, bad-ass version of the race scene from the original film.

BRIAN pulls in with a slew of other cars. Two dozen are there already. More materialize from the dark.

Brian parks and exits his vehicle. Clocks the scene. NOTES the six racers Campos already hired onto the team standing to the side. We recognize them from Penning's photoboard.

One in particular, an annoying Eminem-wannabe named DWIGHT, is bragging to a hot girl. He holds up a distinctive HANDHELD GPS.

DWIGHT

...see this GPS? It means Dwight's already on the fucking team.

(points at Brian walking by)

See that ricer? That ricer wants what Dwight's got.

Soon, a tricked-out G35 pulls up and three people get out: the hulking Fenix, an incredibly sexy Brazilian girl (GISELE), and a young Hispanic racer that looks like any one of the tuner kids we've seen all night -- CAMPOS.

The trio walks down the line of prospective racers, checking the cars, the drivers.

When they reach Brian, Gisele frisks him, lingering a little around the crotch.

GISELE

He's clean.

Campos nods to Fenix, who steps up and pops the hood of Brian's Skyline. Scans the engine.

FENIX

Spearco intercooler. HKS turbo and wastegate. Exedy triple carbon clutch. Factory airbox --

BRIAN

Nah, that's just for the cops, bro.
Check underneath.

Fenix does -- and sees a sweet RAM AIR KIT concealed there.

FENIX

Scratch that. Two Walbro pumps and
four 1000cc injectors.

Fenix nods, impressed despite himself.

FENIX (CONT'D)

It's fast.

BRIAN

Fast enough.

Campos considers.

CAMPOS

We'll see.

EXT. RACE SCENE - MINUTES LATER

Campos addresses the crowd of gathered street racers.

CAMPOS

So this is how it works: You're
looking for work, I know someone
who needs drivers. I've got one
spot left open. The pay is good,
probably more than you make in a
year, but you're going to have to
earn it.

(beat)

There will be one race. The winner
gets the slot on the team.

An ASIAN RACER raises a hand.

ASIAN RACER

Who's closing off the streets?

CAMPOS

No one.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Brian guides his car to the line, where four other hopefuls
wait, engines growling.

The cars REV, and just as the race is about to start --

ONE MORE CAR cruises up to the line, right next to Brian.
Brian looks over and sees --

DOM

sitting behind the wheel of his Chevelle like an automotive
god of war.

ONE OF THE SIX RACERS ALREADY ON CAMPOS'S TEAM,

a hotshot African-American named MALIK, can't believe what
he's seeing.

MALIK

Yo, yo, check it, that's Toretto!

TASH, an Asian tuner, laughs.

TASH

Man, you crazy, that ain't him. He
died in Mexico or some shit.

The youngest of the team, a baby-faced racer named AIDAN, has
no idea what they're arguing about.

AIDAN

Who?

MALIK

Dominic Toretto. My brother said
he saw him run a 7-second, back in
the day. Man...

(in awe)

I can't wait to smoke his ass.

BRIAN

is pissed that Dom is about to fuck up his plans. There's a
look between the two of them. It's clear neither are going
to back down.

DOM

You know, last time you and I
raced, you ended up owing me a ten-
second car.

BRIAN

That was a long time ago. Things
have changed.

DOM

We'll see.

Dom GUNS the Chevelle's engine. Brian REVS his back, aching for this rematch ever since his ignominious defeat to Dom in FF1.

And when Campos gives the word -- they're off!

THE RACE

Muscle car vs. import.

Through "live" city streets. It's fast and dangerous and requires every ounce of skill the racers have.

DOM AND BRIAN drive like hell, blowing everyone else away early on.

[NOTE: THIS RACE WILL BE A SIGNATURE PIECE. AMAZING ACTION IN A FRESH, EXCITING SETTING. EVERY BEAT IN THIS RACE WILL UNDERSCORE THE DIFFERENCE IN OUR TWO LEADS: BRIAN ("THE FAST") IS QUICK AND DECISIVE, WHILE DOM ("THE FURIOUS") WILL DO ANYTHING TO WIN. BUT MORE THAN ANYTHING, WATCHING DOM AND BRIAN RACE AGAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FIVE YEARS WILL GET THE FANBOY IN ALL OF US CHEERING.]

Quickly, the race becomes just about Dom and Brian. Each willing to give anything to beat the other.

Just like old times.

Dom leads the race...until the very end when Brian, amazingly, begins to PULL AHEAD. Dom tries to regain the lead, but can't. Brian's gonna win. But just as they near the finish line, Dom CLIPS Brian's car and puts him into a MASSIVE TAILSLIDE, doing whatever it takes to win.

Dom wins the race.

Brian storms up afterward.

DOM

You've definitely learned some things while I was gone...but you still ain't a finisher.

BRIAN

What, you can't beat me straight up?

DOM
I didn't know there was a rule
book.

Campos tosses Dom a HANDHELD GPS unit.

CAMPOS
You work for Braga now. When it
calls, you come.

GISELE, the incredibly hot Brazilian girl, steps up.

GISELE
Driver's license.

Dom hands it over.

GISELE (CONT'D)
Thumb.

Dom's confused...until she holds out a small FINGERPRINT
READER. Dom sticks out his thumb and gets SCANNED.

GISELE (CONT'D)
Cellphone number.

Dom looks at her questioningly.

GISELE (CONT'D)
The first two were for Campos.
(sly smile)
The number's for me.

Dom looks to Brian and shrugs, winning the slot and once
again leaving Brian's investigation D.O.A.

Brian is pissed. As he storms away, Dwight can't resist a
final taunt.

DWIGHT
Muscle beats import every time.

And Brian gets a glint of determination in his eye...

CUT TO:

INT. DWIGHT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

There's people there. Drinking. Playing videogames. A girl
dances on a pole Dwight had installed thinking it was a
sophisticated idea.

Dwight's hitting on the pole dancer, and everyone's enjoying themselves in a white trash kind of way when --

WHAM!! The front door is KICKED IN and a kevlar-clad POLICE ASSAULT TEAM storms the room. Yanks Dwight off the dancer and pins him to the ground. Cuffs his hands.

DWIGHT
WHAT THE HELL--?! DWIGHT DIDN'T DO
NOTHIN'!

The ASSAULT TEAM LEADER, whose face is obscured beneath a protective mask, speaks up.

ASSAULT TEAM LEADER
You're under arrest for trafficking
in meth.

DWIGHT
Meth!? Dwight's never touched that
shit!

The Team Leader throws a key of ice on the table.

ASSAULT TEAM LEADER
Dwight has now.

As the Feds take the screaming Dwight away, the Team Leader that set him up pulls off his mask...and we see that it's BRIAN.

Another team member comes up.

TEAM MEMBER
It'll never stick.

BRIAN
It's not supposed to. I just need
him off the streets for a couple
days.

DISSOLVE TO:

DOM

Holing-up in a shitty motel; a grungy two-room dwelling with a tiny front room off an even smaller bedroom in back.

He's laying on the bed, staring at the CARDBOARD BOX OF LETTY'S STUFF Mia gave him. He hasn't opened it yet. Too painful. But he's considering it when --

The GPS unit comes to life again. Dom checks it out. It won't give a destination, only directions.

INT. DOM'S CHEVELLE - DRIVING

Dom hauls, following the instructions on his GPS to --

A LATE NIGHT RALLY IN PROGRESS

Now *this* is what the street scene is all about...

Scores of cars have taken over an intersection and turned it into a late night HYPHY PARTY, where drivers perform OUTLAW SIDESHOWS for the crowd. Hip-hop music is the heartbeat of the night. Hot girls and guys line the intersection cheering and applauding as the drivers "GHOST-RIDE" their whips -- dropping their cars into NEUTRAL and DANCING around on the hood while it drives forward. Some are solo acts. Some have six dancers on a single ghosting car.

As DOM parks and makes his way through the crowd, one ghost-rider gets too into his crazy krumping dance and doesn't notice his car about to hit a telephone pole until it's too late. With a frightened yell, he leaps clear as the car CRASHES and the entire crowd ERUPTS in laughter and applause.

Dom makes his way to where the crowd is spilling out of -- the small Latin club on the corner.

INT. LATIN CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Dom wanders through and among the ranks of the new team is surprised to find BRIAN. Though Dom's face remains stony, we can tell he's annoyed.

DOM

I wish I could say I was surprised.

BRIAN

Too bad about Dwight. Having the
Feds raid your house the same night
you make the team.

(shakes his head)

Unlucky.

Dom snickers.

DOM

What's to keep me from telling them
you're a cop?

Brian considers, then --

BRIAN

The same thing that's going to keep me from telling them why you're really here.

And as that sinks in, hands clamp down on their shoulders and a man steps up right behind them -- CAMPOS.

CAMPOS

Your background check said you just got out of Maricopa.

BRIAN

Yeah.

CAMPOS

I know people in there. You ever see Chale Hernandez inside? Isidro Santos?

BRIAN

Big place. Lots of names and faces. Don't really remember.

CAMPOS

Maybe they'll remember you.

It's not quite a threat...but then again, not quite *not* one either. Campos turns to Dom.

CAMPOS (CONT'D)

And you... You're wanted by a lot of people. That's not good for business.

DOM

You're looking at it the wrong way. I get caught, I do long time.

(beat)

More than anyone else here, I ain't gonna let your shipment go down.

Campos thinks about this. And nods approvingly.

BRIAN

So who's this guy Braga?

CAMPOS

Just one of us. Grew up in the barrio with nothing and carried us all up with him. You see these people in here?

(MORE)

CAMPOS (CONT'D)

(beat)

Any one of them would die for him.

BRIAN

Including you.

Campos considers. Nods.

CAMPOS

Especially me.

There's a beat, then --

CAMPOS (CONT'D)

Now I have a question for you. How do you two know each other?

Taken by surprise, Dom and Brian look at each other. For tense moment, Brian is sure Dom is going to give him up.

CAMPOS (CONT'D)

Think about your answer carefully, because I'll know if you're telling the truth.

Dom meets Campos's eyes.

DOM

He used to date my sister.

Campos' face is a mask...but then he breaks. And laughs.

CAMPOS

Now I see why you hate him.
(turns to Brian)
You're a lucky man.

BRIAN

How's that?

CAMPOS

You're still breathing.

Campos raises a glass in toast.

CAMPOS (CONT'D)

To the women we've loved...and the women we've lost.

The camera moves from Brian to Dom at this last sentiment. PUSHES IN on Dom's face, on the rage only we see.

CAMPOS (CONT'D)

Salud!

Brian and he drink. Dom hesitates, then downs his.

A moment later, one of Campos's THUGS steps over and whispers in his ear. Campos immediately rises, excusing himself.

CAMPOS (CONT'D)
Enjoy the party, fellas.

And Campos heads upstairs, followed by an entourage of bodyguards.

Dom and Brian sit there for another uncomfortable beat. Then:

DOM
I'm gonna go check out the scenery.

BRIAN
Yeah, me too.

Both can't get up quick enough. Brian and Dom split off in different directions to investigate.

INTERCUT - BRIAN AND DOM ON THEIR SEPARATE MISSIONS

BRIAN slinks up the stairs to spy after Campos, while --

DOM heads outside to wander the scene...when he spots something in the club's garage that stops him in his tracks. The devil-red Daytona.

The car that killed Letty.

INT. LATIN CLUB - SECOND FLOOR

Brian slips down the hall, following the sounds of voices to the office where Campos is having his meeting. Through a gap in the door, Brian sees snippets of Campos and a DISTINGUISHED OLDER MAN -- *Braga?* -- talking. Campos pours tequila into a shotglass and passes one to the Older Man.

BRIAN'S POV pushes in on that shotglass, Braga's fingertips on the glass. And just as he's about to move closer --

A ROUGH HAND on his shoulder stops him. Brian turns to see one of Campos's THUGS scowling at him.

BRIAN
Just looking for the bathroom.

The Thug gives him a none-too-tender shove in that direction.

And Brian moves off, not noticing Campos staring at him from the door, watching him retreat...

SLAM BACK TO:

DOM - IN THE GARAGE

examining the dread Daytona. On the front right bumper he discovers a smudge of FLAT-GRAY PAINT from Letty's car. Angles around to the side, where he spots the SECONDARY FUEL TANK for NITROMETHANE. Opens it to find the same NEON YELLOW LIQUID Dom found at the crash site.

Dom's anger is rising when --

FEMALE VOICE (OS)
Something interest you about this car?

Dom turns to see Gisele standing there. There's murder in Dom's eyes. But it's cold. Calculating. Dangerous.

DOM
Why? Is it yours?

She shakes her head. Dom looks again at the car.

GISELE
Are you one of those boys who prefers cars to women?

DOM
I appreciate a fine body no matter what the make.

Now she smiles.

DOM (CONT'D)
Vortech forced-induced 426 hemi.
SpeedPro injection, solenoid switch over. And an entirely separate fuel system for running Nitro.
(whistles)
Nice.

GISELE
It's Fenix's car. You'll meet him at the rendezvous. He'll be leading you. But now that I know your taste in cars...what do you like in a woman?

Dom meets her eyes.

DOM

A girl who's soft and hard at the same time. Down to earth and ain't afraid to get engine grease under her fingernails. 20% angel/80% devil with eyes that see right through your bullshit to the good you have hidden underneath.

His candor takes her aback. She wasn't expecting it.

GISELE

Hmmm. That doesn't sound anything like me.

DOM

(walking off)
It ain't.

And if we didn't pick it up before, now's when we realize he was describing Letty...

FADE TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - COMPUTER LAB - DAY

Brian steps up to Agent Trinh's desk.

BRIAN

I've got a gift for you.

Brian drops an EVIDENCE BAGGIE on her desk. Inside is the SHOTGLASS Campos handed to Braga.

AGENT TRINH

A dirty shotglass. What I've always wanted.

BRIAN

There are two sets of prints on here. Run 'em both. Go deep. Check it through Interpol, Europol, any database you can get your hands on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

BRIAN GPS lights up, waking him up. The meet is on.

INT. DOM'S MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Dom's GPS lights up, too. It doesn't give a final destination, just real time directions.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR

As he speeds toward the location, Brian's cell rings.

BRIAN

Yeah?

S.A.I.C. PENNING (OS)

It's Penning. We're tracking you right now. Signal's strong.

And now we BOOM THROUGH THE FLOOR of his car to see a TRACKING DEVICE secured to the underside of the Skyline's chassis.

Just then, the GPS guides the racers to a --

SECLUDED WAREHOUSE

Brian's getting a weird sense about this, and as they pull inside, we see why.

The cars park in a line before a huge TRACTOR-TRAILER, and at Campos's command, a squad of men begin to do a COUNTER SURVEILLANCE SWEEP of each vehicle.

Brian blanches when he sees them sweeping cars with RF DETECTORS and SENSOR WANDS -- they're checking for bugs.

INTERCUT WITH THE FEDS

Stasiak watches a monitor displaying Brian's position.

AGENT STASIAK

He's stopped.

S.A.I.C. PENNING

Get a bird in the air. Make sure he doesn't get too close.

BACK TO SHOT

As the surveillance squad finishes scanning another car and moves closer.

Brian realizes he has to get rid of the bug or he's a dead man. Tries to open his door, but -- WHAM! -- one of Campos's armed bodyguards KICKS it shut.

CAMPOS BODYGUARD #1
Stay in your car.

THE SEARCHERS move on to Dom's car. Brian's is next.

Desperate, Brian grabs a screwdriver from the glovebox and slides his NOS TANK forward. Reaches his hand down into the well behind it and stabs the screwdriver through the composite floor.

DOM glances over and sees Brian sweating it. Knows something's up.

BRIAN jams his fingers through, searching frantically, as the team finishes with Dom...but the bug is just out of reach.

And right as the Searchers arrive at the Skyline -- Brian's fingers GRASP the bug and rip it loose. Heart pounding, he pulls his arm back up, slams the NOS back in place and drops the bug in a can of RED BULL just as sweepers start.

INTERCUT WITH THE FEDS

The moment the bug hits the Red Bull, the signal DISAPPEARS on-screen.

AGENT #2
We've lost him.

AGENT STASIAK
He killed the tracker! I knew we couldn't trust him!

S.A.I.C. PENNING
We don't know that. Get the bird overhead. I want eyes on O'Conner's last location.

SLAM BACK TO SHOT

as the Sweepers turn to Campos.

SWEEPER
All clear.

Campos nods and signals to one of his guys, who throws open the cargo doors to the tractor-trailer, REVEALING that the inside of the truck is a CAR CARRIER.

CAMPOS

Drive in.

And on his command, one by one, the cars pull --

INSIDE THE TRAILER

Brian and Dom are the last to pull in. When the doors are closed behind them, it's with the finality of the grave.

Instantly, the interior goes pitch black. Soon, however, someone turns on their headlights.

Brian tries to make a call, but his phone gets NO SIGNAL through the steel walls.

The racers speak from surreal angles.

TASH

This ain't right.

Aidan starts showing his nerves.

AIDAN

Where do you think they're taking us?

DOM

Don't really matter.

Everyone turns and sees Dom chilling behind the wheel of his car, eyes closed.

DOM (CONT'D)

You're along for the ride now.

And as the monster 18-wheeler THUNDERS to life around them --

INT. FED HELICOPTER

As they race to the site the tracker went dead...but by the time they get there, the place is deserted.

FED PILOT

They're gone. There's nothing down there.

Well, there *is*, but they're not looking for the 18-wheeler trundling away down the highway. Just another truck on the road...

CUT TO:

DARKNESS

Then the thunder of the truck engine DIES. A moment later, the cargo doors are thrown open and Gisele stands there.

GISELE

Welcome to Mexico, boys.

A look around reveals we are:

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MEXICO

Dom, Brian and the racers reverse their cars out of the trailer to find themselves in an old TEQUILA FACTORY, south of the border.

Gisele addresses them as their payload -- LARGE POLYMER CASES -- are loaded into the racers's cars.

GISELE

I've updated your GPS to guide you to the ready point. There will be helicopters scanning for heat signature, so take one of these and cover your car when you reach it.

She indicates a stack of metallic car covers on the ground.

• GISELE (CONT'D)

I'll be tracking you by GPS and guiding you over the radio. Any questions?

• DOM

I thought you said Fenix would be here.

• GISELE

He'll meet you out there.

• DOM

Good.

Brian cuts Dom a look -- *chill*.

GISELE

Then if there is nothing else --

She hits a button on her PDA and all their GPS's ACTIVATE with new directions.

GISELE (CONT'D)

Good luck, gentlemen.

As she passes the Chevelle, she pauses a moment at Dom's window, eyes lingering.

GISELE (CONT'D)
Vaya con dios.

And the racers take off, blasting through the Mexican countryside like rainbow-colored comets, arriving at --

THE DESERT WAYPOINT - VARIOUS SHOTS

The cars stop at their rendezvous, one mile from the border.

The second the cars arrive, Dom and the other drivers quickly throw a SPACE BLANKET CAR COVER over their vehicles to trap in engine heat. Then roll UNDER the cars to lay beneath them.

Just in time, too, as a CBP Heli screams by right overhead.

INT. CBP HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The pilot and his crew stare at their infrared monitors, scanning for heat signatures.

But because of the car covers, they only see DARKNESS.

BACK TO SHOT

The cars wait in the shadows, tension ratcheting until--

GISELE (OVER RADIO)
Get ready.

Instantly Brian and the others rip off their car covers. Crank their engines -- BRRRROOOOOOOM!

Behind them, a car streaks toward them like a shot. When it arrives on-scene, we see it's the devil-red DAYTONA.

GISELE (OVER RADIO) (CONT'D)
Stay close to Fenix. You only have a ninety-second window.

Dom's world narrows down to that car. And the DRIVER inside. The sonofabitch who killed Letty.

Dom's HAND starts to crush the Chevelle's shifter... The RPM's in his car RISE...

BRIAN notices Dom's car begin to shake with power. Notices Dom's eyes LOCKED ON to Fenix. But before anything can happen --

GISELE (OVER RADIO) (CONT'D)
Good window. Go, go, go.

-- Fenix peels out.

And all the racers put the hammer down! Tires spin. Dirt flies. And eight cars blast off the line with mind-blowing speed!

INSERT SHOT - As the window CLOCK on each racer's GPS begins to COUNT DOWN.

As the cars scream across the desert, FIND Dom and Brian at the rear of the pack, blazing across No Man's Land like a formation of four-wheeled fighter jets until --

-- suddenly they're all SWALLOWED by the desert!

Or rather --

A SERIES OF CONCEALED SUBTERRANEAN SMUGGLER'S TUNNELS

Four pitch black and interweaving tunnels in various stages of completion, each just wide enough for one car at a time.

Fenix leads them through the tunnel system. The ultra-tuned vehicles rocket after, slaloming through the WILDEST, MOST CLAUSTROPHOBIC OBSTACLE COURSE we've ever seen!

Illuminated only by their RUNNING LIGHTS, each driver has to rely on LIGHTNING-FAST REFLEXES to keep them alive as they weave through a forest of SUPPORT STRUTS, SUDDEN OUTCROPS of rock and STARTLING BENDS in the intersecting earthen tunnels that appear right in front of them!

But all Dom is thinking about is getting to Fenix. But to get to him, he has to pass the six cars ahead of him.

So Dom goes all NASCAR, and at the next fork in the tunnels, when everyone else goes right -- Dom slams left.

BRIAN sees it. Has only a split second to react.

BRIAN
Aw jesus!

And swerves left, sticking with Dom.

DOM AND BRIAN jag left and right with insane skill, using every ounce of control they have to keep from being obliterated by the shifting rock walls.

But then the tunnels connect again, and Dom and Brian come screaming back into formation, two positions ahead.

Turn by turn, Dom does the same thing, picking off positions one by one, leapfrogging up the line until he's right behind--

FENIX

who sees what Dom's doing. But he doesn't know Dom's backstory. In the culture of racing, he looks like another guy trying to challenge the alpha dog.

So Fenix CRANKS IT UP.

BACK TO SHOT

Dom now does everything he can to catch Fenix, matching him move for move, trying to get closer -- but the guy is good.

For the first time ever, we see someone who utterly matches Dom's skill...and even bests it to where Dom is struggling to keep up.

They're moving so fast, everything outside their windows is a blur, and just as the tension gets too much for us to take --

CAMPOS (OVER WALKIE)
Window's closing. Get out of
there. Birds are back in
ten...nine...eight...

-- we TURN UP THE HEAT! Running out of time, Fenix hits his NITRO and -- FAWHOOM! The cave lights up in BLUE FLAME.

CAMPOS (OVER WALKIE) (CONT'D)
...seven...six...five...

In perfect sequence, Dom, Brian and the others do the same. WHOOM! WHOOM! WHOOM! A squad of ships jumping into hyperspace. They blast through the tunnel at impossible speed.

CAMPOS (OVER WALKIE) (CONT'D)
...four...three...two...

EXT. U.S./MEXICO BORDER - U.S. SIDE

The desert floor is completely flat and empty...

When suddenly -- ZOOM!ZOOM!ZOOM!ZOOM! -- the cars explode out of the sand like automotive shotgun blasts.

They skim across the U.S. threat zone, just ahead of the returning helicopter who reaches the site...and sees nothing.

INT. DAYTONA

A new waypoint blinks to life on the GPS and Fenix guides the racers to --

EXT. SAN YSIDRO - REMOTE HIGHWAY TURNOFF

The same desolate site Letty made her delivery...

A PANEL TRUCK and several SUV's wait there. So do a cadre of well-armed CAMPOS HENCHMEN.

Dom arrives, spots Fenix's car near the truck. But no Fenix.

As he's glancing around, one of the Henchmen POUNDS on the hood of Dom's car.

• HENCHMAN #1
Get out of the car!

Two more Henchman SLAM Brian's Skyline. Dom and Brian eye one another -- it's clear they're not meant to leave this place alive.

And as Brian is PHYSICALLY YANKED from his car.

• HENCHMAN #1 (CONT'D)
I SAID GET OUT!

Dom doesn't move, so Henchman #1 aims his rifle at him.

DOM knows what's about to go down. Smoothly, he UNHOOKS the line of his NOS TANK and flips the valve wide open. Pushes in the CIGARETTE LIGHTER as he steps out.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the shipment is taken from their cars and loaded into the PANEL TRUCK, the racers are herded roughly together like POWs.

AIDAN

Hey! Don't touch me! You want me
to bust your fa--

BANG! A gun BARKS and Aidan is blown away. As he collapses
dead to the ground, PAN AROUND to see his murderer. FENIX.

Then the henchmen run in --

CAMPOS HENCHMEN

On the ground! Down! Get down!

Forced to lay down execution-style. When they're all down,
CAMPOS appears from around the truck.

CAMPOS

Mr. Braga wants to thank you for
assistance, but no longer requires
your services.

All the racers heads are facing down...except one. Dom is
staring daggers at Fenix. Fenix notices.

FENIX

What are you looking at?

DOM

'71 Dodge Demon. Girl driving it
named Letty. Someone wrecked it
out in L.A.

FENIX

Yeah. That was me. Don't remember
her face real well.
(bastard)
Last time I saw it, it was burning.

But Dom's reaction is the last one Fenix expects.

FENIX (CONT'D)

Why are you smiling?

DOM

Because I'm really gonna enjoy what
happens next.

And on cue:

THE CIGARETTE LIGHTER in Dom's car POPS UP and IGNITES the
NOS GAS and --

KAAA-B000000000MMMM!

The Chevelle DETONATES like a ONE-TON HAND GRENADE, sending up an inferno of heat and flame that engulfs the other tuner cars and -- **KABOOOOOM-BOOOOOM-BOOOOOOM-BOOOOOM!** -- sets off a chain reaction of NOS BOMBS!

Automotive shrapnel shreds the air. A glass and metal typhoon RIDDLES through the ranks of the armed henchmen. The hood of a car FLIES ACROSS FRAME, pinwheeling like a buzzsaw and TAKES OUT one of Campos's goons! The AXLE of a demolished Nissan misses decapitating Fenix by an inch.

Everything is smoke and flame and auto parts raining down for a quarter-mile. GUNFIRE begins to erupt, though the henchmen don't know what they should be shooting at. CAMPOS runs for cover.

Instantly, Brian is on his feet and tearing toward one of the only remaining vehicles -- the panel truck. He BASHES one Henchman aside and rips the driver out of the seat, HURLING him to the ground and knocking him unconscious.

BRIAN

Dom! Come on!

But Dom is a demon walking calmly through the smoke and haze, searching for Fenix. Dom picks up a smouldering camshaft as he walks, STRIKING DOWN two guards that run at him with the metal column.

Then he spies Fenix across the graveyard of incinerated cars, fifty yards away. Fenix looks up to see Dom coming...and welcomes the challenge. Takes off his jacket. This is going to be a fight for the ages. But before Dom gets twenty feet--

SFX: WHOP-WHOP-WHOP-WHOP-WHOP!

A Border Patrol helicopter crests the rise, investigating the explosion.

Unsure what to do, Campos's bodyguards open fire on it and the scene erupts into TOTAL ANARCHY.

The Patrol heli RETURNS FIRE, shredding through the ranks of the henchmen, turning the ground between Dom and Fenix into a HELLSCAPE OF GUNFIRE. From the hills, police SIRENS begin to sound.

DOM AND FENIX glare hatefully at each other across the oil and smoke, two gunslingers interrupted on the verge of mortal combat. They stare a moment longer, gunfire RAKING around them. Promising to see this fight finished another day. Promising to see the other die hard.

Then, as the Border Patrol closes in, Fenix breaks contact and makes his escape in his Daytona.

Dom watches him go, until the panel truck pulls up behind him. Brian calls out from the driver's seat.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Dom, get the fuck in!

But Dom keeps staring.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Dom!

Brian leaps out and physically drags Dom into the truck, bullets RAKING the ground around them. Then Brian punches it, and as the truck escapes the burning warzone --

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

AERIAL SHOT - HOURS LATER

The highway below is empty...

Then CRANE DOWN to reveal the panel truck parked beneath a freeway underpass, waiting for the helicopters to move on and the heat to die down.

BRIAN

paces outside. Punches in a number on his cell and makes a call.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CYBER LAB

Penning watches over Trinh's shoulder as the FINGERPRINT ANALYZER searches through millions of prints worldwide for a Braga match. Four RED DOTS digitally mark certain valleys and ridges on the print -- points of match -- and as we watch, another dot appears, narrowing the field even further.

Just then, an ASSISTANT enters.

ASSISTANT
O'Conner's on the phone.
(hands him a folder)
And, sir, you should see this.

INT. PENNING'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

Penning enters, opening the folder. There's a stack of PHOTOS inside. He flips through them angrily, then picks up the blinking phone line.

S.A.I.C. PENNING

Talk to me, O'Conner. Where the hell have you been?

INTERCUT CALL - BRIAN UNDER BRIDGE/PENNING IN OFFICE

BRIAN

I got the shipment.

S.A.I.C. PENNING

"I" got the shipment, or "we" got the shipment?

BRIAN

What are you talking about?

S.A.I.C. PENNING

A border patrol aerial unit photographed you at the site with Toretto.

Penning slaps the sheaf of photos onto his desk. Now we see they're SURVEILLANCE PICS of Brian and Dom escaping the site.

S.A.I.C. PENNING (CONT'D)

Listen, O'Conner. Bring in the shipment and bring in Toretto. Brass'll be so busy putting out press conferences about the seizure, you'll skate under the radar.

BRIAN

I thought the point was to get Braga. We've got an opportunity here.

Penning cuts him off.

S.A.I.C. PENNING

It's not your decision, Brian. The clock's stopped ticking. Bring them in. That's an order. Are we clear?

But Brian has fallen silent, NOTICING spatters of BLOOD on the ground, leading to the back of the truck.

Brian follows it around to find DOM standing in the open cargo hold of the panel truck. He's opened the polymer cases and now stands mesmerized at the sight of 400 POUNDS OF PURE GRADE A HEROIN.

S.A.I.C. PENNING (CONT'D)

I said are we clear?

And knowing he's crossing the line, Brian HANGS UP the phone.

DOM

So this is what sixty million dollars looks like.

And even though he's been shot and his arm is soaked with blood, Brian can see the old wheels in Dom's head turning.

Brian starts snapping the cases shut.

BRIAN

You need a doctor --

DOM

You need a place to hide this truck.

Brian nods. He's already thought about this.

BRIAN

I got an idea.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. COUNTY IMPOUND YARD

Car jail for police, sheriff and towing agencies all across the county...

The panel truck pulls up and the IMPOUND CLERK steps up to the window. Brian flashes his badge.

BRIAN

502. Wet reckless. Need a 48 hour hold.

The Clerk takes a suspicious glance at Dom...then jots down the pertinent info.

IMPOUND CLERK

3rd floor. Any spot you can find.

BRIAN

Thanks.

And Brian pulls forward.

INT. IMPOUND YARD - 3RD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Brian finds a spot and parks. Dom and he get out.

DOM
You sure about this?

BRIAN
Last place they'll look, their own
impound yard.

(beat)
You know, I've been thinking. When
you blew up your car back there,
you blew up mine, too.

DOM
Yeah.

BRIAN
So I figure...now you owe me a 10-
second car.

DOM
(nods)
You're right.

Dom looks around at all the impounded cars...and finds a
completely sick EVO X. Fast as they come.

Hauls back one sledgehammer fist and SMASHES the window.
Pops the lock. In two seconds, he's hot-wired it.

DOM (CONT'D)
There you go. We're even.

EXT. IMPOUND YARD - MOMENTS LATER

The Clerk is watching television on a small tv when the big
metal gate rolls open and Dom and Brian burn out in the Evo.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOM'S MOTEL - NIGHT

The Evo's parked out back.

INT. DOM'S MOTEL ROOM

There's a KNOCK at the door. Brian opens it to reveal MIA, carrying a bag.

MIA
This your idea of having me keep
away from him?

BRIAN
Thanks for coming. He wouldn't go
to a doctor, I didn't know who else
to call --

MIA
Of course you call. He's my
brother.

Mia moves inside to where Dom sits, clutching his tricep.

MIA (CONT'D)
Let me see.
(moving his hands)
Let me see.

He does. It's pretty messed up. She prods around. Dom stays stoic.

Finally, Mia sighs and dumps the contents of her bag out on the table. Surgical needle and thread. Antibiotic wash. Bandages.

MIA (CONT'D)
Well, the bullet's not in there.
Best I can do is irrigate for
infection and suture you up. It's
gonna hurt like a mother.

DOM
(sidelong)
You're gonna enjoy this, aren't
you?

MIA
A little.

And she goes to work. As she begins to suture, she turns to Brian.

MIA (CONT'D)
Can you give me a hand? Hold this.

She hands him the bottle of wash -- and their proximity begins subtly affect them both.

Dom notices Brian and his sister catching each others' eyes, old feeling beginning to stir.

Dom shakes his head.

INT. DOM'S MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Dom, Brian and Mia sit around a coffee table. Containers of Chinese food are spread around them. Dom grabs one.

MIA

Hey --

(stopping him)

You reached first, you say grace.

It's the same thing Dom used to say at the dinner table all those years ago. Dom knows it.

DOM

I haven't prayed in a long time.

But she isn't about to let him get away with that.

MIA

Well now is as good a time as any.

Mia stares at him expectantly. Dom knows she's gonna keep on staring until he gives in. There's strength in her.

With a sigh, he gives in.

DOM

Thank you, Lord... for blessing
this table...

Dom struggles with the words, feeling a fraud.

Mia sees him struggling...and takes his hand in her own. And finishes the prayer for him.

MIA

...with food and friendship and
family.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We finish watching the scene from outside, looking in from the night. Though we can't hear them through the window, we see them eating together, laughing, getting along. A picture of warmth and love.

A picture of family.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - BEDROOM - LATER

As Brian and Mia sit in the other room, finishing their dinner, FIND Dom sitting on his bed, the BOX OF LETTY'S STUFF before him. He finally cracks the lid.

Inside are photos, jewelry. Old memories. Dom sifts through them, absorbing everything.

At the bottom of the box, he finds Letty's CELLPHONE. Presses the power button. It gives a LOW BATTERY WARNING, but when it lights up, Dom scans through the INCOMING CALL menu to see who she was talking to the days before her death...and finds ONE TELEPHONE NUMBER repeated again and again.

BACK WITH BRIAN AND MIA

Sitting in awkward silence, picking at their food, until --

BRIAN
Respect.

MIA
Hmm?

BRIAN
You asked me why I let Dom go.
Maybe because at that moment I
respected him more than I did
myself.

(beat)
The one thing I learned from Dom is
that none of it matters unless you
have a code.

MIA
So what's your code, Brian?

BRIAN
I don't know, but I'm working on
it.

Mia looks at him. Into his eyes. For the first time in a long time, she sees the real Brian in there.

INT. BEDROOM - DOM

hits the REDIAL BUTTON on Letty's phone...

BACK TO SHOT

And just as there is a moment between Brian and Mia, the beginnings of true healing --

SFX: BRIAN'S CELLPHONE BEGINS TO RING.

SLAM BACK TO DOM

hearing the phone RING in the next room. In that instant, his reality shatters and he understands everything.

And as a terrible rage begins to smolder in his eyes --

CUT BACK TO BRIAN

His cellphone ringing. He checks the caller id...and sees that it's "LETTY".

BRIAN

Oh shit...

Now he looks up and sees Dom looming like an angel of vengeance. Staring right at him.

DOM

When were you going to tell me?

MIA

What are you doing, Dom?

DOM

When were going to tell me you were running Letty?

MIA

What..?

BRIAN

Wait, Dom, you don't understand--

WHAM! Dom nails Brian with an overhand right that would decapitate most people, then lowers his shoulder and smashes Brian into the wall. CRRRAAASSH! A mirrored wall SHATTERS and the room SHAKES with the impact.

Mia screams.

MIA
STOP IT! DOM!

And Brian finds himself in THE MOST INTENSE FIGHT OF HIS LIFE -- full-speed, full-force, in a claustrophobic motel room!

MIA (CONT'D)
STOP IT!!

MIA tries to separate them, but -- WHAM! -- gets accidentally SLAMMED against the wall. Dazed, she crumples to the ground and can only watch the chaos.

Just as well, 'cause right now nothing is going to stop this fight. The bloodlust is on. Dom attacks with every fiber of his being. Hurls Brian to the glass-strewn floor and starts raining down punches that would knock out a bull.

And even though the glass is grinding his back into gore, Brian throws his legs up and TRAPS Dom's arm into an ARMBAR. Cranks back and brings him down to the floor, hard.

In the sparking light of a broken lamp, Brian struggles to pull Dom's arm back, to hyperextend it and end the fight...

...but Dom is so strong, so possessed by anger, he slowly begins to CURL his arm back! Brian uses his entire body to resist, but Dom is made of steel. With inhuman strength, he lifts Brian off the ground and SMASHES HIM DOWN!

Brian loses his hold and, in an instant, Dom slips an arm around his neck and cranks down, CHOKING HIM.

Brian struggles, but this isn't a hold you break. There's nothing he can do.

DOM
*You pulled her into this! You got
her killed!*

Brian sputters, but Dom squeezes harder, an anaconda cinching down. He's going to kill Brian!

MIA
DOM, STOP! PLEASE STOP! PLEASE!

But he's not. The dark starts closing around Brian. And just as he's about to black out forever, he manages to gasp out --

BRIAN
..Letty did it...for you...

And like an icicle shoved into his heart, Dom freezes, trying to will the words away. But he can't. They sink in.

And the moment is broken.

Dom's entire body trembles as if buffeted by a wind of truth -- and then he falls back, releasing Brian a heartbeat ahead of death.

Brian falls to the floor, gasping, rubbing his crushed throat. Mia weeps openly.

Dom sits there, soul staggered.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Letty got into Braga's organization on her own. But when she wanted to get out, she came to me.

(beat)

She knew she had a card to play, said she'd turn informant for me on Braga's operation...if I would get your record clear so you could stop running.

The words hit Dom with the force of physical blows.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

She did it so you could come home.

Now the entire reality comes crashing in around Dom. Letty gave up her life for him. He is culpable for her death. Guilt and grief overwhelm him. Devastate him.

Mia comes and puts her arm around him. Crushed beneath the staggering weight of regret, all Dom can say is:

DOM

I'm sorry...

MIA

(cradling him)

Shhhhh.

DOM

I'm so sorry.

And even though she holds Dom, she reaches a hand out and holds Brian, too. Connecting them. Reunited. A family.

PULL BACK as the three sit battered and torn...and perhaps more whole than any of them have been in the last five years.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

It's business as usual...until Brian comes walking through the front door.

Almost instantly, everything STOPS. The room goes quiet as everyone turns to watch him walking straight through the lions' den and into --

PENNING'S OFFICE

-- where the Special Agent-In-Charge, Stasiak and the rest of the team are discussing what to do about O'Conner situation when their subject matter comes marching in.

Stasiak immediately draws his gun.

AGENT STASIAK
Hold it right there, O'Conner!

Brian doesn't even acknowledge him. Holds Penning's gaze.

S.A.I.C. PENNING
Put your gun away, Stasiak.

Stasiak hesitates.

S.A.I.C. PENNING (CONT'D)
Put it away!
(to Brian)
You better have one hell of an explanation. Where's the shipment?

BRIAN
Safe.

S.A.I.C. PENNING
You disobeyed a direct order.

BRIAN
Look, we could stop this shipment, parade it in front of the news, get a few hundred pounds of heroin off the street...but Braga will just send another next week. And the week after that.
(beat)
Or we can play this smart. Use the shipment to lure Braga out and cut off the head of a multi-billion dollar cartel.

S.A.I.C. PENNING
And how do you suggest we do that?

BRIAN
Hand to hand exchange with Braga.

AGENT STASIAK
He'll never show.

BRIAN
He can't afford not to.

Penning considers. Then --

S.A.I.C. PENNING
So what's the play?

AGENT STASIAK
You are not *agreeing* to this?!

Penning silences Stasiak with a look that would break rocks.

BRIAN
You stay high, wide and invisible.
Move in on my signal and only my
signal. We grab and bag 'em and
call it a day.

S.A.I.C. PENNING
That it?

BRIAN
No. There's a price.
(beat)
We get Braga, you let Toretto walk.

Gone is the Penning who inspires confidence in his team.
Standing in his place is a man who deals in death and mayhem
on a daily basis.

S.A.I.C. PENNING
You're swimming in dangerous water,
O'Conner. You bleed and I'm not
going to be able to save you from
the sharks on this one.

CUT TO:

GISELE - CAMPOS'S HOT BRAZILIAN ASSISTANT

Making out with gorgeous model in the bathroom of the Latin
Club. And right when we think it can't get any hotter, a
third girl ENTERS FRAME, joining in.

And just as things are about to get serious -- Gisele's cellphone RINGS.

To every guy's disappointment, she answers.

GISELE

Yes?

DOM (OS)

It's Dom.

GISELE

(luridly)

I was just thinking about you...
When I gave you my number, I was
hoping you'd call, but not under
these circumstances.

DOM

You mean alive?

GISELE

Don't take it personally. It's
just business.

DOM

Then I've got business of my own.
Get Campos.

INT. LATIN CLUB - CONTINUOUS

TRACK WITH Gisele as she exits the bathroom and moves through the club to the office, where Campos is in the middle of a meeting.

GISELE

(holds up the phone)

It's them.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL - DOM/CAMPOS

DOM

Was that how Braga inspires
loyalty? Murdering his drivers?

CAMPOS

No. It is how he keeps his
organization protected. One can
always find more drivers, but
secrets must remain secret.

(beat)

It's just good business.

DOM

So I hear. I want to trade.

CAMPOS

Yes? And what are the terms I should deliver to Braga?

DOM

Ten percent delivery fee. Six million. Cash. Delivered by Braga himself.

CAMPOS

That won't happen.

DOM

Fine. Your shipment disappears and your street cred with it. I ain't sticking my neck out again unless Braga's got something to lose, too.
(quoting him back)
It's just good business.

Campos considers, then:

CAMPOS

When and where?

DOM

San Pedro. Cargo yard off wharf 9.
Midnight.

HARD CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS - PREPARING FOR THE MEET

- The cargo container site, overgrown with weeds, empty.
- Then the Feds showing up, setting up a concealed perimeter.
- Stasiak getting in position in the shadows.
- In the Latin Club, Campos's men loading money in bags.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CYBER LAB

The fingerprint is a constellation of red dots. Suddenly it makes a final connection and the Analyzer BEEPS. Trinh looks and the text on-screen reads:

Identity match confirmed: Prisoner #9906763 Tacumbu Penitentiary, Paraguay. Status: Released.

Trinh immediately gets on the phone and calls the prison.

AGENT TRINH (SUBTITLED, SPANISH)

This is Agent Trinh at the Federal Bureau of Investigation. I need name and photo verification of Prisoner 9906763.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONTAINER YARD - DAY

Dom and Brian stand in the center of the field next to the panel truck and the Evo X. The POLYMER CASES are stacked behind them, one is open, displaying the BRICKS OF HEROIN.

Dom clocks the scene. Sees Fed snipers getting into position atop container stacks. Concealing themselves on warehouse rooftops.

Brian notices.

BRIAN

The deal is we get Braga, you walk out of here.

DOM

You set out cookies for Santa this year, too?

Brian tosses him something.

BRIAN

If things get messy...

Dom snatches it out of the air. Keys to the Evo. Dom smiles.

DOM

Just like old times.

Just then, a small caravan of cars enters the site, Fenix's Daytona among them. Campos's men exit the vehicles, two dozen BODYGUARDS with weapons drawn.

POV - STASIAK

Watching Campos' team through a rifle scope.

AGENT STASIAK
The players are on-site.

S.A.I.C. PENNING (OS)
Everyone stay frosty. We don't
move a muscle until O'Conner gives
the signal. When he takes the
money, we take 'em down, hard and
fast.

BACK TO SHOT

Campos's men exit the vehicles, two dozen BODYGUARDS with
guns. A moment later, Campos, Gisele and Fenix exit the
Daytona.

Instantly, Fenix and Dom lock eyes. It takes every ounce of
restraint for Dom to keep from charging over and crushing the
bastard's windpipe.

Brian puts a restraining hand on Dom's shoulder.

BRIAN
Easy.

Campos approaches Dom and Brian with a handful of bodyguards.

CAMPOS
You sure you know what you're
doing?

Campos motions to his men and, instantly, guns come up. But--

DOM
Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

Dom coolly kicks open the polymer cases...revealing that
they're all EMPTY.

BRIAN
Braga brings the money, you get the
product. That's the deal.

DOM
(re: Fenix)
Why don't you send your monkey over
and we can talk about it.

Campos smiles, almost sadly.

CAMPOS

Careful. He might get it in his mind to pay a visit to that sister of yours.

As Campos walks away, an Escalade pulls in...

FLASH TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CYBER LAB - SAME TIME

Agent Trinh is waiting restlessly, when the email she's waiting for finally arrives from the Paraguay prison.

She clicks it open and the document reads:

**Photograph: Prisoner #9906763 - POSITIVE ID: Antonio Braga.
Image downloading**

Trinh snatches up the phone.

BACK TO SHOT

The Escalade stops before Dom and Brian...and the man that Brian saw in Campos's office steps out.

BRAGA carries an oversized briefcase in his hand as he strides indignantly toward Dom and Brian.

When he reaches them, he sets down the case. Opens it to reveal forty-four pounds of cold hard CASH.

BRAGA

Two million. You get the rest when I get my property.

Dom gets up close and personal.

Reflexively, Braga glances back to his men.

Dom catches the tell-tale sign.

DOM

Now isn't that interesting.

BRIAN

When his life is on the line, a man who's clawed his way up from the barrio doesn't look back for reassurance.

Sweat begins to bead on Braga's forehead.

DOM
He ain't Braga.

SLAM CUT TO:

STASIAK - IN CONCEALMENT

Watching the trade when an agent holding a SAT PHONE steps up.

SAT PHONE AGENT
I've got Agent Trinh on the line.
She's requesting being patched to
O'Conner.

AGENT STASIAK
I'll take it.
(into phone)
This is Stasiak. Talk to me.

AGENT TRINH (OS)
We got a match. Fingerprint's
Braga's. 100% confirmation. I'm
uploading the image to you now.

Stasiak immediately turns to another agent.

AGENT STASIAK
Order all agents to move in.

AGENT #1
O'Conner hasn't given the signal
yet.

AGENT STASIAK
Don't need it anymore. We just got
confirmation. Do it.

And as Stasiak moves off, BOOM DOWN to the phone he's left behind as the IMAGE starts to RES...

SLAM BACK TO:

BRIAN AND DOM

as the Feds MOVE IN and the situation EXPLODES. Instantly, Braga's men OPEN FIRE. The Feds return. And the container yard becomes an all out COMBAT ZONE!

As bullets SPARK off the ground and SHRED the air around them, Dom and Brian are forced to DIVE for cover.

Brian's mind is like a whirlwind, taking in the scene, trying to piece the mayhem together. Sees the Feds SWARMING IN after the Imposter Braga...while Campos is being rushed away to safety by Fenix.

Brian's cop senses scream. And in that moment, Campos turns and FIRES three shots -- right at Braga -- who crumples to the ground in a pool of blood.

Across the battlefield, Brian and Campos meet eyes. And in the midst of all the CHAOS and CONFUSION, Campos SMILES at Brian.

Calm. Collected. Utterly in control.

And then the staggering weight of it hits him.

BRIAN

Oh my god...

Campos is Braga. They've been dealing with him, played by him, close enough to slap cuffs on him, the whole time.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

It's Campos.

[NOTE: FROM THIS POINT ON, CAMPOS WILL BE REFERRED TO IN THE SCRIPT BY HIS TRUE IDENTITY -- BRAGA.]

MATCH TO:

STASIAK'S PHONE LAYING FORGOTTEN ON THE ROOFTOP

The image of Antonio Braga has come in...and it's a photo of Campos.

BACK TO SHOT

As Federal Agents swarm in around the downed Imposter Braga, Brian draws his gun and charges into the battlefield.

BRIAN

No, NO! Campos is Braga! Campos is Braga!!

BRAGA

sees him coming. But Brian's too late. Braga hops in the Daytona as Fenix burns out in the most startling U-turn we've ever seen.

INT. DAYTONA - CONTINUOUS

Fenix looks to Braga as a wall of people stand between them and the exit.

BRAGA

Run them down.

Fenix holds down the gas, barreling through the heart of the melee. The Daytona SMASHES through the crowd, trying to escape, running down anyone too slow to get out of the way, when suddenly --

GISELE

appears in their path. She has just enough time to realize that Fenix is going to mow her down like the others when --

DOM

sees her about to be killed and risks his life to charge full-bore and dive -- knocking her out of the way and saving her life as the Daytona shrieks past!

BRIAN runs past, firing at the receding Daytona.

DOM

and Gisele share a look. And then Dom is off, leaping over the hoods of two government vehicles and sliding behind the wheel of the Evo X -- VRRROOOOOM!!

EXT. SAN PEDRO DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

As Fed cars scurry to block the exits, Fenix punches his NITRO METH and -- FAAWHOOOM! -- shrieks out of the dockyards with a millimeter to spare.

A second behind, the trap closes ahead of Dom -- who doesn't give a shit and PUNCHES THE GAS! VVVVRRRRR -- WHAMMM!

The Evo SLAMS the Fed cars aside and keeps on chugging.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Dom does what he can to catch the diabolic Daytona, taking every shortcut he can. Gaining.

INT. DAYTONA - CONTINUOUS

Fenix sees the Evo coming. Leads the chase onto --

THE TERMINAL ISLAND BRIDGE

Dom and Fenix swerve through traffic. It's a master-class on evasive driving. Fenix uses the other commuters against Dom, flicking his wrist and sending them SPINNING back at Dom like WHIRLING STEEL TORNADOES.

Dom swerves hard through the minefield of cars wiping out around him. He's never faced a driver against whom he was so evenly matched...and possibly even surpassed by.

Dom has the pedal to the metal and is just barely hanging onto the Daytona's draft when Fenix ignites his Nitrometh again and PULLS AWAY like Dom is standing still. Disappears around the bend.

Dom squeezes every ounce of fast out of the Evo and rounds the bend after them -- and has to SLAM ON HIS BRAKES.

A massive, MULTI-CAR WRECK blocks all lanes of traffic. Dom can't get through...and can only watch as Fenix, the cause of it all, speeds Braga to freedom on the other side...

FADE TO:

A DARKENED ROOM

Brian sits before a Federal investigative committee. They throw down a picture of Braga.

FEDERAL INVESTIGATOR #1
...you had him under your nose the whole time! Now Braga has escaped. Toretto has escaped. Three officers have been injured. Do you have any idea the trouble you're in, Agent O'Conner?

Brian's reply is a stony look.

LEAD FEDERAL INVESTIGATOR
As of now, you are being taken off active duty until this office can mount a formal inquiry.

BRIAN
What about Braga?

LEAD FEDERAL INVESTIGATOR
That's no longer your concern --

No one's going to say a word. Penning feels for him and speaks up.

S.A.I.C. PENNING
Customs tracked him by satellite
back to his home base in Tecale,
Mexico.

BRIAN
You know where he is and you're not
going to do anything?

FEDERAL INVESTIGATOR #1
Mexico is beyond our authority.

BRIAN
So you just going to let him get
away with it?

LEAD FEDERAL INVESTIGATOR
This interview is concluded, Agent
O'Conner.
(beat)
Don't leave town.

Brian slams his chair back and storms from the room.

CUT TO:

DOM,

covered in engine grease and sweat, tightening bolts on the
Charger. Finishing the job Letty started.

After a moment, another hand ENTERS FRAME and begins helping
out. It's Brian. Without a word, the two work in perfect
tandem on the engine.

Dom glances over, impressed.

DOM
So when did the buster become a
gearhead?

That's just about as high a compliment as Dom would ever
give, and Brian knows it. He grins, but it's a short-lived
thing.

BRIAN
Braga made it back to Mexico.

DOM
This isn't your problem anymore.

BRIAN
I'm going with you.

DOM
It's a one-way ticket.

Brian nods.

BRIAN
I know.

Dom turns and considers him, the determined look in his eyes. Then shakes his head and goes back to work on the Charger.

So does Brian.

And the two work in silence, looking for all the world like two brothers. Connected by fate. Bonded by code.

EXT. TORETTO HOUSE - LATER

Mia pulls up and parks. Returning from the market, she's carrying groceries inside when she catches a glimpse of Brian and Dom through a broken garage window working on the Charger together...and instantly she knows what they intend to do.

At that moment, Brian looks up and they meet eyes for a moment before Mia turns and storms inside.

Brian follows after her into --

THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mia channels her anger and worry for Dom and Brian into putting the groceries away, methodical as a machine.

Brian appears in the doorway. He watches her for a moment, until her emotions get the better of her and she slams a carton of eggs into the fridge too hard, breaking them.

Brian moves to her.

BRIAN
Mia...

MIA
It's fine. It's nothing --

She grabs some paper towels and starts to manically clean it up. Brian takes her hands gently in his own.

BRIAN

Mia.

MIA

I won't cry. I won't do it for you. Not again.

But her voice is small.

Brian takes her chin in his hand and tilts her eyes to look up at him. And KISSES her.

There's a moment, then --

MIA (CONT'D)

Damn you.

And as tears fall from her eyes, Mia kisses him back. Not a shrinking violet's kiss, but hard, hungry, passionate.

five years of lost time compressed into one endless moment.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TORETTO HOUSE - MORNING

The Evo and the Charger are ready. Engines idling.

Mia leans into the driver's window of the Charger.

MIA

Last time you left, I never got a chance to say goodbye... For five years I thought about what I would've said to you.

(beat)

And now that I'm standing right here...I can't think of a single thing to say.

Her eyes shimmer with unshed tears.

MIA (CONT'D)

How do you say goodbye to your only brother?

Dom pulls her to him and kisses her on the forehead.

DOM

You don't.

And as Mia stands back, Dom REVS the engine and drives off to meet his fate.

Mia turns to the Evo, still waiting there. Brian and she meet eyes in the side mirror...one final look..

And then Brian takes off after Dom.

FADE TO:

EXT. U.S/MEXICO BORDER - DAY

The Charger and the Evo pull up side by side. Just ahead a sign reads: **YOU ARE NOW ENTERING MEXICO.**

Dom and Brian fall silent, looking at the border...and the wildlands of Mexico beyond.

Brian turns to Dom.

BRIAN

This is where my jurisdiction ends.

Dom looks him dead in the eye.

DOM

This is where mine begins.

Dom HAMMERS the throttle, and as the Charger splits the night with its V8 WARCRY --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TECALE, MEXICO (BRAGA'S TOWN) - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A Mexican inner-city with a split personality. Desperate poverty vies with brand new construction. Armed guards wandering within feet of kids playing soccer on a new field. Money is coming into this town.

Now WIDEN TO REVEAL --

DOM AND BRIAN

atop a hill, watching it all. A car pulls up behind them -- Gisele.

Dom walks back to her.

DOM

Wasn't sure you'd make it.

GISELE
You saved my life. I'm willing to
return the favor.
(smiles)
Nothing personal. Just business.

She holds up an ENVELOPE.

GISELE (CONT'D)
This will help get you to Braga.

Dom takes it -- but she doesn't let go.

GISELE (CONT'D)
Doesn't seem fair. You give me
life and I give you death in
return. Going in there is suicide.

DOM
I don't have a choice.

She releases the envelope. Leans in and kisses him on the
cheek.

GISELE
Vaya con dios.

And without looking back, she turns and gets in her car, and
drives away...

CUT TO:

TIME LAPSE - THE SUN

setting over the city of Tecale. Night descending, then
being banished by the rising sun of the next day...

EXT. TECALE - THE NEXT MORNING

Braga walks through the town. People in the streets smile
and wish him well. He is the father of this town.

When he reaches the church, his bodyguards stay behind while
he steps --

INSIDE

Makes his way to the altar, where he lights a candle at the
foot of the STATUE OF SAINT SULPICE.

As he kneels and bows his head to pray--

VOICE (OS)
You ain't forgiven.

Braga's head snaps up to see DOM standing next to him. He opens his mouth to shout out -- but the cold barrel of a gun presses up against his head. Brian.

BRIAN
Hands behind your back.

But Braga isn't cowed. He's smug.

BRAGA
You can't kill me. Anything happens to me and you won't make it ten steps out of this church.

BRIAN
Kill you? You think we came all the way down here for that?

DOM
You're going for a ride.

With a chilling horror, Braga realizes that Dom and Brian intend to bring him to justice...by dragging him across the border.

EXT. CHURCH

The doors are kicked open and Dom and Brian come out.

The town reacts like a kicked ant hill. People scurry to get weapons. To tell others.

Braga's bodyguards immediately go on the offensive, guns out, ready to go down in a hail of gunfire.

BRAGA
Easy, easy.
(then in Spanish)
Don't let them out of the city alive. Go get Fenix.

As several men run off to gather reinforcements, Dom calls after them in Spanish.

DOM (SUBTITLED, SPANISH)
Tell him to hurry.

Using Braga as a shield, Dom and Brian lead the drug lord to where their cars are concealed in an alley. Shove him in the Evo and CUFF him into the seat.

Brian gets in behind the wheel of the Evo. Looks over to Dom, getting into the Charger.

BRIAN

You ready?

DOM

Hell no.

(guns the engine)

But let's do it.

BRAGA'S HENCHMEN

race into the alley...but immediately have to DIVE out of the way as -- ZOOOOM! ZOOOOM! -- the Evo and the Charger BLAST past.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- The word gets out, and all over town, an army of Braga's henchmen jump into their cars and set off after Dom and Brian. They drive TUNER CARS, OFF-ROAD CARS, MOTORCYCLES AND TRUCKS... Anything and everything on wheels.

INT. COCKFIGHTING PIT - SAME TIME

Fenix is betting on a black rooster that is getting the better of an amber-gold -- when one of Braga's men burst into the arena, shouting in Spanish that their boss has been taken.

In an instant, the roosters are forgotten and Fenix is all business.

EXT. TECALE - CONTINUOUS

The Evo and the Charger slalom through the rats nest of twisting streets as all around, cars begin to scream at them like automotive KAMIKAZES.

Brian and Dom swerve like madmen to avoid the metal storm.

It's a demolition derby of death. Brian JAGS past a charging truck and around a corner -- and right into a vendor's cart filled with sheep heads! WHAM!! Sheep heads go flying. It ain't pretty.

EXT. TECALE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Evo and the Charger escape the barrio maze and pull a screaming turn onto the main thoroughfare. In the distance, they see the INTERNATIONAL BORDER CROSSING.

And just when we're starting to think they're home free -- WHAM! The devil-red DAYTONA comes out of nowhere, smashing the Evo up onto two wheels. But before it can go over, Dom slides in and bumps the Evo back onto all fours with a juddering thump. Then retaliates, BASHING the Daytona off onto a side street.

INT. DAYTONA - CONTINUOUS

As Fenix's car careens down a parallel alley, he shouts into his radio at his men.

FENIX (INTO RADIO)
They're heading to the Border. If they get across, I'll kill every last one of you.

THE EVO AND THE CHARGER

round the next bend -- only to find a TWENTY CARS BLOCKING THE ROAD, cutting off access to the border. Gunmen levelling rifles.

BRIAN
Oh fuc--

And Brian CRANKS hard left, BOUNCING off the road and into the Mexican desert as the henchmen OPEN FIRE. Bullets spang against the cars like .50 caliber hail.

They shoot to incapacitate Brian's Evo. They shoot to kill Dom. But before they can accomplish either, the Evo and the Charger crest a rise and duck out of range.

AERIAL SHOT

Of Brian and Dom speeding across No Man's Land, TWIN ROOSTER TAILS OF DIRT being thrown up behind them.

Now PULL BACK TO REVEAL and ARMADA OF CARS pouring out of the city and into the desert after them. FIFTY ROOSTER TAILS closing in on our heroes. More and more. Impossible odds.

INT. BRIAN'S EVO

Scrambling at full speed over the scrub wastes. Dom pulls up even with him. Shouts out the window.

DOM
We got a plan?

BRIAN
I'm working on it.

Braga loves the desperation.

BRAGA
You're going to die out here.

BRIAN
Oh really?

With sudden ferocity, Brian ELBOWS Braga in the face, knocking him cold! As Braga slumps, Brian grins -- then STARTS as FOUR 4x4 DUNE RUNNERS come leaping out of a ravine right at him! Brian SWERVES to avoid the steel rain.

DOM

double-pumps his NOS and BLASTS ahead, inserting himself between the Evo and the 4x4s.

And the 4x4's COLLIDE against him. It's a duel -- the Charger versus four desert vehicles built for sand.

Like a pack hyenas trying to take down a lion, they SMASH against the Charger, trying to wipe it out. But the V8 is the king of this jungle and goes on the offensive, SMASHING one 4x4 back into the ravine and PITTING another so violently that it goes CARTWHEELING into the sand.

And just then, Brian RECOGNIZES a landmark from the run they did days ago, and realizes --

BRIAN
The tunnels!

And Brian angles off in the direction he remembers them to be.

AHEAD

an improvised footbridge spans a small arroyo. Brian cuts hard through the sand and streaks for it.

But Brian glances up to see his rearview FILLED with pursuing cars. It looks like a sandstorm coming with the wrath of God.

No choice, Brian blasts across the rickety bridge.

Amazingly, it holds. Dom is only a few car lengths behind, sandwiched between two dune runners battering him.

As they try to crush him one final time, Dom squeezes the juice and ROCKETS FORWARD across the bridge, leaving them to -- CRRAASSHH! -- collide into each other and snarl into a massive wreck, DESTROYING THE FOOTBRIDGE!

BRIAN

Looks back to see the bridge gone, and the scene empty of pursuers...

But then -- VROOOM!VROOOM!VROOOM!VROOOM! -- a dozens of cars come sailing over the lip of the arroyo like an iron waterfall, boiling out of the ground like a nest of metal ants.

Brian and Dom give it everything they've got -- a modern day Butch and Sundance trying to escape from the Mexican army. Two against a hundred, closing in. A real life race of life and death.

Then, with a burst of Nitromethane, a single car separates from the pack to harry the Evo. A devil-red Daytona.

DOM sees it coming, ready to block for Brian, but --

FENIX

fakes left, then slues right, skimming around Dom to catch the Evo. Brian tries to avoid him, but the guy is too damn good.

With a flick of his wrist, Fenix PITS the Evo's rear bumper sending Brian SPINNING OUT IN A WAVE OF SAND!

BRIAN'S POV

The world spins in a 360-DEGREE SILICA VORTEX...but Brian's skills are as sharp as they've ever been and he CORRECTS while in the spin, to come out of it driving forward at top speed.

And ahead, he sees:

BRAGA'S SUBTERRANEAN TRAFFICKING TUNNELS

Brian streaks for them like a guided missile.

Fenix draws close, and as he's about to spin the Evo again --

WHAM! The Charger comes out of nowhere to SMASH the Daytona aside. And as Fenix and Dom engage in a motorized World War III, Brian shoots --

INTO THE TUNNELS

Driving on memory and split-second reflex, Brian guides the Evo through the earthen maze at top speed, skidding around corners and sparking off the walls.

Only a car length behind --

DOM AND FENIX

battle it out, zig-zagging through the forest of support struts and slamming each other off the tunnel walls.

A handful of other racers keep up through the tunnel run, but when one tries to wipe out the Charger, Dom taps the brakes and drops back, swerving around the 4x4 as it loses control and EXPLODES against one of the supports.

Blinded by the blast, the racer just behind SMASHES into the same strut at full speed and -- KRRRRAAAAACKK! -- SEVERES IT IN HALF!

All throughout the tunnel, the other struts GROAN and CREAK under the additional weight -- then BURST TO SPLINTERS.

Behind them, the tunnel begins COLLAPSING IN A CHAIN REACTION! A dozen of the desert racers are buried beneath the crushing avalanche that races to catch --

DOM, BRIAN AND FENIX

Around them, the walls SHAKE, supports BUCKLE as, behind them, Mother Earth races to swallow them whole.

Like the Millennium Falcon's escape from the exploding Death Star in *Return of the Jedi*, the tunnel collapse roars closer, catches them, and just as the whole works come down on top of them --

The three cars BLAST out of the tunnels on the U.S. side in a MASSIVE WRECK OUT!

The Evo, Charger and Daytona TUMBLE across the desert sands like Matchbox toys thrown by an angry child.

BRIAN

is trapped in the mangled Evo, unconscious, injured.

The muscle cars fare better.

FENIX

is the first out of his wreck, nitromethane shooting out of the exhaust in great sputtering flamethrower bursts.

DOM

is badly messed up...but rises to meet him.

And as their cars burn behind them, Dom and Fenix prepare for the gritty, gut-wrenching fight to the death we've been waiting for. No words need be spoken.

And the two titans collide in mortal combat.

The tide of battle shifts precariously, both men raining down earth-shattering blows that would kill a lesser man, until Fenix digs his fingers into the gunshot wound Mia had sewn up, tearing it open.

Dom recoils in pain...and that's the only opening Fenix needs, slipping behind Dom and getting him into a NECK-BREAKING DEATH GRIP.

And now that he's got him, Fenix begins forcing Dom's head toward the NITROMETHANE FLAMETHROWER rapid-firing out of the Daytona's inverted exhaust port.

Dom tries to resist, neck muscles bulging, face getting closer to the fire. And just as the flames start blistering his skin --

Dom's eyes fall on the wreck of the Charger. All that Letty worked to restore, ruined.

And with his last seconds of life, Dom is consumed with rage, letting out a primordial scream and accessing a reserve of strength even he didn't know he had to BREAK Fenix's grip and sending the bastard flying to the ground.

The look in Dom's eye as he stalks toward Fenix is terrible to behold.

Scared for the first time in his life, Fenix grabs a piece of twisted metal off the ground to defend himself with --

But Dom is in a beserker rage and swipes it away, raining righteous Hammer of God blows down upon Fenix until the sonofabitch's limp and broken body moves no longer.

Dom has gotten revenge for Letty.

ANOTHER ANGLE

In the distance, the hills come alive with red and blue lights as a thousand POLICE AND BORDER PATROL CARS begin to close in. Dom moves to the Evo and checks out its occupants.

Braga has a broken arm, but is alive.

Brian is entombed by the crumpled metal.

Dom looks down to find the sheared metal of the car has SEVERED AN ARTERY that threatens to bleed Brian out.

All around, the cops draw nearer. Brian knows if Dom stays what it will mean.

BRIAN
Get out of here, Dom.

DOM
You'll die.

BRIAN
So will you, if you stay.

There's a tense moment. This is Dom's chance. He stares off at the open road...

...then shakes his head.

DOM
I ain't running anymore.

And in a nice payback on the same sacrifice Brian made for him in the first film, Dom kneels down and applies pressure to Brian's wound, stemming the blood flow. Stays to save Brian as the cops close the trap around them...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY COURTHOUSE - ESTABLISHING

The concrete monolith inspires dread.

INT. COURTHOUSE

Dom wears the last outfit we ever thought we'd see him in -- an orange jumpsuit and chains.

As the JUDGE enters the courtroom, the BAILIFF intones:

BAILIFF

All rise.

Everyone does.

JUDGE

I've listened to the testimony and taken into special consideration Agent O'Conner's appeal of clemency on behalf of Mr. Toretto, that his actions directly resulted in the apprehension of known drug trafficker Antonio Braga...

The argument is compelling, and in our hearts we know the Judge is gonna go for it...

JUDGE (CONT'D)

However, this judiciary finds that one right does not make up for a lifetime worth of wrongs. And as such, I find that I am forced to level the maximum sentence under California law...

REACTION SHOTS:

MIA burying her head against Brian's shoulder.

BRIAN unable to believe what he's hearing.

DOM implacable as stone. He knew what was coming.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY

A lone SHERIFF'S PRISON BUS drives down the highway.

INT. SHERIFF'S BUS

Dom is inside, in shackles, on his way to prison. His greatest fear realized...

JUDGE (VO)

Dominic Toretto, you are hereby sentenced to serve twenty-five years to life in the Lompoc maximum security prison system, without possibility of early parole.

And as the gavel slams down, we see the last vestiges of hope die in his eyes.

It's a horrible moment. Then --

SFX: THE SOUND OF HIGHLY-TUNED ENGINES. Barely audible, but then growing LOUDER. An approaching automotive storm.

Dom looks out the window to see FOUR BLACKED-OUT IMPORT CARS racing up alongside the bus like sharks hunting a whale. As the hyper-tuned racers draw in close, the sheriffs panic and draw their guns.

Dom looks at the lead car...and realizes it's Brian.

The others are MIA, TEGO and ROMAN.

And as MUSIC RISES, Brian and the others pull a crazy synchronized move that forces the bus to lock its brakes and skid sideways in a scream of smoke and rubber.

And as Dom smiles, we --

SLAM TO BLACK.