All right, we're good to go.
You got this?
You bet your ass, bubba.
Let's make some money!
Everyone in position.
I thought we'd be
robbing banks by now,
not some gas truck
in the middle of nowhere.
Down here, gas is gold, bubba.
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
(LAUGHS)
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
(RADIO SQUEALS)

DOM ON RADIO:
Kill the chatter!
Game time.
I wouldn't piss him off, guys.
(IGUANA GROWLS)
(SPEAKING SPANISH)

DOM:
we're gonna have to hit
this hard and fast.
We got four K left
before the downgrade.
(TIRES SQUEAL)
Locked and loaded!
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
(TRUCK HONKING)
(SPRAYING)
(TRUCK CONTINUES HONKING)
(GRUNTS)
This is all you, Han.
Liquid gold.
(CHUCKLES)
We're clear.
Okay, T, you're up.
Let's see if you can get it
under six tries this time, huh, T?
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
It's more like three.
Come on, Tego, keep it real.
(TIRES SQUEALING)
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
Just one K left. We're running out of road.
Get in there, brother.
l got it, l got it.
(YELLS)
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
Shit !
(GRUNTS)
T, cut loose !
Unhitch, unhitch !
(SCREAMS)
(GUNSHOTS)
(BOTH SPEAKING SPANISH)
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
(ENGINE REVVING)
Spray that hitch !
l don't have a hammer !
Just do it !
(SCREAMS)
Hold on ! Hold on !
No shit !
Hold onto something tight !
(METAL CLANKS)

**DOM:**
Give me your hand !
l can't reach !
You got to jump !
(BRAKES SCREECHING)
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
Jump !
Letty, jump !
l've got you !
(GROANS)
Dom. . .
Dom?
Dom !
(CLUB MUSIC PLAYING)
(CARS REVVING)
(EXCLAMATIONS)
(SPEAKING SPANISH)

**HAN:**
OMAR:
Good.

OMAR:
is bigger than mine always?

TEGO:
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
Cops just raided
our garage in Baracoa.
They were real
interested in you.
Heat's on and we just sent up a flare
that's gonna lead them right to us.
I say we move out first thing
in the morning.
Nah, it's me they want.
And if they catch me,
they're throwing big numbers
at anybody with me.
Han, we had a good run.
Time for you to go
do your own thing.
Heard they're doing
some crazy shit in Tokyo.
Have you seen Letty?
There she is.
(SLIDING)
I hear Rio is nice this time of year.
The cops are getting hungrier.
Then I guess we're doing our job.
I'm a walking target.
I don't want you around
when they catch up to me.
"Ride or die," remember?
Dom, how long have
we been doing this?
And now all of a sudden,
out of nowhere, it's too dangerous?
Come on.
We'll figure it out.
We always do.
(FOOTSTEPS)
l don't know shit !
Give me a name !
l don't know shit, man !
Give me a name !
David Park !
David Park's the guy you want !
Please !
Thank God. Listen, he's in a mood
because yesterday was his cheat day,
and then today, some genius
brought in donuts.
Great.

BR1AN:
(SCOFFS)
Complaints keep rolling in after your little
downtown Olympics, O'Conner.
Tell me that reinstating you
wasn't a mistake.
l got a name.
David Park. That's it?
That's all you got?
David Park?
l could throw a fortune cookie out this
window and hit 50 David Parks right now.
It's Korean, not Chinese.
Whatever.
Park is a scout that recruits street racers
to be mules for the Braga cartel.
We find Park,
and we bust the bad guys.
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
(BOY SPEAKING SPANISH)
(SPEAKING SPANISH)

**MIA:**
Mia, I told you not to call me here.
Dom, it's Letty.
She's been murdered.

**PRIEST:**
to pay our final respects to...
Let us reflect on her journey...
"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He makes me lie down."

(SOBBLING)
Facial recognition software matched Toretto about 10 minutes after he crossed the border.
I don't get it.
I thought he'd show.
I told you not to come.
They're staking the place out.
If they find you...
They won't.
Come on.
Look at you.
Letty wouldn't let them junk it.
Even though it is a goddamn curse.
When she came back, she was always in here, working on it day and night.
It was weird.
It was like she knew you were coming back.
I want to see the crash site.

**PENN1NG:**
with Deputy Director Lawson.
If we don't make serious inroads into the Braga case in the next 72 hours, they're gonna shut us down.
I know I'm a newbie here, but why the clock now? Because it's been two years, and the last three agents we sent to infiltrate his organization came back in body bags. He's moved more heroin across the border than Escobar did in 10 years. This guy is becoming one of our biggest national threats, and we don't even have a picture of him.

We don't have prints! Not even a goddamn DOB! What's the status on David Park? Isn't he our ticket into the Braga organization? We're running the name through city and county databases, sorting the possibilities. We've got over 500 already. Park's insignificant. Sounds like another jerk-off to me.

BR1AN:

have drivers to move his shipments. Cross-check traffic. Illegal modifications. Street racing. This guy will definitely have a record. We'll find him. We better. (CHUCKLES)

What do you know? Your boy Toretto's red Chevelle has been spotted in his old neighborhood. I'm going to bring his ass in. Not in your car you're not. It's straight ahead.

(TIRES SQUEALING)
(TIRES SQUEALING)
(CAR ENGINES REVVING)
(GROANING)
(GUN COCKING)
(GUNSHOT)
You found something
back there.
There were burn marks
on the ground.
The kind that could
only be caused by nitrometh.
There's only one guy
in all of L.A. that sells that.
Nothing you can do
is gonna bring her back, Dom.
If I were Letty,
I would ask you... No, I would beg you,
please, let this go.
Before it's too late.
It's already too late.
I love you.
(CAR DOOR CLOSES)
(CAR DOOR OPENING)

STASIAK:
Miss Toretto.
I'm Michael Stasiak, FBl.
Let's you and I have a little chat.
(ELEVATOR BELL DINGS)
Hi. This is Forsythe in Evidence.
I need Stasiak down here right away
to sign some greenies.
Thanks.
Hi. Hey.
Okay, I narrowed it down
to 50 or so David Parks.
What I'd like you to do is run the make
and model on each one of them.
All right?
Okay. All right.
Thank you.
(DOOR BUZZES)
Hey, Tyler, we got a transfer.
You want to come with me?
(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)
Toretto.
When'd you get back in town?
I'm looking for a car
you did an engine mod on.
Nitromethane tank. Ford full-size.
Continental tires.
Look, what are you doing,
coming in here like this, huh?
This ain't your scene
anymore, boss.
Don't ever put your hands
on me again, okay?
Say hi to your sister for me.
(GRUNTING)
(GROANING)
A Korean kid brought it in.
David Park.
It's a green Ford Torino.
Please don't drop this on me!
I'm almost done.
Why don't you tell me why you
dragged me here, Brian?
You know they're going
to capture Dom. Maybe worse.
I don't want you getting tangled up in this.
So stay away from him.
That's what you have to say
to me after five years?
All of a sudden,
you care what happens to me.
What I did to you was wrong.
I'm sorry. It was. . . It was
the hardest thing I've ever had to do.
I'm sorry, too, Brian.
I'm so sorry that you had to come
into my home and pretend to love me.
I'm so sorry that you ripped
my family apart.
I'm very sorry that that was
hard for you.
I lied to you.
I lied to Dom.
I lied to everybody.
That's what I do best.
It's why the Feds recruited me.
Maybe you're lying to yourself.
Maybe you're not the good guy
pretending to be a bad guy.
Maybe you're the bad guy
pretending to be the good guy.
You ever think about that?
Every day.
l always wondered,
why did you let
my brother go that day?
l don't know.
Shit.
Brian!
l got the cross-checks on David Park
back and have a list of possibles.
What do you got? All right.
A 45-year-old male in a '06 Scion
with three reckless
driving tickets. No.
An '01 Chevy Tahoe.
No.
Two Mini Coopers,
a '06 and a '07, a Toyota hybrid.
Hell no. A '98 Saturn, a '95 Sebring.
A '98 Nissan 240 with an illegal mod.
Wait. That's it.
What? The 240 with the illegal mod.
How do you know?
'Cause that's something l'd drive.
Don't! Don't! Don't!
Green Torino, running nitro.
Whose car? l don't know, man.
l'm just the middleman. l swear!
l'm just the middleman!
(GROANS)
(PANTING)
Wait, wait, wait.
l don't know shit, man. l swear.
l just run cars for Braga, all right?
All l can do is get you in the race!
That's all l can do!
What race?
(SCREAMING)
Help! Come on, hold on!
Let me up, man!
Come on!
Come on, man,
l don't know shit! Just let me up!
l told you, you got to talk to Braga!
Bring him up, Dom.
God! Don't drop me!
That's all I know!
Bring him up.
You here to take me in, O'Conner?
Shit! Shit! Shut up!
Letty was my friend, too.
You weren't anyone's friend.
Yo, can you guys talk about this later?
Now pull my ass up!
She was running for this guy,
Braga, and things went bad.
Please!
l'm going to get these guys, Dom.
Now let me do my job
and bring him up.
l'm going to kill this Braga.
God!
And anyone else
who gets in my way.
Hey!
Don't let go.
O'Conner!
O'Conner! If you ever release
a witness of mine again...
(GROANS)
That's enough!

STASIAK:
l'm fine!

PENN1NG:
You're through, O'Conner!
l said that's enough!
Stasiak, go get
yourself cleaned up.
What?
He hit me first! You....
This isn't the Cub Scouts!
Now, go on!
You're bleeding on my floor.
O'Conner, do you know the difference
between a cop and a criminal?
What?
One bad judgment call.
Keep your shit in line, son.
Have a good time.
Take a seat.
Good news. We have intel that Braga's
number two, Ramon Campos,
will hold a street race
in Koreatown tomorrow night
to fill a slot on his team.
They've already chosen three drivers
from previous races.
Our newest informant,
Mr. David Park,
has been kind enough
to get us into the race.
O'Conner, you're up.
Let me guess, winner gets the slot.
(CHUCKLES)
All right, so these are all the imports
the city has in impound.
Okay, nice.
Pick your poison.
All right, 2206.
I crashed one of those.
Okay, so which one
do you want?
I want them all.
Standard issue tracking device.
Boss wants to know
where you are at all times.
(WHIRLING)
(HIP-HOP MUSIC PLAYING
ON SPEAKERS)
(CAMPOS SPEAKING SPANISH)
You want to play with it?

DWIGHT:
(SNICKERS)
What are you looking at, nutsack?
I don't know. You tell me.
The racer wants what Dwight's got.
See, but, ladies,
Dwight's already on the team.
You got to be fast
if you want to drive for Braga.
Is there a problem here?
No.
You one of Park's guys, blondie?
Yeah. Yeah, I am.
Follow me.
(SOFTLY)
See you later, punk.
You, too, punk.

FENIX:
(CAMPOS EXCLAMS)

FENIX:
(CAMPOS SPEAKING SPANISH)
You all know why you're here.
Good drivers
are a dime a dozen.
Man, every corner's got a
chingadera tuner racing for pinks.
That's not what Braga
has got me looking for.
Braga wants someone that would sell
their abuelita to be behind the wheel.
Someone that drives their
but to push it and make it through
places no one else would take it.
Real drivers.
So, what are we hauling?

CAMPOS:
you don't need to know.
You just said you wanted real drivers.
A real driver knows
exactly what's in his car.
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
Mira, real driver,
nobody's forcing you to race.
You the boss?
Or am I talking to the boss?
Do I look like a boss?
My job is to find
the best drivers, period.
Whoever wins the race
gets the info. We cool?
Are we cool?
Yeah, we're cool.

**RACER:**
Who's closing these streets?
(CHUCKLING)
No one.
That's the point.
(CAR ENGINES REVVING)
**AUTOMATED VOICE ON GPS:**
Please wait while
directions are downloaded.
Proceed to the highlighted route.
Ten,
nine,
eight,
seven,
six...
You sure you want to do this?
A lot has changed.
...four...
You're right.
...three,
two,
one,
go!
(TIRES SQUEALING)
Right turn ahead.
You are now five miles
from your destination.
(HONKING)
How's my ass look, Chia Pet?
Ghetto Smurf.
(TIRES SQUEALING)
(CARS HONKING)
(TRUCK HONKS)
Dead man driving.
Come on!
Right turn ahead.
(SCREAMS)
Shit!
Damn.
Rerouting.
Proceed straight ahead.
Rerouting.

(HONKING)

(PEOPLE SCREAMING)

Shit.
Rerouting. Just shut up!
You are 2.6 miles from destination.
Oops, I didn't see you.
You are now four and one-half miles from your destination.

(CAR HONKING)

U-turn, if possible.
Are you kidding me?
You are now 4.2 miles from your destination.
Sorry, car.
You are now one mile from your destination.

Yeah, guess who's back, Dom?
Let's go!
Nice car, baby!

(TIRES SQUEALING)

(SIGHS IN RELIEF)

Bitch!
You are now one-quarter mile from your destination.

(ENGINE REVVING)

Too early, Dom.

(TIRES SQUEAL)

No!
Still a buster.

(PEOPLE CHEERING)

You have reached your destination.

Goodbye.
At least we know you can't beat me straight up.
I didn't know there were any rules.

(SPEAKING SPANISH)

Now that's what I call real driving.

No, that's bullshit, man!

Go cry to your mama, eh?
You work for Braga now. When the GPS calls, you follow. Driver's license. What driver's license? Thumb. Cell phone number. The print is for Campos. The number is for me. Yo, nutsack! Let me tell you something, man, muscle beats import every time. You know what I'm saying? Every time! Ladies, let's get on back to Papa Dwight's.

**DWIGHT:**

to take off your shoes. Dwight likes feet. Take off your shoes. So beautiful. (CHUCKLES) Dwight likes this foot a lot. Yes, baby! Daddy Dwight loves... .

**BR1AN:**
l didn't do nothing, man! Dwight didn't do nothing! Hey, no! Stay, stay! Where you going?

**WOMAN:**
No, what did l do? (EXCLAIMS IN PAIN)

**BR1AN:**
for distribution of meth. Meth? Dwight's never touched that shit, bro! Dwight has now. Yo, that ain't mine! No! You know that's never gonna stick, right? Yeah, it's not supposed to.
(TlRES SQUEALlNG)
Live it up! Live it up!
(HIp-HOP MUSlC PLAYlNG)
Yeah, Corona.
That's too bad
about Dwight.
Having the Feds raid your house
the same night you make the team.
So unfortunate.
I wish I could say I was surprised
to see you here.
What's to stop someone
from telling them you're a cop?
Probably the same thing that's keeping me
from telling them why you're really here.
What up, fellows?
Hey, how you doing?
Great. You having a good time?
Yeah, a great time.
Come on, let's have a better time.
How's your car?
It took a nasty bump.

BRlAN:
I also heard you just
got out of County.
Yeah.
Mmm-hmm.
You know a guy
named Jim Garcia?
Nah. Big place.
Lots of names, lots of faces.
And you, you're wanted by
a lot of people, homes.
Yeah, that kind of heat
can't be good for business.
Yeah, well, that depends
on how you look at things.
I go down, I do time.
I do real time.
I don't know about your other drivers,
but when I see flashing lights in my mirror,
I don't stop.
Do you know each other?
He used to date
my sister.
I see.
You're a lucky man.
How's that?
You're still breathing.
(CHUCKLES)
To the ladies we've loved
and the ladies we've lost.
(CAMPOS TOASTING IN SPANISH)
So, what's Braga about?
You know, he's just one of us.
Came up from the streets.
Down for el barrio.
Now he's a shot caller.
The boss of bosses.
See all these cats in here?
Any one of them
would die for Braga.
Including you?
Especially me.
(WHISPERING)
Enjoy the party, fellows.
Club's yours.
Whatever you want, booze,
broad, it's all good.
Braga's mine.
I'm taking the whole house down.
Good luck.
(CLUB MUSIC PLAYING)
(ELEVATOR BELL RINGS)
(MEN CHATTERING)
Something interests you
about this car?
Just admiring the body work.
Are you one of those boys
who prefers cars to women?
I'm one of those boys that appreciates
a fine body, regardless of the make.
Your car?
It's Fenix's car.
You'll meet him at the rendezvous.
He'll be leading you.
So now
that I know your taste in cars, 
tell me, what about your women? 
It all starts with the eyes. 
She's got to have those kind of eyes 
that can look right through the bullshit 
to the good in someone. 
Down to earth. 
Ain't afraid to get a little engine 
grease under her fingernails. 
That doesn't sound 
anything like me. 
It ain't. 
Hi. 
Hi. 
I got a gift for you. 
All right. 
A dirty shot glass, 
just what I always wanted. 
I got these from the club 
last night. 
There's two sets of prints here. 
Run them both. 
I know one of these is Campos'. 
I think the other might be Braga's. 
And you're gonna have 
to go beyond Interpol. 
So, that means I have to contact 
individual agencies, 
and that could take weeks. Okay. 
(GPS VIBRATING) 
(CARS HONKING) 
(CELL PHONE RINGING) 
Yeah. 
That's your third traffic violation 
in less than three blocks. 
Slow it down, O'Conner. 
Sure thing, Dad. 
He stopped. 
(BUG DETECTOR BUZZING) 
(BEEPING) 
(BUG DETECTOR BUZZING) 
We lost him. 
He killed the tracker. 
We don't know that.
I'm telling you, he killed the tracker.
We don't know that yet!
Get the bird overhead.

PILOT ON RADIO:
I'm moving north, 33', 56'...
All clear.

PILOT ON RADIO:
Base, flag nine, I'm at Angeles 5.
I don't have a tail on the target.
Repeat, I don't have a tail on the target.
They're gone,
there's no one down there.
Damn it!

TASH:
nothing about being locked in no truck.
Tell me about it.
Hey. Hey!
Yo! Where do you think
they're taking us?
Don't matter.
We're all just along
for the ride now.
Welcome to Mexico, boys.
There are helicopters
and surveillance cameras
that scan for heat
signatures at the border.
But there are blind spots that I can
guide you through via satellite.
There can be no margin of error,
so you must follow my every direction.
Any questions?
I thought Fenix was gonna be here.
He'll meet you out there.
All right, everybody, sync up.
Good luck, gentlemen.
(SPEAKING SPANISH)

GISELE ON RADIO:
Satellite linkup engaged.
Keep proceeding northbound
at current speed.
Stay close to Fenix.
He'll lead you across.
(BEEPING)
(MONITOR BEEPING)
l got a heat signature northbound
along Legardo Ravine.
Thermal imaging window on the Mexico
side's gonna be down for about 45 seconds.
Get the camera on it.

MAN:
to designated coordinates.

GISELE:
You guys have been tagged.
(CAR ENGINES REVVING)
Shit.
Toretto, get back in formation.
Reimaging commencing.
l don't see anything.
They're gone.
Get the helicopters to cover it.

PILOT ON RADIO:

GISELE:
a helicopter.
You have 30 seconds.

PILOT:

GISELE:
You need to get out of there before
they send ground support.
Fifteen seconds.

PILOT:

GISELE:
You need to get out now!

PILOT:
west 1 1 6' 49'.
We have no visual contact.
Roll ground units for confirmation.
Sloppy!
Very sloppy!
What are you doing, man?
(GAS HISSING)
Come on.
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
Get out.
Come on, man.
Come on, today, man.
Come on, let's go.

MALIK:
Hey, don't touch me, man!
(MAN SPEAKING SPANISH)
Hey, I said don't touch me, man!
Hey, look, dawg,
don't put your hands on me.

TASH:
Yo, man, what's up
with your boy?
(GUN COCKS)

DOM:
What did you say?
I said only pussies
run nitrometh.
You looked under my hood?
I'm talking to you.
Got something on your mind?
'70 Plymouth.
Her name was Letty.
Yo.
Where's my money?

DOM:
wrecked her car.
I wrecked her car.
(TIRES SQUEALING)
You remember her face?
Huh?
'Cause I don't.
Last time I saw it, it was burning.
Now what?
I'm going to enjoy what happens next.
(MAN SCREAMING)
(GUNFIRE)
(GRUNTING)
(GUNSHOT)
(MAN GROANS)
Dom, get in!
Get in! Come on!
(ALARM BLARING)
Come on! Get in the fucking car!
Let's go! Hurry up!
(HELICOPTERS WHIRLING IN DISTANCE)
(PHONE DIALING)
(PHONE RINGING)

PENNING:
We're contacting agencies in multiple countries.
Unfortunately, most of them have to manually scan their prints for us to upload.
O'Connor's on line five.
And, sir, you should see this.
Thank you.
(PHONE BEEPS)
Talk to me, O'Connor.
Where the hell have you been?
I got the shipment.
"I got the shipment," or "we got the shipment"?
What are you talking about?
Traffic cams in the area picked up pictures of you and Toretto together.
Listen to me, O'Connor. Bring in the shipment and bring in Toretto.
But I thought the point was to get Braga.
We got an opportunity here.
Brian, the clock stopped ticking.
Bring them in. Are we clear?
O'Connor?
(PHONE BEEPS)
So this is what
$60 million looks like.
Yeah, we got to get you to a doctor.
We got to find
a place to hide this.
l got a spot.
l need a 48-hour hold.
Out back.
Any spot you can find.
You sure about this?
Yeah. The last place they'll check,
their own impound yard. Trust me.
You know, l've been thinking,
when you blew up your car back there,
you blew up mine, too.
Yeah?
Yeah.
So now you owe me
a 10-second car.
Is that right?
Yeah.
Now we're even.
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)
Is this your way of keeping me
away from him?
You're the only one l could call.
He's my brother, of course.
The bullet's not in there.
l'm gonna clean it and stitch it up.
It's going to hurt.
l bet you're going to enjoy this.
A little.

M1A:

DOM:

M1A:
I like it hot.
Dom, what are you doing?
You reached first,
you have to say grace.
Thank you, Lord,
for blessing this table.
With food, family
and friendship.
You asked me why I let Dom go.
I think it's because
at that moment,
I respected him
more than I did myself.
Yeah.
One thing I learned from Dom is that nothing
really matters unless you have a code.
And what's your code, Brian?
I'm working on it.
(BEEPS)
(PHONE DIALING)
(CELL PHONE RINGING)
Shit. Hey, Dom.
When were you gonna tell me?
Dom, what are you doing?
When were you gonna tell me
you were running Letty?
Let me explain. . .
When were you gonna. . .
Dom, stop!
You don't understand.
I don't understand?
Stop!
(BOTH GRUNTLING)
She did it for. . .
(GROANING)

BRIAN:
Dom, stop it!
Please stop!
(BRIAN GRUNTLING)
(GRUNTLING)
She did it for you, Dom!
She did it for you!
Letty came to me to clear your name
in exchange for bringing down Braga.
She just wanted you to come home!
(YELLS)
I'm sorry, Dom!
I'm sorry!
(SLGHlNG) You better have one hell of an explanation. You disobeyed a direct order.
Where's the shipment?
It's safe.
It's safe.
Look, we could use the shipment to parade in front of the media, get a few hundred pounds of heroin off the street, but Braga's just gonna send another shipment next week and the week after that. Let's use the shipment to lure Braga out and lop the head off a multi-billion dollar cartel. And how do you suggest we do that? A hand-to-hand exchange with Braga.
He'll never show.
He can't afford not to.
You got a plan?
There's a price.
We bag Braga, you let Toretto walk.
(RlNGlNG)
Yes?
It's Dom.
I was just thinking about you. You know, when I gave you my number, I was hoping you'd call. But not under these circumstances. What circumstances? Me being alive? Don't take it personally. It's just business. I got some business of my own. Get Campos. It's them. Uh-huh.
Was that how Braga inspires loyalty? Killing his drivers? One can always find more drivers.
It's just good business.
I want to trade.
Braga doesn't negotiate.
(SCOFFS) Fine.
You explain to him how all of a sudden
$60 million worth of product disappears.
I know that can't
be good for business.
What do you want?
Six million cash,
delivered by Braga himself.
(LAUGHING)
I don't like being shot at.
I ain't gonna put my neck out again
unless he's got something to lose, too.
He'll never go for it.
Either I deal with Braga,
or you do.
When and where?
Sir, players are onsite.
Holding positions at the perimeter.
All right. Listen up.
Everybody stay frosty.
We don't move a muscle until
O'Conner gives the signal.
When he gets the money,
you know what to do.
Well, the good news is,
when we get this guy,
you walk out of here
a free man.
Is that what they told you?
Yeah, that's the deal.
You still put milk and cookies out
for Santa Claus?
Yeah.
Here.
In case things go shitty.
Just like old times?
Yeah.
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
You dropped something.
That's what you wanted, right?
Dom. . .
SPEAKING SPANISH
(both speaking SPANISH)
He's harmless.
Don't worry about him.
And he's really sorry about Letty.
Where's our stuff?
You mean the stuff that used to be in here, right?
Well, you'll see it when we see Braga.
That was the deal.
No worries.
Braga keeps his word.
(BEEPlNG)
$2 million.
You get the rest when I get my property.
Stasiak.

TRINH:
The fingerprint's
Braga's 100%.
Just waiting on facial confirmation via fax.

BRIAN:
You wearing pink when you were clawing your way out of el barrio?
Order all agents to move in.
We got confirmation.
Primary suspect wearing gray suit.
Let's move.
Sir, O'Conner hasn't given us the signal yet.
What part of that didn't you understand?
We just got confirmation. Do it!

FBI AGENT:
in gray suit. Repeat!
Secure primary suspect in gray suit.
You're thinking what I'm thinking, right?
He ain't Braga.
Oh, shit.
SWAT AGENT 1:

SWAT AGENT 2:
Get down!
(GUNFIRE)
Get out of here!
Get out of here, Dom!
(CAR ENGINE REVIVING)
Run him down.
Go!
Campos is Braga!
(MEN GROANING)
Come on.
(PEOPLE SHOUTING)

SWAT LEADER:
Approaching primary target.
SWAT AGENT ON RADIO:
Primary suspect is secure.

INVESTIGATOR:
your nose the whole time.
Now Braga's escaped.
Toretto's heading south, probably
long across the border by now.
Do you have any idea the kind
of trouble you're in, O'Conner?
al was doing my job.
He ain't the first bad guy
you helped escape the law's grasp.
As of now,
you're being taken off active duty,
until this house can
mount a formal inquiry.
What about Braga?
That's no longer your concern.
We now know
where Braga is, right?
Customs tracked him via satellite
to his home base in Tecali, Mexico.
Mexico is out of our jurisdiction.
The fact is
the brass will be so busy holding press
conferences over the seizure,
we'll skate under the radar.
I thought we signed on
to do the right thing.
Everyone's looking for you.
I'm right here.
It's nice to see you've gone
with the times
and switched to electronic
fuel injection. Looks good.
Buster became a gearhead.
I'm going with you.
I don't plan on
bringing anyone back.
I know.
Hit that throttle.
(SLGH1NG)
Hey.
(BOTTLES CLATTERlNG)
How do you say goodbye
to your only brother?
You don't.
(ENGINE REVV1NG)
I thought you weren't
gonna show up.
You saved my life.
I'm willing to return the favor.
This will help get you to Braga.
Dom.
Going in there is suicide.
I have no choice.
You must have
loved her very much.
(SPEAK1NG SPAN1SH)
So this is where
my jurisdiction ends.
And this is where
mine begins.
(ALL SHOUT1NG)
(SPEAK1NG SPAN1SH)
(DOOR OPEN1NG)
(DOOR CLOS1NG)
(SPEAK1NG SPAN1SH)
(BOTH SPEAK1NG SPAN1SH)
(SPEAK1NG SPAN1SH)
(RECLITNG PRAYER)
You ain't forgiven.
You boys want to arrest me?
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
No, we're beyond that.
You can't buy
your way out of this one.
You and me...
You and me,
we're not so different.
You're no hero.
You're right.
And that's why you're going back
across the border.
(HANDCUFFS CLICKING)
But Fenix is mine.
You got it.
(DOOR OPENING)
(DOOR CLOSING)
Shit!
(TIRES SQUEALING)
You'll make it a couple of miles out,
if you're lucky.
(CARS HONKING)
(PEOPLE SHOUTING)
(MAN SHOUTING IN SPANISH
ON RADIO)
(ALL SHOUTING)
(PEOPLE CHEERING)
(EXCLAMATIONS)
(WHISPERING)
(CHUCKLES)
You know where you're going?
You want to borrow my GPS?
(LAUGHING)
Where are your boys at?
Are they going
to show up or what?
(GUNFIRE)
Careful what you ask for.
Just stop.
Just stop the car.
(SCREAMING)
(SHOUTING IN SPANISH)
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
Right behind you.
Dom, head to the tunnel.
Let's use the tunnel.
(GUNSHOT)
Get out of here, Brian.
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
You sure you know where
the tunnels are? You sure?
Yeah. I'd hold on.
This might hurt.
You're in my world now, baby!
(YELLS)
(BANGING)
That's it, baby!
End of the road.
Now what?
Game over.
No, no, no.
(YELLS)
(GUNFIRE)
(MAN SCREAMS)
Come on!
(LAUGHING)
(GROANS)
(BRAKES SCREAMING)
(PILLAR CRACKING)
(YELLS)
(BANGING)
(GRUNTS)

CAMPOS:
Get me out of here!
(GROANS)
(GRUNTING)
(SIGH)
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
(GRUNTS)
(COCKS GUN)
(GRUNTS)
Pussy.
(GROANING)
Let me see that.
Yeah.
Just keep pressure there.
(POLICE SIRENS WAILING)
You'll be all right.
(HELICOPTERS WHIRLING)
You gotta get out of here.
I ain't running anymore.
I gotta ask you something.
Yeah?
You know I would have won that race
if you didn't cheat, right?
You hit your head hard.
(LAUGHS)
Don't make me laugh.
(GAVEL BANGING)
All rise.
Please be seated.
Please rise, Mr. Toretto.
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 Arturo Braga.
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.
Dominic Toretto,
you are hereby sentenced to serve
at the Lompoc maximum security
prison system
without the possibility
of early parole.
This court is adjourned.
(GAVEL BANGS)
(CAR ENGINES REVVING)
( BOTH ARGUING IN SPANISH)