The Fast and the Furious

By Gary Scott Thompson
Just packed up a real money load,
and it's coming your way.
Look for "Rodgers" on the truck's side.
Don't forget my share of the deal.
Shit!
- Tuna on white, no crust, right?
- I don't know. How is it?
Every day, for the last three weeks,
you've come here, asking how the tuna is.
Now, it was crappy yesterday.
It was crappy the day before.
And guess what? It hasn't changed.
- I'll have the tuna.
- No crust?
No crust.
Thank you.
Talk to me, Jesse.
This ain't working, brother.
It's your fuel map. It's got a nasty hole.
- That's why you're unloading in third.
- Told you.
I lengthen the injector pulse a millisecond.
Just tune the NOS timer, you'll run nines.
What's up with this fool?
Is he sandwich-crazy?
- No. He ain't here for the food, dog.
- Chill out. He's slinging parts for Harry.
- I know what he's slinging.
- He's trying to get in Mia's pants, dog.
- What's up, guys?
- How you doing, Mia?
- How you living, girl?
- Hey!
Hey, Dom. You want something to drink?
- He's beautiful.
- I like his haircut.
Vince!
- What?
- Can I get you anything?
You look good.
- Thanks a lot, Mia. See you tomorrow.
- Sure.
- Tomorrow?
- I love this part.
Try Fatburger from now on. Get yourself a Double Cheese with fries for $2.95, faggot.
- I like the tuna here.
- Bullshit. No one likes the tuna here.
Yeah, well, I do.
Jesus Christ, Dom! Would you get out there? I'm sick of this shit.
I'm not kidding, Dom. Get out there!
- What did you put in that sandwich?
- That's funny.
- Dom!
- All right.
- Hey, man. He was in my face.
- I'm in your face.
Relax! Don't push it! You embarrass me!
Get over there!
Jesse, give me the wallet.
"Brian Earl Spilner."
Sounds like a serial killer name.
- Is that what you are?
- No, man.
Don't come around here again.
Hey, man. This is bullshit.
- You work for Harry, right?
- Yeah. I just started.
You were just fired.
Hey, Dominic.
I appreciate what you did, in a big way.
Dominic, I owe you.
Brian, you're messing with my business.
When Dominic drives, he's golden.
Kids pour in. They want everything he has.
Every performance part. They pay cash!
- What did Dominic say?
- You don't want to know.
- What did Dominic say?
- He wants you out of here.
- He wants me out of here?
- Yes.
- And what did you say to Dom?
- What do you think I said?
I told him, "Good help is hard to find."
Relax.
I need NOS.
- I need NOS.
- No.
My car topped out at 140 miles per hour, this morning.
Amateurs don't use nitrous oxide. I've seen how you drive. You've a heavy foot.
- You'll blow yourself to pieces.
- I need one of these.
One of the big ones.
Actually, let's make it two.
And, Harry, I need it by tonight.
Hold up, hold up.
Look at this snowman right here, man.
Sweet ride.
What you running under there, man?
- Going to make me find out the hard way?
- Hell, yeah.
You brave. You brave.
They call me Hector.
I got a last name, too,
but I can't pronounce it.
- Brian Spilner.
- Typical white-boy name.
Know what I'm saying?
See that over there? That's mine.
My baby. I ain't cutting her loose tonight.
- Why not?
- I'm going legit, homey.
Trying to get on the NIRA circuit.
Heard about that?
- Hell, yeah.
- So, what's up with you, man?
- I'm just waiting for Toretto.
- Shit. Better get in line. This yours?
- I'm standing next to it.
- That's funny.
You know,
Edwin happens to know a few things.
And one of the things Edwin knows is:
It's not how you stand by your car...
...it's how you race your car.
You better learn that.
Oh, shit. Here they come. It's on.
- Dom.
- Marvin.
- Hey, Dom. How you doing?
- Hey, Camille. You been doing yoga?
- You did? Of course you did. Monica.
- I smell skanks.
- Why don't you girls pack it up,
before I leave tread marks on your face?
- Okay.
- Letty, I was just talking.
- Yeah. Whatever.
- Okay, Hector.
- Yeah? What's up, man?
- Yo. What's up?
- Edwin.
- How we doing this tonight?
- One race.
$2,000 buy-in. Winner takes all.
Hector, you're going to hold the cash.
- Why Hector?
- Too slow to make away with the money.
- Okay. Good luck, guys.
- Hey, wait. Hold up.
- I don't have any cash.
But I do have the pink slip to my car.
You just can't climb in the ring with Ali,
'cause you think you box.
He knows I can box. Check it out.
It's like this.
I lose, the winner takes my car.
Clean and clear.
But if I win, I take the cash,
and I take the respect.
Respect.
To some people, that's more important.
That your car?
I see a cool air intake. It's got a NOS
fogger system and a T4 turbo, Dominic.
I see an AIC controller.
It has direct port nitrous injection.
Yeah. And a stand-alone
fuel management system.
Not a bad way to spend $10,000.
You see that shit?
He's got enough NOS in there
to blow himself up. Period.

- So, what do you say? Am I worthy?
- We don't know yet.

But you're in. Let's go.
- All right.
- Let's go!

- What the hell is going on around here?
- Street's closed, pizza boy.
- Find another way home.
- Goddamn street racers.

Log on, 22. Code 3. Tension is high.
They've blocked the street.

Edwin.

This is yours, whether you win or lose.
But if you win, you get her, too.
You're going to win.

I'm going to win.

We had a reported homicide.
I've got a 187 in Glendale.

Cops are all over it. We're good to roll.
- All right.
- Let's race!

Right.

Go!

Hell, yeah!

Damn, that guy's fast.

Let's go! Mnage!

No! Monica!

Shut up!

Well done, baby!

Come on. Come on. Back up.

Here's what you won, right here.

There you go.

You were racing a bunch of skateboards.

Know what I mean?

My sister holds the money. Count it.

And you're my trophy.

- Hey, Monica. What's up, baby?
- What's your problem? You didn't win.

Fuck you then!

Was that fun?

Got a problem there, buddy?

- What are you smiling about?
- Dude. I almost had you.
You almost had me?
You never had me.
You never had your car.
Granny-shifting.
Not double-clutching, like you should.
You're lucky that 100-shot of NOS
didn't blow the welds on the intake.
- Almost had me?
- You tell him, Dominic. Get out of here.
Now, me and the mad scientist
got to rip apart the block...
...and replace the piston rings you fried.
Ask any racer. Any real racer.
It don't matter if you win by an inch
or a mile. Winning's winning.
Yeah!
All available units,
we have street-racing along Hawthorne...
Oh, shit! We got cops. Cops!
Go!
Cops! Get in the car! Go!
Toretto, stop right there!
Toretto!
Get in!
You're the last person in the world
I expected to show up.
I thought if I got in your good graces,
you might let me keep my car.
You are in my good graces,
but you ain't keeping your car.
You drive like you've done this before.
Are you a wheelman?
- No.
- You boost cars?
- No. Never.
- Ever done time?
Couple of overnighters. No big deal.
What about the two years
in juvie for boosting cars?
Tucson, right?
I had Jesse run a profile on you,
Brian Earl Spilner.
He'll find anything on the Web.
Anything about anybody.
So, why bullshit?
So, what about you?
Two years in Lompoc.
I'll die before I go back.
- Oh, great.
- What?
It's going to be a long-ass night.
That's what.
Follow us.
I thought we had an agreement.
You stay away. I stay away.
Everybody stays happy.
We got lost.
What do you want me to tell you?
- Who's "we"?
- My new mechanic.
Brian, meet Johnny Tran.
The guy in the snakeskin pants.
That's his cousin. Lance.
So, when are you going to give me a shot
at that Honda 2000 of yours?
- This your ride?
- It was. It's his now.
No, it's not. I haven't taken delivery.
Then, it's nobody's car.
But somebody put in the wrench time.
- What do you think, Lance?
- It's an amazing machine.
Yes, indeed.
Let's go.
I'll see you in the desert next month.
Be ready to have your ass handed to you.
- You'll need more than that crotch rocket.
- I got something for you.
- What the hell was that all about?
- Long story. I'll tell you later.
Let's get out of here.
NOS!
- So, what the hell was that all about?
- It's a long story.
Well, we got a 20-mile hike. Humor me.
A business deal that went sour.
Plus, I made the mistake
of sleeping with his sister.
Take care.
Yo, Spilner.
- You want a beer?
- Yeah, sure.
Oh, shit.
We were all there, right? Falling behind.
- With all that nitrous.
- Yeah.
Yo, Dom. We were just about to go
looking for you, brother.
Where were you?
There were mass cops there. They came in
from every direction. It was orchestrated.
- This your beer?
- Yeah, that's my beer.
Yo, Einstein. Take it upstairs.
You can't detail a car with the cover on.
- Can't even get that right.
- You all right?
- Am I all right?
- It was just a question.
Yo, Dom.
- Why did you bring the buster here?
- 'Cause he kept me out of handcuffs!
He didn't just run back to the fort!
The buster brought me back.
You can have any brew you want,
as long as it's a Corona.
- Thanks, man.
- That's Vince's. So, enjoy it.
You.
- Hey, bro. You got a bathroom?
- Upstairs. First door on the right.
He's got no call being up in here.
You don't know that fool for shit.
- He's right, Dom.
- There was a time when I didn't know you.
That was in the third grade!
- Yeah. So, what girls are here?
- You name it. You want mine?
- You need to shut the...
- You want two?
- You don't have anything?
- You look a bit tired.
I think you should go upstairs
and give me a massage.
- Look at all our guests.
- How about you give me a massage?
Crazy lady.
You know you owe me
a 10-second car, right?
Oh, shit.
Did you wipe the seat?
Jesus Christ! Would you cut this shit?
Come on!
- Come on. Let's go get me a drink.
- We were just about to get along.
- So, what do you want?
- Anything, as long as it's cold.
You know, my brother likes you.
He usually doesn't like anybody.
- He's a complicated guy.
- Yeah? What about you?
- I'm simpler.
- You're a shitty liar.
Well, I'll take that as a compliment.
- But there's a problem.
- What's that?
You need to get some sleep.
And you definitely,
definitely need a shower.
Come on. I'll take you home.
Show me your hands.
Very good. Now open the door.
Put your hands on your head.
Behind your head.
Face the front of the vehicle,
walk backwards towards the rear.
Take two steps to your right.
Stop right there.
- What did I do?
- Shut up. He's clean, Sarge.
Damn!
Muse, will you take these things off?
- Shit. You put them on so tight.
- I like realism.
You never know who's watching, Brian.
Nice crib, Sergeant. It's a lot nicer
than the last place you confiscated.
Ain't it? Eddie Fisher built this house
for Elizabeth Taylor in the '50s.
You see, even the cops
are Hollywood in Hollywood.
Okay, here he is,
fresh from Toretto's hot rod heaven.
That was an $80,000 vehicle, Officer.
- You told him what happened?
- He knows.
- Send the bill to Johnny Tran.
- The kid's giving me attitude?
It doesn't speak well
for police/FBI relations, Tanner.
- I walk in the door and the guy's already--
- All right, all right.
We'll talk, okay? Let's talk about it.
Muse, why don't you make us
four iced cappuccinos, please?
- Come on.
- Regular or decaf, Sarge?
Decaf, I think.
Four hijackings in two months,
and we have nothing.
The DVD players and digital cameras
are worth $1.2 million...
...which brings the grand total
to $6 million plus.
We're in the political crosshairs now, Brian.
That's why you're undercover.
You want that detective badge fast, kid.
And you want to know something?
The FBI can help,
if you come through for us.
What does the truckdriver say?
He gave us the same M.O.:
Three Honda Civics, precision driving...
...the same green neon glow
from under the chassis.
Lab says the skidmarks came back

the same:
So, we know it's somebody
in the street-racing world.
If we don't make this case, the truckers will take matters into their own hands.
I tell them we're close.
Are you going to make me a liar?
Look, what do we know?
We know this world revolves around Toretto, right?
I'm not saying that he's the one that's popping these trucks...
...but I can guarantee he knows who is.
It's just a matter of time until I win--
You want time, buy the magazine.
We don't have time.
Just get me something I can use.
Is Harry cooperating?
Like a guy that'll do time for receiving stolen property if he doesn't.
What kind of vibe is he getting from Toretto?
He's scared of him, but he doesn't think he's jacking trucks.
- He's too controlled for that.
- Wait.
Not that I want to contradict Harry's fine judge of character...
...but Toretto did hard time for nearly beating a guy to death.
He's got nitrous oxide in his blood and a gas tank for a brain.
Do not turn your back on him.
Tanner, I'm gonna need another car.
- What about parts and service?
- Hold off on it.
Dom, I don't know what to do with it.
All right, what the hell is this?
What do you got there?
- This is your car.
- My car?
I said a 10-second car, not a 10-minute car.
You could push this across the finish line, or tow it.
You couldn't even tow that across the finish line.
No faith.
I have faith in you, but this isn't a junkyard.
- This is a garage.
- Pop the hood.
- Pop the hood?
- Pop the hood.
- 2JZ engine. No shit.
- And what did I tell you?
- I retract my previous statement.
- You know what?
This will decimate all after you put about $15,000 in it.
Or more, if we have to overnight parts from Japan.
- We'll put it on my tab at Harry's.
- Yes!
I gotta get you racing again so I can make some money off your ass.
There's a show down in the desert called Race Wars.
That's where you'll do it.
When you're not working at Harry's, you're working here.
If you can't find the right tool in this garage, Mr. Arizona...
...you don't belong near a car.
He owns you now.
Tell me what you think about this.
Koni adjustables.
Gonna save us about 2 pounds.
And they're gonna give us better traction for the hole shot.
All right?
This is your basic layout of the car.
And that's pretty much what it could look like when it's finished.
Red, green.
- You should be going to MIT or something.
- Yeah, right.
No, I got that... What's it called? That attention disorder--
- ADD?
- Yes, that shit. Yeah.
You know, I was good in algebra
and like math and shit.
Everything else I failed.
Dropped out of school.
I don't know.
It's just something about engines...
...that calms me down, you know.
- I'm outta here.
- Come on, dog.
- Yo, Dom.
- Vince, get over here and give us a hand.
Looks like you got
all the help you need, brother.
- Mia! The chicken's dry.
- All right. I'm coming out already.
Here you go.
Hey, hold up.
Because you were the first to reach in
to get the chicken, you say grace.
- Dear heavenly...
- Spirit.
Spirit. Thank you.
Thank you for providing us
with a direct port nitrous injection...
...four core intercoolers
and ball-bearing turbos...
...and titanium valve springs.
- Thank you.
- Amen.
- Not bad.
- Amen.
He was praying to the car gods, man.
He's not the best.
- What do you want?
- Practice.
Thank you, girl.
Look who it is. "Old Coyotes 'R' Us."
I thought you weren't hungry, pumpkin.
- You know, I gotta eat.
- He's always hungry.
All right, sit down.
How you doing, Mia?
Here you go.
- Jesse, hand me that chicken.
- Let's eat some grub, man.
- Want some of that chicken?
- What, you rent a movie or something?

Need a hand with anything else?
No, I'm good. You can go join the boys and watch the movie.
- The cook doesn't clean where I come from.
- I'd like to go there.
- I think we should go out sometime.
- No, I don't date my brother's friends.
That sucks.
- I'll have to kick his ass then.
- I'd love to see that one.
I would pay to see that one, actually.
Wash my car when you get done.
- What was that?
- No, Mia. I'm talking to the punk.
Wear your favorite dress, 'cause when you're done...
...I'm putting you on the street where you belong, cutie.
Is this thing broken?
What's wrong with this thing?
What was that Cuban restaurant you wanted to take me to?
The one with the picadillo and--
- With red candles, wooden tables--
- The plantain, food all over the place.
- What it's called?
- Cha Cha Cha.
- Yeah, that's it.
- Yeah.
Well, you can take me there.
Friday night at 10:00. Is that good for you?
- Yeah, it's perfect.
- Good.
- There's no popcorn.
- Make your own goddamn popcorn!
All right. Now that's valet parking.
- Harry. What's up, dog?
- Nice to see you.
Excellent. Come on in, man.
- Check it. It's yours.
- Damn. What do we got here?
- Hired some new help?
- Don't even think about it.
- What's up?
- What's up, Brian? How you feeling?
- Pretty good. What do you need?
- What's up, man?
I need you to hook me up.
Three of everything. I made a list.
Why don't you look that over?
- When do you need this stuff by?
- Tomorrow, today, now.
- Right.
- White boys work fast, don't they?
That's right.
- You said you need three of each?
- Yeah, three of everything.
What do you think about that?
Check this out.
He moans like a cop.
Brian, this is one of those times
you need to be clear about what you say.
Nod if you understand me.
Nod!
Sit up.
Tell me what the hell you're doing
down here.
Shit. What I'm doing?
Dom.
I owe you a 10-second car.
And what this is about,
this is about Race Wars.
I just went in there,
and Hector is gonna be running...
...three Honda Civics with Spoon engines.
And on top of that,
he just came into Harry's...
...and he ordered three T66 turbos,
with NOS...
...and a MoTeC system exhaust.
So, what are you saying?
You're gonna check everybody's shit out,
one garage after another?
Yeah.
Because, Dom, you know I can't lose again.
He's a cop.
He's a cop!
You a cop?
Let's go for a little ride.
Walk!
Okay. You stand watch.
Yo, Dominic.
There's no engines.
What are they planning on racing with, hopes and dreams?
I don't know, but they're sneaky as shit...
...and they've got enough money
to buy anything.
What?
We got a wolf pack.
It's Johnny Tran,
and he's coming your way really fast.
All right, we got company. Spilner.
Come on. Move!
Let me ask you a question, Ted.
- Do you see anything wrong here?
- No.
- We got no engines, do we?
- No.
- Do we?
- No.
- Do we?
- No.
A couple of Nissan SR20 motors
will pull a premium...
- ...one week before Race Wars, huh?
- Yeah, probably.
You're a smart fence, Ted.
Maybe too smart.
What are you feeling, Lance?
A 40-weight sounds nice.
Where are they, Ted?
- Where are they?
- Enough!
- Where are they?
- They're in a warehouse.
They're in a warehouse, man!
Ted.
Kiss my shoes?
Let's go get our engines.
My superiors are flying in from D.C.,
in two days.
I want something to show.
We've got a fence
with a lube hose in his mouth...
...automatic weapons,
priors on every one of these Asian punks...
...a garage full of DVD players
and generally psychotic behavior.
Tell me why we shouldn't move
on Tran now and figure it out later?
Because all we have is behavior.
Let me get hard evidence,
because what we have now is just--
What we have is probable cause.
And truckers arming themselves for some
good old-fashioned vigilante mayhem.
- Tell us about Hector, Brian.
- Latinos with spear guns. Give me a break.
Hector's still working on the engines,
but the tires don't match.
Will somebody give me a cigarette?
- Get him a cigarette.
- Don't give him one.
- I thought you quit.
- I did. Just give me one.
- Get him a cigarette.
- No!
Tell me about Toretto.
I told you,
I think he's too controlled for this.
Going suicidal on semi-trucks? No way.
Maybe Vince. But he's too dumb to do it.
- I think the kid sister's blurring your vision.
- What did you say?
I don't blame you.
I'd get off on her surveillance photos, too.
Knock it off!
What? Are you going native on me, Brian?
Have you read Toretto's file lately?
- Yeah. I memorized that file.
- Read it again.
No, better still, take a look at these.
Remember I told you about the guy
he nearly beat to death?
Toretto did this
with a three-quarter-inch torque wrench.
He's a model of self-control.
I need a few more days.
I need a few more days.
Got a TR7 here,
with a ball-bearing upgrade.
What it's going to do is,
it's going to spool up really quick.
- I got this set up for 24 psi.
- Got it.
You got big plans tonight?
Yeah. We're going out to dinner.
You break her heart, I'll break your neck.
That's not gonna happen.
I want to show you something.
Me and my dad built her.
Nine hundred horses of Detroit muscle.
It's a beast.
- You know what she ran in Palmdale?
- No. What?
Nine seconds flat.
- God.
- My dad was driving.
So much torque,
the chassis twisted coming off the line.
Barely kept her on the track.
- So, what's your best time?
- I've never driven her.
Why not?
It scares the shit out of me.
That's my dad.
He was coming up
in the pro stock-car circuit.
Last race of the season.
A guy named Kenny Linder
came up from inside, in the final turn.
He clipped his bumper
and put him into the wall at 120.
I watched my dad burn to death.
I remembered hearing him scream.
But the people that were there
said he had died before the tanks blew.
They said it was me who was screaming.
I saw Linder about a week later.
I had a wrench, and I hit him.
And I didn't intend to keep hitting him,
but when I finished, I couldn't lift my arm.
He's a janitor at a high school.
He has to take the bus to work every day.
And they banned me
from the tracks for life.
I live my life a quarter-mile at a time.
Nothing else matters.
Not the mortgage, not the store...
...not my team and all their bullshit.
For those 10 seconds or less...
...I'm free.
So, how is it, anyways,
that the gang came to be?
- What?
- The gang.
The gang?
No, they don't call themselves a gang.
- What do they call themselves?
- They're a team.
- They call themselves a team.
- All right. How did the team come to be?
Well, that's a whole lot of history.
- I've got time.
- Okay. Vince grew up with my brother.
Actually, he didn't ever actually grow up,
as you can tell.
But they were friends as kids.
And Letty, she just lived down the street.
Always into cars, though.
Ever since she was, like, 10 years old.
So, naturally, you know,
my brother always had her attention.
- And then she turned 16--
- And then she had Dom's attention.
Yeah. It's funny how that works, isn't it?
Yeah.
How does Jesse fit into the whole thing?
Jesse. Well, Jesse and Leon just sort of
showed up one night and never, ever left.
It's just the way my brother is, you know.
Dom's like...
He's like gravity.
Everything just gets pulled to him.
Even you.
No.
No.
The only thing that pulled me in was you.
Being friends with your brother
is just a bonus.
That's good.
That's good. It's nice to come first
every once in a while.
Want to go for a drive?
- Yeah?
- The hijackers have hit again.
Bilkins has decided that we're gonna move
on Johnny Tran and his guys at 17:00.
Unless you say otherwise.
If you agree, just say yes.
- Yeah.
- Who is that?
It's just a wrong number.
Yes, sir. Yeah, I know, but--
Yeah. Yes, sir.
Yeah. I got it.
The DVD players were purchased legally.
All we've got are a couple
of low-rent weapons charges...
...and some outstanding speeding tickets.
- So, they're out.
- Yeah.
Father bailed them out.
Is this the kind of intelligence
I can expect from you, O'Conner?
- You're gonna put this on me?
- I can put it on whoever I want to.
- Perks of the job.
- No, you can't put this on me--
No, wait a minute. Let me tell you.
I don't care if you have to aim at someone
and blow your cover to smithereens.
You've got 36 hours to crack this bastard...
...or you might want to think
about another career.
It's Toretto, Brian.
It always has been Toretto.
Tran and Hector are...
They're just fumes.
I know you've been lying to me.
My question is this:
Have you been lying to yourself because you can't see past Mia?
He won't go back to prison.
Well, that's a choice he's going to have to make.
There's all kinds of family, Brian.
And that's a choice you're gonna have to make.
You ready for this?

Nice car.
What's the retail on one of those?
More than you can afford, pal. Ferrari.
Smoke him.
So, what's wrong, Brian?
Nothing, man, I'm fine.
Come on. Obviously something's off.
Look, I have my good days and bad days just like anybody else.
Brian, don't lose that cool of yours.
That's your meal ticket.

My meal ticket?
I can't pay for my own shrimp?
I got the shrimp.
No, that's one thing about me you don't understand.
I don't take handouts.
I earn my way, every step.
I need something extra on the side, like you.
What do you mean, like me?
- What's that supposed to mean?
- That's what I mean.
- What does that mean, like me?
- Don't try--
I'm not stupid, all right?
I know that there's no way you paid for all that shit you got under the hood--
There's no way you paid for
what's under the hood of those cars...
...by doing tune-ups and selling groceries.
Whatever it is you're in on,
I want in on it, too.
- Well, what is this?
- Read it.
- What is this for?
- It's directions.
To Race Wars.
We'll see how you go.
Then we'll talk.
- How's it going?
- What's up?
- Welcome to Race Wars.
- Great. Thanks a lot.
Baby. Hey, baby.
You should watch from the side.
I wouldn't want to get exhaust
on that pretty face.
- Put your money where your mouth is.
- I'll race you for that sweet little ass.
You want ass,
why don't you hit Hollywood Boulevard?
You want an adrenaline rush,
it'll be two large.
Right here. Right now.
What's it gonna be?
You got it.
"Another one bites the dust"
Come on. What you got?
See ya.
- What's up?
- Hey, what's up, Jesse?
What's in your hand?
Throwing down the pink slip, just like you.
- The pink slip to what? The Jetta?
- Yeah.
- You can't bet your dad's car.
- It's all right.
I ain't losing.
This fool is running a Honda 2000.
I'll win.
That way, me and my dad can roll
when he gets out of prison. It's all good.
They're gonna throw him right back in prison after he kills you.
You visualize the win.
Visualize the win, Jesse. I'm serious.
You got to listen to me, man.
Who are you racing?
Jesse, don't do it.
I bet you he's got more than $100,000 under the hood of that car.
Too soon, junior.
No!
Shit!
Oh, God!
Yo! Heads up, bro. We got problems.
- What?
- Jesse.
Where's Jesse going?
- He just raced Tran for slips.
- Oh, shit.
- Where's he going?
- He went to the car wash.
Whatever. Go fetch my car.
Go fetch your car?
We're not on your block.
You better watch who you talk to like that.
Toretto!
SWAT came into my house...
...disrespected my whole family,
because somebody narked me out.
And you know what? It was you!
Get off of him, man.
Dom, chill out, man. Come on!
I never narked on nobody!
I never narked on nobody!
Mia.
I have respected you
and I haven't said shit.
Now I am asking you not to go.
- I'm doing this for both of us.
- Don't give me that crap.
You're doing this for you.
Why are you insisting on doing this?
Dom, please, just don't.
- Mia, what's going on?
- What?
- You know what I'm talking about.
- No, I don't.
You always have tears in your eyes
when Dom drives away?
What's the matter with you?
What's he racing off
in the middle of the night for?
- You know about the trucks?
- No, Brian! What trucks?
- Jesus Christ. What?
- Listen to me.
Mia, I'm a cop.
What are you talking about, Brian?
What is this?
Ever since the first time I met you,
I've been undercover.
I'm a cop.
Oh, you bastard.
You bastard.
- Mia.
- Get off of me, Brian!
Mia! Listen to me!
Everything I ever said
I felt about you was real.
I swear to God.
You have to believe me, Mia.
But this isn't about you and me.
Your brother's out there to pull a job.
We're running out of time. Those truckers
aren't laying down anymore.
Maybe they'll make it through tonight,
but every law enforcement agency...
...is coming down on them.
If you don't want anything to happen
to them...
...you have to get in that car
with me right now and help me.
Mia, you are the only person
that can help me right now.
Please, Mia. Please help me.
Civics are stashed somewhere
outside of Thermal.
They wouldn't double back,
and Highway 10 is too well patrolled.
- So, what does that leave us with?
- All this.
- Nextel.
- This is Officer Brian O'Connor.
Serial number 34762.
I need a cell phone trace.
- Okay. What's the cell number?
- Mia, what is it?
Come on, Mia.
She needs Dom's cell phone number now.
Thank you. Yeah, you get that?
All right, we're one man short.
Letty, I need you on the left side.
Your sister's right about this one.
This don't feel good.
- Don't do that.
- Something's wrong.
- Stop.
- We shouldn't be doing this without Jesse.
This is the mother lode.
We've been on this for three months.
After this, it's a long
vacation for everyone.
- Let's go.
- I hope so.
Listen, the other night I had a dream...
...that you and I were
on the beach in Mexico.
- Really?
- Really.
Come on. Let's make this happen.
- Leon, keep on those scanners.
- Copy that.
All right, let's go.
Okay, we traced the number
to the northbound 86.
Mile 114, outside Coachella.
We'll keep the trace open, Officer.
Let me see this.
I think we're about 40 miles away.
What are you gonna do?
What are you gonna do?
Okay! Go time!
We're all good.
I got nothing on the scanners.
Keep going.
Vince!
Vince, don't! Get back in!
Vince!
He's got a damn shotgun! Leon!
Back off! Get him off of there!
Oh, shit!
Get me off this thing! Pull up!
Unhook yourself. Do it!
- Do it!
- I can't get--
You can do it!
Come on, Vince!
Dom! I'm pulling up to distract him!
Come on, boy!
Shot doesn't get better than this.
Son of a bitch!
Take me off here,
or I'll have to unhook the wire!
Try it again. One, two, three!
Unhook yourself!
I can't get my arm free!
- Vince, grab my hand!
- My arm!
Listen, give me your hand.
I'm gonna pull you off the rig!
Vince!
Hold on!
Give me your hand! Listen to me!
Dominic!
Shit!
- Dominic!
- Hang on!
Dom! Move out of the way.
I'm coming to get him.
Letty!
Leon!
Pull back for Letty.
Get her out of there!
I'm on it! Go!
I've got her! You get Vince off that truck.
Letty! Come on, baby.
You okay?
Oh, shit. Come on, girl, you all right?
Come on, let me look at you.
Come on. We got to go. Let's go.
Vince!
Take the wheel.
- What do you mean?
- Put your foot on the gas!
I'm gonna get him.
Put your foot on the gas!
Okay!
- Come on. Keep it steady.
- I got it!
All right, hold on, Vince.
He's having a hard time holding on.
Get me a little closer.
All right.
- Closer.
- I'm moving in.
Hold it right there!
Go!
You got to hang in here with me now!
We'll get you off. Give me your arm!
Vince, look at me! Don't let go!
Come on, Vince!
Throw this arm around me!
Vince, don't let go!
Come on, Mia. Get closer!
Mia, get closer! Come on.
Come on, Vince. Here we go!
Shit.
It's gonna be okay, Letty. I love you.
- Watch her.
- I got her.
Come on, Vince! Hang in there! Come on!
If he doesn't get to an ambulance
in 10 minutes, he's dead.
- Hold the pressure. Hold his arm up.
- I got it.
Yeah. Yeah, this is Officer Brian O'Conner.
I'm off-duty MAPD.
I need a life flight roll out right away.
My 20 is Highway 86, mile marker 147.
I got one trauma victim,
about 24 years of age.
Six-foot, maybe 200 pounds.
He's got a deep laceration to his right arm with arterial bleeding.
And he's got a shotgun wound close range to his left flank.
Yeah, he's going into shock!
Dom, put the gun down now!
- Move your car.
- No bullshit!
Put it down now! No more running!
I'm not running!
- Where's Leon and Letty?
- They're long gone!
Then it's over.
I didn't call the police, but don't push me!
- Put the gun down. I swear to God!
- You are the cop!
You're a cop!
Brian, I got to find Jesse before they do.
- I'm all the kid's got.
- I'll call in the plates.
PD will pick him up way before Johnny even gets near him.
- Move your car.
- Dom, stop it! It's over. Please.
Mia, stay out of it!
Dominic, I am so sorry.
I don't know what I'm doing, Dom.
I'm so scared right now.
I don't know what's going on.
What were you thinking, man?
I don't know! I panicked! I'm sorry.
I'm scared!
I don't know what I'm doing!
Will you please help me?
Dom!
Jesse!
No, Jesse!
No, Dom, no!
Call 911. You call 911!
I used to drag here back in high school.
That railroad crossing up there is exactly a quarter mile away from here.
On green, I'm going for it.
Dom!
That's not what I had in mind.
You know what you're doing?
I owe you a 10-second car.
I live my life a quarter mile at a time.
Nothing else matters.
For those 10 seconds or less...
...I'm free.