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Go Fast

By Bibi Naceri

This story is based on true facts.

I'm in place.

I read you, Sylvain.

Watch the bike.

BMW's starting up.

See it?

You bet I can!

Coast clear?

All clear.

Showtime.

Cops!

This wasn't planned.

They're heading out!

By the back. Let them run.

15 points, as usual?

15 is fine.

Don't move!

Against the crates!

Hands up!

One down, one on the run.

I repeat:

Paris - Anti-Gang Brigade

Looking for me?

Why did you jump out the window?

Seemed believable.

I'm on the run, right?

Come inside.

We got a big drug bust
in the works.

These projects

house the main suppliers
of cannabis and cocaine in the area.

The boss, Lucien Martinez
and his associate, N'Diaye,
have developed

a fail-safe security system.

Look-outs on scooters
on constant patrol
for suspicious faces.

We nabbed some guys,
and planted some bugs.

Now it's time
to squat their turf.

We have an apartment
but getting in and out of it
is hairy.
The team will comprise
Luigi, Nadia,
Fred, Sylvain and myself.
AGB and GRB will hide out nearby
to secure the shifts.
I want Marek on wiretaps. Clear?
No questions?
Get to work.
Jean-Do,
monitoring taps is not for me!
I work the field.
Sorry, pal. I can manage
with street slang. But Arabic?
Find someone else.
You finally made into deep cover.
You can't risk being seen with us.
You're a criminal on the run,
so lie low.
What are you up to?
Come eat at the house.
Stop sulking.
I'll be done in a minute.
Aren't you opening my present?
I owe you something better.
Fins! Great present, Dad. Thanks.
- Thanks.
- Happy birthday.
Uncle Marek!
Can you come along to the pool?
He wouldn't get wet
for a billion bucks.
Not even 10 billion.
Your beer's warm.
Take care of it.
It was a present from my father.
The gas goes in there.
On a flat road it'll go 40 km/h.
I'm an old fart.
Thanks.
Like it?
Or I'll take it back.

Base 1, up and running.
Shit.
Fred for Marek.
All quiet.
Got a light?
They're playing soccer?
Same kids.
Things will pick up.
They'll pick up.
See you later.
They're waking up.
There's Martinez.
Marek?
What do you hear?
It's busy as hell here.
Lots of screaming, tons of blabbing.
But I don't know why.
They're nervous but...
smart sons-of-bitches.
/t's okay.
Ditch the marks.
Keep the look-outs running.
Ditch the marks.
Keep the look-outs running.
Something's going down.
Okay, over.
What do you see?
It's picking up.
Didn't hear?
The drive-in's closed.
Come on, man.
No more tonight.
We came for that.
You understand or don't you?
Get out or you're dead.
Dead meat.
Get lost.
Beat it/ Get out/
They're talking fast.
Just a sec.
No sleeping tonight.
You'll get a bonus.
Now get going.
Block off the whole sector, okay?

/ trust you.
What are they doing?
Locking down the area.
It's underway.
Beat it! Get lost!
What's that ass doing?
Move it!
Zoom in. Get visuals.
Faces, plates.
Go fast.
It's a go-fast.
These aren't punks. They're pros.
They're done.
Zoom in!
License plates...
Track in.
Get the Porsche!
What do we do?
Nothing. Forget the dealers.
We've got the boss.
AGB is tailing the Porsche.
Pretty high-speed.
Fuck, Marek!
Who told them to tail?
This is a go-fast. Call it off!
- Sure?
- 1000/0! Call it off!
We're done for now.
I have an air-tight case.
Stop them.
I'm counting on you.
Pain in the ass!
Control to T4. Axe the tail.

I repeat:

It's over. Pack it up.
Cut the walkie-talkies.
We're out of here at dawn.
Lucien, I saw something moving
on the 10th floor.
N'di, it's me.
Shit! They spotted the hide-out.
Jean-Do, answer me. Answer!
Shut it off.

Cut it until we leave.
Fuck!
Stay concentrated.
Let's go.
Get rid of this scum.
If it's a right-angle triangle...
Its hypotenuse is a diameter
of its circumscribed circle.
If the side of it is a diameter...
Mom, it's Uncle Marek.
You wait here.
Finish your exercises.
The cops!
N'Diaye!
N'Diaye!
Freeze!
Where is he?
I lost him.
Shit!
I want to see a lawyer.
What do you think?
You're in America?
What do you got on me?
You're a loser. Beat it.
- Stay put.
- Beat it!
Shut your trap. Beat it.
We found none of what they filmed
except kids playing soccer.
And the others came up clean.
The drugs we found belong to no one.
And Lucien?
Nothing on him
except some rubbers.
And N'Diaye vanished.
We have jack-shit.
I'm going to Archives.
Them, Narc Squad.
Him, Homicide.
I didn't kill anyone.
How dumb do I look?
Move it!
Easy does it.
He's showing off.

Why am I going to Homicide?
No idea. I do 20 round trips a day.
You think I ask why?
Hold on.
This way is faster.
Entry Forbidden to Detainees
Move!
You'll do prints
and get mug-shots as a souvenir.
Walk fast.
This way is forbidden.
Where's N'Diaye?
Answer or I'll shoot!
Where's N'Diaye?
- We're in deep shit.
- You are!
Move it!
- What are you after?
- The murderers.
And then I manage alone?
Don't you care if they get off?
It's drives me crazy!
They'll end up convicted.
I'm patient. Call it experience.
Tell Paoli's kids.
I'm no rookie.
I've lost men before.
If we shoot each time one gets off,
imagine the carnage.
Get some rest.
No way.
Friendly advice. Rest up
and come back clear-headed.
Central Office for the Repression
of /llicit Traffic in Narcotics
- Evrard.
- I need a favor.
I need to transfer someone.
His colleague was killed.
What is this? If each crisis
necessitated a transfer...
I trust him.
Thanks, not interested.
Sorry, I have another call.

Evrard? John Wahl here.
Yes, Mr. Wahl.
They like it.
Thanks.
For what?
What you're doing for us, for me.
For the kids. It does me good.
What do we do?
What will become of us?
I'm beat. It's too much.
Just keep on. We have to.
For him, for the kids.
This can't destroy them.
The Dominicans have taken over
part of the Columbian market.
They're hard to infiltrate.
They're cautious,
more so than before.
Real businessmen,
very organized.
But we've managed,
via their French associates in Malaga.
The cocaine transits through Morocco.
And here's the originality
of this new alliance:
It's shipped with cannabis on boats
that are then unloaded in Malaga.
Satellite images
of their crops in Morocco.
This year they'll exceed 30,000 tons.
I'll let you study the file.
Why did you call?
There's a huge Dominican community
in the U.S.
They use France as a turntable
to flood Europe with their crap.
Of course. And?
Your interest, as ours,
is to find the head
of the network and behead it.
We want to send in a French agent,
someone undercover,
who knows how to blend in.
If you have someone on hand...

Yes, Evrard?
Send me your man.
Does Thibault talk?
Not a word.
Do you talk to him?
No, up to now I've been...
I'm on my way.
I'm coming.
I have to go.
Thanks.
Thank you.
Kiss the kids for me.
Take care.
Marek Belgasi.
R.A./D. - Research, Assistance,
/ntervention, Deterrence
Excellent service record.
You speak Arabic, English and Spanish.
Not bad on the field.
And behind the wheel?
I get by.
Get by?
We'll see about that.
So? What do you think?
He sucks.
Don't grab the pole!
Let go of the pole!
Let go of the pole!
You can't swim?
Up.
Middle.
Down.
Lazy!
- Good at target practice?
- Pretty good.
Two guns.
Choose one. Assemble it.
No ammo clip.
No rounds.
My gun is unloaded.
Two per target.
Whenever you want.
Forget your civil status.
Use your criminal name:

Sliman, father's first name.
Bensaid, mother's maiden name.
At least it has a history.
Apartment keys.
It's bugged to the max.
So jerk off in the bathroom.
The phone has a tracking device.

Your mission:

Infiltrate a drug cartel in Spain.
That's all we know for now.
At least I know to head south.
We have our man.
Profile?
He's a cop?
Where did you find him?
Algeria?
He's a good cop.
And he's French.
Background?
Excellent record.
Single, very discreet.
Works in anti-gang. Good agent.
- Fine.
Get him ready for action.
Faster, dammit!
- Move!
- He's your partner!
Faster!
Breathe... Catch your breath.
I'm beat.
Want to stop?
You want to stop here?
Use your gun.
Be careful.
Come on, keep it up...
Sleep here.
Wake-up is at dawn.
Get moving, dammit!
What the fuck?
Your name?
State your name.
How can you expect me
to think straight

if you don't fucking let me sleep?
Your name.
Sliman Bensaid.
Date of birth too?
Okay, we're off.
Go on, tell him to jump.
Jump!
Don't do it!
Jump!
Dry off. You'll catch cold.
It's your gun. Assemble it.
At school...
you learned La Fontaine?
What the hell?
Recite it.
The Crow and the Fox?
Blackbird, brown tree
chomping on a chunk of brie.
Gun's unloaded. No ammo clip.
No rounds in the chamber.
Good night.
Understand?
Not everything, honestly.
What do you mean? Come here.
At the frontier and toll booths,
the carrier
awaits the scout's okay.
What's a scout?
When you carry drugs,
another car drives ahead to scope out.
That's the scout.
The scout's the boss.
To piss, shit, get gas -
the scout decides.
Who tipped you off?
I did a few go-fasts for them.
They asked me, I refused.
Wilfrid pays like shit.
I won't do 10 years for 15,000.
I prefer to work freelance...
How much jail time?
Ashra.
Ten! Way too much.
Things are moving.

Our agent contacted us.
One of their go-fasts hit a snag.
600 kilos of hashish down the drain.
They're looking for a pilot.
Good news for us.
In Malaga they'll need personnel.
Is your agent ready?
He's operational.
Our snitches gave out his number.
He has a false identity.
He recently infiltrated a gang.
He's supposedly on the lam.
A command post for go-fasts,
among other things.
We know all the roads,
exits, rest-stops, gas stations
that can be used in go-fasts.
Here they'll track your GPS and liaise
with our French, Spanish
and Moroccan units on the turf.
There, we monitor taps and trackers.
Over there
we decrypt
with super encryption keys.
We can crack any encrypted call.
There's the operational command post.
Right now
they're simulating a go-fast.
Memorize this number.
A girl's answering machine.
Impossible to trace.
We'll get any message you leave.
You won't be alone.
The Americans have guy in place.
The Americans?
They got an agent in.
You won't know who.
If need be, he'll say:
"Think you're Dirty Harry?"
PAR/S - COVER APARTMEN /'ll be there.
Showtime. Tell the boss.
689PTV75. White truck.
I'm tracking him.
Undress.

What is this? An orgy or a job?

Strip, I said.

- Shoes?

- Everything.

- Socks?

- Everything.

You'll get them back.

GPS contact lost.

Don't worry. It's not loaded.

To see if you got balls.

Go inside, find Mom, Dad and the kids,
and take the car.

I go in and say:

"Hi, I need the car keys." Is that it?

Whatever. Just get us the car.

I can get one anywhere.

You want this job?

Move your ass.

You have 5 minutes.

Beyond that,

you're of no use to us.

Those your kids? Do what I say
and they'll be fine.

Don't look at me!

On your knees.

Can you count to 2000?

Count.

Home-jacking in Neuilly.

White Audi RS4 station wagon
reported stolen.

Testing him. Good start.

I want highway surveillance.

Sir,

two men in a Honda
circling the block.

It's Brice Langlois.

Couldn't be better.

Check out upstairs.

/t's clean. No bugs.

Step on it. Direction: Spain.

Vamos.

You know the Langlois brothers,
from the east suburbs?

Lieutenants of one of the 5 families
that control Europe.

This is Wilfrid, the older one.

Spent 10 years in a Spanish jail.

It's probably there

that he met up

with Miguel Alvarez,

his South American associate,

and got involved in narco-traffic.

Mr. Whal,

if you told me what you knew,

wouldn't we be moving faster?

Beige Audi, plate 507VTD64,

passing the border

into Spain.

What's your story?

You do time?

Two years in Belgium.

For what? Trafficking kids?

So what's the deal?

Carry hash and coke to France.

11,000 a load.

Used to be 15. Now it's 11.

Any more questions?

MALAGA - SPA/N

Come and see your room.

That's Morocco over there.

Nice place.

There's nicer.

Always is.

SANCHEZ:

Head of U.D.Y.C.O.

Yes. Evrard.

Wilfrid Langlois arrived at the house.

Meco?

This is Sliman.

He's working with us.

She's Gladys.

Hello.

Mint tea?

Yeah, with gazelle horns.

When do I see the boss?

You're looking at him.

Need to see my business card?
Let's go.
Tomorrow you go to Morocco
with Meco.
We'll return your passport.
We just got confirmation.
They're arriving in Morocco.
Your turn to take over.
But as per our agreements,
don't make any arrests.
Let them surface.
We'll deal with it.
Welcome to Ketama.
Our little business.
The growers. Far removed
from the commerce-end.
Come and see the farm.
I'd like that.
It's cut, then sent to be dried.
2000 meters above sea-level
guarantees us
the best product available.
They're treating April's crop.
When they hit the buds,
the whole valley beats in rhythm.
Where's the press?
Here. All at our fingertips.
Nice.
What's the program?
We'll go pack up a load.
Thanks for trusting me.
You get sea-sick?
Thanks, Khaled.
They're leaving.
They're crossing Oued Laou,
loaded up.
Heading for the coast.
They'll be on your side tonight.
/I'll send a report.
Thanks.
We'll take over.
For the car and the trip.
MALAGA - SPA/N
We head out tonight.

Follow Mecos instructions.
Where do we deliver?
It doesn't matter for now.
In France, if you're interested.
Where's the restroom?
The parking lot.
There's no restroom here.
I need your phone.
It's an emergency.
How's that?
Delivery in France, tonight.
Your phone!
Stay put!
Clara? Don't worry.
He doesn't miss you.
Beat it.
No phone calls!
I know.
Is she jealous?
You can't imagine.
She's going to be pissed off.
Stupido.
Delivery in France, tonight.
Call Sanchez.
Start the operation.
Map out possible itineraries.
Not women's work?
When we get back
I'll race you.
Slower. To the right.
Sure, seorita.
Slow down a bit. Right lane.
Old-folk speed.
Now step on it.
Our man informed us
that Miguel Alvarez,
the Dominican we're looking for,
is in Spain.
Two Frenchmen want to see him.
Tell Sanchez. They have a meeting
at the Balnario restaurant
with Wilfrid Langlois.
I ordered already.
You've moved up a notch.

You can now meet Miguel.
Ready to order?
Two whiskies, two pizzas.
Got the money?
In the car. Is that okay?
Time to fuel up.
As usual.
- Get out!
- Let go!
Let me go!
Cool it or I'll blast you.
Let me go!
Tell them to go.
Fuck off, Said!
When Wilfrid learns it's you,
he'll cut you into pieces!
- Bitch!
- Let go!
Make the call. Call them!
Dial the right number.
The babe!
Bueno tambien.
There's a hitch.
We changed the rules this time.
Without visuals, they scram.
If all goes well, you live. Deal?
"Bueno tambien" is a signal,
shithead!
What the fuck?
He wanted to kill us!
He'll talk. We need him alive.
He may have partners.
Stop it!
No need to make him talk.
This bastard works with us.
It's over for tonight!
Where was the drop-off?
Where was it?
Bobigny.
I won't go.
It'll be crawling with cops.
Back to the house, right now.
Give me my gun.
Bastard.

I called Wilfrid. He's not happy!
He's mad as hell!
When he learned we turned around,
he blew his top/
We keep driving.
What the fuck is going on?
You were carrying him
plus the load?
You're retarded!
To question him.
About what? He was the drop-off.
We asked him to drive.
Not too difficult!
Gladys!
Kill him.
I'll do it tonight in private.
Do it now! I have company.
I'll set you free.
But go far away. Just vanish.
What are you doing?
Saying a prayer or what?
I was going to.
Get rid of this scum.
Is it done?
All taken care of.
Sliman!
This is Miguel, the big boss.
You speak Spanish?
Thanks for what you did for us.
Lucien and N'Diaye.
You'll travel with them.
What are you eying?
My gun?
I used it on a fucking pig.
I've seen you before.
I don't think so.
What is it?
You want to eat?
I'm coming.
Coming, I said.
We get the next load tomorrow.
80 kilos of cocaine.
And the hash?
It's Lucian and Meco's domain.

You and N'Diaye in one car.
Gladys and Brice in the other.
Okay?
Fine.
I'm taking a nap.
80 kg of coke, 700 hash.
If I were him I wouldn't sleep.
But you're not him.
On that note...
Something fishy about him.
Lucien.
Don't be a pain.
They're loading the coke.
Things are moving.
They'll be out by tonight.
Let them go.
We'll take charge now.
Fire up the satellites and cameras.
- Roger.
- Don't move without me.
Yes, Sanchez.
No, Lucien and N'Diaye in France.
They'll serve more time
for homicide.
Don't get involved
unless there's a problem.
Spanish prison is Club Med
for guys like him.
Just drive. Shit!
Stop busting my balls!
No good CDs
in these cars we steal!
You're paid to drive, not to be a DJ.
Careful.
Speed trap at marker 184.6
Drive at 110.
Stop drinking.
You guzzle more than the car.
What we installed in the BMW
allows us to monitor them.
We let them drive straight to us.
Slow down for radar.
Slow down, I said!
Two snipers here.

And one there.
Four men here.
Border in 2.5 km.
We got them. Your move.
To all RA/D agents.
Prepare for action.
/ repeat. prepare for action.
I want that station.
Find it again.
Where's N'Diaye?
Answer or I'll shoot!
Where's N'Diaye?
Fuck!

- What?
- He's a cop!
- Who?
- Sliman!
I knew there was something!
He screwed us over!
Faster!
His cover is blown.
What?
Sliman's a cop.
Our friend's a fucking pig.
Pull over. Pull over!
We'll get him. Pull over!

Base 3 to 1:

I read you.
Sliman...
Problem?
No, everything's just fine.
Don't worry.
Son of a bitch!
Catch up to him!
It's me. He's a cop.
Sliman's a fucking cop/
Sliman's a cop.
I hear you. Loud and clear.
If they don't shoot, we're fine.
If we stay alive,
we'll get a good lawyer.
And a good lawyer
means we're home free.

Calm down.
Yeah right, calm down.
Fuck it.
What are they doing?
They'll hit me.
Careful!
Stop the car!
Stop, goddammit!
Stop!
Son of a bitch!
Stop, I said!
- So I can get shot?
- What do you want?
- You shoot, you die!
- Stop!
Hit the brakes!
Move in now!
You're dead meat.
Think you're Dirty Harry?
What?
Do you think you're Dirty Harry?
I don't believe it...
Why didn't you tell me before?
I couldn't.
Sorry.
Go get the others.
Your move now.
Helicopter, Command here.
shoot only if necessary.
Take him down/
Freeze!
You recognized me?
About time, asshole.
You know how many died?
You know how many died
because of you?
I'll kill you.
Kill you.
You'll feed the cat?
Cat, goldfish, plants, lawn.
I got it all.
How's that?
Hey, boys!
My father will pick you up

in his jellaba and Air Max.

Hurry up.

Nice of you to meet me here!

It's totally by chance.

No problem then. I'll take a cab.