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# Gone in 60 Seconds: The Ride

By Unknown

Corner of Wiltern  
and Wetherly.

Tumbler messed up.

He said the Porsche should be...

at the corner

of Wiltern and Wetherly.

- It's right there.

- You're bullshittin' me, right?

- 9024 Wiltern?

- What? That?

I gotta get my tool.

Kip! He ain't

bullshittin'.

Kip! That's not a tool.

That's a damn brick!

Kip, man, we gonna use a brick, man, we might  
as well call a prison and make reservations.

Ah, come on.

Get the number.

Hurry up, man.

Man, let's go!

Let's get the hell

outta here.

Okay, Billy Badass,

you got us in here.

Now tell me how the hell

we gonna get out.

Oh, no. I know you ain't gonna do  
what I think you're gonna do.

- Oh, man!

- Come on!

- This ain't The Dukes of Hazzard.

- Come on!

Yo, so check out my new move.

I call it "The Stranger."

What I do is, I sit on my hand

for like 15, 20 minutes...

until it goes numb,

no feeling at all.

And then... I rub one out.

The Stranger, huh?

It's like a little boys' nursery

school I've come upon here.

Where are they?

- You want it? All right.  
- Hey.  
- Leave those people alone.  
- Oh, my God. Sweetie, you're so talented.  
- Wha... Hey, hey. Stolen car. Stolen car.  
- I know. I know.  
Hey, I love you.  
Man, we goin' to jail, man!  
Come on!  
Keep your hands behind your back.  
You have the right to remain silent.  
Hey, watch it!  
We have a silver Porsche.

**Estimated speed:**

Heading west on Wilshire Boulevard.  
This is Air One. We have a visual  
of the suspect southbound...  
on Vincent Thomas Bridge.  
- Something wrong, Tumbler?  
- Yeah, I'm missing Jerry Springer.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!  
That's right, that's right,  
that's right, that's right!  
What's up, old man?  
She'll go zero to 60  
in 5.2 seconds.  
Believe me,  
I can vouch for that.  
Ground units be advised, suspects last  
seen entering south side of warehouse.  
Thirteen down, thirty-seven to go.  
- What the hell is that?  
- What is that, man?  
- Now you've gone and done it, Raines.  
- Tumbler!  
- Get the board and get the lights!  
- I got it, I got it!  
This is bullshit.  
It's not comin' off!  
- Keys! Get the keys!  
- I got 'em. I got 'em!  
Come on, everybody!  
Let's go! Hurry up!

- I got it!
- Let's go! Toby, get it!
- Let's go, boys!
- Come on, come on! I got the light!

Go, go, go!

Let's go!

Shit!

Get the VIN number on that?

- I got it.
- We've got a lamp shade by a truck.

What do we got?

All gone. We didn't get  
a single one of 'em.

And we are talking  
about professionals.

No visible damage to locking mechanisms,  
steering columns or ignitions.

And, as you can see,  
these are not Honda Civics.

This is one of three  
brand-new Mercedes,  
a car they say  
is unstealable.

Yeah, unless you get  
the laser-cut transponder key...  
sent directly to the U.S.

Dealer from Hamburg.

They got somebody  
working on the inside.

- Find out which dealership sold them, serviced them, etc., etc.
- Yeah, I'll get on it.
- Mr. Drycoff?
- Yeah?

Let's impound these cars for one month. I  
don't give a damn if they belong to Tom Cruise.  
Control, vision, determination.

These are the three  
fundamental components...  
of the new generation  
race car driver.  
Speed is a byproduct.  
Going fast.

**But remember:**

you are the car.  
Okay? Let's ride!  
Billy, you just shaved  
one second off your lap time!  
Tommy, I don't know what  
that was, but it wasn't driving.  
Go get 'em!  
Well, well, well. What do you pay  
your pit crews with?  
Oreos and Gummy Bears?  
I folded, Atley. You know that.  
What are you doing here?  
- Is there someplace we can talk?  
- About what?  
About your brother  
and the deep shit he's in.  
Frank, can you watch  
the kids for a minute?  
Tell me about Kip.  
He took a job,  
and he fumbled it.  
Now he's jammed up.  
He's jammed up bad.  
- What kind of job?  
- A boost. A big boost.  
A boost?  
What's Kip doing on a boost?  
Oh, you're shittin' me, man.  
Kip's become quite  
the little crew runner since you left.  
You don't talk to your ma?  
She neglected to mention it.  
Listen, I need something.  
I-I need something  
cold to drink.  
I thought we were goin'  
someplace to talk.  
- Who was the job for?  
- A new guy named Raymond Calitri.  
They call him  
"The Carpenter."  
He's runnin' all the dark  
ponies down there now.  
It's a full-on "Devil came

down to Long Beach" trip.  
He's bad.  
He's real bad.  
And this Calitri is the one  
who's after my brother?  
Like stains on a mattress.  
And you should know...  
I work for him.  
There weren't a lot of opportunities  
for retired car thieves on the gimp.  
He put me to work.  
I-I gotta tell you, Memphis, this guy,  
he scares the shit out of even me.  
What are you doin', man?  
Stop! Stop!  
Atley Jackson.  
Got it. They have Kip.  
Take me there.  
Raymond Calitri,  
Memphis Raines.  
I try...  
to learn your ways,  
understand your obsessions.  
But this baseball...  
it's so bleeding boring, isn't it?  
Where's my brother?  
Memphis Raines,  
your legend precedes you.  
Atley tells me  
you're the best.  
After you left, auto theft in the  
South Bay area went down 47 percent.  
Where's my brother?  
I'm proud of these. Straddle chair  
from the Arts and Crafts period.  
Mahogany table  
with cloud-lift pattern.  
Black walnut wine table.  
Metal's cold, ugly.  
Wood's warm, clean,  
provided by nature.  
See a piece of furniture take shape,  
it's like watching a child grow.  
I asked you a question.

They threw us out of England,  
threw us out of France,  
but here we are,  
flourishing really,  
except for the minor inconvenience of  
despising everything about your country.  
On this list you'll find  
I need all 50 delivered to Long Beach Harbor,

**pier 14 by 8:**

I'm paying \$200,000.  
I'm not interested.  
I'm just here for my brother.  
Young Kip came to me.  
He had street cred.  
The brother of the notorious  
Memphis Raines.  
So two weeks ago I hired him  
and advanced him \$10,000.  
Atley told me. If it's about the  
advance, I can understand your anger.  
The debt has to be settled.  
Ten grand, from me to you.  
- I wish it was that easy.  
- I don't see the complication.  
I have four days to deliver 50 cars,  
and I have no cars.  
- Well, that's another problem.  
- It is another problem, isn't it?  
It's about me delivering 50 top-end cars  
because I said I would.  
Because if I don't, my South American  
friend goes somewhere else from now on.  
And that's not good.  
It's a humiliation.  
Because I'm the asshole  
who said I could deliver.  
Am I an asshole?  
Do I look like an asshole?  
Yeah.  
- I need that paper satisfied.  
- I'm retired.  
And where the hell  
is my brother?

I made this as well.

My first one.

It takes 80,000 pounds  
of pressure to crush a car.

- Kip?

- Who's that?

- Memphis.

- Oh, shit.

You okay?

Shut it off!

- Turn it off!

- You've got 30 seconds to consider your options.

- Shut it off!

- **One:**

Your brother dies anyway.

**Two:**

you take your brother, you run.

I hunt you down, I kill you, I kill  
your brother, and I kill your mother...

for the aggravation

you've caused me.

**Three:**

you steal some cars,

you make some money

and you be a big brother.

- Memphis!

- **8:**

The cars are on the boat,  
or your brother's in the coffin.

Get me outta here!

Somebody get me outta here.

Listen, you really don't  
have to make me anything.

Oh, hey, you come down here.

You saved my ass.

It's the least I can do.

Hey, I heard you were, uh, pumping gas  
someplace up North or something, right?

- Yeah, working with kids.

- Oh, really?



"First place."

I remember this.

Oh, yeah, that was...

that was a long time ago.

What'd you put in it?

I don't know.

It's good.

Ow. Ow. Oh, God.

Does Mom know

about any of this?

No, no, no, she doesn't,  
and I don't think she should.

You know, she... she works  
really hard, and this... this...

She doesn't need to know  
about any of this stuff.

Look, you know,

I got everything under control.

Kitchen's on fire.

Uh, man.

Hey, Memphis.

It's good to see you.

Haul the cartons over there!

- Hey, Fuzzy.

- Aw, shit. What are you doin' here?

- I told you I don't know anything.

- Yeah, but you're a liar.

- You're gonna get me fired, man.

- Fired? That's not good. You're on parole, right?

Fuzzy, hey, nobody

wants to get you fired.

We just need this  
information is all.

Two weeks ago, a call came in  
for a lot of top-end cars.

- And who made that call?

- I don't have a clue.

- Okay. We should go talk to your boss.

- Oh, shhh.

The delivery date.

I know the delivery date.

- And when is that?

- Thursday, Friday, end of the week.

Well, you get me a name

within 48 hours, or we'll be back.

Good to see you, buddy.

Thank you.

I'm looking  
for Helen Raines.

Helen, some guy's  
here for you.

What guy?

What's he look like?

Like a firecracker.

Like your son.

You look so good.

Thank you, Momma. Here.

Spring... Spring bouquet.

What are you doing here?

Well, uh, Atley Jackson  
came to see me.

Told me something about Kip.

Can I help you  
with one of these?

Okay, that's yours.

Tell Castlebeck he's not gonna believe  
who just walked into the Quality Cafe.

I can't say I'm surprised.

All his life he looked up to you,  
tried to be you.

I guess now he is.

So why is this happening?

I send you guys money.

He... He met some people,  
and he changed.

He lost that...

that sweetness, you know?

Okay... tell me.

How deep in is he?

Deep.

Can you get him out?

It means doin' things,  
things I told you

I'd never do again.

Do what it takes, Randall.

When did you get into town, Raines?

- Last night.

- Last night? What for?

I thought I'd catch a Lakers game.

Heard we got Shaquille.

Guys wanna go?

- Guess not.

- Randall, Randall, Randall, come here.

I get this call from this  
uniform, you know?

Axton. Very nice man.

Remembers everything.

This man calls me up, says, "Guess  
who's back in town?" I say, "Who?"

He says, "Randall Raines."

I say, "Randall Raines the car thief?"

He says, "Yeah." I say, "Impossible."

He says, "No, he's back."

I say, "No, he's not." He says, "Yes, I  
will bet you \$200 I just saw Randall Raines."

- You guys said a lot. Look, Detective...

- No, whoa, whoa.

What's really, really  
ironic about this...

Two nights ago we snare these

At the time I'm thinking,

"This feels like Randall Raines."

Now, it didn't have your  
panache, your, uh, flash,

but it just felt

like Randall Raines.

And now here you are.

Look, I don't know what you boys are  
looking for, but I just got back, okay?

It was a family emergency.

Now, that's the truth.

Family emergency. Yeah, I got  
a family emergency too, Randall.

I gotta go tell my woman  
that I just lost \$200 on a stupid deal.

- Mmm, she's mean.

- What?

She can be mean.

Come here.

Come here, Randall.

Take those glasses off, Randall.

Please, do me a favor.

Six years ago you make  
a real smart move, you know?  
You retire from a life that's gonna get  
you busted or killed or maybe even both.  
And I'm thinkin' that not putting  
you away when I had a chance...  
is like this big bug up the ass of this  
real impressive career that I've had.  
Oh, yeah.  
Well, without disappointment,  
you can't appreciate victory.  
Eleanor tell you that?  
Now, that's hittin'  
below the belt.  
Yeah, all right, let me tell you  
about below the belt, Randall.  
From here on out, if you walk across  
the street outside of a crosswalk,  
if you roll  
through a stop sign,  
if you use an aerosol can in  
a manner other than directed...  
I mean, I don't care,  
you make one slip,  
and I will put you away  
for good.  
- Okay.  
- By the time you get out, asshole,  
there won't even be cars.  
We'll all be cruising around  
in your little, vroom, spaceships.  
That's gonna suck.  
Who's Eleanor?  
It's a damn car.  
And don't ever  
talk about my wife.  
Excuse me.  
You know where Otto is?  
He's in the back, in the paint shop.  
Is that you? About time  
you came to see me.  
- I missed you.  
- Good to see you!  
You look great.

- It's good to see you.  
- You too. Oh, remember my Junie?  
Hey, Junie.  
How are you?  
- We're doin' good, thank you.  
- Good, good.  
You look happy.  
Well, I am happy.  
I really am.  
So what happened here?  
- What do you mean?  
- Well, it's nice.  
But the chop shop,  
the stripped cars, my education.  
What happened? Hey.  
Old age happened.  
That's what happened.  
Got tired of killing 'em.  
You know, I woke up  
one morning and thought,  
"I'm no longer a destroyer.  
I'm a means of resurrection."  
Now we restore,  
we revive.  
Come here.  
Remember we used to do this?  
- What?  
- You know. Come here. Okay.  
It's a Ferrari 365 GTB-4 Daytona.  
Le Mans, 1971.  
- Five cam...  
- That's a V-12.  
V-12, right, right,  
right, right!  
Here it peaks  
at 5,500 r.p.m.!  
- What do you know about Raymond Calitri?  
- Who?  
Raymond Calitri.  
Uh, excuse us, sweetness.  
I'll be right back.  
- We can talk here.  
- No, no, no, no, no. It's all right.  
Raymond Calitri.

He's a jackal tearing at the  
soft belly of our... of our fair town.  
And he's an asshole to boot,  
so be careful.  
I heard about Kip.  
Are you considering a comeback tour?  
- Do you think it can be done?  
- Don't do this to me, okay?  
Please, please not now.  
Oh, man.  
- How many cars?  
- Fifty.  
- How many days?  
- Three.  
How many in your crew?  
One, but I came here  
hoping to negotiate for a second.  
No way.  
It can't be done.  
I mean, you need time to prep,  
time to shop. You know that.  
It has to be.  
They're gonna kill him.  
Oh, man.  
It was a mistake  
to come here.  
You have a great life now.  
I don't want to upset that.  
Uh, wait a minute.  
Uh, hold on.  
Look around you.  
These days...  
I'm all about second chances.  
So, uh, let's make a few phone calls,  
and we'll go from there, okay?  
Okay.  
- Don't look at me!  
Look at the people next to you!  
That's... Turn the wheel!  
Pull over! Pull her the hell over!  
Asshole!  
Learn how to drive!  
Don't touch nothing. Just...  
No!

You can't negotiate turns.  
You can't signal properly.  
You can't maintain speed. You can't  
parallel park. Hell, you can't drive, honey.  
Shit, I can't swim.  
I know I can't.  
So you know what I do?  
I stay my black ass outta the pool.  
All right now, just...  
Can you... Oh!  
Hello?  
Memphis! Hey, how are you?  
Sure, sure.  
When? Okay.  
- 32969811.  
- All right. Thanks a lot.  
Donny.  
Just take it around the block  
a couple of times, okay?  
All right.  
Hello. I'm calling  
for Frankie Fish.  
Frank's dead, man.  
Yeah, he got scragged.  
- I'm sorry.  
- Uh, yeah, I'm looking for Henry Santoro.  
He went down to Florida  
with that asshole Frankie Fish.  
- Tell him I want my money.  
- I didn't mess with your money.  
Yes, ma'am. I'm looking  
for Dan and Mikey.  
Both of 'em up to Chino.  
Doin' a nickel apiece.  
Now I'm not so sure  
I want to tell you who this is.  
- Yeah, try it, asshole.  
- You sound very busy right now.  
You sound very, very busy.  
Whew. There's  
only two names left.  
Yeah? Let me see.  
Those two? No way.  
There's no one else.

Are you sure?

- You tell him.

- Listen, why should I...

- Come on!

- You were the one who answered the phone.

- Fine! Fine!

- But how's a guy who can't speak gonna take a phone call?

You've got a call!

Sphinx, is that you?

Press a button if it's you.

Sway, you set up

this brake job?

Yeah. He warped all four rotors.

Must've been ridin' those

brakes like an old lady.

- That's nice.

- Sounds like the left bank's running lean.

The service department's

over there.

- Can I talk to you?

- Talk to me? Yeah, sure, talk.

- The thing of it is, I came back because...

- Do you know what time it is?

### **It's 5:**

I came back because...

I gotta go.

I'm late for work.

You're at work.

I got two jobs.

I have discovered that you have  
to work twice as hard when it's honest.

- Hey, Sway, can I get another shot?

- Yep.

Still lookin' amazing.

While you look  
like a Bible salesman.

You're healed.

Can we improvise  
a little bit?

Sure. What do you have in mind?

Wanna get a little crazy?

There's a Cutlass 442 in the back

we can strip down and shine the hood.



- What do you say?

- Uh, that's not what I had in mind.

No?

It's about my brother.

- Kip's in trouble.

- I n trouble?

- Took a boost, and he blew it.

- Shit.

And you got some Italians?

- Five or six.

- Right.

It's 50 ladies in 24 hours,  
\$200,000.

Well, I've cleaned up.

I understand. I hate  
to even come here and ask...

Sway, can I get  
that drink now, please?

I had to ask a few of the others too,  
and I feel bad about it, but...

- But you had no choice. You had to come here...

- Pretty much.

- I'm sorry.

- It's all right.

I'd love to help Kip,  
but I-I'm not into the life anymore.

Well, that's a good thing.

- Yeah.

- I'm glad to see you're doing well.

Sorry, I can't help you.

- I'd like to pay for your drink.

- That's fine.

How about that drink?

Yeah, how about that drink?

Raines!

Memphis Raines, huh?

- Do I know you?

- Well, you should know me...

considering all the business you done  
screwed up for me in the past, baby.

- Johnny B.

- That's me.

What can I do for you?

Well, I'm gonna tell you

what you can do for me, baby.  
Get out of Long Beach, tonight.  
I'll be gone in three days.  
I'm just here on some family business.  
Word on the street says Raymond Calitri  
hired you and your brother...  
for a top order, a order  
that should've went to me.  
That's not the way  
it went down, Johnny.  
Hey! Get away  
from my car, asshole!  
Got somethin' to say  
before I kill you, fool?  
Sphinx. Otto send you?  
Oh, Dad.  
We'd probably both be working  
at the dealership if he hadn't died,  
just like normal people.  
Shit.  
What's the matter with you?  
Eh, six years does  
a lot of different things to people.  
You know, I don't know  
where you went, but...  
you know, you're in there,  
you're talking about being normal...  
I mean, you were always the one  
who was goin' after the easy money.  
I didn't do it  
for the money.  
I did it for the cars.  
Gleaming in marina blue,  
sunfire yellow,  
Marlboro red.  
Begging to be plucked.  
And I'd do it.  
I'd boost her...  
and just blast  
to Palm Springs,  
instantly feeling better  
about being me.  
And then the next day,  
it seems like,

I'm getting shot at,  
my friends are dying,  
people are going to jail.  
I didn't like  
what I'd become.  
Yeah, and then you left,  
and then I didn't  
have a brother anymore,  
and now you want  
to give me advice...  
and I don't even know you.  
And, you know, I got my own family now,  
I got my own friends.  
And you can say what you want  
about them, but they're loyal.  
Well, when you hit the wall,  
the same thing's gonna happen.  
You and your family...  
are either  
gonna get shot...  
or get a five-year  
jolt at Corcoran.  
Those Mercedes we impounded?  
Need those newfangled laser-cut keys.  
Each one's from Dressner Foreign Motors  
downtown Newport...  
where all the employees  
are clean, except for him.  
James Lakewood. Served a nickel  
at Folsom for auto insurance fraud.  
My gosh, I bet he just neglected to mention that  
to the people at Dressner Foreign Motors, huh?  
It gets better. Young James there  
places orders for lost keys...  
to the Mercedes  
home office in Germany.  
The list.  
The list. I guess we gotta start beating  
the bushes and try to find out where they...  
- Whoa! 1967 Shelby GT-500.  
- I know. I know.  
- You got Eleanor here?  
- Otto, there's somebody here to see you.  
Oh, the puppy's

a big dog now!

- How are you doin'?

- Hey there, Kip, what is this... What's that up under there?

Hey, Otto, how you doin'?

It's a long time.

Good to see you.

What are you

doin' here, Kip?

- Well, we actually came to talk about some things.

- About what?

Well, you know, it seems like

you guys need a little help,

and we thought

that we should participate.

But I just promised Mom

I was getting you out of this.

No, no, we're talking

about a lot of money here.

- And if you guys think you're gonna  
get into our Kool-Aid... - - What? Money?

Is that why you think I'm doing this,  
you inconsiderate little punk!

If you wanna participate, well, then  
you call Mom and you explain to her...

Can you explain how you are gonna  
steal 50 cars in two days?

Hey. Hey.

This is why I do not  
do business with family.

I think you should  
consider this.

Oh, come on, Otto, please. No, his  
criminal career has come to an end.

Well, his life will come to an end  
unless we pull this off.

How can we do it without them?

It can't be done, and you know it.

You guys have  
any skills at all?

- Please!

- Yeah, we have skills.

We... Mirror Man here,  
he's an electronics expert.

You know, he's got some gadgets that...

that you old farts probably never heard of.  
You know, uh, Tumbler over here, he can  
pretty much drive anything with wheels...  
and, you know,  
some things without wheels.  
And, uh, and Toby,  
he's a computer genius.  
He's... He does fascinating  
things with computers.  
What exactly can you do  
with a computer, Toby?  
I can hack  
into the D.M.V. Mainframe.  
I can change VIN numbers.  
I can change addresses, registrations.  
I can do a lot  
of really tricky stuff. I can.  
All right, all right.  
We do this, we do it my way.  
I run the show.  
You take your orders from me.  
If you have any problems  
with that, you can leave now.  
No, that's fine.  
That's fine.  
- Well, who is Gilligan here, and what does he do?  
- Gilligan is actually Freb.  
- Freb can order pizzas like nobody's business.  
- What?  
- It's true.  
- Hey, people gotta eat, right?  
This is outrageous.  
I want my lawyer.  
I'm not saying a word  
till I get a lawyer.  
All right, James,  
that's an option.  
And frankly,  
a reasonable one.  
So you call  
your lawyer, James.  
You tell him you've been arrested  
on suspicion of grand theft auto.  
- We indict you.

- He'll bail you out.
- And we move on to trial.
- Okay, okay.

A kid came to me,  
said he'd pay \$500 a key.  
So I put the order forms through, and  
he picked 'em up a couple days later.

- What's the kid's name?
- We kept it anonymous.

He was a well-built kid.  
Uh, looks like a boxer.

- What do you want me to do?
- When he comes back, you call us.
- What says he comes back?
- A hunch.

To make the Friday 8:00 a.m. Deadline,  
you're gonna have to go old school.

A one-night boost.

Put all your nuts in one basket, okay?

- One night? What, are you crazy?
- Yes. No, I'm not crazy.
- What, do you have like a better plan or something'?
- Yeah, you spread it out.
- You play shadow games and shit.
- We're on a truncated timetable.

Otto, I'm sorry. Can you just listen  
to me for one second, all right?

We heard you, Kip. Shadow games.

But what you have to understand...

is that if you play shadow games, by  
the second night, the heat is onto you.

With a one-night boost, by the time  
the first car's reported stolen,  
your ship's set sail;  
it's a surprise attack.

This is a complicated list,  
fellas, it really is, okay?

There are 25  
that aren't a problem,  
but these exotics  
are tough to find.

And the new Mercedes,  
they require laser-cut keys, okay?

- Yeah, I got that covered.

- You have that covered?  
- What'd I just say? Yeah, I got it covered.  
- Yeah.  
All right, all right.  
Well, then let's get to work.  
Toby, hack into  
the insurance database...  
and find as many cars  
as you can.  
Yes! I got addresses  
on Hillary, Natalie and Tracy.  
Donny, check the D.M.V. For  
the remaining cars on the list.  
I'm sorry, miss, but you've  
missed five questions.  
- That's a failing.  
- No!  
- Next.  
- No! Why?  
You're supposed to go faster  
when somebody tailgates you.  
- Ah. Hello again.  
- Mm-hmm. Here's your list...  
of the 20 car owners' names and  
addresses that you requested.  
- Thank you.  
- That's \$100, please.  
- A hundred dollars?  
- Well, five dollars a car.  
Twenty cars.  
Would you like a calculator?  
It used to be two dollars a car.  
Thanks a lot.  
My name's Roger, sir.  
May I be of some help?  
That's funny, my name's Roger.  
Two Rogers don't make a right.  
- Roger, I have a problem.  
- Yes?  
I've been in L.A. For three months now.  
I have money, I have taste.  
But I'm not  
on anybody's "A" list,  
and Saturday night is the

loneliest night of the week for me.

- Oh. A Ferrari would certainly change that.

- Perhaps. Mmm.

But, you know, this is the one.

Yes, yes, yes.

I saw three of these parked outside

the local Starbucks this morning,

which tells me

only one thing.

There's too many self-indulgent wieners

in this city with too much bloody money!

Now, if I was driving...

a 1967275 GTB four-cam...

You would not be

a self-indulgent weiner, sir.

- You'd be a connoisseur.

- Precisely.

Champagne would fall

from the heavens.

Doors would open.

Velvet ropes would part.

I don't have one here,

however I do have one

in the warehouse.

Superb.

What else do you have

in the warehouse?

Mm-hmm. All right.

Uh-huh.

That was Mr. Lakewood

from the dealership.

He says that boxer-looking punk

is gonna pick up the keys...

to three new Mercedes today.

Same make and models

as the ones we already got impounded.

Now we're talkin'.

The El Spirito

de Graciela...

sails Friday,

We'll target all the cars

within 45 minutes of here.

By the time their alarm

tracking systems are activated,



the cars will already be  
in these containers.

Fellas, this is Sway.

No questions.

I'm here for Kip.

- All right.

- All right.

- It's me. He's here.

- The red Chevy Nova?

That's affirmative, sir.

As soon as he leaves, you call me  
with the owners' addresses, all right?

I'll get those forms  
right over, sir.

Damn boss.

Always on my case.

- I got three here?

- Mm-hmm.

Thank you.

Huh, Randall Raines,

Donny Astricky, Otto Halliwell.

Should I set up  
some tails?

Uh-uh. They're  
too smart for that.

They'll just  
dump the cars.

No, we'll get them  
with the Mercedes.

Let's set up, uh, three surveillance  
teams at those addresses.

You go ahead and you  
make your move, man.

And I will  
be waiting for you.

Why do you call 'em  
girls' names?

That's a good question.

Why do you call 'em girls' names?

It's code. You say Jane,  
you say Shirley, Lucy, Edna,  
and nobody listening  
on the waves is the wiser.

Got 'em.

Okay.

All right, we've got the addresses  
on all 50 ladies. Let's scout 'em.

- There she is.

- Nice.

Damn, it's cold up here!

They keep these Ferraris refrigerated?

And you know black people don't like  
cold weather! We're tropical people, man.

When this is over,

I'm gonna smoke a joint,

watch two hours of Roots,

and I'm gonna kick your ass.

Hello, and welcome

to TV Car Trivia.

**First question:**

the driver of a '73 Firebird?

- Uh, Otto?

- Uh, Jim Rockford, Rockford Files.

Give me Columbo.

- A Peugeot convertible.

- What color?

- Grey.

- How'd you know that?

'Cause I love that show.

I got three words

for all of y'all. Get a life!

Ah, this is some kiddie shit, Sphinx.

What's on Magnum P.I.'s

license plate?

"Robin 1."

Wait. Wasn't Robin that

faggoty guy who hung with him?

No, that was Higgins.

That was Higgins.

Hey, hey, ten points

for our fearless leader.

Sway, how 'bout giving us the honor

of the Bill Bixby trifecta?

He drove a Corvette in The Magician,

A Ford pickup truck

in The Incredible Hulk,

and in The Courtship

of Eddie's Father, he walked.

- Bingo.

- My man.

Al, tell me something.

Nothin' doing here, sir.

Nobody's showing.

Copy.

Minivan approaching.

It seems a little late  
for soccer practice.

Heads up. I think we got  
some activity right here.

Oh, that is...

Looks like it's Kip Raines,  
and we got a Randall Raines.

If they take this,  
we will take them down.

He's pulling something  
out of his pocket. You see that?

It's a camera. Looks like  
he's just doing some homework.

All right,  
let's leave him be.

I don't wanna burn this.

They will be back.

Huh.

You know what? Let's go over  
to Otto's in the morning.

Kick over some rocks,  
see what's underneath there.

We saved the best for last.

The '67 Shelby Mustang GT-500.

- The GT-500?

- Yeah, yeah.

There she is.

Yep, there's Eleanor.

Eleanor is Memphis's unicorn.

- What's a unicorn?

- Fabled creature.

You know, the horse with the horn,  
impossible to capture.

It's the one car, no matter how many times  
you try to boost, something always happens.

We're gonna get through this this time,

right? It's gonna be smooth...

- What's he doing?

- And easy.

He's talkin' to her, man.

Tryin' to get reacquainted.

Done had a rough history. She almost got him killed a couple of times.

- I don't want any talking back.

- He flipped one on the Harbor freeway.

He went off

the Long Beach pier once.

A smooth, easy ride.

We're just gonna glide.

Big night tomorrow, guys.

Let's go home.

- Did you... Did you get the picture?

- Yeah.

See you tomorrow night,

Eleanor, with your fine ass.

Man, we're almost home.

You wanna get something to eat?

I'd like to get

a chocolate malt.

- Hey!

- Get out of the car!

Go, go, go, go, go!

Why are people shooting at us?

'Cause I blew up their car!

Over here!

"Beast."

Okay, okay.

Oh, shit! Oh, shit!

Hey!

Oh!

Oh, you...

you think it's a game?

Johnny B.

Cops, man.

I ain't got nothin' but time, baby.

Oh, man, we're gonna

be here all night, man.

Look! Cop car! Uh-huh.

Long as I'm in here, you're just gonna sit out there, aren't ya? Aye?

Hey, listen,  
this is the plan.  
This is what we're gonna do.  
There's a big rig over there.  
Uh, mister, is that your truck  
out there, the Big Rig Wrecker?  
- Big Rig Wrecker's mine.  
- That's cool.  
What do I gotta do?  
How do I learn? Where do I go?  
- Well, you gotta go to truck drivin' school.  
- Truck dri...  
I know, man. I know.  
But I mean like, um... -  
- You boys ready to play  
a little pin the tail on the donkey?  
- Can I get you a jelly donut or something, man?  
- No, I'm just gonna go.  
- 'Cause I'm gonna have a waffle.  
- Maybe next time, though.  
I'm gonna smoke you!  
What the hell's going on?  
Want some of this?  
Yeah.  
- You guys got permits for these weapons?  
- Oh, man!  
So you think I can only  
get pizzas, huh? Boosted it myself.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
How'd you get it?  
- Actually, the keys were in it.  
- Oh, well, that kind of defies the point then, don't it?  
You stole a car  
that wasn't on the list.  
You stole a car  
that wasn't on the list!  
Why didn't you just go to the  
police station in a red clown suit...  
and let everybody know  
what we're doin' here?  
- What have we got?  
- I don't know.  
Shit! Fellas.  
- What?

- Gimme that.  
- Check this out.  
- Check this out!  
- Let me see that. This looks like heroin.  
- Yeah. -  
What! - Exactly.  
- Where did you get this car?  
- I n front of some poker parlor in Chinatown.  
Did you ever consider why a car  
in a neighborhood like that...  
- would have its keys left in it?  
- No.  
Maybe because nobody in that neighborhood  
would be stupid enough to rip this car off.  
- All right. Get this shit outta here. Take it back.  
- No, no. We can't take it back.  
- Get it outta here!  
- Will everybody relax for a second?  
Take it back!  
I'm comin' after that shit.  
Gimme that.  
No!  
Man, I will knock the shit out of you.  
- Wait, wait, wait.  
- Who is it?  
- Detective Castlebeck.  
- Oh. Christ.  
Goddamn it.  
- Hey, hello, Otto.  
- Detective. Good to see you.  
- Long time.  
- Yeah. You're lookin' good.  
Thank you.  
So Randall,  
what do we got here?  
We got a multigenerational  
gathering of players?  
- Is that what we got here?  
- Right.  
Here's Donny.  
- How you been, D?  
- I'm just happy to see you, brother.  
Yeah. I gotta tell you, Randall.  
Seeing you here, Otto, Donny,

makes me feel  
almost nostalgic.  
Kind of like  
a big reunion.  
You should stick around,  
'cause a little later we're gonna...  
make s'mores  
and sing "Kumbayah."  
- What is this?  
- What? They call this a Cadillac.  
Yeah.  
- What's wrong with it, Otto?  
- Rest...  
- Needs restoration.  
- What?  
- Brightening.  
- Otto.  
- You got a '39 Ford right there.  
- That's a pretty car.  
- Isn't that a nice car?  
- Yeah. Right here you got a '53 Fiat Vignale.  
Now, these are beautiful cars, Otto.  
And here we got a '83 Cadillac Eldorado.  
- Yeah.  
- I mean, who the hell pays...  
to brighten up  
a Cadillac Eldorado?  
I think it holds a certain  
sentimental value, you know.  
Nothing more.  
Run me down a tag.  
License 3-2-9-H-R-O.  
That is Harold, Randall, Otto,  
burgundy Cadillac.  
No faith in our newfound  
goodness, Detective? Huh?  
Task force runs on statistics  
and numbers, Otto. You know that.  
- Randall, this Kip?  
- That's my brother.  
He's all grown up.  
One-Baker-eleven, Pacific Division...  
three-two-niner,  
Harold, Randall, Otto.

No wants, no warrants at this time.

D.M.V. Not on file.

Copy that.

Thank you.

See, I know what you're doin'.

I know.

You're thinkin' there's no want,

but that I stripped its guts...

and crated her up, right?

Is that what you did,

Randall?

No. I didn't do it. You know, you're

trying to hurt my feelings? Fine.

You know what? Go ahead.

Do it. Let her rip.

- Go ahead, rev it up.

- All right, goddamn it. I will.

Sell it to you cheap.

Yeah. '83. First year they

put the auto-ride control on these boys.

Oh, I don't know. You probably know

more about cars at this point than I do.

- You slippin' on me, Randall?

- No, it's just your knowledge overwhelms me.

- It's got a real nice-sounding engine.

Right, Otto? - Four point one liter.

- Digital fuel injection?

- You got it. You're the man.

Give it some more.

Give it some more.

- Yeah, that's it!

- Go, go!

Baby, don't be so mean!

Yeah, that's it!

- Oh, that was good.

- Yeah, you break it, you buy it, my friend.

Yeah, she got some power goin' on.

All right.

I'll catch you later.

- It's on for tonight.

- How do you know?

They got the call signs

on all the units working tonight.

- Wh-What were you gonna do with this?



- I was gonna bonk him.

Bonk?

For the next 24 hours,  
all your decision-making  
privileges have been removed!

- You got it? - Got

it. - Yeah, that's cool.

Obviously they're onto us.

He's sniffin' real close.

If anything tonight

appears out of place,

I want you to cut bait,

get out of there and walk away.

And get rid of this

goddamn car!

- What's up, Kip?

- Bobby, what are you doin'?

You think you're comin'

with us, but you're not.

What are you talkin' about, man?

I'm part of the team. I get to go.

No, no, wake up. Gonna end up in the jail  
or the morgue or some shit. Don't be stupid.

What am I supposed to do?

Did you see a box

of rubber gloves here, man?

Gloves? Man, you don't need gloves.

This is the new age. Check this out.

- What is this?

- Let me just see that big claw you call a hand.

That's not doughnut jelly,

so don't eat it.

Your new fingerprints.

Elvis is back.

Hmm.

- Boy got skills, right?

- Yeah, you do.

Look like a little

ghetto Smurf.

I am a bad man.

Thanks.

Thanks for doin' this.

Keep it real.

Think slow.

We should get through it  
just fine.  
"Low Rider," Donny. Donny?  
"Low Rider."  
Okay, let's ride.  
Oh! Shit.  
Gimme that torch. Aha!  
I tell you, I'm the man.  
Now, where does this go?  
Find a way to get in here.  
Get this...  
I tell you, I'm runnin' this shit!  
You do that again, I will kick...  
Cool, man. You don't have  
to take it so damn personal.  
Ah. Everything is perfect.  
Hello, ladies. Always was  
a sucker for a redhead.  
Let's go. Come on, move, move!  
Go, go!  
Work your magic, baby. I know  
you know Ferraris. Work your magic.  
- Girl got skill.  
You all right?  
- You think we're gonna make it?  
- I don't know. It's too early to tell.  
Diana, Tricia,  
Nadine and Rose are on their way.  
Good goin', guys.  
Al, tell me something.  
Unit two. Sorry, sir.  
Nothing yet.  
Son of a bitch.  
I know you're not parking  
right in front of me.  
Oh, no. I can't see  
a damn thing.  
All right.  
We gotta move.  
You ever feel bad  
about any of this?  
Hell, no. I'm Robin Hood, man. I rob  
from the rich and give to the needy.  
Damn. Donny!

I got you.

I got you.

- You mean the poor.

- Cutters.

Cutters.

No, like I said, the needy.

'Cause, brother,

we need this car.

- What's up, Doc?

- You're new, aren't ya?

- Yeah. How can you tell?

- Now, listen, son. You take real good care of this car,  
and I'll take care of you.

Tell you what. Save it. You get  
another one of these suits, all right?

- God bless you, son.

- You need a fashion counselor.

All right, babe. I ain't here for the door.

I here for the car. Get your big ass out.

- Hmm?

- Out! What are you lookin' at?

- Hey, man, that was as easy as pie.

- I'm a veteran, son.

Get outta the car, bitch,  
or I'll blow your brains out!

- You gotta be shittin' me.

- I will shoot you, damn it!

Damn!

You lazy, half-ass bully!

Any asshole can pull a gun on somebody!

You don't know the first thing  
about stealin' a car! Boy, I...

You need a role model!

Stacy.

Shannon.

Laura.

Lindsay.

Rachel.

Hey. Check this out.

J.J., he's back. But he's smart.

He watches his ass.

Just hold our positions.

If he rolls,

- you follow him out.

- Copy that.

What's he doin'?

What... What are you doing?

We might as well roll down  
our windows and wave.

- J.J., you tail him. All right?

- Copy that.

Let's go.

- Good luck.

- Piece of cake.

Unit one, this is unit two.

Astricky has landed.

If they roll, we take them down.

Last night that van was parked  
four houses down. Now it's only two.

- We got company.

- Shit.

He's at the car.

Bird, come back.

- Stand by, unit one.

- What?

- Where are you?

- Where do you think I am?

I'm at the casino, picking up  
pit boss's lady. What do you want?

- The ladies are dirty. Walk away. The ladies are dirty.

- What?

I want everybody to get back  
to the garage now.

Oh, so she's havin'  
a baby right now?

I guess I better get  
to the hospital then, huh?

Something's got him spooked.

My wife is havin' a baby.

Gotta get...

I'm nervous! This ain't even my car!

Way over here...

He's heading away  
from the vehicle.

I see you.

Pull in over there.

- Hello.

This is unit two. I lost them.

All right, it's time  
to talk to Fuzzy again.  
Check this out. Laser-encoded keys  
that send a message to a receiver...  
inside the car.

You wanna tell me  
what you're doin' with these?  
Yeah. These are from last week.  
These are from the other boost.  
Who is it?

- The keys, the keys, the keys!
- Take it easy!
- Now gimme this!
- What happened? What happened?
- Where'd you get these from?
- What's the problem?

The Mercedes are dirty!

There's surveillance vans all over them.

- Where'd they come from?
- Whoa. My guy in Southland. The same guy I used last time.
- Same guy I used before.
- Before when?
- When we... When we took the other cars.
- Other Mercedes.
- Christ.
- Castlebeck.

He got to one of the guys at the dealership,  
and he turned him. That's what happened.

Eight hours left.

So what, we're gonna stand around and  
have a meeting? Wh-What's goin' on?

Memphis, maybe it's time for us  
to start thinking about...

- how to get these young kids  
out of town, 'cause...

If there's no Mercedes, there's no point  
in boosting any other cars. You hear me?

- That's it.
- 47 is not 50, Memphis. You know that's what he'll say.

Yeah.

Hey, Memphis. You know, we still have  
the Mercedes keys from the last boost.

Hey! Those cars are  
at the police impound.

Okay? The police impound. You want us to go there and start stealin' cars?

- Yeah. - Yeah, let's do it. - You're crazy.

- We're gonna get hectic. Let's go.

- No, Memphis, no. Don't do this.

Hey, Sphinx, I don't look suspicious, do I, man?

Otto, man, I think that your dog ate the keys.

He usually goes for the license plates.

- Are you sure?

- What? Wait a minute. The dog ate the keys?

- Yes.

How you gonna get them out?

- Not funny.

- I'm...

- Hey, hey, don't even think about it, Sphinx.

It's all right.

Say, uh, Toby, go see if you can get some, uh, Alpo, and get some Ex-lax.

- No way, man.

- Bad dog!

- Let's get back to work.

Hey! Open the door.

- Ah, Jesus.

- Hurry up. Hurry up.

- End it, rock star. Get in.

- Jesus Christ.

Now what, man?

What else?

Fuzzy, you never called me.

So now we gotta stay down here... till you tell me everything you know.

I... I told you everything I know.

I know that, because I said, "This is everything I know."

Detective Drycoff, does it seem like the suspect is violating his parole right now?

Why, yes, Detective Castlebeck,

if by violating his parole...  
you mean failing to cooperate  
with a law enforcement officer.  
A little trick I learned in  
the car thief retirement home.  
Can you hold this?  
No, no, no. I'm not failing  
to cooperate. It's just that...  
Y-Y-Yeah. Okay. Okay.  
Uh, word has it...  
that Kip Raines took the job and he  
screwed up. Uh, he screwed up pretty bad.  
And who put out  
the order for the job?  
It's Raymond Calitri's order.  
Nice.  
Come on, come on,  
come on, come on.  
Yes.  
We have six hours left.  
Has the dog done its business yet?  
Toby and Freb  
are walking him right now.  
- He's not gonna go it.  
It's not gonna happen, man.  
Come on, dog.  
What's wrong, Hemi? Poop, dog.  
- It had to be a girl car.  
- Girl car, what kind of a girl drives a Hemi 'Cuda?  
I'll show you.  
Lipstick?  
Matches the car.  
- What's next? Blush? Mascara?  
- Next time...  
I'll pull out the, uh, leather and  
high heels and pink underwear for you.  
- Leather, high heels and pink underwear.  
- Pink underwear.  
- Pink underwear works.  
Pink underwear works.  
Raymond Vincent Calitri did five years  
in South London for manslaughter.  
- He immigrated in '98.  
- Look at this.

Loan shark and extortion, fencing. Ha.  
His front's a salvage yard.  
Gonna have to  
wait it out.  
So, you seeing anybody?  
No. No, I had  
a girl once.  
- She was great.  
- Mmm. So if she was so great, why'd you leave her?  
I did ask you  
to come with me.  
No, you asked me  
to be a different person.  
I didn't want to see people get hurt.  
I just wanted you to slow down.  
Well, I couldn't.  
'Cause I wasn't ready.  
- You're straight now.  
- Yeah, I am.  
'Cause it wasn't the same  
without you.  
- Excuse me, gentlemen.  
- Hey, asshole. I was reading that.  
- Watch your mouth, kid.  
- What's goin' on?  
- This is a homicide file from a homicide investigation.  
- All right.  
It took us three months to get a  
magistrate to give us a wiretap on 'em.  
No other division, including GRAB, can go near  
his person, residence or place of business.  
All right? Got it?  
Let me tell you guys something.  
All right. Raymond Calitri  
is going down for murder one. Boneheads.  
Who gives a shit  
about grand theft auto? Really.  
I can't watch this.  
Come on, come on, come on.  
Get it on. Get it over with.  
What do you think is more  
exciting, having sex, or stealing cars?  
Having sex or boosting cars?  
Um. Ooh!



Uh.  
Well, uh, how about, uh...  
having sex  
while boosting cars?  
God, that's  
a good line.  
Oh, doesn't work on  
a lot of girls, though.  
I just blurted it out.  
I'm s...  
But you haven't  
answered the question.  
Well, you see,  
the problem is,  
how do you get over  
the shifter?  
- Oh. Oh, right. 'Cause the, uh...  
- Because it gets in the way.  
Because you wouldn't want to disrupt  
the, uh, synchromesh. Right?  
Or the throttle linkage.  
The clutch master cylinder.  
Double overhead cam shaft.  
- I can't do this.  
- Wait, wait. Just straight in-line six,  
triple Weber carburetors...  
Bolted to each other's  
body structures.  
Oh, it's time to work.  
Good brakes.  
Good brakes too.  
- There's nothin' happening.  
- Maybe he's got indigestion.  
- Well, dude, we'll give him some  
more Ex-lax. - He already ate two.  
- Hey, little man.  
- Oh, man.  
I thought I told you this is our turf.  
What, you wanna make a move?  
We don't want anything  
to do with your turf.  
Something wrong with  
where we live?  
Oh, no, it's cool for you.

I mean, it's just not for us.

Oh, so now you think you're better than us or something, huh?

- Maybe we should cut you up, doll?

- Um...

- Dude, the keys. Freb.

- Excuse me a second, guys.

Man!

- Aw, I'm gonna throw up, dog!

- Man, that's disgusting.

What kind of pervert gets their jollies off playing with dog shit?

Look, man! I got 'em.

All three, man.

- You guys are sick.

- I got 'em!

Wake up, man.

Check this out.

Every time I drive my Volvo in Beverly Hills, they tow the shit.

- We ain't got any Volvos here.

- There is a Volvo here. I know.

- They told me...

- Wait a minute. Wait, wait.

What I'm tryin' to tell you is, there ain't no Volvos here.

Then get in your book, do something.

Find my damn Volvo!

Sphinx. Sway.

It's got to be somewhere in there. Check it out, man.

Wait, wait.

There's nothing here. Look.

- There's another one... - No, no!

Uh-uh, hey! Tell you what, look at this.

Look at her.

Look, I'm sorry. I don't even need to be out here.

Hey, uh... I got a midget pagin' me right now.

- Wait...

- I gotta get outta here. Hey, time is money.

This is the worst damn day of my life.

"Detective Castlebeck.

Glass shards...

"from the warehouse  
from a black light bulb...  
available at any  
local hardware store."

All right.

What the hell is a black  
light bulb doin' in a...  
warehouse in Long Beach?

Come with me.

- See this glass right here?

- Let me guess.

- Black light?

- Black light.

Take that wall.

I'll take this wall.

- Remember the seventies?

- Too young, thank God.

Black lights were  
all the rage back then.

You know, they had this ink,  
these magic markers.

Only show up  
under black light.

So if you got a whole lot of information  
that you don't want anybody to have...

- Like a shopping list of cars?

- There you go. Whoa!

Yes. Yes!

Here is our list.

That's a big list.

We can't handle all these cars.

Maybe we don't have to. I'd say where  
let's concentrate on the rarest ones,  
and let's just hope  
for some luck.

Let's get somebody on this right here.

You and I will take this one right her.

'67 Shelby Mustang.

- Can't be but a few of these in town.

- Yeah.

But how do you know  
he hasn't already stolen it?

Oh, if I know our boy, I believe

he'll leave this one till last.

- Why?

- He's afraid of it.

Yo, guys.

It's me.

- Oh, man. What are you doing?

- I want to come along with you guys on a boost.

Come on. Let's go.

Later. Come on.

Go, go, go.

What's the matter with you? Come on!

Hey, call security!

Someone's stealing the car!

- Go, go, go!

- What are you doing?

Whoa. I ought to leave your ass. You know that? What's the matter with you?

Hey, Sphinx. Check this out. Home boy got "Snake" on the license plate.

Well, Snake will have to slither his ass all the way to the bus stop in the morning.

Police officers.

We need to check the lot for a car.

Go ahead.

Check this out, man.

Here's some low-ridin' music.

It's a little bit different than that cracker shit you used to be playin'. Check this out.

You like that. You feelin' it?

Are you feelin' it?

I know you're feelin' it.

Oh! Snake!

Get this thing off me!

Snake! Snake! Snake!

Get this thing off me, man!

It's a snake!

It's tryin' to kill me, man!

Get this thing off me!

Somebody always want to kill a brother. Man, this is wrong.

What the hell are you doing?

Get the snake!

- Use the brakes!

- I am!

This snake is crawlin' up my ass, man!

This snake is up my ass!

This snake gonna swallow  
my shit!

God, I love that car.

All right. Two ladies, home safe.

He's tucking in Vanessa,  
and Bernadine just took me for a ride.

What's the count?

- Forty-eight.

- Yes!

But Mirror and Sphinx  
had some unexpected visitors.

- Castlebeck?

- I think so.

- Everything cool?

- Yeah, yeah, they're fine.

They're on their way back to Otto's.

Donny and Freb are already there.

- What about Kip and Tumbler?

- No word yet.

Lost in suburbia. Hell, where are we?

- What do you mean? You don't know where you're going?

- Which way is out?

I don't know where I am.

Everything looks the same to me.

You don't know  
where you're going?

- That is a cop.

- No, it's not. That's rent-a-cop.

- Slow down. Slow down.

- He's pulling a U-turn.

Oh, man,

we're in big trouble.

In pursuit of stolen Cadillac S.U.V.,  
traveling west  
on Murray Drive.

- Roadblock, Kip. Oh, shit. - Look  
out for the roadblock! - Go, go!

Go!

- Oh, man.

- Motherfucker.

- Oh, shit. Oh, shit.

- I need help, man.

- What?  
- He's been shot! Oh, shit. Oh, shit.  
- Don't touch me!  
- We need to go to the hospital, man!  
People ask questions  
in hospitals, Kip.  
- Go to the hospital!  
- You should use your head. We're in a stolen car!  
Now, this does not look good.  
You're gonna be all right.  
- Oh, man!  
- What happened?  
- We ran into security patrol.  
- He hid in the van. We didn't know he was there.  
We gotta get you to a doctor, private.  
I know just where to go.  
- Let's get him to a car.  
- No! Ow!  
Lie in the back.  
Lie down in the back.  
Tumbler, you and Kip take  
the last van back to Otto's.  
- You all right?  
- Yeah, go.  
- What are you doin'?  
- I'm goin' with him.  
- If something should go wrong, just...  
- Let's go!  
I'll take care of him, man.  
Let's finish this.  
- What's up?  
- What's the story with that Humvee?  
- Gone.  
- Cadillac?  
The same.  
Where are we goin'?  
The only '67 Shelby  
in the area is registered...  
at a place called  
the International Towers in Long Beach.  
Let's go to Long Beach.  
I know we got a history, Eleanor,  
and that that history has not  
been great, but I promise...

you take care of me,  
I'll take care of you.

Shit.

The easy way or the hard way,  
Raines. Easy way or the hard way?

- Hey!

- I think he's choosin' the hard way.

All right.

One-Baker-eleven.

I n pursuit of '67 Ford Mustang, gray.

- That sign said "Do Not Enter."

- Yeah. You noticed, huh?

- Jesus!

- Keep your pants on.

Suspect now traveling east  
on Fourth Street.

Correction.

Make that north on Main.

Move! Get the fuck...

Just move!

Get out of there!

Oh, you wanna get  
crazy with me!

Come on, boy.

One-Baker-eleven. Unit three involved  
in a T.A. At St. Vincent's and Seventh.

All units, pursuit has entered flood  
control adjacent to 710 freeway.

- Where's that air unit?

- Requesting air unit. Same location.

Air One. We're over the pursuit.

Suspect traveling southbound  
at 90 miles an hour.

- Stay with him, Air One.

- I'm all over him.

- Suspect has increased speed to 120.

- Maintain visual, Air One.

140 miles an hour.

- Do not lose him.

- This is an A-Star, sir, not an Apache.

One-fifty. One-sixty.

- He's gone.

- God!

- Man, this guy can drive.

- What, what?

It's probably mostly the car.

Hey, what time is it?

I think I'm gonna have to get  
you out of town or something.

Your brother's the best boost in the world,  
but I don't know if he's gonna make this one.

I'm not like my brother, you know.

I just don't abandon my friends.

Oh, man. I ought to  
smack you silly, boy.

You know, your brother ran away,  
is that what you think?

You better get your story  
straight.

Well, go on then.

Straighten it out.

Your mother told him to go.

She knew if Memphis stayed,  
you were gonna walk his line.

You were gonna join  
his crew.

But she told him  
to pick up and go.

And he did, thinkin'  
it was best for you.

He left all of us.

For you.

Guess it wasn't that big a deal  
for him though, really.

Wasn't that big a sacrifice, leavin'  
everything he'd ever known behind.

And six years later,  
ain't life grand?

You became a car boost anyway.

How about that?

I sedated him.

He's sleeping.

He's gonna be just fine.

It's just a scratch, Eleanor.

It can be fixed.

No, no, no, don't.

Don't do this to me.

Don't... Don't start with me.



Don't... No, no... No, start!  
Start, start, start.  
Come on. Come on.  
I need you, Eleanor.  
I need you now, now.  
All units, be advised.  
Suspect vehicle headed south  
on Henry Ford Boulevard.  
We should hit him at Ocean Avenue  
at the end of this bridge.  
There he is.  
There he is! Yeah.  
I got you, Raines!  
I got you, boy!  
That's it. Keep it comin'.  
Whoa! Shit!  
Shit.  
One-Baker-eleven,  
be advised. Suspect heading westbound.  
Head east to intercept.  
One-Baker-eleven, maintain your course.  
Suspect heading in your direction.  
One-Baker-eleven, he's at the end  
of the pier turning towards you.  
Wait! Hang on! Hang onto it!  
Oh, shit.  
Move, move!  
Is he okay?  
- How are you doing? Are you all right?  
- Yeah.  
- Are you okay? Just sit back. You all right?  
- I think so.  
Are you sure?  
'Cause you just went through a wall.  
Long Beach Tower, this is L.A.P.D.  
Air One in pursuit of suspect,  
requesting permission  
to cross airfield.  
Negative, Air One.  
Incoming aircraft on approach.  
Hold your position.  
I repeat, do not enter  
airport air space.  
Hey!

That one's got a broken leg!

There he is.

There he is.

Get outta the car, man!

Raines!

- Where's, uh... Where's Memphis?

- I don't know, man.

- He's not back yet.

- What do you mean, he's not back yet?

**It's 8:**

- Atley.

- Time's up, Atley.

I've got 49 cars.

That's one less than required.

- Bring the kid, and we'll settle this.

- What kid is that?

Oh, you know. The Cincinnati Kid, Billy the Kid. Which kid did you think I mean?

Oh, gee, I don't know.

I think that maybe you mean Kip Raines.

Well, gee.

I think you're right.

Yeah. Well, you know, it's a funny thing.

That little son of a bitch evaded me.

- Find him, Atley.

- Well, what if I can't find him?

Then big brother takes the fall for the slipup. It doesn't matter much to me.

One Raines is as good as another.

It never rains, but it pours.

Son of a...! Just... Well, you know,

I think you can thank your big brother.

I think he just took your place under the guillotine.

Sorry, mate.

We're all done here.

- No, we're not done. This is number 50.

- You're late.

So sod off.

You got a problem with that, take it up with Calitri.

- You're late.

- Wait. You're gonna argue with me over 12 minutes?

I just stole 50 cars for you  
in one night!  
All right? I'm a little tired.  
I'm a little wired!  
And I think I deserve  
a little appreciation.  
I said 50 cars, not 491/2.  
what? You know, some paint and, uh...  
Some fiberglass.  
Yes, indeedy.  
You know, and the book  
on her is 60, 70, call it 80.  
So you take 80, all right? You subtract  
it from 200. All right. And we make a deal.  
You take 80 from 200,  
and we call it even.  
Done.  
All right. Good. And this thing  
with my brother's over.  
It's over.  
It's done.  
It's finished.  
Done. Finished.  
Nobody insults me.  
Nobody puts a gun to me head.  
Kill him.  
Shred the car.  
All right. Where's  
Raymond Calitri's place?  
Exeter Salvage and Steel.  
It's on the water. Why, are we goin'?  
Because, you know, homicide specifically  
ordered us not to interfere.  
To hell with homicide.  
Unicorn.  
- What?  
- Nothing.  
So, where would  
you like it, sir?  
I n the head  
or in the chest?  
- The chest.  
- My pleasure.  
Hey, wait a minute, fellas! Hold it.

- Big change of plan here.

- That's far enough, Atley.

What are you doing?

No, no, no!

I said stop there, Atley!

No, no. Calitri just sent me  
up here to ask you a question.

All right? Everything's  
gonna be all right. We got it covered.

Get my brother outta here.

Hey.

You made a mistake  
pickin' a kid to do your dirty work.

Made an even bigger mistake  
pickin' my kid brother.

And now, you just made  
the biggest mistake tryin' to kill me.

- No. Be careful with that.

- This?

- Just put it down.

- That's right. You got a thing about wood.

Just put it down.

No! No!

- No!

- I... I...

- No!

- Oh, no.

- Psst.

- I'm good.

God! Jesus!

God.

- Who are you?

- I'm a police officer. You don't wanna do that now.

- Yeah, I do.

- Listen to me.

You walk outta here with me, you got some  
options. You kill me... now you think about this...

I'm a police officer.

Your life will be over.

No, you've got that the wrong way  
around. If I kill you, your life's over.

Not all bad, though. Funeral will be on the  
telly. Everybody out there, pressed and dressed.

Guard of honor. Twenty-one gun salute and the

Stars and Stripes draped all over your coffin.  
It'll be the greatest day  
of your life.  
Here I am smack dab in the middle  
of a moral dilemma, Randall.  
You've torn this town to shreds with that  
little escapade of yours. You and your Eleanor.  
But I understand  
what brought you back here.  
A brother's love  
is a brother's love.  
You saved my life,  
didn't you?  
So what am I gonna do?  
It's your call,  
Detective.  
Get outta here, Randall.  
I'll clean this up.  
Go, Randall, before  
I change my mind. Go.  
Oh, uh, there's  
a container ship. At pier 14.  
You might want to  
check it out.  
Oh. Look here. Can a good-lookin',  
hard-workin' chef get a beer around here?  
Come on, Tumbler. You ain't  
doin' nothin'. Hand me a beer, baby.  
All right, Memphis,  
guys, food! Thank you, sir.  
Damn.  
- Ow, ow.  
- Wait, wait, wait.  
Poor Toby, man. Sure looks  
like he's in a lot of pain.  
If that's pain,  
you can shoot me anytime.  
Sexy, sexy.  
If his unpleasant wounding...  
has in some way enlightened  
the rest of you...  
as to the grim finish below  
the glossy veneer of criminal life...  
and inspired you to change

your ways,  
then his injuries carry with it an  
inherent nobility and a supreme glory.  
We should all be  
so fortunate.  
You say, "Poor Toby."  
I say, "Poor us."  
- He spoke.  
- Yeah.  
Hey, man, I thought you were  
from Long Beach.  
Hey, Memphis. Hey.  
I have something for you.  
- What is this?  
- Open it.  
Keys. Keys are good.  
What do I do with 'em?  
Hey, everybody.  
Everybody.  
Inside here. Let's go.  
Everybody, come on. Let's go.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
it's my great pleasure...  
to present...  
- Oh, man. Oh, man!  
- There you go. Eleanor.  
- What? What? It's Eleanor.  
- How about that?  
- Look at his face.  
- All yours.  
Now it's a heap, but give me  
a couple of weeks and it'll look like...  
a streamlined butterfly.  
- You didn't...  
- Oh, no, no, no.  
I, uh... I parted the chopper  
out for that.  
I'm blown away.  
You bought me a car.  
Well, yeah, you know. It's just  
a token of my appreciation for, uh...  
For everything.  
That's the way it should be.  
That's the way it should be.

That's right.

- Yeah.

- Why don't you get in there and go for a ride?

I know what you did.

- And I thank you.

- I'll see you later, man.

- You wanna go for a ride?

- Hell, yes.

Oh, don't do this to me.