

THE FAST AND THE FURIOUS 2

by

Michael Brandt & Derek Haas

Based on the 2001 Universal Picture "The Fast and The Furious"

White - 7/2/02
(with scene numbers)
Revised White - 7/19/02
Second Revised White - 7/25/02

Notice:

This material is the property of FF2 Productions, LLC (A wholly owned subsidiary of Universal City Studios, Inc.) and is intended and restricted solely for studio use by studio personnel. Distribution or disclosure of the material to unauthorized persons is prohibited. The sale, copying, and reproduction of this material in any form is also prohibited.

FADE IN:

1 EXT. STREET #1 - NIGHT

1

A pick-up truck backs up with a bed full of Miami STREET KIDS, out having a good time. One particular HOMBRE jumps out of the back and plops a big stolen "STREET CLOSED" sign in the intersection.

He hops back in and as the truck moves down to repeat the pattern, a squad car rolls up. Two OFFICERS sit quietly, watching the crazy kids in the truck put out their signs.

OFFICER ONE

I didn't know they were racing tonight.

Officer Two holds up a wad of cash.

OFFICER TWO

Yeah, this was in my locker.

The cruiser turns and heads the other way.

THE CAMERA THEN MOVES across the street to find a whole TEAM OF TRUCKS, and even more kids, putting out signs.

As the trucks unload, THE CAMERA MOVES TO AN...

2 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

2

...where we find EDWIN BISHOP walking with a slight limp past a dumpster. He's in the shadows, listening to a hand-held two-way radio.

Edwin hits the end of the alley and it opens up onto a...

3 EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT

3

And for the first time, we see his familiar face.

EDWIN

Fire 'em up! We go live in five.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal an explosion of colors -- BOOTY BABES and RABBLE ROUSERS of every ethnicity standing amongst a bevy of superior machinery, the latest and greatest street racing imports.

The colors of the cars stand in stark contrast to the grays and blacks of inner-Miami.

Edwin limps through the crowd, and THE CAMERA PICKS HIM UP and follows...

EDWIN (cont'd)
 Streets are clear, y'all. Let's
 go, let's go.

...THE CAMERA STOPS on three DRIVERS, all leaning on the hoods of their cars: a black guy named SLAP-JACK, an Asian chick named SUKI, and ORANGE JULIUS, an Hispanic Don Juan.

As Edwin passes...

EDWIN (cont'd)
 You cats are first wave. What's up
 with your fourth?

ORANGE JULIUS
 It was Joaquin, but he gotta work
 graveyard. How bout you run with
 us, Edwin?

EDWIN
 Nah. Not tonight, man. Either you
 find another driver or you don't
 race.

Edwin starts to limp off as the three drivers look at each other. Before he takes two steps, Edwin stops and turns.

EDWIN (cont'd)
 Or... I could find a fourth for
 you.

SUKI
 Yeah? We'll take him.

EDWIN
 No matter who it is?

The three drivers are afraid to back down at this point.

SUKI
 Yeah, sure.

Edwin smiles at Suki and moves off, pulls out a CELL PHONE and hits a speed dial.

EDWIN
 (into the phone)
 You wanna run?
 (listens)
 You got four minutes.

4 INT. BRIAN'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT 4

A FIGURE stands in a towel, wet, his back to us, the phone at his ear. A giant black and white mural of Steve McQueen's face covers one wall of this little room.

The figure immediately slaps the phone on to a dresser. He quickly pulls up a pair of pants, and throws on a T-shirt.

A key ring dangles from a small stand next to the phone on the dresser. The keys are snatched up.

5 OMITTED 5

6 OMITTED 6

7 OMITTED 7

8 EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSEBOAT - GARAGE - NIGHT 8

The figure races up the ramp and into an old garage.

9 INT. BRIAN'S HOUSEBOAT - GARAGE - NIGHT 9

SERIES OF QUICK CLOSE-UPS:

A key twists in a door lock.

The door pops open.

The key is popped in the ignition and the engine roars to life. A foot stomps the accelerator.

Tires peel out.

10 EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSEBOAT - GARAGE - NIGHT 10

The most beautiful Nissan Skyline we've ever seen roars out of the garage and cuts into South Florida traffic.

11 EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT 11

Even more kids are hurrying down the street to line up for the races. The place has turned into a zoo, the atmosphere electric.

12 EXT. STREET #2 - NIGHT 12

The Skyline swerves between cars like a bat out of hell. It finds a side street and barrels down it.

13

EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT

13

The three drivers climb into their cars -- Orange Julius's MAXIMA, Slap-Jack's HONDA 2000, Suki's MR2 -- and the CAMERA QUICKLY TRACKS along the starting line as each car pulls into position.

Then an engine ROAR erupts amongst the growing crowd.

The Skyline parts the crowd like Moses, and we see the reactions of the three other drivers: 'Oh shit.'

EDWIN

There's our fourth.

The Skyline rolls into position, stopping perfectly at the starting line.

The CAMERA THEN RISES, revealing the driver: BRIAN O'CONNOR.

Edwin walks up and they bump fists.

EDWIN (cont'd)

Brian the Bullitt.

BRIAN

Thanks for the invite, Edwin.

EDWIN

(smiling)

Just remember me when you wax.

Brian starts to hand Edwin a roll of money, looks over at Orange Julius, parked next to him.

BRIAN

Let's kick it a nickel.

ORANGE JULIUS

Hold up. Nobody said nothin' bout raising the stakes!

Brian looks back at the crowd packing in around the cars.

BRIAN

Then ask these nice people to back off the line so you can head home.

The crowd starts LAUGHING.

OJ looks in his rearview mirror and sees everyone packed behind him.

ORANGE JULIUS
Shit. Awright, man, thirty-five
large.

He hands the money to Edwin who moves to Slap-Jack.

SLAP-JACK
Thirty-five hundred?

Slap Jack looks at his four YOUNGER BROTHERS who look and
dress just like him and slap him various handshakes.

SLAP-JACK (cont'd)
Yeah, I'm in.

Next is Suki. Edwin leans into her window.

EDWIN
Damn, Suki. When am I gonna get
you to pop my clutch? *
*

She hands him a wad of money.

SUKI
Just say the word.

Edwin steps back, smiling.

EDWIN
All right. All right.

Brian surveys the scene, notices one particular woman, MONICA *
CLEMENTE, in the crowd. She's different than the rest of the *
girls. Confident, beautiful, and cool, she seems to be *
watching only him. *

14 OMITTED 14

15 EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT 15

Edwin takes a position in front of the cars.

EDWIN
Okay, here we go. Be alert!
(beat, smiling)
Cuz I gotta surprise for y'all
tonight!

In the Skyline, Brian closes his eyes, visualizing. His
eyelids tense and flex as the eyes whip around behind the
closed lids.

He's seeing the course, what he's gonna do, his hands moving over the apex boost controller, his nitrous switch modes, visualizing...

Outside, Edwin raises his arms, but Brian still has his eyes closed, still visualizing.

Suddenly, Edwin drops his arms and Brian seems to sense it happening, his eyes popping open.

BAM! tires SQUEAL as the cars take off.

The CAMERA SITS behind one of Brian's tires, and flecks of black rubber BOUNCE OFF THE LENS as it rips up the asphalt.

16 OMITTED 16

17 OMITTED 17

18 EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT 18

Brian's second off the line, just behind Slap-Jack. The four cars shoot to the end of a street, crowds of on-lookers -- including the beautiful woman -- blurring around them. *

19 EXT. RACE ONE - STREET #1 - NIGHT 19

Just when we think they're going to head straight for a wall, the four cars brake hard, the brake discs glowing red from the incredible force! *

The cars whip into a right turn and head down another street, Slap-Jack's Honda almost clipping the front of Brian's Skyline as he takes the inside. *

Brian has to go high in the turn, forcing OJ even higher, off the street on to the sidewalk, almost hitting the wall of a warehouse. OJ gets his car back on the street, precious seconds lost as Suki's MR2 whips by him. *

20 OMITTED 20

21 OMITTED 21

22 EXT. RACE ONE - STREET #2 - NIGHT 22

Brian has Slap-Jack right in front of him, and every time he tries to go around, Slap-Jack matches his move, staying in front. He can really drive. Just behind is Suki. *

They look like they're heading into a dead end again, which is when they whip into another right, the momentum of the turn throwing them perilously close to leaving the street. *

22A EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT 22A *

Edwin speaks into his radio. *

EDWIN *

Yo, Sal. Hit it. *

22B INT. BRIDGE CONTROL HUT - DAY 22B *

An Asian kid stands in the bridge control hut, looking over a big power console. The door behind him has obviously been jimmed open. He presses a red button marked "LIFT." *

23 EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT 23 *

Edwin points to the bridge on Canal Street, which miraculously is starting to rise. *

EDWIN

How you like that?

Everyone sees it rising, creating a jump!

EDWIN (cont'd)

I told you I had a surprise.

The crowd goes nuts.

24 OMITTED 24

25 EXT. RACE ONE - STREET #3 - NIGHT 25

The race continues down this stretch, industrial warehouses and loading docks visually warp as the cars let it loose.

From a dock, we see the cars go by at well over a hundred, the blurred color of each letting us see just how fast these rice rockets move.

OJ is able to catch up to Suki, so only thirty yards separate the four cars. *

They strain their cars into the red, nobody about to give ground. Brian looks intently at Slap-Jack. *

Sure enough, Slap-Jack downshifts hard as they move into the third turn, and slides out more than he meant to, allowing Brian to cut inside so that the two cars are side by side. *

Brian and Slap-Jack look at each other for just a second, Slap-Jack's shocked Brian was able to work in next to him. *

26 OMITTED 26

27 EXT. CANAL BRIDGE - NIGHT 27

The bridge stops in position, locking into an angle that makes a wicked little jump.

28 OMITTED 28

29 EXT. RACE ONE - CANAL BRIDGE STREET - NIGHT 29

Brian and Slap-Jack look up and see the raised bridge for the first time! Slap-Jack CURSES as Brian clenches his jaw and races for the jump. *

30 EXT. FINISH LINE - NIGHT 30

The finish line is another block beyond the bridge, and all of the ON-LOOKERS peer at the jump, eager for the fireworks.

31 EXT. CANAL BRIDGE - NIGHT 31

Brian grits his teeth, presses the nitrous button on his steering wheel and leaves Slap-Jack behind. He hits the jump at 150, his car leaping through the air, landing well past the downslope of the other side of the bridge, but on all four tires. *

Slap-Jack's car takes the jump just after Brian's lands. He lands hard on his back tires, and when his front tires hit they EXPLODE from the force of the landing. Under his car, his oil pan bursts and oil gushes out, leaving a trail of oil on the pavement as the Honda slides and slams side-ways into a brick wall. *

32 OMITTED 32

33 OMITTED 33

34 OMITTED 34

35 EXT. CANAL BRIDGE - NIGHT 35

Suki and OJ reach the bridge. The two cars jump in tandem, coming down at the same time, racing for second and third. Both downshift hard to get control of their cars, fire spitting from their tailpipes. *

The fire ignites the oil that leaked from Slap-Jacks busted pan, sending a snake of fire along the oil skid in the street! *

36

EXT. FINISH LINE - NIGHT

36

The hottest technique in street driving right now is "drifting." Brian throws his car into a drift across the finish line and stops. *

He emerges from behind the wheel and looks back at Slap-Jack's car, worried. Slap-Jack climbs out, pissed, and kicks his banged up car, the fire in the street burning itself out. *

The crowds come in to greet Brian like a conquering hero. Brian looks for the beautiful woman, but spots her walking away from the crowd, leaving by herself. *

Edwin limps up and hands him the cash, snapping Brian's reverie, the whole time working the crowd like P.T. Barnum. *

EDWIN

Did y'all see that shit? That's my man, Bullitt. Damn! You can't find this dope on pay-per-view. This is the real deal!

The crowd loves it.

Brian looks at Edwin.

BRIAN

Thanks for the call.

He flips him a few hundred off the roll.

EDWIN

Bout time we look at some real class.

Edwin holds up the bills to the crowd of racers and on-lookers.

EDWIN (cont'd)

You see how you supposed to act round here. This is called mutual respect. Something I guess they only have on the West Coast.

He gets nothing but CATCALLS and LAUGHTER.

EDWIN (cont'd)

All right. Screw all y'all. I'm not appreciated in my time...

Suddenly, a bevy of black sedans busts out on to the street.

EDWIN (cont'd)
 What the hell? I paid the cops
 off...

BRIAN
 That's not Miami P.D.

Slap-Jack's brothers all shout at once.

SLAP-JACK'S BROTHERS
 Feds!!!

Everyone scurries like ants on a stepped-on anthill. Cars
 dissipate faster than tickets for a Ja Rule concert.

Edwin looks at Brian.

EDWIN
 I know they ain't after me. You
 better get ghost, Brian.

Brian jumps in the Skyline and roars away.

All over the street, black sedans rip from three different
 directions, blocking access to the alleys.

Two of the trucks that were carrying the street closed signs
 suddenly burst through a chain-link fence, creating an escape
 for all the import cars. The racers follow the trucks to
 freedom like water pouring through a sieve.

INSIDE A FED'S CAR:

Driving the car is AGENT DUNN, late 20's, and he works the
 wheel, trying to get a bead on Brian's car.

AGENT DUNN
 (into a radio)
 Nissan Skyline. Got him.

ON THE STREET:

Dunn attempts to cut off Brian but Brian easily out-maneuvers
 Dunn and at the last second races down an unblocked alley.

37

EXT. ALLEY #2 - NIGHT

37

He looks in his rearview and sees Dunn try to make the turn.
 Dunn can't quite do it and his car slams into an abandoned
 couch, stuffing from the couch going everywhere.

Brian races down the alley, where another FED CAR pulls up at the end of the alley. Brian snakes the Skyline around the car, and thinks he's got clear sailing outta there. *

He looks in his rearview and sees a dark-suited, smarmy Fed, AGENT MARKHAM, climb out of the car and point a device that looks like a rocket launcher at Brian's car. *

IN BRIAN'S CAR:

Brian's eyes go wide as he looks at the Fed holding the strange weapon. *

BRIAN

Oh, shit.

ON THE STREET:

Markham pulls the trigger and a device that looks like a plunger shoots like a dart out of the gun, rips through the air, and smashes on to the back of Brian's car, sticking there. *

An electrical charge rips from the device, killing the entire electrical system.

Brian's computer pops in his passenger seat and sparks fly from his dashboard as the car loses energy.

He pumps the brakes, nothing. He jerks the wheel and the car slides sideways crashing into the outside of a STRIP JOINT.

Brian's fucked. He squints in the bright headlights as the Feds approach, guns drawn.

38

INT. FBI OFFICE - NIGHT

38

Brian is shoved rudely to a chair, his hands cuffed behind him, looking sullen, as Agent Markham and Agent Dunn grill him.

AGENT MARKHAM

Brian O'Conner. Formerly of the L.A.P.D. Let his man go and went on the run for the last two years. *

BRIAN

You got the wrong guy.

AGENT MARKHAM

Really?

Just then, AGENT BILKINS, the black Fed from the first movie, steps out.

BILKINS
(smart ass)
How you doing, O'Conner?

Brian takes one look at him, winces.

BRIAN
Better than you, Bilkins. I see
you quit working out.

BILKINS
Still the funny man. Let's talk.

39 EXT. FBI - ROOF TOP - DAWN

39

The sun is starting to come up in Miami. From the rooftop of the federal building, the city looks like a giant playground, a mixture of white concrete and deep, blue ocean.

Bilkins takes the cuffs off of Brian, walks over to the edge of the building, looks out at the city.

BILKINS
We've had you for three months.
Did you really think we wouldn't
find you?

Brian doesn't answer, just stares at the streets he was racing in hours earlier.

BILKINS (cont'd)
Why'd you let him go? In L.A., I
mean.

BRIAN
You wouldn't understand.

BILKINS
(shrugs)
It's pretty common, really. Agents
going dark on their first
undercover job, a little bit of
Stockholm syndrome. We got --

BRIAN
It was her, wasn't it?

BILKINS
Who?

BRIAN

At the races. The woman who's been showing up. She's yours.

BILKINS

(smiling)

You still think like a cop.

BRIAN

So what is it you want?

BILKINS

What makes you think we want something?

BRIAN

Because she was scouting me, and instead of arresting me, you and I are standing on a roof.

Bilkins smiles.

40

INT. FBI - WAR ROOM - DAY

40

The Feds sit in a war room: displays of DRUG CARTEL FIGURES and maps of Miami cover the walls. Computer screens around the room show a sophisticated amount of surveillance. It's obvious: these guys have been working this for a long time.

Brian sits at a table.

BILKINS

We want you to drive.

BRIAN

For you? Forget it.

*
*

BILKINS

Not for us. For him.

*
*

Markham flips up a picture of a tan, well-dressed man in his 30's. CARTER VERONE.

AGENT MARKHAM

Carter Verone. Local import/export mogul.

Brian checks out the photo.

AGENT MARKHAM (cont'd)

For the cartels, getting drugs into Miami is the easy part. It's getting the money out that's hard.

BRIAN

He's a runner?

AGENT MARKHAM

The best. We've been surveilling him for nearly a year, but we've never gotten him and the drug proceeds together. We've swept his house four times, all his warehouses, but we keep pulling zeroes.

BILKINS

He doesn't use banks...

BRIAN

...because wire transfers over ten grand are monitored.

BILKINS

That's right.

(re: Markham)

The field office has done a great job. Washington sent me in to help get them over the top.

It's obvious Markham is not happy about this arrangement.

AGENT MARKHAM

(nodding)

We've got an agent undercover, working logistics for him. Setting up his trucks, his travel plans, airplane tickets. All his legitimate business, which he has in spades.

BILKINS

And recently he told her he was looking for some below-the-line drivers to make a drop. Two of 'em. It's our chance to bag him with his hand in the cookie jar.

BRIAN

(putting it together)

The woman at the races. She's your mark on Verone?

Bilkins nods.

AGENT MARKHAM

You're gonna roll with Agent
Dunn...

Brian checks out Dunn casually while Bilkins continues.

BILKINS

All you gotta do is get Verone and
his drug money together and we'll
have what we need.

BRIAN

I'm not interested.

BILKINS

We're not giving you a choice.

BRIAN

I can walk.

Bilkins holds up a piece of paper with his right hand.

BILKINS

Here's a list of all the laws you
broke in L.A. Obstruction of
justice, aiding and abetting...

BRIAN

I don't see any proof.

He holds up another with his left.

BILKINS

And here's a list of every law
we've personally witnessed you
break in Miami. You're looking at
12 to 15, maybe more.

MARKHAM

I doubt the joint would be too
comfortable for a former cop.

BILKINS

Of course, we could make it all go
away in the "interest of justice."
If you want to play ball.

Brian thinks about this. Finally...

BRIAN

We're supposed to be street racers,
right?

(challenging Dunn)

(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)
 So tell me, Dunn, what's the better
 engine for an EVO? A Gallo 12 or
 24?

Dunn is obviously caught off guard.

AGENT DUNN
 (recovering)
 The 24.

BRIAN
 Really? I didn't know pizza places
 made Mitsubishi engines.

Brian nods at the coffee cup in Dunn's hand. It says:

"Gallo's Pizza, home of the 24-incher!"

AGENT MARKHAM
 He's a good driver. That's the
 main thing...

BRIAN
 A good driver? Last night he left
 more rubber on the road in one turn
 than I did my entire race. I'd be
 dead inside an hour with him. If
 that's all you're givin' me, I'll
 take my chances in Chino.

Bilkins snatches up another list of agents.

BILKINS
 (to Markham)
 Check the other pool. Tell Flagler
 I'm gonna need another...

BRIAN
 Naaw, screw that Bilkins. The only
 way I do this is if I pick the
 other driver.

Bilkins measures him. After a moment...

BILKINS
 All right, O'Conner. Who you got
 in mind?

DISSOLVE TO:

41 EXT. BULL RING - DAY

41 *

It's a dusty old arena, the stands populated with MEXICAN
 LABORERS and a few trailer-park LOCALS.

*
 *

In the dusty ring a Demolition Derby is under way. Giant muscle cars and old sedans smash into each other like battering rams. *

42 EXT. BULL RING - STANDS - DAY 42

Brian leads Bilkins up a tunnel into the stands. He can't believe his eyes as he looks down at the scene.

BILKINS

You gotta be kidding me.

43 EXT. BULL RING - ARENA - DAY 43

Just then, an OLDSMOBILE rams into the front of a wounded DODGE CHARGER, the front tires riding up on to the hood. It tries to back down, but can't. Both cars are incapacitated. *

44 EXT. BULL RING - STANDS - DAY 44

Bilkins looks around the stands, then reads from a file he has in his hand.

BILKINS

Roman Pearce? He's got quite a record, including three years upstate. Says here he's under house arrest now. Can't go more than 100 yards from his home. You sure he's here?

Brian nods at the ring.

45 EXT. BULL RING - ARENA - DAY 45

Suddenly, a jet-black '71 MONTE CARLO whips around, zeroing in on the defenseless vehicles. It hauls ass at them, kicking up a cloud of dirt in its wake, homing in on the place where the two cars are joined together. *

At the last second, the Monte Carlo spins a 180 in the dust, keeping its momentum and smashing the dead cars like a bolt of lightning, flipping the Oldsmobile over one and a half times on to its back, and pounding the Charger into the wall, pinning it there like a cockroach. *

The crowd winces with "Ooohs" and "Aahhhs" raining down in torrents.

46 EXT. BULL RING - STANDS - DAY 46

BILKINS

In the Monte Carlo?

BRIAN

Yep.

47 EXT. BULL RING - ARENA - DAY 47

Sure enough, behind the wheel is ROMAN PEARCE, a young guy who oozes cool. He's wearing a tank-top, his shoulders huge, his pipes like boulders. He works the pedals as well as a man can with a bulky anklet attached to his leg.

He whips his head around and accelerates off the Olds.

48 EXT. BULL RING - STANDS - DAY 48

BRIAN

You're gonna have to get his anklet removed to take him to Miami, right?

BILKINS

Already have a judge on it.

BRIAN

Then I got one other request. Clean the rest of his record. He deserves a break. *

BILKINS

I can't make any promises. *

49 EXT. BULL RING - ARENA - DAY 49

Pearce spins around and flies the Monte Carlo backwards, steering it equally well in reverse.

A GTO tries to get out of the way, but Pearce rams it with the tail of his car, right into the driver's door, crippling it and knocking it through the far wall.

The crowd climbs higher in the seats to get away from the destruction. As soon as the danger passes, they quickly reassemble as close to the action as possible, even though a car is now stuck with them in the stands.

50 EXT. BULL RING - STANDS - DAY 50

BILKINS

How long you known him?

BRIAN

We grew up on the same street.

51 EXT. BULL RING - ARENA - DAY

51

Pearce whips his head back around, shifting the car into drive. He tries to roll forward, but his bumper is stuck on the GTO's wheel well. He peels his tires out, but they just kick up dirt.

He looks up through his windshield just in time to catch a blue TRANS-AM fly out of nowhere and smash into a Camaro, tearing it apart and flipping it over into a pile of junked cars.

The DRIVER of the Trans-Am smiles at the destruction, and turns his attention to Pearce, who is a sitting duck. Pearce narrows his eyes at the guy. *

He and the Trans-Am are the only two cars left. The TA circles around like Jaws and zeroes in for the kill.

Pearce has just enough time to brace himself as the Trans-Am hits him flush, bashing in his driver's door. *

Instead of flipping, Pearce's Monte Carlo pulls free of the GTO, but his hood pops up into the windshield and sticks there, shattering the glass and blocking his view.

Meanwhile, the Trans-Am backs up and circles for another run.

Blinded by the hood, Pearce rips the rearview mirror off the front glass and hangs it out the window... Just in time to catch the TA hauling ass at him in the reflection. Pearce guns it, using the mirror as a guide, and expertly maneuvers his car through the wrecked corpses of other cars.

52 EXT. BULL RING - STANDS - DAY

52

BRIAN

He used to race this old Mustang in the desert. No one could touch him.

(in awe, to himself)

Man, can he drive.

BILKINS

How's this end?

BRIAN

When only one car can move.

53 EXT. BULL RING - ARENA - DAY

53

The Trans Am narrowly misses him and crashes into the GTO.

Pearce grabs on to his seat belt strap with both hands and rips it free from the seat. He then kicks out the shattered windshield of his car and crawls through, slamming the hood. He runs the belt through the front loops, tying it off.

The crowd is going ape-shit.

All this, just as the Trans-Am gets loose and is baring down on him. At the last second Pearce dives through the windshield, spins behind the wheel, pumps the gas, and the Monte Carlo bolts forward, so that the Trans-Am just gets the tail.

Pearce steers into the spin and his car responds, whipping around, so that his grill is practically touching the Trans-Am's driver-side door.

The driver of the TA realizes he's been outmaneuvered and is about to get smashed. Panic hits his face.

Pearce guns the car forward, driving the Trans-Am into the wall. But he doesn't stop, his bumper up under the Trans-Am's chassis, still gunning it, until the Trans-Am flips up into the crowd. On-lookers once again race away from the damage, trying to get to higher ground, as Pearce continues to gun it.

Finally, Pearce pulls the Monte Carlo back and the Trans-Am drops like discarded garbage.

The crowd goes crazy as Pearce backs up to the center of the ring.

54 EXT. BULL RING - STANDS - DAY 54

Brian and Bilkins start down through the crowd.

55 EXT. BULL RING - ARENA - DAY 55

Pearce raises his fist out the window, victorious, then steers the car out of the arena to the thunderous APPLAUSE of the crowd.

56 EXT. BULL RING - CATTLE HOLDING PEN - DAY 56

Brian and Bilkins walk into this dingy little pen under the rodeo ring.

Pearce stands there, holding a small wad of cash, arguing with a Mexican man, the PROMOTER.

The promoter says something in Spanish and points at the money.

PEARCE

I don't know what the hell you're saying, bruh. I just know I'm about 50 light here.

The promoter again goes off in Spanish. Pearce tries to understand but just doesn't get it.

PEARCE (cont'd)

I got a better idea. How bout you shut the hell up and pay me my De Niro!

Just as Pearce reaches for the man, five other MEXICANS pour from a door, ready to rumble. They are on Pearce in a flash. He does his best, throwing as many punches as he can, but he's just too outnumbered.

Brian races in and smashes one of the Mexicans in the face. For a second, it's a melee.

Then a loud whistle gets everyone's attention.

Everyone looks over and sees Bilkins holding up his badge.

BILKINS

La policía.

Pearce assesses the situation, spies Brian and his eyes go hard. Instead of saying anything, he wheels on the promoter.

PEARCE

Just give me my damn money.

BRIAN

(to the promoter, in Spanish)

You better pay the man. *

The promoter produces a small wad of bills and Pearce immediately snatches it out of his hand.

He turns and walks out, past Brian and Bilkins, without a word.

BRIAN (cont'd)

(to Bilkins)

Whatever happens, just let this next one go.

BILKINS

Next one?

Brian and Bilkins follow Pearce to a dusty...

57

EXT. BULL RING - PARKING LOT - DAY

57

Pearce just walks across the lot, his anklet gleaming in the desert sun.

BRIAN

Pearce!

Pearce stops, turns.

PEARCE

What you want, cop? Need to pad
the stats a little bit?

(re: his ankle bracelet)

You still got me on my leash. That
not good enough for ya?

BRIAN

I'm not a cop anymore.

PEARCE

Yeah, right.

BRIAN

I quit.

Pearce walks toward Brian.

PEARCE

(shouts to Bilkins)

That true? Golden-boy here quit?

BILKINS

(shouts back)

It's true. No badge.

PEARCE

So he's got no authority?

BILKINS

Far from it.

Pearce SMILES for the first time. Then...

BAM! Hits Brian with a massive right cross. The two go at it, trading blows like two kids that have done this more than once.

Bilkins sighs and sits in the only shade, on the steps of a silver Airstream motor home, watching these two guys throw down.

After one particular nasty exchange, Brian and Pearce are both exhausted, unable to move. They both lay in the dust...

PEARCE

Why'd you come back here, man?

BRIAN

To make my peace.

PEARCE

Nice start.

BRIAN

I've got a deal for you.

PEARCE

Go to hell. I've seen the kind of deals you hand out.

BRIAN

Come to Miami and drive with me.

PEARCE

Drive with you?

BRIAN

I've arranged it. You do this, that anklet comes off for good and the Feds wipe your record clean.

Pearce looks over at Bilkins, the Fed.

PEARCE

Come on, man. I know you better than that.

BRIAN

Maybe you don't.

Brian stands and offers Pearce a hand. Pearce looks at it, then just stands on his own and walks towards Bilkins at the Airstream.

BILKINS

You guys finished?

PEARCE

You can get this thing off my ankle?

BILKINS

If you do this job for us.

Pearce nods, starts to walk past him.

BILKINS (cont'd)
I thought you couldn't go more than
a hundred yards from your home.

PEARCE
Why you think I gotta park so close
to the ring?

With that, he climbs past Bilkins and into the motor home.

DISSOLVE TO:

58	OMITTED	58
58A	EXT. BULL RING - PARKING LOT - DAY	58A

Through the front windshield of their rental car, Brian and Bilkins watch Pearce lock up his trailer. He's got a half-dozen different locks for his shitty rig.

BILKINS
What aren't you telling me about
you and him?

BRIAN
We grew up together. Dad wasn't
around and my mom worked, so I
stayed at Pearce's house most of
the time when I was a kid. Up
through high school, we did
everything together.

BILKINS
Then what happened?

BRIAN
I started carrying a badge.

BILKINS
And...

BRIAN
And... he was my first bust.

Pearce scoops up one little duffel bag and starts to walk toward them. Then he goes back and checks the locks again.

BILKINS
You busted your friend?

*
*

*

BRIAN
He was popping cars.

BILKINS
(shaking his head)
This just keeps getting better and better.

Finally, Pearce makes his way to the car and climbs sullenly into the back seat.

BRIAN
You ready to roll again with me, Rome?

PEARCE
Go to hell, Brian.

*

The car takes off.

59 EXT. NONDESCRIPT GARAGE - DAY

59

Bilkins' car skids to a stop in front of a nondescript corrugated garage.

In the back seat, Pearce is scratching his ankle. For the first time, we notice the ankle bracelet is gone.

Bilkins, Brian and Pearce get out and head for the door.

At the last second Pearce stops. Bilkins and Brian turn and look at him, but he doesn't say anything.

BRIAN
(to Bilkins)
Go on in.

Pearce looks at the building, but his thoughts are somewhere else.

BRIAN (cont'd)
What's up?

PEARCE
What the hell am I doing here? I don't know any of these dudes and I sure as shit don't trust you...

BRIAN
You've been given a second chance and you're taking it. You don't want it, go back to the desert.

*

*

Brian walks off into the garage, leaving Pearce to watch him go. Pearce makes up his mind and follows into the...

*
*

60

INT. FBI GARAGE - DAY

60

This garage is sterile, gleaming with equipment. Surveillance cameras and monitors are everywhere, but invisible from the outside. Covers blanket a couple of cars.

Bilkins stands across from the boys as Markham approaches.

MARKHAM

Roman Pearce, huh?

He looks at Pearce's ankle.

MARKHAM (cont'd)

Good to see you got that dog collar off.

Pearce's eyes narrow.

Just then, a brown UPS truck pulls up and Monica Clemente jumps out of the back. She's wearing a big hat and sunglasses, making her hard to recognize. She takes off the glasses and hat, shakes her hair out.

The UPS DRIVER is actually Agent Dunn. He's not at all happy about his new responsibilities.

BILKINS

(to Dunn)

Any problems?

Dunn shakes his head.

AGENT DUNN

Dry cleaned.

BRIAN

Your tail or that uniform?

AGENT MARKHAM

Keep it up O'Connor. They'd love to have your ass sent back to L.A.

*
*
*

Pearce looks at Brian.

*

AGENT MARKHAM (cont'd)

(to Pearce)

Your friend here was undercover and let his man go.

*
*
*
*

Brian's about to say something but Clemente jumps in. *

CLEMENTE

(checking her watch)

We've got about five minutes, so
let's get going.

BILKINS

Brian O'Connor, Roman Pearce, I
want you to meet Monica Clemente.

He shakes her hand.

BRIAN

I've seen you at the races.

CLEMENTE

Good for you.

(to Bilkins, without
missing a beat)

Do they have background on Verone?

Bilkins nods.

CLEMENTE (cont'd)

Good, here's the deal. Verone's
looking for drivers. He's put me
in charge of finding them.

She examines the both of them.

CLEMENTE (cont'd)

You're going to be tested, but I
don't know how. I had to bring in
some other bandits to make it look
legit, so it's up to you to win his
trust.

PEARCE

When do we meet him?

CLEMENTE

Now.

Dunn and Markham move over and pull the covers off the cars: *
a bright orange MITSUBISHI EVO and a blue MITSUBISHI SPYDER.

The boys slide into the cars; Clemente jumps in with Brian.

BILKINS

You guys check in with us after
your meeting. *

(MORE) *

BILKINS (cont'd)
 We'll be at the Cuban sandwich shop
 by your houseboat.

*
 *

CLEMENTE
 Let's get going. My car's in a
 garage downtown.

*
 *

Brian and Pearce start the engines, then roar out.

61 EXT. STREET #3 - DAY

61

Brian drives Clemente in the EVO while Pearce tails behind in the Spyder.

They roll down the streets of Miami. BIKINI BABES and LOCAL KIDS gawk at the rides.

62 EXT./INT. STREET #4/BRIAN'S EVO - DAY

62

CLEMENTE
 Turn here.

Brian does and the scenery quickly turns darker. A part of Miami they don't put in the brochures.

Brian manages a glance her way.

BRIAN
 You don't look like a Fed.

CLEMENTE
 That's the idea.

BRIAN
 How long've you been under?

CLEMENTE
 (smiles)
 I lost track.

BRIAN
 It hasn't caught up with you?

CLEMENTE
 Hey, I'm livin' the life, doin'
 what I have to t' survive.

BRIAN
 Yeah, but if you don't release...

CLEMENTE
 (confident)
 I got it all figured out. Don't
 worry about me.

63 EXT. RUN-DOWN WAREHOUSE - DAY

63

A run-down building stands out on the left.

CLEMENTE

Here we go. My car's in the
warehouse over there.

Brian pulls up next to the building and Clemente hops out.

She walks to her car as Pearce pulls up. They both watch her go, then Brian notices Pearce eyeing him.

PEARCE

Don't even think about it, bruh.

Brian ignores him, sneaks another look at Clemente climbing into her car.

64 INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

64

Markham walks through a hallway and walks into a small room. The room is filled with surveillance equipment and a TECH sits in front of a monitor.

MARKHAM

You got 'em?

The tech points at the screen. Two blips sitting in the middle of Miami.

TECH

Crystal clear. They're just
leaving the parking garage.

MARKHAM

Bilkins lost his mind bringin' on
these two delinquents. I'll bet
you a c-note they run first chance
they get.

TECH

(agreeing)

There aren't odds big enough for me
to take that bet.

Markham starts to leave.

MARKHAM

You see anything, you call.

BACK TO:

65 EXT. I-95 - DAY 65

Pearce and Brian drive up I-95, following Clemente's Mercedes SL 500. At the North Miami Beach exit, they get off,

66 EXT. VERONE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY 66

navigate a nice neighborhood, and pull into a gated drive.

67 EXT. VERONE'S MANSION - DAY 67

The gate swings open, and Clemente leads Brian's EVO and Pearce's Spyder up the drive.

Brian and Pearce's cars are side by side and they talk to each other on the way up the drive.

BRIAN

(to Pearce)

Just keep your mouth shut and follow my lead.

PEARCE

I got this.

BRIAN

I'm serious now.

PEARCE

You handle your business, I'll handle mine.

The cars pull up to the front of a Miami palace, probably last owned by Scarface, and the three get out.

As they step up the steps, the doors open and the one and only CARTER VERONE comes out with a beautiful WOMAN. Clemente takes one look at the woman and cocks her head. She actually looks jealous for a second, then brushes it away.

The woman climbs in a BMW and drives off.

Verone is wearing threads that look like they belong on a runway in Milan. He's tan, athletic, and has deep-set eyes that pierce like rusty nails.

Clemente watches the woman's car drive off.

CLEMENTE

Business meeting, Carter?

VERONE

Always. You know me.

He plants a kiss on her cheek. Pearce can't help but notice the jealousy on Clemente's face. *

Verone checks out the guys. *

VERONE (cont'd)
Where'd you boys come from?

CLEMENTE
They're street racers. I found 'em racing laps down South Side. They were the best.

VERONE
We'll find out soon enough.

ROBERTO, a goon that works for Verone, walks up and whispers something in Clemente's ear.

CLEMENTE
(to Verone)
You ready for the others?

VERONE
What'd I come out here for?

Roberto speaks into a radio.

With a ROAR, six cars roll in to the driveway, each one tuned for speed.

DRIVERS emerge from behind the various machines. A second goon, Enrique, walks up behind them. He and Roberto watch the drivers from both sides. *

Verone tilts his head as Enrique and Roberto converge. They slowly circle Pearce, eyeing him and Brian. Both Pearce and Brian stare right back. *

ROBERTO
(in Spanish, to Brian)
Pretty boy. *

BRIAN
(back in Spanish)
Ugly fucker. *

Roberto's face turns into a sneer.

VERONE
Enough.

Verone moves between his goons and the men.

PEARCE
 (to Brian)
 What'd he say?

BRIAN
 He said you were ugly.

Pearce isn't sure how to take this, but Verone is already addressing the gathering.

VERONE
 Two weeks ago, my Ferrari was towed and sits at an impound lot in Little Haiti. That's about twenty miles from here.

Verone smiles.

VERONE (cont'd)
 Now, I could give two shits about the car. I can buy ten of 'em on my debit card. What I do care about is the pearl ring I left in the glove box. My mother gave me that ring when I turned sixteen.

He walks amongst the drivers.

VERONE (cont'd)
 So we're gonna see if you're the kind of drivers Clemente here says you are. *

The drivers check each other out. Nothing but criminal faces.

VERONE (cont'd)
 The first team back here with my ring gets to work a job for me, which means more money than you've ever seen.
 (beat)
 The rest of you can wonder what you missed out on.

One driver, OLAN, looks pissed.

OLAN
 You telling us we gotta audition?

VERONE
 Nobody's putting a gun to your head.

The driver's all LAUGH, if not a little nervously. No one's about to back down.

VERONE (cont'd)

Good. Now leave your driver's licenses and we'll get started.

Pearce and Brian, along with the rest, fish out their wallets, hand their licenses to Clemente.

IN THE DRIVE:

Verone holds his hand up as engines BLAST. The hand drops...

68 EXT. I-95 - DAY 68

The race cars rip up an on-ramp and launch on to the highway.

Brian and Pearce drive lights out, weaving in and out of traffic, just blurs on the highway. Right behind them, the other six drivers snake through the traffic.

69 EXT. VERONE'S MANSION - DAY 69

Verone puts his hand out and Clemente hands him the licenses. He carries them, followed by Clemente, into his house.

69A INT. VERONE'S ENTRYWAY - DAY 69A *

Coming down a large staircase in VERONE'S MOM, a happy Cuban woman. She smiles when she sees Clemente. *

VERONE'S MOM *

Monica! *

CLEMENTE *

Hello Mrs. Verone. *

VERONE'S MOM *

When are you gonna call me Mama like I said? *

CLEMENTE *

Sorry, Mama. *

The two woman hug like they're family. *

VERONE *

Mom, go on out to the pool. We're almost done here. *

His mom nods and smiles at Clemente as she heads out back. *

70 INT. VERONE'S CORRIDOR & OFFICE - DAY 70 *

Verone and Clemente step down a corridor... *

...where a police detective, DETECTIVE WHITWORTH, sits at a little table. He stands quickly. *

WHITWORTH
(to Verone, nervously)
Are we through?

VERONE
I don't know. Are we?

WHITWORTH
I told you... I got Internal Affairs sniffing at my door, Carter. I can't do it anymore... *

Verone just moves on past him without stopping.

VERONE
Then I guess we're through.

The detective looks uneasy and moves away. *

Verone continues on to a fully-furnished home office, where a Puerto Rican WHIZ-KID sits at a computer.

Verone hands the licenses to the guy. He wheels around and starts typing away at his keyboard. Clemente gets in Verone's face.

CLEMENTE
So who was the woman in the Beemer? *

VERONE
No one. *

CLEMENTE
Don't give me that. *

BACK TO:

71 EXT. I-95 - DAY 71

Brian is leading Pearce into a group of 18-wheelers. One truck is about to catch another, and once it does, the boys will be blocked behind the big rigs. Just as Brian is about to pass the second truck and cut in front of it, Pearce drops the hammer and races in front of him, cutting Brian off. Brian has to hit the brakes.

Pearce smiles in his rearview mirror.

Brian is not to be outdone. *

BRIAN *

Not bad, Rome. *

Brian guns it and shoots the gap between the two trucks, creating his own lane, barely giving inches on either side. *

As he passes Pearce, Brian puts his car into a 180 degree slide so he's looking face to face with Pearce for a moment, smiling, his middle finger flying. *

Brian spins around and continues on. *

PEARCE *

Show off. *

It's on, and Pearce races after Brian. *

One of the Vipors tries to pull the same feat through the trucks, but gets bumped by one of the big rigs. He bounces off both of them like a pinball and spins out, knocking his driving partner out of commission. *

The rest of the cars swerve around the damage and haul ass after Brian and Pearce. *

72 INT. BRIAN'S EVO - DAY 72

The CAMERA FINDS a wire under the steering column, traces it into the dash to a small black box...

IMMEDIATELY...

73 EXT. I-95 - EVO ZOOM TO SATELLITE - DAY 73

The CAMERA SHOOTS UP from the car, in two seconds ripping through the atmosphere,

74 EXT. SPACE - DAY 74

up to space, BAM!, where it bounces off a satellite and rockets back down to Earth, Florida, Miami,

75 EXT. FBI - ROOFTOP - DAY 75

and BAM! rips through the roof of a building, finally stopping at a computer station.

76 INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY 76

The tech monitoring the blips looks at his screen, almost spilling his coffee, grabs a phone and dials...

77 INT. FBI - WAR ROOM - DAY 77

Markham answers his ringing cell phone, listens for a second, then hangs up. He nods at Dunn and the two quietly slip out.

78 EXT. FBI BLDG. - DAY 78

On the way out...

AGENT MARKHAM

I knew they'd run. Let's bag 'em.

They jump into a sedan parked at the curb and take off.

79 EXT. I-95 - DAY 79

Pearce and Brian spot the LITTLE HAITI exit, Pearce leading the way.

Brian downshifts and cranks the wheel. His tires catch and he races down the off-ramp after Pearce.

80 EXT. I-95 SIDE STREET - DAY 80

They barrel down a side street, turning heads from the immigrants sitting out in the sun.

81 EXT. I-95 - DAY 81

Back on the highway, the four remaining drivers stream off the highway and take the exit from various angles. An Audi smacks into a dark Mercedes. The Mercedes swerves but regains control and maintains the chase.

82 INT. VERONE'S OFFICE - DAY 82

Verone and Clemente are still on each other.

CLEMENTE

I'll take care of your business, find you drivers, whatever. But what I won't do is share you. Comprende?

VERONE

(smiling)

Si. Si.

He moves over and puts his arms around her.

VERONE (cont'd)

That's why I like you so much.
You're the only one who will talk
to me like that.

He plants one on her and she kisses him back, placated.

At the computer, Brian's file comes up on the screen.

Juvey record for popping cars. Two years in JD. Then
another year for aiding and abetting an armed robbery. He
sure looks like a bad egg.

WHIZ-KID

Your street racer is clean. Dirty,
but clean.

Verone takes a look at the screen.

VERONE

And his partner?

The tech types 'Roman Pearce' into the computer.

83

EXT. FBI LOT - DAY

83

Pearce's Spyder busts through a chain link gate guarding the
property, Brian's EVO right behind him.

A SECURITY GUARD in a little hut can't believe his eyes,
these two cars crashing through the gate.

IN PEARCE'S SPYDER:

Both Pearce and Brian's eyes scan the lot like hawks. The
lot is filled with yachts, jet-skis and cigarette boats all
in impound. They are all randomly placed, and the two cars
have to dodge the parked vehicles like two rats in a maze.

They race around a corner and zero in on a cherry red Ferrari
parked in the corner. Pearce puts the car in a spin and
races for Verone's sweet ride.

IN THE LOT:

Pearce and Brian zip their cars into a slide and park side by
side, both jumping out at the same time.

They walk quickly over to the passenger window, Pearce
pulling off his shirt on the way.

Without breaking stride, Pearce wraps the shirt around his fist, pulls his arm back, and let's one fly into the window, SHATTERING it.

As Pearce pulls his arm back, Brian just reaches over and opens the door. It was unlocked.

Not wasting any more time, Brian pops open the glove box.

Sure enough, a single pearl ring waits. Brian yanks it out, looks at Pearce.

BRIAN

You can put your shirt back on.

IN THE LOT:

At the gate, the other drivers roar on to the lot. Olan picks up his radio and barks at his partner.

OLAN

Don't let 'em leave with that ring.

84 INT. VERONE'S OFFICE - DAY 84

Pearce's file comes up on the screen. Verone studies it intently.

A rap sheet that looks like a laundry list: reckless endangerment, armed robbery, smuggling, 3 years in the joint.

85 EXT. FBI LOT - DAY 85

Just as Brian and Pearce are hurrying back to their respective rides...

AT THE GUARD HOUSE:

The security guard has a phone to his ear, about to phone in the breach, when Markham's dark sedan flies on to the lot, peels out toward the Ferrari.

Olan catches it in his rearview.

OLAN

(into his radio)

Shit. Feds.

The cars all lock their brakes...

AT THE END OF THE LOT:

Pearce and Brian have reached their cars, but they both pause to look up at Markham and Dunn approaching in a cloud of dust, right behind the other four drivers.

Pearce and Brian exchange a concerned look. Pearce untucks a Colt from his belt, just as Markham steps out of the sedan.

MARKHAM

(calls out)

Just what the hell are you...

But before he can say more, Pearce raises the pistol and FIRES a shot into Markham's leg.

Markham drops, howling.

OLAN

Christ! He shot a Fed.

Brian and Pearce jump back in their rides and tear out of there.

The other four drivers throw their cars into gear and try to cut off Brian's EVO, but he uses the impounded cars as blockers and steers the EVO out of the lot.

86 EXT. I-95 - ACCESS ROAD - DAY

86

Pearce and Brian lead the way back toward the highway, but the two Audis stay right on their asses.

Austin Thomas sets his sights on Brian's EVO.

AUSTIN

(thick German accent)

The one in the EVO has the ring.

Just then, Brian looks over at Pearce.

PEARCE

Time for me to do what I do best.

Pearce slams on his brakes. The two Audi's spin out in both directions to avoid him, taking out the other cars and flying off the pavement.

Pearce smiles as up ahead, Brian has a clear path to victory.

87

EXT. VERONE'S MANSION - DAY

87

Brian SCREECHES up in his car as Verone and Clemente move down the steps to greet him. Brian emerges and starts walking toward Verone, cool as a cucumber.

Just then, Pearce's Spyder enters with Olan right behind, pissed.

Olan calls out to Verone from his window.

OLAN

That crazy asshole shot a Fed!

He tears out of there.

Verone looks at the boys with a newfound appreciation. Brian tosses him the ring, not breaking stride for the front door.

Verone looks at the ring in his palm as Pearce passes too.

PEARCE

(cool)

You got anything to eat around here?

Verone laughs and smiles at Clemente, happy with his new men.

88

EXT. VERONE'S - PORCH - DAY

88

Verone eats ham croquetas, cutting off a piece, then stabbing it and eating it off the end of his knife. *

Brian looks over at Clemente who smiles back at him. This isn't lost on Verone or Pearce. *

VERONE

I have an idea. Why don't you boys join me tonight at the club? Then we can all get to know each other a little better.

CLEMENTE

That's a great idea.

VERONE

Opium at ten.

BRIAN

All right.

Pearce just sits there, waiting. Finally...

PEARCE

What's this job all about, anyway?

Verone chews on a piece of ham, washes it down with some OJ. He turns his eyes on Pearce, stares at him for a long moment. Just when we think this isn't going anywhere...

Verone nods at the back yard. He stands up and the boys follow, but not before Pearce picks up an empenada off his plate.

88A EXT. BACK YARD - VERONE'S MANSION - DAY

88A

They stand in the middle of the yard. Verone signals to Enrique, who presses a button on the wall by the house. Suddenly, NOISY WATER SPRINKLERS start shooting up all around them, but they stand in the perfect spot not to get wet. *

VERONE

(re: the sprinklers)

The house has ears in it, so we water the yard when I want to talk.

(beat)

That's why my grass looks so good.

Brian nods. Verone looks at Pearce.

VERONE (cont'd)

(impressed)

You shot a Fed. *

BRIAN *

Maybe we're just hungrier than those other guys. *

VERONE *

Maybe so. Maybe so. But it could prove sticky for me. *

PEARCE *

We were gone before they knew what happened. No one's gonna tie us to you. *

Verone nods, thinking. *

VERONE *

This job. I have something I want you to carry from North Beach to the Keys. *

BRIAN

What is it?

Verone's eyes go hard.

VERONE

Let's just say I've had my day and
it's time to relocate. The Feds
are way too close and the local
cops are getting harder and harder
to control. I'll be waiting for
you myself with fifty grand when
you make a successful run.

*
*

*
*

Pearce and Brian look at each other. Pearce turns back to Verone.

PEARCE

Your pockets ain't nervous, but
ours are empty. Make it fifty gees
apiece and we'll drive whatever you
got to wherever you want... poppy.

*

Verone stares at him. Pearce nonchalantly pops a piece of empenada in his mouth.

PEARCE (cont'd)

Like he said, we're hungry.

89

EXT. VERONE'S MANSION - DAY

89

The boys walk across Verone's drive to their cars.

BRIAN

I said to let me talk.

*
*

PEARCE

Looks to me like you wanna do a
little more than that.

*
*
*

BRIAN

What's that mean?

*
*

PEARCE

Stay away from her, Bri. She's too
tight with Verone for this to be
all business.

*
*
*
*

BRIAN

Naw. She's just doing her job.

*
*

PEARCE

Like you in L.A.?

*
*

Brian changes the subject.

*

BRIAN
Where'd you get the gun anyway?

*
*

PEARCE
Hey, a brother can always find a
piece. Shit, you packin' too.

*
*

He flips up Brian's shirt, and Brian's got a gun too.

PEARCE (cont'd)
That's my boy. So what you think
we're carrying?

BRIAN
Cash. Drug money he can't get
outta the country.

They keep walking, Brian thinking.

BRIAN (cont'd)
How did Markham know where to find
us?

Brian looks at the cars, then climbs into his car and finds
the wire running under the steering column.

BRIAN (cont'd)
They got us wired.

PEARCE
So yank that shit outta there.

Brian thinks for a second.

90 EXT. EDWIN'S GARAGE - DAY

90

The boys roll up to a marina. The lot looks like a gum-ball
machine, street cars of every color jammed in. They drive
through to a short gravel road leading to what looks like a
run-down wooden building.

EDWIN'S GARAGE

The 40 year-old sign on the top reads "Mercury Outboards" in
faded letters.

91 EXT. EDWIN'S BEACH - DAY

91

They park and walk toward a small beach behind the garage.
Kids of all shapes and sizes hang out. Volleyball,
paddleball, frisbee...

In the water, ten boats tied side by side float lazily. Kids lay on them, dive off them into the blue water, or socialize from boat to boat.

Brian and Pearce walk through the sand.

PEARCE
Man, Miami's so hot and humid I
can't even wear no drawers!

*
*
*

Pearce catches the eye of a group of bikini-wearing GIRLS. He smiles and they all smile back.

PEARCE (cont'd)
But it's got a whole lot of
potential.

*
*

They reach an old dock sticking out into the water.

Edwin sits under an umbrella at the end of the dock, Suki in his lap.

As Brian and Pearce approach...

PEARCE (cont'd)
What the hell are they doing?

EDWIN
Making me money.

*

A trio of JET-SKIS rip around a turn, racing a lap in the water.

*
*

EDWIN (cont'd)
(to the crowd)
Raymond is even money, Marco's four
to one and Goodwin, hell you'd be
throwing your money away if you bet
on him. Come on now, give it up.
Let me see some jack!

*
*
*
*

Kids start handing him money and placing their bets. Edwin writes in a notebook as fast as he can.

The jet-skis race by the dock, spraying water everywhere.

*

Brian steps up.

*

BRIAN
Edwin Bishop meet Roman Pearce.

Edwin and Pearce bump fists.

EDWIN
What's up, man?

PEARCE
What's up?

BRIAN
You mind if he flops here?

EDWIN
Course not. Show him around, I'll
be right up.

92	OMITTED	92
93	EXT. EDWIN'S GARAGE - DAY	93

Brian shows Pearce a cot in a corner, a flimsy straw partition separates the cot from the rest of the room.

BRIAN
Here's your bed.

PEARCE
No problem. I love the smell of
motor oil in the morning.

He tosses his duffel on the bed. The CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM around the partition, and we now see what he's talking about.

It's a long garage, several cars sit in bays being worked on by kids.

Brian and Pearce walk past the cars to the end, where Edwin's mechanic, an Asian dude named JIMMY, is peering at the engine of Pearce's car.

BRIAN
You ever see anything like this,
Jimmy?

JIMMY
Nope. The other one the same
story?

Brian nods. Jimmy shakes his head.

JIMMY (cont'd)
The DIS box, the engine management
system, hell, the main harness.
The GPS is spidered into all of it.
(MORE)

JIMMY (cont'd)

You rip it outta there and you got nothin' but a real expensive soap box derby car. You'd have to swap the whole engine.

Frustrated, Brian leans against the car as Edwin and Suki stroll up.

EDWIN

Do I even wanna ask where you got these rides?

BRIAN

No.

EDWIN

All right, that's cool. Just as long as you run with 'em one of these nights. Some serious honey to be made off these.

Brian looks out the garage door across the beach. He cocks his head, like he sees something strange.

BRIAN

We'll figure something out.

(beat)

Thanks, Edwin. We gotta be somewhere, so we'll catch up with you later.

*
*
*
*
*

EDWIN

All right, just let me know.

They all bump hands with Pearce and Brian and shuffle back to the garage.

PEARCE

What is it?

BRIAN

See that Cadillac parked by the surf shop?

PEARCE

Yeah.

BRIAN

Look closely.

Pearce focuses in. Sure enough, sitting in the front seat watching them are Verone's goons, Enrique and Roberto.

*

Pearce shoots another look at Enrique and Roberto.

*

PEARCE
I'll take care of Frick and Frack.
You be ready to drive.

94

EXT. EDWIN'S STREET - DAY

94

Pearce emerges from the garage with a rag in one hand and a bottle in the other. Enrique and Roberto shift nervously when they realize that he's coming over to them. *

PEARCE
Elian and Fidel. What's crackin'
with y'all? Clean your windshield
for you?

Enrique says something to Roberto in Spanish. *

PEARCE (cont'd)
(talking nonsense)
Si, si. Muchas igualdad.
Gracias, senores. Asi, Asi.

Pearce squirts some liquid on their windshield and starts rubbing it around.

PEARCE (cont'd)
Damn, you got some big bugs in
Florida.

They are muttering to him in Spanish, but he just keeps on squirting and rubbing. Finally, they get out of the car to challenge Pearce.

Like a flash, Pearce has a lit zippo in his hand.

PEARCE (cont'd)
(serious now)
What y'all gonna do?

Enrique and Roberto just stand there. *

PEARCE (cont'd)
Yeah, right.

And he tosses the lighter on the car. FLAMES burst from the windshield, and we see now the bottle he had was of lighter fluid. *

Before the goons can do anything, Brian races up, Pearce jumps in, and they are gone.

95

INT. SANDWICH SHOP - DAY

95

Brian and Pearce step inside to find Bilkins sitting at a table, a big sandwich in front of him. The only other people in here are old Cuban men playing dominos in the corner.

Through the glass door, they can see Markham and Dunn on the patio. Markham is on crutches, his leg in a full cast, looking like he wants to kill someone.

BILKINS

What the hell're you trying to pull, Pearce?

PEARCE

(innocently)
What?

BILKINS

What? You put Markham on crutches for six weeks!

PEARCE

You didn't think Verone was gonna let us inside without putting us to a test, did you! I had to do something to convince him we were legit!

Before Bilkins can answer, Pearce takes half his sandwich and digs in.

BRIAN

What the hell was Markham doing there anyway?

BILKINS

He thought you were running.

BRIAN

He could've blown the whole thing.

Bilkins takes a moment, blows out a breath.

BILKINS

They want to string you guys up.

BRIAN

Keep 'em off us, Bilkins. You're the big boss, aren't you?

BILKINS

Give me a reason to.

Brian slows down, takes over the meeting like a cop...

BRIAN

Verone slipped up and said he'd be
at the drop waiting for us. Has he
ever done that before?

*
*
*

BILKINS

Not that we've been able to
witness.

*
*
*

BRIAN

Something's got him spooked. He
said he didn't trust the local cops
even though he's got 'em on the
payroll.

*

BILKINS

(seeing it)
Yeah, yeah.

BRIAN

I'll bet my life he's pulling out,
which is why he'll risk being there
himself.

BILKINS

So how you wanna play this?

BRIAN

We're meeting him tonight at some
club. Beyond that, he just said be
ready to drive.

*

BILKINS

Okay. Everything looks good.

*
*

PEARCE

Not everything. Clemente's head
ain't on right.

*
*
*

BILKINS

How so?

*
*

PEARCE

You should see how she looks at
Verone.

*
*
*

BRIAN

Naw. She's okay.

*
*

Bilkins looks at them both.

*

BILKINS

All right. We'll watch her. Meet
him tonight, and we'll go from
there.

*
*

Brian and Pearce stand up and head out, but not before Pearce
takes the rest of Bilkins' sandwich.

96

EXT. SANDWICH SHOP - DAY

96

They climb into their car and before they can pull away,
there is a TAP on the driver's side glass.

Markham and Dunn are standing there. Markham with his
crutches. Brian rolls down his window.

MARKHAM

One more thing Bilkins may not've
told you. You don't collar Verone
and I will personally bring you
down...

*
*

He's in mid-sentence, when Brian steps on the gas, reversing
out of there and nearly knocking him over.

IN BRIAN'S CAR:

Brian watches the pissed off Markham get smaller and smaller.

BRIAN

I gotta ask you something.

PEARCE

Shoot.

BRIAN

Why do you eat so much?

He pops a bit of sandwich into his mouth.

PEARCE

I been on the inside and I know how
shitty the grub is. The way things
are setting up here it's just a
matter of time before I'm back
there again. I'm gonna eat all I
can while I still can.

(beat)

Plus they tell me I got a high
metabolism.

BRIAN

You're not going back in.

PEARCE

Tell me why. We got Markham
blowing our cover, we got Clemente
saddling up on Verone, and we got
two cars that're no better'n my
ankle bracelet.

*
*
*

Brian looks at him.

*

PEARCE (cont'd)

So I was thinking... Jimmy, this
grease-monkey. He's good?

*
*

BRIAN

The best.

PEARCE

And Edwin. Think he can get us in
a race for slips?

Brian eyes Pearce. A smile breaks across his face.

BRIAN

We need two more cars...

PEARCE

(smiling, repeats)
Yeah, we need two more cars.

97

EXT. PINK SLIP - START AREA - NIGHT

97

Edwin limps purposefully, a radio to his ear.

EDWIN

Team one, team two, I need a report
back, chop-chop.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal an even bigger CROWD than was
evident in the opening scene. More cars, more kids, more of
the most beautiful women Miami has to offer. There's an
energy that can't be found anywhere else in the world except
on a race night.

Motorcycles do tricks up and down the street, entertaining
the crowd.

Brian walks up to Edwin, bumps fists.

BRIAN

Thanks for setting this up.

EDWIN

Are you kidding? When I put out word that you wanted to race tag-team for slips, I might as well've said I was down here just handing out the loochie. Everyone and their mama came out to see it.

He points over to Slap-Jack, standing next to his MAMA, who also looks just like him.

PEARCE

How come you don't run?

Edwin raps his bum-leg with his fist.

EDWIN

I hit a wall at a buck-twenty back in L.A. Came home here to get well and been fine just organizing and collecting. I got Brian to join me and we been Shaq and Kobe ever since.

BRIAN

Edwin used to kill when he was rollin' on the West Coast.

PEARCE

(to Edwin)

Maybe you should get back up on that horse again, bruh.

Edwin nods sadly, memories of glory in his eyes. Finally...

EDWIN

All right, here's your choices.

He points to a pair of Eurotrash guys leaning next to a pair of American cars. *

EDWIN (cont'd)

You got Mathias and Jean-Claude and their American muscle. *

Edwin continues on...

EDWIN (cont'd)

Or you got Flip and Samuel and their twin Toyotas.

Two black guys stand by their rides, listening to some Southern-style rap music.

Edwin points to one more...

EDWIN (cont'd)
Or there's Koto and Livan holding
down the sweet pair of Japanese
fire.

He points over to an Asian guy, KOTO, and his Cuban friend,
LIVAN, standing next to their rides, Cuban hip-hop music
blaring from speakers. The cars are an ACURA NSX and a HONDA
2000.

Brian checks out the rides. The Honda 2000 has SUICIDE
DOORS, doors with hinges on the back of the door rather than
the front. Brian nods at Edwin. The three of them move over
to the guys.

EDWIN (cont'd)
Koto and Livan, this is Brian
O'Conner and Roman Pearce. You're
gonna race tonight.

The competitors bump fists. Livan whispers something to
Koto.

KOTO
He's Bullitt?

PEARCE
(smiling)
Bullitt? Who's Bullitt?

Livan points at Brian.

PEARCE (cont'd)
You think he's Steve McQueen?
(laughing)
That's what you got these folks
down here calling you? Bullitt?

This is too funny to Pearce. Edwin keeps trying to broker
the deal.

EDWIN
C'mon Livan, he ain't all that
fast.

BRIAN
How bout we make a deal? No
nitrous for Pearce here.

Pearce stops laughing.

PEARCE

What?

Koto and Livan whisper. Finally... *

LIVAN *

He hits the bottle, we get the cars? *

BRIAN

That's the deal.

KOTO *

You got yourself a race. *

They walk off as Pearce pushes Brian.

PEARCE

What'd you have to kill my spray for? *

98 EXT. PINK SLIP - NORTH COURSE STREET #1 - NIGHT 98

The pick-up trucks unload their "STREET CLOSED" signs up and

99 EXT. PINK SLIP - SOUTH COURSE SIDE STREET - NIGHT 99

down the warehouse district.

100 EXT. PINK SLIP - ALLEY - NIGHT 100

Pearce's Spyder and Livan's Acura sit side by side pointing out an alley. *

Pointing out the opposite side of this small alley are Brian's EVO and Koto's Honda. *

EDWIN

Here's the deal. Another Edwin Bishop masterpiece if I do say so myself. First wave cars have to complete the North course, all left turns, wrapping up with the tunnel on Canal street. The tunnel only has enough room for one car at a time, so whoever gets there first is gonna win the lap.

He points to the tunnel to his right.

EDWIN (cont'd)

Which'll bring them swinging back by this alley, going this way.

He points to his left, looks at Brian and Koto. *

EDWIN (cont'd)
 You two can't take off until your partner passes behind you. If you jump, you lose.

Brian and Koto nod. *

EDWIN (cont'd)
 Then you gotta take the opposite course, the South course, all left turns, finishing with the bridge off Dunes.

The crowd surrounding Edwin, about to watch this race, can't believe the rules. They're beside themselves, throwing out "Oh, shit"s and "For real"s.

EDWIN (cont'd)
 Here's the kicker. When the second lap starts, we're gonna throw the Dunes bridge and this time, we ain't gonna stop it!

He uses his hands as a visual.

EDWIN (cont'd)
 If the racers don't reach the bridge before the angle gets too high, then you gonna have to brake out of it, meaning... you ain't gonna cross the finish line, and you are gonna be out a ride...

Even louder "Oh, shit"s from the crowd. They've never heard of such a race.

EDWIN (cont'd)
 All right, then. Let's give 'em something to smile about.

He raises his hands.

EDWIN (cont'd)
 Ready!

Pearce and Livan gun their engines. The crowd backs out of the way, lining up and down the street. *

Edwin drops his hands and BAM! Pearce and Livan rip out of the starting blocks. *

Livan has a monster under his hood -- his Acura blitzes out of the gates, zero to off-the-charts in two seconds flat. He and Pearce are neck and neck. *

101 EXT. PINK SLIP - NORTH COURSE STREET #1 - NIGHT 101

Pearce anticipates the first turn, spins the wheel, pumps his brake and just cuts in front of the Acura as they head down the straightaway.

There isn't much room for error on these narrow streets.

Pearce's got the gas to the floorboard, but can't seem to gain too much of a lead.

Instinctively, his thumb hovers over the nitrous button...

...but he knows he can't press it.

He puts his thumb back on the wheel and stays on course.

102 EXT. PINK SLIP - ALLEY - NIGHT 102

Brian and Koto sit in their rides, side by side, both with eyes glued to their rear view mirrors, waiting for that flash of color that is going to let them punch it on to the South Course. *

Raymond and Marco from the inner-tubes stand in front of the cars, holding flags.

103 EXT. PINK SLIP - NORTH COURSE STREET #2 - NIGHT 103

Again, Pearce's Spyder whips left and disappears from Livan's sight. *

Livan throws everything he has into the next left turn, and spots Pearce heading for the tunnel. *

LIVAN
(grinning)
Not fast enough. *

His finger pops the nitrous button and his Acura rockets for the tunnel.

IN THE Spyder:

Pearce can't do a damn thing as the Acura passes him in a blaze, narrowly cutting him off before he hits the tunnel.

PEARCE
Whoa!

104 EXT. PINK SLIP - NORTH COURSE - TUNNEL - NIGHT 104

The front of Pearce's car gets clipped as the Acura goes by, and he fights the wheel as he enters the tunnel doing well over a buck-twenty.

IN THE TUNNEL:

Pearce's car hits a curb and somersaults forward one time over inside the tunnel. The moment is suspended in time... it looks like he's a dead man, for sure. But the back tires catch the pavement again, and even Pearce can't believe he survived.

He guns it, having lost some valuable time.

105 EXT. PINK SLIP - ALLEY - NIGHT 105

Livan's Acura exits the tunnel in a blur and crosses past the alley. At the same time, Koto spots it in his rearview and Raymond in front throws the flag and dashes out of the way. *

Koto's Honda ROARS out of there on to the South course. *

Brian's flag man stays in front of the car, watching intently.

106 INT. PINK SLIP - BRIDGE CONTROL HUT - NIGHT 106

A kid throws the "Lift" button and the bridge begins to rise.

107 EXT. PINK SLIP - AIRBORN - NIGHT 107

An aerial view shows the dimensions of the two different courses, which resembles two squares touching at one diagonal point.

We can see Pearce's Spyder bursting from the tunnel of the North Course, and Koto's Honda launching out on to the South Course. *

108 EXT. PINK SLIP - ALLEY - NIGHT 108

Brian has his eyes closed, sitting placidly in his car. The black kid with the flag can't believe it.

109 EXT. PINK SLIP - ALLEY - NIGHT 109

Pearce flies out of the tunnel and ROARS for the finish line.

As his car screams past the alley...

110 EXT. PINK SLIP - ALLEY - NIGHT 110

At the exact moment that Pearce's car passes in the rear view, Brian's eyes pop open and he immediately floors the EVO, the Marco with the flag literally diving out of the way as the beast roars after the Honda.

Just as Brian gets the EVO up to full speed, Koto's Honda disappears around the first turn. *

111 EXT. PINK SLIP - AIRBORN - NIGHT 111

The crowd that had gathered to watch the finish of the North Course now races down the alleys to watch the finish of the South Course.

112 EXT. PINK SLIP - ALLEY - NIGHT 112

Pearce leaps out of his Spyder and sprints ahead to join the crowd.

113 EXT. PINK SLIP - SOUTH COURSE - DUNES BRIDGE - NIGHT 113

The bridge continues to make a sharper incline than the last race. Slowly, slowly, it rises...

114 EXT. PINK SLIP - SOUTH COURSE STREET #1 - NIGHT 114

Brian is a freaking force behind the wheel, the only giveaway that he's pressing it: the flexing of the muscles in his jaw.

He gains on the Honda, racing the EVO full out.

KOTO'S POV: *

Koto has one eye on the turn up ahead and one eye on the fast approaching EVO in his rear-view. *

The smile that was on his face disappears.

115 EXT. PINK SLIP - SOUTH COURSE STREET #2 - NIGHT 115

Brian watches the Honda whip around the second turn, and anticipates...

This time he's already turning the wheel, skidding the car so that he takes the turn on the short side, saving ground and getting back into full speed without giving anything away.

He's nearly on top of the Honda, having closed the distance like A.J. Foyt in the 500.

116 EXT. PINK SLIP - SOUTH COURSE - SIDE STREET - NIGHT 116

A BUSINESSMAN in an SUV looks at the "STREET CLOSED" sign, but doesn't really see any reason for the street to be closed.

He looks again, stumped, then throws on his turn blinker. A few more overly-cautious looks and he drives out past the sign, on to the road. Very slowly and carefully.

117 EXT. PINK SLIP - SOUTH COURSE STREET #3 - NIGHT 117

Brian stays right on the tail of the Honda as they approach the third turn that will lead to the finish line. Brian ducks inside, looking to pass on the narrow street.

But in the turn, Koto cuts him off, leaving Brian a length behind. *

118 EXT. PINK SLIP - BRIDGE STREET - NIGHT 118

SUV DRIVER:

White knuckles at 10 and 2, this guy won't get his car up past 15mph.

Koto and Brian whip around the turn when... holy shit... An SUV is straight ahead of them on this narrow street, slowing for the bridge that is starting to climb perilously high. *

SUV DRIVER POV:

He does a doubletake, spying these beasts approaching in his rear-view mirror.

ON THE STREET:

Brian is desperate, so he yanks the wheel and hits the nitrous, the burst of power rocketing him toward the Honda, which gets to the SUV and the bridge first.

Like precision dancers, the two race cars split just enough to pass within centimeters of the SUV, ripping off both of their side-view mirrors.

119 EXT. PINK SLIP - SOUTH COURSE - DUNES BRIDGE - NIGHT 119

The Honda hits the jump first, but Brian hits it 40mph faster. The result is Brian's car passing directly over the Honda in mid-air!

120 EXT. PINK SLIP - SOUTH COURSE - FINISH LINE - NIGHT 120

The crowd gasps, watching these cars soar over the canal.
Pearce holds his breath.

121 EXT. PINK SLIP - SOUTH COURSE - DUNES BRIDGE - NIGHT 121

Brian's EVO lands in front of Koto's Honda, but the extra speed and height cause the EVO to come down hard on its front tires, and it hops up like a rabbit. *

Brian's car fishtails, and he desperately works the wheel to keep the car from sliding into the giant crowd.

122 EXT. PINK SLIP - FINISH AREA - NIGHT 122

With one last yank of the wheel, he slides across the finish line *sideways*, but still a length ahead of the Honda.

123 EXT. PINK SLIP - FINISH AREA - NIGHT 123

Pearce can only grin at Brian's skills. Livan falls down, clutching his heart, playing like this is all too much. *

Brian's car stops and he is swarmed by the crowd. Pearce walks up and for the first time, they embrace each other like brothers.

PEARCE

Nice driving.

BRIAN

You too. You kept it close with one hand tied behind your back. *

The crowds start to leave, everyone blown away by the close race. Brian is catching love from every kid that came down to watch. After a moment, he finds Edwin.

BRIAN (cont'd) *

(to Edwin)

You wanna get those to the garage?
Pearce and I gotta hit it.

EDWIN

No problem. Yo Suki, help me roll these outta here.

Suki nods and she and Edwin drive off in the new rides.

BRIAN
 (to Pearce)
 You ready to hit this party?

124 EXT. STREET #4 - NIGHT 124

Pearce's Spyder and Brian's EVO slip down the street like an uncoiled cobra, make a turn and disappear.

125 EXT. OPIUM - NIGHT 125

Opium is a dark, cool bar in downtown Miami. The two cars drive up and park, VALET eyes going wide.

126 INT. OPIUM - NIGHT 126

It's mellow inside, with a cool vibe. Crushed velour couches are spread around, and dark round booths outline the room.

Brian and Pearce move through the darkness. Clemente greets them at the bar, dressed to the nines. She looks damn good.

CLEMENTE
 You guys did something right.
 Verone never socializes with the
 hired help.

BRIAN
 Where is he?

CLEMENTE
 On his way.

PEARCE
 You two don't go everywhere
 together?

CLEMENTE
 What's that supposed to mean?

PEARCE
 Nothing. I'm gonna find a
 bathroom.

Pearce walks off, leaving them alone.

Brian scans the room, taking in all the activity, when Clemente hands him a beer.

CLEMENTE
 So it's true. You think I've
 flipped?

*

BRIAN
It's not easy being under.

CLEMENTE
It has its highs and lows. You
know that. *

Brian looks at her. Is she fucking with him? He's not sure. *

BRIAN
Yeah. *

She takes his hand, gets right in his ear.

CLEMENTE
Listen to me. I'm working for us,
okay? I need you to believe me.

She pulls back, coquettishly.

CLEMENTE (cont'd)
You believe me, don't you?

BRIAN
You're pretty good at selling it.

CLEMENTE
It's what I do.

She hasn't released his hand.

Pearce exits the bathroom, spots the way they're looking at each other as he approaches, and he's not happy about it.

PEARCE
He's here.

Brian follows Pearce's gaze to a back booth, where Verone is sitting, watching the whole thing. Clemente quickly drops Brian's hand.

A WAITER appears.

WAITER
Mr. Verone would like for you to
join him.

Brian, Pearce and Clemente walk through the growing crowd to Verone's booth. Enrique and Roberto stand nearby. *

Pearce just smiles at them. *

VERONE
 (to his goons)
 Enrique, Roberto. Get some air. *

The goons leave as they all pile into the booth.

Verone puts a finger on Clemente's cheek, follows the line down to her neck. He looks at Brian.

VERONE (cont'd)
 (to Brian)
 You think Monica here is beautiful?
 You attracted to her?

Pearce leans back, knowing Brian's not stupid enough to say anything. But then...

BRIAN
 Yeah, she's fine.

Pearce can't believe it. Verone just keeps staring at him.

BRIAN (cont'd)
 In fact, she's gorgeous.

VERONE
 Hold up, cowboy. That's enough.

BRIAN
 I'm not gonna lie to you.

VERONE
 You wanna sleep with her?

Pearce pats his waistband, right where it covers his pistol, ready for anything. Everyone waits...

BRIAN
 She's your woman, Carter. You ask me if she's beautiful, I'll tell you yes. You wanna go somewhere else with it, don't expect me to bite.

Brian leans back.

Verone studies him. After an eternity...

VERONE
 (relaxing)
 Women are a powerful force.

He nods at a beautiful BLONDE across the room.

VERONE (cont'd)
See that chick over there. She's
been making eyes at that man all
night.

We see a man sitting with his back to us. We don't see his
face.

VERONE (cont'd)
Five minutes of her time, and she
can get Mr. Slick to do anything
she wants.

We see the woman stand and walk over to him. She bends over
and whispers something in his ear, her hand flirtatiously
touching the back of his neck.

He throws back his drink and the two disappear down a
hallway.

VERONE (cont'd)
See what I mean? Wonder where
they're going. *

Verone laughs like this is all too much. Pearce chuckles too
and Verone immediately turns his eyes on him, stone sober.

VERONE (cont'd)
(to Pearce)
You lit my man's car on fire.

PEARCE
Yeah. Sorry about that. I don't
like being followed. And I have a
little issue with authority.

VERONE
Funny, I have the same thing. For
me, it's cops, in particular.
(beat)
That's why I want all of you to
follow me.

He gets up and the other three look at each other, like
they're not exactly sure what this guy might pull.

Verone leads them into a dark hallway. Brian and Pearce look
at each other, trying to decide what to do? Have they been
made? All they can do is follow.

Verone stops at an unmarked door and walks in.

127 INT. OPIUM VIP ROOM - NIGHT

127

The room is empty of people, but decorated lavishly with more couches and tables. Sitting on one table are four items, conspicuous in their placement: a BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE, a METAL BOX, a ROLL OF DUCT TAPE, and a BLOWTORCH.

The guys eye the objects closely as Verone leads them in.

VERONE

Have a seat, boys.

Another door opens and Enrique and Roberto enter. *

Verone pours a drink, then rubs his hands together like this is getting exciting. The guys can only look at him.

Just then, the blonde and Detective Whitworth from Verone's house stumble in, LAUGHING. *

Whitworth looks up and sees Verone. The smile quickly disappears from his face.

WHITWORTH *

Carter.

Brian and Pearce look at each other. The man checks the door behind him, but Verone's goons now stand in front of it.

The blonde slinks away, her job done.

VERONE

(to the boys)

Meet Detective Whitworth, Miami P.D. *

(to Whitworth)

Enjoying yourself, Detective? *

WHITWORTH *

(nervously)

Yeah, you know me.

Verone walks toward Whitworth.

VERONE

Funny you should say that. I do know you.

Whitworth spies the items on the table.

VERONE (cont'd)

I know I offered you the deal of a lifetime and yet you refused.

WHITWORTH
Carter, I --

*

VERONE
You want to change your mind?

WHITWORTH
Carter...

*

VERONE
Wrong answer.

Roberto and Enrique grab Whitworth and toss him over a table, on his back. They duct tape his arms and legs down.

*

WHITWORTH
Verone, I'm a police detective.
You do anything to me and you'll
bring the entire force down on you
like a --

*

*

*

*

Ignoring him, Verone nods at Enrique who rips Whitworth's shirt open. Roberto picks up the blowtorch and fires it up.

*

WHITWORTH (cont'd)
Oh, sweet Christ, Verone! I got
Internal Affairs all over me! I
can't risk...

*

*

*

Verone walks over to the metal box and lifts it up. An ugly brown RAT sits on the table.

Verone grabs the rat by the tail and drops it on Whitworth's bare stomach. He then covers it with the box.

WHITWORTH (cont'd)
What're you doing?

*

Verone holds the torch against the corner of the metal box. In the box, the rat starts SCREECHING, softly at first and then louder and louder.

VERONE
Once this box gets hot enough, that
rat is gonna want out.
(beat)
And the only direction he can go is
South.

Whitworth struggles to see what's happening.

VERONE (cont'd)
 (to Pearce and Brian)
 You know the average rat can chew
 through a drain pipe?

The box is starting to glow red. The rat keeps SCREECHING
 louder.

WHITWORTH *
 Jesus Christ, Verone, no!

VERONE *
 You're in charge of the cops *
 watching my stash houses. I need a *
 fifteen minute window where *
 everyone disappears. Call an *
 emergency meeting, have a pancake *
 breakfast, I don't give a damn. *
 For that, you'll never have to *
 worry about money again. *

WHITWORTH *
 I... I just can't.

VERONE
 I bet it's getting warm in there.

Whitworth struggles uselessly against the tape, as Enrique *
 and Roberto smile, amused. The rat is going berserk.

WHITWORTH *
 Okay, okay! I'll do it! *

VERONE
 Say it!

WHITWORTH *
 I'll give you your window!

Verone looks at him hard, then moves the torch off the box.

VERONE
 You betray me, my rat is gonna
 visit your wife, Stacey, your son
 Clay and your daughter, Lexi. You
 understand me?

The detective blinks back tears, nodding vigorously. *

Verone turns to Brian and Pearce, sneering, a man not to be
 fucked with.

VERONE (cont'd)
 The same goes for you two. Be at
 Versailles, six a.m. the day after
 tomorrow, ready to drive.

Enrique opens the back door a crack and lets the rat out into *
 the alley.

Verone looks back at Whitworth.

VERONE (cont'd)
 From six-thirty to six-forty-five,
 your men'll disappear, let my boys *
 do their business.

Whitworth nods, shame-faced.

Verone looks at Clemente.

CLEMENTE
 Carter...

VERONE
 I see you touch another man again,
 I'll kill you. Find your own ride
 home.

Verone walks out, using the blow-torch to light his cigarette
 on the way.

128

EXT. OPIUM - NIGHT

128

Shaken, Pearce, Brian and Clemente exit the bar, just in time
 to see Verone's black Maserati's taillights roll away. *

CLEMENTE
 (nonchalantly)
 I'll take a cab to a friend's *
 house. *

Brian starts to speak, but Pearce cuts him off with a look. *

Clemente hops in a cab parked at the curb, then leans out the *
 window.

CLEMENTE (cont'd)
 That was something, huh?

With that, the cab pulls away. Pearce shakes his head at
 Brian. Slowly, they walk toward the valet.

129 INT. BRIAN'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

129

It's dark, but there's just enough blue moonlight coming in the windows that we can see Brian walk down the small wooden steps. He tosses his keys on a table and lets out a long, tired breath.

CLEMENTE

Hey.

Brian spins and sees her sitting on his bed. She stands, walks toward him.

She kisses him, then rips his shirt open. Verone be damned. If they're gonna die for this, they're gonna get their money's worth. They stumble to the bed.

130 EXT. SKYLINE - TIME LAPSE

130

The night turns to day on the hot streets of Miami.

*

131 INT. BRIAN'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY

131

Pearce stands at the foot of Brian's bed.

*

PEARCE

You awake?

*

The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL:

Pearce at the foot of Brian's bed, with Clemente sleeping next to him.

Brian jerks awake.

*

PEARCE (cont'd)

Verone's boys are outside, watching the boat. I'll hold 'em up. Get her outta here.

*

*

Pearce leaves the little room to go out to the dock.

*

CLEMENTE

Is there a back door?

*

*

BRIAN

It's a houseboat.

*

*

Brian jumps up and looks out the window. Sure enough, Enrique and Roberto are standing at the top of the plank.

*

*

Clemente gets out of bed, the sheets pulled around her.

*

CLEMENTE

Brian, you need to know something.
You can't trust Verone. There's no
way he's just gonna let you drop
off the money and drive away.
Don't do this job.

She looks sad. He measures her carefully, then nods,
touched.

BRIAN

The bathroom.

She nods and starts to go, but at the last second she turns
and hugs Brian. Hard. At first Brian is surprised by the
emotion behind it. But then he gives in and hugs her back.

131A INT. HOUSEBOAT BATHROOM - DAY

131A

Clemente pulls the door shut and catches a reflection of
herself in the mirror. She turns on the faucet, splashes
some water on her face. When she looks in the mirror again,
there's an icy resolve.

132 EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY

132

Brian joins Pearce outside the boat.

ROBERTO

(in Spanish)

Where is she?

BRIAN

(in Spanish)

Who?

Roberto nods at Enrique who walks down the plank, pushing
past Brian and Pearce.

PEARCE

Where you goin', Elian?

133 INT. BRIAN'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY

133

Enrique rummages through. The place is small so there aren't
really any places to hide. He tries to open the door to the
bathroom, but it's locked, so he rips the door right off the
hinges.

BATHROOM

But he sees nothing.

He leaves the bathroom, not even noticing the drain in the floor with the hinges on it.

133A EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY

133A

Enrique comes back out, pissed. As he passes Pearce, Pearce just doesn't let it go. *

PEARCE

What's the matter, crackerjack?
You think you can come up on my
boy's boat like you own the --

Suddenly, Enrique rams his elbow into Pearce's gut. Immediately, Pearce straightens up and levels his fist into Enrique's jaw. *

Roberto makes like he's gonna charge Pearce, but Brian puts his shoulder into the heavy, knocking him into the side of the dock. They start to throw down. *

In the struggle, Enrique and Roberto go to pull their pistols at the same time, but in a flash, Brian jerks Roberto's away from him. *

The speed with which this has escalated is insane... like lightning, Enrique has a gun at Pearce's head and Brian has a gun at Roberto's. *

Both Brian and Enrique are shouting at each other. *

BRIAN

Drop it! Now! I'm not
messin' with you, drop it!
Now! I will blow his head
off!

ENZO

You first, asshole. You
first! I'm gonna send him to
hell. You hear me? Drop the
piece, right now! *

Suddenly, Verone's voice comes out of nowhere.

VERONE

Enough!

Everyone freezes. They look up to see Verone standing on the dock, ten feet away.

VERONE (cont'd)

Are you girls finished?

Enrique starts to say something... *

VERONE (cont'd)

I'd think before I opened my mouth.

Enrique decides he'd better keep his yap shut. Roberto rises to his feet. Brian drops the clip out of Roberto's gun into the water, before handing the pistol back to him. *

VERONE (cont'd)
I'm glad to see you boys are getting along so well. Because when you drive tomorrow, Enrique and Roberto will be riding along with you. *

Enrique and Roberto smile. *

VERONE (cont'd)
Just to make sure we don't have any problems.

They start to walk off. Pearce and Brian can't believe it. This just went from bad to worse.

Verone stops when he gets to the end of the dock, turns back around, looks right at Brian.

VERONE (cont'd)
And Monica... she'll be traveling with me. If that's all right with you.

Verone climbs into his Maserati and roars away. Enrique and Roberto follow. *

134 EXT. VERONE'S - POOL - DAY 134

Now in a robe, Clemente walks from the pool house toward the mansion. Everything still looks quiet in the house. Her hair is wet.

She creeps up to the glass back door, quietly slides it open.

135 INT. VERONE'S MANSION - DAY 135

Clemente sneaks across the carpeting toward the stairs. Suddenly... *

VERONE
Where were you?

She spins to see Verone just coming in the front door.

CLEMENTE
You left me... It's none of your business where I was.

VERONE

Really? None of my business.

He starts walking toward her.

CLEMENTE

I was at Katie's. There was no way
I was coming back here after last
night.

He stands in front of her now. He strokes her wet hair,
smiling.

VERONE

Yeah? And why is your hair wet?

CLEMENTE

I was up early. I went swimming.

VERONE

Swimming? Really? Why don't I
believe you?

And with that he opens her robe...

...revealing a Speedo swim suit.

CLEMENTE

You don't believe me because you're
a paranoid asshole sometimes.

She pulls away and moves toward the stairs. Something in
Verone's face says he still isn't buying it. He looks out
the glass door at the small pool house, where the door is
swinging in the breeze.

136

EXT. EDWIN'S GARAGE - DAY

136

Brian and Pearce walk toward the garage.

PEARCE

I'm not gonna end up as shark food
because you got a thing for her.

BRIAN

Don't worry about it.

Pearce ain't buying it.

PEARCE

Yeah, well I am worried. What you
got going on? Something like this
deal that went down in L.A.?

*
*
*

Brian stops. *

BRIAN *

(quietly) *

Remember us, Rome, growin' up. Two
kids playin' in the dirt. Gettin'
in trouble. All that stuff? Well
you were family to me, man. All I
had. And I blew it. I put my job
before family when I busted you. *

Pearce is taken with Brian's passion. *

BRIAN (cont'd) *

In L.A., those guys became my
family too. And I wasn't gonna
make the same mistake again. No
matter what the consequences. So I
let 'em go. *

PEARCE *

(nodding) *

Okay, man, okay. I get it. Just
tell me that Clemente is okay and
I'm down. *

BRIAN *

She's okay, brother. *

137

INT. EDWIN'S GARAGE - DAY

137

Jimmy's tightening a hose clamp under the hood of Brian's car
as Brian and Pearce walk in.

JIMMY

I'm changing you over to an HKS VPC
system. Adding a nitrous express
fogger system... Should boost your
power.

BRIAN

How bout the rest of the swaps?

Suki rolls out from under the car.

SUKI

It'll be close.

Brian nods as Edwin walks in.

EDWIN

(to Brian)

What's happening?

BRIAN
How quickly can you organize?

EDWIN
Say the word, brother. I can have
a hundred kids on the street with
one phone call. What you got in
mind?

The CAMERA PUSHES in on Brian, his every thought focused on a
plan...

DISSOLVE TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE OVER MUSIC:

137A	INT. EDWIN'S GARAGE - DAY	137A	
	Intercut Brian, Pearce, Jimmy and Suki working on their various cars -- adding suicide doors, swapping out systems -- with the following scenes...		
138	EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY	138	*
	Pearce, Brian and Edwin stand on top of a roof looking out at a busy intersection, talking over a plan of attack. Brian points out at the street, explaining something.		*
139	INT. FBI - WAR ROOM - DAY	139	
	Agent Bilkins starts explaining to the other agents what's going on, pointing to maps in the same way Brian was pointing at the intersection.		
140	EXT. VERONE'S MANSION - DAY	140	
	Verone talks energetically on the phone while Enrique and Roberto wait for instruction. Clemente walks in and he looks at her as she crosses by.		*
141	INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY	141	*
	Detective Whitworth sits at his desk, looking like the weight of the world is on his shoulders. He's studying a dry-erase board with a grid of various officers underneath addresses of stash houses.		*
	Some officers pass by in the hall. He manages a smile until they leave. A PICTURE of his wife and kids is on his desk. His smile immediately fades.		*
142	OMITTED	142	*

143 EXT. KEY'S BRIDGE - SUNSET 143 *

Pearce and Brian look at the famous bridge to the Florida Keys, just as the sun sets.

The CAMERA SWIRLS AROUND THEM, and we...

144 OMITTED 144

145 INT. EDWIN'S GARAGE - NIGHT 145

Pearce is underneath his passenger door, working on it. When he rolls out, Brian is crouched down, waiting for him.

BRIAN

This is no good, Rome. *

PEARCE

What do you mean? *

BRIAN

Clemente told me that Verone's not gonna let us leave once we make the delivery. I've been thinking about it... I don't see any way out. We gotta run. Take our chances with the Feds. *

PEARCE

Run? You sure? *

BRIAN

I didn't bring you out here to get you killed. We take off, make it on our own. Just like the old days. *

Pearce smiles.

PEARCE

Then we gotta make a few mods. Grab a half-empty bottle of nitrous from off that bench. *

BRIAN

You're already loaded for spray.

PEARCE

I got another idea. *

DISSOLVE TO:

146 EXT. MIAMI SKYLINE - TIME LAPSE - DAWN 146

Night turns to morning on the steel and glass skyline.

DISSOLVE TO:

147 EXT. EDWIN'S GARAGE - DAWN 147

Brian, Pearce, Edwin and Suki head for their cars.

PEARCE
(to Edwin)
You ready to get back on that
horse?

EDWIN
Don't'cha know it.

Brian looks over to where Jimmy is stepping up into a big
Winnebago.

BRIAN
You know where to be?

Jimmy nods, climbs inside.

Edwin tosses a TWO-WAY PAGER to Brian.

BRIAN (cont'd)
Just keep moving.

SUKI
Don't worry about us.

They all climb into their cars.

148 INT. FBI - WAR ROOM - SAME 148

Agent Bilkins sits watching a computer monitor. Sophisticated
imagery traces two red images across a city grid.

He leans back in his chair.

BILKINS
Looks like Clemente came through.
They're moving.

*
*

Agent Markham hobbles in from the other room, checks out the
monitor.

BILKINS (cont'd)

Let's get a bird in the air, but
keep it at least a mile from the
action. We don't wanna give
anything away.

149	OMITTED	149	
149A	EXT. TRAILER PARK STREET - DAY	149A	
	Parked discreetly up from a trailer park, two OFFICERS sit in a cruiser watching one particular trailer through binoculars.		* *
	OFFICER ONE (into his radio) Team One checking in.		* * *
149B	EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY	149B	* *
	Two more OFFICERS watch a warehouse.		
	OFFICER TWO Team two checking in.		* *
149C	EXT. DOCK - DAY	149C	* *
	Another PAIR watch a dock.		
	OFFICER THREE Team three checking in.		* *
149D	EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY	149D	* * *
	Whitworth sits in his office, staring at that dry erase board. He looks like he's gonna be sick. A radio sits on his desk. He starts to pick it up, but stays his hand.		
	RADIO Team four checking in. Team five checking in. Team six...		* * *
	Finally, Whitworth picks up the radio.		*
	WHITWORTH Men, this is Detective Whitworth. I need you... I need you...		* * *
	He makes up his mind.		*

WHITWORTH (cont'd)

I need you to be on high alert!
I've got a tip that Verone's gonna
move today. Everybody keep 'em
wide open this morning.

*
*
*
*
*

150 EXT. VERSAILLES COFFEE - DAY 150

Brian and Pearce drive up to the coffee shop just as the sun
peeks over the horizon.

Brian puts a walkie-talkie to his mouth.

BRIAN

You ready for this?

Pearce answers.

PEARCE

(steadily)

Are you kidding? Guns, murderers,
and crooked cops. It's just like
Barstow. Plus, I got my boy as my
wing man.

BRIAN

Just be careful.

Out his front windshield, they see a Mercedes SUV waiting in
the parking lot, Enrique at the wheel, Roberto riding
shotgun.

*

The SUV turns around. Brian's EVO and Pearce's Spyder follow
it out of the lot.

151 OMITTED 151

152 EXT. TRAILER PARK STREET - DAY 152

The Mercedes SUV guides the two import race cars up a dirty
street to a giant

153 EXT. STASH HOUSE TRAILER - DAY 153

The three vehicles turn down a gravel road and pull behind
the run down trailer that Whitworth was watching.

They park the cars behind the trailer and emerge from their
respective rides.

A WOMAN hanging laundry at the trailer next door sees the action and grabs her TODDLER from the dirt. She hustles in her own trailer and shuts the door.

The goons pull sledgehammers out of the SUV and bang on the front door of the trailer. A young Cuban, JOSE, opens the door, packed duffel bag in his hand.

ENZO
(in Spanish)
Everything cool, Jose? *

JOSE
Si.

Enrique lifts the sledghammer up. *

ENZO
Hit the road. *

Jose quickly scampers out of there as the others enter.

153A EXT. TRAILER PARK STREET - DAY: 153A

Officer One is following the activity with his binoculars. *
He immediately snatches up his radio. *

OFFICER ONE *
I got activity at Verone's number 4
stash-house! I repeat, activity at
number 4 stash-house!

153B EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 153B *

Whitworth grabs up his radio. *

WHITWORTH *
This is it! All units to the *
Number 4 stash-house! All units to *
Number 4! *

154 INT. STASH HOUSE TRAILER - DAY 154

It's a total shithole.

BRIAN *
Where's the cargo? *

Enrique takes his hammer and swings it at a cabinet with a *
giant padlock. The wood explodes and exposes a black duffel *
bag. Enrique unzips it, checks the contents... CASH... *
millions of it. *

BRIAN (cont'd)
How many of those you got?

ENZO
Six. Ten million apiece. *

BRIAN
Put three in each car.

Roberto dials a cell phone.

155 EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY 155

Verone and Clemente stand next to a giant cargo plane, a cell phone to Verone's ear. *

VERONE
(into the phone)
Very good.
(to Clemente)
They're on their way. No problem.

156 EXT. STASH HOUSE TRAILER - DAY 156

Brian and Pearce pop their hatches and the men pass the bags like they're passing a pail of water to put out a fire.

157 EXT. TRAILER PARK STREET - DAY 157

A police chopper roars through the sky as below a stream of cop cars files on to the residential street.

Officer One watches them coming. *

158 INT. FBI - WAR ROOM - DAY 158

Bilkins slams the phone down.

BILKINS
Godammit! Miami P.D. made 'em,
they're moving in on our guys.

AGENT DUNN
Call 'em off!

BILKINS
I tried... they said it's their
jurisdiction and they'll sort it
out after the bust.

159 EXT. STASH HOUSE TRAILER - DAY

159

They get the last bag packed into Brian's car. Enrique stops *
and listens. THUMPA-THUMPA-THUMPA.

He looks at the sky, zeroing in on the police chopper.

ENZO

Cops!

Just then, the first set of cop cars, lead by Officer One *
pours around the side of the house.

Everyone jumps in the cars, Enrique and Roberto next to Brian *
and Pearce. At the last second, Pearce jumps out and heads
toward the Mercedes SUV.

Roberto grabs his gun and is about to shoot Pearce in the
back.

BRIAN

Don't shoot!

PEARCE

Here's something I learned in
Barstow!

Pearce throws the SUV in reverse and smashes the front of
Whitworth's car like a freaking bulldozer. The cop car
rattles into the trailer, spinning sideways so it blocks
access from all the other cops.

Pearce races back to his Spyder.

Brian smiles, throws the EVO into drive and leads Pearce
through the trailers followed by a dozen cruisers. The race
is officially on.

160 INT. FBI - WAR ROOM - DAY

160

Bilkins watches the images on the screen, racing along the
highway.

BILKINS

(to Dunn)

Okay, now let's get the chopper
over them. I want eyes right on
top.

AGENT DUNN

You got it.

161 EXT. MIAMI SKYLINE - DAY 161

A black helicopter with FBI printed on the side hangs high over downtown. It quickly banks and heads down for a look.

162 EXT. HIGHWAY ON RAMP - DAY 162

Brian's EVO leads Pearce's Spyder up the on-ramp and out on to the highway, followed by the cadre of cruisers.

IN BRIAN'S EVO:

Brian pulls up his radio.

BRIAN
(into his radio)
Nice move back there.

IN PEARCE'S SPYDER:

Pearce scoops up his radio.

PEARCE
(answering)
I got a few more for ya.

163 EXT. HIGHWAY - SECTION #1 - DAY 163

With that, Pearce drops the radio and sideswipes a cruiser that was trying to pull up beside him.

IN PEARCE'S SPYDER:

Roberto flinches as the door next to him smashes into the police cruiser.

ROBERTO
Shit!

*

THE HIGHWAY:

The cruiser hits a guard rail, causing it to spin out, smacking into the grill of another cop car.

The pursuing cars weave around the two wrecked cruisers and stay on the chase.

164 EXT. HIGHWAY - SECTION #1 - AIRBORN - DAY 164

The local police chopper hovers above the action.

165 INT. POLICE CHOPPER COCKPIT - DAY 165

LOCAL CHOPPER PILOT
I've got 'em heading South on I-95.
Do we have an ESD on the ground?

166 EXT. HIGHWAY - SECTION #2 - DAY 166

Two COP CARS brake in the street and a pair of COPS take position gripping the same rocket-launcher looking devices that shut down Brian's car in the opening.

IN BRIAN'S CAR:

Brian sees the cop cars ahead setting up.

BRIAN
(into his radio)
They got ESDs!

PEARCE
(from the radio)
What?

BRIAN
They'll shut down the electrical!

IN PEARCE'S CAR:

Pearce sees the cops aiming these rocket launcher-like devices at them and his eyes grow like saucers.

He cuts the wheel sharply, just as the cops fire the plunger looking missile at his car.

ON THE HIGHWAY:

The EVO and the Spyder both swerve toward the median at the last possible moment and the plungers go wide, bouncing harmlessly off the highway.

Brian's EVO banks sharply and hops the median in the highway, racing in to on-coming traffic.

Pearce's Spyder follows but the dozens of pursuing cop cars are forced to stay on their side of the highway.

The traffic comes at them in waves, and Pearce and Brian have to use all of their superior driving skills to keep from getting plowed.

UP AHEAD:

A SEMI sees the rice rockets coming his way and slams on his brakes, locking up his rig.

The trailer starts to jackknife, a giant moving wall sliding RIGHT AT THE CAMERA!

Like twin bullets, the EVO and the Spyder squeeze together almost touching and drive simultaneously under the semi's sliding trailer, with millimeters to spare.

They shoot out the other side of the sliding truck and immediately bank back to the right side of the highway, racing with traffic again.

The pursuing cop cars pick back up the chase.

The omnipresent police chopper maintains its place over the cars.

167 EXT. AIRFIELD - INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY 167

Verone looks at his watch, then climbs the steps of his cargo plane. Clemente follows.

INSIDE THE COCKPIT:

He barks at the pilot...

VERONE

Have the plane powered up and ready to go!

The pilot nods, starts the engine.

168 EXT. AIRFIELD - SWAMP - DAY 168

In the swamp foliage across from the AIRFIELD, a team of camouflaged FBI AGENTS watches the cargo plane through binoculars. They're fully decked out in Gilly suits. Earpieces, throat mikes, the works.

Agent Dunn talks into his mike.

AGENT DUNN

The bird is getting into position.

169 INT. FBI - WAR ROOM - DAY 169

Bilkins handles the radio.

BILKINS

Roger that. Hold position.
Without the cash on the plane, we
got Verone doing nothing illegal!

170 EXT. HIGHWAY - SECTION #3 - AIRBORN - DAY 170

The police chopper hovers over the guys.

171 EXT. HIGHWAY - SECTION #3 - DAY 171

IN BRIAN'S CAR:

Brian tries to lean forward and look at the chopper above him.

ON THE HIGHWAY:

He steers his EVO toward an exit ramp and Pearce follows, staying right on his tail.

Brian jumps a curb and makes a sharp turn down a street.

172 EXT. TRANSITION STREETS - DAY 172

Pearce stays right on his back, and the fifteen cop cruisers that have kept up so far remain on the chase.

This is real racing now as Pearce and Brian let their skills take over, accelerating at break-neck speed and then banking left down a side-street before banking back right down another street. Their cars are like twins, anticipating turns and sliding into them like they're racing for slips again.

Behind them, the cops do all they can to keep up.

IN PEARCE'S CAR:

Pearce keeps one eye on Brian's EVO while in his rearview mirror the cop cars fall further and further behind.

173 EXT. INDUSTRIAL - STREET #1 - DAY 173

Brian's car makes a quick left down another street, leading Pearce's Spyder by a length. The area starts to look familiar, because we've been here before. This is the warehouse district where they raced previously.

The helicopter stays right over them as the pursuing cop cars fan out and surround the area.

174 INT. POLICE CHOPPER COCKPIT - DAY 174

The local police chopper hovers over the area.

LOCAL CHOPPER PILOT

We've got the area blocked ahead.
They have nowhere to go.

175 EXT. INDUSTRIAL - STREET #2 - DAY 175

He's right, because we can see a wall of police cruisers heading off the two cars up ahead.

From the air, Pearce and Brian are sitting ducks, cop cars behind them and cop cars ahead.

176 EXT. INDUSTRIAL - STREET #2 - AIRBORN - DAY 176

Suddenly, like a flash, the FBI copter swoops into view.

177 INT. POLICE CHOPPER COCKPIT - DAY 177

LOCAL CHOPPER PILOT

What was that?

178 INT. FBI CHOPPER COCKPIT - DAY 178

The agent in the FBI swoops down on the action.

AGENT PILOT

(into the radio)

I've got a visual. Video should be coming through.

179 INT. FBI - WAR ROOM - DAY 179

Bilkins turns his eyes from the computer monitor and its GPS imagery to a video screen of the cars racing through the warehouse district. Much better.

BILKINS

(into the radio)

We got it. Looks good.

(to himself)

Where the hell are they going?

180 EXT. INDUSTRIAL - STREET #2 - DAY 180

Brian looks up and sees two helicopters now. He puts the radio to his lips.

BRIAN

Time for the show.

PEARCE
Let's give it to 'em.

With that, Pearce and Brian turn quickly into a large warehouse, disappearing from the street.

181 OMITTED 181

182 EXT. INDUSTRIAL - STREET #3 - DAY 182

The cop cars close in on the street from both directions. Everything is silent, not a sound anywhere.

Suddenly, a garage door opens and a team of black trucks (the same ones that were putting out the street signs in the opening) zip into the street, barreling into a few cop cars, clearing the way.

Then the SOUND of a hundred engines ERUPTS from every dark corner of the street.

In an instant, doors from the surrounding warehouses start to roll up all over the block.

With ear-splitting ROARS, hundreds of RICE ROCKETS, every amateur with a driver's license, suddenly pours out on to the street from these garages.

An entire parking structure empties out in to the street with street racing imports of every size, shape and electric color shooting out and zig-zagging all over the pavement.

183 INT. POLICE CHOPPER COCKPIT - DAY 183

LOCAL CHOPPER PILOT
Ho-ly shit!

184 EXT. INDUSTRIAL - STREET #3 - AIRBORN - DAY 184

Down below, it looks like a swarm of angry bees has suddenly materialized from every available hole on the street.

185 EXT. INDUSTRIAL - STREET #3 - DAY 185

The pursuing cop cars can't believe what they're seeing as Pearce's Spyder and Brian's EVO disappear amongst the hundreds of race cars which are whipping around like a tornado.

186 INT. FBI - WAR ROOM - DAY

186

Watching the scene on the screen, Bilkins at first can't process what he is seeing. Then a BROAD SMILE crosses his face as his eyes try to follow the action on the street.

BILKINS

Genius... they're losing the locals.

(into the radio)

Keep an eye on the GPS.

It's like a giant shell game using import street racing cars as the shells. There's no way of following which car is Pearce's and which car is Brian's.

187 OMITTED

187

188 EXT. INDUSTRIAL - STREET #4 - DAY

188

Now we see rice rockets up and down the street side-swiping the cops, knocking them off the road, into walls. It's payback time for every street racer that's ever had to run from the law. We see Flip and Samuel, Raymond from the inner-tubes..., Slap-Jack from the first race...

...and then we see the two Eurotrash guys, Mathias and Livan, side by side in a new car, bopping heads to the techno music and having the time of their lives. *

The street cars advance forward, engulfing the cops that were ahead of them.

The sheer magnanimity of the scene makes the end of THE ROAD WARRIOR look like CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG.

189 INT. FBI - WAR ROOM - DAY

189

On the video, Pearce and Brian's cars are just one of a hundred machines, impossible to follow with the eye. Bilkins turns his attention back to the GPS signal.

BILKINS

There they are, right in the middle of it all.

190 EXT. INDUSTRIAL - STREET #4 - DAY

190

Pearce's Spyder leads Brian's EVO through the swarm of cars.

NEXTELS all over the block hear Brian's voice...

BRIAN (O.S.)
Let's break!

FROM THE AIR:

Suddenly, the race cars on the street all start disbursing in twenty different directions.

ON THE STREET:

The cop cars try to chase anyone and everyone, spreading themselves thin, following whatever cars they can keep up with.

The Spyder and the EVO duck down a side street.

191 INT. FBI - COMMAND CENTER - DAY 191

With cars going every which way, the video is useless. Bilkins follows the red images on the GPS.

BILKINS
(into the radio)
We got 'em moving west on Beach.

AGENT PILOT
Roger that. I got 'em.

192 EXT. BEACH STREET - DAY 192

From the air, we see the Spyder and the EVO making their way alone down a street. A couple of cops give chase. The Feds helicopter does the same.

The police chopper hovers over the scene. The pilot sees the Federal copter follow the two cars.

193 INT. POLICE CHOPPER COCKPIT - DAY 193

LOCAL CHOPPER PILOT
The Feds have a fix on two cars going west on Beach.

RADIO
Roger, follow those cars.

LOCAL CHOPPER PILOT
Roger that.

The chopper banks and heads off to chase the FBI helicopter.

194 OMITTED 194

195 EXT. STREET TO PIER - DAY 195

We see two cars being chased by black and whites and two helicopters. The cars race out of the industrial area and onto a beach front road.

They dodge and weave through the morning traffic. At a busy intersection, the cars each jump a median and race up a wooden pier that jets into the ocean.

From the air, we see shops and a restaurant at the end of the pier. The helicopters still have a bead on them.

The cars skid to a stop, stuck at the end of the pier.

196 INT. FBI - WAR ROOM - DAY 196

The agents watch this all play out on the video screen.

BILKINS

Shit! They're cornered!

The doors open on the two doors and out step... Edwin and Suki! They actually wave at Bilkins' camera!

BILKINS (cont'd)

What the hell? Where the hell are...?

197 EXT. SOUTHBOUND STREET - DAY 197

Pearce and Brian race through traffic, now in the ACURA NSX and the HONDA 2000 that they won off of Livan and Koto. Brian's radio crackles... *

EDWIN (O.S.)

(on the radio)

Keep the tack in the black, Brian.

BRIAN

(into the radio)

Thanks, brother.

Pearce listens in his car and smiles. Enrique and Roberto are smiling too, pleased with the ruse. The six duffel bags have also been transferred to the new rides. *

198 EXT. TRANSITION HWY - DAY 198

As they drive, the surrounding area is turning from urban to bucolic. They must be near the bottom of Florida.

199 EXT. PIER - DAY 199

Edwin and Suki race into the shops and disappear from view of the video.

200 INT. FBI - WAR ROOM - DAY 200

Bilkins is beside himself.

BILKINS

Get a chopper here and pick us up!
Now!

201 EXT. FBI - ROOF TOP - DAY 201

Bilkins rushes out of the building, still pulling on his suit jacket, as Markham hobbles after him on his crutches.

AGENT MARKHAM

They're running! I knew it!

The chopper descends on to a helo pad. Bilkins barks into his radio as he moves to it.

BILKINS

(into a radio)

You stay where you are, you hear
me?

202 EXT. AIRFIELD - SWAMP - DAY 202

Agent Dunn has his binoculars out, still watching Verone's plane on the runway.

AGENT DUNN

If they're running, we should just
move in! At least we'll bag
Verone!

BILKINS

(from the radio)

No! Don't make a move!

203 EXT. FBI - ROOF TOP - DAY 203

The door to the helicopter slams shut and the bird twists off the ground and is gone.

204 EXT. KEY'S BRIDGE - SECTION #1 - DAY 204

Pearce's Acura NSX leads Brian's Honda 2000 out on to the famous bridge that is perched a hundred yards above the ocean, a long stretch of concrete on stilts.

204A INT. BRIAN'S EVO - DAY

204A

Brian looks over at Enrique. *

BRIAN
Where are we going? *

ENZO
Fifth exit. *

BRIAN
(into his radio)
We got five exits. Let's do this
now.

PEARCE
(on the radio)
Done.

205 EXT. KEY'S BRIDGE - SECTION #2 - DAY

205

Pearce starts to slow, as does Brian.

Roberto looks out the window at the lamp posts slowly
passing.

ROBERTO
Why are we slowing? *

He turns back to see Pearce's thumb hanging over what looks
like a temporary nitrous button.

PEARCE
Ejection seat.

The CAMERA TRACKS DOWN to see that the bottom of Roberto's
seat is rigged with nitrous cannisters.

CLOSE UP: PEARCE'S THUMB ON THE BUTTON.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Pearce and Roberto frozen in
time, looking at each other for just a second before...

...Pearce presses the button, and...

BAM! The nitrous cannisters at Roberto's feet EXPLODE like a
couple of M80's. Enough blast to rip off the hinges of the
suicide door and throw the passenger seat out of the car!

Roberto goes sliding out on to the pavement, just as Pearce
takes off like a rocket down the bridge, leaving a stunned
Roberto on the street.

206 OMITTED 206
 207 OMITTED 207
 208 EXT. KEY'S BRIDGE - SECTION #2 - DAY 208

Brian and Enrique see Roberto fly up outta Pearce's car and bounce along the pavement. *

ENZO

What the... *

BRIAN

End of the line. *

Brian pushes the same temporary looking ignition switch on his dash. BAM! The seat is knocked loose, and Enrique's gun goes flying, but Enrique remains in the car. *

Both Brian and Enrique are equally surprised. Brian reacts first and hits Enrique with a right elbow to the nose. Enrique fights back and it's on. *

As they battle in the car, Brian sees that Enrique's seat is loose and his seat-belt is destroyed. Brian gets in three good shots in a row then pops Enrique's door open. *

He presses the nitrous button on the steering wheel and rockets the car forward, the bridge warping around him. The wind rips the suicide door open and then right off the car.

Enrique gets his senses back just in time to see how fast they are going... Before he can do anything about it, Brian locks up the brakes... *

Enrique's seat rips free, and he smashes nose first into the windshield. *

Brian turns and kicks the seat, and it and Enrique go tumbling out the door onto the highway. *

Brian guns the car and races through the gears, his car eating up the pavement. He snatches up his radio.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Yo, Rome!

PEARCE

Yeah, man. We're all clear.

BRIAN

I can't come with you.

PEARCE
We agreed --

BRIAN
Clemente is on that plane. I can't
leave her there.

208A EXT. RENDEZVOUS POINT - DAY 208A

Pearce's car is pulling up to a rest stop, where Jimmy's got the Winnebago parked. Jimmy stands outside, waiting for them.

Intercut:

PEARCE
You never were planning on coming,
were you?

BRIAN
No. But that doesn't matter now.

Pearce smiles.

PEARCE
Hey, Bri?

BRIAN
(smiling)
Yeah, I know, bruh. Now shut up
and get outta here.

Jimmy starts helping Pearce unload his three bags into the Winnebago.

209 EXT. KEY'S BRIDGE - SECTION #1 - AIRBORN - DAY 209

Bilkins and Dunn race the FBI helicopter over the top of the bridge, heading for the Keys.

210 OMITTED 210

211 EXT. AIRFIELD - SWAMP - DAY 211

The SHARPSHOOTERS get into position, lining up Verone's cockpit in their sights. Dunn squeezes his binoculars, anxious to get this going. He raises them up for a look.

212 EXT. AIRFIELD - INT. CARGO PLANE HOLD - DAY 212

Verone paces impatiently in the cargo area. Clemente does her best to stay cool. *

He looks out the window...

...when a slight movement across the tarmac catches his eye.

He stops, squinting at the movement in the foliage. He can't believe it, zeroing in on a camouflaged Agent squatting there.

VERONE

They've made us.

He turns to Clemente.

VERONE (cont'd)

It's a set-up.

But his jaw drops as he sees her face. She's smiling. Her hand is already forming into a fist. *

CLEMENTE

(calmly) *

F.B.I., Carter. Don't move. *

She wallops him with a fist that starts from around her belt area, BAM! He flops backwards. *

CLEMENTE (cont'd) *

(smart-ass) *

I told you not to move. *

He wipes the blood from his lip, and a light forms in his eyes. He actually likes this. He dives at her, knocking her back, and she expertly knocks him off his stride. *

213 EXT. AIRFIELD - SWAMP - DAY

213

One of the sharpshooters spots Verone ramming Clemente. *

SHARPSHOOTER

He's gone hot!

Dunn looks up in horror.

AGENT DUNN

What? Shit! Take him!

214 EXT. AIRFIELD - INT. CARGO PLANE HOLD - DAY

214

Verone screams at his pilot, as he struggles with Clemente.

VERONE

Get us outta here! Now!

Clemente is able to kick him off her, but Verone whips out a pistol. It looks like she's dead.

The PILOT thrusts the plane into gear. But sharpshooter bullets RIP through the cockpit and hit the pilot in the shoulder.

The pilot's arm slumps forward on the throttle, jerking the plane suddenly, knocking Verone and Clemente off their feet.

215 EXT. AIRFIELD - TAXIWAY - DAY 215

Suddenly, Brian's Honda shoots out on to the runway, heading directly for the plane, which is rolling perpendicularly away from him.

216 EXT. AIRFIELD - INT. CARGO PLANE COCKPIT - DAY 216

Verone and Clemente get to their feet, and start going at it again, as the pilot tries to steer the plane with one arm.

Verone loves that Clemente can handle herself. It makes beating her down all that more exciting for him. He smiles and throws a haymaker at her face, but she ducks under his punch and pops him one, two, three times in the gut. *
*
*

217 EXT. AIRFIELD - TARMAC - DAY 217

Brian grips the wheel and guides the car toward the back of the plane. He hits the accelerator and the speedometer approaches 100 mph.

218 EXT. AIRFIELD - AIRBORN - DAY 218

Bilkins' helicopter crests the tree line, the view of the airport opening up in front of him.

He can see Brian's Honda swerving around behind the beast.

219 INT. FBI CHOPPER COCKPIT - DAY 219

BILKINS
Holy shit.

220 EXT. AIRFIELD - TARMAC - DAY 220

Brian jams on the brakes and skids 90 degrees. He races through the gears trying to chase down the plane that's now moving directly away from him. It's not gonna be easy.

The back of the cargo plane is still down like a ramp as the plane heads down the runway, ready to take off at any second. Brian is closing in but the plane is gaining speed...

221 EXT. AIRFIELD - TARMAC TREES - DAY 221

Suddenly, Pearce's Acura comes flying out of the tree-line on to the runway! He's headed directly at the plane in a massive game of chicken.

PEARCE
What's up, Bullitt?

BRIAN
Pearce! Can you slow him down?

PEARCE
Consider this derby day.

222 EXT. AIRFIELD - INT. CARGO PLANE COCKPIT - DAY 222

The pilot sees the Acura heading directly down the runway at him. He checks his speed and starts to pull up on the wheel.

Clemente knocks the crap out of Verone and quickly moves to the cockpit. She can see... *

223 EXT. AIRFIELD - TARMAC - DAY 223

...Pearce heading directly for those big front tires in a game of chicken. He checks his seat belt, gulps, then looks at the plane with renewed resolve. *

PEARCE
Now or never, baby.

He locks his wrists with his car pointing right at those oncoming tires. He's not giving in.

224 EXT. AIRFIELD - INT. CARGO PLANE COCKPIT - DAY 224

The pilot grits his teeth, preparing to smash Pearce. *

Suddenly, Clemente clocks the pilot over the head with a fire extinguisher, knocking him out of the way. *

Just in time to avoid Pearce, she jerks the wheel, right as Verone tackles her from behind. *

225 EXT. AIRFIELD - TARMAC - DAY 225

Pearce misses the front tires by a hair and his car shoots under the plane where he and Brian only miss colliding because Pearce jerks his steering wheel, sending his car into a violent spin.

The plane has slowed just enough to give Brian what he needs...

Brian hits the nitrous button and his car rockets forward and up the back ramp and into the cargo area of the plane.

226 EXT. AIRFIELD - INT. CARGO PLANE HOLD - DAY 226

Brian spins the car 180 degrees and guns the accelerator. The spinning tires act as a brake, stopping the car dead in the middle of the cargo hold.

227 EXT. AIRFIELD - TARMAC - DAY 227

Clemente's sharp turn causes the plane to bank hard, flipping so that one wing drags the ground, forcing the plane into an impossible spin, snapping the wing, so that the plane rolls over and... *

228 EXT./INT. AIRFIELD/CARGO PLANE HOLD - DAY 228

Brian's world turns upside down as the plane slides on its wounded side, his car flipping over, getting mangled in the belly of the beast, at the same time as...

229 EXT. AIRFIELD - TARMAC - DAY 229

Pearce's car flips like a football, before coming to rest in a cloud of dust.

230 INT. FBI CHOPPER COCKPIT - DAY 230

Bilkins and Markham watch the mess in amazement, as the plane stops like a beached whale.

231 EXT. AIRFIELD - PLANE WRECKAGE - DAY 231

The black helicopter lands on the runway.

Bilkins and Markham jump off and hurry to join the FBI squad that is surrounding the plane.

Camouflaged FBI troops find Clemente and Verone wedged into the destroyed cockpit with the pilot. They are able to get them out, Verone bleeding and defeated.

Verone looks up at Clemente, sneers.

VERONE

At least I can say I shared my bed
with a cop.

CLEMENTE

And now you can share plenty with
your own kind.

He tries to come at her, but FBI agents drag him away.

CLEMENTE (cont'd)

(to Bilkins)

Where're the guys?

232 EXT. AIRFIELD - CAR WRECKAGE - DAY 232

Agents have fire extinguishers blanketing Pearce's car. Out of a cloud of steam and smoke, two agents pull Pearce from the wreckage. He looks like a mess.

PEARCE

Did he make it? Did Brian make it?

233 EXT./INT. AIRFIELD - CARGO PLANE WRECKAGE - DAY 233

Two agents use circular saws (like fire departments use) to cut the back of the plane open. Pearce stumbles up. *

Just then, the saws cut through the hinges and the whole ramp comes tumbling off.

INSIDE THE CARGO BAY:

Nothing but smoke and darkness. Then light makes its way into the cargo bay as everyone peers in.

Sitting with his elbows on his knees, bleeding badly, is Brian, his car upside down behind him.

At his feet are three beat up duffel bags with millions of dollars of cash spilling out and lining most of the floor of the bay.

A wide smile creases Bilkins' face.

234 EXT. AIRFIELD - PLANE WRECKAGE - DAY 234

A nurse secures a bandage to Brian's forehead as Bilkins stands in front of them. Pearce sits next to him, also getting bandaged up.

BILKINS

(to Brian)

Three bags, thirty million in drug
proceeds. Everything we need. *

Brian looks at Pearce. *

PEARCE

That's right. Three bags.
Delivered just like we said.

Bilkins claps them on the shoulders and walks off, heading
for the swarm of agents by the plane.

They both hop down from the ambulance.

PEARCE (cont'd)

I was thinkin'. Maybe I can stick
around Miami for a while. I got a
little extra cash I thought we
might invest in a garage.

BRIAN

We?

PEARCE

You and me. A little start-up job
on the beach.

BRIAN

Just like the old days?

PEARCE

Yeah, but with a little more
potential.

Clemente walks up.

CLEMENTE

You fellas need a lift?

They look over at their beat up vehicles being loaded on to
tow trucks. The two cars aren't going anywhere.

She holds up a set of keys, getting their attention, and
looks over her shoulder at Verone's Maserati parked down the
runway. Everyone grins.

CLEMENTE (cont'd)

Who wants to drive?

The guys look at each other.

235

EXT. AIRFIELD - TARMAC - DAY

235

The Maserati leaves the airport with Clemente driving, Brian
riding shotgun, and Pearce hanging out in the back seat.

FADE OUT.