

THE WHEELMAN

By

Derek Asaff

1619 N. La Brea Ave. #420
Los Angeles, CA 90028
781-405-3826
Derekwade@post.harvard.edu

OVER BLACK:

A train horn BLARES as its CLICKETY-CLACK draws near.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREETS - TRAIN CROSSING - NIGHT

Red railroad crossing signals flash while the safety gates lower and the DING DING DING of the warning bell begins.

Two fully tricked-out, matte black Nissan GT-Rs roll to a stop by the tracks as the crossing gates lower.

Suddenly, a high-speed train ROCKETS past the cars at 135 mph, kicking up dust and leaves.

The sports cars' engines ROAR, revving in tense anticipation as the train flies by in a blur.

The last train car zips by and the GT-Rs shift into gear. The lead car weaves through the safety gates. The rear car follows on the opposite side of the tracks. Both cars give chase, separated on either side of the double train tracks.

EXT./INT. NISSAN GT-RS - TRAVELING - SAME

Each car has a male DRIVER and a PASSENGER (male right, female left) all dressed in black leathers and crash helmets.

The cars speed closer to the train, matching its speed.

RIGHT SIDE OF THE TRAIN

The Driver edges his car closer to the train until they are side-by-side. He signals the Male Passenger.

DRIVER

Go!

The Male Passenger carefully climbs out his window and over the roof of his car, the high-speed wind whipping at him.

He reaches out, unsteady, and slaps a small electronic device on the train car's door. The device blinks a series of red LEDs and the train car's door slides open.

The Male Passenger grabs the doorway and jumps aboard.

LEFT SIDE OF TRAIN

The Female Passenger steadies herself on the roof of her car as it hugs the vacant, parallel tracks between the car and the train. She's got a good six foot jump to the train door.

She looks up as the Male Passenger opens the train car door from the inside.

The Male Passenger leans out of the train door, glancing down at the empty, parallel tracks running alongside the train below. He extends his arm to the Female Passenger.

She prepares to jump. Suddenly, something catches her eye.

HONK! An oncoming train ROARS past on the parallel tracks. The Male Passenger dives out of the way just in time.

MALE PASSENGER

Come on-- fuck!

In an instant, the passing train is gone, and the Male Passenger looks out the door at the Female Passenger.

She shakes her head, "Close one," and reaches out to him, "Come on, let's go!"

He reaches out the door and catches her as she leaps from her car over the six foot gap, pulling her inside.

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN - SECURE STORAGE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Passengers make their way into a high-security storage car. Two SECURITY GUARDS jump to attention as they enter.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey!

The Guards draw their sidearms on the two Passengers. The Female Passenger pushes past the Male Passenger, whips open a retractable baton, and squares off against the Guards.

The Guards look at each other, "Is she serious?" But before they can react, she pounces like a feral cat.

With one quick move she knocks their guns to the side, then attacks the Guards with a barrage of brutal strikes. Helmeted headbutts, booted throat kicks, Muay Thai elbow strikes.

The Guards hit the floor like sacks of potatoes, out cold. The Male Passenger looks at the Female Passenger. She shrugs.

He approaches a server bank and connects a tablet PC. He types, and lights on the tablet slowly move from red to green, unlocking an encryption.

The Female Passenger motions to her watch, giving him a hard time. He gives her the universal jerking-off hand motion.

Files, blueprints, and specs for a COMPUTER CHIP fill the tablet. "Download Complete."

EXT./INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN - TRAVELING - MOMENTS LATER

The Driver holds the car steady next to the empty, parallel tracks as the Female Passenger leaps from the train, landing on the roof.

She smoothly slides into her seat, looks back at the Male Passenger still on the train, and gives him the finger. He shakes his head and makes his way off the train and into his own car on the other side of the double tracks.

With both Passengers safely inside their rides, the Drivers hit the brakes. They slow, leaving the speeding train.

They arrive at an intersection with its rail crossing signals still blinking from the train's passing.

BANG! Suddenly, the car with the Female Passenger blows a tire. The Driver struggles to maintain control. The car fishtails, crashing through the crossing gate.

The car SCREECHES to a stop on the oncoming tracks. The Driver takes panicked breaths. He CHUCKLES, nervously.

DRIVER

Shit. Close one, huh?

As he calms his nerves, the Female Passenger spots a bright light in the side view mirror. She throws open her door and dives out in a hurry.

CRASH! An oncoming train barrels into the car, ripping through it like paper.

The high-speed train's brakes SCREAM as it slows.

The Female Passenger ducks for cover as the fiery wreckage of the car rains down around her.

She stands as the train's caboose passes her, screeching to a stop. She looks across the track at the other car, in shock.

The second Driver flips up his helmet's visor, revealing the grizzled face of JACK PENN (50s). He's not happy.

JACK

We're gonna need a new wheelman.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

A STUDENT DRIVER CAR crawls down the street. Its brake lights blink like they're relaying an urgent message in Morse code.

A line of cars trapped behind the slow-moving Instructor Car HONK and try to go around it.

EXT./INT. STUDENT DRIVER CAR - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS

REESE STABLER (39), the human equivalent of a low risk mutual fund, sits in the passenger seat, tapping the instructor brake pedal at his feet. He looks like a grown Harry Potter.

Reese's student driver, DARREN MILES (16), languishes in the driver's seat. Darren looks down at his speedometer. 22mph. He rolls his eyes and taps the gas.

REESE

We're in no rush, Mister Miles.
This is a school zone after all.

Reese applies the brakes once again as Darren looks around. Not a kid in sight.

The car behind them swerves into the oncoming lane, and speeds past. The DRIVER flips them off.

DRIVER

Get the fuck off the road!

REESE

See that? You can't drive angry.
That's lesson forty-two. I'll write
that down for you.

Reese pulls a red pen from his magnetic pocket protector and scribbles on his personalized clipboard. He releases the pen and it snaps back to the magnet in his shirt pocket.

REESE (CONT'D)

Make a left at the light and we can
practice your merging.

Darren's impatience boils over.

DARREN

Come on, Reese! Merging? Anyone can
drive in a school zone. Let's take
this bad boy onto the freeway and
open her up! Whattya say?

A Minivan flies past them and a SOCCER MOM flips them off.

SOCCKER MOM

Assholes!

REESE

No, I don't think we will be opening anything up today. You've got to learn to crawl before you can walk.

DARREN

Isn't it walk before you run?

Reese thinks on that.

REESE

No. Don't think so.

A TAXI peels around them, flipping them off.

TAXI DRIVER

Fucking Harry Potter cock suck!

Reese sees Darren's frustration.

REESE

Okay, tell you what, I was going to save this for next week, but...

Reese smiles. Darren leans in, hoping.

REESE (CONT'D)

What do you say we try some parallel parking!?

Reese raises his eyebrows, "Huh? Huh? You wanna?"

Darren deflates. He sighs.

DARREN

(wryly)

Sure. Sounds amazing.

They pull up to a red light.

The reflection of a pickup on monster truck tires fills their mirrors as it REVS its engine and tailgates. HONK! HONK!

The monster pickup pulls around and stops next to them at the light. The REDNECK DRIVER leans over to them, a mouth full of chewing tobacco and an open brewski in hand.

REDNECK DRIVER

Boy, you can't drive for shit!

Reese looks up towards the Redneck.

REESE
Student driver, sir. We thank you
for your patience.

REDNECK DRIVER
What's today's test? How to be a
little pussy?

The Redneck CHORTLES. Reese plays along, smiling.

REESE
No, sir, that's only on the written
exam.

The Redneck stops laughing and stares at Reese, unamused.

The Redneck spits tobacco juice out his window. It splashes
onto the Instructor Car's side view mirror.

The Redneck REVS his engine, HOOTING and HOLLERING.

DARREN
Reese, do that thing you do.
Please. Please! That'll show him.

Reese thinks on it for a moment.

REESE
No, I shouldn't. Let's just let the
nice man with the confederate flag
tattoo be on his way.

The Redneck tosses his empty beer can at Reese. It lands in
his lap, dripping beer and tobacco spit on his pants.

REESE (CONT'D)
On second thought.

Reese squints, looking down the street. Reese is a driving
savant. He looks three, four, five lights ahead, attentively
noting the count down of crosswalks and bus schedules, seeing
all the angles, using a sort of nerdy DRIVER VISION.

He checks his Casio calculator watch, then a posted speed
limit sign. 35mph.

REESE (CONT'D)
Thirty-three miles per hour.

DARREN
Thirty-three? But that's not fast--

REESE

Darren, in twenty-four years of driving, I have never crashed a single car. Not one. Wanna know why?

DARREN

Because you follow the rules?

REESE

Because I follow the rules. Now, go exactly thirty-three.

Darren REVS the engine, getting ready at the red light.

The Redneck looks down, pumped, the race is on.

REDNECK DRIVER

Whooo! Let's do this!

Reese tightens his seatbelt.

REESE

On my mark.

The light turns green and the Redneck floors it, PEELING out.

DARREN

Now?

Reese patiently counts to himself. He nods.

REESE

Now.

Darren eases on the gas, slowly climbing to 33mph.

The Redneck speeds to the next intersection, SCREECHING to a stop at a crowded red light.

Reese and Darren glide down the road, cool like Mark Harmon.

Darren approaches the intersection without slowing. The moment he arrives the light turns green. They don't slow or stop, cruising right past the Redneck.

The Redneck floors it, passing Reese and Darren, and hitting another red light.

Again, cruising at 33 mph, Darren hits the light just as it turns green and cruises right through, passing the Redneck.

The Redneck floors it, overtaking Darren and Reese and then SCREECHING to a stop at another red light.

Reese and Darren pass him again. Darren waves.

The Redneck, furious, peels through the intersection, chasing after them again.

Darren looks at the Redneck in the rear view mirror.

DARREN

When will this guy learn?

REESE

Right after he catches the number fourteen heading downtown.

Suddenly, the #14 City Bus pulls out behind Reese, cutting off the Redneck. The Redneck swerves, and his monster truck tires demolish a Meter Maid Car. He's stuck.

DARREN

Whooo! That was awesome! Slow and steady, huh, Reese?

Reese nods, smiling.

The Redneck hops out of his truck and runs after them, SCREAMING bloody murder.

REESE

Normally, I wouldn't recommend leaving the scene of an accident, but I think that concludes today's lesson.

They drive away.

REESE (CONT'D)

Besides, it's egg salad Friday.

EXT. OFFICE PARK - LATER

Reese sits at a picnic table in a crowd of NINE TO FIVERS, the Student Driver Car parked nearby.

At a nearby table sits DR. LISA HUGHES DMD (35), the embodiment of gentle dental. She works on a Sudoku puzzle and eats an egg salad sandwich.

Reese checks her out, taking care that she doesn't notice. He tries to work up the guts to talk to her.

REESE

(sotto)

You're so sweet, you give me cavities. Probably heard that one.

(beat)

Is that egg salad or are you just happy to see me? That doesn't even make sense.

Reese longingly watches her chew her pencil before going back to her Sudoku puzzle. He finds inspiration.

REESE (CONT'D)

Sudoku come here often? So do ka-you come here often? That's gold.

Reese takes a deep breath and stands. He marches towards her.

She looks up as Reese stands by her table. He opens his mouth, but nothing comes out.

LISA

Hello? Are you okay?

Reese, mouth agape, tries to speak but only a grunt escapes.

LISA (CONT'D)

Gingivitis. I have an opening in my schedule this afternoon. See my receptionist for an appointment.

She returns to her puzzle. Reese touches his gums.

REESE

No, I--

BOYFRIEND (O.S.)

Hey, Baby!

Lisa's handsome BOYFRIEND sits in an idling convertible parked nearby. He waves her over.

Lisa's face brightens as she runs to him, knocking her egg salad sandwich off the table and onto Reese's shoe.

She hops into her boyfriend's car and they kiss with genuine affection.

Reese watches the two lovebirds. He SIGHS with longing then looks at his eggy shoe.

REESE

(sotto)

Sudoku come here often? Idiot...

Lisa's head disappears in her Boyfriend's lap as he peels away from the park.

REESE (CONT'D)
Well, that's just gratuitous!

EXT. ZHANG DRIVING SCHOOL - DAY

Reese pulls the Student Driver Car up to the Mechanics Bay of the driving school.

He hops out, circles the car, and buffs out a tiny scratch.

Reese walks past a LAZY INSTRUCTOR.

REESE
The Dragon in?

The Lazy Instructor barely shrugs. Reese awkwardly waits for more, then backs away inside.

INT. ZHANG DRIVING SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Reese enters the office of MRS. ZHANG (60s), aka THE DRAGON. A corpulent woman, The Dragon fits snugly behind her desk.

REESE
Missus Zhang! What's the good word?

Reese drops an invoice on her desk, sitting across from her. She just stares at him.

He puts his feet up on her desk then immediately regrets it and takes them down. He wipes the desk where his feet were.

The Dragon flares her nostrils. Reese sweats, pointing to the driving magazine on her desk.

REESE (CONT'D)
Hey, did you read that article I circled on airbag safety tips?

Nothing.

REESE (CONT'D)
Yeah... Yeah, it says its no longer recommended drivers hold the steering wheel at ten and two because airbag deployment could cause thumb injuries.

He mimes steering at 10 and 2 and having his thumbs broken by a deploying airbag. He pretends to SCREAM.

REESE (CONT'D)
Ouch, huh? Yeah, so, I was thinking maybe we should make it company policy to steer at eight and four.

The Dragon just stares.

REESE (CONT'D)
I can write the memo if you want.

The Dragon shifts slightly in her seat and a FART sound ripples through the air. Was it her or the chair? Reese sits quietly, waiting for The Dragon to react. She doesn't.

REESE (CONT'D)
Yeah, so I'll just go ahead and write it. You're busy.

He hops up, heading for the door.

REESE (CONT'D)
Good talk.

The Dragon, all personality, stifles a yawn.

EXT. ZHANG DRIVING SCHOOL - SAFETY COURSE - MOMENTS LATER

Behind the driving school, several STAFF MEMBERS watch as Instructor CHAD O'BANNON (30s), a guy whose volume is only exceeded by his arrogance, speeds through an obstacle course.

He swipes two orange traffic cones as he SCREECHES into the finish line. Chad jumps out of the car.

CHAD
Time?

Chad's pasty hanger-on, PHIL, holds a stopwatch.

PHIL
Twenty-nine seconds flat.

Chad thrusts his hips, humping the air.

CHAD
BOOM! That's how you fucking drive!

The Staff Members APPLAUD as Reese walks past heading for the Mechanic's Bay door.

CHAD (CONT'D)

I hope you fuckers took notes
because: That. Is. How. You.
Fucking. Drive!

Reese opens the door, about to step inside.

REESE

If you don't mind hitting two
cones.

CHAD

What was that, Stabler?

Reese winces, he's done it now. His shoulders drop as he
walks back towards the finish line.

REESE

Hey, Chad. I was just saying that
you might have tapped a few cones
at the end there. Maybe. Lightly.

CHAD

As if you could do better, Gaybler.

REESE

Homophobia, Chad? Really? Not cool.

CHAD

It's not homophobic if the person
saying it is gay, numbnuts.

REESE

You're gay?

CHAD

Yeah. Ask Phil. We're gay together
all the time. Practically in love.

Phil nods, "It's true."

CHAD (CONT'D)

We had gay sex like ten minutes ago
in the break room. Touched dicks
and everything.

PHIL

Tip tap. It was wicked gay.

Reese's head is swimming.

REESE

That's... I don't... What were we
talking about?

CHAD
We were talking about you making
the bank run for me.

Chad slaps a bank envelope against Reese's chest.

REESE
What? No. I did it yesterday.

Chad gets closer to Reese.

CHAD
And?

REESE
And... and I...

Chad gets closer, threatening him. Reese opens his mouth to argue, then deflates, wimping out.

REESE (CONT'D)
And I'd be happy to.

CHAD
That's what I thought.

Reese trudges towards the door.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Have fun. It's almost five so the
lines should be nice and long.
Tool.

Everyone LAUGHS.

EXT. ZHANG DRIVING SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Reese walks into the Mechanics Bay as RAY "DOCTOR" PELLMAN
(27) slides out from underneath a jacked up car.

REESE
Is the Doctor in?

DOCTOR
The Doctor is always in, Reese's
Pieces. What can I do for you?

REESE
I need to check out a car for the
bank run.

DOCTOR
 Sure thing. Take number six. I just
 installed the new FAT system.

REESE
 Is that phat with a P H?

The Doctor stares at Reese.

DOCTOR
 No.

The Doctor opens the passenger door on number six.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 It's the new instructor control
 module. It features dual brake and
 accelerator. They're all the rage
 in the U.K.

Reese checks out the pedals with reverence.

REESE
 Cool.

DOCTOR
 Damn right "cool."

Doctor offers Reese a fist bump. Reese bumps his fist, then
 adds an awkward slap, a top bump, and a finger gun.

Doctor just shakes his head, "So sad."

EXT./INT. NUMBER 6 CAR - LATER

Reese pulls up outside the National Bank and Trust.

He parks behind an idling car, the DRIVER impatiently tapping
 the steering wheel. The nervous Driver checks his mirrors
 frantically.

Reese grabs Chad's envelope. Inside are dozens of checks.

He pulls out the deposit slip. It's blank except for a large,
 overly detailed drawing of a penis.

REESE
 Oh, real mature.

Reese reaches for his clipboard and flips to the back where
 he has some deposit slips. He fills it out on the dashboard.

Suddenly, the bank alarm BLARES.

The Driver of the car parked in front of Reese looks around, panicked, then speeds away, burning rubber.

REESE (CONT'D)
What the heck...

A MASKED ROBBER runs from the bank holding a bag of cash and a gun. He looks to where his getaway car was parked, finding only the empty spot.

Police sirens WAIL in the distance and the Robber looks around for an escape. He spots Reese sitting in his car and runs towards him.

REESE (CONT'D)
What's he doing? Oh, crap. Crap!

Reese locks the doors. The Robber urgently taps on the glass of the passenger window.

REESE (CONT'D)
No, thank you. I'm good.

The Robber SMASHES the glass with his gun. He unlocks the door and gets in. He points his gun at Reese.

Reese freezes, staring at the Robber. All that is visible under his mask are his mad, googly eyes.

ROBBER
Drive!

REESE
Okay. Okay, just let me...

Reese adjusts his mirror as the police sirens grow near.

ROBBER
Fucking drive, man!

Reese signals, checking traffic before pulling out.

The Robber looks down at his feet, spotting the pedals.

ROBBER (CONT'D)
I said, "DRIVE!"

The Robber steps on the instructor accelerator pedal, flooring it. The car darts into traffic, narrowly missing a HONKING delivery van.

REESE
Oh God!

Reese, no longer in control of the gas, steers, weaving through traffic at high speed.

With each lane change, Reese uses his turn signal. His blinker dances left then right then left again.

As Reese cuts off the car he passes, he leans out the window, apologizing.

REESE (CONT'D)

Excuse me!

(beat)

You had the right of way!

(beat)

This is so illegal!

The Robber watches as Reese steers with precision, impressed.

The Robber points at a "Do Not Enter" sign.

ROBBER

Oh, take this left.

REESE

That's a one way.

The Robber jams his gun into Reese's side. Reese SCREAMS and jerks the wheel, swerving into the sharp turn.

The Robber nods, "Not bad."

ROBBER

Nice one.

Reese steers the car through oncoming traffic, narrowly missing a dozen collisions.

He spots THREE POLICE CRUISERS in his side view mirror.

REESE

(sotto)

Oh, thank God.

His concentration on the side view mirror breaks when it is torn from the car by a passing truck.

The Robber looks behind them, spotting the Police Cruisers.

ROBBER

I knew I smelled bacon.

He nudges Reese with his gun. Reese is a little busy.

ROBBER (CONT'D)
Did you hear what I said? Bacon.

He nudges Reese again. Reese weaves through traffic.

ROBBER (CONT'D)
Bacon.

Reese swerves the car around an oncoming taxicab.

REESE
I heard you!

The Robber fires his gun, blowing out the back window. Reese SCREAMS.

Bullets tear into the Police Cruisers' hoods and headlights. The POLICE OFFICERS return fire.

Reese crouches in his seat as bullets riddle his car.

The Robber ducks down, LAUGHING.

ROBBER
Having fun yet?!

REESE
You're insane!

Reese sees The Robber has removed his foot from the gas pedal while shooting. Reese slams on the brake.

The car SCREECHES to a halt and the Police Cruiser behind it crashes into Reese's bumper.

REESE (CONT'D)
(to Police)
Sorry!

The Robber LAUGHS.

ROBBER
You got one!

REESE
That was an accident!

ROBBER
Sure it was.

The Robber gives Reese a little wink.

ROBBER (CONT'D)
Let's lose the other two, partner!

REESE

Partner?

The Robber steps on his gas pedal and they pull away from the now disabled Police Cruiser. The other two Cruisers follow.

The Robber digs through his bag of bundled cash. He uses a small electronic device to scan the stacks of banknotes.

REESE (CONT'D)

What is that?

ROBBER

So glad you asked, Miss Daisy.

REESE

Miss Daisy was the passenger.

The Robber holds up the device, cavalier as the Cruisers chase behind them and Reese steers through dense traffic.

ROBBER

This is a radio frequency jammer.
It prevents the bank's hidden dye
pack from exploding on my money.

He hovers the device over the money until a red light blinks.

ROBBER (CONT'D)

Gotcha!

The Robber pulls a stack of money out of the bag.

ROBBER (CONT'D)

Count to ten.

REESE

What?

The Robber leans out his window and throws the stack of cash at the nearest Police Cruiser in pursuit.

The banknotes land on the hood of the Cruiser.

ROBBER

You're not counting!

The Robber jams his gun in Reese's side.

REESE

One! Two! Three--

The banknotes explode, covering the Cruiser's windshield in red dye. The Police Officer driving immediately loses control and crashes into a parked car.

REESE (CONT'D)
Was that blood?! Did you kill them?
I'm going to throw up.

ROBBER
Buck up, partner, we've got one
more to go.

The final Cruiser chases a few car lengths back.

They approach a crowded rotary. Reese grabs the emergency brake, sending their car drifting around the rotary, sideways between two cars.

ROBBER (CONT'D)
(offensive Asian accent)
Oh, Tokyo drift. Konnichiwa.

Reese steers the car out of the rotary with the Police Cruiser in hot pursuit. They approach a busy intersection.

REESE
Red light. Red Light!

ROBBER
Don't stop!

Reese swallows hard, then squints, using his savant Driver Vision. As if in slow motion, he analyzes the intersection in front of him, a bus coming from the left, a truck from the right. Reese sees all the angles, does the math.

He checks his speed, cringes, then perfectly weaves through the intersection, narrowly missing the bus and truck.

The Cruiser isn't as lucky and gets sideswiped. It soars through the air, spinning, and lands with a horrific CRUNCH. The Officer crawls from the wreck, dazed.

ROBBER (CONT'D)
Whooo! You are awesome! That was
fucking cool!

REESE
You're crazy!

Reese looks over at the Robber as they pull away from the intersection and the wrecked Cruiser. He loses it.

REESE (CONT'D)
AND WOULD YOU PLEASE PUT YOUR SEAT
BELT ON?!

The Robber winces and then puts on his seat belt.

EXT. SUBWAY STOP - LATER

Reese pulls the car up to a subway entrance.

ROBBER
This is good here.

The Robber hops out of the car.

ROBBER (CONT'D)
That was fun, huh?

REESE
No.

The Robber's not buying it. He smirks and reaches into his money bag. He tosses Reese a stack of cash.

REESE (CONT'D)
No. No. What's this?

ROBBER
I'm impressed. Consider it payment
for services rendered.

REESE
I can't--

BANG! The banknotes explode, bathing Reese and the inside of his car in red dye.

ROBBER
Wow! Two dye packs in one heist.
That's rare. You must be good luck!

The Robber takes off, running down into the subway.

Reese, covered in red dye, removes his glasses, cleaning them until there is a TAP TAP TAP on his window.

Reese wipes the red dye away, revealing a POLICE OFFICER.

The Officer points his gun at Reese. Reese raises his hands.

INT. POLICE STATION - BOOKING - NIGHT

Reese, looking like a cherry popsicle, poses for his mug shots. He leaves red fingerprints on his booking ID placard.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION - LATER

Reese sits, cuffed, in the interrogation room. A take-no-shit DETECTIVE turns on a tape recorder.

The Detective slaps a folder down in front of him. He flips it open. It holds a single, sparse sheet of paper. He reads, all business.

DETECTIVE

Reese Edward Stabler. Employed at the Zhang Driving School. Looks like a grown Harry Potter. No prior record. No armed robbery, no assault, not even so much as a speeding ticket.

Reese smiles at this. The Detective notices and Reese quickly wipes the smile from his face.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

So... you're one of two things. You're either an innocent victim, an unwilling hostage held at the whim of a madman. A poor sap in the wrong place at the wrong time. Or--

REESE

Yes! That. That's what happened--

DETECTIVE

Or. Or you're behind the whole thing. A master criminal so cunning he's never been caught. There's only one way to find out.

REESE

It was the first thing!

DETECTIVE

A few days in lock up should make everything clear. General population. Gen pop.

Reese mouths the words, "Gen pop."

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
 By, say, day four, you'll either be
 running the place, or...

REESE
 You'll let me out?

DETECTIVE
 You'll be the locomotive on a dick
 train to Buttfuck Town.

Reese GULPS.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
 Either that or it's a one way
 ticket to Skullfuck City.
 (chuckling)
 We sent this one guy away. His
 asshole was so used up, it just
 hung there blowing in the breeze.
 Like a windsock at the airport.
 Man, he couldn't shit right for--

An OFFICER enters the interrogation room. He hands the
 Detective another folder. He looks at its contents.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
 Hmmmm.
 (beat)
 You're free to go.

He tosses the folder in front of Reese. It's filled with
 traffic camera photos of Reese driving under duress, the
 Robber's gun to his head.

The Detective inspects a photo.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
 Were you crying?

INT. REESE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Reese blankly trudges into his tiny, bare apartment. He sits
 on the old sofa.

Reese stares ahead, a zombie. Suddenly, he leans forward and
 vomits between his legs. He sits up, wipes his mouth, takes a
 breath, and then vomits again.

INT. REESE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Reese, still covered in red dye and crusty vomit, sleeps on his couch.

Jack Penn, the driver from the train heist, sits in a chair. He watches CCTV traffic footage of Reese's getaway driving on the television.

Jack rewinds and replays the moment Reese weaves through the intersection avoiding the truck and bus.

JACK
God damn, now that's driving.

Reese stirs awake.

JACK (CONT'D)
Ah, you're up. Hold on, this is my favorite part.

Jack rewinds and watches Reese's driving again.

REESE
Who...

Jack pauses the TV, puts down the remote, and stares at Reese, sizing him up.

JACK
Are you familiar with the process of metamorphosis, Reese?

Reese is at a loss.

JACK (CONT'D)
You don't mind that I call you Reese, do you?

Jack doesn't give Reese a chance to object.

JACK (CONT'D)
I find metamorphosis fascinating. One life transforming into another newer, better life. Caterpillar to butterfly. Tadpole to toad. Driving instructor to-- well, perhaps.

Jack stands, inspecting the small, unimpressive apartment. He picks up one of Reese's short-sleeve, button-down shirts, holding it between thumb and forefinger like it's garbage.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sad. So, so sad.

(beat)

Right now, Reese, you're in the larval stage of your life, and I believe you're about to enter your pupal stage.

REESE

Wait! Wait.

(beat)

What?

A toilet FLUSHES, and Reese turns to see LOCO exiting his bathroom, drying his hands with a newspaper. Reese looks at Loco, spotting his mad, googly eyes.

REESE (CONT'D)

You! You're that bank robber!

LOCO

Hey, partner!

JACK

You're right, Loco, he does kinda look like a grown Harry Potter.

Reese jumps up, moving behind Jack.

REESE

He kidnapped me! Made me drive across the city like a maniac! Away from the police!

Jack points to the TV.

JACK

And you were superbly efficient in that task.

REESE

No! He's crazy! He robbed a bank and shot at the cops! This--

Reese leans into Jack for emphasis and whispers.

REESE (CONT'D)

Effer... is a criminal.

LOCO

Effer?

JACK

You're right. Loco is a criminal.
And so am I. A very successful one
at that. I'm Jack Penn.
Salutations. I'm here to offer you
a metamorphosis.

REESE

Thanks, but no thanks. Now, if
you'll excuse me, I need to get
cleaned up. I'm going to be late
for work.

Reese tries to usher them out.

JACK

Late? Is that right? HMMMMM.

Jack presses the "play" button on Reese's answering machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE

You have three new messages. First
message, yesterday at six p.m.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Reese, the cops are here asking all
kinds of questions about you.
What'd you do? Call me.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Next message, yesterday at nine
thirty p.m.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Dude, are these fucking bullet
holes? Are you alive? Call me.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Last new message, yesterday at
eleven fifty three p.m.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Hey, Reese, man, um, the Dragon's
pretty pissed about the car. She
had me clean out your locker. I
wouldn't come back here. Sorry,
man. Call me.

Reese slumps onto the couch and puts his head in his hands.

LOCO

That sucks.

JACK

It does indeed, Loco. But what sweet serendipity. Reese just lost his job and here I am offering him an even better one.

LOCO

That's pretty quick turnover in a down market.

JACK

Very true.

Reese lifts his head up, annoyed.

REESE

What kind of job? You need someone whacked? Maybe I can smuggle a few kilos of dope for you? Oh, is this a male prostitution thing?

JACK

Driving.

Reese SCOFFS.

JACK (CONT'D)

I think you'll find the benefits package to be very generous.

Reese DOUBLE SCOFFS.

LOCO

(chuckling)

He thinks he has a choice.

Reese shrinks at Loco's threatening glare.

JACK

Loco, why don't you wait outside for me?

Loco shrugs. He grabs a piece of plastic fruit from a bowl on the table and bites it as he leaves the apartment.

JACK (CONT'D)

Don't listen to Loco. You have a choice. You have two, actually. One of them is the right one.

Jack gives Reese a wry smile, "I kid."

JACK (CONT'D)

I need a wheelman, Reese. I've recently had an unexpected opening in my organization, and I'm under a bit of a time crunch. I've never seen anyone with your natural ability. And I think you'd be the perfect addition to my team.

REESE

Your team? I teach teenagers and immigrants how to parallel park.

(beat)

I'm not a getaway driver.

Jack shrugs.

JACK

We'll see.

REESE

No, we won't.

Jack shrugs again, "We'll see," then heads for the door. He hands Reese a card with an address written on it.

JACK

When you change your mind and decide you're ready to make some real money, maybe upgrade your life a little-- well, a lot-- go to that address. I have a friend that will get you up to speed... as it were.

Jack pats Reese on the shoulder then heads--

OUTSIDE

Reese stands in the doorway.

REESE

I'm not going to change my mind.

Jack does his "We'll see" shrug as he walks towards his car.

REESE (CONT'D)

Please stop doing that.

JACK

Metamorphosis, Reese.
Metamorphosis!

Jack hops in his car and he and Loco peel away from the curb. As they speed down the street, Loco makes a gun with his hand and points it at Reese.

Reese swallows hard, closes the door, and walks over to the couch. He collapses, drained. His hand lands in his vomit. He looks at it, cringing, and SHRIEKS.

EXT. STRIP MALL - NIGHT

Reese parks his car in front of Bricky's Bar. He gets out and walks towards the door. Then he walks right past Bricky's and struts into The Autozone next door.

INT. AUTOZONE - CONTINUOUS

WHOOSH! The automatic doors slide open as Reese enters his mecca, The Autozone. He steps inside and takes a deep, cleansing breath.

A Salesman, JIMMY, waves.

JIMMY

Reese! Hey, you're looking down.

REESE

Evening, Jimmy. It's been a tough week.

JIMMY

I know something that'll cheer you up. New floor mats are in!

Reese brightens.

REESE

Jimmy, I love it when you talk dirty to me!

They both LAUGH.

INT. AUTOZONE - LATER

Reese browses the windshield wipers section.

REESE

All-weather technology. Hmm.

Reese's attention is grabbed by two CUTE GIRLS (20s) GIGGLING. They try on sunglasses in the apparel section. He watches them vogue/model. They put the glasses back, move on.

Reese walks over to the apparel section. He picks up a pair of sunglasses then quickly puts them down and walks away.

He comes back and grabs the sunglasses. He looks around, "Should I?" He shrugs and swaps his glasses for sunglasses. He looks in the mirror. Not bad. He tries on another pair. Even better.

REESE (CONT'D)

"I need a wheelman and you'd be a perfect addition to my team."

Reese CHUCKLES. He spots driving gloves on a rack. He grabs a pair and pulls them on. He poses in front of the mirror, playing tough guy.

Reese is startled by the two Cute Girls LAUGHING at him.

Reese takes off the gloves and sunglasses and puts his glasses back on.

One of the Girls walks away, cracking up. The other lingers and gives Reese a shy smile and a wink, she's into him, before the first girl pulls her away.

Reese shakes his head, "Hmmm..." And heads down an aisle.

INT. AUTOZONE - LATER

Reese pushes a full shopping cart to the register. Jimmy's eyes go wide at the sight of the overflowing cart.

Reese looks down at his cart, embarrassed.

REESE

Hey, it could be worse. At least I don't try to eat my feelings.

He picks up a fuzzy steering wheel cover from his cart and pretends to nibble on it.

REESE (CONT'D)

Right? Those guys are just sad.

Jimmy rings up a dashboard ornament Hula Girl.

JIMMY

(wryly)
Yeah, those guys are pathetic.

EXT. STRIP MALL - LATER

Reese walks out of The Autozone with his bags of goodies, and puts them in his car. He SIGHS, unfulfilled.

He glances over at Bricky's Bar and shrugs, "Why not."

Reese walks towards the bar, and just as he reaches for the door it swings open, and out steps the Redneck Driver. Whoops. Reese walks right into him.

REDNECK DRIVER
Hey, it's the funny fucker.

REESE
Oh, shoot, look no hard--

WHAM! The Redneck coldcocks Reese, dropping him like fifth period French. Reese lands in the gutter, seeing stars.

REDNECK DRIVER
Put that on the written exam,
pussy.

The Redneck cracks up and walks away.

Reese lays in the gutter, nursing his eye. He looks up and notices a promotional billboard above The Autozone, featuring a happy couple taking a drive in a convertible, laughing and holding hands.

The man in the ad morphs into Reese, wearing the sunglasses and driving gloves. The beautiful model in the ad flirts and kisses Reese the Wheelman.

Wheelman Reese smiles at Gutter Reese, giving him a wink.

Reese rubs his good eye and the poster returns to normal.

Reese CHUCKLES, a revelation, and then passes out.

EXT. SALVATORE'S JUNKYARD - DAY

Reese, sporting a fresh shiner on his right eye, looks at the address on the card Jack gave him. It matches the address of the massive scrapyard before him.

It's a rusty palace with twisted metal spires and towers of old appliances. Reese walks under a giant archway made of crushed and flattened cars.

REESE

Hello? Jack sent me. I'm here for
the... wheelman position.

The place is a ghost town, there might as well be tumbleweed.

REESE (CONT'D)

Hello?

(beat)

This is so stupid. What am I doing?

A tiny CHIHUAHUA steps out between a stack of broken
refrigerators and stands before Reese.

REESE (CONT'D)

Hey, little guy. Is your owner
around?

Reese reaches to pet the dog and it snaps at him, snarling.

Reese recoils with a high-pitched SCREAM that lasts far
longer than any man would care to admit to.

CAMPBELL (O.S.)

That was fucking embarrassing.

Reese turns to see CAMPBELL, 65, the rustiest heap in the
joint, standing above him on top of a broken down bus.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Salvatore, down.

The Chihuahua sits.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Git! Go chase rats or something.

The dog SNORTS, kicks dirt as if covering a poop, and leaves.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Name's Campbell. Come on. You're
late.

Reese straightens himself out.

REESE

Late?

Campbell hops into the cab of an electromagnetic crane.
Elaborately decorated, this is Campbell's office, complete
with beer fridge and hot plate.

He opens a beer, foam shooting everywhere, and dries his hand
on his coveralls while he chugs.

Reese awkwardly leans on the tank tread of the crane.

CAMPBELL
Jack tells me you're a driver.

REESE
I'm not sure. I guess so.

CAMPBELL
You guess so?

Campbell sizes him up.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
Tell me, Driver, what's the correct
ignition timing on a nineteen-
seventy Chevrolet Chevelle SS with
the four-fifty-four cubic inch
engine?

Reese is at a loss.

REESE
I--

CAMPBELL
Now this is the big-block V-eight
not that pussy four cylinder shit
the Italians were selling.

REESE
Totally. Ummm--

CAMPBELL
Four speed manual.

REESE
Yup. Great car. Great, great car.

Reese looks around. Campbell stares at him.

CAMPBELL
Shit. What kind of fucking driver
doesn't know his American muscle?
Don't tell me Jack sent me another
god damn import enthusiast. You
won't be puttering around in any
bullshit Skylines here.

REESE
Psht. Nah. No way.

CAMPBELL
What do you drive?

REESE
I lease a Daewoo.

Campbell glares at Reese.

CAMPBELL
You have no fucking idea what I'm
talking about, do you?

REESE
No, sir.

Campbell leans out the crane cab door.

CAMPBELL
Franky! We got a live one here!

Reese notices a framed photo of a giant of a man, an absolute
bruiser, hanging outside the crane cab. The caption under the
thug reads, "Frank, reacclimating to the outside."

REESE
Oh, that's okay. We don't need to
bother Franky. Really.

CAMPBELL
Jack sent you here to get trained
up. Well, we do things old school
here and I don't trust a man behind
the wheel until he understands how
the fuck that wheel turns. Franky's
gonna learn ya.

From out of a garage walks FRANKY, the prettiest damn grease
monkey Reese has ever seen.

Cue the music. Reese's jaw drops as he stares at Franky.

She moves as if in slow motion, flipping her hair, a golden,
angelic light surrounding her.

Reese stares at Franky, following her approach until--
SCREECH, the record scratches to a stop. Salvatore the
Chihuahua sits on the crane's tread at Reese's eye level.

Salvatore SNAPS at Reese. He recoils, stumbling and falling
into the dirt.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
That was fucking embarrassing.

Salvatore hops into the crane cab and finds a small doggie
hammock in the corner. He curls up and naps.

Franky runs over and helps Reese up.

FRANKY

Oh my god. Are you all right?

REESE

Yeah, no, the, ah, there's some loose gravel over... so, you're Franky, huh?

FRANKY

At your service.

She offers her hand. They shake. He almost forgets to let go.

REESE

I thought maybe you'd be more...

Reese nods to the photo.

FRANKY

Oh, that's my Dad.

REESE

Dad...

Reese GULPS.

Franky looks at the photo fondly.

FRANKY

He's back upstate for a stretch.

REESE

What'd he do?

FRANKY

He, um--

CAMPBELL

Big Frank can be very protective of his Francine here.

(beat)

A quality we share.

Campbell raises an eyebrow at Reese, "You feel me?"

REESE

No, I wasn't-- I didn't-- I fell and then she helped me up. I smelled her hair, but it was an accident.

Campbell lifts a hand, calling for silence. Franky blushes.

CAMPBELL

Franky, Reese is Jack's new wheelman.

REESE

Hold on, I haven't signed up for anything yet. I just wanted to check this out on, maybe, like, a probationary status kinda thing.

Campbell rolls his eyes.

CAMPBELL

Franky, Reese is Jack's new wheelman... On, maybe, like, a probationary status kinda thing. And he doesn't know dick about cars.

FRANKY

I got it. He needs a crash course.

INT. SALVATORE'S JUNKYARD - GARAGE - DAY

Franky lays out dozens of car parts on a table. Reese studies them. He picks one up, fumbles with it, and it breaks apart in his hands.

EXT. SALVATORE'S JUNKYARD - DRIVING COURSE - DAY

Reese drives a car through a junkyard course while Franky times him with a stop watch.

Campbell shouts from the cab of an electromagnetic crane.

CAMPBELL

Jack tells me you're pretty good at seeing all the angles. This exercise is designed to teach you how to react to what you can't see.

Reese drives through the course, easily avoiding small obstacles and scrap metal pedestrians that pop up in his way.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

We call it the "Heads Up!"

Campbell pulls a lever and, suddenly, a wrecked car falls from the sky directly in Reese's path.

Reese SCREAMS and swerves the car, sliding to a stop next to the wreck.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Heads up!

Campbell cracks up LAUGHING.

REESE

When is that ever going to happen
in the real world?! Cars falling!

He hyperventilates.

INT. SALVATORE'S JUNKYARD - GARAGE - DAY

Reese sits behind the wheel of a hoodless car while Franky tinkers with the engine. As Franky leans over the car, Reese can't help but notice her curves.

Distracted, Reese doesn't see Franky signalling to kill the ignition as the engine bucks, sputters, then seizes.

A fan blade flies from the engine and embeds in the wall above a sleeping Campbell. He opens one eye, sees the blade, then returns to his nap.

Reese and Franky share a look, "Close one."

EXT. SALVATORE'S JUNKYARD - DRIVING COURSE - DAY

Reese speeds around the track while Campbell works the crane.

Loco watches from the crane's tank treads.

A car lands in front of Reese and he swerves around it.

REESE

Ha! You missed!

Reese nears the end of the course then--

LOCO

Heads up.

Reese's car gets yanked into the air by the magnetic crane.

Loco LAUGHS, standing by Campbell's controls. Campbell shakes his head.

INT. SALVATORE'S JUNKYARD - GARAGE - DAY

Reese and Franky lie underneath a jacked up car, changing the oil. His attention is more on her than the task at hand, and his wrench does little more than make noise.

FRANKY

Reese?

REESE

Hmmm?

FRANKY

We're laying beneath four thousand pounds of steel held up by a jack that's older than Campbell. You maybe wanna stop staring at my goods and pay attention to what you're doing?

REESE

Huh? Oh! Right. Sorry.

Reese sets his wrench back on a nut, unscrews it, and places it on his magnetic pocket protector with a SNAP!

REESE (CONT'D)

So, um, where did you learn to do all this stuff? Big Franky?

FRANKY

Ha! No, Dad's a wrecker through and through. He can tear apart a tank with his bare hands, but he couldn't install a bumper sticker.

REESE

So who? Campbell?

FRANKY

My mom. I'm third generation grease monkey. Grandpa taught her, she taught me. Most moms warn their daughters about moving too fast, but not mine. She taught me how to tune 'em, rebuild 'em, and drive 'em hard.

Reese swallows, suffering from dry mouth.

Franky slides out from under the car and goes to a workbench to grab some tools. Reese talks to himself under the car.

REESE

(sotto)

You can drive me hard... God, no,
way too forward.

FRANKY

Grandpa raced formula cars. Mom was
an old school rally driver--

REESE

(sotto)

Would you car to dance? Dance?
Who's dancing? That's awful.

FRANKY

But I'm all about drag. A quarter
mile. Car versus car. Driver versus
driver. When those engines get
roaring, you're double clutching,
and you hit two hundred plus miles
per hour, the vibrations--

Franky shivers, "Hot damn!" Reese sweats.

REESE

(sotto)

I would go drag for you--

FRANKY

What'd you say?

REESE

Huh? What? Oh, no, I was just
saying, I, um--

Reese's wrench slips off its nut, and a flood of oil comes
spraying down onto his face. Franky can't help but burst out
LAUGHING.

EXT. SALVATORE'S JUNKYARD - DRIVING COURSE - DAY

Reese drives through the course, successfully avoiding all
obstacles, but at the expense of speed.

Franky holds the stopwatch. She shows Campbell and he shakes
his head.

EXT. SALVATORE'S JUNKYARD - DRIVING COURSE - DAY

Reese drives the course again.

Franky shows Campbell the stopwatch. Campbell spits on the ground, frustrated.

EXT. SALVATORE'S JUNKYARD - DRIVING COURSE - DAY

Reese drives the course again. Franky shows the stopwatch to Campbell and Jack. Campbell shrugs.

Jack watches Reese's brake lights blink off and on.

EXT. SALVATORE'S JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Reese, covered in grease, waits by a car while Franky, Campbell, and Jack have a private pow wow a few feet away.

Campbell points to the stopwatch, shaking his head.

Jack and Campbell argue quietly.

CAMPBELL

I'm telling you, the kid's no
fucking good, Jack. He can handle
the car, sure, but something's
holding him back. His giant lady
vagina, if I had to guess.

Franky intervenes. She points to where Reese was standing. He's gone.

OUTSIDE

Reese walks away from the Junkyard. Jack chases after him.

JACK

Hey, where are you going?

REESE

This was a mistake. I'm not this
person. I don't speed. I don't
steal things. I'm...

(beat)

I'm not your man.

Jack takes a breath.

JACK

Come with me.

Reese looks around, nervous.

REESE

Where are we going?

JACK
We're taking a little field trip.

Reese hesitates. Jack rolls his eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)
If I was going to kill you and dump
your body, would we be leaving the
junkyard?

Reese tenses, then Jack gives Reese a little wink. Reese
breathes a sigh of relief.

JACK (CONT'D)
Come with me.

Reese follows Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
So distrusting.

EXT./INT. JACK'S CAR - TRAVELING - LATER

Jack drives his GT-R with alarming speed, flying around
corners. Reese holds on for dear life in the passenger seat.

JACK
Franky tells me you're learning.

REESE
Yeah? She said that? She's a really
good teacher. Attentive, yet stern.

JACK
Yeah, yeah, what've you learned?

REESE
Oh, well, let's see. We did some
tune-ups. Some oil changes. I
rebuilt a carburetor--

JACK
Good. Good.
(beat)
Campbell tells me you're slower
than a high-dairy-diet shit.

REESE
I can drive the course without
hitting any obstacles.

JACK

At twenty five miles per hour, so
could the chihuahua. You're going
to do it faster.

Jack parks the car across the street from the Zhang Driving
School and hops out of the car. Reese chases after him.

REESE

What are we doing here?

Jack pulls out a lock pick and goes to work on the door.

JACK

I think your problem is motivation.

INT. ZHANG DRIVING SCHOOL - GARAGE - LATER

Reese sits in the driver seat of the newly repaired #6 car
with the dual accelerator and brake pedals.

Jack picks the lock on a mounted key box, opens the box, and
removes a set of keys. He hops into the passenger seat next
to Reese and slides the keys in the ignition.

REESE

Oh my god. This is wrong. This is
wrong. Oh my god.

JACK

Jesus, you act like you've never
stolen anything before.

REESE

Well...

Reese shrugs. Jack rolls his eyes.

JACK

Holy shit.

(beat)

Well, start her up! Let's pop your
cherry already!

Reese takes a deep breath and turns the key.

EXT./INT. NUMBER 6 CAR - TRAVELING - MOMENTS LATER

Reese drives the #6 car through the city. He checks his
mirrors repeatedly.

REESE

Crap. Crap. Crap. Crap.

Jack looks over at the speedometer. 25mph.

JACK

You wanna know why I chose you to be my wheelman, Reese? Left here.

Reese turns left.

JACK (CONT'D)

See, a wheelman needs to possess certain skills. There's a lot that goes into it, but it basically all boils down to two things. The ability to drive precisely and the balls to do it at one hundred and twenty miles per hour when the whole world is telling you to slow down. Go right at the light.

Reese signals and turns right.

JACK (CONT'D)

You've got the precision driving part down. It's your bread and butter, no question. What you lack--

REESE

The balls...

JACK

--I can teach. I meet plenty of guys with huge, hairy balls of steel who could never learn what comes to you naturally. But I think I can help you take your tiny, little, not-yet-descended-from-your-man-pussy balls and turn them into huge brass coconuts. Left.

REESE

How are you going to do that?

Reese turns left and they find themselves in a gathering of STREET RACERS at an abandoned industrial park.

Both sides of the street are lined with high-performance, customized racing cars.

WOMEN in short skirts bend over tricked out engines and dance in the neon lights glowing from the undercarriages.

GEARHEADS work on suped-up motors with shiny toolboxes.

The leader of the Street Racers, VINCENT AMARETTO, a brick shit-house of a man, stands next to his beautiful black 1968 Dodge Charger.

Vincent collects stacks of cash from Racers, the ante before the race.

Reese pulls up nearby.

REESE (CONT'D)
Street racing?

JACK
Like I said, your problem is motivation, and we don't have a lot of time to fool around.

REESE
And you think street racing will motivate me? In a quarter-mile drag race, their cars are all way faster than this one.

JACK
True, but you can out drive them.

Jack hops out of the car. He leans back in the window.

JACK (CONT'D)
And when did I say anything about street racing?

Jack saunters over to Vincent, grabbing a monkey wrench from a Gearhead's toolbox.

VINCENT
Who the fuck are--

Jack coldcocks Vincent with the wrench, laying him out. Jack reaches down and grabs the unconscious Racer's prize money from his hands.

Jack runs back to Reese and hops in the car.

REESE
Jesus Christ!

Vincent slowly comes to as his CREW helps him up. They point to Reese and Jack, and start marching towards them, pulling out weapons.

JACK
Now is when you drive.

REESE
Right. Okay. Yeah.

Reese puts the car in drive and takes off... at 35mph.

Jack checks the side view mirror as Street Racers jump into their cars and give chase.

JACK
That's not gonna cut it.

Jack steps on the passenger side dual accelerator and the car lurches forward, climbing to 55mph.

65mph.

75mph.

85mph.

REESE
Whoa!!

Reese maneuvers the car out of the industrial park and into the city. The car flies from an alley, joining the flowing traffic of a busy street.

The Street Racers, in hot pursuit, shoot out of the alley and join the early evening rush.

JACK
You've got company.

Reese weaves through the dense traffic, avoiding the after work commuters.

The Street Racers follow a few car lengths behind him. One Street Racer clips a taxicab and spins out, crashing.

As he veers around a sedan into oncoming traffic, Reese checks his speedometer. 98mph.

He swallows hard and checks his mirrors. The neon glow of the Street Racers grows closer and closer as they follow him in a flying V formation.

Reese spots two oncoming buses ahead. He turns on his Driver Vision, and the world slows down. He spots his route.

He cringes and steers right between the buses, missing on both sides by mere inches.

The Street Racers fall into single file and squeeze between the buses as well. The last Street Racer can't make the tight fit and bounces between the buses until he succumbs to the weight of the bus's rear wheels.

Jack looks behind them at the pancaked car, nonchalant.

JACK (CONT'D)

And they say public transportation
is supposed to be the safest way to
travel. Oh well.

Suddenly, one of the Street Racers flies past Reese's car, pulling out in front of them. A Racer leans out the passenger window and points a gun at Reese and Jack.

REESE

Fuck!

Jack is taken aback.

JACK

Fuck? What happened to "effer?"

REESE

I've spent a lot of time in a
junkyard recently!

They duck as the Racer fires his gun, bullets pinging off the hood and into the headlights.

JACK

Yeah? Well, here's something
Campbell hasn't taught you yet.
Pull up next to his back tire.

Reese keeps low as he maneuvers his car next to the left back tire of the Street Racer's car.

JACK (CONT'D)

Okay, when I tell you to-- Minivan.

REESE

When you tell me to minivan?

Jack points ahead of them. They head right for a minivan stopped at a red light.

Reese jerks the wheel at the last second, zipping around the minivan and flying through the intersection.

The Street Racer behind Reese doesn't react in time and rear-ends the minivan, crashing through it.

It's down to Reese and just two Street Racers, one in front and one behind, both firing guns at the Student Driver car.

JACK
Get back next to him.

Reese pulls up beside the left back tire of the Racer's car.

REESE
Now what do I do?

JACK
Give him a love tap.

REESE
That's it?

Jack shrugs.

Reese jerks the wheel, forcing his front bumper into the rear tire of the Street Racer's shiny import.

The Street Racer spins out. Reese swerves around him as he loses control.

Reese and the panicked, fishtailing Street Racer make eye contact as they pass each other.

The Racer chasing behind Reese crashes into the out-of-control Racer.

Reese zips away from the accident.

REESE (CONT'D)
That's all of them. You can take your foot off the gas now. Please.

JACK
Reese, I haven't touched the gas pedal in five minutes.

Reese looks at Jack's feet. They rest on the floormat. The pedals remain untouched.

JACK (CONT'D)
It's all you.

Reese checks the speedometer: 115mph.

Reese grabs the wheel tighter, mildly hyperventilating.

JACK (CONT'D)
You cool?

Reese slows his breathing.

REESE

Yeah. Yeah, I think so... I'll get used to it.

Jack smiles. He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a pair of sunglasses. He hands them to Reese.

REESE (CONT'D)

What are these?

JACK

A little gift.

(beat)

Welcome to the pupal stage.

Reese checks out the glasses. They are the exact pair he tried on at the Autozone.

Reese looks at Jack. Jack shrugs.

Reese swaps his glasses for the sunglasses.

REESE

Awww. You even got my prescription.

Almost immediately Reese bumps the curb. He grabs the wheel and maintains control. Reese breathes a sigh of relief.

JACK

You don't have to wear them now.

REESE

Yeah, no, I was gonna say... it's nighttime.

JACK

Yeah. Dark.

Reese replaces his glasses, concentrating.

The #6 car flies down the street.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SALVATORE'S JUNKYARD - DRIVING COURSE - DAY

Reese flies through the driving course at breakneck speeds.

Franky shows Jack, Loco, and Campbell the stopwatch. They all nod, impressed. Campbell hands Loco a twenty dollar bill.

JACK

He's ready.

Jack and Loco leave.

Reese powerslides his car over the finish line kicking up dirt. He hops out and sits on the hood, trying to look cool.

REESE

What's next, Franky? Should I drive the course backwards? Oh, or blindfolded? On fire? No, that's stupid. Blindfolded, though, maybe.

Franky runs up to Reese and offers him a high five. Reese slaps her five, but, of course, he makes it awkward.

FRANKY

You looked like you were enjoying yourself out there.

Reese opens his mouth to talk, but is interrupted when Campbell hurls a manila folder to him. Reese catches it clumsily, almost falling off the hood of the car.

REESE

What's this?

CAMPBELL

Homework. Quit your flirting and get to it.

Reese looks at Franky and blushes then stares at the folder.

INT. SALVATORE'S JUNKYARD - OLD RV - LATER

Reese sits in a junked RV, the contents of the folder splayed in front of him. Maps, traffic photos, escape routes.

Franky enters carrying a six pack. She hands a beer to Reese. Reese sips the beer as if it is his first ever.

FRANKY

How goes the studying, Egghead?

REESE

Okay, I guess. It'd be a lot easier if I knew exactly what the job was.

FRANKY

Don't say "the job," this isn't Ocean's Eleven.

REESE

Right. Sorry.

Reese rubs his eyes, then points to his homework.

REESE (CONT'D)

I feel like I'm back in high school. Not my favorite time.

FRANKY

You weren't voted homecoming queen?

Franky sits down close to Reese, real close.

REESE

Oh, ah, not quite. I got beat up a lot. Like, a lot.

(beat)

I was voted most likely to sell insurance though.

FRANKY

Yeah, well, I didn't win any popularity contests either.

REESE

I find that really hard to believe.

FRANKY

I ate my lunch alone in the auto shop. Something about leaving a layer of motor oil on everything I touched didn't ingratiate me with the student body of Pegram High.

REESE

Yeah... Hey, maybe you and I would have been friends. I'd have sat with you at lunch, and you could have beaten up the bullies for me.

She LAUGHS.

FRANKY

Yeah, maybe.

REESE

There was one cool thing about high school though.

FRANKY

Oh yeah? Do tell.

REESE
Driver's ed.

FRANKY
Really? What was your favorite
part? The insurance discount?

She nudges him with her elbow, "Har har." He smiles.

REESE
The handbook.

FRANKY
You've lost me.

REESE
In that little book were all the
rules you'd ever need. Follow them
and you'd always be okay. You'd
always be right. You'd always be
safe. No matter what else was going
on in life, you'd have the rules.

Franky touches Reese's hand, reassuring.

FRANKY
That's kinda sad.

REESE
I studied that handbook nonstop
until I had it memorized. And when
I got my license, I spent whole
days in the family car just
driving. Going the speed limit.
Yielding to the right of way.
Following the rules.
(beat)
No, it wasn't sad. There was
freedom in it. I didn't have to be
afraid, I just had to follow the
book. Follow the rules.

FRANKY
And now you're a burgeoning
criminal.

REESE
Yeah...
(beat)
Hey, we can't all be kickass grease
monkey, drag racers like you.

She smiles.

FRANKY
You're not like the guys Campbell
usually trains.

Reese deflates.

REESE
Oh...

FRANKY
It's a good thing.

She smiles and Reese re-inflates.

There's a silence. They're having a moment. It's not awkward... yet. But, sure enough, Reese breaks the silence.

REESE
So, um, that Jack is pretty cool,
huh?

The moment is gone.

FRANKY
Sure, I guess. He's more Campbell's
associate than mine.

REESE
What, you don't like him?

FRANKY
Let's just say he doesn't frequent
the junkyard because he's looking
for rare car parts.

REESE
What do you mean?

FRANKY
Reese. Figure it out.

Reese looks out the RV window and sees a compactor crushing a car, forever encasing its contents in a metal cube.

REESE
Oh... Oh!

Reese lets the gravity of the situation sink in.

FRANKY
Yeah. "Oh."

REESE
I thought he was joking about that!

FRANKY

Just watch your back, huh?

REESE

Oh, no, Jack's not like that with me. He's been a mentor really. See, I'm sorta going through a meta--

FRANKY

Metamorphosis. Yeah, I heard. Just make sure your metamorphosis ends better than Dave's did.

Reese looks worried, whispers.

REESE

Who's Dave?

FRANKY

Jack's wheelman on the train heist.

REESE

Train heist? Wait, what happened to Dave?

JACK (O.S.)

Dave got careless.

Reese practically jumps out of his skin, spilling beer on himself as Jack enters the RV. Franky stands.

REESE

Jack. Hey. How long have you been standing there?

(beat)

Beer?

Reese offers Jack a beer.

JACK

How's the studying going?

FRANKY

I'm gonna get back to the garage. I'll see you later, Reese.

REESE

Okay, yeah. Thanks for the drink.

Franky walks past Jack towards the door.

FRANKY

Jack.

JACK
Francine.

Franky leaves. Jack sits across from Reese.

Jack spins the map around, looking at the route Reese drew.

JACK (CONT'D)
This'll have to do. That's enough
homework for today. Let's go.

REESE
Right now? But I've had a beer.

Jack rolls his eyes and heads to the door. Reese fumbles to get up, chasing after him.

REESE (CONT'D)
We gonnao do recon for the job?

JACK
Don't say "the job," you're not
Danny Ocean.

REESE
Right. Sorry. I've heard that.

JACK
And don't say "recon."

Jack exits and Reese chases after him.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

Reese follows Jack into a massive warehouse. In the center, a staging area has been set up with a whiteboard, maps, gear, and blueprints. The same blueprints downloaded during the train heist.

Nearby, Jack's team (the Female and Male Passengers) from the train heist preps their gear.

CROFT (28), a wolf in sheep's clothing, plays with a switchblade, and REDFORD (31), a guy who hacks the Pentagon just to access the cameras in the women's locker room, plays a video game on an impressive computer array.

JACK
Listen up. This is our new
wheelman, Reese. This is Croft.
She's our muscle.

Reese looks at the small woman. He whispers to Jack.

REESE

Really? Muscle? But she's so tiny.

Croft's eyes narrow. She looks at Jack.

CROFT

May I?

Jack shrugs.

JACK

Just nothing permanent.

Jack takes a step back.

Croft flips over her table and runs straight at Reese. She jumps, grabbing him and swinging around him as if he were a firemen's pole.

The momentum hurls Reese, spinning through the air.

He lands with a THUD. Croft pounces on top of him, brandishing two knives from her waistband. She holds one across his throat and the other to his groin.

REESE

WHOA!? Shit! No, stop! You're the muscle! You're the muscle! I like powerful women! I kinda have a thing for a mechanic! She scares me, too. Not as much as you, but--

Reese hyperventilates. Redford shakes his head.

REDFORD

Rookie mistake.

Croft smirks. She pulls her blades back and hops up, slinking back to her table.

CROFT

You look like Harry Potter.

REESE

(sotto)

Why does everyone keep saying that?

Jack helps Reese up.

JACK

You all right? Everything still where it's supposed to be?

Reese checks himself, then nods.

JACK (CONT'D)
Good. You'll have to forgive Croft.
She was Napoleon in another life.

Croft shrugs, proud of it.

JACK (CONT'D)
Moving on. Meet Redford. He's tech.

Redford wears an old school Casio calculator watch like Reese's. He types on his keyboard and speaks into a video gamer's headset.

REDFORD
Red Leader Sixty Nine is A.F.K.

Redford removes the headset, hops up, and vigorously shakes Reese's hand.

REDFORD (CONT'D)
Race! Good to meet you.

REESE
Likewise. And it's Reese.

Redford leans in close.

REDFORD
Is it? I don't know, Race. I don't know.

REESE
Okay?...

Reese spots a familiar item on Redford's work station. He bends down to admire it.

REESE (CONT'D)
Hey, you have a cool radio frequency jammer thing, too. Nice.

Jack's ears perk up.

REESE (CONT'D)
It's just like the one Loco used during his bank robbery.

Jack glares at Redford. Redford shrinks.

JACK
You don't say?

REESE

Yeah, he used it to find the dye pack. Well, dye packs, really. There were two, which is good luck, apparently.

(to Redford)

Do you make these?

Redford nervously pounds an energy drink.

JACK

Huh? I wonder how Loco would obtain such a high-tech, extremely traceable piece of equipment to use during the worst fucking planned bank heist in the history of fucking bank heists?

Jack's cool exterior begins to crack. Redford avoids eye contact, trying to mask genuine fear. Reese gleans only a portion of what's happening, confused.

Redford's Casio calculator watch BEEP BEEP BEEPS. Reese notices the watch then holds up his own.

REESE

Cool. Samesies!

Redford forces a smile as Jack continues to glare at him.

Jack opens his mouth to further chastise Redford then lets it go, saved by the bell. Redford swallows hard.

JACK

Gear up, people. It's go time.

Jack and Croft zip on a matching pairs of janitorial coveralls. Jack picks up a bag of gear.

REESE

Wait, what, now?!

JACK

I told you I was on a time crunch.

Reese hesitates.

REESE

What about Loco? We should wait for him! Right?!

JACK

Loco isn't the kinda guy I trust on something like this.

Jack nods to Reese, reassuringly. Jack heads to the car as Croft and Redford grab their gear.

As she walks by, Croft taps Reese on his groin. Redford LAUGHS, shaking off his nerves.

REDFORD

Okay, Race, time to see if you're as good as Jack says you are.

He runs after Jack.

REDFORD (CONT'D)

Whooo! Let's do this!

Reese runs to catch up.

REESE

But I don't even know what we're stealing?!

EXT. ART MUSEUM - LATER

Reese pulls Jack's GT-R to a stop outside an all glass building, an art museum like New York's MoMa.

Jack sits in the passenger seat with Redford sitting behind him and Croft sitting behind Reese.

REESE

An art museum? Are we stealing a painting or something?

JACK

Not quite.

Jack checks his watch.

JACK (CONT'D)

Croft. We're up.

Jack climbs out of the car.

REESE

A sculpture then?

Croft reaches up and opens Reese's door. She slams Reese's chair forward, pinning him against the wheel. OOOMPH.

She climbs out, but not before giving Reese's chair another firm nudge. Double OOOMPH.

REESE (CONT'D)

Come on!

Jack places a small earpiece in his ear.

JACK

Redford, comms check.

Redford flips open his laptop and taps the keys.

REDFORD

Reading you five by five.

Redford's laptop shows two blinking BLIPS on a map.

REDFORD (CONT'D)

And GPS locators are hot.

Jack walks around to the driver's side and leans in to Reese.

JACK

Look, I realize I'm throwing you
into the deep end here, but our
window is closing fast and I think
you're ready.

Jack reaches into Reese's shirt pocket and pulls out his
sunglasses. He puts the sunglasses on Reese.

JACK (CONT'D)

Trust yourself. You'll be fine.

REDFORD

Use the force, Luke.

Jack glares at Redford.

REDFORD (CONT'D)

Um, I'll keep an eye on him, Boss.
Race will be fine. Won't you, Race?

Reese nods, "I guess."

Jack opens the trunk and gets his gear and some custodial
supplies to uphold their janitor cover.

Reese leans out the window and yells after Jack.

REESE

But I don't even know what we're--

Jack puts his arms up, "Be cool." Reese cringes, "Whoops."

REESE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
--stealing.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK
Stay in the car. We'll be out soon.

Jack and Croft cross the street, heading away from the art museum and towards a nondescript, concrete building.

REESE
Wait, where are they going?

Jack and Croft enter the building.

REESE (CONT'D)
I thought this was an art heist?

Redford taps away on his laptop.

REDFORD
Here, you wanna watch?

Redford leans into the front seat, showing Reese his screen.

ON THE SCREEN, a CCTV feed shows Jack and Croft crossing the lobby of the building. They stop at a security checkpoint, wave some employee badges, and gain access to the elevators.

REESE
You hacked their security--

Redford holds up a finger for quiet, then taps his earpiece.

REDFORD
Hold on. Looping... now.

Redford types on his computer and the CCTV feed jumps to the camera in the elevator.

Redford points to a window showing Jack and Croft riding the elevator up. Reese watches.

REDFORD (CONT'D)
What we see--

Then he points to a window with the same elevator only empty.

REDFORD (CONT'D)
And what security sees.

REESE

Nice.

Redford nods then taps his earpiece.

REDFORD

Okay, Jack, you're invisible.

(to Reese)

You liked that one, huh? That's just a low grade data coil. Anyone with a Commodore Sixty-Four could do that. Watch this.

ON THE SCREEN, Jack and Croft make their way down a hallway to a security door.

Redford CLICKS and CLACKS on his keyboard.

The security door's keypad blinks green and unlocks.

REDFORD (CONT'D)

That security keypad had eighteen levels of D.O.D. encryption. I ran four separate subroutines just to-- Hold on.

Jack and Croft move through the door.

Redford taps his earpiece.

REDFORD (CONT'D)

No cameras from here on out, Jack. Going dark. See you on the other side.

(to Reese)

Now, we wait.

EXT. ART MUSEUM - LATER

Reese waits impatiently in the front seat, checking his mirrors and wristwatch nonstop. He nervously looks back at Redford in the back seat.

Redford has several new windows on his screen. One window is a live feed of a mostly nude girl, ANALIA, on a webcam. He notices Reese looking at his screen.

REDFORD

That's Analia.

Analia shakes her ass for the camera, then grabs the largest dildo this side of the Mason-Dixon line... maybe both sides.

REESE

Pretty name.

REDFORD

She's from Bucharest. After this job, I'm going to fly there and meet her in person.

Reese keeps his distance, creeps out.

REESE

I wonder how it's going in there.

REDFORD

Don't worry about it. They're fine. Jack's a pro.

In another window, Redford plays an MMORPG video game. His avatar looks just like Analia, giant dildo sword and all.

REDFORD (CONT'D)

Do you game?

The screen is covered with files of other recorded CCTV footage from heists. One is labeled "Train Heist."

REESE

No, I, um-- What's that?

Reese points to the video.

REDFORD

Oh, man, Race, this was epic!

Redford opens the video file and footage edited together from traffic cams and train security feeds shows the train heist.

REDFORD (CONT'D)

Check me out, car surfing at one hundred and thirty miles per hour.

The heist unfolds with Croft and Redford getting back in their cars.

REDFORD (CONT'D)

Watch this; this is gnarly.

The footage of the second car blowing a tire then being hit by the train fills the screen.

Reese's eyes go wide. He GULPS.

REDFORD (CONT'D)
Right?! Poor Dave. You should have
seen Jack, though. Cool as ice, not
a drop of sweat. I was pissing my
racing suit!

Redford types on his keyboard. Then Reese's phone vibrates.

REDFORD (CONT'D)
I sent it to you.

REESE
Uh, thanks?

REDFORD
And I added you to my mailing list.
I get the sickest anime porn.

A light blinks on Redford's screen.

REESE
What's that?

Redford clicks the alert and it opens a window with the CCTV
feed outside the security door.

ON THE SCREEN, Jack and Croft, now dressed in black suits,
come through the door. They exchange gunfire with several
GUARDS. Jack signals the camera, "Now!"

REDFORD
Looks like they went with plan B.

Redford taps away on the keyboard and the security door slams
shut, locks, and then smoke pours from the door's keypad.

He types a few lines of code and very delicately hits enter.

ON THE SCREEN, the lights go out and the cameras shift to
night vision. Jack and Croft grab night vision goggles from
their gear bags and move to the elevator.

Reese's eyes are locked to the screen.

REDFORD (CONT'D)
They'll be coming out hot.

Reese nods.

REDFORD (CONT'D)
That means start the engine.

Reese nods, eyes glued to the screen, and starts the engine.

He glances at the laptop screen. Croft fights two Guards in the darkened elevator while Jack is strangled by a third.

REDFORD (CONT'D)
Coming out real hot.

Reese taps the steering wheel, anxious.

REESE
Let's go. Let's go.

WOOP! WOOP! POLICE SIRENS WAIL nearby, growing closer.

REESE (CONT'D)
The police are coming?!

REDFORD
No shit, Race. If there wasn't going to be a police chase, we wouldn't have needed a wheelman.

Jack and Croft run from the building towards the car.

JACK
Time to go, Reese!

They dive into the car and Reese takes off down the street.

Police Cruisers turn the corner, blocking their path.

CROFT
Dead end.

Reese throws the car in reverse, heading away from the police. Suddenly, Police Cruisers pull in, blocking that side of the street, too.

Reese looks around, they're surrounded.

REESE
I don't-- How-- What do I do?!

Reese looks at Croft.

REESE (CONT'D)
Did you change outfits?!

Reese panics. He can't breathe.

Jack grabs Reese's hand on the stick shift.

JACK
Hey, look at me.

Reese looks at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Breathe. Clear your head. And.
 Just. Drive.

Reese breathes, clearing his head. He looks around, his Driver Vision kicking in.

He looks down the street, does the math. It's blocked. He spots an alley. Nope, too tight.

Reese zones in on the sidewalk in front of the glass-walled art museum. He scans the crowd, the tour groups, the museum hours, and an exhibit advertisement. Bingo, that'll work.

Reese cuts the wheel and guns it. The car hops the curb, and Reese drives down the sidewalk in front of the art museum.

Suddenly, a WOMAN pushes a baby carriage out of the museum's front entrance directly in the path of the car.

Just before they collide, Reese cuts the wheel hard.

CRASH! The car flies into--

INT. ART MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

--the glass wall of the museum shatters and Reese suddenly finds himself driving in the museum's lobby.

REDFORD
 Jesus, this guy really had his
 heart set on an art heist!

Jack, cool as ice, grins. Redford and Croft buckle their seat belts. Redford grabs her hand. She yanks it away, disgusted.

PATRONS dive out of the way as the GT-R careens past the ticket booth and info desk.

JACK
 Twenty five dollars a ticket? And
 we're the criminals?

Redford looks behind them, watching as the Police Cruisers stop outside the museum.

REDFORD
 They aren't following!

REESE
 What do I do?!

Several BICYCLE COPS weave between the Cruisers and cycle into the museum in pursuit.

REDFORD

They've sent in the ten speeds.

CROFT

Bike cops? I fucking hate bike cops!

(to Reese)

Mow them down!

Reese looks freaked. Jack waves off Croft.

JACK

Just drive.

Reese nods, "Okay," and steers towards the--

MODERN/CONTEMPORARY GALLERY

Reese speeds the GT-R past priceless works of art. PATRONS and CURATORS stop staring at Lichtensteins and Picassos and focus on the car hauling ass through the exhibit with Bike Cops in hot pursuit.

Reese cuts the wheel, avoiding a massive Jackson Pollock hanging in midair in the center of the room.

REDFORD

You should have hit it.

CROFT

Oh, you're one of those assholes who says anyone could do what Pollock did, right? Because he was a genius and that is a work of--

Two Bike Cops swerve around the Pollock, but a third RIP! crashes right into it.

REDFORD

HA HA! Yes!

Croft punches Redford in the arm. He WINCES and rubs it.

Reese flies through the packed exhibit as fast as the tight quarters will allow.

The GT-R speeds past a group of oblivious, headphones-wearing ART LOVERS who take the audio tour.

The Bike Cops pedal like mad, racing just behind Reese.

REESE
Which way?!

JACK
Take a left at the Edward Hopper.

Reese jerks the wheel, skidding between exhibits.

REESE
You know a way out of here?!

JACK
(wryly)
No, I just want to see the new
Matisse.

They whip past Matisse's "Bathers by a River."

REDFORD
Cool. Boobs.

The "boobs" in question are merely two circles on an abstract woman. Croft just stares at Redford, shaking her head.

Reese looks in the rear view mirror at Redford and Croft.

REESE
Kinda trying to concentrate here!

Croft points ahead of the car, "Ahem!"

Reese looks ahead just in time. He swerves, fishtailing to a stop, slamming into a dead end, and crushing a sculpture. One of the bike cops crashes into the side of the GT-R.

Reese steps on the gas and speeds back into the gallery, the remaining Bike Cops gaining on his bumper.

REESE (CONT'D)
Come on! This little tour has been
all kinds of fun, but I really
think we should be going now!

JACK
Okay, okay. I got this.

Jack spots William de Kooning's sculpture "Head #3" and as they fly pass it, he opens his door hitting it.

The sculpture lands with a THUD in the path of a Bike Cop. The Cop hits it, flying end over end, causing a massive pile up with the other Bike Cops.

Jack looks around the car.

JACK (CONT'D)
Any problem with that, art lovers?

Reese shakes his head, relieved.

REDFORD
Nope.

CROFT
It was fucking hideous.

JACK
Good.

Jack spots their way out.

JACK (CONT'D)
Exit through the gift shop.

Reese nods and guns it.

The car SMASHES through the gift shop, souvenirs and reproductions flying everywhere.

Jack reaches, grabs a Pollock print, and hands it to Croft.

JACK (CONT'D)
Here, Croft. Enjoy.

CRASH! The car jumps through the back wall of the gift shop. Unfortunately, the back of the museum sits on the second floor. The car soars through the air.

ALL
SHIT!!!

The car lands. Hard. Then turns up the street, disappearing with a trail of sparks.

The Police Cruisers turn the corner, too late. They're gone.

BACK IN THE GIFT SHOP, an ELDERLY COUPLE stands amongst the souvenir wreckage, watching the car leave. The Old Man turns to his wife.

OLD MAN
Performance art. Meh...

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Gang gathers around a large, table-high gun safe in the middle of the warehouse. On the safe sits a small, open box.

The box holds a flat, matte black computer chip. The one from the train heist's download.

Reese leans in, staring at the prize.

REDFORD
It's beautiful.

CROFT
I'm so hard right now.

REESE
Wow...
(beat)
What is it?

JACK
Mai Tais on a beach, is what it is.

Jack grabs the box, opens the safe, and closes it inside.

JACK (CONT'D)
You know what to do. Keep your heads low, et cetera, et cetera. Redford, you're on clean up duty.

REDFORD
Aw!

Croft CHUCKLES.

REDFORD (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Doodie.

CROFT
Later suckers.

Croft grabs her gear and exits.

JACK
(to Reese)
Walk with me.

Jack puts his arm around Reese and leads him to the exit.

Reese panics.

REESE
Jack, I'm so sorry about the museum! I had the escape route memorized and then the cops--

JACK
Relax. We got away clean. It's not
your fault the alarm went off
early.

Jack glances back at Redford. Reese watches as Jack's
nostrils flare.

REESE
Oh...

JACK
Normally, I wouldn't go into a job
this important with a first timer,
but you handled yourself. You
continue to impress me.

Reese smiles.

REESE
So... now what do I do?

JACK
Go home. Have a beer. Have ten. You
just became a very rich man.

REESE
How do I...

JACK
I've set up accounts in the Caymans
for everyone.

REESE
Cool... the Caymans.

Jack opens the door for Reese and guides him out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jack closes the door, leaving Reese outside alone.

REESE
Okay, so, yeah, I'll just go have a
beer then! Keep my head low!

Reese kicks the dirt, nowhere to go.

He shrugs and walks towards his car. He passes a window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, Reese watches Jack and Redford arguing.
Jack is in a rage, holding Redford's radio frequency jammer.

Redford pleads until, SLAP!, Jack backhands Redford across the face. Reese cringes.

Redford rubs his cheek as Jack storms off towards the exit.

REESE (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

Reese runs to avoid being detected, hops in his car, and drives off.

INT. SALVATORE'S JUNKYARD - OLD RV - NIGHT

Reese sits alone in the trailer having a wine cooler.

Campbell enters. He looks at the wine cooler.

CAMPBELL

What the fuck is that?

REESE

It's kiwi strawberry. I'm kinda celebrating.

Campbell takes the wine cooler and throws it out the window.

REESE (CONT'D)

Hey! That was a... dollar.

Campbell opens a cabinet and grabs two shot glasses and a bottle of whiskey. He slams them down in front of Reese, pours two shots, then downs his.

Reese sniffs the whiskey, holding it under his cringing nose. Campbell lifts it up to Reese's mouth, forcing him to drink.

Reese reluctantly downs the shot and winces.

Campbell pours them another round. They drink. He pours. And they drink.

As they drink, TIME SPEEDS UP, flying by in a drunken blur.

Franky enters and joins the guys in a flaming shot. Now it's a party.

Shots are joined by beers... and drinking games... and then Campbell starts dancing... with Salvatore the Chihuahua.

Reese dances the dance of the awkward white man. The running man gives way to the cabbage patch followed by the Macarena.

Franky joins Reese, silly dancing, but soon the alcohol steers the dancing into salacious territory. Campbell and Salvatore slow dance.

Campbell gets a phone call and steps out, leaving Reese and Franky dancing alone and time slows down.

They look into each other's eyes. It. Just. Got. Serious.

REESE (CONT'D)

So...

FRANKY

Yeah...

Reese sweats.

REESE

Hey, um, look, I really wanted to, you know, um, thank you for all your, like, help with the, um, training me or whatever.

FRANKY

It was fun. You're a good student.

REESE

You're a really good teacher.

Reese swallows, the room is suddenly very quiet. Franky gives him a coy smile.

And then Reese vomits on Franky's shoes.

INT. SALVATORE'S JUNKYARD - OLD RV - MORNING

Reese sleeps with his head on the table as Franky slides a mug of coffee to him.

Reese wakes up and wipes the crust from his mouth.

FRANKY

Morning, Big Drinker.

Reese rubs his temples, hungover. He GROANS.

REESE

What happened last night?

FRANKY

You don't remember?

REESE
The last thing I remember is
Campbell twerking with his dog.

FRANKY
Nothing after that?

Reese thinks on it, then it comes flooding back.

REESE
Oh God!

FRANKY
Yeah.

REESE
On your shoes...

FRANKY
Yeah.

REESE
I'm so, so, so sorry.

Franky waves him off.

FRANKY
You can make it up to me by buying
me breakfast.

Reese dry heaves.

REESE
How can you eat after drinking that
much?

They get up and walk to the door.

EXT. SALVATORE'S JUNKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Franky and Reese walk from the trailer through the junkyard.

FRANKY
My Dad and Campbell taught me how
to hold my liquor when I was
fourteen.

REESE
Hey, what happened to Campbell last
night? He took off.

FRANKY

Jack needed him for something.
Don't ask.

They pass a recently wrecked car, now in crushed cube form.

A familiar BEEPING catches Reese's attention. He looks down at his watch. It's not the source of beeping.

REESE

Do you hear that?

The BEEPING comes from the newly crushed car.

Reese gets a closer look. A mangled Casio calculator watch is wedged in the wreck.

Reese stares at the watch. Then at his own. He GASPS.

INT. DINER - LATER

Reese sits across from Franky in a booth at a greasy spoon.

REESE

I'm telling you, that was Redford's watch! He had the exact same one!

Reese holds up his wrist and shakes his watch.

REESE (CONT'D)

It was a Casio calculator watch just like mine!

FRANKY

Which they made millions of.

REESE

Oh come on, what are the odds?

FRANKY

I'm just saying, you don't know for sure, so why jump to conclusions?

REESE

Okay, okay, let's assume that wasn't Redford's watch and his body wasn't crushed in a cube of metal.

(quietly)

Which it totally was.

(beat)

What about Jack's last wheelman?

FRANKY

Dave?

REESE

Right! Dave.

Reese pulls his phone out and plays the train heist video Redford sent him.

REESE (CONT'D)

I watched it last night. At first I thought, wow, bad luck, right? But watch how the tire explodes before the crash. Is that normal? For a tire to explode like that? I don't know! What if, maybe, this wasn't an accident? What if Jack--

Franky takes Reese's phone and drops it in his water glass.

REESE (CONT'D)

Hey!

Franky grabs Reese by the collar. She yanks him close.

FRANKY

Let it go.

Reese is rattled.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

I'm serious, Reese. You need to drop this right now. Don't ask questions you don't-- just drop it.

Reese is taken aback. She's really upset.

REESE

I--

FRANKY

Promise me.

Reese opens his mouth to argue.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

Promise me!

Franky's eyes glisten and Reese sees the caring behind the anger. He folds.

REESE

I promise.

She let's him go and collects herself.

REESE (CONT'D)
You're right. Redford's probably
fine. I overreacted.

FRANKY
Thank you.

Reese smiles for her benefit, but uncertainty creeps across his face.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Reese sneaks up outside the warehouse. He peeks in the window. The coast is clear.

Reese slides the window open and climbs inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Reese lands awkwardly beneath the open window. He scrambles to his feet, dusting himself off.

He keeps low, moving as stealthily as someone like Reese can.

He gets to the center of the room, looks around, then stands up straight, almost embarrassed at how foolish he looks.

REESE
Hello? Redford, buddy, you here?
(beat)
Redford? You're in the bathroom
with some manga porn, right?

The place is deserted. Most of the gear has been packed in boxes or burned in a metal trash can. All that remains intact is the large gun safe and Redford's computer station.

Reese checks the safe. It's locked.

He puts his ear to the safe and turns the dial delicately. He turns the handle. It's still locked.

REESE (CONT'D)
Yeah, no idea what I'm doing.

He walks over to Redford's computer and inspects it. He taps a few keys on the keyboard.

The computer comes to life as nude webcam girl Analia fills the screen.

REESE (CONT'D)
Shit. Um, oh god.

SHE TYPES: "hey, bb! I so horny. Wanna play?"

Reese talks as he types.

REESE (CONT'D)
Hello, Analia. How are you? Thank
you for the offer to play, but I am
busy right now. Maybe another time?
(sotto)
Why am I rescheduling?

Analia shrugs and grabs a massive butt plug.

REESE (CONT'D)
My god! It's like a parking cone.

A car door SLAMS outside. Jack and Croft walk to the
warehouse.

Reese panics and ducks behind the gun safe.

Jack and Croft enter and walk to the staging area.

JACK
Loco will be joining us at the
docks for the exchange. I'm not
taking any chances with the Saudis.

CROFT
I can handle them.

JACK
I don't doubt it. But they'll be
insulted I brought a woman in the
first place.

CROFT
I'm not wearing a fucking burqa.

JACK
Abaya.

CROFT
Whatever.

JACK
Hey, not all cultures are as
progressive as ours.

Jack slaps Croft on the ass. She playfully YELPS.

Jack moves to the safe and dials in the combination.

Reese crouches as low as he can, hiding just behind the safe.

Jack opens the safe and removes the box. They admire it.

JACK (CONT'D)
Sexy. Sexy. Sexy.

Then Croft notices Redford's computer screen.

CROFT
Look. The geek left his smut on.

JACK
Hell, it's not like he'll be
needing it where he is.

They both LAUGH.

JACK (CONT'D)
(re Analia)
She's not bad though. Fuck. That
thing's as big as a parking cone.

Croft slaps Jack across the face. Hard.

He touches his lip. There's blood. He looks pissed.

Then they kiss hard enough to chip teeth.

Croft slams Jack into the safe. They make out, hovering just above Reese. He closes his eyes, trying to hide.

Croft grabs Jack by the crotch and yanks him away from the safe and the box. She leads him into a side room, closing the door behind them.

ROUGH, DIRTY SEX sounds emanate back to Reese.

CROFT (O.S.)
Tell me how rich we're going to be!

SLAP!

JACK (O.S.)
Filthy fucking rich!

SLAP! SPANK!

CROFT (O.S.)
I get to kill the driver this time?

SLAP! SPANK! MOAN!

JACK (O.S.)
 No loose ends, right? Shame, I
 almost like this one. Let's kill
 him together!

SLAP! SPANK! MOAN! HEE HAW!

After hearing Jack, Reese covers his mouth, panicking.

He stands up, looking for an exit. As he rises, he passes the computer chip with his magnetic pocket protector.

The chip jumps from its box and SNAPS onto Reese's pocket, unbeknownst to him.

He turns to run for the exit but trips on Redford's headphones and stumbles, dropping his glasses.

The headphone cord yanks from the computer, and, suddenly, Analia's MOANS of pleasure ECHO through the warehouse.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 The fuck?

Reese runs for the exit, escaping just as Jack and Croft emerge from the side room.

Croft wears a leather dominatrix outfit and Jack wears a zippered, leather Gimp mask and no shirt.

He yanks the Gimp mask off his head, handcuffs dangling from his wrist. They each carry a handgun, scanning the room.

Jack turns off the computer, suspicious. He runs to the safe and grabs the box. He stares at its emptiness.

Croft picks up Reese's glasses and hands them to Jack.

Jack holds them in his hand. His nostrils flare, rage building. His fist closes around the glasses crushing them.

EXT./INT. REESE'S CAR - TRAVELING - MOMENTS LATER

Reese hauls ass away from the warehouse, unaware the computer chip rests on his pocket protector.

Reese HONK, HONK, HONKS the horn in frustration.

REESE
 Shit. Shit. Shit!

Reese CHUCKLES at himself.

REESE (CONT'D)

An account in the Caymans... idiot!

(mocking Jack)

I need a wheelman. Have a metamorphosis, and, hey, while you're at it, I've got a bridge in Brooklyn you might be interested in purchasing. Then I can hang you from it!

(beat)

So stupid, Reese!

Reese changes lanes without signalling, cutting off another car. The other car SCREECHES its brakes and HONKS at Reese.

Reese barely notices, driving erratically without his glasses or his concentration.

REESE (CONT'D)

SHIT!!

Reese squeezes the steering wheel after his cathartic yell.

Reese squints, spotting a sign that reads, "TIJUANA - 140 MILES" up the road. He thinks on it for a moment then increases speed towards Mexico.

He looks down at the fuel gauge. It's just above Empty.

Reese pulls the car into--

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Reese parks his car next to the pump and hops out. He unscrews his gas cap and begins fueling up.

Reese rubs his eyes, downtrodden.

DARREN (O.S.)

Reese?

Reese lifts his head and comes face-to-face with BATMAN.

Reese SCREAMS and stumbles, spilling gas on his pants.

Darren, Reese's eager driving student from earlier, takes his Batman mask off.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Sorry! It's me, Darren. I forgot I had it on--

Darren helps Reese up.

REESE

Darren? You, uh, I knew it was you.

Reese takes a deep breath, collecting himself.

REESE (CONT'D)

Cool costume. You saving the world?

Darren points to a car load of FRIENDS, all dressed in various costumes. Wolverine, Spider-man, Iron Man.

DARREN

Ha, no, we're just driving down for Hero-Con this weekend.

Reese loses himself in thought. He mouths the word "hero."

REESE

Hero-Con...

(beat, snapping out of it)

So, hey, you got your license.
Congratulations.

DARREN

I couldn't have done it without
you, you know?

A PRETTY GIRL dressed as Wonder Woman comes out of the gas station carrying a bag of snacks. She waves at Darren and heads to the passenger seat of his car.

Reese nods, impressed.

REESE

She's with you?

Darren smiles, filled with pride.

DARREN

Ever since I got the license. In high school, girls really like a guy who can drive.

REESE

They like that when you're an adult, too.

Reese drifts in thought again.

Darren snaps him back to the present.

DARREN

Hey, you know what, she's going for her license next month, maybe you could give her a lesson so she--

REESE

I'm sorry, Darren. I don't really do that anymore. Actually, I think I'm going to be going away for a little while.

DARREN

Oh. That's too bad. You're a really great teacher.

HONK! HONK! Darren's friends beckon.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I gotta go, the villains aren't going to vanquish themselves.

Darren CHUCKLES, aware of his nerdiness.

DARREN (CONT'D)

It was good seeing you.

REESE

Yeah, you too, Darren.

Darren walks back to his car as Reese finishes pumping gas.

VRRRRR. Reese's phone vibrates. He checks it.

ON THE PHONE: A text message from Franky, "Hey, meet me at the junkyard ASAP! 911"

Reese looks at the message then to the road sign for Tijuana.

He looks over at Darren in his car. Darren leans over and gives his Wonder Woman a kiss. They drive out of the station.

Reese spots a bumper sticker on Darren's car. "Heroes Do It Better" with a picture of Superman.

Reese looks back at the text message.

EXT. SALVATORE'S JUNKYARD - LATER

Reese sneaks into the junkyard in his awkward stealth mode.

REESE

(whispering)

Franky?

Reese crouches and looks around a pile of tires.

REESE (CONT'D)
(whisper yelling)
Franky?!

CAMPBELL (O.S.)
They took her.

Reese looks up to see Campbell standing above him on a pile of refrigerators holding a shotgun.

Campbell has a fresh black eye. He's been interrogated, hard.

Reese puts his hands up, panicked.

REESE
Franky? No! Why?! Who took her,
Campbell?

CAMPBELL
Bartles and James.
(beat)
Who do you fucking think? Jack and
that fucking bitch.

Campbell touches his eye, definitely Croft's handiwork.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
Said you stole something of theirs
and that if you didn't bring it
back, they'd kill her. Jesus,
Reese! How could you be so stupid?!

REESE
Stole something... but I didn't
take anything of theirs?

Campbell approaches Reese and uses the shotgun to point to Reese's pocket.

CAMPBELL
Then what the hell is that?

Reese looks down and sees the computer chip stuck to his pocket protector.

REESE
Oh, shit.
(beat)
Campbell, you gotta believe me I
had no idea. I would never-- I
mean, why would I?! This is... This
is... Oh, shit!

Reese's heart sinks. He slumps down, sitting on a truck tire.

REESE (CONT'D)
And now they've got Franky?

Campbell climbs down and stands in front of Reese.

CAMPBELL
Yeah, down at the docks.
(beat)
Only you could accidentally steal something. Christ.

Reese points to the shotgun.

REESE
Is that really necessary?

CAMPBELL
It will be if you get any bright fucking ideas about running.

REESE
I'm not going to run, Campbell. Not while they have Franky.
(beat)
I heard them say they were gonna kill me. Hell, they already killed Redford and Dave!

Campbell lowers the shotgun slightly, confused.

CAMPBELL
Who the fuck is Dave?

REESE
Jack's last wheelman.

CAMPBELL
Oh, right, Dave. Nice guy.

Campbell remembers himself and points the shotgun at Reese with greater threat of action.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
It doesn't fucking matter! If I want Franky back, there's just one thing I gotta do. March your ass over to Jack and make the trade.

REESE
And you think Jack will just hand her over to you?
(MORE)

REESE (CONT'D)

Come on, Campbell, I'm the naive one here and even I know they're gonna kill her. I think this is Jack's last score. He wants to get away clean. No witnesses.

Reese stands up.

REESE (CONT'D)

No. No, if we want Franky back there's only one way to do it.
(beat, inspired)
We take her back. You and me. We ride in there, save her, and tell Jack to go fuck himself.

CAMPBELL

(wryly)
Good plan.

REESE

We'll figure it out. Together. What do you say? I can't do it alone. Will you help me save Franky?

Campbell thinks on it, unsure. He lowers the shotgun.

CAMPBELL

You're right, I'll help--

KA-POW! Reese nails Campbell in the jaw with a right hook. Campbell is barely fazed.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

What the fuck?! I said you were right!

REESE

Sorry! I thought you weren't going to-- nevermind. Sorry.

CAMPBELL

Jesus, you can't punch for shit.

Reese rubs his hand, in pain.

REESE

Sorry.

Campbell cocks his shotgun, ready to rock.

CAMPBELL

Okay, I'm in. We'll do it your way.
I'll shoot. You drive. We just need
to get you a car. A fast one.

Reese's eyes narrow, an idea forming.

REESE

Leave that to me.

INT. ZHANG DRIVING SCHOOL - DAY

The Doctor opens a garage door and proudly stands next to Reese and Campbell.

DOCTOR

There she is, boys. The number
seven car. I call her Jasmine.

Inside the garage sits the single most beautiful driver
instructor car ever built.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I started working on Jasmine after
the number six car went missing.

Reese avoids eye contact, guilty.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

She's a modified Eclipse GT--

Campbell spits on the ground.

CAMPBELL

Fucking imports.

DOCTOR

--front wheel drive with two
hundred sixty-five horse power,
three point eight liter V-six
cylinder, five speed shifttable
automatic, and, of course, the FAT
system dual brake and accelerator
pedals.

Doctor runs a shammy cloth over her hood.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

She's supposed to be part of the
new fleet for the defensive driving
courses we're offering next
month... so please try to bring it
back in one piece.

Doctor hands Reese the keys.

REESE
I'll do my best. And thanks again,
Doctor. I owe you big time.

DOCTOR
I got your back, Reese's Pieces.

Doctor lovingly admires Jasmine.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Damn... she's perfect.

REESE
Not quite, but she will be.

INT. AUTOZONE - DAY

Reese, Campbell, and Doctor stroll into the Autozone. Jimmy waves, all smiles.

JIMMY
Hey, Reese! Long time no--

Reese stops him with a raised hand, all business.

REESE
Jimmy, I'm not here to fuck around.
I'm here to get in the zone.

AUTOZONE!!

Reese slaps down a credit card. Jimmy nods, "Fuck yeah."

--From the shelves, they grab racing shocks and struts. They grab a high performance muffler and low profile racing tires.

--They grab Nitrous Oxide Systems (NOS). The bigger the canisters, the better.

--BZZZ! BZZZ! Campbell, Jimmy, and Doctor speed install the new racing parts. Wrench! Ratchet! Duct tape! BZZZ! BZZZ!

--Reese grabs a pair of driving gloves and pulls them on. He yanks a leather racing jacket from the rack and slides it on.

EXT. AUTOZONE - LATER

Reese, Campbell, Doctor, and Jimmy stand next to a suped-up Jasmine, admiring her.

Reese throws on his sunglasses, time to rock and roll.

JIMMY

Reese, you look like a bad ass.

REESE

Thanks, Jimmy. And call me Race.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Jimmy and Doctor wave goodbye as Jasmine flies down the street, burning rubber with Reese and Campbell inside.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

An industrial shipping dock by the bay. Stacks upon stacks of large, metal shipping containers and massive cranes create a steel maze by the water.

Amongst the towers of shipping containers, Jack, with Croft and Loco, meets with a group of wealthy, bored SAUDIS.

Jack's GT-R is parked next to a row of black, Saudi-owned BMWs and Mercedes.

Croft keeps a not-so-gentle grip on a handcuffed Franky.

The head Saudi, HAMID EL ASIF, a man who has a private jet just for his luggage, plays on his cellphone, bored.

Jack checks his cell phone. A message from Campbell reads, "ON THE WAY."

JACK

The chip should be here any minute,
Hamid. My guy's bringing it, so
we're good.

Hamid doesn't look up from his phone, too rich to care.

JACK (CONT'D)

Yeah, any minute now. I wouldn't
worry. Not. To. Worry.

Franky struggles against her cuffs and Croft's hold.

CROFT

Hold still, you greasy bitch.

Loco SNICKERS.

LOCO
Please let me hold her, Croft!

Loco makes a not-so-subtle sexually suggestive gesture.

LOCO (CONT'D)
I promise to be gentle.

Franky MUMBLES something inaudibly.

CROFT
What?

Franky MUMBLES again and Croft leans in close to hear better.

CRUNCH! Franky headbutts Croft on the bridge of her nose.

FRANKY
I said, "who you calling bitch,"
Bitch?

Croft holds her nose, blood gushing.

CROFT
You broke my fucking nose!

WHAM! Croft pistol whips Franky. Franky touches her newly bloodied lip.

The Saudis snap photos of the two women with their phones. Franky and Croft both glare at the pervs.

FRANKY/CROFT
Seriously?!

ACROSS THE DOCKS

Reese and Campbell look through binoculars, watching Jack and company. They hide behind a Big Rig Car Transport as it is loaded with extra-large SUVs from a containership.

CAMPBELL
Hang in there, Franky, we're
coming.
(to Reese)
How do you wanna do it?

Reese looks around, a familiar look on his face. He's doing the math, seeing all the angles. Shipping containers to the right, a crane to the left, water straight ahead.

Reese smiles, staring at something.

REESE
Feel like going to work?

Campbell follows his gaze and starts smiling, too.

EXT. DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER

Jack checks his watch, impatiently waiting.

LOCO
Jack, the nerd's here.

Reese pulls Jasmine into the dock and parks across from the other cars.

Jack takes his gun out.

Reese gets out of the car and squares off across from Jack.

JACK
Well, fuck. Color me impressed.

Jack looks at Jasmine.

JACK (CONT'D)
Nice car.

REESE
(to Franky)
You okay?

Franky nods, glad to see him, despite Croft's gun poking her in the ribs.

REESE (CONT'D)
All right, Jack. I'm here. I brought your... thingy. Let her go.

JACK
Thingy? Christ.

Jack rolls his eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hand it over.

REESE
Not until you let Franky go.

Jack stares at Reese. He's losing his patience.

JACK
Fine! Whatever.

He signals to Croft to undo Franky's cuffs. Croft reaches for the cuffs, but before she can unlock them Franky wriggles out of them. Franky hands the picked cuffs to Croft with a shrug.

CROFT

Cute.

Franky walks away from Croft, gives Loco the finger in reply to another crude gesture, and stands beside Reese.

Jack raises his gun, aiming at Reese.

JACK

Now hand over the sixty three million dollar guidance chip.

Reese looks at the chip.

REESE

Sixty three million?! For this?!

Hamid looks at his huge, diamond-encrusted watch.

HAMID

Jack, my main man, can we move this along, bro. We have girls at club waiting in V.I.P, bro. Is Latin fusion night.

LOCO

Ooooh, da club, bro.

JACK

You heard the man. Move it along.

Reese acquiesces and cautiously tosses the chip towards Jack. It lands several feet in front of him.

CROFT

Jesus. Nice throw, pussy.

Jack rolls his eyes and walks to the chip. He picks it up and inspects it, all the while keeping his gun pointed at Reese.

Hamid walks over to Jack and snaps his fingers. One of the Saudis hurries over with an electronic chip reader.

Jack pops the chip in and the device's lights go from red to green, it's bona fide.

Hamid stifles a yawn while he nods, satisfied. He snaps again and another Saudi carries over a large case. He opens it, revealing stacks of bearer bonds.

REESE

Okay, you got what you wanted. So we're gonna go.

JACK

Sorry, that ain't gonna happen. I should have killed your Harry Potter looking ass yesterday.

Loco and Croft smile as Jack cocks his gun.

REESE

I had a feeling you'd say that.

A dark shadow moves over Reese. Reese smiles.

Jack looks up at the source of the shadow--

A giant metal shipping CONTAINER sways out from behind a tower of other containers and glides to a stop above them.

It hovers directly over Jack and Hamid's heads.

SNAP! The cable releases and the container falls.

Everyone dives for cover. Well, almost everyone.

Hamid is frozen. He looks up, no longer bored, and SCREAMS.

THUNK! The shipping container lands on Hamid, the chip, and the bonds. Dust and bearer bonds shoot out from the force of the massive container's weight.

CRANE CABIN

Campbell sits behind the controls of the dock's container crane, LAUGHING.

CAMPBELL

Heads up, mother fucker!

BACK ON THE DOCKS

Jack looks at the shipping container as the dust settles. Hamid is dead, the chip's destroyed, his money's gone.

Jack boils over, smoke almost coming from his ears.

From the other side of the container, Reese and Franky peel away in Jasmine, making their escape.

Jack points to Croft, Loco, and the Saudis.

JACK
I want them dead! NOW!

They scramble for their cars.

EXT./INT. JASMINE - TRAVELING - MOMENTS LATER

Reese steers Jasmine through the maze of shipping containers on the docks. Franky rides in the passenger seat.

Reese talks into a walkie-talkie.

REESE
Jesus, Campbell, I said between us,
not on us.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
Beggars and choosers, Reese.
Beggars and choosers. How is she?

FRANKY
I'm okay. Thanks for the assist.
(to Reese)
You, too. Thanks for coming.

REESE
No problem.

FRANKY
I had it handled though.

REESE
I have no doubts.

Reese whips Jasmine around a corner.

FRANKY
What's with the sunglasses?

REESE
They're prescription... I lost my
glasses. I look like a douche, huh?

FRANKY
Actually, you look kinda hot.

Reese smiles. He checks himself out in the side view mirror.

BANG! The side view mirror is shot off the car.

Franky looks behind them. Loco and the Saudis are in hot pursuit, chasing behind them in three luxury rides and leaning out the windows to fire automatic weapons.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! Bullets PING off Jasmine and the surrounding shipping containers.

Franky and Reese crouch as low as they can in their seats.

FRANKY (CONT'D)
Got a plan for getting out of here?

Reese talks into the walkie-talkie.

REESE
They want Harry Potter. Fine.
Campbell, initiate Operation
Hogwart's Hedge Maze.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
I told you I'm not calling it that.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! PING! PING!

REESE
(pleading)
Would you just... please. Okay?

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
Fine...

Jasmine flies through the canyon of shipping containers, the Saudis trailing just behind her.

Jasmine comes to a fork in the containers and heads left.

Suddenly, a shipping container slides into the fork, blocking the left side just as Jasmine passes.

The lead Saudi car CRASHES into the metal container in a horrific wreck.

The other two cars dart down the right path of the fork.

Loco sticks his head out of his window as he drives.

LOCO
This is just like the Hogwart's
hedge maze! Wooo!

EXT. DOCKS - CRANE - CONTINUOUS

Campbell CACKLES as he works the crane's controls.

EXT./INT. JASMINE - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS

Jasmine speeds down a canyon of shipping containers while the two Saudi cars race down a parallel canyon.

Every few hundred feet, an opening between the canyons allows the Saudis to fire at Reese and Franky.

FRANKY

Notice how I haven't said I told
you so?

They're heading for a dead end.

REESE

Very gracious of you.
(into walkie-talkie)
Campbell?

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

On it.

The shipping container ahead of them lifts up, as Campbell removes their dead end.

Jasmine zips underneath the container and suddenly finds herself back in front of the two Saudi cars.

The shipping container canyon widens and the two enemy cars flank Jasmine, firing their guns. One car driven by Saudis, the other driven by Loco.

LOCO

Get that motherfucker!

SAUDI

(in Arabic)
For Hamid! I shall avenge him!

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! PING! PING!

REESE

What'd he say?!

FRANKY

Let me translate. Fucking drive!!

The walkie-talkie SQUAKS.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

(laughing)
Watch this.

Campbell lowers the back end of an open container in front of the Saudi car, making a ramp.

The Saudis speed into the container, SCREAMING.

The Saudi car shoots out the other end of the container like a cannon ball, flying through the air. They CRASH into a wall of containers, EXPLODING.

REESE

Holy shit. I think Campbell's having fun.

SLAM!

Loco rams Jasmine's bumper. Loco's the last one left.

LOCO

Expelliarmus!

FRANKY

Gimme that!

Franky grabs the walkie-talkie from Reese.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

Enough fucking around, Campbell. Wreck this crazy asshole!

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

Roger that.

Reese speeds down the dock staying ahead of Loco.

Then above them, Campbell swings the crane arm into the containers, sending the pile crashing down.

The container canyon comes closing in like Moses unparting the Red Sea.

Reese floors it.

REESE

You had to encourage him?!

Like a closing zipper, the containers CRASH down behind Jasmine and Loco's car.

The end of the canyon is just ahead, but it's closing fast.

REESE (CONT'D)

Hold on!!

Jasmine scrapes through the closing canyon as it comes crashing down. Loco's car isn't as lucky. Loco SCREAMS and disappears in the tons of debris. SMUSH!

Reese skids Jasmine to a stop. Reese and Franky look at the devastating wreckage.

FRANKY

Wow...

REESE

I was gonna say, yeah, wow...

BANG! BANG! Jack's GT-R comes flying around the corner from outside the containers. Jack and Croft both firing their guns out their windows. Jack is enraged.

REESE (CONT'D)

Shit! I forgot about him!

FRANKY

You forgot?!

Reese throws it into gear and floors it out of the docks--

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

Jasmine zips out of the docks and into the neighboring industrial district.

EXT./INT. JASMINE - CONTINUOUS

Reese and Franky keep low as Jack and Croft fire at them from the GT-R, hot on their trail.

They pull up behind the Big Rig Car Transport Reese and Campbell hid by earlier. It's fully loaded with SUVs.

FRANKY

Faster. Faster!

Reese makes a move to pass, but an oncoming car flies past them. There's no room to pass on the two-lane street.

REESE

I can't! He's taking up the whole damn road!

Croft fires at Jasmine, misses, and hits the Big Rig's cabin. The DRIVER looks in his side view mirror at the gunplay.

BIG RIG DRIVER
Oh, hell no!!

The Big Rig Driver floors it.

REESE
That's a little better, thanks.

BANG! BANG! PING! PING! Jasmine's back window SHATTERS.

FRANKY
This is crazy!

Reese has an epiphany and reaches behind his seat. He hands Campbell's shotgun to Franky.

REESE
Would this help?

FRANKY
YOU HAD THIS THE WHOLE TIME?!

Reese shrugs, "Whoops." Franky leans out the window and unloads the shotgun at the GT-R. BOOM! BOOM!

Jack drives evasively, avoiding the shotgun blasts. He spots a small opening in the traffic and muscled the GT-R past Jasmine, grazing the cars parked along the street.

Jack pulls the GT-R close behind the Transport Rig.

REESE
What the hell's he doing?

Croft climbs out of the GT-R's window and makes her way from the GT-R's hood onto the Big Rig.

REESE (CONT'D)
Oh shit!

BANG! BANG! Croft fires her gun at the chains holding an SUV in place. The SUV rolls backwards off the Big Rig.

FRANKY
Look out!

The SUV bounces onto the road, rolls, and flips out of control like a boulder bouncing down a hill.

Reese swerves, darting into the other lane, barely avoiding the tumbling SUV. He swerves back into his lane avoiding oncoming traffic.

Croft climbs to the upper level of the transport and shoots out another SUV's chains.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

Here comes another!

The SUV rolls off the second level and hits the pavement hard. It flips, end over end.

Reese concentrates, using his Driver Vision. Math and physics flash before his eyes. Horsepower. Car weights. Height.

He hits the gas, timing it perfectly, and drives towards the flipping SUV.

Franky holds on for dear life as the SUV rolls right over Jasmine's roof, missing it by mere inches.

REESE

WOOOO! Cars falling from the sky?!
I owe Campbell a serious apology!

Croft moves about the Big Rig trying to unhook another SUV.

FRANKY

I've had it with this slag. Get me up there.

REESE

Get you up where?

Franky climbs out her window and moves to the hood, leaving her shotgun behind.

Franky signals, "Get me closer." Reese gets her closer to the Big Rig and she jumps aboard.

REESE (CONT'D)

My god, I love this woman.

Franky makes her way to Croft on the upper level and nails her with a mean right hook, sending Croft's gun falling to the bottom level of the transport.

CROFT

Oh, I'm gonna look forward to this.

FRANKY

That makes two of us.

Croft responds with a kick to Franky's stomach and the two engage in an all out street fight on the Transport Rig.

Jack pulls his GT-R behind the Big Rig and fires at Franky.

Croft ducks for cover.

CROFT
What the fuck, Jack?!

The bullet hits the Transport Rig and Franky hides behind an SUV. Reese watches as she narrowly avoids being shot.

REESE
Franky!

BANG! BANG! Jack fires at Franky.

Franky spots Croft climbing down to the bottom level to retrieve her gun. Franky makes a move to beat Croft to the gun, but--

BANG! BANG! Jack keeps Franky pinned down.

Reese watches from his car, unable to pass Jack and help Franky. He thinks for a moment, then light bulb.

REESE (CONT'D)
Hey, Jack, how about a lovetap?

Reese gets beside Jack's left back tire and nudges it with Jasmine's bumper.

The GT-R loses control and goes into a spin.

As if in slow motion, Reese watches the GT-R spin, whipping Jack around towards him until the GT-R slams into Jasmine and they are side by side and face to face.

REESE (CONT'D)
So long, asshole--

Jack reaches out and grabs Jasmine, pulling himself out of the GT-R as it spins out of control. He holds onto Jasmine's driver-side door.

Jack punches Reese then hoists himself into Jasmine, shoving Reese into the passenger seat with both feet.

Reese grabs Campbell's shotgun and swings it towards Jack.

Jack catches the shotgun's barrel and slams the stock into Reese's face. Once. Twice. Three times a lady.

Reese's nose is bloodied and his sunglasses are broken.

JACK
No! You just sit there, you fucking
student driving instructor!

Jack looks at Reese, disgusted as Reese nurses his battered face. Jack practically spits.

JACK (CONT'D)
Sit there and watch as Croft kills
your butch girlfriend.

On the Transport, Croft finds her gun and fires up at Franky on the second level.

Reese watches, helpless as Croft shoots at Franky and Jack LAUGHS like a maniac.

Reese sees Jack's hands at ten and two on the steering wheel and has another light bulb moment.

REESE
Hey, Jack.

Jack looks at Reese.

JACK
What?

Reese CLICKS his seat belt into place, makes sure it's tight.

REESE
Hands at ten and two.

Reese pushes the turbo button, activating the NOS, and steps on the passenger side gas pedal.

Jasmine rockets forward. She flies up into the Transport Rig's bottom level.

Croft SCREAMS as Jasmine races towards her. CRUNCH! Croft is crushed between Jasmine and the back of an SUV.

BANG! In an instant, Jasmine's airbags deploy. Reese shields his head as his airbag slams into him, but Jack takes the full brunt of his bag. SNAP! Both his thumbs break.

He SCREAMS and Reese punches him, knocking him out cold.

The Transport Rig SCREECHES to a stop.

Reese climbs out of Jasmine.

REESE (CONT'D)
You okay?

He lifts a hand up and helps Franky down from the upper level of the Transport.

FRANKY
Yeah, thanks. You?

REESE
That was my first real car
accident.

They look at Jasmine's front bumper and cringe.

FRANKY
Eh, I think it's an improvement.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Reese and Franky walk away from the transport, bloodied and
bruised. Reese squints without his glasses.

REESE
So that was... I...

Reese searches for the words.

REESE (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Dock, dock, who's there? I love
you... so stupid.
(beat)
Franky, I think you're the gun for
me... I'm getting worse at this.

Franky rolls her eyes. She grabs Reese and pulls him to her.
Franky kisses Reese. He's taken off guard then kisses her
back, passionately.

JACK (O.S.)
Stop! You're making me fucking
sick.

Reese and Franky turn to see Jack walking towards them. He
fumbles with the shotgun, holding it with two broken thumbs.

JACK (CONT'D)
You know the thing about creatures
that go through a metamorphosis?
They have short life spans. Say
goodbye, wheelman.

Jack aims the shotgun then--

HONK! HONK! Jack is mowed down by a truck.

The truck stops and out hops Campbell.

CAMPBELL

Man, that fucker does not shut up.

Reese and Franky LAUGH as they go over to hug Campbell. It's finally over.

WOOP! WOOP! Police cars and ambulances swarm.

Campbell nods, "Do as I do."

Campbell puts his hands up and gets on his knees. Reese and Franky do the same as they are surrounded by the authorities.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Reese drives at break neck speeds down the street.

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

He's chased by a POLICE OFFICER in his squad car.

They fly around a corner and through an intersection.

The Police Officer gives Reese's car a lovetap, and Reese spins out of control, SCREECHING to a halt.

The Officer gets out of his car and points his gun at Reese.

POLICE OFFICER

Get out of the car and put your hands on your head! NOW!

Reese gets out of the car, hands in the air. He kneels and puts his hands on his head.

The Officer cautiously approaches, all business.

REESE

Do you know what you did wrong?

The Officer deflates.

POLICE OFFICER

I know. I know! I should have had you before the intersection.

The Officer puts away his gun and helps Reese up.

REESE

And? Think.

POLICE OFFICER

I wasn't double clutching?

REESE
That's right.

POLICE OFFICER
Ugh! Double clutching!

The Officer hits himself in the head and they walk towards a group of other OFFICERS and Franky.

They are on a Police Training Course.

REESE
Don't worry, Officer. We'll try again tomorrow.

POLICE OFFICER
Thanks, Race! Er, I mean, Teach.

REESE
Reese is fine.

Reese walks up to Franky as she tunes up a police cruiser.

They kiss.

FRANKY
Hey, babe.

REESE
Hey. What'd you think?

FRANKY
I'd have gotten away.

Reese LAUGHS and they kiss again.

Reese lifts his pant leg and one of the Officers attaches a GPS tracker to his ankle.

MONITOR OFFICER
Remember, straight--

REESE
--home and no driving. I got it.
Thanks, Mike.

Reese and Franky walk over to a newly restored Jasmine. Reese tosses Franky the keys and he gets in the passenger side.

FRANKY
How many more of these do I have to drive you to before that ankle monitor comes off again?

REESE

Let's see. Sixty three million
dollar guidance chip. At two
hundred dollars a lesson. So...
around three hundred and fifteen
thousand more times?

FRANKY

We need to get you a bike.

Franky peels out, and she and Reese drive off into the
sunset.

FADE OUT.