

THE FAST & THE FRANKENSTEIN

by

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Based on characters created by
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THE UNIVERSAL PICTURES LOGO

... becomes a full moon in a cloud-wisped night sky. A low GROWLING grows louder and louder ...

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

... becoming ENGINE NOISE from a Bugatti Veyron, whipping down winding, wooded roads, headlights lashing the pavement.

Behind the wheel: HECTOR LECLERC, 35. Cool and in control. A distinctive BURN SCAR on the back of his left hand.

LeClerc power-skids the Veyron off the main road, toward

EXT. LECLERC'S HOUSE

As sleek and modern as his taste in cars. LeClerc is about to remote-open his garage door when he notices -- the lights in the house are on. Odd.

INT. LECLERC'S HOUSE

The door swings open. LeClerc creeps into the foyer. Grand Prix posters and photos of LeClerc in racing gear, celebrating in the winners' circle, fill the walls. The sounds of a televised race boom from the stereo system.

LECLERC

Hello? Who's there?

In his living room, a massive TV shows Formula One racing -- recorded footage. Two cars speed toward the finish line.

ANNOUNCER

LeClerc coming up fast on Manotti
-- Manotti's got him boxed out --
LeClerc is swinging wide --

Onscreen, LeClerc's car pulls out, around Manotti's -- then SLAMS into it sideways, locking the cars together! LeClerc's car turns hard -- the two cars skid wildly -- and Manotti's car ends up pushing LeClerc's across the finish line!

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Incredible! A come-from-behind
victory for Hector LeClerc!

Footage on the TV of LeClerc in a racing suit climbing out of his car, thronged by well-wishers. The footage freezes on LeClerc-on-the-screen's jubilant face.

A STRANGER sits in one of LeClerc's easy chairs, his back to us. When he hears LeClerc, he turns, rises, and grins excitedly. (He does not in any way look like NICOLAS CAGE.)

STRANGER

Oh, great, you're home! Hector LeClerc, man. I am so thrilled to meet you. Big fan. That final lap at Monte Carlo right there? Gorgeous. Like seeing God write his name in cursive.

LECLERC

Who the hell are you? And what are you doing in my house?

The Stranger -- VIC FRANKENSTEIN -- wears a long, white rock-star leather coat, black driving gloves, and round black sunglasses.

FRANKENSTEIN

Where are my manners? Doctor Vic Frankenstein. Great to meet you. Here's my card.

LeClerc takes the card he's offered, reads it:

THE CARD

reads only LOOK BEHIND YOU.

LeClerc turns. Discovers ELSA, 6'2" of black-haired, sexy/terrifying badass in a high-collared white leather jumpsuit. Before LeClerc can speak, she LIFTS HIM INTO THE AIR BY THE THROAT! LeClerc thrashes in vain.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Good, you've met Elsa. Play nice, Elsa. Now, Mr. LeClerc, I need you to help me advance the cause of medical science.

LeClerc's eyes roll back in his head. Elsa's choking him out. He goes limp. FRANKENSTEIN pats him on the shoulder.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Well ... I need *some* of you.

CUT TO BLACK.

Darkness. Silence. Faint sounds swim up from the depths.
METAL TOOLS clatter. HEAVY BOXES scrape.

LeClerc's eyes flutter open.

INT. MOBILE LAB

Through LeClerc's hazy, blurred vision, we see gray, sterile walls. Moving human figures -- dark-suited SOLDIERS with some crimson mark on their shoulders, toting containers, and a green-clad surgeon hovering over LeClerc:

FRANKENSTEIN
Good morning, sunshine. OK,
technically, still night. Gotta
say, it's been an honor working
with you. May I shake your hand?

Frankenstein LIFTS A SEVERED ARM and shakes its hand.

LeClerc's lying on a metal gurney. HIS LEFT ARM IS MISSING, the stump hastily bandaged. He can only SCREAM.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)
(off LeClerc's
screaming)
I know! I'm excited, too. Iggy,
honey, put this on ice, would you?

He hands the arm to IGGY, a short, punkish, vaguely hunched young woman in scrubs. She totes it away, stonefaced.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)
I hope you don't mind, but as long
as you were being so generous...

Frankenstein nods at LeClerc's lower half -- and LeClerc sees that his RIGHT LEG is gone, too! He screams EVEN LOUDER!

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)
What can I say? I like to have
options.

Frankenstein snaps his fingers at a pair of the nearby Soldiers, who advance on the still-screaming LeClerc.

EXT. LECLERC'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Under the full moon, the Soldiers drag a whimpering LeClerc out of the back of an 18-wheeler that has backed into his driveway.

Other military-looking vehicles fill his yard, bearing the same logo on the shoulders of the Soldiers' uniforms: a SCARLET SYMBOL, vaguely bat-shaped.

Iggy looks up from an industrial cooler, where she's placing LeClerc's severed arm next to his leg, both wrapped in plastic, in a pile of ice. Elsa stands with her.

Frankenstein hops out of the 18-wheeler and follows the Soldiers as they drag LeClerc past the Bugatti he'll never drive again, to his garage door. More Soldiers, heavily armed, seem to be guarding it.

FRANKENSTEIN

Normally, we'd cook up something, maybe a little tax trouble, to explain your sudden disappearance. I mean, taxes, am I right? But my colleague Larry, well, he's kinda going through some stuff at the moment, and I figured maybe you could help him out.

Frankenstein runs an admiring hand over the Veyron, then leans inside it to hit the garage door button.

The door begins to open. The Soldiers not holding LeClerc tense, raising their weapons at the darkness beyond.

Frankenstein hits the button again, stopping the door about a third of the way open.

The two Soldiers holding LeClerc dash up, hastily toss him inside, and back away quickly. The door begins to close.

Frankenstein crouches down to wave at LeClerc through the shrinking gap.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Again, so nice to meet you! Say hi to Larry for me!

The door SHUTS.

INT. LECLERC'S GARAGE

Moonlight through skylights pierces the darkness. LeClerc crawls pathetically, sobbing.

At the back of the garage, SOMETHING GROWLS. A man-shaped shadow stirs.

LeClerc freezes, staring into the gloom.

LECLERC
H-hello? ... Larry?

TWO YELLOW EYES OPEN, fixing on LeClerc. The growling grows fiercer. LeClerc SCREAMS --

EXT. LECLERC'S HOUSE

LeClerc's screaming continues, annoying Frankenstein as he tries to admire the Veyron. He snaps his fingers at

FRANKENSTEIN
Iggy! Bring them already!

Iggy hustles over with a small leather case.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)
You know I always hate this part.

The screams grow louder, now mixed with crashing and growling and wet, awful sounds from inside the garage. Frankenstein opens the case, pulls out headphones, plugs them into his phone. THUNDEROUS ROCK MUSIC fills the soundtrack. Frankenstein relaxes. Starts to dance.

The garage door VISIBLY SHAKES. BLOOD trickles from beneath it. The Soldiers step back nervously.

As Iggy stands by, Frankenstein keeps bopping, lost in the music, which grows even louder as we

SLAM TO TITLES

and then

CUT TO:

EXT. TORETTO HOUSE - NIGHT

Mostly rebuilt from the explosion in Part Seven, though scaffolding still covers the front. Party music thumps.

EXT. TORETTO HOUSE BACKYARD

Kids in Halloween costumes run amok, amid neighborhood folks. The backyard's decorated for spooky fun times.

LETTY ORTIZ wanders through the crowd with two sweating Coronas. Over the music, we hear a DOG in the next yard barking, aggressive. As she passes, we drift from Letty to

TEJ PARKER, tech wizard, and RAMSEY, queen hacker, lounging in folding chairs, talking playfully. Maybe into each other.

TEJ
Patricia.

RAMSEY
No.

TEJ
Martine.

RAMSEY
I can't believe you're trying to
guess my name.

TEJ
Nathalie. Like with an "h."

RAMSEY
Preposterous.

TEJ
... Eglantine.

RAMSEY
Seriously?

Move to ROMAN PEARCE, working the grill next to them.

ROMAN
Can you smell that? Can you smell
what I'm cooking?

A compression-shirted LUKE HOBBS, across the courtyard from Roman, mans a second grill, as absurdly large as Hobbs is. In the background, the dog's barking intensifies.

HOBBS
I smell what you're burning.

ROMAN
Oh, what you got over there, like
forty pounds of cod?

HOBBS
First, my great-aunt Ruby's
barbecued ribs right here are
gonna knock you on your ass. Then
I am.

Hobbs spots his daughter SAMANTHA, talking happily with neighborhood kids. Waves to her; she waves back, all smiles.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Stop it! Hey! Hey! Get back here!

A massive DOBERMAN busts through the fence from a neighboring yard, chain trailing from its choke collar. Gallops wildly into the crowd. Heading for Samantha --

Hobbs grabs the dog one-handed by the scruff of its neck. Hauls it carefully up into the air.

The dog barks and growls, thrashing in Hobbs's grip. Hobbs just **LOOKS** at it -- full-blast alpha male. The dog stops. Whimpers. Goes docile.

Hobbs looks to Samantha:

HOBBS (CONT'D)

You okay, sweetie?

SAMANTHA

Don't hurt him, okay, Daddy?

HOBBS

The dog? Never.

SAMANTHA

Not the dog. The owner.

Hobbs's look shows he'll reluctantly do his best. He carries the dog, still one-handed, back to the fence, and drops it into the arms of the wide-eyed NEIGHBOR, who staggers under the dog's weight. Hobbs looks to Samantha, then very pointedly back at the Neighbor.

HOBBS (CONT'D)

You shouldn't keep him chained up.
It's cruel. He needs exercise.

Hobbs casually tosses the chain over the fence, too.

HOBBS (CONT'D)

And fix your fence.

The Neighbor just nods, as intimidated as his dog.

Roman, Ramsey, and Tej are impressed, but not surprised.

ROMAN

I could have done that. I let him do it, you know, to build up his confidence.

TEJ

(without even looking)

Your chicken's on fire.

It is. Big time. Roman swats at the flames with his spatula.

Letty sees all this, smirks, and continues toward...

INT. TORETTA HOUSE GARAGE

DOMINIC TORETTA has the hood up on his dad's 1970 Dodge Charger, working on the engine, as Letty enters. She sets down a Corona for him, cracks hers open. He doesn't look up.

LETTY

You know there's a party going on out there, right?

DOM

Serpentine belt's busted. And I think the intake valve's cracked.

LETTY

Mia and Brian called. Said they couldn't get ahold of you. Brian asked if you were off with the CIA or something.

DOM

Musta left my phone in the house.

LETTY

They sent pictures. Jack went trick-or-treating.

Letty shows Dom, on her phone: Little Jack in a bald cap and a tiny white undershirt, with a big fake-jeweled crucifix around his neck. Dom smiles, just a little.

DOM

I'll call them back.

LETTY

You will, huh? Just like you'll help me pick a honeymoon spot?

Dom avoids her gaze, looking back under the hood of the car. He grimaces and yanks out a component.

DOM
I knew it. Cracked.

LETTY
Is there a part on that thing you haven't changed out? It's gotta be like a whole new ride by now.

This weighs more heavily on Dom than a discussion of auto repair ought to. (Even for Dom.)

DOM
My dad used to say he could drive this car blindfolded. Said he just knew the feel of it. If he could drive it now, would he say that? You keep swapping out parts, maybe eventually it *is* something new. Maybe you lose what it used to be.

Dom looks at the cracked intake valve in his hand.

DOM (CONT'D)
Nothing's built to last.

LETTY
We still talking about the car here?

Dom picks up on this and forces a smile.

DOM
I'll be out soon, okay? Just gotta finish this up.

Letty kisses Dom and hands him his beer.

LETTY
You better. Otherwise I think Roman's gonna burn the place down. Again.

As she leaves, Dom swigs the Corona, still brooding on the cracked intake valve in his hand.

CUT TO:

TORETTO BACKYARD - LATER THAT NIGHT

The party's over. Letty and Dom stuff cups and plates into garbage bags, pull fake spiderwebs off trees. It's sweetly domestic.

LETTY

I'm beat. Must be getting old.

DOM

You? Never.

Letty tosses a trash bag at Dom playfully. He ducks.

LETTY

You coming to bed?

DOM

I think I'll take a drive first.
Clear my head.

LETTY

You want some company?

DOM

Nah. I'm good. I won't be long.

LETTY

(teasing)

Gotta get your brood on. I get it.

DOM

Wait up for me?

LETTY

Hurry back and find out.

Letty kisses Dom again, hands him a stray trash bag, and heads into the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. TORETTO HOUSE/NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

From across the street, we watch Dom back the Charger out of the garage and drive off.

In the shadows between two buildings opposite, a MYSTERY WOMAN on a motorcycle, helmeted, watches.

She consults her phone, which displays Dom's photo and dossier/rap sheet, and starts her bike to follow him.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. STREETS - NIGHT

Dom drives nearly empty streets, muscling through curves, shifting aggressively. Testing the Charger to see if it still feels the same.

He stops at a red light at a deserted intersection, windows down. Motorcycles rev in the distance, speeding closer.

A black motorcycle (not the Mystery Woman's), the rider helmeted, pulls up to Dom's left. Dom's driver-senses start tingling. The LEFT RIDER has a familiar SCARLET BAT-SHAPED INSIGNIA on his shoulder.

Another motorcycle pulls up to Dom's right. RIGHT RIDER, same deal: helmet, scarlet insignia. Dom stares down the faceless rider, who seems to stare back.

A Humvee coasts directly behind Dom's Charger. Headlights off. Just sits there. Something's definitely not right. Dom's hands tighten on the steering wheel.

The light turns green. All hell breaks loose.

The Humvee SLAMS into the Charger. A specially fitted wedge on the Humvee's front bumper lifting the Charger's rear end off the ground! The Humvee plows forward, PUSHING DOM'S CHARGER WITH IT!

Dom stomps the brake. Turns the wheel. His tires squeal and smoke, but the Humvee's got too much power. The Charger keeps grinding forward along the pavement, ever faster!

Left and Right Rider, keeping pace with Dom and the Humvee, level MASSIVE .50 CALIBER PISTOLS at Dom's head. Wag them back and forth. No mischief.

Dom looks ahead. Four blocks away, an 18-WHEELER has pulled onto the street directly in front of the Charger. Its rear doors open. A ramp drops, bouncing and sparking along the asphalt. Ready to swallow Dom and the Charger whole.

Dom locks his right hand around Right Rider's wrist, grabbing for the gun. His left hand hits his seat recline lever, dropping Dom horizontal just as Right Rider reflexively pulls the trigger.

The bullet punches through the visor of Left Rider's helmet and blows out the back, hurling Left Rider off his bike.

Dom yanks Right Rider's arm down and back, using the windowframe as a fulcrum to DISLOCATE RIGHT RIDER'S SHOULDER! Right Rider howls under his helmet, drops the gun.

Dom pops back up in a flash, grabs the gun. Fires. Right Rider flies off his bike.

Dom drops the gun on the passenger seat. The 18-wheeler looms ever closer. The Humvee lurches forward, jolting Dom. Again. Again. Trying to keep him off balance.

Dom shifts into drive. Thumbs the cap off the gearshift, revealing that famous red button.

Dom punches it.

NOS surges from a tank beneath the Charger, through the guts of the car, into the engine. Ignites bright blazing blue.

Dom slams on the gas, shifting through the gears as fast as he can. The Charger's engine roars. Front wheels grab asphalt.

The Charger's rear bumper TEARS OFF, and the Charger LEAPS FORWARD, flattening Dom back into his seat!

He RACES TOWARD THE YAWNING TRAILER --

And SWERVES AT THE LAST MINUTE! Destroys his driver's mirror, sparks flying, as he scrapes past the trailer.

Dom draws even with the 18-wheeler's cab as its driver yanks the wheel to the right, trying to cut Dom off. Dom snatches up the gun, fires into the 18-wheeler's tire --

The tire EXPLODES, rubber tread flying. Dom's Charger squeaks past as the 18-wheeler veers out of control, jackknifes, collapses on its side like a dying dinosaur!

The pursuing Humvee can't stop! PLOWS into the trailer!

The NOS charge dies out as Dom thunders away, flames in his rear view mirror. But he's not in the clear yet.

A swarm of BLACK MOTORCYCLES swoops in from the next pair of cross streets. Dom fires his pistol, but these riders have enough distance to dodge.

Dom rolls the wheel, trying to smash them off their bikes. But the lead drivers pull automatic rifles and fire -- not at Dom, but at the Charger's tires! Dom's forced to back off.

With each pavement-raking burst of gunfire, the Riders are hemming in Dom and the Charger.

A DIFFERENT BIKE roars up from behind the Charger: On the seat behind its rider, a large empty plastic tank and small compressor motor. Tubes run down the side of the bike, through spools, to TWO SHARP PRONGS mounted on either side of the front wheel, a small camera skimming the pavement between them.

The rider of this bike checks a small VIDEO MONITOR on the handlebars, showing an infrared feed from that small camera. Lines up the gas tank on the Charger's underbelly in the monitor. Thumbs a button mounted near the throttle.

The prongs on the front wheel shoot out, trailing hoses, and SINK INTO THE CHARGER'S GAS TANK! The compressor hums to life. Slowly, GASOLINE fills the bike's empty tank!

Dom checks his gas gauge. It's dropping. Looks in the rear-view, sees the new bike behind him.

It's a VAMPIRE BIKE, and it wants to suck your fuel!

Dom tries to turn and fire through the rear window at the Vampire Bike. But the bikers flanking him open up again, forcing him to veer away.

The gas gauge keeps dropping. We see it on Dom's face -- once it hits E, he's a sitting duck.

Behind the swarm of Vampire Bikers, a new rider roars up out of the darkness. The Mystery Woman's making her move.

She draws something from a holster on her lower back. Snaps it out with a flick of her wrist -- KA-CLICK. A COLLAPSIBLE CROSSBOW. Heavily modded: laser sight, multiple-bolt magazine on top.

The Mystery Woman sinks a bolt between the shoulder blades of one of the trailing Riders, who spins out. Draws even with another. He goes for his gun. She pops a steel bolt between the spokes of his front tire. The bike flips, sending the Rider flying!

Other Riders peel off from the Charger. The Mystery Woman weaves wildly as bullets stitch the pavement toward her!

As the Riders on either side turn to fire backwards at the Mystery Woman, Dom sees his chance. He rolls the wheel hard right. The Charger's side SLAMS into the Rider on his immediate right, who skids out.

Dom checks left; the Rider on that side is drawing a steady bead on the Mystery Woman. In the rear view, the Vampire Bike just keeps draining Dom's fuel; the needle's down to a quarter of a tank.

Dom stomps the brake. Simultaneously:

- The Charger slides back into the Rider's line of fire. Bullets meant for the Mystery Woman instead chew up its rear door and window.

- The Vampire Bike plows head-on into the back of the Charger. Its Rider soars headlong over the car and ragdolls into the street.

The Mystery Woman zooms past, the two final Riders in hot pursuit. Dom guns the engine, puts the Charger in gear, and burns rubber forward.

The Vampire Bike drags along the pavement, still hooked to the Charger's tank. Gas leaks from its siphon tank. Sparks grind as metal scrapes asphalt. The bike ignites.

The Mystery Woman weaves and dodges as the Riders fire at her. A bullet clips her rear tire. Her bike wobbles, slows.

Dom sees the Riders closing in on her. Checks the fuel tank -- almost at E. Puts on one last burst of speed.

Dom pops the handbrake. Turns hard. The Charger SPINS, swinging the flaming ruin of the Vampire Bike behind it.

The Vampire Bike's siphon cables pop loose, and it goes tumbling toward the two Riders -- smashes into one, then the other -- EXPLODES!

The Charger screeches to a halt, beat to hell. Its engine sputters out. Dom climbs out, grimacing. He *just* fixed it.

Through a wall of flames from the Riders' burning bikes, he sees the Mystery Woman stagger off her wounded cycle. She turns to him -- then RAISES THE CROSSBOW AND FIRES!

Dom spins to dodge -- sees the bolt THUNK into the chest of a straggling Rider, the one he'd broadsided with the Charger, coming up from behind him. The Rider tumbles off his bike, which skids past Dom.

When Dom turns back, the Mystery Woman is gone.

The chop of helicopter blades fills the air. A blinding spotlight seizes Dom. He dives back for the car, grabs the pistol off the seat as a HELICOPTER descends, only to see --

MR. NOBODY, dressed to the secret-agent nines, waving from the chopper, with Letty sitting next to him.

The chopper hasn't even touched ground before Letty's out and running. Dom sweeps her up and they kiss.

LETTY

They came to the house -- said
someone was after you --

Letty stops, surveys the wrecked bikes and bodies strewn all the way down the street.

LETTY (CONT'D)

Usually, when you brood? Not this
much destruction.

DOM

They caught me on a bad night.

Mr. Nobody walks up, hands in pockets, admiring Dom's handiwork.

DOM (CONT'D)

We've got to stop meeting like
this.

Mr. Nobody takes a long, rueful gander at the Charger.

NOBODY

You've got to start taking better
care of your car. And yourself.
Someone's after you.

DOM

I noticed.

NOBODY

Call your team. If you're gonna
survive this, you'll need my help.
And I'm gonna need yours.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. NOBODY'S HQ - DAWN

A cavernous hangar filled with military gear and hot cars, with a glass-enclosed BRIEFING ROOM at the far end.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

Tej, Ramsey, and Roman yawn into various-sized cups of coffee.

TEJ
... Geraldine.

RAMSEY
Still no.

ROMAN
How are you even awake right now?

He's talking to Hobbs, who looks daisy-fresh as he downs a kale protein shake.

HOBBS
Sleep is for the weak.

ROMAN
I'm just saying, why couldn't
someone try to kill Dom on, like,
a Wednesday afternoon?

Dom, Letty, and Mr. Nobody pick this exact moment to enter.

DOM
Guess they didn't check my
calendar.

Hobbs and Dom briefly bro down -- hand clasps, etc.

HOBBS
Glad you're in one piece, brother.

DOM
Lookin' to stay that way.

NOBODY
I'm hoping I can help with that.

Mr. Nobody pulls a remote from his pocket. The lights dim.
A screen lights up with the now-familiar SCARLET BAT
INSIGNIA.

NOBODY (CONT'D)
This is the emblem of a grade-A
megalomaniac out of Romania: Vlad
Dracula.

Mr. Nobody clicks through photos of mayhem and carnage --
dead bodies, wrecked cars, bodies in cargo containers.

NOBODY (CONT'D)

Drugs, guns, cars, people -- he's the leading trafficker in Eastern Europe. Uses the proceeds to finance his own private army, with enough left over to buy himself out of existence. No photos. No video. No known location. We only know he's out there by the trail he leaves behind.

Click: a beautiful woman and young child.

NOBODY (CONT'D)

We do know he had a wife, Mina, and a seven-year-old daughter. Eight years ago, when he was up and coming, rivals took a shot at him. Got them instead.

Click: the flaming wreckage of an SUV.

NOBODY (CONT'D)

Since then, word is he's grown obsessed with immortality. Literally wants to live forever. And he may have found the someone who could actually make that dream come true.

Click: a slightly younger, fractionally less manic Vic Frankenstein, from some swanky annual report.

NOBODY (CONT'D)

Vic Frankenstein, founder of Deodati Genetics. Six years ago, it was Silicon Valley's hottest startup. Was gonna edit our genes so that tech billionaires could live to age 200. Then the FDA found out about these poor saps.

Click: distorted bodies, barely recognizable as human.

NOBODY (CONT'D)

Turns out Frankenstein was conducting unauthorized human trials. Twelve patients died ugly deaths. The company collapsed. The Feds closed in. Frankenstein ran.

(MORE)

NOBODY (CONT'D)

We actually thought he might be dead until we picked up some chatter suggesting that he and Dracula had joined forces. Which may explain this.

Click: Photos of three men. We recognize Hector LeClerc as the third.

NOBODY (CONT'D)

Randy Morrell, three-time Nascar champion. Disappeared last year on a hunting trip in South Carolina. Duke Pennington, legendary movie stunt driver. Drove off the lot nine months ago and was never seen again. And Hector LeClerc, four-time Grand Prix winner, found mauled to death at his home last month. Last night we picked up intel from Dracula's organization, tied to Frankenstein, listing these three men -- and one other.

Everyone looks at Dom.

DOM

Not the first time I've been a wanted man.

NOBODY

The intel made us go back and look at LeClerc's death. Officials thought he'd been torn to pieces by a wild animal. But the wounds showed a mixture of ragged teeth marks and clean, surgical cuts. Someone took LeClerc's left arm and right leg -- before he was killed.

LETTY

He's harvesting them for parts?

TEJ

Gives a whole new meaning to the phrase "chop shop."

NOBODY

It gets even weirder. We ran DNA analysis on the animal hair found at the scene.

(MORE)

NOBODY (CONT'D)

A single strand of hair had two sets of DNA: one timber wolf -- and one unidentified human. A genetic chimera.

ROMAN

Does -- does no one else think we should sit this one out? I mean --

Letty's death glare shuts Roman up. Mostly.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

(muttering)

I did not sign up to fight no genetic chimeras. One set of DNA per bad guy. That's my limit.

RAMSEY

What's the plan here? How do we stop them from taking Dom?

NOBODY

There's a major street race in Dracula's rumored stomping grounds next week.

DOM

And you want us to stick our necks out and see if he bites.

NOBODY

I'll have full tactical support on site, ready at the first sign of trouble. It's either that, or wait for him to come to you. And I figure you're not too keen on having your house blown up again.

Dom silently consults his crew. Letty, Hobbs, Tej, Ramsey, and finally a reluctant Roman all nod. They're in.

DOM

And where is this little party you're sending us to?

CUT TO:

TRANSYLVANIA!

EXT. DRACULA'S CASTLE - DUSK

A vast Gothic semi-ruin of walls and spires in a mountain valley. Modern anti-aircraft guns ring its perimeter. Antennae sprout from a central spire. A vast natural bowl of rock shields it from view from above. Soldiers prowl its battlements and crisscross its walled courtyard.

INT. DRACULA'S THRONE ROOM

Soldiers drag a bandaged-up man -- the TRUCK DRIVER -- into an eerie, shadowed stone room. Torches burn on the walls. Power cables snake to a enclosed chamber that resembles a BLACK COFFIN. LED lights on its lid pulse an ominous red.

Frankenstein lounges against a far wall, engrossed in his phone. Iggy waits with him. She scans the new arrivals, looking for someone, but trying not to be obvious about it.

Two Soldiers force the Truck Driver to his knees, at gunpoint, before the coffin. He looks to Frankenstein:

TRUCK DRIVER

Please, I did all I could --!

Frankenstein doesn't look up from his phone.

FRANKENSTEIN

Sounds like a management thing.
Take it up with the boss.

Right on cue, the coffin HISSES and unseals, venting mist. Its carapace peels open. The Soldiers drop to their knees.

The man who emerges is impeccably dressed in head-to-toe black, with only a scarlet pocket square for flourish. His eerily ageless face -- 30? 50? -- betrays no emotion, nor does the unnatural stillness with which he carries himself.

This ... is DRACULA. (Definitely not KEANU REEVES.)

DRACULA

You've failed me.

TRUCK DRIVER

I swear, I did all I could --

Hearing this, Frankenstein mouths a bored "blah blah blah."

DRACULA
Did you bring me Toretto?

TRUCK DRIVER
He drives like the Devil himself!
The others -- dead. My truck,
destroyed --

DRACULA
Clearly, you did not do all you
could.

DRACULA moves, FASTER THAN A HUMAN SHOULD, and grabs the
driver by the throat.

TRUCK DRIVER
Mercy, please! I -- I can still
serve you!

Cruel bemusement crosses Dracula's face.

DRACULA
Yes. You still have use to me.

TRUCK DRIVER
Anything! What can I do?

Dracula holds his gaze for a long, awful moment.

DRACULA
I could use a snack.

Dracula lunges. The Truck Driver SCREAMS--

The Soldiers try not to flinch. Awful, hungry sounds. Iggy
looks away. Frankenstein just beat his high score on
[insert current smartphone game here].

As the Truck Driver's body slides to the floor, Dracula
straightens, wiping his mouth with a handkerchief that
cannot fully conceal smeared blood.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Disgusting. Renfield!

From behind the bulky, imposing Soldiers appears a spindly,
sickly-looking young man, RENFIELD, tablet tucked under his
arm, vintage thrift-store apparel screaming "elite hacker."

His eyes dart nervously over to Iggy, meet hers. They
exchange quick, awkward half-smiles. They're into each
other. Then Renfield snaps back into flunky mode.

RENFIELD
Yes, master.

DRACULA
Where is Toretto now?

Renfield consults his tablet.

RENFIELD
He's chartered a flight to
Bucharest. Barely tried to hide
it.

DRACULA
He wishes to be seen. No matter.
We will be ready. Doctor
Frankenstein?

Frankenstein is texting someone. Holds up a finger -- "one
sec." Dracula's eyes narrow. And ... done!

FRANKENSTEIN
Yes, V.D.?

Dracula does not love this nickname.

DRACULA
Are you ready for the procedure
once we have Toretto?

FRANKENSTEIN
About that: Maybe we take Junior
out for a spin, see how he handles
this? I mean, these guys [off the
Soldiers] are great, don't get me
wrong, but like Bloodless Joe down
there said, Toretto just killed
the *hell* out of a bunch of them.

DRACULA
The last time --

FRANKENSTEIN
Last time was a fluke. Dry run.
Junior and I, we'll have a heart
to heart. Work out the kinks.

Dracula considers this. Doesn't like it. But:

DRACULA
Very well. But if you fail me--

FRANKENSTEIN

You won't do jack shit, and you know it. 'Cause I've gotten you this far. I'll get you the rest of the way. And even after I do, you're still gonna need me and what I can do. So go have a baggie of O-neg, maybe put on some tunes, and cool your jets. Okay?

DRACULA

The work you do for me -- it requires your brain, your eyes, and your hands. Every other morsel of you is ... optional.

This actually rattles Frankenstein.

FRANKENSTEIN

I'm gonna go chat with Junior now. Good talk, V.D. Good talk.

He leaves, Iggy trailing him. She casts one backward glance at Renfield.

Dracula grimaces, works his tongue as if dislodging something from his teeth, and spits out a bloody chunk of Truck Driver. He glowers after Frankenstein.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL / FRANK'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Frankenstein and Iggy descend a winding stone staircase. Iggy takes notes.

FRANKENSTEIN

... Check the supply levels for scalpels, liquid nitro, sutures, the works. Sterilize the OR. Oh, and Red Vines. Get me some more of those. Love those things. Shoo.

Iggy shoos, as Frankenstein arrives at an arched doorway. He enters a cavernous workshop, crossing to a worktable under an open window. Night has fallen. The moon's 3/4ths full.

On the table, a disassembled gearshaft -- including a shifter whose knob is a molded SILVER WOLF'S HEAD -- lies atop finely drawn automotive schematics. Frankenstein moves aside the top two pages -- finds a delicate pencil drawing of a bird on a branch.

Frankenstein sneers -- what is this crap? -- balls it up, and chucks it out the window. Then he calls out:

FRANKENSTEIN

Junior? You in here? It's Father.

Clanking and rustling farther back in the repair shop. Frankenstein ducks past dangling chains, a hydraulic lift descending into the floor, and other vehicles -- military SUVs and hot cars -- in various stages of repair.

He finds a HULKING FIGURE in coveralls and a welding mask and gloves crouching down, welding together two pieces of steel.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Junior? Answer your father.

"Junior" stands. And stands. And stands. 6'7", easy. Towering over Frankenstein, but meek and hesitant. A gas-station-style name badge on his coveralls reads "FRANK."

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Exciting news, kiddo. You're getting a little fresh air and exercise.

Frank's voice: a rumbling tractor engine. He sets down his torch carefully and lifts the mask. We don't see his face.

FRANK

Go out? Again?

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes! Father has a very important job for you. I need you to bring back ... a new acquaintance. Someone who can help make you better. Would you like that?

FRANK

Yes. Very much. Thank you, father.

Frankenstein starts to turn -- then grabs the still-burning torch. Swings back toward Frank.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Now, do you remember the last time I let you out?

Frank flinches and cringes as Frankenstein starts to inch the torch ever closer to him.

FRANK
Y-yes, father.

FRANKENSTEIN
Is that going to happen again?

FRANK
No, father.

Frank backs away. Frankenstein steps closer.

FRANKENSTEIN
You're not going to get
distracted, are you? Try to make
any friends? You know why, don't
you?

Sadness tinges Frank's voice.

FRANK
Yes, father.

FRANKENSTEIN
And you won't forget that, will
you? Because you remember what
happened last time, right? You
remember you made Father very
angry? You remember the fire?

Frankenstein sways the torch ever closer, a cruel glint in
his eyes. Frank half-stumbles back, shaking.

FRANK
Fire ... bad.

Like a flipped switch, Frankenstein smiles and turns off
the flame. He pats Frank on the arm.

FRANKENSTEIN
Exactly. Now make Father proud.
Bring me Dominic Toretto.

CUT TO:

SIBIU, ROMANIA

A modern metropolis surrounding an ancient walled city of
narrow, twisting streets, riven by a river.

Dom, grim and thoughtful, as he drives into:

EXT. PIATA MARE - NIGHT

The old town's vast central plaza, ringed with shops and a grand church, is transformed into a red-hot RACING FESTIVAL: crazy lights, thumping EDM, tricked-out cars on display.

Dom leads the team into the plaza in a Hemi-packing beast of a Dodge Challenger, followed by Letty in a Jaguar F-Type, Roman in a late-model Corvette Stingray, and Hobbs, Tej, and Ramsey in a capacious van.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, the all-important butt montage. It's late fall in Eastern Europe, so the attractive women in bikinis and/or hot pants are sensibly wearing fur coats. Let's throw in some sexy, gyrating dudes as well, just to anger/awaken/delight/confuse as many audience members as possible. BUTTS FOR EVERYONE!

Through the crowd slinks Renfield. He spies Dom and co. Confirms with a pic of Dom on his phone. Smiles greasily.

Team Dom huddles up by the van. Hobbs looks ill at ease.

HOBBS

No clear line of sight. No way to secure a perimeter. And too many people who need a damn haircut.

Letty pats him on the shoulder.

LETTY

Buck up. Things go well, you might get to shoot some of these people.

Hobbs considers this, and does indeed feel cheered. Tej hands Dom, Letty, and Roman GPS units.

TEJ

The race starts in two hours. Nobody knows the route until it begins. The drivers get last-second turn-by-turn directions on these.

Ramsey works away on a laptop.

RAMSEY

Give me a few minutes, I'll be up on traffic cams. We can keep an eye on you from anywhere in the city.

DOM

Get ready to race. Long as we're here, we might as well win this. I've got a rep to protect.

LETTY

(playful)

"We"? I'm gonna leave your ass in the dust.

DOM

I might just let you.

LETTY

Let me? Oh, I am *definitely* leaving your ass in the dust.

ROMAN

Two hours, right? I think I see some very suspicious people here.

Roman admires two scantily clad beauties in the crowd.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go gather some intel.

No one spots Renfield creeping through the throng. He plants an electronic device, palm-sized with a small antenna, under Team Dom's van, shoots a smirk at his targets, and vanishes into the crowd.

Dom has the hood popped on his Challenger. But he's lost in thought, staring at the GPS unit in his hand. Hobbs, cleaning a pistol the size of an emperor penguin, notices.

HOBBS

Worried that my half-ton ass riding shotgun will slow down your ride?

DOM

Nah. Just thinking. Me and O'Connor had something like this when we raced to join Braga's crew.

Off Hobbs' puzzled look:

DOM (CONT'D)

Before your time. Me and Letty, we're all that's left of the old days. Vince and Jesse are dead. Not sure where Leon ended up.

(MORE)

DOM (CONT'D)

Mia, O'Connor ... they found something better.

HOBBS

And so did you. Look at you now. Saving the world instead of jacking VCRs. Yeah, I read about the VCRs. Ring on your finger. All this handsome [indicates himself] watching your back. Tej and Ramsey, too. [Beat] I mean, it's too bad about Roman.

Dom laughs.

HOBBS (CONT'D)

Hell, the first time I met you, I wanted to kick your ass right into a cell. Second and third times, too. Change is good, brother. Remember that. If you keep your eyes on the rear view mirror, you'll never get anywhere.

DOM

True. But if you never look back, you might forget where you came from.

Reveal Letty watching this heart-to-heart, amused.

LETTY

If either of you is about to start crying or fighting or both, I can come back later.

HOBBS

Nah. I need to go drag Roman outta whatever poor life decision he's making right now. [To Dom] Meet you at the starting line.

Hobbs lumbers off. Letty wraps her arms around Dom's neck.

LETTY

I just wanted to wish you luck. You're gonna need it. For when I leave you in the dust.

They kiss. She touches Dom's heart, beneath his giant CRUCIFIX NECKLACE.

LETTY (CONT'D)
Whoever wants to cut you to pieces
has to go through me. 'Cause this
right here? This is *mine*.

DOM
You know it's all yours. [Beat]
Yours and the Charger's. It's half
yours.

Letty hits him. Dom grins.

LETTY
Keep talking. I might just take
that honeymoon without you.

From a shadowy corner of the square, the Mystery Woman,
still helmeted, watches this tender scene.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. SUPPORT VAN/PIATA MARE - LATER

The crowd has cleared away to the periphery of the square.
The racers have assembled in the huge central area, aimed
toward a bottleneck leading out of the square and into the
old city. Dom, Letty, and Roman's cars rev up near the head
of the pack. A DJ spins live on a scaffold stage over the
starting line. In a corner of the square, Tej and Ramsey's
support van waits.

Inside, Tej and Ramsey flip through traffic and security
camera feeds on their monitors. Tej speaks into a radio
earpiece.

TEJ
Comms check. Y'all hear me?

Dom's behind the wheel of the Charger, Hobbs crammed into
the passenger seat. Both tense and alert.

DOM
Loud and clear.

HOBBS
Copy that.

Letty in her Jaguar, tense and scowling.

LETTY
I hear you.

Roman in the Corvette is ... talking on his phone.

ROMAN

Is that so? Girl, that is
fascinating. Hang on, hang on,
 I'll holler back at you. [Hangs
 up, into earpiece] I got you.

Back in the van:

TEJ

Cams are clear. Nothing in sight
 yet. Nobody, you there?

EXT. ABANDONED HOTEL ROOFTOP

A seemingly derelict hotel just outside the old city. From here we can see the lights and faintly hear the music of the race. On the roof, Mr. Nobody lowers binoculars and taps his earpiece. Behind him, geared-up SOLDIERS load equipment into a pair of Blackhawk gunships.

NOBODY

Roger. I've got choppers fueling
 now. They'll be ready to engage at
 the first sign of trouble. Good
 hunting, ladies and gents.

Mr. Nobody takes a swig of the local beer. Regards it approvingly. Not Belgian, but not bad.

INT. SUPPORT VAN

Ramsey checks the monitors. Still clear.

TEJ

(to Ramsey)

Annabelle. Leslie. Cynthia?

RAMSEY

(teasing)

What kind of name is "Tej,"
 anyway? What's the "J" doing in
 there? Did you just decide that
 "T.J." didn't sound cool enough
 without an E in?

TEJ

I'm glad you asked. That's a long
 and fascinating story that --

RAMSEY hears something unusual.

RAMSEY
Shush. No, I mean it, shush.

She bolts for the back of the van and opens the doors.

INT./EXT. PIATA MARE

Outside, the THUMP THUMP THUMP of the EDM is deafening. Ramsey shuts her eyes, listens hard. Something else grows louder over the beat...

An EMCEE takes the stage over the starting line as the DJ punches up the beat to a frenzy.

EMCEE
Ladies and gentlemen! ARE YOU
READY TO RACE!

The crowd ROARS.

Dom and Hobbs. Letty. Roman. Strapped in. Hands on the gearshifts. Time to go to work.

EMCEE (CONT'D)
The race begins in THIRTY SECONDS!

Ramsey, still listening. Now we hear it, too: HELICOPTER BLADES. Coming closer.

EMCEE (CONT'D)
TWENTY SECONDS!

EXT. PIATA MARE ROOFTOP

From the roof of one of the buildings around the square, Renfield watches the sky. He stuffs a GUMMY COCKROACH into his mouth and types commands into a laptop.

INT./EXT. PIATA MARE

Beneath Tej and Ramsey's van, the device RENFIELD planted switches on.

In the van, Tej bends closer to one of the monitors. There's a COCKROACH crawling on it. Tej tries to swat it away -- but it's just an image on the screen. And then another. And another. Spreading to more of the monitors...

TEJ
Ramsey, you've gotta see this...!

RAMSEY
 (just as alarmed)
 You've got to see *this*.

In the sky above, descending: The BIGGEST DAMN HELICOPTER YOU'VE EVER SEEN. The Mil Mi-26M. Same cargo space as a C-130. Capable of carrying 27.5 tons. Jet black, with Dracula's scarlet symbol on its sides. A DARK, IMMENSE SHAPE swings chained from its underbelly. All we can see clearly of it are four wheels. Four VERY LARGE WHEELS.

The crowd begins to notice. The Emcee squints, figures this must be something the promoters didn't tell him about, and what-the-hells onward.

EMCEE
 Uh, ten ... TEN SECONDS!

Tej has joined Ramsey at the back of the van. He puts a hand to his earpiece.

TEJ
 Dom, Letty, Roman, get out of there! Get out of there now!

Dom and Hobbs looking around, then up. Letty and Roman, too. They hear the helicopter blades, but can't see anything.

ROMAN
 Tej, man, what are you talking about? I don't see anything!

The helicopter releases its cargo. The dark shape falls toward the square.

THOOM. A GIGANTIC TRUCK with INSANELY HUGE WHEELS smashes down DIRECTLY ON TOP of the cars at the back of the pack. Startled, bleeding drivers barely squeeze out of their mashed-in cars and flee for their lives.

The truck's an ugly hunk of metal, its warped chassis welded together in thick seams from what look like pieces of other mismatched vehicles. From a giant TESLA COIL bolted into the bed, ELECTRICITY CRACKLES over its multicolored steel skin.

Meet THE MONSTER.

The crowd starts SCREAMING, fleeing the square. The Emcee and the DJ stop dead. The Monster revs its engine. It sounds like the end of the world, only louder.

ROMAN
 (trying to play it cool)
 Oh. Okay. Now I see it. Yeah,
 yeah.

Dom and Hobbs stare in amazement through the rear windshield. Hobbs looks at his giant pistol, back at the Monster, back at the pistol.

HOBBS
 I *knew* I shoulda brought the
 grenade launcher.

DOM
 (into radio)
 Ride or die, people!

Dom, Letty, and Roman shift into gear and TEAR OUT. The Monster ROARS after them, CRUSHING OVER the cars in front of it like tissue boxes as their drivers bail out and run.

Dom, Letty, and Roman form up and barrel out of the square into the streets beyond. Seconds later, the Monster PLOWS THROUGH THE DJ STAGE in pursuit, as the Emcee and DJ cling for dear life to the sides of the scaffolding.

DOM (CONT'D)
 You two split off! It wants me.
 I'm not gonna put you in danger.

The Monster looms in Roman's rear view.

ROMAN
 It's a little late for that!

LETTY
 We're not going anywhere.

Dom in the lead, the team takes a hard right deeper into the narrow, mazelike warren of streets. The Monster follows, smashing chunks off buildings as it corners, plowing over parked cars.

INT./EXT SUPPORT VAN

Tej has drawn Ramsey back to look at the monitors. They now SWARM with virtual cockroaches, some of which, bright red, form DRACULA'S SYMBOL.

TEJ
 Nobody! Hello, Nobody, can you
 hear me? Shit. Something's
 scrambling long-range comms.

RAMSEY
I know this. This is Renfield.

TEJ
Whofield?

RAMSEY
Eastern European hacker -- the
cockroaches are his calling card.

As Tej and Ramsey watch, the red cockroaches crawl into the shape of a 5. Then a 4. Then a 3. Tej and Ramsey look at each other, then bolt for the back doors of the van and out into the rapidly emptying square.

The cockroaches form a 1, then begin to form a 0.

The device on the undercarriage of the van IGNITES, blowing the van sky-high. Tej and Ramsey are hurled off their feet and tumble across the square.

From his rooftop, Renfield smirks, pops another gummy cockroach, and darts away.

EXT. OLD CITY STREETS

Dom, Letty, and Roman zigzag through the dark, narrow streets. The Monster is nowhere in sight.

LETTY
Did we lose it?

The Monster PLOWS through a building two blocks ahead and revs onto a collision course with them!

DOM
Right turn, now!

All three cars slide into a side street. The Monster just barely clips Roman's bumper as it skids to follow them.

Dom looks ahead. Several blocks away, the street dead-ends in a T-intersection, the broad stone face of an imposing-looking building looming ever closer.

DOM
(on radio)
Get out ahead of me! I'm gonna try
to buy us some time!

LETTY
You're gonna do something stupid,
aren't you?

Hobbs seems very interested in the answer to this.

DOM
It's only stupid if we don't
survive.

Hobbs double-checks his seat belt.

Letty, then Roman narrowly squeeze past Dom's car. Dom pops the handbrake. Rolls the wheel. The Charger SPINS 180 until it's FACING THE MONSTER.

The Monster rumbles into the same street Dom's on. It grinds to a halt. The Monster's engine roars. It lurches forward. Gains speed. Ready to crush the Charger --

Dom shifts into reverse. Floors it! The Charger races toward the forbidding stone building--

Letty and Roman turn right ahead, safely escaping onto the cross street --

The Monster chews up the distance, spitting lightning --

The Charger is seconds from smashing into the building --

Dom BRAKES. TURNS. BANKS the Charger around the corner at the VERY LAST SECOND, executing another 180 spin!

The Monster CAN'T STOP! Plows head-on into the face of the building, DEMOLISHING the edifice!

Team Dom WHOOPS TRIUMPHANTLY, speeding toward the exit from the Old City. Behind them, the Monster stirs, and begins to slowly reverse...

EXT. SIBIU STREETS

Dom, Letty, and Roman peel out of the Old City onto a much larger, more modern thoroughfare that runs past the Old City's remaining wall.

ROMAN
(into radio)
Where the hell is our backup? I
want some damn helicopters
already!

LETTY
(into radio)
Tej, can you hear me?

Without the truck to amplify his signal, Tej's signal is spotty:

TEJ (O.S.)
(on radio)
-- Truck is gone -- after you --
can't get to Nobo--

His words dissolve into static.

LETTY
Tej? Tej, are you there?

BOOM! The Monster PLOWS THROUGH AN ARCHED TUNNEL IN THE OLD WALL and veers onto the road directly behind them! Cars swerve to avoid it or are simply crushed beneath its massive tires.

HOBBS
That is one *persistent* S.O.B.

DOM
(obviously means Hobbs)
Reminds me of somebody.

The Tesla Coil on the back of the monster CRACKLES, charging up. Searing bolts of lightning CASCADE over the truck's skin and LEAP OUT TO STRIKE PASSING CARS!

LETTY
Roman, watch your six!

ROMAN
It is very difficult not to!

Another bolt from the Monster strikes Roman's car! The charge crackles over the Corvette's skin and through the tires -- which CATCH FIRE and begin to melt!

Roman watches the speedometer begin to drop as the Corvette struggles to drive on sludgy, melting tires. It's everything he can do to hold the car steady.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Uh ... Little help here, please?

The Monster, as if sensing his weakness, lines itself up so that one giant wheel churns behind the Corvette. The distance between the two cars steadily shrinks.

LETTY
I got this! Go, Dom, get outta here!

ROMAN
Sooner would be better!

Letty's Jaguar drops back until it's right beside the Corvette. Bolts from the Monster crackle around both cars, but don't connect. Letty rolls down the passenger window and shouts over to Roman.

LETTY
 Jump for my window!

ROMAN
 Are you insane?

Roman looks back. The Monster is RIGHT ON HIS BUMPER. He shakes his head -- can't believe this.

He switches on cruise control. Undoes his seat belt and wraps it around the shuddering steering wheel to keep it straight. Looks over at Letty.

ROMAN
 Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit--

Roman opens his door and LUNGES OUT!

Letty veers closer -- Roman grabs on -- legs dangling above the blurring pavement, lightning crackling all around -- and TUMBLES INSIDE HEADFIRST!

The Monster catches the Corvette! CHEWS IT UP with one mighty tire, until the front half FLIES UP, parts flying everywhere, bug-smushed on the Monster's front grille.

Part of the Corvette SMASHES into Letty's windshield and she slams on the brakes, skidding safely to a stop as the Monster roars past in pursuit of Dom and Hobbs.

Letty pounds the steering wheel in frustration as it gets away. Roman's lower half sprouts awkwardly from her passenger seat, and from beneath the dash, we hear him:

ROMAN
 A whole lot of me hurts right now.
 Like, all of me. This part, and
 this part, and this...

LETTY
 (die in a fire)
 You're welcome.

Dom and Hobbs veer through traffic as the Monster catches up. As they swerve around passing cars, it just PLOWS RIGHT OVER every vehicle in its path.

Over the roar of the Charger's engine, Dom and Hobbs hear HELICOPTERS. Hobbs cranes his neck to see out the window and grins.

DOM
Another surprise from Dracula?

HOBBS
Hell no, brother. That's the sound
of freedom!

Mr. Nobody's two BLACKHAWK GUNSHIPS have finally arrived!

DOM
(deadpan)
I wonder how they found us.

The Blackhawks OPEN UP on the Monster with heavy machine gun fire! Bullets spark off its thick, warped steel skin and its steel-reinforced tires! The Monster veers wildly.

One of the gunships fires an RPG at the Monster. The explosion ROCKS IT briefly onto two wheels, denting the chassis. It just might be done for, unless --

The Monster's Tesla coil powers up again. HURLS LIGHTNING SKYWARD! Electricity engulfs both choppers! Their rotors sputter. They swerve wildly, alarms shrieking. One SMASHES into a nearby building in a ball of fire. The other spirals down onto the road in front of Dom and Hobbs! Dom BARELY DODGES the crashing copter as it EXPLODES!

The Monster PLOWS through its flaming remains. Catches up with the Charger. Another bolt from the coil dances across its skin, leaps forward off its grille -- and STRIKES THE CHARGER!

Dom and Hobbs watch the dashboard lights flicker and die. The motor cuts out. Dom struggles as the power steering and power brakes go, along with the rest of the electrical systems. The Charger skids to a halt in the middle of the highway, smoldering, crackling.

Dom tries to touch the dash -- Hobbs the door -- both shrink back as electricity arcs at them.

The Monster rumbles closer -- closer -- then swerves AROUND the Charger, skids to face it, and just ... waits.

Trapped in the Charger, Dom and Hobbs hear familiar chopper blades.

DOM
The sound of freedom?

HOBBS
I'm thinking the opposite.

The Mil Mi-26M is back, descending from the sky. The massive MAGNETIC CLAW HOOK it used to carry the Monster dangles from its underbelly. It lines up with the Charger and slowly lowers the hook.

Letty and Roman catch up in their Jaguar, within sight of the Charger. Letty sees the Mi-26 -- the claw descending -- then a half-crushed, abandoned flatbed truck between them and the charger, its sloping back half forming a perfect ramp.

ROMAN
Letty? I know that look.

LETTY
Shut up, Roman.

Letty guns the engine. The Jaguar zips forward.

Dom sees her coming. Susses out her plan.

DOM
(on radio)
Don't you do it.

LETTY
I love you, Dom.

ROMAN
Come on, Letty, think about this--!

DOM
Dammit, Letty, don't do it!

LETTY
You make it out of this alive, Dom
-- find me. I know you will.

Dom is desperate now, pounding on the steering wheel. Letty rips the Jaguar up the truck-ramp.

DOM
Dammit, Letty, NO!

Letty sails out over the Charger --

And directly into the clutches of the magnetic claw! It latches on with a KA-CHUNK, and its pincers drop down, sealing off the Jaguar's doors.

The chopper rises with Letty and Roman in tow, its running lights going dark, vanishing up into the night. Dom leans forward, looking up through the windshield, desperate.

DOM

Letty!

Static crackles in his earpiece, and he yanks it out and CRUSHES it in his fist.

The Monster revs its engine. Backs up, starts to turn around. Dom reaches under the dash again, grimacing as he absorbs the last of the lingering electric charge, and starts trying to hotwire the Charger back to life.

HOBBS

What are you doing?

DOM

Whoever's in the truck knows where they're taking Letty.

Dom yanks out components, crosses wires. The Charger ROARS to life. Dom REVS UP and BURNS OUT after the Monster!

The Monster tries to shake Dom's Charger -- plowing into buildings to scatter debris, ramming or crushing cars to strew obstacles in its path. But Dom drives like a man possessed. HE WILL NOT BE STOPPED.

EXT. SIBIU INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAWN

The chase takes both cars out of the city, into a derelict industrial park. The Monster lures the Charger into drawing level with it -- then tries to CRUSH IT against a nearby building!

As sparks fly from both sides of the Charger -- the wall on Dom's side, the massive sidewalls of the Monster's tires chewing up Hobbs's side -- the Mystery Woman appears on her bike to turn the tide.

She darts UNDERNEATH the Monster, using her crossbow to sever its brake lines and puncture its gas tank! As it begins to fishtail, the Monster clips her bike with one of its tires, sending her tumbling off across the tarmac. But the Monster's wounded now, swerving erratically.

Hobbs sees gasoline dribbling from the Monster's pierced tank. Turns to Dom as he hefts the pistol.

HOBBS

Get me a clean shot.

Dom draws alongside the Monster again, dodging jolts from the Tesla coil. Hobbs aims at the leaking gas tank. Fires.

The Monster EXPLODES. Tesla coil going up like a Roman candle, tires shredding and battering the Charger. It rolls, tips over on its side, skids to a flaming halt inside a massive, abandoned, Soviet-era auto factory.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY

Dom and Hobbs get out, surveying the flaming wreck of the Monster. Flames illuminate massive, faded murals and stilled production lines cluttered with tiny half-built cars.

The door of the Monster FLIES OFF. Clatters to the concrete in front of Dom and Hobbs. The driver of the Monster scrambles out, frantic. From the voice, we can tell it's

FRANK

Fire bad! *Fire bad!*

Frank leaps free of the burning wreckage. Rolls to extinguish smoldering patches of fire on his coveralls.

He's huge. Muscular. STITCHED TOGETHER from different parts of different people, a scar-seamed mis-matched mishmash. METAL BOLTS jut from his neck. (Implying any resemblance between Frank and JOHN CENA? Preposterous.)

DOM

That is ... not what I was expecting.

HOBBS

And I thought you were ugly.

Frank resets a dislocated shoulder joint. Straightens a broken nose with one hand -- on which we recognize the DISTINCTIVE SCAR we saw on Hector LeClerc's same hand -- and looks at Dom and Hobbs. Recognizes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Toretto.

Frank charges.

The biggest, most badass three-way fight you've ever seen ensues: Dom and Hobbs vs. Frank. Frank swats the gun from Hobbs's hand and knocks Hobbs off his feet.

Dom and Hobbs try to fight Frank straight. But he's INHUMANLY STRONG. They have to run, scrambling through the plant, Frank hot on Dom's heels always.

The chase takes them through the assembly lines -- Frank TEARING rusted chassis out of his path, HURLING them at Dom and Hobbs -- and into the rickety catwalks high above the factory floor.

Dom lures Frank out onto a catwalk -- and Hobbs looses the chains on a dangling series of engine blocks, which swing like pendulums, battering Frank and the catwalk one after the other, until it COLLAPSES! Dom clings to his end of the catwalk for dear life as Frank tumbles to the factory floor!

Frank's battered. Bleeding. He looks up -- sees Hobbs helping Dom up to safety. Trust. Friendship. Sadness in Frank's mismatched eyes, just for a moment, at what he wants but does not have. Sadness that turns to RAGE. Frank snarls. Hauls himself up --

And a CROSSBOW BOLT thunks square into his chest. We hear METAL GRIND under his skin. Frank begins to wheeze.

The Mystery Woman limps slowly across the factory floor. Looses another bolt that catches Frank in the shoulder. Another just above the knee. Frank can only rasp as he struggles for breath. Sinks down, beaten --

The Mystery Woman levels her crossbow at his head. Frank looks up at her, agonized --

Dom's hand closes around the Mystery Woman's arm and jerks the crossbow up.

DOM
I wouldn't.

HOBBS
We need him alive.

The Mystery Woman angrily yanks off her helmet. Gorgeous. Fierce. Eyes burning with intelligence and anger.
(Absolutely, positively not LUPITA NYONG'O.)

MYSTERY WOMAN
This abomination needs to die.

DOM
Maybe so. But not until he tells me where his pal Dracula took my wife.

The Mystery Woman softens at this. Reluctantly lowers her crossbow.

DOM (CONT'D)
Good. Good. We're all friends
here. I'm Dominic Toretto.

HOBBS
Luke Hobbs.

ABI VAN HELSING hesitates just a moment, then:

ABI
Abi Van Helsing. I kill monsters.

Frank seizes, his breathing growing even more ragged.

HOBBS
Looks like today, you're gonna
help us save one.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRACULA'S CASTLE - EARLY MORNING

The Mil Mi-26M descends into the castle's courtyard.

INT. CASTLE CHAMBER

Bolts are thrown on a heavy, reinforced door. It opens to reveal Soldiers dragging a beat-up Roman.

ROMAN
I gotta say, this check-in policy?
Not great. I'm giving y'all one
star on TripAdvisor for this.

Two nervous Soldiers point guns into the room, watching for ... something. The others hurl Roman roughly inside.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Can I speak to a concierge?

The Soldiers retreat and quickly bolt the door.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
What time does the bar open?

Their footsteps retreat down the corridor. Roman hauls himself up, wincing. Tests the door -- it's *beyond* locked.

He looks around. Not bad! Fancy fixtures. Tapestries on the windowless stone walls. An antechamber leads around a corner to a larger room. Plush four-poster bed. Roman tests it.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Okay, I can work with this.

A soft giggle reaches his ears. He turns: Three pale but SPECTACULARLY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN in diaphanous nightgowns slink toward him from the shadows at the far side of the room. They smile. Roman smiles back.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
I can *definitely* work with this.
Hello, ladies, I'm Roman, and we probably need to talk about how this is going to go down. Are y'all strictly one at a time? Is this like a group thing? I mean, I'm down for it, but we need to talk log... is.. tics...?

The three women -- the BRIDES -- keep smiling. Wider. Eeeeven wider. Their teeth look sharp. The whites of their eyes turn red.

Roman backs away, onto the bed, as the Brides close in.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
All right, clearly y'all into some of that nasty shit. Maybe, maybe we just talk a little bit first, get to know each other, brush up on our affirmative consent? Maybe? Ladies?

THE BRIDES LUNGE AT HIM --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S LAB - NIGHT

Old world and new; stone walls with racks of ancient, rusty farm implements -- hoes and pitchforks -- alongside state-of-the-art medical and scientific equipment.

Letty, beat up like Roman, is thrown onto a metal table. Soldiers tie down her arms and legs as she struggles. They look pretty beat to hell, too -- Letty got her licks in.

Elsa pushes her way through the soldiers, unafraid. She sneers at them -- you *weaklings* -- and they slink away.

LETTY
 (to Elsa)
 I guess I know who wears the balls
 around here, huh?

Elsa CLAMPS A HAND over Letty's mouth and shoves Letty's head back hard against the table. Elsa plucks a needle from a waiting IV stand and plunges it into Letty's arm.

ELSA
 You have quite a loud mouth.
 Perhaps I will have it sewn shut.

Letty's blood drips into the bag. Elsa releases her grip as Letty lunges against the restraints.

LETTY
 Perhaps I'll kick your narrow ass.

Elsa smirks, unintimidated, and leaves. Letty struggles against her bonds, in vain, until she hears, faintly:

LARRY
 Even a man who is pure of heart,
 and says his prayers by night...

It's coming from a thick PLEXIGLASS CAGE next to her, its stone floor strewn with fly-speckled, gnawed-on beef bones. A ragged wreck of a man, barefoot, huddles in a corner, fingers dancing out a nervous tic.

LETTY
 Hey! Hey, are you okay? What did
 they do to you?

LARRY TALBOT, mid-30s, looks up at her, pale and drawn. Kind, sad eyes.

LARRY
 Even a man who is pure of heart
 and says his prayers by night...

FRANKENSTEIN
 Still with the mantra, Larry?

Vic Frankenstein swans into the lab, removing earbuds.

FRANKENSTEIN
 (to Letty)
 Hi, Vic Frankenstein. Nice to meet
 you. Comfy? Those restraints are
 top of the line. I use 'em myself
 sometimes. Recreationally.

Letty rattles them again.

LETTY

You like 'em so much, switch places with me.

FRANKENSTEIN

Ooh, feisty! I like it! Larry's never that entertaining. Well, once a month, but otherwise ...

Vic thumps the glass on Larry's cage.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

How's it going, Larry?

Larry cowers and scrambles away.

LETTY

What the hell did you do to him?

FRANKENSTEIN

We used to work together. Had a little falling out. Seems SOMEbody didn't want to voluntarily advance the cause of science, right, Larry? Feeling pretty stupid now, aren't we, Larry?

LETTY

Advancing the cause of science. Right. That's why you're working for a freaking warlord.

As Frankenstein talks, he roams the lab: A huge steel incinerator, flames roiling behind the small glass window in its heavy, person-sized door; a tank full of writhing, sparking electric eels; tables full of gene-sequencers and computer banks.

FRANKENSTEIN

I'm working for a disruptive innovator in the distribution industry, thank you very much. And only because those pricks in Silicon Valley have no vision. Oh, sure, they all say they want to live forever, but start talking about the phase 1 side effects, and suddenly they're all pussies.

LETTY

Live forever? Who would want that?

FRANKENSTEIN

People who already have all the cool toys. Dying is gauche. *Everybody* does it. Immortality? That's how you know you're *really* special. Dracula gets it, man. He's willing to roll with the beta version until we get to the gold master. And that -- what's your name? Never mind, doesn't matter -- is where you come in.

Frankenstein examines the blood drip from Letty's arm.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

See, constant regeneration takes a shitload of stem cells. So my boy V.D. needs a whole bunch of that good old blood to keep his tank full. Kinda like a stem-cell smoothie for him. And you know, the local cuisine is all right, but occasionally he likes foreign food.

Frankenstein beams as Letty's blood fills the bag.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Thanks so much for volunteering.

On Letty's growing horror, we

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED HOTEL - MORNING

Dom's Charger burns rubber toward Mr. Nobody's HQ.

INT. HOTEL GARAGE

Cars and car repair gear parked all around. Medics patch up cuts and scrapes on Tej and Ramsey. Mr. Nobody over-the-shoulders satellite footage on a soldier's laptop.

The GROWL of the Charger fills the garage as it peels down the ramp. Dom, Hobbs, and Abi climb out as the others race over.

They open the rear doors, and Dom and Hobbs begin to haul out Frank, pale and wheezing and barely conscious.

NOBODY

What the hell did you bring into
my top-secret headquarters?

DOM

He might know where they took
Letty.

NOBODY

Which parts of him?

Frank begins to gasp and spasm. His eyes roll back into his head. Dom and Hobbs haul Frank onto a rolling steel table, which they sweep clear of assorted tools and auto parts.

DOM

We need a medic!

A MEDIC rushes over, strips open Frank's soot-smeared work shirt, and jerks back in surprise.

A METAL PLATE covers Frank's chest, sealed into his flesh. Punctured where Abi's arrow struck him. The Medic gingerly touches an indentation in the center -- the plate HISSES OPEN. A bizarre mix of organs and metal parts lurches and grinds underneath. The Medic goes pale.

MEDIC

I... I have no idea what I'm
working with here.

Tej peers inside, horrified but fascinated. Dom joins him. Both inspect Frank's guts with growing familiarity.

TEJ

Wait ... That looks like an intake
manifold...

DOM

A compressor ... Fuel injectors ..

TEJ

He's put together like a car.

Abi joins them, reluctantly.

ABI

Doctor Frankenstein is -- I
believe the term is "gearhead."

TEJ

And how do you know?

Abi swallows hard.

ABI
These systems -- my parents helped
him design them.

DOM
Then help us.

Abi wavers, then ...

ABI
I damaged the main circulatory
pump. The "engine," if you will.

DOM
Something stuck in it. Get pliers.

Ramsey wheels over a cart with equipment from the auto
area. Tej and Dom go to work. Dom fishes into Frank's
oozing chest cavity, pulls out a fragment of arrowhead, and
discards it.

DOM
(to Abi)
What now?

ABI
There's a problem with the
respiration. [Points] There.

Dom once again plunges a hand into Frank's horrifying,
gooey chest cavity, feeling around. He twists and pulls out
a component.

DOM
Huh. Cracked intake valve.

He tosses it to Tej, who's not really thrilled to catch it.

DOM (CONT'D)
Looks like a Chrysler 383.

Tej scrambles, finds a replacement part, slaps it into
Dom's hand. Dom goes back in -- horrible squelching sounds
-- a metallic click. He closes up Frank's chest. Frank
still wheezes and spasms.

DOM
And now?

ABI
The system is electric. The charge
must have run down. It won't start
without power.

Dom spots the bolts on Frank's neck. IDEA.

DOM

Tej, get me the biggest-ass pair
of jumper cables you can find!

Dom wheels Frank over to a parked Hummer and pops its hood. Tej tosses him a serious pair of jumper cables. Dom hooks them up to the Hummer's battery, then to Frank's neck bolts! SPARKS FLY! Blue electricity CRACKLES out of Frank's open mouth and dances across the table as Dom leaps back!

The sparks die down. Frank's twitching stops. Dom approaches carefully. Frank's chest rises and falls, his eyes closed. Dom unhooks the jumper cables. From beneath Frank's chest plate, we hear a low, gentle rumble, like an engine at idle.

Dom, Abi, Tej -- everyone lets out the breath they've been holding. Dom wipes sweat off his forehead.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED HOTEL MEDICAL LAB / CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

In a makeshift medical lab, Frank lies on a gurney hooked up to machines that monitor his vitals. Dom and Mr. Nobody watch through a glass observation window.

NOBODY

This is the freakiest shit I've
ever seen. And I have seen some
freaky shit.

Off Dom's look:

NOBODY (CONT'D)

Ask me sometime about the Arctic.

DOM

Sometime. First we get Letty back.

Dom touches the crucifix around his neck. They turn from the window and walk down a corridor.

NOBODY

I want the son of a bitch as bad
as you do. Some of my best troops
were in those choppers. We're
retasking satellites now to try to
track the cargo copter Dracula's
men used, but so far, no luck.

(MORE)

NOBODY (CONT'D)

That Renfield punk used Ramsey's systems to get into ours and scramble them but good. And without coordinates for Dracula's lair ... Needle. Haystack. You get the picture.

Dom and Nobody enter a conference room, where Hobbs, Tej, and Ramsey cluster around one side of the table, eyeing Abi isolated at the other. She's checking and cleaning crossbow components. Hobbs studies her intently.

NOBODY (CONT'D)

Perhaps your new friend here can tell us something useful.

Tej admires the crossbow pieces.

TEJ

This is custom, isn't it? Carbon fiber. You build this yourself?

As he reaches out to touch one part, Abi shoots him an icy glare -- hands off the merchandise. He retreats.

Hobbs snaps his fingers:

HOBBS

Brussels.

ABI

Excuse me?

HOBBS

Brussels. The diamond exchange heist a few years back. They sent in my team to assist with the manhunt. You've changed your hair, changed your style, but I remember you. You were Interpol.

ABI

I was.

HOBBS

What happened?

ABI

We had a disagreement about Victor Frankenstein.

She finishes assembling the crossbow.

ABI (CONT'D)

I thought he should die. Swiftly.

Dom plucks a Corona from an ice bucket and sits down next to Abi. He leans in intensely.

DOM

He thinks the same about me. And I never even met the guy. You got any light to shed on that?

Abi stares Dom down for a long moment. Then sighs. Digs a tablet out of her bag. Flips through photos.

First up: A loving couple, in a family portrait with a very young Abi. Abi steels her face, holding back emotion.

ABI

Miriam and Jacob Van Helsing. My parents. Brilliant geneticists. Pioneers in DNA sequencing and analysis. Three years ago, they took a job in Poland...

Miriam and Jacob, older, smiling in a candid group photo with two men. We recognize one, barely, as a much healthier Larry, while the other is a mildly disguised Victor Frankenstein.

ABI (CONT'D)

... With their chief assistant, Lawrence Talbot, and a man who called himself Byron Polidori.

Dom's eyes narrow as he recognizes Frankenstein.

INT. ABANDONED HOTEL MEDICAL LAB

Frank lies motionless.

ABI (V.O.)

At first they were thrilled. Polidori was a genius, they said.

We see the dull yellow eye of the creature OPEN.

INT. ABANDONED HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM

Abi continues her story.

ABI

They were heading for incredible breakthroughs with CRISPR.

HOBBS

Who's Crisper?

ABI

Not who. What. Think of it as ... Aftermarket parts for the human genome. A cheap, easy way to precisely edit DNA. Snip these genes out, swap those genes in. Mum and Dad dreamed of curing genetic diseases -- saving millions of lives. But they started to worry.

INT. ABANDONED HOTEL CORRIDOR

Frank stumbles into the corridor, groggy, sheet-swathed. Hears Abi's voice. Follows it hesitantly.

ABI (V.O.)

They told me Polidori had other ideas. Said he was cutting corners. Hiding research. Becoming secretive.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Abi takes a deep breath. Wrings all emotion from her face.

ABI (CONT'D)

I last spoke to them on a Sunday afternoon. My time. Night for them. They said they'd had enough. They and Talbot were planning to confront Polidori. Quit the project. I got another call in the small hours of Monday morning.

Next photo: Charred corpses in a burnt-out lab.

ABI (CONT'D)

The police ruled the fire an accident. But Polidori vanished. Talbot, too, although his apartment showed signs of a struggle. I started investigating.

(MORE)

ABI (CONT'D)

Found that Polidori was
Frankenstein. Tied Dracula and his
men to the fire that -- to the
fire. And I've been hunting him --
with or without Interpol's help --
ever since.

She fixes Dom with a hard stare.

ABI (CONT'D)

One of the few contacts who'd
still talk to me had heard your
name in connection with
Frankenstein and his warlord
friend. I figured if I shadowed
you long enough, their minions
would surface, and I could track
them back to Frankenstein.

Outside the conference room, Frank does his best to huddle
out of sight of those inside. Sorrow in his eyes.

ABI

He killed my mother and father. He
hollowed out my life. And for
what? To chase dreams of
immortality. To make a madman into
a monster.

NOBODY

You mean Dracula? He's undergone
some kind of treatment?

ABI

I have my parents' notes, and the
data we recovered from the burned
lab. Frankenstein has ... changed
Dracula somehow. Found crude
genetic shortcuts to grant him
incredibly accelerated healing.
Enhanced strength and reflexes.

TEJ

So he's a damn super-soldier?

ABI

Not entirely. Like I said, *crude*
shortcuts. The genes Frankenstein
spliced in leave the body severely
vulnerable to UV rays. Ten seconds
in the sun could burn him to a
crisp.

She picks up a crossbow bolt.

ABI (CONT'D)

The wood of the mountain ash tree also secretes an oil that disrupts the patient's altered cellular communication. Put it through the heart, so it's carried throughout the bloodstream, and you might even kill him. And based on what my contacts have heard ... He needs blood. Constantly.

RAMSEY

Transfusions? I could start searching blood banks for withdrawals--

ABI

He needs to *consume* it.

Everyone else (except Dom, of course) is repulsed by this.

HOBBS

A goddamn vampire.

Abi just shrugs. She doesn't care what he's called.

NOBODY

You got any leads on his hideout?

ABI

If I did, I wouldn't be here. I'd be putting an arrow through Frankenstein's eye.

TEJ

If Dracula didn't eat you first. This dude sounds insanely dangerous.

DOM

He's got Letty. And Roman. He's got our family. So we're going to find him. And I'm personally going to give him one hell of a suntan.

FRANK (O.S.)

I ... want to help.

Everyone in the room jolts as Frankenstein lurches into the doorway. Abi, Hobbs, and Nobody draw guns. Frank shies back. Dom stands up.

DOM
Wait. Everybody stay cool.

ABI
This *thing* comes from
Frankenstein. It must die.

HOBBS
I'm kind of in agreement here,
brother. Especially since he just
got done kicking our asses all
over Romania.

FRANK
Before, I did not ... understand.
Father said get Toretto. Father
said this would fix me.

He looks at Abi. Seems sincere.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Your mother. Your father. I am ...
sorry.

Frank looks at himself. Disgust. Remorse.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I am broken. Father says. I want
to not be broken. I want to be
better.

Abi is unmoved. Sights down the crossbow.

ABI
I can fix that. Very quickly.

Dom puts himself between Abi and Frank. Cucumber cool.

DOM
He says he wants to help. I say we
need his help. You ever been to
Dracula's hideout? Because I bet
he has.

FRANK
They take me in and out -- never
let me drive. But ... I have seen
through the windows. I will help.
If I can.

ABI
You cannot trust him. He's a
monster. Like his creator.

FRANK
 (to Dom)
 You ... saved my life.

Dom looks Frank in the eye. Sees something familiar there.

DOM
 I know what it's like to have
 everyone think you're a monster.
 Until you start thinking that
 yourself. And I know how much it
 means to have people who believe
 in you. Take a chance on you. Even
 when they got no reason to trust
 you.

Dom slowly reaches for a Corona in the ice bucket. Hands it
 carefully to Frank. Notes the name on Frank's shirt pocket.

DOM
 So what do you say ... Frank?

Frank studies the label. He has clearly never seen a beer
 before.

FRANK
 Co-ro-na.

DOM
 That's right. You ever had one?

Frank sniffs it. Pops the cap off with two massive fingers.
 Watches Dom take a drink, and does likewise. Frank's face
 lights up.

FRANK
 Co-ro-na ... *good*.

Mr. Nobody silently disagrees with this. But Dom almost,
almost smiles.

DOM
 Well, all right then.

NOBODY
 (under his breath)
 Freaky, *freaky* shit.

Hobbs holsters his weapon, reluctantly. Ramsey and Tej draw
 closer, not quite chummy with Frank, but at least curious.
 Abi lowers her crossbow -- but glares daggers at Frank. He
 meets her gaze -- and we can't tell what's going on behind
 those mismatched eyes...

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED HOTEL - DUSK

In time-lapse, shadows lengthen, the sun sinks, and lights begin to dot Sibiu.

INT. ABANDONED HOTEL

Montage of our heroes at the end of a long day:

- Mr. Nobody, feet up at his desk, sips a Belgian ale and loosens his collar, scanning satellite feeds on a bank of monitors.

- Empty Corona bottles litter the conference room table. Frank sits, draining another one, staring in childish awe at a nature documentary -- frolicking baby opossums -- on the screen. He's never seen anything so beautiful.

Abi watches him through the glass windows.

- Hobbs has rearranged his room into a makeshift gym, sweating intensely. Mentally preparing for the next fight.

- Ramsey, in her room, assembles a new laptop. Her phone pings. A text from Tej: MARJORIE?

She smiles -- that *dweeb* -- and types something back.

- Tej, relaxing on his bed with a subtitled kung fu movie on TV, gets a text from Ramsey: YOU'RE MENTAL. He smiles, too.

- Weary Dom emerges from the elevator on the hotel's top floor, rubbing the back of his neck, eager for sleep. He opens the door to

INT. DOM'S ROOM - DUSK

His room. More of a suite. In the spacious antechamber, four heavily armed AGENTS snap to attention. Dressed for combat.

DOM

Usually, when I get this kind of reception, someone's trying to arrest me.

No-nonsense blonde AGENT DOUMA steps forward.

DOUMA

Sir. You're a high-value target.
We have orders to protect you.

Off their assault rifles:

DOM

You think those will help much if
they drop in another monster
truck?

Douma hefts an even bigger gun:

DOUMA

I have a grenade launcher, sir.

DOM

Well, now I know I'll sleep great.

DOUMA

We'll be right outside. Shout if
you need us.

DOM

If Dracula makes a move, I think
we'll all know about it.

Dom continues into the bedroom. Stares out the window as
night falls on Sibiu. Hand on the cross around his neck.
Wondering where Letty is now.

INT. DOM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dom sleeps, uneasily. A shadow falls across him.

Dom's eyes snap open. From under his pillow he pulls a gun,
spins, leveling the gun at --

Dracula. Perfectly still at his bedside. Amused.

DRACULA

You seem so much smaller than I
imagined.

Dracula notes a smear of blood at one corner of his mouth
-- deftly thumbs it off, then licks the thumb clean.

DOM

You must be Dracula. You've got
five seconds to tell me where
you've taken Letty, or --

DRACULA

Oh. You'll shoot me?

Dracula tosses Agent Douma's shredded tactical vest onto the bed.

DRACULA

Your friends outside tried that.

Dom's eyes flit to the vest for just a second as the horrific implication sinks in. It's all Dracula needs.

In a BLINK, he's SWATTED THE GUN FROM DOM'S HAND and DRAGGED DOM BY THE THROAT UP AND OUT OF BED! Dracula holds Dom above him, one-handed, as Dom kicks and struggles!

Dom's crucifix dangles free from his undershirt, right in Dracula's face. Dracula grimaces -- a guttural noise of disgust -- and tosses Dom to the floor.

DOM

Don't like the sign of the cross?

DRACULA

No. It's just tacky.

DOM

I hear you want me dead. Surprised you're man enough to come at me yourself.

DRACULA

Dead? Hardly. I wanted you to live forever.

DOM

That's not the message I took from the killer truck you sent.

DRACULA

How old are you, Toretto? How many miles have you traveled in this life? More importantly -- how many more are left before you?

DOM

More than enough to run you down.

DRACULA

And if you do? What then? Time will still be stalking you. Every minute. Every hour. Bleeding you dry of everything and everyone you love.

DOM

Like you? Your wife, your
daughter?

Dracula cannot fully hide a flash of pain from his face.
But it only lasts a moment.

DRACULA

The tragedy is not that I lost
them. It's that I never could have
kept them. The men who took them
from me only accelerated the
inevitable. Nothing can be great
unless it endures. I'm not your
enemy. I am your greatest friend.

DOM

I'm gonna disagree on that.

DRACULA

I have ... certain enhancements.
But they're not enough. I need one
last prize -- and the perfect
driver to steal it for me. Better
than any one man ever could be. So
I had one custom built.

DOM

You wanted me for parts. Like the
others. To soup up that thing you
sent after me.

DRACULA

What have you done with him?

Dom calculates for a second, then, stonefaced:

DOM

He's dead. That's what you do with
monsters. You kill them.

This hardly fazes Dracula.

DRACULA

A pity. I would have made you a
part of something greater than
[gestures to Dom contemptuously]
this. I would have made the best
of you -- your skills, your
tenacity -- immortal. But now,
since you've destroyed my driver
-- I'll settle for you.

DOM
The hell you will.

DRACULA
Perhaps I'm mistaken. I thought
you'd want a chance to see your
wife again, alive. Maybe even that
other one. Whatever his name was.
Is.

Dom glares, but Dracula knows he has the upper hand.

DOM
I'm not a thief anymore.

DRACULA
You are what I say you are. Or
your wife is my next meal. I've
left the details for you in the
next room. You have five days,
Toretto. After that -- I may get
hungry.

Dracula steps to a large picture window. Opens it,
breathing in the night air. Distantly, we hear powerful
engines racing through the streets. Dracula seems to savor
the sound.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Children of the night. What music
they make.

He simply steps out the window and plummets. Dom lunges to
follow -- but the street below is empty.

Dom races to the antechamber, throws open the doors.

The four Agents sprawl like ragdolls across the furniture.
Pale. Bloodless. Dead. Throats torn open. Not a speck of
blood to be found -- except for letters and numbers
scrawled on the wall above Douma's corpse:

23.03.39.3N 113.22.14.8E TB1933BL

Dom's hands tighten to fists.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Middle of the night. The team has gathered, sleepy but
determined. Mr.

Nobody in particular looks rattled by the loss of more agents and the breach in security. Abi slouches in a corner. No sign of Frank.

Ramsey taps on a keyboard, and maps appear on the screens around them.

RAMSEY

They're coordinates. Guangzhou, China. The city's built on a series of islands, and this one...

More tapping. Zoom in on a teardrop-shaped island at city's heart.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

... Is devoted to biotechnology.

Zoom in on a particular building. Change to a 3-D view.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

Yongsheng Biotech. They specialize in synthetic DNA.

NOBODY

God, I miss the days when this was just about Communists.

ABI

Every organism's genetic code is built from four base pairs -- A, C, T, and G. Scientists have developed new base pairs to expand the possibilities of the genome. They've already been added to bacteria. Yongsheng wants to put them in human DNA.

RAMSEY

The last part of Dracula's message was a project ID number for a synthetic sequence to protect against UV radiation. My Chinese is rusty, but it looks like Yongsheng's working toward a vaccine that would protect you from sunburn and skin cancer.

DOM

Or take away Dracula's biggest weakness.

The table falls silent. Finally:

DOM (CONT'D)

(to Nobody)

We any closer to finding Dracula's hideout?

NOBODY

Not yet. I've got my people analyzing some of the sketches the big guy gave us, but it could take days.

DOM

Then I guess I'm going to China.

NOBODY

I can't help you on this. I mean, I can help you, -- fake passports, transpo, fine. But if you get caught, we're talking a category 5 international shitstorm.

DOM

Dracula wanted me. He's gonna get me. The rest of you can stay clean.

HOBBS

Like hell we will. That bloodthirsty prick's got Letty and Roman. I don't leave a man behind. And I don't sit on my ass when family's in trouble.

TEJ

Like you say: Ride or die.

RAMSEY

Preferably the former. But I'm in.

FRANK (O.S.)

I want to help.

Everyone pauses as Frank lumbers into the room. Abi tenses.

ABI

We can't trust it.

HOBBS

Seconded.

FRANK

Please. I was made to do this.

ABI
(scoffs)
Literally.

FRANK
I can help. I can do something ...
better. That's all I want.

The others turn to Dom. He considers. Then nods.

ABI
Then I'm coming, too. If this
brings us any closer to
Frankenstein, I want in.

She stares down Frank icily.

ABI (CONT'D)
And when this thing betrays you, I
want to be there to finish it off.

Again, Frank's face is hard to read...

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S LAB - NIGHT

Letty, pale and weakened, drifts in and out of sleep on the lab table. A bucket of dirty water SPLASHES onto her, jolting her awake.

Elsa holds the bucket, the hint of a smirk on her lips. Frankenstein stands next to her, pacing, livid.

ELSA
No escape for you. Not even in
sleep.

LETTY
(to Frankenstein)
What's the matter, cupcake?
Somebody piss you off?

FRANKENSTEIN
Did somebody piss me off? Well, as
a matter of fact, they did. You
know what your meathead hubby did?
He wrecked him. He wrecked Junior.

LETTY
The thing you sent after us?

FRANKENSTEIN

Millions of dollars! I mean, not my dollars, but still. Years of work! He was the first! He was the original! I was gonna take him to Davos! Do you realize? Now I have to rewrite my entire goddamn Ted talk!

Elsa looks weirdly envious about this.

LETTY

I'm crying my eyes out.

Frankenstein grips her hard on the jaw and squeezes. He gestures to Larry in his cage.

FRANKENSTEIN

Oh, just you wait. The moment, the second V.D.'s done with you, you're mine. Larry was just an idle thought. I'll make your DNA a goddamn epic poem. I will turn you inside out until every cell in your body devours itself. [Beat] Now get some rest. Eat something. Big day of exsanguination tomorrow, champ.

Frankenstein snaps his fingers at Elsa.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Elsa, honey, take care of her. I'm gonna do some guided meditation.

Frankenstein storms off. Letty picks up on Elsa's irritation:

LETTY

Is it me, or am I not the only one stuck here, hanging around doing jack shit?

Elsa's eyes narrow -- the comment hits home. She brutally TASES Letty with a handheld stungun. Letty screams, then goes limp, panting. Her eyes burn with defiance.

LETTY (CONT'D)

... Tickles.

Elsa undoes her straps. Letty tries to struggle, but the shock's left her limbs rubbery. Elsa hauls her to an open glass cage next to Larry's, and throws her inside. Elsa slides a dish of barely-qualifies-as-food after her.

Letty lunges for the door, but Elsa slams it shut in her face. Air-kisses, mockingly, before she leaves.

Letty slumps, exhausted. Grimly eats the super-gross food with her hands.

An excruciating SCRRRRRAAAAAAAPE sound makes her wince. She sees Larry carving a tally mark, the latest of many, on his side of the glass.

LETTY

Keep it down. Some of us are trying to make more blood over here.

Larry blinks. Seems to come back to himself with this human contact. Tries to smear back his matted hair, pathetically, to make himself look presentable.

LARRY

Shit. Shit. Sorry. I'm, uh, I'm out of practice at ... being a person.

LETTY

You're doing better than most of the assholes I've met here.

LARRY

Larry Talbot. Doctor Larry Talbot. Nice to meet you, uh...?

LETTY

Letty. Letty Ortiz Toretto. So, what, you were some kind of scientist?

LARRY

Was. Yeah. You?

LETTY

Heh. That's a looooong story. I drive fast. Kick ass.

LARRY

... Is that, like, a tenure track thing, or...?

A beat. Larry smiles. Letty laughs.

LETTY

You're getting better at that person thing.

Larry regards the tally marks on his wall, grimly.

LARRY

For now.

LETTY

What's that supposed to mean?

LARRY

I really hope you never find out.

LETTY

Okay. Not a talker. I can work with that. You and Vic were pals, huh?

LARRY

I was his assistant. His and the Van Helsings -- nice folks, not like him. They're, uh, they're dead now. They died.

LETTY

I'm sorry.

LARRY

No, no, they were lucky. I lived to be the guinea pig. See, Vic had this idea -- do you know about epigenetics?

LETTY

Like for allergic people?

LARRY

Heh. No. It's ... basically the idea that parts of your DNA can alter their expression based on external stimuli. So, same genes, but depending on your environment or what you eat or whatever, some parts turn on, some parts turn off.

LETTY

Like a traffic light. Red light, green light.

LARRY

More or less. So, Vic had this mechanism that he thought could trigger epigenetic changes.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

And he kept saying, he kept saying, 'What if you spliced in some other genes to switch on and off?' Like, from an animal or something. We all laughed. Thought he was just talking crazy like usual. [Beat] And then he did it to me.

Letty remembers the briefing:

LETTY

(ohhh, *shit*)

Timber wolf and human DNA. A genetic chimera.

Larry taps his finger on the tip of his nose, sadly. He looks over at the calendar marked on the wall of his cell.

LARRY

Every 28 days. Takes my body that long to metabolize the old dose and recover for the next one. Every 28 days I'm -- I'm -- *useful* to Vic. And then I wake up the next morning, and I have these *memories*... Hey. Hey, promise me something, okay?

LETTY

Promise you what?

LARRY

If you get out of here -- if you get help -- if someone does come for you --

LETTY

Yes?

LARRY

Kill me. Please.

He's not joking. Letty stares at him with pity and horror him. Larry leans back against the cell wall and closes his eyes:

LARRY (CONT'D)

Even a man who's pure of heart, and says his prayers by night...

CUT TO:

ABI'S TABLET

Detailed anatomical sketches, chemical diagrams, and DNA patterns flit by, her face reflected in the screen.

INT. TRANSPORT PLANE CARGO BAY

En route to Guangzhou. Abi's strapped in a jump seat along the wall. Very much alone. Engine noise a dull roar.

Tej, Dom, and Hobbs huddle around a laptop toward the nose of the plane. Large cargo crates toward the tail.

Abi feels eyes on her. Looks up. Frank sits across from her. He glances back down quickly. Seems to be writing something on a piece of paper, the pencil tiny in his hand.

RAMSEY

You don't have to pretend.

Abi's surprised to find Ramsey at her side.

ABI

Pretend what?

Ramsey sits down next to her.

RAMSEY

That you're as hard as you want us to think you are.

ABI

You don't know me.

RAMSEY

I know people. I read people. Crucial skill, if you're a hacker. You can spend a hundred hours decrypting a password, or three minutes sweet-talking it out of the lady at reception.

Ramsey holds up a phone and grins.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

Which I just did.

Ramsey nudges Abi with her shoulder and points to the group around the laptop. First, Dom:

RAMSEY (CONT'D)
He's scared out of his mind for
Letty. Thinks he's not showing it.
[Now Tej:] Also scared. But he
loves a good problem to solve, and
that's taking his mind off it.
[Hobbs:] Doesn't like your boy
Frank. But the big man lives for
the thrill of the hunt.

Abi indicates Frank across the way.

ABI
And him?

Ramsey studies him for a moment.

RAMSEY
I think he's as lost as you are.

Tej waves for Ramsey to join the planning. She gets up.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)
I was the new girl till you got
stuck in. Trust me: These are good
people. Let them in, they'll do
the same for you.

Abi says nothing. But she's thinking about it. Waits a beat
as Ramsey goes, then... Hell with it. Unstraps, stows the
tablet.

As she stands, her eye falls on Frank's paper. He's drawing
her. It's detailed. Soulful. Beautiful.

Abi's taken aback. Stares too long, until Frank notices. He
hastily crumples the paper and looks down.

Ramsey joins Tej, Dom, and Hobbs in their planning,
brandishing her phone in triumph.

DOM
We'll hit 'em in the middle of the
night, when traffic's lightest.
Hobbs, you're our eyes in the sky.

HOBBS
Buddy of mine at the airfield owes
me a favor. And a helicopter. And
one of those bottles of wine with
a dead snake in it.

RAMSEY

I'm in their network, downloading schematics now. You'll have layout, the patrol schedule, everything.

DOM

We get in, we get out, and we get [points to the map] here -- Shipai Urban Village. 50,000 people. One tiny neighborhood. Middle of the city. Narrow streets. Plenty of places to get lost.

TEJ

I have friends with a garage there. They'll have fake passports, new clothes -- everything we need to slip out quietly.

HOBBS

You sure you wanna bring in Stitches over there? He tries to kill us, you give him a beer, now he's your best friend? Come on. I've tried your beer. It's not that good.

DOM

I need a driver. He's a driver. Several drivers, apparently.

HOBBS

He was built in a freaking lab. Out of pieces of murder victims. Am I the only one not okay with this?

DOM

They have Letty. And Roman. Right now I'll take all the help I can get. And if something goes wrong? I got you watching my back.

HOBBS

... Fine. But if you want to kick up enough of a ruckus to sneak out the back door, you're gonna need to make an awful lotta noise before you get there.

TEJ
I've got an idea on that. But it
could get ... difficult.

ABI
I'm impressed. You might even
succeed.

Dom in particular sizes up Abi as she approaches.

ABI (CONT'D)
But even if you do, your wife,
your friend -- they're dead.

DOM
They're dead if we don't do this.

ABI
You think Dracula honors his
bargains? I can tell you that
Frankenstein does not.

From his seat, Frank quietly listens to this over the roar
of the engines. Wheels turning his head.

DOM
Right now, we've gotta focus on
what we can do. Stealing? We can
do that. So either give me
something that helps get this job
done --

Dom points to an emergency exit hatch in the plane's
fuselage.

DOM (CONT'D)
-- Or show yourself out.

Abi sets down her tablet. A 3-D model of a DNA strand
rotates on the screen. Very quietly, she says:

ABI
Something from my parents' notes.

She glances back at Frank -- but her gaze is softer, less
certain.

ABI (CONT'D)
Let's call it insurance.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUANGZHOU - NIGHT

A sweltering night in this sprawling tropical city.

EXT. ABANDONED DOCKYARD

Street racing's illegal in China, but that never stopped anyone. Privileged kids with high-end cars congregate here, in a derelict dockyard piled high with shipping containers, to see, be seen, and race.

Dom, Tej, Ramsey, Abi, and a hoodie-clad Frank -- Hobbs is getting the copter -- push through the crowd, drawing curious stares.

TEJ

Our hookup knew Han and Giselle
back in Hong Kong. We need to get
him on our side if we want this to
work.

They head toward a looming, multi-story derelict concrete structure in the middle of the yard.

INT. DERELICT BUILDING

On the top floor, perhaps a dozen people lounge in beat-up chairs under a half-gone roof. Chinese rap pulses over portable speakers. Welcome to one of many clandestine meeting spaces for Wúxíng De Rén -- the Invisible Men, China's secret society of street racers.

Dom and crew ascend the stairs into this group. A young man, TSU FENG, taps a loud, burly, confident woman, ZHUPAI LI, as he spots Dom. In Cantonese:

FENG

Holy shit -- that's Dominic
Toretto. *That's* who wanted to meet
with us?

Li punches his arm, not unkindly.

LI

Keep up, Little Brother. I thought
you were supposed to be fast.

The crowd parts, and a lanky, kind-faced young man, DU XIAO, steps forward to shake Dom's hand. In English:

XIAO
The Invisible Men greet you, Mr.
Toretto. I'm glad you made it here
safely.

Xiao and Tej bow, then shake hands -- clearly, they have a
friendly history. Tej introduces Xiao to Dom.

DOM
Du Xiao. I hear good things.

XIAO
Han and Giselle spoke highly of
you. I was sorry to hear of their
loss.

Dom's face darkens.

DOM
That's why I need your help. To
keep from losing anyone else.

From a chair in the corner, a tough-looking young woman,
FAN QUI, scoffs loudly.

QUI
We heard your sob story. Boo hoo.
Your wife and friend. See how many
people will cry for us when the
police leave us dead in the
street, as an example to others.

XIAO
Qui, there's no need to be rude.

QUI
If some American's asking us to
risk our necks, there's every
need.

Despite their obvious respect for Dom, it's clear that most
of the other racers side with her.

DOM
My crew -- we're like family. We
stick together. And if you come at
one of us, you come at all of us.
I thought someone from China would
understand that.

Qui thinks this over. Swaggers up to Dom.

QUI
Let's race for it. You win, I'll
back you. You lose, you leave.

DOM
I don't have time for this.

QUI
Then I guess you don't need our
help after all.

Dom stares her down. A long, tense moment. Then he grins.

DOM
You remind me of my wife.

Qui doesn't give an inch:

QUI
You remind me of my senile
grandmother. But she smells
better.

DOM
Okay, hotshot. You're on. Let's
race.

QUI
Oh, I'm not racing you. I want to
race the big ox over there.

She points to Frank. He slowly draws back his hood,
eliciting surprise and shock from everyone in the room.

FRANK
What did I do?

QUI
Wow. I hope you drive better than
you look.

Dom and Abi both look uncertainly at Frank as we

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED DOCKYARD - LATER

The Invisible Men have gathered in the shadow of the
derelict building to watch Frank and Qui race. Xiao, Tej,
and Dom inspect Frank's borrowed car: A green, tricked-out
Subaru with lightning bolts on the side.

XIAO
 Forgive me. This was the best I
 could provide on short notice.

DOM
 We're in your debt.

XIAO
 Han pulled me from a burning
 wreck. Giselle helped us escape
 from the cops. This is the least I
 can do.

Tej closes the hood.

TEJ
 It's decent, Dom, but I've seen
 better.

Xiao looks behind them, where Frank stands, seemingly
 oblivious. He's peering intently at the huge, crumbling
 building next to them -- and a steep RAMP that leads up
 from street level into it.

XIAO
 I'd be more concerned about your
 driver. He looks like he's been in
 an accident. [Beat] Five, maybe
 ten accidents.

Dom walks to Frank. We see Abi slouched against a shipping
 container to one side, keeping an eagle eye on Frank.

DOM
 You okay with this, Frank?

Frank seems relaxed, even cheerful, despite what he says:

FRANK
 You don't trust me. The beer you
 gave me was very good. And I thank
 you. But you don't trust me.

DOM
 Right now I don't have a choice.

FRANK
 I understand. [Points to Abi] She
 doesn't trust me. She is very
 eager to shoot me with her arrows.
 Again.

Abi's a little shaken to hear this -- but doesn't deny it.

FRANK (CONT'D)
It is all right. I know what I am.
You should not trust me.

Frank grins -- somehow both sweet and a little creepy.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Not yet.

The rumble of a motor cuts off their conversation. Ohhh, crap -- here comes Fan Qui in a red-hot McLaren 720S. Looks like it could do 60mph just standing still.

QUI
Out of the way or I run you over!

Dom's wondering what he's gotten into. But Frank seems calm as ever...

CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER

Frank and Qui are lined up in their cars. Frank's car looks like a joke next to Qui's. Squeezed into its cabin, he makes the suspension groan just by shifting his weight.

Abi and Dom watch Frank's preparation intently.

ABI
You're making a mistake.

DOM
I've heard that before. Usually right before I succeeded. People can surprise you.

ABI
That thing isn't "people."

DOM
Well, technically, since he's stitched together from a few different guys... the plural applies.

Off Abi's surprised look, Dom grins:

DOM (CONT'D)
I've read a lot more than owner's manuals.

Tej joins Ramsey.

RAMSEY

We're wagering this entire operation on a street race.

TEJ

We do this, like, a lot.

RAMSEY

And how often does it actually work?

TEJ

With this crew? Often.

Li swaggers out between the cars, comfortable with the role of emcee/hype woman. In English:

LI

Listen up! The rules are simple:
Drive around the block.

A local contingent of the Invisible Men break out laughing from the sidelines. Li's grin shows she's in on the joke.

FROM ABOVE

The shipping containers around the derelict building form a nearly impenetrable maze. "Around the block" is a nightmare of zigzag turns that would test any driver's mettle.

GROUND LEVEL

Li points back behind both cars, to an insanely narrow gap in a wall of shipping crates that looks too small for even one car to fit through.

LI (CONT'D)

First one through One-Way Alley wins!

The Invisible Men cheer and whoop.

Qui grins behind the wheel. Knows this route like the back of her hand.

Frank fastidiously adjusts his mirrors.

LI (CONT'D)

On your marks!

Qui revs her engine. The cheering grows louder. Abi looks at Dom, doubtful. Dom just stares hard at the two cars.

LI (CONT'D)

Get set!

The Invisible Men begin chanting Qui's name.

LI (CONT'D)

GO!

Qui shifts. Stomps on the gas. Peels out forward.

Frank shifts. Big foot, tiny gas pedal. Races --

Backwards? Yes! What the hell? The Invisible Men jeer.

Qui risks a peek in the rear view. Smirks. What an idiot.

Frank calmly looks over his shoulder as his car approaches the ramp he saw earlier --

Pops the handbrake. REVERSE DRIFTS BACKWARDS UP THE RAMP, then swerves again into the abandoned building. The Invisible Men fall silent as he screeches to a halt INCHES from a nonexistent wall and a steep drop. Frank shifts into forward gear. Revs the engine again. His car is pointed directly at a concrete wall in front of him.

FRANK HITS THE GAS. His car hurtles toward the wall --

AND PLOWS RIGHT THROUGH IT! Frank's car BLASTS THROUGH cheaply constructed wall after cheaply constructed wall.

As Qui's car enters a zigzag series of turns --

Frank barrels into the corner unit, executes a perfect hairpin turn -- again, inches from the edge of a nasty drop -- and shoots off again at a 90-degree angle!

FROM ABOVE

We see Frank's strategy. Qui has to weave through tight corners and narrow streets. Frank's cutting a much shorter path directly through the building!

BACK WITH FRANK

As he barrels through one room after another, turning his wipers on to clear plaster dust from his windshield. He looks more giddily alive than we've ever seen him.

THE STREET BELOW

Qui makes it around the "block" -- sees a wide-open lane in front of her -- laughs in triumph --

Until Frank's car PLOWS DIAGONALLY OUT OF THE BUILDING ABOVE HER! Soars through the air, trailing dust and debris, BOUNCES off the roof of a shipping crate -- and LANDS with a shocks-shattering CRASH, shooting sparks, AHEAD OF HER!

QUI
(Cantonese)
You have got to be shitting me.

Frank's car looks beat to hell, but it's driving juuuust fine. Frank upshifts. Hammers the gas pedal.

QUI (CONT'D)
(Cantonese)
No you don't.

Qui follows suit, pushing the McLaren to its limits. She's got more power, but she can't use it fully in these tight spaces, and Frank's got better maneuverability. The two cars joust and weave.

They peel around the next-to-last turn before One-Way Alley, Frank in the lead. Qui rams him from behind as Frank swerves to block her at every turn. Frank's having *the best time*.

As Frank swings around the last corner to One-Way Alley, Qui cuts inside. The two cars barely fit in the street as is, mirrors shearing off, sparks flying as they scrape against the container walls. The entrance to One-Way Alley looms...

Frank jerks the wheel hard to the right. Drives UP AND OVER THE FRONT OF THE MCLAREN, which acts like a wedge, lifting Frank's car off the ground and PUSHING IT AHEAD THROUGH ONE-WAY ALLEY! The walls of the "alley" SLAM Frank's car back into alignment, and it literally RIDES the front of Qui's McLaren through the gap.

Its front wheels find pavement, catch, and Frank drives off Qui's hood, across the finish line, to victory.

The Invisible Men and Dom's crew swarm around Frank's absolutely ruined car as he coasts to a stop, a defeated Qui behind him.

Frank gets out, surveys the damage alongside Dom and a chagrined Xiao. Frank points to the ruined car.

FRANK
I can fix that.

CUT TO:

INT. DERELICT BUILDING

Everyone's reconvened. Dom, Tej, and Ramsey congratulate Frank. Abi's not impressed. Li and Feng are patching up Qui, who has a cut over one eye, from a first aid kit. Qui nods to a puzzled Frank.

QUI
Hey! Ox! Get over here.

Frank slinks over, almost as if he's expecting punishment.

QUI (CONT'D)
You drive way better than you
look.

She offers him her hand. After a long pause, he shakes it. The Invisible Men cheer. Frank looks even happier than he did behind the wheel.

Qui scowls again and looks to Dom, disgusted.

QUI (CONT'D)
Fine, Baldy. You win. We'll help.
But if you happen to know how to
make it so the cops won't
recognize us, I'm listening.

Feng spots a roll of gauze in Li's medical kit. Picks it up, thinking.

FENG
I have an idea...

Xiao confers with Dom.

XIAO
Now that that's settled: What can
we do?

DOM
Put the word out, far and wide. We
need the best racers China's got,
and we need them here, tomorrow
night.

XIAO
How many do you need?

DOM
All of them.

And as the music ramps up, we

CUT TO:

EXT. GUANGZHOU - NIGHT

From high above, the city is a multicolored jewel, impossibly vast. Distant lightning dances among the clouds. A HELICOPTER thunders through the sky.

INT. HELICOPTER

Hobbs at the controls, Tej and Ramsey passengers behind him, all wearing headsets.

TEJ
 (to Ramsey)
 Jeanette.

RAMSEY
 No.

TEJ
 Enid.

RAMSEY
Hell no.

TEJ
 Soraya?

RAMSEY
 You got a list from the Internet, didn't you?

TEJ
 I may have gotten a list from the Internet.

Hobbs rolls his eyes: *Civilians.*

HOBBS
 Dom, do you copy? We're over your position now.

INT. TUNNEL

Dom, in the passenger's seat of a small truck cab, touches an earpiece. Abi's driving.

DOM
Coming up now...

He glances over at Abi.

DOM (CONT'D)
You sure your Chinese is up to
this?

ABI
(flawless Cantonese)
Cantonese. And you tell me.

Dom nods, more than satisfied.

Two small tractor-trailer trucks drive through a sodium-lit
tunnel under the river, emerging to...

EXT. GUANGZHOU BIOTECH ISLAND

A teardrop-shaped island in a tributary of the Zhujiang
River. From above, we follow the trucks through a series of
ultramodern office parks, up to...

EXT. YONGSHENG BIOTECH OFFICE

A sleek, sweeping building. Dom and Abi's truck pulls up to
the guard gate out front, greeted by a yawning GUARD
fanning himself with a magazine in the heat. Abi rolls down
her window and flashes a security badge.

ABI
(Cantonese)
Hi, excuse me? We have a delivery.

GUARD
(Cantonese)
At this hour? You must be crazy.

ABI
(Cantonese)
Boss says we go, we go. I don't
get paid enough to ask more.

The Guard shrugs, understanding. Checks his schedule on a
tablet.

INT. HELICOPTER

Ramsey sees the same thing on her laptop screen as the Guard does on his tablet. She nods and grins to Tej: So far, so good.

EXT. YONSHENG BIOTECH

The Guard yawns again, and waves the trucks through -- marveling briefly at the huge, hulking man driving the second truck, with a baseball cap pulled low to hide his face.

The Trucks proceed onto the campus, around the buildings, and down a ramp to

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE

Both trucks park with their trailers facing toward the exit. Dom, Abi, and Frank climb out, stripping off their civvies to reveal maintenance crew jumpsuits. Abi and Dom look at Frank -- no way he's fooling anyone. He looks back at them, innocent, puzzled: *What?*

Abi notices scars, puckered burn marks, on Frank's forearm. Frank sees her looking.

FRANK

Sometimes I was bad.

ABI

That's not from your ... From your surgery?

FRANK

That is Father's discipline. I do not do what Father says -- I try to talk to people outside the castle, I try to make friends -- and Father punishes me. With the fire.

ABI

Frankenstein burned you?

Frank seems to be reliving some bad memories.

FRANK

Fire ... bad.

Frank slings a small satchel over one arm. Dom cautions:

DOM
Be careful with that stuff.

FRANK
I know how to use it. I used it in
Millicent.

DOM
Millicent?

FRANK
My truck. The one you wrecked. I
named her Millicent.

DOM
That's ... not what I would have
expected.

Frank beams, all sincerity.

FRANK
It is a pretty name.

All three clip small buttons with glowing red lights to the
lapels of their jumpsuits.

DOM
Trackers live. Ramsey, you got
eyes on us?

INT. HELICOPTER

Ramsey nods and smiles as her screen -- showing a 3-D map
of the Yongsheng complex -- lights up three blips in the
garage level.

RAMSEY
Clear as day.

INT. GARAGE

Dom, Frank, and Abi ignore the elevator and head to a
security door protected by a magnetic swipe box. Dom tries
his badge -- no good. Abi does likewise.

DOM
Badges are busted.

RAMSEY (O.S.)
Dammit. They must rotate the
codes. Hang on, let me try to dig
up the right database--

Frank shoulders Dom and Abi aside, gently. Cracks his huge mismatched knuckles, and holds a hand out to the swipe box. A JOLT of electricity leaps from his fingers -- the box sparks, shorts out, and the door swings open.

DOM
... Never mind, Ramsey.

Impressed, Dom gestures to Frank:

DOM (CONT'D)
After you.

They head up the stairwell, which leads to:

INT. YONGSHENG OFFICES

A huge atrium, glassed in, with a sweeping staircase and several elevators leading up to a balcony level. A Night Watchman has his feet up at the desk, watching a soap opera on his phone. He doesn't see Dom, Abi, and Frank creep behind him, up the stairs.

The three wind quickly through a frosted-glass maze of corridors, Ramsey's voice in their ears.

RAMSEY (O.S.)
Next right ... Straight for two
junctions ... Turn left.

They come to a heavy security door. A serious-looking lock glows red in front of them.

DOM
We're here.

RAMSEY (O.S.)
Running an interrupt on the
security in three, two...

For an endless second, the light stays red. Then it flips to green, and the door unlatches. Dom opens it, and all three quickly slip through.

A vast library of vials in glass cases cover the circular walls, interspersed with more panes of frosted glass. Tables in the center house computer terminals and an elaborate machine with two dextrous robot arms.

ABI
We've found the bioprinter.

RAMSEY (O.S.)
Logging you into the system now.

As Abi reaches the computer terminal, the screen unlocks. Abi takes over, plugging in a thumbdrive and calling up programs. She and Dom share a knowing look -- something about their plan from earlier...

Frank circles the room, gazing in wonder at the rows and rows of vials, beautifully illuminated.

ABI
There. Found it.

On her screen, the ID tag TB1933BL flashes, and a 3-D model of a DNA sequence appears.

DOM
How long?

Abi enters more commands. The robot arms of the bioprinter go to work, moving an empty glass vial into position, and then assembling a mixture of liquids in the vial.

ABI
This is cutting-edge tech. Two, three minutes, if we're lucky.

SECURITY GUARD
(Cantonese)
Hey! You weird idiots!

A SECURITY GUARD, indignant, has just entered the lab through a door opposite where our heroes entered. Next to that door, we see a big red SECURITY BUTTON in a little glass box.

Frank stares, wide-eyed -- the guard is just a few feet from him. Dom looks at Abi: *We're not lucky.*

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
(Cantonese)
What are you doing in here? This area is off limits!

ABI
(Cantonese)
We're ... the night janitors.

SECURITY GUARD
(Cantonese)
Bullshit! I know the night janitors!
(MORE)

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

They were through here two hours ago! I don't know Baldy over there. I don't know ... whatever that giant hulk is. I don't know you. And I don't know why that machine is running.

Frank, picking up on the Guard's hostility, edges closer to Abi and Dom. The Guard grows even warier, putting one hand to a weapon on his belt.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

(Cantonese)

Hey! Back off, Pangu! Don't think I don't see you. This thing could shock the balls off an elephant! You too, Baldy! Hands where I can see them.

ABI

(Cantonese)

Look, if you'll just let me get out our credentials, you'll see that everything's in order...

Abi reaches into a pocket of her coveralls. The Guard draws his Taser and aims at Abi. Dom lunges toward him -- the Guard fires --

Frank sticks an arm out, blocking the Taser probes from hitting Abi! Electricity sizzles into him, and his body trembles as he absorbs the current.

The Taser battery goes dead. The guard stares at Frank, who stares right back. Frank's pissed. He concentrates -- and the current from the Taser surges back out of him, along the wires, and INTO THE GUARD!

The Guard jerks and spasms, stumbling backward -- and as he goes down, he flails and smashes the emergency button on the wall!

Sirens blare as the guard collapses, twitching but alive. The green lights on the doors switch to red.

Throughout the complex, green lights turn red. Locks slam into place.

At the front desk, the Night Watchman is jolted out of his chair. He sees Dom, Frank, and Abi on the monitors behind him.

Dom checks on Frank.

DOM
You all right?

FRANK
(fascinated)
I have two little holes in my arm.

DOM
(to Abi)
Tell me we've got what we need.

Abi digs a steel vial holder out of her pocket.

ABI
One more minute.

The Security Guard's walkie-talkie crackles to life. Lots of voices. Angry voices.

DOM
Ramsey, we're going to need an exit, fast.

RAMSEY (O.S.)
Shit, shit, shit! They just shut down the wireless network! Must be part of security protocols. I've got no way back in.

Dom picks up a steel lab stool. Hefts it, testing the weight. Tosses it to Frank.

DOM
Then I guess we make our own exit.

In the hallways outside, a heavily armed and armored strike team quick-times toward the lab. When it comes to security, these guys don't mess around.

Abi watches the robot arms dance over the vial, filling it with bright red liquid.

The strike team rounds a corner in the frosted-glass corridor maze and approaches the locked lab door.

The bioprinter's robot arms retreat from the vial. Abi snatches it, caps it, and shoves it in its protective steel case.

The strike team gets into breaching formation outside the lab door. From within, we hear glass shattering. The strike team leader takes out a key card and prepares to unlock the door. Hand signals: In three, two, one --

Swipe. Beep. The door opens.

The Strike Team charges inside --

The lab is empty, save for the groaning security guard. The strike team fans out, scanning the room ... and behind them, we see a huge shattered pane of frosted glass in one of the walls...

SMASH! Dom and Frank use the metal stools to literally break their way through the maze of glass rooms, punching jagged holes in the walls. Abi follows close behind, checking their six, her collapsible crossbow out and unfolded.

As the shadows of strike team members pass by in the halls outside, Dom and Frank just keep plowing their own route back toward the lobby of the building! Sheetrock wall? SMASHED. Glass pane? SHATTERED. Up yours, architecture!

Abi and Dom turn, hearing shouts behind them. Strike team members charge after them, far behind but catching up through the series of broken walls.

Frank hefts an entire conference table and JAMS it into the hole he and Dom have just made, cutting off pursuit.

Frank, Abi, and Dom smash their way back to the balcony overlooking the lobby and race for the stairs, only to see --

INT. YONGSHENG LOBBY

THE ENTIRE LOBBY IS FULL OF POLICE IN RIOT GEAR. Shields, batons, the works. The Night Watchman sees Frank, Dom, and Abi, and ducks down under his desk.

Dom looks to Frank.

DOM
I think it's time.

Frank unzips the satchel he's been carrying. Inside: A bottle of NO2! As the Police begin to charge up the stairs, Frank screws the bottle into a port on his chest and thumbs open the valve!

FOLLOW THE NO2

Into Frank, as we would into the insides of a car: past pulsing organs, through mechanical tubes, until it IGNITES!

Blue flame surges through Frank's insides, making all his components surge with increased speed and power!

FRANK

... roars, amped up like never before, and CHARGES DOWN THE STAIRCASE into the crowd of police, SCATTERING THEM LIKE FLIES!

Dom and Abi follow, and a KING-HELL MELEE BEGINS!

ABI

ducks, dodges, weaves through a sea of cops trying to beat her down. Uses the crossbow like a melee weapon. She takes a hit -- the steel vial holder flies from her grasp and skitters across the floor, through a sea of scrambling feet to

DOM

having appropriated a shield and baton of his own, fighting off multiple attackers. Striking their elbows and knees with the baton, hurling people over his shoulder with the shield. He ducks, rolls, scoops up the vial holder in his shield hand, brings up the shield in time to deflect a vicious baton blow.

A cop drop-kicks Dom in the back, and the vial goes flying through the air, into the upstretched hand of

FRANK

still riding high on NO2, picking up cops and flinging them bodily across the room. A crowd of them draw stun guns and surge on him, dog piling him, sending thousands of volts into his body. Frank grimaces as the current surges through him -- more, perhaps, than even he can handle -- but his fist clenches tight around the vial.

Abi sees Frank going down. Looks up: Sprinklers all along the glassed-in ceiling. She aims the crossbow.

Dom sees a cop charging her -- throws his baton -- it smacks the cop in the facemask and he drops --

Abi fires a bolt. It thuds home into the sprinkler head, triggering the system to flood the atrium.

Dom and Abi race for the security desk, fighting their way through the cops.

Puddles of water slick the floor. Frank, beneath a pile of cops shocking him, sees them forming. Places one big mismatched hand in the water. Lets out another ROAR--

Dom and Abi leap for the desk --

Frank lets out a HUGE ELECTRIC JOLT that sizzles through the water, blowing the cops off their feet!

Dom and Abi land on top of the desk, safely out of the current!

The electricity dies away. No sound but the hiss of the sprinklers. Dom and Abi look down to see the Night Watchmen peering up at them, intimidated. He slowly slides himself back under his desk.

From beneath a pile of groaning, half-conscious cops, Frank emerges, cracking joints back into place. He holds up the steel vial triumphantly. Dom nods to him in approval.

Dom, Abi, and Frank hustle back to the stairway door that leads to --

INT. PARKING GARAGE

Cop cars, lights and sirens ablaze, race down the ramp into the building's garage. Their headlights just catch a glimpse of Dom and Abi climbing into one truck, Frank into another.

Cops pour out of the cars, guns drawn, shouting in Cantonese for the trio to freeze and put their hands up. They circle the cabs of both trucks --

-- Which are empty! Cautiously, a Lead Cop opens the door to the cab -- inspects the seats -- leans on the back wall of the cab, only to have his hand pass through it! It's a hidden passageway to the trailer, hidden by a rubberized curtain.

The Lead Cop peers into the darkness of the trailer.

Blue lights suddenly glow in the dark. A turbine HUMS to life. The Lead Cop yanks his head out, shouting a warning to his team --

EXPLOSIVE BOLTS on the rear doors of the trailers blow! The doors FLY OFF and SMASH ONTO the cop cars behind the trailers, forming makeshift ramps.

HEADLIGHTS BLAZE in the back of the trailers.

Dom at one wheel, Abi in the passenger seat.

DOM

This may get a little bumpy.

Frank at the other wheel, grinning. Every part of him loves this.

Dom stomps on the gas pedal. Frank does the same.

Two sleek supercars bolt out of the trailers. Techrules GT96es. Chinese-made supercars. Electric motors powered by a gas turbine. More than 1,000 HP. 0 to 60 in 2.5 seconds. Styling to make the Batmobile look like a VW Beetle.

The GT96es hit the "ramps," soar over the cop cars, and zoom up the exit ramp to

EXT. YONSHENG BIOTECH

Tearing through the parking lot, blazing through the guard checkpoint in a burst of blue light and splintered wood, as the Security Guard curses a blue streak in amazed Cantonese.

The GT96es peel onto the spotless avenues of the Biotech Island.

FRANK

This car ... *good*.

DOM

Rides, Frank. You drive with us, they ain't cars. They're *rides*.

FRANK

Rides...

From high above, we see Hobbs's helicopter tracking the two tiny dots of blue below.

INT. HELICOPTER

HOBBS

I got eyes on you, brother. Damn, those things can move.

DOM

(on radio)

How's our way out looking?

Ramsey's laptop screen shows the three blips from before, heading for the tunnel off the island -- and a whole lot of blue blips approaching from the other side.

RAMSEY

Response time's faster than we thought. They're blockading the other end of the tunnel.

DOM

(on radio)

One side or both?

RAMSEY

Looks like ... Just one. The exit on their side.

INT. DOM'S CAR

Dom grins. Abi looks less than reassured.

DOM

Frank, follow my lead.

EXT. BIOTECH ISLAND / OPPOSITE END OF TUNNEL

Dom and Frank's cars head for the mouth of the tunnel.

At the opposite end, an imposing barrier of cop cars blocks the tunnel exit. A single cop car idles at the tunnel entrance, with an officer next to it checking IDs for the handful of cars headed onto the island.

At the last minute, Dom veers away from the exit lane, narrowly missing a median, and plunges into oncoming traffic in the tunnel entrance lane! Frank follows suit with split-second skill.

Dom and Frank's cars whip through the tunnel, dodging incoming traffic. The lone cop at the tunnel's mouth hears honks and commotion. Peers into the tunnel. Begins shouting and waving frantically at his puzzled comrades in the opposite lane. Headlights wash over him. The cop leaps over the hood of his car and scrambles for cover as

DOM AND FRANK'S CARS ROAR OUT OF THE TUNNEL!

Once clear, they veer back into the correct lane and race away.

The baffled cops scramble into their cars, hit the sirens, and give chase.

EXT. GUANGZHOU STREETS

Dom and Frank's cars tear through traffic, passing taxis and trucks like they were standing still.

INT. HELICOPTER

Ramsey watches blue dots proliferate on her screen:

RAMSEY

Police have cars rolling out from Guangzhou, Jianghai, and Qianjin stations. They're trying to cut you off.

DOM (ON RADIO)

And the cavalry?

RAMSEY

On their way.

INT./EXT. THE CHASE

Dom clocks a whole lot of flashing lights in his rear view. Ahead: a semi truck with a massive, strapped-down load of concrete pipes.

DOM

Abi, you still got that crossbow?

Abi holds it up and un-collapses the crossbar.

ABI

Always.

DOM

Frank, get ahead of that truck!
Abi? Aim for the straps.

Frank hits the pedal, zooms ahead and swerves in front of the pipe truck.

Dom accelerates, and his car pulls level with the pipe truck. Abi rolls down the window -- takes aim --

A crossbow bolt NEATLY SEVERS one of the thick straps holding down the pipes, which whips off and starts lashing around. Abi reloads, fires as Dom moves up the side of the truck. Two straps gone -- three -- the pipes begin to wobble dangerously --

DOM
Frank, make him swerve!

Frank jukes in front of the Pipe Truck, which jerks right to try to get out of his way.

Dom floors it and races ahead as the pipe truck's swerving causes the concrete pipes to sway -- come loose -- CRASH ONTO THE PAVEMENT, inches from Dom's rear bumper, blocking off the road behind them!

Dom risks a glance back, enjoying himself immensely.

DOM
Heh. Just like Rio.

ABI
Dom. Dom...!

Dom looks ahead -- far down the wide boulevard, an ocean of red and blue is pouring toward Dom and Frank's cars.

DOM
... Also just like Rio.

Frank seems enraptured by the multitude of flashing lights.

FRANK
That is quite a lot of cars --
[corrects himself] quite a lot of
rides.

DOM
Ramsey, about that cavalry--!

FROM ABOVE

Frank and Dom's cars are joined by two cars that glide off the side streets ... Then four ... Twelve ... Twenty .. Sixty ... HUNDREDS OF CARS of all makes, models, shapes and sizes fill the streets in perfect formation, like a murmuration of starlings. All fast, all tricked out, surging and pulsing like a living thing around Frank and Dom's cars.

BACK ON THE STREET

DOM
Never mind.

FRANK
That is also quite a lot of rides.

A silver Alfa Romeo pulls up next to Dom's car. Its driver is wrapped mummylike in bandages that cover his entire head, but when he speaks into the radio headset he wears, we hear

XIAO

Nice ride. Race you for it?

DOM

Little busy at the moment.

XIAO

You're just afraid you'll lose.

We recognize Qui's beat-to-hell McLaren, and she, too, is bandage-wrapped. Into her headset:

QUI

Invisible Men! Let's show these cops how we drive!

The cars around her FLASH THEIR LIGHTS and SOUND THEIR HORNS in thunderous affirmation.

The cops swerve and form a roadblock, completely jamming the street ahead. The swarm of Invisible Men hurtle toward them --

QUI

Smash Squad! Out front!

The ocean of cars parts, and from within it surge a line of cars with V-shaped plows welded to their front bumpers. In unison, this vanguard HITS NITRO and surges forward toward the roadblock!

Cops run for cover. The Smash Squad hits the barricade. Physics is on their side. Their wedged battering rams lift the cop cars up, flipping them through the air and out of the way!

The Invisible Men surge expertly through the shattered ruins of the blockade, Dom and Frank's cars safely sheltered in their midst.

Bandage-wrapped Feng, in his Mitsubishi EVO, puts a fist in the air and whoops triumphantly!

Bandage-wrapped Li, in a purple Toyota, shouts at cops stranded on the median as she blurs by:

LI

Leave us in the street? We'll leave you in the rear view!

Dom hears Hobbs in his ear:

HOBBS (ON RADIO)
Bad news up ahead! Looks like
they're laying down a little
surprise for you.

As the Invisible Men surge around a corner to an emptied-out street, cops finish laying down a wicked, glittering chain of tire-shredding caltrops.

The officers hustle back to a side street, where a small army of police cars waits to charge in and attack once the Invisible Men are immobilized.

Dom shouts to Xiao:

DOM
Caltrops up ahead! They're going
for our tires!

XIAO
Scoop Squad! To the front!

Feng upshifts and accelerates. We now see that his EVO, like several other cars surging to the front of the pack, has a small plow-like scoop attached to the front.

Feng hits a switch on his glowing dashboard. On his car, and all the others now leading the group, the scoops lower, until they're SCRAPING SPARKS from the pavement.

The caltrops wait. The Invisible Men race closer...

And the scoops CATCH THE CALTROLS, preventing them from ever reaching tires!

FENG
Let's give them back their little
gift. On three! One! Two!

In unison, Scoop Squad breaks out from the pack, turning hard right, carrying the chain of caltrops between them, as if they're going to drive right into the army of cop cars waiting on the side street.

But Feng JAMS ON THE BRAKES! So do the other cars in Scoop Squad! The Caltrops tumble forward off their scoops and into the path of the waiting cop cars. Scoop Squad reverses, spins back into position, and races forward, rejoining the pack.

The angry cops rev their engines to give chase -- but don't get far before the Caltrops shred their tires, creating a MASSIVE PILEUP that hopelessly jams the side street!

IN THE HELICOPTER

Hobbs looks down, winces.

FROM HIS AERIAL POV

A crap-ton more cop cars are flooding after the Invisible Men, gaining fast.

HOBBS

Looks like they saved the best for last. I think you might have pissed them off. [Beat] Kinda wish I were with them. Goddamn, but it's fun chasing bad guys.

BACK IN THE CHASE

DOM

You saying I'm a bad guy?

HOBBS (ON RADIO)

You did just steal something. No judgment. Coming from a place of love here.

Dom signals to Xiao -- trouble behind them.

XIAO

Big Sister, you're up!

Li grins, rolls her neck, loosens up her shoulders.

LI

Sparkle Squad! Time for the big finish!

Her car and a dozen others DROP BACK as other racers swerve around them, until they're at the back of the pack.

Li hits a switch on her dashboard. Her trunk pops open.

The cops chasing her squint, trying to make out what's in there, and in the other trunks that have popped open in a line directly in front of them. Some kind of equipment?

LI

Group one! Light them up!

She flips another switch! DAZZLING LIGHTS BLAST FROM HER TRUNK, FLASHING WILDLY!

The pursuing cops shield their eyes!

LI

Group two! Fire when ready!

Group Two appears in the gaps between Group One's cars. Their trunks pop. RACKS OF FIREWORKS RISE UP, surrounded by fireproof foam, pointed directly at the cops.

THE FIREWORKS LAUNCH. SIDEWAYS. STRAIGHT INTO THE COP CARS.

Shrieking rockets twirl, trailing bright plumes of sparks, and BURST INTO BLINDING FOUNTAINS OF LIGHT AMID THE COP CARS!

The cops swerve. Crash. Flip. TOTAL CHAOS. HUGE, COLORFUL EXPLOSIONS.

And amid the cacophony --

The Invisible Men go dark. Lights off, one by one. Peeling off the well-lighted boulevard onto dark side streets and alleys. Until the street is empty, and the flash-dazzled cops staggering from their cars can only wonder: Where did they go?

A white storm of bandages scatter on the wind, the only trace of the Invisible Men's presence...

Down a side street, Xiao escorts Dom and Frank's cars, a few last Invisible Men peeling off behind them to go their separate ways.

XIAO

There's Liede Bridge up ahead!

The gorgeous, swooping, futuristic bridge looms to their left, next to the Canton Tower.

DOM

This is where we get off. Thanks for everything, Xiao.

XIAO

I can't take credit for a group effort. But you owe me a race next time you're in town.

(MORE)

XIAO (CONT'D)

Which, given how we just pissed
off every cop in town, might be a
while.

DOM

You gonna be all right?

XIAO

We'll do what we do best. Scatter.
Vanish. The usual. Safe travels
and good fortune.

DOM

See you down the road.

Xiao nods, and his car drops away, into the shadows.

Frank and Dom's cars zoom onto the Liede Bridge over the
Zhejiang River.

Frank pulls even with Dom and Abi. Dom looks out his window
at him as they race side by side. Smiles -- almost as if
he's riding with an old friend.

But Frank doesn't smile back. If anything, he looks ...
Sad? Reaches down to his lapel for the locator pin and
pulls it off.

ABI

Something's wrong.

RAMSEY (ON THE RADIO)

Dom? Is Frank OK? We just lost his
tracker.

DOM

Frank -- what are you doing?

Frank gives Dom a cold stare. Monstrous. His window slowly
rolls down. Thunder booms. Frank thrusts a scarred,
misshapen hand out into the humid night air --

ELECTRICITY SIZZLES from Frank's hand into Dom's car!

The lights on Dom's dash flicker and blink out. The turbine
dies. The motors wane. Dom's car begins to slow down!

Dom and Abi can only watch as Frank ZIPS AWAY and leaves
them behind!

With one hand on the wheel, Frank opens his palm -- revealing the tracker badge and the STEEL VIAL containing Dracula's genetic upgrade. He looks sorrowful for a moment -- then his face hardens.

Frank's car, running dark, glides out of the sodium-lit pool of the bridge lights and into the night...

THE HELICOPTER

Hobbs cranes his neck to look out the windshield.

HOBBS

Son of a bitch. What the hell just happened?

DOM (ON RADIO)

We got played. Forget us. Stay on him. We lose him, we lose everything.

Hobbs looks back at Ramsey and Tej, grim, behind him. Ramsey shakes her head.

HOBBS

Brother, I got bad news for you. We were barely keeping up with either of you when we had the trackers. Now...

DOM'S CAR

Dom clenches his teeth. Tightens his fists around the steering wheel until the leather groans in protest. Abi puts her head back, seething. Her chance at vengeance, lost.

Sirens grow louder in the distance. Abi and Dom's heads snap up. Oh, shit.

ABI

Can you start this thing again?

DOM

Guess we'll find out.

THE BRIDGE

From behind Dom and Abi, a phalanx of cop cars pour onto the bridge, closing fast.

DOM'S CAR

Dom is wedged awkwardly under the dash, wires spilling from a ripped-open compartment, shocking him as he tries to make the right connections. Abi's turned backward to watch the cops close in.

ABI
Any time now!

DOM
Little different than my usual
hotwire.

ABI
The police will surely understand.

A burst of sparks -- a curse from Dom -- and the DASHBOARD LIGHTS UP! Dom pops up into the driver's seat. The turbine roars to life. Abi hits him on the shoulder, still watching the cops breathing down their necks.

ABI (CONT'D)
Go! Go go go go!

Dom floors it. The GT96 PEELS OUT, TIRES SMOKING, flattening Dom and Abi into their seats.

Lightning splits the sky. Rain falls in sheets on the city. Dom and Abi race through the near-blinding downpour.

DOM
Ramsey! Tell me we can still get
to Shipai!

THE HELICOPTER

Hobbs struggles with the controls as the wind and rain intensify. Ramsey and Tej watch in horror as blue dots proliferate on her screen.

RAMSEY
We've got police substations
sending cars from the north -- the
west -- they're cutting you off!

Ramsey looks up. Peers intently out the rain-spattered window of the copter. Sees something that sparks an idea.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)
Dom, there's an open plaza a few
blocks west!

DOM (ON RADIO)
And when I get there?

RAMSEY
Try not to get caught. I'm working
on the rest.

Ramsey shoves her laptop into Tej's hands and lunges toward the cockpit, nearly losing her balance as the copter's buffeted by winds.

She points through the windshield, past Hobbs, to the open plaza she mentioned: flanked by tall, glowing skyscrapers -- and a prominent construction crane.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)
The crane! Get us closer to the
crane!

HOBBS
In this weather, I can get you a
little bit closer, or I can smash
into it. Anything between gets ...
tricky.

RAMSEY
It's the only way to save them!

Hobbs grimaces and complies.

The helicopter heads for the plaza. So does Dom's car.

THE PLAZA

surrounded by surreal, fantastic buildings, brilliantly illuminated, is half-flooded. Dom's car carves arcs of water over colorful strips of lighting embedded in the paving.

Through the rain, Dom and Abi see red and blue flashing lights closing in from all sides...

The helicopter approaches an illuminated construction crane. Copter and crane sway in the lashing storm.

IN THE COPTER

Ramsey straps herself back in and grabs her laptop from Tej.

TEJ

What's the plan here? 'Cause if it involves running into one of these buildings, I am *against* it.

RAMSEY

Cranes like this one -- they're remotely controlled. If I can spoof the signal, I can control it.

TEJ

And have you ever worked a crane before?

RAMSEY

One step at a time.

Ramsey types furiously...

THE PLAZA

fills with cops. A ballet ensues: Dom's car weaves and drifts between them as they scramble to chase him.

Dom banks the wheel, sending a curtain of water into the windshield of an approaching cop car. Blinded, it smashes headlong into another cop car.

The cops slip-side across the terrace, hydroplaning, smacking into each other, into benches, into the walls around open pits to underground walkways below. Dom's literally driving circles around them.

But each escape gets narrower. More and more cop cars are joining the chase. And Dom's running out of room to work...

THE COPTER

Ramsey has crane operation software up on her screen:

TEJ

You just had that on your computer?

RAMSEY

I was a Girl Guide, once. We like to be prepared.

She tries to test the controls. The screen flashes: NO SIGNAL.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)
Dammit. We need to get closer!

HOBBS
Woman, are you insane?

Ramsey gives Hobbs a Look. She is definitely not insane.
Hobbs shakes his head.

HOBBS
Yes, ma'am.

The copter inches closer to the crane, both still swaying in the downpour.

Ramsey tries again -- her screen lights up! Success! She enters commands --

THE CRANE BEGINS SWINGING TOWARD THE COPTER!

As Hobbs veers away sharply, Ramsey notices and quickly shuts down the command.

The crane stops, a few feet away from what would have been a very bad day for everyone in the copter.

Now it's Hobbs' turn to give Ramsey a Look. Tej notes the tension, and gently eases the laptop from Ramsey's hands.

TEJ
Y'all did great. Both did great.
We're all on the same team here.
How 'bout I just...

RAMSEY
Have you ever worked a crane before?

TEJ
Sure. All the time. Down at the Orange Grove Arcade. Teddy bears, digital watches -- I cleaned out the damn machine.

Ramsey isn't sure whether to be horrified or impressed. Tej cracks his knuckles and smiles.

DOM (ON RADIO)
How's that escape plan coming?

IN THE PLAZA

Dom's driving for his life, but the cops keep coming.

DOM (CONT'D)
 'Cause I don't think they're gonna
 let me keep doing this forever.

RAMSEY (ON RADIO)
 See the construction crane on the
 northeast side of the plaza? Head
 for it!

DOM
 And then what?

RAMSEY (ON RADIO)
 We'll do the rest. [Quietly] I
 hope.

DOM
 I heard that...

Dom course-corrects -- obliterates a KEEP OFF THE GRASS
 sign as he plows over a muddy patch of lawn -- and heads
 for the crane.

CROSS-CUTTING AS

- The crane swings out over the plaza.
- Dom and Abi burn rubber for the crane, juking between
 oncoming cop cars.
- Ramsey looks out the rain-smeared window of the chopper,
 guiding Tej as he works the controls:

RAMSEY
 There! Stop! Lower the hook!

- The hook on the end of the crane begins to drop...
- Dom's closing the distance to the crane, but an army of
 cops has formed up on his six, and more are racing to beat
 him to the crane. Dom FLOORS the accelerator...
- Ramsey and Tej in the chopper:

RAMSEY
 Not yet -- not yet --

- Dom's car hurtles toward the hook as it drops toward the
 ground --
- Ramsey signals Tej:

RAMSEY

Now!

Tej hits keys. The hook stops.

DOM

Brace yourself...!

Dom and Abi's car PLOWS INTO THE HOOK, which SHATTERS THEIR WINDSHIELD, TEARS INTO THE ROOF OF THE CAR, and SNAGS MIDWAY THROUGH!

Dom brakes, but the car's still skidding forward -- headlong at an oncoming cop car -- Tej hits more keys --

The crane reels its cable up and in --

Dom and Abi's car LIFTS OFF THE GROUND, momentum swinging them forward, clipping the lights and siren off the cop car!

The cable holds! Dom and Abi's car lifts higher through the downpour, careening back and forth in the wind!

Tej and Ramsey whoop in triumph!

But the crane creaks and groans ominously under the extra weight. Begins, ever so slightly, to list at an angle...

As the police gather below, the crane reels Dom and Abi's car all the way up to the top.

Dom and Abi look up as the car shudders. The hook is holding, but the fissure above them in the GT96's narrow roof panel is slowly, slowly widening...

The winch stops. Dom and Abi's car dangles, rocking in the wind, at the end of the swaying crane, pelted by machine-gun rain.

Abi tries to open the gullwing door on her side of the car. It won't budge. Dom tries his -- same.

DOM

The frame's bent.

Abi undoes her seat belt, straps the folded-down crossbow to her torso, and scrunches down until her feet press against the shattered windshield.

ABI

Come on, help me!

Dom gets the idea. They bash the windshield with their feet. After a few kicks, it pops out and is immediately sucked away by the howling winds.

Dom and Abi crawl out into the downpour, clinging for dear life to the hood of the car as it sways in the wind. The helicopter hovers nearby, but not close enough to reach them. As their weight shifts, the crane hook bites deeper into the roof of the GT96. It's now hanging by a thread -- and the crane is tilting more and more.

DOM

Climb!

He boosts Abi, and she claws her way up onto the rain-slick metal struts of the crane arm, then helps Dom up -- both of them nearly losing their grip amid the rain.

LIGHTNING SPLITS THE SKY, striking a nearby skyscraper! Dom and Abi exchange glances: This is a very bad place to be.

Then a gust of wind hits, and the crane sways violently, nearly toppling both of them off.

In the cockpit of the chopper, Hobbs sees Dom and Abi just barely hanging on. Gets a look on his face: *I can't believe I'm gonna do this.* To Tej and Ramsey:

HOBBS

Get up here!

Carefully, Hobbs maneuvers the chopper closer and closer to the crane, muscles straining as he fights the controls. Tej slips into the co-pilot's seat, Ramsey right behind him.

HOBBS (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need you to take the stick and hold it steady.

TEJ

I don't know how to fly this thing.

HOBBS

Just *hold it steady.*

Tej grips the stick, psychs himself up, and nods to Hobbs. Hobbs lets go.

The chopper VEERS WILDLY! Hobbs helps Tej wrestle the copter back under control.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
It's three words. Literally three words.

TEJ
It's a lot more than three words!
You got those big beefy pythons
there, man, I can't compete!

Ramsey wraps her hands around Tej's on the stick.

RAMSEY
Let's try the both of us, then.

Hobbs gives Tej a look, then slowly lets go...

Ramsey and Tej strain, and the copter shakes, but they manage to more or less keep it level.

HOBBS
Okay. *Steady.*

TEJ
You've made that abundantly clear!

RAMSEY
Crystal.

Hobbs squeezes back, pulls a harness off the wall, and straps himself tightly to the chopper. Takes a deep breath. Opens the sliding side door of the chopper.

Wind and rain lash him in the face, and the roar of the blades sounds even louder. He shouts up to Tej and Ramsey:

HOBBS
When I lean out, you move the
other way! Compensate for my
weight!

TEJ
It's really easy for you to say
that!

Hobbs slowly leans himself out of the chopper, the harness holding his weight. He dangles, storm-lashed, dizzyingly high above the park below. Hobbs stretches out his hands to Dom and Abi.

HOBBS
I got you! Jump!

Abi in particular has doubts about this. But the crane sways again -- from its base, an ominous squeal of rending metal. She and Dom climb until they're clinging shakily to the top of the crane.

ANOTHER FLASH OF LIGHTING. Thunder booms, way too close.

Tej and Ramsey struggle as another gust of wind hits, pushing the copter farther from the crane. Hobbs yells back to them:

HOBBS (CONT'D)
Closer! Get me closer!

Tej and Ramsey fight the controls, slowing moving the copter closer to the crane again.

Abi wipes rain from her face and looks over at Dom. He's *smiling*.

ABI
You realize we may be about to die?

DOM
I've almost died a bunch of times.
Gets easier every time. Ready?

ABI
Never.

The crane lurches again. It's not going to hold much longer. Abi changes her mind:

ABI (CONT'D)
Yes. Yes. I am *absolutely* ready.

DOM
On three. One. Two...!

They leap. Lighting flashes. Hobbs strains to reach as far as he can. Dom and Abi stretch out their hands

HOBBS CATCHES THEM BOTH!

One of their hands in each of his. Teeth clenched, arms straining, struggling against the slickness of the rain -- but he's got them. And he'll die before he lets go.

Which ... might happen. The chopper rolls sideways under Dom and Abi's extra weight, listing toward the crane!

Tej and Ramsey fight the controls yet again. The chopper levels out, but --

The tether anchoring Hobbs to the inside of the chopper begins to groan, pulling itself out from the chopper wall. It wasn't designed for this kind of weight. Hobbs looks back at it as if it has personally betrayed him. Then back at Dom and Abi.

He closes his eyes. Digs deep. And HAULS WITH BOTH ARMS, screaming into the rain, until he's pulled them dripping and exhausted into the chopper. All three of them collapse into the floor. Abi weakly slides the door shut with one foot.

TEJ

Uh, Hobbs, you wanna get up here and--?

HOBBS

I need a second.

TEJ

Yeah, but--

HOBBS

I need. A second.

RAMSEY

If you don't get your massive arse up here, *we're all going to die.*

Hobbs groans, undoes his harness, and hauls himself gracelessly back to the pilot's seat. Tej and Ramsey gratefully relinquish control, exhausted.

Through the windshield, Hobbs sees what they saw: The crane is listing badly, leaning toward the chopper, the GT96 dangling from its hook like a child's toy.

HOBBS

Everybody hang on...!

The crane's base snaps --

The crane plunges toward the chopper --

Hobbs wrestles the controls with all his might --

The copter rises, just out of the crane's path, as it collapses with a screech of metal and glass into an adjacent skyscraper! The impact jars loose the GT96, which PLUNGES down --

-- Smashing into the middle of an illuminated fountain below, as if it were some elaborate art exhibit.

As the police cars scatter below, the chopper lifts up, up, into the night sky. Lightning flashes once more, and the thunder becomes the roar of jet engines as we

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSPORT PLANE CARGO BAY

A defeated Toretto crew, sore and exhausted, catches their ride back to Romania.

Ramsey, strapped into a jump seat, keeps reloading the tracker software on her laptop, hoping to find Frank. Every time: NO SIGNAL. NO SIGNAL.

Tej, gingerly flexing strained arm muscles, looks over at her. Opens his mouth to try to flirt -- but -- no. Not the time. No point. He stays quiet.

Abi has a whetstone in one hand. With the other, she draws one crossbow bolt after another from her quiver, sharpening their silver points viciously. Working out her anger.

Dom broods by himself at the back of the plane. On his phone: A picture of him and Letty. Another picture of Letty. Little Jack in his Dom costume. And then an old picture of him and Brian at a backyard barbecue. Dom stares at this last one.

Hobbs sits down next to him. Plunks down -- yep -- a giant bottle of SNAKE WINE on a tied-down crate in front of them both. Big ol' snake just floating in a bottle of wine.

HOBBS

In-flight beverage?

DOM

(hard pass)

I don't drink ... wine.

Hobbs pops the cork and takes a swig. Coughs.

HOBBS

Damn. You can really taste the venom.

DOM

Go on. Say it. I screwed up.

HOBBS

Oh, yeah. Big time.

DOM
I trusted him. It. Whatever. I
thought -- I thought I saw
something --

HOBBS
You thought he was a spare part.
Something you could swap in when
you had a gap.

Dom says nothing, but the words hit their mark.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
Life don't work that way. People
come. People go. You live with it.
Or you just get stuck in neutral,
spinning your wheels.

Hobbs takes another swig.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
Trusting him was a pretty dumbass
call. But it was a Dom Toretto
call all the way. So for
everything about you and around
you that's changed, maybe the best
part of you hasn't.

A moment of silence, then:

HOBBS (CONT'D)
You know you want some snake wine.

DOM
Not in a million years.

Across the cargo bay, Ramsey idly hits refresh. Looks at
the screen -- away -- back again. Eyes go wide. Holy *shit*.

RAMSEY
Dom. Dom!

Dom and Hobbs approach, as do Tej and Abi. Ramsey turns her
screen around to show them -- a glowing red dot.

RAMSEY
Frank's tracker is back on. He's
leading us right to them.

Hobbs watches a slow grin of vindication spread across
Dom's face.

HOBBS
 (well I'll be)
 Son of a *bitch*.

RAMSEY'S SCREEN BECOMES

an early dawn sky, high above the earth. A sleek black helicopter bearing that familiar scarlet bat insignia slices through the clouds. Continue INTO THE COPTER --

Frank squeezes into a passenger seat too small for him, staring down at the steel vial in one hand, his other mismatched hand -- LeClerc's distinctive scar upon it -- absentmindedly touching his chest, which we ZOOM INTO --

Nestled amid organs and machinery, we see the little tracker badge wedged, blinking steadily, like a heartbeat.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRACULA'S CASTLE - MORNING

Mist rises from the surrounding mountains.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S LAB

No day or night in here. The lights are off, save for a wan glow from various screens, and the flickering light from the incinerator.

Larry sleeps, curled up in one corner of his cell, one leg twitching semi-adorably. Letty, pale, drifts in and out.

From the darkness behind her, Dracula appears on the other side of the glass.

DRACULA
 Good morning.

Letty jolts awake and scrambles to the opposite end of her cell.

LETTY
 Jesus. What am I? Lobster in the tank at a fancy restaurant?

DRACULA
 You assume I enjoy my ... feeding.
 That I'd want to meet my meals.

LETTY

And yet here you are.

DRACULA

I don't see much of the outside world. Many new faces. Not yet.

LETTY

Whole lotta assholes coming to me with their sob stories lately.

Dracula just barely smiles -- as if he almost likes her.

DRACULA

I don't hear many people talk to me that way, either.

LETTY

Get used to it. Where's Roman?

DRACULA

Your friend? I wouldn't worry about him.

LETTY

Why? Is he all right?

DRACULA

At this point, worrying is likely ... counterproductive.

LETTY

You son of a bitch.

Letty tries to get to her feet but stumbles, lightheaded.

DRACULA

You seem unwell.

LETTY

Well, see, somebody's been harvesting my blood to drink. Kinda takes the pep out of your step.

Dracula pulls a chair up to the glass. Sits. Seems, in this moment, weirdly normal and human.

DRACULA

I wanted to ask about your husband.

LETTY

You can ask him yourself soon enough. Assuming you enjoy talking with a foot up your ass.

DRACULA

How did you meet?

LETTY

... Are you *shitting* me?

Dracula stares her down.

DRACULA

How. Did you. Meet.

This is just weird enough for Letty to think, eh, what the hell:

LETTY

We grew up on the same street. He and his dad were always fixing up their car. My house ... it wasn't great. Lotta bad shit going down. But I was always safe with him. At least until I had to go home.

Dracula closes his eyes. Drinking in this bit of humanity.

DRACULA

This is Sunday morning. If you were home now, what would you be doing?

LETTY

Sunday morning? None of your damn business.

Dracula looks offended:

DRACULA

Don't be vulgar.

LETTY

Fine. Probably be at church. Afterward there's a little taco place down the street we like to go. Maybe take a drive.

Dracula seems almost pained to hear this. Unconsciously, he's rubbing the place on his left ring finger where a wedding ring would be.

DRACULA

We were going to church as well.
And after, to breakfast, and the
zoo. My daughter loved the zoo.

LETTY

Yeah? And if she saw you now? You
think she'd give Daddy a hug -- or
just run away screaming?

Dracula's face goes cold.

DRACULA

It doesn't matter. She's gone.

The lights in the lab switch on suddenly. Dracula, on
reflex, flinches, hisses a little -- then relaxes.

Renfield stands at the entryway to the lab, breathless,
excited.

RENFIELD

Master! He has returned!

DRACULA

Toretto?

RENFIELD

Frankenstein's creature!

Intrigued, Dracula stands. Turns to Letty.

DRACULA

Thank you for the conversation.
[Beat] I wonder if I'll miss you
after you're dead. Perhaps. For a
little while.

Dracula leaves. Letty's eyes burn holes in his back; she
makes a fist against the glass.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRACULA'S CASTLE - COURTYARD

Half sun, half shadow from the overhanging rock. Soldiers
everywhere, many unloading pallets of stolen goods. High-
end cars rolling off a car carrier. Frank's black
helicopter lands on a helipad in the sun.

As the helicopter door opens, we see Frankenstein, Iggy,
and Elsa waiting. Frankenstein fairly dances with
anticipation.

Frank squeezes out through the helicopter door, blinking.

Frankenstein rushes to greet him. Frank braces, his posture somewhere between "ready for a hug" and "don't hit me."

FRANK

Father, I --

FRANKENSTEIN

Where is it, Junior? Either you have it, or you'll wish you'd never gotten off that thing.

Frank opens one fist. The vial clenched inside. Frankenstein swipes it, cracking it open, reading the tag numbers.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Well, hot damn. And Junior --

Frank's eyes light up.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

It took you long enough. For someone built, and I mean literally built, for speed, you are unbelievably slow. And that whole death fakeout? I mean, come on, I do not need that kind of heartburn!

FRANK

Now you can ... make me better?

FRANKENSTEIN

We had a deal -- you get Toretto, I make you better. [Holds up the vial] Is this Toretto? Is it? I don't think so. No. You stay the same. Broken.

Frankenstein turns, ignoring a crestfallen Frank.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Get back to the garage and make yourself useful for once. I want that custom shifter put in the Mustang, yesterday. Chop chop, Junior. Iggy! Prep the coffin!

Elsa smirks at Frank, making sure he notices. Frank's shoulders slump as he watches Frankenstein depart.

DRACULA

Wait.

Dracula stands just past the line where sun becomes shadow, Renfield hovering behind him. He glances down at the light on the tarmac and moves the tip of one shoe just slightly away from it. Then gazes intently at Frank.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Creature. I heard you were dead.

FRANK

They lied to you.

DRACULA

And how did you get that prize you've brought back?

FRANK

I lied to them. And I drove very fast.

Frank's LeClerc hand once again goes unconsciously to his chest, where he's hidden the tracker...

DRACULA

Did you, now? Doctor Frankenstein. Perhaps your creation needs a thorough examination. To make certain that he remains ... in good health.

Frankenstein is annoyed. He holds up the vial.

FRANKENSTEIN

Look, V.D., do you see this? This right here is everything you've been nagging my ass about for the last, oh, year? Two years? I mean, sure, if you want, I can waste time giving Junior the old 20-point inspection. Or I can get cooking on this little beauty. And maybe you can get yourself a little sun at last.

Dracula looks again at the sunlight just inches away. Wavers. Then fixes first Frankenstein, then Frank, with a hard stare before retreating back to the shadows:

DRACULA

I expect results, Doctor. Quickly.

Renfield follows, casting a shy glance back at Iggy. She nods, subtle, in return, before looking back to her tablet.

Frankenstein and Iggy leave, Frankenstein chatting excitedly. Elsa gives Frank a glare, equally suspicious and contemptuous, before following them.

As Elsa leaves Frank standing alone on the tarmac, she passes two guards. Nods at them, then back toward Frank:

ELSA
Watch him. Closely.

The guards obey, and Frank sees them following as he slinks back toward his garage...

CUT TO:

A MAP

Of the area surrounding Dracula's castle is rolled out onto a table. Ice-cold, sweating Coronas are placed to pin down its four corners.

NOBODY (O.S.)
I gotta hand it to you guys. You pick some *really* entertaining ways to commit suicide.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Team Toretto and Abi, cleaned up and in fresh clothes, join Mr. Nobody in the conference room at the Sibiu hotel base. Mr. Nobody quaffs a beer and studies the map.

NOBODY (CONT'D)
No wonder the son of a bitch felt like he could hang out right in our damn back yard. I've had ex-wives easier to approach than this.

Nobody turns to the monitors and, clicking a remote, shows surveillance photos of the castle.

NOBODY (CONT'D)
The whole surrounding valley's rigged with motion detectors; if a rabbit so much as hiccups, they know.

(MORE)

NOBODY (CONT'D)

[Click] These are the biggest, baddest, latest air defense systems money can buy, and our pal Vlad's got a shitload of 'em. Can even detect small objects at low altitude. [Click] One road in and out of the compound -- looks like our boy paid well to have it wiped off the official maps. [Click] Thermal imaging puts the servers and communication relays here -- an isolated tower at the highest part of the castle, under five hundred feet of solid rock.

Nobody tosses the remote on the table and takes another swig of his beer.

NOBODY (CONT'D)

Have fun, kids.

DOM

I've spent my whole life doing what everyone else said I couldn't. I'm not gonna stop now. Letty and Roman are in there. We're getting them out.

HOBBS

Places like this always have a way in. They plan for the threats they expect. You just gotta give 'em something they're not expecting.

A somewhat bleary-looking Tej and Ramsey exchange a glance. Tej stands up.

TEJ

I guarantee you they won't be expecting us.

RAMSEY

Tej and I have been working out a plan since Frank's tracker started pinging again. It's ... well, quite frankly, I think it's insane.

HOBBS

My kind of plan.

RAMSEY

(to Mr. Nobody)

These air defenses -- they're
computer-controlled, right?
Probably through the server room
at the top of the tower?

NOBODY

Sounds about right.

RAMSEY

I can take them down.

TEJ

And I can get us inside.

DOM

And after you do?

TEJ

Then you and Hobbs get to have a
little fun.

NOBODY

I got this feeling like I'm about
to be really glad my agency has a
black budget.

Tej grins and rubs his hands together. You can almost see
the schematics dancing through his brain.

TEJ

You and me both.

Dom regards Abi.

DOM

This ain't your fight. I
appreciate your help in China. But
I won't blame you if you sit this
one out.

ABI

As long as Frankenstein draws
breath, it's more my fight than
yours.

Dom smiles.

DOM

I was hoping you'd say that.

And as the soundtrack revs into overdrive, we

SLAM TO:

EXT. DRACULA'S CASTLE - NIGHT

A full moon barely peeks behind wispy clouds as we race over the Carpathian mountains, closing in on the top of the massive outcropping of rock that shelters Dracula's castle.

EXT. ROCKY PEAK

Two of Dracula's SOLDIERS stand guard in full armor, shivering, around a small, flickering campfire, bickering in Romanian. Despite the cold, they keep automatic rifles at the ready.

FIRST SOLDIER

I told you, I *told* you, that's the Sergeant's girl. I *told* you not to mess around with her.

SECOND SOLDIER

Technically, she messed around with *me*.

FIRST SOLDIER

Yeah? Well, technically, we're going to freeze our asses off in the middle of nowhere every night because you couldn't keep it in your pants.

SECOND SOLDIER

... Worth it.

The sound of an approaching engine snaps both men to attention. They raise their rifles as headlights bounce and jostle through the trees.

A CUSTOM, CONVERTIBLE RANGE ROVER grinds its way up into their clearing and stops. The doors open, and Tej and Ramsey pop out, all smiles.

TEJ

Oh, thank God. We're so lost. Tell them, sweetcakes.

RAMSEY

We are so lost. Can either of you give us directions to Sibiu?

The Soldiers exchange a look: *Can you believe these morons? Oh, well, let's kill them.* Both raise their rifles.

A CROSSBOW BOLT THUDS INTO FIRST SOLDIER'S NECK.

He drops his rifle, gagging and gurgling. Second soldier looks on, baffled -- and a SECOND BOLT catches him between the eyes. Both soldiers drop.

Abi emerges from the shadows of the nearby trees, brusquely yanking the bolts from the fallen men. Off Ramsey's somewhat horrified look:

ABI

I may need these again later.

TEJ

Come on, help me. Time is money.

Ramsey joins Tej at the back of the truck, where together, they wrestle out a massive harpoon-looking device connected to a spool of incredibly thick bungee-looking cable.

RAMSEY

"Sweetcakes"?

TEJ

What? My gramps used to call my granny that.

RAMSEY

Really not helping your case.

Abi joins them, and the three use pneumatic bolt guns to drive metal supports around the harpoon into the rocky ground.

Tej aims the harpoon down, directly at the rock. He motions for the others to stand back, and joins them, pulling a remote out of his pocket.

TEJ

In three, two, one...

Tej hits the remote. A small EXPLOSIVE CHARGE fires in the harpoon device, BLASTING the harpoon DEEP INTO THE ROCK!

Abi walks over, tugging at the rope. Seems sturdy.

ABI

Will it hold?

TEJ

If it doesn't, we won't get much time to complain. Flash the signal.

Abi trots to the edge of the sheer rocky cliff face. Removing a small, powerful flashlight from one pocket, she flashes three bursts of light quickly, across the valley to a neighboring peak.

ON THAT PEAK

Dom and Hobbs crouch on the rocky ground, near the edge of their own steep precipice. The flashes of light glint in the binoculars Hobbs peers through.

HOBBS
They're in position.

DOM
I'm starting the clock.

Dom engages a timer on his watch. It begins counting down from 10 minutes.

HOBBS
You jealous?

DOM
It *did* kinda sound like fun.

Hobbs nods at two vehicle-sized lumps concealed under tarps in the treelike behind them.

HOBBS
Heh. Just you wait, brother.

EXT. ROCKY PEAK

Tej, Ramsey, and Abi climb back in the Land Rover. Strap in tight.

Tej looks through the windshield. Empty air yawns beyond the edge of the cliff.

He takes a deep breath, tightens his grip on the wheel. He looks over at an equally nervous Ramsey.

TEJ
Bernice.

She smiles through the fear and adrenalin.

RAMSEY
Nope.

TEJ
Adelaide.

RAMSEY
Ice cold.

TEJ
Carmen.

RAMSEY
You are incredibly bad at this.

ABI
Please start the car now. Death
begins to seem pleasant.

TEJ
Okay, yeah, right. Here we go.

Tej starts the engine. Revs the motor. Takes one last deep breath.

TEJ (CONT'D)
Roman, your ass better be alive,
'cause you are so gonna owe me for
this...

Tej puts the pedal to the metal.

The Land Rover shoots forward. The spool of cable in its trunk unravels, faster and faster. The edge of the cliff races ever closer --

THE LAND ROVER SAILS OFF THE CLIFF. Plunging straight down the sheer face of the mountain ...

Tej and Ramsey SCREAMING THEIR LUNGS OUT, gripping the dash. Abi serene, eyes closed, braced.

FROM THE COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE

we look up past oblivious soldiers patrolling, up the spires of the castle, to the tiny speck of a car far above, plummeting toward the ground.

WITH THE LAND ROVER

As the spool of bungee cable in the back reaches its end. We see that the spool is firmly welded to the body of the vehicle, which is good, because...

ON THE CLIFFTOP

The rope draws taut. The harpoon jerks slightly -- rock scrapes -- but it stays embedded in the rock.

WITH THE LAND ROVER

As the rope tightens, it hits the curve of the rock, wraps around, and sends the Land Rover SWINGING UPSIDE DOWN, UP UNDER THE OUTCROPPING OF ROCK!

Tej, Ramsey, and Abi hold on for dear life as their world inverts.

The cable swings the Land Rover up, up, and back, toward the rocky roof of the massive outcropping ... And just as the Land Rover reaches the apogee of its swing...

Tej hits a switch on the dashboard --

From the underbelly of the Rover, FOUR SPIKED PITONS FIRE, TRAILING STEEL CABLE FROM SMALL SPOOLS mounted to the underside of the car --

The pitons BITE INTO THE ROCK -- HOLD FAST --

And instead of being lurched back out and away by gravity, the Land Rover --

Hangs. Suspended from the rocky "ceiling." Directly over the spire of Dracula's castle.

In the cabin, Tej, Ramsey, and Abi take a minute.

TEJ

Okay. That was the easy part.

RAMSEY

Remind me why I still run with you lot?

TEJ

You know you'd get bored anywhere else.

ABI

Less talk, please. More killing Frankenstein.

TEJ

All right, all right. Any of y'all got a problem with heights --

RAMSEY
Seems like you should have asked
that sooner.

TEJ
-- Don't look down.

Tej hits another switch. THE ROOF RETRACTS.

Tej, Ramsey, and Abi stare straight up -- or down --
through empty air at the spire of the castle, some fifty
feet below.

TEJ
This next part might get a
little...

ABI
Fatal?

TEJ
Not the word I was thinking of.

Ramsey reaches over and squeezes Tej's hand. She nods at
him. They both take a deep breath.

Tej flips a final switch. TEJ, RAMSEY, AND ABI'S SEATS
DETATCH. Flip over in midair. Winches beneath each seat
reel them down at breakneck speeds toward the spire.

As they approach the spire, the winches start to brake.
Their descent slows. They end up dangling just above the
narrow ring of stone surrounding the turret at the top of
the spire, which is covered in high-tech antennae.

Tej, Ramsey, and Abi unbuckle and gingerly slide down onto
the balcony around the spire. Tej nods to Abi, who sends
two more quick flashes across the valley to Dom and Hobbs's
peak.

An ancient wooden door leads inside the turret. Ramsey
tests it gingerly -- and it slides right open.

RAMSEY
Guess they weren't expecting
visitors.

They proceed into

INT. SERVER SPIRE

A mix of old world and new: Ancient stone walls literally ringed with bay after bay of blade servers, and three levels of catwalks connected by a steel spiral staircase.

Ramsey and Tej descend slowly, taking in the sheer volume of hardware around them.

TEJ

Think you can work with this?

RAMSEY

Are you kidding me? This is Christmas.

Abi shoulders past them, her crossbow out and ready for action.

TEJ

Where are you going? I thought you were here to watch our backs.

ABI

I'm here to kill Frankenstein. I said I'd help get you safely inside. [Beat] You're inside.

TEJ

Hold up! You can't leave us like this.

ABI

I have better things to do.

She continues down the staircase to a door at the bottom of the spire, leading into the castle. Abi pauses there, looking up at Tej and Ramsey. Nods to Ramsey -- a flicker of guilt on her face.

ABI (CONT'D)

Good luck. Don't die.

She slips out the door.

Tej fumes, but Ramsey puts a hand on his shoulder.

RAMSEY

Leave it. We can take care of ourselves, right?

TEJ

All right. All right. We got
[checks watch] eight minutes to
take down the air defenses. So,
what, do we plug something in?

RAMSEY

Please. Renfield's probably
disabled all the physical ports on
every box in here. But he can't
shut off the network.

Ramsey holds up a small tablet and grins.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

You remember God's Eye? This is
God's Skeleton Key. Open sesame.

Her fingers dance over the tablet as she gets to work.

CUT TO:

INT. DRACULA'S THRONE ROOM

Frankenstein places the vial into a socket on the side of
Dracula's coffin chamber. With a hiss, the fluid inside
siphons into the machine. A screen on the side of the
chamber reads: PREPARING INFUSION.

Dracula paces like a tiger, eyeing the machine hungrily.
He's done this many times before.

DRACULA

You're sure he brought back the
right sequence?

FRANKENSTEIN

Oh, I have complete faith in
Junior. [Beat] Is what I'd say if
I were an idiot. Chill, V.D. I did
a quick assay. All the key
sequences are there. After this?
No more sunburn. You'll be a
freakin' god. [Beat] You're not
planning to, you know, conquer the
world, are you? Vampire army, that
sort of thing? I mean, I can do
vampire army...

DRACULA

I don't want to conquer the world.
[Beat] Europe should suffice.

(MORE)

DRACULA (CONT'D)

A small, manageable kingdom. A Petri dish, if you will. I have so many experiments to run.

FRANKENSTEIN

Oh, cool, cool. Hey, any chance I could get dibs on Stockholm? It's just -- I've always wanted a Nobel prize. Maybe five or six or, you know, ten.

Dracula settles himself into the coffin as Frankenstein makes final checks.

DRACULA

If this works, Doctor, the riches of the world are yours.

As Frankenstein passes near, Dracula's hand shoots out of the coffin and grabs his shirtfront.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Fail me, and I will personally ensure that you're --

Dracula looks him over, as if counting limbs, sizing up how much of Frankenstein could be removed.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

-- Half the man you were. Possibly less.

Dracula holds on just long enough to ensure that Frankenstein's taken his meaning. Then lets go and shuts his eyes.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Whenever you're ready.

Frankenstein backs off, scowling. Straightens his shirt. The screen on the coffin chamber reads INFUSION READY. Frankenstein hovers over the screen, preparing to activate the process.

FRANKENSTEIN

This might hurt just a bit.

Frankenstein hits the button.

The coffin begins to close around Dracula with a hiss. As the lid seals shut, we glimpse DOZENS OF NEEDLES puncturing his body. Dracula begins to SCREAM -- cut off by the coffin lid hissing shut.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)
 (not even a little
 sorry)
 So sorry about that.

Frankenstein hits another button. The screen lights up:
 INFUSION IN PROGRESS.

With nothing to do, Frankenstein takes a little dance
 break, bopping back and forth.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)
 Iggy? Where are my --

Frankenstein realizes he's all alone in the cavernous
 throne room.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)
 Iggy? Iggy? Where the hell are
 you?

SMASH TO:

INT. RENFIELD'S ROOM

A wall of monitors endlessly scrolling computer code. Not
 the Matrix, but close enough. In front of them, on a messy
 desk, heaps of magazines, stacks of console games, at least
 three keyboards, a video game controller, and a giant
 plastic tub of gummy cockroaches. BLACK METAL booms from
 huge speakers at deafening volumes.

Renfield and Iggy tumble into frame, locked in a clinch.
 Hot and heavy. Clothes are coming off.

They tumble out of frame again. One of the monitors flashes
 red. An error alarm sounds. Renfield pops up, disheveled.

RENFIELD
 What the hell?

Lurches over to the nearest keyboard, and brings up --

SECURITY CAM FOOTAGE from the server room. Tej and Ramsey
 hard at work.

Renfield's eyes narrow. He looks back at Iggy -- she looks
 equally murderous, even as she's buttoning her shirt back
 up. Uh oh.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVER SPIRE

The servers throw off a lot of heat. Tej and Ramsey are sweating. Ramsey works on the tablet, connected to a portable keyboard.

RAMSEY

Time?

TEJ

Five minutes. How's it going?

RAMSEY

Renfield's got the defense controls triple-locked. But he's not good enough to keep me out.

Below them, Tej and Ramsey hear the CLACK of the bolt on the server spire door being thrown open. They look down.

Renfield and Iggy burst through the door, look up, and spot them. Both break into nasty grins.

RENFIELD

Ramsey. Lovely to see you again.

RAMSEY

You little shit.

Iggy draws a pair of vicious-looking COMBAT KNIVES, and looks like she knows how to use them. Renfield charges up an ELECTRIFIED BATON.

TEJ

If we get out of this, I am so giving crossbow lady a piece of my mind.

RAMSEY

Try to hold them off!

TEJ

Wasn't planning on running.

Tej heads down the spiral staircase as Renfield charges up.

At the bottom, Iggy seems to shrug a little. Cracks her spine. What looked like a hunchback straightens itself out, and -- oh, *crap*, she's tall. Another Doctor Frankenstein special.

Iggy LEAPS, catches one catwalk, and BOUNDS up, double-jointedly, skipping the stairs entirely. As she whizzes past Tej, he double-takes:

TEJ (CONT'D)

Oh, that is *not right*--

-- And gets his head back in the game just in time to dodge a swipe of Renfield's charged baton!

Iggy clambers spiderlike over the railing toward Ramsey, knives out. Ramsey drops the tablet, backs away up the stairs, as Iggy stalks her.

Iggy lunges, slashing Ramsey across the ribs. Shallow -- Iggy's playing with her meal. Ramsey runs, and Iggy chases.

Renfield swings wildly with the electric baton. Tej ducks and dodges for his life -- finds an opening -- grabs the rails in both hands, rears up with both feet, and KICKS RENFIELD square in the solar plexus! Renfield reels back, then charges again -- Tej grapples with him, the electrified baton sizzling between them --

Iggy taunts Ramsey -- *Come on, give me your best shot.*

Ramsey hauls off and DECKS IGGY HARD in the face with a solid punch! Iggy's glasses fly off and skitter off the catwalk. Iggy turns, sneering, to deliver her own coup-de-grace --

And RAMSEY PEPPER-SPRAYS HER IN THE FACE! Iggy HOWLS in pain, smearing at her eyes.

Renfield hears this. Enraged, he pushes Tej over the railing! Tej manages to grab on, dangling.

Renfield toys with Tej, jabbing at him with the electric baton as Tej barely manages to dodge.

Then Renfield looks at the metal railing -- the sizzling baton in his hand -- and Tej, clinging to conductive metal, with no way to escape.

RENFIELD

My shoes are nicely insulated. But you? You're gonna fry.

Smirking, Renfield lowers the baton slowly toward the railing, as Tej realizes just how much trouble he's in.

Iggy's lashing out wildly, still half-blind from the pepper spray, her limbs bending in ways limbs should not necessarily bend.

Ramsey backs away from a wild swing -- sees the wall of servers behind her -- positions herself as Iggy lunges for her again, knives out --

Ramsey throws herself to the side at the last minute, and Iggy STABS INTO THE COMPUTER! Electricity surges through the metal knife and into her. She jerks, spasms, sizzles.

Renfield looks up at the bright blue sparks. Tej sees his chance. He lunges up, grabs Renfield's hand, and turns Renfield's baton back on its owner! Now it's Renfield's turn to twitch and tremble, Tej holding the baton on Renfield until its battery is spent.

Iggy collapses to the catwalk, motionless. Not breathing.

Renfield, smoldering, takes one step forward and pitches over the railing past Tej. He lands headfirst on the stone floor with a sickening CRACK.

Tej pulls himself up. Below him, Renfield twitches like a dying cockroach, before going still.

Tej and Ramsey meet on the level between them, a little beat up, but intact.

TEJ

You all right? Did she hurt you?

RAMSEY

I'm fine. How much time?

TEJ

Three minutes. Is that enough?

Ramsey scrambles to pick up her fallen tablet and keyboard. She doesn't look confident.

RAMSEY

Ask me in three minutes.

Ramsey gets back to work as we

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE HALLWAY

Abi creeps down the stone corridor, trying to get her bearings. Voices echo behind her. Footsteps double-timing from the opposite direction. LOTS of footsteps. Abi's trapped.

She looks around for a place to hide. Sees a door, locked from the outside. Throws the bolt, slips inside, shuts it just as two sets of guards round opposite ends of the hall.

INT. CASTLE CHAMBER

The room where Roman was imprisoned. Abi huddles in the antechamber, listening to the guards pass outside. But something else catches her ears:

ROMAN (O.S.)
 -- I'm serious, they had a tank.
 Like, a for-real tank. And we all
 in regular cars.

Abi follows the voice to the corner. Peers cautiously around, crossbow at the ready.

ROMAN (O.S.)
 So Letty's flying through the air,
 right, and no one can catch her...

Roman Pearce, alive and well, sits on the bed like a king. The three sexy vampire ladies we previously saw about to eat him instead lounge with him, very friendly, hanging on his every word. Trays of mostly eaten food are piled on tables and in corners. Roman's obviously been having a fantastic time. He has a fresh bandage around one wrist.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 And Dom's like, "Letty, Letty, oh
 man, she's dead," but then I'm
 like, "Naw, son, I got this." So
 she's falling, and I leap straight
 out the car --

ABI
 (so unimpressed)
 You must be Roman.

Roman and all three of the women look up at Abi.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 Whoa! Hey! Are you, like, another
 of [indicates the vampire ladies]?
 'Cause we got a system going --

The three women hiss, seeing Abi as a threat, and begin to vamp out.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 Hold up, hold up, ladies, don't
 get all aggressive, now. We talked
 about this! Anger management!
 Count to ten!

One of them lunges for Abi. Abi doesn't even blink -- puts a crossbow bolt through the woman's heart, then one more for each of the other two. Roman scrambles backward on the bed, holding up a pillow as if that will protect him.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Whoa! Not cool! *Not! Cool!* What the hell you do that for?

Abi watches scientifically as the vampire women wither away, beginning to crumble to dust as black stains spread from the places where the bolts hit them.

ABI

(to herself)

Interesting. The mountain ash works faster than I thought. [To Roman] They were monsters. I saved your life.

ROMAN

They weren't damn monsters! That was Irina! She wanted to be a dental hygienist! And those two, that's Sophia and Natalia. They were best friends since they were five.

Roman seems genuinely moved by their deaths.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

They were ... They were really nice people. Snuck me in food. [Holds up his bandaged wrist] Had to keep my strength up. I mean, the drinking blood thing was freaky, but I ain't gonna judge. I told them. I said we were gonna get out of here. Get them some help, man.

Abi looks at the bodies again. Her cold stare thaws slightly.

ABI

Early tests. More victims of Frankenstein.

ROMAN

Damn right they were. He ran a scam on them -- promised them hotel jobs in the States. Instead ... this.

The women are nothing more than dust now, crossbow bolts lying in the midst of each. Roman bends down, touching one of the dust piles gently, with just two fingertips. A simple, human gesture.

With effort, Abi pushes down her anger and sympathy. She elbows past Roman to collect the spent crossbow bolts.

ABI
Frankenstein will pay for this, too, then. I'm here with your friend. Toretto.

ROMAN
Dom sent you to get me out?

ABI
No. But if you behave yourself, you can help me kill Frankenstein.

ROMAN
(not entirely on board)
All right, cool, yeah, I can work with that. Hi, Roman Pearce.

Abi ignores his proffered hand.

ABI
I know. Abi Van Helsing.

Roman being Roman, he can't help himself:

ROMAN
Abi? That's a nice name. That's a very nice name. And that crossbow thing you got going, that is very cool. You think maybe--

ABI
I prefer women. Follow me and stay quiet.

She turns toward the door. Roman hesitates a minute before following, and then, hope springing eternal:

ROMAN
Cool. Cool. Hey, you know, that's one thing we already have in common...!

CUT TO:

DOM'S WATCH

Flashing 0:00.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PEAK

In the silvery light of the full moon, Dom rises from his crouch, Hobbs following, toward the tarp-covered vehicles.

DOM
Time's up. Let's roll.

They whip the tarps off to reveal two Mercedes G500s -- insane, high-performance off-road machines, customized within an inch of their lives. Large, bulky pallets have been strapped tightly to the roof of each car.

Hobbs and Dom strap on armored vests.

HOBBS
You know we're gonna find her,
right?

DOM
We better find her. [Beat] If she
finds me first? I am *never* gonna
hear the end of that.

But Dom's joking can't quite conceal his worry.

Dom and Hobbs climb in their respective murder machines. Start the engines purring. Put in radio earpieces.

DOM (CONT'D)
You reading me?

Hobbs looks around the inside of the car. It's a freaking arsenal -- two automatic rifles and shotgun secured in a rack in the passenger seat, two pistols he's holstering, one on each thigh.

HOBBS
Loud and clear, brother.

Dom and Hobbs' cars back up into the woods. Getting a good runway before the sheer drop of the cliff edge.

INT. SERVER SPIRE

Tej and Ramsey freaking out. Ramsey's sitting, typing like mad. Tej is pacing.

TEJ
Still nothing?

RAMSEY

I just need a few more minutes.

TEJ

Dom and Hobbs are going any second. We don't get those defenses down, they're never gonna make it. What if we just cut the power?

RAMSEY

The servers send instructions to the defenses. But that system has its own power. Unless I can feed it new instructions --

TEJ

It'll just keep following the old ones.

EXT. CASTLE WALLS

We finally see the air defenses up close -- massive, nasty-looking guns, swiveling, watching for anything that remotely looks like a threat. You don't want to cross these things.

INT. SERVER SPIRE

Ramsey casts aside her tablet in frustration.

RAMSEY

Damn it!

TEJ

What happened to God's Skeleton Key?

RAMSEY

It ran into a shit-ton of locks.

Ramsey looks back at the burned-out server that Iggy stabbed -- with Iggy's body lying just beneath. The surrounding servers, caught in the short circuit, are all dark. *Idea.*

Ramsey races to the wall. Starts yanking servers out of their bays and throwing them to the catwalk.

TEJ

Okay, *what* are you doing?

RAMSEY

The air defenses need a lot of processing power to run automatically. If we can take enough servers online, the system will think it's thrown a fault. It'll reboot into manual and wait for new instructions.

Ramsey furiously keeps yanking servers as Tej stands there, the idea slowly hitting him.

TEJ

Damn, that's *brilliant*. My girl!

RAMSEY

Less praise, more help!

Tej jumps in, yanking servers from their bays furiously...

EXT. MOUNTAIN PEAK

Dom and Hobbs rev their engines.

HOBBS

Race you to the edge?

DOM

Last one there's a buster.

HOBBS

Okay, I don't know what that means.

But Dom's already shifted into gear and floored the gas.

Hobbs joins him, and they hurtle over the rocky ground...

INTERCUTTING BETWEEN:

- Tej and Ramsey yanking servers, the floor of the catwalk littered with server boxes. They're hucking boxes over the railing.

- Dom upshifts. Completely cool. Completely focused. Both G500s hurtle closer to the cliff.

- Unnoticed by Tej and Ramsey in their frenzied activity, Iggy's corpse begins to ... twitch. Uh oh.

- Hobbs grips the wheel, breathing deeply, getting psyched up. Upshifts again. ENGINES ROAR!

- The G500s hit the edge of the cliff. FLY OFF.

A heartstopping, silent moment. Gravity takes hold. The G500s begin to fall.

Through Dom's windshield, the rocks and trees below grow ever larger.

DOM

Now!

Dom hits a switch. Hobbs does likewise.

The pallets atop both vehicles EXPLODE OFF. Silk trails out...

And inflates in the wind into a MASSIVE PARASAIL! Dom and Hobbs' cars PARASAIL ACROSS THE VALLEY TOWARD THE CASTLE! Hobbs whoops triumphantly.

HOBBS

Hot *damn*, I love this job.

Dom stays steely, his eyes on the castle ahead...

EXT. CASTLE WALLS

The automatic defenses are still up and running. The guns perk up. Swivel toward Dom and Hobbs's approaching cars...

INT. SERVER SPIRE

Ramsey's tablet blinks wildly. Show live video feed of Dom and Hobbs's cars, tiny dots. Crosshairs zeroing in on both. She scoops it up from the catwalk, amid piles of server boxes. The bays on the top level are nearly empty.

RAMSEY

They're locking on!

On the level below, Tej hauls out and tosses another server.

TEJ

How many of these do we need to pull to shut it down?

Ramsey does a quick mental count:

RAMSEY

More than this!

She races down to the level below to help Tej yank servers...

EXT. CASTLE WALLS / MIDAIR

The automatic defenses draw a bead -- and unload a salvo of anti-aircraft fire at Dom and Hobbs's cars!

DOM
There goes the element of
surprise.

Dom turns his wheel sharply --

We see cables connected to his car's axles shift -- tug at the parasail --

Dom's car BANKS HARD, tracer fire narrowly screaming past.

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD

Soldiers look up as the guns continue to fire. Commanders start barking orders. Troops scramble for their weapons.

MIDAIR

Dom and Hobbs dodge and weave as best they can, just barely dodging bursts of anti-aircraft rounds.

HOBBS
So I'm guessing Tej and Ramsey
didn't get these things offline.

DOM
Give 'em time--

A burst of fire SHREDS HOLES in Dom's parachute! It's still holding him and his car aloft, but he starts losing altitude -- even as the castle's walls loom ever closer...

HOBBS
What were you saying about time?

INT. SERVER SPIRE

Ramsey's tablet keeps flashing TARGET LOCK as more servers pile onto the catwalk around it.

Tej and Ramsey haul servers out of their bays as if their own lives depended on it.

RAMSEY
Come on, come on--!

Tej yanks one more server from its bay.

Ramsey's screen blinks out. Then a sudden scroll of code. A command screen for the air defense software. A loading bar.

From opposite ends of the catwalk, Tej and Ramsey stare at each other -- *is that it?* -- and then CHEER!

EXT. CASTLE WALLS

The guns fall silent, dropping down to inactive positions.

MIDAIR

Dom grins as the shooting stops.

DOM
I told you, Hobbs. Gotta have a
little faith.

HOBBS
That's great, brother, but faith
ain't gonna get you over that
wall.

He's right -- at the rate Dom's losing altitude, he'll be crushed against the castle wall, rather than sailing over it!

INT. SERVER SPIRE

Tej and Ramsey both look exhausted, out of breath. Tej sags against the railing, Ramsey against the server bays. Both smiling hugely.

RAMSEY
Never a dull moment.

TEJ
True enough. Still, I'm --

IGGY DROPS SCREAMING FROM THE LEVEL ABOVE ONTO TEJ! Half-charred, screeching, flailing wildly at him with her double-jointed limbs!

He struggles to fight her off as her fingers strain to pluck out his eyes--

WHAM! Iggy's brained by a SERVER BOX -- reeling back, even as she's still grappling with Tej.

Ramsey holds the server and winds up for another swing:

RAMSEY
Tell Renfield I said hi.

WHAM! WHAM! Ramsey smacks her twice more across the face. Iggy's dazed, her grip slacking. Tej adds a good punch of his own.

Iggy loses her grip -- tumbles over the railing --

Lands with a sickening CRACK on the floor below, next to Renfield. Definitely dead this time. In death, their outflung fingertips just barely touch.

Tej and Ramsey collapse, even more exhausted than before. Lying on the catwalk together. They look at each other.

RAMSEY
You really want to know my name?

TEJ
Little bit, yeah.

RAMSEY
It's Ramsey.

TEJ
I know that.

RAMSEY
No, that's my actual first name.

TEJ
For real? That's not, like, a cool hacker alias? Cause there was a chip in the old Amigas --

RAMSEY
Nope. My mum's hometown.

TEJ
That's -- that's a very nice name.

RAMSEY
Thank you. [Beat] "Tej" is still ridiculous.

They both exhale a deep *can't-believe-we're-alive* breath.

MIDAIR

Dom and Hobbs's cars hurtle toward the castle walls at potentially lethal speeds. Hobbs's will clear the wall easily. Dom's? Almost, but not a chance.

Dom, behind the wheel, stares at the wall. Calculating. Unbuckles his seatbelt. Reaches up and opens the SUNROOF, to the deafening roar of wind.

Dom hauls himself up onto the perilously swaying roof of his car. Sees the full moon shining through the big, ragged holes in his parachute. The castle walls drawing ever closer in front of him. Dom shouts over the wind, into his radio:

HOBBS

What the hell are you doing?

DOM

Only thing I can. Hobbs, if I don't make it --

HOBBS

I'll find Letty or die trying.

DOM

I know you can.

HOBBS

And I know I won't have to.

Staying low against the wind, Dom grabs one of the parasail's cables in each hand. Looks down at the RELEASE PINS holding the cables to the roof of the car. Starts trying to KICK THEM LOOSE.

INT. WALL/CASTLE COURTYARD

Troops file onto the wall with automatic weapons. Begin firing at the two cars.

As bullets whiz past him, sparking off the roof and hood of the car, Dom kicks desperately at the release pins for the cables.

In the courtyard, Dracula's men assemble in formation, guns drawn. Waiting for whatever comes over the wall.

Dom's car is almost at the wall. Gunfire shatters his windshield and tears up the hood of his car. He kicks one more time --

The release pins give --

Dom's car drops, SMASHING INTO THE WALL --

Dom HANGS ON FOR DEAR LIFE, muscles straining, as the 'chute, freed of the car's weight, YANKS HIM UP INTO THE AIR! He's just barely above the wall!

Dom swings himself forward and lets go! Arms and legs pinwheeling as he falls through the air --

Lands HARD against the stone wall, clinging for a grip -- just barely hauls himself up -- halfway over the wall now, safe at last, but --

Ten feet away, half the assembled soldiers turn, drawing a bead on him -- no way he can escape -- but the other soldiers start shouting, firing wildly, fleeing as --

Hobbs's car PLOWS INTO THE SOLDIERS AIMING AT DOM, smashing them out of the way! Hobbs flashes Dom a head-nod as he sails past --

Hobbs's car appears over the castle wall. The soldiers in the courtyard open fire, bullets sparking off the armored undercarriage.

Hobbs revs the engine. Hits a switch -- the chute disengages -- his car drops FIFTEEN FEET ONTO THE AMASSED SOLDIERS!

The moment its tires touch stone, Hobbs's car TAKES OFF. It's a DEMOLITION DERBY -- Hobbs using his car as a BLUNT INSTRUMENT to SMASH EVERYTHING IN HIS WAY! Soldiers go FLYING OFF HIS BUMPER or SCREAMING UNDER HIS WHEELS!

Dom takes a second to marvel at the carnage. Heads for a door at the end of the wall, leading into the castle.

Hobbs's luck can only last so long -- a group of soldiers, firing from cover, shreds his tires, and another SMASHES INTO HIS CAR with a Humvee, rolling it. It comes to rest right side up. Soldiers close in from all sides, weapons at the ready.

The door flies open. From inside the car:

HOBBS

Kids ... I've got some bad news.

Hobbs steps out of the car, an automatic rifle in each hand, pistols on his thighs, shotgun strapped to his back. THE BADDEST MOFO THESE POOR UNLUCKY SAPS HAVE EVER SEEN.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
Daddy's home.

The Soldiers raise their guns, ready to fire, when --
what's that sound?

The automated air defenses on the walls are slowly
swiveling ... Swiveling ... Until they point INTO THE
COURTYARD. And then down ... down ... at the soldiers.

The Soldiers trade Wile-E-Coyote-in-midair looks. They are
so, so screwed, and they know it.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
And he is *very disappointed in*
you.

THE ANTI-AIR GUNS OPEN FIRE! **ALL OF THE EXPLOSIONS, EVER.**

EXT. SPIRE

Tej and Ramsey stand on the balcony around the spire,
looking down at the courtyard, as Ramsey directs fire with
her tablet.

TEJ
(pointing)
The fuel tanks. Hit the fuel
tanks!

Ramsey slaps his hand away as he tries to commandeer the
tablet.

EXT. COURTYARD

As all Hell breaks loose, Hobbs saunters through the chaos
like he's out for a Sunday stroll. No-look wasting anyone
dumb enough to draw a bead on him.

Five guys jump him; he bashes them into each other, tosses
them aside.

Hobbs sees a heavy armored door leading into the castle.
Evaporates the lock with a hail of bullets. Then kicks open
the door, turns back just long enough to shoot one last guy
sneaking up on him, and enters the castle.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S LAB

More exsanguination for Letty. Restrained on the metal table, she's barely conscious as her blood is siphoned.

THE DISTANT SOUND OF EXPLOSIONS wakes her. She smiles.

LETTY
'Bout damn time.

In his cell, LARRY looks up from his calendar -- worriedly tapping at the most recent tally mark, which he's circled.

LARRY
You hear that, too?

LETTY
Hang in there a little longer,
Larry. Calvary's coming.

The lab door bangs open. A seething Elsa leads troops in.

ELSA
Not soon enough for you, darling.

She moves to a shelf, grabs a PLASTIC CASE off it, and hands it to one of the soldiers. Then nods to Larry.

ELSA (CONT'D)
Introduce him to our intruders.

Larry stands up, horrified, and backs into the corner of his cell.

LARRY
No. NO!

LETTY
Leave him alone!

The soldiers enter the cell. Larry tries to fight, but they CLUB HIM in the stomach with their rifle butts, and collect him as he goes limp. They begin to drag him from the cell.

Elsa wheels over a neat tray of surgical instruments. Saws, scalpels, all nasty-looking. She runs a finger over them.

ELSA
And as for you... I'm afraid your
stay with us has come to an end.

LETTY
I thought your buddy Vic had plans
for me.

Elsa's eyes narrow.

ELSA
He can learn to live with
disappointment.

As the Soldiers drag Larry out into the lab, he plants his feet, elbows one of them in the stomach, and BREAKS FREE! He stumbles past ELSA, upsetting the surgical tray and its instruments, and sprawls against Letty's table.

Larry's hand grabs Letty's -- and presses a SWIPED SCALPEL into it!

Larry looks at Letty -- makes sure she understands -- then he's CLUBBED FROM BEHIND and DRAGGED AWAY by the soldiers.

As the soldiers drag Larry away, he starts muttering again as his head dangles, half-conscious:

LARRY
Even a man who's pure of heart...

But he's got a small, triumphant smile.

Elsa watches him go, irritated at his clumsy escape attempt.

ELSA
Now. How shall we send you to your
dear, dead husband? In how many
pieces?

Letty ain't buying it. As more explosions boom:

LETTY
Dead? Ha. Take a listen. He's
coming for me. And he'll kick the
shit out of anyone in his way.

Elsa grabs Letty by the jaw, hard, and leans in close.

ELSA
Ah, yes. That mouth of yours. Now
where did I leave my needle and
thread?

And Letty RAISES HER FREED ARM, the severed restraint flopping open, and PLUNGES THE SCALPEL INTO ELSA'S NECK!

LETTY
Try stitching *that* up.

Elsa reels backward, clutching her neck where the scalpel's jutting out of it, screaming in pain!

Letty sits up, yanks out the tube from her arm, and starts tearing off her other restraints. She's been saving her strength for just this moment.

Elsa staggers against a lab table -- plants a hand to steady herself -- and Letty KICKS HER IN THE SPINE!

Elsa swings wildly at Letty, who dodges back and punches her in the face! Once! Twice! Elsa reels, staggering back toward the tank of ELECTRIC EELS!

Letty grabs a microscope from a lab table, winds up, and PUTS EVERYTHING SHE HAS LEFT into one massive swing, using the microscope as a club to KNOCK ELSA OFF HER FEET!

Elsa goes FLYING back into the eel tank, SHATTERING THE GLASS. Electricity jumps and sparks from the eels, making ILSA writhe and splash. Then she lies still, except for occasional twitches. Water pours out of the tank, and eels writhe and flop on the lab's stone floor.

Letty sags against a lab table, completely wiped, lightheaded. Tries to pull herself together.

Elsa's feet SCRAPE along the stone floor. SHE STARTS TO SIT UP.

ELSA

Heh. Tickles.

Letty looks up, mingled horror, disbelief, and sheer annoyance on her face.

LETTY

Oh, you are *shitting* me...

You knew this was coming.

The electricity has made Elsa's hair STAND ON END, STRAIGHT BACK, streaks of PURE WHITE now exposed in the jet black hair. Her white bodysuit is torn from the shattered glass, and she peels away the high collar to reveal AN UGLY SCAR OF STITCHMARKS running around the circumference of her neck -- and two ELECTRODE BOLTS like Frank's. More tears at her shoulders reveal similar stitching around her arms.

She yanks the scalpel from her neck, electricity sparking and dancing around it, and tosses it aside. Picks bits of glass from her face. Smiles horribly at Letty.

ELSA

Junior was his first. But I am his masterpiece. Whether he knows it or not.

Elsa advances on an exhausted Letty...

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE CORRIDORS

Dom races through the maze of corridors, hopelessly lost. Checking every door he finds for Letty.

He kicks open one -- and finds a group of soldiers in a break room, playing cards.

DOM

Any of you seen my wife?

They reach for their guns --

Dom slams the heavy door shut and bolts it from the outside as shouts and gunfire hammer it from the other side.

But no sooner has he secured the door than:

SOLDIER

Halt!

He turns to find a squad of Soldiers at the end of the hallway, guns drawn on him. (Two of them are the Soldiers Elsa tasked to watch Frank.)

Behind the Soldiers looms Frank.

Dom and Frank stare each other down. The men between them might as well not exist. Dom slowly raises his hands.

LEAD SOLDIER

Dracula will want him alive.

[Beat] But first, soften him up.

The Soldiers charge forward. Dom dives into the melee, fighting like a demon. Smashes soldiers into the walls.

Frank watches. Hesitates.

The Lead Soldier wades into the fray. Catches Dom with a gun butt to the ribs while Dom's back is turned. As the Lead Soldier rears back to knock him out cold --

FRANK PALMS THE LEAD SOLDIER'S HEAD AND RAGDOLLS HIM INTO THE WALL. As the remaining soldiers turn, Frank ZAPS one of them with an electric jolt and BACKHANDS the other spinning into unconsciousness.

Frank offers Dom a hand up. Dom waits a second. The two stare at each other once more.

Then Dom TAKES FRANK'S HAND, and Frank helps pull him up. Frank looks down, ashamed.

FRANK

I am sorry. About the bridge. I
knew if you brought them the vial,
they would kill you. And her.

DOM

Don't sweat the bridge. Haven't
had that much fun on a getaway in
years.

Frank grins shyly. Dom claps him on the shoulder.

DOM (CONT'D)

You know where they've got Letty?

Frank shakes his head.

FRANK

But I know where Dracula has gone.

Dom's eyes narrow.

DOM

Then let's go ask him ourselves.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE CORRIDORS

Hobbs clears corners like a pro. Mows down any and everyone in his way. He rounds a corner and sees --

A group of Soldiers dragging Larry along. The closest two see Hobbs, draw, and open fire. Hobbs coolly returns fire, dropping one, then the other.

The remaining Soldiers drag Larry away, into

INT. FRANK'S WORKSHOP

Weaving around the work tables full of automotive parts. A bench seat sits, waiting to be installed. The Wolf Head gearshift is prominent.

The Lead Soldier barks to the two holding Larry:

LEAD SOLDIER
Secure him and give him the
catalyst!

Larry hears this and begins to thrash desperately, snarling:

LARRY
No! NO!

Hobbs enters the workshop. The other Soldiers have taken cover and open fire.

As Hobbs mows down the other Soldiers, the two holding Larry grab ropes and tie his wrists down to anchors in the floor. One opens the plastic case Elsa gave him -- a wicked-looking INJECTOR inside, encased in foam.

Larry struggles, but one Soldier grabs him, and the other INJECTS the catalyst into his neck. Larry slumps.

The two soldiers stand -- and immediately catch bullets from Hobbs! The big man checks that the room's clear. To Larry:

HOBBS
Hey. Hey, man, you okay? We're
gonna get you out of here.

Larry starts laughing: broken, heartsick. He looks up; sees the FULL MOON shining in through the window. Still laughing:

LARRY
So close. So close. Oh, I'm so
sorry about this.

And then his body JERKS VIOLENTLY, and his laughter turns into SCREAMS.

HOBBS
Sweet baby Jesus.

Larry's bones TWIST and CRACK. His bare feet scrabble on the floor, lengthening into CLAWS. So do his hands, hair sprouting from his skin, thickening into fur.

His teeth fall from his screaming mouth, sharp FANGS growing in their place, his nose and jaw protruding into a snout.

And when the screaming stops, and he looks up at Hobbs with feral YELLOW EYES, Larry's gone. Meet THE WOLFMAN.

The Wolfman snarls, snapping the ropes that bind its arms like tissue paper. It prowls toward Hobbes on all fours.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
Uh ... Good dog. Nice dog.

The Wolfman keeps coming. Hobbs squares his shoulders. Turns on the pure alpha male.

HOBBS
Down. I said *DOWN*.

The Wolfman stops. Sits on his haunches. Hobbs breathes a sigh of relief.

Then the Wolfman snarls again -- is it *smirking*? -- and LEAPS AT HOBBS!

Hobbs unloads his automatic rifle. Bullets pump into the Wolfman, stopping it in midair. It slumps to the ground. Hobbs keeps firing until the gun clicks. Tosses it aside. Waits in deathly silence.

Ping. Ping ping. Ping. Metal on concrete. Hobbs watches as the Wolfman's body SPITS OUT HIS BULLETS. Its eyes snap open. It rises, snarling. Charges again.

Hobbs grabs his shotgun, but the Wolfman seizes it in its jaws and SHAKES IT like a dog with a stick before tossing it aside.

Hobbs backs up -- sees the bench seat. In one mighty swipe, he RIPS THE UPHOLSTERY CLEAN OFF IT. Wraps the foam pad around his arm like a military K-9 trainer. Squares off against the Wolfman.

HOBBS
I don't hurt animals. But I got no problem beating on whichever half of you is human.

The Wolfman LUNGES FORWARD --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE CORRIDORS

Abi leads Roman through the twisting maze of corridors.

ROMAN

... Any chance you got, like,
another gun? Cause there's a lot
of people here want to shoot our
asses, and I'm feeling a little
vulnerable, is all --

ABI

I should have left you in that
room.

ROMAN

See? That's just -- why you gotta
be *mean* like that?

They round a corner and find -- Dom and Frank! Abi raises
her crossbow by instinct. Does not immediately lower it.
Roman's elated.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Dom! Damn, man, it is *good* to see
you. This one? Man, she makes you
look *mellow*.

Roman sees Frank, does a double-take.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Shit. For a second I thought that
was Hobbs. Wait, is this the dude
from the big-ass truck? Damn. I
mean, *damn*, you look messed-up.
Are we doing that thing again
where people try to kill us and
then suddenly they're our friends?

Dom picks up on the tension between Abi and Frank. Stares
her down.

DOM

Easy. He's with us.

ABI

He said that the last time.

DOM

I don't care if you trust him. Do
you trust me?

Abi's hand shakes. Dom just looks at her -- calm,
confident. She lowers the crossbow and scowls.

ROMAN

Aww. Are you guys friends? You guys should be friends. Sit around grunting, scowling, not talking about your feelings --

ABI AND DOM

(simultaneous)

Shut up, Roman.

FRANK

If the small rude man is done talking, I know where Dracula is. And Father is with him.

ABI

You should have led with that.

Frank leads the way. Roman sulks:

ROMAN

Small?

Frank beams:

FRANK

You are so tiny! Like a baby opossum.

ROMAN

Well, well you're so -- so --

Everyone has moved on without him. He runs to catch up:

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Hold up, I'm gonna think of something...!

INT. THRONE ROOM

The screen on the coffin chamber reads INFUSION 95% COMPLETE. Frankenstein rocks out on his earbuds, completely oblivious -- until he turns and comes face-to-face with Dom, Abi, Roman, and Frank!

Unfazed, even as Abi raises her crossbow, Frankenstein pops out his earbuds and hits "pause."

FRANKENSTEIN

Junior, honestly. Why aren't you killing the hell out of these people?

ABI
Victor Frankenstein. You killed
my--

FRANKENSTEIN
Shush, honey, I'm talking to my
boy. Junior? Junior?

Frank says nothing. Stares stonily at Frankenstein.

DOM
I don't think Frank's your boy
anymore.

FRANKENSTEIN
Oh, for -- you named him Frank?
Frank Frankenstein? Come on! How
stupid does that sound? He's
Victor Junior. Obviously.

FRANK
I like *my* name. Not yours.

FRANKENSTEIN
Ohh. I see how it is. You think
you made yourself some friends.
Poor widdle Junior. They don't
really like you. They're not going
to keep you around. You're a means
to an end. And the moment you're
not useful anymore, you're trash.
Because that's what you are.
Castoffs. Junk parts. And you know
it. You are *lucky* to have my name.

Frank steps forward, anger burning in his eyes.
Frankenstein takes a step back. Abi raises the crossbow
again, but Dom stops her with a look: *He needs to do this
himself.*

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)
I mean it, Junior, you're making a
big mistake. They'll never care
about you like I do.

Frankenstein keeps backing up. Grabs a torch off the wall
and swings it at Frank. Frank shies away, real fear on his
face.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)
So help me, Junior, you listen to
your father -- listen to your
family -- or you're gonna get the
fire again! Do you want the fire?

Frankenstein pokes at Frank with the torch, driving him back. Then Frank musters his courage -- and GRABS THE TORCH just below the burning end! Holds it steady as Frankenstein struggles to move it!

FRANK

Family trusts you. Family helps
you. Family lifts you when you
fall. Family forgives you.

Frank tightens his grip until the torch SNAPS in his fist, the burning end falling to the floor and wisping out. Frankenstein is left holding a stick. Frank leans close to him and growls:

FRANK (CONT'D)

Fire ... bad. Family ... *good*. And
they are my family.

Frank wrenches the stub of the torch from Frankenstein's grip and tosses it aside. Then he steps away from Frankenstein. Nods to Abi.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You can shoot him now.

Abi is genuinely moved. Looks at Frank with new eyes.

ABI

Thank you ... Frank.

FRANKENSTEIN

Now, hold up, let's take a little
time out and brainstorm some fresh
solutions here...!

The Coffin Chamber beeps. The screen: INFUSION COMPLETE. Doors hiss, unsealing. Mist rolls out. The doors begin to open --

THE MACHINE EXPLODES OUTWARD in a shriek of rending steel. The concussive force sends Dom, Abi, Frank, and Roman sprawling.

DRACULA RISES FROM IT, screaming as if he's just been born anew. Stands there, panting. Lifts his head to glare with eyes first PITCH BLACK, then BLOOD RED, then normal.

Frankenstein sees his chance. Starts crawling away from the machine across the floor...

Dracula flexes his limbs, testing them. Peels a jagged hunk of steel from the ruins of the machine as if it were nothing. Tosses it aside. Looks at Dom.

DRACULA
Toretto. I'm afraid you're a
little late for your end of the
bargain.

Abi split-second fires a crossbow bolt at Dracula's heart!

Dracula CATCHES IT IN MIDAIR, even faster. Looks at it
amusedly. Uses the point to pick his teeth, and spits.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Excuse me. I still had someone in
my teeth from dinner.

He snaps the bolt in two, one-handed, and tosses it aside.

Frankenstein gets to his feet, scrambling for a far wall.
Claws at a stone that opens a SECRET PASSAGE. As he slips
inside:

FRANKENSTEIN
You have fun with that, V.D.!

ABI
Frankenstein--!

Dom stands. The others scramble to their feet.

DRACULA
Go ahead. Say your goodbyes. I can
always catch up with your friends
later. Time is on my side.

DOM
(to Abi)
Go. Your mom, your dad -- make it
right.

FRANK
(Also to Abi)
I know where he will go. We can
catch him.

Abi pleads with Dom:

ABI
He'll kill you.

DOM
He'll try. Go. I got this.

Abi and Frank take off through the main entrance to the
chamber. After a second of sizing up Dracula, Roman says:

ROMAN

Uh, yeah, I'm just -- you know,
I'm gonna go with them.

DOM

Keep them safe.

Serious for once:

ROMAN

Word is bond. Good luck, Dom. (To
Dracula, as he's backing out) You
know what's good for you, man, you
best just give up now.

Dracula hisses at Roman, eyes once more turning blood red.
Roman nearly falls on his ass -- gets up, scrambles after
Abi and Frank.

DRACULA. DOMINIC TORETTA. Two unstoppable forces face off.

DOM

You tell me where Letty is, I
might just give you a head start
to run.

DRACULA

Letty's already dead. You're
already dead. Everyone else on
this planet is already dead. It's
just a question of time.

DOM

I've gotten pretty good at beating
the clock.

DRACULA

That's the problem with mortality.
In the end, the clock always beats
you. It's not too late, Toretto. I
could use your skills. You could
live forever. A world without
loss. Without change. A perfect
world.

Dom thinks it over, seriously. Then:

DOM

Sounds boring.

Dom RUNS at Dracula, throwing a MIGHTY PUNCH --

Dracula dodges. Dom gives him all his best shots, and Dracula's TOO FAST. Evaporating like smoke before a single blow can land. Dom backs off, calculates.

Dracula opens his arms wide and beckons for Dom to take his best shot.

Dom DELIVERS. A hard punch to the face. Dracula's head snaps to the side -- and then right back. Cracked cheekbones crackling back into place. Dracula grins.

Dom POUNDS Dracula with body blows. Dracula doesn't even move -- until he GRABS DOM BY THE THROAT and once again HAULS HIM EFFORTLESSLY INTO THE AIR. As Dom struggles:

DRACULA

How does it feel, Toretto -- to finally see the finish line?

He moves to THROW DOM THROUGH THE AIR and we

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S LAB

-- Letty bouncing off the table that once held her, and thudding painfully to the floor.

Elsa's un-freaking-stoppable. Letty's exhausted, running, scrambling, trying to keep anything between her and Elsa. Throwing everything within reach. Elsa just laughs.

Letty sees the open door to the lab. Starts to run for it, splashing across the wet floor. Elsa kneels, puts a hand into the water, and SENDS ELECTRICITY CRACKLING THROUGH IT! The jolt blows Letty off her feet, and she lands hard, in pain.

Letty tries to crawl away as Elsa strides over. Elsa grabs Letty's ankle, PICKS HER UP AND SWINGS HER across the lab! Letty hits the wall hard, the old stored hoes and pitchforks collapsing on top of her as she drops to the ground. Letty lies panting, exhausted.

ELSA

There's no place for you anymore.
You're obsolete.

Elsa saunters over to the INCINERATOR. Opens the door; the flames gleam reflected in her eyes, heat shimmering.

ELSA (CONT'D)

Well ... Perhaps one place.

She stalks to Letty. Grabs her by the ankle again. DRAGS LETTY across the floor, toward the yawning incinerator. Letty claws for a handhold. Desperate.

ELSA (CONT'D)
I belong to a new world. A world
of gods and monsters. And you--

Letty's hands flail -- find a PITCHFORK fallen from the wall -- GRAB HOLD!

LETTY
Hey. Beehive.

Elsa turns, and with a desperate heave, LETTY IMPALES HER WITH THE PITCHFORK! The tines sink UP UNDER ELSA'S RIBCAGE!

LETTY (CONT'D)
You belong dead.

Elsa struggles, black blood oozing from her mouth, grappling with the pitchfork as Letty stands. Fights Elsa step by step, pushing Elsa back into the incinerator.

Elsa clings to the edges of the door, her skin sizzling, already beginning to catch fire. Letty gives ONE LAST SHOVE --

Elsa and the pitchfork TUMBLE BACK INTO THE FLAMES! Letty SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT. Letty collapses in front of the incinerator. For a moment, only the flames show through the small window in its door. Then --

ELSA REAPPEARS, BURNING, POUNDING ON THE DOOR FROM INSIDE -- but weaker -- weaker -- until the flames consume her entirely.

Letty gets to her feet, staggering. Spits blood. At the incinerator:

LETTY
Yeah, yeah. Sucks to be you.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S WORKSHOP

Hobbs and the Wolfman LURCH INTO FRAME, the Wolfman's jaws TEARING INTO the foam pad around Hobbs's arm. Hobbs punches the Wolfman in the snout, over and over.

HOBBS
Bad dog! Very! Bad! Dog!

The padding around Hobbs's arm TEARS FREE, and he and the Wolfman go lurching in opposite directions. Hobbs ends up on his back next to a half-rebuilt car. Shiny chrome hubcaps gleam on the tires.

The Wolfman gets back up. Hobbs grabs a hubcap. Yanks it off.

HOBBS (CONT'D)

Fetch.

THROWS THE HUBCAB like a Frisbee at the Wolfman -- it catches the beast in its midsection, giving Hobbs enough time to get to his feet.

As the Wolfman charges again, Hobbs thinks fast -- grabs the hood of the car, YANKS IT OFF, and uses it like a shield! The Wolfman's first blow DENTS THE METAL! Its second shreds gashes in the steel.

Again and again, the Wolfman slashes, driving Hobbs back against the exposed engine. Hobbs's hood "shield" is disintegrating into ribbons. The Wolfman snarls again, breaking through -- Hobbs rolls to the side --

The Wolfman gets a paw tangled in the serpentine belt. Snarls and snaps as it tries to pull free.

Hobbs catches his breath. TEARS THE ENTIRE REAR FENDER off the car. Hefts it like a baseball bat.

HOBBS (CONT'D)

Lie down. Play dead.

Just as the Wolfman pulls free, Hobbs SWINGS THE FENDER at its head! WHAM! The Wolfman reels back. WHAM! Hobbs hits him again, and the beast yelps. Hobbs pauses, the sound of an animal in pain striking his conscience --

And the Wolfman SPRINGS AT HIM! They tumble together through a work table and onto the floor. Hobbs struggles as the beast's jaws snap inches from his throat, and tries to keep its claws from tearing through his combat vest.

Hobbs is strong. But the Wolfman may be stronger. Hobbs can't hold out long. Silver glints in his peripheral vision. Next to him -- the gearshift with the SILVER WOLF'S HEAD. Hobbs HEADBUTTS THE WOLFMAN, buying him precious seconds -- lunges for the gearshift --

Hobbs BELTS THE WOLFMAN across the face! The beast HOWLS, and Hobbs HITS IT AGAIN! The Wolfman rears back, clawing at its face. Hobbs KICKS OUT and sends it flying into the side of another car, denting the metal.

The Wolfman shakes off the hit. Bares its fangs at Hobbs. Oh, shit. Now it's *pissed off*.

Hobbs sees a MECHANIC'S CREEPER on the ground next to him. Scrambles, lunges, dives as the Wolfman comes bounding for him on all fours. Hobbs lands on the creeper, whizzing across the floor of the shop.

Hobbs slides under a series of Humvees, "swimming" his arms to keep moving, as the Wolfman BOUNDS OVER THE TOP of them, clawing at Hobbs at every gap between vehicles. Hobbs clears the last car --

And goes sliding straight for the open hydraulic lift! Too late to stop, Hobbs and the creeper PLUNGE INTO THE SHAFT!

Silence. From atop the last car, the Wolfman sniffs the air. Hops down, growling. Pads toward the open shaft, pushing aside chains dangling from the ceiling. Peers over the side --

Hobbs clings by one hand to a handhold on the inside of the open shaft. With the other, he's drawn one of his GIANT PISTOLS from his thigh holsters.

HOBBS

These ain't silver. But I'm
betting they'll still hurt.

Hobbs SHOOTS THE WOLFMAN IN THE FACE until the revolver clicks empty!

The Wolfman staggers back, howling in pain. Bullets already oozing out of the re-knitting flesh and bones of its face.

Hobbs hauls himself up -- sees the chains -- ducks under the Wolfman's wild swipes -- and wraps the chains around the Wolfman's arms, and finally its neck!

Hobbs has the beast trapped! It thrashes and struggles, but the chain won't break. Hobbs strains with all his might to keep the Wolfman captured.

HOBBS

Come on, dammit, don't make me put
you down!

The Wolfman begins to gasp and wheeze. Drops to its knees as Hobbs cuts off its air. Its struggles lessen.

It looks back at Hobbs -- and now, the yellow eyes are sad, and tired, and startlingly human. It tenses up -- Hobbs intuits what's coming --

HOBBS
Don't you dare --!

With one last burst of strength, the Wolfman LUNGES AGAINST THE CHAINS and BREAKS ITS OWN NECK with a sickening snap. Collapses, limp, suspended from the chains. No coming back from this.

The Wolfman's body begins to jerk and shudder -- bones refolding, teeth dropping, hair shedding. Then Larry dangles from the chains. It's a cliché, but: He looks so peaceful. Almost happy.

Hobbs sinks back against a nearby car, exhausted, heartsick.

HOBBS
Poor bastard.

Just two men, one living, one dead, in a newly quiet room.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET PASSAGE

Frankenstein hurries, stumbling through semidarkness. Pauses at a rack of guns on one stone wall to grab a semiautomatic and a pistol. He reaches a door, shoves it open with his shoulder, and almost falls into

INT. DRACULA'S GARAGE

Bright, sterile, high ceilings. We only see a little of it at first -- not sure where we are. Frankenstein runs to a rack hung on the wall, covered with pegs holding DOZENS OF CAR KEYS. Hunts through, plucks the right one off.

Frankenstein turns to see a mint 1967 FORD SHELBY GT500 waiting for him. All but salivates with gearhead lust.

FRANKENSTEIN
Hello, beautiful. Always wanted to take you for a spin.

The sound of hydraulics alerts him to --

An elevator opening on the opposite side of the room. Frank, Abi, and Roman burst out and stop in their tracks, and now we finally see --

DOZENS OF SUPERCARS in a hangar-sized room, with massive steel doors at the far end. Antiques. Prototypes. An amazing buffet of cars. Even Abi's awed.

ROMAN

I think this dude might have a few cars or something.

FRANK

(100% serious)

Behold ... *The Rides of Dracula*.

Abi spots Frankenstein across the room.

ABI

There he is!

She fires a crossbow bolt -- Frankenstein ducks, and the bolt THUNKS into the wall just where he'd been.

FRANKENSTEIN

Shit!

He blind-fires with the automatic, shattering windshields, chewing up the chassis of countless beautiful cars. Abi, Frank, and Roman duck for cover.

Frankenstein grabs the key rack and yanks it off the wall, scattering keys across the floor. Firing again to keep the others pinned, he gets into the Shelby. Hollers out the window, over one last burst of gunfire:

FRANKENSTEIN

I brought you into this world,
Junior! I *will* take you out of it!

Frankenstein GUNS THE ENGINE, SLAMS INTO GEAR. The Shelby PEELS OUT, tires smoking, and races away. The steel doors at the end of the garage open for it.

Abi chases after it, firing another bolt -- but the Shelby's already out of range.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - ALMOST DAWN

The moon is setting. The eastern sky's turning pink.

The garage doors open to a narrow path downhill. The Shelby blasts through the curves, skidding onto a main road leading away from the castle.

INT. GARAGE

Roman digs frantically through the pile of keys.

ROMAN

Come on -- come on -- dammit, I
can't tell which one goes to
which!

Abi kneels, despondent, staring at the open doors. Frank's huge hand falls on her shoulder. She looks up. He smiles at her.

FRANK

Come. We can catch him.

ABI

But the keys --

FRANK

Don't need them.

Frank gestures to a TESLA MODEL S -- then holds up an index finger. A tiny spark arcs from it.

Abi gets it. Smiles. Frankenstein helps her up. She calls back to Roman:

ABI

Catch up with us!

Roman, still scrabbling through the keys:

ROMAN

Hold up, just a second --

Frank climbs into the Model S, Abi taking passenger. They strap in. Frank TOUCHES THE DASHBOARD -- ELECTRICITY LEAPS from his hand -- the CAR TURNS ON! Frank selects "LUDICROUS SPEED" from the touchscreen.

FRANK

We will go a little fast now.

He hits the accelerator. Frank and Abi are THROWN BACK IN THEIR SEATS as the Model S leaps forward, all 762 horses in full gallop. They BURN OUT of the garage in pursuit of Frankenstein.

Roman, *still* hunting for keys:

ROMAN

This is just not fair, man! Like
that Twilight Zone where the dude
busts his damn glasses--!

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE CHAMBER

High ceilings. Ornate tapestries. Elaborate furniture.
Stone columns. Fireplace below a portrait of Dracula's dead
wife and child. Floor-to-ceiling windows, covered in huge
curtains, on one end of the room. Huge wooden doors on the
other.

Wooden doors that BOOM OPEN as Dom comes FLYING THROUGH
THEM. He tumbles across the floor. Gets up, bruised and
pissed off.

DOM

Is that all you got?

Dracula strides through, adjusting the cuffs on his shirt.

DRACULA

At some point, Toretto, this
bravado grows tiring.

Dom charges again. He's fierce, powerful, wild. Dracula's
cool, disciplined, his every move precise. No wasted
energy. Shrugs off Dom's hits, too bored to dodge.
Eventually he picks up Dom and THROWS HIM again.

Dom SLAMS into the wall next to the fireplace, sending
metal pokers in a rack scattering. One poker lands pointed-
end in the flames.

Dracula advances on Dom as Dom tries to catch his breath.
Stops, lit by the fire, unable to help looking up at the
portrait. Dracula's wife and daughter stare down.

DOM

You think they'd even recognize
you now? The thing you've become?

This, more than any punch Dom's landed, hurts Dracula. The
perfect, ageless face twists in anger and sorrow.

DRACULA

The world changed. It took them
from me. Left me behind. I could
not forgive that.

(MORE)

DRACULA (CONT'D)

I will never forgive that. Now
time will never lay another finger
on me. Death will have no
dominion. When you're dust in the
ground, when everything you know
is ashes, forgotten, I'll still be
here. Unchanging. Undying.
Perfect.

DOM

And you'll still be a monster.

Dom grabs the poker from the fireplace, shoving the red-hot
end through Dracula's stomach!

Dracula staggers back, eyes darkening from BLOOD RED to
INKY BLACK, snarling with rage. He YANKS OUT the poker --
the wound already healing -- and tosses it aside. Seizes
Dom by the shirtfront, ignoring Dom's sledgehammer punches
-- and proceeds to BEAT THE UNHOLY HELL OUT OF DOM.

Dracula ZIGZAGS ACROSS THE ROOM, inhumanly fast, SMASHING
DOM into every column, every stick of furniture. Swift.
Brutal. Until the room is a wreck, and Dom dangles limp and
bloody in Dracula's grasp before the windows at the far
end.

Dracula hauls Dom up. Dom SPITS BLOOD in Dracula's face.
Dracula wipes it off with a single finger. Tastes it.

DRACULA

Hm. Your flavor profile's
surprisingly complex. I might
actually enjoy you.

Dracula HURLS DOM THROUGH THE WINDOW, GLASS SHATTERING, as
Dom falls into

EXT. DRACULA'S CASTLE COURTYARD

Landing hard on a cargo crate, rolling down hard onto
another, trying to grab ahold and failing, and finally
falling hard onto the tarmac.

As Dom struggles to rise, Dracula LEAPS DOWN from the
window, tarmac crumbling beneath his feet from the impact.
Grabs Dom and drags him into the smoldering, corpse-ridden
courtyard, past the CAR-CARRIER TRUCK we saw earlier, which
(of course) has survived the carnage unscathed.

Dracula notes the air defense guns, still pointed at the
courtyard, clicking empty, out of rounds.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Your friends have been busy. No matter. I'll rebuild. I have time.

Dracula looks at the brightening sky over the mountains.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

But you, Toretto? You've only got until sunrise. And only because I'm tired of eating in the dark.

Dom lolls in Dracula's grip, fighting unconsciousness, as we

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD

Frankenstein's Shelby tears down the blacktop. Headlights appear behind it. Frank and Abi's Model S is giving chase!

The Model S eats up pavement. The Shelby swerves wildly, blocking the Model S from drawing alongside it.

Frankenstein's got the stereo blasting classic rock, wild, manic.

Frank is cucumber cool. We see LECLERC's SCAR prominent on the back of his hand, reminding us where he comes from. Abi clutches her crossbow, silent, eyes riveted to Frankenstein's car.

Frank fakes out Frankenstein, jukes around, starts to sneak in on Frankenstein's inside. Frankenstein sees this in the mirrors:

FRANKENSTEIN

Shit!

Frankenstein hastily cranks down the window, leans out, and SPRAYS THE MODEL S with gunfire! Bullets shred the carbon-fiber hood and star the windshield! Frank looks personally offended. Abi's unfazed.

ABI

I've got this.

Abi unhooks her belt -- rolls down her window -- hoists herself out, wind whipping at her face. Frankenstein looses another salvo, bullets chewing up the roof of the car inches from her. She doesn't flinch. Just takes careful aim --

A frozen instant: The bolt flies from Abi's bow, punches through the Shelby's rear windshield -- through the side windshield -- INTO FRANKENSTEIN'S HAND!

He howls and drops the automatic, instantly lost along the blurring roadside. Frankenstein retreats inside the Shelby, wincing as he tries to drive with one arrow-pinioned hand.

FRANKENSTEIN
That little *bitch*!

The road opens up -- mountain forests on the left, a yawning cliff and a guardrail on the right. As Abi slides back inside, Frank sees his chance. LeClerc's scarred hand tightens on the steering wheel.

It's the same move we saw on the video in the first scene: Frank swings the Model S wide -- slips around the Shelby -- then SLAMS BACK HARD INTO THE SIDE OF IT!

The two cars lock together. Frank CRANKS THE WHEEL -- both cars go into a TIRE-SHREDDING SPIN -- Frankenstein's car SMASHES INTO A TREE -- and FRANK AND ABI go SKIDDING SIDEWAYS through the guardrail!

Quiet. Birdsong. Mountain wind. Frankenstein lolls, groaning, bleeding, in his driver's seat.

The Model S dangles half-off the cliff. Abi's door has been torn off. She looks down: a LONG, STEEP DROP to jagged rocks. She looks up. Frank, still belted in, is holding tight to her with one hand, keeping her from falling.

Frank tries to smile at her:

FRANK
Do not worry. We will be all right.

Then his seat lurches -- screeches under his massive weight -- TEARS FREE -- he and Abi JOLT DOWN, Abi barely holding on to him with one hand and her crossbow with the other --

The whole Model S tips precariously, farther over the edge -- Frank still strapped and trapped in his torn-loose seat, clinging to the frame of the Tesla, and to Abi hanging above the drop.

Their weight begins to slooooooowly drag the Model S over the cliff. Frank looks up, looks down:

FRANK (CONT'D)
We *might* not be all right.

The abyss yawns below them...

CUT TO:

EXT. DRACULA'S CASTLE COURTYARD

The sky continues to lighten, burning brilliant gold and orange. The sun is seconds from cresting the mountains.

Dracula stands, still holding Dom, soaking in the moment.

DRACULA

It's been so long. I'm glad I can
share this with you before you
die.

DOM

(woozy)

Can't say I feel the same.

The sun CRESTS THE MOUNTAINS. Beautiful. The rays creep over the castle walls. Fall on Dracula's face, his eyes closed. He breathes deeply --

Sniffs. Grimaces. Is that -- burning? Yes. HIS FACE IS BEGINNING TO SMOKE AND SIZZLE.

Dracula drops Dom, backs up. The sunlight keeps coming. His hands are smoking.

DRACULA

What did you do? WHAT DID YOU DO?

Dom's smiling, beat-up as he is. Gets his hands under him. Props himself up.

DOM

We gave you everything you wanted.
And a little something extra. A
time bomb in the DNA to make your
new addition unravel. Destroy
itself. And -- oh yeah -- take a
chunk of your other "improvements"
with it.

Dracula staggers back, cowering from the sun, scrambling toward the shadows. DOM STANDS. UNBEATEN. TOTALLY BADASS.

DOM (CONT'D)

Welcome back to the human race,
Drac. [Beat] Right about now? I
think you're coming in last.

Dracula runs now, back into the cool shadow. Collapses by the back of the CAR CARRIER. Frantically pats out the flames starting to rise on his skin. The darkness revives him. He looks at his hands -- healing, but very slowly.

DRACULA

I'll bleed you dry for this. You haven't stopped me. You've only slowed me --

CLUNK. KA-CHUNK. Dracula looks up to see the cars once strapped to the car carrier truck no longer attached. Sliding toward him. He throws up his hands as the cars POUR OFF THE CARRIER, ROLLING OVER HIM. We can hear his BONES CRACK, hear him SCREAMING IN PAIN.

Letty slumps next to the hydraulic controls on the car carrier, weak but triumphant.

LETTY

Nobody messes with my husband.

Dom limps to Letty. Crushes her in a kiss.

DOM

You okay?

LETTY

I lost a little blood. You maybe got a juice box? Chocolate chip cookie?

Her legs buckle. Dom helps her to lean against the car carrier.

LETTY (CONT'D)

I'm all right. I'm all right.
[Beat] Took you long enough. I knew your ass was slow.

DOM

You called it. Left me in the dust.

LETTY

Don't you forget it.

They kiss again, but their clinch is interrupted by--

THE CRASH OF GLASS AND STEEL! Dracula has SHOVED A CAR OFF FROM ATOP HIM. Stands now, weakened but still dangerous, bones snapping PAINFULLY back into place, surrounded by a haphazard ring of cars that form a sort of ARENA.

DRACULA

Toretto!

A pause. Letty pats Dom on the shoulder encouragingly.

LETTY

I'm gonna let you get this one.

DOM

Thanks. Very considerate.

LETTY

Wife of the year, baby.

Dom turns. Stands. Clenches his fists. Runs toward the fight.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD

The Model S slides another inch over the edge. A few more seconds, and it'll be gone.

Abi dangles, her hand starting to slip from Frank's. Frank looks down at her.

FRANK

It is all right. I know what to do.

He begins to swing her back and forth, building momentum -- and rocking the car ever more precariously!

ABI

Frank, what are you doing?

Kindness radiates from Frank's misshapen features.

FRANK

It was nice to meet you, Abi.
Thank you for not shooting me.
Much.

Abi understands -- horror and sadness on her face:

ABI

Frank, no, don't!

FRANK

Family lifts each other up.

The Model S breaks free of the guardrail. Falls.

Frank makes one last mighty swing. HEAVES ABI UP, PAST THE FALLING CAR, ONTO THE ROAD!

She lands on the edge, her crossbow a few feet away. Watches Frank and the Model S tumble into the abyss. Below, shrouded in mist, a final CRASH.

FRANKENSTEIN

I knew he was stupid, but *damn*.

Frankenstein stands in the middle of the road, pistol drawn on Abi.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Guess it's true that intelligence skips a generation.

Abi reaches for the crossbow -- but Frankenstein waves the gun at her. Holds up the bleeding hand that the crossbow bolt hit.

FRANKENSTEIN

Ah ah ah. None of that. Seriously, who the hell shoots someone with a crossbow? How is that civilized? And who the hell are you?

Abi's stare is lethal:

ABI

I am the daughter of Miriam and Jacob Van Helming.

Takes Frankenstein a second. Then:

FRANKENSTEIN

Shit, they had a kid? That's right, they did. Huh. Small world.

He cocks the pistol.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Well, that was fun, catching up. Bye forever now.

But before he can fire, a ROARING ENGINE GROWS LOUDER --

Roman to the rescue! Behind the wheel of a PORSCHE 918 SPYDER, he barrels right toward Frankenstein:

ROMAN

Sophia, Natalia, and Irina say hi, you son of a --

Frankenstein dives out of the way as Roman plows through the road, skidding to a halt.

Abi lunges for the crossbow, rolls -- Frankenstein looks over just as she draws a bead --

FRANKENSTEIN

Oh, come on --

KER-THUNK. Abi puts a bolt through Frankenstein's eye. He collapses, stone dead.

Abi closes her eyes. Years of grief pour out of her, tears running down her cheeks. Then she sniffs, wipes her face, stands, and walks over to Frankenstein's body, as Roman gets out of the car to join her...

CUT TO:

EXT. DRACULA'S CASTLE COURTYARD

Dracula charges, but Dom hood-slides over a car and KICKS HIM IN THE CHEST with both feet. Dracula stumbles, and Dom BATTERS HIM with his fists. It's a fair fight now, and Dracula's in serious trouble.

After a ruthless beatdown, Dom knocks Dracula against the door of a car, shattering the mirror. Dracula spits black bile. DIGS HIS FINGERS INTO THE CAR DOOR. And with the last of his strength, TEARS THE DOOR OFF ITS HINGES and SMASHES DOM WITH IT!

Dom reels! SMACK! Another hit, and Dom drops! Dracula POUNCES ON HIM -- the two struggle, Dom trying to shake off his daze.

Dracula's JAW CRACKS, UNHINGES, his teeth LENGTHENING INTO INHUMAN RAZORS. As Dom fights desperately, Dracula lowers his jaws closer to Dom's neck.

Dom looks down. Sees Letty's cross around his neck. Grabs it -- makes a fist --

AND SHOVES THE NECKLACE DOWN DRACULA'S THROAT!

Dracula staggers back, gagging, Dom shaking bile disgustedly off his arm. Dom grabs Dracula by the shirtfront and SLAMS HIM DOWN onto the hood of -- how fortuitous! -- a DODGE CHARGER.

DOM

You said you wanted to make me
part of something bigger than
myself. Something that'll last
forever.

Dom leans closer as Dracula chokes, clawing at his own
throat.

DOM (CONT'D)

I already got that. *It's called a
family.*

As Dracula writhes on the hood, Dom walks past him. Gets in
the driver's seat. Finds keys under the sun visor. The
engine ROARS TO LIFE.

Dom shifts into gear. PUNCHES THE ACCELERATOR. The car
ROARS through the shadow, toward the sunlight.

Acceleration pins Dracula to the hood. He looks down, still
choking. Sees the sunlight fast approaching. Gargles out a
broken SCREAM --

Dom opens the door -- rolls out of the car as it speeds
into the light --

DRACULA IGNITES! The car barrels straight across the
tarmac, carrying his burning, shrieking form, and INTO THE
CASTLE WALL, EXPLODING.

As Dom walks out into the sun, his cross necklace lands,
smoking but unharmed, on the ground in front of him. He
looks up at the sky.

DOM

Gonna be a beautiful day.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRACULA'S CASTLE - MORNING

Blackhawks thunder through the sky toward the castle. On
the road leading to the castle, a convoy of black Humvees
rumbles in.

In the courtyard, Mr. Nobody's soldiers rush back and
forth, tagging evidence, leading prisoners away. Dom and
Letty sit on the hood of a stray car, taking it all in --
Dom's cross necklace back around his neck.

Hobbs lumbers through the crowd, exhausted. Claps Dom's hand in a bro-shake. Bear-hugs Letty.

Tej and Ramsey join the celebration. Then Roman appears, arms raised jubilantly. The team cheers. Tej gives Roman a hug, then backs off, grimacing, holding his nose: *You stink, man*. Roman protests. Tej points up to the Land Rover still dangling upside-down above the castle: *I did that for you, man!*

Mr. Nobody strides through the crowd. Holds up an ice bucket full of Coronas. Plunks it on the hood of the car between Dom and Letty. They crack cold ones. Take a sip. It's not a barbecue -- well, unless you count Dracula's smoldering remains -- but it'll do.

Through the crowd, Dom spots Abi, standing at the castle gate. Alone. She nods to him: *Thanks*. He nods back: *Thanks*. Then she's gone.

Dom rejoins the celebration, glad to have his family back together.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TORETTA HOUSE - NIGHT

Halloween decorations still up, even as Christmas decorations have begun springing up in neighboring yards and windows.

INT. TORETTA HOUSE GARAGE

Dom shuts the hood to the restored Charger. He wipes grease from his hands with a rag. Reveal Letty behind him, yawning.

LETTY

Good as new?

DOM

Close enough.

LETTY

So now you gonna help me figure out a honeymoon?

Dom grins. Opens a tool chest and pulls out airline tickets.

DOM

What do you think about ... Cuba?

Letty smiles. Takes the tickets.

LETTY

I think you read my mind. Or my
browser history. Guess I'm packing
a swimsuit, huh?

DOM

Who says you have to?

They kiss.

LETTY

You coming to bed?

DOM

In a sec. I'll be right with you.

LETTY

Always leaving you in the dust.

DOM

You just wait.

Letty leaves. Dom starts putting his tools away. Without
looking at anyone:

DOM (CONT'D)

You coulda said hi, you know. I
think you two might get along.

Abi emerges from the shadows. She looks different somehow.
Happier. Less weighed down:

ABI

I'm shy. Jimmied the back door. I
hope you don't mind.

DOM

For you? I'll let it slide. So.
Think your folks are happy?

ABI

I think they're at peace. I am.

DOM

And what's next for you? Back to
Interpol?

ABI

You say that like it's a bad
thing. But no. For the first time
in a long while ... I have no
idea.

DOM

You work pretty well with us. We
could use someone like you.

The invitation hangs in the air, but...

ABI

No. Thank you. Not yet. It's a big
world. Plenty of monsters to hunt
out there.

She touches the Charger fondly. Looks at a picture on the
wall -- young Dom and his dad, posing with the car.

ABI (CONT'D)

But it's good to know there's a
family waiting for me. If I ever
need it. [Beat] Nice work on the
car. Looks like it just rolled off
the lot.

Dom sits on a workbench, looking at the Charger.

DOM

Maybe. But under the hood? Pretty
much a whole new machine.

ABI

Is that a problem?

DOM

It's all right. If you didn't swap
things out when they bust, when
they wear out? This thing'd be up
on blocks in the yard. Just
standing still.

ABI

Better to keep moving forward,
then.

DOM

Damn right. Ride or die.

He grins.

DOM (CONT'D)

I choose to ride.

Abi offers her hand. Dom shakes it.

ABI

Drive safely.

DOM
What fun would that be?

Abi leaves. Pauses outside the garage, reaches into her jacket, and unfolds FRANK'S DRAWING of her, much crumpled. Smiles at it, folds it back up, and moves on.

Dom goes to the workbench. Opens a drawer, pulls out an old picture of him and Brian.

DOM (CONT'D)
Keep moving forward. One quarter-mile at a time.

He takes out his phone. Deep breath. Dials. Waits.

DOM (CONT'D)
Hey. O'Connor. ... Yeah, yeah, I know. I been busy. You would not believe -- anyway. Later. How's my baby sister? Favorite nephew?
[Beat. Grins.] Oh, this I gotta hear...

And Dom settles in to reconnect with Brian, we

SMASH TO CREDITS

And then...

EXT. ARCTIC CIRCLE MINING TOWN

Cold. Dark. Snowy. But warm lights glow in the windows, and people in winter gear wave hello to each other as they walk the streets.

Some of those lighted windows belong to the main bay in SHELLEY'S GARAGE, doors closed against the cold. A sign in the garage's front window reads UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

INT. SHELLEY'S GARAGE

In the bay, work lights shine on a rusted, battered truck. A beat-up radio plays classic rock.

A HUGE FIGURE in a hoodie slides out from under the truck. We don't see his face, but we already know...

A massive hand -- LeClerc's hand, with its distinctive scar -- picks up a sweating Corona from a workbench next to a glowing space heater.

The Figure takes a long drink, looking at one wall of the garage -- which is covered with beautifully drawn sketches. Tej. Ramsey. Hobbs. Nobody. Dom. Abi.

Frank, grime-smeared, smiling, and truly happy, raises the Corona in a toast:

FRANK
... Family.