

Ten Second Race

By

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JESSIE, a man in his mid-twenties wearing a black t-shirt and jeans, is standing over the open hood of a car, hard at work on the car's engine. He pulls out a dirty spark plug and examines it closely.

JESSIE

That's why she keeps spitting.

Jessie tosses the spark plug in the air, and catches it victoriously. He then walks over to his tool box and begins rummaging through it, vigorously searching. He pulls out a fresh spark plug box, and turns back to his car.

JESSIE works on the engine a little more, before lowering the hood and wiping the grease from his hands.

He gets behind the wheel, and turns the key. The engine roars to life. He revs the engine several times, as his tail pipe shakes under the pressure of the exhaust spewing out. With a look of triumph, JESSIE turns off the car and steps back out.

JESSIE takes out his jack set and lifts his car. He takes off all four of his stock wheels, and replaces them with performance tires.

While his car is jacked up, he takes an oil pan and some tools with him, and crawls under his car. He then emerges from under his car with a pan full of dirty oil and an old oil filter. JESSIE pops his hood again, and tops off his oil, before closing it one last time.

He gives his car a good walk around admiring it as he goes. He gets in his car, turns his rearview mirror to face his eyes, winks and puts it back. He turns his car on again and drives out of his garage.

JESSIE drives down a road that is in the middle of nowhere, and he sees a couple lights in the distance. As he drives closer, he sees a beast of a muscle car parked in the middle of the road. There is a MAN, wearing a leather jacket, leaning against the driver's door. He is talking intently with a WOMAN, who is wearing heels, short shorts, a crop top, and has a little too much make-up on and a pink stripe in her hair. Jessie is still a good ways away when he first hears the rock music blaring from the man's muscle car.

When Jessie is a couple car lengths away, and the MAN turns to acknowledges his approach.

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MAN

Ah, JESSIE's here, now the fun can start!

WOMAN

Hi, JESSIE

(she says with a flirtatious wave.)

The MAN doesn't seem too happy by her reaction to JESSIE. JESSIE does a half wave out his window in response to her. the WOMAN stepped aside, clearing a space for JESSIE to pull forward and take his place at the starting line alongside the MAN's muscle car. He obediently took his spot, and the MAN got into his car.

The WOMAN walks up to JESSIE's car and leans into his window.

WOMAN

Alright baby, you know the stakes.
Five large or a pink slip. What's
it gonna be?

JESSIE looks over nonchalantly and hands her the title to his car.

WOMAN

(chuckles) You got balls.

She pats JESSIE's window seal and moved on. JESSIE looks forward, and grips his steering wheel tightly. A single bead of sweat drops down his cheek.

Once she collects the bets, the WOMAN motions for the racers to start their engines. The MAN brought his car to life. The muscle car sounds loud and dangerous. The roar of the engine far overpowered the bass of the rock song he had been playing earlier. JESSIE glances over at the muscle car nervously, and turns back looking a lot less confident.

Both drivers began to rev up their engines, causing both cars to shake, but JESSIE's was nowhere near as violent as the muscle car. The WOMAN whooped and hollered at the vicious sound of the two car.

The WOMAN walks out in front of the race cars, holding a bandana.

WOMAN

Ready!

She said pointing to JESSIE. He in turn, revs his car heavily, causing it to hiss and whine.

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WOMAN

Set!

This time she points to the muscle car. The muscle car roars with excitement and shakes violently.

She then does a little dance, and yells out.

WOMAN

Go!

The muscle car shoots off the starting line, and speeds off into the distance.

JESSIE's car sputters, and comes to a stop one car length ahead of the starting line.

JESSIE looks at his dash to see what is wrong. His gas light just came on, and the arrow was passed E.

JESSIE groans in defeat and slams his head against the horn.

END