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about 1000 words

The Chase  
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The crowd parts as the cars pull up to the starting line in the streets of Los Angeles. Alex is the first car to take its place on the line. Her super clean purple BMW M3 screeches to a stop and roars its engine.

Jess is the next to come to a halt, driving a Red Corvette Stingray. Then a black Mazda Miata finally takes its place on the line. Jess looks over to the unknown racer.

He seems to be a slender man with eyes that cut through her like a knife. He notices her looking. He licks his lips and blows her a kiss. "Come on girls! Let me show you what daddy can do for you," he says.

Jess shivers. "Creeper."

Alex looks over at him in disgust. "Oh yeah? Maybe you'll like to play with the toy I keep under my seat. I promise, it's just your size."

He shoots Alex a dirty look and looks toward the road ahead.

Jess rolls her eyes. "You can never let anything go, can you?"

Alex grins from ear to ear. "Not a chance."

The cars revv their engines as the coordinator takes his place in front of the cars.

The girls put on their ear-pieces. The devices pair with a beep.

Jess squints her eyes as she looks at Alex. "I see your wheels spinning, what are you thinking over there?"

Alex smirks as she turns her attention forward. The coordinator drops his hands and all three cars speed off.

Jessica pulls off in the lead and then quickly falls behind. "Damnit."

"You've got to work on your shifting, bestie." Alex pulls ahead with the creeper on her tail.

"Thanks, I'm aware. You know, we all can't be great at everything like you," Jess says. She slams her foot on the clutch, struggling to catch up.

Alex grabs her chest. "One can only hope I guess."

Alex is head to head with the Miata when Jess closes in on them. “Welcome back to the show,” Alex says. “You were missed.”

The Miata tries to slingshot around Alex but she isn’t having it. In one final attempt, he cuts his wheel left. Alex cuts left and slams her breaks. The Miata overcorrects and jerks out of control as Alex pulls ahead.

“Don’t mind me back here, I’m just the clean-up crew,” Jess says sarcastically.

Alex pays no attention to the banter in her ear. Her focus is fixed on the Miata in her rear-view mirror.

Jess squeezes the wheel tightly. She takes a deep breath as her car speeds right at the defeated driver. She swerves right just in time to miss the spinning car. She sighs with relief. Then her car tires slip on the grass, and she lets out a shriek.

“You ok back there?” Alex glances in her rearview mirror. “You know I can’t survive without my clean-up crew.”

“You almost got me killed! I’m not cleaning up shit for you.” Jess struggles to regulate her breathing.

Alex chuckles as she slows down for her friend’s sake. “Then what good are you?”

“You’ll see the next time you need some tech fixed,” Jess said.

Alex approaches the finish line when blue lights spark out of the darkness. She slams her breaks and cuts her wheel to the left, spinning her car around. She speeds away from the cops. The speedometer reaches about 90 miles an hour when she passes Jess.

“Why did you turn around?” Jess slows her car confused. On the other side of the turn she spots the cops.

Alex’s voice is calm. “Cops.” The speedometer reaches 120 as the blue lights reappear in her rear-view mirror.

“What?” Jess' voice shakes. She is on a collision course with one of the cars. “I’ll never make it. I’ll distract them.” She keeps the wheel steady, and just as they are about to hit, they both swerve right. Jess hits her breaks, attempting to distract the cops so her best friend can get away. But the cops don’t look back.

“Come on! I’m actually *trying* to get arrested.” Jess slams her fist on the steering wheel. She stops her car and stares out of her window as both officers chase down her best friend.

“What are you talking about,” Alex says. She takes a sharp left into the city blocks.

“They ignored me, and went after you,” Jess says. “I'm convinced you get all the attention. This just proves it.”

A corvette cuts her off and slams its breaks. Alex struggles to get around the car as two cops fly out behind her.

“What is this? Pick on the popstar day?” Alex whines. With the corvette in front of her, and a cap car on either side of her, Alex presses the brake.

“I told you, we all can't be as cool as you,” Jess says. “Where are you now?”

“Trapped,” Alex says. They force her car to a stop. “You might want to get the bail money ready, I'm probably going to the 33<sup>rd</sup>.”

“Copy that.” Jess turns her car around and heads in the direction of the prison.

Alex steps out of the vehicle with her hands in the air.

A tall slender man approaches her car. “Please come with me, Ms. Hayden.”

Alex looks at the silhouette of a man that stands before her. “How do you know my name? That's creepy. I'm not going anywhere with you.”

The officer lets out an impatient sigh. He flashes his badge turns towards his car. The two officers moved to grab Alex by the arms. He stops. He throws a hand up and signals them off.

He turns back to Alex “Miss Hayden...”

“My name is Alex.” Alex snaps.

The strange officer hesitates, then sighs. “Alex. It's your father. There's been an accident.”