

From the novel
HARD ACCELERATION

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FADE IN:

EXT. INTERSTATE 70 - DAY

DAVIN JAMISON redlines a Honda VF 500F Interceptor. The speedometer shows eighty-five miles per hour. In each rearview mirror, double headlights of a Honda RC51 leading a Yamaha YZF R1 can be seen approaching in the distance.

The Honda RC51 passes first, the Yamaha YZF R1 second on the other side.

Davin increases his speed. The speedometer on the Honda VF 500F Interceptor shows the speed moving into the nineties and then over one hundred easily. It maintains one hundred and five miles per hour and catches up with them.

There are shots of Honda VF 500F Interceptor, Honda RC51 and Yamaha YZF R1 covering the next several miles at high performance bliss.

Davin catches a glimpse of a Kansas Highway Patrol car parked in a stretch of median as they pass. In the mirrors of the Honda VF 500F Interceptor, the Kansas Highway Patrol can be seen taking chase, blue lights illuminating.

The Honda RC51 and the Yamaha YZF R1 take off as if leaving the Honda VF 500F Interceptor standing still. Davin increases his speed until there is no more left. The speedometer shows one hundred and twenty five miles per hour.

There is still quite a distance between and the Honda VF 500F Interceptor and the Kansas Highway Patrol car.

Davin slows down to take an exit and quickly switches in the farthest right lane at the last second, before the pursuing Kansas Highway Patrol car can follow him. As the Kansas Highway Patrol car passes, Davin throws up his middle finger and steers the The Honda VF 500F Interceptor off the highway.

EXT. TOPEKA BOULEVARD - DAY

It is the beginning of rush hour. Davin takes the Honda VF 500F Interceptor through the increased traffic volume, using the motorcycle's maneuverability and speed through traffic to his advantage.

He stops at the first red light to blend in with traffic and waits for it to turn green. The police siren from behind can be heard. As it gets even with him on the right side, POLICE OFFICER #1 winds down his window and shouts at Davin.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Get off the damn bike!

The lights turn green.

DAVIN JAMISON

Fuck you!

Davin accelerates away into the density of traffic, weaving between cars, keeping the police car in his rearview mirrors.

As he turns off Topeka Boulevard to try his luck on a different street, he rolls back the throttle. A loud unpleasant sound comes from the engine and white smoke spews as the engine blows. He knows that this is the end of the road for him. He stops the Honda VF 500F Interceptor and takes off his helmet to surrender. He looks around for the police car, sirens in the distance. A helicopter filming hovers above.

The police car skids up and Police Officer #1 jumps out, gun in hind and points it at Davin.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Get off the bike and lay face down on the ground.

Davin dismounts the smoking Honda VF 500F Interceptor, places his helmet on the seat and lays on the ground face down.

Police Officer #1 handcuffs Davin tightly, lifts him to his feet and frisks him.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

What were you thinking, kid?

DAVIN JAMISON

I was in a rush to leave Kansas and you motherfuckers were in the way.

INT. SHAWNEE COUNTY JAIL, CELL - DAY

Davin sits in a cell aimlessly hoping for a miracle to happen. The silence is broken as POLICE OFFICER #3 opens the door.

POLICE OFFICER #3

You have two visitors.

VISITOR'S ROOM

Police Officer #3 directs Davin into a room where VISITORS and ARRESTEES are separated by thick glass to communicate with each other. DONALD WALKER and RICHARD SHARPE, wearing Italian made black suits, sit there. Davin sits down slowly in front of them.

DONALD WALKER

Are you Davin Jamison?

DAVIN JAMISON
That depends on who is asking.

DONALD WALKER
My name is Donald Walker and this
is Richard Sharpe. We need you out
of here as soon as possible and we
are going to make your bail.

EXT./INT. BLACK HUMMER LIMOUSINE - DAY

Davin is chauffeur driven from the station. Walker and Sharpe
are with him.

DAVIN JAMISON
Where are we going?

DONALD WALKER
Kansas City International Airport.

DAVIN JAMISON
What is this all about?

RICHARD SHARPE
We have a proposition to make. Have
you ever heard of the TAR -
Transcontinental American Race.

DAVIN JAMISON
I've seen four movies about it, but
never in real life.

DONALD WALKER
We have been searching for the
right driver to represent us in the
race and was about to give up until
we saw the breaking news coverage
earlier today.

DAVIN JAMISON
Who are us?

DONALD WALKER
Suzuki. We are looking for someone
to drive a state of the art 2003
Suzuki Hayabusa in the cross
country race.

DAVIN JAMISON
Now I was just released from jail a
few minutes ago and I don't want a
second charge that'll send me to
prison.

RICHARD SHARPE

You won't get caught, because we have everything arranged for you to utilize. You will be trained to ride our Hayabusa, by the best in the business, and we will give you all the information about law enforcement and the competition that you will need. The bike is prepared to take care of you in more ways than speed and we are offering one million dollars per state crossed upon winning, not to mention the ten million dollar purse at the finish line. We will also advance you on a hundred thousand dollars for signing the contract.

DAVIN JAMISON

That's a lot of money. Why haven't you chosen some of the circuit racers that have more experience than me?

DONALD WALKER

They are good on the track without traffic, but from what we saw on television, you are born to ride. The way you went through gridlock with ease. I like to see shit like that.

RICHARD SHARPE

Your only problem was that amongst the excitement, you may have redlined one time too many in a lower gear and caused the engine failure. You're the winner already, we just have to train you to go through the formality of the race.

DAVIN JAMISON

Train?

DONALD WALKER

The motorcycle you will be riding in the race is really a racetrack spec bike with all the performance upgrades and unrestricted, yet lights and a license plate legal to ride on the roadways. We just need a race spec driver without actually getting him off a closed circuit racetrack.

RICHARD SHARPE
Your training takes place in Texas.
You will have two weeks with our
trainer and we will fly you to
Seattle. The race will start three
days after you get there and end in
Miami, Florida.

Sharpe presents Davin with the contract. Davin glances over it.

DAVIN JAMISON
What's the clause about denial upon
apprehension by law enforcement?

DONALD WALKER
It means the company will deny you
participating in the race if you
are caught.

Sharpe opens his briefcase and passes Davin the recers' profiles on the other drivers in an envelope. Davin takes them out and skim reads them. Monika Koch is on the top. He is taken by her photograph.

RICHARD SHARPE
They are the competition.

Walker presents Davin with a contract. He looks at it.

DONALD WALKER
We negotiated with Suzuki to start
a Swiss bank account in your name.

Walker opens his briefcase and hands Davin the bank information.

DONALD WALKER (CONT'D)
Here is your bank information and
receipt for a ninety five thousand
dollar deposit.

Walker pulls out a stack of money banded together.

DONALD WALKER (CONT'D)
Here are fifty one hundred dollar
bills. I left this out for you to
have as spending money.

Davin has never seen this much money in person before. He is amazed that it could all belong to him.

RICHARD SHARPE

As a reminder, Suzuki are awarding you one million dollars for each state crossed with a ten million dollar finish line payoff, a complete lineup of the 2004 GSXR sportbikes and a 2003 Suzuki TL 1000R, plus the bonus you have just received.

DONALD WALKER

The contract terms also include completing two weeks of TAR related training, not representing or soliciting for other manufacturers, a gag clause for keeping the TAR a secret, and attending the TAR and completion of the race to my fullest ability.

Walker takes another contract out of the briefcase.

DONALD WALKER (CONT'D)

Do you accept these terms?

Sharpe takes a pen out from the inside of his jacket and passes it to Davin. Davin stares at it, then takes it.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE? - DAY

A black van arrives in the middle of nowhere. There is only an eighteen wheeler with a trailer and a black Dodge Durango SLT. SHORTPHUZE, a man around six foot five and three hundred pounds of rock solid muscle stands next to it. He is wearing a navy blue T shirt and navy blue jogging pants with all white tennis shoes.

The van stops. Davin opens the door. Shortphuze speaks as if he is an army sergeant.

SHORTPHUZE

Welcome to Alpine T.A.R. training!
Your ass is mines for the next two weeks!

Davin sits half in half out of the van.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

Out the damn van, Jamison! This isn't the fucking red carpet!

Davin quickly jumps out the van.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

Fuck what the Army says, I do more by nine a.m. then most people do in two days!

The Van leaves.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)
Have you studied your racers'
profile?

DAVIN JAMISON
Yes, Shortphuze!

SHORTPHUZE
What is the name of the
organization that Sir Charles spent
twenty four years of his life at?

DAVIN JAMISON
The Flying Squad.

SHORTPHUZE
Where are the Deuce Boys from?

DAVIN JAMISON
Um, somewhere in West Virginia?

SHORTPHUZE
I need a city, Jamison! I could say
that you are from somewhere in
Arkansas, but I know your fucking
history already! Respect your
opponents enough to know theirs!
How many cars are in Englishman
Sebastian's car collection?

DAVIN JAMISON
(guessing)
10?

SHORTPHUZE
Are you asking me or fucking
telling me?

DAVIN JAMISON
Telling you.

SHORTPHUZE
That is as fucking wrong as two
left feet! Tell me this, where did
Miss Koch get her opportunity to
prove herself to the Porsche
executive?

DAVIN JAMISON
(confident)
She met the executive at a café,
three hours after an accident that
involved sideswiping a polizei car.
(MORE)

DAVIN JAMISON (CONT'D)
 Her withholding information from the polizei proved loyalty to the company and they extended an opportunity for her to represent them.

SHORTPHUZE
 What's Miss Smith's middle name?

DAVIN JAMISON
 Merpati.

SHORTPHUZE
 I see what you did. You picked through the files and studied certain ones. Well I hate to disappoint you, but there are fourteen other racers on your ass to contend with! Looks to me you have been studying who you would like to fuck!

Shortphuze steps closer to Davin and sniffs two times.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)
 I smell pussy! Have you been fucking this morning?

DAVIN JAMISON
 No, Shortphuze!

SHORTPHUZE
 Either you've been fucking or you've been jacking off with pussy scented lotion! Do you jack off?

DAVIN JAMISON
 Hell, no, Shortphuze!

SHORTPHUZE
 There is a female for every male somewhere in the world and I think it is fucking nasty to lay there and beat your dick until sticky shit squirt out! Are you sure you don't jack off, Jamison?

DAVIN JAMISON
 No, Shortphuze!

SHORTPHUZE
 From what I read about you, you've got a hell of a grip with your right hand! Grip so tight that you over revved the engine in a low gear and fucked the engine up!

(MORE)

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

How could you disgrace Honda and blow up a V Four engine that was once a tour de technology on the racetrack?

DAVIN JAMISON

I don't know, Shortphuze!

SHORTPHUZE

That's what I'm here for! I'm going to train you in the latest techniques of fleeing and eluding, your competition, and your adversaries, as well as how to endure the race. You will not overrev my Hayabusa and fuck it up and you will not be so focused on pussy that you lose view of winning! Am I getting through to you, Jamison?

DAVIN JAMISON

Yes, Shortphuze!

SHORTPHUZE

We paid you six figures to sign a contract and eight figures to win the race and you will give us our money's worth!

Shortphuze steps back.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

By the way, how much do you weigh?

DAVIN JAMISON

Two hundred thirty five pounds!

SHORTPHUZE

That's a fucking two hundred and thirty five pound fucking lie! I see the stretch marks on your shadow! You can't be any less than two fifty! Step into my office and we'll find out!

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Davin steps onto the balance weights. The scale indicates he is two hundred and fifty five pounds.

SHORTPHUZE

Don't try to lie to me, Jamison, because I will find out the truth.

(MORE)

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

Most riders that test pilot bikes weigh between two hundred and two fifty to get those stats out the motorcycles that you read about, like zero to sixty in three seconds and top speeds in excess of one hundred seventy miles per hour. I want you on a diet of meat, cheese, fruits, vegetables, and salads. None of that other bullshit you're used to. I will transform you into a fucking lean mean fleeing and eluding machine. Not that bullshit that you tried in Kansas. Don't let people swell your head up into thinking that your raw talent is all that you need. You have to fine tune it and that's what I'm here for.

Shortphuze goes in the second part of the trailer and turns on the lights.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

Come here.

INT. SIMULATOR ROOM - DAY

As Davin enters, there is a real interchangeable motorcycle frame and engine components that are mounted on a wide swivel base with no tires that serve as the riding unit that resemble a Hayabusa. The walls and speaker grills are all white and mounted high in the walls and flushed to provide surround sound. This room is extremely bright with the lights on and there is nothing except the motorcycle unit in the middle. There is a door in the front of the trailer where a small storage closet is and next to the entrance door, there is a control panel where the operator of the simulator sits and controls the simulation.

SHORTPHUZE

This is a simulation room. We call it Sim Room for short. You will do the majority of your training here. I want you to train in a real driving environment as if you were on the U.S. highways. I will not let you sit on one of my Hayabusas until you master it in here. Besides, I want all the engines in operable condition after you are done with them.

He gestures Davin to the motorcycle unit, allowing him to sit on it.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

It's interchangeable with other units of motorcycles that Suzuki manufacture. There is software stored in the computer control panel to simulate anywhere in the world. The motorcycle unit reacts in a manner that will simulate road conditions, such as ice and wet pavement. The feel of the motorcycle unit is as if you are sitting on the real Hayabusa.

Davin gets himself comfortable on the Hayabusa unit.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

Let me see what you're made of, Jamison.

Shortphuze approaches the control panel and turns on the song Wicked Garden by Stone Temple Pilots and the lights go out.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

Give it throttle!

Davin does as he is instructed. The room turns into a highway with a green sign on the side of the road that says 'Welcome to North Dakota'. There is the sound of police sirens in the distance and approaching.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

Give it gas, they are hot on your ass!

Davin throttles back to accelerate through the gears. The needle moves to the right of the Hayabusa's two hundred and twenty miles per hour speedometer. The front wheel becomes airborne.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

Stop fucking around and move that motherfucker!

The wheel returns to the ground. Davin accelerates harder. At one hundred and fifty miles per hour, the music is mostly muffled by the wind noise. In the rear view camera system that is mounted in front, police cars slowly approach from the rear end.

Davin looks forward. There is a straight road ahead. Davin throttles back to make the needle go past one hundred and sixty miles per hour. The police cars begin getting smaller as they are left behind. He continues up to one hundred and sixty five and finally, one hundred and seventy miles per hour. There is a slight curve in the road ahead. Davin lightens his grip on the throttle and the bike begins dropping speed as fast as it gained it.

He takes the curve at one hundred and forty miles per hour, almost to the point of knee-dragging. The riding unit reacts like the real deal. The wind noise lessens and the music is more distinct now. The police cars are almost nonexistent behind and the room goes dark. The lights come on.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

Not bad, Jamison, you do have a little talent. But don't get talent mixed up with skill. Anybody can ride a motorcycle fast, but can you outride the law enforcements? Leave those fucking tricks at home and take this race more seriously.

INT. SIMULATOR ROOM/TRAILER - DAY

MONTAGE:

Davin spends some days on the simulator and some days in classroom, such as viewing footage of the other racers, learning the mechanics of his TAR version of the Hayabusa, and discussing fine detailed points about the race.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Davin studies the racers' profile information in depth.

Davin eats various breakfasts of scrambled eggs, bacon, fruits and French toast.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

MONTAGE:

- There are four weigh-ins. Davin gets lighter on each one.

Davin stands on the weighing scales, watched on by Shortphuze.

SHORTPHUZE

You're still two hundred fifty four pounds too heavy for my bike.

Shortphuze gets a chair out of the small storage closet in the front of the trailer.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

Sit down.

Davin sits in the chair as Shortphuze approaches the control panel and turns out the lights. The front of the trailer wall serves as a big projection screen where footage of the high speed chase where Davin's Honda VF 500F Interceptor suffers with mechanical issues and he is arrested.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

What do you think could have been done to prevent you from being caught.

DAVIN JAMISON

I never got into sixth gear. I was over-revving in lower gears and punishing the engine. It could have been prevented with proper braking, acceleration, and decent driving skills.

Davin stops looking at the footage.

SHORTPHUZE

There were loopholes in traffic that you could have slid through. You also let the police get too close to you just so you could flip them your middle finger.

MONTAGE:

- Using the projector, Shortphuze continues Davin's training, studying evasion techniques on motorcycle pursuit footage.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

Look for parked cars along the highway and the difference between the states' highway patrol cars.

Relate these incidences to your arrest a few days ago in Topeka. TVI is Tactical Vehicle Intervention, it's the same as PIT maneuver - Precision Immobilization Technique or Pursuit Intervention Technique or Parallel Immobilization Technique. The phrase depends on the police department using the technique.

The use of shielding allows the bigger vehicle to catch the radar, by hiding on the blind side of it. This is possible since the motorcycle is the smaller vehicle, but most of the supercars in the race have a low stance and thus may be shorter than the motorcycle.

Look out for road spikes and EMP, Electromagnetic Pulse technology, it kills the electrical system in the fleeing vehicle, forcing it to stop.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

MONTAGE:

- Davin eats a breakfast of scrambled eggs, bacon, fruit and French toast.
- Davin goes to his room to grab the envelope of information.
- Davin goes back downstairs to meet Shortphuze, who is waiting in the lobby.

SHORTPHUZE
Jamison, you're late.

DAVIN JAMISON
It's 6:55 a.m.

SHORTPHUZE
Fifteen minutes early for me is on time. On time for me is late. Treat your training like a fucking interview for the next two weeks.

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

Shortphuze's truck pulls up. There is a black Suzuki Hayabusa GSX1300R parked outside the trailer.

Davin and Shortphuze exit the truck.

SHORTPHUZE
They could have disguised the motherfucker, instead of leaving it out with the keys to get stolen.

Shortphuze opens the trailer.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)
Step on the scales.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Shortphuze balances the weights on the scale. They read two hundred and fifty and a half pounds.

SHORTPHUZE
Damn, Jamison! You must have been starving and fucking all weekend to lose this much since Saturday!

DAVIN JAMISON
I cut out the sodas and salt. It's probably just water weight.

SHORTPHUZE

You're probably right. I don't smell that pussy scent on you this time.

Shortphuze slaps a service manual about the different systems of the Suzuki Hayabusa GSX1300R in Davin's hands.

SUZUKI HAYABUSA GSX1300R

We see close up shots of the Suzuki Hayabusa GSX1300R.

SHORTPHUZE (V.O.)

The Hayabusa is different from the public's version. Your version is unrestricted in every way to retain its highest performance. There is still dual exhaust mufflers, but the baffle inside is only to retain back pressure within the exhaust system to give the bike maximum push. The fuel injection is remapped and the engine is overboard, ported and polished. There is no turbo or supercharger mounted, but even without these items; the motorcycle is rated at a shy over two hundred horsepower and one hundred and thirty five foot pounds of torque. My favorite modification on this bike is that the electronic speed limiter is removed, making the bike able to unleash its unknown top speed.

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

Davin and Shortphuze are looking over the Suzuki Hayabusa GSX1300R.

SHORTPHUZE

It's a hypersport machine on steroids. The features on this bike are beyond the public's version with its state of the art GPS, radar detector/jammer, rear mounted camera that the monitor was integrated with the GPS, and a spike box mounted underneath the tail section. When the horn button is pushed twice, the box opens the drop miniature hollow caltrops on the highway behind to cause the trailing vehicle to have a blowout.

(MORE)

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

The faceshield of your helmet will reveal the red "S" logo on the rear doors of the trailer. There is also a stealth mode integrated with the helmet and bike whereas the lights on the bike can be turned off and travel with night vision, making you virtually invisible at night.

The rolling pit stops are nicknamed bird's nest to code them in relation to the Hayabusa. You will communicate with the rolling bird nests through a frequency 88.5 that is specially designated for you and the technicians only.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Davin's feet step on the scales, he is two hundred and forty six pounds.

EXT. TRAINING SITE - DAY

Davin is dressed in an all black one piece motorcycle leather suit as he waits outside by two sport touring black falcons motorcycles. Shortphuze emerges from the trailer carrying two black helmets with tinted face shields. He is wearing expensive sunshades.

SHORTPHUZE

We head northwest on Highway 90 to Van Horn. From there, we head east on Interstate 10 to Saragosa and south on to Fort Davis, then back to Alpine. This trip is going to be about two hundred and sixty three miles and it will take us an average of three hours and twenty minutes to complete at a sustained speed of eighty miles per hour. Keep in mind the law enforcement patrolling the area. This will not be a sim room run.

Shortphuze gives Davin one of the helmets.

EXT. INTERSTATE 90 - DAY

Shortphuze takes the lead position. Davin attempts to keep up with his pace, maintaining a speed at one hundred and ten miles per hour. Shortphuze picks up some radar activity on a car far ahead of them. He speaks through the helmet radio.

SHORTPHUZE

I'm picking up some radar activity
on a car far ahead.

They quickly slow their speed down to fifty five miles per hour as they pass a state police car parked at an abandoned building, blended in with the blindside of the building with a radargun.

As they pass by, the police car moves onto the highway behind them.

DAVIN JAMISON

Shortphuze, he turned onto the
highway, what did we did wrong?

SHORTPHUZE

Nothing, he wants to run our plates
because both bikes are identical.
He is just fucking with us. Just
maintain your fifty five and he
will pass us.

As Davin looks in the rearview monitor, the police car is fast approaching till it gets to the point of tailgating him, then passes both of them.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

The motherfucker could have killed
us if we had to hit the brakes to
avoid an armadillo in the road.

DAVIN JAMISON

I'll give him something to fuck
with - at one sixty!

SHORTPHUZE

That's the same attitude that will
get you in so much fucking trouble
that I can't get you out of. Keep a
cool head and follow my lead. Save
that shit for when it really
counts. I need you trouble free to
prove your shit in the TAR.

When the police car is about a half mile ahead of them, they accelerate to one hundred miles per hour.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

Jamison, I want you to keep up!
Don't fall back no farther than one
car length!

The speedometer reads one hundred and thirty, one forty, and finally rests at one hundred and fifty miles per hour. They slice through the traffic, as if it is not there and maintain their speed.

EXT. EXIT 206 ONTO STATE HIGHWAY 67 SOUTH - DAY

On sport touring black falcon motorcycles, Davin and Shortphuze take the exit. They get their speed up to one hundred and fifteen miles per hour, approaching a red Mitsubishi 3000 GT. The MITSUBISHI DRIVER does not like being passed. Puffs of exhaust exit his tailpipes as the car peels off to leave them. Shortphuze speaks to Davin through the helmet radio.

SHORTPHUZE (V.O.)

This motherfucker wants to test us!
Too bad we need to stop in Fort
Davis for gas, because we could
easily run his ass in the ground!

DAVIN JAMISON (V.O.)

Why don't we fuck him up, instead
of satisfying his ego?

SHORTPHUZE (V.O.)

Jamison, you have to know when to
strike and when to hold back.
There's a police cruiser behind
you. Keep your wits about you.

EXT. GAS STATION #1 - DAY

Fort Davis. On the sport touring black falcon motorcycles, Davin and Shortphuze follow the Mitsubishi 3000 GT into the gas station. They dismount the bikes quickly. Shortphuze goes inside to pay as Davin pumps gas as quickly as possibly into the motorcycles.

Davin keeps his eye on the Mitsubishi Driver who hastily pumps gas into the Mitsubishi 3000 GT.

When the first bike is full, Davin quickly switches to the second bike, keeping his eye on the Mitsubishi Driver.

Davin finishes up as Shortphuze comes out the gas station. He spots the Mitsubishi Driver finishing up.

SHORTPHUZE

That cocky motherfucker thinks he's
top shit! Let's fuck him up!

DAVIN JAMISON

Now that's what I'm talking about!

As the Mitsubishi Driver pays, Shortphuze and Davin start up their motorcycles. As they put on their helmets, the Mitsubishi Driver hastily gets into the Mitsubishi and starts it up.

As the Mitsubishi pulls up to the exit of the gas station to wait for on coming cruiser motorcycle, Davin and Shortphuze pull up behind him, revving their engines to taunt.

The Mitsubishi tries to out accelerate them onto the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The sport touring black falcon motorcycles get up to eighty miles per hour and pass the Mitsubishi 3000 GT with very little effort. Davin is following Shortphuze's lead as he levels off at one hundred and ten miles per hour. The Mitsubishi 3000 GT is gaining on them. Davin talks through his helmet radio to Shortphuze.

DAVIN JAMISON (V.O.)

What are you doing?

SHORTPHUZE (V.O.)

Passing this motherfucker is too good! I got a plan for his ass!

The Mitsubishi approaches them from behind and switches in the left lane to pass them. Shortphuze quickly switches in the left lane in front of him to pin him behind them. There is a loud squealing sound of the brakes from the Mitsubishi to prevent a rear-end collision with the black falcon. The Mitsubishi Driver blows his horn as the black falcons accelerate to one hundred and sixty miles per hour briefly to elude the car.

They see a cruiser motorcycle trying to maintain its lead. Shortphuze speaks through the helmet radio.

SHORTPHUZE (V.O.)

Don't even think about it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - BIG BEND SHOOTOUT SITE - DAY

The stretch of highway is about seventy miles south of Alpine and unmapped. Shortphuze and Davin pull up on the sport touring black falcon motorcycles and remove their helmets. SUZUKI OFFICIALS #1, #2, #3 & #4 are there. The Suzuki Hayabusas are positioned at the starting line by the TRUCK DRIVERS.

SHORTPHUZE

They're the top decision makers for Suzuki. I told them that you're going to win the TAR for them.

Suzuki Officials #1, #2, #3 & #4 get in a white Lincoln Navigator limousine and head down the highway.

SHORTPHUZE (CONT'D)

Let's show them where their investment in you paid off. There is a radargun and camera mounted every ten miles along the stretch of highway to record the speed and see who is leading and a flag man to slow us down before the finish line.

DAVIN'S POV: He tunes out his surroundings and focuses on the highway.

Shortphuze's front tire makes a motion over the start line. Davin releases the clutch and rolls the throttle simultaneously to launch the motorcycle. He does not clutch to change gears until he is at eight thousand rpms. Shortphuze is ahead by half a bike length. The bike is well over sixty miles per hour, three seconds after takeoff.

As Davin's bike gets over one hundred and twenty mph, a little ground is conquered between him and Shortphuze. Shortphuze notices. He accelerates to where Davin is losing ground rapidly. He rolls the throttle back to try and match his speed. He overshoots his goal and passes him like a rock from a slingshot and levels off to an indicated one hundred and seventy miles per hour. Davin passes the first radar/camera unit. In his rearview camera, Shortphuze is getting closer by the second. Davin accelerates to one hundred and eighty miles per hour to keep ahead and extends the space between himself and Shortphuze. Davin passes the second radar/camera unit maintaining the lead position. He rolls the throttle back to one hundred and ninety miles per hour as he passes the third radar/camera unit.

Shortphuze is gaining ground on Davin. Davin rolls the throttle back. The speedometer needle surpasses one hundred and ninety miles an hour - up to two hundred miles per hour by the fourth radar/camera unit. Now he sees the limousine in the distance ahead and accelerates more to catch up with it. The speedometer reads two hundred and twenty miles per hour. Davin switches from the right lane to prepare passing the limousine and blazes by the white stretched Navigator at the fifth radar/camera unit.

Davin looks in the rearview camera. Shortphuze is still gaining ground on him at two hundred and twenty miles per hour. Davin rolls the throttle more to two hundred and thirty miles per hour. He passes a SUZUKI TECHNICIAN waving a yellow flag to let him know that he is approaching the finish line and to slow down. Davin begins to loosen his grip on the throttle; the speedometer needles begins falling from its current speed to the lower two hundreds. Then it falls into the one nineties, one eighties, and so on until he crosses the finish line. Shortphuze has gained significant ground as Davin slows down; using the brakes more to cross the finish line without the excess speed.