

In the street. POPPY comes out of the flat.

POPPY
Hello. Scott?

(SCOTT is a severe-looking chap with a goatee beard and an earring.)

SCOTT
Are you Poppy?

POPPY
That's me! Nice to meet you.

(She holds out her hand, but SCOTT walks away.)

SCOTT
Right, the car's just here.

POPPY
(cheerful)
They're not infected! What're you like? *(SCOTT gets into his car.)*
They're clean. I just washed them, specially. Honest! This it, then?

SCOTT
Will you get in the passenger seat?

POPPY
You know it's me that's learning to drive?

SCOTT
Yeah. But we've got to talk a few things through first.

POPPY
Oh, have we? Fair enough. If you insist! *(She goes round the car, and gets in.)* Did you choose this colour car, Scott?

SCOTT
Right, make yourself comfortable.

POPPY
Thank you. This your car?

SCOTT
No, it's the company's car.

POPPY
Oh, right. What's your car like, then?

SCOTT

It is my car.

POPPY

Thought you just said it was the company's car! Make your mind up!
(Giggles.)

SCOTT

Have you got your Provisional Driving Licence?

POPPY

Yep. (She hands it over.) There you go. (He looks at it.) That's me on a bad day.

SCOTT

Is that your real name - Pauline?

POPPY

That's right.

SCOTT

Okay, everything seems to be in order.

POPPY

Does it? That's good. (She puts away the Licence.)

SCOTT

Now: have you ever had a driving lesson before?

POPPY

Yeah. No. It wasn't really a lesson. It was in a Cadillac. In Miami. Bunny-hop, down the beach. I was a bit pissed. It was hilarious! (She laughs.)

SCOTT

Well, we're not going to be pissed when we're driving this car.

POPPY

No.

SCOTT

Okay? We're not going to bunny-hop. We're going to focus, and concentrate.

Now I'm going to take you to a spot where we take all the learner drivers.

POPPY

Are you, now?

SCOTT
And we're going to go through what we
call the Cockpit Drill.

POPPY
Oh! Naughty!

SCOTT
So: you're going to listen, and take
responsibility.

POPPY
See what I can do.

SCOTT
Okay. Put your seat-belt on.

POPPY
Will do, Captain Scott. (*They put on
their belts.*) Here we go, gigolo!

**A few minutes later. They are driving through Victorian
suburban streets.**

SCOTT
So you spoke to the office.

POPPY
That's right - spoke to your boss.

SCOTT
He's not my boss. I work for myself,
I'm my own man.

POPPY
But it's his car...? It's your car...?
Someone's...! (*She laughs*)

SCOTT
And they told you the price? Twenty-
two pounds fifty an hour.

POPPY
Yeah, that's right. Cheap as chips you
lot, aren't you?

SCOTT
We may be cheap, but we're better.

POPPY
Are you?

SCOTT
You wanna go with the big companies,
they use inexperienced instructors.