

MIRROR, SIGNAL, FALL APART

FADE IN:

A SUBURBAN CAR PARK IN A NONDESCRIPT TOWN.

EXT. CAR PARK

A nervous looking teenager walks across the car park. He is RAFI, a British Asian 17-year-old. He suddenly stops in his tracks and vomits on the floor. We hear him uttering 'Oh God' between dry heaves.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S CAR.

The car appears empty; the passenger seat is down and the radio is playing a love song. A hosepipe is jammed in the window of the passenger door and there's a hint of blue exhaust smoke in the air. The beauty of the song is interrupted by the sound of the dry heaving from outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR PARK

Rafi stands up and takes a deep breath. This causes a coughing fit. He takes out an inhaler and takes 4 deep breaths. He puts the inhaler back in pocket, then immediately takes it out again and takes 4 more large lungfuls.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S CAR.

The song is still playing. The driver's door is pulled open.

RAFI

Hey... Tom?

Suddenly TOM sits up from the passenger seat. Tom is in his late 50's. He is balding and overweight. He wears a bedraggled shirt and tie. His eyes are red, as if he's been crying.

TOM

(Startled)

Jesus! Oh... Rafi. Is that the time?

Tom subtly unwinds the window, letting the hosepipe drop out, and wipes his face. As Rafi leans in, he smells the car and gags in disgust.

RAFI
Alright?

TOM
(Fake cheeriness)
Yeah, good. Good. I was just trying something.

RAFI
What's that smell?

TOM
Oh, exhaust leak or something.
Forget it. Come on, jump in.

Tom fans the car with a Sunday Sport grabbed from the backseat as Rafi gets in. The ballad on the radio comes to a climax. Tom stops fanning the car and closes his eyes. He starts to sway along with the song. Rafi, nervous and practically shaking with fear, looks over to Tom. The song ends and Tom rests his chin on his chest.

TOM
(To himself)
Yeah... *I* want to know what love is. I want someone to show *me*.

RAFI
Tom?

TOM
Huh? Oh, sorry. Come on then.

Tom, for the first time, notices Rafi's demeanor.

TOM (CONT'D)
Nervous huh? Okay, just take some deep breaths.

Rafi does as he's told, then puts on his seatbelt. He spends about 30 seconds trying to get it to click in.

RAFI
(Under his breath,
becoming more and
more frustrated)
Come on. Come on. Bloody thing.

The sound of the clicking irritates Tom.

TOM
Leave it out, son. You're
giving me a headache.

Rafi finally gets the seatbelt in and starts the car.

TOM (CONT'D)
Okay. Good. We'd better do
this I suppose.

RAFI
Yeah. The test is in an hour,
right?

TOM
Shit, is that today? I forgot.
How many we up to?

RAFI
(Sheepish)
Eight.

Rafi's seatbelt snaps back up. He spends another 30
seconds wrestling it back in.

TOM
Really? Eight? Are you sure?

RAFI
Pretty sure.

TOM
(Unconvincingly)
Well, you're going to pass
today. I can feel it.

RAFI
I... I just don't know what it
is. My limbs just won't
behave... and that... that
manoeuvre... I just can't...
it's too...

Tom reaches over and puts the seatbelt in for him.

TOM
Listen, it's just bloody
parallel parking. You've done it
before, a hundred times.

Rafi closes his eyes and nods.

RAFI

I know... I know... But... Hang
on. What's this?

He notices something in the foot well. He leans forward
and lifts up an empty can of super strong lager.

TOM

Yeah, just chuck that in the
back. C'mon. Let's go. We can't
just sit here all day. Mirror,
signal, blah... you know the
drill.

Rafi shrugs and does as he's told. He starts the car and
they pull away.

TOM (CONT'D)

And if you think you're going to
throw up, not in the car again.
Just do an emergency stop. It'll
be good practice.

RAFI

Sorry about that.

TOM

Took me ages to get that out.
Good thing that Mrs. Harris
didn't mind the smell. Could've
cost me a lesson fee.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOM'S CAR.

As the car drives away the hosepipe is still attached to
the exhaust. It remains so for the rest of the lesson.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S CAR.

They drive in silence and Tom sinks into a quiet fug,
looking more and more down as they drive. He reaches down
to a carrier bag, pulls out a can of Special Brew, which
he starts to thirstily drink. Rafi looks worried.

RAFI
Er, Tom?

TOM
Yes, mate.

Rafi motions to Tom's beer with his head.

TOM (CONT'D)
What?

RAFI
The beer?

TOM
Oh, sorry.

Tom reaches down into the foot well and brings a second beer up.

TOM (CONT'D)
You want one? Second left.

RAFI
Um, no thanks.

TOM
Might calm your nerves?

Rafi shakes his head. They drive further on in silence. Tom opens up the second beer and drinks heavily, distracted from the lesson. He begins to sway in his seat as he stares out of the passenger seat window. He starts to hum the love song that was playing earlier.

RAFI
Er, keep going here?

TOM
Mmm?

RAFI
I'm running out of road.

TOM

(Now sounding
a little
drunk)

Oh, sorry. Shit. Yeah, ummm... go
right at the roundabout... The
errr... third... no second... no third
exit.

RAFI

Do you think you ought to be
drinking in the car?

TOM

(Belligerent)

Well, I'm not driving, am I? YOU
are driving. And a very fine job
you're doing too, lad. You sure
you don't want one? They don't
taste as cheap as you'd think.

RAFI

No. Really. No.

Rafi nervously looks over to Tom. He swerves around a
parked car that he'd not been paying attention to and Tom
spills his beer into his lap.

TOM

Whooooaaaaa... what are you doing?

RAFI

Sorry.

TOM

Jesus Crispies, look at this.
All over the crotch. Concentrate
lad.

RAFI

(Meekly)

It's just a little bit
distracting, what you're doing.

TOM

(Ignoring Rafi)

I'm soaked. Christ. It's not
like I can go home and change
either. Great.

RAFI

Sorry.

TOM
(Looking through
rear window at
parked car)
Typical. Audi driver. Think they
can park where they like.
(Out of window)
WANKERS!
(To RAFI)
Okay, carry on, then take the
first left.

Rafi breathes the inhaler once again. Tom finishes his beer and grabs another defiantly. He has begun to slur a little. Rafi is becoming increasingly tense.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOM'S CAR.

We follow the car around the streets, hosepipe still attached. A few bystanders watch in amazement at the spectacle.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S CAR.

They drive around in silence. Rafi is concentrating on the road. Tom is staring out of the window again.

TOM
(Muttering to himself)
What did I do wrong? I don't get
it. Of all the people in the
world. Of all the people. A
driving examiner.
(Shouts)
A fucking driving examiner!

Rafi visibly flinches at the outburst.

TOM
(Normal again)
Left here. You know, if you
want.

They drive on, Tom rummaging around at his feet.

TOM

Right, let's try an emergency stop. Where are my fags? Same as usual Rafi: I bang on the dash, you stop, panic over. You know what to do.

Tom starts to rummage in the glove box. He finally finds his cigarettes. Being a bit drunk, he slams the compartment hard. Rafi screeches the car to halt.

TOM

Fucking hell! What are you doing?

RAFI

Emergency stop.

TOM

That wasn't it.

RAFI

You slammed the dashboard.

TOM

No I didn't. It was the glovebox.

RAFI

Sounded like the dashboard.

TOM

Nearly went through the damn window.

RAFI

Sorry.

TOM

(Sighs)

Probably would have done me a favour. Never mind. Drive on.

RAFI

Are we doing it again?

Tom is rummaging around by his feet once again.

TOM

Yeah.

Tom lights a cigarette, and takes a few puffs. He's looking out of the window.

TOM (CONT'D)

Not here... Not here... Ah, here we go.

He hits the dashboard. Rafi stops the car. Tom exits the car, leaving Rafi looking bemused. Rafi looks around to see where Tom's gone. Soon enough Tom re-enters the car. He's holding a plastic bag.

TOM (CONT'D)

Right lad. Very good. Pull out, then take the next left. Check for traffic. This is a blind corner, so you'll need to ease out just a little first.

Rafi pulls away. Tom rummages in the bag and removes a fresh can of Special Brew, which he opens. He rummages around some more and pulls out a Ginster's pasty.

TOM (CONT'D)

You want one? Thought you might be hungry. Left.

RAFI

No.

TOM

I'm marvin'. Haven't eaten since yesterday. Left.

Tom begins to eat. Crumbs and debris fall all over him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Oh, and I got you this too.

Tom produces a porno mag from the bag. Rafi swerves the car when he sees it. He stares straight ahead, shaking his head in disbelief.

TOM (CONT'D)

No? You sure? I got two... No? How about some radio?

RAFI

Um, if you like.

TOM
Yeah, let's get a little bit
of Heart FM going.

Tom switches the radio on.

TOM (CONT'D)
Alexander O'Neal! Great
stuff. I remember when me
and Kate went to see him at
the Corby Theatre Royale.
What a night. Before we were
married. Yeah...
(Sings along)
A broken heart...
A broken heart...
A broken heart can mend.
(To Rafi)
Lovely. What a night. Ended
up making love in the bushes
of Chapel Gardens, just next
door.

Rafi squirms in his seat.

TOM (CONT'D)
I was quite the athlete back
then. I think it was five times-
-

RAFI
(Interrupting)
Tom, my test is in, like, half
an hour.

TOM
(Inaudible through a
mouthful of pasty)
Mmm...?

RAFI
Um, well, do you think we could
try a bit of parking? You know,
for practice.

TOM
Sure. Knock yourself out. This
is good. You want a bite? I'm
nearly finished.

RAFI

NO!

TOM

Suit yourself. Turn here. Pull
up. Right then, do your stuff.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOM'S CAR.

We see the car, hosepipe still attached, attempt a
parallel park. The car stalls.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S CAR.

Tom is now looking worse for wear. His lip starts to
quiver. Rafi starts the car up again. The radio is still
on, blaring out love songs.

TOM

God, I love this song. Take
your time, lad. I'm here for
you. Always faithful, me.

Rafi tries backing in and he hits the curb with a violent
judder. The car stalls again.

RAFI

I'm sorry. Can we turn the
stereo off - it's putting me
off. I'm... Tom? You okay?

TOM

(Crying)
Yeah, I'm good mate, I'm good.
Just start her up again.

RAFI

You sure?

Tom nods and turns the stereo off. Rafi has another go,
smoother this time.

RAFI

How am I doing on that side?

TOM

Oh God, Rafi, it's all such a bloody mess!

RAFI

I keep losing the clutch.
It's these shoes...

TOM

Not you, lad. The wife. Kate. It was right under my nose. All those months, and I couldn't see it. You're turning too late - Remember to pull 'round nice and early.

Rafi attempts the parking again. He struggles while Tom keeps talking to him.

TOM (CONT'D)

She left me, Rafi. Kate's gone and left me... For a better model. But I don't care what she says. I'm still ambitious. You know, I used to be the best instructor in this whole damn town. I really did. Check your wing mirrors. And Kate looked up to me back then - she really did. But it's hard to stay motivated when your life is just about being slowly driven around the suburbs in the passenger seat of a 1.3 litre hatchback by some idiot. No offence. But life stalls you know.

Rafi stalls. Tom wipes his nose on his sleeve and chucks his now empty beer can out of the window. He pulls another can out of the bag.

TOM (CONT'D)

Just start her up again.

(Angry)

Of all the people in the world she could have balled, it had to be a driving examiner. Could have been an estate agent... accountant... a dentist... hell, I would have almost understood it

(MORE)

then. But one of my own? You know... like me, but better.

His anger unnerves Rafi even more as he struggles to get the car going again.

TOM (CONT'D)

Can you imagine it? It's just so demeaning. Chris Tony. Christopher fucking Tony. I knew something was up when I saw the two of them at the barbecue. He turned up with a bottle Cava when everyone else was on the Foster's. I knew then. I could fucking see it. Her touching his arm like that, so she could 'feel real cashmere'. Yeah, I bet that wasn't all she was feeling. Bit more on the accelerator. Turn. Turn. Turn. Good. Then I saw the two of them parked up in his Audi A3 with the bespoke chromium hubcaps. I saw everything, Rafi. Everything. Handbrake.

Rafi hits the curb.

RAFI

Sorry.

TOM

(Misunderstanding)

It's not your fault, lad. I blame Kate. She's always been vulnerable. Anyway, you know what? I'd had enough. I've been living this bloody lie for years, so I decided I was going to kill myself. Yep, that's right. Right in here in my car. Was going to gas myself. Wasn't easy either; took me five garages to find one that sold a bloody hosepipe that was long enough. And I was bugged if I was going home for mine. Wouldn't give her the satisfaction.

(MORE)

So, that's it. What a mess.
That's enough parking, lad. I'm
feeling a bit queasy.

There's a pause as the two look at one another.

TOM (CONT'D)

Still not great, is it?

Rafi shakes his head, despondently.

TOM (CONT'D)

Okay. Never mind. Let's go.

RAFI

Left or right?

TOM

(Thinking)

I need a piss. Goes straight
through you, this stuff.

Rafi nods, as if he knows.

RAFI

Perhaps we should call it a day?
I can just wait in the car park.

TOM

No. No, drive on. I'm going
to see you through this,
mate.

The ring pull from Tom's beer snaps in his fingers.

TOM (CONT'D)

(Angry)

Oh, for fuck's sake. Can I
get a break, just once!

Vexed, he grabs his seat belt buckle and furiously starts to push at the can in a vain attempt to open it. His frustration rises as he hammers the can, exploding it open and all over himself and Rafi. He tries to get his mouth over the fizzing can, can't, then attempts to get it out of the window, spilling it over himself. He shakes his head, resigned to his lot. Rafi drives on.

TOM (CONT'D)
(Sighs)
You never know how it's
going to turn out, do you?
You marry and you think
that's it. Right here.

RAFI
I think it's one way.

TOM
Oh, balls. You're right.
Okay, three-point turn and
head back.

RAFI
There's someone coming towards
us.

TOM
He'll wait.

Rafi swallows and attempts the manoeuvre.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOM'S CAR.

As the car reverses the car behind inches forward. Tom's
car stalls, while the car behind starts blaring its horn.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S CAR.

TOM
What's his bloody problem?
Yeah, another Audi driver.
Thought so. Right...

Tom begins to get out of the car.

RAFI
Oh no...

TOM
What?

CUT TO:

EXT. IMPATIENT AUDI.

The impatient driver from the Audi steps out of the car and begins to walk over to Tom's car. It is CHRIS TONY, a middle-aged man with wavy hair and a slim moustache. He is suburban chic.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S CAR.

Rafi is staring at Chris as he walks over. Tom notices Chris too.

TOM
I don't believe it.

RAFI
It's him.

TOM
How did... Hang on... it's who?

RAFI
He's my examiner. I think
I'm going to be sick.

TOM
Wait... He's the guy who's
failed you eight times?

Rafi nods.

TOM (CONT'D)
You're kidding? That's Chris
Tony!

RAFI
What?

TOM
That's my wife's lover!

RAFI
He's coming over.

TOM
Crapcrapcrapcrapcrap.

Tom shakes his head in disbelief and guiltily hides his open beer from view. Chris shakes his head patronisingly and leans against the car window. Tom opens the window a minute amount for protection.

CHRIS

Ha! Tom Castleford. And young...?

RAFI

Rafi.

CHRIS

Of course. You'd think I'd know that by now. I wondered whether old Castleford was your tutor - I'd recognize his style anywhere. Hey Tom, not sure what you're teaching this young man but it ain't great, is it?

TOM

(Quietly)
He's a good driver.

CHRIS

Depends on your... level I suppose.

Tom and Rafi sit in feeble silence. Chris sniffs through the open window.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Christ! What's been going on in here?

Tom shrugs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Look at you, Castleford. You look like you've been living in your car for a week. If I were you I'd take your little 1.3 litre affair and go and peddle refresher lessons to old ladies. Maybe in a different town? Anyway, hurry and move this vehicle,

(MORE)

will you? I've got to fly -
need to keep on schedule
today. Got a date after
work.

Raffle... I'll see you later,
yeah? Oh, and you've got a
hosepipe hanging out the
back of your exhaust.

Tom stares straight ahead, while Rafi cranes his neck to
see what Chris is talking about. Chris just shakes his
head.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Ciao.

Chris leaves and Tom and Rafi sit quietly in the car for
several moments.

RAFI

Hosepipe?

Tom shakes his head dismissively and wipes his eye. Chris
drives off behind them and the two of them sit in their
humiliation for a few moments.

TOM

Okay. Let's get going.

RAFI

Hey, I think you're a good
teacher, Tom. Really good.

Tom turns to Rafi and smiles.

TOM

Thanks, lad.

More silence.

RAFI

So, call it a day, yeah?

TOM

No. No, I've had an idea.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVING TEST CENTRE.

Tom's car is parked at the edge of the car park. Chris's Audi is parked nearby. Tom appears to be urinating into the petrol tank.

TOM
(To himself)
She wants a 'man of action'
How's this for action?

CUT TO:

INT. AUDI.

Tom hasn't spotted that a teenage girl, MARIE, is in the Audi waiting for her driving test. She looks petrified; her eyes on the wing mirror watching Tom. O/S we hear Chris Tony shout.

CHRIS
(O/S)
Oi! What do you think you're doing?

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S CAR.

Rafi is nervously reciting some rules of the road to himself when the passenger door opens and Tom hastily jumps in the car.

TOM
Okay, we need to go. Mirror,
signal and reverse the fuck out.
Fast!

Rafi crunches the gears and immediately stalls the car.

TOM (CONT'D)
Jesus. He's coming, Rafi - and
he's a big bugger. If we don't
get a shift on I'm going to get
my arse smacked. Hard. And
probably yours too. Understand?
Now concentrate.

RAFI
(Panicking)
I'm sorry. Please stop shouting
at me.

Rafi goes for his inhaler. Tom puts his hand on Rafi's arm.

TOM
Rafi. Calm. Just make sure the
clutch is fully down. Keep
focused on your mirrors. Don't
over-think it. We've driven a
million times together. You're a
great driver.

Rafi starts the car and reverses down the driveway. He pulls away, checking his mirrors. The Audi, driven by the nervous girl, follows them.

RAFI
(Looking behind)
Oh my God. He's following us.

TOM
(Calmly)
Shit. Okay, apply a little bit
more pressure on accelerator.
Just a feather. Nice. Okay, keep
going straight ahead. Look both
ways at the junction. A little
quicker please.

Tom looks behind him. The car chase is on, in which both learners adhere to the Highway Code. It is the slowest, most careful car chase in history.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS'S CAR.

Marie, the nervous teenage girl, is in the driving seat, Chris sits beside her.

CHRIS
I know this is a little
unorthodox, but I just need you
to follow my instructions.
Straight ahead. Quicker.
Quicker.

They drive on. Every time Marie makes a mistake, Chris audibly sighs.

MARIE

Is this part of my test?

CHRIS

Listen, catch that car and
you've passed.

Marie grips the steering wheel determinedly and very gently accelerates to 32mph.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

That's it. We've got them!

CUT TO:

EXT. LEAFY SUBURBAN ROAD.

The two learners slowly chase up the road. Everything is serene and quiet. Suddenly an ambulance appears around the corner, sirens flashing. Like good drivers both Kate and Rafi pull over to one side of the road, until the danger has passed, then they both indicate and pull away once more.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S CAR.

TOM

Good stuff Rafi. Keep focus.
Eyes always on both mirrors.
Little more pressure on the
accelerator. Just ease it down a
tad more...

RAFI

What's that light on the dash?

TOM

Bugger. Don't worry about it.
It's just the petrol. Don't look
at that, keep your eyes on the
road. Hands at ten-to-two.
Beautiful. Okay, left here.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEAFY SUBURBAN ROAD.

The car pulls into a cul-de-sac. Chris's car is stuck at a zebra crossing, patiently waiting while an elderly couple makes their way across.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S CAR.

TOM

Right, let's try and lose him.
We're going to reverse around
this corner. Keep half a yard
out. You've got this, Rafi.

Rafi takes a deep breath and faultlessly performs the manoeuvre.

TOM (CONT'D)

Excellent! Well done, lad!
Now pull away.

Tom looks behind again.

TOM (CONT'D)

Damn - he's still with us.
Jesus... he's catching. Okay. Left
here, the follow the road. A
touch faster. And a touch faster
still.

RAFI

I'm doing 35!

TOM

Okay, ease down a bit. Eyes on
the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEAFY SUBURBAN ROAD.

The two learners continue their chase. We follow them as they chase around a roundabout. Twice.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S CAR.

Tom lights a cigarette.

TOM

Okay. Left here. Then right.
Check your mirrors. Nice work.
And watch for oncoming traffic.
Ciggy?

Tom holds the pack out. To his surprise Rafi takes one.

RAFI

Fuck it.

Rafi tries to light his cigarette and keep his eyes on
the road. Smoke gets in his eye.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEAFY SUBURBAN ROAD.

The two cars continue their low speed chase. The two cars
turn a corner. There is no screech of wheels. Suddenly,
in front of Tom's car, a ball rolls out into the road.
Rafi calmly indicates, checks his mirrors and rounds the
ball safely.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S CAR.

TOM

Good. Now take the next left.
Feed the wheel... Feed the wheel...

RAFI

The lights are changing.

TOM

Bugger. You'll have to stop.

Rafi stops the car. The Audi pulls up behind Tom's car
and Chris jumps out looking furious. He runs straight
over to their car and starts pulling at the door handle
trying to get in. Tom and Rafi look at each other,
terrified. There's no escape. Rafi takes a deep breath
and pulls through the red light.

RAFI
Let's see how he likes that!
(Out of the window)
Arsehole!

TOM
Rafi! You little genius! Well
done, lad, well done! I mean,
that was highly illegal and I
don't condone it, but well done.

They attempt a high five, which doesn't quite come off.

TOM (CONT'D)
Don't do it on your test.

RAFI
Oh no! He's still behind us!

TOM
Look, there's a little space
down that side street. Okay, I
need you to parallel park in
that space.

Rafi looks terrified.

TOM (CONT'D)
You can do this Rafi.

RAFI
It's so small.

TOM
A little small. But you've got
this, lad.

Rafi nods, draws breath.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEAFY SUBURBAN ROAD.

The car parallel parks perfectly.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S CAR.

TOM (CONT'D)
Duck down, Rafi.

The Audi slowly passes them.

TOM (CONT'D)
He's gone. We're safe. Up you
come.

RAFI
(Laughing)
Ha! We did it!

Rafi gives the long departed Audi the finger. Tom looks at Rafi, a smile on his face.

TOM
Mate, you did it.

CUT TO:

SUBURBAN CAR PARK IN NONDESCRIPT TOWN.

INT. TOM'S CAR.

Tom is alone and tidying up his car, putting empty beer cans into the empty plastic bags. He switches on the radio. 'What's Love Got To Do With It?' comes on. He switches it off again, muttering 'piss off' under his breath. Rafi opens the car door and gets in.

TOM
Hey.

RAFI
Hey. Here you go.

Rafi hands Tom something.

TOM
Thanks. Where did you get them?

RAFI

They keep a stash of
painkillers behind the front
desk. A lot of people get
headaches in this place,
apparently.

TOM

(Nodding)
And what about Mr. Tony?

RAFI

He's called in sick.

TOM

You're joking?

RAFI

Nope. They're testing me
with someone else.

TOM

Ha!

RAFI

I'd say you kicked his ass.

TOM

Maybe.

RAFI

What about your wife?

TOM

One thing at a time.

RAFI

You gonna be okay then?

Tom doesn't respond, but starts picking cigarette butts
off the floor.

TOM

Okay, you're ready Rafi. You've
done it once today. Just go and
do it again.

RAFI

Cool. I can do this. I can
do this.

TOM
Of course you can.

Tom pulls the sun visor down and adjusts his tie, combs through his hair.

RAFI
So, what are you going to do?

TOM
Tidy up this crap. Got another lesson in five minutes.

RAFI
No, I mean about your... um... the situation. The hosepipe thing.

TOM
Crap! I'd forgotten about that.
Don't let me drive off with it.

RAFI
Tom?

TOM
Well I suppose I'll just see what the next lesson brings, eh lad?

RAFI
Maybe I shouldn't say this, but, I don't know, if your wife fancies a bloke like that over you... well, I dunno, maybe you could do better?

Tom smiles.

TOM
Maybe, Rafi. Maybe. Come on - you're going to be late.

They shake hands and do an awkward half-embrace. Rafi exits and Tom watches him walk away, before further adjusting his tie ineffectively. He takes some Goldspot out of his pocket and sprays it into his mouth. The driver's door opens and CARRIE, a mature, handsome, yet nervous looking woman steps into the car. She smiles shyly at Tom.

CARRIE

Hello Tom.

TOM

(Cheerily)

Hello Carrie. Okay, let's
go. Mirror, signal, blah.
You know the drill.

The car pulls away jerkily. As it drives off we see the
hosepipe still attached to the exhaust as the car exits
frame.

THE END.