

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

The pitch black road is slalom like. Just the one steamed-up car lay parked. The lights in the distance show the isolation of the road.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Nakedness. CHARLIE, mid-20s lays hugged up with POPPY, late teens - the back seat wasn't made for this.

CHARLIE

I think I could fall asleep.

POPPY

Mmmmm-hmmm.

A car buzzes past, lights ablaze, penetrating the windows.

POPPY

It's almost as if they can see us.

A bang. That's a car door closing. It's close, and it's unexpected.

CHARLIE

Where did that come from?

POPPY

I can't see a car.

CHARLIE

I didn't see a car park-up.

POPPY

Shit, how long has it been there then?

A lone figure - silhouetted - strides towards the car.

POPPY (CONT'D)

Get your clothes on.

Knock-knock, the steamed up window receives a heavy fist.

CHARLIE

(to Poppy)  
What the hell?

The back seat is a shuffle-fest of wriggling, and clothes being thrown on.

POPPY

What does this guy want?

Another intrepid knock followed by a flashlight looming into the car - a grab for the handle following up.

CHARLIE

Shit.

The flashlight beams in. The figure poaches silently around the car - the flashlight leads the charge.

POPPY

Who is this?

We're at the other side of the car, and the flashlight peers deep into the back seat.

The POLICEMAN reveals himself.

POLICEMAN

Police. Get dressed, and come out your car.

POPPY

(laughing)

Busted.

Charlie, dishevelled and confused steps out the car - he's under the microscope of a glacial stare.

POLICEMAN

Right, I have no problem with what you were doing. What's your name?

CHARLIE

Is that necessary?

POLICEMAN

I'm asking your name.

CHARLIE

Andrew.

POLICEMAN

Ok, Andrew, there is a dark side here -  
robberies and the like.

Nodding towards the car.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Nice girl, nice spot to park-up - I can  
understand why you came.

CHARLIE

(confused)

Yeah.

Poppy steps out of the car, she is now dressed and  
seemingly curious.

POLICEMAN

Right, if you guys can just wait here. I  
just need to check your details.

Charlie ambles back to his car wearing the look of smugness  
while puckering a kiss.

POPPY

You've had your share for today.

Charlie frowns, while watching the Policeman skulk towards  
his car.

POLICEMAN

I just need to grab my materials a minute...

CHARLIE

Materials?

POLICEMAN

Just. Standard. Procedure.

POPPY

Since when did the coppers drive around  
alone?

Policeman opens the door to reveal a bundle of ropes, and a  
knife.

POLICEMAN  
(chuckling to himself)  
Standard procedure.