

WHAT'S MY NAME?

EXT. RESTAURANT CAR PARK - NIGHT

A LUXURIOUS Silver Lotus Emira faces the glowing light of the restaurant. Parked. Watching over it like a well-trained guard dog.

The 'EMIRA' badge sparkles back at us.

A grumbling, red Citroën C1 pulls up a few spaces away, facing the restaurant, too.

ROB, a 24-year-old with a white polo-shirt his mum probably bought him (it's not Ralph Lauren but from a distance it could be), tucked in to tight, checked trousers that he saw a man on the internet wear (he bought these from Asda, afterwards), gets out of the driver's side.

He catches sight of the Emira, looks it up and down. He stops to make sure the Citroën's locked, then swaggers over to the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Rob swaggers after the waitress. She leads him to a candlelit table, where REBECCA, 25, already sits. Elegant and well kept, she taps away at her phone - not with an ignorant boredom, but an attentive urgency.

At the sight of him, she looks up from her phone, a little startled. She throws on a smile, stands -

REBECCA

Rob?

ROB

The one and only.

She holds her arms forwards, a subtle gesture for a hug -

REBECCA

Lovely to actually meet you -

ROB

Pleasure's all mine.

He takes one of her hands, a little outstretched, and kisses it.

She goes a little rigid, but holds the smile.

REBECCA

Oh. Wow.

ROB

Sorry, I'm a traditionalist.

He smirks and, finally, sits down.

ROB (CONT'D)

Hope I didn't keep you in suspense  
for too long?

REBECCA

Oh - don't worry about it. I got  
Sauvignon Blanc, I hope you don't  
mind.

An open bottle sits on the table in an ice bucket. We ignore  
the empty glass of Coke by Rebecca's side. And the one that  
she's still drinking, in front of her.

ROB

For you? I say we get the red out  
next.

Rob takes the bottle. He pours her a glass, then his own.

REBECCA

Y'know, it's weird. I've tried  
going on a couple of these in the  
past few months and it's rare you  
meet someone because you've got  
something in common - not just  
because 'You'd get on.' Like what  
does that even mean?

ROB

Oh, a hundred percent.

REBECCA

I work in car manufacturing so it's  
sort of my whole world. My first  
language, I suppose. So when Jo  
said - well, Jo said you're all in  
to cars - ?

ROB

Oh, yeah, I'm in the car  
manufacturing space myself. I own  
my own business just South of  
Ribbleton. We sell a bit of  
everything. Porsche, Range Rover.  
Had a Tesla in recently.

REBECCA

Gosh - Quite the variety, then. Do you get them in new? Seems like quite a spectrum for one dealership. Who are your customers -

ROB

Well we take them in all banged up. So we'll take Cat-S right-offs and chuck them in the workshop for a week or two and sell them on for a mint.

REBECCA

Oh I see -

ROB

So really we're bringing in every kind of customer, which is better really because your general, y'know, chain-brand dealership is really only appealing to one kind of customer and if the appeal turns for even a second you've lost your entire customer base.

REBECCA

It'd have to be a pretty strong wind to change the tide, though -

ROB

Of course a lot of our outreach is on social media - Facebook and Instagram mostly - we've actually just got a thousand followers on Instagram - and then we get a lot of online sales. Which is handy cause if you've got a paint job that doesn't quite look right you can get away with it in the photos.

REBECCA

Well, until they come to the shop and see it -

ROB

And we're not like one of these big chain brands.

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

They'd sell you a faulty car and tell you to ring fucking insurance to get it sorted and by then you've got no coverage - or they'll swap you for a car that's a grand cheaper and have your working one hidden in the back somewhere to sell to some other stupid twat. So we don't do that whole overplayed, pandering-to-the-buyer bullshit. We just drive it round to them once they've bought it.

REBECCA

So you don't have a showroom?

ROB

It's a bunch of bollocks that show room crap. A load of shit to make you think that cause I got some fit bird to speak to you for a minute and give you a coffee, your car's gonna be in safe hands. But it's a load of performative shite.

REBECCA

Performative?

ROB

Aye. A load of crap to try and trick you in to it. At least what we give is some authentic, real experience in buying a car -

The waitress reappears with her notepad and pen.

WAITRESS

Have we decided on what we'd like?

Rob stares up at her, wide eyed. How dare she cut him off?

REBECCA

Yes! We have... I will have...

Rob fumbles to open the menu and start scanning.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Hmm... Y'know, I sort of fancy a starter but - well - let's just stick to the main -

ROB

No, get a starter.

REBECCA

Well, yeah but, it's just -

Rebecca flashes a smile at the waitress.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(mouthing the words to  
Rob)

It's a bit expensive.

ROB

No, don't - I'm getting this.

REBECCA

No, no - I can't expect you to do  
that. We'll split it -

ROB

No, I already told you. I'm a  
gentleman. I'll pay for it. Get  
whatever you want.

Rebecca holds his gaze a little longer.

A beat.

REBECCA

Well. In that case...

She studies the menu a moment longer -

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I'll have the scallops to start and  
the lobster for main. Oh, and would  
you mind asking them to take the  
rocket out of the salad. It says  
just here that it's in there - I  
just really can't stand it - if it  
wouldn't be too much trouble? And  
we'll have this wine, here - no. 42  
- the Châteaux Margaux? Thank you  
so much.

WAITRESS

Excellent choice. One of our oldest  
bottles.

The waitress scribbles it all down with a smile. She looks to  
Rob.

He's a little stunted.

A beat.

ROB

Yeah. Same for me. But put a couple of extra onion rings on the side.

WAITRESS

Of course.

REBECCA

Oh, and another Coke for me, please.

The waitress nods and scurries off.

Rebecca smiles to Rob, he throws her a smug smile back.

Rebecca takes hold of her Coke.

She sips it from the straw, down to the bottom -

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

- as REBECCA puts her Coke back on the table, we see that this is now third Coke, finished. In front of her is her plate. She's finished eating.

The life has faded from her eyes. She's a robot, sipping on an empty glass.

Opposite, Rob's talking away. He's only halfway through his meal, if that.

ROB

But after I finished my GCSEs I just knew that I was gonna end up in that same system if I tried to do A Levels. And I just don't think everyone's made for conformity. The whole system now tries to squash kids so that they all come out thinking the same and I think we have a - a responsibility to break away from that. So that was when I started working with my dad and I started saving up to buy the business.

Rebecca opens her mouth to speak -

ROB (CONT'D)

I could've gone to university though.

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

It's not like I couldn't get in if I wanted to. I even had one of my teachers when I was in high school mention Oxford to me but I don't think it would be able to work with someone like me. Like it's so - oppressive - and I think I'd end up fighting back and we'd clash, and it puts you in debt - so it's just a way to anchor you to the system. But that's the thing with running your own business, y'see? You're in charge of yourself. It's not easy. You have to be disciplined. But I make it work.

Finally, he sips his wine.

REBECCA

Y'know, I don't think I asked you -

ROB

What?

REBECCA

Well, it's a bit of a make or break question, really. I can't believe I've only just thought to ask you this...

(pause)

What do you drive?

ROB

Me?

Rebecca lets her eyes scan the table for anyone else. Still smiling, she nods.

ROB (CONT'D)

Oh, I drive a few things -

REBECCA

Ok, but - what did you arrive in tonight?

Rob takes a breath. Studies his plate, then glances through the window to the car park. He checks Rebecca again, her eyes still glued on him. Waiting.

ROB

That - that one there. That silver -

REBECCA

What, the Lotus?

ROB

Yeah. Yeah, beautiful thing.

Rebecca glares at him, a smile hanging on her mouth.

A beat.

Rebecca laughs, but not like she's laughing at him. Like he's cracked a joke. He laughs along, quietly, and sips his wine.

REBECCA

Oh - *ha-ha* - I can't believe that's actually one of the first things Jo told you about me. Good to know that's how she defines me.

Rob forces out another little laugh. Sips his wine again.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Now I know that's not yours!

Rob's smile begins to drop -

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I know that's not yours. Because that's mine.

Rob throws on a great big grin.

ROB

God - no, I know! Just messing about with you.

He sips his wine again.

REBECCA

Have you ever driven a lotus?

ROB

A lotus? Oh, erm, yeah. Once. Long time ago, though. When I was a bit younger.

REBECCA

Well, you'll know they're lovely then. The Emira though... She's just wonderful. I was going to go for white originally, but I thought the silver gave it this more metallic, bullet-kind of look.

ROB

Yeah, I think the one I drove was red.

REBECCA  
Would you like to drive it?

Rob sits up.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
I mean, after we're finished  
eating, of course. You'll have to  
pad out however much of that  
(nodding to the wine)  
you've got through. But just round  
the car park.

ROB  
I'd love to.

Rebecca hangs on his eagerness, his attention. She leans on  
her hands, leans in a little closer.

REBECCA  
How's about this - let's play a  
game. If you get all of my  
questions right, you can drive my  
car.

ROB  
Sorted.

REBECCA  
Car questions, though?

ROB  
Might as well give me the keys now.

She smirks.

REBECCA  
Alright. Hmm...

She thinks, cartoonish.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Ok. Question one. A Veyron is made  
by which manufacturer - ?

ROB  
Bughatti. Obviously.

REBECCA  
One out of three. Alright. How  
about...

She thinks, a little too animated.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Oh: How many cylinders does a 3.0-litre Porsche 911 Carrera have?

Rob pauses.

A beat.

ROB

Six.

Rebecca flashes a seductive smirk.

REBECCA

Well, someone's done their homework.

Rob sits back. He sips his wine.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I've got a bonus question for you.

Rob stays sipping.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You can drive the car, but, if you get this one right -

She leans in to the table -

REBECCA (CONT'D)

- I'll let you fuck me in the back of it.

Rob has to swallow his mouthful of wine in a great gulp. He places the glass down delicately and sits up.

ROB

Deal -

REBECCA

But, if you get it wrong, the whole deal's off.

ROB

No problem's too big for Rob McCaul.

He smirks.

REBECCA

Alright. You ready, Rob McCaul?

He doesn't move.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
What's my name?

He holds the smirk -

ROB  
That's not a car question.

REBECCA  
No, this is the bonus question.  
(pause)  
What's my name, Rob McCaul?

And so, his smirk begins to fade.

ROB  
You - you never said.

REBECCA  
You never asked.

ROB  
That's not fair.

REBECCA  
Don't you even remember from my  
contact? Surely Jo told you that?

Something behind his eyes fades away -

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Oh - well! That'll teach you to  
save people to your contacts! I'm  
sure Jo will have said, not that  
you'll have read her message since  
she sent my number.

She stares at the lifeless man, pitifully.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Not even my first name? Can't pull  
that one out of your big brain, Rob  
McCaul?

He glares at her.

ROB  
I need the bathroom.

He snatches up his phone and marches off.

Rebecca sighs and looks over the table. She takes an onion ring from his plate and has a bite.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT CAR PARK - NIGHT

Rebecca swaggers to her car, slowly. Patiently.

The restaurant door flies open and Rob comes running after her -

She reaches her car, and just turns to lean against it as Rob gets to her, panting.

ROB

Rebecca -

Rebecca tilts her head, cringing.

ROB (CONT'D)

Your name's Rebecca.

REBECCA

Needed the full name, Robert McCaul. No prize for you, I'm afraid.

She turns on him and starts to open the car door -

He puts his hand on the roof, stopping her from opening it any further. She pauses. Turns to him, slowly.

ROB

What the fuck is this?

REBECCA

If it makes you feel any better, the others didn't even get that far. They didn't think to go to the bathroom and double check so, really, that is quite the accolade on your part.

ROB

Who the fuck are you?

REBECCA

Rebecca Emira Sterling.

ROB

Named yourself after the fucking car?

## REBECCA

No. The car's named after me, actually. I thought it a subtle, personal touch when I was designing it. I thought 'Rebecca' would be a little too narcissistic. And Lotus said that Emira sounded *sexy*. I'll take that, I suppose.

The same light behind Rob's eyes disappears. He staggers back.

Rebecca nods to him with a smile. She gets into her car, with a smile.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Rebecca turns on the ignition. She starts her drive out, holding up a hand to Rob as she drives around him. He's still frozen. A zombie in the car park.

She reaches the car park exit. Just waiting for a moment to turn, she turns on the radio. She taps through a few songs before landing on 'Luxurious' by Gwen Stefani.

As the track starts, she pulls out, on to the road.

CUT TO BLACK.