

RICHARD

I'll wait 'till four then I'll ring Julie.

PETER

Good idea. Let her sleep a bit more. Have you had any luck finding a place yet?

RICHARD

To be honest, I haven't looked. I'll probably go for somewhere local to here so I don't have far to travel. You said Aphrodite Hills was a fantastic place, maybe I'll go there.

He takes another bite from his sandwich.

PETER

Yeah, it's fabulous and it has a wonderful golf course. Do you play golf Rich?

RICHARD

No, never tried, I don't think I would be very good, all that hand to eye coordination. Not my sort of thing.

PETER

I can teach you if you like, as you're going to be out here a while.

RICHARD

Thanks, but the way this is going I'm not going to have time am I? And as you say we aren't in high season yet!

PETER

True. I thing this is going to take over your life out here; what happens then?

RICHARD

(Uncertain)

To be honest Pete, I don't know.

RICHARD takes a long drink from the beer. The cold liquid refreshes his dry mouth. He wipes the remains of the sandwich from his mouth with his hand.

The temperature has risen another three or four degrees since they first sat down. PETER is the first to get up and walks back to the waiting crowds. If anything the numbers have got even greater in just the little respite that they have had. RICHARD puts the rubbish into a bag and begins to walk back; then he stops. Suddenly, from the water ahead of him he sees a woman in the waves she is swimming slowly towards the shore, her hair shimmering in the sunlight and her tanned dark golden brown shoulders visible in the waves; he cannot see her face clearly, but the way she swims is so elegant, with finesse, it is as if she is stroking the water, with the waves moving slowly across her with every movement of her hand. She comes closer to the beach and then walks out. Her body is straight, yet she has a figure that most women would die for, she has curves and subtlety in her shape, the shaggy mane of her dark brown hair she flicks across her face and for the first time RICHARD sees her eyes; they are blue, like the sea, deep in colour and they shine back as if reflecting in themselves. She is in her twenties, yet there is a youthfulness about her that perhaps makes her seem younger. She portrays a vision in virtue and a lesson in lust. She is beautiful and sensuous, her movement majestic and stylish, she sashays and wiggles her hips in harmony as the two piece light brown suit she is wearing accentuates all of her body, delivering an image of desire so powerful that RICHARD finds himself moving towards her. But as quickly as she emerges onto the sea shore, she is gone, lost in the crowd. RICHARD tries to find her and pushes through to the sea shore but there is no sign of her. He looks again.

PETER

(Shouting loudly)

Hey we need you over here!

RICHARD acknowledges PETER and walks quickly in the heat back towards him, glancing around just once more to see if he can see the girl, who had so captivated him.

RICHARD

Sorry I saw a girl in the water.

PETER (SARCASTIC)

Drowning was she?

RICHARD returns to the group in front of him and begins to collect the cash. PETER tuts and nods his head.

CUT TO: