

# **How to relax in Andalucia**

**by John Waterhouse**

**(excerpt)**

## **Cast :-**

**Peter**, an Englishman, 40’s-50’s

Irritable and just wanting to be left alone. Unassuming manner and appearance.

Very opinionated and liable to be short tempered. Also rather abrupt.

Cynical about relationships.

**Saskia**, a Dutch backpacker, 20’s

Tall and well built - quite outgoing and sporty.

Looking for a good time.

**Carol**, a sophisticated Englishwoman, 30’s

Well spoken, very well dressed and seemingly obsessed with make-up. Aloof .

Happy to sit around doing nothing.

**Christina**, a Spanish Waitress, 30’s

Quietly spoken and modest.

**Mick**, an Australian Backpacker, 30’s.

Brash and affable. Rough and ready.

A real drinker.

**Ron Wilson**, an English detective, 50’s

Clandestine in manner.

A calm arrogance with an icy edge.

## **Setting –**

The patio of a small hotel in Cordoba, Andalucia. There is a tiny swimming pool off-stage right with other entrances from the back and the left.

Time- The present, in the month of August.

**‘How to relax in Andalucia’ was first performed at Salford Arts Theatre on 26<sup>th</sup> April 2012.**

Cast:-

Peter -	Karl Seth
Carol -	Rebecca Fenwick
Mick -	Chris Pavlou
Saskia –	Nicole Gaskell
Ron -	Dave Egerton
Christina -	Abigail Hibbert

The plays was directed by Darren Holness.

## **Act One Scene One. Early evening.**

*PETER is alone on stage reading. CAROL, looking very well dressed, walks on stage with an aloof air and looks at PETER with disdain. PETER makes no attempt to look at her. She takes a mirror out of her handbag and puts on some more lipstick before strutting off-stage, passing CHRISTINA who walks up to PETER.*

**Christina:** Hola

**Peter:** *(not looking up)* Hello.

*CHRISTINA cleans a table.*

**Christina:** Your first time in Andalucia?

**Peter:** *(not looking at her)* No. *(CHRISTINA carries on cleaning).*

**Christina:-** You have been to the Mezquita yet?

**Peter:** *(continues reading)* No.

**Christina:** It is very beaut..

**Peter:** And I've no desire to go there, thank you.

**Christina:** You do not enjoy our history?

**Peter:** *(looking towards her)* I enjoy peace and quiet. That's why I've come here; for a bit of relaxation.

**Christina:** Ah....you would like me to put on some music?

**Peter:** NO.....thank you. I'm just wanting to relax.

**Christina:** Ok...ok. *(exits).*

**Peter:** Thank God for that.

*Enter MICK.*

**Mick:** Good day mate!

**Peter:** *(not looking up)* Hello.

**Mick:** Quiet sort of place this, isn't it?

**Peter:** That's why I've come here *(continues reading).*

**Mick:** You know it round here?

**Peter:** Well enough.

**Mick:** Oh! You've been here before then?

**Peter:** Once or twice.

**Mick:** First time for me.....backpacking.

**Peter:** Evidently. (*continues reading*).

**Mick:** Any good pubs nearby?

**Peter:** Yes....(*looks at MICK*) but I doubt that you would enjoy them!

**Mick:** Why's that then?

**Peter:** Quiet bars, mainly used by local people; no loud music; moderate drinking (*goes back to book*).

**Mick:** Oh.....I'm not interrupting you am I, mate?

**Peter:** No.....not really.

**Mick:** I think am interrupting you mate.

**Peter:** No you're not interrupting me.

**Mick:** Well I won't interrupt you any more, mate.

**Peter:** Thank you. (*goes back to book. There is a pregnant pause*)

**Mick:** Any interesting women staying here?

**Peter:** (*looking up*) Excuse me?

**Mick:** Well you've been here a while....I thought you might know if...

**Peter:** I've been here two days.

**Mick:** That sounds long enough to have a good...

**Peter:** Now look here.....oh for God's sake....there's a snooty English girl and a Dutch back packer.

**Mick:** Chalk and cheese eh?

**Peter:** They're staying in the same room.

**Mick:** Ha ha...That's the great thing about travelling. You never know who you might end up sharing with. (*opens a can of Fosters*)

**Peter:** I happen to have a single room.

**Mick:** Good on yah mate. I guess you'll be aiming for the English chick then?

**Peter:** What the....I won't be aiming for either! Look; you seem keen on asking questions. Let me give you a bit of information. I'm recently divorced, totally stressed out with work and I've just come here for a bit of quiet relaxation. Is that enough for you?

**Mick:** Whooah; Sorry if I seemed to be hassling you mate.

**Peter:** You weren't hassling me.

**Mick:** Oh but I think I was hassling you.

**Peter:** No, you weren't hassling me; just interrupting me.

**Mick:** But you just said that I wasn't interrupting you?

**Peter:** Well..well..you obviously now have interrupted me!

**Mick:** Any way I'm Mick (*shakes hand*) Pleased to meet you.

**Peter:** Peter. Delighted, I'm sure.

**Mick:** I had been planning to go Madrid but I heard Cordoba was worth looking up so I came here.....from Seville. Seems a bit boring from what I've seen.

**Peter:** Depends what you're looking for!

*Enter SASKIA, dressed in cut-off denim shorts and a T-shirt.*

**Mick:** That's very true. (*to SASKIA*) Al'right?

**Saskia:** Hello.

*SASKIA goes to li-lo and lies down.*

**Saskia:** What is the pool like?

**Mick:** I've only just got here!

**Peter:** As you can see it's very small but the water is clean enough.

**Saskia:** That's good.

*SASKIA takes off her shirt and shorts to reveal a swimsuit and walks off stage.*

*(Sound FX: A splash is heard as she enters the water)*

**Mick:** Good looking girl mate.

**Peter:** Not bad.

**Mick:** You haven't spoken to her before?

**Peter:** Only to discover that she's Dutch.

**Mick:** That explains her figure.

**Peter:** What do you mean?

**Mick:** I've met a few Dutch girls and they tend to have great bodies.

**Peter:** That's a bit of a generalisation! There not all like Ursula Andress, who by the way, happens to be Swiss.

**Mick:** A Sheila undress? I've seen a few Sheila's undress but not any Swiss girls!

**Peter:** Never mind.

**Mick:** Anyway, I'm beginning to like this place a bit more.

**Peter:** If I might be allowed to get back to my book?

**Mick:** Sure thing; don't mind me mate.

*Enter Christina*

**Mick:** Ah.....could I have a beer please?

**Christina:** Vale (*pronounced 'ballay'*).

**Mick:** You having one?

**Peter:** (*Looking up from book*) I'm sorry?

**Mick:** A beer. Can I get you a drink?

**Peter:** Oh...er.....all right. Thank you.

**Mick:** No problem. Two please.

*CHRISTINA nods.*

**Mick:** Sorry to hear that you've just got divorced.

**Peter:** Don't be. I'm glad to be free of her. This is the first time in ages I've been free to just come away and do as I please.

**Mick:** Oh! fair enough.

*Christina enters with the drinks.*

**Mick:** Ah, thanks. (*gives drink to PETER and hands crushed can to CHRISTINA*).

**Peter:** Thank you very much.

**Christina:** De nada (*exits*)

**Mick:** So what are your plans for the rest of the evening?

**Peter:** Just to try and get a little bit of peace and quiet.

**Mick:** But you're goin' out for a drink later aren't you?

**Peter:** I hadn't planned to.

**Mick:** Oh. I thought I'd go out and check what's happening.

**Peter:** I fear that you might be disappointed.

**Mick:** Well, there's not much happening here is there?

**Peter:** Haven't you got a book to read?

**Mick:** Only my Lonely Planet guide.

**Peter:** Perhaps you might like to borrow one of my books?

**Mick:** What have you got?

**Peter:** 'The British Army under Wellington'.

**Mick:** Er....anything else?

**Peter:** '17<sup>th</sup> Century Flemish painters'.

**Mick:** Thanks all the same but I think I might try the local bars. Why don't you come out?

**Peter:** No thank you.

*Enter SASKIA dripping wet from the pool. She picks up a towel and starts to dry herself.*

**Saskia:** The water is a little cold at this time.

**Mick:** I bet you found that refreshing though.



**Saskia:** Yes. Can I join you?

**Peter:** Mick was just leaving to go out.

**Mick:** What makes you say that? No, come and have a seat.

**Peter:** Oh, really!

*SASKIA comes over to sit down as CHRISTINA enters.*

**Mick:** Can I get you a drink?

**Saskia:** Yes. Thank you. I'll have a coke.

**Peter:** I thought you were about to go to a pub?

**Mick:** One coke please.

**Christina:** Vale.

**Peter:** I don't think I'm going to get much reading done tonight.

**Mick:** She's very attentive considering.

**Saskia:** I think she just likes to be helpful.

**Mick:** I hear that you're from Holland?

*Christina comes back with coke.*

**Saskia:** Thank you, yes, just outside Rotterdam. Do you know Holland?

**Mick:** I've spent a few days in Amsterdam. From Melbourne myself.

**Saskia:** Ah, Australia. And you are from Manchester I think you said.

**Peter:** Just outside it yes.

**Mick:** So what brings you to a place like this?

**Saskia:** I did a bit of diving and wind surfing at Fuengerola and I wanted to see an old Spanish town.

**Mick:** Have you had a chance to look round this place yet?

**Saskia:** No, I only got here this morning.

**Mick:** And you're just travelling round by yourself?

**Saskia:** Yes.

**Mick:** Why don't you come out for a drink with us?

**Peter:** Us?

**Mick:** Well, you're not going to sit hear and read are you?

**Peter:** What would be wrong with that if I did?

**Saskia:-** I will come out for a drink. *(to PETER)* Come out with us. I have seen you just sitting by yourself all afternoon.

**Peter:** That is precisely WHAT I've come away to do!

**Saskia:** Oh, you are so English.

**Peter:** It's nothing to do with being English!!

**Mick:** *(to SASKIA)* It is, you know!

**Saskia:** It sounds very boring whether it is English or not.

**Peter:** All right...all right. I can see I'm not going much peace otherwise. I WILL come out for ONE drink. All right?

**Mick:** Good on yer mate.

**Peter:** And I assume you'll be bringing along your roommate?

**Saskia:** The oh so posh English lady? I don't think so.

**Peter:** Why? what's wrong with her?

**Saskia:** She is so boring.

**Mick:** In what way?

**Saskia:** Well, all she seems to want to do is to put on makeup and buy things. She arrived at this little pension as if she was about to go to a ball and she has nothing to talk about.

**Mick:** Maybe she's just come away to read books on military history and art?

**Peter:** Very funny!

**Saskia:** No, I think she has come away to be seen in expensive clothes and I don't know why she has decided to stay at a cheap little back packers hostel like this.

**Peter:** There's nothing wrong with being well dressed, whatever type of place you stay at. Anyway, some people are just a bit harder to open and don't want to be penetrated.

**Saskia:** You would find her very hard to open up.....and penetrate!

**Mick:** Well, at least we're agreed that we're going out for a drink, right?

**Saskia:** Yes, I'll go and get changed.

**Peter:** I will attempt to finish this chapter!

**Mick:** And I'll meet you both in reception in say.....half an hour.

**Peter:** Great joy! Half an hour of unmolested peace and quiet!

*Exit SASKIA and MICK. PETER goes back to his book.*

*( Loud music is soon heard.)*

**Peter:** BLOODY HELL! *(puts hands on ears)*

*Lights Fade out.*

## Act One Scene Two Later on that evening.

*Enter SASKIA. She looks tired and sits down, opening a can of coke. She stretches out and starts to daydream. A masked mans head appears looking from the side entrance. Two men, complete dressed in black with balaclavas suddenly run on stage and one puts his hand over SASKIA'S mouth whilst the other picks up her legs and she is bundled off stage.*

**Lights fade up.**

*CHRISTINA enters and starts wiping the tables as PETER enters from the side of the stage.*

**Christina:** Hola Mr Peter

**Peter:** Good evening.

**Christina:** I saw you go out. You had a nice night in the town?

**Peter:** It was ok....thankyou.

**Christina:** You would like me to get you anything?

**Peter:** A coffee would be nice.

**Christina:** Vale, one coffee (*CHRISTINA picks up some glasses as CAROL enters. PETER takes out his book and starts to read. PETER ignores her*)

**Carol:** Could I have a coffee to please?

**Christina:** Of course. One coffee for you senora. (*exits*).

*CHRISTINA exits and PETER carries on reading, occasionally sipping his coffee. CAROL brushes her hair, as if to attract PETER'S attention, without success*

**Carol:** Is that a good book?

**Peter:** Not bad. (*does not look up*)

**Carol:** You have not been out tonight?

**Peter:** Just for a drink down the road..*(looks at Carol)*..with the aussie and your room mate!

**Carol:** The hippy girl?

**Peter:** (*going back to his book*) I suppose you could call her that.

**Carol:** We've absolutely nothing in common.

**Peter:** Obviously.

**Carol:** Don't misunderstand me. I don't dislike her.

**Peter:** So whom would you rather share a room with?

**Carol:** I like people with style.

**Peter:** -Style? You're very well dressed.

**Carol:** Thank you.

**Peter:** Very well dressed for a cheap little hotel like this!

**Carol:** I am not a back packer. I just fancied somewhere a little off the beaten track.

**Peter:** You're travelling around Spain?

**Carol:** No..not really.....I'm staying here a while....then I'll move on some where else.

**Peter:** Are you a writer or something?

**Carol:** Er.....Yes.

**Peter:** You're a writer!

**Carol:** Or something!

**Peter:** Woman of mystery eh?

**Carol:** What do you do?

**Peter:** Not a lot!

**Carol:** You do not have a job?

**Peter:** No. I've just quit. I was an over-worked, under-paid, totally stressed-out computer programmer for over ten years and now I'm free!

**Carol:** Free?

**Peter:** Free to do what the hell I want. . (*CHRISTINA returns with two coffees*)

**Carol:** Thank you.

**Peter:** Thank you.

**Christina:** De nada. (*exits*)

**Carol:** So you have no..er...wife?

**Peter:** No...well, legally yes.....but not for long.

**Carol:** Oh. I'm sorry.

**Peter:** Sorry? Why is everyone bleeding well 'sorry' when I say I'm getting divorced! She's an absolute bitch. I'm going to be free of her!

**Carol:** But you are going back to England?

**Peter:** In a while. When I'm ready.

**Carol:** I'm not sure when I can go back.

**Peter:** After you've finished your project you mean?

**Carol:** My project?....Ah yes, of course.

**Peter:** You're not a writer are you?

**Carol:** No. Let's say that I too have recently ended a relationship.

**Peter:** So you're just here enjoying your new-found freedom too eh?

**Carol:** You could say that.

**Peter:** But why here?

**Carol:** Why not?

**Peter:** I don't get the impression that you're here for the culture or history!

**Carol:** I just wanted a place to spend time....with myself.

**Peter:** Fair enough.

**Carol:** What are you reading?

**Peter:** It's a book about military history. I doubt it would interest you.

**Carol:** Probably not. Is that why you've come back early? To read?

**Peter:** It's the first opportunity I've had all day. People kept interrupting me.

**Carol:** And now I've come to interrupt you.

**Peter:** Yes.

**Carol:** Sorry. I'll let you get back to your book. *(starts to walk off)*

**Peter:** No. I didn't mean it like that.

**Carol:** How did you mean it?

**Peter:** Look, I've not come away to party. Like you, I've just wanted some time to myself. I only went out for a drink with that Aussie and Saskia because they pestered me and left at the first opportunity.

**Carol:** You left them together?

**Peter:** Yeah. Good luck to the both of them.

**Carol:** What will you do when you go back to England?

**Peter:** I'm thinking of taking up a trade; like plumbing.

**Carol:** That's a very useful trade.

**Peter:** Exactly. But that can wait. I'm just here to relax now. (*enter MICK*)

**Mick:** Al'right mate.

**Peter:** Oh, Mick, Carol, Carol, Mick.

**Mick:** Good day. Have you seen Saskia?

**Peter:** I've no idea. I thought she was with you.

**Mick:** She was but she left the bar before me.

**Peter:** She might be upstairs.

**Carol:** She wasn't in the room when I came down.

**Mick:** Oh. I think I might have offended her mate.

**Peter:** Surely not!

**Mick:** But she did say she was coming straight back here. I left soon after her and as I turned the corner to the hotel, I'm sure I saw her being bundled into the back of a van by two men but that doesn't make sense!

**Carol:** What was she wearing?

**Mick:** What the hell does that matter?

**Carol:** It might be important.

**Mick:** A long, loose blue and white dress... like yours. I'll see if she's in some of the other bars. See ya. (*exits*)

**Peter:** How bizarre!

**Carol:** Bizarre? A woman getting abducted?

**Peter:** Well how would you describe it? And why did you want to know what she was wearing?

**Carol:** Because I think they might have got the wrong woman.

**Peter:** Who should they have been after?

**Carol:** Me!

**Peter:** You? And who are 'they'?

**Carol:** You don't want to know.

**Peter:** Try me.

**Carol:** I'm not quite all that I might appear to be!

**Peter:** What do you mean?

**Carol:** Really it's better that you don't get involved.

**Peter:** I don't know what you've got into but I've had precious little relaxation today. If you don't tell me, I'll lie awake wondering.

**Carol:** Well don't say I didn't warn you.

**Peter:** Well?

**Carol:** I'm the girlfriend....ex-girlfriend of.....of....a London gangster.

**Peter:** Are you serious?

**Carol:** I'm afraid so.

**Peter:** Don't tell me any more!.....All right, Why do they want to abduct you?

**Carol:** He wants me back.....and I know too much.

**Peter:** Did he know you would be here?

**Carol:** I must have been followed. I thought I'd be safe here.....until I could think of somewhere better.

**Peter:** A quiet place in a quiet town?



**Carol:** Exactly.

**Peter:** And you had to choose this place! You said a 'London gangster'?

**Carol:** He's from London but lives mainly in Marbella.

**Peter:** The Costa del crime!

**Carol:** Yep.

**Peter:** So what do you plan to do now? Go and find another hostel, yeah?

**Carol:** I don't know. I can't stay here. If I go out, I might be seen now that they know I'm here.

**Peter:** Between a rock and a hard place.

**Carol:** Unless I just go back to him.

**Peter:** Could you do that?

**Carol:** It's taken me months to decide on the right time to make a break. I want to get out of that world.

**Peter:** I came here hoping to relax and I find I'm next to gangster's moll, on the run!

**Carol:** You're not involved. This isn't your problem.

**Peter:** No, it bloody well isn't! I need to have a proper drink!

**Carol:** I'll leave now. I've at least got a chance whilst they think they've got me.

**Peter:** Yeah. I think that would be best.....But they might have already realised their mistake!

**Carol:** You're right. I don't know what to do.

**Peter:** It might help if you didn't wear such expensive clothes? Especially in a place like this!

**Carol:** I like nice things. But that gives me an idea!

**Peter:** Good. So long as it doesn't involve me!

**Carol:** Look. I must have been followed but I've made no attempt to change my appearance. I didn't think I'd need to. Perhaps I could check out of here right now and then disguise myself, then check back in, as some one else!

**Peter:** What? Have you got a disguise that good?

**Carol:** Well, I suppose if cut my hair short and dyed it and put on some backpacker-type clothes, I might get away with it.

**Peter:** You can't just walk out and walk straight back in again! It would be a bit obvious.

**Carol:** I suppose I may as well wait for them to come and get me.

**Peter:** No, you can't do that.

**Carol:** Then there's only one thing for it.

**Peter:** What's that?

**Carol:** I'll have to check out and somehow sneak back and hide in someone else's room until I can sort myself out with some really old cloths and a severe hair cut!

**Peter:** Yes, I suppose that would work and...Hang on! You're asking to use my room?

**Carol:** On no! But it would only be until I'd sorted myself out!

**Peter:** And we just hope for the best in the meantime that some hit man doesn't come and take care of us both!

**Carol:** They don't know that I've seen them. So they won't have any need to try anything! The worst that can happen is that I get snatched after checking out.

**Peter:** Oh, no! This is just the very thing that I came away to try and avoid. You need to go back to your Al Capone fella.

**Carol:** I could but I might never get another chance to escape him. He'd kill me first.

**Peter:** What? Well...er...oh, blast. Well suppose, if I did agree..... just one night?

**Carol:** It would be very sweet of you and I'd be eternally grateful.

**Peter:** You would, would you? Anyway, I could'nt let you go back.....to a gangster.

**Carol:** Why not?

**Peter:** Well....it would bug me. It would interfere with my reading.

**Carol:** Interfere?

**Peter:** I'd lose concentration for God's sake!

**Carol:** Oh, you're so kind.*(she kisses him on the cheek).*

**Peter:** No, I'm not. It's just we can't think of any other bloody alternative right now.

**Carol:** You have a kind heart.

**Peter:** No, I bloody well don't. I do not! I came away to get from women and enjoy a few good books....alone. Since I got here, I've done bugger all reading and I'm now sharing my room with a woman being hunted by thugs! This is not turning out to be a very successful holiday.

**Carol:** I'm sorry, Peter. I'm sure that you can go to your books soon.

**Peter:** Great! Hang on a minute. What about Saskia?

**Carol:** They won't dare keep her once they realise they've got the wrong girl.

**Peter:** You mean they'll kill her?

**Carol:** No, no. More than likely they'll drop her back here before she's missed.

**Peter:** I think she's already missed.....at least by Mick.

**Carol:** They don't know that!

*Enter CHRISTINA.*

**Carol:** I would like to check out please.

**Christina:** Vale. Please, if you come to the desk.

*Exit CHRISTINA and CAROL.*

**Peter:** She planned the whole bloody thing.....and I've fallen for it!

*(loud music playing)*

*(Lights Fade out.)*

## Act One Scene Three. The next day.

(Music fade out.)

(Lights fade up.)

*PETER enters the patio with his book and sits down to read.*

**Peter:** *(quietly to himself)* Perhaps to day, I might be allowed a little peace and quiet *(looking up towards heaven)* if that 's not too much to arrange?

*Enter CHRISTINA. PETER ignores her.*

**Christina:** You like me to put the music on?

**Peter:** No. No bloody music thank you.

**Christina:** Ok, ok. You like a coffee?

**Peter:** Er...yeah. A coffee please.

**Christina:** Val'e A coffee for Mr Peter. *(exits)*

**Peter:** The girl's learning. Ah.....Tranquillity! *(stretches out)*

*Enter MICK.*

**Peter:** Damn!

**Mick:** Any news mate?

**Peter:** News?

**Mick:** Saskia, for God's sake! Has she come back?

**Peter:** *(looks round)* Nope....I don't think so.

**Mick:** Struth mate!! Have you heard any thing?

**Peter:** No.....like what?

**Mick:** I convinced it was her I saw get bundled into the van by two men. That girl was abducted for God's sake? She might even be dead? Doesn't that bleeding well worry you?

**Peter:** Well.....yes....but...she might have just been picked up?

**Mick:** Picked up?

**Peter:** Things aren't always what they seem? She might have been going to a party with friends?

**Mick:** WHAT? When they forced her into the back of a transit van?

**Peter:** They might have been late?

**Mick:** You weren't there mate. I believe she was SNATCHED!

**Peter:** Have you been to the Police?

**Mick:** Well.....no. I know what happens in these countries. The police make a fuss, the thugs get scared and people get killed, usually the wrong people.

**Peter:** What do you mean?

**Mick:** If I tell the police that a girl has vanished and I was the last person with her, which makes me a suspect doesn't it?

**Peter:** I suppose the police would want to know more about you?

**Mick:** Too bloody right they would. And there's always one of them who'd come up with some crackpot theory that I'd got rid of her and was trying to cover it up.

**Peter:** So what are you going to do?

**Mick:** I don't know! I was walking the streets until three this morning looking for her and I've been round the town again.

**Peter:** Look, all her bags are still in her room... and her passport?

**Mick:** How do you know that?

**Peter:** Carol told me.

**Mick:** The English chick? Where is she?

**Peter:** In my room.

**Mick:** She's what?

**Peter:** Er.....no she's not; She checked out..... this morning!

**Mick:** Oh. So you reckon Saskia will come back to collect her things.

**Peter:** I think there's a good chance because it's pretty rare for people to be abducted. There's probably a perfectly normal reason for her going off like that.

**Mick:** Well, I hope you're right.

**Peter:** Let's see if she turns up later today.

**Mick:** But what if she HAS been abducted?

**Peter:** The Hotel will report her as a missing person. Then you might decide to assist the police with their enquiries.

**Mick:** Yeah, I guess you're right. I suppose they could have been other people she met, just having a laugh.

**Peter:** There you are.

**Mick:** I'm going back into town all the same; Just in case.

**Peter:** Fair enough.

**Mick:** Yeah...see you later. (*exit MICK*)

**Peter:** Good day. (*looking to the sky*) Two hours? Is that too much to ask? (*goes back to his book*)

*Enter CAROL. She is wear cut-off denim shorts, a T-shirt, Sunglasses and has short hair (in a very different colour to when she was last seen).*

**Carol:** What do you think? I saw you talking to the Aussie. I thought I'd wait until he'd gone. So, what do you think?

**Peter:** (*studies her*) Not bad.....Not bad at all. Now you're starting to look like a back-packer.

**Carol:** Do you think they'll still recognise me like this?

**Peter:** I don't know, probably not.

**Carol:** You've made a real mess of my hair!!

**Peter:** Well I'm sorry but I'm not a bleedin' hairdresser. Anyway, it suits you...in a punk kind of way.

**Carol:** Punk? You could have picked a better colour!

**Peter:** You wanted to look different didn't you?

**Carol:** But these shorts feel tight.

**Peter:** Hmmm. They might be a size too small. Still, if you keep the sunglasses on, I think you'll get away with it.

**Carol:** They look cheap.

**Peter:** They *were* cheap! You want to look like a budget-traveller, don't you?

**Carol:** All right, all right. What now?

**Peter:** I suggest that you check in again. If you pay up front, they probably won't want to see your passport.

**Carol:** And then?

**Peter:** Do what you want. Just don't bother me. I'm going to attempt to finish my book!

**Carol:** Fine. In that case, I'm going into the town. I'll check in here later.

**Peter:** As you wish. Try to avoid buying any expensive looking clothes.

**Carol:** This is only a temporary look you know!

**Peter:** There's just one thing missing I think.

**Carol:** Well?

**Peter:** Close up, I still know it's you.

**Carol:** Now if you're going to recommend plastic surgery.....

**Peter:** No, no. But if you wear heavy back eye shadow, I think that will be enough to make you unrecognisable.

**Carol:** How can you be so sure?

**Peter:** Because my wife used to wear heavy back eye shadow.

**Carol:** And did she look better for it?

**Peter:** No, it made her look older....and a bit loose!

**Carol:** Now if you think that I'm going to.....

**Peter:** No problem.....if you're sure you won't be recognised.

**Carol:** Any final tips?

**Peter:** Yeah.....get some cheap ear rings. The bigger the better.

**Carol:** Fine....Fine. If the London gang doesn't spot me, at least there's a chance that some local Pimp will think I've escaped!

**Peter:** It's not as bad as that.

**Carol:** No?

**Peter:** No, of course not.

**Peter:** But if a gypsies wedding in town....

**Carol:** Now that's not funny!

**Peter:** But I'm sure you won't be recognised by anyone here and that's important. Although I can see you as a Rosie Lee.

**Carol:** Rosie Lee!

**Peter:** Kissy.

**Carol:** Kissy!

**Peter:** Ok, Rochelle.

**Carol:** Mm, maybe but Rochelle what?

**Peter:** Watson.

**Carol:** Well...

**Peter:** Now this is important. We've sorted out the look but you sound like Carol!

**Carol:** So?

**Peter:** You've got to sound different. There are people here who've heard you speak; Saskia for one.....

**Carol:** Look, I spent years learning NOT to speak with a Northern accent?

**Peter:** Ah, so you're not really from Kensington?

**Carol:** Not originally...no.

**Peter:** Manchester?

**Carol:** Liverpool.

**Peter:** And you can still sound like that's where you're from?

**Carol:** If I try to.....I suppose I could.....a bit.

**Peter:** I bet you can! And a lot more than just a bit.

**Carol:** I'm leaving. Goodbye!



*Exit CAROL.*

**Peter:** That's her sorted! (*goes back to book*).

*Enter CHRISTINA with the coffee.*

**Peter:** Ah, I'd forgotten all about that. Thank you. Is anyone else left in the pension?

**Christina:** No.

**Peter:** Really?

**Christina:** I don't think so.

*Enter RON.*

**Peter:** Good.

**Christina:** So you can enjoy the sun....with little book (*laughs*). But I did see you having intimate conversation with English girl!

**Peter:** It was NOT intimate for God's sake. I hardly know the woman.

**Christina:** But she stay in your room at night!

**Peter:** She did no such.....how the hell did you know?

**Christina:** (*laughs*) Christina see everything that happen in hostel. Do not worry; I not tell owner.

**Peter:** You're too kind. Now could I have some intimate time to myself?

**Christina:** Of course. (*turns to see RON*) Can I help you?

**Ron:** No thank you. Just visiting.

**Christina:** Visiting! The hotel is full and everyone is out! You want to speak to Peter I think. (*exits*)

**Peter:** Blast. Just as everyone else had gone out!

**Ron:** Good morning Sir. I'm sorry to drop in like this but I'm here making discreet enquiries.

**Peter:** I'm not interested in buying anything thank you very much.

**Ron:** You misunderstand me Sir. It's for an investigation.

**Peter:** An investigation?

**Ron:** Yes. My name is Detective Inspector Wilson of the Metropolitan Police

**Peter:** What are you doing in Spain?

**Ron:** We're working with the Spanish Police regarding the disappearance of a girl.

**Peter:** The Dutch girl?

**Ron:** Dutch girl? I didn't mention a Dutch girl. Are you aware of someone who has gone missing?

**Peter:** No.....not really. There was a Dutch girl staying here.....and she's not been seen for a day.....That's all.

**Ron:** I'm here regarding an English girl. Aged 34, tall, long dark hair, well dressed and well spoken.

**Peter:** And you think she might be here?

**Ron:** There have been reports of someone matching her description in this area.

**Peter:** In what way is she.....missing?

**Ron:** May I sit down?

**Peter:** Please.

**Ron:** I should begin by giving you a little background to the situation. In North London last year, a 34 yr old girl stabbed her boyfriend to death after an argument. She is believed to have killed two other men before she was captured and has been kept in Rampton Hospital since then, in a secure unit for the criminally insane, pending long term reports.

**Peter:** And you think she's escaped?

**Ron:** I'm afraid so and we believe she has come out here.

**Peter:** How?

**Ron:** There are certain aspects of this case I am not at liberty to disclose. What I can tell you is that she is certainly very dangerous and has the ability to gain people's confidence.

**Peter:** What is her name?

**Ron:** Have you met someone who matches her description?

**Peter:** Yes.....I mean no.....Well, all right..there was someone here a few days ago who looked like the woman you describe but.....not English.

**Ron:** Do you know where she was from?

**Peter:** I'm afraid I'm really not sure.

**Ron:** I see. No, the girl we're looking for has a very clear English accent.

**Peter:** But her name!

**Ron:** Her name? Carol.

**Peter:** Carol?

**Ron:** Carol Throbisher.

**Peter:** Throbisher?

**Ron:** Are you certain that you haven't met her Sir?

**Peter:** Oh yes. I would remember a name like that.

**Ron:** This is a picture of her. *(Peter looks shocked)*

**Peter:** Sorry Inspector I can't help you.

**Ron:** She IS very dangerous Sir. If any one were to get close to her, the consequences could be.....serious. If you HAVE met her.....I would be very, very wary of any story she may have told you; She has a track record of gaining men's confidence.

**Peter:** I see. In that case, I will be very careful Inspector.

**Ron:** I would if I were you. Once a man has befriended or helped her, in some perverse kind of way, she regards him as a threat.....who has to be eliminated. I do hope for your sake Sir that you haven't inadvertently met and helped this girl.

**Peter:** You make her sound like some kind of.....Terminator!

**Ron:** Believe me Sir, She IS! This is my mobile phone number *(writes out on a piece of paper)*. If you see or hear anything, would you call me please, immediately.

**Peter:** Shouldn't I go to the local police station?

**Ron:** No, don't do that Sir. This isn't a matter for them. Please, just call me directly.

**Peter:** You said she's killed...three men?

**Ron:** Three men at the last count, yes.

**Peter:** And they were all stabbed?

**Ron:** No.....er...one was poisoned and the other was electrocuted...in his bath.

**Peter:** I'll keep my eyes open then.

**Ron:** (*getting up*) Day or night, please contact me if you see anything.

**Peter:** I certainly will.

**Ron:** Could I just take your name for reference?

**Peter:** Peter Williamson.

**Ron:** Thank you. You've been very helpful. I won't detain you any longer.  
Oh just one more thing. If you do meet this woman, please don't taken in by any stories of people out to get her. Her mental condition is one of extreme paranoia!  
Good day.

(*exit RON*)

**Peter:** Oh bloody hell! And she's staying in my room!!! Maybe he wasn't a policeman! But then he'd have to be that gangster! So I'm either being targeted by the mob or sleeping with a mad axewoman! *Oh God no!!!!*

(**loud music playing:** )

(**Lights fade out.**)

(**Music fades out**)

## **Act One Scene 4 Early evening, later on the same day.**

*The scene is black. A side street light is on.(dim)*

*(Sound fx:a van pulling up.)*

*A voice shouts 'Get out here'. SASKIA walks on stage, shaking.*

*(Sound fx: van screeching away.)*

*SASKIA looks around before walking off.*

*(Lights fade up.)*

*The scene reverts to the hotel. PETER is reading his book. Enter CAROL with carrier bags.*

**Carol:** Hello, have you had a good read?

**Peter:** Yes thank you. Most relaxing. A few hours of unmolested, sheer reading pleasure!

**Carol:** How exciting! I've had a good time too

**Peter:** You've been shopping!

**Carol:** I sure have!

**Peter:** And you weren't concerned that THEY might see you!

**Carol:** No. You did a really good job changing my appearance. I even feel different.

**Peter:** And sound it! So what have you bought?

**Carol:** A few bits and pieces.....including this really nice swimsuit.

**Peter:** No scissors or knives?

**Carol:** Why would I buy anything like that?

**Peter:** No of course you wouldn't. Was the swimsuit really necessary?

**Carol:** If I'm going to stay here for a while, I may as well make the most of it!

**Peter:** The other girl hasn't turned up.

**Carol:** She will. If they've taken her, they won't want to keep her any longer than necessary.

**Peter:** You're sure they won't harm her?

**Carol:** Not if she doesn't give them any trouble! You won't say anything to her will you?

**Peter:** About you? Oh no.....not a word. Don't worry about me.

**Carol:** Good .It would probably only frighten her. I've taken you into my confidence.

**Peter:** Oh no, you haven't. I've just helped you...just a bit. Think nothing of it.

**Carol:** It's still warm; I might try out the pool later.

**Peter:** Aren't you going to check back in?

**Carol:** I suppose I should.

**Peter:** I think that would be sensible.....you know, keeping up appearances and all that.

**Carol:** Yes, you're right. I'll do that now. (*exits*).

**Peter:** Thank God for that! (*picks up book*)

(*re-enter CAROL*)

**Peter:** They haven't let out your room?

**Carol:** No but look who's arrived!

(*enter SASKIA*)

**Peter:** My God, are you all right?

**Saskia:** (*shaking*) It was a very frightening experience!

**Peter:** What happened? I was told you were abducted!

**Saskia:** I WAS abducted! I don't know where I was taken! I don't know who took me!

**Peter:** But you're alright?

**Saskia:** (*still shaking*) I'm ok...I think. They banged me!

**Peter:** They did what?

**Saskia:** Banged me up...in a very small room.

**Carol:** I told you she'd be returned.....more or less intact. (*exits*)

**Saskia:** What?..... How did she know that?

**Peter:** Oh...er.....just a hunch I think. It happens from time to time...out here.

**Saskia:** I have never heard that..and it was horrible; *horrible!!*.....I was very frightened.

**Peter:** But you're sure you're all right!

**Saskia:** Yes, yes.

**Peter:** They didn't harm you?.....in any way?

**Saskia:** No.

**Peter:** But you don't know who they were?

**Saskia:** No...no idea. But they were definitely English.

**Peter:** Are you sure?

**Saskia:** I know an English accent.

**Peter:** So what happened?

**Saskia:** I was here, in the hotel! two men came in and dragged me outside.

**Peter:** You didn't scream?

**Saskia:** One put his hand over my mouth, holding a piece of material, which had some chemical in it.

**Peter:** Chloroform?

**Saskia:** I don't know. It made me sleepy.

**Peter:** Then what?

**Saskia:** I woke up in the back of a van!

**Peter:** And you were kept in there for all this time?

**Saskia:** No, no. The van stopped and I was dragged out into a little courtyard and pushed into a room. I could see the sea through a small window.

**Peter:** Did you try to escape?

**Saskia:** With metal bars on the window? I was trapped, ALL ALONE. Then I'm dragged out, told I'm going home and dropped off here; in the centre of town!

**Peter:** Have you been to the police?

**Saskia:** They made a report but what can they do? No one had reported me missing, I wasn't physically harmed, nothing was stolen. I think they thought I had been the victim of some kind of....how you say.....practical joke!

**Peter:** Maybe you were?

**Saskia:** I didn't find it very funny. I don't know why anyone who would do such a thing.

**Peter:** You're safely back here now at any rate.

**Saskia:** Safely? How do I know that someone won't abduct me again?

**Peter:** I think that's pretty unlikely. Maybe it was a case of mistaken identity.

**Saskia:** Then someone else might get abducted!

**Peter:** Maybe.....maybe not.

**Saskia:** I do not like it here anymore. It doesn't seem safe!

**Peter:** Look you've had a frightening experience. You're bound to feel shaken...but a good nights sleep and....

**Saskia:** Can I stay in you room tonight?

**Peter:** My room? Your bed is still free. It's not been given to someone else.

**Saskia:** I know but I would feel safer sleeping in the same room as a man.

**Peter:** But there's only one bed!

**Saskia:** I'll sleep on the floor.

**Peter:** You'd be better in your own room.

**Saskia:** Please Peter; I am still frightened.

**Peter:** Oh damn.....all right. But I like to read before putting the light out!

**Saskia:** That's OK. You just say when you are ready to turn it off and I can turn it on for you. If you want me to turn it on for you later, no problem! I'll go and move my things. Is your room open?

**Peter:** Yes. I think so.

**Saskia:** Who was that girl who walked out just as I arrived?



**Peter:** Oh her. Some new girl who's just checked in. I'd been telling her that you were missing.

**Saskia:** Oh. She looks more interesting than that girl from London.

**Peter:** Oh I don't think so.

**Saskia:** No? Thanks for helping out. Can I put some things in your room please?

**Peter:** Fine. (*hands out key*) Help yourself to the mini-bar whilst you're there!

**Saskia:** You have a mini-bar in your room?

**Peter:** No, no of course I don't.

**Saskia:** Oh, very funny. (*laughs and exits*)

**Peter:** I bet she bleed'in well would have helped herself as well! I get rid of one of them and then another one moves in! It's like running a bloody therapy centre (*looks up*) why me? Was it something I said? A bit of peace again at any rate. (*picks up his book*).

*Enter Mick.*

**Mick:** All right mate?

**Peter:** Oh no....hello.

**Mick:** Done much today?

**Peter:** Nope.

**Mick:** Me neither. I've not been able to stop thinking about Saskia!

**Peter:** So what have you done?

**Mick:** Went back to the pub and there was no sign of her naturally. I'd already been round town and so I stayed in the bar.

**Peter:** And you've been there ever since.

**Mick:** Yep. Met up with a guy from Wales. He insists that the Welsh aren't Poms! I said they were and we ended up debating the point, over a few beers.

**Peter:** Really! Does it really matter?

**Mick:** Too damn right it matters! You follow cricket don't you?

**Peter:** No.

**Mick:** Oh. Well, you're still a bloody pom.

**Peter:** Well you seem in good spirits.

**Mick:** Happy enough mate but I'll be a lot happier when I know where that girl is.

**Peter:** You might be interested to know that Saskia turned up.

**Mick:** What? Turned up here? When?

**Peter:** A few minutes ago. She seems OK.

**Mick:** OK? Where did they take her?

**Peter:** She's no idea. I think that whoever had taken her got the wrong girl and after wondering what to do, simply brought her back her.

**Mick:** So where is she now?

**Peter:** upstairs....resting.

**Mick:** Oh....well thank God she's all right. Yeah, that's good news. Maybe see her later.

**Peter:** Maybe.

**Mick:** What about that posh English girl?

**Peter:** She 's upstairs.....No she 's not! She's checked out. Disappeared about an hour ago.

**Mick:** Checked out? Oh.....oh well, it didn't sound like I'd missed much.

**Peter:** No, probably not.

**Mick:** Might get someone more interesting, eh?

**Peter:** You never know!

*Enter CAROL (wearing heavy eye shadow and big ear rings)*

**Peter:** Oh, you're back then?

**Mick:** And who's this?

**Peter:** Oh yes.....can I introduce.....Rochelle Watson?

**Mick:** Pleased to meet you. My name's Mick.

**Carol:** *(in a Liverpool accent)* How do you do.

**Mick:** Fine thanks. Where are you from Rochelle?

**Carol:** London...at the moment anyway.

**Mick:** Oh. A traveller are you.

**Carol:** Yes. I mean no. I'm just there for a break.

**Mick:** Where are you from originally?

**Carol:** Oh...originally?.....Liverpool.

**Mick:** Liverpool! Good city. I know it well.

**Carol:** I've not lived there for some time.

**Mick:** But you've still got the accent.

**Carol:** (*trying badly to sound Liverpublian*) Yeah. I suppose I have.

**Mick:** I like girls from Liverpool. From the North generally. More down to earth than girls from the South. There was a girl from London here just yesterday; right snooty cow.....sorry. I mean I'd heard that she was a bit stuck up.

**Carol:** Really.

**Peter:** There're not all like that from London, Mick.

**Mick:** No, there are some real loud mouths. You should have seen these cockney girls on the coast. Right slappers. If you know what I mean, Rochelle.

**Carol:** Not exactly, no.

**Peter:** Any way, there's a nice Dutch girl staying here.

**Carol:** And she isn't either stuck up or a slapper?

**Peter:** I don't think so.

**Carol:** That's good to know. I'd hate to be staying with one of those dreadful, well-dressed and fashionable London society girls.

**Mick:** Don't worry; you'll like it here.

**Peter:** Perhaps you'll join me for a drink tonight?

**Carol:** Yes. All right then. Where are you thinking of.

**Mick:** Just to the bar down the road.

**Carol:** I'd better get changed I guess.

**Peter:** Don't get too dressed up!

**Carol:** Pardon?

**Peter:** It's a very casual bar.

**Carol:** I understand. Just a minute. I've left mi bag in reception.

*Exit CAROL.*

**Mick:** I like that girl.

**Peter:** Really.

**Mick:** Yeah; Knows how to dress, you know, look sexy without looking cheap.

**Peter:** Interesting observation.

**Mick:** You can tell she has that down to earth, no nonsense Northern attitude.

**Peter:** If you say so.

**Mick:** Well, I didn't meet her but I mean, she's nothing like that posh bit from London is she? Won't go into town lest she damages her nail varnish type?

**Peter:** Absolutely not.

**Mick:** There you go!

*Enter CHRISTINA.*

**Christina:** Would you like anything?

**Mick:** No thanks. Anyway I'm going to get changed.

*Enter CAROL. CHRISTINA is wiping down the tables.*

**Mick:** See you outside in a bit. *(winks)*

**Carol:** Ok. *(to PETER)* Why didn't you tell me that Saskia was staying in your room?

**Peter:** I didn't get the chance.

**Carol:** Do you like her?

**Peter:** Well, I suppose she's...hang on a minute. I've come on holiday to get away from women. Not have a bloody different one staying in my room every night!

**Carol:** She seemed very pleased to be staying in your room last night!

**Peter:** Good luck to her. Don't forget what she's just been through! Probably still shook up.

**Carol:** That's true.....I suppose.

**Peter:** It's probably as well that she wasn't in your room. The fewer people who might recognise you, the better.

**Carol:** Don't worry. I am wearing black eye shadow.

**Peter:** Yeah, it seems to suit you.

**Carol:** It makes me look cheap.

**Peter:** It does indeed.

**Carol:** Pardon?

**Peter:** That's good. Less chance that you'll be recognised.

**Carol:** Is Saskia going to be in your room again tonight?

**Peter:** I hope so.....I mean, I don't bloody well know! That's up to her....if she feels she needs to.

**Carol:** Or if she feels the urge to.

**Peter:** Yeah, if she feels the....look, you bleeding well have her back in your room. I'm sure she won't recognise you.

**Carol:** Yeah; if I'm really lucky, she might take me for a floozy back-packer.

**Peter:** Back packers aren't floozies...well not usually.

**Carol:** Well that Dutch girl is.....if her underwear is anything to go by! Oh but you've probably seen that for yourself.

**Peter:** I didn't actually. What does she wear?

**Carol:** Well, she has this pink G-string that has lacy black trimming and....what does it matter what she wears? You said you'd come away to forget about women!

**Peter:** Yes I have. It's not my fault that they keep pleading to stay in my room.

**Carol:** Well don't worry, I won't be pleading to stay with you again.

**Peter:** Good. I might manage now to enjoy some quiet bedtime reading.

**Carol:** You do that

**Peter:** You will be careful?

**Carol:** What?

**Peter:** You don't want to get your mascara wet and spoil your disguise.

**Carol:** Ha ha. *(throws her towel at Peter's head)*

*(Lights fade down).*

## **Act 1 Scene 5 Later that evening.**

**(Lights fade up to dim.)**

Peter is sitting on chair reading his book.

*Enter CHRISTINA.*

**Christina:** Mr Peter?

**Peter:** That's me.

**Christina:** There is a call for you.

**Peter:** For me?

**Christina:** In the lobby.

**Peter:** Who the hell....are you sure? (*getting up*)

**Christina:** The man ask for Peter Williamson. I transfer the call to the patio phone.  
(*exit CHRISTINA*)

**(Sound FX: The phone on the bar rings.)**

*PETER goes to it and picks up the handset*

**Peter:** Hello? Wilson? Oh, Inspector Wilson.....Yes, of course I remember.....no.....no, I don't think so.....yes but no one called Carol. I'll keep my eyes open.....day or night.....no, it's no problem.....Thank you Inspector.....Goodbye.

*CHRISTINA enters. She starts polishing the table again. She picks up one of Peter's books and starts polishing it).*

**Peter:** Please! That really isn't necessary. (*looks at the table*). You'll be able to see your face in that by the time you're finished

**Christina:** Cleaning is one job that is never finished, Mr Peter.

**Peter:** I thought that Spanish people liked to take things easy. You never seem to stop!

**Christina:** (*laughs*) Oh, I'm not always working.

**Peter:** So what do you do, when you're not cleaning or polishing something?

**Christina:** I see my friends in the village and I like to smoke cigarettes.

**Peter:** No boyfriend then?

**Christina:** No. I did have a boyfriend. He is very in physical fitness and is always training.

**Peter:** That’s nice. Does he live here in Cordoba?

**Christina:** He lives in a little village one hour away from here.

**Peter:** What does he do for a..... *(a woman’s yell is heard)* What was that?

**Christina:** It sounded like somebody groaning.

**Peter:** *(a woman’s yell is heard again)* It’s one thing on top of another in this place!

**Christina:** A little alcohol and people get excited. We are used to that from tourists.  
(Groan sound)

**Peter:** *Well, I don’t what she’s getting so excited about. (a woman’s yell is heard again)*

**Christina:** She is very noisy, whoever she is. (Groan sound)

**Peter:***(another yell, more high pitched)* That sounds like someone in trouble. *(the yell becomes a repeated loud groan, getting more intense)*

**Peter:** *(getting up)* That’s CAROL. They’ve found her!

**Christina:** Oh, well. Now don’t you start groaning and banging as well Mr Peter.

Christina goes back to work.

**(Music playing: Feeling Hot! Hot! Hot!)**

**(Lights Fade out.)**

**(INTERVAL) 15 minutes.**



## **Act Two Scene One – Early morning.**

**(Music fade low.)**

**(Lights fade up.)**

*SASKIA comes out and sits down on a li-lo as she takes off her top and shorts to reveal a colourful swimsuit. As she is putting on her I-pod on, CAROL enters. SASKIA seems oblivious to CAROL's presence as she lies back to enjoy the sun, wearing sunglasses. CAROL strips down to a more conservative swimsuit and also dons sunglasses before lying down beside her. There is music playing quietly in the background.*

**Carol** – Hi yah! (*SASKIA cannot hear her so she lifts up an earpiece*) I said ‘Hi’.

**Saskia**: Oh , hello...

**(Music fades out)**

**Saskia**: ...I’m surprised that you’re up so early.

**Carol**: Why? I slept well.

**Saskia**: It didn’t sound like you were sleeping at all!

**Carol**: What do you mean?

**Saskia**: You were really going for it last night weren’t you? You kept us all awake; It sounded like the floor was going to collapse.

**Carol**: What? Did you hear us? Oh, damn.

**Saskia**: Glad you ere enjoying yourself. You flew here with Easyjet didn’t you?

**Carol**: No; why do you say that?

**Saskia**: Because you sounded like an Easy woman! (*laughs*)

**Carol**: Ha, ha, ha! Very funny. Well, maybe I had a bit too much to drink last night.

**Saskia**: And ended up flat on your back! (*laughs*)

**Carol**: What the hell, I’m on holiday and he had a bloody good body. (*goes to other li-lo and lies down ignoring SASKIA. SASKIA puts her I-pod back on*)

*Enter PETER.*

**Peter**: Morning Saskia (*sees CAROL*) Morning Ca...What the hell.....Rochelle! You’re all right!

**Saskia:** Don’t I look ‘all right’ too?

**Peter:** I thought you’d been hurt?

**Saskia:** I don’t think she was actually in pain.

**Carol:** I’m fine Peter but thank you for your concern.

**Saskia:** You may have misheard things.

**Peter:** The screams last night? It sounded like a woman being knocked about.

**Saskia:** Or knocked up. (*CAROL glares at her*)

**Peter:** Well, I was very worried for you. I got the hotel to open your room and when we found it to be empty I didn’t know what to do! I eventually went to the police and told that I thought you had been abducted!

**Carol:** Oh no! Well you can bloody well go back to them and report me un-abducted!

**Peter:** Now look here Ca...Rochelle; there was genuine concern for you last night!

**Carol:** Don’t bother; I’ll go and do it myself. That way they’ll have evidence won’t they! Thank you for your concern Peter but I don’t want the police looking for me as well as.....see you later.

(*CAROL exits*).

**Peter:** Oh well; at least she seems satisfied.

**Saskia:** Oh, Rochelle was definitely satisfied!

**Peter:** What a bloody fiasco! Oh well. Now that’s all settled, I can go back to my book.

**Saskia:** And me to my music. (*puts on headphones*)

**Peter:** Peace at last (*starts reading*).

*Enter RON.*

**Peter:** (*to himself*) Oh blast (*to RON*) Good morning officer.

**Ron:** It’s ‘Inspector’ actually. How are you this morning?

**Peter:** Fine; fine. Just wanting to enjoy a little peace....and quiet. Have you had any more ...progress...with your investigations?

**Ron:** Yes. I rather think I have. I’m pretty damn sure that that girl has been staying around here. You haven’t seen her? Anyone like her?

**Peter:** No but I’m keeping my eye out.

**Ron:** Thank you. I was just passing so I thought I would check in. (*looks at SASKIA*) Might she know anything?

**Peter:** I don’t know. Why don’t you ask her?

**Saskia:** (*taking off her I-pod*) Oh hello; is this a friend of yours?

**Peter:** Not exactly. Would you care to introduce yourself? Inspector?

**Ron:** Good morning. I am from the UK Police. *Inspector* Wilson. We’re anxious to trace a certain English girl whom we believe to be in *trouble* (*shows photo*).

**Saskia:** What kind of trouble?

**Ron:** It’s rather delicate. I’m afraid that she is....potentially, very dangerous. She can be violent and if either of you see her, please don’t approach her.

**Saskia:** There was a girl like the one in the photo here two days ago.

**Ron:** Two days ago?

**Saskia:** But she left.

**Ron:** Where for?

**Saskia:** I’ve no idea.

**Ron:** Think. Anything she might have said. This girl is wanted for offences committed in the United Kingdom. We are of course working in conjunction with the Spanish Police but please, if you see her, just contact me directly. The local Police here in Cordoba are not aware that we are here. This is my number. (*hands a note to SASKIA*) I will be staying in this area for the next few days.

**Saskia:** Thank you. But there’s nothing else I can add.

**Ron:** Thank you for your assistance. You’ve both been most helpful.

**Saskia:** Don’t mention it.

**Ron:** Good day. (*exit RON*)

**Saskia:** That sounds very mysterious. He means the English girl. Carol?

**Peter:** Yes. That’s her all right.

**Saskia:** Potentially dangerous!

**Peter:** Apparently.

**Saskia:** Why didn't you tell the Inspector that you had seen her?

**Peter:** I don't trust him. A British Policeman wouldn't be operating over her without contact with the local police.

**Saskia:** But it's a delicate issue.

**Peter:** Delicate? If she was that dangerous, the Spanish Police would have good reason to track her down themselves.

*Enter CHRISTINA. She is tidying up near the pool.*

**Saskia:** Why don't you ask her?

**Peter:** Ask her what?

**Saskia:** Have any psychotic, mad Axewomen checked in recently?

**Peter:** I don't think that's the kind of thing a hotel would check up on.

**Saskia:** She might know if the Police have been round here?

**Peter:** Yeah, that's a point. *(to CHRISTINA)* Excuse me.

**Christina:** Can I get you something?

**Peter:** No thank you. I was just er.....reading about British criminals hiding in Spain. I was wondering if you have had the Police visit the hotel....you know....just to check that there are no criminals here.

**Christina:** *(laughs)* English criminals? Providing that they pay all their bills in Spain, I don't think that our Police would be very interested.

**Peter:** So you never have the Police visit here?

**Christina:** The local chief of Police comes here sometimes.

**Peter:** Oh!!

**Christina:** *(laughs)* To get away from his wife. Not to look for criminals. He is a good friend of the hotel owner.....ever since her husband died.

**Peter:** Ah. I see.

**Christina:** De nada. *(exits)*

**Saskia:** Do you think he really is a Policeman?

**Peter:** British Police don't normally carry guns.

**Saskia:** So Carol *is* in some kind of trouble!

**Peter:** Maybe. At the moment it's that punk Rochelle that I'm more concerned about.

**Saskia:** I don't think you need to worry too much about her.

**Peter:** No?

**Saskia:** She can handle herself.

**Peter:** That Inspector called here the other day and told me that he was looking for an English woman who is dangerous; a genuine psycho!

**Saskia:** It might be the case!

**Peter:** I can't see it. Whatever Carol is, she just doesn't seem the type and that so-called Inspector is not a British Policeman, I'm sure of it.

**Saskia:** We could have asked for ID?

**Peter:** That's just it. A real policeman would present his credentials automatically.

**Saskia:** So that's why she came here? To escape that man?

**Peter:** Yes, I believe she did. I think I'll play along with our 'Inspector' friend for the moment. See if he lets something useful slip?

**Saskia:** Useful to who?

**Peter:** Something that might help Carol perhaps.

**Saskia:** Why are you here?

**Peter:** Why? You know why! I'm just here to relax.

**Saskia:** But why are you *here*?

**Peter:** I thought it would be peaceful. And I could be alone.

**Saskia:** But you are complaining all the time that you cannot find time alone here? Why do stay in this place?

**Peter:** I didn't come out with the intention of travelling about all over the place. I just came here to be alone.

**Saskia:** But you want to meet someone don't you?

**Peter:** No! Believe it or not, I really am enjoying my own company.

**Saskia:** After your marriage?

**Peter:** And other things.

**Saskia:** What other things?

**Peter:** Oh, my job, life in general.

**Saskia:** I am anti-men at the moment.

**Peter:** Good; I'm anti-women so we're perfectly suited to ignore each other.

**Saskia:** I can leave you here to read alone if that is what you prefer?

**Peter:** No, you've as much right as me to be here.

**Saskia:** My last boyfriend was cheating on me. Why do men cheat?

**Peter :** I don't know; why do women cheat?

**Saskia:** Is that what your ex-wife was doing to you?

**Peter:** No she was just plain awkward, self-centred, finicky....irritating.....snobbish.....obsessed with neatness.....nagging.....RUDE!

**Saskia:** But otherwise she was ok?

**Peter:** No she was not ok; she was also.....boring. Very boring.

**Saskia:** Surely you were compatible then.....no.. I mean er so why did you marry her?

**Peter:** I suppose it seemed like a good idea at the time. We were both working at the same place, both looking for someone. She wasn't bad looking.

**Saskia:** I was crazy about Jurgan; my ex that is. I would have done anything for him. Then one day I found an earring in the bed. I knew it wasn't mine.

**Peter:** So did you confront him?

**Saskia:-** You'll never guess what I did! The next time he called to say he was finishing work late, I went to his office and followed him and sure enough, he left on time and went to a flat where he was greeted by some bimbo who was all over him. I went home and having bought some itching powder, I got out every pair of underpants from his drawer and applied a liberal measure to each pair. It was then just a case of waiting until the next morning. Once I heard the screams, *then* I confronted him and that was the end of that.

**Peter:** Was he ok?

**Saskia:** Oh, I think so...eventually. But I doubt that his bimbo would have thanked me for the next few nights. Anyway, I’m not getting emotionally involved again. If I meet a good looking guy, fine; maybe I have a fling but definitely no commitment.

**Peter:** Well, we all have to move on sometime.

**Saskia:** I know. I’m reading this book. (*shows Peter*)

**Peter:** It’s all double-Dutch!

**Saskia:** Just Dutch actually. It’s called ‘How to get over your ex’ by Claus Wolfgang Von Ritmeister.

**Peter:** What does he advise?

**Saskia:** It’s a ten-point plan. You start by concentrating on yourself, your own ideals and aspirations.

**Peter:** OK

**Saskia:** Then you concentrate on areas where your ex doesn’t meet those aspirations.

**Peter:** But what if he does?

**Saskia:** Oh, Ritmeister is very good at helping you break down a person; realise that no one is perfect!

**Peter:** Then what?

**Saskia:** Well, you start to build up an image of the person you want to meet and see that person is different from the person you have been with.

**Peter:** Well that sounds fair enough. Is that basically it?

**Saskia:** Mainly. In addition, you must not deny yourself sexually in the meantime. It’s therapeutic and helps ease frustration!

**Peter:** So that is why you’d be happy to have a fling?

**Saskia:** Exactly. Sex is part of the....er cure! Ritmeister has himself helped many of his own patients this way.

**Peter:** I bet he does.

**Saskia:** And you have to value your own body as well.

**Peter:** So you’re concentrating on getting a nice tan.

**Saskia:** And also meditation.

**Peter:** Meditation!

**Saskia:** Ritmeister recommends meditation very strongly.

**Peter:** Is that before or after sex?

**Saskia:** Whichever. I’m trying Budism

**Peter:** Excellent.

**Saskia:** (*closes eye, sits up cross legged and produces two bells*) namiay harengikor....(*clinks bells*) namiay harengikor....(*clinks bells*) namiay harengikor (*clinks bells*) namiay harengikor

**Peter:** Ok....ok. I get the picture.

**Saskia:** We could do it together!

**Peter:** Do what together?

**Saskia:** Meditate.

**Peter:** Oh yes. Of course

**Saskia:** Unless you want to have...

**Peter:** No... no thank you. If you don’t mind I’ll go back to my book.

**Saskia:** Peter, you are so repressed. You need to chill out. You must not deny yourself.

**Peter:** Er...if you don’t mind. I’m actually feeling quite together. My reading is my relaxation; my own form of mediation if you will. That is why I came out alone; to be alone.

**Saskia:** You....you English!

**Peter:** Nationality has got nothing to do with it.

**Saskia:** Well, you can at least put some sun tan lotion on me.

**Peter:** Will it keep you quiet?

**Saskia:** It depends how good you are at applying lotion!

**Peter:** Oh all right (*gets up and SASKIA rolls onto her stomach*).

**Saskia:** Climb onto my back Peter. That feels nice. Really rub it in hard.

**Peter:** Whatever you say.



**Saskia:** Mmmmm. A bit higher.

**Peter:** Ok

**Saskia:** Around the shoulders as well.

**Peter:** There?

**Saskia:** Mmmmm lovely. And around there. Really rub it in ....hard.

**Peter:** Ok

**Saskia:** Ahhhhhh.....Mmmmm

*(Enter MICK)*

**Peter:** There, you’re nearly done!

**Saskia:** Mmmm; that feels nice....more around the neck.

**Peter:** I have to say, you have a very...pliable body Saskia!

**Saskia:** Mmmm.....MMMMmmmmm      mmmmMMMMMM

**Mick:** Struth mate! You’re trying to strangle her *(lunges at PETER, falling on top of him)*.

**Peter:** You stupid fool! *(they collapse in a heap)*

**Saskia:** Ah, my back!

**Peter:** Now look what you’ve done!

**Mick:** You looked like you were trying to kill her.

**Peter:** I was simply putting on sun tan lotion.

**Mick:** Ah, my bloody back’s killing me.

*(enter CAROL)*.

**Carol:** Oh, have I interrupted something! Ha ha ha. Whaaayy *(slips on the suntan lotion and falls forward onto the others, knocking over a table)*

**Peter:** *(trying to get up)* Yes, do please join the party. You’re on my leg!

**Mick:** I can’t move; I’ve hurt my elbow!

**Peter:** Ah, my bloody arm.

**Saskia:** My bloody back!

*Enter CHRISTINA*

**Christina:** Is not necessary to lie on the floor; I get more li-lo’s (*turns and slips on lotion* )

*(Sound fx: splash off-stage).*

*Everyone looks at each very annoyed. Enter CHRISTINA, dripping wet.*

**Christina:** Can I get anyone anything to drink?

**(loud music:)**

**(Lights fade out.)**

## Act 2 Scene Two That evening

**(Music fade out.)**

**(Lights fade up. Low lighting)**

*PETER is drinking with RON.*

**Peter:** But Inspector, you already know that this girl Carol moved out!

**Ron:** What makes you so sure?

**Peter:** Saskia identified her from your photo.

**Ron:** And?

**Peter:** She's not here.

**Ron:** But she might still be in Cordoba?

**Peter:** She might; she might not. Peanuts? (offers plate).

**Ron:** No thank you. Peanuts don't agree with me. I'm quite allergic to them in fact. But you probably already know that don't cyuh!

**Peter:** I'm sorry.

(PETER takes a generous handful of nuts and eats them as RON continues)

**Ron:** Has Carol told you about me and my nuts?

**Peter:** Excuse me.

**Ron:** Never mind. Hang on...she could have changed her appearance.

**Peter:** Possibly but I don't see where that gets you.

**Ron:** I don't think she would have gone far.

**Peter:** Why not?

**Ron:** She's not likely to have a lot of money for a start.

**Peter:** She's still got to live.

**Ron:** And she probably won't want to be seen too much in public places where she might be identified?

**Peter:** Exactly.

**Ron:** If she's changed her appearance she'll feel less need to keep moving.

**Peter:** You don't seriously think...

**Ron:** But there's one thing she can't easily disguise!

**Peter:** Oh?

**Ron:** A tattoo of a snake.....going round her right arm.

**Peter:** Interesting.

**Ron:** I intend to track down this woman.

**Peter:** It does sound to me that she could be anywhere!

**Ron:** I don't think she'll be too far away.

*Enter MICK*

**Peter:** Have you met Mick, Inspector?

**Mick:** Good day.

**Ron:** See you later.

*Exit RON.*

*MICK sits with PETER. They sit drinking in silence.*

**Mick:** How is your elbow?

**Peter:** It's not throbbing so much now, thank you.

**Mick:** I'm sorry but after the previous night, I really thought that Saskia was in any danger.

**Peter:** If I was going to murder someone, I don't think I'd choose to do it in a hotel patio at 11 0'clock in the morning.

**Mick:** No, it would be a bit obvious, mate. Not a very efficient way to kill someone.

**Peter:** And very unimaginative!

**Mick:** But it did look.....and sounded, like Saskia was being strangled.

**Peter:** Oh well, I suppose you were acting nobly.

**Mick:** Have you seen Saskia?

**Peter:** No.....I mean yes, I have briefly. She went out for a drink in the town with Rochelle.

**Mick:** Oh. Was she angry with me?

**Peter:** Strangely enough, she seemed impressed on reflection that she knew you had tried to ‘save her’.

**Mick:** She probably thinks I acted very stupidly.

**Peter:** Forget it. We can all make false judgements.....like me with Rochelle the night before.

**Mick:** Ah, yes. Rochelle is an exciting woman, ain’t she?

**Peter:** She sure is. That was you with her. The other night.

**Mick:** Well not exactly. Just...

**Peter:** ...fallen on top of her!

**Mick:** You do not need to remind me!

**Peter:** (*finishes drink*) If you’d would excuse me, I think I’ll go to my room to lie down for a bit.

**Mick:** So what are you up to tonight?

**Peter:** I don’t know. I might end up having a drink with Rochelle.

**Mick:** Hey, do you like her? Me too! Tell you what! Why don’t we play cards for her?

**Peter:** Play cards.....for a woman?

**Mick:** You can play Spanish Poker?

**Peter:** Yes. In fact, I am quite good, although I prefer bridge. Why don’t you deal?

**Mick:** Excellent. (*drinks*) To the victor the spoils. (*deals*)

**Peter:** Not that I’m playing for Rochelle you understand but how exactly would the winner er....claim his prize?

**Mick:** Well let’s say...just use your imagination mate.

**Peter:** Oh! Well in that case. (*picks up cards*).

**Mick:** Stick?

**Peter:** I think so.

**Mick:** Two Kings.

**Peter:** Blast! I only have two tens.

**Mick:** Shall we say best out of ten rounds?

**Peter:** And that was a practice round?

**Mick:** No problem.

**Peter:** *(picks up hand)* Hmmmm.

**Mick:** Two Queens.

**Peter:** Two sevens.

**Mick:** One to me. Your deal.

**Peter:** Ok. *(deals)* Do not get too confident, I warn you! Two fives.

**Mick:** Ha! Two sixes *(Takes cards)* I’m feeling lucky.

**Peter:** This is ridiculous! Have you played cards for a woman before?

**Mick:** Er...once or twice. Back in Oz. *(deals)*

**Peter:** My God! I have nothing, again!!

**Mick:** I’ve got two eights.

**Peter:** I have to say, you’re are not a bad player, Mick.

*Enter SASKIA and CAROL, somewhat inebriated.*

**Mick:** Maybe I’ll be prepared to trade my winnings!

**Peter:** Now look here! Oh, this is all we need.....

**Mick:** Hi there girls.

**Carol:** What are you playing?

**Peter:** Poker.

**Saskia:** For money?

**Mick:** Not exactly.

**Peter:** Maybe we should change the game?

**Mick:** Change the game?

**Peter:** Well...we can't include the girls!

**Mick:** Because you're losing?

**Peter:** No, of course not! Why don't we play a game we all have an even chance!!

**Carol:** Like strip poker?

**Mick:** Now that's fun!

**Saskia:** Yeah, I'm game.

**Peter:** Well, you can count me out.

**Mick:** Come on sport; I've let you off the first game.

**Peter:** Maybe my luck will change now.

**Mick:** Ok everyone. *(deals)* I've got two Aces.

**Saskia:** Two tens.

**Carol:** Three twos.

**Peter:** Nothing.

**Mick:** Not your night, is it, mate?

**Carol:** Get your shirt off!

**Peter:** Oh really. I can't believe I'm doing this. *(removes shirt)*

**Mick:** Drinks everyone. Christina, can I have a bottle of whiskey please?

**Christina:** Vale.

**Carol:** Deal again.

**Saskia:** You'll be lucky if she lasts the game.

**Carol:** I'm more sober than you. *(takes a big gulp)*

**Mick:** I'll deal. *(deals)*

*Enter Christian with bottle.*

**Mick:** Thank you.

*Christian exits.*

**Mick:** Two sevens.

**Peter:** Two kings.

**Saskia:** Two threes.

**Carol:** Er.....two pairs...I think.

**Saskia:** *(looking at her hand)* You've got nothing.

**Mick:** Off with your top!

**Carol:** Oh, do I have to?

**Peter:** You chose the game!

**Mick:** And rules are rules.

**Carol:** All right then. *(takes off top and falls off chair onto floor )*

**Mick:** Nice *bra*. *(laughs)* Who deals now?

**Saskia:** Rochelle can. She won't be in the game for long?

**Peter:** She's lost her top!

**Carol:** *(to Saskia)* I'll drink you all under the table! *(swigs more)*

**Peter:** I've had enough of this!

**Carol:** Two more rounds!

**Peter:** No!

**Carol:** Four rounds.

**Peter:** No!

**Carol:** Six rounds.

**Peter:** I don't think so.

**Carol:** Eight rou...*(slumps forward, asleep on the table)*

**Mick:** One down.



**Peter:** She’s drunk herself out of the game!

**Mick:** That’s one way of keeping her clothes on.

*Enter RON.*

**Ron:** What’s going on here?

**Peter:** Would you believe....Strip poker?

**Saskia:** But you are cheating! You are wearing too many clothes!

**Ron:** What’s up with her?

**Peter:** I think the intellectual intensity of the game proved too demanding?

**Ron:** Do you mind if I just watch?

**Peter:** Be our guest!

*Enter CHRISTINA.*

**Christina:** Is she OK?

**Peter:** A little too much booze I think.

**Saskia:** She’s all right.

**Christina:** Ah, you play cards. What game do you play?

**Mick:** It’s called strip poker!

**Christina:** Strip.....poker. I do not know that game; Is that like poker?

**Mick:** Similar.....except you tend to end with less clothing.

**Christina:** Ah... it is a good game for hot countries, yes.

**Mick:** And hot women.

**Saskia:** Very funny.

**Peter:** Would you care to join me with a whiskey....Inspector?

**Ron:** Thank you.

**Peter:** Can I have another glass.

**Christina:** Vale (*exits*)

**Saskia:** When are you going to take your top off?

**Mick:** After you take your top off. *(Mick throws Carol's top at her)*

**Ron:** Hello, hello, I recognise this tattoo. So young lady this is your little game.

**Peter:** You know this girl?

**Ron:** Oh yes very well. This is the little lady I've been after. She's obviously drunk so I'll take her to the local police station.

**Mick:** It's not a crime is it to have a few drinks mate?

**Ron:** I don't think you understand. We've been looking for this girl.

**Peter:** He's from the English Police.

**Mick:** Crikey!

**Ron:** Don't worry she'll be safe with me.

**Peter:** She doesn't look like the girl in your photo.

**Ron:** Look at that! *(lifting arm to show tattoo)*

**Carol:** What!

**Ron:** Hello.....darling!

**Carol:** *(groggily coming round. Looks at RON)* Ron!!

**Ron:** That's right.....*Rochelle.*

**Carol:** Oh no!

*Enter Christina with glass and bowl of nuts.*

**Ron:** I'd hoped for a little more than that.....Carol!

**Christina:** What is the problem, here?

**Ron:** Oh no problem.....I think she'll come quietly.

*(Peter pours whiskey out in glass and puts some nuts in it.)*

**Mick:** Have you come to arrest her?

**Ron:** I told you Carol, you can run but you can't hide.

**Saskia:** Oh! This is Carol?

*Carol forces herself away from Ron.*

**Peter:** Here, you may as well have one for the road Inspector.

**Ron:** Thank you! *(takes a big gulp)* You’ve led me a merry dance across Andalucia *(takes another big gulp)* but I knew that soon or later...Ooooo.

**Peter:** Are you all right?

**Ron:** I think so.

**Mick:** You don’t look to well mate!

**Ron:** I can’t breath *(starts to hyper-ventilate)*.

**Peter:** He’s having an attack. We need an ambulance.

**Christina:** I will call the hospital *(exits)*

**Saskia:** He’s gone red!

**Peter:** We’ve got to get this man to a hospital. Could you help me please Mick get him into reception.

*Carol is carried off stage by Mick. Saskia picks up belongings. Peter and Christina are carrying Ron off stage.*

**Ron:** Don’t move me. Just get an ambulance...now. *(starts choking)*

**Christina:** It’s on its way. Is he going to make it?

**Peter:** I don’t know! *(RON passes out)*.

*(loud music playing.)*

*(Lights fade out.)*

## **Act 2 Scene Three Morning, Next day.**

*(Music fade out.)*

*(Lights fade up)*

*PETER is alone reading.*

**Peter:** Bliss.....peace, sun, relaxation.

*Enter CHRISTINA.*

**Christina:** Buenas dias.

**Peter:** Buenas dias indeed. This is the first morning I've genuinely enjoyed since I got here.

**Christina:** You seem very happy today!

**Peter:** I am Christina. You're the only other person who seems to know how to relax.

**Christina:** Por que?

**Peter:** I've been left alone. Saskia, Carol, that Aussie guy; I haven't seen any of them for a whole day. I've actually just been able to be by myself and relax.

**Christina:** Can I get you anything?

**Peter:** Could I have a coffee please?

**Christina:** Claro. *(exits)*

**Peter:** I think I'll go for a walk in a bit. Just two more chapters.

*Enter SASKIA.*

**Saskia:** Hello.

**Peter:** Good morning Saskia. How are you?

**Saskia:** I'm fine. I'm leaving today.

**Peter:** Oh? Where are you going?

**Saskia:** Nerja. On the coast.

**Peter:** Nerja! I've heard it's nice there. Continuing your journey alone?

**Saskia:** Yes. It's been nice here, apart when I was taken prisoner, but I'd like to see somewhere else now a bit safer. I wanted to tell you...

**Saskia:** ...you might be boring but you're also honest; and I know I can trust you. I didn't think I'd trust another man till now, so who knows? Maybe I'll meet someone I can fall in love with.

**Peter:** You never know.

**Saskia:** Maybe you will find someone too. I hope so.

**Peter:** I had thought that Carol might be joining you.

**Saskia:** Carol got up early and went out!

**Peter:** Has she taken everything with her?

**Saskia:** No.....she seemed in good spirits!

**Peter:** Curious.

**Saskia:** I still can't believe that it's the same Carol who was here before.

**Peter:** Well you know; a bit of make –up, a haircut and a change of clothing.

**Saskia:** And you helped her do all that?

**Peter:** Er.....a little.

**Saskia:** I preferred her as 'Rochelle'.

**Peter:** You might find that she isn't so different.....as Carol.

**Saskia:** Well, I guess I didn't speak to her much before.

**Peter:** There you are.

**Saskia:** Oh. Well, thanks for letting me stay in your room.

**Peter:** Don't mention it.

**Saskia:** I enjoyed our little chats.

**Peter:** I hope that your time in Nerja is less.....eventful than your stay here in Cordoba.

**Saskia:** *(laughs)* We'll see. Goodbye Peter. *(kiss and hug)* It was nice meeting you.

**Peter:** Yes, you too. Have fun.

*Exit SASKIA.*

**Peter:** One down. Two to go.

*Enter CHRISTINA with a coffee.*

**Peter:** Ah, thank you.

**Christina:** I finish early today.

**Peter:** Oh?

**Christina:** There is a flamenco show later at El Rincon. It will be good.

**Peter:** I’m sure

**Christina:** Are you going to come Mr Peter?

**Peter:** Hmm might do.

*Enter MICK*

**Mick:** Gooday mate.

**Peter:** Ah. Is it lunchtime already?

**Mick:** Not quite. Got to be out by 12.

**Peter:** Oh, are you moving on today?

**Mick:** I’ve got a bit bored of this place.

**Peter:** Where are you moving to?

**Mick:** Madrid.

**Peter:** Madrid? I didn’t think you liked big cities?

**Mick:** I don’t really. But Carol wants to check it out.

**Peter:** Carol?

**Mick:** Yeah. We’re travelling together.

**Peter:** I’m sure she’ll be able to show you a thing or two.

**Mick:** I bet she will an’ all. You knew all along that Rochelle was Carol didn’t you?

**Peter:** You have to admit, it was a pretty good disguise.

**Mick:** It sure was mate.

**Peter:** And after all you said about London society women?

**Mick:** Yeah..well; we all can make mistakes can't we.

**Peter:** Maybe Carol can turn you into a London society gentleman!

**Mick:** Really? Do you think that's likely?

**Peter:** No, not really no.

**Mick:** Not really my style.

**Peter:** It would also ruin the chalk and cheese effect.

**Mick:** Carol can go with whoever she wants now! Maybe we might end up in London.

**Peter:** I'm sure you'll be blissfully happy where ever you end up.

**Mick:** Talkin about London...have you heard about that gangster?

**Peter:** The 'Inspector'.

**Mick:** Yeah. Ron. 'The Inspector'.

**Peter:** What about him?

**Mick:** He was formally arrested in the hospital by Police from the UK. He's in a Spanish jail somewhere now awaiting extradition.

**Peter:** How do you know that?

**Mick:** Carol told me. The Police contacted her after she tipped them off about him. He's been wanted for over two years apparently. Mainly drugs offences.

**Peter:** Why didn't she tip them off before?

**Mick:** She was afraid. But once she heard that Ron was laid up in hospital, she felt she could do something before Ron could get back at her.

**Peter:** That explains everything. I wondered why I hadn't seen her all yesterday.

*Enter CAROL, looking like her original self except for the long hair.*

**Peter:** Back to being a lady?

**Carol:** In some ways.

**Mick:** She's a lady alright Mate.

**Peter:** You might end up supporting England in the Ashes now.

**Mick:** And pigs might fly. I’ll just going to finish packing. (*exits*)

**Carol:** I’ve just come to say thank you.

**Peter:** Thank you?

**Carol:** For helping me until I could see away out of my situation.

**Peter:** It was nothing.

**Carol:** That was a neat trick inducing a spasm through Ron’s peanut allergy. Considering that you were drunk as well!

**Peter:** It was all I could think off. Not very original; the same thing was done in ‘The Da Vinci Code’.

**Carol:** And you had helped disguise me.

**Peter:** Yes....well the disguise has worn off now.

**Carol:** And now I’m free to go off and really enjoy myself. For the first time in years, I really feel free.

**Peter:** And Mick’s going with you.

**Carol:** We do seem to get on.

**Peter:** The lady and the tramp.

**Carol:** A bit of rough maybe. But he’s fun to be with. That’s why I like him.

**Peter:** Well, you both enjoy drinking!

**Carol:** And other things.

**Peter:** Like waking people up? Look after your self.

**Carol:** You too. (*she kisses him*)

**Peter:** I’m glad that things worked out for you.

*Exit CAROL.*

**Peter:** I don’t believe it. Free at last! (*stretches out. Reads a little then appears to fall asleep*).

I really am totally, absolutely free to relax.

*Enter CHRISTINA.*

**Christina:** Mr Peter, Mr Peter!



**Peter:** What? What's up?

**Christina:** My ex-boyfriend. He is crazy; completely loco.

**Peter:** What of it?

**Christina:** He has found out that I am working here. A friend has just called to tell me.

**Peter:** So?

**Christina:** He is insanely jealous. He thinks I must be seeing another man and I need to hide from him. Mr Peter....do you mind if I stay....in your room?....for some time?

**Peter:** For God's sake, this isn't really the.....

**Christina:** Please?

**Peter:** No, I'm sorry. I've harboured two women since coming her...

**Christina:** I would be no trouble. Just until its safe. You are very protective man Mr Peter.

**Peter:** You won't get round me that way.

**Christina:** And I would be very grateful Mr Peter.

**Peter** - Oh yes?

**Christina:** Very grateful. *(she kisses him)*

**Peter** : *(to the audience)* What's the use? Picks up his book and throws it off-stage into the pool. Come along then. *(picks up CHRISTINA)*

**Christina** – Oh Mr Peter.....so you are not so boring after all!

**Peter:** Oh well, as they say 'Well in Rome'.

*(Peter carries CHRISTINA off stage).*

*(loud music.)*

*(Lights fade out)*

**Curtain call.**

**(Lights fade up) Bow. Then exit. Music still playing.**