

EXT. THE HOLIDAY HOUSE- LARGE GARDEN WITH A POOL- SUNNY-
LATE AFTERNOON

Violet and Elaine are sat next to each other by the poolside, their feet in the water. Violet sports black, vintage sunglasses. She is smoking a cigarette. Elaine shields her face from the sun with one hand, squinting. A glass of lemonade sits beside her. "Cycles of Existential Rhyme" by Chicano Batman plays from her speakers. Elaine removes her "shielding" hand from her face. Looks over at Violet disapprovingly; eyeing the cigarette. Violet briefly holds the cigarette away from her lips before taking another drag.

VIOLET
(aware she is being judged)
What?

Elaine laughs and splashes her feet about in the water.

ELAINE
Oh shut up. You know *what*.

VIOLET
I *will* quit...

Contemplates the certainty with which she just spoke.
Continues smoking.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
maybe when we graduate.

ELAINE
You said that last year.

Violet gives Elaine "the finger". Elaine laughs.

VIOLET
I know I did.

Silence for a moment. Music continues in the background. A few birds chirp. Violet takes another drag of her cigarette. Elaine's laughter fades into a smile and then into an almost forlorn expression.

ELAINE
I don't want the summer to end
man.

VIOLET
Why not?

ELAINE
(confused)
What d' mean why not?

VIOLET
I just need a routine again...

Holds the cigarette away from herself, contemplating again.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

I feel like such a slob every time I wake up at 2 in the afternoon.

ELAINE

(laughing)

Vi, we're on *holiday*.

VIOLET

I know but...

Her voice trails off. She carries on smoking.

ELAINE

(yawning)

Trust me, you won't be wishing for a routine when lectures start back up. You say this every year

Picks up her glass of lemonade, takes a few sips through the straw. Places it back down, refreshed.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

and then when we go back to uni, you want the summer back.

Violet, annoyed and slightly amused by the accuracy of Elaine's observations, shakes her head. Elaine splashes her feet about in the pool.

ELAINE

I can't believe we graduate next year man.

Violet puffs out more cigarette smoke.

VIOLET

I know. I'm excited.

ELAINE

I'm not ... How do I go from someone who didn't even know what degree to pick to choosing a *career*?

(pauses, agitated)

Everyone seems like they have it together with their internship schemes lined up for after graduation and their five year plans ... I can't even decide what I wanna do with my life.

Flustered, takes another sip of her lemonade.

VIOLET

Seems.

ELAINE

Huh?

VIOLET

You said *seems*.

ELAINE

And?

Violet looks up at the blue skies. She holds her cigarette between her fingertips for a moment.

VIOLET

(carefree)

Elaine, all of us are confused.
I confuse myself every time I
say I'm gonna quit and then

Gesticulating with the hand the cigarette is in.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

end up with a packet of
cigarettes in my hand the next
day.

Looks back at Elaine.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

I confuse myself when I say I
wanna go straight into work
after graduation and then end up
Googling masters programmes.

(pause)

I confuse myself when I *think*
I've got my life figured out
only to realise I don't.

She places the cigarette back between her lips. Continues to smoke.

ELAINE

(unconvinced)

But some of us are more confused
than others aren't we?

Violet takes off her sunglasses, tucking them into her hair.

VIOLET

Yeah,

(pause)

I guess.

(shrugs)

But nobody *really* knows what
they're doing do they?

ELAINE

I just hate feeling like I'm
floating through life.

VIOLET

(sighs)

Don't we all?

Stubs the cigarette out on an ashtray besides her and lowers herself into the pool. Puts her sunglasses back on. Lies on her back, in the "starfish", floating. Some birds chirp. The music continues to hum from Elaine's speakers. She stands in the pool, stretching out a hand to Elaine.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

You comin' in?

Elaine takes a sip of lemonade.

ELAINE

(reluctant for a minute)

Yeah,

(entering the pool)

why not.

She splashes water in Violet's face, who returns the favour. The sounds of them splashing about and laughing fill the air.

LIVING ROOM

Tammy, their other friend, in sports wear- unlocks the living room door leading to the garden. She can hear Elaine and Violet and the music from there (albeit slightly muffled). Her hair is in a messy ponytail. Holding two plastic bags. She is sweaty and also visibly shaken. Steps out into the garden, approaching them.

EXT. THE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Violet and Elaine still messing around in the pool.

TAMMY

(yelling at them from afar)

Guys!

They turn and acknowledge her with a wave and then continue splashing about. Tammy continues towards the pool, walking quickly.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

(angrily now)

Guys!

Violet and Elaine pause and exchange confused glances.

VIOLET

(to Elaine, mumbling)

What's up with her?

ELAINE

(laughing, mutters back)
Maybe she's mad she didn't get
to come out with us last night.

VIOLET

(smirking)
Probab-

TAMMY is at the poolside now. She's not messing about. Looks seriously worried. Something is wrong. Sensing this, Violet clambers out the pool, grabbing a towel from the side to dry off a little. Pauses the music. She holds Tammy by the shoulders.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Tam, what's up?

Tammy struggles to get her words out for a moment. Elaine, also having climbed out of the pool, towels off and joins them. She SIPs from her almost empty glass of lemonade, waiting for Tammy to talk. The sound of her slurping pierces the somber atmosphere. Violet looks over at her disapprovingly. Catching the hint, she stops. Tammy's eyes are filled with dread.

TAMMY

Please tell me one of you has
seen Kemi.

VIOLET

(confused)
I thought both of you left
together this morning.

ELAINE

Yeah, to go hiking right?

TAMMY

Yeah but on our way back, I
stopped off at the market.
Pauses. Composing herself.

She said she was tired and
wanted to come back here so I
was like okay, cool, see you
later. But she's not here. That
was like an hour ago and...

VIOLET

(completing Tammy's train of thought)
The market's not even far from
here.

Lets her ponytail down, frustrated. Dabs at the sweat on her face.

TAMMY

Yeah exactly.

They are quiet for a moment. Concern grows on Elaine's and Violet's faces.

ELAINE

Shit man...

(to Tammy)

But what were you doing for an *hour* though?

(genuinely curious)

At the *market*?

TAMMY

I picked up some fruit and stuff
(points to the plastic bags)
and then I took a walk around
the area for a bit, got
something to eat...

(mentally retracing her steps)

and then I came back here.

ELAINE

Weren't you tired from your
hike?

Tammy, irritated by Elaine's tone, steps close to her.

TAMMY

What?

ELAINE

(feigning innocence)

It was just a question man.

Tammy looks her right in the eyes. Shakes her head warningly as if to say "don't try me".

TAMMY

Don't play dumb Elaine. You always--

ELAINE

(unfazed)

I always what?

She SLURPS the remnants of her lemonade through the straw. The sound is annoying. Elaine and Tammy stare at each other as if they're sizing each other up for a fight. Violet stands between the two of them; a precautionary measure.

VIOLET

We *all* know that neither of you
is about to swing.

Elaine continues to slurp.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

(to Elaine)
Elaine, your drink's finished.
(then to Tammy)
We all just need to *calm* down.

Tammy steps back from Elaine.

TAMMY
(tearing up)
She should have been back by now
and she's not even answering her
phone.

ELAINE
Are you *sure* she's not here?

Violet looks at Elaine as if to say "*Really?*"

TAMMY
(to Elaine)
Elaine, I'm not *stupid* you know.

Widens her eyes and deliberately slows down her speech,
patronising. Over-gesticulates.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
The *first* thing I did when I got
back was go upstairs to show her
what I'd bought. She wasn't in
her room *or* in the bathroom *or*
in any of the other rooms and
then I heard you guys *pissing*
about so I came outside hoping
she'd be here or that you guys
had at least *seen* her but you
haven't.

Elaine backs off, not eager to think of a response. The
day has taken a turn for the worst. She goes to sit back
down besides the pool.

VIOLET
(clears her throat)
Guys, we should... we should go
inside and figure out what to
do.