

THE ARCHAEOLOGIST

We're through. What can you see? Anything? Is there a chamber, help me move some more of these blocks.

*More bricks are moved, one by one lighting up more of the tomb as the sun starts to reveal its beauty.*

EXT. THE RETREAT - DAY

*It is hot and sunny, the remains of a gin and tonic is bubbling away. The view is amazing, the infinity pool stretches away into the distance creating the illusion that the pool and the sea are one.*

*The Banker and his wife are relaxing in their chairs.*

*From behind, we see the Bankers arm lift the newspaper up that was next to the glass of gin and place it on his lap.*

THE BANKER

Garcon, Garcon!

*He raises his right arm with his empty glass and clicks his fingers with his other hand.*

THE BANKER (CONT'D)

My glass is empty, do you think it will fill it's self?

THE BANKER'S WIFE

Honey, don't do that, the poor man does enough for you, could you not at least give him some respect!

*Paul comes shuffling towards them with a tray laden with drinks and slices of fruit.*

PAUL

Sorry Mr Olstead, gin and tonic top-up?

THE BANKER

Is the pope fucking catholic?

THE BANKER'S WIFE

Honey...

*Rather sheepishly, the Banker changes tone and starts to talk to Paul with more respect.*

PAUL

Of course sir, lime or lemon this time