

# **THE CAVIAR PICNIC**

Written by

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EXT. CITY LAKE PARK - DAY

On the grass next to the lake walk, a youngish woman ANASTASIA, wearing an NC-17 mesh bikini sits criss cross applesauce on a long yellow beach towel nodding her head while turning up a small transistor radio.

She notices a young man coming up the lake walk. She leans forward slightly and closes the book she was reading.

Looking down she pushes a ninja throwing star into the pages out of site.

The younger man, FOLKER dressed in white kakis and a blue Polo, walks by looking up at the sky over the lake.

He nonchalantly turns his head back noticing the music and suddenly gets a good focus.

Anastasia looks up slightly and side-eyes him as he strolls over.

FOLKER

"The Right of Spring"

ANASTASIA

(looking up side eyed)

Huh?

FOLKER

That piece of music, it's called  
"The Right of Spring" Stravinsky.  
Are you a classical fan?

ANASTASIA

(still nodding her head)

I just like the beat, it's kinda  
tribal.

FOLKER

I can see that. It caused a riot  
when it premiered in nineteen  
thirteen, considered exotic.

ANASTASIA

Oh God how lame was that world?

FOLKER

And they all evolved into you?

ANASTASIA

Oh hon I'm my own creation. Can't  
you tell? You not notice this form?

FOLKER  
Over function.

Folker, trying to look at anything else as her eyes burn into him, glances down and notices a worn paperback on her towel.

FOLKER (CONT'D)  
So you were reading?

ANASTASIA  
So you are standing?

FOLKER  
What's the book?

ANASTASIA  
Lolita.

FOLKER  
What's that about?

Anastasia rolls her eyes as she arches back, leaning on her bowed slender arms.

ANASTASIA  
Well if you don't know, you are defiantly not ready to learn Mr. blue shirt.

FOLKER  
Well maybe I can borrow it and read it later when your done with it? If I have the good fortune of seeing you in the future?

ANASTASIA  
Everyone wants to have their fortune read, but little do they know they can tell their future by what they read.

FOLKER  
How do you know what to read?

ANASTASIA  
You either have the book or you don't.

FOLKER  
I see.

ANASTASIA  
I'm sure you think you do.

Anastasia tunes the radio in better as it's signal begins to drift.

FOLKER

That's quite the little radio, is that an antique? Cosmos brand?

ANASTASIA

Prolly, I just like it cause its portable with form as good as function. It's a little blaster.

Anastasia cranks up the radio for a few seconds as she stretches her arms out high waving the radio around in a doppler swerving motion.

FOLKER

So what's your name?

ANASTASIA

What's my name? That's original.

FOLKER

My style is function.

ANASTASIA

And you'd like to get to know my form or function?

FOLKER

Maybe?

ANASTASIA

Maybe?

FOLKER

Maybe you're a malfunction.

ANASTASIA

Alright just let it end, I'm Anastasia!

FOLKER

Like Cinderella's evil stepsister.

ANASTASIA

I'm so Disney, can't you tell?

FOLKER

The world needs villain's.

ANASTASIA

This name exchange thing is going so well.

FOLKER  
Good for me.

ANASTASIA  
So what's your alias?

FOLKER  
Folker.

ANASTASIA  
(laughing)  
Folker? Wow.

FOLKER  
It's a bit different, what's wrong  
with it?

ANASTASIA  
I'm sorry you have something on  
your nose.

Folker looks cross-eyed down at his nose.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)  
Nope it's gone. Looked like a tick.

Folker, hands flying all over, brushes over himself  
erratically.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)  
Missed a spot.

FOLKER  
You're a comedian?

ANASTASIA  
I'm watching and learning from  
best.

Folker inspects his black socks, sloppily swatting hard all  
around the bottom of his pants.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)  
So Peoples Guard, there you are,  
look at you go.

FOLKER  
(flustered)  
How did you know?

ANASTASIA  
Onomastics is a hobby.

FOLKER

That is?

ANASTASIA

The study of names, you should know that. And... I'll bet you're a Virgo.

FOLKER

How can you tell?

ANASTASIA

Mirror, mirror on the wall.

FOLKER

Let me guess, you're a Taurus?

ANASTASIA

Just a little sweet Scorpio.

FOLKER

I should have known That.

ANASTASIA

It's good to know your limitations.

FOLKER

So are our signs a match?

ANASTASIA

You are bringing a lot of originality today Folkster. Slow down a bit, let us mortals catch up.

FOLKER

I thought you would know, how could I be so wrong?

ANASTASIA

OK, lets see. You have a changeable nature. So maybe you're good for my fixed qualities, a bit.

FOLKER

Written in the stars.

ANASTASIA

Slow down supernova, you'd have to stop with the over-analyzing and anxiety spirals.

FOLKER  
 (laughing)  
 I never do either of those.

ANASTASIA  
 Oh I'll bet you've made a career  
 out of them.

FOLKER  
 So I'm not my own creation?

Anastasia reaches into a big beach bag on the yellow towel.

ANASTASIA  
 You seem thirsty, you want a  
 cocktail? Since we're both here  
 waiting for something to happen?

FOLKER  
 How do you have cocktails in there?

ANASTASIA  
 Shaken or stirred?

FOLKER  
 Shaken I guess. Are you supposed to—  
 —

ANASTASIA  
 Well good guess 'cause it's already  
 mixed.

Anastasia glides out a silver sweating cocktails mixer and  
 two martini glasses.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)  
 (winking)  
 These are dirty martini's, hope you  
 don't mind?

FOLKER  
 What makes a martini dirty.

ANASTASIA  
 Again if you don't know.

FOLKER  
 It's too late to learn.

ANASTASIA  
 Planets are aligning.

Anastasia sets the martini glasses down balancing on the Lolita book, and pours to the rim, steady handed without spilling a drop.

FOLKER  
You should be a surgeon.

ANASTASIA  
To much blood for my taste.

FOLKER  
Mind if I sit down to drink?

ANASTASIA  
You've looked down on me long enough. Just don't sit on the towel.

Folker squats down in the grass and almost falls trying to make crisscross apple sauce cool.

FOLKER  
Why is the towel special?

Anastasia picks out and plops in two olives from the dripping mixer.

ANASTASIA  
'Cause it's mine.

FOLKER  
Oh one of those fixed qualities?

ANASTASIA  
A person died on it.

FOLKER  
Oh Wow, do I even ask?

ANASTASIA  
I had to explain Lolita to someone.

FOLKER  
To much for them or they couldn't get away?

ANASTASIA  
Planets are aligning.

Anastasia hands Folker his martini and acts for a second like she is going to throw it in his face.

Folker flinches to the side slightly.



ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

Nice reflexes, just enough to get away.

FOLKER

You're getting kind of pink. Do you have any suntan lotion? I can rub it on for you.

ANASTASIA

All original, all day Folkster.

FOLKER

I was just trying...

ANASTASIA

You were just trying. I have some buckthorn oil to rub on but I love a good burn.

FOLKER

So you like the pain?

ANASTASIA

It's fun to peel off as it heels.

FOLKER

How Ed Gein.

ANASTASIA

Who?

FOLKER

Oh just one of my uncles, he likes fried pork skin.

ANASTASIA

I did taste it once, guess that makes me a cannibal.

FOLKER

Depends on who's bringing the ketchup.

ANASTASIA

The world needs villain's.

FOLKER

You're more Marvel than DC.

ANASTASIA

That! You would know.

Folker takes a big sip of dirty martini.

FOLKER  
(surprised look)  
These are mixologist level.

ANASTASIA  
Just a force of habit skill.

Anastasia leans back, stretches out her long smooth pinkish baby fat legs and sips her martini.

FOLKER  
What's that scar on your leg, a cannibal bite you back?

ANASTASIA  
Oh, that's a dogfish shark spine stab from when I was back in Georgia.

FOLKER  
Ouch. Swim out to far?

ANASTASIA  
No just the first time I killed a shark, rookie mistake. You want some caviar?

FOLKER  
Caviar? You've got a lot in that bag. You have a citronella candle in there to for when the sun goes down on us?

ANASTASIA  
Yes, but things might play out early. Beluga?

FOLKER  
Beluga? Are you rich?

ANASTASIA  
You gut the fish, you get the caviar.

Anastasia reaches in her beach bag and halls out a very large and heavy tin of caviar. Her bikini top squeezes off of her right breast.

She drops the tin down and nonchalantly tucks her breast back in the mesh.

Folker is caught looking up at the sky.

FOLKER

Nice day.

ANASTASIA

(glancing up and smiling)  
Great day for people watching.

Folker leans back, reaches in his pocket, pulls out his phone, looks down at it and thumbs the screen.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

You've got some place to be Folkie?

FOLKER

(putting the phone back)  
No, sorry thought I felt it vibrate.

ANASTASIA

(winking)  
I'll bet you did.

Anastasia opens the caviar tin and scoops a heaping mini spoonful.

FOLKER

That's more than a mouthful.

ANASTASIA

There is no "more than a mouthful"  
of the best thing ever.

FOLKER

Well, uh... I've never had it.

ANASTASIA

Somehow I believe you.

FOLKER

I've never had the opportunity...  
Of such extravagance.

Anastasia holds the steady spoonful up to Folker's manikin moving lips.

ANASTASIA

I'll be gentle, just open up. If  
you're lucky enough it'll give you  
a few stretch marks like it did me.

FOLKER

I heard they're really salty?

ANASTASIA  
You don't know what really salty  
is.

Anastasia reaches in to Folker quick with her other hand and gives Folker a purple nurple, twist spilling his martini and opening his mouth wide like a suffocating goldfish.

FOLKER  
Hey!

ANASTASIA  
In we go Lolita.

Anastasia jabs the Beluga in just as Folker closes his mouth tight around it, the spoon scraping his teeth as she pulls it out.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)  
Now you're a man. Chew it up good.

Folker's eyes get wide as he nibble bites with an open mouth.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)  
Manners!

FOLKER  
They're popping and squirting!

Anastasia darts her head to the side as one egg pops, squirting out.

ANASTASIA  
Pop them with your tongue on the  
roof of your mouth, that's the fun  
part.

FOLKER  
I just want to swallow. At least  
one.

ANASTASIA  
Just open your throat, with your  
eyes to the sun.

Folker looks up and chomps fast with his eyes squinted closed.

Anastasia stares up and cocks her head.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)  
What do you think that drone is  
doing?

Folker swallows hard and choking a bit.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)  
Got the extravagance down I see.

FOLKER  
What drone?

Folker reaches in and moves his hand around in his pocket.

ANASTASIA  
Dead center above the lake.

Anastasia looks down at Folker's undulating pocket.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)  
You gonna pull a ring out of that  
pocket Folk Song?

Folker jerks his hand out of his pocket and quickly pushes in  
his phone as it starts to slide vibrate out.

FOLKER  
That drones prolly looking to see  
where the fish are, some  
fisherman's got it up.

ANASTASIA  
Fisherman? It's aimed straight at  
me, taking video of THESE!

Anastasia stand up like a shot and jumps up and down flipping  
two birds high above her head.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)  
GET A NICE SHOT! AM I ON MARK OR  
SHOULD I MOVE A LITTLE TO STAGE  
LEFT!

FOLKER  
Calm down, you'll scare the fish.

ANASTASIA  
(exhaling)  
They probably don't even have a  
license.

Out of breath, Anastasia stops jumping and plops down and  
reaches into her beach bag and pulls out and slides a pair of  
sunglasses on top of her head.

FOLKER  
Orange reflective lenses? Cool  
look.

Anastasia pulls the shades down and back up to her eyes as she gazes up the lake walk.

ANASTASIA  
Cuts down on glare so you can see  
clearly.

FOLKER  
I'll have to try some out.

ANASTASIA  
Trust me you don't need anymore  
cool.

Anastasia stares down the lake walk flipping her sunglasses up and down again.

FOLKER  
What are you looking at?

Anastasia looks back at Folker then back up the lake walk.

ANASTASIA  
See that distinguished older  
gentleman slowly coming our way,  
salt and pepper hair, Brioni suit?

FOLKER  
A suit on a summer day at the lake?

ANASTASIA  
It's a city lake.

FOLKER  
What about him?

ANASTASIA  
He's probably a spy or a  
politician.

FOLKER  
A banker meeting his mistress.

ANASTASIA  
I'm betting spy. Do you think he's  
handsome?

FOLKER  
If he were rich I'd let him do  
stuff.

Anastasia quickly looks back at Folker and starts laughing hysterically, slapping him on the chest as he flinches with his newly learned purple nurple reflexes.

ANASTASIA

Folker man you are hilarious! If he were rich I'd let him do stuff.

FOLKER

Even I can see he's handsome.

ANASTASIA

Adding to your form or function? You get another drink for that.

FOLKER

So that's what you have to do to get another drink around here?

Anastasia grabs and tilts the shaker quickly filling Folker's glass to the brim.

Folker gulps the whole drink down.

ANASTASIA

Easy Folk Star it's not citronella time yet.

FOLKER

They're so addictive.

Anastasia reaches into her beach bag and pulls out a small black case.

FOLKER (CONT'D)

Can you make other drinks this good?

ANASTASIA

You know I've never tried. Only ever needed the one.

Anastasia opens the case and pulls out a small tube and telescopes it open.

Folker tilts back his head and tips the martini glass, tapping the last few drops and the olive into his mouth.

FOLKER

(chewing)

So good. And that gin soaked olive hits the spot.

Anastasia pulls out an object with a fringe feather looking end. She fluffs it up, then twirls it in her fingers.

FOLKER (CONT'D)

What is that?

ANASTASIA

Blow dart.

FOLKER

Blow dart?

ANASTASIA

Yeah, I'll bet he's a spy.

FOLKER

What?

ANASTASIA

Blow dart syringe technically.

FOLKER

What are you gonna do with?--

ANASTASIA

(miffed)

He's not even looking at me.

Anastasia quickly pushes the blow dart into the tube, slides it into her mouth through her rolled tongue and aims it at the man in the suit as he walks by whistling.

She turns to Folker, winking as he flinches.

Her head rotate back around quick, flipping her hair.

She takes in a quick short breath and blows.

The dart zips and punctures the gentleman hard in the butt.

The man grabs quickly back, stumbles two steps and collapses to the ground.

FOLKER

What the hell?

Folker shoots up and frantically looks around.

ANASTASIA

(winking)

Just making it easier for you to do stuff with him.

FOLKER

Oh my God, what?

Anastasia slowly stands up and starts calmly packing everything back into her beach bag.



ANASTASIA

(in a Russian accent now)  
Oh darling you are not very nuanced  
are you.

FOLKER

(panicked)  
This is crazy!

ANASTASIA

Now Folkerman, we need to leave.  
You can go with me and we can light  
the candle someplace else and I can  
make us some more really, really  
dirty martini's, but we both know  
you were sent to make sure I took  
out my target. They never trust...  
What was the nickname they gave me  
when I joined? Oh that's right, it  
was Lolita!

FOLKER

(in a Russian accent now)  
When did you know?

ANASTASIA

Well I didn't kill you when you  
walked up. Ditch the drone in the  
lake and lets go, someone's coming  
way up the walk.

FOLKER

It was the blue shirt wasn't it.

ANASTASIA

Grab my book and Get off the towel!

**THE END**