

The Geospot

by
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EXT. A SECLUDED PART OF THE PARK - NIGHT

(Oliver enters a dimly lit stage with a picnic blanket and a briefcase. Putting them down, he nervously and fastidiously checks the area and view toward the audience. Straining to see in the darkness, he does bird calls - badly. Behind him, Tatiana - in a white dress has entered quietly)

TATIANA

That bird has no chance of mating.

OLIVER

Tatiana.... In costume!

TATIANA

(does a dance turn)

Straight from my performance at the Palladium. I forewent changing to be here on time. Not that *you* ever were, Mr. Barron.

OLIVER

(nervous - looking around)

Are you alone?

TATIANA

Of course.

OLIVER

Good-good. I found our exact spot. Right here.

(lays down blanket - puts aside briefcase)

I made us a picnic.

TATIANA

In a briefcase! Deceptive... Yet festive.

OLIVER

I saw you dance in Sacramento. You were so beautiful and graceful, like a goddess on stage. I wept.

TATIANA

You always wept so easily, Oliver. It was touching... *at first*. What were you doing in Sacramento?

OLIVER

My job, of course.

TATIANA

You quit the record store?

OLIVER

Decades ago!

TATIANA

For something better, I hope.

OLIVER

Tatiana, I'm the governor of California.

TATIANA

Really? The actual governor?

OLIVER

How could you not know that?

TATIANA

I have a stack of newspapers I haven't read.

OLIVER

I was in movies before politics. Big movies.

TATIANA

Yes. Yes! Of course. With the chimpanzee!

OLIVER

No! With *every leading actress in Hollywood!* I'm very famous. My face was everywhere. How could you have not seen it?! I had my own catch phrase!

(rotates his extended thumb and pinky)

"Keep it magic, kiddo." I can't go outside without a damn cell phone camera pointed at me. *God*, I hate those things.

TATIANA

So *that's* why you wanted to meet in a dark park and not a nice restaurant. Thank God. I was afraid you were still cheap.

OLIVER

I was never cheap!

TATIANA

You handed our party guests itemized dinner checks.

OLIVER

I was young - and stupid. To be young is to be stupid.

TATIANA

Did Linda Ronstadt think you were cheap?

OLIVER

Wrong governor - again! Wrong era, for God's sake.

TATIANA

(looking out at audience)

Oh.... My eyes are adjusting and the world is coming alive. The trees are majestic and the city view is like flight. We were really good at picking places.

OLIVER

I tore down the Spelling monstrosity to give us back our view. And to get him back for kicking me off "The Love Boat."

(fist pumps - aside)

Eminent domain, prick.

TATIANA

It always took a lot of lying to parents to meet you here, Oliver. But I didn't have to lie this time. Did you?

OLIVER

Not to anyone who cares about me. My young wife is a Pilates instructor. A full-service Pilates instructor. I'm not a client.

TATIANA

I'm sorry, Oliver. But it serves you right for having sex with the maid.

OLIVER

Wrong governor!! How would you know that and not that I was--

TATIANA

(steps close - touches his lips)

--I knew who you were, sweetheart. I just couldn't admit I didn't vote for you.

OLIVER

Really... You're not a---

TATIANA

No! Not that. Oliver, I haven't seen you since you drove away in that beat up VW with the hand-sawed sunroof.

OLIVER

I loved that car. Except when it rained. God, I was stupid.

TATIANA

You broke my heart.

OLIVER

I'm sorry. You have no idea how sorry I am.

(kisses her neck, touches her waist)

TATIANA

I remember that kiss. And those *trespassing* hands.

OLIVER

It's heaven to touch you again, Tatiana. It's like returning to a familiar neighborhood.

TATIANA

Oh... Come back.... Be familiar - Governor!

(He moves down her body with his hands and lips until he is on her knees in front of him)

OLIVER

Everything is exactly where I remember it.... The walk up..... The front lawn.... What happened to the lawn?

TATIANA

I hired a gardener. Do you want to visit your old room?

OLIVER

My old room? Yes! Send me to my room like a bad boy! I'd give anything to go to my room.

(he jumps ups - take off his pants)

TATIANA

Anything....? I have a daughter at UCLA.

OLIVER

Tuition waiver!

TATIANA

Oh God, yes! Yes! And a balance on my state tax return!

OLIVER

(hurling pants into bushes - rolling onto blanket with her)

Erased! Take me, Tatiana! I want to be young again!

DMITRI (OFFSTAGE)

That's it! That's it! I'm near the spot.

HELENE (OFFSTAGE)

Perfect! Keep it right there! Not to the left. Not to the right. Right there.

OLIVER

What the hell?

(Tatiana and Oliver lift their heads to see four young headlamp-wearing adults closing in on their spot from all four corners. Dmitri and Mia approach from the aisles while Liston - wearing a headset and holding a camera-phone - approach from upstage right and upstage left.)

HELENE

(looking at GPS)

34 degrees North, 4 minutes, 18 seconds latitude!

DMITRI

118 degrees West, 25 minutes, 39 seconds longitude. We're closing in!

OLIVER

Shit!

(Tatiana and pants-less Oliver scamper upstage right)

MIA

(looking at GPS)

What's with all the numbers? I just use the little arrow.

DMITRI

That's not real geocaching!

MIA

We're trying to find a treasure box. Who cares how we do it?

DMITRI

"Go for the box!" "Right to the box!" "Gotta get to that box!" The art of geocaching is process, not prize. It's the joy of being outdoors in the company of the like-minded.

MIA

Well, I can't see a fucking thing, and I'm not all that like-minded.

LISTON

(holding up smart phone video-cam)

Dissension among the cachers! Will they *fight* or find the hidden treasure box?

This is not a recording, ladies-and-gentlemen-boys-and-girls, but *live* from the geocache ground zero.

(Liston moves his camera around causing Oliver and Tatiana to scamper stage left-center.)

OLIVER

Shit! The son of a bitch is live video-blogging.

TATIANA

You think being caught in a public park with your pants off will be a problem for you, Governor?

OLIVER

Where *are* my pants?!

(Tatiana answers with a hand sweep across the darkness.)

HELENE

We're right on the published coordinates. It's got to be around her somewhere.

(searching for the treasure, the Geocachers move their headlamps toward Oliver and Tatiana who scamper downstage right, and stay there - behind a bush)

MIA

This better be better than the last cache. Like I really need another troll doll and map of the *has-beens* homes.

LISTON

Mia! Can you share your excitement and anticipation with our home audience?

MIA

If you keep it on my face this time! My mother sent me the file from your last broadcast. It was five minutes of my voice and tits.

LISTON

(points camera -phone at own face)

Mia's mom...? Send me that file!

Note: Dialogue between Oliver and Tatiana is private and can't be heard by the geocachers.

OLIVER

What the hell are they looking for?

TATIANA

A geocache box. I read about this. Someone fills it full of trinkets, hides it, then posts the GPS coordinates on a website. Then people go search for it.

OLIVER

What a waste of youth.

(The cachers come too close to their hiding place. Oliver retreats, backs into a hidden metal box in the bushes.)

DMITRI

We've looked every where inside the radius. This is shaping up to be a very poorly conceived cache.

HELENE

Persistence! Persistence! Never give up the search!

OLIVER

Is *this* what they're looking for?

(holds up "Official Geocache Box.")

TATIANA

Yes. That's it. What's in it?

OLIVER

Who the fuck cares? We just have to get it to *them* before they come looking for it *here*.

TATIANA

(excited, looking in the box)

Oh, look a plastic angel. A bottle of Bubble Stuff. A kaleidoscope. A "*Hooray for Hollywood*" snow globe. Hey, I think that's you doing your hand thing

(she makes Oliver's extended hand catch-phrase gesture)

An LA Kings hockey puck.

OLIVER

A puck! Let me have that. I bet I can knock out video-man and make a run for it.

TATIANA

(stops his arm)

Without pants, Governor?

HELENE

I found it! I found it!

(all headlamps converge on Oliver's briefcase)

TATIANA

Oh no... Our picnic...

OLIVER

Thieves! Usurpers! That's mine!

(Oliver picks up the puck to throw again. Tatiana stops his hand again.)

MIA

Oh-my-God. This is a big one. Open it up!

LISTON

Ladies-and-gentlemen-boys-and-girls. We have found a geocache briefcase within the standard margin of GPS error.

DMITRI

(taking out notebook)

Hold on! Hold on! I need to catalogue the contents.

HELENE

(as she takes from briefcase)

Pate.... Crackers... Dark chocolate - 75% Cacao... A bottle of Maker's Mark whisky.

MIA

That will make me "like-minded."

(grabs it, opens it, drinks it)

HELENE

A clear bag with a pipe, a lighter, and some green.... Oh-my-God.

MIA

Oh-my-God is right. This is the best geocache - *ever!*

LISTON

(drinking whisky)

Could this indeed be the best geocache ever? Type in your responses now!

DMITRI

Marijuana is a controlled substance. That's a violation of geocache etiquette!

TATIANA

What the hell were you thinking, Governor?

OLIVER

I didn't know what you liked.

HELENE

(as she takes out)

Six lambskin condoms!

TATIANA

Not that!

(slaps his head)

I'm a vegan!

HELENE

A large dispenser of "Passion Lube."

TATIANA

Large?!!!

(slaps his head)

HELENE

Half full.

OLIVER

(on her killer stare)

I didn't want to open a new one until I finished the old.

TATIANA

You cheap motherfucker!

(slaps him repeatedly)

HELENE

And a donkey mask!

TATIANA

What the fuck? Seriously, Oliver. What the fuck?

OLIVER

It was from a political fund-raiser. I keep it handy in situations I might have to escape in disguise. It works! If I had it right now I could walk out of here naked.

LISTON

(puts on donkey mask)

Ladies-and-gentlemen-boys-and-girls. Hee-haw! Who wants a piece of *this* ass? Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!

DMITRI

Hey! Wait! Geocache etiquette says you can't take anything if you don't replace it with something of equal or greater value for the next geocache team. We brought nothing to replace any of this!

MIA

Drink some fairy juice, Dmitri. It makes you magically not care about geocache etiquette.

(Mia pours whisky into Dmitri's mouth. He gags and swallows. Donkey-masked Liston grabs and drinks the whisky, chases after Mia who runs around the stage.)

DMITRI

God. Can you *believe* them?

(looks at Helene lighting the weed pipe)

Helene!

HELENE

M-mmm-mm-mmm. This is goooood.

(Liston and Mia disappear offstage while the motions of their headlamps suggest they are having sex. Helene brings the pipe to Dmitri's lips, then tickles him to make him inhale deeply.)

DMITRI

Whoa! Everything just got brighter. I can see in the dark.

HELENE

(takes another hit off the pipe, holds up her iPhone to show Dmitri)

Look at this. Liston is still video-blogging *everything*.

DMITRI

(rotates the iPhone camera in Helene's hands to take in all angles)

My God. That's a very clear image. They are... really good... at... *that*.

HELENE

I think we can do better.

(she throws down the pipe, wraps her legs around his waist, kisses him passionately. Dmitri stumbles backwards offstage with Helene wrapped around him. Their moving headlamps also indicate sex. It is a headlamp light show with the loud sounds of sex offstage.)

OLIVER

There goes the neighborhood.

(Oliver and Tatiana are alone on stage, crouched in their hiding place under a dim spotlight while listening to laughing, hee-hawing, and orgasming. Tatiana extends her hand. Oliver takes it and they look at each other for a long wistful moment.

The noise and headlamps fade offstage while the dim light of dawn rises with the distant sounds of actual birds. The morning light reveals the two young couples asleep in each other's arms.

Tatiana leaps away from Oliver with the real Geocache box. She tosses him his pants which he puts on while she takes the whisky bottle from Mia's hands and replaces it with the bubble stuff bottle. She takes the weed-pipe and puts the kaleidoscope in Helene's hand. She puts everything back in Oliver's briefcase and snaps it shut. She kisses him gently, presses the plastic angel into his hand then bounds away offstage. He stares at her, then looks at the angel in his hand - then at the sleeping youth.

He puts the blanket over Helene and Dmitri who opens his eyes - amazed at seeing the famous Oliver Barron.)

DMITRI

You...!

(Dmitri points his pinky and thumb in the signature gesture. Oliver shakes the "Hooray for Hollywood" snow globe, puts it in Dmitri's hand.)

OLIVE

Keep it magic, kiddo.

(Oliver closes Dmitri's eyes, then steps lightly away with the black briefcase. Fade lights.)