

# Family PICNIC

By  
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Based on near real events

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FADE IN:

INT. REGGAE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

We're greeted by dance hall reggae music and blackness. The blackness transforms into a door with the female sign.

Suddenly the door shoves outward revealing TRACEY CAMERON, A the curvy, creamy coffee kind of 28 year old beauty black guys would give their left nuts for.

She saunters over to DAVID DREAD by the bar.

DAVID  
(shouting above the music)  
What are you having?

TRACEY  
OJ for now.

DAVID  
(Nodding to bartender)  
Touch of vodka?

TRACEY  
Just juice.

The BARTENDER shoots orange juice into glass and nudges it towards Tracey. As she takes it she notices A GIRL pulling at David's arm.

DAVID  
Anything else, gimme a shout.

Smiling, Tracey watches as David gets swallowed up by the crowd. As she sways to the music nursing her near empty glass, someone approaches her from behind. He leans forward in her ear. It's LEWIS.

LEWIS  
Refill?

TRACEY  
Ah, birthday boy!

She throws her arms around the lanky dreadlocked guy grinning at her.

LEWIS  
Enjoying the party?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACEY  
(nodding)  
Your girlfriend did a terrific job.  
Were you surprised?

LEWIS  
hmm mm... I kinda knew.

They both laugh.

TRACEY  
I can't wait to see her African  
dance performance.

LEWIS  
(feigns shock)  
Now that I didn't know of...

Tracey leans in and smacks her lips against his cheek.

TRACEY  
Happy birthday.

The Bartender places a filled glass of OJ next to her now  
drained one.

BARTENDER  
(nods left)  
Guy over there sends you a drink.

Their gaze follows the bartender's direction. Three middle-  
aged men return her's.

TRACEY  
Your friends?

LEWIS  
(off her reaction)  
Yeah, they're cool, man. That's  
Constance, my brother Mike and step  
brother Joe.

INT. CONSTANCE'S CAR - NIGHT

CONSTANCE, 48, once handsome in his youth, now sports a  
washed out red beret and a way-too-expensive car. He sneaks a  
look at Tracey, his passenger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACEY

Thanks again for the ride.

CONSTANCE

(thick Jamaican accent)

I offered it. Party nice, eh?

TRACEY

Oh yeah.

CONSTANCE

Lewis lucky man, him have a really nice girlfriend.

TRACEY

She's lucky too. How long have you been in Toronto?

CONSTANCE

Tonight only. Drive all di way from London.

TRACEY

(puzzled)

You drove from London, England?

CONSTANCE

(laughs)

London, Ontario.

EXT. CONSTANCE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The sleek red car slices through the beautiful suburban night.

TRACEY(O.S)

So when did you leave Jamaica?

CONSTANCE(O.S)

Over twenty-odd years ago. You?

TRACEY(O.S)

Over a year...

CONSTANCE(O.S)

For real? You sound Canadian man!

TRACEY

(longing)

Canadian in my dreams...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONSTANCE  
Papers not straight?

INT. CONSTANCE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tracey glances at his band less fingers maneuvering the steering wheel.

TRACEY  
How do you become straight on a visitor's visa?

He looks at her for a moment.

CONSTANCE  
Get married. Unless--

TRACEY  
Yeah?

CONSTANCE  
Any boyfriends back home? You single?

TRACEY  
Very.

CONSTANCE  
A sexy girl like you?

He's met with a shrug. A smile snakes across his face.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)  
You could marry me.

TRACEY  
I really don't have the money to pay you--

CONSTANCE  
Who mentioned money?

His phone RINGS. He looks at the incoming name. Switches it off.

TRACEY  
(tries to conceal suspicion)  
Are you really single?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She points to a house coming up.

CONSTANCE

I man need a woman, star. That was  
just one of my drinking buddies in  
London.

Tracey eyes the bright red time signal on the dashboard. AM.  
Answering her unspoken question--

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

(alternate Canadian edged  
twang)

He's a pest. Never recognizes time.

He pulls up in front of a plush home.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Listen, can I pick you up for  
dinner tomorrow? Lewis said you  
lived with your cousins. Would they  
mind?

Tracey opens the door and steps into the winter night.

TRACEY

Come on, I'm an adult. See you  
tomorrow.

INT. CONSTANCE'S KITCHEN - DAY

NIGEL, Constance's nephew and the guy closest to Tracey in  
age, along with two, MUCH OLDER, CARIBBEAN MEN, sits around  
the kitchen table trying to outdo each other with rum  
consumption.

Tracey checks a pot on the stove as Constance leans against a  
door frame, bemusedly drinking in the scene. The older men  
speak in thick Caribbean accents.

OLD MAN1

Something smell nice man.

TRACEY

Escovieched fish.

OLD MAN2

Pretty girl who can cook. Connie  
boy, you hit di jackpot!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIGEL

And you manage to keep her hidden  
for two months?!

OLD MAN2

Two months? Daughter, how long you  
deh with this boy here?

TRACE

(smiles)

Just over two months.

OLD MAN1

(pours himself another  
glass of rum)

What a worthless boy eeh man?!  
Connie how you keep such a sweet  
princess from we?

CONSTANCE

Man, mind you finish all me rum!

OLD MAN2

You talk like it's only di one  
bottle you have.

Old man1 slams two bottles of red rum on the table.

OLD MAN1

That's why me always walk with my  
own things y'know.

The kitchen door burst open with a THWACK. A large middle  
aged man, DEREK thunders in, startling Tracey.

DEREK

(cursing Jamaican  
expletives)

A whey di bumboclaat!

All eyes stare at him in shock. Acknowledging no one, he  
pushes past Constance into the living room.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Fucking pussy-hole!

NIGEL

What happen Derek? Derek emerges  
with an unmarked DVD.

DEREK

What, now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NIGEL  
Don't you see a lady here?

DEREK  
(to Tracey)  
Sorry.

She stares. Hard.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
(to Nigel)  
Tell your uncle to go fuck himself.

CONSTANCE  
Why don't you tell that to fat,  
sour Kim?

Derek responds with a SLAM of the door as he stomps out.

NIGEL  
(to Tracey)  
Kim is his Canadian wife.

CONSTANCE  
(weak embarrassed voice)  
I might have to stop letting him  
come around here...

INT. CONSTANCE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Eyes closed, a smile splays across Tracey's face as lays on her belly.

TRACEY  
Happy birthday.

Constance trails his tongue across her ass then dips his tongue down the crack. She jumps.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Don't stick your tongue there. I  
have to kiss you.

She turns on her belly. Spreads her legs.

He moves on top, entering her. His hand slides below her buttocks. He's found his goal. Her eyes are saucers. She stiffens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACEY (CONT'D)

What is with you and my asshole?

CONSTANCE

What?

TRACEY

You know I don't like that anal nastiness.

She pushes his hand away. He jumps off her. Seething.

CONSTANCE

Fuck. You're no fun.

He grabs a pair of pants from the dresser.

TRACEY

Where are you going? Come back to bed.

CONSTANCE

I'm not enjoying you.

TRACEY

Enjoying me?

He pulls a shirt down over his head.

He dials his cell phone.

CONSTANCE (OVER PHONE)

Derek, yeah. Still have that thing?  
Yeah... yeah... on me way.

TRACEY

Where are you going? Remember we need to go over the ceremony arrangem--

CONSTANCE

Is that what I should expect married to you?

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He marches towards the door. Sheets wrapped around her, Tracey follows him.

TRACEY

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONSTANCE

I'm going to help Derek fix his car  
at the mechanic shop. Don't know  
when I'll be back.

TRACEY

What, you're leaving me here alone?  
I'm in a strange town for the  
weekend and you leave me by myself  
for Derek?

He ignores her, heads for his car.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Tracey looks woefully out the glass window next to her booth.  
Lewis places a tray of pastry and coffee in front of her.

TRACEY

Thank you sooo much Lewis. Frigger  
shut off his phone.

Lewis reaches out and brushes wet drop that spilled onto her  
cheek.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

I'm not sure what to do, you know?  
It's always porn. Porn, porn, porn.  
He wants me to spin on his lap like  
the acrobat girl in one of his  
videos. It's just so constant. Gag,  
gag, he wants to come in my  
friggin' mouth!

Wincing, Lewis grabs her hand.

LEWIS

(laughs awkwardly)  
Trace. Too much...

TRACEY

And every chance he gets, is this  
what I should expect when we get  
married?

She tries to muffle her bawling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEWIS

He's my friend but if he's making you miserable--

TRACEY

Lewis, my hearing is coming up next month. What if they don't accept me?

LEWIS

Marry someone else.

TRACEY

Oh God Lewis, I spent five months with this prick. Who am I going to find now to marry me?

LEWIS

Me.

She's stunned. He holds her gaze with defiance. She pulls her hand away.

TRACEY

What would your girlfriend think?  
It wouldn't be fair to Claudine.

Lewis picks at a croissant.

LEWIS

I'd be helping my friend. She would understand.

TRACEY

Lewis how long has she wanted to marry you?

LEWIS

She knows I'm not into marriage.

TRACEY

And yet you would marry another girl just like that? She'd be livid.

LEWIS

When I explain it to her she'll understand.

TRACEY

I wouldn't understand. She loves you too much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEWIS

But you're miserable...

TRACEY

And I feel used. But I can't do that to her. I can't do that to you. I'll just have to make it work with him...

EXT. CONSTANCE'S BACKYARD BBQ - DAY

Every friend of Constance Tracey's ever met seem to spill over the edges of his backyard.

All dancing along happily to rhythmical reggae beats. Some clutching heineken and red stripe, others clutching paper plates of roasted fish and jerk chicken.

Manning the grill, Nigel holds up his beer for a toast.

NIGEL

Who wants to join me in wishing the soon to be newly weds all the best and tons of sex after their wedding tomorrow?

The crowd chortles in agreement. Constance beams and playfully slaps Tracey's ass.

DEREK

Here, here! Tracey and Connie, lots of sex. Crazy sex. Don't be prudish girl!

He raises a half drunk heineken from among the seven empty bottles ones at his feet.

CONSTANCE

You're drunk Dee. Siddown.

DEREK

No no. Me plenty sober. I'm just letting her know the kind that you like. Remember how me fuck yuh ass till it sore for your birthday?

(To Tracey)

Buy a strap on!

A tree falls THUD, all the way in Brazil.

FADE OUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

12.