

EXT. PARK - DAY

JULES crosses the grass toward some bleacher seats. KYLE sits on a bench watching a pick-up game of hoops. Jules stands awkwardly for a beat.

JULES

You Kyle?

Kyle continues to stare ahead at the game in progress.

KYLE

Sit down next to me and give me a kiss.

JULES

Uh... what?

KYLE

You don't want this to look like a 966 then you best start acting like my girl. (beat) That ain't no salesman jerking it in the corner spot.

Jules starts to turn toward the parking lot.

KYLE (CONT'D)

You eyeball him, bitch, I'm out.

She snaps her head back toward him. She climbs into the stands, sits next to him and turns slightly toward him. Kyle turns toward her and grabs her head from behind with one hand, turns her face toward him and plants a big kiss on her mouth.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(louder)

'Sup babe?

JULES

Um, so... how much for.

Kyle turns his attention back toward the basketball game.

KYLE

(quieter)

Chill girl. You need to start acting like a bitch. Which means you need to start talking. Don't matter what you say. Run your mouth on about shopping or some shit. Don't matter. I won't be listening.

JULES

I'm sorry, you want me to talk to you about... what? I just wanted to get --

KYLE

Jesus, bitch. Do I got's to spell it out for you? Po-Po's in the lot. You come up, hand me money and walk away - what you think is gonna happen? You make like my girl for a spell and we cool.

JULES

So, why do I need to tell you about --

KYLE

You know any bitches be hanging by their man not be running their mouths? Shit, you do - send 'em my way.

JULES

Sure. Umm... I just -- why does it matter what I say? It's not like they can hear me from there.

KYLE

You know that? Shit, I don't. Fuckin' technology bitch. Who knows what Johnny Law can do. Besides, maybe they got a lip-reading motherfucker in there.

JULES

Sure. Right. I didn't think of that.

Kyle turns toward her. Eyes her up and down.

KYLE

No. I'm guessing you didn't think of much. Other than you want to get a little happy. What a rich little bitch like you need this for? Daddy's money not enough to keep you on the up? You got some dark shit you running from?

JULES

We all got something we're running from. (beat - finally he laughs)

KYLE

Shit ain't that the truth.

JULES

So, uh, I was at the mall and I was looking for a new pair of --

KYLE

Fuck that shit.

JULES

Sorry?

KYLE

You have... shit what do they say...
piqued my curiosity. No, I wanna hear
some more about your little nightmare.
What? Daddy like putting his finger in
the pie?

JULES

Fuck you.

KYLE

Oh, shit. Now you're starting to sound
like my bitch.

She starts to rise.

JULES

Fuck this. I'm out.

Kyle grabs her arm gently.

KYLE

Relax, momma. We cool. Besides...

Kyle looks past Jules and sees the sedan pull out from
its spot and drive out of the parking lot.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I guess you made a believer out of Johnny
Law.

She turns her head and sees the sedan speed away.

JULES

Can I get my shit now?

KYLE

Absolutely. But... sure you don't want to
chill a bit first?