

IN PARK

A short film  
Written by

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EXT. FLORIDA - VOLKSWAGEN WESTFALIA CAMPER VAN - SUNSET

KYLE JENNINGS, a bearded 23-year-old in a TAMPA BAY RAYS BASEBALL CAP sits in the open doorway of his van, holding a leather journal and pencil. His head is resting against the doorframe, eyes closed against the fading glow of sunset.

An OBNOXIOUS CLATTERING disturbs his peace. He opens his eyes.

WIDE SHOT - BUSY WALMART PARKING LOT

Kyle's van is parked at the back of the lot, an island amongst the chaos of honking cars and busy nearby street.

KYLE watches BRIT, a young woman with a messy bun and bike shorts, push a CLATTERING SHOPPING CART with groceries across his space. Brit spots Kyle and moves faster, hoping to skirt past unseen. He nods at her and she ignores him.

His eyes follow her until she disappears OUT OF FRAME, the clattering still audible. He closes his eyes again.

The clattering abruptly stops, then restarts as BRIT backs up BACK INTO FRAME, stopping in front of KYLE. He opens his eyes, looking up at her.

Brit holds out a \$10 bill.

BRIT  
God bless. Sorry.

KYLE  
What's this?

BRIT  
I shouldn't have walked past like that-

KYLE  
Oh. I'm not--

BRIT  
It's okay, really. Everyone can use a little pick-me-up sometimes.

KYLE  
No thanks.

He hands the bill back.

BRIT  
I have food. I have... lets see...

KYLE

Don't-- I really don't need--

Brit rummages in her cart and pulls out a bag of BABY CARROTS.

BRIT

Baby carrots! Take them. I never end up eating them anyway. They always just get soggy in the back of my fridge, so you're really doing me a favor. Have a good night.

Brit shoves them into Kyle's hand and CLATTERS AWAY.

Kyle stares at the carrots, confused.

Brit CLATTERS back in again.

BRIT (CONT'D)

Shoot. I forgot I'm gonna need you to sign this.

Brit produces a LITTLE BOOKLET. It looks somewhat institutional. She opens it and hands it and a PEN to Kyle. Kyle takes it, bemused.

KYLE

Oh! I thought you thought I was homeless.

Brit ignores his comment and POINTS to a spot in the BOOKLET.

BRIT

Right here.

Kyle shakes his head and signs his NAME, big, an autograph he's done a million times before. BRIT scoffs.

BRIT (CONT'D)

Whoa, easy there, buddy.

Kyle hands it back to her.

KYLE

Have a good night.

BRIT

Good luck with... everything.

ON BRIT

as she begins to clatter away again.

She glances at the name in the booklet. She freezes, then spins around, embarrassed. She peers at KYLE, putting his face to the name.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
Kyle Jennings?

KYLE  
...Yes?

BRIT  
Tampa Bay Rays?

KYLE  
Pitcher.

BRIT  
Oh my god. Oh my god!

KYLE  
Who did you think I was?

BRIT  
Not... you. I... I thought...

KYLE  
You DID think I was homeless.

BRIT  
I mean, you're chillin' in a creeper van in a Walmart parking lot--

KYLE  
Then why'd you want my autograph?

BRIT  
I didn't.

Kyle is confused.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
I mean, I do now.

Kyle points at her BOOKLET.

KYLE  
What's that?

BRIT  
Nothing.

KYLE

Are you just collecting random people's autographs?

BRIT

No.. it's... for me to record my service every day.

KYLE

So you "help" someone and they have to sign their name?

BRIT

Yeah.

KYLE

That's... weird, right?

BRIT

Yeah.

Beat.

KYLE

Ok... Well, seeing as how I don't need help, how about I take my name out of that and you can help someone else today.

Kyle stands and reaches out for the booklet.

BRIT

What? Why?

KYLE

I just feel kinda uncomfortable about my name being in your "Proof of Service" book.

BRIT

It can't possibly matter to you.

KYLE

I'll sign something else for you. I've got baseball cards, or--

BRIT

Look, it's getting late. I'm not going to find anyone else at this point and this really isn't a big deal...

KYLE

Ok, then find a way to help me.

BRIT  
Help you?

KYLE  
Yeah.

BRIT  
I can't help you. You're like,  
rich.

KYLE  
Then cross my name out.

BRIT  
No.

KYLE  
Then find a way.

Beat. BRIT smirks.

BRIT  
You mean like...

Brit winks suggestively. Kyle panics.

KYLE  
Oh. No. No!

BRIT  
So THAT's what the van is for.

KYLE  
That's not what I--

BRIT  
First impression- pretty sketch,  
but it's not every day you get  
propositioned by major league  
superstar Kyle Jennings--

KYLE  
I'm not propositioning--

BRIT  
--so I guess you gotta make the  
most of it when you get the  
chance...

KYLE  
Forget it. Forget what I said. It's  
fine, you can keep my autograph.

BRIT

No, no, no. You're completely right. I gotta earn it. I'll find a way to help you, even if it takes me all night.

Brit takes a seat in Kyle's open doorway. He sighs and resigns himself to the situation.

KYLE

Coffee?

BRIT

Please.

KYLE climbs past her into the van. He hands out a LAWN CHAIR, popping it open for her. She takes it and sits.

INT. WESTFALIA - LIGHT FADING

KYLE clicks an overhead light on and prepares coffee in his French press in his teeny kitchen.

Brit pops her head in, startling him.

KYLE

No. Out.

BRIT

Wow. You a van-lifer?

KYLE

I wouldn't call myself that, but...

BRIT

Tour?

Brit squeezes herself the rest of the way in. Kyle gives a quick run-down, pointing out the layout and belongings.

KYLE

Roof pops up to sleep in. Hangout area. Kitchen. Storage. Pot. Pan. Press. Protein. Surf board; my baby. Books. Jams. Equipment--

Brit pulls an AXE out of a BUCKET of baseballs and bats.

BRIT

Ah, a creeper van staple.

KYLE  
Give me that... It's not a creeper  
van. It's my home.

BRIT  
One of your homes.

KYLE  
My only home.

BRIT  
No. You live here? Like, LIVE-live  
here?

KYLE  
Yes.

BRIT  
You don't have another home.

KYLE  
No.

BRIT  
Where do you keep all your stuff?

KYLE  
Here.

BRIT  
No.

KYLE  
Yes.

BRIT  
But like clothes and everything.

Kyle points to THREE SHIRTS hanging up on a CLOTHESLINE.

KYLE  
Monday. Tuesday. Wednesday. Wash in  
the locker room. Repeat.

BRIT  
So this is it. You're a millionaire  
and this is everything you own.

KYLE  
Before I got signed I lived  
comfortably on eight-hundred a  
month. I'm still the same person,  
so I live the same way. Here.



Kyle hands her COFFEE in an enamelware MUG. She takes a sip and cringes.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I don't have anything for it.

BRIT

I do. Spoon?

Kyle hands her a SPOON. Brit exits the van. Kyle follows.

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - NOW DARK

Brit rummages through the GROCERIES in her CART. Kyle picks up her BOOKLET.

INSERT - BOOKLET

A plain white cover with a printed title: "OverSERVED"

BACK TO KYLE

KYLE

"OverSERVED?"

BRIT

God awful name, right?

KYLE

Oh. This is a...

BRIT

Program?

KYLE

Sorry. I shouldn't--

BRIT

It's a new alternative to community service that Florida is trying out.

Kyle nods. BRIT opens a tub of ICE CREAM and scoops a large scoop into her coffee.

BRIT (CONT'D)

It was a DUI. A stupid, stupid decision. Obviously I super regret it and hate myself for it. I don't like have a problem, it's just a standard thing they make you do.

KYLE

I wasn't going to ask.

BRIT  
But you wanted to know. And I guess  
I wanted you to know I'm not an  
alcoholic.

BRIT sips her coffee.

KYLE  
Did you just put pistachio ice  
cream in there?

BRIT  
Yup.

KYLE  
How is that?

BRIT  
Terrible. Try it.

KYLE  
No.

BRIT  
Try it.

Kyle takes a sip. He shrugs.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
Really?

KYLE  
Kinda works.

BRIT  
Go for it.

Kyle goes to the cart and scoops some ice cream. Brit sits in  
the LAWN CHAIR.

KYLE  
So, feeding me ice cream, that  
could count for your service.

BRIT  
Not getting rid of me that easy.

KYLE  
It was a nice thing to do.

BRIT  
You usually eat sugar?

KYLE

No.

BRIT

Right. You're a professional athlete and I just derailed your health regimen. I could be the reason that you spiral into a sugar binge that could destroy that bangin' bod you worked so hard to get and before you know it you'll stop throwing strikes and start double-fisting oreos, and your coach will throw you off the team and then you'll actually have to beg in the Walmart parking lot and then--

KYLE

Brit?

BRIT

--and then you'll have to do one of those documentaries on down-and-out celebrities and-- wait. How did you know my--?

Kyle holds up a BLUE WALMART VEST. He grins and reads the NAMETAG:

KYLE

"Hello, my name is Brit."

Brit jumps up, face flushed with embarrassment.

BRIT

Put that back!

KYLE

You *work* here?

BRIT

What's that supposed to mean?

KYLE

Nothing. I just--

BRIT

You're making fun.

KYLE

I'm not.

BRIT  
Yes, you are.

KYLE  
I think it's great.

BRIT  
Oh, come on.

KYLE  
I do.

BRIT  
Don't do that.

KYLE  
Do what?

BRIT  
Yes. I work here. I really wish I didn't, but I had to drop out of school since I lost my financial aid because of the DUI thing and now I have all these fees, which is whatever since it was my own stupid fault, but I'm just like all on my own and this was the only place hiring and the last place I wanted to work and I really don't know why I feel a need to explain myself to some rich dude who sleeps in parking lots pretending he's poor, demanding service from people who have nothing to give. Oh my god, WHAT am I still DOING here?

Brit grabs her booklet, RIPS the autograph out of it, grabs, her cart, and clatters off again.

Kyle stands there, stunned.

A moment later, Brit clatters back. She holds out her hand.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
My vest.

Kyle hands it to her. She turns around, buries her face in it, and cries.

KYLE  
Ah, no, shit.

BRIT  
Don't.

KYLE  
I'm sorry--

BRIT  
Don't.

KYLE  
I've got some Kleenex somewhere...

Kyle climbs into the van.

INT. WESTFALIA - CONTINUOUS

Kyle starts rummaging around. Kleenexes are nowhere to be found. He grabs a DISH TOWEL, smells it, puts it back.

He spots his BASEBALL BAT and grabs it.

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Kyle approaches Brit and holds out the bat.

KYLE  
No Kleenexes, but here's this.

Brit lowers the vest and looks at the bat, confused.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
It, uh, helps to take a couple swings. Get it all out. Try it.

Brit rolls her eyes.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Try it.

Brit puts her vest back in the cart and takes the bat. She swings it HARD, very close to Kyle. He jumps out of the way.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Not at me!

BRIT  
You're right. It does feel good.

KYLE  
Maybe back up a couple feet.

Brit tries to hide a smirk and backs up. She takes another swing.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
I really wasn't making fun--

BRIT  
You really don't have to--

KYLE  
It's just that I know most of the staff since I'm here all the time and I'd just never seen you before is all I meant.

BRIT  
I just started. Girl I went to high school with is my trainer and boy is she glad to see me sink this low. I was a bitch to her back then, so I deserve it. I deserve all of this.

KYLE  
Keep swinging.

Brit wipes her nose, takes a deep breath, and settles into a batter's position. She takes a swing, for herself this time.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Helping?

BRIT  
A little.

KYLE  
It'd work better if you could hit something.

BRIT  
Eh, I'm used to it. Swinging and missing. Swinging and missing and spinning and crashing. Empty air. Over and over again.

KYLE  
Love a good baseball metaphor.

BRIT  
Hey, you're a pitcher, pitch one to me.

KYLE  
Pretty sure if Walmart catches me throwing in the parking lot again, they'll kick me out.

BRIT  
Just toss me a pretend one.

KYLE  
K, you ready?

Brit squares up, facing Kyle. He pretends to toss her a casual pitch. She doesn't swing.

BRIT  
I'm not swinging at that.

KYLE  
It was right to you.

BRIT  
No, no. Give me a real, major league, home-run, fireworks pitch.

KYLE  
Ah, but see that's impossible. If I was sending you a real pitch, it'd be a strike.

BRIT  
I think I can hit a pretend pitch.

KYLE  
You sure?

BRIT  
Give it to me, Jennings!

Brit pounds a pretend home plate and readies her bat.

Kyle squares up on a pretend mound, touches his cap brim.

A CAR turns on its HEADLIGHTS, lighting Kyle from behind.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Suddenly he's on a real mound, on a real field, in a real stadium, in his real uniform. The lights are glaring. His face is sweating. All is black around him.

Time SLOWS DOWN as he winds up. His face furrows with intensity. He throws the ball.

REVERSE ANGLE

BACK TO REALITY.

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Brit stands, mouth open, letting the pretend ball fly by.

KYLE  
Stee-riike! What was that? You  
didn't even swing.

BRIT  
There it was.

KYLE  
What?

BRIT  
You did it. You did the face.

KYLE  
What face?

BRIT  
It was like... on TV when they zoom  
in all close. Your face. It makes  
complete sense now.

KYLE  
What are you talking about?

BRIT  
Why you live all alone out here. No  
friends, nothing--

KYLE  
Whoa, whoa, I have friends.

BRIT  
You wouldn't be talking to me if  
you did. You're isolating yourself.

KYLE  
I'm not isolating myself--

BRIT  
Yeah you are.

KYLE  
How would you know?

BRIT  
When I've seen you play, you stand  
all by yourself right in the middle  
of everything-- you don't notice  
the chaos happening around you--  
the noise, the fans, the annoying  
organ or the cheering, you're just  
king of your little mound. Then you  
get this look--



KYLE

Look?

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

We've left reality again. Brit walks up to Kyle on the mound, examining him. She speaks directly to him, but this Kyle doesn't see her. He winds up to pitch in SLOW MOTION.

BRIT

Right before you pitch. Every time you do it I know it's going to be a strike. You know what I'm talking about.

KYLE (V.O.)

I really don't.

BRIT

I can't explain it. It's like... like you're apologizing to the batter for striking him out.

KYLE (V.O.)

But I want him to be out.

BRIT

Which is why it's so unexpected, and honestly, REALLY sexy.

KYLE (V.O.)

Sexy.

BRIT

It's like the face you'd make if you were shooting Old Yeller.

KYLE (V.O.)

That's sexy?

BRIT

No, it's just... the most perfect thing I've ever seen.

Kyle on the mound drops his hand before the pitch, disarmed by her comment.

REVERSE ANGLE

BRIT is at HOME PLATE, standing vulnerably, looking at KYLE.

A CAR HONKS (O.S.), startling them.

BACK TO REALITY.

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Brit and Kyle move out of the way so the CAR can drive past. They stand awkwardly for a moment. Brit clears her throat.

BRIT

So, why Walmart, if you don't mind me changing the subject?

KYLE

Turns out the police don't like dudes with vans parking on the beach. It's kind of illegal.

BRIT

Why don't you just buy some beach?

KYLE

I can't just buy a beach.

BRIT

I'm not saying buy a whole beach, or even a beach house, just like a little patch of sand to park your purty van on.

KYLE

I don't think you can do that.

BRIT

You have money. I know you like to pretend you don't, but what's the point of having it if you don't spend it on things that make you happy?

KYLE

Same reason I never fill up my van with more than a quarter tank of gas at a time.

BRIT

You're killing me.

KYLE

If I did, I'd get caught up in adventuring and I'd miss practice in the morning. This keeps me disciplined.

BRIT

But you can't tell me that waking up at Walmart is just as good as watching the sunrise on the beach, watching those waves roll in...

KYLE

But then I'd want to surf all day.

BRIT

So?

KYLE

It would make me hate my job which so many people would kill to have.

BRIT

So you just live like you're poor.

KYLE

Because I know what being rich would do to me.

BRIT

Make you live a little?

KYLE

You ever seen two point five million dollars?

BRIT

I've never seen a thousand.

KYLE

I hadn't either. I'm just a kid who grew up in a trailer, who was suddenly handed more money than he'd ever dreamed about. The other boys on signing day- same deal. We didn't know what to do with that.

BRIT

So what did you do?

KYLE

We got high and bought Camaros. Then hit up the mall and crammed everything we could get our hands on in our trunks. Then drag raced down the coast.

FLASHING POLICE LIGHTS are superimposed on Kyle as he tells his story.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I see flashing lights in my rearview and I just know-- I just know it is all over. Everything I'd worked for-- all of it. Gone the day I got it.

BRIT

I know the feeling.

KYLE

Thought you would.

BRIT

So what happened?

MEMORY - EXT. FLORIDA COASTAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Car tires spray sand as they slide to a stop on the side of the road.

KYLE (V.O.)

I pull over. Put my hands up. But the police aren't there for me.

KYLE'S POV

TWO POLICE CARS and an AMBULANCE across the street. A CRASHED CAR against a FENCE.

KYLE (V.O.)

There had been a crash on the other side of the road. There's a car, tangled in a fence. A person being loaded on a stretcher. It was like some vision of my future if I didn't remember who I was real quick-like. No one cared about me.

ON KYLE

sitting on his roof, staring at the ocean.

I could have sped off, but instead I climbed out of the sunroof and sat on top of my ridiculous new car and put together a plan until the tide receded and the sun came up. Then I returned everything.

(MORE)

KYLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Fixed up my dad's van, hired a financial advisor, gave half the money away and gave eight-hundred a month to myself. Living the way I do, it keeps me safe.

Kyle turns around, looking at the crash.

BACK TO REALITY.

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Brit's face is stunned. She seems about to say something, but thinks better of it and shakes it off.

BRIT

Maybe you should do my program for me. It seems more your speed.

KYLE

Nah, I figured out my own program.

Kyle retrieves his LEATHER JOURNAL from the van and hands it to her. She flips through it.

INSERT - JOURNAL

It's packed with quotes and random musings and little sketches.

BACK TO SCENE

KYLE (CONT'D)

Thoughts. Mine, not someone else's. Well, a hefty amount are Kerouac's I'm not gonna lie. I guess this helps me feel grounded. That I have my own thoughts and can make my life what I want it to be. You should try it.

BRIT

I dropped out of college and work at Walmart. My thoughts aren't exactly priceless.

KYLE

I never went to college and I throw baseballs for a living, but that doesn't matter. You're insightful. Terrifyingly so. You notice things. Like that face I apparently make.

BRIT  
Where would I start?

KYLE  
Throw this away first.

Kyle tosses Brit's booklet behind them.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Actually you're probably legally  
obligated to finish that, sorry.

He picks the booklet off the ground. She laughs. He hands her  
a pencil.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Here. Just write something.  
Anything.

BRIT  
I don't want to ruin your journal.

KYLE  
I ruined yours.

Kyle pulls the ripped autographed piece of a page out of his  
pocket and tucks it back in the booklet. Brit groans,  
embarrassed.

BRIT  
Okay.

Brit ponders a moment, then flips to a blank page and starts  
writing.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
I wish... I could give Kyle  
Jennings a beach. Just so that he  
can park his van... someplace  
lovely... without irresponsibly  
squandering his millions. There's  
not a lot I could do to help him...  
but if I could... That's what I  
would do.

KYLE  
A beach, huh? You got one in that  
cart?

BRIT  
Nope. Right here.

INTERCUT WITH: JOURNAL

Brit turns to the last page and begins to draw as he looks over her shoulder.

BRIT (CONT'D)

There's your beach. And... there's your van... ok that looks like a hot dog but you get the point... and there's the ocean. And you. You're looking out across the water.

KYLE

You drew my butt like it's huge.

BRIT

Have you seen yourself in baseball pants?

KYLE

Draw yourself there. At the beach with me.

BRIT

I can't.

KYLE

Why not?

BRIT

I'm across the street.

KYLE

Enjoying the view?

BRIT

No. I'm being loaded into an ambulance.

It dawns on Kyle.

MEMORY - INT. BRIT'S CAR - NIGHT

Brit's HANDS turning the key in her ignition.

BRIT (V.O.)

I'd gone too hard at a party and knew even then, even the second I put my key in the ignition, that it was all over.

Brit's FACE, drunk at the wheel, trying to stay focused.

BRIT (V.O.)

Everything I'd worked so hard for.

Through the windshield, HEADLIGHTS of THREE SPORTS CARS, speeding around and past her, dangerously. She swerves.

Silence and blackness.

BRIT (V.O.)  
I lost control. A swing and a miss.

CLOSE - BRIT'S FACE

cut up and wild-eyed, brightly lit against a stretcher. Muffled voices. LATEX GLOVED HANDS.

BRIT turns her head toward the ocean.

BRIT (V.O.)  
Then I catch a glimpse, somewhere beyond the noise and the lights...

BRIT'S POV - KYLE'S SILHOUETTE

Sitting on his car, facing away, towards the ocean and moon.

BRIT (V.O.)  
A man on a beach, sitting on top of a beautiful car, inventing a new life for himself.

ON KYLE

Sitting on his car. He turns around and looks at the crash.

BRIT (V.O.)  
I've got cracked ribs, I don't know where I am, I've lost everything, but in that moment, when I saw him... it was like...

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Brit's sweaty, bleeding face looking right back at him from the pitcher's mound. In SLOW MOTION, she winds up, throws the ball with all her might. Her face is intense, apologetic, firm.

KYLE  
... you threw a clean strike.

BACK TO REALITY.



EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Brit and Kyle are close. They are looking at each other, a new understanding between strangers.

BRIT  
...with the face and all.

WIDE SHOT

Encompassing the van, the couple sitting in the doorway now very small, the bustle of a busy parking lot, the corporate glow of the Walmart.

THE END