

EXT. PARK - DAY

The suburbs. Children run and laugh through the play sets. Their parents sit on nearby benches, chatting and watching joyful innocence.

Across the street in a driveway stands HORACE (67). His face is carved with history. He wears khaki pants, a black polo, and a beige bowler hat, the same outfit he has worn for the past 30 years. He kneels and lovingly scrubs the exterior of this car, a black 1969 Boss 429 Mustang. Classic.

Three teens approach his driveway. They walk with stupid confidence. Loud and obnoxious, they own the world. As they get closer, HORACE looks up. They quiet, give a solemn nod, and quicken their pace. He returns to the Mustang, gently wiping the dirt from the tires.

Across the street, a husband and wife laugh with their daughter, LILLIAN (6). LILLIAN turns and runs towards the play set. The parents settle and look towards HORACE. They whisper to each other and exchange glances. The husband RICHARD walks over to HORACE. He is as vanilla as can be.

RICHARD
Morning, neighbor.

HORACE looks up towards RICHARD. A half-hearted nod.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Beautiful day now. Good day to work
on the car, huh?

HORACE, quiet.

A beat.

RICHARD attempts to lean on the car. HORACE parries with his eyes. The warning is understood. RICHARD recovers.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Look, I'm really sorry what
happened to Emily. She was too
young. If you need anything, Mary
and I can --

HORACE
I got it, Rich.

Another beat.

RICHARD
Right...Have a good one.

RICHARD walks away, embarrassed and sorry. HORACE returns to his car, his beautiful car. He enters the front seat and begins scrubbing the fine leather interior when he sees the photo of EMILY hanging from the rear view mirror. EMILY (7), hair in pigtails, teeth missing, a brilliant smile. HORACE holds the picture. His eyes moisten. His face strains not to crack.

The laughter of children brings him back. He wipes his eyes. HORACE reaches for the radio, preset to classic crooners. Sinatra sings. A moment to breath and recover.

HORACE looks towards the children, admiring their ignorance before the gravity of life pulls them down. His eyes shift, evaluating the patrons of the park. A normal Sunday.

But the idyllic calm of the day shows strain as his eyes find RICHARD and his wife, MARY, worry sewn into their faces. They look around frantically. LILLIAN is missing. They begin to call:

PARENTS
Lillian! Lillian!

There is no answer. From the front seat of his car, HORACE scans the park, looking for the child. Between the bushes, no. In the trees, no. At the play set, no. Then...

LILLIAN, hand firmly clasped by a MAN, being walked hurriedly to a towards a tinted SUV. He wears sunglasses and a hat, intent on concealing his identity. LILLIAN is rushed into the van and the door closes.

She is being kidnapped.

The SUV pulls out. The engine floors. The van accelerates, a straight path towards escape until...

The 1969 Mustang pulls in front. The brakes on the van sound, but it's too late. With full force, the van t-bones the Mustang. The Mustang's antiquated engineering cannot absorb the blow. It snaps nearly in half and spins. Car alarms sound.

Patrons of the park rush over to attend to the scene. The MAN steps out, dazed. The back door is opened revealing LILLIAN, unharmed. She is pulled out and her parents rush to her. They reunite and embrace for a moment, realizing what has just happened. The MAN is forcefully pinned by members of the gathering crowd.

RICHARD squeezes his daughter, eyes closed in love. His eyes open and turn to the Mustang, smoking. HORACE, inside. He is still, his fate is unclear.