

LOST/FOUND

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HAROLD'S YARD - DAY

The sun shines down on a lush, pristine lawn. Music and chatter can be heard from the neighboring yard. A white picket fence separates the two.

Garden tools and a bag of compost lay near a patch of dirt. A large cooler and lawn chair are nearby.

HAROLD RENATO, fifties, pushes a wheelbarrow loaded with rose bushes to the freshly tilled dirt; sets it down with a soft GRUNT.

Harold pulls a bottle from the cooler, takes a swig and wipes his brow. He lowers himself to his knees, trades the bottle for a trowel and begins to dig a hole.

A shadow falls over his work. Harold looks up to see a small pair of sandaled feet poking through the slats of the picket fence. The feet belong to...

RACHAEL, five years old with a smile that stretches from ear to ear peeks over the fence.

RACHAEL

Hi Harry!

Harold SIGHS.

HAROLD

It is Mister Renato. Or sir.

RACHAEL

Ok... We're having a barbecue.

HAROLD

I can hear that. Mister Jacobs down the street can hear that, and he is deaf!

Rachael pays him no attention.

RACHAEL

You wanna come over?

HAROLD

No. I'm busy.

RACHAEL

Ok... What ya doing?

Harold straightens up.

HAROLD
I am trying to work in my garden.

RACHAEL
Saturdays are for having fun... and
cartoons; not work.

She takes a sip off a juice box. Harold goes back to digging.

HAROLD
This is fun.

RACHAEL
Can I help?

HAROLD
No.

The digging gets more furious.

RACHAEL
Can I watch?

Harold SIGHS.

HAROLD
It's a free country.

The shadow recedes, a board CREAKS, then the tiny feet appear
beside Harold.

Harold looks up.

HAROLD
How did you get over here?

Rachael pokes a thumb over her shoulder.

RACHAEL
The fence.

She runs back to the fence and swings a slat to the side, it
CREAKS.

HAROLD
Look here Missy. I put a gate in
that fence for a reason.

RACHAEL
Ok... Would you like some juice?

She holds out her juice box.

He picks up his bottle, gives it a little shake.

HAROLD

No thank you. I have mine.

He takes a swig.

HAROLD

Why don't you go back to the party?

He gestures to the other yard where a small GROUP OF PEOPLE have gathered. Rachael's father, DERRICK, late twenties, notices Harold and waves.

RACHAEL

No way! They're boring. All dad talks about is baseball.

Harold freezes.

EXT. HAROLD'S YARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A younger Harold plays catch with BILLY, eight. Harold throws the baseball high, Billy jumps but the ball flies past him and rolls into the street.

Billy gives chase, but he doesn't notice the car barreling down on him.

Harold doesn't notice until it's too late...

RACHAEL (V.O.)

Harry... Harry.

The color drains from his face.

EXT. HAROLD'S YARD - DAY

Rachael tugs at Harold's sleeve.

RACHAEL

(impatiently)

Harry.

HAROLD

(distracted)

Mister... Renato.

Rachael drains her juice box.

Harold slowly gets to his feet, makes his way to the lawn chair and plops down. Rachael follows him.

RACHAEL

Let's play garden.

HAROLD
(mumbles)
Go on home Rachael.

RACHAEL
I can dig in the dirt. I don't care
if my clothes get dirty.

HAROLD
(forcefully)
Get out of here.

RACHAEL
Mom gets real mad if I get mud on my--

HAROLD
(angrily)
Get... Lost!

Rachael freezes. Then suddenly a smile spreads across her face.

RACHAEL
Ok!

She skips off.

HAROLD
(under his breath)
Use the gate.

He slumps back in his chair, bottle still in hand; he closes his eyes.

EXT. HAROLD'S YARD, SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Younger Harold throws a baseball.

The ball rolls into the street.

Billy runs after the ball.

A car barrels down the street.

Billy picks up the ball, looks up to see...

The car.

Young Harold opens his mouth to yell.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Rachael!

EXT. HAROLD'S YARD - EVENING

Harold wakes up, still in the lawn chair. He looks around.

Beams of light cut through the yard.

Harold gets up, walks to the fence and calls out.

HAROLD
What's the commotion?

Derrick breaks away from the others; he approaches the fence.

DERRICK
It's Rachael. We can't find her
anywhere.

Harold looks uneasy.

DERRICK
Have you seen her?

HAROLD
Yeah. Earlier. She climbed through
my fence. Look what she did...

He goes to the loose slat in the fence and swings it to the side.

HAROLD
See?

Derrick isn't paying attention.

DERRICK
When did you see her last?

HAROLD
She was here earlier. She was asking
too many questions so I told her to
get --

Derrick's wife, SARAH, mid twenties, crying, approaches the two men.

SARAH
...Lost. She's lost.

Derrick hugs her.

DERRICK
Please keep an eye out for her.
We're going to check with the other
neighbors.

They recede into the darkness of their yard.

Harold shakes his head; lifts the bottle to his lips. Empty.

His gaze falls upon the cooler. Then he notices a small sandal in front of the cooler. The bottle slips from his hand as he makes his way to the cooler.

He drops to his knees in front of the cooler, slowly lifts its lid. A bright light spills out as the lid opens wider.

Harold looks inside, the color drains from his face, he opens his mouth to yell.

EXT. HAROLD'S YARD - DAY

Harold wakes with a start, he drops the bottle.

HAROLD

Rachael!

He looks around, the neighbors are still partying. He looks to the cooler - no sandal. He gets up, makes his way to the cooler, lifts the lid and looks inside...

There is only beer and ice.

HAROLD

(whispers)

Thank God.

He makes his way to the fence.

HAROLD

Hey, Derrick.

Derrick splits off from his guests, goes up to Harold.

DERRICK

What's up Harry? Want a dog?

HAROLD

No thanks. Rachael over there?

DERRICK

She's around here someplace?

(concerned)

Did she trample your flowers again?

Harold shakes his head.

HAROLD

So, she's ok?

DERRICK
Of course. Something wrong?

HAROLD
Oh... no. I just wondered if she
might like to come over and help me
plant these roses.

Derrick shrugs.

DERRICK
(over his shoulder)
Rachael!

Rachael skips up to her father.

HAROLD
Hello Rachael. Do you still want to
play garden?

A smile creeps across her face.

RACHAEL
Sure do Harr... Mister Renato.

Harold slides the fence slat to the side; smiles.

HAROLD
You can call me Harry.

Rachael climbs through the fence.

They both return to the bed of dirt. Harold drops a rose
bush into a hole. Rachael begins to fill in the hole.

Harold smears dirt on Rachael's nose. They LAUGH.

FADE OUT: