EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

A cherubic BOY 7, sits sobbing. Matronly MAVIS 60’s, approaches, sits, offers a huge ice cream sundae, caring.

MAVIS
Here sweetheart. You lost? I’m Mavis...What’s your name honey?

The boy grabs the sundae, spoons feverishly. Bawls louder.

BOY
Kevin...No...Run away.

MAVIS
Oh my golly. Won’t your parents worry?

BOY
Mommy and Daddy died...my uncle beats me...every day.

Mavis hugs the weeping kid, eyes welling.

MAVIS
Come here precious. Don’t cry.

A woman approaches.

WOMAN
Steven! Where have you been? Daddy’s waiting.

MAVIS
Steven? He said his name was Kevin...and his parents were---

WOMAN
Steven, have you been telling your stories again?...Now you just apologize to this nice lady.

The woman walks away. Steven devours greedily, face a mess.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Steven! Come on.

STEVEN
(to Mavis)
Sorry lady.
(winks, raises sundae)
But thanks. Nice. Works every time.

Mavis sits, stunned. Steven skips away, happy.