

FADE IN:

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

A crowded bar. Raucous laughter from the drunken patrons who hoist their mugs in a toast to JOE, 30s -- worse for wear.

PATRON #1
Here's to Joe, the man of the hour!
Many happy returns!

All cheer and clink their glasses.

ALL
Speech!

A little boy -- SEAN, 7 -- peeks out from the corner of the bar...spies a drinker's wallet, sticking out of a back pocket.

JOE
Unaccustomed as I am to public
speaking...

The crowd laughs. Sean glances around. Nobody notices him. He sneaks forward...

JOE
Seriously, I wouldn't be where I am
now if it weren't for you guys always
having my back. Thanks so much!

Joe raises his glass. The crowd follows suit. Another cheer.

In the chaos, Sean carefully lifts the wallet --

MAN
Hey! You little...

Everyone turns and stares at Sean. He stands, wallet in hand.

BARTENDER
Get that kid!

Chaos erupts as the men fall all over themselves to catch the kid -- small and nimble, Sean eludes them easily.

EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Sean runs out of the bar and into a waiting car.

SEAN
Got it, Mom! Go, fast, fast!

Sean's MOM, 30s, takes an anxious moment to buckle his seatbelt, then hits the accelerator as the men run out in hot pursuit. The car speeds off in a swirl of dust.