

GEORGE ON THE LOOSE

Calvin Kosak

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Tough-faced, heavy-set Secret AGENT SOGGY SOCKS (40) sits in a plastic chair, across from visibly oblivious, preppy-looking JEFF (32) and MARIAN SMITH (28) at a fold-out table.

SOGGY SOCKS

You knew.

JEFF

I swear, we didn't know a thing! We just lost him and-

SOGGY SOCKS

You knew!

MARIAN

He's not lying, sir, I promise you-

SOGGY SOCKS

You're going to tell me the truth exactly how it happened. No more lies...

(looking at case file on table)

Jeffrey Smeeth.

MARIAN

Oh, you can call him Jeff. And it's Smith, not-

SOGGY SOCKS

I'll call him whatever I want,
(looking at case file)
Mary...Marry...Marty...

MARIAN

Marian.

SOGGY SOCKS

Marshy-ann...

MARIAN

Marian.

SOGGY SOCKS

Meridian...

JEFF

(whispering to MARIAN)
He's not gonna-

MARIAN
 (to JEFF)
 I know.

SOGGYSOCKS
 Stop *fraternizing* and tell me what
happened!

JEFF
 Okay, okay! Basically, what
 happened was...

EXT. STREETS OF DC - DAY

JEFF holds toddler GEORGE's (4) hand as they walk on the sidewalk outside of the White House. Marian walks alongside them. The streets bustle with politicians, other families and street vendors.

MARIAN
 See, Georgie, we could move here
 and be around all these wonderful
 people. All this *culture*. How about
 that?

JEFF
 (noticing George has
 stopped)
 George?

Angelic music as George spots a dingy ice cream truck. It blasts loud, explicit rap music. He is mesmerized. The truck's logo is plastered across it: an ice cream cone wearing a t-shirt with "Frosty's Ice Cream" written on it. It is horribly airbrushed so that Frosty has a human-like face, resembling that of a middle-aged man.

MARIAN
 ...Ooh.
 (softly, to Jeff)
 Why does Frosty look like a child
 molester?

JEFF
 What?

MARIAN
 Frosty. Look.

JEFF

He doesn't look like a *child molester*.

(beat)

Actually, he kind of looks like your Great-Uncle Steve.

MARIAN

No. Do *not* say that about my Great-Uncle Steve. He is a *wonderful* person.

JEFF

A wonderful person who looks like Frosty.

MARIAN

He does *not* look like Frosty! Steve has *hair*. And doesn't look like he belongs in prison.

Marian and Jeff continue talking. George spots a man in a suit leaving the ice cream truck, holding a pristine vanilla cone. The man talks on a phone while he eats, walking away.

George releases Jeff's hand. He follows the suited man.

MAN

(on phone)

No, you can't wire transfer me thirty-two thousand dollars. It is a Senator's responsibility to-

George scrambles around people to keep up with the man's pace.

MAN (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Are you *bribing* a public servant?

The man reaches a crosswalk. He presses the crossing button. It shouts, "WAIT."

George sees hopscotch on the ground. He jumps through while the man impatiently spams the crossing button. The crossing light changes and the man continues his walk, George not far behind.

MAN

(on phone)

Okay, fine. Only if the G-Wagon is pink, and the thirty-two thousand is in Bitcoin. Bee Tee Cee. Not fucking Dogecoin, like last time.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)
I can't have the feds up my ass,
Gerald.

The ice cream starts dripping, leaving a trail behind. George notices and licks a bit off the ground. He quickly continues following, as the man approaches the gate to the White House.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE FENCE - DAY

Secret Service guards the entrance to the White House. The suited man approaches.

MAN
(on phone)
Okay, Gerald. I have a meeting with
You-Know-Who right now, so I've got
to go. Yes, thirty-two K, the car,
and a pony.
(swiping his ID card)
Yes, the pony is essential.
(waving to a security guard,
walking in)
Okay, Gerald. Yes. Bye.

George attempts to follow, but the door closes on him. Dramatic and sad music as the man enters the White House, and the ice cream trail is locked behind bars.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF DC - DAY

MARIAN
I'm telling you, he doesn't look
like-

A familiar, overly friendly man greets them to take their ice cream order.

MARIAN (CONT'D)
...Great-Uncle Steve?

STEVE
Marian! Jeff! What are you two
doing here?! I thought you moved to
Portland?

MARIAN
(still in shock)
Yes, we did...wow!...I didn't think
you, um...when did this start?

STEVE

Oh, the ice cream thing? After I got out of prison, it was rough because no jobs would hire me with a criminal record. So, I started my own business!

JEFF

Nice, man!

STEVE

Thanks! It's great being around the community. I just love seeing people smile.

A kid sprints up to the window.

KID

Can I get an ice cre/am?

STEVE

(yelling)
/ No. Beat it.

The kid cries and walks away.

STEVE

So yeah, I just love doing good deeds, man. Helpin' out.

MARIAN

Hold on, you went to prison?!

STEVE

Yeah, just for a little bit, though. It was fine.

MARIAN

For what?!

Steve checks his surroundings before talking.

STEVE

(leaning in, whispering)
So I was running a different business, right? It was similar to this one, actually, I guess. I has this other ice cream truck, and so we got a lot of families coming and wanting ice cream. Lotta kids. So I'd tell the kids that I'd give 'em free ice cream on one condition. I'd give em a free cone if *they* gave *me*-

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE FENCE - DAY

HOOOOOONK! George crosses the street while the crossing light is red. Cars weave around him, almost crashing. He follows the perimeter of the White House gate.

He looks through the bars in sadness. Two Secret Service agents walk past him, mid-conversation.

AGENT

You know no one's snuck through in, what, forty years? You'd be surprised how well a gate works.

AGENT 2

True, I feel like we barely even have to do anything anymore!

AGENT

Har har har

AGENT 2

Har har har

Sad and dramatic music as George longingly puts his arm through the gate. Images of the ice cream, the man, and Frosty appear above him as a single tear falls down his cheek. He turns his head toward the ground in defeat when--

POP!

He pops through the gate. He is on the White House lawn.

EXT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY

Jeff and Marian stare at Steve in utter horror.

STEVE

...and I was like, "that's illegal?" And they were like, "yeah."

MARIAN

(whispering to Jeff)
Grab George.

JEFF

(whispering)
What?

MARIAN
 (whispering)
 Grab. George.

STEVE
 So then they were telling me
 about this "age of consonant"
 thing...

Jeff reaches for George but finds he's not there.

JEFF
 (whispering to Marian)
 Um, where's George?

STEVE
 ...which is, like, totally
 communist, and, like...

Marian sees George is missing.

MARIAN
 GEORGE!! GEORGE?!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Sparkly fairy music as George approaches the side of the White House. Agents patrolling walk around him but do not see him. They walk slowly and robotically, as if they are NPCs on a designated path.

George waddles past a rabbit. A butterfly flies on his nose, peacefully resting for a moment.

The butterfly flies away. A bird promptly eats it.

George approaches two agents talking. They don't see him.

AGENT 1
 ...Yeah, so it's an app for male
 hustlers.

AGENT 2
 You make any bread off it?

AGENT 1
 Yeah, a little. Anyways, you should
 get it!

AGENT 2
 What's it called again?

AGENT 1
 Grindr.

As if parting the Red Sea, George walks in between the two as they dap each other up and turn away.

He finds a window, stands on his tippy toes to see it. The President (64), wrinkly old white man, is pacing in circles, on the phone.

The bird from before flies onto George's head.

PRESIDENT
(muffled through window)
What?!

The bird stomps on George's head, checking its terrain.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
How did you think that was okay?!

The bird flies away and almost instantaneously comes back, sticks in hand (paw? wing? Whatever birds have). It begins building a nest on George's head. George doesn't have enough brain development to notice.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
We could have had an *intruder*,
Solazzo! You didn't-?!

The bird has finished the nest. It flies away again and instantaneously comes back with another bird. They mate on George's head.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
I need some fucking air.

The bird's mate flies away. The bird instantaneously lays an egg.

The president opens the window. He doesn't see George right in front of him, due to the head-nest camouflage.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
(seeing the egg)
What the...?

He shrugs. He eats the egg. He turns around, continuing the call.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
(whispering to self)
Ugh, I need a palette cleanser.

The president grabs an ice cream cone off a desk. It has a wrapper on it with the Frosty logo.

George sees. George is mesmerized.

George climbs through the window like a moth to a flame. The nest falls off his head.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
 Well, we need security to be tight.
 Turn on the sensors. Yes, now.

He hangs up the phone and walks out of the room. He greets two agents that await him at the doorway.

The bird comes back, sees its nest on the ground.

BIRD
 (singing dramatically)
 Noooooooooo! My home, my nest, my
 little baby bird!!

The bird stares at the broken nest as if it's supposed to respond.

BIRD (CONT'D)
 (singing dramatically)
 I birthed you myself, my little
 baby bird!!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Jeff and Marian look a little more exhausted.

SOGGYSOCKS
 So you didn't know where he was at
 this point?

JEFF
 No. MARIAN
 Of course not!

SOGGYSOCKS
 Hm. What wonderful parenting.

MARIAN
 Excuse me?

SOGGYSOCKS
 That is, unless you're not actually
 his parents.

JEFF
 Huh?

SOGGYSOCKS
 The only reason you'd leave a child
 unattended for that much time is
 if...
 (pause for dramatic effect)
 he's a SPY.

MARIAN
...what?

JEFF
...ummmm...

MARIAN
With all due respect, George isn't
a *spy*.

SOGGYSOCKS
Nonsense!

Soggysocks nods, pleased with himself.

SOGGYSOCKS
I see it now. You are both traitors
to this country, Mario and Jeep.

JEFF
Jeff.

MARIAN
It's Marian. With an N.

SOGGYSOCKS
Whatever!! They are not your real
names anyways. I know your real
identity, your true
selves...Vladimir and Irina!!

Beat.

JEFF
Jeff.

MARIAN
It's still Marian.

SOGGYSOCKS
Igor and Olga?

Jeff and Marian shake their heads.

SOGGYSOCKS
Karina and Alexei.

INT. CALLING ROOM - DAY

George waddles after the president and his ice cream.

PRESIDENT (O.S.)
Alright, boys. I'm having them turn
on the security sensors again. I
should get a notification
riiiiight...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Two agents hover above the president and his phone.

Bing! A notification.

PRESIDENT
Oh! Not that.

AGENT 2
Oh, Agent Brad was telling me about
that app earlier! He said it was
really cool.

The president looks at Agent 2, a bit surprised, a bit scared.

AGENT 2 (CONT'D)
He made a lot of money off it,
apparently.

The president's eyes widen. Another notification.

PRESIDENT
Theee...nope. Wait, this is my ice
cream delivery! Agent, can you get
that for me?

AGENT 2
Yes, sir.

Agent 2 walks away.

PRESIDENT
Well, I'm sure they'll turn it on
soon enough. It's state-of-the-art,
so it must take a while to get
booted up and figure out all the
math and stuff.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

A room with a huge sign reading "SECURITY ROOM."

A bunch of monkeys eat bananas and press buttons on an
illuminated cockpit. One very large button glows green and
says "ON." They do not press this one.

INT. CALLING ROOM - DAY

The president walks out of the room. The agent follows him.

PRESIDENT
In the meantime...

He takes out his phone and begins scrolling on Grindr. He

clicks on a profile that reads "Super Cool and Awesome Guy," 0 feet away.

The president looks up at Agent 1, who is also on *his* phone.

Agent 1 confidently taps on his phone.

The president's phone dings loudly.

The president and Agent 1 look at each other, understanding what just happened.

AGENT 1
I, um.

PRESIDENT
You-

AGENT 1
Yeah.

PRESIDENT
Oh.

Beat.

AGENT 1
Where would we even-?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

George roams the hallway, walking past door after door.

He spots colorful strobe lights leaking from the underside of one door. He opens it. It is the bowling alley.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

George is surrounded by strobe lights as he enters the bowling alley. There are no windows, just two bowling lanes and a couple of sofas.

George waddles toward the bowling balls, picks one up and then drops it on the ground due to the weight. He tries to roll it toward the pins but it doesn't really budge, staying on the beginning of the lane.

He tries to take another, but does the same thing. He pouts and leaves, going back into the hallway.

Moments later:

Agent 1 and the President furiously make out as they stumble into the bowling alley.

AGENT 1
(looking at where they are)
This works, then. Right?

PRESIDENT
Yeah, this is good.

Agent 1 quickly closes the door.

AGENT 1
Why was the door open?

PRESIDENT
I don't know. Does it matter?

AGENT 1
(smiling)
No.

They continue making out.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

George continues his walk. He sees another door with purple light leaking from the bottom. He opens it.

It is the billiards room.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

The president and Agent 1 continue what they're doing, when...

Bam! The president trips over the bowling balls on the ground. Agent 1 falls on top of him and they slide on the lane to the middle.

AGENT 1
Oh--oh my God. Are you okay?

PRESIDENT
Nngh. Maybe.

AGENT 1
Do you want me to help y-

PRESIDENT
No, I'm fine. I've been through worse.

AGENT 1
What?

PRESIDENT
My wife, she, um.

He sits up.

PRESIDENT
Never mind.

AGENT 1
Sir, you're...I'm just concerned, is all.

The president looks at Agent 1 with a bit of fondness.

AGENT 1 (CONT'D)
All I'm saying is, if you want to talk about anything, or...

Beat.

PRESIDENT
Okay. But not here.

Agent 1 gets up and helps the president stand.

INT. BILLIARDS ROOM - DAY

George approaches the pool table. The balls are nice and organized on the table. He looks at the big pool stick mounted on the wall. He picks it up, confused on what it is.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Agent 2 opens the door to see a Frosty employee, mid-20s, scruffy, carrying a comically large crate of ice cream sandwiches.

FROSTY GUY
This is for...
(reading the label)
The President.

AGENT 2
Yes, yes. Thank you.

FROSTY GUY
That's his name?

AGENT 2
...huh?

FROSTY GUY
First name The. Last name
President.

AGENT 2
Yes.

FROSTY GUY
Huh.

Agent 2 closes the door on Frosty Guy and walks inside.

AGENT 2
(to self)
To the freezer you go.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Agent 2 approaches the door to the walk-in freezer. He enters, whistling to himself. A bit of ice cream drips to the ground.

INT. BILLIARDS ROOM - DAY

George is playing with the pool stick like a sword. Dramatic medieval music as he jousts, fences and swings at everything in sight.

A TV in the corner of the room shatters. He hits pool trophies and memorabilia, destroying their cases.

He does a little bow and exits.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

George exits the billiard room and sees a door wide open in front of him. A bit of ice cream drizzle is on the floor. He walks toward it, like a man on a mission.

He sees the walk-in freezer, which is the size of a Costco. It is full of ice cream sandwiches and cones. The sound of Agent 2 whistling is faintly heard.

George enters.

INT. BILLIARDS ROOM - DAY

Agent 1 and the President approach from outside.

PRESIDENT (O.S.)
 (through tears)
 And then...she left me! There was
 nothing I could have done. And now,
 it can't get any worse. Any more
 broken.

The two see the door open and enter.

AGENT 1
 Oh my God. We have...

PRESIDENT
 An intruder. Tell them to turn on
 the security system.

AGENT 1
 But haven't they been trying?

PRESIDENT
 No, if they turned it on, I
 wouldn't be able to let my Grindr
 guests in! Tell them it's a code
 AE604F.

AGENT 1
 AE60...?

PRESIDENT
 AE604F. We ran out of colors for
 codes, so we've decided to use hex
 codes. This one is like a muted
 red.

AGENT 1
 (into walkie)
 Code AE604F.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

The door slams open to reveal a muscular monkey wearing a military uniform. He smokes a cigar. The operator monkeys freeze and salute him.

He cracks his knuckles, then flamboyantly and delicately presses the "On," button.

A loud beeping noise reverberates throughout the entire White House.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

SOGGYSOCKS
Andrei?

JEFF
Jeff.

SOGGYSOCKS
Ivan?

JEFF
Jeff.

SOGGYSOCKS
Hmmm...ah! Nikolai. You look like a
Nikolai.

MARIAN
We're not Russian spi-

SOGGYSOCKS
QUIET!! I will get to you next,
Polina.

INT. BILLIARDS ROOM - DAY

AGENT 1
So, let me get this straight, you
turned *off the security system* so
you could use Grindr?

PRESIDENT
Yes.

AGENT 1
Do you know how naive that is?

PRESIDENT
What?

AGENT 1
Sir, someone could just-

PRESIDENT
Don't call me "sir." You call me by
my name.

AGENT 1
I-I don't think I know your...

PRESIDENT
 (romantically, holding Agent
 1's hand)
 It's The. First name The. Last name
 President.

AGENT 1
 What if...what if the intruder
 kills us?

PRESIDENT
 (cupping Agent 1's face)
 Then I will die happy.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

The monkeys look at all the cameras. They see George in the freezer. They scream and hit the "Intruder - Freezer" button repeatedly.

A robotic voice echos throughout the White House:

ROBOTIC VOICE
 Intruder in Freezer. Intruder in
 Freezer.

INT. FREEZER - DAY

The alarm rings as Agent 2 whips around to see George in awe at all the ice cream.

AGENT 2
 Hands up!

The red tracer of the gun displays on George's forehead as he puts his hands in the air.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

SOGGYSOCKS
 And so where were you when all of
 this happened?

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY

Marian stands above Steve's body, laying lifeless on the ground. She holds a shovel and is covered in blood.

She looks around.

She talks through the window to Jeff:

MARIAN
(calmly)
He's not here.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

SOGGYSOCKS
(pressing)
Huh? Where were you, huh?

MARIAN
Buying ice cream?

SOGGYSOCKS
Uh huh. Well, you two spies aren't budging so, we'll have to have a chat with the *real* criminal. You're free to go for now.

Marian and Jeff get up and leave.

SOGGYSOCKS (CONT'D)
Bring him in.

George is in an orange jumpsuit and being held in handcuffs by an officer. He sits down.

SOGGYSOCKS (CONT'D)
Bring him some refreshments.

The officer nods. He returns instantaneously with a toy tea set filled with coffee. He places it on the table.

Soggysocks pours coffee from the toy teapot to two teacups. He gives one to George.

SOGGYSOCKS (CONT'D)
For you.

George curiously picks up a teacup and goes to chug it. It burns his mouth and he cries.

SOGGYSOCKS (CONT'D)
Wha-

Marian and Jeff run in.

MARIAN
Why is he crying? What did you do to my baby?

SOGGYSOCKS

I just gave him some coffee, and-

JEFF

You gave a toddler coffee? What is wrong with you?

SOGGYSOCKS

I-

George wails.

MARIAN

Can you give us a moment?

SOGGYSOCKS

I-. Fine.

Soggysocks leaves. Marian picks up George and calms him down.

MARIAN

You okay?

George nods, still crying.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

That's okay. You're okay, bud.

The crying slows down.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

You good now, buddy?

George nods. She puts him down.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

Okay, we're just going to be right outside for a bit while you talk to this nice man over here.

JEFF

You got this, little buddy. We'll get some ice cream afterward. Okay?

George nods.

Marian and Jeff leave, closing the door behind them.

George is alone.

GEORGE

Ah....Blyat.