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FADE IN

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY OF A MANSION

Crackling bebop jazz is heard amongst the rambling of a party downstairs. A door opens and a 5 year old boy named JEFFERY steps out of his room, rubbing his eye and yawning. The boy is wearing navy blue pajamas and holds a teddy bear.

He leaves the door open and walks to the other end of the hallway towards a light. Upon turning the corner from where the light emanates, JEFFERY places his hand on a spiral staircase banister and leans against it, looking down into a party.

JEFFERY sees that the guests are all adults holding ice cream cones. Some hold cigarettes in their unused hand, but all have ice cream. The party attire is contemporary 1920's. JEFFERY drops his teddy bear and carefully walks down the stairs one by one, holding on to the stair rail.

INT. MANSION FOYER

The foyer is composed of a black and white tile floor and white walls. Decorative red velvet chairs occupy the corners of the room. Opposite the front door is an ornate stone fireplace.

JEFFERY walks among the party guests attempting to find a familiar face. When none can be found, he tugs on the dress of a young woman in a sequined flapper dress chatting with a man in a suit.

JEFFERY

Excuse me.

The woman brushes him away and takes a bite of her ice cream.

JEFFERY

Hey!

The woman then takes increasingly larger bites and finishes the cone with no consideration of contracting brain freeze. JEFFERY looks to the man puzzled and is still ignored. A few guests break away and move toward an open doorway into the mansion library, which acts as the main room. JEFFERY gives up on the couple and follows the group into the library.

INT. LIBRARY

The library is clotted by party-goers standing and dancing into one another. Drops of ice cream litter the otherwise immaculate walnut floor. The walls are intricately carved and are adorned by oil paintings between shelves of books. Its existence as a library seems to be purely decoration as their lack of use has faded them into a subtle gradience of the same moldy hue.

A jazz quartet plays in the back of the library, almost obscured by people trying to dance with ice cream in their hands.

With hesitance towards the massive amounts of strange adults in his home, JEFFERY stays to the less occupied portions of the walls. He posts up next to a fern so as to decrease the chances of someone strange invading his space. Still not able to pick out a familiar face, he spots a kindly OLD WOMAN sunk into an armchair in the corner of the room. JEFFERY watches her for a second and leaves his post to inquire about the source of the ice cream.

JEFFERY

Excuse me.

The OLD WOMAN's dentures lay on her knee in a pool of saliva. She looks up to JEFFERY and smiles a toothless grin.

JEFFERY Do you know my mom and dad?

The OLD WOMAN continues to smile and takes a toothless bite out of her ice cream. JEFFERY's brow furrows and head tilts.

JEFFERY

Where did you get that ice cream?

OLD WOMAN

You have to take your teeth out before you can eat any. Otherwise it will sting and you might get cavities.

JEFFERY

I know how to eat ice cream! You lick ice cream. You don't bite it.

OLD WOMAN

It looks like you started taking your teeth out already. You should take them ALL the way out like me!

JEFFERY

Those were my baby teeth. My mom said new ones were gonna grow in.

OLD WOMAN

You better get your ice cream before they do!

Out of the corner of his eye, JEFFERY sees a waiter carrying a tray dripping with melted ice cream. JEFFERY leaves the OLD WOMAN smiling and follows the servant into a clutter of people.

The waiter eludes JEFFERY in the chase, leaving him amongst a forest of legs. JEFFERY sees the kitchen door swaying and pushes through the towering adults towards it.

INT. KITCHEN

The door closes behind JEFFERY and the music is dulled by the sounds of a busy kitchen. The kitchen staff are bustling around, but don't seem to be actually doing anything. While servers wear a vest and tie, the chefs don white uniforms speckled in ice cream drops and chocolate syrup cast-off patterns.

Stainless steal appliances cause the fluorescent lights in

the kitchen to reflect and create an overall blinding radiance.

JEFFERY scans the kitchen for any sign of ice cream. A LARGE WOMAN staff member rushes past JEFFERY and knocks him to the ground. She looks down at the fallen boy.

LARGE WOMAN
(incomprehensible babble
towards JEFFERY)
baluugha grot grot

JEFFERY

Hey!

The LARGE WOMAN picks up Jeffery and places him in the corner of the kitchen near a few trash cans and a restaurant style dishwasher. At his feet, a stream of liquid garbage containing melted ice cream and crumbled cones runs into a drain in the floor. The mess is starting to back up the drain, causing the liquid to slowly pool up.

JEFFERY

UGH! Gross!

LARGE WOMAN (more incomprehensible babble) gret numabook caniva hon

JEFFERY

No!

JEFFERY abruptly rises, fakes out the LARGE WOMAN, and runs past her to the door in the back of the kitchen.

EXT. GRASSY COURTYARD- NIGHT

Torches circling the courtyard dimly light the scene. A smaller group of guests produce a soft hum of conversation. A brisk wind indicative of autumn navigates through the scene, rustling the trees in the background. JEFFERY slows his run out of the kitchen to a march where he finally sits in an empty lawn chair with his knees to his chin, pouting.

A man in his early thirties, wearing suit and tie, leaves a conversation with a beautiful woman. He cautiously makes his way to JEFFERY and kneels down in front of him.

MAN IN SUIT
Hey buddy, you doing alright?

JEFFERY (ignores the man)

.

MAN IN SUIT
Did you want me to have one of the waiters bring you some ice cream?

JEFFERY (his brooding ceases instantly)

Yea!

MAN IN SUIT Ok little guy, give me just a sec.

MAN IN SUIT walks away from JEFFERY, and the house, to the end of the courtyard. A hemispherical stone hedge blocks off a short drop into an expansive yet shadowed yard. The hedge encompasses a circular reflecting pool.

MAN IN SUIT stands at the edge of the pool with his hands in his pockets. He casually kicks a pebble into the water. It breaks the surface and causes ripples. JEFFERY stomps over to the man and tugs on his jacket sleeve.

JEFFERY

Hey! Aren't you gonna give me ice cream?

MAN IN SUIT

.

JEFFERY

Well?! Are ya?

MAN IN SUIT ignores JEFFERY further. To grab his attention, JEFFERY walks a few feet away and takes a handful of dirt clumps and throws it at the MAN IN SUIT. The projectile

grazes his shoulder and a few chunks hit the pool and skid over it's now frozen surface.

The ice is unfathomably beautiful in the moonlight. MAN IN SUIT steps to the very edge of the pool and places one foot on the ice. Hands still in pocket, he pushes on the ice with his foot and cracks the surface until breaking through and dampening his foot.

JEFFERY What are doing?

MAN IN SUIT
(incomprehensible babble)
Haved eesacra buhna nah nah

The MAN IN SUIT smiles encouragingly at JEFFERY. He tussles JEFFERY'S hair and walks away. The man walks around the corner of the house in the opposite direction of the party.

JEFFERY runs after him. When JEFFERY turns the corner, the MAN IN SUIT's distance is further than what his leisurely pace should allow. JEFFERY quickens his sprint and shouts after the MAN IN SUIT, but he doesn't notice.

Cut to:

INT. DARK NARROW STAIRWELL

JEFFERY clamors up a narrow stairwell after the MAN IN SUIT without acknowledging his abrupt change in setting. A damp footprint marks every other stair. MAN IN SUIT reaches a door at the top of the stairs and opens it. JEFFERY climbs the stairs, as well as a five year old is able to, and walks through the door.

INT. SMOKING ROOM

The room JEFFERY enters is saturated by a lazy swirl of smoke. A few men sit in leather armchairs puffing on cigars. Other guests chat in small groups of two or three smoking from cigarettes and some use cigarette holders. In the corner of the room an old bald man taps at a piano, playing a placid jazz number. A table at the center of the room supports a large ornate tray of sundaes.

JEFFERY isn't able to see the sundaes due to the smoke and his determination to seek out the MAN IN SUIT. He wanders around the room until his breath starts to show as if the room's temperature has suddenly dropped. A few steps later JEFFERY starts to slide on the now icy floor and eventually falls. Sobbing ensues and the only responses elicited from the people in the room are a few annoyed side glances.

JEFFERY (crying)
Owwww!... I fell!... It hurts!

The scene doesn't seem to cause the inhabitants of the room to engage JEFFERY. He notices this and downplays his crying to try and make eye contact with someone. When this fails, JEFFERY sniffles some and then tries to stand. The icy floor complicates this task and JEFFERY stumbles for a few moments before donning an unsure footing.

The noise in the room is reduced to the remaining acoustics of the piano's last notes. All of the party guests are inanimate, however they are not visibly "frozen."

JEFFERY looks over to the door that was left open when he entered the room which is now closed. He scoots his feet over the ice with great hesitance towards the door. After trying to turn the knob and pull the door open with all he can muster, JEFFERY realizes that it is frozen shut.

JEFFERY gives the door one more pull and is thrown off balance. He slides to the other side of the room and collides with a server holding a tray. The server tips over and hits the ground with a percussive thud. His tray oscillates on the ice, creating an abrasive ringing.

Becoming irritated by both the lingering noise and the absurdity of the situation in general, JEFFERY covers his ears, shuts his eyes, and shouts.

JEFFERY
Make it stop! (sniffle) Just stop!

When JEFFERY opens his eyes he sees that the crash resulted in the toppled waiter breaking through the drywall. It reveals a hole large enough for JEFFERY to pass through. JEFFERY slides himself over to the waiter, climbs over his body, and squeezes into the newly created passage.

INT. LIBRARY

JEFFERY is standing in the middle of the library. The number of guests has reduced by half. Those who remain are in states of unconsciousness either slouching in chairs or simply sprawled on the floor. A veneer of melted ice cream and cone debris cover the ground.

A solitary glass dish containing a sundae is perched upon a coffee table near a young woman passed out, sitting against a wall. JEFFERY jumps to spots of unspoiled floor until he makes it to the sundae. He takes the dish off the table and takes a spoon from the girl's hand.

JEFFERY leaves the room with the ice cream. His path leads through the comatose party guests and into the foyer.

EXT. FRONT OF MANSION

The front door of the mansion is opened, JEFFERY walks out and sits on top of the few stairs leading from the house. He scoops the ice cream as he hums a jazz tune.

CUT TO BLACK.