

A Peek Inside

written by

TJ Mota

INT. CONTAINMENT SECTOR, HALLWAY - DAY

ERICA, 23, a spritely, bright-eyed mentee, giddily follows MIRIAM, 57, her administrative warhorse mentor, down the hallway. They're doing their best not to draw attention with one succeeding more than the other.

MIRIAM

Dial it down a notch, will ya?
We're supposed to be blending in.

ERICA

Sorry. I just can't believe this
is really happening!

MIRIAM

What can I say? Your unique mix of
charm and persistent nagging wore
me down.

ERICA

Oh, like you're not even a teensy
bit curious to see it.

MIRIAM

Never said I wasn't. But new
director or not, the FBC does not
take kindly to employees snooping
around where they don't belong.

Miriam leads Erica to the destination: a storage room.

MIRIAM

So if anyone asks why we're here--

ERICA

I say, "That info is way above
your pay grade, so mind your damn
business."

MIRIAM

I've taught you well.

Miriam unlocks the storage room with an ID card that's clearly not hers. Miriam smirks at the sight of her mentee's joy.

MIRIAM

Two minutes. That's all you get.

Erica lets out a high-pitched SQUEE and rushes inside. Miriam takes a look around the hallway and follows after her.

The door closes behind her.

INT. CONTAINMENT SECTOR, STORAGE ROOM - DAY

The automatic fluorescent ceiling lights flicker on with an electric buzz as Erica steps inside. She gasps when she sees the object of her desire...

Nestled between some old filing cabinets and stacks of cardboard boxes -- an old, coral-colored refrigerator.

ERICA

There she is! AI-10KE. The Arctic Queen!

Erica hurries over to it. Miriam plods along behind her.

MIRIAM

So this is the infamous killer fridge. Did they ever figure out where Agent Phillip's body went?

ERICA

No, but there are all sorts of theories. Time distortion, disintegration, wormholes... At least, that's what my friends in Research are saying.

MIRIAM

Uh-huh.

ERICA

I can't believe I'm actually seeing her! To think, they have her stashed away in a storage room, gathering dust all alone.

MIRIAM

I'm sure if its motor wasn't shot, it'd be in a break room somewhere. Lord knows we could use one.

Erica's hand hovers lovingly over the drawings.

MIRIAM

Clock's ticking. Are you gonna check inside or what?

Erica hesitates before grabbing the fridge door's handle.

ERICA

Come on, Queenie. Let's see what you're hiding.

She swings it open. The excitement on her face fades upon the sight of the fridge's disappointingly normal, empty interior.

Miriam steps beside her, making an "I told you so" expression.

MIRIAM
I tried telling you. If there was
anything special in there, it
would have been in the file.

ERICA
I know. I just... I had to see it
for myself.

Miriam softens at the site of Erica's disappointment. Miriam
gives Erica a light, comforting pat on the shoulder.

MIRIAM
C'mon. Let's head back.

Miriam walks away, but as Erica's about to close the fridge,
she spots something inside.

ERICA
I'll be right there.

INSIDE THE FRIDGE

Erica leans forward into the fridge. There's a tiny crack along
the back wall of the fridge with light bleeding through it.

The room's lights flicker, but in that brief moment of
darkness, the light still bleeds through the crack.

ERICA
Huh.

MIRIAM (O.C.)
Erica, let's go.

Erica extends her forefinger. Upon contact with the crack, the
lights flicker out. And in the darkness she sees...

INSERT - THE FORMER

WE SEE an inky black void. It spreads open to reveal a giant,
cloudy eye. Its pupil expands, emitting a blinding white light.

BACK TO SCENE

The lights come back on. Erica leaps back from the fridge, her
head hitting against the fridge with a loud THUD.

ERICA
(pained; holding head)
Dammit! Ah...
(re: the fridge)
What the hell was that?

The lights flicker briefly as she stares incredulously at the fridge and then her finger. Miriam rushes over.

MIRIAM

Whoa, honey, are you okay?

Miriam checks Erica's head. Erica tries to shrug her off.

ERICA

I'm fine.

MIRIAM

The last thing I need right now is to file an incident report explaining how you got a concussion in here.

ERICA

Miriam, I think I saw something.

MIRIAM

I'm sure you did, hitting your head like that. Half the floor must have heard you thunk your noggin. We better leave before someone comes looking.

ERICA

I'm serious! In the fridge, I saw... I-I don't know what, but...

MIRIAM

Whatever it is you *think* you saw can wait until we're at our desks.

ERICA

But--

MIRIAM

No buts! Move it, girlie.

Miriam ushers Erica out the door. It locks behind them.

We linger on the fridge. The lack of movement in the room causes the lights to shut off.

In the dark, we hear the droning RUMBLE of the fridge's motor.

The lights turn back on. Something triggered the sensors. Something no longer there... **The fridge is gone.**

CUT TO BLACK