

A Peek Inside

written by

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INT. CONTAINMENT SECTOR, HALLWAY - DAY

ERICA, 23, stands in the hallway, barely able to contain her joy as she waits for MIRIAM, 57, to open the massive locked door to the sector's Archives Room. A tiny bullet-proof window on the door offers a faint peek at what's on the other side.

MIRIAM

You're going to be cool, right?

ERICA

The coolest.

MIRIAM

And you're not going to tell anyone we were ever here?

ERICA

Not a word.

MIRIAM

Not even to Director Faden?

ERICA

(shyly)

As if she would talk to me.

MIRIAM

And if someone does find out?

ERICA

We say we're working on a super secret task that's way above your pay grade, so mind your damn business.

MIRIAM

(wiping fake tears)

I'm so proud of you right now.

Miriam swipes an ID card that's clearly not hers to unlock the door. The heavy door CREAKS and GRINDS as it slides open.

Erica's eyes and smile both widen from the impending delight of what awaits her inside the archives room. Miriam can't help but share in her mentee's joy as she fails to suppress a smirk.

MIRIAM

You've got one minute in there. Understood?

ERICA

(beamingly)

Loud and clear.

MIRIAM

Let's see what's so special about
this fridge.

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, ARCHIVES ROOM - DAY

Rows of fluorescent ceiling lights switch on one after another until the room is fully lit and humming with an electric buzz. The room is filled with displays of now-dormant Altered Items.

Erica scans the room as she walks by the displays, searching for the object of her interest. She gasps when she sees it in the corner of the room: an old, coral-colored refrigerator.

ERICA

There it is!

Erica hurries over. Miriam plods along at her own pace.

Erica mentally maps every distinguishing feature of the fridge.

ERICA

It's the real deal... And it's
just sitting here! You'd think
that something with its reputation
would be somewhere more secure.

MIRIAM

The boys in containment beg to differ. After the Director worked her magic, it's now nothing more than an ordinary fridge. One with a shot motor, anyway.

ERICA

Oh, there's nothing ordinary about this. Look! The drawings are still here!

(curiously)

Huh they look a lot older than in the photos. Like the paper is aging rapidly. Fascinating!

MIRIAM

Yes, very. Now, are you going to open it up or what?

ERICA
 Ooooooh. I can't believe I finally
 get to see what's inside!

Erica reaches out for the handle.

MIRIAM
 Uh-uh! Dormant or not, you still
 need to follow protocol.

ERICA
 Of course.

Erica slips on a pair of gloves and reaches for the handle. She stops shy of making contact for Miriam's approval.

On Miriam's nod, Erica's fingers clasp around the handle. She takes a deep breath, exhales, and swings the door open.

The excitement on her face fades to disappointment upon the sight of a very normal, well-maintained fridge interior.

ERICA
 Oh...

MIRIAM
 I tried to tell you.

ERICA
 There's not even a stain or
 anything.

MIRIAM
 Remarkably unremarkable.

ERICA
 Yeah.
 (beat)
 Wait...

INSIDE THE FRIDGE

Erica leans over, sticking her head inside the fridge for a closer look, using a pen light to brighten the interior.

ON MIRIAM

Miriam taps her toes and checks her watch.

MIRIAM
 Time's up. Come on.

ERICA
 Just a second.

IN THE FRIDGE

Erica sees the faintest a hairline crack along the back wall of the fridge. Erica trails her finger along the crack. It gives her goosebumps.

MIRIAM
Now, Erica.

ERICA
Okay, okay.

BACK TO SCENE

Erica steps back and closes the door. She stares down at her finger. Miriam looks at her curiously.

MIRIAM
Well, don't leave me in suspense.
Did you see something?

ERICA
Nah. It's probably nothing.
(beat)
Thank you for this. Even if it was
a bit of a letdown, I appreciate
you letting me see it for myself.

MIRIAM
(smiling)
You can thank me by plowing
through that stack of paperwork
I'm late on. Now, come on before
people start asking questions.

ERICA
Right behind you.

THE SHOT lingers on the fridge as Miriam and Erica walk out of frame. The lights go off and we hear the door opening and closing. Faint traces of light spewing from the metal door's window bathes the fridge with an eerie glow.

We linger on the fridge a little longer...

Long enough to hear the RUMBLE of its motor kicking on.

CUT TO BLACK