

FREEZER

By

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INT. FREEZER - NIGHT

FLASH MONTAGE

The screen SURGES to life, cast in a cold blue pallor. A thin blanket of haze surrounds a young man, SID (16). The camera looms over him as he frantically SCRATCHES and BEATS on the walls that enclose him.

END MONTAGE

Darkness. The soft sound of WEEPING transpires in the background and then seizes.

SID

(V.O)

I've always had the impression that when we meet death, our life passes us by. Funny thing is, I can't remember the last time I took a good look at my life or how it turned out so far. How I've treated others. Whether my words or actions had an effect on somebody's day. And then its only when death comes that we decide to consider the life we're leaving behind. Well, I suppose this is one of those times.

The screen again FLOODS with blue illume, where Sid now sits somewhat calmer, his knees between his arms. He trembles in the bitter cold, almost pathetic.

SID

(V.O)

Thats me, Sidney Gibson. Sid. I'm sixteen years old and in year ten. I attend a public school and excel at the subjects... when I put my mind to them. I work part time at a fish and chips shop and live with my mother. A gardener. I'm not rich, but far from poor. Right now I'm cowering in a corner, blinded with the early stages of hypothermia. Can you guess where I am? I'll give you a hint.

FLASH MONTAGE

A few still photographs seize the screen rapidly, just slow enough to make out the hieroglyphics edged on the inside lid of the deep freezer that holds Sid captive.

(CONTINUED)

END MONTAGE

Darkness and grim silence.

SID
(V.O)
I'm in a fucking freezer.

EXT. FREEZER - NIGHT

Sid is propped against the freezer, unconscious. We hear his captor open the freezer lid before a hand lifts him by his shirt.

INT. FREEZER - NIGHT

He still sits in the corner, his position now limp but uncaring.

SID
(V.O)
Mother's place of solitude. Her little 'naughty corner'. I guess you could say I grew up in here. Not because I'm a bad kid. Just because I make bad choices.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

FLASH MONTAGE

C.U

A bong being SPARKED and a can of bourbon being CRACKED open. The basement is rich in an eerie green aura.

END MONTAGE

INT. FREEZER - NIGHT

C.U

An open palm cradles a silver pocket watch. It glistens in the fog as the hands tick. 9:53.

SID
(V.O)
This time she was nice enough to give me a pocket watch, just so I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SID (cont'd)
know how much air I have left.
Considering how long I've been in
here, and the size of the freezer,
I calculate about seven minutes.
That is of course if I don't panic.
Like I said, I excel at my
subjects. Especially maths.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

FLASH MONTAGE

C.U

Sid sprawls a maths test onto he's desk table. Penned in a thick coat of red, a '100%' mark stands tall. Like the basement, his room is also cast in an eerie green veneer.

END MONTAGE

INT. FREEZER - NIGHT

Sid now whispers rings of haze as he trembles. A trail of clear mire seeps from his nostrils, almost frozen to his pale face.

SID
(V.O)
So why am I here? Why am I locked
in an empty storage freezer, slowly
dying with every breath that leaves
my lungs? I'll keep the story
short, seeing as I only have five
or so minutes left to tell it.
Mother caught me burying something,
something very precious to her.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sid sits at his desk, concentrating as he writes in an open exercise book. We FOCUS on the dark tale of blood lust - -

C.U

"Shredding the pages of your soul, when the pulse stops and the life leaves your body, I'll have finished and my hunger appeased. Killing is my painkiller."

A few distraught BARKS break his attention. A dog. He looks up, angered slightly. He returns his gaze to his poetry before another few HOWLS stand him up, a pillar of rage.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He butchers with a cleaver, emotions raw and distressed. Blood sprays against clean walls as Sid thrashes the slab of meat.

SID

(V.O)

Chase. Mother loved that dog. And I hated mother. It seemed like a good idea. I cleaned up the mess and went to her garden with a shovel. She caught me red handed. Literally. Maybe it wasn't such a good idea. My last 'bad choice'.

EXT. GARDEN BED - DAY

A shovel breaks the earth, Sid sweaty and exhausted. The INSERT is just slow enough to make out the figure that attacks him. A middle aged women with a stern face and a twisted, crazed approach. MOTHER (40s). Sid's degenerate body seeps out of consciousness.

INT. FREEZER - NIGHT

C.U

The pocket watch now ticks over to 9:59.

SID

(V.O)

I've never been in here for this long. The airs getting thicker. My lungs are getting tired. One more minute. She has to let me out soon.

EXT. FREEZER - NIGHT

A padlock bolts the lid to the freezer. Not a chance of escape.

INT. FREEZER - NIGHT

Sid begins to grow flustered. He tries to remain calm but his descent into insanity is inanimate.

C.U The second hand brushes thirty.

SID

(V.O)

Not long now. She has to let me out soon.

EXT. FREEZER - NIGHT

The garage is empty, the freezer being the only adornment, illumed by a flood light. No one is coming.

INT. FREEZER - NIGHT

Sid begins to SCRATCH the walls that confine him. Solitude breaks his sanity and he begins to BANG on the roof.

SID

(V.O)

She has to let me out soon. She has to.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A few shots of the rooms in his house. The living room, kitchen, lounge room and a couple of bed rooms. All empty.

INT. FREEZER - NIGHT

His attempts become more and more aggressive, the freezer shaking with each desperate PUNCH and KICK.

SID

(V.O)

There's still time. There's still air. She'll let me out. She has to.

EXT. GARDEN BED - NIGHT

Mother stands in the garden bed, clad in black. She bears a candle, gazing in silence upon a wooden cross hammered into the earthy soil. It reads 'RIP CHASE'. She speaks in a tone of anger and mourning.

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER

Don't worry Chase. I took care of him. Such a disobedient boy, always making the wrong decisions. I've seen to it that he pays for what he did to you.

INT. FREEZER - NIGHT

The very first FLASH MONTAGE seen, Sid in severe distraught.

The minutes hand passes. 10:01. And then darkness.

SID

(V.O, exhausted)

She'll let me out. She has to.

SUPER. CENTRE SCREEN - END CREDITS