FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL KITCHEN - DAY

ABBY, 40, jolts awake and screams. She lies on the dingy tile, soaked from head to toe. Blood, stains her forehead.

The wind howls outside. Rain and debris, pelt the exterior. Small windows, high on the wall, flex against the wind.

Marcel, 45, also soaked, sits on the floor and leans against the rusted door of a walk in fridge. He pockets his phone.

He looks at Abby with disgust and disappointment.

MARCEL
Damn.

Abby sits up, winces in pain, and brings a hand to her head. She gives Marcel a look of disdain.

ABBY
You think I was dead?

MARCEL
Hoped, is more like it.

ABBY
I’m happy to disappoint.

MARCEL
Wouldn’t be a first.

Abby looks at her surroundings.

ABBY
Where the hell am I?

MARCEL
Some motel off Route 47.

Abby shakes her head.

ABBY
What happened?

MARCEL
We crashed into a house. Actually, a house crashed into us.

ABBY
What?
MARCEL
A fucking house blew onto the road and you drove into it!

ABBY
Fuck you! I didn’t ask you to drag me in here.

MARCEL
I thought about leaving you out there, but I still need you to sign the papers.

Abby gives him a confused look.

MARCEL (CONT’D)
Remember? Lawyer’s office? My family’s estate? You fucking me over? Any of this ring a bell?

Abby scoots back and rests against the wall opposite Marcel.

ABBY
Oh yeah. So you still need me, huh?

Marcel stares daggers at her. She smirks.

MARCEL
I need you to sign the papers, then die. That’s what I need.

ABBY
So...you still need me.

MARCEL
(French, under breath)
Maudit vache.

Abby hears him but just continues to smirk.

She braces against the wall as she stands.

The lights flicker as a gale shakes the building.

ABBY
So this is your plan? Hide in this shitty kitchen until the building collapses on us? Smart.

Marcel stands, looks up, and listens to the wind with a worried look on his face.
MARCEL
(condescendingly)
My plan was to take shelter in the 8 inch thick concrete walls of this fridge.

Abby analyzes the fridge, then reluctantly nods approval.

ABBY
Okay. So why aren’t we in there?

Marcel opens the door and gestures for Abby to enter.

MARCEL
Go ahead. You first.

The dim light inside flickers. Broken shelves line the walls. Mold thrives in every corner.

A foul stench punches Abby in the face as she enters.

Just as she steps inside, Marcel slams the door shut.

INT. FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Abby whips around and pounds on the door. She grasps for the handle. It’s gone.

Each flicker of the light reveals a message scrawled on the door in permanent marker, “HANDLE BROKE DON’T CLOSE”.

ABBY
Son of a bitch! Let me out!

Abby pounds on the door a few more times. It opens.

INT. MOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Abby barges out and shoves Marcel backward.

ABBY
Asshole!

MARCEL
That’s, why we’re not in there.

Abby raises her middle finger.
MARCEL (CONT’D)
The way I see it, one of us is
gonna be safe inside the fridge,
the other’s gonna have to ride out
the storm.

Abby furrows her brow.

ABBY
So I’m just supposed to go in there
and hope you let me out, if you’re
still alive after the hurricane?

MARCEL
No. I’m going in there, and you’re
gonna let me out if you’re still
alive.

Abby stares at him, shocked. Mouth agape.

MARCEL (CONT’D)
‘Cause I’m pretty sure whoever’s
out here, is gonna die. At least
in there I’ll have a chance.

ABBY
You’d leave me out here to die?

Marcel thinks for a second.

MARCEL
No. I’m leaving you out here to
die.

He shoves her aside, enters the fridge, and shuts the door.

Abby stands there in disbelief.

The kitchen shudders as wind pounds the walls, the lights
flicker then go out.

A window SHATTERS in the adjacent room. Abby looks toward
the sound, then back toward the fridge.

She grabs the door handle to the fridge and yanks it open.

Marcel sits against the far wall, staring at his phone. He
throws his arms up with a, “what the fuck” look on his face.

ABBY
There’s no way your sorry ass is
sittin’ in there while I’m dyin’
out here.
INT. FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Marcel stands, marches toward Abby, stiff arms her, then slams the door.

Under the dim light of his phone, he reaches for something to hold the door shut, but only finds a sheer surface.

The door pops back open.

Frustrated, Marcel lunges out and grabs Abby by the throat.

    MARCEL
    Touch this door again...

    ABBY
    (choking)
    And what?

Marcel realizes what he’s become and lets go. He turns around and walks toward the fridge.

Abby falls to a knee, hangs her head, and coughs.

    ABBY (CONT’D)
    I swear if I make it through this, there’s no way in hell I’m signing.

Marcel stops.

    ABBY (CONT’D)
    I’ll turn your family’s estate into a rest stop. Put some shitters right over their graves.

    MARCEL
    You wouldn’t.

    ABBY
    If I don’t sign, it defaults back to the county.

Marcel thinks for a moment.

    ABBY (CONT’D)
    So the way I see it, If I die out here, you’re screwed. If I live out here, you’re screwed. The only way you’re not screwed, is if I live. In there.
    (beat)
    Well, you’re still screwed, I’m just not the one screwing you.
Marcel bows his head and closes his eyes.
A tear escapes.
Defeat.
Without turning to face her, he walks away from the fridge.
Abby stands, struts past him, and enters the fridge. She begins to shut the door.

    ABBY (CONT’D)
    Good luck with your hurricane.

The door latches shut.
Pitch black.

INT. MOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
Marcel hammers his fist against a wall.
He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his phone.

    INSERT - PHONE
    An image of Marcel and his daughter.
    BACK TO SCENE
He stares at it as he walks to the fridge.
He stops in front of the door...
Reaches for the handle.
A tree SNAPS outside.
The building shakes as it CRASHES into the next room.
The kitchen windows burst. Wind and rain, rush in.
He retracts his hand and sits down against the door.
His gaze, locked on his phone.

    MARCEL
    Can you hear me?

    ABBY (O.S.)
    No.
MARCEL
You never told me if it was **him**, you were texting when you killed...
(pause)
When...the accident. When we lost Kacie.
(long pause)

ABBY (O.S.)
What do you care.

Marcel leans his head back, rests it on the door, and looks up. Tears well up in his eyes. A painful sigh escapes.

MARCEL
I wanted to kill you, for so long.
(pause)
I was gonna kill you, and him, for what you did.

INT. FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Abby’s eyes snap to attention in the pale glow of her phone.

INT. MOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marcel lowers his head and looks at his phone again.

MARCEL
Kacie’s the only thing that kept me from doing it. She wouldn’t want me to do it.

INT. FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Abby stands and walks to the door.

INT. MOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MARCEL
And now I don’t have to.

INT. FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

ABBY
(calmingly)
What are you talking about?
INT. MOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marcel turns his head to the side.

Water pours into the kitchen from under the side door.

    MARCEL
    The levee broke an hour ago. I guess you didn’t hear the radio.

INT. FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Abby pushes against the fridge door.

    ABBY
    Marcel, please open the door.

She kneels and uses the light of her phone to look into the hole where the handle used to be. She sticks her finger in. Fear creeps across her face as she pokes around the hole.

INT. MOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The water floods into the kitchen faster now. Marcel sits in a few inches.

    MARCEL
    I miss Kacie so much. I wanted to see her so bad.
    (pause)
    I wasn’t going in the fridge to live. I was going in there...


    MARCEL (CONT’D)
    And now you took that away too.

INT. FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Abby continues to poke around the hole in vain. Frustrated, she stands and stomps her foot.

SPLASH!

She shines her phone down to the floor.

Water, trickles in around the door and pools at her feet.

Abby pounds on the door.
INT. MOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ABBY (O.S.)
Marcel! Open this fucking door!

Marcel stands and puts his hand on the fridge door.

MARCEL
I don’t know where you’re going,
but if you see Kacie, tell her,
Daddy loves her. Tell her I’ll see
her soon.

Marcel walks away.

INT. FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Abby rapidly pounds on the door with both hands.
Her cell phone slips from her hand and splashes in the water.
Pitch black.
The sound of water sloshing around.

ABBY
No, no, no, no!

The sound of water pouring into water.

ABBY (CONT’D)
Marcel, you son of a bitch! Open
this door! Open it! Open it!

FADE OUT.