

THE OTHER SIDE

Written by

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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)
Maudite 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

(calmly)

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 sighs. Sadness. Anger. Pain. Suffering.

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.