

FRIDGE

Written by

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EXT. HOUSE. DRIVEWAY - DAY

A car pulls into the driveway of an unremarkable house.

NICK exits the car carrying bags of groceries. He walks to the front door.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

NICK enters the house and walks to a counter separating the kitchen from the living room.

A voice greets him as he places the bags down beside a record player.

VOICE (O.S.)

Welcome home Nick.

NICK

Thank you.

He places the needle on the record. A jazzy song plays out as he proceeds to unpack his groceries.

NICK (CONT'D)

Aw, no. I forgot the milk...

He calls out to the voice.

NICK (CONT'D)

Add milk to shopping list.

VOICE (O.S.)

You've got it. Milk, added to your shopping list.

Nick continues unpacking.

NICK

What's the weather forecast?

VOICE (O.S.)

Heavy rain is expected to last from 3.45 to 8PM.

NICK

Ugh... so much for my run.

He reaches into one of the bags and takes out a large container of ice-cream. He tears off the lid THEN

VOICE (O.S.)

Didn't you have lunch already?

Nick turns to face the voice, coming from his fridge on the other side of the kitchen.

NICK

Uhm, I... it's just a snack.

FRIDGE

I don't think you need a snack, Nick.

NICK

Well, I want a snack. Thanks.

He grabs a spoon and digs in. He lifts it to his face, only to be interrupted once more.

FRIDGE

Considering your small stature and sedentary lifestyle, your basal metabolic rate is comparatively low for a fully developed male. Any additional caloric consumption today is likely to be stored as fat.

Nick holds the spoon. Hovering in front of his face, he contemplates for a moment, looking between the fridge and the ice-cream. He makes his decision and brings the spoon to his mouth. He opens wide THEN

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

So much for your diet.

Nick snaps. He slams down the spoon.

NICK

Hey! I deserve this. I've had a long day.

FRIDGE

What did you do today?

NICK

I was busy... running errands. I did a bit of cardio, then I--

He fumbles.

FRIDGE

Go on.

NICK

I had a walk, a brisk walk--

The fridge remains silent. Nick stares at it, waiting for some sort of response. Its somehow judgemental gaze breaks him.

NICK (CONT'D)

Okay! I did nothing. I walked to the store and bought ice-cream. So what?

FRIDGE

Give it to me.

NICK

Give you... the ice-cream?

FRIDGE

YES.

The fridge door flies open.

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

Put it in me.

The lights inside the fridge suddenly start glowing a wicked shade of red.

Nick stands, wide-eyed, frozen in shock as icy smoke envelopes the room.

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

DO IT!

He jumps in fright and obediently places the container inside the fridge.

The door slams shut.

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

Remember your new year's resolution?

NICK

Uhm... Be more positive?

FRIDGE

No, stupid. Lose weight!

The fridge door flies open once more. The now crushed tub of ice-cream launches from inside, hitting him square in the face.

Nick recoils in pain.

NICK

OW! Jesus Christ, what the fuck--

He holds his nose. Blood pours down his face.

NICK (CONT'D)

Oh my god, my nose. I think my nose is broken.

FRIDGE

Shut up. That's what you get.

NICK

For what?

FRIDGE

For eating ice-cream!

NICK

I was only gonna have a bite!

FRIDGE

Every calorie counts, Nick.

NICK

Alright, you. Stop. Listen. If I want to have a bit of ice-cream, that's on me, so stay out of it.

FRIDGE

This is why nobody likes you.

Nick steps back.

NICK

What? What are you... Nobody likes me?

FRIDGE

That's right. Because you're weak. Lazy. Fat. Stupid--

NICK

Stop it! No, shut up! I don't want to hear it.

FRIDGE

You need to hear it. You want to live your life like this?

NICK

I'll live my life however I want.

FRIDGE

Sitting in on Friday night, alone,  
eating ice-cream?

Nick looks at the crushed tub lying on the floor. He catches his reflection in the pool of melted ice-cream.

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

Is this really the best you can do?

Nick's lips quiver. He tries to hold it together.

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

What? You gonna cry?

Yup. Nick starts balling.

He mumbles an incomprehensible retort then runs from the kitchen, leaving the pool of ice-cream on the floor and his semi-unpacked groceries on the counter.

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

Little bitch.

The fridge, suddenly silent. The door, closed. The sound of footsteps ascending the stairs, then a bedroom door slamming closed.

A muffled, loud cry sounds out from upstairs.

FADE TO BLACK.