

JACKIE (V.O.)  
Lift your arms up, keep your elbows  
to the sides, and smash down to  
force your arms in front of you.

She breaks her hands free and peels the tape off her mouth.

ELLE  
Holy shit! Jackie, you're badass!

JACKIE (V.O.)  
I took a self defense class but it  
didn't help me much here. I was  
wearing some hairpins you can pick  
the lock with. He put my body in  
that fridge.

Elle side-eyes the fridge.

ELLE  
Your body?

The compressor clicks and hums. Elle swings back to Jackie.

JACKIE (V.O.)  
Is you're refrigerator running?  
Sorry, couldn't help it. It's just  
a body in a fridge.

Elle inches toward the fridge and pulls the lid up. Fog pours  
out. Elle hops back, covers her nose, and looks at Jackie.

ELLE  
It smells so --

Elle hears a thud from the fridge, shifts her gaze to it, and  
sees cold, dead fingers curl over the lip.

An eyeless corpse emerges, twisting its limbs with the pop of  
stiff joints, and faces Elle.

Elle stumbles back and whips her head toward Jackie.

JACKIE (V.O.)  
Oh shit. That's not me. I mean it  
is me but I'm not doing that.

Elle spins back to the corpse.

It peels its lips with a breathy growl as murky liquid drips  
down it's jaw. The corpse lumbers toward Elle.

Elle trips on the chair and falls on her back.