

Building the Perfect
Future:
A Screenplay
of
Psychological
Torment

by
Keith Joseph Sereduck

Based on the short story
Building the Perfect Future
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A Screenplay of Psychological Torment

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By Keith Joseph Sereduck

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By his parents.

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If you happen to find a mistake or two (or thirteen) in this book, think to yourself..."I'm sure it was intentional." It probably wasn't, but we can all dream. I dream of one day being able to afford an editor. Wanna feel needed? E-mail me corrections. That's the beauty of E-Books, I can go back and fix them...maybe even send you the corrections if you're nice. But only if you're nice.

This book is dedicated, like everything else, to MNVG. With you, I've finally built my own perfect future and, for that, I can never truly thank you enough.

CREDIT SEQUENCE:

In between credits, we see flashes of an, at first, unidentifiable young man and woman. She has long, curly, black hair. He, short brown. We hear their voices fading in and out. Laughing. Giggling. They are extremely happy. In love.

FADE IN:

VICTOR
(To Female)
Hey, babe.

They embrace. Then, she pushes him away.

MELISSA
(Almost serious)
Don't call me "Babe." You may as well be calling me "chick" or something like that.
(She pauses)
Be-yotch.

She has to swallow hard to suppress a laugh. VICTOR tries to hug her but she foils the attempt.

MELISSA
I'm mad at you.

VICTOR
No, you're not. You could never be mad at me, Honey Bear.

She giggles playfully.

MELISSA
I hate you when you're right.

FADE TO BLACK.

MORE CREDITS AGAINST BLACK.

FADE IN:

VICTOR and MELISSA are lying on a bed together, looking into on another's eyes. Smiling.

VICTOR
It's always gonna be this way.
Isn't it?

MELISSA smiles.

MELISSA
Of course, dummy.

VICTOR
(Surprised)
Dummy? Dummy?! Oh, *that's* just
it. Now you've gone and done it.

VICTOR sits up. MELISSA'S eyes open wide.

MELISSA
No.

VICTOR smiles ear to ear.

MELISSA
Victor, no.

He laughs like a typical Disney villain.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
(Pleading)
Victor, I said no. Please, Hon.

VICTOR straddles her and pins her down before she can get up.

VICTOR
You *know* what time it is now.

MELISSA
No.
(Louder)
No!

VICTOR
Don't give me that. You did it.
This is *your* fault. You released
him. Now, you've got to pay.

MELISSA
(Sarcastic & overacting)
No...not...*HIM!*

VICTOR smiles even bigger.

VICTOR

Yup.

(Pause)

The Tickle Monster.

He starts tickling her relentlessly. MELISSA is laughing so hard she has tears streaming down her face.

FADE TO BLACK.

MORE CREDITS AGAINST BLACK.

FADE IN:

VICTOR and MELISSA are walking hand in hand down a quiet country road. Green, grassy hills surround them. Flowers and trees are everywhere. It's beautiful. A paradise. They're right smack dab in the middle of it.

CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM LIKE A BIRD FLYING OVERHEAD. CIRCLING. DIVING IN OCCASIONALLY TO FOLLOW THEM. FLYING LIKE A BIRD.

FADE TO BLACK.

MORE CREDITS AGAINST BLACK.

FADE IN:

The final glimpses are darker. Disturbing. VICTOR is crying. SCREAMING OVER AND IMAGE OF MELISSA'S FACE. Her eyes are closed.

VICTOR

(Distant. In the
background with an echo
effect)

No! No! You said you'd never
leave me! You said we'd always be
together! You can't go! I won't
let you go!

CAMERA PULLS BACK. MELISSA is lying on a hospital gurney. Blood covers her body, as well as VICTOR'S hands and much of his arms. VICTOR covers his face with his hands for a moment, then removes them.

EVERYTHING ON THE SCREEN TURNS BLACK EXCEPT FOR VICTOR.

Then, VICTOR'S falling. Falling down into a black hole. The darkness engulfs him. HE SCREAMS. It ends only when he hits the bottom. VICTOR curls into the fetal position and sobs.

FADE TO BLACK.

A LOUD, DISTORTED GUITAR RIPS INTO THE SILENCE.

FADE IN:

INT. CLUB (THE STRAND IN PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND) - NIGHT

VICTOR LOGAN is making his way through the crowded club. There's nothing special about him. He's very average looking. Short brown hair. About 5'9". Clean shaven. Good looking without the arrogance. One part All American with a darker edge hidden just below the surface.

A BAND IS PLAYING ON STAGE. The music is extremely loud. VICTOR looks over the crowd to see who's performing. The singer is screaming into the mic, bathing in blood. He's wearing high heels and what looks like women's lingerie. His ass is hanging out.

VICTOR isn't interested and it shows. He's there for something else. He scans the crowd. Seems more worried than agitated. People are everywhere. Wall to wall. Every one of them has their own story.

A man fights with his girlfriend. He's about 6'4", military fade. His girlfriend is all of 5'2".

VICTOR is trying to walk between them but it's not working.

G.I. JOE

(Angrily)

Why do you have to make this so difficult?

BLONDIE

(Calm)

Me? How can you throw this back at me?

VICTOR makes an attempt to move around the female. It doesn't work.

G.I. JOE

(Even louder)

Because you just don't understand!

BLONDIE

(Still calm, cool,
collected)

First of all, Ernest...Stop yelling
at me, you're creating a scene.
Second, what I understand is that
you brought some slut in *my* home
and into *my* bed. That's what *I*
understand.

G.I. JOE

So, what do you *me* to do about it?

BLONDIE

Absolutely nothing.

She turns away from him and looks to both sides. Sees VICTOR
still trying to squeeze by. Grabs his arm so he has to stop.

BLONDIE (CONT'D)

It's what *I'm* gonna do about it.

VICTOR is trying to get her off of him. He's still scanning
the crowd for something. Someone.

The chick puts her hands on both sides of his face, pulls his
head down, and kisses him full on the mouth. Tongues are
definitely exchanged.

The guy goes crazy. Pulls them apart.

G.I. JOE

What the hell are you doing?

BLONDIE

What does it look like?

She's smiling. She keeps taking quick glances at VICTOR,
obviously impressed by the kiss.

G.I. JOE is about to have a conniption.

VICTOR used the opportunity to squeeze by.

G.I. JOE

It looks like you're-
(His voice fades into the
music)

Seconds later, VICTOR comes upon TWO GIRLS comparing tattoos
while a group of young men stare intently at them from the
shadows. The following occurs while VICTOR scans the crowd.

The Girls look like your typical sixteen year old, anorexic, anemic, long dark haired, wanna-be Vampire, Goth chicks. They start off just showing arms and shoulders, ankles. Then, one of them lifts up her shirt with her back to the camera.

The guys are practically drooling. They look like a group of 11 year old boys seeing the shower scene in Porky's for the first time.

VICTOR shakes his head in disapproval and keeps moving.

A figure moving through the crowd catches VICTOR'S eye. All we see is the back of a short black dress. Long, black, curly hair that's tied up in the back. She disappears into the crowd.

VICTOR follows. Begins to pick up his pace a bit. Starts getting pissed. Begins to nudge people out of the way. Then, he's actually pushing them.

Various people cast hard glances at him.

Others voice their disapproval.

RANDOM GUY
Hey, watch it, man!

RANDOM GIRL
Freak!

RANDOM GIRL 2
Asshole! What happened to excuse me?

VICTOR passes by, his eyes still on the figure in the crowd.

VICTOR
(Under his breath)
Excuse me.

RANDOM GIRL 2
There's no excuse for you!

VICTOR bumps into a local Providence "Guido." He's entirely decked out in gold chains, his shirt unbuttoned to the navel, his chest hair almost as greasy as the brown mane on his head. He looks like a pimp.

The GREASY PIMP yells at him with a horrid and almost unintelligible Italian accent. He's like early Stallone on a bad day...with a cold.

GREASY PIMP
Yo! What tha fuck you doin'?

VICTOR keeps going.

The PIMP doesn't let him pass.

They stand chest to chest.

VICTOR looks down and tries to walk around him.

GREASY PIMP
Where you think you're goin'?

VICTOR ignores him and manages to get by.

GREASY PIMP
Damn, jerk. You're lucky I'm in
such a good mood this evenin'. Ya
hear me?

The GREASY PIMP fixes his collar and runs his hands through his greasy hair.

Two girls behind him take a step back to avoid the falling grease.

VICTOR gets around him and looks up. He can't find her. He scans the crowd frantically. Whips his head around in every direction. Nothing.

THE MUSIC SEEMS TO GET EVEN LOUDER.

THE ROOM STARTS TO SPIN. The speed varies. Slow at first. Then faster. Then, slow again. Over and over.

THE CROWD NOISE BEGINS TO SLUR. It all looks and sounds like a bad acid trip.

THE VOICE OF A FEMALE BEGINS TO WEAVE IN AND OUT OF THE DRUG-LIKE SCENE. It happens two or three times but the words aren't clear enough to make out. Then, EVERYTHING IS COMPLETELY SILENT.

CLOSE UP ON VICTOR'S FACE. His eyes are wide open. He looks like he's just seen a ghost.

VICTOR is face to face with her. The girl in the black dress. Her face is the same one from the opening credit sequence. It's MELISSA.

THE SOUND RETURNS, the music and crowd as loud as ever.

She's saying something to him. Her lips moving, but no sound can be heard over the music. She's mouthing, "ARE YOU ALL SET?"

PERSPECTIVE CHANGE. THE CAMERA WHIPS AROUND TO SHOW VICTOR. THEN, QUICKLY MOVES IN FOR A CLOSE-UP ON ONE OF HIS EYES, CONTINUING UNTIL IT'S ALL THE WAY INSIDE.

CUT TO:

EXT. BED AND BREAKFAST - AFTERNOON

Medium shot. A large, two story brick house sits in the middle of an enormous rose garden. Rolling, green hills fade into the distance. A sign in front of the building reads, "BLUE RIDGE BED AND BREAKFAST". Another, beside it reads, "PLEASE WELCOME THE WEDDING PARTY OF VICTOR LOGAN AND MELISSA COLLINS".

CUT TO:

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - CONTINUOUS

A typical Bed and Breakfast room. The floor is hardwood. The windows are shading some of the bright afternoon sun with lacy, flowery curtains. All of the furniture is dark oak. Stuffed bears sit, stand, and lay all over the place.

VICTOR is sitting on the bed.

MELISSA is in the bathroom with the door shut.

VICTOR
(Excited)
Are you ready yet, Honey?

FADE TO BLACK.

AGAINST BLACK, TITLE CARD:

"Melissa."

FADE IN:

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - CONTINUOUS

Back in the room, VICTOR is still parking on the bed. MELISSA'S still in the john.

MELISSA (O.S.)
(Muffled. Through the
thick door)
Not quite.

VICTOR fiddles with the wedding band on his finger. He isn't used to it being there and it shows. He spins it a few times. Smiles.

VICTOR
(To himself)
I can't believe it.

He looks into a mirror across the room. His reflection stares back happily.

VICTOR
(To his reflection)
You did it. You finally did it.

He glances down at his watch. It reads, TWO O'CLOCK.

VICTOR
We're gonna be late if you don't hurry it up, Miss.

MELISSA (O.S.)
(Through the door)
Honey? Did you say something?

VICTOR
(Louder)
I said I love you, Dear.

MELISSA (O.S.)
What? I can't hear you, Victor.

VICTOR
Never mind!

He hears her words disappear into the sound of running water. Decides to let it rest and lays back on the bed. Stares up at the ceiling for a moment.

THE SOUND OF WATER STOPS.

A DOOR OPENS.

MELISSA (O.S.)
(Perky)
Hi!

VICTOR looks over at her. MEDIUM shot of MELISSA. VICTOR nearly falls off the bed when he sees her. She just stands there, smiling at him. She's wearing a pair of jeans. A T-shirt that says, "I'm with stupid." Her long, black, curly hair is tied back with a black ribbon.

VICTOR smiles at her.

She's looking at him differently. Like she's waiting for an answer.

VICTOR
(Confused)
I'm sorry. What did you say?

CLOSE UP OF MELISSA'S FACE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STRAND - NIGHT

A CLOSE UP of MELISSA'S FACE BEGINS IN THE B&B AND FINISHES IN THE STRAND. Her facial expression does not change, only the scene behind her as the room disappears and the club begins to take shape. She's still waiting for an answer.

VICTOR
(Shaking out the cob webs)
Huh?

MELISSA
I asked if you were all set.

VICTOR doesn't reply. He's still confused. Disoriented.

MELISSA
(Louder)
All set?

She's holding a round tray with drinks on it. She points down to it with her free hand. There are about six plastic cups full of watered down beer on it. A clear glass for tips. It's overflowing.

MELISSA is about to walk away.

VICTOR sees this. He quickly looks down at the cup in his hand on the side that's furthest from her. It's over half full.

MELISSA starts to leave.

VICTOR drops the cup on the floor behind him.

VICTOR
(Hurried. Slightly
worried)
No! No, I'm not.

MELISSA turns back.

MELISSA
(Smiling)
What'll it be?

VICTOR
Shouldn't you know by now?

MELISSA gives him a blank look.

VICTOR
Coors Light.

MELISSA says something that he can't hear over the sound of the loud music. Leans in closer to him.

MELISSA
(Yelling)
I need to see your stamp!

She points to the back of her hand.

VICTOR does the same. His hands are sweating so much that the "S" and "D" have already faded away. He quickly pulls his hand back and rubs it on his jeans.

MELISSA smiles up at him again.

VICTOR
Do you really need to ask me every
single time?

MELISSA
It's just like I told you the last
time you asked me this. Rules are
rules. If I didn't check, I'd get
fired. You don't want that, do
you?

VICTOR shakes his head.

MELISSA hands him a cup.

VICTOR reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a ten. Lays it on the tray.

MELISSA starts to go through the tip glass for change.

VICTOR
No. Keep the change.

MELISSA
(Taken aback)
Are you sure?

VICTOR nods.

MELISSA gives him a huge smile. Folds the ten in half and slips it into the glass. She leans in closer.

CLOSE UP OF MELISSA'S LIPS SPEAKING INTO VICTOR'S EAR.

MELISSA'S voice can be heard clearly over the loud music.

MELISSA
(Whispering)
Thank you.

She smiles again and walks away. The crowd seems to split in two as she glides to the other side of the room. VICTOR doesn't take his eyes off her until the crowd closes in, swallowing her image completely.

FADE TO BLACK.

AGAINST BLACK, TITLE CARD:

"One Year Ago"

FADE IN:

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SCRIPT AT CHETANDJENNY.COM, THE
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THAT!!!**

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Keith Joseph Sereduck lives in Coventry, Rhode Island. He likes Monkeys and might like saying the word "poop" a little bit too much. When not working in the Retail Customer Service World or writing about it, he spends his time recording with his musical project, The Chet and Jenny Experience. Keith is currently working on several books and screenplays that range from humor to what can best be described as works of "psychological torment." All in all, not a far cry from customer service. If you would like to contact Keith, you can E-mail him at Keith@chetandjenny.com.