

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Rhapsody

Written by

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Story Design

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INT. BULSARA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Top down POV from a ceiling fan over a dining room table. The lighting is moody and the fan creaks as it spins rhythmically. At the table are three people, two young men and one older woman. The two men are Fredrick Bulsara and his friend Roger May. They are eating dinner with Fredrick's mother Jen.

ROGER

Thanks for having me for dinner Ms. Bulsara. Your cooking is great as always!

JEN

Oh stop you.. Y'know I make Tuna  
Noodle every friday night!

Jen smiles earnestly at Roger.

JEN (cont'd)

and of course. You are always welcome  
here.

Roger smiles back and wipes his face with a napkin on the table looking back towards Fredrick who is looking down at his food deep in thought.

ROGER

I wish I could stop by more to visit  
you and Freddy but I've been pretty  
busy at corporate is all..

Roger hesitates and begins glancing at Fredrick worryingly.

ROGER (cont'd)

Is everything all right Freddy?

Startled Fredrick's fork spins out of his hand and falls to the floor.

FREDRICK

Oh right! Oh um yeah of course just  
thinking is all. I had a pretty busy  
day..

Fredrick frantically looks for his fork and realizes he dropped it. He decides to go grab a clean one from the kitchen.

JEN

Oh don't worry about that.. I'll go getcha another one.

As she begins to stand Fredrick stops her abruptly..

FREDRICK

Mom don't... I can get it. Thank you.

Fredrick leaves the small dining room. Jen and Roger remaining at the table are left in a silent awkwardness from the situation and Roger takes a long sip of his water..

INT. BULSARA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Fredrick is alone in the dimly lit kitchen. The old fluorescent bulb makes a low hum while casting a sterile white against the worn counter tops and cabinetry. The design was familiar intended to replicate the feeling of a kitchen on Earth.

Slowly opening the drawer to grab a fork, Fredrick looks at at the wear and tear on the refrigerator and has an intrusive thought about the man he hates most. His Father.

INT. BULSARA'S KITCHEN - PAST

Bottles of alcohol littered the house. Fredrick hid in the broom closet across from the kitchen. His mother instructed him to play the quiet game by himself and to try to count as high as he could in his head.

Peering through the crack in the door he could not see the kitchen but instead could hear the beating of his poor mother and the loud cries of pain. Eventually his father would get thirsty again and leave. However, that night his father would never return. His father left his mother a parting gift smashing a glass bottle against her face permanently damaging her eyesight. He fled and went into hiding.

INT. BULSARA'S KITCHEN - PRESENT

Fredrick's eyes became fixated on one singular point. Slowly he peered closer and closer at the crack in the floor. With his fingers he picked up a small shard of brown glass.

ROGER  
HEY FREDDY! You get lost or  
something??

Roger yelled from the table hoping to grab Fredrick's attention.

FREDRICK  
Hold on! One second just trying to  
get a good one!

Fredrick clutches the fork in his hand and rushes back to the table.

JEN  
We were getting worried you had  
gotten lost.

Jen laughingly smiled along with Roger.

FREDRICK  
Y'know its rude to shout.. ESPECIALLY  
when you're at somebody elses place  
right??

Fredrick smugly looks at Roger facetiously.

ROGER  
I just didn't want you to miss out on  
your mothers excellent cooking!

FREDRICK  
I guess it is kinda your job right?  
Managament or something?

ROGER  
Yeah.. Something like that.  
Technically..Lead Production Manager  
but anyways..

Fredrick and Roger look at each other like on the verge of having a heart to heart. Roger looks away and wipes his face grumbling.

ROGER (cont'd)  
Well... It's getting about that time  
unfortunately. I wish I could stay  
longer but I got to run. I have work  
early tomorrow morning.

About to get up from his chair Roger remembers something vital and stops his departure.

ROGER (cont'd)  
Oh wait! I can't believe I almost forgot!

Roger looks directly at Fredrick seriously.

ROGER (cont'd)  
I know you've been kinda in between jobs... So. I was kinda asking around at the office and I think. I think I found you a position at corporate that could be a really great start for you within the company.

Fredrick looks somewhat annoyed at Roger's proposal but is trying to keep an open mind.

ROGER (cont'd)  
If you want. I could setup an interview with my boss sometime tomorrow? If he is in that is.

Fredrick's gaze drifts from Roger toward his mother who looks happy and hopeful for this opportunity for him.

FREDRICK  
Look. Roger I don't know about-

JEN  
He'll do it. We'll be sure to call you.

Jen interrupts Fredrick mid sentence. Roger not wanting to cause any drama sides with Fredrick's mother and slowly makes an exit.

ROGER  
Oh. Great! Be sure to call me sometime tomorrow morning so you can get the interview setup in the afternoon.

JEN  
We will!

Jen looks at Fredrick. Fredrick begrudgingly gives in.

FREDRICK  
I'll call you Roger. Thanks. You have a good one.

Fredrick see's Roger out. Roger waves goodbye and flies off in his new company hovercar.

[Additional Interview Scene]

A few days later...

EXT. MINERVA - DOWNTOWN - EVENING

Fredrick was on his way back from the radioshack at the edge of downtown, when suddenly his pager alerts him. He was expecting a call from Roger's work anyday now. Hopefully with good news of his interview.

He walks over to a nearby spaceline, connects his credit and pager accepting the call.

AUTOMATON CALLER

Hello, Mister BURSALA, We have looked over your application and regret to inform you that we have gone with another applicant. Thank you for applyin-

Fredrick holds the phone away from his ear with the remaining message just barely inaudible.

The end call tone plays. *CLICK BRRR BRRR BRRR brrr brrr.*

Fredrick hangs the phone up in a daze of disappointment. He feels a thirst pulling at the back of his throat and feels like he could go for something.

EXT. MINERVA - BAR - NIGHT

Fredrick finds himself at the edge of the city approaching a western themed neon lit saloon. The sign out front reads Space Cowboy. Some of the people hanging around outside are wearing ripped jean jackets and smoking cheap cigarettes.

INT. MINERVA - BAR - CONTINUOUS

The sounds of people talking and drinking are syncopated by the cracking of a billiards table. At the bar in the far corner are a couple of men sitting with an empty stool between them. Fredrick takes the seat between them and the one on his right stands up shortly after and leaves. The other man is one too many drinks in and is clutching the glass handle with his forehead against the table.

FREDRICK  
I'll have what he is having..

The bar tender glances at him, nods, and cleans him a glass promptly filling.

FREDRICK (cont'd)  
Thanks.. What is it?

BAR TENDER  
An import from a brewery on the  
Earth's moon. Its pretty good stuff  
you should enjoy it.

Fredrick thanks him and the bar tender goes to serve another thirsty customer leaving him alone with the strange man.

About halfway through his drink Fredrick begins to overhear mumblings from the man sitting next to him.

STRANGE MAN  
Oh god... why... I wish I could have  
done things differently. -inaudible-

Fredrick struggles to hear what the man is saying but is curious and slowly puts his ear closer leaning in towards the man.

STRANGE MAN (cont'd)  
I'm so sorry. I wish you could know  
that. I wish I could take it back.  
Jenny. I'm so sorry Jenny.

Fredrick upon hearing this looked over the man more closely.. He started to feel a worrying sense of familiarity with the stranger. Was this man? Could he be?? The man began yelling loudly.

STRANGE MAN (cont'd)  
GET ME ANOTHER DAMN DRINK OVER HERE!

BAR TENDER  
Hey don't go yelling at me or I will  
kick your sorry ass outta here.

STRANGE MAN  
Oh yeah?? How about you pour me  
another damn drink already or I'm  
outta here.

Fredrick was startled by the situation but hearing the man yell made one thing very clear to him. This man was Absalom. His father.

Shortly after downing another drink Absalom his father left the bar. Fredrick decided to tail him.

EXT. MINERVA - BACKSTREETS - NIGHT

ABSALOM  
I hate the rain. I could kill that  
stupid bar tender.

As Fredrick followed his father trudging through the rain he barely heard his thoughts being spoken aloud. Each word ringed in Fredrick's ears like nails on a chalk board as he burned with emotion. Emotion of seeing this monster even utter his mother's name. Fredrick began seething with rage as he continued following him.

EXT. MINERVA - ALLEYWAY

Absalom continues down an alleyway as the rain begins to pick up even harder and louder.

Fredrick spots the glint of a gun around Absalom's hip. It was a Revolver-matic. At the sudden sign of this opportunity Fredrick begins slowly closing the distance between him and his father. He eases slowly behind him and stretches his hand towards the gun.

He grabs it.

ABSALOM  
WHAT THE HELL!? What do you want!?

FREDRICK  
Are you Absalom!? Absalom Mercrie!?

ABSALOM  
YES! YES! What the Hell do you want  
with me!?

Fredrick is holding the gun a foot away from Absaloms face. The flickering light of the alleyway they have found themselves in radiates through the rain and illuminates their faces.

Fredrick doesn't respond to Absalom's question and stares down the barrel at him. Slowly Absalom's startled face melts into terror as a creeping familiarity sets in. Before he can say another word.

BANG...

Fredrick pulls the trigger killing Absalom instantly. He is covered in blood. His ears begin ringing. His heart begins pounding. The adrenaline kicks in and the gravity of the situation settles in.

FREDRICK  
(Under his breath)  
Oh god. What. Oh god.

The rain was so loud that it muffled the sound of the gunshot. The rain poured so fiercely that the blood was washing away.

Fredrick fled leaving the gun behind.