

Glass

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - 6 AM - DARK

Darkness.

JACOB (V.O.)
I need your help.

We open to see a quarter full glass of water in the foreground. The Title "Glass" is displayed next to it before a hand reaches out to grab it. JACOB, a somewhat neat young boy sits at the computer, sips from the cup, and sets it back down.

HARRY (V.O.)
What for?

Jacob clicks on the computer for a bit before suddenly finding something. He looks momentarily surprised, which is slowly followed by dismay.

QUICK CUT:

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jacob and his brother HARRY, a rough looking, aloof young boy the same age as his twin brother, are sitting on a bed.

JACOB
For a project. A school one. I need someone who can act in front of a camera. You can do that, right?

HARRY
Well, sorta? I'm still learning, but I think I'm okay. What's this for, some sort of film project?

Jacob, looks down once again for a second, before nodding.

HARRY
Well, what's the problem? You look like you're asking me to do something that'll get me in trouble! Wait... you're not, are you?

JACOB
I... would like it very much if Mum and Dad, DIDN'T find out about this. Actually, I'd rather just keep this between you and me. Nobody else.

(CONTINUED)

Harry looks momentarily confused.

HARRY
...how come?

For a few seconds, we suddenly see some people in the living room, in Jacob's memory. We have no time to tell who each person is before coming back to the present.

JACOB
(tense)
I'd rather n- just... trust me on this. Please? I just want to get this done, submit it, and forget about it completely. Is that okay?

HARRY
(unsure)
Um... okay. Sure.

Jacob's shoulders relax, and he looks back up at Harry.

JACOB
Thanks. This means a lot.

Jacob gets up to leave, whilst Harry remains sitting on the bed, thinking.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The front door just finishes closing as Jacob finishes looking out the window.

JACOB
They're gone.

Jacob runs over to Harry and, hands shaking, grabs a script out of the drawer and hands it to him.

JACOB
Here's the script.

Out of the same drawer, he grabs a camera and sets it on a camera stand.

We see a clock, set at the time 2:11pm.

Jacob messily presses several buttons on the camera, all the while constantly glancing at the door.

JACOB
Okay, um, you've memorized your lines, right?

HARRY
Uh, pretty much.

JACOB
Okay, go.

We see the clock once again, still at 2:11.

JUMPCUT:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The clock is now at 2:24.

Jacob takes off the camera and starts shortening the camera stand, placing it to the side.

HARRY
Wait wait, we're already done?

Jacob connects the camera to the computer and begins uploading the files.

HARRY
We've only been shooting for like-
(he glances at his watch)
12 minutes!

JACOB
It'll be enough. You did fine.

He drags the files into a maze of different folders within folders. Untitled 1, Untitled 7, Untitled 3...

HARRY
Why *can't* Mum and Dad find out?

He deletes all the files from the camera and puts it back into the draw.

HARRY
(turning around)
What did I say before.

JACOB
To trust you.

Harry turns back to the computer to continue typing. Jacob, frustrated, walks away.

We see the clock once again, now at 2:26.

FADE:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The clock now reads 3:12.

The parents walk through the door arms full of shopping. Jacob is busy studying on the computer and Harry is reading a book.

MUM

Hey guys, sorry we took so long.
The tire popped and we had to get
it fixed.

As the parents walk into the kitchen, Harry puts his book down and goes up to Jacob.

HARRY

A whole hour. We could've made the
most of that time, we barely got
anything!

JACOB

Better safe than sorry.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

We see the car leaving the house.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

We go through a sped up montage of Jacob consistently shooting way too quickly every time the parents go out.

Through this, a ticking noise starts off quietly, slowly building up with the noise of a crowd talking, water dripping, and other random noises.

The shots get faster and faster, the noise increasing, with the ticking in the foreground.

Jacob sets the camera on the stand.

JACOB

Go.

CLOCK READS 9:20.

INVISIBLE CUT, ZOOM IN

CLOCK READS 9:29

JACOB TAKES OFF THE CAMERA.

HARRY IS FRUSTRATED.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

5.

CLOCK AT 4:51

PARENTS DRIVE OUT.

CLOCK AT 5:01

JACOB

Yep.

JACOB TAKES OFF CAMERA.

CLOCK AT 6:30

PARENTS DRIVE IN.

ANALOGUE CLOCK TICKING.

HARRY STOMPS HIS FOOT.

PARENTS DRIVE OUT.

CLOCK AT 3:30

UPLOADING FILES.

CLOSE TRIPOD.

JACOB

Good.

CLOCK AT 3:37

SETS CAMERA.

WATER DRIPS OUT OF TAP.

TAKES OFF CAMERA.

SETS DOWN EMPTY GLASS CUP.

EXTENDS TRIPOD.

PRESSES RECORD.

PARENTS DRIVE IN.

CLOCK AT 9:22.

CLOCK AT 9:25.

A MOUSE CLICK.

UPLOADING FILES.

(CONTINUED)

SHUTS DOOR.

SETS CAMERA.

PRESSES RECORD.

CLOSES TRIPOD.

PARENTS COME IN.

ANALOGUE CLOCK TICKING.

WATER DRIPS AND ALMOST REACHES THE CUP BEFORE WE CUT AWAY.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The clock reads 2:22.

FADE:

The clock is now 3:18

Jacob is behind the camera, about to film Harry once more.

Harry, now wearing a jacket, is staring at the script, eyebrows furrowed in thought, although the script is not what his mind is on. Jacob is getting more and more agitated, constantly glancing at the door.

HARRY

So we've been filming for almost an hour now.

JACOB

Yeah I noticed, you memorized your lines yet?

Harry looks at Jacob.

HARRY

Yeah.

Harry hands the script to Jacob. He composes himself and Jacob presses the record button.

HARRY

(doing a horrible job at acting)

Hey, can you get me a glass of water?

Jacob waits a second and presses the stop button.

(CONTINUED)

JACOB
(hurriedly moving the camera)
Move into position for the next
shot.

HARRY
Wait wait wait, that was horrible,
let me try again!

JACOB
It was fine. Move into position.

Harry, getting frustrated again, moves into the next
position. He grabs an empty glass and holds it up ready to
begin acting.

Jacob presses record.

HARRY
(once again, horribly acting)
Oh yeah sure, I'll fill this one
up.

Jacob presses stop once again.

HARRY
Okay, that one was even worse!

JACOB
It doesn't matter. C'mon.

Jacob begins moving the camera once again.

HARRY
Jacob, it's been weeks, and we're
only like two-thirds through the
script so far. What's going on?

Jacob ignores Harry, adjusting settings on the camera.

HARRY
When's the due date.

Jacob stops.

HARRY
For the assignment. When's it due.

Jacob stays still.

HARRY
Jacob!

Jacob looks at Harry, then back to the camera.

JACOB
Tomorrow night.

Harry's eyes widen in shock.

HARRY
That's why we've been filming
longer than usual. You've run out
of time.

Harry rubs his face.

HARRY
This would be so much easier if we
didn't have to hide this. Come on
Jacob, we're running out of time.
Who cares if Mum and Dad find out?
We've got one day left to shoot,
plus editing! We'd be able to
finish this easily if we didn't
have to hide it!

Jacob looks away from Harry.

HARRY
(getting emotional)
Okay... okay fine. Don't tell me
anything it's not like I'm your
brother. But I'm not saying a
single line in front of that camera
until you tell me what the HECK is
going on between you, mum and dad!
You should be able to tell me these
things, YOU dragged me into this!
...and you owe me the truth.

Jacob looks down, eyes closed.

JACOB
Do you know what it feels like when
you say something serious, and
people laugh at it?

Harry sits on the couch.

JACOB
A few years ago, our uncle Sam was
visiting. He was a writer. I wanted
to see him but Mum and Dad told me
to stay in my room for a bit, so I
did. Until I realized something was
missing.

(CONTINUED)

We see through Jacob's memory as him as a child opens a drawer to find it empty.

JACOB

I usually had it neatly placed in its own drawer. My first and only script. I started to look for it...

We see young Jacob looking around the house, checking in various desks and drawers.

JACOB

Until I heard a laugh from the living room.

Young Jacob looks up.

JACOB

I ran there and looked out from behind the wall. To see the script in my uncle's hands. My parents standing right next to him. And he laughed some more, said it was the worst thing he'd ever read. He asked who wrote it. And then...

We see young Jacob running away trying not to cry.

JACOB

I was gone. I ran straight back to my room and locked myself in... nobody noticed. I looked up to him, Harry. I wanted to be like him someday... when my parents eventually snuck the script back into my draw, I grabbed it and I...

We see Jacob's memory, as a younger him on the verge of tears rips up the script and tosses it in the bin.

JACOB

I didn't want anything more to do with it. I never wrote a script again from that day onward. I just couldn't do it. That's why I can't show them. They're going to see it when I'm finished and they're going to show everyone. And when they do... they'll either laugh at it, or be disappointed. And honestly, I'm not sure which one's worse.

We can tell by the look on Harry's face that he feels bad for Jacob.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

I'm sorry Jacob. You could've told me this from the start and I would've understood... why didn't you?

JACOB

Because I didn't want to take the risk. You could've told them anyways.

Harry looks hurt.

HARRY

You expected me to trust you when you couldn't even trust me?

Harry stands, takes off his jacket and throws it on the couch.

HARRY

I'm sorry, but I can't do this.

JACOB

Harry wait.

HARRY

You look just like me. You finish the project yourself.

Harry leaves.

We see Jacob's Parents' car entering through the gate.

Jacob picks up the jacket and struggles to put it on.

The car comes closer.

Jacob walks over to the camera and stands in front of it.

JACOB

(nervously, doing an even worse job of acting)
Actually no, I'll just get it myself. Gah!

We follow the car as it gets closer and closer to the house.

Jacob tries again.

JACOB

(unintentionally angry sounding, terribly acting)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACOB (cont'd)
No, I'll get it myself!

He thumps himself in the head.

JACOB
No, that's even worse.

We see the car driving towards the house.

JACOB
(nervous again, terribly
acting)
I will get it myself.

Jacob shakes his head and reels back in defeat. He stands there for a moment, not doing anything.

The car pulls up on the driveway.

Jacob looks at the camera once more.

JACOB
(preparing himself)
Okay, okay...

Jacob looks back towards Harry's bedroom door and feels guilty. He looks at the camera again and breathes for a bit before trying again.

JACOB
(somewhat calmer)
I'll get it myself-

The door swings open and Jacob's parents walk in. They see Jacob in front of the camera and look surprised. Jacob disappears around the corner, the camera left behind.

INT. JACOB'S BEDROOM - DAY

The parents knock on Jacob's door while walking in. We see Jacob curled up on the floor, facing the wall. The parents are holding the camera. They place it down.

MUM
Jacob? Are you okay?

Jacob remains still.

Mum looks at the camera and back at Jacob.

MUM

We saw some of your footage. We thought it was nice.

Jacob remains still.

Mum steps down closer to Jacob.

MUM

You don't have to hide anything from us, Jacob. What's the matter?

JACOB

Uncle Sam... five years ago.

The parents look down in guilt.

MUM

You were listening.

Jacob sits still.

JACOB

I suppose you're going to want to see it when I'm finished.

Mum looks thoughtful.

MUM

No. That's for you to decide.

Jacob looks up.

MUM

We're sorry that we showed it to him without asking first. We were just so proud of your work that we wanted to show everybody, but we were afraid you wouldn't let us. But that was wrong. You're free to show the finished result to whoever you want. Even if that means nobody.

Mum gets up to leave.

DAD

We're going to go now Jacob... but first I want to ask you something.

Dad steps forward.

DAD

If the world was a different place.
A place where nobody would laugh at
you, or criticize you. Would you do
what you love to do?

Jacob nods.

DAD

So if you truly love doing what
you're doing... then why should
criticism stop you? Sure there will
always be people who don't like it.
Or you. But that's a part of life
anyways. If you learn to take it,
and use it... then you'll be so
much happier. Then again... it's
your choice.

The parents leave the room, leaving the door open. Harry
looks thoughtful for a few seconds. Then he gets up.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jacob knocks on the door and opens it.

JACOB

Harry?

Harry is sitting on his bed reading a book, turned away from
the door. He says nothing.

JACOB

Mum and Dad knows, about
everything. And they respected my
decision. They aren't going to look
at the project unless I let them.
We can still finish it in time.

Harry stays still.

JACOB

Look, I'm sorry for the way I
acted... you're my brother, and I
should've trusted you from the
start, I know you never would've
told anybody. It probably made you
feel like you were untrustworthy to
me and that's not true at all, I
was just scared. And that's my own
fault. But I wanna be better. I
will be better. Can you give me
that chance?

(CONTINUED)

Harry gets up to walk over to Jacob.

HARRY
Of course I will.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We open to see a glass of water, full this time.

Jacob is sitting in front of the computer. He types a bit on the keyboard, and he clicks the "submit" button on the school submission dropbox. He then goes back to the folder, clicks and holds the video file, and drags it towards the bin.

He stops.

The mouse stays completely still, as Jacob holds it there.

He drags it back into the folder.

He clicks a few times on his mouse, and types on his keyboard. He clicks once more.

We look back at the screen, and it displays the YouTube upload page. He drags the mouse over to the video.

And clicks publish.

End.