

Through Glass Darkly

By

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FADE IN:

**INT. KITCHEN**

GARY (30s), thin and geeky looking, washes the dishes. He's not used to doing it, judging by the constant clatters and bangs of the pots.

Kizzy (30s), attractive, dark complexion, sits at the kitchen table and nurses a mug of coffee.

KIZZY

... but you don't NEED it, do you?

GARY

No, course not, but WANT is a much better reason to buy it.

KIZZY

But we could use the money for a new sofa.

GARY

A sofa... really?

KIZZY

Well, something for the house then.

GARY

There'll be money left for something boring like that. Promise.

KIZZY

Yea, but there'd be more of it.

GARY

Look - whose bonus is it exactly?

Kizzy gets up from the table.

Eyes tear up, she holds the elaborate pendant round her neck as a comfort and leaves the kitchen.

GARY

(under breath)

Fuck.

Gary aggressively throws the cup he's washing back into the washing bowl, it hits something solid and smashes.

GARY

FUCK!

**INT. OFFICE**

Gary types an email.

Across from him is BEN, younger, very animated.

BEN

Oh mate that'd be so cool.

GARY

You should have a word with Kizzy, she thinks we should buy a sofa.

BEN

God, no, you gotta do it

GARY

Still, a grand is a lot.

BEN

That's Kizzy talking, she won't get the sofa in the caravan anyway.

GARY

(laughing)

K, convinced, will order it tonight.

BEN

Great, I can't wait to see it.

GARY

You can even test drive - now let's get some work done.

They both drop their heads and tap away.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Gary is sprawled out on the sofa, surfs the net on his iPad.

Kizzy is nearer the TV on a chair, watching a soap opera.

She cradles the pendant in her hand, massages it gently, unaware that she's even holding it.

There's a frosty atmosphere.

GARY  
Look, I'm sorry about this morning.

KIZZY  
Me too.

GARY  
But it's the first decent bonus in  
ages - I just wanted a...

KIZZY  
Treat, I know, you and your  
gadgets.

GARY  
Exactly.

Gary moves his iPad to one side.

GARY  
So we're good?

KIZZY  
Always. And yes the Google thingy  
is fine too.

GARY  
You read my mind - again. And  
thanks love.

KIZZY  
Yeah, but the sofa too.

GARY  
Sold to the lady with my conjugal  
rights in her hands.

KIZZY  
Only when you're good.

They both laugh at the oft shared joke - Kizzy with a wry  
smile playing on her lips.

GARY  
We'll go looking at the weekend.

Gary picks up the iPad again, it's already on a Google Glass  
website page - he clicks BUY.

Kizzy watches him as he taps away, smile now gone.

**INT. HALLWAY - MORNING**

Gary talks to the POSTMAN at the open front door.

GARY  
Been waiting for this for days.

POSTMAN  
Something good?

GARY  
New man toy - Google Glass

Postman looks nonplussed.

GARY  
It's like a pair of glasses with a  
computer built in, it puts info  
onto the glass so you can see it.

POSTMAN  
Oh. Sounds good.

GARY  
Yep, gonna be great.

Gary signs for the package and takes the small box.

POSTMAN  
Thanks, have fun.

GARY  
Will do.

Gary closes the door and moves through to the kitchen table.

He places the package on the table, goes to one of the  
drawers and retrieves a sharp knife.

The package is open in seconds, familiar logo visible on the  
otherwise plain design.

Kizzy appears silently in the doorway behind him.

Gary doesn't notice.

He carefully takes the contents from the box and examines  
them.

GARY  
(Involuntarily)  
Ohhh...

He picks up the Glass to admire it.

In moments the Glass is on his head.

Kizzy watches impassively, ever so slowly rubs her hands together - around her pendant - like she is grinding something into it.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Gary and Kizzy watch TV.

Gary appears to wink, very dramatically, at Kizzy.

KIZZY  
Are you winking at me?

GARY  
Sorry, just testing it all out...  
you can take photos by winking.

KIZZY  
And that's useful?

GARY  
It's sooo good.

KIZZY  
(smiling)  
Perhaps not as practical as the  
sofa though?

GARY  
(laughing)  
No, but will the sofa take photos?

KIZZY  
Well, as long as you're happy with  
it.

GARY  
Very.

Gary downloads the picture he's just taken to his iPad.

KIZZY  
And?

GARY  
And what?

KIZZY  
Sofa, remember?

GARY  
Oh yeah, sorry, almost forgot about that.

KIZZY  
No, you did forget, again.

GARY  
No, well a little, sorry - my bad... Sunday?

KIZZY  
Yes, if we can tear you away from your new toy.

Gary laughs, but his attention is already elsewhere.

He scans the image on the bigger screen.

The image is of the living room, all looks good, Gary is about to swipe off the image.

There's something odd in the corner.

GARY  
How odd.

KIZZY  
Yep, you sure are.

GARY  
Ha ha ha ha... very funny.

Gary makes to throw a cushion.

KIZZY  
So?

GARY  
There's a weird shadow on the photo.

SCREEN: Photo of the room, there is a shadow in the corner of the room.

KIZZY  
You never were any good at taking snaps though.

GARY  
True, true.

KIZZY  
Just try again, but later. I'm  
trying to watch this.

GARY  
Good plan.

Kizzy turns to watch her TV show.

Gary takes the Glass from his head to examine it.

Kizzy turns slightly and looks at Gary - the cold look is  
back on her face.

She strokes her pendant distractedly.

**INT. OFFICE**

Gary and Ben are crowded round Gary's PC.

GARY  
See, it's like a shadow.

BEN  
Yeah, but so?

GARY  
So it's brand new.

BEN  
Yeah, but it might be the  
lighting or something.

GARY  
You think?

BEN  
Take a picture here and see.

GARY  
K, good idea.

Gary takes his Glass, turns it on and puts it on his head.

He looks at Ben.

GARY  
Say cheese.

Ben smiles as Gary blinks.

A few clicks on the PC and the photo is on the screen.



In the corner behind Ben is a darker area as if someone has left a black gauze curtain there.

GARY  
See, still there. In the back  
behind you.

BEN  
Yeah, in the corner. Weird.

GARY  
Shit, gonna have to contact Support  
now.

Gary yanks the Glass off his head and throws it onto the desk.

**INT. KITCHEN**

Gary is on his iPad, typing quickly. Glass on his head.

SCREEN CHAT (Shown as screen display)

GARY  
Yeah, every photo I take.

SUPPORT  
And when you look at the Glass  
itself?

GARY  
No, nothing at all - got it on  
right now and all seems fine.

SUPPORT  
And you tried cleaning the lens  
too?

GARY  
Yep, that too - no difference.

SUPPORT  
Well, that's certainly odd.

GARY  
Yeah, tell me about it.

SUPPORT  
Ok - we'll make you an appointment  
to see a technician... how's  
Sunday?

GARY  
Sooner the better.

Gary makes a note of an address, types a couple more sentences and then puts his iPad down in disgust.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Gary and Kizzy watch TV.

KIZZY  
So how'd it go in town?

GARY  
Oh, they looked at them, ran diagnostics and cleaned them.

KIZZY  
And?

GARY  
They couldn't get the shadow to appear, nothing more to do.

KIZZY  
So have you tried it again?

GARY  
Yeah, taken a few shots.

Gary retrieves his iPad and moves to sit with Kizzy,

He shows her a series of pictures, various shots of their home.

In each shot there is a shadow in the corner, as the shots progress the shadow shifts slightly - appears to grow.

KIZZY  
It's moving you know.

GARY  
What is?

KIZZY  
The shadow.

GARY  
You sure?

KIZZY  
Check the pictures.

Gary flicks through a number of the shots in sequence.

The shadow slowly moved towards the foreground, appears to grow.

GARY  
Fuck, it's getting worse.

KIZZY  
Sorry love, think you need to have  
it looked at again.

GARY  
Bollocks.

KIZZY  
Are we going now?

GARY  
Back to the shop? No, need an  
appointment.

KIZZY  
Shopping, for the sofa, remember -  
you promised me.

GARY  
Oh god, I forgot and it's 3.30,  
they'll all be shutting.

KIZZY  
Oh, just so bloody typical - got  
what you want and now you don't  
give a shit about me.

GARY  
Yeah, and what have I got? A broken  
piece of kit and you nagging about  
a stupid fucking sofa.

Gary turns off his iPad and stomps out of the room.

Kizzy grinds her hands tightly together, round the pendant,  
like a ritual.

**INT. KITCHEN**

Gary sits alone and blinks, repeatedly.

After a few more blinks he grabs his iPad and looks at the  
pictures.

GARY  
Aaarrgggh.

SCREEN: Picture of the Kitchen, except it is almost totally obscured by shadow.

He turns off the iPad in disgust and packs the Glass back into it's box.

KIZZY  
What ya doing?

GARY  
Sending it back.

KIZZY  
Still got camera probs?

GARY  
Yeah, rubbish.

KIZZY  
They repairing it?

GARY  
No, I've decided to get my money back.

KIZZY  
Sorry babes, you really liked it.

GARY  
Yeah, well - not as exciting as I'd hoped.

KIZZY  
Shame still.

Gary finishes wrapping tape round the box.

GARY  
So, drop this at post office and then go find you a sofa?

KIZZY  
That okay?

GARY  
Course, though not sure sofa and domestic bliss fit your traveller roots though.

Kizzy punches him on the arm.

KIZZY  
Ha - same old jokes.

GARY  
Still funny though.

KIZZY  
Watch out, might have to curse you.

Gary creases up laughing and picks up the package.

They leave the kitchen both now giggling.

As they leave Kizzy opens her palm and a small piece of black mist drops from her hands.

It disappears into vapour before it hits the floor.

Kizzy is laughing louder as the house door closes.

FADE OUT:

THE END