

Glass Animals

By

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INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Birds chirp.

Under the chirps is the faint sound of sobbing.

Scattered across the floor are clothes, roses and broken pieces of a glass giraffe figurine.

On a messy nightstand, next to a knocked over lamp, is a half empty prescription bottle resting on its side. A trail of white pills lead to a...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

A WOMAN, mid (20s) is in tears. She's leaned up against the door, bathed by sunlight.

MAN (O.S.)
Lydia, c'mon. Open up.

LYDIA
No. Just leave me alone.

MAN (O.S.)
Lydia, lets talk about this.

LYDIA
(to herself)
Wish I didn't feel this way. I
don't want this. Why do I care?

Beat.

MAN (O.S.)
Can we talk about this? Why won't
you believe me?

LYDIA
I can't do this. I have this
feeling. I just can't.

MAN (O.S.)
What's the problem? Is it me?

LYDIA
No. It's not.

MAN (O.S.)
Can you come out? Lets talk.

LYDIA
Please go.

MAN (O.S.)
Lydia...

LYDIA
GO.

It goes silent...and then SLAM.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Emotionally drained, a man, mid (20s) smokes a cigarette. This wretched man is James.

The hotel door slowly cracks open, and Lydia comes out.

JAMES
You ready?

LYDIA
Yeah.

They're quiet, as both slowly get into a car and leave.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Laughter from outside.

Lydia and James stumble in, as the room is lit only by moonlight filtered through the window. They laugh, half drunk. The joy quietly fades, as they stare into each other.

James holds her look, but gives her nothing.

LYDIA
What are you thinking?

He looks deeply into her.

JAMES
Nothing...just how lucky I am.

He inches towards her.

She watches him passively.

James goes in for the kill. Kisses her. Passionately. Then again. She kisses back. Then their heads part.

JAMES
What is it?

LYDIA
Should we be doing this?

James looks at her. He sees she's wants him as much as he wants her.

JAMES
Look, I'm sorry. But so you know, I'm here for you. I mean that. I'm not gonna hurt you. I'm not gonna run. Hell, if anything, I'm gonna do the opposite. I care too much about us to throw it all away.

She slowly pulls him in and kisses him strong and slow. He responds -- with hunger.

They kiss passionately. She pulls away from him and stares. He takes her arms. Again, they kiss as James forcefully moves the action to the bed.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

James and Lydia lie in twisted sheets. He smiles contently.

Lydia props herself up on her elbow beside him.

LYDIA
I'm sorry.

JAMES
For what?

LYDIA
For how I've been.

He moves to her, cradles her head in his hands.

JAMES
Lydia...

LYDIA
Yes?

JAMES
Something I wanna tell you.

LYDIA

What?

JAMES

This is taking everything I have in me to say this, but...

LYDIA

Okay, just say it.

It's quiet for a beat.

LYDIA

(CONT[PLEASEINSERT\PRERENDERUNICODE{ÃŽ}INTOPREAMBLE]D)
Whatever you're trying to tell me isn't good, is it?

JAMES

It's hard to say because I keep thinking about it over and over.

(beat)

I love you.

She turns her head, but offers no other resistance.

LYDIA

Okay.

JAMES

I mean it. There's something about you, and it bugs me. I'm not making this up. I love you.

LYDIA

I know you do, James.

She rolls over to her other side and closes her eyes.

James lies frozen for a beat.

Frustrated, he slides out of bed and looks over his shoulder at Lydia -- hopelessly. Slowly, he gets up and retreats to a chair in the corner.

Shadowed by darkness, James sits and thinks. He calmly takes a drag off his cigarette, and stares at Lydia as he exhales. She's beneath the sheets, with her eyes closed.

Buzz...Buzz...

James' phone rings. He answers it.

JAMES

Hey, I'm already in bed...can we talk tomorrow?...Well, is everything alright?...You sure?... Okay, my flight leaves tomorrow...Yeah, I should be back around midnight...I'll just tell you when I see you...Okay...see ya tomorrow.

He hangs up. Takes another drag off his cigarette and stabs it in the ash tray.

INT. CAR - DAY

It's quiet.

Lydia pulls into a parking space. She gets out, but James lags behind.

LYDIA

Are you coming?

JAMES

Yeah. I'll catch up with you.

She shuts the door and leaves James.

He watches her disappear, and pulls out a ring box. He opens it and exposes an ENGAGEMENT RING.

He looks around and quickly shoves it in the glove box.

EXT. FLEA MARKET - DAY

Both James and Lydia peruse booths, but remain quiet.

He stumbles upon a glass animal giraffe and shows it to her. She smiles and moves to the next booth.

He waits for her to disappear, and buys the figurine.

James scans the area for Lydia. He spots her, looking at plants. Her eyes lock with his, and she quickly looks away.

He catches up to her.

JAMES

Hey, I got you this.

She hesitantly looks at the wrapped up package.

JAMES

Open it.

Lydia takes the package, and carefully unwraps it, exposing the giraffe.

He smiles at Lydia. She doesn't look up at him. Slowly, his smile fades after a few silent beats.

JAMES

Do you not like it?

LYDIA

I like it.

JAMES

You sure? You don't have to take it if you don't want it.

LYDIA

No. I want it. I like it.

JAMES

Okay. Cool.

(beat)

Are you okay?

She smiles, tries to pull herself together.

LYDIA

Yeah. I'm fine.

James looks at his watch.

JAMES

You about ready? It's almost 6.

LYDIA

Yeah.

James goes to hold Lydia's hand, but just as his hand approaches hers, she moves it away and keeps it by her side. James puts his hands in his pockets, unsure what's wrong.

INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Lydia drives. James stares ahead. Their faces lit by the dashboard.

JAMES

...you were talking in your sleep again last night.

LYDIA
Yeah? And what did you do?

JAMES
Nothing...you were sad.

LYDIA
You didn't wake me?

JAMES
Didn't wanna bother you. Not my
place to drag you out of it.

She looks over at him.

LYDIA
So you let me suffer?

JAMES
Whatever it was, it was intense.
Something was on your mind.

LYDIA
So you didn't care if I was in
trouble?

JAMES
No. I didn't say that. What do you
mean? I just didn't wanna wake you.

LYDIA
All right.

JAMES
You were sleeping. I didn't wanna
bother you. That's all. I mean are
you really upset about this? Sorry,
just thought it was kinda funny.

LYDIA
I said ALL RIGHT, James.

James clinches his jaw and glares out the window.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The car comes to a stop at the side of the road.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Lydia turns off the ignition.

JAMES
What are you doing?

LYDIA
Get out.

JAMES
What?

LYDIA
I said get out.

James moves towards her.

JAMES
Seriously? What's wrong?

LYDIA
No, James, stop...

He puts his arm around her.

JAMES
I'm sorry. Just tell me what I did?

LYDIA
Don't touch me.

JAMES
Lydia...

LYDIA
Why won't you listen? GET OUT!

JAMES
OKAY...! Jesus. I'm just trying to
figure out what's wrong.

She's quiet.

JAMES
What did I do? What's wrong?

Lydia opens her door.

JAMES
Where you going?

She's out of the car. James fumbles after her.

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - NIGHT

Lydia walks down the road, while James stumbles for her.

JAMES
Talk to me. What did I do?

Cars whiz past, catching them in their headlights.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Would you wait a minute?

He grabs her arm and spins her around.

LYDIA
WHAT?

JAMES
Tell me what I did. Just talk to me, here. What's wrong?

LYDIA
I DON'T LOVE YOU. OKAY?

She snatches her arm away.

JAMES
What do you mean? What are you talking about?

LYDIA
I tried to, but I can't.

JAMES
WHAT? Stop, don't say that. Lydia, you don't mean that.

LYDIA
No, James. I do.

She calmly walks away. He catches her arm again.

JAMES
God damn it! Tell me what I did? Please, don't do this. Lets talk.

LYDIA
DON'T TOUCH ME.

JAMES
You know what? Fuck you! It's always about you -- isn't it?

She keeps walking, as he shakes with anger.

JAMES (CONT'D)
It'd kill you just once to think
about how I feel. Wouldn't it?

LYDIA
Yeah, it's my fault!

JAMES
Jesus, I forgot you're so innocent.

LYDIA
LOOK AT YOU! Don't tell me you
actually ever gave a shit about me.

He raises his fist. She flinches. But he stops himself.
There's silence. Lydia gives him the worst look he's ever
seen. A look of deep hatred.

JAMES
Fuck you, Lydia.

LYDIA
Good bye, James.

JAMES
You know, that's your problem. You
don't know how to love. There's not
a bone in your body that can. You
just bail when it gets bad.

She calmly walks around him.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You're a heartless bitch. You know
that? Fucking heartless.

She ignores him. Instead, she climbs into the car.

JAMES
Wait! Lydia...STOP.

She puts the car in gear, and peels out.

He watches her go down the road.

SOMETHING hits him. He searches his pockets. STOPS, and
thinks about it for a beat. HE LEFT THE RING.

JAMES
Shit...GOD DAMN IT!

He looks down the road. Lydia's taillights slowly blend in
with the rest of the traffic. And like that, she's gone.

James, slowly walks up the road, but something ahead of him catches his eye.

Nestled in the grass is the giraffe -- half broken. He picks it up and keeps walking.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Bacon sizzles.

Next to the kitchen counter rests a suitcase.

In front of a stove, aimlessly preparing breakfast, is James. A tea kettle boils along with the sound of a woman rambling...

WOMAN (O.S.)

...And Annette from down the street was telling me how all the mothers meet every Tuesday at the pool in the summer. I talked to Cheryl from next door, and she said everyone's pretty friendly. I like Cheryl, I think we should invite her and her husband over for dinner once we're settled in.

James holds back whatever it is, and stares at the wall.

JAMES

Yeah, that sounds good.

WOMAN (O.S.)

How was your trip?

James turns the stove off and divides a skillet of scrambled eggs and bacon onto two plates. He sets a plate down in front of a WOMAN, mid (20s).

JAMES

It was fine.

WOMAN

That's good. So what was it that you had to tell me?

JAMES

What?

WOMAN

When we talked last night. You said you'd tell me later.

James thinks. His heart rate goes up and instincts kick in.

JAMES

Oh, yeah. Yeah, it's no big deal.

WOMAN

Okay? Everything alright?

JAMES

Yeah. Yeah, everything's fine.

WOMAN

Why do you look horrified then?

JAMES

It was just a long trip.

James and the woman sit across the kitchen table and eat. For several moments there's only sound of their cutlery.

WOMAN

Well, I can tell you it's nice having breakfast with my husband. Definitely could of used your help around here.

JAMES

That's why I thought you'd like a nice breakfast today.

The tea kettle whistles. James goes for it...

WOMAN

No. I got it...You've done all the work. Let me get this.

She slowly gets up, exposing a large BABY BUMP.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm going out later to get a few things for the babies room. Need anything?

James is lost in the moment. His wife's voice -- a blur.

He slowly gets up from his chair and reaches in his pocket for the half broken glass giraffe.

In a robotic state James walks out of the house to the...

EXT. TREE LAWN - DAY

...Where two garbage cans sit.

He pulls the lid off of one to throw the giraffe away, but STOPS...

Inside the can, on top of a garbage bag is the RING BOX.

THE END