

GLITTER AND GLOW

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FADE IN:

INT. RURAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GRANDPA (65), bald, chubby, tosses strands of glittering icicles near the top of a decorated Christmas tree.

He's meticulous - one icicle strand at a time, properly spaced for the perfect effect.

Below him, EMMA (6), randomly stuffs clumps of icicles in between the branches.

EMMA
Grandpa, I'm done.

Grandpa looks down at the mangled mess of icicles.

GRANDPA
Ah, perfect. Good job.

Grandpa tousles Emma's hair.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
Now it's time for the most important part.

EMMA
Huh...?

GRANDPA
Lighting and inspection.

Grandpa walks toward a wall, waves Emma over.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
Come...

Emma strolls over. Grandpa hands her the end of an electrical cord and points at the wall socket.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
All you have to do is plug it in.

Emma bends down on her knee, inserts the plug.

The tree illuminates with dozens of twinkling white lights.

Grandpa scoops Emma up in his arms, gives her a kiss on the cheek as she cradles her arms around his neck.

With Emma in his arms, Grandpa clicks off a light switch on the wall. The tree glimmers and twinkles in the darkness.

EMMA

Wow...

GRANDPA

Glitter and glow.

EMMA

Huh... ?

GRANDPA

It's from an old poem. *Christmas tree ornaments can glitter, but sometimes they glow, symbols of love given long ago.*

Grandpa, with Emma still in his arms, walks to the tree.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

See some of these are glitter.

Grandpa points at Santa Claus ornament.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

Like that one.

Grandpa reaches towards a strand of red garland, twirls it in his fingers.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

Or like this. Now this one...

He places his hand on a silver, heart shaped ornament with an inscription. He tilts it towards him.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

(reading inscription)

Baby's first Christmas - 2014. That was you. Glow.

Emma points at another ornament - red, heart-shaped.

EMMA

What about that one?

GRANDPA

I gave that to your Mommy and Daddy the year they got married.

EMMA

Glow.

GRANDPA

(delighted)

Yes!

Emma points at a large GOLD ORNAMENT. On it - the perfectly imprinted face of a smiling WOMAN (50).

EMMA

What about that one?

GRANDPA

Now that one is very, very special.

Grandpa reaches over, cradles the gold ornament in his hand, gently removes it from the tree.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

Do you want to hear the story?

EMMA

Uh huh.

Grandpa goes to the sofa, takes a seat, perching Emma on his left knee. He holds the gold ornament in his free hand, transfixed by the image of the woman's face.

GRANDPA

This one was made by your Grandma.

EMMA

She made ornaments?

GRANDPA

Yes. Glass blowing was a hobby of hers. You know what that is?

Emma shakes her head.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

You use your own breath to fill the glass - make it round. Kind of like making a bubble.

EMMA

So her breath is inside?

GRANDPA

Indeed it is. But there's more. There's magic.

Grandpa runs his thumb over the image of the Woman's face.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

When she first gave it to me, there was nothing on it. No picture at all. Just a shiny gold bulb.

EMMA
Just glitter.

Grandpa nods.

GRANDPA
Well, she, um... then she passed.
Just a few weeks before Christmas.

EMMA
I don't remember.

GRANDPA
You weren't born yet.

EMMA
Oh...

GRANDPA
Anyway, that year, when I was
decorating the tree, I was crying.

EMMA
Because you were sad?

GRANDPA
Yes. I was very sad. But then
something magical happened.

EMMA
What?

GRANDPA
As I sat on the sofa, feeling all
sorry for myself, her face...
(holds up the ornament)
Magically appeared on this. Like
she was trying to tell me that
everything was all right. That she
was still here with me.
(wipes a tear)
The glow of a love from long ago.

Grandpa reflects for a moment, then gives Emma a kiss on the
cheek - stands up with her in his arms.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
Okay, let's put this back where it
belongs and get ourselves some
cookies.

INT. EMMA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An undecorated Christmas tree in the corner of the room.

SUPER: TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LATER

Emma (now 31) eyeballs the tree to make sure it's standing straight. Satisfied, she gently fluffs down some branches.

Lights, garland and cardboard boxes filled with ornaments are scattered about the room.

TIMMY (5), clad in Christmas-themed pajamas and dragging a teddy bear by the ear stumbles in.

TIMMY

Mommy, is it ready to be decorated?

EMMA

I think it is.

TIMMY

Yay!

EMMA

I'll put the lights on. You can help with the ornaments.

Timmy plops down on the floor, opens a box of ornaments.

TIMMY

I wish Grandpa-pa was still here.
He was real good at this.

Emma freezes - you can tell the loss was recent.

EMMA

Yeah... me too, sweetie.

As Emma places a strand of lights on the tree --

TIMMY

Who's this?

Emma looks back. Timmy's holding up the large GOLD ORNAMENT.

EMMA

You've seen pictures of her before.
That was my Grandma. Remember?

Emma turns her attention back to the tree --

TIMMY

Oh, yeah...

A moment passes.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
Grandpa-pa looks happy too.

Emma turns. Timmy has turned the gold ornament towards her. On it - the perfectly imprinted face of a smiling WOMAN and --

Now, the smiling face of GRANDPA, right next to her - like a couple's photo.

EMMA
Oh my God...

Emma goes to Timmy, sits down next to him on the floor. She takes the ornament from Timmy, examines it.

EMMA (CONT'D)
How can that be...?

TIMMY
What, Mommy?

Emma wipes a tear from her cheek.

EMMA
The glow, sweetie...It's real.
(caressing the image)
I need to tell you a story - okay?

Timmy shakes his head.

A smile crosses Emma's face as she looks at the ornament - Grandpa now magically next to Grandma.

She gently rubs her thumb over the image of her Grandpa.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Well, sometimes ornaments glitter,
but sometime they glow....

FADE OUT.