

THE
FUTURE
GLORY

by
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FADE IN.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

In a dark room...

Laying on a bed, the small frame of a body lies asleep, with their back turned against us.

The sound of a door CREAKS open. A little light pours into the room.

A HAND reaches for the small body, gently NUDGING.

MOTHER (O.S.)
(hushed)
Time to wake up.

(A SOLO PIANO PIECE BEGINS, AND PLAYS THROUGHOUT)

A beat.

Slight movement.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Now, head on, we meet the small body; a little GIRL, 9, ASIAN.

The girl RUBS her eyes as she slowly drags her feet down the hallway. All around her other members of the family; a lot taller and older, BUZZ around, getting ready for the day.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Pitch black.

POINT OF VIEW - From the bottom of a staircase, we look up as the door opens, revealing the Girl at the top of the steps.

She turns the light ON.

CORNER OF THE BASEMENT -

The Girl sits at an old UPRIGHT PIANO. She puts on a pair of finger-less gloves and a scarf. She turns to a little Space heater and switches it ON. It GLOWS slowly.

The girl turns to the piano and begins to play scales.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We watch her for a moment. This is not a child 'having a go' at the instrument: This is a professional, a prodigy at work.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

The Girl eats her cereal. The MOTHER, 40, WHITE rushes around the kitchen, pouring herself some coffee to-go, while gathering items for the day.

CLOSER on the Girl, as she continues to eat.

The same hand that woke her, reaches in again and places a METRONOME in front of the Girl.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Try, one ten.

The Girl holds the metronome and sets its time at her mother's requested value. She sets it back on the table and watches the hand bounce from left to right.

She takes a big mouthful of cereal and begins to CHEW in time with the clicking of the metronome.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

The Girl and the Mother hold hands as they walk through a small PARK. A few people are walking dogs, a jogger or two.

They stop at a large tree. The Mother looks up at the tree. We HEAR a Bird SINGING.

MOTHER
(to the girl)
What key is that in?

The girl thinks. She then holds her hand up and makes the shape of a 'C' with her hand.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
And what are the first two intervals?

With no deliberation, the girl signals 'Four' with her fingers on her right hand, and then 'Three' fingers with her left.

The Mother smiles. They move on.

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

CLOSE on the Mother giving the Girl a KISS on the cheek. The Girl promptly RUNS off. She is greeted by similar aged girls.

The Girl SMILES for the first time as she interacts with her friends.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A TEACHER, 30, MALE, addresses a mathematical problem on the chalk board, but we don't HEAR him.

On THE GIRL, as she pays attention to the Teacher. She looks over her shoulder. A BOY looks at her, smiles awkwardly. Her head sharply returns to looking forward.

We notice her right hand is playing an imaginary piano. Her fingers, gently TAPPING the wooden desk.

We DIP under the Girl's desk, past her knees and legs, to her right foot; as it too, TAPS out some syncopated rhythm.

INT. CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Inside a large room, a rambunctious body of students eat and talk during lunch time. Everyone seems to be talking at their voices capacity, lifting a piercing volume in the room.

A few teachers walk in between tables, possibly cursing the day they decided to become an educator.

INT. EMPTY HALL - SAME

A CLOSE UP - On a small lunch box, a half eaten banana, a small carton of Chocolate milk. The Girl's hand reaches for the milk.

PIANO INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)
I'm not hearing music.

We turn to see a young, male, PIANO INSTRUCTOR, 35 approaching the Girl.

A glance at the room: It is a large, empty hall, with wooden floor boards and a small stage to the right of a large grand piano.

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CONTINUED:

The instructor sits next to her on the piano bench. He points to the music.

PIANO INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Try this one again.

The Girl looks up at the music. She is just about to play, when-

A couple of KIDS run into the hallway, laughing and messing around.

The Piano Instructor turns quickly. He POINTS to the exit.

PIANO INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Out! Private lesson!

The kids turn around with much haste.

We hear their hurried FOOT STEPS trample all the way down the hall.

The Girl turns again to the piano, this time, she looks a little, dejected.

The instructor notices. Suddenly he see's the weight of responsibility that the Girl has on her shoulders.

He soften.

PIANO INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
(soft)
Why don't you finish your lunch.

She likes the idea. She grabs her milk and fruit.

PIANO INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
So who's your favorite composer?

The girl, with a mouthful of banana SHRUGS her shoulders.

PIANO INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Choplin? Mozart? Lady GaGa?

The little girl GIGGLES.

The Piano instructor places his hands on the keys. He starts to play a chorus to a Lady Gaga song.

The girl finds it very amusing.

EXT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

The Rain LASHES down on a dark and cloudy afternoon as all the children leave school for the day.

The Girl runs to a large SUV parked near the gates entrance. A door opens.

INT. SUV - LATER

The Girl and the FATHER, sit in silence. The car is not moving.

FATHER
Look at this traffic.

The Girl looks out the window and then back to a book that rests on her lap.

The Father impatiently STABS the horn.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Why can't the people in this state
learn to drive? God.

The Girl SMIRKS at her father's grievance. He looks over to her.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Sorry. Shouldn't be so impatient.

The father HEARS something playing on the radio. He reaches for the dial and turns it up. A piece of classical MUSIC plays a gentle melody.

The Father begins to TAP his right hand to the songs pulse. The Girl closes her book and taps her LEFT hand to the songs pulse, as well. This is them, bonding.

The Father turns his WIPERS on to their highest speed.

The girl watches the wipers, concentrates, and then begins to tap the pulse of the wipers, with her RIGHT hand; which are at two very different tempo's.

The father looks down at his daughter.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Very good.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Moving through the hallway to the Girl's house, we pass each room as we go by.

ON THE LEFT - Into a teenaged girls room, the OLDER SISTER is on her bed, doing her homework while texting on her phone which lays right next to her. Music BLASTS from her rooms stereo.

ON THE RIGHT - The OLDER BROTHER is looking in the mirror in a small bathroom. He studies some face ache that he has to bursts immediately.

ON THE LEFT - The Girl's empty bedroom.

ON THE RIGHT - The Parents arguing as the Father takes off his shirt and tie.

MOTHER

You said you were going to go to
the bank yesterday-

FATHER

I didn't have time-

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

The Girl, in her own, separate world, is practicing her piano.

The door to the upstairs opens.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Dinner's ready.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

All the family are lounging around on the couch. The older Sister is on her phone, still texting, before the Father SNATCHES the phone from her.

OLDER SISTER

Hey!

FATHER

You better not be texting a boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLDER BROTHER

Ooooh.

OLDER SISTER

(to brother)

Grow up.

(to father)

Could I have my phone back?

MOTHER (O.S.)

A-hem.

Everyone stops and turn to the Mother.

The Mother stands in the middle of the room with the Girl in front of her.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Our little prodigy here would like to perform a new piece she has learned, which I am told has a difficulty rating of players twice her age...

The whole family HOOT and HOLLER.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

So without any further ado...

The Girl BOWS before her family. They all clearly adore her.

The mother moves over to her husband, handing him a glass of wine. The son watches this.

OLDER BROTHER

(to Mother)

Mom, can I have some?

MOTHER

Shhhh.

Silence.

The Girl sits at her piano and begins to play a very complicated piece.

The faces of her family are in awe and pride at the Girls talent.

The Piece continues as the Girl plays with an intensity beyond her years.

We CUT to see pictures of the family posing together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLOSE ON - A picture of them all: Four white people and a little Asian girl, grinning stupidly.

CLOSE ON - The Mother holding the Girl as a baby. So much pride.

CLOSE ON - The Father, on his knees with his arm's out wide, as the Girl takes her first steps.

LIVING ROOM - The music ends.

The family APPLAUD their little girl. She turns around and offers them another bow. She looks at them all, smiling from ear to ear. This, is her family.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE FUTURE GLORY - BY BENJAMIN JAMES.