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# GLUE

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# LOGLINE

A big birthday at Christmas brings big sister back home. Should the fractures be ignored, celebrated or soaked in Angel Delight?

GLUE is a short film exploring the tumultuous yet ultimately beautiful relationship between two sisters in the midst of a family tragedy. A domestic drama with comedic undertones, Olive and Yasmin have been through so much with and without each other - is their relationship repairable?

## OLIVE

23 years old, Olive left home after university to work in the world of radio. She's working her way up - has been a gofer, a runner, a researcher, an assistant - it sometimes feels like a never-ending slog. But she's smart; she will get there. Obviously about five years older than her sister, that age gap is something she's always felt keenly. But unlike some big sisters, she has shirked any close caring role, refusing to be in any way maternal or to fuss over "the baby".



## YASMIN

18 today, Yasmin (or Yazzie to her family) is vibrant, bright, upbeat, smart, loving and enthusiastic. She has very much enjoyed being the baby of her family, loved by all. She always loved having such a Big Sister to look up to and she's lived a blessed life of feeling incredibly safe. Although some people mistake her positivity and love of pop or bright colours as signs of stupidity, they do so at their peril. She can be sharp, she remembers misdeeds, she won't be taken for a fool. She knows her worth.



# SYNOPSIS

Olive is dreading this week. She doesn't want to go home and face her little sister, let alone her parents' things.

She pulls into the driveway to be greeted by her sister's open arms, but all she can see is their once neutral family home covered in photos of her parents everywhere she looks, there's no escape. She walks past her sister and sits in the kitchen, coat still on. They eat dinner in silence, occasionally passing a glare. It feels odd. Why aren't they greeting one another? 'Happy birthday, by the way' Olive finally lets out. Yazzie ignores it and gets straight to the point – why is Olive only planning on staying a few days? She can't really expect to empty a whole house in that amount of time. "I wasn't planning to" says Olive, "stay if you want".

Yazzie scoops angel delights into wine glasses – she puts a glacé cherry, sprinkles and a candle on one but not the other. It all sinks in, candle included. In the fridge they go. There's a moment of silence as the birthday card goes untouched. They both focus on photos of their happy parents.

Cut to: the two of them in the car. Yazzie blasts Take That, Olive tries to get into it but just can't. They get to a corner shop, the lights blindingly bright in the night sky. The ice-cream section is empty apart from a few children's lollies. They don't do Black Forest Gateaux anymore. Yazzie grabs a box of ice-lollies instead. There's a few crates of off-brand beer left on the shelf. Olive looks to her sister – "18 today. Fancy a beer?"

Back to the house. Olive is in the bathroom, surrounded by reminders of her parents. Half-used bottles of perfume, lotions, hair products. Above the sink is a 'His & Hers' toothbrush jug with pink and blue toothbrushes. Next to it is a man's razor.

Overwhelmed, Olive sits on the loo and places her hand on her chest. Breathe in two – three – four, out two – three – four.

She stands up, takes another breath and opens up the mirrored cabinet. Nothing special: cotton wool buds, contact lens fluid, cough medicine. She has to sit down again quickly. A tear rolls down her cheek.

Olive leaves the bathroom, slowly making her way to the door with the TAKE THAT poster on the door. She knocks – Yaz? – but no one's in there. She pulls the door closed and turns to see a light shining under the door of a clean, adult-looking door. She screws up her face and reluctantly enters - the master bedroom.

A lamplight illuminates the bedroom. A man's shirt is draped over a chair, an unlidded deodorant can on the dresser. In the large bed, with pillows on her left and right, sleeps Yasmin. Olive gently kisses her, apologises softly and whispers that she'll make it up to her tomorrow.

She leaves the bedroom and sits at the top of the stairs.

Morning comes. We see a series of shots in the kitchen. MORNING - Olive enters the kitchen and shuts down her laptop with various tabs and spreadsheets. She can deal with all that later. She grabs her keys and leaves.

AFTERNOON - Olive returns, coat on, car keys in mouth and shopping bags in hand.

DUSK - the overhead lights are on, Olive's changed clothes, 'party-fied' the kitchen and hung 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY' and 'MERRY CHRISTMAS' banners. She pours herself a glass of something strong, knocks it back and puts on Take That. Everything's ready.

Olive calls for her sister to come downstairs, she's needed for something. Hearing no reply, she tries again, this time making it more obvious that she's planned a surprise for her birthday. She reluctantly begins climbing the stairs, trying hard to keep the smile on her face.

She notices a light on in her bedroom and enters - Yazzie is in there, grinning from ear to ear. The bedroom looks like a childhood museum of the early 2000's - old pop posters, Bratz dolls, Polly Pocket, etc. Olive can't contain her shock as she steps into the room, taking it in. Yaz hands her a glass of prosecco with a cocktail umbrella in it.

A series of shots follows:

- Yasmin watches as Olive rediscovers things Yasmin 'curated around the room
- Olive seizes items and looks at Yaz in disbelief
- They point and laugh at one another, denying allegations and nodding vehemently. Memories brought up, good and bad, all looked back on in a golden nostalgia
- A bottle empties as another appears from downstairs with the snacks from downstairs
- Yaz watches her big sister with tender relief and happiness and sometimes a little frown - how could I forget she was like this?
- Olive watches her sister with wonder: you're so kind!
- More booze, more crisps, more dancing

End of series of shots.

They sit together, exhausted and drunk. The room is a total mess, but it's bliss. Yasmin tells Olive she found something else. How could there be more? Yaz reaches far under the bed. She pulls out a box covered in goth/emo crosses, emblems and lyrics. Olive takes it and tentatively lifts the lid. She smiles as she looks through old certificates and plastic medals. She roots a little deeper – she's found something. Yaz grins in excitement. Olive pulls out a flat, red clay object. She holds it up in drunken wonder, smiling bigger than she has in months.

An astonished ramble follows – *I loved this! You all – mum and dad – everyone else was laughing at me but you –*

Yaz cuts in: *We went to three different shops for clay – dad wouldn't give up – mum was worried it wouldn't dry- etc.*

Olive pauses and just stares at it, smiling. A tear welling in the corner of her eye. She reaches for the bottle of prosecco and realises it's empty. She stands to get more but before she does, reaches over and kisses her little sister's forehead and smiles at the trophy once more.

Sometime later, we see Olive's feet stumble out of the bathroom to meet Yasmin's slippers on the landing. Both tiptoe as we assume a tight hug is going on. They pass one another – Yaz goes to the bathroom, Olive goes to her bedroom. Doors shut, remembering giggles ring out.

Next morning, we greet Yasmin in bed as the morning sun shines romantically through the window. Ouch – she rubs her head, before smiling as her memories catch up to her.

Downstairs in the kitchen, Olive is cooking up a storm. Sitting next to her is her memory box, with the trophy leaning against it, pride of place. Olive searches high and low through cupboards for pots and pans, forgetting where everything lives. Once she's found everything she needs to cook breakfast, she throws on Radio 2 – Sunday morning bliss.

Back in Yazzie's room, her eyes are still tightly closed. The smell of bacon beckons her out of bed. Fumbling for her dressing gown, she makes her way downstairs, still half-asleep. She pushes the kitchen door open to the sound of radio 2 blaring and bacon frying. Olive turns to her and smiles, still buzzing from the night before. Yasmin lets out a fragile 'mum?' as she enters. Her voice is weak.

The tone changes. Olive's face falls at the word. Yazzie's too. Spatula in hand, Olive turns to give Yasmin her full attention, ready to nip the fallout in the bud. As she turns, her elbow catches the corner of the memory box, which in turn catches the trophy – both fall hard to the ground. Yaz sees it go first, her face alerting Olive. Helpless, they both watch their prize from the night before crash and smash to pieces. Items from the box spray across the room, the trophy is completely destroyed.



Cut to – the driveway. Olive has her coat and boots on. Her hair is pulled back. She throws large, full bin bags into the boot of her car. Another bag tumbles from high-up – unseen, Yaz is throwing them down from an upstairs window. We hear the window being closed, footsteps down the stairs, and the front door closing and locking. Olive adds boxes to the car, squeezing them in. She uses her weight to pack the car as full as she can, her face is serious. Yaz appears outside, also in outdoor clothes. They both get in the car, it drives off.

Pan to the kitchen – every sign of a thoroughly-enjoyed breakfast - an open bottle of ketchup, dirty plates, toast crumbs and crusts. The camera pulls back more to reveal a battered old tool box. A yellow and black UHU GLUE box lies next to it. There, the glue tube lies open. Finally, sitting next to the glue, back in one piece (just about), is the trophy. It's drying and crusty, it's imperfect. We see it in full for the very first time. It says: WE LOVE YOU XXX





# WHERE? WHEN?

We'll be shooting Glue primarily in the first week of March in and around Bristol. Filming should take no longer than a week in total.

Locations:

- A house
- A corner shop
- A car

Dates are yet to be confirmed as we settle on a house location, as this is where the majority of filming will take place. We're aiming to ensure the filming is consecutive, however it might be that the dates are split up over a period of weeks. This will be confirmed as soon as possible.

