

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

Written by

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FADE IN

INT - CAR - EVENING

MATT (26), smartly dressed, sits in the driver's seat - smiles at OLIVIA (25) climbing in beside him. She looks strained but smiles back and kisses him on the cheek.

MATT  
You look amazing.

OLIVIA  
(smiles)  
Thank you, not too bad yourself.  
Happy anniversary.

Matt takes Olivia's hand and squeezes it. She squeezes back, they briefly kiss.

MATT  
Happy anniversary. To Mista's!

The car pulls away. Olivia is still smiling, but we see she looks tired and strained. Matt glances at her.

MATT (CONT'D)  
You ok, Liv?

OLIVIA  
Hmm? Yeah, of course. I'm good.

MATT  
Hm. I was thinking I'd get that salad for a starter - you know the one we had before, with the fennel? I'm starving.

OLIVIA  
Yeah, the fennel was good.

Silence.

MATT  
Liv, are you sure you're ok? You're a bit... quiet. I thought you might be excited for tonight.

Olivia glances over at Matt, forces a smile.

OLIVIA  
Of course I'm excited. It's our first anniversary!

Matt relaxes a little, but still looks slightly put out.

MATT

A year's not bad, huh?

OLIVIA

It's great. We've done good, I think.

MATT

Good innings.

Silence again. Liv sighs, twists her fingers in her lap again, looks out of the window - clearly distracted. Matt keeps driving - waiting for her to say something.

MATT (CONT'D)

Are you... sure you want to go for dinner? We don't have to.

OLIVIA

What. Yes, of course I want to. Don't you?

MATT

No - I want to, but you're not really acting like you do. You're supposed to be happy, you know - it's our anniversary...

Olivia's fingers twist faster in her lap, she looks upset.

OLIVIA

I want to! I do. I promise. I'm just... not having the greatest day, that's all. Nothing to do with you.

MATT

(beat)

See, the thing is Liv, that you never seem to be having the greatest day when I'm around. So, you know, forgive me for thinking that maybe it does have something to do with me.

OLIVIA

Matt, please. I'm sorry if I don't seem enthusiastic, I just have stuff on my mind, ok? I know I should be focusing on us. I will.

MATT  
(deep breath)  
Ok. Ok, fine.  
(beat)  
I closed that account today, by the way. The one with the manufacturing company. Should mean a bonus!

OLIVIA  
That's great, well done. I'm really proud of you.

MATT  
Thanks.

Silence again. Matt still looks agitated, keeps glancing at Olivia, who's still clearly distracted and unhappy. He takes a deep breath pulls the car over to the side of the road.

MATT (CONT'D)  
(deep breath)  
Come on, Liv. You're clearly not happy.

OLIVIA  
Matt, no, please. Let's just... go for dinner and celebrate our anniversary. I'll pull myself together I promise.  
(She starts to cry. )

MATT  
For god's sake. What is it? Am - am I doing something wrong?

OLIVIA  
(crying)  
No! No, Matt, really, I love you, you're perfect. It's just a bad day. I'm sorry.

MATT  
(sighs deeply)  
I know you have bad days, Liv, and that's ok. But why now? Today is supposed to be happy!

OLIVIA  
I know, I'm so sorry.

Silence for a moment.

MATT

I just so wanted today to be good.  
A nice meal, a few drinks. It's not  
a lot to ask. But it's not going to  
happen, is it?

OLIVIA

Yes! It is, I promise. I'll get my  
shit together and stop being  
stupid, ok? Look! I'm fine.

Matt shakes his head.

MATT

I don't know if I can handle this,  
Liv. I love you, you're so strong  
in so many ways... but this is just  
relentless. It's always anxious  
you, or sad you, or paranoid you.  
Every day you're some kind of...  
crazy.

OLIVIA

(tenses up, clearly hurt)  
Please don't call me crazy.

MATT

Why? We've got a good life -  
feeling like this is not healthy.  
And I'm sorry you feel that way,  
but... I just don't think I can keep  
sharing all the craziness without  
getting to see the Liv I love for  
more than 2 minutes at a time.

OLIVIA

(taken aback)  
Wow. Ok. ...Ok. So, what you're  
saying is that, if I'm not happy,  
you can't love me? Christ, I have  
really screwed this up, haven't I.

MATT

That's not what I was...

OLIVIA

Yes it is. And that's ok, I know  
I'm a fucking nightmare, and I'm  
sorry for that. But, frankly, you  
have no idea what it's like.

MATT

So tell me. Please. I want to know.  
I need to know, actually.

OLIVIA

Fine. Every morning, I wake up and I wonder - will I be able to make it through breakfast today? Can I work without my brain spiralling out of control so I can't focus? Will I be able to manage how I feel enough that you don't get angry with me for being miserable?

MATT

That's not fair -

OLIVIA

Oh really? So that's not what's happening now? I'm not doing this on purpose, you know. But on days like this, every single thing I do is a battle with some weird, damaged, fucked up part of myself which has all of this power over how I think and feel.

And the whole way through I'm trying to be happy and optimistic and smart and funny and good enough for you to love me - though all the time I know I'm failing. And to be honest, Matt, it's fucking exhausting.

MATT

Yeah. It is exhausting. I don't get it, Liv. I don't understand why you have all those battles. I know I should, but it just doesn't make sense to me.

OLIVIA

I know. It doesn't really make sense to me either.

(beat)

So what now?

Silence. Matt runs his hands through his hair, looks at Olivia, then reaches out and grabs her hand. They sit together, looking out at the road as the screen slowly fades to black.

FADE OUT