"PERFECT"

Written by
Abigail Martin

Copyright (c) 2021

Draft #3

dandelionwolf@outlook.com
07510222877

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A graduation certificate stands on a mantelpiece: a BA (Hons) in Biology, awarded to "Daniella Myers". Crayon has been scribbled across it.

Beside it is a vase of tulips. They look like they haven't been watered in weeks.

We pan across the mantelpiece to a wedding photo: a silhouette of a man and woman embracing. The frame is dusty.

Cut to the nearby sofa, where DANIELLA MYERS (35), sits watching TV. Her arms are folded and she looks angry, still breathing heavily.

RYAN (38), her husband, comes to sit beside her, a bottle of beer in his hand. He drinks. Daniella shifts away from him, widening the gap between them.

Ryan looks at her.

RYAN

Dani.

DANIELLA

What?

She doesn't look at him, staring at the TV with her arms still folded.

Ryan shakes his head and turns to the TV. It's showing a news report about the current state of affairs in government. It's a shambles.

DANIELLA (cont'd)

We should have done things differently.

RYAN

I'm not having this conversation anymore.

DANIELLA

But we should have.

Pause.

DANIELLA (cont'd)

I wish we'd never had the kids.

RYAN

(SARCASTICALLY) Well, it's a bit late for that now.

Daniella throws a cushion at him. Ryan nearly spills his beer.

RYAN (cont'd)

Oi!

DANIELLA

Fuck you.

RYAN

Fuck you too!

DANIELLA

This isn't me!

She gestures to the room with a hand.

DANIELLA (cont'd)

This whole life! I've got everything my friends ever wanted: a home, a husband, a job, and kids!

RYAN

So what are you complaining about?

DANIELLA

For once, I want to do something for me. Something that isn't defined by being a mum or a wife.

Pause.

RYAN

What do you want me to say? "Sorry"?

DANIELLA

No. I... I don't know.

She sits back down with a huff.

Ryan cautiously offers her his beer. Daniella glares at him, then at the bottle. A moment's hesitation, then she grabs it and takes a swig.

They both stare at the TV.

RYAN

You think they'll re-elect that dickhead?

Daniella stares blankly at the TV.

DANIELLA

Probably.

She takes the beer and walks out of the room.