

TENTH ANNIVERSARY

Written by

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INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

We're following a couple in a mall. It's fairly quite. Actually, it's like a ghost town.

RICK, dressed a little young, is trying to look cool, but at 40, he isn't pulling it off.

DIANA, dressed less than normal, looks like a walking paper bag. All beige and starchy.

DIANA  
I'm not sure I get what you're saying?

RICK  
The weather. You can't wrap your head around the weather?

DIANA  
Not the way you explain it.

RICK  
Really?

Diana sees a beautiful dress in the window. She stops and starts to GUSH.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Where would you ever wear that?

DIANA  
Out.

Rick snickers and keeps walking.

Diana walks behind, he slows down, she catches up.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Our anniversary is coming up.

Rick and Diana are now in front of an entrance to a restaurant, mall side.

A HOSTESS smacks a loud piece of gum. She blows a bubble.

RICK  
What? When?

DIANA  
Next Sunday. The 14th.

RICK  
Oh.

DIANA

Wait. Are you telling me you forgot?

RICK

No. I'm not telling you that.

The Hostess rolls her eyes.

HOSTESS

Table for how many?

Rick looks around, at no one.

RICK

Do you see other people with us?

DIANA

Rude.

HOSTESS

You could have had other people meeting you. I don't know.

Rick picks up a copy of the menu from the counter. He runs his eyes up and down the page a few times.

RICK

What's the special for today?

HOSTESS

I'm just the hostess. You'll have to ask your server. Inside.

Rick looks around. He's clearly not inside.

RICK

You see my problem?

HOSTESS

No.

RICK

Never mind.

DIANA

Had you thought about my anniversary gift at all?

RICK

Two please.

The Hostess picks up two menus and leads them inside the restaurant.

When they get to the table, Rick moves ahead more quickly. He grabs the booth facing the door.

DIANA  
You know. Anniversary gift?

RICK  
No. Have I ever bought you anything before?

Diana is miffed.

DIANA  
I usually buy my own gift and sign the card in your handwriting.

Diana picks up the menu and starts mouthing words. She can read, she just likes to mouth words. She's amused.

There's no one else in the restaurant.

A sad looking WAITER approaches the table.

WAITER  
Do you know what you'd like to drink?

DIANA  
I like blood.

The Waiter flips up some pages of his note pad. His right eye twitches ever so slightly.

He makes a stabbing motion towards his eye.

Rick snickers.

RICK  
Don't listen to her. She's off her meds again.

DIANA  
I want what's traditionally given for a tenth anniversary.

RICK  
Sounds expensive.

DIANA  
A gin and tonic will do, young man.

Rick scans the menu.

RICK  
Two Shirley Temples.

WAITER  
What is that?

RICK  
A fruit punch, with no funny juice.

WAITER  
Funny juice?

RICK  
Yeah. You know. Kool-aid. I  
can't drink that stuff. I makes me  
mental.

WAITER  
Alright. Two Shirley Temples. No  
kool-aid. Got it.

DIANA  
I want a really expensive gift.

Rick puts the menu down. The waiter leaves.

RICK  
I called my mother. She told me  
that ten is tin and aluminum.

DIANA  
Like hell! On what planet?

Rick uses his hands as a shield.

RICK  
Why are you yelling?

DIANA  
You're mother grew up with the  
dinosaurs. And, I'm not yelling.

RICK  
Why are you still yelling?

DIANA  
I'm not going to accept a piece of  
shitty tin for an anniversary  
present.

RICK  
But...

DIANA

What am I supposed to do with tin?

RICK

The roof?

DIANA

A diamond. I want a fucking huge diamond.

RICK

I can't afford that.

Diana unfolds and folds her napkin again. Looks up and sighs.

DIANA

Well, no sex for you tonight.

RICK

How is that different from any other night?

The Waiter comes by with the drinks. He sets down the Shirley Temples.

Rick pushes one towards Diana.

DIANA

I got my own drink.

She grabs the G&T off the tray.

RICK

When did you order that?

DIANA

When you weren't listening.

WAITER

What's your orders?

DIANA

Well, I want a diamond ring for my tenth wedding anniversary, and this louse won't get me one.

WAITER

Food orders.

RICK

I'll have the steak, blue rare. Just kill it and put it on my plate.

WAITER  
And for the lady?

RICK  
Salmon.

DIANA  
I hate fish.

RICK  
I didn't know that.

DIANA  
Who are you? I don't even know you  
anymore.

WAITER  
Steak, still mooing, salmon.

The Waiter leaves.

Rick and Diana stare at one another.

DIANA  
Do you want a divorce?

RICK  
No.

DIANA  
Why not?

RICK  
Who else would put up with me?

DIANA  
But you could sleep with that cute  
piece of ass secretary of yours.  
You've had a crush on her for a  
long time.

RICK  
She's a girl.

DIANA  
So am I.

RICK  
No, you're a woman.

DIANA  
I don't get you.

RICK  
Yes you do.

DIANA  
No, I really don't.

RICK  
That's because you love me.

DIANA  
Maybe.

RICK  
Happy anniversary, dear.

DIANA  
Happy anniversary.

Rick raises his Shirley Temple. He motions for Diana to do the same. They clink glasses.

He takes a sip. Diana tosses out the little paper umbrella and knocks it back.