

BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

Written by

Daniel Harding

On behalf of

Stewart Barham

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

TOM is sat at the dining room table scrolling through the morning news on his phone. He takes a bite from his toast, and slurps his coffee.

ANNIE walks in.

ANNIE  
(stern)  
Good morning.

TOM doesn't look up.

TOM  
(pleasant)  
Morning.

ANNIE looks put out - it's obvious she's not happy about something.

TOM takes another slurp of his coffee.

ANNIE  
Did you make me a coffee?

TOM  
I didn't know you wanted one.

ANNIE  
You could have asked.

TOM  
Sorry, I just assumed-

ANNIE  
It's okay! It's not like it's my  
*birthday* or anything.

TOM shrugs off the bickering.

TOM  
Yeah, phew! Then I'd definitely be  
in trouble. But as if I'd forget an  
important thing like that.

ANNIE  
Yeah, *as if*.

ANNIE folds her arms and continues to stare daggers at him.

TOM  
Something wrong?

ANNIE  
Nope, nothing wrong.

TOM

Are you sure? You look meaner than normal this morning.

ANNIE

Even if I wasn't already in a bad mood, you're going the right way for a hard slap across the face!

TOM

I knew it! Something *is* wrong.

TOM puts down his phone and straights up.

TOM (CONT'D)

Right, I'm listening. Tell me.

ANNIE

No.

TOM

Did I leave suds in the bath?... Did toothpaste drip onto the side?... (knowingly) I left the toilet seat up didn't I?

ANNIE

You can be a right arse sometimes you know that? (fading away) An absolute, bloody, arse!

ANNIE turns and disappears into the kitchen.

TOM smiles to himself and pulls a small birthday hamper basket from underneath the table and places it on the table.

TOM

(calling)

I don't know what's wrong with you this morning... You better cheer up, otherwise it's going to be a long day-

ANNIE comes storming back into the living room.

ANNIE

You know what, Tom? It's my birth... day. Oh, you remembered?

TOM

Of course I did.

TOM smiles and so does ANNIE. He holds out his arms and ANNIE immediately forgives him and walks over to hug him.