

YES I'M HAPPY?

Written by

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## SOCIAL MEDIA SKETCH

INT. ROOM - DAY

MATTHEW goes on his phone to read the news and opens the Guardian website. A notification pops up asking about cookies. Two options appear 'YES, I'M HAPPY' and 'MANAGE MY COOKIES'

MATTHEW (V.O.)

Yes, I'm happy? What kind of response is that? It doesn't even make sense. Am I happy right now? Am I happy all the time? In general? Like, I'm capable of being happy, but I'm not happy all the time. I'm not necessarily sad all the time either, I'm mostly just neutral? Empty? Whatever it is, I can be happy, but am I happy? With myself? With life? It's a ridiculous question, with no real answer. Am I happy? How many suds in a bar of soap. How long is a piece of string? How many spices are in Chinese five spice? These sorts of questions are so pointless, so frivolous, there's no point in even pondering them because there is no answer... And yet I can't stop thinking about it. Am I happy? Why can't I stop thinking about it? Is it because I lack the happiness to answer? Is it the nature of humanity to what an answer to every question? Curiosity or hubris? Am I happy? The question is so binary, either yes or no, if only there was another option. Yes, that's it. Another option, there's always another option. You just need to know where to look...

Matthew looks at the screen. His eyes move from 'YES, I'M HAPPY' and drift over to the second option, the one that was there all this time: 'MANAGE MY COOKIES'.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE ROOM - DAY

Matthew sits in an officer chair at a desk doing work on a computer. Suddenly a KNOCK at the door.

MATTHEW

Come in.

The door CREAKS open.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Ah yes Johnson, come in. Please close the door behind you. I was hoping to talk about your performance this last quarter, it's been disappointing to say the least.

JOHNSON leans on the door, shocked. Johnson is a cookie.

**THE END**