

Extract from: 'The Neighbour'

Tagline: Love thy neighbour...but maybe not too much!

Logline: Sandra and Dan start off hating their new noisy neighbour but soon fall head over heels for him. Both soon find out about each other's cheeky fling and dump him...but he's still simply irresistible!

In this extract: Sandra has had enough of neighbour Rich's blaring music waking her up at 6:30 AM and heads over to his house to complain, but her mind is soon changed when she realises he's a hoot. Sandra now enamoured, it's up to Dan.

EXTERIOR/STREET

As Sandra exits the house, she notices Nigel sat on his deck chair in his front yard as before. Not stopping for him, she proceeds ...

SANDRA
You're up early!

NIGEL
Just thought I'd make the most of the morning. You're up early, too.

SANDRA
Yeah. Gonna go end that bloody racket.

Nigel throws his head back and closes his eyes, smiling.

NIGEL
Ooh, it's lovely!

SANDRA
Lovely?! What planet are you on?! It's dreadful.

Nigel sighs, relaxed.

EXT. NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sandra broadens her shoulders, straightens her back, and pummels the door and waits. When the door opens, she prepares herself to yell ... and stops, surprised.

RICH, the neighbour, a clear young hunk, barely clad but for a small, tight bath towel wrapped around his waist, stretches his chiselled abs as he poses one arm high on the door frame above him.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Oh ... Hi.

RICH
Hi.

Sandra attempts to regain her angry glare ... and fails.

SANDRA
I was just coming over to ... erm ... to welcome you to the neighbourhood!

She laughs, awkwardly.

RICH
Oh! So kind! Thank you.

SANDRA
Ha-ha! You're welcome. Well ... I've done that now, so!

RICH
Hey, I've got something in the oven I should probably see to. Do you want to come in?

Sandra looks back at her house, troubled.

SANDRA
Oh. Erm ... I ... oh, sure! Why not?! Just a few minutes won't hurt!

RICH
Of course! Come on in.

SANDRA
Great. Sounds great.

Rich barely moves out of the doorway, meaning she must squeeze past his half-naked body.

INTERIOR

Rich closes the door, and he and Sandra stand still, facing one another, in the hallway.

RICH
Still having some work done, so excuse the mess.

Sandra takes a look. The house is spotless.

SANDRA
(lost for words)
... No worries.

RICH
I'm Rich.

A gentle handshake seems to last too long, and Sandra seems to become nervous, giggly and skittish under his bold gaze.

SANDRA
Rich? Great. Sandra.

RICH
Well, it's lovely to meet you, Sandra.

SANDRA
It is?! Oh, well, thank you! Erm --

RICH
Follow me.

He leads her through to the kitchen at the end of the corridor and to one of several barstools to sit at an island.

RICH (CONT'D)
Here, sit wherever you want.

SANDRA
Thank you.

RICH
I'll just get it out of the oven.

Sandra looks around the kitchen and notices photographs of Rich travelling with a backpack, cooking, diving, holding a medal at a running track, etc.

Suddenly, she starts sniffing, pleased. Wearing oven mitts, Rich places a foil-covered casserole dish upon the island.

SANDRA
Mm. What is that?

RICH
Tiella di riso, patate e cozze. It's an Italian dish.

SANDRA
Wow. Well, it smells just divine.

RICH
Oh, thank you. Only something I just whipped up. Nothing special. Would you like some?

SANDRA
Oh, I'd love some.

As he prepares the casserole, Sandra finally notices a huge, complex-looking stereo system. She tries to purse her lips.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
You play music. In the mornings.

RICH
Yes. You've heard my music?!

He leaves the casserole and walks over to the stereo.

SANDRA
Well, yes, I --

RICH
I'm in a band. We play at the Arena sometimes, no biggy. But it is fun.

SANDRA
At the Arena? ... Woah.

RICH
I like to start every day with my
music. Make the most of the morning.
Listen to this one.

The same band music Sandra has been hearing every morning
plays on high from the thumping stereo.

SANDRA
Oh. So. This is actually what I came
to --

RICH
(shouting over the music)
Really gets me in the mood to start
the day, you know? Invigorates me. I
love it! What do you think?

SANDRA
Well, I --

He starts to mime as though he were 'rocking out', turning
his back on Sandra and wiggling his buttocks. She stares,
trying to avert her eyes but in vain.

Finally, he turns the music off.

RICH
Such a great beat. I really feel it,
you know?

Sandra loosens her posture and smiles.

SANDRA
Yeah. I ... I know.

RICH
OK. Food.

SANDRA
You know, I should really be getting
back to my husband --

RICH
Here. Have a taste.

SANDRA
Oh. Well!

He lifts a spoon to her mouth. Her eyes roll back and close.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Oh, that is good! Wow! You actually

made this?

RICH

Ha! You're sweet. Thank you. So, would you like a bowlful?

SANDRA

Yes. Of course. I mean, I've never eaten dinner at 7:00 AM before, but --

Suddenly, a puff of mist bursts free from a machine on a bookshelf.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Oh my god, what is that?!

RICH

Oh. I'm really into aromatherapy. You should try some. Let's do it.

SANDRA

Well, I really should be getting back.

LATER

Still in her bed robe, Sandra sits blindfolded on the barstool, with Rich opening vials of various scents in front of her.

RICH

This one's Ruby and Jasmine.

She smells it.

SANDRA

Mmm! That one's good.

RICH

Yeah?

SANDRA

Yeah.

RICH

Then there's this one.

SANDRA

Mmmm! What's that?

RICH

That one's vanilla bean and clementine.

SANDRA
Mm-hmm. I think that one's my
favourite.

She reaches to her side, gesturing for him to pass her her
steaming bowl of Italian casserole.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
I'll just, erm ...

He passes it to her, and she takes a mouthful.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Thank you. Oh, that's so good.

Whilst she eats, Rich bends down to her feet and takes off
her slippers. She looks confused.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
What's happening?

RICH
Can't have aromatherapy without a
massage.

SANDRA
A massage?

RICH
Just sit back ... and relax ...

He taps his fingers across her feet and up her calves before
beginning.

SANDRA
Ooh! God.

She quickly inhales the vanilla/clementine scent once more
and stuffs her face with casserole.

INT. S & D'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAWN

Approaching 6:30 AM. Dan makes his way down the stairs and
into the kitchen, an empty glass in his hand. When he
arrives, Sandra is sat at the table, already fully dressed.

DAN
Huh. You're up early.

SANDRA
Yeah. Thought I'd make the most of the
morning!

DAN
Right...

6:30 AM. The music starts. Sandra closes her eyes and tilts her head back.

DAN (CONT'D)
Oh, for God's sake! Again with that bloody music!

SANDRA
I know ... It's lovely!

DAN
Lovely?! What planet are you on?! It's dreadful.

SANDRA
Lovely ...

DAN
Well, obviously you couldn't get it through to him, so I'll go round myself.

EXT. STREETS/RICH'S HOUSE

Dan makes his way over to Rich's house and pummels on the door. A few moments pass. No answer. He hears music quietly emerging from the garage and heads there. When he arrives, he bangs on the door and waits. Rich answers in a wife-beater vest and gym shorts.

RICH
Hi.

DAN
Hello. Now, listen here --

Dan catches sight of the man cave behind the door - a dark room with neon lights, complete with gaming consoles, bean bags and a drinks cooler.

DAN (CONT'D)
Woah. Cool garage.

RICH
Oh! So kind! Thank you. Can I help you?

DAN
(absently, staring)
Yeah. I'm Dan. From across the road.

RICH
Oh, nice to meet you, Dan!

His attention is drawn to one of the consoles.

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DAN

Is that the newest model?

RICH

Sure is. Wanna play?

DAN

You serious?!

RICH

Of course! Come on in.