

MORNING NEIGHBOUR!

Written by

Brogan Thompson

Showreel Sc/Comedy

Janelle - Joanne
Jess - Monica

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Brogan-thompson@hotmail.com
www.brogansreelscenes.co.uk

INT. MONICA'S CAR - DAY

JOANNE approaches MONICA'S car - FUMING! Monica doesn't need this. The pair are neighbours and things aren't going well to say the least.

Joanne's at her whits end with Monica's constant music/late night parties. She believes Monica has posted a malicious note through her letter box and wants an explanation.

MONICA:

What the fuckin'ell does she want--

BANG BANG BANG! Joanne smacks the windscreen.

Monica lets down her electric window. Just a little bit.

JOANNE:

Get out.

MONICA:

What?

JOANNE:

Get out.

MONICA:

I need to get to work.

JOANNE:

As if.

MONICA:

Ya cheeky bitch!

Joanne slams a note onto Monica's car window.

MONICA:

What's that?

JOANNE:

You know perfectly well what this is! You posted it through my letter box!

MONICA:

Wasn't me love.

JOANNE:

Where is he?

MONICA:

Who?

JOANNE:
Ya scrotum of a boyfriend!?

MONICA:
It weren't him either. Maybe you wrote it yourself.

JOANNE:
Why would I write "Stop harassing us, get a hobby, get a dildo...you stinky bitch".

Monica tries to hold her laugh in.

MONICA:
For attention. Single Mum, four young kids...four different Fathers-

JOANNE:
Three!

MONICA:
Three-four-five. I mean. They've got to be a little confused, right? 'Ere - weren't the police called? I heard one of 'em went missing.

JOANNE:
Who've you been talkin' too?

Monica shrugs.

JOANNE:
Packet in playing games!

MONICA:
I'd try number 24 if I was you.

JOANNE:
She's 84. She barely leaves the house.

MONICA:
That's what she wants you to think. I saw her, lingering around your bins the other day. And your car.

Monica smiles.

JOANNE:
I know what you're doing.

MONICA:
Are your kids at home? Now?

JOANNE:
There're fine.

 MONICA:
Sure?

She's gotten right into Joanne's head and she starts to panic a little.

 JOANNE:
This isn't finished.

Joanne leaves in a huff.

 MONICA:
Have a good day love! Looney
bitch...

Monica lights a cig, blasts the music up and speeds off - the screeches of the tires infuriating Joanne even more!

END.