

# NOISY NEIGHBOURS

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OPEN.

INT. BEDROOM (NIGHT)

Open on the headboard of a bed. The bed is up against a wall. It's dark in the room, barely lit. Suddenly there's a series of bangs coming from the other side of the wall. As well as the bangs there is a combination of male and female grunts that be heard from behind the wall.

A lamp switches on, filling the room with light. A MAN sits bolt upright in bed, his head resting against the headboard. He shudders reacting to the noises and banging, but lies back down when it subsides. The banging starts again, as well as the grunts, this time louder.

The MAN sits upright again, this time with an angry expression. The MAN bangs on the wall with his fist, but his noise is drowned out.

The MAN looks around his bedroom and clambers out of bed towards a corner of his room. We see a series of shoes, balls and other items thrown at the wall. All to no avail.

The noise of the bangs against the wall become spread further apart and now we can only hear a male's voice grunting. The MAN puts his ear closer to the wall to listen. Just as his ear touches the wall there is a loud \*squelching\* noise. The MAN jumps away from the wall in disgust.

The MAN dives back into his bed and sits with his eyes closed, flinching with the noise of each grunt and bang.

The MAN reaches for something next to his bed. He grabs a large pair of earmuffs.

The MAN lies back down on his pillow wearing his earmuffs. We can only hear the muffled silence now. The MAN lies in bed with his eyes open. He lifts his earmuffs slightly, breaking the muffled silence, and eagerly listens. He hears nothing but silence and smiles. Suddenly there's a loud scream.

MAN NEXT DOOR: YES!

The MAN slams his ear muffs back on, throws his duvet over his head and dives under his bed.

2. INT. HALLWAY (MORNING)

The MAN is pacing around his hallway angrily. He suddenly trips over something and grabs it off the floor. It is a woman's high-heeled shoe.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

MAN: What is this doing here?! Hang on, what's that?

The MAN looks by his front door where there is a pile of three rubbish bags. All the rubbish bags are tied tightly and bulging.

The MAN, still holding the woman's shoe, grabs his phone out of his pocket and dials. As the phone rings he impatiently bobs up and down.

MAN: Come on, come on! ...Bloody voicemail, seriously?!

The MAN throws the woman's shoe in his hand towards the pile of rubbish bags by the front door.

MAN: Right, where are you?! I want to talk to you about last night! What was that all about? I thought you'd tell me if you were bringing someone back! Also, what's with all the rubbish bags by the front door?! Where have they come from!? And WHY is your woman's shoe just in the hallway!? I want this all sorted when I get back, I'm NOT cleaning it up!

The MAN hangs up the phone aggressively, grabs his jacket and walks out of his flat. He steps over the rubbish bags by the front door carefully. He opens the doors, leaves and slams it behind him. We are left in the flat. Looking closer in on the rubbish bags we can see a woman's arm protruding from the side of one. The nails on the arm are painted in a bright colour and there is a pool of blood forming below the bags.

FADE.

The End.