

FADE IN:

MONTAGE -- FRIENDLY SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD

-- Open on a peaceful suburban neighborhood. Row after row of two-story houses that all look the same.

-- Pre-Teens play hockey in the street, moving their net when a car comes by.

-- Riding lawn mowers crisscross over plush green lawns.

-- Neighbors exchange friendly chit-chat with each other over a picket fence, waving at all the cars that drive by.

-- A couple stands in front of a newly purchased home.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRENNER'S NEW HOUSE -- DAY

TOM and MELANIE BRENNER (30's) stand in the driveway of their new house.

It is a two-story colonial house located on the corner of two quiet neighborhood streets. Overgrown bushes line the front of the house along the bottom of the front porch and underneath the windows, and beneath the bushes is a row of purple petunias.

A "For Sale" sign is posted on the front lawn, and a "SOLD" sticker is plastered over that. A large moving van is parked next to the couple.

Tom, a familiar yet instantly forgettable man, has his arm around Melanie's shoulder.

Melanie, a wiry woman who obviously owns a half-dozen workout tapes - and actually uses them, pats Tom on the arm.

TOM

Finally. It's ours.

Melanie just smiles.

TOM (CONT'D)

A place to call our own. Just like we planned.

MELANIE

Come on, let's go inside.

TOM

Shouldn't we start bringing our stuff in?

MELANIE

Not yet. (She winks at Tom) Come on.

She leads Tom inside the house.

INT. BRENNER HOUSE -- DAY

Opened cardboard boxes ea stacked everywhere. A few large pieces of furniture are placed throughout the house. Melanie sings and dances while she unpacks boxes in the living room.

Tom sneaks up behind her and spins her around by her waist, pulling her into an embrace. She places one hand on his shoulder, grips his hand with her other, and begins dancing with him around the empty room.

They glide and twirl all over the room, knocking into boxes and nearly tripping over piles of their stuff.

The playful couple continues to dance until Melanie backs Tom over a stack of books, and, losing all of the grace they were dancing with, they flail and topple to the ground.

Melanie lands on top of Tom, and though he appears to be in pain, begins attacking him with her lips.

TOM

Ow, ow. Hold on. Get up. I-

Suddenly, there is a KNOCK at the door.

Tom and Melanie exchange a look that says they obviously aren't expecting anyone.

Melanie hoists herself to an upright position and walks to the door. She puts her eye up to the peephole.

Tom looks up at her from the floor.

TOM (CONT'D)

Who is it?

She looks back and shrugs.

A middle aged couple stands on their front porch. The WOMAN, a cheery, jiggly little creature, has her arm interlocked with her HUSBAND'S.

The woman's face lights up when Melanie opens the door. But the man - a tall, lanky fellow who dresses in jeans and a flannel shirt no matter what the occasion - looks reluctant to be there.

WOMAN

Hi!

MELANIE

(Hesitantly)

Hi.

WOMAN

We're your neighbors. We live across the street. We just came over to welcome you to the neighborhood.

The woman peeks her head inside and snoops around.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Hope we're not intruding.

MELANIE

(caught off-guard)

Oh, hi. No, uh, come on in. The place is a bit of a mess, though.

The couple steps inside. Tom joins his wife in the foyer, brushing off his pants. The woman elbows her husband. He steps forward and offers his hand to Tom. They shake.

HUSBAND

Pleased to meet you. I'm Jonathan Donaldson. Call me John. This is my wife, Lizzie. We live across the street there, wanted to welcome you to the neighborhood.

TOM

So we heard. (Pause) Tom Brenner. And this is my wife-

MELANIE

Melanie.

Melanie extends her hand to shake Lizzie's. Lizzie takes a step back and raises her hands as if Melanie's hand was poisonous.

LIZZIE

Oh, I don't shake hands...

MELANIE

Oh.

LIZZIE

...I hug!

Lizzie pounces on Melanie and gets her in a bear hug. Melanie is not sure what to make of it. She laughs uncomfortably.

Tom and John are still shaking hands. Tom finally pulls his hand away as John casually looks around the house.

JOHN

This place isn't gonna be the same without Stan.

TOM

Oh, did you know him well?

John and Lizzie exchange a look that gives the impression there's a lot to tell about Stan.

JOHN

Oh, I wouldn't say that exactly. Just the talk about him going around the neighborhood. He certainly made for some interesting stories.

MELANIE

We never really got a chance to talk with him. We mainly dealt with his son, Dale.

JOHN

Yeah, that little pisser really wanted Stan to move.

LIZZIE

He felt the house was too big for him.

An awkward pause follows. Just when Tom is about to say something-

JOHN

So how's the unpacking coming along?

TOM

Slow. Packing everything you own into little boxes seems like a daunting task, but then you have to *unpack* them...

JOHN

Believe me, I know what you mean.

MELANIE

Oh, yeah? Have you two moved a lot?

LIZZIE

Oh, no. We've lived over there now for, what...

JOHN

Twenty.

LIZZIE

Twenty years, that's right.

JOHN

Naw, I own a few moving trucks. I see folks packing and unpacking all the time.

LIZZIE

I...we figured you two would be really pooped after all this unpacking, and you wouldn't have time to cook a decent meal. So we wanted to invite you over to dinner at our place.

MELANIE

Well, we still have a lot of work to do...

TOM

Yeah...

Lizzie looks disappointed.

MELANIE

...but we sure could use a break.

Tom shoots Melanie a "what are you doing?" look.

JOHN

Great! Come on over tonight, around seven.

MELANIE

We'll be there.

LIZZIE

Great! I got so used to feeding a big family, that my cooking skills have gone to waste just making dinner for two.

John and Lizzie exit the house. They wave from the front yard.

JOHN AND LIZZIE

Bye!

Tom and Melanie wave back. They watch the couple cross the street.

MELANIE

Sorry.

TOM

(Whining)
We have so much to do.

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
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