

THE NEIGHBOR
By
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EXT. AN UPSCALE SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD.

TOM appears from the rear of his home carrying a two foot hacksaw. He looks toward the house next door. He exits the pool fence and approaches the privacy fence enclosing his neighbor's back yard.

INT. THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR.

MYRA stands at a rear window staring out through the almost closed blinds. She sees the top of Tom's head as he tries to peer over the fence. As Tom walks along the fence to the front of her house, Myra rushes to her bedroom at the front of the house and begins changing clothes, going from a dress to sweats. She peers through the blinds of a window as she does so.

EXT. IN FRONT OF MYRA'S HOUSE.

Tom looks up and down the street, then casually approaches Myra's front entrance. Without knocking or ringing the bell, he tries the door. It's unlocked. He opens the door and as he steps in, Myra rushes into the foyer.

INT. MYRA'S FOYER.

Myra gasps and covers her breasts.

TOM
I startled you.

MYRA
As a matter of fact you did--

TOM
--I'm Tom from next door.

MYRA
What are you doing?

TOM
I dropped by to see your husband.

MYRA
Harlan isn't home. You need to go.

She attempts to shut the door, but Tom bocks it and steps in with a broad smile.

TOM
Harlan? That's his name?

MYRA
Yes. I thought you knew him.

TOM
Not really. Just to wave when he's
cutting the lawn or . . .
whatever.

MYRA
Well. He isn't here. What's the
saw for?

TOM
Your husband needs it.

MYRA
For what?

May I have his cell number?

MYRA
Why? I'll tell him you came by.

TOM
When?

MYRA
When he comes home.

TOM
And when will that be?

There is a silence.

MYRA
What's this all about, Tom?

TOM
I'm concerned about him.

MYRA
Whatever for?

Tom closes the door behind him.

TOM
I heard you. In your back yard. A
few days ago.

There's a long silence.

MYRA

What did you hear?

TOM

You said the only way he'd be leaving you was in pieces. I haven't seen him coming or going since.

Myra's breathing becomes rapid.

MYRA

What? You think I cut him up and buried him in the back yard?

Tom stares at her for a moment.

TOM

No. I think you killed him and put him in the freezer. The one in your garage. I saw you throwing out all that frozen food. To make room for him?

There is a long silence.

MYRA

You shouldn't be a nosey neighbor, Tom. That's a big freezer.

TOM

You threatening me? So, I'm right. Harlan's in the freezer. My God, how'd you do it -- ?

Both are breathing heavily now. Myra draws a large knife.

TOM (CONT'D)

Oh . . .

Tom lifts the saw defensively. They hold a standoff in silence for as long as they can before they begin to laugh. Their laughter builds. Myra screams in joy, tosses the knife, takes Tom's face in her hands and kisses him passionately.

MYRA

You are such a good neighbor to give a girl a helping hand.

TOM

He was a beefy ole boy. You could never have crammed him into that freezer without me.

MYRA

My hero!

Tom drives her back against a wall tearing at her clothes and kissing her.

INT. MYRA'S GARAGE

Myra and Tom frantically make love on top the freezer.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Myra and Tom carry Harlan's frozen body and drop it on a large plastic sheet spread out on the garage floor. They pick up their tools and stand, panting and looking at each other for an intense moment.

They drop the tools and kiss furiously. They fall over frozen Harlan.

TOM

Damn, he's as hard as a rock.

MYRA

First time for everything.

END