

SOUNDS LIKE CORRIE

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INT. LAURA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

REECE along with his good mate LAURA, sit doing some last minute studying for uni.

Well, Reece is. Laura sits very much on edge - "a deer in the headlights expression" fixed firmly on her face.

Laura is convinced her elderly next door Neighbour has died, and remains undiscovered. It's completely consumed her over the last two weeks.

Her Neighbour isn't the friendliest, and she's been too scared to check on her.

Reece sits taking notes, glancing back and forth at Laura. She's starting to freak him out.

REECE:
Are you stoned?

LAURA:
I think she's dead.

REECE:
What?

LAURA:
When you knocked on my door. Could you smell owte'? Out of sorts I mean.

REECE:
You've lost me.

LAURA:
Will you come round with me?

REECE:
Where?

LAURA:
To Dye's house. She's dead.

Reece doesn't know what to say-

LAURA: (CONT'D)
She keeps to herself - mainly. Mind you I did find her in our kitchen once. But i've not seen her - pretty sure she's got no family. There's a smell. Could you not smell it?

REECE:
It's probably just the bins.

LAURA:
She's at least 219, would you just please come and check with me.

REECE:
I couldn't smell anything.

LAURA:
No one would know. That's sad isn't it? You really couldn't smell any-

REECE:
Can't you just call an ambulance?

Laura isn't taking any notice. Completely in her own world.

LAURA:
To die on your own. Even if she was an old bitch.

REECE:
Which side is she on? Laura!

Laura points to the right side.

Reece gets up to go and check, flattening himself to the wall-

LAURA:
I've already tried that.

REECE:
I can hear a TV.

LAURA:
Piss off!

She rushes up to join him. Both are now flat to the wall.

A beat.

REECE:
Can you hear that?

She can't, she tries even harder to listen.

REECE: (CONT'D)
(coronation street tune)
Duhhhhhh duh duh duh duh duhhhhh -
duhhhhh duh duh duh-

Laura frowns - "what the fuck?"

REECE: (CONT'D)
You can't hear that? She's watching
Corrie. Not watched that in ages
y'know.

LAURA:
She could'a died watching Corrie.

REECE:
You need to calm down with the
weed.

LAURA:
Just come and check.
(very loudly)
PLEASE REECE!

REECE:
Alright - fuckinell'. If she
answers, you're on your own.

LAURA:
She won't. She's probably rotting
in her kitchen.

REECE:
Bloody'ell.

END.