

NEW BUILD

by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. FARM FIELD - DAY

JOE, 30, a lifelong farmer, sits dejectedly in a tractor. He looks around at the farm he's lived and worked on all his life, then sighs and slumps. He drives the tractor to a BUILDING SITE that's just breaking ground. RICHARD LANDOWNER, 30, a wealthy gentleman farmer is watching a sign being erected. It's only half visible and says END HOMES. Joe gets out of the tractor and walks to Richard.

JOE

I can't believe you sold my farm
to these bellends.

RICHARD

They are one of the biggest house
builders in the country. They've a
sterling reputation for quality,
ethical practices and a
sympathetic approach to local
demands. And more importantly,
they paid me more for the land
than you've ever made by farming
it.

JOE

But I grew up here. My family's
farmed this land for three
generations! My grandfather died
over there with a scythe in his
hand, because your grandfather was
too cheap to mechanise the
harvest! If my father was here to
see this, it would break his
heart.

RICHARD

Your father never cared about this
place. If he had, he wouldn't have
run off to California with that
circus acrobat. I can't say I

blame him though. There's not a day goes by that I don't think about how flexible she was.

JOE

You can't sell my farm! Where will I go?

RICHARD

It's MY farm, Joe. I'll sell it to whoever I want. And I already have.

JOE

What am I supposed to do now?

INT. CHRIS SMITH'S SMALL HOUSE - DAY

CHRIS SMITH, 38, average in every way, is in a cluttered kitchen with his family. Chris is reading the property pages of a newspaper. His three children, RILEY, a boy aged 12, MIA, a girl aged 8 and ISLA, a girl aged 5, bicker while Chris's Wife JENNY, 33, is looking at her phone.

CHRIS

Why don't you just refuse to go?

JENNY

I can't. He's my boss. There's no-one else that can go to the conference at such short notice. He's already booked the hotel.

CHRIS

It's just two nights?

JENNY

(still looking at her phone)

Yes. That reminds me, I need to go shopping.

(beat)

How do you spell 'balconette'?

EXT. TOM INNMARKATYNG'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

TOM, 27, blond, slim and attractive, is standing outside the front door, looking up at an open first floor window where his MOTHER is standing.

TOM

What? Why?

MOTHER

Because your father and I want to turn your room into a sauna and I'm sick of finding these lying around the house!

She throws a sexy balconette bra out of the window at him.

TOM

Oh, come on! It's just one bra.

Many more pieces of assorted lingerie are thrown at Tom.

TOM

Alright, fine. I'll find a house of my own then. And it'll be bigger than yours. Guess how many saunas mine will have?

INT. CHRIS SMITH'S SMALL HOUSE - DAY

Chris points to a house in the paper.

CHRIS

This one's got five, and a separate kitchen and dining room. Shall we arrange a viewing?

Jenny and children ignore him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'll see if we can view it
tomorrow night.

He folds the paper and stands up, grabbing his keys and jacket.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Can I give anyone a lift anywhere?

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

JOE F

You might as well drive me
straight to the scrap heap, I
suppose!

Richard shrugs and walks off happily. Joe walks to a small livestock lorry, where a lone cow and a dog wait. He strokes the dog and looks glumly at the cow.

EXT. TOM'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Tom walks to his car, trying to carry all the lingerie. He opens the car door, dropping most of the lingerie. Rubbish falls out of the car as he does. He throws the lingerie and rubbish into the car, then gets in and slams the door.

EXT. CHRIS SMITH'S SMALL HOUSE - DAY

Chris leaves the house, closing the door behind him. He sighs, then walks to his car. He gets in the car and slams the door.

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

Joe ushers the cow and dog into the back of the small livestock lorry, then walks to a lone bale of hay near the lorry. He sits heavily on the hay and slumps in misery. We see the bale of hay and lorry stranded in the middle of the building site.

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BELLEND HOMES - DAY - 6 MONTHS LATER

Joe's lorry hasn't moved, nor has the bale of hay, and nor has Joe himself. The housing estate is unfinished but several streets have been built. Joe stands slowly, then walks to the back of the lorry and opens the door.

JOE

Walkies!

Joe walks off as the dog and cow leave and go to a nearby patch of grass. He walks to the front door of the SHOW HOME, retrieves a hidden key and goes inside.

INT. SHOW HOME - DAY

Joe enters the house, picking up the mail from the floor as he does so.

JOE

(flicking through the
mail)

Pizza, pizza, PPI.

(notices a letter for
him)

What's this one?

He walks into the KITCHEN and drops the letters onto the table, which is decorated as if for a dinner party. He then takes fake flowers out of a large vase and reaches in to retrieve a tiny box of cereal and some small packets of coffee creamer/milk. He empties the milk into the cereal box, shakes it and then begins to eat the cereal by tipping the box into his mouth. A pile of Bellend Homes brochures and a magazine - "Homeless Farmer Weekly" - lie on the table. Joe picks up the magazine and flicks through it.

JOE

Let's see here: Gemini. 'The fields of your existence are empty at the moment, just needing a metaphorical John Deere ExactEmerge DB890 Row Unit to bring them to life. Keep an eye out this week for the opportunity to press that button on your life's GS2630 display and bring your soul back to its optimal seed population.' Well, that's encouraging.

Joe looks through the rest of the magazine, looking for something but not finding it.

JOE (CONT'D)

Don't they even print the jobs section any more? Ooh, look at that seed drill. I'll save that for later.

Joe folds the corner of the page down to mark it, then reaches for the pile of letters, looking through them in turn.

JOE (CONT'D)

Junk, junk, bill, junk, not for me, not for me...

(beat)

Ah, here we are. This is my GS2630 button. Gainful employment here I come!

Joe opens the letter, reads it with growing disbelief.

JOE (CONT'D)

"Dear Mr. Farmer. We regret to inform you that your application for the position of canine grooming operative at Wacky Woof's Dog, Bitch and Puppy Beauty Salon was unsuccessful. There were a number of other, higher calibre applicants. In addition, your lack

of experience, your constant misspelling of the word 'dog' and the fact that your CV was hand written on the back of what appeared to be a brochure for a housing development were contributing factors in our decision. Yours sincerely, Steven Pratt, recruitment consultant."

How can I lack experience? It's washing dogs! And what's a CV? Right, I need help with this.

Joe smiles as an idea occurs to him.

INT. CHRIS SMITH'S KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is messy. Packing crates are everywhere. Kitchen appliances, crockery etc. litter every surface. The Smiths have clearly only just moved in. Chris, Jenny and the children are sitting at a table eating breakfast.

CHRIS

It's so good to be out of that old house. I really think this house represents the best of modern living. Don't you?

Jenny and the children are ignoring him, engrossed in their mobile phones, tablets etc.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I mean, we've got a family lawn here, as well as a multi-seasonal terrace! We've got two continental-style bedrooms! We've got views of other executive homes!

RILEY

(not looking up)

No, what we've got is views of a building site.

JENNY

Views of buff workmen... with
toolbelts...

CHRIS

We've got space to breathe here.
Fresh air --

MIA

(interrupting, still
staring at phone)

It stinks of poo. There are cow
pats everywhere.

CHRIS

I'm sure they'll round up any
feral cows when the houses are
finished so that we can enjoy the
countryside.

(determinedly cheerful)

Yes, this is the perfect place for
us.

(beat)

Well, I'm going to set up my
office today in the study.

JENNY

(still reading paper)

You don't need an office. You're
not George Osborne.

Chris looks at Jenny in bewilderment.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Anyway, that's my sewing room.

RILEY

(looking at phone)

But I want it as my music room.

MIA

I want a playroom!

ISLA

Iggle Piggie!

Chris looks dismayed at the loss of his office, staring at his family who are still not looking at him. The doorbell rings. Chris waits for a few seconds. His family ignore the sound.

CHRIS

(sighs)

I'll get it.

Chris walks out of the kitchen.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL

Chris opens the front door, revealing Joe, who is holding his rejection letter. He enters uninvited, handing the letter to Chris.

JOE

Look at this! Can you believe it?

CHRIS

Morning, um, Joe, wasn't it?

Joe nods, looking around.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Come in.

JOE

This is nice. You went for the Buckingham then? Good choice. You must be enjoying the balance of modern necessity with the joyfulness of entertaining in a vibrant and well-designed space?

CHRIS

Er, yes. We are. You live in the one at the end of the road, don't you?

JOE

That's right. The Windsor. The lounge has a cracking dual aspect leading to the open plan family kitchen dining area, which also introduces European-style access to the indoor-outdoor living space.

CHRIS

Right. Yes. That all sounds very... new build. I was surprised when I saw you coming out of there yesterday. I thought it was the show home.

JOE

(changing subject
quickly)

It's about this letter, Craig.

CHRIS

Chris.

JOE

Yeah, sure. So, this letter. Can you believe it?

Chris looks at the letter briefly, then brightens as an idea occurs to him.

CHRIS

Let's talk about this in --

(beat, then with pride)

My office.

INT. STUDY ROOM

The door opens, and Chris enters with Joe behind him. Chris stops, looking around in disbelief. In contrast to the rest of the house, this room is unpacked. A dressmaker's dummy and sewing machine fight for space with a large drum kit. Chris and Joe can only barely squeeze in to the room.

JOE

This is your office?

CHRIS

(sighs, suddenly
defeated)

Well, it was going to be. But it
looks like I've been
outmanoeuvred. I'll use one of the
spare bedrooms instead.

Chris reads the letter. Joe sits at the drum kit and starts messing with it.

CHRIS

This is a rejection letter.

JOE

The latest in a long line. I'm
officially unemployable. I've been
turned down for every easy
unskilled job out there: dog
groomer, museum curator, traffic
warden, TV presenter and headphone
tester. Listen, you're a button-
down conformist worker bee, right?

CHRIS

(proudly)

Yes, I am!

JOE

I need you to teach me how to be
like you. Clearly I'm too
individualistic for these pen-
pushers at Wacky Woofs.

CHRIS

I don't think there's much pen
pushing at Wacky Woofs Dog, Bitch
and Puppy Beauty Salon.

One of the drums falls off its stand with a crash. Joe
stares at it impassively.

JOE

Your drum kit is broken.

CHRIS

Okay. Come back this afternoon.
I'll get my office set up in one
of the spare bedrooms, and we can
look at improving your CV then.

JOE

(laughs)

Yeah, "CV". Whatever you say,
mister 9-to-5.

INT. TOM'S LIVING ROOM

This house is just as messy as the Smiths', but there's a
permanence to the junk here. The Smiths are still moving
in, but Tom has been here a while. Tom is lounging on the
sofa, speaking into a phone. A cardboard box of "DENTAL
DAZZLE HIGHLIGHTING STRIPS" is on the sofa next to him.

TOM

Honestly, you're imagining things.
Making connections where there are
none. Jumping to conclusions. I've
no idea where it came from. I
don't know what you've heard, but
it's all lies.

(listens to the
response)

I think it was my sister's. She came over last week.

(listens again)

You don't know her. She's never been the most appropriate of people. And it didn't look all that comfortable. Maybe she took it off and forgot to take it with her when she left?

(listens)

Yeah, you're right, it's creepy to think of her wearing something like that. But I swear -

(listens, as the person on the phone interrupts)

No -

(interruption)

No -

As Tom is speaking on the phone, a WOMAN, early 20s, attractive, dressed in one of Tom's shirts, no trousers and with large white feathers stuck in her hair, enters the room and begins looking through the mess for something.

TOM (CONT'D)

No! Look, listen to me. You know I'd never do something like that.

The woman can't find what she's looking for. Tom stands up, and reaches between the cushions of the sofa as he listens to the response from the person on the phone. He pulls out a lacy bra and throws it at the woman.

TOM (CONT'D)

No, I promised you! There are no other women! I stood right in front of you and swore an oath! I can't believe you're doubting me. I'm actually insulted.

The woman is staring angrily at Tom as he speaks. He listens to the person on the phone again, then reaches back

into the sofa and pulls out a stocking, which he also throws at the woman.

TOM (CONT'D)

Fine, be that way. It's your loss.
Yeah, I'll have your stuff ready
whenever you want to collect it.
What? Well, the same to you!

Tom hangs up, angry, then turns to the woman.

TOM (CONT'D)

Well, I hope you're happy. Maria's
just left me. Now I have to find
another cleaner who isn't
intimidated by my stunning good
looks.

The woman rolls her eyes, then holds her hand out towards Tom, waiting for something. He sighs, then reaches into his pocket and takes out the other stocking, handing it to her. She takes it and storms out of the room.

INT - TOM'S ENTRANCE HALLWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The woman walks angrily down the stairs, dressed in her own clothes now and carrying a creepy seagull head mask under her arm. She opens the door and reveals Joe, who is about to ring the doorbell. She barges past and out of the house.

INT - TOM'S LIVING ROOM

Joe enters the living room. Tom is standing in front of a huge, ornate full-length mirror, examining his teeth, which are perfectly white.

JOE

Who was that storming out of here
just now with a giant bird head
under her arm? Clare? Maria?
Tracey? No? Don't care then. What
are you doing?

TOM

Highlighting my teeth.

JOE

You're doing what? Why? Your teeth look like you stole them from an American as it is.

TOM

Just you wait. In two hours, they'll look amazing. I have faith in Mr Chompers and the good people at Dental Dazzle.

Tom looks at Joe.

TOM

What's up?

JOE

Have you met your new neighbours? Craig, or whatever he's called?

TOM

Chris. Yeah, briefly. I've met his wife, too. He's punching above his weight there.

JOE

Yeah, well, he's going to help me get a job.

TOM

You could be my new cleaner. I pay well.

JOE

No chance. You disgust me enough as it is. The thought of having to clean up after... Whatever it is you get up to with women in seagull costumes makes me nauseous.

Out of the living room window, Joe sees the cow ambling past.

JOE (CONT'D)

Uh-oh. I'd better see what
Kardashian is up to.

EXT. STREET - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

Joe leaves Tom's house and begins to walk after Kardashian the cow. He crosses the road to where new houses are being built. As he walks, a large lump of wet cement falls from scaffolding onto his head. He looks up in shock.

BUILDER ONE (O.S.)

(completely uncaring)

Watch your head, mate.

BUILDER TWO (O.S.)

You want to wash that off
sharpish, or it'll set.

Joe runs back to the show home, where a sign reads "Show home opening hours 09:30 - 17:30". He looks at his watch, which reads 09:10. He dashes into the house, followed by his dog.

INT. SHOW HOME BATHROOM - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

Joe rushes into the bathroom with his dog, covered in drying cement.

JOE

I've got a few minutes.

Joe turns the shower on and begins taking off his clothes. From outside comes the sound of a cow mooing. The dog starts to bark.

JOE

Damn.

EXT. BELLEND HOMES

Joe runs out of the show home wearing only comedy boxer shorts. He begins to run towards the cow, which is standing in the middle of the road, mooing, but as he does so he steps in a cow pat.

JOE

Damn!

Joe grabs the cow and drags it to his lorry, bundling it inside. Then he dashes to the patch of grass and tries to clean his foot. Joe's dog is running in circles around him, barking excitedly.

EXT. CHRIS SMITH'S HOUSE/TOM'S HOUSE

Chris and Tom both leave their houses to see what the noise is all about. They nod to each other and wander to the dividing line between their houses.

CHRIS

Morning Tom. Nice day, isn't it?

TOM

Is that Joe? What's he doing?

CHRIS

I don't know.

TOM

So, are you settling in okay? Kids happy? How's your wife?

CHRIS

Should we go and help him?

TOM

He'll be fine. Probably just exercising the dog so it doesn't make too much noise when the sales rep arrives. Have you seen her?

CHRIS

Keeley? She showed us around when we were buying. She seems nice.

TOM

(fervently)

She does, doesn't she?

He winks at Chris, who looks confused.

TOM (CONT'D)

Well anyway, Joe can't risk her finding out, can he?

CHRIS

Finding out what?

TOM

Joe's squatting in the show home. Didn't you know? Not very perceptive, are you? It says 'show home' on that sign outside it. Well, I've got to finish highlighting my teeth. Tell your wife I said hi.

Tom walks back to his house. Chris stares at Joe, who has is now trying to catch his dog.

INT. SHOW HOME BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Joe rushes into the bathroom, half hopping. When he left earlier he didn't shut the shower door, and the tiled bathroom floor is soaking. He slips and falls.

JOE

DAMN!

EXT. BELLEND HOMES SALES OFFICE - THE SAME TIME

A car screeches to a halt in front of the sales office. KEELEY, 40, blonde, attractive but fading, emerges from the car in stiletto heels and a black jacket over a top that

shows an unprofessional amount of cleavage. Pinned to her jacket is a name tag. She enters the show home.

INT. SHOW HOME BEDROOM - THE SAME TIME

Joe hears Keeley enter the house and, still filthy, shuts off the shower. He grabs his clothes and runs into the bedroom, his clothes in his arms, closing the door behind him. He stops again in horror as he hears Keeley walking up stairs. Looking around desperately, he sees a built-in wardrobe and dashes into it just as Keeley enters the bedroom. She sniffs the air in disgust, then enters the bathroom.

KEELEY

What the...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SHOW HOME BUILT-IN WARDROBE - DAY

Joe is still hiding from Keeley. He has found his mobile phone and is dialling while he hears Keeley rant into her own phone.

KEELEY (O.S.)

How am I supposed to project a "sterling reputation for quality", when your people can't even build a show home that doesn't have leaking fixtures? I've asked you repeatedly to fix them, and you keep saying there's nothing wrong with them. Well I'm staring at a soaking en suite here, and now there's a foul and mysterious odour.

(pause, listening)

KEELEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What does it smell like? Slurry!

INT. TOM'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - THE SAME TIME

Tom is smiling widely at himself in the mirror. His teeth are visibly whiter than they were before.

TOM

(Muttering to himself)

I'm sure the taste and burning are just temporary.

Tom's phone rings. He answers it.

TOM

Hello Joe. Nice boxers.

JOE

(whispering into the phone)

She's here. She's in the room! I can't move. You've got to distract her for me so I can escape.

TOM

Who?

JOE

Keeley, of course! She can't know I'm here! You need to help me!

TOM

I can't! I'm not ready to talk to Keeley. My teeth are still mid-highlight!

JOE

Just get over here! I can't hide in this wardrobe for long.

Joe hangs up. Tom looks at his phone nervously.

TOM

(To himself, worriedly)

Okay Tom, you can do this. You talk to women all the time. You're good at it. Keeley's just another woman. An amazing, intimidating goddess, but a woman all the same.

EXT. STREET

Tom leaves his house and goes towards the show home. He walks past the LESLIES - a hippyish couple in their early thirties - who are planting pampas grass in their front garden. He walks to the show home and knocks on the door.

INT. SHOW HOME BUILT IN CUPBOARD - SAME TIME.

Joe hears the knocking and looks pleased. He hears Keeley walking out of the room.

INT. SHOW HOME ENTRANCE HALL - SAME TIME

Tom is still knocking. Keeley walks to the door and opens it.

KEELEY

Hi Tim. How are you? Is everything okay with your house? You're in the Warwick, aren't you? Lovely cloaca sanitaryware in those bathrooms.

Tom stares, tongue-tied, at her for several seconds, saying nothing. Keeley begins to seem uncomfortable, then Tom blurts out the first thing that comes to mind.

TOM

There's a crack appeared in the wall behind my headboard. I was just wondering if it's covered by my warranty?

KEELEY

(looking at him in
distaste)

I'll have to check.

TOM (STAMMERING)

Thanks. So, uh, how's... What are
you, um... I was, uh. Do you like
birds? Seagulls, maybe? Beautiful
creatures, aren't they? So sleek
and sensual?

Behind Keeley, Joe sneaks downstairs and tiptoes along the
hallway.

KEELEY

Sorry Tim, I can't just talk about
this nonsense. I've got work to
do.

She closes the door.

INT. SHOW HOME DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM

Joe dashes into the bathroom and closes the door. Darkness
descends.

INT. CHRIS SMITH'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY

Chris is carrying a PC monitor upstairs. He stands in front
of a closed door and smiles.

CHRIS

(shouting downstairs)

I'm going to put my office in the
spare bedroom then!

He opens the door and walks in.

INT. CHILDREN'S PLAYROOM

The room is full of children's toys, and two of Chris's children, MIA and ISLA, are playing in it. Chris looks around in amazement, then turns around and leaves.

MIA

(shouting)

Shut the door!

ISLA

(shouting)

Door!

Chris stares in affronted disbelief at his children.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING

Chris looks disappointed, then sighs and with a visible effort, brightens up. He walks to another closed door.

CHRIS

(shouting downstairs
again)

Right, fine! I'll use the box room
as my office then. Jenny? Hello?

He waits for an answer, but doesn't get one.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Well, I guess I'll just talk to
myself then.

He opens the door and steps into an immaculate bedroom.
Chris slumps.

JENNY (O.S.)

You mean the guest room?

INT. TOM'S LIVING ROOM

Tom is lying face down on the sofa, unmoving, moaning softly. His phone rings. He answers it.

TOM

I'll never see Keeley dressed as a magpie now, and it's all your fault.

JOE (V.O.)

What on earth were you babbling about?

TOM

It's Keeley. I don't know what to talk to her about. She's like no other woman I've ever chatted up. She's got brains. And now she thinks I'm an imbecile.

JOE (V.O.)

She's not the only one. If you can't do it, get Chris to help me. She's still in the house. I can't get out. Hurry!

INT. CHRIS SMITH'S ENTRANCE HALL

Chris is sitting on the bottom step of the stairs, rocking back and forth, hugging his monitor. He looks miserable and is muttering to himself. The doorbell rings, but Chris ignores it.

CHRIS

(shouting into the kitchen)

There are too many bikes in the shed, I can't even get into the garage. The only thing I could do is have half of the dining room!

The doorbell rings again, and Jenny enters the hallway. She ignores Chris and opens the door, revealing Tom, still looking flustered and dejected. She smiles coquettishly at him.

JENNY

Well, hello there Tom. What can I
do for you?

Tom visibly recovers his flirtatious confidence under her
approving gaze.

TOM

Hi Jenny. Lovely to see you again.

He smiles broadly at her, revealing his teeth, which are
now so white they shine faintly blue, like a glacier. Jenny
is simultaneously flattered by Joe's compliment and
horrified by his teeth.

JENNY

Thank you. My, you've got bright
teeth.

TOM

Oh, can you tell? Great. I'm using
new highlighter strips on them.

JENNY

It definitely seems to be working!
Would you like to come in for a
tea, or coffee? A red wine? Or
perhaps just some water with
yellow food colouring in it?

TOM

I'd love to, Jenny, but
unfortunately I can't at the
moment. I need to borrow Chris.
Bit of an emergency. Is he about?

Chris stands up, head bowed, and trudges silently out of
the house like a sulky child, dragging Tom away from the
door. Jenny looks angry.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CHRIS SMITH'S HOUSE

Chris and Tom walk towards the show house, dodging cow
pats.

TOM

Joe's in trouble. Keeley's in the house and he's hiding in the downstairs bathroom. You need to distract her so he can get out the back door.

CHRIS

Why me? You'd be better at talking to women.

TOM

Normally, you'd be right, but there's something about Keeley that unmans me. Other than her, there's not a woman alive who can resist this charm.

He displays his most alluring smile to Chris.

CHRIS

Agh! What's the matter with your teeth?

TOM

Are they brighter than they were? It's the highlighter strips. I think they've kicked in.

CHRIS

They're blue.

TOM

WHAT? Oh, no no no no no!

Tom runs off towards his house. Chris continues to the show home, nodding at the Leslies, who are standing by the pampas grass and smiling encouragingly.

Chris walks to the show home and knocks on the door. Keeley opens it and steps aside so Chris can enter.

CHRIS

Hi Keeley, can I have a word?

KEELEY

Yes, Chris, of course. But it'll have to be quick. I'm showing someone around in a couple of minutes and I've got to clean the bathroom. There's water all over the floor and it smells of sewage.

CHRIS

I was wondering if you could talk to one of the building crews for me. I'm thinking about putting a partition wall in my living room.

KEELEY

Oh, um, really? Well, I've got the contact details of the foreman in my handbag. It's in the kitchen, I'll just get it for you.

Keeley walks into the kitchen. Chris opens the ground floor bathroom door and motions Joe out. Joe gives him a silent thumbs up, then starts to sneak towards the front door. Suddenly there's a knock at the door.

KEELEY (O.S.)

Coming!

Joe freezes and looks around wildly. He sees the door to the understairs storage, opens it and ducks in. Chris hesitates for a moment, then follows, closing the door behind him.

Keeley enters the entrance hall and looks around in surprise.

KEELEY

Chris? Are you here?

She looks around for him, then shrugs and goes to open the door.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. TOM'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

Tom is brushing his teeth in front of the bathroom mirror, using red wine, coffee and curry powder. He spits, rinses and smiles at himself in the mirror. His teeth are still blue.

TOM

Well, that's my life ruined. And
all because I wanted to be even
more stunningly handsome than
nature made me. There's only one
person to blame here.

He turns and points to a large cardboard box of tooth
highlighting strips. The box reads DENTAL DAZZLE and has a
cartoon of a mouth with arms and legs.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'll get you for this, Mr.
Chompers, if it's the last thing I
do.

INT. SHOW HOME, UNDER STAIRS STORAGE

Chris and Joe are sitting on the floor of the under stairs
storage looking at each other.

JOE

(whispering)

What happened? Why did you get in
here too?

CHRIS

(whispering)

Sorry, I panicked. Hey, it's pretty roomy in here, isn't it? Nice and secluded.

JOE

Well, we'll just have to stay here until they're finished. How long could that take? Ten minutes, tops? Then we'll sneak out. Somehow.

INT. SHOW HOME ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Keeley is standing just outside the under stairs storage, talking to the young woman who's looking around the home.

KEELEY

We have a sterling reputation for quality, and that means that all our homes are guaranteed to be problem-free for the first three years. We also pride ourselves on our ethical practices and our sympathetic approach to local demands.

YOUNG WOMAN

That's good to hear. I hope you don't mind, I've got a few questions. I haven't bought a house before, so I might be going overboard a bit.

She gets out a notebook with several pages full of questions.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, these might take a while.

KEELEY

Don't worry. We've got all afternoon. There's no-one else due to look around, so we can stay here as long as you need to.

INT. SHOW HOME UNDER STAIRS STORAGE - EVENING

JOE

I've applied for everything.
Window cleaner, dog groomer, rice
polisher, everything. I got an
interview at a horse washing firm,
but that didn't work out.

CHRIS

Why not?

JOE

Oh, it's all run by the
freemasons. If you don't know
their funny handshake, you get
blacklisted. I tried to fake it
and ended up breaking two fingers.

CHRIS

Have you tried to get some office
temping work? You don't need to
have experience for a lot of that.
It's how I got started, and look
at me now.

JOE

I've got some self-respect left.
No, I'm done. I might as well just
dig my own grave and jump in.

(smiles as an idea
occurs to him)

Wait a minute...

INT. SHOW HOME ENTRANCE HALL - EVENING

The Young Woman has come to the end of her massive sheaf of
questions.

YOUNG WOMAN

Well, I think that's everything.
Oh, actually, I've got one last
question. What's with all the cow

pats everywhere? There aren't any farms near here, are there?

KEELEY

To be honest, we're not sure. This used to be a farm, but that was six months ago. Perhaps a stray cow found its way back home? They're territorial, I think. We'll definitely have it sorted before long. We're consulting with an exterminator.

YOUNG WOMAN

That's great. Do you mind if I just use the bathroom quickly?

INT. JOE'S VAN - EVENING

The cow kicks the door of the van, which opens. The dog rushes out, barking and the cow follows.

INT. TOM'S BATHROOM - EVENING

Tom is mixing a concoction of food colouring, tea and other ingredients to try to darken his teeth.

TOM

If this doesn't work, I'll have to get a permanent marker or some Tipp-ex or something.

He hears mooing and barking from outside.

TOM (CONT'D)

Now what?

INT. SHOW HOME UNDER STAIRS STORAGE - SAME TIME

Chris is looking at his smartphone.

JOE

Well, what does it say?

CHRIS

There's a vacancy, but you have to have your own shovel. Can you dig two feet an hour?

JOE

By hand? What is this, the dark ages? With a mechanical digger, I'd corner the market.

CHRIS

Do you have a mechanical digger?

JOE

No. I don't have a shovel either. There's bound to be some pushover I can get one from though.

(Beat)

Didn't I see you digging in your garden the other day?

They hear mooing and barking from outside.

JOE (CONT'D)

Oh, god, that's Kardashian!

INT. SHOW HOME ENTRANCE HALL

Keeley hears mooing and barking.

KEELEY

What the hell is that?

She rushes out of the house, closing the door behind her with a thump.

JOE (O.S.)

Quick! Get out! I've got to save my cow!

Chris emerges from the under stairs storage and dashes out of the house. Joe starts to leave, but the Young Woman runs downstairs at the same time and he hides again.

EXT. SHOW HOME - EVENING

Keeley is standing outside the show home, looking for the source of the mooing. Chris barges out of the house and bumps into her.

CHRIS

Oh, sorry Keeley. Are you alright?

KEELEY

Where did you come from? Never mind, what's that mooing?

CHRIS

I think it's a comedy car alarm. I've heard it before.

Tom runs up. He smiles at Keeley, who jumps back in alarm at his teeth, which are even more blue.

KEELEY

Ted, what have you done to your teeth?

Tom claps his hand over his mouth and says something inaudible.

The Young Woman leaves the house.

YOUNG WOMAN

What's that mooing?

CHRIS

Car alarm?

KEELEY

Don't be ridiculous. It's that phantom cow! I need to call the exterminator. Where's my phone?

TOM

Wait!

The Young Woman notices his teeth

YOUNG WOMAN

Wow, I like your teeth. They're really out there. What a statement!

TOM

(smiling broadly)

You like them? I mean, yes, they're a statement alright. So, are you thinking about buying a house here?

The young woman nods, transfixed by the teeth.

TOM (CONT'D)

Let me show you around the neighbourhood.

Tom takes the young woman's arm and leads her away from the house.

KEELEY

Damn, I must have left my phone in the house.

Keeley enters the house again.

INT. SHOW HOME ENTRANCE HALL

The door to the under stairs storage opens, and Joe slowly begins to exit, looking around nervously. Keeley rushes into the house and sees him.

KEELEY

Who are you?

INT. CHRIS SMITH'S ENTRANCE HALL

Chris opens the front door and enters the house. Drumming is coming from the corner room, and children are arguing loudly from upstairs.

CHRIS

I'm home!

JENNY (O.S.)

Chris, is that you? Where have you been all day? I've got to go out. There's an emergency at work, so I'll need to head into the office. While I'm out, you need to finish unpacking the kitchen things!

Chris looks towards the source of each noise: the corner room, then upstairs, then the kitchen. He sighs, slumps, and then notices the under stairs storage. He brightens, opens the door and climbs in, shutting the door behind him.

Jenny walks into the entrance hall and looks around

JENNY

Chris? CHRIS!? Where is he?

She walks to the mirror, checks her makeup and adjusts her blouse to show more cleavage.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Don't wait up!

She leaves the house.

INT. SHOW HOME KITCHEN

Joe and Keeley are sitting opposite each other at the kitchen table.

KEELEY

A circus performer?

JOE

She was very flexible. There's a lot to be said for a woman who can

fit into a small suitcase,
especially if you travel a lot.

KEELEY

He just left you to run the farm
by yourself?

JOE

Yes. And Rich wouldn't hire any
help, either.

KEELEY

Oh, you poor thing!

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom is standing by his front door with the YOUNG WOMAN.

YOUNG WOMAN

Come on, smile for me. Show me
those pearly blues.

Joe smiles, and his teeth are so bright blue that it
actually illuminates the woman's face.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Ooh. So blue!

She kisses him.

TOM

Would you like to come in for a
drink?

YOUNG WOMAN

I thought you'd never ask. Did I
hear you say you have a sauna?

TOM

Two, actually!

They enter the house.

INT. CHRIS SMITH'S UNDER STAIRS STORAGE - NIGHT

The storage cupboard has been kitted out with a beanbag, a TV, games console and so on. Chris is lounging on the beanbag, looking around in satisfaction.

CHRIS

Finally, a place to call my own.

INT. SHOW HOME KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joe and Keeley are sitting at the kitchen table. Joe is weeping uncontrollably.

JOE

And now all I have is my van, my dog and Kardashian! No job, no house, nothing!

KEELEY

That's awful.

(beat)

Listen, Joe, it's going to be okay. I'm sure you'll get back on your feet soon. And until then, you can stay here.

JOE

Really? Oh, thank you Keeley! You won't regret this, I promise you.

Seen through the kitchen window, but unnoticed by either Joe or Keeley, Kardashian the cow wanders into the garden and begins eating flowers.

KEELEY

But no-one can know, alright? If anyone finds out, I'll lose my job.

JOE

I understand. You'll never know I'm here, cross my heart.

There is a loud bang. They both turn to look in the direction of the sound. Kardashian has walked through the flimsy fence panel of the garden and is now in the next garden along.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW