

'Neighbourhood Watch'

by Chris Brake

Synopsis

A nosy neighbour gets a taste of her own medicine.

Age Range

40+

Gender

Female

Length

2 - 3 minutes

THE NEIGHBOUR:

I'm washing my nets today.

They'll not be down long on economy cycle, but for the hour they're off I'm exposed.

Its like living in a carpeted goldfish bowl, here for every peeping Tom, Dick and Harry's delight.

Her down road was having a nose-in.

Kathy Packerton at 53.

Caught her red-handed and rosy cheeked as she craned her neck for a gander whilst she shuffled to the chip shop.

Thought she'd get away with it I bet, but it's hard to be discreet when you're sporting a luminous pacamac with the tangerine lippie to match.

I knew to watch for her.

Like clockwork she is.

Passes by here every day, exactly three fifty-six, so she's first in line for a battered sausage when Stavros opens his doors.

I think she envies my porcelain zoo.

I've seen her eying it up the last time the nets were down.

Ogling me exotic menagerie, she was, all laid out atop my Habitat credenza.

I can't imagine there's too much room for tasteful Knick-knacks over at the Packerton place though.

Not with three Alsatians and a heavy drinker all living under one roof.

(SHE SPOTS SOMEONE LOOKING IN)

Seen something in here you like, have you?

Go on, clear off!

That's twice she's looked in here in the last twelve minutes.

Sally Cattermole, 49.

Admiring the pleats on my velvet drapes no doubt.

But then you would if you had to suffer wrinkled curtains, pinned up with Blu Tack in lieu of a rod.

All *her* money goes on satellite.

I see her watching the boxing sometimes and you have to pay a premium for that.

Can't afford deodorant though.

No mistaking that.

Here's one.

Here they come.

Pretending not to look.

Misty Collins of 62.

She's the one with the lavender Roman blinds who never lifts them up.

What's she got to hide?

Then again, I've seen her with bruises so maybe that's reason why.

Him over road's at window now.

In his ill-fitting syrup and brown sweater-vest.

Always a face like a smacked arse, that one.

Makes Eeyore look like Anton du Beke.

Look at him, looking.

Like he's never seen a vacuumed house before.

Though judging from the Frosties that pepper his beard, happen I might be right.

I shan't confront him though, not after what I've heard through the vine.

Danny Brockle down the offie said he's on a register.

Certainly wouldn't surprise.

You don't wear specs of that aesthetic and not have a chequered past.

Still, his taste in wallpaper holds up nice.

Seven fifty a roll that is, so perhaps he's not all bad.

Forty-eight minutes now, left on the cycle.

May as well stay put 'til it's done.

Wouldn't want to leave my post and let the great unwashed look in.

Best be vigilant, is what I say.

Stay on neighbourhood watch.

Don't want any unauthorised snoops.

Not particularly polite.