

NO FILTER

25-DE02-W09

When a lonely woman's drive to be HOA president is stymied by her messy neighbor's eyesore of a yard, she is forced to examine her heart in the light of true community.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

EMILY, 43, with a high ponytail and even higher standards, stalks the neighborhood with a stack of pamphlets in tow. She skips up to the front door of her NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE and rings the bell. Nothing. She rings again. Still silence.

Undeterred, she slips a pamphlet into the door handle and skips back onto the street. She hits the next house and rings. It is answered by TIM, late 30's, dad bod, wearing a rams sweater and hat.

Tim raises an angry fist and points it to a "NO SOLICITORS" sign next to the door.

TIM  
Read the sign!

EMILY  
Come on Tim, I'm not soliciting.

Tim signals to the paper Emily is holding. The pamphlet says, "Vote for Emily for HOA President."

TIM  
That's exactly what you're doing!

EMILY  
I'm just trying to get votes!

TIM  
You're running...again?

EMILY  
Listen, it means a lot to me. Ever since Phil left I've just felt this need to clean up my neighborhood!

TIM  
Your neighborhood?

EMILY  
What I'm saying is, if I'm HOA President, then my neighborhood...

Emily gestures enthusiastically to the photos on the pamphlet.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
... will be everyone's neighborhood!

Tim points to a house in the corner of one of the photos.

TIM  
Even this one?

EMILY  
What one?

Emily yanks the pamphlet away and peers at where Tim is pointing. The pamphlet showcases images of mostly well manicured houses... except one.

Tucked away in the very corner of the page, one of the houses has a car propped up on jacks, a shaggy lawn, and paint that is in desperate need of attention.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Ugh, Bob!

Tim nods solemnly.

TIM  
Every block has a Bob...Except mine of course. Which is why I'm running too.

Emily's eye twitches but she holds her smile.

EMILY  
Oh... Really? That's great Tim.

TIM  
May the cleanest street win.

INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - DAY

**Note for clarity: the usernames and texts used throughout appear on the screen as graphic "bubbles"**

Emily dumps her pamphlets into the kitchen trash.

EMILY  
Tim. Tim! Fake Rams fan. Probably not even from St. Louis!

She pours a cup of coffee and whips her laptop open.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
And Bob! Now I have to photoshop his stupid house out of the-

Her grumblings are interrupted by the DING of a notification on her laptop. Her eyes dart over and pause at the corner of the screen, it's blue light flickering over her eyes.

There's a determined CLICK followed by the sound of furious TAPPING on her keyboard.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
(typing out loud)  
Is it just me or... is anybody else  
frustrated by... messy neighbors?

She leans back and lets out a long sigh. She sips on her coffee but is jolted by multiple DINGS that ring out in succession. She reads out loud the first reply from LOOKATMILWN1778.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Yeah, they are the worst.

Emily nods in affirmation and reads the another message this time from CLEENHAUS216.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
I sometimes wish I could hit an  
eject button.

Emily tilts her head back and LAUGHS. She then reads a message from JUNEBUG777.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
A neighborhood is made up of people  
and lawns are not the only thing  
that can be messy. We should be  
kind in our community.

Emily frowns before her fingers take off TYPING.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Well some people might say I don't  
have a filter, but I just tell the  
truth. And the truth is our  
neighborhood needs help.

She catches sight of a leftover pamphlet on the table and continues.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
That's why... if you vote for me  
for HOA president... we'll make  
this neighborhood clean again!

Emily sits back and smiles as the DINGS sound off in agreement.

I./E. VARIOUS - DAY AND NIGHT

BEGIN MONTAGE

-- INT. HOUSE - Emily dons a red baseball hat that reads "MAKE OUR NEIGHBORHOOD CLEAN AGAIN" and grabs a pen and clipboard.

-- EXT. HOUSE - She stands in front of an overgrown lawn and shakes her head before CLICKING her pen.

-- INT. KITCHEN - She types away at her computer as the DINGS flood through.

-- INT. CAR - Emily backs out of her driveway and bumps into the next door neighbor's garbage cans which have been left on the street. She immediately makes a note on her clipboard.

-- INT. BEDROOM - The alarm clock on the nightstand reads midnight but Emily still sits up in her bed while her laptop fuels her with blue light.

-- EXT. STREET - She inspects a horrendous parking job and looks up to see a FERAL TABBY CAT wandering unattended. She makes a note and backs away as the cat hisses.

END MONTAGE

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Emily sits up in bed and TYPES away on her laptop, her hair held up in a towel as she reads her message out loud.

EMILY

See you all at my rally tomorrow  
night. Just a few loose ends to tie  
up!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

PEGGY, 60's, in a polyester pant suit, drags her trash can inside. She spots Emily walking up and quickens her pace but doesn't make it to her garage in time.

EMILY

Peggy, Hi! You know your can's are  
a day late, right?

PEGGY

Oh uh... must have had my days  
mixed up.

EMILY

I noticed, so I got you this little calendar here with all the trash days circled in red!

Emily hands Peggy a small personal calendar.

PEGGY

Uh, thanks.

EMILY

That's what neighbor's are for!

Emily turns to the next house on her agenda and doesn't notice the THUNK sound as Peggy drops the calendar into the garbage can.

Emily walks up to another door and gives it a KNOCK. TONY, 40's, wearing the polo shirt of an amateur golfer, answers.

TONY

(unenthused)

Hi Emily.

EMILY

Morning Tony. I just wanted to touch base on your lawn.

TONY

My lawn? What's wrong with my lawn?

EMILY

It just looks like a circus camped here and then that circus was replaced by a homeless encampment and then a fire broke out and that fire was put out by children with silly string.

Tony looks over Emily's shoulder at his lawn and GRUNTS. Emily swivels around and Tony dodges a mouthful of hair as her ponytail nearly whips him.

TONY

You know Tim was here and he said my lawn is fine.

Emily stops and faces Tony.

EMILY

Well Tim doesn't have 73- wait, 74 followers on Truth SoCal, does he?!

Emily holds up her phone with an "in your face" kind of look.

TONY

Yeah, well if you want to make a real difference then get Bob over there to take his car off those jacks!

Tony points across the street before folding his arms.

TONY (CONT'D)

Its dangerous. A kid could crawl under there and get hurt.

EMILY

I was just on my way.

Emily trots across the street to Bob's house and weaves past overfilled trashcans and overgrown weeds. Before she gets to the front door a soft MEOW from the driveway distracts her.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Here kitty kitty kitty...

She follows the noise until it leads her to Bob's car, propped up on jacks and collecting dust. She lifts the hood and a FERAL TABBY CAT glares at her before lunging for an attack.

INT./EXT. BOB'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

Emily POUNDS angrily on Bob's front door, her ponytail lopsided and cat scratches lining her forearms. BOB, 60's, with 7 days growth on his beard and wearing an old Hawaiian shirt, opens it.

EMILY

(panting)

Bob! There's a Chupacabra in your car!

Bob glances at his car and raises an eyebrow.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It's dangerous! Not to mention all your other infractions-

BOB

Good afternoon to you too, Emily.

Emily takes a deep breath and smooths her frizzled hair.

EMILY

Listen, I'm kind of known around here for my honesty, and the truth is your yard is ruining my- our community.

BOB

Is it?

Emily thrusts a flyer for her rally into Bob's hands.

EMILY

Yes. I'll be hosting a rally tonight to... well to rally everyone together! You should come so you can see what our community is all about.

BOB

Thanks, but I've got more important things to take care of here.

He closes the door before Emily can argue further. With her pride and arms scratched, she stomps off and heads home.

INT. COMMUNITY MEETING ROOM - EVENING

The community room is filled with people sporting red MONCA hats and Emily walks through the crowd shaking their hands like a seasoned politician. If there was a baby, she would have kissed it.

She makes her way to the front of the room where a microphone waits. She takes the mic off the stand and clears her throat.

EMILY

Thank you all for coming tonight!

NEIGHBOR #1

We love you Emily!

EMILY (BLUSHING)

Thank you, thank you. But its not about me, its about our community... and how it looks!

NEIGHBOR #2

Drain the swamp!



EMILY

Unlike my competitor, Tiresome Tim,  
I believe our community can do  
better! We just need to enforce the  
laws and stop the shirking!

NEIGHBOR #3

Yeah! Shirking!

NEIGHBORS look at him confused.

NEIGHBOR #3 (CONT'D)

I mean I'm against it.

EMILY

So tomorrow when you submit your  
votes, remember, only Emily will  
make our community clean again!

Everyone APPLAUDS and NEIGHBOR #4, face hidden under a hoody,  
steps forward.

NEIGHBOR #4

What about the house on the other  
side of the street? You know, the  
one with the car!

The CLAPPING slows to a stop and everyone looks at Emily.

EMILY

Well... I'm working on that...

TONY

You're a fraud! We want Tim!

Tony leads the crowd in a CHANT.

CROWD

Tim! Tim! He's the one we want to  
win!

EMILY

(hurried)

Uh... thank you all for coming.  
Rally's over! Vote for Emily!

Neighbor #4 lowers his hood and reveals that he is actually  
Tim. He and Tony engage in a complicated secret handshake.

Emily runs to the exit and spots Bob on her way out. He looks  
sad, even sympathetic, but Emily just glares at him before  
rushing out of the room.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

**Note for clarity: the usernames and texts used throughout appear on the screen as graphic "bubbles"**

Emily lies prone on her bed. Sad Neil Sedaka music plays mournfully in the back ground. After a moment she hears a notification go off on her phone.

She picks up the phone and reads a message from LAWNLVR444 out loud.

EMILY

Nice job with the monster car. LOL.

She slams the phone down, but another message from PRITTYPATIO3 pops up. She picks it up reads it out loud.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Typical bureaucrats making promises  
they can't keep SMH.

A text from JUNEBUG777 DINGS and she reads that too.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Maybe you should just talk to Bob.

Emily screams into her pillow and shortly comes up for air.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Fine. You guys want Bob taken care  
of so badly, then I'll take care of  
him!

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - DAY

Emily stomps past Bob's jacked up car and the Feral Cat HISSES at her from underneath it. She HISSES back but hurries on her way.

She marches up to his front door and raises a fist to knock, but realizes that the door is already open.

EMILY

Oh, uh...

Before she can close it to angrily knock the polite way, the Feral Cat sneaks past her and squeezes into the house.

EMILY (CONT'D)

No wait!

Emily quietly lunges after the cat and pushes her way inside.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - DAY

The inside of Bob's house is surprisingly well kept, minus the wheelchair and unopened box of adult diapers that she nearly trips over. Emily looks around desperately for the cat.

She finds herself in the living room, where a hospice bed sits in lieu of a couch. On the bed lays JUNE, 60's, full of life and love despite her skeletal frame and jaundiced eyes. She doesn't notice Emily.

Forgetting all about the cat, Emily slowly backs away and ducks behind the stairwell- just in time as Bob enters from the kitchen, carrying a glass of iced tea lemonade.

BOB  
Here you are, my Junebug.

Emily's eyes grow wide when she hears the nickname.

JUNE  
(weakly)  
Thank you darling.

Bob helps put the straw into her mouth and she sips slowly.

BOB  
I spoke with Jack. He said he'll be  
able to make it here by tomorrow...  
if you're...

Bob's eyes well up as he struggles to finish the words. June lays a shaky hand onto his in comfort. Though her wedding ring no longer fits her bony fingers, the love is still there, bright as day.

He lays his forehead on her hand and kisses it.

A beat.

Emily holds her breath in silence, having walked in on a private moment. She takes a silent step back but her foot taps something fluffy.

She glances down at the cat as it jumps into the living room.

EMILY  
Bad kitty!

Shock crosses Bob's face as he looks up to see Emily lunging after the cat.

BOB  
What are you doing in here?

EMILY  
I'm so sorry. I was just trying to  
catch the cat before-

The cat leaps onto June's lap and begins to purr as she pets  
it affectionately.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
... it attacks you...

JUNE  
There you are Solomon.

EMILY  
(incredulous)  
Solomon?

Emily clears her throat.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
I mean, what a lovely name.

Bob chuckles and regains his composure.

BOB  
She wanted to name him after her  
favorite Bible verse but...  
"Proverbs" doesn't quite fit the  
bill, does it?

EMILY  
So Solomon...?

BOB  
You know, the guy who wrote  
Proverbs. Chapter 4, verse 23,  
specifically.

JUNE  
"Above all else guard your heart,  
for everything you do flows from  
it."

June closes her eyes as she dwells on the comfort that this  
verse seems to bring her.

A beat.

EMILY  
Well... I'd better uh, get going.

Emily heads to the door and Bob follows after her.

BOB

Listen, about the car. Our son will be coming by tomorrow, maybe he can help me move it out of the driveway before your vote.

Her thoughts are interrupted by the DING of a Truth SoCal notification on her phone.

EMILY

Oh right... uhm... maybe...

Emily ducks out of the house in a daze, leaving Bob to watch over June.

INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Emily pulls her MONCA hat off and tosses it onto the kitchen counter. She pours a cup of coffee and opens her laptop.

EMILY

I just want to start by saying...  
I'm sorry...

She continues to write, the sound of her TYPING keyboard filling the kitchen.

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - DAY

Emily walks past Bob's driveway, the car nowhere to be seen. She steps up to his front door and rings on Bob's doorbell. After a moment, he answers. His eyes are red and puffy.

BOB

Afternoon Emily.

She raises a pitcher of iced tea lemonade.

EMILY

Care for some company, neighbor?

Bob smiles and opens the door wide to let her in.

FADE TO BLACK.

