

NO GOOD DEED

"Open House"

Written by

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY (D1) 1

Ozzy Osbourne's "Mama, I'm Coming Home" plays as the camera soars past picture-perfect homes on this beautiful palm tree-lined street in upscale Los Feliz, LA. A RICH WHITE GUY walks his LABRADOODLE as a TRICKED-OUT ELECTRIC SUV parks behind a MATTE BLACK MERCEDES.

We focus in on a stunning 1920's SPANISH-STYLE HOME, as we glide over the manicured lawn, barely noticing the FOR SALE SIGN, and through an open, ornate wooden door.

2 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - FOYER/GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 2

Inside, a CHARMING FOYER leads to a Pinterest-worthy GREAT ROOM, replete with grand arches, stained glass windows, wood beams and...

BOUGIE LADY

Oh wow. Look at these details.

BOUGIE MAN

The windows.

BOUGIE LADY

I'm blown away. Shit, Barry. I think this is the original fireplace.

SELLING AGENT (O.C.)

Someone's got a good eye.

We widen to reveal an OPEN HOUSE in progress. INTERESTED BUYERS swarm and swoon, as a charming, if not slightly smarmy Selling Agent, GREG, 30's, seduces a vapid, bougie couple, CYNTHIA and BARRY, 40's, by the stunning stucco fireplace.

GREG

The owner restored it himself.

10 INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - SAME 10

CLOSE ON an IPHONE, streaming this RING CAM footage.

REVERSE TO REVEAL PAUL, 50's, a put-upon feelings-avoider but in a fun way, and LYDIA, 50's, a highly-strung homebody who prefers plants over people, sitting on the edge of their son's bed, watching their own open house.

GREG (O.S.)

He's a contractor, so he did all the work on the house. Plumbing, electrical, everything.

Paul points out Cynthia and Barry.

PAUL

They look like a smart couple.

Lydia looks, sizing them up.

LYDIA

Yeah, I've never been a fan of an indoor scarf, but...

INT. MORGAN HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT

Cynthia approaches the gorgeous ANTIQUE GRAND PIANO that dominates the room.

CYNTHIA

Oooh! Now does this piano come with the house?

GREG

(laughs)

Ugh, no. The wife played for the Philharmonic. Icon. She's gonna be buried in that thing.

LYDIA

(unimpressed)

Eh.

BARRY

Did she die? Because you have to disclose that.

GREG

I would if I could, but the thing is, I can't, because she's very much alive. And very motivated to sell.

Angle on LESLIE FISHER, 30's, curious to a fault and SARAH, 30's, her soulful wife and much needed moral compass.

Sarah looks around the room with wonder, breathing it in.

SARAH

It's so strange to finally be inside.

CONTINUED:

LESLIE

How many times have we walked past
this house...

SARAH

So many times.

LESLIE

And somehow it's even prettier inside.
And babe, did you see these arches? Do
we not have these exact arches on our
vision board?

SARAH

Oh, now you're into the vision board.

LESLIE

I mean, we've been looking for two
years and the house we've been
obsessed with finally pops up? I mean,
it feels bashert.

SARAH

Yeah it does, it's just... it's such a
family house, don't you think?

Leslie looks at her, a little stung.

LESLIE

Just because we don't have kids
doesn't mean we're not a family.

SARAH

No, I know. I didn't mean it like
that. I think it's gorgeous... it's
just... it's a little darker than I
was expecting.

LESLIE

I think it's just a time of day thing.

SARAH

No, I meant like, the vibe. There's
kind of a dark vibe.

LESLIE

Is it possible you're picking up on
your own vibe? 'Cuz you're kinda being
a Negative Nance.

Sarah rolls her eyes, as we find...

4 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - FOYER - SAME 4

A HANDSOME, CHISELED MAN wearing a baseball hat, sunglasses, and a sad beard, fills in the SIGN-IN SHEET. Under "Name," he writes down *John Smith*. Then, kicking himself, he crosses out the *E*. Because that's not how you spell Smith, and this is not John. This is JD CAMPBELL, and he just quit his anti-depressants because of the sexual side effects.

He traces his fingers along the BOARD AND BATTEN WALL, admiring the workmanship. As he makes his way into the den, we move to the kitchen...

5 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 5

DENNIS, Black, 30's, indefatigably upbeat/crushingly anxious makes his way around AN ENORMOUS ISLAND. He beams at his very-pregnant/super-sardonic/high-achieving wife CARLA, Black.

DENNIS

I would've killed to live in a place like this when I was a kid.

CARLA

I would kill a man dead right now if he had a million dollars in his pocket, 'cause we're gonna need it if we're trying to buy this place--

DENNIS

I know, I know. But leap and the net will appear!

CARLA

(pointing up)

Oh my gosh, look at those wood beams. They're original to the house, babe, you can tell.

DENNIS

No, you can tell, because you're smart. Because you're my sexy little architect.

CARLA

(re: belly)

I don't feel so little or so sexy right now.

DENNIS

Are you kidding me? Have you seen yourself? Do you have any idea how perfect you are?

CARLA

No, but you can take this opportunity
to tell me.

She smiles. He kisses her. It's sweet and romantic.

Just then, Dennis's enmeshed mother DENISE, who does not have
an inside voice, bounds in from the walk-in pantry.

DENISE

Do you two ever quit it? I mean you're
making everyone uncomfortable.

DENNIS

We're newlyweds, mom, we're supposed
to be lovey dovey.

DENISE

You're also supposed to invite your
mother to your wedding, but I suppose
that 'supposed to' didn't count.

DENNIS

We didn't have a wedding.

CARLA

I mean, it just seemed like a crazy
amount of money to spend on a party.

DENNIS

Who needs a party?

DENISE

You do. You love parties. You've been
dreaming about your wedding your
entire life. Remember? You wanted 98
Degrees to sing you down the aisle.

JD walks in from the next door room, passing them.

DENNIS

Who wouldn't?

CARLA

You wanted what?

Denise notices JD. Her eyes go wide.

DENISE

(thinks she's whispering)
Oh, I recognize him.

DENNIS

(actually whispering)
Mom, don't say anything.

But Denise is already sidling up to JD by the dishwasher.

DENISE

I'm sorry...

JD

(confused)

Sorry, I was just...

DENISE

Oh, no, no, you're fine. But I couldn't help but notice you look like that actor from that soap opera, *Rising Tides*.

JD

Hey, how you doing?

DENISE

Are you the shady handyman?

JD

Yeah, I played Devon, yes.

DENISE

Devon, yes! Devon, are you trying to buy this house?

JD

Oh, no. Just browsing. Love the old Hollywood Spanish style.

DENISE

Oooh, I love *Rising Tides*. That's my favorite story.

JD can't help but smile. It's always nice to meet a fan.

JD

I appreciate that. It means a lot, thank you--

DENISE

Until they killed you off.

(to Dennis)

Baby, they put a hammer to his head. He cheated on his stepdaughter. And you know what? He didn't deserve her.

DENNIS

On your stepdaughter?

JD
(covering)
Eh, it's for the best. Story wise.
I've moved on.

DENISE
What are you on now?

A beat. JD, who's never been good at improv, stammers.

JD
Now? Currently? Oh, I'm on a kind of
self-imposed hiatus, but... there is
something I'm looking at... I probably
shouldn't talk about it, it's kind of
a super secret project.

Oooh! DENNIS Ahh! DENISE

JD
It was good talking to you...

DENISE
Thank you.

JD
Of course. You take care now.

DENISE
You too, Devon.

As JD makes his escape...

INT. MORGAN HOUSE - FOYER - SAME

Leslie and Sarah arrive at the upstairs landing.

SARAH
Look at that light, oh my god.

LESLIE
Gorgeous. What's this room?

Leslie spots a closed door. She tries to open it, but--

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - SAME

It's locked! Back with Lydia and Paul, where the doorknob
RATTLES... because they're inside that locked bedroom.

Paul and Lydia dart their eyes to the door.

CONTINUED:

MAIN TITLES: NO GOOD DEED

7 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER 7

MARGO STARLING, perfectly coiffed, dripping in Gucci, definitely hiding something, breezes through the front door and past the sign-in sheet. She slips off her sunglasses and glides into the next room.

8 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 8

Margo takes in the decor, regarding the original chandelier with what looks like distaste. She sidles up to the ANTIQUE GRAND PIANO and drags her fingers across the ivories, striking a few keys, most of them flat.

Greg enters and recognizes her immediately.

GREG

Well, if it isn't everyone's favorite Lookie Louise...

MARGO

Hello Craig.

GREG

It's Greg.

MARGO

I know. I thought we were making up names for each other. Piano's out of tune.

GREG

I'll let the seller know.

MARGO

You do that.

MATCH CUT TO:

11 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - JACOB'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 11

Paul and Lydia continue spying on prospective buyers from inside their teenage son's bedroom. Paul eats from a bowl of popcorn in his lap, enthralled. Lydia stuffs a handful in her mouth and scoffs at Margo.

11 CONTINUED:

11

LYDIA

Look at Margo. The sunglasses. The purse. She looks like an AI generated bitch.

PAUL

But do you like Margo? I can't tell.

LYDIA

I can tell she's thrilled to see inside the house and judge us. Her nipples are probably so hard.

Paul looks closely at the phone, disappointed.

PAUL

No, they're not. But who cares what Margo thinks anyway? Fuck Margo.

LYDIA

Yeah, fuck Margo.

PAUL

Unless she wants to pay cash. Then I'm happy to bend over, take that cash right in the ass.

LYDIA

I know you're kidding--

PAUL

I'm half-kidding--

LYDIA

But I will burn this place to the ground before we sell to someone like her. She does not deserve this house.

Lydia gets choked up.

PAUL

Oh, okay... we're getting emotional.

LYDIA

Because it's emotional, Paul, okay? All my memories are here.

He gets up. Hugs her. An all too familiar dynamic for Paul.

PAUL

I know. I know. But hey, I grew up here.

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

LYDIA

Since you were eight--

PAUL

Yeah, but technically more of my memories are here. And a lot of them suck.

LYDIA

Yes. I know, but it still feels like lobbing off an appendage.

PAUL

Well, we have to amputate. We've waited long enough.

Lydia, wistful, looks out the window to the backyard.

LYDIA

What about my garden? The mandarin tree the kids and I planted... it's persnickety if it's not pruned--

PAUL

So, you'll leave instructions for the next family. Let them deal with the fucking water bill.

LYDIA

(hardens)

Why is everything about money with you?

PAUL

Because we don't have any, Lydia! The second mortgage fucked us. And I'm trying, but I can only do so much.

LYDIA

I'm sorry. I really am. I'm sorry it's all on you. I would work if I could.

She looks down at her hands. They're visibly shaking.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

(re: her hands)

But, I can't.

Paul sighs, then takes her hands in his.

PAUL

I know. I know. I know you can't.
(then, gently)
(MORE)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

PAUL (CONT'D)

If we get a bidding war going, then we can build our own place in Cambria... a nice little ranch with nice little horses.

LYDIA

(softening)

Like how little?

PAUL

Microscopic. Undetectable to the human eye.

LYDIA

Okay. Well, that would be adorable.

PAUL

And maybe with the sea air in your hair, the change of scenery, you'll be able to play again. I miss hearing you play.

Lydia strokes his cheek lovingly. She misses it too.

LYDIA

Okay, but can we make sure we find the right buyers? Who get how special this house is. How special you've made it.

PAUL

Yeah, of course.

Paul checks the RING CAM on his phone, as Greg speaks to some prospective buyers.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Oh, look. They look like nice people.

LYDIA

Well, Ted Bundy looked nice. But maybe we go down and meet them.

Lydia stands. Paul keeps watching as A TOUGH LOOKING MAN who has seen some shit crosses into frame. Paul's face goes pale. Like he sees a ghost.

Lydia crosses to the door.

Paul, deeply unsettled, watches as the man LOOKS DIRECTLY into the RING CAM. Like he's sending a message. Paul, terrified, blinks hard.

11 CONTINUED: (4) 11

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Come on, let's go downstairs--

Paul snaps his head up to see Lydia turning the door knob.

PAUL
No! Don't go out there!

12 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - SAME 12

Leslie notices the doorknob move and... are those people she's hearing? Sarah picks up on her curious expression.

SARAH
What?

LESLIE
Nothing.

Sarah heads down the stairs, as Leslie looks back at the locked room... slightly weirded out, her curiosity piqued.

15 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - FRONT LAWN/SIDEWALK - A LITTLE LATER 15

Leslie and Sarah on the sidewalk, admiring the house. Leslie whips out her phone, excited.

LESLIE
Okay, I'm gonna tell the realtor we want to make an offer.

SARAH
(guides her phone down)
Can we please talk about it first? I need to process before we spend our entire nest egg...

LESLIE
Totally-- but what else are we supposed to spend that money on? We're not doing any more IVF, right? I mean that alone frees up like a gajillion dollars.

Sarah nods, a tinge of regret in her eyes.

SARAH
Right.

LESLIE
Listen. I think we could totally change the "vibe" in there.

15 CONTINUED:

15

SARAH

But do we even know if this street is
safe, like at night?

Leslie looks around the incredibly idyllic street.

LESLIE

This street? This street?

SARAH (CONT'D)

It's questionable...

LESLIE (CONT'D)

You think this looks like a dangerous
spot?

SARAH

No, the vibes change immediately, sun
goes down, different street.

LESLIE

Okay fine, I'll come back. I'll drive
around, I'll do my loops. I'll do my
night loops.

SARAH

Remember those break-ins that happened
a couple years ago? Like someone got
shot?

LESLIE

I don't remember. Because I don't
obsessively check the Citizen App.

SARAH

I don't obsessively check it.

LESLIE

Okay, I'm just saying... it's LA,
babe. We don't need to know every time
some nutter-butter steals a catalytic
converter.

SARAH

I think if it was your catalytic
converter, you'd want to know.

LESLIE

I would definitely-- I don't
like it when anyone touches
my catalytic converter.
Except you.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Exactly--

They giggle. As they walk off...

15 CONTINUED: (2) 15

SARAH (CONT'D)
Is this foreplay?

LESLIE
I got a lot more where that came from.

16 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - DUSK (N1) 16

Lydia finishes tidying up after the open house. She pulls out a stack of FRAMED PHOTOS hidden away in a credenza.

Carefully, she places each frame back on the mantle:

- Lydia and Paul with their EIGHT-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER and NINE-YEAR-OLD SON, smiling in front of the mantle at Christmas.

- Paul carrying Lydia over the threshold of this house on their wedding day in 2001.

- The KIDS, EIGHT and NINE, flanking a joyful Lydia on the PIANO BENCH, as she plays.

As Lydia lingers on the photo, we hear ECHOES of her CHILDREN LAUGHING. She turns to the piano and we see *JACOB, EIGHT, and EMILY, NINE, chasing each other playfully, as Jacob calls out to Lydia: "Mommy, help me!"*

Lydia smiles, then snaps out of her memory, and the children fade away.

She takes out her phone and makes a call. It rings, but there's no answer.

TEENAGE BOY (V.O.)
Yo, it's Jacob. Leave a message. Or text me like a normal person.

A BEEP, then Lydia takes a seat on the sofa...

LYDIA
Hi Honey Bun, just wanted to hear your voice...

18 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - GARAGE - THE NEXT DAY (D2) 18

CLOSE on a large wooden plank being fed to a table saw.

REVERSE to reveal Paul working in his cluttered garage.

MAN (O.S.)
Hey, careful with that. Wouldn't want you to hurt yourself.

18 CONTINUED:

18

Paul looks up to find the TOUGH LOOKING MAN who has seen some shit. This is MIKEY, 60's. Paul shifts uncomfortably.

PAUL
(covering)
Hey. Hi. What're you uh... what're you doing here?

MIKEY
That's my warm reception? After all this time? I thought you might be happy to see me.

PAUL
(lying)
No, I am. Just a little surprised, that's all. I didn't realize you were... out.
(then)
You want a water or something?

Paul moves to a cooler, takes out a can, hands it to him.

PAUL (CONT'D)
That's got a hint of hibiscus.

MIKEY
The fuck is hibiscus?

PAUL
I don't know, it's a fruit...

MIKEY
Why is there a flower on the label?

PAUL
I don't know. 'Cause it's an essence...

MIKEY
What the fuck is an essence?

PAUL
I don't know!
(then, trying)
So, how you been? How was prison? Make any nice friends?

MIKEY
Nah, most of the other white guys were skinheads. So I spent the bulk of my time in my cell. Which you would've known, if you ever came to visit me.

PAUL

Yeah, well, I've been a little busy.

MIKEY

For three years?

PAUL

Has it been three years? Wow, you look up and thirty six months just flies--

MIKEY

Listen, I need eighty thousand dollars.

PAUL

(taken aback)

Oh. Well... that's a lot of money. Seems like a good time to find a job then.

MIKEY

I need it by tomorrow.

PAUL

(laughs, then)

Yeah, me too.

MIKEY

(steps closer)

Hey. You think it's easy getting a job straight out of the joint? You think people are hiring ex-cons all willy nilly?

PAUL

No, no, maybe not willy nilly.

Mikey steps even closer and looks Paul dead in the eyes.

MIKEY

Listen, asshole. I helped you when you needed it most. And I paid the fucking price.

PAUL

Alright, alright-- you went to prison for drugs-- that's your problem, not mine.

MIKEY

Listen man. I'm asking you to help me here.

PAUL

And I'm telling you I don't have it.
I'm broke.

MIKEY

Bullshit! I saw the fucking house!

PAUL

I fixed it up so we could sell it.
That's all money I owe now!

MIKEY

(threatening)

It'd be a shame if people found out
what really happened in that house.

PAUL

You think you can scare me, Mikey?

Suddenly, Mikey GRABS Paul's hand and DRAGS HIS PINKY through
the table saw. Paul SCREAMS. Blood squirts everywhere.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(wails)

Mother fucker!!

MIKEY

Eighty grand. Tomorrow. Or I tell the
cops everything.

Paul wraps us his finger, still wailing.

19 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

19

Paul, dripping sweat, enters holding up his INJURED HAND,
wrapped in a blood-soaked rag. Writhing in silent pain, he
gently shuts the door and beelines into the bathroom.

20 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

20

He catches his pale, sweaty face in the mirror, then opens
the medicine cabinet, grabbing gauze with his healthy hand.

Paul turns on the tap, unwraps the rag, exposing his BLOODY,
MANGLED PINKY. He shoves his hand under the water, and lets
out a MUFFLED SCREAM. He stares, bleary-eyed, at the BLOODY
WATER CIRCLING THE DRAIN...

21 INT. PIPES - SAME

21

The camera DIVES DOWN THE DRAIN, swimming through the bends
and curves of the plumbing in the house.

21 CONTINUED:

21

As we flow through this maze of piping, we rush past a DARK BLURRY OBJECT stuck in an elbow joint of one the pipes.

Before the blur can come into focus, the camera and the water keep moving... streaming straight out of the sewer and onto the STREET, as a tricked out ELECTRIC SUV crawls by.

22 INT. ELECTRIC SUV/EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - SAME

22

Dennis slowly drives Denise past the Morgan house.

DENISE

I gotta say, this is a beautiful street.

DENNIS

Right! Now that's the kind of house you want to raise a kid in.

DENISE

Well, we didn't have houses like that in Bed Stuy. And even if we did, we couldn't have afforded half of it. Even before your daddy died.

DENNIS

I know, Mama. I know. It didn't matter where we lived. You were my home.

DENISE

And now I'm lucky if I see you twice a year.

DENNIS

Oh, come on now.

DENISE

You sure you're not biting off more than you can chew with this place?

DENNIS

I can chew it. I'm chewing it. I got money saved up from my last novel. And Carla's killing it. She's working her ass off.

DENISE

Yeah, until the baby comes and she has to stay home.

DENNIS

Mom, she's not gonna stay home. It's not 1964. Did Beyoncé stay home?

DENISE

You got Jay-Z money?

DENNIS

No, not yet, but we'll get a nanny or something. We'll figure it out.

DENISE

Hmph. That's not gonna be cheap either. And, God forbid, something happens, like you need a new roof. That's fifty thousand dollars right there.

DENNIS

Fifty thousand for a roof? That sounds high.

DENISE

Eh, that's right. How many houses have you had? What? Oh-- none. Anyway, if you need me, I'm always here.

DENNIS

Thank you.

DENISE

And by here, I mean 3000 miles away.

Off Dennis, wheels spinning, as he drives away...

LENNY (PRE-LAP)

You're under water, bro.

23 INT. MODERN MCMANSION - KITCHEN - SAME

23

JD SLAMS the door of his HIGH-TECH DISHWASHER, but it won't shut. His enormous modern house makes him look small and insignificant, as he rants on the phone to his Business Manager, LENNY.

JD

I know, Lenny, I know.

LENNY (V.O.)

You shouldn't have bought the most expensive house on the street.

JD

I just thought I'd be working by now. I won three Soap Opera Digest Awards. That's only been done by eight other actors in the history of the medium.

(MORE)

JD (CONT'D)

I mean, there's one guy in the telenovelas, he won 22, but they have a totally different voting system with Telemundo.

LENNY (V.O.)

You're a great actor, JD. No one's debating that. Though I would stay off Reddit.

JD

What're they saying about me on Reddit? Am I a sub-Reddit? Be honest.

LENNY (V.O.)

Look, I'm saying maybe you could afford the house and the cars and the boat back in Oklahoma, but not here--

JD

I never even wanted the boat, alright? My wife wanted the boat. Talk to her.

LENNY (V.O.)

Maybe you should talk to her.

JD

And say what? Gifts are her love language.

(choking up)

I don't know, I can't... I can't lose her, Lenny. I can't lose one more thing.

JD goes to the fridge and but he can't get the door open.

JD (CONT'D)

Stupid fucking house! Fucking Swedish refrigerator!

LENNY (V.O.)

I told you not to buy new construction. Remember I said more like 'no construction'?

JD

I know, Lenny, I was working fifteen hour days on *Rising Tides* -- as you know -- so I thought the least I could do was buy my wife the house that she wanted.

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

LENNY (V.O.)

Well, it might be time to get a house
you can afford.

JD walks off. A beat, then the fridge door opens on its own.
He turns.

JD

(to fridge)

Fuck you!

LENNY (V.O.)

You talking to me?

JD

No.

LENNY (V.O.)

You still taking your meds?

JD

No. But I think you're right. Maybe
it's time for a change.

With a glint in his eye, he looks out the window and directly
across the street... at the Morgan House.

24 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - DAY

24

Ping. Ping. Ping. A professional tuner, JERRY, bangs on the
FLAT KEYS, adjusting the strings inside the open piano as
Lydia looks on, lost in thought.

JERRY

How long's it been since she's been
played?

LYDIA

I don't know. A few years.

JERRY

Years? Lydia Morgan. That's a shame.
For everyone.

(re: piano)

This thing belongs in a museum. You
know what year she is?

LYDIA

No, it was my grandmother's. She
taught me, actually. On this piano.
She was the real virtuoso.

JERRY

Please. Don't pretend like you're not hot shit. You played with Dudamel.

LYDIA

Well, not to name drop but she played for Hitler.

(off his look)

Not because she wanted to... Because she had to... To stay alive. They weren't friends. I... don't revere him.

JERRY

You gotta do what you gotta do to survive.

LYDIA

You do.

A beat, as Jerry finishes up and closes the lid.

JERRY

The Philharmonic hasn't been the same without you. You know they have Carol Carmichael doing your solos?

LYDIA

I know. She's fine, you know, a little robotic. Kind of a hack.

JERRY

I thought that might rile you.

Jerry plays a few scales. All in key.

LYDIA

Oh, it sounds good.

JERRY

Yeah.

LYDIA

Thanks, Jerry.

He stands and offers her the bench.

JERRY

Now you have no excuse not to play.

LYDIA

(hesitates, then)
Okay. Alright.

We follow Lydia as she reluctantly sits.

CLOSE ON her EYES gazing at the keys, as we hear the opening piano solo from MOZART'S "Fantasia No.3 in D Minor." It's beautiful and haunting and her eyes light up as the music swells, when...

JERRY (O.C.)

Lydia? You okay?

The MUSIC CUTS OUT as Lydia snaps back to reality. She looks down at her hands, shaking in her lap. She sits there for a beat, then looks at Jerry, fighting back tears.

LYDIA

Yeah.

(to herself)

Okay. Just keep trying.

CLOSE ON Margo, looking at the Morgan House on ZILLOW, naked under the sheets, post-coital. A BEAUTIFUL, ALOOF WOMAN next to her, scrolling on her phone. This is GWEN, 40's.

MARGO

I mean, Los Feliz is one of the best school districts in LA, and it's walkable to the farmer's market...

GWEN

How much work does it need?

MARGO

Not much. If we ripped out this shitty tree and put in a pool, we'd make a killing.

GWEN

(side-eyeing her)

Oh would we? Don't know how my partners would feel about that.

MARGO

Look, you're always saying you're looking for new investors.

(reaches under the sheets)

And I'm just trying to put my money where my mouth's been.

GWEN

(flirty)

You're such a slut.

25 CONTINUED:

25

MARGO

I feel so seen.

They kiss. Gwen grabs Margo's phone to look at the listing.

GWEN

It could be interesting. I'll bring it to my partners.

MARGO

You do that.

(snuggling up)

And maybe if this goes well, maybe we can be partners...

GWEN

Really? What kind of partners?

MARGO

(vulnerable)

I don't know... maybe all the kinds?

GWEN

Mmm, you're cute...

(re: house)

Not sure the margins make sense.

MARGO

What if I could get it for under asking?

GWEN

How would you do that?

Margo gives a cheeky smirk.

26 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - KITCHEN/BAR - LATER

26

Paul pours himself a SCOTCH. Lydia crosses behind him tying an apron.

LYDIA

Don't drink your dinner tonight, honey. I'm making marsala.

Lydia chops mushrooms as Paul approaches.

PAUL

Haven't seen that apron since the banana bread days.

LYDIA

(trying for upbeat)

I thought a home cooked meal might be nice. I don't know, maybe take care of you, for a change.

PAUL

That's uh... sweet, hon. Hey-- I, uh, talked to Greg and looks like there's a developer who's interested in the house, so that's good news.

LYDIA

How is that good news?

PAUL

No escrow, no inspections. All cash. Cuts through the bullshit.

LYDIA

What happened to finding the right people?

PAUL

What does that matter? We're not gonna live here with them.

LYDIA

Your life's work is in this house. It's our home. The only home that Emily and Jacob have ever known.

PAUL

Yeah, well Emily hasn't stepped foot in "our home" in three years--

Lydia crosses to him, brandishing a kitchen knife.

LYDIA

I just, I'm confused.

PAUL

Put the knife down.

LYDIA

I'm just gesturing.

PAUL

I know, but you're all hyped up, so put the knife down--

LYDIA

Well, I'm not gonna kill you.

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

PAUL
Yeah, so put it down.

Lydia notices Paul's wrapped up pinky.

LYDIA
Wait-- what happened to your finger?

PAUL
Mikey's out.

Lydia drops her knife.

LYDIA
He's out?

PAUL
Yeah. And he wants eighty grand by
tomorrow--

LYDIA
Wait, why? What did he do to you?

PAUL
It's what he'll do to us that I'm
worried about.
(then)
He knows everything, Lydia. He could
destroy us.

LYDIA
Okay. Okay, but selling to a
developer, still there's no way we can
get eighty grand by tomorrow.

PAUL
I-- I'll figure something out. Just
start packing.

27 Off Lydia, tormented, we...

27

30 INT. CARLA AND DENNIS'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - SAME

30

Dennis and Carla brush their teeth over the single sink of
their cramped bathroom.

DENNIS
You know, I've been thinking about
what you were saying about the Los
Feliz place. And I think you're right,
I think it might be a bit of a
stretch.

CARLA

I mean, I wish I wasn't right, but I am. Which is a bummer.

DENNIS

It is a bummer. Cause if we put all our money into the house, then we can't afford a nanny. And what if we need a new roof, right? I don't have Jay-Z money.

Carla spits, continues brushing.

CARLA

Yet. But you're right, babe. We definitely need to be more practical. So, as a backup plan, I was looking at this place in Baldwin Hills. Now it is a bit of a hike, and kind of a tear down but--

DENNIS

Or... we could just get the Los Feliz place?

CARLA

I'm lost. I thought we just agreed we can't afford it?

Dennis turns to her, like he's delivering the best news ever.

DENNIS

We can't. But, my mom can.

CARLA

What?

DENNIS

Evidently she made a killing in the market since she retired from Chase and she's sitting on a ton of cash.

CARLA

Really?

DENNIS

Big money.

CARLA

And... she's just gonna give it to us?

DENNIS

Just like that.

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

CARLA
No strings attached?

DENNIS
Might be a string.

CARLA
How long a string?

DENNIS
Long enough to wrap around a present
and tie into a little bow.

CARLA
Why is there a little bow?

DENNIS
Because she's gonna leave New York,
move in with us and help us raise our
baby!

Off Carla's shock, as Dennis walks off...

31 INT. BIG MODERN BATHROOM - LATER

31

Margo, in fancy PJs, stares at herself in the mirror in her cartoonishly large bathroom. She takes off her necklace. We follow her out the door...

32 INT. MODERN MCMANSION - PRIMARY BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

32

As Margo gets into bed next to her husband... JD. He looks up from his book and smiles.

JD
How was dinner with the girls?

MARGO
Fine. Sally was really going through
something, so she was just yammering
on and on.

JD
She okay?

MARGO
I don't want to burden you with it.

Margo goes in for a quick kiss.

MARGO (CONT'D)
Unless you want to hear about her
endometriosis.

32 CONTINUED:

32

JD

Yeah. No I'm good, I think. I'm just glad she has a friend like you, you know, she's lucky.

MARGO

Yeah.

Margo lays down in bed and gives out a relaxed sigh.

JD

Well Harper's in bed if you want to go say goodnight.

MARGO

Yeah. Of course.

JD

She was asking about you.

MARGO

Aw.

Margo sighs, gets up and heads out the door.

28 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - NIGHT (N2)

28

An SUV pulls up and parks across the street. Leslie, wearing gold Nikes, exits the car, clicks her alarm, and scopes out the street as she approaches the house.

She smiles... it's just as pretty at night. She spots a side gate and crosses off.

29 INT. LESLIE AND SARAH'S BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - NIGHT

29

Sarah, alone in her and Leslie's tiny house, checks the front window for any sign of Leslie's car. Nothing.

She moves to a cabinet and pulls out some sort of kit from way up on the top shelf. She zips it open, takes out a NEEDLE and fills it with an unknown substance.

33 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - SIDE OF HOUSE - SAME

33

Leslie, nonchalant, approaches the gate. She looks up to the second floor, craning to get a peek through the window of that locked bedroom, where she heard the voices earlier.

LESLIE

(to herself)

What's going on up there? Who was turning the door knob?

33 CONTINUED:

33

She glances around, then tries the handle on the gate. It won't budge. After a moment...

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Okay, let's just... take a peak. Upper body strength, here we go...

She reaches for the top of the gate, attempting to look over... as the gate suddenly unlocks, swinging open with Leslie still attached to it.

She hops down and creeps along the side of the house, her iPhone flashlight on. She holds it up to the second floor, straining to see in the window, when she trips the FLOOD LIGHTS! Which wakes up the neighbor's VERY LOUD DOGS!

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Fuck fuck fuck!

She looks around, panicked, and ducks next to a hedge.

34 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - PRIMARY BEDROOM - SAME

34

The BRIGHT LIGHTS outside wake up Paul and Lydia. Spooked, Paul scrambles to the window.

LYDIA

What's happening?

PAUL

I don't know.

Paul pulls back the curtains and looks out.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Someone's out there.

LYDIA

(worried)

Did you fix the side gate?

PAUL

Stay inside.

Paul scrambles out the door. Lydia pulls up the covers.

LYDIA

Fuck.

35 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME

35

Paul enters the dank, unfinished basement filled with boxes and a maze of EXPOSED PIPES.

35 CONTINUED: 35

He flicks on a lone WORK LIGHT and crosses to a small workstation, grabs a pair of UTILITY GLOVES...

37 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - SIDE OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 37

The FLOOD LIGHTS shut off and Leslie pokes out from the hedge. She stands and carefully shimmies her way across the side of the house... trying desperately not to trip the lights again...

LESLIE
(to herself)
Nice and easy...

Suddenly, she hears a CLICKING sound coming from just beneath her. She looks down just in time to see she's straddling one of the SPRINKLERS.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
No, no, no--

Too late! The SPRINKLERS go off between her legs, spraying her like an unwelcome bidet.

38 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - JACOB'S BEDROOM - SAME 38

Lydia enters her son's bedroom, her phone to her ear. She sits at his desk, as the call goes to voicemail.

JACOB (V.O.)
Yo, it's Jacob. Leave me a message. Or text me like a normal person.

On the desk, we see a few DODGERS BOBBLEHEADS, an OLD CALENDAR, a framed photo of JACOB at his piano recital.

LYDIA
Hey honey bun, thinking about you. Dad and I are... hanging in there.

39 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME 39

Paul, balancing on a rickety wooden chair, jimmys open the ELBOW JOINT of one of the PIPES snaking the ceiling. He pulls the joint apart, reaches in and pulls out a wet plastic bag.

Paul shakes it off, unseals the bag and pulls out a HANDGUN.

JD (PRE-LAP)
Did you see the For Sale sign across the street?

40 INT. MODERN MCMANSION - PRIMARY BEDROOM - SAME 40

Margo is back in bed next to JD.

JD

Looks like the Morgans finally decided to sell.

MARGO

(unsure where he's going)
Yeah, I saw.

JD

Always loved that house. Kinda surprised they haven't sold sooner.

MARGO

Oh, I think the timing makes perfect sense...

JD

Yeah, what with the market and everything?

MARGO

No. Because if you wait three years... you don't have to disclose that your son died in the house.

41 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - JACOB'S BEDROOM - SAME 41

Lydia, still at the desk, picks up a SCHOOL PHOTO of JACOB. He's 16, cute, with floppy hair. She picks up the photo sweetly, tears in her eyes.

LYDIA

I miss you. I just wish I could see you or feel you... and know that you're here with me... so...

Lydia ends the call and stands, when, suddenly... the overhead light FLICKERS. She freezes, trying to shake it off, when it blinks again. A flood of emotion.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Hi.

42 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - A LITTLE LATER 42

Lydia comes down the stairs in her robe. A nervous, distracted Paul enters from the garden.

LYDIA
Anybody out there?

Startled, he SHRIEKS!

PAUL
Ahh! Jesus Fucking Christ!

LYDIA
(stifling laughter)
Sorry. Didn't mean to--

PAUL
Coast is clear.
(then)
Are you laughing at me?

LYDIA
(yes)
No.

PAUL
What's the matter? Me shrieking like a
little girl, that doesn't turn you on?

LYDIA
Um, I feel like there's no good way to
answer that?

PAUL
That's fair. So, I don't know, I guess
it was a raccoon maybe, or something
weird with the lights.

LYDIA
(a glint)
Yeah. Maybe.
(kisses him sweetly)
Come to bed soon, okay?

PAUL
Yeah. I'll be up in a little bit.

Lydia heads upstairs. Paul watches her go... After a beat, he reaches and pulls out the HANDGUN from the back of his waist.

He looks around for a hiding spot, then quickly crosses... to the GRAND PIANO. He quietly opens the lid and carefully tucks the gun deep inside. As we:

MATCH CUT TO:

43 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - THREE YEARS AGO - NIGHT (FBN1)
CLOSE ON THE SAME GUN on the tiled floor. A SHRIEK, and a
QUICK FLASH of a body, laying in blood.

CUT BACK TO:

44 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT (N2) 44

Paul shuts the lid of the piano.

As he heads up the stairs, we REVERSE to reveal Leslie,
soaking wet, eyes wide, watching him through the picture
window. She runs back to her car, as we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE