

NO GOOD DEED

"Letters of Intent"

Written by

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FADE IN:

1 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - THREE YEARS AGO (FBN1)

PAUL, distressed, in a suit, stares at something on the floor. LYDIA sobs as her mascara runs down her face, streaking her make up.

LYDIA
No, no, no, no, no!

REVERSE to reveal the SNEAKERED FEET established in 102, now lying motionless on the floor in a pool of blood...

PAUL paces, too distraught to respond to his wife's pain. MIKEY, more clean cut and put together than we've seen him, rushes to Lydia's side.

MIKEY
It's okay, it's okay.

Mikey consoles Lydia as she cries into his arms.

LYDIA
What do we do? Should we call the police?

Paul picks a GUN up off the ground.

MIKEY
Not unless you want to end up in prison.

Paul places the gun down on the counter, as he glares at Mikey hugging Lydia.

3 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - PRESENT DAY (D4) 3

MATCH FRAME as we track Lydia pacing across the kitchen, holding the printout Mikey left.

LYDIA
It's bad, it's just so bad. Why would Mikey keep all this stuff?

Find Paul at the kitchen island, holding the DIAMOND ROLEX.

PAUL
To do what he's doing right now. He's a sick fuck.

LYDIA

Okay I'll give you sick, I will not give you fuck.

Paul waves what's left of his pinky at her.

PAUL

Really? He's trying to fucking ruin us. Fucking junkie.

LYDIA

I know, I know. But he helped us... then. He really did. He used to be so kind.

PAUL

To you. You, he likes.

(then)

Hopefully a fifty thousand dollar watch will shut him up.

LYDIA

We're not giving him that! No, we can't have any more evidence out there! Especially now. I was gonna show you this, look at this--

Lydia takes out her phone and shows Paul the GRAINY IMAGE of LESLIE SNOOPING around outside their house.

PAUL

What am I looking at?

LYDIA

That's the "raccoon" that set off the flood lights the other night. And then your raccoon came back for a private showing. Asking a lot of questions. Touching Jacob's things.

PAUL

What do you mean, touching his things? Like freaky touching?

LYDIA

What?! What would that be?

PAUL

I don't know! His underwear?

LYDIA

Why would you go there?

PAUL

Well you said touching!

LYDIA

No! No-- she's a prosecutor for the D.A., Paul. That's the District Attorney.

PAUL

I know what it means!

LYDIA

You didn't look like you did.

(then)

Anyway, I told Greg we're not accepting her offer, because who knows what kind of subterfuge she could be up to--

PAUL

Alright, do you think maybe you're gonna make any excuse not to sell?

LYDIA

She asked why we sealed the side door.

PAUL

You're being paranoid.

LYDIA

Me? Really? Because you know you could just talk to Mikey instead of giving him a stolen watch.

PAUL

Yeah, 'cause the last time we did that, it went fucking great.

LYDIA

He needs help, Paul. Not another fifty grand so he can go buy... like a brick of drugs and end up back in prison.

A small beat, as Paul hangs on her words, thinking.

PAUL

Alright. Alright, I won't give him the watch.

LYDIA

Thank you.

(re: the printout)

(MORE)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

LYDIA (CONT'D)

And can you please put this away too.
I don't really need the reminder.

PAUL

Like the whole house isn't a reminder.

Paul lumbers off. Off Lydia...

4 INT. CARLA & DENNIS'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

4

DENNIS and DENISE huddle around an iPad, looking at a listing of a tacky, dated, teardown of a house.

DENNIS

No, this isn't the house. The carpet looks like it's been here since the civil rights era.

DENISE

Looks like they marched *in* there--

Carla enters, enthusiastic.

CARLA

I know it's a fixer upper. But what's cool is Baldwin Hills is a historically Black neighborhood. Keith, our realtor-- he said that Issa Rae's parents used to live right down the street.

DENISE

I see why they moved. That is not the dream Dr. King had in mind.

CARLA

Well, dreams take time to build.

DENNIS

Yeah, they do.

CARLA

And you know, I've always wanted to build something of my own--

Carla whips out a set of blueprints. She unfurls them.

DENNIS

(amazed)

Oh my god!

CARLA

It's gonna take a bit of imagination
but--

DENISE

--We don't want to use our
imagination. We want the Los Feliz
house.

DENNIS

Yeah, don't we?

CARLA

Before we commit to the Los Feliz
house, we have to weigh our options.
In case we need a backup.

DENISE

Speaking of backups, I gotta use your
bathroom.

Denise crosses out to the bathroom.

CARLA

Dennis, I've been thinking about your
mom's offer to help us with the house--

DENNIS

And I can't tell you how much I
appreciate that. I know you two just
met but after my dad died, she gave up
her whole life for me. I just want to
give a little back.

CARLA

(covering anxiety)
And I appreciate how close you two
are... which I'm just now
discovering...

DENNIS

(emotional)
We really are. I just hope one day...
(re: Carla's belly)
...this little man will meet someone
like you who will love and respect his
mother in the same way.

Just then, we hear a FLUSH off screen as Denise re-emerges.

DENISE

You might want to crack a window in
there. I tried but it's all rusty.

DENNIS

Oh yeah, you gotta really force it. I got it.

Dennis crosses out to open a window. Denise looks at the iPad listing with disdain.

DENISE

I'll tell you one thing, I'm not moving my four cats from New York to live in that shitbox.

CARLA

You have four cats?

DENISE

Yes.

DENNIS (O.C.)

Ow ow owww!

CARLA

Dennis?

Dennis rushes back in, REVEAL BLOOD on Dennis's hand.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Ooh, you're bleeding!

DENISE

It'll clot. It's fine.

CARLA

No, no, no, that window is rusty. You should go to an Urgent Care. I'd go with, but I have to work--

DENISE

It's okay. Mama's got it. Come on.

DENNIS

I'll just go with Mama.

Carla nods. Denise and Dennis exit.

Carla watches them go, cogs turning. After a moment's hesitation, she grabs her phone and makes a call.

CARLA (INTO PHONE)

Hi, Keith? It's Carla. I want to make an offer on that Baldwin Hills house... That's totally fine. I'll offer a million dollars. All cash.

(MORE)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

CARLA (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Someone from my father's trust will be
in touch with the paperwork. Thank
you.

5 INT. LESLIE AND SARAH'S BUNGALOW - MORNING

5

Leslie runs on a PELOTON TREAD. Well, maybe it's more like
she's kind of skipping... because she's very bad at it. A
BUFF TRAINER barks from the SCREEN.

BUFF TRAINER (V.O.)
Four, three, two, one... okay,
thirty more seconds...

Leslie struggles, as SARAH enters. Sarah walks around the
front of the treadmill to face her.

SARAH
Can we talk?

LESLIE
(wheezing)
I'm running.

SARAH
I didn't think you ever used this
thing--

LESLIE
Well, I guess we both do things
behind each other's backs. Only my
thing is good for my health and
your thing is a complete fucking
betrayal.

Leslie awkwardly lumbers off the machine. Sweaty from
exertion, she jelly-leggedly reaches for her WATER BOTTLE.

SARAH
I'm sorry, okay?

LESLIE
What you did is so fucked up.

SARAH
I know.

LESLIE
You made the biggest decision two
people can make by yourself.

SARAH

I was trying to protect you... from
all of the stress and worry--

LESLIE

(charged)

Yeah, yeah, 'cause now that we have
a positive pregnancy test-- we
good! Nothing ever goes tits up
after that--

SARAH

Obviously things can still go tits
up, that's why you keep trying--

LESLIE

You didn't get out of bed for three
months after the last time didn't
work. You were catatonic.

SARAH

I wasn't catatonic because it
didn't work.

LESLIE

No, because of the hormones or
whatever--

SARAH

No, I was catatonic because you
said you didn't want to try
anymore.

Leslie takes this in.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And I get why you didn't. I really
do. But for me, giving up on
becoming a mom felt like... dying.

LESLIE

Why didn't you tell me you felt
that way?

SARAH

I thought the feeling would go
away. But it just got stronger.

(then)

Is there any part of you that's
happy about this? Even a teeny tiny
bit?

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

Leslie doesn't know how to answer. Suddenly, her phone DINGS. She picks it up.

LESLIE

It's the realtor.

She OPENS the text. Her face falls.

SARAH

What?

Off Leslie, shocked...

6 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - DAY

6

GREG puts his phone away as he restocks SPEC SHEETS in the holder attached to the FOR SALE SIGN. A slightly nervous Paul approaches him.

PAUL

Hey, Greg--

GREG

Yeah, don't worry. I just told the lesbians their offer is DOA.

PAUL

Yeah, that's not what I wanted to talk about... uh, do you know... where I could get any drugs? Like hard drugs?

Greg glares at him, offended.

GREG

Really, Paul? What, 'cause I'm a gay realtor in LA I must know where to get drugs?

PAUL

No, no, I--

GREG

I am not a stereotype, sir.

PAUL

Of course not.

GREG

I am a person.

PAUL

Fuck. I'm sorry. I just assumed...
'cause I see you sniff a lot...

GREG

That's 'cause I have allergies.
We're in the middle of a super
bloom...

(then, quickly)

...and also because I do coke. Of
course I do coke.

Paul lets off a huge sigh of relief.

PAUL

Oh, okay. That's great news.
Because so do I.

GREG

Really? 'Cause you're so... what's
the word I'm looking for? C-Span.

PAUL

Yeah, that's why I do it. But my
dealer moved to... the west side.

GREG

(with horror)

Oh, god. He should've just killed
himself.

PAUL

Yeah. He did.

(as Greg reacts)

Anyway, if you could just point me in
the right direction?

GREG

I can't do that, Paul. I'm sorry.
That's totally against the Realtor
Code of Conduct.

PAUL

What if I bump your commission to
six percent?

SFX: CAR DOOR UNLOCKING

GREG

This is my car.

7

INT. URGENT CARE - DAY

7

Dennis sits on an exam table as a blunt DOCTOR HENDERSON checks his blood pressure. Denise looks on.

DOCTOR HENDERSON
So, when's the last time you had a tetanus shot?

DENNIS
Huh. I'm gonna go with... maybe never?

DENISE
No, they made me give you all those shots so you could go to school.

DENNIS
My mother's a little medically hesitant.

DENISE
Listen, I'm seventy-five and I haven't seen a doctor since '75, and I'm just fine.

DENNIS
She's fine.

DOCTOR HENDERSON
Your blood pressure's a little high.

DENNIS
High?

DOCTOR HENDERSON
You under any stress lately?

DENNIS
Nothing!

DENISE
Well, he's about to have a baby.

DENNIS
Oh yeah, there is that.

DENISE
And he's under a deadline. And he's has less than a month to find a new place to live. And he's has a new wife he met less than a year ago.

DOCTOR HENDERSON

That's a lot of ands.

DENNIS

Yeah but I'm too blessed to be stressed. Amirite?

DOCTOR HENDERSON

Not according to your blood pressure. How about we take some blood, get you vaxxed and make sure everything's good before your baby comes.

Doctor Henderson whips out a huge clipboard.

DOCTOR HENDERSON (CONT'D)

Any family history I should know about?

DENISE

Well, my mother lived to ninety-nine. And if the lightning didn't get her, she might still be here.

DENNIS

My father died of sarcoidosis when he was thirty-nine.

DENISE

Yeah, but that doesn't mean anything.

DOCTOR HENDERSON

It can. That's why we take medical histories. But, you're still pretty young.

(glances at chart)

Woah, thirty-eight. Almost thirty-nine.

DENNIS

Yeah, but I'm fit. I'm like a healthy thirty-nine.

DOCTOR HENDERSON

How many steps do you get in a day?

Dennis looks at his Apple Watch, Denise looks over his shoulder.

DENISE

247.

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

DENNIS

Okay, alright, so it wouldn't kill me
to jog a little.

DOCTOR HENDERSON

Might kill you not to!

Doctor Henderson laughs. So does Dennis.

DOCTOR HENDERSON (CONT'D)

(suddenly stops laughing)
It's not funny.

DENNIS

(serious)
Okay.

9 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

9

Lydia puts on lipstick in the foyer mirror, a nervous look
about her.

DING DONG. Lydia opens the door, revealing MIKEY.

MIKEY

Hey. Got your message.

LYDIA

Ah, good to see you.

Mikey moves in for a hug. Lydia unsure, gives it to him.

MIKEY

You smell nice.

Lydia is thrown by the compliment.

LYDIA

Thanks.
(then)
Come in.

10 INT. GROOM AND BOARD - LOBBY - DAY

10

Greg and Paul enter this upscale bougie doggy spa, where a
GAY COUPLE waits with their PUG, amongst a few other clients.
Paul looks around, confused.

PAUL

I'm here for drugs not pugs...

10 CONTINUED:

10

GREG
(shushing)
Stop.

Greg and Paul approach the RECEPTIONIST.

GREG (CONT'D)
We're here for the lavender wash.

The receptionist nods. Greg leads the way as Paul follows.

11 INT. GROOM AND BOARD - BACK OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

11

Paul and Greg sit opposite TRISH, a gregarious bombshell, who holds a SMALL DOG.

It's a large storage space filled with BOXES, DOG PRODUCTS and a few LARGE DOG WASHING TUBS.

TRISH
Good to see you, Gregg. How's Larry?
Haven't seen you lovenerds since my
Halloween party.

GREG
Yeah. We're actually not speaking
right now. It's a lot of drama. I
really don't wanna talk about it.

Trish suggestively nods her head towards Paul.

TRISH
Aw. So, is this--

GREG
Oh my God no!

TRISH
(laughs)
I was gonna say...

GREG (CONT'D)
(laughs)
Trish, can you imagine?

TRISH (CONT'D)
No, I can't.

GREG
That's hilarious. No.

Paul shoots them an "I'm right here" look.

GREG (CONT'D)
No, Paul is just my client.

TRISH

Okay. Hey, Paul.

GREG

He's looking for a little bit of...

PAUL

A lot. Of Coke... caine.

TRISH

Okay.

PAUL

Cokey-coley. Or, as the kids call it--

GREG

Stop.

PAUL

--Santa's dandruff.

GREG

That's enough names.

TRISH

Okay.

(re: the dog)

I think Daisy can help. How much?

PAUL

Like a... brick?

GREG

Okay, kingpin. It's giving cartel.

PAUL

Not quite sure what your rate is,
but...

Paul pulls out the DIAMOND ROLEX, places it on Trish's desk.

PAUL (CONT'D)

...I'll take whatever I can get for
this.

An awkward beat as Trish looks at Greg, who looks at Paul.

GREG

(sotto)

You didn't bring cash?

TRISH

It's not a swap meet, hon. Are you a narc? Is he a narc?

GREG

No, he's not cool enough to be a narc.

TRISH

Well. He has a snitch face.

GREG

I do see that.

TRISH

And that's a fake Rolex.

PAUL

No, that's... It's a fake?

GREG

What is happening?! Do you seriously have no money?

PAUL

(sotto)

Not until we sell the house.

A beat, as Greg stares at him, then:

GREG

I'm bumping my commission to ten percent.

(to Trish)

I got it.

Greg takes out his wallet. Trish leans down, opens a drawer and pulls out a PLATTER OF COCAINE LINES and a ROLLED UP PAPER TUBE.

TRISH

Well, here ya go, Paul.

Trish looks at him, expectantly. Except he has no idea what she's expecting him to do.

PAUL

So... do I get like a to-go box, or--

TRISH

This is for you to sample.

She hands him the paper tube.

PAUL

Oh. No. I'm good. I'm still full from last night.

TRISH

Don't dishonor me.

Paul looks at Greg, pleading.

GREG

Do not dishonor her.

Paul grabs the paper tube, takes a deep breath, then snorts.

TRISH

So... how do we feel?

PAUL

Not... bad?

TRISH

I'll be right back with your brick.

GREG

Thank you so much.

As Trish exits, Greg turns to Paul, concerned.

GREG (CONT'D)

What the fuck, Paul?! In what world do you think you can buy cocaine with costume jewelry?

PAUL

I don't know-- I've never done this before! I'm actually pretty straight laced.

GREG

Yeah, no shit, Sheldon. So, who the fuck is it for? I know it's not Lydia. She never leaves the house.

PAUL

It's a long story...

GREG

Well, then skip the prologue, Dad.

PAUL

Okay... there's this... guy I know.

GREG

And?

As he listens intently, Greg nonchalantly snorts a line.

PAUL

And... he's a menace to society...

Greg nods, then snorts another line.

GREG

So?

PAUL

So, I came up with a kind of plan...

GREG

A plan to what? Reward his inhumanity with a fucking bomb-ass time?

Greg snorts another line.

PAUL

No. To plant drugs on him to get him sent back to prison.

GREG

Well, that is fucking dark. What'd he do? Fuck Lydia or something?

PAUL

No. But... he probably would if he could.

GREG

Who is it? Is it a co-worker?

(gasps)

Is it your hot neighbor from *Rising Tides*?

PAUL

It's my brother.

GREG

Nooo.

PAUL

Yeah.

As Paul snorts another line...

PAUL (CONT'D)

It's my fucking brother.

12 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - DAY

12

Lydia and Mikey on the couch. He finishes up a plate of food.

MIKEY

Always loved your Marsala.

LYDIA

I remembered. I also made tiramisu.

MIKEY

So, basically you invited me over to
kill me with kindness?

LYDIA

Is it working?

MIKEY

Come on Lyd, you know my beef isn't
with you.

LYDIA

No, I know, it's just that your beef
seems to cost a lot of money.

MIKEY

Everybody's got their debts, right?

LYDIA

Mikey, you just got out of prison, I
can't imagine you want to keep living
this way. You know you do deserve
better.

MIKEY

I don't know about that, but I'll
settle for some tiramisu.

LYDIA

'Kay.

He hands her his empty plate as she gets up and crosses away.

13 INT. GROOM AND BOARD - BACK OFFICE - LATER

13

Both Paul and Greg are now super high. Greg is lounging in
one of the LARGE DOG WASHING TUBS. Paul paces, holding DAISY
THE DOG.

GREG

My love language is acts of service.
But Larry doesn't get that.

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

So you know what, yeah, I am giving him the silent treatment.

PAUL

What did he do?

GREG

He forgot to pick up my prescription from Sav On. And I get it, he's a lawyer, he's "busy"... but you know what? I have IBS and I will literally lose my shit if I don't get those meds.

Greg does the last line of coke on the platter.

PAUL

Isn't coke a diuretic?

GREG

I guess we're going to find out, baby.

They both start laughing, as Trish enters with a SMALL BAG.

GREG (CONT'D)

I love you, actually.

TRISH

Sorry to keep you waiting, boys. We're out of bricks.

GREG

Nooo!

TRISH

But I do have about a dozen or so eight balls.

PAUL

Oh, yeah. Yeah. I'll take what I can get. Thank you.

Trish hands Paul the bag as Paul returns Daisy to her. Greg stands to leave.

TRISH

Aww, cutie! Noo.

GREG

Nooo, I'm dying.

As Greg air kisses Trish goodbye--

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

TRISH

Don't be a stranger, okay?

GREG

Likewise, Mama, I'm so obsessed with you.

Paul goes to hug Trish, but she turns away. Greg grabs him.

GREG (CONT'D)

Let's go.

As Paul and Greg open the door, they find the GAY COUPLE from the lobby waiting there. Holding up POLICE BADGES. Because they're UNDERCOVER COPS.

GREG (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck.

14 INT. GROOM AND BOARD - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

14

In SLO-MO, Paul, Greg, and Trish are escorted out by the undercover cops as we hear Bon Jovi's *"Wanted Dead Or Alive."* Paul walks past his neighbor PHYLLIS and her dogs, ROSCOE and MR. BOJANGLES. Her eyes widen. Holy shit.

15 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - DAY

15

Lydia and Mikey on the couch. He finishes up his tiramisu as Lydia sips her WATER.

MIKEY

Gotta say the place is looking pretty spiffy.

LYDIA

Paul threw himself into renovating after Jacob-- I think it was his therapy. Not that it worked.

MIKEY

My therapy was making toilet wine with a guy named Thumbs.

LYDIA

Pinot?

Lydia and Mikey laugh. Mikey picks up a PHOTO ALBUM from the COFFEE TABLE. He flips through it and we see photos of the Morgan family in happier days: Paul and the KIDS at the beach, birthday parties, etc. Mikey lands on a photo of himself holding a YOUNG JACOB.

MIKEY

It's good to see Jacob again.

LYDIA

Yeah, it's... weird, um, I think he's still here.

(then)

Paul thinks I'm crazy.

MIKEY

I don't.

Mikey flips to another page and lands on a picture of Lydia and their daughter EMILY at Emily's middle school graduation.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Geez, you and Emily are like twins.

LYDIA

Don't tell her that. 'Cause I'm the last person she wants to look like.

MIKEY

Come on. You've always been so beautiful.

LYDIA

Ah, thanks.

Lydia looks away as Mikey flips to another page in the album. It's him posing with Lydia and Paul at their WEDDING.

MIKEY

(re: Paul)

Look at this fucking douche. With the soul patch. No wonder he had no luck with women. Until I brought you around.

LYDIA

Okay, you didn't bring me around. I was going to the Lava Lounge anyway.

MIKEY

Oh really?

LYDIA

Yeah, I wasn't gonna be alone on New Year's Eve.

MIKEY

Okay so, you were slumming it with me?
Didn't we drink like twelve Cosmos
that night?

LYDIA

Yeah, 'cause it was Y2K. We thought
the world was gonna end.

MIKEY

Which it kind of did, 'cause then Paul
showed up...

LYDIA

Yup.

MIKEY

(sarcastic)
And your whole life started.

LYDIA

'Cause you made him drive me home. You
couldn't handle your Cosmos.

Mikey ponders on this for a beat.

MIKEY

You ever wonder how different life
would have been if...

LYDIA

If what?

MIKEY

If I had driven you home that night.

Lydia smiles warmly. Mikey smiles back, then leans in and
KISSES HER. She backs away, pushing him off, spilling her
water on her shirt in the process.

LYDIA

Whoa, no, Mikey-- no.
(then, noticing shirt)
Ugh, okay.

MIKEY

Sorry.

LYDIA

(re: her shirt)
This is wet, so I'm gonna change it.

Mikey's face falls, hurt, as Lydia rushes out.

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

MIKEY

Sorry.

LYDIA

I'll-- I'll be back down.

Mikey fishes a pill box from his pocket and pops a pill.

16 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - SHORT WHILE LATER

16

Lydia buttons the last button on a different BLOUSE as she studies herself in the mirror. Her phone rests on the sink as it rings on speaker.

PAUL'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

Hey, you've reached Paul Morgan at Morgan Contracting. Leave me a--

LYDIA

Yeah, thanks for picking up.

She hangs up, then looks at her reflection, particularly the lipstick. How much she dressed up for Mikey.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

What the fu--

She furiously rubs off her lipstick. CAMERA rises to find the CEILING FAN as we...

17 INT. VENT - SAME

17

The camera travels through THE AIR DUCTS up to the attic, straight out of the ROOF VENT and over the street to find LESLIE'S CAR pulling up--

18 EXT. STREET - SAME

18

CLOSE ON a pair of SILVER NIKES getting out the car. CAMERA TILTS UP, revealing Leslie, followed by Sarah. As they make their way towards the Morgan house...

LESLIE (PRE-LAP)

Oh, hi. Is Lydia home?

19 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

19

Leslie and Sarah, holding a LETTER in her hand, stand in the doorway opposite a dejected Mikey.

MIKEY

She's indisposed.

SARAH

Oh, are you Lydia's husband?

MIKEY

The fuck is it to you?

Leslie and Sarah exchange a look. Lydia rushes to the door, taken aback to see them.

LYDIA

Sorry about my brother-in-law. He's just being... silly.

LESLIE

Sorry to show up unannounced. Greg told us we were out of the running and I just want to apologize, make sure we didn't get off on the wrong foot...

Lydia warily eyes Leslie's GOLD NIKES.

SARAH

Yeah, so we wrote you a letter, just about how much we love your house.

LESLIE

...How we're willing to go over asking...

Sarah hands the ENVELOPE to Lydia.

MIKEY

Oh really? How much over?

Mikey snatches the envelope from Lydia. She snatches it back, shoots him a look.

LYDIA

(nudging him away)
Okay. Please, I got this.

Lydia turns to Leslie and Sarah.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

It's really not a good time. Thank you.

LESLIE

Wait, Lydia...

As Lydia starts to close the door, Leslie, feeling the opportunity slip away, blurts:

LESLIE (CONT'D)

She's pregnant.

SARAH

(incredulous)
I'm sorry, what?

Really?

LYDIA

LESLIE

Yeah. We just found out.

LYDIA

You did? Okay, so, congratulations.
That's wonderful news.

LESLIE

It is. We're really happy.

Sarah shoots Leslie a hopeful look. Leslie gives her a little smile.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

And it would mean everything to us if
we could raise our child in your home.

Lydia's not sure what to say. Leslie continues.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

And, obviously, it's your decision.
But...

(echoing Sarah)

...it would kill us if we didn't keep
trying.

Sarah looks to Leslie, touched.

LYDIA

(re: letter)

I will give this a read. Thank you.

LESLIE

We really appreciate it.

SARAH

Thank you, Lydia.

As Sarah moves off toward the street, Leslie hangs back.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

And not to be this guy, but I'm
very... connected... and if there's
anything I can do to help your family
find justice, I'd be happy to help.

Leslie hands Lydia her CARD, as Lydia's face falls.

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

LYDIA

You can't. Thanks.

Lydia shuts the door.

20 EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

20

As Leslie and Sarah drive away, we see Dennis in the deep background jogging down the street toward the house.

ANGLE ON: a sweaty Dennis. He slows, taking a break to admire The Morgan House. He checks his Apple Watch: 2,460 steps.

DENNIS

Seriously?!

Dennis collapses onto the steps of the house, out of breath.

21 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

21

Lydia places the letter and Leslie's CARD onto a side table. She stares at the card, visibly bothered about what this could potentially mean, when she turns to find Mikey standing... very close. It's intimate and intimidating.

MIKEY

I was thinking. You're right. I do deserve something good for a fucking change.

LYDIA

(shrinking back)

Mikey, I-- we can't--

MIKEY

I don't want you.

LYDIA

Okay...

MIKEY

I want the house.

22 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - SAME

22

Dennis admires the house as he snaps some photos of the exterior.

ANGLE ON: PHYLLIS, walking her dogs, eyeing Dennis. She pulls out her phone and starts recording him.

23 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - FOYER - SAME

23

Lydia and Mikey as they were.

LYDIA

Mikey, you have to be reasonable.

MIKEY

I'm being super fucking reasonable.
I'm the oldest. The house should've
gone to me in the first place.

LYDIA

Well, your father left it to Paul. And
Paul wants to sell it. But maybe when
we get the money, we can help you
out... we can put you through rehab
again. So you can dry out...

MIKEY

Yeah, I think I'd rather "dry out"
right fucking here.

24 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

24

Mikey charges in, looking around, opening drawers, unhinged.
Lydia follows, worried.

LYDIA

That's not an option. What are you
doing?

MIKEY

Where's the fucking deed, Lydia?

LYDIA

What?

Mikey, sweating and agitated, keeps rifling through their
things.

MIKEY

Where's the deed to the fucking
house!?

LYDIA

What are you doing? Don't go through
our stuff! Okay, I think you need to
go.

MIKEY

I'm not going anywhere, sweetheart.

LYDIA
(pulls out phone)
Well, I'm calling Paul--

MIKEY
Give me that.

Mikey snatches the phone and throws it.

MIKEY (CONT'D)
He can't protect you. You know that.
That's why you called me the night
Jacob fucking died--

LYDIA
That's not fair.

MIKEY
It's like you two forgot everything I
fucking did for you! If it wasn't for
me, you two'd be rotting in fucking
prison right now!

Lydia backs up, scared.

MIKEY (CONT'D)
Hey, maybe I should give this D.A.
bitch a call, show her my little
collection of evidence.

He lurches toward Lydia. She eyes a sharp FIREPLACE POKER...

MATCH TO:

25 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT - 3 YEARS AGO (FBN1)

The same FIREPLACE POKER as Mikey grabs it off its stand. On
a mission, he makes his way to the kitchen...

26 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 26

Mikey walks past the dead body and smashes the side door
WINDOW with the POKER, as the glass violently shatters...

BACK TO:

27 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - PRESENT - DAY (D4) 27

Mikey corners Lydia by the fireplace, menacing.

MIKEY
You know I know how to cover up a
murder.

27 CONTINUED:

27

Lydia stares him down, afraid, in arm's reach of the poker.

PHYLLIS (PRE-LAP)

What do you think you're doing?

28 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - SAME

28

Dennis turns around to see Phyllis in front of him, filming.

DENNIS

Huh? What are you doing?

PHYLLIS

I'm documenting. We've had some ne'er do wells in this neighborhood. Gotta stay alert.

DENNIS

Oh, no, I'm a writer, not a fighter. I'm actually thinking about buying this house, so...

(to the dog)

Hey, buddy, how's it going--

Mr. Bojangles starts growling at Dennis.

PHYLLIS

(to the dog)

Stop it.

(then, to Dennis)

I'm sorry. He's a little racist.

DENNIS

Oh. Okay. I don't think dogs aren't born racist--

PHYLLIS

Oh he was. During Obama's second term I had to send him to sensitivity training.

DENNIS

I don't think it worked.

PHYLLIS

So, you're a writer, huh?

DENNIS

Well, yeah. I'm just finishing my second book--

PHYLLIS

That's a tough road. Especially if you want to live in a house like this.

DENNIS

Yeah. Yeah.

PHYLLIS

You ever met Dean Koontz?

Dennis's phone rings.

DENNIS

Sorry it's my realtor. Just gotta...

(picks up)

Hey, yo, hello!

(taken aback)

Wait, what?

PHYLLIS

What?

Off Dennis, shocked...

A miserable Paul and Greg sit next to each other. There are other INMATES sitting scattered throughout.

GREG

At least we know your plan would've worked.

Greg nods towards an evil looking MAN.

GREG (CONT'D)

What do you think he's in for?

The man menacingly stares in their direction.

PAUL

Well he's not a stereotype, he's a person. But I'd say double homicide.

GREG

If not triple.

Paul shifts to find a comfortable position. He closes his eyes. Another INMATE shouts unintelligibly. Paul tries to hide his fear.

GREG (CONT'D)

(re: the inmate)

He's slapping his head. He's slapping his own head.

PAUL

How does anybody stay sane in this place?

GREG

I wouldn't wish this on my worst enemy.... Tracy Gordon at Right Door Realty.

(then)

You must really hate your brother.

PAUL

I do. But I don't. It's half a century of shit. It's complicated.

GREG

Maybe you guys should talk it out.

PAUL

Says the guy whose been avoiding his husband for a week.

GREG

Excuse me, did I not break the silence today?

PAUL

To ask him to get us out of jail.

GREG

Communication is communication.

(to the Guard)

Are there snacks?

Carla enters to find Dennis angrily spraying the table.

CARLA

It's so quiet. Where's your mom?

DENNIS

Universal Studios.

CARLA

She went back?

DENNIS

She got the flex pass. So, yeah.

CARLA

You good?

DENNIS

I know you made an offer on that
Baldwin Hills house behind my back.

A small beat as Carla, caught, starts to stammer.

CARLA

Okay, I was gonna tell you, I just--

DENNIS

Keith said you that offered a million
dollars cash?! What-- Are you playing
scratchers behind my back? Where'd you
get that kind of money?

CARLA

(covering)

I've been working and saving my entire
life.

DENNIS

Yeah, me too. But married couples talk
about this kind of thing. You know,
usually they make decisions together.

CARLA

Okay well, well it's not usual to get
knocked up on your fourth date. Or get
married on your sixth. We haven't had
time to even--

DENNIS

We still gotta be honest with each
other!

CARLA

Okay, you want me to be honest?

DENNIS

Yeah!

CARLA

I don't want to live with your mom.

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

DENNIS

Okay, I was just trying to get the Los Feliz place. I thought that was the place we wanted.

CARLA

It is. It really is a dream home. Let's just do it without her help. Between my money and your money... we got this, right? Anytime you take handouts from family... it always ends up costing you in the end. Trust me.

DENNIS

Yeah, I respect that.

CARLA

And... you are about to finish your next best-selling book, right?

DENNIS

Almost done. Hopefully best-selling.

CARLA

(shaking her head)
M-hmm, not hopefully. I know. I believe in you.

They kiss. Off Dennis, inscrutable...

31 INT. CARLA & DENNIS'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 31

Dennis sits at his computer. He types. ON THE SCREEN, we see all he's typed is... "CHAPTER ONE." The rest of the page is BLANK. He scrolls down... it's BLANK PAGE after BLANK PAGE... because he hasn't written a word.

Off Dennis, full of shame...

32 EXT./INT. PAUL'S CAR - NIGHT (N4) 32

Paul pulls up outside the house, his phone to his ear.

MIKEY'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

Hey, leave a message.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)

Hey, Mikey. Give me a call. I think we should talk.

33 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - FOYER - SECONDS LATER 33

Paul enters to find Lydia standing there.

33

CONTINUED:

33

PAUL

Hey... Have I had a day...

LYDIA

I... killed your brother.

SMASH TO:

34

INT. MORGAN HOUSE - SECRET ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

34

Lydia and Paul stand over a very dead Mikey wrapped in their
BLOOD SOAKED RUG. Off Paul, speechless...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE