

NO GOOD DEED

"Off the Market"

Written by

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FADE IN:

1 INT. MODERN MCMANSION - PRIMARY BED- NIGHT- 3 YRS AGO (FBN1)

In the moonlight, MARGO holds out her ringed hand, sitting on her enormous bed in sexy lingerie. She looks... distraught.

MARGO

Please, I'm begging you. Don't go.
I can't live without you.

REVERSE on JD, flicking a toothpick. He wears a STETSON, jeans and a belt with a big METAL BUCKLE.

JD

(cowboy twang)

Well, darling. That bronco out there,
it ain't gonna ride itself.

Margo stands, strutting towards him.

MARGO

What about this bronco? Take me,
cowboy.

JD

I'll take you right now!

They collapse onto the bed, passionately kissing.

CRASH! A noise from downstairs. Margo and JD FREEZE.

MARGO

What was that?

They listen. Someone is in the house. JD gets up, starts off.

JD

Stay here. I got this.

He GRABS something. He DARTS out as...

SFX: LOUD PIERCING ALARM

2 INT. MODERN MCMANSION - KITCHEN - MORNING - PRESENT (D6)

2

JD rushes in to find Margo on a stool, waving a cookie sheet at the SMOKE ALARM. It STOPS BEEPING. JD looks into the oven, surprised, as Margo climbs off the stool.

JD

You're baking? I thought you were
Celiac.

2 CONTINUED: 2

Margo picks up a now empty Pillsbury biscuit can.

MARGO

Those aren't for me, silly. I'm making "homemade" biscuits for Lydia and Paul. You know-- butter them up, seal the deal on the house.

JD

You really think they'll sell to us?

MARGO

The woman practically killed me. I'd say she owes me.

Margo "limps" to the counter, slips on a pair of oven mitts.

3 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - PRIMARY BEDROOM - MORNING 3

LYDIA, eyes open, lies in bed wearing Jacob's DODGERS CAP. Her make-up from the night before is smudged and smeared.

MIKEY (O.C.)

(muffled, through wall)

Jesus, it's a fucking sauna in here! You gonna keep me prisoner forever, asshole?

PAUL (O.C.)

Keep calling me asshole and you'll find out!

Lydia takes a beat, listening to them argue... then gets up.

4 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - JACOB'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 4

PAUL, weirdly giddy, waves a blow dryer over his recent spackle job. Lydia ENTERS, still wearing the Dodgers cap. We sense lingering tension between she and Paul.

PAUL

Talk to the spiders! You fucking dick.

MIKEY (O.C.)

Fuck you!

LYDIA

I need to shower. Can I have my dryer or are you too busy entombing your brother?

Paul turns it off, yanks the plug out and hands it to her.

PAUL

All done.

MIKEY (O.C.)

Lydia? Is that you? Lydia, let me out,
come on! Please.

Paul shushes her, then flashes her his PHONE, smiling. We SEE
a RING CAMERA VIEW of SWEATY MIKEY in the secret room.

PAUL

I got him! He's trapped.

Mikey stands with his ear to the door, looking vulnerable.

MIKEY (O.C .)

I'm not a monster, I'm an addict.

Lydia takes this in, troubled.

PAUL

Shut up!

Paul, with delight, watches Mikey punch the air in
frustration. Lydia watches Paul...

MIKEY (O.C.)

People are looking for me, Paul.

PAUL

Oh bullshit.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

And they will find me.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Behind a sealed wall? Good luck,
shithead.

MIKEY (O.C.)

You don't know these guys, man.
They're hunters. Especially when
they're owed money. If they don't
find me, they'll find you.

PAUL

Ooh. I'm *so* scared.

LYDIA

(low, to Paul)

Actually, that does sound scary.

PAUL

No, no. He's full of shit. Where'd that hat come from?

LYDIA

Margo found it. It belonged to Jacob. I think he wanted me to have it.

PAUL

He talkin' through baseball caps now?

LYDIA

You can be a real prick, you know?

PAUL

What? It's a legitimate question.

LYDIA

No, the legitimate question is when did you become such a full-on psychopath?! How long are you going to leave him plastered in the wall, Paul?

PAUL

(sotto)

What do you want me to do? He has evidence on us. Trust me, the only way he'll give it up is if he thinks he's gonna die in there.

(to Mikey)

You're gonna die in there!

MIKEY (O.C.)

Fuck you!

LYDIA

Paul, he's a father! Think of Nate.

PAUL

I hid some water in there. He'll be fine.

LYDIA

(sarcastically)

Okay, yeah.

He starts collecting his tools. Lydia watches, sad.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Jesus, what happened to us? We used to be so normal. We went to Costco, we played Boggle, we had friends...

(MORE)

4

CONTINUED: (3)

4

LYDIA (CONT'D)
a few friends we could tolerate.
How is this our life?

PAUL
I don't know. Ask the hat.

He EXITS. Off Lydia...

PRE-LAP: *HOME SWEET HOME* by Mötley Crüe plays

MAIN TITLES: NO GOOD DEED

5

EXT. LOS FELIZ STREET/INT. LESLIE'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

5

The song continues as we ZOOM along a pretty, ONE-WAY street with a car. As the music fades, we go inside the vehicle... with an upbeat SARAH (dressed in SCRUBS) and LESLIE. Sarah cranes her neck to look at the trees as she drives.

SARAH
It's gonna be so nice to take walks
on this street with our little
bambino.

Leslie knocks on the dashboard.

LESLIE
Knock on wood.

SARAH
I don't even need to. I feel positive.
Probably 'cause I deleted my social
media apps. Including Citizen.

LESLIE
Oh, excuse me Major Growth. Captain
Impressed, reporting for duty.

SARAH
Right? I don't need to know every
time a French bulldog gets
kidnapped at gunpoint. How does
that help?

LESLIE
It doesn't.

Leslie pops her lips and looks out the window, absently.

SARAH

Okay, you're doing the thing with your lip that you do when you're hiding something.

LESLIE

(lip pop)
What thing?

SARAH

(lip pop)
That thing.

LESLIE

Fine. I might've found out how the boy in the house died.

SARAH

Lydia's son?

LESLIE

I didn't tell you before because I thought you might get upset--

LESLIE (CONT'D)

--because he was murdered.

SARAH

--Yeah, I don't want to know.

SARAH (CONT'D)

He was murdered?! Why did you just tell me that?!

LESLIE

I thought you were asking me to!

SARAH

I was asking you not to!

LESLIE

Okay, it's an unsolved murder from three years ago--

SARAH

It was unsolved?!

LESLIE

It's in the past. I'm sure a lot of Indigenous People were also murdered on the block if it helps.

SARAH

What kind of sick fuck would I be if that helped?

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

LESLIE
The kind I love?

The car suddenly stops.

SARAH
Oh god... that's a bad sign.

REVEAL the Morgan's front lawn... The FOR SALE sign is gone.

6 EXT. LOS FELIZ STREET - MORGAN HOUSE - DAY

6

PULL OUT to find JD and a stunned Margo staring at the same view from the other side of the street. Margo holds a basket of biscuits. (**In the b.g. we see Leslie's parked car.**)

MARGO
Where is the "For Sale" sign?

JD
That can't be good.

7 INT. LESLIE'S CAR - SAME

7

SARAH
It's definitely not good.

LESLIE
Let's not assume the worst. We would've heard if it sold.

8 EXT. LOS FELIZ STREET - MORGAN HOUSE - SAME

8

MARGO
There's no way it sold. I told Lydia we wanted it yesterday.

JD
What other explanation is there?

9 INT. LESLIE'S CAR - SAME

9

LESLIE
Maybe they took it down after they read our letter.

SARAH
Yeah, but then wouldn't Greg have said something?

10 EXT. LOS FELIZ STREET - MORGAN HOUSE - SAME 10

MARGO

I can't believe that bitch didn't say anything.

JD

It's fine. Maybe this is the sign we needed.

MARGO

For what?

11 INT. LESLIE'S CAR - SAME 11

SARAH

That it isn't meant to be.

LESLIE

What happened to feeling so positive?

SARAH

It got snuffed out by a child's unsolved murder. I mean Lydia did look pretty haunted the other day.

12 EXT. LOS FELIZ STREET - MORGAN HOUSE - SAME 12

JD

To be honest, I've been thinking about maybe shaking up the 'ole career. Trying something new.

MARGO

What? Like streaming?

JD

Like moving back to my hometown.

MARGO

(horrified)
Oklahoma?

13 INT. LESLIE'S CAR - SAME 13

LESLIE

You can't be serious.

SARAH

You have to admit the brother-in-law who answered the door was creepy.

13

CONTINUED:

13

LESLIE

Extremely. But this is our dream home,
and we can't let a little murder get
in the way of that.

SARAH

You're right.

They PULL AWAY just as PHYLLIS passes, her dogs yipping at
her feet. We stay with Phyllis as she crosses the street...

14

EXT. LOS FELIZ STREET - MORGAN HOUSE - SAME

14

JD

That's why they call it the great
plains, it's just wide open spaces...

... where JD walks with Margo and her biscuits. One of
Phyllis's dogs runs up and aggressively sniffs him.

JD (CONT'D)

Wow, Mr. Bojangles-- Easy, boy. Hi,
Phyllis.

PHYLLIS

Come on, Mister B, let's go.

JD catches up to Margo, now walking up the front path.

JD

Margo! Margo, what are you doing?

MARGO

I'll tell you what I'm NOT doing. I
am not giving up on your dream
house.

She reaches the front door.

JD

What about Possum's Hollow?

MARGO

Fuck Possum's Hollow.

JD

It's a beautiful place...

She punches the DOORBELL.

15 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - STAIRWELL - SAME 15

DING DONG. Paul carries his toolbox down. Lydia appears at the top of the stairs. They both freeze.

PAUL
We expecting anyone?

LYDIA
Not for the house. I told Greg to take the sign down.

PAUL
Of course you did.

Before Lydia can react, we HEAR Mikey shout through the wall.

MIKEY (O.C.)
I need to go to the bathroom!

PAUL
That's what the bucket's for!

We HEAR the sound of a metal bucket being kicked.

SFX: DING DONG! DING DONG! DING DONG!

PAUL (CONT'D)
Jesus. Who the hell is that?

16 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - SAME 16

Margo holds her thumb on the DOORBELL.

MARGO
Where the hell are they? I know they're in there. I hear clanging.

JD
I don't know...

17 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - FOYER - SAME 17

Paul and Lydia crouch in the foyer, hiding.

LYDIA
You don't think it could be one of Mikey's... friends, do you?

PAUL
I doubt they ring doorbells. It's probably one of those solar panel people. They're relentless.
(MORE)

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17 CONTINUED: 17

PAUL (CONT'D)
(uncertainty leaking)
Either way-- when they leave, we do.
Be nice to get some fresh air.

18 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - SAME 18

A frustrated Margo turns away and storms off, her "limp" forgotten. As JD trails behind...

JD
Okay, now where are you going?

MARGO
Just follow my lead.

JD
Do you have a script I can follow?
'Cause you know improv's never been my
strong suit...

19 EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - LATER - DAY 19

Birds chirp, as the sun soaks through the trees...

LYDIA (O.C.)
So, what? Our plan is to let Mikey
decompose in the walls while we hide
in the woods forever?

20 EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - DAY 20

Lydia and Paul sit at a picnic table surrounded by gorgeous city views, including Dodger Stadium. Paul digs into some YUCA'S TACOS while Lydia picks at her plate.

PAUL
We're not hiding, we're having tacos
and enjoying some peace and quiet.

Lydia frowns, then takes in the scenery...

LYDIA
(wistful)
Jacob would've loved this view. You
can see the stadium so clearly.

PAUL
Yeah.

Paul, not engaging, tips back a BEER and takes a GIANT swig. Lydia watches at him... then notices something and GASPS.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(alarmed, spitting beer)
What?

LYDIA
That guy. He just proposed!

Paul turns to see a YOUNG COUPLE, seated on a nearby bench. They are passionately making out. Paul looks disgusted.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Aww, they're so young and in love--

PAUL
Alright, talk to me in a few years when those hands are around each other's necks.

Beat.

LYDIA
Do you even like me anymore?

PAUL
What?

LYDIA
It's a legitimate question.

PAUL
Come on, why would you ask that?

LYDIA
Because everything I say or do seems to really annoy you. You've been dismissive and--

PAUL
(dismissive)
--Can you take a day off from breaking my balls, please? I just wanna relax--

WOMAN (O.C.)
--Shut. The. Fuck. Up.

REVEAL a "surprised" Margo, in an outfit decidedly not for hiking, complete with HEELED BOOTS, followed by an awkwardly grinning JD.

MARGO
Are you kidding me? Hi!

LYDIA
Oh my gosh! Hello!

PAUL
(unenthusiastically)
Whoa. How about that.

MARGO
This is IN-sane. We were literally
just talking about you guys, isn't
that right, JD?

JD
(badly improvising)
Indeed, indeed!

MARGO
What are the odds we'd run into our
neighbors here? Maybe the universe is
trying to tell us something.

PAUL
(half-joking)
That we need to move to a bigger
city?

JD
Too true! Haha!

MARGO
Is that the plan? 'Cause we noticed
the 'for sale' sign was down and I was
like, gosh, I hope my girl Lydia
didn't accept an offer and not tell
me.

No, no.

PAUL

LYDIA
We took it off the market for
a beat.

PAUL (CONT'D)
No, but it's still for sale.

JD
Having second thoughts?

Maybe.

LYDIA

PAUL
I'm not.

Paul visibly tenses. Margo clocks it.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Do you guys hike here often?

No. Never--

JD

MARGO
Oh, yeah--

MARGO (CONT'D)

I mean, just on special occasions.
(not skipping a beat)
It's my birthday!

LYDIA

Oh!

JD

It is? I thought it was--

Margo slaps his arm "playfully."

MARGO

Stop! He always "pretends" not to
remember. It's pretty funny.

JD

Guilty! No short term memory
whatsoever! Just shot!

LYDIA

Oh. Well... happy birthday!

JD

It's a big day.

MARGO

Thank you. It's a big one.
Thirty-three!

Margo feigns "horror." Lydia and Paul cover their surprise.

LYDIA

Oh! You're just a baby.

PAUL

So young.

MARGO

Well, we don't want to interrupt your
picnic. Unless you want some company?

LYDIA

Actually, we were just heading
back... happy birthday!

MARGO

Aww, thank you.

(to JD)

You know what? I should run back to
the ladies real quick. You know me
and my baby bladder!

Margo trots off.

LYDIA

Haha, bye.

20

CONTINUED: (4)

20

JD

Indeed, indeed. Small world, huh?
Until they lose your luggage.

PAUL

Yeah...

21

INT. LESLIE'S CAR/EXT. STREET - DRIVING - DAY

21

Leslie pulls to the curb beside a MEDICAL BUILDING. Sarah
stares out the window, distracted.

LESLIE

Here ya go! Curbside delivery.
(puckering up)
Don't forget to tip your driver.

Sarah smiles faintly, gives her a kiss.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

You okay? Vibe check?

SARAH

Good, good.

LESLIE

'Cause vibes matter.

SARAH

Uh-huh.

LESLIE

All Vibes Matter?

SARAH

Nope.

Sarah EXITS the car.

LESLIE

I love you.

SARAH

I love you.

As Leslie pulls away, Sarah immediately pulls out her phone
and RELOADS the CITIZEN APP. She starts typing.

CLOSE ON her PHONE: "Long shot. Anyone know anything about
the unsolved murder on Derby three years ago?"

21 CONTINUED:

21

She hits send and almost immediately gets a PING response from MRS.BOJANGLES123: "I know everything. What do you want to know?"

OFF SARAH'S surprised face...

PAUL (PRE-LAP)

What the fuck is this?

22 EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - PARKING LOT - DAY

22

Paul crouches by their car's front tire. It's FLAT. We catch a momentary FLASH of what looks like a SMALL LIGHT PINK ACRYLIC PINKY NAIL amidst the pavement.

PAUL

Someone slashed our tires.

Paul stands.

LYDIA

It's a city park. We probably just ran over glass or something.

PAUL

On both tires?

(checking his phone)

Aaand my phone has no reception, great.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out another phone. It has six "missed calls" from NATE.

LYDIA

Do you have a second phone?

PAUL

It's Mikey's.

LYDIA

--Oh my god. Mikey's guys! Maybe they slashed the tires!

Lydia starts to freak out. Paul remains calm.

PAUL

Okay, okay. Let's not jump to any conclusions. In fact...

("checks" tires again)

In fact, you know what? Now that I look at it-- Yeah. It's glass. You're right.

22

CONTINUED:

22

LYDIA
Stop placating me.

PAUL
No, it's a very glassy area. It
looks like people come here just to
break bottles. C'mon, let's find
better reception and call a tow
truck.

As Lydia moves off, Paul furtively scans the parking lot.
Paul checks to make sure Lydia isn't looking, then QUICKLY
LOBS MIKEY'S PHONE INTO THE CANYON...

23

INT. LESLIE'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

23

Leslie drives. There's an open box from LEVAIN next to her
and a cookie in her mouth. Suddenly, we HEAR a text PING.

On CarPlay, we see it's from GREG THE REALTOR.

LESLIE
(eyes widen, to phone)
Hey Siri. Read text.

AUTOMATED SIRI VOICE (V.O.)
Greg the Realtor said: Hey, doll.
Sorry for delay. Was in sensory
deprivation chamber. Bad news, house
is off market. Good news, only because
Mr. Morgan's brother died very
suddenly, so...

Leslie stops chewing. Huh?

AUTOMATED SIRI VOICE (V.O.)
...Should be back in biz soon. Ta!

Leslie throws her cookie back in the box.

LESLIE
(to phone, with energy)
Hey Siri, call Greg Realtor.

24

INT. MODERN MCMANSION - GREAT ROOM - DAY

24

JD mixes a cocktail at the BAR.

JD
Everyone ok with tequila?

REVERSE on Paul and Lydia, sitting on an enormous cream couch
looking awkward and small. Paul checks his phone...

LYDIA PAUL
Sure! Good for me.

JAZZY MUSIC suddenly starts playing through hidden speakers.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
I can't believe you agreed to come
to their house.

PAUL
What could I say? They gave us a
ride. And it's her birthday.

LYDIA
Yeah, thirty-three.

PAUL
Would you rather be there?

He shows Lydia his phone. We see a bedraggled looking Mikey
through the RING CAMERA. His head is over the bucket.

LYDIA
At least he's using the bucket.

Just then, Paul's phone PINGS with an ALARM NOTIFICATION from
his iCal. It reads "SEX".

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Wow. You still have our sex alarm?

PAUL
You know me, I never delete
anything.

LYDIA
Guess we've missed a few.

PAUL
It's been three years.

The surprise of this registers with Lydia. A silent beat as
they both sit in the sadness of why, until...

JD (O.C.)
Alrighty! Who wants a Margo-rita?

REVEAL JD with a tray of drinks. Margo ENTERS from the other
room. She's now dressed in a sexy bathing suit and cover up.

MARGO
This gal does.

LYDIA
(re: her outfit)

Wow.

Paul and Lydia smile politely as JD passes out drinks.

JD
Careful, they're a bit spicy. Much
like the señorita they're named
after.

MARGO
You would know... Come here.

She laughs then kisses JD with tongue. Paul and Lydia look
away uncomfortably until they're done.

MARGO (CONT'D)
Anyone interested in some hot tub
action?

JD
I believe I'll stay on dry land.

MARGO
Lydia? Paul? Lil' soak with the
birthday girl?

LYDIA
Sorry. I'm gonna pass.

MARGO
Boo. Paul?
(jiggling her breasts)
Come on, you know you want to. Come
on, *please*...

PAUL
(hesitates, then)
Alright. What the hell.

Margo stretches out her fingers and yanks him up.

JD
Careful, no life guard on duty.

LYDIA
Yeah, be careful.

OFF Lydia, unsettled...

25 INT. LESLIE'S CAR/EXT. STREET - DAY

25

Leslie waits as a tired-looking Sarah ENTERS the car. She notices the box of cookies and immediately perks up.

SARAH
Yay! Cookies!

LESLIE
And, I spoke to Greg and we're still in the running! They just took the house off the market for a sec to deal with some family mishegoss.

SARAH
Mishegoss? Huh. Did he mention what kind of mishegoss?

LESLIE
He uh... what did he say... (pop)

SARAH
(re: her lips)
You know exactly what he said!

LESLIE
There may have been a death in the family. Of a creepy someone. We met yesterday.

SARAH
The brother-in-law is dead?!

LESLIE
And I may have looked him up and found out he's a convicted felon who might have been thrown in jail three years ago which does line up exactly with--

LESLIE (CONT'D) SARAH
Jacob's murder. I think Lydia killed him!

LESLIE (CONT'D)
What?! Jacob?

SARAH
No. The brother-in-law.

LESLIE
What are you talking about?

SARAH
I may have reloaded the Citizen app.

LESLIE
Of course you did.

SARAH
And there may be a neighbor who sent me a video of Lydia maybe attacking the brother-in-law.

Sarah flashes HER PHONE with a BOOMERANG of Phyllis's video of Dennis with Lydia bashing Mikey in the background.

LESLIE
(confused)
Did the neighbor make it a boomerang?

SARAH
(nods)
And she may have also told me she has proof that Jacob's murder was an inside job.

LESLIE
Because Paul the husband has a gun?

SARAH
What?!

LESLIE
Okay, I may have been snooping and saw him hide a gun in that piano that mysteriously disappeared...

SARAH
Oh my god! Wait. You don't think--

LESLIE
Paul killed their son! What?! Lydia killed the son! What?!

SARAH (CONT'D)

Paul, drink in hand, in the hot tub with Margo.

PAUL
God, this feels good. I could really use one of these babies.

MARGO
You and Lydia should get one.

PAUL
That'll never happen. She *hates* anything to do with water--hot tubs, pools, beaches--

26

CONTINUED:

26

MARGO

Beaches? How does anyone hate a beach?

PAUL

I love the beach, she prefers mountains. So that's where we go.

MARGO

Well, that's no fair. You should get to do stuff you like to do, too.

PAUL

I agree.

She eyes Paul's almost-finished drink.

MARGO

Another Margo-rita? Or is it too spicy for you?

PAUL

(holding out his glass)
It's not too spicy for me. Bring it on.

As Margo refills his glass...

27

INT. MODERN MCMANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT - SAME

27

JD and Lydia stand at the counter smiling at each other politely. An awkward beat, then:

JD

Still can't believe we ended up at the park together. Hope you don't think we were stalking you! Haha.

LYDIA

Well, I didn't until you just said that.

(off JD's concern)

No, I'm kidding.

JD

(covering)
Right!

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Can I help you with anything?

JD (CONT'D)

No, no, I'm good. I just popped some arancini in the ol' air fryer so, we're covered.

LYDIA

I love that you cook. Paul can't even crack an egg.

JD

Is that so? I got really into it, I portrayed a blind chef in this Hallmark movie. *Love at First Bite*. Maybe you saw it?

LYDIA

No.

JD

Anyhow, I actually got to where I could decorate a cake just looking off to one side.

He demonstrates.

LYDIA

Yeah... oh, uh-huh, 'cause I believe that you're blind and yet I know that you're not, so...

JD mimes cutting the cake.

JD

You see, now I'm cutting it...

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. Look at that. Good...

As JD continues to demonstrate...

LYDIA (CONT'D)

What's that, mime?

JD

(pretending to taste)

It's vanilla. See, taste is very important when you're sight impaired.

LYDIA

Wow... that's impressive.

JD

Right! Yeah, thank you. Anyhow, I actually used to cook a lot more, I just kinda stopped...

LYDIA

How come?

JD

I don't know. Harper got older,
Margo's vegan after 2pm, and, uh...
yeah, we barely eat together
anymore.

(then, nostalgic)

I don't know what happened, it was
such a simple thing. Wish I could
get it back.

LYDIA

I know what you mean.

The air fryer BEEPS.

JD

Okay. Should we dig into those balls?
Excuse me, the rice balls-- the
arancini.

LYDIA

I knew what you meant.

JD

Okay. Sorry.

LYDIA

I'm not gonna cancel you.

JD laughs nervously.

JD

I know, everyone's so worried about
that... Okay.

Margo and Paul sit closer together now. They're laughing.

MARGO

To be fair, she hates everyone on
the block.

PAUL

Oh yeah, if Phyllis had her
druthers we'd all be dead and she'd
rule the street with that stupid
dog, Mr. Jumanji or whatever the
fuck his name is--

MARGO

--Bojangles! Mr. Bojangles.

PAUL

Bojangles! Yeah that makes more sense. Because he's such a great dancer. I see it.

Margo laughs hysterically, putting a hand on Paul's shoulder.

MARGO

I'm having a great time. Are you?

PAUL

(as Groucho Marx)

I've had a perfectly wonderful evening but this wasn't it.

MARGO

Who's that?

PAUL

That's Groucho. The Marx brothers?

MARGO

Oh, okay. I think my grandpa liked them.

PAUL

Oh, your grandpa. I get it. I'm old. Thank you.

MARGO

That's okay. I like old things.

PAUL

Well, go fuck yourself.

MARGO

Okay. Wanna watch?

The tone shifts. Paul moves away from Margo.

PAUL

Actually, you know what, I think I'm gonna get out.

MARGO

What, no, okay, come on, it was just a bad joke--

PAUL

No, no, I know.

MARGO (CONT'D)

I was kidding.

PAUL (CONT'D)

No it's not that, I'm just... it's hot, I've been in here for--

MARGO

Shit, I'm sorry--

He starts to get out. Margo punches the water, frustrated.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Shit! We were having so much fun. And then I ruined it.

PAUL

You didn't. It's fine. Really--

MARGO

--It's not fine. Okay? I'm a mess.
(gets emotional)

I don't know what's going on with me lately, I just... I barely recognize myself anymore. Or JD. It's like, I'm not even married to the same person. And because he's depressed, I'm depressed. And then I have to act like I'm not depressed because then he'll get more depressed and... I honestly don't know what he would do.

PAUL

Sorry. That sounds rough.

MARGO

I know I'm only thirty-three, but I'm so tired.

(stares off, vulnerable)

And I want to my marriage to work, I want it to last, but... I don't know, sometimes I just want a break.

OFF PAUL, taking this in...

JD sits at the PINK PIANO mid-performance of Elton John's "Your Song." Lydia stands next to him, swaying gently.

JD
(sings/plays)
...IT'S A LITTLE BIT FUNNY/THIS
FEELING INSIDE/I'M NOT ONE OF THOSE
WHO CAN EASILY HIDE/I DON'T HAVE MUCH
MONEY/MARGO SPENDS LIKE A FOOL/AND WE
GOT HARPER IN PRIVATE SCHOOL/BUT BOY
IF I DID/I'D BUY A BIG HOUSE WHERE--
(flubs chord, stuck)
--WE BOTH COULD... LIVE...? I got
lost.

Lydia reflexively steps in, playing the transition. JD sings.

JD (CONT'D)
... AND YOU CAN TELL EVERYBODY/THIS IS
YOUR SONG...

Lydia's hands start shaking. She quickly pulls them away.

JD (CONT'D)
No! Keep going! It sounded great!

LYDIA
(lying)
I forgot it.

JD
It was wonderful!

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Where'd you learn?

JD (CONT'D)
I taught myself as a gift for my
first wife. She loved Elton. And
Miguel. Her tango teacher.

LYDIA
Oh, that's a tough pill. I didn't
realize you were married before.

JD
Yeah. Twice. The first one only
lasted six months. We were pretty
young and not that smart. But I was
married to Harp's mom for thirteen.

LYDIA
Years?

JD
Months. Harp's actually with her
mom this week.
(confessing)
(MORE)

JD (CONT'D)

You know, I don't mean to put you on the spot, but Margo and I have kinda been working through some stuff and I don't know what I'm gonna do.

LYDIA

(feigns ignorance)

Well, whatever it is, I'm sure you guys are gonna find your way.

JD nods... then scoots over on the piano bench.

JD

Okay. Your turn, Miss Philharmonic. Dazzle me.

LYDIA

No. I-- I can't, really.

JD

Please! Sure you can.

LYDIA

I really can't.

(admitting, vulnerable)

I haven't been able to since my son died.

To her surprise, JD starts to cry.

JD

I'm so sorry, Lydia.

Lydia joins him on the bench, consoling him.

LYDIA

Oh. Gosh. What's happening? No, it's okay.

JD

--No, it's not.

LYDIA

It's not, but...

JD

Margo and I were here that night. We heard the robber in the house...

30 INT. MODERN MCMANSION - STAIRCASE - NIGHT - 3 YRS AGO (FBN1)

It's dark. We find JD, dressed as he was in the first scene. He carries SOMETHING we can't quite make out in his hand. He makes his way toward us, then peeks around a corner.

Downstairs, we see a dark figure in a HOODIE pointing a flashlight around. JD sprints past camera...

SMASH TO:

A31 INT. MODERN MCMANSION - UTILITY CLOSET - NIGHT - 3 YRS AGO

JD hides in a corner, terrified. We now can see the object he's holding... a SOAP OPERA DIGEST AWARD.

JD (V.O.)

And what I did was... I hid. In the closet.

31 INT. MODERN MCMANSION - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT (N6) 31

JD and Lydia appear, as before...

JD

I could've stopped him but I wasn't man enough. I was scared and that's not right.

Lydia looks at JD with tenderness, sadness and guilt.

LYDIA

No, you didn't do anything wrong.

JD

We own a gun. It was right there. And I hate myself for not using it.

LYDIA

You would hate yourself *more* if you had. Trust me.

As JD continues to be emotional...

JD

Excuse me. I'm sorry.

LYDIA

No, it's okay.

JD

I mean the song was bad enough...

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31 CONTINUED: 31

Lydia laughs and hugs him, and he hugs her back.

32 EXT. LOS FELIZ HOUSE - FRONT GATE - NIGHT 32

Leslie and Sarah approach an unfamiliar house.

LESLIE

We sure we want go down this rabbit hole?

SARAH

We're already down it, Alice. There's no going back.

We hear BARKING as... the iron entry gate opens to REVEAL Phyllis, holding a thick folder.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Mrs. Bojangles?

PHYLLIS

Call me Phyllis.

(re: folder)

Get ready to have your minds blown.

33 As Phyllis beckons them, we see the folder is labeled 33
"MORGAN." As Leslie and Sarah enter the house...

34 INT. MODERN MCMANSION - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT 34

Margo, now dressed in an expensive Alexander Wang sweat suit, gathers empty glasses.

JD

That was actually kinda fun. I really like Lydia.

MARGO

Paul was a bore. Full snooze. But I think I might've convinced him to sell us the house.

JD

How?

MARGO

Just told him what he wanted to hear.

We see this briefly register with JD, then:

JD

It looks like you lost a nail.

34 CONTINUED: 34

Margo checks her hand. Her LIGHT PINK PINKY NAIL is gone.

MARGO
Must've come off in the hot tub.

She EXITS.

JD
Remind me to get it out of the filter
tomorrow.

OFF JD, inscrutable...

35 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT 35

We hear the DOOR CLOSE as Paul and Lydia ENTER. Paul tosses his keys in a bowl as Lydia hangs her jacket on a hook.

PAUL
So, what could you have possibly
been talking about with that guy
all night?

LYDIA
He's an actor, he talked about
himself the whole time. What about
you and Margo?

PAUL
Eh, I did my Groucho Marx
impression and she claimed not to
know who he was.

LYDIA
Come on.

PAUL
Yeah, I can't put my finger on it,
but there's something off about
her.

LYDIA
Uh, yeah. Like her age? Thirty-
three? My ass.

PAUL
Yeah, right? I know! I was like,
come on sweetheart, you are not
fooling anyone.

LYDIA
Except her husband.

35

CONTINUED:

35

PAUL
(as JD)
Indeed! Indeed!

They both cackle with laughter.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Wanna hear something nuts? She offered
me two hundred over asking for the
house.

LYDIA
She did? What did you say?

PAUL
I told her you'd rather light the
house on fire than sell it to her.

LYDIA
You did not.

PAUL
I did not. But I did tell her that I'm
gonna leave the deciding up to you.

LYDIA
Thank you.

Lydia, touched, reaches for his hand... then pulls him in for
a kiss. It's sweet, then quickly builds in passion...

SMASH TO:

36

INT. MORGAN HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

36

Paul and Lydia making out against the staircase, taking their
clothes off. Just as things get hot... DING DONG!

PAUL
Fuck me.

Lydia pulls him back in.

LYDIA
Ignore it.

But the DING DONGS persists. Paul tosses his shirt and
crosses to peak out the front window.

PAUL
Oh, shit. It's a cop.

LYDIA

A cop? Why would the cops be here?

PAUL

I don't know!

Paul cautiously approaches the front door. He opens it.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Everything okay, officer?

The COP turns and smiles.

COP

Hey Uncle Paul.

PAUL

(weak smile)

Hey Nate.

OFF this UNEXPECTED TWIST we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE