

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

NO GOOD DEEDS

Episode #111 - "Leftovers"

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**ACT ONE**

EXT. BANANA SUPPORT CENTER - EVENING

Roy and Ernest exit their office building.

DONALD

I don't even care who's playing. I just love seeing those cheerleaders when the team scores a field goal.

Roy rolls his eyes as they pass by a homeless man begging for money or food. Ernest appears and points back at the man.

ERNEST

When's the last time you gave to the needy?

DONALD

You're gonna love this new recipe I have for goulash.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Roy sits on his fold out couch where he sleeps and watches the 3rd quarter of the game. His plate of goulash is on his knee almost untouched.

DONALD

You don't like it?

Roy looks at his plate.

ROY

No, it's good. I guess I just don't have an apatite.

Donald frowns and watches the game, pretending not to be offended. Ernest appears.

ERNEST

I bet that homeless man you ignored earlier would love to eat that big plate of food.

Roy forks the food around, ashamed.

ACT TWO

EXT. BANANA SUPPORT CENTER - MORNING

Roy walks to the area he had seen the homeless man the day before.

ROY  
I don't think he's here anymore.  
Maybe he moved on.

Ernest appears.

ERNEST  
(Sarcastic)  
Oh, well then I guess you are  
satisfied-at least you tried,  
right?

Roy turns back to look for the man and goes down an alleyway a few steps. He hears stirring inside a cardboard box with trash and old sheets on the ground all around.

ROY  
H-hello? Sir?

The box moves aggressively and the man lifts a loose flap and looks out.

HOMELESS MAN  
What in the world?

Roy takes a step back when the man comes out of the box, defensive. Roy holds up the sacked lunch.

ROY  
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to startle  
you. I-I just wanted to drop off  
some food for you this morning.

The man narrows his eyes then snatches the sacked lunch out of Roy's hand. The man opens the sack and looks inside.

ROY (CONT'D)  
It's goulash-

HOMELESS MAN  
Goulash?

The man takes the container out of the box and inspects the contents. He takes the lid off of the container and sniffs.

ROY  
I heated it up before I left the  
hou-

HOMELESS MAN  
Where's the fork? You spec me to  
eat goosploosh without no utensil?

Roy looks to the man, speechless.

ROY  
I'm sorry, I didn't think of that.

HOMELESS MAN  
Psh.

The man turns around and climbs back into his box. Roy turns  
and goes back up the alley.

ERNEST  
He'll probably thank you later.

Ernest disappears.

INT. BANANA SUPPORT CENTER - MORNING

Roy stops by Donald's office to collect the cash for their  
pick-up lunch.

DONALD  
I can't believe you gave all that  
leftover goulash to a homeless guy.

Donald shakes his head.

DONALD (CONT'D)  
I left it all for you cause I know  
you like the mushrooms.

Roy shrugs.

ROY  
I felt bad after we saw him  
yesterday. He looked hungry.

Roy looks at his friend.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Plus, I've told you a hundred times  
I don't like mushrooms. You like  
mushrooms.

Donald considers his words.

DONALD  
Right. How much was it for lunch?

ROY  
\$5.57.

Donald holds out a ten dollar bill.

DONALD  
I want an extra pickle wedge.

Roy takes the money.

**ACT THREE**

INT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

Roy enters the café and stands in line at the counter. He smiles to a cute girl who looks away immediately.

ROY  
(To himself)  
Okay.

Roy frowns and looks up at the TV. A lady anchor is standing outside Roy's office building.

NEWS ANCHOR  
An ambulance just left the Banana Support Center with a homeless man in need of a stomach pump.

The anchor points back behind her into the alley.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
The man received food sometime this morning from an individual he claims tried to break into his box.

The anchor touches her ear.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
I'm getting word we are receiving a statement from the Sheriff.

The TV switches over to show a Sheriff.

SHERIFF  
At this point, we have a pretty good idea this man was poisoned by food he was given this morning.

The police officer points at the camera.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)  
You gotta be one sick, sick dude to poison a man when he's already down on his luck.

The officer shakes his head.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)  
The victim was able to give us a full description of the perp and we are following a few leads.

The officer is handed a piece of paper from off camera. He holds up the sketch that clearly resembles Roy. The camera zooms into the sheet of paper. Roy looks around the room.

ERNEST

They made your forehead too small.

Roy leaves the café in a rush.

**END**