



UNIVERSAL CABLE PRODUCTIONS

OLIVE FOREVER

“Pilot”

Written by

Brian Duffield

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Universal Cable Productions
10 Universal City Plaza
Bldg. 1440, 34th Floor
Universal City, CA 91608

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INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A boring, dimpled ceiling.

A mid-thirties Police Officer - we'll call him **OFFICER JAMES** because that's his name - enters the room, holding a coke.

OFFICER JAMES
Got you that coke.

OLIVE, 17, takes her eyes off the ceiling.

OLIVE
When did you get your ear pierced?

OFFICER JAMES
What? Oh-

He touches his ear. The *faint* dimple of a closed piercing.

OFFICER JAMES (CONT'D)
When I was seventeen and dumb.

OLIVE
Was it a little hoop?

OFFICER JAMES
(covered in shame)
It was a diamond.

OLIVE
Ew.

OFFICER JAMES
I know. Diamonds are bad news.

OLIVE
I'm seventeen and I know that.

OFFICER JAMES
How do you like it?

OLIVE
Seventeen or diamonds?

OFFICER JAMES
Your "ew" when I said "diamond"
filled me in enough on that
subject. How do you like seventeen?

OLIVE
Jury is out and deliberating as we
speak.

Her arms are behind her chair. She doesn't move them as he pops open her coke.

JAMES
Ah, your straw.

He reveals a straw, puts it in. She smiles.

OLIVE
You know how much bacteria is on
the rim of a coke can?

JAMES
Mmm, no I don't.

Olive sips. Doesn't use her hands. Still behind her chair.

OLIVE
An assload.

JAMES
Oh. I thought you were going to
give a number.

OLIVE
I mean, I've never counted them one
by one. Assload just feels
accurate. And it's fun to say.

Some of her hair falls over an eye. With a puff, she shoots
it back over her ear.

James opens a file.

JAMES
So, Olive. Quite the night, huh?

OLIVE
Not too different from any other
night. Except this one has me in an
interrogation room with Officer
James. That sounds like the start
of a bad porno, doesn't it? It's
weird how novelty stripper police
uniforms and real ones aren't that
different, right?

Officer James is having a hard time keeping up. Which is
usual for anyone interacting with Olive.

JAMES
I would guess the same company
probably makes both uniforms-

OLIVE

Nope.

JAMES

Oh. Okay. Anyway, Olive. A night like any other except for the part where you're here, which is the important part.

She sips her coke again. He gets ready to write notes.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You wanna tell me what happened?

OLIVE

Not really, no.

He shoots her a look.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Kiiiiiddddingggg.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Olive, dressed in black, with a black skull cap and a **BLACK WIG**, dives behind the kitchen bar in a pitch black house as the front door opens.

OLIVE

(growls to herself)

You've got to be kidding me.

SLAM BANG TITLE CARD: TWO HOURS PRIOR

A **COUPLE** bustle in the dark. Making out. Clothes getting pulled off. Laughing.

The man turns off the house alarm system-

MAN

Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep!

And the woman starts kissing him again.

Olive hides in the dark. Groggled out. Waiting.

Wrapped in her fist is a **BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND NECKLACE**.

Olive takes in her surroundings fast.

Back porch door - *she'd be seen.*

Kitchen window - *she'd be seen.*

She peeks around the bar and sees the front door, the couple approaching, still macking it.

Yeah. *She'd probably be seen.*

The couple fall on top of the kitchen bar.

The woman's hair inches from Olive's face.

WOMAN

Oh, George-

MAN

Mary. *Marrrrryyyyyy.*

Olive smirks. Almost victoriously.

They knock something off the bar in the heat of their gross passion and Olive instinctively **CATCHES THE GLASS** in her gloved hand. Cringes at her stupidity.

All is silent.

GEORGE

I knocked over a glass.

MARY

I didn't hear it-

The man gets up, moves quickly to where Olive was and-

DUN DUN DUNNNNNNNNN (Which Means: End Teaser)

ACT ONE

In which Olive gets in trouble. Again.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

SLAM BANG TITLE CARD: TWO DAYS PRIOR

PRINCIPAL BOBIN, principle asshole, sits across from Olive at his desk. She's not taking this or him seriously.

BOBIN

You made your teacher cry because you were kidding?

OLIVE

No, I *unintentionally* made Ms. Haas cry because I asked her why she was wearing the same clothes as yesterday. And this was pre-class-

BOBIN

Why would you ask that?

OLIVE

I thought it would be a girl bonding high five moment. Like, good job getting some last night, teach.

BOBIN

You've been here three weeks. And you know how many times I've had to see you so far?

OLIVE

...That's a trick question.

BOBIN

What-

OLIVE

If I answer the correct number, which is four, it makes me sound like a delinquent, which I'm not, and if I say "I don't know", it makes me sound stupid, which I'm definitely not.

Principal Bobin holds his head in his hands. Trying not to explode.

BOBIN

Please shut up, Olive.

Olive lock-and-keys her lips.

BOBIN (CONT'D)
 Wanna hear something redundant?
 You. And Trouble. And you know what
 we do with trouble?

Olive opens her mouth-

BOBIN (CONT'D)
 If you say "trick question" or
 anything to what I just said, I'm
 going to scream.

Olive lock-and-keys her lips again. Bobin sighs.

BOBIN (CONT'D)
 We don't tolerate it-

OLIVE
 Oh cool, just like terrorists.

She cringes, whispers "sorry". He stares at her.

BOBIN
 You know there are... holes, in
 your record, right?

Olive stares at him.

BOBIN (CONT'D)
 The kind of stuff a couple phone
 calls could sort out in no time.

Whatever he's talking about makes Olive behave in a very big way.

BOBIN (CONT'D)
 Do I make myself clear?

She simply nods.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Olive exits the principal's office to find her best (read: only) friend, **HAYLEY**, a girl with braids that make you think she's a) homeschooled b) a virgin and c) a homeschooled virgin, waiting for her.

She only wears dresses. She's scared of being pretty.

HAYLEY
 Did he go cray?

OLIVE

Don't say cray, and yes. I got detention. I think he thinks he's a headmaster at one of those boarding schools that's haunted and has murders and ghosts and British accents instead of being a deservedly low paid principal of a public high school in a town literally named Everywhere solely so it can pop up on google lists of Weirdest Named Towns You Never Have To Visit.

As Olive talks, she pivots as she walks so she can gawk at a handsomely nerdy boy, reading a book against his locker.

This is **TOM DERN**. You will love him.

HAYLEY

Stop gawking at Tom.

OLIVE

I DON'T KNOW HOW.

HAYLEY

And everyone says cray. How long do you have detention?

OLIVE

Until 2020. Everyone's a moron. You're not. Don't say cray.

HAYLEY

What should I say then?

OLIVE

Crazy's worked for decades.

HAYLEY

Crazy feels too aggressive. Did you know calling someone a fool is enough to get you into hell, biblically?

Olive stops and tugs affectionately on Hayley's braids.

OLIVE

What would I do without your knowledge of hell?

HAYLEY

(beams)
Probably go there.

Olive laughs. Then stops, looks at Hayley.

OLIVE
Why is your face like that?

HAYLEY
Like what-

OLIVE
You made out with a boy!?!

Hayley freezes. Guilty. Caught.

Olive jumps up and down with girly excitement. Soon, Hayley is laughing and doing the same.

HAYLEY
It really freaks me out when you do that!

OLIVE
Who were you making out with?!

EXT. BASKETBALL COURTS - DAY

The answer is this incredibly gangly boy named **SETH**, or as Olive has named him-

OLIVE
You made out with String Bean McQueen?

HAYLEY
No one calls him that but you.
(sighs)
And yes, yes I did.

OLIVE
How was it? Don't say wet.

HAYLEY
It was in an art closet. We went to go get paint. The door shut behind us.
(beat)
We got paint.

OLIVE
Ugh. "We got paint" is the most romantic phrase I've ever heard.

The basketball game stops as one of the boys, a monster jock named **RODNEY** holds the ball.

He points to Tom nearby reading a book, before chucking the ball at him, banging him in the head and knocking him over.

Everyone laughs except for Olive and Hayley. But Tom seems to barely react, throwing the ball back to the group pleasantly.

HAYLEY

I hate all the lacrostitutes.

OLIVE

I wonder what Rodney looks like without finger nails.

Hayley groans.

HAYLEY

Nooooo. Do you remember the first time you got detention?

INT. LOCKERS - DAY

SLAM BANG TITLE CARD: THREE WEEKS AGO

Hayley is uncomfortably cornered by Rodney beside her locker.

HAYLEY

I just- I gotta get to class.

RODNEY

C'mon, home-school. Don't you want to start your first day off with a bang?

Hayley squirms and then-

OLIVE (O.S.)

Hey! Knock knock!

RODNEY

Who's there-

OLIVE

BANG!

BANG!

Olive **JUMP-PUNCHES** his face into the locker! He drops from sight.

She then leans against the locker and gazes at Hayley.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Your first day here, too?

Hayley can only nod. Olive nods back in sync.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
We should be best friends.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURTS - RETURN

OLIVE
And now we're best friends! I have zero regrets. It's a great memory.

HAYLEY
But as fun a memory as it is, that was within five minutes of your first day of school. You set a terrible precedent. Do you know the ratio between days you've been here and days you've been in detention?

OLIVE
Is it an assload?

HAYLEY
Ew! Also, not a ratio.

OLIVE
I don't know math! That's why I'm in high school! Strictly to learn math.

HAYLEY
Oliiiiive. Stop getting in trouble or I'll have no friends here-

OLIVE
You don't need me! Three weeks in and you're getting paint with String Bean McQueen.
(then, to herself)
I need to get paint with Tom Dern.

HAYLEY
What did you say?

OLIVE
Nothing. Nothing at all.

INT. DETENTION - DAY

Olive, Rodney and other terrible-horrible-no-good-very-bad students sit around in the detention room.

Principal Bobin walks in and hands the **MONITOR** some papers. Sees Olive. Then sees Rodney and groans.

BOBIN

It's always disappointing to see you here, son.

The room oooooohs. Rodney raises up his hands, as if to say "so what", the way only people that wear Ed Hardy can. Bobin sighs and walks back out.

RODNEY

See you at home!

Olive double takes. Whispers to him.

OLIVE

Is he your Dad?

Rodney ignores her.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Is he? Is he? Is he? Is he your Dad? Rodney, Dad? Rodney. Rodney-

RODNEY

God, shut up! He's my neighbor.

Olive raises up her hands in apology, as if to say, sorry.

She spots his **DOUCHEY DIAMOND EARRING** on... his ear and-

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

That same earring, but now safely in Olive's hand, as detention ends and she skips past Rodney happily.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Tom is walking home from school when all of a sudden Olive steps in front of him on her bike.

OLIVE

What are you doing Saturday night?

TOM

...Where did you.. Come from?

OLIVE

(dramatically)
Ev-er-y-where.

He laughs. She smiles.

TOM
Oh I get it-

OLIVE
I'm gonna ask you out.

TOM
...Okay?

OLIVE
We can meet at O'Donaghan's Sushi,
which I know sucks ass because it's
Irish sushi, which makes as much
sense as a Japanese leprechaun but
I'm like a heroin addict but
replacing heroin with sushi. You
like sushi, right?

He can only nod.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
So yeah, we can meet there at 8 on
Saturday. I will be wearing a blue
dress and you can tell me that I
look really pretty if you really
think so and then we'll have a
really fun time with really bad
Irish sushi. Cool?

TOM
Um, yeah, I think-

OLIVE
I was waiting for you to make a
move but then I wasn't sure if you
knew I existed or not so I thought
what the heck, I need to make a
move. It's high school.

She shrugs. He stammers.

TOM
I, uh, knew you existed...

OLIVE
Works for me. See you at 8!

And she rides off.

Tom watches her go. Completely disoriented in his life.

ANNIE (V.O.)
Well, two things come to mind.

INT. THERAPIST ROOM - DAY

Olive is lying on the floor in her therapist's office. Her therapist, **ANNIE**, a middle aged woman, sits casually near her on a chair.

OLIVE
ONE. Don't force Tom Dern into an unwanted sexual situation.

ANNIE
It's usually impossible to... do that to boys. It's like forcing... a boy to have sex. That's really the most extreme example I can-

OLIVE
TWO. Stop laying on the floor. Which I would. If you had a couch to lay on like an awesome therapist would.

Olive gets to her feet and starts checking out bookshelves.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
I got in trouble again today.

ANNIE
Again? For what this time?

OLIVE
Suggesting that my teacher got boned last night.

Annie tries not to laugh.

ANNIE
You gonna tell the fosters?

OLIVE
Eh. They probably already know. Do you tell them things?

ANNIE
What? Of course not. Do you really think I would?

OLIVE

Nah, dude. I set enough traps for you over the last four months and the fosters are hilariously bad at lying, so I trust you.

(overly dramatic)

For now.

ANNIE

Thanks, Olive. Also, maybe don't tell your therapist you set traps for her-

OLIVE

How long are you going away for?

Annie stares at her blankly (this happens a lot).

ANNIE

How-

OLIVE

Printer.

Annie looks to the other side of the room, where she printed her boarding pass.

ANNIE

How did you see that?

OLIVE

I'm observant. I didn't even know North Carolina was a real place.

ANNIE

I guess I'll find out if it is or not for the weekend. Conference. Yay.

OLIVE

Adulthood sounds awesome.

Olive picks up a picture frame. Seems a little surprised.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

This is new.

ANNIE

What is? Oh yeah, my husband gave that to me over the weekend.

Olive stares at it. Wrinkles her brow.

OLIVE
Fascinating.

ANNIE
So do you want this Tom kid to be
your boyfriend?

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - NIGHT

Olive bikes through a neighborhood. Back-pack on her shoulder.

She passes a plain brick wall (*will this be important later? Probably? Read on to find out!*).

OLIVE (V.O.)
*I guess. I've never had a
boyfriend. Is that weird? Does that
make me a Christian?*

ANNIE (V.O.)
(laughs)
*I don't think so. What do you like
most about the idea of having a
boyfriend?*

Olive arrives outside a typical suburban home. Checks it out from across the street. There is no car in the drive-way.

When she's sure no one is looking, she rides her bike across the street and around the home's fence.

The house next door doesn't have a fence. A window on the second floor is open. Bad, bad music comes from it.

OLIVE (V.O.)
*I don't know. It sounds safe. He
gets beat up all the time, but
still... safe. Homey, I guess.*

EXT. BEHIND THE HOUSES - EVENING

Olive stashes her bike behind a bush at the back of the fenced home. It's forest here. Good cover.

And so she **SUITS UP**.

She puts on her black wig and black hat. Black gloves. Stashes a few tools in her pocket. Tiny metal picks. A weird black button, like a garage door opener.

And when she's sure the coast is clear-

*ANNIE (V.O.)
And that's important to you?*

Climbs athletically over the fence-

EXT. THE TARGET HOUSE - EVENING

She climbs off the fence and finds herself in a typical suburban back yard. A BBQ grill. A small garden. A house with a glass sliding door.

*OLIVE (V.O.)
Yeah. I guess it would just be nice
to know someone cared about what
happened to me.*

If she didn't want you to see her, you would NEVER see her. She clings to the shadows any which way she can.

*ANNIE (V.O.)
Besides obvious reasons that would
be nice, how come?*

Checks the windows: locked.

She makes her way to the sliding door-

And finds a sticker on it-

A MIDAS TOUCH SECURED HOME.

Groans out loud. Blue-balled.

*OLIVE
Son of a bitch!*

She looks down and sees an aggressive looking **DOG** staring up at her.

She kneels down to it. Holds her middle finger against the glass and the dog loses his canine mind.

*OLIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I dunno man. I just figure I could
use all the help I can get.*

She stomps away from the door, straight to the fence. The bright backyard sensor light comes on, and she doesn't care at all as she crawls over the fence angrily.

INT. CAR - EVENING

An African-American couple.

Him, **TAYLOR**. Forties. Beard. Awesome.

Her, **ALISON**. Mid-thirties. No beard. Awesome.

Radio plays. They both sit there nervously. Alison holds a bag in her hands. The source of their fear.

ALISON
What do you think she'll think?

TAYLOR
If it's positive?

ALISON
Yeah. *IF*.

TAYLOR
IF. Right.
(beat)
I really don't know.

He changes the radio channel. More shit music. Turns it off.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I want to write a paper about how
modern pop music is the number one
cause of suicide in America today.

Alison puts a comforting hand on Taylor's.

INT. THEIR HOME - NIGHT

The couple enter their home and try the lights - **NOTHING**.

TAYLOR
Ugh. Power's out again.

ALISON
That fickle bitch.

TAYLOR
That fickle bitch!

They laugh and he holds out his hand for her.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I'll get candles, you get
flashlights?

ALISON

Deal.

They make their way through the dark.

They open a door-

Just as **OLIVE WALKS THROUGH THE DOOR.**

Everyone **SCREAMS.**

DUN DUN DUNNNNNNNNN (Which Means: End of Act One)

ACT TWO

In which Olive does not make an appointment.

INT. THEIR KITCHEN - NIGHT

By candle light, Olive sits with Taylor and Alison. Eating melting ice cream.

Her foster parents.

ALISON

Again?

OLIVE

I know. Sorry?

TAYLOR

Our girl, the delinquent.

OLIVE

Can you be a delinquent for high fiving teachers for getting laid?

TAYLOR

In this state, you bet your ass.

ALISON

If you had a case worker, you know what they'd say?

OLIVE

In this state? Don't have black foster parents?

ALISON

We'd just bribe her racist ass if she said that. With our wealth. From teaching at community colleges.

TAYLOR

That's right. You ever play Othello? How if you have two black chips on either side of a white chip, the white chip goes black? That's what's gonna happen to you, so that problem with the fictional social worker will never arise.

OLIVE

(laughs)
Awesome.

TAYLOR

We should play Othello right now.

ALISON
We don't own it.

TAYLOR
We are failures of African American
foster parents.

ALISON
But back on topic, they'd say we're
doing a crappy job.

Everyone's quiet for a moment. A sincere fear for the
fosters.

OLIVE
Well. I'd tell them to go eff
themselves in the a. But in an R-
rated way.

Taylor laughs. Alison doesn't. Taylor calms quick.

ALISON
That's probably all they'd need to
take you.

They sit there quietly again.

ALISON (CONT'D)
But he can ruin this, Olive. It
probably would only take a couple
phone calls and away you'd go.

Olive nods, poking at her ice cream, lost in thought.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Olive sits on her bed. Her room is bare. Hotel room bare.

There's a knock at the door and Taylor appears.

TAYLOR
Got you something.

He holds up a tiny paper bag.

OLIVE
Is it pot? Or E?

TAYLOR
Close! It's a lock!

He pulls the lock for the door out of the bag with some tiny
screws and a tiny screwdriver.

Olive is silent for once.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Figured a seventeen year old could
use a lock.

He sets it on a dresser by the door.

OLIVE
Thanks.

He winks and leaves, closing the door behind him.

LATER...

She attaches the lock to the door. Slides it locked and unlocked a few times. Smiles to herself.

Power comes back on. She hears Alison and Taylor "yay" from their bedroom.

Olive locks her door.

And climbs out the window with a backpack.

INT. THAT SAME ROOM - NIGHT

SLAM BANG TITLE CARD: FOUR MONTHS AGO

In almost complete silence, Olive climbs through the second story window.

The room is full of cardboard boxes and other storage related storage.

*Olive looks **ROUGH**. Her hair dirty under her black ski cap. She's almost feral.*

*And she holds a **HAMMER**. Like a weapon.*

INT. THROUGH THE HOUSE - NIGHT

*In **SILENCE**, Olive makes her way through the house. To the kitchen.*

She opens the fridge-

And finds a note taped to a hoagie.

"This is for you."

She picks up the hoagie and finds a couple twenties taped to the other side.

TAYLOR (O.S.)
Are you okay?

OLIVE SPINS AND THROWS THE HAMMER AT HIM-

He ducks and the hammer **SLAMS** into the wall.

Olive is instantly extremely upset-

OLIVE
Oh, God, I'm so sor-

Taylor raises his hands kindly-

TAYLOR
It's okay, hey, it's okay-

She stands there, holding the hoagie. He reaches and picks up the hammer.

Offers it back to her.

LATER...

Taylor and Alison sit with Olive as she finishes her hoagie.

ALISON
Why do you keep breaking into our house?

OLIVE
You don't have a security system. And you're not asshole vegans.

Taylor tries not to laugh. They sit quietly.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Don't worry, no one's wondering where I am.

ALISON
You're not from here?

She shakes her head.

OLIVE
I just thought a town literally named Everywhere sounded all-encompassing.

ALISON
You never stole money-

OLIVE
I don't steal money-

TAYLOR
Why not?

OLIVE
Because my father taught me better
than that.

TAYLOR
And where is he?

OLIVE
Pretty dead.

ALISON
Oh. I'm so sor-

TAYLOR
We have a room.

Alison and Olive look at him in surprise.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
You keep doing this someone's gonna
catch you, or shoot you.

OLIVE
I don't get caught.

TAYLOR
I caught you.

OLIVE
I wanted you to catch me.

TAYLOR
Why?

OLIVE
(quietly)
Because you have a room.

EXT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

Suddenly outside a blank building. **A MAN** leans against the wall.

Suddenly following a pair of long legs in tall heels as she approaches him. The **BOUNCER**.

Yo. HER

Name? BOUNCER

Robbie. HER

The bouncer looks at his phone and finds her.

Steps aside and lets her enter-

INT. THE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

What turns out to be a prohibition style bar. Loud band music. Dancing and drinking. Something alluring and dangerous and not-allowed about the whole vibe.

We follow her through the club.

Up a stair case.

To a private lounge.

Where **TWO GIGANTIC MEN** stand outside.

He in? HER

He who and who are you? GIANT

And we finally reveal-

OLIVE.

Dressed to the nines. Knock-out level. She smiles the way only a knock-out can.

Bigby and who cares. OLIVE

I care and you don't have an appointment. GIANT

OLIVE

Of course I don't. Look at me. I don't need appointments for anything.

They look at each other. One of them enters the room. The other stays with Olive.

The other giant returns, waves her in.

GIANT

He says your name is Robbie and you have an appointment.

OLIVE

Both are true. I was just being difficult.

She smiles. They are confused.

And we follow her in...

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

A couple girls in dresses sit around. A couple guys in suits hope they'll get to sleep with them.

But Olive's eyes are on **ONE MAN**. Sitting alone.

A handsome African-American in his twenties. Insanely well dressed.

BIGBY.

He points at her.

BIGBY

Robbie with no appointment.

OLIVE

Did I need one?

BIGBY

Look at you!

She twirls. Laughs like an air-head. Putting on a show.

He offers her a seat and she takes it.

OLIVE

But thanks for telling your boys I had an appointment.

BIGBY
Imma fire them both for listening
to me lie.

OLIVE
Now I feel bad.

BIGBY
But not really.

OLIVE
No, not really.

She sighs dreamily.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
So, Bigby. A hard man to find.

BIGBY
One of the best things a man can
hear is that a beautiful woman took
the time to look for him.

OLIVE
Hopefully you're worth it.

BIGBY
I assure you I am.

OLIVE
Is that why they call you Bigby?

BIGBY
Unofficially.

OLIVE
And officially?

BIGBY
My mother gave me that name.

OLIVE
Really?

BIGBY
No. I don't have a mother.

OLIVE
Well mine's in jail forever so I
guess we're samesies.

BIGBY
I guess we might be.

He takes a drink. Offers her some. She declines.

BIGBY (CONT'D)

So I get the impression you're not here to flirt.

OLIVE

If it happens it happens.

BIGBY

So why were you looking for me?

OLIVE

(straight-forward)

I want to break into a house secured by Midas Touch security, Bigby, and I heard you were the guy.

Bigby laughs.

BIGBY

Where'd you hear that?

OLIVE

The streets.

Bigby laughs again.

BIGBY

Midas Touch, huh. They're the indie films of home security.

OLIVE

Weird lesbian sex scenes?

BIGBY

Not widely seen, better than the big boys, though way too complex for their own good.

OLIVE

But not too complex for you.

BIGBY

Maybe. Maybe not. The question's gotta be, what's a girl like you want to break into a Midas Touch secured house like that for.

OLIVE

You don't know what kind of girl I am.

BIGBY

I know your name's not Robbie.

OLIVE

Really? Congratulations. I know your name's not Bigby.

BIGBY

I know you call yourself Olive and you live at 5454 Sycamore Court with, kudos, black foster parents, though I'm not sure you're legit fostered, and I know you go to Crest High and I know I most certainly will not be flirting with you for another three months and four days.

Boom.

Olive sits back in her chair. Exhales.

OLIVE

That was awesome.

He raises his hands up, like a proud magician.

BIGBY

You're welcome.

OLIVE

Let's be best friends.

BIGBY

I don't want a best friend. I like all my friends equal.

OLIVE

Well, dude, in that case I'm just happy to be nominated.

BIGBY

I'm glad you have a good attitude about it.

OLIVE

So how do I beat the system?

BIGBY

What do you want in for?

OLIVE

I'm not gonna tell you *isht* but I will promise you it's not for money or wealth and no one that lives in that house will be physically harmed.

BIGBY

You can physically harm someone?

OLIVE

With these arms? Probably not. With a weapon? Probably.

BIGBY

What if I don't help you?

OLIVE

I mean... Then I'll break a window. But I'm like, new here and am trying real hard to, ya know, not break windows if I can help it.

He looks at her. Studies her face. Thinks about it.

BIGBY

If I decide to do this for you, I'm going to ask you for a favor in return. And if you let me down, it will be really disappointing for everyone involved. So. Don't disappoint me.

Olive salutes him.

OLIVE

Aye aye, sir.

They stand and shake.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna enjoy getting to know you, my new best friend.

BIGBY

It's a sweet thought but you're never going to get to know me.

She winks at him, and leaves.

INT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

As Olive makes her way down the stairs-

An arm reaches out and blocks her way.

HIM
Slow down, kiddo.

OLIVE
Say please.

The arm belongs to a **GORGEOUS GUY** wearing a **DENIM JACKET**.

God invented cotton so it could be turned into denim and then into jackets for this guy to wear them.

HIM
Please.

OLIVE
Just so you know, I'm seventeen and it's past my curfew.

HIM
Just so you know, I know that.

OLIVE
Everyone knows everything here!
Nightclubs are the worst.

HIM
I knew that too.

OLIVE
You should be on Jeopardy. What else do you know?

HIM
I know that Bigby is not the kinda guy you wanna be getting help from.

OLIVE
But he's my best friend.

HIM
What?

OLIVE
Nothing. And you are that kinda guy?

He laughs and walks away into the crowd.

HIM
Hell no. I'm a real scoundrel.

And that's that. Puzzled, Olive leaves.

EXT. BIKE LOT - NIGHT

Olive approaches her locked bike and finds a **CIGARETTE BUTT**, suspiciously still glowing a few feet away from her tire.

She looks around, but can't pick out anybody in particular.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Olive is biking home. Wearing pants under her dress now.

A black volvo comes to a screeching stop beside her. Nearly scares her off the bike.

The window lowers and a hand tosses an envelope out.

Olive picks it up and the car drives away...

Before it stops, and reverses. The window comes down again.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Need a ride?

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Olive sits in the back seat as a completely normal looking middle aged **WOMAN** drives her home. She probably looks like **YOUR MOM**. Awkward radio fills the silence.

OLIVE

I got my first lock today.

The woman smiles in the rear-view mirror.

WOMAN

That's nice, dear.

They keep driving.

OLIVE

Do you even know what's in this envelope?

WOMAN

As long as it's not drugs, I don't really care.

Olive opens the envelope and finds a bunch of documents regarding **MIDAS TOUCH SECURITY**.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I lied. What is it?

A small smile creeps on Olive's face as she reads the pages.

OLIVE
My Saturday night plans.

DUN DUN DUNNNNNNNNN (Which Means: End of Act Two)

ACT THREE

In which Olive's plan comes together with some complications.

INT. O'DONAGHAN'S SUSHI - NIGHT

Olive, dressed in a pretty blue dress (but nothing near how she was dressed for Bigby) enters the Irish Sushi Establishment-

And sees Tom sitting at a table. Dressed like he's going to the Oscars.

He stands up politely as she approaches.

TOM

Hi, Olive.

OLIVE

Hello, Tom.

TOM

I think I over-dressed.

OLIVE

It depends. Are you a spy?

TOM

No. Not presently, at least. I just, I had never been here before, so I didn't know the dress code, and I thought, you know, there are so few opportunities to wear suits in high school.

(looks at menu)

Do you think the food here is even safe-

OLIVE

Why is there paint on your hands?

TOM

There is?

He looks at them. Rubs the flecks away.

TOM (CONT'D)

I paint a lot. I wanna major in art at college so I've been building up my portfolio.

OLIVE

What do you paint?

TOM

Star Wars portraits.

Olive nods politely. Tom winces.

TOM (CONT'D)
I was kidding. I instantly regret
how believable that was.

Olive laughs.

OLIVE
I wasn't judging.
(leans forward)
You ever dress up in costumes at
nerd cons?

TOM
(lying)
What? No...

OLIVE
It's kinda cool how everyone can be
really weird and like, furies, and
everyone's cool with it there,
right? I wanna go to one, and this
is probably crazy offensive, but I
wanna like wear white powder every
where so I look like I'm in a black
and white movie, and then just wear
a little red peacoat.

TOM
Schindler's List? That's amazing.
And ridiculously offensive.

OLIVE
I could get away with it.

TOM
How?

OLIVE
I can get away with anything.

Tom laughs.

TOM
Before we order, can I, uh, ask you
something?

Olive points at him.

OLIVE
Engage.

TOM
Why, uh, why did you ask me out?

Olive smiles and almost blushes. She answers sincerely.

OLIVE

I've seen you get punched in the face, kicked in the stomach, I believe I've seen the aftermath of a swirlie, which is something I thought they only did in the nineties, and I've seen your locker trashed and your books thrown in the trash and pretty much every high school bully cliché. And you still seem, like, Jimmy Stewart nice.

This clearly means a lot to Tom.

TOM

Oh. Cool.
(then)
I love Jimmy Stewart.

OLIVE

Everyone loves Jimmy Stewart.
That's the point.

Tom laughs as the waitress walks up.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

We'll have the least Irish sushi you have please.

Tom tries not to laugh. His eyes crinkle at the corners when he smiles.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The date went to **AWESOMETOWN**.

Olive stands by Tom's car.

TOM

Are you sure I can't drive you home?

OLIVE

Positive, but I appreciate the offer.

TOM

Cool.

He opens the door but before he gets in-

TOM (CONT'D)
 You don't have to ask me out again,
 okay?

Olive blinks her hurt away, and then moves straight into-

OLIVE
 Oh. Okay. Sure-

TOM
 I know you exist, after all.

He smiles.

Olive smiles. Swoons.

OLIVE
 See ya, Tom.

TOM
 See ya, Olive.

He gets in his car and drives away.

Olive watches his car pull away.

And then takes off on her bike.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - NIGHT

Olive sprints on her bike, as fast as she can. Super unsafe.

Passes that brick wall-

Which now has **GRAFFITI** on it:

A tiny dinosaur in the bottom left corner, looking up sadly
 to the top right corner, where an asteroid is coming.

She stops her bike and stares at it for a second. A tiny
 smile.

And she's **OFF AGAIN**.

EXT. BEHIND THE HOUSES - NIGHT

Behind the same bushes she finds **HER BACKPACK**.

She opens it and begins suiting up again-

And spots a **CIGARETTE BUTT** nearby. She stares at it while she
 continues to change.

Black wig. Black hat. Black gloves.

And then.

She makes a phone call.

OLIVE
Hi, I'd like to report a break-in.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

She climbs over the fence-

This time, she doesn't care about the backyard lights-

She **RUNS** straight to the sliding door-

Pulls out two tiny metal picks and begins unlocking it-

It's a thing of beauty. She can do this shit in her sleep.

She unlocks the door, slides it open and slips inside.

INT. THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

She turns to the **MIDAS TOUCH SECURITY** panel as she closes the door-

Punches in a bunch of numbers-

And it **RE-ACTIVATES**.

MIDAS TOUCH
WELCOME HOME.

OLIVE
Thanks, bitch.

Suddenly, we hear **THE DOG**-

Coming fast-

Olive doesn't move-

As it turns a corner and charges her-

Olive holds up that tiny black button from earlier-

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Sorry pup.

She pushes it-

And the dog instantly stops. Paws at its ears.

And we can barely, *barely* hear the super-high pitch the button emits.

Olive, gently grabs the dog's collar and walks him to a nearby bathroom. Pulls out a doggie treat from her pocket and gives it to him. He eats it happily as she-

OPENS the bathroom window before she-

Pockets the button and **RUNS-**

Up the stairs-

INT. THE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

And into the bedroom-

An unmade bed. Clothes still on the floor.

Marches to a **WOMAN'S NIGHT STAND-**

Begins rooting through everything.

Dumps out drawers for no reason other than to make a mess.

Finds **THE NECKLACE**. The one we saw her have in the beginning. She wraps it around her hand quickly.

And it's clear: she really doesn't give a crap about this necklace.

INT. THE HOME - NIGHT

Olive is making her way down the stairs when she stops-

Noticing an old picture hanging on the wall of a woman with her daughter on her knee. From the seventies.

Olive stares at this. Something about her clearly effecting her.

Distracting her.

And then she hears **KEYS IN THE DOOR**.

Her eyes go wide as she snaps back to realityohthereregravity-

She **SPRINTS** for the back door-

She's not gonna make it in time-

As the door opens she **DIVES BEHIND THE KITCHEN ISLAND-**

OLIVE
(furious)
Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!

And then she hears **THE COUPLE** bustle in the dark. Making out. Clothes getting pulled off. Laughing.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
(growls to herself)
You've got to be kidding me.

He turns off the alarm system as Olive swears repeatedly-

MAN
Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep!

And the Woman starts kissing him again.

Olive hides in the dark as the couple fall on top of the kitchen island. Still going at it.

Her foot tapping silently as she tries to figure out how the hell to get out of this mess.

The woman's hair is inches from Olive. She holds her breath.

WOMAN
Oh George-

MAN
Mary. *Marrrrryyyyyy.*

They knock something off the bar and Olive instinctively **CATCHES THE GLASS** in her gloved hand. Cringes at her stupidity.

All is silent.

GEORGE
I knocked over a glass.

MARY
I didn't hear it.

The Man gets up, moves quickly to where Olive was and-

She's not there-

And in glorious slow motion-

Olive **SPRINTS** to the front door as George and Mary **LOOK BEHIND THE ISLAND-**

Olive **THROWS THE GLASS DOWN THE HALL** towards the bathroom door-

And as the man leans down where Olive was, he picks something tiny up off the floor-

THE GLASS SHATTERS!

THE DOG GOES COMPLETELY INSANE!

George and Mary gasp, look down the hall-

As Olive slips out of the house like a shadow-

EXT. THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

And instead of sprinting away-

Runs towards the house next door-

EXT. THE NEXT DOOR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

That same open window. That same shitty, shitty music. A fan blowing smoke out.

SHE TOSSES THE NECKLACE IN WITHOUT EVEN STOPPING.

We hear sirens-

Olive smiles and-

EXT. THE HOME - NIGHT

Olive, dressed like she was on the date, sitting on the curb and waiting.

Two squad cars turn the corner to the house-

And as she waits, she sees **ANOTHER CIGARETTE BUTT**. Stares at it. Like a puzzle she hasn't figured out yet.

As the Cops park, the Man (and NOT the Woman) leaves the house-

Olive turns back to see him.

The man: **BOBIN**.

AND WE SEE-

Bobin shows the Officers that tiny thing he picked up off the floor:

RODNEY'S DOUCHEY EARRING.

He points to the house next door.

AND WE SEE-

Olive explain how she saw someone break in to the house.

She points to the house next door.

AND WE SEE-

Officers knock on the house next door.

And then, Officers speaking to **RODNEY**. Clearly stoned.

AND WE'RE BACK-

Bobin approaches Olive as Rodney gets **PUT IN A SQUAD CAR**.

BOBIN

I guess I should thank you-

OLIVE

Probably not. I broke into your house and stole your wife's necklace and planted it in Rodney's room. And you're not gonna say anything to anyone about it. And you're gonna lay off me. No more detention and especially no more threatening my foster-folks. And you know why?

Bobin looks like he's going to explode. Olive smiles and leans forward.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Because I see your wife every Tuesday and Thursday.

And Bobin loses all his anger.

AND WE SEE-

Olive trying to high five Ms. Haas. Her lip quivers. The color of her lipstick.

AND WE SEE-

Olive getting scolded by Bobin. The tiniest bit of that same color lipstick on his lip.

AND WE SEE-

Olive holding Annie's picture frame at the therapy session.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
This is new.

*The picture is of **BOBIN AND ANNIE.***

AND WE'RE BACK-

Bobin's world has been rocked.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Know what I do with trouble?

He doesn't react.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
This, fool.

He stares at her in a horrible shock.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
See you at school, douchebag.

She turns on her heel and walks away. He watches her go.

Douchebag.

INT. OFFICER JAMES' CAR - NIGHT

Olive relaxes in the back of Officer James' car.

They pass the brick wall with the graffiti of the dinosaur about to get hit by an asteroid. Except now, the dinosaur has a speech bubble which says:

"I FORGOT TO TELL HER HOW PRETTY SHE WAS."

Olive stares through the window in shock as the car passes. Leans back in her seat. Exhales.

OLIVE
Do you ever get, like, complaints about teenage girls attacking teenage boys but in a super romantic way?

JAMES

What? No. That's not... really
something teenage boys complain to
the police about.

OLIVE

Word.

And she smiles.

DUN DUN DUNNNNNNNNN (Which Means: End of Act Three)

ACT FOUR

In which Olive makes a new friend.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

OLIVE
And that's that.

Olive bends forwards and kills the coke through the straw while James regards his notes.

JAMES
So you were on a date with a boy-

OLIVE
Who is perfect-

JAMES
And on the way home you saw the
dirty deed... Coincidentally?

OLIVE
I mean, unless you believe in fate.

JAMES
Why were you going home by yourself
after a date?

OLIVE
I'm in high school.

JAMES
Exactly.

OLIVE
Gasp! I'm not that kinda girl,
Officer James!

Officer James laughs.

JAMES
Of course not.
(closes the folder)
Rodney swears it wasn't him.

OLIVE
Was he blazed out of his mind when
he earnestly told you he didn't
steal the stolen item he had?

James smiles.

JAMES
He was very blazed.
(looks at her)
What are you doing with your hands?

OLIVE

Oh.

Olive moves her free hands from behind the chair.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I was pretending I was handcuffed.

JAMES

Why?

OLIVE

Cuz it's probably the last time
I'll be in this so-boring-it's-cool
interrogation room. Gotta milk it.

James nods. Fair enough.

INT. POLICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

James shakes Olive's hand goodbye.

JAMES

I hope your next Saturday night is
truly a night like every other.

OLIVE

Ditto. Good luck keeping the world
safe and *isht*.

JAMES

Thanks.

Olive smiles and leaves.

James turns and passes a fellow officer at the kitchen, where
he opens a can of coke.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You know how much bacteria is on
the rim of a coke can?

COP

Two million bacteri-eye or
something, right?

JAMES

Oh. Really?

COP

I don't know. That's what that kid
told me.

The Cop plops in a straw and walks out.

James looks back at Olive as she leaves. Not sure what he's even thinking.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Olive gets in the back seat of a car. Closes the door. She sits there quietly before exploding in a smile.

OLIVE
It worked so beautifully.

Revealing **TAYLOR** and **ALISON** in the front seat.

TAYLOR
You're kidding.

OLIVE
I didn't waltz in there like a
knife cutting through butter. I
waltzed in there like a knife
swimming through a puddle of melted
butter.

Alison looks at Taylor. Who is trying not to look as proud as he is. They make quick eye contact and can't help but laugh.

ALISON
We are the worst.

Taylor starts the car and they leave the station.

TAYLOR
Oh, by the way, got you something
back there.

He points behind his back to a shopping bag. Olive opens it to find a **RED HOODIE**. Strangely not pleased.

OLIVE
Is this to complete my E.T. bike
every-day costume?

TAYLOR
It is-

OLIVE
You're pregnant.

Alison and Taylor look at each other. Wha-?

ALISON

How-

OLIVE

Two presents in two days.

Olive sits back in her seat and as Alison and Taylor talk to her, about how things won't change, about how she's part of their family, Olive doesn't hear any of that.

She just sits there.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

HAYLEY

So did you guys "get paint"?

OLIVE

No. We got horrible sushi. It was the best night of my life.

Hayley claps happily.

HAYLEY

Think he'll ask you out again?

OLIVE

You mean a first time?

Hayley laughs.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I gotta hit my locker.

HAYLEY

I'll see you in class?

OLIVE

Yeah, dawg.

HAYLEY

Don't skip again.

OLIVE

I won't, dawg.

HAYLEY

Don't call me dawg.

OLIVE

Sure thang, dawg.

HAYLEY
What am I gonna do with you?

OLIVE
Just keep being my friend. I need
you-

Hayley smiles, surprised.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
...Dawg.

HAYLEY
(I love you)
I hate you.

Olive smiles as Hayley heads to class. Olive turns the corner towards her locker.

She opens it. Gets out her book and closes her locker to find:

The **GORGEOUS BOY** from Bigby's. Same Denim Jacket. Same cocky smile.

HIM
Hiya, Olive.

OLIVE
You don't go here.

HIM
No, I'm just... passing through.

He smiles again (swoon). Olive doesn't smile back.

OLIVE
So apart from being a scoundrel
with a love of denim you are
also...

HIM
A fan.

OLIVE
A fan of...

HIM
Your work.

Olive smiles, genuinely confused.

OLIVE
Okay...

HIM

It takes a bit of skill to do what you did last night. Breaking into one house, framing someone else and looking like a hero all in one move. Slick.

OLIVE

(catching on...)
...You smoke cigarettes.

HIM

I do not.

Olive frowns. Squints at him. Like there's an answer to this on the tip of her tongue...

HIM (CONT'D)

I did however light cigarettes and leave the butts to see if you'd find them-

OLIVE

Of course I found them-

HIM

I knew you would. Tell me how-

OLIVE

Cuz I'm really good at what I do-

HIM

And what would you call what you do-

OLIVE

I'm not sure, I haven't found a major for it at prospective colleges yet-

HIM

Let me know when you do-

OLIVE

Oh, trust me, you'll be the first to know. In fact, I hope you find out before I find out. That's how much I want you to be first.

HIM

That's so nice.

OLIVE

That's me, just the nicest.

HIM

-And I haven't found a major for what I do yet either-

OLIVE

And now you tell me what you do-

HIM

Something like what you do but bigger-

OLIVE

For a second there I thought you were gonna say better-

HIM

I am better but I didn't want to be rude. Here's your wallet.

He smiles and hands over **HER WALLET**. She smiles at him.

OLIVE

Are you sure that's mine?

HIM

Pretty sure. It was in your back pocket.

OLIVE

What were you doing in my back pocket?

HIM

Getting your wallet. Scout's honor.

OLIVE

But are you sure it's mine?

He laughs, flicks it open...

And realizes all of *his* cards are in her wallet. He laughs again as she hands him **HIS** wallet.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Decoy wallet, boy, catch up.

HIM

My first instinct was that you're an old school stash-in-the-bra type girl.

OLIVE

Who says I stash anything?

HIM
Everyone stashes something.

OLIVE
Who says I stash anything of my own?

HIM
So it's not in your bra?

OLIVE
This is high school. You don't get to find out the answer to that question til at least date three.

HIM
I think this is only date two.

And he hands her a couple crinkled up dollar bills. Smirk.

Olive is genuinely shocked.

OLIVE
You have got to be kidding me-

HIM
So that said, interested in a job?

OLIVE
I'm still back on the part where you pick-bra'd my bra.

HIM
I didn't, I just guessed you had cash in there and crinkled up my own. Amateur.

She takes the money from him.

OLIVE
I'm keeping this-

HIM
Consider it a consideration bonus to consider my offer-

OLIVE
The offer of-

HIM
A job.

OLIVE
I don't need a job.

HIM

I know you don't need a job. Why would anyone with a balance of over three hundred thousand dollars need a job?

Olive is quiet. Serious.

OLIVE

I'm not like that anymore-

HIM

You're *exactly* like that anymore, you're just in a different state. It's in your blood and it's who you are. The only difference is the bounty, and mine doesn't have the faces of presidents on it.

He leans in.

HIM (CONT'D)

You might not need the treasure but you need the hunt. You think this is gonna last?

OLIVE

I have a home.

HIM

You have a hotel room.

OLIVE

I love hotel rooms, Mister...

She looks in her wallet at his cards for a name. And finds they're all fakes. For other people.

He grins.

HIM

Like I'd bring a real wallet within a mile of you.

OLIVE

Clever boy. But my answer's no.

HIM

Why?

OLIVE

Oh, ya know. Homework. Detention. Complete lack of interest.

HIM

Well I'm gonna take that as a yes.
I'll be in touch. Not physically,
but, ya know. In a general sense.

And he starts to walk away.

OLIVE

Who are you?

He turns and smiles. Bows.

HIM

Just a scoundrel.

And away he walks.

Olive scrunches up her nose at the super-lame name as she watches him go.

In fact, every girl in the hallway watches him go. They tilt their heads hopelessly.

After a moment, Olive tilts hers too.

OLIVE

You've seriously got to be kidding
me.

DUN DUN DUNNNNNNNNN (Which Means: The End)