

**MIDNIGHT, TEXAS  
OLIVIA SIDES**

**ABSOLUTELY NO  
COLOGNE, PERFUME, OR  
SCENTED FRAGRANCES  
SHOULD BE WORN.  
HIGHLY ALLERGIC OFFICE.**

**PLEASE NOTE: THESE  
SIDES ARE FOR AUDITION  
PURPOSES ONLY**

ISAACSON AND SOULIERE CASTING "MIDNIGHT,"  
OFFICE IS VERY ALLERGIC TO SCENTS. TEXAS  
PLEASE DON'T WEAR PERFUME OR COLOGNE.

OLIVIA SIDES

'OLIVIA'  
ADDITION MATERIAL  
ONLY

INT. OLIVIA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Find Olivia in her very well furnished basement apartment.  
Aggravated as fuck that Officer Gomez is in it.

START  
|

OLIVIA  
Didn't talk to her.

GOMEZ  
She lived upstairs.

OLIVIA  
She wasn't interested in making  
friends. Neither was I.

GOMEZ  
(looking around)  
What do you do? Work-wise.

OLIVIA  
I don't. I'm independently wealthy.

GOMEZ  
Yet you live *here*. In Midnight.

OLIVIA  
(deadpan)  
I'm eccentric.

END I

INT. INQUIRING MINDS - DUSK

"Gypsy," Fleetwood Mac ringtone. Fiji picks up her cell.

OLIVIA (O.C.)  
(with urgency)  
It's me. Look outside.

Fiji goes to the window. A WOMAN, 40's, smart pantsuit knocks at Manfred's door. When he doesn't answer, she peers through his windows, takes pictures.

FIJI  
Who the heck is that?

OLIVIA  
Don't know. Don't care. Get rid of her.

FIJI  
Wait, what? How do I --

OLIVIA  
-- You'll figure it out.

She hangs up.

INT. OLIVIA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

FIJI  
Oh goddess, if she says anything...

OLIVIA  
And risk people thinking she's crazy? At most, she'll get an MRI.  
(then)  
Thanks. You can go.

FIJI  
I can go? You know, I don't like to use extreme measures, if I don't have to. I'm owed a why.

OLIVIA  
I didn't want her interrupting.

FIJI  
Interrupting what?

A loud THUD from the bedroom.

FYI



INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LOW and WIDE, the door flies open. Olivia, Fiji look inside.

FIJI  
Olivia. You need to deal with your  
anger issues.

THEIR POV: Inside the bedroom with a distinctly BDSM vibe, we see Manfred, in only his underwear, gagged, and tied to a chair that is tipped on its side. He pulls at the restraints, trying to free himself.

OLIVIA  
Just help me get him up.

They hoist him up. Talk over Manfred's angry grunts.

FIJI  
Why exactly, is he naked?

OLIVIA  
Checked him for wires, GPS  
trackers...

Fiji stares at Olivia a beat.

FIJI  
We live such different lives.

LEMUEL (O.S.)  
This is unexpected --

They turn. Lemuel's behind them.

OLIVIA  
Now that you're done sleeping in,  
how about some help --

LEMUEL  
(moves toward Manfred)  
Looks like I'm just in time for the  
fun.

Manfred's grunts turn to whimpers. TIMECUT TO:

A little later. Manfred upright, tied to a chair. Un-gagged. Surrounded by a witch, a vampire and a woman more menacing than either.

OLIVIA  
Hundreds of podunk towns in Texas.  
Why ours?

MANFRED  
Luck I suppose.

Olivia gets in his face. Scary --

OLIVIA  
Do you work for the police or  
any law enforcement agency? No.  
Were you sent to find  
someone? No.  
Did my dad send you? Your dad??? NO.

MANFRED (CONT'D)

LEMUEL  
I'm getting bored and hungry.

Manfred's eyes widen. Fiji goes to Manfred:

FIJI  
Okeydoke this could go sideways  
real fast. I don't want that. You  
don't want that.

OLIVIA  
I'm good either way.

Beat, then what the fuck does he have to lose:

MANFRED  
I'm here because my grandmother got  
a feeling. A psychic feeling, that  
I'd be safe here. Her reads are  
usually spot on, but Xylde's also a  
pathological liar so there's that.

LEMUEL  
Xylde... "Gypsy Xylde"

MANFRED  
Wait, you know a grandma?

Lemuel grins, there's a story there. But, not now.

LEMUEL  
How's she doing?

MANFRED  
Dead. Going on a year now. Throat  
cancer. A month ago, after a run in  
with someone who wants me dead,  
Xylde said I should hide here.

FIJI  
So you're a legit psych --

Olivia gives her a look. Not important.

417

OLIVIA

Who are you hiding from and why do they want you dead?

MANFRED

Really he wants Xylde dead, but too late for that. I'm the only one left for him to get payback from.

LEMUEL

Who would want to hurt Xylde?

MANFRED

Everyone she stole from. She ran scams, removed fake hexes, curses. Stole and spent more than two million dollars.

OLIVIA

Explains why you are here. Doesn't explain why you're chummy with the Sheriff.

MANFRED

(losing patience)

They showed up at my door. Wanting to look through my things. I didn't want them to find my secrets so I gave them Aubrey's.

END 2



INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Olivia, pissed, on the phone. She's wrapped in a towel, post shower, on the phone,

**START**  
**3**

OLIVIA  
I know it's a lot of money. I  
still need to pass. Thanks.

Hangs up, aggravated, she crosses to a wall. Pulls back a large pocket door,

REVEAL: a hidden closet. A large, personal armory. Firearms. Longbows. Knives. Clothing. Wigs. The cases she carried when we first met her. Not housing Trumpets but semi-automatics.

She notices a SHADOW behind her. Spins, not surprised to see Lemuel standing behind her.

LEMUEL  
Checking in, how'd the disposal go?

OLIVIA  
No one will find the bodies.  
(then)  
Where were you all night?

LEMUEL  
Doing research. Looking for  
answers.

OLIVIA  
Find what you were looking for?

LEMUEL  
I only found reasons to worry...  
(then)  
Who was that on the phone?

OLIVIA  
A job offer. Simple hit. Nice pay  
day. But since I have to ring the  
police every time I leave town. I  
had to say no.

Now we know, Olivia is a killer for hire.

LEMUEL  
You seem angry.

OLIVIA  
That's an understatement.

6/7

LEMUEL  
(small smile)  
How about I take some from you?

OLIVIA  
I was wondering when you'd ask.

**END3**

Drops the towel, goes to him. He kisses her lips, neck. It's been hinted at, now it's confirmed: Olivia and Lemuel are a thing. But not your typical thing. Lemuel wraps his arms around her, clutches her in a painfully tight embrace.

ON OLIVIA, skin pales, lips go blue, eyes pin-prick. Like Manfred. Unlike Manfred, she closes her eyes, leans her head back, enjoys the fuck out of it.