

The Collectors Episode 1 - "The Gazing Glass"

by

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TEASER

EXT. RESIDENTIAL BACKWARD - DUSK

Sunday barbecue. Beer, ribs, and rednecks. Kids running with lit sparklers everywhere.

PAN OUT to include the whole yard, including a shoddy wooden fence along the property border.

REESE (female, late 20's, smart, tough, capable) crouches along said fence. She looks around. No one has spotted her yet. Satisfied, she slinks past another missing board.

With the finesse of an armed forces extract team, she confidently and covertly advances to the end of the fence and peeks around.

There she is. A 2010 Camaro, obsidian black. Parked by the garage.

REESE

Hello gorgeous!

She starts forward, stops and drops when THREE MEN, classic good ole' boys, flannel wearing and carrying BEERS emerge from the garage. They walk past the Camaro to join the others. Leaving the Camaro exposed...

Reese charges forward across the yard, weaving in the junk-strewn grass. With a slide worthy of a red card, she slips behind the car.

She pokes her head around, scanning the area.

REESE (cont'd)

Repo rule number three... Stay vigilant!

Finding no one, she moves for the driver's side. And she's in. Just as Reese eases into the driver's seat, a door close by slams open.

She freezes and drops to the floor of the car as voices come closer and stop.

There's two options here: no one sees her and she gets away with the car or they notice and she tries out her newly learned Krav Maga skills.

(CONTINUED)

Reese stays crouched down, listening to the sounds of the barbecue in full swing by this time. She can hear the screech and pop of bottle rockets as more people run past the car.

Finally, the voices move away from the car as well as the fireworks. Taking a chance, Reese slowly starts to rise but stops again when she feels the car rock.

She glances through the windshield of the car to see the back of a MAN, leaning heavily on the hood of the car with a scantily dressed WOMAN half on top of him, kissing furiously.

REESE (cont'd)

Seriously? This just keeps getting better!

Before Reese ducks back down, the woman glances up and eyes Reese. Reese gives her an awkward wave before the woman lets out a yell and jumps off the guy.

WOMAN

What the hell?

Without Daisy Duke attached to his face, the guy jumps off the car and spins around.

Reese starts the car quickly and throws it in reverse as the guy yells, gaining the crowd's attention.

As Reese backs up, the car's bumper clips the CHARCOAL GRILL set up behind her and knocks it over, spilling HOT DOGS, BURGERS and RED COALS out into the yard.

Reese shifts into drive as one coal comes to rest in a pile of unlit FIREWORKS. Flames shoot from a FOUNTAIN as the first firework rockets into the air.

A ROMAN CANDLE shoots into the darkening sky as several M-80s explode. The crowd is torn between oohing and ahing and ducking for cover.

Reese turns on a dime, dirt spitting out from the tires as she drives forward. The fireworks' light reflecting across the black car.

Several men are chasing her now, angrily shaking their beers at her and yelling.

She sees the open gap at the end of the fence and guns it, hitting a mound of dirt at full speed as she senses her freedom.

(CONTINUED)

The unplanned fireworks display has hit the waiting mortars and flames jet from several tubes. Fireworks burst and rocket into the sky as the Camaro gets air time before hitting the ground as Reese peels out of the yard.

Another successful repo job for Langley Recovery Services.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. THE VERSE BAR - EVENING

A local joint, small kitchen in the back off the bar, numerous pool tables, neon beer signs everywhere. A small crowd is gathered around the bank of dartboards in the back. A beat up jukebox stands opposite the bar.

Reese sits at the bar, nursing a beer and talking with the bartender, MURPHY (male, late 20's, big, lovable, not a rocket scientist).

MURPHY

I don't understand you at all. Your uncle had like, a hundred different rules for repo-

REESE

There were ten! Ten rules!

MURPHY

Like I said, a hundred rules for a 'successful recovery of an asset' and I'm pretty sure 'don't take a car in the middle of a redneck barbecue bonanza' was one of them.

REESE

Yeah, I don't think it was there.

MURPHY

I think it was.

A man down the bar waves an empty bottle at Murphy, trying to get his attention.

MAN

Hey! Barkeep! Barkeep! I need another!

MURPHY

Shut up! I'll be there in a minute!

REESE

Barkeep? I'm not sure that guy needs another one!

MURPHY

Oh, he's not drunk, he's just stupid. (shouts down the bar) And for that, he can wait!

(CONTINUED)

The man glares at Murphy, who just glares back and him. He slumps in his seat, defeated.

Reese smiles and shakes her head at her best friend.

MURPHY (cont'd)
Yeah, so where were we?

REESE
I'm pretty sure you were telling me how awesome my escape was. You really should've seen it! It was like, a Dukes of Hazard jump with fireworks-

MURPHY
Now I remember! I was telling you that it was stupid!

REESE
(mumbles)
No, pretty sure you said that about the guy down there (points down the bar).

The guy down the bar waves at Reese and Murphy gives her a hard look as he hands her a new bottle.

MURPHY
Reese, I just, you know I support you, like 300%. I just think you take some risks that you don't need to. Take jobs you don't need to. That you can just say you can't-

Reese sets the bottle down with a loud clink.

REESE
Hey! Don't say can't! Name one time I haven't gotten the job done! My uncle-

MURPHY
Jake would be proud, no doubt. You've learned his 200 lessons of repo and there's nothing you can't get. We get it! You're the damn Queen of the Repo!

A chastised Reese looks down at her bottle.

Murphy grabs another beer for the guy still waiting at the end of the bar.

REESE
Is that like the Lord of the Dance?

MURPHY
(scoffing)
No, I've seen you dance.

Murphy returns from the register and takes a drink of his own.

MURPHY (cont'd)
Remember when my bike got stolen?

REESE
(grins)
Yeah. I'd only been at Jake's for a couple weeks. And there you were, sitting on your front steps crying.

MURPHY
(offended)
That was an awesome bike! It was a birthday present! (pauses) And I wasn't crying.

Reese throws her hand back and laughs. She tips her bottle at him.

REESE
Yeah you were! Big ole tears and snot running down your face! Getting your Care Bears t-shirt all wet!

MURPHY
It was laundry day-look, I don't wanna fight about who's wrong and I'm right.

Reese lets out another laugh as Murphy shoots her a superior look and then looks serious.

MURPHY (cont'd)
You tracked down that kid, what the hell was his name? Something jerky, like Donald.

REESE
Eric, wasn't it?

MURPHY
Yeah! You tracked him down, staked out his house, waited until he went
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MURPHY (cont'd)
to bed. Then you snuck into his
garage through a window and stole
my bike back.

REESE
(laughs)
Jake was impressed.

MURPHY
My point is, you've always been
there for me. Jake's gone but
you've still got me. We're family
and you can rely on me.

REESE
Murph-

MURPHY
Let me help you Reese. I know the
business is struggling. I know
you're taking these stupid risky
jobs to make more money. Let me
help you. I can give you a loan-

Reese frowns as she sets her bottle down again.

REESE
No. I don't need your money. I
don't need your pity or charity-

MURPHY
Damn it Reese! It's not pity or
charity when it's family! Stop
doing stupid shit that's gonna get
you killed or jailed. That'll be
good for business, huh?

Reese stands up angrily and leans over the bar at Murphy.

REESE
That business is all I have left!
It's my only tie to the only family
I ever had! I'll do whatever it
takes to keep it going! And if that
means I have to do some 'stupid
shit' then I'll do some 'stupid
shit.'

The tense stare down is interrupted when the guy down the
bar decides to chime in.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Here's to stupid shit!

He raises his bottle and promptly falls off his stool.

MURPHY

Now he's drunk!

Reese sits back down and starts picking at the label on her bottle.

REESE

I'm not trying to get myself killed or arrested. I'm really not. I'm just trying to get the business back from the bank.

MURPHY

Reese-

REESE

I got a couple of jobs lined up that pay good Murph. Once I get a little ahead, I can relax. Which means you can relax okay?

MURPHY

You know I've got your back Reese.

REESE

I know, which is great because I'm gonna need your help with this next job!

MURPHY

Wait! No, that's not what I meant!

A loud bells starts ringing and the now crowded bar starts cheering.

REESE

It's that time Murph!

MURPHY

Wait! Reese, I don't wanna help-

REESE

Sorry! It's Pub Quiz time! We must respect our time honored weekly tradition!

Reese grabs her bottle and backs away from the bar and Murphy.

(CONTINUED)

MURPHY

Reese-

REESE

Pub Quiz night! You know this is my favorite night of the week! Come on! We'll talk more at the table!

Murphy drops his shoulders and follows Reese to a booth in the back as his replacement/Quizmaster slides behind the bar.

MURPHY

So what kinda job is this?

REESE

Shh! We don't talk business during Pub Quiz Murphy! Respect the rules!

Murphy glares at Reese.

MURPHY

That was before you recruited me to help!

REESE

It's not a big deal! I just need you-

QUIZMASTER

How many letters are in the German alphabet?

REESE

Yes! I know this! I just saw this on Jeopardy!

MURPHY

(mutters lowly)

I can't believe you still watch Jeopardy!

REESE

(mockingly)

I can't believe you still-shut up!

The Quizmaster calls for answers. Reese proudly holds up her paper with 30 written on it. The Quizmaster points at her, correct.

REESE (cont'd)

Point for Reese and Jeopardy!

(CONTINUED)

Reese waves to crowd who boo her, used to her knowing weirdly random facts.

REESE (cont'd)

Remember last Halloween when you dressed up as a Chippendale dancer? With the vest and bowtie?

MURPHY

Yes...

REESE

You're gonna need to wear that!

MURPHY

Damn it Reese! I told you I don't do parties anymore-

REESE

Look, you said you wanted to help. This is what I need help with. It's gonna go easy.

MURPHY

It never goes easy with you Reese.

REESE

I beg to differ!

MURPHY

Remember the last time I had to help you? I ended up facing down an entire baseball team while you drove off in the coach's truck with the equipment in the back!

REESE

Those were some pissed off nine year olds! It was like 'Children of the Corn' with baseball bats!

MURPHY

And what about the pregnant woman you hijacked as she was going into labor?

REESE

Okay, that one was pretty bad. I'll give you that. I should've looked in the backseat but her husband had a shotgun!

(CONTINUED)

MURPHY

And the time before that? When we took that Cadillac from the strip joint?

REESE

How was I supposed to know that guy's wife would show up at the same time! I don't know everything!

Donny (late 30's, heavy set, jerky) overhears Reese's last statement as he walks up to her booth.

DONNY

What's that? The great Reese Langley doesn't know everything? What a shocker!

MURPHY

Donny, we don't want any trouble.

DONNY

No trouble? Maybe Reese here should've thought of that before she stole the Camaro job from me!

REESE

Please, they came willing! They wanted the best, of course they're gonna go with me!

DONNY

Are you serious? You honestly think you're better than me?

REESE

Donny, Donny, Donny... I don't think. I know. My reputation speaks for itself!

DONNY

Reputation? As what, a failing business?

REESE

I should be offended but really, I'm just glad you're stringing words into sentences now! Your parents must be so happy!

DONNY

At least my parents are around.

The crowd lets out a shocked murmur.

(CONTINUED)

MURPHY

Oh he went there. Not good.

Reese slides out of the booth, a look of murderous intent on her face.

REESE

Speaking of parents, did yours have any children that lived?

Murphy quickly jumps out from his side of the booth to stand in front of Reese, knowing this is going south fast.

MURPHY

Look, why don't we just relax and take a step back? It's quiz night! I just got the hole in the wall patched from the last time you two went at it!

It's like the Showdown at the OK Corral. All that's missing is a tumbleweed. Finally, Reese allows Murphy to nudge her back to the booth, still glaring at Donny.

Donny scoffs and just has to utter one last comment.

DONNY

Face it Reese, you just don't have the killer instinct for this job! Not even with all your 'big jobs.' That's why you lost Jake's business!

The collective 'oh shit' that goes through the crowd should've warned Donny after he turns his back to walk away.

REESE

I'm gonna smack the extra chromosome outta you!

Reese charges into the back of Donny like a homicidal tornado, tackling him into the bar as a full-scale bar brawl breaks out.

MURPHY

Damn it! I just got the wall fixed!

Murphy jumps into the fray, trying to get to Reese as her and Donny trade punches and insult each other as bodies begin to fly around them.

(CONTINUED)

Pretty soon the only one not involved in the chaos is the drunken guy who fell off his stool, still laying on the floor. He grabs a bottle of beer that falls off the bar and raises it amidst the melee.

MAN

To stupid shit!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

The normally drab museum is all lit and abuzz for a charity benefit.

A banner across the front of the museum reads: "Black and White Gala." A red carpet crammed with monochromatic people and photographers leads into the museum.

A line of expensive cars waiting for valet service stretch almost around the block.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Reese and Murphy sit in the front seat of Reese's car, parked down and across the street from the museum.

MURPHY

I can't believe I'm doing this. I'm gonna get caught!

REESE

You're gonna be fine! Relax! You look great, by the way!

Murphy scowls at Reese who gives him a big smile before looking back at the line of cars.

There, at the end of the line, she sees it. A 2017 Bentley Continental GT.

REESE (cont'd)

There it is! Let's go!

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Murphy comes around the car to stand next to Reese, who has eyes only for the pricey silver car.

REESE

Remember the plan?

MURPHY

Yeah. Act suspicious, piss off the other valets and then steal a car. Just my typical Friday night.

(CONTINUED)

REESE

And I thought I'd have to write this down for you! What else?

MURPHY

After I 'borrow' a car, you come running out, flashing your cheap badge-

Reese looks outraged at his accusation.

REESE

This was \$40 online!

MURPHY

You flash your overpriced badge at the guy in the Bentley, make up some police codes and commandeer his vehicle.

REESE

And I drive that beauty right back to lot where the bank guys are waiting.

MURPHY

Remind me again why do you get to wear normal clothes?

Gestures to Reese's outfit-dress pants, button up shirt, tank top visible underneath. She looks like a cross between Jane Rizzoli and Emily Prentiss, including the large, off center belt buckle.

REESE

Because I'm a detective! A detective doesn't look like a private dancer for hire!

They silently watch the line of cars move forward. The Bentley gets a little closer.

REESE (cont'd)

Okay, time to go!

Reese reaches out, straightens Murphy's bow tie and vest and slaps his back.

REESE (cont'd)

Go get 'em tiger!

Murphy starts across the street towards the museum. He turns to glare at Reese once more and she shoots him a smiling thumbs up.

EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

Murphy falls in line with the other valets, who eye him warily.

MURPHY

Sorry I'm late! (thinks about his directions to be suspicious)
Totally forgot I was supposed to be working tonight!

That worked. More eyes on him now.

MURPHY (cont'd)

Good thing my mom woke me up, right?

He stands back, pulls out his PHONE and plays idly on it as the other valets move forward and take the cars.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Reese sees her car getting closer so she puts the final touches on her outfit. A leather wallet containing a fake detective's shield gets clipped to her belt, along with a pair of handcuffs.

REESE

Repo rule number six: A repo agent must always dress for the job.

Satisfied, she starts walking across the street, eyes going back and forth between Murphy and the car.

Focused on looking up, she almost walks into a car pulling in. She jumps back in surprise before looking down at the woman sitting behind the wheel of a pricey car.

She nods her head at the woman, (mid 40's) gorgeous, sleek and elegant, perfectly put together in form-fitting black like her car.

REESE (cont'd)

Evening ma'am.

The woman scans Reese from top to bottom, returning to the police badge and handcuffs clipped to her monstrosity of a belt. Then she locks eyes with Reese. She answers with a mocking tone.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

Officer...

REESE

That's Detective ma'am!

Reese nods her head again, giving the woman a mock salute before backing away.

She notices her target is only two cars away and pulls out her phone and begins typing.

Murphy lounges behind the other valets playing on his phone until it pings. He reads: "Stop harvesting your crops! Car is coming up!"

Murphy rolls his eyes, puts the phone away and straightens up.

MURPHY

(to himself)

Show time! Please don't let me get arrested, I'm too pretty for jail!

He struts forward, shoving the other valets out of the way, who just gawk at him as a sleek sports car pulls up. A tuxedo clad man gets out of the car, leaving it open for the valet.

Murphy greets the man with a beaming smile.

MURPHY (cont'd)

Welcome to the benefit! Sweet car!
Bet you get the ladies with this
bad boy right?

Murphy nudges the man with his elbow, as the other valets share shocked looks and gasps, which draws the attention of a nearby manager overseeing the proceedings.

MURPHY (cont'd)

Sorry, that was insensitive of me.
You probably get the guys too,
right? Love is love man! Let that
rainbow flag wave!

The gentleman slowly hands over his keys, not sure of Murphy anymore. Murphy reaches out and grabs the keys as the manager starts forward.

MANAGER

Wait! Stop!

(CONTINUED)

MURPHY

Enjoy the benefit! Donate to the
polar bears!

Murphy hops in behind the wheel and speeds off, leaving the other valets watching and the manager shouting.

MANAGER

Hey! Come back! Thief!

The gentleman realizes he just got jacked and starts yelling with the manager.

GENTLEMAN

Someone call the cops! He just
stole my car!

Down the street, Reese hears the man hollering.

REESE

That's my cue! Emily Prentiss, eat
your heart out!

Reese runs forward as the gentleman yelling notices her badge.

GENTLEMAN

Officer! My car! You have to get it
back!

REESE

Sir, I'm a detective. Respect the
badge and it will respect you.
Don't worry, I'll get your car
back!

Reese sprints over to the Bentley, the target. She whips open the door, yelling at the man inside.

REESE (cont'd)

Sir, I need your vehicle! You need
to get out now!

The man just looks at her confused. She flashes her fake badge at him.

REESE (cont'd)

Sir, I need you to vacate this
vehicle ASAP!

Reese grabs the bluetooth headset by her ear and acts like she is talking to dispatch.

(CONTINUED)

REESE (cont'd)

This is Detective Lonestar, I have
a 10-31 and I'm 10-80. I'm gonna
need a 10-79 for a 10-45.

She stops and looks at the man in the car again.

REESE (cont'd)

For the love of God man! Get out of
the vehicle! People's lives are at
stake here!

The man finally jumps out of his car and Reese slides in.
She guns it and peels out in the direction Murphy drove off
in. As she adjusts the mirror, she sees the woman in black
, from the car she bumped into, standing at the curb
watching.

Two blocks away, Reese sees the car the Murphy drove off in,
parked along the street.

REESE

There's the car. Murphy should be
on his way back to the bar! I just
have to drop this pretty baby
off...

Reese drops the Bentley off at the designated drop spot,
swaps out the keys for her check from the waiting bank agent
and starts walking home.

A block away from the drop, she's surrounded by police cars
and real detectives.

REESE (cont'd)

Well, this isn't good.

Reese frowns as she's escorted into a real police car.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Reese is sitting on a bench, with a handful of other women,
including a dangerous looking one that eyes her up.

ANDY

Hey there. I'm Andy. You look
familiar...

REESE

Um, hi. Reese. I don't think we've
met before.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

You look like that chick on the show with the FBI.

REESE

Really? That's exactly who I was going for!

Andy scoots closer to Reese on the bench.

ANDY

Yeah, I like her. (pauses) A lot. I think about her arresting me. A lot...

An uncomfortable silence follows Andy's statement as pretty much everyone shifts away from Andy and Reese.

REESE

This just got awkward.

Andy scoots even closer to Reese, who bolts up as soon as she sees a guard come in.

GUARD

Langley!

REESE

Oh thank God! That's me! I'm Langley! And even if I wasn't, I would be!

GUARD

Your lawyer's here. Let's go.

REESE

My lawyer?

GUARD

Do you not have a lawyer? You can stay here while we-

REESE

Nope! I have a lawyer! I just forgot! Let's go! Let's not keep my lawyer waiting!

Reese follows the guard down the hallway into an empty room with a table and chairs.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

The guard motions for Reese to sit down and then leaves. Reese looks idly around the room, waiting until the door opens again and in walks DR. ROWAN WILDER, the woman who's car Reese almost walked into.

She smirks at Reese.

ROWAN

Hello again... Detective.

Reese ducks her head, sheepishly.

REESE

Yeah, about that-

ROWAN

Oh, I know who you are Reese Langley.

REESE

Well, that leaves me at a disadvantage because I have no clue who you are other than 'gorgeous woman with a hot car!'

ROWAN

Smooth. My name is Rowan Wilder. Dr. Rowan Wilder. I'm the curator at the museum who's benefit you derailed tonight.

REESE

And I feel bad about that, really I do. I was just trying to do my job. I'm a-

ROWAN

Repo agent. Yes, I'm aware. I'll admit I was impressed-

Reese leans back in her chair, smiling.

REESE

You should be, not many people can pull off an awesome, off center belt buckle like I can.

ROWAN

That's not exactly what I was referring to. And that belt buckle is an atrocity.

(CONTINUED)

REESE

You say atrocity, I say awesome.

ROWAN

As I was saying, I was fairly impressed until you got arrested.

REESE

Yeah, that wasn't part of the plan.

ROWAN

Didn't think so. I've done some research. You're quite the recovery specialist.

REESE

Careful, you'll make me blush.

ROWAN

I have a proposition for you.

REESE

Hopefully it's better than Andy's!

Rowan looks at her, confusion showing.

REESE (cont'd)

Back in the holding cell, she-never mind. You scare me far less than she did so you're already ahead. What's the proposition?

ROWAN

I purchased an item and the seller backed out and disappeared. Taking my money and my item with, which is unacceptable.

REESE

So unacceptable.

ROWAN

You agree to find the item and deliver it to me, and I will post bail and get you a lawyer.

REESE

What if I agree but I can't get the item? What happens then?

Rowan levels Reese with that cool appraisal from before.

(CONTINUED)

ROWAN

I've checked around Reese. If you say you'll get something, you will. I have faith that you will complete the job.

REESE

Well, I am good...

ROWAN

So do we have a deal? Unless of course you would like to stay here for awhile? Maybe go chat with Andy some more?

Reese shudders and shakes her head emphatically.

REESE

Nope, I'm good with the deal! You got yourself a repo agent!

Reese stands up and holds out her hand. Rowan looks at her for a second before standing up and reaching out herself.

Rowan calls for the guard.

GUARD

Everything's all set. Bail just went through.

Reese glances at Rowan questioningly.

ROWAN

You're not an idiot Reese, despite what that belt buckle would have me believe. I knew you'd take the deal.

Reese smiles and rests a hand on the mentioned belt buckle.

REESE

It'll grow on you!

ROWAN

Much like a fungus, I assume.

Reese lets out a laugh, to which Rowan rolls her eyes and lets out a small smile.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The two walk out of the police station together. Reese clearly has something on her mind as they walk down the steps.

REESE

You don't strike me as the type of person who would let someone get away with backing out on a deal with you.

ROWAN

You would be correct.

REESE

So why haven't you sent someone after this item if it's so important?

ROWAN

I have.

When nothing else is forthcoming, Reese stops and looks at Rowan, gestures for her to continue. Rowan stops as well and lets out an irritated sigh.

ROWAN (cont'd)

There was a private investigator I hired to track down the object. He was (pauses) unsuccessful.

REESE

I feel like I'm missing a big part of this story.

Rowan leans against the railing and keeps silent.

REESE (cont'd)

Look, you came after me. I was unhappily sitting in jail next to some woman who wanted to play 'Criminal Minds'. And I was the 'minds' part of that equation.

ROWAN

This item, it's not your (pauses) normal antique. It's special.

REESE

How special are we talking here? And what happened to the private investigator?

(CONTINUED)

Rowan looks away.

ROWAN

It's better if we talk about this somewhere else. Go home Reese. I'll be in contact.

Reese starts to look unsettled at Rowan's avoidance.

REESE

You're deflecting. Is he dead? He's dead, isn't he? Did you have him killed?

ROWAN

He's not dead for God's sake! Keep your voice down!

Rowan grabs Reese arm and pulls her down a few more steps away from the doors of the police station.

REESE

I'm starting to think I would've been better off with Andy!

Rowan visibly reigns herself in before answering in a calmer voice.

ROWAN

He tried to retrieve the object one night, when the owner was out. He had it in his possession when he experienced a series of events that he couldn't, or wouldn't explain.

REESE

You are not making this sound any better.

ROWAN

He was unsettled enough that he left the object behind. I haven't heard from him since.

REESE

(mumbles)

So he could be dead...

ROWAN

The object has a dark past, that's all I will say right now. I promise to explain later.

(CONTINUED)

Rowan is clearly finished with the conversation as she walks towards the waiting car at the bottom of the steps.

REESE

If I end up like your private
investigator, I want to be buried
in this belt buckle!

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

ACT THREE

INT. THE VERSE BAR - EVENING

REESE

Hey, nice job on that patch from
the other night! You're getting
good!

Reese tilts her bottle towards the newly painted spot on the
wall by the bar.

MURPHY

I should be with all the practice I
get! Can't even tell Donny's head
was there!

Murphy and Reese clink their bottles together in agreement.

MURPHY

So, this thing you gotta find...

REESE

(nonchalantly)

Could very well kill me. I'm
picturing something like the video
tape in the 'The Ring.' Like, once
I get it, I have like 7 days to
live.

Reese sips from her bottle while Murphy looks at her in
shock.

MURPHY

How are you okay with this?

REESE

Repo rule number two: adaptability.
(pauses) Maybe it won't be that
bad.

MURPHY

If you call speaking Latin, wanting
to sacrifice a goat, we're gonna
have to reevaluate some things.

REESE

That sounds reasonable.

Murphy gets out his phone and points it at Reese.

(CONTINUED)

MURPHY

Smile!

The flash goes off in Reese's face.

REESE

What was that for?

MURPHY

I wanted to see if your face was all distorted, you know, like after you watch the ring video.

REESE

I'm okay?

MURPHY

For now. We'll see in seven days.

Murphy grabs a RAG from behind the bar and begins to wipe the bar in front of him.

MURPHY (cont'd)

Why did you decide to meet her here? Why not your place? Or the office?

REESE

You've seen my place right? There's no way in hell I'm taking her there!

MURPHY

Okay, so the office?

REESE

I don't want to mix whatever Rowan has me doing with the business. I want to keep it separate. Besides, I don't know how legit this is gonna be. Not when I'm trying to get the business back. I can't make any mistakes.

MURPHY

Makes sense. So when is she...
(trails off)

Rowan strides in. Heads turn. This is not the usual Verse patron. The common folk stop what they're doing and try not to openly stare at the immaculately put together woman.

(CONTINUED)

MURPHY (cont'd)
Holy shit.

REESE
Yeah. That was my first thought
too.

Reese gathers herself and stands up, catching Rowan's eye,
who walks over to her, like she owns the place.

ROWAN
Well, isn't this a quaint little
establishment. I've only seen four
health and safety violations
between the door and here.

REESE
Only four? You definitely don't
want to check out the bathrooms
then. (pauses) Hello Rowan. It's a
pleasure to see you again.

ROWAN
Reese. Thank you for not wearing
that belt. I don't think my eyes
could take the added onslaught.

REESE
I thought about it, I really did.

ROWAN
That doesn't surprise me.

Murphy fake coughs behind the bar, drawing their attention,
and then smiles winningly at Rowan.

REESE
Rowan, this is Murphy. My best
friend and owner of the best bar in
town.

ROWAN
Really, why didn't we go there
instead?

MURPHY
Um, she's talking about here. This
is my bar.

ROWAN
Of course it is. Best friends?

(CONTINUED)

Rowan gives Murphy a piercing look, similar to the appraisal Reese got initially. He leans back, away from her, fidgeting with the rag still in his hand.

MURPHY
(defensively)
She stole my bike back for me when
we were kids.

Rowan throws an exasperated look at Reese, who smiles and shrugs.

REESE
Repo's in my blood.

ROWAN
Which is why I'm here. Shall we?

Reese grabs two beers from Murphy and leads to the way to her booth. She places the second beer in front of Rowan.

REESE
I have a feeling we're gonna need
these.

Rowan gingerly takes the bottle. Retrieves a FOLDER from her BRIEFCASE and hands it across to Reese.

She opens it up and finds herself looking at a picture of a crystal ball perched atop an ornate metal pedestal.

ROWAN
The Gazing Glass. It belonged to an
old gypsy fortune teller, Damara.
She had a history of being
incredibly accurate with her
readings, which she attributed to
her spirit guide she conjured up
through the Gazing Glass.

Rowan pauses to take a sip of her beer, grimaces and continues.

Reese looks at another PHOTO of an OLD WOMAN.

REESE
She seems like a sweet old woman
with an iffy hobby and a pretty
crystal ball.

ROWAN
A rival fortune teller tried to
steal it from her once. She was
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROWAN (cont'd)
found dead in her home a day later.
The Gazing Glass made it's way back
to Damara, even more powerful.

Reese leans back in the booth, a disbelieving look on her face.

REESE
I stand corrected.

ROWAN
Others have tried to steal it,
often ending up with the same fate.
It wasn't until a series of bad
accidents befell members of
Damara's own family that she
realized the danger. She became a
born again Christian, convinced
that her spirit guide was the Devil
himself and locked away the Gazing
Glass.

REESE
I don't see this ending well for
Damara.

ROWAN
You would be correct. A large fire
quickly took Damara's house and her
entire family, including herself.

Reese finishes off her beer, holds it up for Murphy to see
and motions for another.

REESE
I'm gonna need a couple more of
these now that I've learned I'm
gonna be fighting the Devil.

ROWAN
Obviously these are all stories
passed along through generations.
There isn't any concrete proof that
the Gazing Glass played a part in
any of it.

Reese shoots her look.

ROWAN (cont'd)
The object was presumed missing
until recently. Her great great
grandson came across a trunk in his
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROWAN (cont'd)
attic, filled with Damara's
belongings. The Gazing Glass
included.

Another sip of beer and grimace from Rowan. She's definitely
a wine woman.

ROWAN (cont'd)
The grandson had the Gazing Glass
out, displayed in his home when he
noticed strange things happening in
house. Doors slamming, lights
flickering, strange voices and an
overwhelming presence could be
felt.

Clunk! As Murphy drops Reese's beer on the table, Reese
jumps, caught up in the story. Rowan smirks behind her own
beer.

REESE
Damn it Murphy! Not cool!

Murphy laughs to himself as he walks back to the bar,
oblivious to Reese's glare.

ROWAN
He finally decided to get rid of
the Gazing Glass, which is when I
stepped in. I offered a significant
amount, which he accepted, eager to
get the item out of his house.

REESE
Why do you want this thing? This,
crystal ball of death. You really
want this around? You that hard up
for decorations?

ROWAN
It's not for me. Let's just say I'm
facilitating a transaction for an
unnamed party.

REESE
So some rich person wants this,
probably for some nefarious reasons
and you're the middle man?

Rowan looks slightly impressed at Reese's reasoning.

(CONTINUED)

REESE

I'm good at reading between the lines.

ROWAN

Within days of accepting my offer, and my money, I had a phone call from the grandson, saying he had a change of heart. That Damara wouldn't have wanted him to sell the Gazing Glass. He sounded, off. Not like himself.

REESE

Was he speaking Latin?

ROWAN

No but he did disappear with the Gazing Glass AND my money. Which I then sent my private investigator after.

REESE

And we know he's probably dead.

ROWAN

(frustrated)

Would you please stop saying he's dead?

REESE

So I'm going after this crystal ball, which has killed or possessed basically everyone who has come in contact with it.

Rowan finishes her beer.

ROWAN

Yeah, that sounds about right.

REESE

Awesome. So I gotta ask... why me? I know I must have made a great first impression but there's plenty of other, average, repo companies in the area.

ROWAN

That's true, there are. But this isn't your average object that I'm looking to recovery.

Reese tilts her head in agreement.

(CONTINUED)

ROWAN (cont'd)
I'm looking for someone who will do what takes to get the job done. You proved that earlier.

Rowan stands up, looks down at Reese.

ROWAN (cont'd)
One of my researchers is working on a location of the item. As soon as she has something, she'll be in contact, which I'm hoping is soon.

Reese stands as well, both heading back towards the bar. Rowan nods at Murphy, still lounging behind the bar.

ROWAN (cont'd)
I'll be in touch. Good luck Reese.
I know you'll get the job done.

Reese nods and Rowan walks to the door. Reese sits down in front of Murphy, who looks at her expectantly.

MURPHY
Well, how bad is it?

REESE
Day six of the ring video bad.

Reese drops her head on the bar.

INT. REESE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Reese sits at her desk, LAPTOP open in front of her. An email from Rowan's researcher was waiting for her.

She reads through the email, stopping when she gets to the address of the object.

Reese leaves the email and brings up a search screen, typing in the address. As the search results come back, Reese groans.

REESE
Of course it's in a traveling paranormal museum. Where else would Satan's magic 8 ball be?

She clicks on the first link and reads.

(CONTINUED)

REESE (cont'd)
Experience the spine-chilling
Museum of Paranormal. With
unprecedented access to items of
paranormal notoriety, the Museum
takes supernatural artifacts with
dark and deadly energies and places
them directly in your hands, if you
dare!

Reese closes out of the site and types in the address again.
Google Maps shows four hours and twenty one minutes away.

ON THE SCREEN

A street level photo of an empty two story office building.

She goes back to the email, finds the phone number of the
researcher and dials.

A WOMAN'S VOICE answers on the other end.

REESE (cont'd)
Hey, is this (pauses to glance at
email) Ainsley? Rowan's researcher?

AINSLEY (V.O.)
Yeah, that's me. Who's this?

REESE
This is Reese, I'm working on a
project for Rowan. You sent me an
email this morning?

AINSLEY (V.O.)
(excitedly)
Oh yeah! Hey! It's nice to meet
you! Well, talk to you. Can you
meet someone over the phone?

REESE
I think we're finding out you can!
Listen Ainsley, I'm hoping you can
help me with some information.

AINSLEY (V.O.)
Of course! That's literally my job!
What do you need?

REESE
In that email you sent me, the
address of the museum. Any chance
you can get me some blueprints on
that building?

(CONTINUED)

AINSLEY (V.O.)
I thought you'd have a challenge
for me! Rowan said you'd operate
differently than our last
investigator.

REESE
(mumbles)
I should hope so, given that I'm
the one still alive...

AINSLEY (V.O.)
What was that?

REESE
Nothing, just thinking out loud. So
how soon do you think you can have
those for me?

AINSLEY (V.O.)
Check your email!

Reese's laptop dings.

ON THE SCREEN

There's a new email from Ainsley, showing an attachment.
Reese opens the email and clicks on the attachment. A
blueprint of the building fills the screen.

REESE
That's impressive!

AINSLEY (V.O.)
When it comes to technology, I'm
pretty impressive. There's not much
I can't do.

REESE
You are a good woman Ainsley. I
don't care what Rowan says about
you!

AINSLEY (V.O.)
Wait, what? What did she-

REESE
Gotta go! Thanks again! Bye!

Reese hangs up to Ainsley sputtering in her ear.

EXT. PARANORMAL MUSEUM - NIGHT

Reese stands outside her car, looking at the building in front of her. A giant sign reads 'The Museum of Paranormal' in flashing red letters.

There's a line to get tickets, which extends down the sidewalk. Reese shakes her head and takes her spot at the end.

REESE

I should've just stayed in jail.

Reese purchases her ticket and follows the large group inside, a BACKPACK swinging over her shoulder.

INT. PARANORMAL MUSEUM

It's dimly lit inside, wooden shelves everywhere in the first room Reese walks into. Exhibits line the shelves, everything from dolls to candles to paintings.

Low lighting, musty smells, and people standing way too close make it a foreboding space, oppressive. Reese looks around uneasily as others in the group chat excitedly, pointing at the displays.

She waits, shifting anxiously and looking around, wanting nothing more than for this tour to begin so she can get the Gazing Glass and get out, preferably still alive.

The TOUR GUIDE (male, early 30's) finally begins the tour. He gives a brief history of the museum as he starts.

TOUR GUIDE

The Museum was formed with two objectives. To preserve paranormal and unexplainable items and to share those with the world.

RANDOM GUY

Is it true that the museum is haunted?

TOUR GUIDE

We do have a lot of objects here in the museum that carry mystical energy, some positive, some negative. They may react when people view them.

The guy who asked the question turns to the woman with him.

(CONTINUED)

RANDOM GUY

That is so cool babe!

The girlfriend squeals and hugs him closer.

Reese rolls her eyes dramatically behind them.

TOUR GUIDE

Yes well, it's important to respect the artifacts. Like sponges, they've soaked up the energy and emotions of the people around them. Sometimes spirits will attach themselves to those objects. So again, respect is key.

The guy turns, looks one of the creepy faceless dolls and make a face at it with his girlfriend while taking a selfie.

REESE

I really hope whatever's possessing that doll follows that idiot home tonight.

The people around Reese laugh as they continue on.

Reese waits until everyone passes her and pulls out her phone. We see her bring up the email from Ainsley with the building blueprints on it. She taps on the blueprints which fill the screen.

REESE (cont'd)

Alright, I am here and...

Reese taps her phone again, enlarges the blueprint, focused on a red square marked on the map.

REESE (cont'd)

X marks the spot!

She nods to herself, puts the phone away and loses herself in the crowd again.

As the tour continues, Reese looks over all the displays, looking for the crystal ball.

The guide continues talking as they wander, the stories about the items are increasing in creepiness the further into the museum they go.

The guide stops in front of an old ventriloquist dummy, grinning back at the group.

(CONTINUED)

TOUR GUIDE

This is Billy. Billy was owned by a young boy named Simon. Simon kept telling his mom that Billy was speaking to him. His parents chalked it up to Simon's overactive imagination. Finally, one day when his mom was cleaning his room, she saw Billy's mouth move, entirely on it's own. As she backed out of the room in horror, she heard it say "The boy is mine."

The crowd gasps.

TOUR GUIDE (cont'd)

The next day the mom called and we are the new owners of Billy.

REESE

Well, I think it's safe to say I won't be sleeping any time soon.

The group continues on, visiting the different rooms in the building.

The only problem is, Reese still hasn't seen the Gazing Glass yet.

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

ACT FOUR

INT. PARANORMAL MUSEUM

When they finally end up back at the beginning, the guide starts wrapping up.

TOUR GUIDE

And that concludes your tour of the Museum of Paranormal. We hope you enjoyed your time here and you've had a great experience-

Finally seeing an opportunity, Reese interrupts.

REESE

Do you ever add to the museum? Get new items? Do people ever throw out the old possessed doll and get a new one?

The tour guide looks around before answering, tries to see who spoke but no one sticks out, as Reese ducks to keep unnoticed.

TOUR GUIDE

The museum is always on the look out for new items! We occasionally have items donated to us which we store until we have a chance to add them to the exhibit.

REESE

Well that's great! Good to know you never run out of nightmare fuel.

The crowd laughs, along with the tour guide as they continue towards the front entrance.

Reese drops back behind the group, lagging further and further behind until she's the only one in the room. A speaker crackles on overheard.

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)

The Museum of Paranormal is now closed! Please exit at the front of the building and have yourself a supernatural day!

She brings up her phone again, still looking at the blueprints, and walks back into the museum, looking down at the floor as she goes.

(CONTINUED)

She stops short of an access panel on the floor, edges peeking out from under a RUG.

REESE

Yahtzee!

She squats down, moves the rug over and pulls her backpack off. Quickly pulling out a FLAT SCREWDRIVER, she pries up the panel, revealing a crawlspace entrance.

REESE (cont'd)

Please don't have any creepy stuff
down here!

As she hears footsteps approach, Reese grabs her bag and drops down in the crawlspace. She straightens out the rug, reaches up, grabs the handle and pulls it down over her head.

The tour guide walks into the room and stops at hearing a metallic clank. He looks around, nothing seems out of place so he turns and leaves.

Reese waits, crouching silently in the crawlspace. After awhile, she then carefully pushes the panel back open.

She sees a darkened museum, all lights off, no sign of the tour guide. She pulls herself out of the crawlspace, quietly replacing the panel and creeps back to the front.

She stops short of the main lobby, again checking for the tour guide. The place is empty.

She makes her way quickly to all the side doors that she noticed during the tour and pegged as storage rooms. No luck.

She finds herself in front of the last door and drops her head after reading the sign on the door.

REESE (cont'd)

Of course it would be the basement.

She grabs the door knob and turns slowly. The door swings open slowly. No portal to Hell, just your average dark basement.

REESE

Alright super bright flashlight
app, time to earn your four star
review.

Using her phone to light the way, Reese makes her way down the stairs. She gets to bottom and stops cold.

(CONTINUED)

REESE
Holy room of nightmares...

Tables fill the room, which hold every manner of scary objects known to man and some unknown.

- A PORCELAIN DOLL with a cracked face and glass eyes
- A TOY CLOWN with WILD RED HAIR grins evilly
- A WOODEN IDOL with NAILS sticking out for eyes
- A OLD WOODEN OUIJA BOARD with scorch marks on it

Reese walks past the first table in shock.

REESE
I'm never sleeping again. And I'm
burning every doll I see.

She warily makes her way into the room and past the first table. She turns the corner and SCREAMS!

She looks at her own reflection in the FULL LENGTH MIRROR in front of her. She leans forward, head resting against the mirror, hand over her racing heart.

REESE
I hate this place. Stupid Rowan and
her stupid crystal ball.

She turns, walks off.

HER REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR REMAINS STANDING IN SILENCE,
WATCHING HER.

As she walks down another row, she finally sees it. A CRYSTAL BALL, attached to a pedestal, standing about a foot high.

REESE (cont'd)
Hello pretty ball.

Reese approaches the Gazing Glass. It looks deceptively innocent, at odds with the history she knows about it.

REESE (cont'd)
You don't look like something that
has killed countless people all in
the name of a little old woman.

She reaches out, but pulls back at the last second, clenches her fist, then shakes out her hand.

(CONTINUED)

REESE (cont'd)
Stupid Rowan and her stupid scary stories.

Reese takes a deep breath and grabs the crystal ball. She waits, expects something, anything to happen. Nothing does. She exhales and places it in her backpack.

She starts to wind her way back through the tables. She takes only a few steps before the light on her phone starts flickering.

She shakes it, starts walking faster, not wanting to be stuck in the basement without a light. She doesn't notice the PORCELAIN DOLL'S HEAD TURN and FOLLOW Reese as she passes.

She walks quickly up the stairs, hand out for the door knob, eager to get out of the basement. With a sigh of relief, she grabs and turns.

It doesn't open.

REESE (cont'd)
What the hell?

She grabs the handle, pulls harder, still nothing. Her light then goes out. Completely.

REESE (cont'd)
No, nope, not happening. Not getting stuck in here.

She yanks with all her might and it finally opens. She bolts through and it shuts behind her. Without looking back, she runs down the hallway.

Reese turns the corner to the front lobby when she slams on the breaks. She can see the outline of the tour guide through the front door, trying to insert the key in the lock.

REESE (cont'd)
Not good, not good.

She backpedals, races into the adjoining room with all the displays.

She hears the guide moving things around in the front room.

TOUR GUIDE
Where is it? Stupid phone.

Reese listens, hears the rustling sounds stop and footsteps start up again, coming towards her.

Reese continues to head back further into the museum.

REESE

I'm going in the opposite direction
I want to be heading in this place!

She listens again for anything out of the ordinary, which is basically everything in the museum.

She's about to check on the tour guide when she hears it. MUSIC PLAYING. She whips her head around, looking for the source before the tour guide hears it and comes back.

She hears it again, the further into the room she goes, the louder it gets. Suddenly it stops. She finds herself face to face with a shelf full of objects.

At eye level, she sees an ANTIQUE MUSIC BOX. Which begins playing again, right before her eyes.

She yelps and jumps back, then remembers the tour guide. Too late. The footsteps start back up again, coming towards her slowly.

She looks around frantically.

REESE (cont'd)

Need a plan, need a plan. Think
Reese.

Her eyes fall on the music box still playing.

REESE (cont'd)

Got it!

She whips out her phone, pulls up Ainsley's number and dials.

AINSLEY (V.O.)

Hey Reese! What's going-

REESE

No time for small talk. Time to be
impressive. Can you get into the
lighting system here?

AINSLEY (V.O.)

You're at the museum? Hang on.

REESE

Not a lot of time to hang Ainsley.

AINSLEY (V.O.)

It's gonna take me a few minutes
but yeah I probably can. What do
you want done?

REESE

I'll buy you some time. When you
get in, start turning the lights on
and off, discotheque it up in here
okay?

AINSLEY (V.O.)

Okay but-

REESE

Gotta go! Don't let me down
Ainsley!

Reese hangs up.

REESE

Need the number for this crazy
place.

She quickly searches for the museum on her phone's internet.
On the first result she sees the address and the phone
number, which she quickly dials.

She hears the phone ring in the main office and the
footsteps stop. She pulls the phone away from her ear and we
hear the after hours message starts playing.

Reese hangs up and dials again.

The tour guide starts backing out of the room when all of a
sudden, the lights turn on.

TOUR GUIDE

What the hell?

REESE

Way to go Ainsley!

Before the tour guide can head to the main light switch, the
lights go back off. Then on again. Pretty soon they are
flashing on and off at an alarming rate. Reese uses this to
cue up the next part of her plan.

She grabs a toy carousel next to the music box and cranks it
up.

(CONTINUED)

She moves down the line, grabs a doll with a pull string, grips and rips.

DOLL

Let's play a game! Let's play a game! (laughs manically)

Reese drops to the ground, eyes the tour guide through the shelves.

The tour guide is frozen in place as he takes in the lights flashing, music box playing, carousel spinning and the doll talking.

REESE

Time for the final touch!

Reese gets out her phone again and searches for 'Latin demon voice' and plays the first clip that comes up.

A deep man's voice starts spitting out rapid fire Latin, ending on a very English note.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

You're gonna die here!

The guide screams and sprints for the door, not bothering to lock it behind him.

REESE

Yes!

She stands up with a smirk, pleased with her plan. Then the doll speaks again.

DOLL

Let's play a game!

REESE

Not a chance in hell!

Reese takes off to the front of the museum. After making sure the tour guide was gone, she exits the building and heads for her car across the street.

She throws her backpack in the backseat, jumps in the front and locks her doors. She slumps forward over the steering wheel, exhaling.

As her head thuds on the wheel, the RADIO suddenly BLARES DEAFENINGLY.

Reese jumps, stares at the radio with panic in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

REESE (cont'd)
This is probably how the private
investigator died! Heart attack.

She turns the radio off, pulls out her phone.

REESE (TEXTING)
All clear! You can stop!

She hits send and sees the lights flash one more time from
across the street and then the building goes dark again.

Then she dials Rowan.

ROWAN (V.O.)
Hello?

REESE
Hey, it's Reese. I got your stupid
crystal ball and I'm still alive!

ROWAN (V.O.)
That's (pauses) good to know.
Everything okay there?

REESE
No, everything is not okay here.
I'm never gonna sleep again. I hate
this place, I hate dolls, I hate
music boxes, I hate it all. But I'm
awesome at my job. So there.

ROWAN (V.O.)
Yes, well, you've certainly put me
in my place.

REESE
Damn right! And just for everything
being so crappy, you need to pick
this thing up tomorrow at Murphy's
bar. I'm not bringing it in my
house and I want it gone!

ROWAN (V.O.)
Fine. I will see you then. (pauses)
Good job Reese.

REESE
Thanks. Good night.

Reese hangs up, starts the car and pulls away from the curb.

(CONTINUED)

REESE (cont'd)
Good job (scoffs) Great job is more
like it. Freaking awesome
spectacular job.

The car radio blares to life again, startling Reese.

REESE (cont'd)
Oh shut up! I've had about enough
of you!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. THE VERSE BAR - EVENING

Murphy glares at Reese's backpack, which sits on an empty bar stool next to her.

MURPHY

Why did you bring it in here? I don't want it in my bar!

REESE

Well, I'm not gonna leave it my car again. I already feel like I'm driving around in Christine!

MURPHY

Get it out of here! I don't want my bar to become the house on Poltergeist!

REESE

As soon as Rowan gets here, she's taking it and it's gone!

Murphy glares more.

MURPHY

Not good enough! I'm kicking your ass when the walls start to bleed!

As if to emphasize his point, the Jukebox kicks on across the bar. Reese is used to this happening by now but Murphy makes the sign of the sign of the cross and backs away.

MURPHY (cont'd)

Your friend better get here soon! I'm getting my priest on speed dial.

REESE

She's not my friend! She's (pauses) I don't know what exactly. I'll get back to you on that.

The door opens and Rowan, again dressed far too nicely for the Verse, walks in, a slightly less disgusted face this time around.

She saunters up to the bar next to Reese who can't help but grin at Rowan, who's looking for a place to set her expensive purse. She ends up just hanging on to it.

(CONTINUED)

REESE (cont'd)
Hey there!

ROWAN
I see you're still alive.

REESE
One step ahead of your private
investigator then!

Murphy laughs behind the bar. Rowan quickly cuts a look at him. He stops and retreats, cowers at the other end of the bar.

REESE
Come on (gestures to the booth)
you're scaring the poor guy.

ROWAN
Good! Fear is healthy.

Reese grabs her backpack and moves to the booth. Murphy crosses himself once more as they walk away.

Reese sits and slides the backpack over to Rowan on the floor. Rowan opens the bag, glimpses at the crystal ball sitting inside, satisfied. Closes the bag again and sets it down.

ROWAN (cont'd)
I'm impressed.

REESE
You should be! You have no idea
what I went through to get
that-that-thing! Have you ever been
to a paranormal museum? Hmm? Have
you?

ROWAN
I can't say that I have.

REESE
Do you know how many creepy dolls
there are in the universe? Well,
the majority of them are in that
museum! And those are just the ones
that are possessed by something!

Rowan tries to hide a smile as Reese picks up steam.

(CONTINUED)

REESE (cont'd)
Oh, and let's talk about music boxes.

ROWAN
I did have one of those as a child.

REESE
Really? Did it play by itself?
Probably not! I saw one that did!
Saw it with my own eyes! Did it
play a eerie little tune that
basically says here comes a demon?

ROWAN
No, it was a little ballerina. No
demon.

Rowan isn't even trying to hide the smile now as Reese goes full steam ahead.

REESE
I almost got locked in a basement
filled with everything you've ever
had a nightmare about! Without a
light! I drove home with that in my
car and my car went crazy!

Reese pauses to take a drink, sits back and crosses her arms emphatically.

REESE (cont'd)
Radio turned on by itself, blinkers
going all haywire. So yeah, you
better be impressed.

ROWAN
Oh I am. I'm very impressed and
very happy. I'm accustomed to
things turning out the way I would
like them to.

Rowan reaches into her purse and pulls out a stack of papers. Hands them to Reese.

REESE
What this?

ROWAN
A statement from the gentleman
who's car Murphy borrowed and that
you repo'd. It seems like this
whole thing was just one big

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROWAN (cont'd)
misunderstanding. All the charges
have been dropped and off your
record.

Reese grabs the papers and looks them over excitedly.

REESE
Seriously?

Rowan nods.

REESE (cont'd)
Murphy! Murphy we're not going to
jail!

Murphy fist pumps behind the bar as the other bar patrons
clap.

ROWAN
Well, at least not today although
the night is still young and you're
pretty much a wildcard.

REESE
Thank you Rowan! This is just
(pauses) thank you.

Rowan nods graciously.

ROWAN
Given how well you did, I would
like to offer you a job.

REESE
Is it for another demon toy?

ROWAN
No, no demon toy. I'd like to offer
you the position of investigator
for my company, Wilder
Acquisitions.

REESE
This is because your old
investigator's dead, right?

ROWAN
It's because you are extremely
capable and good at your job. And
also because my private
investigator is probably dead.

(CONTINUED)

REESE

I knew it!

ROWAN

I need someone I can count on to track down items and retrieve them. Items that require a special skill set. Your skill set. The Gazing Glass was your interview. You passed.

REESE

So I would be doing more jobs like this when I'm not repoing?

ROWAN

This would be a full time position Reese. You wouldn't have to repo anymore while being my, how you say, Collector. And the pay would be quite well.

Rowan writes down a figure on a napkin and slides it over to Reese, who does a spit take at the amount.

REESE

Holy...

ROWAN

What do you say?

Reese sits back, mind racing. The idea of being financially secure for the first time in her life is enticing. But she thinks back to the business that's in her blood.

She's hit with a BOMBARDMENT OF FAST MEMORIES --

--Reese age 12, stealing Murphy's bike back

--Reese, age 14, keeping a lookout while her uncle hotwires a car.

--Reese, age 16, hotwires a car while her uncle keeps a lookout

--Reese, age 18, working behind the desk at Langley Recovery Services. Her uncles walks by, pauses behind her and rests a hand on her shoulder.

REESE

I'm sorry Rowan, I can't. I really appreciate everything you've done for me but I can't give it up. My

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REESE (cont'd)
uncle's the only family I ever had.
The business was his baby, now it's
mine. It's all I have.

Rowan stands up and looks at Reese for a long moment and then nods.

ROWAN
Thank you again for a job well
done. Perhaps I'll see you around.

REESE
Yeah, I mean, you can always hang
out here with me and Murphy.

Murphy stands behind the bar, trying to catch peanuts in his mouth.

ROWAN
I'll keep that in mind.

Rowan gathers her things, backpack included and quietly walks out the door.

INT. REESE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Reese rubs her eyes as she is surrounded by paperwork and bills.

REESE
How can my electric bill be so damn
high? I'm never here!

Throws down the paper in hand and just as she's about to slump over the desk in defeat, her phone rings.

REESE (cont'd)
Hello?

GUY ON PHONE (V.O.)
Hello, is this Reese Langley?

REESE
Yes it is. How can I help you?

GUY ON PHONE (V.O.)
This is Bob at the bank.

REESE
Hi Bob at the bank, what can I do
for you?

(CONTINUED)

GUY ON PHONE (V.O.)

Well, I hate to be the bearer of bad news but your last payment-

REESE

Oh shit! I forgot the payment! I'll send it in right away!

GUY ON PHONE (V.O.)

That's not really the issue here Reese. Well, it's part of the issue. With the missed payment, you essentially defaulted.

REESE

Yeah, I know that. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to. I was out town, there was a creepy crystal ball, my car was possessed. I know that sounds crazy, please, I just missed-

GUY ON PHONE (V.O.)

Reese, we had someone here this morning that was interested in purchasing Langley Recovery Services. And given that you are in default, your debt and business were taken over by someone else.

REESE

(long pause)

What do you mean? What does that mean?

GUY ON PHONE (V.O.)

It means that someone has purchased Langley Recovery Services. You have a new owner, which isn't you.

REESE

You sold my business?

GUY ON PHONE (V.O.)

Technically, it's the bank's business since you were in default.

REESE

So what now?

GUY ON PHONE (V.O.)

Well, the new owner said they would be stopping by today to go over

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GUY ON PHONE (V.O.) (cont'd)
some things so you'll find out more
then. So if you don't have any
other-

Click. Reese hangs up on the guy. Her phone slips out of her hand onto the desk, she's dumbstruck.

REESE
(devastated)
I lost the business. I can't
believe I lost the business.

She drops her head to her desk with a bang. Then lifts it up and lets it hit again, and again, not hearing the office door open.

ROWAN
If you could stop damaging yourself
and the desk, that would be
helpful. Especially since I now own
both of them.

Reese slowly raises her head to look at Rowan, who stands in the middle of the office.

REESE
What?

ROWAN
I said, please refrain from
damaging my property.

REESE
Your property?

ROWAN
I really thought you were smarter
than this. I'm disappointed.

REESE
Disappointed?

ROWAN
Now it's getting old Reese.

REESE
I'm sorry, YOU bought my business?

ROWAN
Yes I did.

(CONTINUED)

REESE

But why?

ROWAN

I told you, I am accustomed to things turning out the way I want them to. And you are way too talented to waste dressing like an officer and carjacking people.

REESE

I was a detective, thank you very much. (pauses) So I work for you now?

ROWAN

You do. Is that going to be a problem?

REESE

Can I wear my belt buckle?

ROWAN

No. In fact, burn it. Please.

REESE

I think I'm gonna get you one! It can be like, a company thing! Do you think Ainsley would want one? I'm gonna get her one too. Like a welcome to the team sort of gift.

ROWAN

I have a feeling I'm going to regret this.

REESE

Oh, no doubt!

(cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

TAG

EXT. PRIVATE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Reese drives down a long, tree-lined driveway that ends at a gate. She rolls down her window and buzzes. A disembodied voice replies.

INTERCOM

Who is it?

REESE

Um, it's Reese. Reese Langley. I work for-

BUZZ-the gate opens. Reese drives on, until she stops in front of a large mansion. She gets out, staring in awe at the house in front of.

The front door opens and Rowan steps out to greet her.

ROWAN

Welcome to Wilder Acquisitions.

She steps back and gestures to a cavernous room filled with unidentified exhibits as far as the eye can see.