

The Collectors Pilot Episode
The Gazing Glass

By

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EXT. RESIDENTIAL BACKYARD - DUSK

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

A shoddy wooden fence lines the yard.

REESE (female, 30s) crouches along said fence, head on a swivel. Unnoticed, she slinks past another board.

With the finesse of a military extract team, she covertly advances to the end of the fence and peeks around.

She sees it. A 2010 Camaro, shiny black. Parked by the garage.

REESE
Hello gorgeous!

She starts forward, stops and drops when THREE MEN, classic good ole' boys carrying beers emerge from the garage.

They walk past the Camaro to join the others.

Reese weaves across the junk-strewn yard. With a slide worthy of a red card, she slips behind the car.

She pokes her head up, scans the area.

REESE (cont'd)
Repo rule number three... Stay vigilant!

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

She slouches down as voices come closer and stop.

The sounds of the barbecue are in full swing. The screech and pop of bottle rockets echo as more people run past the car.

Finally, the voices move away as well as the fireworks. Reese slowly rises then stops when the car rocks.

She glances through the windshield 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?

(CONTINUED)

Before Reese ducks back down, the woman glances up and eyes Reese.

Reese gives her an awkward wave as 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.

Reese backs up and the car's bumper clips the charcoal grill behind her. It falls 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.

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.

INT. THE VERSE BAR - NIGHT

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

Reese sits at the bar, nurses a beer and talks with the bartender, MURPHY (male, 30's).

(CONTINUED)

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. I'm pretty sure taking a car in the middle of a redneck barbecue violated at least half of 'em.

REESE

I don't think so. I think he would've appreciated the majestic beauty of the moment.

Down the bar, a man 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!

The man glares at Murphy, who just glares back.

MURPHY (cont'd)

Yeah, so where were we?

REESE

You were telling me how awesome my repo was. Really, you should've seen it! It was like, a Dukes of Hazard jump with fireworks-

MURPHY

(interrupting)

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

(CONTINUED)

REESE

(mumbles)

No, pretty sure you said that about
the guy down there.

Reese points to the man down the bar who waves at Reese.

Murphy gives her a hard look as he hands her a new bottle.

MURPHY

Reese, you know I support you. I
just think you take some risks that
you don't need to. Take jobs you
don't need to. Some jobs you just
can't-

Reese sets the bottle down with a loud clink, cutting off
Murphy.

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 ten 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 and slides it down without looking.

MURPHY (cont'd)

Remember when my bike got stolen?

Reese smiles fondly at the memory.

REESE

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!

He pauses momentarily before continuing.

(CONTINUED)

MURPHY

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 before turning 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 to bed. Then you snuck into his garage through a window and stole my bike back.

REESE

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

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! I just want you to 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 and I'll do whatever it takes to keep it going! 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.

MAN

To stupid shit!

He raises his bottle and promptly falls off his stool.

MURPHY

I would say he's drunk now.

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?

(CONTINUED)

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!

Reese just grins. Murphy lets out a resigned sigh.

MURPHY (cont'd)

What exactly do I need to do?

REESE

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

MURPHY

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

REESE

Look, you said you wanted to help. If it makes you feel any better, you can keep your clothes on this time. It's gonna go easy.

MURPHY

It never goes easy with you Reese. 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

I should've looked in the backseat but I didn't know her husband would show up with a shotgun! I don't know everything!

(CONTINUED)

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

DONNY

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

MURPHY

Donny, I don't want any trouble
tonight.

DONNY

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

REESE

The customer wanted the best, of
course they're gonna go with me.

DONNY

You 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.

MURPHY

Oh he went there. Not good.

Reese slides off her stool, a look of murderous intent on her face.

Murphy quickly jumps over the bar to stand in front of Reese, knowing this is going south fast.

(CONTINUED)

MURPHY

Look, let's just relax and take a step back. 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 minus the tumbleweeds. Finally Murphy nudges Reese back to her stool, 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 charges into the back of Donny like a homicidal tornado. Tackles him into the crowd as a full-scale bar brawl breaks out.

Murphy jumps into the fray, tries to get to Reese as her and Donny trade punches. Bodies fly around them.

Pretty soon the only one not involved in the chaos is the drunken guy from before at the bar. He raises his beer amidst the melee.

MAN

To stupid shit!

INT. OFFICE - DAY

An immaculate office. An immaculate desk. And behind it sits DR. ROWAN WILDER, an immaculate, imposing, perfectly put together woman in her 40's.

The expensive wooden name plate located in the exact center of her desk states "MUSEUM DIRECTOR."

A quiet knock echoes throughout the quiet room before the door is pushed open.

Rowan's assistant AINSLEY (female, late 20s) slips inside.

(CONTINUED)

ROWAN
How can I help you Ainsley?

AINSLEY
A Mr. Crow wanted me to pass along
a message to you.

Rowan lets out a sigh.

ROWAN
Oh did he now?

AINSLEY
Yeah, he wants you to call him and
give him an update on the status of
his request. Except he used a lot
more words.

Ainsley drops into the chair across from Rowan.

AINSLEY
He gives me the creeps.

Rowan sits down again, a slight slump to her shoulders.

ROWAN
He's not my favorite either but he
is a paying customer. Have you
heard from Casey yet? She hasn't
checked in.

AINSLEY
I tried calling again but no luck.
Phone is off so I can't track it
either. Should I start looking for
a new investigator?

ROWAN
Please.

AINSLEY
Maybe we need to rethink our hiring
process.

Rowan shoots Ainsley an exasperated look.

AINSLEY (cont'd)
I mean, I get it. It's not like
we're sending them after photos of
cheating spouses but we seem to be
going through a lot of
investigators.

ROWAN

Then find me a good one, and do it quickly. I'd like to be done with Mr. Crow.

Ainsley nods in agreement.

AINSLEY

I'll work on it tonight while you're wining and dining at the museum's fundraiser.

ROWAN

Thank you Ainsley.

Ainsley gets up and walks out.

EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

The normally drab museum is lit up and abuzz.

A banner across the front of the museum reads: "Black and White Gala Benefit."

A red carpet crammed with monochromatic people and photographers leads into the museum.

Expensive cars waiting for valet service stretch almost around the block.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Reese and Murphy sit in Reese's car, parked across 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.

(CONTINUED)

REESE (cont'd)
There it is! Let's go!

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Murphy stands next to Reese, who has eyes only for the pricey silver car.

REESE
Remember the plan?

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

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.

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

(CONTINUED)

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

REESE (cont'd)
Okay, time to go!

Reese straightens Murphy's bow tie 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! Totally forgot I
was supposed to be working tonight!

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. He makes no effort to help.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Reese puts the final touches on her outfit. 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.

She walks across the street. Eyes going back and forth between Murphy and the Bentley, she almost walks into a car pulling in. She looks down at the woman sitting behind the wheel of a pricey car. It's Rowan.

She nods her head at Rowan, gorgeous in form-fitting black just like her car.

(CONTINUED)

REESE (cont'd)
Evening ma'am.

Rowan scans Reese from top to bottom, returns to the police badge and handcuffs clipped to her monstrosity of a belt with huge buckle. Then she locks eyes with Reese.

ROWAN
Officer...

REESE
That's Detective ma'am.

Reese gives her a mock salute before she backs away.

She notices her target is two cars away. Pulls out her phone and types.

Murphy lounges behind the other valets, still playing on his phone until it pings.

ON SCREEN:

"Stop harvesting your crops! Car is coming up!"

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

MURPHY
(to himself)
Please don't let me get arrested,
I'm too pretty for jail!

He struts forward and shoves the other valets out of the way, 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, which draws the attention of a nearby manager.

MURPHY (cont'd)
Sorry, that was insensitive. You
probably get the guys too, right?
Love is love man!

Murphy reaches out and grabs the keys as the manager starts forward.

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER

Wait! Stop!

MURPHY

Enjoy the benefit! Save the polar bears!

Murphy hops in behind the wheel and speeds off.

MANAGER

Hey! Come back here!

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.

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.

REESE (cont'd)

Sir, I'm gonna need you to step outta your vehicle!

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

REESE (cont'd)

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! Get out of the vehicle! 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 Rowan standing at the curb watching, an intrigued look on her face.

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

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

REESE

Well, this isn't good.

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

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Reese sits 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

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

Pretty much everyone shifts away from Andy and Reese.

REESE

This just got awkward.

Andy scoots closer to Reese, who bolts up when a guard comes in.

GUARD

Langley!

REESE

Oh thank God! That's me! I'm Langley!

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 leaves. The door opens again and in walks Rowan.

She smirks at Reese.

ROWAN

Hello again... Detective.

Reese ducks her head, sheepishly.

REESE

Yeah, about that-

(CONTINUED)

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 a gorgeous woman with a hot car!

Reese pauses.

REESE

Or was it a hot woman with a gorgeous 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. I was just trying to do my job. I'm a-

ROWAN

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

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

ROWAN

Didn't think so. I've done some research. You're quite the recovery specialist. I have a proposition for you.

Reese looks mildly intrigued.

ROWAN (cont'd)

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

REESE

Of course.

ROWAN

I want you to retrieve this item for me.

REESE

Why me?

Rowan levels Reese with that cool appraisal from before.

ROWAN

I've checked around. They say you're the best. If you say you'll get something, you will.

REESE

That's true. What's in it for me?

ROWAN

I make all this go away.

Reese pushes away from the table, leans back.

REESE

Given enough time, charm, and money, I can probably do that myself.

ROWAN

Oh, I don't doubt two thirds of that. It's the money part I think you'll struggle with.

Reese tenses slightly.

(CONTINUED)

ROWAN (cont'd)
How is Langley Recovery Services
doing financially?

REESE
I'm guessing you already know.

ROWAN
You do this for me, you get my
item, and not only do I make all
this go away, you get a very
generous finder's fee.

REESE
How generous?

ROWAN
Enough to put you closer to getting
your business back. But if you
think you can get out of this
little situation yourself, I guess
I can get going.

Rowan pushes back from the table, stands and smooths down
her black dress.

REESE
Wait.

Reese looks around the room, uncomfortable with idea of
needing help.

REESE (cont'd)
All I have to do is get this one
item, whatever it is?

Rowan nods.

REESE (cont'd)
Okay. I'm in.

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.

(CONTINUED)

ROWAN

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

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The two walk out of the police station together.

REESE

So now that I've agreed to do this, tell me about this item because you don't strike me as the type of person who would let someone get away with backing out on a deal.

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 (cont'd)

My private investigator was supposed to track down the object and she was... unsuccessful.

REESE

I'm not so sure I like the sound of that. What's so special about this item? Why doesn't the museum just send the cops after it?

Rowan leans against the railing and keeps silent.

REESE

Ah, I get it. This isn't an item for the museum, is it? This is something else.

Rowan stays quiet.

(CONTINUED)

REESE

Look, you came after me. You gotta give me something here.

ROWAN

No, this particular artifact is not for the museum. It's for a... special collection.

REESE

How special are we talking? And I'd like to know what happened with your private investigator and why she didn't get it.

ROWAN

I'd prefer we discuss the details somewhere else. Go home Reese. I'll be in contact.

Reese starts to look unsettled at Rowan's avoidance.

REESE

You're deflecting. Is she dead? She's dead, isn't she?

ROWAN

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

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

ROWAN

I will give you the details you want, later and somewhere else. My assistant will be in contact.

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!

INT. THE VERSE BAR - EVENING

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

(CONTINUED)

REESE

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

MURPHY

Thanks. 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

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.

Murphy looks at her in shock.

MURPHY

How are you okay with this?

REESE

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

MURPHY

If you call me, speaking Latin, we're gonna have to reevaluate some things in our friendship.

REESE

That sounds reasonable.

Murphy gets out his phone and points it at Reese.

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 is she coming here again? Why not your place? Or the office?

REESE

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

MURPHY

Okay, so the office?

REESE

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...

Rowan strides in in all her glory. Heads turn. This is not the usual Verse patron. The common folk stop what they're doing and openly stare at Rowan.

MURPHY (cont'd)

Holy shit.

REESE

That was my first thought too.

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

ROWAN

This is quaint. 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. Hello Rowan. It's a pleasure to see you again.

(CONTINUED)

ROWAN

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

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

REESE

Rowan, this is Murphy. 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?

Rowan gives Murphy a piercing look, similar to the appraisal Reese got initially.

He leans back, away from her.

MURPHY

(defensively)

She stole my bike back for me when we were kids.

Rowan throws a 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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 she's probably dead.

ROWAN

(frustrated)

Would you please stop saying she'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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

ROWAN (cont'd)

I'm looking for someone who will do
what it takes to get the job done.
You proved that earlier.

Rowan stands up, looks down at Reese.

ROWAN (cont'd)

My assistant is working on getting
my former investigator's notes. As
soon as she has something, she'll
be in contact.

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.

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.

Ainsley answers on the other end.

REESE (cont'd)

Hey, is this (pauses to glance at
email) Ainsley? Rowan's assistant?

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?

(CONTINUED)

AINSLEY (V.O.)

Yes, that's me! 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

You sent me the location of the museum. Any chance you can get me some blueprints on that building?

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!

(CONTINUED)

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

A large building. A giant sign reads 'The Museum of Paranormal' in flashing red letters.

The line to get tickets extends down the sidewalk. Reese joins the line as it moves forward slowly.

She purchases her ticket and follows the large group inside, a backpack swings over her shoulder.

INT. PARANORMAL MUSEUM

A dimly lit room, wooden shelves everywhere. 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 and point at the displays.

She waits, shifts anxiously and looks around.

The TOUR GUIDE (male, early 30's) begins the tour.

TOUR GUIDE

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

(CONTINUED)

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.

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. Pulls out her phone. We see her bring up the building blueprints. She enlarges the image on her phone.

REESE (cont'd)

Alright, I am here and...

Reese taps her phone again, enlarges the blueprint more, focuses 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

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

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

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?

(CONTINUED)

The tour guide tries to see who spoke but Reese ducks to stay 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.

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 sets her backpack down. Quickly pulls out a flat screwdriver and pries up the panel, revealing a crawlspace entrance.

REESE (cont'd)

Please don't have any creepy stuff down here!

She hears footsteps approach. Grabs her bag and drops down in the crawlspace. 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.

(CONTINUED)

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

She sees a darkened museum, all lights off, no sign of the tour guide. She pulls herself out of the crawlspace, quietly replaces 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.

REESE

Holy room of nightmares...

Tables fill the room, which hold every manner of scary objects.

-- 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

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.

(CONTINUED)

REESE (cont'd)
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.

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 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 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.

(CONTINUED)

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, disco rave 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.

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!

(CONTINUED)

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.

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 good to know. Everything okay there?

(CONTINUED)

REESE

No, everything is not okay here.
I'm never gonna sleep again. 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. Good job
Reese.

REESE

Thanks. Good night.

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

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!

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!

(CONTINUED)

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... 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.

REESE (cont'd)

Hey there.

ROWAN

Still alive, I see?

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 gestures towards a booth.

(CONTINUED)

REESE

Come on, you're scaring the poor
guy.

ROWAN

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
thing! Have you ever been to a
paranormal museum?

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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 the one you repo'd. It seems like this whole thing was just one big 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.

(CONTINUED)

ROWAN

Well, at least not today although the night is still young and you're pretty much a wildcard. Your fee has been deposited into your account as well.

REESE

Thank you Rowan! Really, 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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

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 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.

(CONTINUED)

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?

BOB (V.O.)

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

REESE

I have it! I had to wait for a check to clear but I have it! It's in my account and I'll send a check over right away!

BOB (V.O.)

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

(CONTINUED)

REESE

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

BOB (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

What do you mean? What does that mean?

BOB (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?

BOB (V.O.)

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

REESE

So what now?

BOB (V.O.)

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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. So I work for you now?

ROWAN

You do. Is that going to be a problem?

(CONTINUED)

REESE

Can I keep working here? Repoing?

ROWAN

As long as it doesn't interfere with your work with me.

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. Like a welcome to the team sort of gift.

ROWAN

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

REESE

Oh, no doubt!

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.