

GLASS HOUSE

Written by

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FADE IN:

TITLE CARD: Chinese characters for humiliation (屈辱, *Quru*, pronounced "cheeroo") followed by "Update 65" in English.

ZHEN (PRE-LAP)  
Hey everyone, I'm Zhen --

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

ZHEN (25) - Chinese woman in a blue ski-cap, graphic tee shirt, ripped jeans, and an asymmetric collection of piercings - sits on a bed using a sheet for a backdrop.

ZHEN  
-- and you're you, and this *Quru* video is going to be short because, well, you'll know why when I get to that part. So first, Carol and I got back from the water park with --

Zhen puts on a pair of thick-framed glasses.

ZHEN  
-- our spy cameras. Lot's of embarrassing stuff. Gonna start with the guys' wandering eyes when their wives weren't watching. We got pics from different angles, so that'll make for some fun three-D stuff.

She puts the glasses back in their case, grins devilishly.

ZHEN  
It's not exactly taking down the Patriarchy, but we might break up a few marriages. And now...

Zhen holds up a hand-written letter with the address area expertly pixilated. She's positively giddy.

ZHEN  
I got the Ronald Glass fellowship! This is gonna raise *Quru* to a whole new level, so watch this space. *Zàijiàn* for now.

**INT. MOVING LIMOUSINE - NIGHT**

Zhen - still dressed the same - sits in the back seat next to a bubbly public relations FLACK (31) passing out forms to Zhen and four other ARTISTS.

On the other side of the Flack sits RAY (24), lanky African American man in a Mandarin-collar shirt and dress slacks, who takes the form absentmindedly because he's on his cell phone.

RAY

Hey, calm down, G. I like your sound, I'm just not the guy to do your cover art.

(cups hand over phone)

This the same thing you emailed me earlier?

The Flack nods. Ray signs the form and hands it back.

RAY

I'll level with you. All this "shoot a cop" shit is kid stuff. Okay, you're breaking up. Call me back when you got real tracks'll make me lose some sleep. Peace, G.

Ray's call drops before he can hang up. The WASPY woman sitting across from him, HANNAH (24) in highlighted hair and an outfit straight from the latest Fashion Week, startles everyone by whooping.

HANNAH

I like this guy. Serious branding.

Sitting next to her, her similarly fashionable brother OLIVER (28) cracks a slight smile. Next to him sits MARTIRIO (22), Hispanic man dressed in a suit and tie. The suit is not expensive, but the three gold rings on his fingers might be.

MARTIRIO

Ai. Don't really know each other yet, but I think we all going to get along fine. Really liking what I see so far.

ZHEN

The eyes are up here.

FLACK

Hey, looks like we're here! Could I just get those papers back? Thanks.

**EXT. GLASS HOUSE - NIGHT**

Gloomy night blankets an old Georgian-style mansion at the top of a wooded hill surrounded by stone walls. A dull light illuminates the mansion's many windows from within.

The gate opens automatically for the black limousine which stops near the main entrance. Engraved above the entrance is the name GLASS and a family crest.

The Artists exit from the rear of the limo. The driver pulls bags out of the trunk, with each Artist shouldering a duffel or dragging a carry-on suitcase. The Flack stays inside.

At the same time, the mansion's main doors open wide and a gray-haired CURATOR steps out to greet the Artists in an unhurried, almost condescending, tone with a German accent.

CURATOR

Welcome. It is so good to finally meet all of you in person. You must be Martirio.

In the background, the limo drives off.

CURATOR

And Zen.

Zhen offers a tired smile.

ZHEN

Zhen. A lot of my friends just call me "Jen."

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The front entrance, Artists and Curator appear on one of several security monitors. In the foreground, a hand sketches Zhen's head and face in pencil on a blank canvas. No other part of this OBSERVER is visible.

As details fill in, the drawing depicts Zhen with tears and an expression of pain or anguish.

**EXT. GLASS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The Curator nods slowly.

CURATOR

My apologies, Miss. You, sir, must be Ray.

The Curator is taken aback when Ray thrusts his hand out, but recovers and shakes his hand.

CURATOR

And finally our brother-and-sister team of Oliver and Hannah.

Hannah's luggage is easily twice the size of anyone else's.

CURATOR

Please, come inside.

(to ZHEN)

Your hat, if you don't mind?

Zhen pulls off her cap to reveal long straight hair dyed the exact same shade of blue. Martirio chuckles.

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - GRAND STAIRCASE - NIGHT**

The Curator leads the Artists through an imposing reception room dominated by a gigantic crystal chandelier.

Martirio and Ray avoid walking directly under the chandelier.

CURATOR

This house has been in the Glass family for over one hundred ninety years, almost since the founding of the Glazier and Artisan Company.

He indicates several artworks around the perimeter of the room including fine vases, glass sculptures of birds, elaborately carved hourglasses, a cornucopia of tinted glass fruits, and stained-glass windows in the front wall.

Most of the items are up high or leaning forward, which gives them a menacing character.

CURATOR

The company started out making hourglasses, but as you can see expanded into almost every form of high-quality glass-making.

The Curator opens a side door that leads into...

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

A long passage with windows on one side. Most of the wall space features framed paintings, the rest display cases and an old roll-top desk.

Curator and Artists enter through the only visible door. Far end of the passage bends out of sight.

CURATOR  
From the beginning, Ranulf Glas  
thought it --

OLIVER  
I'm sorry, who?

The Curator turns, furrows his eyebrows in annoyance.

CURATOR  
The company founder. The one who  
endowed your fellowships. The --  
(expression softens)  
Oh, forgive me. Of course. He  
changed his name to Ronald Glass  
after moving to America.

The Artists nod in recognition of that name.

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The unseen Observer sketches Oliver's face on the canvas, but twisted into a deep grimace.

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The Artists smile at solving the mystery.

CURATOR  
As I was saying, Ronald Glass  
thought it important to keep art in  
the front and center of our work.

He sweeps his arms out slowly toward the paintings.

CURATOR  
And that is why he has always been  
a patron of the arts, bringing  
artists-in-residence to his home.

The Artists split up to look around. The paintings span a number of styles, but almost all of them have a dark palette.

RAY  
Wow. There is a lot of heart in  
these things.

CURATOR

Given the late hour, I thought I'd give you a brief taste of the art collection now and leave the full tour for tomorrow.

HANNAH

Couldn't we just see all the rooms now? I think we're all too excited to sleep anyway.

CURATOR

The grounds are... quite extensive. In fact we will be hiring a helicopter for the tour.

ZHEN

(softly)  
*Kàn dào bù píngděng.*  
 (subtitles)  
 Behold the inequality.

HANNAH

We can hear you, *wàng'en*.  
 (subtitles)  
 ...ingrate.

Zhen grimaces. The Curator looks sternly at Zhen and Hannah like a couple students caught passing notes in class.

CURATOR

Finished?

Both women nod apologetically.

CURATOR

Some of Glazier and Artisan's most interesting work has been commissions for custom pieces.

He pulls several hand-written multi-page letters from the desk. The yellowing pages feature labeled drawings and long blocks of description.

CURATOR

Back in the early Sixties a pair of sisters - Laura and Emma Masters - sent in requests with such intricate detail that we figured they must have had some sort of contest between them.

OLIVER

Pfft, Hippies.

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The unseen Observer finishes the details of Oliver's face and moves on to sketching his hair and shoulders.

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

This time the Curator finds Oliver's ignorance amusing rather than annoying.

CURATOR

Eighteen Sixties. It was a tumultuous time in America with literal brother-versus-brother violence. Dueling art collectors in upstate New York seemed a light distraction by comparison.

The Curator guides the Artists over to a specific painting.

FOCUS: Painting depicts a pair of highly detailed clear glass skulls facing one another, illuminated from above by a crystal chandelier in the shape of a five-pointed star.

The chandelier's candle-light passes through the skulls to cast complex, eerie shadows. The position of the star gives it the appearance of an inverted pentagram.

HANNAH

This looks familiar. Oliver, do you remember this?

CURATOR

This intricate Pre-Raphaelite piece shows some of the items the sisters commissioned, but it is doubtful you could have seen it before today. We've never lent out "Sister versus Sister" to any gallery.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. MASTERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Brightly lit and decorated top to bottom with patriotic motifs. Stripes and eagles are everywhere. Blue pillows with white five-pointed stars dot every seat in the room, watched over by the five-pointed star chandelier from the painting.

SUPER: West Point, New York - 1861

EMMA MASTERS (16) and LAURA MASTERS (20), stand where the painting showed skulls. Each speaks with a pronounced Yankee accent and wears a simple house dress as they argue, red-faced and angry.

LAURA

They can't just let them leave!

Emma looks out the window at a small group of GENTLEMEN carrying sacks and other luggage down the street.

EMMA

What were they supposed to do?  
Those men resigned their spots in  
the Academy and they're going home.

LAURA

The Superintendent knows God damned  
well those men are going to take up  
arms against their country!

EMMA

Laura! Don't take the Lord's name  
in vain.

Laura lets out an exasperated sigh.

LAURA

You might plan to spend your life  
in a convent --

Laura opens a cabinet and takes out a musket. Emma grabs the barrel, but she isn't strong enough to wrestle it away.

LAURA

-- but my world is the real world.  
And things in the real world don't  
get fixed by prayers and Proverbs.

Emma snatches the bag of powder and plays keep-away with it.

EMMA

It's murder!

Laura clenches a fist at her little sister.

LAURA

It's war. Has been since Fort  
Sumter.

Emma unstoppers the bag and threatens to pour out the powder.

LAURA

You're too young to remember Uncle Will. He went off to Mexico and never came back. I... never even got to say goodbye to him.

EMMA

(unmoved)

They're 'round the corner by now.

Laura looks out the window, grunts in frustration.

LAURA

People DIE in war, Emma. And they KEEP dying until somebody wins.

EMMA

Please calm yourself down and find something to do that won't get you hanged.

Emma slides the musket out of Laura's hands and puts it away.

EMMA

I'm not going to be the one telling Mum and Dad and Bobby why they returned home to only one of us.

LAURA

I've half a mind to volunteer for the Union Army this minute.

Emma compares her height to Laura's.

EMMA

Deborah Sampson you're not... much too short to pass for a man.

LAURA

Under my own good name as a nurse, you half-wit.

EMMA

You know anything about being a nurse? 'Cause I sat next to you in school and --

Laura takes a threatening step closer, then relaxes.

LAURA

Dad's the protector of this family, and he put you in my charge until the he returns, so I've got until then to make myself more useful.

Laura storms down a hallway. Emma sighs in relief.

LAURA (O.S.)  
I'll be in Dad's library.

**INT. MASTERS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY**

A high-ceilinged room lined with bookshelves around a large wooden desk and chair. The center of the room is covered by a rug showing the Great Seal of the United States.

On the desk sit open copies of Henry Gray's *Anatomy Descriptive and Surgical* and Noah Webster's *American Dictionary of the English Language* on inclined stands.

Laura traces her finger over the same passage twice, sighs, and turns to look for another book on a nearby shelf.

She progresses down the shelves until looking at floor level. She pulls out one book, but it's not the right one. She puts it aside.

REVEAL: A couple books lay sideways, hidden behind the large tomes on the bottom shelf.

Laura slides out one of the hidden books titled *Dark Rites and Rituals of Mephistopheles*, tosses it onto the desk where it clearly lands flat and closed. She turns back to find the book she originally wanted on the bottom shelf.

While Laura's back is turned, the book opens itself to a page near the middle.

Laura lugs a heavy encyclopedia tome onto the desk and notices the open book.

LAURA  
"Banishing enemies." That sounds  
like a useful trick.

She runs her fingers over a couple lines of the text, lips moving as she reads. Even in that brief passage, she stumbles over several unfamiliar terms.

LAURA  
I suppose you can't just start in  
the middle.

She flips to the beginning of the spellbook. Barely audible, it seems to purr in satisfaction.

**EXT. OPEN MARKETPLACE - DAY**

Emma and Laura each carry a basket full of fresh fruits and vegetables down the crowded walkway between shops. Laura's basket includes a collection of herbs, she carries under the other arm an hourglass decorated with a Moon and stars.

When the sisters turn onto a quieter street, Emma notices something shiny among Laura's vegetables. She pushes two tomatoes aside to reveal a grapefruit-sized crystal ball and a wooden stand for it.

EMMA

Laura, divination is a sin!

LAURA

It's not for divining. It's... a lens... to spread the lamp's light better in the library.

EMMA

I didn't know they worked that way.

LAURA

There's a lot of things you don't know.

**INT. CHURCH CONFESSIONAL - DAY**

On the left sits a graying, fatherly PRIEST (51) in Catholic garb, and on the other side of the confessional's screen sits Laura in a simple but respectable dress, clutching a Rosary.

LAURA

... and people in battle. They break Holy Commandments. It's practically their vocation.

PRIEST

My child, war is a terrible undertaking, make no mistake about it. But many times in the Bible the righteous are called upon to defend the flock against the unrighteous. It scars them, but it's necessary.

Laura exhales, visibly relieved.

LAURA

So they can be forgiven. My own sins this week were that I took the Lord's name in vain, and read a passage from a heretical text.

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I didn't know what it was at first.

PRIEST

Apologize to those who heard your outburst and say three Our Fathers in penance. For reading the heresy, sounds like it was an accident. Spend thrice the time with the Good Word as you spent with the ungodly writings.

LAURA

Thank you, Father.

Priest makes a Sign of the Cross for her as she leaves the confessional. Emma enters and closes the door.

EMMA

Good morning, Father. Before I begin, I'm worried about the strength of my sister's faith.

PRIEST

Fear not, my child. She has looked from the Path, but has not strayed from it.

**INT. MASTERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Emma and Laura sit with a large family Bible, Emma tracing her finger along the text as she reads. The top of the page shows this is the beginning of the Gospel According to John.

A barely audible whisper drifts from the chandelier that only Laura hears. She perks up, just realizing something.

LAURA

Doesn't that contradict what the Gospel of Matthew said?

EMMA

Well, if you were paying attention in school then you'd know that no one wrote down Jesus' story at the time. We have FOUR Gospels to get the best picture we can of Christ's life.

LAURA

Seems like an important detail to get wrong, is all I'm saying.

**INT. HERBALIST SHOP - DAY**

Emma mills around uneasily. The OLD WOMAN (67) shopkeeper finishes with a customer up front. This Old Woman speaks with an odd accent from some obscure corner of the British Isles.

Emma doesn't like the look of the corn dollies, fungi, or vials of oil for sale back here. She takes her crucifix necklace out to rest in full view.

Nervously, Emma leans in to inspect the largest of the fungi... a black mound that looks almost furry. She pokes it lightly.

The black cat HISSES at Emma, bares its claws and fangs, but scampers off when the Old Woman waves it away.

OLD WOMAN

Can I help you find somethin',  
Missie?

EMMA

Um, not really. But I'd like to ask  
you about what my sister bought  
here a few days ago.

The Old Woman raises an accusatory eyebrow.

EMMA

I'm... I'm worried about her.  
(whispers)  
I think she might be involving  
herself in witchcraft.

The Old Woman pointedly continues speaking in a normal tone.

OLD WOMAN

You know, I thought the very same  
thing at first. Lookin' around,  
hesitatin', puttin' things upside-  
down in her basket.

Emma's eyes grow wide.

OLD WOMAN

But she's no witch.

Emma sighs in relief, then catches herself.

EMMA

Wait... how do you know?

OLD WOMAN

The herbs she was buyin'. Not the stock of someone startin' out in the Craft. I mean, she had dill. Really. Dill. Right there in her basket.

Emma's blank stare betrays a complete lack of understanding.

OLD WOMAN

There's naught good-natured anyone can do with dill in a potion. Must be for pickles or somethin'. Does she fancy pickles?

EMMA

I don't understand. What does "good-natured" have to do with witches?

OLD WOMAN

The Craft just got a different way of talkin' to God than you do. You light candles in your prayers?

Emma nods.

OLD WOMAN

Eat specially prepared foods?

EMMA

The sacrificial br--

OLD WOMAN

Chant talismans?

EMMA

You... could call it that.

OLD WOMAN

Holy waters and oils and incense?

Emma frowns, not liking where these comparisons are going.

OLD WOMAN

Got statues and images? I see one hangin' round your neck there. A bit north of here, they'd be about ready to burn you at the stake.

EMMA

(indignant)  
Catholics don't worship Satan.

OLD WOMAN

Nor do witches. You're talkin' about Satanics. They must'a saw all the things Christians accused witches of doin' and thought, "Hey let's do that for real."

Emma shakes her head to clear it.

EMMA

And you think she's not doing anything un-Christian all because she bought dill?

OLD WOMAN

It's not a thing a new WITCH would buy. Can't be sure, but what little I heard about Satanics, they need a man AND a woman for their doings.

Emma exhales in relief.

EMMA

Oh. Well, there's no one calling at our house, and she spends all her time in our library.

The Old Woman smiles in response.

EMMA

Thank you, ma'am. I'll remember to pray for your soul, that you see the error of your ungodly ways.

The Old Woman's years as a shopkeeper allow her smile to endure, but her eyes grow stern.

#### **INT. MASTERS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT**

POV from behind Laura as she looks over a page of the spellbook that shows a parody of the Christian altar. Her finger follows some text as she reads aloud softly.

LAURA

"The priest shall stand, and he shall use a nude woman as his altar before him." Hm... .

Laura undoes her dress and lets it drop, implying that she now stands nude.

LAURA

I think I can play both parts.

**EXT. MASTERS HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY**

A wooden crate sits by the front door. The side is branded with the Glass family crest and the name "Glazier and Artisan Company."

Laura lifts the crate with visible effort.

Emma steps outside and takes one end of the crate. The two of them are able to bring it inside easily.

**INT. MASTERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Emma and Laura put the crate down for a breather directly under the star-shaped chandelier. Emma pulls at the box lid which is not tacked down very well.

EMMA

So, what's in here?

Laura panics, scans the room. She inches her hand toward a heavy red-and-white-striped candlestick.

For just a moment, soft scurrying sounds come from the crate.

LAURA

Uh...

The lid comes off: the crate is filled with wood chips. The tops of two glass orbs are just visible. Laura drops her arm to her side.

LAURA

Right, just a couple more lenses for the lamps in the library. Had them made by the same people who made those baubles in our room --  
(points up)  
-- and our chandelier up there.

Satisfied, Emma puts the lid back in place. The two of them carry it down a hallway and then into...

**INT. MASTERS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY**

They plop the crate down onto the Great Seal rug. Several thick medical texts lay on the desk. Emma stretches her back then looks Laura right in the eye.

EMMA

Laura, you know if you were in any kind of trouble, I would ALWAYS be here to help.

LAURA

What?

EMMA

Like if someone were asking you to do things you thought were wrong. Or I don't know... anything at all.

Laura lifts her eyes for a moment, remembering something.

PRIEST (V.O.)

... many times in the Bible the righteous are called upon to defend the flock against the unrighteous. It scars them, but it's necessary.

LAURA

I appreciate it, Emma, but there's nothing to worry about.

Laura makes a little cross-my-heart gesture.

Emma smiles and walks out of the room, closing the door behind her.

Laura opens the crate, pushes wood chips aside, and lifts out two highly-detailed crystal skulls.

LAURA

These will do nicely.

**INT. MASTERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Emma fastens a cloak, picks up an empty basket, and calls to her sister in another room.

EMMA

All-right, Laura, I'm heading out now. I'll see you this afternoon.

LAURA (O.S.)

Fair travels.

Emma opens the door then steps out.

**INT. MASTERS HOUSE - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS**

Laura stands behind the desk, implied nude, with the spellbook before her open to a page titled "Conjury."

Other items on the desk make it an altar of sorts: two black candles, the crystal skulls, the crystal ball, the hourglass, a large kitchen knife, a mortar and pestle with some herbs, a bowl of blood, and an empty bowl.

The Great Seal rug is rolled aside. The floor bears a painted summoning circle inscribed with a pentagram.

Laura holds a folded letter in her hands. The ending is visible, which reads "your Mother and Brother shall remain here; I shall return home with all haste." It is signed by Barrett Masters.

LAURA

No more time for preparing.

O.S. Front door closes. Laura takes a deep breath.

LAURA

I call, of my own free will, upon a servant of the Fallen...

**EXT. CHURCH - DAY**

Emma circles around the side of the stone church to a plain door labeled "Rectory."

She knocks, and the Priest answers.

PRIEST

Good afternoon, Emma --

EMMA

Begging your pardon, Father, could I come inside for a moment?

**INT. MASTERS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY**

Laura's hand takes a pinch of ground herbs from the mortar and sprinkles them in the bowl of blood.

**INT. CHURCH - RECTORY - DAY**

The Priest sits at his desk in the rectory office while Emma sits uncomfortably in one of the guest chairs.

EMMA

Laura's been upset something terrible about the fight with the South, saying every day she means to do something about it.

The Priest sighs. This is not news to him.

PRIEST

She's made no secret of that.

EMMA

But a few weeks ago she fell silent about it. At first I was happy she'd found peace, but thinking on it, maybe that's because she's DOING something about it. Something awful she can't tell me.

PRIEST

Perhaps she's content in her progress toward becoming a nurse.

EMMA

With her odd manner these weeks, I hope she's not making progress on something much worse.

**INT. MASTERS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY**

Emma turns the empty bowl upside down. She dips the knife in the bowl of blood-and-herbs, lets the mixture drip onto the round bottom of the empty bowl.

LAURA

Reveal your true name to me.

As Laura moves the knife, the mixture flows deliberately across the bowl bottom into the shape of an intricate rune.

**INT. CHURCH - RECTORY - DAY**

The Priest pours a cup of tea for Emma.

EMMA

I've tried to investigate on my own, and best I can tell Laura has NOT involved herself in witchcraft.

She sips the tea and grins in approval of it.

PRIEST

That's a blessing, of course,  
though I had always hoped that  
anyone in my parish would be above  
such suspicions.

EMMA

But something is definitely not  
right, Father.

**INT. MASTERS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY**

Laura wipes the knife and points it at six distinct parts of  
the intricate rune.

LAURA

*Hay-el. Ee-oh. Rahd. Gar. I-ar.  
Nyd.*

A swirling wind builds within the library, whipping  
everything in a counterclockwise direction.

LAURA

I call forth the Dark Lord's  
servant Hergian!

**INT. CHURCH - RECTORY - DAY**

Emma places her empty teacup on its saucer.

PRIEST

I'm sure there's some innocent  
explanation, but what worries you  
worries me as well. I shall call on  
you tonight at home, and we'll get  
to the bottom of this. Together.

Emma, visibly relieved, stands up to leave. The Priest stands  
as well out of courtesy.

EMMA

Thank you so much, Father! Would  
you like to come for supper? I'm on  
my way to the marketplace now.

**INT. MASTERS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY**

A swift wind whips counter-clockwise around the room, bending  
the candle flames to Laura's right. Despite the candles and  
lamps, the room grows noticeably darker.

LAURA

I do not see you, but I can feel  
your presence.

A sniffing noise comes from a dark corner, and the blood in the bowl ripples slightly. A low rumbling shakes the room.

LAURA

This is the blood of an innocent,  
as was required.

The wind quickens, and the low rumbling forms into a growl.

LAURA

An innocent... dog.

An impossibly deep voice emerges from the growling. Laura looks around the library, as the voice doesn't seem to come from any one place.

DEMON

Human blood.

Laura stammers, then holds her left hand over the bowl. She drags the knife across her palm.

The wind slows with each drop of blood that falls. A long sniff releases as a very deep but contented sigh.

DEMON

Ah.

#### **EXT. OPEN MARKETPLACE - DAY**

Emma whistles softly to herself as she selects fruits and vegetables into her basket. Her gaze settles on a mason jar full of dill pickles.

EMMA

Laura detests anything sour.  
Especially pickles.

The afternoon Sun dips behind the building, putting first Emma then the pickles in relative darkness.

She looks apprehensively in the direction of her home.

#### **INT. MASTERS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY**

Laura lays several newspaper clippings across the desk/altar. The names of prominent Confederate politicians and generals are circled. Her left hand leaves a blood stain on the paper.

LAURA

These are the enemies I need slain  
and damned to Hell.

Wisps of darkness ride the swirling winds, each loops around  
one of the names before moving on.

DEMON

Hmm. One hundred lives.

LAURA

A lot more than a hundred would die  
in battle like Uncle Will if I  
don't act. I accept your price.

Laura begins an incantation, but fumbles on the fifth word.  
The swirling winds grumble with impatience. She begins the  
incantation again.

**EXT. MASTERS HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY**

A man in a muddy riding cloak, BARRETT MASTERS (41), robust  
but prematurely gray, slides a key quietly into the lock. The  
door opens, he hears VOICES inside, and rushes in.

**INT. MASTERS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT**

Laura, implied nude, her back to the altar and door, pours a  
bowl of some dark liquid over her head. The candle and lamp  
flames burn a bright green, bathing the entire room in an  
eerie greenish glow.

Laura begins a new set of incantations.

The library's door handle rattles from the outside.

DEMON

First.

BARRETT (O.S.)

Who disturbed my books?

Barrett bursts into the room, stands agape for a moment. The  
green light spills into the hallway, bathing him in its  
unnatural hue. Laura doesn't seem to hear, continues pouring.

DEMON

Barrett Masters.

Barrett raises his hands in an arcane gesture, steps in,  
traces a glowing red pentagram before him.

BARRETT

*Audite --*

The wind lifts the hourglass from the altar, hurls it at Barrett who blocks it with his left arm. The glowing pentagram cracks, falls to pieces.

BARRETT

*-- vocem --*

The wind lifts the crystal ball just as the hourglass arrives back at the altar. They collide, sending a shower of glass shards around the room. Barrett suffers minor cuts.

BARRETT

*-- meam!*

The wind grows calmer, the glass shards tumble to the floor. A shadowy outline of a horned figure manifests before the altar. Glowing green eyes open to narrow slits.

Barrett opens his mouth, but the Demon's eyes fly open.

DEMON

No.

The wind sweeps up the shards, as fast as ever, raking Barrett with dozens of cuts. Laura still takes no notice.

A large shard slices straight across Barrett's mouth and tongue, cutting off whatever he was going to say.

DEMON

You cannot protect your daughter  
from me.

Barrett falls to his knees, shielding his head with his arms. Another large shard tears a deep gash across his gut.

DEMON

You cannot even protect yourself.

Barrett screams, clutches the gut wound, exposing his head. A relentless barrage of small shards shreds his eyes, larger shards cut deeply at his neck.

Too late, he tries to shield his head again, loses fingers. A jagged shard cuts through his windpipe, reduces his screams to gurgling.

As Barrett falls forward, a pair of large shards combine to sever his head completely. It rolls toward the room's center, facing away from Laura. The Demon figure nods and fades.

The flying shards quickly shred the rest of Barrett into a red smear around the floor dotted with bits of clothing. Among the debris: a pentagram amulet and an obsidian wand.

The door closes. Shards fall onto the altar in just the right way to reform the hourglass and crystal ball. The cracks fade as Laura finishes pouring the liquid, turns around.

**EXT. MASTERS HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY**

Emma reaches the front door as the Sun sets behind her. She notes the door is ajar, catches the sound of VOICES inside.

EMMA

Laura? Is everything all-right?

**INT. MASTERS HOUSE - HALLWAY**

At the library door, Emma fumbles with a key ring in one hand and a crucifix in the other.

DEMON (O.S.)

Second.

EMMA

Laura! I'm coming!

Emma gets the right key into the lock and bursts into...

**INT. MASTERS HOUSE - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS**

Emma can see that Laura is there, but Laura hasn't opened her eyes since pouring the liquid. A tongue of green flame dances on each of her upturned palms.

The greenish glow washes out into the hallway, but for some reason Emma is still lit normally. She takes a step forward with her crucifix held high.

DEMON

Emma Masters.

Emma holds the crucifix in front of her, takes another step.

EMMA

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

The wind jerks uncomfortably at the sound of Scripture, and the Demon's shadowy outline re-appears.

DEMON

Always judging others, prideful  
that she is the most pious.

Emma takes small steps forward, clutching her crucifix.

One by one, the glass items launch from the altar and swirl  
around the room, but none strikes Emma.

EMMA

"He causes me to lie down in --"

The Demon ROARS and fully manifests with scaly black skin and  
glowing green eyes.

DEMON

Shouldn't one so pious recite the  
*Ketuvim* in the original Hebrew?

EMMA

"-- green..."

Emma's voice falters and she stands dumbfounded. Whatever was  
keeping the greenish glow from Emma fizzles.

DEMON

The words don't matter; the  
important part was keeping your  
faith. Now lie down.

With a quick stroke, the Demon slashes a claw clean through  
Emma's neck. Her body falls one way, her head another.

Laura blinks her eyes open, sees Emma's body but continues  
the incantations with a new certainty and a harder edge.

The Demon turns toward Laura with a content smile.

DEMON

Ninety-eight more.

The Demon nods and begins to fade once more.

Laura brings her right hand down and touches the green flame  
to the newspaper clippings. They burn off quickly, leaving  
exposed the bowl with the Demon's rune on it.

LAURA

...banish to Hell the bearer of  
THIS NAME!

The rune glows bright green.

DEMON

What?

The Demon's image slowly disperses in the wind, punctuated as glass items fly through it.

DEMON

You cannot destroy me.

Laura stares directly into the glowing eyes.

LAURA

Get out of my world!

Laura grabs the knife without breaking eye contact.

DEMON

Foolish mortal! I will return, and  
when I do I will torment your  
children and your children's  
children unto the end of time.

Laura smashes the knife through the rune.

The wind ends abruptly, the light snaps back to its natural color, and all of the glass items alight on the altar.

Laura stands with the knife in hand, panting heavily, looking for any sign of the Demon.

Over the course of three or four breaths, Laura's fierce pants transform into desperate sobs. She forces her gaze to Emma, then catches her breath again upon seeing Barrett.

The Priest rushes through the open door holding a crucifix.

PRIEST

There is an evil in this house and  
I will drive it out!

Laura drops her knife, rushes over to the Priest, and wraps herself around him in a deathgrip embrace. She is still implied nude, still soaked in that dark liquid, still trickling blood from her left hand.

LAURA

You're too late, Father!

The Priest moves one arm lightly around Laura and surveys the library. He sees the summoning circle with the pentagram, and in front of it the severed heads of Emma and Barrett.

He lowers the crucifix.

LAURA

What can I ever do to make up for  
what I've done?

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - GALLERY - NIGHT**

FOCUS on the painting "Sister versus Sister," with the skulls  
where the two severed heads were.

RAY

That is messed up.

ZHEN

It's just a story.

RAY

I didn't mean it in a bad way.

Oliver snaps his fingers.

OLIVER

(to HANNAH)

You're right, we HAVE seen this  
before. Not the painting, the  
chandelier itself. It was in --

HANNAH

In a whole storage unit of stuff I  
inherited from Aunt Gina.

Martirio, Ray and Zhen wander off again.

HANNAH

It didn't go with anything, so I  
donated it.

(CURATOR raises eyebrows)

To a museum.

Curator smiles with relief.

Ray leans in to inspect the complex patterns of light and  
shadow in another painting, this one with sunlight shining  
through a window then a vase holding a flower in water.

RAY

The story's messed up, but that  
painting and this one... It's  
simply amazing someone painted  
these by hand.

Martirio, Oliver, and Hannah exchange confused glances.

CURATOR

Ray and Jen are the first two digital artists to join our artist-in-residence program.

HANNAH

(condescending)

Ah.

MARTIRIO

That takes talent, too.

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The Observer sketches faint ovals to lay out an upright pose then draws in the outline of Martirio's collar.

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The Curator tries to subtly herd the Artists into one area.

CURATOR

Each of you brings to the program a remarkable talent.

Martirio scoffs, raises his left hand a bit.

MARTIRIO

When I had to decide in college if I'd use my hand to paint professionally or to play third base, my papa did NOT like the outcome.

RAY

Oh, no.

ZHEN

(simultaneously)

Seriously?

Martirio nods.

CURATOR

And the choices you made brought you here. The same for all of you. Most artists use their talents to inspire, to entertain, or perhaps to shock.

The Curator leads the group further down the hallway.

CURATOR

But you? You five have misused your talents to bring harm.

The Artists are taken aback and start to protest, except Ray who simply smirks in an expression that says "fair point."

One by one Hannah, Oliver, and Zhen silently concede the point, but Martirio remains indignant.

MARTIRIO

I'm showing important moments in their lives.

CURATOR

(levels gaze at MARTIRIO)  
You are showing career-ending injuries, celebrating the death of their dreams.

RAY

That is dark.

ZHEN

And you're going to what, set us straight?

CURATOR

I wouldn't be so presumptuous. But I do think we have better use for your talent here than what you were doing before.

MARTIRIO

I don't know about that, but anybody'd be happy to work for this outfit.

The Curator shrugs.

CURATOR

I don't want you to have unrealistic expectations. Any manufacturer this old has had its share of disputes, accidents, deaths --

ZHEN

Well, no one's perfect.

The Curator leads the group toward the far end of the hallway, distracting them as they pass a painting of a furnace with several ghosts emanating from it.

CURATOR

We have a long and proud tradition of excellence, but of course it is impossible to please everyone. One young woman had written the company in Eighteen Ninety-Eight to complain that she did not like what she saw in one of our mirrors.

The Artists giggle. Even Martirio's mood lightens.

CURATOR

I assure you the tone of her letter was quite serious. The company President wrote back, in part, --

The Curator reads from a letter he had picked up along with the sisters' orders.

CURATOR

"The Glazier and Artisan mirror consists of a finely sculpted frame and a silvered glass mirror constructed to the highest scientific standards of technical perfection."

The Curator steps over to one of the paintings further down the hall, almost to the bend.

CURATOR

"This mirror does not show how one appears at a casual glance; it does not show how one wishes to be; its sole purpose is to show how one actually is." One of our artists-in-residence at the time decided to have some fun at this customer's expense.

FOCUS: Painting depicts a young Caucasian woman in an 1890s high-collared, puffy-shouldered dress applying lip color with a brush. She peers into a mirror with a frame of elaborately sculpted frosted glass.

Her reflection is splattered in blood and holds a curved blade of some sort, also bloodied, in the same position as the lip brush.

CURATOR

This fanciful piece is titled "A Moment of Reflection."

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. LIZ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

At a vanity desk sits Connecticut native LIZ CHEVAL (22) in a high-collared, puffy-shouldered dress. She applies lip color with a brush, gazing intently at her reflection in a large mirror with a sculpted-glass frame.

SUPER: Manhattan, New York - 1898

Gas lamps illuminate this tiny urban apartment in an early summer evening. Most of the apartment is taken up by a single bed and a dresser. The vanity desk and chair consume most of the remaining space.

LIZ  
Hold steady...

The reflection mimics her movements, but the expression grows more and more disapproving until Liz puts the lip color brush back in its pot.

MIRROR LIZ  
Ugh. It's grotesque.

Liz blots the excess color from her lips using a folded bit of paper.

LIZ  
It's not grotesque. It's modern.

Mirror Liz harrumphs.

LIZ  
I'm supporting myself, and if I want to spend some of MY money on fancy things, no one is going to stop me. Certainly not you.

MIRROR LIZ  
It's not the color. I could get used to the color. It's that you're putting on color for that... man.

Liz stands and tightens her corset.

LIZ  
Bradley seems like a very fine gentleman --

MIRROR LIZ  
Liz, if he were a very fine gentleman, he wouldn't be meeting you... unchaperoned.

LIZ  
Please, I don't need some antique  
mirror giving me antique advice  
about courtship.

Liz finishes with her corset and turns to leave.

LIZ  
It's nearly the Twentieth Century.  
One must keep up with the times!

**EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT**

Liz walks down a busy street alongside the well-dressed  
BRADLEY (25). He looks up and shields his eyes from the  
strong arc lamps.

BRADLEY  
I don't like all these wires  
they're stringing up everywhere.

LIZ  
That's progress. It's how all the  
electric lights work. It's how we  
operators connect your calls at the  
telephone company.

The couple pass in front of a poster hanging in a store  
window announcing a Fourth of July, 1898 celebration. A faint  
image of Mirror Liz scowls at Liz. Liz smirks back.

BRADLEY  
Do you mean that I'm not the only  
one who gets to hear your sweet,  
sweet voice?

Bradley playfully bumps into Liz. Liz takes the bump in  
stride, but Mirror Liz staggers and becomes livid.

The couple pass in front of the store where those overhead  
wires enter. It has larger, floor-to-ceiling plate windows.

Mirror Liz, her image now clearer and visible from head to  
toe, pops off one of her shoes and smashes the heel through  
Bradley's reflection's temple.

Bradley stops mid-step, his face contorts from a stroke.

LIZ  
Bradley?

Bradley falls in a heap, nearly taking Liz down with him.

LIZ  
 Bradley?  
 (screams)  
 HELP!

Several BYSTANDERS rush over to assist.

Liz stares wide-eyed at Mirror Liz, who calmly re-fastens her bloodied shoe.

LIZ  
 What did you do?

One of the men helping Bradley misinterprets Liz.

BYSTANDER  
 Oh? We're just preparing to carry  
 him to the hospital, Miss.

MIRROR LIZ  
 I defended your honor.

Liz covers her mouth with her hand, her jaw quivering in fear. She opens her mouth, but no words come out.

MIRROR LIZ  
 Your welcome.

Liz bursts into tears as the Bystanders carry Bradley off.

**INT. LIZ'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Liz wears funeral attire, faces the mirror, and hefts an umbrella like a club.

LIZ  
 I should smash you to bits!

Mirror Liz points at her chin.

MIRROR LIZ  
 Go ahead. Right there.

Liz winds up to strike.

MIRROR LIZ  
 Maybe it'll release me into the  
 world. Maybe it will kill me.  
 But...

Mirror Liz leans in.

MIRROR LIZ  
 what if I'm part of you, and  
 killing me kills you? Are you  
 prepared to die?

Liz hesitates, then throws the umbrella onto her bed.

LIZ  
 I HATE YOU!

**INT. LIZ'S APARTMENT - LEARNING TO LIVE WITH HERSELF MONTAGE**

Brief encounters between Liz and Mirror Liz in the apartment with no audio.

1. Liz in sleepwear sits facing away from the mirror, arms crossed.
2. Liz, in one of the plain dresses she wears to work, sits reading a book while Mirror Liz points emphatically at the nice sunny day visible through the reflection of the window.
3. Liz in sleepwear poses before the mirror with a daring-for-the-time bathing suit. Mirror Liz pulls out a thick winter coat to parody that pose.
4. Liz, dressed for an evening out, applies lip color as Mirror Liz rants and counts points on her fingers.

**INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - DAY**

A hospital-style room with four patients on examination tables, covered with white sheets. One sheet is bloody, the others clean.

A chalkboard serves as a calendar showing late August, 1898.

DR. NICHOLS (53), wearing a blood-stained apron, writes out a death certificate. Two ORDERLIES stand awaiting instructions.

DR. NICHOLS  
 You can take those three, I want  
 another look at this one.

Dr. Nichols points his pen at one of the clean sheets. The Orderlies stretch out the bloody patient first.

Dr. Nichols turns to the body he indicated and lets out a long, exasperated sigh.

Laura (now 57) - dressed as a Catholic nun - catches the door before it closes, steps in.

LAURA

Is all well in here, Doctor  
Nichols?

DR. NICHOLS

Thank you for your concern, Sister  
Laura, but I am quite all-right.

LAURA

The patients aren't the only ones  
who suffer in this place. You need  
to spend time with the living.

The coroner breathes deeply and nods.

DR. NICHOLS

It's just frustrating to have a  
young man with no sign of illness,  
no history of complaints, keel over  
and die of a heart attack that I  
can't explain.

LAURA

Wasn't he the one all tangled up in  
the electric lamp?

DR. NICHOLS

Yes he was, which I wager would be  
enough to kill a horse, but  
everyone tells me he fell ONTO it.

LAURA

We can't expect the world to yield  
its mysteries without a fight.

Laura flexes her scarred left hand. Dr. Nichols looks under  
the sheet.

DR. NICHOLS

Practically an epidemic of healthy  
young men coming through my office  
lately. But you're right, Sister, --  
(smiles)  
-- it should be seen as more of a  
challenge than a burden.

Sister Laura smiles and leaves.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

An irritable WATCHMAN (27) of the New York City Police Department stands near a body covered by a sheet just off the sidewalk. He writes in his notebook, occasionally shielding his eyes from the harsh arc lamps overhead.

A horse-drawn milk truck full of empty bottles stands parked next to the body. Liz - dressed for a date - and the TRUCK DRIVER (40) - dressed for work - stand nervously between the annoyed Watchman and a row of large windows.

LIZ

(nervous rush)

Mister Johnson simply... tripped.  
Perhaps a... a... a loose stone on  
the sidewalk?

MIRROR LIZ

(to WATCHMAN's reflection)

I did it! Take me away!

LIZ

I'm sure there's nothing the driver  
could have done.

WATCHMAN

Such a senseless, tragic death. No  
one deserves to go like that.

Mirror Liz runs a finger along the billy club on the Watchman's reflection's belt.

MIRROR LIZ

Why did you choose that ghastly  
Mister Johnson over THIS fine and  
honorable man?

Liz turns her head to Mirror Liz.

LIZ

Are you serious?

The Watchman inhales sharply.

Liz's eyes go wide. She slowly turns back toward the Watchman with a peace-keeping smile.

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Antiseptic white and lined with benches on one side, where several people sit lost in their own thoughts. One of these is Liz. Decorations for Thanksgiving hang on the walls.

Laura stops at each person to offer a prayer, comforting word, or sympathetic ear.

Dr. Nichols hurries from a side door in front of Liz and heads down the hallway.

DR. NICHOLS

It has to have something to do with electricity.

When the door closes, Mirror Liz appears in its window and calls after the coroner. Not that he can hear her.

MIRROR LIZ

Or maybe it has something to do with him being a masher!

Laura makes her way to Liz. Mirror Liz reacts as if Laura carries a powerful bad odor.

MIRROR LIZ

Get rid of her!

LAURA

Is there any--

LIZ

No, I'm fine. Thank you.

Laura moves on, and Mirror Liz relaxes.

**INT. LIZ'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Frost covers the windows on a cool winter's day.

Liz, dressed for an evening out, takes a last couple breaths before tightening her corset.

MIRROR LIZ

You like this man, but that's not the same --

Liz cinches the corset with one quick pull.

MIRROR LIZ

(strained)  
-- thing as knowing him well.

LIZ

I've asked around about him, and everyone vouches for his character.

MIRROR LIZ

If you trust those gossiping hens  
who work the switchboards to know  
anything about character.

Liz finishes tying her corset and begins buttoning her coat.

LIZ

I work the switchboards.

MIRROR LIZ

And I don't think you're a very  
good judge of character, either.

LIZ

Thomas works at the telephone  
company, too. If he did anything  
ungentlemanly, he knows it'd get  
back to his employer and he'd be  
cashiered.

Mirror Liz knocks on the mirror pane from the inside.

MIRROR LIZ

Liz, that's not how the world  
works!

Liz, unperturbed, puts on her hat and gloves.

LIZ

This time I've done everything in  
my power to satisfy your paranoia.  
Like it or not, I'm going to have  
fun this evening. If you're still  
not happy, you can... you can sit  
in there and sulk.

Mirror Liz starts to reply, but Liz cuts her off by storming  
out of the tiny apartment.

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Liz adjusts her gloves, and walks with a smartly-dressed  
THOMAS (27) to the entrance of a fancy restaurant. Liz smiles  
broadly and peeks inside.

The walls of the restaurant are lined with mirrors.

Liz's smile vanishes, and she tugs on Thomas's overcoat.

LIZ

Would you mind terribly if we went  
somewhere else?

THOMAS  
 Whatever you'd like, Liz.

The couple proceeds down the sidewalk, with Thomas casually scanning for a nice place to eat.

Liz glances nervously at each window she passes.

**EXT. CIGAR SHOP - DAY**

Liz and Thomas cross into Chinatown. Thomas spots a particular store, halts in front of it.

THOMAS  
 I always stop in here when I pass  
 by. It'll just be a moment.

LIZ  
 Sure.

Thomas steps in, greeted by a male Chinese SHOPKEEPER (35). Liz starts in as well, but stops at the open doorway as if she walked into a pane of glass. Thomas doesn't see that.

FOCUS: Sunlight glints off an octagonal Feng Shui *Bagua* mirror hung over the shop's entrance.

SHOPKEEPER  
 Your kind not welcome here.

LIZ  
 What, French? My family's been in  
 America --

SHOPKEEPER  
 (wags finger at LIZ)  
 Not you...  
 (points at LIZ)  
 You.

LIZ  
 That doesn't make any sense. Is it  
 because you're stupid or you don't  
 speak English --

Thomas interposes himself between Liz and the Shopkeeper, steps back out.

THOMAS  
 Ah. Ah. Ah.  
 (to LIZ)  
 I'm not sure I've ever seen a woman  
 in his shop. Sorry about that.

Liz pushes an open hand against the invisible barrier, unseen by Thomas but obvious to the glowering Shopkeeper.

SHOPKEEPER

I see you in Chinatown again, I call Tong.

LIZ

Is that a boy's name or a girl's?

THOMAS

It's a gang.  
(steers LIZ away)  
Seems this man doesn't want my business anymore.

Thomas winks at the Shopkeeper. He intends to come back to his favorite cigar shop another day.

Liz spots *Bagua* mirrors guarding several nearby shops.

LIZ

We're only a couple blocks from Little Italy. Let's get something to eat.

**INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY**

Liz and Thomas sit at a table for two in a cozy Italian restaurant, just inside the front window.

The couple engage in some people-watching over their menus as the waiter brings glasses of water and offers a bottle of wine. Thomas accepts the wine, which the waiter pours.

**INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - TWILIGHT**

The waiter brings dessert as a tipsy Liz giggles at one of Thomas's jokes.

The staff turn up the gas lamps over each table to keep it from getting too dark inside, creating reflections in the front windows.

From that front window, Mirror Liz smiles smugly at Liz. Liz gives her reflection a goofy wave.

THOMAS

Did you see someone you know?

LIZ  
Just in the window there. She looks  
a bit like me, I think.

THOMAS  
Where?

Liz presses a finger up against the window and giggles.  
Mirror Liz waves at Thomas, but his non-reaction shows that  
he doesn't see Mirror Liz moving independently.

THOMAS  
Oh, right. Yes, I think she does.  
You don't drink very often, do you?

Liz shakes her head and smiles. Mirror Liz closes her eyes  
and shakes her head slowly at Liz.

Thomas empties the rest of the bottle into Liz's glass.

THOMAS  
So, while you're finishing your  
cake, I have a little proposition  
for you.

LIZ  
Hmm?

Thomas leans forward.

THOMAS  
How about... you and I take a  
stroll tonight...

LIZ  
That sounds lovely.

THOMAS  
... that ends at my apartment?

Liz's smile melts, showing that she wasn't that drunk.

THOMAS  
Don't worry yourself; my doorman is  
VERY discrete.

Thomas takes a bite of his cake.

THOMAS  
Your reputation will be quite safe.

Mirror Liz leaps up, circles the table's reflection, and  
grabs Thomas's reflection's necktie.

LIZ  
 I appre... appreciate your concern,  
 Thomas, but --  
 (sees MIRROR LIZ)  
 No!

Mirror Liz yanks hard on Thomas's reflection's tie. Thomas begins choking on his dessert.

Liz loosens Thomas's tie and collar, but Thomas's choking only gets worse as Mirror Liz pulls with all her might.

Thomas collapses to the floor.

MIRROR LIZ  
 Aw, phooey.

With Thomas no longer casting a reflection where Mirror Liz can reach it, he coughs up the nut he'd been choking on, vomits all over the floor, then continues coughing.

A pale Liz backs out of the restaurant and runs.

#### **INT. SKYSCRAPER LOBBY - DAY**

A modern marvel of gleaming chrome and electric lights welcomes visitors to the telephone company building. Liz and the Watchman stand in front of one of two sets of highly reflective elevator doors.

An "Out of Order" sign hangs from the closer elevator panel.

WATCHMAN  
 Aye. And what were you doing here,  
 Miss Cheval?

MIRROR LIZ  
 (in elevator door)  
 Keeping an eye out for that  
 licentious Thomas fellow.

LIZ  
 (sotto voce at reflection)  
 I. Work. Here.  
 (to WATCHMAN)  
 I use these elevators every day.

WATCHMAN  
 It's odd. The doors aren't supposed  
 to open without the car there.

Mirror Liz checks on her nails.

MIRROR LIZ

Oh please, it's not like the doors  
are locked. Only hard part is  
getting a good grip.

DING. The second set of elevator doors opens. The Orderlies  
emerge, stretchering out a body covered with a bloody sheet.

Mirror Liz ponders the Watchman's reflection, addresses Liz.

MIRROR LIZ

Do you think he'd find me more  
attractive in those horizontal  
black and white stripes?

**EXT. CITY SQUARE - NIGHT**

Liz and a SUITOR stroll along the perimeter of a fountain in  
a square illuminated by arc lamps. The fountain shuts off for  
the night, and the waters settle until still.

The Suitor turns quickly, grabs Liz's hands in his, and looks  
about to ask a question excitedly.

Mirror Liz in the pool gives the Suitor's reflection a  
running push.

The actual Suitor slips and falls into the fountain's pool.  
He thrashes about for a moment, but his struggle ends  
quickly. The water sloshes back and forth, preventing any  
recognizable reflections.

Liz looks at the water for a moment, sighs, and walks away.

**INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - DAY**

Dr. Nichols pens a letter at his desk.

DR. NICHOLS

"So, in conclusion, Mister Edison,  
I have become convinced that you  
are correct about the dangers of  
alternating current electricity."

**INT. LIZ'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Liz finishes up getting ready for work, sliding several pins  
into her hair bun. Mirror Liz taps the point of a pin to test  
how sharp it is.

LIZ

Maybe I'm not quite ready for the latest practices of modern courtship.

MIRROR LIZ

I did try to warn you.

Mirror Liz comes to mimic Liz's movements exactly.

LIZ

(with MIRROR LIZ)

It's not as though there's anything wrong with being a bit old-fashioned.

**INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DAY**

Liz sits for brunch at a table-for-four in the restaurant with mirrors along the walls. A small but finely-crafted glass chandelier hangs over each table, each powered by an electric light bulb in the middle.

Opposite her sits MR. HUTCHINSON (26) - dressed impeccably with a jacket, spectacles and a pocket watch - carefully cutting an omelet with a knife and fork.

In a third seat sits Liz's UNCLE GREGORY (43) in more understated attire, like a workman wearing his Sunday best. He has barely touched his plate of bacon and sunny-side-up eggs. The fourth seat sits empty.

Liz daintily works the sharp end of a grapefruit spoon into a grapefruit half, pausing every time the slightest bit of juice squirts out.

Two tables away, Dr. Nichols and MRS. NICHOLS (49) also enjoy their brunch.

MR. HUTCHINSON

So I understand that you work at the telephone company.

LIZ

Yes, as a switchboard operator.

MR. HUTCHINSON

Must be exciting working on the latest technology.

Liz's date shyly steals a glance at her, then goes back to cutting his omelet.

LIZ

It's interesting work, though I notice that people act a bit... differently when they're not face-to-face with their interlocutor.

MR. HUTCHINSON

So more like a very fast telegram?

A waiter seats a couple, YOUNG MAN (22) and YOUNG LADY (21), at the table behind Mr. Hutchinson.

LIZ

I suppose, but I never imagine a telegram having such angry voices. And you, Mister Hutchinson, said that you are a surveyor?

MR. HUTCHINSON

Yes, I'm currently engaged on the East River Bridge project.

The Young Lady at the next table excuses herself and walks toward the powder room. The Young Man smiles as he leans sideways, overtly watching her behind.

Liz turns to her chaperone.

LIZ

Changing the skyline... Now how is that for exciting, Uncle Gregory? I suspect that anything causing as much anger as the telephone would be a passing fad, but Mr. Hutchinson is putting an indelible mark upon the city.

Her uncle nods in approval.

Liz covers her mouth and burps ever so delicately, then puts her napkin on the table.

LIZ

Oh. If you gentlemen will excuse me for a moment?

Both men rise from their seats. Liz grabs her handbag, but Mirror Liz grabs the grapefruit spoon.

As Liz passes by the Young Man at the next table, Mirror Liz yanks his reflection's head back by the hair, raises the grapefruit spoon and thrusts down toward an eye...

**INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - POWDER ROOM - DAY**

Liz stands before a mirror similar to the one in her apartment and applies lip color with a brush.

Mirror Liz, her face and hair splattered with blood, holds the bloody grapefruit spoon similarly to how Liz holds her lip brush.

LIZ  
 (with MIRROR LIZ)  
 I rather like this place.  
 (alone)  
 The cuisine and service here are extraordinary.

MIRROR LIZ  
 And the clientele are of a most upstanding character.

O.S. WOMAN'S SCREAM.

DR. NICHOLS (O.S.)  
 Turn off these infernal lamps!

MIRROR LIZ  
 At least the remaining ones.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

FOCUS on the painting "A Moment of Reflection."

ZHEN (O.S.)  
 My grandparents always said those little mirrors would keep out evil spirits. Never believed in all that Feng Shui crap myself.

REVEAL: The painting is on the screen of Martirio's smartphone. He snaps a picture of the artwork and returns to his home screen. The upper-left corner of the phone indicates "No Service".

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The Observer pencils Martirio's face on the canvas - as if he is screaming - then proceeds to rough-sketch his hair.

CURATOR  
(over monitor)  
You do live here now, so you could  
come down any time you'd like to  
examine the artwork.

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Martirio puts his phone away, shoulders his bag again.

ZHEN  
What makes you think any of that  
story is actually true? Just sounds  
like a girl standing up for herself  
if you asked me.

CURATOR  
I've been around long enough to  
know that not everything has a  
rational explanation.

Zhen rolls her eyes.

CURATOR  
We did offer to buy the mirror back  
from her, which is when we learned  
that she moved from the Lower East  
Side to the Bronx.

ZHEN  
Fewer little mirrors up there?

CURATOR  
Presumably. Ultimately she decided  
she didn't want to part with it.

Zhen points to a mirror on the opposite wall which looks  
identical to the one in the painting.

ZHEN  
So this isn't it?

CURATOR  
No, but it is in the same style and  
was made around the same time.

Zhen catches a glimpse of Hannah and Oliver's reflections as  
they pass the mirror. The mirror shows them without any make-  
up or styling. Since Hannah's look is understated, the only  
glaring difference is that her hair is straight and brown.

Zhen blinks, looks again, catches the briefest glimpse of the Curator's reflection: a desiccated corpse. She glances back at the mirror long after everyone has passed it.

The group rounds a corner to another similar hallway.

MARTIRIO

Did the company end up buying back  
a lot of things?

The Curator looks upward while recollecting.

CURATOR

Over almost two centuries, we must  
have offered repurchase at least a  
couple times a year. In all of that  
time, two dozen customers accepted.

ZHEN

From the looks of this stuff, they  
were all pretty rich anyway.

CURATOR

The company always prided itself on  
maintaining a reputation for  
artistry and quality, staying away  
from common, day-to-day items. This  
has kept its products out of reach  
for most people.

Zhen scoffs. The Curator sighs, while Oliver and Hannah roll their eyes at Zhen.

CURATOR

But there WAS a time, right after  
Prohibition ended, that we got into  
the business of mass-producing  
bottles. No one liked the work, we  
made the glass too strong for its  
intended purpose, and it simply  
wasn't a good fit for the business.

The Curator leads the Artists to a painting on the wall.

CURATOR

To give you a sense of how  
unpopular those bottles were within  
the company, an artist-in-residence  
painted this piece as a protest  
against the idea.

FOCUS: This painting shows a man slumped over a bar or long table, facing away.

The man clutches a glass bottle with an embossed Glazier & Artisan logo, and several other bottles lay scattered on the floor.

CURATOR

This painting was provocatively titled "Consequences of a Bad Decision."

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT**

POV looking across from the passenger side of the dirty cab of a refuse-hauling truck. A hefty African American man, LEROY (30) leans slumped over the steering wheel. He wears the stained coveralls of someone who works in refuse hauling, but he's in no condition to do any work at all.

SUPER: Bronx, New York - 1938

He grasps a nearly-empty beer bottle in one hand, and five empty ones lay on the cab floor.

O.S. Passenger door opens.

A gloved hand slaps rapidly on the dashboard. This TEETOTALER is not wearing a workman's glove, but rather the black leather one might expect on a police officer or motorcyclist.

TEETOTALER (O.S.)

Wake up. Come on, friend. Come with me.

Leroy belches hard enough that it moves him, but he does not stir immediately.

One harder slap on the dashboard, and Leroy slides himself toward the passenger side. Leroy reaches back for the bottle with a little beer left in it, but the gloved hand tugs him out of frame.

**EXT. CITY PARK - DAY**

A lean and fit Caucasian sailor, Petty Officer Third Class PETER ROBERTS (22), who lays sprawled face-up across a park bench in his shore liberty ("crackerjack") uniform holding a bottle of champagne loosely in one hand. He snores loudly.

A large section of the park-side street is visible behind Peter. Occasional FAMILIES walk by sprinkled with Yankees caps and other signs of baseball fandom.

The same gloved left hand rouses Peter at the shoulder, but to no avail. Light smacks on each cheek finally get a groggy response. Peter mumbles and tries to drink his champagne, but the gloved hand holds the bottle down.

Peter sits up unsteadily, blocking much of the view of the park-side street.

One family still visible walks in the opposite direction. Liz (now 62) walks with a cane accompanied by a DAUGHTER (38) and GRANDDAUGHTER (16).

DAUGHTER

We think you're old enough to let  
in on the family secret.

Granddaughter beams with equal parts pride and excitement.

LIZ

A very special heirloom.

DAUGHTER

And we figured that getting you  
familiar at an early age would lead  
to less... uh...

LIZ

Bloodshed.

In the foreground, Peter blinks several times.

TEETOTALER (O.S.)

Look alive, Sailor. Let's push off.

Peter rubs his forehead and strains to peer through an alcoholic haze at the person before him. No glimmer of recognition, but he shrugs and stands up.

PETER

Uh, okay. Um, where are we headed,  
sir?

Peter stumbles out of frame.

TEETOTALER (O.S.)

Just follow the path for now. Do  
you think you can manage that?

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - OPEN BAY - DAY**

Leroy and Peter lay unconscious on a concrete floor stripped down to their boxers. Their hands are bound by chains attached to a metal post.

Two other chains also lead from that post.

One chain leads to RICHARD (46), a chubby and balding Caucasian banker similarly unconscious and clothed in nothing but boxers.

The final chain leads to ROSE (35), a grumpy Caucasian housewife with frazzled hair also unconscious. She wears slightly more than the men: a slip and a girdle.

Peter rouses, scans the area. The four lay inside a single fifteen-foot circular clearing surrounded by shards of broken glass out to the edges of the cavernous warehouse.

In one direction at least fifty feet away: a table with several bottles of booze. In the opposite direction at least fifty feet away: a large sliding metal door partially ajar.

Above, a few chains dangle from catwalks, but none are within reach. One platform hangs from four chains at the corners, only about eight feet up and five feet out into the glass.

Peter shakes each person's shoulder, each wakes with a start.

PETER

Petty Officer Third Class Peter  
Roberts of --

RICHARD

Whoa, whoa, Peter will do. I'm  
Richard. Who'd want to kidnap a  
sailor and a banker?

Leroy's first instinct is to pull at the chains.

LEROY

What'd y'all do to me?  
(sees others are chained)  
Oh. Name's Leroy.

ROSE

Rose.  
(to herself)  
Where are we?

Their captor's voice comes in over a loudspeaker.

TEETOTALER (O.S.)

The chains are merely for your  
protection. They aren't locked.

Peter and Richard quickly figure out how to loose the chains. They also learn they can't get the chains off of the pole, and that the chains are too short to reach the glass.

TEETOTALER (O.S.)  
I wouldn't want you rolling over in  
your sleep.

Leroy and Rose also get out of their chains. All four  
Captives scan the room.

ROSE  
(panic sets in)  
Where are we?! Where are my  
children?!

TEETOTALER (O.S.)  
You, Madam, were passed out drunk  
on a front porch. I suppose your  
children are wherever you left  
them. Somewhere indoors I hope.

Rose's shock subsides just enough for her to blush.

TEETOTALER (O.S.)  
That's still better than the sweaty  
fellow there --

Richard rubs sweaty palms on his boxers to little effect.

TEETOTALER (O.S.)  
-- who was inebriated and stumbling  
toward an automobile parked next to  
a grammar school.

RICHARD  
(softly)  
Nobody got hurt.

TEETOTALER (O.S.)  
Only because I intervened. Same for  
our stocky friend here who downed  
six beers while sitting in the  
driver's seat of a heavy truck.

Leroy hangs his head.

Peter walks up to the edge of the broken glass, gently pushes  
on a shard with his foot.

PETER  
Ow! These are glued to the floor?!

TEETOTALER (O.S.)  
Yes. It makes cleaning up afterward  
much easier.

(MORE)

TEETOTALER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 I take special exception to people  
 charged with the defense of our  
 nation drinking themselves into  
 obliviousness.

PETER  
 I wasn't on duty!

TEETOTALER (O.S.)  
 War clouds are gathering, sailor.

PETER  
 I don't believe this!

Leroy recovers, looks around for the source of the voice.

LEROY  
 What the Hell is all this?

TEETOTALER (O.S.)  
 You might say I'm something of a  
 teetotaler. But all I've really  
 done is re-arranged things a bit.  
 You were each on a path to cause  
 great harm. Now at least you'll  
 only harm yourselves, sparing any  
 innocent bystanders.

RICHARD  
 What do you want? I-- I've seen the  
 error of my ways.

Richard doesn't sound as convincing as he thinks he does.

RICHARD  
 I have money. You get me out of  
 here, and I'll make it worth your  
 time.

Leroy and Rose stare at Richard with contempt.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The Teetotaler (17) sits at an industrial panel full of  
 levers, wheels, switches and an early-model microphone. An  
 angled window looks down upon Leroy, Peter, Richard and Rose.

TEETOTALER  
 Time?!

REVEAL: The Teetotaler sits in a wheelchair.

He pushes himself up to stand on his one leg, leans toward the mic, making his voice much louder on the warehouse floor.

TEETOTALER

I have nothing BUT time since  
someone like you ruined my life.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - OPEN BAY - CONTINUOUS**

The Captives speak softly among themselves, apparently discussing the elevated platform.

TEETOTALER (O.S.)

I was going to be an engineer, but  
I couldn't hack the algebra.

Rose crouches on her back with her feet up between Leroy and Richard. The two men hoist Peter by holding one wrist and one ankle each, putting his feet on Rose's.

PETER

One... two... three!

Leroy, Richard and Rose launch Peter onto the elevated platform.

The chains immediately detach from three of the corners, dumping Peter into the glass and leaving the platform dangling by the fourth chain.

Leroy, Richard and Rose gasp in horror as Peter lands head-down with a sickening CRACK. His body ends up three feet away from the clearing. Blood seeps out slowly in all directions.

TEETOTALER (O.S.)

I don't know why you thought it  
would be that easy.

LEROY

(to RICHARD and ROSE)  
We had to try.  
(aloud)  
You, sir, are a sick bastard.

TEETOTALER (O.S.)

My other passion was to be a  
cleaner. A hitman. Then some guy  
gets smashed celebrating the  
misguided end of Prohibition, plows  
his car through my entire family.

The Captives discuss among themselves, largely ignoring the ongoing monologue.

RICHARD

We can reach the platform if we stand... there.

ROSE

I think I'm going to be sick.

RICHARD

Even if it falls, we can use it like a raft or something.

LEROY

No way. You're talking about STANDING on a dead man.

TEETOTALER (O.S.)

Can't be a hitman in my condition, but you see I've still got this tinkerer's mind. And Hoover's mismanagement helpfully provided a host of abandoned warehouses.

Rose retches just over the edge of the clearing, in the opposite direction from Peter.

ROSE

But I'd rather be sick than dead. He gave his life trying to save us.

RICHARD

And we owe it to Peter to take advantage of whatever he could do for us.

LEROY

What is wrong with you people? It's just... wrong.

Richard balls a fist.

RICHARD

If you ain't man enough to do what needs doing, maybe I'll just make me a pair of boots outta your hide and walk on out of here.

Leroy's punch into Richard's gut catches him off-guard, sends him stumbling half-way across the clearing.

LEROY

You got a funny way of treating people on your side.

Richard sets to charge Leroy.

LEROY

I'm agreeing to you two's plan only  
'cuz I can't think of nothing else.  
But you open your mouth like that  
again, it's only me and the lady  
walking out of here. You hear me?

Richard stands but remains silent.

LEROY

You hear me?!

RICHARD

Yes, I hear you.

Richard steps to the edge of the clearing, jumps onto Peter's body with a dispiriting CRUNCH. He overcomes his disgust to make way for Leroy.

Leroy can barely look as he jumps, then helps Rose make the jump.

Leroy and Richard each lift one of Rose's legs to hoist her up to the dangling platform. She's high enough, but it's slightly out of her reach sideways.

ROSE

I'm going for it.

Rose steels herself, then lunges for the platform, pulling the other two Captives off-balance.

Just before Rose touches the platform, the chain slides horizontally along a track, pulling the platform well outside her grasp.

TEETOTALER (O.S.)

Oops.

Rose flails but can't regain her balance. First Richard, then Leroy, are forced to let go to avoid falling themselves.

Rose's scream starts even before she lands a couple feet from Peter. She lands on her hands and knees, instantly slicing them to ribbons. She falls onto one hip, reaches what's left of her right hand back toward Leroy and Richard.

ROSE

Help me, you coward--

Massive blood loss prevents her from finishing. She falls face down, slightly twisted with her right hip raised.

LEROY  
Sweet Jesus.

Richard swallows hard.

RICHARD  
We have to keep going.

LEROY  
These aren't stepping stones,  
they're people.

RICHARD  
We have to... move them... to make  
it out.

It turns out that, yes, it was possible for Leroy to get even more disgusted.

Leroy bends down and collects one of Peter's dogtags. He then hops over onto Rose's body and flinches at the CRUNCH as she splays out flat under Leroy's feet.

LEROY  
Get over here.

First, Richard does his best to peel Peter off of the glass shards. The glass under the body was strong enough that it didn't break.

RICHARD  
Damn, what kind of glass is this?

TEETOTALER (O.S.)  
Beer bottles, mostly.

RICHARD  
I wasn't talking to you.

TEETOTALER (O.S.)  
Surprisingly sturdy. Had to use a  
hammer on them.

Richard hops over to join Leroy, then together they yank Peter's body to position it as the next step out of the warehouse. A lot of skin and some small bones stay behind.

LEROY  
Oh, God.

RICHARD  
I can do without the running cries  
of disgust. It's not like I'm  
enjoying myself over here.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Teetotaler grins broadly.

TEETOTALER

I am.

Down on the warehouse floor, Leroy and Richard find common cause in scowling up at the control room.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - OPEN BAY - DAY**

A path of bloody patches trace out where Leroy and Richard moved the bodies to bring themselves close to the partially-opened door.

This time, the only part of Rose that comes loose is a single leg which is already missing the foot.

Standing on nothing more than Peter's torso, Leroy and Richard look at the leg in despair.

RICHARD

This isn't going to work.

Leroy sets the leg sideways about a foot beyond their current foothold.

LEROY

It's only about ten more feet. With a good foothold, I figure I can throw you most of that.

RICHARD

Most?

LEROY

You'll hurt your feet, but be able to get out. But only if you swear you gonna find a plank or something and come back for me.

Richard looks at Leroy with a combination of scorn and pity for anyone who'd think Richard would come back.

TEETOTALER (O.S.)

You've been excellent sports. I'd even say you're the best-behaved group that's been in there. And there have been several.

Both remaining Captives roll their eyes.

TEETOTALER (O.S.)  
I tell you what. I'll hold him to  
his promise.

LEROY  
(with RICHARD)  
How?

A dozen feet away, a GUNSHOT ricochets off the floor.

LEROY  
That's mighty, eh, helpful of you.

RICHARD  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah.

Richard looks around.

RICHARD  
There might be another way.  
(points at door)  
You see that bar on the door?

Leroy turns to look.

Richard rushes to push Leroy into the glass, but isn't fast enough. Leroy twists, gashes one hand, but Richard belly-flops into the glass, skids a few inches.

Richard has two deep gashes down his face and basically no skin on his frontside below the chin. He bleeds out quickly with no final words beyond gurgling.

LEROY  
Damned fool.

Leroy hops onto Richard, finally without flinching at the CRUNCH noise, lifts Peter's torso with what reverence he can manage, and uses it to make his last hop out.

#### **EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - YARD - DAY**

Outwardly, this warehouse looks like all of the others in this desolate industrial park. Only about one in ten smokestacks emits any smoke.

Leroy spots a chair and a long table set up to one side of the door opening. A dozen bottles of beer sit on the table.

Leroy holds his gashed hand to stem the bleeding, takes a long look at the bottles.

LEROY

I am never touching another drop of that stuff, so help me God.

REVEAL: Teetotaler had a rifle aimed at Leroy from a high window. Upon hearing what Leroy said, Teetotaler uncocks the rifle and goes back inside.

Once Leroy's bleeding slows to something that doesn't seem life-threatening, he sits on the chair and slumps over.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

FOCUS on the painting "Consequences of a Bad Decision."

Ray holds up a hand to Zhen.

RAY

Now before you get started, I know for a fact that story happened. My granddad never got tired of telling the story of how his granddad brought the cops in on that waste of flesh Teetotaler.

MARTIRIO

Can you imagine walking into a police station covered in blood and NOT ending up in handcuffs?

RAY

Oh, there were handcuffs.

The Curator subtly herds the Artists further down the hall.

CURATOR

Of course, by then the company wasn't even making beer bottles any more. Every company makes mistakes. We learned from ours and moved on.

OLIVER

So, now everything is hand-crafted?

CURATOR

No, we still mass-produce some items with an essential requirement for quality. Medical tools, high-impact windows, that sort of thing. We even still make bottles for a few select lines of scotch.

OLIVER

So at least the "better use" for  
our talent isn't working an  
assembly line.

ZHEN

So this focus on quality... means  
no more mishaps, right?

The Curator looks a bit uncomfortable as he leads the Artists  
around a second corner into a hallway heading back toward the  
front of the mansion.

CURATOR

Understand that we make MANY  
products, and if your products are  
everywhere they will be near events  
good and bad.

The Curator lowers his tone, drawing the Artists closer.

CURATOR

Some have even accused us of  
selling "cursed" items.

Zhen looks back toward the mirror, but it is well out of  
sight by now.

The Curator startles the Artists by resuming a normal tone.

CURATOR

Quite ridiculous, right? The  
company has a long history, and  
must take the good with the bad.

**INT/EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MISHAPS MONTAGE**

1. A glass I.V. bottle hangs beside a hospital bed. A label  
in large block letters reads "Keep out of direct sunlight."

SUPER: Chicago, Illinois - 1957

The bottle is, of course, bathed in sunlight from the window.  
TIME-LAPSE: the drug discolors as it drips into the patient.

2. A commercial building's basement window along a city  
street has "Help Me!" written on the inside in lipstick,  
right next to an empty bus shelter.

SUPER: Newark, New Jersey - 1968

A bus pulls up, splashing mud all over the window. Several RIDERS disembark from the bus, but none sees the mud-covered message.

3. A team of HIJACKERS (20s) train pistols on the PASSENGERS and CREW of a commercial jet.

SUPER: Caribbean Sea - 1974

One Passenger knocks over a paperback book, and a jittery Hijacker SHOTS out a glass window. Chaos erupts within the cabin, and the pilots start an emergency dive from which they probably won't recover.

4. A VOLUNTEER (18) cleans a testing table in a tropical field hospital.

SUPER: Kikwit, Zaire - 1995

The bare skin above his glove touches Ebola-infected blood that seeped all the way up a glass pipette.

5. A MOTHER (26) pushes a baby carriage, stops at a busy street corner. She glances up at the "Don't Walk" sign during an ebb in the traffic, then tends to her fussy baby.

SUPER: Philadelphia, Pennsylvania - 2006

The light behind "Don't" fizzles out, leaving just an orange "Walk" illuminated. Mother pushes the carriage into the crosswalk, followed by HONK and BRAKES.

BACK TO:

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

REVEAL: A set of paintings behind the Curator obliquely reference each of the mishap events.

The Curator sighs.

CURATOR

Truly saddening stories. But our products were never implicated in causing any of them.

Any hint of sadness vanishes as the Curator resumes his now-typical lecturing style of speech.

CURATOR

Today we make a whole series of high-reliability security-related products like lenses and protective covers.

HANNAH

Helping law enforcement, I like that.

CURATOR

We can help, but there's no replacement for the actual officer on patrol.

Curator leads the Artists to a painting of a security room full of monitors which resembles the Observer's room.

Three men in uniform watch party scenes on the monitors at the right end. At the far left, an unnoticed monitor shows a man about to stab a woman in a vacant lot.

CURATOR

This recent addition to our collection is titled "Invisible."

FOCUS on the picture of the monitor with the attack scene.

MATCH CUT TO:

**EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT**

An unconscious WOMAN (23) lays awkwardly across a pile of bricks. She would be shapely if she were laying in a natural pose. Her nose is bloody, and her revealing dress is burned on the side from a high-powered Taser.

SUPER: Queens, New York - 2020

Her attacker is BILL (24) - lanky, geeky, incel type wearing thick glasses and rubber gloves - who wields a large knife. He closes the gate, but the chain-link fence does not block the view. He kicks her foot.

BILL

Wake up!

Woman jolts awake, tries to scamper away but the unstable surface and Taser after-effects won't let her.

WOMAN

Billy? Are you INSANE?

BILL

Yeah, let's go with that. If someone miraculously rescues you in the next fifteen seconds, you tell them I'm insane.

Woman starts to scream for help, but Bill muffles her with a gloved hand.

BILL

You cut out my heart, so only fair that I cut out yours.

Bill thrusts the knife into the Woman's chest, her life draining almost immediately. He tries to saw across the midline but can't, even with two hands. He tries to turn the knife, but it's stuck between ribs.

BILL

Okay, cutting out a heart is harder than it looks. Eh, whatever.

Bill rolls an empty grease disposal barrel next to the Woman, struggles to lift her.

#### **EXT. ROWHOME STREET - NIGHT**

Bill huffs and puffs to push a hand-truck through the gate of the chain-link fence onto the sidewalk. The sealed grease disposal barrel lays strapped onto the hand-truck. Bill now wears an apron, work gloves, and a food service hat.

He wheels the hand-truck toward a main road, smirking through his glasses at each NYPD security camera he passes.

#### **INT. DEVELOPMENT LAB - DAY**

Cube farm of DEVELOPERS about half-way up a skyscraper. Translucent solar shades provide a measure of privacy from neighboring buildings. Wall clock shows 10:49 AM.

Bill sits at a double monitor workstation with several open windows full of computer code. He is not wearing any glasses. Half a black coffee sits on his desk, and his trash can is full of empty cups.

Bill enters a command, and a series of surveillance videos play on the left monitor at high speed. The computer superimposes a cylinder around each person in each image. If two cylinders intersect, both turn red.

BILL  
Okay, okay...

Red-flagged images include drug deals, pickpocket attempts, fist fights, and a couple holding hands on a park bench.

BILL  
Well, serves them right.

Images of a busy sidewalk and a crowded subway platform flash a sea of red. Bill's face falls at the false positives.

BILL  
F-F-Fudge.

Clock turns to 10:50. Scattered CHIRPS throughout the lab, and the half of the Developers wearing Apple Watches get up for coffee.

One of the Watch-prodded Developers, SHREYA (24) - a cheerful, chubby Indian woman - stops at Bill's desk and looks at the summary of results. She leans in close enough that it's obvious to everyone but Bill that she likes him.

SHREYA  
You thought it was going to just work on the first try? Come on, Bill, let's grab a coffee.

Bill downs the rest of his coffee and joins Shreya at the coffee machine.

SHREYA  
I've been training my gait recognition model for over a year, and it's only just now getting useful.

BILL  
Wait a sec, Shreya. That thing that recognizes people by how they walk? It works?

SHREYA  
Not quite, but give me a couple months.

Bill zones out with quiet panic in his eyes, sips his coffee.

SHREYA  
I got a ton of training data on people walking and bumping into each other. Want to see if it can help your project, too?

BILL  
Huh? Oh, yeah. Only way I'm gonna  
get done before you get your system  
online.

SHREYA  
It's not a race.

**EXT. VACANT STORE - NIGHT**

Half-painted walls alongside several ladders, drop cloths and paint buckets. The lights are on, but the papered-over windows keep anyone from seeing the interior.

A senior ASIAN MAN (70) sits tied up and gagged on one of the drop cloths. Bill, wearing his glasses, stands over him with the knife.

BILL  
You're wondering, "What did I do?"  
It's not so much what you did, but  
that you didn't take responsibility  
for it.

Bill positions a pushcart near the Asian Man, who looks from the knife to the cart and back.

BILL  
I have to rush now to finish, so I  
can't just wait for World Class  
Jerks to be in the wrong place at  
the wrong time. Have to take out  
anyone I can to throw the cops off  
the real trail.

The Asian Man arches his eyebrows as if to say "And this is supposed to make me feel better?"

BILL  
Come on, I can't just kill my ex-  
girlfriends. It'd be too obvious.

The Asian Man rolls his eyes, tries to hide looking around for exits.

BILL  
Oh, you're not going anywhere.

Bill takes an overhand swing and plunges the knife into the Asian Man's neck, splattering blood all over himself.

BILL  
Aw, crap.

**INT. BILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Bill, wearing nothing but a towel and showing just how scrawny he is, clicks at his home computer. The screen shows a ten-by-ten grid of portraits.

Five females have a red border, eight portraits have a skull-and-crossbones superimposed including one with a red border.

Bill right-clicks the portrait of the Asian Man, selects some option, and a skull-and-crossbones appears over that image.

**INT. DEVELOPMENT LAB - DAY**

Bill drinks coffee and fights to keep his eyes open on his way to his desk.

SHREYA  
(cheerful)  
Morning.

BILL  
Didn't we just have a morning  
yesterday?

SHREYA  
Yeah, I think they're a regular  
thing now.

Bill trashes his empty coffee cup and drops a newspaper on his desk.

The paper's below-the-fold headline catches Shreya's eye: "Teetotaler Released Early for 'Good' Behavior." The subhead adds "Wheelchair-bound Serial Killer Helped Break up Booze and Drug Smuggling Rings while Inside."

BILL  
Took them three years to catch this  
guy, and they only got him then  
'cuz a victim escaped.

Discussing a serial killer does a better job of reviving Bill than the coffee did.

SHREYA  
That was then. Our whole job here  
is to make sure nothing like that  
ever happens again.

Bill looks sidelong at a dome camera in the ceiling.

BILL  
Well, the cameras don't see  
everything.

Bill brings up Shreya's training data on his computer. Short audio/video clips play of people avoiding each other on the sidewalk, not always successfully.

BILL  
But they did see all of this. There  
are some real klutzes in this town.

Bill and Shreya share a laugh at a clip which features an epic coffee spill. Bill's phone DINGS with the pop-up message "Home Aquarium Pump Fault."

BILL  
Sorry, but I have to handle this.

**INT. BILL'S APARTMENT - DAY**

One of the portraits with a red border flashes blue. Bill clicks on it, a map pops up with a location in the Upper West Side, followed by a surveillance video of a subway platform.

Bill quickly changes from his dress shirt and slacks into a tee shirt and jeans. He puts on the glasses from earlier, grabs a gym bag, and rushes out.

**INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY**

Bill walks along a mostly-empty platform staring at his phone's screen, narrowly avoids colliding with a pillar.

Near the wall stands MAGGIE (19) in a backpack and college mechanical engineering program sweatshirt. Her curly dark brown hair reaches past her shoulders to pile on the backpack. Bill glances in her direction.

REVEAL: She faces a knife-wielding MUGGER (30) who leans back against a large digital ad, suffering from an asthma attack.

The ad announces the "Masters Family Collection of Civil War Era Art" exhibit at the Met.

Maggie's reflection has her forearm pinned against the Mugger's reflection's throat.

MAGGIE  
It's a bad air quality day. You  
should probably go home and rest.

Mugger manages to nod. Mirror Maggie releases her grip, and the Mugger bolts out an exit.

MIRROR MAGGIE

NOW will you stop going to that  
shrink who says I'm not real?

Bill narrowly avoids a second pillar, steps onto a train.

**INT. SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Only a handful of COMMUTERS present, every one of them looking at a phone screen. Bill sees SAMANTHA (23), the woman in the portrait, so he quickly steps out and gets in the next car before the doors close.

Bill watches Samantha through the car-end windows, takes inventory of unseen items in his gym bag.

**INT/EXT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY**

Bill follows a short distance behind Samantha until she climbs the stairs to the surface. She looks around, the place is unfamiliar to her. He continues up once she picks a direction and walks.

BILL

(muttering)

Thanks, Shreya, now I have to jump  
the gun then come all the way back  
here tonight and clean this up.

He quickens his pace, catches up to Samantha as she passes the first of two dumpsters. Samantha, hearing something, grips the pepper spray on her keychain.

The sounds of the spray and the Taser go off together.

**INT. DEVELOPMENT LAB - DAY**

Bill, dressed for work again but with bloodshot eyes and not-quite-dry hair, blinks deliberately as he types away at his workstation. Wall clock shows 1:52 PM.

Shreya wanders by with a cup of coffee.

SHREYA

Is your hair wet?

BILL  
Wanted to get rid of the...  
aquarium smell.

SHREYA  
(sniffs)  
Did you spill a bucket of hot sauce  
in there?

BILL  
That was lunch.

A training clip plays that shows Maggie walk by reflective store windows. A man who wolf whistles at her inexplicably trips and falls into a construction ditch.

SHREYA  
That one fools my model every time.

**EXT. VACANT STORE - NIGHT**

Same store, but now the walls are fully painted.

A VERY THIN WOMAN (20), African American in workout clothes, sits bound and gagged. Bill, wearing his glasses, points his knife at her.

BILL  
...in the wrong place at the wrong  
time. Have to take out anyone I can  
to throw the cops off the real  
trail.

VERY THIN WOMAN  
(muffled)  
What's the rush?

BILL  
I defeated the facial recognition  
the police use, so right now I'm  
invisible. But ANOTHER system's  
coming online soon. Got to finish  
while I'm still invisible, you  
understand.

VERY THIN WOMAN  
(muffled)  
Finish what?

BILL  
I'm paying back these five really  
bad girls who... well, they're ex-  
girlfriends. You do the math.

She works the gag out slowly as she talks.

VERY THIN WOMAN  
(muffled)  
But why me?

BILL  
Picked the red herrings from people  
with unpaid fines. If I just went  
after exes, the cops would trace it  
back to me cameras or no cameras.

VERY THIN WOMAN  
Oh, and I'm not your type?

BILL  
They all have, like, you know, big  
bazoongas.

VERY THIN WOMAN  
You make yourself out to be some  
kind of supervillain, and you can't  
even say "tits"?

Bill rocks back on his heels a bit. The gag falls, Very Thin Woman takes a deep breath, but Bill sees that and thrusts the knife through her chest. Air escaping her lung spatters blood onto his sleeve.

BILL  
Darn it.

#### **INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT**

INSERT: Bill's phone screen shows a woman's portrait in the corner and a map with a blue dot in the middle of Queens.

He looks up as a train pulls in, a few COMMUTERS get out and shuffle toward the stairs. He looks down as soon as he sees CAROL (22), the woman from the portrait, talking into her cell phone.

CAROL  
So she said I can move in as soon  
as Zhen gets her stuff out. Hell's  
Kitchen is a lot closer to work  
than this hole I'm in now.

Bill follows a short distance behind.

**EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT**

Carol lays across the same pile of bricks, her work suit singed with the same Taser mark, as the first Woman that Bill brought here. As before, he holds a knife and kicks her foot.

BILL

Wake up!

Carol comes to, but slowly. Bill nudges her foot until she blinks and her eyes focus. She holds the singe mark.

CAROL

(weakly)

What the fuck?

Bill tilts his head, doesn't like something about how Carol is laying there.

BILL

Was going to say, "You cut out my heart, so only fair that I cut out yours."

CAROL

You rehearsed that, didn't you?

BILL

Yeah, kinda. But now that we're here... I realized it never would have worked out between us.

Bill covers Carol's mouth with his gloved left hand, shoves her head down hard onto the bricks.

BILL

You...

He slashes diagonally across her torso.

BILL

Lied...

He drops the knife, plunges his hand downward.

BILL

To me!

INTO VIEW: Bill yanks up a blood-covered breast implant.

**INT. DEVELOPMENT LAB - DAY**

Bill, bags under his eyes, sits listless at his workstation. Empty coffee cups and energy drink cans apparently weren't enough to keep him alert.

Shreya stops by with a coffee (at 10:52 AM).

SHREYA

Come on, you can't keep this up. No game is worth losing your job over.

BILL

I'm not playing a game. More of a --  
(yawn)  
-- side project. But I'm starting to make mistakes. Maybe rushing it isn't the best plan.

SHREYA

Now you're making sense. So hey, where'd you get that spicy lunch yesterday? I'm looking for a new place to eat.

BILL

Uh, just something at home. Haven't found a good place yet around here.

SHREYA

I know an okay one around here. Want to grab lunch?

BILL

I'd love to, but got errands to run at lunch.

Shreya slumps with disappointment.

BILL

How about dinner?

Shreya's usual smile reappears, bigger than ever.

SHREYA

Sure! I'll just tell my aunt I'll be by a bit later than usual.

**INT. VACANT STORE - NIGHT**

Shreya, dressed for a night out, sits bound and gagged on one of the drop cloths. Singe marks on her right side show that she was Tasered.

Bill stands with his glasses and knife, but visibly nervous.

BILL

I don't want to hurt you, but I...  
I... I... can't just rush  
everything before your gait  
recognition comes online.

SHREYA

(muffled)  
Rush what?

The gag loosens a bit as she speaks.

BILL

I beat the facial recognition  
system. Made myself invisible.  
System just doesn't recognize me as  
a face when I wear these glasses.

SHREYA

(muffled)  
And...?

BILL

I have these exes who like really,  
really need to die. So I made them  
invisible too, and wait for when  
they break their routine.

SHREYA

You're STALKING people with the  
police surveillance feeds?

BILL

Well, them and ninety-some red  
herrings. And now you. I figured  
killing just my exes would lead the  
cops straight to me.

SHREYA

Stalking is SO outside of okay. I  
mean, that's lose-your-job serious.

BILL

Shreya, I've killed eleven people!  
The stakes are a bit higher here  
than my job.

SHREYA

Wait... you've been DOING this? And  
no one knows?

BILL

I got the Last Known Sighting requests, and been checking the papers every morning. No one's put it together.

SHREYA

And when they happen upon the footage manually?

BILL

I tweaked the database. Now about twenty people are better matches for my picture than my record.

SHREYA

We don't have access to do that.

BILL

Didn't say it was easy.

SHREYA

Du-u-u-u-ude. Two things. One, that is some AWESOME hacking there. Two, you have no idea how to tie a gag.

Bill lifts the knife again, but his nervousness ruins any sense of threat.

BILL

Q-Quiet!

(deep breath)

To be honest, that's not even the first time that happened.

SHREYA

Look, you need a few more months before gait recognition goes online? I can do that. But if someone on the project vanishes, they'll figure out this whole invisibility cloak thing.

Bill slaps his forehead.

SHREYA

But, hey, I got exes, too. And...

(smile)

they really, really need to die. Besides, it looks like you are in desperate need of a partner.

Bill moves to untie Shreya, but stops.

BILL

How do I know you won't turn me in  
first chance you get?

SHREYA

You gotta trust me. Just let me  
call my aunt, let her know I won't  
be coming tonight.

BILL

(sheepish)

I sorta took a hammer to your phone  
and Watch.

SHREYA

You owe me an iPhone, a Watch, and  
three dead ex-boyfriends.

BILL

Deal.

**EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - NIGHT**

Shreya walks out the door of a vacant store, directly to a nearby LinkNYC kiosk. The electronic message on the side shows ads and a message that people can place free domestic calls from here.

FOCUS: The kiosk has a big, red Emergency button.

Shreya bypasses the red button, taps on the touchscreen, dials her aunt's number.

SHREYA

Hey, Shreya here. Is it okay if I  
come over tomorrow instead? I just  
got this killer opportunity, and I  
don't want to miss out.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT**

FOCUS on security screen that in turn focuses on one of the monitors on the left of "Invisible" that shows a woman standing at a LinkNYC-style kiosk. Observer adjusts the view on the security screen.

REVEAL: The Artists lean in inspecting the various monitor images in the painting. Martirio, Oliver, and Ray on the right side, Hannah and Zhen on the left.

OLIVER  
 (over monitor)  
 The raunchy stuff over here looks  
 like something you'd paint, Hannah.

The Observer sketches Hannah's face onto the canvas - with her eyes closed tightly in pain.

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Hannah play-punches Oliver on the arm, which breaks up the inspection of "Invisible."

HANNAH  
 I wouldn't waste my time with  
 anything so tame.  
 (to CURATOR)  
 I don't suppose you offer to  
 repurchase these commercial items.

CURATOR  
 Government agencies tend not to  
 write complaint letters, so yes, it  
 doesn't really come up.

ZHEN  
 If all that is still happening, how  
 would you even know the story to  
 tell us?

CURATOR  
 Sometimes particularly clever uses  
 of our products are brought to our  
 attention. I'm not privy to exactly  
 how they do that.

RAY  
 What happens to all the stuff you  
 buy back?

The Curator sniffs in annoyance of the word "all."

CURATOR  
 Items without damage are kept in a  
 private gallery. Mister Glass  
 always felt we could... learn  
 something from them.

RAY  
 I'd like to see that.

The other Artists murmur in agreement.

The Curator opens a door near the end of the hallway.

CURATOR

Very well. First drop off your  
baggage in your rooms, then I will  
show you the private gallery.

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - GRAND STAIRCASE - NIGHT**

The Artists follow through the door back to where they started. Curator motions them upstairs, but he remains below.

CURATOR

Each door is labeled.

ZHEN

I'll be a few minutes. I can't  
sleep anywhere until I check it for  
bedbugs.

CURATOR

By all means, take your time. We  
want you to feel comfortable here.

Oliver helps Hannah with her vastly oversized bag. Martirio offers to help Zhen, but she pointedly carries her own bag.

The Artists disappear upstairs, then the Curator looks directly at a discrete security camera.

CURATOR

I know. Just use this time to make  
the room ready.

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - GRAND STAIRCASE - NIGHT**

The central doors under the grand staircase lead to...

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - GALLERY - CONTINUOUS**

A large room that displays a dozen or so glass products. The space is dimly lit by candles and has no windows.

Among the items displayed:

- Directly opposite the entrance stands a huge hourglass about seven feet tall and just as wide.
- A couple ornate mirrors hang on the walls on either side of the entrance.

- A large, clear vase holds several fist-sized rocks of various colors.

- A large candle chandelier hangs from the center of the ceiling, this one looks much more like a pentagram than the one at the Masters House.

In addition, a large stone crucible with an active fire sits in the center of the floor.

The reddish, flickering light from the fire overpowers the soft candlelight, which gives everything in the room a sinister look.

Curator leads the Artists in, each pauses at the entrance.

MARTIRIO

So whenever I return something I  
bought, the company puts the poor  
thing in a dungeon?

Ray smiles, Hannah and Oliver frown. The Curator's face shows confusion for a moment, then manages a slight smile.

CURATOR

No. We do important work here. Each  
of these items elicited an extreme  
reaction from a customer. Other  
than the crucible, of course. That  
is for things we can't leave in  
their current form.

The Artists each scan the room, wide-eyed. Martirio drifts in front of one of the mirrors, facing away from it.

Martirio's reflection stands in a slightly different position than Martirio. Silently, Martirio's reflection appears to be shot through the shoulder and falls. The Curator - the only one to see the reflection - furrows his eyebrows.

ZHEN

I can see the whole artistic  
inspiration angle here, but why go  
out of your way to make the space  
so... so...

CURATOR

Go on. Don't make me regret  
selecting you for this program.

ZHEN

Well... evil?

HANNAH

I thought the company president selected the artists.

CURATOR

I was hoping for a more colorful word, Jen, but that captures the essence.

The Curator, backlit by the crucible fire, suddenly looks more ominous than professorial.

CURATOR

And you, Hannah, are correct.

RAY

I don't know why you're playing tour guide, but I wanted to say thank you. This dungeon thing ain't my style, but every artist has their quirks, right?

The entrance door shuts by itself.

RAY

(nervous laughter)  
Quirky.

HANNAH

You just wanted to see if one of us would, what, bad-mouth the company or something on a long tour at the end of a long day?

Hannah drifts in front of the mirror, again only the Curator is in position to see the reflection. Hannah's reflection is silently engulfed in flame.

HANNAH

Clever. Devious even. I like it.

The Curator smiles slightly at the image in the mirror.

HANNAH

The leadership SHOULD have some personality. I hope whoever's in line to take the reins next thinks the same way.

CURATOR

I have no plans to retire. I will lead this company for as long as  
(indicates hourglass)  
this hourglass runs.

OLIVER

This thing is big, but it can't hold THAT much sand. Wouldn't it run out in a week or so?

CURATOR

That is not sand. It is ash.

ZHEN

Okay, well, I've had a long day. Maybe I'll be up for this tomorrow?

Zhen tries the door, but it does not open. She exhales slowly as she turns back toward the Curator.

Zhen and Oliver each slide their hands behind their backs, press and hold the SOS button on their smartwatches.

The watches count down "5... 4... 3... 2... 1..."

CURATOR

The ash flows slowly, and has been for a very long time.

The watches display "Connecting Emergency Services. Unable to Connect. Retrying..."

MARTIRIO

How long?

CURATOR

(checks pocket watch)

This coming May, it will be one hundred ninety-three years. And yes, to answer your next question, I do add new ash to the top from time to time.

The flames under the crucible flare up momentarily.

RAY

Yeah, right.

CURATOR

There should be more ash in the bottom, but I don't question it.

ZHEN

F. Y. I., freaking out the artist on the first day is not how you get your company portrayed in the best light.

CURATOR

You do not understand your role here. These "cursed" items are not defective; they are the side effects of a bargain I made a long time ago.

The Artists look around at the glass items with renewed interest.

CURATOR

Most of you come from families that interfered with those items.

Martirio points at his chest.

CURATOR

Not you. I simply appreciate your style of painting.

MARTIRIO

Oh.

Zhen sees her reflection in the same mirror that showed Martirio being shot and Hannah burning.

ZHEN

Why is my reflection on fire?

CURATOR

This piece shows how one looks at the time of their death. You can imagine how unsettling that could be to an unsuspecting customer.

ZHEN

I... don't look old.

Martirio steps toward her, an awkward attempt to offer comfort, but she jerks away.

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The scene in the gallery plays on one of the monitors. Zhen tugs at her shirt and turns to the Curator.

ZHEN

(over monitor)

I'M WEARING THESE CLOTHES!

The Observer puts down a canvas with pencil sketches of all the Artists, picks up a backpack, bolts for the door.

REVEAL: The Observer (48) is a Caucasian man with a thin goatee wearing jeans and a worn tee shirt, both marked with layers of paint stains.

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - GALLERY - NIGHT**

Zhen thrusts a finger at the mirror.

ZHEN

I don't know how you rigged a monitor to do that, but it's the sickest augmented-reality app ever.

CURATOR

That is a mirror, and it's showing your future. I put someone in the crucible, add the ashes to the hourglass, and their remaining years become mine.

Various expressions of revulsion cross the Artists' faces.

Oliver and Ray separately start looking around for anything they can use as a weapon.

CURATOR

There's no problem finding people; we have a big factory with a spotty safety record. Pay a fine, fix the pretend safety hazard, and move on.

HANNAH

That's...

CURATOR

(smiling)

Clever. Devious even. I know.

HANNAH

I was going to go with Zhen's word, "evil."

CURATOR

The problem is that I've added so much ash in there, the real me was diluted. After the last one, I don't feel the call of art anymore.

OLIVER

That's what you meant by a better use for our talent.

The Curator grins.

ZHEN

That is not my future! I am NOT  
getting in your rice cooker from  
Hell!

CURATOR

So, I've scheduled a tragic crash  
for your tour helicopter to cover  
your disappearances.

Oliver plunges his hand into the clear vase to grab one of  
the rocks. The skin on his hand drains pale and pain contorts  
his face, but he snatches one.

OLIVER

Marty!

Oliver tosses the baseball-sized rock to Martirio, who winds  
up to throw it. FOCUS on the thinnest part of the hourglass.

As Martirio starts his arm forward, a GUNSHOT rips through  
his shoulder. It turns out that one who lives in the Glass  
House shouldn't throw stones.

The Observer holds a pistol in the opening of a previously  
inobvious door.

CURATOR

I need them alive!

OBSERVER

Sorry, Ranulf. You two, carry him  
over to the crucible.

Ray and Oliver stand defiant.

ZHEN

You do not get to die trying to  
save me.

Martirio stops moving. Zhen kicks his side, grunts in anger.

CURATOR

No more stupid, desperate acts. At  
least my way, your talent gets to  
live on.

Ray lunges for the Observer, but gets shot in the knee,  
exclaims and falls.

RAY

No...

OBSERVER

So we do this the hard way.

The Observer - the *real* artist in residence - fires at each remaining Artist's knee. He's not an expert marksman, and takes a second shot at Oliver to ensure his knee is disabled.

Zhen is hit last as she tries to pull the mirror off the wall in a final act of spite.

Zhen slowly loses her grip as the Observer drags Ray by his injured leg toward the crucible.

OBSERVER

In you go.

**INT. GLASS HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY**

Observer hangs a new painting on the wall. It has the upper bodies of the Artists with the pained expressions, fully painted, with their lower bodies replaced by wisps that swirl and converge on an oversized paintbrush.

SUPER: Two months later.

The Curator, Ronald Glass, looks on approvingly.

CURATOR

What do you call it?

OBSERVER

"Pouring Their Souls into Their Art."

CLOSING CREDITS begin while the painting is still visible.

**INT. WORKSHOP - DAY**

Remaining scenes run alongside the closing credits.

Woodworking and metalworking tools abound in this maker space the size of a two-car garage.

A white-haired Teetotaler (now 99) sits in his wheelchair with a tracking bracelet on his one ankle. His piercing, alert gaze now passes through thick bifocals.

He nods as his great-grandnephew DANIEL (21) - muscular, mixed-race, and dressed in coveralls - demonstrates an intricate set of gears that cause a set of glass shards to undulate like ocean swells.

**INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Liz's mirror looks out of place hanging on the wall of this otherwise sparsely furnished room. Maggie - with headphones nearly invisible under her hair - sings and dances along to a pop song, with Mirror Maggie her partner in this duet.

Maggie's phone DINGS, she glances at the screen then stops to read carefully. Mirror Maggie turns off the music using the reflection of the phone. Credits' foreground music stops.

Maggie and Mirror Maggie separately remove their headphones.

MAGGIE

Ryan just died in the hospital.

The pair look at each other for a moment.

Maggie grabs a lipstick and completes a set of five tally marks near the bottom of the mirror. Both smile.

MIRROR MAGGIE

Maggie, this calls for a celebration!

MAGGIE

Professor Patel is doing that thing at the Met tonight.

Mirror Maggie shoos Maggie toward the closet, points at the outfit she wants to wear.

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT**

Bill, wearing his glasses and dressed to pass as a security guard, walks along a wooded path checking the items in his gym bag. He winces at his Bluetooth headset with the volume too high.

SHREYA (O.S.)

You're getting close. Remember, don't do anything until he's alone.

BILL

I HAVE done this before. Just don't understand why you were ever with this guy.

SHREYA (O.S.)

It's not like that. He was my art history professor.

BILL  
 You took art history? Art history?  
 Do I even know you?

SHREYA (O.S.)  
 (playful)  
 Shut up.

**INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - GALLERY - NIGHT**

The star-shaped chandelier from the Masters' house hangs above a gathering of ART LOVERS perusing an exhibit of Civil-War-era artworks. Partitions divide the space into several mini-galleries.

Maggie - sporting an evening dress and an "UNDER 21" handstamp - looks over Laura's hourglass with the Moon and stars motif. She stands alone in this mini-gallery.

Professor PATEL (56), Indian man who exudes "sophisticated academic" in a literal tweed jacket with elbow patches, saunters up behind Maggie with a glass of wine in each hand.

Each glass is etched with a small Glazier & Artisan logo.

Patel whispers an incantation, and a bit of white powder floats to the surface of one glass's wine. An unseen force swirls the wine, mixing in the powder.

The chandelier watches over them, expectantly.

**EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - VICINITY - NIGHT**

Bill walks back and forth on Fifth Avenue across the street from the entrance.

BILL  
 Then why didn't you report him?

SHREYA (O.S.)  
 It happened five years ago.

BILL  
 Then why didn't you report him five years ago?

Shreya sighs over the comm link.

**INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - MAIN STAIRS - NIGHT**

Maggie - obviously drugged - leans heavily on Patel as they descend to the entrance lobby. The richly carved stone walls don't have a single reflective surface in sight.

**EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - VICINITY - NIGHT**

Patel "helps" Maggie out the front door. Mirror Maggie appears briefly in the door's window, practically dragging behind Patel's reflection.

At street level, Daniel appears in Patel's path.

PATEL

Excuse me; I am trying to get this young lady safely to her home.

DANIEL

I'll take her home. I'm her brother.

Daniel and Maggie don't even remotely resemble one another. Regardless, Patel raises his hands in an "all yours" gesture.

DANIEL

It's obvious she's had too much to drink. Sorry if she was a burden.

PATEL

Oh, no --

Patel seizes from a TASER shock. He slumps down onto the just-now-visible Bill's shoulder.

BILL

Hey, noble gesture there, but I'll take it from here.

SHREYA (O.S.)

Who are you talking to?

DANIEL

I only care about this drunk here.

BILL

Drunk? Nah. Based on this guy's history, it's pretty obvious she was drugged.

DANIEL

Really...?

SHREYA (O.S.)  
 Could you NOT have this fucking  
 conversation under a million  
 floodlights?

Bill heads up Fifth Avenue toward a Central Park entrance. He motions for Daniel to follow, who does with Maggie in tow.

DANIEL  
 Sounds like this guy deserves the  
 punishment.

BILL  
 That's the general idea. Shreya,  
 can you cloak these two?

SHREYA (O.S.)  
 Way ahead of you. Daniel here is  
 already flagged in the system. Has  
 a restraining order filed against  
 him and a relative just released  
 from prison.

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS**

Bill and Daniel continue their conversation off the path, away from the "million floodlights," and near a calm lake (the Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis Reservoir).

DANIEL  
 No, I mean REAL punishment.

SHREYA (O.S.)  
 She's not in the system, not even a  
 driver's license. Damned natives.  
 I'll need a good picture of her to  
 make a Jane Doe record.

BILL  
 Here, help me hold her up to take a  
 picture.

DANIEL  
 Who's on the phone?

SHREYA (O.S.)  
 Bill, I don't want to talk to the  
 red herring --

Bill puts the cellphone on speaker.

SHREYA (O.S.)

Oh, hi Daniel. This is Shreya. I'm hacking the police cameras so you don't get arrested for kidnapping that girl.

DANIEL

Oh. Thanks, I guess.

Bill and Daniel position Maggie for a photo. Bill snaps a smelling salts capsule under Maggie's nose.

SHREYA (O.S.)

(still on speaker)

I've seen her somewhere before.

BILL

And about "real" punishment... we're planning on killing this guy.

DANIEL

For drugging her and others before? I wouldn't let him off so easy.

Bill actually looks at Daniel for the first time.

BILL

What, you have some secret lair with a torture chamber?

DANIEL

(scowls)

Were you following me?

BILL

Oh my gosh, Shreya, this dude has a secret lair with a torture chamber!

Maggie shakes her head, slowly coming to her senses.

SHREYA (O.S.)

Okay, I cloaked the girl. Now, let's look at your record, Daniel.

Maggie looks from Patel to Daniel to Bill, makes her way across the jogging path to the water's edge. She leans against a waist-high fence with decorative spikes on top.

SHREYA (O.S.)

Restraining order by the Alpha Beta fraternity. I'm sure THAT will be entertaining reading.

Maggie retches over the fence.

SHREYA (O.S.)  
And the related ex-con is... wow.

DANIEL  
Yeah.

Maggie coughs and spits in the background.

BILL  
Who?

MAGGIE  
Could you guys help me for a minute?

BILL  
Just a sec, lady. Who, Shreya?

SHREYA (O.S.)  
The Teetotaler.

BILL  
Holy crap.  
(with SHREYA)  
I'm calling an audible.  
(alone)  
I... we really want to see this torture chamber of yours.

DANIEL  
(smiles)  
Sure.

MAGGIE  
Please?

Bill and Daniel start toward Maggie.

MAGGIE  
You don't want him to get away.

DANIEL  
(with BILL)  
Right.

They bring the still-dazed Patel between them.

Maggie peers at the still waters, which are out of view.

MAGGIE  
Thanks for the rescue. I can take care of myself, but it was really sweet of you. And the vigilante torture chamber sounds fun.

BILL

Oh. You, uh, heard that, huh?

MAGGIE

Maybe it'll come in handy next time.

Patel spasms in Bill and Daniel's arms. Patel slumps dead with blood trickling from his nose, as if his reflection's face was just rammed into the fence spikes.

Through one of the windows of the not-too-distant museum, the chandelier looks on, approvingly.

**INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT**

Teetotaler rolls toward the entrance in front of windows that are blacked-out but still glossy.

Daniel enters with Bill, Shreya and Maggie.

DANIEL

... Well, he's whatever you call my great-grandmother's older brother.

In the windows, Mirror Maggie turns Bill's reflection's head away from gazing at Shreya's boobs and toward Teetotaler. The physical Bill catches Teetotaler in the corner of his eye and startles. Mirror Maggie then smiles at Daniel's reflection.

TEETOTALER

Who are these people?

DANIEL

Our new team.

FADE OUT.