

EXT. POSTHOLER HOUSE - DAY

The Mold Mobile SQUEALS to a stop on a quiet street. Tara and Phoebe climb out, looking up at an old wooden house- a stiff breeze would probably knock it right over.

INT. POSTHOLER HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - DAY

A dusty hallway, lined with artifacts and antiques. Everything from creepy Victorian dolls to exotic totems and amulets. There's a KNOCK at the DOOR.

It swings open, unlatched. Tara and Phoebe exchange glances.

TARA

Hello?

There's no answer. Tara, holding the dish, squeezes inside. The FLOOR BOARDS CREEK with every step.

Phoebe's foot grazes a string that runs just above the floor. FWISSH-THUNK! Three feathered darts fly into the wall, narrowly missing them!

INT. POSTHOLER HOUSE - ARCHIVE ROOM - DAY

Stacks of papers, files, and books are piled on every available flat surface. The dust in here is especially thick.

SWOOSH! A RUSTY HALBERD swoops down from the ceiling, sweeping the floor, missing them by inches. Phoebe jumps.

PHOEBE

Maybe we should get going...

She tugs on Tara's arm. They turn around- face to face with:

MADAM POSTHOLER

Good afternoon.

Tara and Phoebe yelp and stumble back into the mountain of papers. MADAM PORTIA POSTHOLER wears a flower-print dress and a pair of half-moon spectacles. A scowl has been chiseled into her ancient, bony face.

PHOEBE

I'm so sorry! The door was open!

MADAM POSTHOLER

Yeah, the lock's busted. That's why I have the traps.

TARA  
(checks dish)  
You're... Portia Postholer? We...  
wanted to return this.

She hands her the dish. Madam Postholer inspects it and nods.

MADAM POSTHOLER  
About damn time! You folks moved in  
what, six, seven years ago?

TARA  
I'm glad we could get that back to  
you. We'll get out of your-

MADAM POSTHOLER  
Oh, it's always nice to have  
guests. Let me show you around.

Madam Postholer turns away and gropes the air- she grabs  
Tara's forearm and yanks her down an aisle of stacks.

MADAM POSTHOLER  
This is the archive room. Town hall  
got flooded some score back and  
they gave me everything for safe  
keeping. Great way to keep the  
visitors coming in...

Phoebe peers around the mountains of papers. Each stack has  
of dozens of layers- different shades of brown and yellow.

MADAM POSTHOLER  
Y'like maps? That's the map stack.

She peers over a pile of papers from across the room.

PHOEBE  
Um... sure. What kind of maps?

MADAM POSTHOLER  
(shrugs)  
People give me maps and I put them  
in the map stack.

Phoebe pulls off a few sheets and roots through them.

MADAM POSTHOLER

Shows Tara a framed black and white photograph.

MADAM POSTHOLER

This is Mr. J. Edgar Hoover giving  
me a special commendation back in  
the day. Oh, my husband was so  
jealous. I told him he looked  
better in a garter belt, but still-

Phoebe squeezes past Tara holding a brown, frayed map.

PHOEBE

Hey- can I get a copy of this?