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INT. JIM'S APARTMENT - DAY

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An elderly, shrewd man is on the other end of a video call. Jim holds his laptop up to his signed basketball collection.

JIM

They were all my dad's. This one has signatures from the entire 96' Chicago Bulls.

MR. SCHREIBER (O.S.)

Yes, let's us see here. Please, scoochem this ball back.

JIM

What?

MR. SCHREIBER (O.S.)

Your balls are in my face, I need you to scooch it back. Does this have certificate of authenticity?

JIM

No, he didn't buy off anyone, he got the signatures himself. Yeah, it took years, going to all sorts of events, but he met each player and had them sign. He was a huge fan.

MR. SCHREIBER (O.S.)

Hmm, this makes it more difficult.

JIM

I can show you pictures he took with some of them. Actually, he used to coach at UIC, and one of his players played for the Knicks.

MR. SCHREIBER

Your father knows you are selling his prized valuable balls?

JIM

Oh, no. He passed away a few years back. He left them to me.

MR. SCHREIBER

My condolences. My father is also passed. He was 94. He died in his sleep. Someone shot him while he was napping.

JIM

Oh my god, I'm sorry.

MR. SCHREIBER

Perpetrator has never been caught. Some say I did it, but this is heresay...My father left to me our family coat of arms.

JIM

Your what?

MR. SCHREIBER

It is a shield with the symbol of my family. We have had it for 600 years. It is always passed to the oldest Schreiber man. But it skipped my brother, as he was disowned for war crimes. This shield is a work of art.

JIM

Geez, how much is something like that worth?

MR. SCHREIBER

Oh, priceless. I would never sell it. It is my family legacy. If I sell it, it is great dishonor to my father, and his father, and all of the Schreiber family. To do so, I would have as you say, no balls, like my father, as this is where he was shot.