

EXT. HAVEN'S FRONT STEP. NIGHT.

Jacobson finishes tucking the WAD OF MONEY into his jacket. *

Lulia hands him a hand-sewn SHAWL. *

LULIA

This is for Sara.

JACOBSON

Thank you, Lulia.

LULIA

Oh, it's nothing. I just - I don't know what I can do for her. Just you tell her not a day goes by where I don't pray for her.

Jacobson nods. He turns, but Lulia reaches out for his arm --

LULIA (CONT'D)

I've been carrying a terrible feeling about all of this. It's just...

(beat)

I feel I best say it to someone since I can't tell Albert. He's never thought much of my... well, my *visions*. That's probably what's best to call them.

Lulia can't seem to get the words out. A heavy aura overtakes the moment as all goes deathly quiet, and time seems to stretch out in slow motion.

LULIA (CONT'D)

If anything ever happens to me - it'll be Charles Bannon that did it.

Jacobson gazes at Lulia for a long moment.