

OLIVER COMBS SIDE

41 INT. BUTCHERY. DAY.

41

A BLOODIED MEAT CLEAVER slams into a block of wood.

**Oliver Combs** - the butcher, 50's, a barrel-chested giant of a man - wipes his hands on a blood-soaked apron. Past him several men carry hog carcasses out the door. A Rottweiler stands at alert behind the counter chained to a pipe.

COMBS

I can't sell meat like that. We paid a good price for them too. That's why I sent him that letter.

JACOBSON

Did Albert deliver the hogs?

COMBS

Nah, he sent his farmhand, the Bannon boy, over with 'em.

TAYLOR

He usually sends his farmhand?

COMBS

Hell no, never.

JACOBSON

And this was when?

COMBS

About a month ago.  
(beat)  
Well, the first time. But then it happened again last week! Ain't I a damn fool. I let it happen twice!

JACOBSON

Did Bannon deliver them last week?

COMBS

Sure did. Brought a note from Albert. I musta' scared him with all my questions.  
(beat)  
Something not right with that kid. I still got the note here.

Combs pulls a NOTE out of a folder. He hands it to Jacobson.

COMBS (CONT'D)  
Everything okay?

TAYLOR  
We hope so.

COMBS  
Damndest thing. All these years, my  
dog never been scared a' nothing.  
When that Bannon kid walked in,  
stuck his tail between his legs and  
hid in the corner.

Jacobson quickly scans the note.

It is signed "*Albert Havin*" and dated "8/5/1931".