

MOTHER BANNON SIDE

53 EXT. BANNON SHACK - FRONT DOOR. DAY. 53

The front door cracks open. Two suspicious eyes peer out.

A 50 year-old, pale, twisted woman appears. **Mother Bannon.** \*

MOTHER BANNON  
What do you want?

JACOBSON  
We'd like to talk to you.

MOTHER BANNON  
Yeah?

JACOBSON  
Can we come in?

She glares at them, but stands aside. They walk in.

54 INT. BANNON SHACK. CONTINUOUS. 54 \*

The shack is a filth-pit. The picture of cramped, impoverished squalor.

MOTHER BANNON  
I ain't got coffee. Or tea. So  
don't ask.

TAYLOR  
I'm State's Attorney Samuel Taylor,  
Mrs. Bannon. This is... law officer  
C.A. Jacobson.

Jacobson shifts uncomfortably at the title.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Is your husband around?

MOTHER BANNON  
Left me. Went to Oregon with some  
floozy. \*

TAYLOR  
Well, I'm sorry to hear that.

MOTHER BANNON  
Keep your sympathy. Good riddance  
is what I say. \*

Taylor re-focuses the conversation.

TAYLOR

When's the last time you saw your son, Charles?

MOTHER BANNON

Can't remember.

JACOBSON

You can't remember the last time you saw your son?

MOTHER BANNON

He don't come around with chocolates and flowers on Sunday, you know!

TAYLOR

Has Charles communicated with you at all in the last few months?

She squints mockingly into Jacobson's eyes, and smirks. \*

MOTHER BANNON

What you fishin' for, lawman? \*

(to Taylor)

Thinks I ain't got a brain cause of where I live. There's smart people out here too. Not about what words to put next to one another. But in a different kinda' way.

(scoffs)

He thinks I's gonna' help you blame my own son for something he got no part in. All the bad folk live out here, huh?

(confidentially) \*

I know that Haven family. They's mixed up in a way you don't want to know.

JACOBSON

What does that mean? \*

MOTHER BANNON

(smiles)

You got a warrant, law man?

TAYLOR

No, ma'am.

MOTHER BANNON

Then I suggest you get outta my  
house!

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