EXT. BANNON SHACK - FRONT DOOR. DAY.

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.

INT. BANNON SHACK. CONTINUOUS.

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) *

He 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)*

I know that Haven family. They’ve mixed up in a way you don’t want to know. *(confidentially)*

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!