

EXT. ANN'S HOME - FRONT PORCH

She's still uneasy as she holds her coffee cup. Ben, on the other hand, rocks with easy on her porch furniture.

BEN PICKERS

I need you to go somewhere for me.

ANN

And why's that?

BEN PICKERS

Because though I'd like to, I can't be two places at once.

She takes a drink, perplexed. It's strong.

BEN PICKERS

Like they make it in Istanbul.

He raises his and takes a big swig. Ann tosses hers out into the yard. The stuff kills a pot of flowers moments after impact.

ANN

What's all this about?

BEN PICKERS

I can't tell you that.

She's impatient, perturbed.

BEN PICKERS

Not yet.

ANN

Well, what can you tell me, huh?

He smiles, finishes his coffee and sets it down. The swing stops.

BEN PICKERS

You and your friends are right.  
There is a connection.

ANN

Between Hattiesburg and the Haven  
theater?

His silence is a yes and she can tell something else.

(CONTINUED)

ANN  
And there's more to come.

BEN PICKERS  
There might could be.

Again, a yes.

ANN  
Where are we going?

BEN PICKERS  
We?

ANN  
Every detective needs a sidekick.

BEN PICKERS  
Or two.

He finds her amusing.

BEN PICKERS  
Yazoo City.

ANN  
The witch's grave?

He's impressed.

ANN  
I have been doing some reading...  
and what should we expect to find?

BEN PICKERS  
You ladies might just scare away  
the ghosts on your own.

She huffs at this.

ANN  
And you, where's your destination?

BEN PICKERS  
Natchez. Another haunted place.

That smile, full of secrets.