

BECKY (CONT'D)

Part livery would make you pay four bits, or fifty cents! Two bits and you could turn it out to pasture. If you wait, you can almost smell the horses... Now let's head back on over to Donelson's General Store.

The group follows BECKY. LACEY keeps looking behind her at the livery stable, expecting to see something.

They walk back to the front of the General Store. LACEY looks through the window.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Whisper saw its fair share of immigrants, high among them the Irish. William Donelson started his store in eighteen-forty and his kin carried it on until it sold its last bag of flour in eighteen eighty nine.

The group enters the General Store and BECKY continues her explanation.

--- vague, ghostly overlay of business as usual in the store

LACEY sees several women waiting for a store boy on a ladder to retrieve cans from a top shelf. William Donelson is behind the counter, speaking to Jason. Donelson points out towards the street. Jason looks to where he's pointing. It seems to be directly at LACEY.

She cringes and bites down on her finger, coming back to present.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Now that we've purchased what we need, let's head on over for some of the best piano playin' away from the Mississippi River.

As the group walks away from the store, LACEY stops and sees (overlay) a wanted poster fluttering on the building. Her eyes go wide, recognizing the man from the livery stable. She looks back to the livery stable, sees that it's abandoned and catches up with the group.

The group stops in front of the saloon.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Ya'll seen any ghosts yet?

The group collectively shakes their head. Some roll eyes, some scoff, some nudge others.

BECKY (CONT'D)

No? Well, now we're at the part of the tour that from here on out, you might start seein' 'em. This here's our saloon! Anyone know what that is?

STUDENT 4

Sure. Watch any old Western for that. It's a bar.

BECKY

Got that right. Whisper's saloon was known far and wide because it had something others didn't...

STUDENT 1

Piano?

BECKY

Nope. Ladies of the evening.

With a swish of her skirts, BECKY leads them into the saloon.

BECKY (CONT'D)

As you can see, the piano's seen better days. Weather here eats people alive. They say, though, that something worse than the weather was here.

LACEY

(to herself)

Jillian.

--- vague overlay of usual saloon scene, full of patrons

JILLI is at the bar, speaking with the bartender. He looks very scared. He hands over a small bag of coins.

JILLI turns and we see the necklace and pendant around her neck. She walks over to a patron, taps him on the shoulder and walks seductively to a back room. She looks back over her shoulder, seemingly at LACEY.

LACEY backs up until she hits a wall. She looks over at the piano, then back at the bartender, who reaches under the bar, retrieves a pistol and heads for a back door.

BECKY  
(muted, in the background)  
Any guesses as to what the most  
requested song was?

Students shout out several guesses, all modern day songs.

LACEY  
Run Around the Mine.

BECKY stops, surprised. The group looks at LACEY, who hasn't quite snapped out of it yet.

BECKY  
That's right! How'd you guess?

LACEY snaps out of it, sees everyone looking at her and blushes madly, holding up her map defensively.

LACEY  
Read the map thingy.

BECKY  
You'd be lucky here for that, since a good part of folks who came through here weren't so good at readin'. Come on outside and we'll talk about Whisper's most infamous resident. No need to tempt her to come out on her home turf.

The group leaves the saloon and heads towards the center of town.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Who was I talkin' about back there?

STUDENT 2  
Jillian Brandt!

BECKY  
Mistress of song and story, that's right! She was a mighty evil soul, killin' more than fourteen people, so the records say. Stories, though, say she killed more than fifty. C'mon... I'll show you the bridge where she was hung.

Excited murmuring from the students. BECKY leads them across town and stops just past the last building. A bridge can be seen in the near-distance.