

(SENATOR FOSTER has entered the saloon. He is dressed in smart mourning attire.)

DOWITT. I guess they're free if you want to pick them.

(He sees FOSTER who has lit a cigar and stands next to the coffin.)

Excuse me, Senator, I beg your pardon and please forgive my rudeness to come upon you on such a day of sufferin'.

FOSTER. Speak your piece, son.

DOWITT. I am a writer, sir. For the Chronicle, here in town. A modest paper that would benefit most greatly from an article featuring a man of your political importance. The obituaries, you see... Now, what I mean to say is –

FOSTER. I would be very happy to give you a few words for your paper, Mr...

DOWITT. Dowitt, sir. Jake Dowitt.

FOSTER. If you'll excuse me, Mr Dowitt. I will take the opportunity to sit as I am rather weary from my travels.

(FOSTER sits.)

DOWITT. Did you come all the way from Washington, sir?

FOSTER. Yes I did. I arrived last night.

DOWITT. And the purpose of your visit to Twotrees?

FOSTER. The funeral of Mr Barricune.

DOWITT. Indeed a long way to travel. It would certainly interest my readers to know the nature of your relationship with the deceased.

FOSTER. He was my friend for many years.

DOWITT. When did you last see him?

FOSTER. Near twenty years ago, the last time I was in Twotrees – stood here in this very saloon.

DOWITT. Fascinating.

(The MOURNERS move forward and take up the tune once more. They lift the coffin and carry it from the saloon.)