

LANDLADY SIDES

The door opens behind him.

LANDLADY  
Doctor, are you alright?

LEGRAND  
Hardly.

He doesn't take his eyes away from the window to look at the plump LANDLADY who peaks through into his room.

LEGRAND  
What's happened?

She steps in, wearing a big white nightgown, a candlestick in hand.

LANDLADY  
Haven't you heard...

Again, no look.

LANDLADY  
A negro sheriff was elected.

This gets him to half-glance back.

LANDLADY  
They've run him out of town and now  
the blacks gone mad.

He scoffs, struggles back into bed.

LEGRAND  
Damn.

He lets out a long, wheezy breath as he lies down.

LEGRAND  
You would think the war never  
ended.

She comes to his side.

LANDLADY  
Legrand.

He knows she means business when she calls him that.

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LANDLADY

We must find someone to take care  
of you.

LEGRAND

Perhaps they'll burn the town down  
and we won't have to worry about  
it.

He smiles, blood in his teeth. She finds him charming, but  
is disturbed by his health. The doctor sees her concern.

LEGRAND

Find me someone. Please.

She pats his hand. He closes his eyes.