

'Nuff talk. We got to move. Just like we planned. Ben you go to the stable and gather them mules. Zeke yo' job is to watch for the overseer.

ZEKE

Alfred you always been a good talker, but we gonna get our foolselves killed.

FAIRFAX
(Grabs ZEKE.)

I AIN'T GONNA LET YOU RISK THE REST OF US! Now, you get them bad notions OUT yo' mind. We gonna get them mules, we gonna get on um, and we gonna get to some-kinda freedom. You believe that?

ZEKE
(Giving in to belief.)

Sho' I believe it.

FAIRFAX
(Appealing with friendship.)

Zeke . . . it's gonna be alright. Trust me.

FAIRFAX extends his hand. The two men shake hands.)

FAIRFAX
Alright. Ella you got that food you been gatherin'.

ELLA
We got enough food to hold us - 'spects about a week or so.

FAIRFAX
We ain't gonna have no more time than that . . . when them hounds get on ya. They is still talk about Union soldiers camped down on the river. We got to get to the Mississippi. I just know if we can get there. . . we'll be alright. Anybody heard different? Them soldiers still there?

BEN
Alfred . . . they gonna be down there. They GOT to be down there.

FAIRFAX