

BOYER

You seen them horses they brought in today. Pitiful! Them horses is leftovers from the civil war.

SHARPE

They give us what the white troops turn down.

TRIMBLE

William, fool, ya know'd that when we ya joined up!

SHARPE

That's what I'm saying! That's why we got to leave, we got to cut this here loose!

TRIMBLE

Where you gonna find anything out there making even a lousy thirteen dollars a month, HUH? It may be bad but it IS food and clothes and a roof...and maybe, maybe it'll be gettin' better.

SHARPE

And maybe not, maybe it'll get worse! You know where they gonna put us -- way out in the middle of no where, far from town as they can find -- fighting red skins cause they AIN'T gonna let no colored men 'round no white folks with guns! Am I lying!

BOYER

Amens Will, amens.

TRIMBLE

(Stands.)

All you saying is true, Will. You a smart man, you ain't no fool. I don't know what's gonna happen to us if we stay in here. But I know more about THIS than I does that out there.

(Pointing to the door.)

I ain't got nothing to lose by staying here. See, I done looked at all sides and I don't expect much. In fact, I "x-pects" the worst! You better get your mind right, NOW. 'Cause as long as you a colored man in this here country you gotta PROVE you got the right to live. This HERE'S where I prove it! Where YOU gonna prove it!

(The two men stare each other down. Finally, SHARPE sits down followed by TRIMBLE.)