

JACK

No sir. Sure as God be good dem crackers ain't gon' like dis!

ANDREW

Dey gwine hang every nigga round here, Jack. Probly includin' us!

HUBBARD

Oh, no dey ain't neither! Dey ain't gwine hang me! No sir! Cause I ain't do nuttin'. I always done did right by white folk. Now yall two stupid niggas run on back to where ever you was at befo', killin' white folk and what not.

JACK

Us ain't kill no white folk!

ANDREW

Dey gon' hang all us even iffen us ain't got nuttin' to do wid dis.

HUBBARD

Gone now! Nat say he want yall to follow him!

JACK

Dat's what Nat say?

HUBBARD

Yessir! Dat's what he said.

JACK and ANDREW look at each other, then back at HUBBARD.

ANDREW

Which way dey go?

HUBBARD

That away, nigga! Scat! Hurry up! Gone now. Both yall. Stupid niggas causin' all dis commotion round here. Ain't nothin' but de devil in ya!

JACK and ANDREW CORRAL A HORSE in a very clumsy, goofy fashion. They both mount this single HORSE, then dash off and away, out of HUBBARD's hair finally.

Now HUBBARD rushes off to...