

INT. JOHN BARROW'S HOUSE - DAY

MRS. BARROW is still as half-dressed as before, perpetually fixing herself up in the mirror.

MRS. BARROW
Who was it, dear?

JOHN BARROW
Mary, we have got to leave. Put something on right now. We're going to the Captain's house.

MRS. BARROW
The Captain's house? Why would we go there?

JOHN BARROW
Lord knows I don't want to, but it'll be safe there and at least he should know what the hell is going on around here.

MRS. BARROW
What do you mean "safe"? What IS going on?

JOHN BARROW
Mary, I don't know.

MRS. BARROW
But where's George? He should have been here by now. What about the fox hunt?

JOHN BARROW
Dear, forget about the fox hunt and forget about George. Just for now. There's something else going on. Let's go please.

MRS. BARROW
Well even so, John, I can't just go to your mother's house like this. Half dressed. What would the Captain say? Just give me a minute to get ready.

JOHN BARROW, resigned to the fate of waiting for his woman to get dressed, rolls his eyes. He grabs his MUSKET, his RIFLE and his PISTOL. He begins loading his weapons for whatever may come his way.