ELI: They couldn't get him to come out. Caesar told him he wasn't gonna arrest him. Told him he'd give him a bowl of soup and some dry clothes. He told Caesar to go to hell. Told his whole family to go to hell. He talking about you, Black Mary.

SELIG: You can't stay in there but so long. That cold will get to you and shut your body down.

ELI: He just treading water. Holding on to the barge. Caesar see he wasn't gonna come out he tried to beat him over the head with a two-by-four. Talking about he wasn't gonna do nothing to him. I believe he would have killed him right on the spot if he came out.

BLACK MARY: He wouldn't have done nothing but arrest him and the judge give him thirty days.

ELI: Well, as it is he dead.

SELIG: If he jumped in the river and didn't come out I'd have to believe he didn't do it. They had a man down in Kentucky was accused of stealing a horse. He said he didn't do it. Turned him into an outlaw. Made him the biggest horse thief in Kentucky. He lived to steal horses. He must of stole five hundred horses. And every one he sent back word: I stole that one but I didn't steal the first one. I stole that one but I didn't steal the first one. They never did catch him. He died and the horse thieving stopped. My daddy told me about it.

(There is a knock on the door. Eli goes to answer it, Solly enters singing "I Belong to the Band." He is sixty-seven years old. He wears a long coat and a battered hat. He carries a basket and a stick.)

SOLLY *(Singing)*:

I belong to the band
I belong to the band
I belong to the band, oh yes I do
Talking about that Railroad Band.

ELI: Hey Solly, come on in.

SOLLY: The people say they ain't going back to work at the mill. They lining up for the funeral down at the church. They lining up all around the block. Look like every Negro in Pittsburgh down there.

ELI: Reverend Tolliver's gonna get rich. The people appreciate him opening up his church.

BLACK MARY: Why don't you leave that basket outside? I told you leave it out there.

SOLLY: I'm afraid somebody's gonna run off with it.

BLACK MARY: Who's gonna steal a basket of dog shit?

SOLLY: It's pure! It's called pure! They got pure collectors all over the world. People been collecting pure for four hundred years.

BLACK MARY: I don't care what it's called. Who would want to steal it.

SOLLY: Anybody would steal it. Look here. *(Pulls some money out of his pocket)* Where you think this come from? It come from this basket of pure. People will kill people over money. You know if they kill somebody over money they will steal anything that ain't nailed down.

BLACK MARY: Talking about somebody stealing a basket of dog shit.

SOLLY: A lot of people get confused by this pure. They don't know the shoemakers use it to work the leather. I had one old gal tell me, "Get on away from me you smell like dog shit." I showed her that two dollars I got from Butera and she told me come and go home with her. Cooked me up a whole pan of cornbread. I went on back up there and she was gone. I don't know what happened to her.

SELIG: There is a lot of them like that. Where you don't know what happened with them.

SOLLY: I do have my Special Rider though. She up on Webster. I'd marry her if I wasn't in love with somebody else.

BLACK MARY: Here, Selig. I baked you a loaf of bread.