

STANCE (Cont.)

What's it gonna take? What do I have to do? I do what you tell me to do. I obey, I take orders, I play dumb for you, I'm appreciative, MY GOD IN HEAVEN I EVEN KILL FOR YOU! And for what? So you can think of me as an animal...a horse, a buffalo. ( A beat.) What is it going to take?

(Fade to black, STANCE.)

WARD

Yeah, we caught hell more from the people we was protecting than the Indians we was fighting. At least the Indians respected us. Well, wasn't nothin' we could do about that but just go on living--but it did cross our minds and we talked about, quietly, amongst ourselves.

(Lights up, campfire. Four buffalo soldiers are camped around the open fire, JEFFERSON sips a cup of coffee, PARKS stands guard, O'NEILL is seated poking at the fire and THOMAS is in the middle of making a point.)

THOMAS

I know ya'll be thinking about it just like I do. What we doing fightin' these indians...HUH? When the white folks we fightin' for, is fightin' us. I swear sometimes I think we right stupid..

(The men chuckle.)

JEFFERSON

(Tossing out his last  
few drops of coffee.)

Yeah, it has crossed my mind. But we soldiers we ain't no politicians. A soldiers job is to do what's told, right?

THOMAS

A soldiers job ain't to be a damn fool!

O'NEILL

What you talkin' about them indians is savages.

PARKS

They say we savages.

THOMAS

What's wrong with you O'Neill all of a sudden you think you white! We all savages!

JEFFERSON

Lower your voice before you bring the Lieutenant over here, you want THAT.