

THOMAS

You ever think in that small mind of yours that living like a dog ain't living. That being a fool for money is still being a fool! That if you ever gonna stop being a black nigger in a white man country you gonna have to start fightin' the RIGHT people!

(They attack each another, wrestling to the ground, kicking and punching. A white LIEUTENANT and a black SERGEANT hurry over breaking up the fight. The other men pull them apart.)

LIEUTENANT

Sergeant what is the problem here?

SERGEANT

Ah, I'm not sure sir, but sir I will get to the bottom of it, sir.

LIEUTENANT

See to it...Private Thomas...problem?

THOMAS

No sir...

LIEUTENANT

Private O'Neill you have a problem?

O'NEILL

Naw sir...

LIEUTENANT

Can't you men get along? Don't you get enough fighting already, HUM? Whatever your problems are you they don't exist. You have only one problem pleasing the Department of War. Is that understood?

(The men mumble, Yes, sir.)

SERGEANT

Can't you nappy heads do better than that?

THE MEN

YES SIR!

(The Lieutenant walks off.)

SERGEANT

When we get back to the post I'll get to the bottom of this and there ya'll will be punished. Now get ya back sides on that ground and go to sleep.