

(The SERGEANT exits. The men stare at each other as we fade to black.)

(Lights up, WARD.)

WARD

And when they punished you, you knowed you was punished. You think your Mama switchin' your narrow behinds is bad, shoot, try standing on the head of a barrel from 9.00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. Or having to sit inside a barrel for that same amount of time. Oooowe! I tell ya whatever you did, you wouldn't do no more! Bet ya'll didn't know that Indians had black slaves...Know'd ya didn't...not many people do know, so many thangs they don't tell ya in school...especially about people got some color to um. Back then white folks knew that Indians and negroes getting together would be BAD medicine!

(Lights up THOMAS.)

THOMAS

My Grandfather told me the story of two missionaries that traveled and met with the Delaware nation, the missionaries had several black slaves. The Indians of the Delaware Nation, could not help recollecting that them missionaries had a people among them, who, because of they color, they had made slaves of. Now they could not see any reason, if a people being BLACK entitled them to enslave um, why a RED color should not equally qualify the SAME treatment. The Indians therefore determined to WAIT, to see whether all the black people amongst them were made thus happy and joyful before they would put confidence in THEIR promises; for they thought a people who had suffered so much and so long by the hands of white folks, should be entitled to their attention FIRST! So, they sent back them two missionaries, with many thanks, promising that when they saw the black people among them restored to freedom and happiness they would gladly receive more missionaries.

(Black out, THOMAS. Lights up, WALKING BEAR.)

WALKING BEAR

We had several black soldiers come and join our people. Many of them tired of being mistreated...would run away from the bluecoats, go over the hill...they would say. They would become much help to us and our battles with the white man. One Buffalo soldier came to us at night...he played a shiny horn, a bugle he called it. He rode his pony with us when we went against some white buffalo hunters in the Texas country. We always hoped that more of the black soldiers would join us. But, we understood why they didn't.