

STANCE (Cont.)

(Looking at medal.)

But ya see, my pride and happiness didn't last long. When we were off duty and went into town we never had to look for trouble it was always waiting on us. A white man by the name of John Jackson, a Texan near the fort murdered a FRIEND OF MINE, Private Boston Henry, shot him in cold blood...of course Jackson escaped from the law and then he killed Corporal Albert Marshall and Private Charles Murray who was in my company, Captain Carroll's F Company! When they finally caught this man they had a so-called trial, the jury quick set him free.

(A sudden burst of anger.)

That's what it's like to be a colored man in this country. You try to fit in, you do what you're told, you try and prove you just like every other man, and for a minute you forget, for a MINUTE you think you like everybody else. FOR A MINUTE YOU THINK YOU EQUAL! Then here it comes, like death creeping under ya door, a word, a remark, an order! Our just out right MURDER. I don't know what to tell ya.

(Fade to black, STANCE.)

WARD

Yeah, we caught the devil as much from the white towns people we was protecting, than the Indians we was fighting. ESPECIALLY in Texas. At least the Indians respected us. Bobby, boy, sometimes all you can do is just go on living.

(STAGE IS BLACK. We hear gunshots. As lights fade up. We see SHARPE, TRIMBLE and BOYER in pools of light. They are reloading their weapons.)

BOYER

Late in October down in Texas, a vengeful party of Kickapoo ambushed some of the men. They killed Corporal Wright and E.T. Jones of D. Company. They was escorting mail from Camp Hudson to Fort Stockton. Escortin' mail is a dangerous detail.

TRIMBLE

In December, a hundred Mescaleros attacked the stage eastbound from El Paso. Mescaleros are Apache's that live in Texas and New Mexico. Well, they killed Private Nathan Johnson...but F. Company finally ran them Mescaleros off. They got ole Nate but they didn't stop that stage.