

EXT. DIRT PATH - AFTERNOON

Our duo from the North sit at the head of a carriage being pulled by two horses. Jordan is commanding the horses with Mosley next to him.

Jordan is in his plain clothes whereas Mosley, pridefully, wears his Union uniform.

In the back of the carriage, we see nothing of who or what is inside as the windows are blocked by drapes.

They trudge through the southern terrain on a narrow path. There are trees surrounding them, but there is enough room maybe, just maybe for two carriages to pass by on this thin road.

The dirt road is slim, and seems like a one way road.

All of a sudden the two see an oncoming carriage.

JORDAN

Ah perfect. We're gonna have to move over.

MOSLEY

Wait.

JORDAN

Okay but once they get closer I'm going to move. This road is too thin.

The opposite carriage is getting closer and they can now make out who is riding. The carriage is helmed by a middle aged white man with a beard. Mosley assumes the worst of him.

MOSLEY

Jordan! Don't move.

JORDAN

What?

MOSLEY

We are not going to move for this racist white man.

JORDAN

Oh my God Mosley. Here you go again. Not right now.

MOSLEY

What? You wouldn't understand.

JORDAN

What I do understand, is you always looking for trouble, when there doesn't have to be. I mean it's just insane.

MOSLEY

(loud whisper)

Shut up. He's getting closer.

We now see the man up close, he sees Mosley next to and equal to a white man. He sees Mosley in a war uniform, a blue Union uniform at that.

This man is visibly disgusted. He knows his place, and he reckons the two men opposite of him know theirs. He will not be moving. This is absolute.

JORDAN

I'm moving.

MOSLEY

Don't you move Jordan. Jordan I swear to God.

The two carriages are getting closer and closer. The middle aged man gazes deeply at the two men, daring them to do nothing.

Jordan can see the resolve on his face. He must avoid a collision.

Mosley pays the man no attention as he grills Jordan as well. Jordan feels the pressure from all sides, from all angles.

JORDAN

Fucking hell.

Jordan in the face of collision makes a quick turn out to the right. Attempting to save a situation that could have easily been avoided.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(to horses)

YAH!

MOSLEY

No no no no no. What are you doing!

Says Mosley audible for even the man to hear.

MIDDLE AGED RACIST

Serves ya right.

The man spits on the ground in disrespect.

As the man passes, by Sary peeks out from the carriage.

SARY

What in the hell is going on up there?

MOSLEY

Why don't you ever listen to me Jordan?! It's like you have no respect at all. You might as well be one of these racist crackers, the way you treat me and how you lay down. If you are a bystander to prejudice you are a perpetrator yourself.

JORDAN

That wasn't prejudice Mosley.

MOSLEY

You can't know that. You don't have the eye for this. You haven't grown up being accustomed to it. And by the way. Do you know where it is we are right now?

JORDAN

Uh yes. I do. And that is why I am not wearing my uniform! The same uniform of people that killed people like the man we just passed by. You really want to test how they feel right now.

MOSLEY

I am doing this to make a statement. These ignorant people need to see what the real world is and how it should be.

JORDAN

What you are doing is causing trouble.

Sary is still confused as to why the carriage stopped.

SARY

Ay. What on God's Green Earth got y'all fighting like cats and dogs!

MOSLEY

What this is, is justice. We won the war, how about we act like it.

SARY

Ay. Not here Mosley.

MOSLEY

Shut it. You don't even have a clue about what we're discussing.

SARY

I heard that much. You better not act like you won no war here. That'll get you killed. Man I told you not to wear that damn uniform.

JORDAN

See. It is not a me being white thing.

MOSLEY

It is him being an Uncle Tom thing.

SARY

Nigga, Uncle Tom?! I should strangle you where you stand.

JORDAN

Hold on now. Everyone just relax.

SARY

Oh I ain't gonna strangle him. I just said I should.

MOSLEY

That's why you're scared to be in the place you grew up. You're a coward.

SARY

Boy, you grew up in Boston and had playdates with the Governor's kids. You don't know nothing about fear. You don't know what real fear is.

MOSLEY

Oh really.

Mosley hops off the carriage.

MOSLEY (CONT'D)

How about you show me.

SARY

I just might.

Sary begins to get out of the back of the carriage. Jordan recognizes a fight brewing. He has to act.

JORDAN

Okay, okay. You're right it was my fault. I was scared and acted out of fear. I have no back bone. Okay?

As Jordan is trying his best to salvage an almost unsalvageable issue, Sary and Mosley are approaching one another slowly, but with pace.

Sary stands a good deal taller than Mosley, so once he is in range he punches him cleanly in his face. It puts Mosley on his ass.