

they gave me to wear when I first went in. So that gave me yellow. You take your sheet apart, that gives you white. So I had three colors of thread, just from unraveling cloth. I made myself a tote bag I'd take to chow hall, and I embroidered flowers on it. I put bell-bottoms on a couple of my prison blues, made a Calvin and Hobbes patch I put on my hat. They confiscated that one. (*Lights down on Gary. up on Robert.*)

START ROBERT. The electric chair was downstairs and I was upstairs, and every Wednesday morning they cranked that electric chair up and you could hear it buzz.

And when they served breakfast, you gotta have sharp ears to hear that front door open, 'cause if you oversleep, the roaches and the rats come and eat your breakfast, and that's the God's honest truth.

And the guards — I think nine times out of ten, the average person that became a guard, the only way I can see it, when he grew up he was a little runt and then the bigger guy would mess with him and all of that. And then they grow up and they wanna do that too.

When I was in there, one day, this officer was harassing my neighbor and I was a witness. And the other inmate, he wanted to write the officer up, he asked me —

BLACK INMATE. Hey Robert, would you sign this statement?

ROBERT. I said, I told him, yeah.

But a couple of days later, the officer came back to work, and something just told me to pay attention to him. (*Lights up on White Guard.*) And sure enough this officer, he read that statement, he gonna get back at me. He gonna spit off in my tea. And I *seen* him spit off in my tea. And so I said — (*To Guard.*) "Now why would you do that?"

WHITE GUARD. Do what? I didn't do that.

ROBERT. Hold on, I'm gonna prove it to you. (*To audience.*) And I went and got me a piece of toilet paper — (*Miming.*) — twisted it up, and put it directly on top of that tea. And I went 'round it. And I said — (*To Guard.*) "Now what is that? You can have my tea.

END You can take that shit back, MOTHERFUCKER." (*Lights down on Guard; lights shift on Robert. With increasing intensity.*) Robert E. Hayes, #95-19817, May 21, 1996.

Judge Kaplan,

I am writing to you in regards to some matters which I am having in this jail. The superintendent decline to answer any of my grievances so I am makin' you aware of this before I get charged this

time for something I DID do. The problem is this Officer Santiago, who has constantly been provoking me. He come into my cell and toss my legal papers around, just tryin' to provoke me to fight him.

And today, he got classification to relocate me to the day room of a special wing for drug offenders. And by law they isn't supposed to have anyone sleeping in the day room no matter what wing it's in.

With my luck, some other inmate, some snitch, will get one of my legal briefs while I am sleeping, call the State, say Robert Hayes confessed to me so he can get himself a deal, and say "if you let me out I'll testify against him." And you, Judge Kaplan, will believe that fuck shit.

So Judge, I am askin' you to grant me an order stating that me and the stated officer be kept away from one another, because I am *not* goin' to take *any more* of his *bull shit!* (*Small beat.*) But thank you for your time. I'm sure I'll see you on another charge if you refuse to keep Santiago away from me.

Robert Hayes. (*Light up on Georgia.*)

GEORGIA. And, okay, some snitch *did* get a hold of one of his legal briefs. Just like Robert said. (*Lights down on Robert and Georgia; up on Kerry.*)

KERRY. So, uh, they accused me of bein' a homosexual, and that got into the media that got to death row even before I got there, so in prison, uh, uh — I was uh, uh — (*Pause.*) — I had three guys pull a train on me ... and they raped me, and sodomized me, and they carved "good p-u-s-s-y" on my behind. And it's there all over my body, its cut so deep I can't, plastic surgery won't remove it, it's not a tattoo, and I attempted suicide a couple times with this whole little war I was fighting: On the one side, the criminal justice system, and then on the Western front I'm fighting with fear of my life with these inmates every day. (*Lights up on Delbert.*)

DELBERT. Needless to say, Job is one of my favorite Biblical figures. (*Lights down on Kerry.*) I don't know if I have the patience of Job — but I hope I have his faith. Even if you got a teeny weeny bit it's big. The shit is hard to come by, you know what I'm sayin'?

But faith or not, I realized a long time ago, if I internalized all the anger, and all the pain, and all the hurt, I'd be dead already — they wouldn't even have to execute me. (*Lights down on Delbert, up on David.*)

DAVID. When I was inside, one time, I felt this feelin' came over me where I felt the longin' of God for his people, I felt his love for his people, his desire for his people not to be cast aside. You know,