

had about five or six customers tied down, he was around six foot tall. And the third sonofabitch — on his forehead, looked like he had, I don't know, you've seen them with kind of a scar sometimes? DEPUTY. Oh yeah.

CARROLL. Anyway, they told us to give them our money. So we did, 'bout thirty-two dollars, and then they said we want them watches too. Well, we didn't either one of us pull our watches off.

And they told us to lay down. So we did, and one of them, he reached over to get him some panty hose to tie us up with — but myself and Khomas, we came up and tackled them. Ain't nobody gonna be tyin' me up with no panty hose. And so the other one, he come running down shooting at us.

They must have shot eighteen or twenty bullets during the ruckus there, and the two hit me, and the two hit Khomas. And I could see that he was dead. (*Extended beat.*) And the niggers, they just disappeared.

DEPUTY. Mr. Carroll, in listening to these people talk in the store, did they have any type of accent, did they sound like local people or were they from out of state?

CARROLL. Naw, they just sounded like regular niggers to me. (*Lights down on deputy and Carroll; full up on David.*)

DAVID. And I was just eighteen, I didn't know the rules. And they kept on talkin', and they were threatenin' me, and all that. And I was afraid. I mean they would go in there and beat you up, mess you up, hang you up, nobody'd ever hear nothin' else about you. And so I say, okay, to prevent that, I'm gonna go ahead and confess to the crime. I know I'm tellin' the truth, and the witnesses are gonna know too, 'cause I just wasn't there and they would have seen that. So I'm like, I'm gonna let them go ahead, they gave me all the information already, all I do is put some names to the spots and then we all can be free. (*Lights down on David; up on Sunny.*)

START

SUNNY. Sunny Jacobs. (*Beat.*) In 1976, I was sentenced to death row, which for me wasn't a row at all because I was the only woman in the country who had the sentence of death. So I suggested they put me in the same cell as my husband!

But let me start at the beginning. (*Beat.*)

When I was twenty-six, Jesse and I had been together for three years. We weren't officially married, but I considered him my husband, you know. Our daughter had just been born, and Jesse said he was gonna get himself a regular job, maybe painting murals or something, but he just needed to go to Florida one last time to do

a little deal.

Now, I didn't want to know about this deal, because I knew it wasn't positive; it wasn't violent, but it wasn't positive. And finally he calls and says that the deal fell through, and not only is he broke and has no way home, but he's staying with some *girl!* So, of course, me, instead of saying, "well, when you get it together, me and the kids will be here waiting for you," I said, "I'll be right there to getcha!"

My son Eric was nine, and I was driving, shifting, singing and nursing Tina all at the same time. It was like driving through the ten plagues, you know, the first being the oil leaking all over the road, and the final one — you know those love bugs that smash themselves on your window?

So anyway, we get there, get Jesse, the car dies, and we're all stuck in Florida. And so Jesse says he'll ask this guy he knows if we can stay with him until we can scrape the money together to get home.

And that's when I met Walter Rhodes.

So we're all stuck in Florida, staying at Walter Rhodes' apartment. And it was a real sleazebag place; I mean he was obviously doing illegal activities. (*Lights up on Jesse and Rhodes.*)

END

JESSE. Hey Rhodes, we're gonna take off. Could you give us a lift to my friend's over in Broward County?

RHODES. I don't know, man, it's late — I don't know if I want to be on the road —

JESSE. Come on man, nothing ever happens in Broward. (*Lights down on Jesse and Rhodes.*)

SUNNY. And it was so weird — my son Eric woke up screaming in the middle of the night. He had this nightmare that something terrible was going to happen to us. And it did. (*Lights down on Sunny, up on Delbert.*)

DELBERT.

It's not easy  
to feel good in winter winds  
when ice is everywhere  
and you just wanna sing ...

Copyright 1997, Delbert Tibbs ... I'm Delbert Tibbs.

I'm a child of the sixties and the seventies, right? So, much of the philosophy that people were motivated by during those times I was, and continue to be, motivated by. I have an ongoing — an *abiding* interest in things philosophical and/or metaphysical; I won't say religious ...

And so, you know, in 1972, I went to seminary for a year and