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VOODOO JUSTICE

Fictional Screenplay Written By

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Voodoo Justice is a fictional character-driven story with a real life message. It has the ability to educate and entertain as well. Information concerning the origin and practice of Voodoo is factual. Voodoo Justice is about a man named Samuel Batiste. Samuel was falsely convicted of robbery murder. Samuel did not receive Justice from the court system, he used the ancient art of Voodoo Magic to find the real Killer. The story is unique with spellbinding sub-plots.

I tested Voodoo Justice commercial appeal by enlisting different ethnic group Prisoners to read. All 15 prisoners praised Voodoo Justice for it's original plot and realism of prison life.

**UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,  
LOS ANGELES  
UCLA EXTENSION**

*This is to certify that*

*Jawwaad Manny Hasan*

*has satisfactorily participated  
in the ARTSREACH class: Creative Writing*



Date: June 15, 1998

*Wade Davis*

Director, Department of The Arts

INT. PRISON CELL-DAY.

Samuel sat on the bottom bunk, bare chested. He was wearing a pair of red, black, and green beads around his neck... His locks were gathered in a long ponytail. He was busy reading psalms 27 from the Bible, while listening to Bob Marley sing "So, much trouble in the world."

Samuel's cell was unique, the decor was strikingly different from any other cell within the prison system... On the far back wall, next to the window, there hung a map of the world. A big bright red circle marked the island of Haiti... Various size bowls filled with herbs, fruits and roots were situated around the cell... Located on the bottom locker between the T.v. and radio stood a small bowl of fresh earth... On the second top locker, there stood a large bowl filled with chicken bones, mixed with dead bugs..... Incense were burning, filling the cell with a sweet scent.

The cell door opened, a tall black man wearing prison issued State clothing stepped into the cell. The cell door closed, man then hoisted his bed roll and prison issued fish kit, upon the top bunk.

Samuel stood up to greet his new cellmate..

Samuel  
(greeting)

"Greetings, I'm Samuel Batiste."

Samuel extended his right hand out to the man... The man nods,  
while accepting Samuel's extended hand.

The man

"Call me Tomcat, Tomcat Jones."

They shook hands... They stood face to face... There was a notice  
able likeness to the two men... Both were in their early  
thirties, with the same reddish brown complexion, height, and  
build... the only difference was that samuel appeared to be more  
muscular.

Tomcat took a moment to look around the cell. His eyes grew big,  
He had the look of bewilderment written on his face..

Tomcat  
(Curious tone)

"Man, what's up with all this shit, this  
creepy shit?"

Samuel  
(ease tone)

"Part of my religion... Give me a second,  
I'll remove them; I wasn't expecting a new  
cellmate so soon."

Tomcat walked towards the top locker... He picked up a bowl  
filled with dead bugs mixed with chicken bones... Tomcat stood  
there staring at the mess in a state of bafflement. Disbelief  
masked his face. Tomcat looked up at Samuel, while shaking his  
head.

Tomcat  
(curious tone)

"What kind of religion are you practicing?"

Samuel did a slow, but deliberate turn. He faced Tomcat.

Samuel  
(sinister tone)

"Voodoo!"

Tomcat eyes grew large with alarm.

Tomcat  
(alarming tone)

"Voodoo! Boy, you're twisted? You're messing  
with the devil!"

Tomcat handed the bowl to Samuel.

Tomcat  
(alarming tone)

"Man, keep your Voodoo crap off my locker  
and away from me."

Tomcat  
(questioning tone)

"By the way, do you have a medical chrono  
for the bottom bunk?"

Samuel  
(curious tone)

"No, way?"

Tomcat  
(lying)

I have a bad back, plus with this trick knee,  
I'm supposed to be assigned to the bottom  
bunk."

Samuel stared back at Tomcat, wondering if he should believe  
him.

Samuel  
(questioning tone)

"No, you have a chrono?"

Samuel  
(irritated tone)

"No, that won't be necessary. I'll move my things to the top bunk."

Samuel and Tomcat were both busy making up their beds. A female voice came over to announcement speaker.

Female voice

"Chow time in five minutes!"

Tomcat  
(curious tone)

"Man, I'm starving, I wonder what we're having

Samuel

"I believe it's fish."

While gazing into Samuel's locker... Tomcat stated.

Tomcat  
(lying)

"I can't eat no fish, it breaks me out. I tell you what, I'll trade you my fish dinner, for two soups and a pick of them cookies you got?"

The way Tomcat into Samuel's locker, resembled a kid who'd just been let loose into a candy store, without restrictions.



Samuel  
(irritated tone)

"I don't want your fish. But please help yourself to what you need."

The cell door opened. Samuel stepped out, into the flow of Prisoners walking down the tier towards the chow Hall.

Tomcat proceeded towards the closed cell door... He gazed out through the cell door bars.

EXT. CATWALK-SAME DAY.

A line of Prisoner's dressed in prison blues were walking down the tier towards the chow Hall. A tall black Prisoner stopped in front of Tomcat's cell door.

Black Prisoner  
(Greetings)

"I'm Hasan."

Tomcat

"I'm Tomcat, Tomcat Jones."

Hasan

("You're bunking with one strange Dude.")

Tomcat

"I know, but what can I do?"

Hasan

"Man, I don't know, due to prison over crowding, there's not much you can do.. Plus, I don't think anyone would be willing to trade bunks with you. No one wants to cell with Samuel. You're stuck for now. I'll Keep you posted, let you know if something comes open."

Hasan nods, as he continued moving down the tier with the flow of prisoners.

Once all the Prisoners were off the tier. Tomcat went directly to Samuel's locker. He took three soups and a pack of cookies. While Tomcat waited for his hot water to come to a boil. He started rummaging through Samuel's personal property. He went through the mail paying close attention to the posted date on each envelope. Tomcat focused his attention on an envelope posted only a few day ago. The envelope had the amount of \$20.00 stamped on the back. Tomcat placed the envelope under the bottom bunk mattress. He then shifted his attention to Samuel's photo albums.

Tomcat

(Talking to himself

"man, look at all these fine women."

Tomcat continued looking through the album... He soon found himself staring at an unique photo of people dancing... They were all dressed up in African garb, dancing around a big fire... The people face's were painted. On the ground there were signs and symbols drawn out in white chalk... The photo caused the hair on the back of Tomcat's neck to rise up.. Tomcat tried to turn the photo album page, but he couldn't move, his fingers were no longer under his control. As he stared at the photo, the dancers started to move around the fire, the heat from the fire in the photo warmed his face... The pounding of drums became audible, loud in his ears. Tomcat struggled, sweat broke out all over his body. The beating drums grew louder and louder.

The noise of the cell door closing broke the spell that held Tomcat paralyzed. He jumped to his feet, the photo album dropped to the floor.... Samuel stood there, staring at Tomcat rubbed his palms on his pants as if he had just dropped something way too hot to hold. With a knowing look on his face, Samuel pick up the album, and without saying a word he return the album to his locker, its rightful place.

INT. PRISON CELL A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Tomcat sat at the steel desk... He was toying with his hot soup, eating small spoonfuls. Tomcat was in deep thought... "Was it real? It can't be He thought he was losing his mind.

INT. PRISON CELL-LATE NIGHT.

Samuel laid on his bunk staring at the ceiling... He was listening to Tomcat's loud snoring... After a while, Samuel lowered himself to the ell floor... He stood there looking down at Tomcat... Tomcat laid there curled up in the fetal position.

Samuel studied Tomcat from head to toe... He then reached under the foot of the bottom bunk, and pulled out a big white bucket.. There was a clear plastic bag inside the bucket. The bag contained orange liquid. Samuel put the plastic bag inside the cell sink. He then unsealed the bag. A strong aroma quickly engulfed the cell... The smell had an odor of ripe fruit mixed with Alcohol. Samuel tasted the liquid with a spoon. The liquid was bitter, causing him to make a face... He took another sip, smacking his lips..

The sweet aroma brought tomcat out of his slumber... He sniffed the air.

Tomcat  
(sleepy tone)

"I thought I had smelled the sent of wine when I came through the door."

Tomcat brought his bare feet to rest on the cold floor. He proceeded towards Samuel. Tomcat stood next to Samuel.

Tomcat  
(sleepy tone)

"Is it ready?"

Samuel

"Think so."

Samuel passed the spoon to Tomcat. Tomcat took a few sips of the orange liquid, the liquid warmed his chest.

Tomcat  
(with excitement)

Samuel, ole boy, you're a chemist! This shit is gas! Get some cups!

INT. PRISON CELL-NIGHT.

Samuel sat on the edge of the bottom bunk, nursing his drink.. He was listening to Tomcat tell his story on how he came to share a cell with him.

Tomcat  
(feeling somewhat intoxicated)

"About, two months ago, I started having these erotic dreams about my ex-girl Josephine. I don't know why, I haven't seen nor spoken to her in over three years. Man, she was fine, but nothing compared to what I saw in your photo album. Anyway, every night I would have an erotic dream about her. It seems each night the dreams would be come more erotic, more real than the last.. I would actually wake up looking for her! Man, it was crazy. I got to the point where my dick wouldn't get hard for any other woman, only the thought of Josephine got me there. She was like viagra. I couldn't take it anymore. So, I dropped every thing and drove down here from Austin Texas, thinkin' she must be havin' the same erotic dreams. When I arrived at her apartment, all dressed up and spit shine. This big ass dude answered the door. I asked him was Josephine home? He says who wants to know? I said Tomcat, an old friend. The next thing I knew he took a swing at me.. There we were fighting in the middle of the street. People started coming out their homes to watch like it was the Tyson vs. Holyfield fight. Josephine was standing there with this big ass smile on her face. The cops showed up and here I am."

Samuel  
(somewhat intoxicated)

"Why'd the dude take a swing at you?"

Tomcat  
(intoxicated)

"I found out later that Josephine was having the same kinda dreams. The big guy was her husband. I guess she called out my name once too many times for his likin'. The prison board gave me five months for coming back to San Diego behind a dream. I got about three more months to go. So, what's your deal?"

Tomcat was really feeling the effects of the alcohol. He felt warm, and woozy. Samuel was suddenly his best friend.

Samuel

"I was convicted of robbery, murder which I didn't commit. The real murderer is free, probably having erotic dreams like you... But I'll find him."

Tomcat

"How?"

Samuel

"Voodoo"

Tomcat  
(disagreeable tone)

"Voodoo? I don't understand how voodoo is going to help you?"

Samuel looked directly into Tomcat's eyes.

Samuel

"Let me educate you on the practice of Voodoo."

Samuel sat his wine cup on the floor in front of himself. He then looked directly into Tomcat's eyes as he spoke.

Samuel  
(serious tone)

"The word voodoo is African in origin. It means God, Spirit, a sacred object. Look at the map behind you. See that red circle? That's Haiti. I was born there."

Tomcat stood up to get a better look at what Samuel was pointing at.

Samuel continued with the education.

Samuel  
(serious tone)

"Different forms of Voodoo are practiced in Haiti and other Caribbean Countries. Also in Brazil, parts of the United States. Voodoo developed as a domestic ritual among African slaves in colonial Haiti after the Haitian revolution against french colonial rule from 1791 to 1803... Haiti is also the oldest black republic in the world. We believe in the existence of one supreme being. Strong and weak spirits. Everyone has a protector spirit. The spirit rewards them and helps them. But it also punishes them when the laws of the universe violated. "



Tomcat  
(skeptical tone)

"Laws of the universe, what do you mean?"

Samuel

"Good question, well if you're producing negative energy, causing disharmony, upsetting the balance of positive and negative energy, than you will be punished."

Tomcat seemed to be in deep thought, pondering what Samuel just said.

Samuel  
(no nonsense tone)

"We also believe when we die, we die, we will return to a place called "Nan Guinin", which means Africa, but located under the sea."

Upon hearing this, Tomcat, started laughing at Samuel.

Tomcat  
(laughing)

"Man, under the sea! You really believe that crap? If so, you've been drinking way too much of the sauce, Voodoo man!"

Samuel  
(no nonsense tone)

"Yes, I believe very much so!"

Samuel paused to take another sip of his drink. Also allowing what he just said to Tomcat to sink in...

Samuel  
(continues)

"Most of my people follow some Catholic practices combined with Voodoo, which creates a religion that blends Christian and African beliefs. I am a priest of Voodoo and an Alchemists."

Tomcat  
(curious tone)

"What is Achemists?"

Samuel  
(no nonsense tone)

"There are many Alchemical definitions that describe both philosophical and practical alchemy. But it mainly deals with the transmutation of base metals into gold. But true alchemy treats the spirit as a substance which has to be purified from sin. It must be dissolved and crystallized a new. Yes, the main purpose of alchemy is spiritual. But most Alchemists focus on the physical aspect. Jesus give a spiritual metaphor of true alchemy in John 3:3 Unless one is born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Tomcat sat there listening, nursing his cup of wine... But it appears that he wasn't paying much attention to what Samuel was teaching him.. Tomcat stood up, he refilled his and Samuel's cups.

Tomcat  
(slurring tone)

"I ain't tryin' to hear all that crazy, way out shit you talkin'. I just want to focus on the Voodoo crap. So, keep it simple. The only reason I'm interested in the voodoo crap, is cause I am stuck here in the same cell with you. I've to keep an eye on you, make sure you don't try no Voodoo shit on me."

Tomcat took a long drink of his wine.

Tomcat  
(continues)

"Back to the Voodoo, I notice you've somewhat of an accent. What is the language in Haiti?"

Samuel

"Most Haitians speak Creole. A language partly based on french."

Tomcat

"ain't that the same thing they be speakin' in New Orleans?"

Samuel

"Yes, somewhat.. In voodoo, we believe by performing certain ceremonies we can be possessed by gods, such as the god of rain, love, war, and farming."

Tomcat

"Man, possessed by gods! That sounds kind of devilish. You'll probably be fuckin' up the so called universe balance with that one."

Samuel  
(mild serious tone)

"No, listen, for example many hunters use Voodoo, but they also use their own hunting skills and knowledge of animals. Voodoo gives the hunter the extra confidence he or she needs to hunt even more successful than they would without it."

Tomcat  
(skepticism)

"That still sounds like the devil's play ground to me ole Samuel."

Samuel

"Like I said there's many forms of Voodoo. Contagious Voodoo is a form that can be used for evil."

Tomcat  
(curious tone)

"What is contagious Voodoo?"

Samuel  
(serious tone)

"Its the belief that a person's finger nails and hair can effect the person's body long after they have been removed. A believer can cripple an enemy by manipulating the cut off hair and nails."

Tomcat glanced up at Samuel. Samuel had a very serious expression on his face.

Samuel  
(serious tone)

"Some practice homeopathic Voodoo Magic. A believer makes a doll of an enemy. He is able to harm the enemy by sticking pins into the doll image of the enemy. It is what you see on T.V. Hollywood."

Tomcat  
(curiously)

"Have you ever tried any of this stuff?"

Samuel

"Yes."

Tomcat

"Did it work?"

Samuel

"Yes."

Samuel glanced up at the map on the wall.

Tomcat  
(comical tone)

"I don't believe that."

Tomcat got up to refill his cup. He staggered as he made his way to the sink.

Tomcat

(comical tone)

"Cause, its all bullshit."

Samuel handed Tomcat his empty cup, while indicating that he wanted only a half of cup.

Samuel

(slurring)

"I don't care what you believe. Your lack of knowledge does not change the fact that many highly educated people believe in its power. The use of magic goes back to at least (5,000 B.C.) Ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans believed. Many secret groups also used magic. Freemasons, the Rosicrucians, just to name a few. There are many references to magic in the Holy Bible. King Solomon was another great biblical magician in the 10th century He possessed a magic ring given to him by God. With the ring he could control all nature men and spirits. Legend claims he subdued demons and commanded them to help construct the great temple of Solomon."

Tomcat

(slurring comical tone)

"Awe, Demons, that's what I am sayin' Samuel. That shit is evil!"

Samuel stood up to wash out his wine cup.

Samuel

"It's late, I'll tell you about my robbery, murder conviction another time."

(19)

(10)

Tomcat  
(intoxicated tone)

"Sounds like a good plan."

Tomcat stretched out on the bottom bunk. He closed his eyes, within moments he was in a deep sleep, snoring loudly.

INT. PRISON CELL NEXT MORNING.

Tomcat awoke with a hangover.

Tomcat  
(gloomy tone)

"Man, what a night!"

Tomcat placed his head between both of his hands. He then stood up to find Samuel's bed already made up. He was alone in the cell. Tomcat walked towards the sink. He splashed cold water on his face. Tomcat reached into Samuel's locker. He pulled out a tube of toothpaste. He rather use Samuel's canteen brought toothpaste, instead of the white power substance the prison provided. After brushing, Tomcat peeped his head through the cell door bars. He couldn't see anyone... But he should hear someone to the far left pushing a broom, sweeping the tier.

Tomcat  
(calling out)

"Hey tier tender, when you get a chance would you please stop by 108!"

EXT. PRISON TIER.

An older black Prisoner, with short curly gray hair, moved down the tier. Pushing a broom. He stopped in front of Tomcat's cell.

INT. PRISON CELL.

Tomcat had both of his hands hanging out through the bars.

EXT. PRISON TIER.

In front of Tomcat's cell.

Older black Prisoner  
"You need something?"

Tomcat

"Yeah, old timer. What's up with breakfast?"

The older Prisoner leaned on the push broom.

Old timer

"Breakfast been served already, over an hour and a half ago youngster. I'm old man sharp."



Tomcat and old man Sharp shook hands. Tomcat took notice of the old man's strong grip. Old man sharp looked into Tomcat's eyes. The stare made Tomcat uneasy.

Old man sharp

"Welcome to the house of pain. You  
You must be Tomcat?"

Tomcat

"Yeah, old man, how'd you know that?"

Old man Sharp

"There isn't much I don't know youngster  
about this place. I've been sweeping  
these tiers now, for over thirty years."

Old man Sharp stood there stroking his chin, while he studied Tomcat.

Old man Sharp

"I don't believe it."

Tomcat

"Believe what?"

Old man Sharp

"Justice."

Old man Sharp, resumed pushing the broom down the tier

Old man Sharp

"Justice, Youngster. A long time coming.  
But it's coming, Justice."

Tomcat  
(irritated tone, yelling)

"You crazy old man. What the hell that  
supposed to mean? You crazy old man!"

A male voice announced yard in ten minutes, over the loud  
speaker.

INT. PRISON CELL.

Tomcat ran to his bunk. He took an envelope from under his  
mattress. Tomcat studied the envelope, the amount of \$20.00  
dollars was stamped in red ink on the back. He took a red  
pen from Samuel's locker. Tomcat turned the \$20.00 into \$200.00  
dollars. He held up the envelope so that he could get a better  
look at his crafty handy work...

INT. PRISON LAW LIBRARY MORNING.

Samuel stood behind the counter, assisting other Prisoners  
with their legal research. He wore an ID tag attached to his  
prison issued shirt. The ID identified him as the law library  
clerk.

Samuel was very knowledgeable in penal law. His assistance was very much in demand.

INT. LAW LIBRARY.

Samuel's supervisor was a tall attractive African American woman in her early 30's. She stood in the back watching over the law library activities.

INT. LAW LIBRARY.

Samuel turn from the counter. He looked toward there the attractive woman stood.

Samuel

"Ms. James, I need some copies please."

Ms. James approached Samuel. Samuel handed Ms. James a stack of papers with yellow post tags on them. Ms. James took the stack from Samuel. She then proceeded toward the big coping machine located in the middle of the floor, directly behind the counter.

INT. LAW LIBRARY.

Ms. James stood there watching the machine make the requested copies. Most of the Prisoners who were busy doing their legal research stopped. They were all captivated by Ms. James's presence. The aroma from her perfume, coupled with the pure beauty of her essence, commanded their full attention. For the remaining time it took Ms. James to finish the copying, she became the unknowingly participate of many sexual fantasies.

INT. LAW LIBRARY.

At noon, Ms. James announced that the law library would be closing for lunch.

Ms. James  
(sweet soft voice)

"Lunch time gentlemen. Take it back to the yard. We'll reopen in 45 minutes."

INT. LAW LIBRARY.

Once all the Prisoners had all exited the law library. Samuel took his lunch break in the back storage room.

INT. LAW LIBRARY.

Ms. James returned to her office that was adjacent to the storage room.

INT. LAW LIBRARY STORAGE ROOM.

Samuel reached into a small brown bag. He removed some items. The items consisted of a photo of a beautiful African woman dressed in a white sun dress. The woman looked to be in her early 30's. The other items were a small ball of black hair, a necklace made of dead bugs, chicken bones and dry herbs.

Samuel placed a blank piece of black paper in the middle of the floor. He reached into his pocket and took out a piece of white chalk. Samuel started to draw some Voodoo signs and symbols onto the paper. He then placed the photo of the woman in the middle of the paper. The photo covered most of the symbols he drew. Samuel proceeded to put the dead bug necklace and hair ball on top of the photo.

Samuel stood there, he studied the arrangement. Samuel reached behind a large book shelf, removing two long black candles. Samuel placed each candle on opposite sides of the photo. He move his hands over the unlit candles. The candles became lit magically from the passing of Samuel's hands. Samuel closed his eyes. He started to meditate with his hands stretched out over the arrangement in front of him. Samuel spoke softly to himself, while in a deep state of mediation. The pounding of African drums could be heard in the distance. The flames from the candles grew brighter and brighter.

Samuel started chanting.

Samuel  
(chanting soft low tone)

Dana, come to being, come to me my beloved,  
She is willing, she is ready to submit to your  
will, come my love."

INT. LAW LIBRARY OFFICE OF MS. JAMES.

Ms. James sat at her desk enjoying her lunch... All of a sudden, she dropped the piece of fried chicken she was eating... A heinous sound escaped from deep within her throat... Ms. James head forced itself up against the back of the chair, she was sitting in. She started gasping for air. Her body trembled violently. suddenly the shaking stop. Ms. James stood up quickly. Her once beautiful brown eyes were now a ominous yellow.

Ms. James, in a trance proceeded towards the storage room.

INT. STORAGEROOM.

Ms James continued in a trance towards Samuel. Samuel stood chanting with his eyes close.

Samuel  
(chanting)

"Come my love, come to me."

Ms. James stopped inches from Samuel's face.... Samuel stop chanting.  
He open his eyes. He looked into Ms. James bright yellow ominous eyes..

Samuel  
(low soft tone)

"Dana, are you present?"

Ms. James eyes suddenly, turn from the ominous yellow to a beautiful shade of brown.

Ms. James  
(with excitement)

"Yes, my husband, its me baby!"

Samuel's face lit up. He quickly embrace his wife Dana. Her spirit, soul, and mind had traveled thousands of miles from the Haiti. Her essence took possession of Ms. James Body.

INT. LAW LIBRARY STORAGEROOM.

Samuel and his wife, stood face to face holding hands. They stared into each other eyes with love and desire, lust.

Samuel  
(caring tone)

"I miss you so much. How is my son?"

Dana  
(caring tone)

"He is find, we both miss you as well."

Samuel  
(Excitement)

"Soon I'll be coming home. Everything is going according to plan."

Dana brought Samuel's right hand to her lips. Tears swelled in her eyes as she looked up at her husband. She rested her head on Samuel's chest. She firmly placed Ms. James Body up against Samuel's Dana, gyrated Ms. James's hips into Samuel, displaying her sexual desires hoping to arouse her husband.



Dana  
(sexual tone)

"Take me, make love to me my husband, please."

Samuel quickly pushed Dana from his body.

Samuel  
(caring but firm tone)

No, Dana! We cannot further violate Ms. James nor the laws which govern the spirit world. We must not create disharmony. We must remain righteous before the supreme being. If we violate, I will not be permitted justice."

Dana put her head down in shame.

Dana  
(pleading tone)

"I'm sorry please forgive me. I need you. I want to feel you inside me. It has been so long. This woman, Ms James, she wants you as well. Her mind is filled with sexual thoughts of you, My husband. Why shouldn't we use her body to complete her fantasies?"

Samuel looked into his wife eyes with love and compassion, and his own need.

Samuel  
(caring tone)

"I'll be home soon... I promise."

Samuel wiped the tears that flowed from Dana's borrowed eyes.

Samuel  
(firm caring tone)

"It's time to return. I'll see you soon."

Dana stood back from Samuel. Her eyes turned back to the ominous yellow. She turned from Samuel. She started back towards Ms. James office.

EXT. PRISON YARD MORNING.

The yard was filled with Prisoners, engaged in various activities such as weight lifting, calisthenics, basketball, hand ball, and jogging.

Tomcat strolled along... He took time to study all the different groups of Prisoners. His eyes came to rest on a tall brown complexioned Prisoner who was playing a game of chess.

Tomcat  
(calling out)

"Hasan!"

Hasan was about to move his knight, when he heard his name. He looked up and around. He saw Tomcat and waived him over.

Tomcat stood looking down at the chess board.

Tomcat  
(Greetings)

"What's up Hasan?"

Hasan did not respond. He continued to study the chess board. Only after making his move did he acknowledged Tomcat.

Hasan  
(Greetings)

"How you doin' Tomcat?"

Hasan extended his right hand to greet Tomcat.

Tomcat  
(

"Nothing much folks, just enjoyin', the yard. It feels good to be out the cell. What's up with the program?"

Hasan

"As, you can see everyone's doin' their own thing. Do you play chess?"

Tomcat

"I got a few moves, but I'm trying to handle some business right now. I'm tryin' to spend some money, so I can do my thing, feel me?"

Hasan's eyes were filled with contempt as he looked up at Tomcat.

Hasan  
(serious contempt tone)

"I don't get involved in those type of affairs."

Tomcat felt uneasy by the quick change in the tone of the conversation. Hasan's glare also brought Tomcat discomfort. He tried to regain his composure by placing his hands deep into his coat pockets.

Tomcat  
(defensive tone)

"I kinda figured that. But who do I holla at?"

Hasan  
(irritated tone)

"No, I can't assist you in those matters!"

Hasan turned his attention back to the chess game. The Prisoner who Hasan was playing chess against tried to conceal his humor, by lowering his head, as if he was busy studying the chess board.

Sensing that he was no longer wanted, Tomcat quickly moved on.

Tomcat spotted a group of Latino Prisoners, playing cards and chess. He studied them for a few minutes. He noticed what he perceived to be drug business being conducted. He quickly proceeded toward the Latino group. As he approached, a large Latino stepped directly in front of him, blocking his access to the Latinos. The large Latino was built like a mountain. He stood over six feet. His hands were the size of catcher's mitts. His presence was a formidable one. His thick brown hide would be hard to dent.

Large Latino  
(serious tone)

"What's up?"

Tomcat  
(serious tone)

"Got some funds to spend."

Tomcat reached into his left back pocket. He took out an envelope. He handed the envelope over to the large Latino. The Latino studied the envelope.

Large Latino  
(serious tone)

"What you tryin' to get for the \$200.00?"

Tomcat  
(serious tone)

"Half & Half, Boy meets Girl."

The large Latino turn and proceeded toward his homeboys. The large Latino spoke into the ear of a short, dark, muscular Latino. He handed the envelope to him. The large Latino then pointed in the direction of Tomcat. The dark Latino studied the envelope. He then instructed the large Latino to bring Tomcat into the group.

Dark Latino  
(speaking spanish)

"Let him in."

Tomcat was escorted into the middle of the Latino group.

Dark Latino  
(serious tone)

"Where's Samuel, Why you handling his money?"

Tomcat  
(serious tone)

"Cause I can handle it better.. You feel me?"

The dark Latino studied Tomcat for a few seconds.

Dark Latino  
(serious tone)

"You got one week to get the \$200.00 transferred to this address."

The Dark Latino handed Tomcat a piece of paper.

Dark Latino  
(serious tone with aggression)

"If I don't get the money on time. I'll double it every five days, until you pay. Bro don't play games with my money. Make sure Samuel understands my terms. Also If I don't get paid the first week, I will be confiscating your property. You sure you wanna do business with me?"

Tomcat thought about it for a moment.

Tomcat  
(serious tone)

"Yeah, man I got this."

The dark Latino looked towards the group of Latinos. He spoke some words in spanish. A tall Latino stood up and approached Tomcat. He handed Tomcat a small plastic bag. After receiving the bag. Tomcat quickly made his way towards the housing unit...

INT. PRISON CELL EVENING.

Tomcat was stretched out on the bottom bunk. He laid trembling in his own vomit. His eyes rolled to the back of his head. Tomcat's clothes were drenched in sweat. His Drugs and shooting kit laid on the floor next to the bunk.

INT. PRISON CELL EVENING.

The cell door open... Sameul stepped in... The foul smell that emitted from Tomcat assaulted Samuel's senses. On impulse, Samuel quickly backed out the cell.. For a few seconds Samuel stood at the cell door, letting his mind warp around what he was seeing. He saw Tomcat's trembling body. His eyes rested on the Drugs and shooting kit. Samuel hurried to Tomcat's aid. The first thing Samuel did was dispose of the drugs and shooting kit. Samuel tentatively flushed the Drug items down the toilet. He looked down at Tomcat, with sympathetic eyes. He began to undress Tomcat.



Samuel sat on the desk stool. He was dead tired. For 72 hours he had been nursing Tomcat back to health...

With a mixture of rage and pity. Samuel looked at Tomcat, who laid recovering. He studied Tomcat, while disdainfully shaking his head. Samuel turned his attention to the items that were on the desk. He picked up what appeared to be a black ski mask. He cut a square piece out of the ski mask. Once he had the square. He started to fashion a replica of the ski mask that was identical to the original. Samuel placed the replica over the head of a small Voodoo doll he had molded out of bread, soap, and water. The doll resembled Tomcat.

Samuel  
(soft tone)

"Justice won't come from the court system. But I'll not be denied. I'll have justice through the way of the ancient, a way that is over 5,000 years old."

Samuel placed the doll in the center of a chalk diagram. He then picked up a pair of finger nail clippers. Samuel approached Tomcat. He reached down. He clipped Tomcat's big toe nail. Samuel also clipped a few finger nails from both of Tomcat's hands. He placed the nail clippings into a bowl on the desk... Samuel picked up a pair of scissors and proceeded to cut a few strands of hair from Tomcat's head. He put the hair strands in the same bowl with the clipped nails.

Samuel started his Voodoo ceremony with a low prayer in Creole. A low pounding drum rhythm filled the cell. The contents of the bowl gave off a reddish glow. Samuel added some herbs, a few chicken bones and dead insects to the mix.

The reddish glow grew brighter. The pounding drums became louder.

After the Voodoo ritual. Samuel placed the Voodoo doll under Tomcat's bunk. The doll was places in the push up position.

INT. PRISON CELL NEXT MORNING.

When Samuel woke up the next morning he heard Tomcat struggling to pronounce numbers.

Tomcat  
(breathing hard)

"Fifty one... Fifty two.. Fifty threeeee." "

Propped up on one elbow. Samuel looked down. He saw tomcat doing push-ups, bare-chested. Tomcat's push-ups were machine-like. Tomcat stood up. He started twisting his upper body from side to side.

Tomcat  
(excitement)

"Good morning Samuel. "A", what kind of Voodoo herbs you got me on?"

Samuel did not respond. His eyes followed Tomcat, as he proceeded to the cell sink..

Tomcat

"I feel like a new man."

Samuel

"I'm glad you're feeling better."

Tomcat studied himself through the small mirror above the sink. He pulled his shoulders back allowing his chest to stick out.

Tomcat  
(Excitement)

"Better, I feel like a new man! I feel alive! I've been working out for hours Sam! I appreciate you nursing me back to health. That was some good dope I shot. I shot a little too much... Where you put my stash?"

Samuel looked directly at Tomcat.

Samuel  
(serious tone)

"I flushed it..

Tomcat suddenly stopped, he was consumed with anxiety.

Tomcat  
(high pitch voice, laced with fear)

"You did what? I still owe \$200.00 for that  
shit. That dope was worth \$500.00  
on the yard Samuel!"

Samuel  
(serious tone)

"I don't care, you almost died man! I don't  
allow drugs in this cell. You disrespected  
me by bringing them here."

Samuel jumped down from his bunk. He confronted Tomcat.

Samuel  
(serious tone)

"Don't do it again."

Tomcat stood there feeling distress. His mind was working a thousand  
miles a minute on his new dilemma.

Samuel looked at the clock radio. It showed 6:15 am.

Samuel

"Should be callin' breakfast soon."

EXT. PRISON MAIN KITCHEN DOOR DAY.

Tomcat stood outside the main Kitchen door. He was talking to Mr. Wallace the kitchen supervisor. Tomcat was trying desperately to convince Mr. Wallace that he would work his ass off if he would give him a chance.

Tomcat  
(Pleading tone)

"Mr. Wallace, I'm scheduled to parole this June 22nd. I need to make some money before I parole."

Mr. Wallace took a minute to think about what Tomcat just told him.

Mr. Wallace  
(curious tone)

"Where are you paroling to?"

Tomcat

"If I could make some money, I am going back home to Austin Texas."

Mr. Wallace  
(serious tone)

"All right, but if I catch you stealing from me. I'll have your ass put in the hole for 90 days. You won't be paroling if that happens. There will be plenty of food to hustle, after the mainline is fed. The food in the storageroom is not to be touched! Do we have an understanding?"

Tomcat  
(eager tone)

"Yes sir, Mr. Wallace. I hear you loud and clear. Thank you."

Mr. Wallace

"All right then, be back here before noon you can start with cleaning the chow hall and bathrooms."

Mr. Wallace watched as Tomcat made his way through the gate to the upper yard.

EXT. PRISON YARD DAY.

Tomcat walked around the yard. He was looking for the group of Latino Prisoners who he had done business with. His eyes rested on the same large Latino, he had encountered last time. As he approached, the large Latino again blocked his path.

Large Latino  
(serious tone)

"What's the business Tomcat?"

Tomcat  
(anxiety laced voice)

"I have some business with your Homeboy."

The large Latino studied Tomcat for a few seconds. He then spoke a few words in spanish over his right shoulder.

The same dark muscular Latino who dealt with Tomcat before approached Tomcat.

Muscular Latino  
(serious aggressive tone)

"What's up Tomcat, you got my money?"

Tomcat  
(shaky voice)

"That's the business I need to discuss."

Muscular Latino  
(serious tone, expression)

"What's there to discuss, either you transferred the money or not?"

Tomcat  
(Anxiety laced tone)

"We're having some difficulties getting the money transferred from Samuel's trust account. It's goin to take a little more time.. In the meantime. I am hook up with a job in the main kitchen. Everything that's not nailed down, I am hustin' out the front door. Get me a list of what you want."

Muscular Latino  
(serious, aggressive tone, expression)

"Fuckin' Drogadito, (Dope fiend) You, thought I went for that bogus ass \$200.00 envelope? I knew Samuel don't fuck with no dope. I'll be confiscating your T.V. and radio "Drogadit".

A large mountain size Latino stood in the cell door way. Directly behind him stood there more Latino Prisoners.

Large Latino  
(serious aggressive tone and expression)

"Tomcat, you know the business!"

A few Prisoner's had started to gather around to see the drama unfolding in front of cell 108.

Samuel jumped down from the top bunk. Fear and confusion clouded his face..

Samuel  
(perplexed look, and tone laced with fear)

"What's this about?"

The large Lation proceeded toward Samuel's appliances. He wanted to get a better look at them. He then spoke a few words in spanish over his right shoulder. A tall latino stepped into the cell. He had a long prison made shank in his right hand. He gave the shank to the large latino. He then proceeded to unplug the T.V. and radio. The tall latino handed the unplugged appliances to the other two latino's as he took them down from the locker.



The large latino handed Samuel an envelope.

Large latino  
(serious tone)

"This is about \$200.00 you owe me."

The large latino's enormous biceps bulged against his prison shirt.  
He looked invincible. A hard man, created by a hard system.

Samuel  
(tight voice)

"Me?, This is my envelope, but it shows  
\$200.00. My wife only sent \$20.00."

Large latino  
(comical tone)

"Oh,

The large latino looked from Samuel to Tomcat. Tomcat was paralyzed  
with fear.

Large latino  
(serious tone)

"Oh, non no, no... Your cellie came to me  
five days ago. He said he was handling your  
money, like you were his bitch. He spent  
\$200.00."

Samuel looked over at Tomcat who turned to avoid his gaze.

Large latino  
(serious tone)

"You have a fuckin' piece of shit ass snake  
for a cellie."

The large latino gave Samuel the shank he was holding. He then looked Samuel directly in the eyes.

Large latino  
(serious tone)

"handle your business."

The large latino along with Samuel's appliances exited the cell.

Samuel held the shank firmly in his right hand... It felt good there. Rage ran through his blood... He fought against the desire to ram the shank through Tomcat's gut... But he knew he had to control his ego, his emotions.

Tomcat stood there fear stricken. He opened his mouth to speak. But nothing came out. There wasn't anything he could say. He mentally prepared for Samuel's rage.

But Samuel did not approach him in a hostile manner. Instead Samuel walked towards the toilet where he broke the shank in half. He then dropped the pieces into the toilet and flushed them. Samuel turned to face the sink. He started to wash his face with cold water. After ward Samuel jumped on top of his bunk...

INT. PRISON KITCHEN DAY, NARRATIVE TIME LAPSE.

Immediately after the confiscation of Samuel's property. Tomcat started his main kitchen job. His position allowed him access to the most wanted food items. He soon gain control over the prison food black market. Everything that was not nailed down, Tomcat sold it.

The latino's had provided Tomcat with a long list of food items. It was understood that once Tomcat had gathered all the items on the list his debt would be considered paid in full. Tomcat had also worked out a deal with the latino's for the return of Samuel's property.

Although, Samuel's property was returned within three weeks after it was confiscated, he did not communicate with Tomcat. They each went about their own business as if the other didn't exist. They only person Samuel remained in contact with was Old man Sharp. Their conversation was always kept brief..

EXT. PRISON YARD DAY, NARRATIVE TIME LAPSE.

When Tomcat was not hustling through his main kitchen job He could be found shooting dice on the yard.

INT. PRISON CELL NARRATIVE TIME LAPSE.

Every morning Tomcat would start his day with a rigorous exercise program... Each morning he would concentrate on a different exercise. Tomcat would workout as if he were a possessed man a machine..

After Tomcat went to bed each night. Samuel would clandestinely, place the voodoo doll under Tomcat's bunk in a different exercise position, causing Tomcat to simulate the Voodoo doll's position exercise.

INT. PRISON CELL, JUNE 21st. MORNING.

Tomcat set on the edge of the bottom bunk. He was studying a wad of rolled up bills, he was holding. Tomcat had managed to save about a thousand dollars in small bills, after he had paid his debts..

Tomcat placed the wad of bills inside a hole in his mattress. He then crossed out June 21 st. on the calendar which hung on the wall. June 21 st. was to be Tomcat's last full day of confinement. He was scheduled to be released tomorrow morning.

Tomcat turned the calendar. He looked up at Samuel who was busy reading a book. Tomcat sat back down on the bunk... He started toying with his hands, looking at his fingernails. He was in deep thought... He wanted to say something, but what? what could he possibly say? Why should he say anything at all? They hadn't spoke in months. Tomorrow morning he would be a free man, never to see Samuel again.

Tomcat  
(soft sober tone)

"Hay, Samuel, I'm out of here in the morning. I am going to try and send you some money and a nice package as soon as I can."

Samuel gave no response... He regarded Tomcat with contempt. Samuel put the book he was reading down. He then closed his eyes. He knew he would never receive anything from Tomcat. But one thing was certain, he would receive justice. Because he will take it, for if would never be freely given, it must be taken....

Tomcat  
(confident tone with aggression)

"Even if I got to put it down, 211, a mutha fucka. I'm goin' to send you some funds!"

Upon hearing Tomcat's words, Samuel immediately open his eyes, rage clouded his face.

Tomcat stood up... He prepared himself for his last day of work.

Tomcat  
(sober tone)

"If you want, I could check on your family?"

Samuel turned to face the wall... He picked up the book he was reading. Samuel didn't respond to Tomcat's offer to check on his family.

Tomcat looked up at Samuel, waiting on a response... He soon realized one was not coming. Tomcat quickly exited the cell.

INT. PRISON CELL NEXT MORNING.

Tomcat woke up confused.... something was seriously wrong... He felt strange.... He found himself on the top bunk... He remembered getting into the bottom bunk last night... Feeling unnerved Tomcat jumped down.

Tomcat  
(whispering to himself)

"How the hell did I get up there? What the fuck?"

Tomcat stood there staring down at the covered form lying on the bottom bunk, his bunk.

Tomcat  
(whispering)

"Samuel, is that you? How da, fuck you get in my bed?"

The covered form did not respond. The form stayed unmoved facing the wall.

Tomcat, proceeded towards the sink... He splashed cold water on his face... He then started to lather his face, preparing to shave... All of a sudden, Tomcat stopped! He stared at the face in the mirror. It was not his face... It was the face of Samuel that started back at him... In a state of disbelief Tomcat touch the mirror's reflection. He stumbled back ward... He opened his mouth, he screams!

Suddenly the cell began to spin wildly. Tomcat staggers. He took hold of the top bunk to steady himself...

Samuel quickly came from under the cover, he approached Tomcat.. He stood face to face with Tomcat... Tomcat was forced to look into his own eyes... He was looking at his own face, his own body stood before him... The body he had been exercising for over three months. The body that was now ripped with muscles...

The shock of looking at his own body was paralyzing. He stood frozen while inside everything was crumbling....

Samuel  
(soft aggressive tone)

'I can't imagine how you must feel right now.'

Samuel walks around Tomcat as he stood paralyzed in the middle of the cell.

Samuel  
(soft aggressive tone)

"No, it's not some horrible nightmare you will soon wake up from... What you are experiencing is the power of Voodoo... Your spirit, soul and mind are enwrapped in my in my body... I am in yours.. Do you still not believe in the power of Voodoo? Do you Do you regard it as bullshit?"

Tomcat did not answer.. He could not move. Only his eyes were able to follow Samuel... Tomcat closed his eyes, when he reopened them, they were filled with tears.

Samuel  
(serious soft aggressive tone)

"Three years ago, on the night of August 8th. I was on my way from work. You passed me on the freeway. You were traveling very fast. You threw out a back ski mask, as you passed my car. The mask hit my windshield. It became tangled in the wipers."



Samuel  
(continue)

"About a minute later, I was pulled over  
and arrested for a hideous crime."

Samuel paused... He moved very close to Tomcat's left ear..

Samuel  
(quiet serious aggressive tone)

"A crime you committed."

Samuel continued circling Tomcat, with both hands behind his back.

Samuel  
(serious tone)

"The police found your gun and gloves a  
half mile back. I was charge with robbing  
and murdering a twenty-one year old con-  
venience store clerk. All because of this  
ski mask. And we kinda look alike."

Samuel held up a black ski mask to Tomcat's face.

Samuel  
(strain soft tone)

"Your mask."

Samuel placed the ski mask over Tomcat's new head... He then straightened the mask so that the eyes and nose will align with the mask.. He then stepped back..

Samuel  
(serious tone)

"You see with the mask on, we look identical. I don't blame the witness, nor the police. If I were on the jury I would of had voted guilty. But you are the guilty one. You walked free. I had to suffer for your crime.. Voodoo was the only way to justice. The erotic dreams you were experiencing were Voodoo. After the trial, I received the evidence that was used against me... I found a strand of hair in the ski mask. I used it to give you those dreams, bring you here."

Samuel stated at Tomcat, he was staring at what used to be him.

Samuel  
(serious mild tone)

"Do you still believe Voodoo is evil?"

Tomcat could not answer, he could not speak. Tomcat gazed at Samuel  
(in mute horror.

Samuel  
(serious tone)

"Voodoo is justice. Nothing is more evil than what you done.. Murdering an innocent young man. Permitting someone else to take your punishment. Let's not forget your deceit you have displayed since you been here.. What is happening is justice for the young man you killed. Justice for me."

The cell door opened, a female voice announced.

Female voice  
(sweet tone)

"Tomcat Jones CDCR# H-84717, you're paroling  
step out."

Samuel reached under the bottom bunk.. He pulled out a black gym  
bag filled with his personal effects. He then reached into the hole  
in the bottom mattress, removing the roll of bills Tomcat had stashed.  
Samuel put the wad of bills in his pocket...

Samuel  
(serious tone)

"I must go, I'll eventually change this  
body's name to Samuel Batiste. Thanks for  
getting it in such good shape. By the way  
your workouts were Voodoo as well."

Samuel stepped out the cell

EXT. PRISON CELL

Samuel  
(excitement)

"enjoy your life stay here, the house of  
pain Tomcat, or Should I say Samuel  
Batiste!"

The cell closed, making a loud sound of metal to metal. Samuel  
Housed in the body of Tomcat walked down the tier to freedom...

INT. PRISON CELL.

Tomcat was no longer paralyzed, he ran to the cell door as it closed.  
The moment he touched the bars, his fingers grew numb, frozen to the  
bars. The bars burned his hands, as if the bars were made of dry ice.  
He tried pulling his hand free, but his skin was stuck to the metal..

Tomcat  
(screaming)

"No! I'm Tomcat!!!"

THE END

(58)

## HOUSE OF CARDS

### The truth about double calling in California State Prisons

First and foremost, my utmost deepest respects goes to the 30,000 Prisoners who participated in the hunger strikes. Your courage is to be commended and I pray that your demonstration would encourage other prisoners to think about their condition and reach for answers.

In no way am I trying to belittle or disregard the hunger strike efforts. However, the truth of the matter is once the dust settles things will pretty much be the same. whatever change there may appear to be addressing the long term solitary condition will have little to no effect upon the ill conditions of mass incarceration. This fact remains. Unless the protest or revolutionary movement for change is one that is made to be in direct conflict with the daily operations of the Penal system (affecting the money) there will not be a real defeat that would facilitate change in the Penal System.

Question: How could 30,000 Prisoners who had the courage to go through a hunger strike but at the same time continue to allow themselves to be double celled in small cells like Sardines in a can, or slaves in the bottom of a ship hull? I believe a significant part of that answer can be found in the fact that Prisoners have not been taught to recognize and harness their true power. Therefore, correct information may stimulate thoughts and bring correct answers to the Prison population crisis also addressing the ill solitary confinement conditions,

In 1996, the California Department of Correctional and Rehabilitation (CDCR), concerned with the rapidly swelling Prison population had directed the Chief of the Office of Correctional Safety (OCS) to fund a Think Tank. The primary purpose for the Think Tank was to identify and study any and all plausible threats to the Penal System in which the incarcerated population as a whole could impose. In other words what real threat of power for change did the Prisoners have that they were not aware of?

The Think Tank concluded and published a confidential Brief entitled "HOUSE OF CARDS." The brief considers: (1) hunger strikes, (2) work sit downs, (3) Plan assaults against Staff and many other possible protest or disruptive movements which the incarcerated could employ. All of the aforementioned were considered ineffective and controllable. However, the brief did identify that the Prison System could come to a abrupt halt by way of the incarcerated refusing to double-cell. This would pose a significant threat to the flow of the Penal System. Furthermore, if the Prisoners were to collectively or in significant numbers abruptly stop allowing themselves to be double-celled, this would immediately cripple the Department of Corrections and Rehabilitation. The need for cell space would instantly double, in which the Prison System could not accommodate.

The punishment that the Department of Corrections could give a Prisoner who refuses a callate is relatively small in comparison to the significant adverse affects a mass refusal would have on the Prison System. Although current punishment may consist of possible Administrative Segregation (Ad/Seg placement), the Prisoner could still demand single cell status regardless. If enough Prisoners demand single cell status, very soon there will be no cell space in Administrative Segregation (Ad/Seg) for any other Prisoners also demanding single cell status. Also, there could be the loss of personal property such as T.V. Radios, Quarterly Packages, Personal Clothes, Canteen items etc.

If the Prisoners are willing to sacrifice the small "Trick or Treats" comforts which keeps them enslaved and submissive to the ill Prison conditions, for the sake of the greater reward, such as freedom and the end of inhumane prolonged solitary confinement, change will happen. Furthermore, there is the possibility of restoring all of the privileges that the Prisoners from the 60's, 70's, and 80's had sacrificed for. The Prisoner of today have dropped the Baton, that those old school Prisoners gave there blood for, some of them gave their lives so that Prisoners could enjoy T.V.'S, Radios, Packages, Telephone calls, and Visits.

There are Prisoners who value the aforementioned items over change. These Inmates are the most dangerous among the Prison population, because he or she is not willing to sacrifice these comforts in order to facilitate correctness, change. Those individuals are most comfortable in being an Inmate and a Slave. Yes, a slave, if your total life is being directed and supervised by other people you are a slave! It is easy being a slave. A slave doesn't have any responsibilities. He or she doesn't even have to think. All a successful slave or Inmate does is to take orders, and the completion of those orders is generally the slaves or Inmate's most outstanding accomplishment.

The key to mass incarceration, is to keep the incarcerated from thinking about their condition or their future; focus their minds on T.V.'S, Radios, Canteen items, Quarterly Packages. Any sane person that desires freedom or change must first of all think in terms of blood. Even the Heavenly Father tells us that "without the shedding of blood there can be no remission of sins." How in the name of God, with history before you, the incarcerated, do you expect to change Prison condition without preparing yourselves for real sacrifice? If you are waiting on the Federal Court to ride in on a white horse and liberate you, you will be waiting a very long time. You have to liberate yourselves, give the Federal Courts some real 8th Amendment tools to work with. Think about that the next time you call or write home for a quarterly package or canteen money...

The House of Cards brief makes it clear that the Department of Corrections does not have a viable plan or solution to deal with an abrupt mass single-cell demonstration. Keep in mind they still have to feed you, provide clothing, and clean linen and hygiene items. The Department of Corrections cannot force two inmates into a single cell situation who have demonstrated or have expressed willingness to engage in a physical altercation. If (CDCR) tries to force Prisoners into double celling they would be creating 8th Amendment violations on a mass scale. This will open the door for the Federal Courts to start down-sizing California's massive and unconstitutional Prison System.

It is common knowledge that any struggle for change or revolution must have at its head a theory for change, liberation and that such a theory for the Prison population can only be draw from the Prisoners experiences. An incarcerated people who have in common the same realities held together by an accurate understanding of their situation will most likely reach the same conclusion about their existence or non-existence.

In retrospect, the Prisoners that are demanding single cell housing could be based on personal security and safety. The inmate could simply take responsibility for his or her own security and safety by not allowing themselves to be housed in a small cell with another Prisoner who they do not know or have a understanding with. Most Prisoners do not know the crimes or psychology(pathology) of the cellmate that placed by (CDCR). At no time prior to cell placement does the Staff discuss such matters with the prospective cellmates. All Prisoners housed at (CDCR) have the right to live in safety especially in their living environment (cells). History reveals many incidents of in cell fights, rapes, murders, between double celled Prisoners. This alone should be reason enough to allow the Prisoners in California Prison System to retain single celled housing without repercussion or retaliation by Prison Officials.

## REVOLUTIONARY BLUE PRINT

Leadership means everything. Leadership must be establish. The leaders must use education as a medium to educated the Prison population and their families and friends about the House of Cards brief. This can be accomplish by making sure that the House of Cards brief is printed in every News paper that is concern about Prison issues, this includes the internet as well.

Establish a House of Cards Point person in every prison on every yard. This person job would be to make sure everyone on their yard is aware of the House of Cards brief.

The next step is to create a list of demands that is based on the input of the prison population. The point person at each Prison will help with gathering the list of demand information. Once a list is compiled and agreed on. The next step is to retain an Attorney through prisoner donation. The Attorney would put the list of demands into a legal contract which the Governor will sign. The Prisoner will only agree to double cell again once the Governor sign the Contract which will be enforceable through the court. Also if the Governor defaults on the Contract, the Prisoner will simply go back to single cell status again..

The next step would be to create a website. Let's call it "NO CELLMATE .COM." The list of demands along with the Attorney's contact information, on the website. Also messages from Prisoners and their families and friends addressing the Prison crisis issues

Once all of these things are in place, the Prisoners would pick a day to start the abrupt mass single-cell demonstration.