

July 12, 2013

Safe Streets Arts Foundation
2512 Virginia Ave NW #58043
Washington, D.C. 20037

Dear Dennis and Susan W.W,

Enclosed is another one-act play for you, "PREA". Again, it's completely true. Also enclosed is the version of "Clarity" that is not on-line, I believe. Please check!

Next week is our Prison Performing Arts performances. I'll enclose the flyer.

Check out the Youtube video my grandkids created to send to the Governor. They are 12 through 8. You can find it at "Patty Prewitt Granny Song". Callie, the ring leader, wrote, "It's perfect, and the Governor is going to love it!" She hopes it goes viral. I'm amazed they did it all themselves with no help.

Keep up the good work! Blessings.

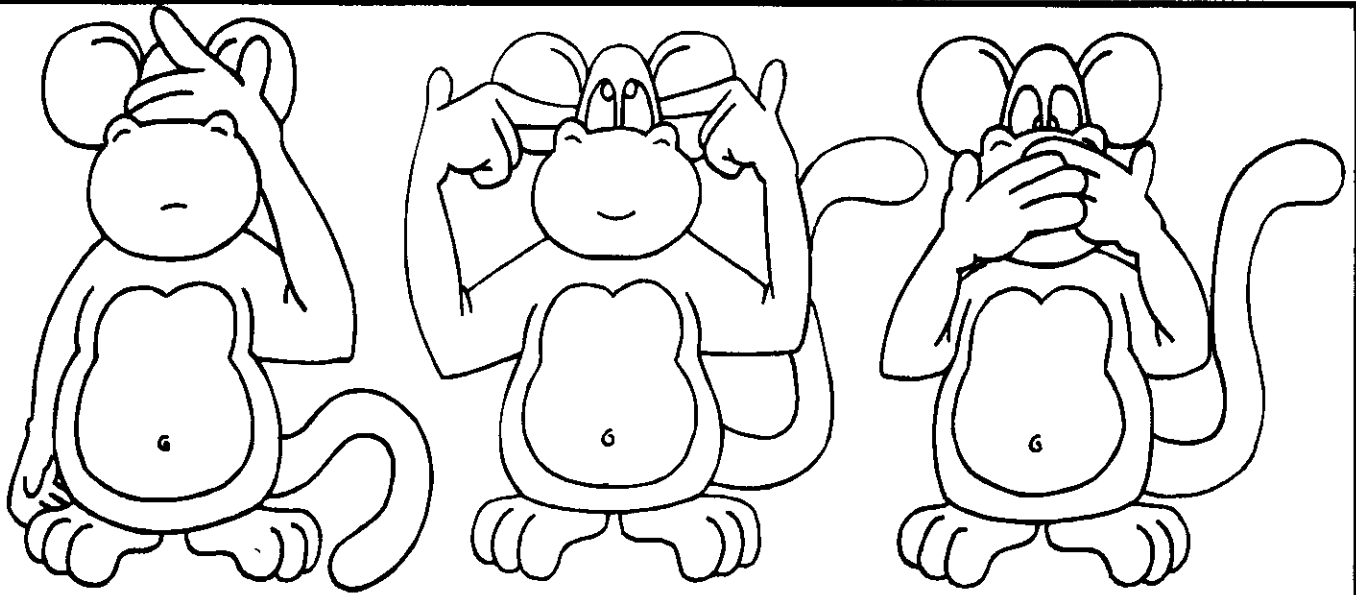
Sincerely,



Patricia Prewitt
82667 WERDCC HU2B-208
1101 East Highway 54
Vandalia, MO 63382



Enclosure: "PREA", a new one-act play
"Clarity"



Prison Performing Arts
Vandalia Women's Theatre
presents

SHORTS

(four one-act plays)

Gen Pop July 16 @ 1:15 & 6:15

Everyone welcome! 🙌 Two shows for Population & Staff!

HU1 Treatment July 17 @ 1:15

R&O July 17 @ 6:15

Visiting Room for Staff & Visitors

July 18 @ 1:15 & 6:15

Angela Beaver, A/C

PREA**A One-Act Play by Patricia Prewitt**

(6.20.13)

CAST: Three female inmates in state uniforms (Trina is white, late 20's, boyish fidgety; Patty is slim, white in 60's; Janiece is substantial, black, late 30's), plus one slender young female Corrections employee in dark slack pants and nice blouse.

SETTING: One cheap plastic-cushioned settee, two plastic chairs, one video camera on tripod. Optional props are potted plants, end tables, bookcase.

[All four enter appraising the room, Lady leads the way.]

LADY: Thank you for agreeing to participate. The male offenders at J.C.C.C. have filmed their part of this, but we really want to include females in this Department of Corrections prison service announcement about PREA. *[pronounced pree-uh]* This is what I have in mind. One of you have it easy and will simply read this PREA announcement on camera.

Trina: Easy? I'll take that.. By the way, what does PREA stand for anyway?

LADY: No one told you? Oh. It stands for: Prison Rape Elimination Act. OK. You *[to Trina]* sit over here on that chair and wait. Don't make a noise. You two sit over there together and discuss the issues in a normal natural way. Don't look at me or the camera or her.

JANIECE: Excuse me? We were told we were to perform skits and that's why we were chosen. Because we've acted in prison plays.

LADY: No, we want the discussion to be natural--like you'd really be talking.

PATTY: Shoot, Janiece and I have been cussing and discussing every issue under the sun for nearly two decades! We can handle that.
[they settle on settee]

LADY: I only have one mic, so one of you clip this on your collar.

JANIECE: You put this on Patty. No one has ever had trouble hearing me. *[They exchange a knowing smile]*

PATTY: Like this?

LADY: No, that's upside down. It goes this way. OK, *[adjusting lens]* now discuss offender-on-offender sexual abuse.

PATTY: Gosh, I can't think of any instances of sexual abuse between inmates, but I've only been locked up twenty-seven years. Can you, Janiece?

JANIECE: No... No inmates force sex on other inmates that I know of anyway.

PATTY: Most are more than happy to have sex. They don't need to be coerced. *[Girls chuckle.]*

LADY: How about dispensing sexual favors for canteen items, like food, cigarettes, shampoo?

PATTY: You mean like wives do? *[Girls exchange knowing glances.]*

LADY: *[mumbles]* I guess that is more of a problem in the men's prisons.

PATTY: J.R, an old bank robber at The Walls, told me that he fell asleep every night trying to block out the screams of the young boys who were repeatedly and brutally raped by their cellies. Nobody helped them. The guards all turned a deaf ear and never even walked the cell block.

LADY: *[ignoring that statement]* Are you sure there's no way you can discuss offender-on-offender abuse? Here.

PATTY: Trina, you're in the trenches. Do you know of any?

TRINA: I remember that one case with the retarded girl on Eight House, but it turned out that it was all her idea.

JANIECE: Oh, yeah. I remember that.

TRINA: She actually offered sexual favors but when caught she cried rape.

JANIECE: They all went to the hole then sorted out their stories and the truth came out.

LADY: Is there a certain type of offender that is more likely to be sexually harassed? Or certain type of behavior?

PATTY: You mean like the old sexist comments, "She was wearing her clothes too tight or too short." "She was overly friendly." "She was asking for it."

JANIECE: Any woman behind bars in a potential victim. It depends on the man.

PATTY: Or the woman. Don't forget about those...

JANIECE: The guards all have their types...like everyone else. Some are into tall surfer blondes or black girls with big booties... No one's safe. I bet one of these old grandpa guards has even looked twice at Patty. *[Patty snurls up her nose in jest]* We all are vulnerable.

PATTY: No accounting for taste...

LADY: Do you ever counsel new inmates about how to stay away from sexual advances? Prevent abuse?

PATTY: Sure, I always tell them: never ever find yourself in a small room alone with any staff. Like a supply closet. Make sure you're in full view of a camera when interacting with officers...or any staff, male or female. Be polite and professional, but don't share personal stories or spend too much time with staff. You can't open that door. Also I know most of perverts, and I happily point them out.

JANIECE: *[nodding]* Me, too. Some of these girls are so naïve and don't realize that a friendly smile can be taken as an open door to sexual harassment.

LADY: Are you sure you can't discuss sexual abuse between offenders? *[P & J just stare at her.]* OK. *[disappointed looking at notes]* Now I need you to discuss how some inmates lie to cause problems for officers. You know, uh, offenders that say that the officer said or did something inappropriate to cause problems for the officer? When it is not the truth?

JANIECE: I don't know any cases like that. Do you, Patty?

PATTY: Where there's smoke, there's fire.

TRINA: Can you two quite debating and get this over with? *[everyone ignores her to her distress]*

JANIECE: The guys you hear about are a problem. We know who is and

who isn't.

PATTY: For example, take Mr. Aims. You'll never hear anything about him saying something off-color or sexual because he doesn't carry himself that way. He simply does his job professionally and well, he's courteous but not Friendly Bob, and at the end of his shift he hurries home to his family. No inmate will ever say he bothered her in any sexual way.

JANIECE: But that's not the case for that one perv who was here for years and sent all those girls to the hole for refusing his creepy invasive pat searches.

PATTY: The one I caught peeking in the showers trying to catch someone undressed...

JANIECE: Toni even talked to the investigator about him and how he whispered smut in her ear while he felt her up in the name of frisk.

PATTY: Lots of girls did, for all the good it did.

JANIECE: We dropped notes, we complained, we hollered and raved, and he never got into any trouble. When he was caught caressing that girl's leg while she slept, the administration decided it wasn't true.

PATTY: After a thorough investigation.

JANIECE: Inmates were the only witnesses.

PATTY: [*light bulb*] Capp, Jason Capp. His name just came to me. [*to lady*] Do you see the problem here? Your PREA means nothing to us or the guards. We are inmates who can't be believed. You see us all as liars and the officers as upstanding citizens.

JANIECE: So what's the use of reporting sexual abuse?

PATTY: All that happens is that we inmates go to the hole for investigation, while the guard does a week or so in the Control Center or circling the prison in the patrol car listening to the radio.

JANIECE: Yeh, remember that young white girl who ran into our shop crying to you and Shug?

PATTY: Really pretty little girl from the Bootheel. Had a soft drawl.

JANIECE: Dark hair, tiny.

PATTY: Yeh, Pendergass or something like that. Sgt Jones was making her life a living hell over on three house.

JANIECE: You and Shug told her the truth. That she had two choices. She can do her best to stay away from him or she can tell on him and go straight to the hole.

PATTY: I thought we got through to her, but she was so young and scared that she confided to that one grandma-looking white shirt thinking she'd be protected. But instead that kid was slammed in the hole for something like a year. Under investigation.

JANIECE: Just like you told her it would go down.

PATTY: When she was finally transferred to Chilli, she was allowed to write me. Not until she lied and signed a fake confession stating she'd made the whole thing up was she transferred and let out of the hole and into general population. The administration here punished, tortured, that little girl for a year for telling the truth about a sexual predator that everyone knew about. I was sick about it!

JANIECE: Shug, too.

PATTY: And the whole time she rotted in the hole, Jones was still forcing scared white girls to suck his dick. *[Lady is shocked]*

JANIECE: When did he start as a guard?

PATTY: At Renz. We all sensed he was a predator before he even acted on his urges. But with the open dorms at Renz, it was easier for us to keep him at bay. What's pathetic is that the administration didn't believe us then either.

JANIECE: He kept climbing the Corrections ladder, which gave him even more power to prey.

PATTY: Jones forced his sick self on young scared white girls for over a decade, which probably seems unbelievable to you. You're not in the trenches. You have no idea what it's like to be powerless and vulnerable 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Month after month. Year after year.

JANIECE: Guards can take a girl's date by writing petty or bogus violations. I've seen girls lose their 120's because they wouldn't

cooperate with a guard.

PATTY: The short-timers are especially susceptible. They have so much to lose. That's one reason the predators usually leave us old lifers alone.

JANIECE: And there's plenty of consensual sex between staff and inmates, but I don't care about that.

PATTY: Me either. Consenting adults and all....but coercion is a whole other matter.

JANIECE: And we are not talking about the crude ways the guards talk to us and about us. There's nothing you or PREA can do about that until you decide to mic em and monitor their mouths.

PATTY: We are talking about forcing sex.

JANIECE: I heard that Sgt. Jones is on the run. From the law.

PATTY: I heard that, too but don't know if it's true. [to lady] Ya wanna know how he finally got in trouble? He picked on the wrong girl. He forced Sangria to have oral sex, but this one didn't swallow. She spit his semen on her bedding then called her attorney. If she'd called a guard, no evidence would have survived for the DNA test. Nope, she called her attorney, who called the police.

JANIECE: I talked to a couple of her roommates at Rec who said their room was crime-scene taped-off. And they did take Sangria to the hole when the police arrived, but because her attorney and the police were involved, she was released back into gen pop the next day.

PATTY: And ended up in 207 right next to me. I congratulated her, told her I'd been hoping for this day for many years, but she was not celebrating. She was still worried about what might happen and if any of his friends might hurt her in here. There is that risk...of repercussion.

JANIECE: And the worst part of this is that it took someone wily like her to take Jones down, even though every person on this camp knew exactly what he was doing for years and years. Every staff. Every inmate.

PATTY: Janiece, were you locked up when the chaplain caught this guard named Presley and an inmate having sex on the floor in the chapel office?

JANIECE: No..but...

LADY: *[interrupts]* I think that will do it, Ladies. Thanks. *[to Trina]* Now let me readjust the camera and you can read this message. Do you want to read it aloud a few times for practice?

TRINA: Sure. *[takes paper and reads quietly while Patty and Janiece slip out to edge of stage]*

PATTY: You know the only way they will be able to use our footage is if they dub us like those old Japanese Godzilla movies.

JANIECE: *[chuckling]* They sure picked the wrong two to sell their product. We've been around too long and know exactly how it really is.

PATTY: Trina will be the only one on the PSA, and since she looks like a little boy, it will still look like they only used male prisoners!

JANIECE: I bet that lady will head straight to the nearest package liquor store when she leaves.

PATTY: Yeh, she looks like she needs a drink.

JANIECE: Or two. *[these two exit mirthfully]*

FINI

Patricia Prewitt
82667 WERDCC HU2B-208
1101 East Highway 54
Vandalia, MO 63382

CLARITY
A One-act Play by Patricia Prewitt

(4.15.13)

One male corrections officer with midwestern drawl, one 30-ish female prisoner. Bare stage except for one chair. She, in chair, is looking down thoughtfully.

GUARD: *[enters swaggering]* Well, hello, honey. Ain't you a pretty thang. Welcome to prison. My job is to school you on the way things are done round here. Break ya in, ya know. Do you have any questions so far? *[Girl slowly shakes her head no]*

GUARD: Cat got ya tongue?

GIRL: No.

GUARD: Good, good. Afraid ta talk?

GIRL: No, but I suspect that anything I say will be used against me.

GUARD: *[chuckles]* That's a good one, Girl. I like you. I have this feeling we gonna get along real good. Real good. Stand up. *[She remains sitting.]* I said STAND UP! *[She stands warily.]*

[calmly] You see, Sweetheart, this is how it goes. You call me boss and do exactly what I say when I say it. When I say jump, you politely ask how high. It's that simple. Piece a cake. You can make your time here really hard or we can keep the "hard" right where it belongs. *[grabbing his crotch]* Get it?

[menacingly] Now, don't get skittish on me, Missus Patricia Ann Prewitt number two six six seven, widow, black widow. I read your file. You're no innocent baby. You been round the block a time or two. We're not talking here bout nothin you ain't done before.

GIRL: *[softly]* I don't want any trouble.

GUARD: *[overly sincere]* Me, either. I'm all bout no trouble. This is a "no trouble" zone, Girl. I like to keep things simple. Real simple. So how much time ya doing?

GIRL: You tell me. You read my file.

GUARD: See, like I said, you're a smart one. I like that. *[steps up to her face]* FOR-FUCKIN-EVER. THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE DOING. FOR-FUCKIN EVER. LIFE WITHOUT PAROLE, YA LIFE-DOING BITCH! YA GOT NOTHIN TO LOSE.. *[softly]* Or so you think, but you'd be wrong. Dead wrong. There are "perks" when you follow the program, don't make waves, cooperate. *[pause, then friendly]* Ya got kids?

GIRL: I'm sure that's in my file, too.

GUARD: Yeh, Smart Girl, yeh. Five. From eight to sweet sixteen. Three pretty girls, too. Just like they momma. And I know you wanna see them. No sweet visits when you're buried in the hole for "failure to cooperate".

But smart girls don't have ta worry bout that. Smart girls know who's in charge, who's got all the cards. Like I said, you do have lots ta lose—if you don't cooperate. *[pause, steps to her]* Am I clear so far?

GIRL: *[stony glare]*

GUARD: *[nose to nose]* AM! I! CLEAR!!!

GIRL: Crystal.

GUARD: Good, good. I knew you were a smart girl. My job is to show you the ropes, and I gotta thick, stiff rope right here. *[Starts to laugh but when she turns and walks away a few steps, he gets serious again.]* Don't turn your back on me, Smart Girl. That's a direct order. Ya hear, Fresh Meat? You must obey a direct order. It's a rule. Sure would hate to hafta write ya up for "failure to obey a direct order". Got it, Smart Girl? GOT IT?!!!!!!

GIRL: *[turns to him]* Got it, Boss.

GUARD: *[friendly]* Aw, Smart Girl. You knew prison was gonna suck. Guess ya didn't know you would, too. *[mean short chuckle, then moves close]* Ya got such pretty hair. *[touches hair]* Soft. No girly hair shit in the hole. I bet ya like ta read, too. Smart girls like ta read. No library privileges when you're buried deep in the hole. *[in her face speaking rapidly:]* No canteen, no coffee, no visits, no phone calls home. No shit.

Girls tell me the worst part of being in the hole is the once-a-week showers and once-a-week change a clothes. Pretty girls like you like ta clean up every day—especially in this heat. In another month, this place is gonna be a hot box, and the hole is fuckin hotter. *[chuckles this line:]* Hotter than a fresh fucked fox.

All alone in there... Cookin in your own juices—like a turkey at Thanksgiving. *[merrily snorts at his own analogy]*

But you're a smart girl. You know what side your bread is buttered on, don't ya? You want to cooperate. You want to be a model inmate. Your big city lawyer told you to be a good girl, didn't he? Keep your nose clean. Stay outta trouble, if ya ever wanna get back home to your lovin family.

You need to take advantage of all the things that make your time go by easy. I know you really want easy. "You can do the time or let the time do you." Smart girls learn that fast.

Listen, Babe, I gotta special private place to show you. Only my special girls, my smart girls, get to see it. You're a smart girl, and we gonna get along just fine. We got years together. Years and years. *[pause, smiles]* You may turn out to be my favorite. Come on. *[He freezes while she addresses audience.]*

GIRL: *[to God and to the audience pleading, panicked, pacing]* Dear God, what can I do? What would you do? What would you do?

He's right. I'm fresh meat. I've been in prison a matter of days and don't know what he'll do to me if I resist.

And I am all alone in here. There's no one to help me. Not Daddy, not my brother...

That big city attorney warned me that "innocence is the worst possible defense", which means I'm defenseless. Completely defenseless. Again. Still.

[loud and crazy] I wanna scream like a banshee and tear my hair out while slamming my head into the concrete wall...or the steel bars. SOMEBODY! GOD! JESUS! SOMEBODY, HELP ME!!!! *[Begins an hysterical scream, but cuts it off by slapping her hand over her own mouth, then wrestling with herself a moment.]*

Would he leave me alone if he thought I was a raving lunatic? I feel like a lunatic. It wouldn't be a stretch.

[rationally] But he already thinks I'm homicidal and that doesn't bother him. If I tell anyone, it's my word against his. I know how that worked in court. Liars with badges have all the credibility.

Dear God.... *[drops to knees, looks up pleading with arms raised]* Are you even here in this forsaken place? *[fights back sobs]*

[stands, shakes it off, takes a deep breath, squares her shoulders] . Get a grip. Get a fucking grip. You cannot lose your head in this asylum. You cannot lose it now.

GUARD: *[unfreezes, turns to leave and motions for her to follow]* Come on.

GIRL: *[quietly]* I don't think so, Boss.

GUARD: *[incredulously]* WHAT?

GIRL: I don't think we're gonna get along at all.

GUARD: *[steps to her yelling]* DON'T MAKE A BIG MISTAKE HERE!

GIRL: *[one step forward to him defiantly with her arms pressed against her sides for support]* Let me make this clear, Boss. *[another step to him]* I'm good, real good, at making big mistakes. But I'm bad, real bad, at getting along with slime balls like you. *[pause glaring, then puts wrists together for handcuffs]* Do what you have to do.

GUARD: *[through clenched teeth and fists balled]* You'll be sorry. I promise. Real fuckin sorry, ya piece-a-shit life-doin-bitch. *[inhales, steps back, regroup]* But this is your goddamn lucky day.

GIRL: *[sarcastically]* Yeh. I'm the luckiest girl in the world.

GUARD: *[nose to nose]* I'm not gonna take you down today. But I will take you down. You can count on that. You can guaran-damn-tee that! I will make your miserable life more miserable than you ever thought possible. IS THAT CLEAR?

GIRL: *[quietly]* Yes, Boss. *[He exits fuming while she sits warily watching. She sits because her legs are apt to give out on her.]*

GIRL: *[quivering slightly, she announces to herself:]* Crystal clear.

FINI

Patricia Prewitt
82667 WERDCC HU2B-208
1101 East Highway 54
Vandalia, MO 63382