IRONHAWK

ON DEATH ROW
A play by Mariana Ferreira, Illustrated by Stephen Wills
2012
"Your Turn!"

"Fuck, I'm out of luck. Sucker, you took all my money!"

"I'm going blind and you curse the devil! You gotta watch yourself here in Unit 6. Bros don't play cards with sissies like you. Straight flush!"

"Luck-y motherfucker! You cheatin' me, Chief? Some-ol' injun trick! I hear you're full of magic—hypnotize gurus, disappear from your cell—now come your magic ain't got you off death row?"

"I'm no chief. I'm an Apache warrior."

"I'm Iron Hawk, and I am innocent. I'm a political prisoner of the United States government, a P.O.W."
"I can show you law books in my cell. International laws protect victims of genocide and POWs."

"You takin' the needle or the chair?"

"My body is sacred. I'm an Apache warrior and I fight with my own weapons."

"A weapon?"

"A pipe?"

"A pipe? To crack someone's head?"

"I pray for peace in the world."

"Pray as much as you like, Chief. This pow-wow stuff is bullsh-t to me."

"Here come the guards. Behave or they'll stick them taser gun in your balls again."
"Hey Hutch!"  "Hey, Ms. Manslaughter."

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"Speak up, what did you find out? Is Chief playing another Indian trick anytime soon?"

"Ma'am, the Injuns got some smarts. I saw books in his cell, lots of em. That's what the old Injun does; study them law books."

"How can an ignorant Injun learn from a book? I'll kill him one way or another. The last fight is mine. Can't wait to see his brains going up in smoke. I should get a promotion for this!"

"He's not taking the chair, ma'am. Not the needle neither. Calls himself a towa. I seen it in the books, too. Some geneva thing protects him. The Injuns smart, ma'am, he really is. Something to do with genocide."
"Bullshit, there's never been no genocide in this country."

"It's true, ma'am. I saw it in the books. He wrote it down for me. It's called the Geneva Convention. That's what the book says. He's read every fucking book in the library."

"What else?"

"He's got a weapon in his cell, some kind of pipe."

"The pipe's his weak spot. If he doesn't take our deal, we'll confiscate it right away. I'm saying that for last."

"He says the pipe's sacred, some trance mission he's onto. Still calls it a weapon. He does, ma'am, I think the pipe gives him special powers."

"Ma'am, if he finds out I'm a snitch, he'll kill me."

"You go back to Unit 2 as soon as we're done. Now find out exactly when he's filing the federal appeal. Cause that's when he'll get the letter."
"CHIEF! GET YOUR ASS UP HERE! I HAVE A LETTER FOR YOU."

"SIGN HERE, ON THE X."

"A LETTER?"

"TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS? I'M WAITING. I'M WAITING FOR THE SUPREME COURT."

"WE GOT A GREAT DEAL FOR YOU, LUCKY SON OF A BITCH! FREE COMMISSARIES, INTIMATE VISITS, AND YOU NEED THE PIPE! GIVE IT UP, AND TAKE THE CHAIR, EASY!"

"MY PIPE IS NOT A PRIVILEGE, IT'S MY RIGHT, MY RELIGION!"

"RELIGION HERE? ONLY JEWISH, CHRISTIAN, OR MUSLIM."

"YOU WANT ME TO... BLOW MY HEAD UP IN SMOKES? I'M A P.O.W., YOU GUYS CAN'T KILL ME!"

"IN CALIFORNIA, THEY'LL GAS YOU. IN WASHINGTON, YOU'LL HANG. HERE IN INDIAN COUNTRY, IF YOU TAKE THE NEEDLE LIKE A DOG, I'LL MAKE SURE YOU'RE AWAKE EVERY STEP OF THE WAY."
CHAPTER 4: IRONHAWK ON DEATH ROW

"You can't take my pipe, I've had it for 30 years!"

The 3rd Geneva Convention says: Articles having a personal or sentimental value may not be taken from P.O.W.'s. Take the letter, I'm not signing.

"I'm protected by the Geneva Convention! Article 130 says you can't kill me, the genocide of American Indians isn't over yet!"

Convention means shit in Guantanamo of Iraq. You're gonna die anyway, so take the deal and keep the pipe.

"Prisoners of war must at all times be humanely treated. The willful killing of non-combatant persons -- including sick and wounded, and captured or surrendering soldiers -- is a grave breach of the 3rd Geneva Convention."

"You can't kill a P.O.W. I've got my rights, you know international law! Next thing you know, you're innocent, murder! You're giving up tons of pleasure and your pipe! You'd rather go back to the hole and straight to the chair?"

Think, you know international law? Next thing you know, you're innocent, murder! You're giving up tons of pleasure and your pipe! You'd rather go back to the hole and straight to the chair?

"You've got nothing for you, manslaughter, just a prayer to make you see the light."

"I've got nothing for you, manslaughter, just a prayer to make you see the light."

"You've got 24 hours, we'll even get you some beer and some scotch! I'm tired of you crying, if you don't give up the appeals and take the chair, I'll make sure you're in terrible pain until your heart stops. This last fight is mine, I wanna watch you die."
"Just too bad you didn't take the deal, Apache magic isn't that powerful, is it, Chief? Your pipe's gone. Now it's my turn, you can't escape my magic! Got a good potion brewing, you'll die like an animal!"

"Grandfather, I light a fire to your spirit, hear my voice, I prepare a feast for you!"

"His veins are good for nothing, I'll try the calf."

"Poke harder! Aren't you the best jabber?"

"Grandfather! I shall walk the beautiful trail!"

"Pound a trickle of blood, Mama, is the cocktail ready?"

"All three drugs ready to flow into your sacred temple, Chief? We'll see how sacred you are today."

"My father, sun, my mother, damn, I send forth my prayers."

"Who..."
"The Governor... And the mayor! You folks don't ever miss an execution. Five more minutes... Goodbye, Chief. Say 'hi' to your grandpa. I'll take good care of your pipe."

"You can't take away my dignity."

"Dignity! You'll be at the bone farm tomorrow. We donated your body to science."

"Make sure my brain doesn't touch the floor."

"Anything else?"

"I am innocent."

"Let the execution begin!"

"I've made a footprint. I call for the abolition of the death penalty worldwide."

"Ma'am, we missed the vein. It's going straight in the flesh. His arms are swollen and he's still awake."

"Shut number two, will knock him out?"
"What's going on?"

"Dead man talking!"

"Give him a double shot."

"Ma'am, his lips are moving."

"Go ahead with number 3."

"He's awake, trying to breathe!"

"Still trying to be tough! Won't take much longer, easy!"

"The praying bird of death is calling. Gasp! Creator, bless the fallen warriors!"

"The inmate is finally dead at 12:14 a.m. You are cordially invited to Willie Softskin's electrocution on December 23rd. May God be with you. Amen."

"God bless ya, chief."