

**SKATZES/LUCASVILLE 5 SUPPORT BULLETIN NO. 26. Nov. 1999**

**ACT II, SCENE 6: JAN. 1996**

(With this scene we bring the docudrama to a close. "Big George," a play in two acts and twelve scenes, is complete.

What will happen next is this. For a time, the Bulletin will go "off the air," meaning, there will not be a new issue every month. Instead, a complete text of the docudrama will be sent to each of the Lucasville 5 and to about twelve or fifteen of you who have experience in the theater, or in audio-visual work, or with radio. We will be looking for persons and groups who wish to stage the docudrama. Anyone interested in doing so should contact: Staughton Lynd, 1694 Timbers Court, Niles OH 44446, tel (330) 652-9635.

Any other reader of the Bulletin who is not sent a copy of the complete docudrama but would like to have one should send a check in the amount of \$7.50 made out to Staughton, which will approximately cover the cost of xeroxing and postage.

The Bulletin will resume as needed. For example, plans are afoot to launch a series of rallies around Ohio with the slogan "End Capital Punishment," and a particular focus on the Lucasville 5. Naturally we would let you all know the date, place, and time of any such happening. Likewise, important judicial events -- such as the decision in Jason Robb's appeal by the Ohio Supreme Court, which heard oral argument on October 19 - will be brought to your attention.

With regard to the present scene: The action shifts to the second or sentencing phase of the trial of George Skatzes. Having found George Skatzes guilty of the aggravated murder of two prisoners and one correctional officer, the jury must now recommend to the judge whether Skatzes should be sentenced to life imprisonment or death.

As at the beginning of Scene 5, the bailiff, twelve jurors, counsel for the prosecution and defense, and defendant Skatzes, should all be seated center stage. As before, when the judge enters they all rise. In Scene 6, however, all actions of the courtroom actors should be in pantomime: without words. Thus, the judge should seat himself, counsel should stand and sit down again, the jury foreman should rise to ask a question, but all without words. There are two reasons for this. First, it is intended to convey the impression that it is all show, all predetermined, that the words spoken do not matter and the ending is never in doubt. Second, it is intended to be a silent backdrop for the action in the center aisle and at the front of the area where the audience is seated.

A tall, thin, distraught white woman runs up center aisle, holding in her arms an envelope stuffed with papers. She pounds on the invisible door of the courtroom that separates the viewing area from the stage. Counsel for defendant rises, comes to the door, opens it a crack, and (without speaking) makes strong

negative gestures. The woman waves her arms despairingly.

She turns slowly back toward the audience. Seeming to see them for the first time, she begins to speak.)

JACKIE BOWERS: They won't let me in. They won't let the jury hear these affidavits. I have been running around in the snow all this past week, collecting affidavits from George's friends and relatives. Now the jury won't get to hear these statements before they recommend a sentence. May I read my affidavit to you? Will you be George's jury?<sup>1</sup>

Members of the jury,

Hello, my name is Jackie Bowers. I am the sister of the Defendant, George W. Skatzes.

As you know, I too sat through the whole trial. I was there with him and for him. The first reason is George and I are very close and I love my brother very much. The second reason is that I believe in him one hundred percent.

There's a need to be fair to George, since all that has been heard before is negative things about him. Finally, you will at last get to hear the positive about George.

I would like for you to know George better, so I would like to explain the many good things about him.

(Pauses. Takes a deep breath.) George and I had a very hard childhood. Our parents were divorced when we were very young. I was two and he was an infant.

There were four other children in the household also. Two girls from her first marriage. Two boys from her second marriage. Our father made her third marriage.

It wasn't long till the older sisters were out on their own. Married and had homes and families of their own. We didn't see much of them, and don't till this day. They choose it this way.

Our house was like growing up in a hell hole. George and I still wonder what our mom's problem was. The only thing we can come up with is she never found what she was looking for.

She was never there when we needed her. She was too busy with her own life. Men. She had a new boyfriend every time we turned around. Some she even moved in with us.

Many times George and I have come in from playing and would find her in bed with one of her men. They made us get out of the house and [we] couldn't get back in till they wanted us in.

That also meant no meal times or going to the bathroom for a while again.

We didn't have clothes that were decent. It was embarrassing at school. I started babysitting at thirteen so I could buy myself some clothes and my first pair of glasses.

George started junking and had a paper route. Then we would

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<sup>1</sup>The preceding paragraph is supplied to help the audience understand what is going on. Every word that follows is from the affidavit of Jackie Bowers.

go find pop and milk bottles to turn in at the corner grocery.

Our house was like a disaster area. Not only would she not clean, she never kept things where they belonged. She would start dishes or laundry and never finish anything. Everything was always such a mess, we never invited any friends over. It was too embarrassing.

And mom was always screaming, swearing or hollering at one of us. Nothing ever pleased her. No matter what we did, it was never good enough.

Then when she would go off on one of her rampages, George always got the worst end of it. Our one brother thought George had done something to set her off and he would get beat with the big old black leather belt. I think he wore that thing out on George.

It was hard trying to raise ourselves. Even though mom was in the house, she was in her own world. She also was in bed a lot from time to time with a migraine, mostly when we needed her to fix us a meal or do us some laundry.

We never had what other children had, especially a hug or a simple 'I love you' or praise for good school work or trying to do her job around the house.

Our two brothers went to work at an early age. They both quit school. They were two children trying to take care of children, George and I.

They were both short fused when it came to discipline. The belt was the answer to everything. No talking or reasoning, just a good ole beating. We had no guidance.

Dad had gotten remarried. They moved around a lot. We didn't get to see them too often. But when they would come to get us for a visit with them, mom would raise hell and put my stepmother through agony.

We enjoyed visits with dad. There was no hell raising, decent meals and a little bit of a real homelife. A clean home. And the best part, we were with dad and a 'mom.'

Dad tried to get custody of George and I. I was fourteen, George was twelve. It never happened. Dad became ill. He died when I was sixteen, George fourteen. We were devastated.

Dad's death affected George real bad. He loved him and needed him. And he was gone.

Now what do we do? George started staying away from the house, which gave mom something else to rant about.

I left at the age of seventeen. Couldn't take it anymore. At the time all I was concerned about was leaving. I didn't have sense enough to think about George or what he still had to go through. I strongly feel [that] if I had taken him with me he wouldn't be where he's at today.

I have to live with this every day and believe me it hurts. I could have made his life better.

In spite of everything we've had to deal with, it has made us better persons. We have forgiven our mom a long time ago. She has been gone ten years now. We have learned never to hate anyone or hold grudges. This just destroys a person. It is

better to make peace and go on.

We are like any other brother and sister, we've had our differences in life; but we were both big enough to work things out and to admit when we were wrong and to apologize to each other. And this means a lot to us.

Another thing I admire about George is he is a truthful person. He is highly respected for this trait by many.

Even though our mom was like she was, George was good to her. He always treated her with respect. Did many things for her. Took her places. Was always buying her something. One year, even though he had a family of his own, he worked all the overtime he could get. He saved that money and bought her a new side-by-side refrigerator and freezer. Another time he surprised her with her very first Mother's Day.

George has also done a lot for our two half brothers, helping the one financially and working for the other. One of them died this past June.

He was a good husband, father and provider. He saw to it that his family wanted for nothing.

When he had a job north of our town, his car broke down and he would walk every step of the way to his job. And would get rides home.

George has four sons. They are very fine young men. Three are on their own. The youngest is at home yet. He will graduate this year. Plus he is working. George and this son are very close. They love each other very much.

George is also a Grandfather. He has been able to see and visit with his grandchildren. He adores kids.

George has always been a very loving and caring person. Always helping out family, friends or someone. This is the way he has always been. He always puts others before his self. He will do without so someone else can have.

During the past holidays we would go to George's house. We always had a great time. Especially with all of the children. And our cookouts were the envy of the neighborhood.

George has also been a big help to me in many ways. When I needed help with a problem, I always knew I could count on him. He never steered me wrong. His advice has always helped me.

There's been times I've been very bull-headed about certain things. George calmed me down and made me see how ridiculous I was.

George was very close with my four children. He was good to them. And when my oldest son became a problem, George got him to see where he was headed and that turned my boy around . . . .

George is also close with my grandchildren. They adore their Great Uncle. I even have a grandson that was named George Wesley, after his Great Uncle. [I] am very proud of this.

When my youngest son was killed in a car crash, George was permitted to call me. I needed that. His death devastated George, too, but through his phone calls and letters he has helped me through it when no one else could, not even my husband. I feel George saved me. He made me realize that I needed to get

God back in my life. And he got me to open my Bible again. He would send me scriptures to read. Because of George, I have come a long way since my son's death.

There are certain stages you go through when you lose someone, especially a child. Thank God, I had George's letters to comfort me, to help me through it.

When my children were little, their Uncle George used to come and pick them up so he could spend time with them and to give me a break. He was always doing something with or for them. They all miss him, and the good times they had together, very much. They need their Uncle even though it has to be through letters.

George has always been a very important person in my life and my family's lives. The same is true with the rest of the family, and his family and friends.

George is a lot like our Father was. Friendly, outgoing, always helping others. He is known and liked and respected by many.

We all need George. He means the world to us. We need the chance to prove his innocence.

Thank you very much for your time.

Sincerely,  
Jacqueline Bowers

(As Ms. Bowers finishes, the court room apparently finishes its business, also. The jurors rise and leave. The judge shuffles off stage, as do the bailiff and the lawyers. George Skatzes, shackled around his ankles, stands and is escorted off stage by two uniformed guards.)

THE END

GEORGE SKATZES SUPPORTERS  
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