

Case number 1232

The unjust judge

(Luke 18:1-8)

Characters

Judge

Clerk

Mrs Truefair (could have a number of children with her)

Props

Chair centre stage

Sealed envelope with paper inside

(Judge is sitting on seat centre stage. Clerk is beside him)

Judge: A fine of ten thousand, no, twenty thousand Denari. NO! Make that thirty thousand denari. Let's make the punishment fit the crime shall we. After all dropping litter outside my house is a serious offence.

Clerk: Thirty thousand denari. Yes your honour. Thirty thousand denari payable by this time tomorrow. A fair punishment for such a heinous crime!

(steps forward and speaks to audience) You know, he must be in a particularly bad mood this morning! He sentenced a man whose dog fouled the path just as his daughter came along and stepped in the mess, to 5 years in prison, and a man who sold his wife short on five pounds of potatoes to deportation! I think he must have had a really bad night you know.

Judge: Clerk, stop rabbiting on to the public gallery will you and fetch the next case.

Clerk: Oh err.. yes your honour, yes of course. (looks at list) Judge this is case number 1232 on account of Mrs. Truefair verses Mr Grabit, her neighbour.

Judge: What? Truefair and Grabit again?

Clerk: Err .. yes your honour.

Judge: But I thought I had dismissed this case.

Clerk: Well yes you have, twenty five times before. You keep dismissing the case and going off to play golf with Mr Grabit.

Judge: Well old Grabber Grabit is an old school chum. We've known each other for years and he plays at my club. He's quite a good player you know, but err... not good enough to beat me – I win every time!

Clerk: Well that may be so your honour but Mrs Truefair keeps bringing her case back and she says she will keep coming back until you take her seriously.

Judge: How many times did you say she has been here?

Clerk: Err... this is the twenty sixth time this case has been brought before you your honour.

Judge: Twenty six times eh? Well you know it is getting a bit wearing really. Will she ever give up?

Clerk: She says, your honour, that she will never give up, never.

Judge: Oh dear! Well that's a bit inconvenient.

Clerk: and she says that if you don't hear her case today she will camp outside your house and never leave you alone.

Judge: Oh dear. That would be very inconvenient, especially for the wife. What's the case about anyway?

Clerk: Mrs True fair claims that Mr Grabit moved his garden fence and stole half of her garden one night. He claims that the land has always been his but Mrs Truefair says the deeds clearly show that it is hers.

Judge: Ha! Old Grabber Grabit up to his old tricks again eh? He always was a chancer even at school. Still you've got to admire him for it, he's done well, very well. Nice house, nice car I saw him in the other day, and a very expensive set of golf clubs.

Mrs T: (Offstage) Justice for the Truefairs! Justice for the Truefairs! Come on children, louder than that. Justice for the Truefairs! Justice for the Truefairs!

Judge: Clerk, what's that infernal noise?

Clerk: It's err... Mrs Truefair your honour, with her 9 children. She says she will keep shouting until you hear her case.

Mrs T: (entering) Justice for the Truefairs! Justice for the Truefairs!

Judge: Silence in court! Silence in Court!

Mrs T: Justice for the Truefairs! Justice for the Truefairs!

Judge: Silence in court! Silence in court!

Mrs t: Justice!

Judge: Silence!!

Mrs T: For!

Judge: Silence!!!

Mrs T: the!

Judge: Silence!!!!

Mrs T: Truefairs!

Judge: Silence!! Silence!! Silence!! Stop that infernal racket, it's driving me Mad!

Mrs T: I'll only stop if you hear my case.

Judge: But I've ...

Mrs T: Justice for the Truefairs! Justice for the ...

Judge: Stop! Stop! Alright, alright! I'll hear your case if it's the only way of getting you to shut up!

Clerk: (Stepping forward) Oh thank goodness for that! Now at this point, to save the embarrassment of this sketch going on a moment longer than absolutely necessary, I have to say - "20 minutes later."

Mrs T: And that your honour is my evidence against Mr Grabit, who hasn't even bothered to come to court today to defend himself.

Clerk: Oh I forgot to say your honour Mr Grabit has sent a letter (takes out letter) to you about this case. Should I read it to the court.

Judge: Well I don't think that is necessary.

Clerk: Are you sure your honour, it might be crucial evidence. I really should read it to the court. (Opens letter).

Judge: But I really don't think

Clerk: Dear Bertie (looks at Judge) err that's you your honour. Thanks again for sorting this one. I'll see you at the club later for a quick round and your reward. Signed, your old pal Grabber.

Judge: Good grief! I haven't got the faintest idea what he is on about! But in this case I have to say the evidence is not really ...

Mrs T: Justice for the Truefairs! Justice for the Truefairs!

Judge: Silence in court!

Mrs T: Justice for the Truefairs! Justice for the Truefairs!

Judge: Oh alright then! Anything to shut you up! You can have your justice. I order that Mr Grabit give back the land he stole from Mrs Truefair immediately and I fine him ten thousand denari and award Mrs Truefair ten thousand denari compensation!

Satisfied!

Mr T: At last!

Clerk: At last!

Judge: Clerk. See that that order is carried out straight away will you! I'm off to lie down, it's been a very trying day! (he exits)

Clerk: Yes your honour, I'll see it is all carried out today. Come on Mrs Truefair. It will give me great pleasure to see Mr Grabit get his just deserts!

(They exit)

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