



## **Trial and Error**

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# Chapter 1

## Prologue

### CAST INTRODUCTION

(enter Zach, Gabriel, and Nathan)

ZACH

(as JEFFERY) Jeffery Benthler, Defendant.

GABRIEL

(as XAVIER) Xavier Damestoir, Prosecuting Lawyer.

NATHAN

(as JUDGE) Judge... judge.

ZACH

(as DYLAN) Dylan Thompson, Defending Lawyer

GABRIEL

(as SECURITY GUARD) Security Guard.

PROLOGUE

(GABRIEL and NATHAN step off to the side)

ZACH

And now, a desperately rhyming prologue with mock sentimental tones- by me. [AHEM].

(GABRIEL and NATHAN give ZACH a thumbsup)

ZACH

(Reading from page)

"Two households, both alike in dignity, in fair Verona where we-" Hey! Which one of you buffoons switched my prologue with Shakespeare?!?

(Sheepishly, NATHAN gives ZACH his "poetry sheet")

Thank you.

(NATHAN and GABRIEL EXIT)

*The air is blurry*

*You can hear evil loom*

*You may want to hurry*  
*From the Courtroom of -*  
(NATHAN and GABRIEL reenter)

NATHAN GABRIEL AND ZACH  
*Doom!*

ZACH  
*An idiotic judge, with thoughts unpure*  
*Two feuding lawyers at the table*  
*And a defendent whose guilt is sure*  
*If the prosecution's case is able.*  
*So please excuse my excessive rhyming*  
*It must feel you with terror*  
*But now is the time-ing*  
*For TRIAL AND ERROR!*  
Thank you!  
(EXEUNT All)

# Chapter 2

## Act One: Opening Statements

(Enter Characters)

JUDGE

(banging gavel)

Order! Order! Order in the court!

(The court is silent)

Ladies and gentlemen of the courtroom and of the jury- we are here to put on trial Mr. Jeffery Benthler for a litany of crimes that we frankly do not have the time to name in full.

Introducing the defending lawyer, the esteemed- and more often shunned- Mr. Dylan Thompson.

(He motions to DYLAN, who acknowledges the lack of applause)

Introducing the prosecuting lawyer, the elitist local attorney, Xavier Damestoir.

(XAVIER leaps to his feat and gives himself a standing ovation)

The prosecution may proceed.

XAVIER

(confused)

Your honor, what exactly am I accusing him of?

JUDGE

Here's part of the list...

(handing XAVIER a 3-inch stack of papers)

I believe that is sections A through B.

XAVIER

Where are the rest?

JUDGE

The others have... mysteriously disappeared.

XAVIER

Disappeared?

JUDGE

Well... the other day it was kind of cold, and I needed some kindling for my fireplace. The papers were kind of lying around, and didn't look very important at the time.

(Pause)

XAVIER

You're not very experienced at this, are you?

DYLAN

(Rises)

No! He's fine! Just what we need exactly.

JUDGE

(furiously banging his gavel, like a baby with a toy hammer)

There will be NO sarcasm in this courtroom! And there especially will be no brown nosing!

DYLAN

Whatever you say.

JUDGE

(GABRIEL has changed from Xavier to the Security Guard)

We will now proceed to swear the parties in. After all, I love parties!

(He motions to Security Guard)

SECURITY GUARD

(to Judge)

Your honor, I may be needing a Bible.

JUDGE

Well... this is all we have at hand

(pulls out The Cat in the Hat and hands it to Security Guard)

SECURITY GUARD

(shrugs)

Good enough.

(To Jeffery)

Please come here, sir.

(Jeffery walks over)

Do you, Jeffery Benthler, swear to tell the truth, the whole

truth, and nothing but the truth so help you...

(looks at book)

Dr. Seuss?

JEFFERY

(Defiantly)

Nope.

SECURITY GUARD

I'm sorry. Did you say... "nope?"

JEFFERY

Yes, sir, I did.

SECURITY GUARD

Good enough.

JUDGE

Alright. Let's begin with opening statements.

(Motions to Jeffery)

Will the defendant make the first statement?

JEFFERY

(Rising)

Yes, your honor.

JUDGE

Then proceed.

JEFFERY

Ladies and Gentleman of the jury and of the courts- I didn't do anything. And if I did you cannot prove it.

(Sits down)

JUDGE

Is that it?

JEFFERY

Is that what?

JUDGE

Your opening statement. Is that it?

JEFFERY

(thinking)

Um... Yep.

JUDGE

Very well then.

(Motions to Xavier)

Will the prosecution make his opening statements?

XAVIER

Yes, your majesty.

JUDGE

That's: "Your honor."

XAVIER

Sorry, your highness. Now, as for my opening statement: the defendant did do it.

JUDGE

Do what?

XAVIER

All that he's in this court room for. He committed those crimes.

JEFFERY

Did not!

XAVIER

Did too!

JEFFERY

(getting angry)

Did not!

XAVIER

(shouting)

Did too!

JUDGE

(banging gavel)

Order! Order in the court!

(The court is silent)

Mr. Damestoir, is that your opening statement?

XAVIER

(thinking)

Um... I guess so, your holiness.

JUDGE

(Annoyed)

Will the defending lawyer please make his opening statements?

DYLAN

Yes, your honor.

(Time seems to stand still- here, the

Judge's inner monologue occurs)

JUDGE:

(Yawns and blinks)

Do I really have to sit here and listen to this poser?!?

He's not even a bodybuilder, but he's posing!

(Slams podium)

Dang it! I could be at home watching He-Man with a bowl of deep fried sushi and a six pack of purple Gatorade!

(Sits down sadly, with realization)

Oh yeah... He-Man was cancelled 20 years ago.

(Gestures dramatically to the Heavens)

Why must I dwell on my college days! That is, all two of 'em. College!!! That frog that I was dissecting in biology that regained consciousness and hopped off the table still haunts me in my dreams! Oh, the pain!!!

(Jumps up and points at audience)

Do any of you understand the pain and the agony and the pain I had to endure in that painful episode?!? Did I mention the pain?!

(Pauses looking crazed in a dramatic pose, and then regains sanity and settles down)

Oh well. Darn. Why did I have to become a judge? I could've become a... a... uh... you know what? In this economy being a judge was really the only logical financial option. Unless...

(With sudden realization)

Wait a minute! There was a better choice. I could've become a

(Jumps up and down)

-dog whisperer! Dang it! Why do these epiphanies always occur to me 15 years too late?! So where am I now? I'm a judge. I

have to sit here in this itchy wig listening

to this poser with the bad hairdo make some kinda

"magnificent oration." Where does he think he is? A

courtroom? So what if that speech of his is probably one of

the best written in the English language I've ever

heard? It doesn't mean it's good! Just look at Shakespeare.

Two points. One: he's been dead for 400 years. You see where writing gets you? Dead! For 400 years! Not a single moment of that time thinking. Where's your new material? I mean who

even remembers who Shakes

(Realizing that Shakespeare is

definitely a name people remember)

Second point: he was unoriginal. Hamlet Potter? J. K. Rowling

thought of that years ago. Or was that Mark Twain... Isaac Asimov? It's irrelevant.

(Suddenly)

You know what? The real issue here... is that I have ADD.

(Pauses and then jumps up with arms extended)

Hello! Waiting for some sympathy here!

(Looks at Dylan)

Is he still talking? Argh!!! You defense attorneys are all the same! You took my mother from me!

(Passion decreasing with each word)

After she beat me... repeatedly... with a chainsaw.

(Defensively)

Well it wasn't like it was on... but neither was the cover.

(Looks at Dylan)

Stop talking already! Don't try to "lecture" me on "justice."

My conscience, Jiminy Cricket taught me more about justice than any of your elitist, fancy pants "law schools" could ever hope to. And so did Batman. He taught me the principals of revenge, Tae Kwon Doe

(Makes a horribly botched kick)

and tights. The only things he has that I don't are huge biceps, a batmobile, and a sidekick. But who really needs that? All you really need to succeed in life is lots of money, lots of women, and a Ferrari. None of which I own.

(Jumps up)

Still waiting for that sympathy here! Life was so much easier when I was younger! All I had to do was cry when I was hungry, cry when I was tired, cry when I woke up, and cry when I wet my pants. That's all I did for the first twelve years of my life!

(Looks around, light bulb goes on, and starts doodling. Scene resumes)

DYLAN

(after Judge's inner monologue)

... Wouldn't you say so, your honor?

JUDGE

(Putting on a pair of spectacles)

I see... now tell me about your mother.

DYLAN

WHAT?!?

JUDGE

I see. Now tell me what you see in this ink blot.

(Reveals doodle)

XAVIER

(Leaping to his feet)

Sneakers! Sketchers! Light blue with silver lining!!

JUDGE

Excellent. You get 5 extra points.

DYLAN

Points?!? What points? There's no point system!

JUDGE

(Ignoring Dylan, talking to Xavier)

So far, you're at 15 points total; 5 points for just now, and 10 points for the bribe last night.

(Xavier does a jig)

(To Dylan)

You are standing 115 points ahead of your opponent, because he is being an idiot. Keep this up and you'll win this case!

XAVIER

(stopping mid-dance)

Objection, your honor!

JUDGE

On what grounds?

XAVIER

On the ground right beneath us!

JUDGE

(Exasperated)

What do you object to?

XAVIER

The fact that I'm losing! I demand additional points for my case!

DYLAN

That's ridiculous!

(To Judge)

You ought to be judging based on the merits of this case! Not on the amounts of "points!"

JUDGE

But that's confusing! Who am I to judge the merits of a case?!?

DYLAN

You're the judge!

JUDGE

Um... uh...

(Banging the gavel)

Court is recessed! The trial will resume as soon as possible.

XAVIER

(Hopping out of his chair clapping his hands)

Yippee! Recess! I call swings!

DYLAN

(Also hopping out of his seat)

Not if I get there first!

(They all race off)

END OF ACT ONE

# Chapter 3

## Act Two: Later that Day

(Everyone is in the room, except Xavier)

JUDGE

(a la Ferris Bueller's Day Off)

Defending Lawyer?

DYLAN

(stands up)

Present.

JUDGE

Defendant?

JEFFERY

(Stands up)

Yo!

JUDGE

Yo?

JEFFERY

That's right, your honor. Yo.

JUDGE

I do not allow

(uses fingers for quotation marks)

"Gangstas" or "homedogs" in my courtroom, and I especially do not allow

(voice drops)

SLANG! Do you read me, punk?

(Jeffery sits down)

I thought so.

(Looks at a clipboard, then goes back to Ferris Bueller character)

Prosecuting lawyer?

(Silence)

Prosecuting lawyer?

(Silence)

Prosecuting lawyer?

DYLAN

Well, seeing as the prosecution isn't here, we might as well just go home, and award the case to my client.

(Heads for exit)

Ta ta!

(Xavier jolts in and tackles him to the ground, then drags him back into the courtroom)

JUDGE

Prosecution, you are tardy. The recess bell clearly rang 5 minutes ago.

XAVIER

I'm so sorry, your excellence. I was too busy playing with my Barbie dolls.

(Bats his eyes, sticks out his lower lip, then casually takes gun out of his pocket and puts it back in again. He has made his point)

JUDGE

(Nervously)

Aw! Isn't that precious.

(Reaches into wallet, pulls out a 500 dollar bill)

Why don't you go buy a nice snack for yourself?

XAVIER

Yay!

(Places bill into mouth)

Thanks your honor! But what about the money?

JUDGE

Oh well. We'll convert it into points.

(Takes out calculator, holds it upside down, and presses various keys)

That'll be... 2 points.

XAVIER

Two points? For 500 dollars? I demand at least 3!

JUDGE

Arguing with the judge are we? Fine. I'll just have to deduct negative 3 points. Your total stands at 6.

XAVIER

6? I had 15 before you added- I mean "deducted" those negative three points. Shouldn't I be at 42?

JUDGE

Playing wise with me, huh? I'll have you know I flunked 3rd grade math in community college!

DYLAN

I went to Harvard!

JUDGE

I will not stand for a courtroom with you degrading yourself.

DYLAN

What are you talking about? I merely stated that I went to Harvard! I'm very proud of that accomplishment.

XAVIER

(Ignoring what Dylan just said)

Yeah man. Jeez. You need to have FAITH in yourself.

DYLAN

But I do have faith in myself!

XAVIER

(ignoring him)

Allow me to put it

(snaps his fingers)

In song.

[Song starts- "Don't Stop Believin'" by Journey. Throughout the song, Judge dances in the background. Towards end of song, Judge strikes Xavier to the ground with his gavel, and Xavier strikes a pose on the ground]

*Just a small town girl*

*Livin' in a lonely world*

*She took the midnight train goin' anywhere*

*Just a city boy*

*Born and raised in south Detroit*

*He took the midnight train goin' anywhere*

*A singer in a smoky room  
A smell of wine and cheap perfume  
For a smile they can share the night  
It goes on and on and on and on*

*Strangers waiting  
Up and down the boulevard  
Their shadows searching in the night  
Streetlight people  
Living just to find emotion  
Hiding somewhere in the night*

*Working hard to get my fill  
Everybody wants a thrill  
Payin' anything to roll the dice just one more time*

*Some will win, some will lose  
Some were born to sing the blues  
Oh, the movie never ends  
It goes on and on and on and on*

*Strangers waiting  
Up and down the boulevard  
Their shadows searching in the night  
Streetlight people  
Living just to find emotion  
Hiding somewhere in the night*

*Don't stop believin'  
Hold on to that feelin'  
Streetlight people*

*Don't stop believin'  
Hold on  
Streetlight people*

*Don't stop believin'  
Hold on to that feelin'*

*Streetlight people*

Have I made myself clear?

DYLAN

Not really.

JUDGE

(Banging his gavel. He is very emotional.)

Alright. The song has touched my soul. From now on, from now on, all of you who dare speak in my courtroom must sing depressing songs such as that one you just played.

XAVIER

Uhh...

(Pause)

Actually, that was an inspiring and uplifting song-

JUDGE

SILENCE! Does talking regularly sound like a depressing song to you!?

(Xavier is silent; the Judge suddenly mad with power)

I didn't think so.

(Places paper Burger King crown on top of head)

All of you are in my control! I am the supreme dictator of this courtroom! Bwahahahahahahahahaha!

(Long, awkward silence)

(Judge tosses crown into trash can, looks around at the silent lawyers)

Heh heh... sure glad I got THAT out of my system.

(Silence)

Alright. The prosecution may continue their case.

XAVIER

(Still shocked by the Judge's outbreak)

S-sure, y-y-your honor, I have proof of all of the crimes he committed.

(Gulps audibly)

As f-for the first crime...

(flips through the stack of pages)

Auto; grand theft, there was this peanut...

(Shows Judge a peanut in a plastic bag) at the scene of the crime.

(Places peanut on Judge's desk, and begins to regain confidence and strength in his voice)

Not only does this peanut have his fingerprints on it...

(Turns around to address the audience.

Meanwhile, the Judge loses interest, opens the bag, and proceeds to eat the peanut slowly)

But so did the steering wheel, clutch, and door. Alas, we cannot bring a car into here. We also have reason to believe he has the keys in his pocket... he dropped them while on the swings at recess.

DYLAN

(Rising)

Objection! The prosecuting lawyer is-

JUDGE

(Interrupts, nodding and chewing the peanut)

Overruled.

DYLAN

WHAT?!?

JUDGE

You CAN use that peanut as evidence.

(Unaware that he is chewing it)

XAVIER

Thank you, your supreme diety

(suddenly realizes that Judge is eating the peanut.)

(Stops talking and stares at the judge for a beat, then regains composure and continues)

Alright then. On to the next crime.

(Scans papers)

The murder of your parents.

JEFFERY

(Rises)

Your honor, you must have mercy on me! I'm an orphan!

JUDGE

Objection sustained. How could we possibly try an orphan for that? Have you no heart?

XAVIER

(Shocked and disoriented, becoming more and more ticked off at Judge throughout the scene)

Fine. Animal Abuse. The defendant-

JEFFERY

(Interrupting)

Your honor, I'm still traumatised by my poor dog's unexpected death. I don't want to talk about it.

(Pretends to cry)

JUDGE

Objection sustained.

XAVIER

What the

JUDGE

His dog is dead. Must you attempt to put him through more agony?

XAVIER

(Faces Jeffery)

Assault on a police officer!

JEFFERY

Hello?!? He had a gun! He was chasing me around like a deranged lunatic. Did I mention that he had a GUN? I'd never attack a public servant if I had to. I'm very patriotic, you see.

XAVIER

But you have on this record that you have committed around 23 assassination attempts on all of our living former presidents.

JEFFERY

They were presidents? Oops. My bad.

XAVIER

You also dropped a bomb on our own soldiers in Irag!

JEFFERY

(Shrugs)

I was way up high in my plane. I couldn't tell the difference.

XAVIER

That brings me to an excellent point. Last month you went driving when you were "up high", and caused an international

incident!

DYLAN

Your honor, the prosecution has no real argument. All of those "offenses" are completely forgivable and he feels bad. But he cannot be punished for them! What type of message will that send to our children?

JUDGE

The defending lawyer is right. All of these instances are irrelevant. I want to know what he did that was illegal.

XAVIER

(Sighs and sits down)

I'm sorry, your honor. But I no longer have a case.

JUDGE

Preposterous! You can't just jump up and down and say 'he did it! He did it! It was him!' with no evidence and expect to win!

XAVIER

(looks diagonally at the ceiling,  
stroking his chin)

Actually, Your Honor, I used to work for the Bush Administration.

(Gets out of his chair, clears his  
throat, then starts to shout)

He did it! He did it! It was him!

JUDGE

Wonderful speech!

(Claps his hands)

Now that's what I'm talking about! That must have been the  
best speech ever created! You get 5,000 points!

(Xavier bows, Judge puts hands  
together)

Now at the end of both case presentations, you two are tied  
up at 0 to 0.

(Xavier and Dylan stare at each other in awe)

It looks like it we'll have a tiebreaker during the closing  
statements!

(Faces audience)

We'll be right back after these messages.

END OF ACT TWO

# Chapter 4

## Act Three: The Conclusion

(Enter all. Judge takes his seat,  
Xavier takes his and promptly falls  
fast asleep)

JUDGE

(takes out a wooden block and a nail)

Order! Order in the court! I'll need complete and utter  
silence to concentrate at the task at hand.

(The court is silent. Judge proceeds to  
hammer the nail into the wooden block  
with his gavel)

You see,

(Looks up, continuing to hammer)

you need absolute focus to accomplish a task this great,  
other wise you may hurt yoursel

(Xavier snores loudly, Judge guffaws)

Hey, that guy snores just like my sister!

(smashes thumb with gavel. Roars in  
pain and leaps from seat)

You did this!

(Points to Xavier, who snores once  
more. The enraged judge approaches  
Xavier and throttles him)

(Emphasizes each word)

I SHALL NEVER FORGIVE!!!

XAVIER

(Wakes up)

This is madness!

JUDGE

(Once again emphasizes each word, a la

300)

Madness?!? THIS IS SPARTA!!!

(kicks Xavier)

(Suddenly calm)

Alrighty then. I've worked out all my anger. After all, the gavel's hollow, and I only bruised the tip of my thumb.

(holding up index finger)

XAVIER

(Barely restraining himself, but doing so knowing that if he doesn't, he will lose the case)

Your honor.

(Through clenched teeth)

You are insane.

JUDGE

(dons spectacles again)

And how does that make you feel?

XAVIER

(apprehensive)

Well, it depends. If you are insane in that you support my case, I am completely satisfied. If you are insane and you prefer the other case

(gestures to Dylan, who waves like a princess)

Then I will be pretty... heartbroken.

(Sniffs)

JUDGE

Alright. How does that make YOU feel?

DYLAN

The only thing you're doing is mocking your psychiatrist, aren't you?

JUDGE

(Silent for a while. When he speaks, he has a low, forceful voice)

Dr. Smith is one of the greatest men I have ever had the HONOR and PRIVILEGE to know! If you ever, EVER, insult Dr. Smith again, I will PERSONALLY see to it that you do not leave this courtroom until...

(calmly)

You have had the opportunity to have tea with him.

DYLAN

(weighing his options)

What KIND of tea are we talking about?

JUDGE

(thinks)

Herbal?

DYLAN

Herbal? In that case, I'll pass.

XAVIER

Are you kidding? Herbal tea is AMAZING for picking up chicks!

I've never gone wrong with herbal.

DYLAN

You have absolutely no idea what I'm talking about do you?

XAVIER

(glances around uncomfortably)

So what?

JEFFERY

(rising)

Can't we just get to the task at hand? I want to go home.

Visit my kids.

XAVIER

Don't you mean their tombstones?

JUDGE

(very angry, pointing at Xavier)

Have you no decency!?! His children were murdered! Must you

force him to experience the very agony of his children's

death? Wouldn't you feel terrible if your children were

murdered?

XAVIER

But he killed them!

JUDGE

(Sentimentally and wisely)

A dead child is a dead child. It is a tragedy.

(Suddenly disinterested)

In the large scope of things, I really don't think it matters

WHO killed them, but what the little brats did that caused

the murderer to go over the edge!

(Jeffery and Xavier are both equally

shocked by this statement)

JEFFERY

You're... sympathizing with me?

JUDGE

Let's just say, to a certain degree. It's best to let bygones be bygones, and move on.

XAVIER

(loses shock and disapproval)

I know exactly what you're talking about!

DYLAN

Is everybody in this room a child murderer?

(They all stare at him, shocked, with faces of disapproval)

Besides me, you idiots!

JUDGE AND XAVIER

(stare at the ceiling, mumbling incoherently)

DYLAN

I thought so.

JUDGE

But it's not US on trial. It's HIM.

(points to Jeffery)

The guy who got caught.

XAVIER

Amen to that, brother.

JUDGE

How did we possibly get off topic?

(shakes his head solemnly)

Let's return to the closing statements. Here are the rules.

(a la Fight Club)

First rule: you do not talk about the closing statements.

Second rule: you DO NOT talk about the closing statements.

Final rule: The closing statements will end when one of the lawyers goes limp.

Understood?

(The lawyers nod)

Now, let's begin our closing statements.

(lawyers wave one hand each in the air, like 3rd graders)

DYLAN AND XAVIER

Ooh! Ooh! Me first! Pick me!

JUDGE

I pick...

(indecisive)

Hmm...

(pulls out a coin)

Heads or tails?

XAVIER

Heads.

DYLAN

I want to be heads!

JUDGE

(to Dylan, a la Star Wars)

No. You want to be tails.

DYLAN

Actually, I'm pretty sure I want to be heads.

JUDGE

(Again)

You want to be tails.

DYLAN

Not especially.

JUDGE

Alright. You're tails.

DYLAN

(sighing)

Fine.

JUDGE

(flips coin)

Tails.

DYLAN

(rising, about to make some sort of long oration, he has a stack of papers in his hand, clearly about to read from them)

Your honor, ladies and gentleman of the jury and of the court-  
I address you today, with confidence in my heart and logic in my-

JUDGE

(interrupts him)

BO-RING! Next?

XAVIER

(leaps up and down, doing a jig, and pointing at Jeffery)

He did it! He did it! It was hi

(Dylan tackles Xavier to the ground)

DYLAN

I SWEAR THAT I AM GOING TO RIP YOUR THROAT OUT AND SHOVE IT

UP YOUR-

(Every one freezes, NATHAN walks towards audience)

NATHAN

Due to the explicit language exhibited by the lawyers at this time, our producers have decided, -wisely, I might add- to censor any and all spoken language. They deemed it

(Using fingers for quotation marks)

“inappropriate” for our younger audiences. For an idea of what the two are saying, if you really want to know, try this: imagine every profanity you have ever heard in your entire life, in every language known to western civilization, shouted into your earlobes simultaneously.

(Nathan walks back to Judge’s desk.

From here, we will watch the pantomime, a choreographed fight between Dylan and Xavier, with the Judge sitting in the

background, ignoring them, staring

blankly ahead. Xavier defeats Dylan, who falls off stage.

Then Xavier pulls out his handgun and shoots him. The sound is returned.)

JUDGE

Well, one lawyer is now limp. The closing statements are officially over.

(to Xavier)

Would that be all of your closing statement?

(Nods weakly)

Well then...

(leaps up, applauds excessively)

You’ve done it!

(A la Randy Jackson)

You’re going to Hollywood baby!

JEFFERY

(suddenly rises)

Wait... He won? Is that... it? Surely you can't be serious!

JUDGE

I am serious. And DON'T call me Shirley.

(Jeffery's face is in his hands)

I will now give you your sentence. I guess I'll have to bring out my "sentence machine."

(Pulls out a Magic Eight Ball)

DYLAN

That's just a magic eight ball.

JUDGE

(Ignoring him, shaking the magic eight ball)

Wow. This sentence is weird. It says:

(reading the ball)

"Five years in Guantanamo, or 250,000 dollars."

JEFFERY

(realizing the loophole)

I'll take the 250,000 dollars.

JUDGE

Will you be paying now, or later?

JEFFERY

(Sniffs, pretends to cry)

Your honor, I don't think you understand the financial situation that I have right now! I can't afford to pay you!

I'm almost in poverty!

XAVIER

What about the collective 75 Billion dollars you have stolen throughout the years?

JEFFERY

(ignores Xavier, hides gold watch)

Your honor, you must have mercy on me. I cant afford to pay you. Please, cut me some slack.

(Bats his eyelashes, sticks out his lower lip)

JUDGE

(feels bad for Jeffery)

How about this: I'll pay you the 250,000 dollars, and then

you pay it back to me. We'll call it even.

(Gives Jeffery sack with a \$ symbol on it)

JEFFERY

(Snatches the sack)

SUCKERS!!! HA HA HA!

(Sprinting, exits the courtroom)

XAVIER

(Silence)

How long do you think it'll take him to realize it's nothing but a sack of rocks?

JUDGE

Maybe...

(Looks at watch)

Ten minutes or so.

XAVIER

Do you think he'll come back?

JUDGE

No.

(Silence)

Hey, do you want to go to T.G.I. Friday's? I swiped his wallet and credit cards during recess.

XAVIER

Are you kidding?

(Looks like he'll scold the Judge, or at least lecture him on ethics)

(Suddenly looks greedy)

FIRST let's by the most expensive yet useless thing we can find with his credit cards. THEN we'll go to T.G.I. Friday's.

JUDGE

Right.

(Takes out cell phone and begins to dial)

XAVIER

What are you going to get? A pinball machine? Weight-lifting equipment?

JUDGE

(a la Gone With the Wind)

Frankly, sir, I don't give a darn. Right now it isn't too important.

(They begin to walk out, arms around each other's shoulders, a la Casablanca)

Louis, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

XAVIER

(confused)

Louis? Who's Louis?

JUDGE

Or whatever your name was.

(A bell rings in the background)

Well, it looks like the recess bell has rang once again.

XAVIER

(A la It's a Wonderful Life)

Look, your honor. My teacher says: "every time a bell rings, an angel gets his wings."

JUDGE

That's right, that's right. Attaboy, Clarence.

XAVIER

You're messing up my name again. It's Xavier.

JUDGE

(Turns to Xavier)

Luke. I am your father.

XAVIER

(sighs)

I knew I should have listened to my mother when she told me not to become a lawyer.

(EXIT)

(ENTER ZACH)

ZACH

And now, one more famous, corny movie ending.

(As Jeffery)

JEFFERY

(A la Terminator)

I'll be back.

(EXIT)

Fin.

### **From the same author on Feedbooks**

It's My Life: An Autobiography in Progress (2010)

The continually updated autobiography of Z. D. Larkin. I will update the description each time I update the book.

Update 6/8/10: Added "When I Became the Bar Mitzvah"

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