

AND JUSTICE FOR ALL  
– a one-act by Daniel Curzon

CHARACTERS: (3) Person #1, Male or female, any age  
Person #2, Male or Female, any age  
Person #3, Male or Female, any age, the suspect

SETTING: Two chairs facing downstage

PLAYING TIME: Ten Minutes

(Person #1 and Person #2 are sitting on two chairs, which represent two seats in a car.)

(There is a separate chair (car) apart from the other two.)

PERSON # 1: (chatting to #2) It was good to see you again!

PERSON # 2: Me too!

PERSON #1: Sorry the meal was so bad.

PERSON #2: It happens. Next time you pick the restaurant.

PERSON #1: Okay. I will.

(Person #3 enters and sits on separate chair, puts up a handicapped placard. Use a coat rack for it.)

(Next, Person #3 gets up and walks *in front* of the two in the car, no problem with walking at all.)

(Now Person #3 bends down to tie a shoelace.)

PERSON #1: Did you see that?

PERSON #2: See what?

PERSON #1: That person put up a handicapped placard.

PERSON #2: They did?

PERSON #1: In their car. And then just walked away perfectly normal..

PERSON #2: I didn't notice.

PERSON #1: There's nothing wrong, except a shoelace!

PERSON #1: Perhaps the person has some problem we can't see.

PERSON #1: Yeah, like loose morals.

PERSON #2: Is that a handicap?

PERSON #1: They have no handicap! They're cheating!

(PERSON #3 now ties the other shoelace.)

PERSON #1: Look how agile they are!

PERSON #2: Why are you so upset?

PERSON #1: Why aren't you more upset? That cheat is taking away a perfectly good parking space.

PERSON #2: What do you want to do about it?

PERSON #1: Let's go over and confront them.

PERSON #2: You go.

PERSON #1: They will listen more if there are two of us.

PERSON #2: What if they get mad and pull out a weapon?

PERSON #1: So we'll be dead, but we'll be right!

PERSON #2: You go. I'm staying here.

PERSON #1: What a wuss!

PERSON #2: We're not the Handicap Police!

PERSON #1: Apparently nobody is. Look, there they go!

(Person #3 exits.)

PERSON #2: Too late.

PERSON #1: I see that kind of thing all the time. It makes my blood boil.

(Person #3 re-enters, headed toward own car.)

PERSON #1: Oh, look! They've come back. Let's stare.

3

PERSON #2: Stare?

PERSON #3: Make them feel guilty. Come on! (Raises self up to stare better.)

PERSON #2: Are you sure this is a good idea?

PERSON #1: Come on, come on!

(Person #2 raises self up as well. Together #1 and #2 stare hard at #3.)

PERSON #1: They saw us! They saw us!

PERSON #2: Are they driving away?

PERSON #1: I think they came back to get something from their car.

(Person #3 gets a large unsealed box from the car.)

PERSON #2: Can I stop staring now?

PERSON #1: No! Here they come! Stare!

(#1 and #2 raise up together and stare hard.)

(Person #3 walks in front of the car of #1 and #2 again.)

PERSON #1: Stare harder!

PERSON #2: I'm staring as hard as I can!

(Person #3 notices the stares and begins to limp very heavily.)

PERSON #1: Look, they're pretending to limp!

PERSON #2: Maybe it's from the box.

PERSON #1: Why are you defending this person?! That is a fake limp!

PERSON #2: Maybe they just limp sometimes.

PERSON #1: Yeah, when somebody is watching!

PERSON #2: Don't get out of the car.

PERSON #1: Why not?

PERSON #2: Just don't!

PERSON #1: Are you just going to let them get away with it?

PERSON #2: You don't know what might be in that box. It could be a bomb!

PERSON #1: A bomb, my ass!

PERSON #2: Believe me, you don't want a bombed ass.

PERSON #1: (getting out of car, to Person #3) Hey!

PERSON #3: (stopping) Yes?

PERSON #3: Are you limping for real, or is it phony?

PERSON #3: Who's asking? The Handicap Police?

PERSON #1: Yeah, that's right. I'm the head of the Handicap Police.

PERSON #3: Oh, where's your badge?

PERSON #1: You seem able enough to carry that with no trouble.

PERSON #3: The only trouble I have with it would seem to be you.

PERSON #1: I just want you to know that some of us notice when you steal spaces from the truly  
handicapped, that's all.

PERSON #3: There are plenty of empty spaces, enough for everybody. (Gestures.)

PERSON #1: Not true! I saw several people crawling on the sidewalk, because they couldn't find a  
handicapped space.

PERSON #3: What nonsense!

PERSON #1: It's not nonsense. (Gesturing at #2) Take this person here, for example. They were  
crawling on the sidewalk until I offered them a seat in my car. To rest.

PERSON #3: You did not!

PERSON #1: Show 'em.

PERSON #2: Show 'em?

PERSON #1: Show 'em how you had to crawl on the sidewalk.

PERSON #2: Please!

PERSON #1: Prove to 'em that I'm not a liar!

(Person #2 reluctantly gets out of the car and begins to crawl on the ground.)

PERSON #1: See!

PERSON #3: I don't know what it is, but something tells me there's something phony here all right.

PERSON #1: If this individual, whom I do not know, had been able to secure a handicapped spot closer to their destination, they wouldn't be in this predicament.

PERSON #3: (to #2) You don't know this person? (Pointing at #1)

PERSON #2: . . . No.

PERSON #3: And they helped you because you were crawling on the sidewalk?

PERSON #2: . . . Yes.

PERSON #1: They might have died!

PERSON #3: What have I done?! What have I done?! I'm so sorry I took that parking place.

PERSON #1: (unsure) You are?

PERSON #3: Of course I am. Here, let me help you up. (Goes toward #2.)

PERSON #2: Never mind! I'm fine now. (Waves #3 away.) I'm fine!

PERSON #3: But I don't think you are fine. (Goes up to #2 and dumps the contents of cardboard box on #2. The contents are old clothes.)

PERSON #2: God, those stink!

PERSON #3: That's why I was going to wash them.

PERSON #1: I'll just bet you were!

PERSON #3: You are such a busybody!

PERSON #1: And you are a menace to civilized society.

PERSON #3: And do you know why I am?

PERSON #1: (doubtfully) No.

PERSON #3: Because my mother was a caffeine addict. My father was Questioning!

PERSON #1: I'm sorry about your background. (suddenly dawning) That's B.S.

PERSON #3: Aren't you clever.

PERSON #1: You think you're entitled. That's the real problem here.

PERSON #3: I think I know how to settle this.

PERSON #1: Oh, you do, do you!?! (Puts up fists.) Come on then! Come on!

PERSON #2: Let's just leave!

PERSON #3: Nobody's leaving! We've got a big problem here. And it needs to be solved.

PERSON #1: (itching for a fistfight) I'll solve the problem! You just wait and see!

PERSON #3: Wait here. I'll get something from my car.

PERSON #1: Oh, no you don't!

PERSON #3: Oh, yes, I will! (Exits.)

PERSON #2: (getting up) Let's just leave, for God's sake!

PERSON #1: And let that cheater win?! Not on your life.

PERSON #2: That's what I'm saying – not on my life!

(#3 returns with a baseball bat.)

PERSON #3: This ought to solve the problem.

PERSON #1: Don't think you can intimidate me with that thing.

PERSON #2: I'm leaving. (begins to inch away.)

PERSON #1: (to #3) Let's just see you swing that thing at me, even once!

PERSON #3: (lifts the baseball bat, then brings it down on own kneecap) There!

PERSON #1: Didn't that hurt?

PERSON # 3: Not a bit. It's made of rubber. (collapses in pain) Oh, my Jesus!

PERSON #2: Why in the world did you do that?

PERSON #3: (wincing) Because now I'm entitled to use the handicapped placard. Boy, am I entitled!  
(#3 hobbles around, wincing, groaning) (to #1) I hope you're satisfied now.

PERSON #1: You're faking it!

PERSON #3: I am *not* faking it! What do I have to do – amputate something?!

PERSON #1: Well . . . (Waits.)

PERSON #3: I am not amputating anything! Now give me my box back! (Gets the box.)

PERSON #2: (helping) Here!

PERSON #3: Thank you.

PERSON #2: You're welcome.

PERSON #1: Don't be too nice! I still don't trust them.

PERSON #3: Thank you for changing my life today. I'll never forget you. (Hobbles off carrying the box.)

PERSON #2: Let's go. (Gets into the car.)

PERSON #1: (Gets into the car) Wait!

PERSON #2: What?

PERSON #1: Let's catch our breath.

PERSON #2: I want to leave!

(Person #3, now wearing a cap and different clothes, enters and sees the coat rack. Goes to it.  
Looks around to see if anybody is watching.)

PERSON #1: (to #2) Do you see that?

PERSON #2: It's nothing.

PERSON #1: They're stealing that handicapped placard..

PERSON #2: No, they're not.

8

PERSON #1: Yes, they are. Look!

(Person #3 removes the handicapped placard and throws it to the ground, gleefully grabs the coat rack.)

PERSON #2: You're wrong. They're stealing the coat rack.

PERSON #1: Is that that same bastard?

PERSON #2: No, it's somebody else.

PERSON #1: The bastards are everywhere!

PERSON #2: Nobody wants that coat rack. That's why it was put out.

(Person #3 leaves with the coat rack.)

PERSON #1: (to #2) You are so naive!

PERSON #2: Choose your battles.

PERSON #1: You're the reason the world is falling apart.

PERSON #2: It's just a coat rack!

(#3 re-enters with the coat rack, stops, looks at the handicapped placard.)

PERSON #1: They're after that placard after all. I knew it!

PERSON #2: Partially out of the car, to #3) You'd better take them and leave while you can!

(Person #3 is startled, then gives the middle finger.)

PERSON #1: (to #2) What the hell are you doing?!

PERSON #2: Saving us from being killed.

PERSON #3 (approaching the car) Is this your placard?

PERSON #2: No.

PERSON #1: Yes.

PERSON #3: It is?

PERSON #1: Yes.



PERSON #3: Oh, I'm sorry. I found it on the street. Here. (Offers it.)

PERSON #1: (taking it) Thank you.

PERSON #3: You're sure it's yours?

PERSON #1: Absolutely.

PERSON #3: You don't look handicapped.

PERSON #1: But I am. (about #2) Both of us are.

PERSON #3: How?

PERSON #1: None of your business.

PERSON #3: How?

PERSON #1: (getting out of the car) I have a limp. (Pretends to limp.) And so does my friend.

PERSON #2: (Gets out of the car without a fight, begins limping too.)

PERSON #3: (examines their limps) I'm not so sure about this.

PERSON #2: And that coat rack is ours too.

PERSON #3: The coat rack is?!

PERSON #2: Hand it over.

PERSON #3: I don't see your name on it.

PERSON #1: (limping toward #3) Give me my coat rack!

PERSON #3: (fending off #1 with the coat rack) Stay back!

PERSON #2: (also limping toward #3) Give us our coat rack, motherfucker!

PERSON #3: (fending off #2 with the coat rack) Whoa there!

(Still limping, #1 and #2 surround #3 and start having a tug of war with the coat rack.)

PERSON #3: I found it!

PERSON #2: But it was never lost!

10

PERSON #1: Right! We just set it down for a second.

PERSON #3: Finders keepers!

(#1 and #2 struggle with #3 over the coat rack and the placard. Finally, they get the person down and hit him with the placard and the coat rack.)

PERSON #3: Ouch! . . . Ouch!

PERSON #1: (has the placard) I've got it!

PERSON #2: (has the coat rack) And so do I!

(They hold their trophies high over their heads.)

PERSON #3: Okay, you got me. No more, no more! (struggles to stand up, is disoriented, limping.)

PERSON #1: That will teach you to steal!

PERSON #3: I'm covered in handicapped placard cuts!

PERSON #2: Serves you right!

PERSON #3: And I'm limping. And I think it's permanent.

PERSON #1 / PERSON #2" (together, maniacally) *Justice!*

BLACKOUT