



THE JUSTICE SYSTEM

By Max Drayton

This play requires permission to perform and a performance fee.

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Approx. 8 minutes.

CAST:

RITA: 50+

SET:

Single chair and spotlight.

THE JUSTICE SYSTEM

(OPENING MUSIC "I PREDICIT A RIOT" .

LIGHTS UP ON A SINGLE CHAIR ON STAGE.

RITA ENTERS AND TAKES A SEAT.

SHE APPEARS FRAIL AND SLOW IN HER ACTIONS. SHE CARRIES A MOBILE PHONE AND A LARGE TUMBLER FULL OF VODKA AND TONIC, WHICH SHE DRINKS FROM OCCASSIONALLY, THROUGHOUT THE MONOLOGUE)

Just finished talking to Doreen. The last one on the list.

(RITA PUTS THE PHONE ON THE GROUND, OR SMALL TABLE BESIDE HER, LEAVING HER HANDS FREE TO DRINK FROM THE GLASS)

It's taken me over a week to get around to them all. But it's done now.

They say if you can count five friends you can trust, you're doing well. Well, I can't find one.

However there are ten people, not involved with Bernie's business, who I would've liked to keep in contact with. I guess I let them slip away because I was just too embarrassed to have to keep explaining his absence for them to ever become 'close' friends.

Bernie was my husband. Married twenty-eight-years until he died a year ago. They still hound me, even though he's gone. He died at home, just. He was out of prison a month, that's all. They watched and studied his every move when he was out. Mine too. The Police, that is.

I'd like to say with some conviction that they hounded him to his death. But that wouldn't be true. Prison killed him. As with most people with a free spirit, confined in four walls gets them in the end. In that way the system certainly works. Had he lived, I doubt if he would ever pulled another job.

I've spent most of my married life without him, because he was in prison so many times. I've spent hours waiting to

visit him. The loneliness, desperation and embarrassment of just sitting and waiting at her majesty's pleasure. What a waste of time - for everyone that is.

I used to help him plan the robberies and in one instance drove the getaway car.

He was caught and convicted every time. That makes him a special kind of idiot, doesn't it? What does it make me though?

It was too much for our son, he up and left ten years ago. Not heard from him since. Bernie tried to find him, through his contacts. Nothing.

The police never found any of Bernie's hauls, which he successfully hid away and I've lived off for years. There's still hundreds of thousands left in a secret offshore account. But I've no one to leave it to.

Last week, I hired a detective to try to find my son. If successful he will inherit - if not, five years after my death it goes to charity. I refuse to let the government get a penny.

The police still keep an eye on me and have hounded me for years. That's the reason I've developed a deep resentment for authority.

The other day I was driving past a speed trap on a bypass. Six police cars and a radar trap. Now that's six policemen that could be out catching real criminals, like my husband, granted. Instead of hanging around trying to create new criminals. Easy, unsuspecting targets.

If I stole a pen from a bank they'd consider it a bank robbery.

This is only apart of the play.

Please contact Max directly for a complete script.

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