

ST. PETER'S SCHOOL, BLACK TICKLE

presents

A MATTER OF JUSTICE

CAST:

Aunt Bess - Daphne Dyson
Jarge - Mildred Keefe
Susie - Mabel Dyson
Henry - Christopher Keefe
Judge Mitchell - Judy Keefe
Constable Drover - Brenda Morris
Mame - Anastasia Keefe

INTRODUCTION:

In the small, isolated communities of coastal Labrador, the occasional hurried visit of the law is often experienced as a brief, dramatic interlude in an otherwise routine life, especially in the winter months. In these communities, court may be held two or three times a year in the school or church, and the cases generally revolve around the everyday life of the people.

Although the cases cited here are fictional, they represent a slice of life in these small communities, and provide an insight into the humour and down-to-earthness of the people who live there.

Black Tickle is one of these communities.

SCENE I

(Aunt Bess's kitchen. Aunt Bess is making soup. Jarge, her son, is playing darts by himself. Suse, a neighbour, drops by. She is about to remove her boots at the door...)

SUSE: Anybody home?

AUNT BESS: Come on in, Suse me maid. Don't mind yer rubber boots. Dere's been so much mess brought in here today dat anoder bit won't hurt. How's ya doin maid? I never seen ya fer ages.

SUSE: I was took with dat old stummick flu dat's goin around. I spose its from the gulch water. Dat water's an awful color, Aunt Bess. It looks so bad its got to affect yer health. But I'm the finest kind now, tank God. So I figgered I'd take a dodge down here as far as dis. How's ya doin, Jarge?

JARGE: Alright, I spose.

SUSE: What's you up to today, Aunt Bess?

AUNT BESS: I'm doin what I does most every day, me maid. I'm cookin a pot of rice soup fer supper. Jarge shot a few birds dis marnin and he wouldn't hear of havin anyting else fer his supper. He fair loves rice soup, don't ya, Jarge. Could have it every day, marnin noon and night.

SUSE: My crowd won't put it inside dere mouts. All dey wants is french fries and dem ol TV dinners dey haves over at Jarge's shop. I jus come from dere now, gettin anodder load of the stuff. Hates it meself like eatin cardboard, I calls it. Aunt Bess, do you know what I heard over at the shop?

AUNT BESS: Couldda been anyting, me maid. Dey says more dan dere prayers over dere. I always goes over dere when I'm shart on news. What's up now, Suse?

SUSE: I spose you knows already. I guess Jarge tol ya dat da cops are in, gettin ready fer court. Ol Jarge here is going on the stand, ain't ya, Jarge? (She turns to look at Jarge, who has already slipped out.)

AUNT BESS: Now, Suse, I tink you're makin a big mistake. Jarge never tol me about no court. Anyways, I'm sure my Jarge never done nuttin agin the law. He's as good as gol, dat boy. Where'd e go? Jarge! Jarge! He musta gone to bring in some wood.

SUSE: Well, I don't know fer sure, Aunt Bess. All I'm sayin is what I heard over at the shop. I heard dere was a big crew gettin hauled up dis time. Sounds like court is goin to be real excitin. I can't wait fer the judge to come in. I loves goin to court - listenin to the yarns an watchin the judge an all. It's somewhere different to go aroun ere too - ya gets tired of jus goin to the shop every day, and goin to darts every odder night.

AUNT BESS: Well, Suse, anodder place ;you could go to make yer life more excitin is church. I hardly ever sees ya dere. Dey haves gran music dere too, now. I loves sittin back and listenin to it. Ya know, Suse, church goin is alot better fer yer soul dan court is.

SUSE: Yes, I spose it is. But I loves the excitement of court all the same. It's jus like on TV, wit the judge an alld. Lard Moses, look at the time. I better get goin, Aunt Bess. I got to put on dem french fries fer the young ones supper. I spose ya got to feed em someting. See ya tamarr. I'll let ya know if I hears any more news.

AUNT BESS: O.K. Suse, see ya. Suse, you make sure ya tells dat crowd over at Jarge's dat my; boy never done nuttin to go to court fer. He's a law-abidin citizen, an I better not hear anyone sayin dat he's not or I'll knock dere butts off.

(Suse leaves, Jarge re-enters.)

AUNT BESS: Jarge, did ya hear what Suse said? She said dey were sayin at the shop dat you had to go to court. I tol her dat you never done nuttin to nobody. Sure, you wouldn't hurt a fly, you wouldn't. All some of dat crown aroun ere is good fer is strifebreedin, tellin lies about dere neighbours, tarmentin an stirrin up trouble. Like I said to Suse, I'll knock off dere butts if dey keeps sayin stuff like dat about you. Sure, a finer man you wouldn't find on the coast dan yerself. I betcha dat crew dats talkin don't even pay dere garbage fees. Some of dem got more tongue dan a skin boot.

JARGE: Mudder...(he tries to speak)

AUNT BESS: Never min me son, go on to the gulch and get a few buckets of water. I'm goin to put a worsh on now, an I got me scrubbin to do yet. Dat Suse brought in a barrel of dirt on her feet. Dat one never wipes her feet. No wonder you can set parties on her kitchen floor.

(Jarge exits. Knock at the door. Aunt Bess opens it. There is a young woman there dressed in heavy clothes and carrying a briefcase.)

RCMP: Is this the residence of George Keefe, Junior?

AUNT BESS: Yes, me maid.

RCMP: Is Mr. Keefe at home? May I speak with him?

AUNT BESS: No, me dear. Jarge's not home. He's gone to the gulch. What would you be wantin him fer?

RCMP: I'd like to speak with him personally, Maam. I am Constable Drover of the RCMP, Cartwright Detachment.

AUNT BESS: You, a cop? Now dats a likely story. How kin you be a cop? Ain't you a woman? Why don't you quit jokin aroun and tell me who you really are. Are you the girl Jarge met up wit at the bingo in Cartwright dis summer?

RCMP: Maam, I've told you that I am Cnst. Drover. May I come in and wait for your son?

AUNT BESS: Sure, me love. Take a seat - want a bowl of rice soup? No? It's fresh made an real good. Jarge is dyin about it. Now, tell me, what do ya really want to see my Jarge fer? Ya likes him, do ya?

RCMP: Mrs. Keefe, I have never met your son. I am here on matters relating to the law. Since your son is not a minor, I need to speak with him personally.

AUNT BESS: Now, ya needn't get so huffy, me girl. I didn't mean anyting. Don't min me dis evenin. I got tings on me min. But I still tinks you're makin up the story about bein a cop. Cops are men and deres no gettin aroun dat. Well anyways, I hears Jarge comin now. So we'll find out what all dis is about. Jarge don't have no secrets from his mudder.

(Jarge enters, carrying water buckets. The officer goes to meet him.)

RCMP: You must be George. Good evening. I am Cnst. Drover. I am here to deliver a summons for you to appear in court tomorrow. Can you read?

JARGE: Not very good, maam. I quit school before I got the hang of readin. I tink it's better fer you to read it out.

AUNT BESS: What's all dis, Jarge? You don't believe she's a cop, do you? What's she talkin about, you goin to court. She's playin a joke on us, Jarge.

RCMP: This is no joke, Mrs. Keefe. Crpl. Markham caught George in a criminal act on his last visit to Black Tickle. I am simply delivering his court summons.

AUNT BESS: But, but Jarge...Jarge...it's all lies. It's all a big mistake. Isn't it? Tell me it's not true. You didn't do nuttin.

JARGE: Mudder, stop yer screechin an listen to the cop. It's true, but I couldn't tell ya. You wouldn't believe it anyway. I done it. I done it an I got to go to court.

RCMP: Are you ready to hear the summons? (Jarge nods, Aunt Bess puts her head in her hands.) Canada, Province of Nfld and Labrador, District of Eagle River, to George Keefe, JR., Whereas George Keefe, JR, has been charged that on the 23rd day of February, A.D. 1986, near the community of Black Tickle, Labrador, did carry and use firearms on Sunday, and did commit therein the indictable offence of violation of the Sunday, contrary to Section 203(1)(b) of the Criminal Code of Canada. You are hereby directed to attend court on Wednesday, the 10th day of April, A.D. 1986 at 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon at Black Tickle. Failure to appear at the noted date and time may result in further charges. Dated this 5th day of April, A.D. 1986. J.S. Davis, Clerk of the Court. Do you understand the contents of this document?

AUNT BESS: What's she sayin, Jarge?

JARGE: She want to know if we knows what dis is all about.

AUNT BESS: Well, if ye asks me, I didn't understand a word she said, not a word. What in tarnation did ya do, Jarge?

JARGE: Lard dyin, Mudder, she jus read it out - about usin firearms on a Sunday. The cops caught me shootin on Sunday.

AUNT BESS: Is dat what all dis is about? Killin a couple ol birds on Sunday? You got to go to court fer dat? Well, Lard Moses, dat's the foolishest I ever heard in all my barn days - and das all I got to say. It's a good ting ya didn't have any soup, Miss, ya would have choked on it. Dat soup was made on the same kind of birds you're bringin my Jarge to court fer. (To herself.) Did ya ever hear the likes of dat? It takes a woman cop to do dis. No wonder the worl is all fooled up dese days - good, decent people havin to go to court fer shootin ol bullbirds what don't know if it's Sunday er Monday. An dey calls dis justice?!

(Blackout)

SCENE II

(Courtroom. Several citizens are sitting around, waiting for court to begin. Some are knitting, others are chatting. The RCMP officer walks around, stopping now and then to look out the window. All are awaiting the arrival of the judge by helicopter.)

SUSE: I wish the judge would soon come. Even though I loves court, I don't

want to miss "All my Children". I'm jus dyin to find out what happened to dat Natalie. I hope she gits what's comin to her - I hates her some lot. (Looking at watch.) It's almost one o'clock now. I wonder did dey leave attall. Maybe the wedder is down in Goose. Are ya gettin nervous, Henry ol buddy?

HENRY: Me maid, dey could bring in the Supreme Court of Canada fer all I cares. I knows I'm innocent. But all the same, I'll be glad when all dis is over. I calls dis a proper waste of time. A nece fine day like dis and I got to be here sittin aroun, when I could be gone to Parcupine Bay gettin a load of wood. Tomorrow is goin to be a bad one - the glass is goin down fast. Yeah, I'll be glad when dere here and gone, an I kin get back to me bit of work.

SUSE: What about you, Mame? What do you tink of it all?

MAME: To tell you the troot, Suse, I don't even know what I'm here fer. The charge says sompin about facin public property and sompin about wastin. Now how all dat comes togedder, I don't know. Sure, I don't know what property is public and what is not aroun here, do you? An if I wastes anyting, das me own problem, ain't it? It's nuttin to da law.

SUSE: Didn't ya ask the cop to explain it to ya? Das what I had to do the time I was up fer creatin a public disturbance. All dey had to say was dat I bet the brains out of ol Dottie Webber an I would of known right off. I likes plain language, I do. Gosh Mame, it sounds like you're in real bad trouble. Was you on the booze or sompin? I sure hope you don't have to go off to jail. Poor Alice Pardy from Cartwright got tree years fer some little ol ting las year. Me dear, when ya haves to go to court, ya never knows how you're goin to get on - take it from one who knows. Listen byes, I tink I hears a chopper.

(Everyone rushes to the window.)

JARGE: Boy, lookadat, she's gettin ready to pitch. Dere, she's down already.

SUSE: Dere dey are, all gettin off er. I don't see no judge. Das the pilot an deres two fellas from Rural Development - dere in fer the meetin in the hall tonite. I wonder who dat girl is - must be one of dem fella's girlfriend. She's dressed some nice. Looks like she's comin to court, too.

AUNT BESS: Hush up, byes, git to yer seats. I hears someone comin up the steps - must be the judge.

(All hurry back to their places.)

JARGE: My hands are sweatin - I hope I'm not up first.

AUNT BESS: Don't you worry, me boy. You'll get on alright.

(The door opens and a smartly dressed lady walks in. She greets the police officer and goes to the judge's seat, placing her briefcase on it.)

AUNT BESS: Suse, she's not the judge, is she? Fer God's sake, what's the worl comin to? I tought it was bad enough to have a woman cop,

but a woman judge is the last straw. How kin we ever expect justice when the whole worl is turnin upside down?

SUSE: Das life, girl.

JUDGE: Good day, ladies and gentlemen. I'm Judge Mitchell. (She checks her watch.) It's now 10 o'clock - we only have one hour, so it's time we got started. We still have to have court in Paradise River since we couldn't land there on the way in, and we have to be in Cartwright for supper. I know that's cutting it very fine, but that's all we can do. This court will now come to order. First case, Officer, will you please read the charges?

RCMP: George Keefe, Jr., please come forward. (George stands before the judge while summons is read out.) Whereas George Keefe, Jr. has been charged that on the 23rd day of February, A.D. 1986, near the community of Black Tickle, Labrador, did carry and use firearms on Sunday, and did commit therein the indictable offence of violation of the Sunday, contrary to Section 203(1)(b) of the Criminal Code of Canada.

JUDGE: George Keefe, you have been so charged - do you understand what you have been charged with?

JARGE: Yes sir...Yes Maam.

JUDGE: How do you plead, guilty or not guilty?

JARGE (Looking at his feet): Guilty, yer Honor.

JUDGE: Do you have anything to say for yourself?

JARGE: No yer Honor. I done it. I knows I'm guilty.

JUDGE: George, what you have done is a criminal offence and you will have to pay to the court a fine of \$250. Remember, from now on, Sunday is a day of rest and use of firearms is absolutely forbidden.

JARGE: Yes, yer Honor, I'll tink on it.

JUDGE: You have been given a light sentence, because this is your first offence. If this charge recurs, you will be subject to a much heavier sentence. Do you understand this?

JARGE: Yes, yer Honor. Thank-you, yer Honor.

JUDGE: You may return to your place.

AUNT BESS (TO HER NEIGHBOURS): Huh, \$250. I calls dat a fine price fer a meal of bullbirds, and dem so small an puny. Ya wouldn't know but dey had gol feedders.

(All laugh.)

JUDGE: Order in the court. Next case please.

RCMP: Mary Gertrude Dyson. (No one stands.) Mary Gertrude Dyson, please come forward. (Still no response.) Is there anyone here named Mary

Gertrude Dyson?

(Suse pokes Mame. She jumps.)

MAME: Swear to God, Officer. I didn't know you was talkin to me. All me friends calls me Mame, and I fergot dat me real name was Mary Gertrude.

JUDGE: Could we please get down to the business at hand? Officer, will you read the charges?

RCMP: Mary Gertrude Dyson has been charged that on the 25th day of February, A.D. 1986, in the community of Black Tickle, Labrador, as responsible for defacing and disfiguring public property by improper disposal of waste products, contrary to Section 518(6)(e) of the Criminal Code of Canada.

JUDGE: Mrs. Dyson, you have heard the charges against you. Do you understand what you have been charged with?

MAME: Swear to God, yer Honor, I haven't got a clue what it's all about.

judge; Maam, can you tell the court what happened on the afternoon of February 25 when Crpl. Markham approached you and told you that you were committing a criminal offence?

MAME: Indeed I can, yer Honor. Dere I was, goin down the road, mindin me own business when the cop comes along. I knew he was a cop even tho he wasn't wearin his cop clothes, and I sot down me bucket in the snow, nice as ya like, an I says to him "Good day, sir". Next ting I knew he was tellin me I was goin to be hauled up before court. Den I says to him...

JUDGE: Mrs. Dyson, Maam, try to keep your comments brief and to the point. It will save alot of time and avoid confusion. Now try to remember what you were doing just before the officer spoke to you.

MAME: Yer Honor, I got no trouble rememberin what I was doin - I got a wonderful memory. Like I said, I was dodgin down the road, just after emptin me bucket. I wasn't doin a ting to anybody, jus doin me days work, like ya would. Yer Honor, you tell me one ting dat wus wrong in what I jus tol you.

JUDGE: Maam, you have been charged with defacing public property. What that means in this particular context is that you have committed the serious offence of defacing and disfiguring the landscape of this community. Your daily visitation of the area in question has been reported by concerned citizens, as this particular area is a section of the public road used by pedestrians and skidooers. In addition to the unsightly view, you have contributed to the problem of pollution of our natural environment. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?

MAME: Not guilty, yer Honor. Sure, how could I be guilty of all dat you're talkin about when I don't even know what ya means be all dem big words - filin, figgerin, pollutin. Kin ya tell me in plain language what I done dat wus wrong?

SUSE (CALLING OUT FROM HER PLACE): Ah, Mame girl, don't be so stupid. All

she's sayin is dat you're makin a big stink aroun ere.

(Everyone laughs.)

MAME: Now you mine yerself, Suse Morris, or I'll go down an give ya sompin to make ya laugh on the odder side of yer face.

JUDGE: Order, order, please! All comments must be addressed to the bench. If I hear any further discussion or uproar from either of you ladies, you will be charged with contempt of court. We will please have order in this court. (She calls over the officer to consult with her.) This case will be dismissed, as I am of the opinion that the accused was not aware of the criminal implications of her actions. Mrs. Dyson, from now on, you will have to find another place for waste disposal that will be well out of the public eye - and nose. If this matter is brought before the court again, you won't get off as lightly.

MAME: Thank-you very much, yer Honor. I appreciates dat. I got dis to say though, it's goin to be a job fer dis crowd to keep dere nose out of anyting.

JUDGE: That will be all, Mrs. Dyson. (Mame returns to her place.) I hope this incident will serve as a deterrent to other possible offenders. Could we have the next case please?

RCMP: Henry Joseph Keefe.

JUDGE: Officer, will you read the charge to the court?

RCMP: Henry Joseph Keefe of Black Tickle, Labrador, has been charged with committing the indictable offence of public mischief on February 24, A.D. 1986, by administering poison to an animal belonging to another, thereby resulting in the death of the said animal. This is in violation of Sections 826(2)(e) and 307(4)(d) of the Criminal Code of Canada.

JUDGE: Mr. Keefe, do you understand the charge?

HENRY: Yes, yer Honor, I do.

JUDGE: How do you plead, guilty or not guilty?

HENRY: Not guilty, yer Honor.

JUDGE: Mr. Keefe, do I understand that you are saying that you did not administer poison to the animal in question? Yet the animal did die the day after you had sworn to kill it? Can you explain the circumstances surrounding this charge?

HENRY: Indeed I kin, yer Honor. You see, dis is the way it happened. Dat ol dog belongin to Paddy Elson gets loose every odder day an he always heads straight fer my little maids. Dat particular day, tree of em were carryin on out by the house, havin a gran time. The next ting, I heard em screechin and bawlin an I said to the missus, "Dere at it agin - argin and strifebreedin." Ya knows how young ones are always into it with one anodder, yer Honor.

JUDGE: Please Mr. Keefe, get to the point.

HENRY: Well, yer Honor, I went out to see what in tarnation was goin on. I saw dat big ol mutt belongin to Paddy knockin down me smallest maid. He was maulin her all over. The poor little ting was in an awful way, yer Honor. I had a hammer in me han an I fired it at the ol brute, an he took off like a shot out of a gun. Jus den Suse here she came along, an I said to her, "Suse..."

JUDGE: Just a minute, Mr. Keefe. Do I understand that the lady you refer to is present in this courtroom?

HENRY: Das what she is, yer Honor. She's sittin right over dere wit dat red cap on, loh. Suse, you members dat day, don't ya?

JUDGE: Mr. Keefe, please direct all your comments to the bench. Now could you tell me the name of the lady you are referring to?

HENRY: Suse, yer Honor.

JUDGE: Her full name, please.

HENRY: Suse Morris, yer Honor.

JUDGE: Officer, I think it would be in order to call Mrs. Susan Morris as a witness.

RCMP: Mrs. Susan Morris, please come forward. (Suse comes before the judge.)

JUDGE: Mrs. Morris, do you remember the incident described by Mr. Keefe?

SUSE: O yes, yer Honor, indeed I do. I tinks on it every time I passes by Pad's house where dat poor ol dog used to be tied on. It's an awful shame what happened to him, her Honor.

JUDGE: What exactly do you remember, Mrs. Morris?

SUSE: Well, yer Honor, I was takin me time comin from the shop. It was warm out an, like I said, I was dodgin along lookin aroun. I was almost up to Henry's house when I heard Henry's youngsters bawlin, an seen the dog runnin off. Next ting I seen Henry goin after the dog and throwin the hammer at it. Lucky it didn't strike the poor ol creature. Henry was some mad - he was frothin at the mout an all out of breath. When he come up to me he said, "Suse," he said, "I'm goin to do sompin about dat dog before dis night is over." He said sompin about pisenin the poor animal.

HENRY: No, yer Honor, she got it all wrong. Das not what I said at all.

JUDGE: Please, Mr. Keefe. Let Mrs. Morris finish her testimony. Mrs. Morris, you may continue.

SUSE: Like I said, yer Honor, Henry said he was goin to do sompin about the dog. Well, the next day, the poor ol dog was out col. Sure, we all knows dat Henry done it.

JUDGE: Thank-you, Mrs. Morris. We are not interested in your conclusions, just your evidence. That will be all for now.

SUSE: Yer Honor, I got a real good memory. If ya needs me agin, I kin tell ya lots more.

JUDGE: Thank-you, Mrs. Morris. You may return to your place. Mr. Keefe, you have heard Mrs. Morris' testimony. What have you to say before I hand down the sentence.

HENRY: Yer Honor, ya knows yer not goin to take Suse's word. Everyone aroun ere knows dat Suse got too much lip. All she minds is tattlin and carryin aroun news. Sure, dey calls her the Black Tickle Informer. She's better dan any newspaper.

JUDGE: Mr. Keefe, Mrs. Morris is not on trial. Let's stick to the essentials or we'll never get finished. Our time has practically run out as it is. Do you have anything to say that relates directly to this case?

HENRY: Well, I spose I do, yer Honor. Das what I been tryin to tell ya. When I said to Suse I was goin to do sompin about the dog right away, I was meanin dat I was goin to phone down to the cops in Cartwright. I wouldda done dat, but dat same night we has a big starm, an our phone went out. Dat was two weeks ago, yer Honor, an it's not fixed yet. Anyways, I never said anyting about pisenin the dog like Suse said. I said I was gettin Pisened with the dog. Doublindyin, Judge, any fool knows the difference in dat.

JUDGE: Mr. Keefe, this case seems to have alot of ramifications. This new piece of information compels me to look further into the matter. As yet, we have not even touched the issue of the actual death of the animal. We need more substantial evidence, and I'm afraid I will have to defer this case until such evidence is forthcoming. We are here to ensure justice for all, and in this case, justice requires much more material evidence than I have on hand at this time. It seems to me that we need more time to collect that evidence. Is that satisfactory to you?

HENRY: Yes, yer Honor. To tell you da troot, I'd be glad. I'd like to take dis to Legal Aid. I hear dere's a new fella in Cartwright now, an I tink he can help me straighten dis ting out.

JUDGE: Mr. Keefe, I advise you to follow that course of action. You will be informed about the next session of court. You may stand down now. (She goes through her papers.) I think that this takes care of every-thing for the time being. This court is now dismissed. All rise.

(The judge and officer collect their papers and leave the courtroom together.)

SCENE III

(Courtroom after Judge and Officer have left.)

MAME: Well, a lady judge isn't so bad after all. I bet if it was a man, he'd a never let me off. She wus real nice, I tink. She's some edu-cated, too. All dem big words she uses. An she really knows her business, don't she?

SUSE: Indeed she do. An wusn't she dressed some nice? I loves dem boots she had on - spose she got dem in Goose Bay.

MAME: Suse, all you minds is what peole got on. Dere's more important tings den dat.

HENRY: If das all Suse minded, we'd be better off. She got to stick her nose into everybody's business, an even den, she gets everyting all snarled up.

SUSE: Go on, Henry. You're jus mad cause you didn't git off. Dey might git anyting on you yet. Me son, lots of people roun here says you killed dat poor dog. Anyway, he wus only playin wit your young ones. Dere so weeny dat dey bawls over nuttin at all.

AUNT BESS: Hush Suse, leave poor ol Henry alone. Suse, did ya ever tink dat Pad could of killed his own dog? Some of the stuff he feeds his dog could cut the stummick out of one of dem diesel motors over at the plant. His wife is one awful cook and his young ones always got cramps.

JARGE: Yes sir, I knows I can't stummick anyting she cooks up.

AUNT BESS: An my Jarge can eat just about anyting.

SUSE: Well byes, I got to go. I want to find out what happened on "All My Children". See ye all later. You goin to darts, Mame?

MAME: Yes, me maid. Our team is in the lead an dey needs me. I always gets away first. See ya tonite, Suse, ol girl.

SUSE: Yeah, see ya. (She leaves.)

ALL: See ya.

AUNT BESS: Dat Suse - I knowed her tongue would git someone in bad trouble yet. Come on, Jarge, let's go home an cook up dose bullbirds you shot dis Sunday. Sunday bullbirds always seems to taste better. See ya tamarr. Henry, don't let Suse pisen ya. (She and Jarge leave.)

HENRY: Boy, am I ever glad dis day is over. The worse ting is dat I got to face it all agin in a couple of monts. I'm goin to phone dat Legal Aid fella as soon as our phone gits fixed, and git dis ting straightened out once an fer all.

MAME: Das a good idea, bye. Henry, ol buddy, we'd better go. If Suse sees us in church togedder all by ourselves dis evenin, the next ting she'll be sayin is dat we're gettin married. An your ol woman an my ol man won't tink much of dat. Come on, bye, I still got to dump me bucket. Tank God, dere's one less dog to come on me heels. Dere's some justice in the worl after all!

THE END