

Identity Crisis

*Lights come on. Plaintiff Smith and Lawyer Sinclair sit at one table.
Defendant Graves and MacDonald sit at the other.*

Judge Honour enters.

Lawyer Sinclair: ***Standing*** All rise.

Everyone stands.

Plaintiff Smith: ***Rising, glancing at the audience*** Hey, what about them?!

Lawyer Sinclair: ***Turns to audience*** Jury, please rise. I got a hot bath running at home, I want to get this case over and done with.

Judge Honour: ***Rubbing eyes*** Sit down.

Lawyer Sinclair remains standing.

Lawyer Sinclair: Your honour, members of the jury, today plaintiff Smith is pressing charges against defendant Graves for identity theft.

Judge Honour: Calling plaintiff Smith's representative to make their opening statement.

Lawyer Sinclair walks to centre stage, and faces the audience.

Lawyer Sinclair: Good morning, I am Lawyer Sinclair, the prosecutor in this case. It is my greatest displeasure to represent plaintiff Smith.

Plaintiff Smith: Oh yeah, that's me! Gimme some! ***Tries to high five Lawyer Sinclair***

Lawyer Sinclair: ***Quietly*** Sir, please put your hand down, we're trying to remain professional.

Plaintiff Smith sits back down.

Lawyer Sinclair: ***Slides plaintiff Smith some stickers, stage whispers*** Here, just stay quiet, okay? ***Clears throat*** On October 18th, defendant Graves ***gestures to defendant Graves*** stole plaintiff Smith's identity by changing her physical appearance, as well as her hobbies, to fit that of plaintiff Smith's. We ask for a verdict of guilty.

Judge Honour falls asleep, occasionally mumbling.

Lawyer Sinclair: ***Looks at judge, shakes head and sighs*** Members of the jury, this case is about a woman who has made several attempts to steal the identity of plaintiff Smith. She is pretending to be clueless, but don't let her low intelligence fool you; defendant Graves knew exactly what she was doing.

Unfortunately, no witnesses that have been present to this abominable theft are able to come forward today. Nonetheless, we ask that you look through defendant Graves' lies, and see her for what she really is: a thief. Thank you.

Plaintiff Smith: ***Trying to chest bump Sinclair*** Oh yeah, killed it, buddy! Chest bump!

Lawyer Sinclair walks back to the table, sits down, ignoring plaintiff Smith's attempts at a chest bump.

Judge Honour wakes up.

Judge Honour: ***Groggily*** Calling the...other one...

Judge Honour falls back asleep.

MacDonald: ***Stands up, looks at audience*** Wait, is that me??
Dramatically looks around

MacDonald walks to centre stage, faces the audience.

MacDonald: First of all, defendant ***stage whispers to defendant Graves***
- what's your name again?

Defendant Graves: ***Stage whispers*** Graves. It's actually a really interesting name, you see, because three years ago, I-

MacDonald: ***Cutting off defendant Graves*** Defendant Graves would NEVER do such a thing.

Judge Honour jolts awake at the loud noise, goes in and out of sleep.

Defendant Graves: ***Stage whispers*** Aren't you supposed to say your name? Oh! This reminds me of the time when someone asked me who I was and I accidentally-

MacDonald: Oh yeah!! Well, my last name is MacDonald, but you can call me Big Mac. ***Finger guns at the jury*** Anyway, what was I saying? Oh yeah... ***passionately, jabbing finger at everyone*** SHE DIDN'T DO IT!!! SHE'S INNOCENT!!! ***Stage whispering to defendant Graves*** You're innocent, right?

Defendant Graves: ***Nodding enthusiastically*** Mhm! I've never seen the plaintiff in my life, although he does resemble my pet goldfish ***pause*** I think it's the hair. That reminds me, when I was seven-

Judge Honour lifts head, picks up the gavel.

Judge Honour: ***Still asleep*** Be quiet, the car door needs to swim...

Judge Honour hits the gavel, jolts awake.

Judge Honour: Uh...calling defendant Graves to the stand for questioning

Defendant Graves walks to stand. MacDonald sits back down. Lawyer Sinclair stands and slowly paces the room.

Lawyer Sinclair: Where were you on the 18th of October, at 5 pm?

Defendant Graves: Oh, well let me think. That would've been a Wednesday, and ever since June I've been meditating every morning from 7 to 9 am, and after that I usually shower, and then it would be time for work, but I only work half a shift on Wednesdays, ever since I started that new job a few years back, so that means I'd be done work at around 2:30, and recently I've been having cat naps after work, so let's say I wake up around 3 pm, and then I have a small snack, which reminds me of this amazing new ice cream flavour I bought the other day, it's peanut butter and blueberry, which sounds disgusting but I promise it's not, you have to try it, and when I was buying it at the store there was someone who was talking nonstop about the **news** and they just wouldn't—

Everyone: ***Yelling*** BE QUIET!!

Judge Honour: ***Exasperated*** Just answer the question. Please.

Defendant Graves: ***Blank smile*** What was the question again?

Lawyer Sinclair: ***Sighing, shaking head*** Where were you, at 5 pm, on October 18th?

Judge Honour starts dozing off.

Defendant Graves: Oh, I was at the hair salon.

Lawyer Sinclair: So you were getting a haircut, to look more similar to my client?

Defendant Graves: What? No! I love my long hair! A few years ago I started letting it grow out because I-

Plaintiff Smith: ***Jumping out of seat*** She's wearing extensions!! I can prove it!

Judge Honour jolts awake.

Lawyer Sinclair: Sir, sit down—

Plaintiff Smith runs to the stand, starts pulling on defendant Graves' hair.

Plaintiff Smith: ***Still pulling on defendant Graves' hair*** She just has a really good stylist! And these must be really expensive extensions! Y'know the real deal kind!

Judge Honour: ***Banging gavel*** Order in the court! Order in the court!!!

MacDonald: ***Jumping out of seat*** Hey! Get your grubby little hands off my client!!

MacDonald lunges at defendant Graves to pull her away.

Lawyer Sinclair: ***Holding plaintiff Smith back*** Hey, let go! Drop it! DROP IT!!!!

Plaintiff Smith: ***Walking back to seat*** Okay, okay, fine. But I'm right, and you know it. Even they know it! ***Points at audience***.

Lawyer Sinclair: ***Exasperated*** No further questions, your honour. ***Gives Smith a lollipop on the side*** Stay out of trouble, please?

Lawyer Sinclair walks back to seat. MacDonald is distracted.

Judge Honour: ***Sigh*** MacDonald? Sir. SIR!

MacDonald: ***Caught off-guard*** Me?? Okay. Uhhhh...

MacDonald walks to centre stage.

MacDonald: Are you GUILTY?! ***Slams hand down on Graves' stand***

Defendant Graves: Um, no. But one time, when my friend's dog groomer's fiancé was 9, he-

MacDonald: ***Pulls squeaky hammer out of pocket*** CASE CLOSED!!!
Hits squeaky hammer

Judge Honour jumps at the noise.

Lawyer Sinclair: ***Stands*** This is preposterous! He doesn't have any questions!

Judge Honour: I agree. If you have not prepared any questions today, just take your seat.

MacDonald: No, no, I do! ***Leans on Graves' stand*** So... have you ever baked banana bread before?

Defendant Graves: Ooh, I have! I've also baked cakes, cupcakes, cookies, cinnamon rolls, pumpkin loaf-

Lawyer Sinclair: Objection, relevance!

Judge Honour: Sustained. Defendant Graves, have a seat. Calling plaintiff Smith to the stand for questioning.

Defendant Graves walks back to seat. Plaintiff Smith walks to stand.

Judge Honour: ***To MacDonald*** Be professional. This is your last warning. I mean it.

MacDonald: ***Defeated*** Okay... So, Smith, is it? Before you ATTACKED my client-

Judge Honour: ***Yawn*** LAST warning, MacDonald.

Judge Honour falls asleep.

MacDonald: Fine, fine. Before you...gently tugged...on my client's hair you said she was wearing extensions. Is there proof?! I didn't think so.

Plaintiff Smith: Well what about her clothes?? I have shoes exactly like those ones in my closet at home!

MacDonald: Suuure, buddy.

Plaintiff Smith: I mean, do you blame her? Who wouldn't want to look this good? ***caressing chin***

MacDonald: ***Pulls out squeaky hammer, hits it*** Objection!!!!
OBJECTION!!! YOU'RE UGLY ANYWAY, THAT HAIR LOOKS LIKE A TOUPÉ AND YOUR SHOES ARE SO DUSTY THEY LOOK LIKE THE SAHARA DESERT!!!

Judge Honour jolts awake.

Plaintiff Smith: IS THAT RIGHT? WELL AT LEAST I DIDN'T BUY MY TIE FROM THE ZOO GIFT SHOP.

MacDonald: OHHH, SO THAT'S WHAT THIS IS ABOUT?? WELL AT LEAST MY HAIR DOESN'T REMIND MY CLIENT OF HER GOLDFISH!

Judge Honour: Enough, both of you!!

Plaintiff Smith: OH YEAH?! WELL—

Lawyer Sinclair: Oh for Pete's sake— ***Storms up to Plaintiff Smith and smacks a sticker on his forehead*** THERE! Now, may we PLEASE continue?!

MacDonald and plaintiff Smith are ready to fight.

Judge Honour: Yes, we may! MacDonald, sit down!! I will have... ***Yawn*** order..! Order in my courtroom...

MacDonald walks back to seat, glaring at Plaintiff Smith. Lawyer Sinclair rises.

Lawyer Sinclair: ***Stressed*** Aside from the hair, what other aspects of defendant Graves' appearance or lifestyle has she put effort into mimicking you?

Plaintiff Smith: She's been taking dance lessons to become an amazing dancer like yours truly! She's trying to learn my skills to be completely like me!

MacDonald: And how would you know that if you weren't STALKING my client?! Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Smith is CLEARLY insane!

Plaintiff Smith: ME INSANE?! Say that about your own client! She's trying to be me! She has been stalking me!

Defendant Graves: No way, José! I don't even know him! I just happen to like dancing in my free time! It's actually a really good way to release both

creative and emotional energy, which is something not a lot of art forms achieve. You know, someone really wise once said that–

Plaintiff Smith: ***Cutting off Graves*** The only way that we're able to solve this is... To have a dance battle... Hit it!

Colourful lights turn on. Plaintiff Smith tosses kazoo to Lawyer Sinclair.

Lawyer Sinclair: ***Wearily*** For the love of all that is holy, please don't make me– ***sigh***

Lawyer Sinclair defeatedly plays kazoo.

Plaintiff Smith dances for 30-60 seconds

Plaintiff Smith: ***Beat out*** See?! She's... She's trying to be a good dancer like me!

Judge Honour: I think we've heard enough. Please...just be seated.
Yawn Calling plaintiff Smith's representative to make their closing statement.

Judge Honour falls asleep.

Lawyer Sinclair: Thank you for your patience during this trial. In my opening statement, I stated that defendant Graves had-

MacDonald hits squeaky hammer off of table repeatedly. Defendant Graves talks nonstop. Judge Honour sleep talks. Plaintiff Smith tries to breakdance/beatbox.

MacDonald hits Lawyer Sinclair on the head with the squeaky hammer.

Lawyer Sinclair: I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!! YOU'RE ALL DRIVING ME INSANE!! ***Grabs "Lawyer" MacDonald's squeaky hammer and throws**

it* ALL OF YOU ARE CRAZY!! THERE IS NO RESPECT IN THIS COURTROOM!! I NEED MY BUBBLE BATH!! ***Running off stage*** I NEED IT NOW!!

MacDonald: ***Looking around*** Oh, well I guess it's my turn now. ***Clears throat***

Macdonald walks to centre stage.

MacDonald: As I said earlier, defendant Graves is innocent. Plaintiff Smith is CLEARLY crazy, and we ask for a ***Pause*** What's it called again?

Defendant Graves: Shouldn't you know this?? It's like a few years ago, when I-

MacDonald: How would I know this?? I never went to law school!!!

Everybody looks confused. Real Lawyer runs onto stage.

Real Lawyer: I'm so sorry I'm late!! There was heavy traffic, and- ***Looks at MacDonald*** Who are you?

MacDonald: Who are YOU?

Real Lawyer: I'm representing defendant Graves in this case.

MacDonald: And I'm Big Mac.

Uncomfortably long pause.

Plaintiff Smith: ***To MacDonald*** So...where did you come from?

MacDonald: Lawyer Sinclair just saw me outside the building and told me to come into the courtroom.

Defendant Graves: Then why are you wearing a suit? It's like that time I gave myself a makeover and-

MacDonald: I just like wearing suits. ***Shrug***

Plaintiff Smith: So you're not a lawyer.

MacDonald: Nah.

Real Lawyer: ***Looking around confused*** How did they even let you in here...?

MacDonald: No clue. But I do know a thing or two about a good defence. I watched a lot of Judge Judy back in the day. Let me tell you a thing or two about the court...Walk with me. Talk with me.

MacDonald puts his arm around Real Lawyer's shoulder, walking both of them off the stage.

Plaintiff Smith: I'll see y'all aroundd maybe hopefully not. ***finger guns while slowly walking off stage***

Judge Honour stays sleeping.

Defendant Graves: ***To the audience*** Well...I guess it's just me and you, huh? ***Awkward pause*** It reminds me of that time three years ago when I was in this exact same courtroom with the exact same judge, but I don't think she recognizes me because she was asleep most of the time, which is probably why she didn't mention seeing me all those years ago after I changed my name and my hair and my clothes and my accent so I could be just like my old coworker, Emily Graves, and- ***Covers mouth in shock*** I mean- it's not what you think, I-

Defendant Graves runs offstage.

Judge Honour: ***Waking up*** Huh? Oh, uh...alright. We'll give the jury time to reflect on both perspectives and...***waves hand distractedly*** give us your final verdict. ***Hits gavel***

Judge Honour walks offstage.