

# NIGHT COURT

## HOT DOG CART VIGNETTE

Written and Adapted for Stage By Felicia Pfluger

Run Time - About 4 Minutes 17 Seconds

SELMA	Court Clerk
LEE	Jersey Janitor
JUDGE HARRY	Judge
BOB WHEELER	Redneck
JUNE WHEELER	Redneck
DANIEL FIELDING	Prosecutor
MARKIE SULLIVAN	Defense

*At Rise. We are in a Manhattan Court Room*

**SELMA:** Court is in Session. All **Rise** for the Honorable Judge Harry Stone.

**LEE:** I Hear you need a **Russian Translator?**

**HARRY:** Do **you speak** Russian?

**LEE:** No! But I'll give it a shot!

**SELMA:** We have a return treat for you today, Sir!

**HARRY:** Anyone We **know?**

**BOB:** Hello, Sir! It's Usssssss!

**HARRY:** *(With complete happy-go-lucky enthusiasm)* **Bob and June Weaver!** As I live and breathe, How the heck **are** you?

**BOB:** *(Dead Pan)* Couldn't be better, Sir!

*(Like he is in front of royalty)* It is always a pleasure to be hauled up before you!

*(Grateful)* And as usual... the **accommodations** were lovely.

**LOIS:** And **why** you don't charge for those **strip searches** is **beyond** me!

Bob: Hello, Mr. Fielding! *(In Awe)* What a beautiful suit.

Daniel: *(Snidely)* The secret is... not SLEEPING in it.

*(Bob looks genuinely impressed at the notion)*

**MARKIE:** *(chiding shamefully)* Dannn..

**JUNE:** *(slowly)* Good to **see** you again Mrs. Sullivan.  
*(Sweetly)* Your looking as beautiful as ever.

**MARKIE:** Oh, Why thank you, Mrs. Weever.

**JUNE:** *(Wistfully)* I think I'd be lookin' that **fine** if I wouldn't of had all the **chittlins'**.

**HARRY:** Well, **now** that we **have** all the **pleasantries** out of the way, what the heck brings you by?!? I thought you went **home** to **West Virginia!**

**BOB:** *(Hanging head in shame. Sighs).* Sir, we are not **from** West Virginia.

**HARRY:** *(Confused. Slowly)* Your **not**...?

**JUNE:** *(Embarrassed)* No, Sir. We perjured ourselves...

**BOB:** And we **LIED, too...**

- HARRY:** *(Taking the bait)* So, why did you pick West Virginia.
- BOB:** I **don't know**. It was just the **first. Exotic place..** that popped into my head.
- MARKIE:** **Thennnn**, where are you from?
- JUNE:** *(Dead pan)* Isn't the **accent... obvious?**
- SELMA:** You mean you are from...
- BOB:** *(Utterly serious)* **YUGOSLAVIA.**
- HARRY:** *(very flat)* Hey, this is a faciliating story and-I-mean-that... but... Innnn the interest of time, *(exasperated)*what is hell is the case?
- DANIEL:** *(Respectful)* Your honor, The Wheelers were arrested for selling food without a license.
- JUNE:** *(Apologetic)* We had no idea you **needed a license** to sell **food**, your honor...
- BOB:** *(Desperately trying to explain)* It's not that way in **Sarajevo.**
- HARRY:** *(Wide eyed, slightly patronizing)*  
I bet it's NOT!
- JUNE:** *(Plaintively)* We sold all our earthly possessions **JUST to START this BUSINESS**, your Honor...
- BOB:** *(Grieving. Dead Pan)* The **Pick Up Truck... all the live stock...**
- JUNE:** Granny even wanted us to sell her wheelchair, *(Proudly)* but Bob wouldn't hear of it!

- BOB:** *(golly shucks)* Welllllll, it isn't even really a wheel chair.
- HARRY:** *(Curious)* It isn't?
- BOB:** No, Sir. We strapped her Barca-lounger to a furniture dollie.
- SELMA:** You could just popcorn and watch, you know. Like that "Caddyshack" movie!
- HARRY:** *(thoughtfully)* Hmmmm. Ok. Let me get this straight... You sold everything you-own-in-the-world... except the Barca-lounger... Annnnnd **then** you went out and bought a **restaurant**.
- BOB:** *(Flatly)* No Sir. A. Hot. Dog. Cart...
- MARKIE:** *(Shocked)* You sold **everything** you **had** ... for a **Hot. Dog. Cart?**
- JUNE:** *(Dreamily, Breathily)* **Yesssss...** It was a **Dream. Come true.**
- MARKIE:** Awww.
- BOB:** *(Resigned)* However, our good fortune **sooon** took a **turn** for the **worse...**
- DANIEL:** *(Smiling. Cuts him off)* **Here it comes...**
- BOB:** As the officer was **arresting** us, the **storm** hit. And...
- DANIEL:** *(Loud! Laying into it)* **And a REALLY large wind came. You had that BIG UMBRELLA UP – ANNNNND**

**BOB:** *(In shock, but dead pan)* It **scooped** up our "**Wienie Wagon**"...

*(ALL CAST LOOK UPWARDS ON NEXT LINES. ONE HEAD MOVEMENT FOR EACH "UP")*

**BOB:** UP.... UP.... UP... UP it went.

**JUNE:** **Until** it was **NOTHING** more than a **teeny, weanie, tiny little DOT** in the **SKY**...

**BOB:** *(Surreally. Sighs)* And then it was **gonnne**...

**MARKIE:** *(Coming out of the "wienie trance")* Thank **GOD** no one was **hurt!**

**BOB:** *(Relieved)* **Yuaaaaah. Everything turned out FINE with GRANNY, TOO.**

**MARKIE:** Oh. The **one** in the **wheel chair**? What was she doing?

**BOB:** *(Slowly and thoughtfully)* **Oh. 'Bout 80 to 85 miles per hour I reckon'. She was a twirlin' so fast, I could hardly make it out!**

**JUNE:** *(Shakes head to clear thoughts)* Um...Your Honor – Due to the... **pathetic circumstances** of these happenings. I ask that the charges be dropped due to a... a **lack of Any. Remaining EVIDENCE?**

**HARRY:** Prosecution?

**DANIEL:** Let's just **put them out** of their **misery. A padded Cell?**

**HARRY:** Ok, Then, **Case. Dismissed!**