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Twelve Angry Men

A Play

Reginald Rose

A Samuel French Acting Edition



SAMUEL FRENCH
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TWELVE ANGRY MEN

The Bristol Old Vic's new production, produced by Michael Edwards and Carole Winter, by arrangement with David Mirvish, opened at the Comedy Theatre, London, on 22nd April 1996, with the following cast:

Foreman	Stuart Rayner
2nd Juror	Kevin Dignam
3rd Juror	Tony Haygarth
4th Juror	Timothy West
5th Juror	Maurice Kaufmann
6th Juror	Douglas McFerran
7th Juror	Tim Healy
8th Juror	Kevin Whately
9th Juror	Alan MacNaughtan
10th Juror	Peter Vaughan
11th Juror	Robert East
12th Juror	Christopher Simon
Guard	Joshua Losey
Judge's voice	E. G. Marshall

Directed by Harold Pinter
Set designed by Eileen Diss
Costumes designed by Tom Rand
Lighting by Mick Hughes
Sound by Tom Lishman
Assistant Director Joe Harmston

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TWELVE ANGRY MEN

Produced by Leo Genn and Kenneth Wagg at the Queen's Theatre, London, on the 9th July 1964, with the following cast of characters:

Guard	Eric Mason
Foreman of the Jury	Barry Lowe
Jurors	Olaf Pooley, Robert Urquhart, Walter Fitzgerald, Mark Kingston, John Bay, Ken Wayne, Leo Genn, Arnold Ridley, Grant Taylor, Peter Illing, Paul Maxwell
Voice of the Judge	James Dyrenforth

Directed by Margaret Webster
Setting by Norman Smith

CHARACTERS

1st Juror (Foreman)
2nd Juror
3rd Juror
4th Juror
5th Juror
6th Juror
7th Juror
8th Juror
9th Juror
10th Juror
11th Juror
12th Juror
Guard

Judge's Voice

Setting — The jury-room of a New York Court of Law
Time — 1957

ACT I

The jury-room of a New York Court of Law, 1957. A very hot summer afternoon

It is a large, drab, bare room in need of painting, with three windows in the back wall through which can be seen the New York skyline. Off the jury-room is a wash-room with wash-basin, soap and towels (visible on stage) and a lavatory beyond. A large, scarred table is centre with twelve chairs around it. A bench stands against the wall and there are several extra chairs and a small table in the room, plus a water-cooler, with paper cups and a waste-basket and an electric fan over the bench and a clock above the cooler and row of hooks for coats, with a shelf over it. There are pencils, pads and ashtrays on the table. At night the room is lit by fluorescent lighting with the switch next to the door

When the CURTAIN *rises, the room is empty. The voice of the judge is heard*

Judge's Voice ... and that concludes the court's explanation of the legal aspects of this case. And now, gentlemen of the jury, I come to my final instruction to you. Murder in the first degree — premeditated homicide — is the most serious charge tried in our criminal courts. You've listened to the testimony and you've had the law read to you and interpreted as it applies to this case. It now becomes your duty to try and separate the facts from the fancy. One man is dead. The life of another is at stake. I urge you to deliberate honestly and thoughtfully. If there is a reasonable doubt — then you must bring me a verdict of "not guilty". If, however, there is no reasonable doubt — then you must, in good conscience, find the accused guilty. However you decide, your verdict must be unanimous. In the event you find the accused guilty, the bench will not entertain a recommendation for mercy. The death sentence is mandatory in this case.

The door opens and the Guard enters. He carries a clipboard with a list of the jurors

I don't envy you your job. You are faced with a grave responsibility. Thank you, gentlemen.

There is a brief pause. Sound of Jurors walking, talking

Guard All right, let's move along, gentlemen.

The Jurors enter

The Guard checks his list

The 9th Juror, an old man, crosses, goes into the wash-room, and exits to the lavatory

The 4th Juror begins to read a newspaper. Several Jurors open the windows. Others move awkwardly about the room. There is no conversation for a few moments. The 3rd Juror takes out some notes and studies them. The 2nd Juror crosses to the water-cooler, and gets a cup of water. The Foreman tears a sheet from a notepad and tears up little slips of paper for ballots. The Guard crosses to the 12th Juror and checks his name. The 7th Juror crosses to the 4th Juror and offers him a stick of gum. The 4th Juror shakes his head

7th Juror (*turning to the 8th Juror*) Do you want some gum?
8th Juror (*smiling*) No, thanks.

The 7th Juror vigorously chews a piece of gum himself and crosses to the 6th Juror

7th Juror (*mopping his brow*) Y'know something? I phoned up for the weather. This is the hottest day of the year.

The 6th Juror nods and gazes out of the window

You'd think they'd at least air-condition the place. I almost dropped dead in court.

Guard OK, gentlemen. Everybody's here. If there's anything you want, I'm right outside. Just knock.

The Guard exits and in the silence the sound is heard of the door being locked

5th Juror I never knew they locked the door.
10th Juror Sure they lock the door. What'd you think?
5th Juror I don't know. It just never occurred to me.

The 10th Juror crosses and pauses beside the Foreman and indicates the slips of paper

10th Juror Hey, what's that for?
Foreman Well, I figured we might want to vote by ballots.

10th Juror Great idea! Maybe we can get him elected senator. (*He laughs until he begins to cough*)

The Foreman looks at his watch and compares it with the clock. The 3rd Juror takes a cup of water from the water-cooler, moves to the 2nd Juror and looks around the room as he sips the water

3rd Juror (*to the 2nd Juror*) How'd you like it?
2nd Juror (*mildly*) I don't know, it was pretty interesting.
3rd Juror Yeah? I was falling asleep.
2nd Juror I mean, I've never been on a jury before.
3rd Juror Really? I've sat on juries, and it always amazes me the way these lawyers can talk, and talk and talk, even when the case is as obvious as this one. I mean, did you ever hear so much talk about nothing?
2nd Juror Well, I guess they're entitled.
3rd Juror Sure they are. Everybody deserves a fair trial. That's the system. Listen, I'm the last one to say anything against it, but I'm telling you sometimes I think we'd be better off if we took these tough kids and slapped 'em down before they make trouble, you know? Save us a lot of time and money.

The 2nd Juror looks nervously at the 3rd Juror, nods, rises, moves to the water-cooler, refills his cup and stands alone, sipping

7th Juror (*to the Foreman*) Hey, how about getting started here?
3rd Juror Yeah, let's get this over with. We've probably all got things to do.
Foreman Well, I was figuring we'd take a five-minute break. I mean, the old man's in the□ bathroom ...
5th Juror (*to the Foreman, hesitantly*) Are we going to sit in order?
Foreman I don't know.

The 8th Juror is looking out the window

12th Juror (*to the 8th Juror*) Not a bad view.

The 8th Juror nods

What d'you think of the case?

The 8th Juror doesn't answer

It had a lot of interest for me. No dead spots — know what I mean? I'll tell you we were lucky to get a murder case. I figured us for a burglary or an

assault or something. Those can be the dullest. (*He looks out of the window*) Say, isn't that the Woolworth building?

8th Juror That's right.

12th Juror Funny, I've lived here all my life and I've never been in it.

The 8th Juror gazes out of the window. The 12th Juror looks at him for a moment then moves away

7th Juror (*to the10th Juror*) Goddamn waste of time. (*He laughs*)

10th Juror Yeah, can you imagine, sitting there for three days just for this?

7th Juror And what about that business with the knife? I mean, asking grown-up people to believe that kind of bullshit.

10th Juror Well, look, you've gotta expect that. You know what you're dealing with.

7th Juror Yeah, I suppose so.

The 10th Juror blows his nose vigorously

What's the matter, you got a cold?

10th Juror And how. These hot weather colds can kill you. I can hardly touch my nose. Know what I mean? (*He blows his nose loudly*)

7th Juror Well, your horn's all right. Now try your lights. (*He climbs on to the bench and tries the fan*) Oh, that's beautiful, the fan doesn't work. (*He steps down*) Somebody take a letter to the mayor. "Dear Stingy ... "

Foreman (*about the fan*) Let me take a look at it.

The 3rd Juror moves above the 4th Juror, leans over and scans the 4th Juror's newspaper. The Foreman climbs on the bench and examines the fan

It doesn't work. (*He climbs down*)

3rd Juror (*to the 4th Juror*) I didn't get a chance to look at the newspapers today. Anything new going on?

4th Juror I was just wondering how the market closed.

3rd Juror I wouldn't know. Say, are you on the Exchange or something?

4th Juror I'm a broker.

3rd Juror Really? I run a messenger service. "The Beck and Call Company." The name's my wife's idea. I employ thirty-seven people ... Started with nothing.

7th Juror (*looking at his watch*) Hey, Mr Foreman, let's go. What d'you say?

Foreman All right, gentlemen. Let's take seats.

7th Juror (*to the 2nd Juror*) This better be fast. I got tickets to a ball game tonight. Yankees — Cleveland. We got this new kid pitching, Modjelewski,

or whatever his name is. He's a bull, this kid. (*He shoots his hand forward and out to indicate the path of a curve ball*) Shhooooom. A real jug handle.

There is no reaction at all from the 2nd Juror

You're quite a ball fan, aren't you?(*He turns to the Foreman*) Where do you want us to sit?

Foreman Well, I was thinking we ought to sit in order, by jury numbers. (*He points with each number*) Two, three, four, and so on, if that's OK with you gentlemen?

10th Juror What's the difference?

4th Juror I think it's reasonable to sit according to number.

10th Juror (*rising*) Let it be. (*He moves and sits on chair 10*)

The Jurors begin to take their seats. The 8th Juror continues to stare out of the window. The 9th Juror is still in the lavatory

12th Juror (*to the 11th Juror*) What was your impression of the prosecuting attorney?

11th Juror (*with a German accent*) I beg pardon?

12th Juror I thought he was really sharp. I mean, the way he hammered home his points, one by one, in logical sequence. It takes a good brain to do that. I was very impressed.

11th Juror Yes, I think he did an expert job.

12th Juror I mean, he had a lot of drive, too. Real drive.

7th Juror OK, let's get this show on the road.

Foreman (*to the 8th Juror*) How about sitting down?

The 8th Juror does not hear the Foreman

The gentleman at the window.

The 8th Juror turns, startled

How about sitting down?

8th Juror Oh, I'm sorry. (*He moves to his chair and sits*)

The 9th Juror enters the wash-room from the lavatory and washes his hands

10th Juror (*across the table to the 4th Juror*) It's pretty tough to figure, isn't it? A kid kills his father. Bing! Just like that.

12th Juror Well, if you analyse the figures ...

10th Juror What figures? It's those people! I'm tellin' you they let the kids run wild up there. Well, maybe it serves 'em right. Know what I mean?

The Foreman crosses to the wash-room door

7th Juror (*to the 5th Juror*) Hey, you a Yankee fan?
5th Juror No. Milwaukee.
7th Juror Milwaukee! That's like being hit on the head with a crowbar once a day. Listen, who they got — I'm asking you, who they got besides great groundskeepers?
Foreman (*to the 9th Juror*) We'd like to get started.

The 9th Juror enters from the wash-room

9th Juror I'm sorry.

The 9th Juror crosses and takes his seat

7th Juror Milwaukee!
Foreman All right. Now you gentlemen can handle this any way you want to. I mean, I'm not going to have any rules. If we want to discuss first and then vote, that's one way. Or we can vote right now to see how we stand. (*He pauses and looks around*) Well, that's all I have to say.
4th Juror I think it's customary to take a preliminary vote.
7th Juror Yeah, let's vote. Who knows, maybe we can all go home.
Foreman It's up to you. Just let's remember we've got a first degree murder charge here. If we vote "guilty", we send the accused to the electric chair. That's mandatory.
4th Juror I think we all know that.
3rd Juror Come on, let's vote.
10th Juror Yeah, let's see who's where.
Foreman Anybody doesn't want to vote? (*He looks around*)

The others are silent

All right. This has to be a twelve-to-nothing vote either way. That's the law. OK, are we ready? All those voting "guilty" raise your hands.

Seven or eight hands go up immediately. Several others go up more slowly. Everyone looks around the table as the Foreman rises and begins to count hands. The 9th Juror's hand goes up now, and all hands are raised except the 8th Juror's

... Nine — ten — eleven. That's eleven for "guilty". OK. "Not guilty"?

The 8th Juror slowly raises his hand

One. Right. OK, eleven to one — "guilty". Now we know where we are. (*He resumes his seat*)

10th Juror Boy-oh-boy! There's always one.

7th Juror (*after a pause*) So, what do we do now?

8th Juror Well, I guess we talk.

10th Juror Boy-oh-boy!

3rd Juror (*leaning over towards the 8th Juror*) Well, look, do you really think he's innocent?

8th Juror I don't know.

3rd Juror I mean, let's be reasonable. You sat in court and heard the same things we did. The man's a dangerous killer. You could see it.

8th Juror The man! He's sixteen years old.

3rd Juror Well, that's old enough. He knifed his own father. Four inches into the chest.

6th Juror (*to the 8th Juror*) It's pretty obvious. I mean, I was convinced from the first day.

3rd Juror Well, who wasn't? (*To the 8th Juror*) I really think this is one of those open and shut things. They proved it a dozen different ways. Would you like me to list them for you?

8th Juror No.

10th Juror Then what do you want?

8th Juror Nothing. I just want to talk.

7th Juror Well, what's there to talk about? Eleven men here agree. Nobody had to think twice about it, except you.

10th Juror I want to ask you something. Do you believe his story?

8th Juror I don't know whether I believe it or not. Maybe I don't.

7th Juror So what'd you vote "not guilty" for?

8th Juror There were eleven votes for "guilty". It's not easy for me to raise my hand and send a boy off to die without talking about it first.

7th Juror Who says it's easy for me?

8th Juror No-one.

7th Juror What, just because I voted fast? I think the guy's guilty. You couldn't change my mind if you talked for a hundred years.

8th Juror I'm not trying to change your mind. It's just that we're talking about somebody's life here. I mean, we can't decide in five minutes. Suppose we're wrong?

7th Juror Suppose we're wrong! Suppose this whole building fell on my head. You can suppose anything.

8th Juror That's right.

7th Juror (*after a pause*) What's the difference how long it takes? We honestly think he's guilty. So suppose we finish in five minutes? So what?
8th Juror Let's take an hour. The ball game doesn't start till eight o'clock.
7th Juror (*smiling*) OK, slugger, be my guest.

There is a silence

Foreman (*hesitantly*) Well, who's got something to say?

He looks at the 2nd Juror

How about you?
2nd Juror Not me.
9th Juror I'm willing to put in an hour.
10th Juror Great. I heard a pretty good story last night. This woman comes running into the doctor's office, stripped to the waist — —
8th Juror That's not what we're sitting here for.
10th Juror All right, then you tell me. What are we sitting here for?
8th Juror Maybe for no reason. I don't know. Look, this boy's been kicked around all his life. You know — living in a slum, his mother dead since he was nine. He spent a year and a half in an orphanage while his father served a jail term for forgery. That's not a very good head start. He's had a pretty terrible sixteen years. I think maybe we owe him a few words. That's all.
10th Juror I don't mind telling you this, mister. We don't owe him a thing. He got a fair trial, didn't he? What d'you think the trial cost? He's lucky he got it. Know what I mean? (*He rises and looks around at the others*) Look, we're all grown-ups here. We heard the facts, didn't we? Now, you're not going to tell us that we're supposed to believe that kid, knowing what he is. Listen, I've lived among 'em all my life. You can't believe a word they say. I mean, they're born liars.
9th Juror It suddenly occurs to me that you must be an ignorant man.
10th Juror What do you mean? What's he talking about?
9th Juror Do you think you have a monopoly on the truth?
10th Juror What are you making a Federal Case out of it for? (*To the others*) How d'ya like this guy?
9th Juror (*to the others*) I think certain things should be pointed out to this man.
3rd Juror All right. It's not Sunday. We don't need a sermon in here.
10th Juror Monopoly! For Chrissakes.

The 9th Juror half rises but then feels the 8th Juror's hand firmly on his arm, gently pulling him down. The 12th Juror doodles on his notepad

4th Juror If we're going to discuss this case, let's stick to the facts.

Foreman Right. We have a job to do. Let's do it. Maybe if the gentleman who's disagreeing down there could tell us why. You know, tell us what he thinks — we could show him where he's probably mixed up.

11th Juror (*looking at the 12th Juror's doodle*) What are you doing?

12th Juror Mmm? Oh. (*He holds up the doodle*) It's one of the products I work on at the ad agency. Rice Pops. "The Breakfast with the Built-in Bounce." I wrote that line.

11th Juror (*smiling in spite of himself*) It's very catchy.

Foreman If you don't mind!

The 2nd Juror rises, goes to the coat-hooks and takes a package of cough drops from his jacket pocket

12th Juror I'm sorry. I have this habit of doodling. It keeps me thinking clearly.

Foreman We're trying to get some place here. Y'know we can sit here forever ...

12th Juror Well, look, maybe this is an idea. I'm just thinking out loud, but it seems to me it's up to us to convince this gentleman — (*he indicates the 8th Juror*) that we're right and he's wrong. Maybe if we each took a minute or two. I mean, it's just a quick thought ...

Foreman No, I think it's a good one. Supposing we go once around the table in order of jury numbers.

7th Juror Anything. Let's start it off.

Foreman OK. (*To the 2nd Juror*) That means you're first.

2nd Juror Oh. Well ... (*He pauses nervously*) Well, it's hard to put into words. I just — think he's guilty. I thought it was obvious from the word go. I mean nobody proved otherwise.

8th Juror Nobody has to prove otherwise. The burden of proof is on the prosecution. The defendant doesn't have to open his mouth. That's in the Constitution. You've heard of it.

2nd Juror (*flustered*) Well, sure I've heard of it. I know what it is. I — what I meant — well, the man is guilty. I mean, somebody saw him do it. (*He looks around helplessly*)

3rd Juror OK. (*He refers to his notes*) Now, here's what I think, and I have no personal feelings about this. I'm talking facts. Number one. Let's take the old man who lived on the second floor right underneath the room where the murder took place. At ten minutes after twelve on the night of the killing he heard loud noises in the apartment upstairs. He said it sounded like a fight. Then he heard the kid shout out, "I'm gonna kill you." A second later he heard a body fall and he ran to the door of his apartment, looked out and

saw the kid running down the stairs and out of the house. Then he called the police. They found the father with a knife in his chest.

Foreman And the coroner fixed the time of the death at around midnight.

3rd Juror Right. I mean, there are facts for you. You can't refute facts. This boy is guilty. Look, I'm as sentimental as the next guy. I know the kid is only sixteen, but he's still got to pay for what he did.

7th Juror I'm with you, pops.

4th Juror (*removing his eyeglasses*) It was obvious to me, anyway, that the boy's entire story was flimsy. He claimed he was at the movies during the time of the killing and yet one hour later he couldn't remember what films he saw or who played in them.

3rd Juror That's right. Did you hear that? (*To the 4th Juror*) You're absolutely right.

4th Juror No-one saw him going into or out of the theatre.

10th Juror Listen, what about that woman across the street? If her testimony don't prove it, nothing does.

11th Juror That's right. She was the one who actually saw the killing.

Foreman (*half rising*) Let's go in order here.

10th Juror (*rising, handkerchief in hand*) Just a minute. Here's a woman ... (*He blows his nose*) Here's a woman who's lying in bed and can't sleep. She's dying with the heat. Know what I mean? Anyway, she looks out the window and right across the street she sees the kid stick the knife into his father. The time is twelve ten on the nose. Everything fits. Look, she's known the kid all his life. His window is right opposite hers, across the el tracks, and she swore she saw him do it.

8th Juror Through the windows of a passing elevated train.

10th Juror Right. This el train had no passengers on it. It was just being moved downtown. The lights were out, remember? And they proved in court that at nights you can look through the windows of an el train when the lights are out and see what's happening on the other side. They proved it.

8th Juror (*to the 10th Juror*) I'd like to ask you something.

10th Juror Sure.

8th Juror You don't believe the boy. How come you believe the woman? She's one of "them", too, isn't she?

10th Juror (*suddenly angry*) You're a pretty smart fellow, aren't you?

The 10th Juror crosses towards the 8th Juror. Several jurors rise as if to intercept the 10th Juror

Foreman Hey, let's take it easy.

10th Juror (*angrily*) What's he so wise about? I'm telling you ...

3rd Juror Come on. Sit down. What are you letting him get you all upset for?

The 10th Juror sits

Foreman Let's calm down now. Let's try to keep it peaceful in here. Whose turn is it? (*To the 5th Juror*) OK. How about you?

5th Juror (*looking nervously around*) I'll pass it.

Foreman That's your privilege. How about the next gentleman?

6th Juror I don't know. I started to be convinced, uh — you know, very early in the case. Well, I was looking for the motive. That's very important. If there's no motive, where's the case? So anyway, that testimony from those people across the hall from the kid's apartment, that was very powerful. Didn't they say something about an argument between the father and the boy around seven o'clock that night? I mean, I can be wrong.

11th Juror It was eight o'clock. Not seven.

8th Juror That's right. Eight o'clock. They heard an argument, but they couldn't hear what it was about. Then they heard the father hit the boy twice, and finally they saw the boy walk angrily out of the house. What does that prove?

6th Juror Well, it doesn't exactly prove anything. It's just part of the picture. I didn't say it proved anything.

8th Juror You said it revealed a motive for the killing. The prosecuting attorney said the same thing. Well, I don't think it's a very strong motive. This boy has been hit so many times in his life that violence is practically a normal state of affairs for him. I can't see two slaps in the face provoking him into committing murder.

4th Juror (*quietly*) It may have been two slaps too many. Everyone has a breaking point.

Foreman (*to the 6th Juror*) Anything else?

6th Juror No.

Foreman OK. (*To the 7th Juror*) How about the next gentleman?

7th Juror Me? (*He pauses, looks around, shrugs*) I don't know, it's practically all said already. We can talk about it forever. I mean, this kid is oh for five. Look at his record. He was in Children's Court when he was ten for throwing a rock at his teacher. At fourteen he was in Reform School. He stole a car. He's been arrested for mugging. He was picked up twice for trying to slash another teenager with a knife. He's real quick with switch knives, they said. This is a very fine boy.

8th Juror Ever since he was five years old his father beat him up regularly. He used his fists.

7th Juror So would I. A kid like that.

4th Juror Wouldn't you call those beatings a motive for him to kill his father?

8th Juror (*after a pause*) I don't know. It's a motive for him to be an angry kid. I'll say that.

3rd Juror It's the kids, the way they are nowadays. Angry! Hostile! You can't do a damn thing with them. Just the way they talk to you. Listen, when I was his age I used to call my father "Sir". That's right, "Sir!" You ever hear a boy call his father that any more?

8th Juror Fathers don't seem to think it's important any more.

3rd Juror No? Have you got any kids?

8th Juror Two.

3rd Juror Yeah, well I've got one. He's twenty. We did everything for that boy and what happened? When he was nine he ran away from a fight. I saw him. I was so ashamed I almost threw up. So I told him right out. "I'm gonna make a man outa you or I'm gonna bust you in half trying." Well, I made a man outa him all right. When he was sixteen we had a battle. He hit me in the face. He's big, y'know. I haven't seen him in two years. Rotten kid. You work your heart out ... (*He breaks off. He has said more than he intended. He is embarrassed*) All right. Let's get on with it.

4th Juror (*rising*) I think we're missing the point here. This boy, let's say he's a product of a filthy neighbourhood and a broken home. We can't help that. We're here to decide whether he's guilty or innocent of murder, not to go into reasons why he grew up this way. He was born in a slum. Slums are breeding grounds for criminals. I know it. So do you. It's no secret. Children from slum backgrounds are potential menaces to society. Now I think — —

10th Juror (*interrupting*) Brother, you can say that again. The kids who crawl outa those places are real trash. I don't want any part of them, I'm telling you.

5th Juror (*rising*) I've lived in a slum all my life. I nurse that trash in Harlem Hospital six nights a week.

10th Juror Oh, now wait a second ...

5th Juror I used to play in a backyard that was filled with garbage. Maybe it still smells on me.

10th Juror (*his anger rising*) Now listen, buddy.

Foreman (*to the 5th Juror*) Now, let's be reasonable. There's nothing personal ...

5th Juror (*loudly*) There is something personal!

The 3rd Juror moves to the 5th Juror and pats him on the shoulder. The 5th Juror does not look up

3rd Juror Come on, now. He didn't mean you, feller. Let's not be so sensitive.

11th Juror This sensitivity I understand.

Foreman All right, let's stop all this arguing. We're wasting time here. (*He points to the 8th Juror*) It's your turn. Let's go.

8th Juror Well, I didn't expect a turn. I thought you were all supposed to be convincing me. Wasn't that the idea?

Foreman Check. I forgot that.

10th Juror Well, what's the difference? He's the one who's keeping us here. Let's hear what he's got to say.

Foreman Now just a second. We decided to do it a certain way. Let's stick to what we said.

10th Juror (*disgusted*) Ah, stop bein' a kid, will you?

Foreman A kid! Listen, what d'you mean by that?

10th Juror What d'ya think I mean? K-I-D, kid!

Foreman What, just because I'm trying to keep this thing organized? Listen. (*He rises*) You want to do it? Here. You sit here. You take the responsibility. I'll just shut up, that's all.

10th Juror Listen, what are you gettin' so hot about? Calm down, will ya?

Foreman Don't tell me to calm down. Here! Here's the chair. You keep it goin' smooth and everything. What d'ya think, it's a snap? Come on, Mr Foreman. Let's see how great you'd run the show.

10th Juror (*to the 11th Juror*) Did y'ever see such a thing?

Foreman You think it's funny or something?

12th Juror Take it easy. The whole thing's unimportant.

Foreman Unimportant? You want to try it?

12th Juror No. Listen, you're doing a beautiful job. Nobody wants to change.

7th Juror Yeah, you're doing great. Hang in there and pitch.

10th Juror All right. Let's hear from somebody.

There is a pause

8th Juror Well, if you want me to tell you how I feel about it right now, it's all right with me.

Foreman (*softly*) I don't care what you do.

8th Juror (*after a pause*) All right. I haven't got anything brilliant. I only know as much as you do. According to the testimony the boy looks guilty. Maybe he is. I sat there in court for three days listening while the evidence built up. Everybody sounded so positive that I started to get a peculiar feeling about this trial. I mean, nothing is that positive. I had questions I would have liked to ask. Maybe they wouldn't have meant anything. I don't know. But I started to feel that the defence counsel wasn't doing his job. He let too many things go. Little things.

10th Juror What little things? Listen, when these guys don't ask questions, that's because they know the answers already and they figure they'll be hurt.

8th Juror Maybe. It's also possible for a lawyer to be just plain stupid, isn't it?

6th Juror You sound like you've met my brother-in-law.

A few of the jurors laugh

8th Juror (*smiling*) I kept putting myself in the boy's place. I would have asked for another lawyer, I think. I mean, if I was on trial for my life I'd want my lawyer to tear the prosecution witnesses to shreds, or at least to try. Look, there was one alleged eyewitness to this killing. Someone else claims he heard the killing and then saw the boy running out afterwards. There was a lot of circumstantial evidence, but actually those two witnesses were the entire case for the prosecution. Supposing they were wrong?

12th Juror What do you mean, "Supposing they were wrong?" What's the point of having witnesses at all?

8th Juror Could they be wrong?

12th Juror They sat on the stand under oath. What are you trying to say?

8th Juror They're only people. People make mistakes. Could they be wrong?

12th Juror I ... No! I don't think so.

8th Juror Do you know so?

12th Juror Well, now, listen. Nobody can know a thing like that. This isn't an exact science.

8th Juror That's right. It isn't.

3th Juror (*rising angrily*) All right. (*To the 8th Juror*) Let's try to get to the point here. What about the switch-knife they found in the father's chest?

2nd Juror Well, wait a minute. I think we oughta ... There are some people who haven't talked yet. Shouldn't we ... ?

3rd Juror Look, they can talk whenever they like. Now just be quiet a second, will you? (*He turns to the 8th Juror*) OK, what about the knife? You know, the one that fine, upright boy admitted buying on the night of the murder. Let's talk about that.

8th Juror All right, let's talk about it. Let's get it in here and look at it. I'd like to see it again. (*He turns to the Foreman*) Mr Foreman?

The Foreman rises and crosses to the door

3rd Juror We all know what it looks like.

The Foreman knocks on the door

The Guard unlocks the door and enters

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