Acting Edition

Twelve Angry Men: A Musical

Music and Lyrics by
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Book by
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Adapted from the play by
Reginald Rose

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SAMUEL FRENCH

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TWELVE ANGRY MEN: A MUSICAL was first produced by Theater Latté Da (Peter Rothstein, Founding Artistic Director; Elisa Spencer-Kaplan, Managing Director), Minneapolis, Minnesota, and had its world premiere there on June 11, 2022. The performance was directed by Peter Rothstein, with music direction by Denise Prosek, choreography by Kelli Foster Warder, scenic design by Benjamin Olsen, costume design by Matthew LeFebvre, lighting design by Paul Whitaker, sound design by Nicholas Tranby, associate music direction by Russ Kaplan, orchestrations by Michael Holland, and dramaturgy by Elissa Adams. The production stage manager was Z Makila. The cast was as follows:

FOREMAN (JUROR NUMBER 1) . . . . . Matt Riehle
JUROR NUMBER 2 . . . . . Riley McNutt
JUROR NUMBER 3 . . . . . Charlie Clark
JUROR NUMBER 4 . . . . . Sasha Andreev
JUROR NUMBER 5 . . . . . Brian Kim McCormick
JUROR NUMBER 6 . . . . . Adan Varela
JUROR NUMBER 7 . . . . . Wariboko Semenitari
JUROR NUMBER 8 . . . . . Curtis Bannister
JUROR NUMBER 9 . . . . . T Mychael Rambo
JUROR NUMBER 10 . . . . . James Michael Detmar
JUROR NUMBER 11 . . . . . Bradley Greenwald
JUROR NUMBER 12 . . . . . Reese Britts

CHARACTERS

FOREMAN (JUROR NUMBER 1) – 30s; solid, working man; high school assistant football coach in Queens; takes his duties seriously, wants to do a good job; Caucasian

JUROR NUMBER 2 – 20–30s; bank teller; excited about the jury process; Caucasian

JUROR NUMBER 3 – 40–50s; bullish, gruff, passionate; a bulwark of a man; owns a messenger service; very excitable; high voice/short fuse; Caucasian

JUROR NUMBER 4 – 40s; stock broker; analytical to a fault; rational; buttoned up; does not sweat; Caucasian

JUROR NUMBER 5 – 20s; male nurse, on the shy side; lives and works in Harlem; Korean American

JUROR NUMBER 6 – 30s; blue collar; house painter; plain-spoken, genuine; respects his elders; Mexican American

JUROR NUMBER 7 – 20s; marmalade salesman; snappy, sporty guy; always ready with a joke; big Yankees fan, has tickets to a game tonight; African American

JUROR NUMBER 8 – 30s; architect; rational, empathetic, compassionate and unsatisfied with the evidence; a brand new daddy of a six-month-old baby boy; African American

JUROR NUMBER 9 – 68; retired; congenial, inquisitive; 20/20 vision; does not suffer fools gladly; African American

JUROR NUMBER 10 – 40s–50s; coarse, belligerent, entertaining; owns several commercial garages; has a bad summer cold and a bad opinion of anyone different from himself; Caucasian

JUROR NUMBER 11 – 40s; soft-spoken; keen mind; polite; watchmaker; Middle European, post-war immigrant; Caucasian

JUROR NUMBER 12 – 30s; bright-eyed ad man; talks in slogans; amiable; his opinion flip-flops with the force of argument; African American/mixed race

SETTING

The Jury Room of a New York City Court of Law.

TIME

Summer, 1959

AUTHORS' NOTES

Reginald Rose's *Twelve Angry Men* has been part of the American cultural fabric for decades. Our adaptation process has been to musicalize and calibrate the connection between this wonderful, incisive play, and the world we live in now. We began by integrating the all-white cast of the original script with a mix of non-white characters who connect the play to our current, multi-cultural world. This allowed us to incorporate nuances that filter our current age through the 1950s setting. Musically, we went full throttle with the toxic masculinity already present in the play, and found its musical expression in the swagger of late 1950s post-Bop jazz. The harmonies are dissonant and tense, the feeling sparse and jittery, which perfectly suits the themes of rage, father/son issues, racism, ageism, and the American judicial system. The music and dialogue bubble up out of one another as the men, who are diverse in their class, educational levels, and ethnicities, converge and interact. Despite their differences, they arrive at a peaceful resolution of their conflicts, providing us with the hope that we, too, can do the same.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

01. Voir Dire . . . . . .Company
02. The Oath. . . . . .Company
03. Hottest Day of the Year . . . . . .Company
04. The Very Least. . . . . .Number 8
05. Once Around the Table . . . . . .Company
06. Ask Me If I Care . . . . . .Number 3
07. Never Too Easy . . . . . .Company
08. Know What I Mean . . . . . .Number 10
09. Lights Out . . . . . .Number 8
10. Just Words . . . . . .Company
11. Coincidence . . . . . .Number 4 & Company
12. Somewhere Between Now and Then. . . . . .Number 9
13. The Big Idea. . . . . .Company
14. Raindrops. . . . . Number 11
15. Killing You . . . . . .Numbers 3, 5, 8 & Company
16. Strike Three . . . . . .Numbers 7 & 11
17. What I Meant . . . . . .Number 10
18. The Only One Who Sees . . . . . .Company
19. Hopefully Not Too Late . . . . . .Number 8 & Company
20. Evensong. . . . . .Company

[MUSIC NO. 01 – VOIR DIRE]

(Twelve empty chairs face the audience, a jury box waiting to be filled. Sound effect: a ticking clock.)

(One by one, twelve **JURORS** *take their chairs in pools of light, as they engage in the interview during the jury selection process.)*

(We begin with **NUMBER 2***, who sits forward, listening to a question, and replies. Music begins under the scene while the men speak.)*

NUMBER 2. Yes, a bank clerk; oh, I'm thirty-five years old.

*(***NUMBER 7** *sits forward.)*

NUMBER 7. Thirty-nine. I'm a salesman.

NUMBER 2. Violent crime? Me?

NUMBER 7. You know, marmalade.

NUMBER 2. No, never.

*(***NUMBER 6** *sits forward.)*

NUMBER 6. Oh, yeah, I'm a house painter.

NUMBER 2. I'm a "people person."

(Sound effect: Clock fading under.)

*(***NUMBER 11** *sits forward.)*

NUMBER 11. *(German accent.)* Watchmaker, please.

NUMBER 6. Three boys, one girl.

NUMBER 7. My pop? It's complicated.

NUMBER 2. He passed away several years ago.

*(***NUMBER 9** *sits forward.)*

NUMBER 9. Sixty-eight, retired, thank you very much.

*(***NUMBER 8** *sits forward.)*

NUMBER 8. A brand new baby boy.

*(***NUMBER 12** *sits forward.)*

NUMBER 12. Madison Avenue. Ads, jingles, TV.

*(***FOREMAN (NUMBER 1)** *sits forward.)*

FOREMAN. America's the greatest country in the world, bar none.

*(***NUMBER 5** *sits forward.)*

NUMBER 5. I live up in Harlem. Yeah, sure.

NUMBER 12. Harvard. Oh, thanks.

NUMBER 11. Germany, near to Leipzig.

FOREMAN. Assistant football coach. Out in Queens.

NUMBER 11. Yes, of course, my father.

NUMBER 9. And one great-grandchild on the way.

NUMBER 6. I was jumped once, does that count?

NUMBER 5. Sometimes you hear screams.

NUMBER 12. And I hope I never do.

FOREMAN. My father?

NUMBER 12. World's Greatest Dad.

NUMBER 8. I guess he was my hero.

NUMBER 4. An outstanding judge of character.

(Sound effect: Clock tacet.)

NUMBER 9. Taught me everything I know.

NUMBER 2. Who doesn't love their Dad, right?

NUMBER 4. Not since I was five.

NUMBER 3. Made me the man I am.

NUMBER 10. Justice? Sure, I believe in justice, it's the American way, know what I mean?

NUMBER 9.
The Death Penalty?

NUMBER 10.
Death Penalty, sure.

NUMBER 7.
Wide open.

NUMBER 9.
To the best of my abilities, yes.

NUMBER 4.
If the punishment fits the crime.

FOREMAN.
I can handle that.

NUMBER 2.
An open mind?

NUMBER 4.
Yes, of course I can.

FOREMAN.
Totally.

NUMBER 3.
Absolutely.

NUMBER 8.
Life and Death, yes.

NUMBER 5.
I mean, yes.

NUMBER 6.
Yeah, sure.

NUMBER 6.
Why not?

NUMBER 5.
Sure.

NUMBER 8.
Yes, I understand. Beyond a reasonable doubt.

(The **JURORS** *rise as a group; all raise their right hands:)*

[MUSIC NO. 02 – THE OATH]

GROUP 3. *(Three* **JURORS.***)*
I DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR...

GROUPS 1 & 2. *(Six* **JURORS.***)*
...THAT I WILL WELL AND
TRULY TRY...

TRULY TRY...

GROUP 1.
(Three **JURORS.***)*
AND A TRUE
DELIVERANCE
MAKE,

GROUP 2.
(Three **JURORS.***)*
AND A TRUE
DELIVERANCE...

GROUP 3.
...A TRUE
DELIVERANCE...

ALL.
AND ONE TRUE VERDICT RENDER,
ACCORDING TO THE EVIDENCE...
SO HELP ME...

(We hear the loud clang of a door slamming shut, locking the men in the Jury Room.)

[MUSIC NO. 03 – HOTTEST DAY OF THE YEAR]

(Lights up on a stiflingly hot Jury Room, as the **JURORS** *move their chairs around a long table. There is a wall of dirty windows on one side, looking down and out over the steaming city. Ominous, grey clouds gather over the skyline, full of stormy portent. The grimy windows are all shut in the stuffy room.)*

(A men's room door leads to an offstage lavatory.)

(A display easel holds a diagram of the murdered man's apartment.)

(The **JURORS** *sift around the room in shifting clumps, slowly staking the parameters of their space; ties loosen, jackets hang on sweaty bodies. They get cups of water from the cooler, roll up their sleeves, place their hats on racks, etc.)*

*(***NUMBER 4** *reads a newspaper in his chair. Not a bead of sweat on him.)*

(Several **JURORS** *try to open the windows.)*

NUMBERS 2, 4 & 8.
ANOTHER HEAT WAVE...

NUMBERS 6, 9 & 11.
ANOTHER SCORCHER.

FOREMAN, NUMBERS 5 & 12.
MUST BE ONE HUNDRED AND TEN DEGREES.

NUMBERS 4, 7 & 10.
WHAT A TRIAL!

NUMBERS 2 & 5.
WHAT A CIRCUS.

NUMBER 3.
I'LL PROB'LY CATCH A FEW MORE Z'S.

(To **NUMBER 2**.*)* Ya hear me snoring in there?

NUMBER 2. I don't know, it was pretty interesting.

NUMBER 3. Lot of yappin' over nothing.

NUMBER 6.
I'M LOSING WORK...

NUMBER 3.
THREE WHOLE DAYS OF TORTURE!

FOREMAN.
THIS AIN'T EXACTLY MY EXPERTISE.

NUMBER 2.
FASCINATING CASE...

NUMBER 5.
I HATE THIS PLACE...

*(***NUMBER 7** *tries the wall fan; it does not work.)*

NUMBER 7.
OH, GREAT.

The fan's busted.

NUMBER 11.
I'M VOTING "GUILTY" WITH NO MISGIVING.

NUMBER 4.
THIS TENDS TO HAPPEN WITH KIDS LIKE THESE.

NUMBER 7.
OPEN-SHUT...

NUMBER 12.
I'M DECIDED. BUT...

NUMBER 10.
HOLY CRAP; WHO CUT THE CHEESE?!

ALL.
IT'S THE HOTTEST DAY OF THE YEAR!

NUMBER 9.
THIS WEATHER WON'T QUIT.

NUMBER 4.
BOY, THE CITY'S A PIT.

ALL.
IT'S THE HOTTEST DAY OF THE YEAR.

FOREMAN.
...AND WE GOT A WAYS TO GO...

*(***NUMBER 5** *tries the door handle; discovers it is locked.)*

NUMBER 10. What's the matter with you?

NUMBER 5. I never knew they locked the door.

NUMBER 10. Sure they lock it, just like the clink, know what I mean?

*(***NUMBER 5** *approaches his chair, to find* **NUMBER 6** *sitting in it.)*

NUMBER 5. *(To* **NUMBER 6***.)* I think that's my chair.

*(***NUMBER 4** *takes charge with authority.)*

NUMBER 4. *(To* **NUMBER 6***.)* We're sitting in order.

*(***NUMBER 6** *immediately rises, offering the seat.)*

NUMBER 6. Oh, sorry.

NUMBER 5. *(To* **NUMBER 4***.)* Thanks.

*(***NUMBER 5** *takes it, as* **NUMBER 6** *moves away.)*

NUMBER 6.
I'LL DO MY DUTY, BUT THERE'S BILLS TO PAY.

NUMBER 11.
THIS IS THE AMERICAN WAY...

NUMBER 7.
WILL WE BE HERE ALL DAY?

NUMBER 3.
THEY GOT US IN A STRANGLEHOLD.

NUMBER 10.
DAMN THIS SUMMER COLD...

NUMBER 9.
MAN, I'M GETTING TOO OLD FOR THIS.

NUMBER 5. *(Looking around the room.)*
AND ONCE AGAIN, LOOKS LIKE I'M THE ONLY ONE.

NUMBER 2.
ONE HAS TO HELP THE SYSTEM RUN...

NUMBER 12.
GUESS THEY DON'T CALL IT "CIVIC FUN."

NUMBER 6.
I WONDER, IS IT
SAFE TO SPEAK
MY MIND HERE?

NUMBER 2.
FASCINATING!

NUMBER 6.
I'LL DO MY DUTY.

NUMBER 4.
THIS TENDS TO
HAPPEN...

NUMBER 12.
I'M DECIDED...

NUMBER 5.
AND ONCE
AGAIN...

NUMBER 12.
BUT...

NUMBER 3.
THREE WHOLE
DAYS...

THREE WHOLE
DAYS...

THREE WHOLE
DAYS...!

NUMBER 10.
DAMN THIS
SUMMER...

NUMBER 9.
I WONDER WHAT
I'VE SIGNED UP
FOR...

FOREMAN.
EXPERTISE.

NUMBER 11.
THE AMERICAN
WAY.

NUMBER 7.
GOD, GET ME OUTTA HERE...!

ALL.
IT'S TOUGH ENOUGH JUST TO MAKE A LIVING...
WHEN THINGS LIKE JUSTICE DON'T INTERFERE!

NUMBERS 4 & 7.
LET'S MAKE THIS BRIEF,

NUMBERS 4, 7, 11 & 12.
AND FIND RELIEF,

NUMBERS 2, 4, 7, 8, 11 & 12.
OR ELSE WE'RE STUCK,
AND

ALL.
JUST MY LUCK!
IT'S THE HOTTEST DAY OF THE YEAR!

NUMBERS 4, 5, 9 & 10.
CHOKE ON THE DIRT,

NUMBERS 3, 4, 5, 6, 9 & 10.
WHILE YOU SOAK
THROUGH YOUR SHIRT!

ALL.
IF YOU THINK I'M GLAD TO BE HERE,
THEN BUDDY, THE HELL YOU KNOW!

WITH TEMP'RATURES ON THE RISE,
THE PRESSURE INTENSIFIES!

BETTER WATCH OUT,
'CAUSE SOMETHING'S ABOUT

TO BLOW...!!

(The **MEN** *take their seats. The* **FOREMAN** *stands.)*

FOREMAN. *(Immediately after music stops.)* Gentlemen, I guess I just want to say that, well, you know, murder in the first degree is just about as serious as it gets.

NUMBER 4. *(Cutting in.)* However we decide, our verdict must be unanimous.

FOREMAN. Right. Like the judge said, unless we find, you know, a reasonable doubt, the death sentence is mandatory, in this case, the electric chair.

NUMBER 3. *(To* **FOREMAN**.*)* We know that.

NUMBER 7. Yeah, come on, already, let's go, Modjelewski's pitching tonight, kid's got an arm on him you wouldn't believe –

FOREMAN. Anybody doesn't want to vote? No? Alright, okay then, I mean, I guess we can go ahead and take a vote. This has to be a twelve-to-nothing vote either way. That's the law. Okay, are we ready? All those voting "guilty" raise your hands.

*(***NUMBERS 3***,* **4** *and* **10** *raise their hands immediately. The others go up more slowly.* **NUMBER 9***'s hand goes up last, and all hands are now raised except for* **NUMBER 8**.*)*

Nine-ten-eleven. That's eleven for "guilty."

Okay. "Not guilty"?

*(***NUMBER 8** *slowly raises his hand.)*

NUMBER 10. *(Under his breath.)* Figures.

FOREMAN. One. Right. Okay.

Eleven to one – guilty as charged.

And now we know where we stand.

NUMBER 10. Boy oh boy, there's always one.

NUMBER 2. One what?

*(***NUMBER 10** *blows his nose, loud.)*

NUMBER 7. *(To* **NUMBER 10**.*)* Well, your horn works, now try your lights.

NUMBER 10. *(Coughing.)* Something's going around and I got it, damn summer cold.

NUMBER 2. Oh, they're the worst. Would you care for a cough drop, friend? Smith Brothers. *Mentholated.*

NUMBER 10. *(Over-polite.)* Well, don't mind if I do, friend.

*(***NUMBER 2** *gives* **NUMBER 10** *a cough drop.)*

NUMBER 4. *(To* **NUMBER 8***.)* I'm curious as to what you're unsure of. It's rather a cut and dried case.

NUMBER 3. *(To* **NUMBER 8***.)* You really think he's innocent?

NUMBER 8. I don't know.

NUMBER 3. I mean, let's be reasonable, you saw the evidence, you could tell the kid was a natural born killer.

NUMBER 8. I don't know about that.

NUMBER 10. Whattya mean you don't know?

NUMBER 2. I guess he means he's not sure if the boy is guilty or not.

NUMBER 10. I know what he means.

NUMBER 5. Then why did you ask?

NUMBER 3. *(To* **NUMBER 8***.)* No, I don't get it, you sat in court just like us.

NUMBER 7. You heard what he did.

NUMBER 3. I mean, whattya want?

NUMBER 8. I want us to talk.

[MUSIC NO. 03A – UNDERSCORE]

NUMBER 3. About what?

NUMBER 8. About the evidence –

NUMBER 10. Who the hell are you, Perry Mason?

NUMBER 2. I love Raymond Burr.

NUMBER 3. We heard the evidence!

NUMBER 10. They talked for three whole days, back and forth!

NUMBER 12. I thought the prosecuting attorney was really sharp, the way he hammered home his points, one by one, in logical sequence.

NUMBER 7. Come on, I don't wanna miss the game!

NUMBER 3. Look, the man's a killer, that's a proven fact.

NUMBER 9. He's a boy of sixteen.

NUMBER 5. He's a kid.

NUMBER 3. He's old enough to take a knife and drive it four inches into his father's chest.

NUMBER 10. It's those people! I'm telling you they let the kids run wild up there.

NUMBER 4. He's simply a product of his environment.

NUMBER 6. For what it's worth, I was convinced from the very first day.

NUMBER 12. Ditto. Kid is guilty with a capital G.

NUMBER 7. Open and shut case.

NUMBER 6. Even had like a motive, right?

NUMBER 3. Look, eleven men at this table agree, so what the hell do you want?

NUMBER 9. *(In* **NUMBER 8***'s defense.)* I believe the man wants to talk.

NUMBER 10. *(Loud.)* About what, for Chrissakes? Kid's no damn good, like all the rest of 'em, know what I mean?

NUMBER 2. Well, according to the Prosecutor –

NUMBER 10. *(Interrupting.)* There, you see? Thanks, friend.

NUMBER 2. I didn't finish my sentence, friend.

NUMBER 3. *(To* **NUMBER 8**.*)* You don't believe the kid is innocent, do you?

NUMBER 8. Maybe I don't.

[MUSIC NO. 04 – THE VERY LEAST]

NUMBER 3. Maybe you don't?

NUMBER 7. So, what'd you vote "not guilty" for?

NUMBER 8.

IT'S NOT EASY TO RAISE MY HAND AND SEND A BOY OFF TO DIE.
THAT KIND OF POWER –
AND YET, WE HARDLY KNOW HIM...

KICKED AROUND SINCE HE WAS SMALL,
HIS MOM DECEASED
WHEN HE WAS TWO,
HIS DAD'S A THIEF,
A DRUNK. IT'S TRUE,
THAT'S NOTHING NEW...
I'M JUST ASKING YOU,

ISN'T AN HOUR
THE VERY LEAST
WE OWE HIM?

THAT'S ALL I'M SAYING:

ISN'T AN HOUR THE VERY LEAST WE OWE HIM?

NUMBER 10. *(Interrupting him.)* We don't owe him nothing, am I right?

NUMBER 9. Personally, I'm more than willing to put in an hour.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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