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# Jury Duty

By Neil Tolkin

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(HELICOPTER WHIRRING)

**MAN:**

**MAN:**

I got the back!

Moving in!

Make sure he's there!

(GUNS COCKING)

Freeze!

(SCREAMING)

(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)

(CROWD CHEERING)

**FEMALE EMCEE:**

Yeah, my favorite stripper.

Gorgeous Goliath!

I want you

You gotta get ready

Feel something hot?

Give him a hand!

Gotta get ready

**EMCEE:**

(WOMEN CHEERING)

Now, remember, ladies,

at least five

of these

gorgeous, gorgeous hunks

you are seeing here tonight

are gonna be exclusive

International House

of Beefcakes dancers!

And now, our next

steaming slab of man.

(POP GOES THE WEASEL

PLAYING)

**WOMAN:**

Take it off, baby.

(RECORD SCRATCHES)

**EMCEE:**

The Cream Machine!  
(PLAY WITH ME PLAYING)  
Ring around the rosie  
Hopscotch, Monopoly  
Red light, green light  
G. I. Joes and Barbies

**EMCEE:**

mighty Cream Machine.  
Paper dolls,  
Hacky sack and Hangman  
Do you wanna play  
It's stupid.  
Tag, you're it,  
Cops and robbers  
Jungle gym,  
Chutes and ladders,  
Tic tac toe, Mister Rogers  
Yahoo!  
Yeah!  
Electric company,  
Olly olly oxen free  
Do you wanna play  
With me  
Okay, wait one second.  
Come on.

**EMCEE:**

He's creamy.  
Do you wanna  
Yuck.  
Play  
Whoo!  
Play with me,  
play with me  
Do you wanna  
Aah!  
Play

**EMCEE:**

The mighty  
Cream Machine.  
Spin the bottle,  
Post office, Kiss and tell

Slippery when wet.  
Cooties, Little league  
(SPLOTCHING)

**WOMAN:**

With cheese!  
Dairy products like  
you've never seen  
them before.  
Come here, come here!  
(SHOUTING)  
Matchbox, Cheerios  
ABC's, Spelling bees,  
Sesame street,  
Hockey duck duck  
Do you wanna play  
With me  
With me  
Hey.  
Hi.  
Let's go back  
to my place and curdle.  
Eww!  
Ugh! Go!  
Okay, boys,  
the votes are in.  
Read it and weep.  
I made it, I made it.  
Congrats.  
We're gonna be dancers.

**TOMMY:**

Let me through.

**THOR:**

I'm gonna call Mother.  
"Adonis, Thor, Sgt. O'Tool,  
Goliath, Zeus, the Cream..."  
Huh?  
Excuse me.  
I don't understand  
what happened.  
I mean,  
I was good, right?

Kid, you were too good.  
But I got personality!  
Personality?  
Unfortunately, uh,  
that's not what  
the people are paying for.  
A kid like you,  
you're special.  
You could do anything.  
What about fast foods?  
It's too greasy.  
Post office?  
Too dangerous.  
You ever fill in potholes?  
Too labor-intensive.  
What about giving sperm?  
Also too labor-intensive.  
Yeah, you're right.  
Well, thanks for trying  
to hook me up here  
at the International  
Beefcake House,  
Uncle Sal.  
Hey, what's family for, huh?  
Get over here.  
Huh? Who loves you more  
than your Uncle Sal?  
All right, goodbye.  
Personality!  
(SPEAKING ITALIAN)  
Oh, well, Peanut,  
some things just  
aren't meant to be.  
What else is there?  
(SIGHING)  
(WHIMPERING)  
"We pay big bucks  
for your dog.  
"Animal Lab  
Testing Corporation."  
(BARKS)  
Don't worry, Peanut,  
I wouldn't do that  
to you again.

(BARKING)  
(SWEET SOUL REVUE  
PLAYING IN JAPANESE)  
NEWSCASTER ON TV:  
Right behind me,  
Carl Wayne Bishop,  
the accused Drive-Thru Killer,  
sits alone  
in his 6 by 8 solitary cell.  
Coincidentally, the cell  
is roughly the size of  
his old workspace.  
But there are no burgers,  
no fries, no frosty shakes.  
Just an accused serial killer  
and his conscience,  
awaiting trial by jury.  
12 brave citizens  
riding shotgun for...  
Wakey, wakey.  
Eggs and bacey.  
Rise and shine, puddin'.  
Wake up, Tommy.  
Mom, it's not noon yet.  
Oh, I brewed you  
some fresh coffee.  
Uh.  
But, Mom,  
that'll keep me up all day.  
Puddin', tell me,  
what happened  
with your job interview?  
I must have been fast asleep  
when you came in.  
What job interview?  
The one at the dairy.  
Well, Mom,  
it didn't really happen.  
I didn't get the job.  
Ah.  
That's all right, puddin'.  
It's okay.  
It's dangerous  
being a milkman.

I saw a whole program on it  
on cable television.  
I'll find something, Ma.  
You just don't worry.  
Oh, look no further,  
Mr. District Attorney.  
What's this?  
A jury duty notice?  
My son, the lawyer.  
Ma, it pays  
\$5 a day, okay?  
Look, look at me.  
I got stuff to do.  
Yes, but...  
I heard that  
when the trial is important,  
they sequester  
the jury in very posh hotels.  
Hey, Ma,  
what could be  
better than this?  
(HORN BLOWING)  
Tommy, you just threw away  
your entire future.  
Mom, honey-face, snookum-pie,  
I'll find something.  
Hear ye, hear ye!  
Hey, Ma, look!  
Harry the Hot Tub King  
is slashing all prices.  
That's right.  
The widest selection.  
I demand it.  
The finest...  
Hey, Mom, look.  
Safe sex.  
(HORN HONKING)  
Oh, I...  
I have to finish dressing.  
(MOANING)  
Hey, Jed.  
Hi.  
I got two words  
for you, son.

Polystyrene.  
It's like white gold, Tommy.  
It's everywhere.  
People are throwing  
this stuff away,  
right and left,  
treating it like the plague.  
But south of the border,  
they can't get enough of it.  
So, here's what we do.  
We find it, clean it,  
ship it. Bingo.  
Easy village, huh?  
Right.  
Come here, I want to show  
you something. Come on.  
Look. Look, what do you see?

**TOMMY:**

A truck full of shit.

**JED:**

That's the future.  
This stuff  
is light as a feather.  
And the best part of it is,  
they pay you by the pound.  
Wow! Then you must  
be making a fortune.  
Yeah.  
Ta da! I'm ready.  
Where are we going?  
Uh, Vegas.  
Oh, great!  
Peanut loves craps.  
Siegfried and Peanuts.  
You didn't tell him?  
I knew there was  
something I forgot.  
Okay, you guys,  
we are ready.  
Tommy, um...  
Your mom and I are  
going to Las Vegas

to get married.

Alone.

(WHIMPERING)

Wait a minute.

Where are you guys gonna stay?

Honey, we'll be back

before you know it.

It's gonna be

a very quick honeymoon,

right, Jed?

But, Mom,

where will Peanut and I eat,

sleep, and watch TV?

They're gonna take

very good care of you.

I made arrangements

for you to stay

at the Woodalls.

Bye, puddin'.

(HORN HONKING)

The Woodalls?

Oh.

Come on, Tommy.

We won't hurt you.

(BOTH SNARLING)

(YELPING)

Court is in session.

Thanks for the ride,

Uncle Morty.

**DRIVER:**

to your mom for me.

**TOMMY:**

at that erect building.

Okay, Peanut.

Take a deep breath.

Remember, we go

to different courtrooms

until they find the trial

that's right for us.

And the trial

that's right for us

is a very long one

where we get to stay  
in a hotel for free,  
not to mention \$5 a day.

You got that, Peanut?

(BARKS)

Hola, senorita.

It's, uh,

pretty impressive, eh?

Yeah, S and M.

(SPLUTTERING)

Kinky.

You here for jury duty?

Oh, yeah. You?

I couldn't get out of it,  
at least not yet.

Give me a hand.

Just around the head?

I'm kind of

faking a head wound.

Excuse me.

Are you two here

for jury duty?

Yeah!

Yeah.

You couldn't

get out of it?

At least not yet.

I'm still trying, though.

I know.

Hey, look,

it's the juice!

Run, O.J., run!

Ahh!

It was a security guard.

Hey, maybe I can help you.

Yeah?

Yeah. I got an idea.

"The People

versus Robert Trenton."

The defendant is accused

of embezzling \$2,000.

This trial shouldn't last

more than a day or two.

Three days at most.

Bob, is that you?  
Who's this?  
I don't know who he is.  
Bobby Trenton?  
You know the defendant?  
Know him?  
We cheated our way through  
high school together,  
didn't we, Bobby?  
Remember we had that thing  
with the hands, right here.  
Then when we put  
the thing on the...  
And you slammed...  
It hurt your right there.  
Excused.  
This trial should  
move quite swiftly.  
Dr. Maurice Gaines,  
an orthopedic surgeon  
has been accused  
of malpractice.  
Murderer!  
I don't know.  
I mean, call me crazy,  
but I believe  
a man has the right  
to protect his family.  
Say hello to Manson for me.  
Ee-eee-eee!  
You're out of order!  
No, you're out of order!  
This whole court  
is out of order!

**BAILIFF:**

Bring him in.  
(SNARLING)

**JUDGE:**

Order! Order!  
The defendant,  
Carl Wayne Bishop  
is accused of

multiple counts of murder.  
This trial will be a very long  
and involved one.  
If you are selected  
as a juror,  
you will be  
sequestered in a hotel.  
Unfortunately,  
your lives will be disrupted.  
Your relationships and jobs  
will have to be put on hold.  
It will be a true test  
of your commitment  
to our judicial system.  
Mr. Collins,  
do you have any  
preconceived notions  
about the Drive-Thru Killer?  
Drive-Thru who?  
Don't tell me  
you've never heard  
of Carl Wayne Bishop?  
No, I can't say I have.  
I'm not one for television.  
Poisons the mind.  
It's too biased.  
Nobody tells the truth.  
And quite frankly,  
the truth,  
well, that's all  
I'm interested in.  
They picked a jury!  
They picked a jury!  
They're serving  
tuna salad for lunch!  
Tuna salad for lunch!  
(REPORTER TALKING IN FRENCH)  
(REPORTER TALKING IN JAPANESE)  
(REPORTER TALKING IN SPANISH)  
The jury for  
this highly-charged  
and sensitive murder trial  
has been chosen.  
Presently, the jurors

are departing the courthouse  
for an undisclosed location.

**REPORTER 1:**

Sir, over here! Do you know  
where they are taking you?

**REPORTER 2:**

Will you be allowed  
to see your families?

**REPORTER 3:**

Did you try the tuna salad?  
Fear not, citizens.  
Justice will be served.  
You're in good hands! Aah!  
Ow!  
What? I had the exact change.  
Sit down.  
Okay.

(CLUCKS)

Breaker, 1-2.

Breaker, 1-2.

Good afternoon,  
ladies and gentlemen,  
and welcome to Justice Tours!

(LAUGHS)

I'm Juror Number 6.  
Number 6, sit down!

Do we have any jurors  
from out of town?

Great. Would you like  
to tell us something  
about yourself?

My name is Jorge,  
and I received  
my citizenship here  
in this great country,  
one month ago!

I am so proud to be here.  
And you can even  
drink our water.

(LAUGHS)

Number 6, sit down!

Shh!

You guys, everybody stay calm.

I've just been informed  
there's a bomb on the bus.

It's set to go off  
if we exceed the speed  
of 10 miles an hour.

Sit down!

(LAUGHS)

(BRAKES SCREECHING)

Aah! Ow.

(SQUEAKING)

(THUDDING)

All right,  
ladies and gentlemen,  
welcome to your hotel.  
When you're not here,  
you'll be in the courtroom.  
When not in the courtroom,  
you'll be here.

Please do not  
discuss any aspect  
of the trial with each other  
or anyone else.

That means friends,  
family, the media.

**TOMMY:**

Ricki Lake? (LAUGHS)

Welcome to  
the Holiday Suites Hotel,  
where every day is a holiday.  
Eh, pretty nice joint  
you got here.

**JORGE:**

Beautiful, beautiful.  
Actually, you'll be staying  
in the historic wing.

(MACHINES WHIRRING)

The emergency exits  
are at the end  
of the hallways.  
And the ice machine is located

just across the street  
at the gas station.  
You'll be staying  
two to a vintage suite.  
Jurors 7 and 12,  
in suite 503.  
I'm 12.  
I'm 7.  
And, let's see,  
we have jurors 2 and 9  
in suite 504.  
What are you doing?  
We're bunkies, see?  
9?  
Move it, pervert.  
Good night.  
Wait, wait. No, no, no.  
Don't shut it. Don't shut it.  
Ahh!  
(DRILL BUZZING)  
Peanut, look. Huh?  
We just died  
and went to heaven.  
Oh, my.  
Oh, look.  
Oh!  
Peanut-size shampoos.  
All these fun things  
for me in here.  
Two-ply.  
(MAN CLEARING THROAT)  
Oh, my God!  
Something wrong, son?  
Principal Beasley.  
Good grief.  
Mr. Collins?  
In a suit and tie?  
I didn't do it!  
I didn't do it!  
Still hanging out  
in the boys' room, I see.  
Sit down, Collins!  
If this isn't one of  
life's supreme ironies.

Didn't I expel you?

Twice.

I thought so.

What is it, son?

May I be excused?

Very well.

Oh, pleasant dreams,

Mr. Collins.

I know that's

what you majored in.

(CLEARING THROAT)

(SNORING)

**MAN ON TAPE:**

I can accomplish my goals.

I have a winner inside me.

Wait here, Peanut.

I am no one's doormat.

If I believe,

others will believe.

I will accomplish my goals.

I have a winner inside me.

I am no one's...

**TOMMY:**

open up!

I can't sleep with

that self-help crap tape!

I...

Quick, sir! Jamie Cooly's  
smoking in the boys' room.

Lundy's playing

with his boner in

the back of the class.

I am no one's doormat.

If I believe,

others will believe.

I can accomplish my goals.

(DOG WHIMPERING)

Oh, every day

isn't a holiday.

Every day's detention.

Ahh!

I can't sleep.

I'm gonna have  
bags under my eyes.  
...others will believe.  
I can accomplish...  
If I believe,  
others will believe.  
I am no one's doormat.  
All rise.  
Department Number 52  
of the Superior Court  
is now in session.  
The Honorable Judge  
Edward J. Powell  
presiding.  
Ladies and  
gentlemen of the jury,  
here are the facts.  
Seven innocent men dead.  
Seven families destroyed.  
Seven lives wasted.  
All courtesy of  
Mr. Carl Wayne Bishop  
and a stun gun, Model 350-X.  
As the case unfolds,  
we will show  
Carl Wayne Bishop  
to be in possession  
not only of a stun gun,  
but also a lethal  
red-hot temper.  
We will show that because  
of his employment record,  
getting a job  
became as difficult  
as holding a job.  
And as a consequence,  
Mr. Bishop ended up  
on the streets.  
And finally,  
we will show  
that Carl Wayne Bishop  
was found living  
in a boarded-up,  
condemned shack,

with a stun gun  
and the bodies of  
seven fast-food managers  
buried in the floorboards.

(WHIMPERING)

The Defense will contend  
that Mr. Bishop was set up.

That he was merely  
a harmless drifter  
who happened to be  
in the wrong place  
at the wrong time.

Who never actually lived  
in the condemned house  
but was there for  
a job interview.

**At 9:**

In the worst neighborhood  
in town?

Please.

The Defense can  
contend all it wants,  
but the evidence will show  
Mr. Bishop to be  
a calculating,  
cold,  
killing machine,  
who knew  
exactly where he was  
and what he was doing.

(PEOPLE GASPING)

All rise!

Moron.

(SIGHING)

Thanks for  
saving me a seat.

(SIGHING)

So, what do you think?

About what?

Your sleeping  
or your drooling?

We all have our own ways  
of concentrating.

Honestly,  
do you think  
the guy did it?  
I don't think  
we're allowed to discuss that.  
Then what can we discuss?  
Us?  
Uh-huh.  
Nothing.  
Whoa, boy, ease up.  
You're like  
a fly swimming in  
a barrel of pickles.  
You got to  
cut wood before  
you can shave its bark.  
Think about it.  
Think about it.  
Write her a note?  
There you go!  
Ladies and gentlemen  
of the jury,  
clearly, whoever committed  
these horrible atrocities  
is a savage beast.  
In fact, we have no proof  
that these crimes  
were even committed  
by a human being at all.  
You know,  
I've seen some pretty  
smart animals in my time.  
I've seen a chicken  
play the piano.  
And the gibbon?  
Everyone forgets  
it has a thumb.  
Indulge me, if you will.  
"Disturbing the peace,  
loitering, shoplifting,  
"armed robbery,  
"burglary,  
"impersonating  
a U.S. forest ranger,

"receiving stolen goods."  
These are all crimes  
Carl Wayne Bishop  
has been arrested for.  
Petty crimes.  
A far cry from murder,  
wouldn't you say?  
As we all know,  
Shit.  
killing a man  
is not easy.  
It'd be safe to say  
there are not many killers  
among us.  
Hopefully none.  
It takes persistence  
and determination to kill.  
Why, just last spring,  
I found two mice in  
my garage,  
and I had the darndest time  
killing those little suckers.  
Isn't it then logical  
that an unfocused,  
misdirected youth,  
such as my client  
would never have  
the get-up-and-go  
that it would take to  
stun, strangle and dispose  
of the bodies of  
seven full-grown men?  
Carl Wayne Bishop  
is an angry man,  
but not a killer.  
For lack of a better word,  
he's a screw-up.  
Objection, Your Honor.  
You can't object.  
This is my opening statement.  
Counsel will  
approach the bench.  
A gibbon?  
A chicken who

can play piano?  
Calling his client  
"a screw-up."  
This is a waste  
of taxpayer's money.  
What in God's name  
are you doing here?  
(SIGHING)  
Your Honor,  
I don't think it's fair  
that you guys get to have  
your own little  
powwow over here,  
while we can't listen.  
We have to hear, too,  
for information.  
You're a juror.  
Get back in that box!  
(WHISPERING) I'm just  
trying to do my job.  
Number 6, come on.  
Back in the box.  
You are in trouble.  
(SNORTING)

**MALE ANNOUNCER:**

You're watching Justice TV,  
America's number one  
court channel.  
All verdicts, all day.  
And now,  
our top-notch legal expert,  
Hal Gibson.  
Hello, court fans.  
What a trial we have  
for you today.  
The People versus  
Carl Wayne Bishop.  
What a doozy!  
In the corner of the accused,  
we have Defense Attorney  
Fishburn.  
The tests are back and

**they say DNA:**

This guy  
is fresh off the farm, baby.  
Court appointed.  
He has zero wins, five  
losses, with one in appeal!  
I mean, are you serious?

**This is an NC:**

**An M and M:**

The guy's a fighter,  
but he's no Dershowitz!  
Look for him to go  
"ad hominem," baby.  
It's all he's got.  
In the State's corner,  
we have Prosecutor Starling.  
She's a PTA, baby:  
a Prime Time Attorney.  
A-one, top of the line,  
Stanford educated.  
I mean, this...

**MAN ON TAPE:**

I can accomplish my goals.  
I have a winner inside me.  
I am no one's doormat.  
If I believe,  
others will believe.  
(SNORING)  
Come on,  
Principal Beasley, please.  
I can accomplish my goals.  
I have a winner inside me.  
I am no one's doormat.  
Ahh!  
If I believe,  
others will believe.  
I can accomplish my goals.  
Evening, Number 6.  
Damn.  
Bye-bye.  
I am no one's doormat.

If I believe, others...  
Hold down the fort, Peanut.  
It's time to take action.  
(BARKING)  
(WIND HOWLING)  
(SCREAMING)  
(EXHALING)  
Ahh!  
(CRASHING)  
(CAT MEOWING)  
Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!  
Sorry.  
(JINGLING)  
Hi!  
Can I help you, sir?  
Hah! Yes!  
I'm in room 505. I need  
to switch rooms, please?  
Oh, okay.  
Oh, oh, uh...  
Mr. Collins, I'm sorry.  
You're one of the jurors.  
Unfortunately,  
I can't move you.  
Those are  
especially assigned rooms.  
That's ridiculous!  
I can't sleep.  
Look, see the luggage  
under these eyes?  
Huh? Do you see?  
Look. Look. Look.  
You got glasses on.  
Take a look. Luggage.  
Luggage. Louis Vuitton.  
How do you expect me  
to render a fair verdict?  
Do you realize  
that there's a man's life  
that hangs  
in the balance here?  
I'm afraid  
it's out of my hands.  
(GASPING)

"I'm not your doormat!  
I can accomplish my goals!  
"Turn the tape over, now!"  
I wish there was some way  
we could work something out,  
but I'm afraid there isn't.  
Three more  
cancellations, sir.  
The renovations  
are causing more disturbance  
than we figured.  
Any more of these  
and I'll lose my shirt.  
And that lovely tie.  
Russell, old buddy, old pal.  
I think I have an idea.  
When can we  
expect a verdict?  
I cannot say.  
Any word on the verdict?  
No comment.  
A verdict?  
No comment.  
Boss, look.  
How about a verdict?  
No comment.  
Any word on the verdict?  
Holiday Suites Hotel,  
where every day's  
a holiday!  
Ah, ah, aha!  
Hey, Russell, buddy!  
Mom, Dad, come see  
the Holiday Suites! Ooh!

**STARLING:**

Dr. Brookings,  
as the preeminent expert  
on the psychology  
of serial killers,  
tell me,  
why would a man choose  
to live under the same roof  
as his victims,

amidst his own  
personal killing field,  
as it were?  
It's quite simple, actually.  
It all boils down  
to an issue of control,  
which at its  
most basic human level  
can be attributed  
to penis envy.  
By having these dead bodies  
buried in his living room,  
clearly  
there's some kind of...  
Is something the matter,  
Juror Number 6?  
Yes, actually,  
I didn't get that last bit.  
What was it attributed to?  
Dr. Brookings?  
Penis envy.  
Excuse me,  
what kind of envy?  
Penis.  
I'm sorry,  
I couldn't hear the...  
Penis.  
Just once more.  
Penis! Penis! Penis!  
(ALL LAUGHING)  
After Mr. Bishop was fired,  
what did you  
overhear him say?  
He said,  
"I'm gonna kill you."  
He said, "Your days  
are numbered, matey."  
He said,  
"Your ass is tabouli."  
(CROWD MURMURING)  
I...  
I saw him stab...  
Stab a weenie and say,  
"I wish it were you."

(SOBBING)

(CROWD MURMURING)

(SIGHING)

No further questions.

(MACHINE WHIRRING)

Hey!

Have a good night, guys.

We're going to bigger  
and better places,  
my friend.

(GROWLING)

(GRUNTING)

Oh, yeah.

(PANTING)

Hallelujah

Hallelujah

Hallelujah

Peanut, this is  
gonna be a long  
trial, huh!

Mr. Collins,  
welcome to the  
El Presidente Suite.

Your new home  
away from home.

Wow!

Every day  
isn't a holiday.

Every day is an orgasm.

(CHUCKLING)

Since your  
endorsement this morning,  
our phones have been  
ringing off the hook  
with reservations.

Anytime, Cadbury. Anytime.

I'll scratch your back,  
and I'll let you know  
what you can scratch.

Uh, yes, well.

Oh, you have a dog?

Sort of.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER:

When that gassy,

bloated feeling strikes...

**MALE ANNOUNCER:**

Damaging ultra-violet rays...  
And he watches TV?

**MALE ANNOUNCER:**

Finally, a category called  
"Kings Named Haakon."  
Peanut loves Jeopardy.

(BARKING)

"Sports" for \$200, please.  
What happened to him?  
We don't talk about that.  
But hey, you should see  
some of his tricks. Watch.  
Roll over.

(WHINING)

Through the hoop.

(WHINING)

Stage fright.  
But this one, he always gets.  
Sit.  
Huh!

Good boy, Peanut.

Good boy.

Russell's gonna find  
you a big slab of  
roast beef,  
'cause you're so smart.

(YODELING)

That's the Peanut call.

Yes, of course it is.

Well, uh,

as we discussed,

all your calls

will automatically

be forwarded.

Nobody can know.

Absolutely no one.

(WHOOPING)

Who!

This is gonna be great!

(GARGLING)

This sucks.

If I had money

Tell you what I'd do

I'd go downtown

and buy a Mercury or two

Crazy about a Mercury

(CHEERING)

She likes us, Peanut.

Buy me a Mercury

and cruise it up and down

the road

The girl I love,

I stole her from a friend

He got lucky,

stole her back again

'Cause she know

he had a Mercury

She know he had a Mercury

Am gonna buy me a Mercury

And cruise it

up and down the road

Oh, oh, ohh!

(WHINES)

(LAUGHING)

Okay.

Lower, lower.

Aah, aah.

If I had

(QUACKING)

(BARKING)

Buy a Mercury or two

Crazy about a Mercury

I'm crazy about a Mercury

I'm gonna buy me a Mercury

And cruise it

up and down the road

I'm gonna buy me a Mercury

And cruise it

up and down the road

Long live

jury duty!

Oh

Carl Wayne Bishop

I say we give him the gas

You know,  
on second thought,  
I say we deep-fry his ass  
Everybody, now  
Deep-fry his ass  
Deep-fry his ass  
As you can see,  
it is nothing short of  
a three-ring circus here  
in front of the courthouse.  
Protesters, freaks,  
sycophants, the unemployed,  
all assembled and purchasing  
the merchandising  
of human carnage.  
Amusing?  
Color me sickened  
by the bottom feeders  
who suckle at the  
teat of human tragedy.  
(JUDGE POUNDING GAVEL)  
You've heard  
the testimony  
and the law  
has been read to you  
as it applies to the case.  
Now it is your duty  
to sit down together  
to determine the truth.  
Seven innocent people  
are dead.  
And one man's life  
hangs in the balance.  
May justice prevail.  
(POUNDS GAVEL)  
"May justice prevail."  
(IMITATING ELECTROCUTION)  
We should've  
just handed our verdict  
to the judge right there.  
No kidding.  
At least we'll  
be home for dinner.  
Oh, yes, dinner, followed

by a warm bath and some  
hot cocoa.

Freedom at last.

Courtside, tonight.

Open and shut.

That boy's  
guiltier than a possum  
with a mouthful of bees.

If you need anything,  
I'll be right outside  
the door.

(CLEARING THROAT)

Let's vote.

Why waste our time?

Let's just walk  
back in there  
and tell the judge  
to light him up.

Excuse me,  
do you mind?

Yes, there're enough  
poisons in the air already,  
thank you very much.

My sincerest apologies.

Here, 20% off any hot  
tub or spa.

Well, I think  
the correct thing to  
do is to take a vote.

Yeah, yeah, whatever,  
let's just get this  
over with.

Good idea. A vote.

All those in favor of  
taking a bathroom break,  
raise their hands.

You pee  
after we vote.

It's a free country.

Jorge has a right  
to pee.

That's right.

Sit down.

Okay.

Look, well, I gotta go.

(ALL GROANING)

Take a seat, boy.

Yeah, come on, kid.

Forget it.

I have to tinkle.

Will you just hurry up?

I'm hurrying!

(UNZIPPING)

(TRICKLING)

**TOMMY:**

Ahh!

(CLEARING THROAT)

Ahh!

Hmm-mmm!

Ahh!

(SIGHING)

(TRICKLING)

What the hell is that boy  
doing in there?

Making a pee-pee?

Reminds me of my honeymoon  
in Niagara Falls.

(BANGING)

Come on, boy, zip it!

I'm almost done.

Maybe while he finishes,  
we should elect  
a jury foreman.

To tell

that psycho lunatic he's  
going to the electric chair?

Not me, oh, no.

Oh, no, no.

It'll be like  
sentencing Satan himself.

He'll give you that  
evil eye.

It will haunt you  
until the day you die.

(SPEAKING SPANISH)

The nightmares alone will have  
the supernatural powers

to kill you.  
I'm out.  
Well, then who?  
(FLUSHING)  
(ZIPPING)  
Ahh!  
What?  
Congratulations, kid,  
it's your lucky day.  
What, I didn't get  
any on me?  
No.  
You've just been  
elected jury foreman.  
(CLAPPING)  
We thought you were  
the best man for the job.  
Wow!  
This is truly an honor.  
First of all,  
I'd like to thank  
Principal Beasley, sir,  
for that  
strong scholastic base.  
And, Nathan,  
malaka salaam,  
brother, my man.  
And, Monica,  
my legal beagle.  
And, Harry...  
Oh, shut up  
and let's vote!  
Right now?

**ALL:**

Yeah, but you guys  
just elected me  
jury foreman.  
I say  
it's time for  
a little fiesta!  
No. Vote now!  
Yeah, now.  
On an empty stomach?

Yes, goddamn it,  
on an empty stomach!  
It's a simple "guilty."  
That's it.  
That's it?  
And what about the baby?  
What baby?  
Sarah's pregnant.  
She's eating for two.  
If we arrive  
at a verdict now,  
it'll be at least  
a half hour  
before they call the judge,  
if he's available and sober.  
Then there's local TV,  
interviews, Nightline...  
(SIGHING)  
We're liable not to eat for  
a couple more days at least.  
Uh, you know,  
I think he's right.  
And that is  
why you elected me  
jury foreman.  
(BUZZING)  
Yeah.  
Have you reached  
a verdict?  
Yes, we have.  
(STUTTERS) Chinese.  
(MUMBLING)  
(TOMMY GROANING)  
I almost got it.  
I just got a little more.  
Take it home with you, boy.  
Let's vote.  
On a full stomach?  
Yes, goddamn it,  
on a full stomach.  
I believe the rule is,  
no voting until 30 minutes  
after you eat.  
That's swimming,

you idiot!  
Oh, Principal Beasley,  
what are you doing?  
This stuff  
is money in the bank.  
This stuff's worth a fortune.  
This right here, guys,  
is our future.  
Our future?  
It's our end.  
That and aerosol cans  
and asbestos,  
and the rest of the crap  
that's poisoning us.  
That's very  
interesting, okay?  
Can we cut the crap and vote?  
Now?  
Yes!  
Yes, now.  
Quit stalling.  
Now!  
Now!

**ALL:**

All right,  
okay, let's just  
get to it right now.  
No sense in wasting  
taxpayers' money.  
Okay, pass it down.  
A secret ballot  
is a waste of time.  
And paper.  
May I have the honor  
of collecting the votes?  
Yes, you may, Jorge.  
You know,  
in my country,  
a man does not have  
the right to a fair trial.  
This jury system is  
really something wonderful.  
I am so proud.

Oh, great. Count them.  
Okay, you guys ready?

**ALL:**

"Guilty."  
"Guilty."  
"Guilty."  
That one was  
probably yours.  
Probably.  
(SMIRKS)  
Okay, "Guilty."  
"Guilty."  
Ray, this says "Guilty."  
Now, let me think.  
What do you think  
this one is?  
This says  
"Guilty," too.  
Okay, "Guilty."  
"Guilty."  
(STUTTERS) "Guilty."  
"Guilty."  
Oh, my...  
"Not guilty"?

**ALL:**

Let me see that!  
Let me see that!  
My! This is unbelievable.  
Which one of you guys  
did this?  
I am shocked...  
Mr. Collins!  
Yes, Principal Beasely, sir?  
There is a "u"  
in "not guilty."  
Are you sure?  
I don't believe  
I understood correctly.  
I was thinking about my girl,  
who I haven't seen in  
four years.  
Did you vote not guilty?

Yeah.  
How could you...  
And how can you  
vote guilty?  
Goddamn it, Tommy!  
I killed for these tickets.  
If you make me miss the game  
because of your bullshit,  
I'll be pissed off!  
I'll be very,  
very pissed off!  
Now, wait a second.  
I believe even Mr. Collins  
has a right to his opinion.  
Maybe we should discuss  
this before he votes guilty.  
Exactly.  
Reasonable doubt.  
Okay, what does this mean?  
We got "reason"  
from the French "raison"  
meaning "dry grape."  
And we got "able"  
from Abraham Lincoln,  
our beloved third president.  
Boy, I'm gonna kill you!  
No!  
Gonna kill you!  
Beat's said  
that I'm no good  
But I don't need you  
to hold my hand  
(SCREAMING)  
Or take me to  
your promised land  
People try to tell me  
How to live my life  
I just want  
a chance to shout  
What it's all about  
Double fantasy  
Come on and check it out  
All right  
(GRUNTING)

Yeah

(ALL LAUGHING)

I went to

your promised land

Just one look

is all I get

I can't find mine anywhere

So don't you

try to tell me

How to live my life

I just want

a chance to shout

What it's all about

Double fantasy

Come on and

check it out

(ALL CHATTERING)

**ALL:**

(SCREAMING)

I say we request an alternate

and report this slimebucket

to the Judge.

(SCREAMING)

This is like being stuck

on an island with Gilligan!

Oh, wait!

It's worse,

it's real life.

Ow, aah! My ear!

Stop killing time

and start killing killers!

Aah!

In my country,

they would've shot

this Bishop on day one.

Here, you people

play games.

Aah!

Maybe I don't like

this country so much.

(CHOKING)

Listen, we're all making

a tremendous sacrifice, okay?

Ahh!

But I don't want  
to send this guy  
to the chair  
without at least  
considering all  
the facts.

I mean,  
I'm willing to forego  
a little comfort  
in my life so that  
justice can be done.  
Even if it takes a year.

A year?

My business is  
going to ruins!

(YELLING)

She's having the baby!  
She's having the baby!  
We're right here, Sarah.  
Back off.

She needs some air.  
Wait, wait, wait, no.  
It's a false alarm.  
It's okay. It's just  
the baby kicking.

Oh, God,  
I told you she  
was funny. See?  
Do you want to feel it?  
You can feel it.

Ohh!

Isn't that great?

Oh, wow!

Ohh!

Oh, God!

Don't even  
think about it.  
What did I do?

Get away.

What did you do?

What did you do?

Yeah.

Everything!

Nothing!  
Instead of  
this poor woman  
being stuck here  
stressing out  
for the past month,  
she should've been in bed  
with her feet up! But no.  
No, because of you,  
we're cooped up  
in this closet  
away from our families,  
our friends, and our jobs  
headed into  
the 21st century!  
Now, I have supported  
you from day one,  
but now  
I have to agree  
with everyone else.  
If, by tomorrow morning,  
you do not walk  
in here with your  
act pulled together,  
I will personally lead  
a charge  
to the Judge's chambers  
and have you thrown out.  
(CHATTERING ON TV)  
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)  
What's the secret code?

**RUSSELL:**

"Peanut kicks  
Lassie's ass."  
Wow!  
I was nervous. Thanks.  
Here's the research material  
you requested, sir.  
Serial killer trading cards  
and more videos.  
"And Justice for All.  
Judgment at Nuremberg.  
"The Firmest?"

Oh, uh-huh.  
Actually,  
that's mine, sir.  
(TELEPHONE RINGING)  
Oh, I gotta go.  
Thanks, Russell.  
Got it, Peanut.  
(SIGHS)  
Hello?

**MONICA:**

Monica?  
Look, I know  
it got a little heated  
in there this afternoon,  
but...  
I'm sorry,  
I just don't get it.  
You haven't made  
one valid point,  
that in any way casts  
the slightest shadow  
of doubt  
on the defendant's fate.  
You've done nothing,  
but waste our time.  
I can't figure out  
why you're not voting guilty  
with the rest of us.  
...slip through our fingers?  
Are you his executioner?  
I'm one of...  
Are you his executioner?  
Perhaps you'd like  
to pull the switch?

**TOMMY:**

Perhaps you'd like  
to pull the switch?  
I feel sorry for you.  
What it must feel  
like to...  
I feel sorry for you.  
What it must feel like

to want to pull the switch.  
Ever since you  
walked into that room,  
you've been acting like  
a self-appointed  
public avenger.  
Personally want it,  
not because...  
You want to see  
this boy die because  
you personally want it,  
not because of the facts.  
You're a...  
Duck-billed platypus.  
What?  
Stop, Peanut!  
Get off. Stop it!  
(WHIMPERING)  
I had no intention  
of coming off  
like an executioner.  
Peanut, this isn't funny.  
(WHIMPERING)  
I just had no idea  
you felt so passionately.  
I guess you know  
what you're doing.  
Stop it!  
I'll see you tomorrow?  
Oh! Yeah, okay.  
I'll see you tomorrow. Bye.  
Bye.  
(CHUCKLES)  
Oh, wow!  
Pull another stunt  
like that  
and it's back  
to the lab for you.  
Now what are we gonna do?  
(KEY JANGLING)  
(DOOR OPENING)  
Bishop, you got a visitor.  
Your girlfriend's here  
to kiss you goodbye.

Purr!  
In here.  
He'll be right out.  
(HISSES)  
Thanks, Rusty.  
Say hi to Judge Ito.  
Growl!  
You got five minutes.  
Make them count.  
(LAUGHS)  
(DOOR CLOSES)  
(MUTTERING)  
(GROANS)  
(NERVOUS CHUCKLING)  
No, no, no, no,  
no, look,  
it's not who you think  
it is. Look, see?  
I like French women.  
What about these?  
(GRUNTS)  
Perfect.  
I hate implants.  
All right,  
what about this?  
(SCREAMS)  
Get me out of here,  
she's a freak!  
She's a freak!  
She is a wild one.  
(CHUCKLES)  
No, Carl Bishop.  
Don't do it!  
Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!  
Look, it's me, hi!  
It's Tommy,  
Juror Number 6.  
I'm gonna kill you,  
funny man!  
No, no, no, relax.  
Relax. CPW, right?  
Listen. Okay,  
here's the deal.  
All the other jurors,

they think you're guilty.

But me, uh-uh, I think  
you're innocent.

You know what?

If I don't change their  
minds by the mornin',  
they're gonna deep-fry  
your ass like chicken.

(FRYING SOUNDS)

Deep-fry the ass

Deep-fry the ass

Shut up!

Oh, quick, come closer,  
come closer.

Two-minute warning.

Hi!

I missed you,  
Trishina.

I missed you, too,  
Carl Wayne Bishop.

Mmm-mmm.

Da, uh,  
okay.

What is going on here?

You gotta help me  
if I'm gonna help you, too.

Have you tried  
reasonable doubt?

That's too difficult.

Reenactment?

Too painful.

What about  
giving sperm?

Huh?

Oh!

Come on,  
give it to me,  
Carl Wayne Bishop!

Oh, ride me! Oh!

Time's up.

(HOOTING)

Oh!

(GRUNTS)

Oh, to be young

and on death row.

Mmm.

Nice hickey.

And so, uh,

do you still

want to sauna?

(YELLING)

**TOMMY:**

Please, open it,

please, somebody!

What the hell?

Give them two

more minutes.

Yeah, why not?

Open, ah,

ooh...

Ah, what a night,

what a night!

Hey, everybody.

Hi!

Oh, Skeets,

would you show me

a picture of your girlfriend?

I just want to

look at her for a sec.

(SIGHING)

Oh!

Yep, this is her.

You know, she looks

a lot different

with her clothes on.

She is a panther

in the sack.

Mmm.

(NEIGHS)

I'm gonna kill you!

(YELLING)

(SHOUTING ANGRILY)

Hey! What the hell

is going on here?

Thank God

you're here, Murph.

Private Skeets is a madman.

(COUGHS)

He says

he wants to kill me.

Is that so?

Of course not.

I was just kidding.

(COUGHING)

I'm just a little frustrated,  
that's all.

**TOMMY:**

Carl Wayne Bishop.

Oh, Murph,

while you're here,

arrest this guy.

For what?

He actually killed  
for these.

Whoa, stay right there,

Murph, all right?

It's an expression.

I say it

all the time, okay?

It doesn't mean anything.

How do we know

Carl Wayne Bishop

actually meant

what he said?

How do we know

it wasn't an expression?

Morons.

But Carl Wayne Bishop

fits the profile

of a killer perfectly.

How is that, Sarah? Huh?

Because he dresses

differently?

Because he doesn't

look like you guys?

Because he can't

hold down a job?

Now, wait a minute, now.

Wait a minute.

You didn't sleep with

my girlfriend, did you?

(SIGHS) No.

Monica, how much did the  
steer shack manager weigh?

Uh, 180 pounds. Why?

Would you mind participating  
in a little legal experiment?

Conducted by you,

Mr. Collins?

Not at all. In fact,

I'm rather curious.

(CLEARING THROAT)

(BUZZING)

(CRIES)

(GASPS)

Jorge, you're about  
the so-called killer's  
weight and height.

Pick Beasely up  
and throw him  
on the table.

Okay, no problem.

Come on, try it.

(SPEAKING SPANISH)

Hernia.

Rose, you want  
to give it a try?

Uh, sure.

Wait. What is your point?

What's my point?

I think it's obvious.

How much did  
Carl Wayne Bishop weigh?  
130 pounds.

He could  
never have lifted  
the steer shack manager.

Oh, that's ridiculous!

Why is this so difficult  
to understand?

Because for the first time  
there's reason to suspect  
that Carl Wayne Bishop  
is telling the truth.

That he was set up?  
Exactly!  
That's preposterous!  
You guys,  
we're talking about  
a human being's  
life here. Hello?  
Head, shoulders, knees  
and toes, knees and toes  
The whole thing!  
The least we owe him,  
is to sleep on it  
just one more night, okay?  
(ALL SIGHING)  
We what?  
(ALL CHATTERING)  
I say we give him  
a chance.  
We've come this far.  
Listen, I'll make you  
guys a deal.  
If, by tomorrow,  
you guys still feel  
Bishop is the killer,  
I'll come in,  
I'll vote guilty  
with the rest of yas.  
Well...  
(ALL MURMURING)  
All right, all right!  
Tomorrow!  
Thanks.  
Stop the bus!  
Open the doors!  
Open the doors!  
I think I see something.

**BEASELY:**

Mr. Collins,  
back to your seat!  
Yeah, come on, kid,  
give it up!  
Come on, let's go!  
Bishop says he was

knocked out, right?

Right.

Clearly, if the  
killer knocked out all his  
victims with the stun gun...

Then he would've done  
the same thing to Bishop.

Right. And considering  
the stun gun markings  
were on the neck  
and the shoulders...

It's logical to assume  
that Bishop would have  
a similar mark.

Behold.

Ah!

(ALL EXCLAIMING)

How do we know that the  
marks are from a stun gun?

Yes.

Simple.

Wait, wait. Stop that.

(MURMURING)

How do we know  
he didn't have  
those marks forever?

Come here.

Don't touch me, please!

Look!

I don't see any stun gun  
markings here, do you?

(SIGHING)

Come on, Frank, we can save  
an innocent man's life here.

Seems logical.

(ALL AGREEING)

Tom is right.

If I believe,  
others will believe, sir?

"A" plus, Mr. Collins.

Thank you, sir.

And, as my good friend

Ray would say,

"Ain't nothing sweeter

than a catfish  
"doing the backstroke  
"at the shallow end  
of the kiddie pool."  
Hey, Ray!  
Yo, bro.

**BOTH:**

(ALL CHEERING)  
(MUSIC PLAYING)  
You and me, amigo,  
courtside, tomorrow.  
No, no, no, chico.  
No more court for  
me, please!  
Laker tickets. Laker!  
(LAUGHING)  
Laker girls!  
Hey, Frank.  
No hard feelings?  
It's fine.  
Maybe we'll get together  
one day and recycle.  
Fine.

**HARRY:**

(ALL CHATTERING)  
To our jury foreman!  
Hit it, Rose.  
For he's  
a jolly good foreman  
For he's  
a jolly good foreman  
For he's  
a jolly good foreman  
Which nobody can deny  
(LAUGHING)

**ROSE:**

(RATTLING)  
(WHIMPERING)  
Ohh!  
Hi, cutie.  
You poor thing.

Who do you belong to?

(BARKS)

Where are you going?

Hey! Hey!

Puppy, where are you going?

Puppy!

Puppy! Ooh!

(BELL DINGS)

Puppy!

(GRUNTS)

**MONICA:**

Puppy! Puppy!

Puppy, where are you?

Puppy!

(GRUNTING)

(PANTING)

(WHIMPERS)

(DOORKNOB RATTLING)

Peanut.

(PANTING)

Puppy!

(MOANING)

Peanut, where have you been?

Ah, Peanut,

where have you been, boy?

What is going on here?

So, this is what

it was all about?

This is why

we went on and on?

Huh?

It was why.

(SIGHS)

I've changed.

I was checking out

of here tonight. Honest.

With your little

circus act?

So, this whole thing

had nothing to do

with justice,

did it?

The only man's life

you cared about was  
your own.

I feel so stupid.

You're no hero.

You're just a fraud.

Monica, no, you don't...

Number 2, where...

(SIGHS)

Oh!

Isn't this rich?

What's going on here,

Number 6?

It saddens me,

it disappoints me,

that an individual

has wasted a lot of

your and my valuable time.

He has been

exposed to biased

and censored material.

He has left me little choice

but to declare

a mistrial!

(MOANING)

(BANGS GAVEL)

(CRYING)

Shut up.

The jury is dismissed.

A new hearing will be set

at a later date.

(BANGING GAVEL)

(SPEAKING JAPANESE)

(GROANING)

**MALE ANNOUNCER:**

What better way

to make kids feel safe

than with this

Carl Wayne Bishop nightlight?

**FEMALE ANNOUNCER:**

That's right, Jack,

watch this.

(LAUGHING)

There are only 72

of these beauties left.  
And our special price is...  
You're a hero.  
You saved a man's life.  
If only a handful  
of people in this world  
had your conviction,  
we'd be a lot better off.  
And I mean that.  
(SHRIEKS)  
Get up, let's go.  
(GRUNTING)  
Wake up, Tommy, wake up.  
Why?  
We're going mining, son.  
What you need is some  
old-fashioned therapy.  
Come on!  
(COUGHING)  
I think  
I've had enough therapy  
for one day, Jed.  
Why do people throw  
this stuff away?  
I mean,  
it lasts forever!  
I'm telling you, Tommy,  
these psycho environmentalists  
have got it all  
ass-backwards.  
Right.  
Right!  
Those psycho  
environmentalists!  
Now you're getting  
the hang of it.  
You're a genius, Jed!  
Huh?  
Hey, come here!  
Where are you going?  
I'm gonna go save  
an innocent man's  
life, Jed!  
Bye.

Hey, Columbo,  
get back here!  
Come back here  
with my truck,  
you little shit!  
Don't leave me out here  
in this damn dump by myself!  
(RINGING)  
Hello?

**TOMMY:**

You?  
I figured it out.  
It's not about  
a disgruntled employee  
being fired.  
It's about non-recyclables!  
Non-recyclables?  
You're starting  
to sound like Frank.  
I don't have time for you  
or your silly ideas.  
I'm late for work.  
Oh, great!  
Great, great, great!  
(BARKS)  
Frank! Frank!  
Mr. CFC himself!  
He'll know about  
this stuff.  
Look up Frank.  
He's an environmentalist!  
(BARKS)  
Gotta call Frank.  
(MUTTERING)  
(WHINING)  
(BARKS)  
Oh, hey! How are you?  
Hey, how was jury duty?  
Thanks for volunteering  
for me. Hawaii was great.  
Look at the tan.  
Check it out.  
Anytime you want

to make that trade,  
I'm your guy.  
I'm up for that.  
(BUZZING)  
Anytime, Frank.  
(KNOCKING AT DOOR)  
Oh, Frank, thank God  
you're here.  
We need to talk.  
What are you doing?  
I figured it out.  
I did a little  
Holmes and Watson,  
and I know why  
the killer's been killing.  
Why?  
Three words, Frank,  
non-recy-clables!  
He hasn't been killing  
because he's been fired!  
No, no, no, no.  
He was pissed  
because these places are  
still using non-recyclables.  
He's one  
of you guys, Frank.  
Hello? Bingo!  
Chi-ching, chi-ching.  
(BREATHING HEAVILY)  
You okay, Frank?  
Fine.  
Can you believe it?  
You're gonna help me  
find him, right?  
(GRUNTS)  
You can't leave  
your shoes lying around.  
Someone's liable  
to break their neck.  
So, does anybody else  
know about this little,  
uh, theory of yours?  
Monica,  
but she hates me.

Why? You're so likeable!  
You know something, Frank?  
What?  
You can help me  
with Monica.  
She won't believe me  
by myself,  
but with you there, oh, yes.  
She'd buy it in a second!  
You're so smart, Tommy!  
And that is  
why you elected me  
jury foreman.

Let's go.

(ENGINE STARTING)

(TIRES SCREECHING)

(TIRES SCREECHING)

(GLASS SHATTERING)

Come on, let's go, Frank!  
Come on, Frank, come on!  
What are you doing here?  
I told you I didn't want...  
I know, Monica, I've been  
a complete jerk, okay?  
I'm sorry.  
But I figured it out.  
Whoever this guy is,  
he's got something  
for non-recyclables.  
Right, Frank?  
Good thinking.

You got a gun.  
We might need  
that later. Smart.  
Anyways, Monica,  
please listen...  
Frank, come on.  
You gotta find  
the guy first.  
Put the gun away.  
Whoever he is, right,  
he's gotta be some  
flipped out,  
psycho environmentalist

guy, right?  
I mean,  
he's very similar to...  
Frank?  
Frank.  
That's a pretty  
smart idea, Frank.  
Getting on the jury  
to convince us  
Bishop was guilty.  
Thanks.  
Ouch, that's too tight,  
I can't breathe.  
Nice cutlery, Frank.  
I wouldn't carve  
your initials in the table.  
Look, the librarian's  
right here.  
Don't worry.  
I won't be carving  
the table.  
What can we do?  
There's gotta be something.  
There's a guard  
out front.  
Oh, I'll get  
his attention.  
How?  
Okay, watch,  
watch, watch.  
(GRUNTING)  
(CREAKING)  
(THUDDING)  
Uh... Uh!  
(CHATTERING ON TV)  
Couldn't you  
have just yelled?  
What the hell is  
going on in here?  
Hey!  
Ahh!  
And that is why  
we elected you  
jury foreman.

Got any other  
bright ideas?  
Yeah, just one.

(YODELING)

Hush up, Tom!

That was  
your bright idea?  
You'll see.

ALEX TREBEK ON TV:

This capital is one of  
the USA's busiest. April?  
What is Denver?

Right.

"State capitals"  
for \$400, please.

The answer there,  
the daily double!

(AUDIENCE CLAPPING)

Whatever your plan is,  
it's not working.

Wait. What time is it?

(SIGHS)

**8:**

Oh, damn! Jeopardy!  
...look at today's  
final Jeopardy category,  
"Poland."

We'll be back with a clue  
relating to that subject  
following this break.

(GRUNTING)

Why did you do it, Frank?

Or should

I call you the psycho  
environmentalist killer?

My mother

called me Billy.

I'll tell you why I did it.

I'm only hastening  
the inevitable!

Mother Earth needs  
to cleanse herself,  
or we're all gonna

burn in a fiery hell!

Oh, God,

can't you see?

There's no hope!

(GASPING)

Aren't you

a ray of sunshine?

Sure there is.

There's plenty of hope.

But you have to turn

the world around

to help people.

Free Willy, Billy,

not kill Willy.

Billy.

No.

Kill Tommy,

Tommy.

(BARKS)

(GRUNTS)

I knew you'd

come save us.

(LAUGHS)

Come on, Puppy!

(GROANING)

(GRUNTING)

(LAUGHS)

**TOMMY:**

Okay, let's go.

(GROANING)

You wait here.

I'll take care of him.

What are you doing?

Come on, Frank.

Come on.

You want some of me, Frank?

Come on, come on.

(CHOKING)

Now, I really

can't breathe.

(GASPING)

I can't breathe.

(YELLING)

Please.

The verdict is in.

You are sentenced

to die.

Asbestos.

(SCREAMING)

(BELLS TOLLING)

(MONICA PANTING)

So that's what

these things are for.

Look on the bright side,

Frank.

At least

you're biodegradable.

(COUGHS)

Well, 6,

I think it's time

we deliberate.

I couldn't agree more.

(FLASH EXPLODING)

(APPLAUDING)

This is truly a proud moment

for the Department of Justice,

and to Thomas B. Collins.

It is my great honor

to present to you a check

for an extra day's work.

That's way too much.

**CROWD:**

Tommy! Tommy! Tommy!

**TOMMY:**

thank you, thank you,

distinguished guests.

And to you, Judge Powell.

I believe I owe you

the biggest debt of gratitude.

For you,

of all people, showed me

what I should be

doing with my life.

(PEOPLE CHEERING)

I wanna make

(WOMAN LAUGHING)

I wanna make  
every woman I see  
Uh-uh-uh.

I'm a heterosexual man  
Just a heterosexual man

(WOMAN HOOTING)

**WOMAN:**

Go ahead, sweetheart!  
I wanna do it to them  
in their clothes

**TOMMY:**

Yeah, Peanut, you made it!  
Little puppy,  
be a good boy!

(YODELING)

Judge Ito,  
a bite of my burrito!  
Kato, have some of my tomato.  
Hey, Mr. Cochran,  
have some of my...

Okay, I won't say that one.

(SWEET SOUL REVUE

PLAYING IN JAPANESE)