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12 Angry Men

By Reginald Rose

CHARACTERS:

FOREMAN:

has and handles himself quite formally. Not overly bright, but dogged.

JUROR NO. 2:

any opinions of his own. Easily swayed and usually adopts the opinion of the last person to whom he has spoken.

JUROR NO. 3:

within whom can be detected a streak of sadism. He is a humorless man who is intolerant of opinions other than his own and accustomed to forcing his wishes and views upon others.

JUROR NO. 4:

practiced speaker who presents himself well at all times. He seems to feel a little bit above the rest of the jurors. His only concern is with the facts in this case, and he is appalled at the behavior of the others.

JUROR NO. 5:

obligations in this case very seriously but, who finds it difficult to speak up when his elders have the floor.

JUROR NO. 6:

decisions slowly and carefully. A man who finds it difficult to create positive opinions, but who must listen to and digest and accept those opinions offered by others which appeal to him most.

JUROR NO. 7:

important things to do than to sit on a jury. He is quick to show temper, quick to form opinions on things about which he knows nothing. Is a bully and, of course, a coward.

JUROR NO. 8:

sides of every question and constantly seeks the truth. A man of strength tempered with compassion. Above all, he is a man who wants justice to be done and will fight to see that it is.

JUROR NO. 9:

now merely waiting to die. A man who recognizes himself for what he is and mourns the days when it would have been possible to be courageous without shielding himself behind his many years.

JUROR NO. 10 An angry, bitter man. He is man who antagonizes almost at sight. A bigot who places no values on any human life save his own, a man who has been nowhere and is going nowhere and knows it deep within him.

JUROR NO. 11:

1941. A man who speaks with an accent and who is ashamed humble, almost subservient to the people around him, but who will honestly seek justice because he has suffered through so much injustice.

Juror NO. 12:

beings in terms of percentages graphs, and polls and has no real understanding of people. He is a superficial snob, but trying to be a good fellow.

NO. 12:

in terms of percentages graphs, and polls and has no real understanding of people. He is a superficial snob, but trying to be a good fellow.

ACT 1

Fade in on a jury box. Twelve men are seated in it, listening intently to the voice of the judge as he charges them. We do not see the judge. He speaks in slow, measured tones, and his voice is grave. The camera drifts over the faces of the jurymen as the judge speaks, and we see that most of their heads are turned to camera's left. NO. 7 looks down at his hands. NO. 3 looks off in another direction, the direction in which the defendant would be sitting. NO. 10 keeps moving his head back and forth nervously. The judge drones on.

JUDGE:

serious charge tried in our criminal courts. You've heard a long and complex case, gentlemen, and it is now your duty to sit down to try and separate the facts from the fancy. One man is dead. The life of another is

at stake. If there is a reasonable doubt in your minds as to the guilt of the accused . . . then you must declare him not guilty. If, however, there is no reasonable doubt, then he must be found guilty. Whichever way you decide, the verdict must be unanimous. I urge you to deliberate honestly and thoughtfully. You are faced with a grave responsibility. Thank you, gentlemen.

[There is a long pause.]

CLERK:

[And now, slowly, almost hesitantly, the members of the jury begin to rise. Awkwardly, they file out of the jury box and off camera to the left. Camera holds on jury box, and then fades out].

[Fade in on a large bare, unpleasant-looking room. This is the jury room in the county criminal court of a large Eastern city. It is about 4:00 P.M. The room is furnished with a long conference table and a dozen chairs. The walls are bare, drab and badly in need of a fresh coat of paint. Along one wall is a row of windows, which look out on the skyline of the city's financial district. High on another wall is an electric clock. A washroom opens off the jury room. In one corner of the room is a water fountain. On the table are pads, pencils, and ashtrays. One of the windows is open. Papers blow across the table and onto the floor as the door opens. Lettered on the outside of the door are the words "Jury Room". A uniformed guard holds the door open. Slowly, almost self-consciously, the twelve jurors file in. The guard counts them as they enter the door, his lips moving, but no sound coming forth. Four or five of the jurors light cigarettes as they enter the room. Juror NO. 5 lights his pipe, which he smokes constantly throughout the play. Jurors NO. 2 and 12 go to the water fountain. NO. 9 goes into the washroom, the door of which is lettered "Men." Several of the jurors take seats at the table. Others stand awkwardly around the room. Several look out the windows. These are men who are ill at ease, who do not really know each other to talk to and who wish they were anywhere but here. NO. 7, standing at window, takes out a pack of gum, takes a piece, and offers it around. There are no takers. He mops his brow.]

NO. 7:

think they'd at least air condition the place.

I almost dropped dead in court.

[NO. 7 opens the window a bit wider. The guard looks them over and checks his count. Then, satisfied, he makes ready to leave.]

GUARD:

want, I'm right outside. Just knock.

[He exits, closing the door. Silently they all look at the door. We hear the lock clicking.]

NO. 5:

NO. 10:

think?

NO. 5:

[Some of the jurors are taking off their jackets. Others are sitting down at the table. They still are reluctant to talk to each other. FOREMAN is at head of table, tearing slips of paper for ballots. Now we get a close shot of

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

talk. Did you ever hear so much talk about nothing?

NO. 2:

NO. 3:

system. Well, I suppose you can't say anything against it.

[NO.2 looks at him nervously, nods, and goes over to water cooler. Cut to shot of NO. 8 staring out window.

Cut to table. NO.7 stands at the table, puffing out a cigarette.]

NO.7:

you ever hear a phonier story?

NO.10:

you're dealing with.

NO.7:

NO.10:

[NO.7 nods sympathetically.]

FOREMAN:

NO.7:

Year Itch tonight. I must be the only guy in the whole world who hasn't seen it yet. (He laughs and sits down.) Okay, your honor, start the show.

[They all begin to sit down. The foreman is seated at the head of the table. NO. 8 continues to look out the window.]

FOREMAN:

him.) The gentleman at the window.

[NO 8 turns, startled.]

FOREMAN:

NO. 8:

NO.10:

father. Bing! Just like that. Well, it's the element. They let the kids run wild. Maybe it serves 'em right.

FOREMAN:

NO.12:

: Is everybody here?

NO.12:

[The foreman turns to the washroom just as the door opens. NO. 9 comes out, embarrassed.]

FOREMAN:

NO.9:

FOREMAN:

[NO. 9 heads for a seat and sits down. They look at the foreman expectantly.]

FOREMAN:

want to. I mean, I'm not going to make any rules. If we want to discuss it first and then vote, that's one way. Or we can vote right now to see how we stand.

NO. 7:

NO. 10:

NO. 3:

FOREMAN:

There is no answer.) Okay, 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. There are two hands not raised, NO. 9's and NO. 8's. NO. 9's hand goes up slowly now as the foreman counts.]

FOREMAN:

Not guilty? (NO. 8's hand is raised.) One. Right. Okay. Eleven to one, guilty. Now we know where we are.

NO. 3:

he's not guilty?

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

and heard the same thing I did. The man's a dangerous killer. You could see it.

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

the chest. An innocent little nineteen-year old kid. They proved it a dozen different ways. Do you want me to list them?

NO. 8:

NO. 10:

NO. 8:

NO. 7:

guilty for?

NO. 8:

to raise my hand and send a boy off to die
without talking about it first.

NO. 7:

NO. 8:

NO. 7:

You couldn't change my mind if you talked for a
hundred years.

NO. 8:

while. Look, this boy's been kicked around all
his life. You know, living in a slum, his mother dead since he was nine.
That's not a very good head start. He's a
tough, angry kid. You know why slum kids get that way? Because we knock 'em
on the head once a day, every
day. I think maybe we owe him a few words. That's all.
[He looks around the table. Some of them look back coldly. Some cannot look
at him. Only NO. 9 nods slowly.
NO. 12 doodles steadily. NO. 4 begins to comb his hair.]

NO. 10:

thing. He got a fair trial, didn't he? You know
what that trial cost? He's lucky he got it. Look, we're all grownups here.
You're not going to tell us that we're
supposed to believe him, knowing what he is. I've lived among 'em all my
life. You can't believe a word they
say. You know that.

NO. 9:

thing for a man to believe! Since when is
dishonesty a group characteristic? You have no monopoly on the truth.
NO. 3 {interrupting} All right. It's not Sunday. We don't need a sermon.

NO. 9:

[NO. 8 puts his hand on NO. 9's arm and stops him. Somehow his touch and
his gentle expression calm the old

man. He draws a deep breath and relaxes.]

NO.4:

to be able to behave like gentlemen.

NO.7:

NO. 4:

FOREMAN:

it.

NO.11:

close the window.

(He gets up and does so.) (Apologetically) It was blowing on my neck.

[NO. 10 blows his nose fiercely.]

NO. 12:

it seems to me that it's up to us to convince this gentleman (indicating NO. 8) that we're right and he's wrong. Maybe if we each took a minute or two, you know, if we sort of try it on for size.

FOREMAN:

table.

NO. 7:

FOREMAN:

NO.2:

guilty. I thought it was obvious. I mean nobody proved otherwise.

NO. 8:

is on the prosecution. The defendant doesn't have to open his mouth. That's in the Constitution. The Fifth Amendment. You've heard of it.

NO. 2:

I . . . what I meant . . . well, anyway, I think he was guilty.

NO. 3:

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 upstairs apartment. He said it sounded like a fight. Then he heard the kid say to his father, "I'm gonna kill you.!" A second later he heard a body falling, 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:

NO. 3:

NO. 4:

movies. That's a little ridiculous, isn't it? He couldn't even remember what pictures he saw.

NO. 3:

right.

NO. 10:

testimony don't prove it, then nothing does.

NO. 12:

FOREMAN:

NO. 10:

can't sleep. It's hot, you know. (He gets up and begins to walk around, blowing his nose and talking.) Anyway, she looks out the window and right across the street she sees the kid stick the knife into his father. 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.

NO. 8:

NO. 10:

windows of a passing el train at night and see what's happening on the other side. They proved it.

NO. 8:

She's one of "them" too, isn't she: I'd like to ask you something. How come you believed her? She's one of "them" too, isn't she?

[NO. 10 walks over to NO. 8:]

NO. 10:

FOREMAN:

[NO. 3 gets up and goes to NO. 10:]

NO. 3:

you letting him get you all upset for?

Relax.

[NO. 10 and NO. 3 sit down.]

FOREMAN:

NO. 5:

FOREMAN:

NO. 6:

with the testimony from those people across the hall. 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.

NO. 11:

NO. 8:

boy twice and then saw the boy walk angrily out of the house. What does that prove?

NO. 6:

the picture. I didn't say it proved anything.

FOREMAN:

NO. 6:

[NO. 6 goes to the water fountain.]

FOREMAN:

NO. 7:

day about this thing, but I think we're wasting our time. Look at the kid's record. At fifteen he was in reform school. He stole a car. He's been arrested for mugging. He was picked up for knife-fighting. I think they said he stabbed somebody in the arm. This is a very fine boy.

NO. 8:

regularly. He used his fists.

NO. 7:

NO. 3:

don't listen. (Bitter) I've got a kid. When he was eight years old, he ran away from a fight. I saw him. I was so ashamed, I told him right out, "I'm gonna make a man out of you or I'm gonna bust you up into little pieces trying." When he was fifteen he hit me in the face. He's big, you know. I haven't seen him in three years. Rotten kid! You work your heart out.... (Pause) All right, let's get on with it.

3:

don't listen. (Bitter) I've got a kid. When he was eight years old, he ran away from a fight. I saw him. I was so ashamed, I told him right out, "I'm gonna make a man out of you or I'm gonna bust you up into little pieces trying." When he was fifteen he hit me in the face. He's big, you know. I haven't seen him in three years. Rotten kid! You work your heart out.... (Pause) All right, let's get on with it.
[Looks away embarrassed.]

NO. 4:

product of a filthy neighborhood and a broken home. We can't help that. We're not here to go into the reasons why slums are breeding grounds for criminals. They are. I know it. So do you. The children who come out of slum backgrounds are potential menaces to society.

NO. 10:

me.

[There is a dead silence for a moment, and then NO. 5 speaks haltingly.]

NO. 5:

NO. 10:

NO. 5:

Maybe it still smells on me.

FOREMAN:

[NO. 5 stands up.]

NO. 5:

seeing everyone looking at him, sits down,
fists clenched.]

NO. 3:

Let's not be so sensitive.

[There is a long pause.]

NO. 11:

FOREMAN:

8) It's your turn.

NO. 8:

I felt that the defense counsel never really
conducted a thorough cross-examination. I mean, he was appointed by the
court to defend the boy. He hardly
seemed interested. Too many questions were left unasked.
NO. 3 (annoyed). What about the ones that were asked? For instance, let's
talk about that cute little switchknife.
You know, the one that fine, upright kid admitted buying.

NO. 8:

at it. I'd like to see it again, Mr. Foreman.

[The foreman looks at him questioningly and then gets up and goes to the
door. During the following dialogue
the foreman knocks; the guard comes in; the foreman whispers to him; the
guard nods and leaves, locking the
door.]

NO. 3:

look at it again. (To NO. 4) What do yo: We all know what it looks like. I

don't see why we have to look at it again. (To NO. 4) What do you think?

NO. 4:

NO. 3:

NO. 4:

don't you agree?

NO. 8:

NO. 4:

being slapped by his father.

NO. 8:

NO. 4:

switch knife. The storekeeper was arrested the following day when he admitted selling it to the boy. It's a very unusual knife. The storekeeper identified it and said it was the only one of its kind he had in stock. Why did the boy get it? (Sarcastically) As a present for a friend of his, he says. Am I right so far?

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

what he's talking about.

NO. 4:

fallen through a hole in his coat pocket, that he never saw it again. Now there's a story, gentlemen. You know what actually happened. The boy took the knife home and a few hours later stabbed his father with it and even remembered to wipe off the fingerprints.

[The door opens, and the guard walks in with an oddly designed knife with a tag on it. NO. 4 gets up and takes it from him. The guard exits.]

NO. 4:

are you trying to tell me that someone picked it up off the street and went up to the boy's house and stabbed his father with it just to be amusing?

NO. 8:

and that someone else stabbed his father with a similar knife. It's possible.

[NO. 4 flips open the knife and jams it into the table.]

NO. 4:

never seen one like it before in my life and neither had the storekeeper who sold it to him.

[NO. 8 reaches casually into his pocket and withdraws an object. No one notices this. He stands up quietly.]

NO. 4:

coincidence?

NO. 8:

possible.

NO. 3:

[NO. 8 swiftly flicks open the blade of a switch knife and jams it into the table next to the first one. They are NO. 8 swiftly flicks open the blade of a switch knife and jams it into the table next to the first one. They are exactly alike. There are several gasps and everyone stares at the knife. There is a long silence.]

NO. 3:

NO. 10:

NO. 5:

FOREMAN:

[They quiet down.]

NO. 4:

NO. 8:

from the boy's house. It cost two dollars.

NO. 3:

proved absolutely zero. Maybe there are ten knives like that, so what?

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

NO. 10:

NO. 8:

NO. 4:

NO. 8:

[NO. 5 can't answer immediately. He looks around nervously.]

NO. 5:

NO. 7:

there are still eleven of us who think he's guilty. You're alone. What do you think you're gonna accomplish? If you want to be stubborn and hang this jury, he'll be tried again and found guilty, sure as he's born.

NO. 8:

NO. 7:

NO. 9:

[NO. 7 glares at NO. 9 for a long while, but has no answer. NO. 8 looks closely at NO. 9, and we can begin to sense a rapport between them,. There is a long silence. Then suddenly everyone begins to talk at once.]

NO. 3:

NO. 6:

is...

NO. 10:

you like him? Like someone forced him!

NO. 11:

NO. 5:

NO. 12:

NO. 2:

NO. 7:

sit around a jury room.

NO. 4:

at once?

FOREMAN:

[NO. 8 has been listening to this exchange closely.]

NO. 3:

the show.

NO. 8:

[We catch a close shot of NO. 5 looking steadily at him as he talks. NO. 5, seemingly puzzled, listens closely.]

NO. 8:

secret ballot. I'll abstain. If there are still eleven votes for guilty, I won't stand alone. We'll take in a guilty verdict right now.

NO. 7:

FOREMAN:

[They all nod their heads. NO. 8 walks over to the window, looks out for a moment and then faces them.]

FOREMAN:

[The foreman passes ballot slips to all of them, and now NO. 8 watches them; tensely as they begin to write.

Fade out.]

ACT 2

Fade in on same scene, no time lapse. NO. 8 stands tensely watching as the jurors write on their ballots. He stays perfectly still as one by one they fold the ballots and pass them, along to the foreman. The foreman takes them, riffles through the folded ballots, counts eleven, and now begins to open them. He reads each one out loud and lays it aside. They watch him quietly, and all we hear is his

voice and the sound of NO. 2 sucking on a cough drop.

FOREMAN:

Guilty. Guilty.

(He pauses at the tenth ballot and then reads it.] Not Guilty. (NO. 3 slams down hard on the table. The foreman opens the last ballot.) Guilty.

NO. 10:

NO. 7:

NO. 11:

point, no? If the gentleman wants it to remain secret...

NO. 3 (standing up angrily). What do you mean? There are no secrets in here! I know who it was. (He turns to NO. 5) What's the matter with you? You come in here and you vote guilty and then this slick preacher starts to tear your heart out with stories about a poor little kid who just couldn't help becoming a murderer. So you change your vote. If that isn't the most sickening... [NO. 5 stares at NO. 3, frightened at this outburst.]

FOREMAN:

NO. 3:

where he belongs—and all of a sudden we're paying attention to fairy tales.

NO. 5:

NO. 11:

thought that a man was entitled to have unpopular opinions in this country. This is the reason I came here. I wanted to have the right to disagree. In my own country, I am ashamed to say that.

NO. 10:

country?

NO. 7:

you what made you change your vote.

[There is a long pause as NO. 7 and NO. 5 eye each other angrily.]

NO. 9:

change his vote.

I did. (There is a pause.) Maybe you'd like to know why.

NO. 3:

FOREMAN:

NO. 9:

alone against us. That's his right. It takes a great deal of courage to stand alone even if you believe in something very strongly. He left the verdict up to us. He gambled for support, and I gave it to him. I want to hear more. The vote is ten to two.

: Thank you. (Pointing at NO. 8) This gentleman chose to stand alone against us. That's his right. It takes a great deal of courage to stand alone even if you believe in something very strongly. He left the verdict up to us. He gambled for support, and I gave it to him. I want to hear more. The vote is ten to two.

NO. 10:

[Foreman gets up, goes to door, knocks, hands guard the tagged switch knife and sits down again.]

NO. 3 (to NO. 5): Look, buddy, I was a little excited. Well, you know how it is. I . . . I didn't mean to get nasty...nothing personal.

[NO. 5 looks at him.]

NO. 7:

didn't kill him, who did?

NO. 8:

boy on trial is guilty. We're not concerned with anyone else's motives here.

NO. 9:

to remember.

NO. 3:

explain what your reasonable doubts are.

NO. 9:

feeling. Perhaps you don't understand.

NO. 10:

about your feelings? What about the facts?

NO. 3:

kid yell, "I'm gonna kill you." A second later he heard the father's body falling, and he saw the boy running out of the house fifteen seconds after that.

NO. 12:

street. She looked into the open window and saw the boy stab his father. She saw it. Now if that's not enough for you....

NO. 8:

NO. 7:

NO. 4:

elevated train. The train had five cars, and she saw it through the windows of the last two. She remembers the most insignificant details.

[Cut to close shot of NO. 12 who doodles a picture of an el train on a scrap of paper.]

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

pencil. ~

[NO. 12 gives it to him. He draws a tic-tac-toe square on the same sheet of paper on which NO. 12 had drawn the train. He fills in an X and hands the pencil to NO. 12]

NO. 3:

[NO. 12 takes the pencil. NO. 8 stands up and snatches the paper away. NO. 3 leaps up.] NO. 12 takes the pencil. NO. 8 stands up and snatches the paper away. NO. 3 leaps up.]

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

NO. 7:

NO. 3:

one!

FOREMAN:

NO. 3:

NO. 10:

NO. 6:

NO. 3:

[He lets them sit him down. NO. 8 remains standing, holding the scrap of paper. He looks at it closely now and seems to be suddenly interested in it. Then he throws it back toward NO. 3. It lands in the center of the table.

NO. 3 is angered again at this, but NO. 4 puts his hand on his arm. NO. 8 speaks now and his voice is more intense.]

NO. 8:

an elevated train going at top speed to pass a given point?

NO. 4:

NO. 8:

NO. 4:

NO. 8:

NO. 5:

NO. 8:

NO. 11:

NO. 2:

NO. 4:

NO. 8:

given point is the window of the room in which the killing took place. You can almost reach out of the window of that room and touch the el. Right?

(Several of them nod.) All right. Now let me ask you this. Did anyone here ever live right next to the el tracks? I have. When your window is open and the train goes by, the noise is almost unbearable. You can't hear yourself think.

: This. An el train passes a given point in ten seconds. That given point is the window of the room in which the killing took place. You can almost reach out of the window of that room and touch the el. Right?

(Several of them nod.) All right. Now let me ask you this. Did anyone here ever live right next to the el tracks? I have. When your window is open and the train goes by, the noise is almost unbearable. You can't hear yourself think.

NO. 10:

point?

NO. 8:

one second later he heard a body fall. One second. That's the testimony, right?

NO. 2:

NO. 8:

last two cars of the el and saw the body fall. Right? The last two cars.

NO. 10:

NO. 8:

per car. That el had been going by the old man's window for at least six seconds and maybe more, before the body fell, according to the woman. The old man would have had to hear the boy say, "I'm going to kill you," while the front of the el was roaring past his nose. It's not possible that he could have heard it.

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

NO. 9:

NO. 2:

NO. 3:

man a liar?

NO. 5:

NO. 3:

NO. 9:

NO. 3:

send one in to a newspaper? They pay
two dollars.

[NO. 8 looks hard at NO. 3 and then turns to NO. 9]

NO. 8:

be heard.

NO. 9:

of his jacket was split under the arm. Did
you notice that? He was a very old man with a torn jacket, and he carried
two canes. I think I know him better
than anyone here. This is a quiet, frightened, insignificant man who has
been nothing all his life, who has never
had recognition—his name in the newspapers. Nobody knows him after
seventy-five years. That's a very sad
thing. A man like this needs to be recognized. To be questioned, and
listened to, and quoted just once. This is
very important.

: It's just that I looked at him for a very long time. The seam of his
jacket was split under the arm. Did
you notice that? He was a very old man with a torn jacket, and he carried
two canes. I think I know him better
than anyone here. This is a quiet, frightened, insignificant man who has

been nothing all his life, who has never had recognition—his name in the newspapers. Nobody knows him after seventy-five years. That's a very sad thing. A man like this needs to be recognized. To be questioned, and listened to, and quoted just once. This is very important.

NO. 12:

just so that he could be important?

NO. 9:

believe that he heard those words and recognized the boy's face.

NO. 3:

heard. How can you make up a thing like that? What do you know about it?

NO. 9:

[There is a long pause. Then the foreman clears his throat]

FOREMAN:

[NO. 8 is looking at NO. 9: NO. 2 offers the foreman a box of cough drops. The foreman pushes it away.]

NO. 2:

FOREMAN:

NO. 8:

the table.) Thanks.

[NO. 2 nods, and NO. 8 puts the cough drop into his mouth]

NO. 8:

think we proved that the old man couldn't have heard the boy say, "I'm going to kill you," but supposing he really did hear it? This phrase: how many times has each of you used it? Probably hundreds. "If you do that once more, Junior, I'm going to murder you." "Come on, Rocky, kill him!" We say it every day. This doesn't mean that we're going to kill someone. ~

NO. 3:

the kid screamed it out at the top of his

lungs. Don't try and tell me he didn't mean it. Anybody says a thing like that the way he said it—they mean it.

NO. 10:

NO. 8:

shout out a thing like that so the whole neighborhood would hear it? I don't think so. He's much too bright for that.

NO. 10:

even speak good English!

NO. 11:

[NO. 10 stares angrily at NO. 11, and there is silence for a moment. Then NO.6 looks around the table nervously.]

NO.5:

my vote to not guilty.

[NO. 3 gets up and walks to the window, furious, but trying to control himself.]

FOREMAN:

NO. 5. Yes. I'm sure.

FOREMAN:

NO.7:

on? Stories this guy (indicating NO. 8) made up! He oughta write for American Detective Monthly. He'd make a fortune. Listen, the kid had a lawyer, didn't he? Why didn't his lawyer bring up all these points?

NO.5:

NO.7:

of thin air. Now, we're supposed to believe that the old man didn't get up out of bed, run to the door, and see the kid beat it downstairs fifteen seconds after the killing. He's only saying he did to be important?

NO. 8:

NO. 7:

NO. 5:

run.

NO. 4:

enough, isn't it?

NO. 8:

NO.10:

Don't you remember that?

NO. 8:

the apartment.

NO. 7:

everything straight?

NO. 8:

FOREMAN:

[The foreman gets up, goes to door during following dialogue. He knocks on door, guard opens it, he whispers to guard, guard nods and closes door.]

NO. 3:

only one in the room who wants to see exhibits all the time?

NO. 5:

NO. 3:

NO. 4:

about where the body was found....

NO. 8:

strokes in the past three years, and wh: We're not. We're going to find out how a man who's had two strokes in the past three years, and who walks with a pair of canes, could get to his front door in fifteen seconds.

NO. 3:

NO. 2:

NO. 3:

that kind of a thing.

NO. 9:

NO. 3:

confused. How could he be positive about anything?

[NO. 3 looks around sheepishly, unable to cover up his blunder. The door opens and the guard walks in

carrying a large pen and ink diagram of the apartment. It is a railroad flat. A bedroom faces the el tracks.

Behind it is a series of rooms off a long hall. In the front bedroom is a diagram of the spot where the body was

found. At the back of the apartment we see the entrance into the apartment hall from the building hall. We can

see a flight of stairs in the building hall. The diagram is clearly labeled, and included in the information on it

are the dimensions of the various rooms. The guard gives the diagram to the foreman.]

GUARD:

FOREMAN:

[The guard nods and exits. NO. 8 goes to FOREMAN and reaches for it.]

NO. 8:

[The foreman nods. NO. 8 takes the diagram and sets it up on a chair so that all can see it. NO. 8 looks it over.

Several of the jurors get up to see it better. NO. 3, NO. 10, and NO. 7, however, barely bother to look at it.]

NO. 7:

NO. 8:

killing took place. The old man's apartment is directly beneath it and exactly the same. (Pointing) Here are the el tracks. The bedroom. Another bedroom.

Living room. Bathroom. Kitchen. And this is the hall. Here's the front door to the apartment. And here are the

steps. (Pointing to front bedroom and then front door) Now, the old man was

in bed in this room. He says he got up, went out into the hall, down the hall to the front door, opened it, and looked out just in time to see the boy racing down the stairs. Am I right?

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

NO. 11:

NO. 8:

from his bed to the bedroom door. The length of the hall is forty-three feet, six inches. He had to get up out of bed, get his canes, walk twelve feet, open the bedroom door, walk forty-three feet, and open the front door—all in fifteen seconds. Do you think this possible?

: His bed was at the window. It's (looking closer) twelve feet from his bed to the bedroom door. The length of the hall is forty-three feet, six inches. He had to get up out of bed, get his canes, walk twelve feet, open the bedroom door, walk forty-three feet, and open the front door—all in fifteen seconds. Do you think this possible?

NO. 10:

NO. 11:

witness chair.

NO. 3:

[NO. 8 gets up, goes to the end of the room, and takes two chairs. He puts them together to indicate a bed.]

NO. 9:

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

going to pace off twelve feet—the length of the bedroom. [He begins to do so.]

NO. 3:

NO. 11:

NO. 3 (mad). It's a ridiculous waste of time.

NO. 6:

NO. 8:

This is the bedroom door. Now how far would you say it is from here to the door of this room?

NO. 6:

NO. 2:

NO. 8:

and back is about forty feet. It's shorter than the length of the hall, wouldn't you say that?

NO. 9:

NO. 10:

can recreate a thing like that?

NO. 8:

fifteen seconds. We can spare that. (He walks over to the two chairs now and lies down on them.) Who's got a watch with a second hand'

NO. 2:

NO. 8:

body falling. Time me from there. (He lies down on the chair.) Let's say, he keeps his canes right at his bedside. Right?

NO. 2:

NO. 8:

[They all watch carefully. NO. 2 stares at his watch, waiting for the second hand to reach 60. Then, as if does, he stamps his foot loudly. NO. 8 begins to get up. Slowly he swings his legs over the edges of the chairs, reaches for imaginary canes, and struggles to his feet.. NO. 2 stares at the watch. NO. 8 walks as a crippled old man

would walk, toward the chair which is serving as the bedroom door. He gets to it and pretends to open it.]

NO. 10:

[NO.8 not having stopped for this outburst begins to walk the simulated forty-foot hallway.]

NO. 11:

in the courtroom.

NO. 8:

[He speeds up his pace slightly. He reaches the door and turns now, heading back, hobbling as an old man would hobble, bent over his imaginary canes. They watch him tensely. He hobbles back to the chair, which also serves as the front door. He stops there and pretends to unlock the door. Then he pretends to push it open.]

NO. 8:

NO. 2:

NO. 8:

NO. 2:

NO. 11:

[Some of the jurors ad-lib their surprise to each other.]

NO. 8:

heard someone racing down the stairs, and assumed that it was the boy.

NO. 6:

NO. 3:

all kinds of dishonesty in my day .. but this little display takes the cake. (To NO. 4). Tell him, will you? [NO. 4 sits silently. NO. 3 looks at him, and then he strides over to NO. 8]

NO. 3:

about slum kids and injustice and you make up these wild stories, and you've got some softhearted old ladies listening

to you. Well, I'm not. I'm getting real sick of it. (To all) What's the matter with you people? This kid is guilty! He's got to burn! We're letting him slip through our fingers here.

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

pull the switch.

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

want it—not because of the facts.

NO. 3:

[He lunges at NO. 8, but is caught by two of the jurors and held. He struggles as NO. 8 watches calmly.]

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

[NO. 3 stops struggling now and stares at NO. 8: All the jurors watch in silence as we fade out.]

ACT 3

Fade in on same scene. No time lapse. NO. 3 glares angrily at NO. 8. NO. 3 is still held by two jurors. After a long pause, he shakes himself loose and turns away. He walks to the windows. The other jurors stand around

the room now, shocked by this display of anger. There is silence. Then the door opens and the guard enters. He looks around the room.

GUARD:

FOREMAN:

of the apartment.) You can take that back. We're finished with it.

[The guard nods and takes the diagram. He looks curiously at some of the jurors and exits. The jurors still are silent. Some of them slowly begin to sit down. NO. 3 still stands at the window. He turns around now. The jurors look at him.]

NO. 3:

[They turn away. He goes back to his seat now. Silently the rest of the jurors take their seats. NO. 12 begins to doodle. NO. 10 blows his nose, but no one speaks. Then, finally..

NO. 4:

NO. 11:

thing about democracy. That we are...ummmm... what is the word...Ah, notified! That we are notified by mail to come down to this place and decide on the guilt or innocence of a man we have not known before. We have nothing to gain or lose by our verdict. This is one of the reasons why we are strong. We should not make it a personal thing.

: Nor do I. We have a responsibility. This is a remarkable thing about democracy. That we

are...ummmm... what is the word...Ah, notified! That we are notified by mail to come down to this place and decide on the guilt or innocence of a man we have not known before. We have nothing to gain or lose by our verdict. This is one of the reasons why we are strong. We should not make it a personal thing.

[There is a long, awkward pause.]

NO. 12:

NO. 6:

FOREMAN:

[He looks around the table.]

NO. 7:

NO. 3:

know who stands where.

FOREMAN:

I'll call off your jury numbers.

[He takes a pencil and paper and makes marks now in one of two columns after each vote.]

FOREMAN:

NO. 2:

FOREMAN:

NO. 3:

FOREMAN:

NO. 4:

FOREMAN:

NO. 5:

FOREMAN:

NO. 6:

FOREMAN:

NO. 7:

FOREMAN:

NO. 8:

FOREMAN:

NO. 9:

FOREMAN:

NO. 10:

FOREMAN:

NO.11:

FOREMAN:

NO.12:

NO.4:

NO.10 (mad) I'll tell you something. The crime is being committed right in this room.

FOREMAN:

NO. 3:

jury. There's no point in this going on any more.

NO. 7:

kid take his chances with twelve other guys.

NO. 5:

reasonable doubt?

NO. 7:

NO. 11:

"reasonable doubt."

NO. 7:

think you are to talk to me like that? (To all) How do you like this guy? He comes over here running for his life, and before he can even take a big breath he's telling us how to run the show. The arrogance of him!

NO. 5:

you came from.

NO. 7:

NO. 5:

doesn't answer but looks away.) Maybe it wouldn't hurt us to take a few tips from people who come running here! Maybe they learned something we don't know. We're not so perfect!

NO. 11:

NO.5:

NO. 7:

NO. 5:

FOREMAN:

constructive to say?

NO.2:

. this whole business about the stab wound and how it was made, the downward angle of it, you know?

NO. 3:

over it in court.

NO. 2:

feet eight inches tall. His father was six two. That's a difference of six inches. It's a very awkward thing to stab down into the chest of someone who's half a foot taller than you are.
[NO. 3 jumps up, holding the knife.]

NO. 3:

I'm going to give you a demonstration.
Somebody get up.

[He looks around the table. NO. 8 stands up and walks toward him. NO. 3 closes the knife and puts it in his pocket. They stand face to face and look at each other for a moment.]

NO. 3:

it again. (He crouches down now until he is quite a bit shorter than NO. 8) Is that six inches?

NO. 12:

NO. 3:

[He reaches into his pocket and takes out the knife. He flicks it open, changes its position in his hand, and holds the knife aloft, ready to stab. He and NO. 8 look steadily into each other's eyes. Then he stabs downward, hard.]

NO. 2:

[He stops short just as the blade reaches NO. 8's chest. NO. 3 laughs]

NO. 6:

NO. 5:

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

in. That's how I'd stab a taller man in the chest, and that's how it was done. Take a look at it and tell me I'm wrong. [NO. 2 doesn't answer. NO. 3 looks at him for a moment, then jams the knife into the table and sits down. They all look at the knife.]

NO. 6:

[NO. 8 picks the knife out of the table and closes it. He flicks it open, and changing its position in his handNO. 8 picks the knife out of the table and closes it. He flicks it open, and changing its position in his hand, stabs downward with it.]

NO. 8:

NO. 6:

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

experienced knife fighter. He was even sent to reform school for knifing someone, isn't that so?

NO. 12:

NO. 8:

changes the position of the knife so that he can stab over-handed.) Doesn't it seem like an awkward way to handle a knife?

NO. 3:

[NO. 8 closes the blade and flicks it open, holds it ready to slash underhanded.]

NO. 5:

[He reaches out for the knife.]

NO. 8:

NO. 5:

NO. 8:

NO. 5:

street, too many of them. Switch knives came with the neighborhood where I lived. Funny I didn't think of it before. I guess you try to forget those things.
(Flicking the knife open) Anyone who's ever used a switch knife would never have stabbed downward. You don't handle a switch knife that way. You use it underhanded.

NO. 8:

his father: Then he couldn't have made the kind of wound, which killed his father.

NO. 5:

with switch knives.

NO. 3:

NO. 10:

NO.8:

NO. 12:

NO. 8:

NO. 7:

whole thing already. We're getting nowhere fast.
Let's break it up and go home. I'm changing my vote to not guilty.

NO. 3:

NO. 7:

NO. 3:

NO. 11:

answer. (To NO.7) What kind of a man are you?
You have sat here and voted guilty with everyone else because there are
some theater tickets burning a hole in
your pocket. Now you have changed your vote for the same reason. I do not
think you have the right to play like
this with a man's life. This is an ugly and terrible thing to do.

NO.7:

NO. 11:

not guilty, then do it because you are convinced
the man is not guilty. If you believe he is guilty, then vote that way. Or
don't you have the . . . the . . . guts—the
guts to do what you think is right?

NO.7:

NO. 11:

NO. 7:

NO. 11:

NO.7.1 don't have to

NO. 11.You have to! Say it! Why?

[They stare at each other for a long while.]

NO.7:

NO. 8:

FOREMAN:

way is a show of hands. Anybody

object? (No one does.) All right. All those voting not guilty, raise your hands.

: Okay, there's another vote called for. I guess the quickest way is a show of hands. Anybody

object? (No one does.) All right. All those voting not guilty, raise your hands.

[Numbers 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 11 raise their hands immediately. Then, slowly NO.12 raises his hand. The foreman looks around the table carefully, and then he too raises his hand. He looks around the table, counting silently.]

FOREMAN:

[Numbers 3, 4, and 10 raise their hands.]

FOREMAN:

in favor of acquittal.

NO.10:

is innocent? Look, you know how those

people lie. I don't have to tell you. They don't know what the truth is.

And lemme tell you, they- (NO.5 gets up

from table, turns his back to it, and goes to window.)-don't need any real big reason to kill someone either.

You know, they get drunk, and bang, someone's lying in the gutter. Nobody's blaming them. That's how they

are. You know what I mean? Violent!

[NO.9 gets up and does the same. He is followed by NO.11]

NO.10:

where are you going? Look, these people

are drinking and fighting all the time, and if somebody gets killed, so somebody gets killed. They don't care.

Oh, sure, there are some good things about them, too. Look, I'm the first to say that.

[NO. 8 gets up, and then NO. 2 and NO. 6 follow him to the window.]

NO.10:

exception. Most of them; it's like they have no feelings. They can do anything. What's going on here?

[The foreman gets up and goes to the windows, followed by NO. 7 and NO. 12:]

NO.10:

There's not a one of 'em who's any good. We better watch out. Take it from me. This kid on trial....

[NO. 3 sits at table toying with the knife, and NO. 4 gets up and starts for the window. All have their backs to NO.10.]

NO.10:

doing? I'm trying to tell you something....

[NO. 4 stands over him as he trails off. There is a dead silence. Then NO. 4 speaks softly.]

NO. 4:

split your skull.

[NO. 4 stands mere and looks at him. No one moves or speaks. NO. 10 looks at him, then looks down at the table.]

NO. 10:

[There is a long pause as NO. 4 stares down at NO. 10:NO. 4 stares down at NO. 10:]

NO. 4:

[They all move back to their seats. When they are all seated, NO. 4 then sits down.]

NO. 4:

tell you why. To me, the most damning evidence was given by the woman across the street who claimed she actually saw the murder committed.

NO. 3:

important testimony.

NO. 8:

say?

NO. 4:

to bed at about eleven o'clock that night. Her bed was next to the open window, and she could look out of the window while lying down and see directly into the window across the street. She tossed and turned for over an hour, unable to fall asleep. Finally she turned toward the window at about twelve ten and as she looked out, she saw the boy stab his father. As far as I can see, this is unshakable testimony.

NO. 3:

[NO. 4 takes off his eyeglasses and begins to polish them, as they all sit silently watching him.]

NO. 4:

acquittal. (To NO. 12) What do you think about it?

NO. 12:

NO. 3:

out all the other evidence.

NO. 4:

[NO. 2, polishing his glasses, squints at clock ,but can' t see it. NO. 6 watches him closely.]

NO. 2:

NO. 11:

NO. 2:

it in the morning. I've got a kid with mumps.

NO. 5:

NO. 6:

glasses?

NO. 2:

NO. 6:

do you do when you wake up at night and want to know what time it is?

NO. 2:

NO. 6:

NO. 2:

NO. 12:

NO. 6:

she saw the killing wears glasses.

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

NO. 6:

eyeglasses to bed, would she?

FOREMAN:

remember.

NO. 11:

remember this very clearly. They looked quite strong.

NO. 9:

NO. 4:

NO. 8:

testified that in the midst of her tossing and turning she rolled over and looked casually out the window. The murder was taking place as she looked out, and the lights went out a split second later. She couldn't have had time to put on her glasses. Now maybe she honestly thought she saw the boy kill his father. I say that she saw only a blur.

NO. 3:

[He looks around. No one answers.]

NO. 3:

[There is silence.]

NO. 8:

[He looks around the room, then squarely at NO. 10. NO. 10 looks down and shakes his head no]

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

NO. 4:

NO. 8:

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

[There is a pause. They all look at NO. 3:] They all look at NO. 3:]

NO. 3:

want?

NO. 8:

[They all look at NO. 3:]

NO. 3:

NO. 8:

have time.

[NO. 3 runs to NO. 4 and grabs his arm.]

NO. 3:

guy. You made all the arguments. You can't turn now. A guilty man's gonna be walking the streets. A murderer. He's got to die! Stay with me.

NO. 4:

NO. 8:

[NO. 3 turns violently on him.]

NO. 3:

all look at NO. 3.) I'm entitled to my opinion!
(No one answers him.) It's gonna be a hung jury! That's it!

NO. 8:

night, maybe in a few months, you'll get
some sleep.

NO. 5:

NO. 9:

[NO. 3 looks around at all of them for a long time. They sit silently,
waiting for him to speak, and all of them
despise him for his stubbornness. Then, suddenly, his face contorts as if
he is about to cry, and he slams his fist
down on the table.]

NO. 3:

NO. 3 turns his back on them. There is silence for a moment and then the
foreman goes to the door and knocks
on it. It opens. The guard looks in and sees them all standing. The guard
holds the door for them as they begin
slowly to file out. NO. 8 waits at the door as the others file past him.
Finally he and NO. 3 are the only ones
left. NO. 3 turns around and sees that they are alone. Slowly he moves
toward the door. Then he stops at the
table. He pulls the switch knife out of the table and walks over to~ with
it. He holds it in the approved knife
fighter fashion and looks long and hard at NO. 8, pointing the knife at his
belly. (NO .8 stares back. Then NO. 3
turns the knife around. NO. 8 takes it by the handle. NO. 3 exits. NO. 8
closes the knife, puts it away and taking
a last look around the room, exits, closing the door. The camera moves in
close on the littered table in the
empty room, and we clearly see a slip or crumpled paper on which are
scribbled the words "Not guilty. "
FADE OUT.