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*Dramatic Publishing*

REGINALD ROSE'S

# Twelve Angry Women

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS  
BY SHERMAN L. SERGEL,  
ADAPTED FROM THE  
TELEVISION SHOW  
BY REGINALD ROSE



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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# Twelve Angry Women

***Drama. Adapted by Sherman Sergel. Based on the Emmy award-winning television movie, "Twelve Angry Men" by Reginald Rose.***

***Cast: 15 w.*** A 19-year-old man has just stood trial for the fatal stabbing of his father. "He doesn't stand a chance," mutters the guard as he leads the jurors off to deliberate. It looks like an open-and-shut case—until one of the jurors begins opening the others' eyes to the facts. "This is a remarkable thing about democracy," says the foreign-born juror, "that we are notified by mail to come down to this place—and decide on the guilt or innocence of a man; of a man we have not known before. We have nothing to gain or lose by our verdict. We should not make it a personal thing." But personal it does become, with each juror revealing her own character as the various testimonies are re-examined, the murder is re-enacted and a new murder threat is born before their eyes! Tempers get short, arguments grow heated and the jurors become 12 angry women. The final verdict and how it is reached—in tense scenes that will electrify your audience and keep them on the edge of their seats—add up to an exceptional piece of dramatic literature.  
***One int. set.***

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A Play in Three Acts

# Twelve Angry Women

by

REGINALD ROSE

Stage Version by SHERMAN L. SERGEL

Adapted from the Television Show

“Twelve Angry Men”

Initially presented on

STUDIO ONE, CBS-TV



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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# TWELVE ANGRY WOMEN

*A Play in Three Acts*  
FOR FIFTEEN WOMEN

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## CHARACTERS

FOREMAN OF THE JURY  
JUROR NO. TWO  
JUROR NO. THREE  
JUROR NO. FOUR  
JUROR NO. FIVE  
JUROR NO. SIX  
JUROR NO. SEVEN  
JUROR NO. EIGHT  
JUROR NO. NINE  
JUROR NO. TEN  
JUROR NO. ELEVEN  
JUROR NO. TWELVE  
GUARD (*bit part*)  
JUDGE (*bit part*) } *offstage voices*  
CLERK (*bit part*) }

PLACE: *A jury room.*

TIME: *The present. Summer.*

## SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE: *Late afternoon.*

ACT TWO: *A second or two later.*

ACT THREE: *Immediately following Act Two.*

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## NOTES ON CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

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**FOREMAN:** She is a small, petty woman who is impressed with the authority she has and handles herself quite formally. She is not overly bright, but dogged.

**JUROR NO. TWO:** She is a meek, hesitant woman who finds it difficult to maintain any opinion of her own. She is easily swayed and usually adopts the opinion of the last person to whom she has spoken.

**JUROR NO. THREE:** She is a very strong, very forceful, extremely opinionated woman, within whom can be detected a streak of sadism. Also, she is a humorless woman who is intolerant of opinions other than her own, and accustomed to forcing her wishes and views upon others.

**JUROR NO. FOUR:** She seems to be a woman of wealth and position, and a practiced speaker who presents herself well at all times. She seems to feel a little bit above the rest of the jurors. Her only concern is with the facts in this case, and she is appalled with the behavior of the others.

**JUROR NO. FIVE:** She is a naive, very frightened young woman who takes her obligations in this case very seriously but who finds it difficult to speak up when her elders have the floor.

**JUROR NO. SIX:** She is an honest but dull-witted woman who comes upon her decisions slowly and carefully. She is a woman 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 her most.

**JUROR NO. SEVEN:** She is a loud, flashy, glad-handing woman who works in a department store and has more important things to do than to sit on a jury. She is quick to show temper, quick to form opinions on things about which she knows nothing. She is a bully and, of course, a coward.

**JUROR NO. EIGHT:** She is a quiet, thoughtful, gentle woman

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—a woman who sees all sides of every question and constantly seeks the truth. She is a woman of strength tempered with compassion. Above all, she is a woman who wants justice to be done, and will fight to see that it is.

JUROR NO. NINE: She is a mild, gentle old woman, long since defeated by life and now merely waiting to die. She recognizes herself for what she is, and mourns the days when it would have been possible to be courageous without shielding herself behind her many years.

JUROR NO. TEN: She is an angry, bitter woman—a woman who antagonizes almost at sight. She is also a bigot who places no value on any human life save her own. Here is a woman who has been nowhere and is going nowhere, and knows it deep within herself.

JUROR NO. ELEVEN: She is a refugee from Europe, who came to this country in 1941. She speaks with an accent and is ashamed, humble, almost subservient to the people around her. She will honestly seek justice, because she has suffered through so much injustice.

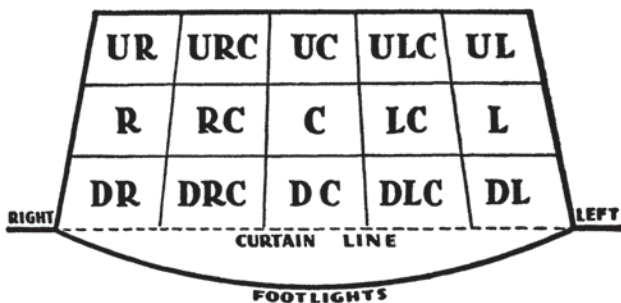
JUROR NO. TWELVE: She is a slick, bright advertising woman who thinks of human beings in terms of percentages, graphs and polls, and has no real understanding of people. She is a superficial snob, but is trying to be companionable.

GUARD: This is a bit part. She can be a policewoman, of any age.



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## CHART OF STAGE POSITIONS

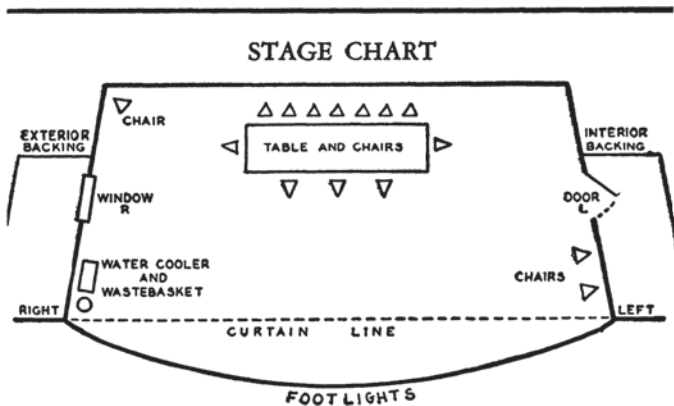


### STAGE POSITIONS

*Upstage* means away from the footlights, *downstage* means toward the footlights, and *right* and *left* are used with reference to the actor as he faces the audience. R means *right*, L means *left*, U means *up*, D means *down*, C means *center*, and these abbreviations are used in combination, as: U R for *up right*, R C for *right center*, D L C for *down left center*, etc. One will note that a position designated on the stage refers to a general territory, rather than to a given point.

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NOTE: Before starting rehearsals, chalk off your stage or rehearsal space as indicated above in the *Chart of Stage Positions*. Then teach your actors the meanings and positions of these fundamental terms of stage movement by having them walk from one position to another until they are familiar with them. The use of these abbreviated terms in directing the play saves time, speeds up rehearsals, and reduces the amount of explanation the director has to give to his actors.



### PROPERTIES

**GENERAL:** Long conference table and twelve straight chairs, electric clock, water cooler, container for paper cups, wastebasket, three other straight chairs, pads of paper, pencils and ashtrays on table. **NOTE:** Some of the jurors have cigarettes and matches. All carry handbags.

**FIVE:** Knitting.

**GUARD:** Key for door, switch knife with tag, diagram of apartment.

**SEVEN:** Gum, handkerchief.

**THREE:** Crocheting, pencil, skirt pattern.

**FOREMAN:** Paper for balloting, pencil and paper.

**TEN:** Handkerchief.

**TWELVE:** Compact, pencil.

**EIGHT:** Notes, switch knife.

**TWO:** Box of cough drops, glasses.

**FOUR:** Handkerchief, glasses.

### PRODUCTION NOTE

Nothing adds more to the polish of a production than the quick picking up of cues. Unless there is a definite reason for a pause, train your actors to come in with their speeches "on

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the heels," so to speak, of the preceding speeches. When a production lags, audience interest likewise will lag.

It is always advisable during the last week of rehearsals to hold one or more sessions during which the actors merely sit around in a circle and go through lines only with the express purpose of snapping up cues.

## NOTE

*Twelve Angry Women* may also be performed as *Twelve Angry Men*. Or by using a combination of these two editions, it can be staged with a mixed cast as *Twelve Angry Jurors*.

Should you wish to produce the play using a cast of eight women and five men, you would order eight copies of Code T43 (*Twelve Angry Women*) and five copies of Code T42 (*Twelve Angry Men*). Distribute the parts to suit the individual talents of the particular performers. You may use any combination of men and women totaling thirteen.

Because the pagination of the two editions differs, some directors prefer to order all one version and only one copy of the other version, notating changes in the individual scripts where necessary. The choice is yours. We do encourage you to order a preview copy of each edition in order to determine what will best serve your particular requirements.

The key parts to watch in casting are the parts of **Jurors #3 and #8**. These should probably be played by men, if you have them available—though any combination of men and women you have available will work.

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# ACT ONE

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**AT RISE OF CURTAIN:** *The curtain comes up on a dark stage; then as the lights start to come up on the scene we hear the voice of the JUDGE, offstage.]*

**JUDGE** [*offstage*]. Murder in the first degree . . . premeditated homicide . . . is the most serious charge tried in our criminal courts. You have heard a long and complex case, ladies, and it is now your duty to sit down to try to 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, ladies.

[*There is a long pause. The lights are now up full in the jury room. There is a door L and a window in the R wall of the room. Over the door L is an electric clock. A water cooler is D R, with a wastebasket beside it. A container with paper cups is attached to the wall nearby. A long conference table is slightly upstage of C stage. About it are twelve uncomfortable-looking straight chairs. There are a chair at either end of the table, seven at the upstage side and three at the downstage side of the table. (NOTE: This arrangement of the chairs about the table will enable most of the action to be directed toward the audience, with a minority of the characters placed with their backs toward the audience.) There are two more straight chairs against the wall D L and one in the U R corner of the room. It is a bare, unpleasant room. After the pause the door L opens and the GUARD*

*walks in. As she opens the door the lettering "Jury Room" can be seen on the outside of the door. The GUARD walks across the room and opens the window R as a clerk drones out, offstage L.]*

CLERK [*offstage L.*]. The jury will retire.

GUARD [*surveying room, shaking her head*]. He doesn't stand a chance. [*Moves L again.*]

[*The JURORS file in L. The GUARD stands upstage of the door and counts them. Four or five of the jurors light cigarettes as they enter the room. JUROR FIVE takes out some knitting, on which she works constantly. JURORS TWO, NINE, and TWELVE go to the water cooler for a drink. JUROR SEVEN goes to the window and opens it wider. The rest of the JURORS begin to take seats around the table, though two of them stand behind their chairs, and others lean forward, with both hands on the back of the chair. JUROR SEVEN produces a pack of gum and offers a piece to the women by the water cooler.*]

SEVEN. Chewing gum? Gum? Gum?

NINE. Thank you, but no. [*JURORS TWO and TWELVE shake their heads.*]

SEVEN. Y'know something?

TWELVE. I know lots of things. I'm in advertising.

SEVEN. Y'know, it's hot. [*Takes out handkerchief, dabs at perspiration on face.*]

TWELVE [*to TWO, mildly sarcastic*]. I never would have known that if she hadn't told me. Would you?

TWO [*missing sarcasm*]. I suppose not. I'd kind of forgotten.

TWELVE. All I've done all day is perspire.

THREE [*calling out*]. I bet you aren't perspiring like that boy who was tried.

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

TWELVE. My taxes are high enough.

SEVEN. This should go fast, anyway. [*Moves to table, as EIGHT goes to window.*]

NINE [*nodding to herself, then, as she throws her paper water cup into the wastebasket*]. Yes, it's hot.

GUARD. All right, ladies. Everybody's here. If there's anything you want, I'm right outside. Just knock. [*Goes out L, closing door. They all look at door, silently. The lock is turned.*]

THREE. Did she lock that door?

FOUR. Yes, she did.

THREE. What do they think we are, crooks?

FOREMAN [*seated at left end of table*]. They lock us up for a little while. . . .

THREE [*interrupting*]. And then they lock that boy up forever, and that's all right with me. [*Takes out crocheting and begins to work on it.*]

FIVE [*motioning toward door*]. I never knew they did that.

TEN [*blowing her nose*]. Sure, they lock the door. What did you think?

FIVE [*a bit irritated*]. I just didn't know. It never occurred to me.

FOUR. Shall we all admit right now that it is hot and humid and our tempers are short?

EIGHT [*turning from window*]. It's been a pretty hard week. [*Turns back and continues to look out.*]

THREE. I feel just fine, so long as I've got my crocheting.

TWELVE. I wonder what's been going on down at the office. You know how it is in advertising. In six days my job could be gone—and the whole company, too. They aren't going to like this. [*JURORS start to take off their suit coats, jackets, gloves, etc. Two of them start to fan themselves.*]

FOREMAN. Well, I think this is our duty.

TWELVE. I didn't object to doing my duty. I just mentioned that I might not have a job by the time I get back. [*She and NINE move to table and take their places. NINE sits near right end of table.*]

THREE [*motioning to FOUR*]. Ask her to help you. She's rich. I bet her husband could give you a wonderful job. Look at that outfit!

FOREMAN [*to FOUR, as she tears off slips of paper for a ballot*]. Is it an original?

FOUR. Yes, it is.

FOREMAN. I have an aunt who makes dresses. [*FOUR takes off her hat and gloves.*]

FOUR. How does she do?

FOREMAN [*shaking her head*]. Not too well. You know, a friend of hers, that's a friend of my aunt, the dressmaker, well, this friend wanted to be on this jury in my place.

SEVEN. Why didn't you let her? I'd have done anything to miss this.

FOREMAN. And get caught, or something? You know what kind of a fine you could pay for a thing like that? Anyway, this friend of my aunt's was on a jury once, about ten years ago, a case just about like this one.

TWELVE. So, what happened?

FOREMAN. They let him off. Reasonable doubt. And do you know, about eight years later they found out that he'd actually done it, anyway. A guilty man, a murderer, was turned loose in the streets.

SEVEN. How horrible.

THREE. Did they get him?

FOUR. They couldn't.

THREE. Why not?

FOUR. No one can be held in double jeopardy. Unless it's a hung jury, they can't try anyone twice for the same crime.

SEVEN. That isn't going to happen here.

THREE. Six days. They should have finished it in two. [*Emphasizes with her crocheted material.*] Talk! Talk! Talk! [*Gets up and starts for the water cooler.*] Did you ever hear so much talk about nothing?

TWO [*laughing nervously*]. Well—I guess—they're entitled. . . .

THREE. Everybody gets a fair trial. . . . [*Shakes her head.*] That's the system. [*Drinks.*] Well, I suppose you can't say anything against it. [*Tosses her water cup toward the waste-*

*basket and misses. TWO picks up cup and puts it in basket, as THREE returns to her seat.*]

SEVEN [*to TEN*]. How did you like that business about the knife? Did you ever in your life hear such a story!

TEN [*wisely*]. Well, look, you have to expect that. You know what you're dealing with. . . .

SEVEN. He bought a switch knife that night.

TEN [*with a sneer*]. And then claimed he lost it!

SEVEN [*derisively*]. A hole in his pocket!

TEN. A hole in his father.

SEVEN. Men!

TWO. An awful way to kill your father—a knife in his chest.  
[*Crosses to table.*]

TEN. Look at the kind of people they are—you know them.  
[*Takes out handkerchief.*]

SEVEN. What's the matter? You got a cold?

TEN [*blowing*]. A lulu! These hot weather colds can kill you.

SEVEN. I had one last year. On my vacation, too!

FOREMAN [*briskly*]. All right, ladies. Let's take seats.

SEVEN. Right. This better be fast. I've got tickets to—[*Insert name of any current Broadway hit.*—]for tonight. My husband and I must be the only people in the whole world who haven't seen it yet. [*Laughs and sits down.*] Okay, your honor, start the show.

FOREMAN [*to EIGHT, who is still looking out the window*]. How about sitting down? [*EIGHT doesn't hear her.*] The lady at the window. [*EIGHT turns, startled.*] How about sitting down?

EIGHT. Oh, I'm sorry. [*Sits at right end of table, opposite FOREMAN.*]

TEN. It's hard to figure, isn't it? A boy kills his father. Bing! Just like that. Well, it's this juvenile delinquency. People let their children run wild. Maybe it serves 'em right.

FOUR. There's no point in getting emotional about it. It's a question of evidence—not how we feel.

SEVEN. We all agreed that it was hot.

NINE. And that our tempers will get short.



THREE. That's if we disagree—but this is open and shut. Let's get it done.

FOREMAN. All right. Now, you ladies can handle this any way you 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.

SEVEN. Let's vote now. Who knows, maybe we can all go home.

TEN. Yeah. Let's see who's where.

THREE. Right. Let's vote now.

EIGHT. All right. Let us vote.

FOREMAN. Anybody doesn't want to vote? [*Looks around table. There is a pause as ALL look at each other.*]

SEVEN. That was easy.

FOREMAN. Okay. All those voting guilty raise your hands.

[*JURORS THREE, SEVEN, TEN and TWELVE put their hands up instantly. The FOREMAN and TWO, FOUR, FIVE and SIX follow a second later. Then ELEVEN raises her hand, and a moment later NINE puts her hand up.*] Eight—nine—ten—eleven—that's eleven for guilty. Okay. Not guilty? [*EIGHT's hand goes up. ALL turn to look at her.*]

THREE. Say, what's the matter with you?

FOREMAN. Okay. Eleven to one. Eleven guilty, one not guilty.

Now we know where we stand.

THREE [*rising and standing up behind table, to EIGHT*]. Do you really believe he's not guilty?

EIGHT [*quietly*]. I don't know.

SEVEN [*to FOREMAN*]. After six days, she doesn't know.

TWELVE. In six days I could learn calculus. This is A,B,C.

EIGHT. I don't believe it's as simple as A,B,C.

THREE. I never saw a guiltier man in my life.

EIGHT. What does a guilty man look like? He is not guilty until we say he is guilty. Are we to vote on his face?

THREE. You sat right in court and heard the same things as I did. The boy's a dangerous killer. You could see it.

EIGHT. Where do you look, to see if someone is a killer?

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THREE [*flouncing into her chair, irritated*]. Oh, well! [*Resumes her crocheting.*]

EIGHT [*with quiet insistence*]. I would like to know. Tell me what the facial characteristics of a killer are. Maybe you know something I don't know.

FOUR. Look, what is there about the case that makes you think the boy is innocent?

EIGHT. He's nineteen years old.

THREE. That's old enough. He knifed his own father. Four inches into the chest. An innocent little nineteen-year-old—murderer!

FOUR [*to THREE*]. I agree with you that the boy is guilty, but I think we should try to avoid emotionally colored arguments.

THREE. All right. They proved it a dozen different ways. Do you want me to list them?

EIGHT. No.

TEN [*rising, to EIGHT*]. Well, do you believe that stupid story he told?

FOUR [*to TEN*]. Now, now.

TEN. Do you believe the boy's story?

EIGHT. I don't know whether I believe it or not. Maybe I don't.

SEVEN. So what'd you vote not guilty for?

EIGHT. There were eleven votes for guilty—it's not so easy for me to raise my hand and send a boy off to die without talking about it first.

SEVEN. Who says it's easy for me?

FOUR. Or me?

EIGHT. No one.

FOREMAN. He's still just as guilty, whether it's an easy vote or a hard one.

SEVEN [*belligerently*]. Is there something wrong because I voted fast?

EIGHT. Not necessarily.

SEVEN. I think the boy's guilty. You couldn't change my mind if you talked for a hundred years.

EIGHT. I don't want to change your mind.

THREE. All right. What do you want?

EIGHT. I want to talk a while. Look, this boy's been kicked around all his life. You know, living in a slum, his mother dead since he was nine. He's a tough, angry boy. You know why slum children get that way? Because we knock them over the head all the time. I think maybe we owe him a few words. That's all. [*Looks around the table. She is met by cold looks. JUROR NINE nods slowly. TWELVE takes out her compact and puts on fresh make-up.*]

FOUR. All right, life's hard. It was hard for me. Everything we've got, my husband and I fought for. I worked my way through college, where I met him. That was a long time ago, and perhaps you do forget. I fought, yes. My husband fought. But neither of us ever killed.

THREE. I know what hard luck's like, but I never killed nobody, either.

TWELVE [*snaps compact shut*]. I've been kicked around, too. Wait until you've worked in an ad agency and the guy that buys the advertising walks in!

ELEVEN [*who speaks with an accent*]. In my country, in Europe, kicking was a science, but let's try to find something better than that.

TEN [*to EIGHT*]. I don't mind telling you this, sister. We don't owe the boy a 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 grown-ups 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.

NINE [*to TEN, very slowly*]. I don't know that. What a terrible thing to believe! Since when is dishonesty a group characteristic? You don't have a monopoly on the truth! . . .

THREE [*interrupting*]. All right. Save it for Sunday! We don't need a sermon.

NINE [*not heeding*]. What this woman says is very dangerous.

[EIGHT puts her hand on NINE's arm and stops her. NINE draws a deep breath and relaxes.]

FOUR. I don't see any need for arguing like this. I think we ought to behave like ladies.

SEVEN. Right!

TWELVE [*smiling up at FOUR*]. Certainly, if you insist.

FOUR [*to TWELVE*]. Thank you.

TWELVE. Sure.

FOUR. If we're going to discuss this case, why, let's discuss the facts.

FOREMAN. I think that's a good point. We have a job to do. Let's do it.

ELEVEN. If you ladies don't mind, I'm going to close the window. [*Gets up and does so; then, apologetically, as she moves back to table.*] It was blowing on my neck. [*TEN blows her nose fiercely, as ELEVEN sits again.*]

SEVEN. I'd like to have the window open.

ELEVEN. But it was blowing on me.

SEVEN. Don't you want a little air? It's summer—it's hot.

ELEVEN. I was very uncomfortable.

SEVEN. There are twelve of us in this room; it's the only window. If you don't mind!

ELEVEN. I have some rights, too.

SEVEN. So do the rest of us.

FOUR [*to ELEVEN*]. Couldn't you trade chairs with someone at the other end of the table?

ELEVEN. All right, I will open the window, if someone would trade. [*Goes to window, opens it. TWO gets up and goes to ELEVEN's chair, near right end of table.*]

TWO [*motioning*]. Take my chair.

ELEVEN. Thank you. [*Goes to TWO's chair.*]

FOREMAN. Shall we get back to the case?

THREE. Yeah, let's.

TWELVE. I may have an idea here. I'm just thinking out loud now, but it seems to me that it's up to us to convince this lady—[*Indicates EIGHT.*—]that we're right and she's

wrong. Maybe if we each talk for a minute or two. You know—try it on for size.

FOREMAN. That sounds fair enough.

FOUR. Very fair.

FOREMAN. Supposing we go once around the table.

SEVEN. Okay—let's start it off.

FOREMAN. Right. [*To TWO.*] I guess you're first.

TWO [*timidly*]. Oh, well. . . . [*There is a long pause.*] I just think he's guilty. I thought it was obvious.

EIGHT. In what way was it obvious?

TWO. I mean that nobody proved otherwise.

EIGHT [*quietly*]. Nobody has to prove otherwise; innocent until proven guilty. The burden of proof 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.

FOUR. Everyone has.

TWO [*flustered*]. Well, sure—I've heard of it. I know what it is . . . I . . . what I meant . . . well, anyway . . . I think he's guilty.

EIGHT [*looking at TWO, shaking her head slowly*]. No reasons—just guilty. There is a life at stake here.

THREE [*putting aside crocheting, picking up pencil and rapping smartly with it as she makes her points*]. Okay, let's get to the facts. Number one, let's take that old man who lives on the 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 boy 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 downstairs and out of the house. Then he called the police. They found the father with a knife in his chest.

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

THREE. Right. [*Resumes crocheting.*] Now, what else do you want?

EIGHT. It doesn't seem to fit.

FOUR. The boy's whole story is flimsy. He claimed he was at the movies. That's a little ridiculous, isn't it? He couldn't even remember what picture he saw.

THREE. That's right. Did you hear that? [*To FOUR.*] You're absolutely right.

FIVE. He didn't have any ticket stub.

EIGHT. Who keeps a ticket stub at the movies?

FOUR [*to FIVE*]. That's true enough.

FIVE. I suppose. But the cashier didn't remember him.

THREE. And the ticket taker didn't, either.

TEN. Look—what about the woman across the street? If her testimony don't prove it, then nothing can.

TWELVE. That's right. She saw the killing, didn't she?

FOREMAN [*rapping on table*]. Ladies! Let's go in order.

TEN [*loudly*]. Just a minute. Here's a woman who's lying in bed and can't sleep. It's hot, you know. [*Gets up and begins to walk around, blowing her nose and talking.*] Anyway, she wakes up and she looks out the window, and right across the street she sees the boy knife his father.

EIGHT. How can she really be sure it was the boy when she saw it through the windows of a passing elevated train?

TEN. She's known him all his life. His window is right opposite hers—across the el tracks. [*Impressively.*] She swore she saw him do it!

EIGHT. I heard her swear to it.

TEN. Okay. And they proved in court that you can look through the windows of a passing el train at night, and see what's happening on the other side. They proved it.

EIGHT. Weren't you telling us just a minute or two ago that you can't trust *them*? That you can't believe *them*?

TEN [*coldly*]. So?

EIGHT. Then I'd like to ask you something. How come you believed *her*? She's one of *them*, too, isn't she? [*TEN crosses up to EIGHT.*]