

2ND JUROR: It's going to rain.
 7TH JUROR: No! How did you figure that out, blue eyes? Tell me, how come you switched?
 2ND JUROR: Well, it just seemed to me—
 7TH JUROR: I mean, you haven't got a leg to stand on. You know that, don'tcha?
 2ND JUROR: Well, I don't feel that way. There're a lot of details that never came out.
 10TH JUROR: Details! You're just letting yourself get bulldozed by a bunch'a what d'ya call 'em—intellectuals.
 2ND JUROR: Now, that's not so.
 10TH JUROR: Ah, come on. You're like everybody else. You think too much, you get mixed up. Know what I mean?
 2ND JUROR: Now, listen, I don't think you have any right to...
The 10TH JUROR crosses away.
 [Softly.] Loudmouth!
It is now darker than before. There is no movement in the room. Everyone waits for the storm. And suddenly it comes. We hear only the sound of the rain pouring down into the silence. Heads turn toward the window. The rain pours down. The 4TH JUROR goes into the washroom and exits to the lavatory.
The 8TH JUROR steps back from the window as the rain splashes in, closes it. The FOREMAN rises, goes to the light switch at the door and switches on the lights. There is a flickering of harsh white light as the fluorescent lights come on. The rain continues throughout the remainder of the play. The FOREMAN moves to the 8TH JUROR.
 FOREMAN: Wow! Look at that come down, will ya? Think it'll cool things off?
 8TH JUROR: Yeah, I guess so.
 FOREMAN: Boy! Look at it go! Reminds me of the storm we had—November something. What a storm! Right in the middle of the game.
The 3RD JUROR crosses to the washroom, goes in, switches on the light and washes his hands.
 We're behind seven-six, but we're just startin' to move the ball, off tackle, y'know. Boom! Boom! Boy, I'll never forget

that. We had this kid, Slattery. A real ox. Wish I had another one like him. Oh, I probably forgot to tell you—I'm assistant head football coach at the Andrew J. McCorkle High School. That's in Queens.
The 8TH JUROR smiles briefly.
 So anyway, we're movin' real nice. Their line is comin' apart. I'm tellin' ya, this Slattery. Boy! And all of a sudden it starts to come down cars and dogs. In two minutes it was road practically up to your ass. I swear I almost bawled. We couldn't go nowhere.
 7TH JUROR: Hey, let's try to get this fan goin' in here. What d'ya say?
The 4TH JUROR enters the washroom from the lavatory. The FOREMAN goes to the bench, stands on it and starts the fan. It musta been connected to the light switch.
The 3RD and 4TH JURORS are in the washroom together.
 3RD JUROR [to the 4TH JUROR]: Some rain, huh?
The 4TH JUROR nods.
 Well, what d'ya think of this thing? It's even-seven.
The 4TH JUROR nods.
 Kind of surprising, isn't it?
 4TH JUROR: Yes.
 3RD JUROR: Listen, that business before, you know, where that guy was baiting me. I mean, that doesn't prove anything. Listen, I'm a very excitable person, y'know. So where does he get off to call me a public avenger and a sadist and everything? Anybody in his right mind'd blow his stack, wouldn't he? He was just trying to bait me.
 4TH JUROR: He did an excellent job. [He moves to the towel.] Excuse me. [He dries his hands.]
 3RD JUROR: OK, maybe he did. I told you, I can't help that kind of thing. I'm a certain type of person, I get moved by this. But let me tell you, I'm sincere.
 4TH JUROR: Fine. We all are.
The 10TH JUROR bursts into the washroom, strides to the basin and washes his hands.
 10TH JUROR: Well—isn't this the goddamnedest thing you ever saw? Six to six. It's a joke.