

us. He doesn't say the boy is not guilty. He just isn't sure. Well, it's not easy to stand alone against the ridicule of others. He gambled for support and I gave it to him. I respect his motives. The boy on trial is probably guilty. But I want to hear more.

*The 7TH JUROR crosses to the washroom.*

For the time being the vote is ten to two.

*The 7TH JUROR enters the washroom, slams the door after him.*

I'm talking here. You have no right to . . .

8TH JUROR [to the 9TH JUROR]: He can't hear you. He never will.

3RD JUROR: Well, if the speech is over, maybe we can go on.

FOREMAN: I think we ought to take a break. One man's inside there. Let's wait for him.

*The FOREMAN moves above the table to where the two knives are stuck into it. He plucks the tagged knife out and closes it.*

12TH JUROR [to the 11TH JUROR]: Looks like we're really hung up here. I mean, that thing with the old man was pretty unexpected. I wish I knew how we could break this up. [He smiles suddenly.] Y'know, in advertising . . . I told you I worked at an ad agency, didn't I?

*The FOREMAN crosses to the door and knocks.*

*The GUARD unlocks the door and enters.*

*The FOREMAN hands him the knife.*

*The GUARD exits, locking the door.*

Well, there are some pretty strange people—not strange, really—they just have peculiar ways of expressing themselves, y'know what I mean?

*The 11TH JUROR nods.*

Well, it's probably the same in your business—right? What do you do?

11TH JUROR: I'm a watchmaker.

12TH JUROR: Really? The finest watchmakers come from Europe, I imagine.

*The 11TH JUROR bows slightly.*

*The 6TH JUROR rises, and goes into the lavatory.*

Anyway, I was telling you—in the agency, when they reach a point like this in a meeting, there's always some character

ready with an idea. And it kills me, I mean it's the weirdest thing sometimes the way they precede the idea with some kind of phrase. Like—oh, some account exec'll say, "Here's an idea. Let's run it up the flagpole and see if anyone salutes it," or "Put it on a bus and see if it gets off at Wall Street." I mean, it's idiotic, but it's funny.

*The 8TH JUROR goes into the washroom and hangs his jacket on a hook. The 3RD JUROR crosses to the 5TH JUROR.*

3RD JUROR [to the 5TH JUROR]: Look, I was a little excited. Well, you know how it is—I didn't mean to get nasty or anything.

*The 5TH JUROR crosses away from the 3RD JUROR without answering. The 7TH JUROR steps away from the washbasin and dries his hands. The 8TH JUROR crosses to the washbasin.*

7TH JUROR [to the 8TH JUROR]: Say, are you a salesman?

8TH JUROR: I'm an architect.

7TH JUROR: You know what the soft sell is? You're pretty good at it. I'll tell ya. I got a different technique. Jokes. Drinks. Knock 'em on their asses. I made twenty-seven thousand last year selling marmalade. That's not bad. Considering marmalade. [He watches the 8TH JUROR for a moment.] What are ya getting out of it—kicks? The boy is guilty, pal. So let's go home before we get sore throats.

8TH JUROR: What's the difference whether you get one here or at the ball game?

7TH JUROR: No difference pal. No difference at all.

*The 7TH JUROR goes back into the jury room.*

*The 6TH JUROR enters from the lavatory, goes to the washbasin and washes his hands.*

6TH JUROR [to the 8TH JUROR]: Nice bunch of guys.

8TH JUROR: I guess they're the same as any.

6TH JUROR: That loud, heavysset guy, the one who was tellin' us about his kid—the way he was talking—boy, that was an embarrassing thing.

8TH JUROR: Yeah.

6TH JUROR: What a murderous day. You think we'll be here much longer?

8TH JUROR: I don't know.