

FOREMAN: Well, we're still tied up six to six. Who's got a suggestion?

12TH JUROR: I have. Let's get some dinner.

5TH JUROR: Why don't we wait till seven? Give it another hour.

12TH JUROR: OK with me.

2ND JUROR: Um—there's something I'd like to say. I mean, it's been bothering me a little and as long as we're stuck. . . . Well, there was this whole business about the stab wound and how it was made, the downward angle of it, you know?

3RD JUROR: ~~Don't tell me we're gonna start with that. They went over it and over it.~~

2ND JUROR: I know they did, but I don't go along with it. The boy is five feet, seven inches tall. His father was six two. That's a difference of seven inches. It's a very awkward thing to stab down into the chest of someone who's more than a half a foot taller than you are.

3RD JUROR [*crossing to the 2ND JUROR and indicating the knife*]: Give me that.

*The 2ND JUROR hands the knife to the 3RD JUROR.*

Look, you're not gonna be satisfied till you see it again. I'm gonna give you a demonstration. Somebody get up.

*There is a pause. No one moves for a moment, and then the 8TH JUROR rises and crosses to the 3RD JUROR. They stand looking at each other.*

OK. [*To the 2ND JUROR.*] Now, watch this. I don't want to have to do it again. [*He turns to the 8TH JUROR, looks squarely at him, and squats to make himself shorter.*] I'm six or seven inches shorter than you. Right?

2ND JUROR: That's right. Maybe a little more.

3RD JUROR: OK. Let it be more.

*The 3RD JUROR flicks open the knife, changes its position in his hand and holds it aloft, ready to stab downwards.*

*The 8TH JUROR and the 3RD JUROR look steadily at each other, then the 3RD JUROR suddenly stabs downward, hard.*

2ND JUROR: Look out!

*The blade stops about an inch from the 8TH JUROR's chest.*

*The 8TH JUROR does not move. The 3RD JUROR smiles.*

6TH JUROR: That's not funny.

5TH JUROR: What's the matter with you?

3RD JUROR: Now just calm down. Nobody's hurt. Right?

8TH JUROR: No. Nobody's hurt.

3RD JUROR: All right. There's your angle. Take a look at it. Down and in. That's how I'd stab a taller man in the chest and that's how it was done. Now go ahead and tell me I'm wrong. *The 3RD JUROR hands the knife to the 8TH JUROR and crosses away. The 12TH JUROR crosses to the 8TH JUROR and using his closed hand, simulates stabbing the 8TH JUROR in the chest.*

12TH JUROR: Down and in. I guess there's no argument.

5TH JUROR [*moving to the 8TH JUROR*]: Wait a minute. Give me that.

*The 8TH JUROR hands the knife to the 5TH JUROR. He closes the knife and holds it gingerly.*

I hate these things. I grew up with them.

8TH JUROR: Have you seen them used in fights?

5TH JUROR: Too many of them. On my stoop. In my backyard. In the lot across the street. Switch knives came with the neighborhood where I lived. Funny, I wasn't thinking of it. I guess you try to forget those things. You don't use this kind of knife that way. You have to hold it like this to release the blade. In order to stab downward, you would have to change your grip.

8TH JUROR: How do you use it?

5TH JUROR: Underhanded.

*The 5TH JUROR flicks the knife open and, holding it underhanded, swings round and slashes swiftly forward and upward.*

Like that. Anyone who's ever used a switch knife'd never handle it any other way.

8TH JUROR: Are you sure?

5TH JUROR: I'm sure.

*The 5TH JUROR closes the blade and flicks it open again.*

That's why they're made like this.

8TH JUROR: Everyone agreed that the boy is pretty handy with a knife, didn't they?

5TH JUROR: That's right.