

10TH JUROR: Right. This el train had no passengers on it. It was just being moved downtown. The lights were out, remember? And they proved in court that at night you can look through the windows of an el train when the lights are out and see what's happening on the other side. They proved it.

8TH JUROR [to the 10TH JUROR]: I'd like to ask you something.

10TH JUROR: Sure.

8TH JUROR: You don't believe the boy. How come you believe the woman? She's one of "them," too, isn't she?

10TH JUROR [suddenly angry]: You're a pretty smart fellow, aren't you?

The 10TH JUROR crosses toward the 8TH JUROR. Several JURORS rise as if to intercept the 10TH JUROR.

FOREMAN: Hey, let's take it easy.

10TH JUROR [angrily]: What's he so wise about? I'm telling you . . .

3RD JUROR: Come on. Sit down. What are you letting him get you all upset for?

The 10TH JUROR sits.

FOREMAN: Let's calm down now. Let's try to keep it peaceful in here. Whose turn is it? [To the 5TH JUROR.] OK. How about you?

5TH JUROR [looking nervously around]: I'll pass it.

FOREMAN: That's your privilege. How about the next gentleman?

6TH JUROR: I don't know. I started to be convinced, uh—you know, very early in the case. Well, I was looking for the motive. That's very important. If there's no motive, where's the case? So anyway, that testimony from those people across the hall from the kid's apartment, that was very powerful. 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.

11TH JUROR: It was eight o'clock, Not seven.

8TH JUROR: That's right. Eight o'clock. They heard an argument, but they couldn't hear what it was about. Then they heard the father hit the boy twice, and finally they saw the boy walk angrily out of the house. What does that prove?

6TH JUROR: Well, it doesn't exactly prove anything. It's just part of the picture. I didn't say it proved anything.

8TH JUROR: You said it revealed a motive for the killing. The prosecuting attorney said the same thing. Well, I don't think it's a very strong motive. This boy has been hit so many times in his life that violence is practically a normal state of affairs for him. I can't see two slaps in the face provoking him into committing murder.

4TH JUROR [quietly]: It may have been two slaps too many. Everyone has a breaking point.

FOREMAN [to the 6TH JUROR.]: Anything else?

6TH JUROR: No.

FOREMAN: OK. [To the 7TH JUROR.] How about the next gentleman?

7TH JUROR: Me? [He pauses, looks around, shrugs.] I don't know, it's practically all said already. We can talk about it forever. I mean, this kid is oh for five. Look at his record. He was in Children's Court when he was ten for throwing a rock at his teacher. At fourteen he was in Reform School. He stole a car. He's been arrested for mugging. He was picked up twice for trying to slash another teenager with a knife. He's real quick with switch knives, they said. This is a very fine boy.

8TH JUROR: Ever since he was five years old his father beat him up regularly. He used his fists.

7TH JUROR: So would I. A kid like that.

4TH JUROR: Wouldn't you call those beatings a motive for him to kill his father?

8TH JUROR [after a pause]: I don't know. It's a motive for him to be an angry kid. I'll say that.

3RD JUROR: It's the kids, the way they are nowadays. Angry! Hostile! You can't do a damn thing with them. Just the way they talk to you. Listen, when I was his age I used to call my father "Sir." That's right, "Sir!" You ever hear a boy call his father that anymore?

8TH JUROR: Fathers don't seem to think it's important anymore.

3RD JUROR: No? Have you got any kids?

8TH JUROR: Two.

3RD JUROR: Yeah, well I've got one. He's twenty. We did

everything for that boy, and what happened? When he was nine he ran away from a fight. I saw him. I was so ashamed I almost threw up. So I told him right out. "I'm gonna make a man outa you or I'm gonna bust you in half trying." Well, I made a man outa him all right. When he was sixteen we had a battle. He hit me in the face. He's big, y'know. I haven't seen him in two years. Rotten kid. You work your heart out . . . [*He breaks off. He has said more than he intended. He is embarrassed.*] All right. Let's get on with it.

4TH JUROR [*rising*]: I think we're missing the point here. This boy, let's say he's a product of a filthy neighborhood and a broken home. We can't help that. We're here to decide whether he's guilty or innocent of murder, not to go into reasons why he grew up this way. He was born in a slum. Slums are breeding grounds for criminals. I know it. So do you. It's no secret. Children from slum backgrounds are potential menaces to society. Now I think—

10TH JUROR [*interrupting*]: Brother, you can say that again. The kids who crawl outa those places are real trash. I don't want any part of them, I'm telling you.

5TH JUROR [*rising*]: I've lived in a slum all my life. I nurse that trash in Harlem Hospital six nights a week.

10TH JUROR: Oh, now wait a second . . .

5TH JUROR: I used to play in a backyard that was filled with garbage. Maybe it still smells on me.

10TH JUROR [*his anger rising*]: Now listen, buddy.

FOREMAN [*to the 5TH JUROR*]: Now, let's be reasonable. There's nothing personal . . .

5TH JUROR [*loudly*]: There is something personal!

*The 3RD JUROR moves to the 5TH JUROR and pats him on the shoulder. The 5TH JUROR does not look up.*

3RD JUROR: Come on, now. He didn't mean you, feller. Let's not be so sensitive.

11TH JUROR: This sensitivity I understand.

FOREMAN: All right, let's stop all this arguing. We're wasting time here. [*He points to the 8TH JUROR.*] It's your turn. Let's go.

8TH JUROR: Well, I didn't expect a turn. I thought you were all supposed to be convincing me. Wasn't that the idea?

FOREMAN: Check. I forgot that.

10TH JUROR: Well, what's the difference? He's the one who's keeping us here. Let's hear what he's got to say.

FOREMAN: Now just a second. We decided to do it a certain way. Let's stick to what we said:

10TH JUROR [*disgusted*]: Ah, stop bein' a kid, will you?

FOREMAN: A kid! Listen, what d'you mean by that?

10TH JUROR: What d'ya think I mean? K-I-D, kid!

FOREMAN: What, just because I'm trying to keep this thing organized? Listen. [*He rises.*] You want to do it? Here. You sit here. You take the responsibility. I'll just shut up, that's all.

10TH JUROR: Listen, what are you gettin' so hot about? Calm down, will ya?

FOREMAN: Don't tell me to calm down. Here! Here's the chair. You keep it goin' smooth and everything. What d'ya think, it's a snap? Come on, Mr. Foreman. Let's see how great you'd run the show.

10TH JUROR [*to the 11TH JUROR*]: Did y'ever see such a thing?

FOREMAN: You think it's funny or something?

12TH JUROR: Take it easy. The whole thing's unimportant.

FOREMAN: Unimportant? You want to try it?

12TH JUROR: No. Listen, you're doing a beautiful job. Nobody wants to change.

7TH JUROR: Yeah, you're doing great. Hang in there and pitch.

10TH JUROR: All right. Let's hear from somebody.

*There is a pause.*

8TH JUROR: Well, if you want me to tell you how I feel about it right now, it's all right with me.

FOREMAN [*softly*]: I don't care what you do.

8TH JUROR [*after a pause*]: All right. I haven't got anything brilliant. I only know as much as you do. According to the testimony the boy looks guilty. Maybe he is. I sat there in court for three days listening while the evidence built up. Everybody sounded so positive that I started to get a peculiar feeling about this trial. I mean, nothing is that positive. I had questions I would have liked to ask. Maybe they wouldn't