

Audition: Foreman

Pages 11-12 (Abbrev).

THREE. Did he lock that door?

FOREMAN They lock us up for a little while. . . .

TWELVE. 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 and hang them over backs of chairs.*]

FOREMAN. Well, figure 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.

THREE [*motioning to FOUR*] Ask him to hire you. He's rich. Look at the suit!

FOREMAN [*to FOUR, as he tears off slips of paper for a ballot*]. Is it custom-tailored?

FOUR. Yes, it is.

FOREMAN. I have an uncle who's a tailor.

FOUR. How does he do?

FOREMAN [*shaking his head*]. Not too well. Y'know, a friend of his, that's a friend of my uncle, the tailor - well - this friend wanted to be on this jury in my place.

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

FOREMAN. And get caught, or something? Y'know what kind of a fine you could pay for anything like that? Anyway, this friend of my uncle'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 y'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.

Pages 13-14 (Abbrev).

FOREMAN (*briskly*). All right, gentlemen. Let's take seats.

SEVEN. Right. This better be fast. I've got tickets to *'Dookie- The Musical'* for tonight. I must be the only guy in the world who hasn't seen it *yet*. [*Laughs and sits down*] Okay, your honor, start the show.

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

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

THREE. This case is open and shut. Let's get it done.

FOREMAN. All right. Now-you people 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 and 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.

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 his hand and a moment later NINE puts his hand up.] Eight-nine-ten- eleven-that's eleven for guilty. Okay. Not guilty? *[EIGHT'S hand goes up. ALL turn to look at him.]*

THREE. Hey, you're in left field!

FOREMAN. Okay. Eleven to one. Eleven guilty, one not guilty. Now we know where we stand.

Page 51.

FOREMAN. About this on the fingerprints - the kid wiped the fingerprints off the knife. Well, what about the doorknob? If I saw a man coming into my home, a man that hated me, and if he was wiping the doorknob with a handkerchief as he came in, it would give me an uneasy feeling. *(ALL smile.)* So the doorknobs must have been wiped after the killing, and this, too, would take some time.