

Audition: Juror 10.

JUROR NO. 10 An angry, bitter person who antagonises almost at sight. A bigot who places no values on any human life save their own, a person who has been nowhere and is going nowhere and knows it deep within them.

Pages 12-16 (Edited).

SEVEN. How did you like that business about the knife? Did you ever hear a phonier story?

TEN [*wisely*]. Well, look, you've gotta expect that. You know what you're dealing with.

...

SEVEN. He bought a switch knife that night. . . .

TEN [*with a sneer*]. And then he lost it.

SEVEN. A hole in his pocket.

TEN. A hole in his father.

TWO. An awful way to kill your father - a knife in his chest.

TEN. Look at the kind of people they are - you know them. [*Gets handkerchief out.*]

SEVEN. What's the matter? You got a cold?

TEN [*blowing*]. A lulu! These hot weather colds can kill you.

FOREMAN. All right, everyone. Let's take seats.

TEN. It's tough to figure, isn't it? A kid kills his father. Bing! Just like that. Well, it's the element. They let the kids run wild. Maybe it serves 'em right.

FOREMAN. All right. Now- we can discuss the case first and then vote. Or, we can vote right now and see how we stand.

SEVEN. Let's vote now.

TEN. Yeah. Let's see who's where.

FOREMAN. Okay. All those voting guilty raise your hands.

[JUROR TEN *puts hand up instantly.*]

FOREMAN. Eight-nine-ten- eleven-that's eleven for guilty. Okay. Not guilty?

[EIGHT'S *hand goes up. ALL turn to look at him.*]

THREE [*rising, to EIGHT*]. Do you really believe he's not guilty?

EIGHT [*quietly*]. I don't know.

TEN [*rising*]. Well, do you believe that stupid story he told?

FOUR. Now, now.

TEN. Do you believe the kid's story?

EIGHT. I don't know whether I believe it or not. Look - this boy's been kicked around all his life. You know- living in a slum - I think maybe we owe him a few words. That's all.

TEN. I don't mind telling you this, mister. We don't owe the kid a thing. He got a fair trial, didn't he? You know what that trial cost? He's lucky he got it. Look, we're all grown-ups here. You're not going to tell us that we're supposed to believe him, knowing what he is. I've lived among 'em all my life. You can't believe a word they say. You know that.

Pages 58-60 (Edited).

FOREMAN. Okay, there's another vote called for. ...[*counting*]. The vote is nine to three in favour of acquittal.

TEN. I don't understand you people. How can you believe this kid is innocent? Look, you know how those people lie. I don't have to tell you. They don't know what the truth is. And let me tell you, they don't need any real big reason to kill someone, either. You know, they get drunk, and bang, someone's lying in the gutter. Nobody's blaming them. That's how they are. You know what I mean? Violent! Human life don't mean as much to them as it does to us.

[Most JURORS *are moving away from him*]

Hey, where are you all going? Look, these people're drinking and fighting all the time, and if somebody gets killed, so somebody gets killed. They don't care. Oh, sure, there are some good things about them, too. Look, I'm the first to say that. I've known a few who were pretty decent, but that's the exception. Most of them, it's like they have no feelings. They can do anything.

[FOREMAN *and remaining JURORS move away from him.*]

What's going on here? I'm speaking my piece, and you - listen to me! They're no good. There's not a one of 'em who's any good. We better watch out. Take it from me. This kid on trial . . . Well, don't you know about them? Listen to me! What are you doing? I'm trying to tell you something. . . [FOUR *stands over him as he trails off to dead silence.*]

FOUR. [*Softly*] I've had enough. If you open your mouth again I'm going to split your skull. [*Stands and looks at him. No one moves or speaks.*]

TEN [*looks at FOUR and then looks down at table, softly*]. I'm only trying to tell you. . .

[There is a long pause as FOUR stares down at TEN.]