

Audition: Juror 11.

JUROR NO. 11: A refugee from Europe who has come to this country to escape war and persecution. A person who speaks with an accent and who is ashamed humble, almost subservient to the people around them, but who will honestly seek justice because they have suffered through so much injustice.

Pages 16-17 (+44) (Edited).

TWELVE. I've been kicked around, too.

ELEVEN [*speaks with an accent*]. In my country, in Europe, kicking was a science, but let's try to find something better than that.

FOUR. If we're going to discuss this case, why, let's discuss the facts.

ELEVEN. If you people don't mind, I'm going to close the window. [*Gets up and does so, then, apologetically moves back to table.*] It was blowing on my neck.

SEVEN. If you don't mind, I'd like to have the window open.

ELEVEN. But it was blowing on me.

SEVEN. Don't you want a little air? It's summer - it's hot.

ELEVEN. I was very uncomfortable.

SEVEN. There are twelve of us in this room; it's the only window. If you don't mind!

ELEVEN. I have some rights, too.

SEVEN. So do the rest of us.

FOUR [*to ELEVEN*]. Couldn't you trade chairs with someone at the other end of the table?

ELEVEN. All right, I will open the window, if someone would trade. [*Goes to window and opens it.*]

TWO. Take my chair.

ELEVEN. Thank you. [*Goes to TWO'S chair, near left end of table.*]

FOREMAN. Shall we get back to deciding this case?

ELEVEN [*bitterly*]. We can't even agree about whether, or not the window should be open.

FOUR. I don't see why we have to behave like children here.

ELEVEN. Nor do I. We have a responsibility. This is a remarkable thing about democracy. That we are - what is the word? . . . ah, notified! That we are notified by

mail to come down to this place - and decide on the guilt or innocence of a man; of a man we have not known before. We have nothing to gain or lose by our verdict. This is one of the reasons why we are strong. We should not make it a personal thing. . .

NINE. Thank you very much.

ELEVEN. [*Slight surprise*] Why do you thank me?

NINE. We forget. It's good to be reminded.

Pages 52-54 (Edited).

THREE. And what about you?

ELEVEN. No. [*Shakes his head.*] I am now in real doubt - real doubt. . . .

EIGHT. One more question about the old man downstairs. How many of you live in apartment buildings?

ELEVEN. I don't know what you're thinking but I know what I'm thinking.

FOUR. What's that?

ELEVEN. I do not live in a tenement, but it is close and there is just enough light in the hall so you can see the steps, no more - the light bulbs are so small - and this murder took place in a tenement. Remember how we stumbled on the steps?

EIGHT. The police officers were using big bulbs and one even had a flashlight.

ELEVEN. An old man who misjudged the time by twenty seconds, on this we all agree, this old man looked down the dark hallway of a tenement and recognised a running figure?

EIGHT. He was one hundred per cent wrong about the time it took.

ELEVEN. Then could not the old man be one hundred per cent wrong about who he saw?

THREE. That's the most idiotic... You're making that up out of thin air.

ELEVEN. Do you truly feel that there is no room for reasonable doubt?

SEVEN. Yes, I do.

ELEVEN. I beg your pardon, but maybe you don't understand the term, "reasonable doubt."

SEVEN [*angrily*]. What do you mean, I don't understand it? Who do you think you are? You come here running for your life, and now you're telling us how to run the show. The arrogance!

EIGHT. Maybe we could learn something from people who come running here! We're not so perfect.

ELEVEN. [*To EIGHT*] Please. . . I am used to this. . . . It's all right. Thank you.