

Audition: Juror 12.

JUROR NO. 12: A slick, bright advertising person who thinks of human beings in terms of percentages graphs, and polls and has no real understanding of people. A superficial snob, but trying to be a good person.

Pages 10-14 (Edited).

SEVEN. Y'know something?

TWELVE. I know lots of things. I'm in advertising.

SEVEN [*tugging at collar*). Y'know, it's hot.

TWELVE [*to TWO, mildly sarcastic*]. I never would have known that if he hadn't told me. Would you?

TWO [*missing sarcasm*). I suppose not. I'd kind of forgotten.

TWELVE. All I've done all day is sweat.

SEVEN. You'd think they'd at least air-condition the place. I almost dropped dead in court.

TWELVE. My taxes are high enough.

EIGHT. It's been a pretty hard week.

TWELVE. I wonder what's been going on down at the office. 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. [*taking off coat to hang over back of chair.*]

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. [*sits*]

FOREMAN. Y'know what kind of a fine you could pay for missing jury duty? A friend of my uncle's was on a jury once, about ten years ago - a case like this one.

TWELVE. So what happened?

FOREMAN. They let him off. Reasonable doubt. They later found out that he'd actually done it. A murderer - was turned loose in the streets.

THREE. Six days. They should have finished it in two. Did you ever hear so much talk about nothing?

TWELVE. In six days I could learn calculus. This is A, B, C.

Pages 16-17 (+33-34) (Edited).

THREE. I know what it's like to be kicked around.

TWELVE. I've been kicked around, too. Wait until you've worked in an ad agency and the big boy that buys the advertising walks in. We all know.

FOUR. I don't see any need for arguing like this. I think we ought be able to behave civilised.

TWELVE. [*smiling at FOUR*]. Oh, all right, if you insist.

FOUR. Thank you.

TWELVE. Sure.

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

TWELVE. I may have an idea here. I'm just thinking out loud now, but it seems to me that it's up to us to convince this gentleman- [*Motioning toward EIGHT.*] - that we're right and he's wrong. Maybe if we each talk for a minute or two. You know - try it on for size.

NINE. Remember, it is "guilty beyond a reasonable doubt." This is an important thing to remember.

TWELVE. That's right. And let's not forget the woman across the street. She looked into the open window and saw the boy stab his father. She saw it!

EIGHT [*shaking his head*]. Something doesn't fit.

TWELVE. And you're trying to tell us she lied about a thing like this just so she could be important?