

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

TEN, 40's, An irrationally angry juror.

TEN

I've had enough! ENOUGH!

Ten slams his fist on the table several times and stands. Everyone stops talking.

TEN (CONT'D)

I don't understand you people!
You're gonna let this man walk
free. We all know what kind of man
this Donald Pleats is. Lives
alone, festering. Praying on the
unsuspecting. He's a freak. And
freak's don't deserve sunlight.
They deserve darkness. They
deserve a jail cell.

No one is feeling this speech. Ten starts working around the room.

TEN (CONT'D)

You all act you don't know what I'm
talking about. And maybe you
don't. I mean look at you. LOOK
AT YOU. YOU! (Seven), you're
disgusting. Your face... is
disgusting. Your hair is
disgusting. You smell like a wet
cat! And you (Eight), you should go
to jail too! All your talking, all
your fancy arguments, How's this
for an argument

Ten shows his fist angrily to anyone who'll look at him.

TEN (CONT'D)

(Nine). And let's not forget about
ol' french fry guy. It's not fair
TO EAT THEM ALL YOURSELF! YOU
SHOULD'VE LEARNED TO SHARE!
(Eleven) Oh, look at me, I have
such a fancy phone. I'm the best
show biz guy ever! I DON'T CARE
FOR THE MOVIES YOU PRODUCE! I'M
NOT YOUR DEMOGRAPHIC! REMEMBER
THAT! (Twelve) I WANT TO DEPORT YOU!
THIS IS MY COUNTRY! NOT YOURS! I
have ways. This will not end
today! (FOREMAN) YOU'RE AN IDIOT!
AND YOU'LL NEVER BE LOVED! EVER!

(MORE)

TEN (CONT'D)
 (TWO) COWARD! PANSY! MOMMA'S BOY!
 (Three) American. You I salute.
 (FOUR) I AM ATTRACTED TO YOU! BUT
 YOU NEVER LOOK AT ME! WELL I WON'T
 LOOK AT YOU! IN JAIL! (FIVE) You,
 and your garlic. And your cheeses!
 I made pizza just fine! JUST FINE
 before you came along! And you
 (Six). You're the worst of all.
 De-sgusting.

Ten takes a minute, re-thinks his strategy.

TEN (CONT'D)
 I say let's the heck with votes.
 On the count of three, let's just
 run in there, guns blazing, and
 scream at the top of our lungs
 "GUILTY." Come on! Let's do this!
 Be better than the stupid jerks you
 normally are. Be better! BETTER!
 ARE WE ALL ON THIS! ARE YOU ALL
 WITH ME!? LET'S GO! ONE! TWO!
 THREE! AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Ten runs out of the room. After a moment...

TEN (CONT'D)
 (off stage)
 NOT GUILTY!

Beat. They wait some more.

Finally he walks back in slowly. He takes his seat.

TEN (CONT'D)
 Well if that didn't convince you, I
 don't know what will. I guess I'll
 change my vote too. Not guilty. God
 help us all.