

# **ROUGH JUSTICE**

a play by  
Tom Baum

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## Characters

JUROR #1: RYAN, 30s, a sporting-goods store manager, white

JUROR #2: SHAWNA, 50s, medical receptionist, African-American

JUROR #3: GILES, 60s, insurance broker, white

JUROR #4. APRIL, 20s-30s, a bartender, ethnicity optional

JUROR #5. GWEN, 40s-50s, a psych professor, ethnicity optional

JUROR #6. JAMAR, 40s, passport office clerk, African-American

## Prerecorded:

DETECTIVE COLBY ROGERS, 40s-50s, ethnicity optional

MARY ELLEN SIMMONS aka FELICITY, 20s, ethnicity optional

*(Lights up on a windowless, soundproofed room. Conference table, six chairs, a flat-screen TV in one corner, a DVD player. On the table are several evidence containers of various sizes, including one with a handgun. On the wall, an intercom terminal.)*

GILES and JAMAR file in, followed shortly by APRIL, GWEN, and RYAN. GWEN takes the seat next to APRIL. RYAN sits as far away from APRIL as possible. He wears a large crucifix around his neck.)

GILES: That took way too long, didn't it? How many days were we cooped up in there?

JAMAR: Not counting assembly day? Twenty-two.

GILES: Felt like I was back in high school, watching the clock tick in Spanish class.

JAMAR: You must have gone to a good school.

GILES: How do you figure that?

JAMAR: An orderly school, anyway.

GILES: Back in my day all the schools were orderly.

JAMAR: Oh really. Where'd you grow up?

GILES: Orlando. I went to Bishop Moore.

JAMAR: Bishop Moore's a private school, no wonder.

GILES: Where did you go?

JAMAR: Huntington High.

GILES: Yeah, that's rough, I see your point. Look where they put us, barely room to breathe. Hope we can get this solved today.

JAMAR: Murder trial? Could happen. Let's hope so.

GILES: They've already had us for three weeks. And they promised it would only be two.

APRIL: We'd better get this done soon. My boss calls me every single day, without fail.

GWEN: Why is he calling you?

APRIL: He's a she. "Is it over yet, April? I need you here."

GWEN: Your boss shouldn't be calling you. That's a violation.

APRIL: Violation or not, I wish I could be at Vern's, not here.

GWEN: Dear, I'm as eager to get this over with as you are. I'm tired of catching the bus every day.

APRIL: You don't drive? I had no idea.

GWEN: My car's been in the shop.

GILES: A Prius, right?

GWEN: No, actually, a Ford.

GILES: But a hybrid.

GWEN: Yes, a hybrid, what's your point?

GILES: Just getting the lay of the land.

GWEN: Well thank you for your interest. *(to APRIL)* Would you like me to talk to your boss when we break? I sat on a case where that was ruled jury tampering.

APRIL: Please, no. You'll just get me in more hot water.

GILES: *(to APRIL)* So what do you do, bright eyes?

RYAN: Weren't you listening during jury selection?

GILES: Excuse me?

APRIL: Ryan, it's OK. I'm a bartender.

GILES: And he can't find a temporary replacement?

RYAN: She. Her boss is a she.

GILES: How do you know that?

GWEN: She just said so. I hope you were paying more attention in the courtroom.

GILES: I'm gonna pretend I didn't hear that. Where do you bartend, hon?

APRIL: Vern's Nostalgic.

GILES: Vern is a woman? What is it, a lesbian bar?

GWEN: Primarily, yes.

GILES: I wasn't asking you, but OK. How did you know it's a lesbian bar?

GWEN: How do you think I know?

GILES: OK, I can see I'm making myself unpopular. (*looks around*) Who's missing?

JAMAR: Shawna.

RYAN: I think she went to the ladies'.

JAMAR: Shawna the Dawdler. Be still my heart.

GILES: I wonder if this room is bugged.

GWEN: I hardly think so.

JAMAR: Are you kidding? Privacy, you didn't hear? They made it illegal. It's a crime to keep your business to yourself. We're under total surveillance, from the streets on up to the White House. A woman of your education, Gwen, I'm surprised you're not aware of that.

GILES: How do you know she's educated?

GWEN: Take a guess.

GILES: Same way I knew you were a lesbian?

GWEN: But you don't know. I said I knew Vern's Nostalgic was a lesbian bar. Straight people have been known to go there.

APRIL: Me, for instance. I used to work at a steak house, I got tired of being hit on by carnivores.

GWEN: Or I might live around the corner from the bar. *(to GILES)*  
You didn't consider either of those possibilities.

GILES: Wow. And I thought they dismissed all the lawyers.

GWEN: What makes you think I'm a lawyer?

JAMAR: She's a psychologist.

GILES: A shrink?

GWEN: I'm not a clinician. I teach.

GILES: Teach what?

GWEN: Psychology.

GILES: You're a professor.

GWEN: I'm a professor.

GILES: Give me time, I woulda figured that out too.

*(Somebody's cell rings.)*

JAMAR: Whose is that?

APRIL: Mine. Sorry. *(checks incoming)* Ohmigod, speak of the devil. I'm going to tell Vern we're deliberating.

GWEN: No, you can't do that, no outside communication whatsoever. Everybody? Turn your phones off. We should try to keep this process as rigorous as possible.

GILES: Sure sounds like a lawyer, doesn't she?

APRIL: *(re evidence bag)* Ohmigod, is that the murder weapon?

GILES: What's that doing here?

JAMAR: Hey, if they didn't supply it, I would've asked to see it.

*(JAMAR opens the evidence bag, takes out a revolver.)*

JAMAR: Yup, weighs a ton. No gun dealer would sell a little girl a gun like this.

RYAN: Little girl? Felicity? She's strong as an ox. Working the pole, that takes all kinds of muscle.

APRIL: How do you know that?

RYAN: Stands to reason. Strippers, they're like acrobats.

APRIL: About all you can say for them.

JAMAR: Now let's try and be fair. *(to APRIL)* Feel how heavy.

*(The gun goes round the table. SHAWNA enters as APRIL passes it to GILES.)*

SHAWNA: What are you doing with that? Put that down.

JAMAR: Easy, sweetheart. We're allowed to examine the evidence.

SHAWNA: What's that gun gonna tell us? What if it's loaded?

JAMAR: Of course it isn't loaded, they wouldn't be that stupid. Here, feel.

SHAWNA: I'm not touching that, no way. It's still got that girl's cooties on it. *(sits)* Who else is glad to be out of that courtroom?

GWEN: I think we all are, Shawna.

SHAWNA: That porn star, she kept mad-dogging me every chance she got. I've never felt so stared at in my life.

JAMAR: What about church choir?

SHAWNA: Now how do you know I sing in church?

JAMAR: I overheard you telling Ryan. You were admiring his crucifix.

SHAWNA: Church is a totally different deal. In church I'm performing. In the courtroom I was just sitting. And that prosecutor, gaping at us every time we marched out.

GWEN: I'm sure that's part of the ritual.

GILES: You seem pretty sure of everything, don't you.

GWEN: I'm sorry, have I said something to offend you? Or is it my putative lesbian identity?

GILES: Your what?

SHAWNA: Seriously, could you put the gun back where you found it?

*(GWEN is testing the gun's weight.)*

GWEN: Doesn't feel that heavy to me.

JAMAR: Believe me. First-time gun owner, young girl, he woulda recommended a .22.

GWEN: Would a .22 pistol stop an attacker?

JAMAR: Woulda scared him off. This case has more holes than a flyswatter.

RYAN: We're lucky it's not a capital case.

GILES: Hurray for Florida. Otherwise we'd be a dozen around this table.

APRIL: Yeah, how do twelve people ever agree on anything?

GWEN: Peer pressure. Impatience. Herd behavior. Every jury I've ever been on turned into a focus group, with one person swaying the rest by force of character, loudest voice, or both. I'm trusting that won't be the case here.

SHAWNA: Well, I'm not giving in to peer pressure, I can promise you that. This girl's guilty, I don't care what anybody says.

JAMAR: Aw fuck. I expected more from a beautiful lady.

SHAWNA: And I expect you to watch your tongue. I don't appreciate that kind of language.

JAMAR: What about the compliment?

SHAWNA: And you can keep your flattery to yourself. I don't think Ryan appreciates your language either.

RYAN: What makes you say that?

SHAWNA: You just strike me as very metro. In a good way.



RYAN: Metros don't curse?

SHAWNA: Not around me, they don't.

GILES: You shave your body, Ryan?

APRIL: What kind of question is that?

GILES: You look like you might play a sport. Lotta jocks shave their bodies. For streamlining purposes.

RYAN: In college I did.

JAMAR: Quarterback?

RYAN: Second-string quarterback. First-string point guard.

GILES: What do you do now?

JAMAR: What happened, did you totally zone out during *voir dire*?  
Ryan works at a sporting goods store.

GILES: And they say athletics doesn't prepare you for anything else.

RYAN: I'm sorry, are you making some kind of joke?

GILES: No, hey, if I had to do your job, I'd probably never get it done. Have we ever met, though? I keep thinking I know you from somewhere.

RYAN: Do you shop at Sports Authority?

GILES: No, I'm strictly sedentary. Never mind, it'll come to me.

GWEN: Could we try to get underway? For April's sake? Her boss is threatening to fire her. We have to choose a foreperson.

(GWEN *starts tearing pieces of paper.*)

RYAN: I nominate Gwen.

SHAWNA: Gwen, do you want to be foreperson?

GWEN: I wouldn't say no.

JAMAR: Gwen's hat is in the ring. Before we vote on Gwen...you are for acquittal?

GWEN: I'd rather not say at this point.

JAMAR: Because if you think they proved this girl is guilty, I don't want you leading any focus group.

GWEN: In that case, this is what we're going to do.

*(GWEN starts tearing pieces of paper, handing them out.)*

GWEN: Write down your first three choices. You get three points for being first choice, two for being second choice, and one for third. Person with the most points is foreperson.

APRIL: Sorry, you lost me.

RYAN: April, it's weird, but it makes sense.

APRIL: I don't know everybody's name.

JAMAR: I guess you zoned out too?

APRIL: I didn't zone out, I just don't have that kind of memory.

JAMAR: You know Ryan. You had lunch with him every day.

APRIL: Every day? No.

JAMAR: Then why did you pretend not to know him?

APRIL: When did I do that?

JAMAR: When you walked in. You went out of your way, both of you, to sit at opposite ends of the table. Never mind, that's between you two, now listen up, you too Giles. *(points to GILES)* Giles, insurance broker. *(points to GWEN)* Psych Professor Gwen. *(points to himself)* Jamar, federal employee, passport office. Ryan manages that Sports Authority, but you already knew that, didn't you, April.

APRIL: No I didn't, and please stop saying that.

JAMAR: Suit yourself. April, before you were a bartender you waited tables at Spencer's Steak House, so you're more connected to this case than the rest of us. *(points to SHAWNA)* Shawna, medical receptionist, but you never said what kind of doctor.

SHAWNA: Gynecologist.

APRIL: Wow. Same as the victim.

JAMAR: Now see, they never asked you what medical specialty.  
How do you feel about your boss? Do you like him? Her?

SHAWNA: I like him very much.

JAMAR: Well that could sway you right there.

GILES: Did you know the victim?

SHAWNA: Of course I didn't know the victim.

GILES: Why of course? Same specialty, maybe they hung out together.

GWEN: Dr. Malone didn't practice in this area. He moved here from Ohio. Were you listening at all? I noticed you didn't take a single note.

GILES: You know, I'm getting a little tired of your high and mighty attitude. (to SHAWNA) Did you ever lay eyes on the defendant?

SHAWNA: No! How could I?

GILES: The doctor you work for, he could have treated her. These sex workers have all kinds of lady problems.

SHAWNA: I never saw the defendant, I never saw the victim at my office, and I certainly wouldn't have seen him at a strip club.

GILES: Why, because they see enough vagina at the office?

SHAWNA: Oh Lord, would you please watch your mouth?

GILES: Gynecologists, they're weirder than proctologists.

GWEN: Evidence, please.

GILES: She wants evidence. I heard of one who was convicted of jerking off on a patient.

SHAWNA: OK. If you didn't hear me before, I'm sensitive about language.

GILES: Would you prefer the word bukaki? Of course, we don't know if he came on her face.

SHAWNA: I guess no one's going to listen to a thing I say.

JAMAR: Shawna...with all respect... there's no place for sensitivities in a jury room. This is where the shit hits the fan, and all you can do is keep ducking. Come on, people, let's get this done!

*(They all hand in their ballots, except GILES.)*

GWEN: Giles? You want to hand in your vote?

GILES: Right. Borrow a pen, somebody? *(RYAN hands him a pen.)*  
How many are we voting for?

GWEN: Three.

*(GILES scribbles one name, hands the paper across.)*

JAMAR: Who's the math person here?

GWEN: I'll keep the tally.

GILES: I'll bet she will.

*(GWEN starts unfolding the papers.)*

GWEN: *(pointedly, to GILES)* Some people only voted for one person.

JAMAR: Actually, that's smart. Increases their chances of winning. I assume most of y'all voted for yourselves. Are you the lucky lady?

GWEN: The lucky lady appears to be you.

JAMAR: No thank you.

GWEN: Why not you, Jamar? Your chance to skew the focus group.

JAMAR: I don't persuade. I let the facts speak for themselves. Who's second?

GWEN: Second place...that would be Ryan.

RYAN: Not interested. Come on, Gwen, you be forelady.

GWEN: I wasn't even third.

JAMAR: Never mind who's third. Let's get this party started.  
Everybody in favor of Gwen.

*(Hands go up, with varying degrees of indifference.)*

JAMAR: But remember, you sneaked in the back door. Kidding.  
The floor's all yours.

GWEN: OK. Let's take a preliminary vote.

GILES: Is this a secret ballot? *(off the others' looks)* What's wrong  
with y'all? I'm just asking.

GWEN: We're supposed to be deliberating. Talking to each other.  
Openly. Candidly. That's how juries work. Shawna?

SHAWNA: Guilty.

RYAN: Guilty.

GILES: Guilty.

JAMAR: Yeah, fuck, I knew it. Not guilty.

APRIL: Can I abstain?

GWEN: You can do anything you like, dear.

*(APRIL shoots a look at RYAN.)*

APRIL: No, I vote guilty.

JAMAR: *(to APRIL)* I see Ryan's been working you. That must  
have been one fun lunch. What about you, forelady?

GWEN: I'm keeping an open mind.

JAMAR: Which means you have doubts. To me that means not  
guilty.

GWEN: Let's not get ahead of ourselves. I just want to hear what  
folks have to say.

JAMAR: All right, here's what I have to say. This girl Felicity is being framed.

RYAN: How could she be framed? She confessed.

JAMAR: She never once said she pulled the trigger, and I distrust everything that went on in that interrogation room. The authorities rushed this case, to cover up their incompetence in the field. Y'all may not be as aware of police tactics as I am. Could be her pimp killed this pervert gynecologist.

RYAN: What pimp?

GWEN: There was no mention of a pimp, and I object to the word pervert.

JAMAR: All right, porn addict.

GILES: I object to the word addict.

JAMAR: Why? That's what the doctor was. Addicted to porn.

RYAN: Maybe she did have a pimp, but that was never brought out.

GILES: The girl's a whore. If we're not mincing words.

JAMAR: Could have been her pimp, could have been the strip-club manager, whatever. Some other third party.

RYAN: What motive would they have to kill Dr. Malone?

JAMAR: I'm not talking about motives. All I'm saying, two sets on DNA on that gun, they didn't investigate.

RYAN: There was nothing to investigate. There was Felicity's DNA, and a partial. Impossible to trace the other DNA.

JAMAR: Whatever, they closed it too soon. This whole case reeks. They made her think she shot the doctor.

APRIL: Yeah, and I wouldn't call him a pervert either. Traveling all that distance just to be with her. That was romantic.

SHAWNA: Romantic. How could he not see she was mental?

GWEN: He was acting out a rescue fantasy. She said so herself.

GILES: They need saving, these porn stars. They're mostly abuse cases.

GWEN: Not necessarily.

GILES: You kidding? That's common knowledge.

GWEN: "Happier than the average woman."

GILES: According to who?

GWEN: According to expert testimony.

SHAWNA: Nonsense. Happier, what does that even mean. When they're snorting cocaine and shooting heroin they're happier. She turned my stomach, that so-called expert, every word out of her mouth. Like prostitution is nothing to get upset about. Just another service job. If sex work made her so happy, why did she quit hooking?

APRIL: Did you like it when she talked directly to us?

SHAWNA: Weirdered me out. Seemed so fake.

GILES: And y'all heard how much she made for testifying? \$1500 an hour. That's more than I make in a week. Pay me that money, I'd stick up for a killer.

SHAWNA: They all stick up for each other, these sex workers, they're all in each other's beds.

RYAN: They're not in each other's beds.

SHAWNA: How do you know? Sure they are.

RYAN: What I know about it...what little I know...they keep their social life separate from their working life.

APRIL: Are you taking her side?

RYAN: Whose side? No. I'm with you, I think she's guilty.

APRIL: Sounded like you were apologizing for her.

RYAN: I wasn't apologizing. I was stating a fact.

GWEN: Well, if we're talking facts, sex workers are known for their group loyalty.

RYAN: According to who? That expert?

GWEN: According to a well-replicated study. We'll have plenty of time to bicker later, can we start by watching the interview?

SHAWNA: Oh Lord. I had to take the longest shower that day.

APRIL: I think we should see it.

JAMAR: Well of course we're gonna see it.

SHAWNA: It's not gonna change my mind.

GILES: Mine neither.

JAMAR: And you'll hear how she was coerced. Let's do it.

SHAWNA: Can you wait till I take my anti-nausea medication?  
(*pause*) That wasn't a joke.

*(SHAWNA opens her bag, takes out a pill vial, swallows a pill dry. GWEN powers up the video player. We see what the jurors are seeing on a separate, larger screen. DETECTIVE ROGERS is interviewing FELICITY, whose face appears in close-up. ROGERS remains offscreen throughout the interview.)*

DETECTIVE ROGERS: Monday, March 24, 2014, Detective Colby Rogers taking the first statement by Mary Ellen Simmons, aka Felicity, at the Northeast Huntington Police Office. You prefer Mary Ellen or Felicity?

FELICITY: Ohmigod, I haven't been Mary Ellen since middle school.

ROGERS: So...Felicity...when did you first meet Dr. Malone?

JAMAR: Stop the video, please.

*(GWEN pauses the video.)*

GWEN: What's your problem, Jamar?

JAMAR: I'll tell you what my problem is. They're not showing the interrogator. Just the suspect. They don't show the cop, which makes him seem less coercive.



GILES: What a load of horseshit.

GWEN: It's not horseshit. They've done studies.

JAMAR: Tons of studies. All proving the same damn thing. The blame falls on the suspect if you don't show the cop.

SHAWNA: Fine, you made your point, now can we get through this revolting sideshow she's putting on?

JAMAR: OK, but do me a favor, Shawna? Keep what I just said in mind.

(GWEN *unpauses the video.*)

FELICITY: You want an exact date when I met him, I'm sorry. I've got this Swiss cheese memory, or what's the one with the little holes?

ROGERS: Muenster?

FELICITY: That's the one. Muenster. I've got a Muenster memory.

ROGERS: Would you say less than a year?

FELICITY: That sounds right. Less than a year.

(SOUND *of papers shuffling.*)

JAMAR: You heard that? He's already planting information.

SHAWNA: Oh come on, she was pretending not to know.

ROGERS: Maybe I can help you pin this down. According to Dr. Malone's computer, he was accessing your website as early as last July.

FELICITY: I never knew him as Dr. Malone. He called himself Charlie.

ROGERS: What was his real first name?

FELICITY: Ohmigod, I should know this. I'm blanking.

ROGERS: I'm gonna help you out again. His first name was Norbert.

FELICITY: Norbert, right. But a lot of guys like to be called Charlie. It's a fun name to say. In a movie, if a guy's name is Charlie, everybody's always calling him by his name. Charlie this, Charlie that, they're always saying Charlie—

SHAWNA: OK, can we stop it there please?

(GWEN stops the video.)

SHAWNA: You get what she's doing there?

RYAN: She's putting on a ditz act.

GILES: Yeah, that's why she didn't take the stand. She woulda sounded too flaky.

APRIL: I didn't like that she didn't testify.

GILES: Neither did I.

GWEN: Guys, that's not supposed to matter.

GILES: How can it not matter? If she's innocent, what's she got to lose?

GWEN: The defendant is never required to take the stand. You do understand that, right?

GILES: Doesn't mean I agree with it.

GWEN: Did the judge ask you if you could set aside that prejudice?

GILES: Maybe she did, I don't recall.

GWEN: Well she definitely did. She posed that question to all of us, and so did the public defender.

GILES: Maybe I thought those questions they asked us were stupid. "If you have to serve for two weeks, will you still be able to pay your rent?" If you said no, they let you go. If a cop happened to coach your kid's Little League team, they let you go. Anybody who wants to get out of jury duty, and they don't, they oughta get tested for Alzheimer's. If it's a mugging you say you were mugged. If it's a hit and run, say you were knocked down by a car. There's even a damn commercial on TV making fun of some guy who's glad he got on a jury, because there's a Wendy's around the corner from the courthouse. Guy's a loser for wanting to serve the system.

JAMAR: We're not here to serve it.

GWEN: Jamar, of course we are.

JAMAR: We're here to transcend it. To undo the bad work of the Huntington P.D.

GWEN: No, we're here to consider the evidence.

JAMAR: I've considered it. It's totally insufficient to convict. Fifty per cent of all cop work is fucked up, and that goes double for the Huntington P.D.

GWEN: OK, Jamar, you've made your point.

JAMAR: Yeah, and I'll keep on making it until it penetrates your thick skulls.

RYAN: Maybe it's fucked-up where you live.

JAMAR: Where I live, yes, exactly, Huntington Northeast, which is where this Dr. Malone rented that house, so he could rush that poor girl home from the strip club before his dick went soft.

APRIL: And then lock her in the basement.

RYAN: Supposedly.

APRIL: (*quickly*) Supposedly, yeah, I didn't buy that either.

SHAWNA: That was more of her fabrications.

GWEN: I'm curious, Jamar, have you ever been profiled?

JAMAR: Did Michael Jackson have a funny nose?

RYAN: I was profiled.

JAMAR: Good-looking white boy? Where were you ever profiled?

RYAN: When I was a jock in college, people assumed I was dumb because I majored in Geography.

JAMAR: Did they stop and frisk you? Hassle you till you told them your I.Q.? Can we please get back to this bogus confession?

(GWEN *restarts the video.*)

FELICITY: —I liked calling him Charlie, and he liked it, so I did.

ROGERS: At what point did you realize Dr. Malone had seen you on your website?

FELICITY: Not until way later.

ROGERS: When did you start making those pornos?

FELICITY: You keep asking me for timelines. I'm really sorry, that's my Achilles heel, my memory. I've been to doctors about it, nothing seems to help.

ROGERS: Before you went to work at Bare Essentials?

FELICITY: Around the same time, I guess.

ROGERS: That's where you met Dr. Malone, at the strip club?

FELICITY: Yeah, but I can't tell you when. Half the things happen to me, I don't remember...people get pissed off at me, I'm totally in the dark, or why I'm pissed off at them—

SHAWNA: Stop it there.

*(GWEN pauses the video.)*

SHAWNA: See, it's so obvious, how she's laying the groundwork. "Doesn't know the consequences of her actions." Wants us to think she's crazy.

APRIL: Then why did she plead self-defense?

RYAN: Easier to prove. Twice as easy if she comes off as a mental case.

JAMAR: She doesn't have to prove a damn thing!

SHAWNA: Crazy like a fox, is what she is.

JAMAR: The prosecution has to prove its case. The defense only mentioned that a hundred times.

GILES: Why didn't she just cut a deal? If she was willing to admit to killing him.

SHAWNA: She was keeping her options open. That was her whole M.O.

APRIL: To me she sounds medicated.

SHAWNA: She's not medicated, she's not spacing out, she just wants you to think she is. Can we please fast-forward through this?

GWEN: Absolutely not. We're charged with reviewing all the evidence. As completely and dispassionately as we can. That was the oath we all took.

SHAWNA: You know, I'm gonna agree with Giles for a change. I'm getting a little burned by you lording it over us. That's not the function of the foreperson.

GWEN: The function of the foreperson, among other duties, is to remind the jurors of their obligations. One of those obligations is to set aside our prejudices, including, in this case, our preconceived attitudes toward pornography.

SHAWNA: You know my attitude.

GWEN: Yes, we know your attitude. It disgusts you.

SHAWNA: It doesn't disgust you?

GWEN: I think porn tends to degrade women—

SHAWNA: Tends to!

GWEN: —I think it's addicting a substantial portion of our male population, and as a libertarian I respect its right to exist.

JAMAR: Live and let live. I'm totally down with that.

SHAWNA: (*to GWEN*) But you hate it as much as I do.

GWEN: I hate the genre. I have no bias, legal, moral, or otherwise, against the performers.

SHAWNA: Well, I hate everything about it, including the practitioners. I wouldn't lower myself to call them performers.

GWEN: Do you have a religious objection to pornography?

SHAWNA: I wouldn't say that, no.

JAMAR: Shawna, come on, sweetheart, you know you do.

SHAWNA: All right, what if I do?

GWEN: Can you set that aside those objections in this room?

SHAWNA: I heard everything the judge said, so no need to belabor the point. What religion are you?

GWEN: First tell me why you think that matters.

SHAWNA: Are you an atheist?

GWEN: Are Buddhists atheists?

SHAWNA: No, they're Buddhists. She asks more questions than she answers. *(to RYAN)* What about you, hon?

RYAN: I used to be an atheist.

GILES: What changed your mind?

RYAN: A trip I took to Italy with an All-Star team.

SHAWNA: Awesome. Did you meet the Pope?

RYAN: No, the Pope was a no-show. But I visited a whole bunch of cathedrals, and suddenly it hit me. All this beauty, all this money spent on statues and gold paint, and it's all because of one man. One man, for two thousand years and counting. Gotta be something to it.

JAMAR: They build temples to Mohammed. And he's not divine.

RYAN: I'm not saying Jesus was divine. I'm just saying, he's worth thinking about.

GWEN: What would Jesus do?

RYAN: Yeah, I've caught myself thinking that.

GWEN: About pornography.

RYAN: I don't think Jesus took a position on porn.

GWEN: His BFF was a prostitute.

JAMAR: Yeah, and he married the girl.

SHAWNA: Oh he did not, that's Hollywood blasphemy. What about you, April?

APRIL: What about me what?

JAMAR: April's a Christian.

APRIL: Yes, I'm Christian. How did you know?

JAMAR: I know, because what happened to your Promise Ring?

APRIL: I don't always wear it.

JAMAR: You wore it the first three days, and then you stopped. Did chastity cease to be an issue?

GWEN: You don't have to answer that, dear.

RYAN: Yeah, and leave me out of this.

JAMAR: What did I say? I didn't say anything.

RYAN: You were looking at both of us, and I resent it.

GWEN: He's right. April's chastity—

JAMAR: —or the lack thereof—

GWEN: It's none of our business.

GILES: A chaste bartender?

APRIL: Why, you think that's a contradiction?

SHAWNA: It's not a contradiction, it's a test of faith. Good for you, hon.

GWEN: *(to SHAWNA)* Well if faith is the issue, then you owe the defendant some respect.

SHAWNA: Oh why, because she's supposedly born-again?

GILES: Her lawyer just threw that in.

SHAWNA: Yeah, and we were told to ignore it. That girl will never give up porn, till the day she dies in prison.

JAMAR: Why wouldn't she give up porn? All these amateurs giving it away like parsley on a beef patty, the pros gotta be hurting, I don't see where the profit is.

GWEN: Her website.

JAMAR: Are you kidding? Even Amazon doesn't make a profit.

GILES: Y'all should hear these porn stars on the radio.

SHAWNA: On the radio!

GILES: They sound pretty secure with their situation.

RYAN: What radio do you listen to?

GILES: Satellite. Came with the car. I stumbled on it.

SHAWNA: Do you watch porn as well as listen to it?

GILES: Who wants to know?

GWEN: I'd like to know.

GILES: I'm sure you would. OK, yeah, since you're so interested, I've watched it. You show me the man who hasn't watched porn, and I'll help him across the street, 'cause that man is blind from birth.

GWEN: How much porn have you watched?

GILES: Only my share. What difference does that make?

GWEN: You might feel guilty about it. And that might prejudice you against the defendant.

JAMAR: Obviously it does. He's voting guilty.

GILES: I'm voting guilty because of Felicity, this cock-and-balls interview she gave.

GWEN: Are you sure that's the reason?

GILES: Yeah, I'm sure.

GWEN: Not because you feel guilty about porn.



GILES: If I felt guilty, would I be confessing I watched it?

GWEN: Interesting you use the word “confess.” Are you a Catholic by any chance?

GILES: Do I look like a Catholic?

JAMAR: You’re talking like one. (to RYAN) Isn’t that the whole thing with confession? You get to go out and sin again?

RYAN: You’re asking the wrong guy.

JAMAR: Then what’s the crucifix for? Decoration?

RYAN: Like I said, I feel a connection with the man himself.

GWEN: Do you ever watch porn?

RYAN: No. Why would you ask me that?

GWEN: No need to get defensive. I’m just asking.

RYAN: The answer’s still no.

GILES: Never?

RYAN: What did I just say? I never watch it.

GILES: And I’m not addicted to it. I enjoy it, I don’t feel guilty, I don’t hate the girls who do it. I feel sorry for them too.

GWEN: Did you ever see the defendant on one of these sites?

GILES: Maybe I did, maybe I didn’t. It’s not like I’m on there all the time.

APRIL: Enough to know about bukaki.

GILES: Could we please get off the subject of my viewing habits? Would that be OK with y’all? When do we break for lunch?

GWEN: Giles, we just got here. April, do you have any special feelings about porn?

APRIL: I agree with Shawna, I think it’s disgusting.

SHAWNA: You don't think it's a woman's right to choose it, like the professor here.

APRIL: I didn't say it's not her right. I don't think Felicity could help falling into that life. With that mother of hers, did you notice her in the courtroom?

GILES: Dressing younger than her daughter.

RYAN: Totally fits the profile. Parents divorced. Mom's a prude or a slut. Started sexting young, because Mom gave her a smartphone. Grew up wanting to be a Bachelorette...or a Playmate.

JAMAR: What trial were you listening to?

APRIL: Yeah, none of that came out in court.

SHAWNA: Who made you an expert on porn stars?

RYAN: I didn't say I was an expert.

JAMAR: How come you know this girl's background?

RYAN: I don't. I don't know her...I mean, not this particular girl... I only know what I've heard. What I've read.

GILES: He's right, though, *Playboy's* a total porn thing now.

RYAN: Exactly. That's what I'm saying.

GILES: The general run of girls is lewder these days.

GWEN: Oh, so now you want to slut-shame all women? Not just porn stars?

GILES: I didn't say all women.

GWEN: No, you said girls. Did people call you "boy" when you were 25 years old?

GILES: No, they called me "chief." "Sonnyboy." "Champ."  
Nobody called me a man until I hit my sixties and people started calling me "young man." Seriously, boss lady, you want to get off my back?

SHAWNA: I'm gonna agree with Giles again, God help me. Girls are much looser these days. They're even harassing boys for sex. And there are certainly more lesbians than there used to be.

GWEN: Now how would you know that?

SHAWNA: It's a well-known fact. Especially in porn.

GILES: All that girl-on-girl, yeah, it's a requirement.

GWEN: And again I have to ask, why is that relevant? I was a lesbian and I'm not a porn star. Even though my parents were divorced, my mom was my best friend, she dressed younger than I did, and I watched way too much MTV.

GILES: What do you mean, you were a lesbian? You either are or you're not.

GWEN: You don't know much about women, do you, Giles? Are you married?

GILES: I've been married for 26 years, thank you very much, and very happily too.

GWEN: Does your wife know how much porn you watch?

GILES: We have our own interests. People ask us our secret of happiness, that's our secret of happiness.

RYAN: You delete your browsing history?

GILES: Yeah, I delete.

APRIL: (*to RYAN*) Do you?

RYAN: What is that, a trick question?

APRIL: Just curious.

RYAN: Nothing to delete.

APRIL: If you say so.

GILES: If I didn't delete, I'd be a bad husband. What my wife doesn't know won't hurt her.

SHAWNA: I feel sorry for your wife.

GILES: I feel sorry for your husband, if you've got one.

SHAWNA: Well, that is totally uncalled-for.

GWEN: Can we all please settle down?

SHAWNA: I've been a widow these six months, if that's any interest to you.

GWEN: Shawna, oh my, I'm sorry. And I'm sure Giles is sorry too.  
(to GILES) We thank you for sharing about your private hobby, but let's try to keep a civil tongue and pay attention to the video.

APRIL: Could you rewind it a bit? I forget where we are.

GILES: You're as bad as Felicity.

RYAN: Hey, quit ragging on her, OK?

GILES: Oh do me a favor, bag the Sir Lancelot routine.

RYAN: I think we should call the bailiff.

GWEN: Ryan, why?

GILES: And tell him what?

GWEN: Ryan, calm down.

GILES: I'm sorry I insulted your girlfriend.

RYAN: She's not my girlfriend.

APRIL: I'm not his girlfriend!

GILES: Yeah, right, have it your way. Let's buzz the bailiff and tell him war has broken out.

GWEN: You call this war? This is obviously your first jury.

(APRIL's cell rings.)

APRIL: Oops. Sorry. (looks) It's Vern again.

GWEN: Seriously, dear, turn your phone off. Everybody settle. Ready? Are we all quiet now? We're watching the video.

(GWEN *rewinds the video a few seconds, starts it.*)

FELICITY: —people get pissed off at me, I'm totally in the dark, or why I'm pissed off at them—

ROGERS: Did that happen with Dr. Malone?

FELICITY: No. I mean I guess it must have, I don't know.

ROGERS: What about the night he was killed?

FELICITY: See, I don't remember too much about that night.

ROGERS: Try. Take your time.

FELICITY: We didn't fight. Not that I remember. Not in the club, anyway. Dr. Malone was one of my regulars.

ROGERS: When did you realize he wasn't from around here?

FELICITY: Sheesh, I don't know. Maybe when I saw his driver's license?

GILES: Stop it. Stop the video.

(GWEN *stops the video.*)

GILES: Here's what I was thinking when I saw this. She sneaked a look in his wallet, hoping to snake some cash.

GWEN: Why would you even think that?

GILES: I'm telling you what occurred to me.

JAMAR: And it should've occurred to that Robocop, but it didn't. Keep going.

(GWEN *restarts the video.*)

FELICITY: I think it was the night he took me to Spencer's. Usually he only took me to crappy restaurants, well not exactly crappy, you know, ethnic places, holes in the wall, where there weren't a lot of people to see us there.

ROGERS: Did that piss you off?

FELICITY: I don't know. Maybe a little.

ROGERS: In your place, I would feel disrespected.

FELICITY: Spencer's isn't a hole in the wall.

ROGERS: It's dark, though, isn't it?

FELICITY: Yeah, I guess it's pretty dark there.

APRIL: (*overlaps Rogers*) You need your phone to read the menu. I was always lending mine to customers.

ROGERS: So that's when he told you he was from Ohio?

FELICITY: Not in the restaurant. Right, it was after we left Spencer's. He couldn't remember if he put his credit card back in his wallet...and he gave it to me to hold because he couldn't stuff it back in his pants without, you know, pulling a muscle or ramming his Mercedes into a fire hydrant. And I see from his license he's from Cincinnati. And his AMA membership card. Up till then he never said he was a doctor.

ROGERS: Did you ask him what he was doing so far from home?

FELICITY: Yeah, and he lied. He said he came to Florida to retire.

ROGERS: Why was that a lie?

FELICITY: Well, he knew me from my website. That was the main reason he came.

ROGERS: I checked, and your site's down. Any reason why?

FELICITY: I'm having a redesign. To make it totally interactive.

ROGERS: Somebody's working on that?

FELICITY: Yeah, supposedly, yes.

ROGERS: Who?

FELICITY: This kid who does my tech stuff. I forget his name.  
Jason.

ROGERS: Is that his name, Jason?

FELICITY: Maybe not. I don't know.

ROGERS: There's a Jared in your Contacts. With a note that says Web Designer.

FELICITY: Then that's probably who it is.

ROGERS: So OK, now you know Malone is from Ohio, he's a doctor—probably well-off—did you ever ask if he was married?

FELICITY: He said he was divorced.

SHAWNA: (*overlaps; to GILES*) His wife must have caught him watching porn.

FELICITY: And I knew he was well-off already.

ROGERS: How did you know?

FELICITY: Well, the Mercedes. And he bought me things.

ROGERS: What kind of things?

FELICITY: Jewelry. Perfume. Scarves. He'd hit the malls, then surprise me.

ROGERS: Still keeping you a secret from the world. Did he ever give you cash?

FELICITY: No. I mean not directly. I was maxed out on my credit cards, he paid them off...I was flat on the balls of my ass, he picked me up out of the gutter, acting like he was my savior.

ROGERS: He saved you, but he didn't want to be seen with you. Didn't like showing up at your apartment, is that why he rented that house for you?

FELICITY: Yeah, I guess. And to keep me there.

ROGERS: Did you ask him to put money in your site?

FELICITY: Maybe. I don't remember.

ROGERS: How else would you be paying for a redesign?

FELICITY: No, you're right, he must have—

(RYAN *stops the tape.*)

RYAN: She's lying through her teeth.

SHAWNA: I agree.

GILES: So do I.

GWEN: Actually, I do too.

RYAN: She's too relaxed about everything.

SHAWNA: She doesn't sound relaxed to me.

APRIL: Me neither.

SHAWNA: I think she sounds stressed.

GILES: Yeah, and that's what a lie detector measures.

JAMAR: Which they never gave her.

APRIL: I don't believe in lie detectors. People ask me embarrassing questions, they always think I'm lying. I get nervous.

GWEN: April makes a very good point.

RYAN: You know, April can really take care of herself, OK? You don't always have to be stroking her.

GWEN: I don't think I've been guilty of that.

RYAN: Yeah, you have.

GILES: You have.

SHAWNA: I'm gonna agree with that.

GWEN: Fine, whatever, the point is, you can't tell if a person's lying from their demeanor. Felicity's a performer—like you are in church.

SHAWNA: What are you, comparing us now?

GWEN: I'm saying she's used to putting on an act, especially with men. That's all her relaxation signifies, if you think she sounds relaxed. Whether she's telling the truth or not, that's for us to decide on the basis of the evidence, not according to our dubious assumptions.

RYAN: Why are you getting so hot and bothered?



GWEN: I'm just trying to hasten things along, OK? So our April won't get fired.

RYAN: There you go again. Who appointed you April's keeper?

GWEN: I said "our." There's no cause for you to be jealous.

RYAN: Believe me, I'm not jealous. April's too young for you.

GWEN: I really hope you're kidding.

RYAN: You think she isn't too young for you?

GWEN: Even if I were attracted to April—

RYAN: Which you obviously are.

GWEN: I think you're projecting, but that's only natural. Obviously you and April have been having an affair. I can't believe you didn't engage in pillow talk, in complete violation of the jury instructions, but for now I'm going to assume, against my better judgment, that you talked about everything but the case. You can't be the first jurors who ever fell in love, and far be it from me to stand in your way. Shall we go on?

*(Stunned silence. GWEN restarts the video.)*

FELICITY: —He must have been paying for a redesign, because, yeah, that's how I found out how obsessed he was with me. Dr. Malone was hitting my site like every hour of every day for like a year.

ROGERS: How did you find that out?

FELICITY: From the web guy, I guess.

ROGERS: Jared.

FELICITY: Yeah, whatever.

ROGERS: So now you know this Malone was a stalker. How did you feel about that?

FELICITY: Ohmigod, how do you think I felt? It creeped me out.

ROGERS: So what did you do?

FELICITY: Well...I talked it over with my mom.

ROGERS: And what did your mom say?

FELICITY: She said buy a gun. And if I didn't buy a gun, she said she'd buy one for me.

ROGERS: So did she?

FELICITY: Yeah. She did.

SHAWNA: That's the other DNA.

JAMAR: Or not.

ROGERS: Did you keep the gun in your purse?

FELICITY: Sometimes in my purse, sometimes in my night table.

ROGERS: And you broke it off with Dr. Malone.

FELICITY: No. I mean...no.

ROGERS: Why not?

FELICITY: I was afraid if I dumped him...cut him off cold....I didn't know what he'd do.

ROGERS: You continued to live at the house he rented for you.

FELICITY: Yeah. Same reason.

ROGERS: Were you exclusive to him at this point?

FELICITY: He was my only regular, is that what you mean?

ROGERS: What about boyfriends?

FELICITY: No. I haven't...not for a long time. No boyfriends.

APRIL: Could you pause it again, please? I have something to say.

*(GWEN pauses the video.)*

GWEN: What is it, April?

APRIL: I think she's hiding something here. I wasn't sure before but now I am.

SHAWNA: She knew Malone was a stalker from the gitgo.

JAMAR: Yeah, and if they'd bothered to call this web dude Jared as a witness, we'd know more. But they didn't. Just like they didn't get her mom's DNA.

GILES: The other DNA was only partial, right? Not enough to I.D. somebody.

RYAN: Correct.

GILES: See, I have been paying attention.

SHAWNA: Whose else's would it be?

JAMAR: Could be her mom's, could be somebody else's, it could be another shooter's—

GILES: Oh come on—

JAMAR: —no way to know, and that's enough for reasonable doubt. Or is that concept still foreign to everybody here, except maybe Gwen?

APRIL: And me.

RYAN: You meaning what?

APRIL: I'm starting to have doubts.

RYAN: Oh wow.

SHAWNA: Goodness, why?

APRIL: It's just a feeling.

JAMAR: Stay with that feeling.

APRIL: Yeah, I am.

*(APRIL takes out her phone, starts to text.)*

SHAWNA: We have to go on more than feelings. Isn't that right, Gwen?

GWEN: Sometimes it's hard...April, what are you doing, who are you texting? Dear, I told you to put your phone away...

APRIL: Just doing some research.

GWEN: We're not allowed to do research, you know that. Put it away.

*(Reluctantly, APRIL puts away her phone.)*

GWEN: Where was I?

SHAWNA: You were saying something was hard.

GWEN: Yes. Hard to tell facts from feelings sometimes.

JAMAR: I knew you'd come around.

SHAWNA: She didn't say that. Don't put words in her mouth. I don't know why y'all can't see what I can see. This girl is a calculating little whore, and she took this poor deluded doctor for all he was worth.

GWEN: Then why kill the golden goose?

RYAN: Maybe he threatened to dump her.

SHAWNA: Yeah, exactly, that's exactly what happened, and she went cray cray on the dude. Can we get through this blessed video before I start to fibrillate?

*(GWEN rewinds the video a bit, restarts it.)*

FELICITY: ...not for a long time. No boyfriends.

ROGERS: —So OK, you find out from this Jared that Dr. Malone's been stalking you. You buy a gun, but you keep on living at that house he rented. In spite of everything you know.

FELICITY: Yeah, like I told you, out of fear.

ROGERS: OK, so let's talk about the night of the 21st.

FELICITY: What night was that?

ROGERS: Friday night. Stay with me here.

FELICITY: Because the last 48 hours, three days, whatever, they're really hazy.

RYAN: Caution: Slippery Road Ahead.

ROGERS: Did you and Dr. Malone have plans that Friday night?

FELICITY: Yeah, dinner plans.

ROGERS: Where?

FELICITY: I think it was Spencer's. Or maybe Thai food.

ROGERS: The hostess confirms you were at Spencer's. You were seen fighting with Malone at the bar.

FELICITY: Yeah, I don't remember that.

ROGERS: We have a cellphone video of the fight.

FELICITY: OK, then you tell me.

ROGERS: You told him to leave you alone and you ran out the door. Dr. Malone ran after you, apparently too late to catch you, because he came back in, had a couple more drinks, then he left. Where did you go?

FELICITY: I guess I went back to the house.

ROGERS: Did you bolt the door?

FELICITY: I guess I didn't.

ROGERS: So in he came.

FELICITY: Yeah, like his hair was on fire.

ROGERS: Why didn't you call 911?

FELICITY: I didn't have my phone.

ROGERS: What happened to your phone?

FELICITY: I don't know, maybe I left it at the bar?

ROGERS: You didn't. We checked.

FELICITY: Well, anyway, I didn't have it. And there wouldn't have been time to call 911. He grabbed me by the arm and he dragged me across the floor to the cellar door. I'd never been down to the cellar before, I didn't even know there was a cellar.

ROGERS: Did he try to rape you?

FELICITY: He couldn't.

ROGERS: Couldn't get it up?

FELICITY: I don't know. Probably. It's all blurry.

ROGERS: Somehow you got to your gun and you shot him twice in the chest.

FELICITY: If you say so. See, if I'm totally stressed...like scared to death?...that's when I really space out. I'll wake up somewhere and I don't know how I got there....Like you'll be driving a car and suddenly you're 200 miles from where you started and how did the time pass, what happened, it's like you've been asleep the whole time?....One day, you're not gonna believe this, I woke up in my car and the car was in flames. Somebody set fire to the seats and that turned out to be me.

ROGERS: But you were sane enough to call the police.

FELICITY: Not me. That was my mom. I told you, I didn't have my phone.

ROGERS: Did you share everything you've told me with your mom?

FELICITY: Not all of it, no. It's been slow coming back to me.

ROGERS: I appreciate that, and I don't want to stress you any more than I have to. Thank you for your candor. We'll probably continue this at a future time.

*(GWEN stops the video, freezing FELICITY and ROGERS on screen.)*

RYAN: OK, see what she was doing? The whole time, thinking six moves ahead, trying to paint herself as this space case.

SHAWNA: Harping on all these memory lapses, and all of a sudden, during this supposed rape, total recall.

RYAN: And no sign of struggle.

GWEN: Yes there was... the overturned chair?

SHAWNA: She could have done that afterwards. And why no bruises on her anywhere, if he dragged her across the floor? You get a look at her arms? The muscle tone? She could have snapped that poor doctor in two. I don't condone what he did, he was probably pre-senile to take such an interest in a stripper, but there's no evidence he tried to rape her.

RYAN: Yeah, and if they struggled, there'd be his DNA on her body.

JAMAR: She took a shower at her mom's.

SHAWNA: How do we know that?

JAMAR: We don't, and you know why we don't? Because the police didn't bother to ask! No sign of struggle? How about the coffee stain on the rug?

SHAWNA: She could have knocked that over too.

RYAN: Yeah, she didn't feel threatened. She served him coffee.

APRIL: How do you know it wasn't her coffee?

JAMAR: We don't. They never processed the coffee cup.

RYAN: Chick like that, she doesn't make coffee for herself.

APRIL: What do you mean, "a chick like that"?

RYAN: She's strictly Starbucks.

APRIL: Ohmigod, talk about assumptions. Everybody knows how to make coffee.

RYAN: I don't.

APRIL: I know you don't. Girls do. (*pointedly*) They're always having to make it for guys.

JAMAR: Either way, we'll never know. People...if we find this girl guilty of murder, we'll be rewarding the fucked-up behavior of the Huntington P.D, which means it will continue till we're all dead and buried.

RYAN: I have a question for you, Jamar.

JAMAR: Yeah, what do you want to know?

RYAN: What were you in for, and where did you do your time?

JAMAR: Fuck you.

RYAN: Forget it, if you don't want to say.

JAMAR: OK, fair enough, I'll answer your damn question. A certain person, I'm not saying who, they attempted a home invasion on Pine Street. He got away with a guy's wallet, fled the scene, hijacked a car at a rent-a-car place, then abandoned the car at a Burger King. They found a T-shirt in that car. It was soaked with my DNA, 'cause I'd been working out before I lent it to...I'm not gonna say who I lent it to. When they showed the victim a six-pack, my face was in position number one, white background, all the other backgrounds were pale green, my head was higher in the frame, and the victim took two minutes to decide between me and a guy who looks less like me than Denzel Washington. Jury was deadlocked for two days. The alternates were amazed it took that long.

RYAN: And yet they let you serve on a jury.

JAMAR: I was acquitted, motherfucker!

RYAN: They asked if you were ever arrested.

JAMAR: And I said no. Up to them to do their homework.

RYAN: You could have explained the circumstances.

JAMAR: Oh yeah, I was in a big hurry to do that. Instant dismissal.

GWEN: You wanted to serve.

JAMAR: It's my civic duty to serve. It's my obligation as a citizen to lend my voice, and my personal experience, to a system that's random at best, rigged like a slot machine at worst, and about as fair to the players as a football game played in the mud.

RYAN: You really think this girl isn't guilty.

JAMAR: I think she's probably guilty of something. That's not the point.



RYAN: She's guilty of lying to her lawyer. Self-defense or space case, pick one. If I had to guess? She's probably hallucinating some childhood abuser when she shot him. If that's self-defense, I'm Peyton Manning.

APRIL: Hallucinate, where do you get that?

RYAN: Probably went off her meds.

GWEN: What meds?

RYAN: What she was taking.

GWEN: What kind of meds did you have in mind?

RYAN: You know. Whatever you take for D.I.D. Girls who are abused, that leads to that condition.

GILES: D.I.D.?

GWEN: Dissociative Identity Disorder.

RYAN: Yeah, OK, I wasn't sure what it stood for.

GWEN: Were you a psych major, Ryan?

RYAN: What? No. I told you. Geography.

APRIL: She never mentioned meds.

RYAN: Yeah, she did.

APRIL: Never.

GWEN: She only said she'd been to doctors.

RYAN: It stands to reason. Missing time. Waking up with her car on fire. You go to a doctor with that disorder, they give you drugs of some kind, I don't know which.

APRIL: She never mentioned meds, Ryan.

RYAN: OK, fine, I don't know why she didn't. What difference does it make? She remembers the rape, she doesn't remember shooting him, she's all over the place.

APRIL: No, but you said she did that deliberately. (*to SHAWNA*)  
You said that too. You said she was keeping her options open. That doesn't sound crazy to me.

RYAN: Believe me, she's crazy.

APRIL: How do you know?

RYAN: I just know.

APRIL: Have you met her?

RYAN: Where would I meet her. No.

APRIL: And yet you know she was abused.

RYAN: Yeah, because of these states she gets into—(*to GWEN*)—  
what's the word I'm looking for?

GWEN: Fugue states.

APRIL: You sound so absolutely sure, like you were her doctor. Her  
meds, her background, her D.U.D—

GWEN: D.I.D.

RYAN: OK, I did take a psych course once, that's where I must have  
picked that up—

APRIL: Why do I think you're lying?

RYAN: That's your problem.

GWEN: Children, let's settle down—

RYAN: I'm making some reasonable assumptions, like Jamar, like  
he's sure the cops screwed up.

APRIL: From his personal experience.

RYAN: What difference does that make?

APRIL: Do you have personal experience of this girl?

RYAN: Oh back the fuck off, OK?

GWEN: Ryan!

GILES: Oh Christ....

APRIL: You know, Ryan...I went to Sports Authority last Saturday, see if you wanted to go bike-riding. They never heard of you.

RYAN: You went to the wrong one.

APRIL: What do you mean, the wrong one? The nearest other one is in Jacksonville.

RYAN: What are you jumping on my case for? Why were you checking up on me?

APRIL: Obviously because you need checking up on.

GILES: ....Holy shit....

GWEN: Can we please all calm down like adults?

GILES: ....(to RYAN) That's where I know you from.

GWEN: What do you mean, you know him?

GILES: Fuck me. You're Johnny Dollar!

JAMAR: Who the hell is Johnny Dollar?

GILES: No wonder you shave down. You're not a metrosexual, you're a hypersexual. You were all greased up, your hair was a different color, but whoa. Nice dick, Ryan.

GWEN: Ryan, is this true?

APRIL: Ryan?

RYAN: You never saw my dick.

GILES: OK, so I jumped to conclusions. Big dick is part of the job description, isn't it?

APRIL: What job?

GILES: I hate to be the one to break it to you. Your boyfriend here is a stripper at Hunk-a-Mania.

SHAWNA: Oh help me God.

APRIL: How often do you work there?

RYAN: Whenever I can. When they call me. Bookings are thin lately.

APRIL: You never did sell sporting goods.

RYAN: I did for a while. It bored the shit out of me.

APRIL: So that's who I broke my Promise for? I lost my cherry to a sex worker?

JAMAR: Cheer up. It's not every girl who can say that.

RYAN: See, I don't think of myself as a sex worker—

APRIL: What else would you call yourself?

GILES: Yeah, same ownership as Bare Essentials.

APRIL: I rest my case.

GILES: Right down the block from each other, isn't that right?

GWEN: What are the odds.

GILES: Hey, no big deal. Every time I have to report, I know somebody in the assembly room.

JAMAR: Unh-unh, that's bullshit. The fix was in.

GWEN: Easy on the paranoia. They couldn't have planned for Ryan to be impaneled.

JAMAR: Stranger things have happened in the halls of justice.

SHAWNA: (to GILES) What were you doing at Hunk-a-Mania?

GILES: OK, since you ask. I was on a little date-night outing with my better half. What's sauce for the goose and all that.

SHAWNA: Real men don't watch male strippers. With or without their wives. (to RYAN) Am I lying?

RYAN: Not in the normal course of events.

GILES: I never claimed to be normal. But a real man? Bet your ass I am.

SHAWNA: I'm guessing you watch gay porn, don't you?

GILES: What if I do? You got a problem with that? Seeing a hard dick is inspiring.

JAMAR: And seeing two hard dicks is twice as inspiring?

GWEN: Watching a male in heat jacks up the testosterone level. True fact. Works for all primates.

JAMAR: Doesn't work for me. I hate watching people fuck.

GILES: Then I pity you.

JAMAR: In whatever combination. Not meant for my eyes, is my feeling.

GILES: Well, it's done wonders for my sex life.

APRIL: (*to RYAN*) Speaking of sex lives...how many regulars do you have?

RYAN: Zero. None. It doesn't work that way for men. We're basically above the fray.

APRIL: How many times were you with Felicity?

RYAN: I was never "with" her. What are you talking about? We're from totally different worlds.

APRIL: Same ownership, same neighborhood, your paths never crossed. (*off RYAN'S silence*) Yeah, I thought so.

RYAN: I may have met her once or twice.

APRIL: Once or twice.

RYAN: Never more than that.

APRIL: Look me in the eye when you're lying.

RYAN: She used to come in with the other girls. See how the other half lives.

APRIL: Did she ever put money in your pants?

RYAN: No. I don't know. Probably not.

APRIL: Did she give you free lap dances?

RYAN: No! I was never in Bare Essentials, and that's the God's honest truth.

APRIL: Did you ever do porn?

GILES: With his monster cock? He's missing a bet if he doesn't.

RYAN: I never did porn. I never considered doing porn.

APRIL: Thank God for small favors. I'm changing my vote.

RYAN: No! You can't change your vote just because I lied to you. If I'd told you the truth? You'd have slammed the door in my face. This girl, Felicity, you can't let her go free. She's crazy. Everybody at the club knew that. Very soft-hearted, falls in love at the drop of a hat—then she gets crazy vindictive. Same thing happened with Dr. Malone.

GWEN: She saw you there on the jury. Why didn't she tell her lawyer she knew you?

RYAN: Because she's nuts enough to think I'd be on her side. Most porn stars get cynical—she's different. She's as naïve as the day she signed on.

SHAWNA: I think you had feelings for her, Ryan.

APRIL: Sounds that way to me.

RYAN: Never, not a chance, I swear to God. Just a passing acquaintance. *(pause)* OK. Full disclosure. She didn't put money in my pants, but she did come up on stage. Shows how crazy she is. Girl who gives lap dances, and she was getting off on simulated sex.

GILES: I don't see the contradiction.

APRIL: Did you ever go out with Felicity?

RYAN: Once. For coffee.

APRIL: She made you coffee?

RYAN: No. At a coffee house. Oh Jesus. It was nothing. I didn't even know she was a stripper, the first time she came into the club, I thought they were all college girls until she told me that night.

APRIL: Over coffee.

RYAN: Yeah, over coffee.

APRIL: Did she hit on you?

RYAN: She hits on everybody.

APRIL: How was the sex? Do I have a disease?

RYAN: First of all, they all get tested. Second of all, no, I never even kissed her.

APRIL: Not even on stage.

RYAN: We don't kiss on stage. We simulate humping, and that's as far as that goes. That's the only time I touched her.

JAMAR: You believe what he's telling you?

APRIL: I don't know what to believe.

JAMAR: Neither do I. Maybe it's his DNA on the gun.

RYAN: Oh for God's sake—

JAMAR: He had motive and opportunity.

RYAN: What motive? You're insane.

JAMAR: You went out with the girl, you fell in love, she dumped you, you killed her out of revenge.

RYAN: You don't believe a word you're saying.

JAMAR: Maybe I don't, but it sure adds to my reasonable doubt.

RYAN: You've got a funny idea of reasonable, and I'm sick of hearing about it.

JAMAR: Easy, dude. I don't think you can take the moral high ground here.

RYAN: I'll take any ground I feel like. April, what are you doing?

(APRIL has taken out her cell phone.)

RYAN: Who are you texting? You were told to put that away.

APRIL: Fuck you, Ryan.

SHAWNA: Another county heard from.

GWEN: April, for the last time, put away your phone!

APRIL: You stay away from me! All of you! Quit ordering me around! I get enough of that at Vern's!

RYAN: Seriously, what are you trying to do?

APRIL: What I should have done a long time ago. (to RYAN) But you had me all confused.

GILES: You had us all confused. Where were you the night Malone was killed?

RYAN: What?!

GILES: Just asking.

RYAN: You're asking to get your ass kicked.

SHAWNA: (to GILES) You'd probably enjoy that. You seem to enjoy every possible form of sex.

GILES: Yeah, what's the last time you got laid?

SHAWNA: That does it. I've taken all I'm gonna take.

APRIL: (into phone) Yeah, it's me, it's April. Could you check on that thing I texted? It's important.

SHAWNA: (overlaps with April) I'm not on trial. I don't have to stay here. I'm not a prisoner.

GWEN: Shawna, sit down. April, what are you doing?

RYAN: Who are you talking to?



APRIL: The hostess.

GWEN: What's Vern got to do with this?

APRIL: I'm not talking to Vern. I'm talking to where I used to work—the hostess at Spencer's Steak House.

GWEN: Either way, you shouldn't be talking to anybody—

APRIL: Quiet, I know what I'm doing.

RYAN: No, you don't. April, put the phone away.

APRIL: Keep away from me, Ryan.

RYAN: All right. The reason I didn't tell you what my job is? The way you're acting right now.

APRIL: *(into phone)* Are you sure about that? He's in the system?

RYAN: April...sweetheart...hang up.

GILES: Buddy, she asked you to leave her alone. Let's buzz the bailiff, say we're a hung jury. *(re RYAN)* Literally, in this boy's case.

GWEN: We've only been here an hour. The judge will just send us back.

JAMAR: And she'll ask us a bunch of questions. Somebody's bound to blurt out that Ryan knew the defendant. And lied about his line of work.

RYAN: Oh like I'm the only liar. *(to JAMAR)* You lied about your arrest record. *(to SHAWNA)* You never said you hated pornography. *(to GILES)* You never said you were a porn freak. *(re APRIL)* What in God's name is going on here?

*(APRIL has been showing GWEN a text on her phone. GWEN shakes her head at first, not wanting to look...and then does, during:)*

GILES: What are you two so hugger-mugger about?

RYAN: Yeah, Professor...these are supposed to be open deliberations.

GILES: She's got one rule for her, and another for the rest of us. Oh, never mind. I'm sick of you all.

JAMAR: Not as sick as we are of you.

SHAWNA: And your one-track mind.

GILES: Yeah, go on. Beat up on the white guy. The new national pastime.

JAMAR: Oh for fuck's sake.

GILES: Y'all think I wasn't aware of your prejudice, the minute we all walked into this room?

JAMAR: Who's beating up on who, Mr. Hypocrite of Porn?

GILES: All right, that tears it.

*(GILES lunges at JAMAR, grabs him.)*

GWEN: Hey. Stop that.

GILES: Fuck you.

RYAN: Cut it out, guys.

*(RYAN is trying to intercede.)*

GILES: Take your hands off me.

RYAN: Leggo of him.

SHAWNA: Forelady, do something!

*(GILES, RYAN, and JAMAR continue to tussle.)*

GWEN: Stop it! You're all acting disgracefully! Ryan, let go him! Jamar, sit down!

*(The fight continues. GWEN shares a look with APRIL, picks up the gun, and points it at all of them.)*

GILES: Jesus Harvey Christ!

RYAN: Whoa, what are you doing?

JAMAR: Don't panic, people. That gun's empty.

GWEN: Yeah? Are you sure about that? Maybe they forgot to take the last four bullets out. They screwed up everything else, according to you, why shouldn't they screw that up? Sit down, all of you...that means you too, Jamar...everybody take their seats. April has something important to share with us. I don't condone what she did, but now that the toothpaste's out of the tube...Ryan, I said sit down...Everybody calm? Everybody listening?

APRIL: It could have been Jared.

GILES: Jared who?

JAMAR: The techie, you old fart. Let's try and stay connected here.

RYAN: What about Jared?

APRIL: It could have been his DNA on the gun.

RYAN: How the hell do you know that?

APRIL: From the hostess at Spencer's. That I was just talking to.

GWEN: Apparently Felicity wasn't exclusive to Malone.

APRIL: Jared's name is in the computer for that Friday night. He made the res, not Malone.

GILES: What res are we talking about?

APRIL: At Spencer's Steak House. The night of the murder.

GILES: What was Jared doing at Spencer's?

GWEN: Obviously, they were an item. Felicity and Jared.

APRIL: The hostess used to save them a back booth. They used to sit back there and make out.

GWEN: They were secret lovers.

APRIL: That's why she said she didn't remember his name.

GWEN: She was protecting him from a murder charge.

APRIL: I didn't want to like this girl, but now I do.

RYAN: Come on, you don't know if any of that's true.

GILES: Yeah, the geek wasn't even there that night! Malone was there. He fought with Felicity in the bar, and she took off.

APRIL: Jared never got to Spencer's.

SHAWNA: Oh here we go.

APRIL: Felicity got there first. Then Malone came in. Malone knew she was cheating on him, and he followed her to Spencer's. They fought, she jettied out of there, then she texted Jared not to come to the restaurant.

SHAWNA: I thought she didn't have a phone.

GWEN: She threw it away later.

APRIL: She went back to her place. Jared was waiting for her.

GWEN: Probably worried about her.

APRIL: Malone showed up, got ugly with Felicity, and Jared shot him dead.

GILES: The hostess told you all this.

APRIL: Of course she didn't.

GILES: You're just guessing.

APRIL: It's an educated guess.

JAMAR: And totally plausible.

RYAN: I call bullshit on everything.

GILES: Yeah, how did Jared get the gun?

APRIL: Maybe she gave him the gun. Maybe he insisted on having it. Maybe he was the one who bought it.

SHAWNA: Maybe maybe maybe. It's just another story.

GWEN: That's all that a trial is. Two stories from two sides, neither of which need be true.

SHAWNA: But this is a third story. None of this came out in court.

JAMAR: Which is why we should all be having doubts.

SHAWNA: *(to APRIL)* No! You're not allowed to do what you did!  
*(to GWEN)* What kind of forelady are you, letting this nonsense cloud our brains? We're supposed to judge by the evidence, not this girl's detective work!

JAMAR: Good luck un-hearing what she said.

GILES: "Jury will disregard that testimony." Can't be done. Wish it could. *(to GWEN)* I'd forget every one of your stupid insults.

GWEN: I don't recall insulting you, but I'll let it pass.

GILES: You said I didn't know shit about women, you called me a sexist, you accused me of not taking notes. And y'all thought I wasn't paying attention.

GWEN: Shall we take another vote?

JAMAR: I'm for that.

GWEN: April?

APRIL: Not guilty.

JAMAR: I love it.

GWEN: Not guilty.

JAMAR: Giles?

GILES: What the fuck. Not guilty.

RYAN: No! Why?

GILES: Because you, Donkey Dick, you still think she's guilty. I don't need any other reason than that.

GWEN: Shawna?

JAMAR: Yeah, how are you voting?

SHAWNA: No opinion. Mistrial. I've had it up to here. Get another jury.

GWEN: The State can't afford another jury. Don't you have any doubts now, Shawna? Not a single one?

SHAWNA: Yes, but I'm not sure it's reasonable.

JAMAR: We've just reasoned it out for you. Somebody else could have fired that gun.

GWEN: Or not. We don't know. We'll probably never know. Shawna, it's no sin to be unsure of things. God works in a mysterious way, I'm sure your pastor's told you that. Accept that uncertainty—God's unknowable truth.

RYAN: Oh give me a break.

GWEN: That's what makes us whole.

RYAN: That's what fucks us up.

GWEN: Yes, we're all fucked. The jury system is like psychotherapy. It doesn't work, and we'd be lost without it.

SHAWNA: Oh Lord, fine, OK, I've heard enough. Not guilty.

RYAN: Christ, why?

SHAWNA: I'm no different from April here. I just need to go home.

GILES: (to GWEN) So she doesn't have to listen to your bullshit anymore.

JAMAR: Ryan?

APRIL: What would Jesus do, Ryan?

RYAN: Lay off, OK?

APRIL: Would he cast the first stone? Or does he think you're one of the Pharisees?

(Pause.)

RYAN: (to APRIL) If I vote not guilty, will you promise to have dinner with me?

APRIL: Oh please.

RYAN: So I can explain myself to you?

GWEN: Say yes. I'll be happy to chaperone.

APRIL: Put it this way. If you don't change your vote, I'll never even speak to you again.

RYAN: And if I do, you won't dump me?

APRIL: That remains to be seen.

RYAN: OK. Not guilty.

JAMAR: Thank you, Jesus!

(JAMAR *high-fives* GWEN.)

GILES: No end zone dances, please. I spoke too soon. I actually think she's guilty.

JAMAR: Aw fuck, he's still not listening. That's it, I'm done, I give up.

RYAN: Don't give up, he's playing with you. Aren't you, Giles?

GILES: What? No. I happen to believe she killed the guy. (*pause*) But I'm tired of being all y'all's punching bag, so I'm voting to acquit.

GWEN: Then we're unanimous.

JAMAR: Hallelujah. I thought I'd never see the day.

GWEN: All right, then. There's a form I have to fill out here. (*checks document*) And there's a space for comments. Shall I tell them we broke every rule in the book?

JAMAR: Just check Not Guilty on all counts, hand it to the clerk, and let's go home.

(GWEN *fills in the form*. SHAWNA, GILES, and JAMAR *gather their belongings*. RYAN *gets on his smartphone, checks messages*.)

GWEN: (*to APRIL; as she writes*) You heading for work after?

APRIL: Yeah, I can just make it for Happy Hour.

GWEN: Mind if I tag along? I've never been to Vern's.

APRIL: We can give her a ride, can't we, Ryan?...Ryan?

RYAN: (*re smartphone*) Hallelujah! I just booked a gig.

GILES: Stripping or pornography? I'm kidding. I don't actually see the distinction. Proof of the pudding is in the boner.

RYAN: Giles?

GILES: What?

RYAN: Shut the fuck up. (*to APRIL*) What did you just ask me?

APRIL: Can we give Gwen a ride to Vern's?

RYAN: Yes, are you gonna be there?

APRIL: Well, yeah. It's my shift tonight.

GWEN: (*signing her name to the form*) There. Done. Signed and sealed. Before we go back in... can we all agree on more thing?

GILES: I doubt it, what?

GWEN: Not to dwell on what happened here?

SHAWNA: Dwell on it? I'll probably have nightmares for a month.

GWEN: And especially when the media descend. Let's not give them too much to chew on, all right?

RYAN: My lips are sealed.

APRIL: Amen.

GILES: Y'all can do what you like. I'm selling my story to the Enquirer.

GWEN: You can't be serious.

GILES: Depends how much they offer.

APRIL: No, ohmigod, Giles, you want this kid Jared to be arrested?



GILES: Yeah, if he's a murderer.

APRIL: What if he was saving her from rape? That's not murder.

GILES: They should question him at least. We owe it to the system.

JAMAR: We don't owe the system, the system owes us. There's no proof that kid did anything, and there never will be.

SHAWNA: *(to GILES)* You want other folks to go through the same hell? They'll just cave in the end like I did.

RYAN: Why waste the People's money?

GILES: To find out the truth.

JAMAR: Which there's no such thing in a court of law. You seem to have trouble with that concept, so maybe this will help: Say one word to the tabloids, I'm coming to your house, and not just to say hello and watch bukaki videos.

GILES: Y'all hear what he said? Jamar just threatened my life.

GWEN: Come on, he was messing with you. Weren't you, Jamar?

GILES: I was messing with him, he wasn't messing with me.

GWEN: You're not gonna talk to the tabloids.

GILES: That's my business.

GWEN: Bad karma, Giles.

*(GWEN buzzes the intercom.)*

GWEN: *(into intercom)* We've got a verdict, we're heading back in.

GILES: *(to JAMAR)* You try coming at me, I'll stand my ground.

GWEN: *(to GILES)* And no talking to the lawyers. Or the police. Mum's the word.

GILES: We'll see. *(to JAMAR)* I meant what I said about standing my ground. You're not the only one who's intimate with firearms.

*(GILES exits. GWEN watches him go.)*

GWEN: I wonder how far that man can be trusted.

JAMAR: Hey, don't lose any sleep over Giles. I put the fear of God in that Florida cracker.

SHAWNA: Just please don't go to his house.

JAMAR: I doubt if I'll have to. But I'm touched by your concern.  
(*to APRIL and RYAN*) How are you lovebirds doing?

RYAN: We're working things out. April, when we get to Vern's...you mind if I hang there for a while?

APRIL: It's a free country.

RYAN: So I've heard.

APRIL: I don't mind if Gwen doesn't.

RYAN: All right. So there's still hope.

JAMAR: (*to SHAWNA*) Shawna, you want make it a party?

SHAWNA: Are you kidding me? A lesbian bar?

JAMAR: It's not only for lesbians. Could be fun.

SHAWNA: For you, maybe. Not for me.

JAMAR: Then maybe share a Porterhouse at Spencer's? My treat.  
Or don't you eat red meat?

SHAWNA: I eat red meat once a week.

JAMAR: Let tonight be that night. Pick you up at seven. Wear your prettiest dress.

SHAWNA: Not if you're gonna curse.

JAMAR: For you, Shawna... I'd give up anything.

(*SHAWNA heads out, after GWEN, APRIL and RYAN. JAMAR takes a last look around the jury room.*)

JAMAR: Jury of Her Peers! Justice for All! God Bless America!  
(*as he exits; calls to SHAWNA*) Wait up, sweet pea, I need your numbers!

*(JAMAR exits, closing the door after him. On the screen, the video unfreezes. FELICITY rises from where she was sitting. ROGERS shows his face for the first time. They take their bows, then are joined by the others, as the PLAY ENDS.)*