

WE, THE JURY

Written by

Lloyd Morgan

for

*THE IMPACT*

*ACT ONE*

FIRST DRAFT

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

An elderly woman dressed in her Sunday best. As head JUROR, she delivers the verdict. Nervous. All eyes on her.

JUROR

For the charge of first degree murder, we, the jury, find the defendant, Charles Bryce-

The JUDGE stops her. A frantic CLERK whispers something in his ear. The Judge's expression darkens. Picks up his gavel.

JUDGE

This court is adjourned. Trial dismissed.

BANG. The courtroom erupts with confused chatter.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A magnificent building. Grand. Imposing. The Juror ambles down the marble steps. Calm in a storm of panic.

At street level, she fumbles her handbag. The contents spill out on to the sidewalk. No passerby stops to help. It's every man for himself now. The Juror sighs and stoops to retrieve her belongings. It's a big effort for her weary joints.

VOICE (O.S.)

Y'all good?

She looks up - a gangly man in his twenties looming over her. He wears an ill-fitting suit. It's CHARLES BRYCE.

JUROR

Oh...umm...I...

Charles drops to one knee and helps gather her things. He hands her back her handbag with a smile.

JUROR (CONT'D)

Thank you.

CHARLES

You're welcome.

An awkward silence. They are the only people stood still. Eddies in white water.

JUROR

Well... goodbye.

The Juror sets off down the sidewalk.

CHARLES

Wait.

Charles catches up with her. They walk side by side.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Inside. What were you about to say?

JUROR

Would you believe what I told you?

CHARLES

Did you believe what *I* told you?

JUROR

No. The verdict was guilty.

Charles nods. Not angry. Sad if anything.

CHARLES

Figures.

(beat)

This is some bullshit, huh. At least on death row, you get a last meal. Ain't nobody gonna fix me a cheese-steak now.

JUROR

God works in mysterious ways.

CHARLES

You seem pretty calm, lady.

JUROR

I already knew I was dying this year. Doctors told me in January. Had plenty of time to come to terms with it.

CHARLES

Damn. Sorry. But I know what you mean. Two years in county. Never thought I'd be seeing the ocean again. This is me.

They come to a natural stop.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You never asked me if I did it.

JUROR

No need. You know. That's all that matters. What's coming is either your punishment or your salvation. I hope for your sake, it's the latter. Enjoy the ocean, Charles.

And she wanders on, leaving Charles with a faint smile face. Guilt or vindication, we'll never know.

