

wanted to kill me!

JACKIE. (calm) And I'll say you're lying. Goodbye, Arthur.

ARTHUR. (worried now) Jackie!

JACKIE. (She pauses and looks back at him.) It's funny... if I could help you, I wonder how I would.

(She exits. He is left alone with LOUISE's bag. He goes unsteadily to the bar and starts to make himself a drink, but his hand is trembling. He stams down the glass. Once. Twice. Each like a gun. Now the lights dim, the jury's portraits illuminated, and the PROSECUTOR appears. He looks out over the audience.)

PROSECUTOR. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, there can be no reasonable doubt that Arthur Jamison did willfully, deliberately, and with premeditation, murder his wife in cold blood.

ARTHUR. They won't go for it. You haven't got a case.

PROSECUTOR. (ignoring him) We have shown that Louise Jamison was in the possession of information detrimental to her husband's career. We have also shown that on the afternoon of her death she was confronted by his mistress, who was the catalyst for a violent argument. After Miss Willis left the scene the deceased — hurt and lashing out in anger — threatened to expose her husband to the authorities. Knowing his very survival was at stake, and with full malice, he shot and killed her.

ARTHUR. It was an accident!

PROSECUTOR. You have heard the defendant allege that the shooting was accidental, the result of an elaborate murder plot with himself as the intended victim. But as reasonable men and women I'm sure you recog-

Side #7

Arthur +

Prosecutors

Start

nize his story for what it is — the desperate fabrication of a guilty man.

ARTHUR. The police found sleeping pills in my coffee—

PROSECUTOR. Put there by himself to substantiate his case.

ARTHUR. Why would I kill my wife if I knew she had incriminating evidence in her safe deposit box?

PROSECUTOR. We only have his word that he *did* know.

ARTHUR. She would have told me. It was her protection.

PROSECUTOR. She rented the box the day before he went to Texas and he killed her the day he got home. She never had the chance.

ARTHUR. It was self-defense! I have a witness!

PROSECUTOR. What witness, sir? She's denied it under oath! (*ARTHUR falls silent. Resuming his summation:*) Ladies and gentlemen, there is a phrase in Latin: *res ipsa loquitur*—the thing speaks for itself. A wife—in writing—says that her husband wants her dead. And suddenly she is dead—at the hand of the very man she accuses. If you had no other evidence—and you do—this fact alone is devastating. (*a pause*) Let me conclude by acknowledging that the law is far from perfect. (*He glances at ARTHUR.*) Those who practice it are also flawed. (*To jury:*) But for better or worse it is you who are the final arbiters of truth. And in this case there can be no doubt that after your deliberations you will bring back a verdict of—

ARTHUR. (*finishing for him*) Guilty of murder in the first degree.

*End*  
↓  
[REDACTED]

ARTHUR. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] the prisoner is released by  
of the Department of [REDACTED]