

Mini-autobiography: Juror n.12

Key info

Name: Doug Hastings
Born: 24 April 1926
From: Bethlehem NY, outside Albany
Father: Tom Harris Hastings, branch manager of KeyBank
Mother: Elizabeth Michaels
Ancestry: Ancestors landed in Virginia in late 1700s; great-great grandfather moved to Albany area in mid-1800's to work on railroad expansion in the state.
Hobbies: Big Yankees fan, played ball in high school too; going to bars after work with his buddies; drawing.

Timeline

1926: Born
1944: Age 18, asked and received deferral for college studies.
1944-1946: Albany State, studying economics/business.
1946-1948: Dropped out of college, and back home.
1948: Conscripted: Tinker Air Force base for 20 months as assistant air traffic controller; no deployment.
1950: Back in Bethlehem
1951: Found work in NYC, in advertising department of magazine *Road & Track*.
1953: Hired at MacKinnon Harvey

Bio

Juror n.12, Doug Hastings, comes from a middle class, comfortable, non-socially-engaged, politically-neutral family, where not many current events were discussed at the dinner table. His father was very strict with him and the other kids growing up, which contributed to curbing his self-confidence. To this day, the father doesn't show much pride or affection towards his children. On top of that, Doug is the youngest of five, which explains his lack of initiative/intervention. Growing up, he was good in school, especially in math, and quite shy. He lived under the shadow of his older brothers' and sisters' high school accomplishments.

Principal traits:

- Follower
- Insecure
- Proud of his career
- Creative
- Apolitical
- Decent
- Indecisive

Even though he never strays from being a decent, generally respectful person, the general apathy towards social issues of his upbringing, and the lack of interest in the impact of politics on life, does not change during his business studies and his early adult years. This background explains his lack of attention during the deliberations: he seems to be the juror with the least awareness that something important and with huge implications for at least one human being is being debated.

Doug is proud of where he's at professionally in life. At 31, he works in the design/creative team at the third most renowned advertising agency in Manhattan, and was even recently given two junior staffers to work underneath him. He's good with visuals, numbers, shapes, colors. In office meetings, however, he is never the driving force. And deep inside, he wishes he had the chops to be on the accounts team, and feels a sense of inferiority towards the account managers at the firm who handle the interaction with the clients. In his own mind, he likes to "play" account manager. He's in fact very surprised when other people in the jury room are able to 'read' people - that's meant to be *his* job! (See page 10, when Sweeney 'reads' the old man and Webber reacts). His older brother is now mayor of the suburban town they grew up in, and has always been the most social, outgoing, radiant of the bunch; Doug's admiration for his old brother makes him daydream about being more like him.

As an adult, in almost every aspect of life, the psychological tug-of-war Doug faces is the following: on the one hand, insecure by nature; on the other, the realization that he's not stupid, and that therefore he should contribute more. (His success in his nascent advertising career contribute to this second pillar.) He feels like he *should* play a bigger role in his office; in social settings; and even in that jury room. But he's easily resigned and subdued by stronger personalities. At the firm, even though his design and creative concepts have had some good success already, he doesn't feel like his colleagues think very highly of him, and he wishes he could play more of a central role in office dynamics. Therefore, in a new group, like this jury, he tries to assert himself initially on process issues (not content), but then, seeing strong personalities emerge, falls back into his more familiar role: being the supporting cast of a bigger team.

Doug has a girlfriend of 5 years, but he has yet to ask her to marry him.

All his lines:

WEBBER: The old man's inside.

WEBBER: 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 (*indicating FONDA*) that we're right and he's wrong. Maybe if we each took a minute or two, you know, if we sort of try it on for size.

WEBBER: That's right. She saw the killing, didn't she?

WEBBER: Look, gentlemen, we can spitball all night here.

[*WEBBER doodling.*]

COBB: Well, supposing you think about it. (*To WEBBER*) Lend me your pencil. ~
[*WEBBER gives it to him. He draws a tic-tac-toe square on the same sheet of paper on which WEBBER had been doodling. He fills in an X and hands the pencil to WEBBER.*]

COBB: Your turn. We might as well pass the time.

[*WEBBER takes the pencil. FONDA stands up and snatches the paper away. COBB leaps up.*]

WEBBER: And you're trying to tell us he lied about a thing like this just so that he could be important?

WEBBER: Well—we're still nowhere. Who's got an idea?

WEBBER: Guilty.

COBB: Okay. (*To FIEDLER*) Now watch this. I don't want to have to do it again. (*He crouches down now until he is quite a bit shorter than FONDA*) Is that six inches?

WEBBER: That's more than six inches.

WEBBER: That's right.

FONDA: (*to WEBBER*). What do you think?

WEBBER: Well . . . I don't know.

FOREMAN: Okay, there's another vote called for. I guess the quickest way is a show of hands. Anybody object? All right. All those voting not guilty, raise your hands.
[*FIEDLER, KLUGMANN, BINNS, WARDEN, FONDA, SWEENEY and VOSKOVEC raise their hands immediately. Then, slowly WEBBER raises his hand. The foreman looks around the table carefully, and then he too raises his hand. He looks around the table, counting silently.*]

BEGLEY: I've known a few who were pretty decent, but that's the exception. Most of them; it's like they have no feelings. They can do anything. What's going on here?

[*The foreman gets up and goes to the windows, followed by WARDEN and WEBBER.*]

MARSHALL: (*To all*) Frankly, I don't see how you can vote for acquittal. (*To WEBBER*) What do you think about it?

WEBBER: Well . . . maybe . . . there's so much evidence to sift.

FIEDLER: What do you mean? I put on my glasses and look at the clock. BINNS: You don't wear them to bed.

FIEDLER: Of course not. No-one wears eyeglasses to bed.

WEBBER: What's all this for?

Object:

- Tie snap
- Fancy pen
- Business card