

## Yael's Trial by Alexander Geiger

**Cast (in order of appearance):** Bailiff:  
Deborah, wife of Lappidoth:  
Prosecutor:  
Defense lawyer:  
Yael's handmaiden:  
Heber, the Kenite:  
Barak, son of Abinoam:  
Yael, wife of Heber:  
Sisera's mother:  
Jury foreman:

**Scene:** *A rudimentary courtroom facing the audience, with a Bench, two counsel tables, a witness chair, a lectern, and a seat for the bailiff. Yael and the defense lawyer are seated at the defense table; the prosecutor is seated at the prosecution table. They all rise as Deborah enters.*

**Bailiff:** *All rise! Makes sure that all audience members have actually stood up. If not, repeats All rise! as many times as necessary to get everyone to stand up, even pounding the lectern if all else fails. After the audience is standing and is quiet, he continues.*

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Hear Ye! The extraordinary biblical court of Temple Emanu-El is in session; the Honorable Deborah, wife of Lappidoth, one of Judges of the Tribes of Israel, presiding.

**Deborah:** *Enters and takes her seat behind the Bench. Please be seated! Pauses while everyone quiets down again. Thank you all for coming. We are gathered here today to carry out one of our most solemn responsibilities: to sit in judgment of another human being. You all know the defendant – Yael, wife of Heber – who is seated over there. Points her out. (Yael stands up, smiles, and waves to the audience. She shows no hint of contrition. Finally, she sits down.) Seated next to Yael is her defense lawyer, [insert name of actor playing the defense lawyer]. (The defense lawyer rises and nods to the audience.) At the other table is the prosecutor, [insert name]. (The prosecutor rises and waves.) Deborah brusquely cuts the wave short: That'll do, Mr. Prosecutor. Take your seat!*

*Turning back to the audience, pleasantly. And you, ladies and gentlemen, are the jury. Oh yes, I almost forgot to tell you, the charge against this fine woman, Yael, is murder. I'm sure you'll hear more about that from the prosecution in a minute.*

For those of you who have not served on a jury before, let me briefly describe the procedure that we will be following today. The first to address you will be the prosecutor, who will give you an outline of the charge against Yael. Then you'll hear from Yael's lawyer, who will outline the defense case. Then you will hear from a number of witnesses called either by the prosecution or the defense. After the witnesses have finished testifying, you will once again hear from the lawyers. Under our rules, the defense will sum up first, followed by the prosecution. Then I will instruct you on the applicable law. Finally, you will deliberate and render your verdict.

All right, Mr. Prosecutor, proceed.

**Prosecutor:** Thank you, Your Honor. *Bowing to Deborah.* May it please the Court. *Turning to the audience.* Ladies and gentlemen of the jury. I will be brief. On the 3<sup>rd</sup> day of Tishre, in 3256<sup>th</sup> year since the Creation, Yael, wife of Heber, intentionally and without legal justification killed a man. His name was Sisera, and he was the commander of King Jabin's army.

As you all know, King Jabin's army was routed by the Israelites – by us – at the Battle of Mount Tabor earlier that day. Sisera, fleeing from the battlefield, came to the tent of Heber the Kenite, seeking shelter. He chose that particular tent, because Heber was not only a Kenite, but also a friend of King Jabin. Unfortunately for Sisera, Heber was not at home. However, Heber's wife, Yael, in accordance with our custom, offered shelter to the stranger in need.

Sisera was tired, thirsty, and desperate. Yael knew, of course, who the stranger was. When he asked for water, she offered him milk instead. When he asked for shelter, she offered him her husband's bed, and even entertained her guest, until his exhaustion and sense of safety took over, and he fell asleep in her home.

Then she crept outside, retrieved a long tent stake and a sledge hammer, returned to the man sleeping in her tent, and drove the stake, with the sledge hammer, in one temple, through the cranium, out the other temple, and into the ground below, leaving the dying man flapping like a harpooned fish.

The charge against Yael is murder. After you have heard the evidence, I am sure that you will return a verdict of guilty. Thank you.

**Deborah:** *Sarcastically.* Well, that was very nice. *Turning to the defense lawyer.* I am sure the defense will want to respond.

**Defense lawyer:** Yes, we do. Thank you, Your Honor.

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury. How ya'll doin'? Ya'll know me, and more importantly, ya'll know our friend and neighbor, Yael. I ask you, is she a murderess? Of course not! No, what she is, she is a hero. I just hope that if I had been in her place, I would have had the courage to do what she had done.

**Prosecutor:** Objection!

**Deborah:** Oh, sit down. Objection overruled. I'm sorry, [Mr. or Mrs. Name]. Please proceed.

**Defense lawyer:** Thank you, Your Honor. As I was saying, we all know what happened. The coward Sisera, instead of having the decency to die on the battlefield with his soldiers, ran like a rat, to Heber and Yael, hoping that they would betray our people. Heber wasn't there, but Yael did what every brave, God-fearing Israelite woman would have done. She killed him like a dog, which is exactly what he deserved.

Since they have charged Yael with murder, let me put it in more legalistic terms. Sisera was a mortal enemy to our people. He did his best to exterminate us. His soldiers killed a number of our brave husbands, sons, and fathers. What Yael did was self-defense and it was righteous vengeance. To kill a killer is no crime.

I know ya'll want to acquit her right now, but we must follow our procedures, so please wait until after all the talking is done, and then you can acquit her. Thank you.

**Deborah:** Thank you, [Mr. or Mrs. Name]. All right, Mr. Prosecutor, call your first witness.

**Prosecutor:** Thank you, Your Honor. The prosecution calls Aviva, Yael's handmaiden.

**Handmaiden:** *Enters.*

**Bailiff:** Raise your right hand, place your left hand on the Bible, and face the Judge.

**Deborah:** Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

**Handmaiden:** I do.

**Bailiff:** Be seated.

**Prosecutor:** Good afternoon, Aviva, how are you?

**Handmaiden:** *Timidly.* Fine.

**Prosecutor:** What is your station in life?

**Handmaiden:** I'm Yael's handmaiden.

**Prosecutor:** How long have you lived with Heber and Yael?

**Handmaiden:** All my life. My mother was Yael's mother's handmaiden, and I was born two years after Yael. So, I've been with her all my life.

**Prosecutor:** I know this is difficult for you, but you must tell the truth. Do you understand that?

**Handmaiden:** *Nods.*

**Prosecutor:** The afternoon of the battle, do you remember what happened?

**Handmaiden:** *Tentatively.* Yeah.

**Prosecutor:** Did a stranger come to your mistress's tent?

**Handmaiden:** Yeah.

**Prosecutor:** Did you know who it was?

**Handmaiden:** *Shakes her head.* Um-um.

**Prosecutor:** Well, just tell us what you saw.

**Handmaiden:** A soldier came to our tent. His tunic was torn. He was covered with blood and grime, although he himself did not appear to be wounded. He was staggering, though, acting kinda tired. His eyes were small and darting, like he was scared.

My mistress came out to greet him, and said, ‘Come in, my lord, come in here, don’t be afraid.’ So he entered the tent, and she covered him with a blanket. He said to her, ‘Please let me have some water; I’m thirsty.’ She opened a skin of milk and gave him some to drink; and she covered him again. He said to her, ‘Stand at the entrance of the tent. If anybody comes and asks you if there is anybody here, say “No.”’

**Prosecutor:** And then what happened?

**Handmaiden:** My mistress took a tent pin and grasped the mallet. When he was fast asleep from exhaustion, she crept in and drove the pin through his temple till it went down into the ground.

**Prosecutor:** Did the stranger make any sound?

**Handmaiden:** Not really. He kinda gurgled and a bloody foam came out of his mouth and nose, but mostly he just flapped around, although he couldn’t flap too much, ’cause his head was pinned to the ground.

**Prosecutor:** And then what happened?

**Handmaiden:** And then he died.

**Prosecutor:** And then what happened?

**Handmaiden:** Well, pretty soon an Israelite commander appeared, with a squadron of soldiers. My mistress went out to greet him and said, ‘Come, I’ll show you the man you’re looking for.’ He went inside with her, and there the stranger was lying dead, with the pin in his temple.

**Prosecutor:** And then what happened?

**Handmaiden:** Then they sent me away, so I couldn’t see anything else.

**Prosecutor:** That’s fine. Thank you, Aviva. That’s all the questions that I have.

**Defense lawyer:** *Rising to her feet.* No questions.

**Deborah:** All right, you’re excused.

**Handmaiden:** I’m sorry, Yael.

**Yael:** *Cheerfully.* That’s OK, Aviva. Don’t worry about it.

**Handmaiden:** *Exits.*

**Deborah:** Call your next witness.

**Prosecutor:** The prosecution calls Heber the Kenite.

**Heber:** *Enters. (Saunters in.)*

**Bailiff:** Raise your right hand, place your left hand on the Bible, and face the Judge.

**Deborah:** Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

**Heber:** I do.

**Bailiff:** Be seated.

**Prosecutor:** Were you at home on the 3<sup>rd</sup> day of Tishre?

**Heber:** When was that?

**Prosecutor:** That was the day of the Battle of Mount Tabor.

**Heber:** Nah, I was on a business trip.

**Prosecutor:** So you missed the battle?

**Heber:** Afraid so.

**Prosecutor:** When did you get back?

**Heber:** The next morning.

**Prosecutor:** What did you find?

**Heber:** I found a hell of a mess. There were soldiers everywhere. There was dead man lying in the dirt in front of my tent. There was blood in my bed. And my dear wife was practically dancing on the corpse. And the soldiers were dancing with her. They had obviously helped themselves to my wine skins, and they were pleased as punch.

**Prosecutor:** Did you know who the dead man was?

**Heber:** Sure I did. It was Sisera, 'though it wasn't too easy to recognize him, since half his skull was bashed in. But I knew it was him.

**Prosecutor:** Did you ask what had happened?

**Heber:** I didn't have to. Yael couldn't wait to tell me.

**Prosecutor:** What did she tell you?

**Defense lawyer:** Objection!

**Deborah:** Sustained. That's hearsay.

**Prosecutor:** But Your Honor, it's an admission against interest by the defendant.

**Deborah:** Mr. Prosecutor! One more peep out of you, and I'm going to hold you in contempt. Now move on!

**Prosecutor:** Yes, Your Honor. What did you do when you found out what your wife had done?

**Heber:** We-ell, let's just say, it's lucky for her that those soldiers were there.

**Prosecutor:** No further questions.

**Defense lawyer:** Tell me Heber, were you angry at Yael when you found out that she had killed Sisera?

**Heber:** *Sarcastically.* Nah, I was just mad because the tent was messed up. *Getting angry.* Of course I was angry. This man was a guest in my home, and she invited him into my bed, and she did God knows what with him, and then she slaughtered him like a sacrificial goat. So you could say that I was a little bit angry.

**Defense lawyer:** But he was an enemy of our people.

**Heber:** No, he was an enemy of your people.

**Defense lawyer:** What will you do if she returns to your tent?

**Heber:** Let's just say that I bought her fair and square from her father, and what I do with her is none of your business.

**Defense lawyer:** Thank you, Heber. That's all the questions I have.

**Deborah:** Do you have any more witnesses, Mr. Prosecutor, or you think you've done enough damage to your case already?

**Prosecutor:** No, Your Honor. We have produced sufficient evidence. The prosecution rests.

**Deborah:** All right, then. Madame Defense lawyer, do you wish to call any witnesses?

**Defense lawyer:** Yes, Your Honor. Thank you. The defense calls Barak, son of Abinoam.

**Barak:** *Enters. Has the martial bearing of a successful commander.*

**Bailiff:** *Respectfully.* Sir, please raise your right hand, place your left hand on the Bible, and face the Judge.

**Deborah:** *Enthusiastically.* Well hello there, young man. It's nice to see you. How is it going?

**Barak:** *His hand is still on the Bible.* We're doing fine, Your Honor.

**Deborah:** I see that you've managed to recover from your victory celebrations.

**Barak:** *Smiling.* It wasn't easy. We captured some five hundred flagons of fine black wine.

**Deborah:** I hear that that's not all that you captured.

**Barak:** No, Your Honor. There are certain other compensations that go to the victors.

**Deborah:** I've heard the compensations were quite comely this time.

**Bailiff:** *Clears his throat.* Excuse me, Your Honor. The oath.

**Deborah:** Oh yes, I almost forgot. Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

**Barak:** Yes, I do.

**Bailiff:** Be seated.

**Defense lawyer:** Congratulations, sir! Our people are in your debt.

**Barak:** Thank you, Madame Defense Lawyer, but it is our people who won this great victory. And I don't mean just the men on the field of battle. First of all, our Lord, the God of Israel, gave us the strength to prevail. Second of all, we could not have done it without the wisdom of our leaders, like Judge Deborah (*he bows toward the bench*). And finally, the heroes back home, heroes like Yael (*he gives her a nod*), also did their part.

**Defense lawyer:** Well, that leads to my next question: What do you think about what she did?

**Prosecutor:** Objection, Your Honor!

**Deborah:** I can't believe that you're talking again. Sit down and shut up! Proceed, my dear.

**Defense lawyer:** Thank you, Your Honor. As you were saying, sir.

**Barak:** Yael is a hero who will be celebrated in the songs of Israel as long as we exist as a people. The idea that she should be put on trial for being a hero is the most ludicrous thing I've ever heard. It's an outrage, really. She killed the enemy commander, for crying out loud! I wish I could have done it. But the Lord had selected her – a woman! – for that honor. We should all get up and kiss the hand that drove the pin into that scoundrel's head, instead of putting her on trial. Who is this joker that's prosecuting her anyway? Let me get a shot at him.

**Defense lawyer:** That won't be necessary, sir. Your testimony is all the help that we need today. Thank you for coming.

**Barak:** It was my pleasure, Ma'am.

**Deborah:** How about it, Mr. Prosecutor. Do you wish to tangle with our victorious commander?

**Prosecutor:** No, thank you, Your Honor.

**Deborah:** You're dismissed, Barak. It was nice to see you.

**Barak:** Likewise, Your Honor. Good luck, Yael.

**Yael:** Thank you, Barak.

**Barak:** *Marches out.*

**Defense lawyer:** Your Honor, the defense calls Yael.

**Yael:** *Rises and walks toward to Bailiff.*

**Bailiff:** Raise your right hand, place your left hand on the Bible, and face the Judge.

**Deborah:** Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

**Yael:** I do.

**Bailiff:** Be seated.

**Defense lawyer:** How old were you, Yael, when you were married to Heber?

**Yael:** Twelve.

**Defense lawyer:** How long before the wedding did you meet him.

**Yael:** Well, actually, I met him shortly after the wedding.

**Defense lawyer:** When exactly?

**Yael:** When he came to our marriage bed.

**Defense lawyer:** How has your marriage gone since then.

**Yael:** Not bad. Same as most everybody. He's not a bad man, you know; he just is a man, that's all.

**Defense lawyer:** Did you kill Sisera?

**Yael:** Sure did.

**Defense lawyer:** Why?

**Yael:** Because our Lord delivered him into my hands and commanded me to kill him.

**Defense lawyer:** Any other reasons?

**Yael:** Well, he was the commander of those bastards that had been oppressing us ruthlessly for the past twenty years. My husband may be a Kenite, but I'm still an Israelite. When he showed up at our tent, all I could think was that he still had the blood of my brothers on his hands, and arms, and tunic. And he looked like a wild man. How did I know whom he would kill next. All I could think about was how to protect my children from this wild-eyed murderer. Those were pretty much my only reasons.

**Defense lawyer:** Sounds like good reasons to me. Your witness.

**Prosecutor:** Yael, when you killed Sisera, wasn't he asleep?

**Yael:** Yes, he was.

**Prosecutor:** And he posed no threat to you or your children, did he?

**Yael:** He certainly did. He was a murderer in my tent.



**Prosecutor:** You didn't know whether he killed anybody, did you?

**Yael:** I had my suspicions.

**Prosecutor:** And he never threatened you or the children, did he?

**Yael:** His presence alone was a threat.

**Prosecutor:** Just because he is a military commander, that doesn't mean that he's a murderer, does it?

**Yael:** He was a Canaanite military commander, wasn't he?

**Prosecutor:** And you were not at the battlefield, were you?

**Yael:** Hey, Jack, you're either dumber than you look or you're trying to bamboozle these people. I'm a woman, remember? How could I be on the battlefield?

**Prosecutor:** You gave him milk, you comforted him, you waited until he was asleep, and then you killed him. Is that right?

**Yael:** When else was I supposed to kill him? When he was awake?

**Prosecutor:** That's all the questions I have. Thank you.

**Defense lawyer:** Your Honor, that's all we have. The defense rests.

**Deborah:** Well, if we have no further witnesses, then I guess we can start our deliberations.

**Prosecutor:** Just a second, Your Honor. The prosecution would like to call a rebuttal witness.

**Deborah:** What's this? Some kind of shyster trick or something?

**Prosecutor:** No, Your Honor, this is entirely proper. The prosecution is entitled to call rebuttal witnesses.

**Deborah:** Oh, all right. But be quick about it.

**Prosecutor:** Yes, Your Honor. The prosecution calls Sisera's mother.

**Mother:** *Enters, timidly.*

**Bailiff:** Raise your right hand, place your left hand on the Bible, and face the Judge.

**Deborah:** Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

**Mother:** I do.

**Bailiff:** Be seated.

**Prosecutor:** Please tell the jury, ma'am, who you are.

**Mother:** I am Sisera's mother.

**Prosecutor:** How did you spend the day of the battle, what we Israelites call the 3<sup>rd</sup> day of Tishre?

**Mother:** Sat and waited. And prayed. And looked out and prayed. It got dark. My son did not come home. I stayed up the whole night and prayed.

**Prosecutor:** When did you see your son again?

**Mother:** The middle of the next day, when they dumped his body in our yard.

**Prosecutor:** Then what happened?

**Mother:** Nothing happened. We went to see what it was. It looked like a slaughtered goat. Only when we got out there did we realize it was a dead man. We turned him over. I could barely recognize him. His head was smashed in. There was blood all over his face. He was grimacing,; his teeth – his beautiful, even, white teeth – were black and bared. He did look like a wild, slaughtered animal.

**Prosecutor:** Who was with you when you went out to look?

**Mother:** We all went out. Me, his wife, the children, the servants, everybody.

**Prosecutor:** Did anybody do anything?

**Mother:** Nobody. They all stood there. His wife said nothing. She was as pale as the moon. I thought she was going to faint. The children were shrieking. The servants ran away. And I mean they ran away. I haven't seen them since.

**Prosecutor:** So what did you do?

**Mother:** I waited for the men in our village to come help. But nobody came. I found out later that nobody came back from the battle, period. Anyway, nobody came. His wife was paralyzed. She couldn't move. She just sat there and cried. I put the four little ones in bed. Then I worked through the night. I washed him off and dressed him. I hid the missing part of his head with a cloth. Then I dug a grave and buried my son. I was done just as the first pink streamers appeared in the east.

**Prosecutor:** What kind of a man was your son?

**Mother:** He was our sunshine. When he came near, we all felt warm, and happy, and secure. He loved his children. He played with them, and taught them, and drilled with them, and took them hunting and fishing.

**Prosecutor:** Was he a violent man?

**Mother:** Only in war. At home, he was as kind and gentle as an evening breeze.

**Prosecutor:** What has happened to you since then?

**Defense lawyer:** Objection! Who cares?

**Deborah:** Objection sustained.

**Prosecutor:** No further questions.

**Defense lawyer:** When you prayed, which one of your gods were you praying to?

**Mother:** Just about all of them. I had a lot of time for praying.

**Defense lawyer:** Ever occur to you that you were barking up the wrong tree?

**Mother:** What do you mean?

**Defense lawyer:** Never mind. Do you know how many Israelites your son murdered before he met his just demise?

**Prosecutor:** Objection.

**Deborah:** Overruled. Please answer.

**Mother:** He never murdered anybody. He was a soldier, not a murderer.

**Defense lawyer:** And what about my client? Wasn't she a soldier?

**Mother:** No, she was a murderer.

**Defense lawyer:** Oh. I get it. Anybody who kills my people is a soldier. Anybody who kills your son is a murderer. Is that about the size of it.

**Mother:** N...

**Defense lawyer:** *Cuts her off before she can answer.* That's OK. You're excused.

**Mother:** *Shuffles off.*

**Deborah:** All right. Are you done now, Mr. Prosecutor?

**Prosecutor:** Yes, I am. Thank you.

**Deborah:** Well, it's about time. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury. We now come to the summations, after which I will give you some brief instructions, after which it will be your turn to deliberate and deliver a verdict. The defense will sum up first, and then the prosecution.

All right, [Mr. or Mrs. Name], if you please.

**Defense lawyer:** Thank you, Your Honor. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury. We are now almost at the moment of truth. You are probably sitting there thinking that this is no big deal. You listen to all this talk, then you vote, and then you go home. Well, it is a big deal. For my client, Yael, it is a matter of life and death. But for you, it is a matter of conscience. You know, Yael had a choice to make. Would she shelter and nurture this enemy of our people, so he could come back and

fight again another day; so he could come back and kill our people, and take away this land given to us by our God? Or would she, a woman alone in her tent, take on the enemy commander, and destroy him before he could destroy her; destroy him before he could destroy her children, and your children, and your husbands and wives? Yael made her choice, and now she is here looking to you to render your verdict. You bet it is a big deal. You hold Yael's life in your hands. She saved your lives. Will you now pay her back by condemning her to die?

Sure she killed Sisera. But how many of your brothers and sons had he killed earlier that day, before he showed up at her tent that evening? If she had simply fed him and let him rest, what was going to stop him from murdering her after he had regained his strength? Let's just remember one thing: This was war. Sisera and his soldiers were trying to kill us, and we were trying to kill them. If Yael had been a man, if she had drawn her sword and killed him in hand-to-hand combat, would we be here putting her on trial? Of course not. We would be celebrating her as a hero. Well, she is a woman, and she can't kill Sisera in hand-to-hand combat, which is why she had to resort to deception and guile. She used the weapons God gave her. So, really, she is on trial here today not because she killed Sisera, but because she is a woman. I submit to you that the fact that she is a woman, that she used the weapons available to a woman, does not make her a murderer. It makes her more of a hero than if a man had done the same thing.

Yael was there, fighting for you, in your hour of danger. It is now time for each of you to fight for her. Go into that jury room and bring back a verdict of not guilty! Don't fail us now! I thank you, Yael thanks you, her children thank you, the Tribes of Israel thank you, and the God of Israel thanks you.

**Deborah:** *Wiping away a tear.* Amen.

Excuse me. *Pause.* Mr. Prosecutor, did you want to say something?

**Prosecutor:** Yes, Your Honor, thank you. Well, that was a powerful speech. But did you really listen to it? "Sure she killed Sisera," opposing counsel said, "but it was self-defense." Was it really self-defense? Sisera was asleep when Yael killed him. That's not self-defense; that's murder.

"Sisera is a murderer himself," they say. "He killed our soldiers." Isn't there a difference between fighting on the battlefield and killing someone asleep in your bed? And even assuming that Sisera was a murderer himself, which was not the case, would that justify Yael in taking the law into her own hands? Who appointed her judge, jury, and executioner? The next time she decides that one of you has harmed her, will we let her sneak into your tent at night and kill one of you, because she's feeling aggrieved?

"She's on trial because she is a woman," they say. That's nonsense. In fact, it's exactly the opposite of the truth. If she were a man, none of us would have the slightest doubt that she was a cowardly, conniving murderer. The fact that she used her feminine charms and wiles to accomplish her end doesn't make her a hero; it simply makes her a sneaky, underhanded murderer.

Let's make no mistake. What this case is about is whether, even in time of war, we are civilized human beings, with a God-given sense of decency and honor, or are we simply a bunch of blood-thirsty savages, who rejoice and celebrate the death of another human being, no matter how wrongful that death might have been, simply because he was an enemy.

We are God's Chosen People. Sometimes that feels more a burden than a blessing, but it does impose certain obligations on us. We do not believe in other gods; we do not worship idols; and we do not condone murder. Yael lured, drugged, and killed a sleeping man, a guest in her home, a man who had placed his safety in her hands. Maybe that's acceptable among the Philistines or the Canaanites, but it is not acceptable among us. In this case, you have the opportunity to show the world that we can do justice even when the victim is one of them and the murderer is one of us. I urge you to find Yael guilty. Let us do justice in this case. Let us show that we are indeed God's Chosen People.

Thank you.

**Deborah:** Thank you, [Mr. or Mrs. Prosecutor's Name]. *To the audience.* Well, we now come to that stage in the proceedings when you have to make a decision. Is Yael guilty or not guilty? In reaching a decision, you are to use your own sense of justice and morality. We do not have any special rules for cases like this. We simply want you to do what's right.

In a moment, we will have a discussion period, during which you can voice your opinions. I now appoint [name of foreman] to act as your jury foreman. He will moderate your discussion. After the discussion period, you will vote. Everyone here, including the foreman, is entitled to one vote. The verdict will be by majority vote.

Listen to each other, listen to your foreman, and be conscientious. Mr. Foreman, please proceed.

**Foreman:** Yes, Your Honor. *Turning to the audience.* All right, what do you think? *Encourages audience members to express their views. After a reasonable amount of time, calls for a show of hands and records the vote on a piece of paper. Hands the piece of paper to the Bailiff, who in turn hands it to Deborah.*

**Deborah:** The jury has voted as follows: \_\_\_\_ votes guilty; \_\_\_\_ votes not guilty.  
*Either:* Yael is acquitted of the charge of murder. Congratulations, Yael. You are free to go. This Court stands in recess.  
*Or:* Yael is convicted of the charge of murder. This Court will pass sentence at our next session. Until then, the Court stands adjourned.  
*She stands up.*

**Bailiff:** All rise! *As the audience gets to its feet, Deborah exits. Defense lawyer and prosecutor shake hands.*

*The End.*