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FOUR. Now, that's interesting.

SEVEN [*looking at JURORS*]. Hey, now—you know. . . .

NINE. What do you think of that!

ELEVEN [*nodding*]. Thirty-nine seconds. Thirty-nine.

FOUR. And the old cripple swore, on his oath, that it was fifteen.

ELEVEN [*pointing to EIGHT*]. He may have been a little bit off on the speed that the old cripple moved at—but twenty-four seconds off. . . . well, now, you know. . . .

FOREMAN. Far be it from me to call anyone a liar, and even allowing for quite a difference in speed between the old man and you. . . . [*Motions at EIGHT*.] Why, still, there's quite a—

FOUR. Quite a discrepancy.

EIGHT. It's my guess that the old man was trying to get to the door, heard someone racing down the stairs and assumed that it was the boy.

SIX. I think that's possible.

THREE [*infuriated*]. Assumed? Now, listen to me, you people. I've seen all kinds of dishonesty in my day—but this little display takes the cake.

EIGHT. What dishonesty?

THREE [*to FOUR*]. Tell him! [*FOUR turns away D R and sits silently in one of the two chairs there. THREE looks at him and then he strides to EIGHT*.] You come in here with your heart bleeding all over the floor about slum kids and injustice and you make up these wild stories, and you've got some soft-hearted old ladies listening to you. Well, I'm not. I'm getting real sick of you. [*TO ALL*.] What's the matter with you people? This kid is guilty! He's got to burn! We're letting him slip through our fingers.

EIGHT [*calmly*]. Our fingers. Are you his executioner?

THREE [*raging*]. I'm one of 'em!

EIGHT. Perhaps you'd like to pull the switch.

THREE [*shouting*]. For this kid? You bet I'd like to pull the switch!

EIGHT [*shaking his head sadly*]. I'm sorry for you.

EIGHT [*shaking his head sadly*]. I'm sorry for you.

Start

THREE [*shouting*]. Don't start with me!

EIGHT. What it must feel like to want to pull the switch!

THREE. Shut up!

EIGHT. You're a sadist. . . .

THREE [*louder*]. Shut up!

EIGHT [*his voice strong*]. You want to see this boy die because you personally want it—not because of the facts. [*Spits out words*.] You are a beast. You disgust me.

THREE [*shouting*]. Shut up! [*Lingers at EIGHT, but is caught by two of the JURORS and is held. He struggles as EIGHT watches calmly. Then he screams*.] Let me go! I'll kill him! I'll kill him!

EIGHT [*softly*]. You don't really mean you'll kill me, do you?

[*THREE stops struggling now and stares at EIGHT, and all the JURORS watch in silence, as:*]

CURTAIN

END