

even hear the train coming. And whoever did murder the father did it as well as he could.

FOUR. So?

EIGHT [*moving back to his place, at right end of table, not sitting*]. The kid is dumb enough to do everything to associate himself with the switch knife—a switch knife murder—and then a moment after the murder he becomes smart. The kid is smart enough to make a kind of wound that would lead us to suspect someone else, and yet at the same instant he is dumb enough to do the killing as an el train is going by, and then a moment later he is smart enough to wipe fingerprints away. To make this boy guilty you have to say he is dumb from eight o'clock until about midnight and then about midnight he is smart one second, then dumb for a few seconds and then smart again and then once again he becomes stupid, so stupid that he does not think of a good alibi. Now is this kid smart or is he dumb? To say that he is guilty you have to toss his intelligence like a pancake. There is doubt, doubt, doubt. [*Beats table with fist as he emphasizes word "doubt."*]

FOUR. I hadn't thought of that.

EIGHT. And the old man downstairs. On the stand he swore that it was fifteen seconds; he insisted on fifteen seconds, but we all agree that it must have been almost forty seconds. NINE. Does the old man lie half the time and then does he tell the truth the other half of the time?

EIGHT. For the kid to be guilty he must be stupid, then smart, then stupid and then smart and so on, and, also, for the kid to be guilty the old man downstairs must be a liar half of the time and the other half of the time he must tell the truth. You can reasonably doubt. [*Sits again. There is a moment of silence.*]

SEVEN [*breaking silence*]. I'm sold on "reasonable doubt."
TWO. I think I am, too.

SIX. I wanted more talk, and now I've had it.

EIGHT [*fast*]. I want another vote.

FOREMAN. Okay, there's another vote called for. I guess the

quickest way is a show of hands. Anybody object? [*No one does.*] All right. All those voting not guilty raise your hands.

[*Jurors TWO, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT, NINE, ELEVEN and TWELVE raise their hands immediately. FOREMAN looks around table carefully and then he, too, raises his hand. He looks around table, counting silently.*] Nine. [*Hands go down.*] All those voting guilty. [*Jurors THREE, FOUR and TEN raise their hands.*] Three. [*They lower their hands.*]

The vote is nine to three in favor of acquittal.

TEN. I don't understand you people. How can you believe this kid is innocent? Look, you know how those people lie. I don't have to tell you. They don't know what the truth is. And let me tell you, they—[*FIVE gets up from table, turns his back to it and goes to window.*—don't need any real big reason to kill someone, either. You know, they get drunk, and bang, someone's lying in the gutter. Nobody's blaming them. That's how they are. You know what I mean? Violent! [*NINE gets up and goes to window and looks out. He is followed by ELEVEN.*] Human life don't mean as much to them as it does to us. Hey, where are you all going? Look, these people're drinking and fighting all the time, and if somebody gets killed, so somebody gets killed. They don't care. Oh, sure, there are some good things about them, too. Look, I'm the first to say that. [*EIGHT gets up and then TWO and SIX follow him to window.*] 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? [*FOREMAN gets up and goes to window, followed by SEVEN and TWELVE.*] I'm speaking my piece, and you—listen to me! They're no good. There's not a one of 'em who's any good. We better watch out. Take it from me. This kid on trial . . . [*THREE sits at table toying with knife as FOUR gets up and starts toward TEN. All the other JURORS have their backs turned on TEN.*] Well, don't you know about them? Listen to me! What are you doing? I'm trying to tell you something. . . . [*FOUR*