

it was the kid, he still had to run down the hall and down the stairs—at least one flight of stairs.

THREE. You see! You see! [SEVEN rises from floor and dusts himself off.]

FOUR. The old man downstairs may have been wrong on the time, but in view of this I think it's quite reasonable to assume that he did see the kid run downstairs.

TWELVE [to EIGHT]. So now both time sequences check—the one you did and the one we did; what with running down stairs and everything, it does pretty much check out on times.

SEVEN. Sure—he's an old man who wants attention. . . . [Motions at NINE.] He's probably right, but the old man feels the way everyone does—a life is at stake. [Sits again at table, placing knife back on table.]

FOUR. So the story of the old man may well be true.

EIGHT. Except for the fact that he absolutely swore, under oath, that it was only fifteen seconds.

NINE. We seem to all agree that it was twenty-five to forty seconds later.

EIGHT. You are now admitting that the old man lied in one case and told the truth in the other. I admit that this does tend to confirm the story of the old man, but in part he is now a proven liar—and this is by your own admission.

TWO [to EIGHT]. That may be true, that the old man lies in part, but I think it will change my vote once more. [To FOREMAN.] Guilty.

THREE [to SIX]. What about you? What do you think now?

SIX [getting up, crossing to water cooler]. I'm not just sure what I think. I want to talk some more. At first I thought guilty, then I changed. Now—I'm sort of swinging back to guilty. [Takes a drink.]

THREE [to ELEVEN]. And what about you?

ELEVEN. No. [Shakes his head.] I am now in real doubt—real doubt. . . .

FIVE. I say guilty. I was right the first time.

THREE. Now we're beginning to make sense in here.

3, 4, 8, 11, 12

FOREMAN. It seems to be about nine guilty to three not guilty. [FOUR sits again.]

EIGHT. One more question about the old man downstairs. How many of you live in apartment buildings? [Eight bands go up, including his own.]

ELEVEN [to EIGHT]. I don't know what you're thinking but I know what I'm thinking.

FOUR [to ELEVEN]. What's that?

ELEVEN. I do not live in a tenement, but it is close and there is just enough light in the hall so you can see the steps, no more—the light bulbs are so small—and this murder took place in a tenement. Remember how we stumbled on the steps?

EIGHT. The police officers were using big bulbs and one even had a flashlight. Remember?

ELEVEN. An old man who misjudged the time by twenty seconds, on this we all agree, this old man looked down the dark hallway of a tenement and recognized a running figure?

EIGHT. He was one hundred per cent wrong about the time; it took twice as long as he thought.

ELEVEN. Then could not the old man be one hundred per cent wrong about who he saw?

THREE. That's the most idiotic thing I've ever heard of. You're making that up out of thin air.

TWELVE. We're a hung jury. Let's be honest about it.

ELEVEN [to SEVEN]. Do you truly feel that there is no room for reasonable doubt?

SEVEN. Yes, I do.

ELEVEN. I beg your pardon, but maybe you don't understand the term, "reasonable doubt."

SEVEN [angrily]. What do you mean, I don't understand it? Who do you think you are to talk to me like that? [To ALL.] How do you like this guy? He comes over here running for his life, and before he can even take a big breath he's telling us how to run the show. The arrogance of him!

FOUR. No one here is asking where anyone came from.

SEVEN. I was born right here.

End