

F, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 11

Start

that knife. It's a very strange knife. I've never seen one like it before in my life. Neither had the storekeeper who sold it to him. [EIGHT reaches casually into his pocket and withdraws an object. No one notices him. He stands up.] Aren't you trying to make us accept a pretty incredible coincidence? EIGHT [moving toward FOUR]. I'm not trying to make anyone accept it. I'm just saying it's possible.

THREE [rising, shouting]. And I'm saying it's not possible! [EIGHT swiftly flicks open blade of a switch knife, jams it into wall next to first knife and steps back. They are exactly alike. There are several gasps and EVERYONE stares at knife. There is a long silence. THREE continues, slowly, amazed.] What are you trying to do?

TEN [loudly]. Yeah, what is this? Who do you think you are? [A flow of ad lib conversation bursts forth.] FIVE. Look at it! It's the same knife!

FOREMAN. Quiet! Let's be quiet. [JURORS quiet down. THREE sits again.]

FOUR. Where did you get it? EIGHT. I got it in a little junk shop around the corner from the boy's house. It cost two dollars.

THREE. Now listen to me! EIGHT [turning to him]. I'm listening.

THREE. You pulled a real smart trick here, but you proved absolutely zero. Maybe there are ten knives like that, so what? EIGHT. Maybe there are.

THREE. The boy lied and you know it. EIGHT [crossing back to his seat, sitting]. And maybe he didn't lie. Maybe he did lose the knife and maybe he did go to the movies. Maybe the reason the cashier didn't see him was because he sneaked into the movies, and maybe he was ashamed to say so. [Looks around.] Is there anybody here who didn't sneak into the movies once or twice when they were young? [There is a long silence.]

ELEVEN. I didn't.

FOUR. Really, not even once?

ELEVEN. We didn't have movies.

FOUR. Oh. [Crosses back to his place and sits.] EIGHT. Maybe he did go to the movies—maybe he didn't. And—he may have lied. [To TEN.] Do you think he lied? TEN [violently]. Now that's a stupid question. Sure, he lied! EIGHT [to FOUR]. Do you? FOUR. You don't have to ask me that. You know my answer. He lied.

EIGHT [to FIVE]. Do you think he lied? [FIVE can't answer immediately. He looks around nervously.]

FIVE. I—I don't know. SEVEN. Now wait a second. What are you—the guy's lawyer? Listen—there are still eleven of us who think he's guilty. You're alone. What do you think you're going to accomplish? If you want to be stubborn and hang this jury he'll be tried again, and found guilty sure as he's born.

EIGHT. You're probably right. SEVEN. So what are you going to do about it? We can be here all night.

NINE. It's only one night. A man may die. SEVEN. Oh, now. Come on.

EIGHT [to NINE]. Well, yes, that's true. FOREMAN. I think we ought to get on with it now.

THREE. Right. Let's get going here. TEN [to THREE]. How do you like this guy? [THREE shrugs and turns to EIGHT.]

THREE. Well, what do you say? You're the one holding up the show.

FOUR [to EIGHT]. Obviously you don't think the boy is guilty. EIGHT. I have a doubt in my mind.

FOUR. But you haven't really presented anything to us that makes it possible for us to understand your doubt. There's the old man downstairs. He heard it. He heard the kid shriek it out. . . .

THREE. The woman across the el tracks—she saw it!

SEVEN. We know he bought a switch knife that night and we don't know where he really was. At the movies?

End