**FOREMAN:** Right, so we'll start with you.

**TWO:** *[timidly]* Oh, well. *[There is a long pause]* I just think he’s guilty. I thought it was obvious.

**EIGHT:** In what way was it obvious?

**TWO:** I mean that nobody proved otherwise.

**EIGHT:** Nobody has to prove otherwise; innocent until proven guilty. The burden of proof is on the prosecution. The defendant doesn't have to open his mouth. That’s in the Constitution.

**TWO:** Well, sure. I know that – Well, anyway – I think he's guilty!

**EIGHT:** *[looking at TWO, shaking his head slowly].* No reasons - just guilty. There is a life at stake here.

**THREE:** Okay, I have no personal feelings about this, I just wanna talk about facts. Number one: let's take the old man who lived on the second floor right underneath the room where the murder took place. At ten minutes after twelve on the night of the killing he heard loud noises in the upstairs apartment. He said it sounded like a fight. Then he heard the kid say to his father, "I'm gonna kill you.” Seconds later he heard a body falling, and he ran to the door of his apartment, looked out and saw the kid running downstairs and out of the house. Then he called the police. They found the father with a knife in his chest.

**FOREMAN**: And the coroner fixed the time of death at around midnight.

**THREE:** Right. Now these are facts. You can’t refute facts. The kid is guilty. I know he’s 18 years old, but he’s still gotta pay for what he did.

**SEVEN:** I’m with you.

**EIGHT:** It doesn't seem to fit.

**FOUR:** The boy's entire story is flimsy. He claimed he was at the movies. That's a little ridiculous, isn't it? He couldn't even remember what picture he saw.

**THREE:** You're absolutely right.

**SIX:** He didn't have any ticket stub.

**EIGHT:** Who keeps a ticket stub at the movies?

**FOUR:** That's true enough.

**FIVE:** I suppose, but the cashier didn't remember him.

**THREE:** And the ticket taker didn’t, either.

**TEN:** Look - what about the woman across the street? If her testimony don’t prove it, then nothing does.

**TWELVE:** Yes. She saw the killing, didn't she?

**FOREMAN:** *[tapping on table]* Let's go in order.

**TEN:** Just a minute. Here's a woman who's lying in bed and can't sleep. It's hot, you know. Anyway, she wakes up and she looks out the window, and right across the street she sees the punk stick the knife into his father.

**EIGHT:** How can she really be sure it was the kid when she saw it through the windows of a passing elevated train?

**TEN:** She's known the kid all his life. His window is right opposite hers - across the L tracks - and she swore she saw him do it.

**EIGHT:** I heard her swear to it.

**TEN:** Okay. And they proved in court that you can look through the windows of a passing L train at night and see what's happening on the other side.

**EIGHT:** Weren't you telling us just a minute or two ago that you can't trust them?

**TEN:** *[coldly]* So?

**EIGHT:** How come you believed her? She's one of them, too, isn't she?

**TEN:** You're pretty smart, aren't you?

**FOREMAN:** Now take it easy.

**THREE:** Come on. Sit down. What're you letting him get you all upset for? Relax.

**FOUR**: They did take us out to the woman's room, and we looked through the windows of a passing L train. Didn't we?

**TWELVE:** Yes. We did.

**FOUR:** And weren't you able to see what happened on the other side?

**EIGHT:** I didn't see as well as they told me I would… but I did see what happened on the other side.

**TEN:** *[snapping at EIGHT]* You see - do you see?

**FOREMAN:** Let's calm down now. *[To FIVE]* It's your turn.

**FIVE:** I’ll pass it.

**FOREMAN:** What did he say?

**SIX:** He’s passing.

**FIVE:** I’ll pass it.

**FOREMAN:** That's your privilege. *[To SIX]* How about the next gentleman?

**SIX:** *[slowly]* I don't know. I started to be convinced, you know, with the testimony from those people across the hall. See, I’m always looking for a motive, and they sold me on the first day. Didn't they say something about an argument between the father and the boy around seven o'clock that night?

**ELEVEN**: Excuse me. No. It was eight o'clock. Not seven.

**FOUR:** They heard the father hit the boy twice and then saw the boy walk angrily out of the house.

**SIX:** Right.

**EIGHT:** What does that prove?

**SIX:** It's just part of the picture. I didn't say it proved anything.

**EIGHT:** But it’s a weak motive. This kid has been hit so many times that violence is a normal part of his life. I don’t think a few more hits in the face would provoke him to murder.

**FOUR:** It may have been two hits too many – everyone has a breaking point.

**FOREMAN:** Anything else?

**SIX:** No.

*[SIX rises, goes to the water cooler for a drink]*

**SEVEN:** Me? I don't know - most of it's been said already. We can talk all day about this thing, but I think we're wasting our time.

**EIGHT:** I don't.

**FOUR:** Neither do I. Go on.

**SEVEN:** Look at the kid's record. He stole a car. He's been arrested for mugging. I think they said he stabbed somebody in the arm.

**FOUR:** They did.

**SEVEN:** He was picked up for knife fighting. At fifteen he was in reform school. This is a very fine boy.

**EIGHT:** Ever since he was five years old his father beat him up regularly. He used his fists.

**SEVEN:** So would I! On a kid like that.

**THREE:** You're right. It's the kids. The way they are, you know? They don't listen. *[Bitterly]* I've got a kid. When he was eight years old, he ran away from a fight. I was so ashamed I almost threw up. I told him right out, "I'm gonna make a man out of you or I'm gonna bust you up into little pieces trying”. When he was fifteen, he hit me in the face. He's big, you know? I haven't seen him in three years. Rotten kid! You work your heart out. *[Pause]* All right. Let's get on with it.

*[THREE Gets up, very embarrassed]*

**FOUR:** We're missing the point here. This boy - let's say he's a product of a broken home and a filthy neighbourhood. We can't help that. We're not here to go into the reasons why slums are breeding grounds for criminals. I know it. So do you. The children who come out of slum backgrounds are a potential menace to society.

**TEN:** You said it there. They are trash. I don't want any part of them, believe me.

*[There is a dead silence for a moment]*

**FIVE:** I've lived in a slum all my life.

**TEN:** Now wait a second!

**FIVE:** I used to play in a backyard that was filled with garbage. Maybe it still smells on me.

**FOREMAN:** Now, let's be reasonable. There's nothing personal-

**FIVE:** *[rising, slamming his hand down on table]* There is something personal! *[Then he catches himself, and, seeing EVERYONE looking at him, sits down, fists clenched.]*

**THREE:** Come on, now. He didn't mean you, fella.

*[There is a long pause]*

**EIGHT:** *[breaking silence]* Who did he mean?