**NINE:** Something doesn't fit.

**FIVE:** Well, it stands to reason-

**THREE:** You're crazy! Why would he lie? What's he got to gain?

**NINE:** Attention, maybe.

**THREE:** You keep coming up with these bright sayings. Why don't you send one into Readers Digest? They pay four dollars!

**EIGHT:** What does that have to do with a man's life? [*To NINE]* Why might the old man have lied? You have a right to be heard.

**NINE:** It's just that I looked at him for a very long time. The seam of his jacket was split under his arm. Did you notice that? He was a very old man with a torn jacket, and he carried two canes. I think I know him better than anyone here. This is a quiet, frightened, insignificant man who has been nothing all his life -who has never had recognition - his name in the newspapers. Nobody knows him after seventy-five years. This is a very sad thing. A man like this needs to be recognized to be questioned, and listened to, and quoted just once. This is very important.

**TWELVE:** And you're trying to tell us he lied about a thing like this just so he could be important?

**NINE**: No, he wouldn't really lie. But perhaps he'd make himself believe that he heard those words and recognized the boy's face.

**THREE:** Well. That's the most fantastic story I've ever heard. How can you make up a thing like that?