

## Reading for SEVEN with 4, 5, 11

FIVE. The old man, too. Maybe he didn't lie, but then just maybe he did. Maybe the old man doesn't like the kid.

SEVEN. Well, if that isn't the end.

FIVE. I believe that there is reasonable doubt. *[Sits again.]*

SEVEN. What are you basing it on? Stories that someone - *[Indicates EIGHT.]* - made up! They ought to write for American Detective Monthly. They'd make a fortune. Listen, the kid had a lawyer, didn't he? Why didn't his lawyer bring up all these points?

FIVE. Lawyers can't think of everything.

SEVEN. Oh, brother! *[To EIGHT.]* You sit in here and pull stories out of thin air. Now we're supposed to believe that the old man didn't get out of bed, run to the door and see the kid beat it downstairs fifteen seconds after the killing.

FOUR. That's the testimony, I believe.

SEVEN. And the old man swore to this - yes - he swore to this only so he could be important. *[Looks over at NINE.]*

FIVE. Did the old man say he ran to the door?

SEVEN. Ran. Walked. What's the difference? He got there.

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

SEVEN. Yes, I do.

ELEVEN. I beg 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 that? They come over here running for their lives, and before they can even take a big breath they're telling us how to run the show. The arrogance!