

Audition: Juror 9.

JUROR NO. 9: A mild gentle old person long since defeated by life and now merely waiting to die. A person who recognises themselves for what they are and mourns the days when it would have been possible to be courageous without shielding behind their age.

Pages 33-34 (Edited).

NINE. I don't think he could have heard it.

THREE. What are you people talking about? Are you calling the old man a liar?

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 ideas. Why don't you send one in to a newspaper? They pay two dollars.

EIGHT. [*To NINE*] Why might the old man have lied? You have a right to be heard.

NINE [*after moment's hesitation*]. 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. [*Gets up and leans against wall.*] 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 recognised - 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 recognised the boy's face.

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

NINE [*doggedly*]. I'm not making it up.

THREE. You must be making it up. People don't lie about things like that.

NINE. He made himself believe he told the truth.

THREE. What do you know about it?

NINE [*low but firm*]. I speak from experience. [*Pause*] I am the same man.