

## Juror # 3

Everything—every single thing that came out in that courtroom, but I mean everything, says he's guilty. Do you think I'm an idiot or something? You lousy bunch of bleeding hearts. You're not going to intimidate me. I'm entitled to my opinion. I can sit in this goddamn room for a year.

Somebody say something.

Why don'tcha take that stuff about the old man—the old man who lived there—and heard everything. Or take the knife, what—just because he—found one like it? The old man saw him. Right there on the stairs. What's the difference how many seconds it took? What's the difference? Every single thing. The knife falling through a hole in his pocket—you can't prove that he didn't get to the door. Sure you can hobble around the room all you want, but you can't prove it. I'm telling you every single thing that went on has been twisted and turned in here. That business with the glasses, how do you know she didn't have them on? The woman testified in court. Well, what d'ya want? That's it.