

Juror # 9

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 it? I mean, to come into court like that. He was a very old man with a torn jacket and he walked very slowly to the stand. He was dragging his left leg and trying to hide it because he was ashamed. I think I know him better than anyone here.

This is a quiet, frightened, insignificant old man who has been nothing all his life, who has never had recognition, his name in the newspapers.

Nobody knows him, nobody quotes him, nobody seeks his advice after seventy-five years. That's a very sad thing, to be nothing. A man like this needs to be recognized, to be listened to, to be quoted just once. This is very important.

It would be so hard for him to recede into the background...