

Janis witnessed a man being brutally beaten. For the past two years, a private investigator has been periodically questioning her. Today she finally went to court to testify. She is outraged and devastated when the defendant is declared innocent. After the courtroom empties, she confronts the defendant's attorney.

Janis: Justice was served?! You've got to be kidding me! I was there. I saw everything. Your client beat that man to a bloody pulp. He left him lying in the street. Just a mass of blood where his face used to be. You saw the pictures. He had to have his entire face surgically redone. And why? Because your hero was itching for a fight and didn't like his long hair. Two years of private investigators calling me and having me identify photos. And for what? So I could sit in that witness stand and have you twist my words into lies. You must be awfully proud of yourself. What do you feel when you're lying in bed at night? Do guilt or shame ever come creeping in? I have been waiting in that stuffy office all day. Because I came here to tell the truth. And I did. Now would you tell me something? How can you live with yourself? How?