

**Reading for TWELVE with Foreman, 2, 3, 7, 8, 11**

SEVEN *[tugging at collar]*. Y'know, It's hot.

TWELVE *[to TWO, mildly sarcastic]*. I never would have known that if he hadn't told me. Would you?

TWO *[missing sarcasm]*. I suppose not. I'd kind of forgotten.

TWELVE All I've done all day is sweat.

THREE *[calling out]*. I bet you aren't sweating like that kid who was tried.

SEVEN. You'd think they'd at least air-condition the place. I almost dropped dead in court.

TWELVE. My taxes are high enough.

EIGHT *[turning from window]*. It's been a pretty hard week. *[Turns back, continues looking out.]*

THREE. I feel just fine.

TWELVE. I wonder what's been going on down at the office. You know how it is in advertising. In six days my job could be gone, and the whole company, too. They aren't going to like this. *[JURORS start to take off their suit coats and hang them over backs of chairs.]*

FOREMAN. Well, figure this is our duty.

TWELVE. I didn't object to doing my duty. I just mentioned that I might not have a job by the time I get back. *[TWELVE and NINE move to table and take their places.]*

TWELVE. *[to ELEVEN.]* What was your impression of the prosecuting attorney?

ELEVEN. I beg pardon?

TWELVE. I thought he was really sharp. I mean, the way he hammered home his points, one by one, in logical sequence. It takes a good brain to do that. I was very impressed.

ELEVEN. Yes, I think he did an expert job.

TWELVE. I mean, he had a lot of drive, too. Real drive.