

**JEFF** So . . . don't take this the wrong way, but would that qualify as police brutality at all?

**DAWN** No. No way! He was totally comin' at me. And this guy was huge. But then, naturally of course two seconds later his wife comes outta the restaurant and she's screamin' "I'm an attorney, I'm callin' the CCRB, I'm gonna sue you . . ."

**JEFF** Calling the who?

**DAWN**

The CCRB? The Civilian  
Complaint Review Board?

**JEFF**

Oh, yeah, OK, yeah.

Which—you know—is  
definitely their right

to do that. But that could be kinda serious for me, 'cause I'm still on my Probation? Like your first six months you're not like a full cop. You're what they call a Probationary Officer. And if you can't handle it or you just screw up, you're just out. You're off the Force. But Bill saw the whole thing and he says it's no problem. So I gotta go through a little song and dance. Big deal.

**JEFF** And you didn't have to use your gun.

**DAWN** Oh no. Definitely not. He was just some stupid drunk.

**JEFF** But are you a pretty good shot?

**DAWN** Yeah. I'm OK.

**JEFF** That's excellent. ~~(Pause)~~ So what's he doin' up there anyway? Investigatin' a crime or somethin'?

**DAWN** No, he's just saying hello to a friend.

**JEFF** He's a friend of Mrs. Heinvald?

*Pause.*

**DAWN** Who?

**JEFF** Mrs. Heinvald. The lady in 22-J.

**DAWN** (*Confused*) No. Yeah. (*Pause*) 22-J—Yeah. I guess so.  
(*Pause*) I don't know her. I don't know who lives there.

**JEFF** Well, I don't wanna say nothin', but he's liable to be up there a long time.

**DAWN** What's it to you?

**JEFF** I didn't say anything. I just don't see why you should have to cool your heels in the lobby eating your heart out while he's upstairs gettin' laid.

*Pause.*

**DAWN** He's not gettin' laid.

**JEFF** Oh, come on.

**DAWN** Hey, look: First of all—we're in the middle of our shift.

**JEFF** Oh my God, excuse me, you're right, it's impossible.

*Pause.*

**DAWN** Who did you say lives in that apartment?

**JEFF** Mrs. Heinvald. Amy Heinvald. She's an actress or a model or something. She's divorced. She's . . .

**DAWN** Have you seen him here a lot?

**JEFF** Sure, I seen him a few times. How long you been working together?

*Pause.*

DAWN What makes you think he's . . . you know.

JEFF Because the lady he's visiting has a very active social schedule, if you see what I mean.

DAWN No. I don't.

JEFF I just mean she—

DAWN What do you mean?

JEFF I mean she's got a lot of boyfriends. That's all.

*Dawn's heart slowly breaks.*

JEFF Hey, don't listen to me. I don't know what I'm talking about. Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe your partner is like, her favorite uncle or something.

DAWN Yeah.

*She moves away from him.*

JEFF Hey . . . how come male cops are so big and fat and female cops are so young and beautiful?

DAWN Yeah, how come doormen never know when to shut up?

JEFF I don't know. That's an interesting point. Only I wouldn't be able to comment on it because I'm not a doorman. I'm a security guard.

DAWN I don't fucking believe this.

JEFF Hey, the guy is only human. You gotta *see* this lady—

DAWN Hey, look: I'm not talking about him. I don't even— Look, you wanna know something? I don't even know why I'm *talking* to you. And if my partner wants to take time off his shift to go get laid with Mrs. Whatever-She-Is, you know what? More power to him, that's what I say—

JEFF I agree!

DAWN Because I seen him do more good for more people than anybody I ever met in my *life*. And if he wants to see that *model* in 22-J, that is his business, not mine—

JEFF Sure!

DAWN —and not yours. And I don't need to get *hit* on by the night *doorman* while he's upstairs gettin' his rocks off with some fuckin' whore.

JEFF

Hey lady, I am not a doorman, I'm a security guard. I told you three fuckin' times already— In fact, I'm a security *specialist*! So—

DAWN

I don't give a shit what you are, just keep your mouth shut! Good! Just keep your mouth shut! You talk to me, you keep your mouth shut, you understand?

JEFF What?

DAWN What?

*Pause.*

JEFF

How can I talk to you and keep my mouth shut at the same time?

DAWN

Forget it. Forget about it. Forget about it.

*Pause.*

JEFF I'm not trying to make trouble.

DAWN Just stop trying to pick me up.

**JEFF** I'm not trying to pick you up—

**DAWN** Why don't you try speaking to me like I was an officer of the law? Just like, as an experiment.

**JEFF** I'm sorry. I'm not usually this attracted to police officers.

**DAWN** Well, you're lucky.

*She moves away from him. Pause.*

**JEFF** What's your name?

**DAWN** Officer Wilson.

**JEFF** Oh come on. What's your name? *(Pause)* Are you a sports fan? Come on. That's a harmless question. What do you like, basketball? A lot of girls like basketball. It's graceful. Well, a lot of sports are very graceful though, actually. What's your feeling about the impending garbage strike? My name's Jeff. Twenty-seven, never been married, never been in debt. Well, I have been in a little bit of debt, actually, but that's pretty much all cleared up now. I'm a different person now. Really. I've turned over a whole new leaf—

**DAWN** Would you shut up?

**JEFF** Sure, I'd be glad to. Why don't *you* say something for a few seconds and then I'll say something back and we'll go on like that. I'm a Goddamn security guard for Christ's sake. I'm lonely as shit. There's three other guys in this building and I never see them except on the video screen. I'll shut up. I'd love to hear somebody else talk.

**DAWN** I just don't feel like it right this minute.

**JEFF** I understand. I'm not trying to make trouble. And don't listen to me. I don't know what he's doin' up there. I don't know anything about it.

~~**DAWN** Hey, what do I care? The fucking guy is married my way.~~

~~*Jeff goes back to his station and picks up his book. Long silence.*~~

**DAWN** Can you believe this shit?

**JEFF** *(Puts down his book)* Yeah . . . They probably don't warn you about this kind of thing in the Police Academy.

**DAWN** *(A bitter joke)* Sure they do. I took a seminar.

**JEFF** What happens if there's a major outbreak of crime on your beat under these circumstances?

**DAWN** Oh, then I'm supposed to buzz him.

**JEFF** Are there are lot of romances between cops?

**DAWN** I don't know . . . Some of them get married.

**JEFF** No, but, I mean like illicit, kind of behind-the-scenes in the back of the squad car type romances.

**DAWN** *You're* gonna end up in the back of the squad car in a minute.

**JEFF** But seriously, is that a pretty widespread problem?

**DAWN** I'm sure it's no different than other kinds of jobs.

**JEFF** Well, in other kinds of jobs people have affairs all the time.

**DAWN** Well.

*Pause.*

**JEFF** Are you in love with that guy?

**DAWN** Who.

**JEFF** You know. Your partner. *(Pause)* Because if you are, I would say that you were in love with the wrong guy.

**DAWN** I'm not in love with anybody. I just admired him, that's all. OK? He made life a little easier for me in the Department. OK? I mean, you look up to somebody, you take them seriously—and then—That's all. OK?

**JEFF** OK. *(Pause)* I think it's great what you're doing. *(Pause)*  
~~Your family must be proud of you.~~

**DAWN** Oh, they think I'm nuts. *(Pause)* Well, not exactly, I mean, my mother thinks I'm a little bit nuts, but I happen to think that she's nuts too, so there's no harm done there, right?

**JEFF** You have a lot of brothers? I bet you have a lot of—

**DAWN** *(On "bet")* But I guess generally they're proud . . . I was near the top of my class at the Academy . . . I just . . . I just fucked up with *this prick*, that's all. And now I'm *screwed*. Because I obviously really misjudged him, you know? And for all I know he's been shootin' his mouth off all over the department. And it wouldn't have been so hard to avoid the whole thing in the first place. But these guys . . . I mean, they've seen so much horrible shit, it's like they don't give a damn about anything. So you gotta walk around like you don't give a damn about anything either. But they know you still do. And they wanna like, stamp it out of you or something. And like, test you, all the time. And it's always like: "Hey—you're not men, you're not women: You're cops. Act like cops and you'll be treated like cops." Only then it turns out they got a pool going as to who's gonna fuck you first, OK? And that's fine. I can handle it. You *make* them respect you. But then somebody decent comes along, and goes out of his way to make life

easier for you—and I didn't even *ask* him, because I didn't expect anything different—I didn't *want* anything different. And then, Oh my God, it's true love—Except when he comes down in that elevator, just watch: because *I'm* gonna be the one who's gonna be supposed to act like I'm a cop! I mean . . . *(Pause)* And then I got *you*.

**JEFF** So far I'm like the nicest guy in the whole story.

**DAWN** Yeah . . . !

**JEFF** So why don't you tell me your name?

**DAWN** Because maybe I don't feel like it, Jeff.

**JEFF** OK. You don't have to tell me your name. But, uh, do you want to, uh, do you want to go to a basketball game with me tomorrow afternoon? I got tickets to the Knicks game.

**DAWN** I don't like basketball.

**JEFF** OK. Well, um, after I'm finished watchin' the basketball game with my *mother*, would you like to go dancing with me? I don't want to get you on the rebound or anything, but I don't know if I'm ever gonna see you again . . . I know I'll see your *partner* again . . . Sorry. I'm sorry.

**DAWN** I don't care.

**JEFF** . . . We'll put on our dress uniforms, we'll go dancin', get bombed and come to work.

*Dawn starts crying and turns away.*

**DAWN** God damn it . . . !

**JEFF** What's the matter?

**DAWN** I can't be cryin' on duty . . . !