

Dawn and Bill

Scene 2

Late the next night. Jeff is in the lobby. Two uniformed police officers, Bill, around thirty, and Dawn, early twenties, are on the street outside. Jeff cannot hear them.

BILL. Take it easy, will you? Just take it easy.

DAWN. I'm sorry. I guess I'm still a little bit shook up, you know?

BILL. Hey, that is totally natural. I'd be worried if you *weren't* a little shook up, OK?

DAWN. Yeah, OK.

BILL. But. Just want you to know, you handled yourself pretty good back there.

DAWN. Yeah? *(Pause.)* It was no big deal.

BILL. You kept your head, you took control of the situation, you did exactly what you were supposed to do. OK? You were great!

DAWN. *(Delighted.)* Shut up.

BILL. I'm serious.

DAWN. So but, is there really gonna be like an inquiry?

BILL. Yeah, but don't worry about that ...

DAWN. But what do they usually do? Do they —

BILL. They just — You gotta go down to the Trial Room ... they ask you what happened ... they ask *me* what happened ... They read your *report*, they read *my* report ... Then they say OK, thanks, and that's it. Don't worry about it. Anyway, that guy's gonna be fine ... I mean, I personally wouldn'ta hit him quite that *hard* ... But that's a judgment call. You know? Plus the fact is, if I hit him like that he'd probably be dead right now.

DAWN. Yeah, well, for a minute there I thought he *was* dead, you know?

BILL. Believe me. That guy is fine. Don't worry about it. Besides, he totally had it comin'.

DAWN. You told me you gotta establish yourself ...

BILL. Absolutely. No question about it. I don't think there's an

officer in the Division, male or female, wouldn'ta done the exact same thing the exact same way. Only probably not as good.

DAWN. Thanks. *(Pause.)* That means a lot, comin' from you.

BILL. What do you mean?

DAWN *(Looking at her shoes.)* Well you know — I mean — that's all.

BILL. What did I ever do to deserve such high praise?

DAWN. You? Oh, only nothin'.

BILL. Seriously.

DAWN. What did you *do* — ? Come on. *(She shakes her head, smiling.)*

BILL. You like the way I handle myself.

DAWN. Uh, slightly. Yeah.

BILL. But what do you *think* of me? Seriously now. What do you think of *me*?

DAWN. I think you're — I think you're the most dedicated person I ever met.

BILL. Don't butter me up.

DAWN. I think you're the best cop I ever saw.

BILL. No shit?

DAWN. Don't ask me questions if you don't want a straight answer. I don't fuck around. You want to know something all you gotta do is ask me. You want a lot of bullshit you can go talk to Lieutenant Finelli or whatever his fuckin' name is.

BILL. You don't like Bob Finelli?

DAWN. I don't care. He can talk shit if he wants. I don't care.

BILL. So I'm the best cop you ever saw?

DAWN. You heard what I said. You also got a swelled head the size of ... somethin' really big, but you're the kind of cop I'd like to be, and that's the truth.

BILL. You're fulla crap.

DAWN. No —

BILL. All those guys've been filling your head with a lotta shit. So don't pay too much attention to any kind of flashy stories you mighta heard about me. You know last month? When I got my commendation — now that's the fifth year in a row I got that commendation. So *what?* I'm finally on the list to get my gold shield, these guys are runnin' around Jerry McAllen's house, sayin' shit about me, callin' me Supercop, and I — Frank Hall. Gives me

this T-shirt with a — with one of them photographs, you can get the photograph put on the T-shirt...?

DAWN. *(Smiling.)* Yeah...?

BILL. And he had this T-shirt made with my head on a picture of Superman — underneath it says "Super Bill." But that is *bullshit*.

DAWN. I don't think it's bullshit.

BILL. OK, tough guy. *(She is smiling openly, embarrassed.)* What are you smilin' like that for?

DAWN. *(Turning away.)* I don't know.

BILL. What are you turnin' away for?

DAWN. I'm not turning away.

BILL. What are you, flirting with me?

DAWN. No.

BILL. You flirting with your partner?

DAWN. No...!

BILL. That's against the law, you know.

DAWN. No it's not. I'm not doing it, but it's not against the law if I was.

BILL. Any more of this and I'm gonna sue your ass for sexual harassment.

DAWN. Yeah, right, I think it's a little late for that. *(Pause. They look at each other.)*

BILL. All right. I'm gonna go up and see my friend Jim for a few minutes, and then we're gonna get back to work. Then after we sign out, we'll go get ourselves a little drink...? If you want. If not, I totally understand.

(Long pause.)

DAWN. All right.

BILL. All right, good. *(Pause.)* Now straighten up and try to behave yourself — good-looking.

DAWN. I'll try. *(They go into the lobby. Jeff looks up from his book.)*