

Dawn / Bill (side 2)

on the ball. Makes her feel like she's really a cop. Now, do I need you tellin' her I'm upstairs havin' sex with somebody on my *shift* so she can think I'm some kind of fuckin' maniac who's just messin' with her head, so she can lose all her confidence in me and consequently all her confidence in herself? Because of your big fuckin' flappin' fuckin' mouth? And then go out and get herself killed? Or me? Or somebody else? This is not a game. We're not *doormen*. We're *policemen*. Yeah, I know, we're terrible and everything, but we're playin' with our *lives*, and the lives of the people we're supposed to protect. So I don't appreciate the fun I guess you're havin' at my expense, and more importantly at her expense, while you're sittin' around here twiddlin' your fuckin' thumbs and waiting for, uh, William to come around and make his rounds so you can go to *sleep*. OK?

JEFF. Yeah.

BILL. You know what I really feel like doin'? I really feel like smacking the shit outta you. But I'm not gonna do that, because I don't do that. Just when I come around here in the future, just be aware that you don't know what I'm doing here, you have no idea, and keep your fuckin' nose outta my business. You understand me?

JEFF. Yes.

BILL. OK. The discussion's over now. *(Bill goes outside. Jeff's buzzer buzzes. He answers it, talks briefly into the phone, then hangs up. During the following, although he can't hear what they are saying, he edges closer to the lobby door and waits for an opportunity to go outside.)*

DAWN. You have a good time?

BILL. Take it easy — *(Bill takes her arm and tries to walk her away from the building. She shakes him off.)*

DAWN. Get offa me.

BILL. All I did was tell that guy to mind his own business.

DAWN. I don't care what you're doin' up there —

BILL. Well, maybe I'm nuts, but I do. I care what you think of me and it's pretty important to me that you believe me when I talk to you. OK? 'Cause I may do a lot of other things, but I care enough about your opinion of me that I don't want you to think I'm not being straight with you.

DAWN. Straight with me!

BILL. Dawn. I swear to God — I got no reason to bullshit you;

So I don't know why I'm goin' through this with you, but my friend Jim lives upstairs with Ann Heinvold; it's her apartment — And that's all there is to it. I hardly even *know* Mrs. Heinvold, and anyway, she wasn't even *there* tonight. She's outta town. You don't want to believe me, there's nothing I can say to you.

DAWN. (*Slowly.*) Well ... How come you were up there for so long?

BILL. I didn't really think it was so long, but if you really want to know, I had to talk to Jim about something private which doesn't concern you and which I'm not at liberty to talk about with you. He's goin' through a hard time and some really weird, really upsetting shit, and I can't talk about it because it would be a breach of privacy. You don't want to believe me, there's nothing I can do.

DAWN. I don't.

BILL. All right. Only, personally, I think that's a shame, because I really thought we really had something goin' between us. At least that's how I felt. I don't know: Maybe you didn't feel that way. So maybe it's for the best, you know? Because the way things have been goin' between us, I wouldn't know how else to stop it. It doesn't help that my wife and I are like — I don't even know what — like we don't even know each other any more. I respect her, she's my wife, she's the mother of my children, I'll never say a word against her as long as I live, but it's like we're strangers. And it's been like that for three years. If it wasn't for the kids, we wouldn't be together and that's the truth. You want me to be honest? I'll be honest: (*Pause.*) This is very difficult for me to say. But I haven't felt like this about somebody since — I don't even know when. I don't know if I *ever* felt this way about somebody. It's new to me. And I'm scared. You know, I think I'm a little bit like you: I could walk into a room and face down twenty bad guys and I wouldn't blink an eye. But somethin' like this, and the whole world starts goin' around in my head. Because when I'm with you, I really feel like you are the real thing, and everything else seems like bullshit to me. You want me to be honest? That's as honest as I get. (*Jeff, having now edged his way to the door, pokes his head out.*)

JEFF. Excuse me, Bill?

BILL. What.

JEFF. Um — Mrs. Heinvold just buzzed down. She says you left your hat upstairs and she wants to know if you want her to bring it down or if you want to pick it up tomorrow.

(Pause.)

BILL. You're a pip.

JEFF. I'm sorry — I —

BILL. (Moving toward him.) Get — back — (Jeff goes inside. Pause.) All right. I'm busted. I don't know what to say. I'm sorry.

DAWN. Yeah, right.

BILL. No, I'm sincere about that. I really am. But you gotta believe me, I mean — I don't know what's the matter with me. I really don't. It's like I'm a sex addict. I think I need help. I really do.

DAWN. Hey! How *stupid* do you think I *am*?

BILL. No, wait a minute — it's like, whenever I meet someone I could really care about, it's like I always gotta be doin' something to mess it up, and I don't know why. You know? Why?

DAWN. Maybe it's because you're a dirty fuckin' liar.

BILL. Whoa, hey, Dawn: Slow down. OK? I'm just trying to talk to you —

DAWN. I know what you're tryin' to do and you can forget it. We're workin' together, let's work together —

BILL. — OK —

DAWN. — I don't care what you do up there, I don't care what you do period. I *told* you this was a bad idea —

BILL. OK. You wanna do it that way —?

DAWN. — only don't expect me to sit down here and *cover* for you when the dispatcher wants to know where you *went*. I signed up to be a cop, not lookout patrol at the whorehouse.

(Pause.)

BILL. OK, first of all, she's not a whore.

DAWN. Oh she's not?

BILL. It actually happens that the lady has a lot of class. So just be careful what you say about her.

DAWN. I don't *believe* this!

BILL. Second of all, I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings, but you don't come down here from the Police Academy in your little pigtailed and tell me what to do. OK? I tell *you* what to do. And if I want you to sit down here and wait for me all night, that's exactly what you're gonna do, *every night* if I want you to —

DAWN. No I'm not —

BILL. Oh yes you are. You're gonna sit down here with *Jeff* and