

Dawn / Jeff (side 2)

BILL. All right ... *(Bill approaches the desk and breaks out his pen.)*
So how do you know who I am?

JEFF. I don't know. I've seen you around ... Who are you?

BILL. You just told me you wanted an autograph.

JEFF. Oh — no, I just meant could you sign in, in my book here.
I was just using an amusing form of words. *(Bill looks at him and puts his pen away. Dawn is amused.)*

BILL. *(To Dawn.)* I'll be down in a few minutes.

JEFF. Actually — Officer? I'm sorry. If you could just sign in, that'd be —

BILL. Don't worry about it, it's all right. *(Bill exits. Jeff signs him in. Dawn waits. Jeff looks at her. Long pause.)*

JEFF. How you doin'?

DAWN. Good.

JEFF. Busy night?

DAWN. Not so busy.

JEFF. Things have really been hoppin' around here, I gotta tell you.

DAWN. Oh yeah?

JEFF. Oh my God, I haven't had a minute to sit down. People coming *in* the lobby, people goin' *out* of the lobby. Elevator goin' up, elevator goin' down. *Thoughts* flyin' in and out of my head: It's been crazy.

DAWN. Maybe you better just slow it down.

JEFF. *(Gesturing to the busy lobby around him.)* How can I?

DAWN. I don't know.

JEFF. Hey, can I ask you something, Officer?

DAWN. Yeah?

JEFF. Do you know why the New York City cops changed from the light blue shirts to the dark blue shirts recently? Like a couple of years ago?

DAWN. No, why?

JEFF. No — I'm not sayin' like, "Do you know," and then like I tell you the *answer*. I'm really asking, 'cause I thought you might know.

DAWN. Oh. No. I don't.

JEFF. But remember how a long time ago, like when we were kids, the police uniforms used to be all dark blue? And then around the 1980s I guess, they switched to the dark blue pants and a light blue shirt? And then recently they switched 'em back to the dark blue

pants and a dark blue shirt again? What I always wondered was, did they throw out all the old dark blue pants when they did that? Or did they just throw out the light blue shirts and then get dark blue shirts that matched the old dark blue pants, so they wouldn't have to buy all new pants? Because that would be quite a savings.

DAWN. I have no idea.

JEFF. If you think about it, you could be wearing pants right now that were being worn by some lady cop in 1975, if you think about it. Except I guess the women police officers didn't wear pants back in 1975. I don't mean they didn't wear *pants*, like they were walkin' around in their underwear. I just mean I think they were still wearin' skirts back then, weren't they? I know I'm blathering, I'm just completely in love with you, can I just say that?

DAWN. OK, take it easy.

JEFF. No, I am, man: I seen you go by a lot over the last few weeks and I just think you are *it*, man; I'd do anything if you would just give me the time of *day*.

DAWN. OK —

JEFF. And it's not just because I'm intrigued by the feminine mystique of the female cop —

DAWN. All right —

JEFF. And I don't mean any disrespect —

DAWN. Oh of course not.

JEFF. Your generation of lady cops are like *pioneers* as far as I'm concerned. I think you guys are *great*. But I also happen to find most of you extremely sexy, OK?

DAWN. Get outta here.

JEFF. How long have you been a cop?

DAWN. I don't know. How long you been a doorman?

(Pause.)

JEFF. No, I'm not a doorman. I'm a security officer.

DAWN. Congratulations. Now how about givin' me a break.

JEFF. Sure. Fine. (Pause.) Givin' the cop a break. (Pause.) I guess it's just the gun, and the handcuffs ... the big stick.

DAWN. All right already!

JEFF. Hey, look: You're wearin' a uniform and I'm wearin' a uniform.

DAWN. So?

JEFF. So we both got uniforms. Let's get together.

DAWN. You meet a lot of girls this way?

JEFF. No, hardly any. *(Pause.)* What do you work, ten to six?

DAWN. So?

JEFF. Just askin'. I'm on twelve to eight. But I don't mind it. It's quiet. Plus, like, that's the other thing: Not a lot of people come in after one or two A.M., so I always have a newspaper, see, so what I do is after two I lock the door, and I take the newspaper, and I sit like this ... *(Putting the newspaper in front of his face.)* ... so it looks like I'm reading the paper, and I can just sleep that way. And if somebody's at the door they knock, and if somebody comes downstairs the elevator dings, and I just swing around and here I am. *(He demonstrates.)* See?

DAWN. Oh yeah, if I lived here that'd make me feel real safe.

JEFF. They feel safe. They don't know I'm sleeping. But I actually — See, this is just temporary for me. I've only been doin' this nine months. And it's a good job, but I couldn't be a security guard my whole life. You know? I'm way too restless. Plus I lived all over the world when I was a kid, 'cause my dad was in the Navy, and then I was in the Navy, so I know there's a bigger world out there. I really actually want to get into advertising, is what my dream is.

DAWN. Oh yeah...?

JEFF. I don't mean that to sound too pathetic, like "How's *this* guy ever gonna get into advertising?" But I often thought that that could be a field that I might be kind of good at. Thinkin' up funny slogans for things ...

DAWN. Uh-huh...?

JEFF. ... Thinkin' up different ways to advertise things. Well, I know it's probably a pretty hard field to get into, obviously, so at this point it's pretty much in fantasy land, but ... *(Pause.)* Must be interesting being a cop.

DAWN. It's interesting.

JEFF. You're a rookie right? Come on, I can tell you're a rookie.

DAWN. Oh yeah?

JEFF. Boy, you must have a lot of guts. That's all I can say. I mean I know it takes guts just to be a cop in the first place, but to be a woman cop? That takes guts. Hats off to you. I'm not kidding.

DAWN. Yeah, well, I wouldn't know about that.

JEFF. Are there a lot of cops in your family or something?

DAWN. I'm the first.

JEFF. Good for you, man. That's awesome. I'm the first security guard in my family.

DAWN. Oh yeah?

JEFF. Yeah. It's kind of a point of pride with me.

DAWN. Yeah, I could see that.

JEFF. Hey, is it true that a female cop — *(As she starts to bristle.)* Now wait a minute, this is not bullshit; I'm really curious.

DAWN. Yeah...?

JEFF. Is it true that a female cop is likelier to shoot her gun or use her weapon or whatever than a male cop because she can't — you know, because she can't overpower you in any other way?

DAWN. No. That's a myth. They teach you a lot more than shooting, believe me.

JEFF. Really? Like what? *(Stepping back.)* I'm not asking for a demonstration, I'm just asking like what do they teach you. Have you been involved in —

DAWN. *(On "been.")* They teach you a lot of things. Like —

JEFF. Like what?

DAWN. Like you try to control the situation —

JEFF.

DAWN.

So like how do you —

Like tonight we had to

Oh yeah? I'm sorry —

break up this brawl —

DAWN. That's all right. So we get there and these two guys are goin' at it outside this restaurant, right? So Bill — that's my partner —

JEFF. *(Overlapping.)* Uh-huh? Yeah, I know —

DAWN. — he pulls this one guy away, and I go, "OK, let's break it up." So then this big fat guy whips around, he says, "Why? What are you gonna do about it, bitch?" Then he starts *chargin'* me.

JEFF. Really? This is a fantastic story!

DAWN. Oh yeah. But what you do is you just pivot back, like you pivot back and then you bring your nightstick up — you know, not to take their head off, but just to bring 'em down. Except I guess I got a little enthusiastic and I really whacked this guy, and that was it. Boom.

JEFF. What do you mean, boom? What happened to him?

DAWN. Nothin'. He had to go to the hospital.