

JEFF. Really? You put him in the hospital?

DAWN. Oh yeah. You shoulda seen him. It was superficial of course. But your head can really bleed a lot.

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. Heinald. Ann Heinald. 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.)

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 a 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, bas-