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~~ start
DAWN. *(On "been.")* They teach you a lot of things. Like —
~~JEFF. Like what?~~
DAWN. Like you try to control the situation —
~~JEFF. So like how do you — Oh yeah? I'm sorry.~~
DAWN. Like tonight we had to 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.

[redacted]

DAWN. [redacted] You shoulda seen him. It was superficial of course. But your head can really bleed a lot.

[redacted]

DAWN. [redacted] 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 … "

[redacted]

DAWN.

[redacted]

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. Ann 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.)

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 —