JEFF. I'm sorry. This kind of problem is not exactly within my forté.
WILLIAM. Which is what?
(Pause.)
JEFF.
OK, you don't have to get nasty, I'm only tryin' to be —
WILLIAM.
What is your forté, man?
What is your forté?
(Pause.)
JEFF. I don't have one. Losing money.
WILLIAM. All right, never mind, Jeff. Thanks anyway.
(Pause.)
JEFF. Do you know if the nurse was white or black?
WILLIAM. No.
JEFF.
Because that could —
WILLIAM.
What difference does that make?
JEFF. It's just if she's white there's probably gonna be a big stink about it in the papers, and if she's black they probably won't play it up as much.
WILLIAM. Well, I don't know what color she was … I just better figure out what I'm gonna do before the cops catch up with me, because I'm not gonna get two chances to do this right. *(William gets up.)*
JEFF. Is there anything you want me to tell the cops if they show up?
WILLIAM. *(Stops.)* What?
JEFF. If the cops come by and ask me if I've seen you?
WILLIAM. Tell them you saw me.
JEFF. What if they ask me if you talked about your brother? What should I tell 'em?
WILLIAM. Maybe it'd be better if you didn't mention any of that till I figure out what I'm doing.
JEFF. *(A joke.)* Well — I don't feel comfortable *lying* to them.
WILLIAM. OK. Well … In that case, just —
JEFF. No I was just — I'm just kidding.
WILLIAM. Oh.
JEFF. Sorry.
(Pause.)
WILLIAM. What the fuck do you find funny about this, man?

JEFF. Nothing. I'm really sorry. I really apologize.
WILLIAM. All right. I should get going. *(They see Bill and Dawn enter onto the street. Bill says a word to Dawn and comes into the lobby. Dawn stays outside.)*
BILL. *(Shaking hands.)* Hey William. How you doin'?
WILLIAM. Oh, I'm all right. Do you know Jeff? Jeff, Bill.
JEFF. Yeah, we met before.
BILL. So how you doin' these days, William? All right?
WILLIAM. I'm pretty well. Can't complain.
BILL. Yeah? Things goin' all right?
WILLIAM. More or less, yeah.
BILL. [redacted] … Could I talk to you for a minute?
[redacted] start 1 to William
BILL. So listen … I heard about the whole thing with your brother, and I was in the neighborhood, and I just thought I'd come down and just talk to you a little bit in case I could be helpful. But I don't want you to feel nervous, this is totally unofficial, OK? You know what? Don't even say OK. Just listen to me: Now I understand he's possibly putting you in a very bad position — *(William starts to speak.)* Please! Don't say anything. Just listen for a second. I just want to say that I don't know if you were really with him the other night or not, and I don't want to know. It's not my case, it's not my problem. Now, I'm sure you heard what happened to that nurse, so I'm not gonna go into that, but we're talking about a twenty-seven-year-old single mother, three children. OK? And I just want to say, if you were *not* with him last night, you're gonna need to talk to somebody. And I want you to know I'm available any time of the night or day. OK? I'm not gonna — you know — there's only so much I can do, of course, but I want you to know I'm here, I'm not judgin' you, I wanna try to help you out, and I'm gonna do everything I can for you within the law and maybe a little bit around the edges, OK? Just don't quote me on that. Now I'm gonna give you my beeper number *(Writing on the back of card.)* and this is my *home* number. OK? And I want you to *use* this. All right?
[redacted]
BILL. No no, just think about what I said and gimme a call. OK? I'll stop by tomorrow, maybe we could just have a cup of coffee

and talk. OK? Don't even say OK. Just say good night.
WILLIAM. Good night, Bill. *(They shake hands.)*
BILL. Now if you don't mind, I just wanna talk to your friend here for a couple of minutes. OK? Just need a little privacy.
WILLIAM. *(Surprised.)* Oh — No — All right. I'll just, uh, I'll just go on about my rounds.
BILL. OK, buddy. See you later. And *call* me.
WILLIAM. See you later, Jeff.
JEFF. Good night, Will. (*William goes onto the street and exits. Bill and Jeff are alone. Dawn is still outside on the street. She can't quite hear what's going on inside but she can get the gist.)*
JEFF. What can I do for you, Officer?
BILL. Jeff, right?
JEFF. Yeah.
BILL. Well, listen to me, Jeff. I don't appreciate people discussing my private business when I'm not around. OK? You got anything to tell my partner about me or my friends or the people I visit in this building or anywhere else, say it in front of my fuckin' face, so I could get a chance to stick up for myself and not spend the rest of my night defending myself against a bunch of bullshit that was dumped on me by some fuckin' idiot when I'm not even around to defend myself. OK?
JEFF. *(Muttering, intimidated.)* Yeah …
BILL. What?
JEFF. I said yeah! I'm sorry. I didn't …
BILL. What do you think it makes you a big man, tellin' her my business?
JEFF. No.
BILL. How do you know what I'm doin' up there?
JEFF. I don't —
BILL. That's not what you told her.
JEFF. I don't know what I told her —
BILL. OK: Let's ask her. Hey DAWN!
JEFF. Oh is that her name?
BILL. What?
JEFF. Nothin' — We don't have to call her in here —
BILL. What's the matter? Why not? *(During this exchange, on the street, Dawn has turned toward them. Bill gestures for her to stay put.*

She hesitates, then stays put.)
JEFF. — You really — You made your point.
BILL. All right. Now you listen to me. Look out there. What do you see out there? *(Jeff looks out at Dawn.)*
JEFF. I don't really know what you —
BILL. What do you see out there?
(Pause.)
JEFF. I'm sorry, I don't understand what you —
BILL. Do you see a police officer? You see a piece of ass? I mean, what?
(Pause.)
JEFF. I see a police officer piece of ass.
BILL. What do you think I'm joking with you?
JEFF. No.
BILL. You think it's some big joke?
JEFF. No.
BILL. You want me to tell you what *I* see out there?
JEFF. Sure.
BILL. I see a little girl wearin' a police uniform. OK? I see a little girl from the neighborhood who some moron told her she could be a cop. But she's not a cop right now. But if somebody takes a shot at her, or somebody else's life depends on her, they're not gonna know she's not a cop. They're gonna think she knows what she's doing. She walks around the corner where somebody's tryin' to rob somebody or rape somebody or kill somebody, they're not gonna know she's a little girl in a cop suit; they're gonna see a badge and a uniform and a gun and they're gonna blow a hole through her fuckin' head. Somebody runs up to her and asks her to help 'em she's not gonna help 'em, she's gonna look around and say "Where's Bill? Where's Bill?" — That's me: I'm Bill. Now, I could tell that girl likes me. It's only natural. I'm her partner, I'm a big strong father figure, whatever, gotta lot of experience, gotta lotta confidence, I'm know what I'm fuckin' doin' — and that's attractive to a woman, it's attractive to anybody. So she's attracted to me. That's OK. She's human. I'm human. But maybe part of what I'm doin', part of buildin' her confidence is makin' her feel like I'm interested in her too. Maybe that makes her feel impressive. Makes her feel cocky, makes her feel like she's got somethin'

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 *door*men. We're *police*men. 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 Heinvald; it's her apartment — And that's all there is to it. I hardly even *know* Mrs. Heinvald, 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. Heinvald 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.

end

start 3 to Dawn

end

(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 pigtails 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

you're gonna answer the radio for me, and if you don't like it, Dawn, then maybe you shouldn't be tryin' to be a cop. Because that's what cops do, is they support each other. They help each other, they're there for each other — and they don't judge each other and they don't fuck each other up. OK? So before you go cryin' home to your mom and dad how your partner was just mean to you, just remember I am not the one who put some drunk in the hospital last night for callin' me names.

DAWN. That's not what happened.

BILL. I don't care what happened. My *three*-year-old coulda handled that situation better than you, OK? So settle down because you're totally outta control. And the way you're acting now is completely unprofessional. Now, I'm gonna go up there and get my hat. And you're gonna wait down here till I come back.

DAWN. No I'm not.

BILL. Oh, you'll wait.

DAWN. No I won't.

BILL. All right. You wanna take off? Take off. Only see how you do in this Division without me backin' you up. See if things are a little different for you from now on. Because one word from me and these guys'll make your life so miserable I couldn't even begin to describe it.

DAWN. Look — Bill — I don't care about you and Mrs. Heinvald —

BILL. *(Overlapping.)* No — you made your choice — I'm tryin' to talk to you, you're givin' me all these ultimatums — !

DAWN. *(Overlapping.)* — I just wanna do my job.

BILL. — That's OK: You made your choice. So see what happens when you come to work tomorrow. Go ahead.

DAWN. Well — How do you think your friend Lieutenant Finelli's gonna like it if I tell him what you been doin' every night in the middle of your shift?

BILL. Oh. All right. Thank you. Now I know where I stand. Before, I didn't realize. OK. Yeah: You could do that. You could do that right now. Only who do you think he's gonna believe? You or me? And second of all, see what happens at your hearing. See what I tell 'em in my report. "*I* didn't see him rush her … " That's all I gotta say. "I didn't see him rush her … " and that will be It For

You, Goodbye. OK? And I don't know *when* they're gonna schedule that fuckin' thing, so if I were you I would be very, very *nice* to me for the next few months, Dawn. Oh, I don't appreciate havin' to have this kind of conversation. Uh, I got some flaws and that's the end of me. Not good enough, right? So take off. You're never gonna be a cop anyway. You're never gonna be anything. So go ahead. Take off. *(Bill goes inside the lobby, past Jeff, and off toward the elevators. The elevator dings. Dawn stays where she is. Jeff looks out at her. She won't look at him.)*

end

ACT TWO

Scene 1

Late the next night. Jeff is watching William smoke a cigarette. Silence.

JEFF. Does it ever strike you as stupid that you're "the Captain"?
WILLIAM. No.
JEFF. No — I don't mean —
WILLIAM. How do you mean?
JEFF. I don't mean "Don't you think it's stupid that you're the *supervisor.*" Obviously you're the *supervisor;* I just mean don't you ever think it's stupid that you're *called* the *"Captain"?*
WILLIAM. No, Jeff, I don't.
JEFF. But there's no other *ranks.*
WILLIAM. What?
JEFF. Well — everybody else in the company is just a *guard,* but you're "the Captain." Do you know what I mean? Why aren't you a *corporal?* Why do they skip right up to captain? Or why aren't you just "the supervisor"?
WILLIAM. Because this is a security company, Jeff.
JEFF. I know that —
WILLIAM. And occasionally some of the people who work for this company do actually have to provide security for the buildings we're working at.
JEFF. I know that —
WILLIAM. All right —
JEFF. — I do my bit.
WILLIAM. Well … I don't think it's inappropriate for a semi-military organization to borrow a little military vernacular.
JEFF. We're not a semi-military organization …