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.

start

end