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 door-
man, 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. For*get*
about it. For*get*
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, basketball? A lot of girls like basketball. It's graceful. Well, a lot of sports are very graceful though, actually. What's your feeling about the impending garbage strike? My name's Jeff. Twenty-seven, never been married, never been in debt. Well, I have been in a little bit of debt actually but that's pretty much all cleared up now. I'm a different person now. Really. I've turned over a whole new leaf —
DAWN. Would you shut *up?*
JEFF. Sure, I'd be glad to. Why don't *you* say something for a few seconds and then I'll say something back and we'll go on like that. I'm a Goddamn security guard for Christ's sake. I'm lonely as shit. There's three other guys in this building and I never see them except on the video screen. I'll shut up. I'd love to hear somebody else talk.
DAWN. I just don't feel like it right this minute.
JEFF. I understand. I'm not trying to make trouble. And don't listen to me. I don't know what he's doin' up there. I don't know anything about it.
DAWN. Hey, what do I care? The fucking guy is married anyway. *(Jeff goes back to his station and picks up his book. Long silence.)* Can you believe this shit?
JEFF. *(Puts down his book.)* Yeah … They probably don't warn you about this kind of thing in the Police Academy.
DAWN. *(A bitter joke.)* Sure they do. I took a seminar.
JEFF. What happens if there's a major outbreak of crime on your beat under these circumstances?
DAWN. Oh, then I'm supposed to buzz him.
JEFF. Are there are lot of romances between cops?
DAWN. I don't know … Some of them get married.
JEFF. No, but, I mean like illicit, kind of behind-the-scenes in the back of the squad car type romances.
DAWN. *You're* gonna end up in the back of the squad car in a minute.
JEFF. But seriously, is that a pretty widespread problem?
DAWN. I'm sure it's no different than other kinds of jobs.
JEFF. Well, in other kinds of jobs people have affairs all the time.
DAWN. Well.
(Pause.)
JEFF. Are you in love with that guy?
DAWN. Who.

JEFF. You know. Your partner. *(Pause.)* Because if you are, I would say that you were in love with the wrong guy.

DAWN. I'm not in love with anybody. I just admired him, that's all. OK? He made life a little easier for me in the Department. OK? I mean, you look up to somebody, you take them seriously — and then — That's all. OK?

JEFF. OK. *(Pause.)* I think it's great what you're doing. *(Pause.)* Your family must be proud of you.

DAWN. Oh, they think I'm nuts. *(Pause.)* Well, not exactly, I mean, my mother thinks I'm a little bit nuts, but I happen to think that she's nuts too, so there's no harm done there, right?

JEFF. You have a lot of brothers? I bet you have a lot of —

DAWN. *(On "bet.")* But I guess generally they're proud … I was near the top of my class at the Academy … I just … I just fucked up with *this* prick, that's all. And now I'm *screwed.* Because I obviously really misjudged him, you know? And for all I know he's been shootin' his mouth off all over the Department. And it wouldn't have been so hard to avoid the whole thing in the first place. But these guys … I mean, they seen so much horrible shit, it's like they don't give a damn about anything. So you gotta walk around like you don't give a damn about anything either. But they know you still do. And they wanna like, stamp it out of you or something. And like, test you, all the time. And it's always like: "Hey — you're not men, you're not women: You're cops. Act like cops and you'll be treated like cops." Only then it turns out they got a pool going as to who's gonna fuck you first, OK? And that's fine. I can handle it. You *make* them respect you. But then somebody decent comes along, and goes out of his way to make life easier for you — and I didn't even *ask* him, because I didn't expect anything different — I didn't *want* anything different. And then, Oh my God, it's true love — Except when he comes down in that elevator, just watch: because *I'm* gonna be the one who's gonna be supposed to act like I'm a cop! I mean … *(Pause.)* And then I got *you.*

JEFF. So far I'm like the nicest guy in the whole story.

DAWN. Yeah…!

JEFF. So why don't you tell me your name?

DAWN. Because maybe I don't feel like it, Jeff.

JEFF. OK. You don't have to tell me your name. But, uh, do you want to, uh, do you want to go to a basketball game with me tomorrow afternoon? I got tickets to the Knicks game.

DAWN. I don't like basketball.

JEFF. OK. Well, um, after I'm finished watchin' the basketball game with my *mother,* would you like to go dancing with me? I don't want to get you on the rebound or anything, but I don't know if I'm ever gonna see you again … I know I'll see your *partner* again … Sorry. I'm sorry.

DAWN. I don't care.

JEFF. … We'll put on our dress uniforms, we'll go dancin', get bombed and come to work. *(Dawn starts crying and turns away.)*

DAWN. God damn it…!

JEFF. What's the matter?

DAWN. I can't be cryin' on duty…!

JEFF. Come on … You'll drive around, you'll shoot some perpetrators, you'll feel better.

DAWN. He is a son of a bitch…!

JEFF. You know what? You're damn right. And I'll tell you something else — *(Offstage the elevator pings. They both look sharp as Bill enters. [Note: He is hatless now.])*

BILL. OK. You ready?

DAWN. Yeah.

BILL. What's the matter?

DAWN. Nothin'. What do you mean?

BILL. You got a funny look on your face.

DAWN. *(Shrugs.)* I don't know how I look. *(Dawn looks away. Bill looks at Jeff.)*

BILL. How you doin'?

JEFF. I'm fine. How are you?

BILL. I'm fine too. *(To Dawn.)* OK?

DAWN. Yeah. Let's go.

BILL. *(To Jeff.)* Hey, if you see William around, tell him Bill says hello.

JEFF. Sure thing. *(They go outside and exit. Jeff picks up his book, but he can't concentrate and throws it down. He does nothing for a while. William enters onto the street and comes into the lobby.)* Hey, William. How you doin'?

WILLIAM. Hello, Jeff. How's it going?