

~~WILLIAM I don't think my wife would appreciate that too much, man.~~

~~JEFF All right. I hope your brother's all right.~~

~~WILLIAM Thank you. (Pause) I'll see you tomorrow.~~

~~JEFF I'll be here.~~

~~WILLIAM I know you will, Jeff.~~

~~William walks out. Jeff is left alone in the lobby. He locks the door, goes to his station, picks up his paperback novel and starts reading. He gets bored, looks up, and stares off into the long night ahead.~~

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO

Late the next night. ~~Jeff is in the lobby.~~ Two uniformed police officers, BILL, around thirty, and DAWN, early twenties, are on the street outside. ~~Jeff cannot hear them.~~

BEGIN

BILL Take it easy, will you? Just take it easy.

DAWN I'm sorry. I guess I'm still a little bit shook up, you know?

BILL Hey, that is totally natural. I'd be worried if you weren't a little shook up. OK?

DAWN Yeah, OK.

BILL But. Just want you to know, you handled yourself pretty good back there.

DAWN Yeah? (Pause) It was no big deal.

BILL You kept your head, you took control of the situation, you did exactly what you were supposed to do. OK? You were great!

DAWN (Delighted) Shut up.

BILL I'm serious.

DAWN So but, is there really gonna be like an inquiry?

BILL Yeah, but don't worry about that . . .

DAWN But what do they usually do? Do they—

BILL They just—You gotta go down to the Trial Room . . . they ask you what happened . . . they ask me what happened . . . They read your *report*, they read *my* report . . . Then they say OK, thanks, and that's it. Don't worry about

it. Anyway, that guy's gonna be fine . . . I mean, I personally wouldn'ta hit him quite that *hard* . . . But that's a judgment call. You know? Plus the fact is, if I hit him like that he'd probably be dead right now.

DAWN Yeah, well, for a minute there I thought he *was* dead, you know?

BILL Believe me. That guy is fine. Don't worry about it. Besides, he totally had it comin'.

DAWN You told me you gotta establish yourself . . .

BILL Absolutely. No question about it. I don't think there's an officer in the Division, male or female, wouldn'ta done the exact same thing the exact same way. Only probably not as good.

DAWN Thanks. (*Pause*) That means a lot, comin' from you.

BILL What do you mean?

DAWN (*Looking at her shoes*) Well you know—I mean—that's all.

BILL What did I ever do to deserve such high praise?

DAWN You? Oh, only nothin'.

BILL Seriously.

DAWN What did you *do*—? Come on.

She shakes her head, smiling.

BILL You like the way I handle myself.

DAWN Uh, slightly. Yeah.

BILL But what do you *think* of me? Seriously now. What do you think of *me*?

DAWN I think you're—I think you're the most dedicated person I ever met.

BILL Don't butter me up.

DAWN I think you're the best cop I ever saw.

BILL No shit?

DAWN Don't ask me questions if you don't want a straight answer. I don't fuck around. You want to know something all you gotta do is ask me. You want a lot of bullshit you can go talk to Lieutenant Finelli or whatever his fuckin' name is.

BILL You don't like Bob Finelli?

DAWN I don't care. He can talk shit if he wants. I don't care.

BILL So I'm the best cop you ever saw?

DAWN You heard what I said. You also got a swelled head the size of . . . somethin' really big, but you're the kind of cop I'd like to be, and that's the truth.

BILL You're fulla crap.

DAWN No—

BILL All those guys've been filling your head with a lotta shit. So don't pay too much attention to any kind of flashy stories you mighta heard about me. You know last month? When I got my commendation—now that's the fifth year in a row I got that commendation. So *what?* ~~Was finally on the list to get my gold shield, these guys are rummin' around Jimmy McAllen's house, sayin' shit about me, callin' me Supacop, and I—Frank Hill.~~ Gives me this T-shirt with a—with one of them photographs, you can get the photograph put on the T-shirt. . . ?

DAWN (*Smiling*) Yeah . . . ?

BILL And he had this T-shirt made with my head on a picture of Superman—underneath it says “Super Bill.” But that is *bullshit*.

DAWN I don’t think it’s *bullshit*.

BILL OK, tough guy.

She is smiling openly, embarrassed.

BILL What are you smilin’ like that for?

DAWN (*Turning away*) I don’t know.

BILL What are you turnin’ away for?

DAWN I’m not turning away.

BILL What are you, flirting with me?

DAWN No.

BILL You flirting with your partner?

DAWN No . . . !

BILL That’s against the law, you know.

DAWN No it’s not. I’m not doin’ it, but it’s not against the law if I was.

BILL Any more of this and I’m gonna sue your ass for sexual harassment.

DAWN Yeah, right, I think it’s a little late for that.

Pause. They look at each other.

BILL All right. I’m gonna go up and see my friend Jim for a few minutes, and then we’re gonna get back to work. Then

after we sign out, we’ll go get ourselves a little drink . . . ? If you want. If not, I totally understand.

Long pause.

DAWN All right.

BILL All right, good. (*Pause*) Now straighten up and try to behave yourself—good-looking.

DAWN I’ll try.

END

~~*They go into the lobby. Jeff looks up from his book.*~~

~~JEFF Evening, guys.~~

~~BILL I’m just going to 22-J. You don’t have to call up.~~

~~*Bill moves past him toward the exit to the elevators.*~~

~~JEFF Sorry—Officer? Officer? Could I just get your autograph here?~~

~~*He gestures to his visitor sign-in book. Bill misunderstands him.*~~

~~BILL (*Pleased*) You want my autograph?~~

~~JEFF If you don’t mind.~~

~~BILL All right . . .~~

~~*Bill approaches the desk and breaks out his pen.*~~

~~BILL 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.*~~