

## COP PIECE

ep1. a play about cops and coping.

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*The play dramatizes a stake-out, by a beat cop and a detective, of a pizzeria that sits across the street from the storefront. A third character, a squatter, lives in the storefront.*

*A live feed of the pizzeria is projected into the space. This feed is played on a television located onstage.*

*The work is imagined as episodic. Episode one is divided into ten segments. Brackets [] indicate stage directions. Text within parenthesis () is spoken and indicates a second voice cutting through upon the speaker.*

### PRELUDE: DAVID AND KING GEORGE

[DAVID ENTERS WITH HOUSE LIGHTS UP]

[HE IS IN HIS POLICE TROUSERS, A T-SHIRT, AND HE WEARS GOLDEN AVIATOR SUNGLASSES. DAVID FINISHES DRESSING INTO HIS POLICE UNIFORM WITH A TIE, PINS, BADGE, ETC.]

[DAVID PLAYS A JAPANESE PORN TAPE IN THE VCR THAT RESTS ON TOP OF THE TELEVISION]

[EVENTUALLY DAVID BEGINS SPEAKING]

**DAVID:** i can't believe how much i love women's tits  
this is an adventure (kid)  
love me 13 days out 30 and I will be happy  
we are laboring to make a dent (she has a dent in her without  
doing anything) a loving dent  
your grandfather is dead. what does that tell you? don't become a  
grandfather or you'll die too.

in the evening of my castle George was awake (George was queer)  
we were fed up with unfinished business  
we said our prayers  
but we lost our heads

clear the way!  
clear the way!  
King George Approacheth!

open your minds (this time)  
reach back into your lost and damned innocence (not because  
anyone anywhere will care)  
but because King George demandeth it !!

i am King George  
and i want to destroy all of you  
and all of your friends (one at a time)  
like a little curse or something  
you will disappear painfully (no more facebook for you faggot!)

once upon a time in a little green valley George was a boy  
George had dreams  
now the valley is full of dog shit and hotels with beavers  
10 ft deep in every direction  
beautiful loving sparkling Japanese and Korean beavers with large  
gills and WALMARTS you can taste  
in their fucking beautiful Korean ass  
holes

hi little George. hi George. hi.

David has the ear of a KING !!

in my own mind i speak to George  
who is a KING !!!

## **SEGMENT ONE: BEAT COP DAVID IS DEAD TO THE WORLD**

[LIGHTS UP FROM BLACKOUT. LOW AND IN SHADOWS DAVID APPEARS]

[A "BIBLE TAPE" PLAYS ON A SMALL RECORDER SITTING ON THE TABLE WHERE BEAT COP DAVID HAS FALLEN ASLEEP. HE IS ON DUTY AND AT HIS POST WITH HIS HEAD DOWN. DAVID IS DEAD TO THE WORLD]

[ON THE MONITOR, BEHIND WHERE DAVID SLEEPS, JAPANESE PORNOGRAPHY PLAYS WITHOUT SOUND]

[BEAT COP DAVID TALKS ALL THE TIME ABOUT HIS 2 CHILDREN AS THE “PRIDE AND JOY OF HIS LIFE.” THIS IS MAKE-BELIEVE. DAVID LIVES ALONE IN A ONE-BEDROOM APARTMENT NEAR THE OVER-PASS. HE LIVES BY HIMSELF AND HAS FOR MOST OF HIS ADULT LIFE]

[TIME PASSES]

[BEAT COP DAVID AWAKENS, HE MIGHT BE SLEEP WALKING] [HE MESSES WITH THE CONTROLS FOR A TIME] [HE LISTENS TO THE BIBLE TAPE. HE WATCHES THE MONITOR. HE SWITCHES THE MONITOR BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE PIZZA PARLOR THEY ARE STAKING OUT, AND THE PORNOGRAPHY TAPE HE HAS INSERTED INTO THE VCR THAT SITS ON TOP OF THE MONITOR] [HE CHECKS THE PA AND THE CB. HE SPEAKS INTO THE DEVICE. HE EATS SWEETS AND ONCE AGAIN FALLS ASLEEP]

## **SEGMENT TWO: SAMUEL THE ANGRY DETECTIVE**

[SAMUEL APPEARS FROM BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN] [HE OBSERVES DAVID ASLEEP AT HIS POST]

[HE IS MUTTERING TO HIMSELF: “...HOW DOES HE REPAY ME... TYPICAL SCREW-UP FASHION. NO GRATITUDE. NO HARD WORK, BLATANT INSUBORDINATION... IDIOCY...”]

[DETECTIVE SAMUEL CALMLY, AND WITH A CERTAIN ENJOYMENT, TAKES IN THE NOW ALL TOO FAMILIAR SCENE]

[HE CONTINUES TO MUTTER TO HIMSELF: “NO WONDER I'M THE DETECTIVE AND HE'S THE BEAT COP. NO WONDER. THERE'S A NATURAL ORDER TO THINGS... THIS IS SIMPLY OLD CHARLIE D. MAKING HIS POINT ONCE AGAIN... OLD CHARLIE D. WE'RE ALL MONKEYS! WE'RE ALL MONKEYS! MONKEYS! IT' S JUST THAT SOME MONKEYS ARE MORE STUPID THAN OTHER MONKEYS.” SAMUEL THEN TELLS HIMSELF A JOKE: “I SHOULD WRITE A BOOK. I WOULD CALL IT: DON'T BE A STUPID FUCKING MONKEY!” ]

[SAMUEL SITS OPPOSITE DAVID. HIS ATTENTION IS SPLIT BETWEEN DAVID SLEEPING AT THE TABLE, AND THE PORNOGRAPHY THAT PLAYS SILENTLY ON THE MONITOR.]

[TIME PASSES]

## **SEGMENT THREE: BEAT COP DAVID AWAKENS**

[BEAT COP DAVID SLOWLY AWAKENS FROM A FAR AWAY DREAM. HE IS LIKE A LITTLE BOY ON A SATURDAY MORNING. NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD. DAVID FLOATS WITHOUT SENSE OF TIME OR PLACE]

[TIME PASSES]

**SAMUEL:** Hi David. Hi. Anybody there?

David David.

Have a good sleep? Hmm?

[PAUSE]

That's good. That's so good. You really take care of yourself, don't you David? That's good.

[PAUSE]

Sleep deprivation is an epidemic in this city, but not for you David, huh?

You hungry? Hmm? Little boys work up big appetites when they sleep.

[DAVID REMAINS IN HIS WAKING-UP-REVERIE. HE NODS AND SMILES. HE MAKES SOUNDS AND SEEMS TO BE HUMMING TO HIMSELF. SUDDENLY, AND WITHOUT WARNING A PANIC WASHES OVER DAVID'S FACE AS HE BEGINS TO REALIZE WHERE HE IS AND WHO HE IS. THIS PANIC TURNS TO DREAD AND HORROR AS HE BEGINS TO RECOGNIZE THE SOURCE OF THE VOICE CALLING HIM BACK FROM HIS DREAM]

**SAMUEL :** What's wrong? Falling back to earth?

David David.

You crash back to earth?

[PAUSE]

[A STAND OFF. DAVID AND SAMUEL ARE OPPOSITE ONE ANOTHER]  
[THINGS HAVE NOT GONE AS PLANNED FOR EITHER OF THESE TWO MEN IN LIFE]

**DAVID :** Get off my back Sam. Would you? For 5 seconds.

**SAMUEL :** [SAMUEL TURNS OFF MONITOR PLAYING THE PORNOGRAPHY]

Sure thing. Whatever you say.

David David.

No problem.

Anything else you just let me know, OK?

[PAUSE]

What am I going to do? Huh? David David.

I'm stuck here with you. Take a look at yourself.

From my angle it ain' t pretty.

[PAUSE]

[LARRY ENTERS FROM BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN]  
[DAVID AND SAMUEL ARE SUSPENDED BUT ALMOST SEEM TO LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LARRY]

**LARRY:** Detective Samuel wants very badly to hurt David (physically) and to scream at him for his behavior.

Beat Cop David is in his forties and 4 years ago was relegated to non-gun carrying duties. On this stakeout, he is part of a team monitoring a Brooklyn pizza parlor located directly across the street for SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY.

All leads have gone cold. Everybody is growing restless, and getting on each other's nerves.

Detective Samuel got David the assignment on this stakeout team.

Over the years David has been passed over for promotion after promotion.

He has accepted that he will wear the beat cop uniform, without a gun, and at a desk, until he retires - in 3 ½ short years.

[LARRY STANDS FOR A TIME LOOKING AT DAVID WITH HIS FINGERS IN THE AIR] [LARRY EXITS BEHIND GREEN CURTAIN]  
[SAMUEL AND DAVID STUDY THE MONITOR FOR A WHILE]

**SAMUEL:** This Pizzeria isn't telling us anything.  
Mr. Carmine is smarter than we thought.

[PAUSE]

My ex  
MY ex  
I'm being haunted by my ex

Fucking bitch!

**DAVID:** Hmm, ya, your ex is one ... cold cold ...

**SAMUEL:** [CUTTING HIM OFF SHARPLY]  
Don't talk about her. Don't talk about her.  
Cease any talk from your mouth about Nancy.  
OK.  
David David.  
Go back to sleep.

Shut the fuck up about Nancy.

OK. OK.

How many times do I have to ask you one simple thing?

Don't do it. I call Nancy what I call Nancy because the bitch ruined my life.

Did she ruin your life?

[PAUSE] No. I didn't think so.

[DAVID RAISES HIS EYEBROWS]

[LARRY APPEARS FROM BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN]

**LARRY:**

5 years younger than David, with 6 years less on the force, Samuel is a full detective. David and Samuel were partners (on the beat) years back, and became fast friends. Samuel then landed (the promotion) and became a narc-undercover detective. The promotion found Samuel in very short period of time strung out, disappearing for months on end into every seedy, vermin-ridden crack-whore-house in the greater New York City metropolitan area.

He lost his wife, but held onto his job by the skin of his drug-addled teeth. Samuel was transferred to homicide after a lengthy and humiliating tour of department mandated in-patient and out-patient (rehabilitation).

Samuel beat back the whore and smack habit.

But what remains is an angry sociopath.

What is the difference between a sociopath and a psychopath?

[PAUSE]

Detective Samuel is a violent man who now feels, in spite of all his good intentions, and honest hard work, that life has wronged him. Samuel has what is described in professional psychiatric circles as a BOMB SHELTER MENTALITY but with an ATLAS twist...

He is in a trench. He is knee deep in mud.

Shells are flying, and the future of the planet rests on his shoulders (alone).

[LARRY DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN]

**SAMUEL:**

... Ya. Ya. Ya.

I know. I know.

I got out there a bit. She had her reasons. I gave them to her.

But you just cease any talk from your mouth about Nancy.  
Go back to your nap and your porn.

What? What? Oh ya well I know...

“Mommy, can I watch porn Mommy?”

You and your bus-boy wages.

[SAMUEL POINTS TO PHOTOS OF CHILDREN DAVID HAS TAPED UP NEAR HIS  
DESK] Those kids of yours are gems.

[BEAT COP DAVID EXITS BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN]

#### **SEGMENT FOUR: SAMUEL REMEMBERS AND CALLS HIS OWN NAME**

[TIME PASSES]

[SAMUEL IS LOST. HE DOES NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO] [WHEN WITH OTHERS, SAMUEL CAN SITUATE  
HIMSELF IN OPPOSITION BY ATTACKING THOSE HE IS WITH AND BY ALWAYS TRYING TO GAIN  
THE UPPER HAND]

[THIS IS PROLONGED AND VARIED. A DIGRESSION]

**SAMUEL:** Samuel. Samuel. Samuel.

What are we doing?

[LARRY ENTERS FROM BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN]

**LARRY:** When Samuel calls and repeats his own name, it is memory. He is going back in time and hearing voices. His mother, calling him in for dinner and to the table. His father, calling him off the street to come help him in the garage. His ex-wife Nancy, calling him into their bedroom to make love.

**SAMUEL:** Samuel. Samuel. Samuel.

What are we doing?

**LARRY:** When alone, Samuel's mind goes blank. He is as the dog in the cartoon chasing the electronic bunny around the track. When the bunny malfunctions, the dog is dumbfounded and confused - without a purpose. When Samuel stands alone anywhere, he goes dumb and

becomes filled with a great anxiety, and like the dog without the electronic bunny to run after, he is left standing in a void, staring into an abyss.

**SAMUEL:** Samuel. Samuel. Samuel.

What are we doing?

Samuel. Samuel. Samuel.

What are we doing?

[LARRY EXITS BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN]

[TIME PASSES]

[SAMUEL GOES INTO A DETERMINED AND DISCIPLINED REGIMEN OF POLICE CALISTHENICS. HE SPEAKS DURING AND IN BETWEEN THE REGIMEN]

You're OK Sam. Sam you're OK.

Just get yourself through this fucking stakeout and take some leave. You haven't taken a sick day in eight years. Since the day you walked out of that goddamned rehabilitation center the department made you go to, to keep the job. To keep the detective stripes. Fucking rehab! Forced to listen to some asshole with a ponytail talk about getting off the glass dick. My God! 3 Years on undercover NARC! UNDERCOVER!

[MUSIC IS HEARD]

Except there ain't no cover to hide under mother fucker! Licking the asshole of every dirt whore and blood stained pipe queer... Doing my duty! ...And what do I get?! Rehab! Divorce papers! Humiliation! Fuck that!!

Samuel Samuel Samuel  
Hold on baby Hold on baby  
If you can get through that shit

[HE TRAILS OFF. HE IS FRAGMENTING]

[SAMUEL EXITS BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN]

[BLACKOUT]



## SEGMENT FIVE: ON THE LAM LARRY

[LIGHTS UP. LARRY HAS ENTERED DURING THE BLACKOUT.  
FROM BLACKNESS LARRY APPEARS. HE SITS PEACEFULLY IN A CHAIR]

[TIME PASSES]

**LARRY:** I'm Larry. I'm Larry. I'm Larry.  
I had a sex change operation.  
I'm on the lam.

... and I live here [LOOKS AROUND] in this storefront  
things were peaceful (for a while)  
until the cops showed up and  
well ... we all know what happens once the cops show up  
[LARRY IS SMILING. SEEMS TO ENJOY HIS OWN JOKE]  
I'll just have to COPE I guess...

[LARRY DANCES AND SINGS.]  
[LARRY REMEMBERS]

I'm on the LAM LARRY ...

I'm a peculiar mix  
I'm a peculiar mix  
I'm a peculiar mix

[STOPS SINGING AND DANCING. LIGHTS A CIGARETTE]  
I'm a retired ex international playgirl, and a merciless gadfly  
that listens and floats and witnesses, comments, and even  
narrates the action between cigarettes.  
I have a big scene with the girl. Because she causes me to  
remember my past. Her name is Lori, which was my former name when  
I was a woman.

[AGAIN LARRY SINGS AND DANCES]  
I'm a peculiar mix  
I'm a peculiar mix  
na na na na na  
na na na na na  
hmmm hmmm

[BLACKOUT]

[LARRY EXITS BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN IN THE BLACKOUT]

## SEGMENT SIX: DAVID AND SAMUEL TALK AND PASS THE TIME WHILE ON STAKEOUT

[LIGHTS UP. A LULL. THERE IS MUSIC]

[DAVID ENTERS FROM BEHIND GREEN CURTAIN. HE SEEMS DEEP IN THOUGHT AND TO BE ENGAGED IN POLICE BUSINESS. HE IS MAKING MARKS ON A CLIP BOARD HE HOLDS IN HIS HANDS]

[AFTER SOME TIME, DETECTIVE SAMUEL ENTERS FROM BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN]

[BOTH STAND ON THE CARPET AND BEHAVE AS THOUGH THEY DO NOT SEE ONE ANOTHER. MAYBE THEY ARE PRETENDING OR MAYBE THEY CANNOT SEE]

[EVENTUALLY, THEY BUMP INTO ONE OTHER. A POLITE SHYNESS TAKES OVER]

[MUMBLING TO EACH OTHER]

“OH I'M SORRY”

“I SHOULD PAY MORE ATTENTION”

“I GOTTA GET MORE SLEEP”

“ARE YOU OK?”

“MY GOODNESS WHAT A KLUTZ I AM!”

[AFTER “POLITE SHYNESS” EPISODE BOTH MEN GO TO THEIR USUAL POSITIONS. DAVID IN THE CHAIR AND SAMUEL PACING. BOTH RESUME WHAT SEEMS NORMAL POLICE BUSINESS ON STAKEOUT]

[TIME PASSES]

**DAVID:** Ahh... this is... Jeez... How shall I say it? I'm not... I've been... There's some bridges I've... ha ha... Ya bridges. I love bridges... I love bridges... In New York City!

**SAMUEL:** Ya. Ya. I'm with you David. I can see that. The bridges are the absolute best bridges in New York City. Fuck those Scandinavian pussies and their bridges! They don't have shit on us! Fucking Scandinavian bridges Suck!

**DAVID:** Ya. Ya. I'm with you Sam. There's no bridges where I came from. Well, little ones. And lots of trains. No bridges. Just trains.

**SAMUEL:** Trains are good though. The whistle. I love a train whistle. [SAMUEL MAKES A SOUND OF A TRAIN WHISTLE.]

[TIME PASSES]

**DAVID:** I can't talk now. No. No. Shhh! George, he'll hear you.

**SAMUEL:** Leave the George on the horn.

**DAVID:** Why should I do what you say?

**SAMUEL:** Leave the George on the horn.

**DAVID:** [INTO PA]  
George, he wants me to leave you on the horn.  
I know. I know.

**SAMUEL:** Who are you talking to?  
[PAUSE]  
Don't do that here.

**DAVID:** Where else can I do it if I can't do it here?

**SAMUEL:** how bout (anywhere but on the job dickhead) a job I got for you,  
that I have to answer for, not you! ...and beyond all that,  
you call that a fantasy?!  
some guy named George?!

**DAVID:** It's more than that.  
[PAUSE]  
It's more than that.

**SAMUEL:** Well fuck me.

[LAMBO LARRY ENTERS FROM BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN]

**LARRY:** David and Samuel know each other as only former partners on the beat can. Years back, when Samuel was promoted, a gulf opened up between them that they have never been able to fill back in - despite their best efforts. At the time, climbing the department ladder, Samuel felt he needed to "mix in different circles" and break free of his old friend.  
To not be weighted down. This separation sent David into a tailspin, and he fell into what would become a now chronic dialogue in his head between:  
a) the berating voice, and  
b) the mollifying voice.

Relief from these voices David finds in sleep, in thinking about his imaginary children, and lately, in Chinese pornography.

[LAMBO LARRY EXITS BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN]

[TIME PASSES]

**SAMUEL:** hmmm ya hmmm ya soft blonde hmmm ya... You know the type

**DAVID:** Please. Shhhh! I don't want to hear you talk about your sick "underground" memories

**SAMUEL:** Undercover waggly dick. Undercover.

**DAVID:** Whatever.  
[PAUSE]  
Strawberry blonde?

**SAMUEL:** No No. Soft blonde. Soft soft.  
Not strawberry. Definitely not strawberry.  
[BECOMING IRATE] I hate fucking strawberry!

**SAMUEL:** [CONT...]Hmmm Ya Hmmm... Just the faintest hint of dirty...  
[SAMUEL MAKES GESTURE DEMONSTRATING WHAT HE MEANS BY "DIRTY" ]  
I mean barely barely  
dirty  
barely barely  
dirty barely

**DAVID:** I don't want to  
I don't want to watch you talk about  
I don't want to

**SAMUEL:** The doc says talking it out is good for the healing.  
Doc says to talk it out.

**DAVID:** You're talking all the time, but I haven't seen any healing.  
Your talking is fucked up! You're talking is fucked! Keep it to yourself.

**SAMUEL:** You're the one who asked whether she was a Strawberry Blonde, not me.

[PAUSE]

**DAVID:** I keep getting emotional all the time.

**SAMUEL:** Maybe you should see somebody.

**DAVID:** Why does getting emotional have to be something I see somebody over?

**SAMUEL:** It doesn't.  
[PAUSE]  
But with you maybe it does mean that.

**DAVID:** With me? Ha ha.  
[DAVID STARTS WELLING UP. HE IS BECOMING EMOTIONAL.]

**SAMUEL:** Cops shouldn't cry.

**DAVID:** Well they do.

**SAMUEL:** Well they shouldn't.

**DAVID:** But they do.

**SAMUEL:** But they shouldn't.  
  
[PAUSE]

**SAMUEL:** You'll never see me crying. I will not cry in front of you.

**DAVID:** You cry alone?

**SAMUEL:** None of your business.

**DAVID:** That means you do. Otherwise you would deny it.  
It makes me feel good to imagine you by yourself crying.

**SAMUEL:** [SOMETHING ON THE MONITOR GRABS SAMUEL'S ATTENTION]  
  
Shut up for a second! I think something's going on over there.  
  
[GIVING ORDERS]  
  
Call headquarters! See if they can run a number for me.  
  
[DAVID DOESN'T MOVE. HE IS FROZEN]

**SAMUEL:** Hello. David! Snap out of it.

[SAMUEL SCREAMS AT DAVID]

HEY! Dickhead! Call dispatch!

I think something's breaking off across the street, finally!

[DAVID BECOMES EMOTIONAL AND STARTS TO CRY. SAMUEL SEES THIS, BUT AS IT SEEMS TO BE AN EMERGENCY, HE PUSHES DAVID ASIDE, ALMOST BRUTALLY, AND GRABS THE PA TO CALL DISPATCH]

**SAMUEL:** DISPATCH! DISPATCH! HELLO! HELLO! Ya. Ya.

This is Detective Samuel  
at STAKEOUT QLU444 - NOVAK  
What?

I said QLU444 - NOVAK

NOVAK! NOVAK!

That's V as in Victor. Not B! No. No! Not B.

No this isn't Stakeout QLU444 - NOBAK

NOVAK! NOVAK!

YES! YES! We've got what I believe to be a very very dangerous  
dangerous circumstance developing across the street at the  
Pizzeria.

Yes, Carmine's. Yes, I know. Yes, he is a very unpredictable and  
volatile individual. Yes. That's why I'm asking for backup.

No. No. Now! We need backup now!

**DAVID:** Samuel. Samuel.

**SAMUEL:** Hold on. What David? What could it possibly be?

**DAVID:** I think things have cooled down over there. It might be nothing.  
I don't think anything has happened. Nothing has happened I  
think.

**SAMUEL:** Let me make the judgment calls around here, OK.  
Let me do the heavy lifting, and you just try not to  
cry on the equipment. OK?

[BOTH MEN STARE AT THE MONITOR. NOTHING HAS CHANGED]

Hello Dispatch. Ya. Ya. I'm sorry, false alarm.

OK. OK. Yes. Yes Sir. I'll try and do better.

Yes. Yes. Yes. I have. Yes I have.

I know the story of the boy who cries wolf.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry.  
It won't happen again. I'm sorry.

[SAMUEL SLAMS DOWN THE RECIEVER]

[TIME PASSES]

[SAMUEL EXITS BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN]

## SEGMENT SEVEN: LARRY AND DAVID TALK

[LARRY ENTERS FROM BEHIND GREEN CURTAIN DURING BLACKOUT] [TIME PASSES. EACH GIVES THE OTHER HIS SPACE] [FINALLY DAVID SPEAKS] [LARRY IS LISTENING TO DAVID AND PACING BACK AND FORTH ON THE CARPET] [DAVID IS CONFESSING TO HIM; HE IS OPENING UP TO LARRY. LARRY IS LENDING DAVID AN EAR] [INTIMATE AND PRIVATE]

**DAVID:** ...don't we have enough problems? Can't we just settle into something that's agreeable? Everything has just gotten bunched up and there's no clarity. So I just want to show up and do my job and not make waves. If my kids are right out here [DAVID MAKES GESTURE INDICATING THAT HIS CHILDREN ARE LITERALLY IN THE ROOM] then I have something. It's a carrot. Maybe a salesman will put a picture of a Lamborghini above his desk - but for me, it's my kids. My kids are my Lamborghini.

**LARRY:** Do they even make Lamborghinis anymore?

**DAVID:** Beats me.

**LARRY:** Nothing like a good ol' Lambo opened up to the max on some dirty peasant Italian back road all jacked up on cheap French wine and Quaaludes. I've lived at least 7 or 8 different lives, David, and what do I have to show for it? Hmm?

[PAUSE]

[THEY BOTH LET THIS QUESTION SIT]

Well, at least my soul is intact. Not to get metaphysical on you, David, but through it all - the women, the drugs, the Spanish prisons, living under bridges, days on end lost on PCP in a nudist colony in the jungles of Mozambique - through it all - the wives, the divorces, the highs, the lows, my sex change

operation with the endless succession of disinfectants and puss and swabs - through all that - all of it - I stand here, in this flea trap rotted out memory - this "of another era" room full of ghosts and lead paint in my robe and slippers hiding from just about every known international governmental authority...

HAPPY! I'M HAPPY!

...and I sleep like a baby! Dreaming every night of wondrous rivers and boundless horizons. Today I love life and kiss the earth! Put a price tag on that David. You know how many miserable fucks there are out there, David? "MISERABLE" ... The misery of which I speak is the fuck 50 lbs. overweight whose wife hates him, for many reasons she hates him, but mostly because his last hard on was somewhere in the middle of the Carter Administration. And this is no quick (pop some blue happys) fix. No sir. He's "miserable." The back trouble, the pain pills, the COUPONS! All the goddamned connectivity! No Sir! I'm free! I'm free! I will love, liberate me! I have boundless love in my heart!

[LARRY EXITS BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN] [BLACKOUT]

## SEGMENT EIGHT: DAVID IS ALONE

[LIGHTS UP]

[TIME PASSES]

[MUSIC IS HEARD]

[DAVID LOOKS AT HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR.]

[DAVID DANCES ON CARPET PLAYING WITH HIS IMAGINARY CHILDREN]

**DAVID:** This is my uniform. Every morning my kids laugh at me. But I don't care that they do.

[INTO PA]

You'll never have kids you lying motherfucker!

I stand and I look across the room at my kids.

[SPEAKS TO HIS IMAGINARY KIDS ACROSS THE ROOM]

"It's OK darling. It's OK darling."

"I'm right here."

I say that. I'm right here.

But in all honesty, I'm not sure.

I'm not sure I am right here.



[INTO PA]

You're my sweetheart. You are my sweet sweet heart.

[TO HIS "KIDS" ]

"I'm not going anywhere."

"I'm right here."

"Don't!"

"Please don't."

[TALKING TO HIMSELF AS ONE OF HIS "KIDS" ]

"He's sittin down David Daddy."

"Daddy's forlorn."

[TIME PASSES]

I sit around and I talk to my kids in my uniform.  
From time to time I'll even arrest them. My own children (for fun).  
They love it. We have a play jail and everything.  
They start laughing and giggling and we have a great old time.

[DAVID SPEAKS TO AUDIENCE DIRECTLY]

I'm a cop because my father was a cop  
And my father's father  
and so on (cop fathers as far as the eye can see)  
So I'm just here  
point man in a cop line  
and my boy is duty bound to carry it on

I will be a COPDADDY  
I will carry on the line  
no need for you to worry anymore about that!  
You've done your duty good boy

[DAVID PATS HIMSELF ON THE HEAD]

I'm a cop who's a mixture of a cop  
and the expressionist painter Van Gogh  
I'll drink the turpentine (no problem)  
and I'll even cut the ear off  
except it'll be your ear instead of mine, see the diff?  
we're a lot the same. Samuel is sort of like my brother  
running full speed without opening any doors

[DAVID RUNS FULL SPEED INTO THE WALL CRASHING TO THE FLOOR]

[DAVID HAS A FIT]

no one ever told the truth  
Van Gogh is a pussy  
in his blue room  
screaming murder and shooting himself  
and having his brother pay his fucking bills!?  
what kind of respectable person lives like that?

[DAVID EXITS BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN]  
[BLACKOUT]

## SEGMENT NINE: LARRY AND SAMUEL TALK

[LIGHTS UP] [LARRY AND SAMUEL HAVE ENTERED DURING THE BLACKOUT] [BOTH ARE SITTING. THEY ARE ENGAGED IN A DRAWN OUT CONVERSATION THAT SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN GOING ON FOR SOME TIME] [LARRY IS BREAKING] [HE IS A VOLCANO THAT IS ABOUT TO BLOW]

**LARRY:** You and David go way back I understand?

**SAMUEL:** You could say that.

**LARRY:** He seems like quite a guy. Somebody you can really count on in a pinch.

The way he cares for his kids and all. Those are rare qualities.  
I mean, what a great guy!

**SAMUEL:** A what?

**LARRY:** David. I said he seems like a really terrific person.  
You must feel lucky to have a friend like David?  
Especially these days.

**SAMUEL:** Why don't you go put a swab on one of your open wounds or something?

**LARRY:** Because listening to you talk is really grating.  
You don't know the first thing about David.  
And I don't care to hear your half-baked theories about  
"what a great guy he is!"  
I happen to know David, and let me tell you, Larry, Lambo,  
he's not who you think he is. OK. I'll leave it at that.

[PAUSE]

Stick to your crossword puzzles Larry,  
and your theories on the end of the world,  
and that crystal ball you look into,  
because everything you say reminds me of my own death  
and of the corroding drone my ex used to make

[SAMUEL SPEAKS WITH THE "CORRODING DRONE" WITH HIS FACE INTO MIRROR]

honey honey  
come in here honey  
my mouth is stuck open  
flies are getting in honey honey  
my mouth  
honey flies in my mouth  
there's a strange white liquid seeping out of my mouth...

**SAMUEL:** [UNDER HIS BREATH]  
... fucking bitch!

**LARRY:** Well I have my opinions, Sam. You can't take those from me.  
I have a right to my opinions.  
Every man has a right to his opinions.

**SAMUEL:** [SAMUEL LAYS THE TRUTH BARE ABOUT DAVID]  
Is that right Larry? Lambo.  
Should put you on a cereal box next to Sambo.

[SAMUEL STARTS SINGING]  
Loopy Larry acting a little scary,  
had a little operation,  
now people know,  
he ain't no fairy  
lu lu lu lu  
la la la la

[AS A VOLCANO DURING AN ERUPTION]  
Let me tell you something about your good friend David.  
He lives alone in a one-bedroom railroad apartment in a basement near the overpass, by himself, for nearly twenty years, or, said another way, all his adult life. He has no kids. He's never had a wife, or for that matter a girlfriend (that doesn't charge him after). The family, the kids - all of it, delusional fantasy. Fantasy that has reached the point of full blown sociopathic paranoid schizophrenia.

[PUTS ON VOICE LIKE AN AIRLINE STEWARDESS]

“But the steady income provided David by the New York City Police Department, affords him frequent and varied visits to an array of Korean Specialty Parlors around the city. Parlors that cater to lonely middle-aged men and their needs.”

[PAUSE] [SAMUEL IS DISTRACTED BY SOMETHING HE SEES IN THE MONITOR]

His type. David David.

**LARRY:** So David lives alone. He's a sociopath,  
and he goes to Korean brothels for sex?  
Is that what you're trying to tell me Sammy?

**SAMUEL:** Samuel. You call me Samuel. Even Sam. Never Sammy. How many times  
must I ask?  
[PAUSE] ...and, yes, to answer your question about David. Yes.  
That's what I am saying, Larry.  
[PAUSE] ...oh, ya ...and Larry ...he has no kids.  
Don't forget that.  
That's the big one.  
David has no fucking children! Chances are he never fucking will.

**LARRY:** OK Samuel. OK. You've made your point.  
You have expressed your opinion.  
You have a right to your opinion and your beliefs.  
But, I'm sorry to inform you, Samuel, my opinion about David has  
changed  
not one iota  
Do you hear me? Are you listening to me now Samuel?  
not one iota  
I still think David is a very very special and loving man.  
I hold fast in my belief in David.  
A truly truly unique human being.  
I think you would be wise to re-think the type of friend  
you have there, before it's too late.

[LARRY EXITS BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN]

## SEGMENT TEN: SAMUEL IS ALONE

[SAMUEL IS ALONE] [HE IS FILLED WITH A GREAT ANXIETY] [A PARANOID VERTIGO TAKES OVER] [AS A FACADE. PAPER THIN. A LIGHT BREEZE BLOWING THROUGH HOLES IN CHEAP PAPER THAT IS THE SUBSTANCE OF SAMUEL'S LIFE]

**SAMUEL:** I must be a desperate man now.

[TIME PASSES] [HE IS LOST] [HE TURNS ON FLOURESCENT LIGHT]  
[TRIES TO MAINTAIN A PROFESSIONAL DECORUM]  
[TAKES OUT A SMALL KIT WITH SCISSORS AND COMB AND BEGINS TRIMMING HIS HAIR LOOKING INTO THE MIRROR. HE APPLIES AFTERSHAVE. HE PUTS ON LIGHT MAKE-UP. HE PERHAPS CHANGES HIS TIE AND SHIRT ATTEMPTING TO "REFRESH" AND GET SOME TYPE OF GROUNDING BY STRAIGHTENING HIMSELF OUT]

It's all stories about his kids.  
He just makes it up. David David.  
Isn't that funny? ...and pathetic?  
Can you imagine?

[SINGING TO HIMSELF] Sugar and cigar are similar

I can't stand my fucking ex. She lies all the time.

[SAMUEL STARTS TO CRY] I still love her so much. She's blonde.  
Her mouth is so big she's always drawing strange looks. People talk under their breath,

[INTO PA]

"look at that woman with the huge mouth!" "My God!" "My God!" Most of all, how did I end up with her? Why me? The note her first husband left (that I found) was so embarrassing.

[SAMUEL IS DIGRESSING - BECOMING A CHILD]

...the things he said about her. And then I went and married her anyway and she ended up doing all those things to me. Nancy fancy is blonde. She is. Spreading her legs and opening that fat blonde mouth for half of Queens to crawl inside, My fucking God! It's so embarrassing. Fucking blondes. I love blondes. I love blondes.

[SAMUEL STARTS TO CRY AGAIN]

I love my blonde Nancy so much.

If nobody knew about us it would be OK.

If she were someone else and I was someone else then I wouldn't care. But what I know I can't erase! Why not! Why not! Every time I think of her I want to shove socks in her fat blonde mouth.

[SAMUEL HAS TURNED ON THE OVERHEAD FLOURESCENT "HOUSELIGHTS" AND THEY REMAIN ON AS HE EXITS THE SPACE, LEAVING THE ACTION IN PECULIAR LIMBO]

[TIME PASSES]

[MUSIC PLAYS. MY GENERATION BY THE WHO, IT'S FINE BY LEONARD COHEN, ZIGGY STARDUST BY DAVID BOWIE ARE SUGGESTIONS]

**THE END**

*[PRODUCTION NOTES]*

***COP PIECE episode one** was developed and shown as a site-specific work in the spring of 2010 at an abandoned storefront space in Greenpoint, Brooklyn.*