

Cop Side

Cop. All units in the vicinity: see the man. See the man. See the woman. See the streets and houses, the shadows, the words that don't rhyme. All quiet here, over. No News is Good News, over. But there's no such thing as No news, over. Try to see my point. Just look at yourself, over. See the Universe. See a tiny person in the middle of it all, thrashing. See the Universe. See the tiny person in the middle of it all, thrashing. See the bright side. Try to look at the bright side.
(brief pause. To audience) Sometimes I'll talk like this over the wire. Just to see if anyone's listening.

Cop's Radio (Female voice). Someone's listening.

Cop. Well, there you go. Now I know. Hi, Susan. Sorry. All clear. *(to audience)*. I do like this time of day: night. All the people. All their bones and arteries and personal problems. Beautiful animal: the Person. Dark. I was too rough with that guy, earlier. I think I embarrassed him. Regrettable. I'm not myself. Sad stuff at home and I haven't been sleeping, but, I guess we all have a story. Once upon a time, and so on, The End.