

DET. COLE. Do you remember telling me that the bartender at the White Horse Tavern that night was a tall *guy*?

CALLIE. Sara ordered the drinks.

DET. COLE. So you didn't get a good look at the bartender.

CALLIE. I didn't.

DET. COLE. Not even enough to tell if it was a girl or a guy.

CALLIE. I'm sorry.

DET. COLE. So after you leave the White Horse, you and your friend go for a walk. You end up in that park area outside the playground. And you're ... doing what?

CALLIE. We were sitting on one of the benches, talking to each other ... when this guy says something.

DET. COLE. What'd he say?

CALLIE. Something like, "Hey, you want to party —"
DET. COLE. What did you say?
CALLIE. I didn't.
DET. COLE. Sara said something.
CALLIE. Yes.
DET. COLE. So she provoked him.
CALLIE. What!?
DET. COLE. She told him to "fuck off" and that's when he hit her, right?
CALLIE. No.
DET. COLE. I mean, if the two of you had ignored him or walked away, this wouldn't have happened, would it?
CALLIE. If *he* hadn't started —
DET. COLE. But Sara had to say something and that's what got him pissed, that's why he wanted to hit her. Why did she say something?
CALLIE. He started it, he —
DET. COLE. All right. *He* must have said something first — something that upset her. What upset her so much?
CALLIE. He was bothering —
DET. COLE. What did he say? She said "leave us alone," and then he said what? (*Callie doesn't respond.*)
DET. COLE. Did he call her something?
CALLIE. What?
DET. COLE. Like a name?
CALLIE. No.
DET. COLE. What's a name that might upset her?
CALLIE. I don't know.
DET. COLE. How about bitch?
CALLIE. No.
DET. COLE. He didn't call her a bitch?
CALLIE. I don't —
DET. COLE. A pussy-eating bitch? (*Callie looks at Det. Cole.*)
CALLIE. No.
DET. COLE. What'd he say, then —
CALLIE. He shouldn't've —
DET. COLE. What'd he call her?
CALLIE. He called —

DET. COLE. What?

CALLIE. A fucking —

DET. COLE. Say it!

CALLIE. Fucking dyke! Pussy-eating dykes — both of us.

can you dykes. (1 ans.)

CALLIE. Because we were kissing. (Det. Cole gestures — there it is.) It was the first — We didn't know he was there. Until he said something. "Hey, save some of that for me." Sara told him to leave us alone. I couldn't believe she — then he offered to pay us. He said he'd give us 50 bucks if we went to a motel with him and let him watch. He said we could dry hump or whatever we like to do — turns him on just to see it. I grabbed her arm and started walking away. He came after us, called us fucking dykes — pussy-eating dykes. Sara told him to fuck off. I couldn't believe — he came up and punched her in the back, then he grabbed her and pulled her away. I yelled for someone to call the police. He pushed her against the building and started banging her head against the building. He told her to watch her cunt-licking mouth. But he had his hand over her jaw, she couldn't — she just made these mangled — she was trying to breathe. I came up behind him and grabbed his hair — he turned around and punched me in the stomach. I threw up, it got on him. Sara tried to get away but he grabbed her and started banging her head against his knee. I tried to hold his arms back but he was stronger — he knocked her out. He pushed me to the ground and started kicking me. Someone yelled something — "cops are coming" — and he took off in the opposite direction. West. He was limping. He hurt his knee. (She looks at Det. Cole.) That's what happened.

SCENE SEVEN

Callie's apartment. Sara is sprawled out on the couch holding several giant playing cards in her hand. She places a card on the discard pile and drains a glass of wine. Callie brings a bottle of red wine from the kitchen; an empty one stands on the table.

SARA. OK. If you're in someone else's bathroom and they have the toilet paper coming out from the bottom instead of the top —

CALLIE. I hate that!

SARA. Do you change it or leave it the way it is.

CALLIE. What do you mean change it? You'd change somebody else's toilet roll?

SARA. Yeah, if I was gonna use it a couple times.

CALLIE. Pfff.

SARA. All right, you go next.

CALLIE. So if you were driving down a highway and saw a pothole in the road ahead, what would you do, straddle or swerve?

SARA. Mm, straddle. You?

CALLIE. Straddle.

SARA. *(About Callie.)* Swerve.

CALLIE. Nah-ah.

SARA. Yes you would.

CALLIE. *(A second scenario.)* Cat in the road.

SARA. Caesar! — say a rabbit.

CALLIE. OK, a rabbit. Straddle, swerve, or brake.

SARA. *(Like this is an option.)* Straddle a rabbit.

CALLIE. Sport Utility Vehicle — four-wheel drive, you could. *(Callie sits down, picks up her hand, and discards.)*

SARA. Screech to a brake, check the rabbit, then — smoke. You?

CALLIE. Brake.

SARA. *Swerve.*

CALLIE. Why do you keep saying that?

call back for Sara

SARA. This is you — *(She pretends to be Callie driving then swerving. Callie puts her cards down.)*

CALLIE. These cards are driving me nuts.

SARA. One more hand, please. *(Callie picks the cards back up.)*

CALLIE. Can I ask you something about your job?

SARA. Yep.

CALLIE. Why did you want it?

SARA. You mean this fellowship?

CALLIE. Public school, the Bronx — teaching.

SARA. Instead of private school, St. Louis — teaching?

CALLIE. That's what you're used to, right?

SARA. It's where I *worked* for five years, I never got used to it. I mean, I never went to private school. We all went to the cruddy public school — I mean, it was cruddy compared to the private school, it's *the Sorbonne* compared to where I teach now. But in a private school ... I mean, what am I giving them? They have more than everything.

CALLIE. And the Bronx?

SARA. OK. These kids — you know who I was when I was their age? I was the kid who had the right answer, knew I had the right answer but would never raise my hand. Hoping the teacher would call on me anyway. Those are my favorite kids to teach. And here? Now? I've got a classroom full of them. *(Callie looks at the discard pile.)*

CALLIE. Did you pick up a card? *(Sara does.)*

SARA. You should come and meet them one day.

CALLIE. Yeah, OK.

SARA. I'll bet you've never even been to the Bronx.

CALLIE. I go every day.

SARA. *Fly over.*

CALLIE. That's more than most New Yorkers.

SARA. Can I ask you about your job?

CALLIE. *(Dread-filled.)* Go ahead.

SARA. Why the traffic?

CALLIE. Why the traffic indeed.