

SCENE FOUR

Det. Cole Side 2

Police station house. Mrs. Winsley sits behind a table that Det. Cole is sitting on. She's wearing a sharply tailored business suit.

MRS. WINSLEY. He called them pussy-eating dykes. **START**

DET. COLE. Come on, why would he call them that?

MRS. WINSLEY. Two women in a West Village park at 4:00 in the morning? What's the chance they're *not* dykes.

DET. COLE. You tell me. You live in the West Village.

MRS. WINSLEY. My husband and I have lived there for eight years.

DET. COLE. Like the neighborhood?

MRS. WINSLEY. I sure do.

DET. COLE. Lot of clubs and bars there.

MRS. WINSLEY. They even have ones for straight people.

DET. COLE. Is that why you live there?

MRS. WINSLEY. My husband and I have a beautiful apartment, Detective Cole. In a safe building on an otherwise quiet street. The fact that it's Graceland for gay people doesn't matter to me.

DET. COLE. So what were these girls doing?

MRS. WINSLEY. I didn't see —

DET. COLE. Were they making out, rubbing up against each other —

MRS. WINSLEY. I didn't see anything till I heard the other one screaming. I went to the window, then I called 911.

DET. COLE. What'd you see then?

MRS. WINSLEY. He was beating on the both of them. I yelled down that I called the cops and I threw a couple flowerpots at him. My spider plants —

DET. COLE. So the screams woke you up?

MRS. WINSLEY. I was in bed but up. Reading.

DET. COLE. 4:30 in the morning?

MRS. WINSLEY. I'm a fitful sleeper.

DET. COLE. You ever take anything?

MRS. WINSLEY. No.

DET. COLE. So you weren't groggy or half-asleep?

MRS. WINSLEY. No.

DET. COLE. And you're sure you heard him call them dykes.

MRS. WINSLEY. I'm sure.

DET. COLE. And your husband? *(No response.)* Your husband?

MRS. WINSLEY. He missed all the excitement.

DET. COLE. What'd he — sleep right through it? *(Mrs. Winsley avoids his eyes.)* Oh ... he wasn't home, 4:30 in the — is he a doctor?

MRS. WINSLEY. No.

DET. COLE. ... Investment banker?

MRS. WINSLEY. Ha!

DET. COLE. Fire chief?

MRS. WINSLEY. He's a book editor, Detective Cole.

DET. COLE. I didn't know book editors worked so late.

MRS. WINSLEY. They don't.

DET. COLE. Was he ... out having drinks with some buddies?

MRS. WINSLEY. He was obviously out, wasn't he.

DET. COLE. So you were waiting up for him.

MRS. WINSLEY. I'm a fitful sleeper, Detective. Have been since before I married him and those two girls are lucky that I am and that I was up and that I did something.

DET. COLE. You called 911.

MRS. WINSLEY. And my flowerpots.

END

DET. COLE. Did you hit him?

MRS. WINSLEY. They fell near him. He stopped and took off.

DET. COLE. You stopped him.

MRS. WINSLEY. Well it wasn't the cops, took 30 minutes for them to show up. You'd think it was Harlem, not the West Village.