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Samuel French Acting Edition

Buddy Cop 2

Written by
Hannah Bos & Paul Thureen

Developed by
Oliver Butler



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BUDDY COP 2 was originally produced by The Debate Society in association with the Ontological-Hysteric Incubator at the Ontological Theater at Saint Mark's Church, and opened on May 20, 2010. The performance was directed by Oliver Butler, with sets by Laura Jellinek, lighting by Mike Riggs, costumes by Sydney Maresca, and sound by Nathan Leigh. The production stage manager was Amy Ehrenberg, and assistant stage manager was Shelley Miles. The cast was as follows:

DARLENE NOVAK Hannah Bos
TERRY OLSEN Paul Thureen
DON McMURCHIE Michael Cyril Creighton
BRANDI, SKYLAR Monique Vukovic
RADIO ANNOUNCER Evan Thompson

CHARACTERS

DARLENE NOVAK – Female Police Officer (late 20's to early 30's)

TERRY OLSEN – Male Police Officer (mid to late 30's)

DON McMURCHIE – Male Police Officer (40-ish)

SKYLAR – Very frail 12 year-old girl

BRANDI – 13 year-old girl. Governor's daughter

NOTE: **BRANDI** and **SKYLAR** are to be played by the same actress. May be played by either an adult or a child.

SETTING

The small town of Shandon, Indiana.

TIME

1982

A NOTE ABOUT THE SET

Buddy Cop 2 takes place in a local small-town recreation center, where a police station has been relocated temporarily after a recent flood that destroyed the original one. The main space (the police station office) should feel added; plopped down on a basketball court (basketball court lines still visible on the floor of the office, temporary walls, etc.). The office is decorated for Christmas. A table in the office is covered with goodies and gifts that the citizens of Shandon have been dropping off at the police station.

The upstage portion of the set is a racquetball court with a plexi-glass wall or windows so people in the court can see into the main police office (downstage) and vice-versa. In the New York premiere, there was a hallway that separated the office and court. At either end of the hallway were the (unseen) door to the Chief's office and the (unseen) door to the outside.

The characters of Brandi and Skylar appear framed in sections of the existing set, maybe office windows in the police station, or in the hallway between the racquetball court and the office, or in their own separate spaces. It is important to treat the Brandi and Skylar sections in their own magical style, maybe like a children's book or a Christmas fable.

Specific stage directions in the script are written for the stage layout of the original production, but certainly other layouts would work.

SPECIAL THANKS

Shannon Sindelar, Ontological-Hysteric Incubator, East Grand Forks Police Department, Greg Widseth, Sgt. Bill Solem, Sgt. Chris Olson, Sgt. Michelle Manias, Fred Spencer, Mary Lynne Elliott, Robert Creighton, Gordon and Faythe Thureen, University of North Dakota Department of Theater Arts, Kathleen McLennan, Charlene Bos, Maggie Buchwald, Katja David Fox, Casimir Nozkowski, Ian Savage, Alice Reagan, Anne Harris, Isaac Butler, Chris Mancini, Cynthia Flowers, Marisa Savic, Alex Young, Hanna Cheek, Brian Coleman, Joel Howell, Sarah Tundermann, Anna Elliott, Jack and Judy Riggs, and Jason Black.

Preshow

(Christmas music. Wrapping paper curtain covers the stage. Racquetball can be heard being played behind it.)

Prelude: Skylar's Diary

SKYLAR. *(voice over, quietly)* The things I want with me:

My new Walkman

All my books

My smeller

My football jersey from the real football player

My pewter box with the little key

My afghan from Grandma Nelson

Panther & Wrigley

Mom

Christmas

Scene One: Police Station

(Stage is unwrapped, revealing police station office.

DON sits at his desk. **TERRY** and **DARLENE** are playing racquetball in the court.)

DON. Darlene!

(DARLENE leaves court and pops into the office. TERRY continues playing.)

DARLENE. Yeah.

DON. Mary saw a garnet necklace.

DARLENE. Uh-huh.

DON. A broach actually that can be worn as a pin or hang from a chain.

DARLENE. Uh-huh.

DON. Well, they have two different lengths of chains. Opera and Princess.

DARLENE. Yeah.

DON. So one is about sixteen inches and the other is about thirty inches.

DARLENE. Uh-huh.

DON. Which one is more in style?

DARLENE. Oh, uh, I guess the Opera's more in style this season.

DON. Great, thanks.

DARLENE. Sure thing.

(Scene freezes.)

(V.O.) After everything that'd happened in Moline, I packed up and decided to take that job in tiny little Shandon. I had arrived on the 12th and we were now in the thick of the festivities.

(Scene resumes. DARLENE hustles back into the court.)

All of this happened seven years ago in the early 1980s. Two years after the flood.

(TERRY serves the ball. Lights fade to black.)

Scene Two: Brandi

(Silhouetted in the hallway, BRANDI sits on a horse. Audience sees her through the stage right office window.)

BRANDI. Skylar is a really special girl. I feel really connected to her. Did you know that we have practically the same birthday? She's the 4th, I'm the 5th. Not many people know that, I don't think I have told anyone that.

Different years though...I'm older by a year. Actually I just realized that if I went to public school we would be in the same classes sometimes. You know how they combine two years...they do that right? I'm sure we would have been really good friends. I read that she likes *Twin Sister Ranch* books which I adore. So I sent her some of those. Some of them were signed by Christine Robinson herself. My mother knows someone who knows her.

And no, Vicki Jo is not based on me. Even though I do ride a horse and my father is in politics. And I do still play the clarinet. People ask me that all the time. Oh, Skylar played the clarinet I think for a year in school too. And we both hated it. Luckily her mom was cool enough to let her quit. My parents have not been that understanding. I have a recital actually this evening at the 1st Presbyterian Church. My mother wanted me to mention that.

I'm gonna dedicate my song to Skylar. Not the classical one but we get to choose a contemporary one at the end...and mine is for her.

Scene Three: Police Station

(DARLENE and TERRY continue their game of racquetball. TERRY gives DARLENE instructions on how to play the game. Door buzzes.)

DON. Don't worry, I got it.

(DON exits. He returns with a plate of sweets.)

TERRY. *(through the racquetball court plexiglass)* Don, what'd we get?

DON. Fresh fudge.

DARLENE. Nice.

TERRY. Don't eat it all!

(DON sits at his desk.)

(More playing. Phone rings.)

DON. PD. Don speaking...Thank you, Merry Christmas. What can I do for you?...Yep, tickets are still available and you can get them at the rink, all proceeds go to Skylar...Ok. You too. *(hangs up)*

TERRY. *(yelling to be heard through the glass)* What time you got?

(DON doesn't hear.)

Don! What time is it?

DON. *(yelling)* 5:25.

TERRY. Ok.

(TERRY returns to playing. Phone rings again.)

DON. PD...Hi, honey...In just a few...Ok...Sure, from Patti's or the regular grocery store...Ok. How many?...Really?...Ok. Just that seems like a lot...No. I'm not. It's no problem sweetheart.

(The other line starts to ring.)

Mary, I have the other line to pick up...yep.

(He switches over to the other line.)

DON. *(cont.)* Police station...Hello, Mr. Honek...listen, Mr. Honek...Mr. Honek...Mr. Honek you're going to have to hold on just a second...hold on just a second.

(switches back to the other line)

Gotta take this, honey...yep, got it...Love you too.

(DON hangs up. TERRY leaves the court and enters office, mopping his face with a sweat towel.)

TERRY. Hey, Don, when you pick up that case of Buckhorn's?

DON. Oh...couple days ago. Two outta state kids had it, wrote 'em up for dope and open container.

TERRY. I'll trade you for that case of Stroh's I got.

DON. I'll go half and half.

TERRY. Alright.

(DARLENE starts running back and forth in the court.

DON notices.)

DON. What's she doing?

TERRY. Training for her physical ability test.

(They watch her as she runs for a while. She abruptly stops and then looks back in through the window at them.)

DARLENE. Don, you heading out?

(TERRY and DON quickly go back to their work as if they weren't watching her.)

DON. *(loudly)* Yep.

(DARLENE stretches in the court.)

TERRY. What are you doing tonight?

DON. Making fucking cookies.

TERRY. Yeah?

DON. Charlie's school has a cookie exchange tomorrow that turns into a bake sale.

TERRY. How does that work?

DON. *(thinking)* Pretty much...I make cookies all night. Bring them in. And then I buy them back. *(shrugs)* Hey, try to get a patrol in if you can.

TERRY. Sure sure.

DON. The Chief's gonna check the log book in the cruiser.
Guaranteed.

TERRY. I know.

DON. Oh...*(moving stack of files over to TERRY's side of the desk)*
I'm finished up to here.

TERRY. Got it.

DON. *(at door)* Oh, and Mr. Honek's on line 2.

TERRY. You're a son of a bitch, Don.

DON. Merry Christmas.

TERRY. Hi to Charlie and Mary.

(DON walks out of door. DARLENE is in the court checking her heart rate, DON knocks on the glass as he passes.)

DON. Night, sweetheart.

DARLENE. Night, Don.

(DON pops back. Sticks head in the court.)

DON. Hey –

DARLENE. *(startled)* Ah!

DON. Oh, sorry.

DARLENE. No, it's ok.

DON. I took a message down for you. Carol something. I
put it on the board.

DARLENE. Thanks, Don.

DON. Night.

DARLENE. Night.

(DON leaves. DARLENE exits, turning off the court lights.)

DARLENE. I'm going to get some water.

TERRY. Ok.

(DARLENE disappears down hallway out of view. TERRY sits at his desk and looks at the stack of files. He gets a good idea. He writes a note, clips it to the stack of files and puts it on DARLENE's desk. TERRY goes to the food table, picks out a treat and puts it on his desk. Sits back at his desk, takes a bite of the treat. Picks up the phone.)

TERRY. Hello, Mr. Honek...Don left. What's the problem today?...Mm-hm...Uh-huh...Mr. Honek...Mr. Honek...Mr. Honek, listen, all I can do is what you can do, and that's go over there yourself and ask them, as a courtesy, to unplug some of the lights or turn them off at a certain hour, but that's...No, because we have nothing on the books about that...

(door buzz)

DARLENE. Got it!

(DARLENE crosses through the hallway, and exits to get the front door.)

TERRY. ...I understand that, all I can tell you is you can go to the next council meeting, and try to get a, wha-daya call it, a new ordinance and – ...Well great, good luck to...Wonderful Mr. Honek. We'll talk to you soon I'm sure, Merry Christmas...Say again?...Well, I don't know, I personally think it's very nice and there's a lot of people here who'd agree with me...Uh-huh...Have a good night, sir. *(hangs up)* Christ.

(DARLENE has entered with a beautifully wrapped plate of treats. She adds it to the treat table. She sits at her desk.)

DARLENE. *(looking at the files and reading the note)* Do you know what these are?

TERRY. *(looking up)* – Hm?

DARLENE. Don says I should do these. Do you know what they are?

TERRY. Oh, those are our old c-1-79 forms. I can show you how to do them.

DARLENE. That would be great, thanks.

(DARLENE crosses to TERRY's desk and hands him the stack.)

TERRY. Ok, so we used to just have numbers for case numbers.

DARLENE. Yeah, Don was saying.

TERRY. So now you have to go through these and add the case type letter to it. So just give it a quick look to figure out what it is (*reading through to himself*) ...So this is an F for Domestic, so put an F in front of the existing case number, right? (*demonstrates*)

DARLENE. Right, ok.

TERRY. Put a dash in between like this...

DARLENE. Mm-hm.

TERRY. ...and then put them together, F's together, B's together, D's together, pop them over here...and when you're done with all that (*handing the files back to her*) then you're gonna file them in the box room.

DARLENE. Back by the Chief's office.

TERRY. No, those are all the water damaged files. The box room. Over there (*pointing*)...have you not been in there?

DARLENE. No, I don't think so.

TERRY. I'll show you later, half is the books salvaged from the old library and then the rest is our other files.

DARLENE. Ok, got it. I have to finish up my patrol report from yesterday and then your patrol report and the little yellow papers you gave me and then I'll start on these.

TERRY. Here, let me take some.

DARLENE. Oh that's...thank you.

(**TERRY** takes one file from the top of the stack.)

Just one – ok.

(**DARLENE** sits at her desk and starts working. **TERRY** finishes his file.)

TERRY. (*remembering something*) Oh!

(*He turns on the radio. Goes to the treat table.*)

Hey, you know who brought the Sticky Bars?

DARLENE. Nancy from Stumpy's. The potatoes are from Hillcrest.

TERRY. Hillcreek.

DARLENE. Right, that's what I meant.

(TERRY looks through the food gifts. A bingo theme song starts playing on the radio and TERRY excitedly rushes back to his desk. Opens his desk drawer, pulls out a stack of bingo cards and his bingo dauber.)

RADIO ANNOUNCER. It's 5:35, so you know what that means folks.

TERRY. Yep.

RADIO ANNOUNCER. First game we're playing card number 26973. This round is blackout. First number...N-38, N-38.

(TERRY doesn't have it.)

TERRY. *(very upset)* Damn it!

DARLENE. What's that – you know the drainage thing on the side of the curb.

TERRY. Hm?

DARLENE. On a curb, the grate with the hole on the side? What's that called?

TERRY. It's a gutter.

DARLENE. I think that's the whole thing.

TERRY. Just write gutter.

(phone rings)

TERRY. You wanna take one?

DARLENE. Sure.

(DARLENE answers phone. TERRY watches her.)

Shandon PD, this is Officer Novak...Merry Christmas to you...Yes, I am...Two weeks...Well, thank you. What can I do for you...Well, thank you...You too. Bye.
(hangs up) Just wanted to wish us Merry Christmas.

TERRY. You handled that well. Oh hey, you want a sucker?

DARLENE. Nah, I have my physical ability test coming up.

TERRY. That's right.

(**TERRY** grabs a screwdriver from his desk, jogs to the door. Holds screwdriver up to show **DARLENE**.)

TERRY. (cont.) Key to Chief's desk.

(He spins it in his hand, drops it, picks it up and exits down the hall toward the Chief's office. We hear him break into the desk.)

(offstage, happily) Hah-ha!

(He returns with a lollipop and dirty magazine. He stands watching **DARLENE** work, then looks around the room.)

Hey, you taken a look at Don and my beer can collection.

DARLENE. I saw it but I haven't really looked at it.

TERRY. We lost some of them in the flood, but it's still pretty good. They're from all over the place. It's sort of a nice history of all the assholes (*phone rings*) we've busted for open containers or underage – (*picks up phone*) Police Station...Sure thing, hold on...(to **DARLENE**) What time's the candlelight vigil?

DARLENE. I don't know.

TERRY. It's on the holiday schedule. By the calendar.

DARLENE. Oh. (*She gets up to look.*)

TERRY. August 23rd.

DARLENE. 8pm.

(door buzz)

Got it!

(**DARLENE** hustles to the door.)

TERRY. (*back on the phone*) – 8pm, ma'am.

DARLENE. (*exiting*) Oh –

TERRY. Hold on.

DARLENE. Don said candles will be provided.

(**DARLENE** exits.)

TERRY. And candles will be provided...Yes, ma'am...You're very welcome...Well, we just know what everyone knows, she's not doing too good...Yep, we're just praying she holds on 'til Christmas...That *would* be a miracle... Thank you, you too. Merry Christmas. (*hangs up*)

(*The phone rings again.*)

Police station...(with sudden urgency) Sir...Sir, I need you to calm down. (*Turns off radio. Grabs a pen.*) ...Ok, where are you...Are they still there...Sir, sir...I know, but I need you to calm down...What's your name, sir... (*realizing what's up*) Is this Tommy...(laughing) Tommy, you son of a bitch! Yer a son of a bitch! Nah, I knew it was you.

(**DARLENE** returns, puts a tin on the table)

Nah, I did...Oh Novak...Yeah, she's here. She's good. (*quickest glance at her boobs*) Medium... (*chuckling*) I can't, I'm not gonna answer that right now...Probably. (*paging through magazine as he talks*) ...Say again?...Nah, can't. Chief's on vacation 'til the 1st so I'm here every night...(surprised) You're skating for Skylar?...No, good for you buddy...Sure, sure, uh...Put me down for a nickel a lap...Hey just a second – (*away from the phone*) Hey, Novak, my buddy Tommy is skating for Skylar, you in for a nickel a lap?

DARLENE. Yeah, put me down for a nickel.

TERRY. (*back on the phone*) All right Tommy, you got 10 cents a lap from the PD...Hey, give Don a call, maybe he'll pitch in a penny (*laughs, maybe a little too hard, at his joke*) ...Listen, Tommy, I should get back to it...No, no Chief's up at Gull Lake...Alright, Merry Christmas buddy, you too. (*hangs up*) Tommy's great. (*turns radio back on*) You ever been to Canada?

DARLENE. Nope.

TERRY. Where ya been?

DARLENE. Um, to DC, the capitol, and Texas for a wedding. (*Door buzzes.*) I got it.

TERRY. Don't worry, it's not always like this.

RADIO ANNOUNCER. Another number for you folks...We got yer double nickel, G-55, G-55.

TERRY. Damn it!

(TERRY puts his head in his hands, then crumples his bingo card and turns off the radio.)

DARLENE. *(yelling from offstage)* Hey, Olsen, get out here!

(TERRY gets up and exits. We hear from outside a handbell choir. They play a quick number. TERRY and DARLENE clap and then return.)

Do they always do that with the costumes and everything?

TERRY. No, I've never seen handbells here before.

DARLENE. Did you see the little one with the bell?

TERRY. Yeah. His sign said, "We love you Skylar." They're going to Skylar's house.

DARLENE. Have you met Skylar?

TERRY. No. I saw her once at the VFW with her mom. Before she got sick.

DARLENE. I'd love to meet her. What a kid.

(The phone rings again.)

TERRY. Police Station. Sure thing, she's right here.

(DARLENE picks up the line.)

DARLENE. Officer Novak, can I help you.

(TERRY gets up and goes over to treat table again.)

Oh, hi Mom...I don't know...I'm not gonna...You can... 'Cause...'Cause. It's either in storage or mixed up with his stuff...Mama tell Babicka that she can just embroider another one...Get her on the phone, I know she is not gonna care.

(DARLENE talks and laughs in Czech with her grandma.)

Babicko, nevadi Ti, kdyz nedostanu zpatky povlaky na pol-star?

DARLENE. *(cont.) (back with her mom)* See, Mom, she doesn't care.

(She holds the phone away from her ear as her mother and grandma yell at each other.)

Mama, I can't go to a barbecue, you know what's going on here...I have to go I'm at work, Mom. Love you too.
(hangs up)

TERRY. What was that, Polish?

DARLENE. Bohemian.

TERRY. Ah, Bohemian. Hey, Novak, think fast. *(throws a racquetball at her)*

DARLENE. YOU think fast, Olsen.

(She throws it back. Then she picks up a racquet.)

TERRY. You wanna –

DARLENE. Just a little back and forth.

TERRY. Yeah?

DARLENE. Come on.

TERRY. You sure?

DARLENE. Yeah, come on.

TERRY. You ready?

DARLENE. Yep.

TERRY. Here ya go.

(TERRY throws the ball to her. She swings racquet back and knocks down a shelf full of trinkets, awards and Christmas candy. Stuff goes everywhere. TERRY starts laughing.)

DARLENE. Oh my God, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry.

TERRY. *(laughing)* Novak. Come on! That's why you don't play racquetball in the office.

DARLENE. *(holding up a broken trophy)* Whose is this?

TERRY. *(still laughing)* It's Don's community spirit award.
(phone rings)

DARLENE. It's missing an arm.

TERRY. Just find it and we'll glue it on.

(The phone rings again. TERRY answers it.)

Yup?...Nope, he's up in Canada. This is Officer Olsen. *(suddenly serious)* Yes, sir. *(gestures towards DARLENE to stop making noise)* Thank you sir, that's quite an honor...How many do you need? ...We certainly can provide that...Yes sir. Well there's me and...O-l-s-E-n, yes...That's correct. And Don McMurchie. I can give you his home number if... May I ask why...Ok, of course...Well, there's, uh, Officer Darlene Novak...Yes, she's right here... Ok, yes...Very good...Ok. Certainly, we will be there ...Thank you, sir...Goodnight.

(He hangs up.)

(astonished) The Governor is so impressed with the spirit of Shandon, he and his wife are coming to Skate4Skylar.

DARLENE. Wow.

TERRY. And they've asked us to be special security for their daughter.

DARLENE. Brandi?

TERRY. Yes.

(DARLENE's jaw drops.)

(blackout)

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