a dirty face and an idea. My hand was this big. *(With thumb and forefinger, he indicates the size of an infant’s hand.)* I was somebody’s golden child, somebody’s little hope. Now, I’m more just, you know, a local resident. Another earthling.

*(MECHANIC exits as LIBRARIAN returns to her desk.)*

MECHANIC. Byè.

LIBRARIAN. Were you looking for anything, in particular?

MECHANIC. No, I’m good.

LIBRARIAN. Okay.

*(She returns to working at her desk. Lights down.)*

**Scene Three**

*(Same stage-set as in Scene One. JOHN DODGE’s house and the SWANSON’s house. COP enters, in the opposite direction of his earlier stroll, and comes downstage. We see MRS. SWANSON and JOHN DODGE in their windows, intermittently, getting up to get a glass of water or something simple like that. COP speaks into his two-way radio.)*

COP. All units in the vicinity; 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 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). *(Very brief pause. Very flatly.)* Someone’s listening.

COP. Well, there you go. Now I know. *(into two-way radio:) Hi, Susan. Sorry. All clear.

*(He turns down radio, strolls. He comes to the window of JOHN DODGE’s house. He stands outside, looking in. JOHN DODGE, illuminated, is inside, taking a ball up and down, making notes. COP strolls to the window of the SWANSON house. MRS. SWANSON, illuminated, is inside reading. She stands, referring to her book and moving her hand over her belly.)*

*(COP turns to audience, moves downstage.)*

COP. *(gently:) I do like this time of day: night. All the people. All their bones and arteries and personal problems. Beautiful animal: the Person. Dark. *(pause) 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, once upon a time, and so on, The End. (brief pause) I try to uphold the law, keep some order around here, but, I have my moods. I just remember screaming "Awe" at the poor guy. Hard word to scream. It just sounds like a sound. And you can't bully people into feeling something, anyway. Oh, well. (pause) We once almost had a Glass Museum, here. It would have been called the Middletown Glass Museum. Fact.

(Brief pause. He looks back toward the windows.)

Behold: You know, just look.

(In their separate windows, we see JOHN DODGE, illuminated, continuing their earlier actions.)

This is what life is like, here, right now. (brief pause) Looking in people's windows at night makes you feel lonely. Lonely, but, lonely along with the people in the windows. Along with the whole world, the whole lonely billions. It feels sort of holy, in some screwy way. Fact. (brief pause) Fact.

Scene Four

(Bright daylight. Town Square. TOUR GUIDE is holding a clipboard and some maps. She is standing before a simple block of granite, which measures 4' by 4' by 4', and features a small plaque bearing an inscription in unreadably small letters. She checks her watch. A tourist couple arrives. MALE TOURIST has a camera hanging around his neck.)

TOUR GUIDE. Morning. Are you here for the walking tour?
FEMALE TOURIST. We are. Hi.

TOUR GUIDE. Great. Hi. Have you done walking tours before?

MALE TOURIST. (looking at the monument) We went to Rome, last summer.

TOUR GUIDE. Oh. I bet you saw some serious monuments there.

MALE TOURIST. The whole place is history.

FEMALE TOURIST. We walked everywhere. We saw all the famous things. A lot of the ancient inscriptions are chipped off or just kind of worn away. And they're in Latin, so even if they were readable, you can't really read them.

MALE TOURIST. It's a dead language.

TOUR GUIDE. (referring to the monument) Well, this is in English, so people can enjoy it for years to come.

FEMALE TOURIST. What about when English dies?

TOUR GUIDE. Oh, I think English'll be around for a pretty long time.

FEMALE TOURIST. I doubt the Romans thought Latin was going anywhere, either.

MALE TOURIST. We went to Holland, two summers ago. Holland was a world power, a glorious empire, ruthless. (brief pause) We loved those "stroopwafels." They're, like, the local yummy snack. Ruthless empire; yummy snack. People change. Empires, too, is my point. So, ergo, I'm wary of monuments.