



HEATH MONOLOGUE

*A veteran cop schools his new rookie partner on how to do the job, and they both make an electrifying discovery. **Sarcastic, condescending, passionless.***

I gotta be honest: I've never seen a grown man cry. Let alone one your size. Is that what you do when things get rough? You cry?

My dad used to beat the hell out of me if he even saw my lip quiver. But I don't hold a grudge. Made me strong. And to do this job, you have to be strong. You can't excuse yourself every time you see something that upsets you.

You think this is hard? My first week on the force, my partner and I got an emergency call. Got over to Sully's on 18th and there was a kid just shootin' barflies at random. The girl pouring drinks was already dead, couple of the patrons too. Then he pointed his gun at me. I had no choice, and I put one right between his eyes.

Coroner told us he was all screwed up on meth. He was nine years old. I'll never forget, his name was Travis Franklin.

Oh my god. Who was he? Cousin? Brother?

Why didn't you tell me?! Riding around all morning and you didn't think that important to mention? Hey, come back here. Stop crying and get over here, we got a job to do!