

A POLICE MONOLOGUE

Our truck is a \$55,000 truck and it's maybe \$150,000 in equipment. We have shotguns, we have sniper rifles, we have tear gas, bullet-proof vests, we have nets for jumpers, we have Morrissey belts for the patrolman to hold himself in when he gets up on a bridge, we have Kelly tools to pry out trapped people, we give oxygen.

Fifty to seventy-five percent of our calls are for oxygen. I had people that were pronounced DOA by a doctor -- dead on arrival. We have resuscitated them. I had brought him back. The doctor was flabbergasted. He'd written letters on it and thought we were the greatest rescue team in New York City. We give oxygen until the arrival of the ambulance. Most of the time we beat the ambulance.

We get some terrible collisions. The cars are absolutely like accordions. The first week we had a head-on collision on a parkway. I was just passing by when it happened and we jumped out. There were parents in there and a girl and a boy about six years old. I carried the girl out. She had no face. Then we carried out the parents. The father lived until we jacked him out and he collapsed. The whole family was DOA. It happens 24 hours a day -- if emergency's going to be like this, I'd rather go back to Bed-Stuy.

The next day I read in the papers they were both boys, but had mod haircuts. You look across the breakfast table and see your son. MY wife plenty times asked me, "How can you do that? How can you go under a train with a person that's severed the legs off, come home and eat breakfast and feel...?" That's what I'm waiting for: when I can go home and not feel anything for my family. See I have to feel.

A patrolman will call you for a guy that's DOA for a month. He hanged himself. I'm cutting him down. You're dancing to get out of the way of the maggots. I caught myself dancing in the middle of the livingroom, trying to get a ring off a DOA-for-a-month, while the maggots are jumping all over my pants. I just put the damn pants on, brand-new, dry cleaned. I go back to the precinct and still itch and jump in the shower.

And to go under a train and the guy sealed his body to the wheel because of the heat from the third rail. And you know you're gonna drop him into the bag. A 16-year-old kid gets his hand caught in a meat grinder. His hand was coming out the front. And he asks us not to tell his mother. A surgeon pukes on the job and tells you to do it.

One time we had a guy trapped between the platform and the train. His body was below, his head was above. He was talking to the doctor. He had a couple kids home. In order to get him out we had to use a Z-bar, to jack the train away from the platform. The doctor said, "The minute you jack this train away from the platform, he's gonna go." He was talkin' and smokin' with us for about 15 minutes. The minute we jacked, he was gone. I couldn't believe I could snuff out life just like that. We just jacked this thing away and his life. And to give him a cigarette before it happened was even worse.

This morning I read in the paper about that cop that was shot up. His six-year-old son wrote a letter: "Hope you get better, Dad." My wife was fixing breakfast. I said, "Did you read the paper, hon?" She says, "Not yet." "Did you read the letter this cop's son sent to his father when

he was in the hospital?" She says "No." "Well, he's dead now." So I read part of it and I started to choke. I says "What the hell....." I dropped the paper just to get my attention away. I divided my attention to my son that was in the swing. What the hell. All the shit I seen and did and I gotta read a letter.... But it made me feel like I'm still maybe a while away from feeling like I have no feeling left. I know I still had feelings left. I still have quite a few jobs to go.

Our truck is a \$55,000 truck and it's maybe \$150,000 in equipment. We have shotguns, we have sniper rifles, we have tear gas, bullet-proof vests, we have nets for jumpers, we have Morrissey belts for the patrolman to hold himself in when he gets up on a bridge, we have Kelly tools to pry out trapped people, we give oxygen.

Fifty to seventy-five percent of our calls are for oxygen. We give oxygen until the arrival of the ambulance. Most of the time we beat the ambulance.

We get some terrible collisions. The cars are absolutely like accordions. The first week we had a head-on collision on a parkway. I was just passing by when it happened and we jumped out. There were parents in there and a girl and a boy about six years old. I carried the girl out. She had no face. Then we carried out the parents. The father lived until we jacked him out and he collapsed. The whole family was DOA.

My wife plenty times asked me, "How can you do that? How can you go under a train with a person that's severed the legs off, come home and eat breakfast and feel...?" That's what I'm waiting for: when I can go home and not feel anything for my family. See I have to feel.

A patrolman will call you for a guy that's DOA for a month. He hanged himself. I'm cutting him down. You're dancing to get out of the way of the maggots. I caught myself dancing in the middle of the livingroom, trying to get a ring off a DOA-for-a-month, while the maggots are jumping all over my pants. I just put the damn pants on, brand-new, dry cleaned. I go back to the precinct and still itch and jump in the shower.

One time we had a guy trapped between the platform and the train. His body was below, his head was above. He was talking to the doctor. He had a couple kids home. In order to get him out we had to use a Z-bar, to jack the train away from the platform. The doctor said, "The minute you jack this train away from the platform, he's gonna go." He was talkin' and smokin' with us for about 15 minutes. The minute we jacked, he was gone. I couldn't believe I could snuff out life just like that. We just jacked this thing away and his life. And to give him a cigarette before it happened was even worse. I know I still had feelings left, though. I still have quite a few jobs to go.