

A DONUT BREAK

by Aleksí Moriarty

Hippie: (m) early 20s thin, unkempt
Cop: (m) 30s tough, in full riot gear

(Hippie enters carrying a box of donuts, approaches cop leaning against a wall; they watch something in silence for a few moments)

HIPPIE: Hey, cop, wanna donut?

COP: You tryin' to be funny?

HIPPIE: No, seriously, I got a box of donuts. Want one?

COP: *(looks at Hippie, then at box)* What kind you got?

HIPPIE: *(opens box to enumerate contents)* Apple'n'spice, chocolate frosted, Boston cream, cinnamon, bear claw, pumpkin,...

COP: I like pumpkin. *(takes donut from box and starts eating it)*

(Pause for a beat as they continue watching something in the distance)

HIPPIE: Some riot, eh?

COP: Yeah, it's a good party.

HIPPIE: Takin' a break?

COP: *(between bites)* Yeah.

HIPPIE: Lot of work, hunh? Bashing in heads and whatnot?

COP: Yeah, but someone's got to do it I s'pose.

HIPPIE: Come on, admit it, you like it, doncha?

COP: *(between bites)* Oh yeah, it's a perk, definitely.

HIPPIE: Imagine, getting paid to blow off steam like that. You do know you guys are going a bit nuts, right?...

COP: Yeah... I like it when they take the leash off. *(munch munch)*

HIPPIE: Yeah, I can see why you need a break, must be tiring, keeping up that machismo, acting butch, chasing kids, clubbing grandmas...

COP: Haha, yeah... *(finishes donut, licks fingers)* That was good, got another?

HIPPIE: Sure. *(proffers box; Cop takes another donut, starts eating it while Hippié looks him up and down)* Quite a get-up you got there, all that padding, all that black leather, really got that Tom of Finland thing going for you doncha? I bet it's really hot in there.

COP: *(looking at the scene before him, munching, speaking with mouth full)* Oh, yeah, you got that right!

HIPPIE: Nice baton. That blood on it?

COP: Yeah...

HIPPIE: Can I see it? *(Cop pulls it out of his belt, holds it up for inspection)* That a good one, is it?

COP: Yep, the best. And it gets bigger, too. *(he presses a button, flicks his wrist to instantly extend the telescoping baton to three times its length)*

Hippié: Oh my, that's a big one... C-can I touch it?

COP: *(looking right at Hippié)* That's a bit obvious, isn't it?

HIPPIE: What?

COP: Goin' right for the homoeroticism. It's too easy, too cliché, reachin' right for the low hangin' comedy fruit, just 'cause the ASP F31 DuraTec Tactical Baton is so obviously phallic. Well, this baton ain't just phallic, it's also a marvel of the latest in less-lethal truncheon design, *(he begins to lovingly stroke it)* using ASP's patented Airweight premium material process that makes it strong as steel but with only 45% of the weight... And look at that injection molded grip! Touch it *(he says to Hippié, who reaches gingerly for it)*, rub your hand against it, you just wanna grip it, don't ya? Here, run your finger along the shaft, oh yeah, feels good, don't it?, so smooth, so perfect... The outer shaft is titanium, but the inner shafts are an aluminum alloy.

HIPPIE: You don't say. *(running his finger down the shaft, looks him in the eyes)* Nice shaft.

COP: Here, grip it... c'mon, grip it!... Yeah, like that, wrap your hand around it, tight. Oh yeah... Nice, idn't it? You can really feel how firm it is in your hand, can't ya? Let it sit in your hand, feel the weight... Nice hunh? See that knob?

HIPPIE: Yeah, nice knob.

COP: That's the leverage cap, keeps the baton locked to my hand, improving retention and control. The leverage cap's concave design transfers the fulcrum of the baton to my little finger, speeds up the blow to its target, heightens its impact potential.

HIPPIE: Impact potential... you don't say. Nice insignia on the bottom, what is that? A snake spitting?

COP: Yeah, it's the logo of our division, an anaconda.

HIPPIE: *(Hippie lets go of the baton; the cop retracts the baton and reholsters it. They both return to standing against the wall, looking out. Beat. Hippie winces, Cop sniggers.)* Ooh, did you see that?

COP: Sweet...

HIPPIE: Well, I gotta get back.

COP: Yeah, me too. Hey, where you going?

HIPPIE: They need me at Queen & Spadina. I hear I'm supposed to torch a cruiser that should be waiting there for me by now.

COP: Yeah? That's my next stop too. Gonna be a big shindig there I bet. I'll go with you.

HIPPIE: Hey, can I ask a favor?

COP: Depends.

HIPPIE: Can you make sure I got cover to get out of there before you guys start swingin'? I almost got clubbed at King & Front. I'm on your side, you know.

COP: Was that you?

HIPPIE: That was you?! I never would've known, none of you guys had your badges on.

COP: I thought you looked familiar... Sorry 'bout that. Good thing you gave me the signal when you did. It's hard to tell you from the real ones when things get going.

HIPPIE: I figured, that's why I mention it. *(Beat)* Hey, wanna meet afterwards? You know the Steam Works?

COP: Church & Wellesley?

HIPPIE: Yeah. I'll show you *my* baton... it grows too.

COP: Sounds like a date. Oh, and, uh, thanks for the donuts. I like the pumpkin ones.