

**Characters**

*Nairn* (F) A beat cop with a lot of enthusiasm but maybe not the best reputation with her superiors.

*Whelkin* (F) Slightly older than Nairn, or perhaps just more responsible, a beat cop with a decent reputation.

*Claudia* (F) Young, a bit dumb, and scared out of her mind.

*Tiffany* (F) Bold, brash, and in over her head. She likes to think she's far tougher and more of a badass than she really is.

*Emmett* (M) A college student with great academic prowess but very little in the way of street smarts. Sweet but infuriating.

*Vic* (M) Perhaps the smartest one in the room, but he's not going to say it. Calm, collected, and Tiffany's put-upon brother.

**Setting**

A small restaurant. Two doors, one leading to the outside, one to the kitchen. A small bar is at the back.

**Act 1**

*In the darkness, a police radio is heard.*

*Radio:* Disturbance reported at Garibaldi's Restaurant.

*Whelkin: (Over the radio)* Car 67 here. We're nearby, we'll check it out.

*Radio:* Roger that, car 67.

*The sound of a car pulling up and stopping. In the darkness, a flashlight is turned on behind a glass door. The door is opened and officers Whelkin and Nairn enter, flashlights on and hands on guns.*

*Nairn:* Hello?

*Whelkin:* Police. Is there anyone in here?

*The flashlights search the room, it seems empty.*

*Nairn:* No one here.

*Whelkin:* The door was unlocked though. Get the lights, I'll check out the kitchen.

*Nairn:* Yeah, I'm trying to get the lights. Can't find them... *(lights come on)* Nevermind. Found them.

*The light reveals a small restaurant. A bar is at the back, and a swinging door to a kitchen is off to the side. Whelkin heads over, but stops when she sees blood on the floor. Her hand goes back to her gun.*

*Whelkin:* Nairn, check this out. Looks like blood.

*Nairn: (walks over and looks at it, then bends down and sticks her finger in and tastes it)* Nope. Raspberry glaze.

*Whelkin:* That is disgusting! What's wrong with you?! What if that was blood?

*Nairn:* Blood looks a little different. More opaque. And it doesn't have seeds. *(She swipes more off the floor)* See? Seeds?

*Behind them, in the glass of the swinging door, we can see a face pop up briefly, then retreat.*

*Whelkin:* You're still disgusting. Eating stuff off the floor. I'm going into the kitchen.

*Nairn:* I've got your back.

*They are just about to enter the kitchen when the door swings open and Claudia enters. She is a server at the restaurant, still in her work clothes. She looks a little stiff and uncomfortable.*

*Claudia:* Oh, hi.

*Whelkin:* Hello ma'am. I'm Officer Whelkin, this is Officer Nairn. Could you tell us who you are, please?

*Claudia:* I'm Claudia.

*Claudia then stares at them. There is an awkward silence.*

*Whelkin:* Hi Claudia. Do you have a last name? An occupation?

*Nairn:* A favourite colour?

*Claudia:* Jones. I work here. Blue.

*Whelkin:* She was joking about the favourite colour. We received a call about a disturbance here, Claudia. Did you call that in?

*Claudia:* Nope.

*Whelkin:* Is everything okay, Claudia?

*Nairn:* Because you don't seem okay.

*Claudia:* Everything is fine.

*Whelkin:* Why were all the lights off when we came in, Claudia?

*Claudia:* I... broke the lights. And... it was really loud, so that's why someone called the police. But everything is fine, so thank you for coming.

*Nairn and Whelkin exchange glances. Nairn starts to move towards the kitchen while Whelkin keeps the conversation going.*

*Whelkin:* Ah. Okay. I see you got the lights fixed again. So you're fine?

*Claudia: (with a panicked look on her face as she watches Nairn approach the kitchen)* Yes, everything's fine, thank you for coming.

*Whelkin:* Okay, well, here's my card, give us a call if you need anything. Have a good night.

*She walks over to the door, Nairn stays by the kitchen. Whelkin opens the front door, and lets it shut. Claudia stands stock still in the middle of the room. Whelkin tiptoes to where she can't be seen through the kitchen door. There is a silence as all wait. After a few painful moments the face appears at the kitchen door window again. Claudia remains frozen in place.*

*The door is opened slowly, and Tiffany enters from the kitchen. She is unarmed. She is momentarily thrown, seeing the cops, but then regains composure and says,*

*Tiffany:* Claudia...? What's going on out here?

*Nairn and Whelkin have their hands on their guns, but not drawn.*

*Nairn:* Officers Nairn and Whelkin. And who are you?

*Tiffany:* I'm Tiffany. I'm Claudia's... friend.

*Whelkin:* You didn't mention a friend, Claudia.

*Claudia:* (Clearly scared but playing along with Tiffany) I... um... she... she isn't supposed to be here.

*Nairn:* Not supposed to be here?

*Tiffany:* I don't work here. But when Claudia is closing, she doesn't like being here alone. So I came by to keep her company.

*The officers relax a little.*

*Whelkin:* We can have a word with your boss if you like, Claudia. Maybe mention that it's a good idea to have two people on closing. For safety's sake.

*Claudia:* Yes, please.

*Whelkin sees something else in Claudia's eyes. She has a moment of doubt about the situation.*

*Nairn:* What's your full name, Tiffany? Just for our records.

*Tiffany:* Tiffany... Black.

*Whelkin:* Listen, ladies, how about we just stick around here for you until you've finished up? We can give you two a lift home if you want.

*Tiffany:* Oh no, thank you, but I think we'll be fine. Right, Claudia?

*Claudia:* Yeah. I guess.

*Nairn:* Meh. We don't mind. *(She goes to the bar and sits on a stool.)* Take your time. There's no rush. It's been a slow night.

*Whelkin:* Go ahead and finish up, Claudia. Tiffany, tell me about yourself. It's very nice of you to help a friend out like this.

*Tiffany can tell that the cops are still suspicious. She keeps up the pretense though. Claudia doesn't move. She remains rooted in place.*

*Tiffany:* Sure. Hey, let me just grab my purse.

*She slips into the kitchen quickly. Both cops jump up but before they can draw their weapons Tiffany is back with a shotgun, which she points directly at Claudia's head.*

*Tiffany:* Don't touch your guns. Don't! If I see you making a move I will blow her away.

*Claudia:* Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god.

*Nairn:* Nice purse, Tiff.

*Whelkin:* Jesus, Nairn. Tiffany, put the gun down.

*Tiffany:* Oh come on, you know I'm not going to do that.

*Nairn:* You'd be surprised how often people do actually comply. It's always worth a shot.

*Whelkin:* Tiffany, whatever it is that you want, a shotgun is not the way to get it.

*Tiffany:* I find it usually works quite well, actually.

*There is a moment of confrontational silence. Then...*

*Tiffany:* Okay, here's what we're going to do. You are going to come over here, one at a time, and I'm going to take your guns off of you.

*Whelkin:* Oh come on, Tiffany. You know we can't do that.

*Tiffany:* I have the gun. You definitely can do that. Or else a civilian dies.

*Nairn:* We physically can't do that. Our holsters are engineered so that only we can release our guns. Fingerprint technology.

*Tiffany:* Seriously?

*Whelkin:* Yeah. It's new. We got sick of criminals grabbing our guns.

*Nairn:* So.... put the gun down, Tiffany. It's two against one.

*Tiffany:* You wouldn't endanger the life of a civilian. And I will shoot her. Make no mistake.

*Whelkin:* Oh, I'm sure you would. Try to anyways... You realize you probably won't hit her if she moves. And Claudia, if you see her finger twitch, you should move. And then you'd have to re-load the shotgun, Tiffany, and we'd be all over you. And I'm not scared of you. I've got my vest on.

*Claudia:* She's really close to me. If you don't mind, I don't really want to risk getting shot. I don't have a bullet-proof vest.

*Nairn:* Statistically, she won't hit you. If you're moving, you're relatively safe.

*Claudia:* Yeah, you say that, but it would still be me taking the risk, and I'd rather not.

*Tiffany:* Officers, stop talking, and come over here so I can take your guns.

*Whelkin:* We told you-

*Tiffany:* Whatever. Come over here and hand it to me then.

*Nairn:* Fine. You go first, Whelkin. *(She leans on the bar casually)*

*Tiffany:* No. Both of you.

*Nairn:* That's bad strategy. You don't want both of us in close proximity. We'd beat the shit out of you.

*Tiffany:* Not before I shoot her.

*Claudia:* Please don't let her shoot me.

*Nairn:* Stop whining. Whining encourages the perp to shoot.

*Tiffany:* Not obeying the perp encourages the perp to shoot.

*Whelkin:* Tiffany, we cannot and will not give you our guns. If you shoot Claudia, we will shoot you. Those are your only two options.

*Tiffany:* I don't like either of them.

*Nairn:* Neither do I, but honestly, if she ends up shot, and you end up shot, we still look like heroes. If we end up gunless with an escaped perp, our lives won't be worth living.

*Claudia begins to wail, high and keening.*

*Whelkin:* She didn't mean that. Your safety is the most important thing for us, Claudia.

*Nairn:* I totally meant it. You aren't winning this, Tiffany.

*Whelkin:* Claudia, I need you to calm down.

*Tiffany:* Yeah, shut the fuck up, Claudia.

*Claudia:* I'm going to throw up!

*Nairn:* Throw up on Tiffany.

*Whelkin:* Nairn!

*Nairn: (Looking behind the bar)* Okay, okay. There's a garbage can back here, can I bring it over?

*Tiffany: (Putting the gun right to a heaving Claudia's head)* Don't move. Claudia, I'm gonna walk you back to the bar and you can puke in the garbage, okay?

*Claudia nods, and they move back behind the bar. Tiffany motions for Nairn to get out of the way, and we see Claudia bend behind the counter and hear her retching.*

*Nairn:* Can I at least hold the poor girl's hair out of the way?

*Tiffany:* Fuck off.

*Tiffany bends to hold Claudia's hair. In doing so, she has to move the shotgun out of the way. Nairn quickly throws a glass of liquid that had been sitting on the bar into Tiffany's face. In the moment where Tiffany is caught unawares and briefly blinded, Nairn leaps over the bar at her. We see moments of a struggle that is occurring behind the bar, and Claudia comes crawling out. Whelkin rushes to her and*

*pulls her well out of the way, then wades into the fray, and comes back out with the shotgun, which she puts aside, then steps back in and pulls Tiffany out from behind the bar, cuffs her and drags her into the corner.*

*Whelkin:* Nairn? You okay?

*Nairn stands up from behind the bar, somewhat dishevelled. Perhaps slightly bloody.*

*Nairn:* Yup.

*Whelkin:* Claudia? You okay?

*Claudia:* Oh my god.

*Nairn:* I just want you to know, Claudia, I really didn't mean what I said. I would absolutely rather answer to my bosses and have a ton of missing sidearm paperwork to do than see you die. Or get injured.

*Claudia:* Thanks. I thought so. I thought you were just bluffing.

*Tiffany:* Oh for fucks sake.

*Whelkin:* Shut up Tiffany. Nairn, I'm gonna call this in. Can you keep an eye on her for me? I don't trust her to behave.

*Claudia:* Wait.

*Whelkin:* Wait?

*Claudia:* I'm in so much trouble anyways...

*Tiffany:* Claudia...

*Claudia:* Is there such a thing as witness protection in Canada?

*Whelkin:* Of course... why?

*Nairn:* That's a weird question.

*Whelkin:* It's not a weird question. I mean, she's got every reason to be afraid of Tiffany.

*Nairn:* No, but in Canada? Why wouldn't we have witness protection?



*Claudia:* I dunno, I thought it might just be an American thing, but we assume it's everywhere because of movies.

*Nairn:* Oh, I see. No, we have it. But to be honest, this isn't really a situation where we would use that level of resources. Because even if she killed you, our testimony would still send her to jail. And she's not that stupid. Are you, Tiffany?

*Whelkin:* Whatever happens, we will make sure that you are safe, Claudia.

*Tiffany:* Yeah, so shut your fuckin face, Claudia.

*Nairn:* Back at you, Tiff.

*Claudia:* It's not about this... there's more.

*Whelkin:* More?

*Nairn:* What do you mean, more?

*Tiffany struggles to get at Claudia, and Nairn casually holds her down with her boot.*

*Claudia:* Tiffany didn't break in. She was waiting here for a delivery. It's a weekly delivery. I didn't want to be involved anymore, and I had a fight with my boss about it. That must have been the disturbance that someone called in.

*Whelkin:* What kind of delivery?

*Tiffany:* You are so dead...

*Nairn:* Keep talking, Tiff, the charges are piling up.

*Claudia:* I'm not sure.

*Whelkin:* You're not sure?

*Nairn:* Wait, so this could just be a black market breastmilk cheese thing going on?

*All except Nairn:* Breastmilk Cheese?

*Claudia:* I don't think that's actually illegal. As long as the milk is pasteurized.