

FRIENDS (EXCERPT)

By

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FADE IN

INT - STEVIE'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

COLBY stands at a window, looking out warily; crosses to another window; then goes to sit at a grungy table, studying a MAP of a bank vault. A HANDGUN sits on the table by Colby. There's a loud KNOCKING at the door. Colby looks up, started/suspicious.

STEVIE (OC)  
Colby? You in there?

COLBY  
Stevie?

STEVIE (OC)  
C'mon! It's raining! Open the door,  
damn it.

COLBY  
Keep your pants on.

Colby stands, folds the map, picks up the gun, presses a button to buzz the door open. STEVIE enters, arm around MIKEY. Colby swings the gun up, targeting them both.

STEVIE  
Don't shoot! Geeze.

Colby lowers the gun. Stevie laughs, nudges Mikey as if it's all a joke.

STEVIE (cont'd)  
C's always clowning. Don't worry  
about it. Colby, this is -- uh,  
sorry, what was your name again?

MIKEY  
Mikey. Mikey Ryan. It's nice to  
meet you.

Mikey offers a hand; Colby ignores it, goes to sit down. Mikey looks around, notices guns, drug paraphernalia.

MIKEY (cont'd)  
This is cool. "Good guys." "Bad  
guys." (pretend-shoots Stevie) Ah,  
Stevie, mind if I use your, uh --

(CONTINUED)

STEVIE

In the back. By the washing machine.

MIKEY

Cool. Thanks.

Mikey exits. Stevie shrugs off his jacket, hangs it on a rack.

COLBY

So who's the mark? And what are you doing here, Stevie?

STEVIE

I made a sale. Four grams. Then I met this idiot. He's worth money, Colby. A lot of it. See, his dad's a --

Mikey re-enters, zipping up. Stevie shuts up.

MIKEY

So listen. I should be going. (to Colby:) See, my dad was supposed to meet me. But he was late, as usual. I mean, he is a Senator. Has a private jet, of course. But he --

Colby stands, picks up the gun, moves to stand by Stevie, blocking Mikey's exit.

STEVIE

There's no hurry. We're buddies, right? You can stay here as long as you want.

Colby smiles, aims the gun at Mikey.

COLBY

That's what friends are for.