

"FRIENDS"

By

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revised 2/29/2016

2015

INT: COLBY'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

COLBY sits alone at a grungy table studying a map of a bank vault. There's a GUN on the table next to her. There's a loud KNOCK at the door. Colby looks up, startled, suspicious.

STEVIE
(from outside)
Colby? You in there? Open up, damn it!

COLBY
Stevie?

STEVIE
C'mon, it's raining. Open the door!

COLBY
Keep your pants on.

Colby picks up the gun, buzzes the door open. Stevie enters, arm around MIKEY. Colby swings the gun up, targeting them both.

MIKEY
Whoah!

STEVIE
(laughing; reassuring)
It's a gag. Don't worry. Colby, this is -- ah -- what was your name again?

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

COLBY
Whatever.

Colby sits. Mikey looks around, notices drugs and gun paraphernalia in the room.

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

STEVIE
In the back. By the washing machine.

(CONTINUED)

MIKEY

Cool.

Mikey exits. Stevie sits down, near Colby.

COLBY

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

STEVIE

I made a sale. Then I met this idiot. He's worth money, Colby. More than you've ever seen. His dad's a --

Mikey re-enters, zipping up.

MIKEY

This is great. Like I love this plac. But I should be going. (to Colby) See, my dad was supposed to meet me. He's prob'ly freaking. I mean he is a Senator. He has a private jet and everything. But he-

Stevie stands, smiling ingratiatingly, blocking Mikey's exit.

STEVIE

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

Colby aims the guns at Mikey, smiling.

COLBY

That's what friends are for.

INT: LATER

Mikey tied to a chair... struggles against the ropes for a moment, then gives up. Stevie enters, unwraps a protein bar, takes a bit, offers it to Mikey.

STEVIE

You wanna bite?

MIKEY

Lemme go.

(CONTINUED)

STEVIE

Colby wants to kill you. Gimme your dad's number, and we can set up the ransom. And you'll be free. All those jets to fly around in. C'mon.

Colby enters, carrying a plastic bag.

STEVIE (cont'd)

What're you doing? He'll talk.

Colby pulls the bag over Mikey's head, starts to suffocate Mikey.

MIKEY

Don't. Stop!

COLBY

"Don't stop." Listen to that, Stevie. He likes it! (to Mikey) You can die now, fucker. Or give us the phone number! On the count of 3 -

MIKEY

I can't!

COLBY

(pulling bag tighter)
One -- two --

MIKEY

He's not my father!

Colby pulls off the bag, stares at Mikey.

COLBY

What?

MIKEY

I was lying. I was conning you! You said you had weed. I thought maybe you'd give me some, if you thought...

Stevie starts unbuttoning Mikey's shirt.

COLBY

What're you doing.

STEVIE

I did a web search. Ryan has a tattoo of a dollar on his--

Stevie pulls the collar open -- no tattoo.

(CONTINUED)

STEVIE

Fuck.

COLBY

It's not him.

MIKEY

Ryan's rich. So I play him
sometimes! It gets me free
stuff. Let me go, now. Please.

COLBY

(to Stevie)

You're an idiot. Get rid of him.

Colby hands Stevie the gun, leaves. Stevie stares at Mikey,
then sits, pulls a joint and lights it. Mikey sniffs the
smoke, cocks an eye over in Stevie's direction.

MIKEY

Can I have a hit?

STEVIE

Shut up.

The end.