

FRIENDS
By
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FRIENDS

by Nils Osmar This is a vignette of mine called "Friends."
Pick one character to learn (Stevie, Mikey or Tilly); be
sure to learn his or her lines and cues."OC" means
off-camera.

FADE IN

INT: STEVIE'S APARTMENT

TILLY sits alone in a crude apartment, studying a map of a
bank vault. There's a loud knocking at the door. She folds
the map, looks toward the door in concern.

STEVIE (OC)
Tilly? You in there? Open up, damn
it!

TILLY
Stevie?

STEVIE (OC)
C'mon. I don't have my key. Open
the door.

TILLY
Just a minute.

She goes to a wall cabinet, gets a small handgun, presses a
button for the door to open. STEVIE starts to enter. She
swings the gun up, targeting him.

STEVIE
Don't shoot! Geeze.

Stevie is standing there, hands raised; MIKEY is behind him
on the steps, looking rain-soaked and bedraggled. She lowers
the gun.

TILLY
Sorry. You scared the shit out of
me.

STEVIE
So we're even! Put it down, all
right?

She sticks the gun in her belt. Stevie nods to Mikey, winks
playfully.

(CONTINUED)

STEVIE

Come on in, man. She won't shoot us. Tilly, this is..... ah, sorry. What was your name again?

MIKEY

Mikey. Mikey Ryan.

STEVIE

This is Tilly. My lady. She looks after the place when I'm gone. Anybody who shouldn't be here, she fuckin' takes 'em out. Kapow!
(laughs as if joking)

Mikey smiles, offers his hand.

MIKEY

Good to meet you. Sorry to...

TILLY

Whatever.

She walks back to sit down.

MIKEY

Ah... Stevie.... mind if I use your... um....

Stevie grins, points to another room.

STEVIE

In the back. Past the laundry room. Can't miss it.

MIKEY

Thanks, man.

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

TILLY

So who's the idiot? And what the hell are you doing here, anyway? You were supposed to be gone till next Wednesday.

STEVIE

(laughs)

I made a sale. Then met Mikey here. Hey, where's your sister? I bought her something.

(CONTINUED)

TILLY
I sold her. Got fifty bucks.

STEVIE
Ha, ha.

TILLY
She's out working, actually.
Earning her keep, for once

STEVIE
What do you mean, working? She's
like ten years old.

TILLY
She's begging. I sprayed this junk
on her, makes her look contagious.
(laughs) Folks'll pay good money,
just to keep her away from them. So
who's the mark? Why'd you bring him
here?

STEVIE
He's worth money. More than fifty
bucks, I'll say that. His dad's a
--

Stevie shuts up, as Mikey re-enters.

MIKEY
(looking around)
This is cool. A nice place. Listen,
Stevie. I really appreciate you
putting me up. (to Tilly,
apologetically) See, my dad was
supposed to meet me, but his jet
didn't come in. Stevie here....

TILLY
Not a problem, Mikey. We're all
buddies, right? You can stay here
as long as you want.

STEVIE
That's what friends are for.

FADE OUT