“[FRIENDSHIP](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R2dzee4GFU8)”

If you don’t trust people, you make them untrustworthy.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g87wF_k9v5o>

Healy - Chaparral

1. PROTAGONIST’S ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - EVENING

*Auburn lights on two males sitting on a playground.*

*Their names are Darren and Tyler.*

DARREN : *(Exhaling smoke)* You sure you don’t want one?

TYLER : I don’t smoke.

DARREN : Still?

TYLER : I don’t want your cigarettes.

DARREN : I’m offering you friendship here!

TYLER : I don’t want any of that either.  
DARREN : You’ve at least tried one before, right?  
TYLER: Yeah. *(Beat.)* I had a friend once . . . Imaginary.  
DARREN : I’m talking about cigarettes, dude.  
TYLER : I had the *coolest* imaginary friend.

DARREN : Jesus Chri--

TYLER : His name was Butler. *(Beat.)* Not named after the profession but named after the character from those Artemis Fowl books. Though the character was named after the profession so in the end I suppose it’s all the same. *(Beat.)* I hit hard times. Took up drinking, nightmares settled in. Next thing I know my finances dried up so what happens? My wife leaves me and takes the kids. And my friend . . . he never called me back. Not even once. *(Beat.)* And then the worst part about it was I ran into him years later and I told him how I felt, *“Where were you when I needed an imaginary friend!?”*

**...**

DARREN : You definitely need a cigarette.  
TYLER : My first and last cigarette was at Taylor’s house in her basement.   
DARREN : What?  
TYLER: Yeah, didn’t even know she had a basement. I inhale and immediately I begin coughing. Of course she starts laughing, having the time of her life, while I’m tearing up trying not to die. Haven’t tried it since.  
DARREN : *(Pulls out a cigarette)* Here try one.  
TYLER: *(shakes his head)* There’s other reasons too.

DARREN : I won’t laugh. Or even if I do I don’t mean anything by it.  
TYLER: *(sarcastically)* You’re a true friend. *(Beat.)* But no thanks, I’m good.

*(Darren is smoking, breathing deeply and exhaling.)*

*(A silence.)*  
  
TYLER: I enjoy the smell, though. And the concept. *(Beat.)* And the smoke.  
DARREN : People usually hate the smoke. I don’t get why you don’t try it, but whatever.

TYLER: Yeah, the smoke smells like death.

DARREN : Delicious. *(Beat.)* Sometimes I smoke right next to loud people to get them to move.

**...**

DARREN : Man, I miss this shit. It’s been fucking forever since we’ve hung out like this.

TYLER: Yeah. Last time you weren’t smoking.  
DARREN : Holy shit, it’s been that long?!

*(Spencer enters walking towards to playground)*

DARREN : You want one?

*Lights out.*