





Yasmin Side

TERESA

You know I love you, but I just wish you would call before coming over. Like real grown-ups do. Hold up- I've never given you a key to my house.

Yasmin gets off the can. She doesn't flush and definitely doesn't wash her hands.

YASMIN

Oh shit, that's right. Ha! Anyway, keep that one. I have like five more at home. You know, for when I need to borrow your blender or some extra cash. Now I don't have to bother you. I just show up, grab what I need, and peace out! I do keep losing your keys, though. But don't worry, I've put your address on each and every copy I've made- Oop. What the fuck is that?

Yasmin spots the pregnancy on the bathroom counter.

TERESA

What?

Yasmin quickly reaches past Teresa and grabs the pregnancy test.

YASMIN

Trick question, I know exactly what this is! I practically had a Planned Parenthood punch card in high school. Ooooh, someone's got a secret!

Yasmin starts dancing around the bathroom, waving the pregnancy test in the air.

TERESA

Put it down.

YASMIN

Nah-uh! Not until you give me all the juicy deets. Girl, you got dick pics?

TERESA

Yasmin Maria! I swear...

YASMIN

You swear? That's a first.

Teresa half-heartedly lunges toward Yasmin. Yasmin takes a step back, losing her grip on the pregnancy test. It falls into the toilet.

TERESA

No!

YASMIN

Yikes! My bad, that's on me.

Yasmin chuckles while Teresa frantically searches for a new pregnancy test. Yasmin leans against the bathroom counter.

YASMIN

Jesus. Calm down! There's no way you're actually pregnant. You're the most careful, read: boring, person I know.

END



