INT. BATHROOM - DAY

TERESA (29) stands in front of the bathroom mirror examining her body in the reflection. A pregnancy test sits on the counter. Teresa grabs her phone and sets a timer.

TERESA
Two minutes. Alright, let's do this.

YASMIN (31) barges in, startling Teresa. She holds a cocktail glass filled to the brim with a clear liquid. She's clearly buzzed. From here on out, it's the 'Yasmin Show.'

YASMIN
Here you are! I've been sitting in your living room for a whole 15 minutes!

Yasmin glugs down half of her drink, sets the glass on the bathroom counter, and proceeds to use the toilet.

TERESA
Oh my gosh! How- how did you get in my house?

YASMIN
Relax, sis! I'm just here to give you back your spare key.

Yasmin takes a key out of her pocket and tosses it to Teresa. The key hits Teresa on her stomach, her reflexes about two seconds too late. Teresa searches for the lone key on the bathroom floor.

YASMIN
Did you know the cockney rhyme slang for 'keys' is 'cheddar cheese?' That's so funny to me. One of the British bartenders on my last cruise ship gig told me that. He was super hot, a little racist, but totally bang-able. (a la Cardi B)

OwwWW.

TERESA
I did know that. And if you had watched that documentary about the real 'Downton Abbey,' like I asked you to, you would've already known that too. Ugh, there it is!
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
Ugh, spoken like a true lawyer.

Can I have some of your water?

Yeah.

Teresa takes a sip from Yasmin's glass. She almost immediately spits it out into the sink.

What the heck?! Is that straight tequila?

Yes?

I might be pregnant, Yaz! Why would you let me drink that?!

Oh my god, it was just a tiny sip. You are so uptight!

I'm uptight? For not wanting to drink alcohol while I might be pregnant?!

Pregnant women drink all the time!

Okay, no. See, no. I can't do this with you, Yaz. I can't stand here and bicker with you all day. I am a grown woman, I have actual things to do. Do you know what that's like, to have actual responsibilities? I have a case file I need to look at, I have to call a locksmith now to change all the locks in my house, thank you, by the way, and now I might even have a freaking crib to buy!

This final thought causes Teresa to break down. Yasmin tries console her sister. She's not very good at it.
5.

Hermanas - Abigail Saenz

YASMIN

Stop. Don't—don't do that. You've got this. You're the smartest, most practical person I know. And you're not alone! You've got me! Tia Yasmin to the rescue! Oh, tia Yasmin, I kinda like that...

TERESA

Tia Yasmin? Are you fucking serious right now?

YASMIN

Did you just say the ‘eff’ word?

TERESA

Yasmin. I’m telling you this because I love you: You are a disaster. You get fired from every job you’ve ever had, you’re a slob, you’re probably an alcoholic. I mean who the hell drinks straight tequila at 3 o’clock on a Tuesday?? I pay all your bills. I’ve had to bail you out of more mall jails than I care to count. I wouldn’t want to raise a chia pet with you, let alone another human being. Don’t get me wrong, you are wickedly funny and deep, deep down, you have a heart of gold. But quite frankly, Yaz, I wouldn’t want you anywhere near any child of mine because, overall, you suck as a sister and you’d probably be an even shittier aunt.

The timer goes off. Both sisters sit and stare at the pregnancy test. Teresa grabs it and holds it tight in her palm.

TERESA

Yaz, I will call you later, but right now, I need you to get the hell out of my house.

A baffled Yasmin sets her glass down and exits. Teresa, finally alone, holds up the test, reads it, and smiles.

FADE TO BLACK