

A Lotta Weed

By

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EXCERPT FROM: "A LOTTA WEED." © NILS OSMAR 2018

INT: CLUTTERED APARTMENT, MORNING

Rick sits at kitchen table, playing a video game. AMY walks in, stands next to him.

AMY

Hey.

RICK

Die, motherfuckers! Yeahhh!
(killing an enemy)
Zup, babe. You look hot.

AMY

I have to talk to you.

RICK

I'm kinda busy.

AMY

Yeah. Well. I'm pregnant, Rick.

He stops playing, looks at her.

RICK

Really.

AMY

Really.

RICK

Shit.

AMY

Yeah, I know. So. Like. I need some money.

RICK

For what.

AMY

Six, seven hundred. I think that's what it costs these days.

RICK

What're you talkin' about?

(CONTINUED)

AMY

You know what I'm talking about.

She holds out her hand. He hesitates, then stands, takes out his wallet, starts counting out the cash.

RICK

That's a lotta weed.

AMY

It's not for weed.

RICK

I know. I'm just saying. So you're sure about this? I mean, you've thought about it, and everything?

AMY

What, do you think we're gonna raise it? You and me? Get married? Buy a little house? Live happily ever after?

RICK

You don't have to get pissy about it.

AMY

(icily)

Seven hundred. I'll let you know if it's more than that.

He hands her the money. She folds it, puts it in her pocket.

RICK

Wanna do a movie? There's this crazy one out at the Crest. Bout this dude, he's, like, he's on Venus or something. Then he's like on Mars. These guys are chasing him. Like, you'd totally like it, I think.

She stares at him, shakes her head.

AMY

Whatever. Sure. What the fuck.

RICK

Cool.

He sits, goes back to playing. She stares at him for a moment, then leaves.