INDICA ROBBERY

A Comedy Sketch
by Deadair Dennis Maler
FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHTTIME

HIPSTER walking down the street at night by himself playing on his iPhone. THIEF pops up from around the corner brandishing a gun. He points the gun at Hipster.

THIEF
GIVE ME ALL YOUR FUCKING MONEY!

HIPSTER
(scarred)
... UH, LIKE CASH? I DON’T HAVE ANY MONEY ON ME. MAYBE THERE’S AN ATM MACHINE AROUND HERE.

THIEF
ATM! It’s just A-T-M.

HIPSTER
What?

THIEF
ATM stands for “Automated Transaction Machine”. Saying ATM “Machine” is redundant because the word machine is alread- er, FUCK THAT! GIVE ME YOUR MOTHER FUCKIN’ WALLET, BITCH!

HIPSTER
(smarmy)
Who carries a wallet any more, dude?
Pfft!

THIEF
Oh for FUCK’S SAKE! How do you pay for things?!
Hipster holds up iPhone, shakes it sarcastically in front of the thief.

HIPSTER
Uh, Apple Pay. Duh!

THIEF
GIMME THAT SHIT!
(more)

Thief snatches phone out of Hipster’s hand. Sees the front of the iPhone is smashed and cracked.

THIEF (CONT ’ D)
Da fuck? You call this a phone? It’ just a brick of jagged glass. How da fuck do you call anyone wid dis?

HIPSTER
You mean like Facetime?

THIEF
(annoyed)
How do you text with this thing?

Hipster holds up hands, his fingers are wrapped with brightly colored, cartoon bandaids.

HIPSTER
Speech to text, bro.

THIEF
(defeated)
*sigh*, here man. Just take this… I can’t wit you. I just can’t… this gentrification shit… *sigh* So, you don’t have any money on you?
HIPSTER

No.

THIEF
*sigh* Got any weed?

HIPSTER
Oh fuck yeah! I’ll get you smoked up.

CUT TO:

Thief and Hipster sitting on a milk crates in a back alley (or on a couch watching TV) passing a joint back and forth. Both are giggling.

THIEF
Oooo weeeeee! That’s some good shit.
Here.

Passes the joint back to Hipster.

HIPSTER
Hehe, it’s Indica, dude. It means in da couch. Hehe.

THIEF
Yo, is dat why my legs feel like jelly?

Both laugh. Thief stands up, pulls out a wad of cash, filters through it and pulls out a five dollar bill. Hands it to Hipster.

THIEF
Aight, man. I gotta get rollin’. Here, for the smoke up.

HIPSTER
That’s funny.

THIEF
What is?

HIPSTER
Well, just like an hour ago YOU were trying to rob me. Now you’re handing me money... that’s just funny. Ya know?

Thief snatches the money out of Hipster’s hand, glares at him angrily, slowly walks away without breaking eye contact.

FADE OUT: