

KANGAROO TIME

POC written by

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INT. CLINIC ROOM - DAY

Sterile and barren. A few STD awareness posters adorn the walls.

Next to a table, wheeling back and forth on a stool--

AL MARINO (25), a bi-racial 3rd-year-resident. Clean shaven, meticulously dressed, his white lab coat crisply ironed.

Opens up a brown, patient chart. Runs his finger down the left page. Sighs.

Seated next to a small desk: JENNA (19), deaf and cute as a button, with an urban, chic look about her. She could easily pass as a poster child for Lululemon or Go Jane.

She and Al converse in American Sign Language (ASL).

AL

Hello again, Jenna. Nice to see you.

She nods.

He places the brown chart on the desk.

JENNA

So?

Al leans in a tad closer to her.

AL

Well young lady, the lab results are back and you have tested positive for Chlamydia.

Jenna sighs, tears fall down.

JENNA

What do I do?

AL

I'll go grab a clinician to come treat you, it's a bacterial infection so we--

JENNA

Not that bacteria, I meant the one I'm engaged to. He is screwing half the city...

AL
Oh, that one's not as easy to
treat.

Al's phone vibrates. He ignores it.

Jenna sits up, wipes away her tears.

JENNA
Why didn't you call Heather back?
She had a great time the other
night, says you were--

Al coughs.

AL
Wow. Let's keep Heather and her
neurosis out of this conversation.

Jenna stares him down.

AL
Fine. I'll let her down gently...

Jenna nods to Al.

AL
Have you thought of leaving him? Do
you have friends or family you can
stay with?

JENNA
Maybe after I get my Green Card.

Al's phone rings loudly.

Al holds his hand up in an apologetic manner.

Jenna stops signing.

INSERT AL'S PHONE.

TEXT READS
Pick up asshole. We need to talk.
Kari.

Al turns the phone over, turns his attention back to Jenna.

JENNA
Till then I'm stuck.

She pushes the chart away from her.

Al's phone rings and vibrates- continuously.

Al grabs it. Shuts it off.

JENNA
Somebody important?

Al shakes his head.

JENNA
On my copy of the test result could
you change it to HIV? Maybe then
he'll keep his dick away...

Al looks around the room. Rolls his chair to a cabinet, grabs
at a brown small bag. He rolls back to the desk. Spills out
the contents on top of the chart. Condoms.

From the loud speaker:

NURSE DEE'S VOICE (O.S.)
Paging doctor Marino. Please call
extension 4488.

Al grabs the large, purple one. Opens it. A large, female
condom dangles from his hand.

JENNA
I'm not having sex with a horse!

AL
No, silly. Look.

From the loud speaker:

NURSE DEE'S VOICE (O.S.)
Paging doctor--

KARI MANNING (O.S.)
Al! Where are you?

Al fumbles with the female condom.

KARI MANNING (O.S.)
We need to talk. I got something to
tell you--

NURSE DEE'S VOICE (O.S.)
You are a bit beyond that. He'll
see your...Surprise, and he won't
be happy--

KARI MANNING (O.S.)
Back off, Nurse whoever you are.
I'll have my father send you off to
nurses without contracts...

The intercom goes dead.

Al shapes his left hand into an O shape. Takes the female condom in his right, twists the bottom part. Pushes it into an imaginary "vagina" made by his hand. Puts it down.

AL

You insert it here, like a tampon.
This outer ring also protects your
vulva. Best option to keep out any
unwanted gifts he may come home
with.

Jenna cocks her head.

JENNA

I'll take two dozen.

BANG BANG BANG

Al looks to the door.

Jenna follows his gaze.

The door swings open, in steps--

NURSE DEE (40s), African American, the kind of nurse others
look up to.

She looks at the female condom in Al's hand.

NURSE DEE

Looks like you qualify for a
refund, honey.

Al jumps off the stool, opens up the cabinet doors.

NURSE DEE

Queen K is on the prowl, you are
her main prey.

Attempts to squeeze in the one next to the bio hazard bin.
Turns back to Jenna.

AL

Come push me in.

Jenna stands... Unsure of what to do.

Al looks over.

Nurse Dee sighs and steps to the side of the doorway.

From Al's POV, he doesn't fully see KARI (29), immaculate earrings and a face that sees quarterly Botox, enter.

Just her large pregnant, baby bump.

He reaches out for the wall as his knees buckle under.

AL

I just can't deal with this right now. I thought we agreed - FOUR MONTHS AGO...no bun in the oven.

AL

After options counseling you agreed to take care of this.

Karida struggles to keep her balance.

KARIDA

I'm almost thirty. I chose the other option.

AL

You planning on adoption?

KARIDA

Oh, don't go all Juno on me.

Al twiddles with his bracelet.

KARIDA

We have to sit and make plans. I'd prefer a natural birth. Just not here. Maybe we can find a doula.

AL

Maybe you can find one.

Jenna turns to Al.

JENNA

I guess you forgot to use those horse condoms.

CUT TO BLACK