

OMG! LEO'S GOT LEUKEMIA!

By

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FADE IN:

INT. CLOVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Red rose petals rain down like weightless snowflakes.

A knock at the door.

CLOVE(30s) tosses the last of the petals overhead on her way to the door. She's dressed in a baggy sweatshirt and spandex.

She opens the door.

CLOVE
Tonight is the night.

CHANG, a Chinese guy in his 20s, walks in carrying a heart-shaped box of chocolates and a bag of Chinese take-out.

He walks over a carpet of rose petals. Sits on the couch.

CLOVE
Thanks for bringing the chocolates.

She hands a box of low mein to Chang.

CHANG
Don't you ever get sick of Chinese?
Or MSG?

He puts down his low mein. Opens the box, grabs a chocolate. She slaps his hand, returning the chocolate to the box.

CLOVE
Told you it's for tonight. I want
it to be perfect. First time.

Chang just stares at her.

CLOVE
I feel so nervous. Don't know about
the cherry thing. How to orgasm.
I've watched a hundred how tos but-

Chang stands up.

CLOVE
Wait. You're not going, are you?

CHANG
Another order in car getting cold.
You need some real friends, Clove.
I just delivery boy.

INT. CLOVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A red satin sheet ripples in the air before landing silky smooth atop Clove's bed.

Around the room are remnants of boxes. Victoria Secret. Amazon Prime.

Madonna's *Like a Virgin* blares from Clove's cell. She grabs it to see a reminder: Leo All Night Long - Midnight!

She swipes to homescreen where the time is displayed: 11:56.

She drops phone on bed, rushes into bathroom.

Scanning her room. It's all about Leo. Her mirror is lined with photos of a guy (assuming it's Leo). And he's BUFF. A big wooden 'L' hangs on the wall over her bed. A bouquet of rose stems on the dresser, all the petals plucked off.

The phone on the bed now reads: 11:59.

Clove bursts from the bathroom nearly tripping. Maybe she's never walked in red stilettos. She gathers herself. Adjusts her red teddy lingerie and jumps under the shiny bedding.

She takes a deep breath in. Closes her eyes.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

She giggles. Her eyes fling open.

She grabs her phone. Opens up SKYPE.

Someone with the screen name LANDSHARKLEO awaits.

We cannot see him, even though she is on camera.

LANDSHARKLEO (V.O.)

Clove? RU here? Sorry my camera is still not working.

CLOVE

Yes. Here. I'm so nervous. I can't believe we are taking the next step like this. And so close to Valentine's Day. You are everything to me, Leo. Oh and I have chocolate. You can't really taste them from over there, but I'll taste them here for both of us.

LANDSHARKLEO (V.O.)

Uh. Ok. Be careful. Sometimes those things surprise you. Some are even pretty gross.

Clove grabs the box of chocolates. Picks one from inside.

CLOVE
How about this one?

She sexily licks the outer shell then pops it in her mouth. Tries to chew with orgasm face then spits it into her palm.

CLOVE
What's wrong? You're awful quiet tonight. Do you think we're moving too fast? Because we can call for a do-over. Seriously, maybe I overdid it, I just wanted it to be special.

There is awkward silence. For seconds. Then --

LANDSHARKLEO (V.O.)
Clove, I have leukemia.

Clove nearly chokes. Gets close as she can to the camera.

LANDSHARKLEO (V.O.)
I may not be around much.

CLOVE
Whadda you mean?

LANDSHARKLEO (V.O.)
Appointments. Biopsies.

Awkward silence this time from Clove's end.

LANDSHARKLEO (V.O.)
Clove, I could die.

CLOVE
Whadda you mean? You can't die. We've never even met.

LANDSHARKLEO (V.O.)
Then you'll have to come up here. I know you have that thing.

CLOVE
Agoraphobia. I haven't left my apartment for twelve years, Leo.

INT. CLOVE'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY - DAY

Chang on one side of the threshold. Clove on the other.

CLOVE
I can't do it.

Chang shrugs. Turns to leave.

CLOVE
Wait! Let me get my glasses.

Chang waits. And waits. And waits.

Finally the door opens back up. Clove puts on a pair of Rayban sunglasses.

CLOVE
Take my hand.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

He leads her down a long narrow passage.

CHANG
Feel like I'm leading blind man.

INT. CHANG'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Chang slams the door. Walks around and climbs in.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The car speeds down the highway. Chang driving. Clove sitting shotgun like a statute.

INT. CHANG'S CAR - LATER

Chang points to the glove box.

CHANG
Map.

CLOVE
Can't you just google. I mean you're a delivery driver.

CHANG
Chang old fashioned, ok?

Clove feels for the glove box. Tapping all around the dash.

CHANG
What's wrong with you?

CLOVE
I can't see.

CHANG
You're blind now?

CLOVE
No.

CHANG
Thought you told me you were
arachnophobic.

CLOVE
A-GOR-aphobic.

CHANG
That.

CLOVE
But I'm not blind!

CHANG
Maybe you not agora-whatever. You
out here. With me. No problem.

CLOVE
It's my glasses.

CHANG
You got magic glasses?

CLOVE
Painted them black. Fingernail
polish. To block out. People.

CHANG
And what you do when you face to
face with this Leo.

CLOVE
I'm gonna take them off. Everything
will be fine.

She fans her face. Sweat beads.

CHANG
Not seem like everything be fine.

CLOVE
Just wait. You'll see. Me and Leo
were made for each other.

CHANG
This internet guy? You don't know
him. He just name on screen.

CLOVE
We stayed online ALL night long
last night. Slept together.

Chang looks at her. Surely she isn't serious. She is.

CLOVE
Trust me I know him. He's a
landshark named Leo. He has four
Bimmers. Four. And landshark... he
probably owns properties.

CHANG
Or he slumlord.

EXT. SAINT PETERS HOSPITAL - DAY

Establishing hospital. Thousands of cars below the structure.

CHANG
It's big. You sure-

CLOVE
Just get me to room two twenty.

CHANG
Then what?

CLOVE
And then I'll take the glasses off
and you can leave.

INT. SAINT PETERS HOSPITAL - HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Clove walks down the hall guided by Chang. NURSES note her
strange movement.

Chang stops her in front of room: 220.

CHANG
Ready?

CLOVE
As ever I will be.

INT. ROOM 220 - CONTINUOUS

Chang leads Clove into the room. A FAT GUY lies on the bed.

CLOVE
Leo?

The guy sits up. Apologetic smile.

CLOVE
Leo, I'm Clove. And this is my
friend-

CHANG
Chinese delivery guy.

CLOVE
Chang. He's more than a delivery
guy.

CHANG
(whispers)
Take them off.

Clove slowly takes her glasses off. Chang slips out of the
room leaving them alone.

CLOVE
I made it.

JACK
Clove, my name isn't Leo.
It's Jack. I'm a Leo.

CLOVE
Are you a realtor? Slumlord?

JACK
Huh?

CLOVE
Leo. Landshark.

JACK
God no, landshark is my favorite
brew. You shouldn't have come.

Clove sinks in her shoes.

JACK
And my camera's not broken. I keep
a piece of tape over the dot.
Because I'm fat. And sick. And
married. But it's good to finally
meet you.

Clove walks out of the room.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Clove runs right into a NURSE.

NURSE
Are you the donor?

CLOVE
No. Well, I could be. I guess.

NURSE
We've been checking his relatives
marrow, I'm sorry I just assumed-

CLOVE
I'd love to donate if my marrow is compatible.

NURSE
Are you related.

CLOVE
No. But we were pretty close.

INT. LABORATORY - MOMENTS LATER

Clove sits in a donation chair. The nurse takes vial after vial of red BLOOD from Clove's arm. Chang sits next to Clove holding her other hand.

NURSE
If this checks out, you will have to sign forms and I'll tell you the marrow extraction is quite painful.

INT. ROOM 220 - MORNING

Sunlight shines through the second floor window.

NURSE (O.S.)
Mr. Mixon. We have a match. We will be prepping you this afternoon if everything goes as planned.

INT. CHANG'S CAR - DAY

Chang drives. Clove rides shotgun, a blanket thrown over her lap and her painted black glasses on.

CLOVE
I'm starving. Could really use some low mein about now.

CHANG
I don't have low mein, BUT I do have -- check brown bag, back seat.

Clove reaches over, pulls bag to the front. One after one she lifts out heart-shaped boxes of chocolates.

CLOVE
O-M-G what is this?

CHANG
Wasn't sure which you like.

CLOVE
You did that for me?

He nods. Blushes a little.

She takes her glasses off, feeds him one of the chocolates. Can tell there is chemistry between them. Always has been.

INT. CLOVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Low mein boxes on the bedside table. Rose petals all over the floor. And rhythmic squeaking. Under the shiny red sheets someone goes at it.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. The rocking stops long enough for Clove to poke out her head and look at her phone. Skype.

LANDSHARKLEO

(typed message)

Just wanted to say thank you Clove.
They say you saved my life.

Clove types back really quick.

CLOVE

No hard feelings. You saved my
life, too!

Chang pokes his head out of the covers. Clove throws the red satin sheet off her. It covers the screen in shiny red satin.

FADE OUT.