

Plan B

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INT. DENTON APARTMENT - DAY

STUDIO APARTMENT. PANNING OUT we see water dripping into a kitchen sink.

TEXT: September, 2021.

REPORTER (V.O.)
A Texas Law banning most abortions
is now in effect.

The months slowly count down, like a speedometer.

October, November, December...

REPORTER 2 (V.O.)
It bans the procedure once a fetal
heartbeat can be detected, usually
that's around six weeks and before
some women even know they are
pregnant.

Continuing to pan out, a bag of groceries fades into place on the counter. A freshly opened box of Camel Crush Menthols, missing one cigarette.

TEXT: 2021 turns into 2022. January, February, March...

REPORTER (V.O.)
It's the most far reaching
restriction on the issue since the
supreme court's landmark Roe V.
Wade decision.

TEXT: April, 2022.

The small studio apartment transitions from being barren to being cluttered, as unpacked CARDBOARD BOXES fade into existence. A MAP of the USA hangs on the wall.

On a TV:

"The End of Roe V. Wade" TED talk by Kathryn Kolbert.

KATHRYN KOLBERT
What's the supreme court going to
do about abortion? They're not
really going to overturn Roe V.
Wade, are they? They can't do that,
can they?

Beat.

I can't tell you how many people
have asked me questions like this
in recent months.

Beat.

My answer is depressing, but
direct. Roe V. Wade will be dead
within the year.

The TV turns off. A woman is reflected in the dark screen.

CLAIRE (25), dressed in raggedy sweats with messy hair and
leftover mascara on her face, lays on a COUCH. She smokes,
tapping the ash into a nearly full ASH TRAY on a coffee
table, a PHONE waiting nearby. It rings- "Ana".

INT. CAR - SAME

ANA (25), polished and presentable, drives in a car so clean
it looks new, boujee sunglasses on, her phone to her ear and
a small handbag in the passenger seat. A ROSARY hangs from
her rearview mirror.

ANA

Hey Claire. I think I'm here.

Ana looks around, taking in the new location.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Claire smokes on the balcony outside her apartment.

A CAR pulls onto the road and parks. Claire watches as Ana
steps out of the car and stretches. Ana takes a small carry-
on bag out of the trunk and approaches Claire.

Claire smiles; it falls quickly. Her eyes wander, avoiding
eye contact with Ana's.

CLAIRE

Thanks for coming, Ana. I know it's
been awhile.

Ana nods. The gravity of her visit pokes the atmosphere.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME

Ana stands by the doorway, looking around the cluttered
apartment. Claire puts away groceries.

ANA

Where should I put my stuff?

Claire gestures at the living room.

CLAIRE

Wherever works.

Ana puts her luggage down by the couch and goes to the KITCHEN. She picks something up from the counter.

A positive PREGNANCY TEST.

Claire stops putting away groceries and watches Ana.

Waiting for her reaction.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Ana sits on the couch.

Claire comes out of the BATHROOM.

ANA

What's the verdict?

Claire puts two more pregnancy tests on the coffee table, next to the third.

CLAIRE

Three out of three doctors agree, I might be pregnant.

Ana ponders at the positive tests.

ANA

So, what are you gonna do?

CLAIRE

What do you think I should do?

ANA

No, no. I know what *I* would do, I can't tell you what to do.

CLAIRE

You think I should keep it?

ANA

Are you thinking of not having it?

Claire lights a cigarette, inhales deeply and exhales a cloud of smoke.

CLAIRE
Bit tight for a family.

Claire gestures to her living space.

ANA
I mean, I turned out fine.

Claire rolls the cigarette in her fingers.

CLAIRE
Plus, I'm thinking about going back
to school.

ANA
You are?

CLAIRE
Sure.

Claire takes a puff of her cig.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
But I can't pay for both right?

ANA
So what's the plan, Claire?

Claire sees the map of the U.S. behind Ana. She stubs out her
cigarette.

Seizing the map, she places it on a table and circles DALLAS
with her marker.

CLAIRE
We're here.

She draws a line upwards, to Oklahoma, and circles Oklahoma
City.

ANA
Oklahoma?

CLAIRE
The nearest clinic is there.

Ana sinks back into the couch.

ANA
Have you really thought about this?

CLAIRE
Yeah?

Ana scoffs.

ANA
Okay, well. You two have fun. The
keys are in my purse.

CLAIRE
You're not coming?

Ana picks at her nails and resists eye contact.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
What? Moral objection?

Claire gestures to Ana's necklace. Ana takes a deep breath.

ANA
Maybe!

Claire jumps to her feet. She points with one unpolished
nail.

CLAIRE
(jokingly)
If you like kids so much, why don't
you get pregnant and we can have
ourselves a pregnancy pact!

Ana hides her face, not making eye contact.

Beat.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Wow, tough crowd.

ANA
Sorry, I'm just hungry.

Claire perks up.

CLAIRE
I bought groceries!

Claire stands, goes to kitchen. Ana follows.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Ana scavenges through the bags. Her face lightens.

CLAIRE
I was hoping you could make me your
specialty.

Ana laughs, already beginning to prep.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Steam billows out of a POT. Claire sits on the kitchen counter.

ANA
Say it again.

Ana wheezes. Claire looks away, embarrassed.

ANA (CONT'D)
Say it again, Clara.

CLAIRE
Spank my ass and call me a tamale.

They double over.

ANA
I can't believe your mom grounded
you for that. *Pobrecita*.

The laughter calms. Claire shrugs. That's her parents, alright.

CLAIRE
I think she liked doing it.

ANA
That's not true.

CLAIRE
Yeah well- I'm here now. Other side
of the city and free as a bird.

ANA
You're really living it up.

Claire nods with sarcastic agreement.

Beat.

ANA (CONT'D)
Dinner's ready, where's the plates?

Claire points. Ana fetches them, serving the food. Claire's face brightens.

Close up: a delicious plate of TAMALES. It fades away to
EMPTY HUSKS.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Claire and Ana sit on the couch, relaxed. The TV is on quietly in the background.

CLAIRE
(groaning)
Thank you.

Ana fidgets with her necklace.

ANA
I'm glad you liked it. I haven't
had much time to cook with work.

Claire sits up slightly.

CLAIRE
How's that going? Do you like
Denver?

ANA
The pay's good... And I really like
having the mountains right there.
But I miss home.

Beat. Ana releases her necklace.

ANA (CONT'D)
Please don't go to Oklahoma.

Claire sits back.

CLAIRE
I need to go.

ANA
Why? You don't even know what that
means, to get an abor-

CLAIRE
It means stopping my child from
being born, yes.

ANA
That's not as easy as you make it
sound.

CLAIRE
I don't think that sounds easy.

Ana avoids making eye contact.

CAMERA PANS, SLOWLY, in a CIRCLE, to the TV.

REAL WORLD FOOTAGE: Oklahoma governor Kevin Stitt sits at a desk, surrounded by reporters. He signs something then poses for a photo.

REPORTER

State lawmakers approved a bill dubbed "the Oklahoma heartbeat act" that would ban abortions after six weeks.

KEVIN STITT

I promised Oklahomans that I would sign every pro-life bill that hit my desk. And that's what we're doing here today. We want to be clear that we want to choose life in Oklahoma. We don't want to allow abortions in the state of Oklahoma.

Ana and Claire sit quietly, shocked.

Claire takes their dishes, gets up and goes to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Claire scrubs the plates in the sink.

Ana stands in the doorway, watching her.

ANA

Maybe its a sign.

Claire pauses. She takes a deep breath, then abandons the dishes. She finds the map of the US. Claire is on the brink of shaking. A small rip appears in the map. It grows. Claire's hand, vibrating furiously, rips a jagged edge down the middle. She throws the scrap across the kitchen.

ANA (CONT'D)

Claire-

Claire whips around, walks to the bedroom with the map, and slams the door shut.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ana sinks back onto the couch.

PAN OUT on Ana lying on the couch, staring at the ceiling. Her eyes are teary. Light projects from the TV, casting reporters and commentators on Ana's face.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Claire jerks awake. She groggily reaches over, grasping for a GLASS of water. She knocks over everything, including the water.

She groans. Ugh.

She sits up- the room spins. She clutches her stomach.

Beat.

It's going to happen- Claire jumps out of bed and rushes to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Claire barely makes it over the toilet before she pukes.

She wipes her mouth with her hand and sniffs. She grabs toilet paper and dries her eyes, smudging her mascara, still on from earlier. She flushes the toilet, goes to the sink. Cupping water in her hands, she rinses her mouth and splashes her face. She looks in the mirror at herself and tracks down to her belly. She gently rubs her stomach. She takes a deep breath and shakily exhales.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Claire walks past Ana, asleep on the couch. She watches her for a moment, her tidy suitcase and folded clothes. Ana sleeps angelically, her hair neatly draped around her head. She's lit by the TV, still on.

Claire quietly opens the door and exits.

EXT. APARTMENT - SAME

Claire pulls a cigarette out of a pack and lights it. She stares at it, rolling it between her fingers, then turns it away and snuffs it, flicks it away.

Claire touches her stomach again...

She pulls another cigarette out of the pack and lights it. She takes a deep puff.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

VMMMMM.

Ana's eyes flutter open. What is that sound?

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Ana walks into the bathroom. Claire's hair is bedraggled.

ANA
What the *hell* are you-

Claire wields a HAIRDRYER. She's in the SAME CLOTHES from the day before.

CLAIRE
We're going to Mexico!

ANA
What are you talking about?

Claire pushes past Ana.

CLAIRE
Coahuila decriminalized it in September. It's cheap too.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Claire throws clothes into a suitcase. Ana takes a step toward Claire. Claire moves to leave. Ana blocks her.

ANA
Clara, slow down.

Claire tries to push past, Ana grabs her arm.

ANA (CONT'D)
Don't rush into this.

CLAIRE
So what? I wait? For how long Ana, until tomorrow or term?

Claire forces herself past.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Claire rifles through cupboards.

CLAIRE
I'm living my own life.

She shoves groceries in a bag.

ANA
And how's that working out for you?

Claire whips around.

CLAIRE
You have no idea what I'm going through. Why would you, your life is perfect. I'm so fucking scared right now, and you have *no clue*.

ANA
I do!

Beat.

Ana looks at the ceiling, takes a deep breath. Walks to living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Ana sits on the couch. Claire stands in the doorway.

CLAIRE
What?

Ana hides her face. A sob escapes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Of course you have to make this about you. Why are you crying?

Claire sighs.

ANA
My freshman year- of college- when I went back home.

Ana pulls up her shirt to show a rough scar along her belt line.

ANA (CONT'D)
I didn't know that it was supposed to be suction, not scalpel.

CLAIRE
You told me you were sick.

Claire joins Ana on the couch.

ANA
I told everyone that.

CLAIRE
You could've told me.

ANA
You had your own things to worry
about.

Beat.

CLAIRE
I'm sorry.

ANA
It's fine-

CLAIRE
No, it's not. Ana- I'm so sorry
that I couldn't be there.

ANA
I wish you were.

Beat.

But I can't let you go through what
I did.

Claire moves closer to Ana and puts an arm around her.

Ana leans her head onto Claire's shoulder.

Beat.

BANG BANG BANG. The door.

Claire looks around. Ana quickly wipes her eyes. Claire gets
up and looks through the peephole.

A COP (30), with gelled hair and aviators, stands in front of
her door. He adjusts his glasses- a WEDDING RING is visible
on his hand.

CLAIRE
Shit.

Ana looks up, curious.

Claire takes a deep breath. She opens the door and goes
outside.

Ana fiddles with her hands, lost in thought. She looks over
at the door. Ana gets up and peers through the peephole. She
sees the policeman hand Claire something.

Claire turns and puts a hand on the doorknob.

Ana leaps back.

ENTER CLAIRE.

Claire gives Ana a look- she knows Ana was watching.

ANA
What was that?

CLAIRE
That was him.

ANA
Who? Oh- is that the baby-da...

Ana corrects herself.

ANA (CONT'D)
The guy? That was him?

Claire nods.

CLAIRE
That's the guy.

ANA
He's a cop?

Claire starts laughing. She sits down on the couch. She looks at her hand, laughs even harder, then sets a crumpled \$50 bill on the table.

Ana picks it up.

ANA (CONT'D)
He gave you fifty bucks.

CLAIRE
That's the down payment on
pretending I never happened.

ANA
Fifty fucking dollars?!

CLAIRE
Fifty dollars.

She throws it down, and joins Claire on the couch.

ANA
(in spanish)
What a dirty bitch.

Ana embraces Claire. Claire starts to sob, and leans further into Ana. Ana gets teary eyed.

Claire wipes her eyes.

ANA (CONT'D)
Where's your map, *mi compa*?

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Ana enters, carrying the shredded map in one hand, tape in the other. She pieces the map back together, then draws a line. Along roads, highways. Across New Mexico, into Colorado, and then up to Denver. She writes "Plan B" over the city.

ANA
Is that okay?

Claire holds back tears and nods. She takes a deep breath.

CLAIRE
I'm ready.

ANA
I'll drive.

FADE OUT:

TEXT: JANE ROE'S REAL NAME WAS NORMA MCCORVEY. HER LAWYERS WERE SARAH WEDDINGTON AND LINDA COFFEE. IN 1970, THE NORTHERN DISTRICT COURT OF TEXAS RULED IN ROE'S FAVOR.

LINDA COFFEE
She can have an abortion, and assuming she has it in Texas, she need no longer suffer any kind of guilt feeling.

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - SUNSET

A vast field of grass sways in the wind, parted by a highway. A car door CLOSES. Claire walks into frame, feet crunching in the gravel along the side of the road, and stops to admire the sunset over the large, clear sky. Ana comes to stand beside her.

THE END