

15 WEEKS - FINAL DRAFT

INT. LETHA'S BATHROOM - DAY

LETHA rubs the edge of her mouth with the side of her hand. Her SWEATSHIRT sleeves are rolled up, and her hair is stuffed into a low ponytail. With red-rimmed, angry eyes, she turns on the faucet and scrubs her hands.

LETHA
(hoarse)
Fine. Fine! You win! Alright? I'll go
buy a fucking test!

Leaving the faucet on, Letha opens her medicine cabinet. She freezes, and there's a close-up on a box of PREGNANCY TESTS. Letha, now wearing a LOOSE TEE, grabs the box.

LETHA (cont'd)
Is this a joke? Divine intervention?
When did I fuckin' buy these?

The box is already opened; of the four-pack, only three are left. Letha grabs one, shakes her head, and goes to pee.

INT. LETHA'S LIVING ROOM - 14 MINUTES LATER

Letha stands in front of a MIRROR, long and leaning against the wall. She's wearing a bra, her hair in a bun. She evaluates her stomach from a side-view, sucking in breath, twisting left and right, and rubbing her hands over it. From every angle, her stomach is flat.

Her phone alarm RINGS and startles her. Letha hesitantly heads to her bathroom, peeking with one eye closed.

The test has two lines. Letha is wearing a HOODIE.

In disgust, Letha aggressively rips off some toilet paper and covers the test with a fist. Her hand hovers over the TRASH CAN, about to drop it in, but she notices it's full.

With a grumble, Letha grabs the sides of the trash bag. She's about to tie it up, before some tissues fall over the edge. Letha drops the bag and bends over to grab the trash.

She shrieks. There are two more positive tests on the floor.

INT. LETHA'S HOME OFFICE

Letha sits at her desk wearing a T-SHIRT. On her desk is a laptop with a FOLDED STICKY NOTE attached, a number written on it in black, some notebooks, some pens, and her phone.

Letha types in the search bar "planned parenthood near me" and clicks on the site link. On the front page is a number that Letha dials on her phone. She holds her phone up to compare, and the number on the sticky note is the same.

LETHA

I swear to God. If someone is
pranking me right now, they will
never see the light of day again.

Letha calls the number and nestles the phone between her head and shoulder. As it rings, she looks up "pregnancy memory loss". The line connects, but we can only hear Letha.

LETHA (cont'd)

Hi. Yes, I want to schedule an
appointment. I'm think I'm pregnant,
and I want to get an abortion.

Letha's hand moves over the touch pad as she clicks on different links.

LETHA (cont'd)

Are there any slots for Friday? I
want to get this done quickly, but I
can't get off work 'til then.

On the laptop screen, there are multiple mentions of "pregnancy brain" or "brain fog".

LETHA (cont'd)

Protesters? Will they take pictures
of me? No, I don't care about that.

One site has a bullet point list of ways to combat memory loss. Letha highlights the suggestion about journaling.

LETHA (cont'd)

Okay, I can be there at eleven. Oh,
and will my doctor be a woman?

Letha pulls the sticky note off her computer and unfolds it while grabbing a pen. She's about to write, but stops cold when she sees "Abortion appt. Friday, 11AM" already there.

LETHA (cont'd)
(woodenly)
Okay. Thank you so much for all your
help. See you soon.

Letha grabs the phone off her shoulder and ends the call.
She attaches the sticky note back to her laptop.

LETHA (cont'd)
(mumbling)
Where's that diary mom bought me for
New Year's?

Letha stands up, but suddenly she is wearing a SWEATSHIRT.
She notices a pink book on her desk named "gratitude".

LETHA (cont'd)
Didn't I leave that in the closet..?

Letha sits back down and grabs the journal. She flips open
to the first page, which is dated January 1st. The next
entry is January 3rd, and then January 4th.

The next entry is dated June 24th. In this entry, the first
sentence fizzles out as the black pen ink gets weaker. The
entry finishes in blue ink. As Letha skims through it, it
sounds eerily similar to what happened to her today.

The next page has an entry dated June 24th again. There are
three more entries with the same date, using the same blue
ink, with only minor discrepancies in their story.

Letha throws the diary across the room. It hits the wall and
lands face-down but open. Breathing like she ran a marathon,
Letha grabs her phone and storms out of the room. She dials
a new number by heart, and puts the phone on speaker.

INT. LETHA'S KITCHEN

Letha is wearing a TANK TOP. As the line connects, Letha
puts her phone on the kitchen counter, and paces back and
forth. A feminine voice answers the phone, Letha's MOM.

LETHA'S MOM
Hey? What's up sweetie? Your dad is
preparing lunch right now.

Hearing the word lunch, Letha's stomach growls. She turns to
her fridge and opens it. The inside is fairly barren, but
she grabs an apple and takes a huge bite out of it.

LETHA
(mouth full)
Did you know I was pregnant?

LETHA'S MOM
(after a pause)
Are you pregnant?

LETHA
Probably.

Letha takes another bite of her apple.

LETHA'S MOM
I take it you weren't trying to get pregnant. Did you just find out?

LETHA
Maybe. Did you just find out?

LETHA'S MOM
Yes? How could I know unless you told me? Look, baby girl, is everything alright? I know it can be hard finding out you're pregnant, but if you don't want to keep it, your dad and I will support you.

Letha puts down her half-finished apple and opens the fridge again. Her shirt rides up as she grabs an almost empty tin of pasta, and her stomach seems rounder. Letha takes a bite of pasta with a fork, but grimaces at the taste.

LETHA
Mom. I need you to do me favor. Okay?

LETHA'S MOM
A favor?

LETHA
You know that calendar in the kitchen? I need you to write down on today's date, June 24th, that you found out I'm pregnant today.

LETHA'S MOM
Okay... does this mean you're keeping the baby--

LETHA
NO! No. I just. I need you to do this for me, Mom. Okay? Please?

LETHA'S MOM

Yes. Of course. Look, do you need us to come over?

LETHA

No. Everything's fine. Have a good lunch.

Letha hangs up the phone and presses on the pedal of her kitchen trash can. She dumps out the pasta, but there is already pasta in the trash.

INT. LETHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Letha sits rigidly on her bed, wearing a T-SHIRT. Written on her left arm in black sharpie is "YOU ARE PREGNANT!! IF THE DATE IS JUNE 24TH" and on her right arm in black sharpie, in wobblier handwriting, "GO TO PLANNED PARENTHOOD RIGHT NOW".

On her nightstand is an alarm clock with the date and time June 24th, 11:59pm in bright red letters. Letha stares at the clock unblinkingly, but her hands can't stop fidgeting.

Finally, the clock ticks over to June 25th, 12:00am. Letha breathes out a large sigh.

LETHA

It's tomorrow. Of course it is. God, pregnancy has me going crazy.

With a somewhat relieved smile on her face, Letha's body relaxes. She lies down, and starts to sleep.

INT. LETHA'S BEDROOM - DAY

The RING of a phone penetrates the silence of the morning. Letha jolts up from her sleep, wearing the same T-shirt she went to bed in, and answers her phone on speaker.

LETHA'S MOM

Are you pregnant?

LETHA

What? Why would you think that?

LETHA'S MOM

I have it written down on my calendar. I don't even remember writing that.

LETHA
Well, I'm definitely not pregnant.
Maybe Lydia's pranking you..

Letha's voice trails off as she catches sight of the writing on her arm.

LETHA'S MOM
Lydia? But it's not your sister's
handwriting, it's mine.

LETHA
(suddenly serious)
Mom. What day is today?

LETHA'S MOM
The 24th. Why? Did you wr--

Letha ends the call. She double-checks the date on her alarm clock: June 24th, 8:12am. Letha sits there in confusion before slowly getting to her feet and leaving the room.

INT. LETHA'S APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY

Letha enters the lobby of her apartment building from the elevator. There is a flight of STAIRS to the second floor and a small line of people waiting to get their mail. She makes a beeline for the front doors.

Letha exits the building, but falters after a couple steps. She clutches her head as the world starts to spin, and drops to one knee, scraping it. Her vision blackens and she passes out. Her hands scrape the concrete but cushion her head.

INT. LETHA'S BEDROOM - DAY

The RING of a phone penetrates the silence of the morning. Letha, disheveled, jolts up from her sleep and hisses at the pain from her hands. Her eyes widen when she sees the faded writing on her arms, but Letha still picks up the phone.

LETHA'S MOM
Are you pregnant?

LETHA
...Where did you hear that?

LETHA'S MOM
It was written on the calendar. When did you find out? How far along are you?

LETHA
I'm not sure--

In a daze, Letha pulls up her T-shirt and looks at her stomach. There is a slight bulge.

LETHA (cont'd)
--when do women start to show?

LETHA'S MOM
It differs for everyone, but I think
I started to show around 13 weeks?

LETHA
13 weeks?! How is that possible?

LETHA'S MOM
(after a pause)
Letha, do you not want this baby?

LETHA
No. Of course not! I'm only 22!

LETHA'S MOM
Then you need to hurry. Once you hit
15 weeks, you'll have to leave the
state to get an abortion.

LETHA
15 weeks?

Letha glances down at her stomach, then at her right arm.

LETHA (cont'd)
I think.. I already have an
appointment. So I'm going to hang up
now. Goodbye Mom.

Letha hangs up the phone, then leaves the room in a hurry.

INT. LETHA'S APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY

Letha enters the lobby of her apartment building from the elevator. She storms to the front doors, but stops when she sees multiple scrapes of blood on the concrete outside.

Intuitively, Letha looks at her hands. She flexes her palm, winces at the pain, then backs away from the doors. She starts walking up the stairs to the second floor.

LETHA
(under her breath)
I had my period five weeks ago, and
now suddenly I'm 13 weeks pregnant,
it's written on my arms and my mom's
calendar, and there's my blood
outside the door?

Letha stops at the top of the stairs.

LETHA (cont'd)
(gets louder)
Does that make sense? Is something
like this even possible? Am I not
even allowed to leave my own home?

Letha rips off her shirt to throw it behind her. Her stomach bulge seems larger than it was in the last scene.

LETHA (cont'd)
(now shouting)
Is my life just a toy for your
amusement?!

People on both floors stare at Letha like she's crazy.

LETHA (cont'd)
(at a normal volume)
Well, it's not up to you. It's up to
me.

Letha trips down the stairs.

At the bottom of the stairs, people from the mail line crowd around Letha's body. There is panicked shouting, and Letha's eyes start to blink sluggishly before she passes out.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Letha is in a hospital gown in a hospital bed. As she starts to wake up, her mother rises from the bedside chair and presses a BUTTON on the wall.

LETHA'S MOM
Baby! How do you feel?

LETHA
I feel..

Letha is silent as the memories from every single loop start to attack her. Finally--

LETHA (cont'd)
Am I still pregnant?

LETHA'S MOM
No... You fell down the stairs, and
along with hitting your head, you had
a miscarriage.

LETHA
A miscarriage. Does that mean.. what
is today's date?

LETHA'S MOM
It's June 25th. You've been out for a
day.

LETHA
The 25th..?

A wide smile crosses Letha's face, euphoric and hysteric. A
DOCTOR comes in the door, holding a clipboard. He approaches
the bed, and starts checking up on Letha. However, Letha is
unresponsive to his questioning and starts to giggle.

The end.