

CALL JANE

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Inspired by a true story

May 26, 2017

CLOSE ON	*
A PREGNANT BELLY.	*
Just visible beneath a yellow dress.	*
Lowered into frame -- a white-gloved hand holding a MARTINI.	*
It rests slightly on the belly.	*
Then the other hand -- holding a CIGARETTE, red-hot at the tip.	*
We hang on the belly in the center, like a sun.	*
EXT. HOTEL BAR - 15TH FLOOR BALCONY - EVENING - 1968	*
JOY GRIFFIN (30s), the owner of the belly, cigarette and drink, stands with a crowd gathered on the balcony of a hotel bar.	*
It's a law firm office cocktail party. Everyone is rich, white and drunk. Including Joy's husband WILL GRIFFIN (30s), who talks shop with a COLLEAGUE and his WIFE.	*
The wife, studying Joy, reaches out and places her hand on Joy's belly.	*
WIFE	*
How far along are you?	*
JOY	*
Just three months. And a few days.	*
The wife keeps her hand on Joy's belly.	*
WIFE	*
I can feel him kicking.	*
JOY	*
I think it's too soon for that.	*
The wife is clearly a little drunk. She finally withdraws her hand, examines Joy with glazed eyes.	*
WIFE	*
Well, you look beautiful.	*
Joy doesn't know what to say.	*
WIFE (CONT'D)	*
(whispering)	*
We've been trying for over a year.	*
He wants me to get checked out.	*
(MORE)	*

WIFE (CONT'D)

You know, to make sure I'm not one
of those women.

JOY

I'm sure you're not.

INT. HOTEL BAR - POWDER ROOM - EVENING

Joy powders her nose next to a long row of WOMEN examining
themselves in the mirror.

The woman next to her -- in a red dress that barely covers
her generous breasts -- opens her clutch. Joy catches sight
of a CONDOM. The clutch closes.

EXT. HOTEL BAR - BALCONY - EVENING

Joy wanders among the other couples. Finds Will, standing
with his boss, WARREN HALSEY... and the WOMAN IN RED.

WILL

Joy, you remember my boss, Warren
Halsey.

JOY

Of course.

They fake kiss. Joy looks at the woman in red.

JOY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I didn't catch your
name?

The woman smiles, extends her hand.

WOMAN IN RED

Bethany.

Joy briefly shakes it.

WARREN

Julia's in Vancouver this weekend.
This is our personal assistant.

Joy and Will smile tightly, catching the implication.

A LOW RUMBLE from the street below. Joy turns to look, the
others don't bother. Bethany downs another glass of
champagne, lights a cigarette.

BETHANY

I like the party lights.

She gestures vaguely to the twinkling lights hanging over the balcony.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
It's like we're in Italy.

The RUMBLE grows louder.

JOY
What is that?

She moves toward the balcony's edge - but Will grabs her wrist, keeping her by his side.

WILL
(to Warren)
What's happening with the class
action suit? I heard the judge is
leaning our way?

Joy pulls free of Will, their voices drifting into the background, and walks to the edge of the balcony. Looks OVER at--

A PARADE OF ANTI-WAR PROTESTORS, charging down the street, which is four or five stories below them. Holding signs, chanting.

FACING THEM IS--

A barrier of police officers in riot gear wielding night sticks and guns. White-and-blue box-like police cars weave in and out between them.

WILL (CONT'D)
Joy? You have to hear Warren's
story--

A GUNSHOT.

Joy flinches. Below, a tiny female figure in hippie clothes collapses.

Will, hearing the gunshot, comes over.

JOY
What's happening?

Will looks back -- Warren and Bethany have disappeared. He sighs, annoyed.

WILL
I don't know. Vietnam. Black power.
Angry people.

Below, a policeman shoots TEAR GAS at the crowd. Protestors
choke and cough.

WILL (CONT'D)
I had planned on asking Warren
about my promotion tonight. That
was my chance.

A policeman beats another protestor with a nightstick. Joy
watches. Horrified and transfixed.

WILL (CONT'D)
He's got his eye on Baxter.

A man in a white shirt streaked with blood is DRAGGED down
the street by two policemen.

WILL (CONT'D)
This is fucking annoying, isn't it?
It's been like this every night
this week. Stopping traffic.
Wreaking havoc. Hoodlums.

Joy doesn't know what to say.

WILL (CONT'D)
I'm going to tell them to get the
car. Let's get out of here.

As the chaos escalates below...

WILL (CONT'D)
Joy.

She's watching a woman carrying a sign that reads "FUCK THE
PIGS." The woman is dancing, high, enjoying the world turning
upside down.

WILL (CONT'D)
Joy. We have to go. Now.

She leans over the balcony. The woman is shouting something
in unison with the rest of the crowd.

JOY
I just want to know what they're
saying.

WILL
It doesn't matter.

Joy doesn't move.

JOY
The whole world is watching. That's
what they're saying. *

INT. CAR - MOVING *

Joy and Will drive through the melee. She's glued to the window. *

WILL
Every street is blocked off, I
don't know how we're going to-- *

Someone BANGS on the window. It's a YOUNG PROTESTOR with crazed eyes. *

YOUNG PROTESTOR
(muffled)
Open the door!! *

He tries the handle. Joy watches the door RATTLE in sheer terror. *

JOY
Should we-- *

BANG. The young protestor is brained from behind by a policeman. *

He slumps against the window. His body is pulled away. The policeman brutally steps on his face. *

WILL
Close your eyes, Joy. You don't
need to see this. *

She ignores him, looks at the angry sea of protestors and police, clashing. The intensity of the noise rises, then sudden... *

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT *

SILENCE. Joy sits on the edge of her couch in her perfect 60s suburban home. *

She's watching... A TV SCREEN with the SOUND OFF. *

The protests continue raging. Miles away from her. *

A reporter stands on the steps of the International Amphitheater in Chicago, yelling. *

The TV turns off. Will stands by the console. *

WILL *
Jesus, Joy, haven't you seen enough *
for one night? *

Joy looks up at him, wipes her brow. She's sweating for some *
reason. *

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT *

Will and Joy's daughter, CHARLOTTE GRIFFIN (14), housewife-in- *
training, sets the table with precision. *

CHARLOTTE *
Little forks on the outside or *
inside? *

JOY *
It doesn't matter, Charlotte. It's *
just us. *

CHARLOTTE *
It always matters. *

LATER *

The family of three eats dinner in silence. Charlotte looks *
between her parents, eyeing them quietly, sensing the *
tension. *

Joy looks past her family at the television set. *

The black, blank screen. *

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT *

Will undresses out in the open, while Joy, alone in the *
bathroom, separated by a wall (but still visible to us), does *
the same. *

WILL *
God, it feels good to get back to *
civilization. *

She doesn't reply, continues to undress in silence. *

LATER *

Will and Joy make love. His breaths grow ragged. He's louder *
than she is. *

He stops, looks at her. She's clearly distracted.

WILL

What are you thinking about?

JOY

Nothing. You.

He kisses her, deeply.

WILL

(whispering in her ear)

Come on. You're allowed to enjoy
yourself a little. Don't be such a
prude.

She blushes.

JOY

Charlotte will hear.

WILL

She won't.

Joy pulls him into the nape of her neck.

He finishes, shuddering, as she stares blankly at the
ceiling.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dark. Joy, wearing her nightdress, doesn't turn on the
lights.

She hears the sound of the clothes dryer -- walks past the
fridge, opening the door to...

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

The washer and dryer are side by side.

She opens the door to the dryer, checks the clothes. Still
damp. Closes the door and presses the start button. It begins
to shake softly. She looks at it for a beat. Then spreads her
hands across the surface, feeling the warmth.

She presses herself into the front of the machine, feels it
vibrate against her. Her head falls back. She moans,
uninhibited, alone. It's so much easier.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Charlotte sits in front of a mirror, running her fingers through her long, brown hair.

Posted on the mirror are ads clipped from magazines. She tapes up a new one - a full-page advertisement of a voluptuous blonde. The caption reads: "IF I HAVE ONLY ONE LIFE, LET ME LIVE IT AS A BLONDE."

All the ads are of blondes. Others are of Norman Rockwell-type families, gathered around the dinner table. She stands.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Charlotte tiptoes past her parents' bedroom. The door is cracked open. She pushes it further.

Her father is sprawled on his back, looking completely satisfied. There's no one next to him.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Charlotte walks through the dark kitchen. Notices a light coming from beneath the laundry room. She opens the door, sees--

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Joy folding laundry. She looks up at Charlotte, surprised.

JOY
You're up late.

CHARLOTTE
So are you.

JOY
I don't have school tomorrow.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joy and Charlotte share a piece of pie.

CHARLOTTE
How come you and Dad waited so long to have another baby?

JOY

That's a strange question,
Charlotte.

Charlotte takes a sip of milk.

CHARLOTTE

Fourteen years is a really long
time.

JOY

It only seems long to you --
because it's your whole life.

CHARLOTTE

My friend Samantha has a little
brother who's a lot younger than
her. She says he was an STM baby.

JOY

A what?

CHARLOTTE

A 'Save The Marriage' baby. It was
that or a divorce.

JOY

Charlotte, go to sleep.

Charlotte takes her milk and disappears. Joy watches her go.
Then looks at her neatly folded stack of laundry, visible
through the cracked open door.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

BUZZ. Morning. Joy, alone and businesslike, guides an
electric waxer across the kitchen floor. A discarded
newspaper on the counter -- the headline screaming PROTESTS
OVERRUN CHICAGO AT DNC. Her gaze lingers on it for a beat,
then she throws it in the trash.

In quick cuts, we watch Joy bake bread, hem a pair of pants,
tend to her garden. Iron. Transfer clothes from the washer to
the dryer, over and over again, an endless cycle. Fix the
lawnmower. Usher out a praying mantis trapped inside the
kitchen screen door. It rears up on its hind legs, looks at
her. She stares deep into its bulging green eyes, transfixed.

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LANA'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Joy sits on a lawn chair balancing a cigarette and a
cocktail.

Next to her, LANA COOK (26), aggressively accessorized,
slightly intoxicated.

JOY
How's Erin?

LANA
I should've had a son.
Daughters are stressful. There's so
many ways to go wrong. Sons are
easy.

Joy says nothing. They smoke and drink in silence.

A WOMAN passes by the sidewalk in front of them - MELANIE
WOODS (30s).

LANA (CONT'D)
(whispers, ironic)
The divorcee.

She says this while smiling and waving cheerfully. Melanie
waves back. They watch her walk down the street.

JOY
I would've left her too. What is
she wearing?

They both laugh. Lana takes a BOTTLE OF RED PILLS from her
purse, unscrews the cap.

JOY (CONT'D)
What's that?

LANA
Who knows. My doctor prescribed
them.

She pops the pill with her gin & tonic. Offers one to Joy.

JOY
No, thank you.

LANA
They're not for depression, if
that's what you're thinking.

JOY
I wasn't--

LANA

Ever since Roy died, everyone
thinks I'm just going to wake up
one morning, drive onto the Wabash
Avenue Bridge and swan dive off.

Lana drops the pill back into the bottle, leans back, woozy.

JOY

What are they for then?

LANA

You know, when you're feeling...
nothing.

Joy is quiet, thinking. Downs the rest of her drink. Pours
another. She's tipsy.

JOY

This morning I was in the living
room-- just me, and the only sound
of life was the dishwasher. BEEP -
BEEP - BEEP, like a mechanical
heartbeat. And I just sat there.
Thinking about nothing.

She looks over, Lana is asleep.

Joy picks up the pill bottle, reads the label: "LANA ELROY.
DX: HOUSEWIFE SYNDROME."

She opens the bottle, takes out a pill. Downs it with her
drink.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - BATHROOM - EVENING

Joy works blonde dye into her daughter's hair.

CHARLOTTE

When did you start dyeing yours?

JOY

When I met your father.

CHARLOTTE

You became a blonde for him?

JOY

No, not exactly. But it didn't
hurt.

A beat, while Charlotte considers that.

CHARLOTTE *
Am I pretty, Mom? You can be *
honest. *

JOY *
You're beautiful, Sweetheart. In an *
unassuming way. *

CHARLOTTE *
What does that mean? *

JOY *
It means you don't have to try too *
hard. *

She leans over kisses her on the forehead. Charlotte is still *
confused. *

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING *

The next morning. Joy, now alone, irons clothes while *
watching TV. *

ONSCREEN: More footage of the streets of Chicago exploding. A *
particularly brutal beating. The volume at full blast, a *
little louder than necessary. *

She holds onto the iron. It's steaming. She starts sweating *
again. *

The clashing onscreen grows in intensity. She puts down the *
hot iron, grips the board to steady herself. The iron *
wobbles. And she collapses, pulling the board and iron down *
with her. *

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - FOYER - EARLY EVENING *

Hours later. Will, whistling, opens the door, briefcase in *
hand. *

WILL *
I'm home. *

She doesn't answer. He puts down the briefcase, walks into... *

WILL (CONT'D) *
Joy? *

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

-- and finds JOY'S BODY sprawled on the floor. Beside her, the iron, now facedown, has BURNED through a square of linoleum. The ironing board is tangled with her body.

WILL

Oh my god.

He rushes to her side.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - LATER

Joy's eyes open. She's in a large hospital ward, her bed surrounded by a circle of WHITE-COATED MEN, murmuring. The bell of a COLD STETHOSCOPE on her chest.

Her hands go instinctively to her belly. The oldest, BENSON, wearing a bow-tie, barely looks at her.

JOY

What's happening?

BENSON

Relax, Mrs. Griffin.

JOY

Is the baby okay?

They don't reply, glancing at each other.

Will appears at the far corner of the ward. Without a word, the doctors cross to intercept him.

Joy watches as Benson talks. She can't hear what he's saying, but sees Will react. It's clearly bad news.

INT. HOSPITAL - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Close on a MASSIVE HEART on an X-RAY.

Will studies it. He and Benson confer as if Joy -- sitting on an examining table in the background -- is not there.

BENSON

The heart failure is, without question, due to the pregnancy.

WILL

Is there a treatment?

BENSON

To not be pregnant. If she weren't,
the condition would reverse.

Joy makes a sound, as if all the air just got sucked out of her. They turn to look at her.

WILL

There's nothing else we can do?

BENSON

We could ask the board for
permission to perform...

He trails off. She touches her belly.

JOY

That's it? That's the only cure?

BENSON

I'm afraid so. It's not a
recommendation, mind you.

WILL

Honey, why don't you step out a
moment?

She pauses, too stunned to argue. Walks out.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Joy stands quietly looking at the closed door to the room where her husband and Dr. Benson confer. Her hands clenched tightly around her purse.

A woman pushes a BABY in a stroller past her. The baby looks up at Joy, eyes wide. Joy smiles tearfully, struggling to control her emotions.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Will drives, one hand resting on Joy's belly.

WILL

(broken)

I don't know what to do.

Joy looks at him, then back at the road. They continue driving in silence, tortured.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Joy makes dinner, quietly and efficiently. She carries a roast to the table where Will and Charlotte are seated. She's cheerful, bright, hiding her pain.

CHARLOTTE

Didn't we have roast the day before yesterday?

JOY

I like roast. It's comforting.

CHARLOTTE

Good Housekeeping says you should vary dishes as much as possible. Or your husband and children will get bored.

JOY

What does Good Housekeeping say about picky daughters?

CHARLOTTE

Oh my God, Mom...

Will ignores the banter. He's looking at Joy's belly, stricken.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Will watches as Joy sits in front of her vanity, applying face cream. He's nursing a tall glass of whiskey.

WILL

How can you do that?

JOY

I always put on cream before--

WILL

No, how can you do it now? During this crisis.

She sees him looking at her in the mirror.

JOY

I'll do whatever you want to do.

WILL

(his voice breaking)
I told you - I don't know what to do.

She turns to look at him, composed.

JOY

I do.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Joy walks determinedly down the crowded corridor. Will trails behind, more reluctant and conflicted.

She passes a sign that reads "SEPTIC PATIENTS WARD" -- looks at it curiously, but moves past.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Joy slides a plate of cookies towards the center of the table.

JOY

Me and my daughter made
Snickerdoodles. Please, help
yourself.

Seven men - including Benson - look down at the cookies, then at her. Then begin discussing the case as if she's not there. This is the hospital Board of Directors.

BENSON

As you know, the patient -- Mrs.
Griffin -- is petitioning the board
to make a special exception in this
case.

DIRECTOR #1

You understand this request is
extraordinary.

BENSON

We do.

DIRECTOR #1

Is there a chance she can survive
the pregnancy?

A pause, then--

BENSON (O.S.)

Yes.

DIRECTOR #2

How much of a chance?

Joy looks back and forth between the men deciding her fate, waiting for an opening.

BENSON (O.S.)
It's difficult to say, Sir.

No longer able to contain herself--

JOY
What percentage would sway you? I'm just curious.

DIRECTOR #1
This hospital has approved a termination of pregnancy once in the last ten years, Mrs. Griffin. Are you aware of that?

Joy is clearly stunned.

BENSON
We are, Sir.

SILENCE. Then...

DIRECTOR #1
I'm afraid my vote is no. Shall we go around the table?

One by one, SEVEN MORE MALE VOICES vote "No."

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - LATER

Benson stands ill at ease as Will comforts Joy. Then speaks in a low voice--

BENSON
There is always *Insanity*.

JOY
What?

BENSON
If you can convince two psychiatrists you're suicidal, the hospital will have no choice but to grant you an abortion.

JOY
I can do that.

WILL
She can't do that.

BENSON
Are you suicidal, Joy?

JOY

(beat)

I believe I am, yes.

WILL

Honey, we need to talk about this...

BENSON

You know, a lot of women would say, *Save the baby, not me*. Most women, perhaps.

JOY

I have a 14-year-old daughter at home who needs me. I'm just asking for the choice.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

A somber, bearded psychiatrist, DOCTOR AARONSON (60s), faces Joy, lying stiffly on a leather couch.

JOY

I think I've settled on a shotgun to the head. My husband has one, so it would honestly be the most convenient.

AARONSON

Shotguns are very long. You'd have to place the barrel under your jaw and pull the trigger with your toe. Like Hemingway did.

JOY

Yes, that's my plan.

AARONSON

Women don't typically commit suicide with guns.

JOY

Why is that?

AARONSON

Too violent.

JOY

I-- am feeling violent.

AARONSON

You have a life inside you, Mrs. Griffin. A beautiful, unspoiled potential life. It could be Beethoven or Einstein--

JOY

Or Stalin.

She attempts a smile. Aaronson doesn't return it.

INT. SECOND PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Joy sits in an oversized armchair, facing a younger, kinder-looking psychiatrist, DOCTOR CAMPBELL.

JOY

I'm plunging downward... like a waterfall. Then I realize I'm in my shower, hanging from a noose--

CAMPBELL

Mrs. Griffin, are you under the impression that I'm going to believe everything you say?

Joy looks up. Realizes he's not buying it.

JOY

I really did have a dream.

CAMPBELL

But not that one.

JOY

No.

CAMPBELL

Why don't you describe the one you really had?

JOY

(hesitates, then--)

I was lying in a poppy field. I don't know where. But it was so peaceful. Then suddenly the poppies started moving... marching, carrying me. And I realized they weren't poppies at all -- they were protestors. Chanting, singing, beating drums...

(beat)

That's the truth.

CAMPBELL
And how did that make you feel?

JOY
Scared at first. Then... alive.

Campbell studies her, then--

IVES
I don't think you're suicidal, Joy.
Her face falls.

INT. FIRST PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Aaronson stares at Joy. She's uncomfortable with his gaze.

AARONSON
It's obvious you want to live.
She bursts into tears. He watches dispassionately.

INT. SECOND PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - EARLIER

Campbell is scribbling something on a pad of paper. He looks up at Joy.

CAMPBELL
But I'm going to say you are. If
the other psychiatrist doesn't
agree--

He folds the PIECE of PAPER, hands it to her.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
-- this is your plan B.

Joy takes the paper, grateful.

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Joy walks out of the nice psychiatrist's office, past a RECEPTIONIST, who beckons her closer, lowers her voice.

RECEPTIONIST
Just fall down a staircase. It
worked for me.

Joy reacts.

INT. GRIFFIN HOME - STAIRCASE - LATER

Joy walks slowly up the steps, Will assisting. She's short of breath, stops to touch her chest.

Charlotte appears at the top of the stairs, looks down at her mom.

CHARLOTTE
What's wrong, Mom?

JOY
Nothing, Honey.

WILL
Your mom's just a little tired...
because of the baby. She'll be
better soon.

INT. GRIFFIN HOME - BEDROOM - LATER

Will lies in bed next to Joy.

WILL
He said there was a chance. That's
what we have to hold onto.

A beat.

JOY
There's so much I still want to do.

He looks at her, genuinely curious.

WILL
Like what?

She's at a loss, then--

JOY
Ride in a convertible. Go on
safari. Smoke weed.

He smiles, but it's a heartbroken smile.

WILL
I wish there was another option.

He starts to cry. She looks at the folded piece of paper on her night-stand, but says nothing.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Midnight. Joy lies awake. Looks at Will, sleeping.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

She stands perfectly still at the top of the staircase, eyes closed as she mentally prepares for the fall -- her concentration suddenly interrupted by--

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

Mom?

Staring up at her mother from the bottom of the stairs, a text book and peanut-butter sandwich in her hand.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE - STREET - DAY

Joy walks quickly down a sketchy street in a bad neighborhood. Gripping the PIECE of PAPER in her hand.

She reaches her destination, a grungy apartment building.

INT. SOUTH SIDE - APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Joy steps out of an elevator, knocks on an unmarked door. No answer. Knocks again. Waits.

Suddenly the door opens. A small BEARDED MAN looks at her, says nothing. Behind him, a STOUT WOMAN fusses with a pot of water.

JOY

Hello? Am I in the right place?

The man silently ushers her into a decrepit apartment. The woman says nothing, holds out her hand, palm up.

Joy, understanding, hands over a BUNDLE of CASH. The woman counts it out, twice. Slips it into her apron pocket.

Then helps Joy remove her coat and purse, placing them on a chair at the back of the room.

INT. SOUTH SIDE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The man ushers Joy into the bedroom, speaks with a thick German accent--

MAN

Remove please your undergarments.
Call when ready.

He exits, closing the door.

She looks around the small room. Gingerly lies down on the rickety bed. Maneuvers off her underwear, leaving her dress on.

JOY

I'm ready.

She waits.

JOY (CONT'D)

Hello?

Something feels off. She gets up, opens the door.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She enters, looks around. The man and woman are GONE. So is her coat. Her purse lies on the floor. She picks it up, looks inside. EMPTY.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE - STREET - LATER

Joy exits the building without a coat -- it's RAINING. She holds the empty purse above her head, walks down the street, disappearing into the darkness.

INT. LANA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joy plays bridge with a group of other women. She's haggard, can't focus. She's smoking compulsively. She coughs, struggling to catch her breath.

JOY

Excuse me. I'll be right back.

Melanie, the divorcee, watches her go.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Joy throws up into the toilet. She leans back, her face streaked with tears.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Joy exits the bathroom, closing the door quietly. Melanie is waiting, studying her coolly.

JOY
I'm sorry.

MELANIE
Don't be.

A beat.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
643-4434. Will you remember that?

JOY
What?

MELANIE
Just call them.

She passes into the bathroom, leaving Joy alone in the hallway.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Joy stares at the phone. After a long beat, she picks it up. Dials the number.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hello, this is Jane.

JOY
Jane who?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
You called us.

JOY
I was given this number.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(hesitating, careful)
We're a service for women who are expecting.

Silence. Joy hangs up.

A beat. She picks up the phone, calls back.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hello?

JOY

I'm sorry.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Don't be. Everyone hangs up the first time.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Joy waits nervously at the corner of a street a few blocks from her house.

An old VW Bug pulls up to the curb.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - MOMENTS LATER

GWEN COOPER (20), dark-haired, unkempt, sits in the driver's seat, smoking. Joy sits next to her, trembling.

GWEN

I'm Gwen. You're in good hands.

JOY

I thought your name was Jane?

GWEN

Jane's an all-women abortion referral network. You call *Jane*, we deliver you to someone who can help. Dig it?

JOY

Yes.

GWEN

We help women seize the means of reproduction. Anatomy is destiny. Freud said that, you know?

They drive in silence. Gwen senses Joy's growing anxiety.

GWEN (CONT'D)

You're going to be okay, Joy.

JOY

How do you know?

GWEN

Freshman year. That was my first.

Joy recoils a bit, Gwen's tone is uncomfortably cavalier.

GWEN (CONT'D)
Got laid at the wrong time of the
month. You know how that goes.

She looks at her, smiling. Joy doesn't smile back.

As they roll to a halt--

GWEN (CONT'D)
You're going to get into another
car, okay? With a fancy capitalist
pig doctor. He has one condition--

JOY
What?

Gwen takes out a blindfold. Joy looks at it, alarmed.

GWEN
I'm sorry.

She ties it tightly around Joy's eyes.

The screen turns BLACK.

Silence. Then a parade of sounds. A DOOR OPENING. POUNDING
RAIN. DISTANT STEPS. MUFFLED VOICES. A DOOR SLAMMING SHUT.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - MOMENTS LATER

STILL BLACK. Joy's heart is pounding.

JOY (O.S.)
Hello?

Nothing.

JOY (CONT'D)
Can you just tell me where we're
going-- at least what part of town?

Nope.

JOY (CONT'D)
You've done this before though,
right?

Again no answer.

JOY (CONT'D)
Please talk to me--

She's beginning to break down. But still no reply.

The blackness shifts. She's fiddling with her blindfold. Through a tiny aperture, we see a disarmingly HANDSOME MAN (34) in the driver's seat. He looks over at Joy.

HANDSOME MAN (O.S.)
Pull yourself together, Sweetheart.

She immediately covers her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Much later. The procedure over. Joy is back home, in bed. Will, still in work clothes, sits beside her.

WILL
A miscarriage?

Joy nods, unable to look him in the eye.

WILL (CONT'D)
(bewildered)
I don't even know what to feel.

JOY
Me either.

She leans into him, and he kisses her forehead. Then he puts his head on her belly, like a child. She runs her hands through his hair. He cries quietly. She tries to comfort him.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joy finds Charlotte on the couch knitting.

CHARLOTTE
Look Mom, I added a pom-pom.

She holds up the baby hat. Nearly done. Joy looks at it, stricken, sinks into the couch next to her daughter.

JOY
Charlotte, I have to tell you something.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Charlotte, shaken, slowly places the hat on a baby doll. She looks at its beady blue eyes. Cradles it like a real baby.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alone, Joy stands in front of the mirror, presses a warm washcloth against her face. She feels something... looks down and sees a drop of blood on her leg.

WILL (O.S.)

Joy? Are you okay in there?

A beat, as she tries to hold it together.

JOY

Yes, fine. I'll be out in a minute.

She takes a tissue and gently wipes off the blood... suddenly overcome with grief and shame. She cries and cries.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - LAWN - DAY

Joy and the rest of the PTA moms, including Melanie, sit under umbrellas.

Lana's wearing dark sunglasses, we sense she's drinking something stronger than tea.

LANA

We live next door to each other and
I have to come to this ridiculous
PTA event just to see you.

JOY

Sorry. We've been busy.

LANA

Really? Because your car never left
the driveway all weekend.

Joy crosses her legs, forcing a smile. Lana studies her, notices the saucer shaking slightly in her hand. Melanie watches.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Will reads the newspaper as Joy prepares breakfast. The phone rings. He picks up.

WILL

Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE

(after a pause)

Hello.

WILL
Who is this?

A pause...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
A friend of Joy's. From work.

WILL
She doesn't work.

Another pause.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
From the PTA, that's what I meant.
We call that work.

He passes the phone to Joy.

WILL
PTA.

She takes it, cradles it in her neck, while frying sausages.

JOY
Hello? This is Joy.

GWEN (O.S.)
Hi Joy, it's Gwen. From... *Jane*.
I'm just following up to see how
you're doing after--

Joy lowers her voice, looks at Will, who doesn't seem to notice anything.

JOY
I'm fine, thanks.

GWEN (O.S.)
Cool. *Jane's* having a thing
tomorrow night. 7pm at 1257
Lakeshore Drive. We'd love for you
to come.

JOY
Oh, I couldn't possibly. But thanks
so much for calling.

She's about to hang up when...

GWEN (O.S.)
Joy, there are a lot of scared
women out there, just like you were--
-

JOY

I know.

GWEN

They need our help.

Will is now looking at her.

JOY

I really have to go--

Joy hangs up, a bit shaken. Quickly recovers.

JOY (CONT'D)

Avon lady. They're getting more aggressive.

WILL

She said she was a friend. From the PTA.

JOY

(a beat)

She is. I mean, she's both.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Dr. Benson stands outside the door to a consultation room, reads silently from a chart as his resident updates him.

RESIDENT

Mrs. Griffin is here for follow-up. She's no longer pregnant. Almost all her symptoms have improved.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONSULTATION ROOM - SAME TIME

Joy sits, listening to the doctors discuss her case.

BENSON (O.S.)

She lost the baby?

RESIDENT (O.S.)

She did, Sir.

BENSON (O.S.)

How convenient for her.

The resident chuckles. Benson opens the door.

Joy smiles gamely, pretends she hasn't heard anything.

JOY
Hello, Dr. Benson. Thanks for
seeing me so soon.

And then, unable to help herself.

JOY (CONT'D)
I hope the timing wasn't too
inconvenient for you.

Benson reacts.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

On her way out, Joy passes a team of doctors and nurses pushing a YOUNG WOMAN (16), Charlotte's age, down the hall. The gurney is maneuvered into a LARGE ANNEX with a sign she recognizes: "SEPTIC PATIENT WARD."

Joy slows, watches the woman transferred to a bed in a row of nearly forty. All occupied by young women.

A NURSE stops to add a NAME to a list on a large blackboard. Joy approaches, gestures to the young woman.

JOY
Excuse me, what's wrong with her?

The nurse shrugs.

NURSE
Same thing that's wrong with all of
them. Either she did it to herself
or someone did it to her.

Joy looks at the faces of all the women -- the desperation, shame, guilt, pain. It's overwhelming.

The nurse enters and the double doors close in Joy's face.

EXT. HYDE PARK - STREET - DAY

Joy walks through her neighborhood alone, returning from her appointment.

Through passing windows, she sees HOUSEWIFE after HOUSEWIFE engaged in the same activities -- cooking, cleaning, watching soap operas. One woman stands at the window, looking out, smoking.

JOY (PRE-LAP)

When we first got married, Will was worried I was too malleable -- always shifting and bending to everyone else's needs. He wanted me to take more initiative. Find hobbies. Figure out what made me happy.

EXT. LANA'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Joy and Lana recline in familiar poses, smoking and drinking. She continues.

JOY

But then he changed. And he got used to having me around all the time.

LANA

I don't know what you're talking about, Joy. Seems to me you're always in motion.

JOY

But I never get anywhere.

Lana looks at her, confused.

JOY (CONT'D)

Sometimes I think I'm more than Will. Do you know what I mean?

LANA

(cautiously)

No.

JOY

He's indecisive. I mean he's loving, so good with Charlotte, kind and dependable. But he's... weak. That's what I mean. Is that awful to say?

LANA

(frank)

Yes.

A beat.

LANA (CONT'D)

You're acting strange, Joy. Is it the baby?

She hesitates. Can't bear to tell Lana the truth.

JOY
No. Just the wine.

Lana takes a long swig of hers.

LANA
Well, whatever it is, it's not
Will's fault.

INT. JOY'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Joy winds through an expensive section of Hyde Park. She consults the address -- the one Gwen gave her over the phone. Pulls up to a MASSIVE MANSION.

She looks out the window for a moment, surprised.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Joy waits at the top of the steps. An elegant woman with intelligent eyes, JULIA KNOWLES (73), opens the door, confidently reaches out her hand.

JULIA
Hello, I'm Julia.

They shake.

JOY
Joy.

JULIA
Yes, of course. Welcome.

She turns, motioning for Joy to follow her.

INT. JULIA'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The room is crowded with women. Most in their late 20s and early 30s. Housewives, moms. Also a small cabal of beatnik students, including Gwen, who reads off an index card at the top of a stack.

GWEN
Darlene. 22 years old. Eleven
weeks. Lost her job at the bank
when they found out. Husband
doesn't know.

She places the card in her lap. Passes the stack to the woman sitting next to her... MELANIE.

MELANIE

Connie. 17 years old. Coming in on the train from Peoria. Thinks she may be 20 weeks. Syphilis. Has 54 dollars.

Passes it.

Joy takes a seat outside the circle, watching as the card moves from one woman to the next.

Melanie looks up, sees Joy, smiles. Then takes a breath, picks up the next card.

INT. JULIA'S MANSION - KITCHEN - LATER

The women mill around a center island where a housekeeper refills refreshments. Joy hangs back.

Julia hands her a glass of iced tea.

JULIA

Thanks for coming. We were hoping you would.

Joy hands back the glass.

JOY

I can't stay.

JULIA

What a shame.

JOY

I'm not like the women on those cards.

JULIA

Aren't you?

JOY

I wanted that baby. I had no choice.

Julia studies her.

JULIA

Coat hangers. Knitting needles. Gin and ginger. Sloes. Turpentine.

JOY

What?

JULIA

Or mafia docs. Who like to rape
women before butchering them.

(beat)

Those were your other choices.

Joy just stares at Julia, clearly thrown.

JOY

Even if I wanted to--

JULIA

Your husband never has to know.
None of ours do. We know each other
from the knitting circle, the book
club, golf, the PTA--

JOY

I'm not sure what you're doing is
right.

JULIA

Me neither.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Will looks up from the paper as Joy enters.

WILL

Your Avon party went late.

Raises his martini glass, proud.

WILL (CONT'D)

I made my own drink.

JOY

Congratulations.

She heads for the stairs, then regrets her sharpness.

JOY (CONT'D)

I just need to lie down for a
minute. I'll be down soon to make
dinner.

Will watches her slowly climb the stairs, a little miffed.

WILL

Who knew Avon could be so taxing.

JOY
What?

WILL
Nothing.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A cookbook is propped open, ingredients and utensils everywhere. Joy is peeling apples when the PHONE RINGS.

JOY
Hello?

JULIA (O.S.)
Joy. It's Julia.

JOY
Julia?

JULIA
From *Jane*. We need you for a 3pm pick up at Washington Park. Her name's Sandra. She'll be waiting for you at the pay-phone near the South entrance. You'll be dropping her at the Drake Hotel. Room 316. The doctor will meet her there. Okay?

Joy looks around, even though nobody's home.

JOY
I have guests coming for dinner tonight.

A long silence, then--

JULIA
What are you making?

JOY
Uh... pork roast. Scalloped potatoes, pineapple upside-down cake--

JULIA
Change of menu. Tuna casserole, creamed spinach and Jello.

JOY
But--

JULIA

I know it's inconvenient, Joy. Do you want to tell this poor girl she can't get an abortion because you have to make a cake?

INT. CAR - PARKED - DAY

Joy sits in the front seat of a car parked at the curb near the Drake Hotel. She checks her watch incessantly. Relaxing in the back, SANDRA (18), powders her nose.

SANDRA

I hope he's handsome.

JOY

Who?

SANDRA

The abortion doctor.

JOY

Does it matter?

SANDRA

Wouldn't it be funny if I fell in love with my abortion doctor?

JOY

Great story for the kids.

Joy checks the time. It's 3:05PM. He's late.

SANDRA

The lady on the phone said most *Janes* have had one.

She's clearly hoping for some reassurance.

JOY

Not me.

SANDRA

I don't believe you.

JOY

Not like this.

SANDRA

What does that mean?

JOY

Nothing. Never mind.

Sandra has no idea what she's talking about.

SANDRA
This is such a bore. Is he always
so late?

JOY
I really don't know.

Sandra pulls out a wad of cash.

JOY (CONT'D)
Where did you get all that?

SANDRA
My boss. At the bank. It's no big
deal for him. He's rich. When we
were doing it, I asked him to pull
out. But he didn't want to. He
whispered, *I'll take care of it.*

She holds out the cash, cheerful.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
And he did.

Joy takes it, clearly uncomfortable with Sandra's cavalier
attitude.

LATER:

Close on the FACE OF A WATCH. It's now 5PM. The two are still
waiting in the car, now filled with smoke. Joy is choking on
it, her anxiety growing.

She glances back at Sandra, sprawled across the seat, smoking
a joint.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Want to play Truth or Dare?

JOY
I actually need to go. My husband--

Sandra sits up, anxious.

SANDRA
You can't leave me here alone.

She leans over the front-seat, holds out the joint.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
It'll make the time go faster.
While slowing everything else down.

Joy looks at her, confused.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
It's hard to explain. But it'll
help. I promise.

JOY
No, thank you.

SANDRA
You're very tightly wound, Joy. I
bet you're the kind of lady who's
always smiling, then one day a
fisherman finds you at the bottom
of Lake Michigan.

JOY
That's ridiculous.

Sandra sinks into the backseat, starts singing to herself
from "Mother's Little Helper" by The Rolling Stones.

SANDRA
*Things are different today
I hear ev'ry mother say
Cooking fresh food for a husband's
just a drag
So she buys an instant cake and she
burns her frozen steak
And goes running for the shelter of
a mother's little helper
And two help her on her way, get
her through her busy day
Doctor please, some more of
these...*

A CAR pulls up in front of them, flashes its lights. They
don't notice.

The HANDSOME MAN from earlier, wearing dark sunglasses and a
ball cap, gets out of his car, irritated. Taps on the glass.
Joy screams.

MOMENTS LATER:

Joy stands outside the car, counting out the wad of cash.

JOY
1200 dollars.

The Handsome Man takes the money out of her hand.

JOY (CONT'D)
It's a lot of money.

HANDSOME MAN
Not as much as having a baby.

JOY
You're late. That's really
inconsiderate. There are people at
my house right now waiting for me
to serve them dinner.

HANDSOME MAN
What's your name?

JOY
(after a beat)
Joy. What's yours?

Ignoring her question.

HANDSOME MAN
Okay Joy, listen up. I went to a
big fancy medical school that was
really fucking expensive-- but this
is what I choose to do with my
time. I'm late because I've got a
lot of women to help, okay? Now
please put that blindfold on her so
I'm not late for the next one.

He starts to walk off, turns back.

HANDSOME MAN (CONT'D)
By the way, I remember you. You had
a whole lot to say that time too.

He heads to his car. Joy opens the back door to his -- and
finds Sandra, her confidence suddenly gone. She's trying not
to cry. Joy squeezes in next to her, holds her close.

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Joy screeches up, late. She hurries out of the car, carrying
cartons of Chinese food.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Joy rushes in, drops a carton of rice, keeps going.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She enters, stops cold when she sees...

Will, seated at the head of a beautifully set table, staring back, angry. Around the table are two other couples, as well as Charlotte, Lana, and her daughter, ERIN (15).

JOY
I'm so sorry. My...
(knowing it sounds
ridiculous)
Avon party. I meant to call--

She surveys the impressive meal.

JOY (CONT'D)
Wow.

LANA
It's nothing. Just threw it
together. I saw you had a roast in
the fridge, so...

Joy looks around the table. There's nowhere for her to sit.
Will stands.

WILL
I'll bring in another chair.

He heads for the kitchen. She follows.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Will takes a chair from the kitchen table and starts to head back towards the dining room--

JOY
I'm sorry. I thought I'd be home--

He doesn't wait for her to finish. She watches him go, then collapses onto a chair. Lana enters, turns on the oven.

JOY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

LANA
Sorry, I just need to take the pies
out of the oven.

JOY
That's not what I mean.

LANA
You weren't here, Joy.

JOY
I'm here now.

Lana removes the pies, looks up.

LANA
Are you?

Joy follows her out into...

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lana places the pies on the table. Will looks up at her, grateful.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Joy carefully folds laundry. The phone rings. She looks at it, hesitates.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
I'll get it--

JOY
No, honey, it's okay.

She picks up.

JOY (CONT'D)
Hello?

INT. JULIA'S MANSION - SITTING ROOM - SAME TIME

Julia, in painter's smock, stands in front of an easel -- a paintbrush in one hand and phone receiver in the other. On the table in front of her, a sleeping cat poses.

JULIA
Hi Joy, it's Julia. I was calling because--

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

JOY
I'm sorry, Julia, I don't think I can help out anymore.

JULIA
Your husband?

JOY
(beat)
Yes.

The cat stretches.

JULIA
Not now, Eleanor.

JOY
Excuse me?

Eleanor circles the cushion, resumes her pose. Julia continues painting.

JULIA
I thought I saw something in you,
Joy. Maybe I was wrong.

JOY
Maybe you were.

JULIA
I'm not suggesting you become a
different person. I'm suggesting
you become more you.

A beat.

JULIA (CONT'D)
There's a young girl waiting for
you. She's scared--

JOY
I really can't.

JULIA
(a beat)
Okay.

Julia's doorbell RINGS. She puts down her brush.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Joy.

She's about to hang up--

JOY
How old is she?

Julia smiles.

JULIA
Seventeen.

Joy's silent.

The doorbell RINGS again.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Two o'clock. Same place.

She looks out the window, sees...

A frazzled pregnant woman, a toddler in her arms.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Share your own abortion story, Joy.
It'll help.

Julia hangs up. Then Joy hears the sound of another phone CLICKING off. She hangs up, walks into...

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Charlotte is sitting by the phone, looking shocked.

JOY
Charlotte...

Charlotte looks up at her mom.

CHARLOTTE
(“normal”)
May I use your sewing machine? I
have to finish my project for home
ec.

JOY
Did you hear anything?

CHARLOTTE
(clearly lying)
No.

Joy looks into Charlotte's eyes, searching.

JOY
Please don't say anything to your
father.

CHARLOTTE
You want me to lie to him?

JOY
You just lied to me.

CHARLOTTE
Did you have a miscarriage?

Joy falters...

JOY
I think you'll understand if you
just let me--

CHARLOTTE
I don't want to understand.

Charlotte gets up and walks out of her room. Joy looks over at the doll, still wearing the handmade hat.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Later. Joy and Charlotte sit, silently knitting. Joy watches as Charlotte puts hers aside, picks up an issue of Good Housekeeping. She's pointedly ignoring her mother's gaze.

She flips through the magazine, finally looks up.

CHARLOTTE
Just promise you'll stop.

JOY
(hesitating)
I will.

She looks like a child again, plaintive and scared.

CHARLOTTE
It could be someone else's brother
or sister.

JOY
I know.

Charlotte goes back to her magazine, doesn't look up.

CHARLOTTE
And it's disgusting.

Off Joy, conflicted.

JOY
You're right. It is.

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY

Joy and Melanie walk through a dingy hallway facing a closed door. Joy looks guilty, but determined.

MELANIE

You do the talking this time. At
some point, you'll be running these
sessions on your own.

They knock on a door. It opens. A timid bedraggled woman,
HELEN (32), answers. A crying baby in her arms.

JOY

Good morning. We're *Jane*.

INT. DINGY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Helen sits across from Joy and Melanie. She's nursing a baby.

JOY

Any questions for us?

Helen looks up, nervous.

HELEN

Is there any... flexibility on the
price?

Joy pauses, uncertain.

MELANIE

I'm sorry. That's out of our
control.

JOY

Is there anything you could sell?

Joy looks around the apartment at the broken toys, worn out
furniture.

HELEN

Twelve hundred is a lot.

Melanie reaches out, gently exposes a bruise on Helen's
forearm. Their eyes meet.

MELANIE

Do what you can. And if you
can't... we'll pray for you.

Melanie stands, heads for the door. Joy, reluctant, follows.

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Joy looks at Melanie, incredulous.

JOY

We'll pray for you? Really?

MELANIE

You'll get used to it.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Will and Charlotte sit beside each other, watching TV. Will passes Charlotte a large bowl of popcorn. She passes it back.

CHARLOTTE

You made too much.

WILL

Well, your mom usually eats most of it.

Will glances out the window at the empty driveway.

WILL (CONT'D)

It must be a very intense Avon meeting.

Charlotte turns away, unable to hide her sense of betrayal.

CHARLOTTE

I guess so.

INT. MELANIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Joy looks around Melanie's small apartment, bare except for photographs of her son.

Melanie pours a tall glass of wine, holds it out to Joy.

JOY

No, thank you.

Melanie downs half the glass. She can tell Joy is still thinking about Helen.

MELANIE

You can pay the 1200 dollars for her if you like. But there are hundreds more just like her. Are you going to pay for all of them?

Joy contemplates this.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
The world is full of sadness, Joy.

JOY
Maybe I'll just have half a glass.

Melanie pours a full glass, hands it to her.

JOY (CONT'D)
I don't know what I'm doing, I
don't know what I want--

MELANIE
I find we spend a lot of time
trying to figure out what we want.
When we show ourselves what we want
by what we do.

A beat.

JOY
Do you miss him?

MELANIE
My son or my husband?

JOY
Both.

MELANIE
Of course. But I like being alone.
I always have.

Joy looks at the unpacked boxes.

JOY
Then why haven't you unpacked?

Melanie smiles at her.

MELANIE
Because I don't have to.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - WILL'S STUDY - NIGHT

Joy enters Will's study, closes the door behind her.

Heads to a safe in the bookshelf. Opens it. There are stacks of CASH. She stares at them. Thinking. Doesn't take anything. Closes the safe and walks out...

Nearly SLAMMING into Will as he heads in, carrying a drink.

WILL
Looking for me?

Joy startles, but quickly recovers.

JOY
I was just coming to say it's late.

He smiles, turns off his desk lamp.

WILL
Let's go to bed.

Kisses her as he heads out. She lingers, eyeing the safe.

JOY
I'll be right up.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Joy slides in next to Will. He turns towards her, kisses her. His hands move beneath the sheets--

JOY
I can't.

He looks at her, confused.

JOY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

WILL
(gently)
This didn't just happen to you,
Joy.

JOY
I know. But to be fair, it did
happen more to me than to you.

He turns away.

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Joy knocks on Helen's door. It's been raining, her hair is damp. She quickly glances inside her purse.

It's stuffed with CASH from the safe. She snaps it shut as the door opens.

A BURLY MAN (35) looks at her suspiciously.

BURLY MAN
What do you want?

JOY
I was looking for Helen. I'm a friend. I think she's expecting me--

BURLY MAN
Are you one of them? Those ladies she called?

He starts to shake with anger.

Joy backs up a little.

BURLY MAN (CONT'D)
You nosy bitches.
(breaking down)
She almost killed herself. She's in the hospital. I hope you're proud of yourselves.

JOY
I think there's been some kind of mistake.

BURLY MAN
You're fucking right there's been some kind of mistake.

She turns and leaves, walking faster and faster, forcing herself not to look back.

BURLY MAN (CONT'D)
(shouting after her)
I'm going to make sure they find you bitches and put you all in jail!

INT. HOSPITAL - SEPSIS WARD - SAME TIME

NURSE LYDIA (32), kind face, wheels Helen into the SEPSIS WARD seen earlier. Her patient gown is covered in blood.

MARVIN FALK (36), a bearded, dispassionate doctor, quickly assesses the situation.

FALK
Another one?

Nurse Lydia nods. He grimaces, approaches Helen.

FALK (CONT'D)
Who did this to you?

Helen says nothing. Looks at him with dead eyes.

FALK (CONT'D)
Until you tell me who did this, I'm
afraid I can't treat you.

HELEN
Just let me die.

FALK
Syndicate doctor? Midwife. Husband.
Sister. Boyfriend--

HELEN
I did it to myself.

FALK
I don't believe you. If you don't
tell me, whoever did this to you
will do it to someone else.

He stares intently. She closes her eyes, surrendering to the
pain.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - LATER

Falk gestures to the nurse.

FALK
Let her stew for awhile. Until
she's ready to talk.

NURSE LYDIA
She's bleeding.

He walks away.

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - LATER

Falk is in the middle of abdominal surgery, assisted by a
YOUNG RESIDENT and Nurse Lydia.

We see the patient's face - it's Helen.

YOUNG RESIDENT
Fibrotic.

FALK
This wasn't her first abortion.

YOUNG RESIDENT
I can close up.

FALK
We're not done. I'm going to remove
her uterus.

YOUNG RESIDENT
Is that medically necessary?

FALK
It's a preventive measure.

There's a fraught silence. The resident looks to the nurse, biting her tongue. He pulls out Helen's uterus, drops it into a pan.

INT. SEPTIC WARD - NIGHT

It's quiet. Most of the young women are sleeping. Falk, with the resident by his side, walks between beds, rounding.

FALK
I declare a young woman dead twice a week. I tell the police, they do nothing. I tell the patients, they condemn me for judging. Everyone tells me, 'It's not your job to save them all. Just save the ones you can, let the rest die.' People know they can exploit these women and they do. They take their money, then mutilate them and nobody cares. We're just supposed to stand by and bear witness.

He looks at the resident.

FALK (CONT'D)
I perform a hysterectomy whenever possible. I consider it a charitable act. At least I'm doing something.

The resident says nothing. Falk pulls the sheet up on a 15-year-old girl, sleeping with her teddy bear.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joy's on the phone, shaken, tearful, having just heard the news about Helen.

MELANIE (O.S.)
They claimed it was an emergency
operation--

JOY
Jesus--

The door opens. Joy panics, hangs up just in time.

Will and Lana enter, laughing. Stop short when they see Joy,
quickly wiping the tears from her eyes.

WILL
I thought you had your Avon thing
today?

JOY
It was cancelled.

Will looks awkwardly between her and Lana.

WILL
I ran into Lana at the dry cleaner--

JOY
I'm sorry, Will, I meant to--

WILL
It's okay. I figured you wouldn't
have time.

Joy looks at Lana, who shows no sign of leaving.

JOY
I'll put on the kettle.

She smooths her dress, wipes her mascara--

WILL
Everything okay, honey?

She gestures to the TV--

JOY
It's the soap. Poor Nurse
Caldecott. Her own step-daughter
ran off with her fiancé. I got
caught up in it.

Will snorts.

WILL
Women and their soaps.

LANA
I'm the same way. Sometimes it
feels more real than real life.

JOY
It really does.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Through the open door, Joy watches Will and Lana, laughing easily.

She sees Charlotte leap down the staircase, greet Lana enthusiastically, then flop down on the couch beside her. The three of them look like the picture perfect family.

Will looks up, catches her eye. He looks guilty and uncertain. She smiles at him. Then picks up a knife and aggressively slices a pound cake -- her motions rapid and effective.

INT. JULIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The women of *Jane* sit in a circle, brooding. Joy looks fierce, determined.

JOY
That can never happen again.

JULIA
It will.

Joy looks at them sharply.

JOY
Helen hurt herself because the
doctor we hired charges too much.
This is our fault.

Julia raises an eyebrow.

JOY (CONT'D)
We're supposed to be
revolutionaries, but we're not.
We're just secretaries and
chauffeurs. And we take orders from
a man.

There's murmurs in the room.

MELANIE
What do you suggest, Joy?

She bites her lip.

JOY

Cut out the middle man. Do the abortions ourselves.

Julia and the others stare at her, dumbfounded.

GWEN

(high as usual)

We are the middle man.

JOY

You know what I mean.

JULIA

It's out of the question, Joy. It's not a risk *Jane* is prepared to take.

JOY

It's a risk I'm prepared to take.

JULIA

You don't know the first thing about--

JOY

I could learn. Dean could teach me.

JULIA

Why would he do that?

JOY

I don't know. Because women are dying?

JULIA

He's a doctor, Joy. He spent four years in medical school. He can't teach you everything he knows in a week.

JOY

I don't need to know everything. And I learn fast. I mastered the soufflé in one day when everyone said--

JULIA

This isn't a soufflé--

JOY

Okay. Let's sit here and do nothing. That's a better plan.

A long silence as Joy looks from one woman to the next. Melanie meets her gaze, smiles sympathetically, but can't do more.

JULIA

Moving on. *Jane* has received several complaints about unanswered phone calls. We need to honor our commitment to be near the phones during designated hours.

Gwen raises her hand.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Yes, Gwen?

GWEN

My phone got turned off by the fascists.

JULIA

Did you forget to pay your bill again?

GWEN

Communication should be free. Free speech is not a commodity.

JULIA

Okay, anyone else?

INT. JOY'S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

Slouched low in her seat, Joy watches as Dean's car pulls up to the curb. He guides the blind-folded girl, post-abortion, onto the sidewalk. She removes her blindfold, a little dazed.

Joy starts up her car. Chases after Dean's.

INT. JOY'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Joy follows Dean's car down some sketchy streets... then into Hyde Park, her own neighborhood of expensive homes and manicured lawns.

He pulls into the driveway of a large brownstone, emerges from his car, whistling, jogs up the front steps and enters.

She jump out of her car, follows. Knocks on the door.

INT. HYDE PARK HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Dean opens the door. Joy peers in at the impressive entryway behind him.

DEAN
You again.

JOY
Me again.

DEAN
How can I help you this time?

JOY
Is this your house?

Suddenly uncomfortable, he doesn't respond. She maneuvers past him.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The living room is filled with expensive furniture and a state of the art (circa 1967) sound system. Joy takes in the original paintings on the walls.

JOY
1200 per procedure. Five or more
procedures per week...

DEAN
Do you need help with the math?

JOY
We thought your fee was so high
because of overhead, instruments,
staff...

He shrugs.

JOY (CONT'D)
My patient nearly died because she
couldn't afford you. And this is
how you live.

DEAN
Coincidentally, that's not my
fucking problem. I provide a
dangerous, illegal service -- I
deserve my fee.
(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)
And I happen to be damn good at
what I do. God knows no one else is
jumping at the chance to risk their
license for women who can't keep
their legs shut.

Dean looks up, sees Joy's jaw clench.

DEAN (CONT'D)
I didn't mean it like that.

The sound of LOPSIDED FOOTSTEPS.

Gwen, half-asleep, walks in wearing one of Dean's tee shirts.

GWEN
You home, baby?

She notices Joy, smiles.

GWEN (CONT'D)
Hey, Joy.

Joy stares, speechless.

INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Joy, white knuckling the steering wheel, stares straight
ahead.

She turns on the radio. Cranks the volume as high as she can.
A man in a sports car cuts her off and she SCREAMS over the
music.

JOY
ASSHOLE!

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Joy walks in with wild hair and a slightly deranged look in
her eyes, practically crashes into Charlotte coming down the
stairs.

CHARLOTTE
What happened to you?

JOY
Nothing, honey. Just one of those
days.

CHARLOTTE
 No, I mean your hair. Your roots
 are so dark.
 (beat)
 Aren't you embarrassed?

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joy sits at the vanity, while Charlotte applies blonde dye to her roots.

CHARLOTTE
 How often do we have to do this?

JOY
 About once a month.

CHARLOTTE
 Isn't there a way to stop the roots
 from growing?

JOY
 Death.

Charlotte looks at her.

JOY (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry. I have a lot on my mind.

A beat.

CHARLOTTE
 You're not going to stop are you?

Joy doesn't answer.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
 I know what you did.

JOY
 I had no choice, Charlotte. You
 have to believe me.

CHARLOTTE
 But you lie all the time.

JOY
 It's not lying.

CHARLOTTE
 Well, it's not the truth.

Joy has no response.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Lana's helping me with my home ec
project, by the way -- since you've
had a lot on your mind a lot.

Charlotte glances at her mother in the mirror. It's clear her words stung.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

The entire PTA, including Lana, is assembled. Except for Joy.
Lana checks her watch.

LANA
I think we should get started.

HOUSEWIFE #2
(nervously)
But she's the president--

JOY
Not anymore. I'm resigning.

Joy's standing in the doorway, a little out of breath.

JOY (CONT'D)
Due to other commitments. Can I
speak to you for a moment, Lana?

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Joy looks at a bemused Lana.

LANA
Joy, you don't seem yourself--

JOY
And in exchange for my stepping
down... I would like you to stay
the hell away from my family.

Lana just smiles, shakes her head ruefully.

LANA
You have no time for you family,
now you have no time for the PTA.
What do you have time for, Joy?

Lana walks back into the PTA meeting, closing the door in her face.

EXT. MEDICAL SCHOOL - DAY

Joy walks through heavy wooden doors under an imposing sign that reads: "UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO MEDICAL SCHOOL."

INT. MEDICAL SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The halls are filled with men carrying heavy books and white coats.

INT. MEDICAL SCHOOL - LIBRARY - LATER

Joy walks through the impressive aisles of the library. On the walls, she passes portrait after portrait of IMPORTANT WHITE MEN wearing bow-ties and stethoscopes.

She starts looking through titles. Trying to find something.

A young, confident MEDICAL STUDENT sidles up to her.

MEDICAL STUDENT

Hi, I'm Ben.

Joy considers him, then shakes his hand.

JOY

Joy.

MEDICAL STUDENT

Nursing?

She hesitates, then nods.

MEDICAL STUDENT (CONT'D)

Can I help you find something?

JOY

I'm looking for a book on the female anatomy. The pelvic floor specifically. It's just... confusing to me.

She smiles, winningly. He grins, starts looking for a book. Finds one, opens it up.

MEDICAL STUDENT

Let me give you a quick recap.

JOY

And abortion.

MEDICAL STUDENT
(caught off guard)
What?

JOY
(redirecting)
Just the pelvic floor is fine.

The medical student looks at her.

INT. MEDICAL SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - LATER

Joy walks out carrying the textbook.

The walls are lined with face-sheets of previous medical school classes. She begins to study them. Class of 1968, 1967, 1966...

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Dean lies on the couch, a white cat on his chest. The doorbell RINGS. He jumps up, looks through the peephole, then sighs. Opens the door.

Joy stands there, a probing look on her face.

DEAN
I thought we had an understanding--

JOY
You're not a doctor.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

They sit across from each other.

JOY
You said you went to the University of Chicago. I went through every face-sheet. You're not on any of them.

DEAN
I was sick that day--

JOY
Bullshit.

A beat.

JOY (CONT'D)

You taught yourself this procedure.
Or someone taught you. But either
way, you didn't learn it in medical
school.

DEAN

What does it matter where I learned
it? The point is I did.

JOY

You're a fraud.

DEAN

You have no idea how tough it is
for a guy like me who grew up poor
and went to a shitty college to get
into medical school. It doesn't
matter how bad you want it. You
gotta be set up in life from the
beginning to get anywhere--

JOY

Are you seriously looking for
sympathy from me?

DEAN

What are you going to do? Tell
Jane?

JOY

All this time we've been telling
women they're getting a doctor
when, in reality, they're just
getting a guy named Dean. So, yeah,
I'm going to tell *Jane*.

DEAN

How much do you want?

JOY

I don't want money.

DEAN

What the hell do you want, Joy?

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Joy walks through the same corridors of the floor where she
was a patient.

She passes the Septic Ward, looks in at the women. Wants to
linger but knows she can't.

She slips into a supply closet.

INT. HOSPITAL - SUPPLY CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Joy is filling her purse with INSTRUMENTS, selected at random from the shelves.

As she moves to leave, she spots a WHITE COAT hanging off a hook on the door. Grabs it, stuffing it into her purse. Slips out...

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Into the corridor, where she nearly runs into Dr. Benson.

BENSON
Mrs. Griffin.

He looks at the supply room from which she emerged.

JOY
I took a wrong turn. Looking for
the bathroom.

BENSON
I see. And what brings you here
today?

A beat...

JOY
I'm here to... volunteer. I feel I
should give back, after all you did
for me, Doctor Benson.

BENSON
Well, that's gratifying. Thank you.

He continues on his way.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Joy transfers the instruments to a drawer in her bathroom.

She pauses a moment, lifts an instrument that looks like a metal WAND. Holds it up to the light. Her face shines. A feeling of power courses through her.

Suddenly, she pulls out the white coat. Puts it on. Holds up the instrument. Studies her reflection.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Joy sits down in front of Will and Charlotte, surreptitiously reading GOOD HOUSEKEEPING under the table.

JOY
Put the magazine away, Charlotte.

Charlotte looks up at her, then back down, continues reading.

JOY (CONT'D)
(to Will)
How was your day, Honey?

WILL
Uneventful. Yours?

JOY
Same.

A beat.

WILL
Joy?

JOY
Yes?

WILL
We don't have any food.

Joy blinks, looks at the empty table. Right.

Will leans back, deeply concerned.

INT. DINGY MOTEL - GUEST ROOM - DAY

Joy guides an anxious blindfolded woman through the door.

WOMAN
Are you going to do it?

JOY
I'm going to help.

Joy squeezes the woman's hand, guides her into the bathroom, passing Dean, who's covering the bed with a plastic sheet.

JOY (CONT'D)
Okay, Honey, you can remove the blindfold while you're in here. Just knock when you're ready.

The woman nods, nervous.

Joy steps out, closes the door. Turns to Dean, now arranging his instrument tray.

She pulls a white coat out of her purse, puts it on. Then takes out her own tray of carefully labelled instruments.

DEAN
What's all that?

JOY
I brought my own set. Curettes and dilators. I'm ready.

Dean stares at her, dumbfounded.

DEAN
(loud whisper)
Let's be clear. I agreed to let you watch. No way in hell are you touching any of these women. Ever.

A tap on the bathroom door. Dejected, Joy moves to open it. Leads the blindfolded woman to the bed.

JOY
That's it, you're doing great.

She settles the patient on the bed, as Dean steps forward.

DEAN
(rough)
I'm Doctor Brooks. I need you to lie very still. If you move, it's going to hurt.

The woman turns towards Joy's voice, grips her hand tightly.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Scooch down to the edge of the bed.

The woman does.

DEAN (CONT'D)
That's not the edge.

Joy soothes her, as she helps her into position.

JOY
There you go, perfect.

LATER

Dean cleans up. The woman is gone.

DEAN

Show's over, you can go now.

Joy doesn't move.

JOY

You like it.

DEAN

What are you talking about?

JOY

The work. I can see it in your eyes. People always like what they're good at. Or they wouldn't be good at it.

DEAN

It's just a job.

JOY

You help women. Keep them from hurting themselves. You understand the human body.

DEAN

If there was any other way to make this much money, this fast, I'd do it.

He slams his case shut, and leaves. Joy looks at the now empty bed. Sits on it.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Charlotte and Erin (Lana's daughter) drink lemonade from martini glasses. Trying their best to act like grownups.

Will walks down the staircase, bemused.

WILL

How's the play date going?

CHARLOTTE

Dad, we're not five-year-olds.

He puts his hands up, walks into the kitchen.

ERIN

Where's your mom?

Charlotte shrugs.

ERIN (CONT'D)
My mom says she's gone a lot.

CHARLOTTE
That's not true.

ERIN
When my dad was alive, my mom never
left unless he wasn't home. That's
how her mom was too. And that's how
I'm going to be.

CHARLOTTE
Me too.

ERIN
Did you hear Alison is getting
married?

CHARLOTTE
No.

ERIN
She's only three years older than
us.

CHARLOTTE
Pretty soon we're going to have
husbands too. And we'll have to
take care of them and the house and
the kids.

ERIN
And the shopping and cooking and
cleaning.

CHARLOTTE
We're going to be really busy.

ERIN
And really happy.

The door opens and Joy enters, her cheeks glowing from the
cold. Erin jumps up.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Mrs. Griffin, so nice to see you.
May I take your coat?

Joy looks at Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE
She's practicing--

JOY
Being a butler?

ERIN
A wife.

Joy takes off her own coat, tosses it over the couch. Then looks at the two girls with their mock martinis, perfectly hair.

She sits down next to them, eyes blazing. Takes Charlotte's "martini" and downs it.

CHARLOTTE
Mom, it's lemonade--

JOY
What do you girls know about the female anatomy?

CHARLOTTE
Erin, let's go to your house--

Joy rips a page out of Good Housekeeping. Takes a pen and begins drawing on it.

JOY
It's unacceptable that we don't know how we work.

She sketches lines.

JOY (CONT'D)
This -- this long canal -- is the vagina.

The girls look at each other, embarrassed.

JOY (CONT'D)
And right at the top, like a closed fist, is the cervix. It's sort of the stopper to the uterus--

ERIN
I should probably go help my mom with dinner.

JOY
I haven't even gotten to the urethra.

ERIN

It's late--

Joy firmly grips her arm.

JOY

Did you know that our bodies don't matter? Inside you and me and every man in the world is the same thing -- a brain and a spinal cord, like a giant squishy noodle. That's us, that's the entirety of us. Everything around it -- the bones, muscle, uterus, penis, it's all armor, accessories. We are all our brains. And we are all the same.

Erin looks at her astonished.

She holds out the diagram to Erin.

JOY (CONT'D)

Do you want to take this with you? I'm sure your mother could benefit from it as well.

ERIN

Oh, I don't think so. But thank you so much anyway.

Erin heads quickly for the door. Charlotte stares at Joy, angry.

JOY

Don't look at me like that, Charlotte. You are going to be so much happier when you stop caring what other people think.

CHARLOTTE

Are you happy?

Joy just looks at her, then walks out.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Joy sits at a *Jane* meeting, dispirited and silent as she listens to the other women talk.
- Joy watches Dean intensely as he performs abortions, her eyes recording every movement.

- Joy and Charlotte cook at home. Charlotte watches Joy slice steak tomatoes with precision and ease.
- Dean watches Joy practicing intently with the curette, impressed with her technique.
- Joy, alone in her bathroom, slowly and deliberately squirts the contents of her hair dye into the toilet.
- Joy walks through a high school HOME EC fair. Girls exhibit their handiwork. She watches as Lana stands proudly next to Charlotte and Erin, displaying their homemade tablecloth.
- Dean finally gives in, guides Joy's hand through an actual procedure. There is something intensely intimate about it. A connection between two people doing something important and delicate and dangerous.

INT. JULIA'S HOUSE - GRAND FOYER - EVENING

Wealthy couples in elegant attire mill about this black tie charity event.

Julia, in a classic gown and pearls, holds a cigarette in the air as she listens to her HUSBAND entertain a group of important-looking business men.

We recognize her husband as WARREN, the PARTNER from the beginning of the movie. The one with the woman in the red dress. Who is conspicuously absent now.

She whispers in her husband's ear, then turns to head for the bar and practically collides with Will and Joy, also in an evening gown. Her brown roots now strikingly obvious.

WILL

Mrs. Knowles. I've heard so much about you. I'm Will Griffin. An attorney at your husband's firm.

JULIA

I'm sorry, I should probably know all the names--

WILL

I don't even know all the names.

JULIA

I trust he's treating you well?

WILL

No complaints. May I introduce you to my wife, Joy?

The two women smile guardedly at each other, shake hands.

JULIA
Pleasure to meet you. What a lovely
dress.

JOY
Thank you. Your home is exquisite.

Julia smiles, intensely uncomfortable. An awkward pause.

JULIA
I should check on the hors
d'oeuvres.

She starts towards the kitchen, turns back.

JULIA (CONT'D)
If you see the crab cakes floating
by, grab one. They're to die for.

She walks off.

LATER

Julia winds her way back with a cigarette and drink in hand,
passing Will, who's in conversation with her husband.

Julia suddenly bumps into Joy, smiles politely, but keeps
moving.

JOY
(loud whisper)
Julia.

Julia pauses, nervous, whispers back.

JULIA
You know the rule, Joy. We don't
associate outside meetings.

JOY
I have to tell you something.

Julia takes a puff from her elegant cigarette holder.

JULIA
Later--

JOY
(not quiet)
I helped perform an abortion.

Julia winces at the word.

INT. JULIA'S MANSION - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Julia pretends to be showing off her art collection. She and Joy stare at an original Caravaggio.

JULIA

Why would he let you do that? He's the most private doctor I've ever--

JOY

Because he's not a doctor. And he's afraid I'll tell you.

Julia reacts.

JOY (CONT'D)

He wants us to think it's rocket science. It's not. It's a fifteen minute procedure. Safer than a tonsillectomy when done correctly with clean instruments. I can do it now. Any of us could--

JULIA

Joy, we could lose everything. *Jane* could... the police. Our husbands, their jobs--

Joy looks out at all the well-adorned guests. Picks up a crystal ashtray.

JOY

I can't stand these people.

JULIA

You are these people. Just because you stopped dyeing your hair doesn't make you Betty fucking Friedan.

She starts to walk away--

JOY

What if I told your husband?

JULIA

Why would you do that?

JOY

Because I'm desperate.

JULIA

You would destroy my marriage?

JOY
Your marriage is a lie, Julia.

JULIA
What are you talking about?

JOY
The personal assistant.
She flinches, but doesn't look surprised.

JOY (CONT'D)
You know about her, don't you?

JULIA
I know about all of them.

JOY
So he gets to parade his other life
in front of everyone you know. And
you hide. Because you're afraid
he'll lose his job.

A long beat.

JULIA
I'll give you one chance.

Joy nods, grateful.

JULIA (CONT'D)
He's really not a doctor?

She shakes her head.

JULIA (CONT'D)
That's very disturbing.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A little drunk, Joy pushes Will onto the bed. They kiss
intensely. She begins undressing him. He pushes her dress up.

WILL
What's gotten into you?

She doesn't answer, but it's clear something has. Her face is
glowing. She begins to ride him, their clothes still mostly
on. And she starts to moan. Growing LOUDER and LOUDER. Until--

WILL (CONT'D)
Joy. Shhhh.

He pulls her close, presses her face into his chest.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Will whistles as he flips pancakes. Charlotte enters in her ballet clothes, hair pulled into a tight bun.

CHARLOTTE

Why are you making breakfast?
Where's Mom?

WILL

She'll be down soon. Want to set
the table?

Charlotte jumps into the task as Joy enters, still in her robe.

JOY

Thanks for letting me sleep in.

Will hands her a cup of coffee.

JOY (CONT'D)

Is it my birthday?

WILL

Let's pretend it is.

Will flips the pancakes onto a plate, proudly sets it on the table. They all sit down. Charlotte looks back and forth between her mom and dad, smiling at each other.

CHARLOTTE

Why is everybody so happy?

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joy, Will and Charlotte sit in the living room. Joy reads Women's Day, Will reads the Sunday sports section and Charlotte knits. A record plays softly in the background. The picture of domestic bliss.

It's like a Rockefeller painting. But secreted between the wide, colorful pages of Joy's magazine, we see ripped-out pages from a medical textbook guide to dilation and curettage.

Will snuggles up to Joy. She shuts the magazine just in time.

WILL

Dance with me?

Charlotte watches as Joy stands and they begin slow-dancing to the music. She's stilted at first, but then settles in. They dance well together. She leans her head against his chest. Charlotte smiles, starting to believe it's real.

Suddenly they all look up at the sound of LOUD RAPPING at the door.

Will moves to answer it. Standing on the front porch is DETECTIVE CHILMARK (40s).

CHILMARK
Good evening, Sir.

WILL
Can I help you?

Chilmark flashes his badge.

CHILMARK
Detective Chilmark. Chicago P.D.
May I come in?

Will looks at Joy, who is frozen. He opens the door wider to allow Chilmark to enter.

Chilmark looks over at Joy.

CHILMARK (CONT'D)
Hello, Jane.

Then he WINKS. Will, confused, looks between them.

WILL
What is this about?

CHILMARK
Ask your wife.

Will looks at Joy, leaning against the couch for support.

CHILMARK (CONT'D)
Think I can get a cup of coffee?

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Joy sits opposite Chilmark at the kitchen table. He's drinking the coffee slowly, taking his time. Will's too upset to sit.

CHILMARK
I don't know how you ladies came to
be. Fascinating as hell.
(MORE)

CHILMARK (CONT'D)

I'm sitting at my desk taking barking dog complaints when I get a call from an old buddy of mine, says his wife Helen called you girls for a you-know-what. I went to see Helen but she won't give up any names, won't say nothing except that it wasn't your fault. I guess she put something up her hoochie that didn't belong there because she ended up in the E.R. Almost died.

Chilmark puts down his coffee cup.

CHILMARK (CONT'D)

Anyway, my buddy says a lady came to their apartment to check on Helen, and he got a good look at her plates before she left.

Joy shifts position, clearly uncomfortable.

CHILMARK (CONT'D)

I'll give you one guess whose car they match?

WILL

Joy, what's going on?

But she doesn't look up.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

Charlotte stands on the other side of the closed door, strains to listen in on their conversation.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

CHILMARK

Life is funny. You really couldn't make this stuff up. Anyway, I could get a warrant, force you to name names, and throw the lot of you in the slammer. It'd get me a crap load of attention. Press. Probably a promotion. I'd be a local hero.

Will pulls out his wallet, slides over several HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS. The policeman looks at the cash, eyebrow raised.

CHILMARK (CONT'D)
I didn't come here looking for
cash.

He pockets it anyway.

CHILMARK (CONT'D)
The reason I'm here is, a lady
friend of mine is in need of your
services. And you're going to treat
her real special. She's my girl.
Not my wife. Got it?

He slides a piece of paper with a name and number across the
table to Joy. She doesn't touch it.

CHILMARK (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Do we have an understanding?
Because if we do, my boys at the
station got a couple of other girls
who could use your help.

Joy stares at him, incredulous. Chilmark spoons more sugar
into his coffee, takes another sip.

CHILMARK (CONT'D)
One thing I've learned as a cop,
you can't stop women. They've been
getting abortions since the
beginning of time. And they'll
keep getting them until the end--

JOY
As long as there's sex, there's
abortion.

Chilmark shrugs. Will stares at Joy, astounded.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joy vomits into the toilet.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Will and Joy sit on opposite ends of the couch.

He looks down at her magazine on the coffee table, notices
the edge of a sheet of paper peeking out. He reaches over,
pulls it out. Looks at the medical treatise. Crumples it into
a ball.

JOY

Will--

WILL

I have no idea who you are.

He gets up, grabs a bottle of Brandy from the bar, heads upstairs.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Joy wakes up on the couch when she hears Will coming down the stairs. He's dressed for work. Walks past her, opens the door.

JOY

Will--

WILL

There's no point talking. I'm not going to believe you anyway.

He slams the door behind him. Joy watches his car pull out of the driveway.

INT. JULIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joy sits in front of the other women, including Julia and Melanie. They look scared.

JULIA

Did you give the cop our names?

JOY

Of course not.

JULIA

If we're really going to do this, now's the time. While we have his protection.

GWEN

Do what?

JULIA

Tell them, Joy.

Joy is suddenly too conflicted to say anything.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Joy is about to become the first
female abortionist in the history
of *Jane*.

The other women react with surprise and admiration. Joy looks
at their faces, discomfited.

JULIA (CONT'D)
She's been training with Dean. She
knows *how*.

INT. MELANIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Melanie, already tipsy, pours Joy a glass of wine.

JOY
I should really be home making
dinner, in case Will--

Melanie snorts.

MELANIE
He's not coming home.

JOY
You think he's going to leave me?

MELANIE
For your sake, I hope so.

Joy contemplates this, uneasy. Takes a long sip of wine.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
This is Hyde Park, Joy. Nobody
wants an abortionist wife.

JOY
Is that why your husband left you?

Melanie just gives her a look that says, *What do you think?*

MELANIE
You can move into this building.
There's a vacancy on the floor
below. File for divorce. You'll
still be able to see Charlotte,
every now and then.
(beat)
Start your life, Joy. Nobody's
going to do it for you.

Off Joy, terrified.

INT. LANA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Lana carries a strong drink into the living room, hands it to Will, sitting on the couch. He takes a sip.

WILL

Thank you, Lana. You're a good listener.

LANA

I hope you know I would never tell any of the ladies what you've told me. It's a private matter.

WILL

I trust you.

She notices a button hanging from his shirt. Reaches out and touches it.

LANA

Let me fix this.

She gets up, opens a drawer and takes out a needle and thread.

WILL

(uneasy)

That's really not necessary.

LANA

It's no trouble, Will.

She sits close to him, begins to sew the button back on. Their knees touch and they look up at each other at the same moment. She slowly puts a hand on his chest, lets it linger.

He suddenly pulls away.

WILL

Where's Erin?

LANA

Cheerleading practice. It's just us.

WILL

You probably have to make dinner for her. I don't want to get in your way.

He starts to get up, but she reaches out to him.

LANA

Stay--

He picks up his drink, downs it.

WILL

I should go. Thanks, Lana.

He stands, unsteady, heads for the door.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Joy sits on the couch trying to read a magazine. She checks her watch, restless. Looks out the window at Will's car, parked in the driveway.

After a moment she sees Will stumbling across the path from Lana's house. A little tipsy.

He enters, sees Joy.

WILL

I was at Lana's.

JOY

I know.

He collapses in a chair. Stares at her.

WILL

I know you've been bored. I have too. At times. The house, the job, the friends -- they all start to blend together into some kind of comforting domestic stew-- but then one day you wake up and you're just not in the mood for stew.

JOY

Are you having an affair with Lana?

WILL

No, what I'm saying is-- I still want the stew. I just want to know what's in it.

Joy doesn't know what to say.

WILL (CONT'D)

I'm not judging you for what you did. Or what you're doing. But you have to stop now, okay?

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)
Please stop, Joy. Before it
destroys everything.

She looks at him, genuinely wishing she could lessen his
pain, but--

JOY
Women are dying, Will. Someone has
to not stop.

WILL
Just not you.

Joy shakes her head.

WILL (CONT'D)
It's either *Jane* or me.

He's not ready to hear her answer.

WILL (CONT'D)
I'm going to bed.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will lies awake, waiting.

He hears FOOTSTEPS on the stairs. Then they stop. Retreat.
Becoming fainter and fainter... until they're gone.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Joy wakes up on the couch, looks around, disoriented. Then
remembers...

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Joy's making breakfast when Will enters, still in his
pajamas. She looks at him, confused.

JOY
Why aren't you dressed for work?

He pours himself a cup of coffee.

WILL
I'm taking the morning off. We need
to figure this out.

JOY
I can't. I have a full day.

WILL
Full of what?

She turns to look at him, directly.

JOY
Jane. We're doing our first
abortion today.

He reacts.

JOY (CONT'D)
You can leave if that's what you
need to do. Or I can. I don't care
about the house or the car or--

WILL
Us.

JOY
I didn't say that.

Charlotte enters, stops when she sees their expressions.

CHARLOTTE
What's going on?

JOY
Nothing, Honey.

WILL
If you really cared about
Charlotte, you wouldn't do this.

CHARLOTTE
Do what?

JOY
That's what you don't understand.
I'm doing this for her.

In a sudden, impulsive gesture, he THROWS his coffee mug
against a wall. It shatters into pieces, spraying coffee.

Joy looks at it a moment. Then calmly reaches into the closet
for a broom and dustpan, sweep it up and dumps the pieces
into the trash. Then she grabs a dishrag and mops up the
coffee.

JOY (CONT'D)
I'll be back by four to make
dinner.

Will watches her pick up her purse and head for the door.

CHARLOTTE
I choose Dad.

Joy stops, stung.

JOY
Charlotte, please--

Charlotte runs out. Joy starts to go after her, looks at her watch. Torn, heads for the door instead.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Joy at the wheel of the car, her instruments and white coat on the seat next to her.

INT. JULIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Julia leads a group of women around as they prepare for Joy's first procedure. She's holding a clipboard, checking off items as they go.

JULIA
Next, we prepare a hot bath in a shallow pan -- the kind you'd use for baking brownies -- to sterilize the instruments. We need to cover the bed with plastic sheets. If we don't have plastic, she says we can use garbage bags cut up and taped together.

The women follow her instructions as she checks items off the list.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Joy suddenly stops the car.

EXT. CAR - STREET - MOMENTS LATER

She leans into a nearby ditch, VOMITS. Then catches her breath. Starts to head back to the car. Then FAINTS.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

She sits opposite Dr. Benson in an exam room. He's looking at her chart, frowning.

JOY

I don't mean to rush you, Dr.
Benson, but I really have to be
somewhere.

He isn't listening. Still examining her chart, he opens the
door.

BENSON

I'll be right back.

JOY

Wait, where are you going?

BENSON

I need to call your husband.

JOY

But I'm right here. You can tell
me.

BENSON

I'm sorry, Mrs. Griffin. But I
really can't discuss your case
without your husband present.

She nods, forcing a smile. He turns to go and she finally
breaks.

JOY

On second thought... that's utterly
FUCKING ridiculous. Because it is
my FUCKING body.

He turns back, astonished.

INT. JULIA'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - SAME TIME

In front of a GIGANTIC PORTRAIT of Julia's husband, the women
cover the bed with taped-together garbage bags.

Julia guides in a BLINDFOLDED WOMAN (24) and lays her gently
on the bed. She's shaking.

JULIA

(re blindfold)

Take it off.

Gwen looks at her, confused. Julia nods, and Gwen removes it.
The woman blinks. Looks up at them.

JULIA (CONT'D)

You're in good hands, Honey.

The woman slowly nods.

JULIA (CONT'D)
The doctor's on her way.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - LATER

Will and Dr. Benson examine an x-ray, while Joy strains to see over their shoulders.

BENSON
At least eight weeks. And no sign
of heart failure. I think she'll be
able to carry this one to term with
no danger to her health.

Will turns slowly to look at Joy. Benson watches, curious.

Will walks over, slowly enfolds her in a hug. There are tears in his eyes. Joy looks past him, frozen.

INT. JULIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The women watch as Julia paces. Melanie checks her watch, worried.

Gwen and another *Jane* enter from the bedroom.

GWEN
The patient wants to leave.

All eyes turn to Julia.

MELANIE
She's four hours late.

JULIA
Call her house.

JANE #1
We already did. No answer.

JULIA
Then call Dean.

They look at each other.

JULIA (CONT'D)
I'm not sending that poor girl home
in the same condition she arrived.

GWEN
She doesn't have the money.

JULIA
I'll pay.

Gwen heads for the phone.

LATER

Julia counts out 1500 dollars, hands it to Dean, who is packing up post procedure.

DEAN
I still can't believe she thought she could do this on her own. She could've hurt someone. Or worse.

Dean looks at all their strained faces.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Relax, girls. It all worked out. Everyone's fine.

He turns to leave.

DEAN (CONT'D)
By the way, I don't like being played. So there's going to be a price hike coming. Fair warning.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Joy, shell-shocked, sits on the couch next to Will and Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE
What are we going to name her?

WILL
You pick.

CHARLOTTE
How about Beatrice? Or maybe April?

Will smiles.

WILL
April is nice. What do you think, Joy?

Joy forces a smile. They're all pretending the earlier conversation never happened.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Joy lies next to Will. They're both awake.

WILL

Maybe this is God giving us a
second chance?

No response.

WILL (CONT'D)

You're not still thinking about
Jane, are you?

Still nothing.

WILL (CONT'D)

I mean, you can't possibly perform
abortions while our baby is growing
inside you.

Joy closes her eyes. Will softens.

WILL (CONT'D)

People always said, *You're such a
perfect family*. Now we're even more
perfect.

He rolls over to look at her. Gradually, she rolls over to
look at him too. He gently places his hand on her belly, like
before.

JOY

I think it's a girl.

He smiles.

INT. MELANIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Melanie looks at Joy, sitting across from her. She's angry.

MELANIE

You could have called.

JOY

You're right. I'm sorry.

MELANIE

Tell that to the poor girl who
waited four hours for you.

Joy's on the verge of tears.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
We believed in you.

JOY
Maybe you shouldn't have.

MELANIE
Oh no, you don't get to play the
victim. This was your idea.

Melanie backs down a little.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
You should've seen Dean's smug
face.

JOY
I don't want to picture that.

A beat, then--

MELANIE
You know you don't have to go
through with it.

Joy's caught off guard.

JOY
I always wanted a second child.

MELANIE
I thought you wanted more than
that?

JOY
I don't want to be all alone.

MELANIE
Like me.

Joy looks around the bare apartment, taking it all in.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Don't feel sorry for me, Joy. At
least I made a choice.

Joy nods, stands, picks up her purse.

JOY
I guess I'm making one too.

She looks at Melanie, some regret in her eyes. Then walks out.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Joy, Will and Charlotte sit stilted, smiling. We realize they're posing for a photograph.

PHOTOGRAPHER

One... two... three... Say Cheese!

Will and Charlotte do. Joy remains frozen as the camera flashes. She now has an impressive baby bump.

SUPER: "THREE MONTHS LATER."

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Joy examines a postcard. A picture of the Griffin family. Below, in big bouncy letters: "We're expecting!"

She licks a stamp, places it on the card. Picks up the next one.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joy vacuums, carefully and methodically. She suddenly notices a violent antiwar rally on TV. Young protestors carrying banners with the words, "DAYS OF RAGE." She moves closer to the screen... then turns it off.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Drying off after a shower, Joy reaches for the drawer where she keeps her instruments, pauses, her hand lingering. After a beat, she opens it. It's filled with prenatal vitamins now.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Joy vigorously polishes the floor.

She stops to pour herself a generous glass of wine. Takes a long sip.

EXT. THE LOOP - DAY

Joy waddles, weighed down by several shopping bags.

Across the street, she spots Melanie, now wearing loose-fitting clothes, a wreath in her hair, talking animatedly to a young man in torn jeans. She looks like a hippie.

Joy ducks into a nearby dress shop, watches undetected through the window. Melanie is laughing, happy.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - DAY

Joy sits alone at a table. On the chair next to her, a pile of SHOPPING BAGS. She sips a cocktail as she looks out the window at...

EXT. THE LOOP - SAME TIME

An ANTI-VIETNAM WAR PROTEST led by a young Black MAN. He yells into a MEGAPHONE at passersby--

YOUNG BLACK MAN
WHITE AMERICA IS SHOPPING WHILE
BLACK AMERICA IS DYING!

The young man with the megaphone catches Joy's eye, yells through the glass--

YOUNG BLACK MAN (CONT'D)
PUT DOWN YOUR MARTINI AND PICK UP A
SIGN!

Joy smiles awkwardly, continues drinking.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Charlotte pulls a horribly misshapen cake out of the oven. Sighs.

The doorbell rings.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Charlotte opens the door. Julia stands there, alone.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Charlotte sits opposite Julia. They're sipping tea and eating misshapen cake.

CHARLOTTE
I know it looks awful.

JULIA
It's delicious.

CHARLOTTE
You don't have to say that.

JULIA
I know.

CHARLOTTE
You're one of them, aren't you? A *Jane*.

JULIA
Yes.

CHARLOTTE
My father might come home before she does.

JULIA
(smiling)
I'll take my chances.

She takes another sip of tea.

JULIA (CONT'D)
I hope you know your mother is a remarkable woman.

CHARLOTTE
Are you trying to get her in trouble again?

Julia laughs.

JULIA
I like you. You speak your mind. Just like her.

CHARLOTTE
You don't seem like the *Jane* type to me.

JULIA

I probably wouldn't be. Except I was young once. And needed an abortion.

CHARLOTTE

Why couldn't you just have the baby?

JULIA

I did. Because I had no choice.

(beat)

I love my son. But I wanted to be an anthropologist. I wanted to travel to faraway places and discover things nobody else had seen.

(beat)

What do you want to be?

CHARLOTTE

A mom.

JULIA

Good for you, Charlotte. It's a wonderful thing to be.

Julia looks at her expensive watch, stands--

JULIA (CONT'D)

Tell your mother I was here, okay?

Charlotte nods.

JULIA (CONT'D)

And tell her... we forgive her. And that we need her back. Desperately. It's important she knows.

Charlotte nods again, reluctantly.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charlotte sits at her vanity as Joy does her hair.

JOY

Any calls while I was away?

Charlotte thinks for a moment, makes a decision.

CHARLOTTE

No.

JOY

Are you nervous about tonight?

CHARLOTTE

A little.

JOY

You look beautiful. He's going to fall head over heels. Then you'll get married and buy a house and have babies and live happily...

Joy trails off, can't do it.

CHARLOTTE

Ever after?

Joy nods, uneasy.

INT. CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

Charlotte sits next to a handsome YOUNG MAN. They're parked at a drive-in movie theater.

He stretches his arm around her as he rambles. Looks like he's been talking for hours.

YOUNG MAN

... and then, after Yale, I can obviously go anywhere. Maybe I'll get my MBA. Go into banking, like my uncle. He has a huge apartment on the Upper East Side, and a staff. Or maybe I'll be a best-selling author. Mrs. Harrison liked the essay I wrote about Apollo 8. Did you know it set a new rocket speed of 24,200 miles per hour?

Charlotte pretends she didn't.

CHARLOTTE

Wow, that's really fast.

YOUNG MAN

Or I could be a dentist like my dad.

CHARLOTTE

I could see that.

She looks out the window. In the next car, Lana's daughter Erin is making out with her date.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Joy and Charlotte finish frosting their perfectly shaped cake.

JOY
Baking isn't intuitive like
cooking. It's science. It takes
precision.

Charlotte takes the icing cone, squeezes out a blob. Joy places her hands over her daughter's, guides the icing into an elaborate rose.

JOY (CONT'D)
You can't let your hands get in the
way of your mind. That's the
secret.

Charlotte looks up at her mother, admiring.

EXT. LANA'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Joy knocks on the door. Lana answers. They exchange chilly smiles.

JOY
I'm looking for Charlotte. We were
going to make a quilt together.

LANA
They've been holed up in Erin's
room for hours. God only knows what
they have to talk about.

JOY
God only knows what we used to talk
about.

An uncomfortable silence, then--

LANA
How's Will?

JOY
He's fine.

LANA
Good. He seemed a little... lost
the last time we spoke.

JOY
Well, he's been found.

She heads for the hallway.

INT. LANA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Joy knocks softly on the door. No answer. Frowning, she pushes it open.

INT. LANA'S HOUSE - ERIN'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Charlotte sits on the edge of the bed, comforting Erin.

As Joy enters, they whip around. Erin hurriedly wipes tears from her face.

CHARLOTTE

Mom!

JOY

I'm sorry. I knocked. Is everything okay?

The girls look at her.

ERIN

Everything's fine, Mrs. Griffin.

JOY

Are you ready to go, Charlotte?

Charlotte hesitates, looks back at Erin.

CHARLOTTE

Tell her. You can trust her.

Erin shakes her head, begins to cry again.

Joy slowly closes the door behind her. Sits down next to Erin. Her panicked face, streaked with tears, is one Joy knows well.

A beat.

JOY

How far along?

CHARLOTTE

How did you know?

Joy takes Erin's hand.

JOY

When was your last period?

ERIN

A month ago. Maybe a little more. I only just started getting them. I thought it was normal.

JOY

The father?

Erin starts crying again. She looks so young and vulnerable.

CHARLOTTE

He...

She trails off. Joy looks at their pained faces.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

She didn't want to, but he forced himself on her--

Before Joy can react, the door OPENS behind them. Lana takes in the scene.

LANA

What's going on in here?

Joy disassembles quickly, smiles cheerfully.

JOY

Oh, you know, typical high-school girl drama. Boy A pretends to like Girl A but secretly likes Girl B, who happens to be Girl A's best friend.

LANA

What?

Erin looks at Joy, grateful.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joy, Charlotte and Will sit in their familiar evening repose. Will reading the paper, Joy reading a magazine and Charlotte knitting.

Joy and Charlotte keep glancing at each other, waiting for Will to leave.

JOY

Honey, did you check on your accounts?

Without looking up--

WILL
Yes, Dear.

Joy looks at Charlotte, apologetic.

JOY
Hey, who wants hot chocolate?

CHARLOTTE
I do.

WILL
None for me, thanks.

Joy stands, heads for the kitchen. Charlotte leaps up after her.

CHARLOTTE
I'll help.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joy holds the phone to her ear, dials a number. Frowns.

CHARLOTTE
What's wrong?

JOY
The line is dead.

CHARLOTTE
What do we do now?

Joy shakes her head, confused.

JOY
I don't understand--

CHARLOTTE
Mom. There's something I didn't
tell you.

EXT. JULIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Joy pulls up, jumps out of the car.

INT. JULIA'S HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Julia opens the door, sees a very pregnant Joy. The two women stare at each other in silence. Finally...

JULIA
Took you long enough.

Then Julia smiles, and the two embrace. Julia places a hand on Joy's belly, reacts.

JOY
Sorry, it's been kicking a lot.

JULIA
It's a girl.

JOY
How can you tell?

JULIA
She wants to get out and do something.

Joy laughs.

INT. JULIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

They're sipping tea.

JULIA
It's all over. Dean hiked his prices up to \$2000. Almost nobody could afford him. Then one day he just disappeared. Turned out he was under the thumb of the Mafia. When he stopped giving them a cut, they drove him out of town.

Joy puts down her teacup, about to speak--

JULIA (CONT'D)
Before you say anything... my husband is running for congress. My hands are tied.

Joy sits back, quiet.

JULIA (CONT'D)
You and Dean are more alike than you think. You both disappeared.

JOY
I know. I'm sorry.

JULIA
It's probably for the best. We're not doctors.

JOY
Neither was he.

Julia shrugs.

INT. LANA'S HOUSE - ERIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Erin and Charlotte huddle in her bedroom.

CHARLOTTE
There's no doctor. She tried.

Erin takes this stoically.

ERIN
I have a plan.

From under the bed, she pulls out a CAN of TURPENTINE.

ERIN (CONT'D)
I found it in the garage. Will you
help me?

Charlotte shakes her head, horrified. Grabs the can out of
Erin's hands.

ERIN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
There's plenty more out there.

CHARLOTTE
I'll tell your mother.

Erin shrugs.

ERIN
I don't care anymore.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - JOY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Charlotte watches as Joy puts on makeup.

CHARLOTTE
I made her promise. You don't think
she'll do anything, do you?

Joy doesn't answer. She opens the bottom drawer. Lifts out
her vitamins and beneath them we see... the INSTRUMENTS,
glistening in the light. She looks at Charlotte, waits for
her to react. She doesn't.

INT. CAR - PARKED - DAY

Charlotte and Joy sit in the car in their driveway. They look anxiously at Lana's front door.

CHARLOTTE
She said she'd be out at three
sharp. When her mom turns on her
soaps.

They look at the dashboard clock. It's a few minutes past.

JOY
I think it would be better if you
stayed home, Charlotte.

Charlotte shakes her head.

CHARLOTTE
I don't want her doing this alone.

The DOOR suddenly flies open. It's Lana. And she's furious.

LANA
(shouting)
SHE'S NOT COMING.

Then slams the door shut.

EXT. LANA'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Joy bangs on the front door, Charlotte beside her. No answer. She bangs harder.

The door opens. Lana stands there. Behind her, huddled on the couch, is Erin. She doesn't make eye contact.

LANA
I called Will. Told him what you're
doing. He's on his way. And he's
not happy.

She starts to shut the door again, but Joy wedges her foot in.

LANA (CONT'D)
Erin doesn't want any part of your
disgraceful plan. That's why she
told me everything.

Joy peers around Lana--

JOY
Erin? Is that true?

Erin looks up, she's clearly been crying for hours.

LANA
She's going away for a little while. To a nice country retreat. The girls have daily bible study. She'll probably have the time of her life. Then she'll come back, and everything will be just as it was. Except she'll obviously never associate with you or your daughter again.

Erin is shaking.

JOY
She's going to hurt herself, Lana. I've seen it before.

Joy pushes past, takes Erin's hand.

JOY (CONT'D)
You're going to be okay, Honey. But we need to go now.

Erin looks up at her mom, cautiously stands.

JOY (CONT'D)
(to Lana)
I know you want this for her. You don't have to help. Just don't get in the way.

Lana's bluster has faded. She stands frozen, says nothing as Joy leads Erin out the door, to Charlotte, who gently guides her down the steps.

Joy looks back, sees Lana collapse on the couch.

JOY (CONT'D)
Come with us.

Lana shakes her head.

LANA
I can't.

INT. JULIA'S MANSION - FOYER - EVENING

The doorbell rings. Julia walks unhurriedly in her painter's smock, brush still in hand. Opens it.

Joy, Charlotte and Erin are perfectly framed in the doorway.

INT. JULIA'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julia paces back and forth as Joy and Charlotte busy themselves with preparations.

JULIA

This is insane. You haven't picked up an instrument in months.

JOY

I remember everything.

Julia looks at Erin, shivering on the bed, staring at the GIGANTIC PORTRAIT of her husband. She shuts the window, grabs a blanket and covers her.

JULIA

(under her breath)

What if something goes really wrong?

JOY

It won't.

JULIA

You actually can't know that.

JOY

Your doubt is actually not helpful.

She pulls on a white coat.

JOY (CONT'D)

Charlotte. Go boil the instruments. The way I told you.

Charlotte hurries out with a pan. Joy suddenly winces, grabs hold of her belly.

JULIA

What?

JOY

Nothing. She's kicking.

JULIA
For God's sake, Joy.

INT. JULIA'S MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Classical music plays in the background as Julia and Charlotte boil water, sterilize instruments, warm towels.

INT. JULIA'S MANSION - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joy, in a white coat, stares at herself in the mirror. Trying to believe.

She suddenly rips off the white coat, bunches it into a ball, throws it on the floor.

INT. JULIA'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joy sits beside Erin, applying cool compresses.

JOY
I've never done this by myself
before. You understand that, right?

Erin nods, a little drowsy from the sedative.

Joy starts to get up, but Erin reaches for her hand, holds on.

ERIN
I lied before. I wasn't raped.

She's crying softly.

ERIN (CONT'D)
I thought I had to say that. But I
let him do it. I wanted him to. And
I liked it.

JOY
Everyone wants you to believe you
deserve this. You opened your legs
and brought this on yourself. When
the truth is, you're just a girl.
And he's just a boy. And that's
what girls and boys do.

Erin looks at Joy's belly, touches it.

ERIN

I really do want to be a mom
someday. I always have.

JOY

I know. Just not today.

Joy has tears in her eyes too.

INT. JULIA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Julia and Charlotte walk carefully towards the staircase,
balancing pans of sterile instruments.

Suddenly, they hear a key turning in a lock. Charlotte
freezes. Julia shoves her pan under an antique console.

INT. JULIA'S HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Julia races to the entrance. Opens the door just as her
husband, WARREN, steps in.

JULIA

Honey. What a surprise. I thought
you weren't supposed to get in
until tomorrow?

He waves off his driver.

WARREN

The senator took an early flight
out. Cancelled our meeting. My
lucky day.

JULIA

That's wonderful.

She gives him a big hug, holds tight as she waves Charlotte
to GO ON behind his back.

WARREN

I wasn't gone that long.

INT. JULIA'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charlotte rushes in with the heavy pan, locks the door behind
her, breathing hard.

Joy looks up.

JOY
Where's the other pan? With the
curette I need.

Charlotte tries to catch her breath.

INT. JULIA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Julia sets a plate out for Warren. Watches him eat.

WARREN
(mouthful of food)
How's the new portrait coming? Did
you make much progress while I was
away?

JULIA
Uh, not really, no. I've just been
so busy--

WARREN
With what?

JULIA
You know -- a little of this,
little of that.

Behind him, she sees Charlotte TIP-TOE towards the console.
Julia holds her breath. Warren looks at her curiously.

WARREN
Is everything okay? You seem -- you
didn't crash the Lincoln again, did
you?

She shakes her head. Charlotte quickly pulls out the stashed
pan, tip-toes back up the stairs, trying not to breath.
Warren follows her gaze, turns around. Nothing.

INT. JULIA'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charlotte enters with the second tray, places it beside Joy.

CHARLOTTE
Maybe we should get out of here?

JOY
It's too late. I just gave her
another sedative.

Erin is nearly out.

JOY (CONT'D)

Charlotte, I need you to go into
the bathroom and close the door.
You can't be here for this.

Charlotte pauses for a moment... then shakes her head. She
sees the white coat in a ball in Joy's purse. Pulls it out,
guides it onto her mother. Then she hands her the curette.

Off Joy, eyes shining.

INT. JULIA'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Julia clears the dishes.

JULIA

How about some dessert? I have your
favorite -- poached pears. I just
need to whip up some cream.

WARREN

I couldn't possibly.

JULIA

I insist.

WARREN

Please, honey, I'm exhausted. I
just need to sleep.

He stands, heads for the stairs.

INT. JULIA'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Close on Charlotte's face. She's trembling, brave, resolute.
We can't see what she's seeing.

INT. JULIA'S MANSION - STAIRS - NIGHT

Julia follows Warren out anxiously.

JULIA

What about a quick game of
Scrabble?

WARREN

No, Julia.

INT. JULIA'S MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Julia moves quickly to keep up with Warren. He's makes it to the end of the hallway, is about to reach for the door to their bedroom... when Julia blocks his path.

JULIA
You can't go in there.

WARREN
What's going on, Julia?

JULIA
I didn't want to tell you-- but...
I just had it fumigated.

WARREN
Why would you do that?

JULIA
Mice.

WARREN
Only in our bedroom?

JULIA
They're partial to Egyptian cotton.
I read that somewhere.

Warren sighs, gently moves her out of his way, reaches for the door again.

Julia braces herself.

He opens it...

INT. JULIA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom is EMPTY.

Suddenly the wind through the window blows the bathroom door OPEN. He walks towards it.

INT. JULIA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Empty. Julia suddenly spots a tray of instruments under the sink.

Somehow, Warren doesn't notice.

EXT. JULIA'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - SAME TIME

Joy and Charlotte lead a limping, sleepy Erin out the door.

INT. CAR - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Joy drives. Charlotte sits in the backseat, Erin's head on her lap. She strokes her hair.

Erin's waking up. Groaning a little.

INT. LANA'S HOUSE - ERIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joy watches as Lana tucks her daughter into bed.

Lana turns around, faces Joy. Doesn't say a word, but there's gratitude in her eyes.

INT. LANA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lana walks Joy to the door.

LANA

If I had what you have, I would
never risk losing it. Ever.

Joy doesn't respond.

LANA (CONT'D)

He's going to leave you for this,
you know that.

She nods, weary.

JOY

Can I use your bathroom?

INT. LANA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joy carefully removes her sweater. Her shirt is entirely soaked with sweat.

She cranks open a window. Gulps air greedily. Then starts crying.

We suddenly see all of the tension, fear, stress release.

She touches her belly, the baby kicking. Exhales.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO MEDICAL SCHOOL - LATER

Close on Joy. Dressed in a suit.

SUPER: "TWO YEARS LATER."

We see Joy is sitting across from the DEAN of the MEDICAL SCHOOL. He's looking at a file.

DEAN OF MEDICAL SCHOOL
Your application was unconventional
to say the least. No research.
Average MCAT scores.

Joy listens calmly, without expectation.

DEAN OF MEDICAL SCHOOL (CONT'D)
You know we have a quota for women.
And most of our applicants are much
younger. And less... encumbered.

She pretends not to know what he's talking about. Makes him say it.

DEAN OF MEDICAL SCHOOL (CONT'D)
You have two children, don't you?

JOY
What exactly is your point, Dr.
Harcourt?

The Dean shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

DEAN OF MEDICAL SCHOOL
I see you put down surgery as your
intended specialty.

JOY
Yes.

DEAN OF MEDICAL SCHOOL
I've interviewed more women this
year than ever before--

JOY
May I ask how many?

DEAN OF MEDICAL SCHOOL
Five. And they never seem to
understand what the job really
entails. We hold lives in our
hands, Mrs. Griffin. Do you
understand that? People could die.
It's a staggering responsibility.

He holds out her file.

DEAN OF MEDICAL SCHOOL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

She takes the file. Stands.

EXT. MEDICAL SCHOOL - FRONT STEPS - DAY

Joy walks out, takes off her blazer. We see a tattoo on her bare shoulder -- simply the word *JANE*. Charlotte is sitting on a bench outside, waiting expectantly, a TODDLER on her lap. Joy kisses Charlotte as she takes the toddler.

CHARLOTTE
How did it go?

Joy doesn't answer. Charlotte understands. They walk out together.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Charlotte looks sympathetically at her mother.

CHARLOTTE
It doesn't change anything, Mom.

JOY
It sort of does.

She rolls up her sleeves.

INT. JANE CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Melanie guides a BLINDFOLDED WOMAN into a a bustling waiting room in an apartment. Comfortable couches, colorful artwork, a play area for kids. Gwen gently plucks a harp, soothing anxious women of all kinds. Some are accompanied by their boyfriends and husbands, others wait alone. Julia sits behind a reception desk.

Melanie takes off the blindfold.

MELANIE
Welcome to *Jane*. You're going to sign in with Julia over there. Then you'll meet our 'Chief of Surgery.' She's performed this procedure on two thousand women.

The door opens. Joy enters, taking off her heels. She walks barefoot over to Melanie and the new patient.

JOY
Hi, I'm Joy. Come on back.

INT. JANE CLINIC - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Joy and the patient walk down a hallway decorated with paintings from Julia's house. They greet women we recognize from the *Jane* collective.

She ushers the patient into a cozy room. Just as she's about to enter behind her, she sees DEAN, still in his coat, hurrying down the hallway. He looks grumpy.

JOY
You're late.

DEAN
So is my paycheck.

JOY
You'll get your money. You always do.

She walks past him.

DEAN
(calling after her)
I want a raise.

INT. JANE CLINIC - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Joy leads the patient to a bed, making her comfortable. A few other *Janes* act as nurses and assistants.

PATIENT
What if something goes wrong?

JOY
It won't.

PATIENT
But if it does. After I go home. Do I come back here?

JOY
You call us. We move to a new location everyday.

The patient nods, watching Joy prepare.

PATIENT

Am I doing the wrong thing?

JOY

I can't answer that for you.

PATIENT

How could it be right when it
involves all this sneaking around?

She's shaky, her voice rising. Joy looks at her.

JOY

There's going to be a time when
it's not like this.

PATIENT

When?

JOY

I don't know. Someday.

Joy gently touches her cheek.

INT. JANE CLINIC - RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Later. The procedure over, Joy pulls a blanket around the patient's shoulders. Another *Jane* passes around a tray of cookies. The patient looks at her, grateful.

PATIENT

Will I ever see you again?

Joy's answer carries into the next scene...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Joy pushes the stroller, Charlotte by her side. It's summer. The streets are crowded with people.

Joy makes eye contact with an older woman hanging on a man's arm. The woman looks away, suddenly uncomfortable.

From Joy's POV, we see dozens of other women, streaming past her.

JOY (V.O.)

Maybe. I see patients, like ghosts,
every day. At the grocery store,
the theater, the park. They smile
or look away. They've moved on.

(MORE)

JOY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They're grateful we gave them a choice, but it's a choice they never wanted to make. And it's a choice they had to make alone, scared, in the dark.

(beat)

So months from now, if we pass each other on the street, I hope you won't look away. Because if we all saw each other, we would discover there are millions and millions and millions of us. And we are not alone.

A passing woman locks eyes with Joy. She suddenly smiles. Her hand reaches out to touch Joy's. Then she disappears into the crowd.

CUT TO BLACK:

The Jane Collective performed nearly 12,000 abortions over four years.

In 1972, seven Janes were arrested on more than 100 counts of felony homicide and conspiracy to commit abortion.

The case was dropped when Roe v. Wade passed on January 22, 1973.

Cook County Hospital in Chicago had two wards dedicated to complications resulting from abortion, the leading cause of death in young women. Those wards are closed. For now.

1 in 3 women in America will get an abortion during their lifetime.

Over 90% of counties in the United States do not have an abortion doctor.

Many parts of the country have abortion restrictions so severe that Roe v. Wade has been rendered irrelevant.