

SEARCHING FOR JUSTICE

By

Raza Rizvi

razarizvi2809@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Political science textbooks lie scattered across a coffee table alongside marble notebooks and two laptop computers.

A bottle of Bourbon is knocked on its side next to

IZZY WALKER (21), a female short-haired college student who's sprawled out on the floor in her underwear.

Tears stream down her face, while fresh bruises cover the side of her neck, her upper arm, and her abdomen.

Her hand rests on her inner thigh where blood trickles down from her groin and falls onto the carpet.

MARK (21), her tall abuser, enters the living room with a plastic bag of ice held against his right knuckles.

He's still catching his breath as he looms over her, his lanky figure casting a shadow over her defenseless body.

He grabs the textbooks, his notebook, and one of the computers, and stuffs them into a backpack.

His shadow passes over her again as he stops... hesitating.

Izzy senses him and holds her breath... Finally he leaves.

The door opens, and the light from the hall pours in.

Mark turns back to look at her... His hard brown eyes staring down... His narrow, structured face twitches.

After a long moment of silent reflection, he turns away and slams the door shut behind him. Izzy bawls her eyes out.

After a few deep breaths she starts to compose herself.

The pain is almost too much as she struggles to her feet and puts back on her half-torn shirt.

Her cell phone rings in the distance...

She presses her hand against her stomach and limps into the

KITCHEN

just as the phone stops ringing.

She catches her breath as she checks the display:

1 Missed Call: Sera Bell

IZZY

Shit.

Izzy takes some time to calm her breath and stop crying...

Then unlocks her phone and calls Sera.

INT. BATHROOM, LONDON DORM ROOM - DAY

SERA (21), a punky college student with purple tipped hair, sits on the toilet, brushing her teeth with the door open

when the cell phone on her bed rings...

Sera spits the toothpaste into the toilet, flushes, gives her mouth a quick rinse, and races to get the phone in time.

SERA

Hey, babe.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Izzy covers the phone and takes one more deep breath.

IZZY

(softly; with a
tremble)

Hey you.

SERA

What, did I wake you?

IZZY

No.

SERA

You sound tired. Don't you have that
big poli-sci midterm today?

IZZY

Yeah.

SERA

Well... if you wanna wake yourself up
for the day, you know I'm always up
for some early morning phone sex.

Izzy twitches a little and tries to keep herself together.

IZZY

I would but I'm so tired. I want you to come back.

SERA

I wish you could've come with me.

IZZY

Me too...

SERA

Only three more weeks though.

IZZY

Three more weeks...

SERA

Then we can bang each other's brains out.

IZZY

Yeah...

SERA

Are you okay, Izzy? You don't sound good.

IZZY

Sorry. It's just this test. I'm really stressed out. I'm kinda drunk also.

SERA

Well shit girl. Don't be hung over for your test.

IZZY

I don't get hangovers.

SERA

I know. I know.

IZZY

I should probably get in a quick nap before the test.

SERA

Okay. Good luck on your test, baby.

IZZY

Thanks.

SERA

I love you...

IZZY

... I love you too.

Izzy ends the call and bursts into tears.

She slides down the counter to the blood-smeared, tiled floor.

After a few breaths she pulls herself back up, opens the cupboard drawer, and reaches for a liquid bottle of NyQuil.

She tears open the plastic cap and drinks the whole bottle.

INT. SHOWER, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Izzy has passed out in the tub... the blood all washed away.

INT. BEDROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Izzy wakes up in her bed, covered in towels.

She looks over at the alarm clock: 2:37 PM.

She rolls over and groans, both from frustration and pain.

SERIES OF SHOTS - IZZY

-- brushes her teeth.

-- washes her face and stares in the mirror.

-- grabs a long-sleeved shirt from her closet.

-- puts it on and covers up her black and blue bruises.

-- uses lots of makeup to cover her injuries.

-- ties her sneakers.

-- combs her hair.

END SERIES

Izzy is dressed and ready for the day... she looks at herself in her standing mirror and forces a smile onto her face.

But when she opens the door and walks out into the

LIVING ROOM

she finds herself confronted with the horrors of the previous night. Dried blood on the carpet. Broken shards of glass.

Izzy steps over it, trying not to give it any attention.
She stuffs her computer into her backpack and zips it up.

EXT./INT. IZZY'S CAR, HIGHWAY - DAY

Izzy drives along a Louisiana highway past dense forest.
When a RADIO COMMERCIAL transitions into a country song...
Izzy turns off the radio.

EXT. COLLEGE PARKING LOT - DAY

Izzy parks her car and walks towards campus.

INT. POLI-SCI CLASSROOM - DAY

The classic testing environment. Pencils move. The occasional snuffle and cough. The screech of a shifting desk.

MR. CHANNING, the elderly Japanese professor sits at his desk as he watches over his students' midterm exam.

Izzy sits in the back corner of the room, trying to focus as she answers the essay portion of her midterm. And yet...

She can't help but glance frequently to her front-left... where Mark is effortlessly completing the test.

Izzy's face tightens. Her eyebrows furrow as she tries to not look at him. She shuts her eyes for a few seconds... Calm.

Mark's desk shuffles as he stands up to turn his test in.

Izzy stares him down as he makes his way to the front of the classroom to hand Mr. Channing his exam.

She continues her stare as he turns around and struts towards the exit located at the back of the class.

As he passes by he looks... and they make eye contact.

But Mark just looks away and picks up his pace as he leaves.

Izzy takes a deep breath and continues writing.

MRS. PERRY (V.O.)
 And it was during this fascinating
 time period that a power struggle
 broke out among the political
 factions in Russia.

INT. DIFFERENT CLASSROOM - DAY

Izzy is seated towards the side of the class as she attends MRS. PERRY'S (50s) lecture. Izzy slouches at her desk, half paying attention. Her laptop's open but the screen's blank.

MRS. PERRY
 All this time, Czar Nicholas the
 second thought that his people would
 rescue him from his captors, but no
 one ever did.

INT. IZZY'S CAR, HIGHWAY - DAY

Izzy drives with the radio off. Her eyes look hurt, like a piece of her has been taken away. Her dignity.

When a tear wells up in her eye, she sniffles, wipes it away, and slaps herself on the cheek. She has to remain strong.

IZZY (V.O.)
 Eric, party of two.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Izzy stands behind the host's table. The place is packed.

ERIC and his WIFE make their way to Izzy as she grabs two menus. Izzy looks at them and puts on a blatantly fake smile.

IZZY
 Hi. Eric?

ERIC
 Yes ma'am.

IZZY
 Follow me, please.

Izzy leads them towards their table.

INT. IZZY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door unlocks and Izzy walks in. Nothing's changed...

She immediately kicks off her shoes, tosses her backpack aside and crashes on the couch. She covers her face with her hands and breathes. It's been a long day.

She puts her hands down and stares into space, thinking.

Finally, she takes out her phone, navigates to the keypad, and hesitantly types in 9-1-1.

And after a long moment's thought... presses dial.

She holds the phone up to her ear.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Nine-One-One. What's your emer--

Izzy hangs up. She can't do it. She has another idea.

Izzy stands up with a purpose and grabs the bottle of Bourbon. She takes it to the

KITCHEN

And throws it in the trash.

She kneels, opens a cabinet, and grabs a bottle of RESOLVE.

SERIES OF SHOTS

IN THE LIVING ROOM:

-- sprays the blood stains on the carpet and scrubs.

-- wipes down the table in front of the couch.

-- washes up the tile kitchen floor.

-- picks up her shirt from the previous night.

-- throws it in the washing machine... No, she takes the shirt back.

-- throws the shirt in the trash.

IN THE BATHROOM:

-- takes off her shirt and looks at herself in the mirror.

-- touches her bruises and winces at the pressure.

-- scrubs herself clean in the shower.

-- dries herself off with a towel.

-- blow dries her short hair.
-- puts on some comfortable pajamas.

END SERIES

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Izzy sits at the table with her textbook and laptop open...
And starts typing...

FADE TO:

EXT./INT. IZZY'S CAR, HIGHWAY - DAY

Izzy looks great. Her face glows. Her hair is styled.
The radio even plays an upbeat song.

SUPER: "3 WEEKS LATER"

Izzy takes an AIRPORT EXIT.
She drives towards International Arrivals.

EXT. AIRPORT PICK UP - DAY

Sera waits on the curb with two large suitcases and a backpack, staring at the buzz of families reuniting.

And when she spots Izzy pull up, Sera grabs her stuff and rushes towards the car!

Izzy gets out and they scream with excitement as they meet in a long hug that transitions to passionate kissing.

Much to the disapproval of an ELDERLY COUPLE who gives them a distinct look of vitriolic objection.

The love birds stop kissing.

SERA
I missed you so bloody much.

IZZY
You have no idea.

They hug again. When they're done, Izzy grabs one of Sera's suitcases and helps her stuff it into the trunk of the car.

SERA (V.O.)
They had so many plays on.

INT. IZZY'S CAR - DAY

Sera excitedly sits on the edge of her seat with her body turned as much towards Izzy as possible.

SERA
I could've literally seen a different show every day while I was there.

IZZY
Was it like Shakespeare and stuff?

SERA
Everything you could think of. They have the Globe Theater where they only play Shakespeare, but the best was Oscar Wilde.

IZZY
You see the Importance of Being Earnest?

SERA
Yeah. My roommate took me. She's majoring in literature and she got credit for it.

IZZY
That's cool.

SERA
Yeah. It was so funny. So...

IZZY
I quit my job.

SERA
What? Why?

IZZY
I'm so exhausted all the time.

SERA
Have you been saving?

IZZY
Barely. I just want to do something I actually like. I can apply for the congressional internship this year.

SERA

Isn't that unpaid?

IZZY

I don't think so. I figure I'll work less, study more, and ace my finals.

SERA

Izzy. You can't just up and quit your job like that! Even if you do raise your grades you still aren't even guaranteed to get it. Those internship programs are so damn competitive.

IZZY

It's worth a shot.

SERA

... Hey, babe... You mind if I say something? I don't wanna offend you.

IZZY

Go for it.

SERA

Look. It's just... Your number one priority has to be to get out of college with as little debt as possible, right? And if you quit now, and you don't get that internship which, let's be real, only like one percent of the people who apply actually get in. That's what? Six weeks? That's like three grand you're leaving on the table! If I were you, I'd just power through till you graduate. Worry about that government job later, and get yourself a new job A.S.A.P.

IZZY

I can't live like this anymore, Sera.

SERA

Oh baby.

Sera puts her hand on Izzy's shoulder.

SERA (CONT'D)

You've been lonely. Haven't you.

IZZY

Yeah!? And who's fault is that!?

Sera can't help but be taken aback by her attitude.

SERA

Well, someone's cranky. Do you need a nap?

IZZY

Screw you! I've been busting my ass all year while you've been going to plays.

SERA

Perks of majoring in Theatre. You know you should become an actress. You're really good at the whole emotion thing.

IZZY

Yeah, right. My parents already basically disowned me. Imagine how they'd feel if they saw me on TV.

SERA

Please don't tell me you're still looking for the approval of those homophobic, neglectful assholes.

IZZY

My Mom doesn't really care I guess. My Dad's the dick. He's barely said a word since I told him, but he still loves me. I know he does.

SERA

Are you sure about that?

IZZY

Yes.

SERA

Well, if I remember correctly, when you introduced me as your girlfriend, he called you a pervert and stopped paying your tuition. Real classy move there.

IZZY

I just need to talk to him.

SERA

You can't go back there, Izzy! You gotta keep moving forward. Remember our dream of moving to New York? ...

(MORE)

SERA (CONT'D)

Well we aren't gonna get there if you get stuck in this stupid place.

IZZY

He's still my Dad.

SERA

And he's holding you back! You deserve better. Prove him wrong. Become president or something.

IZZY

A gay president? In America?

SERA

You never know.

IZZY

I'm a poli-sci major. Actually I do know.

Sera laughs.

INT. IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The place is spotless. The carpet is clean and vacuumed. The tiles in the kitchen shine. The counter glistens.

The door unlocks as Izzy and Sera walk in. Sera immediately takes notice of the flawless condition of the apartment.

SERA

Wow. You didn't have to do this.

IZZY

I did. My mind... kept... wandering. I thought if I got rid of all the clutter and cleaned up a bit I'd think more clearly. Have some better focus.

SERA

Did it work?

IZZY

A little bit. Yeah.

SERA

Well, it looks amazing. Our place hasn't looked this good since it was empty.

Sera turns towards Izzy and grabs her face lovingly.

SERA (CONT'D)

Great job, babe.

They kiss, and linger in a long hug. They stare into each other's eyes. Sera smiles.

INT. BEDROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Izzy and Sera make out ferociously on the bed.

But when Sera pushes Izzy flat on the bed in what would normally be a sexy move... Izzy tenses up.

Sera mounts her, takes off her shirt, tosses it away, and tilts down to kiss Izzy's neck...

But she just turns her head and stares at the wall.

Sera's stream of kisses gracefully moves down Izzy's torso.

She reaches under Izzy's shirt and fondles her breasts.

Her kisses move further down... She reaches her waist.

Sera unbuttons Izzy's jeans and pulls them off... then allows her hands to work their way into Izzy's underwear.

Izzy starts sweating. She closes her eyes.

IZZY

Stop. Sera. Stop!

Sera stops with a sudden pulse of confused hesitation.

SERA

What's wrong. Have I lost my touch?

Tears form in Izzy's eyes. She sniffles and starts sobbing.

SERA (CONT'D)

Jesus. You really take emotional to a whole new level.

IZZY

Shut up!

Sera is taken aback. She sits up.

SERA

What's wrong, Izzy? Hey...

Izzy doesn't respond. She continues crying.

SERA (CONT'D)

You need to talk to me here, babe.

IZZY

(soft)

I thought... I'd just get over it.

SERA

Get over what? Jesus Christ. Did you cheat on me again? Because you said--

IZZY

I got raped!

Sera freezes. Izzy stands up, storms into the bathroom, and slams the door shut behind her.

Sera rubs her face... and slowly approaches the door...

SERA

When... when was this?

IZZY (O.S.)

Three weeks ago...

SERA

Who? Who did it?

IZZY (O.S.)

Mark.

SERA

Him!? Jesus Christ.

The toilet flushes and the door opens back up.

Izzy is crying hysterically... Sera holds her.

SERA (CONT'D)

What happened? How?

IZZY

I don't know. It was the night before my midterm. We were just studying and hanging out and then he just... he just.

SERA

Oh my god. Did you report it?

IZZY

I can't--

SERA

Why the hell not!? You have to.

IZZY

I have too much shit to do in school.

SERA

No. No. No. No. That asshole isn't getting away with this. You're calling the police now.

IZZY

No. I'm not.

SERA

Then I'll do it for you.

Sera takes her arm off Izzy and turns. Izzy grabs her.

IZZY

I'm handling this my way.

SERA

You aren't handling shit, girl! You can't let him get away with this. You think you're his first? You wanna let someone else wind up just like you?

Izzy slaps her! They're both shocked... Izzy cries more.

IZZY

Shit. I'm sorry.

SERA

No. I'm sorry.

IZZY

It's just not worth it, Sera! You know how colleges handle these cases. He'll end up getting away with it! And I'll just end up with constant disciplinary hearings and this shit always on my mind when all I wanna do is forget it ever happened!

SERA

(defeated)

Okay. Fine. It's your decision.

IZZY

Thanks babe. I love you.

SERA

I love cake.

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Izzy and Sera cuddle on the couch as they watch TV.

Sera yawns and stretches.

SERA

I should go to bed. Jet lag and whatever.

Izzy takes her head off Sera's shoulder.

IZZY

I've got an early class too.

Sera switches off the TV and they head to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

2:30 AM. Izzy and Sera are cuddled in a deep sleep.

TIMELAPSE through the night as the sun rises and shines.

INT. SAME - MORNING

7:45 AM. RING! RING! The alarm on Izzy's phone goes off.

She slowly opens her eyes and switches off the alarm.

Sera's still asleep. Izzy takes a moment to stare at her.

She smiles.

INT. IZZY'S CAR - DAY

Izzy eats a breakfast burrito as she drives, half-dancing along to an upbeat pop song playing on the radio.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Izzy sits in the back corner of the packed lecture. MR. FISCHER paces in front of a bland-looking PowerPoint presentation.

MR. FISCHER

And what I want to know is: what does the D.A. have to do with the police reports once they are investigated?

Mark sits a few rows in front of her. She tries her best to ignore him as she diligently takes notes.

MR. FISCHER (CONT'D)
Miss Walker?

Everyone turns to face her... even Mark.

IZZY
Yeah?

MR. FISCHER
Do you have an answer for me?

IZZY
Umm... Well... The D.A. would...

Mr. Fischer's voice starts fading as Izzy starts losing concentration. She's going to be sick.

MR. FISCHER
Miss Walker... are you okay?

Izzy shoots out of her desk and runs out the back door.

Mark stares along with the rest of the class.

MR. FISCHER (CONT'D)
Okay. Well, that's enough of that.

The class politely laughs.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Izzy runs through the hall with her hand over her mouth. STUDENTS stare as she rushes past them into...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

... where she pushes past a group of GIRLS applying their makeup and rushes into the first stall where she immediately vomits.

The stall door's still open, and the disgusting sound of her RETCHING and SPLASHING water echoes out.

MAKEUP GIRL
Looks like someone hit the bottle too hard last night!

The others laugh. When she's done, Izzy stands up and takes a few heavy breaths. She wipes her mouth and flushes.

She walks to the sink and does her best to ignore the girls as she washes her hands and face, then rinses her mouth.

She looks at herself in the mirror with that deep, introspective look, as if she's staring into her own soul.

GIRL NEXT TO IZZY

Want some mascara?

Izzy holds up her hand, rejecting the offer, and flees.

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sera sits on the couch with her laptop open.

She scrolls through a website with the title

"LEGAL ADVICE FOR RAPE VICTIMS"

The door opens and Izzy enters.

Sera jumps out of her skin and quickly closes the browser.

SERA

Izzy! You're home early. Don't you have class right now?

IZZY

I'm not feeling good.

Sera stands and hugs her.

IZZY (CONT'D)

I need to lie down.

SERA

Okay. Okay.

Izzy lifts her shoe to take it off, and falls to the floor.

SERA (CONT'D)

Izzy!

Sera grabs onto her and helps her up.

IZZY

I threw up during class.

Izzy and Sera go to the bedroom.

SERA

Oh my god. Here, let's get you into bed.

Sera leads Izzy into the

BEDROOM

and helps her onto the bed. Izzy groans and stretches out.

SERA (CONT'D)

Did you eat anything?

Sera sits down besides her.

IZZY

I had a breakfast burrito.

SERA

That's probably it. No more Mexican
in the morning.

Izzy gags.

IZZY

Oh God.

Izzy rushes to the toilet and throws up again.

SERA

That must have been one mean burrito.

Izzy flushes, rinses her mouth, and heads back to bed.

She lies down and groans as Sera softly strokes her head.

SERA (CONT'D)

You're going to be okay. Just close
your eyes and go to sleep.

Izzy closes her eyes momentarily then opens them.

IZZY

Damn. Hold that thought. I gotta
piss.

Izzy gets up and Sera watches her with growing concern.

SERA

Hey, babe?

IZZY (O.S.)

Yeah?

SERA

Has your period started yet?

ON THE TOILET: Izzy goes pale.

IZZY

Uhh... No...

SERA

Well... I mean. You were still synced with me... Right?

IZZY (O.S.)

No. I can't. No. No. No. No.

She flushes the toilet and gets back into bed beside Sera.

SERA

You said it was three weeks...

Izzy rolls over and covers her head with a pillow.

IZZY

Nooooo.....

SERA

You should take a test... You don't... have any, do you?

IZZY

No.

SERA

Okay. Let's just... don't freak out. I'll be back in a few minutes. Where are your keys?

Izzy groans and sits up.

IZZY

I'll come with you.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Izzy walks the aisles like a zombie as she looks from one colorful display to the next.

Sera appears beside her with a handful of pregnancy tests.

SERA

Let's go, Mrs. Depressed.

INT. IZZY'S CAR - DAY

Sera drives. Izzy stares.

SERA
Twenty bucks says it's a false alarm.

INT. BEDROOM/BATHROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Izzy sits ON THE TOILET, holding the strip underneath her.
Sera sits anxiously on the edge of the bed.

SERA
Anything?

IZZY
I can't even pee.

SERA
I'll get you some water.

IZZY
Wait. No. I got it.

Izzy starts peeing. Sera bites her fingernails.

SERA
Everything's gonna be okay.

IZZY
We'll see.

Izzy finishes. She stands up, walks to the bed, and takes a seat next to Sera. They stare at the stick together.

IZZY (CONT'D)
I can't look. What is it?

Sera rubs Izzy's back as she shuts her eyes.

IZZY (CONT'D)
I can't be pregnant. Please. Please.

Izzy groans in impatient, nervous frustration.

TIME CUT TO:

Izzy smokes a joint by the bedroom window.

SERA
It could be wrong. We got two more.

IZZY
Forget it. It's not wrong. Shit!

SERA

I know.

Sera grabs her phone from the bed and browses the Internet.

SERA (CONT'D)

Shit.

IZZY

What?

SERA

The closest abortion clinic is in Baton Rouge.

IZZY

Baton Rouge? That's like two hours away! I can't... I can't go all the way there.

SERA

Shh. It's going to be okay. You're going to be okay. We're going to be okay.

IZZY

No we aren't, Sera!

Sera stares at Izzy's distraught face.

SERA

You know this is proof, right?

IZZY

It's too late for that.

SERA

It's never too late! That piece of shit is going to pay for everything. Your abortion, your student loans, compensation, and he's going to jail.

IZZY

I told you already. Jesus! It's not your decision to make!

SERA

Okay. Okay. We're going through this together, babe.

IZZY

No! I'm going through this. I'm the one who's pregnant. I'm the one who got raped. Not you, Sera. Me.

SERA

You're upset, I get it. But cut me some slack. I'm just trying to help.

IZZY

Can you just give me some time alone, please?

SERA

Sure.

Sera gets up and walks out, shutting the door behind her.

Izzy screams and hurls the pregnancy test at the wall.

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sera lies on the couch, wide awake, face up to the ceiling.

It's dead silent... until sobbing echoes from Izzy's bedroom.

Sera sits up and approaches the door. She presses her ear against it, then knocks quietly.

SERA

Can I come in?

No response. Just sobs.

Sera slowly opens the door and peeks into the

BEDROOM

where Izzy's sitting cross-legged on the bed, crying into her hands.

SERA (CONT'D)

Izzy... Oh baby...

Sera walks over to the bed and cuddles up next to Izzy. She wraps her arms around her and kisses her neck.

IZZY

Sera...

SERA

Yeah?

IZZY

That son of a bitch is gonna pay.

Sera can't help but smile. She hugs Izzy closer.

SERA

You can do this. Fight the system.

They lie back onto the bed and cuddle. Izzy quietly cries as Sera rubs her neck and shoulders in consolation.

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sera sits on the couch, eating cereal, while Izzy paces.

IZZY

So first I talk to the counselor,
right?

SERA

Yeah.

IZZY

And they'll talk to the police?

IZZY (CONT'D)

Yeah. I hope so.

INT. SCHOOL COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

LAURA HAWKINS (44), the student counselor, sits at her polished wooden desk, typing on her laptop.

She looks at her watch, and with a sigh, stands up. She opens to the door to the

WAITING ROOM

where Izzy and Sera sit.

LAURA

Izzy Walker?

IZZY

Yes. Mrs. Hawkins?

LAURA

Yes. Come in.

Izzy stands up.

IZZY

Can my friend come too?

LAURA

I'd like to speak with you alone at first, if you don't mind.

Izzy looks at Sera who nods. Laura leads her into the

OFFICE

LAURA

Have a seat. Would you like some water?

They both sit across from each other.

IZZY

No thanks.

LAURA

Thank you for contacting me. Rape is obviously a very serious accusation.

IZZY

Accusation?

LAURA

Well... The school will have to carry out a formal investigation into what happened between you and...

(she looks down at
her notes)

Mister Griffin.

IZZY

Mark. Mark Griffin.

LAURA

Right. Mark Griffin.

IZZY

How long will this whole investigation thing take? I've already got a lot on my plate.

LAURA

I can't say. But I promise, we'll get to the bottom of what happened.

IZZY

What do you mean get to the bottom of it? He raped me. Case closed.

LAURA

Do you have any proof?

IZZY

I'm...

LAURA

Yes?

IZZY

I'm pregnant.

Laura eyes widen.

LAURA

Well. That's a very serious development.

IZZY

No shit. I can't have this baby. I want him expelled, and I want him to pay for my abortion.

Laura sits back in her chair.

LAURA

Things aren't that simple, Miss Walker.

IZZY

What are you talking about? I'm freaking pregnant. He raped me and I got pregnant. How much more simple can it get? What are you gonna tell me, that it's my word against his?

Izzy finds no warmth in Laura's cold stare.

LAURA

Well... to be frank, Miss Walker. You don't have any bruises or cuts. Maybe if you'd come to us sooner.

IZZY

I was scared!

LAURA

I'm sorry. But it just makes things more complicated. Maybe if there's a witness of some kind, or any other evidence? According to my records, Mister Griffin is a good boy with--

IZZY

A good boy!?

LAURA

Miss Walker, please--

IZZY

No. No. No. A good boy? He's a rapist!

LAURA

All of his teachers--

IZZY

Who gives a damn what his teachers say?

Laura takes a deep breath.

LAURA

I'm gonna recommend you to a medical professional.

Izzy stares at Laura with a look of disbelief.

IZZY

You're the shittiest counselor in the world.

She stands in a fury and barges out into the

WAITING ROOM

where Sera immediately stands up. Izzy turns back to Laura.

LAURA

Miss Walker! Please! Come back!

IZZY

Screw you!

Izzy storms out the front door. Sera flips Laura off and chases after Izzy.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

Izzy walks with a brisk pace. Sera jogs to catch up to her.

SERA

Izzy? What happened?

Izzy stops on a dime and turns around, still fuming.

IZZY

They're such pieces of shit!

SERA

What did she say?

IZZY
 (mockingly)
 Oh he's a nice boy. Oh the teachers
 say good things about him. Oh this.
 Oh that. Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah.

SERA
 Umm... What do you want to do?

IZZY
 I'm going to the police. Press
 charges.

SERA
 Don't you need a lawyer and stuff?

IZZY
 I'll figure it out. Call my parents.
 I don't know. I'll do something. I
 can't have this baby, Sera.

Sera places her hand on Izzy's shoulder and nods.

SERA
 You'll win this. I know you will.

IZZY
 We'll win this.

Sera moves in closer and kisses Izzy.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Izzy and Sera walk to the front desk where OFFICER WILLIAMSON
 sits, rifling through his papers and files.

OFFICER WILLIAMSON
 What may I do for you ladies?

IZZY
 I'd... I'd like to report a crime.

OFFICER WILLIAMSON
 Okay. What's the nature of the crime?

IZZY
 Uhh... Rape.

He looks up, slightly startled, and clears his throat.

OFFICER WILLIAMSON
 We have special officers who handle
 sexual assault cases.

(MORE)

OFFICER WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)

We'll call one of them out and you can file a report. In the meantime you can wait over there.

IZZY

Thanks.

SERA

Thank you, Officer.

Officer Williamson reaches for his phone as Izzy and Sera make their way to the side of the lobby and sit.

IZZY

This is so messed up. What do you think's gonna happen?

SERA

The cops are gonna nail Mark to the wall, that's what.

IZZY

I hope he's nice.

SERA

Who?

IZZY

Whoever talks to us.

SERA

You can't get much worse than that counselor. Stupid bitch.

IZZY

Calm down, babe.

Sera takes a deep breath to compose herself.

SERA

It's just so damn frustrating.

IZZY

I know. I know.

Out to greet them come OFFICERS:

RIPLEY (female, black, 30s) and DYLAN (male, 40s).

OFFICER DYLAN

Are you the ladies who'd like to file a sexual assault?

IZZY

It's just me.

OFFICER DYLAN

Okay. Follow me please.

IZZY

Can she come too?

OFFICER DYLAN

Whatever makes you feel comfortable.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY

Izzy and Sera sit at an aluminum desk across from Ripley, who has an open folder in front of her and a pen in her hand.

Dylan sets two cups of coffee in front of Izzy and Sera.

OFFICER DYLAN

Now, because of the nature of your complaint, some of the questions I'm going to ask will be personal and require you to think back to your best recollection. So if you ever feel uncomfortable, just let me know and we can take a break if you like.

Izzy nods, understanding.

OFFICER DYLAN (CONT'D)

First we'll start off with some simple profile questions. Can I please have your name and birth date?

IZZY

Izzy Walker. February twenty-fourth. 1995.

OFFICER DYLAN

And the name of the person who sexually assaulted you.

IZZY

Mark Griffin.

OFFICER DYLAN

His ethnicity?

IZZY

White.

OFFICER DYLAN

What day did the sexual assault occur?

IZZY

Umm... March... March fourteenth.

OFFICER DYLAN

Do you happen to have any possible evidence? Clothes, bruises, scars, sheets, anything of the sort?

IZZY

No... but I'm pregnant.

Dylan and Ripley exchange a look. Dylan clears his throat.

OFFICER DYLAN

And... Are you sure the baby was conceived on the day of the incident?

IZZY

Yes.

OFFICER DYLAN

You seem pretty calm.

IZZY

I'm trying.

OFFICER DYLAN

Have you had any emotional breakdowns in the past few weeks since the incident?

IZZY

Yes, several.

OFFICER DYLAN

Have you seen a medical professional since the incident?

IZZY

No.

OFFICER DYLAN

I recommend you see one. Especially since you're pregnant. I'll give you a number after we file the report.

IZZY

Okay. Thank you.

OFFICER DYLAN

Have you had any suicidal thoughts or attempted suicide?

IZZY

... No.

OFFICER DYLAN

If you need to see a psychiatrist--

IZZY

I can't pay for that.

Dylan nods with understanding... scribbles a few notes.

OFFICER DYLAN

Were there any witnesses to the crime and if so--

IZZY

No. Nobody saw it. Not as far as I know.

OFFICER DYLAN

Okay. Thank you, Izzy. Now I'll have to ask you to recollect the assault to the best of your memory. Try being as specific as possible. The more specific you are, the easier it will be to prosecute.

IZZY

Okay. Uhh. So. I invited Mark over to study--

OFFICER RIPLEY

You invited him over?

IZZY

Yeah.

Ripley jots down something.

IZZY (CONT'D)

So, we were studying for our political science midterm which was the next day, and while we were studying, he just grabbed my shoulders and pushed me down. And he got extremely physical and tried... he started kissing me. I tried getting away and fighting back, but he punched me in the stomach and then again in the head.

(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)

My head hurt too much to fight back after that. Everything was spinning and I could like... feel my heart racing. Then he pinned me down and started taking off my clothes. He grabbed my breasts and almost choked me when he put his hand around my throat. And then he just... he just took off his pants and... And he raped me, and he had his hand around my throat at first, and then he turned me around and pressed my head onto the floor. When he was finished, I had bruises all over my stomach and my neck and my wrist, but they're all healed now.

OFFICER RIPLEY

Was there any sodomy involved?

IZZY

What?

OFFICER RIPLEY

Anal penetration.

IZZY

No.

OFFICER DYLAN

It was very brave of you reporting this, Izzy.

OFFICER RIPLEY

Were either of you intoxicated during the assault?

IZZY

No. We were studying.

Ripley nods and jots something down.

OFFICER RIPLEY

There anything else we need here, Dylan?

OFFICER DYLAN

No. We should be good to go, Ripley.

Ripley nods and leaves.

OFFICER DYLAN (CONT'D)

We'll file this report and contact this Mark Griffin at your college, as soon as we can, to interview him. My advice for right now would be to see a doctor. You should also consult with your school counselor and report it to the school.

IZZY

I did that already.

OFFICER DYLAN

Okay. Good. Good. If you could give me the name of the counselor and the school, we'll contact her right away.

SERA

That counselor's a piece of shit.

OFFICER DYLAN

Excuse me?

SERA

All she wants is to make sure the school's reputation isn't damaged.

OFFICER DYLAN

That's usually a problem with college rape cases. We'll try talking to her. Can I have her name please?

IZZY

Yeah... uh... Hawkins... her first name's Laura I believe.

OFFICER DYLAN

We have your number, so we'll call you if there are further developments.

Dylan stands and Izzy and Sera follow suit.

INT. IZZY'S CAR - DAY

Sera drives. Izzy sits in the passenger seat.

IZZY

I have a good feeling about this.

SERA

Yeah? Isn't this going to cost a lot of money though? Because you'll need a lawyer for prosecution?

IZZY

He's the one who needs a lawyer. State's gonna prosecute his ass.

SERA

So if there's a trial--

IZZY

There will be a trial.

SERA

I know. But--

IZZY

There will be a trial.

SERA

Okay! I'm saying that once Mark finds out about this, his family's gonna get one of those big-shot lawyers like Johnny Cochran or something, 'cause his family is like super rich.

IZZY

You think I should call my parents?

SERA

I don't think that's a very good idea.

IZZY

They're gonna find out anyway. Might as well be from me.

SERA

I don't think the best way to reconcile is to call them and say, "Hi! I got raped and need money so I can get an abortion."

IZZY

What do you want me to do then!?

Sera takes a deep breath.

SERA

How much you think the clinic's gonna charge anyway? Not more than a thousand bucks right?

(MORE)

SERA (CONT'D)

I'll call my Mom. I can borrow a few hundred from her.

IZZY

No. I don't want to drag you into this.

SERA

I'm already in this. We have some money in our savings. I'll talk to her.

IZZY

I don't want her to know alright!?

SERA

My Mom's a hippie. She'll be fine with it.

IZZY

Are you sure about this?

SERA

Positive.

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sera sits on the couch beside Izzy. They're both nervous.

Sera's phone rests on the coffee table, on speaker. It rings.

SERA'S MOM (V.O.)

Hello?

SERA

Hey Mom!

SERA'S MOM (V.O.)

Hey Sera. How are you doing? How's your jet lag?

SERA

It's good. It's good.

SERA'S MOM (V.O.)

Cool.

SERA

Hey, Mom. I actually called to ask you something really important.

SERA'S MOM (V.O.)

Oh no. Did Aunt Shirley tell you? I'm so sorry. I should've been the one.

SERA

What? Tell me what?

SERA'S MOM (V.O.)

Oh. She didn't tell you?

SERA

No.

SERA'S MOM (V.O.)

I was going to call you later but--

SERA

Just tell me Mom.

SERA'S MOM (V.O.)

Grandma Brenda had a stroke.

Izzy freezes. Sera looks shocked.

SERA

Is... is she okay?

SERA'S MOM (V.O.)

Yeah, she's in the hospital. There's just a little mild paralysis that's supposed to go away soon.

SERA

Oh God.

SERA'S MOM (V.O.)

They're checking her heart for blood clots or whatever.

SERA

Did they find anything yet?

SERA'S MOM (V.O.)

I don't know. We'll find out in a couple weeks... So what were you calling about?

Sera looks at Izzy who shakes her head. Izzy walks away as Sera puts the phone to her ear.

INT. BEDROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY - LATER

Izzy's in bed covered by the blankets. Sera sits down.

SERA

Hey.

IZZY

Sorry about your grandmother.

SERA

It's okay.

IZZY

I'm assuming you can't get the money.

SERA

Sorry, babe. Maybe we can find a free clinic out of state? Or maybe I'll just get a job and help you out.

IZZY

I was thinking I should visit my parents. Might fare better than a phone call.

SERA

I'll go with you if you want.

IZZY

No, it's okay. Last time didn't go so well when you were there.

SERA

Heh. True. When are you going to leave?

IZZY

Friday night after class, I guess.

SERA

Your Mom'll help you.

IZZY

We'll see.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. IZZY'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Izzy's father, PAT (50s), watches FOX NEWS from a raggedy old couch with a beer in one hand and the TV remote in the other.

Her mother, SHARON (50s), cooks dinner behind him.

SHARON
 (strong Louisiana
 accent)
 You want mash or mac and cheese
 today?

PAT
 (even stronger
 accent)
 Whatever you like, woman. I'm just
 hungry.

SHARON
 I'm going with the mash then.

PAT
 Sounds good to me. Make it spicy
 again.

INT. DINING ROOM, IZZY'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Pat, Sharon, and JUDY (13, Izzy's younger sister) sit at an
 old, wooden dining table, eating meat and mashed potatoes.

PAT
 You do your homework yet, Judy?

JUDY
 Yeah.

PAT
 What'd I tell you about saying
 "yeah"?

Judy rolls her eyes.

JUDY
 It's 2016, Dad. I'm not gonna call my
 dad "sir."

PAT
 Well, then you can get out of this
 house and find another dad. Maybe
 that one'll be alright with you
 having no manners.

JUDY
 I have manners!

PAT
 All of these faggots are looking for
 children to adopt. You'll fit right
 in there with your sister.

SHARON

Patrick Walker! You are out of line.

Judy gets up and storms off, pissed.

PAT

You get back here and finish supper!

SHARON

This shit needs to stop.

PAT

You don't think she's one of them
too?

SHARON

What does it matter, Pat!? Who cares!
Izzy's barely a part of this family
anymore. Just leave it be.

Sharon's phone rings. Pat looks over to see who's calling.

It's Izzy.

PAT

Speak of the devil. Don't answer it.

Sharon ignores him and answers the phone.

SHARON

Izzy?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Izzy sits on the couch, alone, on the phone.

IZZY

Mom?

SHARON

It's me, sweetie. How are you doing?

IZZY

I'm good. Good.

SHARON

I haven't heard your voice in
forever.

IZZY

I'm sorry if I upset you two... but I had to tell you.

SHARON

It's okay, sweetie. I'm proud of you.

Pat glares at Sharon, completely shocked but silent.

IZZY

You are?

SHARON

We both love you very much.

IZZY

You do?

PAT

Ask her what she wants.

IZZY

I love you too, Mom.

SHARON

Why are you calling, Izzy?

IZZY

I thought I'd visit over the weekend. Maybe try to settle things with Dad. There's a couple other things I need to tell you too... It's kind of important.

SHARON

(hand over the phone)

She wants to come over this weekend.

PAT

Absolutely not.

SHARON

(to Izzy)

Absolutely. That sounds wonderful.

IZZY

Great! I'll be there Friday night. Like around eight probably?

SHARON

We'll be waiting for you.

IZZY

Bye Mom. Love you.

SHARON
Love you too, sweetie.

Izzy hangs up.

Sharon puts the phone down on the table.

PAT
I said no.

SHARON
You and her are going to work things out no matter how long it takes. And you're either gonna accept our daughter for who she is, or there's going to be serious trouble between you and me.

Pat stands up and storms off.

PAT
I've lost all power in this house!
Twenty first century's messing with all of your damn minds!

INT. POLI-SCI CLASSROOM - DAY

Izzy takes notes on her laptop as Mr. Channing lectures.

MR. CHANNING
Karl Marx saw the proletariat as a universal class, but only in the sense that its social position drove it towards the overthrow of capitalism, which...

Izzy's phone rings. She jolts up in panic. Izzy takes her phone out.

MR. CHANNING (CONT'D)
Do you mind, Miss Walker?

Izzy turns her phone off. Mark stares at her.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Students exit class with Izzy in the middle of the pack.

She finds some open space and takes out her phone.

ONE VOICEMAIL from: UNIDENTIFIED.

She presses play and holds the phone against her ear.

LAURA (V.O.)

Hi, it's Laura Hawkins, your counselor. I was just calling to let you know that I've set up a meeting for tomorrow at one thirty between you, me, Mark, and two other disciplinary counselors to review your case. Please call me back confirming you'll be able to make this appointment.

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Izzy paces the carpet while Sera watches her.

IZZY

Who puts the victim of rape in the same room as their rapist? Doesn't she think that might, I don't know, trigger some kind of emotional response.

SERA

I honestly think that she thinks you're lying.

IZZY

I have a baby inside of me!

SERA

You think you'll be okay?

IZZY

I have no idea.

SERA

Maybe you should act out on purpose. Flip your shit. That'll convince them.

IZZY

They should already be convinced! Why is it his word against mine? I don't freaking understand.

SERA

Neither do I, babe. Neither do I... Well, look on the bright side.

IZZY

What bright side!?

SERA

You're losing a lot of calories with all this pacing.

IZZY

I hate you.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Izzy sits at one end of a long table. Mark sits at the other.

Laura, MR. RICHARDSON (40s), and MR. MORONEY (50s) sit along the sides of the table, pen and paper at the ready.

MR. MORONEY

Now, after reviewing this case we think it'd be in the best interest for both of you to switch time periods with all the classes you have together.

IZZY

After reviewing my case? It's been literally two days.

MR. MORONEY

Well, we heard Mister Griffin's side of the story, and apparently there was drinking involved. Am I correct?

IZZY

We weren't drunk.

MR. MORONEY

Mister Griffin said you consented for him to make sexual advances towards you.

Izzy starts getting pissed.

MR. MORONEY (CONT'D)

He said you looked willing, and that your body was openly facing his, and you two were brushing shoulders.

IZZY

It's a small couch. We were there to study, not get drunk and have sex! Why are you believing him? He's lying!

MARK

Just 'cause you were too drunk to use a condom doesn't give you the right to go around blaming people for raping you.

Izzy looks absolutely shell-shocked.

IZZY

You asshole.

MR. MORONEY

We'll consult with Miss Hawkins about having your schedules altered.

IZZY

He's lying!

MR. MORONEY

Miss Walker! You have no evidence to prove your case. No bruises, no scars, no cuts--

IZZY

I have a baby!

MR. MORONEY

That's hardly any evidence for rape, Miss Walker. And it does seem rather suspicious that you only came forward after discovering that you were pregnant.

IZZY

I was trying to forget about it and put it behind me so I could focus on school!

LAURA

Please lower your voice, Miss Walker

Izzy stands up.

IZZY

I don't believe this. I don't freaking believe this. I'm pressing charges by the way... With the police.

MR. RICHARDSON

You contacted the police?

IZZY

Yes. Because you people aren't any help.

The three counselors look somewhat worried.

MR. RICHARDSON

Generally assault cases involving two college students stay within the university.

IZZY

Well, too bad. You might think rape is okay, but the district attorney might think otherwise.

She looks to Mark with venom in her eyes.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Expect to be answering some real questions soon. And hopefully you can keep your bullshit story straight, 'cause you're not getting away with this.

Mark looks somewhat worried as Izzy bolts from the room.

MR. MORONEY

Don't worry, Mark. We'll contact your parents and tell them this was a huge misunderstanding.

MARK

Thanks. I appreciate it. I just don't know what I ever did to make her hate me so much.

INT. IZZY'S CAR - DAY

Izzy drives. Tears well up in her eyes.

She sniffles and wills them away.

INT. BEDROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Izzy stuffs pajamas, a couple textbooks, notebooks, and her laptop into a backpack. Sera walks in.

SERA

You're going to stay the night over there?

IZZY

The weekend actually. It's not worth driving all the way and then coming back.

SERA

What if things don't go well?

IZZY

They will.

Izzy zips her backpack up, walks up to Sera, and gives her a quick kiss on the lips.

SERA

I'll call you later.

INT. IZZY'S CAR, HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The song on the radio breaks with the poor reception. After a few seconds it's just white noise. Izzy switches it off.

EXT. IZZY'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Izzy parks outside the dimly lit, mid-size house. She grabs her backpack from the passenger seat, and gets out.

INT. IZZY PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Pat sits on the couch, reading a book with Sharon beside him on the phone, when Judy walks in.

JUDY

She's here! I heard a car pull up!

DING DONG! Pat groans. Sharon stands up, rather excited.

She walks to the front door and opens it to reveal Izzy.

SHARON

Hi Izzy!

IZZY

Hi Mom!

They hug. Judy walks in behind Sharon. Izzy notices her.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Hey Jude.

JUDY

Hey!

They give each other a great big hug.

IZZY

Did you miss me?

JUDY

Not really.

Izzy laughs. She looks at Sharon.

IZZY

Can I stay here for the weekend? I thought since I drove all this way and--

SHARON

Oh of course. Of course.

IZZY

Thanks.

Izzy walks in and Sharon closes the door.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Where's Dad?

Sharon looks to the couch... but it's empty.

IZZY (CONT'D)

He's still not over it, is he?

SHARON

I've tried talking to him about paying your tuition. He's just so damn ignorant.

IZZY

It's okay. I have it covered.

SHARON

No. No. We want to help.

JUDY

Are we going to have dinner now?

SHARON

Yes, dear. You can head over to the table and start setting things up.

Judy walks off.

IZZY

I have it covered Mom. Really.

SHARON

How? With more student debt?

IZZY

I'm getting good grades. I'm confident I'm going to get that summer internship with the congressman. If you can get that, you're pretty much guaranteed to move up fast. Then my debt'll go away in no time. Besides, I kinda need your help with something else instead.

SHARON

What is it?

IZZY

I'll talk to all of you about it later.

SHARON

Are you sure? Dad isn't very keen on talking to you.

IZZY

I think I can make him come around.

INT. DINING ROOM, IZZY'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

It's dead silent. Izzy, Sharon, Pat, and Judy eat the normal Walker dinner: meat and mashed potatoes.

SHARON

So. Izzy. There was something you said you wanted to tell us?

IZZY

Yeah. Right. It's just... I think it'd be best if Judy leaves.

JUDY

No! I'm thirteen now!

IZZY

No, really. Judy. Can you please leave?

SHARON

Listen to your sister, Judy.

JUDY

Fine.

Judy stands up.

PAT

Hold on now! Were you excused?

JUDY

Yes. Mom and Izzy told me to leave.

Judy walks off.

PAT

(to Izzy)

You've been a bad influence on her.

SHARON

What do you need to tell us, sweetie?

Izzy stares at her mother and father.

IZZY

I... I... I got... I need some money.

PAT

Absolutely not.

SHARON

For what?

IZZY

Umm... Well...

Izzy's face tightens up.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Textbooks.

SHARON

Textbooks?

IZZY

They're changing textbooks for next quarter in History.

PAT

You made your sister leave supper early over textbooks, eh?

SHARON

In the middle of a school year?

IZZY

Yeah, there was some weird department thing. I don't really know.

PAT

How much?

IZZY

I don't know yet. But if I could have like... a thousand? It'd cover it all.

Pat's loud, booming laugh cuts Izzy off.

PAT

Do you think we're retarded? A thousand bucks for some books! Ha ha ha.

Sharon looks at Izzy sympathetically.

SHARON

Sweetie. We just don't have that kind of money. Pat's wages got cut as it is, and we need to save for Judy's education.

IZZY

It's okay. I thought I might as well ask.

SHARON

I'm sorry, Izzy.

Izzy stands up.

IZZY

It's okay. I'm just... I'm just going to go to bed.

INT. BEDROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sera lies in bed on her laptop. Her headphones are plugged in as she watches a movie.

A few seconds later, her phone buzzes.

SERA

Hello?

OFFICER DYLAN (V.O.)

Hi. Sera Bell?

SERA
Yes. Who's this?

OFFICER DYLAN (V.O.)
Officer Dylan. From the other day.

SERA
Oh, right.

OFFICER DYLAN (V.O.)
I was just calling to see if you were free tomorrow morning to come in and talk to me about your friend Izzy and the incident with Mark Griffin.

SERA
I actually don't have a car right now. Is there any way you could possibly come over to my place?

INT. JUDY'S BEDROOM, IZZY'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Judy sleeps on the bed while Izzy lies awake on an air mattress spread out across the floor.

She hears the TV faintly in the background...

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Sharon sits on the couch watching TV when Izzy walks in.

IZZY
You still do this?

SHARON
I'm so sorry. Did I wake you?

IZZY
No. No. I couldn't sleep.

SHARON
Sorry about supper today. We're on a really tight budget. Maybe you can just borrow some books from your friends?

Izzy sits down next to her mother.

IZZY
I don't need money for textbooks, Mom.

Sharon mutes the TV.

SHARON
Then what were you asking for?

IZZY
I couldn't say this in front of Dad,
but... I... I got raped.

Sharon's eyes widen.

IZZY (CONT'D)
And I'm pregnant.

SHARON
I... uhm... what... what about an
abortion?

IZZY
I thought you were pro-life.

SHARON
Not when my little Izzy gets raped!
Do... Do you have the money for it?

Izzy shakes.

SHARON (CONT'D)
I'll talk to Dad--

IZZY
No. Please. He'll lose his shit.

SHARON
I don't have any money, honey. You
know when your father got laid off, I
had to spend every last cent I had. I
promise I'll talk to him. You'll be
okay. We'll get the money somehow.

IZZY
Thanks Mom.

Sharon gives Izzy a hug.

INT. IZZY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Sera opens the front door to reveal Officer Dylan and Ripley
are waiting outside.

OFFICER DYLAN
Hi Sera.

SERA
Hey officers. Come in.

OFFICER DYLAN
Thank you.

They follow her inside and sit on the couch. Sera pulls up a chair and sits down across from them.

OFFICER DYLAN (CONT'D)
We'd like to ask you a few questions. Although you weren't present at the time of the alleged crime, you have a close connection with Miss Walker. So we're considering you a witness.

SERA
Have you interrogated Mark yet?

OFFICER DYLAN
No, not yet.

SERA
Do you plan on doing that sometime soon?

OFFICER DYLAN
Later today, in fact.

SERA
Good. Because the college let him off with not even a slap on the wrist.

OFFICER DYLAN
We heard... So look. Your feelings about her aside, are you convinced that Mark Griffin did indeed rape Miss Walker?

SERA
Yes.

OFFICER DYLAN
And what was their relationship like in your eyes?

SERA
I'm not really too sure. I met him a couple of times early in the semester, but I did a semester abroad in England, so I wasn't around here very often.

OFFICER DYLAN

Did Mark Griffin ever strike you as the kind of guy who would act violently?

SERA

Appearances can be deceiving.

OFFICER DYLAN

So no.

SERA

No.

OFFICER DYLAN

Did Mark Griffin ever make any sexual advances towards you?

SERA

No.

OFFICER DYLAN

Not even a look or anything subtle like that?

SERA

No. I don't think so.

OFFICER DYLAN

Okay. How many times did Mark Griffin and Izzy Walker meet before the incident?

SERA

Oh... I don't know. They had a lot of study sessions together. But usually in public places like Starbucks, or Panera Bread, whatever.

OFFICER DYLAN

And did Miss Walker ever complain about his demeanor during these encounters?

Sera shakes her head.

OFFICER DYLAN (CONT'D)

And what were Miss Walker's drinking habits like?

SERA

Excuse me?

OFFICER DYLAN

We spoke to the University counselors and they said that both Mister Griffin and Miss Walker consumed alcohol that night.

SERA

Yeah. But it's not like they were drinking to get drunk. Izzy had a big test the next day and she's always been responsible. What's it matter anyway?

OFFICER DYLAN

It's just for the record.

SERA

I'm not liking the sound of this.

Dylan sits up and clears his throat.

OFFICER DYLAN

Sera, I'm going to be straight with you here. It's incredibly rare for someone accused of rape to actually be convicted. In fact, most of the time, the case doesn't even reach trial. Now, the prosecutor might send this case to trial since she was impregnated, but only under one condition.

SERA

Which is?

OFFICER DYLAN

Are you and Izzy Walker a gay couple?

Sera stares into Officer Dylan's eyes.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK

SUPER: "2 WEEKS LATER"

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Izzy and Sera sit beside each other on the check up bed.

DR. MEYERS (60s) sits across from them with his clipboard.

DR. MEYERS

Have you ever been pregnant before?

IZZY

No.

DR. MEYERS

Do you smoke, drink, or use any other drugs?

IZZY

Is all of this really necessary? I plan on getting an abortion.

DR. MEYERS

An abortion?

IZZY

Yeah. This was an extremely unwanted pregnancy.

DR. MEYERS

Are you positive you want to get an abortion? You're just going to strip an unborn, innocent baby of all the amazing things it might achieve? What if that baby inside of you ends up changing the world? Or becoming president?

SERA

Yeah? What if he became Hitler?

IZZY

I want another doctor. Could you recommend me to one that's pro-choice?

DR. MEYERS

I'm afraid, Miss Walker, that I can't recommend any doctors who'd approve of you murdering--

SERA

Alright. That's enough. Let's go.

DR. MEYERS

May the Lord bless your sinful souls.

INT. IZZY'S CAR, HIGHWAY - DAY

Sera's driving.

IZZY
I'm getting really nervous.

SERA
Why?

IZZY
It's been like two weeks since the
police talked to Mark.

SERA
Yeah. I don't know what's going on.

IZZY
We should go in and see the officers.

SERA
Yeah. That's a good idea. I'll call
that Officer Dylan and ask him what's
taking so long with the charges.

IZZY
You drive. I'll call him right now.

SERA
Put him on speaker.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Dylan sits at his desk when the phone rings.

OFFICER DYLAN
Officer Grant Dylan.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

IZZY
Hi. It's Izzy Walker. You talked to
me a couple weeks ago about
forwarding the information of my rape
case to the D.A.

OFFICER DYLAN
Ah, right. I'm glad you called.

IZZY
Where have you been? You can't just
disappear like this. This is an
extremely urgent matter for me.

OFFICER DYLAN

I'm incredibly sorry. I thought Officer Ripley was going to contact you. I've been caught up in another case. You never heard from her?

IZZY

No. I didn't.

OFFICER DYLAN

That's odd. Well the D.A.'s office is still reviewing the files I sent them, but I don't think they're going to move forward with filing the charges.

IZZY

What? Why the hell not?

OFFICER DYLAN

There were a lot of discrepancies between your report of the incident and Mister Griffin's.

IZZY

What discrepancies?

OFFICER DYLAN

I'm afraid you'll have to speak with Officer Ripley about that, ma'am.

IZZY

Why can't you talk to me?

OFFICER DYLAN

I'm not assigned to your case anymore. Look. Do you have a lawyer?

IZZY

No. I can't afford one.

OFFICER DYLAN

Try contacting a legal aide service, and find someone who can take you on pro bono and try to convince the D.A. for you.

INT. BEDROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Izzy and Sera cuddle together in bed.

SERA

You sure it'll be completely free?

IZZY

That's what the website said. If you're a victim of abuse, they'll assign you a lawyer pro bono.

SERA

It's probably a scam.

IZZY

We'll see.

INT. LOBBY, BOBBY FERNSTEIN'S LEGAL AID ASSOCIATION - DAY

Izzy and Sera approach the RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello. Do you have an appointment?

IZZY

Yes. Izzy Walker.

RECEPTIONIST

Thank you. Please take a seat over there while you wait.

Izzy and Sera take a seat. Sera pulls out her phone and starts texting. Izzy taps her foot nervously.

BOBBY FERNSTEIN, a good looking lawyer in his 50s walks in.

BOBBY

Izzy Walker?

IZZY

That's me.

BOBBY

Follow me, please.

Izzy stands up. Sera stays seated.

IZZY

You coming, Sera?

SERA

I'm gonna call my Mom if that's okay. My grandma just got out of surgery.

IZZY

Okay.

INT. BOBBY FERNSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Bobby sits across from Izzy at his desk.

BOBBY

First of all, let me just say, it's a real tragedy what happened to you. A real tragedy.

IZZY

So are you going to take my case?

BOBBY

Yes. But just not me personally. My schedule's much too full. But I'll call one of my best and brightest up from the bullpen and have him help you out.

IZZY

Great. And completely free? Right?

BOBBY

Yes. Actually. I know just the girl you need. I'll call her in right now so you can meet her.

Bobby reaches for his phone. He dials a number.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Gloria. Can you come in my office please? I'd like you to meet a new client.

INT. LOBBY, BOBBY FERNSTEIN'S LEGAL AID ASSOCIATION - DAY

Sera shifts in her seat, trying to get comfortable.

SERA

Quadruple! Jesus, Mom. Can I talk to her?... Well, when'll she be awake?... Okay. Call me as soon as she wakes up... Thanks Mom... Love you too... Bye.

INT. BOBBY FERNSTEIN'S OFFICE - SAME

GLORIA GOYER, an ambitious blonde lawyer fresh out of law school, shakes hands with Izzy.

GLORIA

Gloria Goyer. Nice to meet you.

BOBBY

Why don't you two go grab a coffee.
Talk over the case a little bit. I
think you'll like this one, Gloria.

GLORIA

I'm excited.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Gloria sits on one side of her table with her laptop out.

Izzy and Sera sit across from her with coffee.

IZZY

Just call me Izzy. I've been called
Miss Walker enough the past few
weeks.

GLORIA

Okay, Izzy. Looking over everything
you've provided, I think I've got a
pretty good shot at convincing the
D.A. to file. We'll worry about the
prosecution later.

IZZY

What are you going to do?

GLORIA

I'll throw out some college sexual
assault statistics and how there's a
history of cover-ups. Plus, with you
being pregnant as a gay couple, if I
get denied, I'll play the homophobe
card. That usually shuts them up.

IZZY

When's the earliest you can talk to
them? 'Cause I'm really getting
worried that this whole process is
going to drag out. If I can't get the
money for an abortion soon, then I'll
be stuck with this child.

GLORIA

I'll mention that as well. Hopefully
it'll streamline the process. Can't
make any promises though. I'll make
some calls and try to get in by the
end of the week.

Gloria shuts her laptop and stands up.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

I'll keep you updated. It was nice meeting you, Izzy. You too, Sera.

INT. BEDROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Izzy gets changed while Sera's on the bed with her laptop.

SERA

(focused on her laptop)

This is so screwed up.

IZZY

What're you looking at?

SERA

You sure you want to know? ... Only five percent of rapists actually go to jail.

IZZY

Will you stop with the stats already!?

SERA

It's concerning, Izzy. Seriously. I mean unless you have bruises or scars or jizz on the clothing, it's pretty much--

IZZY

I have a baby, Sera.

SERA

Well that doesn't seem to mean anything. They probably think the only reason you're even reporting this in the first place is because you got pregnant.

IZZY

I don't get it. I mean, you told them we're a lesbian couple right?

SERA

Yeah. I did.

IZZY

Then how could anyone think I possibly consented to having sex with a man when I don't even like men!?

SERA
Well... Sam...

Izzy's face flushes with rage.

SERA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have mentioned
it.

IZZY
No... it's fine. They'll never find
out about that anyway.

SERA
You're right.

Sera closes her laptop.

SERA (CONT'D)
I'm hungry. Wanna go out?

IZZY
Do we not have any food here?

Sera laughs.

SERA
Good one.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

Izzy and Sera grab their burgers from the counter. Sera turns around and spots someone sitting at one of the tables.

It's Ripley. She eats a salad with one hand and browses through her computer with the other.

SERA
Oh shit. It's that Officer Ripley.

IZZY
Oh my god. That asshole.

Izzy starts walking towards her.

IZZY (CONT'D)
I'm going to talk to her.

SERA
I'll go get a table.

Sera walks towards an open table as Izzy walks towards Ripley.

IZZY
Hello? Officer Ripley?

Ripley looks up and tenses up at the sight of Izzy.

OFFICER RIPLEY
Oh. Hi. Miss Walker. I'm actually
glad you're here.

IZZY
Yeah? Weren't you supposed to call?

OFFICER RIPLEY
I know. I'm sorry about that. They've
just swamped me with so much work.
But I was interviewing a few people
about your case and there were some
discrepancies in your report.

Izzy sits down across from Ripley.

IZZY
Officer Dylan mentioned something
about that. What discrepancies
exactly?

OFFICER RIPLEY
Well. Sera Bell said that you and her
are a gay couple. Is that correct?

IZZY
Yes.

OFFICER RIPLEY
And she said you both discovered your
sexual orientation at a young age.

IZZY
Yeah. So what?

OFFICER RIPLEY
When I spoke to Mark Griffin, he
mentioned that you had a number of
boyfriends during high school.

Izzy freezes.

OFFICER RIPLEY (CONT'D)
Also, I just got off the phone with
your father, who said you'd brought
home for dinner four, maybe even five
boys. And you said they were your
boyfriends.

IZZY

I just did that so my father wouldn't be suspicious of my sexual orientation. He's very religious and homophobic.

OFFICER RIPLEY

I see.

IZZY

I didn't come out to my parents until like four months ago.

OFFICER RIPLEY

I see.

Ripley finishes her salad, closes her laptop and stands up.

OFFICER RIPLEY (CONT'D)

Well, I have to go. I have a lot of work for me back at the office.

IZZY

Wait, was that why they weren't gonna file charges? Because they thought I lied about my sexual orientation?

OFFICER RIPLEY

I'm not authorized to answer that question. But I'll write a report about this conversation and forward it to the D.A.'s office.

IZZY

Okay.

OFFICER RIPLEY

I'll be in touch, Miss Walker. Goodbye for now.

IZZY

Bye.

Ripley leaves.

INT. IZZY'S CAR - DAY

Sera drives.

SERA

You told Mark that you had fake boyfriends!?

IZZY

They were funny stories! I didn't know he was gonna rape me and use it against me! Stop blaming me for everything!

Sera sits back.

SERA

Sorry. That was uncalled for. I'm just really stressed-out right now.

IZZY

I know, baby. I know. Me too. Goddammit! My stupid Dad. I can't believe he'd tell the police I had fake boyfriends, without mentioning the fake part.

SERA

In his defense, it's not like he was lying or anything.

IZZY

But he couldn't have at least thought that it might hurt my chances of winning?

SERA

I don't think your father's exactly the sharpest tool in the shed.

IZZY

It's just so damn frustrating. Why can't people see the big picture? Why do they all have to look at every single detail?

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

BARBARA MADSEN (50s) sits at her desk, swamped in paperwork.

There's a knock at the door.

BARBARA

Enter.

Gloria opens the door and slips in.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

You the new intern?

GLORIA

No. Actually, I'm Gloria Goyer. I called earlier this week.

BARBARA

Oh. Right. Right. Remind me who you are representing again.

GLORIA

Izzy Walker. The sexual assault case against Mark Griffin.

BARBARA

Ah, yes. The pregnant girl. If I recall correctly, and I always do, then there's no evidence she was physically abused. Furthermore, she waited a full three weeks before reporting the attack. Her report also coincided with the discovery of her pregnancy. And I believe she also lied about her sexual orientation? Is that correct?

GLORIA

She didn't lie.

BARBARA

The police spoke with this Griffin boy, who said that she'd brought home boys to her parents. Hearsay of course, but her father corroborated his allegation.

GLORIA

It's all a misunderstanding. Her father--

BARBARA

--is a homophobic asshole. I know. I know. I got the new police report.

GLORIA

Look. Mrs. Madsen--

BARBARA

Barbara. Please.

GLORIA

Okay. Barbara. Here's the situation. This is my first time going solo, and I'm sure you know remember how tough it is to be a young female lawyer in this county.

(MORE)

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Especially in cases like this. And I would immensely appreciate it if you'd at least give me a shot here. You never know, especially in this day and age, how news like this can spread. College rape is a massive problem, and by not filing charges you're being part of the problem and not doing the judicial system justice. You're being the judge, jury, and executioner here, and frankly, I think that's downright disrespectful and wrong.

Barbara sits back, impressed at Gloria's boldness.

BARBARA

I like you, Gloria. I'll tell you what. I'll give your Izzy Walker a chance--

GLORIA

Don't act like my client's the defendant.

Barbara looks at the paper calendar on her desk.

BARBARA

I'll have the judge issue a bench warrant for Griffin's arrest, but evidence for probable cause is still extremely circumspect.

GLORIA

Can you bring it to the judge directly? Given my client's looking for an abortion, they sign off on holding the preliminary hearing within thirty six hours of his arrest.

BARBARA

I'll see what I can do, but if I'm being honest, the system's overloaded. I doubt we'll even get this in front of a judge within the next two weeks.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK

SUPER: "TWO WEEKS LATER"

INT. POLI-SCI CLASSROOM - DAY

The class is taking a test. Izzy's pencil swiftly moves across her testing packet. She knows all the answers.

Her phone buzzes in her pocket. She sneakily pulls it out and glances over at the screen reading: "INCOMING: GLORIA."

She shuts her phone off and goes back to her test.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Izzy exits her class and finds Gloria there waiting for her.

GLORIA

Hi Izzy.

IZZY

Hey Gloria. What are you doing here?

Izzy shuffles nervously as a few of her Classmates exit.

GLORIA

Why don't we take a walk?

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Gloria and Izzy walk alongside each other.

GLORIA

Assuming we get past prosecution, the main trial will start on August first.

IZZY

August! But that's like three months away!

GLORIA

Thirteen weeks.

IZZY

Thirteen? So I'll be... twenty weeks pregnant!

GLORIA

Twenty-two weeks is the legal cap in Louisiana. These kinds of trials only take a few days.

IZZY

So umm... How is it looking?

GLORIA

Well... While there may not be a whole lot of physical evidence, if we can get the jury to feel your pain and connect with you on an emotional level and appeal to their common sense, then we should be able to get a conviction.

IZZY

What about the money?

GLORIA

Because of the circumstances involved, if we win the jury, then you'll be compensated. As confident as I am though, I do think it's prudent if you had some kind of fallback.

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Izzy sits on the couch, typing into her laptop.

ON SCREEN: "Growing up as a lesbian in the 21st century, it was only natural for me to be interested in politics."

Izzy is laser-focused as she types her essay.

INT. BEDROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

2:00 AM. Izzy sits up in bed, cramming for a History test while Sera sleeps beside her.

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

Another test. And once again, she breezes through the exam.

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Izzy enters her apartment and locks the door behind her.

IZZY

Sera? You home, babe?

No response. Izzy walks over to her couch and crashes on it.

She lies down and closes her eyes. She's at peace.

MR. GRIFFIN (V.O.)
They're saying if it goes to trial,
he's going to be expelled!

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - DAY

Mark's father sits on his couch across from a FANCY LAWYER.

MR. GRIFFIN
Expelled! You can't let that happen.

FANCY LAWYER
I won't.

MR. GRIFFIN
Just do whatever you gotta do to make
this go away. Get it settled.

FANCY LAWYER
I'll try my best.

MR. GRIFFIN
No! You wont try! You'll get it done!

FANCY LAWYER
I'll get it done.

MR. GRIFFIN
Do I need to get another attorney?

FANCY LAWYER
You know what...?

He stands up and puts on his overcoat.

FANCY LAWYER (CONT'D)
If you want to engage another firm,
then by all means, be my guest. But
if you don't want your son to spend
the next three years of his
collegiate life in prison, then
you'll shut up and do what I tell
you.

Mr. Griffin is so insulted, he's unsure how to respond.

FANCY LAWYER (CONT'D)
You hired me to do my job -- now let
me do it. I told you from the
beginning I wanted to settle this
case, and if you'd listened to me,
it'd be done by now. So sit back and
shut up.

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Izzy's jolted awake by her ringing phone. For a moment she's confused as she finds the blanket from her bed covering her.

IZZY
(sleepy)
Hello?

GLORIA (V.O.)
It's about time. I've been calling
all morning. They want to hold a pre-
trial conference.

IZZY
Who? What? Gloria?

GLORIA (V.O.)
Get dressed and get down here. I'm
assuming they want to reach a
settlement.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Izzy and Gloria sit on one side of a long conference table.

After a long awkward silence, the Fancy Lawyer walks in.

FANCY LAWYER
Thanks for meeting me on such short
notice.

GLORIA
So, I understand you want to settle?

FANCY LAWYER
That's right.

GLORIA
Okay. Let's see it.

The Fancy Lawyer slaps a manila envelope onto the table and slides it across the table with a cocky smirk.

Gloria opens it up and reviews the papers inside.

FANCY LAWYER
My clients are offering five hundred
thousand to have the charges dropped.

Izzy and Gloria stare at each other.

GLORIA
 Could you give us a moment?

FANCY LAWYER
 Take all the time you need.

He gets up and slips out through the door.

IZZY
 Five hundred thousand dollars!

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Mark and his father anxiously wait at an empty table.

MR. GRIFFIN
 Will you relax? I already told you.
 He'll take care of it. No son of mine
 is getting expelled from college.

MARK
 Jesus Christ. It's like you're more
 concerned about school than you are
 me. I can go to jail, Dad.

MR. GRIFFIN
 Why'd you have to rape that girl?
 Don't you know how bad this looks for
 me?

MARK
 I didn't rape her! She's a slut! I
 told you.

MR. GRIFFIN
 Well this slut is costing me a
 fortune.

The Fancy Lawyer enters with a grin on his face.

MR. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
 Well? Did they take it?

FANCY LAWYER
 They will. You should have seen her
 face.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Izzy's leg shakes with nervous energy as she thinks.

GLORIA

It's up to you, Izzy. I say you take it.

IZZY

But if I take this money... then I have to drop the charges, right?

GLORIA

It's a lot of money. We could try to press them a little. I've got a feeling they'll go higher.

IZZY

But he'll walk free.

GLORIA

Izzy. If we go to trial he could get let off anyway. This settlement is all the win you might be able to get out of this.

IZZY

But if all this is about is money, what does that make me? Isn't this supposed to be about justice?

GLORIA

This is justice. Think about your future, Izzy. You don't even have enough money to get an abortion.

IZZY

Actually, my Mom got just enough saved up.

GLORIA

Izzy. This money can change your life. You'll have no more student debt. You can take care of your family.

Izzy ponders her choice... her leg continues to shake.

The Fancy Lawyer pushes into the room and sits back down.

FANCY LAWYER

Well?

Their eyes all look to Izzy... Her leg stops shaking.

INT. SECOND DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Mark and Mr. Griffin stand when the Fancy Lawyer returns.

But this time he's not smiling.

MR. GRIFFIN

What happened?

FANCY LAWYER

She turned down a million outright.

MARK

Goddamit! You piece of shit useless
ass-hat!

The Fancy Lawyer clears his throat.

MR. GRIFFIN

You're fired. You can show yourself
out.

Fancy lawyer leaves.

Mark screams and pounds his fist on the conference table.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Judy climbs a tree while three of her FRIENDS cheer her on.

She swings off a branch as she reaches for a higher one, but
as her hand closes around the wood, her grip falters.

Judy falls! Her right arm smashes a rock with a vicious snap.

She squirms on the ground in pain as her friends panic.

JUDY'S FRIEND

Judy? Oh no, Judy!

JUDY'S OTHER FRIEND

Somebody call her parents!

JUDY'S THIRD FRIEND

No! Call Nine-One-One! I can see her
bone!

The other girls spot the bone and start screaming!

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Izzy sits at the coffee table. A fast-food meal lies on the table beside a few textbooks as she types up an essay.

Her phone rings and she reaches over to answer it.

IZZY

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WAITING ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

Sharon rubs her eyes as she paces the room.

IZZY

Mom, I can barely hear you. Where are you?

SHARON

I'm at the hospital. Judy's had an accident.

IZZY

An accident? What accident? Is she okay?

SHARON

She was playing with her friends and she fell off a tree and broke her arm.

IZZY

Oh my god. Is she okay?

SHARON

Yeah, they're X-raying and whatever now. But sweetie... there's just one thing.

IZZY

What?

SHARON

It's the goddamn HMO. They're not gonna cover it all and--

IZZY

Just take care of her. She's more important.

SHARON
Are you sure sweetie?

IZZY
I'm sure. I'll figure it out.

SHARON
I believe in you, Izzy. Stay strong.

IZZY
Thanks Mom. Tell Judy I love her.

SHARON
I will.

A DOCTOR comes into the waiting room.

DOCTOR
Mrs. Walker?

SHARON (INTO PHONE)
I got to go now, Izzy. Bye. Love you.

IZZY
Love you too.

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Izzy tosses her phone back on the couch...

And after a long blank stare, SHRIEKS at the top of her lungs.

She pounds her fists on the coffee table as Sera rushes in from the bedroom, dressed only in a wet towel.

SERA
Jesus Christ!

IZZY
Judy broke her arm.

SERA
Oh shit. What... what do you want to do?

IZZY
I can't do anything!

SERA
You should settle out of court.

IZZY

Settle out of court? What happened to the whole "he's going to rot in jail" thing?

SERA

We have to be realistic here. Especially since we literally have no money to get you an abortion.

IZZY

Well I already rejected his settlement offer.

SERA

You did what!?

IZZY

I'm going to win in court.

SERA

I don't believe this. You... You've lost your mind. You're caught up in this whole--

Izzy SLAPS Sera across the face! She immediately regrets it.

IZZY

Oh my god. I'm so sorry.

SERA

I'm... I'm going out.

Sera marches back into the

BEDROOM

and SLAMS the door behind her. Izzy follows her in.

IZZY

Sera! Sera, wait!

Sera takes off her towel and hastily gets dressed.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Sera. I'm really sorry.

SERA

You haven't been listening to me at all. I'm just trying to look out for you here. I'm trying to help and you don't appreciate that. You don't appreciate ME.

IZZY

I appreciate you. I really do. I just... I just wouldn't be able to live with myself if I let this go.

SERA

You were able to live with it those three weeks before I came back.

IZZY

That was different! I thought it'd be best for me to move on. Best for us! But when I found out I was pregnant... and you convinced me that he shouldn't be able to get away with this...

SERA

And I can't convince you back? I can't raise a baby with you, Izzy. I have a lot of things planned in my life and raising a child is not one of them.

IZZY

So I'm messing things up because I got raped?

SERA

No. You're messing things up because you're being stupid.

Finally dressed, Sera storms out of the bedroom back to the

LIVING ROOM

Izzy storms out after her.

IZZY

Stop walking away from me! I'm trying to talk to you!

Sera grabs the car keys from the kitchen counter.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Sera! What the hell's wrong with you!? You're not being very supportive here.

Sera stops at the door and turns to confront Izzy.

SERA

I'm not being supportive? I've been sitting next to you and backing you up for the last freaking month! But that's over now. I can't sit here one more minute and pretend like you've got a chance in hell at winning this case. And even if you do, it'll probably be too late for an abortion. I love you, but I'm not going to let you drag me down with you. So either get your shit together or it's over with us. Because I'm done here.

Izzy stands still, frozen in shock, as Sera leaves.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Sera is a sobbing, crying mess as she races to Izzy's car, unlocks it, hops in, and drives off with a SCREECH.

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Izzy lies on the floor in tears... her phone in her hand.

IZZY

Hi. Gloria?

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - DAY

Mark sits in between his parents on the couch across from MARTIN JACKSON, their new fancy lawyer.

MARTIN

I wouldn't be too worried about the prosecution. It's actually incredibly surprising that your previous lawyer allowed these charges to ever get filed. There's an incredible lack of evidence that your son committed any crime at all.

MARK

What are we--

MR. GRIFFIN

I told you to keep your mouth shut.

MARTIN

In fact, there's more evidence that Izzy Walker perjured her testimony than there is of your son assaulting her.

MR. GRIFFIN

And that's what it should be like. Mark's completely innocent. We tried to settle just to make this go away, but that drunkard bitch is trying to shame him for her own lack of responsibility. Do you know how embarrassing it was for our son's mug shot to be all over social media and the local news? It's degrading to our family. They were saying he might be expelled from school if this case goes any further.

MARTIN

I can assure you, both judge and jury will see through Izzy Walker's story.

INT. APPLEBEE'S - DAY

Gloria and Izzy sit across from each other at a booth. Izzy chows down on a hamburger while Gloria eats a salad.

GLORIA

I wouldn't worry too much about the preliminary hearing... It'll go fine.

Izzy eats in silence, lost in her own thoughts.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry to hear about you and Sera. She seemed so nice and supportive.

Izzy twitches a bit at the comment.

IZZY

It's fine. She was being a real dick and super selfish the past few weeks.

GLORIA

That must have been really hard for you, considering.

IZZY

I didn't think she'd take the car. I mean, kind of a dick move on her part.

GLORIA

If you ever need a ride, let me know.

Izzy smiles, meat stuck in between her teeth.

IZZY

Thanks.

JUDGE HUNT (V.O.)

Mark Griffin. Please rise and approach the witness stand.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The imposing JUDGE HUNT sits at the head of the courtroom.

Mark takes a seat beside him on the stand.

JUDGE HUNT

Mister Griffin. You understand that you're still under oath?

MARK

I do.

JUDGE HUNT

Thank you. Mrs. Madsen, you may proceed.

Izzy, Gloria, and Barbara (the DA) sit at one table.

While nearby sits Mark alongside Martin, his attorney.

Mark's parents sit behind him in the gallery.

Dozens of people are scattered throughout the seats, watching.

Mark's Mom stares at Izzy who hides her face behind her hand.

BARBARA

Thank you, Your Honor. Mister Griffin, on the night of March fourteenth, what was your intention upon arriving at Izzy Walker's apartment?

MARK

She invited me over to study. We had a test the next day.

BARBARA

Did you plan on having sexual intercourse with Miss Walker?

MARK

No. Things just escalated.

BARBARA

I see. Were you aware that Miss Walker identifies as a lesbian?

MARK

Yes.

BARBARA

So you could have made the assumption that she didn't want you to have sexual intercourse with her.

MARK

She told me stories about how she had been with other guys before.

BARBARA

Did she specifically say in these stories that she engaged in any sexual acts with these men?

MARK

No. Not specifically.

BARBARA

So you assumed that Miss Walker was a virgin?

MARK

I don't know. She never mentioned it.

BARBARA

Did she ever mention to you that she was curious about having sexual relations with a man?

MARK

No.

BARBARA

No? So what gave you the impression that she wanted to have them with you?

MARK

I... I... I...

There's a low buzz in the courtroom.

JUDGE HUNT

Mister Griffin, answer the question.

MARK

I had a couple of drinks and so did she. She was sitting really close to me, basically touching shoulders. Look. It's not even like she was playing hard to get. I've been with a lot of girls, and I know their body language when they want to take things further. Izzy was emitting those signs.

BARBARA

You do realize, Mister Griffin, that body language isn't a form of consent?

MARK

She consented.

Izzy's fist tightens. Gloria takes it and holds her hand.

BARBARA

Mister Griffin. Could you please explain to the court how you reached the conclusion that Miss Walker consented to have sexual relations with you?

MARK

I asked her and she said "yes."

IZZY

I did not!

A louder buzz reverberates throughout the room.

Judge Hunt SLAMS his gavel!

JUDGE HUNT

Miss Walker, you'll have your turn at the stand. Miss Goyer, please keep your client under control.

GLORIA

Sorry, Your Honor.

The room quiets.

JUDGE HUNT
Continue, Mister Griffin.

BARBARA
I'm going to ask you again. Did Miss Walker consent to have sex with you?

MARK
Yes.

Barbara scoffs.

BARBARA
You do realize perjury is a capital offense?

MARTIN
Objection Your Honor!

JUDGE HUNT
Sustained. Do you have any further questions for the defendant?

BARBARA
No.

JUDGE HUNT
Okay, Mister Griffin, you may take a seat. Miss Walker. Please approach the stand.

Mark stands up and walks back to his table.

Izzy waits until he's seated before getting up and heading to the stand. She looks slightly unnerved.

JUDGE HUNT (CONT'D)
Because of the sensitive nature of this case, the court asks to keep the victim's name undisclosed for public record. You may proceed, Mrs. Madsen.

BARBARA
Thank you, Your Honor. I'm going to cut right to the chase here. Did you give consent to Mark Griffin to make sexual advances towards you on the night of March fourteenth?

IZZY
No.

BARBARA

And did he ever ask you verbally, in any way, if you were interested in having sexual relations?

IZZY

He did not.

BARBARA

Miss Walker. Did you initiate any kind of sexual relations with him?

IZZY

No, I didn't. He did.

BARBARA

And how did he make his first move?

IZZY

He... He forcibly pushed me down.

BARBARA

Violently?

IZZY

Yes. He punched me in the stomach, the head, tried choking me.

BARBARA

He tried?

IZZY

Well, I mean, he had his hands on my throat... but I was struggling and he let go.

BARBARA

Your Honor, I request upgrading the charge against Mister Griffin to aggravated rape.

Judge Hunt thinks. Mark looks tense. So does Martin.

JUDGE HUNT

Your request's denied, Counselor. There just isn't enough physical evidence to warrant it.

Mark and Martin both appear relieved.

Barbara nods, and calms Izzy with a comforting look.

BARBARA

Miss Walker. Are you pregnant?

IZZY

Yes.

BARBARA

And have you had sexual relations with any other man in the past year?

IZZY

Never. Just Mark when he raped me.

BARBARA

Miss Walker. I have here testimony from your father's deposition that you used to bring boys to the house while you were in high school.

IZZY

That's right.

BARBARA

Can you please explain to the court why you brought them home if not to engage in sexual relations with them?

IZZY

Yes. I was mostly trying to convince my father I was straight.

BARBARA

So would you say you were just using them as a cover up, so your parents wouldn't be suspicious of your sexual orientation?

IZZY

That's right.

BARBARA

Your Honor, it makes perfect sense for a high school girl with a bible-minded father to try and cover up her sexual orientation.

JUDGE HUNT

That's just your personal opinion.

BARBARA

So. Miss Walker, in summation, would you say that on the night of March fourteenth, you and Mister Griffin were studying, when without any form of provocation on your part, he forcibly raped you without your consent.

Izzy twitches a little bit.

IZZY

Yes.

BARBARA

Your Honor, I don't want to have the victim of a rape up on the stand for too long, especially considering the rapist is in the room with her. So, I conclude my examination of Miss Izzy Walker.

JUDGE HUNT

Do you wish to cross-examine the witness, Mister Jackson?

Martin stands up.

MARTIN

Yes, I do, Your Honor.

Martin approaches Izzy while Barbara sits back down.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Now that was a touching story you told there, Miss Walker. But don't you think it's just a little convenient that you waited until discovering you were pregnant before deciding to come forward with this alleged sexual assault?

IZZY

My original intention was to leave it be and just carry on with my life. I didn't want all this on my chest, with school and me trying to get my internship. But when I found out I was pregnant, I... I just had to come forward...

Gloria looks worried.

GLORIA

(under her breath)

Don't say it. Don't say it.

IZZY

Because I can't have this baby. It'd ruin my life.

A quiet murmur throughout the courtroom.

MARTIN

Your Honor, it's obvious to me that Miss Walker is using my client's wealth as a scapegoat to get an abortion she cannot afford.

IZZY

Just because I happen to be pregnant doesn't mean I didn't get raped.

JUDGE HUNT

Miss Walker. Please. Only speak when addressed to.

MARTIN

I think that concludes my cross-examination, Your Honor.

IZZY

I'm not here for money! I'm here for justice!

JUDGE HUNT

Miss Walker! That's enough!

IZZY

You raped me, Mark! How could you just sit there and deny it!?

The crowd murmurs among themselves in surprise.

Mark averts his eyes as Judge Hunt bangs his gavel.

JUDGE HUNT

I'll have order! Order!

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Izzy and Gloria stand in an out-of-the-way corner.

GLORIA

You blew everyone away in there.

IZZY

Thanks. You think there'll be a trial?

GLORIA

Barbara will have enough leverage to convince the judge.

IZZY

Oh my god. I don't believe it.

Sera approaches Izzy with an awkward smile.

SERA
Hey Izzy.

Izzy looks at her sorrowfully. Sera returns the glare.

SERA (CONT'D)
Good job in there.

IZZY
Thanks.

SERA
I just want to apologize for the other day. I'm sorry I doubted you.

IZZY
Yeah, well... Can I have my car back?

SERA
Yeah, sorry about that as well.

IZZY
You were being a real dick.

SERA
My grandmother died.

Izzy's face goes blank.

IZZY
Oh. I'm...

SERA
Don't.

Sera pulls out the car keys and hands them over.

SERA (CONT'D)
Here.

Izzy takes the keys and pockets them.

IZZY
Sorry about your grandmother.

SERA
Whatever. Just... I'll be in San Francisco, but if I get subpoenaed or whatever, just call me and I'll testify.

IZZY
I appreciate it.

SERA
So... good luck I guess.

IZZY
Thanks.

SERA
Bye.

Sera walks off.

Izzy sniffles, trying to rid a tear forming in her eye.

JUDGE HUNT (V.O.)
After hearing arguments from both the
defense and the prosecution...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Everyone is seated.

JUDGE HUNT
... and witness accounts from both
Mark Griffin and Izzy Walker, I have
concluded that there is enough
evidence to move forward the case of
The People vs Mark Griffin to a
proper trial. This Court will
reconvene at the agreed upon date of
August first. Court dismissed.

Judge Hunt slams his gavel one final time. A murmur
reverberates throughout the courtroom as everyone stands up.

Izzy flashes a genuinely big smile as she stands up.

FADE TO:

INT. CASEY MIRANDA'S OFFICE - DAY

CASEY MIRANDA (50s) sits at his desk with a NAME TAG.

The tag's titled: "STAFF MEMBER"

Izzy sits across from him.

CASEY
If you were an animal, what would you
be?

SUPER: "3 WEEKS LATER"

IZZY

A hardy-tardigrade.

CASEY

A what?

IZZY

They were one of the first living organisms to inhabit the Earth. They've lived through ice ages and prolonged periods of excessive heat. They never die. They're survivors.

CASEY

And you consider yourself a survivor?

IZZY

Absolutely.

CASEY

You made it clear in your application that you're an out-of-the-closet lesbian.

IZZY

That's right.

CASEY

I think that is a great thing. You could help give some diversity to our staff.

IZZY

That's what I hope.

CASEY

Maybe even open some eyes and ears.

IZZY

That's always been a dream of mine.

CASEY

Well then, congratulations. You got the internship.

Casey reaches out his hand. Izzy hastily shakes it.

IZZY

Oh my god. Thank you so much!

CASEY

Come into the office on Monday. You can start then. I'm sorry it isn't paid. We've had some massive cutbacks for the last few years, so we can't pay all our interns.

IZZY

It's okay. I'm just glad to have the opportunity.

CASEY

Well... I'll see you Monday then.

IZZY

Great. See you then.

INT. DINING ROOM, MARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark and his parents eat at the dining table.

MR. GRIFFIN

I convinced the school dean to let you back in when you're proven innocent. It took a hefty donation, but I got it done.

MARK

Thanks Dad. I can't believe this is happening to me.

MR. GRIFFIN

I can't believe it either. I mean how can they possibly think you...

Mr. Griffin eyes his wife... and looks back down.

MR. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

... did what they think you did? It's absolutely absurd.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Gloria and Izzy sit across from Mark and Martin.

Judge Hunt is presiding over them at the table.

MARTIN

A paternity test?

GLORIA

It would prove that Mark Griffin is in fact the father and all arguments that Miss Walker could have had sexual relations with another man would be considered false. We also ask for the defense to pay for said test.

JUDGE HUNT

Fine. Fine. I approve of the motion for the defense to provide a paternity test as evidence to be used in the court.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Izzy lies back as her blood gets drawn.

INT. WORK AREA - DAY

The place is loud, bustling, and busy.

Dozens of INTERNS walk up and down the room, carrying papers and coffee and everything else but the kitchen sink.

Izzy sits at a computer station with a government form displayed on the screen.

She clicks print and the printer beside her REVS UP.

Three pages print out and Izzy grabs them and leaves.

INT. GLORIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Gloria sits at her desk, working, when an INTERN comes in.

INTERN

This came for you.

Gloria grabs an envelope from the Intern's hands.

GLORIA

Thank you.

Gloria looks at the envelope.

It's watermarked: "Prenatal Genetics Center."

She stands up and leaves her office.

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Izzy sits on the couch, browsing on her laptop.

She dials a number on her phone and holds it to her ear.

IZZY

Hi. Care Pregnancy Clinic?

INT. IZZY'S CAR - DAY

Izzy is stuck in traffic on the highway.

IZZY (V.O.)

I'm calling to see if I can schedule a time to meet one of your counselors. It says that it's required under Louisiana law to meet with a counselor at least twenty-four hours before the abortion.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Izzy's car speeds into the parking lot. She illegally parks in a spot and hastily exits the car.

INT. CARE PREGNANCY CLINIC - DAY

A FEMALE RECEPTIONIST sits behind a welcome desk.

Doctors exit the building as Izzy rushes in and stumbles to the front counter.

The Receptionist looks up with a bitchy face.

IZZY

Hi. I'm so sorry I'm late. This is the closest clinic to me, and it's like two hours away, and I got stuck in traffic.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

Do you have an appointment?

IZZY

Yes. With Doctor Parks.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

He checked out. Half an hour ago.

IZZY

Shit. Does he have any time tomorrow?

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

He doesn't come in on Saturdays.

IZZY

Sunday?

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

We're closed on Sunday.

INT. IZZY'S CAR - NIGHT

Izzy smashes her hands on the steering wheel in rage.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Izzy puts gas into her car. She watches as the monitor racks up the price tag to above fifty dollars.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Gloria, Izzy, Mark, Martin, and Judge Hunt are all present.

MARTIN

The defense requests to have all of Izzy Walker's alleged boyfriends from high school subpoenaed.

GLORIA

That's absurd. They're all over the country now. It's unreasonable to have all of them change their schedule to meet your needs.

JUDGE HUNT

I reject the motion. It's evident enough through the preliminary hearing that Miss Walker never had a sexual experience with a man before the night of the alleged assault.

INT. IZZY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Izzy browses an article on her laptop.

ON SCREEN: "CARE PREGNANCY CLINIC CLOSSES, LOUISIANA DOWN TO 2 ABORTION CLINICS."

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Izzy walks down the crowded sidewalk with an ice cream cone.

Horns blow patriotic songs during a 4th of July parade.

Izzy bumps into someone accidentally!

She turns around to see a gorgeous BLONDE LADY.

IZZY

I'm so sorry.

The Lady waves her hand as if to say it's okay, and continues walking the other direction.

Izzy watches her ass with a smile as she walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Fireworks launch into the air! People cheer!

Izzy stands alone, watching the display until all that's left are the stars in the sky.

FADE TO:

BLACK

The sound of shuffling as people stand up in a courtroom.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Izzy and Gloria sit at one table. Mark and Martin the other.

The gallery's packed.

BAILIFF (V.O.)

All rise for the Honorable Judge Hunt
presiding.

A JURY OF NINE, all between the ages of 40 and 50, stands up.

SUPER: "AUGUST 1ST"

Judge Hunt enters and sits behind his desk.

JUDGE HUNT

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen.
Calling the case for the People vs.
Mark Griffin. Are both sides ready?

GLORIA

Ready for the People, Your Honor.

MARTIN

Ready for the defense, Your Honor.

JUDGE HUNT

Will the clerk please swear in the
jury?

The DEPUTY CLERK (male, 40s) stands in front of the Jury.

CLERK

Will the Jury please stand and raise
your right hand.

The members of the Jury obey.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Do each of you swear that you will
fairly try the case before this
Court, and that you will return a
true verdict according to the
evidence and the instructions of the
Court, so help you, God? Say I do.

JURORS

I do.

CLERK

You may be seated.

The Jurors sit.

JUDGE HUNT

Miss Goyer, you have the floor.

Gloria stands up and faces the Jury. She is extremely well
dressed and has her makeup done perfectly. The men in the
jury have their attention solely on her as she speaks.

GLORIA

Your Honor. Ladies and gentlemen of
the jury. The defendant has been
charged with one count of simple rape
which resulted in the impregnation of
the victim.

(MORE)

GLORIA (CONT'D)

After taking a prenatal paternity test, it had been concluded that Mark Griffin cannot be excluded as being the father. Now granted this case has a lack of physical evidence. But let me ask you something. What rape case doesn't? To the women in the jury, if you were to be abused by a man, would your first reaction be to save your clothing and not wash yourself just in case it could be used as evidence? Evidence for a criminal case you don't even know will happen? Of course not. Izzy Walker is an out-of-the-closet lesbian woman who was in a same-sex relationship at the time of the rape. It makes absolutely no sense that she would even consider having sex with another man, let alone consent to it. Miss Walker waited three weeks before reporting the incident to the police, and for good reason. She had school. And she thought the school would take care of her situation. But they let her down by letting Mister Griffin off the hook. This sort of gross negligence on the part of the school isn't a one-time event. It's an epidemic. I know you've read or seen the stats on how a woefully low percentage of rapists actually spend time behind bars. But in this case, I think it's painstakingly obvious that the victim was forcibly raped. And for evidence, what we have is the unwanted pregnancy of an openly gay woman, who, I might add, the defendant knew was gay at the time of the assault. And I believe that's all the evidence you need to see that the defendant is in fact guilty as charged. That's all, Your Honor.

JUDGE HUNT

Thank you, Miss Goyer.

Gloria heads back to the desk and sits next to Izzy.

IZZY

(whispering)

Good job.

Martin stands up and confronts the Jury.

The women Jurors stare at him, completely focused.

MARTIN

Your Honor. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury. Under law my defendant is innocent until proven guilty. Innocent until PROVEN guilty. And to prove it, you require evidence. Evidence that you'll find during the course of this trial simply does not exist. In fact, all my client is guilty of is being the father of an alleged lesbian's allegedly unwanted baby. I can't make it clear enough how Miss Walker only reported this alleged rape the day after she discovered she was pregnant. Do you think that's a coincidence? I must also make it abundantly clear that Miss Walker has said that she had several boyfriends during her time in high school. Now Miss Walker will tell you that she used these boys as a cover-up because she was afraid of her father finding out about her sexual orientation. But you would think that bringing one boy, maybe two home would be enough to convince her father that she was straight. But no. Miss Walker brought home five boys whom she allegedly pretended to date. That seems like overkill doesn't it? What it seems like we've got here is a classic case of high-school girl who dates a guy, and when the relationship doesn't work out, she finds some other guy to date to either fill that emotional void or get back at the previous boy. I don't think you, members of the jury, should simply assume that Miss Walker is gay. I think that Miss Walker is using Mister Griffin as a scapegoat to have an abortion. I think she wants to get back at him, just like she got back at her ex boyfriends by dating another. And an abortion? I mean, to strip an unborn child from what could be a glorious life, just because she doesn't have the means to afford one?

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Miss Walker is using my client's wealth, one may even say she is using the judicial system itself as a form of extortion, to perform an immoral, sinful deed. Therefore, my client is not only innocent, but also on the receiving end of some twisted defamatory vendetta.

Martin walks back to his table to sit next to Mark.

JUDGE HUNT

Thank you, Mister Jackson. The Prosecution may call its first witness.

Gloria stands up.

GLORIA

The People call for Sera Bell.

Izzy sits on the edge of her seat at the sound of her name.

The BAILIFF brings Sera into the courtroom.

The Clerk stands in front as she takes the stand.

CLERK

Please raise your right hand.

Sera does so.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Do you promise that the testimony you shall give in the case before this Court shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

SERA

I do.

CLERK

Please state your first and last name.

SERA

Sera Bell.

CLERK

You may be seated.

Sera sits. The Clerk leaves. Gloria takes over the floor.

GLORIA

Miss Bell, you and Izzy were a couple at the time of the incident, correct?

SERA

Yes. We were.

GLORIA

How long had you two been dating?

SERA

About two and a half years.

GLORIA

So it's safe to say you knew Miss Walker well?

SERA

More than well. I know everything there is to know about her, just about.

GLORIA

I assume you two spoke about personal matters like your previous sex life?

SERA

Indeed.

GLORIA

Did Miss Walker ever mention having sexual relations with another man?

SERA

No. She would never.

GLORIA

So she was a virgin before Mister Griffin abused her?

SERA

Well. In terms of being with a guy. Yes.

GLORIA

And what about you? Have you and Miss Walker had sexual relations before?

SERA

Yes.

GLORIA

What about before the incident took place? Before March fourteenth?

SERA

Yes. Way before then.

GLORIA

And in your last sexual encounter before the incident, to your best recollection, can you please tell the court if Miss Walker's hymen was still intact?

SERA

Yes. Yes it was.

There's a hush over the gallery.

GLORIA

And in your next sexual encounter. After the incident? What about then?

SERA

It was not.

GLORIA

And had Miss Walker ever shown any interest in men? Or indicated in any way she might want to experiment?

SERA

No. Never. She's as gay as they come. Even when Leonardo Dicaprio or somebody came on TV, she wouldn't even react.

Gloria faces the jury.

GLORIA

As gay as they come... No further questions Your Honor.

JUDGE HUNT

Does the defense have any questions?

MARTIN

Yes, Your Honor.

Martin stands and passes Gloria as she retakes her seat.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Miss Bell. Where were you at the time this alleged assault took place?

SERA

London. I was doing a semester abroad.

MARTIN

And for how long were you and Miss Walker separated during this time?

SERA

About three months.

MARTIN

And when you were together. Did you and Miss Walker have sex on a regular basis?

SERA

Yes.

MARTIN

How often?

SERA

About once a day.

MARTIN

Wow. Once a day? Some of us should be so lucky.

GLORIA

Objection.

MARTIN

Sorry, Your Honor. So, Miss Bell. Tell me. Would you classify Miss Walker as being particularly interested in having sex with you?

SERA

Well, sure. We were going out. We both loved having sex.

MARTIN

So would you classify Miss Walker as having an abnormally high sex drive?

GLORIA

Objection Your Honor!

JUDGE HUNT

Counselor.

MARTIN

I withdraw the question. Miss Bell... did you and Miss Walker consider yourselves to be dating?

SERA

Yes. We were girlfriends.

MARTIN

So both you and Miss Walker were in an exclusive relationship? Is that right?

SERA

That's right. Yeah.

MARTIN

And in all that time. Did your girlfriend, Miss Walker, ever cheat on you?

SERA

Yes. Once.

MARTIN

And when did she cheat on you? When you were in London?

SERA

Yes.

MARTIN

And when exactly was this?

SERA

January.

MARTIN

You testified earlier that in your last sexual encounter, before you left for London, that Miss Walker's hymen was intact. Is that correct?

SERA

Yes. That's right.

MARTIN

And when you returned, you found that her hymen was broken. Is that right?

SERA

Yes.

MARTIN

And in between this time, the person she cheated on you with... Do you know if it was a woman?

GLORIA

Objection Your Honor! Under the Rape Shield Law it's unlawful to cross-examine previous sexual behavior.

JUDGE HUNT

Given the specific nature of this case, and the sexual orientation of the plaintiff, I overrule your objection.

GLORIA

But Your Honor--

Judge Hunt slams his gavel.

JUDGE HUNT

Overruled. Answer the question, Miss Bell.

Sera freezes. She glances over at Izzy. Izzy stares.

SERA

I never saw or met the person.

MARTIN

Did you catch a name by any chance?

SERA

Sam.

MARTIN

Sam? A uni-sexual abbreviated name?

SERA

I suppose.

MARTIN

And when you found out she'd cheated on you, were you angry?

SERA

Yes. I was furious.

MARTIN

But your relationship didn't end because of it. You chose to stay together. Is that correct?

SERA

Yes. I forgave her.

MARTIN

But now you're no longer together.

SERA

That's right. We broke up.

MARTIN

And who initiated the break up?

SERA

I did. I broke up with her.

MARTIN

Miss Bell. This might be difficult for you to answer, but I want you to please consider the question. In all the time since you've been back from London, with everything that you've heard, and everything that's gone on... Did it ever cross your mind that Miss Walker might have cheated on you with a boy?

SERA

No.

MARTIN

And when Miss Walker told you that she'd had sexual relations with Mark. That she was raped. You believed her of course, did you not?

SERA

Yes. I believed her.

MARTIN

You believed that she was raped?

SERA

Yes.

MARTIN

And that it was because she was raped that her hymen had been broken?

SERA

Yes that's right.

MARTIN

And you never once considered that she might be lying to you about the rape, because she was too embarrassed to admit that she'd cheated on you with a boy?

GLORIA

Objection.

JUDGE HUNT

Overruled.

Gloria looks stunned.

JUDGE HUNT (CONT'D)

Miss Bell, answer the question.

SERA

I'm sorry, what's the question?

MARTIN

I'll ask one you can remember this time. Miss Bell. Is it possible that Miss Walker lied to you about the rape, because she knew her broken hymen was proof that she cheated with a boy?

SERA

Well...

MARTIN

Could she have been lying because she knew how you'd react? That she knew you'd break up with her over it?

SERA

What?

MARTIN

Is it possible?

SERA

... Yes.

MARTIN

No further questions, Your Honor.

JUDGE HUNT

The witness is excused.

Sera stands up and leaves.

JUDGE HUNT (CONT'D)

We'll take a thirty minute recess and reconvene. Court is adjourned.

Judge Hunt slams his gavel.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Izzy and Gloria stand in an isolated area of the hallway.

GLORIA

You never told me you cheated on her.

IZZY

I didn't know that they'd even think about asking that question.

GLORIA

They can't. And they shouldn't. It isn't your fault. He's going to ask you whether or not the person you cheated on Sera with was a man or woman. I don't care and I don't want to know, but you're going to say woman. Do you understand?

Izzy stares at Gloria with no reaction.

GLORIA (V.O.)

The People call for Izzy Walker.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Izzy stands up and approaches the witness stand.

CLERK

Do you promise that the testimony you shall give in the case before this court shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

FADE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - MINUTES LATER

Martin paces in front of the witness stand.

MARTIN

Your girlfriend and I had an interesting talk earlier about some of the indiscretions you had in your relationship. And I'd like to know... Is it true? Did you cheat on your girlfriend while you were in an exclusive relationship?

IZZY

Yes.

MARTIN

And are you sorry?

IZZY

Excuse me?

MARTIN

Are you sorry? Are you remorseful
that you cheated on her?

IZZY

Yes. I am. I'm sorry, Sera.

MARTIN

Miss Walker. What was the name of the
person you had an affair with?

IZZY

Sam.

MARTIN

Do you remember Sam's last name?

IZZY

Bridges.

MARTIN

And this Sam... Was this person, with
whom you had sexual relations, a boy
or a girl?

Izzy hesitates for a long moment.

JUDGE HUNT

Answer the question, Miss Walker.

MARTIN

It's a simple question. Was Sam a man
or a woman?

IZZY

A woman. I said before.

MARTIN

You do understand that lying under
oath is a felony?

IZZY

I'm not lying.

MARTIN

So Sam is a woman?

IZZY

She identified as a woman.

A murmur breaks out amongst the surprised gallery.

MARTIN
She identified as a woman?

IZZY
Yes.

MARTIN
Miss Walker. Are you telling me, that
Sam was a transgender male to female?

IZZY
Yes.

MARTIN
Post or Pre?

IZZY
What?

MARTIN
Did Sam have the procedure done to
remove his male genitalia?

IZZY
No.

MARTIN
No?

IZZY
But she identifies as a woman! I call
her a woman, so does everyone else...

MARTIN
But she had a penis?

IZZY
Yes.

The murmur grows louder. Izzy swallows.

PRE-LAP: BANG! BANG! BANG! ... There's a knock at the door...

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Izzy's on the couch, drinking straight from a bottle of rum.

She stands up and stumbles towards the front door.

The knocking continues.

IZZY
I'm coming. I'm coming.

Izzy opens the door and Gloria barges in.

GLORIA

I tried convincing the judge again that he's in direct violation of the Rape Shield Law, but he isn't budging. I'm sorry, Izzy, but I have to say, it's not looking good. The defense is calling in this Samuel Bridges. And no matter how she acts, or what she says, the jury is going to see a man.

Izzy tosses the bottle onto the floor, and lies down.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

I'll... I'll see you in court tomorrow. Try to get some sleep.

Gloria leaves.

Izzy pulls out her cell phone and dials.

IZZY

Hello? Mom?

SHARON (V.O.)

Hi Izzy! How did it go today?

IZZY

Shitty.

SHARON (V.O.)

Oh sweetie. That's okay. Your father and I are driving over tomorrow. We'll do everything we can to help you win.

IZZY

It's basically over, Mom.

SHARON (V.O.)

What do you mean? What happened?

IZZY

I don't want to talk about it. Is Dad coming?

SHARON (V.O.)

Of course. Of course he is. We'll all get together during lunch and eat somewhere nice. How does that sound?

IZZY

Okay. Sure.

SHARON (V.O.)

Well, we'll see you tomorrow then!
Good luck, sweetie!

IZZY

Thank you.

Izzy hangs up.

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S PARENTS HOUSE - SAME

Sharon and Pat sit on the couch. Sharon puts her phone away and stands up.

SHARON

We better get packing then.

PAT

I ain't going. Don't put words in my mouth.

SHARON

You are going.

PAT

No, I'm not. I'm going on Thursday when I was summoned, I'll testify, and then I'm leaving.

SHARON

Haven't you done enough to ruin our daughter's life? Leaving her in crippling debt, practically exiling her from this house, those shenanigans with telling the police about the fake boyfriends. Your ignorance and hatred is getting in the way of your love for our daughter.

Pat groans.

SHARON (CONT'D)

I've said my piece. I'm packing and leaving at dawn.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Once again, the Court is packed as they watch

SAM BRIDGES (20s) take the stand.

She is six foot four with a well-structured face and a muscular body. Her only feminine feature is her luxurious shoulder-length blonde hair.

SAM
(in a deep voice)
I do.

Izzy looks back at the gallery. She spots Sharon in one of the first rows, but an empty seat next to her.

CLERK
Please state your name for the record.

SAM
Samantha Bridges.

Izzy's face falls in disappointment. She turns back around.

CLERK
Your legal name, please.

SAM
Samuel Bridges.

CLERK
You may be seated.

MARTIN
I only have a few questions for you, Mister Bridges... Oh, I'm sorry. Is it Miss Bridges? Or maybe Misses?

SAM
I prefer Miss Bridges, yes.

MARTIN
Well. You don't look like much of a Miss to me. In fact, you look rather toned and built... Do you work out?

SAM
Uh... Yes. I do.

MARTIN
Conscious of your health, are you?

SAM
Yes.

MARTIN

Do you juice?

SAM

Excuse me?

MARTIN

Do you take any substances? Protein pills or anything of the sort?

SAM

Yes.

MARTIN

Which ones, if I may ask?

SAM

JYM ZEMA.

MARTIN

Sam. That's pretty rich in testosterone, isn't it? For what possible reason could you have any interest in pumping that much testosterone into your blood stream?

SAM

It's for my wrestling career. I want to go to the World Championships.

MARTIN

I see. Well, you seem pretty manly to me. Let me ask you a rather personal question if you don't mind. But I do think it's important for the jury to know. Miss Bridges... Do you have a penis?

SAM

Yes.

MARTIN

So let me get this straight, Miss Bridges. You want to be an Olympic Wrestler, so you pump extra testosterone into your body, and you have a penis. Don't you think that represents a man and not a woman?

GLORIA

Objection. He's leading the witness.

JUDGE HUNT

I'll allow it.

SAM

It's about how I feel on the inside.

MARTIN

Of course it is. And you're a woman on the inside, are you not?

SAM

I am.

Izzy looks back at the gallery where she spots her father making his way through the aisle.

Izzy's eyes lighten up at the sight of him, but he doesn't look back at her.

MARTIN

And have you ever been inside a woman?

Stunned laughter breaks out amongst the gallery.

Pat takes his seat next to Sharon, who always appears pleasantly surprised to see him.

Pat's eyes dart around the room. He eventually settles at staring at the ground.

GLORIA

Objection Your Honor!

Judge Hunt bangs his gavel.

JUDGE HUNT

Order! I'll have order!

Izzy continues staring at her father, who eventually looks up and returns her gaze. A sorrowful look in his eyes.

They lock eyes.

MARTIN

Miss Bridges. Have you ever had penetrative vaginal sex with a woman?

SAM

Yes.

PAT

(mouthed; to Izzy)
I love you.

Izzy can't help but smile. Pat smiles back.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Izzy watches TV with the sound off, in a quiet daze...

When there's a knock at the door.

She slowly walks over and opens it to find Sera, who looks anxious and guilty.

Izzy takes a step back.

IZZY

What do you want?

SERA

I'm so sorry. I had no idea...

IZZY

Yeah, well... Thanks a lot.

SERA

Can I come in?

IZZY

No.

SERA

Please. I have something to say.

IZZY

You already said you're sorry. How much more could you possibly hurt me?

SERA

Please?

IZZY

Fine.

Izzy opens the door wider and Sera walks in.

SERA

So, I've been thinking... Look. I'm gonna be blunt with you 'cause I know you're strong enough to handle it. You've lost this case. You don't have the money for the abortion. But you know what? You've got me.

(MORE)

SERA (CONT'D)

I can't leave you alone like this.
I'd feel way too guilty.

Izzy takes a seat on the couch and tries to remain stoic.

SERA (CONT'D)

I spent some time with a couple other girls back in California, and I just couldn't stop thinking about you. I wanted to call, but I didn't want to intrude....

Sera picks up the bottle of rum and takes a sip.

SERA (CONT'D)

I don't know. But it was eating at me every single day. I needed you..

Izzy starts crying... but Sera doesn't touch her.

SERA (CONT'D)

Don't cry. Hey. I'm sorry for leaving you like that. It was such an incredibly shitty thing to do. I was just so overwhelmed...

IZZY

Shut up. Just shut up.

Izzy throws herself at Sera and they hug.

SERA

I just wanna know you forgive me.

IZZY

I do... It's okay...

They kiss. Long and passionately as they hold each other.

INT. BEDROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Izzy and Sera lie alongside each other in bed.

IZZY

They're going to let me go from the internship. It'll ruin my career path.

SERA

Don't worry. It's okay. We'll manage. I'm telling you. I'll get a job. Hell. I'll get two jobs!

(MORE)

SERA (CONT'D)

Drop out of school. I don't need an education to become an actress. It'll all work out. We can do this.

IZZY

Mmm hmm.

Sera turns to face her.

SERA

Come on. Don't you think so? We'd be great together. Maybe this whole thing was kind of like... some sort of blessing in disguise.

IZZY

Maybe.

SERA

Have you thought about names yet? We don't even know if it's a boy or a girl.

IZZY

I don't know. I just want to sleep okay?

SERA

Yeah, sure.

Izzy reaches over and shuts off the light.

IZZY

Good night.

SERA

Night.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM, IZZY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Izzy's eyes flicker open... She looks at the clock: 2:37 AM.

Izzy gets up in the darkness, and tip-toes over to the closet, trying her best not to wake Sera.

She reaches in, takes a jacket off a coat hanger, and tosses it to the floor. Sera shuffles.

SERA

Mmmm. Come back to bed.

IZZY

Shh... I'll be right there.

Izzy creeps into the

BATHROOM

turns on the light, and shuts the door behind her.

Izzy gathers all the shower towels and hand-drying towels and spreads them out across the tile floor.

She unbuttons her jeans and takes them off. She throws them off to the side, and sits on the towels.

Izzy pries the stiff metal of the coat hanger to form a hook.

Her eyes are bloodshot and teary. She slides her underwear off and pushes it to the side.

She extends her arm as the hanger hovers between her legs.

Her hands shake. Beads of sweat fall down her face. Izzy stares at its sharp point... Thinking.

Her hands continue to tremble.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

SUPER:

Out of every 1,000 rapists, only 100 are reported.

Only 30 face trial.

Only 10 are sentenced to jail time.

T H E E N D