

AN UNBELIEVABLE STORY OF RAPE

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EXT. LYNNEWOOD, WASHINGTON - DOWNTOWN - SUMMER DAY

A healthy downtown. The local economy propped up by the usual chains (Panera, Gap).

AT THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, Parents drop off backpacked kids.

AT THE BUSINESS PARK, workers arrive, Starbucks in hand.

AT THE POLICE STATION, Police saunter in and out.

INT. LYNNEWOOD, WASHINGTON POLICE STATION - DAY

A RECEPTIONIST works the phones. Cops discuss non-police matters: a kid's birthday; the Mariners; whether The Dark Knight is the best Batman. Everyone's chill. Except -

TWO PEOPLE on a bench at the base of the stairs. TY (late 20's; Birkenstock-y) and BECCA (30ish; more buttoned-up).

They're anxious. Becca, quietly: watching the foot traffic, the clock, the stairs. Ty, fidgety: checks his phone, goes to read the bulletin board (upcoming picnic, Officer of the Year photo). Sits back down. Leg jiggling the bench.

BECCA

Ty -

TY

I know. Sorry.

BECCA

I really wish you'd just try -

TY

(a familiar refrain)

- meditating. I know. I will.

But not right now. He has too much spinning around his head.

TY (CONT'D)

So - if it didn't happen -

BECCA

Don't go down that road.

TY

Don't go down it? Becca. It's the road we're on.

BECCA

We don't know that yet.

TY

Okay. But just - say that's what we learn. That it didn't happen -

BECCA

Let's just hope it did.  
(hears herself)  
I didn't mean that. Obviously I don't want this to have happened.

TY

No, right. That scenario's awful too.

BECCA

It's all awful.

TY

But - say she comes out and says it didn't happen. She made it all up -

BECCA

Then we have a problem.

TY

Which we'll deal with - how?

Becca sighs. Yeah, that's the question. Before she can ponder an answer, they hear FOOTSTEPS. They look. DETECTIVE DAN PRUITT (40's, the bulletin board's Officer of the Year) is escorting MARIE down the stairs.

Marie is 18. Everything about her is soft: her wavy brown hair, her hazel eyes, her body. Her eyes are downcast. She looks like she's been crying for a week.

Pruitt looks pretty tired too. Unlike the other cops, he did not have an easy morning.

Becca and Ty stand as Marie and Pruitt reach them. Marie doesn't look up. Becca and Ty look from her to Pruitt.

TY (CONT'D)

So - um. What's the story?

INT. SNOHOMISH COUNTY 911 CALL CENTER - MORNING

SUPER: A WEEK EARLIER

A plain room. Six 911 DISPATCHERS are parked at busy work stations, each with multiple computer screens and keyboards.

One dispatcher (MARTHA, 30's) is getting up, clearing the work space for her replacement (INES, 40's) settles in.

INES  
Big night?

MARTHA  
Not too.  
(as she stands)  
The new chairs kick ass.

Ines settles into the new ergonomic chair. The PHONE RINGS.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Have a good one.

Martha heads off. Ines waves, nods, as she answers the call.

INES  
9-1-1. What's your emergency?

A young woman's voice - shaken - in over her head.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)  
My neighbor was raped.

Ines slips effortlessly into work mode. Typing. Calm.

INES  
What's your name?

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)  
Amelia Reeves, but I'm not the one -  
it was my neighbor. My downstairs  
neighbor.

INES  
What's her name?

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)  
Marie.

EXT. ALDERBROOKE APARTMENTS - MORNING

A simple 2-story apartment complex. Balconies. Outdoor staircases. Well-maintained.

INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Marie is sitting on the floor in the corner of the room, wrapped in a blanket. A blank expression on her face.

The apartment is simple, tidy. Basic furniture. Shoes lined up by the door. A guitar in the corner. Bedsheets rumpled. Mattress askew on the box spring, like it's been shoved.

There's an artsy photo poster of a sunset above the bed.

JUDITH comes in from the kitchen. Late 40's. Somber but not hysterical. Calm in crisis. She has a mug.

JUDITH

Here. It's water. I was gonna make tea, but you don't have any.

Marie takes the mug but doesn't respond. In a fog.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Go on, honey, take a sip.

Marie sips without meeting Judith's eyes. Judith looks around the room. The bed. The rumpled sheets. Jesus. Then - a SIREN.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Here they come. Here comes help.

EXT. ALDERBROOKE APARTMENTS - DAY

Two police cars pull up. FOUR COPS get out, 3 male, one female. Also a dog.

INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A KNOCK. Judith opens the door. OFFICER MARK CURRAN is there.

JUDITH

Hi. Yes. Come in. I'm Judith, I'm Marie's foster mom. Her former foster mom. She called me, and I came right over. I live nearby.

OFFICER CURRAN

I'm Officer Curran.

JUDITH

Good. Great. Thank you. Here, she's right over here -

Officer Curran sees Marie. He goes over, squats, so they're eye-to-eye. But his demeanor stays formal.

OFFICER CURRAN

Marie. I'm Officer Curran.

She looks up at him. He takes out his notebook and pen.

OFFICER CURRAN (CONT'D)  
I'm here to help you. Can you tell me what happened?

MARIE  
I was raped.

OFFICER CURRAN  
How are you physically right now? Are you injured?

MARIE  
I don't - no.

OFFICER CURRAN  
OK. I know this is difficult, but I need to ask you some questions. OK?  
(she nods)  
Ok. Can you tell me everything that happened, everything you can remember. Start at the beginning.

MARIE  
Um. Okay. I was asleep.

OFFICER CURRAN  
Do you know what time this was?

MARIE  
Late. I didn't fall asleep til like 4, so -

OFFICER CURRAN  
You were up late. Were you out?

MARIE  
No. I was here, I was - I went to bed early, but then Connor and I got talking -

OFFICER CURRAN  
Connor. Is that a friend? A boyfriend?

MARIE  
A friend.

JUDITH  
He used to be a boyfriend.

OFFICER CURRAN

Okay. So you're asleep. It's  
sometime after 4. What then?

MARIE

I woke up. There was a man here.

A FLASH - quick. Terrifying - Marie's POV - darkness - a MAN  
IN A SKI MASK looming over her - a LARGE KITCHEN KNIFE -

OFFICER CURRAN

Where was he?

MARIE

At my bed. Like. Right there.

OFFICER CURRAN

Okay. Then what happened?

ANOTHER FLASH - her POV, from behind a blindfold - darkness,  
with shards of light peeking through - and the horrible sound  
of a MAN'S GUTTURAL GRUNTING -

MARIE

He raped me.

JUDITH

Honey, you need to be more  
specific.

CURRAN

Go back to when he's standing by  
your bed. Did he say anything?

THE MAN IN THE MASK, holding the knife against Marie's  
throat. Her eyes wide with terror -

THE MAN

*If you scream, I'll kill you.*

OUTSIDE THE APARTMENTS,

One Officer leads the dog around Marie's first-floor balcony,  
searching for a scent.

The other two Officers knock on other apartments, questioning  
neighbors.

ON THE SIDEWALK, local Residents gather, watching. Anyone  
know what happened?

UPSTAIRS, the Female Officer talks to AMELIA, 18, in the  
doorway of the apartment above Marie's.

AMELIA

I was asleep when she called. She was really upset, so I called 911 -

IN THE APARTMENT, Marie is talking to Curran.

OFFICER CURRAN

What happened after that?

MARIE

Then. Um. He blindfolded me.

OFFICER CURRAN

With what?

THE IMAGES COME MORE RAPIDLY - jumbled, disjointed - a BLACK MILITARY-STYLE BACKPACK - something yanked out of it - a Ziploc, carefully labeled - out of that: a black band -

MARIE (V.O.)

A thing he had in his backpack.

Back to Marie and Curran. He's taking notes.

OFFICER CURRAN

He had a backpack?

(she nods)

And he took a blindfold from it?

(she nods)

Anything else?

TEETH rip a condom wrapper open - spit the wrapper out -

Back to Marie and Curran:

OFFICER CURRAN (CONT'D)

He used a condom?

(she nods)

Okay. What happened after he blindfolded you?

HER HANDS, as MUSCULAR MALE HANDS lash them together behind her back. She's blindfolded. Her breath comes in terrified gasps. He's calm. Unhurried.

MARIE (V.O.)

He tied my hands.

Back to Marie. She revises:

MARIE

No, first he tied my hands.

THE KNIFE AT HER THROAT -



THE MAN

*If you scream, I'll kill you.*

*He yanks her sheets off her. She's only wearing underwear. She tries to cover herself.*

THE MAN (CONT'D)

*Turn over.*

*Terrified, she does.*

OFFICER CURRAN (V.O.)

Using what?

MARIE (V.O.)

Shoelaces.

HER HANDS, as he lashes them together behind her back. A different version - this time her eyes are wide, uncovered -

Officer Curran continues taking notes.

OFFICER CURRAN

Also from the backpack?

MARIE

No. They were mine.

Officer Curran makes a note of that. Judith watches, intent.

OFFICER CURRAN

What happened after that?

MARIE

Then he turned me back over and did the blindfold.

MARIE'S POV as her vision is obscured by the black band he wraps around her eyes-

MARIE (CONT'D)

No -

*Her field of vision goes dark. There are thin slivers of light - spaces between the blindfold and her skin that she can see through.*

*Through one: his hands yank her underpants off. She cries - then her cries are muffled as he stuffs the underpants in her mouth -*

Officer Curran makes another note. The story is distressing. He takes a moment for that to settle.

OFFICER CURRAN

And then?

*HER POV from behind the blindfold. His guttural grunting as he rapes her. Her muffled cries. Tiny glimpses of him through the edge of the blindfold -*

Curran makes a note. Then looks up at her.

OFFICER CURRAN (CONT'D)

How long did the assault last?

MARIE

I don't - know -

OFFICER CURRAN

Five minutes? An hour?

MARIE

I don't know.

OFFICER CURRAN

Okay. When it was over, then what happened?

*A FLASH - lighting up the darkness - disorienting -*

MARIE

He put something on my stomach and took a picture.

OFFICER CURRAN

What kind of thing?

MARIE

I don't know.

OFFICER CURRAN

You were still blindfolded?

(she nods)

How did you know he was taking a picture?

*MULTIPLE FLASHES - as he takes photos. Followed by his voice -*

THE MAN

*If you go to the Police, I'll post them online.*

Officer Curran makes a note of that.

OFFICER CURRAN

And after that?

HER POV: He yanks off the blindfold, stuffs it in his backpack. Leaves out the front door. Click. Marie - bound, gagged - stares, wide-eyed -

OFFICER CURRAN (CONT'D)  
Can you give me a physical description of him?

MARIE  
Um. I didn't really - it was dark - he had a mask.

OFFICER CURRAN  
I understand. Anything you remember will help. Was he tall? Short?

THE MAN IN THE MASK looming over her. Knife in hand.

MARIE  
Tall.

OFFICER CURRAN  
Race?

GLIMPSES OF HIS PALE SKIN visible behind the mask - around his mouth his eyes - as the light catches it. HIS CAUCASIAN HANDS, yanking her underwear off -

MARIE  
White.

OFFICER CURRAN  
Eyes?

HIS EYES through the holes in the mask - they're greenish. Maybe grayish.

MARIE  
I don't know. Light? Like, not brown.

THE HANDS, holding the blindfold. GRAY WOOLEN CUFFS -

MARIE (CONT'D)  
He had a gray sweater.

OFFICER CURRAN  
Anything else? Scars? Jewelry?  
Facial hair?

HER POV from behind the blindfold again - his awful guttural grunting as he rapes her.

Marie shakes her head, no.

OFFICER CURRAN (CONT'D)  
 Okay, Marie. Thank you. I'm going  
 to start examining the physical  
 evidence. The detective in charge  
 will be along soon.

He steps away. Judith goes to Marie. Puts her arm around her.

OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT, A car pulls into the lot. Becca gets  
 out, sees all the cops. What the hell? She goes up to one.

BECCA  
 Excuse me. What's going on?

OFFICER  
 Sorry, Miss, I'm going to have to  
 ask you to keep away -

As they talk, AN UNMARKED POLICE CAR pulls into the lot. TWO  
 DETECTIVES (men, suits) get out.

BECCA  
 But I work here. That's me -  
 Project Ladder.

She points to a sign in a downstairs window - Project Ladder.

BECCA (CONT'D)  
 Is there a problem with the  
 building? Did something happen?

INSIDE THE APARTMENT,

Judith and Marie are now on the sofa. Marie, head in Judith's  
 lap, stares blankly. Judith watches Curran scan the  
 apartment.

He finds and notes - and another OFFICER photographs:

- On Marie's bed: her wadded up underpants, attached to a  
 tied shoelace.
- Marie's wallet on the floor. He opens it. There's no ID.
- The sliding door to the balcony. No sign of forced entry.
- The front door. No sign of forced entry.
- Another shoelace - tied in a knot in one place; cut in  
 another - lying on the kitchen floor.
- Marie's shoes, neatly lined up by the door. One pair of  
 sneakers has no laces.

- Marie's ID card, on the windowsill.
- Half-under the bed: a large kitchen knife on the floor.

JUDITH  
That's Marie's.

Marie looks up. Sees him holding the knife. Judith gets up, heads into the kitchenette.

JUDITH (CONT'D)  
I helped her buy it. She has a set.  
For cooking.

Officer Curran follows her. Sees the knife block. The knives match the one on the floor. The large slot is empty.

The front door opens. Becca comes in. Goes straight to Marie.

BECCA  
Marie, Jesus. Are you okay? Sorry -  
God, of course you're not okay.  
Come here -  
(holds her)  
I'm so sorry this happened. I'm so  
so so so sorry.

Judith watches from the kitchenette as Marie melts into Becca's embrace. Becca rubs her back. She spots Judith watching them.

BECCA (CONT'D)  
Hey, Judith.

Judith nods. Hey.

A KNOCK on the ajar door. The two Detectives enter. Detective Pruitt and ROY MILLER (39, measured, professional).

They confer with Officer Curran. Then Miller approaches Marie.

MILLER  
Marie, I'm Detective Miller. This is Detective Pruitt. We're in charge of the investigation. I know this is hard, but I need to ask you some questions about what happened.

MARIE  
I already told him.

JUDITH  
Officer Curran.

MILLER

That's good. Curran's a good cop.  
But I'm lead detective on this, so  
I need to hear what happened  
directly from you. You're the most  
important person here. OK?

MARIE

OK.

MILLER

And I'm going to have to let some  
of my partners examine your home.  
This is a crime scene now.

MARIE

OK.

He nods to Pruitt. Pruitt goes outside, brings in a team of  
THREE INVESTIGATORS. As Marie and Miller talk, they fill the  
apartment and start a thorough sweep.

MILLER

Let's start at the beginning. Last  
night. Before any of this happened.  
What were you doing?

This time when she tells her story, it comes out more matter-  
of fact. Like she's used to telling it.

MARIE

I was asleep.

MILLER

And before that?

FLASHES OF HER STORY - some new, some old:

- Marie in bed, talking on the phone. Easy laughing. A little  
flirt in her voice.

- Marie sets her phone on her bedside table.

- Marie trying to get her pillow comfortable. Smooshing it.

Then - coming faster -

- The man. The mask. The knife. The backpack. The blindfold.  
Her laces. The underwear - her muffled whimpers -

MILLER (CONT'D)

Sorry to interrupt - just to be  
clear.

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

The blindfold and the condom were from his backpack, but the laces and the knife were yours.

She nods. Around her: the investigators bag her bedding as evidence. Dust the doors for prints. Shine a UV black light on the floor, in the bathroom to detect body fluids.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Got it. Sorry - go on.

MARIE

Then he did it.

MILLER

Raped you.

*HER POV from behind the blindfold: His guttural grunting - glimpses of him through the edge - his hairy arm -*

Marie nods.

MILLER (CONT'D)

How long did it last?

MARIE

I don't know.

MILLER

What happened when it was over?

*THE FLASH of the camera - then him leaving out the door.*

MILLER (CONT'D)

Okay, Marie. Thank you. I'll need to ask you some more questions a little later, down at the station, but right now, you need to go to the hospital, They have to examine you. Bring a change of clothes.

Judith goes to her dresser. Pulls out some clothes.

EXT. PROVIDENCE REGIONAL MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

A large regional hospital. Huge towers. Massive entrance.

INT. PROVIDENCE REGIONAL MEDICAL CENTER - LOBBY - DAY

Busy. Multiple RECEPTIONISTS dealing with MANY PATIENTS. Judith and Becca lead Marie in. Judith checks the time.

JUDITH

I don't know if I can stay the whole time. Depending on how long it takes. I've got the other kids.

MARIE

It's okay.

BECCA

(to the Receptionist)  
Sexual Assault Center?

INT. PROVIDENCE MEDICAL CENTER - SEXUAL ASSAULT CENTER - DAY

A HOSPITAL ID wristband is peeled off a big sheet of labels. Secured around Marie's wrist.

A FILE is started. A sticker with Marie's name and ID number peeled off the sheet, stuck on the file's tab.

IN AN EXAM ROOM, Judith's in the chair. Becca's standing. Marie's on the table in a hospital gown, watching an AIDE stuff her clothes into a paper bag and seal it with bright yellow EVIDENCE tape. An ID LABEL stuck on it.

THEN, ROSE, a Nurse Examiner (compassionate, efficient) is there with a notebook.

MARIE

Again? I told the cop. Two cops.

ROSE

I know. Sorry. We need it for our records.

Marie sighs.

MARIE

I was asleep ...

AGAIN, the horrifying image of a man hovering over her, holding a knife - yanking her sheets off - her gasp -

IN A BATHROOM, Marie pees into a urine cup.

IN THE EXAM ROOM, A BLOOD COLLECTION TUBE fills with blood. Is swapped out for another. Is added to a tray full of 8 other tubes - half of them empty, half already full of blood.

Rose is drawing the blood. Marie doesn't like needles.

NURSE EXAMINER

Sorry. Almost done.



MARIE'S INNER ELBOW - the needle extracted - cotton ball - her whole elbow wrapped with bright medical tape.

THE TRAY OF BLOOD COLLECTION TUBES - each gets a sticker with Marie's name and ID number.

IN THE EXAM ROOM, A lull. Marie, Becca, Judith and Nancy wait. Judith checks her watch.

Marie lies down on her back. Stares up. Spots a little fly bap-bapping against the ceiling.

INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Miller and Pruitt get a rundown from the investigators.

INVESTIGATOR

No sign of forced entry. Gotta assume she left a door unlocked.

SECOND INVESTIGATOR

Probably the sliding one. There's some smudging on the rail. Maybe from someone hopping it.

MILLER

Body fluids?

INVESTIGATOR

Two small spots on the mattress. A couple hair follicles on the floor.

MILLER

Prints?

SECOND INVESTIGATOR

A couple of partials off that sliding door, not enough for an ID.

MILLER

What'd the neighbors say?

INVESTIGATOR

Nobody heard nothin'.

INT. PROVIDENCE REGIONAL MEDICAL CENTER - EXAM ROOM - DAY

Still waiting. Marie sees Judith check her watch again.

MARIE

You should go.

JUDITH

I don't want to leave you, honey.

MARIE

No, go. It sucks when no one's  
there to pick you up from school.

THEN - Rose is back, with a camera. She photographs Marie's  
throat. Wrists. Ankles. Then torso, front. Torso, back.

THEN - Marie is back in the robe, sitting up, mouth open as  
Rose swabs the inside of her cheek. Makes a slide of it.

THEN, Marie on her back, feet in stirrups - Becca at her  
side. Rose is on a stool between her legs.

ROSE

It'll be a total of twelve swabs.  
Four from the vagina, four from the  
rectum, and four from the area  
between. I'm also going to need to  
use a speculum to collect your  
vaginal discharge.

Marie winces a little at the word. Discharge.

ROSE (CONT'D)

You okay for me to start?

Marie doesn't meet her eyes. Nods. Just do it.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Okay. Good girl. Here we go.

Marie stares at the ceiling. The fly's still there. Bap, bap  
bap. Swabs. Slides. Labels. Evidence tray. Bap, bap. Speculum  
cranked open. Sample secured in sterile tube. Bap, bap, bap.

Rose removes her gloves. Marie sighs. Starts to sit up.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Oh, not yet. Sorry. One more thing.  
(puts on new gloves)  
I'm going to apply a dye to your  
genital area now. It shows the  
difference between healthy tissue  
and injured tissue.

Marie reacts to the sensation of the cold dye being applied.  
Becca rubs her shoulder.

Rose shines the bright light on Marie's genitals. Looks  
carefully. Takes notes. Looks again. More notes.

IN THE BATHROOM, Marie, on the toilet, wipes herself clean.

She changes into her extra clothes.

THEN, A DISCHARGE NURSE is handing her paperwork to sign.

DISCHARGE NURSE  
Signature here, and here. Here too.

As Marie signs, the Discharge Nurse hands her a pill bottle.

DISCHARGE NURSE (CONT'D)  
Antibiotics. For possible exposure  
to STD's. Four pills, take them all  
at the same time, with water.  
(another pill bottle)  
Morning after pill. Just one. Also  
with water.

Marie takes both bottles. The Discharge Nurse reads from the  
Discharge Instructions on her clipboard.

DISCHARGE NURSE (CONT'D)  
If you experience any of the  
following: excessive bleeding,  
vaginal discharge, shortness of  
breath, trouble swallowing, hives,  
or thoughts of killing yourself -  
call the number on the bottom of  
this sheet.

She peels off the patient copies and hands them to Marie.

INT. BECCA'S CAR - DAY

Marie's leans her head against the window as Becca drives.

INT. LYNNEWOOD POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Marie waits alone in the room. Exhausted.

The door opens. Officer Curran comes in. He has a camera.

OFFICER CURRAN  
Hi, Marie. Officer Curran. I just  
need one more picture for our file.  
Can you show me your wrists?

MARIE  
They did that at the hospital.

OFFICER CURRAN

I understand. Our files are separate from theirs.

Marie holds out her wrists. He takes the picture.

OFFICER CURRAN (CONT'D)

Other side, please?

(takes another)

Thanks. All done.

He leaves. Marie looks at her wrists. The skin is unbroken, but there are faint raised marks. As she runs her finger over them, the door opens again. Miller.

MILLER

Hi, Marie. How are you doing?

MARIE

I have a headache.

MILLER

I'm sorry. I'll get you out of here as fast as I can. I just want to go over the incident once more.

MARIE

I already told you everything.

MILLER

Often, as a victim of a crime talks about it, new details can come out. Sometimes important details. Ones that can make all the difference in finding the perpetrator. That's my job. Finding him. Making him pay for what he did to you. And making sure he never does it to anyone else.

(beat)

So. Let's start at the beginning. Before the assault.

MARIE

(almost rote now)

I was in bed. It was late. I stayed up talking to Connor, and then at like 4, I fell asleep.

MILLER

And while you were talking to Connor, did you hear anything unusual, see anything?

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)  
 (she shakes her head, no)  
 Okay. So you're asleep -

MARIE'S POV as she wakes: the Man in the mask, at her bedside. His rough jeans next to her sheets. The knife in his hands. Her halting, frightened breath.

RAPIST  
 If you scream, I'll kill you.

MILLER  
 How would you describe his voice?

MARIE  
 I don't know. Normal.

MILLER  
 No accent, no defining characteristic?

MARIE  
 No, just, you know - a voice.

MILLER  
 Okay. What next?

MARIE'S POV of the Man tying Marie's hands behind her back with the shoe lace. He digs into his backpack. Takes out Ziplocs. Pulls the neatly-folded blindfold out of one.

But he looks different this time. Taller. His eyes are bright blue. Instead of a gray sweater, he's wearing a gray hoodie.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, hang on. Did you say a hoodie or a sweater?

MARIE  
 A hoodie?

MILLER  
 You're sure?

MARIE  
 (kinda, maybe)  
 I mean - yeah.

She doesn't seem to realize she's contradicting her earlier statement.

MILLER  
 Same with the blue eyes - pretty sure about that?

MARIE  
That's, yeah, I think -

MILLER  
Okay.

He takes more notes. Writing with a little more purpose.

MARIE  
Why? Is that -

MILLER  
No, we're good. Go on.

OUTSIDE THE INTERVIEW ROOM, Pruitt is filling his coffee cup. Another COP swings by, peeks in the room. Sees Miller with Marie. Tosses Pruitt a visual question - what's that?

PRUITT  
Young girl. Raped last night.

OTHER COP  
Shit.

PRUITT  
Yeah. She's, like 18 going on 12.  
Foster care kid.

The Other Cop lets out pissed-off exhale.

OTHER COP  
Jesus. Get the sick fuck.

*IN MARIE'S APARTMENT, Marie's POV from behind the blindfold as he thrusts into her violently - the slivers of light that shine through the blindfold jump with each thrust - then he finishes with a coarse groan.*

IN THE INTERVIEW ROOM, Miller taking notes. Pauses.

MILLER  
Hang on. Five minutes?

MARIE  
I mean - around that. Like it, um,  
didn't go on forever. It was like,  
he started, and he was rough, and  
then he was done.

Miller takes a moment with that new info. Flips back to his earlier notes to compare it. Then writes it down.

MILLER  
Okay. And after that?

MARIE

He left.

MILLER

Right away.

MARIE

I mean, not like ... he took off  
the blindfold and packed his stuff.

MILLER

The blindfold, the condom.

(Marie nods)

But he left the knife and the  
shoelaces.

(another nod)

And then he left.

(she nods)

And what did you do then?

*MARIE, lying on the bed, naked, gagged with her underwear.  
Hands tied behind her back. Immobilized by trauma and shock.*

*She tries to reach the gag with her hands, but can't. So she  
drags her head along the bed, using the friction to push the  
shoelace-tied gag off her head that way. She rolls it down,  
so it's around her neck.*

*Finally able to breathe clearly, she sits there a beat, eyes  
wide with terror. Naked. Hands tied. Looking around her  
apartment. What the - I mean - ...*

*Then she runs to the door. Turns her back to it and locks it  
with her tied hands. Locks the sliding door too.*

*She moves away from the window. Tries to tug her hands out of  
the shoelace. Nothing doing. She tries to untie them with her  
fingers. Still nothing.*

*She goes to the kitchen. Her back to the counter, she takes a  
knife from the knife block and tries to use it to slice the  
lace, but she can't get the right angle. Ends up dropping it.*

*She opens a drawer. Grabs a pair of scissors. She's able to  
angle them to cut the shoe lace. It falls from her wrists.  
She twists them around, brings blood back into her hands -*

*Now that she's free, the trauma of the assault hits her. She  
starts to hyperventilate. Shake. She goes to her bed, grabs  
her phone. Trembling. Pulls up "Connor". Presses "Call." It  
rings - no answer. She hangs up. Pulls up "Judith." Calls.*

*Someone answers. As soon as Marie hears the voice - another  
human being - she breaks down in sobs.*

IN THE INTERVIEW ROOM, Marie is impassive. She sits there watching as Miller scribbles notes in his note pad. Waiting. When he's done, he looks up at her. A thought:

MILLER (CONT'D)

So the call to the neighbor - that came after you talked to Judith?

MARIE

Yeah.

MILLER

And you called her because ...

MARIE

What?

MILLER

Just wondering why you also called Amelia.

MARIE

She's my friend.

MILLER

Got it.

(then)

Okay. Just two more things -

(slides her a form)

This is a medical release. By signing it, you give us access to the information from the exam they did on you over at Providence.

(and another)

This is a witness statement form. I just need you to write out the statement you just told me.

MARIE

What - the whole thing?

MILLER

Yeah, we need it in your own words.

She slumps - stares. You've gotta be kidding me.

MARIE

Sir. I'm so tired. My head is like -

Killing her. She looks at him, entreating. He gets it.

MILLER

Okay. Sign the medical release now, and take the statement home.

(MORE)



MILLER (CONT'D)  
 Just fill it out in the next day or  
 two and get it back to me.

Marie signs the medical form.

INT. BECCA'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Marie and Becca are in line at a drive-thru. Marie stares ahead. In her lap: the statement form, her medical paperwork, and the pills bottles.

Becca gets their food from the window. She hands Marie her soda. Marie opens the pill bottles. Puts all 5 pills in her mouth. Washes them down with soda from a straw.

INT. ALDERBROOKE APARTMENTS - PROJECT LADDER - AFTERNOON

Marie is greeted by the other young folks in the program - 10 young adults like her, aging out of foster care. They hug her - rub her back. Amelia's hug is extra warm. Welcome home.

LATER, in the Project Ladder room, the teens sit in a circle. Ty and Becca too. Marie is talking through heavy tears.

MARIE  
 It's just really important to lock  
 your doors. You have to lock them.  
 And your windows. You have to. You  
 have to keep yourself safe.

Amelia, next to her, pulls her close in a hug.

INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Amelia rolls a sleeping bag out on her sofa. Marie helps straighten it out.

AMELIA  
 You can stay as long as you want.

MARIE  
 Ty said I'll probably get a new  
 apartment tomorrow. It's just  
 dealing with the building manager.

Marie curls up on the sleeping bag. Pulls out her phone.  
 Dials.

AMELIA  
 You calling Connor?

MARIE

No, my foster mom. Not the one who was here. Another one. Colleen.

AMELIA

How many did you have?

MARIE

Like, a million. But Colleen was a good one.

(into phone)

Hi. It's me.

INT. COLLEEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A modest home. COLLEEN (40's, warm, generous vibe) is on the deck with her husband AL (same age). Their dinner dishes are still on the table.

Colleen has stepped away from the table to take the call. Al's taken advantage of Colleen's being on the phone to check his own phone. She hangs up.

AL

How's she doing?

COLLEEN

She was raped.

Al looks up. What the hell? Colleen is in shock.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Last night. In her apartment. Some guy broke in -

AL

Jesus. Seriously?

COLLEEN

I can't -

AL

How is she? Is she hurt?

COLLEEN

I think, no, it was just the rape -  
I don't mean just -

AL

No, of course -

COLLEEN

Just - he didn't hurt her any other way. He didn't beat her up -

AL

Christ. How did she sound?

COLLEEN

(unsettled)

Weirdly ... normal. Like we were just talking about regular stuff. What she had for lunch or something.

AL

You want to go over there, check in on her?

COLLEEN

I offered. She said she's good. She's staying with a friend. I'll go in the morning.

She sits back. Another long pause. Then - sick about this - Colleen gets emotional. Wipes a tear away. Al puts an arm around her, does a big exhale.

AL

Jesus. Just when you think a kid's finally catching a break -

INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Amelia's gone to bed. Marie is in the sleeping bag, fiddling with the hospital ID bracelet. Her phone. She pulls up: CONNOR. Friendly, wholesome. She dials. He answers.

MARIE

Hey ... Not good ... I got raped.

CUT TO:

EXT. LYNNEWOOD, WASHINGTON - DOWNTOWN - SUMMER DAY

The same downtown. The same chain stores.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Lynnewood police say a local woman was raped at home by an intruder -

AT THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, Parents drop kids off.

ANOTHER NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
Shock and fear in Lynnwood today as  
police warn residents about a  
rapist -

AT THE BUSINESS PARK, workers arriving for another day.

ANOTHER NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
Police are asking residents to  
report any information they might  
have about unusual activity in the  
neighborhood of the Alderbrooke  
Apartments -

AT THE POLICE STATION, it's somber. Serious stuff happening  
in town.

INT. LYNNEWOOD POLICE STATION - MILLER'S DESK - MORNING

Miller arrives at his desk. Sets his coffee down. A CLERK  
comes by with an ENVELOPE. Hands it to him.

CLERK  
Here you go -

MILLER  
Thank you.

Miller looks at it. It's from Providence Regional Medical  
Center. He opens it. It's copies of Marie's medical records  
from the Sexual Assault Center.

He flips through it to see what's there. Looks at the photos.  
Then he takes off his coat, pulls Marie's file from his  
stack, sits at the desk. Digs in.

THE PHOTOS. Marie's body looks uninjured in all except the  
one of her wrists. Minor redness on those.

Miller pulls up Marie's file on his computer. Photos there  
too - her apartment mostly. Then finally, the one Officer  
Curran took of her wrists. He compares the computer photo  
with the one in the medical file.

INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Marie is in her kitchenette, emptying her cupboards and  
drawers into a storage bin. When the bin is full, she carries  
it over to her door, where another bin is overflowing with  
her clothes. As Marie sets the bin by the door, it opens -

MARIE

Oh!

She jumps - startled - but it's just Colleen.

COLLEEN

Oh my gosh honey, I'm so sorry -

MARIE

It's okay -

COLLEEN

I didn't mean to scare you. It wasn't locked -

MARIE

I know, I'm just moving my stuff upstairs.

COLLEEN

They got you a new place?

MARIE

Yeah. Upstairs.

COLLEEN

Well that's good.

MARIE

Yeah.

Marie heads toward her bed -

COLLEEN

Whoa, hang on, hold on a second -

Marie turns back to her.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Come here. Goodness.

She goes to Marie. Hugs her. Marie hugs back.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

How are you?

MARIE

Okay.

COLLEEN

Are you? It's okay to not be okay.

MARIE

I know, I just - I've gotta pack.  
Ty loaned me these bins, but he  
needs them back this afternoon.

She peels away, climbs onto her bed's bare mattress. Starts pulling out the push pins holding up the sunset poster.

Colleen watches her - unnerved by her strange normalcy.

INT. BED BATH & BEYOND - DAY

Marie pushes a cart full of new pillows, mattress pad and duvet down an aisle. She gives it a shove, then hops onto the rail - so she's riding it like a little chariot.

Colleen follows. She sees her heading for another shopper.

COLLEEN

Marie - easy.

The other shopper veers, avoids getting hit. Marie hops off by the sheets. Steps away from the cart to look at them.

Colleen sees Marie has left her purse in the cart. She takes it out and holds it for her. Joins her by the sheets display.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Which do you like?

MARIE

I'm looking for the ones I had.  
They were right here.

COLLEEN

Maybe they don't have them anymore.

Marie sees SALESPERSON. Goes over.

MARIE

Do you know where those green  
sheets with the little daisies are?  
They used to be here -

The Salesperson, low on customer-service skills, glances up.

BB&B SALESPERSON

Everything we have is on the floor.

Marie looks around. Doesn't see them anywhere.

MARIE

You had tons of them, like, three months ago. Can you check to see if there are any in the back?

COLLEEN

Marie, she said everything they have is out.

BB&B SALESPERSON

It is.

MARIE

That's what we say at Costco too but sometimes there's one or two of something left, not enough to put it on display, and the manager just sticks it in back -

BB&B SALESWOMAN

We don't do that.

COLLEEN

Let's just pick another set.

MARIE

I don't want another set, I want my set. I want the set I had.

COLLEEN

Well, they don't have them.

MARIE

They might. In back. I'm just asking you to check.

BB&B SALESPERSON

I know what's there. I'm back there all the time. The only thing back there is more of what's out here -

MARIE

(pissed)  
So you're not even going to look.

COLLEEN

Marie, you're being unreasonable.

MARIE

I am? What about her?

COLLEEN

(to the Salesperson)  
I'm sorry.

The Salesperson shrugs - whatever.

MARIE

Seriously? You're siding with her?

COLLEEN

I'm not siding with anyone. Let's just choose some sheets and get out of here.

MARIE

I don't want any of these, I want my sheets.

COLLEEN

Why? After what happened on them - my God, if I were you, I'd never want to see those sheets again.

MARIE

(belligerent)

Well, you're not me.

Marie hears the childishness in her voice. Sees them looking at her. It embarrasses her. She turns away. Grabs a set of blue sheets, chucks them in the cart, and moves on.

INT. MARIE'S NEW UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - DAY

The bed is made neatly in crisp new blue sheets. Colleen stuffs a duvet into the new duvet cover.

Marie's shoes are lined up by the door. The guitar is in the corner. Her clothes are stacked on the desk.

Marie, still in sneakers, grabs the poster that was above her bed and some push pins. She steps onto the bed to hang it up.

COLLEEN

Marie, come on - your shoes -

MARIE

It's fine.

Marie sticks the push pins into the poster, hanging it exactly where it was in her other apartment.

She steps back, looks. Likes it. There's a KNOCK at the door. Colleen looks through the peep hole, opens. It's Ty.

COLLEEN

Hi Ty.



TY

Hey, Colleen. How you doing, Marie?

MARIE

Good. Look, I'm all moved in -

She flops on her bed like a little kid. It's weird and a little coy. Colleen's embarrassed for her.

COLLEEN

Marie, come on, get up.

Ty's unfazed. He works with all kinds of kids. He sees his storage bins.

TY

So I can take these?

MARIE

Yup, I'm done.

TY

Do you need anything else right now?

MARIE

(curled up on her bed)  
No, I'm good. Thanks.

TY

Okay. If that changes, or you need someone to talk to, you know where I am. And Becca. We're both here for you.

MARIE

Okay. Thanks.

He picks up the bins. Colleen opens the door for him.

COLLEEN

Thank you, Ty.

TY

You bet.

He leaves. Colleen shuts the door. Looks at Marie, who's checking her phone. Watches her a beat.

COLLEEN

Marie?

MARIE

Yeah?

COLLEEN

Honey - what can I do for you? What do you need?

Marie gets up, goes to her stacks of clothes on her desk.

MARIE

What do you mean?

COLLEEN

Sweetie, what you went through - that's a very big deal. It's trauma. I want to be sure you're getting the support you need.

MARIE

I pretty much just need to put things away.

COLLEEN

So you don't want to talk about it.

MARIE

(busy with her clothes)  
No, I'll talk about anything, I just want to get this done.

She disappears into the closet. Colleen watches her fussing, not making eye contact. No idea what's going on with her. But knows pushing won't get her anywhere. She picks up her purse.

COLLEEN

All right. Well. I've gotta go. Call if you need anything.

MARIE

Okay, will do.

Colleen stands there a beat. Then lets herself out.

INT. COLLEEN'S CAR - DAY

Colleen, driving home. Deeply unsettled. Finally she pulls over to the side of the road, pulls her phone out, pulls up JUDITH. Looks at it a moment. Then presses Dial.

COLLEEN

Hi. It's me ... Yeah, I just came from her ... Honest to God, Judith, it was one of the strangest days of my whole entire life.

INT. LYNNEWOOD POLICE STATION - FILE CLERK - DAY

Miller, file in his hand, goes over to the File Clerk.

MILLER

Hey, I need to get a copy of a DCFS file. It's for the victim of that sexual assault at the Alderbrooke.

The Clerk hands him a form to fill out.

CLERK

Here you go -

Miller takes it, heads back to his desk. His cell phone rings. He answers.

MILLER

Miller.

(recognizing caller)

Right, sure - how you doing today?

(gets his notebook to take notes)

Absolutely. Come down to the station and ask for me at the desk. I'll be here all morning.

He listens again. Hears something in the caller's voice. He shifts gears. A little cautious.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Huh. Okay, well - I could come to you. Would that be better?

INT. MILLER'S CAR - DAY

Miller pulls up in front of a house. Tricycle, balls and swing set out front. A kid place.

Miller gets out of the car. Walks up to the house, presses the doorbell. The door opens. It's Judith.

INT. JUDITH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kid-friendly inside. Stacks of laundry on the dining room table. Drawings taped on the fridge: "I LOVE JUDITH."

Miller and Judith are at her kitchen table. She looks at his notebook. His pen. Uncomfortable.

JUDITH

Is it all right, I mean, would it be okay if this stayed between us?

MILLER

You don't want me to take notes?

JUDITH

I'd rather it be in confidence. I don't want it getting back to Marie.

Interesting. He closes his notebook. Tucks it in his pocket.

MILLER

Sure. We can do that.

JUDITH

I love her, I do. She was with us for the last couple of years - till she got the place with Project Ladder. She came to us from Colleen's, have you met Colleen?

MILLER

No.

JUDITH

She's another foster mom. Really great woman. Marie was with her for a couple weeks. It was a good fit, but she was fostering another girl who was really high-needs, so she didn't have the space for Marie.

MILLER

Right.

JUDITH

So she came to me. She was my first foster child. I was expecting a baby. I had a crib and everything - and then this 16-year-old shows up. I was fine with it. I work with homeless teens, that's my job, so - Anyway. My point is. I know her.

MILLER

Got it.

JUDITH

Plus I have a Masters in mental health, so -

MILLER

You're saying you have perspective.

JUDITH

Yes. And I think that perspective might be helpful when it comes to seeing this incident in context.

(He waits)

Marie's had a hard life. Not only the home she came from but some of her foster homes. I don't want to betray her confidence, but take my word. Not good stuff.

MILLER

Abusive?

JUDITH

Just - yes.

(pause)

Which makes for a complicated young woman.

MILLER

Of course.

JUDITH

Not bad - at all - just -

MILLER

Complicated.

JUDITH

Right. And even more so lately, with this move -

MILLER

How so?

JUDITH

Oh, she's been needy. Some acting-out. All totally understandable -

MILLER

Acting out how?

JUDITH

Like at a birthday party, being all crazy and loud, needing it to be all about her -

*MARIE, at a birthday party. A families thing - kids and adults. She picks up one of the birthday girl's presents - a big hat - and puts it on herself. Vamping, posing -*

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Other times too.

A PICNIC, with Judith, her 2 foster daughters, her husband David and Marie. "All the Single Ladies" is blaring from a speaker at another picnic table. Marie - alone - is up on the picnic bench, doing the "Single Ladies" dance. Bouncy and irrepressible. Judith is mortified.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Just - hungry for attention. And sensitive. Argumentative -

IN JUDITH'S CAR, at night. All 5 of them driving home from the picnic. Marie is arguing with Judith. Everyone else is quiet.

MARIE

It's nothing for you - just drive straight home, and I'll get the bike out of your garage now -

JUDITH

You don't have any lights on that thing. I don't want you biking at night. It's not safe.

MARIE

I'll be fine. God.

JUDITH

No.

MARIE

It's my bike! You're holding it hostage! You're like a bicycle terrorist -

JUDITH

Marie -

MARIE

You're totally irrational. It's easier for you to take me home to your house than it is to take me to my apartment.

JUDITH

Well not now that we're here.

MARIE

Who's fault is that?

*Judith, tired of fighting, pulls into the Alderbrooke Apartments parking lot. Stops. Waits for Marie to get out.*

MARIE (CONT'D)

*Seriously?*

*Judith doesn't answer. Waits. Marie huffs in disbelief, then gets out, slams the door shut, and storms off.*

*Judith and her David look at each other. Small weak smile.*

DAVID

*That was fun.*

BACK AT JUDITH'S -

JUDITH

*Like I said, to be expected, given everything. She's on her own for the first time in a new place, no one there when she wakes up -*

MILLER

*Sounds like a big change.*

JUDITH

*It is. I didn't think she was ready for it, but she insisted, so I supported her. That's the job. Support. Love. Encourage.*

*(beat)*

*Do you want coffee?*

MILLER

*No, I'm good. Thanks.*

JUDITH

*It's all made. I'm gonna have some.*

MILLER

*Well then, okay.*

*She gets up, gets mugs, pours coffee -*

JUDITH

*So anyway, yesterday morning, she called and told me what happened.*

MILLER

*The rape.*

JUDITH

*Yes. And I was just - I was horrified.*

*(MORE)*

JUDITH (CONT'D)  
 Angry, upset, worried - everything.  
 Cause this is something I know.  
 Personally. I was sexually  
 assaulted myself -

MILLER  
 I'm sorry.

JUDITH  
 It was a long time ago, but believe  
 me, it comes back like that.

MILLER  
 I can imagine.

JUDITH  
 So I went straight over. Right  
 away. And.  
 (long pause)  
 I don't know. It just felt ...

He waits. Finally -

JUDITH (CONT'D)  
 Off.

MILLER  
 Off how?

JUDITH  
 She felt ... Well, you saw her. She  
 was ... detached, I guess? I mean,  
 this horrendous thing has happened,  
 and she had, like, zero reaction.

MILLER  
 And that seemed unusual to you.

JUDITH  
 Very. And then those weird details -  
 he brought a blindfold, but nothing  
 to tie her with? Would a shoelace  
 even hold her?

Miller sees the jumble of thoughts in her mind. Just listens.

JUDITH (CONT'D)  
 And then that thing about him  
 taking the picture.

MILLER  
 What about it?



JUDITH

Well ... I'm not saying this happened, but - just hypothetically - say she's gotten herself in a bad situation with a boy. And there's a compromising picture out there - or she thinks there could be -

She lets that hang there. A long beat. Finally:

JUDITH (CONT'D)

She'd been asking for a different apartment. One with a better view.

MILLER

Are you saying you think Marie made up the attack?

JUDITH

No! I'm not. Please - I'm not drawing any conclusions. That's not my job. That's yours. I just - I woke up this morning with all this information and context spinning around in my head, and I thought you guys should have the whole picture. I might not have called, but then I talked to Colleen, and she was feeling weird about it too.

MILLER

So you both have some doubts about her story.

JUDITH

Not doubts. Like I said, It might all be 100 percent true, I don't know, I just thought, since I had this ... feeling - maybe I had an obligation to share it with you.

INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marie finishes unpacking her stuff in the kitchenette. She goes to the main room. Checks the locks. Then lies on the bed, checks her phone.

Then she spots the POLICE STATEMENT FORM on her desk. She gets up, grabs it, then sits back down on her bed with it.

She stares at it a long time. Thinking. Then starts writing.

INT. LYNNEWOOD BUS - DAY

Marie rides the bus, purse held close in her lap. The folded-up statement form is sticking out of her purse.

She scans the other riders on the bus - watching the men carefully. Her eyes stop on one: older white guy, gray hair. Then another: dark skinned, short. Then another: young, thin teenager. Then she looks at the man sitting across from her: medium-height, medium build. He's looking right at her. He doesn't look away when their eyes meet. Just keeps looking.

Marie - freaked - looks away.

INT. LYNNEWOOD POLICE STATION - MILLER'S DESK - DAY

Detective Miller is reading Marie's statement. She's sitting in the chair beside his desk. The station is busy around them, lots going on.

He reads the statement. She picks at her fingernails, chips the chipped polish off them. Miller gets to the end of the statement. Looks up at her.

MILLER

Thank you for this.

MARIE

Sure.

He looks back down at it again - rereading something.

MARIE (CONT'D)

So - I can go?

A beat while he continues reading. Then:

MILLER

Sure. Here, let me walk you out.

He gets up. Walks her toward the staircase.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Let me I ask you one thing, just so I'm sure I understand. In your statement, you wrote that you tried to call Connor, then called Judith, then cut yourself free.

*MARIE, right after the assault. She's naked, shaking, hands tied behind her back. Her phone is on her bedside table. Looking over her shoulder, she presses "dial" with her bound hands. Then Speakerphone. It rings. Then goes to voice mail.*

CONNOR (OVER PHONE)  
*Hi it's Connor, leave a message.*

*She hangs up. Awkwardly taps her way to another number.  
 Judith. Presses Dial.*

BACK IN THE STATION: as Miller escorts Marie down the stairs:

MARIE  
 Yeah.

MILLER  
 In that order.

MARIE  
 Yeah.

He digests that. They descend the rest of the stairs in silence as he mulls. He opens the front door for her.

MILLER  
 All right. Thanks again, Marie.

MARIE  
 You're welcome.

She heads out.

OUTSIDE THE STATION, Marie heads for the bus stop. Looks back over her shoulder at the station - tweaked by that moment with Miller.

INSIDE THE STATION, Miller sits down at his desk. Looks at Marie's statement. Then he pulls out his notebook. Flips to a page in his notes. Compares the two versions side by side.

INT. MCDONALD'S - AFTERNOON

CONNOR (18, gangly, kind-faced) assembles burgers in the back. Another McDonald's employee comes over, adjusting his little McDonald's hat, and takes over. End of Connor's shift.

EXT. MCDONALD'S - AFTERNOON

Connor leaves the McDonald's. Goes to unlock his bike.

MILLER  
 Connor?

He turns. Miller is there, by his car. Connor hadn't seen him.

CONNOR

Yeah?

Miller approaches, hand out, to shake.

MILLER

I'm Detective Miller. I'm investigating the assault of your friend Marie.

CONNOR

Oh. Okay.

MILLER

I was hoping you and I could talk for a few minutes.

EXT. MCDONALD'S OUTDOOR EATING AREA - DAY

Miller and Connor, sitting at a table by the kids' play area.

MILLER

She told us the first person she called after the attack was you.

CONNOR

Yeah, she told me that too. I felt so bad, I guess my phone was dead -

MILLER

Can I confirm that with your call log?

CONNOR

Oh. Yeah. Sure.  
(checks his phone)  
It's - yeah, there it is.

He shows Miller: an unanswered call from Marie at 7:43.

MILLER

Great. Thanks.  
(makes a note)  
And then, when was it that you finally talked to her?

CONNOR

She called that night.  
(scrolls again)  
Here - 9:38.

Miller checks, makes another note.

MILLER  
And what did she tell you?

CONNOR  
That, um, she'd been raped.

MILLER  
Did she give you any specifics?

CONNOR  
Yeah. She said she woke up, and  
there was a man with a knife there -

*MARIE'S POV: the Man with the knife hovering over her. In this version, it's darker. He's shadowy, barely visible. He leans close, points the knife at her throat.*

RAPIST  
*If you scream, I'll kill you.*

MILLER (V.O.)  
Did she describe him physically?

CONNOR (V.O.)  
Hunh-uh.

*He pulls a Ziploc out of his backpack, extracts a blindfold, wraps it around her eyes. The room goes dark.*

BACK AT MCDONALD'S: Connor is quieter. Uncomfortable. This is hard for him to talk about.

CONNOR  
And then. Um. I guess, after the,  
um, the rape, um. She said he left.

MILLER  
Did she tell you what happened  
next?

CONNOR  
Yeah. I guess, she was still tied  
up. So, um -

*MARIE, naked, terrified, trembling, can't get her hands, tied behind her back, to work. So she pushes the phone onto the floor and starts presses the buttons with her toes. Slowly - laboriously - pulls up Connor's number. Dials.*

BACK AT MCDONALD'S: Miller stops taking notes. Careful now.

MILLER  
With her toes.

CONNOR

Yeah.

MILLER

You sure about that?

CONNOR

I mean - yeah. That's what she said.

Miller makes a note in his notebook.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Why? Is that ...?

MILLER

No, all good. I just want to be sure I get everything right.

He gives Connor a reassuring nod. Then finishes his note.

INT. LYNNEWOOD POLICE STATION - COMMUNAL AREA - DAY

Pruitt and Miller mull this together.

PRUITT

Dialing with your toes. That's hard to do.

MILLER

Very.

PRUITT

Not really a detail you'd be inclined to forget. You know?

Miller digests. Thinking.

MILLER

So. Of the hard evidence we have. The shoelaces -

PRUITT

From her shoes.

MILLER

The knife -

PRUITT

From her drawer.

MILLER

No sign of forced entry.

PRUITT  
No prints. No body fluids.

MILLER  
There are the marks on her wrists.

PRUITT  
Mild. Could've been self-inflicted.  
(then)  
What did the hospital exam show?

MILLER  
Not much. Some mild abrasions.  
Could be from assault. Could also  
be from rough consensual sex.

A CLERK comes by Miller's desk.

CLERK  
Hey, Detective, here's that Child  
and Family Services file.

MILLER  
Great, thanks.

The Clerk hands over a fat DCFS file. Miller sits, opens it. Pruitt looks over his shoulder. A moment as they both read. Then they both come across a fact that makes them wince.

PRUITT  
(quietly)  
Jesus.

EXT. COSTCO - DAY

Busy afternoon. Shoppers streaming in and out of the store.

INT. COSTCO - DAY

Marie, in a fog, is taking jars of olives from a big box and stacking them onto a shelf. The store around her is busy and loud, but she's in her own world. Sounds and sights muffled.

SUPERVISOR  
Marie!

Marie turns. The SUPERVISOR has been standing there, calling her name. She didn't hear her.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

She points to Marie's shelf. She's been unloading the olives onto a shelf full of motor oil and auto supplies.

MARIE

Oh. Shoot. Sorry. I can -

SUPERVISOR

(too busy for this shit)  
Forget. Marcus!

MARCUS is a super-reliable Costco worker in the same aisle. The Supervisor points to the annoying olives situation -

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Fix this, okay?

The Supervisor heads off to put out the next fire. Marie steps back as Marcus comes over and starts undoing her mistake.

IN THE BACK STORAGE ROOM, Marie snakes her way through towers of boxes, to a quiet corner in the back, feeling vulnerable and stupid. She sits on a box. Takes a few deep breaths.

Her phone rings. She doesn't recognize the number. Answers.

MARIE

Hello?

INT. LYNNEWOOD POLICE STATION - MILLER'S DESK - DAY

Miller's on the phone. Pruitt nearby.

MILLER

Marie, it's Detective Miller.

MARIE

Oh. Hi.

MILLER

Listen, I'm wondering if we can meet again.

MARIE

I'm at work.

MILLER

When do you get off?

MARIE

8.



MILLER  
I'll pick you up. Costco, right?

MARIE  
Yeah.

MILLER  
Okay. See you at 8.

MARIE  
Wait. Um.  
(pause)  
Am I in trouble?

INT. LYNNEWOOD POLICE STATION - MILLER'S DESK - AFTERNOON

Miller hangs up the phone. Sits there a moment, digesting the call. Letting it percolate. Then he looks at Pruitt.

MILLER  
I've been at this 19 years. In my experience, when someone asks, "Am I in trouble ...?"

PRUITT  
They usually are.

INT. MILLER'S CAR - NIGHT

Miller drives. Marie is in back. Her eyes dart nervously.

INT. LYNNEWOOD POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Miller and Pruitt lead Marie in. Miller is holding both her thick DCFS file and the file on her rape case.

MILLER  
Have a seat.

She sits. Pruitt closes the door.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
OK. I'm gonna cut to the chase.  
We've found some inconsistencies in your statements and those of other witnesses.

Marie looks from Miller to Pruitt - and back again. Eyes skittering back and forth. Silent for a bit. Then:

MARIE

I don't know anything about that.

MILLER

How about this. How about if you walk us through it again. Tell us exactly how the assault happened.

MARIE

Again?

MILLER

One more time. Yes.

She looks from one to the other again. Seriously? But yes, they're serious. So she takes a deep breath. And starts in.

MARIE

Okay. Um. I was in bed. Asleep.

*FAST CUTS - one right after the other - The Man - the knife - Marie's gasp - yanking her bedclothes - Marie on her belly - Him lashing her hands together - the darkness - the grunting - FLASH of the photo - the door closing - Marie locking it with her hands tied behind her back - cutting the shoelace with a knife - dialing the phone - dissolving into sobs -*

Miller and Pruitt, listening. Taking notes. A beat as they digest this. Then Miller sets his hand on her fat DCFS file.

MILLER

Marie, I'd like to back this conversation up a little and talk about what came before all this.

Marie is quiet - cautious.

MILLER (CONT'D)

DCFS shared your file with us.

MARIE

Why?

MILLER

We wanted to get a clear sense of who you are. Beyond this assault. As a person.

MARIE

Oh.

MILLER

You've been through a lot. You're a real survivor. Aren't you?

MARIE

I don't know.

MILLER

(opens her file, looks)

Trust me. Someone who's endured all this - no dad. Unreliable mom with - not nice boyfriends ...

Marie looks away. Suddenly feeling very exposed.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Then foster care, which wasn't always much better, I'm sure.

She's hit with a wave of vulnerability. Her eyes tear up.

MARIE

Sometimes it was good.

MILLER

I'm sure. Yes. Still.

(looks back at the file)

Well, I don't need to tell you what's in here. My point is, you've made it through very difficult stuff.

MARIE

I don't think about that. I just - want to be as happy as I can be. As happy as possible.

MILLER

Sure. I get that.

(beat)

So help us out. Because we have a problem. There are inconsistencies in your story. Our work is all about the details, and yours don't match up. I mean, the dialing alone, we have 3 different versions - tied, untied, with your hands with your toes -

MARIE

I dialed with my hands.

MILLER

Then why'd you tell Connor you used your toes?

MARIE

I don't - maybe I did.

MILLER  
You just told us you didn't.

MARIE  
It's -

MILLER  
What?

MARIE  
I don't know. Confusing.

PRUITT  
For us too. That's our point. All these different versions make it very hard for us to figure out what really happened.

She's silent.

PRUITT (CONT'D)  
And to be honest, we're not the only ones.

MARIE  
What do you mean?

PRUITT  
There are other people who don't know that what you told us about the other night, about the rape - that it's the truth.

MARIE  
Who?

MILLER  
Well. Judith, for one.

MARIE  
She said that?

MILLER  
And Connor's statement -

MARIE  
What about it?

MILLER  
It's also inconsistent with yours. So - he knows the version you told him, and then he finds out it's not what you told us - it makes it hard for him to believe you too.

MARIE

He said he doesn't believe me? I don't - why would he say that?

MILLER

We don't know. That's the problem.

(then)

Why do you think he would say that?

Marie stares at them. Eyes wide. A moment while they wait for her to say something. She doesn't. So Miller continues.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Then there's the physical evidence. There's no evidence there was anyone else in your apartment that night.

MARIE

But. There was.

PRUITT

Marie. I want to be really clear here. We don't think you're a bad person.

MILLER

Absolutely not.

PRUITT

I also don't think this was some big thought-out thing. But given the inconsistencies in your story and the evidence, this is becoming a puzzle that's hard for us to piece together.

She's still quiet. But there's fear in her eyes.

MILLER

So. I'm gonna tell you a version that does fit together, OK? A young woman - been through a ton of bad stuff, on her own for the first time, feeling isolated, lonely, not a lot of friends, no boyfriend anymore - might, on the spur of the moment, come up with something without thinking it through, that would get her the attention she needs. Cause you haven't gotten enough attention in your life, I can see that.

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

You haven't been cared for or protected - and that's not your fault.

Marie looks down at her hands. Her eyes well. This is suddenly a very difficult room for her to be in.

PRUITT

So. Marie. Tell us. Because we really need to know. It's our job. Is there really a rapist running around that the police should be looking for?

She hears the question. Keeps her eyes down. A long time.

PRUITT (CONT'D)

Marie?

She looks up at them. They're looking at her intently. Waiting for her answer. And nobody's going anywhere until they get it. She closes her eyes.

*MARIE - now embedded in the location of the artsy sunset photo that hangs above her bed - gentle waves lapping - nothing bad anywhere nearby - what meditators might call "going to your happy place."*

IN THE INTERVIEW ROOM, she keeps her head bowed. Opens her eyes. They're waiting. Finally - she shakes her head.

PRUITT (CONT'D)

What's that?

MARIE

(quietly)

No.

A long quiet.

MILLER

So - you weren't raped.

Shakes her head again - no.

MILLER (CONT'D)

And the knife, the shoelaces - all that. You did that.

She nods. Yes.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Okay.  
(pause)  
Thank you, Marie.

Miller sits back, nods. Pruitt stands.

MARIE

Can I go now?

PRUITT

(to Miller)  
We need a statement.

MILLER

Right.

Pruitt leaves the room.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Since your other statement is in  
the file, the one you brought  
yesterday, we need you to write a  
new one. With this information. OK?

Pruitt comes back in with a blank statement form and a pen.

PRUITT

Here you go. Same deal. Fill it out  
with what you just told us. Then  
yeah - you can go home.

He sets them on the table. A beat as she looks at them.

MILLER

We'll give you a minute.

They leave the room. Close the door gently behind them.

Marie stares at the blank form for a long time. Then she  
picks up the pen and starts to write.

OUT IN THE PRECINCT ROOM, Miller and Pruitt let the air out.  
Long, low exhale from Miller.

PRUITT

Christ. Imagine where you'd have to  
be, to make that shit up.

MILLER

I know.  
(hands him a water)  
It happens, though, you know?  
(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

I had a buddy in college, he had this nasty breakup - the ex goes around telling everyone he raped her -

PRUITT

Aye -

MILLER

A thing like that, no matter how much it's disproved, it's never coming off you. You're the rape guy, that's it. End of story. He ended up transferring.

PRUITT

Man.

MILLER

So -

A nod toward the room Marie is in.

PRUITT

Yeah.

MILLER

I feel for her, though. Christ. Feeding a little girl dog food? Who does that?

Pruitt gets another water bottle. Also a packet of cookies.

PRUITT

Monsters.

MILLER

If you can't take care of a kid, use a fucking condom. Simple.

IN THE INTERVIEW ROOM, Marie finishes writing her statement. She puts the pen down. Waits.

The door opens. Miller and Pruitt come back in.

PRUITT

Here you go.

He gives her the water, the cookies. Then picks up her statement, reads it.

MILLER

Do you have a ride home?



MARIE  
I can take the bus.

MILLER  
You sure? We can give you a lift.

MARIE  
That's okay.  
(stands)  
I can have these?

The cookies.

MILLER  
Yeah, yeah. All yours -

PRUITT  
Hang on. What is this?

He's looking at the statement. Marie doesn't answer.

PRUITT (CONT'D)  
This isn't what you just told us.

MILLER  
Why? What's it say?

PRUITT  
(reading)  
"I dreamed that I had been raped,  
and when I woke up, it felt so  
real, I believed it had happened."

Miller takes the statement. Reads it. What the hell?

PRUITT (CONT'D)  
Marie? What's going on?

She doesn't answer.

PRUITT (CONT'D)  
You just told us there was no rape.  
There's no rapist. You just said  
that -

His voice and intensity are rising. She shrinks.

PRUITT (CONT'D)  
Sit down. Come on. Sit back down.

She does. Pruitt has his temper on a leash, but she still feels it bearing down on her.

PRUITT (CONT'D)

Let me explain something to you, Marie. Our job, mine and Detective Miller's, is to protect the public. That's it, that's our whole gig. So any time we spend in here, with a witness, is time we could be out on the street, keeping people safe.

A tear spills onto her cheeks. Her hands clench in her lap.

PRUITT (CONT'D)

And that's fine, it's part of the job, and we're happy to do it. If the time in here is valuable. If it's about something real.

His loud voice feels assaultive. Her fingers work over each other, tensely.

PRUITT (CONT'D)

This - this? -  
(her statement)  
- is not a worthwhile use of our time. This is a waste of our time.

Then - BANG - Marie pounds her fists on the table. Once, hard. A big, sharp noise. Startled silence. They stare at her - what was that?

Then, as quickly as it appeared, whatever bold impulse prompted the gesture shrinks and disappears back inside her.

She feels their eyes on her. She looks up at them.

MARIE

I'm pretty positive it happened.

MILLER

"Pretty positive?" Or "positive?"  
There's a big difference.

MARIE

Maybe I blacked it out.

Jesus. The Detectives look at each other. What the hell do we do with that? Miller tries a new tack:

PRUITT

Marie. You're a smart young woman - clearly.

(MORE)

PRUITT (CONT'D)

You must understand, the way you're handling this - you say one thing, you write another, there is a rapist, there isn't, it's a dream, it's a blackout - you've told us 4 different versions. So at this point, regardless of what the truth is, the only thing we know for sure is, you've told us 3 lies.

MILLER

What do you think should happen to someone who'd lie about something like this?

A pause.

MARIE

I should get counseling?

That feels like an admission of something. Miller and Pruitt share a look. Are we making progress? Who knows.

So they wait. They wait her out. Watching as she stares at her lap, where her hands continue to twist and turn.

Then - suddenly - they stop. She places her palms down on her thighs. A shift.

She looks up at them. Her gaze is even. Eyes not skittering anymore. Suddenly super calm.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Okay.

MILLER

Okay what?

MARIE

Okay. I'll write the statement now.

EXT. LYNNEWOOD POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Marie walks out of the station alone. Heads for the bus stop. She looks hollow. Spent. This time, she doesn't look back.

INT. LYNNEWOOD BUS - NIGHT

Marie on the bus. It's late. There are few other riders. Her phone buzzes. She looks. A text from Connor: "hey wu? u ok?"

INT. JUDITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Judith is doing dishes. She sees the light go on in her garage. Huh. Dries her hands. Heads out to -

THE GARAGE: Judith enters to find Marie getting her bike out of the back.

JUDITH

Marie? What are you doing?

Without answering, Marie lifts the bike up to carry it past the car.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Be careful, you're gonna scratch the darn - just wait a second, will you, I'll back the car out -

But Marie lifts the bike, wrangles it past the car -

JUDITH (CONT'D)

For goodness sakes, Marie, just let me help you -

MARIE

Like you helped me with the police?

That gets Judith's attention.

JUDITH

What do you - what does that mean?

No answer.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

I don't know what you were told. Or what you heard - but I did not do - I didn't do or say anything -

Marie just gives her a look.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Listen. Honey. This sounds like a big miscommunication. I didn't tell the police anything other than some background on you, I told them where you've been, what you've been through. That's it.

MARIE

Really.

JUDITH

I may have told him you've been sensitive lately, but that's true. You have been.

Marie looks at Judith a long time. Icy. Then gets on her bike.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Now don't do that - don't pull a disappearing act. We're having a conversation here, don't just abandon it -

Marie pedals off, down the driveway, into the dark.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Marie!

EXT. LYNNEWOOD STREETS - NIGHT

Marie rides her bike in the darkness. Pedaling in and out of the pools of light cast by the street lamps.

EXT. LYNNEWOOD BRIDGE - NIGHT

She rides her bike over the bridge. Looks out over the edge. Halfway across, she stops. Stands there, straddling her bike, peering out over the edge into the dark water below.

Then - HOONK - a huge truck passes behind her, way too close. She jumps, heart thumping. She leans hard against the railing as the wind from the truck blows her hair around her face.

The truck carries on. She watches its lights disappear. Then gets back on her bike and continues home.

INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Marie, brushing her teeth in the bathroom. She spits. Rinses. Looks at herself in the mirror. A good, long, searching look.

EXT. ALDERBROOKE APARTMENTS - DAY

Marie leaves her apartment, dressed for work, backpack slung over her shoulder. Locks the door. Heads down the stairs.

On the street level, she passes the Project Ladder offices. Becca and Ty are in there, deep in serious conversation.

Ty sees Marie walk past their window. Hops up.

As Marie crosses the parking lot toward the bus stop:

TY

Marie!

She stop. Ty is in the doorway. Looking like he does not want to deal with this. He waves her over.

INT. PROJECT LADDER OFFICES - DAY

Marie is standing with Becca and Ty.

BECCA

So, understandably, we're confused.

It's not a question, so Marie doesn't answer.

TY

You gotta understand, Marie.  
Falsifying a claim like that - I  
mean - it brings up all kinds of  
questions for us here. Questions  
about trust. About reliability.  
About honesty.

MARIE

I'm honest.

BECCA

You don't get to say that after  
this. I mean, that's a big lie. A  
big one. You know?

TY

Our community is based on trust. If  
we can't trust each other, if we  
can't trust you, we have a problem.

Marie looks from one of them to the other. A beat. Then:

MARIE

I wasn't lying.

BECCA

What do you mean?

MARIE

I told the truth the first time.

BECCA

You mean, when you said you were raped?

Marie nods.

TY

Then why did you tell the police that you weren't?

MARIE

I don't know.

BECCA

That's not a good enough answer, Marie. This is serious.

MARIE

I don't know, I was tired. I'd been there a really long time. They kept pestering me -

BECCA

Pestering?

MARIE

Like, asking the same thing over and over. How come your story doesn't add up? How come people don't believe you? Is there really a rapist out there? I just - wanted to go home.

Becca and Ty share a look - what the fuck.

BECCA

Marie. If there's a rapist running around, and you've told the police there isn't, you need to go back and clear that up. Now.

MARIE

But I have to go to work.

BECCA

Call and tell them you'll be late.

MARIE

No - they get really mad if you don't show up.

TY

Marie. This is important.

INT. LYNNEWOOD POLICE STATION - FRONT HALL - DAY

Pruitt, in the lobby, facing Marie, Becca and Ty. There's a hint of disbelief in his voice.

PRUITT

You want to take back your  
statement taking back your  
statement?

MARIE

Yeah.

He looks to Becca and Ty for an explanation. They kind of shake their heads - we don't know.

PRUITT

All right. Let's do this again.

He holds out his arm toward the staircase - this way, please. Marie starts up the stairs. Pruitt follows.

INT. LYNNEWOOD POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Marie, waiting alone. Nervous Pruitt comes in with SGT. DAN RHEINHART (authoritative, supervisor). Pruitt has her case file.

PRUITT

Detective Miller isn't in today.  
This is Sergeant Rheinhardt.

RHEINHART

How you doing, Marie?

She doesn't answer. Pruitt sits down.

PRUITT

So back up a little. Talk about  
what caused this turnaround. Did  
something happen last night when  
you went back home? Did they give  
you a hard time about lying?

MARIE

No.

PRUITT

Really? Cause those guys downstairs  
- what are they, your counselors?

MARIE

Yeah.



PRUITT

They seemed kind of - peeved.  
Which, you know - I understand.  
They spend all this time and energy  
on this horrible thing they think  
happened, and then find out it  
didn't - Let's face it, you'd be  
peeved too -

*THE PIECES OF LIGHT streaming around the edges of the  
blindfold bouncing and move as The Man rams his body into  
hers. His grunting.*

IN THE INTERVIEW ROOM, Marie's eyes are downcast.

MARIE

(quietly)

I remember him on top of me.

They watch her a moment. See a tear drop onto her cheek.  
Then, more gently:

PRUITT

Marie. I see this is hard for you.  
I see you're in pain. I'm sorry  
about that. But I need to remind  
you what's already happened. You  
already told us you lied. You  
already said you staged evidence.  
You swore to that, you signed your  
name. So, given that, how are we  
supposed to believe you now?

She wipes her nose. Looks up at him.

MARIE

I could take a lie detector test.

PRUITT

You can. That's right. That's an  
option. But you need to know - if  
you take it and fail, that's called  
making a false statement. That's a  
crime.

She looks at him - what?

RHEINHART

That's what Martha Stewart was  
locked up for. Everyone thinks it  
was the insider trading. But it  
wasn't. It was false statements.

MARIE

(confused)

Who?

PRUITT

What he's saying is, a polygraph is not without consequence. It's not like in here, with us - where if you say one thing, then the exact opposite two seconds later, it's - well, it's confusing as hell, but it's not a crime.

(lets her mull that)

So what do you want to do? You want to go downstairs? Or do you want to clear all this up in here, with us?

She's overwhelmed. They wait. She wipes her nose. Thinks. Her eyes dart, like an animal looking for a way out of the room.

MARIE

Um.

(...)

Um.

(then, a thought -)

Maybe -

(...)

Maybe um. Maybe I was, um.

Hypnotized. Into thinking, um. That I was raped.

Pruitt stares at her - disbelief. Then stands, fed up.

PRUITT

You know what? Fine. Let's do it. The polygraph. Let's go. But here's the thing, Marie. The guy running it? He's not gonna ask, were you hypnotized into thinking you were raped? Or did you black out a rape? Did you dream a rape? He's going to ask you one simple question. Were you raped? That's it. And if your answer turns out to be a lie, I'll have no choice but to arrest you and put you in jail.

MARIE

(more tears)

Wait. Why?

RHEINHART

False witness is a crime for a reason.

(MORE)

RHEINHART (CONT'D)

It impedes our ability to do our job. To keep the public safe. That's why we enforce it. That's why we prosecute it.

She's overwhelmed.

PRUITT

I also suspect your living situation - with the counselors and the stipends and all that - that you can't be part of it if you don't have a clean arrest record. Right? So that's at risk too.

Marie doesn't answer, but yes. That's the deal.

PRUITT (CONT'D)

But like I said. You want to do a polygraph, you're free to do one. You need to know the risks. But yeah, the decision's yours. So. Tell us. What do you want to do?

INT. LYNNEWOOD, WASHINGTON - DOWNTOWN - DAY

BACK TO THE OPENING SCENE. Ty and Becca waiting at the base of the stairs. They hear footsteps. Turn and see Marie and Pruitt descending, Marie's eyes downcast.

When they reach the bottom, Becca and Ty look from her to Pruitt.

TY

So - um. What's the story?

Marie doesn't look up. Just walks on by, out of the building. Becca and Ty look at Pruitt. He shakes his head.

PRUITT

Nope.

Ty and Becca deflate. Groan a little.

PRUITT (CONT'D)

Totally made-up story. She says she didn't think through. Didn't think it would turn into such a -  
(finger quotes)  
"big thing."

BECCA

Shit.

PRUITT  
So. We're gonna close the file.

BECCA  
Right.

PRUITT  
(hands her his card)  
Call if you have any questions.

BECCA  
Yeah, thank you.

Pruitt heads back upstairs. Becca and Ty look at each other.

TY  
Great.

INT. BECCA'S CAR - DAY

Driving. Becca and Ty in front. Marie in back. Silence.

EXT. ALDERBROOKE APARTMENTS - DAY

The car pulls in. Parks. Before the engine is off, Marie is out the door, heading for the stairs. Ty and Becca get out.

BECCA  
Marie. Hang on.

She stops. Barely holding it together.

INT. ALDERBROOKE APARTMENTS - PROJECT LADDER - DAY

The Project Ladder group, back in the circle. Marie is crying. The other Project Ladder young folks are staring at her in utter horror. They take turns reacting:

RYAN  
Dude.

NICOLE  
I don't - why would you do that?  
Why would you freak us out like  
that? That's - it's -

JOLENE  
It's sick. Is what it is. It's  
sick. You're sick. You are.

NICOLE

I was, like, halfway through this card I was making to cheer you up -

MADDIE

I was so scared. You knew how scared this would make us, why would you -

TY

Can I suggest we try to put this in terms of feelings? "I'm feeling ..."

RYAN

I'm feeling mad.

MADDIE

Betrayed.

JOLENE

Disgusted.

NICOLE

Angry. Really really angry.

A lull.

TY

Marie? You want to say anything?

MARIE

(dissolving)

I'm sorry. I never meant to hurt anyone. I'm really, really sorry.

AFTER THE MEETING, the group files out of the room. Marie goes over to Amelia, who's been silent.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Amelia -

AMELIA

No, okay? Just - no.

She walks out of the room, leaving Marie alone.

EXT. ALDERBROOKE APARTMENTS - DUSK

Marie hurries away from the apartment building on foot. No destination. Just getting far away, fast. Over this:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

In Lynnewood, police say the local woman who said she was raped by a stranger last week now says she made up the story -

ANOTHER NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

A total fabrication, according to police -

NEWS VANS pull up to the apartments. LOCAL TV REPORTERS do remote reports to camera from in front of the building.

COMPUTER SCREENS light up with incoming posts about it on various sites: *Nextdoor.com* - *False Rape Society* - *Facebook* -

ONE REPORTER is parked right outside Marie's apartment.

REPORTER OUTSIDE HER DOOR

News of the attack last week spread panic through this tight knit community -

Marie keeps walking. The voices overlap.

YET ANOTHER NEWSCASTER

A disturbing development today in an alleged case of rape in Lynnewood -

ANOTHER NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Detectives say they have no idea what the woman's motivation might have been.

Amid the cacophony of reports and blogs lighting up - beeping with new posts - Marie ends up -

BACK ON THE BRIDGE, staring down into the dark water. She climbs over the railing, so there's nothing separating her and the fall - she holds on to the railing - then lets go with one hand - then another - so she's teetering on the edge.

END OF PART 1