

## Group Outline

Cast:

Roxanne: Aine

Anonymous Rape Victim: Kirsten

Drunk Girl - Dezza

Drunk Guy - Oscar

Girl #1 - Nikki

Group of girls - Nayeli

## Script

*Roxanne is sitting right center stage on a chair, wearing a blue blouse and jeans. She has a warm, open smiling face. Late 20's. Anonymous Rape Victim is sitting left center stage on a chair. Drunk girl and guy sitting right stage behind Roxanne. Group of girls and girl #1 sitting left stage, behind Anonymous Rape Victim.*

*(Cast sitting on chairs. Dark except for one spot light on Roxanne)*

**Roxanne:** I like to think that I'm helping somebody and it gives me some sense of purpose in my life rather than using my science degree to do a meaningless task, I like being able to use my degree and apply it to helping people. Hi, I'm Roxanne Kotzebue. So I'm a criminalist at the San Diego Police Department and I'm a "Y screener" at the moment. So when a sexual assault kit comes in I usually receive a variety of tubes that contain swabs from different parts of the body. Usually we will get cervical, vaginal, external genital, breast, and oral swabs. If there were allegations of sodomy we will get anal and rectal swabs. Or if there were other allegations we may get something like a neck or stomach or ear swab. I'm going to test every single one of those swabs with a presumptive test for semen, so a presumptive test means: "is there potentially semen on this swab?". Most of the time the best evidence is on the swabs, but occasionally clothing is the better source for DNA evidence. After I'm done, I do something called the Y screen. It's a method for us to figure out the total amount of human DNA that's on the swab and then additionally how much male DNA is present on the swab. This is useful for the majority of the cases I see where there's a female victim and the male suspect. Because if you have two males you're always going to get male DNA and if you have two females you won't get male DNA, so in those examples, that's not going to

tell us anything. I haven't personally run into any cases where there's been a male victim and a female suspect so if that were the case we would work it a little differently as well.

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*(dark except for one spot light on anon)*

**Anon:** I truly believed I was going to wait till marriage. *(pause)* I was only 16. Obviously it is a terrible thing that happens to people but it's like not really something you expect to happen.

So I dated a football player in high school, Kyle, he had a lot of friends that were like really creepy. And there was this one guy in particular, Brad, who was very forward and aggressive. He would always make antagonizing statements to me and I just ignored him, like I avoided him he just gave me the creeps. So I was on the track team and we would go on these like Saturday invitationals usually and there was one Saturday where we went pretty far, so we didn't get back to school till honestly it was like ten o'clock at night ten thirty it was really really late. Usually the track coaches waited until everyone went home. And I was waiting outside for my parents to pick me up and then I had to go back to the locker rooms to get...I don't remember why I went back but I went back to the locker room and when I came out none of the coaches were there so they thought that I had left already. Which wasn't a big deal because my brother was coming, but this guy Brad comes out of the locker room, I don't remember if he was like waiting for someone or if he was just there late but like I said he was someone I was *not* trying to be alone with so I started walking towards the park. And he started following and he was talking shit the whole time like

**Entire cast** (monotone, creepily): what are you doing here by yourself

**Anon:** I had no clue that it was going where it was going like yeah he was a creep but you don't really expect people to be violent. So I stopped under a light to text my dad where I was gonna meet him, then I'm walking through the park and there's a gazebo in the park which is really dark and shady. I didn't even notice but Brad had gone to the gazebo and when I was walking past he grabbed me and he put his arms around me. He had his arms around my whole body and he started kissing my neck. I was just telling him he needed to stop that I didn't want it. *(pause)* It turned into like 'I know you want it' kind of thing. He was talking to me as if me saying no don't do it as like playing games like being coy. So he started walking really fast and kind of dragging me to the hill, so keep in mind he was like a linebacker for a football team I was like 115 pounds so I was a lot smaller. He was just a lot bigger than me, he was a *big* dude. I remember I was so scared I couldn't even scream, after it happened one of the reasons I blamed myself was thinking like he probably thought that was me being okay with it I guess. At the time it was because I was scared I was so scared I couldn't...So he kinda like dragged me to the hill which wasn't that far away but I remember feeling like it was forever. All I was wearing my track singlet and track jersey, shorts and my sweats. And when he was dragging me my sweat pants came off because they were...think about if you're dragging someone on the ground and their pants are loose like they would roll off you know what I mean. So by the time we got to the edge of the hill away from any light, all I had on was my singlet and my jersey. He pushed me to the ground so I was sitting and when I tried to get up and run away he grabbed my ankle and I fell on my face like I hit my jaw really

hard on the ground and I spit out blood and little piece of my gums. He was so much bigger than me that he held me down with one hand.

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*(dark except for one spot light on Roxanne)*

**Roxanne:** There's recent bill that was passed a couple weeks ago in the state of California called 'Yes means Yes'. It applies to college students. Colleges that are going to be receiving state funds for student financial assistance need to include an affirmative consent standard. Basically it's not good enough just to say nothing, you are *required* to say yes if you want to sleep with somebody in college and you can also say no if you become uncomfortable. I'm not quite sure how they're going to enforce it, that's the next step to figure it out but it's a pretty interesting thing to think about. In theory it sounds really nice because it would make everything clear for both parties because often times there are cases, especially on college campuses, where both parties are drunk, say the guy invites the girl home, she says

*(spot light on Drunk girl and guy)*

**Drunk Girl:** Sure! Why not?

**Roxanne:** Then decides once she's there that she actually doesn't want to be there she doesn't say no, because a lot of people are afraid to. He may say

**Drunk guy:** Ok let's do something

**Drunk girl(timid):** I don't know about it

**Roxanne:** and he'll just keep working on it and working on it and he doesn't realize that she actually doesn't want to, he thinks

*(recording of consciousness response plays)*

**Drunk guy's consciousness:** oh she's just being coy

**Roxanne:** a lot of the times it's not their fault but and then a lot of times the girls perceiving it as

**Drunk girls consciousness:** oh my gosh this guy is threatening me he keeps trying to tell me I should go do things but I don't know how to say no

**Roxanne:** This way, you have to say yes in order for things to proceed. I'm not sure how logistically it's going to work, but now college students in California will be required to say yes when sleeping with someone in hopes of preventing as many sexual assaults on college campuses. It's an interesting job and whatever your opinion on the case is, you always have to treat each case the same because there's a reason why the victim called the police and he or she believes that something happened to him or her. I'm just there to look at the facts and

find DNA.

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*(dark except for one spot light on anon)*

**Anon:** There wasn't really a lot I could do. At one point I like stopped fighting it, because I thought that if I stopped fighting it, he would just go away. He, the whole time, was acting like I liked it. I think that terrified me the most. I was like mad and scared and kind of shocked the entire time, this was someone I knew I saw every day, he was really good friends with my boyfriend. I didn't like him, but I think there was a part of me that was like, well we have mutual friends, so there must be redeeming qualities about him.

Anyway so when he was done it was very fast, very abrupt. And he basically just...he got really close to my face and I can't remember his exact words but he basically told me that

**Entire cast** (monotone, creepily): you got what you were asking for

**Anon:** He didn't say it like a threat, he was like I'm glad we finally did this but in a dominating way. He also told me that if I told Kyle what happened he would say I came on to him like he would force all the blame on me you also have to keep in mind my school is very sports driven, and this is someone who is very very popular in the student body and I was *not* one of those people so I thought that if I started anything about it then the blame would still be shifted to me ... I mean if you think of going to football games this is someone that people cheer on you know...okay wait lemme back track so he left and I kinda just layed there for what I feel like an hour and I didn't know what to do.

And then finally I went down to the Mcdonalds, ran into the bathroom and cleaned myself up. I looked like someone who was like rolling around in the bushes, there was just like twigs and dirt like all over me. And so I cleaned myself up and waited for my parents to come. And the fucked up thing was he pulled up with a couple of friends like ten minutes later, looked at me and put his hand on my shoulder and I flinched and he was like

**Entire cast** (monotone, creepily): oh don't be like that

**Anon:** Then he kissed me on the cheek and I freaked out and I ran out and I waited like behind the McDonalds. I was so scared. I kinda just sat there until they left and I went back inside and then finally my brother came. My brother and I were really close and he knew right away something was wrong but I didn't tell him what happened and I should've told him. I just didn't tell anyone in my family.

I don't really know if there's anything that I actually regret just because the climate of my school even now years later I genuinely believe that if I had told people about it would've turned around on me like instead of being the victim I would have been like slut shamed...just because that how society works you know when women do things that men see as inviting like oh you wear short shorts to track practice or like you took your shirt off when you were hot which are these are things that a lot of girls who play sports do but because I was the one who was raped, me doing those things invited the rape on to me.

That's how society reacts when rape stories come to life because there's always something the victim did that invited it on to her whether or not that's true.

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*(dark except for one spot light on Roxanne)*

**Roxanne:** After reading a lot of case reports, there's a consistent theme between many them and usually there's alcohol involved. So moral of the story, when you are out drinking with your friends, when you are 21, don't leave anyone alone at a bar because that's how a lot of the cases start. *(group of girls walk on stage)* Maybe a group of girls go out together and they all start drinking and then maybe girl number one gets lost from the group and the other girls are too drunk to realize that she's missing *(dark jacket and hat are already on, goes up to girl number 1)* So maybe she finds a stranger at the bar to give her a ride home, because that's the perfect person to take you home *(black out, girl #1 sits in Roxanne's chair)* then she wakes up

*(lights up)*

**Girl #1:** What happened? I blacked out. I feel funny. I don't know what happened last night. I'm in a strange house.

**Roxanne:** So she thinks...

**Girl #1:** Oh gosh. He raped me.

**Roxanne:** Unfortunately, a lot of the time it ends up being true and even though the girl doesn't remember, we will find semen on her swabs or her underwear.

*(Black out, girl is now off stage took jacket and hat with her. Rest of the cast except Roxanne and Anon exit stage. Roxanne now is sitting in chair.)*

**Roxanne:** So I would really hope that people would have good relationships with family and friends, that if they are out drunk, don't get a ride with a stranger. Call your mom. Call your sober friend that's at home. Call somebody that you know will take care of you. Don't walk alone in dark alleys at night, that's where bad things happen. Trust yourself. Then the number one thing is if something does happen to you call the police right away so we can get the DNA off of you as quickly as possible. The longer people wait the more difficult it is for us to do our job.

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*(dark except for one spot light on anon)*

**Anon:**

I think women should understand what their value of sex is and understand how they are portraying that value to others and the way they are acting is reflective of their values. It's not only the clothes you wear, its the way you act. However you value your body and the use of your body should be present in your actions and your interactions with people. That doesn't always work because like I said it was never my intention to attract Brad's attention and that just happened but I just wish that I was more aware when I was younger of how he would interpret the things I was wearing, also he was just a sick and violent person. Like I wish I saw that connection and I didn't. I think that women shouldn't compromise themselves for fear of things that might happen to you, you just have to be vigilant. Just be aware, because the world is not fair for women. Even though that happened to me I still wear shorts, I refuse to not be comfortable because this shitty thing happened to me and it might happen again. I don't think you can really live your life by being scared of things that have happened to you or might happen. You have to approach them head on and learn from them, keep forging ahead. I'm very cautious of not living in fear about it.

*(black out)*