

TERRY

*(Pushed to the brink by the terrible situation they all find themselves in, Terry reveals something to her friends that she has kept secret for a long time.)*

You didn't get raped so don't tell me you can *do* something because you can't because I know because I got raped once and it was all my fault because I was dressed up like tinkerbelle in pink tights one size too small and half shot in the ass on beer and grass and my best girlfriend's father offered me a ride home, and he took a shortcut through a cemetery and stopped behind this mausoleum . . .

(Pause) So what could I *do*? Tell? Ruin everybody? What for? You can't undo it. It's over. I lived. Besides, you know what they'd say. I asked for it. So I went to bed that night and made believe it was just a bad dream. But you, you didn't even get raped, and I'm not committing complicity for you.