

In an Empty Room

By: Arthur Ayupov
Place: Russia
Date: 1996
Topic: Rape: Whose Fault?
Message: *It is unjust to assume that every rape case is the fault of the female and due to improper behaviour on her part, and further, rape is a serious crime, which can have no justification whatsoever. However, it is simple common sense that certain forms of behaviour and dress are provocative and therefore unwise.*

Characters: Bruce, Michael, Lisa
Setting: Living room

Bruce: Here, I got **us** some water.
Michael: Oh, thanks.
Bruce: We had a great time at Dan's party last night!
Michael: Yeah, some people did, some people didn't.
Bruce: Odd fellow, what didn't you like?
Michael: Who would have liked what happened?
Bruce: And what happened?
Michael: Don't you know?
Bruce: No, I don't.
Michael: Come on, everybody's talking about it. Where have you been? While everyone was dancing, two guys grabbed Natasha and dragged her into another room and... you know, they...
Bruce: No I don't, be more specific.
Michael: They raped her.
Bruce: No way! Who were they?
Michael: I don't know. It was the first time that I saw them. Dan barely knows them **and** says they are from another city. He says they've already left.

Bruce: Actually, my personal opinion is that it's her own fault.

Michael: What? What are you talking about?

Lisa enters.

Lisa: Hey guys!

Bruce: Oh, hi Lisa!

Michael: Hey, Lisa! So, how's Natasha doing?

Lisa: She's not doing so good. She stays home all day, she doesn't leave and she cries all the time.

Bruce: Let her cry, tears are a good cure for flirting around. It serves her right. She'll think twice now about wearing mini skirts and exciting the guys.

Michael: What kind of talk is that! Man, think of what you're saying!

Bruce: Aren't I right? She's always flirting. I told her that it would lead to no good, but she just laughs. She probably provoked those bulls herself.

Lisa: Bruce, stop it!

Bruce: Come on, face it. I'm sure that if **a study was** done it would be proven that the majority of girls who are raped are dressed just like Natasha and flirt around. If you wave a red flag, you're going to provoke bulls.

Lisa: Stop this! Stop this immediately! I don't want to listen to this!

Michael: Wait, Lisa, I'll knock this nonsense out of his head!

Bruce: Oh yeah? Just try it!

Lisa: Guys, guys, calm down! This is crazy!

FREEZE—DISCUSSION—UNFREEZE!!!

Lisa: Whatever it is, Natasha is our friend and she's suffering. I mean, just imagine. She can't even go out in public or look anyone in the eyes. She needs her friends...

Michael: Yes, exactly. **That was** my first thought! She definitely needs help. Lisa, let's go visit her, or talk to her, or distract her with something. Just to let her know that her friends are still there.

Lisa: Yeah, you're right! Let's go!

Michael and Lisa start to move off.

Bruce: Hey... wait, guys, I guess I'm with you... And maybe we can get her a present... We don't want to go with empty hands. I got my little sister this teddy bear. I'll just get her another one.

Michael: Hey, that's a great idea!

Lisa: Okay, come on, let's go!