

A SECOND CHANCE

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FADE IN:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

MARIBEL MARTINEZ, 20s, Latina, a shy college student carrying a heavy backpack, rushes past a few COLLEGE STUDENTS mingling about.

EXT. COLLEGE GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Maribel walks toward the gym.

INT. COLLEGE GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Maribel walks into the empty gymnasium and sees MR. GREY, 40s, white, male, kind hearted, a physical education and self defense instructor, wearing shorts and a sleeveless running shirt, carries a clipboard. MARIBEL walks up to Mr. Grey.

MARIBEL

Hi, Mr. Grey. You wanted to speak to me about my grade?

MR. GREY

Hi, Maribel. Yes, you see you did not do very well on your self-defense final and I wanted to give you a second chance. Take a look at my clipboard.

He gets close to her (invading her personal space) and points to her scores on the clip board.

INSERT

MARIBEL MARTINEZ 54%, 25, 67, 44, 55

BACK TO SCENE

Maribel looks at her scores and grimaces, not happy.

MR. GREY (CONT'D)

See your low scores ... on all the self-defense routines... you did not perform them well. I'm sorry to say, but right now your grade does not look good.

(MAS)

MR. GREY (CONT'D) (continuación)
I know you're on scholarship and I
would hate for you to lose it with
a bad grade.

Maribel takes a second to let that sink in.

MARIBEL
I thought I passed.

MR. GREY
(sincerely, concerned)
No, you didn't pass. You were
unwilling to do the kicks and the
maneuvers and screams. You simply
are not assertive enough to fight
off a rapist.

MARIBEL
It's just that I don't feel
comfortable doing it all the way
and risking hurting anyone. I just
don't feel comfortable shouting
"Fire" and acting like a crazy
woman to get people's attention.
That's just not me.

Maribel looks down embarrassed.

MR. GREY
I understand. That's why I want to
give you the opportunity to retake
your test and improve you score.
What do you say?

Maribel looks up, nods sheepishly.

MR. GREY (CONT'D)
You were probably just tense with
so many of the other tough ladies
grunting and screaming. I figured
if you and I were alone after
school and it was quiet without
anybody walking in and interrupting
us you would do much better. So
what do you say? Shall we try it?

She shrugs her shoulders and nods in passive agreement.

MARIBEL
Yeah, sure.

MR. GREY
Good. Just do your best and we'll
take it from there. You ready?

She nods.

He suddenly attacks her, attempting to strangle her. She can't fight him off.

MARIBEL'S FACE TURNS RED

He releases his hands off of her, but slides them down her chest slightly touching her breasts on their way down.

MR. GREY

You see how you couldn't stop me?
Now let's try another one of the
exercises I taught in class. Ready?

He attacks her from behind and in the process of her unsuccessfully fighting back he squeezes her breasts.

MR. GREY

If you can't defend yourself when a
man is behind you, you're
practically already being dragged
into his car. Let's try another
one. Ready?

He attacks her from the front. They fall to the floor mat. Now he's on top of her, pinning her down, sticking his knees as close to her crotch as possible, her legs spread open.

MR. GREY'S hands tighten on MARIBEL'S WRISTS.

MARIBEL CLENCHES HER JAW

pushing as hard as she can, but can't get him off of her.

MR. GREY

Try getting me off of you... A
little harder! Harder!

MARIBEL gives it her all, but can't get him off of her.

MR. GREY

(cheerfully)
Come on, remember the moves I
taught you in class.

MARIBEL attempts other self-defense techniques, but nothing works, he easily deflects them.

He keeps her pinned down and helpless.

MR. GREY

See, you can't. You can't stop me.
You see how I may have to give you
a fail in my class...

MARIBEL stops fighting. Takes a deep breath.

MR. GREY (CONT'D)

However, I do want to give you a
second chance... if you're willing
to do me a favor.

He rubs against her when he shifts his balance on his pelvis.

MARIBEL

(whispering, sheepishly)
Mr. Grey please get off of me.

MR. GREY

You haven't told me if you will
accept my offer.

MARIBEL

(a little louder)
Please get off of me.

MR. GREY

I can't hear you.

MARIBEL

Get off of me.

She pushes as hard as she can.

MR. GREY

Stop fighting me and just say "yes"
you'll do me a favor and I'll get
off of you.

MARIBEL

(angrily)
I said, get off of me now!

MR. GREY

Or what? What can you do to me?

MARIBEL stares at him helplessly, she looks away almost as if
about to cry, then returns to look at him, defeated. Her body
deflates like a blow up doll.

MARIBEL

(whispers)
OK, I'll give you a kiss, how about
that?

MR. GREY
(coquettishly)
That's a start.

He gets close to her face about to kiss her.

MARIBEL head bunts him on his nose.

He yells in pain and let's go off her.

Maribel flips him around. Pulls on his thumbs and pushes them up against his back rendering him helpless.

MARIBEL
You fucking asshole!

Maribel kicks him on the side of his stomach.

MR. GREY
Stop! Stop! You passed.

Maribel kicks him again, harder.

MARIBEL
Don't you dare touch me again!

MR. GREY
I was just trying to help you!

She releases his thumbs and he turns around, chest up, completely vulnerable.

Maribel kicks him in the balls.

MR. GREY YELPS, SCREAMS, and GRUNTS like a dying pig.

MARIBEL
Thank you for the second chance.

Maribel grabs her backpack, no longer heavy, and marches out of the gym.

FADE OUT.

THE END