nine of his very best friends got together and they decided, collectively, that they didn't give a shit / because she was different.

LIZ: That's just not true.

DAISY: Because she was weird, she was annoying, or awkward, she wore the wrong clothes or had the audacity to go to a fucking lacrosse game when you didn't invite her, I'm gonna tell them that Cal Summers may have raped this girl, but his friends were the ones who buried her. And I don't need a video to do that, do I, Liz? Do I? I'm gonna tell them the truth.

APRIL: Which would have to include me, right?

DAISY: (Beat) It doesn't have to.

APRIL: But that's how it is, now, I'm one of them? Right? Is that it?

DAISY: April, I'm not the bad guy, here.

APRIL: Do you honestly still believe there's a bad guy here? Because there isn't. There's just kids, scared out of their fucking minds trying to take care of the people they're supposed to take care of.

DAISY: What? Like Liz? You're gonna take care of her, too, is that it? April? You're gonna, what, you're gonna make sure that she "gets what she needs." Is that it?

APRIL: Maybe. Yes.

DAISY: Well, what if she what she needs to is to go to the cops? What if she needs is to see this fucker arrested? What will you say to her, then? Will you say it was a mistake, that Cal is a good guy, that he wouldn't mean to do anything like this?

APRIL: Daisy.

DAISY: Will you say he isn't a bad guy?!