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STATEMENT OF KELLI TRENT

Before entering the emotionally and physically abusive relationship with Mr. Mayer, I was a motivated, fun, outgoing, happy, generous, trusting girl. I have called San Francisco home for nearly 8 years, and I had great pride in the network I established within the community. I have an amazing family and dear friends and I thoroughly enjoyed my social life and professional life. I participated in everything that I could that San Francisco has to offer and I thrived on learning from the people in the tech industry.

Throughout the course of my 10 month relationship with Mr. Mayer he segregated me from my friends, emotionally abused me, and ultimately used physical abuse to control me. My confidence and strength were slowly stripped away from me without me realizing it. Every time I found the courage to leave the relationship he would turn to physical restraint and physical abuse that would break me down and submit to his control. The lies and manipulation and emotional abuse were constant. I suffered through six incidents of physical abuse from Mr. Mayer that escalated each time. It started 3 months into the relationship with him grabbing my face and shaking me, then led to him inflicting severe prominent bruising covering my arms,

shattering my phone into pieces, throwing water at my face, throwing me into the baseboard of a bed that led to me not being capable of putting weight on my knee, threatening me with fists, and torturing and beating me for over a half an hour with the threat of death.

The culmination of the physical abuse was a night that changed my life. I won't ever understand how we went from having a fun evening to him snapping into a rage without reason, provocation, or warning, I have come to terms that it will never make sense. We came home from a night out and as we walked the hallway to the bedroom he pushed me to the ground, locking the door to the bedroom. His eyes had an empty and evil look that continues to haunt me. He ripped out my earrings, tore my eyelashes off, while spitting in my face and telling me how unlovable I am. I was on the ground in the fetal position, when I tried to move he squeezed both knees tighter onto my sides to restrain me and slapped me. Mr. Mayer grabbed my head and slammed it into the floor several times. When he pulled his hand away, I saw clumps of my hair in his fingers and that is when I realized how dire the situation was. I again tried to move and this only pushed him further. Mr. Mayer then closed fist punched me numerous times while I was still in the fetal position covering my face with my arms and hands trying to turn my face to the ground for protection. He grabbed my shoulders and slammed my body into the ground and continued to rant nasty things about me and my family. He continued to punch me so I tried to move away from him. I began to plead with him; if he hated me so much why would he ruin his life over me? I tried to coerce him

into letting me go. To which he responded, “You crazy bitch, you’re not leaving here alive. I will drive you to the Golden Gate where you can jump off or I will push you off. It’s night time. No one will know and no one will look for you because you won’t be missed, you’re not loved.” The beating continued until his friend, Chris, called and he put his forearm across my throat to restrain me but I was still able to scream out for Help with Chris on the other end of the phone. Even after the phone call the assault continued with Mason kneeing, spitting, hitting and slapping me until Chris came to the door...I am forever thankful and grateful that someone came to the door.

I left the assault with a black eye and broken blood vessels in my eye. My face and jaw were swollen, bruised and painful. I had a concussion that made me nauseous and dizzy and a broken nose that continues to create pressure on the left side of my face and a bruised and sore body. I also had knots and bumps all over my head from the impact of his fists and the floor, and deep emotional wounds, as I genuinely feared for my life that night.

I knew that I was not walking away from that night without my life completely changing as I knew it. I attempted to have his family hold him accountable, but they completely discredited me and diminished the trauma I endured by taking him on a European vacation and social outings, as I laid in hiding with my physical injuries and emotional shock. I was afraid to come forward to the police immediately because he had threatened to release private information. He threatened to ruin my name in San Francisco with the

backing of his family's power and influence, and I was afraid of further physical retaliation. I finally realized the only way out of the situation was to find the courage to come forward, to take power back into my life and to hopefully prevent this from happening to another woman. Unfortunately the process of trying to hold him accountable for his actions has continued the victimization for me.

He immediately circulated an email accusing me of falsehoods in order to deflect responsibility. He went on a campaign to discredit my reputation. He was out publicly at social events while I still did not have the courage to leave my house. His brother-in-law told me to leave in front of a man I was interviewing for a job with. Mr. Mayer made sure that people had to choose either the side of his extremely wealthy and powerful family or me. He did his best to make me an outcast in the city I call home. He accepted no responsibility for his actions.

This incident and the coverage of it has made it impossible for me to obtain employment until recently. It has exiled me from many social settings and professional opportunities.

For months I replayed and relived that night in my head. For months I blamed myself. For months I did not tell my friends what I was going through. For months I was in hiding and in shame. I couldn't eat. My hair was falling out. I had dizzy spells. I had headaches. I could no longer walk the streets of

my neighborhood. I was afraid to go to the dog park, my gym, my church, anywhere he knew I would go. I was afraid of strangers on the street. I second guessed everyone and could not trust even close friends. I lived in paranoia, when I showered I would think someone was in my house. I could not sleep. I was irritable, short-tempered, quick to cry. I could not concentrate. I was not capable of being in social settings. I was simply trying to survive the days.

After nearly an entire year, I am slowly becoming a functioning member of society again. I continue to suffer from extreme insomnia, only sleeping in two hour increments. I continue to suffer from panic attacks and anxiety. I continue to suffer lapses in concentration. I still suffer from apathy. I still second guess myself.

The violence I suffered at the hands of Mr. Mayer has forever changed me and my life. It has left an indelible mark on my life and reputation. It has burdened my family and friends with worry and despair that they can't do anything to help. Mr. Mayer is obviously in need of help. His surroundings only enable his behavior and he ruins lives without remorse. It is hard to live with the fact that he will not take responsibility for his actions, but any type of punishment will hopefully deter him from doing this to another woman. I hope that he accepts responsibility for his behavior through the ordered Domestic Violence class. Hopefully my suffering will be a warning to all future women who enter his life. I hope that my coming forward shows other domestic violence victims that you take power back by telling the truth.

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