

JANE DOE

JANE SIDES

START HERE

JANE

Don't negronis have orange peels?

MIKEY

Yeah, but I just throw those out.

JANE

Who needs a garnish anyway?

MIKEY

Right? Exactly. I've been saying this for years but nobody listens to me.

They both laugh.

MIKEY

I'm Mikey by the way.

MIKEY puts out his hand.

JANE

Oooh, a gentleman.

She shakes his hand.

JANE

Jane.

MIKEY

Reports of chivalry's death are greatly exaggerated.
He bows.

JANE giggles.

MIKEY

You from around here, Jane?

JANE

Born and raised, Mikey.

MIKEY

Nothing beats the city life, huh?

JANE

Is there any other kind of life?

MIKEY

Not to a guy like me. So are you named after Calamity, or Fonda?

JANE

Actually, it's a family name. Well, my dad's name is Shane and my mom's name started with a J.

MIKEY

Like Bennifer.

JANE

Exactly.

She giggles.

JANE

And how about you, is Mikey short for Michael or is it on your birth certificate?

MIKEY

Who says I have a birth certificate?

MIKEY smiles.

JANE laughs.

JANE

You're a real crack-up. Will you excuse me for a moment? I need to use the ladies' room.

MIKEY

Sure, go right ahead, I'll still be here.

END HERE

START HERE

JANE and MIKEY both laugh.

JANE begins to feel woozy, she starts slurring her words.

JANE
(slurring)
And, umm... when I- when we-

MIKEY
You okay?

JANE
(slurring)
Yeaghh, I'mmf-fine.

MIKEY
Can't hold your spritz, babe?
He chuckles.

JANE
(slurring)
Idunno wit's wrong withme, this norrmaly nevr happenzz... Oh-i'm
so imbarressed..

MIKEY
It's fine, babe, how 'bout I order you a ride home?

JANE
Nooo, I'm good, I dun wanthis night-to... end!
She raises her arms.

END HERE

START HERE

MIKEY
Holy shit, are you some kind of fucking serial killer?

JANE sets down the tool she was holding.

JANE
It's my first time, actually, and I'm a little nervous.
(cheekily)
I only just met you.

She turns back around toward MIKEY.

JANE

Well, not really. I've seen you before. At the club.

She slowly paces around MIKEY

JANE

With a girl. Carrying her out.

She stops.

JANE

I assumed she was drunk, like how I assumed you were getting her
a ride home.

JANE leans in toward MIKEY, pointing her finger at him for
emphasis.

JANE

But you took her. In your car. To her place.

She straightens back up and continues pacing.

JANE

I know because I followed you - watched you. You went into an
apartment building with her, then came out three hours later and
drove off.

MIKEY

You're fucking crazy... you're a psycho bitch!

JANE gets up close to MIKEY'S face. She puts her finger on his
forehead.

JANE

And you are a rapist. A serial one no less.

She continues pacing around him.

JANE

I imagine based on the way you moved around and the look on your
face like it was a certainty it was going to happen.

She stops.

JANE

A look of knowing that you're going to get away with it.
(solemnly)

And you were right.

JANE shrugs.

JANE (CONT'D)
You did. Technically.

JANE continues pacing again.

JANE
But I'm going to make sure you'll never get away with anything
ever again.

MIKEY
Murder is WAY worse than rape!

JANE
(calmly)
Not if you murder a rapist.

END HERE