

JANE AND SLIM JIM

JANE

A guy came into the office last week. Skinny guy. Tall.

*A contemplative beat.*

Too tall. You know, self-important.

CAROLE

Those are the only kinds that ever turn up.

JANE

Not true. There are also pushers. Me—I prefer a pusher. I don't need to know you like my dress, I like it so lets get to the fucking point.

CAROLE

So he's smooth.

JANE

Very smooth. I cleared my schedule for the day so when my brainless secretary comes knocking telling me my three o'clock is here I tell her I absolutely do not have a three o'clock. but she insists it's true in fact he's getting quite impatient. *He's getting impatient.* I tell her to send him in because I'm going to lose. my. shit. if I have to speak with her for one more minute. Sure enough, slim Jim saunters into my office, not a care in the world.

CAROLE

God.

JANE

I know. *(a beat)* He sits himself right down in the chair across from my desk. Legs open like I'm gonna blow him or something. *(Jane imitates Jim's posture in her chair.)* And he has the nerve to smile at me. An absolutely shit-eating grin. He says he's happy I could fit him in and that he has quite the *proposition* for me and the son of a bitch winks. I'm looking at the clock because I was supposed to be out of there five minutes ago. But I've got Mr. Fortune 500 over here eating up my nail time. He says he's part of some start up that turns bird shit into gasoline looking for investors.

*Carole makes a T with her fingers that looks alot like a cross.*

CAROLE

TMITMI

JANE

Okay okay. It's not really bird shit it's cow shit.

CAROLE

Now I know it's not bird shit.

JANE

You don't know this guy.

CAROLE

The rule is the rule for a reason. No specifics. Nondescript.

JANE

The rule is the rule because you blab.

CAROLE

I do not blab!

JANE

Last names and job titles and favorite coffee shops. I mean I even know what hospital you were born in.

CAROLE

That was an accident!

JANE

I'm just saying the rule is for personal boundaries.

CAROLE

*Deadpan.*

Well consider this a personal boundary.

*Jane glances at the audience. Rolls her eyes.*

JANE

Whatever. Withdrawn. Just know it was absolutely out of this world that this guy was asking ME for money. I told him as much. In business that translates to "Fuck Off." But when you're a lady and you wear skirt-suits to work you're supposed to say "Fuck Off Please." The sausage link has the audacity to tell me "I'm gonna regret this." Then storms out of my office like I've wasted *his* time.

CAROLE

What a prick.

*A spotlight from stage left shines down on SLIM JIM (29ish) pompous and pretentious. Definitely a prick.*

*Slim Jim smooths his lapel. Carole is unaware of his entrance. For her time has stopped.*

SLIM JIM

*(To the audience)*

You know in my defense I've never actually spoken to a woman I've had to respect before.

*Jane leans over the table. Falsely touched and sincere.*

JANE

You respect me?

SLIM JIM

Of course. Now if I could just have a few minutes of your time. I have an opportunity-

JANE

Spare me.

*Jane holds up a perfectly manicured hand and Slim Jim slinks off.*

SLIM JIM

You know the rug you got for your birthday. The one your mother gave to you. She bought it for your sister first.

JANE

I knew it. That bitch.

SLIM JIM

Everyone knows she's gonna get married before you. They were all talking about it at that dinner at your aunt marge's last week. The one they knew you were out of town during. It was all they talked about. You're last in the pool.

JANE

Oh fuck off gumby.

*ENTER Waitress with another round of drinks.*