

JANE & JOHN

Written by

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INT. SUBURBAN AMERICAN BEDROOM - DOE'S HOUSE - DAY

JANE, 27, independent business woman is in the bedroom. She packs her bags then pauses to pick up the picture of her and JOHN, 31, codependent programmer, at their wedding. She sighs as she composes herself, and walks out of the room.

INT. SUBURBAN AMERICAN KITCHEN - DOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Jane enters the kitchen, but stops at the edge of the kitchen table when she sees John in the kitchen making breakfast. It is a kitchen and dining room connected, with a table and four chairs.

JOHN

Hey honey! You want some eggs?

Notices the bag.

(CONT'D)

What are the bags for?

JANE

It's nothing, I have to--

She tries to pass him but get's stopped by his voice.

JOHN

Can you look at me please, Jane?
Please?

Jane slowly turns around and braces herself on the dining room chair.

JANE

I can't do this, not right now--

JOHN

Then goddamnit, Jane. When! When
will you just talk to me?

JANE

Because I feel trapped!

JOHN

Wait what? What do you mean,
"trapped"?

Jane ignores him as she continues.

JANE

When will you ever just realize
that this is over--

JOHN

I'm sorry, but I can't just watch the woman I love, leave and go to someone else without an explanation.

He goes into the kitchen as the kettle on the stove whistles, and looks to be bubbling over. Jane goes to a dining chair and sits down, and puts her head in her hands.

JANE

John, I feel like I am not the same person I was. I am always so tired...

John walk over to the table with a cup of coffee and sits down beside her.

JOHN

Jane, I know. I saw you with him--

JANE

You don't know anything about--

John scoffs, as he looks around in disbelief and composes himself.

JOHN

You think I don't understand?

Beat.

(CONT'D)

Fucking hell, Jane! We have been in this for five years, and I get it. You have been thinking about what its like to be with other people.

He takes a sip of his coffee.

(CONT'D)

And've you've always been independent, and I am willing to give it to you.

JANE

I don't want to stay and hurt you like this...

JOHN

Well, I can't let you go. I want to be the one who gives what you want.

JANE

But John, I am falling apart
here...

JOHN

I know you don't want what we have
now.

Beat.

I get that.

JANE

Do you?

JOHN

I do. And I know, that you want to
leave me.

John motioned towards her bags beside the table.

JANE

I just don't know if I love you
anymore...

Jane trails off, as she looks at the papers in front of her.
Silence fills the room.

Beat.

JOHN

After everything I've given?
Everything I've sacrificed?

John stands up and walks towards the bedroom door then stops,
and turns back.

Do you not believe that there is
anything worth saving in us, truly?
Like, are you sure absolutely sure?
Because if there is any part of you
that wants to try, say something,
anything.

JANE

I...

She turns away and her eyes tear up.

I don't know what to feel, or say.

JOHN

Just tell me, what happened with him, to make you want to leave me.

JANE

There was a guy I saw when we went to the bar, you know, that guy.

She pauses.

She gets up and walks to the kitchen to get a paper towel to wipe her face.

And when I saw him so many strange fears and doubts filled my every thought and, all I could think was, "I just need to kiss him once, and maybe it will give me an answer to this conflict I feel".

Beat

JANE

And I did, and now? It's made everything worse.

JOHN

Then let me help you make sense of--

JANE

No John, for your sake,

Jane begins to cry.

JANE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

And mine, I have to end this.

John slowly reenters the room and braces himself on of the dining room chair as he looks at the papers on the table.

JOHN

I don't know how I failed us... Five years of trying. Five years now amount to nothing.

JANE

John, I am sorry, let me explain the best I can.

Beat.

JANE (CONT'D)

I love you like a friend, and I am sorry that I changed, and I wish that I hadn't but I need to be free. Please sign the papers, and let's stop this fighting.

JOHN

But...

JANE

John please! You are hurting me, I didn't want to start this, and I don't want to fight; make this easy on both of us.

He looks down at his hands at his wedding ring, then back at Jane.

JOHN

I hate that it has to end like this, but if this is what it will take to make you happy, then so be it.

Jane walks back to the table as she looks on as John signs the divorce papers. John sets his ring down on the table as he looks to Jane as he begins to cry.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You know, being married to you for these last five years was pretty fucking awesome, and just know I won't ever stop caring about you.

JANE

I know, and neither will I... Just know that I want only the best for you.

They embrace as John cries into Jane's shoulder.

THE END