

Statement of Jane Doe 4

I stand here because of a night I'll never forget.

It was just another Tuesday, when I got invited to attend the Sports Illustrated 50-year anniversary party. I instantly called two close friends to join me. We were excited to be invited and looking forward to a fun night. We got dressed up, and began our evening just like we would any other night out.

The evening was going well and we were having a great time. There were a lot of familiar faces that I knew. I felt comfortable and confident that good people surrounded us. Little did I know that I was wrong, very wrong.

One of the girls went home. My friend and I decided to go to the club, which was the after party of the event. This is where Darren Sharper first set his eyes on me.

I remember him offering to buy me a drink. At that point I was already drunk and just wanting to dance. For this reason I didn't have a drink with him. Now looking back, at that moment I believe that he had already marked me as his next victim. He knew exactly what he wanted to do to me. That is something that will haunt me forever.

He kept coming up to me in the club trying to make small talk. We ended up having a mutual friend, so we started talking. I trusted him, I was never interested in him, but he seemed trust worthy, someone that would look after us. At that point the club was closing and there was talk about an after party in the hills. He offered to give my friend and me a ride.

He said his friends were joining us too. At no point did I feel uncomfortable. We attended the after party. He mentioned that his friends were somewhere else and that we should go meet with them. We wanted to leave where we were, so we left with him.... which would soon be the biggest mistake we'd ever make.

He mentioned on the drive that he wanted to stop at his room. I can't remember completely if he said we were meeting his friends at the room or they were on the way. But I remember he kept suggesting that we were going to meet with people. We got to the hotel. He said that we should come up real quick to his room, so we did. At no point in the night did I ever feel uncomfortable or even as if he was hitting on us. He just seemed friendly and all about having a good time.

We arrived at his room. My friend and I went to the bathroom together. We must have been in there for a few minutes. As soon as we came out he offered us each a shot. It was light pink. He had one for him too. I remember looking at my friend. I took a shot and a half. I remember feeling dizzy, trying to sit but couldn't. I think I fell over but I'm not sure. My memory is black, I've tried to remember and I can't, not a thing. It's the darkest moment in my life. It's the moment when someone had complete control over me, I don't know what happened to me, I don't know what he did with me, I'll never know. That's not easy to live with. It haunts me day and night.

I woke up on a bed. My clothes were on. I felt heavy. My body was heavy. There was blood coming out of my nose, and my mouth. I was terrified. I didn't know where I was or what had happened. Did I almost just die? I thought to myself. I've never felt like this before. I was scared for my life. I was confused. I didn't understand why I was in this hotel room. I've never passed out in a place. Never.

I found my friend. I saw in her eyes her fear as well. We both knew something was wrong, but all we wanted to do was get out, get as far away from that room as we could. We got a taxi to my car in Hollywood. I remember puking, feeling so sick. I wanted to sleep. My eyes were heavy. I was struggling to drive. I had no idea at that point that he drugged us. I'm lucky that we didn't crash. We got back to my place. We laid down. We were both feeling sick and tired. We talked a little but not a lot. We looked up Darren on my phone. We both agreed something was not right last night. We both knew he did something to us but we were still so confused and in shock.

When you're a victim of being assaulted or drugged, you're confused. You blame yourself for what happened. But the truth is we did nothing different from any other night, except that we trusted a man with no integrity or respect for women, someone who must have thought he would never get caught.

As time went on, things started to make more sense. I knew we were drugged. My friend mentioned that her body hurt, that something was wrong. The day went on. I tried to go to work, but I couldn't stop thinking about that night with Darren Sharper. What happened? It hit me that we were drugged and my friend was raped. I texted her to meet me at my house ASAP. I found the closest RTC (rape treatment center) in Santa Monica. We talked. She believed that she was assaulted. We didn't know if we were going to go forward with a police report.

We knew he was a high profile athlete and that he had power. We questioned what he would do to us if he found out we made a police report about him. We were scared. We felt like our lives could be threatened. As the ladies at the center continued to talk with us about the night in question, one lady asked what his name was. We said Darren Sharper. She paused. She didn't blink. She said you girls NEED to make a report right now! She had heard his name before. I had chills. What was happening? This can't be real. In that moment I knew our lives were about to change. We were victims of Darren Sharper. After a while my friend and I agreed to go forward with all the RTC testing and to make a report.

How have I been impacted? It's one thing to be a victim, but to be the victim that got "lucky" in some eyes is not easy to live with. When I think back to that night I wonder what he could have done to me. That's not lucky. It's haunting.

I remember on the drive to the party in the hills, I was sitting next to Darren. We were talking. He asked me about my tattoos on my wrist. On my left I have Fear. On my right I have LOVE. I told him it was for my sister who was fighting a cancerous brain tumor. She taught me to never let Fear of dying, stop me from having a loving life. I remember he was touched by my story. To this day, I wonder if it was that conversation that stopped him

from raping me. Did he try and then see my tattoos? I'll never know, but one thing I know is that I'm not lucky.

I'll never forget the moment I heard that he posted bail. I was terrified. Was he going to get away with this? Was he that powerful?! Night after night I would toss and turn and break out into a heavy sweat. My heart raced. I lived in fear. I feared that he was out to get me and that he would do anything to keep me quiet. My life felt threatened. I would have nightmares of him strangling me, trying to kill me. Nightmares of him raping me and other women. I felt like his eyes were on me at all times. It got so bad that I stopped trying to sleep. I ended up flying home where I felt safe and thought he could not find me there.

Four months later, I lost my sister. I lost my best friend, I felt like I lost everything. I do blame him for taking the last four months I had left with my sister while I worried about what he had done to me. That's something I can never get back. Today I stand here happy knowing that this man Darren Shaper will never take something so precious from another woman again.