

NINJA IN BLUE JEANS

A short comedy by
Scott Mullen

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MEG, a teenage girl, a little shy.

CASSIDY, a teenage girl, much more outgoing.

(A teenage girl, MEG, stands, wearing a t-shirt and blue jeans, a styrofoam coffee cup in her hand. She raises it to take a drink, but instead looks through the cup with one eye.)

(CASSIDY, a blonde teenage girl, wanders in. She looks at Meg, who lowers the cup, then sees her.)

CASSIDY: What are you doing?

MEG: Nothing.

CASSIDY: That's a strange way to drink a cup of coffee.

MEG: I was just trying to get the last drops out.

CASSIDY: Can I see it?

MEG: Why?

(Cassidy lifts up her cell phone. Snaps a photo of Meg.)

Hey!

CASSIDY: Because if you don't let me see it, I'll knock on the door of the house you've been looking at and show this photo to everyone inside.

MEG: That's blackmail.

CASSIDY: Yup. But the good news is I'm a friend.

MEG: I don't know you.

CASSIDY: I'm still a friend. We have more in common than you think. But you need to trust me. Just let me see it.

(Meg reluctantly hands it over. Cassidy looks at it, then holds it up to her eye.)

That's really cool. Like a little telescope. You can see everything.

(Cassidy hands the cup back.)

Where'd you find it?

MEG: Online. Spy store. Not that I'm a spy.

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CASSIDY: What's his name?

MEG: Who?

CASSIDY: The boy you're spying on.

MEG: I'm not spying –

(Cassidy waggles her cell phone at her. Meg sighs.)

Matt. But I'm not a spy.

CASSIDY: No, you're a stalker.

MEG: No! I'm just gathering information.

CASSIDY: Okay.

MEG: I think I'm going to leave now –

(Cassidy waggles the cell phone again.)

Seriously?!?

CASSIDY: Hang out. Relax. It's a nice day. Answer a few questions. Tell me about the stalking.

MEG: I'm not a stalker! If I was rich, I could hire a detective to tell me everything about him. But I'm not rich. So I need to do it myself.

CASSIDY: You could just check his Facebook page.

MEG: I've tried that. But he doesn't post much, and when he does he doesn't give much away.

CASSIDY: Have you gone through his garbage?

MEG: What? No!

CASSIDY: You'd be surprised how well that works.

MEG: I've found I can learn a lot by just watching someone. A relationship is a big commitment. Sometimes you want to know before going for it that you should be going for it.

CASSIDY: And how does Matt look so far?

MEG: Really good.

CASSIDY: But you're not a stalker.

MEG: No! I'm a...ninja.

CASSIDY: You're not dressed like a ninja.

MEG: See, that's what I never understood. Ninjas are supposed to be all stealthy, but as soon as you see one, you're like "that's a ninja." But you'd never know I was a ninja.

CASSIDY: That's a good point.

MEG: Thank you. I could just be an ordinary girl, standing here, waiting for a bus.

CASSIDY: This isn't a bus stop.

MEG: But no one knows this isn't a bus stop.

CASSIDY: Well, I know.

MEG: Do you live around here?

CASSIDY: No. But I've stood here before.

MEG: Tell me you're not—

CASSIDY: Stalking Matt?

MEG: Ninja-ing Matt.

CASSIDY: No.

MEG: Whew. I mean, that would have been awkward.

CASSIDY: I'm stalking Bobby Neftel.

MEG: Say ninja-ing. It's better.

CASSIDY: No, I'm definitely stalking. Bobby lives in that house over there. Glasses, wavy blond hair, muscles?

MEG: Oh yeah, I've seen him. He's cute.

CASSIDY: Hell yeah he's cute.

MEG: But you're not stalking him. You're just gathering

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information.

CASSIDY: At this point it's legally stalking. He even got a restraining order.

MEG: What?

CASSIDY: Yeah. I have to stay 100 yards away from him at all times. Don't worry, we're safe here. I measured.

MEG: You measured?

CASSIDY: Every inch. If the cops drive by, I'm just going to stick out my tongue.

MEG: Don't do that.

CASSIDY: Why?

MEG: You don't want to attract any attention.

CASSIDY: But we're not doing anything wrong. We're legal. Just two girls hanging out at an imaginary bus stop. Did you bring any snacks?

MEG: What?

CASSIDY: Snacks. I usually bring snacks, but I came straight from work. Though we could order a pizza. I did that one night. The guy delivered it to me right on the street. Do you want to order a pizza?

MEG: I ate before I came.

CASSIDY: Smart.

MEG: Why'd he get a restraining order?

CASSIDY: Bobby?

MEG: Yeah. What happened?

CASSIDY: Oh. Well, I was at this party, and he was there, and I was trying to figure out what to do, because his girlfriend was also there—

MEG: He has a girlfriend?

CASSIDY: They always have a girlfriend. Anyway, I saw him dancing by the pool, showing off his moves, no sign of his girlfriend. So I snuck up behind him and I wrapped my arms around him, and he totally thought I was his girlfriend, and we were dancing, sort of, and then I kissed him on the neck. Best seventeen seconds of my life... Then his girlfriend pushed me into the pool. Then I pushed her into the pool. I might have tried to drown her. So, restraining order. Which is crazy. She's so wrong for him.

MEG: I don't think Matt has a girlfriend.

CASSIDY: Why not? What's wrong with him?

MEG: Nothing. Not that I can see.

CASSIDY: Sounds suspicious.

MEG: I think he's just shy.

CASSIDY: So why him?

MEG: It's stupid.

CASSIDY: Tell me.

MEG: I was at the mall, at the food court, all by myself. I just bought some lunch, and I was looking for a place to sit, but there was nothing, all the tables are full. And then I see Matt and his friends getting up to leave, only they left their table a mess, you know? They didn't clean it up. But Matt sees me coming, and he goes back, and he cleans that table. Wipes it off, throws away everything. And he gives me this little smile, and then he's gone. That was three weeks ago.

CASSIDY: Huh. That's it?

MEG: There was a connection. I felt a connection.

CASSIDY: So now you're just gathering information.

MEG: Yes.

CASSIDY: Why not just talk to him?

MEG: Oh. No. I don't... I can't. Not even in English class.

CASSIDY: You're in the same English class.

MEG: Every day I hope that he'll come up to me after class and say something, but he never does.

CASSIDY: Wow. That's really kind of pathetic.

MEG: Hey! At least I'm not a stalker.

CASSIDY: Whatever you say.

MEG: How'd you know Bobby was the one for you?

CASSIDY: I liked the way his butt looked in his jeans.

MEG: Great.

CASSIDY: You know the best way to gather information? Sneak into his room when he isn't there. Poke around everywhere. Boys' rooms are like windows into their soul. As long as they aren't there. What do you say?

MEG: That doesn't sound legal.

CASSIDY: There's a ladder in the woods behind Bobby's house—

MEG: You snuck into Bobby's room?

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