

DANGER GIRL'S NIGHT OFF

by Marshall Ryan Maresca

Cast

Miranda Harkens (aka Danger Girl)

Brad Jameson

Carolyn (aka Nightingale)

(Scene up on Miranda's apartment, which has a certain Spartan elegance. There is a table set up with a nice tablecloth, candles, setting for two. There is a knock on the door. Miranda, a pretty and fit 23-year-old woman, comes out from the back to answer the door. She's dressed up nicely, and is putting an earring in one ear as she crosses the room.)

MIRANDA: Just a second.

(She answers the door to see Carolyn, who is dressed in full super-heroine costume as Nightingale.)

MIRANDA: Damn it, Carolyn. What is it?

CAROLYN: Hello to you too, Danger Girl.

(Carolyn comes in to the apartment.)

MIRANDA: Sorry, it's just—Hey. I'm a little stressed tonight. What's going on?

CAROLYN: Well I—you're dressed up nice.

MIRANDA: Yeah, you noticed.

(As they talk, Miranda is busy in the place—putting wine on the table, lighting the candles, etc.)

CAROLYN: You're not suited up.

MIRANDA: I'm taking tonight off. Brad's coming over.

CAROLYN: Brad?

MIRANDA: Yes. Brad. It's our six-month anniversary.

CAROLYN: It is?

MIRANDA: Yes, really.

CAROLYN: It's been that long? What happened to Mike?

MIRANDA: We broke up almost a year ago. Remember when the Queen of Spades kidnapped him and threw him off the Pittman Building?

CAROLYN: Yeah, but you saved him.

MIRANDA: Well, he thought the whole thing was a bit much.

CAROLYN: You know, DG, you really should stop trying to date guys who aren't in the biz.

MIRANDA: Says the girl who kept kissing the Defiler.

CAROLYN: He's cute!

MIRANDA: He's evil!

CAROLYN: But he's got that, you know, bad boy thing.

MIRANDA: Because he IS a bad boy. He made a zombie army.

CAROLYN: A small one.

MIRANDA: Look, just—I don't want to hear it. There is no Danger Girl tonight, there's just Miranda. And Miranda has a date.

CAROLYN: What did you tell The Black Avenger?

MIRANDA: That I wasn't patrolling tonight.

CAROLYN: Does he know you have a date?

MIRANDA: It's none of his business.

CAROLYN: I'm just saying—

MIRANDA: Look, if he wants to be all broody and say we live a lonely life, that's his business.

CAROLYN: But if he—

MIRANDA: I don't care. Look, why are you here?

CAROLYN: Oh, right. Well, it's—Sangrenegro escaped from the asylum yesterday.

MIRANDA: And you want to borrow the Emara Medallion.

CAROLYN: Yeah.

MIRANDA: Figured. Hold on.

(Miranda goes into the bedroom. There's a knock on the door.)

MIRANDA: Answer that, it's Brad!

(Carolyn answers the door, and Brad, a perfectly normal guy, comes in.)

BRAD: Oh, hey. Umm... Nightshade, right?

CAROLYN: Nightingale.

BRAD: Nightingale. Sorry. Is Miranda here?

MIRANDA: *(From the back)* I'll be right out!

BRAD: What's going on?

CAROLYN: I just stopped by for a second.

(Miranda comes out with a coin)

MIRANDA: And she's leaving now. Here. *(She gives Carolyn the coin.)*

CAROLYN: Thanks.

BRAD: Is evil afoot or something?

CAROLYN: Just Sangrenegro.

BRAD: Is he the vampire bat guy?

MIRANDA: Yeah. Lightweight, really.

CAROLYN: Cakewalk with this thing. *(Holds up the coin.)*

BRAD: That thing?

MIRANDA: It's the Emara Medallion.

BRAD: I thought it was just an old coin.

MIRANDA: It was blessed in a Spanish Mission.

CAROLYN: Sangrenegro is terrified of it. He sees it and weeps like a little girl.

BRAD: OK, then.

MIRANDA: I want that back.

CAROLYN: Right.

MIRANDA: And now Nightingale is leaving.

CAROLYN: Right. *(She goes for the window.)*

MIRANDA: Use the door, Night.

CAROLYN: Right. Sorry. Have good evening, DG. See you, Brad.

BRAD: Yeah. Good vanquishing.

(Carolyn leaves.)

BRAD: Everything OK?

MIRANDA: Yeah.

BRAD: Sure?

MIRANDA: Or course. Seriously, Sangrenegro is a pushover. You could take him.

BRAD: If you say so.

MIRANDA: C'mere.

(Brad moves closer, and Miranda pulls him closer, and kisses him.)

MIRANDA: Tonight the only thing I'm worrying about is you.

BRAD: All right.

(She kisses him some more, and they move to the couch.)

BRAD: Did you cook?

MIRANDA: Mmm-hmm.

BRAD: I didn't know you cooked.

MIRANDA: Sure.

BRAD: Huh.

MIRANDA: What?

BRAD: Well, that's pretty domestic for you.

MIRANDA: I can do domestic.

BRAD: You can bench a Buick, sweetie. Domestic isn't your thing.

MIRANDA: I'm branching out.

BRAD: Should we eat, then?

MIRANDA: I'm not so hungry just now.

BRAD: Mmm. Me either.

(They kiss more. Things start to get hot and heavy when a communicator of some sort starts to beep.)

MIRANDA: Damn it.

BRAD: Ignore it.

MIRANDA: I can't. It's—I can't.

BRAD: Fine.

(Miranda answers it.)

MIRANDA: Yeah. No. Because I'm—no. But the... what? Can't the—They are? He's where? With? Jesus. Yeah, fine. I'll be there. *(She clicks it off.)* Crap.

BRAD: What's up?

MIRANDA: I gotta go.

(She starts to take off the dress as she goes back into the bedroom.)

BRAD: What's going on?

MIRANDA: Doctor Terror and The Scourge have captured half of the Hero League. They'll probably be killed by midnight if B.A. and I don't save them.

BRAD: Why midnight?

MIRANDA: That's just how Dr. Terror works. It's his way.

BRAD: He's not a licensed physician, is he?

MIRANDA: Not anymore.

BRAD: So that was The Black Avenger calling?

MIRANDA: Yeah.

BRAD: Am I ever going to meet him?

MIRANDA: Huh?

BRAD: Meet the guy.

MIRANDA: Why ~~do you want to meet him?~~

BRAD: Because, I don't know, you work for him.

MIRANDA: I'm his partner!

(She comes out, now in her Danger Girl outfit, which shows off a significant amount of her legs and upper arms.)

BRAD: Mir, you're his sidekick.

MIRANDA: Still, he's not the, you know, meeting boyfriends type.

BRAD: OK. *(beat)* It's just—

MIRANDA: What?

BRAD: OK, it just seems, you know, you always jump when he calls.

MIRANDA: Because lives are at stake, Brad.

BRAD: I just don't think he respects you.

MIRANDA: What are you talking about?

BRAD: Well, I mean. I think he's holding you back, is all.

MIRANDA: Holding me—how? B.A. trained me. He's been... I wouldn't be the hero I

am, I wouldn't be *alive* if it weren't for him.

BRAD: I know, it's just, I mean. You've been with him, fighting crime since you were, what? Thirteen?

MIRANDA: Fourteen.

BRAD: Right, and I'm just saying, you're twenty-three now, and it's like, you haven't gone anywhere.

MIRANDA: What do you mean?

~~**BRAD:** Well, you still have essentially the same costume. Did he come up with that?~~

~~**MIRANDA:** Why?~~

BRAD: Well it's a kind of creepy thing for a grown man to dress a teenage girl like that.

MIRANDA: What do you mean?

BRAD: I mean... will you look at your costume? It doesn't leave much to the imagination.

MIRANDA: Are you jealous?

BRAD: Of him? No.

MIRANDA: He's not like that, you know.

BRAD: Then what's he like?

MIRANDA: Well, he's, you know... he's the Black Avenger.

BRAD: Right. And in nine years, you're still just his sidekick.

MIRANDA: No, I'm not.

BRAD: Then why aren't you part of the Hero League?

~~**MIRANDA:** What do you mean?~~

~~**BRAD:** Why hasn't he made you part of them?~~

MIRANDA: Because, I mean—the Hero League are the serious big guns. They're—

BRAD: Earth's Mightiest, yeah. Including him, but he boxes you out, except when he

needs you to help bail them out.

MIRANDA: Look, it's not like that. The superhero community is very... established. I'm still one of the kids to them.

BRAD: Because you never stopped being fourteen to them! You never stopped being his girl! At least Nightingale is off on her own, making her own name.

MIRANDA: She's not really. She's one of the Guardian Girls.

BRAD: Well, why aren't you a Guardian Girl?

MIRANDA: I was. For about a week. It didn't work out.

BRAD: Why?

MIRANDA: Because they're all so, you know, cliquey. . "We don't need another super-strong girl, you know." Nightingale is the only one I get along with.

BRAD: So, just, you know, go solo.

MIRANDA: Solo?

BRAD: Seriously, Mir. You're a grown woman. But they'll keep you at the kid's table because you're *Danger Girl*.

MIRANDA: It's not that easy. Really, Brad, this is a community. It's another culture.

BRAD: So?

MIRANDA: So, they don't like changes. When Johnny stopped being Eight-Ball's sidekick to go solo, he got totally blackballed. I can't just—

BRAD: What are you scared of?

(Miranda sits down.)

MIRANDA: Of disappointing him. I—I told you about what happened to Mike?

BRAD: With the Queen of whatever dropping him off the Pittman?

MIRANDA: Yeah. I saved him, but she escaped. And B.A., he didn't say anything, but he just looked at me, and in his eyes, there was just such... shame. I just withered. Bullets bounce off me, but he can shatter me with a look.

BRAD: Shame? For saving someone?

MIRANDA: For not being good enough to save him and still catch her.

BRAD: You know, these heroes? They're not such nice people.

MIRANDA: It's a tough gig. You've got to have a thick skin.

BRAD: Literally.

MIRANDA: Yeah.

BRAD: You ever think of just, you know, getting out completely? Go into accounting or something?

MIRANDA: Never that good at math.

BRAD: You know what I mean.

MIRANDA: It doesn't work. I mean, I'd like to, but—I see some of the people who tried. There's always another crazy with a freeze ray or something. *(beat)* Look, Brad. I know it can't be easy for you. I want this to work, I do, but—

(From outside, a voice calls out.)

BLACK AVENGER (VOICE): Danger Girl! Ho!

MIRANDA: I gotta go.

BRAD: Hey, wait.

MIRANDA: Really, there's—

BRAD: Listen. I'm crazy about you, Mir. Crazy. I just see that, doing what you do, it grinds you up some days, and that kills me. But I'm not going anywhere.

MIRANDA: Yeah?

BRAD: Yeah. Even if some psycho throws me off a roof. Because I know you'll catch me.

(She kisses him.)

MIRANDA: You are too amazing.

BRAD: Yeah, that's my power. Now get out of here. Go make the world safe for truth and goodness.

MIRANDA: *(laughs)* OK. Will you wait up?

BRAD: Yeah. I'll have a hot bath ready for you and everything.

MIRANDA: You're too good to me. *(She starts to leave)* Brad?

BRAD: Yeah?

MIRANDA: I do want you to meet him.

BRAD: Really?

MIRANDA: Yeah. Really. I just—I don't know when will be a good time.

BLACK AVENGER (VOICE): Ho!

MIRANDA: I gotta—

BRAD: It's okay. *(He kisses her.)* Have fun.

MIRANDA: See ya.

(Miranda leaves. Brad's face falls as she goes.)

BRAD: *(Quietly)* Love you too, Danger Girl.

(Brad goes and pours himself a glass of wine, and sadly starts drinking it as the stage goes to black out.)

END OF PLAY