

Nervous

Screenplay by Alex Bengzon

Characters:

Scene 1

1. **Him** - A young man, 25 years old. Introverted, reserved, and doesn't have a lot of experience with talking to women. Sometimes can come off as a little creepy, but means well.
2. **Her** - A young woman, 24 years old. Sweet; Pays for dinner when she wants to and always sees the best in people, but can be a little dense. She has a difficult time saying no because she's a people-pleaser.

Scene 2

1. **He** - Adult man, 31 years old. Hates romantic comedies. Outgoing, and has no shame in who he is or who he loves. Confident and a little wise, mainly because he's been through a lot.
2. **His** - A young man, 26 years old. Loves romantic comedies. Shy, just recently discovered his sexuality. Very conscious about how people see him, especially since he isn't used to being out of the closet.

1 INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

1

It's eight o'clock in the evening, and the restaurant is full. Him is lining up at the hostess stand waiting to get a table. The couple in front of Him has a reservation, so while the hostess shows them to their table, Him takes out a handkerchief and starts wiping the sweat on his forehead. Him is here for a first date, and he thinks there isn't anything more nerve wracking than what he's about to experience.

Once the couple in front of Him are seated, the hostess finally acknowledges him.

HIM

Hi. I have reservations for two under Him?

HOSTESS

(Checks the list swiftly before nodding)

Right this way sir.

Him sits down at the table while a waiter places a napkin in his lap and hands him a menu.

WAITER

What would you like to order?

HIM

Oh, I'm still waiting for someone.

WAITER

(nods)

Very well.

The waiter leaves as soon as Him places the menu down. Him continues to wipe the sweat from his face, clutching the handkerchief in his hands and glancing out the window of the restaurant. Her comes in after about 4 minutes. Him stands up to greet her as she reaches the table.

HER

I'm sorry I'm late.

HIM

No problem. I just got here too.

They both take a seat and Him hands her the menu, raising his hand to call the waiter and ask for another menu. Once they finish ordering their food, they sit in a long awkward silence. After a while, Him speaks up.

HIM

...How was your day?

HER

...It was fine.

Another long silence.

HIM

...So, am I the first random guy to ask you out on a date?

HER

Not at all.

HIM

I figured.

Her's expression shifts, confused and a little offended by what she just heard.

HER

What is that supposed to mean?

HIM

(panicking)

I-I-Sorry, I didn't mean it like-I mean...I...Sorry.

She squints her eyes, but lets out a small laugh when she notices how flustered Him looks, feeling slightly bad for teasing him.

HER

(still laughing) I'm kidding! Don't worry, I know you didn't mean it like that.

Him sighs in relief, taking the handkerchief and patting his forehead with the cloth. Him takes a moment to compose himself before Her continues speaking.

HER

I'm curious. Why did you ask me out at a bus stop? That's not really how it works.

HIM

How does it work?

HER

Well, first you get to know her for a bit. Try to figure out whether she's someone you'd be interested in, and *that's* when you ask her out. Girls don't usually like being asked out randomly in weird places.

HIM

But you're here.

HER

(pause)
...Yes I am.

HIM

Why did you say yes?

HER

Because I don't know how to say no.

HIM

...Do you want to leave?

HER

(shrugs)
I've been thinking about it.

HIM

Well, I won't stop you if you don't want to be here.

HER

No, it's ok. You seem harmless.

Him laughs, breaking the tension and the two can finally breathe. They talk until their food comes.

HER

Huh, we ordered the same thing.

HIM

You just noticed?

HER

I'm not very good at paying attention to details.

They laugh and talk. In fact, it's all they do. Both of them find it difficult to stop, always finding a topic to discuss. Him starts to feel more confident, and Her stops thinking about leaving.

HIM

What's the deal with all these utensils? Why do we need different forks for different courses?

HER

Right? Like, just use the same fork. It saves water and time.

They laugh again. It's nice. They finish their food and Him calls the waiter for the bill. Her stops him from pulling out his wallet.

HER

My treat.

HIM

Ah, feminism at its finest. Allowing the woman to pay instead of the man, a classic gesture.

Her smiles, bringing out her credit card and handing the check to the waiter.

HIM

(feeling confident)
I had fun.

HER

(nodding and giving Him a small smile)
Me too.

HIM
I would say "We should do this again.", but that's way too generic for it to be genuine.

HER
What would you say then?

HIM
"I'll tell you about the problem with soup spoons next time."

She blinks, amazed at how different Him is compared to the beginning of the date. The waiter returns with her credit card and Him leaves the man a generous tip.

HER
(smiling)
Can't wait.

2 INT./EXT. MOVIE THEATER - AFTERNOON

2

It's twelve noon. He is waiting in front of the theater with two tickets in his hand. The sun is bright, and He is wearing a really warm jacket because the theater air conditioning makes him shiver, but right now the sweat running down his temple thinks otherwise. His arrives about 15 minutes before the movie begins.

HE
(fanning himself)
Traffic?

HIS
Yeah, it was horrible. C'mon let's go inside I wanna watch the trailers.

They walk inside and take their seats in the third row. The trailer of a romantic comedy is playing.

HE
Ugh, I just know that movie is gonna suck.

HIS

You just don't like romantic comedies. Stop being a hater.

They continue criticizing the remaining trailers until someone from the back row shushes them. They laugh and remain silent until the movie starts. After the movie, they walk out of the theater and throw their popcorn and drinks in the trash bin.

They walk around for a while until He grabs His' hand. His looks uncomfortable and wriggles his hand out. He looks at him curiously.

HE

What's wrong?

HIS

People are staring.

HE

So?

HIS

...I just don't like being looked at.

He sighs and grabs His' hand again.

HE

Their opinion doesn't matter. You're never gonna see those strangers again anyway, so might as well do what you want. Besides, there are more important things they should be worried about than two guys holding hands.

His remains silent but doesn't let go. They continue walking, but the sun eventually becomes unbearably hot. He removes his jacket and tries to wipe the sweat on his brow with his palm.

HE

Wanna get some ice cream?

HIS

We just had popcorn.

HE

I know, but now I want ice cream.

His laughs and they walk into the nearest ice cream shop. They walk up to the counter.

HE

Hi, one scoop of vanilla ice cream please.

SERVER

Alright, and what about you sir?

HIS

A scoop of chocolate please.

The server nods before punching in their order. She briefly glances at their hands before speaking again.

SERVER

We have a couple's combo if you'd like. We can put both flavors into one cup and it saves you a bit of cash.

HE

Oh, okay! We'll get that instead.

The server smiles and nods again, informing them that their order will take about five minutes. They take a seat in a booth while waiting for their ice cream.

HE

She was nice.

HIS

(shrugs)
I don't know.

HE

C'mon. She offered us the couple's combo, *and* she didn't stare. See? Nothing to worry about.

His sighs.

HIS

I guess you're right.

HE

(proudly)
Of course I am.

The server delivers their ice cream to the table and allows them to enjoy their meal. Once they finish their ice cream, He leaves a tip for the server and they walk home.

HIS

(shyly)
Thank you.

He smiles and pecks his forehead.

HE

No problem.