

First Reaction

In this short comedic script for 1 woman 1 man, First Reaction takes us through a strange and awkward first date with offbeat humor.

Rene: I'm gonna order the fish and some salad, you?

Dill: Eh, I'm looking at the steak and I'm gonna grab some salad, too.
(awkward pause.)

Rene: I know this is awkward. Maybe we should just talk about it out in the open.

Dill: Talk about what?

Rene: Come on Dill, don't make it worse than it already is...please.

Dill: It didn't bother me, it's fine.

Rene: Honestly, it's all I keep thinking about. It shouldn't have happened.

Dill: No, no, it's my fault. I shouldn't have stopped short the way I did while driving.

Rene: It wasn't your fault.

Dill: Isn't that what caused it to happen?

Rene: It was already on the tipping point.

Dill: Really?

Rene: Yes, yes it was. When you slammed on the breaks, it was unavoidable.

Dill: At least we can agree on the fact that I'm partially to blame.

Rene: If I would have kept myself together...

Dill: If I didn't suddenly stop short...

Rene: The second one was all me.

Dill: Well that, that was something else. Yeah, I have no idea what happened there. I mean, after the first one, I made sure I drove calm and cool, as calm and cool as I possi—

Rene: I know you did and I appreciate you doing that.
(awkward pause)

Dill: Waiter is taking for—

Rene: I just want to say that I'm sorry.

Dill: Look, it happens. Maybe not as often as it has happened **THUS FAR** (nervous laugh) but you know, it's cool...maybe—

Rene: Dill?

Dill: Yes?

Rene: I don't like you. No offense, but the truth about it is that my screams are a reaction to your face.

Dill: What exactly are you saying?

Rene: I'm saying that my first reaction to you, on this blind date of ours and me screaming, are connected.

Dill: Connected? I thought it was because I stopped the car short while driving?

Rene: That was coincidental, it was bound to happen at any minute, regardless.

Dill: No kidding?

Rene: Dead serious.

Dill: Hmm. Are you still getting the fish?

Rene: The fish? Yes.

Dill: Right. (beat) Right. Yeah. So. Um. Uh. Why don't you like me?

Rene: I loathe you. Well, not now, scratch that. I like you now...moderately. You've shown patience and understanding and that's important to me.

Dill: Is it?

Rene: Very.

Dill: Well, my parents raised me to be a gentleman.

Rene: I see.

Dill: That's the problem with men today, isn't it?

Rene: What is?

Dill: Oh, treating a woman with class, instead of like property or worse. It's just considered so old fashioned and it shouldn't be. I want to bring class back. There needs to be a renaissance in terms of how men treat women.

Rene: I couldn't agree more.

Dill: That's right. I mean, what's wrong with a man opening up a door for a woman? Or holding her hand while going out for a walk? What's wrong with a beautiful woman such as yourself blasting out scream after scream after high pitched scream, *relentlessly and unabashedly*, while on our way to this expensive restaurant...RIGHT?

Rene: Wow, you're starting to turn me on.

Dill: Am I? Good! Let the wind fly baby cause I'm coming out!!! Because *that is what I believe* dammit and someone needs to say it and I just said it, so there it is!

*Rene kisses Dill with the longest, deepest, most passionate kiss ever planted on a man.
Rene sits back in her chair.*

Long pause.

Dill: Was that real?

Rene: Very.

Dill: I liked that.

Rene: Bet you did.

Dill: This is the...this is the greatest night of my life.

Rene: Dill?

Dill: Yes, Rene?

Rene: Dill, I don't feel like screaming anymore.