

DASHBOARD CONFSSIONAL

by

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FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

A consumer-grade camcorder sits on the dashboard, facing both the car's passengers.

A PRIEST sits behind the steering wheel. He adjusts the camera.

A teenage girl, LISA, fidgets in the passenger seat.

PRIEST

There. All set. Are you ready,
Lisa?

LISA

I don't know.

His hand on her knee.

PRIEST

If there's one thing I've learned
over the years, it's that we need
to mix things up now and then.
Sometimes we need to get away from
that stuffy old confessional box
and talk face-to-face. Like
friends.

Lisa considers, nods.

PRIEST

Excellent. Let's begin.

Lisa makes the sign of the cross.

LISA

Bless me Father, for I have sinned.

PRIEST

How long since your last
confession?

LISA

This is my first time.

A lecherous grin from the priest.

Lisa proceeds to confess her sins. The tape speeds up as she speaks, slowing down for a handful of phrases.

LISA
 Lucky Pierre... Cincinnati
 Bowtie... Angry Dragon... Tony
 Danza...

The priest gets more and more excited. The tape returns to normal speed.

LISA
 For these and all the sins of my
 past life, especially for my sins
 of sexual indiscretion, I am truly
 sorry.

The priest is speechless.

LISA
 Father? Aren't you supposed to
 assign me a penance or an act of
 contrition or something.

Unable to restrain himself, the priest lunges at Lisa,
 kissing her full on the lips.

Lisa pushes him away.

LISA
 What the hell?

The priest kisses her again, groping her. Lisa resists at
 first, but only for a moment. She grabs the back of his hair
 and leans into him.

They make out with a passion that's borderline criminal.

The priest is the first to pull away.

PRIEST
 I'm sorry, my child. I have a
 confession of my own. I have been
 plagued with unclean thoughts. I
 mean, look at you. Those legs,
 those breasts. Are you ready for
 your penance?

The priest unzips his pants.

LISA
 Father, I have one last thing to
 confess.

The priest moans with pleasure.

PRIEST

Oh, confess, Lisa. Confess.

Lisa removes her wig, revealing a head of short hair.

LISA

My name's not Lisa. It's Jeff.

The priest jumps back, flailing. He reaches for camera.

PRIEST

Jesus Christ!

He finds the power button.

CUT TO BLACK