

Dashboard

Written By

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Each scene is the same shot of the particular car's dashboard. Single unbroken shots, anything happening inside the car will almost certainly not be seen, only heard. There's a breath to it all.

INT. CAR - DASH - DAY

Parked at a beach, there is are ashes scattered underneath a bag of chips, a melted half eaten chocolate bar. A lit joint is placed on top of the chocolate bar perhaps.

Three friends talking behind the camera. Two talkative, one quiet one. Dialogue mostly improvised.

QUIET FRIEND

Guys I need to be in the sand right now.

FRIEND ONE

(various adlibbed)

What? What?

FRIEND TWO

(adlibbed)

What do you mean?

We hear the car door open and close, and then see Quiet Friend in front of the car, drop to their knees, then face first into the sand.

FRIEND ONE

Do we go get them (him/her)?

Friend Two gets out of the car. Goes to quiet friend. Friend One picks the joint back up, smokes it, and puts it back. Gets out of the car.

The two friends struggle to get quiet friend up, eventually quiet friend pulls the two of them down so that they're all sitting next to each other. Quiet friend in the middle, puts their arms around their two friends. A moment. Relax.

INT. CAR - DASH - MORNING

Freeway, pretty heavy traffic. A small script sitting on the dash.

ACTOR
(adlibbed)

But he can't even do that anymore
because he's so fucking sick!...

They get stuck, pick up the script. A bottle of pills underneath. They read the correct line aloud. Put the script back, continue on with the lines.

INT. CAR - DASH - NIGHT

A flashlight and a dog toy, maybe a stapler. Relatively off road, gravel maybe. Lots of trees. A couple inside the car arguing, frustrated, scared.

They drive by a dog walking along the street. The car screeches to a halt. Both get out to get the dog. If they get the dog, cool, if it runs away, passenger rider tells driver to go back in the car while they chase the dog. Driver gets back in the car and drives to circle the dog.

INT. CAR - DASH - MORNING

A mickey hat or two, underneath which rests printed out tickets, big pieces of paper. Driving into Disneyland.

Disney tunes plays through the car. One man sings loudly and proudly. At a chorus/group part:

DAD
Everybody!

The rest of the family ad libs in frustration, 4 or 5 more people.

REST OF FAMILY
No. Dad just stop. You're literally
ruining Disneyland. It's 8 in the
morning!

Dad doesn't stop singing, he belts.

INT. CAR - DASH - DAY

Car parked on a surface street. A binder on the dash. We see a young TEENAGER come out of a house, look around, see the car, hesitantly wave, walks up to the passenger window. The window rolls down.

TEENAGER

Are you Julianne?

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR

It's Julianne.

TEENAGER

Right, sorry...I'm Amber.

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR

You can get in the driver's seat now.

TEENAGER

Oh, right now?

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR

Right now.

TEENAGER

I thought we were gonna--rambling.
Sorry.

They walk around the front of the car, and get in the driver's seat.

TEENAGER

Okay. Okay okay.

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR

Key's in the ignition.

TEENAGER

Right on.

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR

You turn it to the left.

TEENAGER

Gotcha.

The car starts to turn on and stop.

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR

You gotta hold it there for a sec.

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR

So before you ever pull off from a
curb remember SMOG, Signal, Mirror-

INT. CAR - DASH - NIGHT

Driving around. A relatively empty parking lot of a school,
high school or college. Jazz playing from the radio.
Flashlight and a magazine on the dash.

In the distance a car is shaking.

SECURITY GUARD

Please god don't be doing that.

They drive a little closer, definitely shaking.

SECURITY GUARD

Jesus Christ. God fucking damn it.

(adlibs)

Hey Suzy. What Johnny? You know
what'd be a good idea? Having sex
in the school parking lot at night?
What a thought! But what about if
we get caught by a security guard?
Oh you mean that stupid Mr. Henty
who patrols at night? He's an old
nut! You said it! Who cares about
the fact that he'd have to
interrupt teenagers having sex! Who
cares about him!

They drive right in front of it, park. Still shaking. Honks
twice. No chance.

SECURITY GUARD

Are you...

Honks again. Nothing.

SECURITY GUARD

Come on!

Car turns off. Takes the flashlight. Out of the car. Walks
up the window. Taps on the window and shines the flashlight
in. Teenage screams from the inside.

INT. CAR - DASH - AFTERNOON

Rush hour traffic on the freeway. A Jesus necklace and rosary wrapper around the rear view mirror. Maybe a picture of Jesus on the dash.

A driver tries to merge lanes when there is no room, or something stupid of the sort.

CATHOLIC

You are not about to do that.

They get stupider.

CATHOLIC

No. No!

Honks.

CATHOLIC

(adlibbed)

No! Come on!! How on earth do you fucking think there's room for your fucking fat ass to fit in that space.

They switch lanes in order to drive passed the driver who cut them off.

CATHOLIC

(as they pass)

Hey, fuck you dumbass!...Jesus Christ.

INT. CAR - DASH - NIGHT

Parked outside a school. Matching wrist and corsage sit on the dash. Something like Chance the Rapper or Anderson .Paak playing softly. A couple.

PASSENGER

Can you turn that music off?

Music turns off.

DRIVER

Sorry.

PASSENGER

You're an asshole.

DRIVER

I'm sorry.

PASSENGER

Stop saying it.

DRIVER

I am sorry.

PASSENGER

No you're not.

DRIVER

What?

PASSENGER

You're not sorry.

Beat.

PASSENGER

Don't treat me like an idiot.

Beat.

PASSENGER

You're not sorry.

Beat.

PASSENGER

Am I right?

DRIVER

Yeah.

PASSENGER

Fuck you.

DRIVER

I'm being honest with you.

PASSENGER

Yeah well it's a shitty reality.
Try going back to faking being a
good partner.

DRIVER

I wasn't faking it.

PASSENGER

Stop.

DRIVER

I'm sorry.

Beat.

DRIVER

Are you gonna tell people?

Passenger gets out of the car and starts walking. They're in
prom clothes. Driver pulls up the car next to them.

DRIVER

I'm sorry, that was stupid.

PASSENGER

Please don't talk to me anymore.

DRIVER

Are you gonna walk home?

PASSENGER

Yeah.

DRIVER

You can't walk home.

PASSENGER

I can actually.

DRIVER

Please get in the car.

PASSENGER

Stop following me!

A passerby.

PASSERBY

Hey there. Everything okay?

DRIVER

Yeah, thank you.

PASSENGER

Really? It's okay?

DRIVER

No.

PASSERBY

Sorry.

DRIVER

You're fine.

PASSENGER

No, tell them why you think everything's fine.

DRIVER

You're taking what I said-

INT. CAR - DASH - DAY

Driving. A picture of a grandmother on the dash. Silence in the car. In the desert. Pull up to a little hill. Car stops. Driver gets out, climbs up a little hill holding an urn of some kind. They hold it close to them, eyes closed for a moment, and then open the urn and ashes go everywhere.

They remain. Come back to the car. Get back in the car. See the photo, take it off the dash, go back to the hill, bury it on top, take a seat and admire the scenery.

INT. CAR - DASH - NIGHT

Empty freeway, speeding. An acceptance letter is sitting on the dash. Something like "Castle on the Hill" is playing through the speakers, loud. The chorus comes up, the driver rolls the windows down and screams it as loud as they can.

The acceptance letter gets sucked out the window.

COLLEGIATE

Shit!

INT. CAR - DASH - EVENING

A Jack in the Box parking lot. Sunset perhaps. Burger wrappers, a fry container, and an unopened beer can on the dash. Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers is playing.

MAN

Okay, so.

Man takes the beer can and pops the metal top off.

MAN

I didn't do this right before and so I wanna do this right.

WOMAN

Okay.

MAN

Can I have your hand.

WOMAN

You can.

MAN

We're just gonna slide this on...Will you marry me?

He slides the beer top onto her finger, probably unseen.

WOMAN

You're proposing to me with the top to a beer can.

MAN

Diamonds are a capitalist scam.

WOMAN

God damn, I'm gonna marry the shit out of you.

MAN

Yeah?

WOMAN

Totally.

MAN

Dude. Right on.

They go back to eating. Singing a little maybe.

INT. CAR - DASH - DAY

Surface streets. Driving. A visor, some maps, a bunch of just paper, it's an old person's car so it's just cluttered. A random plastic bag for some reason is probably there.

The entire thing is basically adlibbed between the Grandmother (driving), grandchild (passenger), and grandfather/grandmother (backseat) trying to park to get to an Ihop.

The kid knows that they should park in the parking lot, but the driving grandparent doesn't trust the valet (not because they're racist please), the backseat elder is a deep conspirer who thinks everyone around them is trying to scam them. The kid just wants a pancake. They probably end up parking blocks away or just turning around entirely. Maybe they interact with the valet, maybe not.

INT. CAR - DASH - NIGHT

Mulholland Drive. Empty dash. Frank Ocean's "Blonde" or something spacey and existential is playing. They pull up to a view of the city of Los Angeles. Beautiful. Turns the car off. Take their phone out. Start recording a voice memo and place the phone on the dash.

Adlibbed. They start with the date and time, it's a message to themselves in the future/ a diary entry. They are about to leave for college. Get someone who's actually about to leave for college to do this monologue.

Maybe, just maybe, for this monologue the camera turns and we see the kid speaking instead of the phone. But there's gotta be a real good reason

When they're done, they get the phone, end the voice memo, and turn the car back on. The engine starts up.

Black.