Stony Brook Confessional

A skit

By

Dana Annalise Golden

404-323-1692

700 Health Sciences Drive

1002A

Stony Brook, NY 11790

Dana.golden@stonybrook.edu

June 10, 2023

CHARACTERS

Father John, 28

Annabeth, 18

Time

The skit takes place in Spring in the early afternoon on a Sunday.

PLACE

The skit happens in a generic confessional. The priest is sitting one side while the students are on the other.

Scene I-1: Stony Brook Confessional

(Father John and Annabeth sit together in a catholic confessional. A permeable barrier separates them.)

father John

My child, why have you come to confessional today?

annabeth

Forgive me father for I have sinned!

father john

What have you done my child?

annabeth

I used non-approved building materials for the Roth Regatta.

father john

That’s not a sin. That’s just trying not to drown.

annabeth

I know! I was so afraid of falling in!

father John

What else is troubling you?

annabeth

I didn’t do my fair share on a group project.

father john

This is quite a sin. You need to make up with the person who did all the work and then cry tears of repentance.

annabeth

I will. Also, I used ChatGPT on a Writing 102 assignment.

father john

To write the body of the essay or just the outline?

annabeth

Just to get an outline.

Father john

Nothing wrong with that! I use ChatGPT to create outlines for my sermons.

annabeth

What a relief! I went to a football game and was so embarrassed I started cheering for the other team.

Father john

Our team needs to get better! And it will only get better if our students support it.

annabeth

I talked with a friend in the red section of the library.

father john

You couldn’t have gone to the green?

annabeth

The green was full.

Father John

Next time you go to the library, give water to the pre-med students who are living there.

annabeth

Understood.

father john

Anything else?

annabeth

I shared memes in my club’s GroupMe, not its discord.

father john

Was the meme spicy?

annabeth

Not even the least bit dank.

father john

Say a prayer for patience on behalf of the leaders of your club.

Annabeth

Also, I told the USG Senate to go fuck themselves because they wouldn’t give Actor’s Conservatory more money.

father john

Well, you were just doing the Lord’s work there, my child.

Annabeth

I used up all my dining dollars by the end of the first month.

father john

Was it Roth’s milkshakes?

annabeth

And the Subway sandwiches.

father john

Say ten holy fathers and try to resist the temptation next semester.

annabeth

I said this year’s artist for Wolfstock was lame.

Father John

The people planning worked so hard on it.

annabeth

But the tickets aren’t even worth it at this point.

father john

Just say a prayer for peace and patience. Anything else from this week?

annabeth

I have a crush on Wolfie. I have been writing fan fiction about him since I got to Stony Brook.

father john

This is not wrong my child. Wolfie has big zaddy energy.

annabeth

He can really get it!

father john

He so can!

annabeth

I have one more thing I want to atone for.

father john

Anything. All is forgiven.

annabeth

You sure? This one is kind of a big deal?

father john

And the ultimate price was already paid for it. Speak little lamb.

annabeth

I committed vehicular manslaughter last week.

father john

Okay…

annabeth

Yeah. A student was walking through intersection when the light was green, and I sped right through.

father john

Well, this is pretty terrible, but at least this is the first time.

annabeth

It’s like the fifth. Nicolls Road is not really built for pedestrians.

father john

Maybe stop driving… or talk to the police…

annabeth

Thank you father! You made me feel so much better!

father john

You’re going to make sure not to hit more people with your car though, right?

annabeth

And I know that even if I hit more people with my car, it won’t matter because God has already forgiven me.

(ANNABETH exits. Beat. Father John talks to himself.)

father john

That conversation was privileged. I can’t tell anyone. But maybe I should. No, I can’t do it. Can I? Well, I will think about it tomorrow. Now to walk home.

(FATHER JOHN exits to the same side as ANNABETH. A screech is heard and then a yell from Father John. Annabeth is heard off stage.)

annabeth

The red hand was up you are not supposed to walk!

 (End. Fade to black.)