

American Dad: The rise of the Fearless Farter, Part I

By

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Based on characters created by Seth MacFarlane and Fuzzy
Door Productions.

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PRELUDE

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A silhouetted hulking figure bounds through the woods, with each step we hear a sub-audible thud and crunch.

He lands in a partial forest clearing where he is illuminated by the moonlight. It is BIG BILL, a huge, bulky man-child with a baby face and a massive head, topped with a thick mane greased into an Elvis lock. He is wearing a white tee shirt and orange checker overalls. He is cradling a girls bike in his left arm while hoisting a large platter above his head with his right arm.

Riding the platter like a boogie board is LIL' DEDE , a girl of about 14 with strawberry blond wavy hair, wearing a light purple plaid dress and a tan cloche hat.

BIG BILL

Why are we going this way?

LI'L DEDE

You'll find out when we get there!

BIG BILL

I don't know, Li'l Dede. Mrs. Sweetiepie said that-

LI'L DEDE

I know what she said, Big Bill! She also said that when were out on the field, I'm in charge!(beat) Slow down! We need to be quiet now!

Bill tip-toes forward. The forest opens up, and with the backs of the duo silhouetted in F.G. we see the Langley Falls CIA Headquarters building.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS TOP SECRET VAULT - NIGHT

An armed guard is standing in front of a large, reinforced vault door, watching a video on his phone and laughing hysterically. Sounds of whining and screeching cats.

Big Bill's fist creeps up behind the guard from O.C. and conks him on the head. The guard falls unconscious.

BILL

This one?!

(Points at vault)

Ha ha! I can break it open!

(CONTINUED)

Bill forcefully shakes the vault handle. The entire room rumbles as though it were in an earthquake. We hear metal groaning under the strain.

DEDE
Stop! You'll blow our cover!

Bill eases up and the rumbling stops. He giggles.

DEDE
Just give me a second...

On the iPad, the words "iHacker App" flash briefly, then switches to a series of numbers. Dede starts typing furiously. The door unlocks and gently swings open.

They go inside. Through the open vault door, we see darkness, flashlight beams and hear crashes and bangs.

BILL(O.C.)
This one?

DEDE(O.C.)
Hold up Billy! Just stop!

Bill laughs. Briefly see silhouette of Bill and Dede amidst the chaos from inside the open vault door.

DEDE(O.C.)
Ah ha! There is is! That one, Big Bill!

They emerge from vault door. Bill is holding a food can.

CLOSE UP of can reveals nondescript label "Beans" with an unappetizing picture of cooked beans. We hear a soft undulating hum.

Men's voices approaching O.C.

DEDE
Someone's coming!

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS HALL WAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

AVERY and JACKSON are walking down hallway.

AVERY
It's so great that we're finally having a sleepover!

JACKSON

Uh, you mean an all-nighter?

AVERY

Is that what they're calling it now?

Avery and Jackson walk past the now-closed vault door.

AVERY

Ooh! We should tell each other scary stories before beddy-time!

They fail to notice that the vault guard is unconscious and propped up awkwardly against the wall, hat covering eyes.

JACKSON

I thought we were here for work?

AVERY

Oh don't you worry, they'll be plenty of time for that...

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Bill and Dede run into the break room from the hallway. Bill looks over at cabinets and smiles.

BILL

Oh yeah! Snacks!

Dede's iPad starts beeping. She looks down at it.

DEDE

Shoot!

Dede frantically taps on iPad while Billy puts the can of beans down on the counter and rummages through the food cabinets. All manner of snack packages spill out.

A second can lands next to the stolen vault beans. CLOSE UP of label: "Frijoles Refritos" with a picture of a sombrero and pot of beans.

A loud alarm bell sounds off. Dede puts the iPad away.

DEDE

Get the can and let's go! NOW!!!

Bill grabs can, lifts Dede, then himself into ceiling opening crawlspace, and replaces the ceiling panel behind him just as Avery and Jackson burst into room, guns drawn.

(CONTINUED)

A cabinet door rattles. Avery nods at Jackson, Jackson points his gun at the cabinet, and Avery carefully approaches from the side.

Jackson nods at Avery. Avery carefully opens cabinet.

A raccoon, eating granola bars, hisses from inside the cabinet. Both men lower their guns.

AVERY

Dexter! What are you doing in there!

JACKSON

You keep a pet raccoon here?!

AVERY

Oh, Dexter is nobody's pet. But he has been a bad boy!

Avery pokes at the raccoon with a grab-stick. The raccoon hisses, snarls and claws at the stick.

JACKSON

(into radio, dejected)
Cancel the code three...

We see that the remaining can of beans on counter is the stolen can from the vault. Jackson puts it into cabinet along with other food items. We hear a soft undulating hum as the cabinet door closes.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Big Bill is bounding away with platter, Dede and bike. Dede has the can- it is the Frijoles Refritos can. She has an intense, dour scowl on her rosy face.

Bill leaps O.C.. A small food wrapper flutters to the ground, landing next to Bill's enormous footprint.

The wrapper has a distinctive logo: "Li'l Dede Snacks" with a picture of Dede, smiling and cheerful as can be.

ACT I

INT. SMITH'S LIVING ROOM- DAY

STEVE'S POV

An identical Li'l Dede wrapper is in STEVE'S hand. Crumbs and frosting adorn the inside of the wrapper and Steve's fingers.

(CONTINUED)

END POV

Steve is swooning, smiling, and dazed. More crumbs and frosting on his face. He is holding the wrapper in front of his mouth. HAYLEY is watching him with a condescending smirk. JEFF is watching TV.

STEVE

Ah the sweet, sweet tidings of my darling Li'l Dede, or should I say the future Mrs. Steve Smith...

Steve licks the wrapper.

HAYLEY

(laughs)

Please child!! You know, Steve, passionately yearning for a fake corporate character selling processed snacks is just, like, so unhealthy on so many levels.

Steve shrugs.

STEVE

Eh. I'm good with it.

Steve licks passionately.

In B.G. on TV, football theme music. On screen graphics "NFL playoff pre-game show, sponsored by Sweetiepie Foods: old fashioned yumminess!" and logo portrait of MRS. SWEETIEPIE, a classic white-haired, bespectacled grandmotherly figure from middle America.

Wearing a modest, homely, but elegant floral print dress with frills. She is wearing reading glasses lowered to the tip of her nose, and mostly peers out over the top of her glasses. Her grey hair is tied up into a large bun hairdo.

FRANCINE emerges from kitchen in a huff. She is carrying and stirring a mixing bowl.

FRANCINE

Hayley, you promised you would help me with the party snacks!

Jeff glances at Hayley and Fran.

HAYLEY

In a minute, Mom.

Jeff starts fidgeting nervously.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCINE

Ugh! I swear, Hayley! For one time,
can you think of someone besides-

Jeff abruptly stands up and walks out room.

JEFF (O.C.)

(nervously)

Gotta go uh, drain the vein! Haha!

STAN walks down stairs to living room.

STAN

Morning! Off to work!

FRAN

Aargh! I don't understand why you
have to work on the weekend-not to
mention the NFC championship game
weekend!

STAN

Sorry Francine, but national
security doesn't take days off. Do
you think the terrorists will just
say to themselves: 'Hey you know
what, Achmed, Since it's the
weekend, let's not detonate this
IED which will kill thousands of
innocent American citizens!"

Fran stirs the mixing bowl slowly, deeply, forcefully. She
bares her teeth. Angry eyes.

FRAN

No Stan.

STAN

HAHAHA!! HA HA HA. Just
imagine! HAHAHAHAHAHAAA!

FRAN

(Barely restrained hostility)

OK. Fine.

STAN

Relax, Frannie. It'll just be for a
few hours.

Fran rolls her eyes.

FRANCINE

(Almost in tears)

Stan, this happens every time we try to throw a party. And then you have the audacity to wonder why we have no social life!

Stan puts his arms around Francine.

STAN

I promise I'll be home with PLENTY of time for the game.

(Pumps fist)

Go Panthers!

STEVE

I thought we were Redskins fans.

Stan puts his hands on his hips. Face grows stern.

STAN

Well the Redskins are losers Steve. The Panthers are in this game, and geographically speaking-

STEVE

(waves his arms)

Geographically speaking?! There's like a half a dozen NFL teams closer to us than Charlotte!

In B.G. on TV, a graphic of "Big Bill Restaurant", with shot of a Big Bill statue by restaurant entrance, holding a platter with a large deli sandwich.

STAN

We're Panthers fans and that's that! Get used to it, son!

HAYLEY

Who cares about the teams?! Lady Gaga will own everybody when she sings the national anthem!

On TV Clips of people eating in the restaurant.

TV ANNOUNCER (B.G.)

At Big Bill restaurant you'll get your fill, so says Bill!

STEVE:

Ah, Lady Gaga (beat) Don't you mean the future Mrs. Steve Smith?

(CONTINUED)

HAYLEY

(Shakes head, Laughs
condescendingly)

I guarantee you, a woman of her
class and talent wouldn't give a
pimpley geek like you the time of
day!

Steve furrows brow and grimaces.

STAN

What class? What talent?
Personally, I think it's a
travesty, that costumed clown-show
making a mockery of our great
national anthem!

HAYLEY

Yeah that's what I used to think
about Gaga too, but honestly Dad,
that lady can SING!

STAN

Eh, I'll believe when I see it...

Stan looks at phone.

STAN

Oh! Gotta go!
(Yelling)
Bye Honey!

Stan hustles out, slams door behind him.

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY

Stan is at his desk, reading paperwork. The Phone rings, he
answers.

STAN

Yello!

INT. SMITH'S HOME KITCHEN - DAY

Francine is on the phone.

In B.G. on TV, Mrs. Sweetiepie is hosting a cooking show.
She is presenting a beautiful prepared dish.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCINE
Stan, I need you pick up
some beans for the seven
layer dip.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE
(ON TV)
And as you can see, my
seven layer dip came out
perfectly, and is just oh
so scrumptious!

INTERCUT - CIA OFFICE/SMITH'S KITCHEN

STAN
Got it: Beans. Will do.

FRANCINE
Two hours until kickoff! You'll be
here, right?

STAN
Two hours. On the dot, Francine.

Stan Hangs up, goes back to paperwork.

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

Stan looks up at clock. DICK is working at another desk in
B.G.

STAN
Crap! I lost track of
time! Francine will have my head
if I don't get home right now!

STAN sees a post-it note "Beans"

STAN
Double crap! I still need to pick
up the beans!

DICK
Did you look in the break room?
People leave good stuff there all
the time. Open season, you
know, like take a penny, leave a
penny...

STAN
Hmmn, worth a shot, I suppose.
Thanks Dick!

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS BREAK ROOM - DAY

Stan is rummaging through cabinets. Finds the can of beans with nondescript label.

STAN

I'm in luck! These should work.

Picks up can. We hear a Soft undulating hum.

STAN

And already warm, too! That should save some time!

Stan leaves room with can, just as HANDSEY, a first-day CIA employee walks in.

STAN

Oh hey, new guy. Handsey, right?

Stan does a thumb-up point and wink and exits the break room.

Once Stan is out of sight, Handsey furtively glances around, then takes out his cell phone.

HANDSEY

(robotic, trance-like)

Yes, Mrs. Sweetiepie.

INT. SMITH'S LIVING ROOM- DAY

The football party is happening at the Smiths! Guests are eating and drinking, Fran is serving food.

On the TV, the ball kicks off to start the game just as Stan jumps through the front door.

STAN

On the dot, just like I said!

FRANCINE

Well I guess there's no time like the very last possible second.

STAN

I'll get the beans ready!

Stan bolts for kitchen.

INT. SMITH'S KITCHEN - DAY

There is a commercial on the kitchen TV, featuring ROGER THE ALIEN as TV persona BRO MCSTIELLY. Roger is wearing a spiky hairdo wig, sunglasses and bowling shirt.

ROGER/BRO (ON TV)
 (Comical Guy Fieri imitation)
 Hey there Bro-bros and Bro-bettys!
 Don't forget to join me, Bro
 McSchtee-Ily-

Text on TV screen 'Bro McStielly'

ROGER/BRO (ON TV)
 ...next week on an all new episode
 of Foodtrucks, Falafel Stands and
 Fudgepackers!

STAN
 Oh good God, Roger!

ROGER/BRO (ON TV)
 Right here on the Munchie Channel!

Stan grabs a can opener, removes lid from can of beans and peers inside. We see green light reflecting off of Stan's face from the opening of the can.

STAN'S POV:

The beans are glowing a sickly neon green. The soft undulating hum in louder, more pronounced.

STAN
 Hmmn, for some reason, these
 beans just don't look right.

END POV

Stan puts down can of beans and walks out to Living room

LIVING ROOM - COUNTINUOUS

Stan sees Fran is talking to GREG and TERRY while other guests watch the game along with Hayley and Jeff.

TERRY
 Oh, I was so looking forward to
 your wonderful seven layer dip!

Fran looks towards Stan and grumbles in scolding disappointment. Stan flees back into kitchen.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

STAN

I have to pull this through! I made a promise!

Stan picks up the can of beans.

STAN

I know, I can cover them with guacamole and with the green on green camouflage no one will be the wiser!

(hesitant)

All right, maybe I'll try them just to be sure...

Stan grabs spoon, takes a spoonful of beans and tentatively puts it in his mouth. A few cautious chews, holds food in mouth.

STAN

Hmm.

Shrugs, then swallows.

STAN

Not bad!

We hear a gurgling, rumbling sound. Stan grimaces and holds his stomach.

STAN

Oh! Maybe I spoke too soon...

Stan rinses the beans down the garbage disposal.

The rumbling gets deeper and more intense. Stan holds his gut, looks to be in pain.

A loud long deep fart. Stan sighs in relief. A brownish green noxious cloud spreads quickly from his rear end to his nose. Stan gags and coughs, covers his nose.

Stan staggers around the kitchen, coughing. He accidentally starts a gas range burner with an errant hand.

He farts into the flame, throwing a huge flamethrower-sized fire jet across the kitchen. It ignites a handtowel, window curtains, and the Sweetiepie cookbook.

Stan screams. He grabs a fire extinguisher and quickly douses the flames.

(CONTINUED)

STAN

Whew! That was close.

He hears a flame. Looks back and sees a jet of flame continuing to run steadily from his butt. Steady droning fart noise.

STAN

Aaah!

He tries to spray his behind with extinguisher, but misses. Turns on sink faucet and sticks his butt under the running water. The flame dies.

INT. SMITH'S LIVING ROOM- DAY

The guests and family, including Steve, are enjoying the game and company.

The noxious gas cloud creeps from under kitchen door and quickly overtakes the living room.

Everyone coughs, gags, grimaces, covers nose, screams or some combination thereof. The guests run out the door.

JEFF

Wo-ho-o-oaah!

Jeff looks at his hands while waving them around.

JEFF'S POV

We see trailer images of Jeff's hands as he moves, twirls them around. Bright colors

END POV

Toxic gas swirling around Jeff's head. He appears dazed, stars above his head. Jeff looks around.

JEFF

What's in this stuff?

HAYLEY

Oh my GAAAAAAWWWWD!!!

(holding shirt over nose)

That is disgusting! OMG, please Mom, tell me you did not feed okra to Roger again!

Stan emerges from kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

STAN

Actually, Hayley, that was me.

Stan holds arms out. He has an apron fashioned into a fart-stopper wrapped securely around his butt.

STAN

Stay back everybody! For your own safety! We're talking defcon-5 level gastric distress!

FRANCINE

Stan! What the hell?!

STAN

Frannie, I'm pretty sure that can of beans I brought home was of questionable quality. You'd better all clear out of here for a while.

FRANCINE

I can't believe this is second time we've been driven out of our own home by toxic fart gas!

Francine, Hayley, Jeff, Steve and Jeff rush out the door carrying bags, pillows and blankets.

STAN

Bye, honey! Be safe!

FRANCINE

That's another one you owe me Stan! This better be cleared up in time for our Superbowl party in two weeks!

Front door slams shut. We hear the sound of car doors closing O.C.. Stan starts opening windows while whistling nonchalantly. Sound of car engine starting O.C.

We hear a gastric rumbling noise. Stan grimaces and puts his hand over his gut. Sound of car driving off O.C.

ROGER walks in to living room from O.C.

ROGER

Oh my, what is that wonderful bouquet? I hope that's dinner cooking! Or did you buy some potpourri?

STAN

Not exactly. Here, Roger, check this out:

STAN grabs a lighter from fireplace, holds it up to his rear end, and lets another one rip. A huge jet of flame fires out from behind his butt.

ROGER

(Twiddles fingers together)
Ooooooooooh! Me likey!

STAN

It started right after
I tried these beans I found at the
CIA.

Stan shows him the empty can of beans.

ROGER

Oh, you ate THOSE beans?

STAN

What do you mean THOSE beans?

FLASHBACK- AREA 51, ROSWELL, NM 1947 - DAY

Roger's spaceship is in the area 51 hanger. Several engineers are examining the ship workings.

Roger is watching, distressed, imprisoned in a holding cell.

ROGER (V.O.)

Well you see, right after I crashed
at Roswell, a few extremely
underqualified engineers were
looking under the hood of my
spaceship...

The engineers are now on lunch break, eating from cans, right over the exposed spaceship engine.

ROGER (V.O.)

This was post-WWII era, everyone
was still eating canned surplus
from the war.

One of the engineers accidentally drops a food can into the ship engine core.

ROGER (V.O.)

So this numbnut technician spends
an hour fishing that can of beans
from the engine core.

(CONTINUED)

Technician wearing a radiation suit puts glowing can of beans into quarantined vault.

END FLASHBACK

ROGER

That can was so radioactive they had to quarantine it for a half a century. But how the hell did it wind up at Langley anyway?!

Roger looks a little unsteady. Green gas lingering.

STAN

Roger, you should probably get some air. From what I've seen, this stuff is on par with nerve gas.

ROGER

Oh relax, would ya? Please, remember who your talking to here. Your air biscuits are kid stuff where I come from. Believe me, I can take I-

(starts swaying)

iii...

Roger faints. Stan catches him.

STAN

Roger!

ROGER

(Woozy, loopy)

Let's run some tests!

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Roger, wearing a lab scientists outfit: lab coat, pocket protector, goggles, and Einstein wig and writing on a clipboard.

2. Stan eyeing a bullseye target from across the room. Stan takes out his gun and aims. Roger, wearing scientist costume and gasmask, grabs his arm and waves his finger scoldingly. Stan grudgingly puts gun away, turns around and farts, blasting a hole through bullseye. Roger removes gasmask, exclaims "Wow!"

3. Stan levitates himself into air briefly while farting, then speeds across attic floor and crashes through wall. Roger/scientist takes off gasmask and exclaims "Wow!"

(CONTINUED)

4. Roger holds bunsun burner flint spark lighter to Stan's butt while Stan farts. Biggest flame jet yet, which safely expires. Roger removes welding mask, says "Wow!"

5. Stan throws a blunt force fart which knocks a sofa on it's back across the room. Roger removes mask, exclaims "Wow!"

6. Stan produces a sustained, meaty fart that saturates the entire attic with thick greenish-brown fart gas. Roger is reading a Geiger counter, which starts beeping and clicking rapidly. Roger takes off gasmask in midst of cloud, Says "Wowwww.....", wobbles, then faints.

INT. SWEETIEPIE'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The headquarters interior resembles a comfortable, lived-in but well-maintained suburban American grandparent's home. Modest but classic furniture, family pictures on the walls, and a needlepoint sign "Home is Where the Sweetiepie is.:"

Mrs. Sweetiepie is sitting on a floral print sofa. She is knitting. Several armed men in business suits are in the room, standing by.

Footsteps heard first as a dull thud getting louder and boomier with each stomp. Big Bill's voice is heard through the wall.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE

Is that my precious little Billy?!

Bill comes stomping in, shaking the walls and floor.

BILL

Hi!! I 'm here Mrs. Sweetiepie!!

MRS. SWEETIEPIE

Oh come here and give Mrs. Sweetiepie a kiss, dear!

Bill ambles over to Sweetiepie, lips puckering.

BIG BILL

Mwah!

MRS. SWEETIEPIE

Mwah!

Li'l Dede appears at the door, holding the can. Sweetiepie's demeanor sours.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE

Stand up straight!

Dede straightens her posture.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. SWEETIEPIE
(Snaps fingers)
Bring it here. Let me see it.

Dede approaches sweetiepie.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE
Uh-uh-uh! Shoes. Dede, shoes.

Dede scuttles back over to door, wipes shoes on placemat,
then brings the can to Sweetiepie.

Sweetiepie adjusts her reading glasses, examines the can.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE
Ah, I see. Well, I'm sorry to say
this is not the can I asked for.

LI'L DEDE
But that was the one in the vault!

MRS. SWEETIEPIE
Frijoles Refritos?!

Shows the label to Dede.

LI'L DEDE
Oh! Big Bill must have got it mixed
up when we were in the break room!

MRS. SWEETIEPIE
And why, pray tell were you in the
break room?

LI'L DEDE
That's the way we came in- Ohhh...

Sweetiepie glowers. Her face subtly twitches.

BIG BILL
Ha ha! I told you Li'l Dede! Mrs.
Sweetiepie didn't want us to go
that way! Busteeeeeeed... He he!

MRS. SWEETIEPIE
There's a reason why I specifically
instructed you to enter and exit
through the sewer line!

LI'L DEDE
(Panic)
I thought it would be just as good
to go in through the roof
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LI'L DEDE (cont'd)
ventilation shaft! And less
gross...

Sweetiepie's expression darkens with rage.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE
Well we're going to have to fix
this, aren't we?

INT. CIA BREAK ROOM - DAY

Handsey is rummaging through the food cabinet.

HANDSEY (ON PHONE)
(Robotic, Trance-like)
The can is not here. (beat) Someone
must have taken it. (beat) Yes.
Mrs. Sweetiepie.

Handsey holds up a colorful package of 'Mrs. Sweetiepie's
Old Fashioned Cookies.'

HANDSEY (ON PHONE)
(Robotic, Trance-like)
Cookies for everybody...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Fran, Hayley, Steve and Jeff are in a small motel room with
2 beds, a rolling cot, and a couch.

Fran notices a pair of dirty socks on a bed. Hayley is
tapping on her cell phone.

FRAN
(To Hayley)
Are you going to pick that up?!

Hayley shows no reaction, continues her texting.

Fran crosses her arms, scowls at Hayley. Hayley oblivious.

Fran throws her arm up in a huff, takes socks, walks over
drops socks in Hayley's lap.

Hayley stops texting.

HAYLEY
Mom, are you still mad about me
bringing Jeff to your
mother-daughter day thingy?

(CONTINUED)

FRANCINE

You don't respect anything I say!

Elevates into a back and forth argument.

Jeff cowers over to Steve's corner of the room.

JEFF

(Quiet, nervous)

Don't mind me, I think I'll just
nap here for a while, ha ha

Jeff lays by window, under the curtains, clearly impeding on Steve's space. The women are still arguing.

Steve shakes his head in disgust.

STEVE

Ugh!

We hear a rumbling, bubbling sound. Steve cups his abdomen and grimaces.

INT. SMITH'S ATTIC - DAY

Stan and Roger are continuing Stan's testing and training.

STAN

This is pretty cool! Just think,
with these powers, I could be a
vigilante super hero!

ROGER

(German accent)

I am way ahead of you, Staniel!

Roger unveils a superhero costume.

ROGER

(German accent)

I took the liberty of designing you
costume! Notice the reinforced
exhaust port fits on your rectum
for increased flatulence control
and safety!

STAN

Wow, this is really impressive,
Roger! But no gun holster?

ROGER

(German accent)

Definitely not! Superheroes don't
use guns, well unless they're a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROGER (cont'd)
shooting superhero, but you're not;
you're a farting superhero!

Oh, and it's not Roger, it is
Doctor Helmut Von Dipschenberger,
German scientist.

KLAUS THE GOLDFISH pulls himself along in his water cup from
O.C.

KLAUS
I'm sorry, but your accent is
terrible.

ROGER
(breaking character)
OK, now you're just being
petty! Ridiculous! My accents are
always perfect! You're just jealous
of my important role in this latest
adventure, Klaus!

KLAUS
It's OK, I understand, Roger. You
did not grow up speaking
German. But I did.

ROGER
Oh yeah?! well I'm an advanced
extraterrestrial being that could
easily master any language I
want on this tiny planet! Well,
except Spanish. Terrible language.
But what about you?! You're an
ex-jock who's brain was just small
enough to fit into a goldfish!

Klaus sighs.

KLAUS
If you say so. But you still are
not getting the accent right.

Roger throws his arms up, breaking beakers and test tubes.

ROGER
GRRRRRRRAHH!!!

INT. SMITH'S ATTIC - DAY (LATER)

Stan is wearing the costume. It is a brownish-green outfit with gold trim. He wears a matching helmet with visor. Adorning his rear end is a large metallic ring resembling a high-tech jet exhaust port.

Stan is feeling it, getting used to it.

STAN

Oh yeah! This feels good! This feels right!

KLAUS

That is badass, Stan!

ROGER

So now all you need is a name. Something noble and heroic, but intimidating!

Roger rubs his hands together and takes a maniacal tone.

ROGER

Something to strike fear into the black heart of Langley Falls' criminal underworld-

STAN

How about the Fearless Farter?

ROGER

Oh Yeah, that works too.

Stan peers out the window. His costumed silhouette takes on a heroic light.

STAN

Take heed, criminals! The Fearless Farter now stands in your way!

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

Stan/Fearless Farter fart-flies down from above, landing on the roof of a strip mall restaurant. The sign says "Fugly's Diner"

Stan peers down into alleyway, where he sees three thugs dressed in business suits beating up the diner cook.

THUG 1

This is Sweetiepie territory from now on, Fugly! You understand?!

(CONTINUED)

Stan jumps down from roof. He aims his butt, farts and knocks two of the thugs out. The third thug takes out a gun.

Stan gasps, aims and farts, knocking the gun out of the thug's hand from several feet away. The thug yells in pain, grabs his hand, and starts to run for it. Stan takes out a lighter, aims & farts, sending a jet of flame across the alley, blocking the thug's exit.

Stan fart-flies up and over thug, lands in front of him, and grabs thug by the collar.

STAN

Listen, punk! You tell this Sweetiepie character that The Fearless Farter is watching!

THUG 1

Okay, Okay! Just please don't fart on me!!

STAN

Go then! If I ever see you again, you will be swallowing my gas! Tell your boss!

The thug runs away.

INT. SWEETIEPIE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Thug 1 on his knees in Sweetiepie's homely headquarters. Sweetiepie is standing over him, covering her nose.

Big Bill, Li'l Dede, and several other suited thugs stand by, surrounding thug 1.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE

I HATE FARTS!

THUG 1

But I swear it's not me! This guy-Fearless Farter busted up our hit, took out Tony and Gus with one fart! He's not human! His toots could destroy the whole city!

Sweetiepie brandishes a gieger counter and scans Thug 1. The counter clicks and beeps rapidly.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. SWEETIEPIE
Hmnn, I think we know who those
missing beans wound up with...
We'll need to take care of that.

Sweetiepie puts on gas mask.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE
But let's just freshen up in here a
bit, with some of my Sweetiepie
brand air sanitizer. Guaranteed to
kill every last germ! You see,
dear, I really can't stand that
fart smell.

Billy laughs a cruel immature laugh.

Sweetiepie takes out a spray can, sprays all around Thug 1.

Everyone else puts on gas masks. Thug 1 convulses and dies a
violent painful death.

Little Dede winces, looks pained. Billy laughs.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE
I think we need to set up a meeting
with this Fearless farter...

INT. STAN'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Stan is working at his home desk.

Roger comes rushing in, out of breath, wearing his
gangster MC Raw G persona.

ROGER
Stan! Stan!

STAN
What is it Roger!

ROGER
Word on the street has it that Mrs.
Sweetiepie is planning something
big out at the old industrial
complex! You gotta get over now
Stan!

STAN
Really? right now? Okay...

Stan starts undressing.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER

Hurry! This is our chance to finally make our name in the superhero business!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - DAY

Stan as the Fearless Farter flies down and lands in a quad surrounded by abandoned industrial buildings. All is quiet. Stan intently scans the area.

THUG 2

Get him!!!

Hundreds of thugs wearing gas masks, armed with guns and other weapons storm the quad from all directions.

STAN

Ay caramba!

ACT II

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - DAY

Stan/The Fearless Farter and a small army of armed thugs are engaged in fierce battle.

The thugs are all wearing dark suits and gas masks, armed with various machine guns, rifles and pistols.

Stan turns around and bends over, aiming his rear end at a group of thugs charging at him.

He lets an enormous fart out, very loud, deep, and visible by rippling waves in the air.

The thugs yell out in fear/shock/pain and are knocked back forcefully.

Another thug fires a machine gun at the Farter.

Stan ducks, then takes a flight stance and releases a steady powerful fart which propels himself into the air.

Stan gracefully flies onto the top of a large structure, pulls out a lighter, turns around, triggers the lighter, holds it in front of his rear end, then lets out a terrific fart. Ignited by the lighter, the fart throws out enormous, violent flames.

Stan turns his body while continuing to fart, sweeping the entire area with flames. The terrified thugs run for cover, screaming.

(CONTINUED)

Yet another thug sneaks up a ladder to the top of the structure, and gets Stan into a chokehold while the Farter's head is down.

Stan drops the lighter and the two struggle.

Stan is able to reach up and partially remove the thug's gas mask.

Then Stan rips another steady, long fart.

The thug starts gagging and coughing, but still hangs on to his chokehold. Stan continues to fart while struggling to stay conscious under the chokehold.

After a few moments, the thug finally collapses, briefly goes into convulsions, foams at the mouth, then passes out.

Stan rolls over, exhausted but still conscious, and catches his breath.

He slaps the unconscious thug in the face a few times. The thug coughs and stirs.

STAN

What is Sweetiepie up to?! You have about 5 seconds to tell me before my ass opens up a whole world of hurt on you!!!

STan aims his butt at the thug's head.

STAN

Five...four...three

THUG

OK OK, stop! I'll tell you! I'll tell you everything!! Please (beat) just put that thing away!

EXT. CITY STREETS M FILM SHOOT - DAY

Roger in his Bro McStielly persona and a film crew are on the corner of a large city street, in front of a food/catering truck with the words "Cassie's Cravings" on the side.

Parked a short distance away is a large white cargo van with the logos "Munchie Network" "Bro McStielly" and "FF&F".

The truck's owner, CASSIE gives the tour to Roger/Bro while several cameras film.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER

(Comical Guy Fieri imitation)

Hi! I'm Bro McStielly, here on Foodtrucks, Falafel Stands, and Fudgepackers. Speakin' of fudgepa-I mean foodtrucks, here's one right now!

I'm here at Cassie's Cravings, parked on the corner of 5th and Main, with the lovely miss Cassie!

CASSIE

Hi Bro!

ROGER

Now everyone knows I come from an Irish family, and I loooooove the food. I remember my Uncle Shamus used to come over right around the holidays just to slop on my Mom's Guinness Stew.

Roger scoops a large ladle full of Guinness stew from a chafing dish into his mouth and swallows.

ROGER

Now Cassie here runs one of the only foodtrucks to serve up all our old faves: Corned beef and cabbage, rack of lamb, Sausage and mash, real Irish cheese, and I understand you even got something for those herbivores out there.

CASSIE

That's right, we offer a vegan alternative to our corned beef, made from soy strips!

Roger shudders and grabs his chest.

ROGER

Well twist my nippies and call me Bro-eena!! I'll probably pass on that, but load me up some beef and I'm all over it!

CASSIE

Sounds great, Bro!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - DAY

Stan slaps the unconscious thug in the face a few times. The thug coughs and stirs.

STAN

What is Sweetiepie up to?! You have about 5 seconds to tell me before my ass opens up a whole world of hurt on you!!!

Stan aims his butt at the thug's head.

STAN

Five...four...three

THUG

OK OK, stop! I'll tell you! I'll tell you everything!! Please (beat) just put that thing away!

EXT. CITY STREETS, FILM SHOOT - DAY

Roger sticks his head into Food Truck pantry.

ROGER

You don't have any fudge in there, do you?

CASSIE

No, sorry!

ROGER

Awe!! No? Cuz fudge is da BOMB, and I need lots of it, know what I'm sayin'?!

The DIRECTOR jumps in front of camera.

DIRECTOR

And cut! I think that's a take! Great job, Bro!

ROGER

(Breaks character, flat demeanor)

Uh huh.

Roger starts to walk off.

ADVERTISING ASSISTANT

Excuse me, Mr. Mcstyly, Mr. Mcstyly?

(CONTINUED)

ROGER

(Turns around)

What did you call me? What did you just call me! It's McStielly! McShtee-aillee!! Say it right!

Why, if my uncle Shamus were here, he'd be kickin' your ass right now, just for saying that!

THUG 3

Freeze!!!

Several thugs wearing gas masks, dark suits, and armed with machine guns storm the food truck film shoot, knocking over food and equipment.

They take everyone prisoner, holding most of the film crew in a group, and singling out Cassie and Roger.

The thugs force Cassie and Roger down on their knees and hold guns to their heads.

In walks Mrs. Sweetiepie.

ROGER

Mrs. Sweetiepie?! But why? I mean, you're a culinary marketing legend! My fam used to mack on all your frozen foods! My Mom would watch your show every week, and get your latest recipe book every dang year when it come out! Your pork & pumpkin pie was my fave back in the day! Extra whipped cream!

Roger makes gangsta gestures with his hands.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE

Shut up, McStielly! You and your Munchie Network cohorts have made a mockery of what I built!

ROGER

Dayumm, lady, you ridin' the love train to cuckoosville!

Thug hits Roger with the butt of his gun.

ROGER

ARGH!!

(CONTINUED)

MRS. SWEETIEPIE

My brand, my empire stood for
wholesome, old-fashioned
ingredients, classic American
recipes and just a little bit of
love in each and every pie!

But you! You and your spiky hair,
your obnoxious sunglasses, that
ridiculous kilt-

Cut to Roger/Bro's lower body, where we see he is in-fact
wearing a green tartan kilt.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE(CONT.)

and your god-awful catch-phrases
make me sick! The only thing I
hate worse than you and your trendy
(holds fingers up for quotes)
"foodie" ilk is
(sniffs, looks around, and
grimaces)
FAAAAAAARTS!!!!!!!!!!!!

Mrs. Sweetiepie puts her gas mask on.

Sweetiepie's goons raise and cock their guns, looking up and
around. We hear distant farting sound gradually getting
louder.

A loud, brief explosive sound temporarily breaks up the
gradual increase. Sweetiepie's goons are knocked over by an
invisible force. Fart sound buildup resumes, volume
increases until:

Stan, aka the Fearless Farter flies down from above, making
a perfect graceful landing between Sweetiepie and the
hostages.

He turns around, aims rear-end at Mrs. Sweetiepie and farts.
Mrs. Sweetiepie screams and is knocked backwards.

Thug 3 breaks her fall, and the two of them take cover
behind a barricade.

STAN

Everybody over here!

Stan directs Roger, Cassie, and the rest of the hostages to
a basement storefront in a nearby building.

Most of the hostages go inside the storefront except for
Cassie, who remains just outside the door on the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

STAN

Stay in here, you'll be safe!

CASSIE

(Muffled due to her having
pulled her chef's coat up over
her mouth and nose)

Thank you!

STAN

Oh!

The Fearless Farter grabs a few gas masks off of some unconscious goons lying nearby and hands them to Cassie.

STAN

You'll have to share these!

Cassie starts to go inside but then pauses halfway in the door, looking out at the Farter.

Roger grabs one of the masks out of her hands, quickly puts in on, and breathes rapidly and deeply.

Cassie puts a second mask onto a small elderly woman hunched over just inside the door, and hands out her remaining masks to others.

Stan starts to rear up and "twerks" his hips. A quiet, choppy fart sound is heard, which quickly peters out. The Farter remains in his stance.

STAN

I'm out of gas! I need fuel!
(Looks at Cassie, who is still
halfway in the door)
I need gas producing foods!

Several thugs who are lying on the ground start to get up, rubbing their heads, pick up their guns, struggle to keep their balance attempting to stand up.

CASSIE

(Points at food truck)
My catering truck!!

Stan starts to run towards the food truck. We see food strewn about on the street next to/behind the truck. As Stan closes in, a SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Stan say "cabbage..." quietly to himself, and we see a head of cabbage on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

2. Stan say "corned beef..." quietly to himself, and we see corned beef on the ground.

3. Stan say "sausage..." quietly to himself, and we see several linked sausages on the ground.

4. Stan say "cheese..." quietly to himself, and we see a package of Irish cheese on the ground.

5. Stan say "soy strip!" out loud/excitedly, and we see a package of soy strips on the ground.

Mrs. Sweetiepie gasps, and her eyes widen.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE

(Screaming)

Keep him away from those soy strips!!!

STAN

Crap!!

Several still-woozy thugs start to run towards the food truck and Stan. THUG 4 tackles him from behind, just short of the soy strips.

Slow Motion: Sound of heart beating. Stan struggles to inch closer to the package of soy strips with Thug 4 pulling him back.

With a last grasp effort, he stretches to reach the soy strips, rips the package open, takes several bites, and swallows.

Heart beat sound stops, and is replacing by deep, rumbling bubbling sound. At first a brief rumble followed by a pause, then another bigger, deeper rumble.

THUG 4

NOOOOOOOOOOOO-

End slow motion. Simultaneous fart sound and massive explosion emanating from Stan's rear end violently blasts Thug 4 away.

Another fart propels Stan across the city block like a rocket car.

From the front we see Stan awkwardly flailing with the force of his acceleration while the background races past him.

(CONTINUED)

STAN

Aaaah!!

MRS. SWEETIEPIE

Get him!!!

Thugs from all around start running towards the Farter.

Joining the chase is a black Lincoln Continental carrying a thug pointing a machine gun out the window.

Also a cube truck with the words "Mrs. Sweetiepie Foods" decaled on the side.

Stan crashes into some trashcans on the side of the building.

He stumbles a bit, braces himself against the brick wall, aims his rear end at the oncoming army of thugs and twerks.

Big fart sound followed by explosion. We see several dozen or so thugs getting blasted through the air.

Stan twerks his hips again. Fart sound. A second explosion. The Lincoln is seen flying through the air, end-over-end and crashes halfway down the block.

Stan twerks one more time. Fart sound and a third explosion. The Sweetiepie distribution truck is seen tumbling side-over-side down the street.

Sirens are heard at first distant and getting louder. Stan looks off in the distance, gets into flight stance, and farts. With explosive acceleration, he clumsily and rapidly flies away.

We see a front view of the Farter precariously trying to maintain his flight balance while the city and building tops get smaller and smaller behind him.

STAN

Man! Those are SOME soy strips!!

We see Cassie, Roger, and other hostages looking out the window up at Stan flying away in the distance while sirens get louder.

Mrs. Sweetiepie and Thug 3 get up from behind the barricade.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE

Let's go!

Sweetiepie and Thug 3 duck into an alley and disappear into the shadows. Several police cars and firetrucks pull up.

Policemen get out with their guns drawn and run off-screen, away from the alley.

EXT. CITY SKYLINE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

As Stan is flying away above the skyline, he is intercepted by a CIA helicopter piloted by Avery.

Stan narrowly avoids colliding with the chopper's windshield. Avery sees Stan's face and shows a look a recognition and surprise.

Avery points/gestures emphatically toward a nearby building top.

XT. CITY ROOFTOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Stan makes an awkward landing onto the building top. The helicopter circles around.

Roger appears, already changed into his Dipschenberger costume.

STAN

Roger! what are you doing here?!
Shouldn't you be back there with
the police? And your film crew?

ROGER

Yeah, well, what are you gonna do?

STAN

Uh Roger. you should know the CIA
and my boss is here:

Stan points at the helicopter. Roger gasps.

Avery gets out of Chopper.

AVERY

Hello Stan.

STAN

OK, Avery, here's the deal, I ate a
70 year old can of irradiated beans
from work that gave me farting
superpowers, and now me and uh, Dr.
Dipschenberger-

Avery strokes his chin and looks intently at Roger. Roger and Stan look worried.

(CONTINUED)

AVERY

You know. you look awfully familiar
to me...

ROGER

Uhh... We were roommates back in
college?

AVERY

Yes! That's it! Man those were
some groovy times!

AVERY gives roger a fist-bump and bro-handshake.

STAN

Gosh, that's great.... Uh, sooo
anyway the good doctor and I are a
crime fighting superhero
duo. He's my brainy sidekick who
runs my secret high-tech crime lab
while I'm out ridding the world of
criminal scum!

Stan farts. A small cloud of fart gas drifts away.

AVERY

I want in!

INT. SMITH'S ATTIC- DAY

Stan is in costume, standing upright while Roger/
Dispshenberger closely examines the now charred and
blackened exhaust port on Stan's rear end.

Steve walks in.

STEVE

Ewwwww! Get a room, you two!

STAN

Steve! What are you doing here?

STEVE

You're all over the news Dad!
Everyone is talking about the
Fearless Farter!

Roger turns on TV news. Greg and Terry are reporting.

GREG (ON TV)

People are calling this flatulent
avenger 'The Fearless Farter.' But
who is this mysterious masked hero?

(CONTINUED)

Shot on TV of Stan flying up and above the building tops.

STAN

But why aren't you at the Motel?

STEVE

They are driving me crazy over there! Mom and Hayley won't stop bickering! And Jeff! Ugh! Don't even get me started on Jeff!

But there's something else too,
Dad...

Steve stands back, readies himself, clears his throat, and performs a complex rhythmic funky beatbox with his farts.

He sings a soulful R&B/Hip Hop melody with his farts as rhythmic accompaniment.

STAN

You have the power too?! But how?

STEVE

I have a confession to make...

FLASHBACK - INT. SMITH'S KITCHEN - DAY

Stan leaves the kitchen for the living room. The open canof beans is sitting on the counter.

Steve enters kitchen from other side, nonchalantly tries a small bean, and walks out the way he came just as Stan re-enters.

END FLASHBACK

STAN

You ate some of the beans while I was out of the kitchen!

STEVE

I'm sorry, Dad.

STAN

That's OK, son. It happens.
Besides, every superhero needs backup!

Steve smiles. Stan pats Steve on the back.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER
I got it!! The Fearless Farter and
his plucky protÃ©gÃ©, Tootboy!

STEVE
Tootboy! I love it!

STAN
Roger, that's brilliant!

ROGER
(German Accent)
Brilliance is what one should
expect from the great Dr. Helmut
Von Dipschenber-

KLAUS
It's pronounced Helmut.

Klaus' pronunciation is indistinguishable from Roger's.

ROGER
(Breaks character)
That's what I said!!

KLAUS
No, you said Helmut.

ROGER
Exactly! Helmut!

Klaus lifts his torso above the fishbowl rim and stares
Roger in the face.

KLAUS
It's Helmut.

ROGER
Helmut!!

KLAUS
Helmut.

Roger leans in closer to Klaus.

ROGER
HELMUT!!!!

KLAUS
You're not getting it.

ROGER

I give up!

Shot on TV of Farter flying far above in the distance.

INT. SWEETIEPIE'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The same news report continues on Sweetiepies old fashioned TV.

Sweetiepie

How could this have happened?!

THUG #2

You saw what he can do! He's like a one-man army! The worst smelling army in the history of human freakin' warfare!

Sweetiepie's gaze turns to an ice-cold glower.

Big Bill jumps up, laughing. Grabs Thug #2 by the collar and lifts him off the ground. Thug #2 is choking, struggling for air.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE

Oh, don't mind Billy. He likes to roughhouse!

Bill giggles and tightens his grip. Thug #2's dangling feet rise a few inches higher off the floor. Dede stares at the floor, worried and sad.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE

I suppose I should tell him to behave but you know, let boys be boys...

THUG 2

(choking)

Please!

MRS. SWEETIEPIE

Now now, Billy! Stop bothering the nice man!

Big Bill let's him go. Thug 2 drops unconscious in a heap on the floor.

The other thugs in the room stare wide-eyed and slack-jawed. Gulps.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. SWEETIEPIE

Billy, do you know who the man on
TV is?

BIG BILL

Yeah! Farty-man! I like Farty-man!
He's funny! Heh heh hehehe!!

MRS. SWEETIEPIE

Do you like him enough to bring him
back here, to Mrs. Sweetiepie?

BIG BILL

You mean go get him?! Yay!! I'm
gonna go get Farty-man! Ha ha ha!

Bill runs for the door. Destroys the door frame and part of
the surrounding wall on his way out.

Sounds of thundering footsteps. Bill's gleeful laughter
getting quieter with distance.

Little Dede shuffles her feet and shifts her eyes.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE

(To Li'l Dede)

Well? Go on- you too! Better
hurry! Shoo!

(waves her off)

Dede hesitates for a moment, then trots off after Bill.

THUG 3

God help that poor farting bastard!

TO BE CONTINUED