

The Fearless Farter

By

Joel Kristian Savell

2015 JKS Multimedia

joel@stillfumin.com
www.jksmultimedia.com
831.345.6117

EXT. URBAN SHIPYARD - DAY

The FEARLESS FARTER and a small army of armed thugs are engaged in fierce battle.

The Farter is dressed in 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.

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

The Farter 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.

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

The Farter 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.

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

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

The Farter drops the lighter and the two struggle.

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

Then the Farter rips another steady, long fart.

The thug starts gagging and coughing, but still hangs on to his chokehold of the Farter. The Farter 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.

The Fearless Farter rolls over, exhausted but still conscious, and catches his breath.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

BRO MCSTIELLY (Pronounced MICK-SHTEE-EYE-LEE) and a film crew are filming on the corner of a large city street, in front of a food/catering truck with the words "Cassie's Cravings" on the side.

The truck's owner, CASSIE, is standing next to Bro. Several cameras are pointed at the two of them.

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

BRO

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!

BRO

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.

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!

(CONTINUED)

BRO

Well twist my titties 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!

BRO

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

CASSIE

No, sorry!

BRO

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

DIRECTOR

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

BRO

(flat demeanor)

Uh huh.

Bro starts to walk off.

ADVERTISING ASSISTANT

Excuse me, Mr. Mcstyly, Mr. Mcstyly?

BRO

(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

Freeze!!!

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

(CONTINUED)

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

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

In walks MRS. SWEETIEPIE, looking rather like a classic 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.

BRO

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!

Bro 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!

BRO

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

Thug hits Bro with the butt of his gun.

BRO

ARGH!!

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 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)
 FAAAAAAAARTS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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, immediately followed by Sweetiepie's goons getting knocked over by an invisible force. It reverts to the buildup, getting louder and louder until:

THE FEARLESS FARTER flies down from above, making a perfect graceful landing between Sweetiepie and the hostages.

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

A goon breaks her fall, and the two of them take cover behind a barricade.

THE FEARLESS FARTER
 Everybody over here!

The Farter directs Bro, 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.

THE FEARLESS FARTER
 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!

THE FEARLESS FARTER
 Oh!

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

(CONTINUED)

THE FEARLESS FARTER
You'll have to share these!

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

Bro grabs one of the masks out of her hands, quickly puts it on, and starts breathing and gasping 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.

The Fearless Farter 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.

THE FEARLESS FARTER
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!!

The Fearless Farter starts to run towards the food truck. We see food strewn about on the street next to/behind the truck. While the Farter continues to run towards the truck, go quickly through the following sequence

THE FEARLESS FARTER
(Quietly, to himself)
Cabbage...

We see close up of a head of cabbage on the ground.

THE FEARLESS FARTER
(Quietly, to himself)
Corned beef...

Close up of spilled corned beef on the ground.

THE FEARLESS FARTER
(Quietly, to himself)
Sausage...

several linked sausages on the ground.

THE FEARLESS FARTER
(Quietly, to himself)
Cheese...

Package of Irish cheese on the ground.

THE FEARLESS FARTER
(Out loud, excitedly)
Soy strips!

Package of soy strips on the ground.

Mrs. Sweetiepie gasps, and her eyes widen.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE
(Screaming)
Keep him away from those soy
strips!!!

THE FEARLESS FARTER
Crap!!

Several still-woozy thugs start to run towards the food truck and the Farter. One thug tackles the Farter from behind, just short of the soy strips.

Slow Motion: Sound of heart beating. The Farter struggles to inch closer to the package of soy strips with the thug 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 replaced by deep, rumbling bubbling sound. At first a brief rumble followed by a pause, then another bigger, deeper rumble.

THUG
Ohhhh SHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII-

End slow motion. Simultaneous fart sound and massive explosion emanating from The Farter's rear end violently blasts the thug away.

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

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

THE FEARLESS FARTER

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.

The Farter 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.

The Farter 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.

Farter 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. The Farter 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.

THE FEARLESS FARTER

Man! Those are SOME soy strips!!

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

Mrs. Sweetiepie and the thug get up from behind the barricade.

MRS. SWEETIEPIE

Let's go!

(CONTINUED)

Sweetiepie and the thug 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.