

FLATULESSENCE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darkness, save for pale moonbeams that ghost light the room. A tower fan oscillates near a bed containing BRAD (39) and MELISSA (41).

She snores, he grunts. A metal jiggling is heard. Someone clears their throat. Then -- *ffffbttt* -- what can only be the squeaky passing of gas.

An orange glow from under the bathroom door.

BATHROOM

A flame flickers inside an antique lantern on the toilet lid. A pair of ghostly white hands scrub the inside of the toilet with a wooden-handled brush.

BEDROOM

The bathroom door opens. PATRICK LEAHY (??), tricorne hat, looks like a fat Paul Revere, steps out.

He spies Brad and Melissa sleeping. Grimaces. Shuffles to the door, turns abruptly and --

PATRICK
AHHH-OHHHHH..!

They don't flinch. Just the sound of that stupid fan.

Patrick glances around the room. Spots a vase on the dresser and topples it. It shatters on the floor.

Brad and Melissa awaken with a start, bed covers flying.

MELISSA
What the fuck?!

They spot Patrick and scream.

PATRICK
Shhh. Shhh... You're gonna wake the kids.

BRAD
I'm calling the cops.

Brad reaches for his PHONE: *no service*.

PATRICK

Yeah, there's no service. Never any service when there's a ghost around.

BRAD

What do you want from us?

Patrick's face contorts. He cuts a greasy fart and a luminescent green plume escapes his buttocks.

MELISSA

Jesus Christ.

PATRICK

Sorry. Look, relax. I'm not here to hurt anyone.

Brad sniffs the air.

BRAD

Oof. That's rancid.

PATRICK

It's my flatullessness. You see, when I died I was enjoying a delicious meal of cured ham, pickled pork and bean relish, bean and pea pudding with Sally Lunn rolls.

BRAD

Sounds good. What happened?

PATRICK

Well, this was when the war of 1812 was raging. I died before I made it to the gooseberry pie.

MELISSA

Were you shot?

PATRICK

No. Whooping cough. I coughed so hard at the dinner table one night I shit my trousers, kicked back in my chair and bought the farm. What a way to go, right?

BRAD

I'm sorry, but, what are you doing here again?

PATRICK
Oh, right. This is my penance.

MELISSA
Your penance?

PATRICK
For over two hundred years I've been going house-to-house cleaning toilets, jiggling handles, and other various bathroom duties, pardon the pun.

MELISSA
You're joking?

He holds up the toilet brush.

PATRICK
Do I look like I'm joking? You ever wonder why your seat's never left up, or there's no pee on the rim? Yeah. That's me.

BRAD
Wow.

PATRICK
Wow is right. Now, if you'll excuse me I have to go clean your children's bathroom. Not looking forward to that. By the way, tell your kids when they take a dump to hold the handle down until it's all gone. Okay? Makes things a lot easier.

BRAD
Wait. I don't understand. Why is this your penance?

PATRICK
I don't know. Maybe it's because I shit myself when I died. It was pretty messy. My poor wife had to clean it all by herself. I'm sure it couldn't have been fun.
(sorrowful)
My wife. I do... miss her so.

MELISSA
We're so sorry. I'll talk to the kids tomorrow, sir. We'll try and do better.

BRAD

You're right, honey. We will do better. Much better.

PATRICK

I'm glad to hear that. Anyway, when my flatullessness turns yellow it means my penance is over--oof!

Patrick bends over in pain. His face contorts as he shakes his leg vigorously.

FFFFBBBBT! A bright yellow swirl exits his flanks. He sniffs.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Hallelujah! It's over.

Brad and Melissa are clearly awestruck as the bright yellow glow reflects in their eyes.

Melissa makes the sign of the cross.

Patrick, bathed in yellow light, turns to them.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I bid you farewell, good people. My penance is finished.

(looks up, yells)

You hear that, honey? Get the salted pork and brisket ready. And don't forget the raspberry tarts, you stupid bitch. I'm coming home!

With that, he disappears into the ether.

INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brad wakes with a start. Takes a minute to remember where he is. He spies Melissa, fast asleep. The oscillating fan whirs.

He exhales sharply. All a dream.

Brad throws the covers off, heads to the bathroom. Door closes, the sound of urine hitting water. The toilet flushes and he exits. As he reaches the bed, he stops.

Goes back inside the bathroom. The sound of the toilet handle jiggling.

THE END