

"OLD FARTS"

by

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OLD FARTS

FADE IN:

EXT. YARD - DAY

A tree with vibrant green leaves. In the background, a blue sky with cirrus clouds.

Birds SINGING.

EXT. YARD/TREE - DAY

A bird is sitting on a tree's branch.

A car door SLAMMING.

The bird flies away.

EXT. YARD - DAY

A blooming flower is swinging by the gentle breeze.

Insects BUZZING.

EXT. YARD/PATHWAY - DAY

Ants are crawling around on a concrete surface.

Insects BUZZING. Birds SINGING.

The tip of a cane hits the concrete. A well-polished brown leather shoe steps nearby, barely sparing one of the ants.

EDDIE, 88, dressed in a gray suit and wearing a brown fedora on his head, is walking on the concrete pathway supported by a cane.

EXT. HOUSE/PORCH - DAY

JOHN, 87, is in a wheelchair parked next to an old withered wooden table. A bottle of whiskey and a couple of empty glasses are on the tabletop. Two old wooden chairs are next to the table.

John is watching Eddie get on the porch.

EDDIE

How are you doing, Johnny boy?

JOHN

Just sitting around these days, you know?

EDDIE

I know, I know...

Eddie approaches the table.

JOHN

Where were you?

EDDIE

I was at the fountains.

JOHN

At the fountains? Anything worth knowing about over there?

Eddie is at the table. He pulls one of the wooden chairs.

EDDIE

Nah, just a bunch of young people doing young people's things.

Eddie sits down with effort. He rests his cane next to the table.

JOHN

Yeah, young people... Remember when we were young?

Eddie relaxes on the chair.

EDDIE

I do... Most days, I wake up and still feel like I am. But then the old bones start hurting, and I realize... those days are long gone.

JOHN

At least you can still walk, you old son of a bitch! I'm stuck in this goddamn wheelchair all day. Old Miss Pat wheeling me around... Like a damn baby!

Eddie takes off his hat and places it on the table.

EDDIE

You see that as a bad thing. I see it as a blessing. I wish I had someone wheeling me around.

JOHN

You don't know what you're talking about, you old fool!

EDDIE

Quit jabbing and pour me some of that whiskey you got over there.

JOHN

Pour it yourself, or you're a baby too?

EDDIE

Gah, you never change, do you!?

Eddie reaches for the whiskey. He grabs the bottle by the neck.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Always bickering. Always unhappy. How you made it this far is a miracle!

Eddie removes the bottle cap and pours John some of the whiskey.

JOHN

What about you? You've changed much, huh? Still driving that same old car. Never got married...

Eddie pours himself some of the whiskey.

EDDIE

Well, some people aren't made for marriage and kids, you know?

Eddie puts the cap on the whiskey bottle. He places the bottle on the table.

JOHN

Yeah, I know... You end up alone anyway. They are all gone, out there, living their lives... Sometimes I'm not even sure if I had kids. That's how often I hear from them.

John takes his glass.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Still, do you ever regret it, though?

John drinks from the glass.

EDDIE

Sometimes...

Eddie drags the glass along the table and takes it in his hand.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

But then I think about all the fun
I had.

Eddie laughs.

John shakes his head.

JOHN

You old masher!

Eddie takes a drink.

EDDIE

Mmm...

JOHN

You like that, huh?

Eddie looks at the glass with whiskey in his hand.

EDDIE

You took out the good stuff this
time. You're not dying on me, are
you?

A loud FART.

JOHN

Woohoo, that whiskey got me going
good!

EDDIE

It sure did! That sounded like a
nasty one too! Good thing my old
nose doesn't work as it used to, or
I'd need one of those gas masks.

John puts his glass on the table.

JOHN

I ate some of that beans stew.

EDDIE

You did?

JOHN

Mhmm. Miss Pat made it special for
me yesterday. I had the leftovers
for lunch.

Eddie places the glass on the table.

EDDIE
So, I'm in for it today, am I?

JOHN
Mmhm, there is more coming, that's
for sure.

EDDIE
Wait a minute!

JOHN
What?

Eddie tilts slightly to his left.

A loud FART.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You goddamn son of a bitch! You had
that one ready to go, didn't you!?

EDDIE
I sure did! I've been brewing it
all the way on the ride over here.
Especially for you, my old friend.

John shakes his head and laughs.

Beat.

Eddie looks at the yard.

EDDIE
Mmm, look at that!

Eddie takes a deep breath and exhales.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
I love spring. Everything is fresh
and new. Full of hope and
potential. Makes you feel like
anything is possible, doesn't it?

John leans forward. He grabs his glass from the table and
drinks all of the whiskey.

Eddie looks at John.

John puts the glass back on the table.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you today?
Something on your mind?

JOHN

Nothing...

EDDIE

Don't give me that bullshit! I've known you all my life. Must be eighty years by now. I know when something doesn't smell right.

John FARTS loudly.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

And I don't mean that!

JOHN

(looking at the yard,
staring into nothing)

When I was young, I thought my mind would change when I got older. But it really doesn't, does it? I'm still the same fool I was when I was twenty. Well, maybe a little bit wiser. I learned a few things along the way. But I'm not that much different. It's strange how it goes. It's like I'm still a kid but in this old worn-out body. It's like I've been fooling everybody all this time. No one tells you that when you are young. No one tells you anything...

EDDIE

It's because no one knows shit!

The wind BLOWS. Leaves are RUSTLING.

John looks at Eddie.

JOHN

I can feel it coming. My daddy felt it too. I remember--

EDDIE

Don't start with that nonsense! You're fine. Look at you! You got ways to go, Johnny boy!

JOHN

About a month before he went, my daddy was fine too. But he knew.

EDDIE

Did he tell you that?

JOHN
He didn't have to.

EDDIE
What do you mean, then?

JOHN
Some of the things he was saying
and asking... One time I remember
him asking about a man from town
who recently died. He asked this
other fella if the dead guy was
bedridden for a long time before he
passed. It was strange. And there
were other things... He knew. I'm
telling you...

Eddie FARTS loudly.

JOHN (CONT'D)
That's some nonsense right there!
I'm trying to tell you something!

EDDIE
Hey, I had to let it go. You know
what they say, right? Bad things
don't stay in good people.

John shakes his head. He leans forward and reaches for the
bottle.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
I'll do the pouring.

Eddie quickly grabs the bottle. He opens it and pours
whiskey into John's glass.

John takes his glass.

Eddie pours some whiskey into his glass.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Now, tell me, what are you feeling
exactly?

Eddie puts the cap on the bottle and puts it on the table.

John takes a big sip from his glass.

JOHN
It's hard to explain. Best way to
put it... I'm just tired.

EDDIE
We're old! We're always tired.

JOHN
Nah, this is different.

Eddie sours. He takes his glass, sits back and drinks from it.

A loud FART.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I had you going there for a minute,
didn't I!?

John laughs.

EDDIE
You goddamn son of a bitch! I
thought you were serious!

Eddie puts his glass on the table.

JOHN
Well...

John releases a long FART, followed by a short and crispy one.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Is that serious enough for you?

EDDIE
Son of a bitch!

John laughs. He finishes his drink and puts his glass on the table.

Eddie shakes his head. He looks around at the yard.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Is that Miss Pat over there?

JOHN
(looks at John)
Where?
(looks at the yard)
Shit! Hide that bottle real quick!

EDDIE
What?

JOHN
Are you deaf? Hide it!

EDDIE
Where am I supposed to--

JOHN
Just put it under your jacket or
something. Hurry!

Eddie scrambles to hide the bottle under his suit jacket.

EDDIE
You are a baby, aren't you!? Are
you scared of her that much?

JOHN
You don't know what you are talking
about! Finish what you got in that
glass real quick!

Eddie grabs the glass and quickly finishes his drink. He
puts the glass back on the table.

EDDIE
What about these glasses?

JOHN
Leave them. Uhh... we drank
lemonade.

EDDIE
You got lemonade? Why didn't you
bring some out?

JOHN
I drank it by myself earlier.

EDDIE
You did that, didn't you?

JOHN
I was thirsty!

EDDIE
Well, so am I!

JOHN
Ahh! You'll be fine.

Miss Pat, a heavy-set woman in her mid-60s, approaches the
porch, carrying a bag with groceries.

MISS PAT
What are you boys up to this
evening? Nothing good, I reckon.

EDDIE
Just having some lemonade, talking
about the good ol' days.

Miss Pat gets on the porch and walks towards the table.

MISS PAT
Lemonade, huh? I bet it goes well
with that whiskey bottle you got
hiding under your jacket, huh?

JOHN
What whiskey bottle?

Eddie takes the bottle out and puts it on the table.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You son of a bitch!

EDDIE
She already knew.
(turns back)
How did--

Eddie gets startled. Miss Pat is standing behind him.

MISS PAT
I see everything, and I hear
everything! Are you staying for
dinner?

EDDIE
I--

MISS PAT
Like you got anywhere better to be!
Hand me that bottle.

Eddie reluctantly gives the whiskey bottle to Miss Pat.

MISS PAT (CONT'D)
I'll call out when dinner's ready.

EDDIE
Yes, ma'am!

Miss Pat heads to the front door.

Eddie and John share a look.

Front door CLOSING.

JOHN
Did I say you don't know what
you're talking about?

EDDIE
You sure did...

Eddie and John begin laughing. The laughter continues as we veer off to a view of the lush garden.

INT. ROAD/EDDIE'S CAR - DAY

Eddie enters the car and sits in the driver's seat. He is dressed in a black suit and has a black fedora on his head. A look of sadness is on his face.

Eddie closes the car door with effort. He takes off the hat and puts it on the passenger seat.

An old Polaroid photo of John and Eddie is in a crevice on the dashboard.

Eddie takes the picture in his hand and looks at it.

EDDIE

You really did feel it, didn't you?

Eddie smiles and shakes his head. He puts the picture back on the dashboard. He touches the image with his fingertips.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I'll miss you, old friend. Until I feel it too.

Eddie takes the car keys out of the inside pocket of his suit jacket. He puts the keys in the ignition.

A loud FART.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Woohoo. That was a good one!

Eddie starts the car.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Ugh, maybe a little too good. Let me open a window before I join you prematurely.

Eddie begins to roll the window down.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Eddie drives away in his car.

FADE OUT.

THE END