The Crop Duster

by
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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE – DAY

A sea of cubicles. Heads of hair occupy most. WALTER FREEMAN, 40’s, walks in from the far end of the room. He waves his hands around as he explains the in’s and out’s of the office to a CLIENT.

JON KEMPLE, 23, skinny and pale, peers out of the copy room.

JON (V.O.)
That’s Walter. He’s my boss. A micro-managing, egotistical bastard.

Jon exits the copy room. Shakes his pants. Dives into a cubicle.

Walter and his client turn the corner. Head straight into it.

CUBICLE

Jon sits in his chair. Listens...

WALTER (O.S.)
As you’ll see we’re all about...

Several sniffs off screen...

CLIENT (O.S.)
My god. What the hell is that? It’s rancid.

WALTER (O.S.)
I’m so sorry. We’ve been having some plumbing problems lately. Nancy!

NANCY (O.S.)
Yes Mr. Freeman?

WALTER (O.S.)
Get the plumbers back out here!

NANCY (O.S.)
Yes sir.

WALTER (O.S.)
I’m so sorry. Come this way.
CLIENT (O.S.)
I just threw up in my mouth a little.

Jon leans back in his chair. Smiles.

JON (V.O.)
What you’ve just witnessed is what I do best. Crop dusting. It’s the art of streaking or strategically placing a fart somewhere for someone else to encounter, without them knowing where it came from.

INT. BREAK ROOM – DAY

Jon chugs hard from an iced-tea container with his NAME on it. He places it back in the fridge. Looks around.

He backs into the open fridge. Steps away. Wafts a couple of handfuls of air into it. Slams it shut.

SANDY, 30’s, cute, in a business minded outfit walks in. Jon peruses the selections in the vending machine.

JON
Hey Sandy. How the boys doing?

SANDY
Pain in my ass. Thank the lord you don’t have any children.

She opens the fridge and bends down. She jolts backward waving her hands.

SANDY
Oh my god. Somebody’s lunch has passed it’s expiration date.

Jon turns hiding his smile. He stares at the microwave mounted under the cabinets.

JON (V.O.)
I wonder if I could get my ass that high?

A school bell rings...
INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

A younger Jon stands in front of his locker as a herd of students pass him by. He pulls out a book, looks around, puts it back in.

    JON (V.O.)
    I first realized my love for this art form in high school. My locker was right next to the lunch room.

A girl waves a hand in front of her face. Other students grimace.

    STUDENT #1
    Okay. Who fucking shit themselves?

    STUDENT #2
    Jesus H.

    JON (V.O.)
    But my senior year sucked. They moved my locker.

INT. UPSTAIRS HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Jon stands at his locker. At the far end of a dead end hall. He watches as the students exchange classes. All alone.

    JON (V.O.)
    I even tried to tailor my meals for more fire power.

    MOM (V.O.)
    Jon!

INT. JON’S BEDROOM - DAY

Jon lays on his bed playing video games.

    MOM (O.S.)
    Dinner Time!

He drops his controller. Runs out.

KITCHEN

Jon’s MOM, 30’s, spoons chili onto his plate. A cigarette hangs from her mouth. Jon looks at her.
JON
No hard boiled eggs?
The cigarette falls from her mouth as she speaks. She doesn’t notice.

MOM
I made your damn chili again didn’t I? Take what ya get. Lil’ fucker.

Jon relishes his food. Smiles as he eats.

JON (V.O.)
But one week it all stopped. I lost my mojo. I simply couldn’t fart anymore.

INT. COPY ROOM – DAY
Jon sweats. Contorts his face as he tries. ERIC, 20’s, walks in with a pile of papers. Notices him.

ERIC
You okay Jon?

Jon wipes his forehead. Turns his red face around.

JON
I’m fine. Slammed my thumb in the drawer.

CUBICLE
Jon is on the phone.

NURSE (V.O.)
What’s the nature of this appointment?

JON
It’s rather personal.

NURSE (V.O.)
I’ve heard it all son. Got something strange on your unit?

JON
Nothing like that. It’s just... I don’t fart as much.
NURSE (V.O.)
This is a problem, because?

JON
I always thought that healthy people fart at least fifteen times a day. Lately, it’s been like three.

NURSE (V.O.)
Are you bloated?

JON
No. Not really.

NURSE (V.O.)
Then thank your stars. No need for an appointment.

JON
But...

He looks at the phone. She’s hung up.

INT. JON’S KITCHEN – NIGHT
Jon stands in front of a blender. He puts a burrito in it.

JON (V.O.)
Drastic times call for drastic measures.

He adds a half head of cabbage. Two hard boiled eggs. Fills it with milk and hits the puree button.

JON (V.O.)
This is the Grand Poobah. I only save this concoction for special occasions. Like wedding receptions or Christmas shopping at the mall.

He chugs. Wipes his chin.

JON (V.O.)
I don’t recommend you even play with this if you’ve gotta spend more than five minutes in a car the next day.

He finishes the pitcher. Chokes.
INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

An ALARM CLOCK sounds. A hand emerges from a pile of sheets to silence it.

Jon stands up. Stumbles to the bathroom. A seat slams against the back of a toilet. A piss. A ten second FART.

JON (O.S.)
It's gonna be a good day!
(sniff)
Oof.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A montage...

1. A women falls backwards after she opens the refrigerator. Knocks chairs into the table.

2. A man brings an open bowl of soup to the microwave. He opens the door. Spills it all over backing away.

3. A man exits the copy room with his shirt pulled up over his nose.

4. Several people exit an elevator. Jon nods as he enters. He shakes his pants out in the empty elevator and exits. The doors shut.

End montage...

INT. OFFICE FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A cleaning lady waits at elevator doors with her cart. Doors open. She pushes in.

CLEANING LADY (O.S.)
Oh, hell's no!

The doors close on her cart as she struggles to get out.

CUBICLE

Jon sits. Exhausted. His stomach makes an unsavory sound. He rubs it.

JON (V.O.)
With great power, comes great irritability.
(MORE)
JON (V.O.) (cont'd)
Sooner or later the farts turn to
warning shots. That means the train
is nearing the station. Better get
your ass to a toilet seat quick.

HALLWAY

Jon scurries as Walter walks in front of him carrying a
jacket and a brief case.

WALTER
Jon, my office please.

JON
I’ll be right there, just gotta...

WALTER
Now!

Walter enters. Jon rubs his belly.

WALTER’S OFFICE

Jon sits, uncomfortable. Walter walks around his desk. Puts
his bag down.

WALTER
You feeling okay?

JON
I’m good. Bit of the stomach flu.

Walter sits on the front of his desk. Close to Jon.

WALTER
You ever noticed a foul stench
around here?

JON
Uh, yeah. I have.

WALTER
Funny. You’re the only person in
this office who’s never complained.

JON
Well, I know you’ve had the
plumbers in. Didn’t want to bother.

Walter walks around his desk. Sits in the chair.
WALTER
Oh, I’ve had the plumbers in alright. I’ve had the ducts cleaned. The carpets replaced. Tens of thousands of dollars spent. In the end, I solved my problem for $5.89.

He pulls a bottle from his desk. Looks at it.

WALTER (CONT’D)
Here. You might need this at your new job.

He tosses Jon the bottle. He fumbles catching it.

JON
My new...

WALTER
Your fired.

JON
But I don’t...
   (Looks at the bottle)
Gas-X?

WALTER
I started putting that in your iced-tea jugs a week ago. Gotta admit, this place started to smell like a fucking botanical rose garden. I go on a three day business trip, come back, and it smells like a goddamn shit wagon rodeo in here.

JON
But, sir...

WALTER
Nothing! Nothing comes out of you. Front or back. Go to your desk, clean out your shit, and never show your face here again.

Jon complies. Hangs his head.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jon walks out of revolving doors carrying a cardboard box. He stares up at the giant buildings around him.
JON (V.O.)
I guess it's time to grow up. Maybe get a friend. A girlfriend. Then I wouldn't have to talk to myself all the time.

A WOMAN walks out of the revolving doors behind him coughing and waving her hands. Jon smiles.

JON (V.O.)
Whom I kidding.

With that, he turns and walks off screen.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.