

INT. REX'S HOME - FONSETT VILLAGE - DAY

We open with the clatter of a plate being set in front of Pyra.

MYTHRA
Bon appetite!
(a beat, then)
Try it! It's not gonna bite you.

PYRA
That's pretty low on my list of
concerns...

MYTHRA
So I've had some culinary misfires.
Trust me. I crushed it this time!

Pyra SIGHS SOFTLY, relenting.

PYRA
Alright.

Pyra OPENS WIDE WITH AN "AAAAAH" then BITES DOWN WITH "OM".
She CHEWS, "HMMING" AS SHE MULLS OVER THE FLAVOR, before
giving an enthusiastic "MMMM" OF APPROVAL.

MYTHRA
(off Pyra's positive
reaction)
I heard that! What'd I tell ya'?

Pyra begins eating faster, "OMMING" it all down, the clatter
of silverware below her voice.

MYTHRA (CONT'D)
(off Pyra eating)
H-hey! Leave something for Rex.

Pyra gives one last HEARTY GULP, then "AHHHs", satisfied.

PYRA
I-I'm speechless! Your food is
usually over-seasoned, or under-
seasoned, or burnt, or--

MYTHRA
(interrupting her)
Speechless, huh?

PYRA
S-sorry. It's delicious!

MYTHRA
 (playful, bragging)
 I know.

Pyra CHUCKLES.

PYRA
 (teasing, playing along)
 If you know, what's the point of a
 taste test?

Pyra's stomach starts to gurgle. She VOCALIZES, STARTLED,
 then GROANS SOFTLY as she rides out the ache.

MYTHRA
 I was hoping that wouldn't happen.

Pyra's hit by a second, even worse gas cramp. She GROANS,
 HARDER AND LONGER THIS TIME, before GRUNTING OUT a fart. Then
 another, and another, BOTH WITH STRAINED GRUNTS.

PYRA
 (through stomach aches)
 Mythra... what did you put in this?

Pyra cuts a bubbly fart at the end of her sentence with a
 STRAINED GRUNT.

MYTHRA
 Nothing crazy.

PYRA
 (through stomach aches,
 patience wearing thin)
 Then why am I farting like crazy?!

Pyra rips another raucous fart with a SHAKY, GRIT-TOOTHED
 GRUNT.

MYTHRA
 (bashful chuckle, then)
 They don't call it "the musical
 fruit" for nothin'.

PYRA
 (farting efforts between
 words)
 T-this--nnngh--isn't--gahhh--funny-
 OOOOOOH~!

MYTHRA
 (off the smell of Pyra's
 gas)
 Oof~!

(MORE)

MYTHRA (CONT'D)
 (fanning in front of her
 face)
 'Guess the "bean" to "curry" ratio
 in my three-bean curry was way off.
 (chuckles, then)
 Thanks for the help, Pyra!

Mythra CHUCKLES, AMUSED with herself, while Pyra cuts short farts with SHAKY MOAN accompanying each. Mythra VOCALIZES IN SURPRISE as she feels a faint gurgle in her own guts, which turns into a roaring, bubbly stomach ache. She GROANS THROUGH GRITTED TEETH.

MYTHRA (CONT'D)
 (strained)
 What the--

Mythra's gives a STRAINED GRUNT as she farts, VOICE SHAKING from the force of the blast.

MYTHRA (CONT'D)
 (groaning, through a mild
 stomach ache)
 Crap... 'Forgot about the whole
 "shared body experience" deal--

Mythra blurts out a fart with a SHAKY, PAINED GRUNT. Pyra CHUCKLES, through her voice is LABORED WITH STOMACH PAINS.

PYRA
 (amused, but labored)
 Serves you--
 (grunting a fart, then-)
 --*sigh*, right!

Mythra GROANS, INDIGNANT over being laughed at.

MYTHRA
 (groaning, through a
 strong stomach ache)
 Are you enjoying this?!

Mythra's sentence is punctuated with a GRUNTED fart through GRITTED TEETH.

PYRA
 (giggles, then)
 When it happens to you? Yes.

Pyra's giggling is cut short by a sharp pang in her stomach. She GROANS AS IF SHE'S BEEN STRUCK, then MOANS OUT a fart, CAUGHT OFF GUARD.

MYTHRA
 (amused, taunting)
 Heh! 'Wonder what Rex'll say when
 he finds out you made his home a
 hotbox?

PYRA
 (indignant)
 Me?! It's your curry sputtering out
 of my--Ahhh~!

She MOANS SHAKILY, a LONG fart bubbling out of her. AT THE
 TAIL END SHE GROANS IN DISCOMFORT.

MYTHRA
 And it's your ass stinkin' up the
 hou--ooough!

Mythra fires off a fart of her own with an AGONIZED, FRIED
 GRUNT. She COUGHS A LITTLE from the stench, then GROANS IN
 DISGUST.

MYTHRA (CONT'D)
 We gotta do something about this
 smell!

PYRA
 Quick, the windows!

Pyra and Mythra split up and dash off in different
 directions, their voices, footsteps, and farts moving further
 left and right respectively. They PANT SOFTLY WITH EACH
 FOOTSTEP, occasionally puffing out farts with a SHORT, SHARP
 GRUNT (TWO EACH). They push the windows open with a SOFT
 EFFORT. A bit of wind entering the soundscape as the window
 squeaks open.

PYRA (CONT'D)
 There!

Opposite her, Mythra cuts a bubbly rippler with a LONG, FRIED
 GROAN.

MYTHRA
 That's not gonna cut it!

With a FORCEFUL EFFORT, Mythra rips the table cloth from the
 table. Silverware rattles, porcelain shatters as it falls to
 the floor.

PYRA
 Mythra, what're you--

MYTHRA
 (snapping)
 Fanning out the place. Don't just
 stand there, help me!

We hear Pyra and Mythra shake the table cloth up and down
 with SOFT EFFORTS, trying to fan the smell out the window.
 Their efforts are peppered with SHORT, SHARP GRUNTS AND MOANS
 as farts burst out of them like pistol fire.

PYRA
 (frustration rising)
 Ugh, this isn't helping

MYTHRA
 That's 'cuz our butts--
 (grunts out a fart, then)
 ...Won't--
 (grunts out a fart, then)
 Shut up!

Pyra's stomach gurgles ominously...

PYRA
 (through a mild stomach
 ache)
 I'm nowhere near empty...

Mythra's follows suit.

MYTHRA
 (through a mild stomach
 ache)
 'Me neither!
 (moans out a fart, then)
 And there's no holding these
 rippers in!

Pyra VOCALIZES WITH REALIZATION - An idea has formed in her
 head.

PYRA
 Then we should just let all it out!

MYTHRA
 (sarcastic)
 Good thinking! That way, the
 house'll stink worse!

PYRA
 I mean, let's find someplace else
 to let loose; give the kitchen time
 to air out!

Mythra VOCALIZES WITH REALIZATION.

MYTHRA
I got it! Follow me!

Mythra grabs Pyra's hand and tugs her forward. Pyra VOCALIZES, a QUAKY "WHOA!" escaping her lips as she's lead toward their destination.

MYTHRA (CONT'D)
Here we are!

PYRA
(version 1)
T-the old closet?
(version 2)
T-the bathroom?
(a beat)
You sure there's room for both of--
AH!

Mythra shoves Pyra in. Pyra stumbles in with a HAPLESS VOCALIZATION.

MYTHRA
(patience worn, "just do
it!")
Just get in there!

We hear the door close behind. The two GROAN, WRIGGLING AND NUDGING EACH OTHER IN THE TIGHT SPACE.

PYRA
(uncomfortable)
A-a little cramped, don'tcha think?

MYTHRA
(uncomfortable)
'Least in here, we can fart our
asses off without the smell
bothering anyone.

Mythra GROANS, pushing out a fart. Pyra GROANS IN DISGUST.

PYRA
(disgusted)
It's bothering me.

MYTHRA
(pushing, version 1)
Just shut up and... puuuuush!
(pushing, version 2)
Just sit down and... puuuuuush!

Mythra's push is rewarded by a fart. She GRUNTS IT OUT AT LENGTH and SIGHS AT THE END. Pyra follows suit, PUSHING HARD to force out a fart, and she too manages to blurt out a bassy ripper with a MOAN OF RELIEF. The two volley back and forth, trading HARSH GRUNTS, LONG GROANS and RELIEVED MOANS between STRAINED, PUSHING EFFORTS. Sprinkled in are stray lines from the girls.

PYRA
(groaning, pained)
Ughh that buuurns...

PYRA (CONT'D)
(lightheaded)
I'm getting dizzy!

PYRA (CONT'D)
(light coughing)
Eugh, oh god!

MYTHRA
(pained)
Dammit, that's a sharp one!

MYTHRA (CONT'D)
I think that one ripped through my
panties!

MYTHRA (CONT'D)
(coughing)
Pyra, got a match?

Eventually, they sync up - a simultaneous PUSH, then a LONG GRUNT, MELTING INTO A RELIEVED SIGH. After a beat, they VOCALIZE IN SURPRISE as they hear the front door creak open.

REX
(calling out)
Pyra, Mythra!
(a beat)
Anybody home?

PYRA
(full sentence: "he's back
already?")
H-he's back alrea--
(mouth gagged)
MMMM!

Mythra gags Pyra with her hand. Mythra SHUSHES Pyra.

REX
W-what was that sound?
(a beat)
Ugh, and what's that smell?

Pyra and Mythra suffer a gurgle in their stomachs. They SOFTLY GROAN THROUGH IT, fighting the urge to fart. Like a horror film, Rex's footsteps grow louder and louder as he approaches the closet.

REX (CONT'D)
Is there... some sort of surprise?
You can come out now!

Pyra and Mythra's hearts beat audibly, rates climbing as their stomachs gurgle more and more, pulling GROANS THROUGH THEIR CLOSED LIPS. They shift in place, the rustle of their clothes as they writhe in discomfort audible.

REX (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Where could they be hiding?

Pyra and Mythra let a fart slip with a CLOSE-MOUTHED MOAN, STARTLED. Rex notices the closet door/bathroom door and gives it a knock.

REX (CONT'D)
Pyra? Mythra? Are you in there?

Pyra and Mythra MOAN out a second fart and another CLOSE-MOUTHED MOAN. As the door creaks open, Pyra and Mythra's anuses widen, letting out a hissy breeze. Their GROANING VOICES RISE as they lose control of themselves, and MOAN OUT (OPEN MOUTHED) a long, sustained fart lasting several seconds. Their MOAN MELTS INTO A SHAKY SIGH as the rest of their gas squeaks out. Rex COUGHS, hit by a wall of stench.

REX (CONT'D)
(speaking through coughs)
Ugh, that's horrid! W-what's gotten
into you two?

PYRA/MYTHRA
(bashful)
...Three-bean curry.

THE END