

INT. GAS CHAMBER - NIGHT

Several guards are standing in front of a gas chamber, a prisoner is strapped to a chair inside. There is a small audience present. The WARDEN steps up to the intercom.

WARDEN

Do you have any last words son?

An old couple look on expectantly, with a mixture of anger and resignation. Silence from the prisoner.

WARDEN

Very well.

The warden looks at a nearby clock pensively, the room is filled with tension as the clock strikes midnight.

WARDEN

Okay boys, let's do this.

The warden and 2 other guards begin unbuckling their belts. They remove a small velvet curtain from the gas chamber wall which exposes 3 bum-shaped air vents. Each vent has a rubber rim to ensure an airtight seal.

WARDEN

May god have mercy on your soul...

The three guards insert themselves into the vents and start farting. Loudly. The restrained prisoner begins thrashing violently in his seat. He is shouting something which cannot be heard over the thunder of the farting. The old couple grip each other closer, continuing to look on stoically as massive farts continue to rip through the air. Eventually the prisoner slouches in his chair, only a handful of squeaks continuing to be emitted. Suddenly, the phone on the wall begins ringing, the warden hastily pulls up his briefs and answers.

WARDEN

What's that your honour? Exculpatory
evidence? Throwing the case out?
Innocent? But we...

The warden looks horrified, the old couple are in shock, the bashful guards are now raising their trousers.

VOICE-OVER

This is the tragic tale of Benjamin
DuBois, the last ever American
sentenced to death by Dutch oven.