

Lights up on a woman in a modern dance outfit. She stands center stage in dramatic light.

Pretentious music plays, the woman begins to dance all modern like.

The woman turns in her choreography and a small fart escapes from her.

She continues dancing

As the music builds, so do the volume and length of the fart sounds

at one point, the music stops completely, the woman takes a piece of paper from her breast and begins to read a poem

A moment on Mars

I exhale

(fart)

in a moment of trying to meet my gasses

(fart)

with the martian gas

(fart)

Sulphurs

(farts)

feel the hot breath

(more farts)

the war God

touches me on one cheek, then the other

(lots of farts)

passing

(more farts)

passing

(more farts)

like tiny soldiers

(farts)

goosestepping past the silence

(no fart sound but her face says "fart")

The woman returns dancing

A dance partner joins her

They both fart as before

3 more dancers

farts

build until stage is filled and no song can be heard, its all just farts

FIN