

Garden Tools

written & created by

John Stone

(c)

The Chuck Spunt Experience

FADE IN:

EXT. CHUCK'S GARDEN - SUNNY MORNING

CHUCK SPUNT opens the patio door that leads out to a neatly cut lawn with a birch tree and willow tree at the far end. Beyond, is a large decked area.

Over the garden fence a head shot of seventy year old, fuzzy haired ARTHUR appears. He spots Chuck using a hose pipe to spray his bushes.

ARTHUR

Morning, Skunk.

Chuck looks over the fence at him with a blank expression.

CHUCK

Morning.

ARTHUR

How's it hanging?

CHUCK

How is what hanging?

ARTHUR

(ignores question)

Nice day for it.

CHUCK

Yes, it is.

ARTHUR

Done much of it lately?

CHUCK

I beg your pardon?

ARTHUR

Done much of it?

CHUCK

Done much of what?

ARTHUR

Gardening.

CHUCK

(chuckles)

Oh, I see- gardening. No, no. I haven't. Margery does most of it these days.

ARTHUR

(aback)

Does she?

CHUCK

You what?

ARTHUR

She does it, does she?

CHUCK

Yes, she does.

ARTHUR

And she's very good at it, I take it?

CHUCK

Yes, she is.

ARTHUR

I mean really good at it, then?

CHUCK

(irritated)

What?

ARTHUR

She knows exactly where to plant her bulbs, does she?

CHUCK

She does, yes.

A short silence between them as Chuck begins to hose down the decking.

ARTHUR

It's firing on all cylinders, I see.

A short silence.

Arthur peers over the fence.

ARTHUR

That's a nice steady grip you've got there, Skunk.

CHUCK

It's Spunt, you-?

Chuck spins around and accidentally sprays him in the face.

Arthur's toupee flies off and gets stuck on a branch in the tree as he moves away from the fence.

CHUCK

Oh! Shit!

Chuck peers over the fence.

His POV: Arthur stands dripping wet and completely naked.

Chuck stands agape as he drops the hose.

ARTHUR

Oh, don't worry, no damage. It's still hanging.

END