

ARISTOTLE ALSO

Written by

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FADE IN:

AN ANIMATED INTRODUCTION

WE PAN ACROSS a painted Grecian landscape. Golden lit, picturesque, heavenly even. Eventually we find a sprawling Greek estate with a wide veranda and stables.

HAND PAINTED SUPER: Ancient Greece, 335 B.C.

A chorus of trumpets bleats triumphantly - Bah dah-dah-dahhh.

HAND PAINTED SUPER: Or thereabouts...

HAND PAINTED TITLE FADES IN:

Aristotle Also

A VERY PLEASANT FLOCK OF DOVES drift across the horizon, then slowly they descend. We PAN, THEN ZOOM IN on the main portion of the home, then we--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VERANDA - DAY.

Plump sandaled feet patter across a marbled floor. A bulging gut in a pearl robe rounds a corner. The golden pom of a belt's tassel sways back and forth, swish-swish-swish...

Our protagonist - ARISTOTLE ALSO (A pompous Greek landowner in his late 50s/60s, a cultivated white beard down to his collarbone, a bulging aristocrat's stomach, and classical Grecian curls) barges out on to A WIDE VERANDA...

He scans the horizon, then suddenly his eyes narrow, his mouth clenches, his cheeks redden as anger rises through his body until he turns and bellows angrily.

ARISTOTLE ALSO
Marcellus! MARCELLUS?!

We hear quickened sandals pattering. Aristotle shakes with madness, his face now purpling with insane anger, his neck veins bulge as he takes a mighty in-breath then--

ARISTOTLE ALSO (cont'd)
MAR-CEL-LUSSS!!

MARCELLUS (O.S.)
I'm coming master, I'm coming!

MARCELLUS (In his late twenties, thin and wiry, with dark hair) sprints from around the corner. His simple tunic is worn and faded, and might just be a burlap sack.

MARCELLUS
Yes master?

ARISTOTLE ALSO
(Gravely)
The-the pests, they've returned...

We REVERSE - a flock of LILY WHITE DOVES gingerly peck at the field of grass just beyond the veranda.

MARCELLUS
Guess they flown back north, since winter's over and what not.

ARISTOTLE ALSO
Well you must do something, you must get rid of them!! I came out here to write and look-LOOK what I see before me! Just look at them Marcellus?! How can I write like this??

We see again, a small group of quiet and pleasant doves.

MARCELLUS
Yes, I-I see sir...

ARISTOTLE ALSO
You must take care of this, AND NOW, I have my treatise to finish, the people, they're waiting for it! Clamoring even!

MARCELLUS
I understand sir. I'll get the bird horn out of storage.

ARISTOTLE ALSO
Good. Go quickly and let no one interfere with the accomplishment of this task.

MARCELLUS
'Course sir. I love you.

ARISTOTLE ALSO

No. That's not a thing we say to one another.

MARCELLUS

Right. I'll go get the horn then.

Marcellus sprints away with utmost urgency, while Aristotle turns back and glares angrily at the flock.

Moments Later - Aristotle writes delicately upon an unfurled parchment at a small stone table on the veranda.

ARISTOTLE ALSO (V.O.)

Dialogue eleven. On the numerals following one's name. Personally I am of the belief that it will soon fall out of use, which I applaud heartily.

Aristotle underlines the last word emphatically.

ARISTOTLE ALSO

(Mockingly)

It's a simple and boorish tradition, Aristotle the first, Aristotle the second, Aristotle the third... Oooh-hoo-hooo! *How original!*

In the near background Marcellus carries a four foot long vuvuzela-esque trumpet. He stalks towards the peaceful flock with the focus and stealth of a leopard on the prowl.

Back at the table - Aristotle writes unaware.

ARISTOTLE ALSO (V.O.)

As you may suspect I of course have come up with the most elegant of solutions. Although if you are familiar with my works, you'll know I often break with tradition.

Marcellus puts the white trumpet to his lips BUT THE BIRDS SHIFT!! So he pauses, waits, holds his breath...

...Aristotle, locked in concentration, continues...

ARISTOTLE ALSO (V.O.) (cont'd)

First with my beard's length, longer and bolder than most men, then with my ground breaking and widely read treatise on the belief that the gods, do not exist.

Marcellus' cheeks redden, his eyes bulge, his lips tremble on the horn's mouthpiece.

ARISTOTLE ALSO

And now, once again, I emblazon a bold path into uncharted territories, just yesterday in fact, I formally petitioned the Ecclesia to have my name changed **legally** to *Aristotle Also*.

Marcellus SUDDENLY DEFLATES, unable to hold his breath any longer. His nervous eyes take stock of the flock, they're still unaware. So he takes a slow, steady in-breath then slowly returns the bird horn to his lips.

ARISTOTLE ALSO (V.O.)

(Snarkily)

And to my detractors who'll surely squawk "*but what shall you do if you have a son Aristotle? What shall you do then?!*" Why, I have a solution for that too. His name will be Aristotle So On, and his son's name, this is even better, would be Aristotle So Forth--

Marcellus red cheeked finally BLOWS! ZAA-OOOOT-ZAA-OOT-ZA-OOT!!!

The birds take flight! A STARTLED ARISTOTLE grabs at his heart, whips around angrily to see Marcellus chase them, while blowing the horn up into the air.

ARISTOTLE ALSO

Marcellus! I'm right in the middle--

Marcellus thunders after the birds mindlessly blowing the horn, ZOOT-ZOOOT-ZOOOT!!

Aristotle angrily gathers his parchment and writing instruments then turns and trots inside, presumably to finish his life's greatest work.

INT. STUDY - DAY.

Aristotle drearily sets the parchment on top of a desk next to a large window. He turns to it and ganders out at his large and expansive estate, it's beautiful but it doesn't seem to give him any joy.

So he turns back to his latest manifesto, grabs the quill with a flair, puts it's tip to page... But it seems the muse has left. He tosses the quill definitively and exits, deflated.

A faint ZOOT-ZOOT-ZOOT. Out the window, in the far background, we see Marcellus futilely trumpeting at the birds.

INT. COURTYARD - DAY.

Aristotle crosses a wide courtyard. In the center, instead of an idol to the gods, it's a statue of an idealized version of himself, fit and trim, wearing a laurel wreath.

ATHENES (60s, a worn blue collar member of the lower class, he's rough, simple, and speaks with a cockneyed accent) he carefully inscribes a new name on a carved plaque at the bottom: *Aristotle Also*.

ATHENES
Ey' there Mistah Aristot'le.

Aristotle suddenly pauses, obviously a bit rebuffed at what he perceives as a massive social faux pas. Just barely restrained, he leans towards.

ARISTOTLE ALSO
(Slight condescension)
Athenes... I know I've asked this before and perhaps you thought I was merely joking, but let me restate that I would like you to address me by my new full and soon to be legal name. Aristotle, Also.

ATHENES
What's that? Bit hard of hearing sir, you'll 'ave to come closer.

Aristotle leans closer.

ARISTOTLE ALSO
My name, it's now Aristotle Also, and I would appreciate you address me as such, from now on.

ATHENES
Also what then? You want me to change it? After all this carvin' I did??