

TEAM SPICA'S GOT THE TROTS

Written by

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Based on Umamusume: Pretty Derby

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE:

Spe - "Speh" as in "Meh". A shortened form of "Spe-cial Week"

Daiwa - "Die-Wah" or "Die-Wuh", whichever is more comfortable

INT. TEAM SPICA'S SHACK - MORNING

We open on Silence Suzuka opening wide with an "AAAAA" and chomping down on some food with an "MMM." She "MMMMMs", satisfied, before SWALLOWING. Goldship GULPS DOWN milk VIGOROUSLY before belting out a MASSIVE, SATISFIED SIGH. Beneath their vocals, Daiwa Scarlet and Vodka STRAIN AND GROAN in a chopstick tug-of-war fighting over a piece of mackerel.

DAIWA SCARLET  
(struggling, pulling  
toward herself)  
Let go, Vodka!

VODKA  
(struggling, pulling  
toward herself)  
No way! Do you even like mackerel?

DAIWA SCARLET  
What does it matter? I saw it  
first!

Their voices fade as we focus on Special Week. She GROANS SOFTLY through a gurgle in her belly - A HUNGER PANG. Silence Suzuka GULPS then "HMs?" inquisitively, noticing Special Week's place is empty.

SILENCE SUZUKA  
(concerned)  
Spe-chan, why aren't you eating?

GOLDSHIP  
If you're on a hunger strike, I'll  
join you! What're we protesting?

Beneath her voice, we hear DAIWA VOCALIZE IN A PANIC as she loses the tug of war. Daiwa's chopsticks land in her eye, causing her to SHRIEK IN PAIN.

DAIWA SCARLET  
(pained, comical)  
MY EYE!

Special Week VOCALIZES IN SURPRISE, snapping out of a daze. She CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY, embarrassed about what she's going to say next.

SPECIAL WEEK  
I'm worried if I eat too much, I'll  
be slow out of the gate.

GOLDSHIP  
It's an exhibition race. Doesn't  
matter if you win or lose... The  
rabble are there to see us bare it  
all!

SPECIAL WEEK  
(startled by her unusually  
sexual phrasing)  
W-wha--MMMMGH!

Goldship shoves food in Special Week's mouth, gagging her.

GOLDSHIP  
C'mon. Eat! Untwist those panties.

Special Week CHEWS, at first HESITANT AND SLOW, but then she  
"MMMMMMS" DELIGHTED AS SHE CHEWS.

GOLDSHIP (CONT'D)  
See? That's better!

Special Week GULPS, then VOCALIZES IN DELIGHT, a twinkle  
around her.

SPECIAL WEEK  
Much better!

Silence Suzuka GIGGLES, amused and delighted to see Special  
Week eating.

SILENCE SUZUKA  
Here. You can have my soybeans.

Silence Suzuka scrapes the soybeans from her plate onto  
Special Week's.

SPECIAL WEEK  
Thank you, Suzuka!

We hear Special Week OM and NOM.

VODKA  
'You want the last piece of  
mackerel, Spe?

SPECIAL WEEK  
(mouth full)  
Yesh pweashe!

GOLDSHIP  
How 'bout some milk?

We hear Goldship pour Special Week a glass of milk. Special Week GULPS DOWN THE MILK in BIG SWIGS, then GULPS and SIGHS, CONTENT.

DAIWA SCARLET  
(observational)  
You sure got over your worries quick...

Special GIGGLES, BASHFUL.

SPECIAL WEEK  
(bashful)  
Maybe...  
(a beat, then chipper)  
But running on an empty stomach's  
no good either, right?

Special Week OPENS WIDE WITH AN "AAAA" and chomps down with an "MM", then speaks up--

SPECIAL WEEK (CONT'D)  
(mouth full)  
I'm sure my belly will thank me.

EXT. TOKYO RACECOURSE - DAY

We fade back in on the roar of a cheering crowd - the stands are packed with spectators waiting to see Team Spica race.

COMMENTATOR  
More than ten-thousand spectators have gathered here at the Tokyo Racecourse to see Team Spica's brightest stars run this three-thousand meter friendly race! But by the furrowed look on their faces, you can tell they've come here to do business! The air at the starting line must be thick!

The crowd's roar dulls as we hear five wet farts in a row - A STARTLED VOCALIZATION FROM DAIWA, a HARSH GROAN FROM VODKA, a FORCEFUL GRUNT INTO AN AMUSED, RELIEVED GIGGLE from GOLDSHIP, a SHAKY MOAN from Silence Suzuka, and finally a PANICKED, STRAINED MOAN FROM SPECIAL WEEK.

SPECIAL WEEK  
 (stomach aching)  
 My belly hurts... I don't think I  
 can run like this...

Special Week cuts a short buzzy fart with a STARTLED MOAN.  
 Silence Suzuka's stomach sloshes. She GROANS SOFTLY, then  
 speaks.

SILENCE SUZUKA  
 (stomach aching)  
 S-something we ate must have been  
 rotten...

Silence Suzuka GASPS out a bubbly fart, then MOANS, SHAKY and  
 DEMURE.

VODKA  
 (stomach aching, feigning  
 confidence)  
 We'll be fine!  
 (grunting, then)  
 There's a porta-potty waiting at  
 the finish line.

Special Week STARTLES.

SPECIAL WEEK  
 (panicked)  
 J-just one?!  
 (a beat, then shouting)  
 Time out! We need a bathroom break!

COMMENTATOR  
 Special Week waves to the crowd!  
 She's looking confident!

Special Week VOCALIZES, PANICKED - SHE FEELS AS THOUGH SHE'S  
 IN A NIGHTMARE. Daiwa Scarlet's stomach starts to bubble.

DAIWA SCARLET  
 (stomach aching)  
 Tch, whatever... If there can only  
 be one winner--  
 (moans out a fart, then)  
 ...It'll be me, Daiwa Scarlet!

VODKA  
 (taunting)  
 Yo Daiwa Scarlet, catch!

We hear Vodka flick a coin in Daiwa Scarlet's direction. She  
 VOCALIZES SOFTLY as she catches it, NOTICING.

DAIWA SCARLET  
 (observational)  
 A thousand yen coin?  
 (offended, confused)  
 W-what the hell is this?!

VODKA  
 'Good for one wash and dry cycle.  
 Should come in handy...  
 (mocking - word choice  
 specifically meant to  
 infantilize/humiliate  
 her)  
 after you fill your undies!

Vodka CHUCKLES MISCHIEVOUSLY, amused at her own joke. Daiwa Scarlet VOCALIZES IN EMBARRASSMENT, then GROWLS in annoyance.

SPECIAL WEEK  
 Both of you, stop!

Beside her, Goldship GROANS THROUGH A LONG stomach ache.  
 Special Week VOCALIZES, CONCERNED.

SPECIAL WEEK (CONT'D)  
 (concerned, panicked)  
 Goldship! Are you okay?

Goldship lets out a bellowing fart with a PAINED GRUNT - it sounds unpleasant for her. BUT AT THE TAIL END OF HER GRUNT, SHE BELTS OUT AN EXCITABLE LAUGH.

GOLDSHIP  
 I can tell by the seismic shift in  
 my stomach. There's a record-  
 breaker brewing in my butt!

SPECIAL WEEK  
 (bafflement)  
 W-Wha-?!

GOLDSHIP  
 (excitement rising)  
 Once I've crossed the finish line I  
 can birth this creamy behemoth! All  
 my life, I've been waiting for this  
 - the mother-load! My long-standing  
 dream of taking the biggest poop in  
 the world will be a reality!

Goldship GROANS THROUGH A STOMACH ACHE. She cuts a booming fart with a VIGOROUS GRUNT.

SPECIAL WEEK  
 (despairing)  
 T-this can't be happening!

SILENCE SUZUKA  
 (resolute, stomach aching)  
 Spe-Chan...

Special Week STARTLES.

SILENCE SUZUKA (CONT'D)  
 (resolute, stomach aching)  
 Eyes forward. Don't stop running,  
 no matter what.

Silence Suzuka's VOICE TREMBLES A LITTLE. She knows the only way to the bathroom is through the race, and she intends to run.

SPECIAL WEEK  
 (frightened by Suzuka's  
 intensity)  
 S-Suzuka?! What do you--

The gates open. Special Week VOCALIZES, CAUGHT OFF GUARD. Goldship, Daiwa Scarlet, Vodka, and Silence Suzuka sprint out, footsteps beating against the grass.

COMMENTATOR  
 And they're off!

SPECIAL WEEK  
 (pleading)  
 W-wait!

Special week GASPS, CAUGHT OFF GUARD BY A STOMACH ACHE, WHICH TURNS INTO A PAINED MOAN as she farts. She HUFFS, VOICE SHAKING, TO PSYCH HERSELF UP.

SPECIAL WEEK (CONT'D)  
 I guess the only way out is  
 through.

Special Week gives a SHORT PHYSICAL EFFORT as she gets her body in motion. She trots forward, BREATH UNSTEADY AND HAGGARD and footsteps plodding.

COMMENTATOR  
 Special Week is last out of the  
 gate. That might cost her!

She GROANS THROUGH A STOMACH ACHE, VOICE BOUNDING UP AND DOWN AS SHE TROTS, before farting with a SHAKY MOAN.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)  
 Silence Suzuka takes the early  
 lead.

Silence Suzuka PANTS SOFTLY, BREATH RHYTHMIC as she GALLOPS.  
 Equally rhythmic are the short, bubbly farts puffing out of  
 her.

SILENCE SUZUKA  
 (to herself)  
 Don't slow down. Whatever you do...  
 (softly moaning a fart,  
 then)  
 Don't--  
 (softly moaning a fart,  
 then)  
 --slow  
 (softly moaning a fart,  
 then)  
 --down!

COMMENTATOR  
 Goldship looks steady in second.

Goldship lets a long billowing fart with a LENGTHY GRUNT,  
 ending with an EXCITABLE CHUCKLE.

GOLDSHIP  
 The Golshi Express is firing on all  
 cylinders! Next stop? EDEN!  
 (grunts out a fart, then)  
 I'm gonna blow Adam and Eve's  
 toilet to bits!

COMMENTATOR  
 Daiwa Scarlet and Vodka are neck-in-  
 neck, fighting for third!

Vodka and Daiwa Scarlet PANT as they run, THEIR BREATHING IN  
 SYNC. Suddenly, we hear Vodka GRUNT WITH EFFORT, bumping  
 Daiwa Scarlet aside. Daiwa Scarlet YELPS, cutting a fart at  
 the same time. She GASPS, RECOILING FROM THE HIT.

DAIWA SCARLET  
 W-watch it! I almost had an  
 accident...

Vodka gives a DEVIOUS, KNOWING CHUCKLE.

VODKA  
 (taunting)  
 Almost? I'll be sure to do more  
 damage next time!

Daiwa Scarlet GROWLS IN ANGER. She hip-checks Vodka. Vodka gives a HAPLESS YELP as she breaks wind.

VODKA (CONT'D)

H-hey! Y-you did that on purpose!

DAIWA SCARLET

If you can't take it, don't dish it out!

VODKA

(hip checks Daiwa Scarlet on "you")

Why you!

Daiwa Scarlet YELPS OUT a fart. She then GROWLS.

DAIWA SCARLET

(hip checks Vodka on "jerk")

Quit it, you jerk!

Vodka YELPS OUT a fart.

The two trade back and forth - one bumps the other with a PHYSICAL EFFORT, the other VOCALIZES IN RESPONSE, farting (three times). Above their voices and gas, the commentator speaks.

COMMENTATOR

Special Week is gaining ground at the first turn! She's joined the fight for third with Vodka and Daiwa Scarlet!

Special Week's PANTING vocals pan in slowly, growing louder and louder until they're on par with Vodka and Daiwa's vocals.

VODKA/DAIWA SCARLET

(simultaneous)

Quit. Bumping. ME!

They both give A SHORT, FORCEFUL PHYSICAL EFFORT, swinging their hips at one another. Special Week YELPS HAPLESSLY, blurting out a fart from the impact of both horse girls' butts. Vodka and Daiwa Scarlet's voices are panned slightly right and left, Special Week in the middle. Vodka and Daiwa Scarlet bump Special Week back and forth with their hips. Her voice shifts left and right with each bump.

SPECIAL WEEK

(yelps out a fart, then)

Whoa! C-careful!

(MORE)

SPECIAL WEEK (CONT'D)  
 (yelps out a fart, then)  
 You're gonna make me--  
 (yelps out a fart, then)  
 --poop my panties!

VODKA  
 (hip checks Special Week  
 on "outta")  
 Stay outta this, Spe!

Special Week YELPS.

DAIWA SCARLET  
 (hip checks Special Week  
 on "us")  
 This is between us!

Daiwa Scarlet bumps her aside with a FORCEFUL PHYSICAL EFFORT. Special Week YELPS HAPLESSLY as she's swayed back to center.

SPECIAL WEEK  
 (hapless, stomach aching)  
 Right now, it's me between you!

VODKA/DAIWA SCARLET  
 So butt OUT!

Daiwa Scarlet and Vodka veer toward each other with A SHORT, FORCEFUL PHYSICAL EFFORT. Special Week gives a SWIFT PHYSICAL EFFORT as she bounds forward. Vodka and Daiwa collide, VOCALIZING IN SURPRISE and fall to the floor with a thud. As they REEL, their stomachs gurgle, and their REELING TURNING INTO A SHAKY MOAN (Daiwa)/GROAN (Vodka) as they blast simultaneous farts.

DAIWA SCARLET  
 (pained, reeling)  
 Vodka... This is all your--

Daiwa Scarlet is cut off by a deep gurgle, GROANING IN PAIN.

DAIWA SCARLET (CONT'D)  
 (stomach aching,  
 prolonged)  
 M-my stomach...!

VODKA  
 (stomach aching, panic  
 rising)  
 Oh... oh crap!! Daiwa, get off of  
 me--

Vodka lets out a few SHORT, CURT GRUNTS as a barrage of wet farts sputters out of her.

DAIWA SCARLET  
(soiling herself,  
prolonged)  
No no no no! I-It's coming out...

VODKA  
(soiling herself,  
prolonged)  
DAMMIT!

Daiwa Scarlet gives a LONG, STRAIN MOAN as she squelches into her panties. Vodka gives a LONG, STRAINED GRUNT as she does the same. At the tail end of their vocals, both of them SIGH WEAKLY.

VODKA (CONT'D)  
Say...  
(strained grunt, then)  
Could I get that coin back?

DAIWA SCARLET  
(rebutting her)  
As if...

The pair GROAN WEAKLY as they soil themselves one last time.

Special Week PANTS RAPIDLY as she tackles a hill.

COMMENTATOR  
She's climbing the hill, and fast!  
Her short-stride running is  
impeccable!

Special Week MOANS OUT SHORT, puffy farts with every shallow step.

SPECIAL WEEK  
Clench. Cleeeeench!

Goldship's stomach gurgles mid-stride. She gives a LONG GROAN, A TINGE OF PLEASURE IN HER VOICE.

GOLDSHIP  
(excitement rising)  
A race against the clock with my  
butt as the buzzer... This is the  
kind of action I've been craving!

Goldship lets out a bassy fart, WITH A GRUNT SOMEWHERE BETWEEN A PHYSICAL EFFORT AND A SEXUAL EFFORT - she's enjoying this a little too much.

Special Week's voice grows louder and pans closer to center as she clears the hill, her PANTING SLOWING TO A NORMAL PACE.

COMMENTATOR

Oh my! Special Week has caught up to Goldship!

GOLDSHIP

(calling out)

Oi, Spe! Glad you could make it!

Special Week's stomach gurgles, pulling a SHAKY GROAN from her - the pangs in her stomach and her desperation are getting worse.

SPECIAL WEEK

(through a stomach ache,  
off "glad you could make  
it")

Not at this rate!

Goldship's stomach bubbles. She lets out a LONG GROAN, the EXCITEMENT IN HER VOICE PALPABLE.

GOLDSHIP

Just two thousand meters until I drop my pants...

Special Week GROANS SOFTLY, stomach gurgling.

GOLDSHIP (CONT'D)

(excitement rising)

--plant my cheeks on the toilet--

Special Week GROANS A LITTLE LOUDER, stomach ache worsening.

GOLDSHIP (CONT'D)

(excitement peaking)

--and cork out the girthiest road  
apple in history!

Special Week MOANS OUT A LONG, TRAILING fart.

SPECIAL WEEK

(pleading, stomach aching)

Goldship! Everything you're says is making my tummy ache worse!

GOLDSHIP

Embrace it! That pain in your belly is the desire to race!

Special Week MOANS OUT IN MILD PAIN as the bubbles in her guts turns into fluttering gas.

SPECIAL WEEK  
 (wailing, pained)  
 I-It buuurns!

Goldship's stomach gurgles furiously. She GROANS, TURNING INTO AN EXCITED CHUCKLE AT THE END.

GOLDSHIP  
 It's almost here, the second Big Bang!  
 (vigorous)  
 Full speed ahead!

Goldship PANTS FASTER as she breaks into a gallop. Special Week STARTLES. Special Week's PANTING SPEED INCREASES, closing the gap between herself and Goldship. Goldship's stomach gurgles.

GOLDSHIP (CONT'D)  
 (stomach aching, excited)  
 Hold your nose, Spe!

SPECIAL WEEK  
 (confused)  
 Wha?!

Goldship PUSHES WITH ALL HER MIGHT to summon a booming fart. Special Week VOCALIZES IN DISGUST, downwind of the blast.

SPECIAL WEEK (CONT'D)  
 Ew ew, EW!

GOLDSHIP  
 I tried to warn you, Brownshi's starting to kick!

SPECIAL WEEK  
 (incredulous)  
 Y-you named it?!

Goldship INTERRUPTS Special Week with a STRAIN, TURNING INTO A FIERCE GRUNT as she bellows out another noxious panty burner. Special Week VOCALIZES IN DISGUST, THEN COUGHS.

GOLDSHIP  
 (like a Saturday morning cartoon narrator)  
 With Golshi's lightning-fast legs, and Brownshi's thunderous gas, this dynamic duo is undefeatable!

Goldship GRUNTS OUT a SHORT gust. Special Week VOCALIZES IN DISGUST.

SPECIAL WEEK  
 (wailing)  
 Ugh, that stiiiinks!

Goldship GRUNTS OUT A SHORT gust. Special Week VOCALIZES IN DISGUST.

SPECIAL WEEK (CONT'D)  
 (pleading)  
 G-Goldship, please--

Goldship GRUNTS OUT A MID-LENGTH gust. Special Week VOCALIZES IN DISGUST.

SPECIAL WEEK (CONT'D)  
 (groaning in disgust)  
 I-I'm gonna faint!

Goldship GRUNTS OUT A FINAL LONG fart. Special Week COUGHS. She's left PANTING TO CATCH HER BREATH.

COMMENTATOR  
 Special Week's slows down just  
 before the second turn. Is she out  
 of breath?

Her stomach gurgles, pulling a PAINED GROAN from the BACK OF HER THROAT. After it subsides, Special Week GRUNTS, DETERMINED - psyching herself up for a big move. Special Week PANTS HARDER AND FASTER. The wind around Special Week turns into a howl as she strides behind Goldship.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)  
 What's this? Special Week's  
 positioned herself right behind  
 Goldship!

SPECIAL WEEK  
 (to herself)  
 Here it is... the slipstream!

Goldship VOCALIZES IN SURPRISE, then gives a HAUGHTY LITTLE CHUCKLE.

GOLDSHIP  
 (stomach gurgling)  
 Careful, you're awfully close to  
 the blast zone!

Goldship starts to STRAIN, another fart on its way out. Special Week TAKES A DEEP BREATH, and audibly HOLDS THE AIR BETWEEN HER CHEEKS as if she's diving underwater. Goldship blows with a FORCEFUL GRUNT.

Special Week VOCALIZES behind her closed mouth, as if trying to swim to the surface before she runs out of air. Goldship GRUNTS OUT TWO MORE FARTS. Special Week VOCALIZES THROUGH HER CHUBBY CHEEKS, VOICE CLIMBING, TO HOLD HER BREATH.

COMMENTATOR  
 (excitement rising)  
 She's gaining speed... Goldship's  
 falling behind!  
 (a beat, then, excitement  
 exploding)  
 Special Week passes Goldship!

Goldship VOCALIZES, STUNNED by Special Week's sudden burst of speed. Special Week BREATHEs OUT, RELIEVED. She sputters out a pre-poop fart, this time catching Goldship downwind. Goldship COUGHS IN REVULSION. Special Week VOCALIZES, EMBARRASSED.

SPECIAL WEEK  
 (galloping off)  
 I'm s-sorry Goldshiiiiip!

GOLDSHIP  
 (coughing)  
 Special Week's reek REEKS!  
 (coughing exhausts, then  
 realizing)  
 C-could it be... She's the one  
 destined to christen Eden's bowl?  
 (a beat, then, shouting)  
 Give the toilet hell for me,  
 Speeeee!

Goldship STRAINS, PUSHING HARD.

GOLDSHIP (CONT'D)  
 (straining)  
 Awright Brownshi! Come on out!

Goldship GRUNTS OUT THREE wet farts - ONE SHORT, ONE MEDIUM, ONE LONG. At the end of her LONG GRUNT, she unloads in her pants, TRANSITIONING INTO A RELIEVED MOAN. With her bowels moving, Goldship STRAINS, UNLADYLIKE as the crackling load slinks out, then GRUNTS to shunt it into the seat of her pants. Upon the final pinch off, Goldship SIGHS IN RELIEF, VOICE TRAILING AND VOCALS FRYING.

GOLDSHIP (CONT'D)  
 (haiku)  
 "As fast as I ran,"  
 "Eden was never in reach."  
 "Farewell... Shimapan"  
 (MORE)

GOLDSHIP (CONT'D)  
 (a beat, then,  
 "attribution")  
 A haiku, by Goldship.

Special Week gallops forward, BREATHING RAGGED and stomach roaring. She STARTLES as a string of wet farts rockets out of her. SHE YELPS, VOICE SHAKING as an especially wet fart sounds off. Silence Suzuka's voice comes into focus - her QUICK, RHYTHMIC PANTING accompanied by fast-beating footsteps and chuffing wet farts.

COMMENTATOR  
 (excitement building)  
 Silence Suzuka's taking the third  
 turn. She's held the lead  
 uncontested.  
 (a beat, then excitement  
 peaking)  
 But here comes Special Week!

Silence Suzuka STARTLES as she realizes Special Week is on her tail.

SILENCE SUZUKA  
 Spe-chan!

Silence Suzuka suffers a sharp stomach ache. She GROANS, VOICE SHAKING IN PAIN before MOANING OUT a wet fart.

SILENCE SUZUKA (CONT'D)  
 (stomach aching)  
 I'm nearing the end of my rope.

Special Week follows suit with a SHAKING GROAN and a SHARP MOAN.

SPECIAL WEEK  
 (stomach aching)  
 Me too!

SILENCE SUZUKA  
 (mid-stride, remorseful)  
 I hope... you can forgive me.

SPECIAL WEEK  
 (confused)  
 Huh? W-what for?

Silence Suzuka GROANS IN PAIN beneath Special Week's line, TRAILING as it worsens. With a SHARP PHYSICAL EFFORT, Silence Suzuka speeds off, short wet puffs every step. Special Week VOCALIZES IN PANIC. She's caught in the backdraft, the wind howling around her.

SPECIAL WEEK (CONT'D)  
 ("wait for me!")  
 S-Suzuka!

Special Week PANTS HURRIEDLY, trying to catch up to Silence Suzuka. She suffers a stomach ache mid-stride, her PANTING TURNING INTO SHAKY, PAINED MOANS.

SPECIAL WEEK (CONT'D)  
 (despairing, panting)  
 She's... too fast...  
 (moans out a short fart,  
 then)  
 I can't keep up. I... I--  
 (moans out a long fart,  
 then)  
 I'm not gonna make iiiit!

The soundscape around Special Week dulls. Only her DEMURE GROANING, echoing footsteps, and bubbling, sickly stomach are audible. The roar of the crowd slowly re-enters the scene, including a few CUSTOM CHEERS for Special Week. She VOCALIZES, NOTICING.

SPECIAL WEEK (CONT'D)  
 (confidence building)  
 I can't quit now. Not until I show  
 everyone what I'm really made of.  
 (a beat, then, confident)  
 I won't let a little tummy trouble  
 hold me back!  
 (energy building)  
 Eyes forward. Don't stop running.  
 (a beat, then, with vigor)  
 No matter what!

Special Week gives a VIGOROUS SHOUT as she charges forward.

COMMENTATOR  
 (excited)  
 Special Week is regaining her wind!

Special Week PANTS RAPIDLY. With every step, Special Week lets out a curt wet fart.

SPECIAL WEEK  
 (realizing, mid-stride)  
 It's so much easier to run--  
 (gasping out a fart, then)  
 --when I just--  
 (gasping out a fart, then)  
 --let the farts out!

Silence Suzuka's own RHYTHMIC PANTING and farting comes back as Special Week gains on her.

COMMENTATOR

Silence Suzuka and Special Week are  
neck-in-neck with just one hundred  
meters to the finish line!

Silence Suzuka PANTS HARDER, wet farts escaping her as she tries to outpace Special Week. But Special Week keeps pace, PANTING RAPIDLY, chuffing farts like a steam train. Special Week's stomach starts to slosh. She GRITS THROUGH IT.

SPECIAL WEEK

(to herself, with grit)  
This is where...  
(a beat, then no more  
grit)  
I bare it all!

With one final VIGOROUS SHOUT, Special Week speeds on ahead of Silence Suzuka. Silence Suzuka VOCALIZES IN SURPRISE, seeing Special Week blitz past her. At the tail end of Special Week's shout, the scene falls silent... until--

COMMENTATOR

SPECIAL WEEK WINS! What an  
incredible turnaround! From last  
out of the gate, to first across  
the finish line!

The crowd erupts. Silence Suzuka falls to her hands and knees, PANTING IN EXHAUSTION. Special Week GASPS.

SPECIAL WEEK

(worried)  
Suzuka!

Special Week is wracked with stomach sickness. She wraps her arms around her abdomen and GROANS IN PAIN.

SILENCE SUZUKA

(breathing ragged, stomach  
aching)  
I'm okay. Spe-Chan...  
(warm)  
Go. You earned it.

Special Week STAMMERS, HESITANTLY. She VOCALIZES HER AFFIRMATION WITH AN "MHM" and trots off. Silence Suzuka STRAINS as she bellows out a bubbling wet shart, then MOANS, VOICE DEMURE AND SHAKY as it turns into a burst of diarrhea filling the seat of her underwear.

She lets out THREE SHORT, BREATHY MOANS - a series of squelching sharts jetting into her panties - before belting out TWO LOUD, SHAKING MOANS - a double barrel shotgun sputter. Her voice TRAILS INTO A WEAK GROAN as sharts squelch out of her, adding more weight to her panties, each one growing longer until an ominous gurgle rips through her stomach. She STRAINS through it, then lets out a LONG, "OH"ING MOAN, VOICE MELTING INTO A PROLONGED RELIEVED SIGH as her last diarrhea blast exhausts.

Special Week rushes for the porta-potty, BREATHING RAGGED WITH EXHAUSTION AND DESPERATION.

SPECIAL WEEK

(panicked)

UWAAAAAAAAA! I'M ABOUT TO BLOW!

(moaning out a shart,  
then)

AH! OH GOSH, IT'S COMING OUUUUUT!

COMMENTATOR

There goes Special Week! Is she  
taking a victory lap?

(a beat, then second-hand  
embarrassment)

Oh... oh my.

With a SHAKING, PANICKED SCREAM, she throws the port-a-potty door open and slams it shut.

INT. PORTA-POTTY - CONTINUOUS

Special Week GROANS and HUFFS, PANICKING as she works to hike up her skirt. She lets slip two wet farts, both pulling a STARTLED MOAN from her, CLIMBING IN PITCH. She GROANS IN PAIN over a gurgle in her guts. She drops her panties to her ankles and flops down onto the seat. Special Week MOANS LOUDLY IN RELIEF. A stream of urine trickles into the blue basin below, accompanied by toilet rattling gas and chunky diarrhea. A stomach ache rolls through Special Week, pulling a BREATHY GROAN past her lips. She GRUNTS OUT as the next wave bursts out of her. She lets out a MOAN OF DISCOMFORT, which turns into a LONG MOAN OF RELIEF. Her torrent breaks briefly with three rapid-fire sharts. She GRUNTS THREE TIMES - TWO SHORT, ONE LONG as her sharts become another full blown diarrhea deluge. She belts out a MOAN, WHICH DESCENDS IN PITCH AND VOLUME, until it becomes a BLISSFUL SIGH, letting the relief wash over her as the final wave subsides into a trickle, then a FINAL, CUTE LITTLE SIGH as she lets out a rabbit pellet on as a cherry on top. Special Week PANTS SOFTLY, REELING.

SPECIAL WEEK  
(weakly, but proud)  
I made it...

EXT. PORTA-POTTY - CONTINUOUS

Special Week steps out of the porta-potty to thunderous applause and cheers. She VOCALIZES IN AWE.

VODKA  
Way to go, Spe!

DAIWA SCARLET  
You were incredible!

GOLDSHIP  
Such an explosion. The shit heard  
'round the world. The start of a  
revolution!

DAIWA SCARLET  
(irate, to Goldship)  
Huh?! I was talking about the race!

SPECIAL WEEK  
Everyone!  
(a beat, then, awkward)  
I-I'm sorry about your, u-um--

VODKA  
Relaaaax! It's not your fault we  
didn't make it.

DAIWA SCARLET  
We just weren't fast enough. Plain  
and simple.

SILENCE SUZUKA  
Spe-chan...

SPECIAL WEEK  
Hm?

SILENCE SUZUKA  
I'm so proud of you!

Special Week VOCALIZES WITH JOY.

SPECIAL WEEK  
Suzuka!

Special Week throws arms around Suzuka. Silence Suzuka  
STARTLES, THEN PURRS HAPPILY. Daiwa Scarlet, and Vodka follow  
suit.

VODKA

C'mere, you!

GOLDSHIP

Bring it in!

DAIWA SCARLET

(cheering)

Group hug!

Special Week GIGGLES WITH PRIDE. After a beat, we hear her  
VOCALIZES, DISGUSTED as the smell of four messes hits her  
nose all at once. With a POLITE, NERVOUS GIGGLE, she speaks  
up--

SPECIAL WEEK

(trying to be polite)

C-could we save this celebration  
until you change your underwear?

**THE END**