

BULMA'S TOILET TRIAL RUN

Written by

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A Dragon Ball Super-themed audio

INT. CAPSULE CORP - BULMA'S LAB - NIGHT

We open the whirr, hum, and beeps of high tech lab machinery.

Bulma IDLY HUMS the main chorus of "Makafushigi Adventure!"
To herself while her fingers rapidly type on a keyboard.

BULMA
(stops humming, then
"finishing up"
inflection)
O-kaaay! That should be...

With one final click of the keyboard--

BULMA (CONT'D)
(finishing previous
sentence)
...it!

Bulma SIGHS, TIRED AND RELIEVED to be done with work.

BULMA (CONT'D)
(speaking voice)
'Took a lot of all-nighters...
(a beat, then)
...and coffee.
(proud)
But the prototype 'Grand Toilet:
Model Z" is complete! All the
aliens and Gods settling down on
Earth will finally have a place to
go squatty potty.
(a beat, then sheepish)
Assuming it works.

Bulma YAWNS, TIRED.

BULMA (CONT'D)
(tired, relieved)
But that's tomorrow me's problem.
(a bit vain)
Time for some much needed beauty
slee--

A groan interrupts Bulma's train of thought. She VOCALIZES
SOFTLY, then GROANS IN MILD DISCOMFORT.

BULMA (CONT'D)
(strained)
O-or not. All that coffee's caught
up to me.

She cuts a deep, airy fart with a SOFT MOAN. After a beat, she "HMs" TO HERSELF, THINKING.

BULMA (CONT'D)
 (thinking to herself)
 There is one last thing I can do
 before I hit the sack...
 (a beat, then)
 Testing.

A beat, then.

BULMA (CONT'D)
 (to herself, thinking)
 I'm no Saiyan...
 (gingerly)
 ...but my BMs will confirm basic
 functionality, at least!

We hear Bulma reach into her pockets, cloth rustling.

BULMA (CONT'D)
 (murmuring)
 Now where did I put it...
 (a beat, then)
 Aha! My tape recorder.

We hear the click of her recording device. She CLEARS HER THROAT.

BULMA (CONT'D)
 (speaking into the
 recorder)
 This is Bulma Briefs. Today's date
 is April eighteenth, age seven
 seventy ni--

Bulma GROANS SOFTLY from a stomach ache. She CHUCKLES SHEEPISHLY.

BULMA (CONT'D)
 (a bit hurried)
 On second thought, let's skip the
 formalities. I'm holding back a
 pretty nasty sample.
 (a beat, then
 professional)
 This is a trial run of the Grand
 Toilet, henceforth known as 'GT'.
 Commencing stage one.

Bulma hikes up her pencil skirt and pulls down her panties. She SIGHS SHORT AND SOFT IN RELIEF as she sits on the toilet.

BULMA (CONT'D)
 (relieved)
 Okay...
 (clears her throat, then
 professional)
 The prototype successfully supports
 the weight of users up to--
 (a beat, then flustering -
 doesn't want to reveal
 her weight)
 --n-never mind!

After a beat, Bulma "HMs" inquisitively to herself.

BULMA (CONT'D)
 Note: seat size may need
 adjustments for more... ample rear
 ends.
 (a beat, then starts to
 strain)
 Commencing stage two--
 (straining)
 --Time to drop the kids off at the
 pool.

Bulma GRUNTS IN RELIEF, dropping a heavy dump into the basin
 with a healthy-sounding splash. She SIGHS IN RELIEF.

BULMA (CONT'D)
 (relieved)
 First sample dropped.
 (a beat, then professional
 voice)
 'GT' is stable. Beginning second
 push.

Bulma lets out a LONG STRAINED GROAN as she pushes out
 another. It starts to crackle out of her.

BULMA (CONT'D)
 (straining)
 Sample number two is proving to be
 a little stubborn.

Bulma STRAINS HARDER, the crackling increasing, and peppered
 with hissy toilet farts. She GRUNTS IN EXERTION, followed up
 by two successive dunks. She GASPS, STARTLED.

BULMA (CONT'D)
 (slightly shaken)
 C-correction: Sample number two and
three.
 (a beat, then regaining
 composure)
 (MORE)

BULMA (CONT'D)
Regardless, 'GT' performing at
optimal levels.

Bulma GROANS MID-LENGTH as she busts a buzzy toilet fart into the bowl. Bulma CHUCKLES, EMBARRASSED WITH HERSELF.

BULMA (CONT'D)
(a bit embarrassed)
A-although 'GT's bowl amplifies
sound beyond optimal levels...
(a beat, then
professional)
Commencing stage three - stress
testing.
(a beat, then murmuring)
'Not looking forward to this,
but...

We hear Bulma unwrap a piece of candy. She pops the candy in her mouth with an "OM" then SWALLOWS.

BULMA (CONT'D)
(calling out)
"Pii pii!"

Bulma's stomach gurgles fiercely. Bulma GROANS IN DISCOMFORT as the Pii Pii candy affects her bowels. With a LONG STRAIN, we hear a crackling braid slinking out of her. She GRUNTS IT OUT, which begets a cacophony of repeated heavy dumps being blasted into the watery basin. Bulma GRUNTS SHORT AND SHARP (4x), which transitions into MOANS, SENSUAL AND RELIEVED (3x) as the farts and splashes taper off. Bulma EXHALES MID-LENGTH IN RELIEF ("WHO" SOUND).

BULMA (CONT'D)
(taken aback, proud of
herself)
Golly!
(professional voice)
'GT' shows no signs of strain after
the Pii Pii candy test--.

Bulma gets cut off by the sudden warbling gurgle of her sensitive gut. She GROANS IN PAIN as her bowels flare.

BULMA (CONT'D)
(pained)
What the--

Cutting herself off with a GRUNT, Bulma involuntarily rips a loud toilet fart, followed by a second painful tummy rumble which leaves her GROANING IN PAIN.

BULMA (CONT'D)
 (strained, panic rising)
 Oh no... I-I said it again!

Bulma GROANS IN PAIN, trying to stave off a wave of chunky diarrhea. SHE LETS OUT A SERIES OF THREE GROANS, EACH ONE RISING IN PITCH AND THE THIRD SUSTAINED AND LONG, RELEASING AS A PAINED MOAN as a wave of violent diarrhea plops in the water and splattering against the porcelain bowl. Bulma GRUNTS SHORT AND STRAINED (2x) and MOANS MID-LENGTH AND PAINED, SOUNDING A BIT LIKE A SOB (2x) as her bowels revolt, seized by the Pii Pii candy's effects.

BULMA (CONT'D)
 (strained)
 It just--
 (grunts out poop, then)
 Won't--
 (moans out poop, then)
 Stop!

BULMA MOANS LONG IN PAIN in tandem with forceful wave of sharts and heavy diarrhea. Beneath her, the GT show signs of strain - distinct CRACKING noise made. Bulma SHRIEKS in response.

BULMA (CONT'D)
 (panicking)
 W-what was that sou--
 (interrupting herself,
 "Sound" becomes a pained
 "Ow")
 -Oooooooooow!

Bulma bombards the clunking bowl with a splashing wave of runs. The creaks and scrapes of the rickety metal intensify until we hear a hiss of smoke as gas plumes from the toilet, it's systems failing.

BULMA (CONT'D)
 (panicking)
 T-the 'GT' can't handle it!

Bulma's stomach flares up, making her GROANS IN PAIN AS IF SHE'S BEEN STRUCK IN THE STOMACH. A chain of three sharts, accompanied by THREE RISING GRUNTS, heralds one last explosion. Bulma MOANS LONG AND PAINED, HER VOICE TREMBLING AT ITS TAIL END, TURNING INTO A WEAK GROAN. The GT whirrs beneath metallic rattles and jets of loud, hissing steam bursting from its hull. As Bulma's dump subsides, the GT whirrs into silence, shutting down, and in its place is the sizzle of burnt out computer systems. Bulma SIGHS, DEJECTED.

BULMA (CONT'D)
(whining to herself)
I can't believe I broke it...
This'll take days to repair!
(an annoyed sigh, then to
herself)
'Better stock up on more coffee.

Bulma absentmindedly presses a button with an audible "click". A beat passes, nothing happens. She STARTLES. Two consecutive clicks follow right after with the same result. Bulma SIGHS IN EXASPERATION.

BULMA (CONT'D)
(embarrassed, speaking
into the recorder)
N-note: Bidet functionality
compromised. Implementation of a
toilet paper holder for mark two is
highly recommended.