

INT. THE GATES OF HELL - NIGHT

We start behind a humble wooden door, an empty, dingey bathroom with an archaic old toilet - a long pole leading up to a tank with a pull chain behind it. A U-Shaped seat pulled up frames the door between it, blurred due to being closer to the lens (POV). We hear a door swing open, but not the bathroom door. It's the entrance to the Gates of Hell, swinging open loudly.

RODIN

Barged in like a bat outta hell.
Nature calls?

ENZO

(startled)
Whoa! What'sa matta with you?
Bargin' in like a bat outta hell!!
(a beat, then snickering)
Lemme guess, you're here to see a
man about a horse?

BAYONETTA

(sarcastic, playful)
Me? Never~! I'm just here to powder
my nose.
(To enzo - scoffing,
sardonic)
Didn't (your) mummy every teach you
that girls don't poop?

Rodin chuckles ("Heh"). Both parties know what she means.

RODIN

Right. 'John's in the back. Try not
to use so much "powder" this time.
Show the ol' pipes some mercy.

EZNO

My 'mudda was proof otherwise. Just
try not use so much "powder" that
you choke the damn thing, kapeesh?

BAYONETTA

I make no promises.

The door creaks open and Bayonetta saunters in. She shuts the door behind her, turns around, and blasts a blaring pre-poop fart lasting several seconds, MOANING IN RELIEF, ALMOST SENSUALLY. Her voice TRAILS AND SOFTENS as the fart exhausts. She turns around to see the toilet seat up.

BAYONETTA (CONT'D)

Tsk. Boys.

She lowers the seat. A hole appears around her ass, allowing her to sit down. Her cheeks are spread across the seat.

BAYONETTA (CONT'D)
 Ugh, only one toilet in town that
 can handle an Umbra Witch's arse.
 What a pain...

She PUSHES SOFTLY to get her bowels moving, but instead belts out a buzzy toilet fart.

BAYONETTA (CONT'D)
 At least I'll be rid of all this
 gas. I was blowing the horn every
 step of the way here...

She PUSHES AGAIN, STRAINING AS SHE SPEAKS.

BAYONETTA (CONT'D)
 (straining, with effort)
 Now...
 (grunts out a fart, then
 back to straining)
 ...to drop these naughty kids off
 at the pool.

All she can do is push out another booming toilet fart. She GROANS IT OUT, her GROAN OF EFFORT MELTING INTO ANNOYANCE.

BAYONETTA (CONT'D)
 Why so stubborn all of the sudden?
 I was about to dye my hair not a
 moment ago.

Bayonetta takes a DEEP BREATH and STARTS HER PUSH AGAIN, gripping the sides of the toilet bowl and biting her bottom lip, an eye squinting, as she tries to get her bowels moving. THROUGH HER PUSHING, SHE GRUNTS OUT a few toilet farts, each getting louder and wetter as they herald the first log.

BAYONETTA (CONT'D)
 (straining, with effort)
 Ngh~! Come come, don't be shy!

She PUSHES HARD one last time, and out shunts a massive dung wad like a champagne cork with a GRUNT, splashing into the bowl with force. She MOANS CONTEDEDLY as a long braid slithers out, crackling like thunder and accompanied by little hissy farts.

BAYONETTA (CONT'D)
 (relieved, airy)
 There, that's better.

She MOANS SENSUALLY as the turd pinches off, blurring the line between a sex moan and a moan of relief. Now her bowels are moving automatically, turds crackling out, plunking into the toilet below. She PURRS SOFTLY, enjoying the feeling of relieving herself, MOANING IN BLISS when they pinch off. She pulls out a lollipop and places it between her fingers like a cigarette.

BAYONETTA (CONT'D)
 ("post sex cigarette
 joke")
 I could use a smoke after that one.

She takes a DEEP INHALE through her nose, but then GROANS AS SHE CATCHES A WHIFF OF HER SMELL and COUGHS SOFTLY.

BAYONETTA (CONT'D)
 O-or at least a match. Oof!

She fans the air in front of her face (or at her backside, whichever is hotter). Suddenly, Bayonetta's stomach gurgles. She drops the lollipop from her fingers in shock. She GASPS SOFTLY before busting out a CHOPPY WET TOILET FART with a GROAN. She GRUNTS OUT a chain of choppy farts, growing wetter and wetter until they turn solid. She MOANS, LESS CONTROL IN HER VOICE, as a daisy chain of dumps flurries out of her in rapid succession, piling higher and higher into the bowl. She gets into a loop, GRUNTING OUT farts and logs, and MOANING SHAKILY as they pinch off. Intermittently she speaks up through her bowel movement, VOICE LABORED WITH EFFORT, still in the middle of the act.

BAYONETTA (CONT'D)
 Ughhhh, I hate sloppy seconds...

Her GRUNTS GROW more UNLADYLIKE and FORCEFUL, her MOANS more WILD and SEXUALLY CHARGED, losing composure and control. Her dump piles higher, she stands up a little and starts to hover.

BAYONETTA (CONT'D)
 (strained with effort)
 Where in all the realms does it
 keep coming from?

Until one CLIMACTIC, FORCEFUL GRUNT leads Bayonetta to fire a brown rocket straight into the camera, coating the scene brown. We transition to her next pose as the turd slinks down the frame. She looks mildly shocked staring at the mess.

BAYONETTA (CONT'D)
 I have got to use less "powder."