

Almost the entire theater was tearfully enthralled by the film on screen. Their tear-filled eyes watched as a man desperately poured his heart out to his girlfriend on the brink of death. Sniffles and blows into tissues drowned out the audio of the film as everyone in that moment felt an wave of undeniable despair.

Everyone except for Bugs Bunny; he was feeling something much worse: gas.

As Bugs sunk into his seat and crossed his legs, he glanced over to the left at the empty bucket that once held a extra large order of double butter popcorn in the vacant seat beside him. *Damn, why'd I let that money-grubbing concession stand upscale my order?* Bugs thought to himself as his stomach moaned, craving relief from the agony Bugs put it in with his careless spending habits. Unfortunately for Bugs, the agony shifted deep into his body, letting him know just how his body would take care of it.

Bugs looked back over at his dim witted date who was too absorbed into the movie to notice her boyfriend sweating from fear. He thought of what the audience would think of the crude, disruptive blast charging up. He thought of what his Lola would think. *Ugh, the third date is far too soon to toot around her,* Bugs reminded himself as he watched his girlfriend sobbed right into the sleeve of the man sitting to the right of her. The man watched her soil his shirt in confusion, but he offered her his other sleeve.

As he smirked at her typical antics, Bug's stomach shifted around and emitted a horrible gurgle that made his ears stand up. He put his hand on his stomach and felt the gas bubbles multiplying and expanding within him. He could sense those nasty bubbles traveling down his intestines to burst out of his butt for all the moviegoers to waft.

He couldn't take it for another second. Bugs looked around the theater to reassure him that everyone was still invested in the sorrowful story. Once his eyes locked onto the exit sign, he grabbed the armrests of his seat and started to raise his rear end from his seat with a Bugs bum-shaped crater formed into it. As the butt rose from the seat, its cheeks loosened just enough to let a dreadful gas bubble slip out in a quiet squeak.

Bugs let out a miniature gasp and jerked his head towards Lola. Luckily, Lola couldn't hear the passing of gas underneath her blowing her nose into the man's sleeve.

Bugs tightened his downstairs cheeks as he sat back in his seat. He had no choice now. He'd have to hold it in until the film ended, but he wasn't sure when that would be.

As the bubbles began to pressurize his butt, Bugs sunk into the seat and tightly crossed his legs again. He meekly rubbed his tormented belly as his eyes waited for the phrase "the end" to appear on the screen. Bugs cringed with every gurgle he felt. His sweat drenched the fur of his face.

It felt like every second he didn't accept his fate, the pain and power multiplied. The gas bubbles kept expanding. They felt like a battering ram, slamming at his butt until it gave away.

His butt couldn't take it any longer. Bugs shut his eyes and braced for impact.

Nothing.

The pain was disappearing. As he felt gas' pressure diminish, Bugs sighed as he reclined into his seat.

Bugs' fortune continued to improve. Credits began to appear on the screen as the lights turned back on. People began to lift themselves from their seats and make their way towards the exit. The movie was over.

Bugs sat back up straight and looked back to Lola. "So, did'cha like the movie?" he asked her to distract from how he felt.

Lola stared back at him with red-rimmed eyes as she wiped her snot-covered nose with her arm. "Yeah, It was so sad, but I didn't understand that part at the beginning of the film where the man asked me to turn off my phone," Lola replied in a whimpering voice.

After looking at her in confusion for a second, Bugs stretched out his arms and placed his feet on the grimy carpet floors.

As he made his way towards the exit, Lola began to talk again. "Bugs, you should—" she paused to sniff, "watch where you're going since I saw gum on the floor."

Before Bugs could process what she said, Bugs' left foot got stuck to the floor thanks to a apathetically discarded piece of gum. As Bugs tried to push forward on his right leg, it jerked his body forward.

Doing so, it provided the perfect chance for the inevitable.

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A overflow of gas blasted from the bunny's ass, vibrating his cheeks and tail as it freely escaped. It was impossible to miss it with a loud, brassy sound that would've made any professionally trained baritone player feel as though their life work was a waste and an awful scent of gratuitously buttered popcorn and rotten carrots that made any skeptical witness to the toot realize it was the rabbit.

Bugs anxiously looked around the theater emptying theater to get a glimpse of what the consensus was for his performance. "Nice one, Pal," Lola's tissue sarcastically said as he walked out of the theater.

"Eww," came from a woman in the seat above Bugs, "did you really have to do that now?" The woman then scoffed as she walked towards the exit.

Bugs' bunny ears picked up on more horrible remarks including "Remind me to never see a movie with that gasbag," "That bunny's fart stunk as bad as that movie," and "Wasn't that the bunny from the Pizzariba commercial?"

Bugs never felt such humiliation in years. The last time he felt this bad was when he pooped his pants at summer camp in front of Rodney, but at least then, he was just a goofy kid. He was now a successful adult who just cleared a theater as quickly as a bad comedy.

He turned over to see what horrible things Lola had to say about his outburst, but instead, he saw the once sobbing mess of a woman laughing hysterically, slapping her armrests in delight.

Bugs started to sheepishly smile. He could tell Lola was laughing with him, not at him.

Lola started to regain her focus as best as she usually could. "Bugs," she interrupted herself to fit in a few more chuckles, "you've got to teach me how you do that." Once she finished her request, she resumed her wild cackling that began to develop even more dirty looks from the moviegoers leaving for the lobby. Not knowing what else to add to this wonderfully awkward situation but to get in on the joke, Bug started to cackle alongside his girlfriend.

If this was a lady who could find joy in his mere farts, then perhaps dating this ditzzy rabbit wouldn't be so bad after all.