

TROJAN HORSE

A short by

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FADE IN:

Over black, hear the soft MOANS of sex.

EXT. RACETRACK -- DAY

Thousands of anxious **IDENTICAL SPECTATORS** -- white and amorphous, like wide-eyed weebles with tails -- line the stands. Keep their eyes peeled on the closed racetrack gates.

VENDORS, identical to the Spectators except for their outfits, wiggle their way through the stands. Peddle...

VENDORS
Hot buns! Wieners! Nuts!

Restrained at the starting post, the unseen and excited **RACERS** bump and rattle the numbered track gates.

The SOUNDS of sex grow louder. Faster.

Mounted on the inside rail of the track, **ALLEGGRA** bats false eyelashes at the crowd. She too is amorphous, her face geisha white, with big eyes and ruby lips. Her body entices beneath a flowing, low cut negligee.

Alleggra cocks her head. Hears the ecstatic, muffled **ORGASMS** of a man and woman coming in unison.

In the press box the elated **ANNOUNCER**, another Spectator look-alike, shouts into the microphone...

ANNOUNCER
Here... Comes... Alleggra!

Suddenly Alleggra shoots by the starting post.

The track gates snap open. Thousands of **NUMBERED SPERM**, identical to everyone else, squirt down the track. Released, they spurt every which way. Backwards, forwards, straight up, and corkscrew.

Sperm **NUMBER 69** eyes Alleggra. Aroused by the sight of her, he and the other Numbered Sperm swim as though there's no tomorrow - which their isn't.

In the stands, the Spectators - sperm now revealed for what they are - cheer.

SPECTATOR SPERM

Do it! Come on! Go for the gold!
Life depends on it!

As the Numbered Sperm race, hundreds poop out, others swat at their opponents with long tails. Infinite numbers drop dead.

MEDIC SPERM rush onto the track with stretchers. Remove the doomed and deceased. It's just too big of a mess.

Fifty Numbered Sperm, including Number 69, wriggle out in front. Vie head-to-head to get near Allegra.

Allegra bats her eyes and coaxes them on.

Into the first turn SOMETHING WHITE SWISHES from beneath Allegra's alluring wrap. In a flash she tucks it under her negligee.

In the stands, the Spectators' testosterone peaks as Number 69 and four other strong Sperm pull into the lead.

SPECTATOR SPERM (CONT'D)

You're over the hump! Almost
there! Concentrate!

A **FRENZIED SPECTATOR** hollers....

FRENZIED SPECTATOR

Get that bush pilot in the hangar!

A **REFINED SPECTATOR** chastises him.

REFINED SPECTATOR

You better watch your language!

Tongues lolling, the lead contenders keep their eyes glued on the beauty that spurts before them.

Again something pokes from beneath Allegra's negligee. Desperate, she works to hide it, but not before Number 69 sees the long white object slip out. He's confused, but keeps on comin'.

Around the final turn only two Sperm left - 69 and 86. 86 looks wiped. He peters out - takes one last breath and collapses on the track.

Number 69 sees his last opponent fall. Pumping his tail in the air, he shouts...

NUMBER 69

Yes!

On a mission, he knows he's got it made. He draws closer and closer to Allegra.

The excited Spectators urge their hero on. Chant for all their worth.

SPECTATOR SPERM
Do or die! Do or die!

Number 69 overtakes Allegra. He burrows until only his tail sticks out from beneath her negligee.

The spectators go nuts.

Suddenly Allegra's dress flies off.

The crowd GASPS.

69's eyes literally pop out of his head.

ALLEGRA IS A SPERM DRESSED IN DRAG.

69 shrivels to the ground and dies.

The view expands to an aerial shot of the racetrack. Millions of lifeless sperm litter the landscape. Are the landscape.

Further expansion reveals a GIANT LATEX OBJECT covering the sky. We look around. There's rubber everywhere.

Expand further. We see the whole thing has taken place INSIDE A CONDOM.

Fade to black.

A toilet flushes.

FADE OUT.