

EXT. TOWN - DAY

We open with the sounds of nature - cicadas and chirping morning birds. The Morning Announcement tune plays as Isabelle's voice plays through a loudspeaker.

ISABELLE

Good morning, everyone! Right now,
it's eight-forty-five AM.

(a beat)

Hmmm... there really isn't any news
to speak of...

After a beat of silence we hear a chime as an idea dawns on Isabelle.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Oh! I'll be visiting the city
today. There's this breakfast
burrito place there, I've been
dying to try it! Resident Services
will be closed while I'm gone, but
I'm happy to lend a hand when I'm
back home!

(a beat, then)

That's all for now. I hope you have
the loveliest of lovely days!

EXT. ANIMAL CROSSING - DAY

We open with a bus approaching. It squeaks to a halt and its doors part.

ISABELLE

(hurried, hint of
desperation)

This is my stop. Thanks Kapp'n!

Isabelle HUFFS AND PANTS from stomach aches as she WALKS BRISKY through the grass. MID PANT, ONE OF HER BREATHS TURNS INTO A LONG SHAKY GROAN as she lets a fart out.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

(to herself, stomach
aching)

That burrito's got my tummy
tumbling. I should've gone before I
got on the bus...

(a beat, then "girly
disgust")

But the bathrooms in the city are
so crowded. I'd die if someone
heard me pooping!

Isabelle's stricken by another stomach ache. She GROANS IN DISCOMFORT as it wracks her belly.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
At least there's a nice, private
bathroom waiting for me at Town
Hall--

HAZEL
(calling out)
Isabelle! Isabeeelle!

Isabelle STARTLES.

ISABELLE
(taken aback, whiny)
Not nooow...
(a beat, then feigning
friendly)
H-Hazel! 'Always nice to see
your...
(a beat, then
unconvincing)
...face.

HAZEL
'Hate to bug you, but I've got a
big problem! 'Think you could lend
an ear?

ISABELLE
(desperate, trying to hide
it)
Maybe later? I-I have a deposit to
make...

HAZEL
C'mon, just a minute of your time!

ISABELLE
O-okay...
(polite)
What's the matter?

HAZEL
Someone's using my lawn as a dump!

Isabelle FLUSTERS at the word "dump". She GROANS IN DISCOMFORT as her stomach bubbles. Throughout Hazel's ramblings, the grumbling in her stomach continues. Isabelle GROANS SOFTLY UNDER HER BREATH, trying to listen.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
 It started last week. I was out for
 a stroll, and when I came back I
 found a sofa in front of my house.
 The next day--?

Hazel's ramblings devolve into Animalese. Isabelle STRAINS IN DISCOMFORT. SHE RELEASES THE STRAIN AS A SHORT & SOFT MOAN. Isabelle FAKES A POLITE COUGH to hide the sound of her fart. Hazel VOCALIZES, NOTICING.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
 'You alright?

ISABELLE
 (flustered)
 Peachy keen! Just--

Isabelle derails as another fart slips out with a SHORT & SOFT MOAN, which she TRANSITIONS INTO ANOTHER FAKE COUGH.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
 (flustered)
 --a little under the weather. Go
 on.

HAZEL
 (trying to recall)
 Where was I...
 (a beat, then)
 ...Right! My lawn's a big, heaping
dump outta nowhere!
 (a beat, then)
 They've been offloading all sort's a
waste! Furniture, clothes, gyroids,
 you name it.
 (a beat, then)
 Just this morning, I found a toilet
 out on the grass!

Isabelle FAKES A COUGH and CLEARS HER THROAT to cover her farts during the beats between in Hazel's speech.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
 (trying to get her
 attention)
 Isabelle...?

Isabelle VOCALIZES, STARTLED as she snaps back to the conversation.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
 Are you listening?

ISABELLE
(nervous)
O-of course!

HAZEL
Then... what're we gonna do?

Isabelle STAMMERS, trying to come up with a solution to the problem.

ISABELLE
(thinking)
Uhm... m-m-maybeeee...
(a beat, then)
A sign?

HAZEL
(unimpressed)
A sign.

A beat, then.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
(excited)
Uni-wow, that's genius! A big, bold
sign saying...
(a beat, then)
--what, exactly?

ISABELLE
(nervous, thinking)
How about... "No dumping!"

HAZEL
Perfect! People always respect
signage.

ISABELLE
(desperate)
Great! I'll have The Mayor install
it tomorrow.

HAZEL
Thanks Isabelle. This'll surely
stop that dumper!

Isabelle's stomach gurgles, making her GROAN UNDER HER
BREATH.

ISABELLE
(to herself)
The only thing that'll stop my
dumper is a cork...

She cuts a chuffing fart with a SHORT, STARTLED MOAN. She CLEARS HER THROAT to cover it.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
(mild desperation)
Glad that's settled! Now if you'll
excuse me--

HAZEL
Oh, right! Hope you make that
deposit in time.

Isabelle suffers a strong stomach ache. She GROANS IN DISCOMFORT.

ISABELLE
(desperate, to herself)
Me tooooo...

Isabelle breaks back out into a jog, PANTING AND LETTING OUT SHORT MOANS INTERMITTENTLY as tiny farts puff out.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
(to herself, desperate)
Ugh, now I really gotta poop!
(to herself, panicking)
Uh oh... I-I think it's diarrhea!
(a beat, then easing up)
I can't let anything else distract
me--

MAPLE
(calling out, sing-songy)
Isabelle honeeeeeey!

Isabelle STARTLES, PANICKED.

ISABELLE
(to herself, desperate)
Not another complaint...
(out loud, feigning
friendliness)
H-hiya Maple!

MAPLE
Just the girl I was looking for--

ISABELLE
(desperate, stomach
aching)
Uhm... sorry but I really gotta--

MAPLE
 (finishing her sentence)
 --Go?

ISABELLE
 Y-yeah! So i-if you don't mind--

MAPLE
 (interrupting her)
 Number one, or number two?

Isabelle VOCALIZES, EMBARRASSED.

ISABELLE
 (stammering)
 I didn't mean it like that!

MAPLE
 ("silly me!")
 O-oh! 'Guess it's just me then!

ISABELLE
 (taken aback)
 W-wha?!

MAPLE
 (rambling, chipper)
 I've been having some real close
 calls lately.
 (a beat, then)
 I started taking fart walks after
 every meal. You know what those
 are? They're all the rage these
 days!
 (a beat, then, still
 chipper)
 But if something I ate doesn't
 agree with me while I'm out and
 about? Ohhhh, honey!
 (a beat, still chipper)
 Last night, I had to make fudge,
 but I was on the other side of
 town! I was ball-pointing by the
 time I got home.
 (giggles, then)
 You shoulda seen the inside of my
 panties--

Between every beat, Isabelle lets out some air with a SHORT,
 PAINED MOAN.

ISABELLE
(politely, trying to
interrupt)
Maple?
(a beat, then)
Maple.
(a beat, then thinly
veiled frustration)
Maple!

Isabelle's stomach gurgles while Maple is giggling, making
her GROAN IN PAIN.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
(forceful but feigning
polite, desperate)
What is it you wanted to talk
about?

MAPLE
(confused)
Huh?
(a beat, then)
O-oh, right! Could you ask The
Mayor to add a public bathroom to
our town?

ISABELLE
(desperate, feigning
politeness)
G-great idea! I'll run it up the
flagpole.

MAPLE
(excitable)
Really? Thank you! I'm so relieved.

Maple's stomach bubbles. She VOCALIZES, NOTICING, before
GROANING softly.

MAPLE (CONT'D)
(chipper, mild
desperation)
Speaking of, nature's calling! I'd
better answer.

ISABELLE
(feigning politeness,
desperation)
Don't let me keep you!

Maple walks into the distance, cutting a few small farts with
SOFT MOANS. When she's far enough away, Isabelle lets rip a
massive, bubbly fart with a SHAKY, PAINED MOAN.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
 (severe desperation)
 Ewwww, a wet one! I-I-I gotta book
 it!

Isabelle breaks out into a run, PANTING HEAVILY as she suffers stomach aches. BETWEEN PANTS SHE LETS OUT QUIVERING MOANS.

Isabelle YELPS IN A PANIC as something halts her - Ankha grabs hold of her arm.

ANKHA
 Isabelle! Thank goodness I caught
 you.

ISABELLE
 (surprised)
 A-Ankha?!
 (whiny, urgent)
 L-l-let go of my arm!

ANKHA
 I need your assistance!

ISABELLE
 (pleading, desperate)
 C-can it wait? There's business I
 need to attend to!

ANKHA
 Please, this is serious!

Isabelle's stomach groans, urging her to ignore Ankha's plea. Isabelle muscles through her stomach pains with a GRIT TOOTHED STRAIN, then EXHALES.

ISABELLE
 (relenting)
 What can I help you with?

ANKHA
 (distressed)
 My toilet's clogged!

Isabelle STAMMERS, BAFFLED AND FRUSTRATED.

ISABELLE
 (trying to bottle her
 frustration)
 Ankha? How is a clogged toilet of
 concern to Resident Services?

ANKHA
I'm a resident. And my toilet needs
service. Who else should I turn to?

ISABELLE
(trying to bottle her
frustration)
A plumber?

Isabelle suffers a stomach ache with a STRAIN, TRYING TO KEEP
A MOAN IN HER THROAT.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
(desperate, trying to be
polite)
Apologies, b-but... I-I don't have
time!

ANKHA
(pleading, a bit rude)
I implore you. Whatever business
you have can wait.

Isabelle suffers a stomach ache, making her GROAN SHAKILY IN
PAIN.

ISABELLE
(desperate)
It really, really can't!

ANKHA
You don't understand. I'm supposed
to have guests over this evening.
But the whole house stinks of my
steaming refuse!

Isabelle GROANS IN PAIN, wracked with a painful stomach ache
spurned on by Ankha.

ANKHA (CONT'D)
Do you think a gold toilet is
cheap? Thousands of belles down the
tube, and all I have to show for it
is a lunger the size of a sunfish
swimming in my toilet bowl!

Isabelle GROANS IN PAIN, A LITTLE MORE INTENSE, as her
stomach ache worsens.

ANKHA (CONT'D)
Considering what I ate for lunch
I'll need the throne again within
the hour.

(MORE)

ANKHA (CONT'D)
 If I make a mess of my silk
 underwear because of this I'll
 stick Resident Services with the
 laundry bill!

Isabelle GROANS IN AGONY, VOICE QUIVERING from sharp stomach
 pains.

ANKHA (CONT'D)
 (incredulous)
 Isabelle? Isabelle! A-are you gonna
 help me or not?

Isabelle STRAINS WITH A QUAVER, trying to hold back a hot wet
 fart. HER QUIVERING VOICE RISES IN PITCH until she RELEASES
 HER VOICE INTO A SHAKY MOAN. Ankha VOCALIZES, STARTLED AND
 DISGUSTED.

ANKHA (CONT'D)
 Ugh! W-what was that sound--
 (a beat, then with
 disgust)
 And that smell?!

ISABELLE
 (panicking)
 I-I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

ANKHA
 H-hey! Where are you going?!

ISABELLE
 (hurried, running off)
 Please leave a complaint in the
 complaint box, I'll respond you as
 soon as I ca--
 (moans out a fart, then)
 Oh! Oh gosh!

ANKHA
 ("what's her problem?")
 What's up her butt?

We hear the sound of the intercom for the morning
 announcements come on. Ankha VOCALIZES, NOTICING ("Hm?").
 Isabelle's voice blares out over the intercom.

ISABELLE
 (pained)
 Owowowow! My tooooooe!

HAZEL
 (quizzical)
 An announcement, at this hour?

Isabelle cuts a wet fart with a STARTLED MOAN.

ISABELLE
(panicking)
The train to brown town's leaving
the station!!

MAPLE
(taken aback)
Did she just... fart?

Isabelle lets out a STARTLED, QUAVERING MOAN as she sharts herself again. Isabelle rushes for the bathroom, PANTING AND BREATHING RAGGED - JUST A FEW STEPS, then throws the bathroom door open with a HURRIED PHYSICAL EFFORT. Isabelle drops her panties to the floor with a HURRIED PHYSICAL EFFORT. She cuts a fart with a SHARP, PANICKED MOAN. She lets out a LONG, SHAKY GROAN, VOICE RISING IN PITCH AS SHE NEARS RELEASE. AT THE TOP OF HER GROAN SHE BELTS OUT A LONG, PAINED MOAN as she explodes into the toilet. Ankha, Hazel, and Maple VOCALIZE IN SHOCK.

ANKHA
(taken aback)
My word!

ISABELLE
A photo finish... I didn't even
have time to close the door--

Isabelle GRUNTS, UNFLATTERING, which turns into a PATHETIC PAINED SOB.

HAZEL
Does she know we can hear her?

ISABELLE
(lamenting, humiliated)
Awww... I got some in my
undieees...

MAPLE
(second-hand
embarrassment)
I don't think so...

Isabelle suffers through torrential waves of diarrhea, GRUNTING AT THE TOP of a wave, MOANING THROUGH ITS LENGTH and either PANTING FROM EFFORT or SOBBING LIGHTLY AT THE END OF EACH EFFORT (90 seconds of vocals). Between waves, Isabelle speaks up.

ISABELLE
(lamenting, pathetic)
It's so briny!

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
(mid-poop)
What--
(grunts, then straining)
--was in that burrito--oooooooooh!

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
(pained, shouting)
Make it stoooooop!

Between rounds, Hazel, Ankha, and Maple react to the scene -
GASPING or VOCALIZING IN DISGUST.

At the end of the gruesome display, Isabelle lets out WEAK,
EXHAUSTED GROANS AND SOFT GRUNTS as she wrings out the rest
of her runs. With a FINAL STRAINED GROAN she blasts a buzzy
toilet fart with a few remaining dribbles of diarrhea.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
(to herself, exhausted)
I-I think I'm all done...
(a beat, then)
There's no toilet paper! Awww...

MAPLE
(hesitant)
Should... we tell her?

Isabelle VOCALIZES IN SURPRISE as she sees the intercom light
is on.

ISABELLE
(quietly, to herself)
T-the intercom light's on...?

Isabelle STARTLES IN TERROR.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
(panicking, humiliated)
Oh no oh oh no oh nooooo!

Isabelle starts to SOB LIKE A BABY.

HAZEL
(second-hand
embarrassment)
I'll go get her some TP.

ANKHA
(second-hand
embarrassment)
Quilted, ideally. I doubt her
bottom can handle anything rough.