

AARON AARDVARK AND THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. AARON'S TUNNEL - DAY

AARON, an adult aardvark, a determined look on his face, sprints for his life.

SID, a large sloth bear is several meters behind him, also fleeing, but carrying a large chunk of concrete that's attached to a collar around his neck via a chain.

The sound of pursuing hounds echo in the tunnel. Savage bloodhounds bark as they race after Aaron and Sid.

SID (O.S.)

We're goners Aaron. There's no way that we can outrun them!

AARON (V.O.)

You're probably wondering how I got into this much trouble, am I right? It all started like this.

INT. DEN IN AFRICA - NIGHT

At the end of red dirt tunnel, a den little taller than an adult Aardvark. A kitchen table, chairs, a sign that reads - Home Sweet Home.

Aaron, the cutest toddler aardvark you've ever seen. He has a long snout, hardly any hair and an almost pink skin. Like most his age, he's adventuresome and excitable.

He enthusiastically watches as his MOM, caring and thoughtful, packs termites for the trip ahead.

Aaron uses his long tongue to grab one or two of them. His Mom catches him in the act. Her stern look is enough for Aaron to know he's in trouble. He sticks his tongue out trying to spit them back out. Mom shakes her head no.

MOM

Don't do that. These are for our trip. Your Dad wants to make good time, he hates stopping to eat when we're traveling, so no more okay?

Obedient, Aaron nods his head.

MOM (CONT'D)

You looking forward to our holiday?

Aaron runs up and down the side of the den like a kid that's just drank a gallon of soda.

AARON

I can't wait! Our first family holiday.

TADALA

It's not our first! We had them before you were born. It's boring. Mom, why can't I stay home?

That's TADALA, Aaron's older teenage sister. She's independent, strong-willed and knows everything that her little brother doesn't and isn't afraid to say so.

MOM

For the last time, I'm not letting you stay home by yourself just so you can go to the dance with Rudo.

TADALA

It's not fair.

DAD, many pounds heavier than he should be, arrives and packs a suitcase.

DAD

You're all gonna love this holiday and Honeymoon Haven.

AARON

I can't wait.

DAD

Okay, a few ground rules. Aaron, you have to make sure that you stay close to Tadala, your Mom or me.

Aaron nods obediently while Tadala sulks.

INT. TUNNEL IN AFRICA - DAY

The Aardvark family tramp along an underground tunnel to their family vacation. Tadala carries a photo of Rudo and constantly looks at it. They've only move a few meters.

AARON

Are we there yet?

DAD

No!

Tadala cuffs Aaron to the back of his head, he retaliates.

MOM  
Aaron stop that!

AARON  
She started it!

TADALA  
Did not!

AARON  
Did too!

DAD  
I don't care who started it! I'll  
stop it! Now quit it!

They walk a few more yards.

AARON  
Are we there yet?

INT. LABORATORY BAYANTO PESTICIDE COMPANY - DAY

EARL, 40's, a passionate, excitable and enthusiastic scientist in a white coat talks to the camera.

EARL  
This is it! The moment I've been  
waiting for all my life.

He gazes longingly into a perspex box full of insects.

INT. BAYANTO PESTICIDE COMPANY - DAY

Earl rushes up several flights of stairs. Far below are never ending production lines and hundreds of workers. He gets to a door labelled "MANAGER - MR. GRUMBLE."

INT. MR. GRUMBLE'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. GRUMBLE, 60's, a jaded, cigar-chomping chief executive, who loves a healthy bottom line and still chooses to smoke despite the signs stating "NO SMOKING, FLAMMABLE MATERIALS."

He sees Earl at the door and looks unimpressed.

MR. GRUMBLE  
What is it this time Earl?

EARL

My new invention, I call it Bug  
Busting Treatment or BBT for short.

MR. GRUMBLE

It's not like your last one is it?  
We're still getting complaints  
about the dog poo fragrance that  
you added to our spider spray three  
years ago!

EARL

Sir, that odor was found to be ten  
percent more effective than  
anything else on the market at  
getting rid of spiders from a room.

MR. GRUMBLE

Yes, but it was a hundred percent  
effective at getting humans from  
the room as well! Do you know how  
many restaurants went bankrupt and  
tried to sue us after they used it?

Afraid to make eye contact, Earl draws circles with them.

EARL

What I've got is even better?

MR. GRUMBLE

I hope it's not cat poo scented  
'cause I honestly don't think--

Mr. Grumble stops in his tracks when he sees what Earl is  
holding. It's a perspex box filled with a multitude of bugs.

EARL

In here are some of the worst bugs  
known to man, malaria infected  
mosquitoes, killer bees, ticks,  
fleas, poisonous spiders, Tsetse  
flies, termites and fire ants.

Earl sprays his hand with BBT. He lifts a slide on the  
perspex box and then puts his in. Mr. Grumble is amazed as  
one by one each insect keels over and dies. Some of them  
didn't even touch Earl's arm.

MR. GRUMBLE

What's it cost to make?

Mr. Grumble opens the box and empties it into the bin. All  
of the insects appear dead. All except for one.

A termite, hidden under the other dead insects its grown in size and become hyperactive, but neither Earl or Mr. Grumble see this.

The termite scurries out of the bin, over to a wooden chair and chomps on it.

EARL

It's cheaper than our current product. It's gonna be great!

Mr. Grumble blinks, each time he does his eyes are replaced by dollar signs, they grow in size with each blink.

Mr. Grumble stands and looks at the production lines far below. He grabs his phone and talks into it.

MR. GRUMBLE

Stop production immediately. We've got a new product and recipe.

The processing lines below the elevated walkway immediately grind to a halt.

EARL

But sir, we still have to do more tests to make sure it's safe.

MR. GRUMBLE

I've seen all that I need to.

We can sell that stuff for a hundred dollars a can. We produce now and worry about the testing later.

EARL

But don't you ever watch horror movies? Before any catastrophe ever happens, there's always a scientist warning people of the impending danger!

MR. GRUMBLE

Horror movies are rubbish. I prefer films like WALL STREET...Greed is good; it's very good indeed.

INT. TUNNEL IN AFRICA - DAY

The Aardvark family stop for a rest. Mom gives everyone a paw full of termites.

The termites wriggle as the parents lick them up with their long tongues. Aaron sucks his termites up like a vacuum cleaner.

Meanwhile, Tadala has barely touched hers.

MOM  
Anything wrong, Honey?

Tadala bursts into tears.

TADALA  
I miss Rudo.

DAD  
But we've only been gone an hour.

Tadala sobs even louder.

DAD (CONT'D)  
I think it's time to hit the tunnel. We don't want to get stuck in the peak hour traffic.

The Aardvark family head off again. Tadala continues to cry.

AARON  
Are we there yet?

DAD  
No.  
(sotto)  
This is gonna be one long, long trip.

INT. TUBMAN LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

XAVIAR, 30's, Afro-American and a hardworking guy. His wife GINA, 30's, intelligent, and a caring mother sits next to him on the sofa. Their daughter HARRIET, 12, spunky, go-getter, pats their pet cat, KITTY. They watch a TV infomercial.

INT. INFOMERCIAL - DAY

Mr. Grumble and INFOMERCIAL GUY, who would be right at home on a toothpaste commercial stand behind a counter.

MR. GRUMBLE  
Do you hate creepy crawlies? A can of BBT will kill all bugs, inside and out for only a hundred dollars.

INFOMERCIAL ACTOR  
Don't most sprays only cost five?

MR. GRUMBLE  
Yes, but this is the most deadly product ever devised for bugs, and it comes from Bayanto.

INFOMERCIAL ACTOR  
Aren't they the same people who made Agent Purple for defoliating gardens during the Korean War?

MR. GRUMBLE  
The one and the same. That's why BBT comes with a money back guarantee. Simply return the unused portion along with a two hundred dollar administration charge, and we'll gladly refund your purchase price.

BBT COMMERCIAL - DAY

An ugly, balding FAT GUY, sits on the porch of a dilapidated house. His front lawn is dead, and there's a sickly looking fruit tree. He looks longingly at a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN on the cover of a lonely hearts magazine.

A fly annoys him, and he swats the fly with the magazine, killing it. Fat Guy smiles.

Some other flies arrive, they pick it up, put it in a tiny coffin, then dig a small grave. A fly dressed as a Priest arrives and starts giving a sermon.

Unfortunately, a hundred other flies come to the funeral, and soon the fat guy's in a worse position than before, with hundreds of flies swarming above him.

COMMERCIAL GUY (V.O.)  
Ever had this happen to you?

Fat Guy nods his head.

COMMERCIAL GUY steps onto the screen. He looks like a used car salesman, only less trustworthy.

COMMERCIAL GUY  
Then you need BBT. It's guaranteed to make your life better by getting rid of bugs.

The Commercial guy hands Fat Guy a can of BBT. Fat Guy sprays it at the flies they all drop to the ground dead.

A drop of the bug spray hits the dirty floor. Like a ripple on a pond, the once filthy floor soon starts to resemble gleaming white floor tiles.

Intrigued FAT GUY squirts the spray at his dead lawn.

WHAMMO!

It instantly becomes a lush lawn, his garden becomes beautiful, and his fruit tree blooms, and ripe, juicy fruit appears. He takes a peach from a tree and bites into it.

FAT GUY

Mmm...that tastes so good.

He looks at the lonely hearts magazine. He squirts it with the bug spray.

ZAP!

All of a sudden the magazine is replaced by the Beautiful Woman he adored. She kisses him on the cheek.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Whoever dreamed that a millionaire spinster woman like me would ever meet a man like you? Can we get married now?

Fat Guy nods, and she passionately kisses him on the lips.

INT. TUBMAN LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

Xaviar's eyes almost pop out of his head.

XAVIAR

Maybe we should order some BBT?

Gina swats him with a fly swatter then points at it.

GINA

And what's wrong with this?

BACK TO BBT COMMERCIAL - DAY

Spinster Woman takes the spray from Fat Guy's hand and sprays it on his fat stomach. It suddenly changes from beer keg shaped into a six-pack. His body totally transforms. His hair grows back, and now he looks like a young Fabio.

INT. TUBMAN LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

Gina glances at Xaviar and his pot belly, then at the Fabio look-a-like on screen. She secretly snaps the fly swatter.

GINA

Oh, look at that. It just broke.  
S'pose I should order up some of  
that spray.

Xaviar dials the number on the screen as a jingle plays "BUY BBT, SPRAY BBT. THERE'S NO BETTER PLACE TO BE," as the happy couple kiss.

COMMERCIAL GUY (V.O.)

Actual results may vary in real  
life.

INT. CALL CENTER - NIGHT

A map shows phones ringing from all parts of the U.S.A. Hundreds of Operators answer them.

EXT. BAYANTO PESTICIDE COMPANY - DAY

Truckloads of BBT are despatched from the factory.

INT. BOARD ROOM OF BAYANTO PESTICIDE - DAY

Mr. Grumble stands at a window and watches the fully loaded trucks drive out. He smiles and rubs his hands with glee. He turns back to the members of the board room who all sit around a long table.

MR. GRUMBLE

I'm pleased to report to the board  
that this will be our greatest year  
ever for profits.

Mr. Grumble sits on his seat, but the leg breaks away from it causing him to fall flat on the floor. The termite, which has now doubled in size and it scampers over to the leg of the wooden table and chomps on it.

EXT. SUBURBIA U.S.A - DAY

Trucks deliver crates of BBT to excited homeowners, who then start spraying everything in sight. Insects, gardens, their cars, their neighbors, the delivery guys.

INT. TUNNEL IN AFRICA - DAY

The Aardvark family make their way along up a slight incline.

DAD

Wait 'til you see it. It's the most beautiful spot ever.

Aaron's super excited. Dad sticks his head out of a tunnel.

DAD (CONT'D)

We're here! Let the holiday fun begin.

Aaron's races to the surface. He looks around disappointed. It's a boring, desolate looking place. Red earth, red dust, and dead looking trees.

AARON

This is it? I thought we were going to somewhere exciting like Table Mountain or Victoria Falls.

TADALA

It's more like Victoria bores. Why do we always come here?

DAD

My Dad used to bring me here every year, and his Dad did the same. It's where your Mother and I had our honeymoon. It's a family tradition that I'm passing onto you kids. What more could you want?

TADALA

Rudo to be here.

EXT. GARDENS OF THE USA - DAY

A lone bee flies into a garden. It lands on a rose. The rose is sprayed with BBT. The bee dies and falls off the rose. Another bee lands on the same flower. It dies and falls off. This scene is repeated, again and again.

Soon there's a pile of bee corpses that almost reach the height of the flower.

IF YOU'D LIKE TO READ THE ENTIRE SCRIPT EMAIL ME AT:  
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