

GRAVITY FALLS
"MAD-CAP CAPITALISM"

Written by

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TEASER

EXT. GRAVITY FALLS, FOREST - DAY

A small red cone shaped hat sits in a clearing in the woods.

DIPPER (13) attaches a rope to the hat connecting it to a nearby net - the finishing touch on a DIY trap before he hides behind a nearby log.

A whip-smart and overly serious kid, Dipper is an amateur detective obsessed with finding the reason behind Gravity Falls' weirdness.

DIPPER

Now I just have to wait for my
Gnome trap to work...

Suddenly his sister MABEL (13) appears beside him. The definition of enthusiasm, Mabel loves all things pink, glittery, and fun.

MABEL

(Shouting)

DIPPER, DIPPER! You should play
this crazy awesome game with Soos
and I.

DIPPER

Mabel, shhh! I'm in the middle of
an important investigation.

Mabel blanches seeing Dipper consult his scattered notes, pie graphs, and analytic diagrams like he's starring in a rustic re-theme of "A Beautiful Mind."

MABEL

Yeesh. Look at all these boring
charts and numbers...

DIPPER

They're helping me find out what's
going on in this town.

MABEL

Dipper, you're always so serious
about everything. Don't you ever
just want to have fun?

DIPPER

What? I'm having a great time.

Suddenly there's a *bang!* The trap is sprung as the net covers a fiercely squirming form.

DIPPER (CONT'D)
 Oh, hot dog, baby - I got one!
 (Re: squirming form)
 Sorry, Mabel - I have to ask this forest creature a series of hard hitting, analytic questions!

MABEL
 (To herself)
 Yep, this is how it always goes...

As Mabel slumps away, Dipper approaches the net and reads off one of his flow-chart questionnaires

DIPPER
 Alright, Mr. or Mrs. Gnome.
 Question one: please rate Gravity Falls' weirdness on a scale of one to ten.

Dipper opens the net revealing a HUNGRY WOLF inside wearing the adorable Gnome hat. Dipper's eyes widen in terror.

DIPPER (CONT'D)
 Aw dang.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVITY FALLS, FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Soos is in the middle of pulling out a series of tiny helmets from his backpack as Mabel walks up.

The resident handy-man, Soos (22) is a hopeless dope with a heart of gold.

SOOS
 Dipper didn't want to play?

MABEL
 He was too busy being "Mr. Serious" and looking for some forest monster.
 (Then)
 Now who's ready to play some Gnome lawn darts?

A crowd of assembled Gnomes pull on Soos' tiny helmets and cheer in enthusiasm while the now escaped Wolf chases an oblivious and screaming Dipper in the distant background.

ACT ONE**INT. MYSTERY SHACK - NIGHT**

Scratched up and with twigs in his hat, Dipper slumps inside the room while Soos and Mabel recount their joyous game. Also present is Mabel's pet pig WADDLES who sits on her lap.

MABEL

Soos, that was such a close game.

SOOS

I can't believe the line judge
called my last toss out of bounds.

Placing his hooves on the table, Waddles gives a stern snort.

MABEL

He's tough but fair.

DIPPER

Well try not to be jealous, but I
got chased by a creature which may
have been a real life were-wolf.

SOOS

So that was you screaming in the
woods?

Dipper pulls out several hand-made diagrams.

DIPPER

Don't worry, I made flow-charts to
prove its "were-status" and
tomorrow I'm investigating the full
case. What could be better than
that?

MABEL

Well Soos and I had a pretty
amazing day.

Dipper looks up from his notes as Soos and Mabel laugh at Waddles who seems to oink in agreement.

Just then GRUNKLE STAN PINES (60s) waltzes inside with a BOOK OF COUPONS.

The owner of the notoriously scammy tourist trap, Stan is thoroughly old school and the guardian to Dipper and Mabel over the summer.

STAN

Hey kids, look at these coupons I got. It's like free money that I can only spend at struggling businesses.

MABEL

(Disappointed re: book)
Another missed chance for a perfectly good flip book...

SOOS

(Re: coupon book)
Is that one for the Organic Brunch Nookery? They've got a breakfast that's like, "Dang, so good."

STAN

Look at this - an all you can eat deal at Stuff-Your-Gut-Pizza. With a free bib if you're over fifty!

DIPPER

That sounds more your speed. The Nook's for a much younger crowd.

STAN

Why? Is that place too "hip" for your Grunkle Stan?

SOOS

(re: Stan)
Can you picture him at the Nook? I can, and it is CRAZY funny.

MABEL

(Impersonating an old person)
I need a steak refill, and why aren't these menus laminated?

Seeing the kids LAUGH, Stan almost blows a gasket.

STAN

Well aren't you three a bunch of struggling comedians who probably can't pay rent.

MABEL

Hey Grunkle Stan, would you say Dipper's missing out on having a fun summer because he's always too serious?

DIPPER
Mabel, that is so not true.

STAN
As the adult in this situation, I'm staying out of it.

MABEL
Well Soos and I have more amazing plans tomorrow, so to everyone except Dipper, good night.

DIPPER
Mabel...

MABEL
I said good night!

As she runs off, Dipper turns back to his handmade graphs and flow charts on were-wolves, eager to reassure himself.

DIPPER
It's not like I've spent every day doing these investigations.

Stan meanwhile looks at his reflection - lost in his own world.

STAN
One day, I wake up and everyone thinks I'm some kind of dinosaur...

SOOS
You're not a dinosaur, you're just old.

Stan wrings his hands in frustration.

INT. DIPPER AND MABEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Flipping pages in his exceedingly dull were-wolf flow chart, Dipper sighs in boredom.

Going to cross today's day off in his "Z Files TV Show" calendar, Dipper blanches as he sees --

DIPPER
Today was were-wolves, yesterday I looked for ghosts, before that it was vampires, and...
(Realizing)
I have spent every day doing investigations...

Suddenly Mabel shifts in her sleep and knocks a board game box off their shared night stand.

The box features rolling dice, business terms, and a top hatted, monocle wearing game mascot like in Monopoly.

DIPPER (CONT'D)
(Reading game box)
Mad-Cap Capitalism. The rollicking
game of business plans gone awry.

Snapping to a decision, Dipper throws away his were-wolf flow chart and pulls open the game box making the delightful farting noise familiar to board gamers everywhere.

DIPPER (CONT'D)
Tomorrow I'm letting the fun
begin... After I extensively read
the rules with the optional high
income tax bracket expansion.

Dipper settles in for a long night of reading the manual labeled "Learning How to Play."

That's weird, did the game box just quiver? It's probably nothing...

INT. MYSTERY SHACK, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The next morning, Dipper enters the room as Mabel and Soos stare at something off screen.

DIPPER
Guys, you'll never guess what I
just spent all morning setting up.
Wait, is that...

Grunkle Stan turns around and reveals that he's dressed like a modern twenty-something at a folk concert with tight jeans, plaid, and a wicked 'stache.

STAN
Just your old man, Grunkle Stan!

MABEL
Shouldn't you be wearing boxers and
screaming at game shows right now?

STAN
I'm too busy being "hip" and "with
it."

DIPPER
(re: Stan's pants)
Wait, are those my pants?

STAN
Even if they were, I'd return them
after my brunch... at the Nook.

DIPPER
Oh, I see what's happening..

SOOS
Is he feeling old? Like an old
person?

MABEL
Stan. Real talk, it's not your kind
of place.

STAN
(Pointing to himself)
This guy's young at heart, and he's
having a delicious brunch to prove
it!

Stan grabs a bike, snaps on the mandatory helmet (since ya'
know - kids show) and pedals out the door.

DIPPER
Have you ever seen Grunkle Stan
exercise before?

SOOS
Does yelling count?

Outside Stan crashes, and a Moose gives a disgruntled bellow.

STAN
Don't worry, I'm getting his
insurance information.

SOOS
Dipper, weren't you saying
something?

DIPPER
So I found this totally insane
thing, and --

MABEL
Let me guess, it's another boring
investigation that you have to
research and cite your sources for.

SOOS

C'mon Mabel. Let's go recapture the Gnomes for javelin throwing like we planned.

DIPPER

How about instead I show you what I found?

EXT. MAD-CAP CAPITALISM BOARD GAME, MYSTERY SHACK - DAY

Mabel and Soos look in shock at the fully set up board game while Dipper is antsy to get started.

The game resembles "Monopoly" with piles of community chest cards, stacks of fake money, and most notably an *enormous* game board that is big enough to run laps around as it takes up the whole front yard.

DIPPER

Who's ready to play Mad-Cap Capitalism?

MABEL

Shut the front door and hide the key under the mat...

SOOS

(Re: game board)

Look how big this is. You could play twister with thirty people on here, and it wouldn't even be awkward.

Meanwhile a skeptical Mabel turns to Dipper.

MABEL

I don't know, Dipper. Are you sure this won't somehow turn super lame?

DIPPER

I'm not making any flow charts, diagrams or bar graphs. Today's about cutting loose and having a crazy, awesome good time!

(Real talk)

Now do you want to throw all this fake money into the air with me?

Catching onto Dipper's commitment to good times, Mabel gets pumped.

MABEL
YAY - fake money!

Sharing a giddy laugh, the siblings hurl the money into the air and stepping out of the money shower is a familiar Man in a top hat and monocle.

With the grin of a used cars salesman and the voice of a talk show host, this is MR. CAPITALISM (30s) who is all American and all business.

MR. CAPITALISM
Hello, young entrepreneurs!

Dipper, Soos and Mabel fall back in shock.

MABEL
You're... Mr. Capitalism?

DIPPER
Wait, what?! Where did you come from?

MR. CAPITALISM
I'm a friendly manifestation of the game's mascot, and since the game requires four players, I appeared to even our number.

SOOS
Whoooooooooah...
(Shaking Capitalism's hand)
Are you in my other favorite game, Manifest Destiny Catan?

DIPPER
This is so cool...

Mabel gasps in delighted shock at Mr. Capitalism's glinting, metal badge.

MABEL
(Reading badge)
"CEO of fun?" Is that an official title?

MR. CAPITALISM
It's awarded to the player who creates the most enjoyable, mad-cap corporate atmosphere during the game.

MABEL

Are you taking resumes? Because
that is literally my dream job.

Dipper's eyes narrow as his eyes fixate on the badge.

DIPPER

Well get ready for some stiff
competition because I would be a
great fit for management!

MABEL

Oh yeah? You will rue the day you
challenged business mogul Mabel
Pines.

SOOS

Let the game begin!

Cue the act break music as everyone takes up poses ready to
play until Dipper sees the scattered money everywhere.

DIPPER

After we put all the money back. We
just threw it everywhere.

Everyone mumbles in agreement as they scurry around to
organize the wads of money.

ACT TWO**EXT. MAD-CAP CAPITALISM BOARD GAME, MYSTERY SHACK - DAY**

Mr. Capitalism consults the rules while Dipper readies to teach the game to Soos and Mabel.

DIPPER

Who's ready for three hours of
rules explanation to go over every
rule complete with examples and --

Mabel shoots him a look. Ugh.

DIPPER (CONT'D)

(Cutting himself short)

Basically we move on the board and
buy property.

MABEL

So it's like real capitalism.

SOOS

That is one hundred percent true.

MR. CAPITALISM

Actually Capitalism is based on the
private ownership of the means of
production, and --

While Mr. Capitalism prattles on, Mabel rolls the dice and moves her selected game piece, a metal horseshoe, to land on a blank game space.

MABEL

I moved, so now gimme some of 'dat
property.

MR. CAPITALISM

Congratulations on your first
purchase.

Mr. Capitalism snaps his finger and from the space Mabel's figure landed, a life-size RED FARMHOUSE emerges from the game board.

The kids are ecstatic and fawn over Mabel's property complete with a real, smiling Pony.

MABEL

Call me old McDonald - cuz this gal
JUST HAD A FARM!

MR. CAPITALISM

Each game piece correlates to a particular kind of business.

Scrounging among the game pieces, Soos immediately grabs the one shaped like --

SOOS

Guys, I'm pizza! I hope it's a pizza business. Please be pizza.
(To the stars above)
Pizza...

Rubbing his chin, Dipper considers his options.

MABEL

And of course my brother will choose the thimble: the most boring one.

SOOS

Classic Dipper. I bet he's going to find a way to optimize its interrupt auction can-trip.

MR. CAPITALISM

Now that makes dollars and *sense*.

DIPPER

Pssh. I'm making everyone scream for ice cream because it tastes uh-may-zing!

Dipper grabs up the metal ice cream cone while Soos and Mabel look on in shock.

SOOS

Dude, that is so unlike you.

MABEL

Yeah, who even are you right now?

DIPPER

It's who I'm *going to be*. CEO, baby! Now let's roll. The dice. Do you get it? Because I'm rolling dice!

EXT. ORGANIC NOOK - DAY

In his "young person" outfit, Stan nervously waits in the long, long line at the happening brunch spot.

LAZY SUSAN (60s), the well intentioned, lazy eyed owner of a nearby diner, passes by and stares in shock at Stan.

LAZY SUSAN
Stanley Pines, are you trying to
blend in with all these young
people?

STAN
I may not be able to feel my legs
in these pants, but I'm proving
that I'm still relevant!

Seeing WENDY (15) (with her cool could care less attitude) and TAMBRY (15) (who is social media obsessed) both standing right behind him, Stan freezes in a panic.

Both Teens are the definition of young person hip.

WENDY
Stan, is that you?

STAN
(Playing it cool)
...Yupper-do.

LAZY SUSAN
(Whispered to Stan)
Here it comes, Stan. They're going
to make fun of that ridiculous get-
up.

TAMBRY
(To Stan)
When did you start wearing sweet
threads?

TAMBRY (CONT'D)
Seriously, and that 'stache is the
cash.

Wendy and Tambry turn back to talk with each other while Susan is floored. Stan stands taller, newly energized.

STAN
What'd I tell you?

LAZY SUSAN
They called you cool? You? I mean,
you?

STAN
(Re: his legs in tight
pants)
(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

And if I stand like this, I can get circulation.

Looking to a nearby thrift store, Susan lights with an idea.

LAZY SUSAN

Be right back, I'm going clothes shopping.

STAN

Oh, now you want to get in on this too?

LAZY SUSAN

Save me a spot.

She gives Stan a wink and books it into the store.

STAN

Everything's going great. And the line just moved - I'm almost there.
(Giddy; content)
Actually, no - not even close.

EXT. MAD-CAP CAPITALISM BOARD GAME, MYSTERY SHACK - DAY

The game's been going on a while, and tons of new property has sprouted up on the large, circular board.

Mabel has continued her chain of Horse Farms while Soos has created a vast array of --

SOOS

Pizza Castles. I never knew I could be this happy. Pizza...

Soos salutes his row of mean-looking PIZZA KNIGHTS, who are person-sized slices of sentient Pizza with breadstick arms and legs along with armor made from pepperoni.

Meanwhile Mr. Capitalism sprouts a shoe store from the board for himself.

MR. CAPITALISM

(Sighing with pleasure)
Ah, business.

MABEL

Dipper, if I wanted to win, should I upgrade my farms to stables or buy more property?

DIPPER

Who cares about winning? I'm too busy boosting company morale by making ice cream sculptures of our own faces! CEO, here I come!

While Mabel scowls at Dipper's sculptures, Mr. Capitalism lands on a space with a community chest card.

MR. CAPITALISM

According to this community chest card, there's been a government bailout for my industry, so everyone owes me five hundred in game dollars.

DIPPER

So we just pay you money? I'm not sure how to feel about this bailout.

MABEL

Just like in real capitalism.

SOOS

What if I spent all my money buying these three Pizza Knights?

MR. CAPITALISM

If you can't pay, then unfortunately you have lost the game.

(Off Soos' gasp)

Don't worry, it's fine to accept default *and* defeat. You just have to work at my shoe store until the game's all over.

Mr. Capitalism snaps his finger, and Soos is instantly dressed like a Foot-Locker employee complete with a whistle.

MABEL

You get a whistle? Lucky...

SOOS

And these vertical stripes are so slimming.

Meanwhile Soos' Pizza Castles fade back into the board.

Now homeless, the Pizza Knights glare at Soos before running off the edge of the board and storming into the woods.

MR. CAPITALISM

Uh-oh! Looks like they're running
off to raise some trouble.

SOOS

But they'll be without their king!
What will they do?

Soos tries to follow after them but gets sent reeling back
when he reaches the edge of the game board.

DIPPER

Is that... an invisible wall?

Soos places his hands on the edge of the board game, unable
to push past.

SOOS

(Pushing against invisible
wall)

Whoah... It's like I'm a mime, but
for real.

MABEL

Wait, are we trapped in here?

MR. CAPITALISM

It's just a precaution against
cheating. Everyone can leave once
the game's all over.

DIPPER

Don't worry guys, this game's crazy
cool, so let's just keep rolling.
The dice.

(Then)

It's still funny!

Ignoring his sister's unconvinced look, Dipper moves onto Mr.
Capitalism's shoe store space.

DIPPER (CONT'D)

Mr. C, I'm buying your best
product: three pairs of your finest
cat shoes.

MR. CAPITALISM

You are generous to a *vault*, and
due to your commitment to improving
morale, you deserve this.

He hands Dipper the glinting badge reading --

DIPPER
CEO of fun? I'm the CEO?!

MR. CAPITALISM
Keep synergizing that infectious
team spirit with our co-workers.

Snapping the badge onto himself, Dipper is thrilled.

DIPPER
I won't let you down.

Taking Dipper's money for the shoes, Mr. Capitalism counts
his now PILE of CASH and gives a sinister chuckle.

MR. CAPITALISM
HEE HEE HEE.

DIPPER
Was that a... creepy laugh?

MR. CAPITALISM
Of course not. There is definitely
nothing sinister going on, Mr. CEO.

Dipper stares before shrugging off the feeling that
something's wrong.

DIPPER
Well that's a relief. Back to the
office.

He walks back to a sober Soos and Mabel who heard everything
and give Mr. Capitalism serious side eye.

MABEL
(Hushed re: Mr.
Capitalism)
Invisible walls, and now a sinister
chuckle?

SOOS
Those are like the signs there's an
evil secret here.

DIPPER
You guys are overreacting, and take
a look at these paw-some cat shoes!

MABEL
Is that really what you're thinking
about?

DIPPER

I've spent so much time being
"serious," I've missed out on
having a fun summer!

SOOS

But you're acting all weird now.

MABEL

I kinda' miss the old Dipper. The
one who helps me figure out where
to invest my money and investigates
weird stuff. Like this.

DIPPER

Guys, that's the old me. The new me
is the CEO of fun.

SOOS

Actually that is pretty cool...

MABEL

Ugh. While you goof off, Soos and I
are going to figure out what's
going on before something bad
happens.

DIPPER

So I take it you don't want these
cat shoes?

Soos and Mabel fume, still angry at Dipper even as they can't
resist the magnetic pull of cat shoes.

MABEL

You're missing the point, and of
course we want them!

SOOS

We're not crazy.

DIPPER

Pleasure doing business with you!

Having completed the transaction, Soos and Mabel stomp away
in their new shoes that "meow" with every step.

INT. ORGANIC NOOK RESTAURANT - DAY

Stan and Susan cram into a booth as they salivate at the
menus.

Rocking round glasses, a cool sweater, and stylish boots, Susan dresses like an LP listening, PBR drinking, Hipster gal.

STAN

Look at us blending in like we own the place.

LAZY SUSAN

I can't wait for my free range, paprika infused, GMO-free, poached eggs to arrive.

STAN

When I go home, I'm rubbing leftovers from here in the kids' faces.

(To himself)

Old man Stan... Ha!

LAZY SUSAN

Ooh - here it comes.

The Waiter approaches, and with a showman's flourish, he lays down a plate for Stan containing --

WAITER

Your sustainably produced, local, wild crafted, whole wheat, ginger glazed, blueberry infused pancake.

As the Waiter leaves, Stan's excited face falls into confusion at the TINY pancake sitting in front of him. I cannot overstate how small it is.

STAN

That's it?

LAZY SUSAN

Is this one of those places where they give you...

(Absolute terror)

Small portions.

STAN

We waited in line three hours, it has to be good.

Putting on a brave face, Stan shoves the pancake into his mouth, chews and swallows.

LAZY SUSAN

Well?

STAN
 (Trying too hard)
 It's alright. If you're into fancy
 stuff, I guess...

Just then - BAM! - the door flies open and in step Soos' escaped Pizza Knights!

The Waiter approaches and politely informs them --

WAITER
 Unfortunately you have to wait in
 line before we can serve you.

The Pizza Knights respond by hurling him through the window!

WAITER (CONT'D)
 AAAAAAAHHHHH!

Turning to the Nook patrons, the Pizza Knights give a menacing, evil growl as everyone in the restaurant panics!

EXT. MAD-CAP CAPITALISM BOARD GAME - DAY

Dipper tries engrossing himself with a full ice cream sculpture garden but can't quite muster the same enthusiasm.

DIPPER
 Now to do something else crazy and
 wacky. Yeah. Go me.

Dipper stops as he hears Soos and his sister laugh as they empty an entire can of soda on the board game.

MABEL
 Darn, I thought spilling soda would
 ruin the game and let us leave.
 That's usually how I force board
 games to end...

SOOS
 I'm going to try again to make a
 break for it.

Soos runs straight into the invisible wall and laughs hard as he bounces back.

SOOS (CONT'D)
 Haha! Ow! Hahahaha... Ow...

Dipper grits his teeth.

DIPPER

It's not like we're in that movie
where those kids get trapped in the
jigsaw puzzle.

MABEL

(Hushed; re: Mr.
Capitalism)

Dipper, you should help us. Soos
and I are finding a way out of
here.

DIPPER

I'll be too busy having the time of
my life playing this game! As the
CEO!

MABEL

Have fun with that.

Soos and Mabel walk towards the opposite end of the board to
scheme while Dipper sees that his ice cream face sculpture is
starting to melt.

He turns to Mr. Capitalism who counts his money nearby.

DIPPER

So when does the game end exactly?

Mr. Capitalism holds up the game box with the fine print on
the side.

DIPPER (CONT'D)

(Reading)

Suitable for players age six and
up?

MR. CAPITALISM

Below that...

DIPPER

(Reading)

Play time for... *all time!*?

From nearby Soos and Mabel shriek in vindicated horror.

MABEL

You mean we have to play this game
forever?

SOOS

It's just like the jigsaw puzzle
movie.

MR. CAPITALISM

You all will be slaves to the free
market!

Just like that, Dipper realizes they're in big trouble.

DIPPER

Aw dang.

ACT THREE**EXT. MAD-CAP CAPITALISM BOARD GAME - DAY**

While Mr. Capitalism is on the opposite side of the board, Soos and Mabel huddle as Dipper walks up with his (proverbial) tail between his legs.

MABEL

Well, well.

(Then)

Well, well, well, well!

DIPPER

Soos, Mabel; You guys were totally right.

MABEL

As per usual.

DIPPER

I can't believe I just ignored the signs that there was something weird going on to keep playing.

MABEL

Usually you love being all analytic and investigating stuff like this.

SOOS

Yeah dude, isn't that your jam?

DIPPER

I just really wanted one day where I could prove that I can be fun..

Seeing Dipper at rock bottom, Mabel throws him a life line.

MABEL

And who says you aren't? Especially when you hang out with us.

Encouraged, Dipper grins and starts thinking with a thousand mile stare.

SOOS

Oh, dude. You've got a super weird look. Dude? Hello?

DIPPER

We need the Journal, a calculator, graph paper, and a slide ruler.

(MORE)

DIPPER (CONT'D)
(Narrowing his eyes)
It's time to get *serious*!

MABEL
Three way high five!

They attempt the move, and it goes as well as you'd think.

INT. ORGANIC NOOK - DAY

As the Pizza Knights terrify the Patrons by smashing plates, Stan and Susan have a panicked discussion about what to do.

STAN
(To himself)
Think, Stan, think. What do we do here?

LAZY SUSAN
Is no one going to ask where they came from? I feel like that's worth bringing up.

STAN
The only thing I know is that nobody gets to interrupt my meals.

LAZY SUSAN
I wish we were back at our old restaurant - stuffing our faces with all that trashy, delicious food...

Suddenly Stan's eyes burn with focus.

STAN
Then maybe it's time we had ourselves a... *pizza buffet*.

LAZY SUSAN
Don't we not like buffets anymore?

STAN
We love them. *We're old people!*

One of the Pizza Knights is about to hurl Tambry out of the restaurant when Stan yanks off his fake moustache and throws it like a ninja star thwarting the Pizza's attempt.

A Pizza Knight lunges for Wendy, but Susan's too quick as she catches the Knight's leg and EATS it right down to the crust.

The Pizza Knights regroup as Stan and Susan toss off their hipster garb to reveal their slovenly, elderly clothes beneath.

STAN (CONT'D)
(Re: his normal pants)
I can feel my legs again.

SUSAN
Time to put on our bibs!

Striking action star poses, Stan and Susan are back to their old selves - amped to eat the enemy!

EXT. MAD-CAP CAPITALISM BOARD GAME - DAY

Like they're all in a "Beautiful Mind," Dipper, Mabel, and Soos have created a series of flow-charts and pie graphs as they stare at the massive collection of data they've made.

SOOS
If we look at this graph, it shows that Mr. C. hasn't shown us the manual since we started.

DIPPER
And last night I remember reading that somewhere there was a single rule allowing play to end.

MABEL
I deduce that we must steal the manual to find that rule and thus escape-eth!

DIPPER
We'll need a fool proof, intricate way to distract him and take the rules...

MABEL
Leave that to me.

MOMENTS LATER:

Mr. Capitalism eagerly counts his enormous stack of money as Soos, Dipper, and Mabel approach.

MABEL (CONT'D)
Capitalism, your rotten game's gone on long enough!

MR. CAPITALISM

What's the alternative? Communism
has some serious flaws, and --

MABEL

Yoink!

Mabel snags the game's rules away from him as they run back.

SOOS

We just stole from the economy!

DIPPER

Now we just have to find that
escape clause.

MR. CAPITALISM

I'd hurry if I were you.

Mr. Capitalism gestures to his money with an evil grin.

MR. CAPITALISM (CONT'D)

Because once I confirm that I have
twenty-five million dollars, I'm
buying the "Indefinitely imprison
all impoverished players" card!

DIPPER

How is that a thing?

MABEL

This is just like real capitalism.

With a sinister chuckle, Mr. Capitalism resumes counting his
money while Dipper and Mabel read the rules like their lives
depended on it.

MABEL (CONT'D)

(Inviting Soos to help)
Soos, get in here!

SOOS

My powers lay elsewhere.

Jumping on one of Mabel's Ponies, Soos gallops toward Mr.
Capitalism and bowls him over with a set of thrown clogs.

SOOS (CONT'D)

Yeah, sole power!

MR. CAPITALISM

(Reeling from the pain)
If only I supported free health
care.

SOOS

Use the power of analytic thought
and read, Pine siblings, read!

DIPPER

I think I found it.

(Reading)

There must always be a CEO
otherwise the game has to end.

Pointing to Dipper's badge, Mabel shrieks --

MABEL

Dipper, break it! Snap it in two!
Do it!

DIPPER

(Re: the badge)

But I wanted this so bad...

Seeing Dipper's moral quandary, she grabs his face.

MABEL

Dipper. You'll always be our CEO of
fun, and --

(Insistent)

We're about to be imprisoned by a
guy in a top hat, you big doof!

Knowing she's right, Dipper grabs the badge.

DIPPER

Hey, Mr. Capitalism. I quit!

Dipper splits the badge between his hands much to
Capitalism's horror.

MR. CAPITALISM

You shredded it? But that means the
game's ending! No, this can't be..

DIPPER

Oh, it be all right.

MABEL

It. Beeeeeeee.

The board game box rattles and opens like A GIANT MOUTH!

Jumangi style, the board game SUCKS all the components and
Mr. Capitalism into ITSELF - creating a BLACK HOLE!

Dipper, Mabel, and Soos hold onto one another for DEAR LIFE!

MABEL / SOOS / DIPPER
Aaaaaaaaah!

MR. CAPITALISM
Chapter Niiiiiiiine....

As quickly as it appeared, the vortex swallows Mr. Capitalism and disappears!

Coming out intact, the kids CELEBRATE and VICTORY DANCE!

DIPPER
We survived? WE SURVIVED!

MABEL
YAY, LIFE!

SOOS
TAKE THAT EVIL BOARD GAME!

DIPPER
I may have lost my title as CEO but that was crazy fun, and we've still got our --

MABEL
Cat shoes! We get to keep these?

SOOS
I wonder what happened to my Pizza Knights?

DIPPER
Aw, Soos..

MABEL
I'm sure they're out there - doing some good in the world.

Soos' eyes water, confident in their benevolence.

INT. ORGANIC NOOK - DAY

The last Evil Pizza Knight sucker-punches Stan in the face sending him reeling back into a table.

STAN
Curse you, evil Pizza!

Grabbing a plate, Stan channels Captain America as he uses it to deflect the charging Pizza's meaty swings.

Hurling a set of silverware, Lazy Susan uses them to pin the pizza against the wall.

Fastening their bibs, she and Stan do gross mouth stretches before they DEVOUR this final Pizza Knight like two piranhas eating a cow in five seconds flat.

STAN (CONT'D)
I'd say this pizza just got
delivered!

Susan belches in agreement.

Though newly rescued, Tambry and Wendy look on in shock having just witnessed the disgusting prowess of elderly speed eating.

WENDY
Uh, thanks for saving us?

TAMBRY
You guys want your table back?
(Pointing to the nook)
You're probably full, so you could
just grab a coffee --

STAN
You can keep your Nook.

LAZY SUSAN
The food's overpriced, small
portioned, and has too many
adjectives!

STAN
Us old folks are going to coupon it
up at another buffet!

Arm in arm, Susan and Stan strut out like heroes of the day.

TAMBRY
They just ate sentient Pizza and
left to have dinner?

WENDY
I can't wait until I'm that age.

TAMBRY
Totes.

INT. MYSTERY SHACK, ATTIC - NIGHT

Entering the house's spooky attic, Mabel and Dipper hold the haunted board game box between them.

MABEL

I can't wait to seal this terrible game away for eternity.

Dipper stuffs the board game away in a box which Mabel closes with her "Cats in Space" themed scotch tape.

DIPPER

Sorry today didn't really turn out.

MABEL

That's an understatement. We almost got imprisoned for all time by a man with zero fashion sense.

DIPPER

And it turned into another "serious" investigation just like you were worried about...

Seeing Dipper truly in the dumps, Mabel softens.

MABEL

It wasn't so bad. I got to spend another day with my crazy cool little brother.

Like the sky at dawn, Dipper lights up -- until he realizes her friendly jab.

DIPPER

Hey, I'm only half an inch shorter than you.

MABEL

Now let's tell Stan he's making our favorite species of fish for dinner.

DIPPER

Fish sticks!

MABEL

(Shouting downstairs)
Stan, feed us, Stan! Staaan! STAN!
STAN! STAAAN!

Happy Mabel runs out of the room, and Dipper goes to follow before he hears...

...the nearby Manifest Destiny Catan game rattling!

On reflex, Dipper pulls the Journal in excitement but ultimately thinks better of it.

DIPPER
Maybe I should let Mabel decide
what we're doing tomorrow.

MABEL (O.S.)
Are you talking to yourself again?

Dipper shuts the door on his way downstairs to join his sister.

TAG

INT. MYSTERY SHACK, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stan, Susan, and Soos eat plates and plates of take-out food.
They eat. And eat. And eat.

Dipper and Mabel join in and stuff their faces, trying to match pace with Stan.

Everyone stops as Waddles enters, surveys the scene.

Waddles suddenly dives in, eating like a true savant, putting everyone to envious shame.

STAN
A true master.

Soos bows at the Pig's hooves.

SOOS
Teach us your ways.

FADE TO BLACK...