

NORTHWEST FAMILY MATTERS

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Based on Gravity Falls

**EXT. GRAVITY FALLS - THE ENCHANTED FOREST - NIGHT**

DIPPER and MABEL PINES, eighteen, careen out of the trees in their pajamas. They stagger to a stop- before them is a walled grove, its golden doors thrown open.

MABEL

Ugh. Why couldn't it be the gnomes?  
(yelling)  
Hey Pacifica! There's a shoe sale  
at the mall! Fifty percent off for  
has-been billionaires!

No response. They sag in defeat.

DIPPER

Come on. That worked yesterday!

Dipper starts running again. Mabel follows. Behind them, a HOODED FIGURE steps out of the shadows, adjusting the shotgun on his back.

**EXT. THE ENCHANTED FOREST - UNICORN GROVE - SIMULTANEOUS**

PACIFICA NORTHWEST, eighteen and fashionable even while sleepwalking, follows a rainbow across the unicorn grove. Eyes glazed over, she stumbles through an impossible eden of lush grass, waterfalls, and butterflies.

The twins rush in behind her. She remains entranced by the rainbow until Dipper shakes her by the shoulder.

DIPPER

Pacifica! What are you doing?

PACIFICA

Ew, hands off. I'm trying to sleep.  
Wait...why are we outside? Where's  
the tent?

MABEL

You just sleepwalked right into the  
biggest bullies in Gravity Falls.

PACIFICA

(awed)  
Are those what I think they are?

The rainbow is coming from the horn of an adorable BABY UNICORN, laying primly in front of a moonlit waterfall. Beside her is CELESTABELLE (ABETHABELLE), an older unicorn wearing cucumbers on her eyes.

She's in the midst of a tirade, gesturing dramatically. The baby unicorn huffs to herself.

CELESTABELLE

-And don't ever make a deal with a fairy. They have no honor, not like us unicorns do. And they'll steal your grass. Also your teacups.

She removes the cucumbers, seeing Mabel and rearing onto her back hooves in a rage.

CELESTABELLE (CONT'D)

Lowly humans! How dare you return here after what you did? You were banned!

DIPPER

Actually, that was just Mabel.

MABEL

I regret nothing about that day!

CELESTABELLE

All of you! Banned!

The baby unicorn brightens upon seeing Pacifica. She stands on shaky legs. The rainbow between them fades as they meet.

CELESTABELLE (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Come back this instant, Twinkiewinkiewishabelle!

Pacifica kneels down.

PACIFICA

My parents weren't great at names either.

(reverent)

Oh my gosh. You look just like Princess Foalenciaga.

DIPPER

Wait, what?

PACIFICA

My pony. Mom sold her to a farm when we lost the manor.

CUT TO:

**EXT. GRAVITY FALLS OUTSKIRTS - FLASHBACK - DAY**

A BEAUTIFUL PONY whinnies pitifully, standing on a treadmill leading towards a hulking building. The sign above the door reads: GRAVITY FALLS GLUE FACTORY.

BACK TO:

**EXT. UNICORN GROVE - BACK TO PRESENT**

Pacifica reaches out a hand, the baby unicorn nudging gently against it.

PACIFICA

Why did you bring me here?

CELESTABELLE

Don't be fooled by her designer threads! They're last season's!

The hooded figure steps out from behind a tree, unnoticed, slowly drawing the gun and aiming it at the back of Pacifica's head.

CELESTABELLE (CONT'D)

Twinkiewinkiewishabelle-

HOODED FIGURE

Pacifica-

CELESTABELLE

Step away from the human at once!

HOODED FIGURE (CONT'D)

Step away from the unicorn at once!

Mabel and Dipper settle into fighting stances. Pacifica whips her head around- the hooded figure steps into the moonlight.

HOODED FIGURE (CONT'D)

You've always been such a frustrating child. All these months of work figuring out how to summon this place, only to find you've beaten me to it.

Pacifica raises an eyebrow. The man throws his hood back- it's PRESTON NORTHWEST, Pacifica's father, cockeyed and covered in dirt.

PACIFICA

(realizing)

Dad? Are you kidding me?

(MORE)

PACIFICA (CONT'D)

I haven't seen you in like, two months. Have you been living out here?

PRESTON

It was for the sake of our family, darling! I have a buyer in line. Don't you miss our life? The diamond-encrusted yacht? The diamond encrusted pool? The diamond-encrusted diamonds?

PACIFICA

Not enough to kill a unicorn over it!

CELESTABELLE

Did no one hear me? Was I not clear when I said all of you were banned? At least take off your shoes!

Without looking, Preston fires a shot at Celestabelle. He misses. She neighs in distress, galloping out of the grove without looking back.

Preston steadies the gun, smoke pouring out of the barrel, and aims it at the baby unicorn instead. Pacifica throws herself between them, horrified.

Dipper and Mabel rush to stand on either side of her, linking their arms with hers. They all exchange determined looks before digging their heels into the ground.

PRESTON

I see. It seems like you've spent too much time with the commoners. You've grown...liberal.

PACIFICA

Yeah? Well maybe you should've stuck around to make sure everything I did met your stupid standards!

DIPPER

She's got you there.

MABEL

Yes, Pacifica! Murder those parental issues!

PRESTON

You know the consequences of disobedience in this family very well, Pacifica. Step aside, or lose the Northwest name forev- ow!

He staggers forward, revealing the baby unicorn, horn aimed triumphantly at his rear end.

PRESTON (CONT'D)  
Infernal thing. I was monologuing!

MABEL  
Skewer him, Princess Foalenciaga!

DIPPER  
Could we name it literally anything else?

Preston recovers, whirling around and once again aiming the gun at the officially renamed Princess Foalenciaga. Furious, Pacifica rears back and punches him in the face.

He staggers. Dipper and Mabel rip the gun out of his hands while Princess Foalenciaga kicks him with her back legs, leaving him crumpled on the ground.

PACIFICA  
If being a Northwest means being a unicorn-poaching psycho, fine. Keep your stupid diamonds!

PRESTON  
So be it. I'm calling our lawyer tomorrow and taking you out of the will.

Defeated, he scrambles to his feet and flees. Dipper and Mabel cheer and pull Pacifica into a hug, which she shyly returns.

Princess Foalenciaga whinnies with joy, jumping around them jubilantly. Mabel gazes at her in wonder.

MABEL  
I'm so glad not all unicorns are jerks.

DIPPER  
I'm glad not all Northwests are, either.

PACIFICA  
Thanks. But I'm like, homeless now? So. Yikes.

They release her from the hug.

DIPPER

What do you think, Mabel? We got  
room at the Shack for two more?

MABEL

As long as I can be Princess  
Foalenciaga's sole guardian if  
Pacifica dies.

PACIFICA

Whatever, weirdo. That's not in  
writing.

MABEL

It will be when I find my glitter  
pens!

Beaming, Mabel skips out of the unicorn grove with the  
shotgun. Dipper follows with a fond eye-roll.

Pacifica lingers behind. She leans down to Princess  
Foalenciaga.

PACIFICA

Yeah, their- our whole family is  
like, unhinged, but we both know it  
could be worse. Ready to go home?

Princess Foalenciaga whinnies and trots happily after them.  
Smiling to herself, Pacifica rushes to catch up.

FADE TO BLACK.