

GRAVITY FALLS

"The Little Big Top"
Written by

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EXT. MYSTERY SHACK - DAY

A small crowd of TOURISTS is gathered outside to see STAN's latest scam, an empty flea circus tank labeled "Microscopic Flea Circus!" The rest of the gang is hanging around but not paying too much attention.

STAN

Come one, come all, to a show of
mystery never seen by man before,
and never will be seen!

CROWD

Oooh. Aaaah.

BOY

Can the fleas do backflips? Can
they hop through rings of fire? Can
they grant the wishes of well-
behaved children if they're given
an offering of bread and milk?

STAN

Oh yeah, these babies flip like a
coin, hop like a scotch, and do
whatever that third thing was. Come
and not see for yourselves! The
show is free with the purchase of a
ten dollar ticket.

The crowd clamors to buy tickets and watch the non-existent fleas. DIPPER and MABEL are looking on, sitting by a tree. Dipper flips through his journal while Mabel plays with WADDLES.

MABEL

How does such a small town attract
so many doofuses? I'd rather pay
money for a fart!

DIPPER

I dunno, a lot of crazy stuff
happens around here. Maybe Grunkle
Stan does have some invisible bugs
or whatever.

Mabel chortles.

MABEL

See, that's why we're such a good
team. I'm the adorable smart one,
and you're the gullible dumb one
that makes me look better by
comparison.

DIPPER

I'm just inquisitive, not gullible!

MABEL

That's not what it said in that journal.

Dipper frantically flips through the pages.

DIPPER

What? It said something about me?

Mabel laughs hysterically. Stan, meanwhile, is collecting money from the swarm of tourists.

STAN

I guarantee ya, there's not a better flea circus on Earth!

Suddenly, a caravan of horse-drawn circus carriages goes by, silencing the tourists. On one carriage "FEDERICO FLEAINI'S FANTASTIC FLEA CIRCUS" is written in fanciful cursive. Under that reads "There's actually not a better flea circus on Earth". Out pops FEDERICO himself, a strange clown-like man.

FEDERICO

(vague accent)

Ladies and-a gentlemen! Come see my fabulous fleas tonight, one night only! Come and see this life changing experience for yourself!

He gets back in his carriage, which scurries away along with the rest of the caravan. The tourists follow, madly.

STAN

Wait, I wasn't done fleecing you rubes yet!

(stomping the ground)

Ah, crud. There goes my trip to Miami. Now I gotta find some other low-stakes adventure to kill the time.

Back to Mabel and Dipper. Dipper is deep into the journal when Mabel points at something, shocked.

MABEL

Dipper, look! Stan is being attacked by his invisible fleas!

DIPPER

Where?!

Mabel laughs. Waddles oinks in a way that sounds like laughter. Mabel stops laughing and gasps, wide-eyed.

MABEL

Awe! Waddles thinks you're a dork
too!

Dipper grimaces.

TITLE SEQUENCE.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. MYSTERY SHACK - DAY

A deflated Stan packs up his "flea circus".

STAN
(through tears)
Well little guys.
(sniffs)
It's been fun. But Daddy's gotta
put you away.

Stan puts the circus up on a shelf and sniffles some more,
before losing it and falling to his knees.

STAN (CONT'D)
How could this happen? A scam cut
down in the prime of its life!

He sobs uncontrollably. Dipper and Mabel approach
nonchalantly.

DIPPER
Hey Grunkle Stan, can we check out
that circus?

Stan immediately stops crying and stands up.

STAN
C'mon, can't I have one dramatic
moment? I've got chops for the
whole world to see!

MABEL
Yeah, you were really pullin' some
heartstrings man. So can we go to
that circus? Can we, can we, can
we, can we--

STAN
You mean the place that took all my
cash-heavy suckers? No way, Jose.

MABEL
It's Mabel.

DIPPER
Please, Grunkle Stan?

The twins make puppy dog eyes.

DIPPER/MABEL
Pleaaaaaase?

Stan closes his eyes and waves a hand at them.

STAN
Ah, gross! Okay, go before your
cutesy face makes me barf.

Dipper and Mabel high five and run off out of the shack.
SOOS, next to WENDY at the cash register, watches them leave.

SOOS
Hey dude, you wanna check out the
circus too?

WENDY
(nervous)
Eh, nah. I, I think I'm good.

SOOS
Dude, why not? It was like, a
totally captivating pitch. I saw
myself as a child again. It was
weird, dude.

WENDY
Circuses aren't really my thing I
guess. I'm not super into--

SOOS
Oversized tents?

WENDY
What? No.

SOOS
Salted peanuts?

WENDY
No.

SOOS
Super tall diving boards?

WENDY
I'm scared of clowns, okay? They're
creepy, their mouths are too big.
And I'm not sure a clown has ever
actually been funny.

Soos suddenly has determination in his eyes.

SOOS

Dude, because of our bond formed over our sworn duty to the Mystery Shack, and me not having anything better to do today, I will like, vow to help you get over your fear of clowns.

Wendy rubs her arm, unconvinced.

WENDY

I don't know, that seems like a lot of effort and--

SOOS

Mr. Pines! Do you wanna help me put Wendy through a rigorous and probably ineffective training course to help her get over her fear of clowns?

STAN

Eh, I'm not sure. I don't think anyone can ever truly lose their greatest fear. Look at me, I'm terrified of sharks.

WENDY

Because of all the teeth?

STAN

No. I hate dorsal fins. They're like having an extra hand on top of your head. I'll be creeped out by that 'till my last breath.

SOOS

Maybe you don't get over it, dude, but Wendy will, if it's the last thing I do...today...before my shift ends!

EXT. CIRCUS TENT - DAY

Dipper and Mabel arrive at the circus tent. Dozens of excited people are pouring in. Multiple food vendors catch Mabel's eye.

DIPPER

Wow. Look at all the people.

MABEL

Look at all the food! They've taken
cholesterol to exciting new
heights!

She goes running off, laughing. Dipper goes inside.

INT. CIRCUS TENT - DAY

It looks like a regular circus. Big ring with a small stage
in the middle, surrounded by a packed crowd. Dipper finds a
couple empty seats and sits down. Out comes Federico, to huge
applause and cheers. He takes center stage.

FEDERICO

Ladies and-a gentlemen! Take what
you call "hands" and put them
together for my flea brethren, as
we send you on a transformative-a
journey!

With an awkward hand motion, Federico calls forth a swarm of
fleas. The fleas stack up on each other to form little
towers, that walk in circles and pass a miniature beach ball
around. Tower of flea trapeze artists do a routine overhead.
The crowd is absolutely loving it. Mabel returns with two
giant cones of brown colored cotton candy.

MABEL

(mouth full)

Look, Dipper! Flea flavored cotton
candy!

Dipper is intently studying Federico. His movements don't
really match up, and Dipper's suspicious.

DIPPER

Doesn't that ringmaster guy seem
weird to you?

MABEL

No.

(big bite)

Just European.

The fleas form one giant tower, and Federico tosses them some
rubber balls, which they start juggling. The crowd cheers
again, and Dipper looks amazed.

DIPPER

How do they do that? They're just fleas, they can't be trained or anything. Fleas are no match for the complexity of the human mind.

Mabel loudly shoves food into her face. Federico turns to face the audience.

FEDERICO

And now, I need one thrilling, willing, daring member of the audience to volunteer for my--

MABEL (O.S.)

(screaming)

Ah! Pick me! Me! I dare so hard!

Federico flinches from Mabel's shrill voice.

FEDERICO

Uh, okay, I think we've found our-a volunteer. Come on down, loud person!

Mabel yells and stands up, spilling all her food onto Dipper. She sprints down the aisle and appears almost immediately next to Federico.

FEDERICO (CONT'D)

And what's your name, little girl?

MABEL

(grabbing the mic)

My name is Mabel, I'm a Virgo, I like pigs and knitting, and I'm the best audience volunteer in the universe!

FEDERICO

(sternly, taking the mic back)

That's enough. Behold! The dance of the sugar-plum fleas!

Music from "The Nutcracker" plays as the fleas form the shape of two dancing ballerinas, while two other figures pick Mabel up and throw her back and forth up on the trapeze wire. Mabel's laughing, having a blast, as the crowd "oohs" and "ahhs".

DIPPER

Fleas really shouldn't be able to do that.

He looks at Federico, who's busy instructing the fleas. Dipper notices Federico's personal carriage outside through the openings of the tent. With a determined look, he quietly walks out of the tent with everyone distracted by the fleas.

EXT. CIRCUS TENT - DAY

The sun is starting to set. Dipper approaches Federico's private carriage and jiggles the doorknob. Locked. Dipper looks around for something to stand on, and finds a crate labeled "OVER-SALTED PEANUTS". He moves it and climbs on top of it to get to the top of the carriage, then opens the hatch at the top and jumps in.

INT. FEDERICO'S CARRIAGE - DAY

It seems like a personal trailer. A dresser, a makeup desk, a small bed. Dipper takes a look around.

DIPPER

Something's off with that guy, I know it. I'll show Mabel that I'm not so gullible! Although I'm worried about how often I talk to myself!

Dipper searches through a laundry bin, a drawer full of clown noses, the makeup desk covered in tubes of red and white face paint. Nothing out of the ordinary. Disgruntled, Dipper kicks a bottom drawer in frustration. It slides open to reveal several pairs of feet.

DIPPER (CONT'D)

Feet!

Suddenly, the doorknob starts to turn. Dipper, in a panic, shuts the drawer and jumps into a closet just as Federico walks in. He takes a seat and removes his whole foot like he's taking off a shoe.

FEDERICO

(relieved)

Ahh..

Dipper covers his mouth and lets out a muffled scream.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CIRCUS TENT - DAY

Dipper, terrified, runs back in and tries to get to his seat past the awed crowd.

DIPPER

Excuse me! Excuse me! Pardon me!

He finally reaches Mabel, currently working on her third soda.

DIPPER (CONT'D)

Mabel! We got an emergency!

MABEL

Really? I thought you stopped doing that when you were nine.

DIPPER

It stopped when I was seven and no, I mean something is up with that Federico dude!

MABEL

Is this another one of your wild Dipper conspiracies?

DIPPER

You have to believe me! I watched the guy take his foot off.

MABEL

So you were creepin' on the clown, huh?

DIPPER

Maybe you won't believe me--

MABEL

I won't.

DIPPER

--but the other people have to know what's going on, and you can't stop me.

MABEL

I wasn't going to stop you but okay!

Dipper runs down to the middle of the ring. The flea towers fall apart and the circus music stops.

DIPPER

Everyone, listen up! There's something wrong with this circus.

SHERIFF BLUBS

Yeah! It should be illegal to have this much fun!

He and Deputy Durland giggle uncontrollably. Federico enters the ring.

FEDERICO

What's with all of the commotion and the party-pooing? What's-a the problem?

DIPPER

(pointing to Federico)

This man isn't who he says he is! I saw him take off his whole foot, like he was taking off his pants on a Sunday afternoon!

The crowd gasps. All eyes turned to Federico, who looks shocked.

FEDERICO

Well! Such a dis-a-respect I have never suffered in my life. I lost that foot in the war!

CROWD

Aww!

They all look angrily at Dipper.

DIPPER

Which war?!

FEDERICO

The war.

The crowd gasps again. Manly Dan stands up in the crowd.

MANLY DAN

He's a hero! I flex in your honor, sir!

Manly Dan flexes as the crowd boos Dipper and chuck peanuts at him. Mabel, looking worried, rushes down to join him.

MABEL

Dipper, c'mon let's get out of here.

FEDERICO

Listen to the little girl, naughty boy. I don't want to see you near my Fantastic Flea Circus ever again!

The crowd cheers the news. A dejected Dipper walks away, Mabel following.

INT. MYSTERY SHACK - DAY

Soos has set up some sort of makeshift boxing ring in the Shack. Stan reads a newspaper off to the side while Soos works on something. Wendy stands near, not looking entirely comfortable.

SOOS

Dude, we are going to like, totally conquer your fear today. Just pure adrenaline will cure you, you gotta get mean, cut real deep, give your fear some serious emotional damage.

WENDY

I dunno. I don't think whatever violent training you have planned is gonna work.

STAN

Kid, if beating the snot out of something doesn't fix all your problems, I don't know what to tell ya.

WENDY

That's my point, I don't think this is a problem! I'm just not a big fan of clowns, that's all.

Soos turns around holding a mop with a bucket on top. The bucket has a very crudely painted clown face on it.

SOOS

Boo, dude!

WENDY

Uh, what the heck is that supposed to be?

SOOS

Dude, it's a clown.

Wendy yelps and hides behind the cash register, knocking some display stands down. Lots of glass breaking. Stan puts his newspaper down.

STAN

Ah. This is going to take a while, isn't it.

WENDY

(weakly)

Yeah, probably.

STAN

Well, it won't. Because after an hour of this mumbo jumbo I gotta open the Mystery Shack up again. We can turn this place into a boxing ring once, maybe twice a week, but no more than that. I gotta have my standards.

SOOS

It looks like we're gonna have to take...

(intense)

Extreme measures.

WENDY

Hooray.

Something else breaks.

EXT. CIRCUS TENT - DAY

Dipper, arms sternly folded, walks out of the tent. Mabel joins him, still munching on some fried snacks.

MABEL

Hey, so what if the whole town hates you and think's you're a crazy idiot? We still had fun, right?

DIPPER

Maybe I am too paranoid about the stuff that goes on in his town. Did I just embarrass a guy in front of everyone for having a fake foot?

Mabel offers her milkshake.

MABEL

Aww. Do you want some of my Flea-shake?

DIPPER

(determined)

No. And not just because that's gross. I know I'm right. I saw the foot Mabel! I saw the foot!

MABEL

So what're you gonna do about it!

DIPPER

(yelling)

I'm sneaking back in there, baby!

MABEL

Yay yelling!

INT. MYSTERY SHACK - NIGHT

Montage time! "Rocky"-like music plays as Soos, wearing glasses, points at a white-board diagram of a clown, giving a lecture. Wendy takes note.

EXT. CIRCUS TENT - NIGHT

Dipper tries to sneak under the tent but the fleas form a giant hand, pick him up, and drop him outside.

INT. MYSTERY SHACK - NIGHT

Stan is covered in some very crude clown makeup. Wendy closes her eyes and sprays a fire extinguisher. When she opens them, she's sprayed Soos instead.

EXT. CIRCUS TENT - NIGHT

Dipper tries to sneak in with a fake mustache. Manly Dan spots him and flicks him away like a bug.

INT. MYSTERY SHACK - NIGHT

Wendy is blindfolded, attack a clown-shaped piñata. She whacks Stan and Soos with the bat, missing the piñata

EXT. CIRCUS TENT - NIGHT

A popcorn vendor wheels in an old-fashioned popcorn cart. Dipper reveals to be hiding within the popcorn, with a wry smile. Federico appears and starts spinning a crank, popping more popcorn that engulfs Dipper.

INT. MYSTERY SHACK - NIGHT

Wendy is still going for the clown piñata, next to a bruised Soos and Stan. She hits it. It breaks open, releasing a bunch of little capsules of candy. Stan, Wendy, and Soos open them, and a bunch of those spring-loaded snake things pop out.

EXT. CIRCUS TENT - NIGHT

Mabel sits in the grass munching on some popcorn. Dipper flies in from off-screen, landing in the dirt next to Mabel.

MABEL

(beat)

How's it going?

Federico stands in the entryway to the tent.

FEDERICO

If I catch you a-trying to sneak in here, you will be regretting very much!

MABEL

Let's just call it, Dipper. I stopped paying attention like half an hour ago.

DIPPER

You're right. I think I should go apologize to the guy. It wasn't right of me think he was evil just because of all the weird stuff that goes along here. Y'know, I think !this goes to show the dangers of judging a book by--

MABEL

(walking off)

Okay, stopped paying attention again!

Dipper dusts himself off and walks back into the tent.

INT. CIRCUS TENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dipper walks in, relaxed.

DIPPER

Hey, Federico, I just wanted to apologize for the way I've acted tonight, it wasn't cool and I--

FEDERICO

Foolish human!

DIPPER

Ouch, okay, I guess I deserve that.

FEDERICO

Did you really think a mere man could control and conduct such marvelous, awe-inspiring fleas?

DIPPER

I mean, they're fleas. It can't take much, can it? Besides, you're the Great Federico Fleaini!

Federico lets out an evil laugh.

FEDERICO

Oh, but I'm not Federico.

Federico holds his hand under his chin as the front of his face latches open, revealing a mesh of wood and wires. A little speck lands on the hand, which then extends towards Dipper. We see the real Federico: a flea, with his antennae horizontal so it looks like a big Dali mustache.

FEDERICO (CONT'D)

(much squeakier)

Bow and tremble before me, the real Federico Fleaini!

DIPPER

Ha! I knew something was up! Man, being right feels awesome!

FEDERICO

And my plan for world domination is nearly complete!

The swarm of fleas gathers around Federico and his clown robot, and make two giant fists. The face on the clown robot closes shut. The eyes glow, and two laser beams shoot out at Sheriff Blubs and DEPUTY DURLAND, who both turn into fleas.

The eye lasers shoot out indiscriminately, turning members of the circus goers into fleas. The fleas start spinning in kaleidoscope like patterns, hypnotizing the rest of the crowd. Federico laughs a squeaky, evil laugh.

DIPPER

Man, being right sucks!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. CIRCUS TENT - NIGHT

A terrified Mabel looks on. She pulls out her cheap phone. She frantically dials a number

MABEL

Man, what does a girl got to do for
a nice night out around here?

INTERCUT AS
NECESSARY:

INT. MYSTERY SHACK - NIGHT

Stan, covered in clown makeup and a few bruises, picks up the phone.

STAN

If it's you prank callers again
I've got my phone bugged and I'll
report you wise guys to the police!

MABEL

No it's Mabel! Dipper made the
ringmaster angry by saying he
wasn't human but then it turns out
he was just a flea in a magic robot
suit the whole time!

STAN

Dipper is a flea?

MABEL

Just get everyone down here! We
still have all those cans of bug
spray from that infestation we had
when we hosted that barbecue?

STAN

Alleged infestation! But, uh, yeah
we do.

MABEL

Load it all up and bring the gang
over here before I become an only
child! Being a twin is like a huge
part of my identity right now.

STAN

I don't know, that sounds like a lot of work. Plus, I didn't really want you guys to go there in the first place, they drove me outta business!

MABEL

Well this is your chance to put them out of business! Take 'em down with you!

STAN

Now you're talking my language! Soos! Wendy!

WIDEN TO REVEAL: Wendy, wearing boxing gloves, punching Soos, also in clown makeup and bruises. She stops when Stan calls out.

STAN (CONT'D)

We gotta help those brats. Get the golf cart ready. This got weird fast, anyway.

WENDY

Yeah, that's probably for the best.

SOOS

I cannot argue with that.

They rush out of the shack.

INT. CIRCUS TENT - NIGHT

Mabel sneaks around, trying to remain undetected by Federico and his flea army. The fleas are in the shape of a fist, holding Dipper. Federico goes back into his clown robot suit and gets face to face with Dipper.

FEDERICO

My beautiful, evil plan to conquer this miserable planet will not be thwarted by some little twerp!

DIPPER

Not to be that guy, but aren't fleas like the littlest and twerpiest things on the planet?

FEDERICO

Silence!

Another flea hand forms and slaps Dipper.

DIPPER

Why are you all world domination-y anyway?

FEDERICO

Some fleas just want to watch the world burn.

Some fleas form a crosshair in front of Dipper. Federico's eyes start to light up, charging their laser beam. Dipper closes his eyes and braces for the worst.

MABEL (O.S.)

Hey bug brains! Over here!

Federico's eyes fade as he turns to look at Mabel.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Why don't you pipsqueaks go find a dog's butt where you belong?!

She blows a raspberry. Another giant flea fist picks her up quickly and holds her next to Dipper.

FEDERICO

You've made this personal, so now I'm gonna get really petty about it. You get to watch while all of your beloved fellow humans--

MABEL

I don't know, I wouldn't say beloved.

FEDERICO

Don't interrupt, it's rude!

DIPPER

Well so is taking over the world, man!

Federico stomps his foot and another laser beam shoots from his eyes, turning someone into a flea.

FEDERICO

Any last words before you become the latest addition to my unstoppable battalion of flea soldiers?

Mabel and Dipper look at each other guiltily. This is it.

MABEL

I'm sorry I was a bit of a jerk not believin' you and all that.

DIPPER

No, it's my bad. My curiosity always gets us in trouble. Now we're gonna be fleas forever.

A beat of sad silence as they comprehend their situation.

MABEL

I changed my mind, I want my last word to be "fart"! Ha!

Federico's eyes charge again. This time the laser shoots out towards the twins, when a loud CRASH is heard. Wendy, Soos, and Stan burst through the tent in their golf cart. They drive in front of the twins, deflecting the laser away.

STAN

Grunkle Stan, here to save the day!

SOOS

Dude, what about us?

STAN

Yeah, okay, I guess you two help me look better.

SOOS

I'll take it.
(serious business)
Now let's get exterminating.

Stan, Soos, and Wendy pick up different bug spray weapons, ranging from a "Ghostbusters"-style backpack to dual-wielding spray bottles. Wendy somersaults into a group of fleas and shoots indiscriminately like she's James Bond. Stan is giddily spraying everywhere.

STAN

How's this for healthy competition?

Soos walks over to Dipper and Mabel and sprays the fleas holding them, releasing the twins.

SOOS

There you go dudes.

DIPPER

Thanks Soos. Got any more weapons for some twelve-year-olds?

They grab a couple spray guns. Mabel looks up and gasps.

MABEL

I have an idea!

Mabel climbs a ladder to get to the trapeze line. She slides down it like a zip-line, spraying and laughing all the way. She gets to the end and falls in a hay bale.

DIPPER

That accomplished nothing!

MABEL

Don't care, had fun!

A swarm of fleas approaches her. She tries to spray them, but the nozzle wheezes and nothing comes out.

MABEL (CONT'D)

On second thought maybe that wasn't the best option.

Dipper, Soos, Stan, and Wendy also all run out of spray.

DIPPER

Uh-oh, I'm out!

STAN

Me too!

WENDY

Me three!

SOOS

Me scared!

Federico laughs an evil laugh. Soos tries to run for it but runs into a wall of fleas.

FEDERICO

I've had enough of this distraction.

With a hand motion, the spinning wheels of fleas stop, and form a massive cloud of all the other fleas, grabbing Soos, Mabel, and Dipper in the process. The people in the audience start to gain consciousness, but many are turned into fleas by Federico's lasers.

STAN

(to the advancing swarm of fleas)

Hey, guys, no hard feelings right.

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

Competition keeps us honest, I just wanted to make sure we were the best flea circuses we could be.

The swarm grabs him.

STAN (CONT'D)

Ah, crud.

It's all up to Wendy now, standing defiantly but nervously in the middle. She holds her spray can close to her as the audience runs around screaming, turning to fleas one by one. Federico gets close to Wendy, with an evil smile. She trembles.

FEDERICO

What's the matter, little girl? Are you scared of clowns?

Federico lets out an evil laugh. Wendy is absolutely terrified. Manly Dan emerges from the crowd, axe drawn.

MANLY DAN

I refuse to be defeated by something so puny!

He runs towards Federico, screaming, axe over his head. Federico nonchalantly shoots a laser at him, turning him into a very buff flea.

WENDY

Dad!

She looks at her newly flea-ified dad, her friends caught under flea control, and the scary clown approaching her. She closes her eyes and grabs her dad's axe.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I. Hate. Clowns!

With a blind swing of the axe, Federico's robot head comes clean off, leaving some exposed, sparking wires.

DIPPER

You did it, Wendy!

SOOS

Dude, you killed the clown! I am like, a great sensei.

Fleas begin to pop back into their human form one by one. Some are familiar residents of Gravity Pines, some look like they come from different countries and decades.

There's lots of cheering and hugging going around. Everyone crowds around Wendy.

MABEL

You totally decapitated that creep,
awesome!

STAN

And you put my competition out of
business!

DIPPER

Grunkle Stan, she saved our lives.

STAN

Yeah, that too, whatever.

WENDY

Don't sweat it guys. Who hasn't had
to cut off an evil clown robot's
head for their friends?

They all have a group hug, except for Stan.

STAN

Barf.

Soos reaches out and drags him into the hug.

STAN (CONT'D)

Alright, alright, I'm hugging.

Their nice moment is interrupted by a squeaky wail.

FEDERICO

No! My beautiful army! Ruined!

Federico, in flea form, hops onto Dipper's nose. He shakes a fist.

FEDERICO (CONT'D)

You will rue the day you ever
foiled the plans of Federico
Fleaini! Rue the day!

Mabel flicks Federico off Dipper's nose and he screams as he flies away out of sight.

INT. MYSTERY SHACK - NIGHT

Everyone's cleaning up the training arena and putting stuff back where it belongs, except Stan who's counting money.

STAN

Number one rule of business, kids.
If your customers leave you for
your competition, you gotta go over
there and save them from joining a
traveling circus of abominations
against their will.

SOOS

You learn something new every day!

MABEL

You wanna know what I learned
today? Believe whatever crazy stuff
Dipper says, then promptly ignore
it.

DIPPER

Thanks, Mabel.

WENDY

At least that flea is gone. I don't
want to deal with bugs or clowns
for a solid year or two. Or ten.

The camera pans up to the rafters.

STAN

Don't worry about that kid, we
kicked the snot off of that money-
stealin' bug.

We zoom out to

EXT. MYSTERY SHACK - NIGHT

On a tree branch outside, Federico sits, rubbing his little
flea legs together, laughing maniacally.

FEDERICO

Enjoy your false sense of security,
humans! Soon I will rebuild my army
and take over the world!

Another long evil laugh. A bird lands next to him on the
branch.

FEDERICO (CONT'D)

Ah, my first subject has come to
swear fealty! I shall make you
lieutenant in my rebellion and
together-

The bird pecks Federico, eating him in one bite. It flies away nonchalantly.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. MYSTERY SHACK - DAY

The next day, Stan has his "Microscopic Flea Circus" back running. There is a decent crowd around him as he narrates the action.

STAN
(laughing)
Look at ol' Jumpy! He loves doing those backflips. You rascal!

He puts a hand to the side of his mouth, addressing the crowd in secret.

STAN (CONT'D)
Between you and me folks, I think he's trying to impress Fleatrice. Just don't tell Fleabert, or he'll get jealous.

He looks back at the empty tank.

STAN (CONT'D)
Oh, here comes Fleabert now!

Suddenly, he looks concerned.

STAN (CONT'D)
Wait? What's he doing? Put that down Fleabert!

The crowd looks nervous.

STAN (CONT'D)
No! Hop away Jumpy! Hop for your life.

Stan puts his hands on his head, completely distraught.

STAN (CONT'D)
Nooooooooo!

He gets on his knees and cries.

STAN (CONT'D)
Oh, the fleamanity, oh the fleamanity!

He cries for a beat, then gets up, completely normal.

STAN (CONT'D)
Alright, ten bucks each.

END OF EPISODE