

Mount Snow

"Dirt/Rock"

A-STORY: DIRT

INT. DARK CAVE

A dark, rough stone cave carved into a shabby hallway. Stalagmites and stalactites everywhere, your classic cave.

Water drips from the ceiling and steams as it hits the warm ground. The tail of some awful creature slithers into a hole.

Atop a rock, a blue/purple/red frog with one big eye and three giant teeth opens its mouth to croak, but instead lets out an "aahhh" like an old man slipping into a bath.

All else is silent. A bat, one of many on the ceiling, opens an eye, then drifts back to sleep.

VOICES

(screaming)

AAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

The bats all open their eyes -- they each have ten -- and fly off. The frog hops away.

The voices get nearer and louder. Their screams doppler effect as they run by, too fast to see, but one of them looked... squishy.

As their screams taper off in the distance we hear GRUMBLES from the other side as dozens of footsteps approach. An angry mob holding bright torches gives chase.

Leading the mob, a gigantic monster with grey-green skin, five eyes, and one very sharp tooth (MR. BISCUIT) signals to the group to take a turn down a hallway.

In a corner, two kids hide behind a rock, out of breath. BUNKLE, a small green girl with three eyes and one buck tooth, sits with her arm around JESSICA, who appears to be a slug monster.

BUNKLE

Think we lost them?

JESSICA

BLARRRRGH.

Bunkle shushes her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(quieter)

blarrrrgh.

BUNKLE
I know he didn't give us
permission.

JESSICA
rabbablarrrrgh.

BUNKLE
YOU shh.

MR. BISCUIT (O.S.)
(in the distance)
I hear something!

They look at each other, terrified, then hop up and run.

POV - BUNKLE - CAVE

We run through the cave, seeing things through Bunkle's eyes. To her side, Jessica somehow keeps pace with her sluggish body.

She looks back -- the angry mob is right on their heels. A very small orange man with three eyes and one tooth, BINKLE, runs beside Mr. Biscuit.

BINKLE
(whiny)
Bunkle! Please stop running! For
me! Stop for Daddy, sweetie! Ah,
come on!

Bunkle turns to face forward. We push deeper into the dark cave. Spots of action are revealed by lone candles:

1) A group of scary looking floating PIXIES playing cards. Bunkle narrowly avoids knocking their table down. We hear the angry mob do so as we pass, and the Pixies yelling.

2) A rainbow armadillo eating a birthday cake on a little table. We crash into the table and it starts wobbling into the air. Bunkle manages to catch it and set it down upright.

BUNKLE
There ya go, pal.

The armadillo giggles as we race away.

3) The frog from earlier taking a bath in a tiny tub. This time, he ribbits.

Dead end. Bunkle turns back and sees darkness -- they've put some distance between them and the angry mob.

BACK TO SCENE

Bunkle and Jessica look at each other. They look up. In the ceiling, a pinhole of light.

JESSICA

Blr-raghlargh.

BUNKLE

Of course Dad says not to. You think I don't know that?

(beat)

Let's say I don't know that.

Bunkle smiles big. She struggles to hoist Jessica up, who rams her sluggish head into the ceiling, revealing a hole.

Jessica clambers up. Bunkle looks back -- light. The mob is closing in. She follows Jessica out of the hole.

A rock slides over the hole, sealing the cave back in darkness. The mob arrives and sees nothing.

MR. BISCUIT

Maybe they took a turn back at the frog spa.

They run back the way they came.

EXT. WINTER CAMP - DAY

A wide field of snow surrounded by pine trees. In the center, some snow falls through the Earth like a bathtub draining.

Bunkle's head pops out, covered in snow, followed by Jessica. The hole is far too small for both of them, and Bunkle looks VERY annoyed.

BUNKLE

Wait your turn. I said WAIT your --

They spot something, look terrified, and disappear back into the hole. A moment later, just their eyes peek back out. Snowy footsteps fade away.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)

Come on.

Bunkle hoists herself out, then helps Jessica.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)

Whoa.

In front of them, a few rickety buildings sitting in a mountain forest. It is extremely unimpressive. Above it, in hastily painted letters on a banner, the words "Winter Camp." There clearly used to be more words on the sign.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)
(dead serious)
Gorgeous.

JESSICA (O.S.)
Rrgar-blargh.

Reveal that Jessica is staring right at the sun. Her stalked eyes are frying like eggs.

BUNKLE
It's brighter than they said, huh?

COUNSELOR JEREMY (O.S.)
Dirt! Shouldn't you be at activity?

Bunkle, hearing this, panics and covers herself and Jessica with snow. All we can see is their eyes, blinking.

COUNSELOR JEREMY (16), a lanky and dirt-stached human, pulls a very dirty human girl named DIRT (8) right to the spot above Bunkle and Jessica.

DIRT
I hate activity!

COUNSELOR JEREMY
You hate everything.

DIRT
Not everything.

COUNSELOR JEREMY
Biting people doesn't count, Dirt.

DIRT
Feels good to bite.

COUNSELOR JEREMY
Go to your bunk.

DIRT
But --

COUNSELOR JEREMY
Not "but." "Bunk." "Buuuuuunnk."

Counselor Jeremy laughs and walks away. Dirt stomps around, furious.

DIRT
Go to my bunk? Fine, I'll go to
activity then.

She stomps away. Jessica and Dirt's eyes stare at her, then follow as though they were sliding through the snow.

EXT. ARTS AND CRAFTS CABIN - DAY

Three Campers, LARRY, MARY, and HARRIET sit at a picnic table working on something. Dirt stomps over and takes a seat -- so hard that the others briefly fly into the air.

DIRT
(furious)
What is today's activity?

The campers seem terrified. Mary, hands trembling, shows Dirt a small piece of paper attached to a lanyard.

DIRT (CONT'D)
What is this?

The door to the cabin opens and out steps Counselor Jeremy.

COUNSELOR JEREMY
Come on, campers, we need six
hundred more lift tickets done
before the end of the day!

DIRT
You're making us make LIFT TICKETS?

COUNSELOR JEREMY
I told you go to your bunk.

DIRT
LIFT TICKETS? We're not even
allowed to ski!

MARY
(very quiet)
Please, no more yelling.

DIRT
This is camp. Camp! Not a job! We
should be making friendship
bracelets or something!

HARRIET
(very quiet)
Give one to your raccoon.

DIRT

For the last time I didn't know
raccoons were dangerous!

MARY

You put it under her bed.

DIRT

That was it's home!

COUNSELOR JEREMY

Dirt, stop distracting the other
campers or the whole camp will
close down from lack of profit. Go.
Now. BUUUUUUUUUUNNNNNKKKKK.

Dirt looks to the other campers for support, but they just
look away from her. Sad, she gets up and stomps away.

COUNSELOR JEREMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And don't tell anyone about the
lift tickets!

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Dirt stomps by. Jessica's eye stalk pops out of the snow and
looks around.

DIRT

Stupid Counselor Jeremy, thinks he
can push me around.

(kicks snow)

He can, but fine, whatever, okay.
I'm just gonna, I don't know, gonna
run into the woods, yeah, okay.

She smiles. She looks at the woods. She runs... and
immediately trips over Jessica's eye stalk.

Woozy, she leans up and sees the eye stalk. She SCREAMS.
Jessica SCREAMS, emerging from the snow. Bunkle pops up with
a curious look, then SCREAMS. They SCREAM together.

They stop.

DIRT (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Dirt.

BUNKLE

That's a cool name.

DIRT
It's not my real name, it's just
what everyone at camp calls me.

BUNKLE
What's camp?

DIRT
It's bad. What are you?

BUNKLE
I'm Bunk. What are you?

DIRT
I'm Dirt. I have a bunk.

BUNKLE
I don't know what that means but
that's my sister Jessica. We got
chased here.

DIRT
The slug is your sister?

BUNKLE
She took a slug potion.

DIRT
That's SO cool!

JESSICA
Brullarbalarb.

DIRT
Want to be friends?

Yeah!

BUNKLE

Blurbis!

JESSICA

DIRT
Where are you from?

BUNKLE
Grounder Town.

DIRT
Where's that?

BUNKLE
Under the ground.

DIRT
Neat!

COUNSELOR JEREMY (O.S.)
Dirt! I better not see you NOT in
your bunk!

DIRT
We gotta go.

She grabs them by the hand and they zip away.

INT. DIRT'S BUNK - DAY

Pitch black. The door SLAMS open, revealing a filthy bunk. Snow seeps through both windows. Every bed is broken and looks unused except one, which is piled high with clothes.

DIRT
This where I sleep.

BUNKLE
This is a bunk? I'm a bunk! This
place is amazing!

DIRT
No it's not.

BUNKLE
No, totally, it's not.

Bunkle hops on a bed and it immediately breaks.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)
No I was right, it IS amazing.

Jessica leaves a long slug trail as she climbs up the wall and onto the ceiling. Dirt LAUGHS. Jessica LAUGHS. It's disturbing.

DIRT
I'm hungry. Are you hungry?

Bunkle and Jessica look too excited.

DIRT (CONT'D)
Okay. Stay here.

Dirt exits the bunk.

BUNKLE
We're not gonna stay here, right?

JESSICA
Rablag.

INT. CANTEEN - DAY

THREE KIDS sit at messed up tables eating slop. Behind a counter, SPICY TOM, a very dirty cook with a greasy monocle, fries something on a very dirty grill.

Dirt enters and approaches the counter.

DIRT
Hello, Spicy Tom.

SPICY TOM
Hello, Dirty One.

He wipes the grease from his monocle. It seems to come back instantly.

DIRT
Three orders of your finest,
please.

SPICY TOM
Three? This, indeed, is not now,
nor ever, allowed.

DIRT
Tom, shh, I don't --

SPICY TOM
But I am not one to demand
explanation.

He winks at her, causing his monocle to fall off. Dirt smiles. Something on the grill catches fire.

SPICY TOM (CONT'D)
ALANA! THE FIRE RISES ONCE MORE!

EXT. CANTEEN - DAY

Dirt exits carrying three very large containers of food. As she walks down the path, something zips by very fast, knocking her to her butt. She manages to catch the food.

Two skiers stop behind her. These are RICH KIDS.

RICH KID 1
Look, Mortimer. It appears we have
taken a wrong turn.

RICH KID 2
Indeed, Barnabas. We are in the
poor kids' camp.

RICH KID 1
Nary a ski in sight, Mortimer.

RICH KID 2
Indeed.

DIRT
You almost hit me!

RICH KID 1
No we did not.

RICH KID 2
Alexander almost hit you.

They laugh and ski away.

RICH KID 1
UN-pleasant Regards from the
Goldengoose Ski School and Chateau,
Winter Campers!

Dirt grumbles, furious. She gets up and walks away.

EXT. DIRT'S BUNK - DAY

Dirt approaches the bunk, but spots Jessica and Bunkle on the roof.

DIRT
What did you do?!

There are slug trails EVERYWHERE.

BUNKLE
What?!

JESSICA
Blargblargblarg!

Dirt shrugs and climbs the roof one-handed, still carrying the food. She is very nimble. She hands the food out.

BUNKLE
(taking a bite)
Mmm. Wow. This is the most
delicious slop I've ever had.

COUNSELOR JEREMY (O.S.)
WHAT IS THIS... IS THIS SLOP?!
GOOP?! WAS THERE A SLUG IN HERE?!

BUNKLE
 (sighing)
 I have a lot to teach you.

Dirt approaches Jessica.

DIRT
 So, do you like being a slug?

JESSICA
 (clearly positive)
 Gaburble!

DIRT
 Whoa. Your mouth is crazy.

Jessica smiles and opens her mouth. Dirt gazes inside.

Cracking sounds. The Earth quakes. A crack opens beneath Jessica and Dirt. The shaking flings Dirt into the air... right into Jessica's mouth, who swallows her whole.

BUNKLE
 Jessica! We do NOT eat friends!

The crack widens into a hole. Jessica is yanked below ground by monster hands. Another hand reaches for Bunkle, but thinking quick she bats it away and climbs into a tree.

INT. CLIFF HOLE - NIGHT

A darkened cave. Mr. Biscuit holds Jessica in a tight grip.

MR. BISCUIT
 Where's the other one? You'll do
 for now.

He closes up the hole and carries Jessica down the hallway, to...

INT. TERRIBLE JAIL - NIGHT

A small room divided by iron bars with a big sign that says "TERRIBLE JAIL. MAXIMUM OCCUPANCY: 1."

GUARDSMAN LORETTA, a large green-skinned person with a big ring of keys on their belt, sits in an uncomfortable chair beside the jail door.

MR. BISCUIT
 This girl is terrible and deserves
 to be here, in Terrible Jail.

GUARDSMAN LORETTA
Well, Terrible Jail IS for people
who are terrible.

Loretta opens the door and Mr. Biscuit plops Jessica inside.
The door slams shut.

MR. BISCUIT
I'll be back with the other
terrible girl who stole our mayor.

GUARDSMAN LORETTA
Take your time.

Loretta sits back down and immediately falls asleep. Mr.
Biscuit scoffs and walks away. Jessica spits out a sodden
Dirt, who lands on the floor.

DIRT
That was amazing but don't do it
again, okay? Did you really steal
the mayor?

JESSICA
Rablargh.

DIRT
I don't know what the means.
(distracted)
Whoa.

She grips the bars of her jail. We see into Grounder Town
through an open door.

GROUNDERS, monsters like Bunkle, of all shapes and sizes
wander by, living their daily lives. It's mostly mundane --
shopping and whatnot -- but they all have different numbers
of eyes and one big tooth.

One GROUNDER drinks a potion and instantly changes color.
Another talks with what looks like a GIANT FISH WITH LEGS.
They are arguing in a strange language.

DIRT (CONT'D)
This is the most amazing thing I've
ever seen. Is this Grounder Town?

BUNKLE (O.S.)
(whispers)
This is nothing, I can show you
where the REALLY cool stuff is.

DIRT

What?! Where are you? Show yourself!

Bunkle is up on the ceiling. She carefully shimmies down and tiptoes to Loretta. She grabs the key ring.

BUNKLE

Loretta needs to start drinking coffee.

Bunkle unlocks the terrible jail door.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)

I have saved you!

DIRT

I coulda done it.

BUNKLE

Nuh-uh.

DIRT

Yeah-huh.

BUNKLE

Nuh-UH!

DIRT

YEAH --

Loretta shakes awake. The girls bolt.

EXT. BRUNKLE HOUSE - NIGHT

A squat yellow and purple house with an ill-kept rock lawn.

Beside it, a MUCH nicer house with a very fancy zen garden filled with statues. Several of the statues are broken.

The girls run up the path. Bunkle knocks on the door furiously. It opens, revealing Binkle.

BINKLE

Bunkle? What have you --

He spots Dirt and SCREAMS, then passes out.

INT. BRUNKLE HOUSE - NIGHT

A very cozy interior. Just lovely. Binkle lays passed out on a rug. The girls kneel around him. His eyes flutter open.

BINKLE

Bunkle? What you have --

He SCREAMS. Bunk covers his mouth.

JESSICA

Ragablargh.

BINKLE

Is that a human? And why is the Mayor here?

DIRT

I'm Dirt and I LOVE it here.

BUNKLE

The mayor?

BINKLE

Yes.

FLASHBACK - GROUNDER TOWN

Mr. Biscuits stands before a crowd, speaking harshly.

BINKLE (V.O.)

Mr. Biscuit told everyone. You turned the Mayor into a slug then kidnapped him.

We see a speech bubble come from Mr. Biscuit showing a crudely-drawn Bunkle feeding a crudely-drawn Mayor a potion. The Mayor turns into a crudely-drawn slug.

BUNKLE (V.O.)

Dad. The slug is Jessica.

The crowd pulls out torches, getting angry. Biscuit smiles.

BACK TO SCENE

BINKLE

Oh. Oh! Right! Jessica DID drink that slug potion.

(to Jessica)

I'm sorry for not recognizing you, sweetie.

Jessica gives him a bad look.

DIRT
Really not keeping up, but loving
all this.

BINKLE
But why would Mr. Biscuit lie?

Close on Jessica's face with a look of realization.

FLASHBACK - MR. BISCUIT'S HOUSE

Jessica and Binkle play ball in the yard, knocking over
several of the fancy statues.

JESSICA (V.O.)
Raga-blargh barlargh. Blargh.
Ragabaga largib blirgblog.

They just keep breaking statues.

BACK TO SCENE

BINKLE
Oh.

BUNKLE
What he did is worse!

BINKLE
Huh. You're right! Wait here. I'll
tell everyone.

INT. TERRIBLE JAIL - NIGHT

Loretta still sleeps. What sounds like a huge mob off-screen
mutters and we see Mr. Biscuit tossed into Terrible Jail. The
door slams shut.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The girls and Binkle (who holds a torch) walk down a hallway.

BUNKLE
Why can't she stay?

DIRT
Yeah, why not?

BINKLE

It's not safe for humans down here.
And besides, the other humans will
miss her.

DIRT

No they won't, I live in a terrible
sleep-away camp.

BINKLE

I do not understand these words.

BUNKLE

You will if you let her stay!

Binkle stops. He reaches to the ceiling and clears some dirt,
revealing a hole.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)

Here it is.

He picks up Dirt, who kicks at him. He's stronger.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)

Wait. Promise she can visit.

BINKLE

I --

Dirt bites him.

BINKLE (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay! She can visit.

BUNKLE

And we can visit her!

Dirt starts to bite, but before she can --

BINKLE

(scared)

Fine, fine! Just do NOT bite me!

(to Dirt)

Goodbye, Dirt. It was nice to meet
you, a little bit.

DIRT

I love you!

He hoists her up through a hole in the ceiling and covers it
immediately.

INT. DIRT'S BUNK - NIGHT

Dirt lays on her bed staring up at the ceiling.

DIRT
(muttering)
"Oh of course you were at activity,
Dirt. No, I didn't notice you were
gone, why would I notice --"

CRASH. The floorboards splinter beside her bed. Jessica and Bunkle pop out.

BUNKLE
We found a really good hole!

DIRT
Amazing!

BUNKLE
We are going to hang out, like, ALL
the time now. Dad promised.

JESSICA
Glabarag.

COUNSELOR JEREMY (O.S.)
Surprise inspection!

Dirt jumps up and covers the hole with a rug.

DIRT
All the time.

CUT TO BLACK.

B-STORY - ROCK

INT. DARK CAVE - DAY

A very dark cave. Looks like nobody comes this way... probably for good reason.

Bunkle walks through the cave holding a lantern aloft, followed by Jessica and Dirt. She turns to them.

BUNKLE
Shh. This is pixie-country.

JESSICA
Blargh.

BUNKLE
Yes it IS!

DIRT
What's wrong with pixies? Are they gross?

BUNKLE
YES. AND they're tricky, dangerous, evil, horrible, mean, and --

DIRT
I wanna meet them!

JESSICA
(towering over her,
shaking her head no)
BLARABLAGGARABAR!

DIRT
Okay, we don't have to meet them.

They continue on.

DIRT (CONT'D)
So, uh, are we getting close?

BUNKLE
Close to what?

DIRT
The blood waterfall?

BUNKLE
What?

DIRT

You said you were taking me to see
a waterfall made of blood.

BUNKLE

Oh, THAT blood waterfall. Yeah. We
must be getting close now.

Dirt sighs.

DIRT

(muttering)

You're just making stuff up again.

ROCK (O.S.)

Ow!

Dirt stops. She looks down. Nothing but a small rock. The
other girls keep walking.

DIRT

Hey, wait up.

ROCK

I said ow.

The Rock speaks without moving... anything.

DIRT

(calling to the girls)

Hey guys?

ROCK

You gonna apologize or what?

DIRT

You're a talking rock?

ROCK

No, I'm a flying squirrel.

DIRT

Whatever. So you're like magic?

ROCK

Yes, I'm "like magic."

DIRT

Okay, okay, just... stop talking,
talking rock.

BUNKLE (O.S.)

Dirt, what are you DOING?!

ROCK

You know what? You're a rude girl.
I wanna turn YOU into a rock.

DIRT

Oh yeah? How're you gonna do that?
Magic? Rock magic?

She laughs, mocking it.

ROCK

Yeah. Rock magic!

DIRT

Oh. Oh no. Please don't. Please!
Oh, how will I get out of this
horrible situation?

She walks away, laughing.

DIRT (CONT'D)

Oh wait, forgot I had legs!

ROCK

Hey. Hey! Come back here!

She catches up with the girls, leaving the Rock behind.

DIRT

Sorry, got caught up talking to a
magic rock that wanted to turn me
into a rock.

BUNKLE

Yeah, that'll happen.

DIRT

(very excited)

Hey! Let's go to the North Face!

Jessica and Bunkle hug each other, terrified.

BUNKLE

The... the North Face? Why?

DIRT

That's where the rich kid ski
school is! I'm NOT allowed to go
there. So we should totally go!

BUNKLE

(to Jessica)

She doesn't know.

JESSICA

Norblgh.

BUNKLE

The North Face... that's where
Gremlopolis is.

DIRT

Gremplloplopelis?

BUNKLE

Gremlopolis.

JESSICA

Gremblorp!

BUNKLE

The Gremlin city. It's full of
horrible Gremlins and terrible
Goblins. It's super dangerous!

DIRT

Cool.

BUNKLE

Huh, I guess it is pretty cool.
Maybe... I dunno. Dad says we can't
go there unsupervised... BUT --

JESSICA

Nu-blugh.

BUNKLE

Oh, come on.

JESSICA

Nobabloblog.

DIRT

It'll be fun!

Jessica slugs back the way they came. The others follow,
arguing.

BUNKLE

Don't be such a spoiled slug.

JESSICA

Gragab.

BUNKLE

I'm NOT scared, you're scared.

Up ahead, the rock quietly chuckles to itself.

Dirt's foot hits the rock. POOF. Smoke clears as Bunkle and Jessica cough (ever seen a slug cough? Gross). They look down and see two rocks.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)

Oh no!

Bunkle swoops down and picks up Dirt who is a rock.

ROCK

I told her I'd do it.

BUNKLE

You evil rock! You're as bad as a pixie!

She kicks the talking rock. It flies away.

ROCK (O.S.)

(having a great time)

Wheeeee!!!!

BUNKLE

Dirt. Dirt, speak to me!

Nothing.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)

Oh, if only we'd gone to the North Face like she wanted! Then she'd still be here!

(thinks)

I guess she is still here. Just, she's... she's a rock!

Bunkle starts blubbering. Jessica hugs her.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)

We have to take her to the North Face. It's the last thing she wanted.

JESSICA

Ragablargh.

Jessica weeps. Bunkle hugs her and the rock close and they walk, hugging and weeping.

They come to a wall of collapsed rubble.

BUNKLE

(suddenly not crying)

Oh right, forgot about the cave-in. Welp, looks like we're --

Jessica gestures up. Bunkle smiles.

EXT. GOLDENGOOSE SKI SCHOOL AND CHATEAU - DAY

A very pretty little set of cottages. KIDS ski down a big hill, straight into a little awning where they are handed hot cocoa. It looks VERY expensive.

An INSTRUCTOR speaks to a STUDENT.

INSTRUCTOR

Your pole work is phenomenal,
Barnabas. Just remember to lean
into the turn from the shin.

STUDENT

Yes, Junior Senator Remmington.

A little ways away, Jessica and Bunkle pop up out of the snow.

BUNKLE

Oh look! It's those kids that are
mean to Dirt.

JESSICA

Burgablurgalurg.

BUNKLE

No, she called them RICH kids.

JESSICA

Baburg.

BUNKLE

That is NOT what you said.

She holds the rock to her ear.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)

What's the Dirt? Well, if you
insist.

She winds up to hurl the rock/Dirt at a rich kid. Jessica's mouth gloms onto her arm, holding her in place.

JESSICA

(with arm in mouth)
Bagajag.

BUNKLE

She did TOO whisper to me.

JESSICA
 (with arm in mouth)
 Blope.

BUNKLE
 Okay, okay, fine.

She makes a snowball and hurls that instead. It slams into Barnabas and he goes down, sliding down the mountain on his skis. The Instructor chases after him.

INSTRUCTOR
 BARNABAS! NOOOOOOO!

Jessica and Bunkle laugh.

BUNKLE
 Wasn't that funny, Dirt? Eh? Eh?

Nothing. Bunkle's lip quivers.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)
 Oh! Let's show Dirt the underground here. The hole is right there, let's go! You'll LOVE this, Dirt.

They don't move.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)
 We're totally gonna do it. Not scared at all.

They don't move.

JESSICA
 Rarglarg.

BUNKLE
 Shh. It's gonna happen. Right... now!

Jessica and Bunkle take a deep breath and RUN towards the camp, then dive into a hidden hole in the ground and start digging, dropping down into...

INT. NORTH FACE UNDERGROUND - DAY

It's dark, but there's a light at the end of a tunnel. Jessica and Bunkle thump to the ground. Sounds painful.

BUNKLE
 (to rock)
 Okay, Dirt.
 (MORE)

BUNKLE (CONT'D)

We have to be very careful. This is one of the most evil, dangerous, terrifying places in the whole mountain.

They get up and move towards the light, into...

INT. GREMLOPOLIS - DAY

A jolly little town filled with stores and shoppers, almost all of whom are GREMLINS, nasty little purple/gray/red guys with big boils all over their bodies. They all have only one eye, but each has a different number of teeth.

BUNKLE

Gremlins!

She hides behind a rock. Jessica seems unafraid.

JESSICA

Ga-blurgh.

BUNKLE

I am NOT scared, stop saying that!

Bunkle takes a deep breath, gets up, and takes a step towards Gremlopolis.

Two Gremlins shoot fire at each other. One of them catches on fire. The crowd of Gremlins laughs hysterically.

Bunkle immediately hides again. Jessica slugs over and nudges her.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)

I'm a little scared.

She peeks her head up. A huge BANG. She hides.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)

Goblins!

The Earth quakes. Two GOBLINS, massive versions of Gremlins, stomp into the square and pick up the fighting Gremlins.

Bunkle looks up. In a flash, the Goblins turn the Gremlins into glasses of milk, which they then sip from. Bunkle hides again.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)

Not scared not scared not scared.
But don't let them come near me.
Not scared.

JESSICA
Rababababablaragh!

Bunkle is picked up by her shirt collar.

BUNKLE
AHHH! Put me down, Gremlin! I don't
have a soul to steal!

She punches at the air. After awhile she runs out of steam and looks up to see her dad Binkle and her mom PIPPLE, who is a large bear in a blonde wig.

BINKLE
Girls, what are you doing here?

BUNKLE
Umm... shopping?

PIPPLE
RAAAARR.

JESSICA
Gablargh.

BINKLE
No, Jessica. Your mother is right.
It's far too dangerous for two
unaccompanied minors to... wait.
You're unaccompanied. Where is
Dirt?

BUNKLE
She, uh, she totally went home for
the day. Yeah.

BINKLE
Oh. Well. You are also going home.

He goes for a high-five from Pipple. She is a bear and does not understand.

He picks up Jessica and carries the girls under each arm. He walks towards a hallway, followed by Pipple.

PIPPLE
RAAAAR.

BINKLE
Yeah, hey, what's with the rock?

BUNKLE
Nothing. We just like it is all.

JESSICA
Gerblarg.

PIPPLE
RAAAR.

INT. BRUNKLE HOUSE, BEDROOM - GIRLS' ROOM - DAY

A VERY chaotic bedroom, covered in posters of cute monsters and crumpled clothes everywhere. A big bunk bed, two desks, etc.

Jessica sits on the ground, trying to color with a crayon she's holding with her eye stalks. It keeps slipping out.

Bunkle sits at her desk, the rock/Dirt placed under a lamp. She reads from a very large book.

BUNKLE
Ugh!

She slams the book shut.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)
Nobody knows any doinkin' rock magic!

JESSICA
(not even looking up)
Grababrag.

BUNKLE
Yeah, OF COURSE rocks know rock magic, but only the kind that turns you INTO rocks.

JESSICA
Brgarb?

BUNKLE
Why would a rock wanna change someone back? Ugh. Only stupid goblins know rock magic.

JESSICA
(suddenly terrified)
GRAAAAAAAAAA --

BUNKLE
No, we're not gonna go see any goblins.

JESSICA

BRRAAA --

BUNKLE

You don't think I KNOW how dangerous... wait. What about What's-His-Face?

Jessica gives her a look.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)

I don't know what that look means. Your slug face is, like, not very expressive.

INT. GROUNDER TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A cute town square, populated with Grounders (like Binkle and Bunkle) going about their business.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE stands in front of a shop ("Smoothies for the Smooth"). He is a goblin, which is a lot like a gremlin except bigger and grosser. He is particularly gross. He wears a little porkpie hat, way too small for his head.

Jessica and Bunkle (clutching Dirt) spy on him from behind some bushes made of rock.

BUNKLE

(to Dirt)

Don't worry, What's-His-Face is harmless. He's tiny for a goblin.

A GROUNDER walks by What's-His-Face.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

You there! Stop and debate me!

GROUNDER

About what?

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

You, sir, are a Grounder.

GROUNDER

Correct.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

And I am a goblin.

GROUNDER

I guess.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

Explain to me the merits of me,
goblin, NOT eating you, Grounder.

GROUNDER

Well, first off there's like thirty
Grounders around the corner who are
bigger than you and would beat you
up, and you know this, and we talk
about it every day.

The Grounder walks away.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

Ah! A spirited debate!

BUNKLE

He got kicked outta Gremlopolis for
being too annoying.

Bunkle takes a deep breath. She gets up and SPRINTS at the
goblin.

BUNKLE (CONT'D)

(way too fast)

Excuse-me-sir-please-use-goblin-
rock-magic-to-turn-my-friend-back-
into-a-person-and-not-a-rock-
anymore-please-please-just-do-it-
do-it-quick!

The goblin stares at her.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

Pardon? Could you repeat the last,
first, and also the middle part?

Jessica slugs her way over.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE (CONT'D)

My word. Should you not be in
Slugville, where nobody would be
forced to look upon you?

BUNKLE

Rude!

JESSICA

Garagablagarg.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

What did she say?

BUNKLE

She said you are rude and also bad.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

Ah. I could have guessed that.

BUNKLE

Yeah, but you didn't.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

Indeed.

BUNKLE

So can you change my friend back into a person or what?

She holds Dirt aloft.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

Hmm. Yes. A very simple task, what with my goblin rock magic and whatnot.

BUNKLE

GREAT!

JESSICA

GLORB!

Bunkle tries to shove the rock into his hands, but he recoils.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

Uh-uh-uh. First we must make... a bargain.

As he says "bargain" he waves his hand above his head, summoning the word "bargain" into the air in rainbow text.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE (CONT'D)

Yes, my --

(summons the letters)

GOBLIN MAGIC

(back to normal)

Is indeed quite --

(summons the letters)

IMPRESSIVE.

BUNKLE

Just tell us what the deal is.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

My, what an impatient little Grounder you are.

BUNKLE

Stop talking and tell me what you want already, your voice is so annoying!

JESSICA

Brulg.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

My voice is --
(singing loudly)
ANNOYING?!

JESSICA

(like "ding ding ding")
Blarg blarg blarg.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

What I want, in exchange for a potent little piece of rock magic is... your SAFETY!

He laughs maniacally.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE (CONT'D)

Yes. I would like a piece of your safety.

BUNKLE

I am very unsafe, sounds like a good deal.

Jessica looks worried.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

Hmm, but how to collect my prize?
Oh! I know. In exchange for my rock magic you must...

He draws himself up, towering over them menacingly.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE (CONT'D)

Physically touch a human!

He laughs maniacally. Bunk and Jessica look at each other.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE (CONT'D)

What's the matter, girls? NERVOUS?!

BUNKLE

Very. Can we, uh, do it AFTER you do the rock magic?

What's-His-Face takes a moment to think.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

Indeed.

She immediately shoves the rock in his face.

BUNKLE

Do it do it do it do it do it do it
do --

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

OKAY!

He waves his hands and POOF. The dust settles. Dirt stands before them, a human girl once more.

Bunkle and Jessica immediately hug her -- way too tight.

DIRT

Okay. Okay!

(laughs)

Stop it. Stop it!

(mad)

No seriously, stop it right now.

She bites Jessica's sluggy arm. Jessica just hugs harder.

BUNKLE

(to goblin)

Nah-nah, we're touching a human!

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

No. No! This is NOT in the spirit
of our bargain!

BUNKLE

And there's nothing you can do
about it!

Jessica blows a raspberry. Dirt bites each of them as they hug her. Guardsman Loretta walks over as What's-His-Face's Face grows red with rage.

GUARDSMAN LORETTA

What's-His-Face, are you making
bargains again?

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE

Why, Guardsman Loretta, I --

GUARDSMAN LORETTA

Ya know you're not supposed to be
making bargains no more.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE
 Certainly there is some sort of...
 bargain we could make to --

INT. TERRIBLE JAIL - DAY

The door opens. Mr. Biscuit walks free, looking a little ashamed of himself. What's-His-Face is tossed into the jail and the door slams shut.

Up top we see a sign: "MAXIMUM OCCUPANCY: 1"

INT. DARK CAVE - DAY

As in the opening, the three girls walk down the dark cave.

DIRT
 Yeah, it was pretty cool being a
 rock.

JESSICA
 Gablagar-ghool.

DIRT
 Did you just say "cool?"

Jessica shrugs.

DIRT (CONT'D)
 HOW MUCH FURTHER?!

BUNKLE
 Cool it, I swear it's right here.

DIRT
 I don't even believe you. A
 fountain made of bees? That does
 NOT exist.

Jessica shakes her head "no."

BUNKLE
 It does so.

DIRT
 Can we go to the North Face?

BUNKLE
 We already went to the North Face!

DIRT
 Yeah, but I didn't have any EYES!

Dirt and Bunkle walk ahead, arguing. Jessica stops in her tracks as she hears...

ROCK

Hey you. Girl. I wanna turn you
into a rock.

Jessica looks at it.

ROCK (CONT'D)

What do you say? Wanna be a rock?

Jessica picks it up with her mouth and swallows it. She follows her friends deeper into the cave.

CUT TO CREDITS.