

SHAPE ISLAND

"The Winter Blues"

(a holiday special)

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EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAININSIDE - NIGHT

The wind HOWLS, and glittering snow billows around SQUARE. He is trudging up a steep mountain path, sullen and alone.

NARRATOR

Tonight is the coldest, longest night of the year, a night when all little shapes should be cozy in their Pillow Caverns eating peppermint popcorn.

The pompoms on his knit hat bob frantically as he climbs.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

So why exactly is Square all alone on this frozen mountain on such a cold, long night?

Square pauses on a dramatic rock outcropping to look back the way he came. He squints against the bitter wind.

SQUARE

(with grit)

I'm just a lone wolf now. I can never go back.

NARRATOR

Friends, we must first understand something important about Square. Let's rewind.

A flurry of snow whites out the frame.

EXT. MEADOW IN SPRING - DAY

RACK IN FROM OVER-EXPOSURE:

Square sails down a meadow path on his bike, flanked by a riot of wildflowers. He RINGS his bell for the joy of it.

NARRATOR

Square loves spring.

He skims a hand through the flowers and scoops up a bouquet.

EXT. BEACH IN SUMMER - DAY

Square wades happily into the gentle surf in water wings.

NARRATOR

Square loves summer.

He finds a big seashell and holds it up. We study it from his POV: sun-drenched, glistening, backed by a perfect blue sky.

EXT. FOREST PATH IN FALL - DAY

Under a canopy of red and gold foliage, Square hops from fallen leaf to fallen leaf, reveling in each dry CRUNCH.

NARRATOR

And - you guessed it - Square loves fall!

I/E. SQUARE'S WINDOW IN WINTER - DAY

Seen from outside, Square's window is closed. He frowns out through a filigree of glinting frost to the leafless trees.

NARRATOR

But Square has never loved winter

A few fat snowflakes tumble through the foreground. Resigned, Square draws his curtains shut.

INT. SQUARE'S MAIN ROOM - DAY

Inside, we find Square slumped glumly at his kitchen table, fully burrito-ed in a quilt. He's surrounded by half-finished mugs of tea, unopened mail, and a few overdue library books.

NARRATOR

Have you ever heard of the Winter Blues?

Square looks right into camera.

SQUARE

What?

TITLE CARD: "THE WINTER BLUES"

NARRATOR

The Winter Blues.

INT. SQUARE'S MAIN ROOM - DAY [CONTINUOUS]

REVERSE TO:

CIRCLE and TRIANGLE, opposite, also stare directly into camera with great concern.

CIRCLE

I said, "Are you okay, Square?"

SQUARE

Oh. Yes, I'm okay.

TRIANGLE

You don't really seem okay.

Square (in his blanket-burrito) SIGHS wearily and does a sideways roll out of his chair. He lands on his side and just lies there on the floor beside the table.

NARRATOR

Aaaaand we're on the floor.

Circle and Triangle lie down next to him in solidarity.

SQUARE

I am not really okay.

CIRCLE

We know.

TRIANGLE

You wanna talk about it?

SQUARE

(emphatically)

No.

(beat)

I mean, it's just that it's so cold and gloomy all the time! I can't remember what spring feels like. I can't fly my kite or eat a popsicle at the beach or go apple picking so why even MOVE?

Triangle WHISTLES like "oh boy." Triangle and Circle look at each other. They do some quick eyes-only communicating and then nod in agreement.

Circle puts on a record – something jangly and bright – and she and Triangle launch into a brief CLEAN-UP MONTAGE:

Triangle clears away the mugs. Circle tidies the books into a neat stack. Triangle flings opens the curtains. Circle puts a cheese sandwich on a little plate on the floor beside Square.

They dust and they shimmy and then they haul a big trunk up to the table to unpack. Square peeks up over the edge.

NARRATOR

Aaaaand we're off the floor!

The trunk is full of craft supplies! Balls of yarn! Tin foil! Tissue paper! Impressed, Square stands all the way up, bringing the cheese sandwich with him. He takes a bite.

SQUARE

What is all this?

TRIANGLE

Proof that winter can be a fun!

CIRCLE

Yeah! We're gonna throw you a winter party and show you all the terrific stuff you can do when it's frosty out!

Triangle emerges from the trunk fully tangled in crepe paper.

TRIANGLE

Like crafts! But - we just don't have your flair for party decorations, pal.

Square comes over to help Circle untangle Triangle.

SQUARE

(hesitant)

Weirdly, I do have a knack for making paper snowflakes.

Square picks up a piece of paper, takes two calculated snips with the scissors, and unfolds an absurdly complex snowflake.

NARRATOR

Wow.

With help, Square tapes it to the window-pane. The trio stand back to admire the silhouette against the sun-lit frost.

CIRCLE

You make everything special,
Square.

Square takes this in and brightens a little. Then, slowly but surely, the gloom seeps back in.

SQUARE

...I don't know. I just don't see what there is to celebrate.

CIRCLE

(grasping at straws)
Winter has plenty of stuff to celebrate!

(MORE)

CIRCLE (CONT'D)

Like ice-skating, or snowball
fights, or when it gets so cold
your breath turns to fog...

Square shivers involuntarily at Circle's suggestions. He frowns and makes a beeline for his quilt under the table.

CIRCLE (CONT'D)

(whispering to Triangle)
Help me out here!

TRIANGLE

Oh yeah, plenty to celebrate!
Especially the... Winter...

At a loss, Triangle glances around until he spots the library book at the top of the pile. The cover features Bigfoot standing under the tractor beam of a UFO.

TRIANGLE (CONT'D)

...Bigfoot.

Circle shoots Triangle an incredulous look. But Square perks up! He turns back with the quilt draped over his head.

SQUARE

Did you say, "The Winter Bigfoot"?

TRIANGLE

I dunno. Did I?

Square grabs the book. Flips it to a snowy spread featuring a tall, noble creature with white fur and a minty green face.

SQUARE

Did you mean a yeti?

TRIANGLE

Uh, yeah! Obviously!

Circle has her party-pooper frown on and is about to object, but then Triangle nudges her and gestures toward Square. Their friend's eyes have gone sparkly with sudden emotion.

SQUARE

Yeti are the coolest. I mean, not literally - they're covered in fur so they never get cold. They're really good at Winter.

Square chuckles to himself.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

I'm sure I sound silly. I know
they're just a myth, but...
sometimes I really wish they were
real.

Circle and Triangle look at each other and make a silent promise. Finally, Circle takes a deeeeep BREATH.

CIRCLE

Gosh, did I forget to say? Our big winter celebration is called Yeti Night! Because guess what? Yeti are real!

Square's jaw drops. His face lights all the way up. He does a frantic little jump.

SQUARE

I knew it. I knew it!

Square runs off and comes back with an armful of Yeti keepsakes - a rubber yeti mask, a yeti pillow, a lovingly hand-sewn yeti doll, etc, genuine excitement on his face.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

Tell me everything about Yeti Night.

EXT. SILHOUETTE STAGE - NIGHT

An ice-encrusted pane of glass fills frame, lit from behind by scattered blue light.

CIRCLE (V.O.)

I think it started with winter.

NARRATOR

Oh are you doing this one?

The silhouettes of a crescent moon and a distant mountain-range appear, cast by paper cut-outs à la Lotte Reiniger.

TRIANGLE (V.O.)

A LONG winter. A hundred years.

NARRATOR

Ah! I'll just cozy up and listen.

Paper-cut snowflakes tumble past on a harsh wind.

CIRCLE (V.O.)

No one could even *remember* spring.
Not the shapes or the animals -

TRIANGLE (V.O.)

Or the turtles.

CIRCLE (V.O.)

(very gently)

Which are animals.

Paper-cut creatures wander past, shivering and aimless.

CIRCLE (V.O.)

But there was one little shape who
almost remembered spring.

A silhouette square with blinking eyes walks into frame.

INT. SQUARE'S MAIN ROOM - DAY

Square watches his friends with starry-eyed wonder as they narrate, but his hands are *flying*. A new snowflake every ten seconds. Triangle gleefully dunks each paper-cut in glitter before passing them to Circle who threads them onto a string.

CIRCLE

Was spring something you could *see*?
Was it something you could *feel*?

We pull out to see the room already festooned with long strings of snowflakes.

CIRCLE (CONT'D)

Or maybe spring was something you could *taste*.

SQUARE

(excited)

Oh! Oh! The best place for
remembering tastes is the kitchen!

INT. SQUARE'S KITCHEN - INSIDE CUPBOARD - DAY

Darkness. Then Triangle yanks open the cupboard and squints at us, dusted in glitter.

CIRCLE (O.C.)

And what did the little shape find?

Triangle holds up a jar to eyeball its contents.

TRIANGLE
(hollering over shoulder)
Apricot preserves!

Cupboard door closes.

I/E. SILHOUETTE STAGE - VARIOUS

The silhouette square blinks at us. They have Square's voice:

SILHOUETTE SQUARE
What do apricot preserves have to
do with spring?

CIRCLE (V.O.)
Triangle can explain that bit.

TRIANGLE (V.O.)
I can? I mean, obviously it's cuz,
uh, apricot trees bloom in spring.

An inviting amber light-source replaces the cool blue behind the glass, and a silhouette tree branch sprouts leaves and then blossoms, and then those blossoms mature into apricots.

TRIANGLE (V.O.)
And then the leaves soak up all
that sunshine and the flowers grow
into apricots and then we pick them
and stew them and can them and ka-
boom: spring in a jar!

The apricots fall into a big silhouette pot with a PLOP and then the pot tilts its bubbling contents into a jar. The light turns cool again, and silhouette square pours the jar straight into a mixing bowl. They stir it with a big spoon.

CIRCLE
Right! You see, the little shape
was hoping to jog everyone's memory
with a taste of spring.

The silhouette square slides a muffin tin into an oven. A big kitchen timer TICK-TICK-TICKS and then DINGS.

INT. SQUARE'S KITCHEN - SUNSET

Wearing big oven mitts, Circle pulls a tin of beautifully browned apricot-oat MUFFINS from the oven. On either side of her, Triangle and Square CLAP. Square beams at his friends.

SQUARE
(urgently)
So then what happened?

EXT. SILHOUETTE STAGE - NIGHT

A door opens and the silhouette square steps through with the muffin tin.

CIRCLE (V.O.)
Well, you should always let hot foods cool before eating them. So the little shape set their muffins out in the snow for just a moment.

The muffin tin sits on the doorstep, stylized swirls of silhouette steam wafting up through the air.

INT. SQUARE'S MAIN ROOM - DUSK

Square gently closes his front door and then hurries back through the dim room to sit with Triangle and Circle on the sleeping bags spread out slumber-party style on the floor. He's so excited he's nearly bouncing up and down.

I/E. SQUARE'S WINTER WINDOW - DUSK [CONTINUOUS]

The wind tugs at the icicles on the bare tree, but the scene through the window is cozy and warm: a glowing camp lantern in the middle, sparkly snowflakes twinkling overhead, and our three heroes chattering happily over popcorn and cocoa.

CIRCLE (V.O.)
This is the good part. Because the little shape finally had something to look forward to.

TRIANGLE (V.O.)
Until...

EXT. SILHOUETTE STAGE - NIGHT

A silhouetted winter landscape scrolls past as we track with the wafting swirls of muffin steam. We follow it all the way to a big, dark cave and hear a deep, long SNIFF. Out steps...

TRIANGLE (V.O.)
The Yeti!

CIRCLE (V.O.)
The Yeti!

NARRATOR

I completely forgot she was coming.

The silhouette Yeti is tall and noble, just like in the book.

INT. SQUARE'S MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Square is beside himself. He does a couple gleeful HANDCLAPS.

SQUARE

A REAL Yeti?

CIRCLE

Sure! I mean, yes? Yes!

TRIANGLE

Oh, very real. *REAL* real.

Triangle (still dusted in glitter) is cool as a cucumber. But Circle looks sick to her stomach about lying.

NARRATOR

Oh dear.

EXT. SILHOUETTE STAGE - NIGHT TO DAWN

The silhouette Yeti is following the muffin steam.

SQUARE (V.O.)

Oh my goodness, look at her go!

CIRCLE (V.O.)

Finally, she reached the little
shape's door.

The door only comes up to her waist. She leans over and picks up the muffin tin in her enormous paw. She sniffs again.

TRIANGLE (V.O.)

The smell reminded the Yeti of
something. Something *important*.

Delicately, she pulls a single teeny muffin out of the tin. She tosses it into her mouth. Closes her eyes and chews.

Suddenly, the frosty glass blooms with pink and yellow light. A riot of apricot blossoms unfurls around her. A robin SINGS.

The Yeti snaps open her eyes. In an instant, the blossoms are gone, the glass goes icy blue, and the birdsong cuts out.

SQUARE (V.O.)

She remembered.

CIRCLE (V.O.)

She remembered. And you know what
she did with that memory?

SQUARE (V.O.)

What?

TRIANGLE (V.O.)

She *roared* it. She roared it so
loud that she *woke up spring*.

The silhouette Yeti turns eastward and ROARS. A deep,
resonant, mountain-shaking ROAR.

As the last ECHO recedes, the light behind the icy glass
begins to warm. From blue to periwinkle to blushing rose and
finally to the most hopeful, buttery yellow you've ever seen.

SQUARE

(reverently)

Wow.

CIRCLE (V.O.)

That's why we celebrate the Yeti on
the longest, coldest night of the
year. To remind her to wake up
spring.

INT. SQUARE'S FRONT DOOR - DAWN

The first rays of sun glint on the icicles over the door.

We hear a THUD.

SQUARE (O.S.)

(from inside, muffled)

Wake up! Wake up, wake up, wake up!

Enthusiastic FOOTSTEPS. Square flings open the door and
GASPS. He picks up the empty muffin tin and holds it aloft.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

IT WORKED! THE YETI CAME IN THE
NIGHT AND ATE OUR MUFFINS!

Circle and Triangle appear behind him in the doorway, bleary-eyed
and nursing mugs of hot cocoa. They take a synchronized
sip and squint up to appraise the muffin tin, looking for all
the world like someone's dads.

TRIANGLE

Well, would you look at that.

Circle notices the muffin crumbs all over Triangle's face and hastily brushes them away.

Too excited to notice, Square has started running in place with the empty muffin tin up over his head. Circle laughs and gives him a nudge, and he shoots off to run laps in the snow.

CIRCLE
Happy Yeti Night, Square!

SQUARE
(hollering from far away)
Happy Yeti Night, Circle!

Triangle and Circle look at each other with weary smiles.

TRIANGLE
I am 95% muffin right now.

CIRCLE
Happy Yeti Night, Triangle.

They clink mugs and do a quick secret handshake.

I/E. SQUARE'S WINDOW - VARIOUS

Back outside the window, we watch several years pass in quick succession: spring, summer, fall, winter, Yeti Night, repeat.

NARRATOR
Yeti Night was a runaway success. So the shapes brought it back the next winter. And then again the winter after that! And each year they added fun new traditions to fill Yeti Night with warmth and joy. Let's peek in on what they're up to on *this* year's Yeti Night.

We hear the soft NEEDLE DROP of Square's record player.

INT. SQUARE'S MAIN ROOM - DAY TO DUSK

Surrounded by dazzling decorations, our trio boogies to a festive jazz trio on the hi-fi. The original paper snowflakes are back up, joined now by sprays of red berries, garlands of charmingly uneven pompoms in sunrise colors, and glowing paper-bag luminaries.

A festive MONTAGE of updated Yeti Night traditions:

- Circle and Triangle festoon Turtle's shell in mint leaves

- Cheeks rosy and eyes sparkling, Square bustles in from the yard with mugs full of snow. He drizzles maple syrup on top and happily eats a heaping spoonful.
- Triangle gleefully smashes peppermints to bits with a rolling pin, and Square sprinkles the bits over warm popcorn
- The trio exchange fancy pinecones decorated with ribbons
- Square decants a big gleaming jar of apricot preserves that Circle spoons into muffin batter and Triangle into his mouth
- Square spreads sleeping bags on the ground, and Circle and Triangle build a pillow fort of couch cushions over them

INT. PILLOW CAVERN - DUSK

Inside the fort, Square and Tri are busy drawing pictures.

Circle swoops in with a few more sparkly paper snowflakes. She sticks them to the blanket ceiling.

CIRCLE

Ta-da! Yeti Ice Cavern complete!
Now what are we doing?

Square proudly holds up a complex hand-drawn map with routes marked in bright colors and some taped-on polaroid snapshots.

SQUARE

Compiling evidence!

TRIANGLE

And I drew a frog!

Circle blinks at the frog and then spins back to Square.

CIRCLE

Evidence of what?

SQUARE

The Yeti, of course!

Square points to a blurry photo. Tri and Circle crowd in.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

I'm pretty sure *this* is a yeti
footprint! And *here* is a tree
branch broken by something *BIG*.

Circle and Triangle glance at each other, concerned.

TRIANGLE

And the map?

SQUARE

My own design, based on historic geological data. I've isolated a few promising cave systems. Because this year I plan to find the Yeti!

Circle and Triangle are alarmed.

CIRCLE

Did you say FIND the Yeti?

Square nods brightly and beams down at his evidence collage.

SQUARE

I'm just a huge fan of her work.

Circle swallows and tries to smile.

CIRCLE

Wow! Wow. This is great. So thorough! Although, I wonder-

TRIANGLE

I uh, also wonder - is it possible the Yeti is... just a story?

Square LAUGHS. He laughs and laughs and laughs.

SQUARE

Oh my days. You goofs, the Yeti *has* to be real. If she's not, who brings spring back every year? And who eats all the muffins?

Triangle grimaces. Have they gone too far with this fib?

CIRCLE

(delicately)

I just think we would have seen her on the doorstep at least once.

Square's face lights up.

SQUARE

Circle! That's GENIUS! Why didn't I think of watching the doorstep? Instead of going to find her, we let her come to US!

Circle smacks her forehead. Oops.

NARRATOR

This is not what she had hoped for.

SQUARE

Instead of going to sleep after we
put the muffins out, let's wait up!
Hmmm, this calls for a big pot of
strong tea. No chamomile tonight!

Square scoots out of the fort to go start the kettle, and as soon as he's gone, Circle grabs Triangle by the shoulders.

CIRCLE

(loud whisper)

This is really bad. I think we need to confess that we made this whole holiday up.

TRIANGLE

And break his little square heart?
Yeti Night helped him overcome his Winter Blues! Square actually looks forward to winter now. He *really* likes yetis.

CIRCLE

Ugh, you're right. Ok then - what if, this year, we don't sneak out and eat the muffins, and we just tell him the Yeti forgot to come.

TRIANGLE

And break his little square heart??

CIRCLE

(frantic)

Agghh! I don't know how to fix this one!

Triangle reaches out and grabs Circle's shoulders this time.

TRIANGLE

Get it together, Circle. We're the best Yeti impersonators on the whole darn island. If anybody can pull off the sneakiest Yeti Night in history, it's us. You got that?

Circle nods. They do a solemn Yeti Night Secret Keepers' handshake and then SCREAM when Square pops his head in.

SQUARE

Cool handshake! Do either of you want milk in your tea? I have all the dairy substitutes.

CIRCLE

Uh... Could you rate them all on a scale of one to ten? I want to make an informed choice.

Square beams. He was born for this.

SQUARE

First is oat milk. I give it a nine for texture but a seven for flavor. Almond milk, though? Solid eights across the board.

With Square distracted, Triangle ducks out the back.

I/E. SQUARE'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - NIGHT

SNEAKIN' AROUND MONTAGE:

- Triangle swaps the black tea label (a smiling sunshine with wide-awake eyes) for the chamomile label (a snoring moon)
- At the table, Circle warms up on a little xylophone while Square and Triangle pack apricot muffins into a basket
- Alone in the Pillow Cavern, Triangle cuts a big footprint shape out of a piece of cardboard
- In the kitchen, Circle holds teacups while Square pours
- Square sets the muffin basket out on the snowy step, covers it lovingly with a tea towel as if tucking them in bed

INT. SQUARE'S MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Triangle tries to usher Square back to the Cavern, but Square makes a U-turn and plops down right next to the closed door.

SQUARE

So we can hear when the Yeti comes!
Gosh, I can't wait to meet her.

Square takes a sip of tea and YAWNS. He frowns into his cup.

CIRCLE

Would it help if I played my special stay-awake song?

SQUARE

Wow, yes please!

Circle begins to play the gentlest, most twinkly xylophone lullaby. Stifling another YAWN, Square looks out the window.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

Maybe she'll sign my muffin tin!

Triangle drapes a heavy woolen blanket on Square's shoulders.

TRIANGLE

Maybe! Say, how many snowflakes do you see out there?

Square squints at the window.

SQUARE

One. Two. Three. Four.

Square slumps over instantly and begins SNORING. Circle and Triangle leap into action, zipping out the front door.

We stay on snoozing Square and listen to the cute little WHISTLE in his snore and from outside, some muffled BUMPS and furtive WHISPERING. Suddenly Square sits up, bleary-eyed.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

One-hundred and four snowflakes,
Triangle! Triangle? Circle?

Square looks around his empty home for a moment, confused, and then he hears snow CRUNCHING outside.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

Oh my stars! She's here!

Square scrambles around with excitement. He's about to meet his hero! At the door, he takes one last big BREATH.

EXT. SQUARE'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Square swings the door open. Outside, in the light of a full moon, Triangle and Circle freeze, their eyes enormous.

Triangle, in enormous footprint stilts, is mid-stomp. Circle, perched on the muffin basket, panic-throws a half-eaten muffin over her shoulder. It bounces off Triangle.

Square is aghast. He SPUTTERS a bit before managing words.

SQUARE

What is this? What are you *doing*?

TRIANGLE

We're... doing sports! You know, cool moves and scoring points?

Triangle tries to do some cool moves but just tips over into the snow. Square looks to Circle, desperately confused.

SQUARE

This is sports?

CIRCLE

Oh dear. We never wanted you to find out like this.

SQUARE

Find out? Is this... Are you...

Triangle finally SIGHS in defeat and waddles over.

TRIANGLE

We just wanted to help you see winter the way we do. I mean sure, it's cold, and it gets a little grey, but there's also wonder and fun and maple syrup sno-mugs! And you were missing out on all of that... until our first Yeti Night.

CIRCLE

It was just a story at first! But then you loved it SO MUCH.

TRIANGLE

And now WE love it so much.

CIRCLE

We just couldn't bear to squash the magic. But Square, the truth is... we made it all up.

Square is gutted.

SQUARE

How COULD you? You're supposed to be my friends!

Circle and Triangle both startle at this. That *stung*.

CIRCLE

(fighting back a little)
Square, we did all this because we're your friends!

SQUARE

Friends don't trick you for years
and make secret plans behind your
back and STEAL MUFFINS THAT WERE
NEVER MEANT FOR THEM.

For a long moment everyone just looks at each other. The dense snowfall muffles everything, and the silence is potent.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

So it was all a lie. You made up
EVERYTHING about Yeti Night.

Triangle crosses his arms and looks away, but Circle meets his gaze and nods. Square takes a DEEP BREATH.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Is the Yeti even real?

At this, his friends both look devastated.

NARRATOR

If Circle and Triangle could sink
into the ground, they would.

CIRCLE

I'm so sorry, Square. She isn't.

Deeply hurt, Square turns away and looks back through his open door to all the decorations, to the pillow cavern and the peppermint popcorn. He goes inside and shuts the door.

A beat later he returns with a packed knapsack, his pompom hat, and a hard expression on his face. He pours the remaining muffins into his bag.

SQUARE

I am going to live in the woods,
and you are NOT ALLOWED to follow
me.

CIRCLE

Square, wait!

Shocked, Triangle and Circle watch helplessly as Square and his pompom hat disappear into the swirling darkness.

INT. SQUARE'S MAIN ROOM - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]

Triangle enters the room, panicky.

TRIANGLE

I've never seen him this upset.
What do we do? We can't just let
him go, can we?

Circle follows him in forlornly. Square has torn down all the snowflakes and blown out the luminaries.

CIRCLE

He said not to follow him. When
someone wants time to themselves
it's usually best to leave them be.

Over at the open door, the wind HISSES, and they look out at what is quickly becoming a full-blown snowstorm.

TRIANGLE

But what if we never see him again?

Circle picks up Square's handmade yeti sweater and looks down at the big sweet yeti Square had knitted on the front. The fire comes back to her eyes.

CIRCLE

Go find a fuzzy hat, Triangle.
We're going after him.

Triangle pumps his fist. As they jump into action, we pull away out the door, into the storm. The house grows small in the powdery void. Snow blots out the frame.

SNOW WIPES TO:

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

Square struggles up the windy mountainside.

NARRATOR

And *that* is why we're all alone on this frozen mountain on the longest, coldest night of the year.

Square takes shelter under a pine tree for a moment.

SQUARE

(breathlessly)

Well, first order of lone wolf business is finding a new home. An empty ice cavern will have to do.

Kneeling, Square unfolds his hand-drawn cavern map on the ground. He frowns at the evidence polaroids and unsticks one.

SQUARE (CONT'D)
Guess I don't really need these
anymore. So long, fake footprints.

Square tosses the snapshot. The wind snatches it up and takes it away. He grabs the next one.

SQUARE (CONT'D)
Goodbye forever, phony fur!

Square crumples this one and really HURLS it into the wind.

On a roll, he snatches the next thing stuck to the map. But it's not a snapshot – it's one of the original paper-cut snowflakes. A bit battered and faded but still sparkly.

SQUARE (CONT'D)
Hey, how did you get in here? I
guess I don't need you, either.

But Square doesn't throw it yet. He cradles it in his hands.

SQUARE (CONT'D)
They said I made everything
special. Was that just a story too?

A big tear slides down his cheek. He SNIFFS and after a long moment releases the snowflake into the storm. It sails off.

SQUARE (CONT'D)
(hollering to the void)
I REALLY DON'T LIKE WINTER!

EXT. SNOWY FOOTHILLS - NIGHT

In loaded knapsacks and matching pompom hats, Triangle and Circle trudge uphill.

CIRCLE
Did you hear that?

TRIANGLE
(hollering over the wind)
Square! Squaaaare!

CIRCLE
(also hollering)
We're really sorry! Please come
back!
(to Triangle)
I can't see his footprints anymore.

Suddenly Circle bumps into Triangle. They topple over in a tired little heap and stay there.

CIRCLE (CONT'D)
We've officially lost the trail.

TRIANGLE
I think we've officially lost
ourselves. It feels like we've been
walking around in, uh -

Triangle glances at Circle, and she gives him a look.

TRIANGLE (CONT'D)
- the wrong direction. Didn't we
pass that big tuft of fur already?

Circle looks up where he's pointing and sees a big tuft of white fur stuck up high on a tree branch. She narrows her eyes, suddenly wary. Triangle sits upright and points again.

TRIANGLE (CONT'D)
Wait! I see footprints! Although, I
don't remember Square's feet being
quite so huge.

Circle looks and sees a trail of enormous footprints, big enough to sit in. She looks down and realizes - they are sitting in one! They GASP.

CIRCLE
It *can't* be.

We hear two BOOMING FOOTSTEPS, and then a huge shadow falls over them. Circle and Triangle turn and stare upward in disbelief. They GASP again in unison. CUT TO:

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAININSIDE - NIGHT

Square walks through the snowy blitz, his nose buried in his map.

SQUARE
(shivering)
Ugh, how did this day go so wrong?
I should be snoring in the Yeti
Pillow Cavern with Circle and
Triangle by now, but instead I'm...
here. And speaking of here - where
even IS here?

He holds the map closer to his face, then tries rotating it, then walks directly into a tree with a THUD. He rubs his head, then hears a loud rustling above him.

NARRATOR
Look out, Square!

Square turns to run as a BARRAGE OF SNOW falls from the branches. He trips over a small log and tumbles dramatically downhill.

EXT. SNOWY FOOTHILLS - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]

Square lands in a pile of snow with a spectacular THUD.

SQUARE
Ah, mud!

He blinks the stars out of his eyes, stubbornly straightens his pompom hat. He stands up, gets dizzy, and immediately falls face-first into a deep depression in the snow.

SQUARE (CONT'D)
Agghh! I've had it! This stinking snow! These cruddy clouds! My fibbing friends! Only I would have this kind of awful luck, after this lousy day, to fall into a... into a...

We widen to reveal that Square has fallen into... an enormous footprint! He GASPS.

SQUARE (CONT'D)
A FOOTPRINT!!!

He looks up and finds a whole trail of pristine tracks.

SQUARE (CONT'D)
Could it really be...?
(to the footprints)
No. YOU are NOT REAL. Circle and Triangle made the Yeti up!

He swings his gaze upwards, eyes enormous.

SQUARE (CONT'D)
Except...are those... broken branches? Is that FUR??

Square stumbles along the tracks, mouth agape. His disbelief swings back around to wonder. He does a giggly little hop.

SQUARE (CONT'D)
(delighted)
It is the Yeti! It must be!

He spots other prints, small scattered ones. Plus some big claw scrapes. Square frowns at the scene thoughtfully.

SQUARE (CONT'D)
Wait. What happened here?

Square pulls out his tape measure and starts analyzing.

SQUARE (CONT'D)
There are two sets of footprints here. A Yeti and a shape. No, a Yeti and TWO shapes.

He gestures to round and triangular craters in the snow.

SQUARE (CONT'D)
One spheroid and one equilateral.
Looks like the Yeti picked 'em up
and carried 'em off.

Square frowns at the craters. A beat later, it hits him.

SQUARE (CONT'D)
OH NO! It was Circle and Triangle!!
They must have come looking for me!

Square roots frantically through the snow and uncovers his Yeti sweater. He gasps, then hugs it to his chest with feeling.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. SQUARE'S MAIN ROOM - EVENING

Square, sitting on the couch, finishes knitting his Yeti Night sweater. He holds it up proudly to Circle and Triangle, who raise their maple-syrup sno-mugs in celebration. Square beams with pride.

EXT. SNOWY FOOTHILLS - NIGHT

SQUARE
They were trying to help...

He turns to gaze down the long trail of prints. He buckles the I-mean-business chest-strap on his knapsack.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

Hold on, Circle and Triangle. I'm coming for you.

INT. ICE CAVERN - NIGHT

Triangle and Circle sit in an ice cavern frowning hard at something off camera. They look beat.

TRIANGLE

How long has it been since the Yeti picked us up and put us in here? Do we live here now? Are we cave shapes, Circle??

CIRCLE

We might be. Have we tried all the escape plans?

Triangle points to various failed attempts scattered around them. First, a broken shovel under some rubble.

TRIANGLE

Digging a tunnel.

Circle blows a raspberry.

NARRATOR

Circle has moved into the "Real Bad Attitude" stage of exhaustion. It's a rare one for her!

Triangle points at some broken sticks.

TRIANGLE

Throwing sticks at the ice wall.

Circle GROANS melodramatically. Triangle points at Circle.

TRIANGLE (CONT'D)

You.

CIRCLE

It's too darn cold to shape-shift!

TRIANGLE

So we live here now. With The Butt.

We pull out to reveal a big furry Yeti rear-end, complete with legs and cute bobbed tail, entirely blocking the only exit.

Circle sinks to the ground and rolls until she bumps Tri.

CIRCLE

Well we broke Square's heart by
telling him Yeti don't exist, so
maybe this is some kind of cosmic
lesson? Are we learning something?

Triangle pats her on the head.

TRIANGLE

I haven't learned a thing.

I/E. ICE CAVERN CLEARING - PRE DAWN

The last stars twinkle overhead. The snowfall has slowed. Square, in his sweater, emerges winded from the trees.

Before him the prints lead across the clearing, straight into a shadowy cavern. Square approaches the threshold gingerly.

SQUARE

Yoo-hoo?

His yoo-hoo ECHOES for a moment. Then two enormous eyes snap open in the shadowy depths of the cave, glowing minty green.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

Oh my stars. IS IT REALLY YOU?

The eyes blink. We hear a deep GRUMBLE. Square SQUEALS.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

Eeeeeee! Ok. Stay cool, Square.

(hollering)

Hello my name is Square may I ask
you some questions about your life
please!!

A low GRUNT. Square takes this as a "yes" and flips through his field notebook, buzzing with delight.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

Okay! First is what have you been
reading lately and second-

Square stops. What is that FAINT SOUND?

INT. ICE CAVERN - PRE DAWN [CONTINUOUS]

Circle and Triangle hop up and down by The Butt, SCREAMING.

CIRCLE

SQUAAAAAAAARE YOU'RE ALIVE!!!

TRIANGLE
YOU CANNOT START A BOOK CLUB WITH
THE MONSTER THAT CARRIED US AWAY!!

I/E. ICE CAVERN CLEARING - PRE DAWN [CONTINUOUS]

The muffled screams remind Square of his mission. He winces.

SQUARE
Oh, how embarrassing. Yeti? I'm
actually here about some missing
shapes? Could I get you to just
scoot out of your cave a little bit
and let me friends go? Please?

The eyes blink. Claws scrape against rock. Square stares in awe as something shifts in the shadows. THE YETI emerges from the dark on all fours.

Forget picture-book Yeti. Imagine instead a minivan-sized wombat – sturdy, herbivorous, built like a rustic loaf of bread. Her fur is snowy-white. Her vibe is that she's always ten minutes away from a nap.

SQUARE (CONT'D)
(dazzled)
WOW.

The Yeti stops with a low, sleepy grunt, and sits just before she reaches the cavern threshold. She appraises Square from directly overhead.

INT. ICE CAVERN - PRE DAWN [CONTINUOUS]

Circle and Triangle are further down the tunnel now, hats on, ready to go! But Yeti has stopped moving. The legs are through and now the butt alone covers the entrance.

CIRCLE
No, no, no, keep scooting! We were
almost out!

The Butt settles itself down, all snug and comfy. The cute lil tail wags a little.

TRIANGLE
Too late. That Butt got cozy.

I/E. ICE CAVERN CLEARING - PRE DAWN [CONTINUOUS]

The Yeti YAWNS. Square taps his chin thoughtfully.

SQUARE

Can't get moving, huh? Can't say I
blame you for wanting to stay
inside when the outside world is
so...

Square turns and waves his hand dismissively at world.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

...you know.

The Yeti HARRUMPHS noisily and glares out at the surrounding forest like she really does know.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

I get it. I used to get the Winter Blues too. I just couldn't find the fun no matter how hard I tried. And then, one day, my friends...

Square trails off, lost in a warm memory. A lightbulb goes off.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

...helped me see things in a new way!

He sprints off. Bemused, the Yeti watches him bustle to and fro, tidying up the clearing, sweeping away twigs, gathering an armload of pinecones. Square explains on the go:

SQUARE (CONT'D)

(shouting)

We're going to celebrate, Yeti! We might not have all the same stuff for Yeti Night out here, but we'll make due with what we have!

He pushes big snowballs into a cute ring around the clearing and stacks the pinecones on top. Arranges bouquets of sticks and icicles. Draws a Yeti with pine needles on the fresh snow. He makes maple syrup sno-mugs with a camping cup and hands one to the Yeti. She gingerly holds it in her humongous paw.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

Yeti, you might not know this holiday because my friends invented it! They made it up! Which, it turns out, is a lot of work.

Square takes off his hat to fan at his face. He and the Yeti look out across the now-decorated clearing. It's nice!

SQUARE (CONT'D)

Winter feels a lot less gloomy if you fill it with magic - even if you have to make the magic from scratch. Maybe even whole holidays. Yeti Night is still my favorite.

Square CLEARS his throat for emphasis.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

And Circle and Triangle are *still* my favorite friends.

INT. ICE CAVERN - PRE DAWN [CONTINUOUS]

Circle and Triangle are beaming. They try to do their secret handshake but it devolves into joyful wiggly HAND-CLAPS.

I/E. ICE CAVERN CLEARING - PRE DAWN [CONTINUOUS]

Square reaches into his knapsack and pulls out a *beautiful* apricot muffin. The Yeti lifts her snout, intrigued.

SQUARE

Okay! We put the apricot preserves in so the muffins taste like spring. But it is *your* job to smell the muffins and leave your cave and come out into the world. Then you eat the muffins and remember that even the bleakest winters have to end.

The Yeti seems to consider this.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

Oh and then you roar! Spring will come back anyway but the roaring is fun!

Square walks out to the middle of the clearing. He sets the muffin down on a rock and steps aside with a flourish.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

For you.

Very slowly the Yeti gets up on her paws and leans over the threshold. She SNIFFS the air, hesitates.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Come on. I know you can do it.

Very slowly she pads out into the open. When she reaches him, she rocks back onto her hind paws, a majestic silhouette against the snowy terrain. Square blinks back proud tears.

SQUARE (CONT'D)
Happy Yeti Night, Yeti.

The Yeti glances back over her shoulder to the cavern entrance where Circle and Triangle are huddled.

SQUARE (CONT'D)
Oh! Don't worry about it. I would have put them in a cave to keep 'em safe from the storm, too.

Satisfied, the Yeti turns back, picks up the muffin between two minty claws, and tosses it into her mouth like popcorn. She smiles slightly, like she might be remembering summer.

Then she turns to the horizon and ROARS. It shakes the treetops. It shakes the mountains. Square ROARS right along with her.

At long last, the sun peeks up over the horizon.

EXT. ICE CAVERN CLEARING - MORNING

Later that morning, the trio lounge on the Yeti's soft belly, Totoro-style, and take turns tossing muffins into her mouth.

TRIANGLE
Hey Square, tell the story again!

CIRCLE
Yes! I love the part where you find the footprints.

Square, finally the hero, glows.

SQUARE
Well there I was, all alone on a frozen mountain on the longest, coldest night of the year...

END.