

SHAPE ISLAND

"The Shooting Star"

115B

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EXT. CLIFFSIDE STAIRS - GOLDEN HOUR

The cliff is awash in evening light. SQUARE, TRIANGLE, and CIRCLE tramp down the stairs in high spirits, their arms loaded with picnic gear.

NARRATOR

Tonight, Square, Triangle, and Circle are going to watch a very special astronomical phenomenon.

Square hops over a tree root that's grown up through a step.

SQUARE

You know, I don't think I've ever actually seen a shooting star!

TRIANGLE

Me neither. And I'm great at seeing stuff. I see stuff all the time!

Triangle promptly topples over the root and lands with his feet in the air. Circle and Square help tip him upright.

CIRCLE

It's actually called a meteor shower! There hasn't been one visible from the island for two hundred and thirty seven years! This is a very special night.

SQUARE

Whoaaaaaaa. Circle, what makes a shooting star fall out of the sky?

CIRCLE

Technically they aren't stars, but-

TRIANGLE

I bet shooting stars are SO FAST.

CIRCLE

Yes but -

TRIANGLE

Like, "SssshhFOOOoooooooooom!"

SQUARE

Yeah! "Pffffeeeeeeeeewwww!"

Circle glances back and forth between them as they volley.

TRIANGLE

I bet it's like, "Wwwwhheeeeeooooosh!
Outta my way, I'm-

TITLE CARD: THE SHOOTING STAR

NARRATOR

The Shooting Star.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Under continued <CHATTER>, we hear a faint, rising <WHISTLE>. Circle looks up sharply, brows furrowed.

SOMETHING is plummeting straight at them.

Triangle and Square <YELP> and throw themselves to the ground, but Circle hoists the PICNIC BASKET over their heads just in time and neatly catches... a large, speckled EGG!

CIRCLE

Oh my.

Square and Triangle peek over the sides of the basket.

TRIANGLE

Huh. Shooting stars look a whole lot like eggs.

CIRCLE

This *is* an egg.

TRIANGLE

Knew it.

Circle scans her eyes along the cliff above, squinting, while Triangle and Square poke at the egg.

NARRATOR

Now where did that come from?

Circle spots it: a nest far up on a ledge.

CIRCLE

Aha! Let's get you home, little one.

Square and Triangle watch as Circle floats upward.

EXT. HIGH UP THE CLIFFSIDE - GOLDEN HOUR

There are two other eggs in the nest on the ledge. Circle compares them to her own.

CIRCLE

Yep, you're a matching set.

She gently tucks the egg between its siblings and then pulls back to study the cozy picture they make.

CIRCLE (CONT'D)

See? You belong together!

Circle looks suddenly much smaller, framed all alone against the big sky. She hugs her arms around herself.

NARRATOR

Suddenly Circle felt very lonely.

CIRCLE

(wistful)

This is where you came from. This is home.

The moment is broken by a <SHOUT> from below.

SQUARE (O.S.)

Circle! Triangle fell over again!

TRIANGLE (O.S.)

The tree root attacked me!

Circle <SIGHS> real big and gives her egg one last look.

CIRCLE

Take care of yourself, kid.

She drops out of frame, and we stay on the trio of eggs.

CIRCLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

TRIANGLE. HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU. KICKING TREES DOESN'T SOLVE PROBLEMS.

EXT. SANDY BEACH - SUNSET TO NIGHT

The shapes set up their picnic under the pink sunset.

SQUARE

I wonder whose egg that was!

Circle struggles to get the last two picnic blanket corners to lay flat on her own. Square plops down on one.

SQUARE (CONT'D)

Maybe a very fancy chicken?

Triangle crouches down and then pounces on the last corner.

TRIANGLE

I think it was a flying turtle.

Blanket secured, Circle rolls to the middle and <SIGHS>.

CIRCLE

They were seagull eggs. But I like
your ideas too!

Triangle opens his mouth to respond but Circle stops him.

CIRCLE (CONT'D)

Shh! Look.

Below them, waves <LAP> the sand. The salty breeze tugs at the grass. And as the last rosy inch of sun winks out at the horizon, the sky flares to life. Dozens of bright pinpricks of light streak overhead.

TRIANGLE

Wow.

SQUARE

Oh my days.

NARRATOR

Square and Triangle had never seen
anything like it.

Without looking away, Square hands out star cookies from the picnic basket. In unison, the shapes take a bite and then happily <CHEW> while gazing up at the light-show overhead.

SQUARE

This is magical!

TRIANGLE

It's fine, I guess. I thought
they'd be a lot closer.

Another handful of meteors <WHIZ> past, significantly bigger and brighter in the sky. Triangle flinches.

TRIANGLE (CONT'D)

Whoa! Cool!

Three even meatier meteors <ROAR> past, breaking into bits that <SIZZLE> and burn out just overhead, like fireworks. It's a bit intimidating. Square and Triangle jump up and <CHEER>.

TRIANGLE (CONT'D)

That was AMAZING!

SQUARE

Wow!

Circle frowns. She's noticed a deep <RUMBLE> in the air.

NARRATOR

Circle did not have a good feeling about this.

CIRCLE

(grave)
Get behind me.

Triangle and Square have no time to react. Circle swells up to the size of a beach umbrella just in time to shield them from a volley of pebbly debris from a minivan-sized FLAMING METEOR plowing through the air. It skims the tippy tops of the mountain peaks and <CRASHES> on the far side of the island.

The terrible <BOOM> recedes, the ground stops <SHAKING>, and all we can hear are Triangle and Square <SCREAMING?>.

Circle shrinks down and tosses the picnic blanket over them. It slowly settles, and like magic, the <SCREAMING DWINDLES> down to nothing. Triangle and Square emerge with wild looks in their eyes.

TRIANGLE

Ok that was WAY too close!

Circle just stares, dumbfounded. Triangle grabs Square's face with both hands and close-talks:

TRIANGLE (CONT'D)

Are we even still alive?

SQUARE

Oh my PANCAKES, are we GHOSTS?

TRIANGLE

Ooh, I can't wait to haunt you!

SQUARE

Triangle, a ghost can't haunt another ghost.

TRIANGLE

A ghost can haunt anything it wants! It can haunt a rock, it can haunt a vegetable...

CIRCLE

We are *not* ghosts.

TRIANGLE

Aw, rats.

CIRCLE

Listen to me. Most meteors never even come *close* to hitting the surface. They either burn up or zip off into space.

SQUARE

So what happened this time?

Circle looks over to the cloud of dust rising over the far side of the island. It's shimmering in the moonlight.

CIRCLE

Something that hasn't happened in a very, very, very, very long time.

Triangle and Square silently count the "very's" to themselves. But Circle can't look away from the dust cloud. Her gears are turning real hard.

CIRCLE (CONT'D)

(almost to herself)

I wonder... Did it vaporize on impact? Or is it still there, deep in its crater?

Circle floats to the ground and makes a depression with her body, forming a perfect bowl. The shapes peer into the little crater.

SQUARE

Awww, it's like a nest.

Something clicks for Circle. She looks at Square, then turns back to the cloud, big hopeful wonder blooming on her face.

CIRCLE

And it's here. On *my* island. Just over the horizon.

Triangle and Square look at each other.

SQUARE

Circle, it kind of sounds like you want to go find it.

Circle's eyes brighten.

CIRCLE

Do... do you guys want to? You're not too tired?

TRIANGLE

I literally *never* get tired.

SQUARE

And I think a good hike would
settle my nerves! I say let's go on
a Shooting Star Expedition!

Circle beams at them, touched.

CIRCLE

Let's do it!

OVER BLACK:

NARRATOR

You know I LOVE an expedition.

Narrator <CLEARS> her throat dramatically.

EXT. AERIAL ISLAND - VARIOUS - NIGHT

We swoop low over a rocky shoreline lit by a full moon.

NARRATOR

(full Attenborough)

To reach the far side of the
island, our heroes needed to
traverse three terrains: first,
they would hike the Rocky Beach.

DISSOLVE TO:

A crystal-clear creek snaking through a wooded gully.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And then they'd follow the
Sparkling Stream...

DISSOLVE TO:

A rugged path carved into the mountain-side.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...and then climb Tall Peak. What
would they find on the other side?

EXT. THE ROCKY BEACH - NIGHT

The shapes tramp single-file along the moonlit shore. At the
front, Triangle scrambles up and down the rocks parkour-
style. Behind him, Circle bobs along merrily. Bringing up the
rear, Square takes careful measured hops.

SQUARE

What are you thinkin' 'bout, Circle?

Circle slows to let Square catch up to her.

CIRCLE

I'm wondering what that meteor
might be like!

SQUARE

I have some ideas.

CIRCLE

I would love to hear your ideas.

Square beams.

SQUARE

Well I don't know for sure, but I
think it might be very beautiful.

EXT. SQUARE'S CRATER - NIGHT

Square, lit softly in a wash of flickering, sea-green light, opens his eyes and looks around. The light is coming from below, from something deep in a stone crater and wreathed in delicate mist.

SQUARE (V.O.)

It's probably going to be hard to
see at first.

Square takes the wide stairwell cut into the crater wall.

SQUARE (V.O.)

And it's a long way down. But I
don't mind.

TRIANGLE (V.O.)

You do love stairs.

CIRCLE (V.O.)

Hush, Triangle.

As Square walks, the mist parts, eventually revealing an immense, glittering crystal aglow from within.

SQUARE

Wow. Look at you.

It's cloudy, crusted with sediment and singed along the sides. Geometric fractures inside the quartz catch the light.

SQUARE (V.O.)
Want to hear what it sounds like?

CIRCLE (V.O.)
Yes.

Square presses the side of his head to the crystal and closes his eyes. A beautiful, clear <RINGING>, like a singing bowl.

EXT. THE SPARKLING STREAM - NIGHT

The shapes have veered into the stream's wooded gully.

CIRCLE
That was beautiful, Square.

Square blushes and ducks to avoid ivy dangling from above.

SQUARE
Was it really?

NARRATOR
I thought so.

CIRCLE
Where do you think it came from,
Square? That big crystal.

Square considers this, scratching his chin.

SQUARE
You know what? I didn't think that
far back.

TRIANGLE
Who cares where it came from? I
wanna know why it can't be...

Triangle hops up onto a fallen log for effect.

TRIANGLE (CONT'D)
A FIERY INFERNO!

EXT. TRIANGLE'S CRATER - NIGHT

Triangle's eyes open, flickering with firelight. He stands at the rim of an immense crater, grinning. In the center (at a very safe distance of ~30 feet) a massive fireball rages.

TRIANGLE (V.O.)
It's VERY fiery.

A violent wind whips around the fireball, carving smoke into a vortex. Cue menacing <BAROQUE SYMPHONY>, heavy on the <ORGAN>.

TRIANGLE (V.O.)
With organ!

CIRCLE
I hear it!

Standing amid the fury, Triangle <CACKLES> with dark glee.

TRIANGLE
More! Give me more!

The symphony crescendos into an outrageous <ELECTRIC GUITAR SOLO>! Bolts of lightning strike the fireball, fueling it!

Then the force of a <THUNDERCLAP> flips Triangle onto his back.

EXT. THE SPARKLING STREAM - NIGHT

Circle and Square pull Triangle out of the Sparkling Stream and set him upright again. Square dusts his hands off and frowns thoughtfully.

SQUARE
Well, your story was... impressive.

CIRCLE
And so cinematic!

NARRATOR
And alarming.

TRIANGLE
I know.

They hike further along the stream.

CIRCLE
Why did the fireball come here,
Triangle?

TRIANGLE
What?

CIRCLE
I just mean why *this* island? Was it
maybe looking for something?

TRIANGLE

Psssh, fireballs don't make
CHOICES, Circle! They just RAGE.

Circle LAUGHS.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

The trio veer north from the stream and start climbing up the mountain path. Circle in particular is buzzing with nervous anticipation, her big bright eyes trained on the horizon.

Square looks at her carefully.

SQUARE

Circle, what do YOU imagine about
the shooting star?

The sparkle in Circle's eyes dims, and she SIGHS quietly like she was hoping they'd forget to ask.

CIRCLE

Okay. I'll tell you.

OVER BLACK:

CIRCLE (V.O.)

Picture a solitary space rock.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - VARIOUS - TIMELESS

METEOROID POV:

Our eyes open. We are hurtling through outer space, distant stars reduced to streaks of light.

CIRCLE (V.O.)

It speeds through the cold vacuum
of the cosmos, lonely and searching.

BACK TO SCENE:

The space rock is small against the void. It turns steadily as it travels. We don't see Circle here, though.

The space rock passes through the debris rings of a gas giant, kicking up a trail of ice crystals.

CIRCLE (V.O.)

It goes everywhere.

It zips past solar flares at the center of a star system.

CIRCLE (V.O.)

It sees everything.

The space rock cuts across the arm of a nebula. Glittering tendrils of gas and dust undulate in it's wake.

CIRCLE (V.O.)

But the rock is always alone. After all, outer space is mostly empty. Just a big wide void.

A little planet ringed by clouds and tides comes into view.

CIRCLE (V.O.)

But then it sees something special!

EXT. AERIAL ISLAND - DAY

We coast over the terrain of the island from above. It's teeming with life.

CIRCLE (V.O.)

A little green island on a tiny planet just bursting with trees and birds and fish.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - TIMELESS

The space rock slows.

CIRCLE (V.O.)

The space rock sloooows for the first time in eons. And it turns toward the planet.

SQUARE (V.O.)

Why?

TRIANGLE (V.O.)

Gravity.

SQUARE (V.O.)

Right. But, like, how does gravity work.

TRIANGLE (V.O.)

(covering, he has no idea)
Pshhh. Tell him, Circle.

CIRCLE (V.O.)

It's a pull. A... longing. The meteor saw the planet and felt a tugging in its center. It decided.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

Back in the world, still following Circle up the moonlit mountainside, Triangle and Square are silent and totally rapt. They would follow her anywhere right now.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - TIMELESS

The space rock comes to a complete stop. The stars are no longer streaking past. Everything is silent.

CIRCLE (V.O.)

The space rock decides.

It spins, aims for the island, and then shoots forward.

EXT. SKY OVER SHAPE ISLAND - DAY

There's a searing, white-hot light as it hits the outer atmosphere. A terrible <HOWLING> as it rips through the sky.

EXT. CIRCLE'S CRATER - DAY

Finally, as it <CRASHES> spectacularly into the ground in a cloud of debris, everything goes profoundly dark.

EXT. THE TOP OF TALL PEAK - NIGHT

Circle halts. Behind her, Triangle and Square pull up short.

TRIANGLE

Then what? You can't stop now!

NARRATOR

Oh, but she could. Narrator's call.

Circle spins back, breathless and electric with excitement.

CIRCLE

We're almost there!

NARRATOR

They had nearly reached Tall Peak.

CIRCLE

It should be just over that ridge.

Square does a little anxious hop.

SQUARE

Oh my goodness!

TRIANGLE

Wait, you're not going to tell us
how your story ends?

Circle shakes her head cheerfully.

CIRCLE

Nope! We ready?

TRIANGLE

Ready.

SQUARE

Ready.

The trio take the last few steps together, crest the ridge,
and look down to the other side.

EXT. THE FAR SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

A mist parts to reveal the moonlit landscape below: forests
that turn to rolling foothills that tumble along to a shore.
Here, where the tree line begins, is a huge, bowl-shaped
CRATER wreathed in smoke. And it's empty.

SHAPES

Oh dear. Oh dear.

TRIANGLE

Awwwwww WET SOCKS.

Square slumps. Triangle throws his arms up in the air and
tips over onto his back on purpose. But Circle? Her face
crumbles. She slowly sinks until she's almost touching the
ground. She looks *hurt*.

NARRATOR

Oh, Circle. She had known deep down
it would be an empty crater. But
she had *hoped* for so much more.

Alarmed, Square leans over and pats Circle on the back.

SQUARE

Circle? Are you okay?

At first she seems not to recognize him. But then she
recovers and takes in that big worry on his face. Lickity
split, she pulls Square up and zips around to topple Triangle
back onto his feet with a healthy BUMP.

CIRCLE

Upsy daisy, everybody.

She spins to face them, Sparkly Big Sister Mode activated.

CIRCLE (CONT'D)

Attention! I hereby declare our
Shooting Star Expedition a success!

TRIANGLE

(confused, to Square)

It's just a big hole, right? Or is
she seeing something else?

CIRCLE

No, Triangle, I am not. We trekked
to the other side of the island and
discovered a rare crater left over
from a meteor vaporizing on impact!

SQUARE

(uncertain)

I guess that *is* pretty special.

TRIANGLE

Eh, needs a guitar solo.

Circle's smile falters and she turns back, staring into the
crater. Square's not sure what's going on with her but
decides to give her some space.

SQUARE

Hey Triangle! Bet I can beat you to
that pine tree!

TRIANGLE

NO YOU CANNOT.

Triangle runs off. Square takes a quick peek over his
shoulder at Circle and then follows behind.

Carefully and deliberately, Circle crosses the lip of the
crater. She cuts a little trail through the smoke and dust to
get to the center. It's so empty, and she looks so small.

But then Circle finds a perfectly round impact dimple. She
hovers over it, frowning. Then, experimentally, she drops
into it. She fits like a key into a lock. Circle gasps and
leaps out. Spins to see if there's anyone to share in her
discovery, but of course she's profoundly alone.

Circle takes a deep breath. She snugs herself into that
dimple and stays.

Somewhere far off, Triangle and Square are <LAUGHING>. But here in the crater, Circle blinks up through the twilight and the smoke to the twinkling stars, to the vastness of space.

She is longing for something.

END.