

ABSTRACT

Snowball Effect

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This thesis is inspired by the importance of animation and its ability to express complex themes to children. Children, while not always having the vocabulary to express themselves, have the capacity to understand difficult themes. This is the power of animation: teaching children complicated universal truths through visuals and storytelling. This script for an animated screenplay is the story of Jim, a penguin boy living in a Viking world. Jim wants more than anything to be accepted, so he embarks on a quest to defeat an evil wizard threatening the Vikings. Through the vehicle of storytelling, this screenplay tackles tough issues of self-worth as well as the destructive cycle of bullying.

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SNOWBALL EFFECT

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PREFACE

Animation is a powerful medium, not only for telling powerful stories, but also for teaching simple, and in some cases, even complex insights about what it means to be human. Because the medium has few visual limitations, animation can speak to a myriad of themes and universal truths. This gives animation particular importance to children. Children are smart; they often understand more than adults realize. However, sometimes they don't have the vocabulary to express themselves. Through easily accessible visualization, animation can express things that are difficult to understand in a way that is easy to understand.

Many modern animated movies illustrate how animation can be effectively harnessed to explain something to a child that might otherwise go over their head. Disney and Pixar do a superb job with this. Notably, *Inside Out* teaches that it is perfectly normal to wrestle with complicated feelings. This theme shows up in the plot but is also present with clear visuals: throughout the film, emotions are represented by individual colors, stored in conjunction with memories as individual, colored spheres. As the protagonist, Riley, grows up, the colors of each memory sphere start to mix. Our experience of life becomes more complex and subtle. Through the mixing of colors, the viewer can glean (almost entirely through visuals rather than dialogue) that feeling complicated emotions is healthy. At the end of the day, our experiences as human beings are primarily driven by our emotions, and our memories cannot be separated from how we

felt about any given event in our lives. As Maya Angelou put it, “people won’t remember what you said or did, they’ll remember how you made them feel.” The power of emotions is anchored at the heart of great animated storytelling.

The story I share in this thesis is not, however, solely for children. I believe animation offers something to all ages of viewers. The stigma that “family friendly” (a title often given to animated works) means strictly a “kids movie” is false. If a film is “family friendly,” then it should have something to say to a broad audience. Influential writer and director of animated films, Brad Bird (*The Incredibles*, *The Iron Giant*), reminds us that “people think of animation only doing things where people are dancing around and doing a lot of histrionics, but animation is not a genre.” Bird offers that “animation is an art form, and it can do any genre . . . it can do a detective film, a cowboy film, a horror film, an R-rated film or a kids’ fairy tale. But it doesn’t do one thing.” I’ve striven to keep this in mind in writing my thesis. Indeed, I believe animation can be used to tackle deep, consequential, life-altering lessons. Like Bird, I believe the problem with Saturday morning cartoons can often be summarized as follows: “no one ever gets hurt or injured.” In other words, there are consequences. Bird believes “it’s better if kids realize there’s a cost” because “it’s more dramatic and closer to life.” The point of a children’s story is not, in my view, to patronize children or, even, merely distract them from reality. Rather, childrens’ stories provide an opportunity for children to experience hard truths within a safe learning environment.

Legendary animator Hayao Miyazaki adds an interesting perspective. He claims that while the truth contained within his works may not always be clear to young people, he is planting seeds for them. He states that “children need to see something incomprehensible and they’ll understand it later.” Miyazaki recognizes that some things may be too advanced for children. He anticipates a delayed gratification in their exposure to his work and speaks with confidence that children will see his films and be more equipped for life. When they experience a traumatic event, they will be able to look back on one of his films and say, “that’s what it was trying to teach me.”

This is something that I have experienced in my cartoon-watching career. I loved watching cartoons growing up. I always laughed at *Spongebob* and *Dexter’s Lab* and I had a love/hate relationship with *Courage the Cowardly Dog*. Disney and Pixar always managed to teach me about life, and anime series, *One Piece*, spoke to me about following dreams and never giving up. I had always enjoyed these works, but it wasn’t until a few years ago that I fully understood why animation was so magical and why it had such a high capacity for teaching. This finally clicked when I started watching Cartoon Network’s *Adventure Time*. On the surface, the show is about a boy, Finn, and his brother/dog, Jake, who go on adventures in a fantastical world. After watching a few episodes, however, I discovered that the show often pauses for very tender moments of reflection which allow the viewer to process themes as heavy as revenge, poor parenting, break-ups, social anxieties, etc. Even more enticing is that all of these tough topics are dealt with in a safe and easy-to-understand environment.

One episode that does this well is “The Tower.” In it, Finn builds a tower into space so that he can find his aloof father who accidentally ripped off his arm in a previous episode. Finn is bitter, and he goes on this daredevil quest to get revenge on his father. Along the way, Finn meets Carol, an equally bitter cloud-person. As she communicates her problems, Carol uses the metaphor of evaporating to talk about her trauma: she used to be water, she explains, but she resented that life. Thus, Carol evaporated into a cloud. She left and never looked back without dealing with her problems. These problems, we learn, are unresolved as she intermittently screams throughout her speech. When Finn asks what’s wrong she replies, “I just thought about my anxieties and it’s like my mind hand just touched a hot memory stove.” This blew my mind: a show that is targeted toward children deals with revenge, repression, and anxiety all in one episode. Not only that, but it uses strong visuals to further hammer these into our brains. Finn’s wobbly tower represents his unstable nature. Furthermore, the episode uses evaporation to talk about running away from problems with no desire to fix them. While on the surface, the show may seem light-hearted and childish, it does not hesitate to expose a difficult subject matter to its mostly adolescent audience. And finally, the show made me realize a key factor that links all projects that find life through animation: they are, to some degree, magical. Animation affords us the ability to do things — like turn into clouds — that traditional, live action film cannot.

My favorite Hayao Miyazaki film, *Spirited Away*, tells the story of Chihiro, a young girl who, while moving houses, gets trapped in a bathhouse meant for

spirits. Initially, Chihiro is upset about moving and pouts the entire way. On the move, Chihiro's parents are transformed into pigs and Chihiro must grow up in order to rescue them. Chihiro can no longer whine and pout. Instead, she must work under an evil witch, Yubaba, the very same person who turned her parents into pigs. While the film has a colorful cast of characters, the one who I find unendingly interesting is No Face. No Face is a lonely spirit who at the onset of the story can do very little beyond grunt. This changes, however, as No Face develops an appetite for gold and gluttony. The more he eats, the bigger and more violent he becomes. Eventually, No Face becomes so large and so wild that he begins to eat bathhouse workers. Visually, this is an excellent way of expressing the downfall of greed and gluttony. The more he consumes, the more ugly he becomes. Through No Face, we can see that in succumbing to base desires, a person can truly become a monster.

Throughout my own work, I set myself the personal goal of using meaningful visuals to express sometimes difficult truths. The title *Snowball Effect* comes from the idea that violence is a never-ending cycle that grows when fed. Visually, this is expressed through the snowball effect itself. As a snowball is pushed, it gains mass and momentum. Eventually, it will grow so large that it takes on a life of its own and cannot be stopped. This serves as a metaphor for succumbing to the vicious cycle of bullying that takes place throughout the story. The protagonist, Jim, is bullied because he is a penguin trying to live in a Viking world. He doesn't fit in. To stop a wizard who is threatening his village, Jim must

learn compassion, otherwise he will only perpetuate the cycle of violence. By giving in to bullying, we too continue the dangerous snowball effect.

An important part of the writing process was ensuring that my antagonists were sympathetic characters rather than faceless brutes. This was developed from an idea that Dr. SJ Murray teaches in her book *Basics of Story Design*. Antagonists have, in their mind, sound logic. Every villain is a villain for a reason. They have to believe that their worldview is correct and that the protagonist's worldview is false. This is something I tried to show in my story. One of the antagonists, Chud, bullies Jim because he too is a victim of bullying. The vicious cycle perpetuates itself. The main antagonist, Clovis, also sees himself as vindicated because the village he saved turned its back on him. Clovis then takes his frustration out on his minion, the Yeti, who in turn takes out that frustration on Jim and his companion Wallace. Not only do these characters have clear motivations for their actions, they also support the idea that violence only breeds more violence. Because each of them is the recipient of mistreatment, they then dish that out on others.

This project began where another seemed to end. In the fall of 2015, I started writing *The Randy Savage Experience*, a tale of two boys who start a backyard-wrestling career to raise money for an injured Randy Savage. This was the first time I had ever taken a crack at screenwriting and it proved to be a learning experience. Unfortunately, when it was time to flesh the story out completely, the story seemed to shift in a completely different direction. To emulate properly the stories that have shaped me, my story needed more space

to speak on universal truths. So, the story became a winter-wonderland, TV-special type-thing about a young boy who is lost in a snowstorm and struggles to find his way home. Along the way, the boy teams up with a penguin who has always wanted to be a Viking but is rejected because he is not one of them. This was the second big turn the story took. I eventually realized that the penguin was a better character than my original protagonist: he had a more interesting backstory, and he was more believable and endearing. Because this required changing almost my entire story, I long hesitated to commit. After months of refusing to swallow my pride, I made the switch. The penguin boy would be my main character. Thus, the story of Jim, the protagonist I have today.

Two of the biggest resources in writing this story were Dr. SJ Murray's *Three Act What?* and *Basics of Story Design*. Through these works, as well as her personal direction, I came to see the ebb and flow of stories. Murray has developed an airtight process for creating stories: much as Aristotle suggested over two thousand years ago in his *Poetics*, stories are distilled into three acts that serve as a framework for the progression of important story beats and character development. This framework is specific enough to include all of the elements of a story but also general enough that almost every story ever falls into it.

Snowball Effect relies heavily on this classic three-act structure. The first act introduces us to our protagonist, what's at stake in their world, and what the story will be about thematically. We might not meet the protagonist in the "Opening Image" of the story, but we should learn what the stakes are for the

story. In my story, for example, Jim drifts down an icy river in a basket. He's a child, he has been abandoned, and he cries. Strictly through visuals as opposed to dialogue, we know that the story will deal with abandonment and loneliness. Then, when Jim's adoptive mother, Agatha, pulls him out of the river, we learn that the story will also tackle compassion as she saves Jim from being alone.

An Opening Image that served as a model was that of Dante's *Inferno*. This exemplifies good storytelling as it saves time, but also gets right to the meat of the plot without sacrificing setup. The story starts with Dante in a dark wood after he lost way. Boom. We're in the story. We don't need to know what Dante's life was like or how he got there. Similarly, in *Snowball Effect*, we don't need to see Jim being abandoned by his penguin family because it is already communicated by the Moses-like basket. An animated work that borrows from Dante is *Over the Garden Wall*. This story follows two brothers who immediately find themselves lost in a dark wood, only to be guided through it by a bluebird, Beatrice. Again, the beauty of the Opening Image is in its balance of brevity and communicating content: we do not need to know how the boys found themselves in the wood, we already know this will be a story about finding one's way in a troubled time.

After the Opening Image, we meet Jim in his "Ordinary World," a sequence of about three scenes, which introduce key characters and their day-to-day lives. By observing Jim's ordinary world, we are given a framework to see how Jim will need to change throughout the story. He's the protagonist, but he's still flawed. He has grown into a young penguin boy and has been bullied by his

classmates at Viking school. Even further, a metaphorical storm is brewing. In the story, this storm is seen when Clovis gets his ice-magic-powers. Next, Jim and his bullies find a frozen Viking outside the village, frozen by magic. This particular scene serves as the “Inciting Incident” in which the plot of the story is set into motion. A metaphorical stick of dynamite is lit. After Jim finds the frozen Viking, his journey begins to unfold. Initially, Jim is hesitant to go on this quest, but he will soon have to make a decision whether or not to commit.

This manifests itself in the “Dilemma” and the “Crossing the Threshold.” The Dilemma is a “should I stay or should I go” moment: the dynamite explodes. The protagonist is faced with a decision that he cannot ignore. In Jim’s case, Clovis attacks his village and his mother sacrifices herself to stall the wizard. This sacrifice gives Jim three days to find a magic pair of mittens that will save the village before Clovis gets too powerful. This also feeds into Jim’s Crossing the Threshold, a commitment to go on a journey that will stretch him as a character. It is important that no one is holding his hand at this point. Jim is invited to go on this quest, but he cannot be dragged. He must commit to the journey on his own, much like Luke Skywalker when he commits to learning the ways of the force and becoming a Jedi. Luke is nudged by Obi-Wan, but he must make the decision on his own.

Once across the threshold, our protagonist is now in the “Extraordinary World.” Here, his values will be challenged, usually through a series of adventure sequences. Most importantly, the protagonist will meet the “B-Character,” a secondary persona who will challenge the protagonist’s values even more so and

provide a different perspective for him. Similar to the protagonist, the B-Character is also initially unwilling to commit to a journey with the protagonist. In Jim's case, he meets Wallace, a cursed snowman whose head won't stay on straight so he lugs it around with him. While Jim is excluded from his village and wants desperately to be accepted, Wallace previously had excess fame that blew up his ego, causing his curse. Wallace's own story provides a stark contrast for Jim and his own growth. Furthermore, instead of willingly helping Jim, Wallace only agrees to go on the journey because he secretly wants the magic mittens for himself.

As they go on their journey, Jim demonstrates his growth as a character in "Character Moment #1." In this scene, the hero does something that he would not have done in Act I. For this particular moment, Jim shows compassion and teamwork with Wallace, who is otherwise kind of a jerk. In Act I, when Jim sees his bully, Chud, being bullied, he says "Serves him right." This starts to change when Jim spends time with Wallace: having a friend softens him.

This shifts, however, when Jim reaches his "Midpoint." This is a "turning of the tide" moment in which the protagonist shifts from passively getting dragged around the extraordinary world to displaying agency. This almost always leads to a downward spiral for the hero. My story shows this when Jim finally finds the magic mittens, but it turns out the legend was wrong: they're not mittens, they're gloves. To Jim's misfortune, gloves don't fit him because he doesn't have fingers – he has flippers. This drives Jim into a downward spiral throughout the second half of Act II as Jim convinces himself that he doesn't fit in

anywhere: he didn't fit in with the penguins, he didn't fit in with the Vikings, and now he doesn't fit into the gloves.

Jim's downward spiral then manifests itself in "Character Moment #2," a scene where the hero does something he would not have done in the first half of Act II. Here, Jim beats the snot out of Clovis' yeti-minion who has been pursuing him and Wallace. In a way, it is a submission to the negative values of the world. Jim had previously shown restraint, but here, he loses sight of compassion. In making the Yeti's face black-and-blue, Jim becomes just like his bullies.

This feeds into Jim's "Brick Wall," an "all-is-lost" moment where the hero succumbs to self-pity. We see this with Jim when his magic glove unravels, Jim discovers Wallace is only using him, and Clovis freezes Wallace, removing whatever semblance of a friendship they had. Jim is at his wit's end. His quest has seemingly come to a halt. But, after wallowing in a snow bank, Jim's mother speaks to him in a vision. She gives him a rousing pep talk, reminding him that compassion is the only way forward. This is the motivational speech that Jim needed to pull himself out of his slump and into the climax of Act III.

The first phase of Act III is the "Beginning of the End." Jim hatches a plan to defeat Clovis and enters the fight. At this point, things generally go well, but there is always a hitch in the plan. This is seen in the "Middle of the End" as the negative character values in the world usually overcome the positive ones. This is seen when Jim encounters his bully, Chud, frozen in a block of ice, in the middle of his fight with Clovis. Chud asks Jim to unfreeze him so that he can help.

Here, Jim ignores compassion and opts to do everything himself. This only further perpetuates the cycle of violence as Jim is incapacitated by Clovis.

When Jim is at death's doorstep, the Yeti appears out of nowhere and saves Jim, demonstrating compassion. This then inspires Jim to do the same. He unfreezes the village before trying to take down Clovis himself. This brings us to the "End of the End," or the "Climax." With the help of the entire village, Jim brings Clovis to his knees. Importantly, Jim and Clovis have the one-on-one battle that we have been waiting for all along. The two are singled out and set to face off. Having grown as a character, Jim realizes that it is pointless fighting Clovis – it will only lead to more violence. Jim refuses to attack Clovis. Instead, when he does take action, he subdues him with a bear hug.

This brings us to the "Resolution," usually a cute, quaint moment where a new equilibrium is reached. Here, Jim, Wallace, and Clovis make up and work with the Vikings to repair their village. To wrap everything in a nice bow, Jim and Chud make up and go fishing together in the same river that Jim floated helplessly down in the Opening Image.

This framework was invaluable in writing the story. Where I otherwise would have no idea where to start, the outline sometimes felt like finishing a puzzle. While I originally thought three-act structure would limit me and prevent originality, it instead gave me the space and freedom to be creative: the structure always informed me as to what needed to happen in the story, and in doing so, allowed me to dictate *how* events happened. For example, for the midpoint of my story, three-act structure informed me that I needed to change the protagonist's

goal in a way that would lead to his downward spiral, thus carrying him through the rest of the second act. Because I knew what needed to happen, I was able to have fun with how that happened: the goal changed when the mittens didn't fit Jim, because Jim finds out that they were gloves all along rather than mittens. This also served my story well in a literal sense as Jim has struggled all his life with not fitting in.

There is a reason that almost every story ever follows this model: it shows strong character development and teachable moments. Currently, Disney and Pixar follow this model. Because of this, it allows them the space to discuss tough themes. While Shakespeare writes in five acts, his comedies and tragedies still follow the three-act model. Additionally, in his *Poetics*, Aristotle cites plot and character as the most important elements in a story. Similarly, three-act structure is centered on plot, which then gives a framework for excellent characters. Thus, the three-act model follows Aristotelian form by emphasizing plot and character as the most essential, and almost equally-weighted elements required in every great dramatic narrative.

This project is a work in progress and I plan to develop the story further. The dream would be to get *Snowball Effect* produced somewhere down the line. Originally, I intended to write this as something that could be condensed into a short film like the ones shown before Disney and Pixar movies. While I think that the story is still capable of that, I believe that *Snowball Effect* will best serve as a writing sample for a graduate program. Whatever it is, I hope that this story can help me develop a career in the creative/entertainment writing neighborhood.

Originally, I saw storytelling as a form of escapism. When life was at its hardest, I often ran away to stories that I thought would help distract me from the harsh world we live in. Nothing brought me more satisfaction than the idea of retreating into fantasy worlds, going on adventures, and fighting dragons with a rusty sword. Unfortunately, we are stuck in reality and I had to learn that stories are quite the opposite of escapism. Stories arm us to engage with reality. Through this project, I came to understand that stories teach us about the human condition. Despite the fact that many of my characters aren't actually human, I strove to present them with human emotion as much as possible. Even though Jim is the hero, he had to be flawed, and even though Clovis is the villain, he had to be redeemable. Reflecting on this project, I realized that the stories I run to the most when I feel disillusioned with reality actually teach the most about reality. *Adventure Time* taught me to appreciate life and all the work it takes to live a good one, all within friendly, 11-minute blocks. *One Piece* taught me that it is honorable to follow my dreams. Shows like *Over The Garden Wall* helped me overcome existential dread. Ironically, these are the things I go to when I want most to disengage with the world, but instead, they are the things that most prepared me to engage with the world. Good stories should not distance us from reality, but better equip us to flourish in it.

Snowball Effect

By

Ryan McNamara

EXT ICY RIVER DAY

A BASKET flows down the current. A CRYING penguin baby, JIM squirms inside. Powerful winds toss and turn the basket.

The river forks. On the left, a massive, ROARING waterfall. On the right, a fantasy land with everything made of candy.

The basket cruises right. Jim stops crying. But-

Just as he crosses the fork a strong breeze lifts the basket out of the water, across the fork, and in the left current.

The basket drifts toward the falls. A look of horror washes over Jim's face. He paddles in the water to no effect.

A FISH hops into the basket. Jim grabs and holds it tight.

The basket plummets. SPLASH.

It resurfaces, the penguin is cold, shivering, CRYING, and worst of all, he lost his fish.

A foot stops the basket at the river bank beneath the falls. It is an old, Viking woman. She inspects the basket. SQUEAKING, CRYING, SNIFFLING.

The old woman spears a fish and offers it to Jim. He nibbles at it. The crying stops.

She picks him out of the basket, notices his shivering.

The woman produces a pair of GLOWING KNITTING NEEDLES. Magic. She whips up a PINK SWEATER in the blink of an eye and pulls it over Jim.

He smiles and nuzzles up to her. She carries him into the wood, with the basket in the other hand.

EXT VIKING VILLAGE YEARS LATER DAY

By no means a metropolis, but a 200 Viking community. Mostly wooden houses, but important structures (town square, town hall, schoolhouse) are stone. In the middle of town square stands a triumphant statue of a Viking warrior, holding a snowglobe with an extended arm. A river runs at one end.

The town square bustles with activity in preparation for a festival. Vikings scramble moving large boards. They hammer things together, hang banners/streamers, etc.

A slender Viking TEACHER leads a group of 15 Viking CHILDREN through the hustle and bustle. At the back of the pack is JIM, grown into boyhood.

A rude student, CHUD, speaks up.

CHUD
I ain't helping with junk.

TEACHER
Our class hangs streamers for the festival every year, Chud. This year won't be any different.

CHUD
I work out. I lift heavy things. I've killed reindeer. I should be working the Frozen Fireworks.

JIM
Streamers are just as important as fireworks.

CHUD
You don't know squat,
fish-for-brains.

Chud works up a snowball, ready to launch at Jim's noggin.

TEACHER
Knock it off back there. Jim,
you're right. Chud, you're helping.

The teacher stops the class, distributes STREAMERS. She stiffens up to make a speech.

TEACHER
This is the 15th annual Solstice Festival. Every year our village has a three day celebration to commemorate the fearless Viking warrior...

The teacher points to the hero's statue and his snowglobe.

TEACHER
who saved our village by sealing away the Solstice Spirit inside a snowglobe on the winter solstice. It is our duty as a class to -

WHAM. A stray streamer whacks the teacher in the head. It's the shot heard around the world. Total streamer war follows.

TEACHER
 ...respect our ancestors.

The children scatter. Jim remains. He salutes the teacher.

JIM
 I'll hang these streamers to the
 best of my ability, ma'am.

TEACHER
 Yeah great, Jim.

Streamers are strewn about the ground, the class in chaos.

Jim climbs to a rooftop. A strong breeze unbalances him, but he stands his ground and fastens the streamer.

CHUD
 Hey, fishface.

Chud and his punk posse circle Jim from the under the house.

CHUD
 Let's play pin the streamer on the
 penguin.

They HUCK streamers at Jim, he dodges.

JIM
 Good throws, guys. Excellent form.

Chud throws one final streamer. CLONK. Headshot.

Jim plunges into a snowbank. They tie him up with streamers. The boys high-five and return to the streamer war.

EXT VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS SUNSET

Jim trudges home. A streamer trails him, stuck to his foot like a stray strand of toilet paper.

An IGLOO sits atop a hill. Smoke rises from its chimney.

INT IGLOO SAME TIME

Nothing fancy. Sparse furniture, some photos hang on the walls. Two rocking chairs rest in the center. An inexplicably working fireplace is built between the chairs.

The old woman who saved Jim from the basket, AGATHA, sits in her rocking chair and knits with her glowing needles.

She hears Jim at the door, throws the needles in a drawer and pulls out some benign, non-glowing ones.

Jim runs in.

AGATHA
You're late.

Jim SLAMS the door shut and bolts into his room. She SIGHS.

INT JIM'S ROOM

Jim lies on his bed. He shovels a bucket of dead fish into his mouth. Comfort food.

Jim's pink sweater from before hangs on a wall. Next to it hangs a VIKING HELMET.

A KNOCK on the door.

JIM
(mouth full, eyes wet)
Go away.

AGATHA
I'm coming in.

JIM
Leave me alone. That's the way
everyone would have it.

Agatha peeks her head in. Jim shoves his face under a pillow. She sits next to him.

AGATHA
When I found you that morning I
knew you were different.

JIM
That's what they keep calling me.
Different.

AGATHA
And that's ok. You're special Jim.

JIM
I just want to fit in. They'd like
me if I were one of them. If I were
strong like them, or threw
snowballs as well, or didn't always
smell like fish.

Jim piles more fish into his mouth.

AGATHA

But they don't have the compassion
that you do. That's a strength
they'll never know.

JIM

That'll never earn their respect.

AGATHA

I know you'll win them over in your
own way. Now go to bed and come
home straight after school
tomorrow. We need our rest for the
festival.

Jim nods.

AGATHA

Good night my different little boy.

Agatha SHUTS the window. A fishbone flies out of it and into
the night.

EXT SNOWY MANSION MIDDLE OF NOWHERE NIGHT

The mansion is a silhouette before a full moon. It sits atop
a cliff surrounded in fog.

A CLOAKED MAN slogs through the blizzard and thick fog. A
fishbone WHACKS him in the face, he peels it off.

INT SNOWY MANSION

The central room is a wide-open, ornate chamber with a
staircase at the far end. A door sits atop it.

The windows SHAKE, the front door RATTLES. Four snowman
guards stand at alert.

The rattling stops. A tumbler lock CLICKS. SILENCE.

SLAM. The front door flies open. Snow, ice, and wind pour
in, followed by the cloaked man.

The snowmen guards rush at him with ice pikes.

The man produces two snowballs from behind his back. BOOM.
The first snowman's head explodes with a snowball. WHAM. The
same fate for the second.

The other two snowmen charge. They are in jabbing distance.

The man dodges a pike jab, grabs it and SHATTERS it over his knee. The two remaining snowmen, frenzied, run out the door.

The man heads for the staircase when he notices a painting of a mother and two children. He stops, then chucks a snowball at both the mother and one of the boys.

MAN

I expected an actual challenge.

CRASH. A snow rancor busts through the door atop the stairs.

The man grins.

INT TOP OF THE MANSION

The room resembles a bed chamber. Large windows look over the cliff. In the center sits a SNOWGLOBE on a pedestal, illuminated by the windows.

The cloaked figure kicks the door open, a gratuitous mass of snow coats the room behind him.

He walks over to the snowglobe, reaches for it when- A hand of the rancor clutches his leg. He shakes it off.

The man extends his hands to the snowglobe, WHISPERS call out to him. He examines it, rubs it, cradles it in his arms.

SMASH. He slams it against the pedestal.

EXT MANSION

A white light consumes the mansion, pours out the windows.

EXT FORREST MOMENTS LATER

Footprints lead from the mansion into a thick wood. At the end of the trail is the man. Light emanates from his cloak.

He stumbles and catches his balance on a branch. It turns to ice at his touch. He COUGHS up icicles.

In his wake lies a trail of rabbits and birds snared in ice.

ROAR. A bear pops out from behind a tree. It bares its fangs at the man when- ZAP. The man fires a blast of ice at it. The bear is completely frozen.

EXT SCHOOLHOUSE NEXT MORNING

A host of viking children play outside. They throw snowballs, build igloos, and fence with icicles.

Jim sits alone, and fishes in a hole carved in the ice. He wears the Viking helmet from his room. Clearly does not fit.

There's a tug at his line. Jim pulls and out flies a boot. He SIGHS and throws it onto a pile of boots.

A school bell RINGS. Jim casts his pole aside. He dives into the water and resurfaces with a SNAPPING fish in his mouth.

Jim waddles back to class and forces it down his gullet.

INT CLASSROOM

Scribbled on a chalkboard is yesterday's history lesson. It depicts the Viking hero, Solstice Spirit, and a snowglobe.

The class funnels in. Jim sits. OUCH. He shoots up. A sharp fish bone was placed on Jim's seat. Some bullies high-five in the back of the room.

TEACHER

Quiet down.

Chud struggles to suppress LAUGHTER.

TEACHER

Chud...

The bullies switch sides and GIGGLE at Chud.

TEACHER

We will continue working on our battle cries. The war cry is the most important part of a Viking's arsenal and essential in becoming a true warrior.

Chud leans over to Jim.

CHUD

Better cross your flippers she doesn't call on you.

TEACHER

For today we will have...

Sweat drips down Jim's head and forms an icicle on his chin.

TEACHER

Erik.

A SIGH of relief from Jim.

STUDENT

Erik's dog got eaten by a yeti so
he's not here today.

The teacher looks down at her list.

TEACHER

Okay then... Jim.

A couple of CHUCKLES and MURMURS. Jim drags his feet to the front of the class. The teacher winks at Jim.

TEACHER

Give it your all.

Jim takes a deep breath. He opens his mouth...THUNK. Jim's oversized helmet plops over his face. He readjusts it.

Another breath. Jim opens his mouth, but a shrill SQUEAK is all that will come out.

The class bursts into LAUGHTER. Jim mopes back to his chair.

TEACHER

Next we will have...

Chud leans over and rips off Jim's helmet.

JIM

Give it back.

CHUD

Cough up a real warcry and maybe I
will.

Chud puts on the helmet lopsided, stands on his desk, and dances around, waddling and flapping his arms.

CHUD

SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUEAK.

TEACHER

CHUD. Get down from there.

Tears well up in Jim's eyes. He runs out of the classroom.

The teacher SIGHS.

TEACHER
Class dismissed.

EXT TOWN SQUARE AFTERNOON

Jim walks home from school. Festival decorations everywhere.
Two burly Vikings struggle to lift a CANOE onto a stage.

JIM
I can lend a hand.

VIKING
Sorry squirt. This here's the
ceremonial canoe for tomorrow.

JIM
So you could use an extra hand.

VIKING
Quite the opposite. Anything
happens to this baby and we're out
of a job.

Jim walks away, tail between his legs. A Viking CHILD
approaches the men.

CHILD
The canoe! I wanna help!

VIKING
Sure thing, squirt. Take it by the
stern.

The child grabs on and helps them lift. Jim mopes away.

JIM
Dumb.

Jim's head perks up. He hears a series of TINKS.

Jim turns the corner. The noise is louder. TINK TINK,
followed by children CHATTERING.

Jim finds two of his bullies and Chud huddled around a large
block of ice. Chud wears Jim's helmet he stole during class.

JIM
Hey guys-

The three dart in front of the ice block. Despite the
horrible job they do to conceal it, Jim can't make out
what's inside. One holds a pickax behind his back.

BULLY 1
Get lost, fishbreath.

JIM
If y'all are making an iceman I
just wanted to help.

BULLY 2
Yeah- yeah. Right. Just an iceman.
Nothing weird or supernatural.

The boy drops his pickax.

JIM
...with an ax?

BULLY 1
It's a new thing we're-

Jim lets out a righteous BURP. The fish stench assails the boys' nostrils. They fall to their knees. Jim hangs his head in shame.

CHUD
It's certain death.

Jim now sees into the ice block. In it is a full bodied Viking warrior, spear readied, mouth agape in warcry.

JIM
That's an actual iced man.

CHUD
You caught us, fishbrains. Don't
rat us out.

JIM
But someone has to-

They pounce on him. They hold his flippers behind his back.

BULLY 1
Tell a soul and we'll break your
flipper.

JIM
This looks like magic. We gotta
tell someone.

BULLY 2
And ruin the festival? We can't be
responsible for that.

JIM

But-

They tighten on his arm.

CHUD

Look, fishboy. We don't know who did this, but we sure as heck don't want to be associated with it. Keep this a secret and we'll...

He SIGHS.

CHUD

...let you hang with us at the festival.

Jim's head perks up.

JIM

It'll be like going with friends!

They tighten again.

CHUD

As long as you keep quiet.

EXT JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN NEXT DAY FESTIVAL

Jim walks atop a hill that overlooks Town Square.

Two Viking ELDERS inspect a variety of frozen birds, rabbits, and trees. Jim panics. He puts a flipper to the side of his face to hide himself.

ELDER

Hey kid.

Jim speeds up.

ELDER

Hey. Be careful. We've never seen anything like this.

JIM

I've seen something like- I mean, nothing like this.

COP

Any information would be helpful.

JIM

Oh. I-

He spots Chud and his posse in Town Square.

JIM

I gotta go.

Jim belly slides down the hill.

EXT TOWN SQUARE POND

CRASH. Jim plows into Chud's crew and knocks them over.

JIM

How's that for an entrance.

Chud picks himself up and dusts himself off.

CHUD

Let's get this over with.

Geared up for the festival, Town Square has a stage at one end, a mass of tents and street vendors in the middle, and a frozen pond at the other end for a fishing competition.

The boys are gathered around the pond.

CHUD

We entered the fishing competition.

JIM

I love fishing.

CHUD

Our noses know you do.

Multiple groups of four Vikings take their places around the pond. Most are beefy, tattooed, shirtless, the works.

A JUDGE slips and slides his way to the middle of the pond.

JUDGE

It is my honor to be judging this year's fishing contest....

He drones on.

CHUD

If you're with us today I guess you can help.

JUDGE

...You may use whatever means
necessary to fish, but if you enter
the water, automatic
disqualification.

The Vikings ready their tools: spears, axes, nets, ect.

JUDGE

Start!

The vikings throw spears, and nets into the ice. CRASH. One
fires a cannonball at the ice, busting a gaping hole.

The boys resort to fishing poles. A clear disadvantage.

CHUD

I thought you said you were good at
fishing.

JIM

With my mouth.

Jim bends over, puts his beak up against the water.

CHUD

Well?

JIM

It's easier when I swim.

CHUD

Then swim.

JIM

But the rules--

SPLASH. Chud kicks Jim into the water.

CHUD

Just don't get caught.

Jim, underwater, shakes his head in disbelief, but a fish
swims past his face, he can't resist.

Jim SNAPS it into his mouth and spits it back through the
hole to avoid resurfacing.

Jim catches another fish, then another, then dozens.

First a handful of fish spit out of the ice- then a couple-
then a steady flow of fish stream out. It's raining fish.

The bullies scramble to catch the fish in their buckets but there's too much to carry.

JUDGE

We've got a neck and neck race.

Next to Chud's crew is a gang of burly vikings who haul in fish at an even pace to Chud. An equal match.

JUDGE

3...2...

Both parties continue to bucket their swarm of fish.

JUDGE

1...Stop the fishes!

The judge tallies both parties fish count.

Jim surfaces. Chud pushes his head down to keep him hidden, but Jim's flipper is, unbeknownst to him, caught in a net.

CHUD

You know, fishbone, you're not half bad.

JUDGE

Looks like our winners are...

The judge grabs Chud's arm and holds it up.

JUDGE

The rambunctious bunch of viking boys!

The losers haul in their last net, with Jim's flipper in tow. Jim's head flies underwater and his body shoots back onto land through the opposing team's hole in the ice.

A GASP from the Judge and the surrounding Vikings.

JUDGE

Looks like our boys are too good for the rules. Disqualified.

The judge hands the trophy to the big burly team.

JUDGE

You boys should be ashamed, especially you, penguin.

The boys mope off.

CHUD
 You know, fishbone, you're the
 worst. You can forget about hanging
 with us.

EXT FESTIVAL LATER THAT DAY

Jim skulks around the festival by himself. LAUGHTER and
 friendship surround him, but he is alone.

Jim cuts through an alley. A cloaked man cuts him off.

MAN
 Had a rough day, kid.

JIM
 Not now.

Jim BUMPS the man and walks past him.

MAN
 You know, you remind me of myself
 when I was younger.

JIM
 You don't know what it's like to be
 constantly cast out.

MAN
 You'll know soon enough that I do.

JIM
 Fat chance.

Jim turns around, giving him a second thought- but the man
 has vanished. Jim shakes his head and exits the other side
 of the alley.

EXT TOWN SQUARE

Jim searches Town Square. It bustles with excitement. He
 passes by tents that sell balloons, carnival food, etc. He
 finds his mother's booth, labeled "Agatha's Knitting."

The booth is filled with various knitted items. His mom sits
 behind and knits. Few visitors compared to other stands.

AGATHA
 I thought you'd still be playing.

JIM
Turns out I had no one to play
with.

Jim picks up some needles and helps his mom knit.

AGATHA
You have yourself.

JIM
One day I'll prove myself to them.
All by myself.

AGATHA
And that'll make you happy?

A familiar VOICE in the crowd.

In the distance is Chud and a posse of older, teenage
Vikings, picking on Chud.

BULLY
C'mon Ice-for-Brains, we need some
extra gold for the festival.

CHUD
Leave me alone for once.

BULLY
Cough up some cash and maybe we
will.

The boys rough him up and tie him up with a nearby streamer,
just like Chud did to Jim.

JIM
Serves him right.

AGATHA
Violence only breeds violence, Jim.

JIM
But what's fair is fair.

Agatha thinks for a moment.

AGATHA
It's just like rolling a snowball.

She bends down and rolls up a snowball.

AGATHA
The more you roll it, the bigger it
gets.

The snowball grows bigger as she continues to push it.

AGATHA
Eventually, it'll get so big you
won't be able to stop it.

Agatha gives it one last push and the snowball takes off on
its own.

Jim sets down his needles. A pause.

AGATHA
Go, enjoy the festival. The canoe
launch is starting soon.

EXT STAGE BY THE RIVER MINUTES LATER

A crowd has gathered around the stage. Jim tries to maneuver
his way to the front of the crowd. He's met with GRUNTS and
GROANS. He settles for climbing a rooftop.

The mayor takes her place on the stage. Next to her is the
canoe Jim saw earlier.

MAYOR
It is my honor to once again kick
off the first day of our festival
with the ceremonial canoe launch.
As we send an empty canoe
downstream, let us remember our
hero who defeated the Solstice
Spirit with the might of his Golden
Knit Mittens.

She gestures at the Hero Statue and his snowglobe. It looks
extra festive with big, yellow gloves slipped on his hands.

Two kids place a dummy pair of golden mittens in the canoe.

MAYOR
This year we put a pair of mittens
in the canoe in his memory. But
before we do, a moment of silence.

A pause. Then- CRASH. POP. BANG.

A series of icy EXPLOSIONS above. They resemble fireworks.

The mayor covers the mic and turns around. The kids GIGGLE.

MAYOR

This is the third year in a row,
how are you not fired!

The kids shrug. More GIGGLES.

KID

Wasn't us.

The crashes and bangs get louder, more powerful.

A CACKLING comes from the distance.

BANG. A bolt of ice lighting obliterates the scaffolding above the stage. SCREAMS and confusion.

Another bolt CRASHES into the building Jim stands on. The building wobbles.

CREAK. The scaffolding above the mayor dangles, soon to fall

Jim's building crumbles and he is about to go down with it. Jim panics and grabs the closest thing to him...the streamer he tied down earlier.

Jim grabs hold of the streamer and it swings him off the rooftop and onto the stage. He SCREAMS all the while. WHAM. Jim slams into the mayor and knocks her to safety.

Jim looks up. The stage falls toward him when-

The cloaked man flies onto the stage and freezes the falling scaffolding with a bolt of ice from his hands.

MAN

You really are just like I was.

The man inspects the canoe and pulls out the mittens. He looks them over then throws them into the air and freezes them with another ice bolt.

MAN

Where are they?

A HUSH falls over the crowd.

The man fires another bolt at the canoe. It launches the canoe into the river. SPLASH.

MAN

Shy all of a sudden are we? Then I guess I'll just have to have the next best thing.

He grabs the microphone.

MAN
I'm looking for Agatha.

Again, SILENCE. Jim's mouth falls agape.

The man grabs Jim and holds him by the beak.

MAN
Hold your silence and the penguin
gets it.

A couple of MURMURS and shrugs from the crowd. No one seems
to be too worried.

MAN
You really are just like me, kid.

A VOICE from the back of the crowd.

AGATHA
Put him down, Charlie.

The man's voice becomes whiny and irritable.

MAN
Don't call me that. It's Clovis
now.

He clears his throat.

CLOVIS
I mean, where are the mittens.

AGATHA
Some place you'll never find them.

JIM
What are you talking about, mom?

CLOVIS
Mom? You *really* are just like me.

JIM
I'm nothing like you.

Jim COUGHS up a fish and SLAPS Clovis across the face with
it. He releases Jim.

Clovis loses his temper. His eyes glow white. He lets out
and ear-shattering SCREAM.

Clovis throws ice bolts left and right that smash buildings and freeze people at random. The Vikings scatter.

The stage is blown to bits, Jim is launched into the air. Out of nowhere his mom catches him with a blast of yarn coming from her glowing knitting needles.

EXT RIVERSIDE

Jim and his mother stand in front of the river, the destroyed stage in front of them.

Clovis cools down. He targets Jim and his mother.

CLOVIS
Who's the penguin?

AGATHA
You stay away from him.

Agatha readies her glowing needles. In a matter of seconds she knits a full on, battle-ready, 15-foot tall, suit of armor equipped with sword and shield. Of course, entirely made of yarn. She enters the battle-suit.

AGATHA
Get behind me, Jim.

CLOVIS
Such power.

AGATHA
This is a false power. And so is yours. You have no business meddling with the Solstice Spirit.

CLOVIS
Petty words from an old fool.

AGATHA
Real power comes from compassion. From protecting those you care about. Even if it's hard.

Clovis extends his arms to the sky. He sucks water and cold air from the river to form a 15-foot, ice-armor, battle-suit that rivals Agatha's.

CLOVIS
I'll ask again. Where are the Mittens?

AGATHA

Petty words from a young fool.

Clovis charges at her. CLANK. He swings a massive ice-sword at her but she parries with her giant yarn-sword.

Jim stands mouth agape. 100 percent clueless.

Agatha bashes Clovis with her shield. He's knocked back. She BLASTS him in the face with a hefty yarn punch.

AGATHA

Sorry you had to see that, Jim.

JIM

I'm not even sure what I'm seeing.

Clovis hurls his ice-sword at Jim.

AGATHA

Get down!

Jim ducks. SPLASH. The sword plows into the river.

CLOVIS

If he means so much to you then
I'll make sure he stays preserved
forever.

Clovis powers up an ice-bolt and aims it at Jim. ZAP. Agatha takes the hit. Her yarn-armor is torn into a million pieces.

AGATHA

I'll buy you some time.

JIM

Time for what?

AGATHA

To find the Golden Knit Mittens.

JIM

But I--

AGATHA

You have to hurry. The winter
solstice is in three days. That's
when he'll be at his most powerful.

JIM

Don't leave. I can't do it alone.

AGATHA

You have heart, Jim. Show the
village compassion its never seen
before.

She FIRES a blast of light from her needle. FLASH.

EXT RIVERSIDE MOMENTS LATER

Agatha has disappeared. Clovis is nowhere to be seen either.

Jim falls to the ground. He looks around him. Buildings
destroyed, many Vikings frozen.

Jim sees Chud frozen, posed in a scream, an arm extended.
Jim places his hand up to Chud's frozen hand. Beat.

A SCRAPING in the snow. Jim turns around to see...

One of his mother's glowing knitting needles is on the
ground, writing in the snow.

It scrawls out in the snow "PROVE TO THEM HOW DIFFERENT YOU
REALLY ARE."

JIM

I never wanted to be different.

Jim turns from the needle, but it hops up and pokes him in
the back.

JIM

Yow!

The needle wiggles around on the ground. It writes again.
"DON'T LEAVE THE CANOE."

Jim looks to the riverbed. The ceremonial canoe sits there,
now with a familiar glow to it.

Jim picks the needle up. It wiggles some more. He holds it
flat in his palm.

The needle flies around in a circle, faster and faster until
it halts and points straight at the canoe.

JIM

If I can find the Mittens, then
they'll have to accept me.

Jim hops into the canoe. It wobbles back and forth almost
tossing Jim out. He catches his balance.

The needle wiggles again. Jim holds it flat. It spins in another circle until it stops and points downstream.

Jim nods and casts off.

EXT ICY RIVER LATER THAT DAY

Jim wakes to find himself in the canoe floating down a slim river. Both sides are lined with trees. Light snowfall.

Jim rubs his head and GROANS.

JIM

I guess it wasn't a dream.

Jim's stomach GROWLS. Another GROAN.

Fortunately, fish FLOP out of the water all around him. Jim smirks and stands on the edge of the canoe ready to dive in.

JIM

(mocking his mother)

Don't leave the canoe.

Jim PLOPS down and crosses his arms. Another stomach GROWL.

A waft of steam wisps past Jim. It tickles his nose and rouses him. Jim salivates.

Jim looks up to reveal a clearing in the trees. In the distance is a tavern next to the river. A small dock extends into the water. Smoke rises from a chimney.

Jim nearly falls out of the canoe. His mouth pours saliva.

The canoe nears the inn. The steam waft beckons him. Jim's only chance for food.

His mother's words ECHO in his head again.

JIM

I have to stay in the canoe.

SMACK. The steam slaps Jim across the face.

JIM

It'll only be a minute.

Jim stops the canoe and ties it to the dock. He pulls himself up onto the dock. The canoe wobbles, again almost throwing Jim out.

JIM
You be a good boy. Stay.

Jim KNOCKS on the door. There's a COMMOTION inside. Nothing.

Jim struggles to open the door.

INT TAVERN

One large, open room. A bar is on the left, long tables on the right, full of patrons SINGING macho drinking songs.

An eclectic crowd. Eskimos, Polar Bears, elves.

Jim closes the door. CREAK. Jim. He waddles, tail between his legs to the bar.

Next to Jim sits an odd SNOWMAN. His head is removed from his body and he rests it on his lap.

BARTENDER
We got ale and mead.

The BARTENDER cleans a glass. She towers over Jim.

JIM
Some food would be nice.

BARTENDER
We got ale and mead.

JIM
I wouldn't mind directions instead.

BARTENDER
We got ale and mead.

JIM
I can't even drink that.

BARTENDER
Ale. And mead.

Jim knocks the glass out of her hand.

JIM
Food. And directions.

They go face-to-face and press foreheads against each other.

BARTENDER
We got ale. And we got mead.

The MUSIC STOPS again, the room goes QUIET. All eyes on Jim. The entire joint bursts out into LAUGHTER.

Two thug-looking POLAR BEARS approach Jim from both sides. They put their arms around him.

POLAR BEAR 1
You lost kid?

JIM
I could use some directions.

The polar bears whisper to each other.

POLAR BEAR 2
(whispering)
Penguin meat goes for a lot on the market.

POLAR BEAR 1
Looking for your mommy's house?

JIM
I'm looking for a pair of mittens.

POLAR BEAR 1
You lose your favorite mittens?

JIM
I'm looking for THE Golden Knit Mittens.

The snowman's head perks up.

The polar bears LAUGH. One exits.

POLAR BEAR 2
That's rich.

POLAR BEAR 1
(to the bartender)
Hey Mary, fix this kid up a snow cone will ya?

JIM
I don't really like snow-

The bartender exits.

EXT OUTSIDE TAVERN

The bartender scoops up some snow for Jim. Over by the dock she sees...

A cloaked man releases the rope that ties up Jim's canoe. The hooded figure COUGHS up ice and struggles to stand. He THROWS A BOLT of ice lightning on the ground. It summons a gargantuan YETI creature.

INT TAVERN SAME TIME

The second polar bear returns with a sack.

POLAR BEAR 1
You see, kid. We're looking for something gold too. And penguin fetches a lot of it on the market.

The polar bear THROWS the sack over Jim, he PLOPS on the ground, struggles.

The bears grab it and start for the exit. The crowd BOOS.

The sack glows with a familiar light. It's ripped open by the knitting needle. The bears are stunned.

Jim now has the snowman's full attention.

JIM
I'm not giving up so soon.

The first polar bear lunges at Jim, he dodges. Jim reaches over a grabs a hunk of snow out of the snowman's side.

JIM
Sorry! So sorry!

He HUCKS the snow at the second polar bear. It blinds him.

The bartender returns with Jim's snowcone. Jim hops onto the bar, grabs the snowcone, jumps off, and slams the snowcone down the first polar bear's throat all while midair.

POLAR BEAR 1
Brain Freeze!

Both polar bears run out of the tavern. The joint goes SILENT. Then- CHEERS.

BARTENDER
Those goons have been lurking around here for months. No one's ever been able to get rid of them.

SNOWMAN
Beginner's luck.

The snowman picks up his head and exits. The bartender CHUCKLES.

BARTENDER

Nor have we been able to get that lowlife to leave either.

The tavern CHEERS again.

BARTENDER

Free snowcones on the house!

More CHEERS, Jim raises a snowcone for a toast.

BARTENDER

Speaking of leaving... if that's your canoe out there, I think it's being towed.

EXT TAVERN

Jim BUSTS out of the door. His canoe floats down river, and has lost its sparkle. Jim gives chase.

He sprints after it, but no matter how fast he runs the canoe further distances itself.

Jim runs past rows of snowmen and snowwomen, 30 snowpeople long. Jim stops running to catch his breath. He PANTS.

Jim stops next to a peculiar snowman, who holds his head in his hands, rather than on top of head.

JIM

Maybe I should have asked for help.

Jim turns around, the tavern is a dot on the horizon.

The snowman sets his head down and quietly reaches for the knitting needle that peek out Jim's back pocket when- CRASH.

The summoned yeti CRASHES out of the woods beside the river. It towers over Jim and ROARS.

JIM

Looks like I'm not asking for help.

Jim runs farther away from the tavern, the yeti gives chase.

Jim PANTS and runs when- THUD. Jim trips on a rock, the yeti lurches for him.

Jim takes a deep breath. He lets out a dainty SQUEAK like the one from school.

The yeti pauses. He takes a moment, then HOWLS in laughter.

JIM
I'll show you.

Jim charges at the yeti when- SMACK. A snowball clocks the yeti in the face. Jim stops in its tracks.

Out of the rest of the snowmen emerges the headless snowman, head in one arm, snowball in the other.

The yeti ROARS and winds up a punch aimed at Jim.

SMACK. Another snowball. The yeti freezes. SMACK SMACK. The snowman lets loose a barrage of snowballs. He grabs snow from his sides, balls it up, then launches it.

The yeti stumbles and falls to his knees. Jim climbs up its back. A whiff of yeti B.O. enters Jim's nostrils. He recoils, nearly falls off GAGGING.

Jim recovers and SLAP SLAP SLAPS it across the face with his flippers. The yeti enters a rage, and bucks Jim off.

CLONK. Jim falls headfirst into a rock.

The yeti retreats into the woods.

JIM
It's always the head.

SNOWMAN
Walk it off kid.

JIM
Sound medical advice.

Jim extends a hand to the snowman, the snowman offers nothing in return. Jim pulls himself up.

JIM
I've never seen a yeti before.

SNOWMAN
That was no ordinary yeti.

JIM
Do they normally smell that nice?

SNOWMAN

Worse. Something got into that one.

JIM

I took down a yeti. A super yeti too. Wait 'til I tell the guys at school.

SNOWMAN

I took down a yeti.

JIM

Sure. You took down a yeti. Just who are you?

SNOWMAN

I'm no one.

JIM

I'm Jim.

SNOWMAN

That's great fish-breath.

JIM

I could use your help.

SNOWMAN

I don't help people anymore.

JIM

But you can help people.

SNOWMAN

Can. Don't want to.

JIM

I could use a friend.

Jim produces the needle, it spins around, points down river.

SNOWMAN

I could use that thing.

JIM

What was that?

SNOWMAN

Ummm. I could use nothing.

He points down river.

SNOWMAN

You're heading that way right? I guess I could go with you. Won't be helping you, I'll just be going the same way as you at the same time.

Jim extends his flipper for a handshake. The snowman GROANS.

JIM

I need to know the name of my traveling buddy.

SNOWMAN

Wallace.

He extends his twig arm and shakes.

SNOWMAN

And don't even think about calling me your traveling buddy!

JIM

Sure thing, Wally.

WALLACE

Or Wally either.

Jim rushes along and beckons for Wallace to follow.

Wallace SIGHS.

EXT BESIDE THE RIVER

Wallace PANTS, and tries to keep up with Jim.

Jim YELLS back at Wallace.

JIM

We're looking for the same thing, aren't we?

WALLACE

I'm looking for the Great Gilded Tree.

JIM

What's at the Gilded Tree?

WALLACE

Your Mittens should be there.

JIM

And what's in it for yo-

CLONK. A block of ice whacks Jim in the head. The wind has picked up to a ROAR.

WALLACE

Must be the Snownado.

JIM

I don't like the sound of that.

WALLACE

We better turn around.

Jim's needle pokes him and points straight at the blizzard.

JIM

I can't. I understand if you don't want t-

Wallace looks in disbelief at the needle.

WALLACE

I'll go.

Jim trips over the block of ice. THUD. OUCH.

WALLACE

You're going to want that.

JIM

It's just ice.

WALLACE

I'm heavy enough to make it through the strong winds, you're not.

JIM

I'm not carrying a block of ice.

WALLACE

You don't have to.

Wallace digs into his snowy abdomen and produces a rope. Jim fiddles with it. It's clear he knows nothing about knots.

Wallace grabs the rope, leashes the ice to Jim's waist.

WALLACE

You really are hopeless.

Jim pouts and follows Wallace through the ROARING snowfall. They raise their voices to speak.

A prodigious, swirling, mass of snow approaches.

WALLACE

That's the Snownado. They say it's been spinning since the legendary Viking warrior sealed away the Solstice Spirit.

JIM

You know about the Viking hero?

WALLACE

Doesn't everyone.

Jim's feet are lifted off the ground. He hovers. The ice block keeps him from being completely blown away.

Wallace grabs Jim's foot and pulls him back down.

WALLACE

Keep moving or you'll be sucked up.

Jim trudges forward. The ice block rolls with him, collecting snow. It forms a large snowball that grows bigger with each step.

JIM

I hope this isn't part of the plan.

WALLACE

You'll just have to put your back into it.

The snowball exceeds Wallace's height. Jim struggles to pull any further.

JIM

My back can't take much more.

Wallace stops to help Jim, but Wallace is lifted by the raucous winds. Jim is weighed down by the massive snowball.

WALLACE

Not good.

Jim grabs his hand. Jim doesn't have the strength to pull him in.

JIM

Trust me on this one.

Jim holds Wallace in one hand and pushes the snow boulder with the other. It picks up speed.

WALLACE

Jim...

The snowball pulls Jim forward. He has to run to match its pace. Jim drags Wallace through the air like a kite.

WALLACE

Don't do anything crazy.

The snowball moves too fast for Jim to keep up with. Jim is swept up into the air. The snowball speeds across the ground, and yanks Jim behind it, still holding Wallace.

JIM

Hold on!

The snowball ramps off a cliff and swirls around the Snownado once before being flung for what seems like miles.

WHAM. The snowball slams against a tree and disintegrates. Jim rubs his noggin.

The duo is at the edge of a forest.

JIM

Who said penguins are flightless birds?

EXT FOREST EDGE

WALLACE

Trees, so many trees.

JIM

What's with you and trees?

WALLACE

These aren't just any trees. This is the Forgotten Forest.

The sun sets.

WALLACE

We'll set up camp and navigate the forest in the morning.

JIM

That only leaves us two days before the winter solstice.

WALLACE
What's up with the solstice? You
got a date?

JIM
With a wizard.

WALLACE
I don't want to know.

EXT FOREST EDGE SUNSET

The duo has set up a lean-to out of sticks and branches.
Nothing fancy. A fire CRACKLES beside them.

The two lay beside each other under blankets of snow.
Wallace leaves his head next to his body.

JIM
So you know about the Viking hero.

WALLACE
He's the bee's knees. Everyone
knows that.

JIM
Did *you* know him?

WALLACE
A lifetime ago.

JIM
I bet he didn't get made fun of.

WALLACE
You think just because he was big
and strong he didn't have his own
junk to work through?

JIM
But everyone loved him. Once I get
the Mittens, the village will have
to treat me the same.

WALLACE
Careful, kid. Power only yearns for
more power.

Beat.

JIM
You can leave at any time.

WALLACE
It's not that easy.

JIM
So you just want to be friends?

WALLACE
Sure, Jimbo.

Jim rolls over. Wallace SIGHS and stares into the stars.

He nudges Jim. Jim SNORES. He cradles his mother's needle. The needle wiggles, pointing through the woods.

Wallace tugs at the needle, but Jim has it in a vice-grip. Another SIGH. Wallace rolls over to sleep.

Through the trees Wallace spies a cloaked man with light seeping out of his cloak. The man stumbles around the forest. Wallace pays it no mind.

EXT FOREST EDGE MORNING

Jim wakes to see that Wallace has disappeared. Jim looks down, his needle is gone too. Panic.

JIM
Not good, not good.

He sees a trail of snow depressed into the wood.

JIM
Footprints!
or...Snowman-snow-prints?

Jim follows the trail of snow into the forest.

EXT FORGOTTEN FOREST

The trail weaves throughout the trees. Jim follows it. He dodges branches and shoves twigs out of his way.

The snow around Jim dissipates. The trail grows thinner.

The trail stops, the snow is gone. Red, Yellow, and Orange leaves cover the ground. Again, Panic.

A RUSTLE in the bushes.

JIM
Wally?

Another RUSTLE then- GROWLING.

JIM
Sorry I meant Wallace!

Jim runs away from the noise, blindly in the woods.

BAM. Jim smacks into Wallace, who strolls which way the needle tells him to.

WALLACE
Hey Jimbo.

JIM
You jerk, you stole that.

WALLACE
I'm borrowing it.

JIM
Without me.

WALLACE
I'm just scouting ahead. Can't go where you don't know where to go.

JIM
But I did know where to go. And I'm starting to think that you knew too.

Wallace SIGHS.

WALLACE
Look, they call it the Forgotten Forest for a reason. If I knew how to get through it I wouldn't have to use yo-

A familiar RUSTLE and GROWL. They HUSH.

WALLACE
Did you make a new friend?

Jim places his finger over Wallace's mouth. SILENCE.

JIM
I think it's gone...

CRASH. From behind them flies out the yeti.

WALLACE
Nope. That's an old friend.

RIP. CRUNCH. The yeti yanks a tree out of the ground and swings it at the duo.

They duck. CRASH. The tree DEMOLISHES the other trees surrounding them.

JIM
I got an idea.

Jim taunts the yeti.

JIM
Hey flea-bag!

WALLACE
Words won't work on him.

The yeti swings again, they dodge. The swing crushes more trees around them.

They continue running, the yeti continues swinging, trees continue falling.

They stop and look around. The destruction has created a massive clearing in the forest around them.

WALLACE
This was your grand plan.

JIM
Look how easy it is to find the Gilded Tree now.

WALLACE
Not if we're yeti feed.

While Wallace is distracted, the yeti SMACKS Wallace with a tree. He is launched into the air.

WALLACE
(midair)
Look!

Thanks to the boost from the yeti, Wallace spots a collection of shiny, gilded leaves over the clearing.

Jim runs in circles to line up a catch for Wallace. Wallace's head falls first. THUMP. Jim nails a diving catch of Wally's head. WHAM. His torso follows and crushes Jim.

JIM
Ever thought to lose some weight?

Wallace picks himself up.

WALLACE

How about some cardio?

Wallace points in the direction of the sparkly leaves.

WALLACE

Our stop is over there.

They run for the tree with the yeti close behind. When-SLAM. Wallace gets caught in a root.

Jim turns around and picks up a leafy branch. He charges at the yeti with it. Jim winds up a powerful swing and just before it makes contact... Jim tickles the yeti with it.

It's trapped in a fit of GIGGLES. Jim uses the opportunity to free Wallace.

They make haste for the tree. At the base of the roots is a ruined stone entrance into it. They run in.

The yeti, now recovered, realizes he won't catch them in time. He throws a tree branch at the duo and JAMS it into the entrance. It seals them inside. He can't yank it out.

Jim and Wallace high-five.

INT CATACOMBS

Walls made of mossy stone. Roots run through the ceiling. Torches line the walls. A stone staircase leads down.

JIM

Guess there's only one way to go.

Wallace grabs a torch and they descend.

Along the walls lay inlet coffins, some house skeletons.

WALLACE

This place is full of creeps.

JIM

Takes one to know one.

They hit the bottom of the stairwell. It opens up into a well-lit room full of torches that resembles a burial chamber. Coffins and skeletons line the walls.

At the far end is a pedestal with a pair of mittens on it. Above it, a giant skeleton with a bone-crown hangs out of the wall.

WALLACE
The Mittens.

Jim pulls out the needle. It points below the gloves.

JIM
Wally, I don't think...

Wallace pulls forward, not listening to Jim.

JIM
Wallace!

Wallace grabs the gloves, they disintegrate.

Skeletons in the walls start CLACKING. The ground SHAKES. Some skeletons equip swords and shields, others move straight for Jim and Wallace.

JIM
We better get going.

WALLACE
But they were right here.

JIM
I don't think they were ever right there.

The needle now points directly below them.

A skeleton lunges for Jim, he kicks its head off.

The skeletal king in the wall comes to life and scoops Wallace up.

Jim lifts up the pedestal the fake gloves were resting on and rips it out of the ground. He heaves it at the massive skeleton. Its bones fall apart and scatter on the floor.

THUNK. Wallace hits the ground.

Jim notices a hole in the floor beneath where the pedestal was. He ushers Wallace into the hole.

JIM
We shouldn't have to worry about him anymore.

They jump down.

INT DUNGEON CONTINUOUS

THUD. Jim and Wallace tumble out of a sloped shoot. They stand and dust themselves off.

The room is lined with jail cells on both sides.

JIM

You nearly got us killed.

WALLACE

You want those Mittens too.

JIM

Tell me. What's a snowman want with the Golden Knit Mitten so bad? You don't even have hands.

WALLACE

It's a curse.

JIM

Like a bad word?

WALLACE

No like a curse. I'm cursed.

JIM

So that's why you're so grumpy all the time.

WALLACE

No... Well, maybe. That's not the point. I wasn't always like this. I mean, have you ever seen a talking snowman? Let alone one who's head won't stay on properly.

JIM

And you think the Mittens can lift the curse?

A VOICE calls out from within a jail cell. They turn to find a talking skeleton, trapped behind rusted bars.

KEATON

Curse? I know what you mean.

WALLACE

Sure you do.

KEATON

Nah for real. You're stuck in that form, I'm stuck behind bars. I get it. Have a little compassion.

WALLACE

I'm sure you deserve to be behind bars.

KEATON

And I'm sure you deserve to be stuck like that.

Wallace gets face-to-face with the skeleton. Jim has to hold him back.

WALLACE

You better watch your mouth.

KEATON

I didn't get back here because I'm a good guy. Are you trying to tell me that you're any different?

Wallace rips a hunk of snow out of his side and jams it through the bars and into the skeleton's face. No effect.

KEATON

I can't get brainfreeze, you know.

Wallace fumes with anger.

KEATON

Go ahead, tell me you were an upstanding fellow before you got that way.

WALLACE

...I wish I knew.

KEATON

Don't remember do ya? Real shame.

SLAM. Wallace punches the rusty cell. The entire cell wobbles. Keaton notices and grins.

KEATON

And now you're at the mercy of this little penguin boy, aren't ya?

Wallace punches the cell again. More wobbling.

KEATON
 Must hurt using people all the
 time, never having real friends.

Wallace puts his full force into one final punch. WHAM. The cell quakes and CREAKS. The bars topple over.

Keaton sprints out of the cell.

KEATON
 At least you did something right.

Wallace dives after Keaton, but Jim holds him back.

JIM
 It's not worth it.

KEATON
 So long. Happy curse!

Keaton enters the shoot Jim and Wallace came from. He exits.

WALLACE
 Let's just hurry up and get those
 Mittens.

They descend a staircase at the other end of the dungeon. It's dark and winds in a circle. Water DRIPS from above.

JIM
 You think maybe the Mittens could
 fix that guy t--

Jim slips on the stairs and take Wallace down with him.

INT CAVE CHAMBER

THUD. Jim and Wallace fall into a cave.

A large, open chamber. Roots line the ceiling and burrow their way out of it. Mist hangs in the air.

WALLACE
 We must be directly under the Great
 Gilded Tree.

JIM
 That means...

A beam of light cuts through the ceiling and illuminates an altar at the center of the room. A sparkling pair of MITTENS sit on it. They catch the light and blind Jim.

JIM
...the Mittens.

Jim's eyes turn to gold. He is entranced.

Wallace extends an arm to stop him. Jim walks right through.

Wallace grabs Jim with both arms. He struggles to hold Jim back. Wallace skids forward, being pulled by Jim.

Jim makes one final push and SNAP, he breaks Wally's twig arms right off. Wallace falls to the ground.

WALLACE
Jim!

Jim steps on a tile. CLICK. It sinks into the ground. The room shakes. Ceiling roots unlatch and retreat into the rocky roof. Large stones fall from above.

A massive boulder dangles from a loose root. It wobbles above Jim. The stone falls free and SLAM, lands behind Jim.

Jim appears crushed. Wallace sprints towards the boulder, and dodges rocks that drop around him.

Wallace rounds the boulder and SIGHS. Jim is unharmed.

Jim trudges on under the spell of the Mittens. He is inches from the pedestal. His flippers are about to meet the mittens when- PLONK. A pebble hits his head. He WHACKS his head against the pedestal and is knocked out cold.

Wallace rushes to Jim, pokes him with his carrot nose.

WALLACE
Wake up, kid.

Nothing.

The sliver of light in the ceiling fades. There is an exit under it, but not for long.

WALLACE
Not good.

A skeleton sprints out of the entrance. Keaton.

KEATON
Over here!

Keaton waves the remaining skeleton legion in behind him.

WALLACE
He sold us out!

A skeleton soldier winds up and throws his sword at the pair. Its bony arm flies with the sword, still gripping it.

TINK. The sword sticks into the pedestal next to them.

The arm lets go of the sword and crawls to Jim. It tickles his armpit. Jim laughs and comes back to his senses. He takes in his surroundings.

JIM
Look what you did, Wally!

WALLACE
This is why I don't work with kids.

Jim takes the arm and jabs it into Wally's side.

WALLACE
That thing could have tetanus.

Wallace turns around. The mittens have disappeared.

WALLACE
The Mitts are gone.

JIM
I took care of it.

The skeleton king slides down the shoot with reinforcements.

WALLACE
You said you got rid of him.

JIM
I said we wouldn't have to worry about him.

WALLACE
Well I'm worried.

The skeleton king lets out a SHRIEK. Undead arms dig their way out of the ground around Jim and Wallace.

Wallace plucks a bony arm from the ground like a flower. He affixes it to his side.

WALLACE
Head for the light.

Wallace balls up snow from his torso and hucks it at the undead army, knocking off heads of several soldiers.

Skeletal hands grab at Jim's feet and he kicks himself free.

The exit is almost shut.

Boulders CRUSH several of the skeleton soldiers. More boulders fall, forming steps up to exit.

JIM
Now's our chance.

Wallace grabs Jim in one arm and his head in the other. He sprints towards the exit.

Wallace climbs the boulders up to the shrinking exit. He gets to the highest point but can't reach the hole.

WALLACE
We're not gonna make it.

JIM
Hey bonehead!

WALLACE
You've lost it, kid.

JIM
Over here.

The king hurls his scimitar at the duo.

Jim grabs Wallace and forces him to duck. THUNK. The blade sticks into the wall between them and the exit. Jim climbs onto the massive scimitar and pulls Wally up with him.

Jim turns and flashes his tongue at the skeleton king. It SHRIEKS. WHAM, a boulder crushes him.

Wallace yanks Jim through the exit. SLAM. It seals shut.

EXT OUTSIDE CAVE

WALLACE
Looks like your big mouth actually
did some good.

Jim wears a smirk of confidence but-

He COUGHS, then dry heaves. It stops.

Jim projectile vomits the Mittens out his gullet, onto Wally's face. Fish bones and other chunks of food too.

WALLACE
And your big stomach.

EXT BACK OF THE TREE

Wallace and Jim stare at the puke covered mittens. They SPARKLE. Something catches Jim's eye.

JIM
They're not mittens.

WALLACE
Huh.

JIM
They're gloves.

Jim picks up the mittens, they are in fact gloves. They have five finger holes as opposed to one big covering.

WALLACE
So what.

Wallace replaces his new skeletal arms with some twigs from a nearby tree.

Jim readies the glove. A light shines down on him. Everything is still.

Jim tries to slide it over his flipper, but it won't slide on. His solid, round flipper can't fit into the glove holes.

JIM
They won't fit.

WALLACE
Haven't you ever worn gloves before.

JIM
I don't have fingers. I wear mittens. They had to be mittens. But they're not. They're gloves!

Jim throws the gloves against the tree.

WALLACE
There's got to be some way to make them work.

JIM

They won't fit. I can't fit into gloves. I didn't fit in with the penguins. I didn't fit in with the Vikings. And now I don't fit in to the gloves.

WALLACE

Easy, Jimbo.

JIM

And quit calling me-

A familiar CACKLE from behind the tree.

CLOVIS

Hello, Jimbo.

Clovis reveals himself on top of one of the tall tree roots. He hops down to their level and picks up the gloves.

CLOVIS

How kind of you to lead me here.

JIM

Clovis, you donkus.

CLOVIS

Not only that, but you even fetched the gloves like a good boy. You know you really should be appreciated more than you are.

JIM

Shut your mouth.

CLOVIS

Risking your life for people who scorn you, finding the gloves, and worst of all, working with that trash.

He points to Wallace. Wallace looks over his shoulders as if he were pointing to someone else.

WALLACE

This your wizard date?

CLOVIS

You really don't remember anything. Hard to believe you were Agatha's favorite.

JIM
Agatha?

WALLACE
That name....

Clovis leaps back up onto the tall root.

CLOVIS
And now I'm off.

JIM
Not so fast.

Jim turns to Wallace, they nod at each other.

Jim COUGHS up a fish bone, he wields it like a dagger.

Wallace tosses his head into the air. Jim leaps into the air and vaults off Wally's head for a double jump. He lunges at Clovis with the fishbone.

Clovis blocks with the gloves. The fishbone snags on one.

Clovis FIRES an ice bolt at Jim. It knocks him backwards, but the fishbone has the glove hooked. Jim flies away and the gloves unravel with it.

A stray bolt carries Wallace into a tree. His torso is frozen to it, his head remains behind on the ground.

CLOVIS
My glove!

Clovis' eyes turn white, succumb to rage. Like earlier, he blasts ice left and right. Jim rushes to Wally's aid, but he is stuck to the tree, suspended off the ground.

Clovis continues to fire ice wildly.

WALLACE
(head on the ground)
A little help here.

Jim grabs the yarn in both hands, holding a taut, single string in front of his face.

An ice bolt hits the yarn and deflects back at Clovis. Clovis' left arm is frozen solid. He falls to the ground.

Jim grabs a stray chunk of ice from the ground and saws down the tree Wallace is stuck to. It falls. The ice SHATTERS.

Jim gives chase, Wallace holds him back.

JIM
We gotta get him.

WALLACE
We can't get him. He's too powerful
and we're short one glove.

Jim puts up a fight, Wallace ties him up with the yarn.

Wallace grabs Jim in one arm, his head in the other, and high-tails it through forest, yarn streaming behind them.

EXT FORGOTTEN FOREST

Wallace sprints through the forest, carrying Jim with him.

JIM
Let me go.

WALLACE
Not if you're planning on going
after him like this.

JIM
I can take him. I crushed that yeti
twice, I outsmarted the skeleton
legion.

WALLACE
We did that.

JIM
And we'll do it again.

WALLACE
Don't get a big head.

Jim WHACKS his head against a tree branch.

WALLACE
We're in no shape to fight that guy
with only one glove. Not to mention
it's completely unraveled. Or that
he has the other one.

JIM
Then we go back and get it.

WALLACE
Alone, our glove is useless. The
gloves get their power by working
together.

Jim squirms to fight free from the binding.

JIM
Even more reason to go back. The
solstice is in two days.

WALLACE
It's just the solstice.

JIM
For us. But that guy let loose the
Solstice Spirit. In two days he'll
get crazy strong.

WALLACE
Solstice Spirit...

He pauses.

WALLACE
We're going elsewhere first.

Wallace points to the rising moon.

WALLACE
The place where the moon meets the
horizon.

JIM
And that'll help us get stronger?

WALLACE
There's a house... well more of a
mansion. There should be something
that allows us to fix the gloves.

JIM
If that house isn't in Viking
Village I'm not interested.

WALLACE
It was Agatha's.

Jim stops squirming. The magic knitting needle frees itself
from his back pocket. It points in the direction Wally did.

JIM
I guess that's where we're going.

Wallace lets Jim free. They pause and catch their breath.

CRASH. CRASH. A series of trees fall to the ground. The
CRASHES move closer and closer.

JIM

And we better get there quick.

A SILENCE. Then- WHOOSH. Clovis pops out of the trees and swings his frozen arm at the duo like a club.

Clovis takes a swing at Jim, but he dodges. Jim takes the opportunity to wrap Clovis' frozen arm in the Golden Yarn.

His arm SIZZLES, and the ice melts. Clovis SHRIEKS. Stunned.

WALLACE

Run!

Jim grabs Wallace and the Yarn and jumps into a river below.

EXT RIVER

SPLASH. Jim and Wallace surface and GASP for air.

WALLACE

Never do that again.

JIM

You said to run.

WALLACE

Run. Not jump.

The pair float down the river.

WALLACE

Besides, we need to be going up river.

A massive shadow splashes from downriver toward them.

JIM

Whatever that is does too.

WALLACE

Brace yourself.

Jim grabs a stick next to him and readies it.

WALLACE

What good do you think that'll-

The shadow closes in, the boys tense up. It disappears-

WHISH. 20 giant salmon FLOP in and out of the water. Then 20 more, then 20 more. An endless stream of massive salmon.

Jim latches on to one. It carries him forward.

WALLACE
Are you crazy?

JIM
We need to be going up river.

Wallace straddles a giant salmon and rides it beside Jim.
The duo dips in and out of the water on their salmon.

JIM
See. Crazy efficient.

WALLACE
If you want to get yourself killed.

A VOICE from under Wallace.

SALMON
I'll have you know I'm a very good
driver.

Startled, Wallace loses his balance, and nearly slips off.

SALMON II
Never rode bareback before?

SALMON
Don't think he's ever rode at all.

JIM
Don't think I've ever heard a fish
talk.

SALMON II
I could say the same for penguins.

WALLACE
Great that you can talk, but can
you swim?

Wally's salmon leaps into the air and does a triple axel,
Wallace SCREAMS all the while.

WALLACE
OK-OK. I get it. But we need to get
up that.

Wallace points up stream at a ROARING waterfall.

SALMON
It's not that.

A BEAR waits at the base of the falls with a bib wrapped around its neck, fork and knife in hand.

SALMON II
He's the tricky one to get past.

JIM
But you've done it before?

SALMON
For sure. Requires teamwork though.

Jim focuses on the bear. The salmon around it swim in pairs. When the bear takes a swipe at the salmon, the other rams itself into the bear.

SALMON II
We work as a team.

SALMON
We would never get past him without a little help.

Jim and Wally's salmon close in on the bear.

SALMON
Get ready.

The salmon leap past the bear. Salmon I is snagged by the bear with Wallace still riding.

SALMON II
Give him a hand, kid.

Jim winds up his stick and WHAM, he shatters the stick on the bear's ankles.

The bear totters and then SPLASH, falls into the water. Wallace and his salmon are free.

The salmon ride side-by-side, the duo high-fives, but- ROAR. The bear surfaces. Jim sticks his tongue out at it.

The bear races after them with a perfect-form butterfly stroke and blazing speed. Jim SLAPS his salmon.

JIM
Giddyup!

The salmon blast toward the waterfall.

WALLACE

There's no way he can get up that.

SALMON

Let's hope.

The salmon are mere feet from the waterfall when the bear catches up.

Another ROAR. He reaches his claws out when the salmon go vertical up the fall.

The bear gives chase and tries to follow them up. He makes it a couple feet up, but stops and plummets down. SPLASH.

A unanimous SIGH of relief. They reach the top of the falls.

EXT TOP OF THE FALLS

They crest the falls and cruise down the river that feeds the waterfall. The river pools into a lake at the top.

Salmon leap in and out of the sunny lake. Salmon lay on the shore on towels and under umbrellas, some play volleyball. It's a regular beach day.

SALMON

Welcome to salmon heaven.

JIM

This is what you risk your lives for.

SALMON II

This is what we live our lives for.

Jim shakes his head. The fish stroll toward the shore.

SALMON

I assume this isn't your final stop.

WALLACE

We're looking for Frosty Bazaar.

JIM

No pit stops, Wally.

WALLACE

There's no getting into the mansion without a key.

JIM
And the key is at Frosty Bazaar.

WALLACE
There's a friend at Frosty Bazaar.

JIM
We don't have time for play-dates.
We get the key and then we go.

The guys dismount their salmon onto the shore.

SALMON II
You sure you want to hang around
Frosty Bazaar this time of year?
Especially with him?

The salmon gestures at Jim.

WALLACE
There's no choice.

JIM
Sketchy places just seem to call
your name.

WALLACE
I don't want to be there any more
than you do.

SALMON
Avoid the stumps. They'll lead you
in the right direction but people
have been disappearing that way
lately.

Jim and Wallace take off the opposite direction of the
falls, they wave back as they go.

EXT SPARSE WOOD

Jim and Wallace continue past the lake and into a thin,
wooded area with leafless trees. An obvious path of stumps
leads through the center of the wood.

Jim starts for the stumps.

WALLACE
We're not following the stumps.

JIM
We don't have time.

WALLACE
Time doesn't matter if we're dead.

JIM
We're dead either way if we can't
stop Clovis soon.

WALLACE
I'm going around.

JIM
...See you on the other side.

Wallace splits off and moves to travel around the wood. Jim
heads straight through the center. He follows the stumps.

INT STUMP WOODS

Jim hops from stump to stump to make his way through.

JIM
(imitating an announcer)
Jim sets a new land-speed record.
Wallace eats his dust.

A HISSING sound. Jim turns around startled.

JIM
Must have been my blazing speed.

He continues forward.

Another HISS. Green smoke billows out the stumps behind him.
Jim speeds up. The HISSING is closer, then ahead of him.

Green smokes piles out of the stumps in front of him and
engulfs him. Everything goes green.

Jim sees a vision in the green haze. He sees himself paraded
through Viking Village, celebrated as a hero. Then he sees
the Golden Knit Gloves. Jim walks towards them.

Jim hears a VOICE calling his name. Snaps back to reality.

VOICE
Jim....JIM.

Jim looks around. He feels and hears a BREEZE.

WALLACE

JIM.

Wallace bursts through the smoke with a giant leaf. He waves it back and forth to clear the smoke.

The smoke clears around the duo to reveal Jim wandering with clouded eyes.

JIM

You ruined everything.

WALLACE

You have to get out of here.

The ground shakes. Stumps burrow out of the ground and walk like spiders with their many roots that serve as legs.

The roots snake up to Wallace and snag his torso. They drag him into the smoke.

Jim shakes his head and grabs the leaf Wallace dropped. He fans up a storm to clear the smoke, but no sign of Wallace.

Jim drops the leaf in despair, but he hears a struggle, then a cry for help.

WALLACE

JIM.

Jim belly-slides in the direction of the voice, fanning the air around him as he speeds through the wood.

Jim enters a clearing. He does a 360-tornado spin, to clear the entire area of smoke to reveal-

A whole host of stumps walking towards the biggest tree in the wood and climbing up. At the back of the stump parade is Wallace snared atop a walking stump, held down by its roots.

Jim belly-slides towards the stumps, fanning behind him to give him a boost.

Now caught up, Jim hops from stump to stump to catch up to the one carrying Wallace.

Roots grab at his ankles, but Jim dodges their advances. He makes his way to the stump behind Wallace.

JIM

Grab on!

Jim extends a flipper. It locks with Wally's stick hand.

WALLACE

Not a good idea, buddy.

Jim pulls back and POP. Wallace's arm slides right out. Jim flies backwards and off the stumps. They continue up the giant tree and Wallace is carried away without Jim.

Jim sits depressed. He pulls out the needle. It points in the complete opposite direction of Wallace.

EXT STUMP WOODS TREE BASE

Jim sits at the base of the tree, holding Wally's arm. Jim SIGHS and begins his climb.

EXT TOP OF THE TREE

In the middle is a large, flat stage big enough to house all of the stumps. Torches line the stage. The stumps seem to socialize, soft music plays. Your typical stump party.

Jim hides in a patch of leaves on the outer edge of the tree. He spies Wallace.

Wallace is tied up in the center of the stage. The stumps approach with ice cream scoops. They scoop up a ball of snow from his torso and place it on a snow cone. The stumps come and go, to fill up and enjoy snowcones made from Wally's endless supply of snow. He winces in pain every time.

Jim shields his eyes in disgust. He notices that Wally's other arm has been removed.

Jim looks down at the tree branch he stands on. He notices it has some bounce to it. Jim moves to the farthest end of it and jumps. Then again. It bounces up like a diving board.

Jim takes one last jump and SPRINGS into the air over Wally.

JIM

(midair)

Over here stumpies.

The stumps glare at Jim as he flies through the air. CLONK.

Jim lands on the opposite end of Wally. When he hits the ground, the magic needle falls out of Jim's pocket and slides next to Wallace.

Jim picks himself up and javelin throws Wallace's arm into the air and SMACK, right into Wallace's side. Wallace comes back to his senses and unties himself.

The stumps begin to snare Jim with their roots.

Wallace picks up the needle. It points in the complete opposite direction of Jim. He takes a moment to consider.

SLAP. Wallace hits himself in the face to wake himself up.

He runs to a table with snowcone cups on it. Wally digs them into his side and launches a series of snowcones at the stumps. They eat them up in joy and release Jim.

WALLACE

Eat up.

While the stumps are distracted, Jim picks a leaf off the tree and sprints to Wallace. He wears determined grin.

WALLACE

I don't like that look.

Jim grabs Wallace and jumps off the tree. Jim holds onto the leaf with both hands, using it as a parachute. Wallace clings to Jim for dear life.

WALLACE

I can't hold much longer with one arm.

JIM

Then we just have to make a soft landing.

Wallace slips from Jim's hold.

JIM

Hold on.

FWT. A branch flies past the duo. Then another. Then 20. The stumps fire branch-arrows at them with wooden bows.

Jim swings back and forth to avoid the arrows but- FWT. One pierces the leaf. They plummet.

EXT EDGE OF WOODS

Wallace and Jim POP their heads out of a snowbank.

JIM

What a rush.

WALLACE

Yes. That's what you get for rushing.

JIM

I was awesome.

WALLACE

I was almost a living snowcone.

JIM

But I saved you. And I beat those stumps. And it felt...good.

WALLACE

Did you save me to save me, or to just feel good about yourself.

Wallace walks away. An outpost-snowfort looms ahead.

WALLACE

I thought we were in a hurry?

Jim speeds up to Wally. They close in on the snow fort.

JIM

What exactly is Frosty Bazaar?

WALLACE

A gathering for the shadiest, coldest creatures this side of the Forgotten Forest.

JIM

And this is where the key is.

WALLACE

This is where it should be.

They walk up to the walls of the outpost. The walls are 15-feet tall with a catwalk on top. Everything is made of snow. The walls, the buildings, the streets.

The duo walks through the main gate when- ARF-ARF. A seal turns to greet Wally and Jim. He wears armor and a sword.

Before Jim is seen, he flies backward and hides outside.

WALLACE

One moment please.

Wallace follows Jim.

WALLACE
Play it cool.

JIM
Seals, Wallace. I can't go there.

WALLACE
Frosty Bazaar is run by seals.

JIM
Seals eat penguins. I won't last a second in there.

WALLACE
Then you can wait here.

JIM
I'm done waiting. I have to get strong and have no time to do it.

WALLACE
Have fun getting eaten.

JIM
No. I have a plan.

INT FROSTY BAZAAR MAIN GATE MOMENTS LATER

Wallace walks back up to the seal. Sticking out of Wallace's torso is... Jim's head? Jim has buried himself into Wallace.

SEAL
Stay frosty, friend.

JIM
Yes, hello, frosty day to you.

Wallace stumbles past the seal and walks blind.

SEAL
You alright? That's a funny looking head for a snowman.

JIM
I was born like this, I prefer not to talk about it. Junior high was a rough time.

SEAL
We've all been there.

Wallace walks away, bumping into walls as he goes. The seal stares. He SNIFFS the air behind them. His curiosity is piqued. The seal trails the Wally-Jim hybrid.

INT MARKETPLACE

The market bustles. Vendors sell scarfs, weapons, fish, etc.

Jim-Wallace, fumbles around, and attracts attention as they bump into just about everything.

WALLACE
Easy up there.

JIM
You're not a piece of cake to drive.

WALLACE
Well you're driving me crazy.

ARF. Jim bumps a business-seal wearing a tie and briefcase. Surrounding seals glare.

JIM
Excuse us- I mean me.

The seal guard from earlier trails them, SNIFFING Jim's penguin-scent.

WALLACE
Play it cool.

Jim takes a big SNIFF.

JIM
What is this magic scent?

WALLACE
Jim.

Jim steers Wallace toward a fish vendor. In front of him is a gargantuan 10-foot long trout, steaming, mouthwatering.

JIM
Mammoth Rainbow Trout. I thought it was only a legend.

WALLACE
Keep your cool, Jimbo.

Jim leans over to smell the trout. Jim gets so close to the trout that he begins to stick out of Wally's torso, then all the way out until he stands on Wallace.

The seal guard closes in.

SEAL

Dinner!

A GASP from the seals in the area. Then BAM. Jim leans too far over and knocks the fish stall completely over. When the dust settles, Jim cuddles the massive trout.

The seals close in on Jim, their mouths watering.

WALLACE

I thought we were in a hurry, Jim.

Jim snaps to his senses. Wallace runs out of the marketplace and into a back alley. Jim trails with his trout in tow.

EXT BACK ALLEYS

The duo weaves through alleys, and dodges BARKING seals.

WALLACE

Leave the fish, fishface.

They turn a corner, seals have already cut them off. They turn around, more seals approach from behind. Sandwiched.

Jim throws the trout in front of them, knocking the seals over like bowling pins.

JIM

Strike.

They climb over the seals and head for a new alley.

They round another corner to catch their breath, the seals run past without noticing.

WALLACE

I said play it cool.

WHOOSH. A pair of arms grabs Jim and Wallace and pull them through a window.

INT DARK ROOM

THUD. Jim and Wallace land in what appears to be the back of a black market dealer. A cloaked figure stands before them.

WALLACE

We don't want any trouble.

JIM
I'll give 'em trouble.

WHOOSH. The figure uncloaks herself to reveal she's a seal.
Jim hides behind Wallace.

JIM
I don't want any trouble.

ANDREA
Relax. I'm a friend.

She steps forward. A single, bare bulb illuminates her face.
A scar runs down her left eye.

WALLACE
Andrea?

ANDREA
Been a while, Wally.

WALLACE
Glad you found us.

ANDREA
I haven't seen a commotion like
this in years. I was hoping it
would be you.

JIM
Guess creeps of a feather flock
together.

ANDREA
Bold thing to say from behind a
snowman.

Jim steps out from behind Wallace.

WALLACE
We don't have much time. We're
looking for the key.

Andrea looks at the ground.

WALLACE
I told you to keep it safe.

ANDREA
Someone else came.

JIM

Who?

ANDREA

Someone who made an offer I
couldn't refuse.

WALLACE

And you sold it to him.

Andrea puts her arm around Wallace.

ANDREA

Let's speak in private.

They move to another room and leave Jim behind.

INT BACK ROOM

ANDREA

He said he was an old friend of
yours, but that you wouldn't
remember.

WALLACE

I don't have any friends anymore.

ANDREA

He did. I wouldn't have given up
the key so easily, but he brought a
big, smelly friend with him.

WALLACE

Not ringing any bells.

Andrea produces a case. Snaps it open. An ICE-KEY inside.

ANDREA

I had a spare made just in case.

Wallace picks it up. Examines it. Thinks.

Wallace takes the key and stores it into his torso. Wallace
grabs a hunk of snow out of his side. He forms it into a
SNOW-KEY and places it in the case.

ANDREA

A fake? Still as stubborn as ever.
Don't want some punk kid's help?

WALLACE

That's not true.

ANDREA

Then I guess you just want all the
glory for yourself.

WALLACE

That's even less true.

ANDREA

Some things never change.

BOOM. CRASH. The room shakes.

INT DARK ROOM SAME TIME

The room shakes and throws Jim to the ground.

Another CRASH. The front wall disintegrates, half the room
is left destroyed.

The yeti stands outside. The source of the crash. Jim's face
grows dark. He walks into the street.

EXT BAZAAR STREETS

The streets are in ruins. Buildings crumbled, seals run in
terror. The yeti has a seal in his hand, swings it like a
club, and knocks down vendor stalls with it.

Jim bolts toward the yeti.

JIM

I'm sick of you picking on people.

The yeti HOWLS at Jim. He tosses the seal over his shoulder
and it THUDS into a snowbank.

Jim returns the yeti howl with a scream of his own. The same
SQUEAK as before. The yeti LAUGHS again.

Jim charges and flipper-slaps the yeti's leg. Nothing.

The yeti picks up Jim and squeezes. He winces in pain.

BURP. Jim lets out a nasty, fish burp that stuns the yeti.
It drops Jim.

Wallace and Andrea make their way out of the house rubble
and pull Jim up.

JIM

He's mine.

WALLACE

But--

JIM

I'm doing this myself.

Jim produces the golden yarn from his back pocket. He runs at the yeti with it.

Jim loops the yarn around the yeti's legs, tying it up. The yeti swings at Jim and picks him up again. It holds Jim up to its face. Jim smirks.

The yeti takes a step forward and CRASH. Falls to the ground. Jim is free.

Next to Jim sits the massive trout from earlier. Jim picks it up with both hands and slings it over his shoulder. He struts over to the yeti's face.

JIM

Now I'll show you.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. Jim lets loose an excessive barrage of fish slaps on the yeti's face.

WALLACE

That's enough Jim. He's out cold.

Jim pays Wallace no mind. He swings harder and faster until snots flies from the yeti's nostrils. Jim throws a final blow so hard that the trout bursts into a hundred pieces.

The yeti's face is black and blue.

Wallace and Andrea pull Jim away from the yeti, Jim PANTS the whole time.

EXT OUTSIDE FROSTY BAZAAR SUNSET

Jim starts off without Wallace. He follows the direction of the magic needle. Andrea grabs Wallace.

ANDREA

Look out for the kid.

WALLACE

We'll see.

ANDREA

Good luck, friend.

WALLACE

Been a while since someone's called me that.

Wallace smiles and catches up to Jim. Wally carries the fake-key-case with him. The bazaar shrinks in the distance. The duo crests a tall cliff.

Beat.

WALLACE

Violence only leads to more violence.

JIM

You expect me not to stand up to bullies.

WALLACE

There's a better way.

JIM

That yeti just keeps coming back because I wasn't powerful enough to stop it.

WALLACE

I know how you feel. You're alone, but without compassion they're destined to be alone too.

JIM

You don't know anything about being alone.

WALLACE

I've been alone for years.

JIM

I was born alone.

WALLACE

That's all you've ever known. I had everything once. And that was taken from me. You'll never know what it's like to be loved and have all that stripped from you.

JIM

The only person that's ever loved me is gone thanks to a big freaking bully. I refuse to let them take anything else from anyone else.

Jim's needle points at a lower angle. Then lower. Then directly below Jim. It wiggles, frees itself from Jim's hand, and burries itself in the ground.

WALLACE
Guess we're here.

SILENCE. The sun starts to set.

WALLACE
Let's set up camp. The mansion will appear when the moon meets the horizon.

They build an igloo in silence. Jim spies an ice block near the edge of the cliff.

Wallace pulls the real key out of his gut and admires it behind Jim's back.

WALLACE
Maybe I don't have to be alone.

Wallace notices Jim way too close to the cliff's edge.

WALLACE
Careful, Jimbo.

Jim approaches the ice block. He grabs it with his flippers. The block starts to slide down the hill. He tries to let go but his flippers are frozen to it.

The ice block slides closer and closer to the cliff's edge. It drags Jim with it. The block clears the edge of the cliff. Jim teeters on the edge.

The weight of the block is too much, Jim slips off the edge.

SNAG. Wallace grabs Jim's foot as Jim dangles from the edge.

Wallace his a firm grip on Jim, but struggles to pull him up. He looks back. Behind him is the key case. Wally considers. He could leave Jim, he has the key afterall.

JIM
Don't leave me hanging, Wally. I need you.

Beat. He pulls Jim up.

INT IGLOO NIGHT

Wallace is out cold. Jim sits up. Anxious.

JIM
Solstice is tomorrow, buddy.

No response from Wallace.

Jim peers at the key case with Wally's arm around it. Jim lifts Wallace's arm. He rolls over with it.

With more discretion, Jim lifts Wallace's arm and slides the case out. He pops it open and admires the snow key. He walks out of the igloo with it.

A glint of light peeks out from under Wallace's pillow. Jim pays it no mind.

EXT IGLOO

A heavy fog. Jim can't see far ahead. The moon yet to rise.

Jim holds the snow-key. He admires it, sniffs it, licks it, cuddles it. Jim takes a step forward when-

Jim slips on a patch of ice and- FUMP. He drops the key. It breaks into tiny, indistinguishable snowpieces.

JIM
Wally's gonna kill me.

Jim scrambles to put the pieces back together. No dice.

JIM
Maybe I can glue it back together
with some of Wally's magic snow.

INT IGLOO

Jim returns to see Wallace tossing and turning. Still asleep, Wally fumbles around for something. He pats his belly, then ground around him. Another glint of light from under the Wallace's pillow.

Wallace smirks. He reaches under his pillow and pulls out the ice-key. Wallace cuddles it and returns to a peaceful sleep.

The reality dawns on Jim.

Jim yanks the key from Wally and heads into the night alone.

EXT IGLOO

A full moon is split by the horizon. The fog now more dense than before. Jim pulls out the ice-key. It glows with a familiar light.

WOOSH. The key parts the fog around Jim. It reveals a path in the fog that leads to the same mansion Clovis ransacked.

INT IGLOO SAME TIME

Wallace is fast asleep. A familiar CACKLE wakes him. Clovis.

EXT MANSION

Jim stands before the mansion. A wall of fog surrounds it.

Jim looks at the ice-key.

JIM
So it was a fake.

Crystal steps lead to a doorway. Jim walks up.

JIM
He was going to leave me.

Jim reaches the top. The giant door bears an ice-lock.

JIM
Just like everone else ever.

INT MANSION

A familiar sight. The large, open room has four piles of snow sitting in it, ice pikes next to each.

The door CLICKS and CREAKS open. Jim enters. An eerie silence hangs in the air.

Jim walks through the room. He notices a painting. Snow covers the face of a mother and one of her sons.

Jim crests the stairs. At the top is an open door with a grand snow-pile jamming up the entrance. He climbs over it.

INT TOP OF THE MANSION

The room is a mess. A pedestal sits in the middle with a smashed snowglobe on it. All the liquid has drained out of it and is frozen around the pedestal.

WHISPERS from the snowglobe call out to Jim. He shakes his head and ignores them.

On the floor next to the snowglobe is a painting of a Viking boy, labeled "WALLACE."

JIM
Is this-

ROAR. The pile of snow Jim climbed over interrupts him. It is the remnants of the snow rancor Clovis fought.

It struggles to put itself together from the snow slop it's in. It HOWLS and hobbles towards Jim.

JIM
Not good.

Jim vaults off the rancor's head and out of the room before it can pull itself together.

INT MANSION

In the main room, the four snowman guards are pulling themselves back together as well.

JIM
Definitely not good.

Jim notices the stairwell goes higher and runs up it. He sees more family portraits with snowed-out faces.

At the top of the stairs is a door. Jim throws himself into it. BAM. It doesn't budge. Locked.

The snow rancor closes in on Jim. It throws an ice javelin at Jim. Jim dodges and the spear sticks into the keyhole. Jim fiddles with it until CLICK. The door unlocks.

Jim slips inside and barricades the door with a chair.

INT ATTIC

Dusty. Snow drifts in through holes in the ceiling. The room is filled with sewing equipment. Needles, yarn, spindles.

JIM
...needles.

BANG. The door trembles but doesn't open.

JIM
Not much time.

Jim rifles through the drawers. Nothing stands out.

BANG. The door is smashed to pieces. The rancor BUSTS in.

Jim grabs the closest pair of needles to him and throws them at the rancor. Nothing. It STOMPS in closer.

Jim grabs another pair of needles, throws them. The rancor swats them away like a fly.

The rancor is inches from Jim. Jim grabs a pair of old, WOODEN NEEDLES. He winds up to throw them.

BLAST. A bolt of light flies from them and blasts the rancor to snow dust.

JIM

Whoa.

EXT TOP OF THE STAIRWELL

The snowmen guards make their way up the stairwell.

Jim grabs a painting of a young Viking off the wall, labeled "CHARLIE." Only, "Charlie" is scratched out and replaced with "CLOVIS." Jim pays it no mind.

Jim throws it down the stairwell and hops on. Jim rides it down and plows through the snowmen. They BURST into dust.

JIM

Ouch.

INT IGLOO SAME TIME

CAACKLING from Clovis. Wallace searches, but the key is gone.

WALLACE

Aw crud.

EXT FRONT OF MANSION

Wallace runs outside. The giant door is open. CAACKLING.

A cloud of snow swirls in. It materializes into Clovis.

CLOVIS

How fitting we would meet here.

WALLACE

Why are you here? The solstice is tomorrow.

CLOVIS

Thought I would check in on an old friend.

WALLACE
I don't have any friends.

CLOVIS
Does the penguin boy know that?
Wouldn't be the first time you used
someone.

Wallace pulls two snowballs out of his gut. Lets out a
WARCRY and launches them at Clovis. He swats them away.

Clovis SNAPS his fingers, producing an ice-sword. Clovis
dashes at Wallace. He swings and slashes as Wally dodges.

INT MAIN ROOM SAME TIME

Jim breaks for the exit. He fiddles with the wood needles.

JIM
This'll show Wallace, that faker.

EXT MANSION

Jim enters to see Wallace and Clovis engaged in a sword
fight. Clovis uses his ice-sword, Wallace wields one of his
twig-arms that he's removed from his side. A stalemate.

WALLACE
Don't leave me hanging. I need you.

JIM
You never wanted me.

WALLACE
There's no time for this.

Clovis takes a swing at Wallace. He ducks.

WALLACE
Give me the needles.

JIM
You just wanted me for the Gloves.

WALLACE
Jim. We have to sew our glove back
together.

JIM
It's my glove.

WALLACE

Have some compassion, Jimbo.

JIM

If you wanted to do this alone,
then you can be alone.

Jim turns to leave the battlefield. Wallace feints a sword swing at Clovis and POW, punches his face. He's stunned.

Wallace uses this chance to catch Jim and snatch the wood needles. When they hold the needles at the same time- FLASH. Everything goes white. The two share a flashback.

INT MANSION YEARS BEFORE

A mother, Agatha, sews a sparkly pair of gold gloves for her two children, they fight over them.

EXT VIKING VILLAGE A FEW YEARS LATER

The boys are now dressed as Vikings and are led through the village by Agatha.

EXT VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS ONE YEAR LATER

The boys practice throwing snowballs. Each wears one of the Golden Gloves. When they scoop up a snowball, it glows gold, and travels with lightning speed.

INT VIKING SCHOOL ONE YEAR LATER

The skinnier Viking brother is bullied during class. The other brother does not stand up for him.

EXT VIKING VILLAGE TEN YEARS LATER

The Viking brothers are engaged in combat with the Solstice Spirit. They use the Gloves to pelt the Spirit with glowing snowballs, and seal it into a snowglobe.

INT VIKING VILLAGE MOMENTS LATER

The brothers return with the snowglobe, Spirit sealed inside. A crowd runs up to greet them. They lift up and celebrate the older brother, but ignore the other.

EXT VIKING VILLAGE PARADE DAYS LATER

The older Viking brother is paraded through the village while the other watches from the shadows.

EXT VIKING VILLAGE TOWN SQUARE DAYS LATER

A single statue of the Viking is erected in the middle. He stands and poses for it. Fans swarm him. They fawn over him and beg for autographs. His brother approaches, but is shooed away.

EXT VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS DAYS LATER

Bullies throw snowballs at the other Viking brother. The "hero" walks past and joins the snowball throwing.

INT HERO'S HOUSE DAYS LATER

The hero is alone and admires his Golden Knit Gloves. He basks in their power and glow. He kisses them. The Gloves let out a blinding light. He drops them. When it clears, he finds the Gloves have turned him into a headless snowman.

EXT MANSION PRESENT

SILENCE. Jim and Wallace take in what they saw.

JIM
Wallace...That was...

WALLACE
I remember now.

JIM
I looked up to the hero. I looked up to you. But you're- you're just another bully.

WALLACE
It was the Gloves. Once I got their power I only longed for more.

Clovis LUAGHS. Dark clouds move in. A storm brews.

CLOVIS
Serves you right.

WALLACE
Charlie....

CLOVIS
It's Clovis now!

WALLACE
How could you do this?

CLOVIS
I should ask you the same. You turned on me. You wanted all that

CLOVIS
glory to yourself. You wanted to be
accepted so badly. And I was kicked
to the cold. Bullied...

JIM
And you tried to leave me behind.
You wanted the gloves for yourself
again. You used me... I thought we
were friends.

WALLACE
It wasn't like that... Maybe at
first, but--

Jim rips away the needles. Tears well up in his eyes.

JIM
Goodbye Wallace.

CRASH. Lightning strikes. The snowstorm closes in. Gales
swirl heavy snowfall, ice, and hail.

Clovis LAUGHS. The storm magnifies his power. He bends the
strong winds to WHIP Jim away from Wallace.

WALLACE
Fishbrains!

Clovis raises his hands. Sparks SIZZLE off them. The sparks
connect to the dark storm clouds above. He uses himself as a
lightning rod.

Clovis throws his hands down. ZAP. A gargantuan ice-bolt
strikes Wally and produces a cloud of smoke.

The blast knocks Jim even further away. When the smoke
clears, Wallace is frozen solid.

Jim GASPS. He holds back tears.

JIM
Wally...I mean...serves him right.

Clovis raises his hands again to power up another bolt.

Jim whips out the wooden needles. In the blink of an eye,
Jim sews the Golden Yarn into a hastily-made Mitten.

CLOVIS
Wow. Such craftsmanship.

Jim takes a moment to feel the Mitten's power. A grim look
washes over his face.

He scoops up a snowball, it glows gold in his hands.

At light-speed, he hurls the snowball at Clovis. CRACK. He keels over in pain.

CLOVIS

That was my favorite rib.

Jim scoops up another golden-glowy snowball. He winds up to throw it but- the Mitten unravels in his hand. The snowball disintegrates.

Jim SCREAMS and runs toward Clovis. Clovis CACKLES.

CLOVIS

Yes. Embrace your hatred.

Before Jim can reach Clovis, Clovis extends a hand upwards. Jim is itches from him. Clovis lowers his hand and throws a massive ice-bolt on the two.

CRASH. Jim is thrown backwards and slides to the edge of the cliff. He grabs hold of the ledge, but won't last long.

CRUNCH, CRUNCH. Footsteps approach Jim as he dangles from the cliff. He looks up.

CLOVIS

A shame. We have so much in common.

Clovis carries a frozen Wallace in one arm and his Golden Glove in the other. He CRUNCHES Jim's flipper with his foot.

CLOVIS

Say hello to mother for me.

Clovis kicks Jim's other flipper. He falls.

EXT RAVINE MINUTES LATER

POOF. Jim pops his head out of a snowbank. The storm continues to rage. Lighting ZAPS trees around him.

Jim collapses in the snow. He can no longer hold back the tears. He SOBS. The lighting picks up.

Through the tears, Jim spies the wooden needles in the snow next to him. He pulls out the Golden Yarn. A ray of hope.

WHAM. A bolt of lighting strikes the wooden needles and they burst into flames.

Beat. Jim WAILS in a blubbering mess. Dejected.

Smoke from the flames swirl in the storm. A faint, familiar glow comes from the burning needles.

The smoke forms a hand and SLAPS Jim back to his senses. He turns to it and sees the form of Agatha in the smoke.

AGATHA

Jim...JIM.

JIM

Mom...I failed

AGATHA

You did fail. You set out to save the village, but really you just wanted to save yourself.

JIM

I just wanted to be one of the Vikings. I just want to fit in. To be accepted. I've never fit in anywhere. My penguin family didn't want me. I didn't fit in with the Vikings. And I sure as heck didn't fit into the gloves.

AGATHA

You didn't fit into the gloves because you're bigger than the gloves.

Jim GRUMBLES.

AGATHA

Look at Wallace. He reveled in his glory so much that he rejected his own brother.

JIM

Wallace was my only friend, but he was just using me.

AGATHA

You're right. In the end, it caused him to lose his head.

JIM

Then why should I save him?

AGATHA

That, you must figure out on your own.

JIM
 Why save people if they're only
 going to hurt you?

AGATHA
 Compassion is the only way forward.
 Bullying only leads to more
 bullying...

The wind picks up. Agatha turns to a haze.

JIM
 Don't go. The solstice is almost
 here. I can't do this alone.

AGATHA
 You don't have to.

JIM
 But--

WHOOSH. A breeze blows out the fire. The smoke fades.

AGATHA
 You've already earned my respect...

She disappears. Jim punches the snow. The storm clears.

Jim hears a BABBLING river behind him. His head perks up.

The river is cloaked in mist. Out of the mist appears the
 ceremonial canoe with the same glow as before.

Jim smiles.

EXT RIVER NEXT MORNING

Jim sails down the river. Viking Village is in sight.

EXT VIKING VILLAGE PORT MOMENTS LATER

Jim parks his canoe and ties it up. In front of him is the
 village, much of it frozen and in ruins. Next to the village
 and up a hill is his igloo.

He has a long look at the village, but waddles up the hill.

INT IGLOO

Everything is exactly as it was left.

Jim sits in his mother's chair, takes a moment to himself. He opens a drawer next to him. Inside is a framed photograph of a mother and two children. The same one from the mansion.

Jim inspects the photograph. He SIGHS.

INT JIM'S ROOM

On his wall hangs the pink sweater. Jim admires it.

JIM
If it wasn't for mom's
compassion...

He pulls on the sweater. A little snug, but still fits.

EXT IGLOO MOMENTS LATER

Jim stands outside and looks down on the village ruins.

JIM
If this doesn't win them over, I
don't know what will.

Jim belly slides down the hill.

EXT TOWN SQUARE MOMENTS LATER

Frozen Vikings all around. Smashed homes, rubble. A warzone.

In the middle, the hero statue is knocked over. Its face is iced over and his snowglobe is smashed.

In front of the statue is a frozen Wallace.

JIM
I'll bust you out.

The ground shakes and RUMBLES. CREEAAAAK. A building teeters over then WHAMS into the ground.

When the dust settles, Jim spies Clovis. He floats in air and blasts Town Square. A Golden Glove is on his hand. He clearly has some screws loose.

CLOVIS
Pink is a good color on you. Did
your mommy make that?

JIM
This ends now.

CLOVIS

A shame she isn't here to see you
in it.

Jim YANKS free a spear from a frozen Viking next to him.

He tosses the spear into the air. It hardly clears the
ground. Clovis CHUCKLES.

Jim pulls out the Golden Yarn and wraps his flipper with it.

JIM

This'll have to do.

Clovis fires a blast of ice at Jim, he deflects it with the
makeshift yarn-mitten.

Clovis fires an entire volley of ice bolts at Jim, Jim swats
them all like flies.

CLOVIS

Fine. I know someone who's been
dying to see you again.

Clovis throws a glowing light on the ground. Out of it
materializes the yeti, his eye swollen, black and blue.

It ROARS. Jim stands ready for it. The yeti sees Jim and
cowers in fear behind Clovis.

JIM

...Did I really do that?

CLOVIS

What did you do to my friend?!

JIM

Minion, you mean?

Clovis SLAPS the yeti.

CLOVIS

Get in there and fight, you mutt.

The yeti WHIMPERS and runs away.

JIM

You really are just another bully.

Jim charges at Clovis and tackles him. They squirm on the
ground and struggle for control.

Clovis has Jim pinned. He grabs a hunk of snow and shoves it in Jim's face. Jim chews on it then spits it back into Clovis' face.

Clovis is stunned. Jim wrestles back control and pins Clovis. Jim SNORTS and produces a viscous hunk of spit. It dangles over Clovis' face before- ZAP.

Clovis freezes the spit. It hangs, frozen from Jim's mouth. Jim plucks it off his mouth and bashes Clovis' head with it.

JIM

Enjoy your spicicle.

Clovis shoves Jim off of him. Jim runs at Clovis again. He dodges then sticks his foot out, majorly tripping Jim.

Clovis leaps towards Jim, grabs his head, and delivers a menacing, power noogie. Clovis jumps back.

JIM

I know that's not all you got.

CLOVIS

I can do this all day.

Clovis CRACKS his knuckles. Then his neck. Then his back. Then his individual toes.

Clovis SNAPS his fingers to produce an ice-sword out of thin air. Jim SNAPS and lets the Golden Yarn unravel in his hand.

CLOVIS

What good will that do?

Clovis winds up his sword. Jim CRACKS the yarn at him like a whip. It curls around the ice-sword and Jim throws it away.

JIM

That good enough?

Jim chases Clovis, and WHIPS him with the yarn. SNAP SNAP.

Clovis lets out an ear-piercing SCREAM. His eyes turn white and he retreats to the sky. Ice rains down on Jim.

EXT BACK ALLEY

Jim takes cover in an alley from the ice. He catches his breath and pumps his fist. A celebration of a minor victory.

A VOICE interrupts him.

VOICE
Hey...Fishbreath.

Jim turns to reveal Chud and his posse, frozen in the same place they found the first frozen Viking. Chud's entire body is frozen, except for his big mouth.

JIM
How the tables have turned.

CHUD
Help us out of here.

JIM
Don't know why I'd help you.

CHUD
We can help you.

JIM
I'm crushing it. You didn't want me before, and I don't need you now. Watch. See how great I am.

A stray ice bolt BLASTS the building behind Jim. Clovis stands atop the smashed structure. Jim is Exposed.

JIM
Round two is starting early.

Clovis hurls a volley of snowballs at Jim with his Glove.

Jim belly-slides for Clovis. He weaves around the snowballs.

Now in striking distance, Jim parries each snowball with his yarn-mitten and reflects them at Clovis. Clovis dodges.

CLOVIS
Such determination. It's a shame you were cast in the dirt.

JIM
Doesn't matter. Today, I prove myself.

CLOVIS
How cute! I was just like you. In fact, I was you.

JIM
I'm nothing like you.

Clovis raises his hands and collects sparks like before. Dark clouds churn above the village.

CLOVIS
You're too weak.

The sparks connect with the sky. Clovis throws down his hands and a giant ice-bolt follows. Jim can't dodge.

Jim sticks out his yarn-hand. CRASH. It holds the lighting for a second, but is not strong enough. POW. The bolt sends Jim flying backwards into the frozen Chud-icicle.

CHUD
C'mon, Fishboy. Let us help.

Jim GROANS and pulls himself up. Clovis already has another giant bolt at the ready.

CLOVIS
Give up.

Jim dives behind the frozen Chud. CRASH. The bolt strikes the Chud-cicle. A clean escape for Jim.

Clovis takes no breaks and already launches another volley.

Jim runs around the village and uses the frozen Vikings as cover. Each Viking MOANS to Jim for help.

CLOVIS
You can't keep this up.

A blinding, white moon rises behind Clovis.

JIM
No...The solstice.

CLOVIS
Foolish Vikings value power so much. I'll show them power.

Clovis appears as a silhouette before the dazzling moon. White light pours out of his cloak.

Clovis raises his arms. He collects snow from all around Jim in an enormous snowball above himself.

CLOVIS
Too weak.

Clovis sends it loose. End of the line for Jim. WHAM.

The snow-meteor SMACKS the ground and EXPLODES. Jim flies across the village, back into Town Square.

EXT WHAT'S LEFT OF TOWN SQUARE

Jim pulls himself up next to the toppled hero statue and frozen Wallace. His sweater is torn to bits.

Clovis hovers above him in a frenzy. He hurls snow-meteors in all directions.

Jim examines some of the pink sweater bits strewn about.

JIM

He's right. I am too weak. I'm too weak alone. But I have a strength he'll never have.

Jim wraps the golden yarn around Wallace's head. It SIZZLES and unfreezes his head. Wallace GASPS for air.

WALLACE & JIM

I'm sorry I -

A beat.

WALLACE

We can save it for later.

Wallace sees Clovis' madness.

WALLACE

What'd you do to him?

JIM

It's the solstice. We don't have much time. We have to work together.

WALLACE

Unfreeze the rest of me so I can--

THUMP. A snow-meteor crashes next to the duo.

CLOVIS

I see my aim still needs some work.

This time Clovis doesn't power up a mass of snow, but instead rolls a tiny snowball at the duo. It grows bigger and bigger into a snow-boulder that careens straight for them. No escape.

WALLACE

You got a way out of this, buddy?

JIM
Not this time.

The snow-boulder is seconds from hitting them when- SLAM.
The yeti appears out of nowhere and stops the boulder.

WALLACE
Him?

Something clicks with Jim.

Jim gives the yeti a thumbs up. It flashes a hardy smile.
The yeti spins in circles with the boulder for momentum. He
spins faster and faster until- WOOSH. He hurls it at Clovis.

The three stand before an even angrier Clovis. The
snow-boulder hardly scratched him.

WALLACE
It's gonna take more than just us.

JIM
Who else?

Wallace points to Chud.

WALLACE
Your friends over there.

JIM
They are not my friends!

WALLACE
Then why save them?

Jim considers for a moment. He looks up at the yeti.

JIM
...It's like a snowball. If you let
it roll too long you'll never be
able to stop it.

WALLACE
What are you talking about?

JIM
I have an idea.

EXT TOWN SQUARE MOMENTS LATER

Wallace and the yeti run out into the middle of the square.

WALLACE

Alright. Let's...break the ice.

They get Clovis' attention. He powers up another snow-mass.

WALLACE

Hope you have a good batting average.

The yeti rips the toppled hero statue from the ground. He readies it like a bat.

Clovis pitches the giant snowball at them. The yeti swings at the precise moment and CRACK, knocks it out of the park.

WALLACE

It's a grand slam!

Meanwhile, Jim sneaks around Town Square and ties the Gold Yarn to all of the frozen Vikings, including Chud.

CHUD

String? You expect us to believe in the power of string?

JIM

You'll see.

After Jim weaves the yarn through all of the Vikings Jim catches up with Wallace and hands him the opposite end.

SILENCE. The Viking-icicles glow and then SIZZLE, and then POP. The ice encasing them SHATTERS.

All of the Vikings (Chud, the bullies, Jim's teacher, the mayor) bust free. A couple MURMURS and CHEERS.

Jim remembers what Wallace said.

JIM

The gloves get their power by working together...

CHUD

So what?

JIM

So all we have to do is work together. Follow my lead.

Jim scoops up a snowball with one hand and holds onto the yarn with the other. The snowball glows golden. He HUCKS it at Clovis. No effect.

CLOVIS
Still too weak.

Chud picks up a snowball, then the yarn. His snowball glows gold as well. Jim does the same. The two throws their snowballs at the same time.

CLOVIS
Is this a joke?

More and more Vikings follow suit. First 10 throw golden snowballs, then 20, then 200.

All with one hand on the yarn, the entire village throws an endless wave of snowballs at Clovis. THUMP THUMP THUMP.

The snowball-stream throws Clovis to the ground. FUMP.

JIM
Now!

Jim forms his end of the yarn into a lasso and loops it around Clovis. All of the Vikings grab the end and pull.

All together, they pull on the yarn. It squeezes Clovis so tight that the Solstice Spirit begins to retreat out of his mouth.

JIM
Keep pulling!

The Vikings give one final tug and- SNAP. The yarn bursts into a million pieces. The Solstice Spirit is completely forced out of Clovis.

The Spirit flies out of Clovis' mouth and away towards the moon. The moon fades into a mist. The sun rises.

Everyone is blown back. All who remain in Town Square are Jim and Clovis. The other Vikings form a ring around them. Between Jim and Clovis lies the other Golden Glove.

Jim and Clovis stare each other down. They wait for the other to make a move. A standoff.

Clovis takes a step forward, then Jim.

At the same time, both dive for the Glove. It kicks up a cloud of dust that conceals the winner.

The dust settles. Clovis is laying on top of Jim. Jim throws him off to reveal that Jim snagged the Glove.

Jim considers wearing it. Instead, he throws it over his shoulder.

JIM
No. I'm bigger than the gloves.

CLOVIS
Come on, finish me then.

A crowd has gathered around the two. They don't step in.

JIM
No. More violence only means more violence.

Clovis takes a swing at Jim. Jim takes the punch to the gut.

The crowd CHEERS for Jim.

CHUD
You can take him Jimbo!

CLOVIS
Fight me.

JIM
No. No more fighting.

Jim takes another series of punches.

JIM
I'm ending this.

Jim lunges at Clovis, arms outstretched. Jim grabs tight on Clovis and squeezes with a....bear hug?

JIM
I'm not letting go.

CLOVIS
What is this?

JIM
Compassion!

The village CHEERS. They run in and and pile on for a massive, village-sized bear hug.

EXT VIKING VILLAGE TOWN SQUARE DAYS LATER

Town Square bustles with activity to rebuild the village. Vikings scramble moving large boards. They hammer things together, lay bricks, etc.

In the center, the hero statue remains in ruin. Next to it are Wallace and Jim. They knit blankets for those whose homes were wrecked in the battle.

WALLACE

Something tells me they won't be rebuilding the statue anytime soon.

JIM

We've got more important things to rebuild.

Reveal Clovis, who also knits next to them. His arms and legs are handcuffed with yarn.

CLOVIS

Wouldn't want all the fame to go to your head again.

Wallace nails Clovis in the head with a ball of yarn. Wallace and Jim CHUCKLE.

CLOVIS

You can let me go you know.

JIM

We may be forgiving, but we're not idiots.

A VOICE cries out for Jim. It's Chud and his posse.

CHUD

Jimbo! We got fish to catch. Hurry up.

Jim ties an extra knot on Clovis' bindings.

JIM

You two play nice.

Jim catches up to Chud and his crew. Chud returns Jim's helmet that he stole from school. They cast their poles into the river next to the village. Jim dives in to catch fish because it's much easier for penguins that way.

THE END

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