

TITANS  
aka  
OLYMPIANS

Written  
by  
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FIRST DRAFT



FADE IN:

**THREE JAGGED BOLTS OF LIGHTNING ARE FROZEN IN PLACE**

They're etched in skin and fringed in blood -- they moves out in slow motion --

-- and we PULL BACK and see the bolts are a crimson birthmark on a well muscled arm that's lashing out --

-- and suddenly we crank back into real time -- the fist at the end of the arm hits a face with a bone grinding CRUNCH --

-- as a very large man who is now tasting blood and reeling backward, we see where and when we are. This is a makeshift fighting arena -- just a small drawn square in the dirt, the same size as a boxing ring, outside of a winehouse. It's night, and the ring has torches in each corner. There are about two dozen local men and women, drinking, cheering and betting -- this is the working class date night in dark ages Greece.

The game they're watching is called pancratium -- the ancient Greek version of ultimate fighting. The only rule is, you hit the other guy until he stays down -- and instead of having gloves that muffle blows, these gloves maximize each hit: they're leather straps with metal lining the fingers.

As the large man straightens up, his expression is marked both by doubt and by those damn metal fingers -- he's got four parallel slices on his face. As he wonders what he's gotten into, the crowd shouts the name of the local kid:

**GREGOS** (19)

is not as big as his opponent. He is notably not as bloody as his opponent. But he's going to win, and he knows it. Gregos stares at his opponent, clicks the metal on his gloves together, almost musically, and throws his head back: come and get it.

The large man still can't believe this: he tells himself he's bigger, he's stronger, he's got to win. He charges Gregos with a wide blow --

-- and misses -- Gregos tucks under it and gives him a gut punch that makes him taste the souvlakia he had for lunch. Gregos straightens him out with a blow to the chin --

-- the larger man is up and unsteady -- and Gregos drops him with one last blow.

GREGOS

(as he passes by)

You must do me the honor of a rematch one day. Just grant me enough time to draw an audience.

The almost unconscious fighter has no response as Gregos cruises by.

THE SPECTATORS GO WILD

and chant Gregos' name. We note that one person in particular isn't cheering, and looks a little out of place -- a very OLD MAN, who tries to get toward Gregos, but can't.

GREGOS LEANS BY A TORCH

and cleans off the mud and blood with a goatskin of water. A friend of his, LUCIAN (18), walks up, counting out coins in his hand. Gregos barely notices -- he is looking across into the spectators, at a beautiful WOMAN who is smiling at him.

LUCIAN

An excellent bout, Gregos. Word has spread to the other islands that you are unbeatable at pancratium. Travellers who've seen you always remember that lightning mark of yours. If we took your game to them --

GREGOS

(smiling at woman)  
Can you give me even one reason why I would ever leave Thasos?

LUCIAN

I can give you two. Just as you have run through all the women on the island --  
(gives him coins)  
-- I have run out of people willing to wager against you.

GREGOS

(not listening)  
Who is that girl?

LUCIAN

Eh? She's the daughter of a spice merchant. Their ship sails on the morning tide. But that's not important. Think about the money. If we went beyond our shores, I could set up new matches --

GREGOS

Don't take life so seriously, Lucian.

GREGOS

Pancratium is just a way to pay my bill at the winehouse, and I have no plans beyond the next dawn.

Let's leave it that way --

(smiles at girl)

-- and let me worry about setting up my next bout.

Gregos walks away from Lucian, and crosses a crowd of backslappers to get to the woman who caught his eye. Gregos takes her hand and leads her away --

-- and the old man who was trying to reach Gregos fails -- he can't get through the crowd in time, as Gregos and the woman vanish into the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALONG A COASTAL HILL ROAD - DAWN - **GREGOS WALKS HOME**

and its as perfect a morning as you could imagine. Dawn is spilling over the rocks and the sea -- and a dozen fishing boats are heading out. Gregos is still enjoying a post-coital semi-vino buzz, smiling as he walks the dusty road home, snatching a fig off low branch without even breaking stride.

As Gregos eats his breakfast, a horse drawn cart pulls by.

DRIVER

Day has broken, Gregos. Why are you not at work like your father?

GREGOS

(puzzling over word)

"Work"? I've heard of it, I think. Isn't it done by men who've grown weary of emptying a skin of wine or stroking the skin of a woman?

(smiles)

The day may break you, but I've no intention of letting it break me. Perhaps I will discover the joys of this "work" you speak of -- perhaps ten thousand dawns from now.

(brightly)

Until then, Herpaikos -- my very best regards to your wife and your daughters.

The driver is past Gregos, but he turns around at this last bit -- what does he mean by that? Gregos offers an unreadable smile as an answer.

So this is ancient Greece, but this is a guy we all know: he's a kid who has no money, no responsibilities and not a care in the world, and he wants to keep it that way for as long as he can get away with it.

He only gets ten more seconds before all that is gone.

Gregos moves over the crest of the hill, and looks down. His smile vanishes as he sees --

GREGOS' POV - **BLACK SMOKE IS TRICKLING UP FROM A FARMHOUSE**

that's at the sloping bottom of this hill -- and it's not coming from a chimney. The house is on fire.

GREGOS SCRAMBLES DOWN THE HILL

as fast as he can, running in between the olive trees and the nets spread out below for harvesting --

-- and Gregos reaches an olive tree that is nearly at the edge of the slope -- and he stops, because he sees --

GREGOS' POV - A SOLDIER IS IN THE REAR OF THE HOUSE

and Gregos' run sends down a dozen olives, clattering onto a wooden walkway. The soldier looks up -- draws his sword -- and climbs up to investigate.

GREGOS HIDES BEHIND THE OLIVE TREE

as the soldier trudges up. Now Gregos is a little scared and confused. This isn't just a fire. Why are armed soldiers at his house?

THE SOLDIER MOVES AROUND THE TREE

with his sword out -- but Gregos throws a punch, with the loaded pancratium glove on, and knocks the soldier back.

The soldier is knocked back, but he is tough -- he swings toward Gregos. Gregos dodges and moves in close to grab his sword arm -- they struggle for the sword, and fall off balance --

-- they roll down the hill, each trying to get the weapon --

-- and as they land, Gregos has the handle -- and the soldier rolls on top of the blade. In an instant, he is dead.

GREGOS IS STUNNED

because it's his first taste of battle and his first look at death.

He's never been in a fight that had stakes higher than a round of drinks.

There is no time to reflect on this. Because Gregos hears this, from the other side of his house:

SOLDIER #1 (O.S.)

He's returned. We've no more need  
for these two.

With that, there are fresh SCREAMS of pain -- and Gregos knows these voices. Gregos pulls the sword out of the dead soldier and runs into the house.

INSIDE THE SIMPLE FARMHOUSE - **TWO SOLDIERS RUSH IN**

with their swords out. Gregos wades into the battle without hesitation -- he is untrained, but he is furious, and he is desperate to stop what's happening outside --

-- Gregos kills one soldier, and sees out a window, there are more clouds of black smoke -- and more painful SCREAMS --

-- blind to almost everything else, Gregos hacks through the second soldier and rushes outside --

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - **GREGOS IS TOO LATE**

We don't have to see this in great detail -- a glimpse of stilled, burning limbs at impossible angles tell us this is over.

The last SOLDIER moves into view -- he is huge, holding a broadsword in one hand, and in the other, a blazing iron torch that was the weapon used on Gregos' parents. The soldier is charging Gregos from behind --

Gregos whirls around, armed with nothing but rage --

CLOSE ON GREGOS' EYE - **THERE IS A CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY**

that flashes across his pupil -- and --

**A BOLT OF LIGHTNING CRASHES DOWN ONTO THE SOLDIER**

**and it locks onto the iron torch -- the soldier sizzles and burns alive until the impact knocks him away from Gregos.**

The impact and the booming THUNDER knock Gregos off his feet as well -- and Gregos is stunned by more than just the impact. How could such a thing happen?

Breathless and bloodied, Gregos pulls himself to his feet -- no one else is left.

He pulls down a simple tapestry from the house's entrance -- and he carefully lays it over the remains of his parents.

GREGOS' FACE

is a mask of rage and grief. The carefree kid he was moments ago is now gone forever.

OLD MAN (O.S.)

I know why this was done.

Gregos turns, ready for another fight --

A VERY OLD MAN

stands nearby. This is the same old man who was at the winehouse before -- he is walking up the path.

Gregos eases up -- this brittle character is clearly no threat -- and he bitterly turns away.

GREGOS

There's no riddle here, old man.  
Four thieves raided my home -- and  
my parents' only crime was being  
so poor that they had nothing  
worth taking.

OLD MAN

Their only crime is not revealing  
where you were last night.

(off Gregos look)

There is much you must learn,  
Gregos, and very little time for  
the telling. I know you loved them  
as your parents -- but the truth  
is, you were not born of man and  
woman.

(beat)

The truth is, this was done by the  
will of the Titans.

Gregos gapes at the old man incredulously. He's angry now, but he holds it in -- this is a harmless, crazy old man.

GREGOS

Go home, old man. I'm in no humor  
to hear the ravings of a religious  
fanatic.

But Oranos steps forward, continuing --

OLD MAN

The Titans --



Gregos snaps now, getting in his face --

GREGOS

The "Titans" live only in  
travellers' tales -- a way for  
children and drunkards to pass the  
hours. Now leave me in my grief,  
old man, or you will tempt me to  
dig seven graves rather than six!

Even though Gregos is twice his size, Oranos doesn't back  
off -- he grabs Gregos raised arm.

OLD MAN

You have a lightning shaped mark  
on your arm.

(rolls back his tunic)

Did you find it odd, a moment ago,  
that the lightning itself did your  
bidding?

Gregos pulls away, clearly not ready to accept this.

GREGOS

My "bidding"? That was -- an  
accident. A lucky one, but an  
accident all the same. A storm  
must be gathering nearby.

The old man looks up at the perfectly blue, totally cloudless  
sky, empty to the horizon of the Aegean -- and looks back at  
Gregos.

OLD MAN

You must lead an exceptionally  
virtuous life to earn such luck as  
perfectly timed, perfectly aimed  
strikes of lightning that blast  
down from empty skies.

(beat)

I understand you will not accept  
my words or your fate easily. No  
sane man would. But you must  
believe in this, Gregos. You must.

(beat)

These things are spoken of in  
stories, but they are the truth.  
These stories hint at the secrets  
of everything in creation.  
Everything you see, every stick,  
stone, bird and mountain, came  
about at the bidding of Oranos.

## OLD MAN

All of creation came from his mind -- passing through his eye -- until it was realized perfectly here. He even created the Titans themselves, to help them rule the world with benevolence -- to control the world and its elements for the good of all creatures.

## GREGOS

(impatiently)

Yes, yes -- and Cronus and the Titans overthrew the rule of Oranos and Gaea and banished them -- beginning his own rule of darkness, and the end of paradise.

(crosses to tree)

My father told me this tale when I was five, right under this tree, and I didn't believe it as a child either.

## OLD MAN

(a little angry)

And you've matured very little since then. So be silent now and listen.

(beat)

Cronus created six more gods to help him rule. But the Fates told him that one day, his creations would rise up to kill him and take over his rule. Cronus tried to destroy them -- to scatter the energy of his creations back to the cosmos -- but --

## GREGOS

(impatient)

-- but somehow, someday, the gods will return -- and overthrow the Titans to rule in their place. Every child who's heard the story writes his own ending to this and makes up a new group of gods -- as I did before I outgrew imaginary friends and invisible heroes in the sky. Tell me your twist if you must, old man, and be on your way.

OLD MAN

There is a new turn to this story.

(beat)

You are one of the six, Gregos.  
Your true name is Zeus. You have  
not heard this name before -- no  
one has -- but you shall be the  
leader of the gods.

Gregos stares at him. What do you do with an old man who  
breaks this news to you -- throw him out or laugh at him?

GREGOS

And you are the leader of the  
lunatics.

OLD MAN

Cronus will hunt you and the  
others until you are destroyed.  
Your only chance is to find the  
others -- join together -- and  
fulfill your destiny by  
overthrowing the Titans.

The old man takes out a rolled map, and opens it for Gregos.  
The map shows the Greek mainland and islands -- and there are  
six symbols scattered around the map. A lightning bolt. A  
trident. A flame. A rose. A demon's skull. An eight point  
star.

OLD MAN

Just as you now bear the sign of  
lightning -- the others will bear  
these marks. This map shows where  
they may be found. Their names are  
Hera, Poseidon, Demeter, Hestia,  
and Hades.

Gregos takes the map.

GREGOS

I can't believe your ravings, old  
man. But I will search for those  
bearing the mark, if only to warn  
them that fanatics are hunting  
them too. And when I find the  
man -- not a Titan, not a god, the  
man who ordered this done --

(takes sword from  
wall)

-- then I will do him the kindness  
of sending him to his god at my  
hand.

OLD MAN

Hold that rage, Zeus. Fan the fire  
of your anger, that it may carry  
you until you realize the truth.  
You must -- must -- accept your  
destiny if you are to act upon it.

(beat)

You and the others are not gods  
yet. You are still mortal -- still  
vulnerable -- and Cronus will try  
to kill you before you reach full  
godhood --

GREGOS

Stop it -- I'll hear no more of  
this madness!

OLD MAN

Madness it is -- madness that  
shall enshroud the entire world.  
Have you sailed past your own  
shores in the last year?

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBER OF TITANS - **CRONUS**

walks through a hallway, and you don't have to watch for long  
to see that he's a deity. He is walking through what appears  
to be a beautiful, ornate stone palace --

OLD MAN (V.O.)

Beasts and monsters that have only  
lived in nightmares of men are  
becoming real. It hasn't spread to  
your home island yet, but that  
good fortune cannot last.

(beat)

Oranos crafted every part of your  
world, piece by piece -- the seas,  
the mountains, the skies -- for  
beauty. And just as Cronus meant  
to destroy Oranos, he plans to  
obliterate that beauty -- piece by  
piece -- in totality.

-- but with a thought or a gesture, his surroundings change,  
from the surface of the sun, to an earthly meadow, to the  
bottom of the ocean.

Literally: the universe revolves around him.

With a thought or a gesture, a small hologram of a monster appears over his shoulder -- and with a stroke of his hand, more grotesque features appear -- and he moves the monster into the background he's in now, the ocean's bottom. Once it appears there, we see its scale -- it is at least a hundred feet high, attacking a fisherman's boat and shredding it.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

From the skies to the center of the Earth, even as I speak to you, Cronus is sending these abominations. They are all grotesque, all different, but they have one thing in common -- they prey on mankind. Within months, perhaps weeks, he will finish transforming Earth into Tartarus -- a nightmare dimension where men will exist only as tormented, helpless victims.

EXT. AT GREGOS' HOME - A CONTEMPTUOUS GREGOS  
is still not buying this.

GREGOS

Truly fascinating. May you tell me how you know so much about the plans of the gods and the Titans?

The old man hesitates. He knows what will happen if he says these words. He says them anyway.

OLD MAN

I know all this because I am the one who saved your life. I am the one who retrieved you from the nothingness Cronus sent you to. I am the one who concealed all of you. I am the one who built every single thing that surrounds you.

(beat)

I know all this because I am Oranos.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBER OF TITANS - **THE SURROUNDINGS MELT AWAY**

in a shockwave of energy around Cronus -- it's like an alarm has gone off, one Cronus thought he would never hear. Cronus turns to the hallway --

-- and he doesn't move toward it -- it moves up, fast, at his whim, and he is suddenly standing in front of a statue of Oranos, crafted in a frozen, tortured pose.

A small whisper can be heard from the statue --

***I am Oranos.***

EXT. AT GREGOS HOME - ORANOS CONTINUES

and Gregos is staring at him in disbelief.

GREGOS

So the god of creation, who  
conjured our entire universe, is  
a brittle, withered old man. I  
don't --

ORANOS

(urgently)

Listen to me now. Speaking my own  
name will mean my death. If my  
death convinces you of your  
destiny it is a price I am glad to  
pay.

(quickly)

After you band together, you must  
use this chart to find the home of  
the Titans. You must destroy  
Cronus, or he shall certainly  
destroy you. That which will  
destroy Cronus --

INT. CHAMBER OF TITANS - **CRONUS STARES AT ORANOS' STATUE**

and it begins to shudder under his gaze -- enamel peels off,  
stone slowly begins to flake and crumble -- the statue is  
falling apart simply from Cronus focused, furious stare. The  
whisper -- *I am Oranos* -- echoes and builds, getting louder  
and louder, as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. GREGOS' HOME - **ORANOS IS CRUMBLING TOO**

as he is **aging rapidly** -- he already looked somewhere north  
of one hundred, but his skin withers, what's left of his hair  
is falling out, his voice is a croaking gasp --

-- and Gregos, amazed to see this, is becoming a little more  
open minded about the possibility of forces beyond our world.

Oranos struggles to finish speaking, but his **skin and bones  
are breaking down into powder** -- his last dry gasp is:

ORANOS

-- will be forged in the fire --  
of the sky --

And with that, Oranos falls to the ground, clutching the chart -- and his body **breaks into dry powdered ash**. A breeze scatters Oranos through the world he loved the most.

Gregos bends down and picks up the chart -- a bit of ash clings to it. Gregos blows it off, and looks at the chart.

He may not believe everything he's been told -- but he is going to follow this chart to his destiny. From here on, we will refer to him by his true name.

Zeus.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBER OF TITANS - CRONUS STARES

at the rubble of the statue of Oranos -- and the sound echoes no more. The chamber is silent. But Cronus is troubled. He didn't realize Oranos was alive. Now he must discover what else he doesn't know.

With just a thought, the surroundings melt around him and become --

ENDLESS CELESTIAL SPACE - **A TANGLE OF SILVER LINES**

radiate out from a center, moving in an infinite number of directions. Second by second, the center shifts -- and as it does, some lines break, other lines start out, the surroundings change from day to night. This is literally the clockwork of time, made solid.

The only sounds here are murmurs of history whispering by: storms, battles, music, cries, blending as one. The only movements appear to be flashes of light zipping along the lines, out and back.

Cronus stands at the center, towering over it. He looks at it with frustration. It is not under his control. He calls out --

CRONUS

Fates.

(no response)

Atropos -- !

From the light on the lines, ATROPOS materializes by Cronus. She is beautiful, she is one sixth his size, and she smiles -- she is not in the slightest afraid of Cronus.

ATROPOS

Cronus. Titan of Titans. What more  
of the future may we show you?

The other Fates -- CLOTHO and LACHESIS -- materialize into a human form. They appear to get a sensual buzz from riding the lines -- and they enjoy taunting Cronus, chirping their observations while flitting over the lines nearest Cronus. Their flattery is drenched in mocking tones.

CLOTHO

We have already told you of your  
end.

LACHESIS

Those you created to serve you  
will destroy you instead.

CRONUS

No. I killed them all. I sent each  
of them back to the cosmos, back  
to the energy they were created  
from.

(a bit less certain)

But I heard a tale of a man  
bearing the mark of lightning. I  
thought it to be an earthly myth  
and nothing more -- but I sent a  
vision to human emissaries and  
ordered that man killed --

ATROPOS

-- and you learned that Oranos  
still lived. Now the all knowing  
Cronus wonders about the others  
who breathe only to overthrow you?

As quickly as this line can be read, the Fates zip onto the lines, travel over six of them into the past, return, and reform. As they finish each other's sentences, they mockingly whiz around Cronus like dragonflies.

ATROPOS

All six of them still live, all  
powerful Cronus.

CRONUS

That is impossible -- I destroyed  
them.

ATROPOS

And Oranos retrieved them and  
recreated them. Just as he created  
you, Monarch of The Universe.



LACHESIS

Now these new gods are hidden on  
Earth. Scattered. In face and  
form, you will not know them, my  
lord.

CLOTHO

They live as humans. They know not  
who they are or what they shall  
become, king of all wonder.

Cronus' anger grows as they cheerily sing of his bad  
fortune -- but he tries to hold it in. He really has no power  
over the Fates and can gain nothing by threatening them.

CRONUS

Then you must tell me more of  
their future. You must tell me  
where they may be found.

CLOTHO

We "must" --

LACHESIS

-- do nothing, Cronus --

ATROPOS

-- your power to command does not  
affect the Fates. Or time.

Cronus locks eyes with Atropos.

CRONUS

That may change. Soon.

Atropos flits in front of Cronus' face. And stops. She nods  
to the other two.

ATROPOS

Follow me, then. If you can.

As soon as she says the word "can" --

ATROPOS RIDES A LINE OUT INTO THE FUTURE

and she still appears human, riding the line as it stretches  
and zig-zags through all kinds of angles. Cronus appears  
motionless as he stands beside her -- but the fact that  
everything around them is now a racing, blurring streak tells  
us they're both moving at the speed of light, maybe faster.

CRONUS

Tell me what you see. Tell me  
where they go.

ATROPOS

The further the future goes -- the  
less solid it becomes.

As Atropos moves along the line, drawing knowledge from it,  
she becomes smaller -- less solid -- and more ethereal.

The other Fates are riding other lines -- and they converge  
onto parallel lines with the one Atropos is riding.

CLOTHO

We can tell you that they will  
learn who they are --

LACHESIS

-- and that they will find each  
other --

ATROPOS

-- and they will come for you.

LACHESIS & ATROPOS & CLOTHO

They will come for you.

Cronus can't hold his anger back -- he reaches out for the  
Fates to crush them, but the three beautiful women burst into  
light instead, spreading around the wires --

-- and instantaneously, Cronus is motionless, standing next  
to the center of the lines. Atropos is now a giantess beside  
him, her lips just by Cronus, whispering --

ATROPOS

***They will come for you.***

The home of the Fates melts away --

-- and Cronus finds himself standing in his throne room,  
alone, with her words echoing through the chamber.

Another Titan -- RHEA -- is waiting to hear Cronus report --  
but she can see the truth in Cronus' face.

RHEA

The humans tell the story as a way  
of nourishing hope that someone  
will challenge us. As an  
entertaining lie.

CRONUS

The Fates confirm the lie has now  
come true. Oranos' treachery is  
complete. They will seek us out --  
unless I find them first.

Cronus crosses to a table -- and with a wave of his hand, an apparition of an island appears before him.

CRONUS

I will destroy all six, if I must wipe every speck of dust from the globe -- beginning with the island where Oranos was found.

Cronus sits down at the table, staring at the apparition.

CUT TO:

EXT. THASOS - DAY - ZEUS IS PREPARING TO SAIL A TRIREME

that belonged to the now dead soldiers. The ship is beached, and Lucian is helping him to throw the soldiers' uniforms off, and load some provisions on.

LUCIAN

But why, Gregos? Why would these soldiers strike your family?

Zeus holds back. He's not going to repeat the story he's been told, because he's still struggling to believe it himself.

ZEUS

Madness and superstition. The why of it doesn't matter. What matters is this simple fact: my parents are in their graves -- and I intend to send the man who ordered this to his.

(beat)

What matters is -- I need your help, Lucian. I don't know if I can do this alone.

Lucian smiles reassuringly.

LUCIAN

Of course, Gregos.

Lucian gets off the boat and moves up the beach to grab more provisions. But as he steps away from the boat, we --

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBER OF TITANS - **CRONUS SLOWLY RAKES HIS HAND**

**through the apparition of the island --**

CUT TO:

**EXT. OPPOSITE SIDE OF ISLAND - THASOS IS BEING DESTROYED**

from a travelling, explosive force -- mountains are halved, the ground opens in fissures, homes are destroyed. It all looks as if a gigantic, invisible hand is levelling it -- you can almost see the gaps between the huge fingers digging through everything.

The effect goes beyond the island's wreckage -- it is creating **gigantic waves** and **howling wind** --

**AT THE BEACH - LUCIAN AND ZEUS**

The beach shakes from this gigantic quake -- Zeus is thrown to the deck, Lucian is thrown to the ground --

-- and one of the invisible "fingers" moves through the beach, digging a fissure between them --

-- Lucian is dragged into the fissure and is crushed by the travelling force --

-- Zeus is horrified but can do nothing -- in the wake of the instant trench dug into the beach, the water surges into it, creating a gigantic wave that washes Zeus and his boat out to sea!

CUT TO:

**INT. CHAMBER OF TITANS - RHEA WATCHES AS CRONUS**

takes a final, gentle stroke through the apparition -- what was once a lush mountainous island is total wreckage. They can't see Zeus, or any individual -- but they can see that the entire island is destroyed. Rhea hangs on Cronus, viciously smiling at the destruction as if this were a television show.

CRONUS

And then there were five.

RHEA

Humans have their entertainment --  
but I think I prefer ours, Cronus.

Rhea kisses Cronus, and the apparition vanishes.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ZEUS' SHIP - THE SHIP IS WATERLOGGED**

and Zeus is half unconscious, barely hanging off the side of the deck -- but he is alive. He staggers to his feet -- and begins the work of setting the boat back underway.

With a glance at his devastated home island, he is now more determined than before. He may still question his own destiny and his godhood -- but any doubts he had about the supernatural have been erased with his home island.

Zeus unrolls the chart -- and we DRIFT INTO THE MAP, moving east across the Aegean toward Thessaly, which bears the sign of the rose. We --

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. THESSALY MOUNTAINS - DAY - AN ENORMOUS MANSION**

sits on on the crest of the mountain. Gated walls surround the huge house and its enormous grounds. Many wagons are parked outside, and the local wealthy crowd is there for a feast.

ON THE WINDING ROAD - A WAGON SLOWLY APPROACHES

but it is taking a wobbling path. Zeus is a little nervous about this, so close to the edge of the mountain path -- he takes the reins and stops the wagon.

ZEUS

Perhaps I should drive, Dionysus.

Dionysus almost objects, but he moves over -- Zeus takes the reins.

DIONYSUS

As you wish. The gatemmen are mercurial bastards. Once I arrived with more wine in my belly than in my cart, and they made me enter through the rear labyrinth. It took me three hours and four bottles to find my way through.

They approach the front gate of the mansion, and the gatemmen wave them through. Zeus steers the wagon -- which is carrying barrels of wine and ouzo -- toward the mansion itself.

The wagon stops, and Zeus gets off.

ZEUS

Thank you for bringing me through, Dionysus. I am in your debt.

DIONYSUS

For gaining entry to a feast? Think nothing of it. But you must tell me. Why are you so determined to reach this spot?

Zeus pauses a moment. Tries to think of the least crazy version of the truth. He draws the "rose" symbol in the dirt with a staff.

ZEUS

I seek the woman who bears this  
mark on her skin.

Dionysus looks at him blankly -- you don't want to upset a crazy -- and he almost smiles.

DIONYSUS

When I met you in the port, I knew  
we would be friends. Such talk  
makes me seem sober.

(beat)

Your debt to me will be dug deeper  
still. Consider my eyes to be  
yours.

INT. MANSION - MAIN CHAMBER - DAY - ZEUS AND DIONYSUS

split up. Zeus subtly checks out the women, craning his neck to see if any of them have the birthmark. Dionysus is "assisting" Zeus by checking women out, moving in uncomfortably close -- which is tricky, since most of them recoil when he comes by. Some of the women laugh at Zeus' staring, some wouldn't mind a closer look, but none of them seem interested in Dionysus -- it's like the difference between being ogled by Tom Waits or Tom Cruise.

As Zeus moves through the crowd, we hear bits of conversation --

GREEK MAN #1

(a bit nervously)

The demons have already struck  
Neopolis. A village of two hundred  
became a slaughterhouse  
overnight --

GREEK MAN #2

(laughs)

I'll tell you what you should have  
told the fool who spun that tale.  
Shut up and have another ouzo.

As Zeus keeps looking over the women, One young GREEK WOMAN (20s) with amazingly long, flowing hair approaches Zeus with a flirtatious smile.

GREEK WOMAN

Don't say it. Do not say that  
you're the "toga inspector".

GREEK WOMAN

(off his blank look)

I would've hated to hear such an old line from a new face. What's your name?

Zeus hesitates a moment -- and finally says --

ZEUS

Gregos.

GREEK WOMAN

(smiles)

You don't seem too sure. Let me know if you change your mind.

(beat)

Did you come to watch Astrea race? It's almost time.

She motions out the window, and Zeus looks out.

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - AT THE STABLES - **ASTREA** (20S)

is the owner of this place -- breathtakingly beautiful, athletic, confident and rich. As a STABLE GIRL walks out her horse for a warmup, Astrea runs alongside it -- with a flourish, she tosses her cloak to the stable girl, and leaps onto the horse, riding it bareback.

A private racetrack is nearby, with a trio of other horses and riders ready for a race. As Astrea rides to the starting point, several dozen spectators on the side CHEER.

INSIDE THE MANSION - ZEUS STARES OUT AT ASTREA

and knows he's found his goddess. Other party guests are heading out to get a spot to watch the race. The young woman is still pitching woo, turning Zeus' face back towards her.

GREEK WOMAN

She always wins -- so let's find something else to do, Gregos. If that is your real name.

She takes his hand and places it on her shoulder. Zeus smiles -- he's getting distracted from the job.

GREEK WOMAN

Don't you feel a spark -- some electricity between us?

There is actually a small crackle from Zeus' hand -- he takes it away with some regret.

ZEUS

Wrong kind.

Zeus walks outside -- and the Greek woman pouts, her hair blowing in the wind, as she is rejoined by her friend.

GREEK WOMAN #2

He'll get nowhere with Astrea and  
he'll be back in ten minutes.  
Don't let it worry you, Medusa.

EXT. RACING TRACK - DAY - ZEUS WALKS THROUGH SPECTATORS

who are gathering behind the lines of the racetrack. The competitors line up -- there are three men on horseback who've come to challenge Astrea. Nobody here knows it, but these games are the precursors to the Olympics.

The STARTER drops a flag, and the race begins. All four horses pound the stone track --

-- and Astrea pulls out half a length ahead, widening her lead until they've gone around three times. All the horses are fast, all the riders are skilled -- but Astrea wins easily, and trots the horse around, enjoying the CHEERS of the crowd.

ZEUS

smiles and makes his way through the spectators to talk to her. If there ever was a goddess on earth, she's it. But as Zeus walks over, a shadow falls over the track --

Zeus looks up, and so do the spectators --

IN THE SKY - A HUGE BLACK CLOUD CROSSES THE SUN

but it doesn't look like one in nature. It **locks onto the sun** -- and it inverts, collapsing in on itself, **until the sun is blotted out** --

DARKNESS FALLS ON THE CROWD

as noon becomes midnight, and their cheering turns to startled silence -- followed by frightened murmurs -- "the evil has come here" -- "this is how it began in Thrace" --

-- and the gasps and whispers of uncertain fear turn to the terror and screaming of danger confirmed --

ZEUS PULLS OUT HIS SWORD

and looks up -- and his weapon is small comfort, because --



IN THE SKY - DEMONS POUR OUT OF THE DARK PASSAGE

as if they're coming from another plane of reality -- they're hard to see in the darkness, except for one thing --

-- their bodies are fringed in pinpoint of green flame -- there are three of them, flying down toward the crowd, and the closer they get, the more detail you can see: they're fifteen feet tall, they have taloned hands and feet, and odd quills in their sides -- these shoot out jets of green flame!

TIGHT ON ZEUS' STUNNED FACE

His expression tells us he's thinking the Ancient Greek equivalent of "holy shit" -- up to this point he's seen a couple of bizarre events, but this is his first look at actual **monsters** -- and it's as shocking to him as it would be to you or me.

THE CROWD PANICS AND RUNS - THE GREEK MAN

we saw before who reported the news of a massacre knows the name of these demons --

GREEK MAN #1

May the Gods save us -- they're  
pyrrhotaur!

He runs, and gets about six steps before a low flying pyrrhotaur swoops over him -- and its quills jet out pinpoint of flame that converge and consume him instantly!

ZEUS RUNS AGAINST THE STAMPEDE OF SPECTATORS

trying to leave -- he's trying to get to Astrea, who is now off her horse. He gets onto the track, twenty yards away from her, and shouts --

ZEUS

They've come for you! We must  
leave, now!

Astrea looks afraid, but determined to survive -- she hears Zeus, and pounds track to get to him --

-- but a pyrrhotaur swoops low over the track -- it is gaining on Astrea --

ZEUS RAISES HIS SWORD

-- no way that demon is going to get her, no way --

-- Zeus hurls his sword toward the demon's chest --

## THE PYRRHOTAUR EASILY SWATS THE SWORD AWAY

with a taloned hand -- and as it flies low over Astrea --

-- its firequills jet out flame towards her -- the pinpoints of flame don't move straight, they zip and loop toward her like guided missiles --

-- the flames converge and hit her in the back -- she is consumed instantly, five steps in front of Zeus --

-- within a split second, she is incinerated --

-- Zeus is horrified -- the woman he was to protect is gone, his best efforts not even close to good enough --

-- and as Astrea's burnt out husk falls to the ground, he sees this is even worse than he thought --

-- the jets of green flame flow out of the mouth and eyes of her skull, and converge into a fireball -- they swarm like fireflies, they rejoin, and rocket toward Zeus --

-- the fire is sentient.

Zeus is powerless to do anything -- but instead of hitting him, the fireball tears off in pursuit of a woman, striking her and incinerating her!

Zeus runs -- he picks up his sword and tries to swipe at pyrrhotaurs who fly low, but he can't hit them. Zeus runs for cover, toward the stables --

-- and we see the pyrrhotaurs are flying around, trying to corral the crowd. They aren't sparing the men -- but they are definitely trying to kill the women there. They're going to kill all of them to find the one they came for.

The crowd shoves into the house, and those who've made it inside find at least short-lived shelter -- the pyrrhotaurs can't burn through stone -- but they are blasting fire all over the place.

## AT THE STABLE - ZEUS LEAPS TO TRY TO KILL A PYRRHOTAUR

but he misses -- as the pyrrhotaur loops around, Zeus ducks into the stable for very momentary cover.

Panting, Zeus looks anguished, not because he's probably going to die. He's miserable because he's blown it.

In the stable, there is a single horse, WHINNYING in terror at all the noise. Zeus looks over, and sees --

**ELMA (19) - THE STABLE GIRL**

we saw before. She has her hand on the horse's head, and her touch calms the horse instantly. She does not look like a goddess at all -- her clothes are dusty rags, not even as nice as the horses' saddle blankets, and her face is plain.

Zeus stumbles over to her, wondering if it could be true --

ZEUS

What's your name, girl?  
(she doesn't answer)

Your name -- ?

ELMA

-- Elma --  
(scared, annoyed)  
I have to tend this horse and find  
the others, you must leave --

Zeus grabs her arm -- she is shocked at this and probably thinks Zeus is here to attack her. She struggles, and Zeus tears open a sleeve -- revealing the rose birthmark.

ZEUS

No. We must leave. Your name is  
Hera -- and I came here for you.  
(motions outside)

So have the pyrrhotaur.

Elma is stunned. She can't believe it. She's never been of importance to anyone outside this stable. But even if she can't accept it yet, we will now:

This is Hera.

**PYRRHOTAUUR POV - HIGH ABOVE THE STABLE**

A pyrrhotaur flies down low, jetting out flame --

**INSIDE THE STABLE - "FIREFLIES" BORE THROUGH THE WOOD**

and are blazing through -- in moments they'll be inside. Hera, as we'll now call her, jumps onto the back of the horse and turns to Zeus.

HERA

Get on.  
(he starts to, in  
front)  
Behind me. I taught Astrea  
everything she knew -- but not  
everything I know.

Zeus jumps on behind her, as the "fireflies" burn into the stable --

HERA  
(bending to horse)  
Ride, Pegasus -- now --

-- a few sparking "fireflies" swarm toward Hera -- several flit over her birthmark -- and they all head toward her --

-- but as Hera urges the horse on, they crash through the stable door -- Zeus slams the door shut behind them and drops a locking beam across it --

-- the swarming fire is stopped momentarily by the wood!

ABOVE THE STABLE - THE PYRRHOTOUR IS WATCHING

as the horse carrying Hera and Zeus races out -- the "fireflies" don't swarm after them, though, they race back up toward the pyrrhotaur --

-- the fire surges back into the pyrrhotaur -- and a look of recognition flits over its brow. Now it knows what the fire has learned: that this girl is the one they came for.

The pyrrhotaur brays loud and shrill --

AT THE HOUSE - THE TWO OTHER PYRRHOTOURS CIRCLING OVER

are hurling fire down at the terrified people crowded inside, burning away their shelter bit by bit. But as they hear the other one yelling in pyrrhotaurse, they fly away --

-- the good news is these bystanders have been spared. The bad news is: the Pyrrhotours are all going for Zeus and Hera now.

ZEUS AND HERA RIDE TOWARD THE GATE

and the winding road that's the only exit -- but a pyrrhotaur flies toward, and perches on, the gate!

Hera wheels her horse around -- it races away from the gate and back into the grounds. The pyrrhotaur launches from the gate, flying after them!

Zeus looks at the pyrrhotaur, gaining fast, and turns to Hera --

ZEUS  
Take us to that wagon, as close as you can!

HERA  
That's not the way out --

ZEUS  
Do it or we won't reach the way  
out!

HERA STEERS THE HORSE THROUGH THE WRECKAGE

of overturned tables and carts, toward Dionysus' wagon -- the  
pyrrhotaur is coming up close --

UNDER THE WAGON - DIONYSUS IS DRAINING A BOTTLE DRY

with his eyes shut -- and it's not the first he's had since  
the attack began. He's terrified, and he's dealing by trying  
to convince himself it's all in his head.

DIONYSUS  
(eyes firmly shut)  
Fire bleeding dragons --  
preposterous. Too much coriander  
in the ouzo -- that's it. They  
should be gone by now. I can look,  
by now, certainly --

The pile of empties by him rattles -- hoofbeats are drawing  
closer. Dionysus draws up his courage, and pries open his  
eyes for a squint --

DIONYSUS POV - **THE HORSE IS THUNDERING TOWARD HIM**

and the pyrrhotaur is flying just behind -- on the horse,  
Zeus is bending down to swing his sword at the wagon --

DIONYSUS SCRAMBLES OUT FROM UNDER THE WAGON

and runs -- tonight, the bottle let him down.

THE PYRRHOTOUR IS DIRECTLY ABOVE ZEUS AND HERA

and its firequills jet out a thousand points of flame -- the  
flame shoots down toward them, but --

AS THEY PASS THE WAGON - ZEUS SLASHES THE WAGON WHEELS

on one side -- the wagon collapses, and the barrels stacked  
on it roll and bounce off --

-- many of the "fireflies" burn into a cask of wine -- they  
extinguish with pops and sparks --

-- and the rest of the "fireflies" hit another bouncing cask, but this one contains ouzo -- the barrel ignites and explodes, setting off several others in a huge blast --

-- and this BLAST disorients the pyrrhotaur, sending it crashing toward Zeus and Hera!

Zeus swings around and decapitates the demon -- it crashes to the ground in a heap of green and orange flame, as Zeus and Hera race into the grounds.

There's no break for them, though, as the other two pyrrhotaur launch after them -- the wind from their flapping wings fans the flames amid the wreckage on the ground.

ZEUS

Is there another way out of here?

HERA

Yes. We have to make a couple of turns first.

Zeus looks ahead, to where she's steering -- and he can't believe where she's going.

ZEUS

You may be the goddess of understatement.

HIGH ANGLE - HERA IS RACING TOWARD THE LABYRINTH

which is a hell of a lot more than a "couple of turns". This ornate outdoor maze, usually just a way to pass the time for the idle rich, now is their only way out.

The last two pyrrhotaur fly into view --

ZEUS AND HERA RIDE INTO THE LABYRINTH

and get some very temporary cover: the labyrinth is covered by wooden trellises and vines, and the walltops are decorated by statues of gods and monsters held in place by ironwork.

THE OTHER PYRRHOTAUR FLIES OVER THE LABYRINTH

and can't see much through the trellis and vinework on top, but that's easy to fix --

-- the pyrrhotaur jets out two firebursts -- the flame splits in two, racing along the trellis to burn it all away!

**FIREBALL POV - SIZZLING ALONG THE TRELIS**

zigging and zagging, sometimes with a glimpse of their quarry below, sometimes not --

**IN THE LABYRINTH - HERA RIDES THE HORSE**

as fast as she dares, racing it from one turn to another, and even if they weren't being chased, it would be dangerous enough to try to race a horse through all these turns --

HERA

-- the flames are pursuing us!

ZEUS

The fire is guided by a mind of its own --

Hera knows the maze -- she swerves the horse through turn after turn --

**FIREBALL POV - THE FLAMES BURN THROUGH THE TRELIS**

and drop down -- but they're too late. Hera and Zeus have made another turn. The fireball pursues them -- but makes a wrong turn and is caught in a dead end. The fireball pauses, visibly "confused" -- it's intelligent enough for a chase, but maybe not for a maze.

**ZEUS AND HERA RACE AWAY THROUGH A STRAIGHT SECTION**

and Zeus smiles --

ZEUS

-- though apparently not a very keen mind.

The smile is wiped off Zeus' face as a pyrrhotaur bursts through the trellis ceiling a few yards ahead of them!

The pyrrhotaur's fringes of flame are the brightest light in this darkness --

The horse rears and backs up -- Hera is terrified --

-- and without a word, Zeus gets off the horse and leaves -- he climbs up a fixture and through the open ceiling.

HERA

Don't leave me!

No answer from Zeus. And no sound in the labyrinth but the pyrrhotaur's raspy breathing, and the crackling of its flamequills, as it steps toward Hera.

The terrified horse backs into a dead end -- and the pyrrhotaur steps to the entrance. It knows the game is over. It raises its wings high, so it can use its flamequills with no obstruction --

-- but before it can fire, Zeus' sword sticks in the pyrrhotaur's wingtip --

Zeus is crouched atop the labyrinth wall -- with all his might, he pulls the sword up --

The pyrrhotaur BRAYS in pain and anger -- this hurts, but it is certainly not a mortal wound. It swings up out of the maze and onto the top of the wall --

-- facing Zeus. This was the plan. But his face tells us he didn't have anything figured out beyond this.

ZEUS

(shouts to Hera)

Ride on! I'll meet you on the other side of the labyrinth!

(to himself)

Or perhaps the other side of the underworld.

The pyrrhotaur ROARS at Zeus, who is holding his sword in a defensive, commanding, cover-of-a-Robert-E.-Howard-paperback pose -- and he decides to try this out:

ZEUS

(full bass "hero" voice)

Dare you attack a god? Begone, demon, or taste the wrath of Zeus!

Yup, the pyrrhotaur dares -- with a swipe of his talon, Zeus' sword goes flying, back against another statue, so hard that the sword's blade cracks. Zeus' bluster evaporates. He clumsily rolls back, almost falling back into the maze, and scrambles behind a statue of a monster--

-- and even that is no shelter -- the pyrrhotaur's talon rips through the statue just inches above Zeus' head!

IN THE LABYRINTH - HERA RIDES FURIOUSLY

to get through this dark maze, as the pyrrhotaur's SCREECHES echo throughout the maze -- where is it?



## THE PYRRHOTOUR STALKS ZEUS ATOP THE LABYRINTH WALL

and it is a terrifying figure: fifteen feet tall, fringed in points of fire, and easily able to leap across gaps, while Zeus scrambles back on the wall. The only possible cover are statues scattered around the walltops, held in place by ironwork. Zeus ducks behind another statue, which is razed in half and toppled by the pyrrhotaur --

-- and Zeus is exposed now. There is nowhere for him to go, nothing for him to do but gape up at the pyrrhotaur, which moves over the jagged edge of the statue. It is about to swipe him with the talon --

-- and Zeus sees a way. Directly above the pyrrhotaur's head is a section of ironwork, torn loose by the strike --

-- and Zeus jumps directly into the pyrrhotaur's face, reaching behind its head to get the bent iron bar --

-- Zeus pulls the bar down behind the pyrrhotaur's neck, thrusting its chest onto the sharp edge of the statue it destroyed!

The broken statue's point lances into the pyrrhotaur's chest --

The pyrrhotaur flails and struggles, howling madly -- its firequills shoot out streaks of flame that head everywhere but that don't join into a fireball --

-- and Zeus struggles with all his might, pulling the pyrrhotaur down so that its hissing, snarling, snapping face is an inch from his -- its talons try to reach around the statue, but can't quite grasp him --

-- and with one final pull, the pyrrhotaur dies -- and the fire in its flamequills go out, quill by quill.

ELSEWHERE IN THE LABYRINTH - HERA RIDES ON

as quickly as she can -- but the last pyrrhotaur flies into the maze too, directly behind her --

-- and she's driven into a cul-de-sac. No way out -- and the pyrrhotaur lands and advances.

ZEUS RUNS ALONG THE LABYRINTH TOP

as he hears Hera SCREAM. Where in the maze is she? He looks down and sees only embers of burnt trellis --

-- until, several turns away, he sees the point of a pyrrhotaur wing over the wall --

-- Zeus instinctively, desperately reaches out, and doesn't even know what he's about to unleash --

CLOSE ON ZEUS' EYE - HIS CAPILLARIES CHANGE

from red veins to electrical charges --

A DOUBLE LIGHTNING STRIKE IS SUMMONED FROM THE SKIES

and it strikes the labyrinth walls by the pyrrhotaur --

INSIDE THE LABYRINTH - **THE PYRROTAUR**

isn't directly hit, but it's knocked back as THUNDER ECHOES through the walls -- and where the lightning struck, **the walls cave in on top of the pyrrhotaur** --

-- the entire section of labyrinth is becoming unstable and could cave in on Hera -- sections behind her are cracking --

-- so Hera kicks the horse forward -- it rides up the wreckage covering the pyrrhotaur -- the pyrrhotaur reaches up through the wreckage for the horse's legs, but misses --

HERA RIDES THE HORSE UP ALONG THE WALL OF THE MAZE

and gallops toward the edge -- keeping the horse on a thirty inch track is tough enough, but the walls are cracking -- she has to push the horse to leap over the gaps. Meanwhile --

ZEUS RUNS ALONG THE DAMAGED WALL

and tries to avoid the cave-ins as he heads toward the edge --

THE LAST PYRRHOTOUR IS HALF BURIED BY WRECKAGE

and more slabs of wall are tumbling down on it -- but it manages to ooze out jets of green flame that take off --

ATOP THE WALLS - ZEUS LEAPS OFF A COLLAPSING SECTION

of wall, but reaches a corner that Hera is riding toward -- as the horse comes up, Zeus leaps back on, and Hera drives the horse toward a corner so they can climb down a ramp.

But as soon as they're reunited, a green fireball emerges -- it tracks toward Zeus and Hera, and it obviously has a strong advantage: the horse has to zig zag along the top of the walls, but the fireball simply takes the straightest, shortest interception path it can.

The fireball is right behind them and gaining --

The horse is cut off from the ramp in the corner, and is driven toward a steep drop on the wall --

Hera urgently whispers to the horse --

HERA  
-- fly, Pegasus -- fly --

The green fireball has overtaken them -- but as it does --

IN THE LABYRINTH - THE PYRRHOTOUR IS STRUGGLING

under the weight of the collapsed wall -- and it finally stops moving -- it is dead.

ATOP THE WALL - THE GREEN FIREBALL OVERTAKES HERA AND ZEUS

but as the pyrrhotaur dies, so does its fire -- the fireball breaks up into "fireflies" that wink out like the aftermath of a fireworks display --

The horse leaps off the wall -- it's almost twenty feet up, but the leap goes on, as if the horse were actually flying, or held up by magic.

CLOSE ON HERA

She didn't know she could do this -- but it is clearly happening because of her.

THE HORSE LOWERS TO THE EARTH

and literally hits the ground running, taking Zeus and Hera into the woods.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GREEK COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - AT A TEMPLE AND POND - HERA

is bent before the pond, cleaning herself as best she can. She looks down at her reflection, and sees what she always sees: a plain, unattractive girl. She tries to do something with her hair, and it doesn't help. She simply gives up.

They are in the middle of nowhere -- the only thing around is a huge temple in a clearing. Hera walks to where Zeus stands -- he is looking off to the mountains in the distance.

HERA  
I thank you for helping me escape.  
But I cannot believe what you've  
told me about my birthmark. The  
only true gods are the Titans.

HERA

(insistent)

I must return. My duty is to help  
the other servants rebuild the  
house.

ZEUS

(sadly)

Your only duty now is to yourself.

Hera looks out into the distance, and sees what Zeus sees:

FAR OFF OVER THE MOUNTAINS - A SULFUROUS DARK CLOUD

has gathered over the settlement they came from. The clouds  
bulge and slowly, rain begins to fall --

-- but the rain is not water. We see it first as dots of  
red -- and as the rain really breaks, the sky is filled with  
a column of fire that annihilates the entire area.

ON ZEUS AND HERA

Zeus is saddened. It's the second time he's seen such a  
massacre. But Hera is terrified. She is religious, and here,  
undeniably, is the wrath of the gods. Hera runs into the  
temple.

INSIDE THE TEMPLE - GIGANTIC STATUES OF THE TITANS

are there -- Cronus, Rhea, and others, towering two hundred  
feet high. Quivering with fear, Hera throws herself at the  
enormous feet of the Cronus statue --

HERA

Mighty Cronus, hear my prayer --  
end your wrath and show mercy to  
your subjects --

Zeus enters, standing behind her.

ZEUS

Get up.

HERA

(ignoring him)

We will pay any tribute you wish --

ZEUS

Except our dignity, so stand up --

Zeus roughly, angrily pulls her to her feet.

ZEUS

Tell me. How did this temple get built? This enormous temple in the middle of nowhere, one of hundreds like it?

(contemptuous)

The Titans sent plagues, monsters and destruction to these lands -- correct? And to make them stop, the people took everything -- absolutely everything they had to build this temple -- to worship the Titans, to appease them, but most of all to make them stop. Children went hungry and lives were destroyed to build this temple -- so certainly the Titans showed mercy to their subjects. Didn't they?

(she doesn't answer)

They didn't? The Titans ignored every tribute and sacrifice, and continued to torment these people -- until their village was gone, leaving nothing but this temple behind. So tell me this -- why would you -- why would anyone -- bend and bow and pray to these murdering bastards?

Hera is rocked back by this --

HERA

You speak blasphemy --

ZEUS

Eagerly. All my life and with all my heart. But you've inspired me. I will worship after all.

(to statue)

O mighty Cronus, hear my prayer -- may all of mankind learn to revile you, rather than worship you --

Hera recoils from Zeus, and Zeus defiantly stares up, up, up at the face of the statue of Cronus, his words echoing --

ZEUS

May all the anguish and horror you've sent to us be returned to you, a thousand times over --

The statue shudders and creaks -- but Zeus goes on, louder and angrier --

ZEUS

-- and may the death you've earned  
be equally agonizing and eternal!

Something is going on within the statue -- is it going to  
start moving?

HERA BACKS AWAY TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TEMPLE

and she's shaken by all this -- she looks back --

THE CRONUS STATUE BEGINS TO MOVE

but before anything can happen, Zeus' anger involuntarily  
lets loose a bolt of lightning which strikes the statue -- it  
is blown to pieces!

Zeus backs away from the statue as mammoth pieces of it fall  
down -- the hands and the head almost crush him -- but Zeus  
walks away from the wreckage, still wound up and angry as he  
approaches Hera.

ZEUS

That is the only kind of prayer  
that the Titans will understand.

Hera moves away from him and to the door, looking back at her  
distant, burning home.

HERA

I was born on those grounds. I  
never travelled beyond the marble  
walls. It was magnificent. It was  
my whole world, and I thought it  
would stand a thousand years.

(beat)

Now it is nothing but smoke and  
ashes.

ZEUS

I know your fears, and I share  
them. My home is gone too. My  
family, and everyone I've ever  
known, has been taken from me.

(beat)

We both have been forced to accept  
things we couldn't imagine before.  
I never believed in any hidden  
power -- any force that you  
couldn't see or feel or hear or  
touch.

## ZEUS

I never believed in the Titans, or the gods -- and I certainly didn't believe the old man's claim that I was destined to become one of them. I still can't. But hour by hour, everything I see and encounter is proving his story right, and my doubts wrong.

(beat)

If you truly want to help other people, there is only one course of action, and it is not prayer. We must find the others who bear the mark. Perhaps just to warn them -- but perhaps, if the story is true, together we can make a difference.

(beat)

You are a servant no more. Every choice you make in your life is now your own. Will you help me?

Hera looks up at Zeus. She's been a servant all her life -- and Zeus is showing her more respect than she's ever known.

## HERA

I have never heard those words as a request -- only as a command. And I have always wanted to see the world that lay beyond those walls.

(beat)

Let's find the others.

Hera manages a small smile. She is scared and uncertain -- but she will go with Zeus to find the others.

EXT. ZEUS AND HERA ON THE HORSE - ZEUS LOOKS AT THE CHART

and our VIEW MOVES INTO the next location, crossing the seas and heading south to Thorikos -- and our VIEW OF THE CHART shows a river and a star, which --

DISSOLVES TO:

INT. PARLOR - CLOSE ON A BRUSH METICULOUSLY STROKING

the last few black marks on the terracotta pot. It's a painting of a woman happily playing in the sun with her daughter -- and now it's done.

**CHLOE (AKA DEMETER) (19)**

is happy with the result. She moves the pot to a spot on the table where the sun will dry the painting -- and she picks up another pot, very carefully wrapping it in cloth.

Chloe is working in a simple, but comfortable room. The decor is lower-middle class Dark Ages. There isn't a lot of furniture and the few comforts here are crude and homemade. We will note, however, that the house has an uncommonly beautiful garden that's a huge contrast to the simple home.

**EXT. GREEK VILLAGE - ON A STREET - LATER - DIMITRIOS (30S)**

is on a corner, angrily shouting at a crowd of two dozen shaken, angry people.

**DIMITRIOS**

How many more will we surrender to these dark forces? How many?

(beat)

We must fight this evil at the source, while our strength remains!

**DOWN THE BLOCK - CHLOE COMES OUT OF THE BUILDING**

toward a horse and wagon. She is about to take the horse, but is stopped by her father, HYPAIKOS. He's around forty, but he looks more like sixty -- a lifetime of hard work and hard conditions have bent his back and broken his spirit.

**HYPAIKOS**

Chloe, I need the wagon today.

Chloe stops. This, and the look on his face, tells her something.

**CHLOE**

Demons? Again?

**HYPAIKOS**

They ripped through six homes last night. I have to pick up what's left and prepare them for ceremony before the dogs claim them.

**CHLOE**

Let me help you, father --

**HYPAIKOS**

No, Chloe. This is no work for a young girl. And don't go to the necropolis today. Stay home.



## HYPAIKOS

(wearily)

At the rate the demons are going,  
our entire village will itself  
become a necropolis soon.

Hypaikos rides off with the wagon. Chloe is sorry to hear of the fresh attack -- but she's still going. She shoulders her pack, and starts walking down the road.

As she does, we can see there is evidence of demonic attacks everywhere -- some buildings are burnt, some partially collapsed. Chloe heads out of the village, as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. NECROPOLIS - LATE AFTERNOON - AT A GATED ENTRANCE**

Chloe enters, stepping into the resting place of the dead. By the entrance are the most honored spots for the dead. There are burial mounds and markers for those killed in battle. There are huge marble tombs with elaborate decorations for those who died with money.

Chloe steps past those. She didn't come for them. She walks toward the budget area, where a hill dips down toward some natural stone corridors. The corridors have berths carved into them, allowing the dead to be stacked three compartments high in a wall. There are open berths, waiting to be filled -- and ones that hold bodies, covered over by stone slabs. Some of them are cared for, with markings and plants. Some are simply barren.

The barren ones are Chloe's concern. She stops at one of the lonelier budget crypts, with no remembrance there -- and she puts down the terracotta pot she was painting of a woman playing with a child. As she respectfully places it --

-- we take a look through the stone corridor, and see that there are at least two dozen of her decorated pots lain in front of otherwise untended crypts.

Chloe takes the wrapped bundle she was carrying, and walks back to the edge of the stone corridors, where this graveyard ends. She looks out at the woods, certain she's being watched.

## CHLOE

You can come out now. I'm not  
afraid of you. You shouldn't be  
afraid of me.

**IN THE WOODS - SOMEONE'S POV IS WATCHING CHLOE**

from behind some bushes. Doesn't make a move.

IN NECROPOLIS - CHLOE IS DISAPPOINTED BUT SMILES

as she puts down the wrapped bundle.

CHLOE

All right. Maybe next time.

Chloe walks away -- and only after we hear the CREAK of the gate closing do we see --

**MYLES** (AKA **HADES**) EMERGES FROM HIS HIDING PLACE

He is a pale, haunted but decidedly human boy. He untwines the wrapping from the package, revealing a pot that's been decorated with an etching of a boy and his dog.

Remote as this is, this is his first human contact in a very long time. Myles almost grins.

MYLES

Look, Cerberus -- she included you as well.

With an oddly whistling WOOF, a dog comes bounding out --

-- this is CERBERUS, a typically perky, frisky dog. He is untypical in that he is recently but clearly dead. The whistle in his woof comes from the fact that there are holes rotted in his flesh -- bits of fur even fly off his wagging tailbone.

MYLES

(notes stick figure)

A good likeness of you, too.

(Cerberus growls)

Quiet. I'll talk to her the next time she comes.

(Cerberus growls again)

Really. Next time.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD TO NECROPOLIS - DUSK - CHLOE IS WALKING BACK

and aside from being a little tired, nothing's worrying her. Until she sees a group approaching with a wagon. They are not carrying any dead, but death is clearly on their minds.

This is the proverbial angry mob, led by Dimitrios, the rabble rouser from a few scenes back.

DIMITRIOS

Go home, Chloe. This is not for  
you to see.

CHLOE

What are you doing?

DIMITRIOS

I think you know. He speaks to the  
dead. When we came for him the  
last time in the town, we killed  
his hound -- and he brought it  
back to life in front of us.

(louder now)

When that happened, the evil came!

The NOISY MOB seconds that emotion -- in between SHOUTS of  
agreement, they get out their weapons. Battered swords, bows  
and arrows -- certainly enough to grease a teenage boy.

CHLOE

I don't know why the demons have  
come for our town, but he's  
harmless -- he's hiding here  
because he's afraid of you --

Dimitrios and the others shove past her.

IN THE EDGE OF THE NECROPOLIS - MYLES RESTS

in the furthest bier from the entrance -- this is his home.  
His only belongings are a pile of scrolls, a plate and a  
spoon, and now this decorated pot, going into an honored  
corner. Myles doesn't know what's coming --

AT THE NECROPOLIS ENTRANCE - THE MOB IS ALMOST THERE

and the CAMERA EASES PAST them, into the necropolis, our view  
floating on a breeze --

-- the breeze passes crypts and graves, and pleading, urgent  
voices leap onto the wind like aural passengers --

-- "Myles" --

-- "you must leave now, Myles" --

-- "you're in danger, Myles, please" --

-- more voices, male and female, young and old, layer onto  
the wind until it's a swirl of sound --

-- and the wind reaches Myles at the end of the necropolis --  
suddenly the chorus of the dead goes directly into his head --

-- and Myles leaps to his feet, not because he's heeding the warning, but because he's miserable --

MYLES  
(shouting)  
-- stop it -- you're not real --

But the voices persist as Myles runs down the necropolis path -- "you must protect yourself" -- "you are our king" --

MYLES  
-- I am no one's king!

Cerberus runs after Myles, concerned about his master --

-- and Myles' run ends, and his hands come off his ears, when he sees Dimitrios and the mob, with their swords out.

DIMITRIOS  
Do you see? Do you see the dog?

Cerberus hides behind a tree, not quite understanding why they're mad -- his eyes are hollow, but his expression is the one your dog has when it's caught whizzing on the carpet.

DIMITRIOS  
Can there be any doubt he's allied  
with the dead?  
(off SHOUTS of  
agreement)  
Then leave no pieces of either of  
them to put back together!

The others brandish their swords -- and Myles stiffens. There is nowhere for him to run.

But in a split second of silence, the only SOUND other than bows creaking back rolls down the path --

-- at least a dozen "obolos" -- death coins -- roll down the stone path and tinkle to a stop, because --

**THE CORPSES HAVE RISEN FROM THIER BIERES**

and are moving toward Myles to protect him -- some stiffly, some smoothly, depending on how recently dead they are --

-- and between Myles and the posse, the ground cracks and opens -- the well tended graves and tombs of soldiers bring out the dead --

-- and they advance against the mob! The swords of the dead sweep away those of the mob --

A GROUP OF CORPSES FORM A PROTECTIVE CIRCLE AROUND MYLES

and they clearly revere him -- the ones that have enough of a face for detectible expressions are smiling, the ones that aren't are saying, over and over: "protect the king" -- "you are safe with us, my lord" --

-- and Myles is as terrified or repulsed as you or I would be. He'd push them away if he could stand to touch them.

MYLES

No -- get away from me! I am not your king -- or your lord!

FURTHER BACK IN THE NECROPOLIS - THE VILLAGE MOB

that was eager to carve up a teenage boy is now cowering behind some statuary, staring in disbelief --

A HUGE DEAD SOLDIER IS SPINNING AROUND A BROADSWORD

with amazing skill -- he's got more military decorations than flesh, but he could clearly take on all of the mob himself.

BEHIND THE STATUARY - ONE OF THE MOB DRAWS AN ARROW

and pulls the bowstring back, his hands shaking -- but the arrow flies out --

-- the dead soldier is hit in the arm and the arrow chips the bone to powder -- the dead soldier almost drops his sword. A weakness has been found.

DIMITRIOS

Stay back! Use only your arrows!

The mob takes heart and fights back -- maybe this can be done.

**ARROWS FLY THROUGH THE NECROPOLIS**

and the first wave of the barrage is aimed at the few dead soldiers -- the oldest corpses are the most vulnerable, they break like chalk and fall to dust, but even the newer corpses can't win in long range battle.

THE "SHIELD" CORPSES TIGHTEN THEIR CIRCLE AROUND MYLES

but the arrows are striking here too -- the corpses are blown apart by the arrows, spraying bone dust and rotten, oozing flesh against Myles. His protection is almost gone.

One BOWMAN lets an arrow fly -- it pins Cerberus to the tree. An ordinary dog would be killed -- Cerberus just whines in discomfort.

AT THE GATE - CHLOE RUNS IN BEHIND THE ARCHERS

and she sees that they're about to let fly, this time undoubtedly taking Myles. Chloe grabs Dimitrios' arm --

CHLOE

-- stop it! Leave him alone!

Dimitrios throws her to the ground, and is ready to pull --

-- Chloe lands, sprawled in the dirt, screaming --

CHLOE

-- don't --

And as she yells, her hands in the dirt -- vines and roots race from her fingers and toward Dimitrios --

-- the vines and roots spiral around Dimitrios legs and chest, lashing around his arm -- Dimitrios' arrow goes wild, nowhere near Myles!

Gasping, Chloe looks at the ground, and her hands -- she pulls them up in shock. What she's seen, what she feels -- is impossible.

Chloe staggers to her feet, grabbing the ivy covered earthen wall of a necropolis corridor -- leaning weakly against the wall, she can't see that an archer is now aiming at her --

-- but with her touch, the ivy slithers along the wall like tentacles -- one vine snatches away a bow, and snaps it in half --

-- and that's the limit for the mob -- they didn't sign on for anything like this. The archers run out, stumbling over the rocks and each other --

-- one of them falls to the ground, and he is immediately covered in ivy -- if you think that doesn't sound scary, well, consider this: it's tearing down his throat, into his ears and nostrils, and tightening around his limbs with enough force to almost shatter his bones -- his SCREAM is MUFFLED by the vines --

-- but Chloe hears it and raises her head -- she sees the horror of what's happened, and that it's coming out of her -- she takes her hands off the wall, and it's like pulling out the plug. The vines drop, and the ivy choking the archer goes limp. He staggers to his feet, weak and coughing, tearing the ivy off, and he casts a frightened look back at Chloe.

Chloe looks at her hands, terrified of what she's done. As --

**THE CORPSES AROUND MYLES COLLAPSE LIKE PUPPETS**

because the threat has gone -- the voices whisper "*our king is saved*" in the wind as they fall away in a heap of bones, surrounding Myles.

Then it's as quiet as a cemetery should be. Myles and Chloe gape at other, neither knowing how this is possible.

ZEUS (O.S.)

I don't believe it either. But maybe I can explain it.

Myles and Chloe look up, and see --

**AT THE NECROPOLIS GATE - ZEUS AND HERA ARE THERE**

with horses and a wagon. Zeus is holding the chart, which bears their true names.

ZEUS

Your name is Hades. And your name is Demeter.

EXT. WILDERNESS ROAD - NIGHT - ZEUS, HERA, HADES & DEMETER

are riding out of town, with Cerberus trotting alongside them. Hades is agitated, and Zeus' face shows he's irritated with him already.

HADES

So let me understand this. According to you, you are the god of gods, supreme of supremes.

(beat)

I've heard better stories. Can you tell me why, for example, the man who set you off on this hunt was a little vague on this "fire of the sky" business? I mean, why didn't he just come right out and say what would destroy Cronus?

ZEUS

Listen --

HADES

I would've told you up front. You seem like someone who needs very simple, very clear directions, so I wouldn't have waited until my throat was collapsing to dust before giving you the single most important piece of information that the fate of the entire universe might rest on --

ZEUS

(finally interrupting)

**Listen** -- I only came to warn you. You don't have to believe it. I still can't.

HADES

Oh, I think you do believe it, "Zeus". You seem like the type who would eagerly embrace the news that lightning bolts shoot out of your ass. I know more about these prophecies than you do, I promise you.

(points to scrolls in his pack)

One of the better educated residents of the necropolis wanted to be entombed with his scrolls -- and since his eyes rotted out decades ago, he kindly allowed me to borrow them. They're not the children's versions of the Titans' story you know -- they're direct transcriptions of the words of the fabled seer Mykalos. So I know what these names are supposed to mean. You tell me that I am Hades -- the Lord of the Damned.

(beat)

Here are my options. If you're wrong, you're no god of gods, you're the maddest of the mad. If I go with you and you're right, I'm going to be wrestling one eyed monsters and fleeing from giants, all in the name of reaching this goal: ruling for an eternity over a world of death.

(beat)

I don't want that job. Would you? I'm a little short on reasons for following you.



ZEUS

(annoyed)

Then don't let me keep you from a greater destiny. Go back to that necropolis, read legends instead of living them, and wrestle with your own one-eyed monster --

HERA

There's someone coming.

Hades and Zeus stop arguing, and see a torch and a horsedrawn wagon coming down the road. Is this trouble -- ?

Demeter gets off her horse.

DEMETER

Wait here. I'll be back in a moment.

AT THE WAGON - DEMETER WALKS UP TO HER FATHER

who looks worried about her.

HYPAIKOS

Chloe -- you live! Thank the gods --

BACK AT THE HORSES - HADES CAN'T RESIST

HADES

Oh, you're welcome. It was nothing, really --

HERA

-- be quiet --

AT THE WAGON - DEMETER AND HYPAIKOS

HYPAIKOS

I was so worried when I heard about the battle here. They said that you --

Hypaikos trails off. Doesn't even know how to say it.

DEMETER

It's true. All of it.

HYPAIKOS

So you were just going to leave, without saying goodbye to your father?

Hypaikos is hurt by this -- and Chloe is almost in tears.

CHLOE

I don't know what else to do. It's all happened so fast -- I don't know what's happening to me, or how to control it.

(tearful)

But I know I have to leave to find out.

With some hesitation, but with finality, Hypaikos accepts this, and moves closer for an embrace -- but she pulls away.

CHLOE

Stop. I don't know if my touch would -- if --

(pulls it together)

I might hurt you, father.

Hypaikos smiles -- and takes her hand.

HYPAIKOS

(softly)

I don't know what's happening either, Chloe. But I know you could never hurt me.

Hypaikos embraces Chloe -- and Chloe drops her hesitation, embracing Hypaikos tightly, holding desperately onto this last moment with the best part of her old life.

They break off the embrace -- and Chloe looks into her father's eyes. She smiles through her tears.

Her touch did affect him. And it proves that what she has isn't a curse.

Hypaikos now looks younger and healthier, like a robust twenty-five year old instead of a broken fifty year old. He doesn't realize yet what's happened.

HYPAIKOS

Why are you looking at me that way?

Chloe shakes her head. She'll let him find out later.

CHLOE

Goodbye, father. I love you.

Chloe turns and heads back to the horses. As she walks back --

ON THE HORSES - A CAPTIVATED HADES IS WATCHING HER

walk back.

ZEUS

So you have no reason to join us?

(Hades doesn't answer)

Oh, lord of bad breath and worse hearing -- are you coming or not?

Hades is watching her get on, lost in her beauty. But Zeus is loud enough to break this spell and whip Hades back to his caustic self.

HADES

Yes, yes, your royal agony -- I'll come. If only to discover if there really could be a hell worse than this village.

Hades pulls his horse into line as they all ride off. Hades steals looks at Chloe whenever he can. For all his bluster, he's clearly coming along because he's in love with her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE TRIREME SAILS AGAIN - DAY - ZEUS TRIMS THE SAIL

as Hera watches. At least in her eyes, Zeus cuts a heroic figure up there -- he's handsome and confident. Hera watches from behind a cabin, and almost -- almost -- catches his eye. When he looks over, she ducks back behind the cabin.

Hera looks over her clothes -- still the dingy, smelly rags she wore in the stables. The uncertain way she carries herself tells us this is why she isn't engaging Zeus: she feels like she's not in his league.

Hera sees Hades, securing his pack full of scrolls on the deck -- and she walks over.

HERA

I heard you talking to Zeus earlier...

HADES

You heard me talking to that musclehead on the mast. He's a long way off from earning the name of Zeus.

HERA

What I mean is -- you told him  
that these scrolls explain who we  
are, and what we will become.

(uncertain)

Can you tell me who I am?

Hades looks at her, and picks up on her vulnerability. She is interested in his opinion about this, and she is scared about what the answer will be.

HADES

(not unkindly)

No one can tell you that better  
than yourself. I can only tell you  
what a seer wrote long ago.

(unpacks scroll)

It says here that the woman  
bearing the mark of the rose --

(compares her  
birthmark with  
scroll)

-- is Hera, the goddess of beauty.

Hera takes this like a slap in the face -- like he's making a terrible deadpan joke at her expense.

HERA

I wanted your help, not cheap  
mockery.

Hera starts to move away, but Hades stops her, looking sincere.

HADES

I'm not joking. This says that you  
will be the goddess of beauty.

Hera scans his face -- and finally believes him. She steps away from Hades, and sees a sheet of polished metal on the boat.

Hera examines her face in the slightly distorted reflection as best she can. We can tell -- and ultimately she can too -- that her features have changed slightly. Her features are more delicate, her face is more radiant.

CLOSE ON HERA'S FACE

as she smiles, realizing this may be her gift. She is growing more beautiful.

Zeus looks down at Hera, catches her eye, and smiles. This time, Hera holds his gaze and smiles back.

Hades breaks the spell:

HADES

This also says you're to be the goddess of matrimony.

(beat)

Best of luck with that one. Excuse me.

Hades walks to another part of the boat, where

DEMETER IS PETTING CERBERUS

and the way she's doing it tells us she's not just petting him -- she's trying to heal him. She's having a little bit of an effect -- some of his ripped skin seams back together -- yet he still looks like what he is: a perky but dead dog.

HADES

Can you heal him?

DEMETER

I don't know -- this is all so new to me.

Demeter pets Cerberus again, but to no effect. She's clearly done all she can do for the patchwork pooch.

HADES

I want to ask you something.

(she looks up)

Why did you come out to the necropolis all those times?

(beat)

I mean, I went because when I started -- hearing the voices, and when I brought Cerberus back --

(with difficulty)

-- the people of the village drove me out. Even my family turned against me. I went to the necropolis because I had nowhere else to go.

(beat)

I saw you with your father. If I had someone -- anyone -- in my life like that, I wouldn't want the company of corpses.

(beat)

So why would you?

DEMETER

I'd been out there, scores of times -- to visit the tomb of my mother. Later, my father took the job of hauling the dead up for ceremony, and I came with him when he'd take my help.

(beat)

Each time, I'd see all the graves -- some well tended, some decorated, some not. And that didn't seem right.

(beat)

For all the ones neglected, I made the pots. For those who couldn't afford it, I placed an obolos in the tomb --

HADES

An obolos. The "death coin" to pay the ferryman to take them to the underworld?

(disbelieving)

It's all a superstition. A story.

DEMETER

Maybe it is. Maybe it's real. Either way, it's only an obolos.

(simple)

Someone should speak for the dead, don't you think?

Demeter turns to look at the sunset. Hades gapes at her. He's trying to hide it, but he is long gone in love with her.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BOAT - ZEUS WATCHES THE SUNSET

but he looks a little pensive. Hera joins him.

HERA

Is something troubling you?

ZEUS

I didn't start on this search because I believed in what Oranos said. I thought it was nonsense. I set out on my hunt because my parents were murdered in front of me, and I wanted to find the man responsible.

(beat)

But the further we go, and the more I see, the more I have to believe in what Oranos said.

ZEUS

And if I believe that tale -- then everything in my life is false. My mother was not my mother -- my father not my father.

HERA

Yet -- do you grieve less for them, knowing that?

(beat)

Of course not. They raised you as their own because they loved you. Such love is even stronger than blood. Even now, the feelings you carry for them are proof of that.

(beat)

We always choose those who we love most.

Zeus watches the sunset, comforted a little, as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ISLAND - PREDAWN TWILIGHT - A SIGNAL FIRE

is roaring from a high position -- it seems pretty big, but a VILLAGER shouts urgently to the few others there --

VILLAGER

More! More, it must be higher!

The others throw on twigs and branches, and the villager dips two torches in the fire -- he runs to a higher position in the rocks, and waves them away from him, shouting --

VILLAGER

Stay away! Do not sail this pass --

As he waves, we see a ship is far out on the horizon -- very far out. There's no chance it will see or hear this signal.

Then comes the sound that they hoped would not come. An inhuman, earsplitting WAIL from far out, echoing everywhere.

Fatigued from having seen this too many times, the villager drops his torches. The others pour a bucket on the signal fire, quenching it. All walk down the inside of the tower in defeat.

There is no longer a ship on the horizon -- but that horrible, unavoidable WAIL continues -- and we get a wider look of what the villagers are inside --

**A COLLOSSAL STATUE STANDS ASTRIDE THE PORT**

The statue -- about the size of the Statue of Liberty -- is an amazing sight, holding a gigantic beacon over its head. But as we MOVE IN through the port, passing this symbol of strength, we see nothing but misery.

**AT A MARKETPLACE NEAR THE DOCKS - DAWN**

We can see in a glance that this marketplace is built entirely around the port. But we can also see that it is devastated. Shops are shuttered, and people freeze in horror or despair at the ongoing WAIL. Everyone hoped it would leave. This is proof that it has stayed.

As we MOVE through a now barren marketplace, we see and hear townspeople desperately begging and bargaining for food --

WOMAN

-- there must be something -- some  
figs or olives --

VENDOR

Not for months -- and not til  
someone dares sail past the  
Serraton.

At another table, a GRAIN MERCHANT has a virtually empty wagon -- there is one sack left, and he's wringing every piastre he can from INIGO (50s), a corpulent slave merchant who looks as if he hasn't missed any meals -- and he is accompanied by an emaciated SLAVE.

GRAIN MERCHANT

This is the last, Inigo. The price  
for this is fifty drachmas.

INIGO

Have mercy on an honest  
businessman. I have had scores of  
slaves stuck in this miserable  
port for two months -- keeping  
them fed is an impossible burden.

(motions to slave)

Let me offer you this slave in  
payment. His back is the strongest  
on my ship --

GRAIN MERCHANT

His back is barely holding up his  
own tunic, and I can't afford to  
feed him either.

(holds out hand)

Sixty drachmas.



Inigo reluctantly digs out the coins -- and the slave takes the bag. Inigo is frustrated and determined. This has to end.

EXT. ONE OF THE PORT DOCKS - A LARGE SLAVE SHIP

is tied up there, and it is packed with its human cargo, all chained together through links welded to the the deck.

INSIDE THE SHIP - THE GALLEY

is the most miserable place on the ship -- suffocating, dark, and brutally hot. As we follow a repulsive guard, DONOS (40s), we see the slaves are physically ruined and spiritually broken. All but --

**CHRYSSA** (AKA *HESTIA*) (20)

who is chained to an oar station. She is not only unbroken, there is fire in her eyes, and she doesn't seem affected by the heat. She looks up at Donos as he stops.

DONOS

Perhaps your mind has changed, Chryssa? I can make life very easy for you -- or very hard. You can tend children in an Athenian farm -- or I can sell you at a bargain rate to dig in the deepest, blackest Thracian ore mine.

Something about that last bit bothers her. But Chryssa doesn't want to let Donos see. Chryssa looks away, dismissively and defiantly. Donos reaches down to gently take her chin.

DONOS

Forty days below decks. Time enough for you to think of the many, many more pleasant tasks you could perform.

Chryssa looks up at Donos with a genuinely smouldering look.

CHRYSSA

There is one, at least. I dreamt of it, very, very late at night, my first night here. But you must come closer to me.

CHRYSSA

(he bends down)

Closer still.

(a smile, a whisper)

Closer. It cannot be that my  
master is afraid of his slave --  
can it?

Donos kneels toward her, by the metal binder she is chained to. Chryssa's hands are doing something under Donos' tunic -- their faces are almost touching, her lips are parting, Donos The Conquerer is ready to take possession -- but --

**-- Chryssa suddenly, violently yanks her chain through its iron binder -- and Donos SHRIEKS in agony --**

-- the insert shot would buy us an NC-17, so instead, let's just show from Donos' arched back and the now bloody chain **that Chryssa has guided some part of Donos between the chain and the binder -- and yanking the chain has stripped some of his flesh away!**

Their faces are still almost touching -- Donos is SCREAMING in pain, and through her laughter, Chryssa gets this out --

CHRYSSA

May all my tasks be so supremely  
pleasant -- "master".

Enraged but still stuck in the binder, Donos swings to grab Chryssa's face, but she quickly pulls her head back -- and the chain around her collar goes with it, **stripping more flesh off of Donos --**

Donos' SCREAMS get louder, and so does Chryssa's LAUGHTER -- several more GUARDS come and pull out Donos. One hits Chryssa, hard, as they pull Donos away, but she still laughs. It was worth it. The other slaves look up, more afraid of the consequences than amused at what happened.

CHRYSSA

Do you see? Do you? We don't have  
to live this way!

(beat)

We can fight back. We can stand  
together. We can be free!

But there is no rousing response from the galley. They're too afraid, too broken, to fight.

Chryssa looks up to the hatch -- the only source of air and light in the hold. Inigo has returned. He is talking to Donos, who is very shaky on his feet. We can't hear what they're saying. But the conversation ends -- Donos smiles --

-- and he points down, unmistakably singling out Chryssa.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKS - UNDERWATER - A YOUNG MAN SWIMS UNDER A SHIP

-- he moves through the water as effortlessly as a fish, he's clutching a trident, and he looks like he's totally in his element. There's no sense in playing around on this one -- his name is NISUS, but this twenty year old man is going to be **POSEIDON**. Even now, as he swims through the water, smiling, he looks like a god --

-- until we notice that he has a chain on his ankle -- a chain that goes straight up to the surface. There is a rough yank on the chain that jerks him out of his reverie -- with a second brutal yank, he swims back up.

ON THE PORT - NISUS CLIMBS UP

and we can see him now for what he is. A slave. His owner, the port director, VANKO (40s), angrily pulls the chain.

VANKO

The ships have not moved for two months so you know they are in repair. You have no reason to go into the water.

(angry)

Your first task each morning is to rinse the dock. Remember that well.

As Nisus crosses to Vanko, we see that he is lame -- his chained ankle has been ruined by years of abuse and infection. Nisus looks up angrily, but --

VANKO

Before you speak, Nisus, mind the poor market for one legged slaves. Perhaps I will accept Inigo's offer of twenty drachmas for a new oarsman after all.

Nisus keeps his eyes down. It's always easier to go along -- to not resist.

NISUS

I'll wash the deck at once.

VANKO

You'll do it later. You have another task first.

Vanko motions to the side. A small, light sailboat moves around, steered by Donos and Inigo. He jumps to the dock, ties the ship up, and drops the sail, revealing --

**CHRYSSA IS BOUND TO THE SHIP**

by chains that are loosely wrapped around her wrists, ankles and the sail mast. She looks as if she has been physically beaten -- she put up a fight before she wound up here. She defiantly stares up at Nisus, and the growing crowd, who has come for a show.

Nisus is frozen. Vanko strikes his back.

VANKO

Get to work! Secure her to that mast!

Vanko shoves some tools at Nisus. If he's thinking about resisting, the surly mob behind Inigo and Vanko changes his mind, with cries of, "bind her well, slave!" etc.

As Nisus steps to the ship, Vanko turns to Inigo.

VANKO

He will finish the job -- but it appears she is already bound so she cannot escape.

INIGO

Her escape has nothing to do with it. We're sending her out to keep the Serraton occupied, so the stronger her chains, and the more tearing required to devour her -- the longer I have to sail past this miserable, damned island.

Even Vanko pales -- this guy is cold.

**IN THE BOAT - CHRYSSA AND NISUS ARE FACE TO FACE**

as Nisus takes a hammer and some hooks to bind her chains to the wooden mast. Doing this job is killing him, but he has no choice. Chryssa hisses into his ear, urgently --

CHRYSSA

-- cut me free -- it is within your power --

NISUS

(hammers in a hook)  
They'll kill me if I refuse.

CHRYSSA  
 -- don't do this --

NISUS  
 (bends to her ankles)  
 I can do nothing -- I am a slave  
 like you.

Nisus is finished. Chryssa is disgusted.

CHRYSSA  
 No. You are not at all like me,  
 and you are not even a slave.  
 (beat)  
 You are my executioner.

Nisus stares at Chryssa. Nisus' leg is violently yanked back  
 by Vanko -- and the crowd on the docks laugh. Vanko shouts --

VANKO  
 Very touching, Nisus -- and very  
 sensible. Had you done anything  
 else you would both be nailed to  
 that mast.  
 (commands)  
 Now drop the sail!

Nisus limps off the boat, and drops the sail. The ship goes  
 directly out, with Hestia bound to the mast. As it sails  
 under the Colossus and to open water, she doesn't cry for  
 mercy or scream over what's going to happen -- she just  
 drills one last burning look to Nisus.

*You are my executioner.*

NISUS STARES AFTER HER

and whatever his thoughts are end as Vanko strikes his head.

VANKO  
 Oh no, little Nisus -- you shall  
 miss this spectacle. Fetch some  
 bass, and do not return until you  
 have a netful.

Playing to the crowd, Vanko gives Nisus a rough shove -- they  
 laugh -- and Nisus gimps away. He picks up a trident, and  
 dives into the water. But --

UNDER THE DOCKS - NISUS MOVES UNDERNEATH

and there is a new look on his face: determination. He's not  
 going to let it happen.

Nisus takes the trident -- forces one of the tines into his ankle binder -- and with a strength from years of toil, and buried anger from years of forced obedience --

-- Nisus **breaks a link off the ankle binder** -- he is free.

Clutching the trident, Nisus swims out underwater, darting out as fast as a dolphin. It's time to drop the Nisus stuff. He doesn't know it yet, but from here on out, he is Poseidon.

As Poseidon swims through the water, we see all kinds of bizarre sea creatures that no one in our time, or our world, has ever seen. Poseidon is swimming fifty feet above the ocean floor -- a surge of water swirls up, and he looks down --

IN THE WATER BENEATH - A TWENTY FOOT TALL MONSTER

is lunging up from the ocean floor toward Poseidon -- it is a clawed, one-eyed Seaclops. A talon reaches out for Poseidon as he darts up -- the talon almost, almost gets him --

-- and the Seaclops falls back to the ocean floor, ROARING underwater in frustration. It can leap, but it can't swim.

As Poseidon swims past our view, something else slithers past, alerted. We can't make it out in the murky water, but its dark silhouette is nothing but teeth and serrated edges, whipping through the water like an eel.

IN THE BOAT - **CHRYSSA STRUGGLES AGAINST THE CHAINS**

She is afraid and angry as she tries to tear loose. Those hooks were really hammered in well. As she struggles, we see something that she doesn't --

-- as her body writhes against the mast, **it is burning wherever she touches it** -- she is hot, and getting hotter.

UNDERWATER - **POSEIDON HAS CAUGHT UP TO THE BOAT**

and is breaking the surface to climb on board --

-- and just off in the distance, we can make out a dark shape that is moving through the water towards them.

ON THE BOAT - POSEIDON CLIMBS OVER THE SIDE

still clutching the trident. He takes in a deep breath -- not gasping, just breathing. Pretty impressive, considering he just covered two thousand yards underwater.

POSEIDON

(catching his breath)

I -- am not -- your executioner.

Chryssa can't believe what she's seeing. Poseidon steps up to her and raises his trident to pry loose the hooks -- but as he touches her wrist, his hand is seared! Poseidon recoils in pain, and stares at her -- it's his turn for incredulity.

Chryssa twists her neck around to look at the mast -- it is smoking and blackened wherever she touches it. Even more bizarre, the bindings around her wrist are melting on the inside: rivulets of molten iron trickle down her arm.

Only now does Chryssa look scared.

CHRYSSA

(quiet, afraid)

What's happening to me?

As her mouth opens, we can see a blossom of flames licking her throat!

Before Poseidon can ponder this -- the boat is **rocked** by blow after blow -- he looks down --

#### **A SAWTOOTH SEA BEAST**

about fifteen feet long is hammering the boat, to knock it over or punch a hole in it. This is a Serraton: a hideous nightmare of a shark, its body covered in barbs.

Poseidon finds his footing and jabs it with his trident -- after a series of fast, rough stabs, the Serraton retreats. Poseidon wipes the sweat from his brow, but he's relieved.

POSEIDON

Don't worry -- if that's all the fight the Serraton can muster, we will soon sail to freedom.

But Poseidon looks in the other direction -- the sea is virtually boiling with activity, racing toward the boat --

#### **AN ENTIRE SCHOOL OF SERRATONS ARE RACING TOWARD HIM**

There are at least two dozen of them, moving as one. No way is he going to be able to hold them off. They all are clearly Serratons, though there are subtle differences in the size and shape of each one. At the same time --

**CHRYSSA IS BURNING UP**

and this is not a pleasant experience. She is burning from the inside out. She's scared and it is physically painful. The chains are melting around her, the wood is singing black behind her, whenever seaspray hits her, it HISSES into steam -- her hemlines are burning back like fireworks fuses -- she SCREAMS in pain, as --

A DOZEN OF THE SERRATONS PROPEL OUT OF THE WATER

toward Poseidon -- reflexively, he raises his arm to protect himself --

-- and as he does, a wave comes from out of nowhere, battering the beasts back into the sea!

Poseidon's look of fear turns into a smile -- he looks down at his hands, realizing, somehow: *I did that*. As he looks at his hands, turning them over in wonder --

-- this gesture accidentally creates a spiralling wave behind the ship that knocks it over, sending him tumbling into the water.

**CHRYSSA CLUTCHES THE EDGE OF THE BOAT**

in pain -- she is getting hotter -- and she looks at the water. The school of Serratons, which had been zigging and zagging as if they were one being, pauses --

-- and it literally becomes one being. Now we see why each of these creatures looks roughly the same, but with small differences: the dozens of seabeasts, each of them fifteen feet long, knit together into a single hundred foot Serraton. The Serraton's barbs interlock, and beasts seamlessly blend into one being. The legs form, then the torso and arms, and finally the monstrous maw and head. It is now an amphibious, walking giant -- the seawater only comes up to its thigh --

-- and it is striding toward Chryssa in the boat. The terrible mouth opens and BELLOWS the same monster call we've heard before. When it bellows, it's not just the big mouth atop the head: every mouth from every "segment" of the Serraton SCREAMS in a terrifying chorus as it reaches for Chryssa!

IN THE WATER NEARBY - POSEIDON SURFACES

and gasps for air -- he sees what's happening, and has to try to stop it. He looks around the water, and raises his hand --



A TREMENDOUS WAVE SHOOTS OUT OF THE WATER

toward the Serraton, and it's carrying a gift -- a school of stingrays sail toward the beast! Dozens of them land on the Serraton's back, and they frantically sting the beast --

-- but even this is just a moment's distraction for the Serraton. With a shudder and a shake, it sends the stingrays flying off him -- and it bends down, ready for its version of sushi.

THE GIGANTIC SERRATON GRASPS HESTIA

who is struggling for freedom -- wherever she touches the beast's hand, it steams -- and the beast doesn't seem to understand --

-- it throws Hestia into its mouth -- Hestia's SCREAM echoes out of the monster's cavernous mouth, until it closes its mouth and swallows!

ON THE BOAT'S WRECKAGE - POSEIDON

can't believe it -- he thought they were going to make it --

POSEIDON  
(screams)

No!

THE SERRATON'S MOUTH TWISTS INTO A SATISFIED SMILE

and it stalks through the water toward the second course: Poseidon.

Poseidon raises his arm in one last attempt to fight back -- he summons a gigantic wave to surge toward the Serraton -- it's as big as he is --

-- but as the wave strikes, the Serraton's body separates slightly into a mesh of smaller monsters -- it's still knitted together, but loosely enough that Poseidon's wave washes through it without knocking him over!

Poseidon knows he's finished now. The Serraton is upon him -- it reaches down, but it suddenly seizes up --

-- the Serraton reaches up to its throat, letting out a horrible gasp -- and the gasp gives way to a HISS OF STEAM coming out of an ever-widening tear in its throat --

-- flame and steam are jetting out of every joint of the beast -- and every "segment" of the Serraton shrieks in pain --

**CHRYSSA IS NOW ENTIRELY MADE OF FLAME**

and she **bursts out of the throat of the monster**, flying around in a dizzying circle as the Serraton, dead on its feet, collapses to the water in a gigantic splash. As it dies, it changes color -- and it breaks up into the group of smaller seabests, all of them dead.

Chryssa -- whose celestial tag of **HESTIA** is in effect from here on out -- flies around in joyous circles, as she quickly gets the hang of this.

**IN THE TRIREME NEARBY - ZEUS, HADES, DEMETER AND HERA**

watch this, and Zeus rolls up the chart -- the ship is just arriving into these waters.

ZEUS

There are the last two. Hestia and Poseidon.

HADES

(sarcastic)

We're lucky to have such an omniscient leader.

(beat)

O Wise One - should we pick him up before he has to fight off another sea beast?

**IN THE AIR - CHRYSSA FLIES AROUND**

and her terror subsides as she starts to get the hang of this -- she rockets out toward Inigo's slave ship.

**INSIDE THE SLAVE SHIP'S GALLEY - A DRUMMER BEATS OUT**

the rapid pace for the slaves working the oars -- weak and exhausted, they can't keep up, but Donos paces through, whipping all malingerers.

DONOS

Row, you curs! Row!

Donos passes an oar slave who looks ready to die -- unable to move, he glances out the crack in the boards.

**OAR SLAVE POV - THE MONSTER IS DEAD IN THE WATER**

but the slave sees something else -- something even more impossible. **A streak of flame** is shooting toward them -- and as it draws closer, it looks like it has a face --

-- and a horrible SLAP turns the oar slave around --

DONOS

We've passed the monster, slave --  
now you only need fear my lash.

Donos raises the whip to beat hell out of the slave -- but --

**HESTIA BLAZES THROUGH THE SIDE OF THE SHIP**

and moves between Donos and the slave -- she is a pure figure of fire, retaining a human shape!

Everyone is afraid, but no one more than Donos, because Hestia's fiery face is glaring at him. Donos is frozen in fear -- Hestia could easily kill him --

--but she waves a hand over the whip. Her hand gets white hot -- and the whip, instantly incinerated, dissolves into ash as Donos drops it!

Donos and the other guards scramble to the top deck --

-- and Hestia gleefully flies down the galley aisle -- she's starting to enjoy this. She holds her hands out, liquefying the metal chain bindings to slag, one after the other --

-- the oar slaves find new strength in freedom -- they get up and tear off their chains, as --

ON THE TOP DECK - INIGO IS FEASTING

in his customary way: under a shade, with a full table in front of him, as two dozen chained, starving slaves look on.

But something interrupts the feast -- first a hint of smoke, then pain -- Inigo jumps up, and sees a flame licking the boards under his feet!

Terrified, Inigo moves back again, as the flame rises -- now Hestia is getting some control -- she can move between the boards, just burning part of them --

-- but as she rises, she reforms into a fiery, angry apparition. Inigo is terrified --

INIGO

Crossbows -- crossbows, now!

A group of GUARDS move around Hestia, loading crossbows -- and they let loose the arrows --

-- and a half dozen arrows shoot right through Hestia, igniting as they pass through -- two of the archers are killed by the crossbow crossfire, the rest drop their weapons and run!

Hestia is the calm center of this storm -- she throws out several fireballs that destroy the chains holding the slaves on the deck.

The slaves begin to realize that this creature has come to help them and they have freedom, if they want it. The slaves rush their captors, fight them, and drive them overboard --

-- until Inigo is the only one left, driven to the front of the ship. The freed slaves appear to be ready to kill him --

-- but Hestia rockets toward Inigo, who runs to the edge and jumps off as she passes him close enough for a goodbye singe.

The slaves quickly take possession of the ship -- those who know how grab masts and the wheel, and others start fairly dividing Inigo's feast.

Hestia flies around the ship in a victory lap, burning through a couple of ropes to let loose a small lifeboat. Inigo, Donos and the crew cling to it -- and --

HESTIA LOOKS DOWN AND SMILES

not so much at Inigo and Donos' trouble as the fact that these slaves are free -- because of her.

Like a comet, Hestia streaks back toward the port town.

THE SHIP APPROACHES THE PORT - **AN ANGRY VANKO IS THERE**

with a few WORKERS, all clutching gaffes and fishing equipment -- they don't look as sure of this fight as Vanko.

ON BOARD THE SHIP - ZEUS STEERS INTO PORT

and sees this reception. They have now picked up Poseidon, who is exhausted and dripping wet. Zeus turns to Poseidon --

ZEUS

Is this going to be a problem?

POSEIDON

No. It's just a job I forgot about.

(off Zeus' look)

Rinsing the dock.

Poseidon raises his outstretched hand -- and as he does --

**THE WATER SURGES UP UNDER THE PORT**

-- slowly, at first -- as the water moves past their ankles, the workers drop their weapons and run --

-- Vanko, who isn't aware that his mob has just run out on him, stands ready for a fight -- but the water keeps rising -- and Poseidon whips a small wave at Vanko, knocking him off his feet! The water drains away, washing Vanko off.

Zeus steers the ship into port. Poseidon climbs off and ties the boat up.

On shore, others drag a sputtering Vanko out of the water, all gaping at Poseidon and the others. No one is going to give these guys any trouble.

ON THE DOCK - ZEUS AND POSEIDON ARE TYING THE SHIP

as the air CRACKLES around them -- still ablaze, Hestia lands on the planks, singing the wet wood.

CLOSE ON HESTIA'S FACE

as she changes back from a thing of fire to a young woman -- her look tells us she's still on a delirious high from this.

ZEUS

Very nice.

HESTIA

It was -- amazing.

(still overwhelmed)

To give freedom to those who've never tasted it, and justice to those who deserve it.

ZEUS

Ahhh -- that also, was very nice.

WIDER VIEW OF DOCK - HESTIA REALIZES SHE IS NAKED

as her clothes have burned off her. Hera shoves past Poseidon and Zeus, and hands her a tunic.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST CAMP - DAY - SLABS OF ROCK LIFT IN THE AIR

and move toward each other, assembling into a shelter.

HESTIA AND DEMETER ARE WATCHING IN AWE

but it isn't really the levitation that impresses them.

HESTIA

That isn't possible. She's been travelling a hard road for -- how long?

DEMETER

Ten days. At least.

(beat)

I don't know how, but I think she just got better looking in the past half minute.

**HERA IS TESTING HER POWERS OF LEVITATION**

and practicing her control -- sweat is beading on her, her muscles are tensing, but her performance is flawless. What's equally amazing is that she's now truly gorgeous -- she looks more like a swimsuit model on break than a stable girl who's been on the run for days.

HESTIA

So, she's the goddess of --

DEMETER

Beauty.

(sighs)

I'd trade. How about you?

HESTIA

In a second. She's lifting more than rocks right now.

**CLOSE BY - ZEUS IS GAPING AT HERA**

almost hypnotically. Hera looks back at Zeus, smiling a little shyly, gaining in confidence. She can't believe who she's turning into.

CUT TO:

EXT. IN A SECLUDED BEACH - DAY - POSEIDON IS IN THE WATER

with his head sticking out. He is alone, and clearly wants to try something, not sure if it will work. Finally deciding, he ducks down --

UNDERWATER - POSEIDON LETS ALL THE AIR OUT

of his lungs -- he pushes it out until the last bubble trails up from his mouth -- and after hesitating a moment --

-- he draws in his first breath of seawater -- and --

POSEIDON ROCKETTS BACK UP TO THE SURFACE

coughing, retching and gasping. It didn't work.

CUT TO:

EXT. IN THE WOODS - DAY - HADES IS WITH CERBERUS

in a place he's been before: outside of the party. He's also in a place we've all been in: working up the nerve to talk to someone you're in love with.

Hades looks at Zeus talking to Hera, and Poseidon playing around with his power for Hestia and Demeter. Hades plucks a few flowers for Demeter --

HADES

"Demeter -- I wanted to thank you for leaving those flowers for me, so" -- no, that's pathetic --

(reset)

"In the forest, watching you, I always thought the flowers were twice as beautiful by the way you carried them" -- that's worse --

Before Hades can bolster his nerve any more -- the flowers he picked **wither and die in his hand** -- they decompose into compost and ooze through his fingers.

Imagine that happening when you were getting ready to make a move on your high school crush.

His hands coated in black decomposition, Hades wipes them on a tree, frantic to get it off --

-- and as it comes off, Hades sees that just this slight, involuntary use of his power has changed him. His hand looks slightly more gnarled, slightly more demonic.

Hades looks to the camp -- Demeter is looking around, probably looking for him, but she's still having fun with the others.

Hades looks at Cerberus, who senses something's wrong and is trying to cheer him up. He grins a bony smile and nuzzles Hades.

But Hades isn't cheered by this. He knows: if he continues with this, he's going to have an entourage of skeletons. And the party going on with the others is something he'll never really be a part of.

## EXT. CAMP - DAY - HESTIA HOLDS A FINGER UP

and is practicing -- one finger becomes flame, and focusing, she narrows it to white-hot heat --

-- and she turns to Poseidon, running the flame across his shackle, still wrapped around his ankle.

HESTIA

Hold still --

(she looks at chain)

-- how did you pry this link off?

POSEIDON

(wincing at heat)

With a fishing trident.

HESTIA

One that you used every day?

(he nods)

So you could have taken your  
freedom any time?

(incredulous,  
contemptuous)

Then why would you waste so much  
of your life at this chain's end?

POSEIDON

Because until you were in danger,  
I had no reason to break free.

Hestia looks up at Poseidon. He's not kidding, he's not bragging -- he's just being honest. But she's still burning through the shackle -- it falls off, and Hestia burns Poseidon's ankle. He leaps back --

POSEIDON

-- owww --

HESTIA

-- I'm sorry, I'm sorry --

Hestia's hand becomes a hand again. Poseidon just took a little sinage, but as he's leaping around in pain, he notices something:

He's leaping around. Not limping. Leaping.

Poseidon flexes that ankle, looking down. No scars there now.

POSEIDON

-- my leg -- it's whole again!

Poseidon starts LAUGHING, and dances around with Hestia. Of all the side benefits of being a god, so far this is the best.

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND - ZEUS IS GLOWERING

and extending his hands in a "feel the wrath of Zeus" pose. But that's all it is -- a pose. Nothing happens. He's gone off by himself to try this god and power routine out.



Zeus shakes off that one -- too corny -- and raises an eyebrow, a little more self assured, a little more heroic -- he thrusts his hands out at a nearby rock, in a "zap" pose --

-- and nothing happens. There is a just a hint of THUNDER burbling in the sky above, but no fireworks. At this rate, Zeus is not going to make the bench in the Triple A God league, much less become the God of Gods.

Zeus looks puzzled, disappointed, and a little sheepish. He's got to nail this. Zeus puts on his game face, and begins to cycle both his arms around in a magic pitch windup -- his hands suddenly **freeze** by his head, aiming at a rock ten yards ahead of him --

-- and Zeus summons lightning, but it strikes ten feet behind him. That startles the "vengeful god" look right off his face -- he spins around in surprise.

Zeus takes a breath. Still needs work, but that's enough for now. He starts down the hill --

-- and sees that Poseidon, Hestia, Hera and Demeter are looking up. They heard the thunder but apparently didn't see the problems Zeus had.

Zeus walks down with a regal air, as if it went perfectly.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY - DEMETER MOVES HER HAND

over some barren bushes -- and berries sprout, bloom and ripen in seconds. She picks them for a basket.

Nearby, Poseidon is coaxing a small "drinking fountain" to appear from an underground spring.

Hestia is learning some control as well -- she creates a campfire that's not too big, not too small.

Hera and Zeus are there too. Zeus seems pensive -- and Hera tries to give him a reassuring smile. It's not enough to clear his mind.

Poseidon looks out at their boat, docked nearby, and smiles. Zeus sees this.

POSEIDON

Since I was a child, my whole life  
has been ships. Bending wood and  
curing it in the sun. Nailing  
planks without splintering them.  
Sealing them dry.

POSEIDON

And then watching someone else  
sail them away to every part of  
the world, before starting work on  
another.

(beat)

I always wanted to be on the  
ship's top, watching the world  
glide by, instead of underneath,  
stuck in the same spot.

ZEUS

Then the ship is yours.

(Poseidon reacts)

Regardless of how our quest ends.  
That ship is yours, as of now.

Poseidon is astonished. Slaves aren't used to getting gifts  
of any size, much less this magnitude.

POSEIDON

I cannot grasp the gifts I've  
received in one day. Half a day.

(beat)

My freedom -- my leg restored to  
me -- and a ship. Such gifts --

HADES (O.S.)

-- always come at great price.  
Your humanity, for example.

Hades walks to the camp, with Cerberus in tow.

ZEUS

Ah. The god of gloom. Did you have  
to return so quickly?

Zeus eats some of the berries Demeter has created. They're  
good but not really enough.

ZEUS

This is your home, Poseidon. Can  
you tell us where we can find a  
meal fit for men or gods?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MARKETPLACE - NIGHT - **AN IMPROMPTU CELEBRATION**

is going on -- since the port has been cleared, a group of  
ships have made into the docks. This market was barren this  
morning -- now it is full of traders, food and goods, and the  
locals who aren't gorging themselves are singing and dancing.

Zeus, Hera, Demeter, Hades, Hestia and Poseidon walk in, trying to be inconspicuous -- but they're wearing a certain amount of pride, especially Poseidon and Hestia: this wouldn't be happening if they hadn't slain the monster.

No one is really noticing who they are, and that doesn't suit Zeus.

ZEUS

Are there no thanks for the slayers of the Serraton? Let's make ourselves known --

Hades stops Zeus before he pipes up.

HADES

I know your thirst for applause is matched only by your reluctance to think -- but believe me. If this crowd gets even a hint of the unknown, they will not bow and pray, they will sharpen their knives.

(beat)

For once in your life, for the good of us all, remain quiet.

Zeus is about to answer back, but Hera defuses this with a laugh and takes his arm, dragging him away from Hades.

Zeus gets some wine from a merchant, and drinks deeply -- he looks over a few feet away --

#### HERA IS SMILING AND DANCING

next to some musicians -- she is drawing admiring glances from the men there, and she knows it. She's reveling in it. She didn't get this kind of attention as a stable rat.

She catches Zeus' eye, and now she's more confident than before -- she waves him over.

Zeus makes his way through the crowd, and hands Hera his glass of wine.

ZEUS

I have a message from your horse.

(indicating her dress)

He'd like the blanket back.

Hera almost frowns -- but Zeus pulls a bundle from behind his back and hands it to her, smiling. It's a new, beautiful gown.

ZEUS

The finest silk, fresh from the east.

(she takes it)

You're the goddess of beauty. It's time you had clothes that suited you.

Hera is thrilled -- she's never been within arm's length of a gown like this, much less worn one. Smiling, she throws her arms around Zeus and kisses him lightly.

Zeus is surprised by the suddenness of this -- and Hera is a little surprised she did this, she's a little embarrassed, and a little excited. All of this is new to her. She steps away to find some place to put it on.

ELSEWHERE IN THE CROWD - SOME VILLAGERS ARE WATCHING

the new gods -- Hestia and Poseidon are nearby, and Hestia is discreetly but clearly heating some food with her hands. The vino drinking villagers are whispering among themselves.

VILLAGER #1

-- but they rescued us from the sea beast.

VILLAGER #2

They did -- and for what? I heard one call another a "god".

(beat)

Can you tell me what the gods have done lately, other than ponder new ways to slaughter us for their amusement?

The other villager can't refute this -- he nods in agreement and drinks deeper. Meanwhile --

ZEUS WATCHES AS HERA RE-EMERGES IN HER NEW GOWN

and she looks gorgeous. She knows it, too. She makes her way back through the crowd, and Zeus is so entranced by her --

-- that he doesn't get even a second's notice before **a fist plows into his chin** -- the sucker punch rocks Zeus off his feet. A little dazed, he looks up and sees --

-- the same pancratium fighter from the beginning of the movie, and apparently a sailor on one of the arriving ships. His facial cuts aren't healing so well -- and his menacing words are undercut a little by the fact that his missing teeth are giving him a whistle when he talks.

FIGHTER

I've accepted your invitation,  
Gregos.

(motions around)

Your audience is assembled. But  
where is your fight?

The fighter flashes his new hockey-goalie grin. Zeus, a little dazed, starts to get up -- but his opponent savagely kicks him back into the mud.

The fighter grabs an oak paddle, gives it a few test swings --

FIGHTER

We'll see if your latest whore  
will still be interested in you --

(swings plank  
through the air)

-- after I grant you a face like  
the one you gave me.

CLOSE ON ZEUS' BLOODIED FACE

He's angry -- the crack about Hera made him madder than the punch. As Zeus struggles up, his fist clenches --

-- and electricity crackles around the fist.

Zeus stands, and he raises his hand, not for a regular blow, but for a lightning strike --

The fighter charges Zeus with the oak paddle, ready to cave his head in -- but just as he swings --

-- Zeus summons a bolt of lightning and hurls it --

-- and unexpectedly, a merchant's table tips over and flies up between Zeus and the fighter -- it blocks the fighter's paddle blow, but it also takes the brunt of the lightning blast.

The lightning bolt blasts the table to splinters -- enough leaks through to knock the fighter off his feet as the oak paddle catches fire in his hand!

HERA STANDS NEARBY

with her hands raised -- she threw the table up to end the fight.

Now everything has come to a halt -- everyone in the marketplace is gaping at Zeus and Hera, in uncomprehending fear. The only sound is the receding, echoing THUNDER.

## THE FIGHTER

is terrified now. A brawl is one thing, but he was just almost roasted alive. His hand is burnt, and he scrambles backward, running and shoving his way through the crowd.

## ZEUS LOOKS SURPRISED

at how far out of control he just was. Smoke is pouring from his hand, and Zeus looks at the table -- it's been reduced to ashes. What really has Zeus thrown is the realization that he almost killed someone over a sucker punch.

Everyone in the crowd is moving away from Zeus in fear and surprise. Hestia, Hades, Poseidon, Demeter and Hera come together through the momentarily dazed crowd.

## HADES

I know you have a limited education, but this doesn't fit any definition of the word "quiet".

(beat)

We must leave now, while they are still confused and afraid.

## ZEUS

(hot)

That's the second time you've given me a command, Hades -- I will not abide such a challenge, from you or from anyone --

## HADES

Should we remain here until the crowd gathers courage and weapons? Will you summon lightning to kill them all, for daring to "challenge" the mighty Zeus?

(beat)

If that's the kind of compassion and wisdom you'll carry into godhood, then Cronus' continued reign is looking better and better.

Zeus can't answer -- Hades is right but he'll never admit it. Hera and the others pull him and Hades away, to leave before the crowd turns on them.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT - THE NEW GODS

are around a fire that Hestia is fueling. The mood is very different here -- not jubilant or optimistic, but quiet and uncertain. Zeus in particular is lost in thought -- he wasn't exactly the model of leadership a while ago.

The only one missing here is Hades -- and he walks up to the fire. Everyone looks up. He has his pack on and is clearly ready to go.

HADES

I want no further part of this madness.

Everyone is surprised by this, and Demeter is particularly stricken.

HADES

To you, this may be an adventure, or a quest, or some other romantic phrase. To me it's a curse.

(beat)

Have you noticed that the more you use your abilities -- your "gifts" -- the more of your humanity you surrender?

(beat)

In my case, I'm becoming ever so slightly more demonic -- more deathly -- every time I use magic, even without intending to.

(to Poseidon)

Your leg has been restored. But where will your transformation end? Will you become a fish, or will you dissolve into water itself? We have no idea what this will do to us or where it will end.

Zeus starts to speak up, but Hades waves him off --

HADES

You do not know where this will end, "Zeus" -- and by the way, I saw you in the woods before.

(mocks "spell" pose)

Apparently you do shoot lightning bolts out of your ass.

ZEUS

That's more than enough --

HADES

And for the first time, we're in full agreement. This is absolute futility.

Hades dumps the scrolls from his pack into the fire -- and as the fire flares, we see how much this surprises everyone. They were the only things Hades brought from what passed for his home.

HADES

I'm not carrying the burden of these wild ravings for you any longer. The rest of you can stay and play god with this lunatic. I'm leaving. Come on, Cerberus.

Hades starts off, and Demeter rushes up to Hades.

DEMETER

Please -- wait, Myles.

(he stops)

I believe him. We must stop Cronus --

HADES

Why? So I can be king of the damned, and that hothead can be the lord of everything else?

(beat)

His rule isn't worth my life or yours.

DEMETER

If he's right, this will become a world of monsters, sent by Cronus. We must protect people from them --

HADES

(darkly laughs)

Ordinary people? Like the "ordinary people" who tried to kill me for an evening's entertainment?

(turns to Hestia and Poseidon)

The same "ordinary people" who enslaved you two, and tens of thousands like you?

(back to Demeter)

You're very sweet, Chloe. I will miss you. But the fact is, this has been a world of monsters for a very long time.



Hades turns and walks off into the night with Cerberus.

Demeter, Hera, Hestia, Poseidon and particularly Zeus are rattled by Hades' departure.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - HOURS LATER - ZEUS STARES AT THE FIRE

The scrolls thrown in by Hades are just crumbling orange embers by now. The others are asleep, but Zeus' eyes are wide open. Hera is next to him, and she wakes up.

HERA

What's troubling you?

ZEUS

Hades' words. I think he may be right. Maybe this is beyond me. I feel strong now -- stronger than I've ever felt -- but not strong enough to challenge a Titan.

HERA

You've found us all -- you saved my life -- and you've taken us this far.

ZEUS

But for what? All I'm doing is walking through a story I was told of my destiny, not making my own. If Oranos spoke the truth, we were created -- not born. We were forged out of something, like you'd create a statue or a sword. How can that be? How can I love everything about living, if I'm not really alive?

(sits up)

What happens when we change? What if the part of me that loves a fight takes control of me, and I become as evil as Cronus?

(beat)

If you hadn't put that table between us, that brawler would have paid with his life -- and his only crime was angering me.

HERA

That was an accident -- you will learn to control yourself --

ZEUS

Self control hasn't exactly been my strong point so far. And now my "destiny" is to rule the gods, and all the cosmos.

(laughs bitterly)

Do you hear how ridiculous that sounds? I am going to rule everything? I haven't been able to figure out how I should act as a man, much less as a god. I can't even keep the half dozen of us together.

(seriously)

Perhaps you should leave as well. I've already lost the only family I've ever known over this madness. I can't watch you die as well -- and I may well be leading us directly to our ends.

HERA

Perhaps we will die. Perhaps that is our passage. Perhaps we'll turn into the wind, or the stars, or nothing at all. Whatever comes, I'll be with you when it happens -- because I trust you.

(quietly)

We choose who we love, Zeus. And I love you.

(reaches out to him)

You are my family now -- and if there are gods above us, I thank them for you.

(beat)

You can do this. Gods need faith from others -- but they must have faith in themselves first.

Zeus is moved by this -- she really is depending on him. She really does love him. Zeus moves in for a tender kiss, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A DARK TUNNEL - A CHILD'S POV

moves through the tunnel, which is apparently a mine. There are torches mounted on the walls and slaves toiling, but we don't dwell on these things -- for now we are three feet tall, moving through the tunnel with a bucket of water.

The child's POV stops in front of one of the slaves -- and the slave stops digging.

The slave drinks from the bucket, and smiles -- not just with appreciation for the drink, but also with love. The slave reaches down to pick up the child --

-- but suddenly, the entire tunnel rumbles -- and things shake loose. Pieces of the ceiling fall in, extinguishing torches one by one.

Rocks and earth slide down, half burying the slave -- and the slave urgently pushes away the child's POV, urging the child to run --

-- and the POV does run, until another cave-in brings down the earth on top of it -- the POV is now **total darkness** --

EXT. **HESTIA AWAKENS WITH A START** - DAWN

-- she was sleeping under a tree, and she wakes up, a little shaky, trying to reel herself back in. She's had this dream before, but it still doesn't get any easier to wake up from.

A moment later, though, there is a **TREMENDOUS BOOM** that wakes them all with a start.

DEMETER

The Titans are attacking --

HERA

(points up)

No -- look --

HIGH UP ON A MOUNTAIN CLIFF - **ZEUS STANDS**

and holds his cracked sword over him -- the RUMBLE of thunder builds to a crescendo --

-- and **six lightning bolts strike the blade at once** -- not as split second strikes, these **hold** like six circuits hard wired to the sky --

CLOSE ON ZEUS

who feels like he's mastered this force of nature -- and still the lightning bolts are holding --

ON THE GROUND - HESTIA, HERA, POSEIDON AND DEMETER'S FACES

are lit by the lightning strikes, and their own awe, of Zeus.

ON THE CLIFF - ZEUS SHUTS ALL SIX BOLTS OFF SIMULTANEOUSLY

and the light they provided vanishes -- it's back to predawn twilight -- but as Zeus sheathes his sword, we can see its crack has been mended.

ON THE GROUND - HESTIA, HERA, POSEIDON AND DEMETER

look up at Zeus -- the THUNDER is still echoing -- and any doubts they had about following him drain away. Zeus is their leader.

Zeus strides down from the cliff and toward the water, without even glancing at the others. He knows that, one by one, they're following him to the ship.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN SEAS - DAY - THE SHIP IS SAILING

far, far out -- there is no land visible on any horizon. Hera is on the deck, holding the wheel. Demeter and Hestia are there too. They look like they've been out for days.

A CHART UNROLLS ON A TABLE

allowing Zeus and Poseidon to stare at it. Clearly this isn't going as well as it could -- and they're starting to get on each other's nerves.

POSEIDON

The Titans' island is here --  
(eyes chart)  
-- and so are we.

ZEUS

(sardonic)  
Excellent. Let's tie up then.

POSEIDON

Perhaps your chart is faulty --

ZEUS

And not your navigational skills?  
(Poseidon looks angry)  
Save us all, "master of the seas" -- jump overboard and ask a swordfish to point our way.

Poseidon and Zeus look like they might escalate this argument, but Demeter calls out, a little edgy --

DEMETER

Oh, boys -- I think we might be in the right neighborhood after all.

Poseidon and Zeus drop the argument and move to the rail --

**THE SEA IS BLOOD RED AND CHURNING UNDER THEM**

-- the waves are becoming more violent -- the wind is beginning to howl -- but the ship slows to a crawl, even though its sails are full.

Zeus and Poseidon exchange a quizzical look. This makes no sense. The wind is almost at storm strength --

-- and the ship comes to a dead stop in the water.

HESTIA

(off Zeus' confusion)

Should we have shopped around for  
a god of wind before setting sail?

Suddenly, the ship lurches as it begins moving again --

-- only now, it is sailing against the wind and smashing against the waves -- the strain on the sails is about to snap the mast --

-- and the ship tilts -- everyone slides around the deck and grabs for something, anything to hold onto!

**THE SHIP SMASHES THROUGH THE WAVES BOW FIRST**

with planks SPLINTERING from each fierce impact --

ON THE DECK - ZEUS

struggles up from the water washing over the deck --

ZEUS

Poseidon -- clear a path through  
the waves!

(gasps over water)

Hestia, drop the sail!

Poseidon was overwhelmed, but on hearing this, he climbs up to the mast and starts up it --

-- even as the mast GROANS with the strain of being pulled against the wind. As the mast's base, Hestia hangs onto the rolling ship and tries to undo the sail line -- but it's hopelessly fouled.

Hestia impatiently aims up at the sail line, and lets loose with a half dozen fireballs --

ON THE MAST - POSEIDON CLIMBS UP AS FIREBALLS WHIZ BY HIM

singing his ears -- Poseidon looks down at Hestia like, "any chance you could make this more difficult"?

But it works -- enough of the fireballs connect with the mast line and burn through -- the sail loosens and whips off in the wind, letting some of the pressure off the boat --

Poseidon reaches the top of the mast and anchors himself against the wind -- and from this vantage, he can see a **gigantic wave**, sixty feet high, is approaching -- if it breaks on the boat, they're finished.

ON THE DECK - ZEUS, HERA, DEMETER AND HESTIA

can see the wave too -- it is so high and so close, it's casting a shadow over them --

ON THE MAST - POSEIDON THROWS OUT HIS ARMS

and focuses -- if he blows this, they're done --

-- the wave crests over them and is about to drop all of its fury on the ship -- but just as they're about to be swamped --

**A QUIVERING "TUNNEL" PARTS IN THE WAVE**

and the ship sails into the "tunnel", through the wave and out the other side!

As they pass through, Poseidon struggles to keep this up, but along with the strain, we can see exhilaration on his face. He can't believe he's doing this -- but he's doing it.

As the ship comes through the wave, everyone looks relieved -- if they can beat that, they can beat anything --

-- but at that moment, **the ship's bow lifts** -- it points up --

**THE SHIP LEAVES THE WATER AND SAILS INTO THE AIR!**

As the ship moves up, it **flips over** -- everyone on deck is desperately reaching for something to hold onto --

ON THE DECK - ZEUS CLINGS TO THE WHEEL

and looks down. Everything that was loose on the deck has been thrown off. The wooden items -- casks and planks -- are falling into the fast-receding water. But the items that are metal are **sailing up through the air** --

ZEUS

It's drawing the metal!

Zeus looks up, through this apparent storm, and into the sky. Something too black to be a cloud is up there.

ZEUS  
 (shouts to others)  
 The island isn't in the sea -- it  
 is in the sky!

ON THE WEAKENED MAST - POSEIDON HOLDS ON FOR HIS LIFE

But there is very little to hold on to -- the magnetism of the island is drawing out the nails that hold the ship together --

AT THE MAST'S BASE - THE METAL COLLAR HOLDING THE MAST

is coming loose where Hestia clings to it -- she knows that Poseidon will be thrown if it breaks off, and she puts her hand on the collar, trying to weld the weakening seams shut --

ON THE DECK - DEMETER HANGS ON

Because that's all she can do at this point --

-- the ship GROANS under the pressure, as each metal fixture works its way loose --

At the ship's figurehead, Hera hangs on, terrified --

ZEUS  
 (shouting to Hera)  
 -- hold the ship together --  
 (off her fearful look)  
 -- you're the only one who can do it!

Hera snaps out of her fear and tries, focusing her telekinetic power --

ON THE SHIP'S UNDERSIDE - THE NAILS POP OUT OF PLANKS

like bullets and the ship is falling apart -- but it slowly starts to bind back together --

ON THE SHIP'S DECK - HERA'S HANDS DIG INTO THE DECK

And her face is a mask of concentration and strain -- this is by far the biggest, hardest task she's tried yet -- but --

THE MAST SNAPS OFF THE BOAT

and whirls off into the storm, taking Poseidon with it --

-- the metal collar spins loose, knocking Hestia away --

-- Hestia's SCREAM distracts Hera -- her concentration is gone, and so is the force holding the boat together --

ZEUS

-- no --**THE ENTIRE BOAT EXPLODES IN A BURST OF PLANKS SAILING OUT**

and down, and metal sailing out and upward --

**ZEUS TUMBLES FROM A DEBRIS CLOUD THAT USED TO BE THE SHIP**-- he grabs an anchor that is hurtling up past him ---- and Zeus rides the anchor up, away from the ship and the others!

CLOSE ON ZEUS' ANGUISHED FACE

as he hurtles up, helplessly looking down at the falling wreckage -- his eyes might be tearing from the wind and the speed, and they might be tearing because he's sure he's blown it -- the others couldn't have survived that.

As the wooden sections of wreckage fall away, every bit of metal -- knives, bolts, jagged and torn ironwork -- swarms up toward Zeus --

-- with one arm hooked on the anchor he's riding, Zeus raises his other arm to his face, guarding it against this shrapnel, which slices his arm as it passes up --

-- as the metal storm passes him by, Zeus takes his arm away from his face, and looks up -- his eyes widen --

**ZEUS' POV - THE UNDERSIDE OF THE ISLAND IS COMING UP FAST**

-- the island's underside is lined, pincushion style, with every imaginable nautical blade, spike and mast drawn up from other ships, and Zeus is rocketing toward a grouping of them that will shred him --

**ZEUS LEAPS FROM THE ANCHOR HE'S RIDING**

just before it SMASHES into the island and cleaves through the blades --

-- Zeus is now hanging in midair -- his momentum takes him up, just barely up, near the tip of a rounded mast sticking out -- Zeus lashes out an arm, grabs it, and starts sliding off, but he hooks an arm around it. Safe, for a moment.

Until he looks down.

The rest of the ship's metal wreckage -- nails, bindings, anchor chains, everything is bulleting toward him.



Zeus swings off the mast he's gripping, and begins a frantic climb up, grabbing other poles and wreckage to try to climb up, and dodge the flying pieces around him, splintering rock and clanging against metal.

-- one pole tears out of the island rock -- Zeus slips back, and flails for another -- he climbs past skeletons of others impaled on the masts -- and ultimately, Zeus makes it up the rock's side. The further he goes, the better protected he is by the forest of metal beneath him. Finally --

AT ISLAND'S TOP - **ZEUS' BLOODIED HAND GROPEs OVER THE EDGE**

Zeus pulls himself over, almost collapsing. The only sounds beneath him are the thankfully distant clangs of metal hitting stone, and Zeus' own gasps -- until --

CRONUS (O.S.)

You have taken a long journey to  
kill me -- just as the prophecy  
foresaw.

(beat)

May I offer some advice to a young  
god?

Battered and exhausted, Zeus looks up --

**CRONUS STANDS BEFORE HIM**

and he looks completely unworried about Zeus' arrival. He is flanked by his guards -- a pair of DECONOCHIERES -- monstrous, reptilian giants with ten massive, scaled arms, and a special backpack sheath that holds ten swords.

CRONUS

When it comes to prophecies --  
don't believe everything you hear.

With a nod from Cronus, the Deconochieres move toward Zeus -- their fanged grins and casual flexing of all twenty of their arms indicate they're not expecting any trouble from Zeus --

-- and Zeus is a bent, bloodied heap -- but he still manages to raise an arm, summoning a lightning bolt --

-- the bolt strikes directly in front of a deconochiere, -- the bolt splits and electrifies five of his swords, singing him and throwing him backwards --

-- the other deconochiere is on Zeus in a second, rushing him and drawing ten swords out of their sheaths --

-- Zeus draws his sword as well, and ducks as five sword strikes whistle over his head -- Zeus swings up with his blade, shaving off two of the creature's arms -- it HOWLS in pain and reels backwards!

Zeus runs from the beast, running up a rock to launch himself at Cronus -- he knows he'll never get another chance. Zeus leaps toward Cronus, sword first --

-- Cronus looks surprised, and maybe just a bit frightened, as Zeus buries the sword to the hilt in Cronus' chest!

Cronus sweeps Zeus away with his arm, and Zeus sails off to crash against the rocks --

Cronus staggers back against a rock -- the sword, which was bathed in the fire of the sky, unleashes its power in an electrical storm that pours out of Cronus' chest.

Bloodied and now really drained, Zeus looks up and smiles in relief. He's won. The others died, but at least he's defeated Cronus, who is now gasping against the rock.

But Cronus' gasp becomes something else, as the electrical charge of the sword subsides -- it turns into a hoarse, rasping, laugh --

CRONOS

What child's tale were you told  
about my death?

Cronus withdraws the sword from his chest -- leaving behind no mark, no wound.

CRONOS

That I would be defeated by this  
toy? A magic sword, forged in  
lightning?

ZEUS' LOOK OF TRIUMPH MELTS

as Cronus recovers. That was it. That was everything he had, and it wasn't nearly enough. Zeus is yanked up by a very pissed off deconochiere, as --

AT THE EDGE OF THE ISLAND - ANOTHER SURVIVOR CLIMBS UP

We see a female hand at first -- and as she drags herself up, weak and wounded, we see it is Demeter.

FURTHER BACK IN THE ISLAND - ZEUS STRUGGLES

but he's held fast by the deconochieres, as Cronus strides over, reaches down, and takes her hand.

Cronus pulls Demeter up with one hand -- and with the other, thrusts Zeus' sword into her chest -- Demeter dies with a pained, anguished look -- her eyes are locked on --

-- Zeus, who is furious and devastated, struggling in the arms of the deconochiere.

Cronus grabs Demeter's face, and forces her to spend her final moment looking at him.

CRONOS

What was I thinking when I created you.

(disdainful)

There will be no need for a goddess of life on what Earth will become.

With that, Cronus yanks the sword out of her chest -- with all that's holding her up, and she plunges off the island, falling miles to the earth below.

ZEUS

-- no --

Zeus struggles, held by the deconochiere -- and the one that he turned into an octochiere stalks toward him, with four arms each holding a sword -- the creature flips the swords around so that it's brandishing the hilt side, and --

ZEUS POV - ALL FOUR SWORD HILTS SWING TOWARD HIS FACE

and connect one after another -- and each of the four solid blows gradually darkens the POV until we reach --

BLACK SCREEN

UP FROM BLACK:

EXT. A SMALL ISLAND'S BEACH - WOODEN BOAT WRECKAGE

is everywhere -- it looks more like a plane crash site than a boat wreck site. Half buried in the sand, we find Poseidon, who is out cold -- but as the waves lap over Poseidon, he starts to come around. Poseidon staggers to his feet.

POSEIDON

-- Hestia?

Poseidon searches for her, ripping every bit of wreckage away from the sand and seagrass -- until finally he finds her --

-- Hestia is perfectly still, in a heap, in the center of her own impact crater. She looks as if she could be dead.

Poseidon picks her up, frantic --

POSEIDON

Hestia --

Hestia's eyes flutter open -- and Poseidon smiles in relief.

POSEIDON

I thought you were dead.

HESTIA

(a little weak)

Didn't you hear? I'm a goddess. We don't kill so easily.

Poseidon smiles at her -- but her smile fades. She is looking over Poseidon's shoulder in disbelief. Poseidon turns too --

**ALL OF THE WATER SURROUNDING THE ISLAND IS RISING**

but not the way water usually does, lapping and advancing up a shore --

-- this water rises vertically -- ten feet, then twenty, then thirty, like a suspended, circular tsunami, frozen in time --

-- Poseidon and Hestia gape at this and turn around -- the water keeps going up in each direction, seventy and eighty feet up, yet leaving the island itself perfectly dry.

HESTIA

If you're doing this to impress me, you can stop now -- please --

Poseidon looks up -- the ring of rising water is at least two hundred feet up now, blocking the sun --

POSEIDON

It's come for me. I can handle this, but you have to leave, right away.

HESTIA

I can take care of myself --

POSEIDON

Not unless you can burn underwater.

Poseidon looks up -- the towering ring of water has stopped --

POSEIDON

Get out of here, now!

Hestia finally realizes it's her only option -- she ignites --

**HESTIA FLIES STRAIGHT UP THROUGH THE OPENING**

as the water turns in and starts crashing down --

-- still ablaze, Hestia flies up through the center of the cascading water -- the mist sizzles around her, but her flame holds --

**ON THE ISLAND - POSEIDON STARES UP AT THE TONS OF WATER**

rushing toward him -- he doesn't run, because there's nowhere to run to. He raises his hand and concentrates --

**ABOVE THE WATER - A FLYING HESTIA LOOKS DOWN**

and it's an amazing, terrifying sight. You can't even see the island any more, just a gigantic bulge in the sea, dumping down where Poseidon stands.

**ON THE ISLAND - POSEIDON STANDS WITH HIS ARM RAISED**

and he's trying to keep it raised in an act of courage, but he is clearly afraid. He's not raising his hand to stop the water, he's raising it the way a slave would to stave off a beating.

The first of the water reaches Poseidon -- and he's causing the water to flow around him --

-- but the strain is too much -- the weight, the pressure, the velocity of the water break through Poseidon's defense --

**THE WATER CRASHES DOWN ONTO POSEIDON**

with one crushing blow after another, hammering him down --

**CLOSE ON POSEIDON'S FACE**

-- his eyes are shut and he looks half dead from the impact, until he vanishes completely into the sand.

**SOME DISTANCE AWAY - HESTIA IS AFLAME**

and she's flying far from this aquatic battle -- with the water pouring down, it looks like an imploding hurricane. But there's nothing she can do to help here -- so she flies to a nearby island.

**ON A ROCKY LEDGE - HESTIA LANDS**

and reclaims her human form. Almost all of it, anyway. Her clothes are burned away (again), but she's gotten enough control to use flame as clothing. Just enough of it covers her ass to cover ours with the MPAA.

As she stands on the rock ledge, looking out at the fight --

-- the sheetrock ripples and shudders under her, like a horse's flesh does when a fly lands on it.

Hestia feels this, and climbs up to the next ledge. It shudders too --

-- and slams shut on her like a trap --

-- Hestia dives out ahead of it, just clearing the stone as the rocks slam together, throwing out dust and wind --

-- Hestia falls to the ground, just three feet ahead of her --

-- but before she lands, the ground itself falls away under her, staying just ahead of her fall -- she falls ten more feet, then twenty --

-- until the ground stops receding and Hestia stops hard, landing at the feet of

#### COEUS - THE TITAN OF ELEMENTS

Coeus appears human. But his skin is uneven and granular. Some is brown, some is rust colored, some is black. And as he cracks a smile -- that is literally what he's doing. You can hear his face muscles grinding. When he speaks, his voice is like something echoing out of a cavern.

COEUS

You wouldn't know it to look at me -- but I'm very, very angry.

(contemptuous)

This uprising is the most exciting thing to happen in thousands of years. And Cronus wastes the time of Coeus with a broken little stick of a girl.

(beat)

My only wish was to fight one of you who would present a momentary challenge.

Hestia looks up at him, angry. Her flame is returning.

HESTIA

Granted.

**Enflamed, Hestia rockets toward Coeus and burns through him** --

-- and Coeus is no longer laughing -- he is **engulfed in flame** and the layers of his body seem to be stripping away -- there are layers of granite, metal, bubbling liquid.

## ON HESTIA'S FLAMING SMILE

as she turns around and moves in for more -- she rushes Coeus, and surrounds him with her flaming body --

HESTIA

Poor little Coeus -- shall I kiss it and make it better?

Hestia moves in and gives Coeus a blazing kiss -- and **his stone face is melting now** -- it looks like Muench's "Scream".

In an instant, Coeus is just a puddle at her feet. Hestia, still ablaze, looks down in triumph at the puddle --

-- and the puddle looks back. Hestia's reflection becomes Coeus' smile. Vapors rise from the puddle and swirl around Hestia --

-- and whatever elements are in this gas are no good for fire -- Hestia's flame flickers out -- she can't breathe, and is forced to go back to human form.

As she stands there, coughing and vulnerable, Coeus reforms from gas back to solid stone and metal -- and it's obvious his "defeat" was a trick. He looks as strong as ever. With a flick of his hand --

## METAL ORE TEARS UP FROM THE EARTH

in sheets, strips and clumps, and flies toward Hestia --

-- the metal binds to her body, stamping out any flame she tries to raise. In seconds, she is in a rough hewn sarcophagus, with just one slash across one eye allowing her to look out.

Coeus walks up to her. He's won.

COEUS

Poor little Chryssa. They told you your destiny was in the sky -- and you believed it.

Coeus kicks Hestia over, and she topples --

-- but she doesn't hit the ground. The ground opens up around her and ahead of her as she falls!

## CLOSE ON HESTIA'S EXPOSED EYE AS SHE FALLS HEAD FIRST

She's staring straight ahead, straight down, as the ground burrows down ahead of her, faster and faster --

-- until, suddenly, the ground stops moving -- and the hole, at least a mile deep, seals in above her.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY - HADES AND CERBERUS ARE WALKING

by a winding river. Cerberus is happily running from rock to rock, with sunbeams breaking through his tattered skin and empty skeleton -- until a shadow blocks the sun. Hades looks up --

-- and there is clearly some bad weather coming. There is a huge thundercloud in the sky -- but it doesn't look like a raincloud. It looks like something that could swallow the earth -- and it's growing.

Cerberus looks up too -- and he turns his open eyes to Hades.

HADES

Stop it, Cerberus. I did the right thing. I'd have been no help to them anyway.

(not convinced)

And try to stay in the shade. You're getting a sunburn.

Hades runs down the riverbank, happily yipping, wagging a tail and losing another chunk of it. But as they move upstream, into a mist --

-- a small, dark boat moves from the mist and into view -- and a single shrouded OARSMAN steadily takes it through. There is just one item of cargo, in the open --

-- the unmistakably lifeless body of Demeter.

HADES IS DEVASTATED

as the boat passes by. He runs after it, jumping from slippery rock to slippery rock, as Cerberus follows --

HADES

(shouts at boat)

-- Demeter! -- Stop!

But the oarsman doesn't even acknowledge Hades -- he drives the boat relentlessly ahead through the mists. Hades runs after him, but it's like a chase in a nightmare -- there is nothing he can do, there are rocks and branches blocking his every step --

-- and ultimately, the ship steers into a dark cavern.



Hades doesn't hesitate, he runs as fast as he can, clumsily splashing into the cavern --

-- with water running through his exposed ribcage, Cerberus runs in as well -- and the moment they're both in --

### **THE CAVERN IS A DISTORTED UNEARTHLY HOLE**

that is vastly, and impossibly, larger than the outer passage made it appear to be. It appears to be an entire other world, not merely a tunnel. The trickle that ran into the passage outside is a raging, whitewater river here -- the boat is that much further away.

Hades is frightened, but he has to follow Demeter -- he runs down the bank of this hellish river, further into the darkness, further into Hell itself. Even Cerberus, sticking close to Hades, is whining fearfully.

Hades runs, slipping on the rocks, further down the river. The only light comes from campfires as blue skinned demons roast the living and eat them alive. The only sounds are that of the damned -- there are so many, near and far, young and old, men and women, that their shrieks, squeals and screams blend together like terrifying music.

Hades runs and runs, not just to get to Demeter, but to get away from demons who've spotted him -- until finally, he reaches a calm, cavernous area -- and he sees

### **DEMETER'S DEAD BODY ON THE ALTAR OF THANATOS**

and it's a devastating, sickening sight. She doesn't look like Sleeping Beauty. She looks like a beautiful young woman who was butchered. Her face is frozen in horror. The Altar of Thanatos, crafted from human and demonic skulls, makes this picture even worse.

Hades stumbles to her in disbelief. Leaning on the Altar, he reaches out to touch her -- he holds back -- and he realizes, there's no reason not to. She's already dead.

Hades caresses her arm, and his tears well up --

HADES

(quiet, shattered)

I should have gone with you -- I could have stopped this.

(takes her hand)

I'm sorry, Demeter --

Hades' crying chokes off anything else he might have said -- and his grieving is ended as, suddenly --

-- a powerful green blast tears Cerberus from the ground and hurls him against a wall -- what little skin he had is vaporized, his bones smash against the cavern like chalk.

Shocked anew, Hades looks up --

### THANATOS ENTERS THE CAVERN

and he is the twisted, demonic Titan who rules the realm of Death. When he speaks, his tremulous bass voice seems to come from every direction, but especially from underneath the ground.

THANATOS

I knew that though you would scarcely dare speak to her in life, you would follow her through her death -- and directly to yours.

(contemptuous)

Can Cronus be right? That you were to come and challenge the rule of Thanatos?

Forget the moments of magic he's had, or his sardonic sense of humor. Hades is stripped to his core: he looks like a kid who's paralyzed with fear and grief.

CUT TO:

### **THE NIGHTMARE OF ZEUS**

which is instantly recognizable as such -- it's a dreamscape of terrible unreality, passing in flashes of images --

-- he sees Hera falling away in front of him, her face showing her trust in him was betrayed --

-- there is a BLINDING FLASH of lightning --

-- and a nightmarish vision of a Grecian city, attacked by monsters from above and below, shattering buildings and shredding people --

-- and among the fleeing are Zeus' parents -- horribly burned and barely alive, but shouting at Zeus --

FATHER

You could have stopped it,  
Gregos --

(beat)

-- why didn't you stop it?

ZEUS' EYES SHOOT OPEN

and he finds that he is in the Chamber of the Titans -- a room that appears to glow as if the walls and floor were made of light.

Cronus is absently toying with the creation of a new monster, modeled in his hands from mere thought. It's a demonic abomination -- something about the aesthetics doesn't please the deity -- so he tosses it toward one section of the wall, where it vanishes.

Cronus glances at the images of Zeus' nightmare, projected on the wall -- and Cronus is smiling at one of Zeus' "monsters".

CRONUS

That's a nice one. May I?

Cronus plucks the image of the monster from Zeus' dream -- and places it into a wall showing a part of Earth. The monster goes from dream to reality, as simple as that.

CRONUS

Your mind is an open window to me,  
Zeus. Would that the actual  
extermination of mankind be as  
amusing as your fears of it. I  
shall do my best to live up to it.

(beat)

He's right, you know. You could  
have stopped me.

Cronus moves around the room. Images of the universe -- the births of stars, the destruction of worlds -- follow him as he walks.

CRONUS

When I annihilated you -- Oranos  
retrieved the energy that you are  
and reformed you. He granted you  
vastly more power than I had -- if  
and only if you chose to seize it.

Images on the wall change to ones from Zeus' mind -- he is enjoying himself as a human, with simple pleasures, with wine, with women, ultimately with Hera.

CRONUS

But you did not. You clung to your  
humanity like a child refusing to  
grow taller.

## CRONUS

You failed to understand that your godhood is the reality -- it is your humanity that is an illusion, created by Oranos to hide you from me.

(beat)

Your tragedy is that the illusion of humanity hid your godhood not just from me -- it hid the real you from yourself. Since you would not accept your godhood -- now it is gone.

Zeus stands -- now ready again for a fight. But Cronus laughs.

## CRONUS

Do not shame yourself by trying again after you've lost so completely. I've stripped your power from you, and applied it to the elimination of all that Oranos has built -- the recreation of my new world -- Tartarus.

Cronus waves a hand, and the floor becomes transparent below them, revealing an enormous, obsidian thunderhead beneath the island. Lightning flashes within it, but it doesn't look like an ordinary thundercloud -- it appears to be more solid. It is growing, moving out in all directions -- and every few moments, a new monstrosity flies out of it, heading toward Earth.

## CRONUS

The spreading darkness will envelop and eliminate the world you knew -- and replace it with one filled with far more spectacle and entertainment than humans alone could provide.

(beat)

Men make poor protagonists. But as prey they provide an amazing range of reactions. And we do enjoy the reactions very, very much.

Rhea enters, smiling. She definitely enjoys the show.

## ZEUS

You bastard.

Cronus paces around again -- and flashes of the cosmos follow him everywhere at a frantic, dizzying pace.

CRONUS

Correct. So are you. We both are parentless creations of the universe.

(beat)

Oranos declared that we existed to serve the cosmos. I see it precisely the other way around. And you couldn't be bothered to decide at all. So I thank you.

This conversation is nearing an end. As Cronus speaks, he and Rhea seem to grow larger and larger, at least ten times Zeus' size.

CRONUS

Since you couldn't accept your fate and command it, you've guaranteed that I may do so in your place for eternities. You've granted me the power Oranos denied me -- enough to remake the world as I see it. As the others are defeated, I shall drink in their power as well -- and I shall gain the strength to control time and space itself. None will challenge me again.

(beat)

Since you apparently want to remain human, the very least I can do to repay you is to honor your wish -- and send you where my other disappointments dwell. Goodbye, Gregos.

Cronus and Rhea now tower over Zeus -- and with a dismissing glance from Cronus, Rhea casually kicks Zeus away as you would a cockroach --

-- the impact from Rhea's "small" kick is incredible -- Zeus goes flying directly toward one of the walls. But before he can impact against it, the image on the wall changes to that of a dark forest --

-- and Zeus passes into and through the wall --

EXT. TITANS ISLAND - NIGHT- ZEUS ROLLS DOWN A HILL

that's made of sharp rock and fringed with tangled, thorny vines -- and every bump, every hit is shattering. He is definitely mortal -- by the time he lands with a pained cry, he's picked up some brand new lacerations.

Zeus struggles to get up, weakly. He has hurt his leg, and moves with a limp. But above him, there is a low ROAR -- Zeus looks up to see --

### A GROUP OF BIZARRE MONSTERS

who are Cronus' "rejects" -- malformed demons who failed to pass muster and have been thrown into this celestial dump.

One is a winged serpent with a lion's head. Another is a reptilian wolf with the face of a cyclops. Yet another is an arachnid with as many heads as legs, all whipping out and snapping at Zeus.

The beasts pick up the scent of Zeus' blood, smeared on the rocks where Zeus fell. The reptilian wolf sniffs the rocks -- then licks them -- and then howls loudly in delight --

-- the beasts race through the brush on the trail of blood.

### ZEUS RUNS INTO THE FOREST

and is now living out a classic nightmare -- he is unarmed and helpless. He runs, but his feet slog in the mud, and thorned vines rip into his flesh --

### THE BEASTS TAKE UP ZEUS' TRAIL

and move through quickly -- their skin is so tough the vines don't bother them, and they are clearly overtaking Zeus -- until finally --

### AT THE EDGE OF THE ISLAND - ZEUS IS CORNERED

as the beasts approach -- they are snapping their jaws and baring their teeth. They know they've won -- they just don't want to lunge off the side as they make their play.

Gasping from the run, bloodied and beaten, Zeus considers his options. There are none.

Above the sound of the tearing wind, and the low growl of the gathering beasts, Zeus hears a terrible, hissing, inhuman GROAN rolling out of the island's growth --

HERA (O.S.)

-- Zeusssss --

Zeus looks up to the rocks nearby --

**HERA HAS CHANGED INTO A HIDEOUS REPTILIAN CREATURE**

that is in the rocks -- clearly Cronus' last blow. She is toadlike and virtually immobile -- but the eyes tell us it is Hera. Now she too is surrounded by beasts, and it's feeding time.

HERA

-- helllp me --

**ON THE ROCKS - ZEUS IS DEVASTATED**

but he's powerless -- he can't deal with his pursuers, much less hers. Zeus turns to the island's edge, and looks down --

-- beneath him, the sphere of mystic energy created by Cronus is churning and crackling like lightning. The same energy that Cronus stripped from him.

And a look of realization crosses his face: he can still win. He can reclaim his birthright. His godhood.

Zeus' look of fear and defeat shifts to one of acceptance. He gives Hera an oddly peaceful, reassuring look --

-- and moves to the edge of the island, where he dives off into the air, miles above the earth.

Howling and snapping, the beasts run to the edge, too late to catch him --

-- as on her rock, Hera begins to cry. From where she's sitting, Zeus has just abandoned her and committed suicide.

**IN THE AIR - ZEUS IS DIVING A THOUSAND YARDS**

toward the ball of churning lightning below him -- the wind is tearing at his face, but he shows no fear -- just determination.

Head first, Zeus breaks through the barrier --

-- and as he crashes through a mesh of lightning, the bolts strike and sear his body -- and it is as physically brutal as if you or I were hit by multiple lightning bolts --

-- the bolts are stripping the flesh off of him and roasting what's underneath --

-- Zeus looks like he's gritting his teeth in determination, but it's hard to tell since half his face is torn off --

-- strike after strike pinballs Zeus around -- you'd swear the lightning is actually playing with him -- until --

CLOSE ON ZEUS' FACE - ONE SEARED EYE OPENS

and what's left of his scorched mouth appears to smile --

ZEUS

Enough --

**ZEUS MOVES TO THE CENTER OF THE LIGHTNING CLOUD**

and he's no longer being tossed around by the storm -- he is moving himself. He has tamed the lightning. Zeus suspends himself in the center, and the lightning isn't randomly striking him any more --

-- he is drawing it in -- it's not killing him any more -- now it's nourishment. Now it belongs to him.

ON THE TITANS' ISLAND - **THE "HERA-BEAST" IS SURROUNDED**

by hungry, snarling monsters -- they have driven her against a wall. The bloated thing she's become is almost immobile, but will make a decent meal. She looks terrified. But as the reptilian wolf moves in, three rows of teeth bared --

-- a lightning bolt strikes the beast with surgical precision -- it flips away smoking, and you can smell the burning scales --

-- the other monsters turn around, as does the Hera-beast --

**ZEUS RISES OVER THE RIDGE**

and there can't be any more doubt -- he **is** the god of gods, forged in the fire of the sky. He looks stronger and more powerful than ever. He is literally rising in a cloud of lightning -- and he hurls another blast at the retreating monsters --

-- a couple of monsters spin away, burnt by the blast, and the rest run YELPING.

With a wave of his hand, Zeus cuts out the lightning that supported him -- and he drifts onto the ridge. Hera is still recoiling against the wall, a tear welling in one eye.

HERA

(a pained rasp)

I -- thought you -- left me --  
because of what I've become.

Zeus puts his hand on her hideous face, and gently caresses it.



ZEUS  
 (softly)  
 Never. Not until the end of time.

As Zeus caresses Hera's horrible face, she begins to change -- from a toadlike monster, back to the human stable girl she once was --

-- and finally, fully, into Hera. The radiant goddess of beauty. Hera takes Zeus' hand, holds it to her cheek, and smiles.

ZEUS  
 Now we must make the future our  
 own.  
 (beat)  
 Our time has come.

CUT TO:

INT. THE UNDERWORLD OF THE DAMNED - THANATOS  
 is still enjoying his victory over Hades.

THANATOS  
 I never would have dreamt that it  
 was so easy. I never would have  
 dreamt that you would cling to  
 your soft, worm's body, and  
 renounce the vast power that is  
 your birthright.

Shaking, Hades kneels at the altar.

HADES  
 I renounce that power and I -- I  
 renounce that challenge. I will be  
 your servant or your victim, at  
 your whim, master, so long as you  
 spare her. She has nothing  
 whatsoever to do with your realm --

Thanatos' response BOOMS from every corner --

THANATOS  
 She is dead and that has  
everything to do with this realm!  
 Her torment will last a thousand  
 milleniums, as will yours!  
 (laughs)  
 Have you any more requests,  
 "Myles"?

Hades looks up. He gets to his feet. Something in his expression has changed. He's still afraid, but the fear is beginning to drain away from him.

HADES

Just one. That you die whimpering.

Hades isn't joking. Thanatos freezes in anger -- and then starts LAUGHING. A soaking wet hundred pound teenage boy is telling off the Titan who rules death. As he LAUGHS, we go --

CLOSE ON HADES' FACE

Hades makes a decision. He leans down to Demeter's face -- and desperately, passionately kisses her cold blue lips.

Thanatos LAUGHTER rumbles everywhere, shaking the caverns of the Underworld -- the legions of the dead join in, creating a cacophony of a million demonic laughs.

THANATOS

(derisive laughter)

Stop -- I beg you, O Lord of The Damned, **spare me** --

Thanatos doesn't realize it yet, but --

CLOSE ON HADES - **HADES IS FAST BECOMING MORE DEMONIC**

as he's locked in a passionate kiss with Demeter -- and color is returning to her body.

**Hades is drawing the death out of Demeter's body.** But as he uses his power to this degree, he is cementing his destiny -- he is becoming what he feared, what Thanatos is mocking -- now he truly is the Lord of the Damned.

Demeter's eyes flutter open in mid kiss -- she sees Hades, who now looks like a nightmare Nosferatu might have had. She isn't repulsed -- he breaks the kiss off, and Demeter sits up. She knows he just gave up his humanity for her. Still weak, she touches his face.

DEMETER

Myles -- you did this -- for me?

Hades expression takes him through an emotional roller coaster. He knows from the way she's touching him that his face has a monster's contours. He knows he's condemned himself to eternity as a demon. But ultimately his face shows relief, and love. Whatever he's given up -- he saved her.

HADES

(shrugs off his loss)

Never utter that name again. I am Hades.

(turns to Thanatos)

I am the Lord of the Damned.

Hades waves a hand at the scattered, shattered sketeton of Cerberus -- it not only reforms, but Cerberus becomes a full bodied, three headed demon dog the size of a grizzly bear.

Hades' demonic face splits into a serrated grin. If this is his fate, he will enjoy it.

HADES

Beg me again, Thanatos. Beg your lord and master for mercy that I shall not grant.

Hades lets loose with a blast of magic, straight from his hands, that hurls Thanatos back against a wall. Thanatos is alive, but badly hurt -- and surprised that this kid is not only his equal, he is his superior.

Hades hits Thanatos with another blast, searing him against a cavern wall -- he is barely alive as Hades still approaches.

HADES

(a coarse whisper)

Beg. Me.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND SANDS - POSEIDON IS BURIED

in the sands with all the other debris of the island -- just a part of him can be seen in the smoothed out sand. He is unconscious at the very least, as --

-- he begins to rise -- a spring of water is pushing up underneath him, taking him from the sand --

-- and it steadily pushes him higher, until he is thirty feet up, held on the water as if it were a pedestal. Poseidon's eyes open -- and he is face to enormous face with

**OCEANUS**

who is very literally the titan of the seas: he is thirty feet high but could be any size he wants. His form is living, moving water -- the outline is that of a man, but within him, the water is roiling and shifting in currents. His speech is deep and resonant, as if rushing water could form words.

OCEANUS

Have you no fight left?  
 (pokes with watery  
 , finger)  
 Disappointing, but predictable.  
 Most men lack the will to fight,  
 or even to live, but none more so  
 than a slave.

Oceanus flexes his hand slightly, and the spring abruptly cuts off, dropping Poseidon roughly to the ground, gasping and writhing in the sand.

OCEANUS

You will not fight -- but I will  
 grant you a chance for life.  
 (beat)  
 Bow before me, slave.

Poseidon weakly looks up at Oceans.

OCEANUS

Swear allegiance to Oceanus, and  
 I will permit you to --

POSEIDON

(physically weak, but  
 decisive)

No.

Oceanus looks down at Poseidon, his watery features taking on an angry look. He's not accustomed to being refused. Oceanus reaches down with giant hand, and grasps Poseidon --

-- and the hand not only picks up Poseidon, it submerges him. Poseidon coughs -- so far we've only seen him hold his breath, not actually breathe water.

Oceanus holds his watery fist in front of his face, dangling him by his ankle like a fisherman with a shrimp.

OCEANUS

What a miserable, puny catch this  
 is. I shall have to throw it back.

On the word "back", Oceanus' arm rapidly extends and drives into the sea, taking Poseidon with it --

UNDERWATER - THE WATERY "ARM" SHOOTS THROUGH THE SEAS

with Poseidon inside -- it is spinning around like one hell of a riptide, and Poseidon is powerless to do anything --

-- the "arm" smashes through branches of coral -- and the coral rips Poseidon's flesh -- blood spirals away from his body in scarlet pinwheels --

-- the "arm" current drives him deeper, deeper, deeper, toward and down into an underwater chasm --

CLOSE ON POSEIDON - HE IS DROWNING

His eyes are bulging, and the thrashing is knocking the air out of his lungs --

The current smashes Poseidon against a sea cliff -- he clutches for a grip, hanging on as Oceanus' current shoves him back --

Poseidon is afraid -- but he finally realizes that he has to embrace this change. He breathes in the water -- deeply --

-- and something changes about him. His eyes no longer bulge in fear -- they're as calm as the seas, as calm as the center of a storm. His lacerations seal up, and the blood surrounding him swirls away.

He is not dying. But he is changing.

ON THE ISLAND - OCEANUS' ARM RETURNS TO HIM

and he looks certain that the job is done. But he doesn't notice something --

-- in the waters nearby, a wave is rolling in -- and it's building a peak. Okay, pretty normal so far --

-- but then it builds another peak -- and another, and another, until there are **five** peaks bulging from the crest --

-- and all five peaks lash out into watery tentacles --

-- all five smash into Oceanus, knocking him back against the rocks in the strongest sucker punch in history --

CLOSE ON OCEANUS

as he's pinned against the rock wall by the full force of the sea, focused on him -- the water is blasting the wall into mud --

-- and abruptly, it stops -- the water tentacles drop, and drain back into the sea.

Oceanus struggles up as the water drains back -- the sea level rises, and as it does --

Poseidon rises with it, holding his trident, appearing as a mythic image: strong, powerful, literally in his element. There's no mistaking it now: he is a god.

And Oceanus now gets ready for a fight.

CUT TO:

**CLOSE ON HESTIA'S WIDE OPEN EYE**

She is terrified -- she is buried alive. Flashes of flame spark around her body -- you can see hints of it in the metal she's encased in -- but the flames are quickly extinguished.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PEAK ON ISLAND - **COEUS**

is standing over the dirt and debris that is Hestia's burial mound. He seems certain of victory, but he really wants to finish things off.

Coeus glides over the top of the dirt, and melts into it -- as he descends through the earth, the dirt and loose rocks behind and around him solidify to solid rock.

**HESTIA SHIFTS AROUND SLIGHTLY**

and it's useless -- there is very little wiggle room in this dirt. She writhes again in terror, and the sound of the metal brushing dirt changes -- it is now scraping solid stone.

Hestia's eye darts around in fear -- and finds, lightly etched as fluid stone on the wall -- the face of Coeus.

COEUS

How long I must wait for another challenge -- for someone who might study their enemy first. To know them. As I know you, little Chryssa.

(beat)

You remember your first burial, don't you? When you were a water girl, serving your father as he worked in the mines of Thrace. Then the tunnels collapsed -- they dug you out three days later, and he never emerged at all.

(face to face)

Ah, that twitch tells me you do remember. I was there, you know. I made it happen. I heard every scream, every plea, every whimper that escaped your lips.

## COEUS

And your father slowly, slowly  
died in my embrace then -- just as  
you shall now. As a goddess, I  
expect your death to take about,  
oh, ten centuries.

Coeus' stony LAUGH echoes through the ground -- he vanishes  
up through the now solid stone -- and the stone begins to  
**move inward, crushing Hestia like a giant fist.**

Hestia's look of fear changes. She is still afraid -- but she  
knows she has to try again. As the stone moves in --

-- Hestia's eye narrows in concentration -- and it  
brightens -- capillaries go from blood red to fiery orange --

-- and as this tomb begins to GLOW RED, and ultimately flares  
WHITE HOT, we go to --

## EXT. MOUNTAIN PEAK - COEUS EMERGES FROM THE ROCK

as a part of it. He smiles, and stretches his arms in  
triumph. This is still his domain.

But Coeus hears a RUMBLE underneath him. His stone face  
twists in puzzlement. He didn't do that. Coeus stretches out  
an arm, touching the earth --

-- and he pulls his hand up. It's blazing hot, and softened  
from touching the ground. Coeus' expression changes --  
triumph is slipping away from him.

The spot Coeus touched now glows red -- and it's starting to  
move back into the earth, in a growing cavity --

Coeus falls down, and has to scramble back to not be drawn  
into this -- the fact that this is not his doing, and he  
can't reverse it, seems to scare him more than this shift --

The cavity keeps growing back into the earth, from the red  
hot center, until --

**THE NEW VOLCANO ERUPTS**

with a fiery salvo of lava that blasts open, and seals open,  
the volcano's top. From the fire that's rising up -- in the  
shimmering heat --

Hestia rises. She is white hot. She doesn't look human, she  
doesn't even look like ordinary fire any more, she looks like  
she's somehow formed from the blazing gases of the sun. And  
she looks angry.

Coeus scrambles back from the volcanic core. He raises a wall of stone from the ground --

-- and Hestia goes through it as easily as if it were powder, her flames melting a hole in it before she even gets close --

-- and Hestia flies down to Coeus, picking him up and tearing him away from the earth!

#### HESTIA HOLDS COEUS IN A BLAZING EMBRACE

and he is **burning inside her** -- his expression shows this time it isn't something he can bounce back from. His stone is melting to slag, the slag evaporating to steam --

HESTIA

I think I know you now, Coeus. You don't feel so well, do you?

(beat)

When you're separated from the earth -- you're much, much weaker, aren't you?

Coeus is SCREAMING -- the powerful stone-against-stone grind of his voice is becoming a miserable HISS of steam --

HESTIA

Can I take that as a yes?

Hestia flies Coeus directly into the volcano's jet of flame --

HESTIA

Then enjoy my embrace, Coeus. As a titan, I expect your death to take, oh, about ten seconds.

Hestia flies Coeus up through the flame -- and to her it's soothing and even nourishing -- but Coeus, ripped away from the earth and thrown into this slice of hell, disintegrates within seconds!

Now one titan lighter, Hestia flies around, pausing to look at the volcano. It is blowing flame hundreds of feet into the air. As, nearby --

#### **OCEANUS HURLS A WAVE AT POSEIDON**

and this is a very unnatural looking wave -- water draws up two hundred feet, and it looks as if half the sea is feeding it --

-- the wave peaks and begins to break over Poseidon --



-- but Poseidon raises his hand, and the wave stops -- it holds, still fluid, but defying gravity --

-- and it disintegrates into droplets -- as the droplets fall, Poseidon waves again and they change into ice --

-- at Poseidon's bidding, the ice bullets swerve in mid-air and shoot toward Oceanus -- Oceanus raises his hand to do something, but nothing happens -- the water will no longer do his bidding.

#### CLOSE ON OCEANUS' FACE

as he realizes that the water will do Poseidon's bidding, not his. He looks like a general whose troops have defected to the other side in mid-battle. What happens physically is no longer important: this is where he realizes that he's lost.

The ice "bullets" slash through Oceanus' body, with hundreds of watery entry and exit wounds -- he's not leaking water, but he is full of holes, and is clearly almost finished.

Poseidon raises his hand -- and the water rises around Oceanus. As it goes up, it creates a cyclonic waterspout, moving up fifty, a hundred, three hundred feet --

Oceanus is swept away, spinning madly at the top of it --

Pointing his trident, Poseidon waves the spout toward the nearby erupting volcano --

#### OCEANUS AND THE WATERSPOUT COLLIDE WITH THE ERUPTION

with explosive results: the water instantly vaporizes into steam --

-- Oceanus painfully but instantly is torn apart into a cloud of steam -- the steam that used to be a Titan is scattered everywhere as --

-- the volcanic eruption shoots higher and higher -- but the rest of the waterspout reacts with that, cooling the lava as soon as it fires out --

-- what we're watching is the creation of the tallest mountain ever seen. We're watching the creation of Mt. Olympus.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERSIDE OF TITANS ISLAND - LIGHTNING IS STRIKING UP

from the core of the Tartarus cloud -- the metal that juts out of the bottom of the island is acting like thousands of lightning rods, and the lightning strikes themselves are tremendously powerful --

-- the strikes are shearing off and annihilating whole sections of the island, while chipping away at the bottom.

EXT. IN THE WILDERNESS OF THE ISLAND - THE MONSTERS

that dwell here are scattering as the ground itself crumbles under their hooves -- the reptilian wolves and other nightmare beasts tumble with chunks of the island, and deconochieres fall too, flailing their dozens of hands on the way down.

INT. CHAMBER OF TITANS - A WALL IS BLASTED APART

by lightning -- and enter Zeus.

ZEUS

It's come, Cronus. The moment you've feared, the moment you knew was coming, from the day you overthrew Oranos. Your reign is over. Mine has begun.

Zeus throws a lightning bolt from his hand -- it sizzles across the room toward Cronus --

-- but Cronus raises his hand and the bolt **freezes** before it hits him -- with some effort, he forces the bolt to travel backwards toward Zeus --

-- the bolt backfires on him, throwing Zeus back against the wall of the palace. Something about this backfiring has hit him hard -- as he's reeling against the wall --

CRONUS

Can that really be your best effort?

(beat)

You must do much, much better than that to overthrow a Titan.

The wall's display changes to a very close up view of the sun -- and it gets closer and closer, until it's on the surface of the sun --

## CRONUS

Gods and Titans are elements that live -- they are forces of nature personified. You cannot kill me with a conjurer's tricks.

Cronus gestures -- and Zeus is shoved through the light wall and into the core of the sun --

-- Zeus is half in, half out of the palace wall, and he is being roasted by the fire -- Zeus would be screaming, except that the heat has ripped the air out of his lungs --

-- and Cronus gestures again, taking Zeus back in as if he were a puppeteer with invisible strings. Zeus collapses at the wall, gasping.

## CRONUS

And nor can I kill you with mine.

Taking a scythe down from the wall, Cronus walks toward Zeus, who is coughing, choking and helpless.

## CRONUS

We can only kill each other, blood on blood.

(beat)

You used to enjoy wagers. I regret we didn't place one before we began.

Zeus is helpless and coughing -- and Cronus raises the scythe over him. As he swings it down --

-- Zeus reaches up and grabs the handle in mid swing. He's no longer pretending to cough, no longer feigning weakness to get Cronus to come closer.

## ZEUS

I have a small regret too.

(rises)

That my true parents aren't here to see me break you, piece by piece.

Zeus snatches the scythe away from Cronus, and tosses it into the wall -- it vaporizes as it passes into the sun's core --

-- and Zeus savagely attacks Cronus. He has ascended into godhood, but he's brought along the same street fighting moves from his pancratium bouts.

Cronus is taking some wild blows and he's momentarily shocked -- how long has it been since anyone even gave him backtalk, much less a real fight? But he comes back, swinging powerfully at Zeus --

-- and as only gods can, they are drawing blood. But Zeus smiles through a battered face -- and throws his head back in the same "bring it on" gesture we saw in the pancratium fight. Strip away the magic and the scale of it, and this is just another bout for Zeus.

UNDERNEATH THE ISLAND - **THE LIGHTNING STRIKES MULTIPLY**

and continues to crumble the island from underneath -- huge chunks are falling away, and the island ultimately cleaves in half --

THE TARTARUS CLOUD

is still hurling out the thunderbolts, but it is also **collapsing in on itself** like a black hole -- as --

**WITHIN THE TITANS PALACE** - RHEA AND HERA.

have been battling, but heralding the end of her power, Rhea is rapidly aging -- she is changing from a cruelly beautiful woman into a crone.

That transformation accelerates as the palace crumbles around them. Rhea has no fight left. She just wants to leave Hera with a little bit of poison on the way out.

RHEA

I heard your pitiful, tiny prayers  
about Zeus.

(mocking voice)

"Please guide him to love me" --  
but I know what will transpire in  
your future -- it is all written  
out.

(laughing)

Zeus will tire of you. Zeus will  
decieve you as no woman has ever  
been deceived before. Zeus will  
betray you with goddesses, he will  
betray you with mortal women, and  
his infidelities and your  
weaknesses will live forever in  
tale and song.

(beat)

So enjoy your godhood, Hera, and  
cherish your victory.

A piece of the crumbling palace almost falls on Rhea -- and Hera telekinetically holds it up with a gesture. She glares at Rhea --

HERA

You're wrong. We shall write our own future, and build our own world -- together.

With a wave, Hera **breaks up the ground underneath Rhea** -- it shatters the palace floor, and what's left of the island rock underneath it --

-- Rhea falls through a hole that digs itself deeper, the faster she falls into it --

-- and ultimately she vanishes into the Tartarus cloud.

Levitating above the falling rocks and crumbling island, Hera looks down -- Rhea's words still trouble her a bit.

HERA

(to herself)

And if you're right -- then I shall build a hell for him that makes yours look glorious.

CUT TO:

ON THE VOLCANIC ISLAND - HESTIA AND POSEIDON

get off the island -- Hestia flies up and Poseidon dives into the water -- because it's like a full blown meteor shower here.

IN THE PALACE - ZEUS SWINGS HIS SWORD

at Cronus, and Cronus dodges back -- swipe after swipe, Zeus doesn't connect with Cronus --

-- but you can't say that Zeus is missing, because with each stroke, a lightning bolt streaks from the sword and blasts pieces out of the palace --

IN THE PALACE - THE WALLS ARE CRUMBLING

and this is not a mere palace of stone: it is the universe as built by Cronus. Just as Cronus could turn the walls into whatever or wherever he wanted, each segment breaking off shows another part of Cronus' world vanishing -- each segment shows a new monster or evil tearing out of our world, becoming embedded in the walls like a fly in amber, and falling into the void.

CRONUS LOOKS AT HIS DREAMS LITERALLY CRUMBLING

His power is sapping away. All he has left is anger.

Cronus pulls a scythe from a piece of the palace that tears by, and he rushes Zeus. Zeus swings up his sword and blocks the scythe, and the two gods are locked in combat as --

**THE REST OF THE ISLAND COMPLETELY DISINTEGRATES**

and it can no longer be called an island -- now it's just a bunch of various sized rocks tumbling toward the Tartarus cloud.

Zeus and Cronus continue to fight on a large rock, but their battle continues without losing any ferocity -- their clashing sword and scythe **knock them from rock to rock** as --

THE TARTARUS CLOUD DRAWS IN EVERYTHING

as if it had a strong, black hole style gravitational field -- rocks zoom in, end over end -- so do the monsters trapped in the palace wall segments -- and so do the guards of the island, the decatonchieres and other beasts --

-- and oddly, the more that is drawn into the cloud, the faster it **collapses in on itself** -- it is **shrinking** --

THE LAST CHUNK OF THE ISLAND IS FALLING PAST TARTARUS

and both Zeus and Cronus are on the chunk -- Zeus is off balance, and Cronus manages to **sweep his sword away** with the scythe --

Zeus is down and though Cronus is barely hanging on, he **raises his scythe** to strike Zeus --

-- but they're now parallel with the Tartarus cloud, still throwing out lightning as it collapses in on itself -- with a glance and a gesture from Zeus --

-- a trio of lightning bolts burst out of the cloud toward Cronus -- they strike his scythe and vaporize it, and they **surround Cronus like a cage, dragging him into the cloud of Tartarus!** As Cronus is consumed by the cloud, **it continues to collapse inward** --

The huge chunk of island continues its fall, past the cloud of Tartarus, streaking toward the volcano like a meteor. Zeus gets to his feet, completely unconcerned -- a little thing like this isn't enough to bother a god.

Zeus summons a lightning bolt from the skies -- it strikes parallel to the falling island and keeps pace with it --

-- and Zeus leaps from the island and onto the lightning bolt -- he rides the lightning down --

-- and at this point Zeus is enjoying his godhood -- as he rides the lightning bolt to the island, he hurls smaller lightning bolts ahead of him at every falling rock in his path, smashing them into powder!

Zeus' lightning bolt terminates on the island and Zeus dismounts just as it impacts with the island, the same instant as the DEAFENING IMPACT of

**-- the last chunk of the Titans island hitting the volcano top and capping it!**

Unperturbed by the rain of debris everywhere, Zeus raises his hands -- some of the debris moves away from him, but one infinitesimal, perfect black speck moves toward his finger --

-- the tiny speck lights on Zeus' fingertip and he holds it in front of his eye -- we ZOOM TOWARD AND INTO THE SPECK --

#### **THE MIGHTY WORLD OF TARTARUS**

has been reduced to the size of a dot of pepper, and it is still collapsing inward -- we can see that it is perfectly black and completely sealed --

-- and Cronus and Rhea are inside, tearing at the barriers of the nightmare dimension to try to get out --

ZEUS (O.S.)

The fates were right, Cronus. You shall be destroyed by your own creations. And you were right too. This world you've built is entertaining.

(beat)

May you enjoy the spectacle for all eternity.

Cronus and Rhea are pulled back inside by the monsters that populate this micro-dimension -- and WE ZOOM BACK OUT, past Zeus' eye, which looks like a galaxy at this point --

-- and Zeus blows the dust off his hands. It's over.

Hera lowers herself gently to Zeus' side, smiling. She looks improbably beautiful -- even radiant -- for someone who just rode through a cloud of volcanic dust.

Zeus takes Hera's hand as she touches ground -- and she embraces Zeus.

She looks at him, maybe with a little doubt -- maybe with a bit of Rhea's taunt ringing in her ears. But Zeus smiles reassuringly, and takes her in his arms.

CUT TO:

INT. THE UNDERWORLD - THE CHARRED CORPSE OF THANATOS

is being swarmed by demonic looking rodents, apparently the lowest vermin in this hell, who are stripping their big master down to the bone and into the marrow.

Nearby, Hades and Cerberus walk the passages of the Underworld -- and the demons who were ready to attack him as a teenage boy now avert their eyes, bow obsequiously and part before him. Meet the new boss.

AT THE EDGE OF THE UNDERWORLD - HADES REACHES DEMETER

at the same portal he came through a while ago. The ~~demons~~ all keep a deferential, respectful distance. Hades and Demeter stop at the portal. She doesn't want to say goodbye

DEMETER

Maybe -- maybe if you came out,  
Zeus could find a way to change  
you back --

HADES

It can't be done. Besides, I think  
this place could use a few  
changes -- don't you?  
(a rueful smile)  
Someone has to speak for the dead.  
And to be honest I was never that  
comfortable with the living.

Demeter is close to tears. Hades weakens a bit -- but for the first time, he sees his own demonic reflection in the water -- and his resolve hardens.

HADES

You must leave this place. Now.

DEMETER

Then I'll see you when I die.

HADES

My very first decree is that the  
Goddess of Life may not re-enter  
my realm. Ever.  
(beat)  
Goodbye.



Demeter slowly, tenderly leans to Hades to kiss him, but Hades stops her with a wave of his hand.

HADES  
(quietly)  
My touch would kill you this time.

Denied even this, Demeter steps toward the mists that lead back to our world. She stands in that border zone --

DEMETER  
I love you, Myles.

She steps through and vanishes into the mist, leaving behind

HADES - CLOSE ON HIS FACE

His demonic features are from a twisted nightmare, but his eyes still look like they belong to a lovesick teenage boy. Hades steps to the portal and puts his hand up to it as if Demeter is still standing there, and can't hear his whisper.

HADES  
I love you, Chloe. I always did.

Hades waves his hand over the portal like he's closing a door -- and the stone seals shut. Forever.

Hades turns and walks back to survey his new kingdom, with Cerberus trotting alongside him.

ON THE EARTHLY SIDE OF THE PORTAL - DEMETER BEGINS TO CRY

and runs away, stumbling along the riverbank. Wherever her tears fall, flowers sprout and bloom.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - DAY - THE MOUNTAIN

that was created by Hestia's battle with Coeus towers high above any other feature on the landscape, so high that it pierces the clouds. LIGHTNING CRACKS, again and again --

Zeus stands on part of the mountain, directing the strikes --

A PALACE FOR THE GODS

has been created, chiseled out of the stone by lightning strike after lightning strike.

Hera is there too, levitating stone columns the size of skyscrapers -- effortlessly.

Hestia is ablaze, and flies by the columns, and in a split second, she etches patterns and designs that would take human craftsmen a lifetime to create.

Demeter is there too -- she gently strokes the rough, pitted volcanic rock around the grounds like she's petting a cat, and the rock changes to soil -- and an incredible garden grows and spreads, encircling the palace.

Poseidon is also in on the landscaping -- he creates a beautiful pond on the grounds, stocked with the world's most exotic fish.

The palace is finished. Zeus and Hera walk up to the grand, columned entrance.

ZEUS

Until the end of time, Hera.

HERA

(smiles)

Is that all? What happens after that?

ZEUS

You can tell me when we get there.

Zeus kisses Hera -- and they are joined by the rest of the Olympians, who walk into the palace.

FADE OUT.