

Oscar and the Demigods

**ON BLACK:**

PEYTON MANNING (V.O.)

Once upon a time there was the greatest quarterback to ever play the game of football. And I mean American football, not European, or western Brazilian, I mean he was an American with a lightning like arm, from Los Angeles, or maybe he was Canadian, who cares, but the guy's name was Oscar.

INSERT - BOOMBOX

Labeled: "Oscar's Boombox". A HAND closes the cassette tray and presses 'play'. Jock music BLARES:

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT**

Pregame prep with the Los Angeles Lightning Football Team. Blue and white. Praying. Helmet butting. Like animals.

OSCAR UNITUS

35, alone at his locker, looking in the mirror: incredibly focused. He smears black boat paint under his eye.

COACH ARNOLD

Alright kill the music.

COACH ARNOLD

Fatherly, makes his way to the center of the floor. Then:

THE TEAM

Jacked, ready to fight, surrounds Coach Arnold.

COACH ARNOLD

Where's the great white?

Oscar grabs an Index Card off the top of his locker, he walks forward with it, through the Team's huddle, until he stops.

OSCAR

Coach.

Coach Arnold chews on a stick of gum.

COACH ARNOLD  
No survivors tonight, understand?

Oscar understands. They switch places.

OSCAR  
Everyone.

BRYAN  
Chico we're in a hurry.

DONNIE  
Oscar I can smell your face.

BRYAN & DONNIE

Gigantic lineman with a ragtag brotherly resemblance.

OSCAR  
Glad the institution let you two  
out again.

DONNIE  
It's boat paint. Isn't it. Hey  
that's toxic.

OSCAR  
I don't care. It helps with my  
vision.

AJAX CHRISTMAS

Biggest in the room, listens to LOUD RAP LYRICS from his  
headphones. A large ancient axe is leaned against his bench.

OSCAR  
Ajax.

AJAX  
Oscar.

OSCAR  
Can you smell my face?

Ajax lowers his headphones.

AJAX  
No.

Ajax holds up an ancient axe.

AJAX  
Can I finally axe people tonight?

OSCAR  
Where'd you get that thing?

AJAX  
Management. They told me I was supposed to run on the field with it then a big lightning bolt'll strike it or something I don't know, while I'm running with it.

OSCAR  
Check back with management. Maybe quit tripping out before big games.

BRYAN  
Ay's right O. Let's just go out there and storm on some Orlando ass-!

TEAM  
WOOOOOO!

OSCAR  
Hang on brothers. I spent some time coming up with a speech.

Team grumbles. Ajax puts his headphones on.

OSCAR  
Guys?

No one's invigorated.

OSCAR  
How... about... YOU-

LARRY LIGHTNING

The Team's mascot in an oversized lightning bolt costume.

OSCAR  
You ready?

Larry Lightning wobbles off to a dimmer switch on the wall... he dials it with his puffy white glove.

OSCAR  
More.

Oscar waits for...

OSCAR  
Perfect.

Oscar reads from his Index Card.

OSCAR  
"I am the greatest quarterback  
alive."

Team spreads apart like a middle school fire drill.

OSCAR  
You all suck.

Donnie & Bryan are the last one's left.

Oscar flips his Index Card. There's nothing written on it.

DONNIE  
Kinda terrorists you think they'll  
kill us with tonight?

BRYAN  
We'd just shoot them down, Donnie.

Disheartened, Oscar drops his Index Card.

COACH ARNOLD (O.S)  
C'mon you knuckle-dicks! Gametime!

OSCAR  
Lightning!

Larry Lightning hurries and presses 'play' on the boombox.

Static fills the locker room... a THUNDER CLAP rings out.

OSCAR  
Backow!! Boom! Ya-! Ha-ha.

KA-POWWWwww.

OSCAR  
You hear that one!?

Donnie and Bryan swap a look.

OSCAR  
Kay I'm ready.

**INT. LA STADIUM - TURF - 4TH QUARTER TIMEOUT - NIGHT**

WHITE CLEATS moonwalk backwards on a verdure of green turf. Oscar shrugs his shoulder pads at: THE ORLANDO SHARK DEFENSE; hands on their helmets, tuckered out, determined. Oscar unbuckles his chinstrap. Entering his huddle:

OSCAR  
Where's the magic fellas?

**INT. 25 YARD LINE - (CONTINUOUS)**

Taped knuckles PUNCH the cage-mask of an Orlando Safety.

BRYAN  
Smoked ya!

OSCAR  
Bryan!

Yellow flag.

REF  
Personal foul.

REF signals Bryan out of the game.

REF  
That man's gone.

BRYAN  
No screw you too!

Donnie sits Indian style on a Super Bowl turf logo. He removes his cleat and showers rubber pellets out of it.

OSCAR  
Donnie!

DONNIE  
These things are cancerous!

**INT. HOME SIDELINES - (CONTINUOUS)**

Coach Arnold marches up his sideline... then to a Line Judge:

COACH ARNOLD  
Damn it! Bryan and Donnie every  
game this season you've been  
knockin' brains out. GODS DAMNIT.

Coach Arnold shoves the Line Judge and SPITS GUM at his face.

**INT. LA STADIUM - (CONTINUOUS)**

Thousands of fans. Lightning Cheerleaders do a number on the end zone turf. An Orlando Shark Mascot PLAY FIGHTS against Lightning Larry. They get in the way of the chain gang.

**INT. DELUXE BOXES - (CONTINUOUS)**

IMPORTANT MEN & WOMEN are wearing fashionably tight, amusing suits and skirts. Taking martinis and hors d'oeuvres from catering trays. Everyone's gorgeous. Happy. None of them are beset by the standards of mortal human life. Especially:

ZEUS

60s, with his hands around two Lightning Cheerleaders.

ZEUS

I love this game!

A Caterer offers an umbrella cocktail to:

CALYPSO

30s, staring at her deluxe box window reflection. She delicately waves a finger meaning 'no, I don't drink', however her skimpy dress contemplates otherwise.

ZEUS (O.S.)

Take the drink you bitch! Haha..!

Calypso reacts away from the deluxe box window, transitioning to:

**THE STADIUM SCOREBOARD**

Los Angeles 24      00:03      Orlando 29

OSCAR (O.S)

Trojan sneak on one, Trojan sneak  
on one! Break-!

**INT. 25 YARD LINE - (CONTINUOUS)**

O Linemen CLAP out of their huddle, they about face to the line of scrimmage... Bryan's back in the game, Oscar, behind him, eyeing the enemy:

HECTOR LEWIS

Orlando's insane linebacker, pumps up his defense.

HECTOR  
ARRRR. HARRRGRRGG-

Oscar readies underneath his #69 CENTER. Both of them check: Receivers. Call an audible. Dolly a motion.

OSCAR  
Forty twooo!

HECTOR  
HARRGGHRGGRG-

ON THE O-LINE:

DONNIE  
How are you even back in again  
Bryan? Get out of here.

BRYAN  
(flicks off)  
You.

CENTER  
Guys! Get focused!

OSCAR  
Forty two---- set. HIKE!

AT THE SNAP:

Oscar pivots back. Play action. HELMETS CLASH at the line of scrimmage. Orlando Defensive Linemen shed blocks dangerously close to Oscar... one of them CRUSHES Oscar's knees... but the knees never hit the ground; instead, Oscar sprints up, he evades tackles, he's almost out of bounds--

OSCAR  
Oh shit!

HECTOR  
C'MERE!

Hector digs his helmet - and an O.S CRACK OF LIGHTNING happens when OSCAR TRUCKS HECTOR - OSCAR GAINS YARDS - JUKES:

**INT. DELUXE BOXES - (SAME)**

Important Men & Women stand quickly, seeing:

**THE FIELD**

Oscar SPREADING LIKE AN EAGLE over the endzone, he SWIRLS DOWN from the air... until his eyes meet:

STARLA

30s, standing in the stands. Wearing a sparkly blue dress.

TWO PAPARAZZI MEN

Take photos of Starla. She turns around.

STARLA

Thank you!

PAPARAZZI MAN #1

No just keep watching the game!

TOM UNITUS

Younger than 10, clenches onto Starla's waist.

TOM

Up! Up! Up!

Starla picks up Tom so he can see:

TOM

Daddy!

OSCAR PLANTS THE ENDZONE.

**EXT. LA STADIUM SKYLINES - (CONTINUOUS)**

Fireworks erupt. Confetti. Then THUNDER.

**INT. DELUXE BOXES - (CONTINUOUS)**

Important Men & Women CHEER.

Zeus almost spills his umbrella cocktail.

ZEUS

Whoops. YAH WE WON!!

CALYPSO

Damnit Zeus! You made him invincible-

ZEUS  
Whoa, not right now Calypso.

POOF- Calypso vanishes away when Zeus BLINKS at her.

**INT. GAME WINNING ENDZONE - (CONTINUOUS)**

Oscar crawls out of a pile of players. So many people come on the field that shouldn't be on the field. Cameras:

OSCAR  
Get off me!

Oscar stands and throws the football. He runs and leaps onto the endzone wall. Fans pull him up and over the wall. Oscar balances with them and CELEBRATES!

OSCAR  
Eyyyyy we did it el ayyyy!

Fans keep up the energy! Starla waves hello from many rows over. She poses. For. PAPARAZZI PHOTOGRAPHY!

PAPARAZZI MAN #2  
Angle the ass please!

Oscar rips off his helmet.

OSCAR  
These guys serious?

Oscar drops his helmet. Shoves away his fans.

PAPARAZZI MAN #2  
Tom, smile or something. You lost?  
Hey man, can we get him something?

PAPARAZZI MAN #1  
Hang on I've got rubber here.

Paparazzi Man #1 pats down his cargo vest.

TOM  
Mom, what's he doing?

**HIGH IN THE STADIUM - (CONTINUOUS)**

Orlando Fans THROW beer bottles and plushy lightning bolts.

**INT. DELUXE BOXES - (CONTINUOUS)**

ZEUS  
Look at him go!

**LOW IN THE STADIUM - (CONTINUOUS)**

Oscar's running effortlessly... a bottle CLATTERS off his  
brittled face paint... he's unphased.

Paparazzi Man #1 grabs a rubber duck from his cargo vest and  
SQUEAKS the rubber duck when Oscar TACKLES HIM.

OSCAR  
You're next!

Oscar climbs up and CLEAT KICKS Paparazzi Man #2.

OSCAR  
You ever say "angle yourself" to my  
girl again, I'll eat you both.

THE CROWD  
Do it. Do it. Do it. Do it...

Oscar joins Starla. They kiss when the moment's right.

TOM  
Yayyyy...

**INT. DELUXE BOXES - SAME**

ZEUS  
Boom! That's how we make a love  
story folks.

The Important Men & Women stare at Zeus like he's a weirdo.

ZEUS  
Okay time to go.

POOF. Everyone's gone.

Except the Caterers. They begin looting the place.

**INT. 50 YARD LINE - MOMENTS LATER**

It's a post-game interview. Oscar's surrounded by Media,  
Coach Arnold, Starla, Tom, most of the Team... then:

ESPN COMMENTATOR LISA WATERS.  
 (She looks like a young Joan Rivers)

LISA  
 Starla you look absolutely gorgeous  
 tonight, who are you wearing?

STARLA  
 It's Blue. By Blue Lightning.

LISA  
 Fantastic.

A media person bestows Starla a bow tied tequila bottle.

OSCAR  
 Here we go.

Oscar strips the tequila before hand off.

LISA  
 And now the Demigod Oscar Unitus,  
 congratulations on the win, you've  
 finally become the all time winning  
 champion in American sports  
 history, however it looks like you  
 might've actually killed Hector  
 Lewis. Take a look.

ON THE TITAN TRON THERE'S A SLOW MOTION REPLAY OF: Oscar's  
 truck against Hector Lewis. It's terrifying.

OSCAR (O.S)  
 Ehhh right about-

Hector's EYES ROLL in the back of his head.

OSCAR  
 NOW! DEAD!

Oscar pops open and swigs the tequila.

LISA  
 Incredible.

OSCAR  
 You got it.

**EXT. ORLANDO'S ENDZONE TUNNEL - (SAME)**

Bryan and Donnie slap away the butts and shoulder pads of  
 heartbroken Orlando Football Players. Then a LIGHTNING FAN  
 with two beer bottles underhand tosses them to Donnie.

FAN  
Donnie catch!

Donnie catches the two beer bottles. He hands one to Bryan.

DONNIE  
Gods bless.

BRYAN  
Cheers.

TOGETHER THEY BASH THE BOTTLES against their helmets. They drink what's left. The Orlando Shark Mascot passes by them.

LISA  
Oscar it's obviously you alcoholics  
look ready for a good time later.

OSCAR  
Well we've been trying to keep our  
shit together all season but-  
BRYAN, DONNIE! GET AWAY FROM HIM!

Donnie & Bryan approach the Orlando Shark Mascot.

OSCAR  
But after that terrible blocking on  
the last play there I'll probably  
never trust these guys again.

Team and Coach Arnold chuckle next to Oscar.

OSCAR  
Seriously. It was bad.

LISA  
Oh Oscar. So tell us then.  
Where's the party? Disneyland?  
Mars? C'mon let America know.

COACH ARNOLD  
Tell'm Osc!

Starla grimaces.

OSCAR  
I'm not doing anything before I go  
home Lisa... but...  
(Oscar puckers up)  
TEAM'S GOING TO CATALINA! YAAA!!!

Bryan and Donnie DOUBLE TEAM DDT the Orlando Shark Mascot.

OSCAR  
YA BABY!

**LIGHTNING!**

**TITLE CARD: "OSCAR AND THE DEMIGODS"**

**LIGHTNING TO:**

**EXT. ATLANTIS - DAY**

Fuzzy clouds surround an island that looks strikingly similar to Catalina. An OCEAN CLIFF. An ANCIENT MEDITERRANEAN MANSION with facinating gardens and ruined architecture.

**INT. MANSION ROOM - (CONTINUOUS)**

Around the glow of a fire are treasures de'art, scrolls, archery equipment, arrows scattered on a marble floor.

Burning wood is about to fall in a stone fireplace, then above it all is an OIL PAINTING of Greece's most dangerous mythological creatures, like minotaurs, skeletons, skelators, goat devils, posing for their team photo in the Underworld.

CALYPSO

Why'd Hades give me this painting?

Calypso turns away from her painting, wearing another, ill-advised dress.

CALYPSO

What's wrong with you, stop looking at me like that.

POSEIDON

The ethereal God of the Ocean himself in a plain white toga.

POSEIDON

What slave devil on Earth dressed you today?

CALYPSO

Don't take this out on me.

POSEIDON

He cheated. They all did.

CALYPSO

And you couldn't even be there to watch it.

POSEIDON

I didn't have to, because I knew I'd lose, then wonder, why, why my teams can't ever win.

CALYPSO

You relied on Hector too much.

POSEIDON

No it was always about Zeus, the teams he's had, his obsession with Oscar, him winning year after year then another year after that I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE.

CALYPSO

Calm down.

POSEIDON

Twenty Super Bowls in a row. Back in the day I used to win. You even did.

CALYPSO

Tell me about it then, about, back in the day.

Calypso walks past Poseidon.

POSEIDON

It was a long time ago.

Calypso comes to her treasures.

CALYPSO

Thousands of years of war, fighting.

POSEIDON

It's called football Calypso, we never meant it for the weak.

Calypso grabs an arrow, an archery bow.

CALYPSO

The heroes lost. My own children, sacrificed... losing their minds...

Poseidon's far enough away.

CALYPSO  
Was it worth it?

POSEIDON  
My brothers and I are voting you  
out of the league.

HER BOW FINGERS PULL FAST at Poseidon, the arrow LAUNCHES  
across the room and SHOOTS THROUGH POSEIDON AS IF HE'S MIST.

POSEIDON  
Atlantis hasn't won a game in ten  
thousand years.

CALYPSO  
Did Zeus really have to wipe us off  
the planet though?

Poseidon comes forth and STEALS the bow from her hands.

POSEIDON  
He didn't.

Poseidon THROWS the bow in the fireplace.

CALYPSO  
Weak.

Calypso tries saving the bow from the fire. It turns to ash.

POSEIDON  
And that's why you must help me end  
their reign.. become one of us. A  
Goddess.

Calypso's spellbound by the glow of the fire.

CALYPSO  
You don't have the power to change  
me.

POSEIDON  
Then how about I help make you the  
queen of el ay.

Calypso nods with affirmation.

POSEIDON  
Claim their beaches. Have  
Hollywood bow to your  
consolidation.

CALYPSO  
And then I'll destroy it all...

POSEIDON

... you'll be remembered for it.

Calypso closes her eyes from the glow of the fire. She stands. Turns. And joins Poseidon:

POSEIDON

You're glowing...

CALYPSO

... you are c'mere-

Calypso grabs Poseidon and they make out furiously.

**MOMENTS LATER**

on the mansion marble floor: Poseidon and Calypso are wrapped inside his white toga. And suddenly:

POSEIDON

Fucking Oscar.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY**

The Annual Super Bowl Clean Up Day has begun. Volunteers. Children. Hung Over Party Animals. Pick up float debris. Parade roses. Party trash. Vile things. Yucky.

**EXT. THE HARBOR, LOS ANGELES - (CONTINUOUS)**

It's somewhat sterile and uneventful here except for a couple of Fisherman having a cigar in front of a Harbor Café.

RIPPLES OF WATER bounce off dock pillars. Sides of sailboats. Charters. Dingies. A pearly and white SCHOONER.

**INT. OSCAR'S SCHOONER CABIN - (CONTINUOUS)**

Streams of sunlight shatter upon a claustrophobic mess.

Literature. Empty first aid kits. Clothes. Papers. Superstar accolades. A tiny bed with Oscar and Starla, pretending to be asleep.

Oscar SNORES AWAKE.

Starla scoffs behind his back.

**INT. TINY SCHOONER BATHROOM - (CONTINUOUS)**

Oscar's face is joyful, moving around, and about to SING:

OSCAR  
 EVERY BOAT.  
 HAS ITS UPS AND DOWNS.  
 SOMETIMES THE UPS!  
 OUTNUMBER THE DOWWWWNS.  
 NOT ON OSCAR'S BOAAAAAAAAAAAA--

**knock knock knock**

STARLA (O.S)  
 Oscar I gotta pee and go--!

**knock knock knock**

**INT. SCHOONER HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER**

A panel extension is weighted down with boxes of 90s cereal, condiments, and survival beer. Oscar enters with a breakfast plate. He sits in a crescent booth and stares at his plate.

We hear MUFFLED RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

OSCAR  
 Is there a goddamn earthquake?

TWO DOCKBOYS

Late teens, trot down the companionway, in front of Oscar. They seem antsy.

DOCKBOY #1  
 Okay you're all set. Boat's clean.

DOCKBOY #2  
 Spit n'shined as requested.

OSCAR  
 Forgot your names.

DOCKBOY #2  
 We're kinda in a hurry.

OSCAR  
 Cool I don't care I need you guys.

DOCKBOY #1

Really man, we've got two tickets to Ajax's party tonight, we're not gunna beat traffic.

OSCAR

You're going to Ajax's party.. and not mine.. I thought I invited you?

DOCKBOY #2

You did. But we're scared of you, and we're scared of the ocean.

OSCAR

Ajax carries around a metal axe all the time how're you not scared of that?

The Dockboys swap a look.

DOCKBOY #1

He does?

OSCAR

Yeah and he's destined to electrocute everyone with it. Now. Get to the top of my boat. Please.

Oscar insists with his arms.

Dockboy #1 & #2 turn around and leave.

**EXT. SCHOONER POOP DECK - (CONTINUOUS)**

Dockboy #1 & #2 scurry around the poop deck. They lift boat cushions, hoses, Dockboy #1 goes behind the steering panel. He only sees Oscar's boombox. Dockboy #2 comes at:

OSCAR

I hired you two for one thing!

DOCKBOY #2

What's the label say again?

OSCAR

I forget.

DOCKBOY #1

Gods!

OSCAR

Don't... don't you say that.

DOCKBOY #2  
Dude, I got bills-

OSCAR  
HEY. See these?

Oscar holds out an 'okay sign'. No rings.

OSACR (CON'T)  
Twenty Super Bowl rings and being a demigod off of football doesn't get you anywhere without drinking my ass off on tequila and holy shit what'a sunrise.

Oscar gazes the Sun...

DOCKBOY #1  
Yeah Sun's cool, but can we go now?

OSCAR  
Not until you find my bottle.

STARLA (O.S.)  
Oscar you impetuous asshole!

OSCAR  
Hang on.

DOCKBOY #2  
Gods she so hot dude- oh shit-

Oscar didn't hear that, he's distracted by:

Starla. Standing with excellent posture on Oscar's dock slip. Waiting for answers.

Oscar faces the Dockboys.

OSCAR  
There's a McDonalds across the harbor. Get me hashbrowns, potatoes, and a Happy Meal.

DOCKBOY #1  
But McDonald's doesn't sell potatoes, you're thinking of Wendy's.

GO. Oscar kicks a leg. The Dockboys hurry off the schooner. They land on his dock slip and pass by Starla.

STARLA  
Osc?

OSCAR

Yes.

STARLA

I was in Malibu and uhm, there was this 'for sale' sign out in our yard? Know anything about that?

OSCAR

Negative.

STARLA

Are you selling our house?

Oscar turns his back. On Starla:

OSCAR (O.S.)

Starla? Honey?

Oscar goes behind the steering panel and presses 'play' on his boombox. Jock music BLARES:

OSCAR

WHAT??? HUH?!

STARLA

I JUST WANTED TO KNOW IF WE'RE LIVING ON A BOAT NOW!

OSCAR

YEAH, WE ARE.

Starla shakes her head with much disappointment. She leaves.

Oscar pinches his eyelids. He DANCES quick.

**INT. RANDOM TV STUDIO - DAY**

Bryan's staring down. Then:

INSERT - A CELLPHONE IN BRYAN'S HAND

It's cracked and turned off.

We pull back to see Bryan sitting as a background actor within a LIVE AUDIENCE.

Everyone's dressed dapper except Bryan.

His body clues countless concussions from last night.

His cell phone BEEPS.

BRYAN  
Not again.

**INT. DONNIE'S APARTMENT - (SAME)**

Donnie's dressing himself for sailing, fast like a crackhead, cell phone in one hand, pencil in the other, it doesn't matter which apartment room we're in because he only has one.

DONNIE  
Pick it up pick it up pick it up...

BRYAN (V.O AUTOMATED MESSAGE)  
"Ey you selected Bryan Hall, pro athlete, wrestler, and actor, so I obviously can't come to the phone right now which means ya gotta take a ride, on the wild side".

(BEEP)

DONNIE  
Bryan pick up the phone I'm ready for the ocean!

**INT. RANDOM TV STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER**

Bryan's applauding as loud as he can. He drops his cell phone when he wipes a tear back.

A DIRECTOR & HIS CAMERA CREW

Film the Live Audience at their best.

Then a BIG HUGE CAMERA comes uncomfortably close to Bryan:

BRYAN  
Yaaaa cheek-ohh. Whreewww...

OTHER BIG HUGE CAMERAS on set catch FOUR FAMILY ACTORS about to take a seat at their home kitchen table.

BRYAN  
Oh here we go! Big scene!

The actors eat dinner, in peace and quiet. Then they START SCREAMING AT EACH OTHER.

BRYAN  
Ohhh!

STUDIO LIGHTS dim when the Father and Mother FREEZE as they're about to throw their dinner food.

BRYAN  
(guffawing)  
Gods this shit is funny!

A red recording light turns off. Audience gets up. Leaves.

BRYAN  
Fantastic. Fantastic you guys!

Bryan stays in his seat and makes sure everyone's gone, he grabs a PBR underneath his butt. Opens it, sips, 'yuck'.

BRYAN  
Long day though.

Silence.

DIRECTOR (O.S)  
Cut!

CREW  
Cut cut cut cut cut...

Crew cleans up. Actors reset.

BRYAN  
Man I hate this shit, cow piss--  
(he takes a big gulp)  
-- And where the hell is Kevin!?

O.S BRUNCH BELL!

BRYAN  
Thank Zeus I'm starvin'.

Everyone leaves for brunch. Except:

THE DIRECTOR  
You're supposed to like the beer!

The Director puts on an LA Lightning Football hat.

BRYAN  
No man you heard the bell.

Suddenly Bryan's PERSONAL ASSISTANT runs past The Director.

His name is KEVIN with a bagel in his hand.

KEVIN  
Sorry I got a bagel for you.

BRYAN  
No! Damn it Kevin I need my phone,  
shit! FRANK!?!

THE DIRECTOR  
I'm right here.

Bryan THROWS the bagel at everyone on set.

BRYAN  
Kevin grab my phone I'm calling  
SAG.

Kevin grabs Bryan's cell phone. He hands it to Bryan.

BRYAN  
No I don't want it anymore. Just  
go.

Kevin leaves Bryan alone.

BRYAN  
I'm getting angry now!

THE DIRECTOR  
(coming to Bryan:)  
Bryan. What's wrong pal?

BRYAN  
I have no idea what I'm doing.

THE DIRECTOR  
Laugh normally like everyone else.  
Then wait for the camera to leave.  
(walks away, then back:)  
Drink the entire can this time.

Bryan squints confusion.

THE DIRECTOR  
People! No brunch! We gotta get  
this done.

BRYAN  
Hang on. Who am I?

THE DIRECTOR  
C'mon you prepped right? Read the  
script? Big scene?

BRYAN  
I can't read.

THE DIRECTOR

You're supposed to be playing Lenny Unitus- Oscar's dad who's football career sank in Los Angeles, then he became a laugher to try and save his marriage and kid.

BRYAN

What? Oscar told me this was a beer commercial.

THE DIRECTOR

I know, and you shouldn't trust anyone.

The Director comes uncomfortably close to Bryan:

THE DIRECTOR.

Hey. I love Los Angeles Lightning Football- I know Zeus doesn't know it yet, but, the man up there owes you guys BIG TIME for making this town great again.

BRYAN

Hell Hollywood still sucks.

(beat)

Kicked out of the Marines, somehow got drafted by you guys, c'mon Frank I can't save this place on my own.

THE DIRECTOR

My name's not Frank.

BRYAN

Just won the Super Bowl, and here now, about to act in a movie or some porno my special little quarterback wrote (sniff), he and my brother were on a kick for like, nine days drawing this thing before the game.

THE DIRECTOR

Bryan if we don't finish this take we're screwed and no one's getting paid. You like money, right?

BRYAN

Nah I'm gettin' brunch.

Bryan gets up.

THE DIRECTOR  
 Hey! This is work. And you  
 football guys should know that but-  
 (he takes off his LA  
 Lightning Football cap)  
 Maybe el ay doesn't need football.

BRYAN  
 You wanna get polarized?

THE DIRECTOR  
 Excuse me?

BRYAN  
 (stress the I)  
 Pullerized. Vised. Viiiized.

THE DIRECTOR  
 You're a terrible actor.

BRYAN HALL  
 (clairvoyant)  
 Do you want me to pulverize you?

**INT. RANDOM TV STUDIO HALLWAY - (SAME)**

Kevin's listening to Bryan's cell phone.

KEVIN  
 Okay I'll tell him.

Kevin walks back on set, passes The Director, comes to Bryan:

KEVIN  
 Mister Bryan? It's your brother.

BRYAN  
 Hell?  
 (he grabs Kevin's  
 cellphone)  
 Hello?

**INT. DONNIE'S APARTMENT - (SAME)**

Donnie's surprised to talk:

DONNIE  
 Bryan! Finally. Got another idea.  
 We're all gunna star in this new  
 movie about us saving a kid-

SHIT! Donnie bangs into a kitchen wall.

**INT. RANDOM TV STUDIO - (SAME)**

Bryan presses 'speaker' on his cell phone and holds it out.

DONNIE (V.O THROUGH SPEAKER)  
 ... with a flying cotton candy hot  
 dog. Huh? You there bro!?

BRYAN  
 This. This is what I have to deal  
 with every single day.

Bryan clocks out.

BRYAN  
 See ya whenever...

**EXT. THE HARBOR, PARKING LOT - DAY**

A shabby Econoline pulls into a parking spot. The Two Fisherman smoking their cigars admire the air... then an open top Porsche... Bryan's head follows suit... to another spot:

Bryan and Donnie exit their respectable cars, same time, dressed for sailing.

BRYAN  
 You serious about earlier? You  
 guys understand that everything's  
 going to shit right now!?

A skinny lizard LEAPS from Donnie's Econoline front seat.

It scatters on the pavement.

DONNIE  
 Guy caused the worst pileup.

BRYAN  
 Where'd you even get that thing?  
 And where is everyone?

COACH ARNOLD (V.O RADIO)  
 Lizard 22, come in, Lizard 22...

Donnie goes to a DISPATCH RADIO that's duck taped to his interior Econoline dashboard. He confidently responds:

DONNIE  
 This is 22-

COACH ARNOLD (V.O RADIO)  
22 where the hell are you Donnie?  
You're not picking up on the map.

DONNIE  
Cool your bolts coach, we're here.

**EXT. SKY - (CONTINUOUS)**

THREE SETS OF SPINNING ROTOR BLADES reveal: a FLYING CHINOOK  
wiping across Long Beach.

**INT. FLYING CHINOOK - (CONTINUOUS)**

The Lightning Team SHAKES FROM TURBULENCE; holding on tight.

DONNIE  
A Chinook, Bryan. Oscar had it  
right.

COACH ARNOLD (V.O RADIO)  
We're coming in!

Donnie yanks off the dispatch radio from his dashboard, then  
he sees: Bryan, walking to his Porsche.

BRYAN  
(checks: Donnie)  
Don't even think about it.

Donnie drops the dispatch radio on the parking lot pavement.

**EXT. OSCAR'S DOCK SLIP - (SAME)**

Oscar's standing on his dock slip, in front of his schooner,  
he raises a pair of binoculars and FOCUSES THEM ON:

McDonald's... drive thru traffic... then a **HONK.**

**EXT. BRYAN'S PORSCHE - (SAME)**

Donnie's in Bryan's driver seat and he won't stop honking.

DONNIE  
So then I pancaked the kid, took  
his mom out to dinner, dropped his  
sister off at college.

Bryan inches in front of Donnie.

BRYAN  
 If you don't get out my car in  
 three seconds I'll kill your  
 lizard.

Donnie exits Bryan's Porsche with a smile.

BRYAN  
 Thank you.

Donnie goes to his Econoline and SLIDES OPEN his backdoor.  
 HIS HANDS DIG IN AN OPEN ICE COOLER.

BRYAN  
 What are you doing now you lunatic?

Donnie pulls out a handful of imported beer bottles, then he  
 throws them everywhere. CLATTER CLATTER CLATTER CLATTER.

BRYAN  
 Yo.

Donnie pulls out a 24 OZ PBR.

DONNIE  
 Think we're gunna die tonight?

Bryan gags.

**EXT. OSCAR'S DOCK SLIP - (SAME)**

Oscar itches out a cell phone out from his underwear, dials  
 it, then listens to:

DOCKBOY #1 (AUTOMATED MESSAGE)  
 Hi you've reached Dockboy number  
 one and I'm out muffin' your boat-

(stupid laughter)

OSCAR  
 Holy shit! You dock shits better  
 get back with my food right now-

(BEEP)

OSCAR  
 Holy shit, you guys, better get  
 your asses- ah screw it.

Oscar throws his cellphone.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - (SAME)**

Donnie's shaking a canister of orange spray paint.

DONNIE

They need a marker to land.

Donnie's walking backwards and SPRAYING LINES on pavement.

BRYAN

I don't understand why everyone's  
so insane.

DONNIE

C'mon we're just trying to have  
some fun. You need to lighten' up.

Donnie finishes his last line. Bryan's anxious.

Then there's a different kind of CAR HONK. Bryan and Donnie  
look over at:

JEREMY KENZINGTON

The Unitus' personal UBER driver waving hello from inside of  
his SUV: Tom's in the backseat chowing down on a Happy Meal.

BRYAN

Who the hell are these guys now?

DONNIE

It's Tom dude.

Tom and Jeremy exit the SUV and head toward Donnie and Bryan.

DONNIE

Hear it on the news Tom?

TOM

I didn't uncle Donnie.

DONNIE

Hector's head wouldn't stay on  
after the Super Bowl. Doctors had  
to abort everything. Real mess.

Tom giggles. Hugs Donnie. Too tight.

DONNIE

Okay that's enough.

Jeremy peruses a PORTA-POTTY placed against the Harbor Café.

BRYAN

So what number are you on Oscar's  
personal bitch list?

Jeremy's already in the porta-potty and he SLAMS the door.

TOM

Hey! That's not very nice.

BRYAN

Sorry kid, but your dad's spendin'  
too much money on useless shit.

**EXT. HARBOR CAFÉ - (CONTINUOUS)**

Starla walks forward with a coffee. She looks up at the sky  
when she hears CHINOOK NOISES.

STARLA

(sighs)

Oscar.

**EXT. OCEAN - (SAME)**

THE CHINOOK angles against the parking lot.

Tom and Donnie cover from WIND SHEER. The Chinook DESCENDS  
to an orange florescent lightning bolt marked on the parking  
lot pavement. Wheels touch down. Rotor blades stay idle.

**INT/EXT. CHINOOK COCKPIT - (CONTINUOUS)**

Larry and Coach pull their headsets. Both get up. Jaunt  
past the Lightning Team. Come out the back hatch:

DONNIE

Coach. How are ya?

COACH ARNOLD

Team's more than ready.

BRYAN

Yeah? HOW WE DOIN' FELLAS!?

TEAM

(mashing and bashing)

...ayyy ay arrrr...

**EXT. HARBOR CAFÉ - (SAME)**

A hidden back door OPENS and Oscar sneaks outside, with two Bloody Mary's, he walks STRAIGHT past Starla.

OSCAR  
Sweet coffee-

STARLA  
Hey! Are we ever gunna talk?

**EXT. PARKING LOT - (CONTINUOUS)**

Larry Lightning HIGH FIVES Tom.

BRYAN  
Coach I didn't know you were a pilot.

COACH ARNOLD  
I'm not.

Larry Lightning and Tom walk on a DOCK RAMP and over to greet: Oscar with his Bloody Mary's.

OSCAR  
Who're you again?

LIGHTNING LARRY  
Larry Lightning sir. Zeus hired me to help the team and do your special effects, remember?

OSCAR  
Don't ever touch my kid again.

BACK AT:

BRYAN  
Coach, Oscar's gettin' pissed, we should go.

COACH ARNOLD  
That's fine. We understand time's a factor as usual. We'll see you three in Avalon.

Coach Arnold sticks out a fist with TWENTY DIAMOND RINGS.

COACH ARNOLD  
Champions.

Coach and Bryan FIST-BUMP.

Coach walks back to his Chinook and climbs inside the back hatch. Teammates close the back hatch, but only halfway.

**EXT. DOCK RAMP - (SAME)**

Starla watches Oscar mouth something horrible to Larry Lightning. Then Oscar shoves his two Bloody's in Larry's puffy white gloves. Oscar takes Tom by the hand and they take a walk to Bryan in the parking lot.

The Bloody Mary's slip out of Larry Lightning's puffy white gloves because can't handle them.

Starla leaves him alone. She follows Oscar and Tom.

THE CHINOOK ASCENDS FROM THE PARKING LOT:

And Lightning Larry RUNS from the dock ramp, to the Chinook's back hatch... HE JUMPS ON THE HATCH DOOR BEFORE IT FULLY CLOSES... the Chinook VEERS to the Sun...

TOM

And Daddy! Guess what?!

OSCAR

Chicken butt!

TOM

I scored again today.

OSCAR

That's great! How many touchdowns??

TOM

No! I scored cheeseburgers with Jeremy!

Tom pulls out a cheeseburger from his Happy Meal bag.

OSCAR

Nice one.

Starla disapproves.

STARLA

Jeremy c'mon! I'm not waiting anymore.

Jeremy slams out of the porta-potty. Disgusting.

OSCAR

Jay you better drive safe.

STARLA  
Well I guess then, bon voyage!  
Sweet helicopter!

Oscar grits.

OSCAR  
Not fair, Star.

Starla whispers "no".

OSCAR  
Okay why, you know, that I know,  
that Bryan and Donnie and the rest  
of the world knew that we we're  
gunna win the Super Bowl.

STARLA  
You can't even take your son to  
Disneyland.

OSCAR  
It's Catalina though! We've been  
planning this forever.

Bryan and Donnie sense tension. They leave.

STARLA  
Why'd you sell our house?

OSCAR  
Who needs it anymore?

TOM  
Yayyyy!

STARLA  
That was my parent's!

OSCAR  
Starla-

STARLA  
We're not living on that boat,  
Oscar.

OSCAR  
Well talk. Guys? Boat's ready.

TOM  
Awesome where we headin'.

OSCAR  
Ohhhh, not you too little guy.  
We're going to hellllllllll.

TOM  
Nooo.. (giggles)

Oscar DRAGS TOM up on his shoulders like a good weekend dad.

STARLA  
Please be safe.

OSCAR  
Okay.

STARLA  
Will you?

BRYAN  
Absolutely not.

DONNIE  
Huh?

CUT:

**EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY**

"I <3 WINNING" is etched on the schooner's stern. Sails are forward and off to some pretty perfect conditions in the sky.

Seagulls, miniature yachts, sailboats, race the CATALINA FERRY on an afternoon schedule.

**EXT. SCHOONER POOP DECK - SAILING - (CONTINUOUS)**

Oscar's polishing a surfboard with a wax puck:  
Bryan's netted in a hammock strung: between Bimini pipes.

BRYAN  
Oscar? How come you hire weirdos  
to do everything for you?

OSCAR  
You mean Jeremy? He's just our  
personal Uber guy, an old friend-

DONNIE RUSHES THE CAMERA. BOOM.

Donnie and Oscar go overboard with a BIG SPLASH.

BRYAN  
Great hit Donnie.

Oscar resurfaces. Then Donnie.

OSCAR  
 Asshole. My phone shocked me and  
 fell out of my underwear.

DONNIE  
 That's for talking mean about us  
 our whole lives.

Oscar swims to the stern. Climbs aboard.

BRYAN  
 Osc are we there yet? I'm ready to  
 celebrate my ass off.

OSCAR  
 We've only gone a mile.

A 24 OZ PBR flies over Oscar's head.

OSCAR  
 Bryan!

BRYAN  
 I thought he said he wanted one!

Donnie climbs aboard without the PBR. He gimps fast to the  
 beverage cooler. He opens it. Digs his hands.

DONNIE  
 We only have half left guys!

BRYAN  
 Easy man, I've got everything  
 handled.. keep doin' your thing.

Bryan squiggles out of his hammock.

BRYAN  
 Gonna take a ride, on the wild  
 side.

Bryan goes down the companionway and SHUTS the companionway  
 door behind him.

Oscar sits on a seat cushion.

OSCAR  
 So when are we gunna get my dad's  
 death scene down. Have you talked  
 to him about it yet?

DONNIE

You know it's funny. I don't think they'll have enough blood to use on set, Bryan's gonna have to let us use his.

OSCAR

That's fine, and thanks for helping me out again, my dad's movie is going to be something else.

DONNIE

Figure out a title yet?

OSCAR

Not yet.

The PBR floats farther away. Then a light from Oscar's cabin window FLICK ON AND OFF AND OFF AND----

OSCAR

BRYAN.

**INT. OSCAR'S HEADQUARTERS - (SAME)**

Bryan's on his cell phone, toying with panel switches.

BRYAN

No. I'm done. Why? Because I hate this whole thing. No. Just do it. Kevin! Or Frank! Whatever. I'll come down and strangle you though. I'll come down to your house tonight and strangle you.

**EXT. POOP DECK - (CONTINUOUS)**

Donnie studies a fishing pole in a bimini cup.

DONNIE

Neat.

The PBR floats near Oscar's reach, he grabs it, sits back.

OSCAR

And ever since we started doing this Hollywood football thing, I felt like you and I, the Team, we're actually a family now.

Donnie grabs a lure from the floor. Looks at it.

DONNIE

Love ya Osc.

OSCAR

And I love you too man, but-

Donnie THROWS the pole while holding the line, the lure, the pole splashes on the ocean... it floats... sinks.

OSCAR

You're supposed to tie the lure to the line, then cast the pole.

DONNIE

Huh?

**INT. OSCAR AND STARLA'S CABIN - (SAME)**

Bryan's snooping through Oscar and Starla's personal belongings. He ganders literature. "Moby Dick". Bryan takes it off the shelf but remembers he can't read.

OSCAR

I also sorta regret that we placed Bryan as the main lead.

DONNIE

He's got spunk though.

BRYAN (O.S)

I just told Frank I quit!

OSCAR

No way!

BRYAN

The script is awful!

Bryan stumbles into a mess of clothes and his foot clunks into a tequila bottle. He picks it up. Walks out.

OSCAR

I didn't know Bryan couldn't read.

Oscar shakes his head, and wonders up, at: THE CATALINA FERRY cruising across the horizon. Under storm clouds.

OSCAR

Better not rain tonight.

DONNIE

Do the fish eventually bite the pole?

Donnie walks away, holding the fishing line like a kite.

OSCAR  
Careful Donnie it's slippery.

Bryan comes up from the companionway with Oscar's game winning tequila bottle. Joins Donnie:

BRYAN  
Aren't we going a little fast for  
you to be trolling?

OSCAR  
You found my bottle, thanks man-

Bryan doesn't let Oscar have the bottle.

DONNIE  
I've known how to fish since I was  
born on the river.

BRYAN  
That right ya clown? Gimme that  
thing.

Bryan DROPS the tequila bottle and it CLATTERS, he takes the fishing line out of Donnie's hands.

OSCAR  
Now I'm pissed Bryan.

Bryan pulls up on the line. The pole comes out of the ocean.

Bryan fixes the spool. He REELS it.

BRYAN  
Like this.

Bryan CASTS... and we wait FOR A BITE.

OSCAR  
Lucky son of a bitch.

Bryan HEAVES the fishing pole. Donnie ducks down.

**EXT. OCEAN - (CONTINUOUS)**

The fishing line rattles... then a BABY KRAKEN jumps from under the schooner and it AIMS ON BRYAN. BANG.

The baby kraken's head EXPLODES.

OSCAR AND BRYAN  
 WHOA DUDE WOW GOOD GOD WAR.

Donnie lowers a SMOKING SHOTGUN BARREL.

He goes and stands next to Bryan and Oscar; covered in Baby Kraken goo, tentacles, claws, total awe.

DONNIE  
 Always be prepared...

**EXT. SCHOONER BOW - LATER**

Bryan's on his back. Tanning muscle. Cleaning skin.

BRYAN  
 So what the fuck was that and  
 what's our E.T.A Osc?

Oscar's steering from the poop deck. He wipes his face with a towel, and watches: SAIL FLAPS.

OSCAR  
 Well we have about-  
 (he burps)  
 Going about fife and a half knots.  
 Make that six.

BRYAN  
 What?

Sprinkles of rain hit the flaps.

OSCAR  
 I said six! It's a long boat ride.

BRYAN  
 You speak soft!

Oscar bites his lip, he swivels his head at Donnie; covered in goo and sleeping on a seat cushion, hugging the shotgun.

OSCAR  
 Crazy man...

Oscar walks over to Bryan; tanning in a better position.

OSCAR  
 Ready to demigod?

BRYAN  
 I ain't immortal.

OSCAR

Yeah you are.

BRYAN

Really I'm sick of it- you talking 'bout this demigod shit all the time; then movies, football ending. In fact the next time you say some ridiculous bullshit I'll probably murder you.

OSCAR

You love me Bryan.

BRYAN

You're crusty, haven't slept in years, your kid sucks at football cause you're not there for him.

OSCAR

Kay I get it-

BRYAN

Your fiancée is about to go marry your Uber Driver while falling down Tower of Hades Terror. I hate my life. This rain sucks. And then tonight? Deciding to buy out Catalina and make a shitty movie?

OSCAR

That's the craziest thing I've ever heard. Don't forget I made you.

BRYAN

That ain't the point jackass. You already got it *made*.

OSCAR

... like my boat though?

BRYAN

Just be careful man, that's all I'll say about it.

OSCAR

Appreciate the insight.

BRYAN

She's a good catch.. hell.. I'd've married her.

Oscar slowly turns his head.

BRYAN  
I'm joking you insecure asshole.

Oscar politely smiles, then:

QUE MUSIC:

OSCAR (O.S)  
WAKE UP.

**EXT. SCHOONER - WITHOUT RAIN - DAY**

It's anchored and we SEQUENCE: BRYAN AND OSCAR SHAKE DONNIE. SHOVE BABY KRAKEN CLAWS IN HIS MOUTH. DONNIE CLIMBS THE MAST. OSCAR AND BRYAN JUMP OFF THE STERN- HOLD HANDS. DONNIE SQUINTS HIS EYES, TO: **CATALINA**. LAUGHTER.

DONNIE'S LIZARD SCATTERS UP A SAIL.

**EXT. PORTSIDE - DAY**

An anchor SPLASH.

Bryan's on the poop deck, too hungover to be working with the anchor chain.

Bryan thinks it's hooked-- as Donnie pops open an underbow WINDOW HATCH and he pulls Bryan's swimsuit ass. SPLASH.

BRYAN  
Holy shit I can't swim!

Bryan treads on the ocean.

DISPATCH (STATIC)  
ATTENTION. ALL BOATS. BEGIN  
SAILING DUE EAST. WE REPEAT.  
DUE EAST.

OSCAR  
Who touched my shit in the cabin!?

Bryan.

**INT. QUARTERS - (CONTINUOUS)**

There's a DISPATCH STEREO blinking dozens of lights.

DISPATCH (V.O RADIO)  
 ALL BOATS. THERE'S A GIANT...  
 (static)  
 HEADING. NO. IT'S CLOSING.

HARD Krrrr. Signal's gone.

**EXT. STERN - (CONTINUOUS)**

Fishing line SPOOLS out on the ocean.

A giant shadow skims beneath a panel.

The shadow takes a line with it. Line *snips*.

OSCAR  
 Bryan. I'd get back on the boat.

The schooner RUMBLES.

OSCAR  
 Bryan.

**EXT. HIGH IN THE SKY - (SAME)**

Frightened seagulls flock together, gazing over the Catalina Ferry as it SUBMERGES FAST below the ocean. It's gone.

OSCAR  
 Really Bryan. Get on the boat.

**EXT. OSCAR'S SCHOONER - (CONTINUOUS)**

Waves splash on the poop deck. Bryan doggy paddles toward the stern.

**UNDERWATER**

The anchor chain TWIGS. It BREAKS IN HALF. BACK UP TOP:

OSCAR  
 Okay we're moving now.

BRYAN  
 Move the boat back!!

The main mast CREAKS OVER... it TIPS...

OSCAR & DONNIE

Roll port-side. To the steering panel. Oscar PRESSES A RELEASE BUTTON.

THE UNDERWATER ANCHOR CHAIN- RIPS OUT OF A SCHOONER PANEL.

SAILS TIP- and almost on:

Donnie holding onto Oscar. Oscar winces.

We leave Bryan behind.

Oscar slips his hand on the steering wheel, it's too tight to turn, the steering wheel SHOOTS OFF the steering council.

OSCAR  
The fuck was that??

Donnie climbs on top of Oscar, for a better view, then a JERK! They both tumble down the deck...

**EXT. OCEAN - (CONTINUOUS)**

The schooner, Byran, DRIFT TOWARD-

**STORM CLOUDS. LIGHTNING. A WHIRLPOOL!**

LIKE A HURRICANE OF OCEAN WATER... torqueing very slow... along the eye... barbed wire whitewash... GOBBLING oil tankers... yachts... sails... cruise ships... etc...

**EXT. OCEAN - (CONTINUOUS)**

Rain SHOWERS on Oscar's face, his mouth widens. And--

Oscar clenches--

For a **DROP**.

The spinning wall of the ocean is steep, the schooner, Bryan, tilt off the edge... the sky goes quickly up and-

THE SCHOONER FALLS

with Bryan, debris, surfboards... INTO A VORTEX OF FIRE...

**EXT. 405 HIGHWAY - DAY**

Yellow sunshine and blue coast traffic. Cars go beep beep.

**INT. JEREMY'S SUV - MOVING - (CONTINUOUS)**

Jeremy's driving and once in a while gazes the UBER sticker on his windshield. Starla's navigating with a cell phone.

Tom's in the back seat, adjusting his neck rest.

STARLA  
How ya holdin' Tom?

TOM  
I feel kinda sick. You should drive better.

JEREMY  
Okay... but what ride are we going on first? Which one...

TOM  
Why'd you hate my dad?

STARLA  
Tom.

TOM  
What?

STARLA  
That wasn't nice. We'll turn around. No Mickey.

JEREMY  
He didn't mean it.

STARLA  
He did. But thanks.

JEREMY  
You're welcome my queen.

Starla's annoyed with her cell phone.

TOM  
Mom? Is Oscar really my dad?

STARLA  
Everyone just, be normal today, kay? Jeremy? There'll be a lot of people watching us, so pretend to have a nice time, forget all the mean things people been saying lately.

(she turns around)

(MORE)

STARLA (CONT'D)

Did daddy tell you why he couldn't come today?

TOM

He's rejuvenating!

STARLA

He'll be back tomorrow.

TOM

Jeremy can't save us from the barbarian tourists though!

STARLA

Stop talking like your father.

TOM

Daddy!

STARLA

Little prince...

Starla and Tom have a moment of smiles. Jeremy's weirded out. Then Tom grabs a plushy football from the seat over, it slips from his fingers.

JEREMY

Butter fingers.

TOM

What'd you say Germ?!

JEREMY

Nothing.

STARLA

Jeremy?

TOM

Hey. Listen wise ass. My dad taught me everything, I'm even gunna be a pirate one day.

JEREMY

You'll be in a mental institution-

STARLA

Jeremy no Mickey for you!

JEREMY

He started it.

TOM

My dad taught me to defend myself too. One time, one of Uncle Donnie's lizard's was climbing on my mom, and *I saved her life.*

JEREMY

Those guys, give'em up.

TOM

Quiet germ!

Jeremy's startled. Starla rests. Looks out at traffic.

STARLA

He hasn't even proposed yet...

JEREMY

(inquisitive)

Huh.

THE UBER WINDSHIELD PASSES ON THE HIGHWAY... just in time to see Jeremy's face of vengeance.

**EXT. THE GREAT BEACH OF ATLANTIS - DAY**

A bed of sea shells sharpen under a crystal clear water, starfish, mackerel, OSCAR; face deep, seaweed on top of his back muscles, swim shorts, then he COMES ALIVE WITH THE SUN.

**EXT. SHORELINE - (CONTINUOUS)**

Donnie and Bryan fight against a restless riptide, ruining their swimsuits even worse, Bryan falls, he's almost pulled to sea, but Donnie saves him just in the nick of time.

Before they reach safety they come across a large rotten MAMA KRAKEN CARCASS and Oscar's surfboard is sticking out of her twisted mandible, like a toothpick.

BRYAN

The hell is that? Is it dead?

Donnie notices Oscar on the shoreline.

DONNIE

Osc!

Donnie rushes over to Oscar, he tries lifting him, but Oscar's leg GUSHES blood.

DONNIE

Gewl.

Donnie drops him.

BRYAN

Disgusting Oscar. Get it cleaned.

DONNIE

Where do you think we are?

BRYAN

Don't know. But this thing is  
messed up.

DONNIE

Like the one back from the boat?

BRYAN

Without bullet holes though.

Oscar haphazardly tries to stand on his own.

DONNIE

You okay?

Oscar points up.

DONNIE

You're a sick man.

OSCAR

(VOMITS SEA WATER)

I'm alright.

DONNIE

Come on buddy.

They shoulder each other like wounded comrades, reach the  
Mama Kraken Carcass, Oscar hobbles ahead, slides the  
surfboard out from the twisted mandible.

DONNIE

I wonder if I shot her child.

BRYAN

Please don't cry again Donnie.

DONNIE

I won't.

BRYAN

You goin' somewhere too?

Oscar gimps to the ocean, wedging the surfboard under his arm, he throws it on the swell, hops on, and paddles out.

OSCAR  
I'm goin' home!

Bryan raises an eyebrow.

BRYAN  
Poor demigod...

**EXT. ATLANTIS OCEAN - LATER**

Oscar didn't make it far, instead he's straddling on his surfboard, envying an invisible Los Angeles Empire.

**EXT. ATLANTIS BEACH - (CONTINUOUS)**

Bryan and Donnie are sitting in the sand with a long line of trees behind them. Donnie has something in his hand.

DONNIE  
Simon didn't make it.

BRYAN  
I'm kinda sorry about your lizard.

DONNIE  
He was very sick.

Donnie sniffs like he's about to cry, but he stops himself.

DONNIE  
What's Oscar thinkin'?

BRYAN  
Probably about drowning himself.

DONNIE  
Think he's gonna lose it?

BRYAN  
Hundred percent.

A two footer SMACKS Oscar. He falls off his surfboard.

BRYAN  
Watch.

OSCAR  
FUCKING COCK SHIT BALLS...

**EXT. SPACE MOUNTAIN - DISNEYLAND ANAHEIM - DAY**

It's the ass-to-belly, deepest, longest line you could ever imagine. Starla Jeremy and Tom are near the end of it all.

**EXT. OCEAN - (SAME)**

Oscar PUNCHES AND SLAPS water.

OSCAR  
You mother fucking terrible  
surfboard! You're a fucking  
terrible father too! Everyone  
hates you!!

BRYAN  
Yeah he's lost it.

Bryan circles his mouth.

BRYAN  
Ey chico!

OSCAR  
WHAT!?

Oscar calms down. Turns around.

BRYAN  
We'll make a campfire! You,  
Donnie, you can sing us a song!

Oscar thinks... at the sky... then a seagull.

BRYAN  
We'll figure a way outta here man.

OSCAR  
Yeah!?

A FLYING FORMATION OF PEGESI; one of them CHOMPS the seagull.

BRYAN  
Come on in.

Oscar kicks his legs on the ocean.

DONNIE  
There he goes.

Oscar makes it ashore. He hobbles to Bryan and Donnie.

OSCAR  
I fucked up.

Bryan places a hand on Oscar's shoulder.

BRYAN  
You're alright Osc.

O.S CLUNKING. Bryan and Donnie looks over Oscar's shoulder.

**EXT. SPACE MOUNTAIN - DISNEYLAND ANAHEIM - (CONTINUOUS)**

Jeremy, Tom, and Starla have only moved ahead three inches from their previous mark. Eyes forward. No talking on set.

**EXT. ATLANTIS BEACH - (CONTINUOUS)**

Schooner debris rushes in with the tide. CLUNK.

BRYAN  
Sorry about the home.

OSCAR  
I never bought insurance for it.

DONNIE  
High ground. We need to get to high ground guys.

OSCAR  
This isn't Catalina though?

BRYAN  
This is definitely somewhere else.

OSCAR  
What about the Chinook though-  
Coach should be out here too dammit  
I NEED TO GO HOME.

BRYAN  
Easy Osc, but I'm pretty sure I saw a flying horse eat a seagull a minute ago.

Oscar gimps away with a sigh, but he quickly falls to his knees. He can't believe what he sees.

BRYAN  
Welp, maybe we're in ancient times then because there's a little goat person coming over.

THELONIUS, PIPPIN, AND HELEN

Ancient Greek children approaching from the trees, except for Helen; a half goat/half girl with two curly horns.

OSCAR  
My, Gods.

DONNIE  
Hello!

THELONIUS  
Football players?

Bryan won't stop staring at Helen. She comes forth.

PIPPIN  
You're Oscar Unitus!

Oscar bends an eye.

PIPPIN  
It is you. The legend himself.

OSCAR  
Please kill me.

PIPPIN  
He is an ass! Just like she said.

OSCAR  
I'm an ass? Who said that!

THELONIUS  
(looks at Helen)  
Meet them.

Helen is reticent to meet them.

PIPPIN  
Back for the alumni game guys..?  
(Pippin looks down)  
Your leg though Osc.. sit tight.  
C'mon Helen... don't be so weird...

Pippin takes away Helen. They run off to the trees.

OSCAR  
Alumni? I went to school in  
Canada.

THELONIUS  
No. You're the son of Zeus.

Oscar's dumbfounded.

BRYAN  
Hey we almost just died, kid.

THELONIUS  
But he's immortal.

OSCAR  
Thank you.

BRYAN  
Do you have a phone?

THELONIUS  
Ay, phone?

BRYAN  
You know, a phone.

THELONIUS  
(proud)  
I am Thelonus, son of Ulysses!

BRYAN  
Holy shit, a PHONE.

THELONIUS  
Is that a word for help, tall man!?

BRYAN  
Do you even know what a phone is?

THELONIUS  
Of course!

BRYAN  
Tell me.

THELONIUS  
It looks like this-  
(middle finger)

Donnie CHARGES FORWARD-

DONNIE  
AHHHH!!!

Thelonus SWIPES Donnie at the legs. Donnie falls on sand.

BRYAN  
You idiot.  
(he nods at Thelonus)  
Got skill though.

THELONIUS  
First team All-Island.

BRYAN  
Impressive.

Bryan arms Thelonius. They chit-chat along the horizon.

OSCAR  
You okay?

Donnie embarassingly coughs sand.

DONNIE  
I'm just, scared.

OSCAR  
I know we all are, this is a trip.

Pippin and Helen come out of the trees, both holding a single crutch made from palm branches. They present them to Oscar.

OSCAR  
Eyyyy thanks again.

HELEN  
Our pleasure.

PIPPIN  
Such a badass.

HELEN  
Quiet Pippin. Be respectful.

OSCAR  
What is it with you two?

PIPPIN  
We worship you here man, I can't believe your leg though wow that's disgusting.

HELEN  
He doesn't need legs to fly.  
Or so she says.

Oscar tests the crutches for sturdiness.

OSCAR  
Kids and goat never left this island before. Have you.

HELEN  
Ba-a-a-a-we're not aloud to leave.

DONNIE  
Why not?

THELONIUS  
We have to go.

OSCAR  
Wait- help us.

PIPPIN  
Of course. And after we get you stitched up, maybe you can teach us something about the game back in your world or maybe-

THELONIUS  
Pippin. Shut the hell up.

BRYAN  
Ey now that's not very leaderlike.

THELONIUS  
She's a witch you fools! So don't, slander here, she can hear us.

OSCAR  
Ha!

DONNIE  
I knew it.

OSCAR  
Aight aight aight. Tell you what. Just show us the direction to her lair, and I'll uh, let you have a part in my movie.

Thelonius disapproves.

THELONIUS  
We must be quick along the hills.

**EXT. ATLANTIS HILLS - DAY**

Tall curved grass widens to reveal a breathtaking landscape. The three men and children. Passing a rock. Oscar crutches in last place.

OSCAR  
Hey slow down.

PIPPIN

Shame that Ajax or anyone else  
couldn't come. Would'a tried  
everyone to sign my footballs.

DONNIE

Ajax is a really nice guy, he tells  
me he gives sick kids all his  
money. Did you know that Bry?

BRYAN

Ajax is lying to you.

DONNIE

You're lying.

BRYAN

(stops walking)  
Wanna die??

OSCAR

Both of you, shut-

Oscar FALLS through his palm crutch.

HELEN

Is this? What the game is like in  
your world?

BRYAN

I'm sorry little girl. You speak  
soft.

HELEN

All the ba-ba-a-a-a yelling?  
Curses? We try to get along here.

BRYAN

We only get mad when Donnie misses  
his blocks. That right?

DONNIE

Huh.. how 'bout when you actually  
killed a ref-

OSCAR

GUYS.

Bryan grazes his head down, like he's about to laugh.

**EXT. SPACE MOUNTAIN - DISNEYLAND ANAHEIM - (CONTINUOUS)**

STARLA

This line is too long!

**EXT. ATLANTIS HILLSIDE - SOON LATER**

Donnie and Bryan GRAPPLE LOCK and Donnie KNEES Bryan's groin. Donnie CLOTHERSLINES Bryan. Donnie pulls Bryan's hair. Bryan shudders... and ELBOWS DONNIE IN THE STOMACH, TUGS Donnie's arms, CORKSCREWS him on his back.

Bryan POWER SLAMS Donnie on the hillside. Razor's Edge.

Oscar's napping on the hillside, next to the children, entertained by the fight.

**EXT. LONG PATHWAY - (CONTINUOUS)**

Their walk continues and Bryan and Donnie swap a look, until-distant and two lavish armored CHARIOTS approach with horses.

BRYAN

Look what you did.

GUARD #1 and GUARD #2 halt their chariots in front of the men. The Guard's insignia indicates Atlantian authority, and their gladiuses sheathed in scabbers seem frequently used.

GUARD #1

Where is Oscar Unitus!  
Come on be quick she's ready to see  
you three. Move along now children  
and goat, go home.

Pippin and Helen scatter away. Thelonius stays back:

THELONIUS

Be careful Oscar.

Thelonius follows Pippin and Helen.

OSCAR

I'm Oscar. Who are you?

GUARD #2

No wurry, no matter, we got you a  
nice 'n cozy evening planned.  
Ain't that right Marky?

BRYAN  
For real Oscar? You hire these  
shitty actors too?

GUARD#2  
Ello'nly act'll be ridin'lavish in  
the wind ee bit.

DONNIE  
Excuse me we don't understand a  
word you're saying. Can you  
possibly tell us where a shower  
plaza might be?

GUARD #1  
Undoubtedly sir. Now please,  
settle in.

Donnie looks back at Oscar and Bryan, with seriousness:

DONNIE  
Guys?

Bryan shrugs his shoulders and takes his chances. He gets on  
Chariot #1.

OSCAR  
This is bonafide, right?

The Guard's remain patient.

OSCAR  
Cool.

Oscar hops on Chariot #1.

GUARD #1  
Welcome to Atlantis...  
(he whips his horse)  
Katchya!

**EXT. ATLANTIS PORT - (CONTINUOUS)**

Chariot #2 leads Chariot #1 beyond the pathway and-

Nestled below hills is a CELEBRATION with live music coming  
from stringed instruments. Harps, pan flutes, one hundred  
ATLANTIS CITIZENS, men and women of all ages, commune around  
THE PARTHENON CASINO that's adjacent their island boardwalk.

**EXT. SPACE MOUNTAIN - (SAME)**

Starla's holding a spot in line.

STARLA

Where's Oscar? Where's Oscar? Oh.  
He's in Catalina getting his ass  
spanked, I mean, *come on Starla*.  
What the hell were you thinking.

Here comes Jeremy with a corn dog and an R2-D2 Helmet.

JEREMY

Sorry I got caught up in traffic-  
Tommy-boyyyy how are ya?!

Tom's in Starla's lap.

STARLA

He's tired and about to faint  
again. This was such a bad idea  
bringing him here. I'm sorry Tom.

JEREMY

Hey Tom? Why don't you get on my  
back while I do some push-ups eh?  
I can show you my brute strength.

STARLA

He can't handle it.

A GROUP OF FOREIGN TOURISTS wearing Mouse Ears move quickly,  
they get their cameras ready: at Jeremy, admiring the  
attention, he gets in push-up position.

JEREMY

Climb aboard Tom! I need the  
workout. How am I supposed to win  
over mom...  
(he tries to do a single push-up)  
... If I'm not...  
(he can't do it)  
... Like your jacked dad.

The Tourists take pictures.

JEREMY

Hey folks, my name's Jeremy!

TOURIST #1

(in broken English)  
We love Starla. Not you you stupid  
Uber Driver.

STARLA

Thanks... now can you get up?

Jeremy knees up. Comes over to Tom and Starla.

JEREMY

So. What'll it be after Space Mountain? Mister Toad's Peepers Poppers Ride or Plastered Island?

STARLA

There's no Plastered Island here. You mean Pleasure Island.

JEREMY

Ah that's right. Tom, you look like you wanna say something though. What is it?

TOM

You're a crock.

JEREMY

Hey bud, I'd do anything for you, I'd even ask mom (wink) to Uber you out to Vegas with me next week, for a show at the casino roy-ale. How's that sound Star? (wink).

Starla isn't paying attention.

JEREMY

She's about to lose it.

Then:

SLOTS! ROULETTE! AN OLD GREEK GRANNY WINS JACKPOT!

**INT. PARTHENON CASINO - NIGHT**

Young adults and middle aged Greeks GROOVE on decorated hardwood. Lots of bustle. Martinis. Leg kicks.

QUE: THE SPARTAN BAND! Then:

A pair of DICE ROLL THREES.

Oscar's playing a game like craps at a large iron table. He's terrible at it because he's drunk. A disappointed crowd leaves him behind, except Guard #1 and Guard #2 at ease:

## THE DICE DEALER

Waits for Oscar's next move.

OSCAR  
Do you take money!?

DEALER  
It's okay your majesty, we already  
have a tab running.

OSCAR  
I hear I'm a God here.

DEALER  
A demigod.

OSCAR  
Right. But hey meow, do you know  
who Joe Namath is?

DEALER  
Of course sir.

OSCAR  
Well let me tell you something you  
don't know.. Namath was a celebrity  
and sports hero, we're not so such  
different, I mean, it's like, the  
media and the paparazzi. They both  
suck! I mean, *come on*.  
(stupid laugh)  
I did good, right?

DEALER  
*Righhht*. Another turn sir?

OSCAR  
Bring it heavy babe.

Dealer pushes dice. Oscar blows on them. DICE ROLL-

OVER MUSIC: Oscar loses big in several zany games including  
CARTHAGE BLACKJACK, EGYPTIAN ROULETTE, HORSESHOES.

Oscar likes the colts. Then:

Oscar crutches to a Da Vinci-like slot machine, he's pinching  
the last of his gratitude and bag of golden coins.

Losses. Every coin is a loss. He KICKS the machine. Loss.

**EXT. SPACE MOUNTAIN - NIGHT**

A full moon is over the Space Mountain entrance line and GALACTIC MUSIC blares from fake walls. Starla's against one of the walls. Tom's in her lap. She feels his head for a temperature.

TOM

I feel sick like dad does all the time.

JEREMY

Hey bud I have some water here.

STARLA

Jeremy.

JEREMY

(suddenly annoyed)  
But what Starla?

STARLA

What? No, no.

JEREMY

I know... I'm a loser...

Jeremy hands Tom a bottle of water.

JEREMY

... drink it.

Tom sips it down, he gets up and yonders away.

STARLA

Tom! I'm sorry Jeremy.

JEREMY

Let him walk for a bit. We've been here forever.

Starla holds back.

STARLA

I know but, it's just, the more I sit down you know? In THIS GODDAMN LINE, the more I keep missing Oscar.

JEREMY

I'd miss him too... what I said about him was wrong, the fact you let me drive you guys around, get your groceries, and pretend to be your friend. I'm fortunate enough you people still like me to do all these things and-

STARLA

Hang on where the hell is Tom?

JEREMY

Oh my gods.

STARLA

Where'd he go. TOM!

JEREMY

And you can't keep an eye on our child for one second... TOM!!!

Starla gets up fast.

STARLA

TOM!!

JEREMY

FIND HIM!!

Starla runs.

JEREMY

FIND OUR BOY!

**EXT. PARTHENON CASINO - (CONTINUOUS)**

Donnie and Bryan are standing among olive leaves wrapped around marble columns, lines of Tiki torches, swanky, lit up.

Atlantians roam the sidewalks.

BRYAN

Have you ever been to Vegas Donnie?

A GROUP OF ATLANTIAN WOMEN walk across the casino. They pass Donnie and Bryan. Donnie giggles.

DONNIE

I'm scared to gamble.

BRYAN

Well this place is like Vegas.

GLADIATORS catch up with the women.

GLADIATOR  
BOOOO!! El ay SUCKS!!! BOOOOO!!!

BRYAN  
And these people don't like us.

DONNIE  
I get that feeling too.

BRYAN  
My apologies though.

DONNIE  
For what?

BRYAN  
For being such an asshole.

DONNIE  
You're fine.

BRYAN  
I was too scared and naive thinkin'  
I was much of a macho-man, to admit  
anything before doing the movie,  
this whole entire night.  
(eyeing the port)  
We pissed these people off by  
winning, can tell it a mile away.

DONNIE  
Reminds me of this place.. you ever  
been to Antarctica?

BRYAN  
I can't read either.

DONNIE  
... Coach put me in a camp up in  
the cold dark north one time.  
Helping kids for the weekend. I  
decided to bring my camera and make  
a documentary. I kept noticing,  
how dry, meaningless, and  
impleseant this place really was.  
Not like Los Angeles, with our  
delicious valleys, colorful, warm  
friendly people.

BRYAN  
Whetch'ya gettin' at Donnie?

DONNIE  
It's too white here.

TAXI DRIVER (O.S)  
Be gone pests!

A TAXI CHARIOT comes forth. Hooked with one horse.  
Good citizens. Halting before the men.

TAXI  
Where've you been? You guys gotta  
get outta here, quick.

BRYAN  
From the witch babe?

DONNIE  
Horses, they scare me too.

TAXI  
Hurry and get on.

Bryan and Donnie reluctantly hop on board the chariot.

DONNIE  
I like these things.

TAXI  
Wait. Where's Unitus?

BRYAN  
Busy throwing his life away.

TAXI  
AH ZEUS don't go anywhere. You're  
so lucky I found you guys, she's  
got this whole place bugged.

Taxi exits his chariot, goes to the entrance of the Casino.

**INT/EXT. PARTHENON CASINO - SECONDS LATER**

Taxi enters the gaming area, slyly walks over to Oscar,  
passed out on the floor, Guards #1 & #2 are hitting on women.

Taxi ducks past the Guards, over to Oscar, he fireman carries  
Oscar on his back, brings him outside, places him in his  
Chariot with Donnie and Bryan.

TAXI

Let's go.  
 (he whips the horse)  
 Kathcya!

The Chariot moves off.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - LATE IN THE NIGHT**

The spokes of the Chariot spin across an Atlantis street, shops and outdoor businesses, which are colorful, decadent, endless until THE BOARDWALK.

**INT. THE CHARIOT TAXI - MOVING - (CONTINUOUS)**

Oscar's drooling on Bryan's shoulder:

BRYAN  
 Nah get off.

Bryan untangles arms and SHOVES Oscar off the chariot.

Oscar plummets on the boardwalk, wakes up fast, he watches the chariot move away... and:

DONNIE  
 Oscar fell off.

Oscar hobbles up.

BRYAN  
 You should probably turn around.

TAXI  
 Really--? AH DAMMIT.

Taxi PULLS his horse's leash and HALTS, he exits his chariot and CHASES: Oscar; not knowing where to go.

Donnie and Bryan hop off the chariot, stand for a quick stretch, they swap a glance, then Guards #1 and #2 HAMMER the butts of their gladiuses on each of their heads.

GUARD #2  
 Gotch'ya maggots.

**EXT. THE HARBOR, PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

A yellow taxi cab BRAKES in front of the Harbor Café. Tom gets out and gives the taxi driver a twenty dollar tip.

Tom runs to a dock ramp. Then to a dock slip. A dingy.

Tom hops in the dingy and STARTS THE MOTOR.

**EXT. ATLANTIAN GALLOWES - DAY**

It's a pleasant morning and more appropriate view for a hanging, ways away from the Atlantis harbor. Crowds of Atlantian Citizens are in a field, eyeing the gallows. The crowd including the Taxi, Thelonus, Pippin, Helen, face with worry, one with guilt. Calypso is in her best skimpy dress, manifesting herself as a grim-lipped executioner, stepping forth and onto a large wooden scaffold, closer, to:

DONNIE & BRYAN

Strung high, their heads are capped with burlap sacks, a white sky splits their fattened bodies below them.

Calypso swipes off their burlap sacks.

CALYPSO

Huh.

Donnie winces sunlight. Bryan's hair is wet and spidery.

CALYPSO

Like I thought.

Both are alive however. And the crowd grows larger.

CALYPSO

(speaking loud)

Behold! Citizens of Atlantis, my children. We have these, one Donnie Hall, and Bryan Hall of-

Pause.

CALYPSO

And you two look like a bunch of toilet adventurers.

BRYAN

*I'm gunna pulverize you.*

Bryan squirms.

CALYPSO

Don't worry you'll be forgotten just as well, but, WHERE'S OSCAR!?

Calypso widens her arms.

CALYPSO  
Come on ouuuuut handsome!

OSCAR

Disguised in a toga, leaves from an Atlantian group, he seems more frail than the puny little stick he's crutching with. Oscar winks at the crowd.

CALYPSO  
Finally. Welcome home Oscar. How do you like eternal bliss so far?

OSCAR  
Everything looks.. wrong.

CALYPSO  
Seems you acquiesced nicely so far.

OSCAR  
No. No no no no no no this is terrible. Guys? You lost me last night but I'll save you first.

CALYPSO  
This is your home Oscar.

OSCAR  
Probably re-think that entire sentence lady. Also I'm gunna need'a borrow a viking ship or something because you blew up my house.

Now just because I haven't had the time to kill anyone yet doesn't mean that will probably be you in about ten seconds.

CALYPSO  
You wouldn't dare lay a finger on this body.

OSCAR  
Alotta people are wondering where we are. So you just go ahead and say it and I'll have the United States Naval Core nuke this entire awesome island to the south pole.

Calypso twerks. She does the HARLEM SHAKE.

CALYPSO  
YEAH. I'M. A. GODDDD.

Citizens chuckle. Bryan grooves his head.

CALYPSO  
You like that! Yeah! Do ya! Can  
ya feel it tonight!

OSCAR  
What?

CALYPSO  
Ya!

Calypso does a BIG DANCE. Someone brings aside Oscar's boombox. Calypso presses 'play'. Music BLARES.

OSCAR  
Hey that's mine!

Calypso HIP SWAY, RIGHT, LEFT, BUTT SHAKE, CROTCH THRUST.  
Bryan's astonished.

BRYAN  
Yeah chico! Yeah!!

Calypso WORMS and Oscar diverges his way to the scaffolding, he climbs on and over, stands up, unties Donnie and Bryan.

OSCAR  
Hi guys.

Bryan's extremely fidgety.

OSCAR  
Stop moving.

Calypso dances for a few more beats. Until she stops.

CALYPSO.  
Really, hang a bit Oscar.

OSCAR  
Kids! Now!

The Three Children don't do anything.

OSCAR  
Why didn't you get the wink!?

Calypso PUFFS her face, and TRANSFORMS INTO A WITCH!

Dark smoke from her frame BILLOWS around the entire crowd, everyone backs away, in panic, then screams! EVERYONE RUNS.

CALYPSO  
Don't runnn--stayyy! Everyone here  
loves me! HAHAAHAHAHA!

Calypso FLIES ABOVE OSCAR'S VISION... her BROOM, COMES from the sky... she sits on it...

CALYPSO  
Oink oink oink oink..!!!

**CALYPSO FLIES PAST BRYAN AND DONNIE**

CALYPSO  
What!? I'm not a God!?? Hahaha..!

**AND BACK:** WHACK Donnie and Byran with broom bristles.

Oscar hurries across the the scaffolding, he faces the air, then Calypso POINTS HER FINGER:

**WHICH MAKES OSCAR FREEZE IN TIME.**

She lands on the gallows, investigates Oscar's frozen body. She rubs her knuckles across his face, for what seems, forever, because Oscar **AGES** fast.

CALYPSO  
Love me.

Calypso TAKES HIM AWAY. TIME RESUMES TO NORMAL.

BRYAN  
Man. That was pretty hot.

Donnie gets up and gimps off the gallows.

DONNIE  
Shutup.

Bryan lowers his head, confused.

**EXT. RANDOM BEACH - DAY**

Cloudy. Not many people. Nor surfers. Then:

OSCAR

Resting on a brand new surfboard, in peace, unharmed.

A BANNER PLANE noses in the sky, reading:

"CONGRATULATIONS OSCAR AND THE LOS ANGELES LIGHTNING!  
we know ya could do it"

GIRL (O.S)  
(faint)  
Help!

Oscar hears the voice, wheels over. He tightens his velcro leash and GETS UP, RUNS, KNOCKS OVER A LIFE GUARD.

A GIRL

Helpless, drowning in a mush of ocean swell, wishes for rescue. But a SHARK FIN circles around her.

OSCAR

Runs with his surfboard, toward the ocean, he jumps ON THE SWELL, paddles out, then comes face-to-face with Girl.

A GREAT WHITE SHARK

LEAPS over Oscar, waiting in the swell, he sees the Great White's spiked teeth CHOMP its own splash of water, and the Great White Shark DIVES past them...

Oscar TAKES the girl and PLACES her on his surfboard.

**EXT. RANDOM BEACH - SECONDS LATER**

Oscar carefully brings her on the beach. Bystanders join over, the lifeguard, Oscar PUSHES him.

OSCAR  
Give her room. She needs mouth to mouth immediately.

Oscar leans in like he's about to perform some hungry CPR.

LIFEGUARD (O.S)  
What's that!

The girl recovers fast.

OSCAR  
Ah, sorry, I was gunna do the mouthy thing and everything--

The girl turns into a NEFARIOUS CALYPSO!

CALYPSO  
Don't you have a wife!?!

**EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT**

MASSIVE WAVES **CRASH ON** a wide area of ocean. This is no longer dream yet a stormy nightmare.

VERY FAR: is a twinkling red light, teetering above and below the horizon, more specifically, TOM'S DINGY cruising fast with a flapping black pirate flag.

TOM  
Stand back Poseidon..!

Tom has his LA Lightning sweatshirt over his knees, he's incredibly courageous, throttling anywhere in the ocean..

TOM  
I'm comin' to get my dad...

**INT. MANSION ROOM - DAY**

The room is haunting, recognizable, and the treasures glisten on top marble white floors, beside rocky walls, and in front of the painting is her fireplace.

But a bed; stretched at an awkward angle, with Oscar on top, breathing heavily, asleep between fluffy pillows, as his old eyes bathe from outdoor sunlight.

Oscar raises his shoulders, and sees:

An open door, leading out a balcony. The sunset outside.

CALYPSO; at her balcony railing, listening to the ocean, she's morose at the steep cliffs below her Spanish Mansion.

She walks away and makes a presence from across her room.

CALYPSO  
How's retirement?

Oscar struggles with his words.

OSCAR  
Who are you?

Calypso sits on his bed.

OSCAR  
Where's Starla?

CALYPSO  
Your queen?

OSCAR  
My wife. She's waiting for me. To  
come home.

CALYPSO  
I don't remember.

OSCAR  
I'm thirsty.

CALYPSO  
Heyyyy the water'll come, don't  
worry. And I'm sorry I tried  
killing your friends earlier.  
Poseidon. He has a way of,  
manipulating me to do things.

Oscar hugs onto one of his pillows.

OSCAR  
I have to go home.

CALYPSO  
Home? What do you really, call  
home Oscar.

OSCAR  
My family.

CALYPSO  
A family man. All a lie, you only  
care about yourself and winning.

Oscar shivers. He looks at his hands.

CALYPSO  
Oh? A hundred years and now only  
feeling a cold? *Feeeeel* the rush  
yet? That spine-tickling chill?

OSCAR  
What have you done to me?  
My body.  
My family!

CALYPSO  
They're dead Oscar.

Oscar closes his eyes.

CALYPSO

Oscar?

Calypso brushes his hair.

CALYPSO

Do whatever you wish here, because,  
this is your retirement.

Calypso stands from the bed, and walks to her balcony.

She goes outside and CLOSES the shutters behind her.

Oscar's alone. Crying like a baby.

**EXT. CALYPSO'S BALCONY - LATE NIGHT**

Below the stars and moon, a HAIRY ARM grabs her railing.

Oscar's draped in a silk robe, his complexion is now uncomfortably old, he settles down a walking cane, on the balcony tiles. Then he bends up to look OUT AND INTO NIGHT.

JOE NAMATH (V.O.)

So he chose... to jump gracefully  
into the night...

Waves CRASH on the ocean cliffs.

JOE NAMATH (V.O.)

Without life, without true love...

Oscar begins to cry... as he thinks at the stars...

JOE NAMATH (V.O.)

And regretting that he should've  
been there for his wife, and son,  
not, suffer, like an asshole.

A COLLISION OF STORM CLOUDS. THE WHIRLPOOL. A NAVAL BATTLE CRUISER ("U.S.S Joe Namath") passes beyond it.

**EXT. CALYPSO'S BALCONY - (SAME)**

Oscar listens to the SOUND of the ocean from her balcony. He considers the stars, then the foundations of her island.

OSCAR

Starla.

A peculiar SHOOTING STAR trails across the night, passing in front of other stars... it burns out...

**OSCAR JUMPS OVER THE RAILING-**

and SPLASHES on the ocean, OSCAR SINKS, then resurfaces with the night, he finds air, and a twinkling-

OSCAR

Star.

A floating piece of schooler floats by, he grabs it, there's not enough support, but the twinkles of the night.

OSCAR

Starla.

Oscar's muscles turn off. His old age can't fight the ocean.

OSCAR

St--

Oscar slips off the debris.

OSCAR

Starla!

His strength is gone, and he falls into an abyss.

**UNDERWATER - (CONTINUOUS)**

Nary a spec of light... until THE GLITTERING SCALES of a MERMAID'S TAIL.

THE MERMAID'S face is model-like handsome, flapping its tail, reaching his arm to GRAB Oscar's right leg.

The Mermaid pulls Oscar down, and into a NARROW TRENCH... beneath the ocean floor... entering:

**EXT. THE UNDERWORLD - (CONTINUOUS)**

SINKING INTO A BLACKISH HELLPOOL OF DENSE LIQUIDS The Mermaid releases Oscar.

Oscar continues sinking into a more clear, a more mysterious, gaseous atmosphere.

Then Oscar's body floats like an angel, and further down: to HADES CHAIR. Oscar opens his eyes with fear.

Oscar realizes that he's sitting down.

POV:

there's molten land, skeletons, alive, bowing in our direction... they're so proud... so wonderful... until:

THE FACE OF HADES

APPEARS in the blackish waters above Oscar's chair.

HADES (V.O.)

My. Turn.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT**

Thick clouds consume the LA empire.

RED CRACKS of lightning spark across the downtown skyline.

(O.S.) RAP MUSIC-

**EXT. A CONVERTIBLE - COLORADO BLVD - (CONTINUOUS)**

Ajax is in the driver seat of the convertible, dressed for clubbing, his ancient axe is in the passenger seat.

AJAX

Stupid!

Ajax smells himself. He gets unreasonably mad.

AJAX

Move it!

Not anytime soon because it's bumper-bumper on Colorado Blvd.

Plenty of emergency lights. A car accident. An ambulance!

AJAX

Hey!

A random car NUDGES his back bumper.

AJAX

Ya serious?!

A pamphlet falls on his lap, Ajax holds it up and reads:

"AJAX'S NAKED SUPERBOWL PARTY! LIVE. SANTA MONICA".

AJAX

Ya gotta be kiddin' me.

MALE DRIVER (O.S)  
Hey! Can ya move up ya doink!

AJAX  
I will break you! No one's going  
anywhere.

FEMALE DRIVER (O.S.)  
Move ass!

AJAX  
You know who I am!?

MALE DRIVER (O.S.)  
Screw you!

AJAX  
I'm the world's deadliest kicker  
and I'll come inside your car and  
axe your family.

GIRL PASSENGER (O.S)  
(squeaky)  
Move asshole!

AJAX  
No one's going anywhere, tha's an  
accident!

BOY PASSENGER (O.S)  
Move!

MALE DRIVER (O.S)  
You suck Ajax!

#### **A LOUD BOOM**

Ajax wobbles, the steering wheel circles on its own.  
The convertible VIBRATES eratically. Ajax gets out.

#### **TRAFFIC SHAKES**

And Ajax is standing in the middle of it all, he SLIPS on the  
road, his eyes widen: Westbound... when:

#### **A TSUNAMI WAVE**

Gains power and SLOWLY FLOODS the beaches of Santa Monica.

**AN OIL TANKER**

SLAMS the Santa Monica Pier and SHATTERS the boardwalk. The rest of the PIER SNAPS. The Oil Tanker ROTATES and SCRAPES the northern beaches of Santa Monica... like a razor.

**EXT. LA STADIUM**

Marble statues, iconic vendors, businessmen and women WATCH THE SKIES: STRIKES OF LIGHTNING HAMMER against the streets, then PURPLE LIGHTNING STRIKES against the stadium walls.

**EXT. DISNEYLAND**

THUNDER CLOUDS over a once enchanting land of hope and damning long lines. People run in terror!

**EXT. OCEAN**

A large AREA OF WATER dissapates and a MESA, RISES UP, water soaks off its edges. Goalposts rise last.

**EXT. CALYPSO'S BALCONY - NIGHT**

Calypso saunters upon her railing and sees: A DISTANT STORM.

Calypso picks up Oscar's cane. She grieves at it. Then:

POSEIDON  
You'll have your wish.

Poseidon grabs Calypso by the hand.

POSEIDON  
Come.

Calypso looks into his ancient eyes.

CALYPSO  
You were right.

POSEIDON  
And you are almost a queen.

The storm approaches.

POSEIDON  
We must go.

**EXT. THE UNDERWORLD - MOMENTS LATER**

There's nothing but shadow, lava, and a big rock.

ACHILLES

Welcome.

ULYSSES AND ACHILLES

standing side by side on the big rock. Their armor is worn and their accents are deep.

OSCAR

dangles like a sloth atop Hades' Chair. He's crispy, his skin is charring off his flesh. His head droops down.

Oscar's body falls off the chair. It rolls on the big rock.

ULYSSES

He failed quite miserably.

ACHILLES

Yet he's still trying.

Oscar digs his nails on the rock's molten glaze, he coughs, a smoggy and polluted dark gas consumes everything, his flesh begins to burn gruesomely, his arteries glow orange.

ULYSSES

Heroes try even when all is lost.  
Trepidation is it?

Oscar's eyes ponder the River of Fire. Skeletons. Far away.

ACHILLES (O.S)

There is nothing over there old warrior.

Oscar looks up at a watery black sky.

ACHILLES

Nor there.

ULYSSES

Pitiful.

ACHILLES

He wanted too much.

ULYSSES

And here they come.

POSEIDON (O.S)  
You there! *Hell-ooo!*

On the black rock we see a sandled foot.

It's Poseidon, dressed for war, Calypso is here as well.

Oscar can barely lift his head.

POSEIDON  
Not yet Oscar.

OSCAR  
Help me.

POSEIDON  
Leave!

Ulysses and Achilles vanish.

OSCAR  
What do you want from me? What  
have I done???

POSEIDON  
Careful Osc. Think your next words  
very carefully.

OSCAR.  
Starla.

POSEIDON  
Aowww! No Oscar. Try again. Say  
the words "I am not the greatest".

OSCAR  
Poseidon. Please.

POSEIDON  
You are not a demigod. You're not  
a leader. Hector was better!

Calypso watches on.

CALYPSO  
He doesn't get it.

OSCAR  
I'm sorry.. I'm sorry for what, I-  
I've done. I'm sorry.

POSEIDON  
Say it.

OSCAR  
Starlaaaaaaaaa...

POSEIDON  
(inquisitive)  
Huh.

CALYPSO  
*He wants to fight.*

Poseidon analyzes Oscar's worn-out complexion, his bloodshot eyes. Poseidon leaves Oscar to wilt by the River of Fire.

POSEIDON  
I guess if anything... thanks for  
the laugh.

Poseidon sandals back and PUNTS OSCAR IN THE FACE!

**EXT. EARTH'S SOLAR SYSTEM - ?**

Vast permutations of galaxies and stars. Oscar's naked body FLOATS ACROSS the frame. Wandering the cosmos unharmed. Towards METEORS and a BLUE HAZY DUST TRAIL.

Oscar breaks through the blue hazy dust trail, he SUCKS inside a life force, he curls like a fetus and continues on.

Regaining power, young age, muscled strength... through an immense meteor shower... then:

**EXT. THE MOON AND EARTH - ?**

The Moon and Earth tilt over Oscar so we can see his entirety, he fights against the anomalies of space, atmospheric pressures, his coordination is weak, he's moving much too fast. SUPER SPLASH!

**EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT**

Tom's DINGY CRUISES AHEAD, rocking up and down waves.

It approaches SCHOONER WRECKAGE. Bouyant. Lost. Nothing resembles of what we saw from before.

TOM (O.S.)  
Daaaad! Bryaaan! Donniecee!

Tom squints "where could they be"?, loosens off the throttle, steps to the bow of his dingy, waits... but not any longer because he DIVES in the ocean...

Resurfacing yards away. He takes a deep breath. DUCK DIVES.

**INT. COCKPIT - CHINOOK - LATER**

Coach Arnold and Larry Lightning flip switches. Look busy.

LARRY LIGHTNING  
You see the ocean right now Coach?  
How could've anyone survive that?

Coach Arnold adjusts his headset.

COACH ARNOLD  
This is 22, request assistance,  
they found us dammit!  
(static relay)  
They found us! I repeat! The Gods  
have found us!

**EXT. OCEAN - (CONTINUOUS)**

The Chinook VEERS over the ocean.

It SHINES grid lights.

LARRY LIGHTNING  
Hey coach!

COACH ARNOLD  
What?

LARRY LIGHTNING  
I think I see something!

Larry Lightning points his glove before the windshield... we see the DINGY on the ocean. Grid lights spot it.

Then Oscar: passed out and barely hanging onto a piece of bouyant wreckage.

Donnie and Bryan: passed out and hanging onto the same piece.

COACH ARNOLD  
What a day.

LIGHTNING LARRY  
Congratulations sir.

The Chinook hovers over the night, lowers, almost touching the ocean, then Tom.

COACH ARNOLD  
Lower the ropes boys!

A few teammats toss three ropes outside of the back hatch. The ropes roll down and over Tom. Tom grabs all three ropes from the air.

TOM  
Grab them!

Tom signals a thumbs up. The ropes RISE with Oscar, Bryan, and Donnie holding on tight to each rope. Teammates escort them inside the back hatch.

Tom waits for another rope. Another rope flies down on Tom. Tom catches it. Thumbs up. Tom rises.

COACH ARNOLD  
Alright men, we're good.

**OUTER SPACE - (SAME)**

ANOTHER SPECTER FLIES its way to Earth, raising out an arm like Superman, then it PUNCHES THROUGH A USSR SATELLITE, the debris ROCKETS through an oceanic atmosphere, and-

**INT/EXT. THE BACK HATCH - (CONTINUOUS)**

Team's split on each side. TURBULENCE. CRACKS OF THUNDER! The back hatch OPENS! Earth shattering LIGHTNING SCRATCHES the sky, the lightning PRICKS the tail rudder, the Chinook TAILSPINS... over:

ZEUS

Hovering in the air, arms crossed, toga'd and chizzled.

ZEUS  
You're late.

Coach Arnold turns his body so he can OUT THE BACK HATCH:

COACH ARNOLD (O.S)  
Zeus!

ZEUS  
Arnold. Land and get ready for battle.

COACH ARNOLD  
Or else!?

ZEUS  
You're- FIRED!!!

Zeus FINGERS STREAM LIGHTNING through the back hatch.

The Team gets electrocuted, they convulse, some of them take the pain like men.

Oscar shields Tom from ELECTRIC STREAMS.

OSCAR  
Land the damn helicopter Arnold!

COACH ARNOLD  
I am!

Coach Arnold throttles forward.

The Chinook flies away from Zeus.

Zeus closes his fingers. The last of his lightning.

ZEUS  
You better have a good third act.

**EXT. OCEAN - DAWN**

The Sun rises, clouds dissapate, then the United States National Guard, Battleships, Carriers, and a surfaced to air Nuclear Sub cross over the horizon.

BELLS AND ALARMS. Sailors rush to their battle stations.

On the other side of the US FLEET is an ARMADA of well crafted Atlantian Galleys. Ores row with synchronization.

**EXT. BATTLE ZONE - (CONTINUOUS)**

It's a stand-off between the Atlantian Armada and United States Navy. Whistles and alarms continue on:

**EXT. ATLANTIAN GALLEY**

ATLANTIAN SLAVE PEOPLE are the one's rowing, at the end of their strength. Poseidon and Calypso stand proudly, on top of their bridge, VIEWING the U.S Navy from afar.

POSEIDON  
They'll never have a chance.

CALYPSO  
They won't do anything.

Calypso looks at Poseidon; both, chastened. And then:

**EXT. THE MESA - (CONTINUOUS)**

The terrain is like a large flat brown pancake, SOAKING off sea water. HUNDREDS OF UNDERWORLD SKELETONS climb on it, crunching bones, trudging, to the sideline borders.

SKELETON SCREAMS.

**EXT. MOVING CHINOOK - (CONTINUOUS)**

It lands on the north end of the mesa. Rotors spin to a halt. Team exits the back hatch with their football equipment on.

OSCAR  
Go go go go...

**EXT. MESA - (CONTINUOUS)**

Team hustles over to one of the sidelines of the mesa... Skeleton Maintenance Workers line the rest of the ground to make it look like a gridiron. SKELETON REFS. SKELETON FANS.

OSCAR  
Kay I think they're just lining the field.

COACH ARNOLD  
Damn I thought we WON!

OSCAR  
Just do your thing and pretend to coach us again.

Team preps. Larry Lightning passes out water bottles.

Mouth guards. Bryan places a toothpick in his teeth:

BRYAN  
I don't get it.

OSCAR  
Bryan get ready.

BRYAN  
Coach. How'd you find us?

COACH ARNOLD  
Got lost, storm blocked out our  
navigation.

Oscar comes and puts a hand on Bryan.

OSCAR  
But we found life again, right  
brother?

BRYAN  
I like, drowned.

OSCAR  
That's what they do, the Gods, they  
mess with ya, make ya *think* things.

A SKELETON ARM HITS Bryan on the head. Hey!

BRYAN  
I'm done man, I-

DONNIE  
I'm ready to battle Oscar.

Donnie poses with only a jock-strap on.

OSCAR  
You're a good friend Donnie. And  
when we get back, we'll finish the  
movie. Like the demigods we are.

BRYAN  
We're mortal!

OSCAR  
(boasting around)  
The game that finally counts boys!  
For our existence!

Achilles and Ulysses exit from the skeleton crowd.

ACHILLES  
I'm here to play too.

ULYSSES  
Give us helmets. *And swords.*

BRYAN  
Who the hell are these guys!?

OSCAR  
Fallen generals of past ages,  
welcome comrades. Everyone gather.

Team huddles around Oscar as a prayer is about to begin... until-

THE GROUND SHAKES the Team, wandering around and all along the field. Giant mole hills plop up. They scratch open:

THE UNDERWORLD MINIONS

ranging from Minotaurs to Skeletons, shriveling dirt off their bodies, arising from the mesa ground with SPIKED SHOULDER PADS and HORNED HELMETS.

Bryan's toothpick drops out of his mouth.

**EXT. MESA FIELD - FIRST PLAY**

Oscar calls audibles across a line of Underworld helmets.

OSCAR  
Set. Hut!

SNAP. Oscar performs a LATERAL SWEEP.

FAT MINIONS break through the O-Line. One of them-

TACKLES LEGS!

It's a total loss for yards and our RUNNING BACK is decapitated. His helmet, then head, roll off the field.

OSCAR  
You alright!?

The Running Back is not alright.

**INT. GOALINE - (CONTINUOUS)**

Bryan is helmet-to-helmet against a SKELETOR. Heavy tension.

BRYAN  
Chico let me ask you a question,  
how much union paying you?

SKELETOR  
GROOOOL--

BRYAN  
Oh you piece of crap, I'm going to  
knock you into second base.

SKELETOR  
That's baseball ass.

BRYAN  
You calling me an ass, he-man?

Bryan SMACKS the Skeletor and PULVERIZES him.  
Yellow flag.

SKELETON REF  
Fifteen yard penalty; offense.

OSCAR  
Bryan! Stop getting penalties.

Bryan DROPS AN ELBOW.

**EXT. 50 YARD LINE - (NEXT PLAY)**

Oscar performs a fake pass and scramble. Donnie misses his block which releases a large GOAT DEVIL.

OSCAR  
No -- No -- check back --

No time to check back-- OSCAR SAILS the football. And the Lightning player in the end-zone CATCHES IT!

*LATE HIT--*

Oscar's clobbered by the Goat Devil. B-A-A-A-A HAAAAHA!

**EXT. THE MESA AND OCEAN - (SAME)**

Starla's paddling a TINY CANOE that's about to reach the mesa. She hoists the canoe on a section of jagged rocks. Then she runs up and toward GAME NOISE.

**EXT. THE GAME FIELD - (CONTINUOUS)**

Oscar's lying on the ground; shaken from the hit, and:

THE GOAT DEVIL stands above Oscar's chest, it unsheathes a FIRE SWORD from the back of his jersey. STRIKES DOWN.

Oscar barrel rolls.

The Fire Sword implants the mesa. It's hard to get it out.

OSCAR  
 Ref! Guy just tried to cut my head  
 with a fire sword!

SKELETON REF  
 \*\*\*\*\*SCREAMS OF HELL\*\*\*\*\*

Oscar faces dirt, he pounds his fist, stands, walks toward  
 the Goat Devil and ONE PUNCHES it's face to a bloody pulp.

OSCAR  
 See that!?

The Skeleton Ref throws a yellow flag.

**EXT. OCEAN - (SAME)**

A NUCLEAR SUBMARINE rises atop waves. It settles.  
 Then it FIRES AN ICBM.

**EXT. A MESA CLIFF - (SAME)**

Starla's in mid climb, then she notices that LITTLE ICBM  
 rising in the night:

STARLA  
 Damn you Oscar.

**EXT. OPERATIONS DECK - BATTLE CRUISER "USS JOE NAMATH" -  
 (CONTINUOUS)**

It's the unmistakable sight of JOE NAMATH wearing a fur coat,  
 red fez cap, and night vision goggles.

JOE NAMATH  
 You owe me one.

ICBM EXPLODES IN THE NIGHT... and FIREWORKS message:

\*\*\* STARLA WILL YOU MARRY ME \*\*\*

**EXT. MESA CLIFF - (SAME)**

Starla tears. She calls out:

STARLA  
 No!

**EXT. MESA SIDELINES - (CONTINUOUS)**

Achilles goes to a special teams huddle with Coach Arnold.

ACHILLES  
Coach. I have the foot you need  
right now. So let me perform for  
you, to finish this madness!

Special teams look nervous.

COACH ARNOLD  
What's your name?

ACHILLES  
Achilles...

Special teams still looks nervous.

**EXT. MESA GOAL LINE - SECONDS LATER**

Linemen ready at the line of scrimmage.

Achilles steps up and aims the goalposts with a knife hand.

LONG SNAP to the holder and a naked foot KICKS the football.

The football goes through the uprights! Cheers!

Achilles celebrates to the sideline, then he TWEAKS an ankle.

ACHILLES  
Ahhh! Whyyyyyy!! Agaiiiin!!!

A Skeleton Ref throws a FLAG IN THE AIR.

**EXT. MESA SIDELINES - (CONTINUOUS)**

Oscar comes over and stands with Bryan and Donnie.

DONNIE  
Are these even real refs?

BRYAN  
Hey. I've got an idea; how about  
we all take a swim and hope Palms  
Springs isn't underwater either.

Oscar turns around and LOOKS PAST the ocean, then:

**LOS ANGELES**

Completely submerged in ocean water. Fires on skyscrapers.  
Pure decimation.

OSCAR

We have to finish this game and  
save them.

Oscar faces Bryan.

BRYAN

We're deflated and these guys have  
been kicking our ass the whole  
game. Team's dead, Oscar.

The entire Lightning Team is exhausted. Everyone's breathing  
hard. Panting. Trying to play. Who wants to play anymore?

OSCAR

I'll take them out myself. Right  
here, right now.

DONNIE

Gods, bunch'a posers!

Zeus is up in the night sky. Flying to a stand still.

ZEUS

YOU BETTER PLAY OSCAR!

Coach Arnold joins Oscar, Bryan, and Donnie.

COACH ARNOLD

You gunna defy the Gods, Osc?

BRYAN

Coach ammi a good actor?

OSCAR

We need to radio Namath again.

BRYAN

Namath?

STARLA (O.S.)

Oscar!

OSCAR

And has anyone seen Starla yet?

STARLA (O.S.)

Oscar you impetuous asshole!

Oscar sees Starla running away from a crowd of skeletons, then to Oscar. She slips in front of the Team.

OSCAR  
You okay?

STARLA  
What happened to you!?

OSCAR  
Please, please only understand that  
I did this for you and Tom.

STARLA  
(hysterical)  
But el ay! Everything's burn down!  
Our home! Everything!

TOM (O.S)  
I'm here, mother.

STARLA  
Tom!

Tom is wearing a toga. Starla quickly hugs him.

STARLA  
Tom- I'm so sorry I lost you. And-  
-and- Jeremy drowned... like  
EVERYONE ELSE. OSCAR.

OSCAR  
What??

STARLA  
No.

OSCAR  
Huh?

STARLA  
I will not marry you.

Starla takes Tom by the hand, toward the ocean.

OSCAR  
There's no way to get back!

STARLA  
I have a canoe!

Oscar chases up with them.

OSCAR  
I'm sorry.

STARLA  
Do you even know what I did to come  
out here? And Tom? How he did?

OSCAR  
You came though. You followed me  
here.

STARLA  
It's the only place left! And look  
at everything. What is this!?

ZEUS  
OSCAR!!! We keep getting delay of  
games!

STARLA  
Is that Zeus!?

TOM  
(whining)  
Maaaaa that man in the sky tried  
electrocuting me.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING engulf the night.

ZEUS  
(vehemently)  
Poseidon! VANQUISH THEM.

Joe Namath HEARS ZEUS' ECHOES from his battle cruiser, he  
hustles over to a naval shipman handling a walkie talkie.

JOE NAMATH  
Give me give me give me-

Joe Namath takes the walkie talkie from the naval shipman.  
He tunes it. Puts it to his mouth:

JOE NAMATH  
Launch it again.

**EXT. OCEAN - (CONTINUOUS)**

The nuclear sub performs another ICBM LAUNCH.

JOE NAMATH  
Kiss my ass Broadway.

Then the ICBM reaches it's highest point, IT'S STRUCK BY LIGHTNING... it criss-crosses in the night... loses thrust...

Zeus widens his arms. Lightning strikes his fingers.

Poseidon watches:

the ICBM rising... orbiting over the nighttime stars... it's unbelievable... and we come back to the Atlantian Galley:

CALYPSO

No...

POSEIDON

I love you...

CALYPSO

DON'T--

POSEIDON FLIES to the night...

ZEUS

Poseidon! This is my STORY!

Poseiden TACKLES ZEUS... AND INTO THE ICBM...

**KABOOOOOM!**

PEYTON MANNING / NARRATING (V.O)

A flash of fire!

TOM (V.O)

What happened?!?

PEYTON MANING (V.O)

A big flash! Like, really big!

TOM (V.O)

Yeah!?

PEYTON MANNING (V.O)

And.. uhhh.. everyone died.

**EXT. MALIBU - NIGHT**

The waves are peaceful. Quiet. Normal. Not flooding.

**INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - (SAME)**

Outdated posters of NFL legends on a bedroom wall.  
Bobbleheads. Autographed footballs.

PEYTON MANNING

himself, sitting on the edge of Tom's bed and holding a horrifyingly illustrated children's book called, "Oscar and the Demigods".

Tom Unitus is lying in bed, almost asleep, but able to eye a pistol barrel at Manning's head.... Oscar has a tight enough grip on the pistol handle.

OSCAR  
Any more questions Tom?

TOM  
I loved it dad!

OSCAR  
Thanks bud.

PEYTON MANNING  
Hey Osc? I uh, also wrote your speech for tomorrow you can put the gun down now.. it should be decent.

TOM  
And dad?

OSCAR  
Yeah bud?

TOM  
I'm excited for Disneyland.

OSCAR  
Yeah me too bud, me too.

Oscar kisses Tom goodnight then walks away with Manning, but before they leave, Oscar remembers to turn off a light.

TOM  
Kick some butt tomorrow.

OSCAR  
We will bud.

Tom closes his eyes.

TOM  
Love ya.

Oscar smiles like a proud dad.

OSCAR  
You too bud.

Manning leaves the room with Oscar's smile.

**INT. OSCAR'S HALLWAY OF SHRINE - (CONTINUOUS)**

Oscar gently shuts the door on his way out.

He puts the pistol on the floor.

OSCAR

So. You comin' to Catalina?

PEYTON MANNING

Wouldn't miss it for the world  
slick.

OSCAR

Love ya dad.

PEYTON MANNING

I'm not your dad.

OSCAR

Hahaha c'mon...

Oscar escorts Manning down the hallway of shrine. Past memorabilia. Untius family photos. The two men are gone. The hallway light turns off.

But one light stays on. A combined marble statue of Donnie, Bryan, and Oscar, posing triumphantly.

MAGIC WORDS, SCRIBBLE on the statue's foundation.

*DEMIGODS*