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Daedalus (A screenplay)

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DAEDALUS (A SCREENPLAY)

by

John Ver Mulm

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for graduation with Honors in the English

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Spring 2018

All requirements for graduation with Honors in the
English have been completed.

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Daedalus

a screenplay by
John Ver Mulm

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Spring 2018

*To my mother
who has fostered my creative ambitions
with love and support
from day one*

*To my father
who kindled my love of
history, mythology, and storytelling
along with providing an example of strong work-ethic
that I continue to strive for*

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for constantly believing in and mentoring
me throughout the writing process*

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for teaching me the rules
so that I can make them my own*

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for providing insightful notes
with a passion that can hardly be matched*

Daedalus

By

John Ver Mulm

This screenplay is an adaptation based on the mythological inventor, Daedalus. Most audiences are less familiar with who Daedalus is compared to what he accomplished (designed and built the Labyrinth) or who he is associated with (his son, Icarus). For the most part, as found in Apollodorus' *The Library*, Daedalus' story weaves throughout the background of better-known heroes and villains. That is not to say his story is any less interesting, or – as many myths end – tragic.

In my script, I attempt to flesh out the brief origins of the great inventor. This tale is found in *The Library* and claims that Daedalus once lived in Athens, taking his nephew Talus as his apprentice. When Daedalus realizes that Talus could potentially rival his own craftsmanship, the inventor tosses the boy off of a building in a fit of blind rage.

It is a tragic tale in itself, but with the script, it is my goal to reshape the narrative so that it might appeal to a contemporary audience while staying true to the general themes of tragedy and playing them up in a grander scale. As I do so, I include some better-known characters in mythological history who chronologically (in the loosest sense of the word) could have interacted with Daedalus in Athens.

My screenplay toys with the tragedy genre as Daedalus, his sister Perdix, and his nephew Talus are slowly sucked into the influence of a famed sorceress. The choice to include Medea (and later on, Jason) is based on Euripides' renowned play, *Medea*, in which Aegeus (king of Athens) offers the magic user refuge in his city. Later, in the Theseus myth, we learn that Medea has married Aegeus (after killing her children to get back at Jason and fleeing from Corinth). Not only does Medea's tragedy intersect with Daedalus', but it also provides me the opportunity to have these strong characters interact while still hitting all the plot points found in the original myth.

My goal while writing this screenplay was never to repeat the same story. Instead, it was to revise the rhythm of the tragedy while still maintaining the important beats that had rung so true to me in the beginning. In this attempt, I have shifted the definition of tragedy to match that of today's general public, just as Shakespeare did in his day-and-age. In my critical essay, following the script, I explore this idea of changing ideas behind the definition of tragedy. I also explore how the experiences of cinematic spectacle affect the tragic genre as opposed to the theatrical.

Table of Contents

<i>Daedalus</i> -----	1
A screenplay by John Ver Mulm	
<i>Critical Essay</i> -----	169
Tragedy: Then and Now	
<i>Annotated Bibliography</i> -----	184

DAEDALUS

by

John Ver Mulm

OVER BLACK:

SUPERIMPOSE:

Jason, the famed leader of the Argonauts, returns from Colchis having successfully retrieved the golden fleece. He is accompanied by a new wife, Medea.

Rumors speak of her power in the magical arts.

Jason and Medea settle down in Corinth, having two children. Now very aware of the Greeks' mistrust of his foreign bride, Jason arranges to leave Medea for a more advantageous marriage.

In a fury, Medea strikes back by poisoning Jason's bride-to-be and plans to do much worse...

EXT. JASON'S PALACE - CORINTH - NIGHT

Waves crash against the coast as thunder and lightning riddle the stormy sky. Rain falls down on Corinth, muddying the roads. Amongst all the commotion, the shrill CRY of children is cut short.

Nothing but the rain and the low RUMBLING of thunder.

A soft THUMPING is heard outside. JASON, 29, strong-bodied but tired, pounds his muddied fist against the gates of his own home. After a brief moment, a BEWILDERED GUARD appears on the wall.

BEWILDERED GUARD

Who goes there?

JASON

You know damn well who it is! Open the gates this instant!

BEWILDERED GUARD

(To his men)

Open the gates!

The bewildered guard races down the steps of the wall to meet Jason at the door. He follows his master as Jason makes his way inside.

BEWILDERED GUARD (CONT'D)
 Apologies m'Lord. I did not expect
 you to return so soon from the
 company of Princess Glauce.

JASON
 The princess is dead.

Shocked, the guard opens his mouth to speak, but hesitates.

BEWILDERED GUARD
 I- My apologies m'--

JASON
 Why were you not at your post?

BEWILDERED GUARD
 W-we heard a screaming within the
 palace. I was on my way to
 investigate when--

JASON
 I don't pay you to investigate, I
 pay you to keep watch of your post.
 Your delay may have lost me
 precious ti--

Green flames BLAST through the ceiling of the palace, leaving a gaping hole. Out of the destruction climbs a pair of golden dragons. They appear to be shackled.

As they beat their wings, gaining altitude, it is clear that they are pulling a chariot.

MEDEA, 27, thin with black hair, covered in blood, stands in the chariot looking down at the ground below. She locks eyes with Jason.

MEDEA
 (yelling)
 You're too late, Jason!

JASON
 Where are they? Where are my
 children?

MEDEA
 You gave me no choice.

Medea turns to the dragons.

Her eyes shimmer with green light.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Páo!

The dragons pull the chariot farther away.

JASON

What have you done? Medea! What
have you done?!

She is too far away to respond.

Jason runs into the main hall of the palace. He finds nothing
but a sword on the ground.

As he picks up the blade, Jason notices that the sword is
sticky with blood.

Jason drops the sword, and falls to his knees shortly after.

The bewildered guard walks in behind him.

BEWILDERED GUARD

M'lord?

Jason seems not to have heard.

BEWILDERED GUARD (CONT'D)

M'lord? What should we do?

JASON

(To himself)

Do something. Do something. Do
something. Do something...

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDEA'S CHARIOT - CONTINUOUS

Medea holds the reins, steering the golden beasts in front of
her. She looks down at her feet, where two OBJECTS bundled in
cloth lie motionless.

Medea turns back to her dragons.

MEDEA

Edó!

With a comprehensive SHRIEK, the beasts make their slow
decent, landing in...

EXT. CORINTHIAN COUNTRYSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Medea steps down from the chariot and walks a short distance away. She holds her hand to the ground in front of her.

MEDEA

Eseis.

A deep hole ERUPTS from the ground.

Medea takes the bundles from the chariot and lowers them into the hole. She moves some of the cloth out of the way, revealing her CHILDREN'S cold faces.

The sides of her lips quiver as she kisses them one last time and stands up.

Medea holds her hand out in front of her once again.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Kontá.

The ground closes, enveloping her children.

Medea climbs back onto the chariot, tears swelling in her glowing eyes.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Poá.

The dragons lift off.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDEA'S CHARIOT - ATHENS - LATER

Medea surveys the growing city of Athens. The port, houses, and even an arena show signs of construction.

Soon, Medea focusses her attention on a tall balcony alongside the palace. It stands above large waves that CRASH against the jagged rocks below.

Medea tightens her grip on the reins and steers her dragons in the balcony's direction.

CUT TO:

INT. AEGEUS' PALACE - ATHENS - CONTINUOUS

A sudden RUMBLE shakes KING AEGEUS, 35, awake. Outside he can hear the SHUFFLING of GUARDS as they rush in the direction of the sound.

Someone knocks on the king's door.

AEGEUS

Enter.

A YOUNG GUARD opens the door.

YOUNG GUARD

There's been a disturbance on the balcony, Your Grace.

Aegeus throws his blankets off as he stands up, grabbing his sword.

CUT TO:

EXT. AEGEUS' PALACE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Medea lands on the balcony overlooking the sea. The RUSTLING of guards can be heard from inside as she steps off her chariot and walks over to her dragons.

The dragon closest to Medea lowers its head, submissively as Medea grabs hold of one of its scales and pulls.

The dragons and chariot instantly SIZZLE into nothingness, leaving only the scale in Medea's hand. She places it beneath her robes.

Guards start filing in around Medea. She watches them as they make a semicircle, blocking the palace door, spears pointed forward.

A small gap in the line opens up as Aegeus enters, sword in hand.

The king stops in his tracks when he sees the intruder.

AEGEUS

Medea? Is that you?

Medea does not respond. She looks as if she is about to burst into fresh tears.

AEGEUS (CONT'D)

(To the guards)

Stand down.

The guards lift their spears.

Aegeus walks towards Medea, handing his sword to one of his men.

AEGEUS (CONT'D)

How did you get here? Are you okay?

Medea finally breaks, letting the tears flow again. She wraps her arms around Aegeus and cries into his chest.

Taken off guard, Aegeus hesitates before holding Medea in his arms.

AEGEUS (CONT'D)

It's all right. It will be all right.

Aegeus holds Medea tight as she cries.

OVER BLACK:

DAEDALUS (V.O.)

All right. Almost done.

FADE IN:

INT. DAEDALUS' WORKSHOP - ATHENS - DAY - FIVE YEARS LATER

DAEDALUS, 35, speckled grey beard and healthy physique, hands a nail to his nephew, TALUS. The 14-year-old boy takes the nail from his uncle's hand.

TALUS

Do you really think it will work?

DAEDALUS

(Smiling)

There's only one way to find out.

Talus places the nail over a loose protective handle on what looks like a circular saw. He hammers it into place.

PERDIX, 32, curly hair and strong, walks into the workshop with a wooden plank. She sets it down on the table and glances at the progress on the saw. She smiles at her son.

PERDIX

Looks good, Talus.

TALUS

(Smiling back at her)

Thanks, ma.

PERDIX

Isn't he clever, Daedalus? The boy is only 14 and he's already making new inventions!

TALUS

(Rolling his eyes)

Ma, it's a saw. I'm not inventing it, I'm improving it.

Perdix puts Talus in a playful headlock, laughing.

PERDIX

Oh, my mistake.

Daedalus and Perdix smile at each other.

DAEDALUS

It's quite impressive.

Talus looks at Daedalus, beaming. Daedalus leans in and motions for Talus to come closer.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

Don't get too excited though. There is no such thing as a great invention that has not been hailed as an insult to some god.

TALUS

Then how is it that Zeus hasn't struck you with his lightning bolt by now, Uncle?

Daedalus smirks and ruffles his nephew's hair before standing up.

DAEDALUS

Come on, let's give it a go.

Perdix holds one end of the wood plank against the table, placing the other end on a supporting block just off the edge.

Daedalus takes position behind a lever with the fulcrum at the center.

Talus stands behind the saw, hands on the newly finished handle. He turns to Daedalus and nods.

Daedalus nods back and begins pumping back and forth with the lever.

The teeth of the saw begin spinning. It gradually picks up speed as Daedalus pumps until the saw is a blur.

Talus pushes down on the handle slowly, making contact with the slab of wood. Sawdust flies everywhere.

TALUS

It works!

The saw cuts through the plank, causing a block of wood to topple to the ground.

The three cheer in excitement.

Daedalus stops pumping the lever and Talus pulls the saw back to its secured position as the blade slows down.

Daedalus picks up the block of wood.

DAEDALUS

I'd say it works pretty well too.

PERDIX

Well done, Talus!

Perdix hugs her son and keeps her arm around his shoulder as she wipes some sawdust off his clothes. She turns to Daedalus.

PERDIX (CONT'D)

This has turned out to be a very exciting day.

DAEDALUS

Is that so?

Perdix gives Daedalus a crafty smile.

PERDIX

I have something to show you.

CUT TO:

EXT. PANATHENIAC STADIUM - ATHENS - LATER

Perdix, Daedalus, and Talus stand outside the Panatheniac Stadium. On a pillar, next to the three, hangs a scroll listing all of the athletic events that are scheduled to take place the next week.

They read the scroll as various people race around the city, preparing for the games to come.

DAEDALUS
A flying competition?

PERDIX
They added it this year. You have
to create a device that will get
you over a body of water.

TALUS
(Excited)
Whoa.

DAEDALUS
I don't know.

Daedalus makes an attempt to move away from the scroll.
Before he can get very far, Perdix yells in his direction.

PERDIX
Oh come on! Ever since we were
little you've been dreaming about
this very thing!

Daedalus keeps walking.

PERDIX (CONT'D)
What was it that Mother always
called you?

Daedalus stops, facing away from Perdix.

DAEDALUS
(Sighs)
Athene Noctua.

PERDIX
Athene Noctua! Little Owl!

Perdix steps forward, followed by Talus.

PERDIX (CONT'D)
And why did she call you that?

Daedalus turns around. He bends forward and scrunches up his
face as he looks at Talus.

DAEDALUS
Because I ate worms!

Talus laughs as Daedalus mimics how he ate worms. Perdix
chuckles and rolls her eyes.

PERDIX
But really though!

Daedalus straightens up.

DAEDALUS

Oh, I don't know. I guess I ran around a bit.

Perdix gives Daedalus an exasperated look.

PERDIX

(to Talus)

Talus, your uncle may not admit it, but he nearly frightened your grandmother to death most every day for sixteen years when we were growing up. Climbing trees, jumping from building to building. He was *this* close to burning down the house with one of his little inventions!

Talus laughs as Daedalus shakes his head "no," feigning indignation.

PERDIX (CONT'D)

It was impossible for Mother to keep you in one place for long. You were free!

Daedalus smiles to himself. Perdix punches his arm.

PERDIX (CONT'D)

Somehow, though, she did manage to keep you from finishing your passion project.

TALUS

Passion project?

PERDIX

Your uncle has been developing a device for years now that would allow a human being to fly.

DAEDALUS

It's only sketches really. I wouldn't call it a passion project.

PERDIX

Whatever you call it, I think we should sign up for this competition.

DAEDALUS
 (Hesitant)
 Well...

TALUS
 Yeah! That sounds incredible!

DAEDALUS
 I haven't even begun to calculate
 the logistics of it all.

Perdix wraps her arm around Daedalus.

PERDIX
 Ah, you'll figure it out, brother.
 You always do.

DAEDALUS
 (Chuckles)
 Well, all right.

PERDIX
 Heyhey!

Perdix celebrates by jabbing Daedalus in the gut and turning to Talus who looks just as excited.

Daedalus sighs, amused.

DAEDALUS
 You know, I might have gotten into
 less trouble as a kid if you
 weren't such a bad influence.

CUT TO:

INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF ZEUS - CONTINUOUS

Far above the matters of mankind, the Olympian gods relax in the main hall of Zeus' Palace.

ZEUS drops off to sleep as HERMES and APOLLO practice the lyre together.

ARES sharpens his sword, periodically glancing over at APHRODITE who brushes her hair.

DIONYSUS leans back in his seat, accepting a cup of wine from a nearby AUTOMATON.

ATHENA looks down on earth from the edge of the palace. A smile crosses her face as HERA walks towards her.

HERA (O.S.)

Athena.

Athena turns to see Hera approaching.

HERA (CONT'D)

You look down on Earth quite attentively today. You're not spying on some potential lover, are you?

Athena humors Hera with a smile.

ATHENA

I have no interest in lovers, Hera. I am only watching Daedalus.

Hera gives Athena a side glance.

HERA

(playfully)

Hmm, sounds interesting to me.

Athena turns back to look down on Athens, followed by Hera.

HERA (CONT'D)

How is he?

ATHENA

Happy. Talus learns much from him in the workshop, and Perdix continues to encourage his ingenuity.

HERA

The boy certainly does show promise.

ATHENA

Yes he does.

The two look down on Earth in silence for a moment.

HERA

I am impressed that a family could be so fortunate in a city governed by such a person.

Athena looks at Hera. The queen of the gods continues to stare at the earth below.

ATHENA

You do not mean Aegeus.

HERA
 Medea married him, what was it,
 five years ago?

Athena looks back down at the earth.

ATHENA
 She has remained quite silent since
 then.

HERA
 It is no mystery who really holds
 the power in their relationship,
 but yes. She has remained quiet.

Beat

HERA (CONT'D)
 So has Jason, for that matter. At
 least until recently.

ATHENA
 What do you mean?

Hera looks at Athena and begins to walk away from the view.
 Athena follows.

HERA
 You seem to know very little,
 considering your speciality.

ATHENA
 I believe you are mistaking wisdom
 for knowledge. Tell me what you
 know, Hera, and perhaps I can put
 my skills to good use.

Hera takes a deep breath to collect her thoughts.

HERA
 Soon after the death of his
 children, Jason fell out of
 society.

CUT TO:

INT. JASON'S PALACE - CORINTH - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jason kneels on the floor of his main hall as rain falls in
 from the hole in the ceiling. He murmurs to himself.

BEWILDERED GUARD
 M'lord?

The guard places a hand on Jason's shoulder.

Jason jumps to his feet and pushes the guard to the ground.

JASON
DO SOMETHING!

BEWILDERED GUARD
(shocked)
M'lord!

Jason SCREAMS, ripping his clothes off as he runs out of the main hall and into the stormy night.

HERA (V.O.)
Some say he went insane. Others
think he died. In a way, there is
truth to both sides.

CUT TO:

EXT. GULF OF CORINTH - DAY - FLASHBACK CON'T

The ARGO floats aimlessly in the Gulf of Corinth with no one at the oars and no sails up.

Jason lies in the middle of the ship, half naked and sunburnt. He holds a knife in one hand, stabbing it into a plank of the ship continuously as he murmurs inaudibly.

HERA (V.O.)
Jason is not the same man he used
to be. He has replaced what courage
he had in his youth with a single
purpose: Revenge.

CUT TO:

INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF THE GODS - PRESENT DAY

The two goddesses stop near Dionysus. Hera pours a glass of wine and offers it to Athena.

Athena waves it off and Hera takes it for herself.

ATHENA
Why are you following Jason so
closely?

Hera swallows and smiles at Athena.

HERA

You're not the only one who keeps
tabs on whomever concerns you,
Athena.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER - DAY - FLASHBACK

Under the raging current of the river a young man's sandal gets caught between two rocks. The foot slips out of the sandal and continues walking.

Jason struggles to cross the river with an old woman on his back.

HERA (V.O.)

You might recall that not so long ago, Jason was a champion of mine.

Jason reaches the other side of the river, winded, and sets the woman down.

HERA (V.O.)

He didn't know much...

Jason turns around to find the tattered rags of the old woman fallen to the ground around the queen of the gods. She stands tall, dressed in her royal attire, shining semi-transparently.

Jason stares in awe.

HERA (V.O.)

But he had spirit.

CUT TO:

A black screen

HERA (V.O.)

Though, that doesn't necessarily produce success.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - EVENING - FLACKBACK

Jason and his crew fall back step-by-step as a mass of GEGEINES, as race of six-armed monsters, attempt to raid their ship.

Jason lunges toward one of the gegeines, blocking their following attack.

The gegeine backhands Jason, sending him flying.

Jason collapses to the ground but is picked up by his scruff by HERACLES, a bear of a man.

HERACLES

Go!

Heracles steps forward to fend off the attackers.

JASON

(to the rest of his men)

Fall back! To the ship!

The Argonauts race to the ship as Heracles swings his club, crushing the skull of the closest gegeine.

He swings again, causing the rest of the mob to jump backwards before Heracles races for the ship as well.

CUT TO:

EXT. THRACE - DAY - FLASHBACK

The Argonauts walk toward a blind man, PHINEUS, who shakes frailly next to the treeline by the coast.

Two of the younger Argonauts, CALAIS and ZETES look toward Jason who nods.

Calais and Zetes approach Phineus with Calais' water sac. Phineus hesitantly attempts to take a sip.

Just then, the razor sharp claw of a HARPIE swoops down and grabs Calais, lifting him and the water sac away from Phineus.

Calais screams in pain.

The Harpie lands a slight distance away and mauls Calais even further.

Two more HARPHIES swoop next to the first and begin mauling Calais as well.

Zetes picks up his spear and rushes forward, followed by the rest of the Argonauts.

They thrust furiously with their spears until the Harpies fly away, leaving Calais dead on the beach.

Jason turns toward Phineus again. The blind man holds a dove in his hand and gives it to Jason.

CUT TO:

EXT. SYMPLEGADES - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jason releases the dove and watches it just barely get through the CLASHING ROCKS as they close behind the bird.

Jason looks to his slightly nervous crew and points forward.

HERA (V.O.)
Nevertheless, he made it.

The crew starts rowing.

CUT TO:

INT. COLCHIS - AEETES PALACE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jason and the Argonauts approach the throne of KING AEETES, and bow respectfully.

Jason looks up at Medea who sits next to the king. His gaze lingers.

HERA (V.O.)
And when he first met Medea, I knew
Jason would never have to worry
again.

Medea looks back at Jason. She smiles slightly.

HERA (V.O.)
She would protect him.

The RUMBLING of thunder outside is heard.

CUT TO:

INT. JASON'S PALACE - CORINTH - FLASHBACK

The stormy night ensues outside as three silhouettes, Medea and her two children, stand in the main hall of the palace.

HERA (V.O.)
Had he not thought it a good idea
to remarry, none of this would have
happened.

Medea lifts a sword in the air, bringing it down on the children just as the flash of lightning disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF THE GODS - PRESENT DAY

Athena crosses her arms, frowning.

ATHENA

I'm aware of the old tales, but why are you telling me this now?

Hera takes another sip of wine and sets her cup down before looking Athena in the eyes.

HERA

Jason didn't know where Medea went after that night. But now he does. And he's heading to Athens in search of vengeance for his lost family and fame.

Athena gives Hera a rigid look as she ponders this information.

HERA (CONT'D)

I would keep a close eye on the people of Athens. Where Jason goes, disaster tends to follow.

Hera places a hand on Athena's shoulder as she walks away, leaving Athena to herself.

Athena's stern look shifts into concern as her eyes lower to the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHENIAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Athens is silent as a cloaked figure reaches the top of a hill, overlooking the city below. The figure lifts his head to reveal a weather-worn Jason under a large hood.

The fists that once pounded the doors of his palace clench tight by his side. With a stern gaze toward the city, Jason continues onward.

OVER BLACK:

In the darkness a voice can be heard as if it were far away.

PERDIX (V.O.)
Daedalus. Daedalus.

The distant voice becomes louder as if it is getting closer.

PERDIX (V.O.)
Daedalus!

FADE IN:

INT. DAEDALUS' WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Daedalus' eyes flutter open. His head lifts slightly from the workshop table covered with papers and a half-built flying contraption.

Talus sits on the other end of the table playing with a model of a bird in one hand and a bat in the other.

Daedalus rubs his tired eyes and looks down at the blueprints of a flying device based on the wings of a bat. He exhales a sigh of frustration before moving his attention to Perdix standing over him.

PERDIX
It's late. Talus and I are about to head out.

Daedalus rubs the back of his neck.

DAEDALUS
Okay. See you tomorrow.

PERDIX
We'll figure it out. Don't worry.
These things take time.

Daedalus lets his raised hand drop back to his side.

DAEDALUS
Yeah... usually a bit longer than a week, but you're not wrong.

PERDIX
If anyone can do it, you can.

Daedalus smiles at her halfheartedly.

DAEDALUS
Thanks, Perdix.

Perdix wraps her arm around his neck, putting him in a playful headlock and kissing him on the back of the head.

PERDIX
Get some sleep, all right?

DAEDALUS
(chuckles slightly)
If you insist.

Perdix releases her grip and smiles.

PERDIX
Good enough for me.
(turning to Talus)
Come on Talus. Let's get going.

Perdix walks out of the room as Talus gets off of his bench. He walks around the workshop table with the toy animals and sets the model bat next to Daedalus. Talus glances at the blueprints.

TALUS
Are we going to be able to fly with this, Uncle?

DAEDALUS
I'm not really sure Talus.

Daedalus turns to his blueprints.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
Humans share more similarities with bats than they do with birds, but the differences between a human hand and a bat's... Well, it's extreme.

Daedalus points at a sketching of a bat's wing.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
See how it's fingers run throughout the wings? It's incredible how much control that would allow.

Talus leans in to take a closer look. Daedalus looks at his nephew then back to his half-built device before sighing once again.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
But even if I finish on time, I'm not sure if I'll be able to lift it. There's so much weight on the wrist.

Talus leans back from the blueprints, then looks at the toy bird in his hand.

Daedalus pinches the bridge of his nose.

TALUS
What about birds?

Daedalus does not look at his nephew as he continues to rub his eyes.

DAEDALUS
Like I said, humans are more like bats than birds.

TALUS
Does that matter?

Daedalus opens his eyes. A flash of frustration lingers on his face as he turns to his nephew.

DAEDALUS
It does when we're trying to build something that will allow a human to fly.

TALUS
But their fingers are long. Ours aren't.

Daedalus breaths out slowly, collecting himself.

DAEDALUS
Well then, what would you suggest?

Talus' fingers rub the bird model in his hand as he ponders for a moment. The boy places the toy bird on the table next to the toy bat.

TALUS
The bat uses its fingers to control its wings, but what does the bird use?

DAEDALUS
Talus, I really don't think--

TALUS
What does the bird use?

Daedalus sighs before turning to his workshop table and skims through a pile of his many sketches.

After a moment of searching, Daedalus pulls out an image of a bird and points to the structure of its wings.

DAEDALUS

Here. Looks like they use the length of their arm.

Talus studies the blueprint.

TALUS

Well... why make a device that relies mostly on our wrists when we could distribute the stress throughout the arm?

Daedalus points his finger in the air as he prepares to make his rebuttal, but pauses.

TALUS (CONT'D)

(smirking)

Besides, your nickname wasn't Little Bat.

Before Daedalus can answer, Perdix pops her head in from the door frame.

PERDIX

Talus, it's time to go. Come along now.

TALUS

Okay, Ma.

Talus sets the bird model on the workshop table and looks up at Daedalus.

TALUS (CONT'D)

Good night, Uncle.

Daedalus glares, focussing on the table full of blueprints and calculations.

TALUS (CONT'D)

Uncle?

Daedalus shakes back to attention and looks down at Talus.

DAEDALUS

Oh, yes. Good night, Talus. Sleep well.

Talus gives his uncle a loving smile as he walks to his mother.

Daedalus turns back to the workshop table. With a determined look, he scrounges for a fresh piece of parchment.

Perdix directs Talus out of the house, pauses, and turns back to her brother.

PERDIX
Don't stay up too late, Daedalus.

DAEDALUS
(already writing)
Uh-huh.

Perdix rolls her eyes in frustration.

PERDIX
(to herself)
Why do I even bother?

Perdix exits the house after Talus.

CUT TO:

EXT. AEGEUS' PALACE - BALCONY - NIGHT

Medea stands at the edge of the balcony just outside of the main hall. She looks out at the wine-dark sea crashing against the rocky coast.

As Medea stares deeply into the vast expanse, King Aegeus stops by the doorway leading to the balcony.

AEGEUS
Ah, there you are.

Aegeus walks up to Medea. For a moment it seems like he is about to wrap his arms around her, hesitates, and wraps his night robes tighter around himself instead.

AEGEUS (CONT'D)
It's late. Why aren't you in bed?

Medea continues to look out at the rushing waves. She exhales slowly.

MEDEA
How long has it been, Aegeus, since
I first came here?

Aegeus thinks for a moment as he moves to stand next to Medea.

AEGEUS
Oh, five years? Is anything the
matter?

Aegeus keeps his arms wrapped around himself to stay warm. He too looks out at the sea.

MEDEA

When I first came to Athens, I was broken. Defeated. Vulnerable. I had no home. Nowhere to go but away.

AEGEUS

(gently)
You were welcome here.

MEDEA

Yes. You were kind enough to offer a safe place where I could gather myself. And for a price, I was able to stay.

Aegeus furrows his brow, confused. He turns to look at his wife.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

(more to herself than anyone)
So I made the most of it. We were married, and I climbed from the darkest pit of my existence to rule over the people of Athens.

AEGEUS

To rule by my side, you mean.

MEDEA

Five years later, the people have grown strong and I have grown powerful.

Medea lowers her gaze from the sea to the edge of the balcony where her hands rest.

AEGEUS

(agitated)
Yes, WE have grown--

MEDEA

Something is missing.

Medea keeps her tearful eyes fixed on the ocean as she lifts one hand gently to her stomach.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Something I search for in my dreams, but wonder if I will ever truly find again.

Aegeus steps back, angry.

AEGEUS

I've heard enough. You act like it was you, not I, who made Athens the great city it is today. Not only that, you make it seem like I don't even exist! Must I remind you who is King here?

Medea sighs and turns to face Aegeus.

AEGEUS (CONT'D)

(more riled up)

And let's not forget the reason behind our marriage. After years of failed attempts, you promised me a son.

A flash of anger crosses Medea's face.

AEGEUS (CONT'D)

Where is my son, Medea? At this point, I should have several! But you--

As Aegeus points his hand at Medea, a bracelet on his arm starts glowing green, followed by his eyes. He freezes in place, unable to move.

Medea, eyes glowing just as green as Aegeus' begins to circle her husband.

MEDEA

(sighs)

We women bid the highest price in dowries just to buy some man to be dictator of our bodies.

Medea moves in close to whisper in Aegeus' ear.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

I tell you this; No man will dictate over me again. And those who try will not like their reception.

The king does not respond.

Medea kisses Aegeus on the cheek, slowly.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

I grow tired. We will discuss this matter another time.

Medea walks back into the palace.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Sweet dreams, husband.

With that, Aegeus' eyes roll back as his eyelids close. He crumples to the ground, fast asleep. The bracelet on his wrist slowly fades back to normal.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ATHENS - DAY

All over Athens, people take to the streets, enjoying the festivities of the Panatheniac Games.

Vendors provide wine and bread as people watch the chariot races, wrestling matches, boxing matches, the foot races, and much more.

Others watch as musicians and dancers perform.

ATHENS - FLYING COMPETITION - CONTINUOUS

Among the chaos, Perdix, Daedalus, and Talus stand in the waiting area for all participants of the flying competition. Daedalus glances over everyone waiting.

DAEDALUS
(nervous)
There are a lot of people looking
to fly today.

After glancing around for herself, Perdix looks over at Daedalus. She smiles encouragingly.

PERDIX
Too bad they're gunna lose.

Daedalus stops scanning the crowd and turns toward Perdix. He chuckles softly.

As they wait, an ANNOUNCER walks to the crowd of competitors.

ANNOUNCER
(yelling)
The teams participating in the
flying competition should know we
will be starting the event shortly.
Please be ready to fly before your
name is called. I repeat, please be
ready before your name is called.

Perdix turns to Daedalus and lifts the bird wings as if to put them on her brother.

PERDIX
Better strap you in this thing.

DAEDALUS
Oh no, those wings are far too small for me.

Perdix drops her arms to her sides and glares at Daedalus.

PERDIX
(aggravated)
What are you talking about? You made a pair of wings that weren't even big enough for you?

Daedalus smirks at Perdix.

DAEDALUS
Too small for me.

He shifts his attention to Talus.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
But just right for Talus.

Talus' eyes widen with excitement.

TALUS
Really?

DAEDALUS
It only seems right. You were, after all, the one who convinced me to build bird wings instead.

Talus beams up at his uncle.

TALUS
Wow, thank you!

Perdix raises an eyebrow.

PERDIX
Are you kidding me?

DAEDALUS
What?

PERDIX
You built a pair of wings for my son without even consulting me?
(MORE)

PERDIX (CONT'D)

Tell me you're not being serious,
Daedalus.

DAEDALUS

Why? I don't see any problem with
it.

PERDIX

(aggravated)
Well, what if it doesn't work?

Daedalus crosses his arms.

DAEDALUS

Didn't you just say a minute ago
that we were going to win?

PERDIX

(pointing at the crowd)
No, I said that *they* were going to
lose.

Daedalus raises his eyebrow and smirks.

Talus grabs one of his mother's hands.

TALUS

Ma, it'll be fine. I can do this.

DAEDALUS

He's a smart kid. I wouldn't have
made it for him if he wasn't.

Perdix sighs, looking back and forth at Daedalus, then Talus.

PERDIX

Well... all right.

TALUS

YES!

Perdix slaps her hands to her side, frustrated.

PERDIX

I mean, what choice do we have?

Talus hugs his mother, catching her slightly off guard.
Perdix's aggravated face softens for a moment.

She gently yet firmly releases from the hug and raises a
finger to her son.

PERDIX (CONT'D)

But you be careful, you hear me?

Talus raises his hand to his chest and tries to hold in an excited giggle.

TALUS

I promise.

PERDIX

Good. Now let's get this thing on you, ya little brat.

Perdix ruffles Talus' hair. He laughs and she can't help but smirk as she straps him into the wings.

Daedalus smiles as he watches his nephew put one arm and then the next into his flying contraption.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHENS STREETS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A crowd of countless citizens flock to the upcoming event. Within the crowd, Jason makes his way down the street. He pauses, letting those behind him flow past as he scans the area.

In the distance he sees King Aegeus sitting comfortably on a podium designated only for royalty and their servants. Next to Aegeus sits Medea. She finishes the last sip of wine from her cup and motions for her cupbearer to get more.

The cupbearer rushes off to the side of the platform where a few wine jugs are stored.

Jason keeps his gaze on the podium and continues forward. As he passes, another cloaked figure close behind lifts her hood.

Underneath the dark clothes, Athena's face flickers semi-transparently.

Perturbed, the goddess watches Jason move forward before concealing herself under the hood once again.

ATHENS - FLYING COMPETITION - CONTINUOUS

Talus practices flapping the secured wings on his back as Daedalus and Perdix notice the announcer coming closer again.

ANNOUNCER

The event is ready to begin! Please be listening for your team name to be called as we move forward.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 (reading from a parchment)
 Starting us off will be Claudios
 and the Wingèd Wagoneers.

A man wearing a helmet, presumably CLAUDIOS, nudges one of his buddies standing next to a cart with wings attached on either end.

Claudios walks toward the announcer as his BUDDY waves on a third PERSON from the other side of the cart to start pushing it forward.

PERDIX
 (nervous)
 Here we go.

The Wingèd Wagoneers make it to the start of a winding ramp, leading to a tall platform on one side of a large pool.

Claudios stops his crew so that he can get into the cart before they start pushing up the ramp.

ANNOUNCER
 On deck, we have Marinos with his
 Glider of... Doom.

The announcer rolls his eyes and walks off.

FLYING COMPETITION - STARTING POINT - MOMENTS LATER

The Wagoneers breathe heavily, having pushed Claudios all the way up the ramp.

Claudios pays no attention to his crew as he lowers a pair of makeshift goggles over his face.

The two crew members look at each other from either side of the cart, still out of breath but sparing enough energy to shake their heads with distaste for Claudios.

After putting on his goggles, Claudios taps the side of the cart and places his hands safely in the cockpit.

The two crew members lock eyes, nod, and start pushing the wagon forward.

ATHENS - ROYAL PODIUM - CONTINUOUS

Medea brings a freshly poured cup of wine to her lips and takes a drink as a flying cart fails to get enough lift and PLUMMETS into the body of water.

Medea's CUPBEARER looms behind her.

CUPBEARER
Will that be all m'lady?

MEDEA
Yes, yes, thank you.

With a wave of her hand, the cupbearer bows and takes his leave from her side.

ANNOUNCER
(from a distance)
Up next we have Marinos and the
Glider of Doom!

ATHENS - FLYING COMPETITION - CONTINUOUS

MARINOS holds his feathered hang glider in position. He jogs in place in front of the ramp for a moment to warm up.

CROWD MEMBER
Come on Marinos!

Marinos looks up, waves at the crowd, and starts up the ramp.

ATHENS - ROYAL PODIUM - CONTINUOUS

Aegeus looks over at Medea.

AEGEUS
This one looks promising.

Medea takes another sip of her wine.

MEDEA
Don't be foolish.

From the podium, the two watch as Marinos leaps from the starting point. The feathers on the glider start to fly off, revealing large holes throughout the wings where the feathers were attached.

Marinos plummets into the water with a large SPLASH.

Aegeus sighs in frustration and looks at his wife again.

AEGEUS
If you didn't plan on having fun watching this event, why did you add it to the games in the first place?

Medea turns to her husband with a flicker of anger in her eyes. Aegeus keeps his mouth closed tight.

MEDEA

Fun? I do not have time for fun, my dear husband. There is far too much to accomplish in far too short a lifetime to have *fun*.

Medea turns back to the event and takes a sip of her wine.

Aegeus lingers on his wife's brooding face. He swallows what words he might have said, and turns back to the competition as well.

ATHENS - FLYING COMPETITION - MOMENTS LATER

Daedalus, Perdix, and Talus stand with the other competitors waiting for their turn. They watch as another contraption fails to get from one side of the pool to the other by jumping off of a large spring.

The competitor creates a large splash.

They wince with the crowd.

PERDIX

That didn't look good.

DAEDALUS

No it didn't.

Perdix punches Daedalus in the arm.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

Ow! What was that for?

PERDIX

Oh nothing. That's just my way of thanking you.

DAEDALUS

For what?

PERDIX

For getting my son involved in this mess! He could die!

DAEDALUS

Whoa, slow down, Perdix! Nobody is dying today.

Daedalus looks back at the pool of water. The competitor who just went is being pulled out of the water by his arms and legs. He groans in pain slightly.

Daedalus turns back to Perdix.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

All right, that guy doesn't look too good.

Perdix puts her hands on her hips and glares at Daedalus.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

But that's not my fault! The man tried to jump to the other side on a spring! That's not even flying... Why did they let him enter the competition?

Perdix maintains her glare.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

Don't worry! Talus' wings are specially designed to keep *him* in the air.

Talus steps forward.

TALUS

Ma, we've been over this already. I want to compete. Uncle Daedalus knows what he's talking about.

Perdix opens her mouth to continue the debate when the announcer begins to yell in the background.

ANNOUNCER

Up next, we have The Wings of Daedalus!

Daedalus raises an eyebrow at Perdix.

DAEDALUS

Really?

Perdix sighs, flustered, and turns to Talus. She looks unsure at her son.

TALUS

(smiles comfortingly)
I can do this, Ma.

After a moment, Perdix closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, and nods.

Daedalus kneels in front of his nephew.

DAEDALUS
Remember, don't bring your wings
together right away. You'll get
more lift on the initial drop if
you keep them open.

TALUS
Got it.

Daedalus smiles and places a hand on his nephew's shoulder.

DAEDALUS
Good luck.

Talus nods and turns to follow the announcer to the starting
point.

Daedalus stands up and Perdix moves closer to his side. She
waves after Talus and wraps her arms around herself.

PERDIX
I hate you.

Daedalus smiles to himself and wraps his arm around her
shoulders.

DAEDALUS
Oh, I'm well aware.

FLYING COMPETITION - STARTING POINT - CONTINUOUS

Talus walks over to the announcer who stands next to the
ramp.

The announcer watches as a contestant holding what looks like
a helicopter propeller splashes into the pool. He snorts out
a laugh to himself and lifts his head to name the next
contestant.

ANNOUNCER
Up next, we have D--

TALUS
Um... Could I change my contestant
name?

The announcer looks down at Talus.

ANNOUNCER
Better make it quick, kid. I need
something for the crowd.

Talus leans in and whispers into the announcer's ear.

The announcer shrugs his shoulders, dismissively.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

All right.

(to the crowd)

Up next, we have Athene Noctua!

The crowd cheers as Talus looks over at his mother and uncle. He sees Perdix's face shift from concern to laughter. She laughs and hugs her brother as Daedalus waves at Talus.

Smiling, Talus turns to the rest of the crowd, pausing slightly on the king and queen.

The queen lifts her cup to her mouth as Talus starts walking up the ramp.

ROYAL PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Medea finishes the last sip of wine from her cup. She turns to her cupbearer, raises her cup, and taps its side with her finger.

The cupbearer nods and moves to take the cup. He walks over to the table at the end of the platform where all of the wine is set out. As he is about to pour another glass the servant hears a quiet whistle.

Just a few feet away, the cupbearer sees a cloaked man standing with a gold coin in his hand.

Jason loops the coin around his fingers and walks around the platform.

The cupbearer looks back at Medea, sees that she is not looking for her cup quite yet, and follows Jason behind the platform.

A moment passes before a loud CRACK is heard. The servant's hand reappears from behind the platform, on the ground and motionless. It is swiftly pulled back out of view.

FLYING COMPETITION - STARTING POINT - CONTINUOUS

Talus reaches the top of the starting point and looks down at the ground below. He notices two small dots that are Daedalus and Perdix waving up at him. He waves nervously back.

Talus looks down at the water, and closes his eyes.

ATHENS - FLYING COMPETITION - CONTINUOUS

Below, Daedalus stares up at Talus, fists clenched.

DAEDALUS
(to himself)
Come on.

ROYAL PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Medea watches Talus lift his arms out, spreading the wings all the way out.

She sits up in her seat, eyes fixed on the boy.

BEHIND ROYAL PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Jason pulls the last bit of clothing off of the servant. He looks around to make sure no one is watching before he begins to disrobe as well.

FLYING COMPETITION - STARTING POINT - CONTINUOUS

Talus takes a big breath, and leans forward off of the platform.

As he disappears from the top of the platform, the crowd releases a loud GASP.

Beat.

A moment of silence ensues before Talus erupts back into view, lifting farther into the air and releasing a loud CRY of triumph.

Daedalus and Perdix break out in celebration along with the rest of the crowd as they watch Talus swooping through the air above them.

Talus looks down in Daedalus and Perdix's direction.

TALUS
WE DID IT!

Daedalus and Perdix laugh, unable to control their excitement.

As the crowd continues to cheer, Talus looks down at the other side of the pool of water. His smile fades with a quick glance at the wings keeping him in the air.

TALUS (CONT'D)
Now how do I get down?

ATHENS - FLYING COMPETITION - CONTINUOUS

Daedalus and Perdix settle down from cheering. A proud smile remains on Daedalus' face as he watches his nephew.

Beat.

As the boy continues to go in circles in the air, Daedalus' excitement fades into a look of fear.

DAEDALUS
Oh no.

Perdix's smile fades as she quickly turns to her brother.

PERDIX
What? What's wrong?

DAEDALUS
How does he get down?

Perdix considers this before fearfully looking up at her son.

ROYAL PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

As the commotion continues, Jason wraps a bit of cloth from the servant's uniform around his face and slowly makes his way onto the platform. He glances at the other servants who seem more interested in what's happening in the sky than Jason's presence.

Jason looks up as well to see a boy flying in circles over the pool of water with bird wings.

Medea claps with a smirk on her face before looking around and noticing the disguised Jason.

MEDEA
Cupbearer!

Jason jumps and looks over at Medea.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
My wine?

Jason's eye twitches with anger for a brief moment before he bows his head and moves to the wine table.

Medea turns back to the winged boy.

Jason carefully pours red wine into Medea's cup. He glances over at her to make sure she is not watching as he pulls out a vial of red liquid.

FLYING COMPETITION - SKY - CONTINUOUS

Talus continues circling the pool, devising a plan. He looks down at the pool, the other side of the platform, then the crowd.

He exhales, determined.

TALUS

Well, here goes nothing.

With that, Talus wraps his arms together, closing the wings.

The crowd lets out another GASP as the boy begins to free fall.

Talus sucks in a terrified breath as he falls directly above the crowd instead of the platform on the other side of the pool.

He opens his wings once again, gaining lift, but maintaining very little control.

ROYAL PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Jason slips the vial back into his robe before grabbing the cup of wine and turning to Medea.

Slowly but eagerly, Jason walks toward Medea. He begins to breathe heavier as he gets closer.

Just then, a shadow passes over him.

TALUS

Look out!

Jason raises his head to see what is happening. He freezes in horror as a flying child hurtles directly toward him.

With a loud CRASH, Talus collides into Jason. The cup of wine and empty vial fall to the wayside.

The crowd strains to see what happened as Daedalus, Perdix, and a number of guards rush to the scene.

Medea stands up and looks at the spilled wine and broken vial on the platform. A couple of servants move to clean up the mess.

MEDEA

Wait!

The servants stop just before they start mopping up the wine with rags.

Medea kneels closer and hovers her hand over the wine. Before she can touch it, the platform starts to simmer and smoke wherever the spill landed.

Medea quickly rises to her feet.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Get back!

The servants scurry away as Daedalus and Perdix rush over to Talus, who lies face down.

PERDIX

Talus!

Daedalus hesitantly places a hand on his nephew's shoulder. As he does so, Talus begins to groan from underneath the wings.

DAEDALUS

Talus, are you all right?

Daedalus rolls his nephew onto his back. His eyes remain tightly shut.

PERDIX

Talus?

TALUS

Am I dead?

Daedalus coughs out a laugh of relief.

DAEDALUS

Not yet.

Slowly, Talus opens one eye.

He smiles.

TALUS

That was pretty fun.

PERDIX

I'm glad you enjoyed yourself, because you're never doing that to me again! Can you stand?

Talus looks at Daedalus and smirks.

TALUS

There's only one way to find out.

Daedalus smiles back at his nephew.

DAEDALUS

Come on, we'll help you.

Daedalus and Perdix help Talus onto his feet. Perdix begins to unstrap the wings from Talus' shoulders as Daedalus turns to see Medea investigating the broken vial.

The queen picks up a shard of the vial with the sleeve of her shirt and inspects it. She lifts her eyes to look at her servant only to find Jason, cloth now removed from his face, struggle to stand up.

Medea's face contorts with rage.

MEDEA

SEIZE THAT MAN!

The two GUARDS closest to Jason move forward.

Jason looks at the guards advancing and back to Medea. With a panicked look, he grabs the hilt of a knife concealed in his garments. He rushes forward.

Daedalus, standing in between Jason and Medea, waves his hand to get Perdix and Talus' attention.

DAEDALUS

Get back!

Perdix pulls Talus behind her as Daedalus squares up to face Jason.

Jason closes in fast. His concealed hand pulls out the long knife and raises it over his head.

Daedalus grabs Jason's outstretched arm. They struggle against each other as the knife hovers above them.

Jason pushes Daedalus, slashing a big gash in his garments.

Daedalus falls back. He appears to be unharmed as he checks for blood, only revealing some kind of device strapped tightly against his body.

Jason turns his attention toward Medea, but finds himself face to face with Perdix, who quickly grabs his arm holding the knife and uses it to throw him over her shoulder.

The knife flies out of Jason's hand and lands a few feet away. With Perdix's knee on his chest, Jason reaches for the knife.

Before he can get his hands on it, a rope with what seems to be a hawk's talon on the end whizzes to the knife and latches onto its hilt.

Daedalus holds onto the other end of the rope which appears to be attached to the device in his robes. He gives the rope a sharp tug, pulling the knife safely away from Jason.

Jason watches his weapon fly out of reach as the two guards pursuing him catch up and drag him off the platform. Jason turns to Daedalus. His angry determination fades to a glance of defeat as he drops his head.

Daedalus, confused, turns to Perdix and Talus.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
(out of breath)
You two all right?

Perdix turns to Talus and looks at him up and down. Talus beams up at his mother and uncle.

PERDIX
(also out of breath)
I think so. Did he get you?

DAEDALUS
No. I might need some new clothes,
though.

Daedalus gives Perdix a comforting smile.

TALUS
That was incredible!
(to Perdix)
Where did you learn how to do that?

PERDIX
Every good Greek has wrestled at
least once.

TALUS
(pointing at Daedalus'
contraption)
And what is THAT?

DAEDALUS
Oh, this?

Daedalus starts collecting the rope.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

Projectile grappling hook. It was pretty handy when, as your mother told you, I was known to climb the occasional tree. Nowadays I keep it with me in case I can't reach something in the workshop.

(to himself)

I really need to figure out a better way to coil it up though.

PERDIX

Quiet.

Perdix places a hand on Daedalus' shoulder to get his attention.

Daedalus picks up the last bit of rope, along with the knife, and straightens up to see what Perdix is looking at.

People crowd in to get a better look at the attacker as Jason kneels down at Medea's feet. He looks down at the dirt. Medea stands over him.

MEDEA

Hello, Jason.

The crowd whispers to each other when they hear the name.

PERDIX

(whispering to Daedalus)
Jason? Of the Argonauts?

Daedalus furrows his brow, concerned. He watches on.

Jason does not respond. He keeps his eyes to the ground.

MEDEA

(scoffs)
Really? You come all this way to see me killed, but you won't even talk to me?

Jason says nothing. His eye twitches.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Speak!

Aegeus moves toward his wife.

AEGEUS

Medea, my dear--

Medea swiftly directs her glare at Aegeus.

The king struggles to maintain his composure.

AEGEUS (CONT'D)

P-perhaps we should... conduct this
in a more... private setting.

Medea continues to glare at Aegeus for a moment before
turning back to Jason.

MEDEA

(sighs)

It's probably for the best. If the
very sight of you makes me sick,
your words certainly won't help.

(to the guards)

Take him away.

The guards lift Jason by the arms and drag him through the
crowd.

As he passes Daedalus, Jason lifts his head and the two lock
eyes.

Jason lowers his head as he disappears out of view. Daedalus
looks down at the knife in his hands.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Now, where were we? Last I
remember, a boy with wings was
hurtling to the ground.

Medea turns to Talus.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Saving my life in the process.

Medea glances up at Daedalus and Perdix.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Of course, I have all three of you
to thank for that. Don't I?

Daedalus bows, followed by Perdix and Talus.

DAEDALUS

No thanks required, Your Highness.

Aegeus moves a step forward.

AEGEUS

Oh, don't be so modest. You have
done your city a great service.

Medea glances back at her husband, annoyed.

Aegeus steps back again, grabbing a cup of wine and drinking silently.

PERDIX

Anybody could have done the same if a man with a knife was running at them.

Medea locks eyes with Perdix.

MEDEA

But they didn't. You did.

The queen turns to Talus.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Like a gift from the gods, you quite literally came from the heavens.

Talus smiles timidly as the queen looks down on him.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

What do I call you?

TALUS

My name is Talus.

Medea turns to the rest of the group.

DAEDALUS

My name is Daedalus, and this is my sister, Perdix.

MEDEA

Very pleased to meet you.

(to Talus)

An impressive contraption you were wearing. Did you make it yourself?

TALUS

No, my uncle designed it. I just got to fly it around.

Medea locks eyes with Daedalus.

MEDEA

Extraordinary.

DAEDALUS

Thank you, m'Lady.

Medea stays still for a moment as she continues to stare into Daedalus' eyes.

Daedalus, staring back, notices a hint of eagerness before Medea breaks eye contact and turns toward Talus again.

MEDEA

You deserve a proper thank you for what you have done today.

Medea looks at the whole group.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

I would like to invite you to the palace tomorrow afternoon, so I might learn who my heroes truly are.

Talus' eyes widen as he looks up at his mother and uncle.

DAEDALUS

It would be an honor, Your Highness.

Daedalus, bows once more, concealing a look of concern as he lowers his head. He turns to share a concerned glance with Perdix.

MEDEA

Then it's settled. I will send transportation at noon.

DAEDALUS

We will be ready.

Medea nods.

A moment passes before Daedalus looks back down at the knife in his hands.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

Oh, I suppose you might want this.

Daedalus presents the knife.

Medea motions to a servant who takes the knife and brings it to the queen.

MEDEA

Yes, I suppose I would. Thank you.

Medea studies the knife for a moment before turning back to Daedalus, Perdix, and Talus.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

You are dismissed.

Daedalus, places a hand on Perdix and Talus' shoulders and direct them away from the platform.

As they pass by, the cloaked figure of Athena stands motionless, watching the family leave.

Medea turns to the rest of the crowd.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Let the games resume!

The crowd's hushed whispers break out into normal toned conversations as they disperse.

Athena watches Daedalus and his family leave from under her dark cloak. As the thick of the crowd wraps around her, the goddess disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. DAEDALUS' WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Daedalus heaves the flying contraption onto his workshop table. Talus and Perdix stand behind him. Talus is wearing an olive wreath.

TALUS

I can't believe we won! That was amazing!

PERDIX

You did well today, Talus. We're so proud of you.

Daedalus rubs his shoulder, fatigued.

TALUS

You should find a way to make that thing easier to land, Uncle Daedalus.

Daedalus stops rubbing his shoulder and sighs.

DAEDALUS

Some other time.

PERDIX

Come along, Talus. Your uncle is tired and we have a big day tomorrow. We all need our rest.

TALUS

Okay.

Slightly disappointed, Talus smiles at Daedalus.

Daedalus smiles back at the boy and sits down on the workshop bench.

PERDIX

Go on outside, Talus. I'll be right with you.

Talus nods and walks out of the room.

Perdix moves closer and leans on the table next to Daedalus so that they are face to face.

PERDIX (CONT'D)

You all right?

DAEDALUS

Yeah, yeah. Just tired.

Perdix nods.

PERDIX

You did a good job today.

DAEDALUS

Hey, you were the one who actually dropped the guy.

Perdix smirks.

PERDIX

And don't you forget it.

Daedalus chuckles.

DAEDALUS

Get out of here.

PERDIX

Good night, Daedalus.

Perdix places a hand on Daedalus' shoulder and walks out the door.

Daedalus releases a sigh as he scans the quiet room. He looks down at his torn garments and begins to undress. When his ripped clothes are removed, he begins to take off the device strapped to his chest.

The device looks like a breastplate with several installations attached to it, including the projectile grappling hook and a layout of tools.

Daedalus breathes a sigh of relief as he removes the breastplate and sets it on a stand. He lifts the grappling hook.

DAEDALUS

There's gotta be an easier way to wind you up.

Daedalus sets down the grappling hook and turns back to his torn garments. He fiddles with the torn cloth.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Jason.

Daedalus looks troubled as he releases the cloth and leaves the room.

DAEDALUS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daedalus enters his bedroom and sits down on the side of his bed. In front of him stands a figurine of Athena. Her gray eyes stare back into his.

Daedalus sighs heavily as he lies down, getting comfortable. He looks back at the figurine of Athena.

A moment passes as his eyelids grow heavier and start to close.

Beat.

ATHENA (V.O.)

(distant)

Daedalus.

Daedalus, startled, leans up and looks around his bedroom.

Nothing.

Confused, Daedalus lies back down. He begins to curl to his side.

BEGIN DREAM - EXT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - NIGHT

Everything is black around Daedalus as he finishes rolling to his side. A slight breeze ruffles his hair, but his eyes remain closed.

After a moment of silence, a dim light begins to glow from behind him.

ATHENA (O.S.)
 (closer)
 Daedalus.

Daedalus opens his eyes and turns around to see who called him.

A flash of light strikes Daedalus' face. He raises his hands over his eyes as the light illuminates the dark countryside near the bottom of Mount Olympus.

A dim city of pillars can be seen at the peak.

Daedalus stands up, uneasy. He looks around, confusion riddled on his face.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
 Do not be afraid.

Daedalus looks up at where the ethereal voice is coming from. The source of the light flows back and forth as a silhouette of a woman slowly appears.

The figure stands halfway up the mountain. Slowly, it turns and walks away, followed by the light.

DAEDALUS
 Who are you?

ATHENA
 Come.

Daedalus looks around. Everything is black except for the looming presence of Mount Olympus and the palace of the gods. Daedalus hesitates, takes a deep breath, and steps forward.

As his foot touches the ground, Daedalus' body warps and stretches in a blink of an eye.

He disappears.

EXT. PARTHENON - ATHENS - CONTINUOUS

Daedalus reappears in a rush of wind. He falls to his hands and knees, terrified.

Looking up, Daedalus sees the glowing figure watch him from a distance. She walks around a pillar and out of sight.

Daedalus quivers as he stands up, leaning against a nearby pillar. Lifting one foot, he hovers it over the ground.

He hesitates.

Daedalus scans through the darkness, then back to his foot.

After getting a better hold on the pillar next to him, Daedalus takes a deep breath and closes his eyes. He places the foot on the ground.

Beat.

Daedalus opens his eyes. He sees that the world around him is still black, leaving only the Parthenon visible. He slowly stumbles forward, toward the entrance.

As he enters the temple, Daedalus looks up in awe at the giant statue of Athena.

The figure looms over him, motionless. It holds a winged statue of NIKE in her right hand. In her left, she supports a rounded shield on its side. In the crook of her left arm rests a spear.

Daedalus moves his attention to the figure's face. The head is tilted downward slightly, as if the goddess was looking down on the humans below. Daedalus lingers on the face for a long moment.

It blinks.

ATHENA (V.O.)
(booming)
Daedalus.

Daedalus projects a loud SHRIEK as he falls back onto the stone floor.

The statue's feet slowly lift themselves from their secured positions with a low RUMBLE.

Nike flies from Athena's hand, as Athena reaches to pick up her spear. He flies over Daedalus' head and out of the temple.

The statue of Athena advances towards Daedalus, who cowers away from the giant figure.

Each step shakes the ground as she comes closer.

Daedalus stops moving back and simply covers his face as the statue bends down to look at the small man.

Daedalus does not look up.

Beat.

ATHENA (O.S.)
Take my hand.

Daedalus opens one eye. His fear shifts to confusion as he sees a woman's hand reach down towards him. The statue of Athena looms above everything where it originally stood.

Above Daedalus stands a woman dressed very much like the statue, but not nearly as towering.

Daedalus shakily raises his hand to take hers. Athena lifts him to his feet.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Hello, Daedalus.

DAEDALUS
What is this? Who are you?

Athena raises her hands up as if to put the surrounding building on display.

ATHENA
Surely, you must know.

Daedalus looks around at the countless pillars before focussing on the giant statue.

DAEDALUS
(shocked)
Athena.

ATHENA
I have something very important to tell you, Daedalus.

Daedalus walks to a nearby pillar, grazing it with the palm of his hand.

DAEDALUS
Last thing I remember I was going to--

ATHENA
Sleep. You are dreaming, Daedalus. And I am merely a visitor, here to tell you that you are in grave danger.

Daedalus turns back to the gray-eyed goddess.

DAEDALUS
Danger? What do you mean?

ATHENA

It seems that with your greatest triumph, comes your greatest trial.

Athena holds out her hand, gripping a spear as it appears in midair. She slams the bottom of the spear to the ground, producing a plume of thick smoke from the cracks in the stone.

As the smoke rises it shapes itself into the scene of Talus flying over Athens.

Daedalus watches the apparition of his nephew. He reaches a hand toward the smoke.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Your nephew is lucky to have an uncle like yourself to show him the importance of ingenuity.

As his hand touches the image of his nephew, the smoke shifts. Daedalus pulls his hand away. Talus disappears, and is replaced by the image of a defeated Jason behind bars.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

But you risk losing him due to no fault of your own.

Daedalus turns to Athena, concerned.

DAEDALUS

What do you mean? Has Jason hurt Talus?

The smoke shifts from the image of Jason to a sleeping Talus. Perdix leans over and kisses his head before leaving the apparition.

ATHENA

As we speak, your nephew is sleeping soundly in his bed, comforted that he has a loving mother and uncle to protect him.

Daedalus steps closer to Athena, dispersing the smoke all around them.

DAEDALUS

Does Jason plan on hurting my nephew? Is he a threat to my family?

ATHENA

It is not what Jason will do that puts you at risk. It is what he has already done.

As she says this the smoke merges together, once again, forming the shape of Medea looking down at Jason on his knees.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

His actions have greater consequences than even he realizes.

The smoky head of Jason lowers as the ground under Daedalus' feet begins to rumble.

Daedalus looks up at the pillars, now beginning to crack.

DAEDALUS

What should I do?

Athena looks gravely into Daedalus' eyes as smoke whirls around her head.

ATHENA

Be careful.

With that, the smoke envelops the goddess.

DAEDALUS

Wait!

Daedalus reaches forward, trying to hold Athena back. As he moves forward the smoke disperses to show no sign of Athena.

Daedalus looks around frantically in search of the goddess.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

Athena!

The ground continues to rumble. Large pieces of pillar begin to fall from above, landing dangerously close to Daedalus.

Daedalus turns toward the door, stumbling forward.

Before he can reach the exit, more giant boulders of rubble collapse in front of him, trapping him inside the temple.

Daedalus, out of breath, looks around frantically for another way out.

A boulder falls.

Daedalus jumps out of the way, rolling onto one knee before jumping out of the way of another chunk of marble.

Daedalus begins to run, weaving back and forth to avoid falling rubble.

Almost instinctively, Daedalus raises a hand up as his grappling hook claw shoots out.

Daedalus looks slightly confused when the claw begins to reel in, lifting him off the ground.

Daedalus' confusion quickly shifts to fascination.

A smaller rock hits Daedalus in the head.

The pillar to which the claw attached begins to crumble and fall.

Daedalus falls with it, landing on his back.

He struggles for air as he looks up at the ceiling. The chunk of marble attached to the grappling hook plummets toward him.

Daedalus closes his eyes, waiting for the boulder to end everything.

CUT TO:

Darkness.

PERDIX (V.O.)

This is crazy.

BACK TO REALITY - EXT. STREETS OF ATHENS - AFTERNOON

Daedalus opens his eyes and finds himself in a chariot with Perdix and Talus.

On either side of the chariot, people stand outside of their homes and shops to wave and cheer as they watch the three go by. Somebody hands Perdix a flower.

PERDIX

You would think that we had just come home from saving Greece itself.

TALUS

We saved the queen. That's a big deal too! Right, Daedalus?

Daedalus glances over the crowd. He looks worn out and tired.

DAEDALUS
Medea certainly thinks so.

Talus looks ahead. His eyes widen with excitement.

TALUS
We're almost there!

Daedalus and Perdix turn to look at the palace ahead.

The chariot slows to a stop next to a purple carpet that climbs up a large flight of stairs before the palace door.

PERDIX
I guess this is our stop.

The three step off the chariot, onto the purple carpet.

The three of them look up and see the figures of the king and queen surrounded by a few guards.

Daedalus turns to Perdix and Talus.

DAEDALUS
Stay close, all right?

PERDIX
Probably a good idea.

TALUS
(concerned)
Why, is something wrong?

Daedalus forces a smile.

DAEDALUS
Not at all. It's just a big day.
Let's stick together, all right?

Talus nods.

PERDIX
(jokingly)
We wouldn't want you to get lost in there.

Talus lightheartedly glares at his mother as Daedalus ruffles his hair and nudges the boy forward. The three start walking up the steps.

After a moment of silence, Talus turns to Perdix.

TALUS
 (smiling)
 You're mean.

Perdix laughs, wraps her arm around Talus' shoulders, and squeezes affectionately.

PERDIX
 Oh, you'll be all right.

Daedalus' smile fades as he falls back into his own thoughts.

The three finally reach the top of the steps, greeted with a big smile from Medea.

They bow.

A few steps behind the Queen stands King Aegeus.

MEDEA
 (turning to each of them)
 Daedalus, Perdix, Talus. Welcome.

Medea lingers on Talus' face as the three guests straighten up again.

The queen turns to Aegeus and nods. With that, Aegeus steps forward.

AEGEUS
 It is a true pleasure, my friends.

The guests turn their attention to Aegeus, but Daedalus struggles not to look over at Medea.

ATHENA (V.O.)
 (in Daedalus' head)
 With your greatest triumph comes
 your greatest trial.

Daedalus forces himself to focus on Aegeus.

Medea glances over at Daedalus from the corner of her eye.

AEGEUS
 On behalf of Athens, I thank you
 for the service you provided
 yesterday. You have protected your
 queen and brought honor to your
 family.

PERDIX
 Thank you, Your Highness.

MEDEA

Come, let's go inside.

Aegeus and Medea turn and lead the three inside.

INT. AEGEUS' PALACE - CONTINUOUS

Daedalus, Perdix, and Talus gaze up at the decorated walls. The pillars stand tall above them and oil burns in large bowls, lighting up the main hall.

As they look around, several servants flow in, each carrying a platter of food or wine.

AEGEUS

Would you like anything to eat or drink?

ATHENA (V.O.)

(in Daedalus' head)

Be careful.

DAEDALUS

(swallows)

Wine, thank you.

Daedalus is handed a cup of wine. Perdix takes one as well.

AEGEUS

We wouldn't want our guests to be lacking. If there is anything you need, just say the word.

Talus takes a slice of honey cake.

DAEDALUS

You are very gracious, my King.

Daedalus takes a long sip of wine.

AEGEUS

This must be fairly strange for you. One day you're flying. The next, you're in the Royal Palace, drinking with the King and Queen.

Aegeus laughs. Daedalus and Perdix chuckle politely as Talus eats his honey cake.

PERDIX

It certainly is a change of pace.

Medea turns to her husband with a stern look. Aegeus quickly settles down before smiling timidly at their guests.

MEDEA

Aegeus, my dear, why don't you go see how the preparations are coming for the feast tonight and I will show our guests around.

Aegeus claps his hands together.

AEGEUS

Ah, yes. The feast!

Aegeus turns to Daedalus, Perdix, and Talus.

AEGEUS (CONT'D)

In celebration of a successful Panatheniac Games. You're more than welcome of course! One has not truly experienced a feast until they have experienced one of mine!

Daedalus smiles uneasily, clearing his throat.

DAEDALUS

You're too kind, Your Highness.

Aegeus pats Daedalus on the shoulder forcefully.

AEGEUS

Right! Well, see you all later.

Aegeus exits the main hall.

Medea watches him go for a moment before turning to her guests. She smiles, folding her hands in front of her.

MEDEA

Now that's better.

Medea looks at Daedalus who takes another sip of his wine, Perdix who stares up at the pillars, and Talus who looks back at her with a smile on his face.

Medea gives Talus a smile of her own.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

My husband can be a bit unbearable at times, though, I have to admit, he could not have been too far off. This must seem very sudden for you all.

PERDIX
I suppose a great deal in life
happens quite suddenly.

Medea turns to Perdix. She stares deeply into her guest's eyes.

MEDEA
Yes, I suppose you're right.

Medea smiles and looks at Perdix's half empty cup.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
More wine?

Perdix glances down at her beverage.

PERDIX
Oh no, thank you.

MEDEA
It's really no trouble.

Perdix thinks for a moment.

PERDIX
Well, if you insist.

Medea smiles again and moves to the wine platter.

MEDEA
It is truly a pleasure having you
all as guests. I just couldn't help
but thank you for your help
yesterday and get to know who my
saviors really are.

Medea reaches for the bottle of wine and turns around to face Perdix.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
So, Perdix, how about we start with
you.

Perdix takes a sip of her wine.

PERDIX
What do you want to know?

Medea walks over to Perdix and begins refilling her cup.

MEDEA
You are Talus' mother, correct?

PERDIX

Yes.

Perdix looks over at Talus.

PERDIX (CONT'D)

And I'm very proud of him.

Medea smiles.

MEDEA

As you should be.

The queen finishes refilling Perdix's cup.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

But, is it too much to ask--

PERDIX

Where Talus' father is?

Medea closes her mouth and nods.

Perdix turns and looks at her son. Talus wraps one arm around himself, latching onto his other arm.

PERDIX (CONT'D)

We don't know.

Talus lowers his head as Perdix looks up at Medea.

PERDIX (CONT'D)

His father left us when Talus was very young. He left without a word and we haven't seen him since.

Perdix turns to Daedalus.

PERDIX (CONT'D)

Daedalus has taken up many of the responsibilities that a father should have.

Daedalus notices Medea look at him, and turns his face away, taking another sip of wine from his own cup.

Medea frowns and places a hand on Perdix's shoulder.

MEDEA

I am sorry.

PERDIX

Thank you, but we're all right.
Talus' father was never one to stay
in one place for an extended period
of time.

Medea smiles comfortingly.

MEDEA

Of course. I understand the
restless nature of men.

Perdix looks into Medea's eyes. She sees the queen's eyes
flash green for a moment, then back to her dark brown.

Daedalus sees a rush of green flow through Medea's arm and
into Perdix's shoulder. He rubs his eyes and looks again.

Nothing.

Daedalus sets his cup of wine down, confused.

Fatigue washes over Perdix. Her eyes start to grow heavy as
Medea releases Perdix's shoulder and walks away.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Though you saw that first hand
yesterday. Didn't you?

Perdix wavers back and forth as Daedalus focusses on Medea.

DAEDALUS

Jason.

Medea sets the bottle of wine down and turns to Daedalus with
a frown.

MEDEA

Yes.

(to Perdix)

In a way, Jason left me in the
middle of the night too. We have
that in common.

TALUS

Is it true that you helped him find
the Golden Fleece?

Medea turns to Talus.

MEDEA

The fleece was never lost. My
father watched over it in Colchis.

(MORE)

MEDEA (CONT'D)

I was young, then, with a rebellious heart. And Jason was very handsome.

Medea stares aimlessly, stuck in her own thoughts.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

I helped him take the fleece. In exchange for my help, he promised to love me as I loved him.

The queen turns to Daedalus.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

(to Talus)

But unlike your uncle, dear Talus, Jason was not nearly as committed to those closest to him. Now he's in my dungeons.

Medea takes a step closer to Daedalus.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Enough about me, though. I want to learn more about the great inventor himself.

Medea looks Daedalus up and down before giving him a playful jab in the chest, producing a leathery thud against his modified breastplate. She smirks.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

You've built a device that allows man to fly. You've made a claw that extends from your own arm. Tell me, what else have you invented?

Daedalus furrows his brow with discomfort as he glances over at Perdix and Talus. Perdix stumbles slightly to lean against a nearby pillar, not seeming to pay much attention. Talus looks confused.

Medea notices Daedalus' gaze and steps back.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Oh, how rude of me.

The queen turns to the rest of the group, smiling.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

You've only just arrived and I haven't even given you the tour.

Medea turns back to Daedalus.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
How does that sound?

DAEDALUS
(forcing a smile)
That sounds like a good idea.

Medea's smile lessens as she moves for the nearest exit.

MEDEA
This way, then.

Daedalus waves Talus over to him, but Perdix lingers behind; still leaning against the pillar. Her eyes are barely open.

PERDIX
You all go on. I'll catch up later.

Medea turns back to Perdix. Daedalus walks over to get a closer look at his sister.

DAEDALUS
Are you all right?

PERDIX
Yeah, I'll be fine. I'm just not feeling very well all of a sudden.

DAEDALUS
You don't look very good either.

Perdix raises her eyes just slightly to glare at Daedalus. A flash of green washes around within her eyes before disappearing. Daedalus squints as if to get a closer look.

MEDEA
If you're not well, don't worry about catching up, darling. I will have my servants bring you to a room so that you can rest.

Medea CLAPS her hands sharply.

DAEDALUS
Perhaps we should just stay with Perdix.

Medea looks disappointed.

MEDEA
But what about the tour?

PERDIX
 (to Daedalus)
 You can go on if you want to.

Daedalus looks at Perdix, confused. He notices another flash of green in her eyes as two servants enter the room.

MEDEA
 Ah, here they are now.

The servants stop next to Medea.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
 Please bring our guest to the softest bed we have to offer. She needs her rest.

The servants bow their heads and hurry to Perdix. Daedalus is forced to move out of the way as the two servants come on either side to support his drowsy sister.

DAEDALUS
 (to Perdix)
 Are you sure you're all right?

PERDIX
 I'm sure. I just need to lie down.

The servants start walking Perdix to the door. Daedalus watches them leave with a concerned look.

As the door shuts, Medea turns to Daedalus and Talus. She gives them a sympathetic smile.

MEDEA
 Poor thing. I'm sure she will feel better in the evening.

Daedalus places a hand on Talus' shoulder. He frowns.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
 Shall we continue?

EXT. PALACE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

The group walks slowly as Medea admires all the beautiful lavender plants, poppies, irises, and other flowers. The plants seem to be bigger and more vibrant than normal.

MEDEA
 The palace garden is dear to me. I make sure it is tended to with care every day.

Medea stops to smell one of the many vibrant flowers.

TALUS
They're beautiful.

MEDEA
Yes. Useful as well.

TALUS
Useful?

The queen smiles as she turns to Talus.

MEDEA
Everything you see here is an
ingredient for one recipe or
another.

Medea turns back to the garden.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
I like to watch them grow, to see
what they will become. You might
say they are like my children.

Daedalus glances at Medea, frowning.

TALUS
Do you have any children?

Medea smiles with sad eyes.

MEDEA
Once.

Talus awkwardly lowers his head.

TALUS
I-I'm sorry. I didn't know.

Medea gently places a finger on Talus' chin and lifts his head. Her smile grows more reassuring.

MEDEA
And how could you? You remind me of
them, in a way. They were always so
curious.

TALUS
What happened to them?

Daedalus squeezes Talus' shoulder.

DAEDALUS
Talus, that's enough.

MEDEA
No, no. It's all right.

Medea kneels down in front of Talus. She places her hand on his other shoulder.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Jason - the man I left everything for, the man I thought would give me all the happiness in the world, the same man you saved me from yesterday - killed my children.

Talus opens his mouth, shocked.

TALUS
But... why?

MEDEA
Why do men in positions of power do anything? More power. He had no more use for me, so he moved on. He found a new wife to give him children, and the threat of my sons coming back to claim his throne was too much.

TALUS
That's horrible.

MEDEA
Yes it is.

Medea stands and looks over at Daedalus.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
My pain will never fully heal, but it consoles me greatly that I can keep him from hurting another human being again.

Daedalus forces himself to return Medea's gaze. He searches her eyes, but sees nothing.

Medea turns to Talus.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Would you like to see?

CUT TO:

INT. ATHENIAN PRISON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A single door stands, closing in a dimly lit room.

The floor is covered in straw and on either side of the room are barred cages.

A moment of silence passes with the door looming in front of the prison before the latch is opened from the outside.

The door swings open to reveal a LANKY GUARD and a CHUBBY GUARD standing on either side of Medea.

Behind her, Daedalus and Talus climb up what seems to be a spiral staircase.

They follow Medea into the room.

MEDEA
(to the guards)
Stay outside.

The guards bow to Medea and shut the door.

Medea turns to her guests.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Welcome to my prison room.

Daedalus and Talus look around. Four empty cells occupy the space on their left and right. In the back of the room is a fifth cell. A shadow of a man sits in the far corner of the cage, holding his knees.

Medea smiles to herself at the looks of discomfort and confusion on her guest's faces.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
You're wondering why I brought you here, aren't you?

DAEDALUS
A little enlightenment wouldn't hurt.

Maintaining her smile, Medea turns around. She walks toward the final cell, letting her hand graze the barred cages on the side of the room.

MEDEA
You see, I think you and I coincide in many ways.

From the corner of his cell, Jason raises his eyes slightly towards the visitor's direction.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

We're forward thinkers. When faced with a problem, we stop at nothing until the solution is found.

Jason quickly lowers his eyes again as Medea draws closer.

Medea stops at the end of the room. She studies Jason with emotionless eyes before turning to her guests, giving them another one of her smirks.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

The only difference is, you solve the problem by inventing something. I solve the problem by finding you.

DAEDALUS

What do you mean?

Medea raises her hand to display Jason. She steps to the side to make room for Daedalus and Talus.

Daedalus hesitates for a moment before walking toward the cell at the end of the room. Talus follows close behind.

When Daedalus reaches the cell, he looks down at Jason. The man wears ragged clothing. He shivers, eyes twitching.

Daedalus looks around the interior of the cell. On the stone wall is a small, barred window revealing only the blue sky.

Daedalus looks at the ground underneath him and the room itself.

MEDEA

Not too long ago, this man was a great risk to me. He left me weak. Vulnerable. Had I known he was in Athens, I would have caught him much sooner than I did.

Medea moves in closer.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Which is why I need you. Now Athens is the weak and vulnerable one. Its armies could not match an attack from Sparta. Its navy stands no chance against the Cretan fleet.

(MORE)

MEDEA (CONT'D)

If one man could get so close to killing the queen of Athens, I don't even want to think about if the Persians invaded.

Daedalus looks up at Medea.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

We need to think of new ways to defend our city from whomever might want to do us harm. And you have.

Daedalus frowns as he looks back at the barred window. A seagull lands on the outside of the window. It begins to clean its feathers.

DAEDALUS

I see.

TALUS

You mean flying?

Daedalus turns his attention to Jason in the corner of the cell. He tilts his head slightly as he locks eyes with the prisoner.

Jason does not blink.

MEDEA

Your uncle proved that it could be done with the right technology. Why not give that power to all of Athens?

Daedalus steps back from the cell.

DAEDALUS

You mean to use my invention for war.

MEDEA

(smirks)

Only when necessary. Only to defend our city.

DAEDALUS

So... are you asking me this now because of the recent attack? Or was this the plan for the competition all along?

Medea's smile fades.

MEDEA

Do you think me a villain,
Daedalus?

Daedalus frowns.

Talus looks up at his uncle, concerned, as Daedalus turns to look at Jason.

DAEDALUS

My apologies, Your Highness, I...
It's just that I don't design
things today only to make weapons
out of them tomorrow.

Medea links arms with Daedalus and walks him closer to the cell again.

MEDEA

Do you know why I haven't sentenced
this monster to death already?
Information. He might know
something detrimental to the
survival of the people of Athens.

DAEDALUS

War plans, for instance.

Medea smirks.

MEDEA

Who knows what force might be
waiting to strike? Jason has
already shown that we're an easy
target. But with your invention,
maybe it wouldn't be so easy.

Daedalus thinks about this.

DAEDALUS

And if no war plans are discovered,
which city-state do we attack
first?

Medea's grin fades, growing more frustrated.

MEDEA

Like I said, we would only use the
wings to protect the people of
Athens.

Daedalus nods, removes his arm from Medea's, and places a hand on his nephew's shoulder.

DAEDALUS

I'll think about it, but for now,
we would like to see how Perdix is
doing.

Jason keeps his gaze on Daedalus from the corner of his cell.

Medea glares at Daedalus for a moment before lowering her
eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Perdix lies in a large bed, covered by several blankets. Her
closed eyes begin to flutter when she hears the door open.

PERDIX

(groggy)
Hello?

Daedalus and Talus enter the room, followed by Medea.

The queen stands a distance away, arms crossed, as Daedalus
sits at the end of the bed and Talus jumps on top of Perdix.

TALUS

Wake up, Ma!

Perdix groans, only slightly amused.

PERDIX

Leave me alone, you horrible child!

TALUS

(giggling)
Where's the fun in that?

Perdix smiles as she stretches and sits up. She wraps a
headlock around Talus and pulls him in for a hug.

PERDIX

No peace!

Daedalus smiles.

DAEDALUS

How are you feeling?

PERDIX

Better. The nap really helped.

Daedalus scans her eyes for any hint of green. Nothing appears.

PERDIX (CONT'D)
How was the tour?

Beat.

DAEDALUS
It was good.

His eyes motion to where Medea is standing and back to Perdix.

Perdix keeps her gaze on Daedalus. She swallows.

TALUS
We got to see the Queen's garden!

PERDIX
Is that so? That sounds lovely.

Perdix turns to Medea and forces a smile.

PERDIX (CONT'D)
Thank you for your hospitality,
Your Highness. We are very
grateful.

MEDEA
The pleasure is all mine, dear. I'm
glad to see you are feeling better.

PERDIX
I'm so embarrassed. I don't know
what came over me. This never
happens.

MEDEA
At least it has passed.

Medea moves in closer to the bed. As she does so, King Aegeus enters the room through the open door.

AEGEUS
Ah, I hope everyone is enjoying
themselves. The feast will be
starting within the hour. So if you
have to freshen up, now is the
time!

Perdix turns to Daedalus who stares uncomfortably at the bed frame. He releases a quiet sigh of exhaustion.

Perdix turns to King Aegeus.

PERDIX
Our apologies, my King. This lovely day appears to have wiped us all out. I think it would be best if we simply returned home.

Talus turns to his mother with a disappointed look.

King Aegeus opens his mouth in disbelief and looks at Daedalus and Talus.

AEGEUS
Is this how everybody feels?

Talus is about to say something but, before he can, Perdix grabs hold of his hand and gently squeezes.

Daedalus puts on a remorseful smile and turns to the king.

DAEDALUS
I'm afraid so.

AEGEUS
How very disappointing.

King Aegeus lowers his head.

DAEDALUS
We're very sorry.

Medea notices Talus' disappointment before turning to her husband.

MEDEA
It's all right, dear. If they don't want to stay, they don't have to.

AEGEUS
(sighs)
Yes, of course.

MEDEA
Why don't you call for a chariot to be pulled up?

AEGEUS
Very well.

Nodding a goodbye to the group, Aegeus walks out of the room. Medea watches him leave and turns back to her guests.

MEDEA

Before you go, I would like to give
you all something.

CUT TO:

INT. AEGEUS' PALACE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Daedalus, Perdix, and Talus stand in front of the main doors
of the palace, facing Medea and Aegeus.

Beside Medea stands a servant holding a decorative pillow
with three items displayed on top.

MEDEA

As a final thank you, we would like
to present to you these parting
gifts.

Medea reaches for a hair pin in the shape of a spear with a
blue sapphire in place of the spear head.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

To Perdix, for displaying grace and
power like a spear in the right
hands.

Medea places the pin in Perdix's hair and turns back to the
pillow. She reaches, next, for a necklace with an owl
decoration.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

To Daedalus, because like Athena's
owl, you are thoughtful and wise.

Medea puts the necklace around Daedalus' neck.

The queen reaches for the third item on the pillow; a
bracelet decorated to look like wings.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

And to Talus, the brave soul who
flew through the heavens.

Medea wraps the bracelet around Talus' wrist and holds his
hand in hers affectionately.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

May you never fall.

Talus smiles at Medea as the queen stands up.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

You are all welcome to come here
whenever you wish. Simply bring
these gifts, and you will be let
in.

Medea looks down at Talus.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Should you need anything from us,
just ask.

Daedalus, Perdix, and Talus bow their heads to the King and
Queen.

DAEDALUS

Thank you, Your Majesty.

AEGEUS

(smiling)

And should you change your mind
about the feast, we shall keep your
seats open.

The three guests smile.

DAEDALUS

You're very kind. But we really
must be going.

MEDEA

Very well.

Medea nods to the GUARDS standing by the palace doors.

The guards open the heavy doors for the guests.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

(To Daedalus)

We hope to see you all again very
soon.

Daedalus bows his head once more before turning to leave.

Medea looks at Talus, who smiles up at her.

Perdix touches Talus' shoulder to get his attention. She
wraps her arm around the boy as they follow Daedalus down the
stairs.

Below, a chariot waits.

CUT TO:

INT. DAEDALUS' WORKSHOP - EVENING

Daedalus, Perdix, and Talus enter the workshop after being dropped off from the palace.

Perdix storms in as she pulls the hair pin out of her hair and tosses it elsewhere.

PERDIX

Talus, go to the other room please.

TALUS

Why? What's wrong?

Perdix rubs the bridge of her nose.

PERDIX

Nothing. I just need to talk to your uncle.

Daedalus squeezes Talus' shoulder gently.

DAEDALUS

It's all right. Listen to your mother.

Talus nods and walks out of the workshop looking concerned.

Daedalus turns to Perdix who walks back and forth with her arms on her hips.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

What a day.

Perdix stops pacing and turns to Daedalus.

PERDIX

Yes, let's talk about today. What was that?!

Daedalus raises his hands up and motions for Perdix to keep it down.

DAEDALUS

I'm not entirely sure... What happened to you up there?

Perdix shrugs, eyes wide.

PERDIX

The last thing I remember in the main hall was *Her Royal Highness* placing her *royal* hand on my shoulder and--

Perdix slowly hovers a hand over her eye, seeming to recall something. She then moves the hand to her temple and starts rubbing, eyes clenched.

DAEDALUS

The green.

Perdix looks up.

PERDIX

You saw it too?

DAEDALUS

In your eyes. Just a glimpse.

Daedalus turns toward his workshop. He crosses his arms.

PERDIX

It was Medea. It had to have been.

Daedalus pauses.

DAEDALUS

Normally I wouldn't come to such a quick conclusion, but after today, and the dream I had last night--

PERDIX

What dream?

Perdix moves closer to Daedalus.

DAEDALUS

Athena came to me.

PERDIX

Athena? You talked to Athena?

Daedalus considers this.

DAEDALUS

Yeah... In a dream.

Dumbfounded, Perdix rubs her face, crosses her arms, and waits to hear more.

Beat.

PERDIX

Well... what did she say?

DAEDALUS

She warned me about Jason, but--

PERDIX

But, what?

DAEDALUS

Medea has more power than we know.
Remember the old stories?

PERDIX

You mean the rumors that Medea
killed her children instead of
Jason? It's kind of hard to forget.

DAEDALUS

It may not really be Jason that we
need to worry about. Not anymore,
at least.

PERDIX

What did I miss?

Daedalus doesn't answer for a moment. He picks up the owl
figure hanging around his neck.

PERDIX (CONT'D)

Daedalus?

Daedalus turns his head.

DAEDALUS

She wants me to help her conquer
Greece.

Perdix opens her mouth slightly. Her eyes, wide with concern.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

I said I'd think abou--

PERDIX

What?!

Daedalus turns around, arms raised defensively.

DAEDALUS

It was only to get out of the
situation!

Perdix crosses her arms in frustration.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

But I don't think it'll be as easy
as saying no.

He looks at the owl necklace and rips it off.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

She seemed very confident that I would help equip every soldier in Athens with a set of wings.

PERDIX

You can't do that.

TALUS (O.S.)

Why not?

Perdix and Daedalus turn to find Talus looking into the workshop from the other room.

DAEDALUS

Talus.

TALUS

Why can't you help the Queen?

Daedalus looks down and sighs. Perdix looks at Daedalus, saddened. She turns to Talus again.

PERDIX

Because we don't trust her.

TALUS

What's there not to trust? She just wants to make Athens safe.

PERDIX

Safe from whom?

Talus shrugs his shoulders.

TALUS

The Spartans? The Cretans? Whoever Jason is working with?

Perdix looks at Daedalus, concerned.

Daedalus shakes his head.

DAEDALUS

Talus, if we were under attack, we could hold our own. Athens is not as weak as Medea would have you believe. She is just trying to gain the high ground. She's not trying to protect us from them; she's trying to rule over them.

PERDIX
 And with Medea as ruler, who knows
 what could happen?

Daedalus and Perdix share a worried glance.

TALUS
 I don't believe you.

Perdix and Daedalus turn back at Talus.

TALUS (CONT'D)
 You help Queen Medea without
 hesitation yesterday--

DAEDALUS
 (shaking head)
 We were protecting you--

TALUS
 But when she welcomes you into her
 own home and asks for help--

DAEDALUS
 That's different, Talus. She was
 trying to bribe us--

TALUS
 You turn your back on her! Just
 like Jason.

Daedalus slams his fist on the table and points a finger at
 Talus.

DAEDALUS
 You're smarter than this, Talus!
 Act like it.

Talus looks at his uncle, taken aback.

PERDIX
 (slightly shocked)
 Try to understand hun--

Talus shakes his head and runs out of the house.

PERDIX (CONT'D)
 Talus, wait!

Perdix frantically looks at Daedalus in frustration and back
 to the door. She releases a heavy sigh and runs after Talus.

PERDIX (CONT'D)

(sternly)

We'll talk later.

Daedalus stands alone in the quiet workshop. He sighs, embarrassed, and looks down at the owl necklace in his hand. He closes his fist and walks to a nearby window.

Through the window, Daedalus looks up at the palace. He focusses on a tower that stands slightly higher than any other.

Daedalus furrows his brow as he thinks.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHENIAN PRISON ROOM - NIGHT

Jason sleeps, propped up in the corner of his cell. His legs sprawl across the floor and his hands lie by his side.

Sounds of music and laughter can be heard outside the single door of the prison room.

After a moment, the lock SLAMS open.

Startled awake, Jason recoils into the fetal position again, twitching eyes fixed on the door.

As it opens, Lanky Guard steps in with a cup and plate. Behind him, Chubby Guard stands by the door, holding in his laughter.

Lanky Guard walks up to Jason's cell and smirks.

LANKY GUARD

Why so glum?

Jason says nothing. He only glares up at the guard.

LANKY GUARD (CONT'D)

Ah, don't take it so hard. I'm only joking. Here, join the party.

Lanky Guard kneels down and sets the cup and plate in Jason's cell. Jason hesitates.

LANKY GUARD (CONT'D)

Go on.

Jason slowly moves up to grab the food and drink. Just as he is about to reach for the meal, Lanky Guard flips the cup and plate upsidetown. Jason frantically moves to set the cup back up as water flows out.

Chubby Guard laughs loudly back in the doorway.

Lanky Guard opens his mouth, as if surprised.

LANKY GUARD (CONT'D)
Oops. Well, it should be all right.
The floor isn't that dirty.

Lanky Guard looks around at the floor.

LANKY GUARD (CONT'D)
If you ignore all the rat shit,
that is.

Lanky Guard stands up and smirks again at Jason before returning to his hysterical guard-mate. He starts laughing with Chubby Guard as the door shuts behind them and latches closed.

Jason looks down at his nearly empty cup and food strewn across the floor. He notices maggots crawling all over the food, grimaces, and crawls back to the corner of his cell.

Jason sits there silently for a long moment. He looks down at the hay-covered stone underneath him as tears build up in his eyes.

A moment passes before he hears a distant WHIZZING sound from outside. Jason stands up and moves closer to his cell window.

Jason notices a small CLANKING noise followed by the whizzing as if something were digging into the wall.

The sound moves closer to Jason's window. And closer. And closer.

Beat.

Startled, Jason jumps back as a bird claw on a rope suddenly wraps around one of the bars on his window.

He looks back and forth.

Moving closer, Jason hears the HEAVY BREATHING of somebody a little bit lower than his window.

Jason's head presses against the bars, trying to get a better look. As he strains to find out what is happening, Daedalus' head pops up right in front of Jason's.

Both men scream and recoil away from each other before realizing who they are looking at.

JASON
(whispering)
You!

DAEDALUS
(panting)
Finally.

The latch of the prison room door opens.

Jason and Daedalus simultaneously look at the door and back at each other. Daedalus moves away from the window, and Jason stands in front of the grappling hook attached to the bar.

Lanky Guard steps into the room.

LANKY GUARD
What's all this about? I'm trying
to have a peaceful evening and here
you are screaming your head off.

Jason says nothing.

LANKY GUARD (CONT'D)
You better have a good reason for
all this raucous, or I'll bust your
head in.

Jason looks directly at the guard, eyes twitching nervously, with his arms crossed.

JASON
No reason. Just... crying.

Beat.

Lanky Guard chuckles.

LANKY GUARD
A dead man like yourself would be,
wouldn't you?

Lanky Guard chuckles again, but stops as he notices where Jason is in the cell.

LANKY GUARD (CONT'D)
Not in your corner anymore, eh?

Jason grimaces.

LANKY GUARD (CONT'D)

Why?

Jason swallows.

JASON

Just... crying out the window so
nobody is disturbed.

Lanky Guard nods.

LANKY GUARD

It's not working.

JASON

All right.

Lanky Guard turns to leave.

LANKY GUARD

Keep it down.

JASON

Of course.

Lanky Guard walks out of the room, closing the latch behind
him.

Daedalus moves his head back into view and Jason turns around
to face him.

JASON (CONT'D)

(whispering again)

You have some nerve showing up
here.

DAEDALUS

Look, I don't want to be here
either.

Daedalus looks down. He hovers several hundred feet above the
ground.

Swallowing, Daedalus looks up again.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

But I need some information.

Jason glares.

JASON

Did your little queen send you to
spy on me?

DAEDALUS

First of all, why would she send me to spy on you? If she wanted any information, she could easily get *Guard-of-the-Month* over there to, what was it, "bust your head in"? Secondly, if you don't remember, I stood up to her earlier today.

JASON

You were also the one who helped her catch me!

Daedalus glares.

DAEDALUS

Personally not regretting that decision right now.

Jason shakes his head, stepping away from the window.

Daedalus sighs.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

Yes, I did get you captured... But I'm not apologizing just yet. As of now, I have a lot of questions about your relationship with the queen. If you haven't noticed, it has currently become my problem too.

Jason snorts, amused.

JASON

You want me to help you?

Daedalus glares.

DAEDALUS

What else are you going to do?

Jason thinks about this, eyes twitching.

Daedalus glances at the door behind Jason, listening for any sign of entry. He focusses back on Jason.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

How much danger am I in?

Fear flashes over Jason's face.

JASON

You don't want to know.

DAEDALUS

You heard what she wanted from me today.

JASON

She won't stop. Everything you care about will be destroyed unless you help her.

DAEDALUS

And if I help her?

Jason moves closer to the window.

JASON

Everything you care about will be destroyed.

Daedalus swallows.

DAEDALUS

What can I do?

JASON

There's nothing you can do. Nobody is as powerful in magic as Medea.

DAEDALUS

So she does have magic.

JASON

Of course she does! And she uses it. Often!

DAEDALUS

Well if that's true, than why wouldn't she just make me build her flying army?

Jason rolls his eyes and steps away again.

JASON

It doesn't work like that. She can influence objects and people in certain ways, but she can't control their minds.

Jason turns around and slightly massages his wrist.

JASON (CONT'D)

She finds other ways to do that.

For a moment, Jason is lost in his own thoughts.

DAEDALUS
So that's it? I've already lost?

Jason lowers his head.

JASON
Pretty much.

DAEDALUS
You were singing a different tune
yesterday at the games.

Jason moves toward the corner.

JASON
And look at me now. I was a fool,
and you are too if you try to stop
her.

Daedalus watches Jason move out of view.

DAEDALUS
Wait!

Jason sits back down in the corner and lowers his head.

Daedalus gives the rocky wall a solid thud with his head and
rests there.

A moment passes before Daedalus, still leaning against the
wall, rolls his head to look at the bars on the window.

Daedalus thinks, then looks down at the ground below.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
You used to be a captain, right?

JASON (O.S.)
So?

DAEDALUS
What if you were free?

Daedalus lifts his head and peers through the window.

Nothing.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
What if I helped you escape? Could
you get my family ou--

Jason flashes back in the window.

Daedalus muffles a shriek as he jolts back.

JASON

How?

DAEDALUS

Gods! Don't do that to me!

JASON

How would you help me escape?

DAEDALUS

Now slow dow--

JASON

Yes, yes, I'll help your family escape. But I need to be free first. How?

Daedalus, still recovering from being startled, thinks for a moment.

DAEDALUS

Now that's a good question. Give me a moment.

JASON

I'm guarded 24/7, I'm stuck in a giant tower, and I'm probably going to be executed within the week if not sooner. All due respect, but I don't have many of those left.

Daedalus peers past Jason's head again to look at the prison door. He raises an eyebrow.

DAEDALUS

You say you're guarded 24/7. But how often are they really in here?

Jason thinks.

JASON

Whenever they remember to feed me? I don't know, I haven't been here long enough to memorize their work schedule.

Daedalus nods his head while pondering this.

DAEDALUS

Fair enough. But that's a good start.

Jason watches Daedalus mull things over for a moment.

JASON
What are you thinking?

DAEDALUS
I think I have an idea.

Jason's eye twitches excitedly.

JASON
Excellent! What is it?

DAEDALUS
I need more equipment.

Daedalus starts moving down the wall carefully. Jason strains to watch him go.

JASON
Wait, what?

Daedalus continues to scale down the tower.

DAEDALUS
I need to build some more stuff,
and I need to do it fast. You're
running out of time, as you said
yourself.

JASON
Right.

Jason nods.

JASON (CONT'D)
When will you come back?

DAEDALUS
No more than a couple of days.

Jason looks worried.

JASON
That's kind of pushing it, don't
you think?

Daedalus keeps climbing down.

DAEDALUS
It's the best I can do. Pay
attention to the guard's schedule
while I'm gone.

JASON
Well... All right.

Jason steps away from the window. He is about to go back to his corner when a flash of surprise crosses his face. He moves back to the window.

JASON (CONT'D)

Wait!

Daedalus stops scaling the walls and looks up, frustrated.

DAEDALUS

What?

JASON

What do I call you?

Panting slightly, Daedalus sighs.

DAEDALUS

Daedalus.

Daedalus continues to move down. Jason smiles.

JASON

Nice to meet you, Daedalus. I'm
Jason.

Daedalus shakes his head as he continues to descend.

DAEDALUS

I know.

JASON

(to himself)
Right.

Jason moves away from the window. He looks at it for a moment and moves back to his corner.

EXT. AEGEUS' PALACE - WALL - CONTINUOUS

As Daedalus continues to climb down the wall. He pauses for a moment and glances back at Jason's window. A look of concern crosses his face.

DAEDALUS

(to himself)
Greater consequences...

Daedalus moves his attention to the grappling hook above him. He pulls away some of his outer clothing to reveal his breastplate.

Daedalus pushes a button on his chest.

Above him, the bird claw detaches from the wall and whizzes back to the breastplate, already coiled.

Daedalus grabs the bird hook and reattaches it to the wall right in front of him.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
Much better.

Daedalus continues down the tower.

CUT TO:

INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF THE GODS - NIGHT

Athena looks down on the earth below. She carries a severe look of concern as she turns away from her viewpoint of Athens.

The goddess of wisdom passes by Zeus hurriedly.

The king of the gods watches as Athena moves toward Hera before he returns to inspecting a batch of lightning bolts with HEPHAESTUS.

The bolts crackle with energy as Zeus tests their edge.

HEPHAESTUS
I improved the grip and balance to provide maximum precision.

ZEUS
Thank you, Hephaestus. They're beautiful. But how will they fare in close quarters?

Zeus looks back at Athena and Hera. He raises an eyebrow.

HEPHAESTUS
If you see here, I...

Athena stands close to Hera. She crosses her arms.

ATHENA
He's getting too close.

Hera focuses on cutting a pomegranate in half.

HERA
Yes well, Jason tends to have that affect on people.

With the pomegranate prepared, Hera pulls out a seed and eats it.

She turns to Athena.

HERA (CONT'D)
What are you going to do?

Athena thinks for a moment.

ATHENA
Daedalus is a smart man. He is not doomed yet, and if he stops tempting the Fates now, he just might be okay.

ZEUS (O.S.)
There is a reason, dear Athena...

Athena and Hera turn to look at Zeus, who moves in their direction.

ZEUS (CONT'D)
...why you are the goddess of wisdom.

Zeus smiles at Athena.

HERA
(to Athena)
And if he does not stop? What will you do then?

Athena opens her mouth to speak.

ZEUS
She will do nothing.

Athena refrains from talking.

ZEUS (CONT'D)
Mankind is molded around the gods in many ways, but they do not need us to meddle in the lives of our favorites.

Hera rolls her eyes.

HERA
Where is this coming from, Zeus?
Has some fair maiden broken your heart again?

Zeus glares at Hera.

ZEUS

Had you not favored Jason, he never would have met Medea. Had Medea not fallen for Jason, he never would have broken her heart. Had she not retaliated with murder, Jason never would have sought revenge. And now here we are. All this drama fueled by a goddess' favor.

Zeus turns to Athena.

ZEUS (CONT'D)

I do not think you should get involved with this *Daedalus*, and for that reason I command you to leave it alone.

HERA

(to Zeus)

How fitting it would have been, for you to be deemed god of hypocrisy rather than the sky.

Zeus raises a finger up at Hera.

ZEUS

Careful, wife.

HERA

Yes, I am your wife. It's good that you haven't forgotten. Now I know you just don't care. How's Heracle's these days? Is that oaf you call son still shoveling horse dun or has he moved on to the next bloody labor?

ZEUS

ENOUGH!

As his booming voice fades away, the other Olympians stop their conversations and look at Zeus.

Hera remains silent, but crosses her arms and raises an eyebrow at Zeus.

The king of the gods moves in closer to Hera's face.

ZEUS (CONT'D)

I would like to discuss your attitude toward me of late at a different time and place.

Zeus turns to Athena, who appears to be very uncomfortable.

ZEUS (CONT'D)
You will do nothing to affect
Daedalus or those around him.

Athena lowers her head slightly in response as Zeus storms off.

Hera turns to Athena.

HERA
(shaking her head)
Not a reasonable bone in that man's
body.

Hera reaches for a jar of wine and pours herself a tall cup.

Athena only frowns and looks over at her previous viewpoint of Athens.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAEDALUS' WORKSHOP - MORNING

Perdix and Talus stand outside Daedalus' shop with their cart of miscellaneous gadgets and toys.

Talus sits, moping, with a piece of parchment supported on the side of his cart. He draws a blueprint of another pair of wings.

A young CHILD moves to the cart in front of Talus and picks up a toy centaur. She winds up a crank on it's side and SQUEALS excitedly when the centaur runs in a circle on the ground.

The child's MOTHER moves closer to the cart.

MOTHER
(smiling)
How much for the toy?

TALUS
2 drachmas.

The woman pays Talus and he gives them a half-hearted smile as they leave.

Talus sighs unenthusiastically and turns to his mother, watching as Perdix helps a CUSTOMER. The man holds out his hands.

CUSTOMER

I need something compact, but comfortable.

PERDIX

Hmm, you might be looking for something like this.

Perdix pulls out a folded up chair with the seat lying horizontally to the backrest.

She places one hand on the seat and pulls it down, causing the four legs to spread out properly into a fully functional chair.

CUSTOMER

Hey, now that's something else!

PERDIX

That's not all, either. See here...

Talus turns and looks inside. Daedalus is busy at work in his shop on something Talus can't quite see.

Talus turns to check if Perdix is watching him before he folds up his parchment, hides it in his clothes, and sneaks away from his post.

Perdix continues to show her customer how the folding chair's shade umbrella opens itself as Talus walks inside.

INT. DAEDALUS' WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Talus moves closer to Daedalus without his uncle noticing.

TALUS

What are you working on?

Daedalus jumps as he realizes Talus is right behind him.

DAEDALUS

Talus! You nearly killed me! What are you doing in here? Why aren't you helping your mother?

TALUS

Eh, it's a slow day. Ma can handle it for a few minutes. What are you making?

Daedalus clears his throat.

DAEDALUS
Nothing really. Just... tinkering
with some things.

Talus looks over Daedalus' shoulder. He catches a glimpse of a small, circular sheet of metal with teeth wrapped around it.

TALUS
Is that a smaller version of my
saw?

DAEDALUS
No. It's a...

Daedalus pulls the saw off the table and hides it behind his back as he turns to Talus.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
... Toy gear.

Talus, confused, looks back at the workshop table and notices a breastplate with a grappling hook not yet attached. He turns to find that Daedalus' breastplate is propped up on the stand where it normally is.

TALUS
Why are you making another
breastplate?

DAEDALUS
It's a spare. Just in case.

Talus smiles.

TALUS
Is it for me?

Daedalus thinks about this for a moment.

DAEDALUS
Mhmm.

Talus' smile fades.

TALUS
What does that mean?

DAEDALUS
(getting frustrated)
It means I'm just tinkering, and
you should be helping your mother
right now.

TALUS

But I don't want to work out there.
Can't I help out here in the
workshop?

DAEDALUS

(sharply)
Not right now.

Daedalus turns around and starts working on the saw once again.

Beat.

TALUS

I've been thinking about ways to
improve on your wings an--

Daedalus turns quickly.

DAEDALUS

Talus! Not right now.

Talus glares as his uncle turns back to the table once again. A moment passes before he runs outside and away from the workshop entirely.

EXT. DAEDALUS' WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Perdix notices Talus run past her.

PERDIX

Talus? Where are you going?

INT. DAEDALUS' WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Daedalus hears the commotion and looks out the window to see Talus running away.

Perdix steps into the workshop.

PERDIX

Really? Again?

Daedalus looks at her and shrugs apologetically.

PERDIX (CONT'D)

I sure hope you know what you're
doing.

Perdix shakes her head and walks back outside.

Daedalus sighs.

DAEDALUS

Me too.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHENS STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Talus continues running until he can no longer see the workshop. He turns into an alleyway and slows down to catch his breath.

Leaning against the wall, Talus looks back at the main street with countless people shopping and talking.

Talus turns away from the noise and walks down the empty alleyway, head down. Tears roll down his cheek as he pauses halfway to pick up a stick.

With a loud GRUNT, Talus throws the stick back at the street behind him before slumping against the wall, not paying much attention to where the stick lands.

Passing by the alleyway, a WIRY STRANGER - bald, dirty, middle aged - flinches having just been hit in the back of the head with a stick. The man turns to find Talus staring at the ground in front of him.

WIRY STRANGER

(angrily)

What's the matter with you?

Talus quickly turns to see a stranger holding the stick he just threw.

WIRY STRANGER (CONT'D)

Did you throw this?

Talus takes a step back.

TALUS

Um... no.

The stranger tilts his head, unconvinced, and takes a step forward.

WIRY STRANGER

Don't lie to me, boy.

TALUS

I'm not lying. Leave me alone!

Talus starts walking backwards.

The stranger fiddles with the stick.

WIRY STRANGER

You know, I don't care who tries to
throw a cheap shot at me. But they
always learn their lesson
afterwards.

Talus swallows hard.

TALUS

It's a good thing it wasn't me
then.

WIRY STRANGER

You sure about that?

Talus glances behind him to see a tall wall blocking the
other side of the alleyway.

Talus turns back to the stranger who keeps a steady pace with
Talus.

WIRY STRANGER (CONT'D)

You don't seem so certain.

TALUS

I'm certain you need to leave me
alone or I'll... I'll...

Talus' foot stumbles on a rock nearby. He quickly picks it
up.

TALUS (CONT'D)

... Or I'll mess up that already
messed up face of yours.

The stranger smiles, revealing several missing teeth. He
tosses the stick aside and slowly pulls out a knife.

WIRY STRANGER

Put the rock down, boy.

The stranger picks his nail with the blade of the knife and
looks back up at Talus.

WIRY STRANGER (CONT'D)

I'll let you go with a simple
warning.

Talus gulps as the stranger advances toward him. He clenches
his hand around the rock.

Faster now, the stranger closes in. Talus lifts the stone up high.

With a quick motion, the stranger gets in close and grabs the front of Talus' clothes. Talus loses his grip of the rock as the man throws him against the wall, pinning him there.

Talus struggles against the stranger's arm. The stranger headbutts Talus. His head falls forward, dazed but still conscious.

The man smiles.

WIRY STRANGER (CONT'D)

Then again, I never learned my lesson with a simple slap on the wrist.

The stranger puts the knife under Talus' chin and lifts his head up.

WIRY STRANGER (CONT'D)

Better teach you good and early or you'll end up like me.

The stranger pulls the blade away so Talus' head droops back down on his chest. The man laughs.

Talus slowly lifts his head up with a look of terror in his eyes. The stranger's face is held high as he laughs, hardly focussing on the boy.

With a flash, Talus' look of terror flickers green. His expression changes from fear to stern.

Talus quickly grabs the man's hand with the knife and twists. The stranger lets out a cry of pain.

The knife falls to the ground as Talus grabs the stranger's shoulder with his free hand. Talus' bracelet glows bright green.

WIRY STRANGER (CONT'D)

By Hades, what's wrong with your eyes?!

Talus only glares down at him for a moment before headbutting the stranger much harder than before.

The man falls back, letting go of the boy.

Talus only stands there, watching the stranger as he struggles back to his feet.

WIRY STRANGER (CONT'D)
You've broken my nose!

Cupping his nose, the stranger cowers slightly as he looks at the glowing green eyes of the boy.

Talus only stands there, seemingly in a trance.

The stranger glares at Talus.

WIRY STRANGER (CONT'D)
I've had about enough of you!

The stranger moves forward about to strike Talus. As his fist comes down, it is caught by the boy and held stiff.

The stranger tries to pull his hand away, but is unable to budge.

WIRY STRANGER (CONT'D)
What the f--

In a flash, Talus moves one foot behind the stranger's, and places his remaining free hand on the stranger's chest. With one swift motion, he pushes the man to the ground; producing a loud THUD.

The stranger struggles to breathe under the weight of Talus' hand pushing into his chest. He looks up in terror at the boy.

WIRY STRANGER (CONT'D)
(gasping for air)
Please... Don... Don't kill... me!

Talus' green glowing eyes only glare at the man.

WIRY STRANGER (CONT'D)
I promise... I... I'll leave you...
alone.

Talus stares at the stranger for a moment longer before lifting his head up.

Between gasps of air, the stranger manages to look slightly hopeful.

Talus brings his head down hard on the mans face, headbutting him in the nose once again.

The stranger falls unconscious.

Talus looks down at the stranger as he slowly rises to his feet. Still in his green trance, Talus walks out of the alleyway and turns the corner.

CUT TO:

INT. AEGEUS' PALACE - MAIN HALL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Medea sits on her throne in the Main Hall of the palace. Her eyes glow green as she concentrates.

After a brief pause, the main doors open and an AGED SERVANT walks in. She moves toward Medea, stops a few feet away, and bows.

AGED SERVANT

My Queen, Talus is here to see you.

The green glow of her eyes fades as Medea lifts her head to address the servant.

MEDEA

Bring him in.

The servant bows, walks to the door, and waves Talus in.

The boy enters the main hall. He watches as the servant closes the door behind him, leaving Talus alone with Medea.

He turns to the queen to reveal a concerned expression.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Hello, Talus. Are you all right?

Talus swallows.

TALUS

I think so. I, uh... I just...

MEDEA

I know.

Talus tilts his head.

TALUS

You do?

MEDEA

The city can be a dangerous place. I like to help those I care about as best I can.

Medea glances at Talus' bracelet. The boy follows her gaze to his wrist and a look of realization crosses his face.

TALUS
That was you?

Medea stands up from her throne and walks closer to Talus. She smiles.

MEDEA
I'm glad to see you are safe. And
I'm happy to see you again.

Talus lowers his head bashfully.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Are you hungry?

Talus looks up at the queen, smiling timidly.

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Talus and Medea sit next to each other by the kitchen table. A large array of food and drink is set out in front of Talus who enthusiastically grabs whatever he wants.

Medea simply watches the boy as he eats.

MEDEA
Tell me, Talus, what do you want to
be when you grow up?

Talus swallows a big bite of boar leg.

TALUS
I don't know. Ma says I'm going to
be a great inventor one day.

MEDEA
Like your uncle.

Talus nods.

TALUS
He teaches me how to make things in
his workshop.

Medea ponders this for a moment as Talus continues to eat.

MEDEA
What kinds of things?

TALUS

Well, I made a saw the other day.

MEDEA

Is that so?

TALUS

And we haven't had much time since he made it, but I want to work on those wings. Maybe figure out a better way to land.

MEDEA

So you know how to make the wings?

Talus shrugs.

TALUS

Eh, for the most part. I mean, I know the basics. They need to be just the right size for whoever wears them.

Medea leans forward.

MEDEA

Do you think you could make a pair of wings for me?

Talus grabs a slice of cake from the table.

TALUS

I guess so. I would have to go back to the workshop though.

Medea smirks.

MEDEA

Maybe not.

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE WORKSHOP - SHORTLY AFTER

A dark room opens to reveal Medea and Talus in the doorway.

Medea steps in with a torch and begins to light the bowls of oil on several pillars to illuminate a workshop.

Talus' jaw drops.

MEDEA

Do you think you could build the wings here?

Talus nods excitedly.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Wonderful.

Talus only stands at the doorway, eyes darting back and forth at everything in the room.

Medea laughs.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Well go on, get a closer look.

Medea gently nudges him into the workshop.

Talus moves to a wall where several different tools hang in their designated places. He grazes the wall with his hand before turning toward the workshop table.

On the table lies a great deal of material.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Is that what your uncle used to make his wings?

TALUS

I think so.

Medea smiles.

MEDEA

Wonderful. If you wanted, you could start on your own pair of wings right now. You'll never be as great as your uncle if you don't start somewhere.

Talus turns to the queen and considers this. Medea smiles again and turns to walk out of the room.

TALUS

Wait!

The queen stops, and turns.

TALUS (CONT'D)

The blueprints.

MEDEA
What blueprints?

TALUS
For the wings! I need those so that
I don't get the measurements wrong.

Medea steps forward. She takes a deep breath and focusses on Talus.

MEDEA
Okay. Where is that?

TALUS
Back at my uncle's house.

Medea's jaw clenches as she moves to the workshop table and sits down on a bench next to Talus.

MEDEA
Talus, I don't think it would be a
good idea for you to go back to
your mother and uncle.

TALUS
What? Why not?

Medea plays with a corner of the material on the table.

MEDEA
Do you love your home Talus?

TALUS
Yes.

MEDEA
And your city?

TALUS
Of course.

MEDEA
Would you do anything to protect
it?

Talus squints, confused.

TALUS
I-I think so. I mean, I hope so.

MEDEA
Good.

Medea stops fiddling with the material and turns to face Talus.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
But your uncle, and your mother,
would not.

Talus swallows hard. Medea tilts her head.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
You already know.

Medea stands up and walks around the table. She picks up a chisel as she goes.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
They are dangerous. Unpredictable.
They wouldn't even try to protect
their loving homeland.

Medea approaches Talus, having circled the table. As she gets closer, Medea stabs the chisel into the table, startling Talus. She leans in toward the boy.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
(gently)
Do you know why?

Talus shakes his head.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Because they don't love their
queen. They don't love *me*.

Medea stares into Talus' fearful eyes.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Do *you* love me?

Medea rests one arm on Talus' shoulder.

Talus nods hesitantly.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Will you protect me?

She rests her other arm on his other shoulder.

TALUS
Y-yes?

Medea wraps her arms around Talus, one hand cradling the back of his head.

MEDEA

Thank you.

She stands up.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

You are safe here, Talus. I protect those who protect me. Few will even dare to cross you.

Medea smiles and hugs Talus closely.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Now get to work. You have so much potential, but a great deal to prove.

Medea closes the door behind her.

Talus looks around for a moment, thoroughly confused and worried. He places a hand on the material on the table. Soon his look of concern shifts to that of hesitant determination.

Talus pulls out his personal sketches of the wings from his pocket.

He studies them briefly before getting to work.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHENIAN PRISON ROOM - EVENING

Jason leans in close to the window to talk to Daedalus on the other side.

DAEDALUS

I think we're almost ready for the escape. I made another set of grappling hooks and...

Daedalus pulls out a smaller version of Talus' motorized saw that can fit between the bars.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

... this.

Daedalus passes the saw to Jason. He eagerly investigates it, fitting his finger on a trigger in the handle and pushing down. The blade saw spins smoothly around.

JASON

And you're sure this will work?

Daedalus nods.

DAEDALUS
We'll have to act fast, but the saw
will be doing most of the work for
us.

Jason's eye twitches eagerly.

JASON
This is perfect! So what are we
waiting for? Let's do it now!

Jason places the rotating saw on the window bar, producing
sparks.

DAEDALUS
No, wait!

Jason stops.

JASON
What? Why not?

DAEDALUS
It's not the right time.

JASON
(annoyed)
You said we were ready, did you
not?

DAEDALUS
No, we're *almost* ready. I still
need to--

Jason reaches out and grabs Daedalus' collar.

JASON
Do you want me to die in here?!

Stunned, Daedalus says nothing.

Somewhat surprised himself, Jason releases Daedalus.

JASON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry...

Beat.

DAEDALUS
(clearing throat)
The guards should be coming in
soon, right?

Jason sighs.

JASON
Typically.

DAEDALUS
I didn't bring your breastplate
anyway. We'll wait for tomorrow,
just after they've brought you your
food for the night.

Jason passes the saw back to Daedalus, who stores it away quickly and starts getting ready to climb down.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
I'll see you tomorrow. Get some
rest.

Jason watches Daedalus head down the wall.

JASON
Thank you, Daedalus.

Daedalus just keeps scaling down.

DAEDALUS
Don't thank me yet.

CUT TO:

INT. DAEDALUS' WORKSHOP - EVENING

Perdix paces back and forth between the workshop table and the hallway in order to check the door. She pauses to give the door an extended glance.

With no sign of anybody showing up, Perdix sighs and continues to pace.

As she makes her way to the workshop table, Perdix places a hand on the set of wings resting motionless next to a leather breastplate and grappling hook. Her frown deepens.

Another moment passes before Perdix hears someone coming closer from outside. She turns to see Daedalus enter from the front door, head down as if in deep thought.

PERDIX
Have you seen him?

Daedalus jumps as he shoots his head up. Seeing that it is Perdix, Daedalus relaxes slightly and moves into the workshop.

DAEDALUS
Seen him? You mean Talus?

PERDIX
He's missing, Daedalus.

Daedalus starts unstrapping his breastplate.

DAEDALUS
Missing?

PERDIX
He hasn't come back since this
afternoon. Remember? When you so
gracefully expelled him from the
workshop?

Daedalus slumps the leather breastplate on its stand, with a
heavy sigh.

DAEDALUS
(regretfully)
I admit, I shouldn't have been so
harsh.

PERDIX
No, you shouldn't have. And now
Talus is missing.

Daedalus turns to face Perdix.

DAEDALUS
I'm sure he'll turn up. It's not
that late yet. He might even be
back? When were you home last?

PERDIX
Come look for him with me.

DAEDALUS
I will. I just need to make the
final touches on Jason's
breastplate.

Perdix glares at Daedalus.

PERDIX
Are you kidding me?

Daedalus moves for his workbench.

DAEDALUS

The breakout is tomorrow night. I need to make sure nothing will malfunction halfway through.

Daedalus sits down and starts reaching for the new breastplate and grappling hook.

PERDIX

Daedalus, your nephew is missing. Talus is missing! Are you seriously more concerned about a washed up has-been in prison? We don't even know if he can help us!

Daedalus turns around to face Perdix.

DAEDALUS

Jason is a trained sailor and knows Medea better than anyone. If we are going to get out of here, our chances are much better with him.

Perdix crosses her arms, glaring.

PERDIX

And what about all the other trained sailors down by the port? We could have left yesterday without a problem. But you want to save Jason first. Why?

Daedalus says nothing.

Perdix sighs heavily.

PERDIX (CONT'D)

(annoyed)
You feel guilty.

Beat.

PERDIX (CONT'D)

Remind me, Daedalus, why are we trying to get out of here?

Daedalus lowers his eyes.

DAEDALUS

(sighs)
To protect us.

Perdix nods.

PERDIX

Us.

Perdix leans in closer.

PERDIX (CONT'D)

Well, thanks to you, one of us is missing. How do you intend to protect him?

Daedalus says nothing as Perdix stares him down.

After a long moment, Perdix clenches her jaw and straightens up. Seeing that Daedalus is not moving from the chair, Perdix turns and walks toward the door.

DAEDALUS

Perdix, wait!

PERDIX

There's no time for waiting. Worry about your little sailor friend if you want, but I'm going to find my son.

Daedalus sits in silence. He turns to his workshop table, looks at the grappling hook that is not yet attached to the breastplate, and looks back up again.

Beat.

He turns away from the table and moves for the front door.

DAEDALUS

Perdix, hold on!

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHENS STREETS - NIGHT

Perdix and Daedalus walk through the city streets. The crowd has died down since that afternoon, but there are still a good number of people visiting with neighbors, drinking with friends, and overall relaxing for the night.

PERDIX

Talus!

DAEDALUS

Talus!

Perdix turns to a woman by the side of the road as they continue to walk.

PERDIX
 (to the woman)
 Have you seen my son? He's
 about this tall, dark hair,
 brown eyes. No? Okay, thank
 you.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
 Talus! Talus! Talus!

Daedalus and Perdix turn to each other. Perdix looks like she is about to break down when Daedalus wraps an arm around her shoulder and squeezes comfortingly.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
 Come on. He has to be here
 somewhere.

The two of them move on slowly, glancing down each alleyway they pass.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON ROOM - NIGHT

Jason sleeps in the corner of his cell. The room is still. Quiet.

A moment passes before the main door latches open. Jason wakes, instinctively bringing his knees close to his chest and conceals his eyes.

Medea walks slowly into the prison, taking her time to reach Jason's cell, not once shifting her attention elsewhere.

Jason looks up from behind his knees. He everts his eyes once again when he sees Medea staring straight at him.

MEDEA
 Come now, Jason. You can stop
 playing the victim. Nobody else is
 here.

Medea reaches Jason's cell.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
 We're all alone.

Jason looks up at Medea.

JASON
 Are you here to kill me?

Medea looks around the room.

MEDEA
Now? With no one to see?

She chuckles.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
No. I'm not here to kill you. Only
to talk.

JASON
I have nothing to say to you.

MEDEA
I think you do.

Jason turns into the corner of the cell as far as possible.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Why else would you travel all this
way un--

JASON
You know damn well why I came here!

Jason turns to glare at Medea.

MEDEA
(sighs)
Yes I do.

Medea places a hand on one of the cell bars.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
But given the current
circumstances, there's no reason
for us to act uncivilized.

JASON
Civilized?

Jason spits on the ground, eyes twitching.

JASON (CONT'D)
Civility between us ended a long
time ago.

Medea studies Jason's face for a moment.

MEDEA
Very well.

Medea claps her hands together.

In an instant, the two guards walk in. Lanky Guard carries a chair, Chubby Guard carries a rope.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
You may not want to talk to me,
Jason. But you will have to answer
my questions sooner or later.

The guards enter the cell and pick Jason up, forcing him into the chair. They begin tying him up.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
How long that takes is entirely up
to you.

JASON
You might as well kill me and get
it over with.

MEDEA
You'd like that wouldn't you? As I
recall, you always sought the
easiest way out of things.

The guards finish tying Jason up and walk back out of the prison room.

JASON
Not so much anymore. I learned my
lesson after my big mistake.

Medea raises an eyebrow, knowingly.

MEDEA
Which was?

JASON
Marrying you.

Medea nods as she steps into the cell.

MEDEA
I remember, now, why I didn't kill
you so many years ago.

Medea walks around Jason.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
You're still alive because you
don't deserve death. You deserve to
suffer.

Jason only glares at Medea, saying nothing.

Medea moves in closer.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Who are you working with?

JASON
What?

MEDEA
Come on, Jason. Certainly you weren't foolish enough to attempt an assassination by yourself.

Jason lowers his eyes.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Or perhaps you were.

Medea walks across the length of the cell, chuckling.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
I must admit, this is a nice change of pace, coming from you. You had always been so reliant on a team to get the job done.

JASON
I didn't exactly get the job done this time, did I?

MEDEA
No. But that doesn't surprise me. When was your success ever earned by your own hand?

Jason clenches his jaw.

JASON
I captained the Argo. I navigated an entire crew and brought the Golden Fleece back to Greece.

MEDEA
And how exactly did you do that, Jason? Did you yoke the fire breathing bulls by *your* skills alone? Did you kill the snake that guarded the fleece day and night?

Jason looks down again.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

No! I was the one who provided you with the fireproof oil so that you wouldn't burn! I was the one who put the guardian of the fleece asleep! Do you know *why*?

Medea grabs Jason by his hair, pulling his head back.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Do you know why I betrayed my dear father and sailed back with you to this damnable place?

Jason says nothing.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

I did those things and more because, for some reason, I loved you.

Medea releases Jason with a shove.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Everything I did was for you!

Jason lowers his head again.

Beat.

JASON

You slaughtered my children.

Medea slaps Jason and leans in close.

MEDEA

You lost your claim to them the day you left me.

Tears begin to swell in Medea's eyes as she glares into Jason's.

JASON

Yes, I left you. And in response, you forced the most unbearable suffering upon me. But you share that same suffering. Was it really worth it?

Medea straightens up again.

MEDEA

I had no choice. Grief was the only emotion you managed to understand.

(MORE)

MEDEA (CONT'D)

The only way to show you what you
put me through.

Medea turns away, wiping tears from her face.

Jason's tears fall freely as well.

JASON

Are you here to question me, or to
simply rub salt in my wounds?

Medea slumps to the ground and puts her face in her hands.

Jason looks at the prison cell window longingly before
turning back to Medea.

JASON (CONT'D)

You've won, Medea.

Medea looks up.

JASON (CONT'D)

You beat me. I wronged you, so you
wronged me in return. Now you are
queen of Athens and I'm stuck in a
prison cell. What more could you
want?

Medea laughs in between sobs.

MEDEA

You foolish man. My desire has
never changed. It was there the day
I was exiled from Colchis with you
and it drives me still, here in
Athens.

Jason stares into Medea's eyes.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

A family. A home to call my own
again.

Jason opens his mouth to speak, but can't seem to think of a
response.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Though...

Medea stands up.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

... I don't think that's what the
Fates have planned for me.

Medea moves for the cell door.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

So instead I will grow more powerful. No one will lead my life for me again. Greece will replace what you stole from me and I will be the one to determine who stays or goes.

Medea walks down the prison room hall to the main doors.

JASON

Maybe Greece will be yours. But to rule, you must first conquer. And it didn't seem like Daedalus was too keen on helping you with that.

Medea pauses and turns around slowly.

MEDEA

What did you say?

JASON

It's just, when you brought him up here, he--

Medea swiftly moves back to Jason's cell.

MEDEA

Who?

Jason grows nervous, eyes twitching.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Who told you his name?

Medea looks down at Jason sternly.

JASON

Um... well--

Medea grabs a clump of Jason's hair again as she strikes his face again and again.

MEDEA

SPEAK!

Jason breathes heavily, face bloody as his eyes shift toward the window.

Medea follows his gaze.

She walks to the window sill and investigates. She places a hand on some scuffs left from Daedalus' grappling hook, then on the cut on the window bar from the saw.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Who are you working with, Jason?

JASON

N-no one. You already asked me that.

MEDEA

I don't mean the assassination attempt.

Medea turns around again, glaring at Jason.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

I mean in your plans to escape.

Jason swallows hard.

JASON

I'm n-not trying to escape. I wouldn't even know where to start.

MEDEA

But I think you know someone who does.

Medea steps toward Jason.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Well...

She pulls out a bracelet from her robes.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

... I can't exactly let that happen.

Jason's eyes widen, twitching even more frantically.

JASON

Get that thing away from me.

Medea moves behind Jason to put the bracelet on his wrist.

JASON (CONT'D)

No! No, please! Get that thing away from m--

Jason's eyes relax and begin to glow green as his face shifts from distressed to stern. The ropes loosen around him and Jason stands up. He does not try to run.

Medea walks around to face Jason, eyes glowing as well.

MEDEA

Come, Jason. We must move the prisoner.

Medea starts walking out of the cell and toward the main door.

Jason follows without a word.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHENS STREETS - NIGHT

Perdix and Daedalus continue down an unexplored street.

Perdix walks ahead, leading the search. She pauses, looks around, and cups a hand by her mouth.

PERDIX

Talus!

She listens for another moment.

WIRY STRANGER (O.S.)

...green eyes. That little bastard broke my nose and left me to die.

Another voice laughs.

Perdix whips around to look at Daedalus who furrows his brow as Perdix mouths the words, 'green eyes'.

Daedalus nods his head to indicate where the voice is coming from.

Perdix turns around to see the corner of an unchecked alleyway a short distance ahead.

They slowly move forward.

HEFTY STRANGER (O.S.)

Well what are you gunna do about it?

WIRY STRANGER (O.S.)

Gunna kill him, that's what I'm gunna do!

The second voice laughs again.

Daedalus and Perdix pause at the corner of the alley. Perdix looks back at Daedalus, worried. Daedalus raises a hand, motioning to wait.

WIRY STRANGER (CONT'D)

I'm serious!

HEFTY STRANGER

(amused)

A second ago, you told me you were taken down by a prepubescent boy with magical glowing eyes, and if that's not crazy enough, now you're telling me you're going to kill him?

The HEFTY STRANGER's laugh grows stronger.

WIRY STRANGER

(glaring at Hefty Stranger)

If you don't shut your trap soon, I'll kill you first.

HEFTY STRANGER

(snorting slightly)

And how are you gunna do *that*?

WIRY STRANGER

(hesitating)

It doesn't matter!

Daedalus anxiously watches Perdix as she listens to the conversation. She looks back at Daedalus, as if to tell him something.

Daedalus shakes his head.

WIRY STRANGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

All I know is, the next time that kid comes wondering around these parts, green eyes or no, he's getting a slow guttin, that's for sure.

Perdix's face contorts in a fit of rage.

Daedalus tries to catch her arm as she pushes off the wall and heads into the alleyway. He misses.

DAEDALUS

Damn it!

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY WAY - CONTINUOUS

Hefty Stranger crosses his arms as he laughs.

Just as he starts leaning his back against the wall of the alleyway, Hefty Stranger receives a swift jab in the throat.

Even before he can try to gasp for air, Perdix lands a second punch in the jaw. Hefty Stranger collapses.

Wiry Stranger stands there for a brief moment, shocked. As his friend falls to the ground, Wiry Stranger reaches for his knife.

Before he can pull out his weapon, Daedalus' elbow makes contact with his temple, sending the stranger sprawling to the ground.

Daedalus kicks the fallen knife away and looks over at Perdix.

DAEDALUS

(frustrated)

All right, we knocked out the random strangers. Now what, captain?

Perdix doesn't respond. She just gives Daedalus a dirty look as she walks up to Wiry Stranger.

Daedalus watches as Perdix crouches over the man. The stranger groans quietly to himself. Perdix grabs a handful of his clothes.

She slaps him hard.

The stranger's eyes snap open and his groans become much louder.

WIRY STRANGER

(frightened)

Who are you?

Perdix gives the stranger an obnoxiously fake smile.

PERDIX

Hi, I'm just a concerned parent
looking for her son. Have you seen
him?

WIRY STRANGER

(even more frightened)
I haven't seen your bloody kid! Let
me go!

The stranger tries to break free of Perdix's grip, but Perdix keeps him down, landing another punch. A CRACK is heard in the stranger's already broken nose.

He screams.

PERDIX

Are you sure? He's 14, about this
tall...

Perdix holds her free hand up in the air.

PERDIX (CONT'D)

...has dark hair...

Perdix grabs another ball of clothing with her free hand and raises the man's head a few inches off the ground.

PERDIX (CONT'D)

...and may or may not have green
glowing eyes. You couldn't miss
him.

The stranger swallows hard.

WIRY STRANGER

I... I don't know what... what
you're-

PERDIX

DON'T LIE TO ME!

Perdix pushes the stranger's head back into the dirt, maintaining the pressure on his chest where her fists grip his clothing.

The man lets out a sorrowful CRY.

Daedalus glares down at the stranger.

DAEDALUS

Perdix.

Perdix does not lessen her pressure on the stranger.

Daedalus walks forward and places a hand on her shoulder. The two of them look at each other.

The stranger glances back and forth between the two.

Another moment passes before Perdix nods and starts letting go of her grip.

WIRY STRANGER

(frantically)

That's right, get this *bitch* off of me!

Daedalus rubs his face and sighs as he aims his grappling hook at the stranger's shoulder and fires. The bird claw hook digs deep into the man's upper arm and the stranger screams loudly.

Perdix grabs onto the claw and squeezes it deeper into the stranger's arm, prolonging the screams.

Behind them, Hefty Stranger starts groaning.

DAEDALUS

(to Perdix)

The bigger one is getting up.

Daedalus clenches a fist full of Wiry Stranger's clothes as Perdix gets up to knock Hefty Stranger out again.

Daedalus drags the first stranger to the side of the alley and leans him up against the wall.

Wiry Stranger watches Perdix swiftly kick his friend in the face as Daedalus wraps the grappling hook's coil tightly around him.

The stranger winces as Daedalus finishes tying him up and leans back.

Indignantly, the stranger looks away from Daedalus. When a moment goes by without his captor saying anything, the stranger glances up.

Daedalus stares, stone faced, at the stranger in front of him. He refrains from talking.

WIRY STRANGER

(uncomfortable)

Well aren't you going to ask where the kid is?

Daedalus says nothing.

WIRY STRANGER (CONT'D)
I haven't seen him, all right? Just
let me go!

Silence.

The stranger looks up at Perdix who glares at him as she stands over his friend. The stranger begins to panic.

WIRY STRANGER (CONT'D)
Please. I didn't hurt him, I swear!

Daedalus' head tilts to the side.

DAEDALUS
So you *have* seen him.

WIRY STRANGER
(frantic)
I don't see how any of this is my
fault! That boy came and attacked
me! You see what he did to my nose?

DAEDALUS
(motioning toward Perdix)
I see what *she* did to your nose.

Perdix takes a step forward..

WIRY STRANGER
(to Perdix)
I don't know where your son is!
Please! Let me go! I don't know
where he is!

DAEDALUS
That's all right. We know.

Daedalus stands up.

The stranger's look of fear shifts slightly to anger.

WIRY STRANGER
Then why are you doing this to me?

Daedalus glares at him.

DAEDALUS
Don't worry. We'll get out of your
hair soon enough.

Daedalus moves out of the way for Perdix.

Perdix rushes forward as the stranger's SCREAM slowly dies down between each punch. Daedalus watches for a moment before moving to where the alley meets the corner of the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHENS STREETS - SHORTLY AFTER

Daedalus watches the dark streets in case anybody might be nearby.

A moment passes before Perdix joins him by the corner. They both stare out at the street without acknowledging the other.

PERDIX

She has my son.

DAEDALUS

Unless there's another sorcerer in town turning eyes green, I'd say that's a safe bet.

Beat.

PERDIX

I'm going to get him.

Perdix moves to leave.

DAEDALUS

Perdix, wait just one second.

Daedalus manages to catch Perdix's shoulder and turn her around.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

Now we aren't talking about some street thugs anymore. We're talking about Medea. You can't just rush into the palace recklessly and have everything turn out okay.

PERDIX

Well what am I supposed to do, Daedalus? From where I stand, I see no other choice!

DAEDALUS

Just... wait!

Daedalus thinks for a moment.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

Medea has to know that we'll be looking for Talus. She may even already be waiting for us, making it even more difficult to get him out.

A flash of inspiration crosses Daedalus' face.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

But she probably doesn't think we'll try to break Jason out.

Perdix gives Daedalus a look of exasperation. She opens her mouth to rebuke Daedalus, but stops herself when she realizes something.

PERDIX

You mean...

DAEDALUS

Wait.

PERDIX

(sighs)

I can't do that, Daedalus.

DAEDALUS

No, I just mean don't go right now. It will be tough to break Talus out, but it will be even harder without a distraction.

Perdix paces back and forth, pausing to look at Daedalus.

PERDIX

You better make a damn good distraction.

Daedalus nods.

DAEDALUS

I think I have an idea.

Daedalus leads Perdix away from the alley, leaving the bruised and battered strangers tied up and hurting.

CUT TO:

INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF THE GODS - NIGHT

The night is quiet on Mount Olympus as the gods have all gone to sleep. All but one.

Watching Daedalus and Perdix leave the alleyway, Athena wraps herself a little tighter in her cloak.

From behind her, Athena hears the PATTERNING of feet coming closer.

Zeus moves next to Athena and looks down at the Earth, seeing Daedalus and Perdix.

ZEUS

I thought I told you not to get involved.

ATHENA

You did, Father. I am only watching.

Zeus sighs.

ZEUS

It is no use. Watching will only hurt you more.

ATHENA

Daedalus is much too close. If he doesn't pull back, or get hel--

ZEUS

What is this man to you, Athena? Why do you care so much?

Beat.

ATHENA

He is wise, clever, innovative... kind.

ZEUS

He is only human.

Athena looks at her father, slightly annoyed, and turns back to Earth.

ATHENA

He is the embodiment of what the rest of Athens could be.

Zeus looks over at his daughter and places a hand on her shoulder.

ZEUS

I understand how it is to dream of an ideal world. But Daedalus is a lost cause, my dear.

(MORE)

ZEUS (CONT'D)

Save yourself the heartache and try
to focus on other things.

Beat.

Zeus watches as his daughter continues to stare down on the earth below. He removes his hand from her shoulder.

ZEUS (CONT'D)

You should get some rest.

Athena nods.

Uncomfortably, Zeus turns and walks away.

Athena watches as Daedalus makes it back home and sits down at his worktable.

Beat.

She turns and walks away from the viewpoint.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

- Daedalus attaches the grappling hook to Jason's breastplate.

B) INT. PALACE WORKSHOP - NIGHT

- Talus tests out the recoiled wings of his new design.

- Notices a kind of hook on the wall and pulls out a long rope with a determined look.

C) INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

- Daedalus focuses over a pile of powder.

- He exposes it to flame and the powder erupts in a controlled explosion.

D) INT. PERDIX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

- Perdix uncovers a set of armor that she then begins to strap on and hide under her clothes.

E) INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF THE GODS - NIGHT

- Athena straps on her armor as the rest of the gods sleep, making sure not to wake Zeus.

F) INT. AEGEUS' PALACE - NIGHT

- Medea and Jason walk into a room, followed by a handful of guards.

- Jason, eyes still green, willingly kneels and is tied up.

- A few guards (including Chubby Guard) are left with him as Medea and the rest (including Lanky Guard) of the company leave, shutting the door.

G) INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

- Daedalus attaches the second breastplate to his own, along with the rest of the gear onto his belt.

- He pauses, and looks at his shrine of Athena.

H) INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF THE GODS - NIGHT

- Athena finishes suiting up and looks back down on Earth.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. DAEDALUS' WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Daedalus moves into his bedroom and sits in front of Athena's shrine. He stares at the motionless figure for a moment.

DAEDALUS
So, how am I doing?

INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF THE GODS - CONTINUOUS

Athena picks up her helmet and furrows her brow as she looks at Daedalus.

INT. DAEDALUS' WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Daedalus waits for a response, he gets none.

He nods.

DAEDALUS
That bad, huh?

Beat.

Daedalus looks away as he clears his throat. He looks back at the figure.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
A little help would be nice.

Another moment passes as Daedalus stares into the eyes of the statue. All background noise fades away to a distant WHISPER.

Daedalus squints and watches the figure even closer.

From the distance, the whisper begins to ring more clearly.

ATHENA (V.O.)
Daedalus...

The voice grows louder as if it were getting even closer.

ATHENA (V.O.)
Daedalus... Daedalus... Daedalus...

Daedalus does not blink. His eyes remain fixed on the figure.

PERDIX (O.S.)
Daedalus.

Startled, Daedalus turns to Perdix standing in the doorway.

PERDIX (CONT'D)
Are you all right?

Daedalus swallows hard and glances back at the figure of Athena.

DAEDALUS
(troubled)
Yeah. Yeah, I'm okay.

Perdix moves closer and puts a hand on her brother's shoulder.

PERDIX
(gently)
Ready?

Still staring at the figure, Daedalus nods.

DAEDALUS
I hope so.

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Talus focusses diligently on his new pair of wings.

Just as he finishes embossing a "T" on the right wing, Medea opens the door.

Talus looks behind him, then back at his wings as Medea steps forward.

She smiles excitedly.

TALUS
What do you think?

MEDEA
They're beautiful.

Medea places a hand on Talus' shoulder.

Talus looks at her hand, slightly uneasy, but relaxes.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Well, what are we waiting for?
Let's try it out!

Talus smiles.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Come with me.

Medea moves to the door as Talus grabs the wings and follows behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. AEGEUS' PALACE - NIGHT

Daedalus and Perdix make their way to the outer walls of the palace, taking the time so as not to be noticed by passing guards.

They stop behind a corner right before an open yard and the prison tower.

DAEDALUS
(concerned)
Are you sure you can do this?

Perdix takes a look around the corner. Guards stand in designated posts around the yard.

Perdix hides behind the corner again.

PERDIX
Come on, it's me we're talking
about.

DAEDALUS
(even more concerned)
You're not going to punch anybody
in the throat again, are you?

PERDIX
(annoyed)
No.

Perdix reaches her hand into her pocket.

PERDIX (CONT'D)
Not yet, anyway.

She pulls out the spear hair piece that Medea gave her.

PERDIX (CONT'D)
Wear it and the guards will let you
in, right?

Daedalus smiles.

PERDIX (CONT'D)
I'll distract them now, you
distract them later.

DAEDALUS
Be careful.

Perdix smirks as she puts the spear in her hair.

PERDIX
Of course.

Perdix moves to go around the corner, hesitates, and turns
back to Daedalus.

PERDIX (CONT'D)
Just be quick about it... please.

DAEDALUS
Of course.

Perdix smiles again.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
See you soon.

Perdix nods and moves into the yard, drawing the attention of
the guards.

Daedalus watches as his sister talks to a group of guards. She shows them the hair piece and the guards look at each other.

As the guards escort Perdix away from the yard, Daedalus sneaks up to the prison tower.

He pulls out his grappling hook and takes a breath.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
Ready or not...

Daedalus fires the grappling hook into the tower, checks if it's secure, and begins climbing.

Familiar with the best way to climb the tower, Daedalus makes good time. He grips a large stone with both hands here, scuffles to the left there, pinches small cracks when good stones are scarce, and pauses.

Three quarters of the way up, Daedalus detaches the grappling hook and looks down at the ground.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
(breathing heavily)
Hang on, Perdix.

He takes another breath before securing the grappling hook onto Jason's barred window and continues climbing.

Not paying too much attention to what is going on in the cell as he reaches it, Daedalus starts grabbing the saw from his belt.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
Jason, change of plans. We're
getting you out tonight. Hurry, we
don't have much time... Jason?

Daedalus looks up to find Lanky guard standing in front of a slew of other guards.

Lanky guard smiles.

Daedalus clears his throat, nervous.

The butt of Lanky Guard's spear strikes out through the bars, hitting Daedalus square in the nose.

Daedalus leans back, unconscious, and free-falls off of the tower. With a thud, his limp body is stopped only by the grappling hook and left dangling in mid-air.

FADE TO:

INT. AEGEUS' PALACE - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Daedalus' eyes flicker open as his vision slowly comes back to him. Glancing back and forth, Daedalus notices several guards, two of which pull him by the arms, dragging his feet.

Soon enough, the group of soldiers stop and drop Daedalus on the floor.

Wincing, Daedalus looks around at the main hall of the palace. His wandering glance halts suddenly when he sees both Perdix and Talus by Medea's side, eyes glowing bright green.

MEDEA

Ah, you're awake.

Medea motions to Talus and Perdix.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

We were worried you wouldn't make it.

Daedalus struggles to his feet. He braces his back as he straightens up.

A moment passes before he notices that he is no longer wearing his breastplate.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

That was quite the fall.

Daedalus looks at his family, standing motionless.

DAEDALUS

Perdix... Talus... You--

Medea raises a finger at Daedalus as she turns to Lanky Guard.

MEDEA

We'll get to that.

Lanky Guard moves forward and hands Medea Daedalus' breastplate.

Medea inspects it carefully.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Very impressive.

Medea inspects the spare breastplate currently attached to the former.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Expecting company, I see.

Daedalus fidgets as he turns from his family, back to Medea.

DAEDALUS
My family had no idea what I was
planning. They're innocent. They--

MEDEA
You need not worry about your
family, Daedalus. They are
perfectly safe under my care. Ah...

Medea pulls out the saw from the belt of the breastplate.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Talus was telling me about this.
Wonderful.

Medea looks at the belt once again, pulling out a toy bird
with a crank. She stares at it, confused. She opens her
mouth, but before she can say anything...

DAEDALUS
I'll do it!

Medea looks at Daedalus, still confused.

MEDEA
Do what, exactly?

Daedalus takes a deep breath.

DAEDALUS
I'll build the wings for your army.
On one condition.

Medea simply stares.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
You have to let my family go.

Medea hands the breastplates back to Lanky Guard, but keeps
the bird toy.

She sighs as she approaches Daedalus, placing a hand on his
cheek.

MEDEA
I'm not sure you understand the
situation, Daedalus. Your family
isn't going anywhere, and you're
not going to build any more wings.

Medea gently slaps Daedalus' puzzled face.

She turns and walks away.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
You're going to die...

Medea points at a pair of closed doors.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
... Along with him.

The doors swing open and a group of guards (including Chubby Guard) drag Jason into the main hall.

Daedalus, now very frightened, looks at his family once again.

DAEDALUS
But... what about your plans? How
are you going to protect Athens if
I don't build for you?

Daedalus watches as Medea passes the toy bird from hand to hand.

He clenches his jaw.

MEDEA
Oh, I've found a replacement.

DAEDALUS
A replaceme...

Daedalus freezes.

He turns to look at Talus, who is still under Medea's control.

Talus' eyes glow bright green, but as he stands motionless, Daedalus can make out the corners of a pair of wings behind his nephew's shoulders.

Daedalus' look of fear deepens as he realizes what Medea means.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
(to himself)
No.

Medea turns to face Daedalus and the guards.

MEDEA
(to the guards)
Line up the prisoners.

Two guards grab Daedalus by the shoulders and force him toward Jason.

Chubby Guard forces Jason to kneel next to a chopping block.

Daedalus notices another second block next to the first. He looks back at Medea.

DAEDALUS
Medea, please. Don't do this. Let
the boy go.

Medea walks over to Talus and brushes a bit of his hair behind his ear.

MEDEA
Your nephew is very talented. You
should be proud.

Lanky Guard forces Daedalus to kneel by the second block as Medea turns to face him.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Imagine what he might accomplish if
he really focuses. Rids himself of
distractions.

Medea's eyes glow a bit brighter, causing Talus to step forward.

Medea smiles.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Like you.

Talus makes his way towards the prisoners.

Daedalus drops his head, exasperated.

DAEDALUS
Of fucking course.

He lifts his head once again as Talus' wings open wide. On the bottom of each wing is a lining of metal, shaped very much like the teeth of a saw.

Daedalus opens his mouth in fearful awe.

JASON
(to Daedalus)
I'm sorry.

Daedalus turns to Jason, fear still in his eyes.

Jason twitches nervously.

INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF THE GODS - CONTINUOUS

Athena looks down at Athens. She watches as Talus approaches Daedalus and Jason, wings spread.

With a fearful glance, Athena turns and enters an open area in the center of the Palace of the Gods. She unsheathes her sword and closes her eyes.

A moment passes as her body begins to fade and the room around her shifts into that of the main hall in Athens.

INT. AEGEUS' PALACE - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Talus reaches the prisoners and stops a few feet in front of Daedalus.

DAEDALUS
(teary eyed)
Talus.

Talus makes no sign of recognition.

Daedalus looks over at Perdix, who continues to stand motionless.

MEDEA
(to Daedalus)
Magnificent, aren't they?

Medea walks to Daedalus.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Quite the improvement.

Medea kneels in front of Daedalus.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Your nephew credits you for having taught him all he knows. For that, I must thank you.

Medea wipes a tear from Daedalus' cheek.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

It's truly a shame you couldn't appreciate my vision, but I understand.

The queen lifts up the toy bird in front of them and begins to turn its crank.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

The inevitability of change is always difficult to accept. Some of us learn. Others, like you, are blinded by the past.

Medea finishes turning the crank on the toy bird.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Talus isn't blind. He is the future.

Medea releases the crank, watching the bird's wings flap up and down as the legs move back and forth. Chuckling, she sets the toy down and lets it waddle away.

Medea nods at the guards behind Daedalus and Jason. Lanky and Chubby Guard forces the prisoner's heads over the wooden blocks in front of them.

Medea steps back as the prisoners are strapped in.

With the prisoners tied securely to the chopping blocks, Talus steps forward. He raises one of the wings over Daedalus' neck.

JASON

(to Medea)

Witch! What won't you do?

MEDEA

I won't tolerate disloyalty. That's one.

Medea turns to Daedalus again.

MEDEA (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Daedalus. It will be as if your family were my own.

Daedalus follows the toy bird walking into the middle of the hall with his eyes, glances at Perdix, then up at Talus.

After a few heavy breaths, Daedalus closes his eyes and settles into the chopping block.

Medea's eyes flash brighter.

Talus swings down with his wing.

THUNG.

Beat.

Daedalus opens his eyes, glancing up.

Above him, Daedalus vaguely sees a semi-transparent Athena. Her sword steadily blocks the sharp edge of Talus' wing from falling any further on Daedalus' head.

DAEDALUS

Athena?

INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF THE GODS - CONTINUOUS

Athena stands among the semi-transparent figures of people in the Main Hall of Aegeus' Palace. She pushes the wing, now dangerously close to Daedalus' neck, back.

INT. AEGEUS' PALACE - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Talus falls backwards, crumpling to the ground hard.

Nobody moves, too astonished by what they are seeing.

Athena looks down at Daedalus. She moves to untether him from the chopping block.

Medea glares at her stunned guards as she backs away and reaches into her cloak.

MEDEA

She's freeing the prisoners! Stop her!

Daedalus watches the toy bird wander into the thick of a group of frightened guards fairly close to Perdix and Medea.

The bird stops walking.

Athena cuts the ropes from Daedalus, who falls to the floor and covers his face.

The goddess of wisdom straightens up, seeming to grow taller as she does so.

Athena moves toward Medea.

Medea continues to reach into her cloak and begins to pull something out.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
 (to the guards)
 I said sto--

BANG!

With a spark, the toy bird erupts into explosive flames, killing the guards surrounding it and pushing Medea and Perdix away.

Athena steps back, rubbing her eyes from the flash.

Medea falls on her face as a golden scale flies out of her hands.

Perdix falls back. Hitting the ground hard, her hair piece drops from her head.

Perdix's glowing eyes fade back to normal.

INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF THE GODS - CONTINUOUS

Athena groans, still rubbing her eyes as the flash of the explosion fades away.

ZEUS
 Athena.

Athena looks up to see Zeus standing on the other end of the hall, just outside of the semi-transparent boundaries of the room.

Strapped to his back is a quiver of lightning bolts.

ATHENA
 Father. I... I can--

ZEUS
 Stop what you are doing, and all of this will be forgotten.

Athena looks around at the chaos in the room.

ZEUS (CONT'D)
 Athena, please. Don't make me stop you.

Athena looks at Daedalus struggle to stand and knock over a guard.

She looks back at Zeus, and sheathes her sword.

Zeus releases a sigh of relief.

Athena reaches behind her, securing the shield on one arm and gripping her spear in the other.

Zeus' face darkens. He nods.

Pulling one of the bolts from his quiver, the king of the gods steps into the hall. He flickers semi-transparently as he enters.

INT. AEGEUS' PALACE - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Daedalus begins untying Jason from the chopping block.

JASON

What in the name of *Hades* is going on!

Daedalus looks back at where the toy bird exploded, and shrugs.

DAEDALUS

It was a distraction.

JASON

You *planned* this?

Still untying Jason, Daedalus glances, wide-eyed, up at a semi-transparent Zeus enter the room.

DAEDALUS

Not exactly.

Finally free, Jason rubs his neck as Daedalus rushes to the two breastplates, now discarded on the floor. He rushes back to Jason and hands him one.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

Put this on. We're not getting out of here without a fight.

Overhead, a chunk of pillar breaks off as Zeus slashes with his lightning bolt.

Daedalus and Jason look up to see the figures of the gods battling each other.

Beat.

JASON
No kidding.

INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF THE GODS - CONTINUOUS

Athena blocks a blow from one of Zeus' bolts with her shield. She pushes the shield forward against the king of the gods, opening his guard and leaving his chest exposed.

Athena kicks Zeus back, sending him flying across the room.

INT. AEGEUS' PALACE - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Perdix rolls over, recovering from the blast, and stands up. She surveys the scene.

Guards scatter and panic, Daedalus and Jason strap on their breastplates, and Medea continues to struggle to her feet as she reaches for the golden scale.

Perdix glares and moves toward Medea, but before she can get far, she notices a translucent Zeus flying straight for her.

Perdix quickly jumps out of the way, rolling toward Daedalus and Jason.

Zeus' back strikes another pillar, causing the room to shake.

Medea looks back at where Zeus now begins to stand. She shifts her attention to where Talus lays sprawled, grunts with frustration, and continues to move towards the scale.

MEDEA
(eyes flashing green)
Get up and fight, Talus!

Talus' body slowly stirs.

Perdix reaches Daedalus and Jason, breastplates now secure.

PERDIX
Who invited Olympus?

The three of them watch for a moment as Athena and Zeus continue fighting.

DAEDALUS
That may have been me.

PERDIX
(surprised, but impressed)
Oh... well, good job?

DAEDALUS

We'll see.

JASON

What do we do?

The three of them look toward the set of doors just behind the fighting gods.

A muffled sound of guards SHOUTING grows louder as they burst through the entrance.

Behind the new guards, Aegeus follows, looking very angry.

AEGEUS

Hurry men! We're under a--

Aegeus' eyes widen when he sees the luminous gods towering in front of him.

Many of his guards enter the main hall, but the majority is forced back as a stray lightning bolt strikes the pillar above the doors, sending boulders down in front of the entrance.

JASON

What *can* we do?

Daedalus scans around and sees Talus on the ground. A look of determination crosses his face. He turns back to the group.

DAEDALUS

We need to get Talus out of here.

Perdix nods.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

(to Jason)

Try to take out some of these guards.

Daedalus pulls a sword away from a fallen guard and hands it to Jason.

PERDIX

I'll take care of our little queen.

Jason looks fearfully at Perdix.

JASON

No, no you can't de--

Perdix glares at Jason, shutting him up.

She turns to Daedalus.

PERDIX
I have Medea.

Daedalus nods.

DAEDALUS
I'll get Talus.

With that, a massive ROAR thunders in the middle of the hall. The three look up to see two golden dragons growing in front of Medea.

Athena pauses to look at the two creatures. As she is distracted, Zeus tackles her, shaking the room again.

Daedalus, Perdix, and Jason watch as Medea points at them.

MEDEA
Fotia!

DAEDALUS
Run!

The three of them scatter as a rush of flame erupts from one of the dragons, enveloping where they were moments before.

INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF THE GODS - CONTINUOUS

Zeus, now on top of Athena brings a bolt down on the goddess' head, blocked only by Athena's guarders.

Athena struggles under the sparks and pressure.

Both their attentions are swayed as they watch the first burst of flame erupt behind them.

They turn to see the second dragon recoil as if to strike, targeting the two gods.

Zeus and Athena roll for cover as semi-transparent flames envelop them.

The two stand up, side by side, breathing heavily.

They look at each other.

Athena unsheathes her sword.

Zeus sighs, exasperated, as he pulls out a fresh bolt from his quiver.

They charge the dragons together.

INT. AEGEUS' PALACE - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Daedalus lifts his head to see Perdix take out a guard and grab his sword.

She turns toward Daedalus.

PERDIX

We need to go!

Perdix runs toward Medea, making her way around the two gods and dragons.

Daedalus looks to his other side and sees Jason fighting frantically with another guard, others close behind.

Daedalus stands, evades a guard's attack, knocks the man out, and moves toward Talus.

Jason takes out his current opponent and lifts his head to see his two guards from the prison room.

LANKY GUARD

So the dead man wants to play hero again.

Lanky Guard nudges Chubby Guard to circle around Jason.

Jason looks around the main hall.

JASON

By the looks of it, we're all dead men.

Lanky Guard nods.

LANKY GUARD

You first.

Lanky and Chubby Guard charge Jason.

Perdix rushes past the battle between gods and dragons, jumping out of the way just in time as a dragon's tail swings forward.

The foundations of the hall continue to shake.

Medea, seeing Perdix approach, grabs three guards nearby and pushes them towards Perdix.

MEDEA

Kill her!

The guards rush forward, slowing Perdix down.

Medea looks over at where Talus lays on the ground, Daedalus kneels next to him. A flicker of furious green glows in Medea's eyes.

DAEDALUS

Talus!

Daedalus moves to turn Talus over, but before he can, the boy whips around.

Daedalus narrowly dodges the sharp edge of the wings, then the sharp claw of a grappling hook.

The hook fastens to a pillar and pulls Talus into the air.

Daedalus watches as Talus' grappling hook detaches from the pillar and recoils back to the boy's chest.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

Holy shit, he's good.

With wings open, Talus turns in midair and swoops down towards Daedalus, eyes glowing bright green.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

Oh, come on Talus.

Daedalus runs toward a fallen boulder. With Talus close behind, Daedalus quickly leaps onto the marble, jumps as high as he can, and releases his own grappling hook.

INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF THE GODS - CONTINUOUS

Zeus jumps out of the way of a tail strike, out of the way of a burst of flames, jumps over a claw strike, but as he is about to land he is swept off his feet by the dragon's wing.

Athena, still fighting her own dragon, notices her father on the ground about to get scorched in dragon flame.

The goddess sees her shield and spear on the floor, just out of reach of Zeus' hand. With a look of determination, Athena rolls between her dragon's legs, slashing it's ankle.

The injured dragon shrieks in the background as Athena takes up her shield and holds it between Zeus and the other creature.

Flames rush around the Olympians.

Zeus' mouth cracks a small smile as he watches Athena protect him. The hint of a smile fades just as quickly as it appears when Athena reaches back with one hand. Zeus sees his daughter's spear nearby and hands it to Athena.

The flames fall back and with swift accuracy, Athena flings the spear into the dragon's neck.

With both creatures distracted, Athena helps Zeus up.

He nods as he picks out a new lightning bolt, and they go back to work.

INT. AEGEUS' PALACE - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Jason watches as Daedalus swings through the air just before blocking Lanky Guard's attack.

He quickly blocks Chubby Guard's thrust and back to Lanky Guard.

Tiring quickly, Jason is struck in the nose after narrowly blocking another sword. He is pushed back.

Now cornered, Jason raises his hand to protect his head. As he does so, the grappling hook attached to his breastplate shoots forward, pushing Chubby Guard back, and securing deeply into his lifeless body.

Both Jason and Lanky Guard look at Chubby Guard in shock and back to one another.

Lanky Guard strikes at Jason in a rage.

Jason blocks the first swing, the second, but as he moves to block the third he finds that the rope attached to his breastplate is holding him back with the weight of Chubby Guard's body.

Jason jumps just in time to dodge Lanky Guard's attack.

He spins out of the way of another strike. Lanky Guard's sword chops down, cutting the cord on the grappling hook.

As Jason spins out of the way, he sends his sword into Lanky Guard's stomach.

Lanky Guard falls to the ground, leaving Jason to survey the scene. He notices Perdix being attacked by three guards and Daedalus continuing to swing away from Talus among the dragons and the gods.

Jason looks down at the severed cord of his grappling hook.

JASON
Probably for the best.

Jason rushes toward Perdix.

Perdix skillfully blocks and evades every attack from the surrounding guards, but can't manage to land any blows.

A moment of stand-still occurs as neither Perdix, nor the guards can get the upper hand. They simply circle each other.

Just as Perdix takes a deep breath, preparing for an attack, Jason comes out of nowhere, tackling one of the guards full-force.

Perdix takes the distraction as an opportunity to cut down one of the other guards.

Medea watches as Jason rolls around with one guard and Perdix moves onto the third guard, making quick work of him.

Frustrated, Medea raises her hand in the direction of Jason and his opponent.

MEDEA
Eseis!

The floor opens up from under the two, sending them falling to the level below.

Perdix looks down the hole. She sees Jason roll off of the guard, coughing.

The guard, struggles to stand, but Jason grabs a large rock and brings it down on the man's head.

Perdix looks up again to see Medea, now pulling Jason's old knife out of her cloak.

MEDEA (CONT'D)
Let's have it your way, then!

Perdix takes a deep breath.

PERDIX
About time.

She races toward Medea.

Above, Daedalus detaches one hook, shoots out another, and continues to swing away from Talus.

He notices Talus rise over him in the air and close his wings in order to nosedive Daedalus.

Daedalus pulls himself out of the way of Talus' attack, but directly in front of a pillar.

Hitting the pillar hard, Daedalus topples to the ground. He grunts and holds his side as he stands up, examining one of his grappling hooks that appears to be broken.

Daedalus looks up to find Talus climbing higher in the sky in preparation for another attack.

Just below Talus, Daedalus notices another fire burst from one of the dragons.

He looks back at Talus.

DAEDALUS

Sorry, kid.

Talus swoops down quickly towards Daedalus. At the last second, Daedalus rolls underneath his nephew, grabbing a stone and throwing it at one of the dragon's heads.

The beast turns to look at Daedalus as Talus uses a combination of wings and grappling hooks to turn around.

The dragon opens its mouth toward Daedalus.

Talus swoops down at Daedalus from the other side.

Daedalus fires his only working grappling hook and pulls himself out of the way just in time.

Flames burst out of the dragon's mouth, rushing towards Talus.

The boy swoops to the side in order to avoid the fire, but not quick enough. One of the wings catch fire, causing Talus to fall to the ground and onto the balcony.

Daedalus watches as the dragon's fire is cut short when Zeus jumps onto its back and pulls a lightning bolt against the beast's throat.

Daedalus moves toward the balcony.

The foundations continue to shake.

INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF THE GODS - CONTINUOUS

Zeus holds fast on either side of his bolt as he squeezes harder on the dragon's throat.

The beast struggles aggressively at first, but slowly runs out of steam, losing balance and falling to its knees.

Athena continues to jump out of the way and block any strikes from her dragon.

She leaps in the air, puncturing where the shoulder meets the wing with her sword.

The creature lets out a shriek as its wing goes limp.

INT. AEGEUS' PALACE - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Perdix shrieks as she attacks Medea.

Dodging a series of quick attacks from the queen, Perdix manages to cut Medea's leg.

Medea cries out as she is knocked back by an uppercut.

Perdix approaches the queen. As she inches away on the ground, Medea raises her hand.

MEDEA

Páno!

Perdix steps off of a stone right before it lifts from the ground. She turns to see another one behind her as a third stone underneath her rips out of the way.

Perdix falls to the ground. She covers her face and the hovering stones drop all around her.

Medea leaps onto the fallen Perdix, knife raised. As she brings it down, Perdix catches the queen's arms.

EXT. AEGEUS' PALACE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Daedalus rushes to the balcony to find Talus rolling on the ground. His wing still burning slightly.

DAEDALUS

Talus!

Daedalus moves to pat out the rest of the flame. But before he can, Talus strikes forward.

Daedalus dodges the blows from Talus, backing up slowly.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
Talus, stop!

Talus' eyes glow bright green. He does not stop.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
You don't have to fight anymore!

Daedalus catches one of Talus' fists, then the second. He twists around Talus, locking his arms and patting out the rest of the flame.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
Please, Talus.

Talus continues to struggle, though unable to move very much.

Daedalus looks up to see Medea on top of Perdix.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Perdix.

INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF THE GODS - CONTINUOUS

Zeus repositions himself on the choking dragon. With a twist of his lightning bolt, he cracks the beast's neck.

Standing up from the motionless body, Zeus looks at the violence all around the main hall.

- Athena flips around the second dragon, piercing its thick skin here and there.

- Medea continues to force the knife down on Perdix, who slowly halts the progression and turns the blade towards Medea.

- Daedalus tries to subdue Talus, unable to calm him down.

- Athena slides under the limp wing of the dragon, dragging her blade through the side of the creature. The beast falls over, releasing a heavy breath of flame into the air.

Zeus furrows his brow.

Thunder RUMBLES overhead.

ZEUS
That's enough!

The king of the gods clenches his fist tightly around his lightening bolt. Sparks of energy fly.

Athena notices the rumbling and looks to her father, fearful.

EXT. AEGEUS' PALACE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Daedalus looks up at the sky. Dark clouds seem to circle directly above the palace, illuminated only by quick flashes of light within the formation.

Suddenly, a massive bolt of lightening strikes through the top of the palace and into the remaining dragon.

The blinding strike cuts through the beast's throat as it drops its head to the ground.

INT. AEGEUS' PALACE - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Jostled by the shaking of the palace's foundations, Medea falls forward onto Perdix.

A look of shock and pain cross Medea and Perdix's faces.

INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF THE GODS - CONTINUOUS

Athena looks around.

ATHENA

What have you done?

ZEUS

Exactly what you forced me to do.

Zeus raises his bolt towards Athena.

ZEUS (CONT'D)

Drop your weapons and come with me,
Athena. We're done here.

Athena glances around the semi-transparent palace, pausing on Daedalus.

Daedalus seems to look directly into Athena's eyes.

With a pained expression, Athena drops her sword and turns to leave with her father.

They step out of the translucent room.

EXT. AEGEUS' PALACE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Daedalus watches as the gods disappear. Rain begins to fall from the storm clouds above as the palace shakes below.

Still holding onto Talus, Daedalus looks over at Medea and Perdix.

Medea struggles to her feet, revealing a motionless Perdix, knife stuck deep in her chest.

DAEDALUS

NO!

Another clap of lightening crosses the sky as Daedalus pushes Talus aside, moving toward Medea.

The queen hears Daedalus SCREAMING from the balcony. She turns to see him getting closer.

Before he can get too far, Daedalus is tackled by Talus, now desperately clinging to his uncle's legs.

Medea moves toward the balcony.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

Damn it, Talus! Stop!

Daedalus manages to kick Talus off of his leg and stand up. He glances over to see Medea moving closer with a confident smirk on her face.

Daedalus glares heavily at Medea before Talus strikes him in the back of the head.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

(to Talus)

Snap out of it!

Before he can strike again, Talus is met with the back of Daedalus' hand across his face.

Talus, stumbles backwards, next to the ledge of the balcony.

Daedalus and Medea stop in their tracks, fearful.

The boy takes another step back, trips, and falls off the ledge.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

TALUS!

Daedalus runs to the ledge and jumps without hesitation.

Medea advances once again toward the balcony, but pauses, hearing a loud CRACK above her head. The queen looks up to find a large section of the ceiling fall towards her.

She raises her arms up.

MEDEA

Pán--

Before she can finish the word, the ceiling topples around her, though perhaps a bit slower than it might have, concealing her entirely.

Beat.

EXT. AEGEUS' PALACE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

The palace seems to settle for a moment, leaving only the rain to be heard.

From just below the balcony, a soft WHIZZING of a grappling hook can be heard. It erupts from the edge and attaches to a nearby boulder.

Dangling in midair, Daedalus hangs limp. Alone.

Tears flow from his eyes, accepted by the angry waves that crash against the rocks below.

Daedalus closes his eyes.

DAEDALUS (V.O.)

TALUS!

MEMORY FLASH:

Daedalus plummets off the edge of the cliff toward Talus.

The boy twists and turns whichever way his burnt wings please.

Daedalus reaches, arms full outstretched. He catches the boy and immediately launches his grappling hook.

The hook catches, jolting the boy out of his arms so that Daedalus only holds on to Talus' arm.

The bracelet's green glow flickers off.

EXT. AEGEUS' PALACE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

In his hand, he holds Talus' bracelet.

Daedalus continues to cry into the sea.

The DISTANT VOICE of Talus screams in his head.

DAEDALUS (V.O.)
Talus, settle down!

TALUS (V.O.)
We're going to die!

DAEDALUS (V.O.)
No we're not! I have you!

MEMORY FLASH:

Talus settles down and Daedalus reaches for the button on his breastplate to wind the grappling hook in.

They slowly start elevating.

Silence other than the coiling of rope.

Beat.

Talus looks into the crashing waves.

TALUS
Daedalus?

Daedalus looks down.

TALUS (CONT'D)
(tears forming)
Is mom...

Tears swell in Daedalus' eyes.

DAEDALUS
I think so.

EXT. AEGEUS' PALACE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

TALUS (V.O.)
What do we do now?

Daedalus turns to look up at the cliff.

DAEDALUS (V.O.)
I don't know.

TALUS (V.O.)
Will we be okay?

Daedalus gives in to the strain in his neck and looks back down.

Beat.

DAEDALUS (V.O.)
I don't know.

A jolt from above shakes Daedalus from his limp stupor.

MEMORY FLASH:

Daedalus looks up. He sees the boulder inch even closer to the edge.

DAEDALUS
Oh no.

The stone inches forward again. The cord jolts, loosening Daedalus' grip on Talus.

The boy SCREAMS as Daedalus only barely clings on by Talus' bracelet.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
The hook isn't secure! We're bringing it down with our weight. Got any ideas?

Talus looks at his grappling hook, but it seems to have been scorched off by the dragon's flame.

TALUS
Not really. Do you?

Daedalus looks up at the boulder, and back to his nephew.

DAEDALUS
I think I'm out of ideas.

They stare at each other for a moment, then out to the raging sea.

TALUS
I guess this is it.

DAEDALUS
Don't say that, Talus.

Another jolt.

Talus looks at his uncle, very calm. He loosens his grip on Daedalus' arm.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
Talus, stop it! I can't hold you on my own!

TALUS
Uncle Daedalus...

Daedalus' grip weakens.

DAEDALUS
Talus!

TALUS
I l--

Talus takes a sharp breath in as the boulder jolts forward again.

Daedalus' grip breaks, clinging only to Talus' bracelet.

Talus begins to free-fall.

DAEDALUS
TALUS!

Daedalus hits the button on his grappling hook to stop the ascension.

He watches his nephew plummet to his death.

Daedalus SCREAMS.

EXT. AEGEUS' PALACE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Daedalus SCREAMS, helpless.

He dangles in midair, rain falling, thunder and lightning in the sky.

The stone slips again, now very close to falling over the edge.

Out of breath, Daedalus goes limp, letting his tears fall between closed eyes.

MEMORY FLASH:

Perdix and Talus embrace. Perdix kisses her son's head as they both look up and smile.

EXT. AEGEUS' PALACE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Daedalus keeps his eyes closed.

DAEDALUS
(whispering)
Talus... Perdix... I'll see you two soon.

Beat.

Daedalus jolts again, taking a deep breath.

The stone leans further to the edge. Again. And again.

Just as it is about to fall, a hand reaches out, grabbing the cord.

Jason looks over the edge to see Daedalus on the other end of the cord.

JASON
Daedalus!

Daedalus does not respond.

JASON (CONT'D)
Hang on, Daedalus!

DAEDALUS
(whispering)
Hang on...

Jason repositions himself, and starts pulling Daedalus up.

The storm rages on as the inventor is slowly lifted from the cliff.

A few moments pass until Jason finally manages to pull Daedalus up and away from the ledge.

Daedalus lies limp on the ground, with Jason close beside him. He tilts his head toward Perdix's lifeless body.

JASON
We need to get out of here.
Daedalus! The palace is coming down!

Daedalus watches as chunks of ceiling and pillar falls to the ground.

He closes his eyes again.

MEMORY FLASH:

Daedalus stands alone in the Parthenon as boulders fall from the sky.

He drops to his knees.

Looking to the side, he sees the smoky image of Jason.

ATHENA (V.O.)
His actions have greater
consequences than he even realizes.

EXT. AEGEUS' PALACE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Daedalus stares at Jason, gravely.

JASON
Come on, Daedalus.

Jason lifts Daedalus over his shoulder and rushes into the main hall.

INT. AEGEUS' PALACE - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Daedalus stares at Perdix as Jason carries him through the hall.

ATHENA (V.O.)
It's not what Jason will do that
puts you at risk...

Daedalus strains to look at Jason as he runs for a hole on the other side of the main hall.

ATHENA (V.O.)
It is what he has already done...

Daedalus looks at the pile of rubble presumably crushing Medea, then at Perdix's lifeless body.

With a rush of determination, Daedalus rolls off of Jason's back.

JASON
Hey!

Daedalus rushes toward Perdix.

Jason catches Daedalus' arm.

JASON (CONT'D)
Daedalus, we need to go!

Daedalus pushes Jason down.

DAEDALUS
Then go!

Jason looks at Daedalus, shocked.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)
Haven't you done enough?

Daedalus starts moving away.

JASON
But, Daedalus. The palace, it--

DAEDALUS
Leave me!

Jason hesitates as he watches Daedalus rush to Perdix's side.

A boulder falls close to Jason, startling him to his feet. He looks back one last time, then races to the hole on the other side of the main hall.

Daedalus kneels next to his sister's body.

Fresh tears in his eyes, Daedalus hesitates, hovering his hand over her wound.

Another boulder falls nearby, causing Daedalus to look up at the fragility of the main hall.

He looks down at Perdix, grips the handle of the knife, and pulls it from his sister's chest. He looks down at the knife one last time before throwing it to the wayside.

Daedalus lifts Perdix in his arms and stumbles toward the exit on the other side of the hall.

Boulders fall from either side as Daedalus reaches the hole. Making sure not to bump Perdix against anything, Daedalus slips through the exit just in time.

The main hall closes off the hole with a large boulder as the room continues to crumble.

FADE TO:

Sounds of birds CHIRPING.

A shovel CHUNKS as it is stabbed into the dirt.

EXT. OUTSIDE ATHENS - DAY

Daedalus stands over Perdix's grave, shovel in hand. His sister looks peaceful, yet cold.

Kneeling down, Daedalus places a feather in her hand and clenches it tightly. Taking a deep breath, he looks up at the blue sky, then turns to the city.

At the top of the cliff, Daedalus sees the palace half crumpled from the recent battle.

Daedalus turns back to Perdix. He opens his mouth to speak, pauses, then closes his mouth again.

Kicking the shovel deeper into the dirt, Daedalus begins burying Perdix.

CUT TO:

INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - PALACE OF THE GODS - DAY

The gods sit around a large table in the main hall, feasting.

Athena looks at her plate, but does not partake.

A servant NYMPH comes by and places a cup of wine next to Athena. She looks up and the nymph points her in the direction of Zeus.

The king of the gods sits at the head of the table with Hera by his side.

Hera looks away, cup of wine already to her lips.

Zeus stares at Athena, raising his cup.

Athena, still looking at Zeus raises her own cup, and takes a sip.

Zeus nods.

Athena swallows and looks away toward her usual viewpoint of earth, longingly.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHENS STREETS - DAY

A cloaked figure hides in the dark corner of an alleyway as a group of soldiers march past.

One soldier stops, looks down the alleyway, but keeps moving.

Jason lifts his head, looking behind him in the direction of the passing guards.

He slips out of the alley in the other direction, passing some wanted signs with the sketched faces of him, Daedalus, Perdix, and Talus.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY OF PIRAEUS - DAY

Daedalus steps onto the dock of the nearby port city of Piraeus. A few sailors pass by him with a crate in hand. They climb up a ramp and onto a ship as the CAPTAIN steps off.

CAPTAIN

Hurry up, men! We ought to have shipped out yesterday!

The captain shakes his head.

Daedalus approaches.

DAEDALUS

Heading out?

The captain nods.

CAPTAIN

As soon as we're loaded up.

DAEDALUS

Where?

CAPTAIN

Settin' sail for Crete.

Daedalus ponders this.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Got no room for hitchhikers.

DAEDALUS

I'll pay.

Daedalus hands the captain a pouch of drachma.

DAEDALUS (CONT'D)

I'll work.

The captain inspects the money, then Daedalus' face.

CAPTAIN

You ever work on a ship before?

DAEDALUS

I think I can figure it out.

The captain stares into Daedalus' eyes another moment. He sighs.

CAPTAIN

Fine. Get your things onboard, then start loading up with the others.

The captain walks away.

Daedalus turns, picks up a crate, and walks onboard.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP - LATER

Daedalus sits behind an oar along with the rest of the crew.

He looks out at the distant city, then up in the sky. A seagull flies overhead.

With a stern look, Daedalus gets back to rowing.

CUT TO:

INT. AEGEUS' PALACE - MAIN HALL - DAY

A hammer breaks through the fallen rubble of the main hall. A SOLDIER's head peaks in.

SOLDIER

We've broken through, M'lord.

Aegeus pushes the soldier out of the way as he looks into the main hall.

AEGEUS

Keep working. I want to get in there, now!

The steady HAMMERING of the soldier starts up again as the rest of the hall sits still.

A large mass of rubble in the room towers quietly for a moment.

Slowly, a dim glow of green illuminates from underneath the debris.

A stone gradually lifts from the pile.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.

Tragedy: Then and Now

What did I just read? A valid question and one that many (myself included) might be wondering at this very moment. Others might find that question completely ridiculous. Of course, I just read a screenplay. However, that answer is not quite where the meat of the inquiry lies. What did I just read? A story from Greek mythology? Yes, but dig deeper. What kind of mythological story? The climax of the screenplay certainly doesn't end on a comedic note so it must, for all intents and purposes, be a tragedy... right?

The purpose of this essay is to explore the defining factors of tragedy by examining three significant time periods for the genre: Ancient Greece (Athens, in particular), the European Renaissance, and the contemporary. By doing so, we will take a look at what playwrights at the time valued in their own work, along with how the structure of tragedy changed. After all, what is the meaning of the word, tragedy? One definition found in the Concise Oxford English Dictionary describes tragedy as, "an event causing great suffering, destruction, and distress," (1528). Based on this interpretation of the word and having read in the screenplay that Daedalus watches both his sister and nephew die, it is not difficult to conclude that *Daedalus* does indeed fit within the tragedy genre. However, we must then consider the context of that definition. Perhaps the way we understand tragedy does not fit perfectly with the interpretation found in Ancient Greece. And if that is true, then who is to say our definition of tragedy correlates with the definition found in other influential time periods, such as the European Renaissance? We might have a completely different idea of tragedy in our minds compared to Shakespeare, and at the same time, Shakespeare might have had a completely different idea of the genre compared to, say, Aristotle. If that is the case, then what did I just read?

A logical starting point in the discussion of tragedy is ancient Athens. According to Adrian Poole's *Tragedy: A Very Short Introduction*, we find that this city played a significant role in the development of the genre. "Though its origins are shrouded in obscurity," Poole writes, "'tragedy' first emerged into the light in Athens around 533 BC with the actor Thespis (from whom we get 'thespian')" (4). Over the next century, Greece produced some of the most influential tragedies, a handful of which have survived in their entirety.

So what work goes into the development of an ancient Greek tragedy? Aristotle stands out as one of the earliest thinkers to attempt to find an answer in his *Poetics*. In a summary by Stanley Wells, "Aristotle considered that all plays should obey the so-called unities of time, place, and action, and that tragedies should depict the downfall of heroic figures as the result of circumstances leading to a reversal in their fortunes causing their death" (5). By obeying the "unities of time, place, and action," Aristotle maintains a strict focus on a single plot, in a single location, within a single day in which the protagonist inevitably meets their downfall. The way in which heroic figures meet their downfall, however, is not so cut and dry.

According to Gerald Frank Else's translation of *Aristotle's Poetics: The Argument*, there are four different kinds of tragedies, "...for that is also the number of 'parts' that have been discussed: the complex, which is peripety and recognition throughout; the fatal... the moral... <and the episo>dic" (523). Though this translation of Chapter 17 (55b22) is slightly muddled throughout, Else manages to lay out the four variations of tragedy according to Aristotle (the complex, the fatal, the moral, and the episodic) along with several examples of each. Scholars have struggled to comprehend what exactly Aristotle meant by these deviations. One in particular by the name of D.W. Lucas, states in his commentary on the philosopher's work that,

“Plays are not easily divided into firm and comprehensive categories. The four kinds of tragedy,” Lucas continues, “...are so obscure, owing to the compression and corruption of the text that little can usefully be said about them...” (291). He goes on to identify that the only “fruitful distinction” is found between simple and complex plays. Within these two categories, the main difference between a complex and a simple play is the presence of ignorance and recognition, using keywords such as, “...*anagnorisis*, which involves not knowing who somebody is, and *peripeteia*, which involves acting or suffering in ignorance of the outcome...” (292). With these two terms, D.W. Lucas assigns an implied presence of ignorance to any complex tragedy.

That is not to say any story involving pain from ignorance qualifies as a complex tragedy. Only when the use of ignorance plays a vital role in the entire story does the tragedy classify as complex. Lucas gives an example by saying,

...in the *Phoenissae* Creon learns that he will be asked to yield up his son for sacrifice in order to save Thebes. He tries to save the boy’s life by sending him secretly away from the besieged city, but the son, while pretending to fall in with Creon’s plan, goes off to make a voluntary sacrifice of his own life. Here we have the raw material for a *peripeteia* of which the climax would have been the realization by Creon that he had sent his son not to safety but to destruction. (292)

The drama and story are driven by this particular deception of the son and ignorance of the father. Were this the entire storyline of the *Phoenissae* it would have been considered a ‘complex’ tragedy. As it stands, however, it is only an excerpt of the overarching plot found in what is classified as a simple tragedy.

Though the differentiation of tragic categories was important to Aristotle (no matter how difficult they were to decipher) it is only one facet of Greek tragedy that needs to be explored. Two very important aspects of a tragic story involve the character of the hero and the role of the gods. In terms of the hero, a proper tragic character that can invoke a satisfactory response from the audience should fall neither under the category of the saint nor that of villain. As Poole notes, “The best kind of plot is one that most effectively excites the emotions of pity and fear... and this will not be best achieved by showing the fall of a good man or the rise of a bad man, or indeed the fall of a bad man” (46). He then references back to Aristotle’s conclusion that the ideal tragic character is one who is not “preeminent in virtue and justice” but also does not experience their downfall because of a personal evil. Instead, their failure derives from a certain fallibility. The word used by Aristotle is *hamartia*, which is then translated by Poole to mean *mistake* or *error*. The tragic figure is distinguished in this way (having fallen victim of their own mistakes) perhaps because this character is the most relatable to an audience.

It would be an understatement to say that many have made mistakes, no matter how innocent they might be. And even though many may still deserve some form of discipline for said mistakes, there are those who are tragically dealt with much more harshly than others who face the same offense. In his book, *Tragedy and Dramatic Theatre*, Hans-Thies Lehmann comments on how the tragic character is used to inform a universal truth. “In the *Poetics*,” states Lehmann, “the theory of dramatic sequence (of action) serves logical progression toward generality. Tragic narration stands under the *law of law*” (19). He goes on by saying that tragedy brings out a hidden order of things based on necessity or probability. In other words, tragedy expresses the idea that there is suffering in life and it is impossible to avoid these misfortunes. It is consoling to be reminded that suffering is not unique to certain individuals, and it is this

generality that makes the tragic hero so relatable. This relatability then excites the emotions of pity and fear.

Another impetus for fear that helped define tragedy was divinity and the afterlife. Though seemingly portrayed in different ways, the belief in a higher power was a strong common denominator connecting the European Renaissance to ancient Greece. In Athens, according to Mary Lefkowitz in her book, *Greek Gods, Human Lives: What We Can Learn from Myths*, we find that "...dramatic performances were literally religious events, meant to honor the god Dionysus at his festival, as well as all the other gods with whom he was associated" (113). As they honored the gods in their festivities, the Greeks were attempting to remind themselves of their limitations as mortals by drawing upon the distinction between human understanding (recognition or knowledge) and the power of the gods.

For the Europeans during the Renaissance, this desire for knowledge from the divine shifts from that of multiple gods to a singular God. According to George Steiner in his book, *Death of Tragedy*, he notes that, "Tragedy is that form of art which requires the intolerable burden of God's presence" (243). The importance of God in tragedy for the Europeans and Steiner is dissected by Ruth Padel's article, *George Steiner and the Greekness of Tragedy*, in which she states, "Divinity provided a source of meaning and otherness which until now, in most cultures, was seen as transcendent... It illumines otherness" (108). With these examples, it can be seen just how crucial a higher power was for the ancient Greeks and those living in the Renaissance. Yet, even as divinity continued to shape the theatrical art, it seemed to play fairly different roles.

Though both societies used their deities in search of knowledge, the Greeks used their gods less as a source of knowledge and more as a stepping stone toward knowledge. Lefkowitz

takes note of the fact that even though they played a crucial role in the action and drama of the ancient Greek plays, "...[the gods] are not as visible to audiences as they are in the epic poems because of the conventions of the stage. We do not know how and why these conventions were agreed upon, but all the dramas that have come down to us conform to them" (113). The uncertainty behind the lack of character roles for the gods in plays is significant due to the fact that the gods played such an active role in ancient epics and lyrics. Perhaps with the absence of the gods on stage, the Greeks were then able to question what their deities actually stood for. In their attempt to gain recognition and knowledge, perhaps they fell under the Socratic supposition that the only thing one can know is that one knows nothing at all.

The sense of uncertainty in the universe shifts drastically in the Renaissance with the established belief in an all-seeing God. Ruth Padel notes that, "Christianity gave tragedy a new basis for the connectedness of divinity and form. In Judeo-Christian thought, unlike Greek thinking, the creation of human beings is crucial" (109). She goes on to explain that because it was so imperative for humans to be created, it is only right for humans to create [art] as well. Not only that but if it was crucial for humans to be created, then there is an additional sense of hope that makes human beings significant. The idea of human significance was extremely influential in the creative work to come out of the Renaissance. Ulrich Simon addresses the increased motivation to hope in his book, *Pity and Terror: Christianity and Tragedy*. Along with more ancient examples of an afterlife, Simon discusses how people's mentality toward death was changed.

The *Somnium Scipionis* nourished not only the hope of individual survival but also, like some mystery religions, an all-embracing cosmology in which all chaotic contradictions are reconciled. In the pagan *praeparatio evangelica* the heavens also declare a stable

harmony of the world and its citizens. Hence tragedy itself, though it involved disaster and suffering, need not end in death. (52)

The Greeks used plays as a way to question how significant divinity could be whereas, in the European Renaissance, God was so divine that there was no need to question just how significant He might be. In some ways (pertaining most significantly to the weakened belief in death's finality) this forced audiences to understand tragedy differently. However, that is not to say that the content found in European Renaissance lacked a certain exploration of divinity and, in turn, morality. With the solidification of the Judeo-Christian God's divinity, the tragic characters of the European Renaissance no longer needed to question the morality of the gods. Instead, morality was explored on a more human level, even if the characters seemed to be larger than life.

Though playwrights in the Renaissance (roughly 14th to 17th century) such as Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Racine were influenced by methods developed in antiquity, another change involving the two time periods was how exactly to categorize the plays. Where in Greece, plays were generally classified as either comedy or tragedy, for the European Renaissance there was a new genre to consider: *Histories*. According to Wells, "Under 'histories' they included only plays that tell stories based on English history; those based on Greek, Roman, Scottish, and ancient British history... they called tragedies" (2). Though this may seem like a fairly insignificant distinction at first, some scholars (including Wells) feel inclined to disagree. It is their belief that this categorization, which effectively separates some plays by their form and others by their subject matter, skews whatever discussion might have been generated from them. By limiting the classification of tragedies so that they can only be set geographically elsewhere

(other than England) or in the ancient world, those in the European Renaissance seemed to disregard the structure previously laid out in antiquity for the genre.

When looking at the structure of Shakespeare's plays, one can find that even when his stories are set in the correct time period for the tragic genre, it does not necessarily fit under the previous form or content. "Just as Shakespeare's comedies often verge on tragedy, so his tragedies frequently offer a wittily ironic perspective on the action..." (4). The combination of comedy and tragedy in the Renaissance differs from that of ancient Greece in which tragic plays remained dramatic and were then followed by comedic (satyr) plays as a way to cleanse the pallet after watching the main show. Yet, even here, the Renaissance labeling system skews the genre's conversation. According to Felicity Rosslyn, in her book *Tragic Plots*, the inclusion of comedy within tragic plays during the Renaissance may have been influenced by some of the last works coming out of ancient Greece. In reference to playwrights attempting to keep the audience's attention after having seen so many great tragedies, Rosslyn states, "Euripides himself mixes tragedy with comedy in awkward proportions as his career goes on, and often seems to administer shocks to the audience to retain their wandering attention" (97). As Rosslyn suggests, these early attempts of comedy within the tragic genre were clunky and awkward in their search for unity. Shakespeare, on the other hand, seemed to reshape the dramatic genre effectively into something that stood on its own; something that allowed the audience to relate to the humor in life and still empathize with the tragic experiences life has to offer. With this in mind, it can be argued, as Samuel Johnson does in his *Preface to Shakespeare* (1765) that:

Shakespeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of

proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolick of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design. (14)

Johnson seems to be hinting at the same idea that Aristotle had when describing the characteristics of the tragic hero: relatability. Where the Greeks stop at simply making the hero of the story neither good nor bad, Shakespeare expands on that idea by making the bipolarity of everyday life neither completely funny nor miserable.

So if Aristotle divided tragedies into four groups, with the most value being placed (according to D.W. Lucas) on the difference between ‘complex’ and ‘simple’ plays, what can be said about what Shakespeare valued in his own writing? According to Wells, it could be stated that much of the focus in Shakespeare’s work involved a certain hint of divine fate. “...most of them [Shakespeare’s tragedies] portray one or more central characters with a degree of inwardness and with a suggestion that the disasters leading to their downfall are inextricably bound up with their personalities” (8). This can be seen in *Coriolanus* when Caius Martius, having lived life by the sword in search of power, dies by the sword by those who considered him too much of a threat. Though the Greeks also believed in an aspect of unavoidable fate, it seems here that Wells considers Shakespeare to have focused on how it is the personality of the characters (be it good or bad) that seals their demise, whereas the Greeks focused on a misinterpretation or lack of knowledge. Though the fatal flaw of a character could result in certain misinterpretations, and misinterpretations could influence a character’s personality (one example being Macbeth’s obsession with the cryptic message from the three witches influencing

him to commit murder and then go insane), the emphasis nonetheless depended on the time period in which the play was written.

From here, it is time to return to the leading question of the essay. What did I just read? How does *Daedalus* fit into the tragic tradition, and can it even be classified as such? An important aspect to mention is how the term, ‘tragedy’ has become a word used to describe any major form of destruction with the development and increase of daily news. One article by Tim Perone and found on Daily Mail’s website in 2013 attempts to invoke drama by titling the piece, *Tragedy as high school senior, 17, is killed by lightning just days before graduating as she sat writing in park*. Another article by Suad Patton-Bey and found on Daily News’ website in 2016 does the same thing with the title reading, *Couple dies in tragic car accident during Disney World vacation*. It would seem that to the contemporary world, anything from a mass shooting to a natural disaster can be labeled as a tragic event, thus shifting the old idea of tragedy based on some divine fate to include aspects of mere accident or chance. This embroilment of ‘tragedy’ and ‘accident’ works well for such a society whose religious beliefs continue to lessen. The word, ‘accident’ moves in to replace the apparent role or significance that ‘the divine’ once held.

And yet, at the same time, religious figures such as the Greek gods and the Judeo-Christian God are not entirely unfamiliar to the modern audience. Many still know, or rather, are able to question what these figures represent. With this in mind, *Daedalus*’ use of the Greek gods to impact the overall story remains significant. But what about the format of the tragic story? For instance, does my screenplay follow Aristotle’s unities of place, time, and action? The short answer is, no. In fact, my screenplay jumps five years ahead in the story within the first ten pages. Not only that, but I also break away from the ancient format by giving some of the Greek gods speaking roles which used to be designated for epics and other art forms. However, if

following the classical Ancient Greek structure was the defining factor in determining whether a story was a tragedy or not, then many of Shakespeare's most popular tragedies would not qualify either. Following the example of Shakespeare, therefore, my script maintains the potential of being a tragedy. But what about the overarching catalyst that escalates the drama?

The ancient Greeks classified complex tragedies as stories that are driven by a sense of ignorance in their hero. For Shakespeare, tragedy derived from the moralistic consequences in response to the main character's fatal flaw and actions. In my screenplay, I would argue that the story leans in both directions to an extent, though it may fall closer in line to that of ancient Greece's classification (thanks to the story's origins). Daedalus is warned by Athena (the goddess who, as in the Homeric epics, can't help but get involved in human matters) that he should beware of Jason and Medea. Though this is helpful advice, Daedalus is ignorant enough to try to use one (Jason) in order to avoid the other (Medea). Not only that but when Talus is kidnapped by Medea, Daedalus devises a plan that inevitably results in the death of his sister and nephew.

And yet, moralistic consequences also play a role in *Daedalus*. In the case of this screenplay, Daedalus' ignorance seems to walk hand-in-hand with his fatal flaws. One flaw being his pride, and the other being his anger that builds up when he cares about something or when something doesn't go his way. It is his pride that makes Daedalus think he can both keep his family safe and help Jason escape at the same time. His more prominent flaw, however, involves Daedalus' anger. Throughout my screenplay, there are glimpses of Daedalus expressing frustration in the fact that his nephew seems to be nearly as inventive (if not more so) than he is. There are other times in which Daedalus says things to Talus that hurt the boy's feelings. In the climax, these hints of anger erupt when Daedalus realizes that Perdix has been killed. As a

possessed Talus continues to fight his uncle, Daedalus loses control and strikes the boy, causing him to fall over a balcony. Not only does this scene reflect the fit of rage described in the original myth, but it also opens itself to a contemporary interpretation of tragedy. Daedalus did not mean to kill his nephew. It was an accident, regardless of how involved Fate might have been.

One final piece of structure to consider that did not create a problem in the past was how exactly these stories are being told and whether or not that format makes a difference for the overall story. By this I mean, both Ancient Greece and Shakespeare performed their plays on a stage. I, on the other hand, have produced a screenplay with the intent of filming the story and projecting it onto the silver screen. Is the stage an important aspect that could make or break a tragedy? According to Poole, the answer is no. "Where tragedy's concerned," writes Poole, "there is no absolute reason why they have to be told in the form of drama, performed in a theatre" (15). If that is indeed the case, my screenplay might still be able to qualify as a tragedy. However, when it comes to Hans-Thies Lehmann, the stage is extremely vital. "Given the distinction between drama and tragedy, our thesis holds that tragic experience is tied to the theatre," he proceeds to explain that, "Theatre is not to be defined as a dramatic process, but as one that is corporeal, scenic, musical, auditory and visual" (424). These differing points of view just go to show how muddled the conversation behind tragedy has become. Some value the dramatic plot of the story more, while others believe the experience of the theatre is an important aspect of tragedy.

If indeed there is a significant importance in the theatric experience of tragedy, I would argue that the screenplay (and film) does maintain the ability to qualify as a tragedy in a more traditional sense (even as the understanding of tragedy continually shifts). Lehmann holds a distinction between drama and tragedy in the contemporary world, I believe, due to the fact that

individuals are now able to watch dramatic media, such as news – whose drama and ratings are produced by the way the station chooses to present the facts of the day – in their living rooms by themselves. By doing so, according to Lehmann, the experience of watching a dramatic work of art or media is stifled by the absence of other people’s reactions. When going to the theatre, one experiences the corporeal stimulation of going to the event and watching/listening to what is being said on stage and around the auditorium. Though I am inclined to agree with Lehmann’s promotion for a theatrical experience, it also seems to me that Lehmann is not taking into consideration the continual development of home theater systems and the potential (taking the good with the bad) they could have on the dramatic experience. Beyond that, Lehmann doesn’t take into consideration the potential of the cinematic theater and how it might advance the theatric experience as a whole.

I would argue that the same stimulation is achieved, and in its own way, enhanced when one goes to the cinema. Like the theatrical, the cinematic experience is both auditory and visual, while at the same time, social even as these aspects are reshaped. Jon Solomon addresses this thought in his book, *The Ancient World in the Cinema*. In a comment about the film version of the tragic story *Oedipus Rex*, Solomon states, “No film can ruin the story, its Sophoclean ironies, its powerful impact. But a film must be film and not merely a play on celluloid,” (260). The story (whether theatrical or cinematic) remains intact, and yet, tragedy in film provides a more specific experience for the audience to engage with compared to how they might have engaged with a show performed by live actors on stage. The stories are the same, but like the shift in the understanding of tragedy, there is a shift in the way the stories are retold and reinterpreted.

This new interpretation of classic stories and, more specifically, the way in which we interact with cinema compared to how we interact with a theatrical performance is fleshed out by

Allardyce Nicoll in his book, *Film and Theatre*. According to Nicoll, one of the core differences between theatrical and cinematic experience has to do with the concept of truth.

A picture, a piece of sculpture, a stage-play – these we know were created by man; we have watched the scenery being carried in back stage and we know we shall see the actors, turned into themselves again, bowing at the conclusion of the performance. In every way the ‘falsity’ of a theatrical production is borne in upon us, so that we are prepared to demand nothing save a theatrical truth. For the films, however, our orientation is vastly different. (166)

Essentially, Nicoll is commenting on the audience’s ability to fully immerse themselves in the story being told. In a theatrical setting, the audience is, as Nicoll seems to depict, almost hyperaware that they are watching a play due to the fact that they have to watch actors enter and exit the stage, settings being moved in and out, and the curtain being opened and closed. While in the cinema, one does not watch the curtain open and close (at least not anymore), there are no set changes to observe in the background, and actors no longer enter and exit the stage. Instead, there is one screen and one spectacle. Thus, cinema’s experience maintains the desired social effect by being an activity primarily consumed in a group setting while, at the same time, removing any unnecessary distractions that might slow down the story being told.

With all this in mind, it would be difficult to argue that my screenplay fits within the genre of tragedy if one uses the criteria from ancient Greece and the Renaissance. Though, I am not entirely convinced that one should be striving for such criteria anymore. Throughout these time periods, tragedy was reshaped and redeveloped to fit within the social criteria of the time. In a contemporary world where tragedy has replaced divinity with accident, and where the stage has been replaced by the cinema (and later on the home theater), I would argue that my script falls

safely within the category of contemporary tragedy. One that interacts with the ancient idea of ignorance and explores the nature of the fatal flaw. One that challenges the role of the gods while, at the same time, attempting to show respect in their portrayal. And finally, one that reimages the stories in such a way to make them relevant in a contemporary society.

Annotated Bibliography

Apollodorus. *The Library of Greek Mythology*. Translated by Keith Aldrich, Coronado Press, 1975.

This version of Apollodorus' *Library* adds more detail about Daedalus and his life where the other version does not. Though it is not a side-by-side comparison between translations, it does provide more detail about the main character of my script.

“Apollodorus, Library Sir James George Frazer, Ed.” *Apollodorus, Library, Book 3, Chapter 15, Section 8*.

This version of Apollodorus' *Library* provides a side-by-side comparison of original Greek to English translation. It gives more detail on the relationship between Medea and Jason, helping me in my endeavor to portray those characters in my script.

Aristotle, and D.W. Lucas. *Poetics*. Clarendon Press, 1968.

This translation takes Aristotle's *Poetics* and presents it in the form of an introduction, commentary, and an appendix. It provides information on where to find certain topics throughout Aristotle's work and provides some insight on why certain chapters can be more informative than others.

C., A. *Coriolanus*. Hardpress Publishing, 2012.

This play, written by William Shakespeare, follows the tragedy of Caius Martius and is used in my critical essay to discuss morality.

Carroll, Lily. "Aristotelian Narrative Structures." *The Pen and The Pad*,
penandthepad.com/Aristotelian-narrative-structures-3012.html.

This website provides another perspective on Aristotle's poetics and the narrative structure of tragedy. It discusses beginnings, middles, and ends along with the difference of simple and complex plots.

The Editors of Encyclopaedia Britannica. "Daedalus." *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., 24 Apr. 2017, www.britannica.com/topics/Daedalus-Greek-mythology.

This website provides additional insight into the character of Daedalus. It discusses what he is best known for, who he was connected to, and where his main mythological tales take place. This source informed me on what exactly I needed to do in order to keep Daedalus on the same track as the original myth while still making it my own.

Else, Gerald Frank. *Aristotle's Poetics: The Argument*. Harvard University Press. 1957.

This translation of Aristotle's *Poetics* acts as a side-by-side translation and summary of the different sections found in the Greek philosopher's work. The section used in my critical essay helps inform the different types of tragedy as categorized by Aristotle.

Euripides, and Anthony J. Podlecki. *Euripides' Medea*. Focus Pub./R. Pullins, 2005.

This play, by Euripides, is a central piece of literature for my overarching project. It follows Medea as she is about to leave Jason, and provides some background on the mythological character.

Frye, Northrop. *Fools of Time: Studies in Shakespearean Tragedy*. University of Toronto Press; London, 1967.

This book helps one analyze the central themes of Shakespearean tragedy and helps make helps add some perspective on the topic of morality.

Hamilton, Goldy M. "The Dramatic Structures of Shakespeare's Plays." *University of Missouri*, 1904, pp. 1-80.

This thesis discusses the differences between the single plots found in ancient dramas versus the complex and elaborate plots found in Shakespeare's plays. It takes its time to discuss the subtle unities and harmony of actions constantly being interwoven.

Hyman, Lawrence W. "Morality and Literature – The Necessary Conflict." *The British Journal of Aesthetics*, vol. 24, no. 2, 1984, pp. 149-155., doi:10. 1093/bjaesthetics/24.2.149.

This article also studies Shakespeare's work and discusses the subject of morality.

Johnson, Samuel, and William Shakespeare. *Selections from Johnson on Shakespeare*. Edited by Bertrand Harris Bronson and Jean M. O'Meara, Yale University Press, 1986.

This book contains a famous preface by Samuel Johnson who praises Shakespeare's work and influence on playwriting and other literary arts.

King, Warren. "NoSweatShakespeare." *No Sweat Shakespeare*, 30 Mar. 2017, www.nosweatshakespeare.com/shakespeares-plays/shakespeare-five-act-structue/.

This website provides some insight as to why Shakespeare's plays were broken up into five acts instead of three (the typical amount as presented in Aristotle's *Poetics*). It explains that a large reason for this was due to editors breaking up the plays for Shakespeare, and so it is hard to tell what the playwright himself intended for his own works.

Lefkowitz, Mary R. *Greek Gods, Human Lives: What We Can Learn from Myths*. Yale University Press, 2005.

This book takes mythological stories from Greece and contextualizes them into the larger picture of human life and experience.

Lehmann, Hans-Thies, and Erik Butler. *Tragedy and Dramatic Theatre*. Routledge, 2016.

This book traces tragedy from its philosophical roots to its inextricable relationship with drama and its impact upon post-dramatic forms. It plots a course through the history of dramatic thought on the dramatic genre.

Nicoll, Allardyce. *Film and Theatre*. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1936.

This book explores the similarities and differences of the theatrical and cinematic experiences.

Patton-Bey, Suad. "Couple Dies in Tragic Car Wreck on Family Vacation." *NY Daily News*, NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, 26 Sept. 2016.

This article is used as an example of contemporary uses of the word, tragedy.

Perone, Tim. "Tragedy as High School Senior, 17, Is Killed by Lightning Just Days before Graduating as She Sat Writing in Park." *Daily Mail Online*, Associated Newspapers, 2 June 2013.

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Poole, Adrian. *Tragedy: a Very Short Introduction*. Oxford University Press, 2005.

This source walks the reader through the history of the genre and how it has changed since its inception. It also provides the different aspects of the genre that categorizes a dramatic piece as a tragedy.

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This website goes into more detail on the differences between three-act structure and five-act structure. It also provides format and examples of each type.

Rosslyn, Felicity. *Tragic Plots: a New Reading from Aeschylus to Lorca*. Ashgate, 2000.

This book examines various tragic plays in different time periods in an attempt to define the genre.

Sharp, Ronald A., et al. "George Steiner and the Greekness of Tragedy." *Reading George Steiner*, Baltimore and London, 1994, pp. 99-133.

This article walks through the different aspects of tragedy that George Steiner (author of *Death of Tragedy*) finds most valuable and uses to classify what is and is not a tragedy.

Simon, Ulrich. *Pity and Terror: Christianity and Tragedy*. Macmillan, 1989.

This book examines the importance of tragedy and the tragic hero as found within Christianity. It discusses how the significance of the genre shifts from antiquity onward.

Soanes, Catherine, and Angus Stevenson, editors. *The Concise Oxford English Dictionary*. 11th ed., Oxford University Press, 2006.

This well-respected dictionary source is used to define the common definition of Tragedy.

Solomon, Jon. *The Ancient World in the Cinema*. Yale University Press, 2001.

This book discusses the similarities and benefits, the pros and cons found in portraying the ancient world in the cinema. This provides an interesting context for my work seeing as I am attempting to create a tragedy for a contemporary audience who primarily absorbs media in the cinema rather than the theatre.

Steiner, George. *The Death of Tragedy*. Faber and Faber, 1961.

In this text, Steiner goes over the various reasons why he believes that Tragedy died after the Renaissance period in Europe.

Wells, Stanley. *Shakespeare's Tragedies: a Very Short Introduction*. Oxford University Press, 2017.

This source provides a detailed introduction to how Shakespearian tragedies differ from classic Greek tragedies. It then walks through individual plays written by Shakespeare and discusses how each piece of work falls under the category of tragedy.