

EXT. BEACH

The scene begins completely dark with the sound of a heartbeat and, very faintly, the surf. Credits play during the parts of the scene where the screen is dark.

HOMER

(groaning)

Oh gods, where am I? Is that ...
is that my heartbeat? Am I
supposed to be able to hear my
heartbeat or is my heart about to
explode? And does it have to beat
so loudly? Come on, heart, quiet
down.

The heartbeat gradually recedes.

HOMER

Huh. Now, to figure out where I
am. I suppose the first step is to
open my eyes. Yeah, visual recon
of the situation. Let's do this,
eyelids. Time to just lift up.
Just ... cooperate here and ... up
we go!

From a first person view you see eyes open to reveal only
blinding light. They slam shut again.

HOMER (cont'd)

OH HELIOS, why would you do that to
my precious eyeballs?! What did I
ever do to you? Have I not told
tales of your greatness on many
occasions and ... and ... well ...

There's an extended silence.

HOMER (cont'd)

OK, sight is out of the question
for now. What else have we got.
Ears! Right. OK ears, do your
stuff.

Background sounds begin to swell. There's the surf and
seagulls calling, with a bubbling brook far in the
background.

HOMER (cont'd)

I seem to be on a beach, but I
don't know if I can trust my ears.
How can I corroborate that? Taste,
what have you got?

There' the exaggerated sound of a mouth opening and lips smacking.

HOMER (cont'd)
 Did I eat chalk last night? No,
 we'll get to that later. OK, now
 we just have to take a quick taste
 ...

There's the sound of a tongue running over sand (what in the world does that sound like? I don't know, but it sounds like something). Then there is the sound of crunching as a mouth chews on sand.

HOMER (cont'd)
 Yeah, that's sand I'm chewing on.
 So I'm on a beach. Confirmed. And
 this sand is really not helping my
 dry mouth.

There's the sound of spitting, then coughing followed by another groan.

HOMER (cont'd)
 Head hurts way too much to cough.
 Remember that. No more coughing if
 I don't want my head to crack like
 a rotten egg.

There's silence for a little while except the sounds of the beach and gulls and brook and Homer's breathing.

HOMER (cont'd)
 Now I just need to know how I got
 on this beach. So what happened
 last night? From the headache I'm
 going to guess you can help me
 figure this one out, Dionysus.
 Let's see, the last thing I
 remember was ...

EXT. MERCHANT SHIP DECK

The ship is tossing on a stormy sea at dusk. Homer is passed out below deck. He has fallen and broken a bunch of amphorae that were previously filled with wine. Now their contents are spilled around Homer. There is also a cup knocked over with wine running out of it. Someone throws a bucket of water on Homer. He sputters to life, then looks up to see three men, the CAPTAIN and his two crewmen. The captain has grey eyes.

WINE CAPTAIN

(squatting to speak to Homer)
Hello, friend. How long have you
been down here?

HOMER

Oh, hello there. That depends.
Where is here?

WINE CAPTAIN

You're on my ship, friend.

HOMER

Well that explains it, then. I
couldn't have swam to your ship, so
I must've boarded last time you
made port. Ipso facto, I have been
here as long as you've been at sea.

WINE CAPTAIN

The last place we made port was the
ruins of Troy.

HOMER

Ah yes, well, I was there. I'm an
epic poet and I was preparing to
write an epic poem about the great
siege of troy.

The wine captain takes his time looking Homer over. He
looks at the ragged clothes, the red face and the wine all
about.

WINE CAPTAIN

You don't look very epic from here.

HOMER

Maybe not right now. You might
call me an epic poet in training,
at the moment. Or an Epic Poet
school dropout, if you prefer. I'm
freelancing.

WINE CAPTAIN

Do you know what you're swimming
in?

HOMER

I can only hope it isn't my own
vomit.

WINE CAPTAIN

Have you ever heard of trojan wine?

HOMER

Absolutely! Some of the best wine
in the world!

WINE CAPTAIN

It really is, and because of that
it is extremely valuable. See,
because of that siege of Troy there
are no longer any Trojans --

HOMER

I wouldn't call it a siege. It
wasn't what did them in, you know?
I was there. A huge
disappointment, really. Everyone
got sick, just puke and crap
everywhere, and then they all died.
They were pooped and puked out, I
supp-

WINE CAPTAIN

And without Trojans there's no one
to make the much vaunted Trojan
Wine. That makes the last of it
very sought after. So my friends
and I decided to raid some wine
cellars on the out skirts of Troy
to get some of that wine. Did you
enjoy it?

HOMER

Enjoy ... the trip?

WINE CAPTAIN

THE WINE!!!

HOMER

Well ... no, actually. See ... I
didn't have any water.

WINE CAPTAIN

Oh no.

HOMER

And you have to dilute it with
something.

WINE CAPTAIN

I don't believe it.

HOMER

And then I thought to myself 'Wait a second. You're surrounded by water!'

WINE CAPTAIN

You didn't.

HOMER

So I took this conveniently placed cup and got some seawater and mixed in some wine and --

Cut to outside the ship. The crewmen throw Homer off the side naked.

WINE CAPTAIN

POSEIDON KEEP YOU.

HOMER

(sputtering)

But why did you take my clothes??

He is tossed in the surf for a few seconds as the screen fades to black.

EXT. BEACH

The shot is still black. Homer let's out a sigh.

HOMER

Right. That's why I'm on the beach. And I guess I'm naked too although I feel like ... hang on ...

There's a rustling sound.

HOMER (cont'd)

Yeah, I'm definitely covered in sea weed. This has not been a great--

In the background there's a scream. It could be confused as either fear or laughter, but in reality it's laughter. NAUSIKAA and her maids are tossing a ball around.

HOMER (cont'd)

Oh thank Zeus! People! But who are they? More importantly, do they have food, and water, and clothes, and soap and maybe some wine? That sounded like a girls cry. Like a tall girl like some kind of ... nymph maybe?

Homer groans as the noises get louder.

HOMER (cont'd)
 A nymph? Am I still drunk? OK,
 time to see what's going on. Brace
 yourself. Open just one eye a
 little bit. It won't hurt too bad.

Half of the screen open like an eye opening to very bright light. It closes and opens a few times, blinking.

HOMER (cont'd)
 That's it, slow. OK, now the other
 eye. Alright. We're making
 progress. Now open them up at the
 same time.

The view is first person, showing a skewed image of the beach and sea since Homer is, at this point, laying on his stomach looking out the sea.

HOMER (cont'd)
 Great work, eyes. Great work
 everyone. Head, keep up the not
 pounding thing, OK? Just ... let's
 keep it together. Now just stand
 up. Up. Up, man, and let me see
 for myself!

Homer struggles to his hands and knees. He's still staring at the ground. There's the sound of a couple dry heaves.

HOMER (cont'd)
 OK, halfway there. If there's a
 god of vomit don't fail me now.
 Vomit god. Come on, you're with
 me. We know each other so well.
 Hades, I might be the god of vomit,
 as far as I know. I have the
 experience for it. OK, last little
 bit and then everything will be
 great. Just push OFF with my
 hands, sit back on my knees like
 that, turn my head towards the
 sound and --

There's another cry as a ball sails through the air and hits homer directly in the face, knocking him out. The screen cuts to black for a brief second, then switches to a third person view. Homer is laying on the ground covered in seaweed and barely visible. The ball lays a few feet from him.

NAUSIKAA
 (shouting)
 Nice one, Eurykleia!

Nausikaa enters the screen. She could be described as "so fine in mould and feature that she seemed a goddess."

NAUSIKAA
 (muttering)
 The way these girls throw you'd
 think I invented the game myself
 only recently. Where did it?
 Right, there it is.

Nausikaa grabs the ball and turns to throw. Homer makes a small sound and Nausikaa turns around slowly, staring at the pile of sea weed.

EURYKLEIA
 (walking to Nausikaa)
 Are you coming? How hard is it to
 find your stupid ball--

NAUSIKAA
 Ssshhhhh. I think ... I think
 there's something in that pile of
 seaweed.

The other maids start showing up, all of them looking at the pile of sea weed. Homer groans and moves and all of them except Nausikaa scream, running off. Nausikaa drops the ball and gropes around at her feet until she comes up with a stick. She holds it ready to strike. Homer props himself up and some of the seaweed slides off, revealing his features.

HOMER
 (holding head)
 Why the head? Hasn't it been
 through enough already? First
 there's --

Homer notices Nausikaa and his eyes go wide. He quickly gets to his knees in front of Nausikaa, then hold his stomach and puts a hand over his mouth.

NAUSIKAA
 Who are you?

Homer holds up one finger as he makes a couple vomiting motions. He glances up at Nausikaa, then looks at the ground again as he almost throws up.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)

Are you --

Homer dry heaves again.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)

I don't have time for this. Come on, ladies, let's get our laundry and --

Nausikaa drops her stick on the ground and turns to leave.

HOMER

Wait! Could you just -- nope, here it comes.

Nausikaa turns just in time to see Homer throw up.

NAUSIKAA

I'm so glad I waited.

HOMER

(wiping mouth)

What I meant to say was ...

Homer straightens himself up, going into performance mode.

HOMER (cont'd)

Mistress: please: are you divine or mortal? If one of those who dwell in the wide heaven, you are most near to ... Artemis, I should say -- great Zeus's daughter. His hottest daughter. If you are one of earth's inhabitants, how blest your father and gentle mother -- how blest all your kin! I know what happiness must send the warm tears to their eyes each time they see their wondrous child go to the dancing. Never have I laid eyes on equal beauty in man or woman --

NAUSIKAA

I've heard all this before. Have you seen me?

HOMER

I am well hushed indeed, but ...

Homer makes a face of desperation, looking around.

HOMER (cont'd)

One time, fair one, I thought a
 young palm tree at Delos near the
 altar of Apollo ... that slim palm
 tree filled my heart with wonder:
 never came shoot from earth so
 beautiful. So now, my lady, I
 stand in awe so great I cannot
 bring myself to even kiss your feet
 --

NAUSIKAA

You get points for originality, but
 lose points for comparing me to a
 palm tree. What do you want, sir?

HOMER

Mistress, do me a kindness! Direct
 me to the town, give me a rag that
 I can throw around me, some cloth
 or wrapping that you brought along.
 And may the gods accomplish your
 desire: a home, a husband, and
 harmonious converse with him -- the
 best thing in the world being a
 strong house held in serenity where
 man and wife agree --

NAUSIKAA

Wait, you need directions to the
 town?

HOMER

Yes m'lady, twould be --

NAUSIKAA

Right right, you can shut up.

Homer closes his mouth.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)

You're a poet, right?

HOMER

I prefer the term Epic Poet.

Nausikaa looks him over.

NAUSIKAA

You don't look particularly epic to
 me.

HOMER

No it's not the ... I'm not epic,
my poetry is epic.

NAUSIKAA

Yes, yes. I can tell from your
amazing introduction there. Still
... you do sound pretty convincing.
And you say you're not from around
here?

HOMER

Nay, m'lady, for --

NAUSIKAA

You can just speak like a normal
person. This isn't one of your
poems, you know?

HOMER

Mayhap some day it shall be.

NAUSIKAA

You start a lot of *epic* poems on
the beach, naked, covered in sea
weed and hung over?

HOMER

I, uh ... no. Usually they start
with a great general, or perhaps
Dawn's pink fingers spreading their
light o'er--

NAUSIKAA

You really just can't help
yourself, can you? But you're not
from around here ... how did you
get on our shores?

There's a brief flashback of Homer getting thrown off the
ship.

HOMER

I, uh, fell in. And then the
current, you know, there were
fishes and the current and... they
got my clothes.

NAUSIKAA

Right. Listen, we have some
clothes you can borrow and you can
wash yourself in the river. You
look like the kraken and you smell

(MORE)

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)
 like a fish that died trying to eat
 another, smellier fish. Go over to
 the river and grab what you need to
 get clean and get dressed. We'll
 give you a ride back to town and
 you can have a little something to
 eat on the way.

EXT. RIVERBANK

Homer comes from around a bend, clean and dressed. He isn't
 godlike, but he doesn't look bad. His hair is still wet.

NAUSIKAA
 You clean up alright. That's good,
 too.

HOMER
 I guess that's good ...

NAUSIKAA
 I mean good for me. Eurykleia,
 would you get the rest of the maids
 together and head back home? I'll
 drive the mule cart here and meet
 you after I find somewhere for our
 friend to go.

EURYKLEIA
 (raising an eyebrow)
 Yes ma'am.

Nausikaa climbs into the drivers seat of the mule cart and
 takes the reigns.

NAUSIKAA
 Oh get your mind out of the gutter.
 He's really not my type. Climb in,
 there's some food in the basket
 there you can help yourself to.

HOMER
 (climbing into mule cart)
 Thanks.

Nausikaa begins driving the cart, almost knocking Homer off.
 Homer gets some food out of the basket and eats in silence
 for a few moments.

NAUSIKAA
 So what's your deal?

HOMER
 (with a mouth full of food)
 Pardon?

NAUSIKAA
 Who are you. Where did you come from. How did you end up naked and hung over on the beach?

HOMER
 OK, I, uh ...

NAUSIKAA
 And I want the truth.

Nausikaa looks at Homer out of the corner of her eye for a second. Then turns and looks at him fully. Homer shrinks under her gaze.

HOMER
 You don't want the truth.

NAUSIKAA
 There's nothing I want more. I need someone to help me. A stranger. Someone who looks decent and is quick on their feet, who can be eloquent when needed. You seem to fit the bill.

HOMER
 Thanks.

NAUSIKAA
 I said seem to. What's most important is that you not hurt my father. At all. But ...

She looks Homer over again and sighs.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)
 You may be my only option. Do you know how often well spoken, handsome strangers wash up on our shores?

HOMER
 Not ... often?

NAUSIKAA
 You are correct. So I need to know the truth about you to know if you can help me. If you can then you
 (MORE)

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)
 will get riches you can't even
 imagine -- the dowry of a princess.
 If you can't then you'll get a warm
 meal and a cold drink and a good
 nights sleep and you can be on your
 way. So tell me the truth.

There's another long pause as they move through the
 countryside and Homer collects his thoughts.

HOMER
 Wait, you're a princess?

NAUSIKAA
 Did I fail to mention that? I'm
 Nausikaa, daughter of King Alkinoos
 of the island Scheria.

HOMER
 Isn't Scheria an island?

NAUSIKAA
 Yes, it is the one you're currently
 on.

Homer pauses for a second.

HOMER
 Right, sorry, I'm still a little
 ... my brain is moving slower than
 usual.

NAUSIKAA
 I should hope that's the case.

HOMER
 This is Scheria and you are
 Nausikaa, daughter of King
 Alkinoos. Got it.

NAUSIKAA
 And you are ...

HOMER
 Right. The truth. My name is
 Homer. I'm an epic poet.

NAUSIKAA
 I don't think I've heard of you.

HOMER

Thanks for pointing that out. Odds are you haven't heard of me because ... you know, a lot of times people commission us to -- great people you know, kings and queens and, well, I guess that's not that impressive to you. Anyway, these great people commission us to create poems about their life stories and the great deeds they've done and they expect it to last for hours but when you've talked to them and got the details together you're lucky if you can put together a limerick about their lives. People don't do as much as they think they do, and their lives aren't nearly as interesting as they think they are. What I'm trying to say is this. If the life of a king is of no interest, my life is worth less than nothing.

NAUSIKAA

Humor me.

HOMER

It's short, that's what I was trying to say. I was an orphan, and was taken in by Phemius and attended his school where I excelled. I was especially good at reciting poetry, but could never seem to create my own. As I got older I discovered drink and it ... unlocked my ability to create new poetry. When I drank a little I would be so much more comfortable and able to write great works.

Homer coughs, holds his head in pain for a second, runs his hand through his hair and shrugs.

HOMER (cont'd)

If a little drink helped me write a little a lot of drink should've helped me write a lot. So I drank. But success didn't come. I was the prodigy, Phemius's pride, and I thought I'd found the key to finally fulfilling that ... to being what he always told me I

(MORE)

HOMER (cont'd)
could be. To finally not just
having the potential. Having
potential can be a curse, you know?
You never surprise anyone if you
have potential. You just
disappoint them. So I drank more
and created more poems but they
were never ... I never got there.

NAUSIKAA
And you've been drinking ever
since.

HOMER
No, actually, if you believe it. I
got cleaned up. I decided that if
I couldn't create great works at
least I could write poems about
real adventures. I made my way to
Troy, working the whole way there,
to see the siege to end all sieges.
It was supposed to be amazing. And
I was going to be there to create a
poem about it.

NAUSIKAA
I'd heard of that. What happened?

HOMER
It was not the siege I had hoped
for. The Greeks attacked Troy and
were slaughtered. The only general
left was Odysseus who decided to
honor his fallen brothers and fight
on instead of retreat. He had this
great plan to hide inside a hollow
wooden horse and sneak into the
city. But do you know what the
Trojans do with horses given as
gifts in battle?

NAUSIKAA
They uh ... oh no.

HOMER
That's right, the burnt offering!
So they brought the horse inside to
their square and lit it on fire!
The Greek army trying to escape
made it topple over and set the
city on fire and, well.

NAUSIKAA

No, oh no.

HOMER

That's why the tale hasn't spread.
 There weren't any greek survivors,
 and the Trojans that lived were so
 ashamed of burning down their
 entire city by bringing an obvious
 trap in that ... they just moved
 on. No one wanted to talk about
 it. And what was I supposed to do?
 Where was my epic poem now?
 Remember when you asked how many of
 my poems start with someone drunk,
 naked and hungover on the beach?
 Even less end with "And then every
 one burned to death. The end."

NAUSIKAA

So how'd you wind up here?

HOMER

I hitched a ride on a merchant boat
 that had come to take the last of
 the Trojan wine. I was hiding in
 the hold and there was all this
 wine around and I'd just witnessed
 the death of I don't know HOW many
 people and I still stunk like
 burning city so I figured I'd drink
 a little. So I drank a lot. And
 then they found me and threw me off
 the ship.

NAUSIKAA

But why naked?

HOMER

I asked them the same thing!

NAUSIKAA

It's lucky you washed up on our
 shores.

HOMER

(disgustedly)
 Why is that lucky?

Nausikaa doesn't say anything for a few minutes while Homer
 broods in silence.

NAUSIKAA

I'm sorry about what happened,
Homer, but you might be able to
help me. We're coming up on the
town and I can't have people
talking, especially the sailors.

HOMER

Why the sailors?

NAUSIKAA

Have you ever heard "mouth like a
sailor?" Well their minds are just
as dirty.

HOMER

Ooooooh.

NAUSIKAA

So I'm going to drop you off. Take
the rest of the food. See that
hill over there?

HOMER

Yeah.

NAUSIKAA

There's a little fire pit on the
other side where I used to spend
time as a child. Find it, build a
fire, and wait for me and I'll come
see you tonight.

HOMER

(leering)

Ah, so the fisherman wouldn't be
wrong ...

Nausikaa hits homer.

NAUSIKAA

You wish, buddy. Just be there and
I'll tell you what I need.

HOMER

Any chance you have some wine
stashed away ...

Nausikaa shoves homer off the cart, then throws the food off
after him.

NAUSIKAA
 (shouting)
 Just wait for me.

INT. PHAEACIAN PALACE

Nausikaa is on a balcony, looking over the ocean as the sun sets. HALIUS walks up behind her and coughs. She rubs her eyes, then turns to look at him smiling. Halius is a beefcake, and is mainly wearing very tight shorts.

NAUSIKAA
 Hal! What are you doing up here?
 I thought for sure -- sweet
 Aphrodite, man, would you put some
 clothes on?

HALIUS
 (flexing his pecs)
 Why would I do that?

NAUSIKAA
 Decency? Modesty? Courtesy?

HALIUS
 Sorry, I can't hear you. I'm
 trying to develop the muscles in my
 temples and flexing my ear canals
 tends to drown things out.

NAUSIKAA
 You ...

Nausikaa pauses, looks at her brother askance, starts to say something, stops, then finally speaks, enunciating the words.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)
 What do you need, Hal?

HALIUS
 Father wishes to see you. He told
 me you'd be up here.

NAUSIKAA
 Thanks. And put some clothes on.

HALIUS
 What was that? I was flexing
 again.

NAUSIKAA

I said ... uh ... I can tell you've been getting your tone on.

HALIUS

Yeah, I have been! You know, you can't just train for strength. You need to look good too. Otherwise it'll be tough to convince someone to make a statue of you, and that's the goal, right?

NAUSIKAA

Well, you could just threaten to crush their head like a grape.

HALIUS

Huh?

NAUSIKAA

(walking away)

I said 'Well it really looks like you're in great shape.'

Nausikaa walks through the palace, passing bustling servants, messengers and dignitaries on the way. She stops one briefly.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)

Do you know where my father is?

SHORT SERVANT

I think he's still in the council chambers.

NAUSIKAA

Probably not a good sign. Thanks.

Nausikaa enters the council chambers, a large round room with columns standing on the very outside, and a large horseshoe shaped table towards the middle. ALKINOOS sits at the head of the table and 12 counselors are seated around it. In the middle of the horseshoe shaped table inset into the floor with gold filigree is a rough map of the world. Scheria is in one of the far corners, distant from any other landmass. The map clearly shows greek lands, including Ithaka, and some areas that would normally not be known by the greeks, indicating that the Phaeacians have travelled farther and mapped more than any other contemporary civilization. The map has rings centered around the island of Scheria inlaid in pearl. Each ring indicates the distance one of the Phaeacian ships can travel in one day. The map has small black model ships scattered around, each

one with a name and several stones inside of it, a name on each stone as well. One model sits on the table next to Alkinoos. An attendant stands with a bundle of parchment to one side. Alkinoos and the councilmen are in a heated debate as Nausikaa enters. Nausikaa gazes at the model ship on the table next to Alkinoos with longing.

COUNCILMAN 1

... we are defenseless, Alkinoos.
With our ships cast to the wind
looking for --

ALKINOOS

Looking for many of our sons.

COUNCILMAN 1

Yes, many of our sons. But with
them scattered should we be
approached by one of our enemies we
would be blind. They could be
within a day of our city --

COUNCILMAN 2

What enemies do we have? And who
could reach us? We're so far
beyond the grasp of greek Triremes
that --

COUNCILMAN 3

If we have charted the edges of the
oceans than others will too.
Assuming we're invincible because
we're too far is folly.

ALKINOOS

It is a security risk to have one
of our boats unaccounted for! Were
it adrift, and an enemy to find it,
they could learn its secrets. We
must recover --

COUNCILMAN 1

YOUR SON! We must recover YOUR
SON.

There's silence in the room for a moment.

ATTENDANT

The sun has set. Shall I update
the position?

ALKINOOS
 (frustrated)
 Please do.

The attendant starts at one end of the map and goes across, consulting his parchment constantly. Some ships he moves from one pearl line to the next further away from Scheria, some he moves closer. Others (in various ports) he drops a small stone in the shape of a sun next to. For a couple he collects the stones next to them (after carefully counting the stones) and puts them on the first pearl line on their way back to Scheria.

COUNCILMAN 4
 He's right, Alkinoos. We know what happened to the boat. Charred remains washed up on our shores two weeks ago. Grief or hope or both may not let you see it, but it is from our ship. Your son did his duty. The boat must have been in danger of being seized so he used the last resort.

Nausikaa puts her hand to her mouth and looks shocked.

ALKINOOS
 We don't know the remains are from one of ours. It could've been any--

Alkinoos looks over and sees Nausikaa. His face is pained.

ALKINOOS (cont'd)
 Nausikaa, thank you for joining us. Men, we can discuss this matter --

COUNCILMAN 1
 You're shrewd, Alkinoos.

ALKINOOS
 Excuse me?

COUNCILMAN 1
 You think that by bringing your daughter you can force us into silence based only on --

ALKINOOS
 I'm not using her as some kind of pawn.

COUNCILMAN 1

And yet every time we discuss
calling off the search she just
happens to show --

NAUSIKAA

Why would you call off the search?

COUNCILMAN 4

It has been months, Nausikaa. Our
ships no longer trade. They no
longer scout. They search. They
only search and it puts us in
danger.

NAUSIKAA

But we can't just ... we can't
forget one of our own. Not if we
don't know.

COUNCILMAN 4

But we DO know.

Councilman 4 stands and approaches Nausikaa. He is older
and has grey eyes.

COUNCILMAN 4 (cont'd)

Your father hopes, like all
fathers. But I've seen the
wreckage. It is your brothers
ship. He did his duty!

He places a hand on Nausikaa's shoulder.

COUNCILMAN 4 (cont'd)

It's clear that he destroyed the
sheep to keep our secrets safe, to
keep all of us safe. Your father
should be proud. YOU should be
proud. We should have a heroes
funeral and --

NAUSIKAA

A funeral for one who may yet live?

Councilman 4 looks at Nausikaa, his eyes are sad. He tilts
his head and opens his mouth to speak, then closes it again.
Finally he sighs.

COUNCILMAN 4

He does not live. He's not the
first son and brother to be lost to
Poseidon. He won't be the last.

Nausikaa looks at him sharply with tears in her eyes. She shakes her head, pushes his hand off her, then turns and walks out the door, slamming it behind her. The slam is so hard it knocks the model sitting on the table next to Alkinoos off the table. It falls to the floor scattering pebbles and breaking the mast. Councilman 4 turns around, looking at Alkinoos.

COUNCILMAN 4 (cont'd)

You are shrewd, Alkinoos. Shrewd and cruel.

EXT. PHAEACIAN PALACE

Nausikaa walks out the door muttering to herself and heads out into a field on her way to the campsite. As she passes through a gate Eurykleia is seen in the background with her robes hiked up to her knees standing in water. She has a wicker basket with a lid in one hand. Some fireflies can be seen in the basket. She's trying to catch more with her other hand.

EURYKLEIA

(saucily)

Off to meet up with the mystery man, I presume?

NAUSIKAA

I may be heading in that direction, yeah. I should make sure he's OK.

EURYKLEIA

So that's what you kids are calling it these days.

NAUSIKAA

Yes, Leia, we've called "Checking on someone to make sure they're OK" "Checking on someone to make sure they're OK" as long as I can remember.

EURYKLEIA

Wait ... what?

NAUSIKAA

Why are you catching fireflies?

EURYKLEIA

Remember our new surgeon, Podalirius?

NAUSIKAA

The uh ... the one who got blown off source on his way to the battle of Troy?

EURYKLEIA

Right. He asked for them. Some kind of miracle healing agent, I guess. So here I am. I thought you said he wasn't your type?

NAUSIKAA

Who, Homer?

EURYKLEIA

Is that his name?

NAUSIKAA

Yes. And yes, he's definitely not my type.

EURYKLEIA

But you're heading out there.

NAUSIKAA

Yes.

EURYKLEIA

At night.

NAUSIKAA

Yes.

EURYKLEIA

And he told me you asked him to stay behind and ask me to bring him some wine to drink with you.

NAUSIKAA

Y -- er ... wait, what?

EXT. CAMP SITE

Nausikaa approaches stealthily. Homer is on the ground snoring with several wine-skins around him. The fire is low but still burning. Nausikaa picks up one of the wine skins and turns it over. A few drops fall out. She looks down at Homer with disapproval and sighs. She tries another one with the same results. Finally she finds a wine skin that still has some wine in it. She grasps the end with the opening with both hands, then starts beating homer with the end of the wineskin weighed down with wine.

NAUSIKAA

(shouting)

Why -- didn't -- you wait -- here
-- like -- I asked -- you -- to do
--

HOMER

(waking up)

What in the -- sweet ARES would you
stop

NAUSIKAA

Could you not -- wait -- one --
more -- day -- to -- get -- drunk
-- again -- you stupid -- worthless
--

HOMER

My head hurts enough as it is could
you just let me go I'll never drink
again I promise I just think --

NAUSIKAA

[inarticulate scream]

Nausikaa throws the wineskin into the fire which causes a huge spray of sparks.

HOMER

(shielding his eyes to look at
the fire)

What did you just -- Noooooo!

Homer scrambles to pull the wineskin out of the fire, burning himself in the process. Nausikaa looks at him over her shoulder, then walks away into the darkness to the sound of Homer scrambling to get the wineskin out and put any fire that spread to it out. The scene follows Nausikaa as she finds a rock outcropping overlooking the ocean. The full moon reflects off it. It's a gorgeous sight. Homer walks up behind her.

HOMER (cont'd)

What a gorgeous site.

NAUSIKAA

(monotone)

No it's not.

HOMER

Sorry about that. Here I, uh, I saved some for you.

Without looking Nausikaa grabs the wineskin, then throws it off the cliff in front of them. Homer looks like he's going to dive after it for a second before restraining himself and sitting next to her.

NAUSIKAA

I thought I asked you to save the whole thing to drink with me.

HOMER

You ... did you? Did you do that?

NAUSIKAA

No, but according to Leia you told her that I told you that.

HOMER

Well, I was going to save it, but then it got late and I didn't want to risk the wine ... uh ...

NAUSIKAA

Fermenting more?

HOMER

Yeah, you don't want it too fermented.

NAUSIKAA

(looking at Homer)

I honestly think you want it as fermented as possible.

HOMER

(laughs awkwardly)

So, you don't think this is gorgeous?

NAUSIKAA

No. I hate it.

HOMER

What do you hate?

NAUSIKAA

Does it matter?

HOMER

Listen I want ... I want to help. I just needed, you know, hair of the dog that bit me.

NAUSIKAA

Uh huh.

HOMER

So what do you hate?

NAUSIKAA

I hate the sea. Wait, listen, do you hear that?

HOMER

(listening)

The ... sound of the surf?

NAUSIKAA

Yes, that's the sea. You know what it says?

HOMER

Surf ... noises?

NAUSIKAA

(sort of mimicking sea noises)

You suck you suck you suck ...

HOMER

I kind of hear that, I gu--

NAUSIKAA

Even the name. The sea. The sea. When you say it a lot it sounds so dumb. The sea. The sea. What do you see? I see the sea? What is that?

HOMER

It's just --

NAUSIKAA

And it's just ... I mean, it's just salty water. Everything in it is too salty too. You know what else is salty water?

HOMER

Some ... different ... sea?

NAUSIKAA

TEARS, HOMER, TEARS!
COINCIDENCE???

HOMER

Would you mind toning it down just a little bit?

NAUSIKAA

You know you can't live in the ocean, right?

HOMER

Sure, yeah. Because it's made of water.

NAUSIKAA

Exactly! Why would we willingly go somewhere that's made of something that kills us if we try to breathe it? I mean, people don't build metal boats to try and float in the mouth of a volcano? Why would they build wood boats to float on the sea?

HOMER

Because --

NAUSIKAA

You know what else I hate? Fish. They're the worst meat of all the meats. I mean, wouldn't you rather have some nice lamb? Or beef? Who would ever choose fish?

HOMER

Fishermen? Or people who live on islands like this isl--

NAUSIKAA

We still have lamb! I hate everything about it, Homer. You know what else I hate?

HOMER

I'll let you tell me as long as you do so quietl--

NAUSIKAA

SAND! Sand is like the ocean's vomit. It just spits it up wherever it meets land.

HOMER

Strangely poetic.

NAUSIKAA

Plus it's course and rough and irritating. And it gets everywhere.

HOMER

Not ... as poetic.

NAUSIKAA

It's not supposed to be poetic, Homer. I just ... I just really hate it. That's all.

HOMER

Must be tough to be stuck on an island, then.

NAUSIKAA

You have no idea. Do you really want to help me?

HOMER

Sure, I do.

NAUSIKAA

How can I trust you?

HOMER

What do you mean?

NAUSIKAA

You lied to Leia. Did you lie to me earlier?

HOMER

What, about my life story?

NAUSIKAA

Yeah.

HOMER

Why would I tell you such a terrible lie? Wouldn't I have made myself the hero of the battle of Troy if I were going to make up a lie where I was there?

NAUSIKAA

(laughing)

Yes, yes you would've. And you may yet.

HOMER

What do you mean?

NAUSIKAA

We'll get there. But can I trust you?

HOMER

You ... no, you can't trust me.

NAUSIKAA

Why not?

HOMER

Because I'm a drunk, and I would sell -- well, if I had anything worth selling I would sell it to get drunk. But as you can see, I already sold it all.

NAUSIKAA

(looking at Homer)

That's a really good point. Could you get sober?

HOMER

Oh sure, if I had months without any alcohol nearby. That's what it took last time.

NAUSIKAA

Then I guess I'm just going to risk it. I want you to help me get away from this island. There was one person in the whole world who understood me here, and they're gone. I don't want to be here anymore. You're going to help me leave.

HOMER

Why can't you just leave?

NAUSIKAA

What, swim?

HOMER

You could ask for a boat. You're a princess, right?

NAUSIKAA

Yes, they often hand boats over to women who just want to sail away.

(MORE)

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)

No, I couldn't ask for a boat. But if I were to marry a hero of the Trojan war, who lived a long ways from here ... then I could get my boat.

HOMER

There were no heroes, don't you remember?

NAUSIKAA

I don't think that's true. What I heard is that there's no one left to dispute the story of the one surviving hero of the Trojan war.

HOMER

Listen, I'm incredibly drunk and you're not making sense. And I'm going to throw up again.

Nausikaa stands up to leave.

NAUSIKAA

That's my cue, then. Just stay here and be ready to talk again tomorrow night. I'll send someone with some food for you.

HOMER

OK. Would you --

NAUSIKAA

And they'll be instructed not to bring wine, and not to get you any no matter what you say.

HOMER

I'm hurt.

INT. PHAEACIAN PALACE

Nausikaa enters the dark palace through a side door and creeps through the main hall where a fire is down to just embers in the grate. She reaches a staircase that leads up to her room when she hears someone clear their throat. She grimaces and slowly turns around. ARETE sits in a large chair near the fire.

Arete is older but still very capable. She is regal.

ARETE

Normally when I'm up this late waiting for someone it's your brothers, out doing ... whatever it is they do with cows at night. I forgot what they call it.

NAUSIKAA

That sounds REALLY dirty, mother.

ARETE

Oh you know what I mean. What do they call it?

NAUSIKAA

I think they call it "Udder Confusion." When they go out, find two neighbors with the same number of cows and swap them.

ARETE

There's got to be some kind of element of lifting weights to it, right?

NAUSIKAA

Oh yes, they have to pick up the cows themselves and literally carry them. It would be very impressive if it weren't already pointless and disruptive.

ARETE

I assume you weren't out carrying cows around, though.

NAUSIKAA

No, I was not.

ARETE

You were ...

NAUSIKAA

If I told you, you wouldn't believe me.

ARETE

That's not true. I believe everything you say because you're my darling daughter who would never lie to her mother since she knows it would break her poor mother's heart.

NAUSIKAA

Well then I guess I had better not tell you where I was. Wouldn't want to break your heart.

ARETE

Interesting, interesting. A mystery, is it?

Nausikaa shrugs.

ARETE (cont'd)

Well, I'm obviously not going to get it out of you, no point in pursuing it further. Don't do anything I wouldn't do, OK?

NAUSIKAA

Yes mother.

ARETE

Don't do some things I would do either.

NAUSIKAA

Yes mother.

ARETE

Go to bed.

Nausikaa turns to leave but is stopped short as Arete speaks again.

ARETE (cont'd)

Nausikaa ... you know it was my idea to call you in to the council chambers.

NAUSIKAA

I figured as much.

ARETE

I'm sorry, it must have been tough.

NAUSIKAA

It was, but it ... well, it worked. They looked for him a lot longer than if I'd never gone.

ARETE

I'm glad you see that.

NAUSIKAA
 Have they really called off the
 search?

ARETE
 (hesitating)
 They have. I'm sorry, Nausikaa.

Arete stands up and walks to Nausikaa, giving her a hug.

ARETE (cont'd)
 I'm so sorry, Nausikita. I know
 how close the two of you were. I'm
 not ... I know you and he shared a
 special bond, but I'm here for you
 too. Do you know that?

Nausikaa returns the hug without enthusiasm. Arete lets her
 go, then takes a step back. Nausikaa nods at her, then
 finally speaks softly.

NAUSIKAA
 I know.

ARETE
 OK. I'm here. Now go to bed.

NAUSIKAA
 Yes mother.

After Nausikaa leaves Arete returns to her chair and sits,
 staring at the fire, her eyes brimming with tears.

EXT. CAMP SITE

Nausikaa arrives at the camp as the sun is setting to find
 Homer asleep again.

NAUSIKAA
 Time to get up, we've got work to
 do.

HOMER
 I'm up. I was just ... taking a
 nap. Preparing myself.

NAUSIKAA
 Preparing ... yourself?

HOMER
 Myself. What did you say?

NAUSIKAA
 Hang on, let me check something.
 Open your mouth.

HOMER
 Why?

NAUSIKAA
 I need to smell your breath.

Homer gets to his feet and dutifully opens his mouth.
 Nausikaa smells it. The shot should be framed as if it were
 romantic, and Homer should act that way a little bit as
 well, but Nausikaa is all business.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)
 (dubious)
 Minty fresh...

HOMER
 Yeah, it's ah, mint. Here.

Homer hands Nausikaa a sprig of Mint.

HOMER (cont'd)
 Does wonders for the breath.

NAUSIKAA
 And why were you worried about your
 breath?

HOMER
 You know, hygiene.

NAUSIKAA
 If I'm close enough to smell your
 breath I'm close enough to smell
 your BO. Hygiene was not the
 purpose. You drank.

HOMER
 No I did not!

Nausikaa just looks at homer.

HOMER (cont'd)
 Where would I have even got the
 wine?

Nausikaa continue watching.

HOMER (cont'd)
Alright, fine! I searched the beach and found that wine you threw off the cliff last night.

NAUSIKAA
Are you kidding me? I mean, looking for a wine bottle in an ocean ... that should be the new needle in a hay stack! That is a positively HERCULEAN task.

HOMER
I know, I'm super impressive.

NAUSIKAA
The lengths you'll go to for a little buzz.

HOMER
Yeah, it's, uh ...

NAUSIKAA
It's not a compliment. Listen, what I need you to do is not a small task. It's not easy. It's not simple. It requires quick thinking.

HOMER
I'm good at that. Did you see that mint?

NAUSIKAA
It requires eloquence.

HOMER
Epic poet, right here.

NAUSIKAA
It requires physical strength.

HOMER
Did you see these muscles? I can't always get my drinking money by singing songs.

NAUSIKAA
You know what it requires most of all?

HOMER

Dashing ... good looks?

NAUSIKAA

It requires sobriety, Homer,
because you can't show your
strength if you can't walk in a
straight line. You can't appear
eloquent when you're slurring your
words and you can't think quickly
if ...

HOMER

... if I'm drunk.

NAUSIKAA

Yeah.

There's a generous pause.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)

Why did you agree to help me?

HOMER

I like to help people where I can.
I mean, I'm here, apparently no one
else can help you. Why wouldn't I?

NAUSIKAA

Is there anything you want out of
it?

HOMER

You mentioned a princess's dowry,
that seems pretty good. But I
would do it without it. You need
help. That's all.

NAUSIKAA

But can you help me?

HOMER

Of course I can. I can do it.

NAUSIKAA

I really don't know, Homer. You'd
be a guest of the king. They'd
think you were royalty. Wine would
be near at hand --

HOMER

Yeah, about that, what exactly is
it that you want me to do?

NAUSIKAA

First, let me show you this, then while we practice I'll explain the plan.

HOMER

Show me what?

NAUSIKAA

This!

Nausikaa pulls something that looks like a stone discus out of her bag, pretending it's heavy. She tosses it to Homer who screams and jumps out of the way. It clatters to the ground harmlessly.

HOMER

(picking up disc)

What is this?

NAUSIKAA

Pretty clever, isn't it?

HOMER

Sure, clever. But what IS it?

NAUSIKAA

It's made of wood and some other things that I painted to make it look like stone.

HOMER

What's it for?

NAUSIKAA

We'll get to that. First, come with me and we'll practice throwing it. Just toss it to me with kind of a ... yeah, that's it. There's a little bit of a flick of the wrist. Watch me.

Nausikaa does an exaggerated throwing motion. They continue throwing the frisbee back and forth throughout the conversation.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)

Just like that yeah. OK, so you just take it and ... almost. You're getting close, there.

HOMER

I don't feel like I'm getting close.

NAUSIKAA

Don't worry, it'll come to you. Now, the plan. Yeah, just keep throwing it. The plan.

HOMER

The plan.

NAUSIKAA

I want to leave this place, for reasons of my own --

HOMER

Because the ocean is made of tears.

NAUSIKAA

Yeah, that's pretty much it. But we're on an island and I can't just borrow a boat and row away, plus I wouldn't want to do that to my family. They need to think that I'm gone somewhere where I'll be taken care of. I don't want them worrying.

HOMER

And you think that I'm the one to take care of you ...

NAUSIKAA

No, I can take care of myself. But yes, they will THINK that you are taking care of me. My original plan was to find a stranger, have them pretend to be a king or maybe a god or a god king or something--

HOMER

You really set your sites high.

NAUSIKAA

I'm a princess, why wouldn't I? Anyway, they were going to pretend to be some king that my family had never heard of and they wanted to marry me and whisk me away to their people, right?

HOMER

OK, fake king, sham wedding, fake people, you're out of here.

NAUSIKAA

Exactly. Though I'd tell them I'm getting married there so there'd be no sham wedding. Anyway, that was an OK plan, but a pretty hard sell, but then you mentioned Odysseus.

HOMER

Yes, who died.

NAUSIKAA

Right, but he died with no witnesses, with no one willing to talk about it, a long way from home or anywhere else, right?

HOMER

Well, I was a witness.

NAUSIKAA

Yeah, so no witnesses.

HOMER

I see. You were insulting me. Charming.

NAUSIKAA

And Odysseus is from Ithaka, some where that is far enough away from here that our people generally don't go there. So if Odysseus blew off course on his way home from the battle of Troy and were shipwrecked here with his crew lost and just happened to fall for a beautiful princess and wanted to take her home to be his queen and just happened to need a ship to get there ...

HOMER

Then he could get the princess, and the ship, and the princess's dowry and help get the princess away from her family somewhere they would think she was taken care of.

NAUSIKAA

Exactly.

HOMER

So in this scenario ... I'm
Odysseus.

NAUSIKAA

Right.

HOMER

You're the princess.

NAUSIKAA

Precisely.

HOMER

I need to convince your family that
I'm Odysseus and that I lost my
crew --

NAUSIKAA

And that you actually won the
battle of troy. Wouldn't want them
sending their daughter to marry a
loser.

HOMER

Right, I won the battle of Troy,
sailed away, got blown off course,
lost my crew and now need a ride
back to Ithaka to bring my new
queen to rule there with me.

NAUSIKAA

You got the gist of it.

HOMER

For a famous general I'm apparently
a terrible navigator and captain.

NAUSIKAA

Just tell them the gods did it.

HOMER

I guess that would work. I still
don't know what this thing is,
though.

NAUSIKAA

Oh right, well, my brothers are
meat-heads and will undoubtedly
challenge you to some stupid

(MORE)

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)
physical competition. Which you
will lose, believe me.

HOMER
I don't know, I can hold my own.

NAUSIKAA
Are you a prince with nothing
better to do then sit around
learning new muscles and how to
strengthen them?

HOMER
Not really ...

NAUSIKAA
Then yeah, you will lose. But it
would really help your case in
wanting to marry me if the great
warrior Odysseus could beat my
brothers in something so ...

HOMER
So we're doing the discus toss and
I'll be throwing this.

NAUSIKAA
Yeah, and you've still got your
work cut out for you. See that
tree over there?

HOMER
Uh huh.

NAUSIKAA
You need to be able to throw this
farther than that from here.

HOMER
I don't think it can be done. I
can barely throw it to you.

NAUSIKAA
It can be done, you just aren't
good enough at it yet.

HOMER
No, seriously, I mean physically,
how is it possible that someone
could throw this that far?

NAUSIKAA

Trust me, it's possible.

HOMER

I really don't --

Nausikaa grabs the disc and throws it well past the tree as Homer looks on in shock.

NAUSIKAA

Just practice tomorrow, OK? You need to get it that far every time. I'll have someone bring food again, then we'll meet to discuss how you're going to make it appear that you got into the castle with the help of the gods.

HOMER

The same gods that shipwrecked me and killed my crew?

NAUSIKAA

No, different gods. There's no reason some gods wouldn't hate you and some wouldn't like you. Pick a god to like you and a god to hate you, then start building a story about how you got here. We'll talk about it tomorrow.

HOMER

I can do that.

NAUSIKAA

And don't get drunk.

HOMER

I don't even have any wine.

NAUSIKAA

It hasn't stopped you yet. Come on, let's go find my disc.

Homer and Nausikaa head towards the tree to find her disc. We soon go into a timelapse that shows the night passing, the sun rising, then Homer practicing throwing the disc throughout the day. It's clear from the timelapse that he throws it over and over again without a break through the whole day. By the end he's consistently getting it past the tree. The timelapse slows down as the sun sets and Homer finally returns to the camp site to sleep. Nausikaa shows up a little while later.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)

I hope this isn't what you did all day?

HOMER

It is not. I can throw the frisbee beyond the tree now.

NAUSIKAA

Every time?

HOMER

Nine times out of ten.

NAUSIKAA

Close enough. Alright, so we know you're going to be Odysseus and you're going to want to marry m e.

HOMER

(too quickly)

Who wouldn't, amirite?

NAUSIKAA

Uh.

HOMER

(exaggerated laughter)

Just kidding. You're terrible. No one would have you as a wife.

NAUSIKAA

Hmm.

HOMER

What I meant was ... I think I remember Odysseus was married already.

NAUSIKAA

Are you sure?

HOMER

I'm not sure, sure. I mean, no one brought their wives to the siege, but ...

NAUSIKAA

I don't think he was married.

HOMER

Doesn't he have a son?

NAUSIKAA

How could he have a son if he weren't married? No, I don't think he's married. Anyway, you're Odysseus and you've been shipwrecked by the gods.

HOMER

Poseidon. Doesn't it just make sense for Poseidon not to like me?

NAUSIKAA

Doesn't it make sense for a sea-faring country to not want to anger the sea god by sheltering his enemy?

HOMER

I hadn't thought of that no, I still think Poseidon is good. Poseidon hates me. Grey-Eyed Athena loves me.

NAUSIKAA

Why Athena? Why not just go straight to Zeus?

HOMER

That seems a little presumptuous, doesn't it? No, I'm sticking with Athena in the pro-Homer camp--

NAUSIKAA

Pro-Odysseus camp.

HOMER

Right, and Poseidon in the anti-homer camp.

NAUSIKAA

Sure. We'll just have to sacrifice some bulls to Poseidon or something to make sure he forgives you.

HOMER

Hey, and then we could eat some delicious bull meat!

NAUSIKAA

We could. You know ... you are way more chipper than ... stand up. Let me smell your breath.

HOMER
What, this again?

NAUSIKAA
Come on.

Homer stands and Nausikaa smells his breath again. Once again he is definitely more into their proximity than she is.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)
Sweet Antheia, your breath is BAD!

HOMER
But it doesn't smell like wine,
does it?

NAUSIKAA
Not ... fresh wine.

HOMER
I didn't drink, Nausikaa. For the
first time in a long time. I was
so busy practicing throwing your
disc I didn't even think about it.

NAUSIKAA
That's improvement, I guess.

HOMER
And I'm excited! I know what I'm
doing. Convince them I'm Odysseus.
Sweep you off your feet --

NAUSIKAA
PRETEND to sweep me off my feet.

HOMER
Sure, but they need to be
convinced, then we need to high
tail it out of there. On one of
your fancy ... boats.

NAUSIKAA
Ships. OK, so that parts fine, now
we just have to make your entrance
something surprising so that
they'll believe the gods had a hand
in your getting here.

HOMER
I was thinking maybe I could ride
kind of a big stallion. I'd come
(MORE)

HOMER (cont'd)
 in when the sun was rising at my
 back, you know, so I'd be back-lit
 and the sun would make a shimmering
 corona around my resplendent head,
 as if... well, I don't know. It
 would look sweet.

NAUSIKAA
 So ... you'd ride up on a horse?

HOMER
 A stallion.

NAUSIKAA
 Hmmmm. But aren't stallions ... I
 mean, couldn't any schmo ride up on
 one?

HOMER
 It depends on if they have access
 to a stallion.

NAUSIKAA
 Do you have access to a stallion?

HOMER
 Well, no, but I figured you being a
 princess and all ...

NAUSIKAA
 Could loan you one of my father's
 stallions and then you'd ride up on
 my father's missing stallion and he
 wouldn't recognize it?

HOMER
 Huh.

NAUSIKAA
 Listen, I've already worked it out.
 Every morning my father, Alkinoos,
 and my mother, Arete, walk through
 our orchards. Here's what you'll
 need to do.

Scene becomes a montage narrated by Nausikaa as the events
 she narrates transpire on the scene. The music is spy-esque
 but ... ancient greek? I don't know, composer guy, we've
 got to find some way to make that work.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)

I'll have one of my maid-servants,
a small girl, waiting for you
outside the city. She'll lead you
through the city and into the
castle walls.

In the accompanying action you get a shot of the
maid-servant waiting for Homer. She has grey eyes. She
leads Homer through the town and then he climbs over the
castle wall by pre-dawn light.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)

Once you're inside the castle walls
find a paved path that leads
through the orchard. Several trees
overhang the path, so find one to
climb up into, and then you just
need to wait for the King and
Queen. Once they pass under you,
drop down silently and embrace my
mothers knees, entreating her for
aid.

In the action Homer climbs the tree and positions himself
above the path. He looks towards the horizon which is just
beginning to show sunlight over it. He stifles a yawn and
finds a way to lay down in the tree.

HOMER

How am I supposed to drop silently?

Homer's eyes are dropping.

NAUSIKAA

Just ... land on the balls of your
feet.

They fall shut briefly and he shakes himself awake. As the
narration continues Homer in the action has a hard time
staying awake.

HOMER

And what should I say?

NAUSIKAA

Just be eloquent, OK? Like what
you said to me when we first met
but with less tangents about palm
trees.

HOMER

I'll be in an orchard, and I do
like to look for inspiration in my
surroundings..

NAUSIKAA

If you have to include a tree do
it, just work it a little better,
OK?

HOMER

OK. What kind of trees are they, I
might want to work up a few options
beforehand --

NAUSIKAA

JUST FORGET ABOUT THE TREES!

HOMER

How long until they go for their
walk?

NAUSIKAA

It depends on the day, so just be
patient.

HOMER

What do I do while I'm waiting?

NAUSIKAA

You just ... wait. Wait is a verb.
It's already an activity that
you're doing. And remember ...
drop silently so they don't hear
you coming. Then you can tell them
Athena cloaked you in mist or
something so you could arrive in
the palace undetected.

HOMER

OK, drop to the ground--

NAUSIKAA

Silently.

The action shows Homer fall asleep. Soon the sun is up and Alkinoos and Arete are walking through the garden. You can't see Homer, just the underside of the tree he's in. Alkinoos and Arete get a few feet past the tree when a clearly sleeping Homer falls out of it, slamming into the ground. Arete and Alkinoos hurry over to him and attempt to wake him. He's woozy still from the fall.

HOMER

Did I ... are you ... oh Helios,
god of the sun who has cast me DOWN
to this favored land amidst this
favored people. For I flew through
the air to be brought here to ...
for the people here are renown for
their kindly ways and many ...
trees ... I ...

Homer tries to get to his knees, falls back down. Alkinoos
tries to help him back up.

HOMER (cont'd)

No, please, I beg of you allow me
to ...

Home embraces Alkinoos's knees, then opens his eyes to see
hairy legs.

HOMER (cont'd)

Pardon me.

He lets go and walks on his knees over to Arete, embracing
her knees. He clears his throat.

HOMER (cont'd)

(exceedingly dramatically)

Sweet Arete! Admirable Rhecenor's
daughter, here is a man bruised by
adversity, thrown upon your mercy
and the king, your husband's, of
course, begging indulgence of this
fine royal family, may the gods
blessings rest on them! May life
be kind to all! Let each one leave
his children every good thing this
realm confers upon him and trees!
Trees to spare. But grant me
passage to my father's land. My
home and my friends lie far. My
life ... is pain.

The last line should be said as melodramatically as
possible, with Homer hanging his head afterwards.

ARETE

I ... ah ...

Homer let's go of her leg and crawls over to the dirt. He
sits in it and looks like he's trying to cry. With one hand
he idly picks up dirt from the ground, then drops it on his
own head over and over as Alkinoos and Arete watch in
wonder.

ALKINOOS

I'm sorry, friend, you startled us.
You were ... you flew here?

HOMER

I did, sir, through the skies on
the wings of the arrow of the gods
I was sent to this land whence
tales of your generosity have been
spread far and wide.

ALKINOOS

And you need passage home?

Homer simply nods sadly and continues dumping dirt on himself.

ARETE

Well come, friend. We shall share
a meal with you and hear your
story, and then we shall speed you
on your way.

HOMER

Thank you, kind Arete.

Homer stands slowly, brushing himself off.

HOMER (cont'd)

So, what's for lunch?

INT. PHAEACIAN PALACE

The Phaeacian's and Homer sit around the table in the main hall. Nausikaa is still absent, but Alkinoos and Arete head the table, all their sons are present and a handful of other people. Homer is sitting in Laodamas's spot and he glowers from across the room.

HOMER

Is he ... angry at me for
something?

ALKINOOS

Angry? No, he's just ... trying to
be attentive. That's my son,
Laodamas, and you're in what is
customarily his seat. But he
understands how important it is to
the gods that we treat guests with
respect. Right, LAODAMAS?

LAODAMAS
 (smiling)
 Of course, father.

ALKINOOS
 I knew I could count on you.

Alkinoos turns to look at Arete and Laodamas begins glowering again. Homer notices and jumps in surprise. He taps Alkinoos on the shoulder. When Alkinoos looks back Laodama begin smiling again.

ALKINOOS (cont'd)
 Yes?

HOMER
 It was ... um ... I don't suppose you have any wine, do you?

ALKINOOS
 Of course! We don't usually drink it with lunch but if you would li--

HOMER
 I would like!

ALKINOOS
 OK, could you ... yes, could you fetch some wine for our friend.

At that moment Nausikaa enters the room looking resplendent. Homer's mouth drops open briefly.

HOMER
 Who is that lovely young lady?

ARETE
 That is Nausikaa, our daughter.

HOMER
 She is ... attractive.

ALKINOOS
 Yes, she reminds me of a palm tree I once saw ...

HOMER
 (eyes wide)
 Exactly, right? JUST like a palm tree! You and me, Alkinoos, we get it.

Arete looks at them as if they're crazy.

ALKINOOS
 (looking at Arete)
 What, you don't see the
 resemblance?

ARETE
 Can't say that I do. She looks
 like a gorgeous young lady.

HOMER
 I will certainly agree with you
 there.

Homer mouths "Palm Tree" to Alkinoos who nods surreptitiously. They lapse into silence for a moment as Homer eats. Nausikaa sits at the table but then sees a servant entering with the wine. She puts two and two together and stands up, walking over to the head of the table.

NAUSIKAA
 I'm sorry, I don't believe I've met
 ...

ALKINOOS
 He hasn't said, and it's a bit rude
 to ask, don't you think.

NAUSIKAA
 Ah yes, HOW rude --

While saying "How" Nausikaa throws out her arms dramatically and hits the wine out of the servants hand. It falls to the ground and shatters. Homer looks despondent.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)
 I'm sorry, was that for someone?

ALKINOOS
 It was for our gue--

HOMER
 It was for me, but don't worry,
 kind sir. No need to fetch more.
 Just ... let it be there ...
 soaking into the ground, getting
 the earth pleasantly drunk. The
 earth just sitting there, sopping
 it up, getting a little buzz...

Everyone is staring at Homer who gradually trails off. He looks up and notices the stares.

HOMER (cont'd)

What I meant to say was -- perhaps, kind sir, it is providence that this wine has been spilled. Let it be an offering for those who have fallen.

ALKINOOS

For the fallen.

NAUSIKAA

For the fallen.

Nausikaa looks sad as she contemplates her brother. Arete is looking at Homer with suspicion.

ARETE

Sir, your clothing are remarkably like our own. In fact, it looks like something I might've made.

HOMER

Ah yes, you now those gods, Arete. So ... courteous. So thoughtful.

ALKINOOS

I'm not sure I would describe them as --

HOMER

Sure you would! Obviously they vested me in something that would make me fit in with you fine people. They really thought of everything, DIDN'T THEY?

Homer says the last words for Nausikaa's benefit.

ARETE

The resemblance is remarkable. In fact that particular stain --

Homer stands up, stretches and claps his hands.

HOMER

Yes! Remarkable. Those gods definitely are. Well I'm beat. Thanks for the grub. Have you got a bed of leaves or hay or something I can lay down in for my siesta? I promise I'll tell you guys my whole story, the whole ... sordid tale ... right after I get a bit of shuteye.

ALKINOOS
You'd like to take a nap?

HOMER
Yes, it's only civilized. Now if
you'll direct me to a bed of leaves
or a particularly soft patch of
grass ...

ALKINOOS
Or ... we have beds you could sleep
in.

HOMER
WONDERFUL! Nausikaa, was it?

NAUSIKAA
Yes.

HOMER
My dearest Nausikaa, would you
direct me to the nearest bed so
that I can sleep in it. All alone?

Nausikaa rolls her eyes in frustration and sighs. She looks
at her father.

ALKINOOS
Go ahead, Nausikaa.

NAUSIKAA
This way, sir.

HOMER
(heading out the door)
Thank you, Nausikaa. Your father
and I were just discussing your
resemblance to a certain arboreal
manifestation ...

Alkinoos shrugs and gets back to his lunch. Arete stares
after the departing pair for a few moments chewing on her
lip.

INT. PALACE GUEST BEDROOM

Nausikaa and Homer enter the bedroom. Nausikaa is chatting
with him amicably, glancing over her shoulder.

NAUSIKAA
Yes, the palace is quite palatial
this time of ...

She turns back to Homer and throws up her hands.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)
What was that?

HOMER
My expert ability to improvise?

NAUSIKAA
You were going to drink!

HOMER
Sure, hair of the dog, you know and
--

NAUSIKAA
Homer, you were going to get drunk.

HOMER
I wouldn't! I was just going for
something to take the edge off.

Nausikaa stares at Homer, chewing her lip. She sighs and steps out onto a balcony overlooking the ocean. She stares for a few moments. Homer eventually follows her. Without turning she begins speaking.

NAUSIKAA
My brother was the greatest mariner
that this island had ever seen.
And that's saying something. We're
kind of known for our sailing.

Nausikaa pauses for a moment and grips the railing a little tighter.

HOMER
OK, I've met some of your brothers.
Which one is he?

NAUSIKAA
You haven't met him. Do you know
why he was the best mariner?

HOMER
I'm going to go with --

NAUSIKAA
Just save it. I could do without
the jokes right now. He was the
best mariner because he spent the
most time on the water sailing. And
do you know why he did that?

Homer remains silent.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)

(laughs softly)

I guess you do learn. He spent so much time on the water because he was going to be king. He was trapped. Everything in his life had been decided for him and so .. he sailed. Because when he sailed he was in control. It's the one thing he did for himself. Maybe he told people he had to be the best to get the respect of the men but we all knew he'd surpassed everyone long ago. Sailing was how he exerted control in his own life. It was how he fought back.

Nausikaa turns and looks at Homer, leaning against the railing.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)

He was addicted. That's all an addiction is. It's our attempt to ... to fight back against that feeling of powerlessness. Why do you feel powerless, Homer? What are you fighting back against?

HOMER

I'm ... not. I've got nothing to fight back against. I've got nothing. I'm just a drunk.

NAUSIKAA

That's the easy way out, and you know it. Addicts think they're being brave when they make a big deal and sigh and say "I'm just a drunk" but all you're doing is offloading your problems to someone else. Again. And this time it's your parents, or the gods, or whomever afflicted you so. Poor Homer, can't help himself, he's just a drunk.

HOMER

But I can't --

NAUSIKAA

Just ... save it like I told you. I don't care anymore. I should've known better. Just forget our deal

(MORE)

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)
 and make up whatever story you want
 and get some money from my family
 and then get the next ship going
 anywhere but here. Maybe someone
 else will wash up that can help me.
 It's better than wasting my plan on
 you.

Nausikaa exits. Home stares after her, then sits on the bed
 and cradles his head in his hands.

INT. PALACE GUEST BEDROOM

It's twilight and Homer lays on the bed, staring at the
 ceiling. There's a knock on the door, then Arete enters,
 carrying a tray of food.

ARETE
 I'm sorry, did I wake you?

HOMER
 You did not, your ... regality.

ARETE
 You can call me Arete. Or keep
 going with "Regality." It's
 certainly unique. I brought some
 dinner for you.

HOMER
 Thank you.

Arete sets the tray on a table, stands there for a moment
 and then turns to leave.

HOMER (cont'd)
 Wait, did you ... did you happen to
 bring ...

ARETE
 Yes?

Homer makes a pained face.

HOMER
 Did you bring any wine?

ARETE
 Yes, there on the tray. Some of
 the last Trojan wine in our stores
 -- the best we have.

A tear slides down Homer's face. He is choked up.

HOMER
 (full of sadness)
 Thank you.

ARETE
 Of course.

She nods and turns towards the door, then exits. As the door is about to shut Homer bolts upright and calls out.

HOMER
 Arete! Wait. Could you ... help me with something?

ARETE
 (returns to the room)
 What can I do for you, sir?

Homer takes a deep, shuddering breath.

HOMER
 I have passed through much pain in my time, Arete. My men, my army, my friends ... passed, playthings of the cruel gods. I alone was left alive, left to suffer and grieve for those that were taken from me. When the last man died I swore that I would not drink of the vine until I returned to my home land and made a sacrifice to the gods for the great many men that I lost. But my heart is so heavy I'm afraid it will break. I cannot restrain myself from trying to forget my sorrows with wine.

ARETE
 I'm sorry. What was your ship? Perhaps I've heard of her.

HOMER
 (I doubt you've heard of her. She was very little known. The good ship ... Argo ... ship. It was a ... good ship. Anyway, it's the path I've been given. I cannot break my oath to my men, but ... I cannot keep it. I have been gone too long, have grown too weak. Help me, Arete. Don't leave ...)

Homer looks at the wine, licks his lips, then shakes his head, straightens his shoulder and looks directly at Arete.

HOMER (cont'd)
 Don't leave the wine, and don't let me drink any. Help me to keep my oath.

Arete cocks her head and looks at Homer for a long moment.

HOMER (cont'd)
 I can't turn to anyone else, Arete. Please.

ARETE
 (picking up the wine)
 I'll help. But I will want something in return.

HOMER
 I have so little, but anything that I have ...

ARETE
 Not right now. I like it when people owe me favors. Helps keep them honest.

HOMER
 You don't need to worry about that, your Regality. I'm as honest as a Spartan Scout in front of Minos.

ARETE
 Uh huh.

Arete leaves. Homer glances at the tray.

HOMER
 Seafood again? Why do these guys love seafood so much?

INT. PHAEACIAN PALACE

The family is gathered in the main hall eating breakfast and chatting. Laodamas is in his usual spot next to his father. Homer walks in looking pale and sweaty. He is obviously in pain and cringes at the light.

ALKINOOS
 Laodamas, would you mind giving the guest a seat?

LAODAMAS
 (frowning)
 Yes, father.

Laodamas stands and walks towards Homer, bumping him with his shoulder as he passes.

LAODAMAS (cont'd)
 (sarcastically)
 I'm sorry, I didn't see you there.
 You don't look well, stranger. Is
 everything alright.

Homer looks up at Laodamas (who is much taller than him) and squints into the light. He sighs, then motions Laodamas to step over towards the wall.

HOMER
 Can I confide in you, Laodamas?

LAODAMAS
 Uh ... sure?

HOMER
 I'm having withdrawals.

LAODAMAS
 (smiling)
 Haha, can't handle your --

HOMER
 See, I haven't killed anyone with
 my bare hands in ... well, it's
 been at least a few weeks. I start
 to get the itch, you know?

Homer scratches his hand.

HOMER (cont'd)
 Do you get that?

LAODAMAS
 (shocked)
 I, uh --

HOMER
 I don't know what it is, but it
 gets to me. Do you have any
 criminals you're planning on
 executing anyway? I could do it
 for you, you know. Just grab their
 head, like this

Homer reaches up and grabs Laodamas's head.

HOMER (cont'd)
 Then put your thumbs right over
 their eyes and then you just apply
 a little pressure --

LAODAMAS
 (pushing him away)
 No no no, we don't have anyone that
 needs ... we don't have any
 criminals here.

HOMER
 (takes a step forward)
 Are you sure. I mean, if you're
 squeamish around the eyes I could
 always go for the classic, hand
 around the throat just like --

LAODAMAS
 Enough! Enough, OK?

ALKINOOS
 (noticing the ruckus)
 Is everything alright, Laodamas.

HOMER
 I was just talking to your son
 about some chiropractic techniques
 I know. It feels so good it'll
 make your eyes roll back in your
 head, right, Laodamas?

LAODAMAS
 Sure, sure.

ALKINOOS
 Come join us, friend. Eat.

HOMER
 Don't mind if I do. We'll continue
 chatting about this later, Lae.

Homer winks at Laodamas. He shudders and goes to a
 different seat, staring at Homer cautiously.

ALKINOOS
 You'll have to try our teganites.
 Arete mentioned you preferred that
 for breakfast over bread and wine.

Arete smiles.

HOMER

Yes, you're quite kind, Regality.

ALKINOOS

Beg pardon?

HOMER

Your lovely wife is quite Regal.
In any case, I do love some ... uh
... teganites. Who doesn't? With
some ... oh, you put fish on those
too, huh? Well, I'm more than
happy to --

Laodamas has been silently stewing the whole time. Finally he stands, shouting.

LAODAMAS

FATHER! It is near time for the
games to begin.

ALKINOOS

You're right! Homer, come with us,
watch the men of our country
compete. I'll wager you've never
seen a land and a people like ours
in all your travels.

HOMER

Games, huh? What, like ... a board
game? Twenty squares?

LAODAMAS

Something a little more ...
strenuous than that.

ALKINOOS

My sons are quite inventive and
immensely strong. We participate
in the usual games like running,
boxing, discuss, but they have
created games a trifle more
...physical

Cut to outside.

EXT. PHAEACIAN PALACE

The camera shows Homer's face utterly aghast. It pulls back to show Laodamas straining, neck veins bulding. It pulls further back to he is standing behind a cow (the cow is facing the camera so what he's doing is obscured). He continues to strain.

HOMER

Is that?

ALKINOOS

Competitive Calf Birthing. It takes some preparation, and it's hard to get several cows ready to give birth at the same time but when you do it's a sight to behold.

The camera pulls back further to reveal three of Alkinoos's sons, each one straining behind a cow. Homer looks like he's about to puke.

HOMER

Oh ... oh my. Sweet Eileithyia.

After a moment more straining Laodamas cries out and pulls a calf from the mother, holding it up in the air. The calf looks fairly fake, but is leaking amniotic fluid all over him (or something, it's goopy and gross). The other two brothers make dissatisfied faces and give up. Laodamas swaggers over to Homer and puts his (disgusting) hand on Homer's shoulder.

LAODAMAS

Care to join in? There's two cows left, we could do one on one.

Homer brushes Laodamas's hand off with his and looks up at him.

HOMER

THAT'S what that reminds me of. Have you ever cracked open a skull with a swift kick to someone's head? The fluid around the brain looks a lot like that. Good times.

LAODAMAS

(flustered)

You talk a good game, but I think maybe the sea has made you weak and talk is all you can do.

ALKINOOS

Laodamas!

HOMER

It's alright, Alkinoos. Your son must just be over excited after his great victory as best cow midwife. Do you get a garland for that?

LAODAMAS
 (through gritted teeth)
 I'm still only hearing talking.

HOMER
 Fine, Lae. I'm more of a
 traditionalist. Bring over the
 discusses. I'll choose a nice
 light one for you.

Homer looks through the cart filled with Discusses.

HOMER (cont'd)
 (under his breath)
 Come on, Nausikaa, please say you
 got this set up before you got mad
 at me.

He finds the smallest and hands it to Laodamas.

HOMER (cont'd)
 Here, I'll even give you an
 advantage. And I'll take ...

Homer runs his hands over the discusses, feeling each one.
 Finally he smiles and picks up the largest one.

HOMER (cont'd)
 I'll take this one. Into the sea.

LAODAMAS
 We normally --

HOMER
 Yeah, I'm sure you normally just
 roll them down a hill and call it a
 day, but for the distance I throw
 only the sea is large enough. Go
 ahead, Lae. Maybe dry your hands
 off first.

Laodamas wipes off his hands and then grabs the discuss,
 testing it by tossing it around. He smiles, takes a few
 test swings with his arm, then hurls it into the sea with a
 yell. Homer's eyes briefly light up with surprise as the
 discuss sails over the waves and crashes into the water, but
 he replaces it quickly.

HOMER (cont'd)
 An excellent throw, and it's a fool
 who competes with his host. I'd
 rather call you the winner and be
 done with it, Lae.

LAODAMAS
Still just talking.

HOMER
So ... you want me to throw. Here,
in front of everyone. In front of,
I assume, the woman who will
eventually become your wife and
whose baby you will deliver at
record speed?

LAODAMAS
JUST THROW!

HOMER
Don't say I didn't warn you.

Homer practices a couple times like he's throwing a frisbee. Laodamas and his brothers scoff at the ridiculous technique until he winds up and releases with a grunt. The wooden discus catches the wind and sails over the waves going so far into the distance it's lost in the reflection of the sun on the ocean. Homer shields his eyes to watch it fall, then turns and walks by a stunned Laodamas. He leans over and speaks so only he can hear it.

HOMER (cont'd)
And that's while I'm still
suffering withdrawals. Imagine if
I'd gotten to kill a man this
morning.

Homer pats Laodamas on the shoulder and then continues walking. Laodamas watches him walk back towards Alkinoos, who is clapping, half in awe half afraid.

INT. PHAEACIAN PALACE BALCONY

Nausikaa is on the balcony looking over the sea as the sun sets again. Eurykleia approaches behind her and stops, waiting for Nausikaa to notice her.

NAUSIKAA
You know it has its moments, Leia.

EURYKLEIA
What does?

NAUSIKAA
The sea. It's not all bad. It has
it's moments.

EURYKLEIA

I'm glad --

NAUSIKAA

You know it really looks best when it's about to disappear into the dark of night. Did you notice that?

EURYKLEIA

Aaaaaand she's back.

NAUSIKAA

Like a spurned suitor who makes sure to suck in his gut when he's walking away.

EURYKLEIA

You really should be a poet.

NAUSIKAA

I should, shouldn't I? Speaking of which, has our "epic poet" finally left us?

EURYKLEIA

Ah ... he has not.

NAUSIKAA

You say that like there's something more I should know.

EURYKLEIA

Well ...

NAUSIKAA

What, he can't even leave right?

EURYKLEIA

When you asked him to leave did you perchance tell him he should tell stories about ... how some of his men were eaten by cannibals before he left?

NAUSIKAA

I did not.

EURYKLEIA

Or how he blinded a cyclops with a wooden stake?

NAUSIKAA

That was definitely not part of the plan.

EURYKLEIA

Or how he stayed with King Aeolus who gave him a bag containing all the winds except the west wind?

NAUSIKAA

HOW COULD YOU EVEN PUT WINDS IN A BAG???

EURYKLEIA

Or --

NAUSIKAA

Don't tell me any more! I've got to see what he's doing myself and HOPE he hasn't destroyed my chances of getting off this island.

Nausikaa runs from the room.

INT. PHAEACIAN PALACE MAIN HALL

Nausikaa enters quietly through a side door and here's Homer talking in the distance. It's silent except for his voice.

HOMER

...the next day I took to the forest and climbed a rock to look over the island we'd found ourselves cast upon. It was densely wooded but in the middle I saw smoke rising from a fire so I went back and split the last of my soldiers in two. There were only 46 of us left, so we cast lots to see who would stay on the ship and who would go investigate the fire. The lot fell on my second in command, who took twenty two fine soldiers and went to see if the inhabitants of the island would help us, or if they had less noble intentions.

Nausikaa comes around a pillar to see the entire palace arrayed around Homer who is standing by the fire telling his tale.

HOMER (cont'd)

Imagine my surprise when only my
second in command came back hours
later, terrified out of his wits.
They had met a woman -- a witch! --
named Circe who had gotten my men
drunk and full and then transformed
them into swine!

There's a gasp from the audience. Nausikaa finds a seat
next to Laodamas.

HOMER (cont'd)

I determined to go to this witch
and demand she turn my men back
into ... men, I guess. While I was
on the way who should I run into
but Hermes, messenger of the gods.
He gave me a plant to eat that
would keep Circe's magic from
working on me. I went into the
castle, drank her potion and
pretended to be under her spell,
then leapt up at the last second
and drew my sword across her neck
and told her she had to turn my men
back into themselves or I'd slice
her head clean off.

Homer makes a "neck cutting" sound and swipes his thumb
across his neck. Nausikaa leans over to Laodamas.

NAUSIKAA

How long has he been going?

LAODAMAS

Since after the games.

NAUSIKAA

And people are ... I mean ... is
his story true?

LAODAMAS

(a haunted look in his eyes)
It's all true. I shouldn't have
challenged him, Nausikaa. Did you
know he killed a cyclops?

NAUSIKAA

(doubtful)
I'd heard.

HOMER
So she made me a bargain.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
What kind of bargain?

HOMER
(suggestively)
Well, it's my policy to never
bargain and tell but if you must
know ...

There's a laugh from the gathered crowd. Nausikaa looks
around in shock.

HOMER (cont'd)
No no, Circe and I ... we weren't
right for each other. She'd turned
my men into swine. I threatened to
kill her. She tried to blackmail
me to meet my own trojan horse, if
you know what I mean ...

Another laugh. Nausikaa whispers to Laodamas.

NAUSIKAA
Was that funny?

LAODAMAS
(still haunted)
Even if it wasn't, you'd be wise to
laugh.

NAUSIKAA
What in the world got into you,
Lae?

LAODAMAS
(whispered through gritted
teeth)
DON'T CALL ME THAT!

NAUSIKAA
Lae?

LAODAMAS
[Inarticulate frantic hushing
sounds]

NAUSIKAA
But ...

LAODAMAS

[more of the same while gesturing
towards Homer]

HOMER

... forced to stay there a year and
put up with ... well, let's just
say I was normally the sieger but
in this case I was the siegeee.
Eventually she sent us on our way
and -- could I get something to
drink? My throat is getting dry
from all this!

A servant enters holding wine. Nausikaa watches with
interest as Arete intercepts the servant and sends her back.
She returns in a moment with water. Homer takes a drink,
looks at the glass sadly, shrugs then takes another drink.

HOMER (cont'd)

Where was I?

AUDIENCE MEMBER

You were busy getting your trojan
horse through her ... uh ... main
... gates ...

HOMER

How about you leave the wit to me,
buddy. You're having enough
trouble holding your glass without
spilling that ... without spilling
your wine. Just, hold onto that.
Tight, OK? And take a drink if you
want that's it. OK, now that
your mouth is full I can continue.

There's laughter from the crowd.

HOMER (cont'd)

Right, so a year later she finally
lets me go but not before telling
me a path to get home. I shouldn't
have trusted her path, but ...

Homer's speech fades as Nausikaa looks around. Everyone is
enjoying themselves, completely engaged in his speech. She
shrugs, smiles, and then settles in to listen.

INT. NAUSIKAA'S BEDROOM

Nausikaa is sleeping when a sound on the roof wakes her up. She gets up, alert, and listens. She heard another sound, then a larger thud as someone cries out. She sees a few roof tiles slide off the roof, fall past her balcony and hit the ground below. She gets up and goes over to her balcony then stands on the railing to see who is on the roof. Homer is unsteadily making his way along the roof.

NAUSIKAA

Homer, what are you doing up here?

She startles Homer who nearly falls again.

HOMER

Who is that?

NAUSIKAA

It's me, the only person who knows your real name is Homer.

HOMER

Athena?

NAUSIKAA

Nausikaa.

HOMER

NAUSIKAA! That's right. Yes that's ... this is your room? I mean, yes yes, this is your room. I was trying to find you.

NAUSIKAA

Huh.

Nausikaa climbs easily onto the roof and sits next to Homer.

HOMER

Yes, I wanted to strategize about ... ah ... tomorrow and ...

NAUSIKAA

And find your way to the kitchens which are a hundred yards further down the roof?

HOMER

(depressed)

A hundred yards??

NAUSIKAA
Got the munchies, huh?

HOMER
Well I didn't eat much dinner since
I was busy convincing your family
that I'm Odysseus, slayer of ...

NAUSIKAA
The ladies, apparently.

HOMER
And cyclopeses. Cyclopsi?
Cyclopes?

NAUSIKAA
For someone who kind of seems like
an idiot most of the time you're
oddly comfortable in front of a lot
of people.

HOMER
Ignoring the part where I seem like
an idiot ... did you just
compliment me?

NAUSIKAA
Don't let it go to your head.

HOMER
Too late. You think I'm the
greatest ever.

NAUSIKAA
Where did all that come from?

HOMER
It just ... came. I don't know.

NAUSIKAA
But you weren't drunk.

HOMER
Of course not! I knew how
important this was to you so I
gallantly swore off the drink in
order to --

NAUSIKAA
In order to somehow get my mom to
keep anyone from giving you booze.

HOMER
How did you know?

NAUSIKAA
I see things. But you haven't had
booze and now ...

Homer sits down roughly finally next to Nausikaa.

HOMER
I just really want a drink,
Nausikaa.

NAUSIKAA
Knowing that if you were drunk
tomorrow morning you would likely
blow the whole thing.

HOMER
I'd be fine.

NAUSIKAA
Would you?

Home is silent for a minute.

HOMER
Does it matter?

NAUSIKAA
What do you mean does it matter?

HOMER
I mean it DOESN'T matter. I just
want it. It doesn't matter if it
would lead all your dreams to catch
fire and burn. I want a drink.

NAUSIKAA
How did you get my mom to help you?

HOMER
When she brought me dinner I told
her I'd made an oath not to drink
until I got back to my home land
and could make an offering.

NAUSIKAA
And if you drank tonight she'd know
the jig was up.

Homer is silent for another minute. He lays back with his
hands behind his head and looks at the stars. Nausikaa
follows suit.

HOMER
Does it matter?

NAUSIKAA
It matters to me.

HOMER
Well then it's a good thing I ran
into you first, I guess.

NAUSIKAA
Homer, you did so well today.
Can't you just ... make it a few
more days and help me get out of
here? You were amazing.

Homer looks over and gets a silhouette shot of Nausikaa in front of the rising moon. He realizes for the first time she's wearing thin material to sleep in and gulps.

HOMER
Sure, I could make it a few days.

Nausikaa looks back at Homer whose face is illuminated by the moon.

NAUSIKAA
No you can't.

HOMER
No I cannot.

NAUSIKAA
And I can't watch you every hour of
every day.

HOMER
Right you are, so you should
probably just give up and let me go
get my drink now. I'll get it
eventually anyway.

With a grunt Homer starts standing up, but the tiles begin sliding under his feet. He slides down to the end of the roof and falls off, sailing over the balcony and falling two stories down to the ground with a crash. Nausikaa gets down off the roof and runs to the balcony, leaning out over it and looking at Homer whose leg is bent under him at a terrible angle.

NAUSIKAA
Homer! Are you alright?

HOMER
I ... don't feel great.

NAUSIKAA
Are you going to be OK?

HOMER
I think I broke my leg. Let me try
and move it.

Homer screams in pain. Nausikaa cringes.

HOMER (cont'd)
Yeah, yeah. I think it's broken.
And maybe ... all my other bones.

There's a commotion as some guards start coming towards the
source of the scream.

NAUSIKAA
Don't worry, help is on the way.

HOMER
OK, I'll stay here.

NAUSIKAA
Don't pass out. I think that's bad
when you do.

HOMER
OK.

NAUSIKAA
Are you sure you'll be OK?

HOMER
I am sure that I'm not dead
already.

NAUSIKAA
That's ... ah ... that's a good
attitude.

There's a moment of silence. Nausikaa leans out further and
looks at the ground.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)
Are you there?

HOMER
I'm still alive. For now.

NAUSIKAA
Oh good. Hey, Homer.

HOMER
Uh huh.

NAUSIKAA
I thought of a way to keep you from getting at the wine.

HOMER
You are just the worst. Person. Ever.

NAUSIKAA
Thanks, Homer. They're almost here so I better start pretending I was asleep. Good talk.

Nausikaa retreats to her room.

EXT. PHAEACIAN PALACE

Homer limps along a path leading from the palace towards a wooded area. He's covered in sweat and moving slowly and awkwardly. The words "Six months later" appears on the screen, then fades out.

Homer climbs a small hill to find a shack and a range for practicing archery. Laodamas is already there shooting at targets. Homer is breathing heavy and sweat drips off him as he gradually comes to a stop outside the shack. He reaches up under his shirt by his armpits and fiddles with something. The camera shows a view of his feet and two ropes fall into the dust with a thud. Both ropes have large stones hanging off them. Homer steps away from the camera's view towards the shack.

You see a closeup of a huge number of bows mounted on the wall. They range in size from thin and short to tall and very thick. Homer runs his hand over a few of them, then moves back and grabs the smallest. He flexes it easily in his hands with a small smile. Laodamas is in the background and stops to look at him.

LAODAMAS
Remember when you could hardly string that bow?

HOMER
(laughing)
Yeah. You gave it to me in that bed and I just laid there, flexing it over and over until ...

LAODAMAS

Until I brought a bigger one.

Homer smiles and puts the bow back and runs his fingers across the other until he reaches the largest. In the background Laodamas's eyebrows shoot up. Homer takes the bow off the wall and hefts it in his hand, spinning it around his back like a staff and then holding it in his hands again.

LAODAMAS (cont'd)

Are you going to string that or just dance with it?

HOMER

Oh, I was going to do more than just dance with it.

Laodamas gives him a look like he's very weird.

HOMER (cont'd)

(laughing)

You are still the most gullible guy I've ever met. I do nothing but mess with you and you buy it every time.

LAODAMAS

In my defense ... no one else messes with me.

HOMER

That's because everyone pictures you crushing their head like a grape. But I know the truth. You hate grapes.

Homer grabs a string off the wall, puts it over one end of the bow, places that end of the bow in the ground, steps over it, then pushes with one hand against the bow while the other pulls the string up to hook it over the top end. Sinews pop out on his neck and he holds his breath as he strains until finally he gets the loop over the top of the bow. He lifts it up and gives the string a few pulls, then grabs a handful of arrows and walks over to the range next to Laodamas. Laodamas is staring at him with a surprised look on his face. Homer ignores it, nocks an arrow, draws it back and aims while controlling his breathing. Laodamas leans on his own bow to watch.

It's an intense moment as Homer sights down the arrow, hold his breath, then lets it fly. The arrow sails right over the target. A wide shot shows the arrow sail away from the

range and down the hill before embedding itself in a tree right in the middle of a carving of a heart with "O + A" written in it (it lands in the plus sign).

Laodamas bursts out laughing. And Homer shrugs and nocks another arrow. Laodamas reaches out and pushes the arrow point towards the ground.

LAODAMAS

No no, I think a little more practice on a lower powered bow is in order, OK? You could shoot the arrow halfway around the world and kill someone with that thing. Take this.

He hands Homer his own bow. Homer shrugs and trades with him. This time when he shoots the arrow hits the target.

LAODAMAS (cont'd)

Better. Man, how did you ever kill anyone in battle with archery like yours?

HOMER

I was more of a ... strategist.

LAODAMAS

Uh huh.

HOMER

Listen, I can tell you this in the most condescending way I can think of because I was a great general and so far you're a great athlete with a strange obsession with cows.

LAODAMAS

They're heavy and docile and --

HOMER

Not getting into that again. Point is, some people swing the axes, some people tell them where to swing it. You're the former, I'm the latter.

LAODAMAS

I can't believe you had me convinced you were some kind of ... wild man murderer ... person.

HOMER

Like I said. You're an axe
swinger. Leave the plots to those
of us who are tellers.

INT. PHAEACIAN PALACE MAIN HALL

Homer and Laodamas enter to find the rest of the family
there eating lunch. Homer walks much easier without his
weights. Nausikaa looks up when Homer walks in.

NAUSIKAA

Homer! So nice of you to join us!

HOMER

Nausikaa! Apple of my eye. Jewel
of my crown. Palm of my tree.

He approaches and gives her a hug that both appear to be a
little embarrassed about. She blushes.

ALKINOOS

The councilmen and I were just
discussing you, Homer. You're
basically healed now and I'm sure
you're anxious to get to your land.
We've decided to give you our
fastest ship. As dowry.

HOMER

That is an incredible gift! In
fact, far too fine to be called
"Dowry." It's such a sad sounding
word. Like ... dour. Dour-y.

NAUSIKAA

(hitting Homer playfully)
Oh stop it!

HOMER

Thank you, Alkinoos, for
considering my request. My
betrothed and I shall leave at once
to perform our nuptials in the holy
lands of ...

ALKINOOS

What? You're not doing it here?

HOMER

What, right here? I mean, I
thought that would be uncomfortable
for you, but if you really insist.

ALKINOOS

..... what?

ARETE

[coughs] Wedding, Odysseus. Why
can't you have the wedding here?

Homer looks at Nausikaa with panic.

HOMER

Well, that's a good question.

ARETE

I always ask good questions.

HOMER

With an equally good answer.

ARETE

I would expect nothing less.

HOMER

And that answer is ... that ... the
.... bride

NAUSIKAA

Must wear a dress spun by the
silkworms that live in his land.
Isn't that what you told me,
Odysseus?

HOMER

Yes it is! Silkworms. You know
how much we love ... worm dresses.
From our famous spinning worms.
I'm sure you've heard of them.
They don't actually spin around,
mind you. And maybe they don't
have tiny spinning wheels either.
I think.

NAUSIKAA

They just ... produce the silk.

HOMER

Like ... how humans produce poop?

EURYKLEIA

Or spit!

HOMER

Well, that is why. The famous worm
spit and/or poop dresses of my

(MORE)

HOMER (cont'd)
land. Clearly I don't know much about them because I'm a man and thus not required to wear said dresses, but the womenfolk do seem to know. As well they should.

ARETE
An interesting tradition.

HOMER
That's the thing with traditions. They are interesting and absolutely unquestionable. But I am overcome with joy at the prospect of wedding your fine daughter and the dowry is absolutely amazing. Thank you so much.

ALKINOOS
If we're not having the wedding here then I insist you cast off tomorrow. We're not going to delay Nausikaa's marital bliss any more.

NAUSIKAA
Thank you, father.

Alkinoos smiles.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)
And thank you mother.

Arete gives a distracted smile and stares into the distance before looking back at Nausikaa and Homer.

HOMER
Right, well, that's enough lunch.

ALKINOOS
I don't think you ate anything.

HOMER
I didn't, but I did smell it and that is enough to sustain me. Laodamas, what's next on the agenda for today?

LAODAMAS
Well, if you're leaving soon it's about time you fulfilled your end of the deal and taught me your discuss technique.

HOMER

The deal was I'll tell you when I leave. Exactly when. I'll yell the secret as the boat is pulling out.

LAODAMAS

What if I don't understand?

HOMER

Trust me, you'll understand. So back to the range?

LAODAMAS

Sure.

INT. PALACE GUEST BEDROOM

Homer is laying in bed, the sun has already set. The room now reflects the fact that he's lived there for six months. There are multiple sets of clothes folded up. Several bows are mounted on the walls. There's a collection of sea shells along a window sill. There's a gentle knock at the door and Nausikaa slips in.

NAUSIKAA

You awake?

HOMER

Mmhmm.

Nausikaa sits on the edge of the bed. Homer tries to subtly breath deeply, inhaling her scent.

NAUSIKAA

We just about made it.

HOMER

Yeah, it's basically in the bag.

NAUSIKAA

Tomorrow we hop on that ship, cross the ocean one last time and then ...

HOMER

And then a worm poop dress.

Nausikaa laughs softly.

NAUSIKAA

No, I already know what I'm going to do.

HOMER

What's that?

NAUSIKAA

I'm going to get as far away from the ocean and water and boats as I possibly can. You know how I'm going to know when I'm far enough away?

HOMER

Well I imagine when you reach another ocean you'll know you've gone to far.

NAUSIKAA

I'm going to take an oar with me -- just carry it over my shoulder. And when someone asks me what that thing I'm carrying is ... then I'll have gone far enough.

HOMER

OK, two things. First ... very poetic. And as an epic poet, I like that. Could I use it in a poem at some point?

NAUSIKAA

Sure, sure.

HOMER

Second. You're going to carry an oar? Won't that get heavy?

NAUSIKAA

I think I can manage.

HOMER

Would you like someone to carry it for you? Would you like some ... company?

Nausikaa looks at Homer laying on the bed for a moment concerned. She opens her mouth to say something, the closes it. Finally she speaks.

NAUSIKAA

(standing)

I'll have Leia with me. I should probably let you sleep. Big day tomorrow.

HOMER

Sure.

As Nausikaa approaches the door there's a soft knock.

NAUSIKAA

(mouthing)

Lae?

HOMER

Do you think he can knock that quietly?

Nausikaa gets onto the balcony and climbs up onto the roof. Homer listens to her scurry away, then goes and answers the door.

ARETE

Hello, Odysseus. May I speak with you?

HOMER

Sure, sure, come in, ma'am. What is on your mind?

Arete sits on a stool, crosses her legs and smooths down her dress. She clasps her hands on her lap, unclasps them and smooths her dress again, then reclasps them. Homer sits on the edge of the bed.

ARETE

Laodamas says you've become a proficient archer.

HOMER

I'm improving.

ARETE

It's odd that a general wouldn't already be a proficient archer.

HOMER

I'm more of a strategist, you know?

ARETE

Yes, and I'm more of a queen than a maid, but I still know how to do the laundry.

Homer shrugs.

HOMER

You know in my trainings I spent my time learning to build fake horses instead of archery. It was a choice that served me well.

ARETE

I see.

There's an uncomfortable silence.

HOMER

Maybe I would've been better off with archery, though. You know the famous saying, to the man with a hammer every problem looks like a nail. Well to the man who excels at making large hollow horses ...

ARETE

Yes, I see that problem. Though it does appear to have worked out in the end.

HOMER

Yes it did.

The uncomfortable silence returns.

ARETE

Odysseus, it's been six months and I haven't let you get a drop of drink. I'd say you owe me a pretty large favor.

HOMER

I do, ma'am, yes. And I'm very grateful for my help. My dead men all sing your praises from ... where do good people go again? All you ever hear about is Hades, but that seems really unpleasant.

ARETE

No no, everyone goes to Hades. Our afterlife is crap.

HOMER

It is. I think when I get there I'll get my men together and we'll leave and make some GOOD afterlife. Some kind of ... Elysium ... plains ... where it never snows

ARETE

Yes, your attempts to distract with made up places are admirable, but I won't be deterred. You owe me a favor and I want it now.

HOMER

Anything in my power, Arete.

ARETE

I want the truth. I want you to be completely honest with me for the remainder of this night.

Homer is taken aback.

HOMER

(haltingly)

Have I not always been honest with you?

ARETE

(monotone)

No, you have not.

HOMER

But --

Arete holds up a hand.

ARETE

And I don't care. We are so seldom honest with each other that a little more dishonesty rarely hurts. But this is my only daughter we're talking about and I care about her deeply. I must know the truth.

HOMER

(takes a deep breath)

OK. What do you want to know and I'll ... be honest.

ARETE

Do you love her?

Homer is surprised once again.

HOMER

What?

ARETE

Do you honestly and genuinely love her?

Homer furrows his brow and looks at his hands. He licks his lips. He looks back up, directly into Arete's eyes, and speaks.

HOMER

I do.

ARETE

Does she love you?

Homer makes a slight shrugging motion. He looks out the balcony for a second and then looks back.

HOMER

Have you asked her?

ARETE

I have and she said that she did, but I don't believe her.

HOMER

Oh.

Homer looks crestfallen. He shrugs again.

HOMER (cont'd)

Then I don't know. I had hoped ... but, uh ... she ...

ARETE

That's OK. Whether or not she loves you this is, for whatever reason, what she wants. And she's an adult, I am inclined to give her what she wants but I can't just let her go like that. I want to know that ... OK, one more question.

HOMER

OK.

ARETE

Will she be happy?

HOMER

I am doing everything in my power to make sure she is as happy as she can be.

ARETE

That doesn't answer the question.

HOMER

Because I can't answer it. Do you think she will be?

ARETE

I believe she thinks she will be.

HOMER

She's sharp, Arete. I would trust her on this.

ARETE

Smart people never know what will really make them happy. Believe me.

HOMER

But if she believes it will make her happy and you deny her the chance that will definitely make her unhappy, won't it?

ARETE

(standing)

We're past the point where I could stop her anyway I just ... I wanted to know.

HOMER

Can you?

ARETE

Listen, next time someone asks you if one of the people they care for most in the whole world will be happy ... just say yes.

Arete turns to leave the room.

HOMER

You asked me to be honest.

Arete stops in the door.

ARETE

I guess what I really wanted was for you to be more convincing.

Arete leaves. Homer looks around the room. He picks up a sea shell and looks at it for a few moments. There's a very

brief flash of Nausikaa handing him the shell smiling. He shakes his head and scoops all the shells into his arms and walks to the balcony where he drops them on the ground, some of them chipping. One by one he reaches down and hurls the shells over the balcony towards the sea. The camera gradually pulls back to reveal Nausikaa watching him from the roof, legs tucks up to her chest, tracks of a tear beneath one eye. She has a pained expression on her face.

EXT. PHAEACIAN DOCKS

A group is heading to the docks led by Alkinoos who is walking side by side with Homer. The rest of the party follows with Laodamas bringing up the rear carrying a bow and quiver of arrows.

ALKINOOS

... because of that they are the source of our power as a kingdom and the only thing that keeps larger, more war-like kingdoms at bay.

HOMER

Ah yes ... at bay. An ocean pun.

ALKINOOS

No, I was just ... using the words correctly.

HOMER

Right, sorry. I'm just a little distracted. I've been gone so long from home. For YEARS.

ALKINOOS

I can imagine. The time wondering the seas. The time at the siege. All that time spent with Circe.

HOMER

Hey-oh!

Alkinoos gives him an odd look.

HOMER (cont'd)

Right ... I am marrying your daughter. Inappropriate. But I did keep myself, you know, pretty clean and maybe she taught me some good stuff that will end up --

ALKINOOS
 Nope! I really don't want to hear
 it.

EURYKLEIA
 Some of us wanted to.

Nausikaa gives Eurykleia a gentle shove and shakes her head.

EURYKLEIA (cont'd)
 What? You'll get to experience it
 first hand.

HOMER
 Or first --

Alkinoos and Arete both give him a look.

HOMER (cont'd)
 Or first we'll have a wonderful
 conversation. No need to rush into
 anything.

LAODAMAS
 This is your first time seeing one
 of our ships, is it not, Odysseus?

HOMER
 It is and what I've heard --

They round the corner just then and see the ship. It is a completely black Trimaran with a black wing sail. It has curved daggerboards which retract up through the Ama (also known as the "floats") and are currently in a retracted state. There are a few people still loading provisions into a hollow section of the Vaka (the main hull). The ship is roughly 35 feet long. They continue walking towards it.

HOMER (cont'd)
 -- does not do it justice at all.
 What ... what is that?

ALKINOOS
 These are the black ships of
 Scheria.

HOMER
 Why black?

ALKINOOS
 It makes it harder to see details.
 All of our advantages as a people
 come from our knowledge of this
 (MORE)

ALKINOOS (cont'd)
 ship. Knowledge we gleaned from a
 people far away and then slowly
 perfected. We cannot let anyone get
 their hands on one of these or our
 enemies would soon have our
 secrets. That is why every single
 ship has this.

Alkinoos points to a line that runs around the ship. It is
 some material stuck into a groove that runs around the ship
 and even then is raised.

ALKINOOS (cont'd)
 This is a type of pitch, mixed with
 a few other ingredients, that burns
 fast and hot. If you are about to
 be boarded or otherwise lose the
 ship you MUST use flint to strike a
 spark and light this pitch. It
 burns bright and hot and will
 protect our secrets.

Alkinoos hands Homer flint and steel and then puts both
 hands on his shoulders.

ALKINOOS (cont'd)
 This ship is important to my
 people, so protect it with your
 life. Everyone who boards the ship
 carries flint and everyone carries
 the responsibility to protect us.
 No one is immune to that. If it
 came down to it I would strike the
 fire myself, as would any of my
 sons. Do no less.

HOMER
 I won't.

ALKINOOS
 You carry something else as well.
 You carry my daughter, the most
 precious person in the world to me.
 Protect her, Odysseus.

HOMER
 I will.

ALKINOOS
 Good.

Alkinoos lets go and moves to talk to Nausikaa. Arete
 approaches.

ARETE

People sail so often it's rare for us to even accompany them to the docks. But this is different. This is my daughter leaving. Take care of her, Odysseus.

HOMER

She will take care of herself better than I ever could.

ARETE

What did I tell you last time we spoke?

HOMER

I'll take care of her. With my life.

ARETE

Thank you.

Arete goes to speak to Nausikaa as well. Laodamas approaches.

LAODAMAS

These are for you.

He hands him the bow and quiver of arrows.

LAODAMAS (cont'd)

Those arrows each have a line attached back to the quiver so you can keep practicing on the boat and not lose all the arrows. We use them for fishing.

HOMER

Thanks, Lae.

LAODAMAS

And now your part of the deal?

HOMER

Oh right! I will tell you the technique as we sail, alright? There is an important piece in my pack that they already loaded.

LAODAMAS

You are just going to stretch this out to the last second, aren't you?

HOMER

That's what all good poets do.

Laodamas gives him an odd look. The focus shifts to Nausikaa speaking to her parents. She's hugging them both.

ALKINOOS

You have a ship, you know you can come visit us, right?

NAUSIKAA

I know, I know, I just might ... it's a whole new life for me.

ARETE

Are you happy?

Nausikaa looks from one parent's face to the other.

NAUSIKAA

I'm going to miss you more than I thought I would.

ARETE

We'll miss you too.

NAUSIKAA

But I'm happy. This is what I want.

ALKINOOS

Good.

ARETE

I know. Take care of yourself, OK?

NAUSIKAA

I will.

ARETE

We know you will.

Alkinoos straightens up.

ALKINOOS

There's a fair wind picking up -- Poseidon smiles on us.

HOMER

Good, because that guy usually hates me.

ALKINOOS

Everyone on board, quickly!

The few people loading provisions scurry off the boat and Homer, Nausikaa and Eurykleia board. Homer looks around.

HOMER

Just the three of us?

NAUSIKAA

Really it's more like the two of us since you're just dead weight.

EURYKLEIA

But don't worry, we won't throw you overboard unless you really get in our way.

HOMER

But I thought --

NAUSIKAA

We women don't often sail, but it doesn't mean we can't. Everyone on Scheria knows how. Cast us off!

A few deck hands throw lines onto the ship and it begins drifting away from the dock.

LAODAMAS

Odysseus, your promise!

HOMER

Right! Hang on!

Homer scrambles to the Vaka and finds his pack among the provisions. He pulls out a wooden frisbee (painted to look like a discuss) and stands up.

HOMER (cont'd)

Catch!

Homer tosses the frisbee at Laodamas. Laodamas sets himself like he's going to catch a stone discuss. Instead what lands in his hands is light. He looks at it shocked, then looks up at Homer angrily. They are still drifting apart.

LAODAMAS

IT WAS JUST A TRICK!

HOMER

(shouting)

It's called a strategy!

LAODAMAS
 I CAN'T BELIEVE I WAITED SIX MONTHS
 FOR THIS!!

Homer is looking towards the sea laughing as he speaks to himself, then halfway through turns and sees what Laodamas is doing.

HOMER
 I can't believe you didn't figure
 it -- OH GODS WHERE DID HE GET A
 COW!

There's a prolonged MOOO as a medium sized calf sails through the air. It splashes into the water just behind the boat and starts swimming back to shore. Nausikaa and Eurykleia are keeping the boat moving faster and faster to sea.

EURYKLEIA
 Competitive cow tossing.

NAUSIKAA
 I like it more than competitive
 calf birthing.

EURYKLEIA
 Yeah, that was gross.

HOMER
 DO NEITHER OF YOU CARE THAT WE
 ALMOST DIED?

NAUSIKAA
 If he'd wanted to hit us, he
 would've.

EURYKLEIA
 He was just expressing his
 displeasure, but he must like you
 or you would be wearing that cow
 right now.

NAUSIKAA
 Now hold on, we're far enough away
 we can start moving.

HOMER
 This isn't moving?

They're already slicing through the water, the spray splashing over them and wind whipping at their clothing and hair.

NAUSIKAA
Not even close. Ready, Leia?

EURYKLEIA
Ready.

Both women pull pins dropps the daggerboards into the water. They replace the pins and adjust the sail until the boat starts picking up speed. Eventually it lifts out of the water. Homer is astonished and drops to his stomach, watching the daggerboards slice through the water as the rest of the boat flies above it. He sits back up.

HOMER
People said the black ships could fly over the waves but I didn't believe it!

NAUSIKAA
You believe it now?

Homer looks over the side again, then stands up. He shakes his head and is about to speak when his frisbee comes zinging out of the sky and hits him directly on the head, knocking him out. The screen cuts to black.

EXT. BLACK SHIP ON THE OCEAN, NIGHT

The daggerboards have been retracted and the ship is moving at a more leisurely pace across the waves with a gentle wind stirring the wing sail. There are an unbelievable number of stars in the sky, the milky way clearly visible. A wide shot shows a tiny ship in the middle of the great inky black of the ocean with only the light of the stars to illuminate it. A groan echoes across the waves.

HOMER
How long have I been out?

EURYKLEIA
Oh, you weren't out that long, but then you fell asleep again and we figured we'd just kind of ... let you sleep. You weren't helping anything anyway.

HOMER
Thanks.

EURYKLEIA
You're welcome.

Homer gives her a sideways glance.

HOMER
Is Nausikaa --

EURYKLEIA
Asleep. I pulled first watch.
She'll spell me when I'm too tired
to carry on, then we'll both sail
during the day when we're using the
daggerboard.

HOMER
I can take a turn.

EURYKLEIA
Ha! Sure you can. Have you ever
steered a boat before?

HOMER
No.

EURYKLEIA
Then what makes you think you could
steer one of OUR boats?

HOMER
You could teach me.

EURYKLEIA
It took me a long time to learn.

HOMER
We're going slow and I don't feel
like being dead weight. Teach me,
please.

EURYKLEIA
(shaking her head)
Fine. Come here.

Homer gets to his feet shakily, nearly falling over before catching himself, then makes his way to Eurykleia. She is holding a rope in one hand, and a pole with the other. The pole is connected to the rudder mechanism which steers the boat.

EURYKLEIA (cont'd)
Sit right next to me.

Homer sits.

EURYKLEIA (cont'd)
Hold this rope, but you shouldn't
need to use it. This pole controls
(MORE)

EURYKLEIA (cont'd)
 the rudders. Push this way to turn
 left and this way to turn right.

HOMER
 Doesn't seem to difficult.

EURYKLEIA
 That's because we're in calm waters
 right now. If things pick up
 you'll get into trouble in a hurry.
 Here, take this.

She hands him the rope and pole. They're fairly close
 during the procedure.

HOMER
 So this way ...

Homer pushes on the pole and they suddenly swerve, knocking
 Eurykleia into him. She pushes off him to get upright again
 and pulls the pole back.

EURYKLEIA
 Yes, you're very good at almost
 capsizing us. Maybe calm waters
 are too difficult for you. Would
 you prefer to wait until we're
 stuck on a sandbar?

HOMER
 (laughing)
 I'm sorry. It's kind of fun to
 make those big turns though. So
 how do I know which way I should
 go?

EURYKLEIA
 Do you see the great bear there?

HOMER
 Listen, I'm good at many thing, but
 astronomy --

EURYKLEIA
 Good at many things?

HOMER
 I'm good at some things.

EURYKLEIA
 Some things?

HOMER

Fine, I'm bad at many things and good at like two. Astronomy is not one of those two things?

EURYKLEIA

What are those two things, just so I know in case it comes up?

HOMER

You're hilarious.

EURYKLEIA

The great bear is that one. See how it kind of. Yeah, where I'm pointing.

HOMER

There's so many stars. I can find the milk circle!

EURYKLEIA

It's the easiest thing in the sky to spot. You really are bad at astronomy. Now look, see that single bright star? No look down and over and you see three in a row and then there's four that make a little box.

HOMER

OK, I think I follow you.

EURYKLEIA

I call just that part "fox in box" because I imagine it's a little fox who was stuck in a box and his tail is sticking out ...

HOMER

I like it! It has a certain ring to it. Fox in box.

EURYKLEIA

So ignore that brighter star above it and just look at that little cluster there, the fox in box.

HOMER

OK, I'm with you.

EURYKLEIA
 Just ... keep that one straight
 ahead. That's all.

HOMER
 I think I can do that.

EURYKLEIA
 (clearing her throat and
 standing)
 Good, then I'll get some sleep.
 Wake me if you sink the ship.

HOMER
 Thanks for the vote of confidence.

EURYKLEIA
 Hey, I'm leaving our lives in your
 hands, aren't I?

HOMER
 (laughing softly)
 You and Nausikaa both seem to trust
 me more than you should.

EURYKLEIA
 Well she didn't have a choice. I
 do.

Homer pauses for a second and looks at her.

HOMER
 Thanks. Sleep well.

EURYKLEIA
 I will.

It pulls to a wide shot showing the boat getting smaller
 under the stars.

EXT. BLACK SHIP ON THE OCEAN, PRE-DAWN

Nausikaa is sleeping. There's a whistling and someone
 calling her name that is gradually waking her up. She
 scrunches her nose and shakes her head softly. There's the
 sound of splashing and finally a few drops land on her face.
 Her eyes open a crack. A big splash of water lands on her
 and she sits up.

NAUSIKAA
 Would you --

HOMER

I'm sorry, I couldn't seem to get your attention and ...

He gestures at the rising sun.

HOMER (cont'd)

... and fox in box is gone.

NAUSIKAA

What?

HOMER

Fox in ... do you not ... know that one?

NAUSIKAA

What in the world are you talking about. And how long have you been steering?

HOMER

The great bear. I've been steering for a while now. And yeah, it's the great bear, it's disappearing and I don't want to steer us wrong so ...

NAUSIKAA

You know the sun rises and sets in the same place each day as well. You could just keep that on the same side of you.

HOMER

I don't know! Maybe there's some trick to it!

NAUSIKAA

Don't worry, you've been at it long enough. I'm surprised Eurykleia trusted you with it.

HOMER

Me too. How'd you sleep?

NAUSIKAA

Except for the morning shower brilliantly.

HOMER

You know a fish jumped up and hit our sail and died. I contemplated throwing that at you.

NAUSIKAA

Well then I appreciate your
restraint. I'll take over.

Homer and Nausikaa switch places. Nausikaa glances towards
Eurykleia, but decides to let her sleep.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)

So what are you planning on doing
when we reach Ithaka?

HOMER

What do you mean?

NAUSIKAA

Well, I'm going to, you know, do my
whole "oar" plan thing. What are
you planning on doing with the
Princess's dowry you were promised?

HOMER

I can't keep it. Now that I know
your parents ... it just feels
wrong.

NAUSIKAA

Well, I can't carry it in my
pockets.

HOMER

Doesn't matter I guess.

NAUSIKAA

It could keep you in booze for a
long time.

Homer glances at her with a sad look on his face, then
towards the horizon.

HOMER

Booze is cheap.

NAUSIKAA

That's true, I guess. You never
had a problem getting is before.

HOMER

No, I didn't.

Eurykleia has been awake but pretending to sleep.

EURYKLEIA

Is that your plan then, go back to the drink?

HOMER

I don't know that I'm good at anything else.

EURYKLEIA

You've gotten really good at telling Odysseus's story without any drink. I feel like you could tell more.

HOMER

I don't really know. I mean, this is different. It was different. I guess it's just over now.

NAUSIKAA

I guess so.

HOMER

For six months I really felt useful though, you know? I mean, I told you I'm only good at two things, right?

EURYKLEIA

I remember.

HOMER

I feel like this was one of them. Being someone else.

NAUSIKAA

That's kind of sad.

EURYKLEIA

I don't think you can be someone else for that long without changing who you are anyway. You're not Homer, drunken failed poet.

HOMER

Not yet, anyway. I'm sure I'll get back to it.

Eurykleia scowls.

NAUSIKAA

Since you're up, Leia, would you mind helping me get this thing

(MORE)

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)
 moving? It's strange we've had the
 wind at our back this whole way,
 but if we take advantage of it we
 could arrive there today, a few
 days ahead of schedule.

EURYKLEIA
 (sighs)
 Sure, Nausikaa.

HOMER
 I'm going to catch up on my sleep.
 Wake me if you sink the ship.

Eurykleia laughs.

NAUSIKAA
 I think the water would wake you.

Homer just waves a hand in dismissal and lays down.

EXT. ITHAKA DOCK, TWILIGHT

Homer wakes up slowly as Nausikaa and Eurykleia are talking
 quietly near him.

NAUSIKAA
 ... are you crazy? Bring him with
 us?

EURYKLEIA
 Why is that so crazy?

NAUSIKAA
 Because he knew what he was getting
 into, I knew what I was getting
 into ... there's no reason to
 change any of that. We had an
 agreement and the agreement is
 done.

EURYKLEIA
 But he's --

NAUSIKAA
 What, a changed man? You heard
 him! He'll go right back to his
 old ways.

EURYKLEIA
 YOU were saying he'd go back to his
 old ways and he was just humoring
 you!

NAUSIKAA

He's a drunk, Leia! He only avoided drinking these six months because he made a deal with my mom and he broke his leg and couldn't sneak into the kitchens. He's not coming with us and that's it. We've already put a king's ransom in his room at the tavern. He'll be fine. He can stay there and drink himself stupid as long as he wants.

EURYKLEIA

I don't think that's what he wants!

NAUSIKAA

Trust me, OK? Addicts don't change. He will always want that. And we don't want to have someone like that with us. I don't want to start a brand new life with baggage.

EURYKLEIA

Then what am I?

NAUSIKAA

Oh come on! You're not baggage. You're my best friend. Leia, I'm not trying to be mean. I'm trying to be honest. And you know what I honestly think?

EURYKLEIA

Do you know what I honestly think??

NAUSIKAA

I know EXACTLY what you think--

Homer coughs and pretends he's waking up.

EURYKLEIA

Won't you --

NAUSIKAA

It's done, I'm decided, Leia.

HOMER

(yawning)

Are we there already?

NAUSIKAA

We're here. We're all unloaded and ready to go. I've got my oar. You've got a room in that tavern full of stuff. And now we've only got one thing left.

HOMER

What's that?

NAUSIKAA

Burn the boat.

HOMER

I better get off then.

Homer gets to his feet and steps out onto the dock, stumbling a little. Eurykleia catches him and helps him stand.

EURYKLEIA

You'll be alright.

HOMER

Thanks.

NAUSIKAA

Do you mind if I ...

HOMER

Why are we burning this gorgeous boat again?

NAUSIKAA

Because Eurykleia and I are leaving where it can't go and it would be a disservice to leave it in the hands of someone who doesn't know what to call the great bear.

HOMER

I really prefer Fox in Box.

Eurykleia gives a sad smile.

NAUSIKAA

Here we go.

Nausikaa removes the boats tethers and pushes it away. At the last second she reaches forward and strikes a spark onto the line of pitch. The flame races around the light and soon the boat is completely consumed, drifting out to sea. She watches it, a smile toying at the corners of her mouth. Finally she breathes a happy sigh and turns to Homer.

NAUSIKAA (cont'd)
 Goodbye, Homer. And thank you very
 much for helping me get here.

HOMER
 You're ... welcome. Are you --

NAUSIKAA
 Yes, I'm absolutely sure we loaded
 your entire reward into your room
 in the tavern. You're registered
 as Underhill.

HOMER
 As ...

NAUSIKAA
 (exaggerated laughter)
 It's better than Over the hill,
 amirite??

HOMER
 Are you alright?

NAUSIKAA
 Absolutely. Thanks again, Homer.
 We'll see you later.

She sticks out her hand and Homer shakes it.

EURYKLEIA
 Thanks for everything you did for
 Nausikaa, Homer.

She sticks out her hand too. Homer shakes it slowly.
 Euryleia looks like she's about to say something, then
 closes her mouth and turns. Nausikaa turns as well and they
 walk off into the gathering night. Homer watches them until
 he can no longer see them. He looks around.

HOMER
 What in the name of Hades am I
 supposed to do now?

INT. TAVERN MAIN HALL

Homer sits at a table alone eating some soup and bread.
 There's a glass of water in front of him. He stares at it.
 He eventually overhears a conversation from the next table
 over.

SUITOR 1

... oh yeah, they caught her. She thought she was so smart. 'Don't make me marry someone until I finish this stupid blanket' and she's in there every night undoing it so no progress gets made! Well I'm no weaver, but even I can see that she was moving slower than normal.

SUITOR 2

No!

SUITOR 1

Yeah, and with the help of one of her servants we found her out.

SUITOR 2

Lucky.

SUITOR 1

That's right. She's crafty, that Penelope.

SUITOR 2

Odysseus must have rubbed off on her a little bit back when he was still around.

SUITOR 1

I would rub off on her as much as possible if I were him, you know what I mean?

SUITOR 2

I think ... does that mean --

SUITOR 1

You are as dumb as you are stupid.

Homer turns.

HOMER

Excuse me ge -- er, men. Are you talking about Odysseus?

SUITOR 1

We're talking about his wife.

SUITOR 2

EX-wife.

SUITOR 1
Hang on, she's not an ex-wife if he
died. She's his widow.

HOMER
Odysseus was married?

SUITOR 1
Yeah, right up until he died.

HOMER
(to himself)
How did I miss that one?

SUITOR 2
Well, we don't know for sure if he
died. No one saw a body.

SUITOR 1
He's dead. He's been gone ten
years. There's no way he's coming
back.

HOMER
And what was this about a ...
blanket or something?

SUITOR 2
So Homer's widow, Penelope, has to
choose someone to marry.

SUITOR 1
I'm on the shortlist.

SUITOR 2
I don't know if I'm on a list, but
I do show up every night and drink
and eat with the rest of the
suitors.

HOMER
So you just ... go to her house
every day and drink and eat all you
want?

SUITOR 1
Well, we've got to put some
pressure on her somehow, otherwise
she'll never get married. This way
she is incentivized to choose a
suitor to be her new husband sooner
rather than later and the rest of
us ... well, we get to drink all we
want.

HOMER

Huh. Where is this palace?

SUITOR 2

Going to go and avail yourself of some of Odysseus's finest? We'll go with you. Just don't try and woo Lady Penelope. I've got dips.

SUITOR 1

I think you mean dibs.

SUITOR 2

What did I say?

HOMER

(under his breath)

You're both dips.

SUITOR 1

What did you say?

HOMER

I said LEAD ON! I could do with some wine right about now.

INT.PENELOPE'S PALACE MAIN HALL

Homer sits by the fire on a chair wrapped in a cloak observing the room. There are a large number of young to middle aged men all being loud and partying. A hooded figure sits at a table behind him, alone as well. Drink is flowing freely and a slaughtered boar sits on the main table mostly devoured. He stares at their laughing faces, a look of anger coming over his until his reverie is broken by a hand holding something to him. He looks up to see a young man of about 17.

HOMER

What was that?

TELEMACHUS

I said here, stranger, some wine.
I apologize for the noise.

The cup comes into focus and is revealed to be a goblet full of wine. Homer looks at it for a moment, then reaches out, hand shaking slightly, and takes it.

HOMER

Thank you ... you're not a servant here, are you?

TELEMACHUS

I'm not. I'm Telemachus, son of
Odysseus.

HOMER

Odysseus had a son too?

TELEMACHUS

Yes, he HAS a son, that's me. Have
you traveled far, friend? Have you
perhaps heard news of my father?

HOMER

I'm sorry, I haven't.

TELEMACHUS

I hope we hear something soon.
Please, if you need anything to be
comfortable just ask.

HOMER

I will.

Homer watches Telemachus walk away, brow furrowed. His attention returns to the drink in his hand. His nostrils flare as he stares at it. He closes his eyes shut tight, shakes his head and turns to the suitors, only opening them when he is looking away from the drink. He watches the suitors for a few minutes, but his attention is gradually drawn back to the cup in his hand until he finds himself once again staring at it. He lifts it, taking a sniff. After the smell he sinks into his chair, a sigh escaping his lips. He shakes his head again, tries to turn towards the suitors, but looks back at the drink. He licks his lips. And slowly raises the cup to his mouth. His lower lip rests on the lip of the cup. His tongue snakes out and licks his lips once more, nearly brushing the surface of the wine. He closes his eyes, his hand shaking. He squeezes his eyes tighter. Suddenly he hears someone from the party shout:

SUITOR 3

To Odysseus, may he ever rest in
his watery grave!

Homer's eyes snap open. Amid a chorus of "Here here"s he pulls the cup away from his mouth and looks at it aghast. Closing his eyes he throws it into the fire.

TELEMACHUS

Oh come on! If you didn't want it
you just had to give it back!
Those are expensive.

He holds his hands to his temples and then closes his eyes, running them over his face. When he opens them again Eurykleia is squatting in front of him, one hand on the arm of the chair he's sitting in. She has a smile on her face and tears brimming in her eyes. She was the hooded stranger watching from the table.

HOMER

But ...

EURYKLEIA

I knew you wouldn't! I KNEW it!

HOMER

(nearly shouting)

Le-

EURYKLEIA

Ssssh! You know how you're only good at two things? I think you could do one of those things here.

HOMER

What do you mean?

EURYKLEIA

Come with me.

INT. PENELOPE'S PALACE, A SIDE ROOM

Eurykleia and Homer sit on a bench in a dimly lit side room.

HOMER

Leia ... what are we doing here?
What are YOU doing here?

EURYKLEIA

I heard about Penelope's situation and figured there was a way we could help, if you were up to it.

HOMER

How so?

EURYKLEIA

Just follow my lead.

HOMER

You know I can't pretend to be Odysseus here, she will probably figure it out.

EURYKLEIA

Of course she will, but it's not--

There's a commotion in the hall.

EURYKLEIA (cont'd)

Just follow my lead.

TELEMACHUS

(from the hall)

No they didn't say who they were,
Mother, they just said they needed
to see you urgently and it was
about my father.

The footsteps stop.

PENELOPE

Your father?

TELEMACHUS

Yes.

PENELOPE

Then why didn't you LEAD with that?

The footsteps pick up at a higher pace.

TELEMACHUS

What?

PENELOPE bursts into the room. She is somewhat out-of-sorts
having apparently been pulled from bed. Telemachus stumbles
in after her.

PENELOPE

Hello, hello, introductions,
introductions. What news have you
of my husband?

EURYKLEIA

Penelope, right?

PENELOPE

[nods emphatically]

EURYKLEIA

This is Homer, an Epic Poet. He
was ... he saw the ultimate fate of
your husband.

PENELOPE

That's not ... encouraging.

EURYKLEIA

Tell her the truth, Homer.

HOMER

OK. Penelope. Your husband ...
during the seige of troy he ... he
died. Burned alive in a ... heroic
... attempt to

PENELOPE

Just say what happened.

HOMER

He snuck into the city in a
hollowed out horse, the Trojans lit
it on fire and he died inside.

PENELOPE

Oh.

HOMER

I'm so sorry.

PENELOPE

Did you see it with your own eyes?

HOMER

I didn't see it with my own eyes at
the moment but I was ... there.

PENELOPE

I thought ... I mean, we started to
hear these rumors. These
incredible, just ... outlandish
rumors about four months ago that
he was on his way and I'd started
to let myself ...

EURYKLEIA

I'm sorry.

PENELOPE

But I knew. I always knew I just
couldn't bring myself to ... you
know, those suitors. I mean. He
was a good man. He wasn't the
brilliant strategist that everyone
said he was, unfortunately, but he
was ultimately a good, good, good.
A good man. Amd I just couldn't
bring myself to forget him and ...

She nods towards the main hall.

PENELOPE (cont'd)

It's just a night and day
difference. I'd rather spend my
life alone than be forced to ...

Eurykleia opens her mouth, closes it, chews on her lip, then
opens her mouth to speak again.

EURYKLEIA

Penelope, I ... we may have a
solution for that.

PENELOPE

I can't run away. Believe me, I've
thought of it.

EURYKLEIA

No no, it's something a little
different. A way to get rid of
your suitors, and a way to make the
memory of Odysseus something to be
proud of. A way of honoring the
good man you knew.

PENELOPE

What are you talking about?

EURYKLEIA

Those rumors you heard they didn't
come from nowhere. They came from
... him.

She gestures to Homer.

EURYKLEIA (cont'd)

It's a very, VERY long story, but
to help a friend he pretended to be
Odysseus and made up a great
adventure that Odysseus had
embarked on in order for him to
come back here, to Ithaka.

PENELOPE

Why would you ... lie about that?

HOMER

Well --

EURYKLEIA

Like I said, long story and I'll be
happy to tell you the details

(MORE)

EURYKLEIA (cont'd)

later. But what this means is there's someone here who is good at pretending to be Odysseus, who can speak, convincingly, of the travels he's been on and who just happens to be an excellent archer, just as Odysseus was. Wasn't he?

PENELOPE

Yes, yes, he was. We still have one of his bows that no one has since been able to string. I was thinking of using it in my next stalling tactic, seeing if someone could string it, blah blah blah. It was a little flimsy but ...

EURYKLEIA

No, you may be on to something! I know for a fact that Homer can string just about any bow. I mean, his walking stick there? That's a bow. That he has strung before.

TELEMACHUS

Are you kidding? That's WAY bigger than the one in the main hall.

HOMER

I got it from a man who put a premium on uh ... strength. Contests of strengths. Competitive
--

EURYKLEIA

Yes, he was very competitive. So here's what we need to do. We need to convince everyone that Homer is Odysseus, that Odysseus is back and that he's angry and ready to murder any suitor that doesn't make himself scarce. And that bow may be just the thing to help us do it. Are you in?

PENELOPE

Me? Am I in to have you pretend to be my husband? We wouldn't have to
--

HOMER

No no, I wouldn't take his place in your life. I would just help make sure his memory and his legend is a good one. I would honor him.

PENELOPE

OK, then yes, I'm in.

EURYKLEIA

Great! Here's what I'm thinking.

The scene fades out.

INT. PENELOPE'S PALACE, MAIN HALL

In the main hall, clean and with the bow strung and hanging on the wall, Homer is speaking with PHEMIUS who is old, frail and blind. Text on the screen says "Two years later."

HOMER

And so I was justifiably angry and just straight up murdered all the suitors.

PHEMIUS

All of them?

HOMER

Every last boar eating wine drinking one of 'em. Bam. Murdered 'em dead. With my bow and sometimes with my bare hands. I kilt 'em good.

PHEMIUS

I see and then ...

HOMER

Well there was just blood everywhere. It was a BEAR to clean up.

PHEMIUS

Right, but did you reunite with Penelope, how did that happen, was she doubtful it was you.

HOMER

She did have her doubts, but I told her about this fancy bed I'd made her and that was that. The end.

PHEMIUS

The end?

HOMER

Yup. And they all lived happily ever after. Except the suitors.

PHEMIUS

From the sound of it they didn't really deserve a happily ever after.

HOMER

They most certainly did not. Come, that's the end, let's walk around the grounds for a bit.

Homer stands and helps Phemius to his feet. He hands him the bow that Laodamas gave him to serve as a walking stick and guides him out of the main hall into the day. Penelope and Eurykleia are sitting in the shade of the tree. Penelope speaks up.

PENELOPE

Are you finished, my love?

HOMER

The tale is done, everything recorded in this man's head to be spread to the other poets who will in turn spread the word throughout the world. My love.

Homer winks very obviously at Eurykleia who laughs silently.

PENELOPE

I am glad to hear it. You don't know how glad I am.

HOMER

Me too.

EURYKLEIA

Me too.

HOMER

I'm just going to take a turn with Phemius, stretch our legs a bit, then we'll come back and get him ready for his return trip.

EURYKLEIA

Take care.

HOMER

We will.

Homer and Phemius walk silently for a few minutes through the palace grounds before Phemius speaks up.

PHEMIUS

I have a question for you, sire.

HOMER

Anything.

PHEMIUS

Why did you send for me specifically?

HOMER

What do you mean?

PHEMIUS

Any of my students could've heard your tale and spread it. They likely would've remembered it better than I will. I'm old and my memory isn't what it once was.

HOMER

I have faith in you.

PHEMIUS

Why do you have faith in me?

Homer is silent for a few moments.

HOMER

In my travels around the time of the siege of Troy I came across a young man, an Epic Poet. A student of yours by the name of Homer.

PHEMIUS

Homer, really?

HOMER

Yes, an odd name I thought.

PHEMIUS

He was more than a student to me. He was my son.

HOMER

He thought ... very highly of you as well. He didn't make it. He died during the siege, trying to learn all the details in the crossfire so he could share the story far and wide but before he passed he talked about you and the great man you were and how you had taken him in. He said that ... he asked me to talk to you and tell you how truly grateful he was for you.

PHEMIUS

That's ... thank you for telling me. No one should outlive their son, though.

HOMER

I am sorry for your loss. I gained a certain fondness before he passed. He truly was a good man.

PHEMIUS

He really was, wasn't he?

HOMER

So I asked for you so I could pass on his message and wondered ... when you pass on this story, could you include the fact that it was Homer who first told it?

PHEMIUS

I can do that.

They stop in the shade of a tree and Homer turns to Phemius.

HOMER

Thank you, Phemius. You don't know how much that means to me.

Homer grabs Phemius's hand and then holds it up to his cheek. Phemius smiles and pats it, then a look crosses his face. He drops the walking stick and brings his other hand up to Homer's face, feeling it with both hands with a look of astonishment. Homer smiles, his eyes brimming with tears.

HOMER (cont'd)

Thank you so much.

Phemius smiles and pulls him in for a hug. Fade to black.

Roll Credits

After credits scene

EXT. PATH IN A LIGHTLY WOODED AREA

As the credits roll the music gradually fades and is replaced with the sound of someone walking slowly along a gravel road. You can just barely hear their breath. After the credits end the black gradually fades to reveal a sunset, Nausikaa walking directly towards it. There is nothing but the ambient sounds and her feet. She still has an oar slung over one shoulder. Some kids run up behind her, then slow down.

KID

Lady, why do you have that?

NAUSIKAA

It's a long story. I thought it was a good idea, but it's proven to be ...

KID

What are you going to make with it?

NAUSIKAA

Huh?

KID

What are you going to make with that giant spatula?

Nausikaa stops and turns towards the kid.

NAUSIKAA

What do you think this is?

KID

A giant spatula?

NAUSIKAA

Could it be anything else?

KID

Maybe a giant spoon, I guess? But whose mouth is that big?

NAUSIKAA

Is there anything else you'd use this for?

KID

What? I mean, maybe. I could hit
people with it, I guess. Is it
some kind of weapon?

Nausikaa drops the oar into the road.

NAUSIKAA

You know what? That's close
enough. I'll take it. Finally.

She walks out of the side of the frame. The kids watch her
go. One of them picks up the oar, giving it a test swing,
then heads out the other side of the frame with the rest.
The sunset fades out.