

MAGNUS CHASE EPISODE 6

Written by

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Based on Magnus Chase: Sword of Summer by Rick Riordan

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EPISODE 6: I FISH FOR A GOD

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

MAGNUS  
How do you feel?

Elizabeth looks up at Magnus, her eyes gleam a color of bright green. She blinks and the color disappears. Her stomach grumbles.

ELIZABETH  
Hungry.

INT. TRANSPORTATION BUILDING - DAY

The group walks in pairs, with Sam trailing last. Hearth and Blitz approach two trash bins.

MAGNUS  
Guys, we're eating actual meals today.

HEARTH  
(sign language)  
You got money?

MAGNUS  
Abdel will pull through.

BLITZ  
That's right!  
(to Hearth)  
He's got a friend at Fadlan's Falafel.

Sam freezes.. She looks around as if realizing where they are.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)  
Follow me.

SAM  
I'm going to wait here.

BLITZ  
Absolutely not. They might give us extra goods if we have a pretty girl with us.

INT. FOOD COURT - DAY

Blitz drags Sam by the arm as they continue walking.

ELIZABETH

What's falafel? I've never had it.

MAGNUS

It's good. Ground up chickpeas and beans. The shop always has a surplus of food. Slightly out of date pitta bread, day-old shawarma. Instead of tossing it, Abdel lets me have it. In exchange, I help clean up the food court. I make sure us homeless folk aren't interrupting his business.

ELIZABETH

That's sweet of you.

MAGNUS

Also, he thinks my name is Jimmy.

ELIZABETH

And why would he think that?

MAGNUS

Because I lied to him.

Elizabeth gives Magnus an accusing side eye.

MAGNUS

I know - it's a bad habit.

EXT. FADLAN'S FALAFEL - DAY

MAGNUS

(to Elizabeth)

Could you grab a table? I don't want to overwhelm Abdel with too many people.

ELIZABETH

On it.

BLITZ

Take the Valkyrie with you!

Blitz shoves Sam forward.

INT. FADLAN'S FALAFEL - DAY

Sam fiddles with her headscarf and hides behind a potted ficus tree. Magnus bellies up on the reception counter.

MAGNUS

What're you doing?

SAM  
If anyone asks, I'm your tutor. Got  
it?

Abdel's son, Amir, comes out from the kitchen wiping his  
apron. His black hair is slicked back and an Arabic tattoo  
wraps around his bicep.

AMIR  
Jimmy! How's it going?

MAGNUS  
Not bad, how's your pop, Amir?

AMIR  
Doing good. He's down at our  
Sommerville location today. Can I  
get you some food?

MAGNUS  
You're the best man.

AMIR  
No problem.

Amir glances over Magnus's shoulder and does a double take.

AMIR  
Samirah? What're you doing here -  
shouldn't you be at school?

Magnus spins around. Sam blushes.

SAM  
Hi Amir. I'm tutoring Mag - Jimmy.  
I get credits for being off campus.  
I'm helping Jimmy and his  
classmates with - geometry.

Sam points to Hearth, Blitz, and Elizabeth, who are having a  
rapid fire conversation in sign language.

AMIR  
Cool! Give my regards to Jid and  
Bibi for me. You guys go ahead and  
sit down, I'll bring the food out  
in a second.

SAM  
Thanks a lot.  
(muttering)  
Kill me now.

INT. FOOD COURT - DAY

Sam joins the others at a dining table.

MAGNUS  
How do you know Amir?

Magnus sits next to Sam.

SAM  
Don't sit so close to me.

Sam knocks Magnus out of his seat.

MAGNUS  
Ow! What the heck!

SAM (CONT'D)  
Try to look like we're talking  
about Geometry. Everyone!

BLITZ  
Uh -

Hearth makes a rectangle in the air with his finger. A pigeon waddles past, pecking at the ground.

ELIZABETH  
An acute angle is less than ninety  
degrees. An obtuse -

MAGNUS  
(to Samirah)  
Seriously, what's your deal? You're  
having a nervous breakdown!

SAM  
Will you drop it?

MAGNUS  
Fine. But I'm not pretending to  
know math so could we please talk  
about how to find the Sword of  
Summer?

A loud clank! The steel curtain is rolled down on the falafel shop.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)  
Did we get cut off from our falafel  
allowance?

A small voice croaks underneath the table.

BIRD (O.S.)  
I can assist with both of those  
questions.

Magnus scoots backward, looking at his feet.

MAGNUS  
Guys - the pigeon wants to help.

The pigeon flutters from underneath to on top of the table.  
Hearth nearly falls out of his chair. Blitz snags a fork.

BIRD  
Service here can be a little slow,  
but I can speed up your order. I  
can also tell you where to find the  
sword.

Sam hefts her axe.

SAM  
That's not a pigeon.

The bird regards Sam with beady orange eyes.

BIRD  
Maybe not, but if you kill me, the  
shop will stay closed forever and  
you'll never see your intended  
again.

Sam's eyes shoot toward the falafel shop.

BIRD (CONT'D)  
I'll bring you your food. All I  
want is the first bite.

BLITZ  
Like we'd believe that!

MAGNUS  
Fine. Bring us our food.

BIRD  
Wise choice.

Immediately, the shop's steel curtain rolls upward. Amir  
unfreezes and heads back into the kitchen.

The pigeon takes off and disappears behind the counter. Amir  
doesn't seem to notice. A second later, a much larger bird  
flies out with a tray in its claws, dropping the food on  
their table.

MAGNUS  
You're an eagle now?

BIRD  
Here's your meal.

Steaming squares of spiced ground-beef kibbeh, a stack of lamb kebabs, yogurt dip, pitta bread, and garnished pickle wedges.

ELIZABETH  
Yum.

MAGNUS  
Oh yeah.

Magnus and Hearth reach for a slice of bread. The pigeon pecks their hands.

BIRD  
Now - now. I get first pick.

Faster than a blink of the eye, the eagle sucks up every item in a tornado besides a lone pickle.

BLITZ  
Hey!

Sam swings her axe at the bird, splitting the table in two. Elizabeth's eyes momentarily flicker green.

ELIZABETH  
It's a giant!

The eagle burps.

MAGNUS  
You bastard!

BIRD  
We had a deal. Now about the sword  
-

Magnus draws his sword and slices the bird. The blade sticks to its back, like superglue.

MAGNUS  
What the -

Magnus tries to dislodge the sword using his right hand, but gets it stuck to the feathers.

PIGEON  
Have it your way.

The bird's wings extend abnormally wide and it takes flight at sixty miles per hour with Magnus in tow.

EXT. MID AIR - DAY

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

Hey!

SAM (O.S.)

Stop!

Magnus crashes across tables, chairs, and potted plants.

MAGNUS

Let go of my sword!

BIRD

You sure about that?

The bird blasts through the double glass doors and soars upward over Charles Street. A guy having lunch in his tenth story condo spews Cheetos as Magnus shoots past.

BIRD

Heads up!

Magnus twists to avoid an AC unit.

MAGNUS

Ha! Nice try -

Magnus's shoulder crashes into a brick chimney. The bird dives down a fire escape. A metal beam hits Magnus in the forehead. He coughs blood.

BIRD

I propose an exchange. I'll tell you how to get the sword. In return, you must retrieve me an apple. Just one. Simple enough?

MAGNUS

What's the catch?

BIRD

If you don't - then you won't live to see another day.

The edge of a hotel roof bristles with barbed wire to discourage roosting birds. They skyrocket toward the spikes.

MAGNUS

Okay! No spikes!



BIRD

Say - by my troth, I agree to your terms.

MAGNUS

By my troth, I agree to your terms.

The bird clears the spikes, clipping Magnus's shoe. It circles and lands on Boston Public Library. The sword detaches from its back.

Magnus's hand unglues itself and he falls on the slanted roof.

MAGNUS

Wow - wow - slow down!

His feet slide to the very edge of the curved red tiles, almost tasting an asphalt flavored death. The bird finds a perch.

BIRD

I enjoyed our little flight around town. We can finally talk alone.

MAGNUS

Gee - I'm blushing -

Magnus wipes blood off his face.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Never mind, just a brain bleed.

BIRD

Here's the information you need. When your sword fell into the river, the current carried it downstream. It was claimed by the goddess Ran. A lot of valuable things end up in her net.

MAGNUS

I don't know who Ran is.

BIRD

Sea goddess! Try to keep up.

MAGNUS

How do I find her? Please don't say the sea.

BIRD

Draw her attention. Find my friend Harald at the Fish Pier.

(MORE)

BIRD (CONT'D)

Tell him big boy sent you and make sure to choose a special bait. If you cause enough ruckus out there, you can bargain for the sword and one of Idun's apples. Bring the apple to me.

MAGNUS

That's it? I thought it was going to be something difficult.

BIRD

Your friends are here, that's my cue to leave.

The bird flaps its wings and disappears behind the Hancock Twower. Sam spots Magnus first. She spreads her arms as if to say: *what the heck are you doing up there?*

INT. FOOD COURT - DAY

Amir plops a plate of expired goodies on the table for the group.

AMIR

Here you guys go, sorry about the wait.

BLITZ

No worries kid.

SAM

Thank you very much!

Magnus bows his head. He doesn't have the energy to speak.

HEARTH

(sign language)

Thank you.

ELIZABETH

I'm starving.

As soon as Amir turns around, the group fights over the scraps. Sam folds her hands for a quick prayer.

SAM

Animals.

BLITZ

Got to be faster than that!

Magnus stuff his mouth with pitta bread. Elizabeth engulfs a square of spiced ground beef.

SAM

I can't believe you swore by your troth.

Magnus shrugs his shoulders.

SAM (CONT'D)

You do realize if you can't fulfill that promise, you'll spontaneously combust and be trapped in the icy depths of Helheim for eternity.

Magnus stops chewing. Sam turns to Elizabeth.

SAM (CONT'D)

And how did you know the bird was a giant?

Elizabeth shrugs with her mouth stuffed as well.

SAM (CONT'D)

Ugh. Idiots.

EXT. PIER - DAY

A twenty foot long fishing boat is painted with the words: Harald's Deep Sea Excursions and Death Wishes. Nets and buoys fasten the sides like Christmas tree decorations.

The deck is a mess of ropes and tackle boxes. A man with a sumo-sized body sits near the dock with a pair of splattered yellow overalls. This is HARALD.

Harald looks up from the knots he is coiling. His beard glistens a color of white and blue.

HARALD

A dwarf, an elf, and three humans waltz onto me pier. What's the punch line?

MAGNUS

We'd like to rent your boat.

Harald ignores them.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Big boy sent us.

HARALD  
What does big boy want with the  
likes of you?

SAM  
That's none of your concern.

Sam reaches into her pocket and tosses a coin to Harald.

SAM  
One red gold now. Five more when we  
finish. Do we have a deal?

Harald sniffs the coin.

HARALD  
I smell giant blood on ye.

SAM  
Also none of your concern.

HARALD  
The payment is sufficient, but me  
boat is small. Two passengers  
maximum.

Blitz cracks his knuckles inside his leather gloves.

BLITZ  
Look, Santa Claus -

HARALD  
HUR! Never call a frost giant Santa  
Claus. You look half petrified,  
dwarf. I don't need another anchor  
weighing me boat down. As fer  
elves, you're creatures of light  
and air. Both useless! Two  
passengers only. Take it or leave  
it.

MAGNUS  
Guys - side bar please.

Magnus orders them to huddle up.

MAGNUS  
That's a frost giant?

HEARTH  
(sign language)  
Icy hair. Big. Ugly. Yes.

MAGNUS

He's big, but you know - not giant.

ELIZABETH

Some giants look a lot like humans. They can grow larger if they want to or change shape into eagles, pigeons, almost anything. How do I know that?

SAM

You can thank Mimir for that trick.

BLITZ

Kid, I'm not letting you out of my sight. We can't trust the giant. I say Hearth and I -

Hearth slams a metal bucket over Blitz's head. The pail crumples to the shape of his skull.

BLITZ

Okay - maybe I'm petrifying a little bit.

Magnus turns to Elizabeth and Sam.

MAGNUS

I don't want you both to fight over who gets to go with me, so why don't you play rock, paper, scissors for it.

SAM

Who said you get to go on board?

MAGNUS

Son of Frey? Sword of Summer?

SAM

I've had enough of your foolishness for one day.

(to Elizabeth)

Good luck with him.

INT. FISHING HUT - DAY

Harald leads Magnus and Elizabeth into his wooden shack. The door opens and a waft of stench oozes out.

ELIZABETH

Ugh!

HARALD  
Pick your bait, if you can carry  
it.

Dozens of carcasses hang from metal hooks. The smallest bait is a five foot long shrimp. Larger than human worms wriggle in a mound of dirt.

MAGNUS  
(coughing)  
It hurts to breathe.

HARALD  
That's the smell of good voyage!  
What a lovely afternoon for  
fishing.

MAGNUS (V.O.)  
I wonder what qualifies as the  
special bait.

Elizabeth observes an octopus. An eye jolts in her direction and she yelps.

MAGNUS  
Where's your biggest bait?

Harald points to a bull's head the size of a car.

HARALD  
The Jotunheim cattle. I wouldn't  
bother. It's been over a century  
since any being has been able to  
lift it -

Magnus unsheathes his sword and slices the chain. The bull's head hits the floor like a giant disgusting piñata. Magnus grips the meat hook and hoists the bait like a hobo bag over his shoulder.

Elizabeth and Harald watch with their jaws dropped.

EXT. PIER - DAY

Magnus drops the carcass onto the boat.

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

The vessel hits a swell, spraying Magnus and Elizabeth with salt water. Harald mans the steering. No land in sight.

ELIZABETH  
By the way, I can't swim.

MAGNUS

What? Why are you mentioning that now?

ELIZABETH

I'm joking.

Magnus sighs in relief.

MAGNUS

Wicked woman.

HARALD

Mortals, you should cast your bait!  
We're getting close to a good spot!

Magnus goes to lift the bait, but Elizabeth stops him.

ELIZABETH

Not yet. A little more. It's feels  
like we're almost there.

MAGNUS

Keep going!

HARALD

Damn these brats.

Harald pushes the throttle. In an overhead view of the vast sea, we watch the boat venture from dark blue to grey waters.

The air gets freakishly quiet. The waves calm as if holding their breathe. Quiet ripples hit the boat's hull. A low mist hovers above the water line.

ELIZABETH

Did you feel that?

Magnus snags a fishing pole which would be more appropriate for pole vaulting. The line is a thick metal wire. Harald cuts the engine.

HARALD

It's too dangerous to fish here!

MAGNUS

That's the point, Harald.

Magnus fastens the line to the bait's hook. He gives the fishing pole to Elizabeth.

MAGNUS

Hold this for me.

Magnus heaves the bull's head overboard. He shivers.

MAGNUS  
Bleh! Disgusting.

Harald lumbers over, carrying a metal chair. He sinks the four legs into four holes of the deck. The chair latches to the deck with steel cables.

HARALD  
If I were you, human, I'd buckle  
up.

Harald assists Magnus in getting strapped into the chair.  
Elizabeth hands Magnus the fishing pole.

ELIZABETH  
Have you ever been fishing before?

MAGNUS  
Does Bassmasters the videogame  
count?

INT. SEA - NIGHT

The bull's head sinks at a rapid pace, leaving a trail of blood and guts.

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

The line gives slack.

MAGNUS  
Alright. We finally hit the bottom.

Magnus sets the line and reels the bait up a bit.

HARALD  
How're you this strong for a  
mortal?

MAGNUS  
It's a lot easier than it looks.

Magnus stops reeling.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)  
Alright.

Magnus lifts the fishing pole and drops it repeatedly. He swings the pole side to side.

ELIZABETH  
What're you doing?



MAGNUS

Jigging. You have to make the bait look more appealing. The fish will think it's still alive.

ELIZABETH

It's a severed bull's head -

MAGNUS

Hold up - I think I feel a nibble.

Magnus freezes. The line moves slightly on top of the water, but no tug.

HARALD

This might take awhile. I'll be below deck, napping.

MAGNUS

I thought for sure I -

The fishing pole suddenly jolts down like a J. The line springs taut. Our ears ring from the screeching, like the sound of a hammer against a saw blade.

The boat slants upward. The deck almost splits in two. Water rushes over the stern.

MAGNUS (V.O.)

Holy shit. My arms are going to be torn off!

HARALD

Ymir's blood! We're breaking apart!

Magnus grips the pole for dear life. The leather straps of the chair dig into his collar bones. Elizabeth gets thrown, her back smashing into the stern.

MAGNUS

Elizabeth!

HARALD

Give her some slack! NOW!

Magnus desperately unclips the bail. The line spirals out, steaming from friction. The boat crashes down into the stationary position.

Elizabeth raises her hand.

ELIZABETH

I'm good.

Magnus grins.

MAGNUS  
I said I felt a nibble!

Harald pours buckets of water on the steaming fishing line.

HARALD  
Curses! This is fine Asgardian  
fluorocarbon wire!

The line stops pulling abruptly.

MAGNUS  
Is it resting?

HARALD  
It's - taunting us. This is no sea  
monster.

Magnus closes the bail and inhales deeply.

MAGNUS  
Light weight baby!

Magnus arches his back and tugs. The rod bends. The cable  
creaks. He repeatedly heaves and cranks the reel in circles.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)  
(grunting)  
Hup! Hup! Hup! Hup!

ELIZABETH  
Are you even pulling it up?

MAGNUS  
It might be caught on a rock.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

Harald scans the water from the bow. A few bubbles surface.

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

Magnus sweats and shivers. His face is pale from exhaustion.

ELIZABETH  
Keep going!

MAGNUS  
(panting)  
I don't know - how much - longer -  
I can do this.

The boat starts lurching backward again. Elizabeth grabs a railing and peers over the hull.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
What is that?

Elizabeth's eyes begin to glow green. Thousands of bubbles rise and pop from the sea.

HARALD (O.S.)  
Cut the line!

Harald wobbles from the bow to the stern. He snatches a knife.

ELIZABETH  
No! Magnus, you're almost there!

HARALD  
You can't bring that atrocity up  
here! It's the -

ELIZABETH  
I know!

The rod starts slipping from Magnus's hands.

MAGNUS  
Help - me!

Elizabeth rushes to Magnus and assists him. They yell in pain. The bubbles dissipate. The sea darkens.

Harald drops his knife in horror. Two giant yellow eyes the size of Ferris wheels open underwater. The boat seems microscopic in comparison. The irises jolt inward, glowering at the fishing vessel.

THE END