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Percy Jackson: Sea of Monsters

By Marc Guggenheim

At first, I didn't believe it either.
But the gods of Olympus are real.
And sometimes,
these gods have children with humans...
called half-bloods.
I'm one of them.
I'm Percy Jackson.
Son of Poseidon, god of the sea.
Seven years ago, four of these children
were headed to Camp Half-Blood...
the only place on Earth
that is safe for our kind.
Only three of them made it.
We're almost at camp!
Look out!
Grover! Luke, help him!
Grover, are you okay?
My leg. it's stuck.
Come on. I got you.
Keep going. I'll hold them off.
No, Thalia. They'll kill you.
Go, Luke. I'll be right behind you.
Over here!
Annabeth, come on!
Stay back.
Thalia, come on!
No! Thalia!
He! name was Thalia,
and she gave her life to save three.
And so, as Thalia lay dying...
her father Zeus found
another way for her to live.
A way for all half-bloods to live.
A gift to ensure no one in Camp Half-Blood
would die the same way.
The barrier, to protect them from those
who lived for their death.
Let's go!
Every day,
the story of Thalia's bra very inspires me.
And her tree protects my home.
But not always my head.
How nice of you to show up
just to watch me win.

Everything they say about you
is wrong, Clarisse.
You actually do have a sense of humor.
- There goes another one.
- Go, Percy!
Come on, Percy!
I got 50 drachma on you!
You bet on this?
What, is that wrong?
'97 Xinomavro. Would you like a taste?
Why do you torture yourself, Dionysus?
It was one transgression, one.
And with a naiad,
for the sake of Olympus.
How was I to know that
Zeus had a thing for her?
Or that he could
hold a grudge for so long?
I think the fact
that Zeus is immortal...
means there's no limit
to how long he can hold a grudge.
The Christians have a guy
who can do this trick in reverse.
Now, that's a god.
Aren't you tired of getting beat,
Jackson?
Clarissa!
Help! Help me!
Tereus, grab my hand!
Good luck with that.
'90! you.
Thank you!
Percy!
Clarissa! Clarissa! Clarissa!
So, what I'm wondering is, Percy...
that first quest you went on,
beginner's luck, wasn't it?
Clarisse, he saved Olympus.
That's more than you've ever done.
Whatever.
Even for the daughter of the god of war,
that girl's a mythic bi--
Don't listen to her, Percy.

You know, it's too late.
Besides, she has a point.
Dude, what are you talking about?
You're more than a one-quest wonder.
You recovered Ares' stolen chariot.
No, actually, that was Clarissa.
Okay, what about the Fall Tournament?
You owned that sucker.
Clarissa?
Okay, the Solstice Games?
The Bronze Dragon's Quest?
Thank you for trying to cheer me up.
I would lick a pair of cloven hooves...
before I let you listen to Clarisse
instead of us.
No offense, Grover.
None taken. Is that an offer?
Listen, it doesn't matter
what Clarissa has done.
To Chiron and Mr. D,
you're still the rock star.
Perry Johnson!
Actually, it's Percy Jackson, sir.
Whatever.
I have a very important task
to entrust you with.
You do?
Yes, it's a critical assignment.
And it's very taxing.
Can I trust you?
Of course.
Good. You'll need this.
Sometimes these events
get a little messy.
Maybe Clarissa was right.
Maybe I only stopped
Luke from destroying Olympus...
because I had Annabeth and Grover
helping me, right?
Dad?
Poseidon?
Have you ever felt like everything
you've ever done...
maybe you didn't really do it?

It was all just luck or something?
No, of course not.
You're a god.
Speaking as someone who's not,
it sucks.
It makes you question whether
you were all that good to begin with.
Okay. Good not talking to you.
Again.
So, he just walked right in?
He just walked straight into camp?
It seems he lumbered, actually.
I don't care if he sashayed!
What's the point of having this mystical
protective barrier if any thing can just--
Could you not touch that, please?
That's a very precious Grenache.
I think the point is...
since he did pass right through
the barrier from Thalia's tree...
- Don't say it.
-...It means he's most likely a god-spawn.
Yeah, but the spawn of which god?
I know.
Poseidon.
So, why did Mr. D summon you?
It's not good to get summoned.
I'm sure it's fine.
I'm sure you don't get summoned
to the Big House
without a major-league screw-up.
I didn't screw up.
I cleaned the entire coliseum.
And vacuumed.
Don't let him get into your head, okay?
We have a dead camper walking.
Dead camper walking, here.
Thanks. This is friendship.
I'm just playing,
just trying to have a little fun.
It's all right.
So, it's okay if I get your cabin
when you get kicked out?
Seriously, don't worry. it's just Mr. D.

I mean, if Chiron had summoned you,
then...
You are so massively screwed.
Whatever it is you think I did,
I didn't do it.
You've done nothing, Percy.
Exactly.
As you know,
you are believed to be Poseidon's only heir.
Yeah, so?
So, it would seem that belief
has been held in error.
Hold on.
You're saying Percy has a brother?
Or a sister.
Holy Styx. Another Poseidon half-blood.
Not exactly.
Technically, Tyson is not a half-blood.
Half-bloods are half-human,
hence the name.
I don't get it.
If this new kid is not half-human,
then what other half is he?
Nymph. Sea nymph.
And when you cross a deity with a nymph,
you get...
Don't touch. it's a Gewurztraminer.
Hi.
Hi, Brother.
So, you're the big shot here, right?
You saved the world and stuff.
Yeah. Yeah.
Hey. they put peppers in yours.
Are you gonna eat that?
Go ahead.
Is he messing with me?
I think he's hungry.
No, not him. I meant Poseidon.
Is this supposed to be
some kind of joke?
A half-brother? A Cyclops? Come on.
I think the politically correct term
is "ocularly impaired."
And a half-brother

is better than nothing.
I like having a brother.
Dad was cool to bring me here.
Dad? Dad brought you here?
I was upstate, in the woods.
One day, this trident shows up over
my head, and then it started moving south.
And you followed it.
You followed it here.
It glowed.
Well, somebody has got a new brother.
And I can see he's got his daddy's eyes.
Well...
"Eye."
You should really get him
some sprayable mist.
Anyway, it is kind of interesting timing,
don't you think?
Maybe Poseidon decided he needed
another son to, you know...
represent.
Bull.
Excuse me?
Smells like bull.
We got barrier action.
Hey, Chris, you coming?
No, I'm good.
That is so awesome.
It's chill. The barrier is holding.
A Colchis bull.
Run!
Percy!
Come on!
- We have to find its weak spot.
- Does it have one?
Percy, distract it for me.
I got this.
Bad bull.
Hey, rust bucket!
Damn it, Jackson.
Do you have any idea
how hard Colchis bulls are to come by?
Maybe next time
you try to drown someone...

you'll first make sure he's not
a demigod who can swim.

Luke?

Turns out, you're not the only
half-blood who's hard to kill.

You know, prophecy.

What prophecy?

What are you talking about?

You don't know?

Huh.

Add that to the long list of things
your buddy Chiron hasn't shared with you.

Chiron, Mr. D, all the rest...

they don't care about us.

To them, we're just kids.

A bunch of pawns meant to be
pushed around, told what to do.

I'm not the only half-blood
who thinks so.

Think about it.

What did I miss?

Where's Percy?

Last time I saw him,
he was getting dragged by a Colchis bull.

Hey, you.

How come you aren't barbecued?

Cyclopes are fireproof.

How did the bull get through the barrier?

Oh, my gods.

Poisoned.

Is she... Is the tree dead?

No, but dying.

A condition we're about to become
all too familiar with.

Everybody, we're going to need
a guard detail to patrol the perimeter.

It feels like she's dying all over again.

Who would do this?

Luke poisoned the tree.

Percy!

Yay, you're alive.

Yeah, I'm not the only one.

Luke let the bull in.

Without the tree's barrier...

he probably figures there's enough
demi-Titans out there
to get him what he wants.
And that would be what, exactly?
Our annihilation, Ms. La Rue.
Our annihilation.
How's the antidote coming?
Slowly.
I know this probably isn't the best time...
but there's something I have to ask you.
What is it?
It was something Luke said
about a prophecy...
how I'm mentioned in it.
Do you know anything about this?
Knowledge isn't always power, Percy.
Sometimes, it's a burden.
I know that.
But like you said,
I've been pretty unexceptional lately.
But like you said,
I've been pretty unexceptional lately.
It's got me wondering
if I'm prophecy-worthy.
They say that when the gods
wish to torture us...
they answer our prayers.
Necklace of Harmonia, Hercules' bow,
Golden Apple of Discord.
Three millennia of gods and demigods...
you'd think that someone would have
come up with a cure for Thalia's tree.
Persephone did come up with Miracle-Gro.
Maybe we can try that.
That's it.
Right here.
That is not gonna cure Thalia's tree
so much as get us all killed.
Me, in particular.
It's perfect. it's exactly what we need.
I'm taking this to Mr. D.
No.
I was hoping to spare you this onus
a little while longer, but go inside.

Upstairs, to the attic.
And when you come back down,
we'll talk some more.
Assuming you're still sane, that is.
I am the spirit of Delphi...
speaker of the prophecies
of Phoebus Apollo...
slayer of the mighty Python.
Approach, seeker, and ask.
I heard there was a prophecy about me.
Aye.
But before you learn the future,
know first the past.
Long ago, before our time...
before Olympus and the gods...
Titans ruled the world.
Led by Kronos...
a force so evil,
he devoured his own children.
But three of his sons escaped.
Zeus, Hades and Poseidon.
They destroyed Kronos...
and banished his remains
to the depths of Tartarus.
But Kronos is fated to rise again...
to exact his vengeance on Olympus,
and the world.
Only one half-blood child of the
three eldest gods can defeat him.
This child shall be our salvation...
or the cause of our destruction.
It all begins when two cousins
grapple for a fleece...
the son of the sea
and the lightning thief.
Luke.
And that half-blood
of the eldest gods...
shall reach 20 against all odds.
"And see the world in endless sleep...
"the evil soul,
cursed blade shall reap.
"A single choice shall end his days...
"Olympus to preserve or raze."

And that is "raze" with a
as in "destroy."
I asked.
Is there any chance,
any chance at all...
that I might not be the guy
in the prophecy?
The Oracle references
a half-blood of the eldest gods.
You are the only living half-blood heir
of Zeus, Hades or Poseidon.
The prophecy could refer only to you.
What if I destroy Olympus...
by not being good enough to save it?
That seems to be the question,
doesn't it?
It's absolutely out of the question.
If you could just listen to me
for one moment--
I am listening.
You want to go on a quest.
It must be Thursday.
I'm serious.
I'm absolutely sure that this is gonna work.
It was such a good year.
The Golden Fleece
can heal any living person or thing...
including Thalia's tree.
We heal the tree,
we restore the barrier around camp.
I'm surprised you want to go along
with her on this, Mr. Undershirt.
Underwood.
Whatever.
Every satyr who has ever
gone after the Fleece has died.
Right? I mentioned that to her.
But it's a risk I'm willing to take
for the good of the camp.
Look, the last I heard...
the Golden Fleece
was in the Sea of Monsters...
what the humans call
the Bermuda Triangle.

A place not only a satyr
should be afraid of.
So, the answer is no. No.
I'm sorry, Annabelle.
Annabeth.
Whatever. it's a terrible idea.
I've had a grand idea.
Unless Thalia's tree can be cured...
and the protective barrier
around our camp restored...
then every demigod, centaur,
satyr and nymph...
will be killed within days,
if not sooner.
Hey, you okay?
Don't worry, camp will be okay.
You have to have faith, right?
But fortunately,
I have considered the matter.
And after great study...
I have determined that the only thing
that has the power to save Thalia's tree...
and therefore our home...
is the Golden Fleece of myth...
What?
...whose touch...
...can heal every person
and every thing.
So, a quest, a mission of mercy,
if you will...
into uncharted and deadly waters...
with nothing less at stake
than our own survival.
Now, a satyr is naturally drawn,
as you know, to the power of the Fleece.
And therefore, it must be a satyr
who will guide a half-blood on this quest.
Thanks a lot.
Ichneutae!
Will you guide the champion?
Oh, yeah.
Good. Great! That's great!
Yeah!
As to who that champion might be,

our plight calls for only our finest hero.
The best of us,
the strongest and the bravest.
The scion of the god of war...
Clarissa!
Yes!
Thank you.
Her name, he gets right.
Hey, Clarissa. Clarissa!
What?
Don't worry about always
coming in second, Jackson.
You do get used to it.
I think, right?
Obviously, I wouldn't know.
Listen, Luke is still out there.
He's involved with the Fleece somehow...
and I've got a feeling
that he's not done yet.
Really?
Because I've got a feeling
that I don't really care.
Gosh, don't look so wounded.
Listen, there are generals,
and there are foot soldiers.
And you should feel lucky that you even
made it into the army at all.
Just try not to screw up anything
too badly while I'm gone. Okay?
Let's go.
Let's go.
"Cursed blade shall reap."
"Cursed blade shall reap."
What good is a prophecy
if you can't even understand it?
I guess you don't have
any answers either, Dad.
This was your sword.
This is a bad idea.
You don't even know
what I was gonna say.
You were going to say that you're
going after the Fleece to save the camp.
Actually, he was gonna say "we" were.

Look, I get what you're doing here.
You're worried about
the one-quest wonder thing...
and you want to make your bones.
But Ichnetae and Clarisse
are already going after the Fleece...
and it's not cool to bogart
on someone else's quest.
I think this is my quest, too.
The Oracle says
he wrestles Luke for the Fleece.
"Grapples." But she also said...
that I'm destined to destroy Olympus,
or save it.
Saving is better, obviously.
Yeah.
Let me pack a bag and make sure
my health insurance is paid up.
How are we gonna get past them?
I think they're looking
for threats trying to come in...
not people trying to sneak out...
so, I think we're cool
as long as we stay quiet.
Sorry!
We're...
We're guarding, too.
You left without me.
Tyson, where we're going,
it's very dangerous.
I know. I'm not stupid.
No, just dumb.
I want to help.
You'd do it for me.
I appreciate that...
but I don't think you understand
exactly how dangerous this is going to be.
I do.
The Fleece is guarded by Polyphemus.
Who?
Polyphemus.
Closest thing Cyclopes
have got to someone famous.
Captured Odysseus. Lives in Circeland.

Wait, Circeland?
Built on his island.
Long story.
Point is, maybe I can talk to him.
You know, Cyclops to Cyclops.
No, you can't,
because I'm not going with a Cyclops.
Then we got a problem,
because I'm not going without one.
This Polyphemus is probably what killed
every satyr that's gone near the Fleece.
You want me to lead you to a Cyclops?
Fine.
But I'm bringing along one of my own,
for protection.
No way.
No.
What do you think's
gonna attract more attention...
all the noise or the one eye?
Just give the guy a break, okay?
Okay, fine.
Keep it down.
This is crazy hard to come by...
and I only brought it along
in case of an emergency...
which I guess this is an emergency,
so... here.
Mist?
It makes the mystical look normal.
"Side effects may include handsomeness,
headache, self-esteem
and low self-esteem."
And just know
that if the camp wasn't in danger...
I wouldn't be wasting this on you.
Wasting what?
It's not gonna last forever.
You're gonna have to reapply it.
Extreme makeover alert.
How do I look?
A bit like Dad, actually.
He's still a Cyclops.
Grover, where are we going?

What does your nose say?
Somewhere off the coast of Florida.
South.
Over here.
Annie! Hey!
It's the Chariot of Damnation.
Looks like a New York City cab.
Same difference.
No dollars, no credit cards.
Drachmas only.
Exact... Change... Please.
Chop, chop! Get in the cab.
We just had this cab sanitized
for your protection.
It wasn't this year, though.
Excuse me,
we're trying to get to Florida.
Our kind of fare. Pricey.
Hey, there.
This is Ganymede, cupbearer to Zeus.
And when I'm out buying wine
for the lord of the skies...
I always remember to buckle up.
Maybe we should have flown commercial.
Look out!
Calm down.
If we didn't know what we were doing...
We wouldn't be licensed.
They don't have eyes.
Yeah.
- I know, awful picture.
- Bad hair day.
We do so have an eye.
It's around here somewhere.
The last time I saw it, you put it
in the glove compartment, Anger.
Don't use that tone with my name.
It's not there this time.
Wasp always puts it with the keys.
- And it's 20,120.
-So is mine!
Shouldn't the driver get the eye?
She'll be fine.
Tempest, split!

Percy!

We paid extra for that option.

The kid is right.

The driver should have the eyeball.

He's a freaking genius!

You're the one that put it in the visor.

While it's on the table,

I haven't had a turn in quite some time.

Oh, no, you didn't!

Yes, I did.

Hands on the wheel at least, okay?

- We're all gonna die!

- Pipe down.

Didn't that prophecy say

you're gonna make it till at least 20?

You know about the prophecy?

- Sure.

- The Oracle is a friend.

- We're besties.

- B-F-F!

EVE! Eye! Eye!

Gross! Get it off me!

What do you know about the prophecy?

No!

Okay, okay.

30. 31, 75,12.

What?

Percy, you got your answer!

All I got were numbers.

- Yes.

- You'll know...

When it matters.

I think we're a little short on drachmas.

What?

What do you... think we're...

running here?

A charity?

- Get your cheap butts...

- Out!

- Get your cheap butts...

- Out!

That was...

I know.

Awesome! Can we go again?

We're definitely not in Florida.
I think we're in Olympus.
Hail to you, great Zeus!
Forgive our trespass on Olympus.
We're seeking transport to Florida.
Zeus?
Zeus?
Zeus?
Whoa, stop it, stop it, stop it!
This isn't Olympus, okay?
This is the Capitol building.
We're in Washington, D.C. Okay?
It looks like Olympus.
Right down to the dudes with power
who only care about themselves.
We need to find a bus station.
First we need to get some money.
Hey, there,
valued half-blood account holder!
Sign up for our new Aphrodite Express
credit card, and you can--
Can I get four
venti half-caf no-whip lattes?
And an extra shot of nectar.
Nectar?
If you haven't had,
then you haven't lived, buddy.
Hecatonshire.
Hey.
I see you got your hands full.
Room for cream?
Nectar. Double shot.
I've lived.
This might be the most fun
I've ever had.
Ever.
Yeah, anything's gotta be better
than living in the woods, right?
Living in the woods would have been fine
if you were there.
Everything's better with a brother.
You know, technically,
we don't have the same mom.
So we're still brothers!

I know! How cool is that?
Arctic.
It's too sweet, don't you think?
No, nectar's never too sweet.
Get off me!
- Get off me!
- Grover!
Percy!
- Damn!
- Was that Chris Rodriguez?
How did they do that?
Back at camp, Luke said that
there were other half-bloods who turned.
What do you mean, "turned"?
To his side.
Luke has Grover.
The Oracle was right.
Luke is going after the Fleece.
That's why he needs a satyr.
But what does Luke want
with the Fleece anyway?
I don't know.
But if we're gonna get Grover back,
we need to find Luke.
But we don't know where he is.
I know someone who does. Come on.
What, are we shipping ourselves
overnight express to the Sea of Monsters?
You want to find Luke?
His dad will know where he is.
Olympic Parcel Service. Come on.
Like it? He'll love it.
Yes, Hephaestus does do quality work.
Everyone else these days, hacks.
Excuse me, we're looking for Hermes.
I'm sorry to be the god of obviousness,
but I'm with a customer.
You want an overnight shipment to Hades,
that will be 250 drachmas.
Perfect. Thank you, sweetness.
I will take care of that for you,
and I'll see you next week.
Now, you.
You are here about Hermes?

His son, actually.
It's kind of important.
Yeah, I could tell the way you burst in here,
all rude-like.
His son's name is Luke Castellan.
What has that wayward boy of mine
gotten himself into now?
Wait, you're...
Hermes.
Little insulted
you didn't recognize me.
My feelings might have even been hurt
if I wasn't such a self-confident individual.
I don't know if you noticed,
but I'm killing these shorts.
Sir, we're looking for Luke...
because he attacked Camp Half-Blood
and kidnapped our friend.
And we really need your help,
and we don't have a lot of time.
That's really cute,
how you finish each other's sentences.
Follow.
You like this tie? I just bought it.
Herms, of course.
Check it out.
State-of-the-art sorting,
processing and packaging facility.
If you can box it, we can ship it
at the speed of...
Well, me.
We have plans to expand next year.
We're finding we have some space issues.
So picture this, only bigger.
Don't touch that.
We're the fastest-growing
Olympian industry.
It took a while to get up and running,
but Rome wasn't built in a day.
Trust me, I was there.
Excuse me, sir,
we're in a bit of a hurry.
Relax, my friend. Take it slow.
Come on! Give me a break!

Easy for you to say, Your Eminence.
Actually, Martha, it's not easy for him.
He's the god of freaking speed.
Except he's not the one whose butt
is stuck to a big silver stick forever!
Hey, guys, what did I say?
When we meet new people,
protract your S's. it's more dramatic.
Makes an impression.
I'm personally insulted.
Snakes don't talk like that.
It is a stereotype and it's offensive.
Bad enough some of our relatives
are hanging out with Medusa...
turning people to stone.
All right.
I love your hair.
I wish my hair would do that.
Yeah, that will happen.
Why don't you guys
make yourselves useful?
Demi-Google Luke for me.
These kids are looking for him.
- Why?
- Do they have a death wish?
It doesn't matter. Just...
Didn't even say "please."
Told you! We should have taken
that job with Hercules.
They're an acquired taste.
Luke. I don't know what to do about him.
I've tried reaching out, but the kid's angry.
He's resentful.
And he holds a grudge
like nobody's business.
Just like his mother,
come to think of it.
Yeah, he's not my biggest fan either.
If you're gonna cross paths or,
Zeus forbid, swords with him...
it wouldn't be the worst thing in the world
to have a thing or two to help you out.
Collector's item, mint condition.
From Hercules Busts Heads, Season One.

Hercules Busts Heads?
Best TV show ever.
So, of course, cancelled.
Got this off Deity-Bay.
You twist the cap off this, you release the
winds from the four corners of the Earth.
Now, you tell me that isn't cool.
Whoa! No, not in here!
Not in here.
By the gods, George was right.
You do have a death wish.
Now, you're also...
You're also gonna want one of these.
Thanks.
Mythical box sealer?
You wound me. Truly, I am wounded.
I hold in my hands a Matter Eliminator.
Trademark pending.
Anything you outline with this...
Not in here.
...will disappear.
Gone. Instant hole.
"Demi-Google Luke," he said.
Except, how am I supposed to
type without fingers?
You were supposed to use the mouse!
I'm a snake. I eat mice.
All right, thank you.
Have you found Luke?
Did he just say "thank you"?
I'm sure it was just a lapse.
Luke's on a yacht called the Andromeda.
It's passing by Chesapeake Beach
as we speak.
Thank you.
You're so welcome.
There, you happy?
Hush.
Thank you very much.
Hey, listen...
If you see Luke...
please explain to him for me...
that parents,
we make mistakes sometimes.

He has every right to be angry at me.
Just, please tell him
not to be angry with the world.
I'm not sure if there's anything
that I can say that will change him.
Tl"!-
If it's one thing I've learned
in 3000 years...
it's you can't give up on family.
Thanks again.
He'll never make it.
That's lunch!
That's it. That's Luke's yacht.
What do we do? Swim?
But it's water.
Dad will help.
Hey, Dad.
We're trying to save Camp Half-Blood
and rescue a satyr named Grover.
And we could really use your help
getting to that ship out there.
Poseidon?
Dad?
It was a nice try, big guy...
but don't be upset when he doesn't...
...answer.
It's a hippocampus.
Hi, girl.
Boy-
Come here.
Sometimes, you just gotta ask.
All I've been doing is asking.
Are you coming?
Yeah.
Are you ready?
Yeah.
Giddy up!
Back up!
Back up.
Thank you, friend.
Tyson.
Come on, buddy. We gotta go.
You want some sugar?
- Have you seen it?

- No, man.
Did he show it to you?
Wait until you see it.
It took him long enough to find it.
That's Chris Rodriguez, Ethan Nakamura,
and Shana Beauregard.
Luke's been recruiting.
This is a nice boat.
How are we gonna find Grover?
Luke is probably keeping him
below deck somewhere.
Like, in a brig.
I don't think yachts have brigs, Percy.
Follow me.
Be careful, you guys.
He said keep your distance.
How much longer are we gonna
be on this boat, anyway?
Doesn't matter, just watch it.
It's so time to go.
Hey. Percy. Percy!
Tyson, do you have to
make so much noise?
Sorry!
Chris?
Hey.
What have you done with Grover?
Grover?
Grover's the least of your worries.
Guess who's here.
What a surprise.
If it isn't my two favorite cousins.
Three.
I'm a son of Poseidon, too.
That's funny, because Poseidon
doesn't have any other half-blood sons.
I'm a Cyclops.
Mist.
You don't say.
It's been a long time.
You look good.
Where's Grover?
Grover, Grover.
Grover, yes.

Right, the satyr.
He should be in the Sea of Monsters
right about now.
I sent him on ahead with some friends.
We're kind of on the clock.
Wait, you're not...
You're not just trying to stop us
from getting the Fleece.
I need it, too.
I got something
only the Fleece can revive.
And it's not a tree.
Wanna see it?
It wasn't easy to find.
I had to crawl through
the depths of Tartarus itself.
And then Cleveland.
The remains of Kronos.
The original Titan,
father to the Olympians.
And with the Fleece's help,
destroyer of Olympus.
And the world.
You'd destroy the whole world
just to get back at your dad?
The Olympians overthrew their parents.
It's just our turn.
We met your father.
He said that he knows
that he made mistakes.
He told us to tell you
to not be so angry.
Really?
And he couldn't even tell me himself.
Does that sound familiar?
Take them to the brig.
Let's go. Come on.
Thalia was your friend!
She sacrificed herself for you.
You're gonna lecture me about Thalia
when you're hanging around with him?
You disappoint me the most.
I told you he had a brig.
How can you trust him?

He was probably making all that noise
on purpose.
He wanted Luke to catch us.
What do you have against Tyson anyway?
He's a Cyclops.
I think the politically correct term
is "ocularly impaired."
Who cares?
They're vicious and they're dangerous.
Yeah, vicious.
We have to get out of here.
How?
Just hang on to something.
All right, here we go.
Come on, come on, come on!
What's going on?
Percy's trying to kill us.
I think it's working.
You got it?
Piece of cake.
I think I'm gonna vomit.
Yep.
So, how does this work?
I don't know.
It's my first mythical tape gun.
Just like Hermes said...
"instant hole."
Go to the lifeboat.
Kill the engines.
That was for Grover.
Grab him!
We got him!
What are you doing?
Don't walk on my roof.
Join me, Percy.
It's what you were meant to do.
You can't escape that prophecy.
Let's show both of our fathers.
It's tempting.
That's genius. Really.
But I think I'll pass.
Not this again.
Go!
- Are you staying?

- I'll be right behind you.
May as well.
Jackson, enough.
You're on the losing side.
Not from where I stand.
Smart.
Goddess of wisdom's daughter, remember?
I remember.
Our allies and the satyr still have
a head start on the Fleece.
We will resurrect you, Lord Kronos.
You will know vengeance.
And the Olympians who scorned us
will know death.
Maybe you should reapply.
It wore off?
Yeah.
Come on.
Oh, no.
Hey.
Do you want to steer for a while?
Thank you.
Nobody's ever trusted me
with anything before.
Is that because of
your lack of depth perception?
Is it because they're scared of you?
I was in the mountains one day...
and some campers,
Boy Scouts, showed up.
And when they saw me, they screamed.
They ran.
And I'm pretty sure I smiled.
People look at me,
and they see a monster.
Sometimes, I think maybe they're right.
You're not a monster.
Don't be so hard on yourself.
Easy for you to say.
What do you mean?
You never doubt yourself
or think you're less than you are.
Thank you, brother.
Come here. Open it slowly.

Slowly.
Hey, just take it slow. Slow, okay?
I wouldn't have trusted him
with a normal thermos.
He seems okay.
I really don't get
what your problem with him is.
Because you don't know
what I know about them.
Thalia!
A Cyclops killed her.
His kind killed Thalia.
I'm sorry.
I never knew.
Well, it's not something
I like talking about.
And anyway, it was a long time ago.
What is that?
It's the Sea of Monsters.
Why are we stopping?
I should have used two hands.
You think?
Are you mad at me?
No, not at you.
Tell me those aren't sharks.
Those aren't sharks.
Paddle! Paddle!
Yeah, sharks would be better.
It's Charybdis.
Charyb-... What?
She guards the Sea of Monsters.
Percy!
It's not working!
The Sea of Monsters
might not be in Poseidon's domain.
Hold on!
Where are we?
Smells like the stomach.
Watch your step.
What is this stuff?
I don't think you want to know.
This has to be the worst way to die, ever.
Yeah, everything that disappears
in the Bermuda Triangle...

this is where they end up.
Come on!
That sounded like Clarissa.
No, it couldn't be her.
You ridiculously stupid morons.
- No, it's her.
-It's her.
You idiot!
Better keep my electric grid up
and running, or I'll plug your head into it!
Clarissa! Hey!
Jackson? What are you doing here?
We got swallowed up, just like you.
Nice ship.
My dad's got tons of this stuff
left over from wars throughout history.
It was either this or a Huey from Vietnam.
I figured a boat would be more practical.
What's going on?
Pretty much exactly what you think
goes on inside of a stomach.
You're right.
That really is the worst way to die.
Reardon!
What in Hades is going on with my engine?
Is it ready yet?
Almost, ma'am. They're working on it.
Wait, your crew is zombies?
They prefer "dead Confederate sailors
whose lives have been given
in tribute to Ares."
But "zombies" is fine.
Reardon! Gun! Faster! Now!
Gun is hot, Cap'n. Locked and loaded.
Aim it at that meat grinder.
Wait, wait.
You want to shoot that thing with this?
Do you have a better idea?
Because now would be the time.
Hey, Clarissa.
What?
Can you steer the ship?
No. I just finished driver's ed.
Yes, of course, I can steer a ship.

Well...

why don't we give her a stomach ache?

We'll escape through the gut.

It just might work
if it doesn't kill us first.

You steer, I'll shoot.

All hands below deck!

Good luck, Percy.

All hands below deck.

This is not a drill!

Come on, boys. Get in there.

This is still my quest.

Do not screw this up for me, Jackson.

You should watch what you eat.

Go!

No kidding, genius.

I hope this works.

- Just don't forget.

- Forget what?

This is all your idea.

Come on, come on.

- We did it!

- I did it!

Listen up. Full power to the screws.

Hey. are you guys all right?

That was amazing.

You have to have faith, right?

And a cannon. We'll find Grover.

Where is lchneutae?

Now you miss lchneutae?

We ran into Scylla,
that multi-headed Hydra thing.

He said, "I got this."

Famous last words.

We've restored full power, Cap'n.

- Heading?

- Northwest.

Are you sure about that?

Yes, I'm sure about that.

Why, do you have a problem?

Yeah, you got a problem?

I think your Confederate warship
is heading to West Palm Beach, Florida.

What is it?

I know this sounds insane,
but it's kind of like my dyslexia.
But instead of being able to read Greek,
I can see map lines.
30. 31, 75,12.
Wait, that's the numbers from the--
From the crazy, eyeless taxi drivers.
They're coordinates.
Waterboy figured it out.
And he called you crazy.
Actually, he called you crazy.
Hey, eye on the road.
30, 31 degrees north...
75,12 degrees west.
That's where
Polyphemus and the Fleece are.
Change course. Southwest.
AVE. aye.
Sorry.
Land ho!
Polyphemus lives in an amusement park?
No, he lives on an island.
But the goddess Circe thought building
an amusement park on top of it
was a good idea.
It really wasn't.
What happened?
Opening day...
long lines of savory half-bloods
and one hungry Cyclops.
Bad for business.
I'll just turn us right around then.
Find us a place to dock.
I was afraid she was gonna say that.
I guess the Cyclops
was bad for business.
Who knew?
We don't have time
to search this whole place.
I don't think we have to.
"Plummet of Death"?
That's subtle.
It looks like something
really big went through there.

I don't know.
It doesn't really scream "Cyclops" to me.
At least there's no line.
Sweet ride.
Might need a push.
Here we go.
Tyson? Let go of my hand.
Sorry.
It's a small world after all
It's a small world after all
Could you two just shut up?
Hold on!
Is everybody okay?
I thought that would be more fun.
I think I get what Grover
was so worried about.
This must be the boulder
Polyphemus used to trap Odysseus...
when he was returning
from the Trojan War.
Yeah, that's right. I know stuff.
Grover!
Enough!
I can't take this anymore.
It's been two days!
Calm your temper!
Calm your temper!
I haven't had a decent meal
since those half-bloods you brought!
And this stupid fleece
is supposed to lure satyrs!
Do you see any satyrs around here?
This hunger is making my eyesight worse.
I could just eat you.
If you weren't a Cyclops.
Grover!
Grover!
- Hey!
- Come here!
Percy?
Hey!
Why are you wearing a dress?
I'm having a really bad day!
Hey, hey, hey!

Do not let that go viral!
Sorry, there's no way the other kids
would believe me otherwise.
This is a disguise.
The guy's half-blind.
He thinks I'm a Cyclops chambermaid.
I'm showing mad survival skills, here.
And not a small amount of leg.
Funny.
I was trying to stay uneaten long enough to
figure out how to get the Fleece off of him.
So, did you?
Do you think I'd still be
dressed like this if I did?
It's a good look.
Thanks, Tyson.
Clopsies, how about I cook you
something to drink...
to calm your nerves?
I don't know what to do anymore.
Go! Go!
This fleece used to lure satyrs
every day.
Now things are so bad,
I even had to eat my own sheep.
The whole flock!
They were tender, though.
Drop me, and I promise
you'll never hear the end of it.
Do you smell something?
Smells like half-bloods!
Half-bloods!
- Get up, quick!
- I was right!
You stay right there!
Woman, get a fire going!
That's not good!
On second thought...
I'll just eat you raw!
Hey!
Hiya!
My name's Tyson. How are you?
These guys are my friends...
so I was hoping, maybe, we could talk.

You know, Cyclops to Cyclops.
You pissant with one eye!
Hey! Not nice!
You're no Cyclops!
You're a traitor to your kind!
To be honest...
Huh? What?
He's my kind.
You disgust me.
Going somewhere?
I think you've got something of mine.
Annabeth!
Clarissa!
Get back here, you punk!
Yo, Clopsies!
'Quit!
Wait, you're a dude?
Well, that explains a lot.
-say goodbye.
.Okay. Goodbye!
You deceitful little brats!
I'll tear off your flesh!
Come on! Go, go!
Give me that fleece!
You're dead!
I'm gonna kill all of you!
Do you hear me?
Get back here!
We rocked that quest.
Yeah, we totally did.
I didn't know you guys had it in you!
Yes.
Well done.
It's nice work. I really appreciate it.
I'll take that.
I don't think so.
Suit yourself.
You'd do it for me.
No!
Just remember...
it didn't have to end this way.
This one's on you.
Down, boy!
You should consider yourselves lucky.

This has been millennia in the making.
And you all get to see it.
You used to be one of us!
And then I woke up.
Percy, if Kronos comes back, that's it.
Game over.
Percy.
I never called him "brother."
All he ever wanted was a brother...
but I was too wrapped up in myself.
And now Luke has the Fleece...
because I gave it to him.
I destroy Olympus,
just like the Oracle said.
Forget the Oracle.
You're worried about your destiny?
Then write a new one.
You're angry at Poseidon for ignoring you?
Then show him why he shouldn't.
You're upset about Tyson?
Then make sure
he didn't die for nothing.
She's right.
What?
There's no way
you're getting me to repeat that.
What Annabeth is saying, Perce...
is that we're with you.
Just give the word.
Why me?
I mean, who voted me leader?
Lord Kronos,
he who was betrayed by his sons...
hear now the words
of one betrayed by his father.
I bid you... rise.
Grover!
Hands.
Try not to cut them off.
I'm pretty attached to them.
I have to get to the Fleece.
So, what are we supposed to do?
Right.
I know you can breathe under water,

Jackson.
But can you breathe like this?
Hi, Brother!
What the--?
The water.
It healed me.
Son of Poseidon.
Thank you...
Brother.
He rises.
Master!
I brought you back!
My Lord!
It's Luke!
Luke Castellan!
Your great-grandson!
My favorite.
Grover!
It's the cursed blade!
"...cursed blade shall reap."
You want to know
who gave me this sword?
The god that killed you with it
in the first place!
My father.
Percy Jackson...
your destiny was written long ago.
No!
I make my own destiny.
Half-blood!
Just in time for dinner.
Thanks, Dad.
Percy.
Annabeth!
Grover!
Annabeth!
No, no!
At least I'll be with Thalia in Elysium.
Come here. Give me the Fleece!
Come on! Come on.
Come on.
We make our own destinies, right?
So show me.
I have faith in you.

No, no. Come on, show me.
Show me.
Come on.
Annie.
What happened?
Don't worry about it.
If anyone else wants to die tonight...
at least we have this.
Hey. You're alive.
Yeah.
What you did for Percy...
that was not so vicious and dangerous.
Thanks.
No.
Thank you.
You know what, Tyson?
I know a lot of campers with two eyes
who couldn't do what you did.
- Hey, Clarissa.
- What?
Come on, big guy.
We get back to camp, the nectar's on me.
Have you met the nymphs?
This was your quest.
I couldn't have done it without you.
I think you should
be the one who gets to...
...do the honors.
Here you go, Thalia.
Clarissa! Clarissa! Clarissa!
Nectar?
If you haven't had...
...you haven't lived.
You know what?
You don't need these anymore.
There, that's better.
You seem happy.
I'm just relieved to have that whole
prophecy thing off my shoulders.
I'm not altogether sure it is, Percy.
You've done wonderfully, but you are
still the only living human child...
of Poseidon, Hades, or Zeus.
Besides...

it's quite possible
the Oracle wasn't referring
to what would unfold
on Polyphemus' island.
I'm just saying, a lot can happen
between now and your 20th birthday.
That's not really what I meant.
What I meant was
finding out you have a destiny...
is a lot like finding out you have
a half-brother who's a Cyclops.
It might not be as bad as you think.
Percy! Percy!
Percy!
Annabeth was guarding the tree
last night...
and something happened.
Percy.
- The Fleece!
- What happened?
It was even more powerful
than we thought.
Come on, help her.
Who are you?
Percy.
Everything's all right, it's okay.
I had the strangest dream.
Yeah?
Like I was dying.
What's your name?
I'm Thalia, daughter of Zeus.
Another living child of the eldest gods.
Maybe it wasn't me.
Maybe the Oracle meant Thalia all along.
Could she be our salvation?
Or the cause of our destruction?