

# Into the Atwoodverse II: Crypto Chrismukkah or A Cohen Darkly

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the poolhouse...

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*This spec script is not fanfiction. It is a metafictional swan song, equal parts cultural satire and narrative recursion, aimed with the same ambition as Gravity’s Rainbow or Infinite Jest. While it knowingly deploys copyrighted characters as*

*narrative infrastructure, it does so under the auspices of parody and transformative art. Its author asserts this with conviction, and with absolutely no legal precedent whatsoever.*

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## Specs

- **Format:** Feature Film
- **Genre:** Sci-Fi Comedy / Holiday Satire / Prestige IP Deconstruction
- **Tone:** The OC meets Everything Everywhere All At Once meets Dr. Strangelove
- **Target:** A24, Max, Netflix, or Searchlight. Mid-budget prestige with viral potential.

## Logline

It's 2025. Seth and Summer Cohen are rich, childless, and creatively stagnant; until Ryan Atwood shows up at their Newport Beach home with a quantum emergency. Moments later, he's shot dead on the doorstep. Now, to stop a crypto-obsessed incel version of Seth from collapsing the multiverse (and possibly becoming President), Seth and Summer must travel across dimensions, engage a holographic AI Sandy Cohen, and team up with five alternate-universe Ryans... in time to save Chrismukkah or as Bizarro Seth has taken to calling it, "Liberation Day."

## The Hook

The OC emerged in a post-9/11 media landscape hungry for safety, sex appeal, and structure; a return to the comforting melodrama of the prime-time soap, reimagined through California wealth and pop-punk sentimentality. It promised a world that felt manageable, warm, and legibly dramatic.

In 2025, audiences are haunted by a new kind of nostalgia: one driven not by innocence lost, but by narrative overload. Content now exists in recursive loops, spun out into multiverses, variants, and branded realities that cannibalize their own sincerity. Into the Atwoodverse II weaponizes that collapse.

By reanimating a beloved property only to confront its own callow primetime integrity, this project satirizes the financialization of storytelling, the cult of IP, and the crypto-masquerade of meaning. It's a Chrismukkah miracle delivered through the language of collapse—timely, ridiculous, and emotionally sincere despite itself.

# Tone and Genre

**Genre:** Metafictional sci-fi comedy with elements of speculative satire, character drama, and narrative deconstruction. Designed for feature-length cinematic release, not episodic format.

**Tone:** This project is absurd, yes, but it's not unserious. The tone is dry, emotionally grounded, and darkly comic. It resists the easy punchline in favor of long-haul narrative payoff, weaving sharp commentary on digital finance, aging millennial disillusionment, and the monetization of nostalgia into a highly structured, reality-warping adventure.

Despite its use of multiverse mechanics, the story is not structurally chaotic. It adheres to a classical arc while using postmodern elements: AI fathers, variant selves, collapsing timelines... all to expose the emotional fragility of legacy characters and the ecosystems that commodified them.

## The Premise

Seth and Summer Cohen are living their best upper-middle-class DINK (Double Income No Kids) life in Newport Beach. Their indie game imprint Newport Knights; a moody, cel-shaded, superhero adaptation of *The OC*; is a massive cult hit. They have a Yacht (Summer Breeze IV), a sauna, and a biannual time share in the West Village.

Life is good. Maybe too good.

Then, a knock at the door.

“Ryan Atwood, as I live and breathe.”

“Seth. Come with me if you want to live.”

“Very funny, very Terminator of you. I think, however, what might be more apropos...”

Seconds later, Ryan is shot dead by a shadowy figure: Zach Stevens, Summer's long-forgotten ex and Seth's comic-con nemesis. The last time we saw him, he was heartbroken. That heartbreak curdled into resentment... and then quantum physics.

Zach had made Seth Cohen his obsession. His white whale. His reason to get up in the morning. If Seth was the Batman, Zach cast himself as the Joker. His hatred gave him meaning, and it made him excel. Over decades, Zach racked up accolades at CERN and ATIP. He discovered exotic particles. Bent spacetime. Became something close to a god.

And yet, none of it filled the hole. His rosebud was Summer Roberts. And she was never his. Why? Because of one stupid, self-absorbed, insufferable brat: Seth

MFing Cohen.

Zach was brilliant. But he wasn't creative. It's the one thing he wanted most. He tried over and over again. But the George Lucas publishing thing? A lie. Every project flopped. The culture industry didn't want him, so he decided to destroy it, and build a new one from reality itself. He would make the world his medium, and his twisted fantasies the brush.

But Zach knew something stood in his way: Ryan Atwood. Seth's moral compass. His oldest friend. His flaw.

So Zach did what any emotionally stunted genius would do: He created a Seth that even Ryan would despise.

He traveled to Universe 314, home of Conan Smithsonian Sneed AKA Bizarro Seth. A hyper-libertarian, incel-coded crypto ideologue modeled loosely after Sam Bankman-Fried and an old Angelfire blog called "Seth Cohen Is Not Funny."

To let Conan infiltrate this world undetected, Zach needed to remove obstacles, so he staged a spectacle. A Ryan shows up, says the line, gets shot. It looks clean. Final. But there's one problem.

That wasn't our Ryan.

That was a Ryan. A decoy from another timeline. The real Ryan Atwood is locked in Zach Prime's basement, strapped to a neuro-modulation chair, his will slowly dissolved by a drip-feed of libertarian podcasts, synthetic ketamine, and TikTok psycholinguistics. He's being programmed—Borg-style—into the final form: a hypermasculine crypto bro himself.

Meanwhile, Summer is arrested for double murder. The police believe she shot Ryan and Zach in cold blood. Zach is presumed dead. Conan is presumed Seth. And Seth is utterly alone.

Well, almost. His only companion: a DeepSeek-based language model - an AI-hologram hybrid of his dead father with the body of a minotaur, lovingly dubbed Papa Oats.

Meanwhile, Conan's influence grows through BAITDAO, a crypto-governance cult named after The Bait Shop, the beloved indie concert venue from early-2000s Newport. It promises a future where only nostalgia token-holders get a vote. It's a decentralized death cult for the emotionally overinvested.

With Papa Oats' guidance, and a quantum computing startup formed by scientists Zach had humiliated years ago, Seth dives into the Atwoodverse, hoping to assemble a team of Ryans from parallel timelines to fight back. Ryans who punch, Ryans who code, Ryans who cry, Ryans who remember.

Together, they must confront Conan and his fanatical army of neurodivergent, hypermasculine tech bros, each of whom look alarmingly like fan-favorite, Luke Ward.

Can Seth and the Ryans rescue Summer from a newly reopened Guantanamo? Can they reach the real Ryan before he's fully assimilated into Conan's worldview? Can they dismantle BAITDAO before it tokenizes democracy and turns millennial nostalgia into state policy? And can they stop Conan Smithsonian Sneed from becoming President under the newly ratified, and somehow even worse, Citizens Ultra United?

That's the premise of this damn movie.

## Characters

**Seth Cohen** Former comic book nerd, now Newport media mogul. Now in his 40s, Seth co-leads the Newport Knights video game empire with his wife Summer. While he enjoys the trappings of success (a yacht, a sauna, quarterly NYC getaways), he's still awkward, ironic, and emotionally avoidant. He becomes the reluctant protagonist when his doppelgänger (Bizarro Seth) emerges to destroy reality with alt-libertarian crypto logic. This journey forces Seth to confront not just his worst self, but the emotional collateral of being everyone's comic relief. He is armed with sarcasm, guilt, and one holographic centaur dad.

**Summer Roberts** The muscle. The heart. The wildcard with a gun. Summer has evolved from high school princess to power-executive gamer queen. She's fiercely loyal, emotionally intelligent, and still extremely capable of killing someone who threatens her brunch plans. She's falsely arrested for the murder of Zach and (allegedly) Ryan, triggering the film's quest. If this were Star Wars, she'd be Han and Leia.

**Ryan Atwood** Our missing hero. Somewhere between Keynes and Jason Bourne. Publicly presumed dead, Ryan is actually being held in Zach's underground lair and reprogrammed into a crypto-bro sleeper agent. In this timeline, he became an economist: an analytical, emotionally armored foil to Seth's chaotic neurosis. The film becomes a meta-rescue mission to retrieve him... before his transformation is complete.

**Papa Oats** Holographic Sandy Cohen, reborn as a centaur with LLM integration. Equal parts therapist, conscience, and dad-joke generator, Papa Oats is a DeepSeek-based AI modeled after Sandy Cohen, with a centaur's physique and the voice of Peter Gallagher. He serves as guide, oracle, and narrative glue. Imagine a Jewish Gandalf crossed with a cybersecurity-themed carnival ride.

**Zach Stevens** The villain. The incel god of quantum vengeance. Summer's ex and Seth's old comic-con nemesis. Brilliant but pathologically overlooked, Zach transforms himself into a quantum physicist after years of creative rejection. Fueled by resentment, he weaponizes multiverse theory to rewrite his own narrative and unmake Seth's. Think: if Lex Luthor and Neil deGrasse Tyson had a baby who read Reddit AmITheAsshole threads for spiritual guidance.

**Conan Smithsonian Sneed** (aka Bizarro Seth) - The worst possible version of Seth Cohen. Pulled from Universe 314, Conan is a sexually frustrated, hyper-rational crypto ideologue built from resentment and Reddit. He's determined to hijack reality through a memetic governance protocol disguised as a nostalgia vehicle. His platform? BAITDAO — a decentralized autonomous organization named after The Bait Shop, the mid-2000s music venue that once defined cool for Orange County teens.

By branding his movement in the image of a sacred millennial memory, Conan erodes trust, monetizes sentimentality, and packages dystopia in the language of indie rock and flannel. His ultimate goal: total ideological control via tokenized identity markets and cross-timeline voter disenfranchisement.

**Luke Ward Army** 10,000 hypermasculine tech bros who all look like Luke Ward from The OC. Engineered by Zach as foot soldiers for Conan's rise, these identical Luke variants are gym-built, emotionally stunted, fascist-adjacent avatars of the Newport Id. They power Conan's campaign, maintain crypto mining colonies, and chant "Welcome to the DAO, bitch" at rallies.

## The Ryans

Multiversal variants of Ryan Atwood—each one broken, bruised, and inexplicably hot in their own sad, terrifying way.

These aren't just side characters. They're Seth's last hope. A ragtag assemblage of alternate Atwoods, each representing a different fork in the road, a different failure, a different fight. Together, they form a reluctant strike team to stop Conan Smithsonian Sneed before reality is lost.

- **Priest Ryan** A man of the cloth. Stoic. Conflicted. Wields the power of God but struggles with the flesh. Nuns across the multiverse have abandoned their vows for one night with Atwood. He never talks about it. He just prays harder.
- **Ryan Noir** Trenchcoat. Cigarettes. Voice like gravel. Basically Jim Gordon from Gotham, if Jim Gordon had unresolved issues, a switchblade, and no respect for Miranda rights. He punches first, asks questions while punching.
- **Pro Wrestler Ryan** Shaved head. Fu Manchu mustache. Hot pink spandex. Calls everyone "cousin." Most of his lines are screamed. Surprisingly effective at stealth operations.
- **Mutant Ryan** Regular Ryan, but with webbed hands. No powers, just sadness. Constantly mourning Marissa. Keeps her locket on a chain. Has never smiled. May be the moral center of the whole movie.
- **Ryan J. Atwood** The soft-body timeline. Slightly tubby. Sweats under pressure. Still has the heart of a lion, but now it's surrounded by the body of a man who's discovered croissants and Air Conditioning. His redemption arc will wreck you.

Each Ryan is essential. Some fight. Some strategize. Some just remind Seth why

Ryan mattered in the first place.

## **Structure**

### **Act I: DINKs Interrupted**

Seth and Summer Cohen are thriving—creatively successful, child-free, and comfortably distant from their teen soap origins. Their hit video game Newport Knights has rebranded their past into art. But a sudden visit from Ryan Atwood—and his immediate murder by Zach Stevens—shatters the illusion. Summer is arrested. Seth is left with only Papa Oats and the lingering suspicion that nothing is what it seems.

### **Act II: The Many Atwoods Theory of Quantum Physics**

Seth uncovers the truth: Ryan wasn't killed—he was replaced. Zach has unleashed Conan Smithsonian Sneed, a Bizarro Seth from Universe 314, into their timeline. With BAITDAO spreading like wildfire and Summer imprisoned, Seth enters the multiverse, guided by Papa Oats, to assemble a rogue's gallery of alternate Ryans. Each one offers a different facet of the original: muscle, faith, grief, absurdity, and failure. Together, they prepare for war.

### **Act III: Crypto Coup, Prison Break, and Holiday Redemption**

As Conan gains influence and prepares to seize power through BAITDAO and Citizens Ultra United, Seth and the Ryans stage a rescue mission to free Summer and confront the reprogrammed Ryan. Betrayals, identity crises, and a live-streamed battle on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange unfold as Conan's techno-fascist nostalgia state teeters on the edge of reality. The Ryans hold the line. Seth reclaims himself. Papa Oats delivers his final speech. The multiverse resets—badly.

### **Post-Credit Tease: Army of Calebs**

A vast portal hums open above Newport Pier, warping the night sky into something cold and Euclidean. On the edge of the rift stands a woman in a lab coat, her face dimly lit by the blue glow of a flip phone pressed to her ear.

“Then it's happened. The prophecy's been fulfilled. Switch it on.”

The camera pans to her badge: ALEX. (Yes, that Alex. Olivia Wilde. The first and final girl of Newport Beach.)

She lowers the phone. Behind her, the rip in space-time tears wider. Out marches a battalion... clone after clone of Caleb Nichol, perfectly aged, perfectly pressed, each one holding a manila folder stamped ADOPTION CERTIFICATE in large red ink.

The original Caleb steps forward. Cold, measured, alive in ways he shouldn't be. He looks to Alex.

"It's time I adopted my daughters... all of them."

He smiles.

Cut to black.

TO BE CONTINUED RYAN ATWOOD WILL RETURN

## **Why This, Why Now?**

Into the Atwoodverse II: Crypto Chrismukkah confronts the cultural rot of infinite IP extension and nostalgia-as-economy with a story that's both absurd and sincere. It satirizes the decay of media, masculinity, and politics by using one of the most emotionally earnest TV shows of the early 2000s as the battleground.

We live in a time of algorithmic story loops, DINK wealth detachment, crypto disillusionment, and performative identity. This film brings all of that crashing into a single Newport Beach Christmas tree and lights the whole thing on fire.

## **Visual & Tonal Cues (Integrated)**

The film blends cinematic realism with stylized sequences to represent multiversal fragmentation. Newport Beach is shot like prestige TV (sunlit and sterile), while Atwoodverse segments are rendered with stylized glitch motifs, heightened color palettes, and subtle genre shifts (noir, religious epic, pro wrestling melodrama).

Papa Oats (the AI minotaur version of Sandy Cohen) serves as both an emotional anchor and stylistic through-line, allowing each universe to have its own rules while holding the emotional stakes steady.

## **Target Audience & Placement**

This film is designed for millennial and Gen Z audiences fluent in IP culture, burnout humor, and post-post-ironic narrative structures. Its ideal home is a prestige genre-leaning studio or streamer—A24, Searchlight, Annapurna, Netflix, or Max—capable of balancing satire with cinematic quality.

This isn't a superhero movie. It's a multiverse breakdown staged as a character study in cultural grief, disguised as a Chrismukkah special.