

Lesser Gods Chapter 1

By

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SCENE 1

SOUND: WE HEAR AN ONSLAUGHT OF SOUNDS. CAR ALARMS, PLANES, LAUGHTER, CRYING, WIND, THUNDER, THE CLATTER OF UNTAMED JAZZ MUSIC, THE HUM OF A HELICOPTER... THE LOUDEST IS PROBABLY THE UNMISTAKABLE, UNNERVING SOUND OF A BABY CRYING. THE SOUNDS RISE AND BOIL TO A FEVER BEFORE SUDDENLY CUTTING OUT. SILENCE.)

RHEA (NAR.)

The world is quieter now. Guess that happens when the population drops as much as it has.

(PAUSE)

They used to say that if the history of the earth was twenty four hours, humans have only been around since 11:59 pm... Well it's 12:01. And nothing good happens after midnight. Late last century a super bug ran rampant through our already decimated population... And for reasons that are still unknown but hotly debated, men and women stopped being able to reproduce the old fashioned way... I wanna show you humanity's last hope but- hang on because you're probably not gonna like it. Or maybe you will and you and I? We're gonna get along really well.

SOUND: THE SOUND OF MARCHING, VOICES CHANTING "WHERE HAVE ALL THE BABIES GONE?"

RHEA (NAR.)

Once the government recognized we had a problem, they pretty quickly jumped on it. Guess they learned their lesson with the whole climate change thing... So they rounded people up, forced them into the quote on quote "copulation groups" with the highest odds of success. Yeah... The government turned out to be a surprisingly shitty wingman. Their next idea was to accept sperm and egg donations; and when people stopped donating, they stopped asking. They just took them.

SOUND: THERE IS A MOMENT OF CHAOS QUICKLY SILENCED. RHEA

RHEA (NAR.)

The seizing of people's genetic property wasn't just controversial it was *wrong*... But the great repopulation crisis was seen as everyone's problem and this at least bought our buddies in their bunkers some time. They would raise the test tube kids and test them endlessly, looking for some kind of mutation. Sorry I meant *miracle*. They split up the materials into groups, generations. They had time. Until they didn't.

Until their supply of genes and cells and hope dwindled to one last batch of people, just five of us. The last babies, now the last twenty two year olds. And from my point of view, we're gonna be the last of a lot more things. The last 25 year olds. The last 30 year olds. The last 50 year olds- if we even wanna be here that long.

I mean what do you do when you know you're gonna be the last people on Earth?

You make the best of it.

So let's meet 'em, huh? The Fabulous, Final Five... I don't know exactly where everyone is tonight- but I can probably guess... Like Char-

SOUND: WEIGHTS LIFTING AND BEING SET DOWN. GRUNTS, DEEP BREATHS.

RHEA (NAR.)

Is in some exclusive gym downtown...

CHAR

Four- three- two- one- fuck. Thanks for spotting me, man.

RHEA (NAR.)

Char grunts between breaths. He's basically like a classical Greek statue. Tall, muscles as hard as marble, usually striking a pose...

CHAR

Alright man, I'm going to hit the shower.

RHEA (NAR.)

And the smirk on his lips tells you what he's gonna say...

CHAR

You should come.

SOUND: THERE IS THE SOUND OF A DOOR SLAMMING AND WHISPERS, KISSING, RUSTLING.

RHEA (NAR.)

If people still had mothers, Persephone would not be the kind of girl you'd bring home to them. Small eyes darting out from under thickly mascara-ed lashes. Her closet a zoo of animal print and fur- She's a predator in her own right, just one who kills for sport.

Case and point, tonight we'd find her pushing some considerably older dude down (although in her defense nearly every man is an older man) on her bed and between kisses whispering something like-

PERS

I want to rip your shirt off with my teeth.

RHEA (NAR.)

Forget your mom, you'd probably wanna keep her away from your dad.

SOUND: A PIANO, CLASSICAL MUSIC, THE ECHO OF A LARGE HALL.

RHEA (NAR.)

Iris.

SOUND: THE PIANO ONLY GETS LOUDER, FASTER, MORE COMPLEX. YOU CAN ALMOST HEAR THE EYE ROLL IN RHEA'S VOICE. SHE SPEAKS OVER THE MUSIC.

RHEA (NAR.)

She's proof that not everyone is having fun tonight... She packs concert halls every other night. Making movies, TV shows, art- that's all basically banned by the same people who jump at the chance to watch her play some dated music.

SOUND: THE MUSIC GOES ON, IT SEEMS LIKE RHEA'S LISTENING.

RHEA (NAR.)

Iris is graceful and beautiful in an old Hollywood kind of way. If you're into that. With her blonde hair and pale skin ... She looks like Grace Kelly....I don't know what's more pathetic. How much they praise her, or how much she needs them too.

SOUND: THE MUSIC STOPS. APPLAUSE BEGINS.

IRIS

Thank you! Thank you!

RHEA (NAR.)

... Bored? Yeah it gets pretty old after awhile.

SOUND: THE APPLAUSE IS QUICKLY REPLACED BY THE THUMPING OF CLUB MUSIC. RHEA IS NEARLY SHOUTING.

RHEA (NAR.)

Eros loves some peace and quiet. Clearly. Everyone in here sweats like cold bottles in the sun. Their condensation making their clothes hang off them like wilted labels. The sea of people fighting to get to the bar parts and settles like a pond, ripples out from where Eros stands. The bartender only has eyes for him.

EROS

I'm gonna need more of whatever you gave me last week.

RHEA (NAR.)

Eros also loves pills...Which the bartender (and everyone else) knows. The bartender passes over a small bag of capsules and Eros just smiles... I know you can't appreciate this because of this chosen medium but... Eros has a killer, lazy grin. The kind that is at once familiar and unique. Personal but also unintentionally distant. Lovable but unattainable. Besides his age, it's his only stand out feature. But he's sharpened it like a skill and plays it like Iris with her piano. That smile gets him pretty much whatever he wants. And also out of trouble.

SOUND: ALL THE SOUND CUTS OUT.

RHEA (NAR.)

I like places like this, rooftops of seemingly abandoned-definitely condemned buildings. Wherever I spend my days, I try and end up here. Somewhere quiet. Where there are no eyes or lenses or drones trying to find me. Even if the only reason they don't follow me is because they know where I'm going, my constant protection is more for the public than for me. So yeah, the illusion of independence is better than nothing. I never get to be alone. It's considered too dangerous. You are being graced with the vocal presence of a very expensive piece of government property. We were given all the fame and privilege and money and faith in the world. Because everyone knew it was ending. Lying here, high above the rapidly recessing centuries of man made progress, I can almost feel the Earth spin.

SOUND: THERE'S WHISPERING.

EROS  
Rhea.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I didn't say I was alone now, did I? Eros also loves me. He says it sometimes, but rarely remembers it. He doesn't... mean it. I think we both just love a really good time.

EROS  
Rhea.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I open my eyes, and he's a few inches in front of my face, dark brows knitted together in concern or concentration. Like he was trying to will me to wake up. I guess it worked.

EROS  
For a second I thought you were dead.

RHEA  
I had my eyes closed for, like, two minutes. I tell him.

EROS  
You were out for ten.

RHEA  
I was just thinking.

EROS  
About what?

RHEA (NAR.)  
I don't know if he really wants to know, but I have nothing to lose.

RHEA  
Er, does it bother you that no one's ever going to know what happened to us? What is happening to us? I get that everyone's lives have always been pretty pointless but the idea that there's no one to ever hear our story-

RHEA (NAR.)

But he isn't listening anymore, he's kissing my neck and beginning to unzip my dark leather jacket. And I'm letting him because you can't blame someone for being exactly what you want them to be. I sit up, slowly push him down on his back. On paper, someone else owns my body. But when I'm with him like this... that's when it feels like it belongs to me.

SOUND: THE SOUND OF KISSING.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

RHEA (NAR.)

Someone's coming. We jump to our feet and hide. The only sound we can hear is our own breathing and footsteps stumbling around on the tar roof. We hold our breath and are totally silent for one... two...

SOUND: EROS LAUGH

RHEA (NAR.)

Well, Eros was never good at keeping a low profile.

HERA

There you are!

RHEA (NAR.)

Enter, Hera. My chaperone from the generation above me. Which makes her 32. And uh... last but not least... Together we make up the world's last sisters. Which I can guarantee you're going to be hearing a lot more about. Basically, Hera was such a prime subject that they decided to go the extra mile to use the exact same biological sources (read: parents). It worked, but only on a genetic level. People love her, but me- not so much. I mean if we were the Brontes she's Charlotte and I'm like... Anne. She's pumping out *Jane Eyre* and I'm the one you need to look up.

HERA

Rhea, let's go.

RHEA (NAR.)

Not that I'm not infamous in my own way but- She with her dark features, light eyes, and graceful limbs, attitude, everything... is beautiful. Like when I say "Something created in a lab" this is the exact kind of genetically modified organism you should picture. She does seem uncharacteristically though. She might sound mad, but really she is terrified. Of heights.

As soon as she gets two heeled feet firmly on the asphalt, she strides full speed towards me and Eros.

HERA  
Now.

SOUND: THERES THE SOUND OF A SLIGHT SCUFFLE.

RHEA  
Sorry I was doing something. In my head...Sacred sister, are you not happy to see me?

EROS  
Hi Hera.

RHEA (NAR.)  
Eros dreamily mumbles.

HERA  
As your Chaperone, I'm freaking thrilled.

RHEA (NAR.)  
Hitting that capitol "C" hard so I know she's mad.

RHEA  
Hera, I'm going to need my arm back if you want me to climb down that ladder.

EROS  
Hi Hera.

HERA  
Do I even want to know what he's on?

RHEA  
He's fine. Are you?

HERA  
What do you mean?

RHEA  
Awfully high up...



HERA  
I'm fine.

EROS  
We're all fine.

RHEA  
Thank you, Eros. I'm heading down.

HERA  
Can you please just be careful? I really don't wanna have to find a new job.

RHEA  
You're not really qualified to-

RHEA (NAR.)  
But I don't finish whatever I'm about to say because spray painted onto the wall behind the ladder are two figures on sticks. Like crucifixes. This has gotta be from The Void. They're like a not so secret society that spends it's time trying to convince people the government is hiding something big from us. Can't say I disagree-

HERA  
Can you PLEASE keep going?

RHEA (NAR.)  
Hera pleads a few feet above me.

RHEA  
Scared?

RHEA (NAR.)  
Eros pops his head over the ledge.

EROS  
Do you want something to calm down?

RHEA (NAR.)  
We climb down in relative silence, except for Eros whistling. I drop the last ten feet to the ground. Hera hesitates before dropping.

HERA  
Can he please stop whistling?

RHEA

We need something to cover up your heavy breathing.

RHEA (NAR.)

She falls beside me. Brushes herself off and is nearly struck by a falling Eros. I laugh.

SOUND: A CRASH.

HERA

What was that?

RHEA

It was nothing, put the panic button down.

RHEA (NAR.)

She's clutching a small, black remote that only has one button which would summon a squad to our location within minutes.

HERA

I'm going to-

RHEA

We're nearly to the car. Do not push it. We don't need it. We're only all going to get in trouble.

RHEA (NAR.)

She knows this would be just as bad for her as it would be for us.

SOUND: THE SOUND OF A CAR BEING UNLOCKED, THEN A DOOR SLAMMING.

HERA

You guys in the back.

RHEA

We know.

SOUND: THERE'S AN ELECTRIC HUM, THE ENGINE.

RHEA (NAR.)

She scans her ID, the electric car's doors pop open. She programs in an alt route, there's a few surveillance drones still humming around even she doesn't want to hit. The we're flying through a gloomy downtown.

*Not literally flying, come on people.* We're the only car on the street. There aren't a lot of these authorized for civilian use.

Eros and I are not allowed to sit in the front anymore. But if you think about it, stealing a self driving car is more impressive than anything.

HERA

How much faster can this thing go. We need to be back at The Bricks before anyone-

RHEA (NAR.)

Hera worries herself on the front seat and I feel the weight of Eros' head on my shoulder. All the buildings are dark around this time, the power gets shut off around 10pm to try and expand the life of this dying planet (but really to encourage the curfew).

Nobody's on the street anyway at this time. There's no shortage of housing here. Organic food, work, joy; yes.

SOUND: THE CLICK OF A LIGHTER.

HERA

Are you smoking in here?

RHEA

I'm not gonna smoke out there and get accused of starting a fire again.

HERA

You DID start a fire.

RHEA

I was trying to throw the butt out in a garbage can like YOU say I-

EROS

I'm just going to get out here. Good night!

HERA

Good morning.

RHEA (NAR.)

Hera all but growls.

We're at The Bricks now. They are these old, beautiful (you guessed it) brick houses that take up a city block. There's five of them, one for each of us. Everything around them was leveled and replaced with these ugly squat, very economic, concrete things. They make The Bricks look warm, homey even. Eros' is two down from me, with only Iris' in between.

SOUND: THE METAL GATE OPENING.

RHEA  
Morning gentlemen.

RHEA (NAR.)  
My security detail. They know the drill. Give a man a fish, he'll eat for a day. Give your guards a real cigarette and they'll let you do whatever you want. They were much, much more protective when they thought something inside of me could save them.... But uh... silver linings. Get 'em where you can.

SOUND: A MUTED BEEP.

SOUND: AUTOMATED LOCK VOICE: RHEA 1. SOUND: A HEAVY DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I know our houses are all technically identical, but mine is the best. The ceilings are covered in classic movie posters. Hitchcock. Meiles. Godard. And there's a whole wall that's just floor to ceiling books. Real, heavy, book-smelly books. Speaking of which-

HERA  
Come on, not now.

SOUND: FLIPPING OF PAGES.

RHEA  
I just want to see what they were trying to say! Beckett has this bit about thieves in Godot- Hey grab me a pen.

HERA  
No.

RHEA (NAR.)

But she does anyway. Trying to crack The Void's messages is my favorite hobby. They love pop culture nearly as much as I do.

SOUND: A YAWN

RHEA (NAR.)

I settle onto the couch with my book and I hear the comforting sound of the hissing the water sterilizer makes as it boils and the sound of Hera rattling drawers as she opens and closes them.

I look down at my page and a line jumps out at me... "Our Savior. Two thieves. One is supposed to have been saved and the other... damned." And then my mind wanders back past The Void.

To the place where I know me and my... my friends... We're no saviors. They can pump us up or cut us up-but it won't make any difference. *We're dammed.*

As you can imagine, I don't get invited to speak much publicly. Iris always accuses me of being hopeless, that my pessimism does nothing to help the cause. But little does she know I have begun to commit one small act hope, and that's you.

Whatever you are, I hope that you listen. And you know that we were here, even after everyone else had gone.

## SCENE 2

SOUND: SOUND A BEEPING, BUSTLING LAB-GYM.

RHEA (NAR.)

Completing a series of physically demanding tests while choking on a breathing tube three times a week is never fun. Particularly if you're hungover. As I am now, struggling to stay on my feet on this treadmill. My supervising doctor knows I'm not even half assing this.

RHEA

Just guess my stats? I won't tell them we quit if you won't.

PERS

Somebody had a rough night.

RHEA (NAR.)

Persephone is less chipper, more just enjoying watching me suffer.

RHEA

Just not as comfortable having something down my throat I guess.

SOUND: TRIPPING, A SURPRISED SCREAM.

RHEA (NAR.)

I didn't mean for Pers to fall, but I can't say it wasn't funny. I'd apologize if she didn't look more than happy to be caught by her new chaperone. Char propells down from an indoor rock climbing wall, takes a small paper cup from a doctor.

CHAR

What's on today's menu?

RHEA (NAR.)

Char asks this everyday, everyday the answer sounds like the Periodic Table threw up vitamins in a cup.

CHAR

What'd you guys get into last night?

RHEA

He says, tossing the pills back.

RHEA (NAR.)

Nothing out of the ordinary. You?

CHAR

Same. Where's Eros? I haven't seen him this morning.

RHEA

Probably still asleep.

VOICE: "WILL ALL SUBJECTS PLEASE REPORT TO THE YOLK IMMEDIATELY. ALL SUBJECTS TO THE YOLK IMMEDIATELY."

### SCENE 3

RHEA (NAR.)

The Yolk is an aptly named sealed white room with a big yellow table at the center. This place is bullet proof, bomb proof, sound proof- so no one can hear your screams of boredom. We're usually here to discuss official business. Mostly community based projects... Luckily for us, there isn't much of a community left.

HERA  
You're welcome.

RHEA (NAR.)  
Hera says, dropping two small pills and a glass of water in front of me. She doesn't hold a grudge.

PERS  
Looks like you took immediately pretty seriously.

RHEA  
Pers, what is the point of getting glammed up for the same people who just saw me in the gym. Unless I'm trying to... I don't know... Fuck my new chaperone? Unless you already have?

RHEA (NAR.)  
I don't need to draw anymore attention to the hickey on her neck.

PERS  
You can't just throw around accusations like that. Dion is totally professional. You make me seem one dimensional as fuck.

RHEA  
I'd accuse Char of the same thing if Artemis was his type.

CHAR  
That's fair.

PERS  
Wait- where's Iris? She never-

SOUND: A DOOR BEING THROWN OPEN.

APOLLO  
(Out of breath, panicked)  
Has anyone seen Eros?

RHEA (NAR.)  
This is Apollo, Eros' chaperone. Total golden boy. Or former golden boy. Man? The guy's been a mess since Hera ended their twelve year relationship last spring. I know twelve years seems like a crazy long time but she didn't have a lot of options. And she was actually pretty happy for most of it. Until he fucked up.

HERA

I dropped him home around five. He was pretty messed up.

RHEA (NAR.)

Hera says to him, low. Yeah that's right, Hera has to work with her ex every single day.

PERS

Well at least nothing was out of the ordinary.

RHEA (NAR.)

Pers spits, not particularly low.

RHEA

Do you wanna talk about your Tuesday night activities?

PERS

Hey, Rhea, do you guys always need to be high? Or is it just when you're trying to fuck each other?

HERA

That's enough... Apollo, did you see him this morning?

RHEA (NAR.)

Hera doesn't have time for Pers' shit. Or mine.

APOLLO

No, not since last night.

SOUND: THE DOOR IS THROWN OPEN AGAIN.

RHEA (NAR.)

Here's Shylock Green. Green serves as his last name because his generation was actually large enough to need them. He's our main handler.

SHYLOCK

Three out of five? Even for you guys that sucks.

RHEA (NAR.)

He's also very grumpy.

SHYLOCK

Where's Eros?



APOLLO  
Overslept. He'll be here soon.

RHEA (NAR.)  
Apollo says. Too quickly. Amateur.

SHYLOCK  
Sure. Rhea? What's the real story.

RHEA  
I don't know.

SHYLOCK  
From the looks of this, you've seen him pretty recently.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I know what's coming as soon as he pulls out a tablet and projects it onto the white wall. He scrolls past puff pieces nlike "MASS SUICIDE IN TIBET", "NEW DEPARTMENT OF FERTILITY REPORT", and "GULF EXPLOSIONS; VOID CLAIMS RESPONSIBILITY" and slows down when he gets to the REAL news...Pictures of me and Eros pouring shots at the bar. He taps. There's another picture of us on top of said bar. Tap. One of us hooking up in a corner booth.

RHEA  
This does fill in a few blanks.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I say. Shylock is unamused.

SHYLOCK  
None of you wanna talk? Pers?

RHEA (NAR.)  
I subtly point to my own neck. Message received.

PERS  
Why the fuck would I know?

SHYLOCK  
Charming as ever. Listen as cute and suspicious as your sudden solidarity is, this isn't just another meeting where we talk about bullshit-

CHAR

Wait, so we're NOT going to discuss waste management issues in the outer boroughs? Shoot. Got me all hyped up for nothing.

RHEA (NAR.)

Char groans. This is usually about the time when Iris tells Shylock what's going on. Speaking of- Where is she?

PERS

Looks like Iris needs a chaperone just like the rest of us, eh Shylock?

RHEA (NAR.)

Pers and I don't have much in common, but you know nothing unites people like a common enemy. After Iris' chap was relocated, she was allowed to go without one for a few weeks. It was actually going pretty smoothly until now, probably because no one could ever police her as hard as she polices herself.

CHAR

I think she had a show last night?

RHEA (NAR.)

Char suggests.

SHYLOCK

I'm more concerned with where she is right now seeing as we have a call with the president in- goddammit.

RHEA (NAR.)

The screen behind him glows to life and we get treated to the endlessly pristine President Rosalind Black. She's so stiff and still she looks like a portrait.

SHYLOCK

Good to see you Rosalind!

ROSALIND

Dr. Green. She corrects.

SHYLOCK

Yes, Mrs. President.

RHEA (NAR.)

Dunno if their Shakespeare themed names tipped you off, but they're from the same batch. Every generation's names are themed.

You've got these guys with the Shakespeare, just after them came a biblical themed batch, there were president themed ones. Hera and Apollo's gen got Greek mythological names. There weren't enough of us to warrant them getting creative so they just found a few minor deities. Lame right? Trust me, I rallied to be renamed after the characters on "Friends" but no-

ROSALIND  
Hello all... Or not quite?

RHEA (NAR.)  
Rosalind surveys our half empty table.

SOUND: THE DOOR IS THROWN OPEN AGAIN.

EROS  
I'm here, I'm- Oh. President Black.

RHEA (NAR.)  
Eros looks like shit, and that's coming from a person who still somehow has vodka in her hair. Atleast I think it's vodka-

ROSALIND  
Where's Iris? Does Black actually sound... concerned?

SHYLOCK  
She must not have gotten home until late last night. But Apollo is going to fetch her. Right now.

RHEA (NAR.)  
Oh so smooth Shylock. Apollo sprints from the room. Frowning slightly, Rosalind continues.

ROSALIND  
Well, I'd really rather save this conversation until she gets here. But I imagine after last night's performance she must be exhausted. I didn't see any of you in the audience.

RHEA  
We were actually conducting some urgent research.

ROSALIND  
Oh? Please share.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I can feel Hera imploring me to stop but it seems like everyone can use a distraction. Right? Right.

RHEA  
Oh you know, investigations into remedying the great repopulation crisis. No luck on my front. Char?

CHAR  
Yeah, I can confirm one way that definitely still isn't working.

RHEA (NAR.)  
Even Pers laughs. President Black doesn't. Hera is mortified.

HERA  
Sorry, Madame President. Rhea imagines herself to be quite the comedian.

ROSALIND  
In that case, guess you really did get all the good genes.

RHEA (NAR.)  
See? Total third Bronte situation here. She's just bitter her term's going to end and she didn't save the fucking human race.

ROSALIND  
I do so hate to take up any of your time. So I'll begin without Iris. As you know, the twenty third anniversary of the... miracle you all are. The one we've invested two decades, billions of dollars, and the collective hopes of the species in is upon us this week. Now I wanted to let you all know this before the general population but there is something the Reproductive Investigative Bureau is ready to declassify. I am here essentially only as a courtesy to tell you before the general public is told... A sixth unit was carried to term.

RHEA (NAR.)  
There are a million questions I want to ask, I start at the top.

RHEA  
What the fuck?

RHEA (NAR.)  
Pers picks her mouth up off the floor in time to say-

PERS  
What happened to it?

ROSALIND  
It's a him. And he was raised in what remains of the United Kingdom.

RHEA (NAR.)  
As per usual, Rosalind couldn't sound more rehearsed.

RHEA  
Raised like formerly? Like he died or-?

ROSALIND  
The aim was to see if different environmental, emotional, physical, and social influences-

RHEA (NAR.)  
I'm so pissed I ignore that she's looking right at me.

ROSALIND  
- would have any impact on the state of his reproductive capabilities. But seeing as it did not, he is being brought here to be integrated into the rest of our program.

RHEA  
Why didn't you tell us earlier? Shylock?

SHYLOCK  
It was strictly need to know.

RHEA (NAR.)  
He apologizing more with his eyes than his words.

RHEA  
When did you find out?

SHYLOCK  
Yesterday.

RHEA  
We're supposed to trust you.

ROSALIND  
It was crucial to the success of the program that the public  
not know.

RHEA  
We could have kept it private!

ROSALIND  
I wasn't willing to take that chance. Look as a first  
generation unit, I understand how out of control you might  
feel-

RHEA  
Don't try and-

HERA  
Rhea-

RHEA (NAR.)  
Hera jumps in but I'm not having it.

RHEA  
There were hundreds of you then, there were at least a dozen  
of you, Hera, but everyone we have is in this fucking room-  
Except for Iris.

CHAR  
This is bullshit.

PERS  
When is he getting here?

ROSALIND  
You'll meet him-

SOUND: THE DOOR IS THROWN OPEN AGAIN.

RHEA (NAR.)  
The doors slide open. It's Apollo but he looks distraught.  
Hera is on her feet.

HERA  
Apollo, what's-

APOLLO  
Something is wrong. Something is-

PERS  
Where's Iris?

APOLLO  
She's- she's I found her. At the Bricks. She was in her room,  
but she wasn't breathing-

RHEA (NAR.)  
Black cuts him off-

ROSALIND  
What happened?

RHEA (NAR.)  
This is- Apollo falls over fucking sobbing.

APOLLO  
She wasn't breathing. She wasn't- Her guards tried to-

RHEA (NAR.)  
My sister takes him in her arms. I don't-

APOLLO  
They took her away. She's dead. She- It all happened so fast.  
I don't know. I don't know.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I've locked eyes with Hera. We don't need to say anything. On  
the screen, Black doesn't know what to say. Pers starts  
wailing, Dion holds her. Char's head is in his hands.  
Shylock runs out. Eros doesn't move a muscle.  
And I am wondering if you are still listening.

**END OF EPISODE**