

Lesser Gods Chapter 4

By

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SCENE 1

CLARK (NAR.)

Have you ever woken up thinking you were somewhere else? Home, maybe? Then you sit up, look around, and realize you are actually in the room of an incredibly hostile person who is currently incarcerated in relation to the murder of an icon? No? Just me?

With all the chaos of yesterday, no one wanted to move me. So I am coming to you live from the room of one Miss Rhea. I slept on the floor for a few hours. Not that she was here it just felt... relatively invasive. Also I was somewhat terrified she would come home and kill me if she found me in her bed.

Poor choice of words.

Anyway, I couldn't sleep for quite some time. It's so different here. The air, the light, the people. I think I've met more people in the past 24 hours than I had previously in my whole life... and yet I feel more alone than ever. I'm still some kind of secret, which is part of the reason they couldn't move me around. So now it's about 4 am and I'm sitting on the floor of a strange, aggressive young woman's room. Waiting for someone to tell me what to do next... Trying to find something to give me the impression I exist... As Beckett might put it. I did read that book. Play. It's a physical book though. The dog eared pages uneven in my hand, the cover stained. It seems... loved. Like the kind of thing she'd be pissed at me touching. I move quickly to my feet, then the door, to replace it on the shelf downstairs. But I freeze on the landing. It's Hera and Apollo. Two people I've only seen in pictures.

Hera paces, swigs directly from a bottle of whiskey. Which is definitely something she'd never done in the photos.

APOLLO

I think you've had enough.

HERA

I'm not drunk.

APOLLO

Put the bottle down, Hera.

HERA

Fine, you take it.

APOLLO  
It's too early.

HERA  
Or late. Depending on how much sleep you didn't get.

CLARK (NAR.)  
It's the kind of joke she doesn't play for laughs.

HERA  
Look if you're just going to chastise me you can leave.

CLARK (NAR.)  
I should not be listening to this. I should not be listening to this. I should not be *watching* this. Apollo takes the whiskey from Hera, sips it. Hera sits on the couch, reaches for the bottle, he holds it out from her. She drops to the couch, runs a hand through her long, dark hair.

HERA  
You can say it. You were right, I was wrong.

CLARK (NAR.)  
He sits beside her.

APOLLO  
We don't know what happened. Maybe this is all some kind of misunderstanding. If it's drug related at all it could be-

HERA  
What? You think she shot up and then threw the syringe out the window.

CLARK (NAR.)  
Is that what happened? It hasn't been made public yet.

HERA  
They're involved in a murder investigation. And maybe if we had let them get reprimanded for the smaller stuff this wouldn't be... whatever it is.

CLARK (NAR.)

He places a hand on hers. Wait. Are they still together? She pulls her hand away.  
Guess not.

APOLLO

Have you spoken to Rhea?

HERA

No one's letting me.

CLARK (NAR.)

It's amazing how hope colors someone. For most of the past 20 years, Hera was this... beacon of optimism for people. She was beautiful and charismatic... She wasn't this... puddle of a person.

APOLLO

I would have done the same thing if I knew. I'm sure Eros didn't do anything, I'm sure of it...  
But maybe now that he's under more pressure to remember... They're okay. There has to be an explanation that isn't... We didn't screw anyone up.

HERA

Whatever, they've done. We've allowed them to do.

APOLLO

You don't really think they hurt her.

HERA

I don't know if it matters what I think, they've become the kind of people other people think could hurt her.

APOLLO

Why did you go to Shylock?

HERA

I was angry. And I knew she knew something, she was lying for Eros. I just thought... maybe she overdosed or something and he was there. I wanted them to take responsibility for whatever happened, I didn't want them to get dragged off. I fucked up.

APOLLO

Now you know what the rest of the world feels like.

CLARK (NAR.)

She lays her head on his shoulder. Takes a long swig. Passes him the bottle. He takes it, laughs.

HERA

I can't imagine what is possibly funny.

CLARK (NAR.)

She says what I'm thinking. He sips before speaking.

APOLLO

This is... very familiar and very not at the same time.

CLARK (NAR.)

Hera grabs the bottle from him, takes a long, deep swig. It's not even 5 am yet by the way. She's barely swallowed before she leans forward and kisses him. He let's her, she drops the nearly empty bottle, climbs on top of him. Wow, I really should not be watching this. Really, really should not be watching this. But wait-

APOLLO

I can't.

HERA

I need to not think for awhile-

CLARK (NAR.)

She's still less than an inch from his face.

APOLLO

I really want to help you but for me, this is more than a night... Being with you and not being with you... that isn't fair to me.

CLARK (NAR.)

I don't know what reaction he expects, but I don't think he's going to get it. She gets off him, stomps across the room.

HERA

Was fucking Iris however many times "fair" to you?  
Cause it sure wasn't for me.

CLARK (NAR.)

What? She can't mean-

APOLLO

That was two years ago! When are you going to stop punishing  
me?

HERA

This isn't about you. I cannot get over that.

CLARK (NAR.)

I think I was more comfortable watching them make out.

APOLLO

You didn't even try!

HERA

Of course I tried!

APOLLO

If we're so over then why are you-

HERA

I just need you right now!

SOUND: PAUSE.

APOLLO

Say that again.

CLARK (NAR.)

But there's nothing but a breathless silence. She just stares  
at him. My palms are so sweaty I- fuck.

SOUND: THUD.

APOLLO

Hello?

CLARK (NAR.)

I dropped the book. I try and turn around on the stairs but Apollo's already seen me. Shit.

CLARK

I'm not used to holding books... I was just going to get a glass of water. I'm Clark, by the way.

CLARK (NAR.)

That sounded natural, right?

APOLLO

Uhm, Apollo. Great to finally meet you...  
I have to uhm... go see to some things.

CLARK (NAR.)

I don't know if I could possibly say anything dumber, so I just nod. Hera doesn't make eye contact with him as he leaves.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.

HERA

I think if one of the "sacred sisters" doesn't do something stupid every two hours, the world stops spinning.

CLARK (NAR.)

I force air out my lungs that I hope passes for laughter.

HERA

I don't know how much of that you heard. Or... saw. But please, don't tell anyone about it.

CLARK

I don't know anyone to tell.

HERA

I need coffee. Can I get you something?

CLARK

Do you have any Orange Aid?

HERA

The... powder? Let me just check my spaceship.

CLARK

I think if you haven't used it to get to another planet yet, you might not be as smart as I'd heard.

CLARK (NAR.)

She looks more like the her from the photos when she smiles.

HERA

I think we have some in the fallout shelter. Which is real.

CLARK

Water is fine.

CLARK (NAR.)

I follow her into the kitchen. Subtly depositing the book back on the shelf as I pass.

CLARK

The Bricks are nicer than I thought.

CLARK (NAR.)

Was that rude? She doesn't say anything, just pulls a sealed water bottle from the fridge. She pours it into a glass and pops it in the small, boxy sterilizer, it spins, heating the water then rapidly cooling it.

HERA

Oh and before I forget, take this.

CLARK (NAR.)

She pulls a small, remote like object from her pocket. All it has is a small red button on it.

HERA

It's a GPS tracker that is triggered by this button. We all have them. Just press it if something is wrong.

SOUND: DING.

CLARK (NAR.)

She slides it across the table and then hands me my glass of water. I pause for a moment before drinking. Back home, we rarely drank water. They were very afraid it contained traces of the virus that had killed a third of the population years ago.



HERA  
It's safe.

CLARK (NAR.)  
She reads my thoughts. I raise the glass.  
Cheers to old habits.  
I take a small sip.

CLARK  
I'm sorry about what's going on. About Rhea and Eros, and Iri-

CLARK (NAR.)  
In my immediate state of embarrassment I'd forgotten. I probably shouldn't mention her right? I mean I don't know what you say when your boyfriend's... Mistress? Dies? There was nothing in anyone's file about this.

HERA  
I know how crazy some things must seem, but you have to know I am really sorry about what happened to her. Before she was anything else to me, she was one of us. I want to find out what happened to her as much as anyone else.

CLARK (NAR.)  
I nod and pretend to sip my water. For the record it DOES taste weird.

CLARK  
So... uhm... what do you think happened to her?

CLARK (NAR.)  
If she's surprised her face doesn't show it.

HERA  
It would be unfair for me to say anything.

CLARK  
Why?

HERA  
There are so few facts. I wouldn't want to make you think something bad about someone you haven't even met yet. You can't just unthink things once you hear them.

CLARK

What did you say about Rhea and Eros that made them take them?

HERA

Only that I thought they knew something. Sometimes my sister needs a push to do the right thing.

CLARK

I can't imagine anyone making her do something she doesn't want to.

SCENE 2

SOUND: BUZZ OF LIGHTS

RHEA (NAR.)

Well this has been the worst night of my life and I once had to go home and have dinner with my sister after I'd had sex with her boyfriend. For science... I'm sorry I try not to- there are somethings you convince yourself not to think about. My brain is just... I'm exhausted. I've been in this one small, dingy room for... I don't even know how long. I've just been sitting here with my head pressed against the cool table willing myself to either sleep or stay awake before someone-

SOUND: THE DOOR CRASHES OPEN

ORSINO

Not tired, are you?

RHEA (NAR.)

This waste of genetic material. Orsino. The detective.

RHEA

No. You? Get any shut eye, pal?

RHEA (NAR.)

His smile is the only thing tighter than his ass-

ORSINO

Your boyfriend is getting cozy downstairs. Funny, despite all the fun you've had, you've never spent the night in a cell.

RHEA

He's not my boyfriend.

ORSINO  
Why not?

RHEA  
Can that question really not wait until the morning?

ORSINO  
It actually is the morning. Five in the morning to be exact.  
Were you up around this time last night?

RHEA  
Yes.

RHEA (NAR.)  
Was it really only last night?

ORSINO  
What'd you do?

RHEA  
I already told you.

RHEA (NAR.)  
And have I ever. We were in the lab until six or so, Iris wasn't hanging around/swooning over Eros more than usual. We were grabbing dinner but Iris said she was too nervous about her show to eat. Nervous about what? She does the same thing every- whatever. I didn't see her after she left. He knows I'm lying about Eros sleeping at my place. Thanks Hera. But he doesn't know much else. We stare at each other.

RHEA  
Why haven't I seen you before? Black clearly trusts you a lot. There have been security breeches before. Nothing like this but... Guess I'm just curious why bring you out now?

ORSINO  
I've been unavailable.

RHEA  
All these years... If only I'd known calling in sick was an option...

ORSINO

I wasn't sick. I was in prison, actually.

RHEA

Why?

ORSINO

I made the wrong decision. So I spent a lot of time paying for it.

RHEA

Why would Black ask someone with... whatever intentionally omitted criminal history to do something as important as this?

ORSINO

Because she trusts me.

RHEA

Do you trust her?

RHEA (NAR.)

He doesn't hesitate.

ORSINO

No. She's actually one of the people responsible for sending me away. But, sometimes we have to do things to get things. Maybe you don't understand that.

RHEA

I must have forgotten that between endless testing, experimental procedures, and being forced to fuck people I don't even like. People I don't even know.

ORSINO

You don't really expect me to feel bad for you, right?

RHEA

I bet you get off on shit like this. You want to know the juiciest, dirtiest details of my life because you missed yours? Huh? Black put you in a cell and all the people you thought cared forget about you? Is that why you jumped on this case?

SOUND: THE CLATTER OF METAL.

RHEA (NAR.)

In a breath he shoves the metal table out from between us, grabs the back of my neck and pulls me towards him. Hard. His fingers dig into my skin. I'm in pain but I'm also trying to figure out- why isn't anyone stopping him?

ORSINO

I'm here because someone looked into that girl's eyes, dug a needle into her neck, and squeezed like it was a trigger.

RHEA (NAR.)

I picture Iris' face. I picture every look she's ever given me. None of those fit into the story I'm hearing. The scene I'm seeing. The light fading from her eyes. Her breathes coming in heaves. Her skin, greying, decaying a millisecond at a time. I imagine her grip on my arm lasting longer than the traces of heat in her hand. Part of me wants to collapse, but Orsino is nails deep in the other.

ORSINO

Someone watched her, shocked, scared, and dying. Someone she knew. Someone she trusted. Only someone like me can understand the value of punishment for that.

RHEA (NAR.)

And there's something about the way that he's staring at me that tells me he wants very badly to punish me. For being a liar. For being reckless. For drinking too much. For smoking too much. For making the government look like idiots. For my body not working. For being a waste. For being such a *fucking* waste... Maybe I've already been punished. Maybe I deserve this useless body. Not like Iris'...

RHEA

I'll tell you what I know, but I need to know something from you too.

RHEA (NAR.)

He releases me.

ORSINO

There's no reason for me to trust you.

RHEA

Eros wasn't with me that morning. The last time I saw him was when I was with Hera.

ORSINO

Why did you lie?

RHEA

Because he asked me to. And I believed him when he said he didn't know anything. He went over there because she asked him to-

ORSINO

We know she called him.

RHEA

He went over there and just- he didn't do anything. She freaked out. Tense all the time.

ORSINO

Why?

RHEA

Never thought she was good enough or something. She put a lot of pressure on herself. She had a crush on Eros.

ORSINO

And how do you think he felt about her?

RHEA

He told me he didn't care about her, not like that.

ORSINO

Have they ever had relations outside their M.I.U.C.?

RHEA

You tell me. Apparently the testing was more extensive than I thought.

ORSINO

So you know about that part of the relationship?

RHEA (NAR.)  
I get the sense he's enjoying this.

RHEA  
It doesn't mean he cared about her.

ORSINO  
But why wouldn't he tell you about it?

RHEA (NAR.)  
To be honest, I've been asking myself the same thing.  
But don't worry, I don't say that. From here on out, believe  
me when I say *I have a plan*.

RHEA  
Because he knows I don't like her.

ORSINO  
Why not?

RHEA (NAR.)  
Here, I know, is where I have to be careful. For Hera and  
myself. But they say the best lies are ones that are almost  
the truth.

RHEA  
I know what people think of me. I know people expected me to  
be more like Hera. That's the only reason they made me. I  
always thought if anyone was going to work.  
It'd be me.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I look up from my hands to see that for the first time, I've  
surprised him... Almost. The truth.

RHEA  
When Eros came to my house the next night, he was scared.

ORSINO  
What time did he leave her house? No guards saw him.  
How did he even get over there it's not-

RHEA  
I'll tell you as soon as you help me.

ORSINO  
What?

RHEA

I want to see Iris' file. The parts about her and Eros.

RHEA (NAR.)

He pauses. Make that two times I've surprised him.

ORSINO

Tomorrow.

RHEA

According to you, it's already tomorrow.

### SCENE 3

SOUND: THE THEME FROM "A TRIP TO THE MOON"

CLARK (NAR.)

So, after a few hours of memorizing the order of the books on the shelves, cleaning a stranger's house, and thinking I was gonna throw up because I swear that water IS weird- I realized I needed to get out of my head, without getting out of the house. There's a large bathroom off Rhea's room. The tub is larger than the bed I had back home. So that's where I'm lying right now. A large atlas from downstairs over my lap. Figured I might as well get to know my new home... continent.

Or at least practice holding books without causing a scene. There's also a monitor in here. So I'm enjoying my hostess' extensive collection of movies. I haven't seen many from before the Crisis. This one- "A Trip To The Moon". Quite old. Like, silent. It's funny to imagine people being so obsessed with leaving the earth. After the Crisis, space exploration (along with just about everything else) became a distant priority.

People didn't want more questions- they wanted answers to the matter at hand. And they didn't get those either... I can see the appeal of looking out when everything is falling apart within. Most of my life was spent with the same handful of people. I was bored and lonely. I look down at a map of the pacific north west.

All I had was the news then- the politics, the science, even the gossip. It was all happening here, which might as well have been the moon to me.

SOUND: RUMMAGING OUTSIDE.

CLARK (NAR.)

What is-



SOUND: DOOR OPENING.

CLARK (NAR.)

Rhea is revealed behind the door. For whatever reason, I duck into the tub. Then realize how stupid I must look. Doesn't matter. She hasn't seen me. She's focused on filling a bag with things from a cabinet. I watch her for a full fifteen seconds.

SOUND: RUMMAGING FOR FIFTEEN SECONDS.

CLARK

Hi.

CLARK (NAR.)

She jumps back. I stand up.

CLARK

Me again.

RHEA

I don't know how they bathe where you're from but I promise you- you're doing it wrong.

CLARK

No I was just- it's actually kind of weird.

CLARK (NAR.)

But she isn't listening. She's already left the room. I follow her into the bedroom.

CLARK

I didn't sleep in your bed.

RHEA

Okay?

CLARK (NAR.)

That sounded less weird in my head. She keeps collecting things. Shirts from half opened drawers, a shoe, pants from the floor, the other shoe.

CLARK

How was... everything?

RHEA

Just the tops. Where's Hera?

CLARK  
I think she actually went to get you.

CLARK (NAR.)  
And she's off again. This time, darting into Hera's room. I wait at the threshold, like a normal person. As she beelines for the bed. She drops to her knees.

CLARK  
What are you looking for?

RHEA  
Nothing.

CLARK (NAR.)  
She pushes past me and heads down the stairs.

CLARK  
Is everything okay?

CLARK (NAR.)  
She's rifling through the books on the shelf.

RHEA  
Why is everything so- orderly.

CLARK  
I have no idea. Weird. Do you-

RHEA  
Where the fuck is my- Have you been touching my stuff?

CLARK  
As little as possible.

RHEA  
Where's my atlas.

CLARK  
Oh, in the bath. Just the tub. No water. Here-

CLARK (NAR.)  
I run up the stairs and into her room. I retrieve the book and start back downstairs. I see Rhea load a gun, then quickly stuff it into her bag.

CLARK  
Why do you have a gun?

RHEA  
I have to go.

CLARK (NAR.)  
Maybe a little slower than I should have, I realize what this is all about.

CLARK  
You're running away.

CLARK (NAR.)  
One of my hands tightens around the atlas while the other pulls Hera's panic button from my pocket.

RHEA  
Don't. Don't Clark.

CLARK  
Why do you have a gun?

RHEA  
Because it isn't safe. We need to leave right now.

CLARK  
What? We? Where?

RHEA  
Something is wrong, Clark. First Iris, then the attack yesterday. They think it's someone on the inside. Nowhere here is safe. I was told to get out. There's a safe house in the mountains.

CLARK  
Why didn't they tell me about it?

RHEA  
Because they barely tell us anything.

CLARK (NAR.)  
She takes a step closer to me. My hand doesn't leave the panic button

RHEA

They didn't even tell us about you until two days ago... There's a tunnel system they built a few decades ago. Officially it's sealed off. We've used them before. We're supposed to go a couple of blocks and then a car is going to grab us.

CLARK (NAR.)

She's st a few feet away from me. She's not quite beautiful like Hera. Her features, more present. Her eyes... unsettling. But there's something about her that's compelling. I don't even realize I'm waiting on her to speak again until she reaches out- and for a second I'm not sure what she's going to reach for until- She takes the atlas. Walks backwards towards her bag.

RHEA

I'm going with or without you.

CLARK

Wait can we just-

CLARK (NAR.)

But she turns and heads for the kitchen without even letting me finish.

CLARK

Let me get my bag!

CLARK (NAR.)

She stops. I run up the stairs to her room. Into my bag goes a few shirts, a pair of pants, my toothbrush, a packet of Orange Aid, and without hesitating- the button. I run back downstairs but she's gone- she's-

RHEA

Come on!

CLARK (NAR.)

She calls from the kitchen. I round the corner and she's standing beside the sink, pulling open the cabinet beneath. The bright kitchen does nothing to illuminate the darkness within. Rhea sticks both legs into into shadow, and lets herself fall.

Fuck.

I look around the safe, sterile space. With it's water and books and dozens of security features. I look down the chute and throw myself down. My own trip to the moon.

## SCENE 4

SOUND: A THUD

CLARK (NAR.)

The trip is not off to a great start. I land hard on a dirt floor. I can't see my hand in front of my face.

CLARK

Rhea?

CLARK (NAR.)

And then I see her as a small blue light illuminates her face.

RHEA

Let's go.

CLARK (NAR.)

She whispers and heads in the only direction. I stumble after her, trying not to touch anything.

RHEA

We found these a few years ago. Eros and I used to use them to- well we never used them to sneak out. We didn't want any of them finding out about them.

CLARK

Noble.

CLARK (NAR.)

And I follow closely behind, trying not to breathe down her neck, but also trying to stay close to the small pool of light. All I can make out are the walls, cold concrete. She stops suddenly and I collide with her back.

RHEA

Did you hear that?

CLARK

No. I-

SOUND: A GIGGLE.

CLARK (NAR.)

And then I hear it. A laugh. Somewhere very close to me.

RHEA  
Pers?

CLARK (NAR.)  
With a click, another light goes on. Persephone stands a few feet away from us. She freezes when she sees me, her lipsticked mouth mid smirk.

PERSEPHONE  
Oh-

CLARK  
Hi!

RHEA  
Shhh!

CLARK  
Hi... I'm Clark.

PERSEPHONE  
Persephone.

RHEA  
I'm just showing him around. The stuff Black won't.

CLARK (NAR.)  
Why is Rhea lying? Persephone's eyes stay on me for a beat longer. All limbs and bone, she's smaller than I thought. But then again I've never seen a photo of her not wearing heels.

PERSEPHONE  
Is Eros still being questioned?

RHEA  
I guess.

PERSEPHONE  
Why are they talking to him so much?

RHEA  
I don't know. He's had his secrets for awhile.

CLARK (NAR.)

And even in the dim light, I see Persephone's face change.

PERSEPHONE

Rhea, I'm really sorry.

RHEA

How long have you known?

PERSEPHONE

Only a week. I came into the bathroom one day and she- she had to take these injections. She couldn't do them herself, she was crying.

RHEA

You should have told me. I thought we had eachother's backs with-

PERSEPHONE

How was I supposed to tell you that? With Eros-

RHEA

This has nothing to do with Eros.

PERSEPHONE

I know.

CLARK (NAR.)

There's a beat of tense silence where I wonder if she's going to elaborate so I know what this DOES have to with. But-

RHEA

We need to go.

CLARK (NAR.)

She must be right. Just because I don't know who we're running from or why doesn't mean I don't know that dawdling is a bad idea.

PERSEPHONE

Well I'll see you guys tomorrow then.

CLARK (NAR.)

And in response, Rhea pushes past her. I follow closely behind her. Nodding at Persephone as I go.

PERSEPHONE

Wait.

CLARK (NAR.)

And without asking, Persephone reaches out and touches my face. Her fingers trace from my temple, past where the crinkle would be by my eyes, down to my chin. Rhea pulls me, hard, after her...

We walk in silence for sometime, looking over my shoulder I can't see Persephone anymore. Atleast I think I can't.

CLARK

Why didn't we tell her where we were going?

RHEA

If she didn't already know, she wasn't supposed to.

CLARK

That makes sense.

What'd you mean about this not being about Eros?

RHEA

The most pressing matters in my life have surprisingly little to do with him.

CLARK

That makes sense.

CLARK (NAR.)

And she climbs a small flight of concrete stairs. I follow, try not to trip. She takes a breath and then pushes through a door and the tunnel is flooded with harsh sunlight. I fumble in my pockets for my sunglasses. In the same fluid motion as she puts hers on, she grabs mine from my breast pocket.

I follow her up and onto the street. My eyes take about as long as my brain does to adjust to the idea of daylight. Something about the darkness of The Bricks and the subterranean passageway, I forgot it was the morning. It must be early enough for no one to be awake yet. The warehouse lined street we emerged to is empty save for a few parked cars. Rhea stands still, runs a hand through her hair the way her sister did only a few hours ago.



CLARK  
What now?

RHEA  
...They're supposed to be here.

CLARK (NAR.)  
Her eyes are unreadable behind the dark lenses, but there's something in her voice... Who isn't here? And where are they?

RHEA  
Our transport.

CLARK (NAR.)  
She answers before I can ask and my palms begin to sweat- and not from the heat. I feel the panic button deep in my bag as clearly as if I've already reached for it. But I'm paralyzed.

RHEA  
(DISTANT)  
Clark?

CLARK (NAR.)  
The weight of our sudden exposure hits me. Anyone could be watching us. Taking aim. They got to the fucking president yesterday even with all that security. Who's to say they won't-

RHEA  
Clark?

CLARK (NAR.)  
Someone hates us. Why wouldn't they? I'm so far from home. Nobody on this continent even knows my favorite fucking color. And I'm going to die here. Hours after my life began it's going to-

RHEA  
Clark.

CLARK (NAR.)  
I jump a few feet back when I feel her hand on my arm.

RHEA  
We have to go.

CLARK  
Are they here?

RHEA  
No, we have to go ourselves. Come on.

CLARK (NAR.)  
Before I can ask anything else, she's popping the hood of one of the parked cars. A small, white sanitation vehicle. Half her body disappears as she dives into the... uh... engine. I think?

RHEA  
Sanitation vehicles are easiest to take. Not the trucks, the administrative ones. They don't get used enough to miss.

CLARK  
What?

CLARK (NAR.)  
She pulls herself out from the depths of the car.

RHEA  
They took civilian cars off the streets. Every government owned car has an override code so they can commandeer them at any time.

SOUND: HOOD SHUTTING.

RHEA  
It also makes it so you can drive them yourself.

CLARK (NAR.)  
She opens the door, throws her bag in. I turn to look back for the entrance to the passageway but it's gone. Camouflaged into the identical walls of concrete and steel.

SOUND: THE CAR HUMS TO LIFE.

CLARK (NAR.)  
I jump into the car, pull the door shut, and buckle up.

**END OF EPISODE**