

Lesser Gods Season 2, Episode 1

By

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SCENE: 1

SOUND: A DOOR SLAMMING, FOOTSTEPS

RHEA (NAR.)

Fuck, fuck, fuck. I throw an anxious look over my shoulder- half expecting him to have followed me so fast he slipped in before the door slammed. Shit.

(FOOTSTEPS)

Three, two, one-

EROS

Rhea!

RHEA (NAR.)

Eros is closing the space between us before he even crosses the linoleum of the old exam room.

RHEA

Come here often?

RHEA (NAR.)

I choke out, trying to be cool despite knowing I'm in trouble.

EROS

You can't fucking do that.

RHEA (NAR.)

I stare into his eyes. Their shape and color familiar, but their anger not. I say nothing for a moment. Wanting desperately for him to crack under the tension, to smile easily and run a hand through his curls. But he stands there, every inch of his body unsmiling and cold.

RHEA

I'm sorry.

RHEA (NAR.)

I squeak. Suddenly very aware of my bare shoulders- the gunmetal grey robe slinking off as I ran. He managed to throw on boxers beneath his. Just that thin extra layer seems to boost him stories above me in dignity and maturity. He, the (newly) rational adult to put SOMETHING on before having a conversation. Me, the scared girl who ran away when she realized she was in trouble.

RHEA
I fucked up.

RHEA (NAR.)
I say more solidly. More used to admitting that. He nods, stoic. Breathing out his nostrils. I shift uncomfortably. The floor is freezing, at this point I'd trade the robe for socks.
Eros leans back against a sink.

EROS
Rhea...

RHEA (NAR.)
My name rumbles in his throat like thunder. He snaps his head up to me.

EROS
What the fuck is wrong with you?

RHEA
Look, Er, it wasn't a big deal. I didn't even realize I'd done it until-

EROS
Until what? Because it sounds like you STILL haven't figured it out.

RHEA (NAR.)
Ugh, these moods. Everything I say to him now is a problem. Every joke; a reflection of my inability to take things seriously. Every time I'm upset; just me making everything about me.

EROS
This... isn't easy for me. It's weird. I hate it.

RHEA
Wow okay, thanks.

RHEA (NAR.)
Now there's a shift of something behind his eyes. That wasn't what he meant, but it might as well have been.

RHEA

Yeah, you know even when I was enjoying having sex with you I never liked copping. But at least I didn't take it out on you.

EROS

I didn't-

RHEA

Can you imagine your biggest issue being pissed off at me? I'm jealous, Er. I really am.

RHEA (NAR.)

Now his cheeks color with embarrassment.

EROS

I'm sorry. I know I have it... easier than you.

RHEA (NAR.)

Which is so, so true. None of us have it great right now, right after we came back they found something unfamiliar in Clark's blood (all his fears about getting contaminated weren't bullshit- *my bad*) so he's been in a kind of quarantine. We hang out still, spend afternoons lying around my Brick, reading and bickering. He just isn't allowed to cop with me. Which is... so nice. The tension in my other relationships gets checked at the door... I wish I could say the same about Char, Eros, and... Apollo. With Pers out of commission, I'm the only female unit available. Eros reaches a long arm out to me and lifts the robe back onto my bare shoulder. My stomach lurches with hope. He's still in there. He removes his hand slowly.

RHEA

It isn't great for you but- I am safely in first, shitty place.

RHEA (NAR.)

The copping has become more frequent and the pressure has increased. They keep thinking they've detected a cycle in my hormones... then I just live in the lab... I'll be here for days at a time. I have to keep telling myself it isn't any worse than before.

EROS

You're right, I shouldn't take anything about that out on you. But still, when you-

RHEA (NAR.)

I want to hear him describe my offense- but he doesn't.
Only mutedly points to his right earlobe.

EROS

It isn't okay to blur the lines like that. What happens in
there just works for me and it's what's best for you.

RHEA (NAR.)

Never let anyone trick you into thinking "whats best for you"
Isn't just what's easiest for them.

I shouldn't have done it. I know that. But for the first time
since Iris... There was a moment when he seemed like himself.
There's a half finished tattoo on my upper thigh (Rebekah
apparently considers tattoo ink "unnecessary risk"). While we
were copping he'd noticed it and smirked, then placed a hand
on my knee. It's impossible to explain the gravity of that
one gesture.

To me, atleast. It's just- I wasn't... I was sitting nearly
upright, just a few inches from his ear. It's something he
actually likes. Or liked. I should not have done it. It was
too intimate, too real. Even before he shut me out- I
wouldn't have done it while copping. But in that moment, I
was so desperate for the old him just the gleam of it made me
hungry- Poor choice of words.

RHEA

This is hard.

RHEA (NAR.)

I say quietly.

EROS

I know.

RHEA

It doesn't have to be.

RHEA (NAR.)

And I force myself to keep talking over the naked hope in my
voice.

RHEA

We can be friends. Spend time together. Do-

EROS

I can't. I don't want to do any of that stuff anymore.

RHEA

I don't either. Well, I can't. I barely drink. They monitor my nutrients so carefully... We could just hang out.

EROS

I can't hang out with you.

RHEA (NAR.)

He says, childishly.

RHEA

Why?

RHEA (NAR.)

And he reflexively opens his mouth, like I may have tricked him into telling me the truth. But he snaps it shut.

EROS

I just want to concentrate on succeeding.

RHEA

Which ironically means you need me.

RHEA (NAR.)

He opens his mouth to respond- but I'm always quicker.

RHEA

Too bad you have to deal with anything above my uterus, huh?

RHEA (NAR.)

He loves me. He does. He fucking does.

RHEA

I want to understand why you're being like this. I deserve that.

EROS

You don't... you couldn't understand. Everything has changed.

RHEA

Except for me. Right? All I care about still is getting high and starting fights with Black. Apollo is just some harmless dick and Iris- Should we call her? Maybe she wants to join us for din-

EROS
Stop. STOP.

RHEA (NAR.)
He's upset. Devastatingly angry at even the mention of her name- but I can't stop.

RHEA
You don't have a fucking monopoly over feeling bad, Eros. Why do you get to grow and change, huh?

EROS
This is hard for me too!

RHEA
Well at least they haven't made you fuck Apollo.

RHEA (NAR.)
He says nothing, because nothing he said would be the right thing. When it comes to misery these days, I'm in a league of my own. I brush by him roughly.
Just on the other side of the door is Hera, my jeans, tee shirt, and jacket folded neatly on her arm. Hera has gotten seriously BUILT in the last few months. Her hair is shorter too. She looks like a warrior. It's awesome. And a little scary.

HERA
You okay?

RHEA (NAR.)
I throw the jacket on over the robe.

RHEA
I just wanna go home.

HERA
I pushed your next session back until tomorrow morning.

RHEA (NAR.)
And I'm furious there even is a next session, but appreciate her getting me even a few hours reprieve.

HERA
Hey.

RHEA (NAR.)
Hera hooks her arm in mine. Pulls me closer to her.

HERA
He's lucky you only bit his ear.

RHEA (NAR.)
Hera, hardened by anger but sharp as ever.

RHEA
I'll let Char know he'll miss his morning work out.

RHEA (NAR.)
I say. But I see a twitch in the line of Hera's jaw. My gut lurches. It can't be Apollo again already can-

HERA
Clark has been cleared.

SCENE 2

SOUND: BELL RINGING, FOOTSTEPS

PERSEPHONE (NAR.)
Do you like the bell? It's a little much I guess, but hey- why should I stop being myself now when everyone is so...

VOICE
(OUT OF BREATH)
Persephone, my apologies.

PERSEPHONE (NAR.)
The docent stands, huffing and puffing at the door.

DOCENT
What can I get for you?

PERSEPHONE
Can you find me something... three inches?

PERSEPHONE (NAR.)
The guy blinks, questions to be asked, innuendos to make. But my face reveals nothing, and then, annoyance. I lazily lift my hand into the air. Hold my thumb and pointer finger roughly 3 inches apart. He leaves. I lay back, guess how long it will take him to complete this seemingly arbitrary task.

I get a new one of these guys every week. They're boring. Completing every task in a timely manner, backing away after begging to do anything else for me. They're no chaperones. They lack all the quirks, the sense of stunted ambition, sometimes something more.

I lie back on my mountain of pillows, glance at my wrist. I'll give him exactly one minute and then I'll pretend to fall asleep. Maybe I'll actually do it. I'm so bored sometimes I can't even tell if I'm awake.

DOCENT
Miss?

PERSEPHONE (NAR.)
My attention jerks back to him. That took less time then- Oh.

DOCENT
Will this do?

PERSEPHONE (NAR.)
Oh. He's holding a tea cup.

DOCENT
I just grabbed the first thing I could find.

PERSEPHONE (NAR.)
He sweats a little under my gaze- unreadable. But my mind has gone blank with the effort of pushing something sad beneath the surface. The image of someone much larger taking up more of that door frame with the same tea cup, before dropping his heavy body onto the bed beside me. A deep laugh. A rough hand.

PERSEPHONE
Leave it.

PERSEPHONE (NAR.)
The docent places it cautiously on my bedside table before backing out the door, eyes never leaving me. Once I'm sure he's gone, I take the cup and place it on my stomach. This is how big it is. I tighten my abs, trying to feel it. But I'm told it may be another month or so. It might get big. It might get really big. With a flat forehead and a head so big it makes their objectively normal- sized ears look tiny... I try and avoid these concrete questions- because they all lead back to him. Seeing Dion there in a new face. I focus more on the gelatinous thoughts.

Will he or she like chocolate? Will their laugh be annoying?
Will their life be hard? Will it be lonely?...

I spend more time thinking about Rhea's uterus than ever before.

It's funny, although she's stopped with the drugs and the late nights, she looks worse than ever. Her long face, heavy, no longer lifted by the smirk she used to wear. For all her bravado, she can't handle the pressure- the Eros thing the cherry on top of the shit sundae. He looks fantastic. Bulking up after hours in the gym with Char. His face slimmer, his chin dusted with scruff. The transition from boy to man, complete.

She must miss the boy toy version terribly. Clark, a far-less suitable, sex-less replacement. I've grown so weary of watching him ache for her. Rhea acts like she hasn't noticed. Which I can hardly believe- she must secretly relish the attention. They keep up a steady stream of bickering. Discussing some book she's making him read.

It almost hurts to watch his eyes light up every time she looks in his direction. How he swells each time she confides in him.

Yikes.

I want to pity him more but, god do I miss the chase. It's not that I encountered many men or women who didn't want to be with me. They just knew it was against the rules. I miss toying with them, each graze of my fingertips or hooded look pushing them closer and closer to breaking the rules. I savored watching them agonize over would (or rather when) they would be with me. Always knowing it would end here.

I lie on my side. Curl around the cup. Clark isn't having any of the fun. Only the suffering. He has no idea what he's doing- that's the problem. He needs someone to instruct him. Someone with a little too much time on their hands... I grab the bell, cock my hand to ring-

APOLLO

What is it you need?

PERSEPHONE (NAR.)

Ugh. I've told them over and over to stop letting him up here without warning me. You'd think after everything, Apollo would have some shame. Would ask if it was okay before kissing my fucking feet. But no.

APOLLO

What's with the cup, kid?

PERSEPHONE (NAR.)

Suddenly self conscious, I stow it on my nightstand. Pull my shirt over my skin. He notices this, but says nothing.

PERSEPHONE

What do you want.

APOLLO

We have to do one of our little Fireside Chats.

PERSEPHONE

Dammit. Is it Thursday already?

APOLLO

There was an explosion on the East Coast. Rebekah wants to boost morale.

PERSEPHONE

Then have her do it.

PERSEPHONE (NAR.)

He takes a ghost of a step forward, eyes dart sharply around, looking for a place to stand or sit. But every inch of my space rejects him.

APOLLO

We look great together. On screen. Not sure if you-

PERSEPHONE

I didn't.

PERSEPHONE (NAR.)

For the first few weeks I devoured every photo and article, smelt every flower thrown at my feet. But flowers rot.

APOLLO

We should get dinner or something after wards.

PERSEPHONE

No.

APOLLO

Like you've got other plans?

PERSEPHONE (NAR.)

And there it is, that flash of nastiness. I focus on how ugly it makes him for a moment before realizing he's right. Rhea and Char avoid me. Out of disgust and fear, respectively. And every time I hang out with Eros, he gets sad. There were a few dates with Hera but she does this thing- she wants to talk about carrying.

Something we have in common.

Or so she thinks.

The queasy feeling I get from keeping Black's secret- that she was never pregnant- isn't worth it. I just pretend Apollo is around too much. No questions asked. Black has vanished- replaced in a rapid, chaotic election by... Rebekah. Only winning her seat with a little help from me. More coerced than generous. Whatever. If it keeps that hippy weirdo away from me, it's worth it... But who does it leave me with? Only one person.

PERSEPHONE

I do have plans.

APOLLO

With who?

SCENE 3

CLARK

Rhea, please put that down.

CLARK (NAR.)

I say, but flatly, so she knows I'm not serious.

RHEA

Do you have anything that ISN'T candy?

CLARK

You don't NEED to eat my snacks.

CLARK (NAR.)

She turns to me, but then pops a chocolate in her mouth. She throws the bag at me, I catch it. Barely.

RHEA

I have loved watching your eating habits deteriorate.

CLARK

Well, you are a terrible influence.

CLARK (NAR.)

I take a small bite of a candy. She lies down on my bed. Stretching out. Her long legs- close to dangling from the edge. Her casualness only heightens the heat in my cheeks. I've taken the smaller bedroom in the house- the one meant for my chaperone- who should have been here yesterday but... better late than... whatever. It's just a gesture of normalcy anyway...

The room though- I just couldn't bare to take Iris' old one. It's bad enough I'm in her old home. Where she...

Rhea robs me of my thoughts. Turns to me- smiles like she's going to say something- but then grips her abdomen. Face contorted with sudden violence. My instinct is to rush to her, but this happens enough that I know better. Instead I grab a cold water bottle, drop to my knees and say-

CLARK

Takes her whiskey neat. Can't handle a little cacao.

CLARK (NAR.)

As I press it to her forehead.
She flips me off- as close to grateful as she gets.

CLARK

Does it hurt terribly?

RHEA

What do you think?

CLARK

Do you want me to ask someone out there to grab you something..? There's a few guards downstairs.

RHEA

Distract me.

CLARK (NAR.)

She grunts, pats the space on the bed next to her. I climb in beside her. She puts her head on my leg. I place a hand on her hair.

CLARK

Well I've been reading The Catcher in the Rye-

RHEA

And-

CLARK
And I love it-

CLARK (NAR.)
She writhes.

CLARK
Knew you'd react that way. Very Holden Caufield of you.

RHEA
People use that book as an excuse to be awful without grasping it's true-

CLARK
I just wanted to see you react. And then regretted it.

CLARK (NAR.)
She smirks with gritted teeth. We've been doing this for months now. Her nights free from sex, drugs, and most alcohol. Have turned into chaste book clubs.

CLARK
How was uhm, today?

RHEA
Fucking terrible.

CLARK
Why?

CLARK
I ask, interest genuinely piqued. I can never tell if she actually wants me to ask.

RHEA
It was an Eros day.

CLARK
Yeah.

RHEA
It doesn't have to be like this. He can tell me what's wrong and I can fix it. We've been partners too long for him to just keep me in the dark.

CLARK
Yeah.

CLARK (NAR.)
I reply. Glad she can't see my face. I would never describe Rhea as having a particularly deft hand but whatever she knows about how I feel- how I desperately wish I didn't feel- she doesn't say.

RHEA
I don't want to go back out there.

CLARK
Then don't. Stay the night if you want. You sleep. I'll read.

CLARK (NAR.)
I look down to her face. Unsure of what she's actually thinking. She looks worried.

CLARK
Are you still having trouble with Hera?

RHEA
Not that she knows. Some days I think I should tell her the truth. But what good would that do?

CLARK (NAR.)
I nod. The only thing harder than keeping the truth from her would be... well... telling her.

CLARK
You can't spring it on her. One day the right moment will arise. I'm sure. Can you do me a favor?

CLARK (NAR.)
She turns her eyes up to me.

CLARK
If you've ever got something to tell me- just do it. I think if you keep anymore secrets you might pop.

RHEA
I have something to tell you.

CLARK
That was fast.

RHEA
You've been cleared, Clark.

CLARK
Ha. Ha.

CLARK (NAR.)
But she isn't laughing.

CLARK
What?

RHEA
Yeah uhm- we're going to have a session tomorrow.

CLARK
Oh god, really?

CLARK (NAR.)
My voice cracks out- my throat constricting.

RHEA
Well don't seem too excited.

CLARK (NAR.)
I scramble to my feet, getting the rare vantage point of looking down on her.

CLARK
When were they going to tell me?

RHEA
This morning, but I asked them to wait.

CLARK
WHAT? I should have- who else-

RHEA
I didn't realize you'd be so pissed.

CLARK
It wasn't your choice to wait.

RHEA
I wanted you to hear it from me.

CLARK
Why?

RHEA
Because I remember how scary it can feel.

CLARK
I'm not scared.

RHEA
Says the last virgin on the planet.

CLARK
That's not funny.

RHEA
I'm sorry.

CLARK (NAR.)
She's not. I cross and uncross my arms. Suddenly conscious of every muscle in my body. If she wants this to be a real conversation, she's going to have to do all the heavy lifting.

RHEA
Before my first session, I tried to act really cool-

CLARK
Shocker.

CLARK (NAR.)
I mutter, dropping down on the bed beside her.

RHEA
But then the night before, I got so wasted I'm pretty sure I was puking until right before. Possibly after.

CLARK
Who was it with?

CLARK (NAR.)
My stomach tightens like it's preparing for a punch.

RHEA
Char.

CLARK
Oh. I thought-

CLARK (NAR.)
I trail off. But she knows.

RHEA
No. Not him.

CLARK
Good.

CLARK (NAR.)
I say before I can stop myself. My face spontaneously combusts.

CLARK
Because... It isn't that he shouldn't be... Special to you.
But... I sometimes...

CLARK (NAR.)
I'm drowning and she's watching.

CLARK
I sometimes feel like before you freaked out if someone called him your boyfriend and NOW you completely define yourself by whatever end of the spectrum of feeling he finds you on.

CLARK (NAR.)
She nods, slowly, confused.

CLARK
You know what I mean. This is the conclusion anyone would come to if they had to hear you whining about your... break up.

CLARK (NAR.)
That was supposed to be a joke. Why didn't it sound like one?

RHEA
It's not a break up.

CLARK

He hasn't spoken to you more than he needs to in months.

RHEA

We're just off.

CLARK

You're sure as hell not on.

RHEA

You're being an asshole.

CLARK

I was trying to be nice! Not that I should have to after you waited all day to tell me something SO import-

RHEA

Fine. Next time I'll let Rebekah tell you who you'll be fucking like everyone else.

CLARK

That sounds great.

RHEA

If you're into that.

CLARK

No, to be treated like everyone else. Don't you think I'm fucking tired of being the odd man out? Do you think I like playing catch up on your jokes and stories and books?

CLARK (NAR.)

She staring at me like I'm speaking Russian and it makes me want to cry.

CLARK

I hate that after all this time together, you still have a complete inability to even try to understand anyone else's problems.

CLARK (NAR.)

She just stands there, unmoving. Unblinking. Unbreathing for a long few moments.

RHEA
I'm-

CLARK (NAR.)
She takes a deep breath and I prepare myself for some long-winded speech about how I've missed out on nothing and at least they aren't doing to me what I'm doing to her. But to my surprise, she swallows whatever is lodged in her throat.

RHEA
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have... I'm just gonna go.

CLARK (NAR.)
Something in my chest twitches like it wants her to stay, but for the first time in a long time. I really, really want to be alone. So I watch her go.

SCENE 4

SOUND: HEAVY BREATHING, THEN THE SOUND OF GLOVED FISTS HITTING A HEAVY BAG

HERA (NAR.)
Left hook. Right hook. Jab. Uppercut. My mitt SMACKS into the bag. Right where I imagine Apollo's chin would be. I throw another hook to the body. And a knee to the groin.

GUARD
Hera?

HERA (NAR.)
I turn to see a guard in the doorway of the gym.

GUARD
It's 8 am.

HERA
Thanks.

HERA (NAR.)
I say, throwing my mitts down by the bag. I sprint up the stairs from the basement gym and am shocked to smell- coffee. Even more surprising, my sister is seated on the kitchen counter. The coffee machine gurgling and hissing beside her.

HERA
What are you doing up so early?

RHEA
Couldn't sleep.

HERA
Well you were when you walked onto the couch.

RHEA
Ugh, I know. How do we stop this? It's so creepy.

HERA (NAR.)
She's been sleepwalking for a few weeks. Waking up in all parts of the house. Her body overriding her need to rest.

HERA
I like it. It's the only time you're quiet.

RHEA
Hardy har har. What're you doing up?

HERA
I'm always awake before 7.

RHEA
Weird.

HERA
You ready for today?

RHEA
Yeah. Of course.

HERA (NAR.)
But her voice lacks any conviction.

RHEA
I thought he would call or come over or message me or...
throw a rock through my window.

HERA (NAR.)

When I first saw Clark and Rhea together, I couldn't help but laugh at the idea of a love triangle. But now, it's a lot less funny.

Although I guess a triangle would involve anyone loving the right person. No instead it's Clark wants Rhea, Rhea wants Eros, Eros wants to be alone... Rhea has spent a ton of emotional energy strategizing how to get him back. But sometimes I worry it's less about him, more about the way things were before Iris died. Was killed.

HERA

It's his first session. You remember how you were before yours.

HERA (NAR.)

She nods. Now imagine how freaked out you'd be if it wasn't also their first attempt. And if it wasn't Eros.

RHEA

Do you think I talk about him too much?

HERA

I think moving on without knowing what his deal is would be impossible.

HERA (NAR.)

A non answer, I think. Yes she talks a lot about him, but it keeps us from talking about Apollo. She shakes her head.

RHEA

I just feel like I can't ever do the right thing.

HERA (NAR.)

She pours herself a mug of coffee.

RHEA

And my boobs are fucking killing me. My body is completely rejecting this whole thing.

HERA

You'll get used to it.

HERA (NAR.)

I tell her. She shrugs. Sips, spits the coffee back into the mug.

RHEA
Why is it so hot?

HERA
Because-

HERA (NAR.)
But I stop. She's been so testy lately. I'm trying to cut her some slack.
(SHATTER)
But she is making it hard. She drops the mug in the sink. It breaks.

HERA
You can't do that- you know Rebekah has cut back on your cleaning staff... You gonna be good to go in 10?

RHEA
I am ready to go.

HERA (NAR.)
I want to point out that she- unshowered in sweats- is most certainly not ready to go. But instead I respond-

HERA
Great.

HERA (NAR.)
She stomps out of the room.
There's an edge to her that's gone, replaced by something that gnaws at her. And I get it. I mean, I was there at one point too. As terrible as my pregnancy failing was, the anxiety of not being able to get anything to stick again... it was even worse. I know it's different for her. With me, everyone was watching me and hoping it could even be done. But with Rhea, now that we know it can be done, all she is is disappointing people. And it doesn't help that Persephone is... well... Persephone. I want to talk to her about all of this, to connect with her. But every time I bring up Persephone or even my own pregnancy, she retreats. More hostile than ever.

I take a sip of coffee- damn wait, that is really hot.

RHEA
Told ya.

HERA (NAR.)
Rhea is watching me from the doorway.

The opportunity to embarrass myself momentarily bringing her back to her favorite self.

HERA
Let's go.

....

HERA (NAR.)
We step out of the vehicle, flanked by more guards than I thought we could even employ. Rebekah has cut almost all the staff that isn't security related. Even the medical team has shrunk. It's hard not to stare down the barrels of the automatic weapons.

RHEA
Fucking ironic, huh?

HERA (NAR.)
Rhea's arms are folded, she makes herself small. She's become more withdrawn in the last few months. She hates all this attention. But she hates it even more that they refuse to protect us from the people who wrought the most havoc. We step inside. Doors sealing behind us.

HERA
You ready for this?

HERA (NAR.)
Rhea just shrugs. It doesn't matter. We wait for the elevator.

RHEA
I just wish he would talk to me instead of icing me out

HERA
Gee, I wonder who else does that?

RHEA
Well I hereby apologize for past and future times.

HERA (NAR.)
I nod. I'll take what I can get. I turn to her. She runs a hand through her hair, nervous.

HERA
You know how he feels about you.

RHEA
Do not.

HERA
Do fucking too.

HERA (NAR.)
She shoves me a little- I throw my arm around her neck in what can only be described as a love-headlock.

RHEA
Easy, Roadhouse.

REBEKAH
Careful please.

HERA (NAR.)
I still have Rhea trapped when I look up to see Rebekah in the waiting elevator. She's looking at me like I'm 33 going on 9.

HERA
Madame President.

HERA (NAR.)
I say- careful to keep Rhea's face near my armpit so Rebekah can't see her reaction.

REBEKAH
Please, call me-

HERA
Rebekah.

HERA (NAR.)
I finish. Forcing a smile harder than she's forcing casualness.

REBEKAH
Would you mind...?

RHEA
Don't bother asking my opinion.

HERA (NAR.)

Rhea says, muffled. I release her. She straightens up, is eye level with our new leader. Rebekah rolls her eyes. I don't think she realized how much Rhea she'd be getting in her new position.

REBEKAH

Rhea you can't really be comfortable.

RHEA

It's an improvement on the rest of my day.

HERA (NAR.)

Rebekah opens her mouth to respond- decides it isn't worth it.

HERA

Well then...

HERA (NAR.)

I say as we join her inside the elevator. The walls are white, but the ceiling is a mirror. I look up and observe The three of us standing there. Both Rebekah and Rhea stare coolly ahead of them as if daring the other to be weak enough to break the silence. We're heading down to the yolk, two stories below ground level when we screech to a sudden stop. Rebekah's eyes dart to the door as it slides open to reveal-

APOLLO

Ah.

HERA (NAR.)

Apollo says in way in greeting. My first twitches; a Pavlovian response. I see myself in slow motion, my first connecting with his high, defined cheekbones. His firm lower lip- so often mid smirk- split and oozing blood. Barely feeling his golden stubble as my knuckles collide with his cleft chin. Just my daily fantasy. He looks at me and pauses before trying to squeeze in between Rebekah and the wall- trying to put as much distance between himself and me and Rhea as possible.

The doors slide shut, sealing him inside.

I glance up at the ceiling again. Rebekah refuses to move even an inch to give him more space so instead he stands there, back pressed uncomfortably to the wall, stomach sucked in to avoid coming to close to anyone else. Despite what he lets on to anyone out there, he knows what he is; the planet's most popular pariah.

His eyes flick up and now we watch each other.

Equal parts afraid of and obsessed with one another. I breathe in time to the familiar refrain in my head: He can't hurt you unless you allow him to. You can destroy him with every. Single. Look.

SOUND: DING

HERA (NAR.)

The doors slide open and Rebekah exits. Then Rhea. Apollo gestures for me to leave first. I just stare at him, emotionless.

APOLLO

What? You think I'm gonna stab you in the back?

HERA (NAR.)

I can't tell if he's trying to be funny or not. Was never his strong suit.

HERA

I assume I'm safe as long as you're not holding a syringe.

HERA (NAR.)

He stares back at me- wounded. Like I wasn't there when he drugged me. Like he hadn't admitted to my sister he killed Iris.

(THROAT CLEARING)

Rhea clears her throat. I step in front of Apollo and out of the elevator. Not quite a right hook. But it will have to do for now.

SCENE 5

RHEA (NAR.)

I glance up at Hera as we step into the familiar gleam of The Yolk's florescent lights.

RHEA

How'd that feel?

HERA

Just as good as the last time. But still not quite cruel enough.

RHEA

Well I would love to help you workshop some remarks.

HERA
That sounds great.

RHEA (NAR.)
She says, smiling as I SMACK right into a burly security guard.

RHEA
What the-

PERSEPHONE
Sorry, they're with me.

RHEA (NAR.)
Persephone is curled up at the head of the yellow table.

RHEA
What are you doing here?

RHEA (NAR.)
I say, more confused than anything. Persephone hasn't shown up to any of these since they found out she was carrying.

PERSEPHONE
I was invited.

RHEA
You've been invited every week.

RHEA (NAR.)
She shrugs, impish and infuriating.

PERSEPHONE
Where's Clark?

RHEA (NAR.)
She croons.

RHEA
I don't know.

PERSEPHONE
I tried calling on him for dinner last night- no response.

RHEA

I said I don't know.

PERSEPHONE

I thought you were with him all the time?

RHEA

I thought you were with Apollo all the time?

RHEA (NAR.)

Her small mouth drops, her lip quivers with some kind of outrage- but before she can respond-

APOLLO

Grabbed you a tea.

RHEA (NAR.)

Apollo- timed perfectly to prove my point- appears in the doorway, a steaming china cup in his hand.

PERSEPHONE

I'm good.

RHEA (NAR.)

Persephone growls. Apollo- miserable (my favorite) drops into a seat in the corner behind her. If my two least favorite people can make each other this unhappy, then what am I even doing here?

CHAR

Hey hey.

RHEA (NAR.)

Char interrupts my existential crisis. He's grown out this dense beard, stopped grooming so carefully. His clothes don't cling to him like they used to. He's doing his best to look less gorgeous- thinking maybe if he looks bad, Persephone might understand that he feels bad too. He crosses the room in a couple of steps to claim the seat next to me. Once he leaves the doorway, I see he was eclipsing Eros. I'd spent so much of the last 12 hours thinking about Clark, I nearly forgot how mad I was at him. He looks paler, colder in the bright light. I want to wrap my arms around him. I also want to scream at him. I do neither.

CHAR
What's Pers doing here?

PERSEPHONE
I was told this meeting was important.

RHEA (NAR.)
There's a spark behind Char's eyes. Persephone hasn't spoken to him for weeks. He tries to play it cool.

CHAR
Cool. It's good to see-

RHEA (NAR.)
But Persephone isn't paying attention. She's staring down at her Device. Not that she gets service in here. She just would rather it look like she doesn't give a shit about us than the other way around. I shrug apologetically at Char. He nods back. There was a brief few days after she announced she was carrying that she tried to talk to me. Explain why she was letting them save Apollo. Why she was endorsing Rebekah. But I didn't wanna hear it. And I still don't. Without looking up, she feels my eyes on her.

PERSEPHONE
What are you staring at.

RHEA (NAR.)
She says, low.

RHEA
Just... trying to figure out if pregnancy is making your hair thinner.

PERSEPHONE
No, but it is making me the most important human being since the fucker with the wheel.

RHEA
Is that fetus stealing all your nutrients and comebacks?

PERSEPHONE
You're less funny now that you're sober.

CHAR
Just like old times.

RHEA (NAR.)
Char chirps. And I realize; he's right. I think back to the last time we were all in this room together.

RHEA
Actually-

RHEA (NAR.)
I start, my brain still doing the math. Eros gets there first.

EROS
That morning.

RHEA (NAR.)
The memory hangs in the silence. Persephone's success has changed everything. The world is brighter, more hopeful than it's been in a long, long time. The cold breath of extinction no longer makes the hairs on humanity's neck stand up. Sure things have been pretty fucked up for The Four (and Clark). But nothing is as good at reducing us to our worst as the memory of the morning Iris was found dead.

REBEKAH
Good morning. Good morning.

RHEA (NAR.)
Rebekah glides into the room. Long legs barely touching the ground, one arm clutching a tablet. The other swinging drowsily by her side. She smiles, serene. Ridiculous.

REBEKAH
So glad to see you, Persephone.

RHEA (NAR.)
She squeezes Pers' hand in hers. Pers' deep purple nail polish looks so bright and colorful in her grey grasp, it looks like her long, thin fingers belong to a corpse.

REBEKAH
This is an important day... But where is Clark- Rhea?

RHEA (NAR.)
She turns to me. And even though nothing about her looks like Shylock. The flashbacks still leave me stammering-

RHEA
I haven't heard from him.

EROS
Really?

RHEA (NAR.)
Eros says before he can stop himself. His eyes dart away, deer-like, when I turn my attention to him.

HERA
I don't know if he was feeling well.

RHEA (NAR.)
Hera says, filling the awkward space left by Eros' question. Rebekah sighs impatiently, puts her face in her hands. I love watching the daily struggle between how much Rebekah loves her new power and how much she fucking hates us. You know we've gotta be bad if we make bureaucracy look like the easy part. I can't resist.

RHEA
Something... the matter?

RHEA (NAR.)
Her lithe neck SNAPS up. She glares at me.

REBEKAH
You know Rhea, sometimes when people go missing they saunter back into their lives. Other times, they're found dead.

RHEA
You don't need to explain that morning to me.

REBEKAH
Your behavior seems like I do.

EROS
Stop.

RHEA
You-

TALC
Wow, sorry to interrupt.

RHEA (NAR.)
We all turn to the doorway- and the stranger standing inside it. His voice drawls warmly- somewhere from the South- but it's still grating and tinny. But more than anything- it's confident. His hair hangs in dark strands down to the ears they're tucked behind. His cheeks are sallow. He looks sick.

TALC

I would also love for someone to describe your faces to me right now.

RHEA (NAR.)

He says with a grin. He's got a dimple on one cheek. He wears a pair of dark sunglasses on his slender nose.

PERSEPHONE

Then maybe you should lose the shades.

RHEA (NAR.)

Persephone says like he an idiot.

TALC

Afraid it wouldn't help much, darlin'.

RHEA (NAR.)

Before he takes his first step into the room- he whips a thin, black cane out before him. Show-ey, like he might use it for dancing instead of feeling his way around the room.

PERSEPHONE

Don't... call me darling.

RHEA (NAR.)

Persephone says meekly by way of apology. Behind her, Apollo gets to his feet. Please. What's this guy gonna do? Poke around until he hits Persephone?

Rebekah blinks away surprise, masks uncertainly with feux friendliness.

REBEKAH

Talc.

TALC

As requested.

APOLLO

Like the-

RHEA (NAR.)

Apollo stops himself from saying what we're all thinking; the name. He's got to be from that brief generation from before Hera's. Could he really be two years older than her..? The glasses make it hard to tell- but he looks too young for 38. That generation is a famous disaster. Over manipulation left them with a batch of units who were all genetic time bombs. If they lived to 20- things went downhill fast.

TALC

... theeee? Sick beautiful bastards? That would be me. Well, as far as I know. That voice- gotta be Apollo.

RHEA (NAR.)

Talc cocks an eyebrow, throws out his open hand. Apollo doesn't move towards it. He stands still, unsure of what to make of this guy. A little afraid he could catch something. Talc closes his fingers, begins to lower his arms when-

HERA

I'm Hera.

RHEA (NAR.)

Hera jumps to her feet, takes his fist in both of her hands. The corners of Talc's mouth twitch up into a smirk.

TALC

That sounds about right. Insert wink here.

HERA

Ha... Ha.

RHEA (NAR.)

Hera laughs awkwardly.

TALC

Man, you guys are uptight around here.

REBEKAH

Yes well. As much as we'd like to unwind, we have business to attend to first. Which is impossible without your ward; Triton.

RHEA (NAR.)

Talc taps the leg of a nearby chair. Something about it's specific clang must tell him it's empty. He lowers himself into it.

TALC

I'm afraid you'll have to turn the impossible into the most possible. Clark will be taking a mental health day.

REBEKAH

That's not an option.

RHEA (NAR.)

Rebekah says evenly. Talc shrugs.

TALC
The guy's under a lot of stress.

EROS
We're all under a lot of stress.

RHEA (NAR.)
Eros snaps.

TALC
Uh... alright. I hereby grant you whatever permission to also go home.

REBEKAH
You can't do that.

RHEA (NAR.)
Rebekah says impatiently.

TALC
Well, I am sorry.

RHEA (NAR.)
Although he doesn't sound sorry at all.

TALC
I was not aware.

REBEKAH
Well were you also not aware that he has a mandatory inter unit copulation session today.

RHEA (NAR.)
Did.. Eros just twitch? In surprise? Curiosity? Jealousy?

TALC
I can't imagine you, Madame President, actually risking the health of your most vital unit- Rhea gimme a little whoop-

RHEA (NAR.)
Everyone pivots to look at me

RHEA
Whoop?

TALC
Thank you. That-

RHEA (NAR.)
Gestures to me.

TALC
- Little lady ONE DAY after he's been cleared? Besides she could even be carrying as we speak and then whatever might have been in Clark could be in the baby.

REBEKAH
Well we were never positive what Clark tested for was harmful.

TALC
I am sorry truly if I was not aware we were gambling with the body of one of two viable young ladies.

RHEA
Where is your accent from?

RHEA (NAR.)
I hear myself ask. I need to know where the fuck this guy came from.

TALC
Oh there will be a time and a place for that. Now, Madame, if you have any messages for my ward I will be just the happiest to pass them along.

RHEA (NAR.)
Rebekah is quiet. Studies this skinny prick.

REBEKAH
Well you can tell him to spend his day off packing because tomorrow at 6 am sharp, he will be leaving.

RHEA (NAR.)
Anger bubbles up in my throat before I have time to understand it-

RHEA

What the fuck? You can't punish him just for being nervous.
It's his first time. We remember how-

RHEA (NAR.)

But I'm looking around the room now, hearing myself.
Before I turn my reddening face down to my feet- I catch
Eros' eye.

REBEKAH

As comforting as it is to know you will seize any opportunity
to fly off the handle, Rhea- I'm not punishing him. You're
all leaving.

CHAR

For how long?

RHEA (NAR.)

Char says, slack jawed.

REBEKAH

Indefinite. But our Canadian allies are thrilled to meet the
group of people they have spent decades investing their own
resources into.

RHEA

WE're going to Canada?

REBEKAH

Yeah. We Are.

HERA

Why was no one briefed on this?

RHEA (NAR.)

Hera demands.

APOLLO

Yeah.

RHEA (NAR.)

Apollo agrees.

REBEKAH

Because your personal feelings about this trip mattered a lot less than it's purpose.

RHEA

You're just going to... take us on some weird plane ride to Canada?

REBEKAH

No. Not a plane. A train.

RHEA

A train? No one's been on a train in like... 15 years.

REBEKAH

18, actually. But I think I found one that will suit us just fine.... Just my own Fabulous Five... A couple of chaperones... And me.

END OF EPISODE