

Lesser Gods Season 2 Chapter 10

By

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SCENE 1

SOUND: A KNOCK

HERA (NAR.)

Confusion. That's what I feel most. Not shock or fury or sadness. An overpowering confusion that comes in through my nose with each breath and back out through my mouth, black and thick and more incomprehensible than ever. I'm suffocating here, trapped in a place where I need to talk to someone, anyone- but the people on this train. But then who?

I couldn't imagine a situation in which I would get up and open the door.

RHEA

Hey, Hera?

HERA (NAR.)

Rhea. How many times had I spoken to her about it? How could she listen to me without laughing in my face? ... It's only possible if the intense pity she has for me outweighed it. I wonder how often they all talked about it. When the decision was made to let me live this way.

A perfect idiot- an Emperor whose new chains were so heavy they were breaking my back.

My hand traces the long scar on my abdomen. Here is the greatest betrayal. How could my own body keep this from me? Did I know somewhere? Was it the lie itself I was trying to cut out?

No.

It was the truth.

All these years I thought I'd lost a baby. The hope for the rest of the species.

But I'd lost something so, so much more important.

RHEA

Can I come in? Or uh- you out? Whichever is-

HERA (NAR.)

I have never asked anything of her. I thought she had nothing to give me. Now I know how desperately I needed her honesty.

She opens the door. Why didn't I lock it? She throws her hands up, flinches like I might throw something at her.

But-

HERA
Get out.

HERA (NAR.)
Is all I manage to hurl- turning to face the wall.

RHEA
I'm sorry- I know. I will. I just need-

HERA
I have nothing to give you right now, Rhea.

HHERA (NAR.)
I say with all the malice of roadkill. But still, when I move to face her in the silence, she's staring at me like I just took a corkscrew to her heart. She recovers.

RHEA
Persephone is having an emergency.

HERA
What is it?

HERA (NAR.)
I say, jumping to my feet. My legs stiff from having been curled to my chest for so long. She looks relieved- and it turns my stomach.

HERA
Don't.

HERA (NAR.)
Is all I have to say. She knows.

RHEA
Wait, there is something I have to say-

HERA (NAR.)
She bars me from leaving the room. I fold my arms to keep from shoving her out of the way.

RHEA
I know- everything about uhm- everything about back there was wrong. You deserved some privacy. At least. I was just so afraid you were going to leave.

HERA
You.

RHEA
What?

HERA
You were afraid I was going to leave you.

RHEA
Well you were.

HERA
And that would have been my choice.

RHEA
But it would have been a choice for him! He's the one who kept this from you, who lied to you just to keep you close to him.

HERA (NAR.)
She stammers. For a person who considers herself so painfully self aware- selfishness has always been her blind spot.

RHEA
I was just- trying to protect you.

HERA (NAR.)
I want to tell her how very, very badly she's failed me. But Rhea is a shitty listener.

HERA
Where is Persephone?

SCENE 2

RHEA (NAR.)
We finish our walk to Persephone is silence. She's hold up in Char's room. Sitting in the furthest corner of the bunk.

Drawing her small body as far into itself as it will go. She's nervously picking the polish off her nails.

She and Hera greet each other wordlessly.

HERA
Rhea, shut the door.

RHEA (NAR.)
My sister says as I pull it shut behind me.

HERA
What are you doing?

RHEA (NAR.)
She's gawking at me like I'm the biggest idiot in the world.

RHEA
I'm- I'm shutting the door.

HERA
Why are you still here?

RHEA
Why wouldn't I be?

PERS
Just go.

RHEA (NAR.)
Persephone hisses quietly.

HERA
And tell Rebekah we need to go back.

RHEA
Okay.

RHEA (NAR.)
I say, picking my battles. I try for something upbeat-

RHEA
You got this Hera. You-

HERA
Come on, Rhea. I'm just one fucking person.

RHEA (NAR.)
She throws over her shoulder. Not even turning to look at me.
Maybe that's better.

I step quickly out of the room. Shut the door. Breathe.

CLARK
Hi.

RHEA (NAR.)
Fantastic.

RHEA
Hey.

RHEA (NAR.)
Looking at him makes my skin so itchy I want to claw it off.

CLARK
Are you okay?

RHEA
I feel like I obviously am not.

CLARK
Uhm, yeah. You're right.

RHEA
I just need to feel like I'm doing something. Anything.

CLARK
You're doing as much as you can.

RHEA
I really don't want you to try and make me feel better right now.

CLARK
Why?

RHEA
Because-

RHEA (NAR.)
Where should I even start? I advocated we let Apollo maybe die slowly, I shoved a blind guy, I ruined my sister's life, I fucked Eros shortly after I fucked you and shortly before I watched him murder someone and said NOTHING.

But Clark's eyes are big and concerned. His hands lightly brace my arms.

CLARK
I'm sorry for asking you to- explain. Okay? Let's grab a cup of tea.

RHEA
I can't- I can't imagine sitting right now.

CLARK
You didn't let me finish. I was going to suggest we drink it while sprinting.

RHEA (NAR.)
I force a smile. Forgot how much I like how hard he tries.

RHEA
I'm going to see Rebekah. Can you come get me if anything changes?

RHEA (NAR.)
He nods, sticks his hands in his pockets as I turn and pass into the dining car. Eros is seated in the corner. He opens his mouth to speak-

RHEA
I'm just one fucking person!

RHEA (NAR.)
He snaps his mouth shut. Scared. Good. I push into Rebekah's car-

CHAR
FREEZE!

RHEA (NAR.)
I instinctively throw my hands in the air. Feel like an idiot as soon as Char starts laughing. He drops Orsino's gun.

CHAR
How's it going in there?

RHEA
It's...

RHEA (NAR.)
I really have no fucking idea, do I?

RHEA
Where is she?

RHEA (NAR.)
Char takes a step to the side and I see that our president is tied to her rolling wooden office chair.

She's got what must be an unclean one of Char's gym socks in her mouth.

We're not going to get much information out of her like that.

CHAR
She's better this way.

RHEA (NAR.)
He says, watching her. I march over, rip the sock out of her mouth.

REBEKAH
Where is Ors-

RHEA
We need to turn around.

REBEKAH
You can't exactly make a U turn on a train.

RHEA
Persephone is bleeding.

RHEA (NAR.)
Rebekah turns white.

REBEKAH
No.

RHEA
Yeah so, this little party is over. We need to go home.

REBEKAH

Well, that's going to be near impossible. We'll need to get to the location.

RHEA

Are there doctors there? Is there anyone there?

RHEA (NAR.)

But she says nothing. Just stares at me.

RHEA

Why are you doing this?

REBEKAH

I have a duty to the greater human species Rhea. And I can't believe that even after today, you can't understand that to protect people, you need to make them unhappy.

RHEA

Are you really willing to let your paranoia and inflated sense of self worth risk the first real success in a century?

REBEKAH

Maybe it's already dead.

RHEA (NAR.)

I shove the sock in her mouth.

RHEA

We need a new president. And a new train.

CHAR

Like that one?

RHEA (NAR.)

And I follow his gaze out the window to where a few hundred feet away, a new set of tracks lays, half covered in snow. Coming up quickly, dark and ominous against the white- a single engine car. Facing home.

SCENE 3

EROS

I'm going out there.

RHEA (NAR.)

Eros says, because of course he does.

TALC

Well hold on there buddy-

EROS

What? Are you gonna go?

RHEA (NAR.)
He says to Talc, annoyed.

TALC
I was only going to say, you can't go alone.

HERA
He's right.

RHEA (NAR.)
Hera says, from her place by the window. She doesn't look at any of us, just keeps her eyes fixed firmly on the other train. We've stopped now.

HERA
We should get Rebekah in here.

CHAR
No we shouldn't.

RHEA (NAR.)
Char says quickly.

CHAR
She's not interested in helping. She'd only make-

RHEA (NAR.)
He looks around.

CHAR
Everyone nervous.

RHEA
I'll go.

EVERYONE
You will not.

RHEA (NAR.)
Everyone seems to say at once.

RHEA
I can-

TALC
It's not about what you can do- it's what no other woman can. Besides of course-

RHEA (NAR.)
Talc trails off. We all feel Persephone's absence. Eros rises from his arm chair.

EROS
Char?

RHEA (NAR.)

He says. Char's mouth opens, he seems at a total loss for words. Which is weird because-

CLARK

Char, they have a right to know.

CHAR

I just, I uhm-

CLARK

He's sick. Or- they aren't sure. But he can't do any strenuous physical activity. Which means, I'll go.

RHEA (NAR.)

My head snaps in Clark's direction.

CLARK

Don't look so shocked. It'll be fine.

RHEA (NAR.)

He says, uncertainly.

CLARK

It'll be easy.

SCENE 4

CLARK (NAR.)

Please let this be easy.

I think, slipping into one of Char's thick, roomy sweaters.

CHAR

And take these- they're for lifting but they're better than nothing.

CLARK (NAR.)

He says, handing me a pair of thin gloves.

CHAR

Thanks for uh, doing that.

CLARK

Of course.

CLARK (NAR.)

I say, forcing a smile.

CLARK

You'd do the same for... someone.

CLARK (NAR.)
I say. He nods.

RHEA
Hey.

CLARK (NAR.)
Rhea says, approaching me in the narrow hall.

RHEA
If anything bad starts to happen, just come back. Okay?
Don't play the idiot hero.

CLARK
That's kind of your thing.

CLARK (NAR.)
She laughs. Char clears his throat and shimmies past her.
We're alone.

RHEA
I'm sorry for how I was acting this morning. And last night.
Pretty much every interaction we've ever had.

CLARK
Well don't be sorry for all of it.

CLARK (NAR.)
I say, trying to read her. She looks exhausted. She must have
just been tossing and turning the whole time she was supposed
to be sleeping this morning. I don't blame her. I've never
seen Hera act like this. Not even towards Apollo.

RHEA
I'm going to make the tea now so it's cool enough to drink by
the time you get back... How much whiskey do I put in it?

CLARK
I will be in charge of all tea-related tasks.

RHEA
Then you better hurry the fuck back.

CLARK
I will.

CLARK (NAR.)
I say, just as Eros appears over her shoulder. Not nearly as
layered up as I am. Just instead wearing Rhea's jacket. I'm
glad they're acting a little more civil towards each other.

EROS
Ready?

CLARK (NAR.)

He asks me. Hoisting a small plastic red tank of gasoline.

CLARK

Yeah.

CLARK (NAR.)

I say. Eyes on Rhea. Wondering if she'll-? She'll... Kiss me? Right in front of Eros? Instead she pulls me into an embrace.

Hugs me tightly. Yeah, that'll do.

Cold air RUSHES into the car as Eros pushes open the door. He jumps out and I have just a split second to regret this whole thing before I follow him.

SCENE 5

RHEA

Are you cool?

PERS (NAR.)

Rhea asks. Casual to a fault. Am I cool.

Hmm.

I'm going to go with "no" being as my body seems to be working to destroy the most important development in our species since... ever. And besides THAT I'm propped up on pillows that could double as bags of cement on a bed that makes the floor look comfortable in a room I would be embarrassed to give to a dog.

RHEA

I just brought some extra blankets. In case you're cold.

PERS (NAR.)

In case I'm cold? She's wearing just a tee shirt and jeans. Not even socks. She tracks my gaze.

RHEA

Had to trade Clark some extra socks for my shirt back.

PERS

Cute.

PERS (NAR.)

She sets the blankets down on the edge of the bed. Drops heavily into a stiff little corner chair.

RHEA

How're you feeling?

PERS (NAR.)

I'm terrified.

I don't know why I'm doing this to... me. Why now, why here. Wondering when my body started losing faith in me. Because my brain hasn't. Fuck no.

Persephone has got this. Persephone is going to have this baby and spend every day for the rest of her life champagne drunk while they carve her face into the side of a fucking mountain. That's the plan- no the future.

Rhea takes my silence as dismissal.

Still... I can't help thinking- what if- what if the reason this is happening is because my body knows something I don't. That I can't handle this. Or whatever thing that has been creeping to my throat whenever his name comes up- maybe the pressure of that just-

PERS
How's Hera?

PERS (NAR.)
She stops. And I am- against all reason- relieved.

Because not so deep down I know that if I'm alone in here, all I'm going to do is obsessively monitor every fingernail and goosebump for some assurance this is all going to be fine.

RHEA
She's with Apollo. And uh, still very mad at me. But... I don't blame her.

PERS
Yeah. Same.

PERS (NAR.)
She throws her head back. Bangs it against the wall once.

RHEA
I should have told her as soon as I found out.

PERS
Then what? She finds out the love of her life is a murderer and the most influential time of her life was a hoax?

RHEA
Yeah. That's what I thought too. That too much at once would have killed her. But now- I don't know- you know if you think of it like she's Sisyphus-

PERS (NAR.)
Ah yes, if I wasn't in enough pain, I'm going to get a high school interpretation of Camus.

RHEA

I used to think that telling her this after she'd had time to sit with the truth about Apollo, would have shown her that she's been pushed down before, but she can roll the boulder back up. Telling her the truth about the baby and Apollo at the same time would have been like throwing her OFF the fucking mountain... but now it's like... what if that just would have let her find a new mountain?

PERS (NAR.)

She's wringing her hands. Hunched forwards, desperate for me to just- nod.

PERS

She's mad at me too.

PERS (NAR.)

Is all I say back, deciding we need to get a little further away from absurdism.

RHEA

I wish she wasn't.

PERS (NAR.)

That's... interesting. I thought Rhea would have been relieved that I too was being scorned.

RHEA

Because then even if you guys were just shitting on me together, she'd have... someone.

PERS

She has... Talc?

RHEA

Let's hope not... Something about that guy- I just don't like.

PERS

Same.

PERS (NAR.)

I think back to him looming over me on that first- oh my god was that only yesterday morning?

RHEA

The way he's always trying to get something out of us... I feel like he should have been a used car salesman or something slimy.

PERS

Like a politician. Think he could start with president?

RHEA
He at least wouldn't kidnap us.

PERS
Excellent campaign slogan.

PERS (NAR.)
Rhea smiles a little- the disappearing sun casting shadows on her long face.

RHEA
What do you think you would have done- if none of this was a thing?

PERS
Hmmm... Actress. Theater though. Not TV or film. I want to hear them react, get hit with the stray tear as they wipe it from their eye.

PERS (NAR.)
She nods.

RHEA
Should have seen that one coming.

PERS
And you, I'm sure, would be toiling away in a bookshop. Coffee stained flannel and dirty beanie.

PERS (NAR.)
She cocks and eyebrow.

RHEA
Don't know why you say that like it's a bad thing.

PERS
Well when you come home to whatever whiskey scented, walk up- which of them do you see doing your dishes?

PERS (NAR.)
This catches her a little off guard.

RHEA
Can't I just have a dog?

PERS
Not in my hypothetical.

RHEA
Well- Eros doesn't do dishes. It'd be more like... he's eating a burrito in bed or something.

PERS
Sounds delightful.

RHEA

Clark would try and make something ours. His running shoes in one corner, my guitar in the other-

PERS

You play the guitar?

RHEA

Well you wouldn't let me have a dog!... Clark would really try and give me what I need. Eros would just assume he's that thing. Nights with Clark would be- experiences. Museums. Movies. Eros- it would be hitting the same few bars, laughing through the morning.

PERS (NAR.)

She bangs her head against the wall again.

RHEA

Was this supposed to help me?

PERS

Do you love what you know or are you hungry for an adventure?

PERS (NAR.)

She shrugs.

RHEA

I don't think I really know Eros anymore.

PERS (NAR.)

She stares at the ceiling for a long time. I wait for her to explain- to go on endlessly like she always does. But- no.

PERS

Rhea. You know him.

PERS (NAR.)

Now she turns her attention back to me. Pauses again before speaking.

RHEA

What about you? Who's between your Egyptian Cotton sheets?

PERS

No one. I'd spend so much of everyday being adored, by the time I got home- I'd want the whole bed to myself.

Most nights.

PERS (NAR.)

She grins. Opens her mouth to say something else, but slowly closes it.

PERS
What?

RHEA
I just- I feel like a fucking idiot for making my... love
triangle your issue when you...

PERS
No. No. It's fine. What Dion and I had was uhm... different.

RHEA
You loved him.

PERS (NAR.)
She says, matter-of-factly.

PERS
I don't know.

PERS (NAR.)
I say. Because if you can't tell your sworn enemy the truth,
who can you?

PERS
I didn't.

PERS (NAR.)
She just watches me, for once has nothing to say. So I just-
let it go.

PERS
It isn't that I didn't like him or care about him, it's just
that when he died everything about the way I felt about him
had to change. Right? He was a martyr. He saved my life. Not
that I asked him to. Not that I think he even wanted to. But
it doesn't matter because now I'm also going to have his
baby- hopefully- so now there are certain things I have to
feel about him. I'm supposed to.... I only- I only miss him.
And that isn't enough.

PERS (NAR.)
She staring at me, dumb.

PERS
You have to quote Shakespeare now or compare this to a shitty
movie or say anything.

RHEA
Persephone, what if you just... let yourself feel whatever
you want?

PERS
How's that working out for you, Rhea?

PERS (NAR.)
She grits her teeth.

RHEA
There's only one person in there with you, only one person who really gets affected by any of this. And I know you have it in you to take care of yourself.

PERS (NAR.)
She stands.

RHEA
You didn't love Dion. I love EVERYONE.

PERS (NAR.)
She tips her head back. Yells.

RHEA
I have no control over my emotions!

PERS
Can you not?

PERS (NAR.)
I say, trying not to laugh.

RHEA
We are the only two people like us left on the planet. You are about to save the whole species.

I think we should be allowed to make our own rules.

Now, move over because I am fucking freezing.

SCENE 6

RHEA (NAR.)
Persephone falls asleep. Mouth closed. Breathing calmly through her nose. Arms folded over chest. I didn't even know non-corpse people could do that.
I creep out of the bed- tip toe across the room. Open the door.

TALC
Well-

RHEA
Seriously, shut the fuck up dude.

TALC
Should I go in there and-

RHEA
No.

RHEA (NAR.)

I say, leaving him behind. I linger for a moment outside of Apollo's door. Decide not to knock.

RHEA

Hey. Don't get up.

RHEA (NAR.)

I say to Hera, who doesn't even look vaguely surprised to see me. Apollo is in the bottom bunk. Breathing very slowly, if he's breathing at all.

He looks... so much worse than he did last night. Some of the bruises on his face have turned to a dark swirl of pink, purple, and black. I tear my eyes away from him.

I don't wanna keep anything from you ever again. Which is why I want you to know who did this to Apollo.

SCENE 7

CLARK (NAR.)

I follow just a few feet behind Eros. Staring at his back as his bigger frame blocks the icy wind from hitting me. The big, black locomotive is only a few hundred feet away- but trudging through the snow and the ice- it feels like a mile.

And when we get to it, who knows? I clutch the gas tank to my chest. As we approach the looming shadow, I wonder if Eros has ever tried to fix anything in his life. I sure as hell haven't. But I'm here. And no one else is. Maybe because no one else is this stupid.

What if the train didn't run out of gas? What if something bigger is wrong? What if someone stopped it? What if they're still on there. I pivot, walk backwards for a few steps. Try to take my mind off uncertain death. You can barely make out the forest in the distance behind our own train. The sky is blanketed with alabaster clouds.

Surrounded by white, the train looks like it exists in a kind of non space.

I wonder if Rhea has spoken to Hera. If Persephone is okay. She has to be. And the baby too, sure. But me and Persephone's whole friendship thus far has been very me-centric. It'd be nice to get to know her better. Which I really think Rhea will be fine with. Assuming neither of them have ripped eachother's heads off yet- Oomf. I collide with a very solid Eros. My layers of sweaters causing me to bounce off him a little.

CLARK

What-

CLARK (NAR.)

But he only holds up a hand to silence me. Then stoops over- picks up a single black boot.

EROS

Weid.

CLARK (NAR.)

He mumbles. Before carefully placing it back on the snow.

EROS

Could have been worse. Could have been a foot in there.

CLARK

He smiles. I don't.

EROS

You okay?

CLARK

Of course.

CLARK (NAR.)

I say, shouldering past him and crossing the last 40 yards towards our destination. It's only a few cars long. The door to the back one swings in the wind.

Great. I hesitate for just a second before Eros, with monkey-like arm strength, swings himself up. He offers me a hand. Instead, I scramble up onto the platform on my own. Eros enters the car.

Unlike ours, which is clearly made for transporting people, there are no chairs or beds or minibars or tables in here.

Just huge burlap sacks stacked one on top of the other. In the dim light- I can just see Eros' pulling- a knife out of his jacket.

CLARK

Where did you get that?

EROS

Kitchen car.

CLARK (NAR.)

He says simply, digging the blade into one of the bags. Hundreds of tiny, yellowish balls begin to stream out.

CLARK

What the-

CLARK (NAR.)

He stoops over, picks one up- and pops it into his mouth.

CLARK
Are you insane?

EROS
What?

CLARK (NAR.)
He shrugs.

EROS
It's popcorn. In kernal form.

CLARK
Can we just- not snack?

CLARK (NAR.)
I ask, taking a determined step around him and marching forwards. Seriously, who just eats some-
I land flat on my face. Cheek flush to the cold floor.
I scramble around for whatever tripped me when I wrap my fingers around something thick and rubbery and- Oh god.
I fly backwards away from- from-

EROS
You found the foot!

CLARK (NAR.)
Eros crows as I come to terms with the fact that he is right.
I found the foot. And the leg. And the rest of the corpse.
Eros YANKS me to my feet.

EROS
Let's hope he's alone.

CLARK (NAR.)
He says before pushing through to the next car. I turn away from the man's body. In his 50's, maybe. Beard full of ice. Eyes open. Leg- punctured and covered in dried blood.
The second car has a bunch of bunks in it. Eight unmade beds.

CLARK
Kind of weird to be traveling with just a car of kernels.

EROS
They probably were trailing a bunch more stuff, but they dropped those cars to conserve fuel.

CLARK (NAR.)
He says.

EROS
Me and Rhea found a dead body once. When we were kids.

CLARK
Cool.

EROS
Yeah it was just out in the trash. But I mean, that's not nearly as bad as that dude who killed himself in front of-

CLARK
Sorry, can we not?

EROS
Oh. Yeah sure.

CLARK (NAR.)
He looks- weirdly hurt that I don't want to reminiss about his trauma.

CLARK
You guys are... good then? You and her.

CLARK (NAR.)
He nods.

CLARK
Great.

CLARK (NAR.)
I say, maybe a little grateful he's sparing me the details.

CLARK
You know you mean a lot to her. How you were treating her was really hard for her.

CLARK (NAR.)
He opens the door to the empty engine car.

EROS
Yeah I think we're figuring stuff out.... Huh, no other bodies. That's weird.

CLARK (NAR.)
Now every part of me is cold.

CLARK
Wait, what does that mean?

EROS
There wasn't just ONE GUY on this train.

CLARK
No, what do you mean by "figuring stuff out?"

CLARK (NAR.)

He turns to me, a little slack jawed for just a second as he figures out what to say.

EROS

Relax, I know about you guys.

CLARK

You- how?

EROS

I may not know you very well. But I know her.

CLARK (NAR.)

He's just standing there, unnervingly calm. Smiling even. Like the two of us have an inside joke.

EROS

It's cool dude. I'm into it.

CLARK (NAR.)

He claps me on the back.

CLARK

You're- what?

CLARK (NAR.)

He stares at me like I'm the one who's sounding crazy.

EROS

If we're both sleeping with her, she's more likely to succeed.

CLARK (NAR.)

I throw his hand off me.

CLARK

Is that- That's not what she wants.

EROS

Yes it is. Maybe not now. But in the long run, yeah that is.

CLARK

And you- you had a conversation about this?

CLARK (NAR.)

I say, setting the gas can down.

EROS

No. We didn't.

CLARK (NAR.)

Heat rises on my neck. My gloved hands tighten into fists.

CLARK

You can't make that kind of decision for her.

EROS

Are you mad because we're doing literally the only thing we were created to do? Or-

CLARK (NAR.)

He folds his arms over his chest.

EROS

Because she fucked me again.

CLARK (NAR.)

I shove him. Hard. He staggers backwards. He's surprised. Hell, I'm surprised. But only for a second because he takes a massive step towards me. Swings. I duck, wrap my arms around his torso and doesn't let go.

I don't have time to realize from the outside- this does not look like actual fighting. Eros tries to rip me off him as I SLAM him backwards into the engine room.

We crash to the ground. It takes him all of two seconds to get on top of me. I brace myself as he raises his fist into the air when I see it- behind him. Watching us from the back car, through the open doors. Dark grey and hard to make out in the dark- but unmistakable alive, hungry eyes.

A wolf.

CLARK

Stop!

CLARK (NAR.)

I hiss. Quietly. Eros is caught off guard by my volume-freezes.

CLARK

Wolf.

CLARK (NAR.)

I whisper.

EROS

What?

SOUND: BARK.

CLARK

Get the door!

CLARK (NAR.)

Eros leaps off of me and races to the door just as the animal comes barreling through the cars. SLAMS it just a half second before the wolf reaches it.

I let out a huge breath. Never more thankful to be the only creature with opposable thumbs. Eros just stands there, looking out a small pane of glass as the barking echoes through the other car.

CLARK

Uh, good job.

EROS

There's another one.

CLARK (NAR.)

He croaks.

EROS

In the other car, there's another one. Two. Two more.

CLARK

Well, thank god they're in there.

CLARK (NAR.)

Now he turns, white.

EROS

But so is the gas tank.

END OF EPISODE