

Lesser Gods Season 2 Episode 11

By

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SCENE 1

CLARK

Well, I'm sorry. For the gas tank and literally nothing else.

CLARK (NAR.)

I say, staring out the small window and making eye contact with a ghost of a wolf. I've never seen one in real life. Photos yes- even tracks once on an pathetic little "field trip" through the completely deserted city of London.

It licks a row of sharp teeth and I react to the sudden pink emergence of it's tongue like an explosion- staggering backwards.

EROS

You need to calm down.

CLARK (NAR.)

Eros says, placing a hand on my lower back like he's my date. I spin, swat his hand away. He rolls his eyes, pivots back to the mass of gauges and levers in front of us.

This engine car is much more industrial than ours- there's little room to do anything except stand here.

I'm not even sure both Eros' and I could even lie down at the same time.

There is one window facing forwards- too thick to shatter. There's another high above on the ceiling.

The only door is, conveniently, right behind me.

EROS

I'm going to go out there. Use the knife. You make a run for it?

CLARK

What? No. You'll get killed.

CLARK (NAR.)

And I'll look like a real asshole. I think.

EROS

It'll give you a few seconds.

CLARK

Yeah, just enough so they can watch me get eaten out there.

CLARK (NAR.)

And I'll look like an even bigger asshole.

EROS
We've gotta do something.

CLARK
Let's give Rhea a few minutes.

EROS
She's gonna need 2 hours..

CLARK
She'll notice sooner than that.

CLARK (NAR.)
I scoff. He stretches a long arm, leans against one of the walls.

EROS
She's got both Hera and Pers to talk and then somehow get in a fight with. Each argument will take maybe 20 minutes. THEN she'll spend 30 a pop spiraling somewhere.

CLARK
You're 20 minutes short.

EROS
I assume that will be Talc doing whatever the opposite of entertaining is. This will be so painful everyone is going to say "Gee, I might actually prefer the Tundra."

Then they'll come find us.

CLARK
It's torture.

EROS
Huh?

CLARK
The opposite of entertain.

EROS
Oh. Cool.

CLARK (NAR.)
He says. He swings his long limbs like some kind of flightless bird. I can't tell if he's trying to infuriate me or be my friend.

EROS
What's he like?

CLARK
Talc?

EROS
No, Jesus.

CLARK (NAR.)
Infuriate it is.

CLARK
Why? Thinking of also having sex with him?

CLARK (NAR.)
He smirks. Nods as if impressed.

I think back to Talc this morning, trying to pry himself between me and Rhea- insinuating she was using me. Eros peels off her jacket, exposes a tight knot of arm muscles.

CLARK
Did she tell you?

EROS
About you?

CLARK
No, Jesus.

EROS
Ah, nah. I could just... She was different, after. She usually likes to be alone.

CLARK (NAR.)
I think back to waking up without her.

CLARK
Yeah.

EROS
And weirdly- she didn't.

CLARK
Oh, great.

EROS
No- I mean. Before she'd be on her own little planet- so deep in her head. The vulnerability scared her. The fact that she let me be there- a few inches from her... I've actually never felt further away.

CLARK (NAR.)
I need to look away, the vulnerability in his own big eyes too much to handle in this small space.
So what is he saying? I should take her intimacy issues, her inability to hold a conversation with me, as a compliment? He certainly did.

EROS

You know, after the first time- she didn't even talk to me for two days. Even though we were copping the next day.

CLARK

Wait- you guys were each other's first appointments?

EROS

Yeah?

CLARK

Oh.

CLARK (NAR.)

I say, swallowing something I don't have a name for. Realizing she's lied about it being Charon.

EROS

You know, she only lies to people she cares about.

CLARK (NAR.)

He says softly.

CLARK

It never came up.

CLARK (NAR.)

I say, quickly.

CLARK

You know maybe none of today was about her being weird. Maybe it was about you. You knowing you were using her. Farming her out like this was just another copping sess-

EROS

HEY.

CLARK (NAR.)

He barks, unexpectantly intense.

EROS

I didn't say that.

CLARK

You were JUST saying how much you knew- better than her- how much she NEEDED to get pregnant.

EROS

Because that's what we're ALL supposed to be doing! I know you haven't been exposed to the constant onslaught of fertilization mania we all have- but try and fucking GET that.

CLARK (NAR.)

Somewhere in my head, I hear my own voice- those first days with Rhea. In a car speeding far away from Minneapolis. Arguing with her about the virtue of the cause.

CLARK

I just don't understand how anyone who really knows her could do that to her.

CLARK (NAR.)

I say, finally.

EROS

It doesn't mean I don't care about her.

CLARK

It's dishonest.

EROS

Maybe I show people I care in the same way Rhea does.

CLARK

Oh come on, Eros. This is bigger than someone's jealousy. You weren't supposed to be like Black and the doctors and even Hera.

EROS

Why? We're all fighting for the same cause.

CLARK

Because you're the person she loves.

CLARK (NAR.)

My voice hangs there in the stillness. He clenches and unclenches his hands. For a second, I'm worried he's going to hit me. And I don't even care. He couldn't hurt me as badly as that realization did.

EROS

When uhm- when you guys were away. Ran away. They locked me up.

CLARK

I know.

EROS

No. You don't. It was nothing but bright light and Orsino's big fucking face for days. He was convinced me and Rhea had somehow killed Iris. Which I couldn't have. Never.

CLARK (NAR.)

He says emphatically, like I'm a jury of strangers. Not someone who knows full well it was Apollo.

EROS

He told me Rhea was dead. Wrecked the car. Showed me pictures even of the wreck. Told me Hera had had another mental breakdown because of it. Because of me. Because I didn't tell her where Rhea was in time. Now she was dead.

CLARK (NAR.)

He sinks down to the floor.

EROS

He asked how it felt- which hurt more. Leaning over Iris' dead body that morning or knowing I'd never see Rhea's. They were both gone.

Gone.

He kept using that word. But I didn't confess. Couldn't. Because I just kept thinking back to this time when we were 8 and we were at this dedication ceremony. Lot of really intimidating fuckers there. Rhea had stuck a kick me sign on this general's back. He busted her. Obviously. Dragged her to the front of the party. Asked her to apologize in front of everyone. And Rhea- 8 right?- just says, "Will you settle for a confession?" I think soda came out of my nose.

CLARK (NAR.)

His eyes squint like he's watching something I can't see.

EROS

I couldn't shut that memory off. Cycled through it so many times I thought the taste of the soda would make me puke.

CLARK

I don't understand. Yesterday, you told me you were angry with her.

EROS

Of course. I'm so angry she still can't get it. And she's... she's going to get herself taken away,

CLARK

What?

EROS

If she doesn't have a success soon, they're going to lock her down.

CLARK

Wait. Wait-

CLARK (NAR.)

Where have I heard this? I think.

EROS
Put her to- like- sleep or something. She's a liability.
She's-

CLARK
Char. Did Char tell you this?

EROS
No. Apollo did.

SCENE 2

HERA
That's it?

RHEA (NAR.)
Hera says with all the enthusiasm of someone finishing Citizen Kane for the first time. She's standing by the window. Staring at me by the door. What's left of Apollo is on the bunk.

RHEA
Yeah.

HERA
Well thanks for telling me. Eros beat the shit of Apollo. Based on no real evidence except some gum on Clark's butt and a hunch.

RHEA
But the hunch is everything. Who knows him better than me?

HERA
I don't get the point.

RHEA
The point?

RHEA (NAR.)
I almost laugh at the ridiculousness of it all. I've used a million words to describe Hera- most of them nice- but ambivalent?

RHEA
Look, these past few months. Fuck dude, my whole life. I've been begging to be treated like a normal human being. We all have. Yeah that means making my own bedtime and finding love outside of a lab- but it also means consequences.

RHEA (NAR.)
I cautiously approach her. Can't stand to have Apollo between us for a second longer.

HERA

You don't get to teach me what that word means.

RHEA

I know! You're the last person on the planet with any kind of moral compass. I'm not saying I don't understand why Eros did this. But I know you were strong enough not to. Justice means something, it-

HERA

Rhea stop. STOP.

RHEA (NAR.)

I shrink.

HERA

As glad as I am your moral education has come at my expense. I don't care about Eros. I don't give a fuck about justice for Apollo. None of any of this matters to me anymore.

RHEA

Okay.

RHEA (NAR.)

I swallow and wait. Listen. I listen for what she wants. What we can do. I've already done the thing she couldn't- realized the person I love is capable of inexcusable violence. Pretty close, but yeah. Still inexcusable. And that THAT is not even the key word in all of this. It's capability. Right? Because I'm sure Apollo has had excuses for every fucking thing he's ever done. Conjured them up like curses or prayers at will. No lie, no romantic entanglement, no amount of pain at Hera's expense. Hera who has always used responsibility to fill the potholes of Apollo's character. Fuck, of Black's. Of mine.

Goddamnit my listening is loud.

HERA

You know, Rhea. From the moment you were born we have all been asked- no forced, to love you. He was the only person who loved me.

RHEA (NAR.)

She shrugs.

HERA

Maybe that's selfish. That the only reason I'd want him to live is for me. But there's nothing in his own sorry fucking life that's worth it anyway.

RHEA (NAR.)

I wish I could tell her that Apollo has nothing to do with the Hera I know. But I'm beginning to think there's a lot about this Hera I don't.

Talc drums anxiously against the door as he opens it.

TALC

They've been gone too long. It's already 7:55 pm.

RHEA (NAR.)

Panic rises in my throat. I leap to my feet- plan forming with each step. Faster and faster as I run.

PERS

The fuck are you going?

RHEA (NAR.)

Pers calls after me from her room. But I'm already a car away. Then two. Then-

RHEA

Char- I need the gun.

RHEA (NAR.)

He cocks and eyebrow.

REBEKAH

What for?

RHEA

Since when are you allowed to talk?

RHEA (NAR.)

Rebekah turns to Char.

CHAR

What do you need it for Rhea?

PERS

Clark and Eros are in trouble.

RHEA (NAR.)

Persephone says, joining us in the car.

REBEKAH

They're-

RHEA (NAR.)

Rebekah starts, wide-eyed and scared, before Char **SHOVES** the sock back in her mouth.

CHAR

We don't know whats out there.

RHEA

Our friends are.

RHEA (NAR.)

Char looks down at Orsino's gun in his hands. He nods, holds it out to me.

PERS

Are you insane? You can't go alone. Char. Go.

RHEA (NAR.)

Persephone says and bizarely- Char turns to Rebekah.

PERS

Char.

RHEA (NAR.)

Persephone repeats.

CHAR

I know! I will I just-

RHEA

What if something happens to them?

PERS

Then we're just stuck with you.

RHEA (NAR.)

Persephone spits. He takes a breath like what he has to say physically hurts him.

CHAR

Can't. I can't. I'm scared.

PERS

So is Clark! Of fucking everything. But he still went out there. You're going to make Rhea- who is as flakey and useless as a scab- sorry, but-

RHEA (NAR.)

She waves a hand at me.

PERS

Do this alone?

HERA

I won't.

RHEA (NAR.)

Hera says, coming up behind her.

SCENE 3

CLARK

You're sure?

EROS
He was.

CLARK
Well how do you know he wasn't lying to you?

EROS
Because he said it in that way he always says shit-that "I know something you don't know" type thing.

CLARK (NAR.)
Eros has his arms wrapped around himself. I rub my hands on the sides of my pants. Try to get rid of the sweat. Scared by how easily the pieces slide together now.

CLARK
Char said something like that too.

CLARK (NAR.)
He nods.

EROS
Yeah. That makes sense. I don't think Char meant for whatever happened to happen.

CLARK
Did you?

CLARK (NAR.)
Now he whips his head quickly one way- then the other.

EROS
No. Not at first. He told me something... bad.

CLARK (NAR.)
Something about Iris- I guess. He has no trouble talking about Rhea or himself or manslaughter- but he keeps everything about Iris to himself.

EROS
I've been fucking sober as a judge since that morning. But something slipped up. In here-

CLARK (NAR.)
He taps his closely shaved head.

EROS (NAR.)
I kept lying face down in my bed- hoping to trick my brain into thinking it was shut off for the night. For now. All I needed was to sit with my thoughts long enough that they became furniture up there. But I couldn't. I needed some help.

CLARK (NAR.)
He shrugs, stares up at me- almost boyish.

EROS

But Rhea and Hera were in the dining car with all the alcohol. I couldn't let them see me out there. Lounge car was my next best bet- but you were in there with Talc. Didn't want to make conversation- no offense. So I'm out there- just creeping along the railing.

Freezing. Hurting. Suddenly, a light flicks off in the kitchen car. Gets my brain going. I remember the one time as a kid I got messed up off some cooking wine during a tour of the President's chef's kitchen.

CLARK (NAR.)

The thought of the wind ripped, frosted Eros slinking along in the darkness fondly remembering some kid memory, crawls through my mind. I refuse to feel bad for him.

EROS

But when I got in there, Apollo was on the floor. His head was bleeding. I picked him up. Set him down on the stairs. He started mumbling. Just this low gurgle. Couldn't make it out. Then he started getting louder. And louder. About to start YELLING something about a briefcase and Char.

I put my hand over his mouth- half dragged him up those stairs. It's when we were upstairs he was onto Rhea. Just kept repeating- "she's gonna go away." "She's gonna go away." Over and over. I was freaked out. I grabbed him by his collar. Only shook him a little. For a second.

CLARK (NAR.)

He's speaking faster and faster. Like he's just turned out the light and he needs to get to the other end of the hall before whatever monster in the dark grabs him. I look away. Look up.

EROS

He got calm then. Said he knew if Rhea didn't have a success soon, they were just going to lock her up. Everything about her- her freedom- gone. He smiled. Something in my head popped with that and he was suddenly just Orsino telling me Iris and Rhea were both gone. I SMACKED his head against the floor. He started laughing. So I punched him.

I don't know how many times but when I finally stopped long enough to look down his face was just... uhm... gone.

CLARK (NAR.)

I wipe my hands again. This time more afraid of phantom blood than anything.

EROS
Please say something.

CLARK (NAR.)
He whispers.

CLARK
I think you should put me up on your shoulders.

CLARK (NAR.)
I say, eyes fixed on the sky light high above me.

SCENE 4

RHEA (NAR.)
Side by side, Hera and I trudge across the snow towards the waiting train. I keep my head down, follow Eros and Clark's footprints. I mentally prepare myself for what could have gone wrong. Maybe they just can't figure out how to fill the gas or whatever is wrong with the thing. Maybe they're building some real teamwork skills in there. Laughing. Passing a wrench around. Warming their hands with high fives!

I sneak a glance up again at the ominous iron monster.

Listen for the sound of newly born inside jokes and dude hugs. But there's nothing.
The door to the third car is open, I climb up. Offer Hera my hand. She takes it and we enter.

I skid and nearly fall on one of the tiny- wait, what are these?

HERA
They're kernels.

RHEA (NAR.)
Hera says, picking one up to inspect it. They fall slowly from the side of a burlap sack like sand.

There's a clean hole in the side. Like someone cut into it. Just a little while ago.

HERA
Gimme the gun, Rhea.

RHEA
Why?

RHEA (NAR.)
I ask, wrapping my hand around it.

HERA

There's no one else out here. There's no reason they should have gotten into any trouble. Unless...

RHEA

You think one of them started something?

HERA

If what you said about Eros is true...

RHEA

I-

RHEA (NAR.)

I stop when I see it there behind her. Large yellow eyes glinting in the dark, frayed white fur.

RHEA

Hera... Don't-

RHEA (NAR.)

But the wolf lunges at Hera, toppling her to the ground. She wrestles with it.

SOUND: GUN SHOT

RHEA (NAR.)

It falls over, stunned like Eros this morning. What the fu-

HERA

Behind you!

RHEA (NAR.)

Hera yells as I spin to see another animal a few feet away- it SNAPS its jaws.

HERA

Shoot it Rhea!

RHEA (NAR.)

I aim, take a step back, and TRIP on the kernals rolling underfoot. The gun goes off- the dart PINGS off the ceiling. I drop it when I hit the ground.

Fuck. Fuck. Where did it? There. Just a few feet away-I scramble and reach for it as FUCK-

The wolf SINKS its teeth into my arm. It growls, whips its head back and forth JERKING my arm, digging its teeth in deeper. I swing my legs around. Try and kick it. But it only gets angrier. I CRY OUT in pain.

RHEA

Hera help-

RHEA (NAR.)
But Hera is out cold behind me. Hera!

Suddenly, I taste blood in my open mouth. Feel it on my cheek. I turn in the direction of the-
Eros.
He climbs off the limp carcass of the dead wolf.

EROS
You okay?

RHEA (NAR.)
He asks. Breathing hard, the knife in his hand dripping.
I grab the gun. His brows knit together in confusion.

RHEA
Where is Clark?

EROS
What?

RHEA
Toss the knife.

EROS
Are you serious?

RHEA
Eros, please.

RHEA (NAR.)
Devastated, he throws the knife out the back of the car. I lower my weapon. But don't turn my back as I step towards Hera.

EROS
I didn't hurt Clark.

RHEA (NAR.)
He says, I drop to my knees- feel for Hera's pulse.
She's just knocked out. Fuck.

The bullet must have hit her when it ricoched off.

EROS
Rhea.

RHEA
Eros says, eerily calm.

EROS
Rhea I need you to please. Slowly. Rise.

RHEA
Eros what-

EROS
We have company.

RHEA (NAR.)
Turning as slowly as the seasons- I see he is right.
There is, of fucking course, one more wolf.

RHEA
Okay.

RHEA (NAR.)
I say evenly as I raise the stun gun and point it- just above
the glistening teeth and right between those holographic
eyes. I breath in, pull the trigger on the exhale.

SOUND: CLICK

RHEA (NAR.)
Nothing happens. Nothing-

SOUND: WOOSH

RHEA (NAR.)
The car fills with something thick and white- but not smoke.
It gets in my mouth- it taste almost like salt or-
SOUND: GROWL

RHEA (NAR.)
There's a metallic PING as something must hit the wolf.
It whimpers as there's another WOOSH shorter but-

CHAR
I do not like animals.

RHEA (NAR.)
Char says- pushing clouds of white away as he brandishes a
fire extinguisher.

CHAR
GET.

RHEA (NAR.)
He says, spraying the wolf again and again until it retreats
from the car- scampering off onto the darkness outside.

RHEA
You came.

CHAR
Fashionably late.

RHEA (NAR.)
He says, picking up and tossing the wolf carcass outside.

CHAR
God, Eros. Way to make a mess.

EROS
Sorry.

RHEA (NAR.)
He says, dragging the unconscious animal outside as well.

EROS
Did you see Clark?

RHEA (NAR.)
Eros asks.

RHEA
He's okay?

EROS
Of course he is.

RHEA (NAR.)
He says quietly.

CHAR
He's supposed to start bringing Pers over here as soon as they see-

RHEA (NAR.)
Char holds his ID out the back door. Presses a button causing it the blink, once, twice, three times.

CHAR
I see Hera had fun.

RHEA (NAR.)
He says, throwing her over his shoulder.

EROS
Alright let's fill this thing up and then get out of here.

RHEA (NAR.)
Eros says.

CHAR
I'll stick Hera in this other car until she comes too.
Rebekah should be able to walk over here. And if she doesn't well, fuck her.

RHEA (NAR.)

Char says, shrugging.

RHEA

Wait, wait. What about Apollo? We can't just leave him.

RHEA (NAR.)

Eros and Char exchange a look.

RHEA

Guys, no matter what's happened in the past. Right here in this moment, we're better than him.

EROS

Well you're going to need help carrying him.

....

TALC

I thought my services in this little adventure would never be requested.

RHEA

Just lift when I tell you to, okay?

TALC

Only 'cause you said "please".

RHEA (NAR.)

Talc chirps as we walk down the corridor to Apollo's room. Clark's door is THROWN open. He juggles throw pillows that could only be Persephone's. But I don't care. I throw my arms around him.

RHEA

Thank god you're okay.

CLARK

You too.

RHEA (NAR.)

He says, unenthusiastically. He takes a step back, stoops to pick up a pillow he's dropped. He doesn't look at me.

RHEA

Are you okay?

CLARK

Yeah. Of course. Just... tired. Kind of... the longest day of my life.

RHEA (NAR.)

He smiles a little. But man, Clark is a shitty actor.

RHEA
Can we talk, later?

CLARK
Ah, yeah. Of course.

RHEA (NAR.)
Talc clears his throat.

RHEA
Okay. Okay. See you over there.

RHEA (NAR.)
I tell Clark, squeezing his hand. Talc follows me into Apollo's room.

RHEA
You grab by his feet here.

RHEA (NAR.)
I guide Talc's clammy fingers to the end of the mattress.
And I'll take down here by his-

But I stop suddenly.

TALC
We should also look one last time for that bag. The one with the files in it.

RHEA (NAR.)
But I can barely hear him. Because Apollo is no longer breathing. I touch his bruised cheek. Already cold.

TALC
Rhea?

RHEA
We have to go. We have to go home.

END OF EPISODE