

Lesser Gods Season 2 Episode 12

By

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SCENE 1

HERA (NAR.)

I'm awake for much longer than I pretend not to be. I stare at the wall. Feel eyes on me. Listen to the steady whooshing of our short, miserable trip coming closer to an end with each mile.

HERA

Persephone?

HERA (NAR.)

I say eventually, without turning.

PERS

Yes?

HERA (NAR.)

She responds from just above me.

HERA

How are you?

PERS

I'm okay.

HERA

No abdominal pain?

PERS

No.

HERA

Good.

HERA (NAR.)

She doesn't say anything else. I wait for the inevitable- as certain of what's about to come next as someone who's just thrown a toaster into their bathtub.

RHEA

Hey Hera?

HERA (NAR.)

Rhea. What. A. Shock. Pun, not intended.

RHEA

Hera I have to talk to you about something.

HERA

Just say it, Rhea.

RHEA

I think we should step into the engine car.

HERA (NAR.)
She says. Annoyed I turn over, saying-

HERA
Wh-

HERA (NAR.)
But then I see that I have been sleeping through quite the party. Rhea is sitting on the bottom bunk across from me. Rebekah sits in one corner with Talc. Char in the other. Clark is on the bed above Rhea. Persephone is indeed above me. And they are all staring at me. My stomach churns with something like stage fright as I remember the most recent time I was the last to learn something.

HERA
Fine.

HERA (NAR.)
I say getting up quickly. Too quickly. Char leaps up, catches me as I wobble.

RHEA
Sorry, you might be feeling a little... woozy.

HERA (NAR.)
Rhea runs a hand through her hair, guilty.

RHEA
You've been out for awhile.

HERA
Well, I don't get any sleep unless someone drugs me.

RHEA
Ha ha...

HERA (NAR.)
Rhea forces, uncertain. No doubt also remembering a few months ago, when she was the one rescuing me from Apollo. I was so relieved to see her.

Looking to my right I see there is no other car behind us.

RHEA
Had to ditch it for fuel reasons. There was also a uh, random frozen dead, guy in there... Okay then!

HERA (NAR.)
She says in my silence. Like we've just agreed to get pizza. She shuffles to the only door that doesn't double as an escape hatch. She pushes it open. Stands in the cold for a second before tapping on the engine car.

Eros shimmies past her silently, then me. He keeps his eyes on the tracks rushing by. For one kind of safety or another.

We step into the tiny space. She closes the door behind me. There's just a beat of silence before Rhea can't take it anymore.

RHEA
Apollo is dead.

[BEAT]

HERA (NAR.)
The hardest part... is acting surprised.

I let my head bob, once. Twice. I'm nodding. I'm taking it in. It is strange to hear...

RHEA
I'm so so-

HERA
No.

HERA (NAR.)
I say before she can apologize. I don't want that.

HERA
I'm not.

HERA (NAR.)
I tell her. And I swear, there's a light behind her eyes like I just coughed up lungs full of salt water. Like my dripping, drowning body has been pulled from a tumultuous sea.

She reaches out, wraps her arms around me.

But I expelled Apollo from myself hours and miles ago. Back on the train, after Rhea told me about Eros and then ran off. I was watching Apollo struggling to breath and wondering what would happen if he somehow made it out of this. He'd implicate Eros, who Rebekah would have to cover for. And the veins of rage and injustice would just run deeper and deeper, carrying something thicker and darker to all of us. But then, there were worse, far more likely fates. He would never fully recover. He would be part vegetable forever. Or, he'd get some motor skills back, but never be functional. He'd need someone to take care of him. Feed him. Bathe him. Wipe his ass.

It would be me. Because somehow... It is always me.

I'd spend most of my time babying Rhea, the rest of it with Apollo. I'd have no time for myself. Which... I realized, wouldn't be all that different from now. I transferred the sudden weight of how simultaneously boring and exhausting my life was to a pillow held over his face. And then I just waited.

My story with Apollo closes then, with an unexpected act of kindness. To myself. A little to him as well.

But mostly, unabashedly, for myself. And the new life I'm going to live.

RHEA
What are you... feeling?

HERA (NAR.)
Rhea asks, her voice still in my ear.

HERA
How long until we're home?

HERA (NAR.)
This question surprises her, she releases me.

RHEA
Oh uh, maybe 10 hours?

HERA
Okay. When we get there-

HERA (NAR.)
I begin, holding one of her hands in mine, loosely.
Almost formally.

HERA
I'm going to move out.

SCENE 2

CLARK (NAR.)
I linger in the doorway to Rhea's room. Backpack and shoes still on. I watch her walk towards the bed. Expect her to throw herself down on it and pat the space next to her until I do the same. Like always. But she doesn't. At the last second, she careens away from the wrinkled sheets and strewn blankets and moves to a corner chair. She shoves a few scratched vinyls out of the way. Sits down. Brings her knees close to her chest. I know I should ask if she wants to talk about it. And then proceed to talk- well mainly just listen.

But all I want to do is leave.

I've spent the past 10 hours sitting in total silence yet only three feet from everyone. Then of course we got swamped by security and press the second we got home. I just want to be alone.

CLARK

I think I'm going to-

RHEA

Don't. Please. I can't just... wait for her to leave. Alone at least. Stay. Talk about anything.

CLARK

Alright. Eros.

RHEA

Oh wow. Okay. I walked into that.

CLARK

You did.

RHEA

Can you take off your shoes so I know you're not going to just... take off?

CLARK (NAR.)

I undo one shoelace.

CLARK

Start talking.

RHEA

I had sex with him.

CLARK

Why?

RHEA

Does it matter? It's all just excuses.

CLARK (NAR.)

I take off my right shoe.

CLARK

It matters.

RHEA

I just... needed to feel like myself. And I couldn't figure out how do to that on my own.

CLARK (NAR.)

She stands. Takes an uncertain step towards me.

RHEA
I don't want that person anymore.

CLARK (NAR.)
I don't let my guard down. Yet.

CLARK
You're done with him.

RHEA
No. No, I mean me. I want to be different.

CLARK (NAR.)
Not what I wanted to hear. I think. I giveaway nothing.
Take off another shoe as payment.

RHEA
I need to change.

CLARK
I want to help.

CLARK (NAR.)
I say, starting to feel small.

RHEA
I don't want your help, Clark.

CLARK
Oh, you think Eros will-

RHEA
No. No. I don't want anyone else's help. I feel so much all
the time.

CLARK
I love that about you.

RHEA
Me too. But I need to learn about everyone else's feelings.
And I can't do that if you just... forgive me.

CLARK
You do realize you are doing the exact thing you want to
stop? You're allowing your feelings to dominate this whole
situation to the point of trying to make me... what? Mad at
you? Because it suits you?

RHEA
You are mad at me.

CLARK
I am now!

CLARK (NAR.)

I bend over, gather my shoes. Feel the rage and hurt and disappointment bubble to the surface.

CLARK

And there's something you should know about Eros-

RHEA

I do know.

CLARK (NAR.)

This stops me.

RHEA

He killed Apollo.

CLARK (NAR.)

It really speaks to the absurdity of the situation, that murdering his chaperone in a fit of rage is not the most immoral thing Eros has done in the last few days. That I know Eros' deceiving Rhea will hurt her more than knowing he's a killer. I open my mouth to tell her, but stop when I realize... It doesn't matter.

It doesn't fucking matter. She wants to make her own decisions? She doesn't want my help. Fine. She'll figure this out on her own.

CLARK

Glad you know everything then.

CLARK (NAR.)

Is all I say, leaving before I even put on my shoes.

TALC

Everything okay?

CLARK (NAR.)

Talc says when I join him downstairs.

CLARK

Yeah.

TALC

Do you wanna stay until Hera leaves? She-

CLARK

There's a ton of security inside. They can-

EROS

I got it.

CLARK (NAR.)

Eros says, entering the living room.

CLARK
Fantastic.

CLARK (NAR.)
I say, patting him on the shoulder as I head for the door.

SOUND: CROWDS

CLARK
It's a madhouse out here.

CLARK (NAR.)
I say to Talc as we step outside. The block is packed with security and hungry journalists.

TALC
Rebekah is right. Something is coming.

CLARK
Rebekah is a lunatic.

TALC
Yeah. 'Sides for someone who claims to know so much about everything, she did miss the blind guy hiding a bag of files on her train.

CLARK
What?

CLARK (NAR.)
I say, stopping and turning towards him. He smirks, pushes his sunglasses up his nose.

CLARK
Who are you working for?

CLARK (NAR.)
I ask. Feeling a little frightened, even here in broad daylight.

TALC
Unimportant.

CLARK
Why Apollo?

TALC
Also unimportant.

CLARK
What is fucking important?

TALC

You. And Rhea. Char. Persephone. Eros. I think it's time you all stop letting someone else make decisions for you.

CLARK (NAR.)

He throws an arm around my shoulder.

TALC

If you're done with your girl troubles, there's a lot I'd like to talk with you about.

CLARK

Oh, I'm done alright.

SCENE 3

RHEA (NAR.)

I still feel Clark all over me. I can't just let him walk away. I need to chase him. Tell him he deserves better and more than me. I can't- let that look of pain linger in his eyes.

But I don't know how to take it away without giving him hope that we are just a seconds away from fixing whatever-

EROS

Hey.

RHEA

Hey.

RHEA (NAR.)

Eros and I just stare at each other.

He leans in the doorway, shoulders slumped. I know we've barely been out of each other's sight for the last three days, but somehow... seeing him back here in this room where we have spent countless hours- it feels like the first time I'm really looking at him since... since Iris died. The silence between us is louder than the swarm of people outside. Or Hera packing.

My gut twists unexpectedly. And I feel tired and scared and sad. Homesick despite finally being home after... everything. My breath hitches like I might cry- but he rushes to me. Hugs me. Kisses a spot by my temple. He lets his lips linger there for just a second. Not romantic so much as medicinal.

My senses binge drink him in. Inhaling his scent. Listening for the sound of his heartbeat. Staring at the place at the base of his neck where his curls used to tangle. If I want I could taste him on my lips. But, for the first time since we were 12 and I dared him to kiss me- I don't... want. Nor do I have an appetite for the salt-tinged spot on his neck or the scratch on his cheek or... yeah. His ear. There's no sweet part of him that will not turn to poison in my mouth. He is toxic now.

There's a BANG from Hera's room as she slams a drawer.

EROS
What can I do?

RHEA (NAR.)
He whispers.

RHEA
You should go.

RHEA (NAR.)
I say, without pushing myself out of his arms.

EROS
But, I thought things were going to be different now.

RHEA
They are.

RHEA (NAR.)
I say, at last untangling myself from him.

SCENE 4

CHAR (NAR.)
The thin, mint green summons crumples in my fist as I hit the elevator button, slump against the wall and wait for the doors to close, but a thin hand slides between them.

REBEKAH
Charon.

CHAR (NAR.)
Rebekah chirps. She snaps her wrist at a few armed guards just a few feet behind her.

REBEKAH
We need a moment.

GUARD
But you asked us to accompany you to your meeting.

CHAR (NAR.)
One of the men croaks.

REBEKAH
I believe the stairs are working just fine.

CHAR (NAR.)
Huffing, the guards back away. The door shuts. I nod to a file under her arm.

CHAR
That your letter of resignation?

REBEKAH
No. Not today.

CHAR (NAR.)
She says, smiling.

CHAR
See you've got more security than before. Now she stiffens a little.

REBEKAH
Well none of you may be listening to me, but I do promise you- things are not as safe as they seem.

CHAR
You know you kidnapped us right?

CHAR (NAR.)
She raises her eyebrows in fake confusion.

REBEKAH
I was taking you all on a trip before you snapped and took control of the train. Some kind of extreme group anxiety.

CHAR
Yeah I heard what Truman and Ford said, on the record. Where are they now?

REBEKAH
They're in recovery. Seeing as they were suffering from frostbite and hypothermia. They won't be seen in public for sometime.

CHAR
Uh huh. And I assume the same is true for Orsino?

CHAR (NAR.)
She doesn't even blink-

REBEKAH
I haven't seen Detective Orsino Blue in months.

CHAR
Wow. Friendship doesn't mean anything to you, does it?

REBEKAH
I just don't have space in my life for anything useless. Or anyone.

CHAR

Yeah.

CHAR (NAR.)

I say, finally sticking the piece of paper in my hand in her face.

CHAR

I got that.

REBEKAH

I know. Such a shame. Wonder what it's about.

CHAR (NAR.)

She says, smiling. I look down. Smooth it against my leg. She knows exactly what it's about. She's fucking mentioned in it. It's from the Reproductive Investigative Bureau asking me to a hearing about the state of my viability. I've never heard of a man under 30 receiving one. It's like I'm about to get fired. But from my whole... life.

REBEKAH

Should have listened to me.

CHAR

Oh yeah, keep having you stick me with needles while everyone died outside. Super plan. I didn't even drop dead or whatever like you said I would.

REBEKAH

I was just trying to keep you all safe.

CHAR

And I was trying to help my friends.

REBEKAH

Where are your friends now?

CHAR

I wanted to do this on my own.

REBEKAH

Hmmm.

CHAR (NAR.)

She says as the doors finally slide open to her waiting SWAT team.

REBEKAH

This is my floor.

CHAR

You aren't coming?

REBEKAH

I have something much more important to take care of.
Charon?

CHAR

What?

REBEKAH

Do be careful.

CHAR (NAR.)

I cross my arms. Make myself big. Until the doors slide shut and I'm alone again. I wilt. It's just that I don't know what will happen to me. They won't let me stay in my house. I-

SOUND: DOORS OPENING

RHEA

Char!

CHAR (NAR.)

Rhea skids to a halt outside the elevator doors. There's a small pack of security behind her. I'm not sure if they're all there to compensate for Hera's absence or if they've divided my old detail up amongst everyone else already.

RHEA

Come on!

CHAR (NAR.)

Her team is hot on her heels as she runs down the hall. I walk slowly behind them all, heading in the same direction. She jets into a dark room, security following her like ants. One by one, until she spins them around. Pushes each out.

RHEA

There isn't enough room!

CHAR (NAR.)

I haven't even bothered to hide my green slip. But she's so deliriously happy, she hasn't noticed.

RHEA

Except for you, Char. Come on, man!

CHAR (NAR.)

I'm not in a rush to get where I'm going. What's a few minutes when your world is ending anyway? I drag my feet towards the dark door, looking like the mouth of some big cave with all the guys in black clogged around the front.

CHAR

'Scuse-

CHAR (NAR.)
But I stop the second I see what's inside.

PERS
Get your ass in here, Char.

CHAR (NAR.)
Persephone says from the doctor's table she's lying on.
Her stomach shines in the silvery glow from the screen in
front of her. On it is the ghostly shape of something no one
has seen in a few decades...

CHAR
It's okay.

CHAR (NAR.)
I breathe.

PERS
Yeah.

CHAR (NAR.)
Persephone smiles, a real, happy, smile.

RHEA
What's this?

CHAR (NAR.)
Rhea says, finally noticing the slip in my hand a split
second before she grabs it. I let her take it. Turn, whisper.

CHAR
Can't say I didn't try.

CHAR (NAR.)
And then I shrug, because it really doesn't fucking matter
does it? Fuck it, no more secrets.

PERS
HEY. It's rude to whisper. Come over here and enjoy this
thing I saved... with your help.

CHAR (NAR.)
I turn to her, actually smiling myself.

CHAR
Did we now?

PERS
I'm being nice in front of the...

SCENE 5

PERS
Baby.

PERS (NAR.)
I say. Confidently, looking at the little person on the screen for the first time.

You can just make out their head and little body, pulsing like a shadow puppet accross the screen. It's hands are up by their face. The tiny slope of their nose. A persistant, relentless flicker at their center. The arrogance of a heartbeat. I don't even realize I'm smiling.

CHAR
You're crying.

PERS (NAR.)
Char whispers, almost laughing. Dropping into a squat beside me.

PERS
No you're crying.

CHAR
We're sweating.

PERS
From our eyes.

CHAR
Yeah.

PERS (NAR.)
He confirms. Rhea is in the corner. Reading something. Of course. Now, as the miracle of life unfolds in front of us she-

TECH
Excuse me?

PERS (NAR.)
The technician clears her throat. Trembles in my presence.

TECH
Would you like to know... the sex?

PERS
Is it going to be everywhere in an hour anyway?

RHEA
That means she does.

PERS (NAR.)

Rhea pipes in. Folding up the piece of paper and stuffing it in her pocket. She crosses to my other side. Attempts to squat like Char.

RHEA

I can't do that as comfortably.

CHAR

Pretend it's leg day.

PERS

Guys.

PERS (NAR.)

They snap to attention. Rhea grabs my hand in both of hers. Pats it. We all turn back to the tech.

PERS

Well?

TECH

It's a girl.

PERS

Leave.

RHEA

Persephone.

PERS (NAR.)

Rhea starts.

PERS

Please.

PERS (NAR.)

I amend. The tech gathers her stuff, hands the wand to Rhea, and quickly exits. As soon as we're alone-

PERS

It's a girl.

PERS (NAR.)

I gasp. As excited as I am terrified.

RHEA

Of course she is. Which of any man in our life could have made it through all that?

PERS (NAR.)

Rhea says.

CHAR

Zero.

PERS (NAR.)

Char confirms. And staring at her up there. Framed in a screen- endless amounts of tubes and vials and tests and disappointment all within a tiny arms reach I say-

PERS

(CRACKING)

It's uhm... it's just really hard. It's going to be really fucking hard for her.

RHEA

She's going to be a stone cold bitch.

PERS (NAR.)

Rhea says, laughs.

RHEA

She's going to learn from the best.

PERS

(PULLING IT TOGETHER)

True... Tell Eros I have a name.

PERS (NAR.)

She hesitates like she wants to say something more. But just goes with-

RHEA

Okay.

CHAR

What is it?

PERS (NAR.)

Char asks. I swivel my head to him, speak like it's the most obvious thing in the world.

PERS

Persephone.

PERS (NAR.)

He bursts out laughing. Rhea joins him. I do not.

CHAR

Oh you're serious.

RHEA

Well I love it. Mary Shelley was named after Mary Wo-

PERS

No, no.

Do not make this... Whatever you were about to.

RHEA
Fine.

PERS (NAR.)
She relents. One of Rhea's guards pops into the room.

GUARD
Rhea. You have a meeting.

RHEA
I need two minutes.

GUARD
It isn't optional.

PERS (NAR.)
Rhea opens her mouth to protest.

PERS
You can go, we've got several more months to celebrate me.
And the second Persephone.

RHEA
Oh does the sound of that terrify me.

GUARD
Rhea, now.

PERS (NAR.)
Her guard interrupts her. Certainly no Hera. I almost say,
but I don't. In the past few days since we've returned, Rhea
has avoided almost all mention of her sister. She looks at
me. Unsure of how to say goodbye, cautiously I raise an open
hand. She high fives it.

Then leaves. All of her detail following. Only my guys and
the tech are outside now.

TECH
Can I come back in?

PERS (NAR.)
The Tech asks.

PERS
Find someone to grab me a cup of tea.

PERS (NAR.)
I say, politely as possible, before turning back to Char.

PERS
Where is your team?

PERS (NAR.)
I ask him.

CHAR
I uh... don't need one anymore.

PERS
What? That's ridic-

CHAR
I'm getting removed from the program.

PERS
What? Why?

CHAR
I'm no longer viable. I guess.

PERS
What? That's impossible. Rebekah-

CHAR
Yeah, she knows.

PERS (NAR.)
He lets that hang there. We both know what it means.

CHAR
I've come to terms with a lot of it. Just not... I'm scared.
I don't know what's going to happen to me.

PERS (NAR.)
I watch him. Beautiful face struggling to contain his worry.

CHAR
I don't want to get into it. This is about you. And her.

PERS (NAR.)
He forces a smile. Hmm. That... that is the right attitude.

PERS
Well.

PERS (NAR.)
I allow.

PERS
I think, if I wanted, I could have any chaperone I chose.

PERS (NAR.)
Char raises an eyebrow. A fit guard enters, presents me with
a cup of tea. He bends over. Hands it to me.

I lean in close.

PERS

Excuse me, if you wouldn't mind- would you get Char a cup as well? He'll be staying for awhile.

GUARD

Of course.

PERS (NAR.)

He says, stepping towards the door.

PERS

Hurry back.

PERS (NAR.)

I croon. Even in the dim light, I can see the guard blushing. I still fucking got it.

SCENE 6

RHEA

What are you doing?

RHEA (NAR.)

I ask as I sit. Rebekah looms by the one large window in her office. You can see the photographers milling around. Waiting by Persephone's car.

REBEKAH

They spend hours out there. Waiting for one meaningless photo.

RHEA (NAR.)

She looks up at me, smiles.

REBEKAH

When you get treated to the greatest image of all time. Just in passing.

RHEA

Yeah.

RHEA (NAR.)

I respond.

RHEA

The baby is beautiful.

REBEKAH

It's all tremendously exciting, isn't it?

RHEA

We need to talk about Char.

RHEA (NAR.)
I say taking the green slip from my pocket.

REBEKAH
Ah. He told you?

RHEA
Whatever... issue you have with him. It's not worth this.
He's still one of us.

REBEKAH
He's essentially non viable.

RHEA
The human race is essentially non viable. Fix it.

REBEKAH
Our resources are limited.

RHEA
Well the public knows you lost Apollo. How's it going to look
losing Char too?

REBEKAH
It's going to look like I make big bets. And they pay off.

RHEA
Oh, is that what you call last week?

RHEA (NAR.)
She just stares at me, a smile playing across her lips.

RHEA
I won't cop with anyone else. Until you help Char.

REBEKAH
No. I don't think you will.

RHEA
Wh-what?

REBEKAH
It's really admirable how much you're willing to do for those
boys. When Iris was found dead in bed with your boyfriend,
you gave him an alibi-

RHEA
That isn't how it-

REBEKAH
When you and I first met- well, met again, you spent
countless amounts of energy trying to comfort your new friend
Clark.

RHEA
Because-

REBEKAH
And now, you're making Char your mission. It's all... very sweet.

RHEA
They're my friends. They would do the exact same for me.

REBEKAH
Which is why I'm sure they've told you. About the plan.

RHEA (NAR.)
I just stare at her. My obvious confusion causes her to break into an all out grin. I don't give her the satisfaction of a question.

REBEKAH
I know Char knows. Not quite sure how. But I assume, he told you and Eros and Clark and Persephone. You're all trying your best to stop it.

RHEA
Stop what?

REBEKAH
The next logical step. You know what the definition of insanity is, Rhea?

RHEA
I feel like it'll be me any second.

REBEKAH
Ha. No. It's doing the same thing and getting the same result every time. Over and over again.

RHEA (NAR.)
She stands, crosses to her desk. Grabs a file off of it. Holds it close to her chest.

REBEKAH
We've spent 8 years trying one way, it isn't too late to try another. You're only 23. You could have a very long... alternative life. You wouldn't like it, but hey, after a short time with the proper medication- you wouldn't even know what was happening.

RHEA
You're going to... isolate me? Put me in a what- medically induced coma?

REBEKAH

No. Not a coma. Stupor. Maybe. You would be inseminated. Which is great because I know how much you hate the emotional complications of mandatory inter unit copulation.

RHEA (NAR.)

She pauses, as if struck by an idea.

REBEKAH

Huh. Maybe that's why none of your boys have spoken to you. Maybe they think this is exactly what you want.

RHEA

Does Hera know?

RHEA (NAR.)

Rebekah shrugs.

REBEKAH

She doesn't need to. Not your chaperone anymore. Right?

RHEA (NAR.)

Salt. Wound.

REBEKAH

Have you been to her new place? I hear it's... cozy. But it must be nice to have something to herself.

RHEA (NAR.)

I don't respond. But I haven't even spoken to Hera since we got back. She left an address, but I know not to go there.

RHEA

So. When does it start?

RHEA (NAR.)

I whisper.

REBEKAH

Well, see. When I carried you. I thought it would be easy. No drinking, no smoking, limited sex. Nine months until I got back to my own life. Of course then I didn't know they'd banish me. But still. I wasn't expecting to become so... attached to you. Feeling you everyday. As you became stronger. So did I. I realized how powerful I was. It changed me forever. Made me realize no matter what failures they held against me, no matter how much force anyone else attempted to crush me with. I was carrying you.

RHEA

Why are you telling me any of this?

REBEKAH

Because as much as you and I disagree.

I was the first temple that housed you, the first god you prayed to, hands clasped, with each breath.

RHEA (NAR.)

She holds her hands together, near her thin face. Like Persephone's baby on the screen.

REBEKAH

It was such an incredible experience, that even I would not want to rob you of it. For the next nine months at least.

RHEA (NAR.)

Now, she throws the folder at me. Impossibly slowly. I catch it. Open it. It's all numbers and words I've never read.

RHEA

What does-

REBEKAH

Rhea, you're pregnant.

RHEA

No I'm not.

RHEA (NAR.)

Is all I say because it is the only... logical thing to say.

REBEKAH

Very early days, but yes. A success. Now, of course you aren't going to go back to your old life. You will be on some form of lockdown. But I promise you, you will be conscious.

RHEA

I- I think I'm going to throw up.

RHEA (NAR.)

I mumble, lips quivering, hands shaking.

REBEKAH

That's more like it.

RHEA (NAR.)

She says.

REBEKAH

Now, Rhea. Since the days are so early and your body can be unpredictable. We need to keep this a secret until monitoring in our new facility indicates you are more stable.

RHEA (NAR.)

I place the file in my lap. Pour over every document. DIG my fingers into my hair, as I search frantically for the mistake.

RHEA

It can't... I can't...

RHEA (NAR.)

I feel Rebekah looming over me. She drops to her knees.
Places her slender fingers on my arm.

REBEKAH

Rhea. Of course. Of course you can. You and I were always
going to share this moment.

RHEA (NAR.)

And then she leans forwards, kisses my forehead. Her lips,
ice on my hot skin. I exhale.

SHOVE the file at her.

The pages scatter as I jump up. She falls backwards as I leap
to the window. I throw it open.

REBEKAH

Rhea! What are you-

RHEA

Don't take another fucking step.

RHEA (NAR.)

I hiss. One of the photographers below jostles his neighbor.
They turn to me. One by one and then all at once like a wave
of lenses and eyes.

REBEKAH

Rhea- do not do anything stupid. You're about to change the
world.

RHEA

Oh-

RHEA (NAR.)

I almost laugh.

RHEA

- I know.

RHEA (NAR.)

I turn to the press- announce-

RHEA

I have had a success!

RHEA (NAR.)

They nearly drop their cameras as they break into applause.

RHEA

With Charon!

RHEA (NAR.)

I finish, grinning and summoning up tears from somewhere close to the surface.

The clapping continues. Some begin hugging one another. Openly crying themselves. I turn back to Rebekah, who is now just a few steps behind me.

RHEA

Rebekah, you are no longer in control of this narrative. I'm not going anywhere. And neither is Char.

RHEA (NAR.)

She folds her arms. Nods. Then steps to her desk. Silently picks up a device there. She offers it to me.

REBEKAH

I'm sure you'll want to tell them before they find out from an alert.

RHEA (NAR.)

I just stare at her, the grandeur of my reversal starting to wane as something overwhelming creeps up into my throat. Choking from within.

REBEKAH

You do know whose it actually is, right?

RHEA (NAR.)

And then, I do. The answer to that question coming to me as easily as leaves, fluttering unhurriedly to the ground.

RHEA

Yes.

RHEA (NAR.)

I leave, Rebekah chasing after me as my security encloses me in a storm cloud of black.

The car ride is longer because of the throng of tear stained crowds mobbing the windows. I know Eros and Clark will have heard by now. But I don't stop, asking my driver to go as quickly as possible. I need to get there. Need to say the words.

We press through the streets, pockets of people run from their concrete blocks to blow kisses to the car- as if they have been waiting all along for this very moment. Actors with cues. I barely notice them. My heart tightens with my hands grip on my knees.

RHEA

Here!

RHEA (NAR.)

I yell, even though my driver knows. He slows down and I BOLT from the car.

The security detail is just behind me.

The try and beat me to the door but I'm too fast. Too excited. Scared. Nervous. I know how we left things I know where we stand. But everything is different now.

I can't do this alone.

I BANG on the door. Once- twice, and then that face- that fucking gorgeous face appears. Surprised and maybe even annoyed. Like always.

RHEA

I'm pregnant. We are. It's yours.

RHEA (NAR.)

I tell Hera all in one breath.

RHEA

Look, Hera, I complain so much about the way my life is but I don't tell you enough how lucky I am to have you. How lucky ANYONE would be to have you. This baby would be. To have you. It was always gonna be yours. They were always gonna be yours. If you want them.

HERA

Ours.

RHEA (NAR.)

She says, quietly. Tears gathering quickly in her eyes. She pulls me into a hug.

RHEA

Ours.

RHEA (NAR.)

I repeat.

END OF EPISODE