

Lesser Gods Season 2 Chapter 2

By

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SCENE 1

SOUND: AN ELECTRIC RAZOR

CHAR
(DEEP SIGH)
I don't know about this.

EROS
Come on, Char. Just do it.

CHAR (NAR.)
I wrap my thick fingers around Eros' dense curls.

CHAR
I feel like if you amp up the sulking just a little bit more... you'll accomplish the vibe of the shaved head without actually doing it.

EROS
Ha. Ha.

CHAR (NAR.)
He looks up at me, big brown eyes swimming in his thin face.

EROS
If you take the hair off my head I'll take the hair off your face.

CHAR
I will take your eyebrows off, dude.

CHAR (NAR.)
I start the razor and he grins. Something so rare these days it ALMOST makes me forget that Rhea is going to kill me for this...

CHAR
Don't blame me when you look like a big baby.

CHAR (NAR.)
I warn as I press the blade of the electric razor closer to his skull.

EROS
You're a good man, Charon.

CHAR (NAR.)
He pats my bare abs, right at his eye level.

EROS
Do wish you'd put on a shirt though.

CHAR (NAR.)

I flex- Eros rolls his eyes, then let's them roam around my Brick. Tasteful mixes of metals and woods. Minimalist. Rhea and Eros live in a clutter I can't stand.

EROS

Canada... Eh? Why do you think now?

CHAR (NAR.)

I shrug. He does this all the time. Thinks I'll get more about Rebekah because of our... past association. She tried to kill me.

Pretty sure we're not on the same fucking page. My fingers tighten a little. My arms tense up. If Er can tell he doesn't say anything. I take a deep breath, remembering what happened in the Square. How if it wasn't for Dion, the bullet would have hit me. I promised myself I won't do this- rehash what things would be like if I'd been killed. It isn't just that Dion would have lived- he's the only man in recent history who managed to knock someone up.

He wouldn't have been the hero who saved me, he'd be the hero who saved the fucking species. Not just a container of ashes located in some grief storage lockup.

Fuck dude, I can't do this today.

I just did it yesterday. And the day before. And the day before that. A lock of Eros' hair falls to my bare feet.

I continue to shave his head in silence.

We've spent a lot of time here in my Brick over the last few months. Each content with not speaking. Playing video games.

Lifting. Sometimes reading. We spend a lot of time in silence. Everyone wants to know what he's feeling all the time, but since I couldn't bare anymore grief- I don't ask.

I catch sight of my face in a mounted mirror. Even in resting dread mode, my face looks much like my home. Like everything was placed in just the right spot. It's always kinda bored me.

I've always been worried people were defining me by these traits I had nothing to do with. People like to know things about you because it makes them feel like they own part of you- but all they focus on (my face, who I like to fuck- even being one of the Five) isn't stuff I even feel like I own. I had nothing to do with any of it. That's what I like about my body- about being so strong.

After I started getting jacked, no one would call me the beautiful one and when I decided to come out, I knew if I was built enough, no one would even call me the gay one. I'd be the strong one.

But beyond what other people think of me, being this way has also given me what a life built around uncertainty needs most; fucking purpose. Somewhere in the half a second between my first and second curl- I musta been like... 13...

I felt something I hadn't before- like I was building towards something. Everyday since they could tell we were listening, everyone has done nothing but tell us about how much pressure there is on us DESPITE the fact that it was THEM who'd gone years without a breakthrough. The docs failures in the labs sucked- but feeling myself getting stronger, seeing my body change in the mirror- that was progress I could hang onto.

That's why these last few months have been so nuts. I haven't been feeling strong- I've been feeling scared.

The lady in power is the same lady who tried to KILL me. If she was able to picture the species surviving without me before- who says she can't still? Where is she taking us? How isolated will we be? My chaperone Artemis got relocated for some "emotional distress" bullshit and Rebekah was SUPPOSED to replace her but she hasn't. Why? Because-

EROS
Fuck!

CHAR
Oh shit.

CHAR (NAR.)
I drop to my knees the second I realize what I've done- clipped Eros' ear with the razor. I whip off a sock- apply pressure to the knick.

CHAR
Well I think you'll live.

EROS
Is that a dirty sock?

CHAR
Dunno, it's closer to your nose.

CHAR (NAR.)
He looks at me seriously. Reads my mind.

EROS
Not gonna let anything happen to you, dude.

CHAR
Dumb thing to say to the person who just wounded you.

CHAR (NAR.)
He places his hand on mine, pats it roughly.

EROS
I will forgive you if you finish my hair.

CHAR (NAR.)

I straighten back up.

No matter what vibe he's trying to give off to Rhea and Hera and whoever else- Eros needs emotional intimacy. He feels nothing unless he's feeling WITH someone else. He once asked me what I thought the worst part of being the last living human would be, at the ripe old age of 7.

Maybe that's why that week he spent being interrogated by Orsino was so rough- he had no one to confide in and he was told everyone he had shared everything with- was gone.

Rhea's the opposite of him in that everyone knows exactly what she's feeling all the time. There's no point in being close to her because everyone is within screaming distance.

Eros would feed off that intensity and she was be a bottomless pit for his feelings. But now that he's shoved Rhea away- I'm the closest person to him. When he wants to say anything real, he says it to me. In the past, I would have found all the emotional hand wringing pretty stupid but these days... No one's wringing my hands if you know what I mean.

It's been months since I brought anyone home. Before, I couldn't open my mouth to yawn without having someone press his lips on mine. I wouldn't fuck just anyone. I just... I liked seeing them with my things. I liked how their bodies fit into my space. Their bare feet on the floor. Their lips on a glass. Their backs, warm and in the sheets. I'd take mental pictures of all these moments, and store them. Use them to create a life I never had. I never wanted to talk to them because the second they'd say anything- the fantasy dies. They'd ask what it was REALLY like to have all this attention. All this responsibility. What are the Five like in real life? They'd ask while drooling about having someone as special as me- even just for a night.

CHAR

Done.

CHAR (NAR.)

I say. Placing the razor on the counter and backing away from my masterpiece. Eros runs a hand over his newly shaved head. I absentmindedly grab onto the pull up bar in the doorway. Raise myself. He hops over to the mirror.

EROS

Dude, I love it.

CHAR

He turns back to me, beaming. I hang from the bar with one arm.

EROS
Hope Canada is warm.

CHAR
Who knows, maybe it will be completely different.

CHAR (NAR.)
I remark only to realize a moment later... how great that could actually be. A new routine, a fresh start. People could leave their shitty memories of each other here. Eros would stop thinking about Iris. Rhea would be too busy readjusting to life to mourn Eros. When faced with no other friends, Persephone might warm up to me again. Clark- uh- I'm sure he'd find something to- oh yeah, he'd be new to the place like everyone else. Couldn't bitch about feeling so behind. Sure we'd have to take Apollo, but with no one else around we could remind him every fucking second of what he did. That he is a real murderer. Because he actually flew off the handle and killed someone. He wasn't just a guy caught in a big mess that got out of control. A scared kid really. Comparatively, to the person pulling the... My face falls as I realize, where ever we go... she will too. Rebekah. Persephone saying how much she hates me- that I can get over. Because hating someone isn't the worst thing you could do to them.

SOUND: BEEP

CHAR (NAR.)
The piercing beeping scares me so badly I fall from the pull up bar- land on my ass on the floor.

EROS
Bro-

CHAR (NAR.)
Eros runs over to me, but I've already bounced up and back on my feet. I take a deep breath. I can't keep this shit up, y'all.

EROS
Sorry, sorry.

CHAR (NAR.)
His brows are knitted together in apology as he fiddles with his ID bracelet.

EROS
It's uh- Apollo. Trying to locate me.

CHAR (NAR.)
Something sad flashes behind his eyes, and then something much darker.

EROS

I hate how he tries to act like everything is normal- no. Not just normal, better. Like we should be... inspired by his ability to carry on.

CHAR

Even though he knows we know he and his micro dick are useless.

EROS

He thinks the way he's handled himself since Iris died is... brave.

CHAR

And now whatever sadness was in his eyes has hardened to anger.

EROS

Last week he told me to pull it together. That my grief was-

CHAR (NAR.)

He pauses- seethes-

EROS

Gratuitous.

CHAR

It's not, man. You feel how you feel. We all-

EROS

No we don't all whatever. I was there, Char. I was one room over.

CHAR (NAR.)

He drops to the ground. Folds his legs up under him. Makes himself small. I get down on his level.

EROS

I should've been in the room.

CHAR

She asked you not to be. She knew he was coming. She could have-

EROS

Don't do that.

CHAR

And there's a spark of some rage at me. Eros won't stand for anything bad about Iris. Even if it's something as little as trusting Apollo.

EROS

I shouldn't have gotten so fucked up. Then I could have stayed up and talked- not just passed the fuck out.

CHAR (NAR.)

I just watch, saying nothing. Because nothing I could say would possibly be good enough. And I know, I've tried. We've gone over that night so many times. I used to think he would talk about it to understand it better. But now, I know it's just because he wants me to judge him. Punish him. But I won't.

CHAR

Why are we doing this now? Again?

CHAR (NAR.)

I ask, trying not to sigh. He tries to run both hands through his hair- but there's nothing there. He cradles his skull instead.

EROS

I keep having this dream.

CHAR

Oh boy. I think.

EROS

I'm lying on the couch in her Brick. But I'm not asleep- I'm awake. And I hear them arguing. But I'm so tired. My eyelids are so heavy. She yells for him to get away. There's a crash. And then she screams. But I don't move.

CHAR

What does she say? When she screams?

EROS

She says... "Eros."

CHAR (NAR.)

He watches my face for a reaction and I keep it still- not willing to give him the reaction he wants. Not playing his masochistic game.

SOUND: BEEP.

CHAR (NAR.)

The silence is broken by the bracelet. Eros POUNDS a few buttons.

EROS

Won't fucking-

CHAR (NAR.)

I reach over and gently press the silencer- mute it.

CHAR (NAR.)

You've gotta stop beating yourself up for this, man. At the end of the day, only one person killed Iris. It wasn't you.

EROS

Sometimes... sometimes I think the only way I'm going to feel better is if I do something. Now. There's this drug they've cooked up. They think it's dangerous though. Side effect shit. If I fucked my body up-

CHAR

You can't work any harder at succeeding- you've gotta give your body time.

EROS

No. I- I sometimes think about pinning him down and wrapping my hands around his throat.

CHAR

You know, I can find you a guy to do that if it's your thing.

CHAR (NAR.)

He shakes his head, smirking a little. I lean back against the wall. This could be fun. What's the opposite of masochism?

CHAR

Is that really how you'd do it?

CHAR (NAR.)

I smile so he knows I'm down for a little revenge fantasy.

EROS

I would love to just pummel his precious face. Over and over. Break his eye socket with my own hand. Maybe a bat if it hurts more. Make him choke on his own teeth.

CHAR

Ugh, gross. I wouldn't like the sound.

CHAR (NAR.)

Eros cocks a eyebrow.

CHAR

Me? I would tie him up- hang him from the rafters over there. Use his body as a punching bag. Make him feel powerless.

EROS

Then leave him like a piece of trash.

CHAR (NAR.)

He barks out a feverish laugh. I've never heard him talk like this, but it's kinda nice to hear him want something instead of just wallowing.

EROS

I want him to be scared. Like she was.

CHAR

Yeah, fear is a pretty powerful tool.

CHAR (NAR.)

I get to my feet, like moving will put some distance between me and my thoughts. I stick out a thick hand. Pull him to his feet. Eros clenches and unclenches a fist experimentally. And then a look I don't recognize slides down his face, fills his eyes, wrinkles his nose and finally- makes his lips twitch up into a smirk.

CHAR

What?

EROS

Dunno- I... feel better just thinking about killing him.

SCENE 2

CLARK (NAR.)

I crack every knuckle on each hand. Dragging out the final few seconds before I knock on the door. My copy of 'The Catcher in the Rye' tucked under my arm.

I do want you to know I had zero intention of coming upon first receiving this invitation. Tea with Persephone? At 10 pm? No thanks. We've had exactly NO conversations that haven't ended with her belittling or outright mocking me. But when the message came to Talc- well, he told me "You just GOTTA go."

And honestly? I needed a little break from my... Southern Gentleman. He's a lot to be around. So many questions. Was I ever like this? I'm sure Rhea would tell me I was worse. To get away from the memories of those early days- I knock once and-

The door is YANKED open immediately. Persephone arches an eyebrow in way of greeting.

CLARK

Hi.

CLARK (NAR.)

I say hurriedly. I push away the thoughts of what Rhea would think of this rendezvous as I step inside the room.

PERSEPHONE

I'm so glad you could make it.

CLARK (NAR.)

She coos as she turns away from me. Her small frame is wrapped in a large fluffy white robe. Not the standard issue grey ones the other units wear. It goes with the room, rich with luxurious fabrics and plump cushions.

PERSEPHONE

How's the new chaperone?

CLARK

He's fine.

PERSEPHONE

He seems really weird.

CLARK

He is certainly a character. Likes for everyone to know exactly what he is thinking. All the time.

PERSEPHONE

At first I thought it was stupid to hire another chaperone. Especially when it was just to make you feel normal- no offense.

CLARK

Yep.

PERSEPHONE

I mean I was happy to opt out of mine.

CLARK (NAR.)

Her phrasing is a bit funny. Rhea had heard from Hera that Persephone was no longer allowed a chaperone. For her safety. And theirs.

PERSEPHONE

But I am glad they picked someone interesting. She perches on the arm of a generously stuffed chair. Her small feet crossed delicately on the seat.

CLARK

Yes Talc is nothing if not interesting.

CLARK (NAR.)

I shudder at a memory from earlier today, when my chaperone discussed living in the desolate, woodsy Southern United States- a two hour monologue culminating in him telling me a story about why blind people shouldn't be able to skin animals.

PERSEPHONE

Why'd you bail this morning?

CLARK (NAR.)

I flounder for a response- folding a little under her serene, yet fierce gaze.

CLARK

I didn't want to go.

CLARK (NAR.)

Which is true. If not... overly simple.

PERSEPHONE

Why?

CLARK

I was upset with Rhea, to be honest.

CLARK (NAR.)

There's a flicker behind Persephone's eyes. Like I've just lost a game I didn't know I was playing.

PERSEPHONE

Why?

CLARK

Just a private matter, really. Nothing too interesting.

PERSEPHONE

I have a feeling it's very, very interesting.

CLARK (NAR.)

She springs cat-like to her feet. She takes steps so small and precise they could be dance moves.

PERSEPHONE

If I offer you a drink, do you promise to take it?

CLARK (NAR.)

She places a large, round ice cube in a glass as I stammer-

CLARK

I couldn't-

CLARK (NAR.)

She pours something amber into the glass instead. The ice shifts a little and it occurs to me- I don't think I've ever seen ice in a beverage. Everyone else uses fake, metal cubes. She holds the glass out to me, pouts.

PERSEPHONE

Oh please, Clark? I need someone in this room to act normally.

CLARK (NAR.)

She turns to me, eyes large with anticipation. She sticks out her hand.

PERSEPHONE

Trade you?

CLARK (NAR.)

As I hand her my book and take the whiskey- something occurs to me. The robe. The alcohol. The bed. My stomach drops.

CLARK

Are we alone?

PERSEPHONE

As alone as I ever get.

CLARK (NAR.)

She winks as she places my book on an end table. I can't- I am not prepared for this. Persephone is... attractive. But- honestly I'm more afraid of her than anything else. Which will make rejecting... whatever this is maybe harder than going along with it.

I take a long sip. Try not to react to the burn in the back of my throat. Grateful for an extra second of reprieve. She watches me.

CLARK

It's... great.

CLARK (NAR.)

I smile, nodding towards the drink. Lying. Pers shakes her head like she knows. With one deft move, she kicks an ottoman out towards me. Returns to the chair- this time letting it engulf her. I slowly lower myself, like the cushion might move out from under me. She watches me, a smirk playing across her full lips. Why me? Why now? Surely, if she really wanted someone- anyone- she could have them? Plus if her last few conquests were any indication I'm certainly not her type. Every picture of Dion I've seen confirms he could have EATEN me if he-

PERSEPHONE

Alright, friend. Let's do it.

CLARK

Excuse me?

CLARK (NAR.)

I choke. Tasting the whiskey in my nose.

PERSEPHONE
Let's talk about Rhea.

CLARK
Oh.

CLARK (NAR.)
Embarrassment floods my face.

CLARK
Uhm- I don't think I feel like it.

CLARK (NAR.)
I may be unhappy with Rhea right now, but I don't want to sit here and shit on her with Persephone. I was just making a point this morning. I felt... powerless. I know that's how Rhea has always described copping... but she somehow felt complicit in that. When we... do... it... I want to feel like we're on the same team.

PERSEPHONE
Look, I know you're still the new kid in town, but this is my area of expertise.

CLARK
I stare at her like she's speaking German.

PERSEPHONE
I want to help you.

CLARK (NAR.)
She clarifies and my throat tightens.

PERSEPHONE
I've gotten everyone I've every wanted.

CLARK (NAR.)
She shows her small, pointed teeth. Reaches for my drink and gently lifts the ice cube. She licks it.

PERSEPHONE
And now I want to help you get Rhea.

CLARK (NAR.)
I take my first real breath since I entered the room.

CLARK
This is about Rhea.

PERSEPHONE
Isn't it always?

CLARK (NAR.)
She says as she reclines- dropping the ice back in my glass.

PERSEPHONE

So all I know for sure is you've never had sex.

CLARK (NAR.)

I feel an unexpected sting of defensiveness.

CLARK

How do you know for sure?

CLARK (NAR.)

She turns in response, arches an eyebrow again.

CLARK

No. We haven't.

PERSEPHONE

That's actually better. Because- and don't take this the wrong way- but you probably would have been terrible.

CLARK

We did kiss. She kissed me.

CLARK (NAR.)

For the first time tonight, I feel like I've surprised her. It was pretty intense. While we were away...

PERSEPHONE

Why'd you stop?

CLARK

She... stormed out.

CLARK (NAR.)

She nods. Thinks.

PERSEPHONE

And nothing physical since?

CLARK

We sleep together sometimes.

CLARK (NAR.)

I say quickly- instantly regretting engaging with her on this. Why am I even still here?

PERSEPHONE

That's not good.

CLARK

Well, look... I appreciate your... interest in my life. But... I don't think things between me and Rhea will be changing anytime soon.

CLARK (NAR.)

I smile a little sadly, finish my drink.

CLARK

Unless of course you transform me into Eros.

CLARK (NAR.)

I get to my feet. She doesn't move. Doesn't blink.

PERSEPHONE

Well there's your first problem.

CLARK

That I'm not him?

PERSEPHONE

No... That you think she couldn't like you more.

CLARK (NAR.)

She stands, saunters over to me. Unlike everyone else, we're actually on each other's eye level- that's why for the first time tonight- I can tell she's about to say something she means.

PERSEPHONE

I know I haven't been as welcoming as I could be.

CLARK

An understatement.

PERSEPHONE

But the way you look at her... I used to look at someone like that to.

CLARK

She takes a half a step back. As if to distance herself from her own truth.

PERSEPHONE

Or multiple people. You know, this is about the process more than the person.

CLARK

Of course.

CLARK (NAR.)

I say, suddenly feeling dismally sorry for the luckiest girl in the world.

PERSEPHONE

Let me help you. I mean, What've you got to lose?

CLARK (NAR.)

I take the longest two seconds to think I can.

Worst comes to worst- I just move away from this? Me and Pers become friends? She seems like she needs a friend. And I don't have too many myself. Best case? Well- I mean I get- not that I NEED Rhea... but-

PERSEPHONE
Clark?

CLARK
Okay!

CLARK (NAR.)
I say- a little too loud. Her face CRACKS into an all out grin- She throws her arms around my neck- embraces me.

PERSEPHONE
Fantastic. We'll begin tomorrow.

CLARK
Oh uh-okay-

CLARK (NAR.)
And before I can wonder why- she shuffles me out. I'm down the stairs, passing two security guards and fully out the door- feeling the whiskey a little. Talc is waiting out there.

TALC
How was your play date pal?

CLARK
Just fine.

CLARK (NAR.)
I say, giving him a bit more smile than usual.

TALC
Where's the book?

CLARK
Oh right.

CLARK (NAR.)
I turn and dash back up the stairs. The guards let me brush by with barely a glance. I take the stairs two at time- I can hear the shower running from outside so I barely pause to knock before pushing open the door. That's when I finally stop. Not sure how or why but... Eros is on Persephone's head.
He seems less startled by me. He just turns his- newly-shaved head in my direction. Gathers himself and walks over to me. He says nothing. Crosses his arms.

CLARK
I... forgot my book.

CLARK (NAR.)
I stammer. He looks around the room. Spots it. He grabs it, hands it to me. Persephone sticks her head out of the bathroom.

PERSEPHONE
Clark? First lesson- I wouldn't tell her about this.

CLARK (NAR.)
I nod. Still a little shocked to find Eros looming over me. I back out of the room. He shuts the door.

SCENE 3

SOUND: A METAL DOOR LOCKING

HERA (NAR.)
The after hours guard slides the grated door shut behind me. As usual, he doesn't lock it before strolling down the hall. Whistling softly.

I listen until I can barely hear him. He'll loop around a few times, casually. After all, he's the only person on this sub level besides myself.

And former President Rosalind Black.
The thin metal cuffs clink against the tea kettle. They aren't connected to anything- even each other. They seem to serve no purpose except of course to remind her where she is.

ROSALIND
Can I get you anything?

HERA (NAR.)
Black says in her trademark clip and formal tone. It seems out of place here, where she sits in silky gray pajamas at a small spartan table. It's one of the only pieces of furniture in the room besides the bed- made with new sheets each day- and the television which shows her the world so used to keep so carefully manicured, now growing a little wild. But growing none the less.

HERA
I'll have what you're having.

HERA (NAR.)
I smile a little as she pours hot water into two metal cups. She drops two Earl Grey bags into them. Mug still steaming, she leans back with it close to her face. Not sipping, but feeling the steam rise along her cheek.

Brushing it before billowing up and claiming space in the stale air before succumbing to the oppressive atmosphere. She does try and warm up the space- it's just that Black herself always ran a bit cold.

Her latest attempt is a newspaper cover from the day the Five were born framed and hung on the wall.

HERA

Will they allow you to take that when you're moved?

HERA (NAR.)

I ask, gesturing to the frame. She looks at it, parts her lips as if to speak.

ROSALIND

Tell me about Persephone.

HERA (NAR.)

She asks, choosing to change the subject again instead of squirm around the topic of being moved to a permanent facility. One that wouldn't treat her like such a... criminal.

HERA

She's great. As far as I know. They've recently written this opera about her? It's much, much funnier than it's supposed to be. I think the woman playing her is 20 years older.

ROSALIND

And probably 40 inches taller.

HERA (NAR.)

I force a laugh. More relieved than anything to see Black dust off her dry wit.

HERA

Clark has a new chaperone.

ROSALIND

What is he like?

HERA (NAR.)

She asks.

HERA

He's from the Lost Batch... You know-

ROSALIND

I know.

HERA (NAR.)

She says, finally sipping from her mug.

ROSALIND

I was not yet in charge but even then remember some of the experiments seeming excessive. Of course it was practical but... still... When they were born- their cries were so loud. You knew they were already in pain. Except for the ones born with lungs too weak to cry. They died immediately. They were better off.

HERA (NAR.)

Unlike anyone else who could possibly tell this story, Rosalind doesn't seem... sad. Or horrified. She seems... perplexed.

ROSALIND

Do you ever wonder, Hera, if you could go back and change things- would you?

HERA

Uhm, yeah.

HERA (NAR.)

I remember the light touch of Apollo when I... took him back. Tracing my skin with the same hands he'd used to kill Iris.

HERA

Yeah there are definately a few things I'd avoid.

ROSALIND

Ah, see. I think I made all the best decisions I could. The Minotaur at the center of the maze being both my punishment and my reward.

HERA

You know, a bull's aren't exactly the horns I'd give Rebekah.

ROSALIND

No, but she does have the nostrils of one.

HERA

I don't know if I can unsee that one.

HERA (NAR.)

She watches me, eyes boring deep into mine. She seems to make some momentous decision. But then simply says-

ROSALIND

How is your sister?

HERA

Moody. Petulant... Lonely. Somehow she's even gotten Clark mad at her. Should be an interesting little trip we're going on.

HERA (NAR.)
At this, she stiffens.

ROSALIND
You're leaving?

HERA
Yes.

HERA (NAR.)
I hesitate. But what I mistook for hurt quickly changes to something else- something frantic.

ROSALIND
Where are you going?

HERA
North. To Canada.

ROSALIND
What about Persephone? Rhea?

HERA
They're coming too. It's going to be a tour or something?

ROSALIND
Is she going?

HERA
Who?

HERA (NAR.)
But we both know "she" could only be one person.

ROSALIND
Rebek-

HERA (NAR.)
But before she can finish what she's saying she begins to violently shake. The metal cuffs... Her boney fingers GRIP the metal cup. She falls over before I can stand and rush to her. I move for her when-

REBEKAH
Don't.

HERA (NAR.)
I spin to the eerily, unmistakably calm voice. Rebekah leans in the doorway. Two far less friendly guards behind her.

REBEKAH
You're too good a conductor. Might get quite the shock.

HERA
You've got to fucking help her!

HERA (NAR.)
Rebekah shrugs. Infuriating.

REBEKAH
She's being dramatic.

HERA (NAR.)
Her teeth mash against one another, flecks of blood flying out as they do. With horror, I realize she's bitten off a small piece of her tongue.

HERA
Do something!

REBEKAH
Tell you what? You come out here and I'll send these boys in to help.

HERA (NAR.)
hera
The guards pull on thick black rubber gloves. I sprint out of the cell. Gesture emphatically to Black as they walk too slowly towards her shuddering frame.

REBEKAH
You know what I hate more than making rules?

HERA (NAR.)
I glare at her.

REBEKAH
Enforcing them.

HERA
And she smiles, breezily.

REBEKAH
Let's go for a walk.

HERA
No. I need to make sure-

HERA (NAR.)
And she squeezes my shoulder, faux affectionate.

REBEKAH
Wasn't asking.

HERA (NAR.)
Her wide, flat shoes patter across the concrete ground.

I'm a step behind her. My frustration and disgust radiating out from every CLACK of my heels.

REBEKAH

I really want us to be friends, Hera. I really do respect you. That's why I let you have these rendezvous.

HERA (NAR.)

She knew?

REBEKAH

Restricting people teaches you nothing. You learn far more from watching people do what they want.

HERA (NAR.)

She turns to me.

REBEKAH

Which is how I know you need someone to talk to. I know we got off on the wrong foot-

HERA

You killed Dion.

HERA (NAR.)

I spit. I get a flash of the memory of Persephone staining Char's shirt with blood as her hands pounded on his chest. I force it back like vomit in my throat.

REBEKAH

That was a... complicated time. I did not make that decision in a vacuum, rather I made it with a counsel-

HERA

Oh fuck off.

HERA (NAR.)

She blinks, surprised as she presses the elevator button.

REBEKAH

I made that decision to keep the people who trusted me safe. The women of The Void trusted me with their lives.

HERA

Well I wouldn't make the same mistake.

HERA (NAR.)

We stare at each other, unblinking until I stab the UP button, hard.

HERA

You want us to go on some crazy PR parade with you? After what I just saw you do to a woman you've already got caged like a fucking animal?

HERA (NAR.)

Thankfully, the elevator arrives. I step inside. Shaking with rage. The doors begin to close when Rebekah floats a hand in front of them.

REBEKAH

I'm worried about you.

HERA

Excuse me?

REBEKAH

I value your honesty. I really do. But I'm worried some people may not be being honest with you. It isn't my place but...

HERA (NAR.)

And she lowers her lanky arm. The doors begin closing again. This time I stop them myself.

HERA

What are you talking about?

HERA (NAR.)

I ask, hating myself for playing her game. Her lips spread into a tepid, pitying smile.

REBEKAH

I think your sister has something she needs to tell you.

END OF EPISODE