

Lesser Gods Season 2, Chapter 3

By

Colleen Scriven

SCENE 1

SOUND: A HEAVY BAG FALLING ONTO A BED

CHAR (NAR.)

With a grunt, Eros heaves his bag onto the top bunk. He hops up onto the thin mattress. Bounces experimentally. It squeaks loud enough that we can hear it over the train's impatient wheezing.

EROS

I may be changing my mind about taking the top bunk.

CHAR

Wanna arm wrestle for it?

CHAR (NAR.)

He falls backwards onto the bed. I'll take that as a no.

CHAR

Besides, if this thing collapses...

EROS

Yeah, yeah... you would crush me.

CHAR (NAR.)

I toss my own duffel bag onto the bed.

CLARK

All you'd get is an Ero-lanche.

CHAR (NAR.)

I turn to see Clark in the door of the little hall on the side of the bedroom (if you can call this that). It's more like a cubby with a bunk and two dressers, a thin wall, and then a two foot wide hallway. I think I'd have to turn sideways to even get through.

CHAR

Ha, good one.

CHAR (NAR.)

I say, half forcing friendliness. It isn't that I don't like Clark. Sometimes he's just so... sincere. The earnestness of it all makes me itch. That's mean. Whatever. I drop to the floor, tuck my feet under the dresser.

CLARK

What are you doing?

EROS

He's seriously about to see if there's enough space for him to do sit ups.

CHAR  
And there isn't. That's going to be an issue for me.

CLARK  
Well, maybe there's more space in your room.

CHAR  
What?

CHAR (NAR.)  
I snap my head in his direction, still on the ground.  
Something on my face must spook him.

CLARK  
Uhm- This is my room.

EROS  
Really?

CHAR (NAR.)  
Now it's Eros' turn to be shocked. Clark tries to smile and nod through it. My blood starts pounding a little harder in my ears.

CHAR  
Why aren't you rooming with what's his name...?

CLARK  
Talc?

CHAR  
Whatever. Yeah. Him.

CLARK  
Oh uhm- I don't know. When I spoke with her, Rebekah just said-

CHAR  
Rebekah.

CHAR (NAR.)  
Of course. Of fucking course. Eros turns to me, effectively boxes Clark out of the conversations.

EROS  
It'll be cool. You'll have your own room. Think of all the... physical activity you could do. I'll come hang out.

CHAR  
Believe it or not, dude, the reason I want to be in here isn't so I can hear you cry better.

CHAR (NAR.)  
He flinches at that. It was mean. I know.

This isn't about him though. It's about my safety. My fucking life. What other reason would Rebekah have for singling me out?

CLARK

I could ask to switch.

CHAR

But I can barley hear him. The thought of her planning something on this week-fucking long trip. What? Would she make it look like an accident? Poison me? Smother me with a pillow? How could she do it without looking guilty?

EROS

Char?

CHAR (NAR.)

Eros says a hundred miles away. Honestly, I don't give a shit with happens to her- justice won't do me a lot of good. I JUMP when Eros places a hand on my shoulder. I reflexively throw him off.

EROS

I'm sure this is just a coincidence.

CHAR

Why would anyone stick you guys together? You don't even like him.

CHAR (NAR.)

I say, remembering Clark is in the room and forgetting at the same time.

EROS

I don't... not like him.

CHAR (NAR.)

Eros stammers.

CHAR

Convincing.

EROS

You're being an asshole.

CHAR (NAR.)

He spits. And I know he's right. But he has no idea what it feels like to be so...

CHAR

I need some air.

CHAR (NAR.)

I say, pushing past Clark and leaving him with his new roommate.

I stomp down the carpeted hallway. My shoulders brush the wood wall on one side and the window on the other. Outside hot, dirty air is belched from the train's long unused lungs. There's a loud hissing seething out from somewhere- like the whole train may be filling with water. I can nearly feel my body wet and rising as the cabin fills. My arms splashing. Legs kicking, useless. My lips straining to nearly kiss the ceiling. Gasping. Suffocating-

APOLLO

You okay?

CHAR (NAR.)

Apollo stops me, but I channel all my momentum into grabbing him by his shirt. There's a CLUNK as he drops something heavy. But I'm not paying attention. I pull him close to me- not sure what I'm about to do. How hard I'm about to hit him until I hear my own voice say-

CHAR

How do I get off?

CHAR (NAR.)

Apollo puts his hand on the one dangerously close to tearing his button down. He tries to pry my fingers off. Can't. Instead he calmly pats my fist and says-

APOLLO

Let's get you a glass of-

CHAR (NAR.)

I release him, shoving him backwards and he SMACKS against a closed cabin door. It opens. Hera-

HERA

Char, what's going on?

APOLLO

He's fucking out of his mind.

CHAR (NAR.)

Apollo says, obviously concerned about his newly stretched out shirt more than anything else. He stoops down to pick up a brown leather bag.

APOLLO

Also man? Be careful this bag is important.

CHAR (NAR.)

He says, daring me to give a shit about it.

CHAR

I just need to get off the-

CHAR (NAR.)

And we all stumble a little as the train LURCHES forward. Apollo falls into Hera who SHOVES him off. His face hits the edge of the door. His precious bag goes flying. While they're distracted I start walking fast towards wherever the back of the train might be. Determined to stay in one place by sheer fucking force. I push through one of the heavy doors that separate the cars- step over the rushing, rattling platform that connects this cab to the next. The next car is more cabins. More closed doors. Before I know it, I'm running. It takes me seconds to clear this car and before I know it I'm in the next. This one is different. It's more open. There are no walls, just lush stuffed chairs. My sneakers pound onto ornate rugs hard enough to shake glasses.

REBEKAH

Exploring already, Charon?

CHAR (NAR.)

Maybe it's because I'm mid panic attack. Or I've got motion sickness. But just the sound of Rebekah's voice makes me want to puke. She's seated at the far end of the room. In the corner. Her drab, thick clothes help to hide her in a dark arm chair. Only the hard features of her thin face stick out in the anemic early morning sun.

She stands. She's taller than me by maybe an inch. But she probably only weighs as much as my right arm. Her neck is thin. Like my wrist. You'd think I could snap it. But I can't do anything but stand here and try not to shake.

REBEKAH

What do you think?

CHAR (NAR.)

She says, coming closer to me.

CHAR

Why did you give me my own room?

CHAR (NAR.)

She blinks. Fake surprised.

REBEKAH

Did I? Huh.

CHAR

Did I? Huh

CHAR (NAR.)

I repeat. Say what you want about Black but she didn't get off fucking with us. Rebekah smiles at me.

REBEKAH

Poor Charon. Always alone.

CHAR (NAR.)

I roll my eyes. Determined not too let her know how fast my heart is still beating.

REBEKAH

Ever since you were kids, right? Rhea always had Hera, Eros had Rhea, Iris had Black...

CHAR

Persephone didn't have anyone.

REBEKAH

But that didn't bother her like it bothered you. Isn't that what brought us together in the first place?

CHAR (NAR.)

I cross my arms over my chest.

CHAR

I've had the same chap since I was a kid.

REBEKAH

Yet it was an EASY decision for her to walk away now that things are more... intense.

CHAR

Whatever.

CHAR (NAR.)

I say. Passing a heaving breath off as a sigh. God, what is wrong with me?

REBEKAH

You know I understand. The Void was about a group of disenfranchised individuals finding meaning as a group. And you were a part of that.

CHAR

For like a second.

REBEKAH

For the wrong reasons. Clearly. We showered you with praise and attention. But the second you were asked to do something for us.

CHAR

You were asking me to help blackmail the fucking president!

REBEKAH  
Former.

CHAR (NAR.)  
She says. Simply, as she drifts towards a window. She watches for a second as the train glides over a river.

REBEKAH  
And then, after the shooting... when you had the most to worry about... I don't know if a single person worried about you.

CHAR (NAR.)  
Her thin lips crack as they spread.

REBEKAH  
Not even jeopardy could keep you from being extraneous.

CHAR  
Well, Hera-

REBEKAH  
Yes I'm sure Hera was very concerned with you when Rhea was missing... Do you think she'd be able to help you out here?

CHAR (NAR.)  
She nods towards the thick woods we're approaching.

REBEKAH  
After what you've done? Even Apollo... I mean, his crime was of passion. Yours... huh... I don't know what they call a crime of cowardice.

CHAR  
I didn't do anything! I didn't kill anyone!

REBEKAH  
Keep your voice down.

CHAR (NAR.)  
She snaps. And there's a blackness to her eyes that sends a shiver down my spine.

CHAR  
What do you want from me?

REBEKAH  
What I've always wanted, loyalty. Allegiance. I have no use for someone I can't trust. No matter how young they are.

CHAR (NAR.)  
The door creaks open. Hera sticks her head in.



HERA

Do you need me, Char?

CHAR (NAR.)

And I turn back to see Rebekah. Eyes, daring me to say yes. I watch Minneapolis shrink in the distance and realize, if I leave this room with Hera, nothing will get any better. There will be more panic attacks, more nightmares, more pushing Eros and Rhea away... More... making myself lonelier. An easier, extraneous target...

CHAR

I'm fine.

CHAR (NAR.)

Hera parts her lips to say something else, but I repeat.

CHAR

I'm. Fine.

CHAR (NAR.)

And she leaves.

I wait, listen to the sounds of the train chug, chug, chugging along.

REBEKAH

Good boy, Charon.

CHAR (NAR.)

She says, pouring coffee into a mug.

REBEKAH

Good to know you people can add "listening" to your very limited skill set.

CHAR

What else would you say is in that set?

CHAR (NAR.)

Rebekah sighs, looking 15 years older.

REBEKAH

Fighting. Drinking. Smoking. Lying. Being ungrateful. Creating general drama. Fucking without procreating.

CHAR (NAR.)

She shakes her head. Sips.

REBEKAH

You make pandas look like reproductive wizards.

CHAR (NAR.)

And with a rush powerful enough to scare me, I realize I've got an idea.

CHAR

I wanna take whatever you're too afraid to give Eros.

CHAR (NAR.)

She launches an eyebrow up onto her flat forehead.

REBEKAH

He told you?

CHAR

Look, you need a win here and I need to become a little less... extraneous.

CHAR (NAR.)

She considers this.

CHAR

Two successes in under a year would definitely win you some loyalty more valuable than mine.

REBEKAH

The side effects are terrible. Depression. Sleep deprivation. Rage... I don't know Charon, it's dangerous.

CHAR

Sounds like a Tuesday to me.

CHAR (NAR.)

She studies me for a moment while I enjoy feeling just a little in control. For the first time in months- I feel strong. No one's body can do what mine can. She knows that. She extends a shriveled hand. I take it. Shake. Squeeze too hard and smile.

## SCENE 2

PERS (NAR.)

I have my own car. It's soft in all the wrong places. Every surface- walls, ottomans, you name it- is covered in a light blue Chintz. As delicate and subtle as a hernia. They've stuffed the room with potted plants, maybe to distract me. Maybe because this last car has the best light. But the entire effect- the rouge greens intruding on the faux rococo prints- is something I think I'll prefer in the dark. I guess it's better than the rest of this aluminum plated nightmare. Even though the outside of the train is metal, the inside is lined with dark, shiny wood. It feels like the inside of a coffin. I might even prefer a corpse to the teal curtains, dull purple couches and chairs... I didn't ask for privacy, they just assumed... Assumed what? That I wouldn't want to share with Rhea? That Rhea wouldn't want to share with me? Could have been fun. In a... standard sort of way. Would have made Eros' visits a little more high stakes.

I did have a half a second of worry Clark would tell her but then I realized even if he did, she wouldn't want to believe him. With all the time they spent together, all the sloppy conversations- do you really believe Eros never let anything slip about Iris? There was never an alibi he tripped over? A smell on him no intoxication could hide? Rhea must have had to do some serious magical thinking to ignore what was going on.

And even if Rhea did find out... What's going on between me and Eros isn't sexual. Ew. No. We just lie down together. He needs someone to wrap his lanky arms around. It happens to be me.

The first time it happened... It was right after we found out I was carrying. He came over looking for Apollo. And he... reeked of vodka. I, in a charitable mood, asked if he was okay. He said "Totally" about 3 seconds before he collapsed into a sobbing, heaving mess. I was initially... disturbed. The guards were freaked out. But the last thing Eros needed was to get detained for anything, so I just had him stay in my room for a few hours. He slowly sobered up and for awhile we sat on the floor and talked about... nothing. Rebekah. The weather. We'd only just found out about Hera's thing.

We were only ten when the fan fare around Hera and Apollo was it it's peek. She glowed. She was kind and beautiful and magnetic. Just being around her then, you couldn't help but think "Of course. Of course, this is the person to save us all."

I told Eros the truth then, that I was worried no one felt that way about me.

Hera was surrounded every second of every day by people who just wanted to breath the same air. Laugh at the same jokes. But me, no one wants to really be around me. Even here, at the back of the fucking train... I'm not the savior anyone pictured.

No one looked at me and thought this was the way things were supposed to go. How could they? I don't, I confessed to him that night. Eros' glossy eyes gazed at me over his 3rd cup of black coffee and he smiled and said "Nah, you're not a savior. You're a warrior." Not someone to save humanity, but someone to fight for it.

It was stupid. Like, whatever. But at the time, it's what I needed to hear. And maybe, maybe I thanked him for being so nice with a tear or two. However small, it opened up the flood gates for him again. But this time it wasn't unrestrained, messy sobbing. It was... pure pain. I didn't know what to say. I just embraced him. He leaned into me. Clumsily still seated on the floor.

After a time, he asked what I was going to name them. It took me an embarrassingly long time to realize he was talking about the... baby. I told him I didn't know, but was open to suggestions.

And so our secret friendship began.

SOUND: A KNOCK

PERS (NAR.)  
Ugh, I swear if Apollo has already found me-

PERS  
Oh. Hi.

TALC  
Hey there.

PERS (NAR.)  
I'm staring up at Talc. His head is tipped a little to the side.

PERS  
Clark isn't here.

PERS (NAR.)  
I say, a little annoyed. Something about this guy... I don't like. Maybe it's his frankness. The kind of tactless candor that is neither funny nor virtuous.

TALC  
Oh I know. I just wanted to see you.

PERS  
See what I mean? At least dignify me with a lie. Pretend to be intimidated by me like everyone else.

PERS  
Okay.

PERS (NAR.)  
I say flatly. I lay all of my irritation into my delivery because I know he can't see my face. He cocks his head to the side a little. Pushes his dark glasses up his nose.

TALC  
Don't know how you feel, but I think I'm going to enjoy this trip. Hard to get lost. I've got a 50/50 shot of heading in the right direction.

PERS (NAR.)  
He smirks.

TALC

What do you think of the train?

PERS (NAR.)

He leans against a window. Unaware of the trees huddled together against the cold outside.

PERS

Haven't seen much of it. Was actually going to look around.

TALC

Yeah, must be nice to be on your own again.

PERS (NAR.)

And he leans in close

PERS

No security guards back here.

PERS (NAR.)

I blink. Trying to read what he means by that through his imbicolic accent. Can he know how close he is to my face?

TALC

Especially with how, important you are. Would never want anything to happen to you.

PERS (NAR.)

He reaches out and touches my arm. Lightly. Then he leans back out.

TALC

If you need anything. Anytime. Let me know.

PERS (NAR.)

There's a sinking feeling in my stomach. A familiar dread. But not something I've felt in awhile. And I realize he reminds me of someone... my first chaperone. Just the tone, the touch. I need to get away from him... and there's only one way to go.

Without apologizing, I push past him. And walk swiftly down the narrow hall of the next car.

I steady my shaking hands. Rub them on my skin, trying to erase the goosebumps that have broken out. It's stupid. I know rationally Hermes is hopefully languishing on some oil rig in the Pacific ocean. Suffering. My brain teases the memory of him. Always hovering over me. Critiquing me in a way that sounded like a compliment. Keeping me up too late to just... talk with him. Always touching my hair. Always- always touching me. Finding any excuse. Nothing ever happened. Like things have happened to other people. Really, I was lucky. I came home one day to find Hera, Apollo, and Black waiting for me.

Telling me, calmly, Hermes would not be returning to our house. I don't know what they knew or how they could possibly tell how I felt around him. But I didn't care. I was so relieved I threw up.

For the first time, I wonder if he knows about me now. He must he-

(WINCE)

I pinch myself. Hard. Bring myself back to reality. Talc is not Hermes. He is not him. But, it is I suppose good to remember, they can all be him. I have no desire to go back to my room, instead. I'll go find Clark. Explain what I need to about Eros. Then we'll move on to Rhea matters. I think I'll enjoy his company. How quick he is with jokes. How he hangs on my every word. Yes. That'll calm me down. The train is... fine. I think as I walk through cars. Not so bad as the afternoon sun has grown stronger. Tacky isn't the worst sin I could imagine. Besides, it could be worse. The 70s, for example.

A small library car, a few stuffed chairs. A dining car, padded with rich carpet and 7 green leather booths. Towards the front of the car and in place of the 8th is- ah a bar-

I stop. Hera leans over Apollo, one of his hands on some ugly bag and the other holding a bottle of rubbing alcohol. Hera is dabbing a small cut on his cheek with a white napkin. She's got a small first aid kit on the bar top beside her. She shakes her head. Looks into his eyes. The expression on her face hard to read.

HERA

You're the only one.

PERS (NAR.)

He holds her gaze. Knowing, when he breaks it, whatever moment this is will end. But what will happen next, I wonder. He takes his hand off the bag and places it on hers and what is going to happen next becomes all too clear.

This is such bullshit. Rhea ostracizes me for just being around Apollo and doesn't care that her own sister is running around with him?

I SLAM the door.

I will need to pass them to journey on and I might as well make an entrance.

PERS

Don't mind me.

PERS (NAR.)  
I announce.  
Hera jumps four feet back from Apollo, guilty and flustered.  
Knocking the first aid kit to the ground.

HERA  
Pers, I was just-

PERS  
No, no need to explain. But I must say-

PERS (NAR.)  
I open the door to the next car.

PERS  
I am extremely disappointed in you.

PERS (NAR.)  
She bites her lip. Mortified. Apollo does nothing, leans  
casually.

I push through to the next car and smack right into Rhea. I  
jump-

RHEA  
Hey... Hey are you okay?

PERS (NAR.)  
Of course I am.

RHEA  
Uhm, okay.

PERS (NAR.)  
She eyes me wearily. Tucks a strand of hair behind her ear.

PERS  
What?

PERS (NAR.)  
I snap. She sighs.

RHEA  
Nothing.

PERS (NAR.)  
I brush by her just as she asks-

RHEA  
Do you know what the dinner situation is?

PERS (NAR.)  
Rhea. Master of priorities. I don't even answer.

But walk into the next car with unshakeable, fierce confidence. A warrior.

## SCENE 3

RHEA (NAR.)

I'm not having fun. And I'm definitely not having dinner. I think as another spoonful of soup falls back into the bowl before reaching my mouth. Hera, having decided on sticking to bread long ago, leans back in her chair.

RHEA

I fucking hate trains.

RHEA (NAR.)

I say whipping the spoon accross the empty dining car.

HERA

Rhea.

RHEA

Who serves soup on a train to people who have ZERO experience riding trains?

HERA

Yeah, really rude of them to not give you a course.

RHEA

Sorry we're not all in Terminator shape.

HERA

It's only SLIGHTY shakier than normal ground! Besides, I've seen you scale buildings while running on Bourbon.

RHEA

Well I'm weak with hunger now.

RHEA (NAR.)

I throw my head back theatrically. Playing up my crankiness because I know secretly, Hera loves it.

HERA

Pick up the spoon.

RHEA (NAR.)

Really secretly. I stand.

HERA

Are you actually gonna do it?

RHEA (NAR.)

She asks, genuinely shocked.



RHEA

Only because I need the practice walking on this thing.

RHEA (NAR.)

She smiles a little, shakes her head. I walk to the area I think the spoon landed in. Drop to my knees to look for it under the tables. It's a little too dark in here to see. It's around 11 pm, everyone else has gone to sleep. Or gotten bored and gone to their rooms. Given a day with almost no structure, none of us have had a clue what to do with our time.

RHEA

I can't believe she took along no cleaning OR cooking staff.

RHEA (NAR.)

I say, very conscious I am racking up the complaints here.

HERA

It is weird.

RHEA (NAR.)

Hera says.

RHEA

Do you think we'll pick them up at the Winnepeg checkpoint?

RHEA (NAR.)

I ask, finally locating the spoon.

HERA

I have a feeling she's not letting anyone else on this train. And I think it's so weird she refuses to tell us exactly what city we're going to. She's keeping us confused on purpose.

RHEA (NAR.)

I look at her, puzzled.

RHEA

That's a very... me thing to say.

HERA

I just... think we should be careful who we trust.

RHEA

Hmmm...

RHEA (NAR.)

Suddenly. I drop to the ground. Try and push the weight of my body up with my arms. Nope. Not gonna happen.

HERA

What are you doing?

RHEA  
Making sure we didn't switch bodies. We definately did not.

HERA  
A push up was your go to test?

RHEA  
Well I couldn't find anyone's ass to kiss.

RHEA (NAR.)  
She flings her spoon at me.

RHEA  
HEY!

HERA  
Can you just promise me you'll be careful?

RHEA  
Says the woman who just tried to impale me with a-

RHEA (NAR.)  
But I stop joking when I see how seriously she's looking at me.

RHEA  
What?

HERA  
I think Rebekah is more dangerous than we thought.

RHEA  
She killed Dion. She covered up Iris' murder. How much more dangerous can she be?

HERA  
Forget it.

RHEA  
Are you kidding? You can't just drop this.

HERA  
I should... tell you something.

RHEA (NAR.)  
She leans forward. A deep crease forms between her brows- which only happens when she's about to tell me something bad. I get to my feet, holding the spoon like I'm ready to fight someone off with it.

RHEA  
Hera?

HERA

I've been spending some time with Black.

RHEA

What the fuck?

HERA

I didn't tell you because I knew you wouldn't understand.

RHEA

She lied to us all about everything for years and years. What don't you understand?

RHEA (NAR.)

I see the just before I realize, without knowing the truth—she can't understand.

HERA

She also worked really hard at making life better.

RHEA

For who? Because it sure as hell wasn't me or Eros or Iris. Or Char. Or Pers. Fuck, Clark?

HERA

For people who don't exist yet.

RHEA

What about me and you?

HERA

I think she was doing the best she could. Some things are more important than who Eros was sleeping with.

RHEA (NAR.)

My jaw and the spoon drop. Is that really the worst thing Hera thinks Black did? Even if she doesn't know everything, she knows more than that.

HERA

I'm sorry, Rhea. I didn't mean that. I just sometimes get frustrated with you and... your... I think you have a tough time understanding that Black has been around my entire life. She... was someone I trusted. Even if things were bad, she was always the person moving my life forward. She was not warm or kind. But she taught me about purpose.

RHEA (NAR.)

I feel nauseous. My legs shake, and it isn't from the fucking train.

HERA

I'm sorry I kept this from you. But she's the one who told me to be careful about this trip.

RHEA  
Did she tell you anything else?

RHEA (NAR.)  
The crease between her eyes disappears. Instead her brows rise in concern.

HERA  
No. No she didn't... Is there.... something else I should know?

RHEA  
No.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I say way, way too quickly.

HERA  
Rhea, if there's something you're keeping from me... You don't have to. There's nothing I can't help you handle. Except you know, push ups.

RHEA (NAR.)  
She smiles at me and I nearly scream. Scream that I'm sorry. That she was never pregnant. That it was all a lie orchestrated by fucking Black. That I've kept it from her because I'm selfish and scared and love her so so much. I drop into a chair. Put my face in my hands. Listen to the glasses rattle in their cases. I take a breath so ragged and deep Hera rushes over to me. Drapes her arm over me. Places her other hand on my head.

HERA  
What is it Rhea? Tell me and I'll fix it.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I drop my hands. But I keep my eyes pressed tight. I can't look at her when I say this.

RHEA  
Hera I... I messed up. I'm sorry.

HERA  
Rhea.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I feel her turn my face towards hers.

HERA  
Rhea look at me.

RHEA (NAR.)  
And I do, because maybe seeing her when she hears is my punishment for hiding this for so long. But then...

looking into her mahogany eyes. Watching as they nervously flick over my face, like the source of my anguish is a blemish she can find and pop. She nurtures. It's her identity. I hear her own word from before in my head—*purpose*. What would knowing the truth really do to her? Would it make her reevaluate everything she thinks matters about her?

RHEA  
Hera I... kissed Clark.

HERA  
... What?

RHEA (NAR.)  
I'm a fucking coward. A merciful, lazy coward.

RHEA  
Yeah when we were away... I got carried away. But I ran away. Like I physically fled the room and have refused to talk about it since. But sometimes I guess I still flirt with him even though I know that's fucked up. And I... I don't know what's wrong with me.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I tell her. And isn't that the fucking truth.

HERA  
That's uhm...

RHEA  
She sits back. Relieved, maybe a little annoyed.

HERA  
That's messed up. I mean, I thought you knew some stuff—but... I mean running away is mean.

RHEA  
Mean?

HERA  
Yeah. Mean. But I mean, whatever Rhea I feel like boy drama isn't a big deal. Comparitively.

RHEA (NAR.)  
Maybe it's anger at her, or maybe it's at myself. But something about her saying that... gets under my skin instantly.

RHEA  
Yeah, god forbid I worry about anything besides saviNg the species.

HERA

That is not what I meant.

RHEA

That's exactly what you meant. Because you don't think I give a shit about... the cause or-

HERA

Do you? You have a real opportunity to change the world with Persephone but you've been moping around about Eros. When you're not, you know, using poor Clark to make him jealous.

RHEA

Who the HELL said I was doing that?

HERA

You asked me why you kissed him. Why you flirt with him. This seems like a pretty good theory.

RHEA

First of all, NO. I did not ask you. Second, I can feel stuff about Eros and Clark seperately.

HERA

Rhea, is this really all that's going on?

RHEA

Why is it so easy for everyone to discount our lives beyond our fucking uteruses? In the past three months, I've had to fuck three dudes- one of whom is a murderer- in an endless, dehumanizing cycle. Now that alone would be terrible if it wasn't just a sped up version of the last 8 years of my life. I can't lie down on my back without spreading my fucking legs. And we never talk about it! None of us. Why? Because *this*. Why do you think you could only fall in love with Apollo? Why do you think I can't separate sex and friendship? Because they've fucked all of us up, Hera. And thanks to Persephone, they'll never be sorry.

HERA

Rhea. Rhea I'm so... I didn't mean to make you feel like this.

RHEA (NAR.)

And now she's apologizing. To me. And I feel worse than I thought possible.

HERA

Have you... talked to Rebekah about this?

RHEA

What? No.

HERA  
Oh. Okay. Because-

CLARK  
Knock. Knock.

RHEA (NAR.)  
We both turn to see Clark and Talc standing by the door of the car.

CLARK  
We were just in the lounge car. Heard yelling.

TALC  
Kinda late for dinner. Do you ladies like poker?

RHEA (NAR.)  
Talc says. Hera and I eye eachother nervously.

CLARK  
How about a walk, Rhea? In whichever of 2 directions you like?

RHEA  
Yes.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I say and stomp off towards the head of the train. Towards the end is just the cabins and if I go inside one of those claustrophobic little rooms I might bounce off the wall.

RHEA  
What is this?

CLARK  
Believe it's a lounge. Can't think of another reason why there'd be a stage in here. Unless you think Rebekah'll be having us audition for 'Les Mis'. More of a 'Cats' guy myself.

RHEA  
Oh.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I say, still a little too heated to laugh.

RHEA  
Can we keep moving?

CLARK  
Sure.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I take a step forward, but he cuts me off. That's weird.

Not very Clark-like to lead. Whatever. We clearly have bigger things to worry about.

CLARK

So, if we're coming from the lounge that means we have the kitchen car- obviously uninhabited. Then two crew cars- one of which I believe is housing Rebekah, the other her limited security staff. Beyond those you have the engine.

RHEA (NAR.)

He pushes the door open and does in fact reveal the kitchen car. He turns, wiggles an eyebrow at me confidently.

CLARK

We could get to the engine room- but we'd need to go outside. Little chilly out, but-

RHEA

Wait- YOU went outside? On that thin little railing?

CLARK

You'd be surprised what a man's capable of when he's craving adventure.

RHEA

Really?

CLARK

And also, maybe hiding from his new chaperone.

RHEA

Now that I believe.

RHEA (NAR.)

I look back over my shoulder towards the dining car where we left Hera and Talc.

RHEA

Guess this is about as far as we get.

CLARK

Maybe not.

RHEA (NAR.)

He smiles and leads me into a small space at the front of the car. He slides open a door. Revealing a toilet and sink.

CLARK

Whoops. Wrong one.

RHEA (NAR.)

And then he slides open a second door- this one hiding a set of steep, narrow stairs. He boldly marches up them. Who is this person? I follow. Understandly, confused.



CLARK  
Pretty cool, huh?

RHEA  
Wow.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I breathe. Looking up at the glass, domed ceiling. A few trees reach out over the car but for the most part they just frame a brilliant, deep indigo sky full of more stars than I could have imagined.  
The rest of the car is occupied by a large figure eight of couches. I fall back onto one.

CLARK  
I'll find the lights.

RHEA  
No. Don't. Let's just- do this for a second.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I can just make out him shrugging in the darkness. He sits beside me. The couch sinks under his unfamiliar weight. We stare up for a few moments of silence. Breathing. Listening to the train rattle on. The wind outside steadily complaining. Stars, high above. Blissfully unaware of the last homosapians below, arguing and throwing spoons.

CLARK  
Are you okay?

RHEA  
Well, Hera- wait. Wait. Your thing. We gotta do your thing. I haven't seen you since- I mean, look, Clark. I'm sorry. It was fucked up of me to-

CLARK  
It's okay. Yes. It was not the best decision you've made. But I understand what you were trying to do. I just, I'm scared of copping. I've seen what it's done to you. Your relationships... Ours is different from anyone else's because we've never had sex. Even though that might change, nothing else about this does.

RHEA  
Clark, thank you. For saying that. Kinda exactly what I needed to hear.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I laugh a little. Still don't know who this person is but I am taking any and all understanding right now.

CLARK  
Sure. And I'm sorry if I made you feel like crap about Eros.

I think you deserve so much more than what he's giving you. I'm frustrated with him. Not you.

RHEA (NAR.)

He sighs, short. His annoyance is familiar and safe. Something inside me warms up.

CLARK

Which is why I am so very excited to be his roommate.

RHEA

Maybe you guys will become friends?

CLARK

Don't hold your breath. He doesn't trust me as far as he can throw Charon... Now, your thing.

RHEA

Hera.

CLARK

Yeah, things sounded a bit intense.

RHEA (NAR.)

I couldn't possibly tell him the specifics of the argument. He's being understanding but... I'm not ready to unload 23 years of intimacy issues on him.

RHEA

Rebekah.

CLARK

Hold on, I'm sorry if we're going into that we should make sure. This glass thing is secure. Or at least empty.

RHEA

Fair.

RHEA (NAR.)

And we both pop up to look for the light switch.

RHEA

Maybe it's a clapper.

CLARK

What is that?

RHEA

A sound activated light.

CLARK

That sounds made up.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I start clapping. As I walk around the couches.

CLARK  
It's working really well.

RHEA  
Hey, a girl can dream.

CLARK  
Why would they pick clapping? Why not just ask politely.

RHEA  
Well-

SOUND: THUD

RHEA (NAR.)  
I trip over something in the dark. Land hard on my knees.

RHEA  
Fuck. What was-

RHEA (NAR.)  
Clark finally SNAPS the lights on.

CLARK  
Oh my god

RHEA  
Wha-

RHEA (NAR.)  
But then I see what it was I tripped over. Or who. Apollo's battered frame lies in the middle of the car. His face, badly bruised and bloodied. His right eye is swollen beyond recognition. His nose bent at an angle not found in nature. I crawl over to him, my shoe trailing blood from where it collided with him. I wince when my hand lands on something sharp- a few of his teeth.

RHEA  
Apollo.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I whisper. Reach out to touch his head. His gold hair is dark. And damp. I pull away, my palm wet with blood.

RHEA  
APOLLO.

RHEA (NAR.)  
This time louder. I bend down, my ear close to his lips.

CLARK  
Rhea-

RHEA (NAR.)  
Clark croaks.  
But I ignore him, because Apollo is still breathing.

**END OF EPISODE**