

Lesser Gods Season 2 Chapter 5

By

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SCENE 1

RHEA (NAR.)

(DEEP BREATH)

Clark returns with the last of them. Eros enters the domed room- basically steps over Apollo and immediately crosses to me. Cups a soft hand on my elbow, eyes wide with worry.

EROS

Are you alright?

RHEA (NAR.)

I'm so shocked by how unfazed he is it takes me an extra second to shrug off his touch. I look past him to Hera- standing at the top of the stairs. She stares at Apollo. Completely unreadable.

RHEA

Hera?

RHEA (NAR.)

I croak out. But all she does is hold up a finger to me.

HERA

Has the bleeding been stopped?

RHEA (NAR.)

She asks. Her voice clean and clinical.

RHEA

Yes.

HERA

And he has a pulse?

RHEA

Yes.

HERA

Where is his bag?

RHEA

I don't know.

RHEA (NAR.)

I don't even know what bag she's talking about. I've barely seen him all day- did he have a bag? He's never been an accessory guy, but I mean-

CHAR

Should we put him on his back?

RHEA (NAR.)

Char says to Hera as he takes a step towards Apollo.
Hera throws out an arm to stop him.

HERA

No. No. He could have a neck injury.

RHEA (NAR.)

A beat of silence before Talc says softly to no one in particular.

TALC

Gonna need a little picture painting over here.

RHEA (NAR.)

Clark opens his mouth but no sound comes out.

EROS

We're in a car with a glass ceiling. Walls lined by couches.

RHEA (NAR.)

Eros starts.

RHEA

Apollo is in the center of the room. Unconscious, but breathing. Seems to have a head wound. As well as some pretty bad facial bruising.

TALC

But he's alive.

RHEA

But he's alive.

RHEA (NAR.)

I say, eyes on Hera- who's still at the top of the stairs.

TALC

Well, we should tell Rebekah. ASAP. I mean, why would someone do this?

RHEA (NAR.)

Everyone is silent because it isn't a question of "why" but "who" because let's face it everyone in this room had a reason to do this.

CHAR

I uh, I think we should figure out what happened first. You know?

PERS

Well-

RHEA (NAR.)
Persephone says, crossing her arms over her chest.

PERS
I don't think whoever did this needs to worry about coming clean.

RHEA (NAR.)
Persephone finishes, forced breeziness.

CHAR
Yeah unless they're worried about being patted on the back too hard.

RHEA (NAR.)
Char says, dropping onto the couch furthest from Apollo.

TALC
Excuse me?

CLARK
Oh come on man, we know you know.

RHEA
What do you mean?

RHEA (NAR.)
I ask Clark, turning now to Talc- standing closest to Hera. Eros is in the corner opposite me, eyes on Apollo.

CLARK
Apollo told me you knew.

TALC
About what?

CLARK
About him killing Iris?

RHEA (NAR.)
Talc's usually controlled face gets away from him. His whole head drops with his jaw.

TALC
Wha- what? No, Iris killed herself.

EROS
No she didn't.

RHEA (NAR.)
Eros finally says.

CLARK
What were you talking to him about then?

TALC
Uhm- the affair.

PERS
Are there no secrets left in the Apocalypse?

TALC
He killed her?

RHEA (NAR.)
Talc stammers. I turn back to Hera, who's barely blinked since entering the room.

TALC
And I suppose they couldn't let anyone find out because he's the father.

RHEA
Also a lie.

TALC
I need to sit-

RHEA (NAR.)
And Talc careens towards the center of the room, I throw my arm in front of him before he trips over Apollo.

PERS
Now that we're all caught up... Shall we?

RHEA (NAR.)
She gestures towards the body. Apollo. Apollo's still living body.

RHEA
Clark?

CLARK
Yes, Rhea?

RHEA
Is the door to Rebekah's car locked?

CLARK
Yes it is.

RHEA
From our side?

CLARK
From our side.

RHEA
Who locked it?

CHAR
That was me.

RHEA (NAR.)
Char says.

CHAR
I figured we'd all be safer.

PERS
All? Or just you?

RHEA (NAR.)
Persephone says, loaded.

CHAR
I was going to unlock it before anyone woke up.

PERS
So you've been sneaking around the train?

CHAR
Persephone, what are you asking?

PERS
Did you bash our good friend's symmetrical face in?

CHAR
No.

PERS
Then where were you, Char?

RHEA
Enough.

Guys, we're all on the same side here. Can't we just...
trust each other?

RHEA (NAR.)
I search all of their faces; Persephone, Eros, Char, Clark,
Talc, and Hera and find nothing. I realize then just how much
lying we've all done these past few months. Even just an hour
ago the lies I was telling Hera, which already feel very far
away.

TALC
If no one wants to admit it... Maybe we should all say
where we were today.

RHEA
Guys?

RHEA (NAR.)
I try one last time, but no one is even looking at me.

RHEA
Fine. I was with Hera.

TALC
All day?

RHEA (NAR.)
His suspicion throws me off.

RHEA
Uh- not... really. I haven't seen Apollo since this morning.

PERS
What about at the meeting?

RHEA
Are you serious? You think I did this? I found him.

PERS
Exactly... Look Rhea, after everything he did to Hera and
Eros and-

CHAR
And we all saw the bruises he left on your neck last
summer when he choked you.

RHEA (NAR.)
Char finishes for her.

RHEA
I didn't hit him! Hera tell them-

RHEA (NAR.)
But when we all turn to her, she's shrunk somewhere
inside herself.

CLARK
Well, I can certainly confirm she was with Hera for the last
hour or so. And she didn't even know where this room was. I
showed it to her.

RHEA (NAR.)
Silence falls. Char speaks first.

CHAR
So uh, when did you find it Clark?

CLARK
I didn't... I mean, come on. I couldn't have done this
if I tried.

EROS
Then just tell everyone where you've been all day.

CLARK
I was with you, Rhea. And you too, Talc.

RHEA (NAR.)
Clark says, turning red.

TALC
Anyone else, pal?

CLARK
No- no. Not really.

RHEA (NAR.)
He stammers. Persephone snorts.

PERS
And me.

RHEA
(LAUGHS)
Doing what?

CLARK
Just uh-ha ha- just.

PERS
I'm tutoring him.

RHEA (NAR.)
Persephone croons.

RHEA
In what?

CLARK
Nothing, she's kidding.

RHEA
What're you guys friends?

CLARK
Yeah. We are.

RHEA (NAR.)
He says, suddenly very serious. I'm a little taken
aback by it.

CLARK

I haven't been alone since 3. I found this place on a map before I found it with Rhea.

EROS

So you were never in here before just now?

CLARK

Yeah.

CHAR

Me neither.

RHEA (NAR.)

Charon says quickly.

CHAR

I've been in my room since the meeting.

PERS

Except when you scurried up here to lock the door?

CHAR

Yeah except then.

PERS

How come none of us saw you?

CHAR

Because I walked on the outside of the car.

RHEA (NAR.)

At this everyone stops a little.

CHAR

I needed the air.

PERS

It's freezing outside.

CHAR

I've been... having panic attacks all day. The cold air was nice. And I didn't think running into you would make me feel better.

PERS

Seems suspicious.

CHAR

Well Persephone, if you want to talk suspicious, let's hear about your day. What'd you do besides have a secret hairbraiding session with Clark?

RHEA (NAR.)
Char spits, but Persephone is unphased.

PERS
After we hung out in the lounge car I went back to my room in the caboose. There's no outside railing so it would have been impossible to get all the way up here, unnoticed.

CHAR
Unless you also went outside.

PERS
Which I didn't.

CHAR
These windows are about four and a half feet off the ground. Would have been easy for you to duck.

PERS
Try not to be an idiot. I'm fucking pregnant.

RHEA (NAR.)
A tense moment.

CHAR
How about you buddy?

RHEA (NAR.)
We all turn to Talc.

CHAR
Talc?

RHEA (NAR.)
Char adds.

TALC
I've been with Clark for a bit. Spoke with Rebekah briefly before that. Spoke with our man himself. Interrupted by Hera here.

RHEA (NAR.)
If my sister hears she doesn't acknowledge it.

TALC
But honestly, I had no idea this room was here until just now.

PERS
Your, turn Hera.

RHEA (NAR.)
Persephone says stupidly.

RHEA
Does she look like she did this?

PERS
She had more motive than anyone. Well, her and...

RHEA (NAR.)
We all look to Eros.

EROS
I've been alone all day.

RHEA (NAR.)
He says, even more stupidly.

RHEA
Eros, that's it?

EROS
That's it. I didn't do it, but I guess I've got no way to prove it.

RHEA
God, can't you give a shit about anything for once?

CHAR
Well we better get our story straight before we get to Winnipeg. People are going to wonder what the fuck happened.

EROS
Unless they don't know anything happened.

RHEA (NAR.)
Eros says.

RHEA
What do you mean?

EROS
We could leave him in his room. Say he's napping.

PERS
He'll die.

RHEA (NAR.)
Persephone says, trademark snark gone.

EROS
So?

RHEA (NAR.)
Eros says, impossibly casually to a room full of people investigating an attempted murder. He looks me in the eye.

EROS
Iris never got justice.

CHAR
Aren't we above that?

RHEA (NAR.)
Char says, rising to his feet.

EROS
I'm not. If he wakes up, one of us could get in serious trouble.

RHEA
Eros, she can't hurt us.

EROS
You think you spend a lot of time in the lab now, Rhea? Imagine how much time she could justify if you were dangerous?

PERS
They'd do it.

RHEA (NAR.)
Persephone says softly.

EROS
And if he dies, who's going to miss him?

SCENE 2

HERA (NAR.)
When I was 19, we had a particularly cold winter. The kind where it feels like the air isn't just chilling you, but ruining you.

Where you feel the cold sink into every pore in your face, fill it like cement. Never to feel warm again. We didn't live in the Bricks like Rhea, there were a dozen of us. So we lived on these blocks. It was a little less classic, a little less cool. Rhea would've hated it.

I lived maybe two of these blocks away from Apollo. A two minute drive. But not in the snow- snow which... had become about as common as a dodo since the climate changed. At least where we live. The snow had kept us apart for a whole day.

Insane, by our standards, but probably for the best as Apollo had the flu. But despite the freak weather or his fever, he was sure he could make the walk to see me. I tried to convince him not to- knowing he didn't own a single pair of shoes that would make it possible. He'd be better off in roller blades than his clean oxfords or leather loafers.

I promised him if he appeared on my doorstep, I wouldn't let him in. He asked when that rule would officially go into effect. Just as I started to say "Immediate-" There was a knock at my door. I hurried downstairs and yanked open the door to see him- Or... the only part of Apollo that wasn't bundled up. He pulled his scarf down a little so I could see his smile. I shook my head and led him upstairs. He immediately climbed into bed and allowed himself to succumb to his sickness in that way that only men can- once comfortable and ready for sympathy. He curled up, lay on his side away from me. I felt the snowflakes on his forehead melt with the heat of his fever.

"Am I going to die?" He asked, joking.
"You should have listened to the doctors."

"That's exactly what I was doing. Until they said I couldn't see you."

I got up, cracked a window open.

"You're going to freeze."

He mumbled.

"Well then you better move over." I said, wrapping my arms around him.

"You're going to get sick." He whispered.
"Oh, I think you infected me a long time ago. You're lucky I like the symptoms." I responded.

He kissed the hand closest to his face and we lay there for a long time. Everything about his warm body and the soft sound of his sleeping breathing telling the world outside it had no business here.

That's what I'm thinking about, as I side step a fragment of his tooth and try to kneel next to him without touching the dried patch of blood behind his head. In some ways, he is like that memory now. And in others... he's nothing like that. Even the person he was this afternoon had nothing in common with that boy.

I want to see that cruel, manipulative version of him. But all I can remember is how small he looked. The feeling of his feverish lips on my hand. The way his chest moved when he laughed. Curled up on my bed. He isn't supposed to be here, like this. The bloodied Apollo is supposed to exist only in my head, in a room separate from the boy with the flu. He isn't supposed to be real and he isn't supposed to be here.

RHEA
Hera?

HERA (NAR.)
Rhea says softly. But I don't move.

HERA
Everyone go to your rooms.

HERA (NAR.)
I bark, not taking my eyes from Apollo.

I don't hear anyone move for a moment.

RHEA
I'm not leaving you here.

HERA
And I'm not leaving him tonight.

HERA (NAR.)
I turn to my sister now, dead serious. She nods. Talc
clears his throat.

TALC
This has been a shock for everyone. Why don't we go to
our rooms- except for you Hera and Rhea. We will
reconvene at dawn. Decide what to do about Rebekah
then.

HERA
We need to tell her so we can stop.

HERA (NAR.)
I say. But no one responds. They just exchange anxious
looks as they descend the stairs. Except for Rhea. Who
crosses to the opposite end of the car and settles in.

SCENE 3

SOUND: CLACKING OF GUM CHEWING

CLARK (NAR.)
If there is one thing I've learned about Eros in the past 18
hours... it's that he has the ability to chew gum really,
really loudly.

SOUND: MORE GUM

CLARK (NAR.)
It's one of those things that is so unbelievably noticeable,
I can't believe it isn't the second thing people say about
him. "Oh yeah, Eros, one of the last viable men on the
planet. Chews gum like a cow." Maybe it wouldn't annoy me if
I wasn't trapped in a small box in a tin can shooting north
with him. A tin can with a murderer in it.

SOUND: MORE GUM

CLARK (NAR.)

Attempted murderer. Apollo isn't dead. Yet. I wasn't able to look at his face. It was too horrible. Instead, I concentrated on his hands. They looked much the same as they had a few hours ago in the lounge. When they clenched at his sides. Nails digging into his palms like his words into Persephone. I was amazed to see that side of him, up close. I'd of course heard about it from everyone and knew he was capable of far worse but... there was something scary about... how much he delighted in being so nasty.

I stare out the window- so small compared to the expansive glass of the domed car. But... I don't think I'd go back there if you paid me.

I wish I hadn't been so scared. Wish I could have just... been as brave and confident as I'd been acting with Rhea.

More like... ugh... Eros. How he entered the room- completely unmoved by the crumpled body of his companion of ten years- and immediately knew to go to Rhea. Kind of... fucked up to do that really. He can't jerk her around like that. I should say something. Not to try and... fight him or anything- but because Rhea really can't take that.

SOUND: GUM

CLARK (NAR.)

If I really wanted to pick a fight with him, I'd start with the gum.

CLARK

Hey Eros-

CLARK (NAR.)

I start before turning to him, but I stop. He's on the bottom bunk. Which I let him have because I could tell he wasn't psyched to be rooming with me. But now he's curled up as close to the wall as possible. Legs folded into his chest. He's only taking up about a fourth of the bed. Which is impressive because it's so small. I can't make out his face and his body is completely still. You'd think he was asleep. If it wasn't for that fucking chewing.

CLARK

Eros, you alright?

EROS

Yeah.

CLARK (NAR.)

He says quietly. With no emotion.

How could he not be affected by what happened? He's been close to Apollo- at least physically- since he was 13. Even if he didn't like him... seeing him like that must be hard.

CLARK
Pretty... insane.

EROS
Yeah.

CLARK (NAR.)
He turns onto his side.
Now I can see his saucer sized eyes, emitting an entirely different kind of brightness than the weak lamp in the room. He looks... so sad and confused.

CLARK
You know, when I left the UK I had to leave everyone I knew behind... Even people I thought I hated I-

EROS
Who do you think did it?

CLARK (NAR.)
I'm a little surprised both at the turn of the conversation and the fact he's ignoring my attempt at consolation.

CLARK
I don't know. Was kind of consumed with the logistics of the-

CLARK (NAR.)
He snorts.

EROS
Really? When you snapped those lights on and saw him like that- the first place your mind went wasn't "Who?"

CLARK
No.

CLARK (NAR.)
I say honestly. Trying not to feel stupid.

EROS
Do you think everyone was telling the truth in there?

CLARK
I... thought... think it must be Rebekah or-

EROS
Her door was locked from this side. And Apollo didn't do that to himself. That only leaves... us.

CLARK
I don't know if we know that yet.

CLARK (NAR.)
Heat prickles a little in my cheeks as I realize if he's correct... someone must be lying.

CLARK
Besides, I don't think anyone would-

EROS
Everyone had a reason to want him dead. Could have been whatever the fuck was in the bag. Iris. Him cheating. Just his fucking tone. Or something that hasn't even occurred to us yet.

CLARK
Fine. If you're in the mood to jump to conclusions, let's lace up your trainers.

CLARK (NAR.)
His brow furrows.

EROS
What?
CLARK
I'm just... saying... who do you think did it?

EROS
Dunno if I want to tell you yet.

CLARK
What?

CLARK (NAR.)
He shrugs, turns back over on his side. You started this.

EROS
Well I've changed my mind.

CLARK
Because you don't trust me? I'm the only person who was with someone else when he was found.

EROS
He'd been there for awhile.

CLARK
Well as I said, I was with Talc before then. Unlike you who claims they were alone but-

CLARK (NAR.)
Now he sits up, not angry. Interested.

EROS
But what?

CLARK
But...

CLARK (NAR.)
Here we go...

CLARK
But you've got quite the history of lying about your whereabouts.

CLARK (NAR.)
It's silent. I know immediately bringing Iris anywhere near this is a mistake. But it's true. If he hadn't lied, the whole thing might have been solved before anyone else got hurt.

EROS
You know they tortured me for days on end while you and Rhea were running around in the woods with Rebekah, right?

CLARK (NAR.)
I feel the intended sting of guilt, but hold my expression.

EROS
I think I've learned my lesson about lying.

CLARK
Then why are you keeping your time with Persephone a secret?

EROS
Because it has nothing to do with anyone!

CLARK
You mean Rhea.

EROS
Don't want to shock you, but it isn't all about her.

CLARK
Then why won't you tell her?

EROS
I don't want her to know how sad I am and how fucking angry I am at her.

CLARK (NAR.)
He's shuddering with anger now, his hands GRIPPING the sides of the bed.

CLARK
Maybe I should give you a few minutes.

EROS
I think you should.

CLARK (NAR.)
I pass by him. Place my hand on the door when he stops me-

EROS
What's on your ass?

CLARK
Excuse me?

EROS
You've got-

CLARK (NAR.)
He gestures to my behind and I feel- great. Fucking great.

CLARK
Gum. It's gum. Thanks. Thanks a lot.

CLARK (NAR.)
I say. For the first time all day- he becomes aware of his incessant chewing. Pauses.

EROS
Where was the last place you sat down?

CLARK (NAR.)
He asks, slowly. I clear my throat.

CLARK
Where we found Apollo.

END OF EPISODE