

Lesser Gods Season 2 Chapter 7

By

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SCENE 1

CLARK (NAR.)

I woke up feeling- amazing. Those three milliseconds between still being awake but not being quite strong enough yet to lift my eyelids- That time- where I was only conscious of the heavy, itchy blanket rising and falling with my bare chest, keeping the scarce heat of the cabin and the memory of last night- close... But when I do open my eyes... Rhea is gone. It's only beginning to be light outside. I sit up- forced to confront the idea that last night may have been a... very vivid dream. I feel the space next to me.

Cold. Crap.

I'm... apparently, some kind of... insane... Wait- I hop off the bed and check the top bunk. The blankets are a mess but the mattress is warm-

RHEA

You good?

CLARK (NAR.)

I start when she appears in the door. Pulling on a scuffed up boot like it's any other morning. Casual- or clumsy. She starts tipping over.

CLARK

Here-

CLARK (NAR.)

I rush to her, offer my shoulder for support. She laughs a little. Doesn't need me.

RHEA

I'm good.

CLARK

Great.

CLARK (NAR.)

She ties the boot. And stands in the doorway. She smiles a little. Looking... so fucking lovely. I feel whatever tense, unnameable thing that had swept me up just moments before disappear. I smile back. She reaches out a hand. I take it.

CLARK

Last night was great.

RHEA

I think it might have been this morning.

CLARK (NAR.)

She says with a wink. Before putting her other hand on my shoulder.

RHEA

I need to grab my jacket.

CLARK (NAR.)

She untangles her hand from mine, and reaches- to my horror- for the black jacket she was definitely going for the first time. She slips into it. And I try to look anywhere but at her as my face burns up.

RHEA

The trains slowing down so we're only a few minutes out.

CLARK

Great. Yeah.

CLARK (NAR.)

I say. Trying to care about the crisis at hand and not the fact that Rhea is being weird. She IS being weird? Right?

RHEA

Hey, Clark?

CLARK (NAR.)

She says, taking a step towards me. She fixes her stare on me. She puts her hand on my shoulder- but whether that's to comfort me or make sure I stay an arm's length away is unclear.

RHEA

Do you want to talk about last night?

CLARK (NAR.)

My heart drops. Because I don't. I want her to want to talk about it. Or at least not act so... Rhea about it.

No, she's not EVEN acting Rhea about it because if she was acting like herself she wouldn't mind telling me everything I'd done wrong. Not that I think I necessarily did anything wrong. But, I mean there's always room for improvement. Not saying she didn't have a good time- I think she did. She- oh my god why won't she fucking talk to me?

CLARK
No.

CLARK (NAR.)
I finally say. Deciding in the face of my panic and insecurity, that maybe the best thing Persephone could have taught me has been more about what she's done than what she's said.

CLARK
I'm good.

CLARK (NAR.)
I reiterate, detached. Uncaring. Cool.

RHEA
Okay great.

CLARK (NAR.)
Rhea says, shrugging. And patting me- fucking patting me- on the shoulder.
She heads for the door.

RHEA
So I just spoke with Char and he's going to talk with Rebekah. He and Eros are moving Apollo right now. Talc is with Hera. Pers is in her room.

CLARK
You know you could have woken me up to help with all this... plotting.

RHEA
Hey, if my dreams hadn't been so fucked up I would've slept a bit too.

CLARK
Do you want to, like, talk about it?

CLARK (NAR.)
She looks at me like I just asked if she wanted tea.

CLARK
The dreams?

RHEA
No.

CLARK
Okay. Sure.

CLARK (NAR.)
I lay on more ambivalence and turn around. It's hard to feel on any kind of equal ground when you're still in your underwear.

RHEA
Hey-

CLARK (NAR.)
She says, and I turn just in time to see her closing the space between us in two long steps. She grabs my hand- presumably on purpose- and pulls me in to her and kisses me- expertly.

The cold leather of her jacket makes the skin of my chest shiver. Her hand is only holding my face in place but it might as well be keeping me from falling over because I swear I'd let this girl slip her tongue into my mouth and a knife into my back if they promised to bury me smiling.

RHEA
I'm glad last night happened. But now it's the morning- and I have work to do.

CLARK (NAR.)
She says, those lips smiling against my ear. I nod. She backs towards the door.

RHEA
You should also maybe get changed.

CLARK
Thought I'd give you something to stare at all day.

CLARK (NAR.)
I say, going for a wink. Regretting it instantly. But she smiles as she places a hand on the door. She pauses.

RHEA

Clark, I uhm, I need to ask you... not to say anything about... the bag.

CLARK

Right. Of course.

RHEA

Thanks.

CLARK (NAR.)

She says before disappearing into the hall. I hear the grumbling of Eros but decide it doesn't matter. Last night happened. And it will probably happen again. I get dressed smiling, kicking Apollo's empty leather bag under the bed.

Do you think Rhea will mind if I borrow one of her tee shirts?

....

CLARK (NAR.)

I throw my door open just a few minutes later to the sound of commotion. Rhea and Eros are leaping over Talc just as Hera-wait is that Hera? Oh shit yes, it is definitely Hera-running off the train and onto the platform. I run the length of my car towards them as they struggle to pass Talc. Eros shoves him. Hard. He falls over.

CLARK

Rhea-

CLARK (NAR.)

She spins to me- bewildered. Like she'd never seen me before.

RHEA

You need to go in and keep Char in that room longer.

CLARK

Why?

RHEA

Because he's going to come out with Rebekah before we're ready.

CLARK
I should come with-

RHEA
No. Don't.

CLARK (NAR.)
She says, shoving past Eros and exiting the train.
And then it's quiet.
Until, inevitably-

TALC
Gotta say-

CLARK (NAR.)
Talc starts.

TALC
Those Sacred Sisters keep things interesting.

CLARK (NAR.)
I pull him to his feet.

TALC
Although there'd be a whole lot less drama if Rhea even tried
to listen to her sister.

CLARK
You don't understand her.

CLARK (NAR.)
I spit a little too quickly, brushing past him. He cocks an
eyebrow over his dark frames.

TALC
And you do?

CLARK (NAR.)
I straighten, swallow the obvious words in my throat.
Talc bends his knee experimentally.

TALC

How did Rhea convince you? Can't picture you being so on board with letting Apollo die.

CLARK

Well, I guess you don't understand me either.

CLARK (NAR.)

I say, pushing into Rebekah's car. Desperate to get away from him.

Char and Rebekah immediately turn towards me at the loud creek of the door.

CLARK

Uh, hi.

CLARK (NAR.)

I say, desperately wishing I had made any kind of plan before busting in. The room is a sparse office. Some kind of flimsy wall seems to separate it from the back half of the car.

CHAR

What do you want?

CLARK (NAR.)

Char says sharply. Shielding Rebekah protectively.

CLARK

I just uhm, had a rather... urgent question... regarding my health.

CLARK (NAR.)

I try making my eyes large, as if being just a little weird might tip Char off that something is wrong.

CHAR

Can you wait?

CLARK (NAR.)

But, I guess Char assumes I'm always weird because he's staring me down like he may throw me out.

CLARK

No, no. This is an emergency.

REBEKAH

What's wrong?

CLARK (NAR.)
Rebekah says now stepping out from behind Char and approaching me. It's only now in the weak light I can see the syringe in her hand. I jump backwards.

CLARK
Wait, wait!

CLARK (NAR.)
I flinch as Rebekah looks down at her hand.

REBEKAH
Oh.

CLARK (NAR.)
She mutters before handing it to Char. Who accepts it, glowering. He's sweating a little despite the cold.

Rebekah is now just a few inches from me, always an uncomfortably close talker.

REBEKAH
What's going on?

CLARK (NAR.)
She voices.

CHAR
I'm sure it's nothing that can't wait 15 minutes. Right?

CLARK (NAR.)
He asserts. Why is he doing this? Isn't he himself just in here to buy time?

CLARK
Uh, no no... My head. Might be a fev-

CLARK (NAR.)
Rebekah lays the back of her cold, flat hand on my forehead before I can finish.

REBEKAH
You don't feel warm. Are you feeling dizzy?

CLARK (NAR.)
She says.

CHAR
The one on his shoulders isn't the head you need to worry about.

CLARK (NAR.)
Char jeers.

REBEKAH
Charon.

CLARK (NAR.)
Rebekah says, spinning to him and giving him a look I can't see.

CHAR
Oh fuck it.

CLARK (NAR.)
Char says, and for a moment I'm worried he's going to hurl the needle in his hand at me. Instead, he unties the string of his tracksuit bottoms, drops them to his ankles along with his boxers- and plunges the needle into his... uh... into a muscle on his ass that is stronger than any one on my body.

Within seconds- during which I have seen parts of Char I can never unsee- he's pulling up his pants. I look to Rebekah, who is unexpectedly casual.

REBEKAH
Oh for God's sake.

CLARK (NAR.)
She says, more frustrated than anything. She stares him down. Neither of them so much as breathe before she buckles-

REBEKAH
How are you feeling?

CHAR
As good as I look.

REBEKAH
You shouldn't be so reckless. And not jealous of my attention to Clark.

CLARK (NAR.)
Rebekah hisses.

CHAR
Oh cut the fucking act.

CLARK (NAR.)
He says, throwing the syringe on the floor before he erupts-

CHAR
We all know we're one failure away from being strapped to a bed and pumped for whatever we're worth. Or is that just Rhea?

CLARK
What- what are you talking about?

CLARK (NAR.)
I stammer as Rebekah picks her jaw up off the floor.

REBEKAH
How... did you know about that?

SCENE 2

CHAR (NAR.)
Fuck.

The second the words are out of my mouth I want to drop to my knees and wipe them up like vomit. But I force myself not to react. Because Clark doesn't know what I just admitted. And Rebekah doesn't know there's anything to admit. They're both just staring at me.

I have been avoiding my reflection for the last 12 hours or so- because based off of how everyone's been looking at me... I don't know if I can handle it.

What I did to Rhea last night- I know that's not okay. I knew it wasn't okay as I was saying it. The timing-for one- is terrible. But I didn't know when I got this shot that Apollo was going to go and... and get in my way.

Before we go any further, you gotta know I didn't do THAT to Apollo... Well, I didn't do ALL of that.

I don't know what time it was- I'd gotten the shot from Rebekah in the domed car and immediately went back to my room. I had a serious case of the spins and just wanted to close my eyes. I must've fallen asleep because when I woke up everything was quiet and my mouth was so dry and I felt like I was burning through my sheets. I drank the two water bottles in my room and still felt like my tongue was cracked and dry. So I slipped out into the hall.

I went to knock on Hera's door to see if I could take any of her water and that's when I saw this note- "2nd floor above kitchen.- A"

I immediately ripped it off the door, crumpled it up.

My temper spiked at both how selfish it was for Apollo to harass Hera and how fucking stupid it was he signed his note. I cracked the window in the hall, slipped the paper out. Idiot.

The freezing air outside hit my face. And I started to calm down. Started to stop feeling so alien. I decided then to walk on the outside railway to the kitchen car-because there's gotta be water there.

The whipping of the wind and the darkness rendered me invisible as I walked slowly, gripping the freezing rail through the sleeve of my sweater- pulled over my hand. I was relieved to slink into the kitchen, but my shoes were soaked. Right after we kick this repopulation crisis we should get to waterproof sneakers. I was tracking water all over the kitchen tile. But I was a man on a mission.

I was halfway through my second bottle when I noticed something move out of the corner of my eye. I jumped-slipping on the wet floor. But I caught myself on the counter.

"What do you want?" I asked Apollo, standing by the stairs with that bag in his hand.

"You should be in bed." He said.

"Yeah, watch out. All the cool kids are sneaking out to drink water. Cheers." I said, finishing a bottle.

"I'm sure that's the only substance you're taking."

"Excuse me?" I said, throwing the bottle into the trash. Apollo shrugged, stupid, self important prick. It really is... impossible to explain what this asshole meant to us as kids.

Always smiling, always bouncing around. Everyday the world around us was promising it was ending, but hey- if Apollo is smiling that's good enough for us! They even made HIM be the one to explain copping to us because it was so obvious we all just thought he was so cool.

Even when I came out- something kind of unprecedented. The morning the story broke Apollo was at my house bright and early with Hera- everyone's weird parents. When the door opened and the cameras started flashing, he had his arm around me. Of course I didn't realize at the time, but he cared a fuck ton less about me than he did about showing up in more pictures.

The older we got, the more attempts we made- the more all that fame and promise shifted from him to us. And you could see it eating away at him everyday. He seemed happy being a chaperone for awhile, but you can only catch a buzz off an assist for so long before you miss actually fucking scoring.

By the time the Iris thing happened- the affair that is- I wasn't surprised at all. He was so starved for attention. He literally once asked me to quote "rate his ass" compared to the guys I'd hooked up with.

I gave him a 5. Not low enough he knows I'm fucking with him- but not high enough to be a compliment.

"What are you talking about, man?" I'd asked.

"Have you ever been upstairs?"

For the first time that day I'd felt my blood cool down on it's own. He knew. He knew about me being up there with Rebekah.

"Look, if I were in your position. I'd be up for anything too. But... taking extra meds? From her? Tsk. Tsk."

I asked what he meant by my "position."

"I've just been doing some reading."

"I guess you have to do something since Hera is ignoring you."

His face crinkled in surprise and sadness. I could have let him know I tossed the note- but this was more fun.

Now I got to shrug.

"I know how low your numbers are." He spat.

My numbers?

"Yeah Rhea would have better luck be impregnated by a cucumber."

He said rifling through that bag, pulling out a big picture of me. He started to read off the back.

"Yeah buddy, especially now that Clark is around... I just wonder what they'll do with you."

And that is when it happened- a total accident- something, really he did himself. So he is just standing there- DANGLING- this piece of paper which has my whole fucking future written out on it. And I'm there- my insides total anarchy- and all I did was take one big step towards him.

That's it. He's the one who reached his arm out. Like I was going to hit him or whatever. Please. All I did was bat his arm away.

But he stumbled back and he must have slipped in one of the puddles. He wears such dumb fucking shoes! He went down. Hard. The back of his head collided with the counter.

There was only like- SOME blood. I thought he was going to get back up. Do some whining. But he didn't. I just stood there, it's not like you can perform the Heimlich or CPR on someone's brain. I panicked. I grabbed the bag and left.

I left him down there with ONE crack on the back of his head. One. I didn't kick in his fucking face. That had to be someone else. He probably walked up those stairs himself- very much alive- because no one else could move him and that's when he got attacked for real.

Sure, I am relieved he seems to be dying. But I didn't do it. And of course once I had the bag I read the documents. Man, I can't believe I slipped up in front of these two. I swear I almost said something to Rhea last night. When she didn't want to talk about copping.

Girl is about to be locked up and down. We both need this.

PERS
Rebekah.

CHAR (NAR.)
Persephone bursts into the room. She takes a second to subtly note myself and Clark in the room.

PERS
Rebekah I desperately need a water.

REBEKAH
There isn't any-

PERS
No. Nowhere else on the train.

CHAR (NAR.)
Rebekah looks to each of us. Confused- then she leaves the room- forwards. Not back into the rest of the train.

PERS
What the FUCK is going on?

CHAR (NAR.)
Pers hisses.

CLARK
What did you just INJECT YOURSELF WITH?

CHAR
None of your-

PERSEPHONE
What?!

CHAR
I'm taking a supplement to help me succeed. It's no big deal.

CLARK
Does Rhea know?

PERS
Can someone just explain why I saw Rhea and Eros running around outside?

CLARK
Is she okay?

CHAR
If this is how you're going to act every time someone fucks you, I promise the offers are going to come fewer and farther between.

CHAR (NAR.)
He turns bright red.

CLARK
How- how did you know?

CHAR (NAR.)
I shake my head.

CHAR
I can just tell.

CHAR (NAR.)
He's also wearing her tee shirt. But I don't feel like mentioning that.

PERS
There are SO many things to deal with but the only one that-

REBEKAH
Found one.

CHAR (NAR.)
Rebekah says, reentering the room and handing a glass bottle to Persephone.

PERS
Thanks, I-

CHAR (NAR.)
But then there's a heavy knock on the door and a vaguely familiar voice-

VOICE
Rebekah, we need to talk.

SCENE 3

RHEA (NAR.)
Hera. Fucking Hera. I hate running. I hate the cold. I hate the snow. I hate hunting my sister down like she's a fucking animal.

EROS
Rhea!

RHEA (NAR.)
Eros hisses, jerking his head in the direction of one of the passages. The ceiling here has almost completely given out. The ground is blanketed with snow.

RHEA
No, if she'd gone down there there would be footprints.

EROS
But if she could manage to make it LOOK like there wasn't then we'd-

RHEA
Fine, go for it. I'll go this way.

EROS
We're splitting up?

RHEA (NAR.)
He's looking at me with such instinctual marred curiosity. And zero sense of irony. I walk in the opposite direction. He chases after me, grabs my arm-spins me around.

EROS
We don't know what's in here.

RHEA (NAR.)
I yank my arm from his grip.

RHEA
Except Hera.

RHEA (NAR.)
He nods.

EROS
After you then.

RHEA (NAR.)
I take a deep breath. Allow myself to realize I really may not have a better idea. If we don't see her footprints in the snow- she didn't go down there.

Hera isn't hiding- she's trying to find someone else. She's not worried about covering her tracks. It isn't like she's afraid of us... Is it?

RHEA
We need to be calm, Er.

RHEA (NAR.)
He blinks back that blackness from his eyes.

RHEA
I'm serious. We're only trying to find her.

RHEA (NAR.)
He relaxes his face, smoothes the line between his eyes. Looks more like himself. I exhale a huge cloud of hot air. He rubs his bare arms. I slip out of my jacket.

RHEA
Here.

RHEA (NAR.)
He shakes his head.

EROS
I'm not wearing your jacket.

RHEA
I'm way overheated from having to run- like at all. Besides-

RHEA (NAR.)
I say throwing the jacket at him and walking away.

RHEA
You're useless when you're cold.

RHEA (NAR.)
I walk for a beat or so before he runs up beside me.

EROS
I'm giving it back to you in five minutes.

RHEA

We won't be out here that long.

RHEA (NAR.)

I say, strutting down the tiled corridor. Are we in the right place? Did the train make the wrong stop? I was just under the impression there would be... someone here. Anyone. I throw my arm out- stop Eros.

RHEA

Look.

RHEA (NAR.)

Footprints. There is the lightest dusting of snow. But definitely there. I take a step in their direction when Eros grabs my arm.

EROS

Maybe you should go back to the train.

RHEA (NAR.)

I don't have time for this. It takes half a second to cycle through every late night adventure Er and I have ever been on. I can't think of any he felt brave enough to lead. Especially without a little chemical courage.

RHEA

Zip up your jacket.

RHEA (NAR.)

I say, shrugging him off. and following the steps.

RHEA

Hera?

RHEA (NAR.)

I whisper. Trying to keep any residual Eros- annoyance out of my tone.

RHEA

Hera, let's talk this out.

RHEA (NAR.)

I say, ducking into a news agent's. Nothing but old newspapers and magazines, pages blurred with wet and then frozen solid again.

I step out, Eros is coming out of a decrepit 7-11. He shakes his head.

The roof is more solid down here, less snow. Less clues. Just a few patches of untouched white. This must have been some sort of atrium.

There's a large, circular center area with passages leading to different tracks extending from it like the spokes of a wheel. At the center is a fountain- murky, black water made permanent in it's basin.

We start on the far left. I find myself jogging a little, because I don't know how much time Clark can reasonably entertain Rebekah.

There's nothing down the first hall. Not even a train, just an empty platform. We check the second- side stepping one of those tracts of snow. Nothing but an empty train, doors open and the wind ripping through.

We're heading for the second when I stop, the little section of untouched powder we just sidestepped now has one footprint in it. Pointed back towards where we came. Holy shit.

RHEA
Come on.

RHEA (NAR.)
I say, running now, back into the atrium. Eros is right behind me. I slip on an icy patch. He catches me.

EROS
You're killing me here.

RHEA (NAR.)
He whispers. Releasing me. I bound up the stairs and into the main chamber.

RHEA
Hera!

RHEA (NAR.)
I call, running towards the fountain. Sure she's here. Sure this fucked up game of hide and seek can end. She has to be- she-

ORSINO
Rhea.

RHEA (NAR.)
His voice hits me like a brick wall. I stop immediately, I know somewhere Eros must narrowly avoid colliding with me. But I can't look to make sure he's okay. I can't look anywhere but at Detective Orsino Blue, calmly standing beside the fountain.

I hold my breath, waiting for the harbringers of my nightmares to join him. But Apollo and Iris do not appear.

This fantasy is all his- wrapped in a thick wool coat with black leather gloves- but no scarf or hat obscuring any of his face. His eyes crinkle- but not like someone who laughs or smiles alot- like someone who's using every muscle in their face to keep a secret from you.

EROS
What the fuck?

RHEA (NAR.)
Eros breathes beside me as it sinks in... this is not a dream. I'm awake. This is real. Orsino is here. But-why? He shakes his head, disgusted.

ORSINO
I cannot believe Iris' murder didn't teach you to stay out of fucking trouble.

RHEA (NAR.)
Eros stomps across the tile. Sneakers echoing in the silence. Orsino doesn't flinch as Eros gets within an inch of his face.

EROS
Never, ever talk about her.

RHEA
Eros snarls.

ORSINO
Why? Still got some guilt to work out, Eros?

EROS
Apollo killed her.

ORSINO
Whatever you say.

RHEA (NAR.)
Eros boils. Orsino spreads his arms open. Mock Christ-like.

ORSINO
Would you like to do something?

RHEA (NAR.)
He leans in even closer.

ORSINO
Please, hit me. If you can. Not like we're in our little cell anymore, bud.

RHEA (NAR.)
Eros breathes hard.

And then sucks in the air in a kind of hiccup- the kind you make when you're trying to dry the tears in your eyes before they even well up. His hands are trembling and his eyes are darting around like he's somewhere I'm not. I rush between them. Push Eros' lean frame away from Orsino's paunchier one. But I don't take my eyes off Er. I hold his gaze the way he needs when he's afraid. Like when he was scared to go down the slide as a kid or had to stand in front of a crowd or had a bad trip or we had to cop for the first time. *We're in this together.* I telegraph.

ORSINO
Alright kids let's go.

RHEA
Fuck that.

RHEA (NAR.)
I say turning towards him, shielding Eros. But keeping his hand in mine.

RHEA
We need to-

ORSINO
To get Hera? Sounds great but I've got two viable units to get back to the-

RHEA
I said I'm not fucking going.

ORSINO
I wasn't asking.

RHEA (NAR.)
Orsino says- whipping a handgun out from his jacket. I almost laugh.

RHEA
What are you gonna do? Shoot the two viable units?

ORSINO
Basically.

RHEA (NAR.)
He says- firing.

SHOUND: GUNSHOT

RHEA (NAR.)
Eros wavers and then falls to his knees.

RHEA
What the fuck?!

RHEA (NAR.)
I say, catching and falling with him as he slumps down.
My hands- frantically searching for a place to stop the
bleeding- pull the bullet out- cast a magic fucking spell to-
to...

HERA
What the hell is wrong with you?

RHEA (NAR.)
Hera says, running towards us.

ORSINO
Relax, he's just stunned.

RHEA (NAR.)
Orsino says, stashing the gun in his coat again. Truman and
Ford run up. Fucking useless. Who are they even guarding?
Hera flicks at Eros' eyelids. Takes his pulse, before saying-

HERA
That man just attacked Eros.

RHEA (NAR.)
But Truman and Ford just stand there.

ORSINO
Gentlemen, please restrain our friends here. For their own
safety.

RHEA (NAR.)
Before I can even catch my breath- my hands are being zip
tied. Eros- still unconscious remains on his back-my jacket
flat against the long untread tile.

As my sister has her wrists pinned roughly behind her back,
our eyes meet. Each radiating rage at the other.

Truman or Ford yanks me to my feet before stammering-

TRUMAN
Sorry, sorry.

RHEA
Get the fuck off me.

RHEA (NAR.)
I say, shouldering away from him.

ORSINO

Oh man, have I not missed this.

RHEA (NAR.)

Orsino says, stomping off in the direction of the train.

END OF EPISODE