

Lesser Gods Season 2 Chapter 9

By

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SCENE 1

EROS

When do you think the last time we had sex sober was?

RHEA (NAR.)

Eros breathes.

EROS

And copping doesn't count.

RHEA

You don't need to tell me that.

RHEA (NAR.)

I say, getting to my feet. I cross to the window, ripple the curtain. Teasing the light.

RHEA

I don't know.

EROS

Well I have a second question-

RHEA

Is it "What now?"

RHEA (NAR.)

I turn just in time to see him nod. I want to have an answer. To tell him "We try harder than ever to make this work" or "We go back to how we've always been" or even "Hey. Now that that itch has been really, really scratched I can fixate on something else." Instead I go with-

RHEA

I don't know.

RHEA (NAR.)

Because every other feeling is trying so hard to push to the front, ambivalence is the only one that can sneak through.

EROS

Me neither.

RHEA (NAR.)

I sit next to him on the bed. He sits up. Kisses my shoulder.

EROS

You make me... really fucking confused.

RHEA (NAR.)

I didn't want to feel like this. I wanted to feel... victorious. But... any satisfaction, comfort. That's all muddled by... that dork with the accent.

Part of me- feels like I owe him... something. Not necessarily- like he doesn't have any kind of claim to my ass but... But I know I should tell him. Because he would... want that?

But would he? I mean- this would hurt him. And I don't even know if it's a thing yet. We did agree this was over. About fifteen seconds before he was on top of me.

But Eros... Eros and Clark don't even exist on the same planet for me. Since Clark has been in my life... Eros has decided he does not want to be. But Eros... Eros was mine first. They have nothing to do with eachother and I will cross that bridge when I come to it. Or burn it.

## SCENE 2

PERS  
Char...

CHAR (NAR.)  
And it's there, in that... purr. That wide smile, pointy teeth showing. That I know I'm in trouble. She is on the opposite side of the dining car from me.

Clark, apparently asleep, on her shoulder. We've been rolling on for hours since the whole... kerfuffle.

I shake my head. No thanks.

What I need is to talk to Rhea and Eros. Try to figure out what I read. What it means for where we're going. Now that that is apparently NOT happy ole Canada. But then... I'd need to tell about how I got my hands on what I read about Rhea and everyone else.

I look quickly over my shoulder.

Where are they?

Oh.

I blink away the mental image. No. That's probably not what's happening right now. I mean, that would be- mean? Does that cover it? Something about babyfaced Clark tells me he would not be cool with Rhea fucking her... Eros... What? 8 hours after him?

Jesus. Being the only gay one is finally starting to feel like a good thing.

PERS  
Char.

CHAR (NAR.)

She says, a little more impatient. A little bit of her usual venom infecting my name. She slowly raises one finger. Beckons me.

I take a deep breath. Don't know how long we're going to be on this train.

CHAR  
What?

PERS  
Sit.

CHAR (NAR.)

I obey. Dropping into the booth opposite her so hard the table shakes.

CHAR  
Sorry, don't want to wake the baby.

CHAR (NAR.)  
I nod in Clark's direction.

CLARK  
I'm not asleep.

CHAR (NAR.)  
He whispers.

CLARK  
I'm trying to look non-threatening.

CHAR  
Pretty sure you could pull that off if you were holding a flamethrower.

CHAR (NAR.)  
He sits up, too abruptly. Face twisted in annoyance.

PERS  
Ah ah ah- boys. We need to get the fuck out of here. And to do that we need to stay calm. But first-

CHAR (NAR.)  
Persephone says. Still sticky sweet, as she turns her head in the direction of Truman and Ford. Both sitting by the door. Reading off tablets. Chins resting on their hands, like mirror images of one another. It's like they're TRYING to make it impossible to tell them apart.

PERS  
Char, baby-

CHAR (NAR.)

I know this is fake and yet- it's not much better than her actual nice voice. Even when she's trying her hardest to seem warm, she fails. Miserably. It's always hollow, like a trapdoor. You know something is wrong, but it still won't keep you from falling into whatever dark place she's waiting in.

I sometimes try and imagine her holding a baby. Claw like nails brushing soft hair from it's little face.

Trying to keep her little smile even when it starts to wail. Poor kid.

PERS

What was it you took from Rebekah?

CHAR (NAR.)

Ugh. Shit. I half hoped all the chaos of the... uh Hera thing would have wiped that little detail away. But no. Persephone's always had a special place for people's dirty little secrets.

When we were like 10, Eros, Rhea, and I found a joint- I have no idea where- Pers MADE us show it to her and of course the second we did she TOOK it and stowed it away in some box.

Every time for the next like 5 years we did anything to annoy her, she'd threaten to give it to Shylock.

I wish she'd have just smoked it. Would have chilled her out.

PERS

Well?

CHAR (NAR.)

She asks.

There's no good way to explain this- to her of all people. Anything I say will only make it seem like Rebekah and I are in cahoots. Again. I look at my hands feel a lump in my throat like when I told her about The Void.

CHAR

There's something wrong with me.

CHAR (NAR.)

Technically- something is wrong with me. If those files are even a little accurate the odds of me having a success are low. Scary low. As insane as this shot thing has been, at least I'm doing something to feel a little less helpless.

CLARK

What?

CHAR (NAR.)  
Clark asks.

CHAR  
Yeah. It's a... condition.

CHAR (NAR.)  
I chance a glance up- Clark's eyes are wide but Persephone is relaxed. Calm. Unconvinced.

PERS  
Why haven't we heard about it before?

CHAR  
I think the closest you've come to asking about my health is telling me to choke.

CHAR (NAR.)  
She laughs- a twinkling more like knives than bells. Truman (I think) lifts his eyes in her direction before returning to his reading.

PERS  
Is it serious?

CHAR  
I don't...

CHAR (NAR.)  
I swallow. To add effect and also buy some time.

CHAR  
They haven't told me. It's some kind of heart thing. I can't even...

CHAR (NAR.)  
Go for it, I think.

CHAR  
I can't even exercise anymore.

CHAR (NAR.)  
They mull this over. Clark leans forward. For a second I'm worried he's going to hold my hand.

CLARK  
That must be hard for you.

CHAR (NAR.)  
He says. More maternal than Pers and Rhea combined. Seriously, we should see if this guy can breastfeed.

PERS

Why have you been allowed to cop?

CHAR (NAR.)

Thanks Pers. 23 years of friendship and you can't even show a LITTLE concern for what could be a life threatening illness? Fake or not, that's cold. But unsurprising.

CHAR

Because it isn't contagious... Besides, we aren't exactly swimming in units.

CHAR (NAR.)

She nods.

PERS

Okay.

CHAR (NAR.)

She hesitates, leans in. Props her head on her hands. As if she wants to breathe in my reaction.

PERS

Such a pain the only useful man is dead.

CHAR (NAR.)

My heart clenches like there really is something wrong with it. It's just the one thing no one can argue with- no one can touch. The grenade she walks around with- pin pulled.

He's a prop to her. Being dragged around and used at will. Kinda like how he was when he was alive.

CHAR

It is.

CHAR (NAR.)

I push my anger out through my teeth, try to make a huff more like a sigh.

CHAR

You know if I could do anything again-

CHAR (NAR.)

I scrub my beard with my hands. Then hold them out, empty. Helpless. I can't apologize again.

CLARK

Oh... okay then.

CHAR (NAR.)

Clark says nervously.

CLARK

Now for the matter at hand. The uh, kidnapping. Ours.

PERS

I don't know where we're going but I don't want the only other people there to be Orsino and Rebekah.

CHAR (NAR.)

Persephone says.

CHAR

I agree.

PERS

There's more of us than them. Right? Five on four.

CHAR

Not including Hera?

PERS

Relying on her right now isn't fair. Or smart.

CHAR

But, even if there's more of us. They have weapons.

PERS

They aren't going to hurt us.

CHAR (NAR.)

She snorts.

CHAR

They aren't going to kill us.

CHAR (NAR.)

I correct. Thinking back to what I read about Rhea... Whatever Orsino did to Eros.

CLARK

Well it isn't like we can just... hop off.

PERS

I don't think we'll be the ones going anywhere.

CHAR (NAR.)

Persephone croons.

FORD

HEY.

CHAR (NAR.)

Ford (maybe?) barks. We jump. Fuck. Could they have heard us over-



FORD  
Charon, you are wanted in the engine room.

PERS  
Why?

CHAR (NAR.)  
Persephone asks before I can. Heat rises on my neck.

FORD  
Wasn't told. But he'll escort you.

CHAR (NAR.)  
The door clatters open and Talc appears.

TALC  
Giddy up.

CHAR (NAR.)  
He chirps. My eyes narrow. Somehow this just got worse.

I follow him out into the next car. The lounge. He keeps his hand at the window, guiding himself. It briefly occurs to me to just- run for it. But that's the beauty of this fucking thing- only two directions and both of them are trouble.

TALC  
Who's in there?

CHAR  
Uh, just Pers, Clark, and me.

TALC  
Where's Rhea?

CHAR  
Persephone's car, I guess.

TALC  
Hera in her room?

CHAR  
Yep.

TALC  
Of course I couldn't be sure... But- you all knew, didn't you?

CHAR  
Yeah.

CHAR (NAR.)  
I say, quietly. Although even if we hadn't, we'd still have been shocked silent.

TALC

It's insane what they do to people. Collect them, discard them. I'm sure you understand that.

CHAR (NAR.)

Anger prickles. This guy seriously trying to get off on my... what? Experience?

CHAR

Not sure what you mean.

CHAR (NAR.)

I say. Although of course I do.

TALC

I just- don't think it's a coincidence you got a little less coverage after the whole...

CHAR

Coming out?

CHAR (NAR.)

I say, stopping. He must hear it, or feel it. Because he pauses too.

TALC

I read in your file that they wanted you to court Iris.

CHAR

We didn't end up being either of each other's types.

TALC

I just- I wondered if you ever wished things were different.

CHAR (NAR.)

When I was younger? Sure. Just so things would be easier. But now? Look, Hera had it easy. Beautiful, smart, charming, actually LIKED a person she had to cop with. But what was easy for her was also easy for Black to manipulate. To use. There's something between me and the rest of them. Some wall of glass that you can't see so much as feel when you press your hand to it.

It's been lonely. It's been hard. But at least my life has never been easy for anyone else.

But I don't say any of that to Talc. Because I don't owe any of it to him.

Instead, all I give him is a-

CHAR

Nope.

CHAR (NAR.)  
He laughs a little.

TALC  
I know what you're thinking. Who is this guy? What's he want?

CHAR (NAR.)  
I don't say anything. I start walking. He follows.

TALC  
But don't forget, I know what it's like to feel isolated. To never be given a chance.

CHAR  
Yeah, I have an entire log of cop sessions that prove I've been given more of a chance than I asked for.

TALC  
World's changin'. Just wouldn't want you to get left behind, even though you've been exactly as unsuccessful as Eros.

CHAR (NAR.)  
My mouth is suddenly dry. Could he have read the files? Impossible. They're under my mattress. Could he- could he have overheard what Apollo said to me?

TALC  
Well, we can't keep the President waiting can we?

CHAR (NAR.)  
Orsino leans in the corner. Rebekah is seated at her desk, reading something. She doesn't turn towards us when we enter.

REBEKAH  
Charon. What are they planning out there?

CHAR (NAR.)  
She says.

CHAR  
Nothing.

CHAR (NAR.)  
Now she does turn towards me, rolls her eyes.

REBEKAH  
This is all going to be so much easier if you just tell me.

TALC  
Y'all were just talking about *something* in there, right?

CHAR (NAR.)  
I stare at Talc, blink. Where the fuck did this guy come from again?

CHAR  
We were talking about Hera. Obviously.

CHAR (NAR.)  
I lie.

REBEKAH  
And Rhea?

CHAR  
She's sleeping.

CHAR (NAR.)  
I... also probably lie.

ORSINO  
Impressive, to be able to nap after dumping something like that on your sister.

CHAR  
Impressive, to fuck with so many of our lives, totally fail at solving the murder that was your only job, and still-STILL have the nerve to show up looking grubbier and creepier than ever.

CHAR (NAR.)  
Orsino grumbles something unintelligible into his cup. Seriously Rebekah, if you really needed help pulling whatever this is off, you could have hired a more competent plunger.

REBEKAH  
Thanks for the tip... How are you feeling?

CHAR (NAR.)  
Rebekah says.

CHAR  
Fine.

REBEKAH  
Good because you're about... ten hours away from another shot.

CHAR  
There's ANOTHER shot?

CHAR (NAR.)  
This may have been the worst mistake of my fucking life. And I joined a domestic terrorist group. Once. And it wasn't even totally my idea.

ORSINO  
Didn't do a great job of reading the fine print, huh?

CHAR (NAR.)  
Orsino says, smiling.

CHAR  
This is the last one right?

CHAR (NAR.)  
I say through gritted teeth.

REBEKAH  
You're going to need to trust me.

CHAR (NAR.)  
She says as she shrugs.

CHAR  
And I think back to the last two times I've done that, wonder if I can afford to make the same mistake again.

### SCENE 3

PERS (NAR.)  
My hands are shaking a little. I tap my long nails on the table top. Trying to play it off like impatience. Frustration. Not this... unnameable thing that's sitting in my throat.

I didn't need to bring him up. It isn't like... isn't like I couldn't have implied... If it was anyone else. I wouldn't needed to have hit the nail on the head so hard... but it's Char. He's ignorant as a rule. Fuck him for MAKING me bring him up.

It's not about an apology. Sure, technically he's done that. But... Then what? Then you go back to your old life of working out and drinking protein shakes and eating... I don't know- almonds or whatever? No. If he were REALLY sorry he would spend everyday at my feet like my shadow. Try desperately to make his stupid life worth anything to atone for what he took from... you know. Everyone.

PERS  
I need a second.

PERS (NAR.)  
I say to Clark. Who just nods.

I stand. Clench my fists. One of the guards in the corner. The one with the dumb eyes. Truman. Stands.

Where the fuck am I gonna go?

I snap with so much force, it knocks him back into his seat. I stalk in the direction of my car.

I pause outside of Hera's room. Maybe I knock. Maybe I just barge in, yank her out of bed and we just SHRED everything in the room with our nails and our teeth- kick in doors, shatter windows. Let the cold air rush in from outside with the full force out of our rage.

But I don't. I keep walking. Because it would feel a whole lot better to be angry AT someone right now, then with them. And then, Eros. Lumbering towards me. Awkwardly waving and closing the door to my car.

A good target, but not as good as-

PERS  
Move.

PERS (NAR.)  
I bark, nearly slamming his lean body into the wall.

Rhea jumps when I slam the car door behind me.

We stand there in the relative quiet for a moment before I begin to clap very slowly. Rhea runs a hand through her hair. As good as a confession.

PERS (NAR.)  
Please take a bow, because somehow you got both who you barely wanted and who you really wanted within- what? 6 hours of each other?

RHEA  
No.

PERS (NAR.)  
She says, quietly.

RHEA  
They have nothing to do with each other.

PERS (NAR.)  
She says, unapologetic.

PERS  
What? What kind of logic is that? Wait- no- I know. That's the thinking of someone who has zero ability to think of anyone besides themselves.

PERS (NAR.)  
She drops onto the unmade bed.

RHEA  
It isn't like I wasn't thinking about Clark-

PERS  
I'm sure you were. You probably still smell like him.

RHEA  
Hey.

PERS (NAR.)  
She says, getting to her feet now.

RHEA  
I am... trying to figure out how I feel about him.

PERS (NAR.)  
I laugh. Truly, I have forgotten how funny Rhea is.

PERS  
The point is not how you feel- it's about taking into account how *he* feels.

RHEA  
Dude, this is not easy for me.

PERS  
Really? Because you certainly seem to be having a lot of fun, *dude*.

RHEA  
Eros has been- ignoring me. Not talking to me for months. We needed to talk. We needed to figure stuff out.

PERS  
By fucking?

PERS (NAR.)  
She's red now. From anger or shame is hard to tell.

RHEA  
No. No. That just happened.

PERS  
Just happened. You know how much effort Clark puts into impressing you? Into making you feel seen and appreciated and... cared for?

RHEA  
Why do you care so much? 6 months ago this would have been a Friday night for you.

PERS  
Because it isn't fair!

PERS (NAR.)  
I say before I can stop myself.

RHEA  
So you're... jealous?

PERS  
No. I'm bewildered. Amazed even, that despite the fact that you have been afforded a confidence you CANNOT measure up to and frankly, don't give a shit about- everyone has always liked YOU. Wanted YOU. Worried about YOU. Even now when it's supposed to be about ME.

RHEA  
I didn't ask for this.

PERS  
Then stop sucking up all the air in every room you walk into. Some of us are just trying to fucking breath.

RHEA  
You didn't... No.

PERS (NAR.)  
She throws her hands up in the air.

PERS  
No. Say it.

#### SCENE 4

RHEA (NAR.)  
You didn't treat Dion any better than I treat Clark.

I actually LIKE Clark. Because he's clever and funny and doesn't treat me like the other Sacred Sister. But YOU-I mean, you were already getting sick of Dion.

I want to say so badly I can already feel her nails digging out my eyes.

But I don't. Because I can't bear to tell anyone else the truth today. Doing that with Hera and Eros... I just... don't feel any better.

RHEA  
You didn't deserve what happened to you.

RHEA (NAR.)  
Placating her is as close as we're gonna get to getting along here.

PERS  
Fuck you.

RHEA (NAR.)  
You're welcome.



I think.

RHEA

We need to get them off the train.

RHEA (NAR.)

I say, knowing I don't need to specify the "them".

PERS

Yes. We do.

RHEA

Do you... have a plan?

RHEA (NAR.)

I ask, looking at my feet. Playing up the sheepishness as best I can. We need to work together right now and that's going to go a whole lot better if she thinks she's in charge.

PERS

Of course I do.

RHEA (NAR.)

She says turning on her heel. Man, I hope she can still lie better than that.

RHEA

Wait- Pers.

RHEA (NAR.)

She stops, hand on the knob. Doesn't turn around.

RHEA

Don't... tell him. Please.

RHEA (NAR.)

But she says nothing, just presses on.

#### SCENE 5

PERS (NAR.)

Act calm. Act normal. I say to myself as I casually reach my hands up, untie my hair. Shake it out. The plan really is so easy. My eyes shift to the side- to where they still sit in the corner. Ford's eyes drift in my direction like the lights dimming before a film.

The show is about to begin.

I'm alone now in the dining car. The boys are all back in their rooms. Rhea better be doing her part.

I'm glad she's left me in charge of this scheme.

Her last one was SUCH a disaster. The problem was, she didn't play into anyone's individual skills.

Classic Rhea, trying to use everyone the same way.

Maybe that's too mean. But then I remember Clark, nervously trying on bravado to impress her. Maybe that isn't mean enough.

Even Eros. All those nights he spent just lying next to me. Trying to feel just... calm. Why couldn't Rhea let him have that peace?

Focus. Focus. I can't let myself get mad now. The key to this whole thing- if I remember correctly- is to feel it. Let it radiate out from you.

PERS  
Boys?

PERS (NAR.)  
I ask Truman and Ford in the corner. Ford looks up to me.

PERS  
I know this really isn't your job, but could you help me with something?

PERS (NAR.)  
Ford opens his mouth to speak, but Truman jumps in first.

TRUMAN  
We're really just supposed to keep an eye on this car and back.

PERS  
Oh sure, I know. But...

PERS (NAR.)  
I walk slowly over to them. Lean on the bar.

PERS  
It really will just take a moment.

FORD  
What is it?

PERS  
It's in my room. I wouldn't ask, but it just seems kinda dangerous.

TRUMAN  
What does?

PERS (NAR.)  
Truman bites.

PERS  
There's this armoire It's right next to my bed. It rattles every time we go around the bend. I'm just worried it's going to crush me while I sleep.

TRUMAN  
Why don't you ask one of the boys to do it?

PERS  
It just-

PERS (NAR.)  
I shrug, smile, look down. Embarrassed, apparently, by my own transparency.

PERS  
Seemed more like a man's job.

PERS (NAR.)  
I look back up, come on.

TRUMAN  
Sorry. Can't help you.

PERS (NAR.)  
Truman says. His stupid, block of a head turning back down towards his tablet.

FORD  
Wait-

PERS (NAR.)  
Fuck am I gonna have to straddle this guy in the-

FORD  
Truman, it's an unnecessary threat to the baby.

PERS (NAR.)  
Ford's face is so honest. So... serious.

TRUMAN  
You think President Gold would make the exception?

FORD  
I do.

PERS (NAR.)  
Truman nods. Mind, instantly changed once someone brought up Rebekah and the baby. I stand up straight. Tuck my hair behind my ears. Feeling- stupid. Actual embarrassment flooding my cheeks.

They're standing up now- not even looking at me. Which at least allows me to do up one more button of my blouse.

TRUMAN  
Let's go.

PERS (NAR.)  
Truman barks.

We walk quickly along the hall. Back to my cabin. We're nearly there. I look down at Ford's hip, where I can see a large device in a heavy, weather proof casing.

PERS  
Does that allow you to radio anyone you want?

FORD  
Yep.  
But I can't let you use it.

PERS (NAR.)  
What is with these guys?

PERS  
Oh I wasn't asking for me.

PERS (NAR.)  
I say, laughing a little as they walk into my car.

PERS  
I was asking for you.

PERS (NAR.)  
I say. **SHOVING** Ford so he trips into Truman. I slam the car door shut. Lock it.

#### SCENE 6

RHEA  
Do you mind if we walk outside?

RHEA (NAR.)  
Orsino raises his eye brows. Suspicious of my politeness.

RHEA  
Don't exactly want to be seen with you.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I say. He rolls his eyes.

ORSINO  
Of course. Don't want your boyfriend to get grumpy with me.

RHEA (NAR.)  
He says, propping the door open and holding it.

ORSINO

After you.

RHEA (NAR.)

God, I want to hurl him over the fucking railing.

RHEA

Try and keep your head down. If they see me talking to you, they'll know something is wrong.

RHEA

I step outside. My long hair WHIPS into my face. But at least it's shielding some part of me from the fucking cold. Damn I should have gotten my jacket back from Eros.

I can just barely hear Orsino's boots rattling on the metal just a few feet behind me. The train is so loud out here. I stoop over below the window just as we pass the dining car.

Persephone is still in there with Truman and Ford. This better work. She was scary confident.

We hatched this thing person to person, telephone style. Clark is keeping Talc occupied. Char said we should single Rebekah out, make her be the one to drive this thing. Which makes sense. You know Truman and Ford don't know shit about where we're going and I can barely be within 3 feet of Orsino.

Andddd- now we should be somewhere near the outside of Hera's room. I thought about tapping on her door.

Trying to... talk to her. Not even about this. About how she's feeling. About Apollo's head. About the fucking weather. I'd tattoo whatever she wants to talk about on my forehead if she wanted. I just need to hear her say something. What is she thinking about? What does she need? I know it isn't me but everything in my body wants to be with her.

That's why I know it's the right thing to leave her alone.

ORSINO

Let's pick it up.

RHEA (NAR.)

Orsino says, placing his hand on my lower back and shoving me forward. I shudder. And not from the cold.

Just a few more seconds. I try and think of something worse I managed to stomach with each step.

There's all those morning having to run 4 miles while incredibly hungover. Being poked and prodded with the stiff, boney fingers of ancient doctors.

Apollo's sweaty hand, gripping my shoulder the last time we had to cop.

You know I don't remember it- but at some point I did inhabit Rebekah's uterus and that was a whole 9 months of what I'm sure was unimaginable unpleasantness.

We're nearly at the back of the caboose now, where the door back inside is. Where Eros is waiting to jump Orsino. I open the door- step inside. Orsino is just behind me, he closes the door but grabs my arm before it can CLICK shut.

ORSINO  
Ah ah ah-

RHEA (NAR.)  
He looks around. From his safe space by the door. Eros won't be able to grab him if he's there.

ORSINO  
I'll stay right here.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I try and yank my arm back from him. But he won't release me. His fingers dig into me, but he uses his thumb to caress my cold skin.

ORSINO  
I'm really looking forward to you giving me what I want.

RHEA (NAR.)  
He smiles and my stomach lurches.

ORSINO  
So please, tell me what you did to Apollo.

RHEA (NAR.)  
Finally, he drops my arm.

And then, Eros jumps out from behind the armoire by the bed. He RUSHES Orsino who doesn't even have time to react before he's SHOVED into the door- it SWINGS open too easily. Eros must be shocked he-

But when I look at him, there's nothing but rage.

He throws Orsino's body onto the metal railing-

ORSINO  
No- no-

RHEA (NAR.)  
Orsino says- voice full of a fear I've never heard.

RHEA  
Eros- This isn't how it's supposed to go!

EROS  
Ask me, Orsino-

RHEA (NAR.)  
Er growls.

EROS  
Ask me, to let you live.

RHEA (NAR.)  
Orsino, eyes as wide and white as the great nothingness of snow we shoot by- blubbers-

ORSINO  
Puh-puhlease.

RHEA (NAR.)  
But Eros just smiles. And in one rapid motion, heaves his body over. Orsino hits the tracks- hard. The sound of someone's skull bouncing off metal. He rolls and rolls, like dice. Arms and legs flailing like a rag doll. When he finally stops a hundred feet behind us his body lies in a heap, motionless.

RHEA  
You didn't need to do that.

RHEA (NAR.)  
I whisper. Eyes still fixed on the rapidly vanishing Orsino, because even this death is easier to look at than Eros right now.

FORD  
Hey!

RHEA (NAR.)  
That YELP snaps me back to the moment. We spin to see Ford and Truman being shoved into the car.

Eros grabs the door. Closes it. We race to the front of the car.

Feet pounding on the iron. I slip- barely catch myself.

We run on- leaping onto the next car, where Persephone is. Char steps out, drops to his knees.

PERS  
Careful.

RHEA (NAR.)  
Persephone says to him. He nods, leans in to where the two cars are connected- he heaves and then tightly grips the pin that connects them. Eros holds his shirt to keep him from falling in until he- YES.  
Yes!  
Truman and ford are left behind and Char falls backwards- large piece of metal raised like it is the sword in the fucking stone. Eros hugs him, over joyed.  
Kisses the top of his big head.

No trace of the person I just watched murder Orsino.

But I'm distracted by Persephone patting me on the back.

PERS  
Well, I need a nap.

RHEA (NAR.)  
She says, turning to walk down the corridor.

And that's when I see it.

RHEA  
Per- Persephone...

RHEA (NAR.)  
I say, suddenly unable to find my voice.

RHEA  
You're bleeding.

**END OF EPISODE**