

The Brothers Fear

by

Ivo de Jager

07740328224
dejagerivo@gmail.com
www.ivos.space

Cast of Characters

Phobos: a member of the Cosmic Temple cult. Any age/gender. Very self-controlled.

Deimos: a member of the Cosmic Temple cult. Any age/gender. Desperate.

A line of chairs in an airport waiting area.

DEIMOS sits with two suitcases. They can't keep still, always tapping their fingers or bouncing their legs. They wear a comfortable, ascetic uniform, a tracksuit with a slightly space-age-style logo embroidered or printed on it. They have plane tickets and a little notebook.

The airport announcement chime sounds, and the following message is heard:

ANNOUNCER

This is an announcement for passengers on flight AA148 to New York. The plane is now boarding. Please head to gate 43.

DEIMOS fidgets more.

PHOBOS enters with two bottles of water. They wear the same uniform as DEIMOS.

DEIMOS

There you are.

PHOBOS

Sorry. There was a line. \$1.98, can you write it down?

They hand a bottle to DEIMOS. DEIMOS takes it and jots the price down in the notebook.

PHOBOS takes their luggage.

PHOBOS

Let's go.

DEIMOS

Wait. Can we... project?

PHOBOS

We can project on the plane.

DEIMOS

I'll be too nervous.

PHOBOS

I've never led a psychoprojection. I think Pollux should be here for my/ first time

DEIMOS

Please, Phobos?

DEIMOS is clearly distressed. PHOBOS puts down the luggage, rolls up their sleeves, and extends their arms, palms up. DEIMOS rolls up their sleeves and places their arms on PHOBOS's, so the undersides of their bare arms are touching and they're holding on to the inside of the other's elbows.

They bend their heads. PHOBOS speaks as though leading mass.

PHOBOS

Directors of the Cosmic Temple. Salutations. As per Pollux's instructions, Body Phobos and Body Deimos are travelling to inform Castor's daughter of her early exit. We ask that you grant these Bodies protection on this difficult journey, and that you grant Castor's daughter understanding in her unenlightened state. Deimos, is there anything you'd like to add?

DEIMOS lets their hands roam up PHOBOS's arms, to rest on PHOBOS's shoulders. DEIMOS looks into PHOBOS's eyes. There's a spark.

PHOBOS quickly takes DEIMOS's hands off and returns them to the earlier prayer position.

PHOBOS

We thank you for your surveillance. On behalf of Pollux, Body Phobos signing off.

PHOBOS drops the prayer position. Awkwardness reigns between PHOBOS and DEIMOS.

PHOBOS takes the luggage.

PHOBOS

Okay. Let's go.

PHOBOS starts walking. DEIMOS doesn't move. PHOBOS notices and stops.

PHOBOS

Deimos?

DEIMOS

I'm not going.

PHOBOS

Hey. I know it's scary. But we'll be fine. I'm here for you. Pollux would be here if/ he could

DEIMOS

Why isn't he?

PHOBOS

He can't leave the Temple unattended with Castor gone. You know that. Look, we can do a long projection after we board, and you'll feel -

DEIMOS

I'm not going. To New York. Or back to the Temple.

PHOBOS

What - what do you mean? Why?

DEIMOS

I'm -

PHOBOS

Everybody loves you, Deimos. We need you. Pollux -

DEIMOS

Pollux is the reason I want to leave. He's not *okay*. He hasn't been okay since Castor left her vessel - since she *died*.

PHOBOS

No one's been okay since she... left.

DEIMOS

But Pollux is supposed to teach us! He said Castor just - chose to leave early, right, to join the Directors at the Cosmic Temple 'cause it was her time. So she could get things ready for us. That it wasn't sad and that we'd see her soon. But it's *destroyed* him. He shouts at us, he doesn't let us talk to people - and now he's - he's buying *guns*?!

PHOBOS

In case we get *attacked*. Lots of groups just like ours get raided.

DEIMOS

When they're doing something *wrong*. Why would the cops care about us? What's Pollux planning?

PHOBOS

Deimos! We're *different*. That's enough of a reason to -

DEIMOS

Look at us! Castor's been dead for a year and we're only telling her daughter *now*, 'cause Pollux wants us to. He *chose* not to tell her and that's crazy. *He's* crazy. I don't - I don't trust him anymore. I can't follow someone I don't trust.

PHOBOS

He's the only one who hasn't hurt us.

DEIMOS

Yet. I've seen the looks in his eyes. When there's a shooting on TV. When he reads those books about climate change and human extinction and poisons and - misery. It's the same look my mom had.

PHOBOS

How can you say that?

DEIMOS

Because I've lived it. I see the writing on the wall and it's not good, Phobos.

PHOBOS

You can't compare Pollux to your mother.

DEIMOS

Why not? Mom stopped me from talking to my friends. So does Pollux. Mom told me how to dress and what to eat. So does Pollux. Mom -

PHOBOS

It's for our own good.

DEIMOS

Yeah, where else have I heard that?

PHOBOS

DEIMOS

PHOBOS

Alright. I'm sorry to see you go. I'll inform Pollux of your decision.

DEIMOS

Come with me.

PHOBOS

DEIMOS

Cameron -

PHOBOS

That's not my name.

DEIMOS

It's the name I fell in love with.

PHOBOS

DEIMOS

It's not *wrong*, Cam. Pollux - Pollux loved Castor, and they made something beautiful together. Emotions aren't bad. If Pollux let himself grieve, maybe he'd -

PHOBOS

Pollux loved Castor like a sister, because the Temple is family. Romantic love is a distraction, Deimos.

DEIMOS

That's not my name.

PHOBOS

It's the name you chose when you decided to be - better. To let go of being human.

DEIMOS

I can't help being human any more than you can. You still love me, too.

PHOBOS

My love for you is pure. Familial. I thought you felt the same way. I wouldn't have let Pollux send us on this mission otherwise.

DEIMOS snorts, but it's humourless.

The airport announcement chime sounds, and the following message is heard:

ANNOUNCER

This is an announcement for passengers on flight AA148. The plane is now ready to depart. Please head to gate 43.

Pause.

PHOBOS

Think of the Temple. The others. They love you just like I do. They've loved you for five years now. Don't you love them too?

DEIMOS

Of course I do. That's why I can't look back. I need a clean break or I'll stay forever.

DEIMOS produces two plane tickets in addition to the two they already have.

DEIMOS

This is our one chance. I've booked two seats to Baltimore. They won't know where to find us. We can go back to how things were -

PHOBOS

You want to go back to living in a basement with five roommates, stocking shelves at night, lining up outside/ the food bank?

DEIMOS

Go back to how we were. Together. You and me. Away from my family and yours and all the - the stuff they did to us. We can start fresh. Pollux taught you how to code, right? You can work with computers. That pays really good now. And I'm basically an accountant with all the bookkeeping for the Temple -

PHOBOS

Is that where you got the money for the tickets?

DEIMOS

PHOBOS

You stole from the Temple.

DEIMOS

I didn't *steal* from the Temple. I took a *fraction* of what I'm due. I've worked there for *free* for half a decade.

PHOBOS

You *worked* so the Temple can keep going. We all do. So we can live together and eat together and learn together. You're talking like - like Pollux is one of these - *cult* leaders who spends everyone's cash on cars and women. And he *isn't*.

DEIMOS

PHOBOS

I don't think you remember what the world's like. They hate us. They hate that we don't belong. That we want peace and better things. They hate everything that makes us *us*. Because we're different. We're from somewhere else, somewhere far away, and we can go back soon. Or don't you even believe that anymore?

DEIMOS

PHOBOS

We were so scared. We thought the Cosmic Temple would take one look at us and throw us out, too. Even our

(MORE)

PHOBOS (cont'd)

names - remember when Castor told us our names?
Remember how *right* they felt? Phobos and Deimos, the
Greek brothers fear, the two moons around Mars. Fear
orbiting war. That's how we'd always lived. But in the
Temple, they held us close and told us we were *home*.

DEIMOS

PHOBOS

Deimos -

DEIMOS

That's not my *fucking* name!

PHOBOS

DEIMOS

PHOBOS

Harper.

*DEIMOS cautiously approaches PHOBOS. They put
their arms around PHOBOS and hug them tight.*

DEIMOS

I love you.

PHOBOS

I love you, too.

*DEIMOS steps out of the hug and looks PHOBOS in
the eyes.*

*DEIMOS tries to kiss PHOBOS, but PHOBOS turns
their head.*

DEIMOS

Please.

PHOBOS

*DEIMOS agonises over what to do. PHOBOS doesn't
look at DEIMOS. PHOBOS is holding back tears.*

*DEIMOS drops the two tickets to New York, and
places one of the tickets to Baltimore on a chair.
They grab their luggage, and start to leave.*

PHOBOS starts to cry. Big, heaving sobs.

DEIMOS pauses to look back at PHOBOS.

DEIMOS exits.

*PHOBOS turns to see if DEIMOS is gone. They are.
PHOBOS cries more, desperately. They don't know
what to do.*

*The airport announcement chime sounds and the
following message is heard, fading along with the
lights:*

ANNOUNCER

This is the final call for passengers Cameron Johnson
and Harper Johnson on flight AA148. Final call...

End.