

START EPISODE EIGHT

A.

NARRATOR

Four years later Cyra still keeps the crushed bits of Irene's icon as a teaching aid for Constantine. The lesson always is that his Mother is kept locked up for her own good by his father, who is too merciful to execute her for her crimes.

Cyra is again teaching Constantine VI his lessons, but this time he is listening hard. He's now about ten or eleven years old.

CYRA

Look at its face!

HOW HUMAN, HOW SMALL

FAT LIPS AND GREEDY COLORS
EGG AND GLUE
GOUGED INTO WOOD.

Silence. They stare at the icon.
Trying to understand its appeal.

CYRA (CONT'D)

HOW HUMAN, HOW SMALL,
HOW OFFENSIVE.

TO THINK YOU CAN DRAW THE DIVINE.

HOW HUMAN, HOW SMALL,
HOW OFFENSIVE.

TO THINK YOU KNOW THE FACE OF GOD.

HOW HUMAN, HOW SMALL,
HOW OFFENSIVE *

CONSTANTINE VI
(in a very small voice)

* TO MAKE A CARTOON OF OUR LOVE.

CYRA

SHE HURT US, KEEPING IT IN THE DARK,
HIDDEN IN HER PILLOWS.

SHE HURT US *

CONSTANTINE VI
* NOTHING NOW IS THE SAME.

CYRA
WHO ELSE CAN UNDERSTAND LIKE YOU
THE DAMAGE THAT CHEAP ICONS DO?

CONSTANTINE VI
HOW HUMAN, HOW SMALL...

FALSE GODS...

I NEVER WANT TO SEE MY FATHER
CRY LIKE THAT AGAIN.

CYRA AND CONSTANTINE VI
HOW HUMAN, HOW SMALL,
HOW OFFENSIVE.

CYRA
SHE EFFECTIVELY WORSHIPPED A PERSIAN BA'AL!

Constantine VI almost shakes his
head.

CONSTANTINE VI
SHE CALLED IT HER LADY, HER MOTHER, HER MARY.

HER LADY, HER MOTHER, HER MARY...

CYRA
HER LADY? HER MOTHER? HER MARY?

HOW HUMAN, HOW SMALL, HOW OFFENSIVE
TO WORSHIP FALSE GODS.

Cyra STOMPS.

LOOK AT IT! FAT LIPS AND GREEDY COLORS,
EGG AND GLUE

GOUGED INTO WOOD! HOW HUMAN, HOW SMALL,
HOW OFFENSIVE TO WORSHIP FALSE GODS,

YOUR FATHER COULD NOW CHOOSE ME,
BUT I WOULD REFUSE.

ONE ICON
SEEDS ANOTHER *

CYRA AND CONSTANTINE VI
* AND
IN SILENCE

CYRA

THE WORLD
SLIPS BACK
TO IDOLATRY.

I will raise you
with my brothers,

To finish what we've started.

every "doll"
like your mother,
every offense
will be crushed.

Constantine VI's face goes flat
and he holds himself completely
still.

CYRA (CONT'D)

Don't look like that. Don't be a sullen boy.
You've done well.

B.

CUT TO STAURAKIOS

THE SOUND OF WALKING ON A TILED
FLOOR

Staurakios appears trying to walk
inconspicuously.

NARRATOR

Staurakios doesn't look so good. He doesn't
sleep anymore. The iconoclasts scare him with
what they whisper in the dark.

CLAST 1
(whispering)

Hyacinth.

CLASTS
(whispering)

Hyacinth.

STAURAKIOS

None of this is of my doing. I didn't think
he'd keep her in the palace, I've told him it
would be kinder to exile her to a nunnery/

CLASTS

/What's this eunuch's name? Why is he still in
the palace?

STRAURAKIOS

My name belongs quietly with me.

ALL

(menacingly)

Ónoma soi tí estín?

Staurakios shakes his head. I'm not telling you my name.

CLASTS B

His name is Staurakios,
watch out for him!
He's an iconophile,
he's their secret leader!

Staurakios snorts.

CUT TO LEO

A COUGH tells him where Leo is sitting in the shadows.

STRAURAKIOS

Do you hear what they're saying?... Why do you let them say these things? You're letting them get out of control!

LEO

They're going to make me a new crown. Made with church jewels.

Staurakios sighs.

STRAURAKIOS

That will annoy the church fathers, who will see it as theft of their/

LEO

/The church fathers were blind to icons! They let my father be/

Leo COUGHS.

PHILES

That cough never goes away.

Leo tries to catch his breath

CLASTS

He breathed in icon dust.

STRAURAKIOS

It's a winter cough mixed with heartbreak. Nothing more.

COURT

No, he's had it for YEARS and now it's getting WORSE.

Both YEARS and WORSE trail into a HISS.

Leo finally can speak again.

LEO

They let my father be poisoned while they prayed for "their" monasteries to be spared from his war.

COUGH. COUGH.

You know, my father had three wives. Two more after my mother.

STAUAKIOS

And what does that mean? Forget about crowns. Your brothers and the Argyros are feeding off your pain. Either you renounce her now completely or you take her back as your wife.

LEO

How can I? When will I even know if my son is fully saved? He swears he loves me, but how do I know? He could be lying. In his head, who knows? He could still be an iconophile.

STAUAKIOS

Does it matter? People are even calling *me* an iconophile.

LEO

Are you?

STAUAKIOS

What? You know I'm not! My dear Mother prayed with one, but I haven't seen her in twenty years. I do not lean to either side of this. I dislike the iconoclasts because they are hurting our people.

LEO

If you've made them think you're an iconophile, you should stand up publicly and correct yourself.

STAUAKIOS

If *my* apology is all that matters, you should have asked for it four years ago. She has been locked away for four years. Four years! Where is my value to you if I don't tell you exactly what the situation requires?

LEO

You have *so much* to say and such a small mouth.
I hate how you're still wheedling for her. I
should put my foot on your head and crush it
too.

Throughout the palace the Clasts
begin to sing.

NOW, NOW. NOW WE DIVIDE (FULL)

CLASTS

NOW. NOW.
NOW WE DIVIDE.

CLASTS AND PHILES

NOW
WE BECOME ONLY

CLASTS

ICONOCLASTS

PHILES

AND ICONOPHILES.

CLASTS

WE WILL HUNT YOU
FOR YOUR
ICONS.

TURNING
HIM
INTO HER.

WE WILL HUNT YOU
FOR YOUR
IDOLS.

YOUR STATUES
AND
YOUR DOLLS.

ALL

EVERYWHERE
AGAIN

[THE ICONS]

PHILES

[THE ICONS]

CLASTS

DISAPPEAR.

PHILES 1
SINS TO BE HIDDEN
IN THE ATTIC.

PHILES 2
FACES
TO BE SMASHED
BY THE MOB.

PHILES 1
THE HERMIT
IN HIS CAVE *

PHILES 2
* CRYING WITH FEAR

PHILES 1
SCOURS AWAY
BLEEDING APOSTLES *

PHILES 2.
* FROM HIS
WALLS.

PHILES 1.
THE PAINTER
BACK IN GREECE
WASHES AWAY
HIS DYES *

PHILES 2
(repeated?)
* CRYING WITH FEAR *

PHILES 1
* THERE ARE STAINS
ON HIS HANDS.

PHILES
WE ARE CRYING
WITH FEAR.

WE ARE CRYING
WITH FEAR.

AT THE COLORS
WE SHOW.

ALL
NOW, NOW,
THE EMPIRE DIVIDES.

PHILES AND CLASTS
NOW WE DIVIDE.
WAITING.

PHILES

[WAITING]

CLASTS

[THE DESTROYERS]
REACH FOR THEIR IRON.

PHILES

(whispering, repeated)

IN THE PALACE
IN THE DARK,
THE IMAGE LOVERS
WAIT FOR
THEIR CHANCE.

END AUDIO EPISODE EIGHT