

HADES GOES TO THERAPY

Pilot

Written by

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HADES

Yesterday, I found out my wife has been cheating on me with some, Adonis. Well. Technically, I cheated on her first, but Mynthe was a misunderstanding.

Dr. Goldblum writes on his clipboard: COMMITMENT ISSUES.

HADES (CONT'D)

What are you writing?

DR. GOLDBLUM

Nothing, just some diagnostic notes.

HADES

(eye roll)

Probably something about my mother.

DR. GOLDBLUM

How would you describe your relationship with your parents?

Somehow his legs are crossed even more dramatically than before.

HADES

Terrible. They were always fighting! With each other, with the other Titans. My father was abusive. He would EAT us, one after the other -

DR. GOLDBLUM

I'm sorry, did you mean, he BEAT you?

He ignores the question.

HADES

My mother kind of checked out. Me and my siblings basically raised each other, until my youngest brother broke us out of there.

Dr. Goldblum writes on his clipboard: ABUSE/ABANDONMENT TRAUMA.

DR. GOLDBLUM

That sounds hard. How do you deal with that sort of thing in your day to day life?

HADES

I don't like to think about it too much. Basically my every day is: wake up, shower, hot yoga, go to work, count corpses and slam coffee for 12 hours, go home, sleep, repeat. I think I might be depressed. I did buy some sunlamps though, you don't get much light in Tartarus.

The therapist writes: BURN OUT.

DR. GOLDBLUM

So you work as a mortician?

HADES

No, I'm Lord of the Dead. I'm probably 1,000 souls behind by now just talking to you. Usually I don't even have time to eat. Not that Gods need to.

He checks his watch. TICK TICK TICK. He teleports an APPLE from the FRUIT BOWL behind the doctor in a puff of black smoke. Dr. Goldblum does a double take. Hades tries to take a bite, but it's a fake apple. He spits.

HADES

What is the point of decorative fruit? I haven't had a real apple in 25 years! The only fruit that grows in the Underworld is fucking pomegranates. I'm so sick of pomegranates. Pomegranate juice, pomegranate jam, pomegranate fruit leather! Anything but pomegranates.

He tosses it over his shoulder. Dr. Goldblum writes: DISORDERED EATING.

DR. GOLDBLUM

That's some impressive sleight of hand, where did you learn to do magic tricks?

HADES

It's just something I've always known. Every God is born with a power and a purpose. Whether they like it or not. My purpose is to serve the dead in their eternal afterlife.

Pomegranate?

Hades offers the POMEGRANATE in consolation. Dr. Goldblum's mouth hangs open for a beat.

CUT TO:

3 **INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY**

The doctor sticks his head out the door.

DR. GOLDBLUM
Hey Carol? Can you clear my
schedule for the rest of the day?
Thanks, appreciate it.

The door closes.

CUT TO:

4 **INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

Dr. Goldblum lies on the couch. He holds the pomegranate like a stress ball. Hades sits in the armchair with his legs crossed. He peruses a book titled DEATH.

DR. GOLDBLUM
I don't know, I guess I just
thought I had more time with her.
Ya know? And now she's gone. I'd
always assumed that when you die
there was just nothing. You just
fall asleep and don't wake up. Now,
there's this whole other world!
It's hard to process.

Hades checks his watch, TICK TICK TICK. He closes the book.

HADES
Well, our time is almost up, so let
me leave you with this. Dr. Pinkman
has been grappling with these types
of things since we started our
sessions, so at least you have a
support network.

He stands to leave, poofs back into his normie outfit.

HADES (CONT'D)
Same time next week?

DR. GOLDBLUM
Sure but -

CUT TO:

5 INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Hades exits, leaving the door half open. The doctor sits up, reaching out.

DR. GOLDBLUM
Wait, I have so many questions!

Hades speaks to Carol in hushed tones.

HADES
He's gonna need a minute.

Carol nods, wincing sympathetically. We see her elongated nymph ears. Dr. Goldblum sees her ears, points.

DR GOLDBLUM
Hey Carol. How long have you had -
those?

She shrugs, apologetic.

He takes off his shirt and flings his glasses in a mental breakdown. He shouts incoherently at the ceiling.

CUT TO BLACK.