

"Digging Two Graves"

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EXT. UNITED NATIONS BUFFER ZONE, DERYNEIA, CYPRUS-DAY

SOLDIERS wearing blue helmets labeled: U.N. guard a barrier dividing Greek Cypriot and The Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus boundaries. PROTESTERS draped in Greek and Cypriot flags hurl rocks across the border.

GREEK CYPRIOT PROTESTER

Revenge.

SEVERAL MORE PROTESTERS waving Greek and Cypriot flags surge forward and chuck figs across the buffer zone, which hit and splatter the clothing of TURKISH PROTESTERS.

GREEK CYPRIOT PROTESTER (CONT'D)

Only as cruel as a Turk.

FOUR MEN carrying large Turkish and The Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus banners creep towards the buffer zone's opposite divide. One of the Turkish Men splits free of his countrymen.

TURKISH MAN

Greek bastards.

The Greek Cypriots hurtle bottles at the Turkish Man. A WOMAN with elbow-length, black hair observes the commotion. ANOTHER WOMAN with shoulder-length, dark-brown hair sneaks up behind and taps the black-haired woman's shoulder.

GREEK CYPRIOT PROTESTER

We mourn the murdered. Not the murderers.

The black-haired woman wears a red tee shirt emblazoned: SOCRATES'S in white, cursive lettering and with a name tag reading: DOXIA. DOXIA, 28, frolics back.

DOXIA

Damn Vicky.

VICKY, 30, and Doxia inch towards the Protesters. Vicky slides a water bottle out of a backpack's side pocket and points at the fracas.

DOXIA (CONT'D)

Oh. Some Turk war criminal got it.

The Greek Cypriot and Turkish Protesters slink towards the buffer zone. The United Nations Forces separate into two groups and thrust the advancing objectors back.

VICKY

Attila Rasheed.

DOXIA

Excuse me?

VICKY

That was his name.

DOXIA

News said the Turks hadn't released his identity yet. How'd you know?

Vicky uncaps the bottle and sips.

VICKY

Someone from my new job.

DOXIA

This's bad. Papa says it's the worst he's seen since...

Vicky stomps toward and draws her face to within inches of Doxia's.

VICKY

Don't mention that day.

DOXIA

Won't...Relax.

Doxia raises her hands and tiptoes backward.

DOXIA (CONT'D)

Anyway, Papa wants to know if you'd like Litsa's Saturday night shift? Good for at least two hundy in tips.

VICKY

Not sure. See how things go with the other job.

DOXIA

Why don't you ever talk about it. Who're you working for?

Vicky stampedes toward the demonstration and swipes a megaphone from a Greek Cypriot Man's hand.

VICKY

They had their Attila, now we got ours.

The Greek Cypriot Protesters applaud. The Turk opponents lift and extend their middle fingers.

Vicky boomerangs the obscene gesture, hands the megaphone back and scampers off. Doxia chases Vicky.

DOXIA

Wait.

Across the street, A DARK-HAIRED WOMAN donning a black shirt emblazoned with the symbol of a sword penetrating a crescent leans against a van's bumper and studies Vicky through a pair of binoculars. Doxia tracks Vicky down.

VICKY

Hurry up.

DOXIA

Got time for some Joe?

VICKY

Fifteen minutes.

The Woman eyeing Vicky hops into the van's driver's seat and tails Vicky at a deliberate speed.

INT. CAFE-DAY

Vicky affixes lids to two paper cups and presents money to A MALE CASHIER.

VICKY

Couple large coffees with milk and sugar.

The Cashier tenders Vicky's change. Doxia settles into a seat at a table near the entrance. Vicky shuffles toward Doxia.

DOXIA

Not gonna stop trying to convince you.

Vicky sets the cups down and slides into a chair.

VICKY

And I'm not gonna stop trying to convince you.

DOXIA

I understand what happened to you and your family, but...

Vicky casts her chair back and strikes the tabletop.

VICKY

Like fucking hell you do.

DOXIA

That's not fair. Know damn well
some of my relatives are considered
among the missing.

VICKY

I get your pain was bad, but ours
was and still's worse.

Vicky storms toward the exit.

DOXIA

We have to be alive to triumph.

VICKY

Maybe. But they don't.

Vicky propels a door open and huffs outside.

EXT. STREET-DAY

Vicky strolls down a sidewalk. A van tails Vicky. Vicky hastens her pace. The van cuts Vicky off inside an alleyway before its rear door bursts open. THREE WOMEN wearing black shirts bearing the sword and crescent sign leap out.

VICKY

S? P? D?

The Dark-Haired Woman previously seen watching Vicky pokes her head out of the driver-side window.

WOMAN

Take her.

The Women hesitate.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Now.

VICKY

Athena? What...

ATHENA

Now I said.

ATHENA, 40, places her head back inside. The Women accost and attempt to drag Vicky into the van. Vicky fends off the Women. The Women recapture and toss Vicky inside. The van speeds away.

INT. BUNKER-DAY

Athena yanks a sock from Vicky's mouth. The Women hurl Vicky onto the floor of an unlit room.

ATHENA
Surprise. It's induction day.

VICKY
A? Please tell...

Athena's cohorts exit.

ATHENA
Shush.

Athena brandishes a key and liberates Vicky. Vicky bolts for the door. Athena reintroduces Vicky to the deck.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Don't. Boss Lady's on her way.

Athena guards the door. A TALL, SLENDER, MUSCULAR, BLONDE-HAIRED WOMAN enters, flicks a light switch and wheels in a stand housing a television with a built-in DVD player. Athena and Vicky kneel.

VICKY
Boss Lady.

ATHENA
Boss Lady.

The door's name plate reads: SOPHIA MALOU. A large photo of the Greek Goddess Electra hangs on the back wall. Positioned under the photo is a framed etching of the sword and crescent image.

SOPHIA
At ease.

Athena and Vicky jack back up. SOPHIA, 47, gestures at Athena.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Excuse us.

Athena bows and marches out.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Be seated.

Vicky retreats into a folding chair. Sophia changes a desk calendar's date from: July 19 to July 20, 2015.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
 Been my best student and you've
 almost graduated.

VICKY
 Almost?

Sophia plods behind a desk, wrests a drawer open and
 brandishes a whiskey bottle.

SOPHIA
 Take only one nip now.

Sophia loads two shot glasses.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
 You'll need the rest for
 afterwards.

VICKY
 Afterwards?

Sophia throws back the booze, shuffles to the door, sticks
 her head out and snaps her fingers. Athena heads a procession
 of SIX WOMEN, all of whom wear black shirts decorated with
 the sword and crescent emblem. Vicky makes two fists.

VICKY (CONT'D)
 Another combat drill?

SOPHIA
 Quiet.

Athena stations herself before Vicky. Two of the Women guard
 the door. Two others position themselves behind Vicky. Those
 remaining flank Vicky's right and left.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
 Time to face it.

VICKY
 It?

Sophia holds up a small envelope.

SOPHIA
 You're will's strong, but must be
 impregnable.

Sophia flicks the television on, slides a disc out of the
 envelope, inserts the item into the DVD player and snares a
 remote.

VICKY
I've aced all the psychological
tests.

SOPHIA
Not this one hon.

The Women occupying the door close in on Vicky. A caption
reading: FILE FOOTAGE, BBC REPORT: AUGUST 14, 1996 scrolls
across the screen's bottom.

VICKY
No. No. Please. Please.

Vicky cavorts to her feet and lunges forward. Athena seizes,
restrains and clutches Vicky.

SOPHIA
Look up.

Vicky fixates on the floor. Two Women commandeer Vicky's
arms. Another wrenches Vicky's head back.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Now.

VICKY
I can't.

SOPHIA
You must...And will.

TELEVISION REPORTER
The following is shocking footage
captured today inside a buffer zone
separating Cyprus and Turkish
Northern Cyprus.

Vicky trembles.

TELEVISION REPORTER (CONT'D)
Greek Cypriots enraged over the
murder of a compatriot by a Turkish
mob a few days ago protested again
with tragic results.

SOPHIA
Eyes on that fucking television.

Vicky thrusts her head left and right. Sophia pauses the
recording.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Ladies.

Athena clenches Vicky's head. The remaining Women lift Vicky's extremities above ground. Sophia unfreezes the recording.

TELEVISION REPORTER

Greek Cypriot Soterios Antropolis eludes peacekeepers, storms onto Turkish soil and ascends a flagpole. Before he can reach the top, is shot several times.

On the recording, Soterios topples to earth. Several United Nations troops collect and rush Soterios's limp body into Greek Cypriot territory.

VICKY

Fucking Turkish pigs.

Vicky vomits. Sophia tromps toward Vicky.

SOPHIA

Again. I ask you: Victoria Nikitas Antropolis: why do you want to be an Electralista?

VICKY

Bastards murdered my brother. Oh Soterios. Soterios.

SOPHIA

That's right.

Sophia whistles. Athena and the ELECTRALISTAS release Vicky. Vicky flails across the floor. Sophia gathers a syringe off a filing cabinet's top.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Recite the Electralista credo please.

VICKY

Humiliate, torture and kill the perpetrators of Attila and beyond, who've violated our nation, faith, heritage and families.

Sophia surrenders to the ground and plunges a needle into Vicky's arm. Vicky blacks out. Sophia cradles and runs her fingers through Vicky's hair.

SOPHIA

Now, you're impregnable.

EXT. DECK OF YACHT-DAY

Vicky sleeps atop a lounge chair. Sophia shakes and awakens Vicky. A BUTLER approaches Sophia carrying a stack of folders under his arm and a tray containing two drinks in his hand.

VICKY
Feel woozy. Hell are we?

Vicky staggers up and wobbles several steps. Sophia assists Vicky into a high-back chair. The Butler places the tray and folders atop a small table.

SOPHIA
Deck of the Ted Malou.

The Butler stations himself by Sophia's side. Sophia grabs both drinks and hands Vicky one. Vicky swills and places the glass on the table.

VICKY
How long I been napping?

SOPHIA
About two hours.

VICKY
Well, did I pass?

SOPHIA
Only serve Electralistas Blue
Label...And only on this little
boat hon.

Sophia snares a folder off the stack's top.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Ready for your first assignment?

VICKY
Which of my favorite Turks gets
baked first?

SOPHIA
Not who you'd like to see roast
most unfortunately.

VICKY
So its Turgolu I gather?

Vicky digs her fingernails into a palm with enough strength to draw blood.

SOPHIA

Think of him as a hearty snack in anticipation of a banquet.

VICKY

When you're starving, anything tastes good. So? Where's the restaurant?

SOPHIA

Miami. All the rapes and murders won him seclusion inside a cushy little house in America's Cyprus.

Sophia flicks a folder labeled: "OREKTIKA" (appetizer in Greek) in red ink to Vicky.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

A little airplane reading. You leave tonight. Got two days. First's for recon. On the second, decrease Florida's population by one.

VICKY

How do I handle Protaras?

Sophia motions forward.

SOPHIA

Stick out your hand and close your eyes.

Vicky follows Sophia's command. Sophia plants a business card in Vicky's hand. The card contains the information: VICTORIA ANTROPOLIS, ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT, SOMAL'S EXTERMINATION: "ELIMINATING VERMIN IN CYPRUS AND BEYOND."

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I'll have more printed after you get back.

VICKY

Interesting concept.

SOPHIA

Not terribly catchy, but accurate.

INT. BEDROOM OF ANTROPOLIS FAMILY HOME-DAY

Vicky loads the contents of a bureau's top drawer into a suitcase. A door opens and slams shut.

Vicky inches open the dresser's middle drawer, removes a small photo album and a Greek Orthodox Cross.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Hello?

VICKY

Shit.

Vicky packs the cross into the valise's side pocket, thumbs through and stows the album in the suitcase's main compartment.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Uh. Anyone but Irene. Damn it.

IRENE, 36, tall and slim with brown hair, romps down the hall. Vicky attempts to mouse out of sight. Irene struts in, brandishes a phone and places her mouth to the receiver.

IRENE

Hello Police, I'd like to report a break in. There's a strange woman in my parents house.

Irene pockets her phone.

VICKY

Two seconds's a new record. Usually takes at least five before your sarcasm goes on display.

Vicky zips and locks the suitcase.

IRENE

Vacation?

VICKY

Business.

Irene bounds atop a bed and lies sideways.

IRENE

After working only a month? Where to?

VICKY

The States.

Vicky grips the case, sidles into a hallway and trudges toward the front door. Irene tails Vicky.

IRENE

Must be some job.

Vicky thumps the valise down.

VICKY
That's exactly right. It's just
some job.

Vicky kicks the front door forward.

IRENE
Um...Discussion's not over.

VICKY
Um...Yes it is.

Vicky drags the parcel outside.

EXT. SIDE STREET OUTSIDE ANTROPOLIS HOME-DAY

Vicky deposits luggage inside a taxi's trunk. Irene lurks behind Vicky.

IRENE
We're not finished.

Vicky endeavors to squirm around Irene. Irene shoves Vicky back.

VICKY
I am.

Vicky snares and squeezes Irene's hand.

VICKY (CONT'D)
The important questions is, do you
want to be in the literal sense?

Irene surrenders to her knees.

IRENE
Ouch. Ouch. Ouch. Okay.

Vicky relinquishes her grip.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Working out now?

VICKY
Among other strength and
conditioning endeavors...Now here.

Vicky jams her hand into a pants pocket, accesses and slaps a business card into Irene's palm. Irene glances down.

IRENE
 Never heard of an international
 extermination corporation.

VICKY
 Congrats. You learned Radio
 Cyprus's fun fact of the day.

Vicky strides toward the cab. Irene leaps before Vicky.

IRENE
 Even our nieces and nephews are
 asking questions and I'm running
 low on fibs.

Vicky unlatches the cab's rear, passenger-side door.

VICKY
 When I get back. Okay?

Vicky wiggles into the taxi's backseat. Irene pokes her head
 through the rear, passenger-side window.

IRENE
 When'll that be?

VICKY
 Four days.

Irene sets a timer on a digital watch for ninety-six hours
 and initiates a countdown.

IRENE
 Ninety-five hours, fifty-nine
 minutes and forty-seven seconds.
 Then, I expect full
 confession...Enough to bring Father
 Konstantine to tears.

EXT. ISOLATED MIAMI CUL-DE-SAC-DAY

Vicky emerges from a car wearing a Miami Dolphins baseball
 cap. Vicky's phone vibrates. The phone's screen relays a text
 from Sophia instructing Vicky: "Check voice mail."

SOPHIA (V.O.)
 Sent ya all the tools. When
 finalizing ruse, think Jewish girl
 from New York. Wishing you mission
 success.

Vicky pops the trunk and opens a box. Inside is a clipboard, paper, pen, photo of Vicky contained inside an ID for "Wendy Silverfarb" of the "S.F.R.A." and several cylindrical, metal objects. Vicky uses the metal pieces to construct a gun.

VICKY

O Angel of Christ, holy guardian
and protector of my soul and body,
forgive me of everything I have
done to offend you everyday...
Especially from today on.

Vicky tucks the weapon inside her pants and plods down the pavement until arriving at mailbox number 210. Vicky writes: "one floor, one car, no garage." and prowls to the front steps.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Lord of the Power be with me, for
in times of distress, we have no
other help but You. Lord of the
Power, have mercy on me.

Vicky knocks on the door, corrals and kisses a necklace housing a Greek Orthodox icon. Footsteps clump to the door. The partition inches back. AN OLD MAN broods before Vicky.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Mohammed Turgolu?

TURGOLU

Yeah?

Vicky removes and hoists the ID. Turgolu studies the identification.

VICKY

I'm from the South Florida Realtors
Association and am conducting a
survey of residents new to the
area.

Vicky peeks inside and glances at two unfurnished rooms. An alarm's keypad is mounted on the wall closest to the entrance.

TURGOLU

Fuck do you know I'm new to the
area?

TURGOLU, 79, inches the door forward. Vicky scribbles: "House not furnished. Probably lives alone. Simple alarm system. Can trip from inside." Vicky's legs quake.

VICKY

Our agency has detailed records.

Turgolu notices Vicky's leg tremors.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Anyway, would you take a couple minutes to answer a few...

TURGOLU

No. Get out.

VICKY

Fine Sir. Have a pleasant day.

Turgolu propels the door shut. Vicky bolts back to her car and vomits.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Oh God. Oh God.

Vicky rummages through her pocket and snares a picture of A DARK-HAIRED MAN.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Need ya to petition the Good Lord to throw down whatever he can right now buddy.

INT. HOTEL BAR-NIGHT

Perched atop a bar stool, Vicky buries the last sips of a drink. A MALE BARTENDER points at Vicky's glass. Vicky nods. Several televisions air a baseball game.

BROADCASTER

The Marlins rookie pitcher got shelled in his first Major League outing, but will live to fight another day.

The Bartender hands Vicky a refill. Vicky guzzles the grog, relocates to a table in an unoccupied section, snares her cell and quivers down a contacts list until tapping Boss Lady.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF SOPHIA'S MANSION-SAME TIME

Atop a sofa, A MUSCULAR MAN massages Sophia's bare feet. A mobile phone atop a table near the couch vibrates. Sophia extends an arm and snares the phone. The screen reads: NEW GIRL.

SOPHIA
What's wrong hon?

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

VICKY
He knows.

Vicky snares an open pack of cigarettes, nabs and ignites the butt using a lighter.

SOPHIA
Oh hon.

Sophia snaps her fingers and points. The Man gaits toward a screen door and steps onto a patio. Sophia shuffles to a full bar and prepares a drink.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
You're not programmed to fail.
Remember...

VICKY
Asking for lady, not boss right
now.

Sophia kills the beverage and ambles toward a wall covered by a large portrait of A BALD MAN with a white mustache and glasses.

SOPHIA
Never told you how I became Charlie
to all your Angels.

Vicky spills a glass of water, snatches a napkin and dries the table.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Papa died many years back, but the
death certificate was a bit
inaccurate.

VICKY
Article in the paper said it was a
heart attack.

Sophia runs a hand across the portrait.

SOPHIA
More like an attack of a broken
heart. Right after the invasion, my
grandfather and four uncles were
murdered. Was six then and don't
remember much.

VICKY

Shit.

SOPHIA

What I couldn't forget's how much it killed him...A little more every day until...

A pause ensues. Vicky knocks her purse over.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

He scattered his brains across several walls in his library. A few months later, Mama, my sisters and I found a note. Can still recite the words...Verbatim.

Another lengthy respite follows.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Still there?

VICKY

Y..Yeah. I...I can't offer any suitable response.

SOPHIA

Yes you can. Papa and my relatives couldn't savor Heaven until I set our precedent. Tomorrow night, give Soterios the chance to experience that joy.

Vicky reclaims and snatches a photo from her purse. The picture commemorates Vicky and a group of people posing before The Empire State Building captioned: "Family Trip to NYC, Summer 1995."

VICKY

Won't disappoint you.

Vicky kisses the photo.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Or them.

EXT. TURGOLU'S PROPERTY-DAY

Wearing a black shirt bearing the sword and crescent insignia, Vicky raps on the front door. Turgolu answers. Vicky bows her head.

VICKY

Good morning. I'm with the South
Fla...

TURGOLU

Told you I'm not interested in your
damn survey.

Turgolu forces the door forward. Vicky kicks the partition
in. Turgolu is driven into reverse and tumbles onto his
backside. Vicky darts inside.

INT. TURGOLU'S HOME-DAY

Vicky brandishes and slides her hands into a pair of gloves;
locks the door and disables the alarm system. Turgolu blitzes
Vicky. Vicky cascades to the ground.

TURGOLU

One of them fucking bangers looking
for dope money?

Turgolu casts a closet open and snares a box. Vicky leaps up
and slaps the box from Turgolu's hands. A pistol flies out of
the box and lands a few feet from Turgolu. Turgolu lunges for
the weapon. Vicky kicks the piece out of Turgolu's reach.

VICKY

There went my only handicap.

Vicky batters Turgolu's groin. Turgolu stumbles. Vicky bashes
Turgolu's face with several jabs. A bloodied Turgolu drops
down, face first.

VICKY (CONT'D)

I'm a ghost from crimes past.

Vicky pummels Turgolu's head with a pistol and whacks his
face with several roundhouse kicks. Turgolu collapses. Vicky
hovers over Turgolu.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Remember? About twenty years ago?
Target practice by the barricade?

TURGOLU

Oh shit.

VICKY

Couldn't be more correct there Mo.

Vicky seizes Turgolu's wrist and drags him across the floor.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Where's your stereo?

TURGOLU
Den. Why?

VICKY
So you can hear your specially
chosen death march.

Vicky slips a hand into her jeans, accesses U2's album: "War" in compact disc form and hurtles Turgolu into the den. Turgolu motions into prayer position.

TURGOLU
Please. I...

VICKY
Conserve that energy for fighting
the horrible pain you're about to
endure.

Vicky fumbles with and drops the disc.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Fucking gloves.

Vicky regains possession of the disc, opens a curio cabinet, switches the stereo on, places the disc into the player, skips to track two, presses pause and descends beside Turgolu.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Take a better resume to Jannah's
gate and disclose where your
trigger buddy is.

Turgolu shakes his head. Vicky fires a silent shot into Turgolu's leg and jams the gun into his mouth. Turgolu spouts blood and expels several teeth.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Up to you Mo. Gonna fire the
recently widowed Mrs. Slug now or
later. The Christian in me begs you
choose the former.

Vicky corrals Turgolu's arm.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Again, I ask: where the fuck's
Abdullah Cenk?

TURGOLU

Haven't seen or spoken to him in
fifteen years.

Vicky rushes into the kitchen, ransacks several drawers,
yanks a knife out, rumbles back into the den and hoists the
knife skyward.

VICKY

Think I'll pretend your finger tips
are tough pieces of steak and slice
by pressing harder and harder...

TURGOLU

Okay. He's still up north.

VICKY

Thank you.

Vicky hits the stereo's play button. The first several notes
of the song: "Seconds" project.

VICKY (CONT'D)

It takes a second to say goodbye,
say goodbye oh oh oh. It takes a
second to say goodbye, say goodbye
oh oh oh.

Vicky hits pause again and edges the gun to within inches of
Turgolu's chest.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Say bye bye.

TURGOLU

No.

Vicky blasts a silent shot through Turgolu's heart. Turgolu
slumps over. Vicky slides out a photo of herself posing next
the Dark-Haired Man seen in a previous photo.

VICKY

First cup of manna's on me buddy.

INT. HIGH RISE OFFICE-DAY

Vicky occupies a sofa. Sophia enters holding an envelope.
Vicky rises and kneels.

SOPHIA

As you were.

Vicky retakes her seat. Sophia presents Vicky the envelope.

VICKY

This is?

SOPHIA

Duh. You're first payment.

Vicky slashes the envelope open and glimpses at a check for two hundred thousand Euros.

VICKY

Damn. Sometimes that's more than my family's business profits in a year.

SOPHIA

Also covered the down payment on that condo you always yapped about.

VICKY

Thanks...I'll repay you as soon as the check...

SOPHIA

Consider it a bonus...Successful missions are mine.

Vicky pockets the check. Sophia wiggles into a seat behind the desk.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

All right. Gave ya the rack of lamb with roasted potatoes. Now for the three-day-old gyro and soggy tzatziki.

VICKY

Meaning?

SOPHIA

Haven't found him yet.

Vicky makes a fist, punches and places a hole in the wall.

VICKY

Fuck. How's that possible? North's too small to hide such a big ass.

SOPHIA

Wanted men don't have mailing addresses hon.

Vicky tears a plastic cup apart and launches the pieces skyward.

Sophia sashays to a dart board possessing the image of The Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus's flag as its bull's eye and collects several projectiles.

VICKY
Get that, but...

SOPHIA
The most intelligent of our intelligence are on it.

Sophia hands Vicky a handful of darts. Vicky fires a mini-missile and hits the board's top. Sophia's heave lands close to the target's center.

VICKY
Better be. Kiss was great, but I crave an orgasm.

Vicky projects and strikes the bull's eye.

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Vicky sets paper plates and plastic silverware on a dining room table alongside several containers of Chinese food. A doorbell chimes. The wall clock reads nineteen-fifteen.

VICKY
Shit. Must they always be early?

Vicky slogs into the foyer and genuflects before an icon depicting the Virgin Mary clutching a baby Jesus.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Grant me lots of patience...
Especially with Irene.

Vicky unhinges a lock and edges the front door back. TWO MEN WITH SHORT, BLACK HAIR; A SHORT WOMAN WITH GREY HAIR; A HEAVYSET, BALDING MAN and Irene enter.

VICKY (CONT'D)
This's it.

IRENE
What's cooking?

VICKY
China Moon.

Irene faces the Short Woman.

IRENE

Believe that Mama? Can't even
prepare a real dinner at her own
housewarming party.

Vicky stomps into the kitchen.

MAMA

No spats tonight...Please.

The Men mill around an unfurnished den filled with sealed
crates. MAMA, 67, plods toward a photo of the Dark-Haired Man
seen in previous photos wearing a suit and captioned:
Soterios Antropolis: "Class of '88."

MAMA (CONT'D)

Vick.

Vicky rushes toward and grips Mama's hand. Mama, Vicky and
Irene gaze at Soterios's photo, embrace and weep.

MAMA (CONT'D)

One of my favorites also.

VICKY

Food's getting cold.

Vicky, Mama and Irene amble into the dining room. Vicky
snares a vibrating cell phone off a table. The caller is
identified as: BOSS LADY. Vicky sneaks into the kitchen.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Yep.

SOPHIA (O.C.)

Need you down here yesterday.

Irene snoops at the kitchen floor's edge.

IRENE

Who're you talking to?

VICKY

My boss.

IRENE

About what?

VICKY

Can I call ya back?

Vicky ends the call, jams the phone into her pocket,
confronts and shoves Irene.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Want a demonstration of the face-breaking techniques I learned in kick boxing class this morning?

Irene volleys Vicky's push. Mama charges in between Vicky and Irene. Vicky nudges Mama leftward. Vicky and Irene face off nose to nose. Mama turns toward the Heavysset Man.

MAMA

Nick?

NICK, 70, scoops up and lugs Irene into the living room. Vicky tromps to the living room's center.

VICKY

Excuse me please. With everyone's permission, I'll phone my boss back now.

Mama, Nick and The Men congregate around the table, grab plates and serve themselves. Vicky stamps toward Irene.

VICKY (CONT'D)

In private.

Vicky scoots into her bedroom, tosses the phone on a bed, lights a cigarette and plops down atop the bed's edge.

MAMA (O.C.)

When'd you become such a damn agitator?

IRENE (O.C.)

How can a newly hired administrative assistant and bartender afford a beach condo?

MAMA (O.C.)

Vick? You smoking again?

Vicky pounces up and extinguishes the cig in an ash tray.

VICKY

Ah...No.

The phone vibrates. Vicky hits the speaker icon.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

SOPHIA (O.C.)

Everything okay?

VICKY

Tonight's open house with the coterie. Really don't want to promise a rain check. Can whatever wait til morning?

SOPHIA (O.C.)

Wish it could. Got important news.

Vicky takes the phone off speaker.

VICKY

Regarding?

SOPHIA (O.C.)

Your next job. The bunker...Twenty-one hundred.

Vicky snares her purse and hurries into the dining room.

VICKY

Sorry. Have to head to work for a bit.

IRENE

God. This time of night. What could she possibly be doing now?

Vicky corrals, glides back and smashes a chair against the dining room table. Irene whispers in Mama's ear. Vicky huffs into the kitchen, snatches a bar of soap, storms toward and plonks the soap in Mama's hand.

VICKY

Not too late to wash her mouth out.

INT. BUNKER OFFICE-NIGHT

Behind a desk, Sophia reviews several documents. Vicky paces.

VICKY

Evening call-ins don't quell their curiosity.

SOPHIA

Sorry, but this news's worth any inconvenience.

VICKY

Not to mention I gave up the best Hunan Shrimp in the Famagusta District.

Sophia strikes a hand against the desk's side.

SOPHIA

Enough.

Vicky retreats into a chair.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Mr. Trigger Man's been located.

Vicky barrels in and out of the office several times.

VICKY

Where? Where is he? Where?

Sophia snakes her hand into a drawer, displays and dangles a syringe. Vicky sticks her arms out.

VICKY (CONT'D)

I'm calm. See? Not shaking.

Sophia waves the syringe again.

VICKY (CONT'D)

I'm okay. Now where is he?

Sophia packs the needle into and slams a drawer shut.

SOPHIA

A mansion right outside Varosha.

VICKY

Another break to what's left of the Antropolis family's collective heart.

SOPHIA

And a dildo up every other Greek Cypriot's ass.

Sophia lifts up and chucks a plain, white envelope at Vicky. Vicky drops the envelope on a seat.

VICKY

Well, at least it'll make killing him more satisfying. When ya want it done?

SOPHIA

Open the envelope.

Vicky tears the seal. Contained inside is United Nations identification badge with Vicky's photo over the name: Christina Appleby.

VICKY
Pretty girl.

SOPHIA
That's the point. Turks won't fuss
about a hot U.N. chick nosing
around.

Sophia wields a bottle and two glasses.

VICKY
Nosing around?

Sophia taps the glasses, grabs one and downs half.

SOPHIA
In the form of a little ride around
the fortress. You observe the
field, I'll design the plays.

VICKY
When am I stepping on the pitch?

SOPHIA
Tomorrow afternoon. So go home,
practice your best limey accent and
enjoy what's left of that shrimp.

EXT. FAMAGUSTA, CYPRUS-DAY

Vicky halts a moped on a roadway's shoulder, connects a headset to her cell, hits the call log, taps BOSS LADY, clips the phone to her pants and continues riding.

INT. HIGH RISE OFFICE-SAME TIME

Sophia peruses through a Playgirl Magazine. A chime sounds. Sophia snares a phone.

SOPHIA
Where're you now?

Vicky speeds past a sign reading: "Turkish Republic Of Northern Cyprus Ahead."

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

VICKY
Closing in.

Sophia extracts a notebook from a drawer.

SOPHIA

Slow down.

Vicky veers onto a side street, slides a helmet labeled: U.N. In white lettering out of a backpack, stuffs her hair inside and adjusts the headpiece.

VICKY

How's this already gotten more difficult?

SOPHIA

News reported an incident at Ledra Palace this morning, so ya may need to get creative with the guards.

VICKY

Affirm. I'll check back from the other side.

Vicky motors toward a patrol station surrounded by a lengthy barricade covered by numerous notices warning: "FORBIDDEN AREA. DO NOT TRY TO ENTER." TWO ARMED GUARDS in military uniforms appear and place their hands out.

GUARD

What's your business here?

Vicky displays the United Nations identification. One of the Guards examines the credential.

VICKY

With UNESCO. Been asked to examine a few buildings.

The Guard faces his colleague. The other Guard nods.

GUARD

Be out before nightfall.

VICKY

Thank you Sir.

A barrier raises. Vicky proceeds into a ghost town and passes countless abandoned, dilapidated buildings. The streets are empty. Vicky stops, snaps several photos and re-dials Sophia.

SOPHIA

Get in?

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

VICKY

Nai. I sold bullshit. They bought it.

SOPHIA

As a native Varoshan, must confess I'm glad you're witnessing what I couldn't bear to.

VICKY

Surreal.

Vicky sojourns on.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Anyhow. How far away's this supposed castle?

SOPHIA

Source said just beyond Varosha proper.

Vicky travels another several hundred yards. A large estate appears in the distance.

VICKY

See it now.

Sophia snatches a pen. Vicky advances on the property. A patrol station is situated near a gate.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Got a guard base that can hold at least two men. Entryway's electric.

Sophia scribbles the words: "mice" and "sizzler" into a notebook. ARMED MEN roam the property.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Security's emerging like aunts towards spilled soda.

SOPHIA

How many?

VICKY

Count at least six, not including the watchmen in the doll house or those posted inside.

Sophia writes "shit" and "not happening tonight." The gate separates. TWO ARMED WATCHMEN charge through.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

SOPHIA

What's wrong?

The Watchmen draw weapons and charge Vicky.

VICKY

I'm with the U.N.

SOPHIA

Show them the damn credentials.

Vicky displays the U.N. badge. The Watchmen halt mere feet from Vicky.

WATCHMAN

We don't care.

VICKY

Haven't completed my assignment yet.

One of the Watchmen fires a warning shot, which lands inches from the bike's front tire.

SOPHIA

Vick? Vick? Get out of there.

Sophia's phone cuts out.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Ah shit.

WATCHMAN

Think you're teacher'd be more upset about a dead student.

VICKY

I concur.

Vicky zooms off.

SOPHIA

Vick?

Vicky adjusts the headset. Static screams through Sophia's phone.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Vick?

VICKY

Sorry.

Sophia snares a plastic bottle off the table, douses her hands with water and splashes her face.

SOPHIA

May be rhetorical, but your take is?

VICKY

That we're gonna need Jack Bauer.

SOPHIA

K. Give me at least twenty-four hours.

INT. VICKY'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Vicky sleeps atop a sofa. The doorbell rings. Vicky stumbles to her feet.

VICKY

Shit.

Vicky glances at her watch. The time is twenty-two, fifty-eight. The doorbell chimes again.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Yeah? Who is it?

There is no reply. The bell blares several more times. Vicky darts into the kitchen, jacks open a drawer, snares and cocks a pistol.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Vicky tiptoes to the door, glimpses through the peephole and casts the door open.

VICKY (CONT'D)

God, The Saints and The Virgin.

Sophia prances through the foyer toting a shopping bag. Vicky shuts the door and tucks the gun into her shorts.

SOPHIA

Another A Plus.

VICKY

Damn. Everything's a test.

Sophia drops the bag on a chair. Vicky shuffles into the kitchen, packs the weapon into a drawer, glides open the fridge, corrals two beers and tosses Sophia one.

SOPHIA

Always remember the enemy's an honor student hon.

Sophia grabs two newspaper articles from a pile strewn across the dining room table. One is headlined: "CENK SAYS: HE'D DO IT AGAIN.'" Another reads: "CENK NOW WANTED BY INTERPOL."

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

He's become an obsession. That's good.

Vicky and Sophia pop tabs and raise their cans.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Stin igia sou. (cheers in Greek)

Vicky and Sophia chug.

VICKY

Didn't mention anything about a slumber party during our last meeting. So?

Sophia unzips her jacket, slinks out and deposits a folder on the table.

SOPHIA

Don't worry. Within an hour, I'll be using a twenty-five year-old bodybuilder's face as a seat cushion.

Sophia retrieves and positions the shopping bag on the dining room table.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Formulated a plan.

Vicky buries her beer and chucks the can into the kitchen sink.

VICKY

Divulge.

Sophia reclaims and presents the binder to Vicky.

SOPHIA

Can you cook?

VICKY

I've watched Mama throw together a few Easter feasts.

SOPHIA

Great.

VICKY

Some help making the connection please.

Sophia points to the folder. Vicky flips the binder open and finds Artemis Spetsaris's European Union-sanctioned, Cypriot Driver's License and a Certificate Of Graduation from The Culinary School of Cyprus.

SOPHIA

A farm girl from Konia will become the esteemed Mr. Cenk's new cook.

Vicky casts the folder onto the floor.

VICKY

Humiliation aside, ya forgotten recent events?

Sophia struts into the kitchen and swipes another beer.

SOPHIA

My source says he's desperate for a chef.

VICKY

Same source who forgot to mention he's got more security than Obama? Could be a set up.

SOPHIA

Granted, this's ain't the best hand to yell call with.

VICKY

An admonition which does little to ease my acid reflux.

Sophia kills her beer and crushes the can with her palm.

SOPHIA

Perhaps this will.

Sophia empties the bag and dumps a makeup kit and several packages of red hair coloring onto the table. Vicky dodders to the table and examines the items.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Here's your chance to display the skills us Greek ladies are known for.

VICKY

Still not feeling the comfort of Yia Yia's arms.

SOPHIA

Hon, it's the World Cup Final's second half. Cyprus's behind. If we want to hoist the trophy, some gutsy plays must be called.

VICKY

Point resonated. So the degradation begins?

Sophia rambles through the foyer and unfastens the front door's top lock.

SOPHIA

Interview's the day after tomorrow, so give yourself the salon treatment...Artemis.

Vicky captures and hurtles a pillow at Sophia.

VICKY

Eat me.

INT. KITCHEN OF CENK'S COMPOUND-DAY

Vicky, now with short, red hair, eyelashes blackened by mascara and cheeks concealed by rouge; hovers over a stove. A GREY-HAIRED MAN dressed in a suit bursts in.

MAN

Miss Spetsaris?

VICKY

Yeah.

MAN

Name's Barat. Head of Security for Mr. Cenk. Credentials please.

Vicky nabs a folder off a counter's top. BARAT, 64, rips the binder from Vicky's hand.

BARAT

Mr. Cenk wants to witness your technique. Prepare whatever you wish. All ingredients are in the fridge. Be ready to begin when we return.

VICKY

Yes sir.

Barat stomps out. Vicky scans the fridge's contents. The top two shelves are stacked with packages of chicken and meat. Vicky slides open two bottom compartments, which contain vegetables.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Got it.

Vicky withdraws several packets of chicken, a stick of butter and vegetables.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Spices. Spices.

Vicky places the items on a stove's top, parts a double door cabinet above the sink and collects several small containers. Barat reappears, leading in AN OBESE MAN with brown-grey hair and a mustache.

BARAT

Miss Spetsaris, please meet Mr. Cenk.

Vicky squeezes the knife and gashes her index finger. CENK, 61, retires into a chair.

CENK

You've an excellent resume.
Demonstration please.

Vicky lays a large, peeled onion atop a wooden, chopping board.

VICKY

How does sauteed chicken and vegetables grab you?

CENK

In all the right places.

Barat plops down beside Cenk. Vicky pitches the knife skyward, catches the utensil and halves, quarters and dices the onion into tiny pieces without taking her eyes off Cenk. Cenk glances at Barat.

CENK (CONT'D)
Planning on interviewing any
others?

BARAT
One or two.

CENK
Cancel those appointments.

Vicky repeats the chopping process with a red pepper, cranks a burner full blast and dumps a slab of butter into a frying pan.

CENK (CONT'D)
Technique's great. Can't wait to
taste.

The butter sizzles. Vicky glances at Cenk. Cenk runs a hand up and down his leg. Vicky adds chicken, vegetables and seasoning. Cenk tongues his lips.

VICKY
That should be in about five more
minutes.

CENK
Talented and fast.

VICKY
Was always taught the sooner a
job's finished, the better you're
rewarded.

Vicky stirs the concoction. Cenk slithers his tongue in and out. Vicky stabs a cabinet door with another knife and covers the skillet.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Where do you keep the dishes?

Barat directs Vicky to group of cubbies above and to the dishwasher's side. Vicky and Barat withdraw plates.

VICKY (CONT'D)
You're eating also?

BARAT
More like sampling.

Vicky shuffles back to the range and lifts the pan's lid.

VICKY
One quick supper prepared.

Vicky spoons a portion onto and presents a plate to Cenk. Barat rushes in, nudges Cenk aside, snatches the plate and shovels a forkful into his mouth. A pause follows. Barat glimpses at his watch.

BARAT
Seems non-lethal.

Cenk faces Vicky.

CENK
Hated men take extra precautions.

Barat hands Vicky an empty plate. Vicky scoops a portion onto the plate and serves Cenk. Cenk indulges.

CENK (CONT'D)
Delicious. Congratulations young lady. Look forward to enjoying more of your delicious offerings.

Barat seizes Vicky's arm.

BARAT
Why does a Greek woman want to work in the Northern Republic?

Vicky busts Barat's grasp.

VICKY
Need a job.

CENK
Fair enough. Welcome aboard.

Cenk prances out. Barat recaptures Vicky's hand.

BARAT
Any woman that skilled with knives doesn't only use them for cooking.

EXT. TENNIS COURT-DAY

Vicky crouches near court. Sophia steps towards the far court's service line and flexes her racket.

VICKY
Why fucking not?

Vicky awaits Sophia's serve.

SOPHIA

Because you're not ready. I, and especially you, can't afford to be sloppy.

Sophia bounces a ball several times, lobs and strikes. Vicky's return sails out of bounds.

VICKY

Readiness's overrated.

Sophia serves again. Vicky and Sophia volley until Sophia's backhand glides into the net. Vicky yanks a ball from her shorts and wallops it. Sophia positions her racket atop the net.

SOPHIA

Can't get him alone yet. I right?

VICKY

So what?

Vicky tromps back to the service line.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Vicky pitches the ball skyward and spikes a serve into the net.

SOPHIA

Couldn't do it yet anyway. You're emotions are doing the investing, not your focus.

VICKY

Reek of this fuck's skata still extends to Athens. While I chopped onions, he pretended to chafe his carrot.

SOPHIA

Time for a drink break.

Sophia claps her hands. TWO YOUNG WOMEN serve Sophia and Vicky ice water.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Revelation ain't bible worthy hon.

VICKY

But...

SOPHIA
Need a towel?

VICKY
Please.

Sophia leans down, reaches into a gym bag, snares two small towels and a pistol; wipes her face and tosses Vicky the other towel. Vicky clears perspiration off of her face. Sophia fires the gun. Several bullets land near Vicky's feet.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Fuck you doing?

Vicky dances around the bullets. Sophia unloads the gun's chamber and positions the weapon in her shorts.

SOPHIA
If I was Cenk or a flunky, you'd be too ugly for Panikhida (the Greek word for Wake) right now. Now tell me what you still need to do.

VICKY
Scope and strategize.

INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY OF CENK'S COMPOUND-DAY

Outside the kitchen door, Vicky holds two plates of scrambled eggs in one hand and a phone in the other.

VICKY
Hell is he?

Vicky places the phone to her ear.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Fuck it.

Vicky snakes toward and sneaks a door ajar.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Mr. Cenk?

Vicky edges the door forward and slinks into an empty room.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Mr. Cenk?

Vicky sneaks out, closes the door at a cautious pace, prowls toward another room, taps the door, rotates the knob, nudges the door forward and pokes her head inside. Barat emerges and storms down the hall.

BARAT
Fuck you doing?

Vicky jerks back, shuts the door and whirls around. Barat gallops toward Vicky.

BARAT (CONT'D)
Why're you out of that kitchen?

VICKY
Mr. Cenk's breakfast's ready. Tried calling. He didn't answer. Okay?

Cenk appears and rushes toward the skirmish.

BARAT
No. It's not. House staff are not permitted to...

CENK
It's too early for all this commotion.

Cenk separates Barat and Vicky.

BARAT
I'm telling you she can't be trusted. Caught her...

VICKY
Here. Offer your reassurances.

Vicky shoves the plate into Barat's chest. Barat samples the eggs. A pause ensues. Barat glances at his watch and nods. Vicky presents the plate to Cenk.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Most men like their eggs warm.

Cenk slaps Barat's back.

CENK
Settle down you fool.

Cenk rambles off. Barat seizes Vicky's wrist. Vicky escapes Barat's clutches with a violent thrust.

BARAT
Think I'll be checking your recipes a bit closer from now on.

INT. COMPOUND KITCHEN-NIGHT

At a counter, Vicky rolls chopped meat into balls. Barat storms in.

BARAT

Five more people are attending tonight's gathering so you need to prepare at least another hundred.

VICKY

Great. Love the feeling of raw meat on my palms.

BARAT

Almost forgot. Another salad as well.

Barat clumps out. Vicky scuffs to the fridge, rips out and chucks several packages of chopped meat onto the counter.

VICKY

Guess four hundred aren't enough for the fucking whale.

A TALL, MUSCULAR MAN with olive skin and short black hair lurks in the doorway and observes Vicky. Vicky glances up. The Man struts toward Vicky.

VICKY (CONT'D)

What? That asshole Barat forgot to hand down an edict?

The Man ditches his suit jacket and curls a shirt sleeve.

MAN

Impressive. Most quit by the third hour.

VICKY

If this job wasn't so important to my family and I, I'd be among them.

Vicky sidles to the fridge and yanks out two hands full of vegetables. The Man slides open a drawer and extracts a knife.

MAN

Let me help.

VICKY

That's not necessary.

The Man swaggers toward and swipes vegetables from Vicky's hand.

MAN

Want to. Love puttering around the kitchen.

Vicky doubles back to the fridge, wrenches out and inserts several trays into the oven. The Man chops cucumbers.

VICKY

Like to cook?

MAN

Why not? Amazing things can be created in a kitchen.

VICKY

Depends on the chefs.

The Man extends his hand.

MAN

I'm Faissal by the way.

Vicky and FAISSAL, 33, make acquaintances.

VICKY

Artemis.

INT. COMPOUND DINING ROOM-NIGHT

Vicky sets two large bowls of salad on the table's center. Rows of seven seats are positioned to the left and right of the table's head. Cenk, Barat and TWELVE SOLDIERS dressed in military uniforms stumble to the table grasping beer steins.

CENK

Bet your meat's delectable dear.

Cenk staggers to the table's head. Vicky serves Cenk salad. Barat hurries to Cenk's side, snares the plate and taps Vicky's shoulder.

BARAT

Forgetting something?

Faissal rushes in, captures the bowl from Vicky's hands and plants it on the table.

FAISSAL

Helped her with preparation. Sit down.

Faissal propels Barat back. Vicky reclaims the salad bowl. Faissal steals the bowl from Vicky's hand and dumps the container on the table.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
And they're more than capable of
spooning veggies onto a plate.

CENK
There goes the heart stealer again.

Vicky hustles toward the door. Faissal tracks Vicky down.

FAISSAL
Where're you going?

VICKY
Um...To bring the main course in.

FAISSAL
Trays are heavy. Allow me.

VICKY
Putter if you must.

Vicky retires to a corner. Faissal lugs three large serving dishes to the table. Vicky minces toward Cenk. A SOLDIER squeezes Vicky's rear end.

FAISSAL
That's disgusting General.

Faissal lurches forward and smacks THE GENERAL's, 62, hand.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
You'll treat the lady with respect.

Vicky play punches Faissal's back.

VICKY
Can handle it. Still, your
kindness's appreciated.

Faissal winks at Vicky and settles into a seat next to Cenk. Cenk bangs a glass with his fork several times. Silence follows. Cenk ascends and hoists his glass. Faissal, Barat and the Soldiers rise and raise their glasses.

CENK
To the Turkish Republic of Northern
Cyprus. May our nation, it's heroes
and, most importantly, our fallen,
always be remembered.

GUESTS

Amen.

Vicky clutches her stomach and doubles over.

CENK

Now please join in the signing of
Istiklal Marsi.

Cenk and the Cabal slur The Turkish Republic of Northern
Cyprus's anthem. Vicky faces away from the table and
struggles upright. Faissal rushes toward Vicky.

FAISSAL

Okay?

VICKY

Sorry. They're singing induced a
wave of nausea.

FAISSAL

Go on home. I'll finish up.

Vicky collects and rubs Faissal's hand.

VICKY

You're a real gentleman. Thanks.

INT. DOJO-DAY

Vicky strikes a punching bag with closed fists.

VICKY

Sane tank's close to E.

Sophia grabs the bag. Vicky pummels the sack with a series of
chops and quick jabs.

SOPHIA

Need it to run on fumes a few more
miles hon.

Vicky whacks the bag with alternating slaps and punches.
Sophia backs away and motions A MUSCULAR MAN forward. The
Muscular Man grasps the sack. Vicky executes a number of
roundhouse kicks.

VICKY

Could yours?

Sophia hands Vicky a towel. Vicky clears perspiration off her
forehead and arms. Sophia nails the bag.

SOPHIA
Well, today you can blame Nicosia.

Vicky mans the bag.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
They're having another meeting
about letting some of us go home.
Under strict orders, while they
yap, we don't.

Sophia hammers the sack with numerous kicks.

VICKY
Can't they realize those pricks in
Ankara will never allow it to
happen?

Sophia snares two bottles from a gym satchel and flicks Vicky one.

SOPHIA
Won't...But still.

Vicky uncaps a bottle and gulps. Sophia fists the bag several times.

VICKY
I'm ready.

SOPHIA
Think that's more my call hon.

VICKY
Guards are either inside or manning
the front. He eats breakfast
outside in back. Only have to take
out him and the security chief.

Sophia nabs a stool, rummages through the satchel, snares a small tube and claps. The Muscular Man approaches. Sophia flings the tube to the Muscular Man.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Just need a ride home.

SOPHIA
Egress time?

VICKY
Under a minute.

The Muscular Man applies ointment to Sophia's shoulders.

SOPHIA
 Guards inside? Where're they
 stationed?

VICKY
 Not close enough to make a
 difference.

SOPHIA
 Excellent.

EXT. COMPOUND PATIO-DAY

Hovering over a grill, Vicky scrambles eggs and fries bacon. Cenk reads a newspaper and lounges under an umbrella-covered table. Barat shields Cenk.

VICKY
 Two or three more minutes Mr. Cenk.

CENK
 Thanks dear.

Vicky's cell buzzes. A text from Sophia reads: "Light's turned green. Time to choose when to step on throttle."

BARAT
 Let me find out more about her.
 Don't like...

CENK
 Go inside.

BARAT
 But...

CENK
 Don't argue.

Vicky replies: "Can do it now." Sophia retorts: "An old, white car will be on the house's rear side. The driver will ask: Going somewhere? Hop in." Vicky makes The Sign Of The Cross.

VICKY
 Holy God. Holy Mighty. Holy
 Immortal. Have Mercy On Me.

Vicky unlatches the grill's under carriage, snatches and slips a piece of wiring beneath her shirt.

VICKY (CONT'D)
 Breakfast's ready.

Vicky shuffles back to the grill, forks bacon and eggs onto a plate, serves Cenk and steps back.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Remember the taste...Prick.

Vicky bends and hoists the wire, slinks back toward and positions the wire over Cenk's head. Faissal sprints toward the patio clutching a stack of papers. Vicky conceals the wire. Faissal dumps the folders before Cenk.

FAISSAL
The reports.

Vicky nabs her phone and texts Sophia: "False alarm. Member of his staff showed up out of blue." Sophia responds: "We all know what shit does."

CENK
Got time for breakfast?

FAISSAL
No. Heading to Guzelyurt for an afternoon meeting.

Vicky steps off the patio.

VICKY
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Faissal sneaks up behind and seizes Vicky's hand. Vicky flips Faissal onto his back.

FAISSAL
Holy fucking God.

Faissal staggers up.

VICKY
So sorry.

Faissal removes the creases in his suit.

FAISSAL
Why'd ya get all MMA?

VICKY
A little edgy. Lost out on important job.

Vicky stoops down and returns the wire to the grill's under carriage.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Can I bolt?

FAISSAL

He'll be out all day. Not to mention...I'm too damn scared to say no now.

VICKY

You're the best.

FAISSAL

Most women think so.

Vicky faces Faissal.

VICKY

When'll you be here for dinner again?

FAISSAL

Night after tomorrow.

VICKY

Shift starts at eighteen hundred... If you'd like to help me putter?

FAISSAL

Then, a puttering we'll do...And I promise to stand in front of you at all times.

INT. TENT-DAY

A WOMAN, tall and slim with blonde hair, who wears a black shirt bearing the sword and crescent emblem, separates the folds and prances inside. Waves crash against the rocks.

WOMAN

Forgive me. During your flogging, I failed to introduce myself. My name's Qamra.

A BALD MAN's extremities are restricted by chains and tape covers his mouth. Slashes are strewn across the man's arms, neck and back. QAMRA, 37, snares a whip, steps behind the Man and switches his back.

QAMRA

May be wondering why you're dangling inside a tent on a deserted beach outside Ashia?

Qamra relinquishes the whip, slides her hand into a box and extracts a portable compact disc player.

QAMRA (CONT'D)
Androulla Salas.

Qamra whips the Man.

QAMRA (CONT'D)
My grandmother. Might remember her
as one of many women you captured,
raped and tortured on that sand?

Qamra hits the play button. The first notes to the Barns Courtney song: "Fire" croon: "Lonely shadows following me. Lonely ghosts come a calling. Lonely voices talking to me. Now I'm Gone. Now I'm Gone. Now I'm gone."

QAMRA (CONT'D)
And my mother told me son let it
be. Sold my soul to the calling.
Sold my soul to sweet melody. Now
I'm Gone. Now I'm Gone. Now I'm
Gone.

Qamra hits stop, accesses a gas canister and lighter. The Man struggles. Qamra douses the Man with fuel and presses play.

QAMRA (CONT'D)
Give me that fire.

Qamra hits stop again and peels the tape off the Man's mouth.

QAMRA (CONT'D)
So Yia Yia can hear your screams.

Qamra resumes play and steps to the folds.

QAMRA (CONT'D)
Burn. Burn. Burn.

Qamra ignites and tosses the lighter at the Man and rushes out. Flames engulf the tent.

EXT. COMPOUND-NIGHT

Vicky guides a moped to the gate. A Watchman emerges from the guard station. SEVERAL ARMED SECURITY MEN scamper out of the house and ramble across the exterior.

VICKY
Guessing I should've checked the
Nicosia Times news site?

Barat charges toward the guard station.

BARAT
Open the damn gate.

A barrier parts. Two military jeeps filled with SOLDIERS careens through the partition. Troops disembark and surround the house. Barat frisks Vicky.

VICKY
Fuck you doing?

BARAT
Ensuring you're clean.

VICKY
Never offended you before.

BARAT
Well, I'll be sniffing harder now.

Barat pats Vicky's chest and nether regions. Vicky seizes Barat's hand.

VICKY
Do that again, I pray you know a surgeon with hands delicate enough to slide it out of your rectum.

Faissal breezes through the gate and separates Barat and Vicky.

FAISSAL
That's enough.

A Watchman tunes a radio inside the patrol station. Music chimes.

COMPUTER-GENERATED VOICE
Urgent news report.

BROADCASTER (O.C.)
The Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus News Network has now confirmed the murder of General Emil Ozil.

Vicky steps away from Faissal, makes a fist and punches her palm.

VICKY
Bravo Q.

BROADCASTER (O.C.)
 Ozil served the Republic since its
 1983 inception, partook in
 Operation Attila and received
 numerous military decorations.

The Watchmen weep. Faissal and Vicky wander towards the house.

VICKY
 Take it he was important?

FAISSAL
 Worse than that. Was big man's best friend. News sent him from eight to five cylinders. Isolated himself in bedroom. Won't let security out of his sight.

Several Soldiers race past Vicky and Faissal. Vicky clumps toward the compound. Faissal flags down and snatches Vicky's wrist.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
 What's wrong?

Vicky crumbles to earth.

VICKY
 This's supposed to get easier.
 Fuck.

Vicky springs up and scampers back toward the gate. Faissal pursues Vicky.

FAISSAL
 Going through very early menopause or something?

VICKY
 Excuse me.

FAISSAL
 Anyhow...He won't be eating tonight, so why don't we go somewhere?

VICKY
 Only place I want to go's home.
 Okay?

Faissal brandishes and slams a set of keys to the ground.

FAISSAL

No. It's not. You're not permitted to.

VICKY

And since when're you the permitter?

Faissal falls to his knees and grabs hold of Vicky's ankles.

FAISSAL

Didn't like my authoritative side I see. I'll try the funny. How 'bout I'm a dude who likes making a fool of himself in front of hot women. Please. Have to like that one.

Vicky scoffs at Faissal and swaggers toward the gate. Faissal leaps in front of Vicky. Vicky attempts to maneuver around Faissal's left. Faissal blocks Vicky's attempt.

VICKY

Trained by Irene?

FAISSAL

Hell's she?

VICKY

Someone who practices the same ingratiating, annoying, drive you to murder tactics.

Vicky tries to wiggle around Faissal's right. Faissal hinders Vicky's effort.

FAISSAL

As bitchy with her?

VICKY

Takes a lot to elicit my bitchy side.

FAISSAL

Why's that?

VICKY

Cause it's revealed using more painful weapons than sarcasm and attitude.

Vicky sneaks closer to the gate and bangs on the patrol station door.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Open please.

A Watchman reaches for a button.

FAISSAL
No. Keep it shut.

The Watchman pulls his hand back.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
Won't let her leave until she does something.

VICKY
What?

FAISSAL
Agree to a lunch date tomorrow.

Vicky edges nearer to the partition.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
It'll be in your territory.

Vicky spins around and plods toward Faissal.

VICKY
Yeah? Where?

FAISSAL
Crown Plaza in Limassol. Got a morning meeting.

VICKY
Well...Limassol's nice.

Faissal signals the Watchman. The partition opens. Vicky prances through.

FAISSAL
Suite Three-Forty at noon...Ya know
Your craziness's starting to become amusing.

VICKY
Only starting to? I'm disappointed.

INT. LIBRARY-DAY

A BALD MAN and A MAN WITH GREY HAIR wearing miniature flags of both Turkey and The Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus on his lapel, play chess.

BALD MAN

Check.

The Bald Man eliminates his opponent's knight with his bishop.

GREY-HAIRED MAN

Getting better Mr. Defense Minister. Our weekly games are becoming more of a challenge.

The Grey-Haired Man slides his queen across the board.

GREY-HAIRED MAN (CONT'D)

We haven't memorized the play book, but are beginning to read the schemes.

THE CYPRIOT DEFENSE MINISTER, 65, moves his rook forward.

DEFENSE MINISTER

Know I don't follow American football my Harvard educated friend.

The Grey-Haired Man loosens his tie.

GREY-HAIRED MAN

Won't be erecting monuments. Still, Ankara's growing impatient.

DEFENSE MINISTER

Confused again my counterpart.

The Grey-Haired Man slaps his hand across the board, knocking the remaining pieces to the floor.

GREY-HAIRED MAN

End it. Otherwise we'll be forced to act. Don't think any of us wish to travel that route again.

INT. HOTEL-DAY

Vicky knocks on door number Three-Forty. Faissal answers.

FAISSAL

Please come in.

Vicky plods into the suite. Several covered trays and an ice bucket chilling a champagne bottle top a large table.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
Bubbly stuff?

Faissal opens a cabinet and snares two glasses.

VICKY
What're we celebrating?

Faissal pops a cork and fills both crystals.

FAISSAL
A new friendship.

VICKY
Different stance coming from your
people.

Faissal hands Vicky a glass. Vicky belts down a huge gulp.

VICKY (CONT'D)
My apologies. You've been nothing
but decent and...

FAISSAL
The majority of us haven't.

Faissal unlatches the terrace door and steps onto a screened balcony overlooking the sea. Vicky joins Faissal.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
Island's so beautiful. Sinful we
can't share.

Vicky captures Faissal's hand. Faissal leads Vicky to a lounge chair. Faissal skips back inside, retrieves the champagne and re-fills the glasses. Vicky lounges with her knees up and waves Faissal toward her.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
Ya sure?

Vicky directs Faissal forward again. Faissal snuggles into the chair. Vicky caresses Faissal's shoulder. Faissal spins around and kisses Vicky's lips.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
Shit. Sorry.

Faissal vaults up and races into the suite.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
Why don't we eat? Got oysters and
lobster.

Vicky pursues Faissal. Faissal uncovers a dish.

VICKY

Hello?

Faissal re-positions the lid. Vicky moves an index finger back and forth. Faissal minces toward Vicky. Vicky grabs Faissal's neck and yanks his head forward.

VICKY (CONT'D)

I'm hungry...But not for seafood.

Vicky propels herself into Faissal's arms. Faissal carries Vicky into a bedroom. Vicky and Faissal rip each other's clothing off and engage in intercourse. Vicky and Faissal cuddle.

FAISSAL

How'd you end up there?

Vicky rolls out of bed.

VICKY

You're presence's much more intriguing.

FAISSAL

It's my office and home.

VICKY

How so?

FAISSAL

Been out of work for a while. Unluckily, Abdullah Cenk had a job to offer his failure of a son.

Vicky leaps back into bed and squeezes Faissal's arm.

VICKY

Wait. He's your father?

Vicky charges into the bathroom, thwacks the door shut and retches. Faissal tiptoes toward and taps on the bathroom door.

FAISSAL

Would it help if I told you my mother didn't believe it either?

VICKY (O.C.)

It's not that.

FAISSAL

Then what?

VICKY (O.C.)

The finest language professors
couldn't put this into words.

Vicky reemerges wrapped in a towel.

FAISSAL

Please tell me.

VICKY

Turn around please.

Faissal obeys Vicky's command. Vicky redresses.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Some people get Cupid's arrow. I
get Satan's horns.

FAISSAL

I've received some cruel feedback
from women, but that's the meanest.

VICKY

Isn't that either. Damn it. Give up
on life, men. Ah fuck.

Vicky blitzes through and slams the front door shut.

INT. MESSAGE PARLOR-DAY

Vicky hops onto a long table and assumes a prone position.
Sophia is stretched out on an adjacent table. A TALL MAN
massages Sophia's upper back.

VICKY

What now?

A SHORT MAN rubs Vicky's shoulders.

SOPHIA

Could blow the place up?

VICKY

But that'd kill everyone there.

SOPHIA

Only the mammoth and his hoods.

VICKY

No. It'd also be Faissal.

Sophia slides off the table and reaches into a purse.

SOPHIA
Wonderful.

Sophia holds up a prescription and an aspirin bottle.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Bayer or Vicodin?

VICKY
Not comprehending your...

SOPHIA
Fucking him? Aren't you?

Vicky bounds off the table.

VICKY
Using him. He's close to Cenk.

SOPHIA
Vicodin.

Sophia flicks open the prescription bottle and dumps two capsules into her palm. The Tall Man hands Sophia a cup of water. Sophia swallows the pills.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Wouldn't have trouble discarding something you're using hon.

VICKY
He's been kind. And he's not one of them.

Sophia faces the Tall Man.

SOPHIA
Unless my hearing's bad, you weren't awarded rest hon.

The Tall Man resumes Sophia's rub down. Vicky retires to a side room. The Short Man massages Sophia's legs.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Head needs it more hon.

The Short Man scurries to the bed's opposite side and massages Sophia's temples. Vicky reappears and bolts for the door.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
 Cock's more lethal than a bullet.
 Always remember that hon.

EXT. POOL-DAY

With a towel shading her face, Sophia relaxes atop a lounge chair. The Defense Minister occupies a high back seat. A FEMALE SERVER places two drinks atop the table and exits.

SOPHIA
 How'd you interpret act? High school play production, or motion picture?

DEFENSE MINISTER
 Feature length war film.

Sophia leaps up, chucks the towel at the Defense Minister and dives into the pool. The Defense Minister rises, throws the towel across his shoulder and motions toward the pool's edge. Sophia sticks her head above water.

DEFENSE MINISTER (CONT'D)
 Suspend all outstanding missions indefinitely.

Sophia slinks out of the pool. The Defense Minister tosses Sophia the towel.

SOPHIA
 Only one's going on, but it's huge.

DEFENSE MINISTER
 Who?

SOPHIA
 The prized bird.

The Defense Minister guzzles his drink.

DEFENSE MINISTER
 Wanted that sniveling skata since '96.

TWO WOMEN wearing black shirts bearing the sword and crescent emblem appear.

DEFENSE MINISTER (CONT'D)
 Okay. Make it fast, soon and, above all, without incident. Don't want another seventy-four.

Sophia waves the Electralistas forward.

SOPHIA
Have Athena call. It's urgent.

EXT. BEACH-DAY

Faissal kisses and fondles Vicky's breasts. Vicky draws Faissal away, vaults up and sprints down the shoreline. Faissal catches Vicky. Vicky thrusts Faissal back again.

VICKY
Think we better quit...Now.

Vicky surrenders to the sand.

FAISSAL
I suffer from motion sickness, so roller coaster rides ain't my thing.

Vicky stomps into the water.

VICKY
Major complication's arisen. All right?

FAISSAL
Elaborate for once?

VICKY
Wouldn't want me to.

Faissal splashes into the sea.

FAISSAL
Don't care. You've done it.

VICKY
What?

Faissal places a hand over his heart.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Trouble is, I...

Vicky positions a hand over her heart and points at Faissal.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Too.

Vicky and Faissal embrace. Atop a rock bed, Athena snaps photos of Vicky and Faissal with a long-focused lensed camera.

ATHENA

Damn it V.

Athena accesses a mobile phone and texts BOSS LADY: "Swapping saliva on Fig Tree Beach." Sophia responds: "Get her ass to the restaurant. Nineteen-thirty tonight." Athena scrolls a contacts list until tapping V.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Boss Lady wants to see you. Ted's.
Nineteen-thirty sharp.

INT. RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Vicky prances to the bar. A FEMALE BARTENDER hands Vicky a drink. Athena emerges from the kitchen. The Bartender slides Athena a bottled beer. Athena leads Vicky through a curtain.

VICKY

Her private dining room. Must be in trouble.

ATHENA

Getting close to falling into a much stronger adjective V.

Athena and Vicky occupy chairs at the lone table.

VICKY

Give Q my congrats.

ATHENA

Concentrate on your own assignments please.

Athena kills her beer, swipes a napkin off a table and wipes her face.

VICKY

God. Ya traverse the A3 on foot?

ATHENA

Consider celibacy for a while.

Vicky rockets to her feet; collects, hoists and slams her chair down.

VICKY

How the fuck do you know
about...That bit.. And she makes
you do it?

ATHENA

Start fearing her V.

Athena's phone vibrates. A text from BOSS LADY reads: "Coming
in now."

ATHENA (CONT'D)

She's on her way. And in the rarest
form I've ever seen.

VICKY

Well mine's well-done.

Athena marches toward the curtains and exits.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Love him A.

Sophia barrels through a rear door. Vicky springs up and
bows.

SOPHIA

Introduce the ass I'd trade a ten-
year prison sentence for into that
fucking seat.

Vicky surrenders into her chair. Sophia remains upright. A
WAITER enters, places two glasses of beer on the table and
scampers off.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Progress report please.

VICKY

Still scheming.

Sophia tromps toward Vicky, whacks Vicky's face, snatches a
glass and launches beer into Vicky's eyes.

SOPHIA

Got seventy-two hours.

Vicky uses a shirt sleeve to clear her eyes.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

End the Maria Loi act and keep your
hands off Mr. Turkey's giblets.

VICKY

Fine.

Sophia snares a fist full of Vicky's hair, trawls Vicky's head back and draws her face to within inches of Vicky's.

SOPHIA

Next time I hear about Abdullah Cenk, the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus better be preparing his state funeral. I clear?

VICKY

As an early afternoon sky hovering over Fig Tree Beach.

SOPHIA

Don't like when my ten-year-old nephew gets cute. Ergo, I recommend you apologize for that quip.

Sophia jerks Vicky's head back.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Or the next sound you'll hear's that neck snapping.

VICKY

Sorry Boss Lady. My commitment to this mission remains my only priority.

Sophia releases her grip on Vicky.

SOPHIA

Superb. Now don't disappoint. Otherwise our next meeting will be in a far less tranquil setting. Now how clear am I?

Sophia seizes Vicky's chin, leans forward and licks Vicky's face.

VICKY

Unmistakably.

INT. CLOTHING STORE-NIGHT

Vicky enters a side room. Behind a cash register, Irene counts money and receipts.

IRENE

Like the hair.

VICKY

Bullshit.

IRENE

I do. Finally found your color.

TWO ARMED MEN wearing leather jackets emblazoned with the image of snake on back surge through the entrance, knocking over racks of slacks and shirts. One Assailant draws a gun and lumbers toward Irene.

ARMED ROBBER

Evening young lady. My name's Zeus.

Zeus's accomplice mans the exit.

ZEUS

He's Hercules. And we'll be your thieves for this evening's robbery. What's your name?

IRENE

I...I...

ZEUS

Got a beautiful face I...I...And you can avoid a hole in it by handing over that register's contents.

ZEUS, 28, inches his weapon closer to Irene's face.

ZEUS (CONT'D)

As you might imagine, we hope to finish this transaction quickly. Oh, and any crap, we'll all be saying good night I...I...Forever.

Zeus flails his gun.

ZEUS (CONT'D)

Move.

Irene fumbles with the register. Vicky swaggers forward.

VICKY

Get down Irene. I'll deal with this.

ZEUS

Yeah Irene. Need someone with a steadier hand anyway.

Zeus aims the gun at Vicky. Vicky clutches Irene's wrist.

VICKY

Don't move til I say it's okay.

Irene shudders to the ground.

IRENE

What're you gonna do?

VICKY

Give 'em what they're asking for.

Vicky clicks the register open, grabs and waves wad of money under Zeus's nose.

VICKY (CONT'D)

My father worked hard for this.

Zeus releases his weapon's safety catch.

ZEUS

Sure Pops would favor empty register over headless daughter.

IRENE

Just give it to him damn it.

Vicky collects, twirls and places a pair of scissors down.

VICKY

When I said don't move, that also meant your mouth. I'll handle it.

Vicky drops the cash in the register, raises her hands and reclaims the scissors.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Okay. But would you lose the piece for a sec?

Zeus positions his gun on the counter. Vicky snares and chucks a wad of cash into Zeus's face, drives the scissors through Zeus's hand and hurtles over the counter.

ZEUS

Motherfucker. Shit.

HERCULES, 26, stampedes toward Vicky. Vicky steals Zeus's gun, shoots Hercules's leg and kicks the gun from Hercules's hand. Hercules grabs Vicky's legs. Vicky elbows and shatters Hercules's nose.

HERCULES

Bitch.

IRENE (O.C.)

Vicky?

VICKY

Don't worry. Was on the right side
of the barrel. Stay down.

Vicky fists Hercules's groin. Hercules clutches his genitals.

HERCULES

My fucking nuts.

Vicky wallops Hercules's head with a gun. An unconscious
Hercules tumbles to the floor.

VICKY

That's ena.

Vicky charges toward and seizes Zeus's uninjured hand.

VICKY (CONT'D)

And you're dio.

ZEUS

What're you doing?

VICKY

Limiting my aspirin consumption.

ZEUS

Huh?

Vicky head butts Zeus, bloodies and fractures his nose and
thrashes Zeus's skull with a pistol. Zeus collapses over the
counter. Vicky rips the scissors from Zeus's hand and hurls
him to the ground, adjacent to Hercules.

VICKY

So I didn't get a headache from
listening to you scream louder when
doing that. All clear sis.

Irene quivers upward.

IRENE

Fuck you do?

VICKY

Embarrassed the Gods.

Irene hovers over Zeus and Hercules.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Hello? Did all the work here. Stop goggling and call the damn cops.

Irene stumbles to the counter, lifts and pounds a portable, land line phone's keypad.

IRENE

Yes. Yes. I...I'd like to report a robbery attempt. Two Twenty-Four Protaras Avenue. Okay thanks.

INT. POLICE STATION-NIGHT

Nick barrels through the entrance.

NICK

Vicky and Irene Antropolis?

Vicky and Irene pounce out of chairs, rush towards and leap into Nick's arms.

NICK (CONT'D)

All in tact I hope?

Irene breaks the embrace.

IRENE

Thanks to Costas Philippou's sparring partner.

Nick returns Vicky to earth.

VICKY

Don't ask.

A MALE POLICE OFFICER with the surname: Politis etched into his uniform's nameplate approaches Nick.

POLITIS

Mister Antropolis? I'm Captain Politis.

Nick and POLITIS, 55, shake hands.

POLITIS (CONT'D)

Should be proud. Your girls helped us capture two key members of a gang we'd been chasing for months.

Politis pulls Nick aside.

POLITIS (CONT'D)

As the business's owner, I'd like you to make a brief statement.

Nick and Politis retire to a side office. Irene paws Vicky.

IRENE

There's no escaping a sister to sister now...

Vicky stomps away. Irene pursues Vicky.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Or I tell Papa everything.

VICKY

Think he'd believe it?

IRENE

Not at first. But you, more than most, know persuasion's my specialty.

Nick and Politis rejoin Vicky and Irene.

POLITIS

You're father's agreed to hold a press conference outside the store tomorrow morning and we'd like you both to attend.

Vicky seizes Nick's arm.

VICKY

No. You can't.

POLITIS

It'll be good publicity if nothing else.

VICKY

Wrong. We don't need this kind of attention.

EXT. STOREFRONT-DAY

Politis, Nick and Irene surround a podium under an awning that says: ANTROPOLIS CLOTHING. PHOTOGRAPHERS AND TELEVISION NEWS CREWS shoot pictures and shine cameras. Vicky remains out of camera shot. Politis lifts the microphone.

POLITIS

Good morning. I've brought you here to announce the capture and arrest of Protaras's two most dangerous criminals.

Politis motions Nick and Irene forward.

POLITIS (CONT'D)

Thanks to Irene and Vicky...Where's Vick?

Politis pokes his head left and points. Photographers snap several photos of Vicky. Vicky shields her face.

POLITIS (CONT'D)

Vicky. Would you join us please?

Vicky stays still and fixates on the floor. Nick swipes the microphone from Politis.

NICK

Get up here hero.

Politis and media members applaud. Vicky trudges to the podium and hides behind Irene. Politis sets the microphone in a stand.

POLITIS

Questions?

A FEMALE CORRESPONDENT holding a notebook raises her hand.

POLITIS (CONT'D)

Yes. Xanthippi.

XANTHIPPI, 34, steps forward.

XANTHIPPI

Xanthippi Arropolou from Cyprus TV News. Could either of you explain what happened?

Irene nudges Vicky ahead. Vicky grips the microphone and drops her head.

VICKY

We were threatened. I reacted.

A THRONG OF JOURNALISTS cast their hands skyward. Politis acknowledges A MALE REPORTER.

POLITIS

Yannis?

YANNIS, 36, approaches the podium.

YANNIS

Yannis Cespiades of the Nicosia Times. My readers will be interested in knowing what compelled you ladies to fight armed and dangerous criminals?

VICKY

Guess that self-defense class made me braver than I thought.

Chuckles follow Vicky's remark.

VICKY (CONT'D)

That's all I have time for. Thank you.

Vicky hurries away from the podium. Nick and Politis disperse and disappear into the crowd. Irene captures Vicky.

IRENE

Ha ha ha. Now you spill, or I flood.

VICKY

All right already, but in private. Please?

IRENE

Fine. My house.

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

Vicky squirms into a chair. Irene marches in, casts the fridge open, snares and hoists two beer cans skyward.

IRENE

This enough?

VICKY

Hardly. Get the Zivania and your biggest shot glasses.

Irene tosses the cans back, slips out and returns with a glass bottle and two double shot glasses. Vicky loads and raises her glass. Irene leaves her glass on the table.

IRENE

Don't think it'll be all that cheery, so let's just drink.

VICKY
Agreed...On both counts.

Vicky and Irene chug and thrash their glasses onto the table.
Vicky pours another shot.

IRENE
You're not getting out of...

Vicky lunges across the table and squeezes Irene's chin.

VICKY
Not trying to damn it. Thinking of
where to start.

Irene pours and downs another shot.

IRENE
I don't care.

VICKY
Okay. Then how 'bout the end? Heard
of the Electralistas?

Irene bangs her head against the tabletop several times.

IRENE
Thought they were a myth.

Irene bobbles through her purse and snatches a pack of butts.
Vicky snares a lighter and ignites Irene's cigarette.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Just can't believe...You? The girl
who'd cry when someone pressed her
too hard in a game of tag?

Irene inhales and expels a ring of smoke. Vicky swills
another shot and swipes a butt. Irene places an index finger
out and thumb up.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Ever...You know?

Irene inches her thumb down.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Anyone?

VICKY
Hmm.

IRENE
Who?

VICKY

Our brother's second shooter.

Irene tilts her chair back, loses her balance, crashes into a wall, staggers up, bolts out and trembles back.

IRENE

Mother Maria. Mother Maria.

Vicky corrals Irene. Irene snaps Vicky's clutches.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Why?

VICKY

Because Soterios deserved justice,
not memorial plaques. Waited for
God and country, but only have this
lifetime.

Vicky takes Irene to the ground.

IRENE

Then, you can get out now.

VICKY

Not finished yet.

IRENE

Who else?

VICKY

The guy we've always wanted.

Irene shoves Vicky and leaps up.

IRENE

No. No. Have to tell Mama and Papa.

Vicky springs to her feet and tackles Irene.

VICKY

You can't...And won't.

Irene struggles. Vicky strengthens her hold on Irene.

IRENE

Someone must stop...Mama and Papa
won't bury another child.

Irene quivers and wails. Vicky shakes Irene.

VICKY

Listen. No one else can know.
Especially Mama and Papa. If they
did, it could make them targets.

Irene escapes Vicky's grasp.

IRENE

That's crap.

Vicky places Irene in an ankle lock.

VICKY

Now's when to stop playing stubborn
bitch.

Vicky tightens her clasp on Irene's foot.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Two more seconds's a sprain. Five's
a fracture.

IRENE

Okay. Just help me up.

Vicky relinquishes the hold, assists Irene into a chair and
pours two more shots. Irene and Vicky throw the liquor back.

IRENE (CONT'D)

There's a Chapter Two right?

Vicky sidles to the fridge, nabs a beer, pops the tab and
gulps. Irene slams down another shot.

VICKY

Yes. But you're not ready to read
it yet.

Vicky pulls a chair alongside Irene's.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Wow. No remark or advice?

IRENE

Well...At least my divorce will
soon become Mama's second favorite
topic of discussion at holiday
gatherings.

VICKY

Have to get back to Nicosia soon.

Irene and Vicky embrace.

IRENE

You be safe. Couldn't bear watching
Father Konstantine recite the
Trisagion over you too.

INT. GARAGE-DAY

Sophia hops aboard a motorcycle. Athena tosses Sophia a rag.
Sophia dusts the bike's handlebars.

SOPHIA

Want to know who this Faissal is.

Sophia bounds down and wipes the front tire.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

You're to conduct extensive
research and report back by
tomorrow evening. Dismissed.

ATHENA

Not comfortable doing this again.
She's our friend and...

Sophia chucks the rag on the bike's seat and bulldozes Athena
into a wall.

SOPHIA

Argue again and you'll be
experiencing discomfort measured in
agonizing cries.

ATHENA

Yes Boss Lady.

Sophia slams Athena into another wall.

SOPHIA

And I want it before eighteen
hundred.

EXT. BAR-DAY

Vicky, wearing a red tee shirt with the name: SOCRATES'S
emblazoned on front in white, cursive lettering; garnishes
and serves beverages to TWO MEN occupying stools.

VICKY

Enjoy.

The Men drop cash on the counter.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Change?

The Men shake their heads.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Got two stronger ones coming...On us.

The Men raise their glasses and salute Vicky. Sirens blare. Police and emergency service vehicles zoom down the street. Vicky snatches a bucket of ice and squats down. Doxia stumbles in.

DOXIA

Papa? Papa?

Vicky rockets up. Doxia dabs her eyes with a tissue.

VICKY

Shit. Dox?

DOXIA

My Dad around?

VICKY

In the kitchen.

Vicky fills a cup with ice water, hurries away from the bar and hands the drink to Doxia. The Men at the bar move inside.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Here. Take a sip.

Doxia's hands quake. Vicky grips and lifts the cup to Doxia's lips.

DOXIA

Protests got worse. People on both sides hurt. Some severe. TV crews there. Cops advising area businesses to close down for day.

Doxia rushes inside. Vicky snares a remote and powers a television on. The screen displays the message: "LIVE: DERYNEIA BUFFER ZONE." PARAMEDICS on both sides of the border load BLOODIED PROTESTERS into ambulances.

VICKY

Damn. Dox's been right from jump.

Vicky clicks the television off.

INT. COMPOUND PATROL STATION-DAY

Barat enters. Several Watchmen eye a television positioned atop a small table.

BARAT
Afternoon guys.

The screen flashes a graphic: "Mid-Afternoon News." A FEMALE ANCHOR appears on camera.

ANCHORWOMAN
We begin today's broadcast with a story about a brave, Greek Cypriot woman.

News coverage switches to footage of the Antropolis press conference. The screen's bottom reads: PROTARAS.

WATCHMAN
She looks like...

ANCHORWOMAN
Victoria...

Barat snares a remote and presses mute.

BARAT
Antropolis? From Protaras? Little trollop's trying to do what Papa couldn't.

INT. COMPOUND BEDROOM-DAY

Cenk dons a bullet proof vest and leans against a bed's headboard. A pistol and knife are positioned on a night stand. Drawn blinds cover the windows.

BARAT
Should've seen what she did to those kids. Black Mambas aren't a collection of pussies.

A loud thud rocks the house. Cenk snares his weapons, dives to the floor and rolls underneath the bed. Barat grabs his phone.

BARAT (CONT'D)
Fuck was that? Sure? Okay.

Cenk slinks out from under the bed.

CENK

Well?

BARAT

Car backfired. Watchmen confirmed it...Shit. What you've turned into.

Barat kneels before Cenk.

BARAT (CONT'D)

Her next meal could be our last. Please. Let me interrogate and, if need be, go further.

CENK

Do what you must.

EXT. COMPOUND GATE-NIGHT

Barat lurks to the patrol station's side. Vicky shuts her moped down. Barat draws a weapon and lunges at Vicky.

BARAT

Evening Miss Antropolis.

Barat whistles. Vicky tries to restart the bike. Barat steals, bends and breaks the key. Several Watchmen and TWO SUITED GUARDS charge through the portal, surround and aim weapons at Vicky.

BARAT (CONT'D)

If you'd only kept to sticking sharp objects in vegetables.

Barat clutches Vicky's shoulders. Vicky eludes Barat's grasp. The Watchmen corral Vicky. Barat shoves his gun in Vicky's face.

BARAT (CONT'D)

Resist again you die. Understand?

Vicky throws her hands in the air.

BARAT (CONT'D)

Get that bitch upstairs.

The Guards drag Vicky through the gate. Faissal lumbers towards Barat.

FAISSAL

My father won't...

BARAT
Shut up, go inside and stay in your
room.

Vicky glances back.

VICKY
Voitheia (help in Greek).

INT. COMPOUND ROOM-NIGHT

Vicky is roped to a chair. Barat stomps in, snatches a seat
and perches down opposite Vicky.

BARAT
Always knew your talents went well
beyond sauteed chicken.

VICKY
Wow. You're capable of formulating
complete sentences?

Barat cocks his arm and swings at Vicky. Vicky jerks her head
away and avoids contact.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Slow reflexes old man.

Barat yanks a pistol out of his jacket.

BARAT
Perhaps. But with this reflexes are
a bit redundant. Agreed?

Barat shoves the weapon in Vicky's face.

BARAT (CONT'D)
Any further sass and your DNA goes
on permanent display. Now tell us.
Is Papa you're only puppet master?

VICKY
Even you're smart enough to imagine
the gesture I'd be displaying if my
hands were free.

BARAT
Figured. In any case,
I'll soon return with people
equipped with party favors designed
to loosen your inhibitions.

Barat hurries out. Vicky attempts to free herself. A car door slams and tires skid. Clumping footsteps increase in intensity and cease. A doorknob rotates and the partition edges forward. Faissal tiptoes in.

FAISSAL
Care to expound?

VICKY
Shut the door.

Faissal eases the door closed.

VICKY (CONT'D)
And whisper.

FAISSAL
Don't worry. Only one guard on this floor and he's manning the hall's other end.

Faissal unties Vicky.

VICKY
I'll explain everything. Just not now.

FAISSAL
You're mantra.

Vicky rifles through her pockets.

VICKY
Shit. They took my phone. Got yours I hope?

Vicky darts toward a desk, inspects several drawers, grabs pen and paper.

FAISSAL
Yep.

Faissal flips his cell to Vicky. Vicky boomerangs the phone back to Faissal.

VICKY
Your voice won't provoke eavesdroppers.

Vicky scrawls the number 31-4576438 and the words: "Ask for Sophia, introduce yourself and tell her: I'm a made girl, fleeing now, meet us just on the sunny side." Vicky hands the paper to Faissal. Faissal scans.

VICKY (CONT'D)
 Be attentive. She's not big on
 repeating herself.

Vicky bolts back to the desk, collects another several sheets of paper, presents the writing implements to Faissal, edges a closet door open and nudges Faissal inside.

VICKY (CONT'D)
 This way you'll be able to speak a
 little louder.

Faissal holds the paper under his arm and dials. Vicky returns to the chair, crosses her feet and places her hands behind her back.

FAISSAL
 What're you doing?

VICKY
 Posing for visitors.

INT. HIGH RISE OFFICE-NIGHT

Athena files folders into a cabinet. Sophia examines several documents.

SOPHIA
 Turk must have one big wish bone.

ATHENA
 Treasonous bitch.

SOPHIA
 Hon. Men aren't the only ones to
 substitute pubes for brains.

A mobile phone vibrates. Sophia glimpses at the screen, lumbers toward the room's center and stares at the ceiling.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
 There a hidden camera in here?
 Someone looking to gauge my
 reaction to bullshit?

ATHENA
 Why?

SOPHIA
 Check the damn phone.

The caller is identified as Faissal Cenk.

ATHENA

My God.

SOPHIA

Have to take a creative writing class. Somewhere, this's a fucking novel.

INT. COMPOUND ROOM--SAME TIME

VICKY

Well?

FAISSAL

It's ringing.

Sophia hits the phone's talk and speaker icons.

SOPHIA

Hey Romeo.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

FAISSAL

May I speak with Sophia please?

SOPHIA

No further need to ask.

The paper falls to the floor. Faissal retrieves.

FAISSAL

Okay...Then I'm about to relay a message from Artemis.

SOPHIA

Whew. Hadn't heard from her all day. Was starting to get concerned. Please proceed.

FAISSAL

Book jacket version: She's dancing out of trouble and you'd know where to boogie.

Sophia scampers to a table, snares a carafe of whiskey and pours a drink.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)

Will you help us?

SOPHIA

Of course.

Faissal extracts a blank sheet of paper from his pocket.

FAISSAL
Awaiting your instructions.

SOPHIA
Drive to the main Nicosia crossing.
About a half-mile past border,
you'll notice a white van on road's
shoulder.

Faissal scribbles Sophia's words down.

FAISSAL
It's nightttime you know.

SOPHIA
So put on your brights.

Faissal positions the phone closer to his ear.

FAISSAL
Look. Should I regret not having a
big bash on my last birthday?

SOPHIA
Hon? You're soirees will be
boundless...Assuming you obey her.

FAISSAL
All right.

Faissal hits end. Sophia wheels her chair back toward a table topped by a chessboard and turns a King piece on its side.

ATHENA
That confident?

SOPHIA
Yep. Mr. Montague just guaranteed
Ms. Capulet will deliver.

ATHENA
How?

SOPHIA
Our script's next act.

INT. COMPOUND CORRIDOR-NIGHT

Vicky and Faissal snake out of room.

FAISSAL

Again explain why Barat won't be
pulverizing all two hundred six of
my bones by evening's end?

VICKY

Fair question.

Vicky points at A SUITED GUARD patrolling the hallway's
opposite end.

VICKY (CONT'D)

See the muscle?

FAISSAL

Hmm.

VICKY

Distract him and observe.

Faissal parades down the hall.

FAISSAL

But it's important. I must get to
the Lefkosia office.

Vicky stalks toward the Guard.

SUITED GUARD

Barat gave us strict orders. No one
leaves til he gets back.

FAISSAL

But...

SUITED GUARD

Period. Stop.

Vicky taps the Guard's shoulder. The Guard spins around.
Vicky kicks the Guard's groin, knees his stomach, drives him
into a wall head first and renders him unconscious.

VICKY

Good enough answer?

FAISSAL

Yeah. Don't think I'll be needing
traction tonight.

Vicky frisks the Guard's chest and genital region.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)

Hey.

VICKY
Don't get jealous.

Vicky removes a pistol from the Guard's pants.

VICKY (CONT'D)
This's the stick I'm interested in.

FAISSAL
Won't be that easy outside.
Perimeter's a little more heavily
populated.

VICKY
Hell'd you learn the term
perimeter?

FAISSAL
Scout camp in high school. Anyhow,
how do you suppose we're gonna
overcome those securing it?

Vicky cocks her weapon.

VICKY
Very simply, but you'll have to
play along.

Vicky and Faissal sprint towards a flight of stairs.

FAISSAL
Like I'd dare argue?

Vicky and Faissal traverse numerous steps and dart towards an
exit.

VICKY
Think we might have a future.

Faissal stops short. Vicky and Faissal collide.

VICKY (CONT'D)
What?

FAISSAL
Try not to kill anyone. Known them
since I was a boy and they've all
got families.

Vicky kisses Faissal's lips.

VICKY
Why couldn't you've been Greek?

Vicky stops by the door, peeks right and left, rotates the knob at an unhurried pace and inches the partition open.

EXT. COMPOUND DRIVEWAY-NIGHT

VICKY

Did reclaim your car keys after throwing that silly, affection-winning tantrum?

Faissal rifles through his pants pockets.

FAISSAL

Yeah. And it worked...Didn't it?

VICKY

Let's hope we can repeat those words in a few minutes.

FOUR GUARDS conduct a roving patrol. Vicky and Faissal pussyfoot onto the pavement.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Now get ready.

FAISSAL

For what?

VICKY

This.

Vicky jerks Faissal's neck down and places her gun to his head. Vicky and Faissal mince towards the Guards. Vicky glimpses at her watch.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Nineteen thirty-three. Wow. We can still make our twenty-one hundred at Kafkaros's.

The Guards whirl around, whip out and aim their guns at Vicky.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Lose 'em.

The Guards remain armed. Vicky releases her weapon's safety feature.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Drop your pieces, or I pray you kissed your children this morning.

Three of the Guards chuck their weapons. Vicky kicks the pistols into shrubbery. One Guard fires at Vicky and misses. Vicky counters with two shots to the Guard's leg. The injured Guard rolls toward his comrades.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Should this gun discharge again,
the flying lead takes a drastic
turn northward. Clear?

Two uninjured Guards drag their wounded colleague away. Vicky and Faissal pass several cars.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Which one's yours?

FAISSAL
Black beamer.

VICKY
Get in.

Faissal rushes into the car and roars the engine. Vicky flails her gun at the remaining Guard.

VICKY (CONT'D)
As soon as we pull away, order the
Watchmen to open the gate,
otherwise I'll cut their throats.

The Guard throws his hands skyward and nods.

VICKY (CONT'D)
One last and most important thing.
Blab to your border buddies and
sonny's head's returned via DHL.

Vicky scurries toward the car and tumbles into the front passenger's seat. The car careens off.

EXT. SIDEROAD-NIGHT

A van is parked on a shoulder. Sophia, Athena and SEVERAL WOMEN wearing black shirts emblazoned with the sword and crescent symbol surround the vehicle. Sophia's phone chimes. A text from Vicky reveals: "Just crossed."

SOPHIA
K. We all prepared?

ATHENA
Set.

A car comes into view and slows down. Sophia directs the vehicle onto a shoulder. Vicky and Faissal emerge, grasp hands and mosey towards Sophia.

VICKY
We're safe now.

Sophia forges in between Vicky and Faissal. Athena and the Electralistas surround Faissal.

SOPHIA
See you had an easy trip down
country.

Sophia draws and aims a weapon at Vicky.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Girls.

The Electralistas brandish and direct arms on Faissal.

FAISSAL
Um. What's...

SOPHIA
You're going to sleep hon.

Athena pistol whips Faissal's head. Faissal plunges to the concrete. Vicky lunges toward Faissal. Sophia tackles Vicky.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Where's the piece?

VICKY
What fucking piece?

SOPHIA
That which you swiped off Cenk's
unsuspecting brute.

Vicky struggles. Sophia loses her grip on Vicky.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Don't fight.

Sophia lifts and smashes Vicky's backside to the ground.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Where? Damn it.

VICKY
Under the passenger's seat.

Athena hovers over Vicky.

ATHENA

Traitor.

The Electralistas shove Faissal into the van's rear, leap in back and shut the door. Athena pounces into the driver's seat and speeds the van away. Sophia hops off Vicky. Vicky staggers to her feet.

VICKY

Of everyone...You betray us.

Sophia rips open the front, passenger-side door of Faissal's car, searches under the seat, extracts a gun, empties the chamber, brandishes and turns her own pistol on Vicky.

SOPHIA

That's a word you'd best be careful defining hon. Now drive.

VICKY

Where to?

SOPHIA

Bunker.

INT. BUNKER ROOM-NIGHT

Sophia plows Vicky to the floor. Athena and two Electralistas encircle a chair set down near the back wall. Sophia menaces over Vicky with a weapon drawn and gestures at the chair.

SOPHIA

Voluntary or involuntary?

VICKY

Where's Faissal?

Vicky springs upward, executes a roundhouse kick and dislodges the gun from Sophia's hand. Athena and the Electralistas assault and trawl Vicky towards the chair.

SOPHIA

Girls. Herein lies the problem with dicks and missions.

Athena forces Vicky down. The Electralistas clutch Vicky's arms. Sophia tears open a desk drawer, snares a pair of handcuffs and locks Vicky's wrist to the chair.

VICKY

What've you done to him?

Vicky thrusts Sophia back with her feet. Athena endeavors to corral Vicky's legs.

ATHENA
Should I prepare a shot of Valium?

SOPHIA
Negative. Need her awake and coherent.

Sophia slaps Vicky's face.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
He's alive. Now stop.

VICKY
Want proof.

SOPHIA
Handsome bastard's now become an important player in this game.

Vicky raises her feet and prepares to kick.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Which I'll eject you both out of in a second if you don't settle the fuck down.

Vicky places her feet down.

VICKY
All right.

SOPHIA
Thanks ladies.

Athena leads her compatriots out. Sophia draws a gun, aims the weapon at and circles around Vicky.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Fucking the enemy, allowing herself to get made, disobeying numerous orders. Ending a great season on a terrible slump.

VICKY
So put me on the bench.

Sophia strikes Vicky's face again.

SOPHIA

Sorry hon. Not yet. See, this neither isn't, nor has it ever been only about your retribution tour.

VICKY

I'll get it done.

SOPHIA

Never doubted that. Just ensuring it happens on my and our nation's time.

Sophia corrals a bottle from an open cabinet drawer, unscrews the cap and swigs.

VICKY

Why such sudden, damn urgency?

SOPHIA

A question only us classified people need to answer. Just do it well, quietly and by tomorrow night.

Sophia chugs again, plods toward and spits whiskey in Vicky's face.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Succeed and you can enjoy as much of the young Turk's flesh as you can digest. But should you fail, he's my consolation prize.

VICKY

Fucking bitch.

SOPHIA

Didn't want, but had to be hon.

VICKY

At least let me see him.

Sophia brandishes a key and frees Vicky.

SOPHIA

He's down below.

INT. BUNKER PRISON-NIGHT

Vicky hurries down a dim-lit corridor. Athena is posted at a desk situated opposite several jail cells. Faissal lays atop a cot inside the first holding area. Vicky grips the bars.

VICKY

Hey?

Faissal faces in the other direction. Athena unlocks the cell. Vicky plods toward and rests down beside Faissal. Athena re-locks the cell.

VICKY (CONT'D)

How've you been treated?

Faissal shoves Vicky back and bounces up. Athena points a gun at Faissal.

FAISSAL

Well, other than the headache provided by your friend there, pretty good for a northerner in a southern prison I suppose.

Vicky grasps Faissal's arm. Faissal eludes Vicky's grip and returns to the cot.

VICKY

Gonna attempt an explanation. My...

FAISSAL

Real name's not Artemis and cooking's only a hobby. I close?

Vicky wiggles closer to Faissal.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)

Boss Lady loves to gab. But, anyone with an average IQ probably would've suspected. Anyway, I'm sorry.

VICKY

You? Why?

FAISSAL

Deryneia? My father?

VICKY

Separate yourself from him. Understand?

Vicky embraces Faissal.

FAISSAL

Wish you would.

Vicky and Faissal break their embrace.

VICKY

Can't.

FAISSAL

Why? Damn it. It's almost certain death. Run away. Do anything.

VICKY

It's my mission and I'm expected to complete it.

Faissal shakes Vicky.

FAISSAL

What for? Who's it gonna help?

VICKY

Should I be granted a tomorrow, I'll explain. If not, hope you'll eventually figure it out.

Vicky waves Athena forward. Athena unlocks and opens the cell's door. Vicky bolts out of sight.

FAISSAL

Please don't. Please.

INT. COMPOUND BASEMENT-NIGHT

FOUR HANDCUFFED MEN are detained on their knees. Bruise marks cover the Men's faces and necks. Cenk clutches a club and points to one of the Men. Barat drags the Man toward Cenk. Cenk clocks the Man with a stick.

CENK

Fucking fools.

Cenk draws and places a pistol to the Man's head.

CENK (CONT'D)

Should all be executed for incompetence.

Barat separates Cenk from the Man.

BARAT

Allow me to take full responsibility.

Cenk lowers his weapon.

CENK

Don't be ridiculous.

BARAT

Done some research. This girl ain't
no lone nut acting out a vengeance
fantasy.

Cenk belts another Man in the mouth and hurls the stick
across the room.

CENK

My poor Faissal.

Cenk kicks, slaps and punches the remaining Men.

BARAT

He's alive. Guaranteed.

CENK

How can you?

BARAT

Because you're the prized catch and
Faissal's the lure. When she casts
her pole, we tie up that line.

EXT. STREET-DAY

Athena ascends a flight of stairs. Two Electralistas trail
Athena and escort Faissal upstairs. Athena hurries toward and
catapults into the van; skids into reverse, pulls curb side
and skips out.

FAISSAL

Where're we going?

ATHENA

Shush.

Athena unlatches the van's rear door.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Get him inside.

Faissal slumps over, hyperventilates and grabs his chest.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

You okay?

FAISSAL

Panic attack. It'll pass.

Athena recaptures the driver's seat. The Electralistas assist
Faissal upright.

One of the Electralistas pounces into the van. Faissal knocks the Electralista in the van down and bulldozes the Electralista outside the van to the concrete.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)

Fooled you.

Faissal steals the downed Electralista's gun, grabs her arm, hauls her upward and positions the weapon near her head. The Electralista in the van's rear reappears.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)

Get down and disarm.

The Electralista bounds out and tosses her firearm. Faissal snares and pockets the discarded pistol.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)

Where is she?

Athena charges out of the van and aims her weapon at Faissal. Faissal and Athena stand off.

ATHENA

Careful. They can be dangerous.

FAISSAL

You're right. BUL M-5's kick like Van Damme. Handguns were my specialty during two years in the Turkish Army.

ATHENA

Of course.

FAISSAL

Again. Where's she going? And what time I supposed to enter the ranks of the orphaned?

Faissal loosens his weapon's safety catch and executes a headlock on the captured Electralista.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)

Don't be fooled by my model-like face. I will.

Athena relinquishes her weapon. Faissal seizes Athena's gun.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)

Your beauty and intelligence does your heritage proud.

Faissal releases the Electralista.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
Now answer the questions.

Athena and her cohorts glance at each other. Faissal fires a shot, which lands inches from Athena's foot.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
Despite my previous statement, none of you're as cute as Vicky.

ATHENA
Okay. The Mak...

FAISSAL
No. No. No. Gonna do this another way.

Faissal pulls out a crumpled sheet of paper and pen from his pants, rips the paper into three pieces and distributes them to the Electralistas.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
So I'm not sent to any abandoned alleys.

Faissal hands Athena a pen and positions the gun under Athena's nose.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
And pray to your favorite saint if those responses don't match.

Athena scribbles and hands the pen to a comrade. The Electralista writes her answer down and flips the pen to her colleague. The Electralista jots her response down. Faissal collects all three papers.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
Examination time.

Faissal studies the responses.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
Been a pleasure ladies.

Faissal aims his weapon at the Electralista trio.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
Now back up.

The Women retreat.

FAISSAL (CONT'D)
Where're the keys?

ATHENA

Ignition.

Faissal edges backward until reaching the van.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Betraying her to save your father?

FAISSAL

I'm saving her from my father and,
if you share my desire, stay the
fuck away.

Faissal vaults into the driver's seat and flies off.

INT. HIGH RISE OFFICE-DAY

Sophia hands Vicky a mobile phone.

SOPHIA

Time to play rendezvous maker.

INT. COMPOUND CONFERENCE ROOM-SAME TIME

Cenk stands behind a long table. Barat occupies a seat at the table's head. Land line phones chime. Cenk examines a phone's screen.

CENK

ID says Cyprus.

Barat snares a phone.

BARAT

It's her.

Cenk places hand on, but does not lift phone.

BARAT (CONT'D)

Trust me....Please.

CENK

Okay. Go ahead.

Barat presses TALK.

BARAT

Thanks for checking in Ms.
Antropolis.

Vicky places a phone atop Sophia's desk and activates speaker.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

VICKY

Put Cenk on.

Sophia lifts the bishop off a chessboard and places the piece over a Turkish flag's crescent.

CENK

Where's my son bitch?

VICKY

If you plan to keep him alive, ya might consider displaying a better demeanor.

CENK

He's alive?

VICKY

So long as you put a check in the proverbial terms and conditions box.

A MAN appears in the doorway holding up an assault rifle. Barat offers the thumbs up sign. The Man exits.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Makarios Street Crossing at nineteen hundred. Then, ya got three alternatives: A, surrender. B, I kill you, or C, we do to Faissal what you did to Soterios.

CENK

But...

VICKY

Ah. Ah. Until this evening.

A dial tone follows Vicky's words.

SOPHIA

Never would've thought of that location.

VICKY

No U.N. presence. Plus, it'll take both sides a number of minutes to detect action, even and especially if something goes amiss.

SOPHIA

Solid work.

Vicky mopes toward the door. A wall clock flashes sixteen-ten. Sophia minces toward Vicky. Vicky propels Sophia back.

VICKY

Save any other compliments for my parents. Don't want to see you or anyone else til tonight. Going for a long walk.

EXT. MAKARIOS STREET BORDER CROSSING-NIGHT

Vicky trudges toward a fence centered by an unmanned patrol station. A vehicle's headlights shine in the distance. Vicky's watch reads: eighteen fifty. The car stops. Cenk emerges.

CENK

Take off.

The car speeds away. Cenk wanders toward the fence. Barat lies atop a nearby building observing Vicky through an assault rifle's scope. Cenk and Vicky draw weapons and standoff. Barat fingers his weapon's trigger.

CENK (CONT'D)

Where's Faissal?

VICKY

On his way. My boss's bringing him.

Vicky glances up, rips out and points a pistol at Cenk.

CENK

What're you doing?

VICKY

Stand down or all Faissal sees's a bloody corpse.

BARAT

Fuck. Bitch's good.

Barat snares his weapon and falls back.

CENK

Obey her order.

BARAT

That's affirm.

Vicky and Cenk resume the standoff.

VICKY
Is it alpha, beta or gamma?

CENK
When I see Faissal.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE-NIGHT

Sophia steps toward a black Mercedes. Athena rushes forward.

ATHENA
Boss Lady. Boss Lady.

SOPHIA
Why aren't you awaiting my signal?

Athena drops her head. Sophia slams a set of keys against the hood and pounds the driver's-side door with two fists.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me.

Sophia hurls open the driver's-side door.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
When did this university class
lecture in incompetence occur?

ATHENA
Little more than two hours ago.

Sophia saddles into the driver's seat and ignites the engine. Athena remains still and keeps her head down.

SOPHIA
Needn't worry. Don't have time to
inflict any appropriate punishment.
Now get in.

Athena rushes into the front, passenger's seat. The car's clock reads: eighteen fifty-two.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
If I commit every traffic offense,
we might prevent Attila '15.

EXT. MAKARIOS STREET BORDER CROSSING-NIGHT

Vicky's watch flashes eighteen fifty-eight.

CENK
What's taking your boss so long?

Tires skid.

VICKY
Probably her now.

A van charges down the street.

CENK
Then get her to stop.

The van gains speed. Cenk and Vicky turn their arms on the van.

VICKY
Slow the fuck down.

The van accelerates further. Vicky lunges sideways to avoid being struck. Cenk discharges two shots. Bullets penetrate the windshield. The van crashes into a brick building on the border's Greek Cypriot side.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Can't be us.

Vicky jacks up, draws her weapon and snakes towards the van.

VICKY (CONT'D)
If you can, please ident.

Several seconds elapse with no response. Vicky flings open the driver's-side door. Faissal tumbles out with a gunshot wound to his head.

VICKY (CONT'D)
No. Faissal. Faissal. Why the fuck
you here? How'd you find out? How'd
you find out? No. No. Please.
Faissal. Come on.

Vicky jostles Faissal's limp body.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Gotta move. It'll be okay. Got more
puttering to do. I want to putter
again.

Vicky cradles and rocks Faissal back and forth.

VICKY (CONT'D)
I love you. I love you. Fuck. We
almost pulled this off. Fuck.

Cenk strays into Greek Cypriot territory and collapses to his knees.

CENK

No. My son. My son.

Sirens blare.

VICKY

Shit.

GREEK CYPRIOT and TURKISH FORCES deploy and stand off. A MALE SOLDIER dressed in fatigues bearing the Cypriot flag and the surname: RITAMIS emblazoned into his vest steams toward Vicky.

RITAMIS

Major Ritamis of the Cypriot Guard.
Detain her.

Two Greek Cypriot Troops attempt, but fail to pry Vicky away from Faissal's corpse. RITAMIS, 50, grasps Vicky's shoulders. Sophia's car tears on scene. Greek Cypriot and Turkish Troops turn their arms on Sophia's vehicle.

VICKY

No. That's my boss.

Vicky eludes Ritamis and frolics up. Sophia zooms toward the mayhem.

RITAMIS

Hope your boss's the President.

Sophia seizes Ritamis's arm.

SOPHIA

Not quite, but a friend of his.

Vicky falls to earth and strokes Faissal's hair.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Major. This woman's an undercover operative sanctioned by our government.

A TURKISH SOLDIER, with the surname: WAJDI etched into his uniform's vest, prowls toward the fence.

WAJDI

What'd you do Ritamis?

RITAMIS

Oh fuck off Wajdi.

Greek Cypriot and Turkish Forces march to the edge of their respective national boundaries.

RITAMIS (CONT'D)

I pray you can document these claims.

SOPHIA

Yes, but the Defense Minister can do it with greater authority.

Two Greek Cypriot Troops close in on and observe Cenk.

GREEK CYPRIOT TROOP

Major. Think the fasolada's about to reach tongue boiling proportions.

A Greek Cypriot Troop turns Cenk's head toward Ritamis.

RITAMIS

Really gonna earn those thirty-seven thousand Euros now.

Ritamis lumbers toward Sophia.

RITAMIS (CONT'D)

Gather he was the objective?

SOPHIA

You so deserve that raise Major.

GREEK CYPRIOT TROOP

Know we've got a kill order out on this man?

RITAMIS

Keep thinking fasolada soldier.

Vicky charges Ritamis.

VICKY

No. Don't kill him.

Sophia tackles Vicky.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Let him suffer. Like my family did.

Sophia glances back at Athena and snaps her fingers.

SOPHIA

Get her out of here.

Athena seizes Vicky's wrist and trawls Vicky toward Sophia's car.

VICKY

Let him suffer. Let him suffer.

Athena crams Vicky into the vehicle's back seat, leaps into the driver's seat and blasts off. Sophia forges in between Cenk and Ritamis.

SOPHIA

Take this...Into custody and let our superiors determine the best method of flushing.

WAJDI

Wait.

WAJDI, 66, pounds on the fence.

WAJDI (CONT'D)

Request permission to enter The Country of Cyprus.

RITAMIS

Granted.

Wajdi crosses the border.

RITAMIS (CONT'D)

Stand down.

WAJDI

My men as well.

Greek Cypriot and Turkish Forces lower their weapons.

SOPHIA

Colonel, this murderer's standing on southern ground. Ritamis, if you would please?

Ritamis faces Wajdi.

RITAMIS

My friend. I've no desire to rekindle '74. Do you?

Wajdi positions his assault rifle's butt end under Cenk's chin.

WAJDI

Considering where you are, I can't help you.

Wajdi slogs back to the border's Turkish divide.

WAJDI (CONT'D)

Retreat.

Wajdi and the Turkish Troops march away. Ritamis and two Greek Cypriot Soldiers haul Cenk off.

INT. CYPRIOT PRESIDENTIAL PALACE-DAY

Next to A TALL MAN with black hair, Sophia hovers over a podium. The rear wall is adorned with Cypriot flags. Sophia lifts a microphone.

SOPHIA

Athena Giannakouris.

Athena strides toward the podium.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

President Laurantis.

PRESIDENT LAURANITIS, 60, snares a medal off a rack near the podium and places it around Athena's neck. Sophia embraces Athena. Athena shakes President Laurantis's hand, joins Qamra and her fellow Electralistas, all of whom wear medals.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

The last recipient's Victoria "Vicky" Antropolis. Unfortunately, she couldn't be here this afternoon and I accept this honor on her behalf.

The Defense Minister prances in and positions himself beside President Laurantis. Sophia hands the microphone to President Laurantis.

PRESIDENT LAURANITIS

Though many will never know of your heroic efforts, our nation will always hold you in the highest regards.

Sophia, the Electralistas and Defense Minister applaud, disperse and mingle. Sophia snares a glass of wine off the table. The Defense Minister stomps toward Sophia.

SOPHIA

Mr. Minister.

The Defense Minister belts a glass of wine down.

DEFENSE MINISTER

There's no way that Vicky deserves a medal. She's a fuck-up, who almost plunged us back into war.

The Defense Minister thwacks a glass on the table and seizes Sophia's wrist.

ATHENA

How dare he?

Athena huffs toward the Defense Minister. Sophia pushes Athena aside.

SOPHIA

Don't. You could get into trouble.

Sophia snatches another glass, flings its contents into the Defense Minister's face and slaps him.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

However, I can't.

The Electralistas applaud.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Only f-word I'll ever allow anyone to speak of her's fearless because she's the bravest girl who's ever served under my tutelage.

Sophia again strikes the Defense Minister. The Electralistas offer a louder ovation.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Let's go honored heroes. Party on the yacht. Excuse us Mr. President.

Sophia leads the Electralistas out.

EXT. STREET NEAR MOSQUE-DAY

Amidst A CROWD OF HUNDREDS, Vicky and Irene surround a pickup truck housing a casket. Irene clutches Vicky's shoulders.

IRENE

Sure?

VICKY

Yeah.

A black Mercedes pulls to a curb near Vicky and Irene.

VICKY (CONT'D)

She came.

IRENE

Who?

The car's front, passenger's-side window lowers. Athena occupies the front, passenger seat. Sophia commands the driver's seat. Qamra is in back.

ATHENA

Memory Eternal sister.

Athena, Sophia and Qamra exit the car and embrace Vicky.

VICKY

Sophia, Athena, Qamra, this's Irene.

Irene, Sophia, Athena and Qamra exchange cheek pecks. A MAN climbs a Minaret's steps and chants prayers, which echo over several loudspeakers. The Crowd encircling the coffin retreats.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Guess that means it's starting.

Barat views the gathering of mourners through a pair of binoculars, spots Vicky and charges through the Mob.

BARAT

Don't allow that harlot anywhere near his casket.

SEVERAL MEN tail Barat and surround Vicky, Irene, Sophia, Athena and Qamra. Barat seizes Vicky's wrist.

BARAT (CONT'D)

Killer. Get out of our country.

SOPHIA

Only in your eyes fuck head.

Sophia cocks her arm and swings at Barat. Barat lurches back and avoids Sophia's punch. A Burgeoning Horde gathers.

VICKY

We're only asking for a few minutes to mourn the man I loved.

Athena and Qamra join Sophia, spread out and surround Barat. Barat's Men close in. Vicky makes a fist and nudges Irene back.

VICKY (CONT'D)
 We're not looking to engage, but
 aren't leaving yet either.

A SUITED MAN converges, plows Barat to the ground and places
 his arms around Vicky's shoulders.

SOPHIA
 Know this man?

Vicky views the Man.

VICKY
 Yes. Watchman at Cenk's compound.

BARAT
 His name's Uram and he's soon to be
 an ex-watchman at...

URAM, 58, bends down and cold-cocks Barat's nose.

URAM
 If these ladies wish to pay
 respects, they'll be permitted to.

Uram brandishes a gun, points skyward and fires.
 Rubberneckers hasten back.

URAM (CONT'D)
 Without incident. Is that
 understood?

Barat's posse retreats. Uram places a hand on Vicky's
 shoulder.

URAM (CONT'D)
 May I have a moment?

Irene, Sophia, Athena and Qamra shield Vicky.

VICKY
 It's okay.

Irene, Sophia, Athena and Qamra step back.

URAM
 I knew. Saw his reaction every time
 your bike pulled up to that gate.

Vicky removes a tissue from her pocket and dabs her eyes.
 Uram grips Vicky's arm.

URAM (CONT'D)
 Come with me.

Uram and Vicky amble towards Faissal's coffin. Irene, Sophia, Athena, Qamra, Barat, Barat's Men and the Crowd follows.

INT. BEDROOM OF IRENE'S HOME-DAY

Vicky lies awake in bed. Tissues are strewn across a comforter. Irene enters holding a serving tray.

IRENE
Yogurt, two boiled eggs and orange
juice.

Vicky does not move. Irene places the tray on a dresser, minces toward a bed and drags Vicky up. Vicky lies back down. Irene hauls Vicky back upward.

IRENE (CONT'D)
No. No. You have to.

Irene darts back to the dresser, grabs an egg off the tray and attempts to force it into Vicky's mouth.

IRENE (CONT'D)
A few bites...Please?

Vicky captures and flings the egg at Irene, then spits out the portion in her mouth. Irene rips out a pack of cigarettes, flips a butt in her mouth, lights, puffs and expels a large cloud of smoke.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Don't think I won't force you to
drink it through a straw.

A doorbell chimes. Irene rushes out.

IRENE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Just weeps and sleeps. Please try.

Irene returns with A PRIEST. Vicky glances up.

VICKY
Damn you sis.

The Priest plods toward Vicky.

IRENE
Father Konstantine. Please excuse
me.

Irene exits. FATHER KONSTANTINE, 54, joins Vicky atop the bed.

VICKY

Sorry Father. Don't think I'm ready
for a private sermon yet.

Vicky turns away from Father Konstantine. Father Konstantine
rises.

FATHER KONSTANTINE

Fine. But let me leave you with
these words.

VICKY

What?

FATHER KONSTANTINE

Sit up and pay attention.

Vicky forces herself up and leans against the head board.

FATHER KONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

The hard way.

VICKY

Pardon me Father.

FATHER KONSTANTINE

That's how you learned what ancient
philosophers meant when they said
you dig two graves when seeking
revenge.

Irene reappears.

FATHER KONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

To paidi mou. (My child in Greek)
It's a class I pray you never
repeat.

Vicky slides out of bed and collapses.

VICKY

I'm sorry Father. I'm so sorry.

Father Konstantine and Irene rush towards, settle down beside
and corral Vicky. Father Konstantine ascends.

FATHER KONSTANTINE

May you always be.

FADE OUT

